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SAN DIEGO
TROUBADOUR

Alternative country, Americana, roots, folk,
blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass music news



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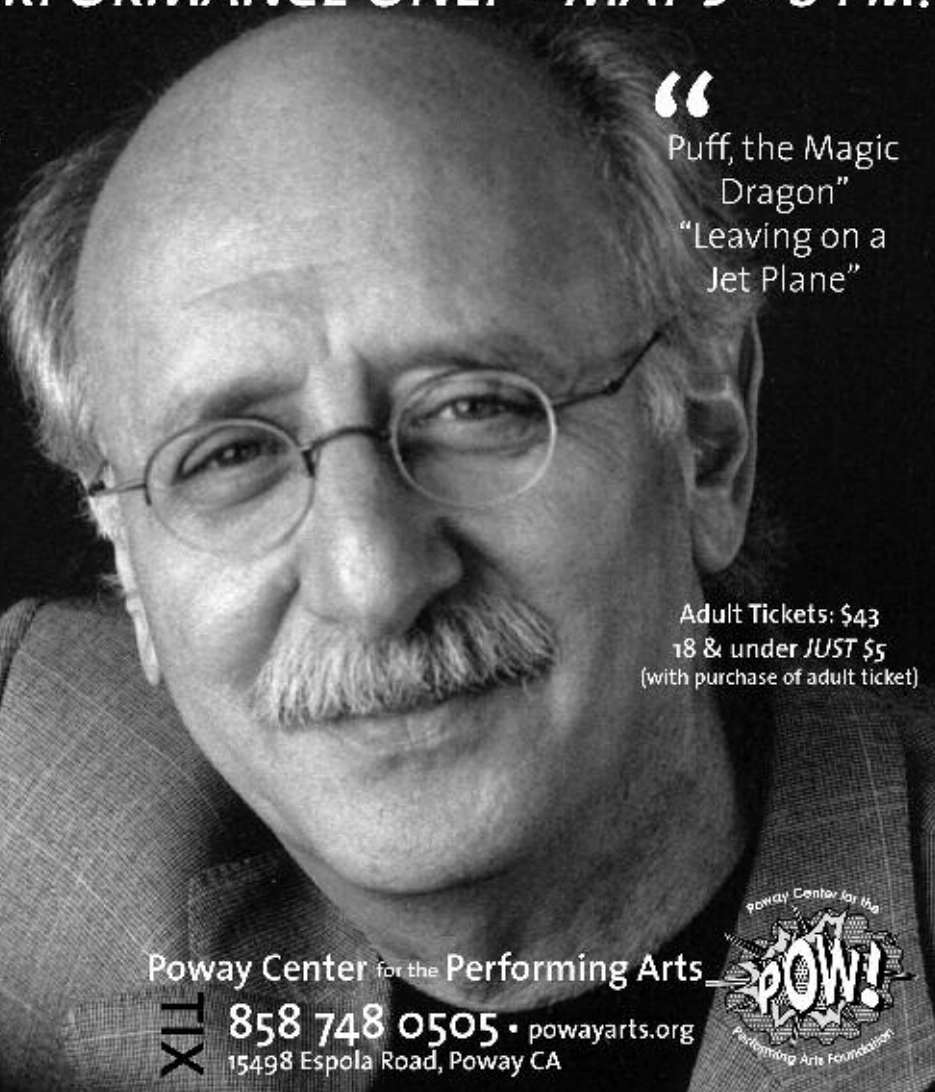
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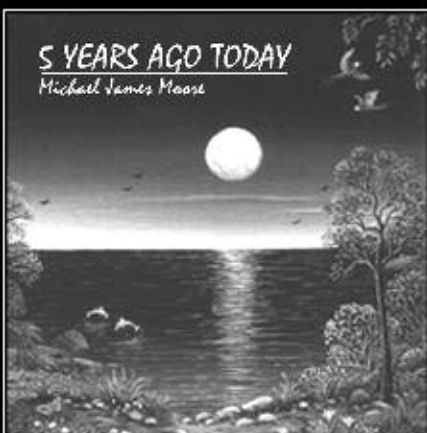
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To promote, encourage, and provide an alternative voice for the great local music that is generally overlooked by the mass media; namely the genres of alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass. To entertain, educate, and bring together players, writers, and lovers of these forms; to explore their foundations; and to expand the audience for these types of music.

SAN DIEGO TROUBADOUR, the local source for alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass music news, is published monthly and is free of charge. Letters to the editor must be signed and may be edited for content. It is not, however, guaranteed that they will appear.

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The **San Diego Troubadour** is dedicated to the memory of **Ellen and Lyle Duplessie**, whose vision inspired the creation of this newspaper.

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Final Wednesday at Twigg's Green Room

by Will Edwards

Sometimes artists get their inspiration from auspicious celestial events, sometimes from voodoo incantations. Other times it can be found in everyday life. There are many great venues for acoustic music in San Diego and each one has its own character and core supporters. But for many people — player and fan alike — Twigg's Green Room was the place where all the right circumstances converged and they found their inspiration to perform, write, or play better.

Twigg's final open mic night, on February 28, surprised everybody. As a venue, the Green Room hosted hundreds of local and touring acts and offered a stage to beginners and career musicians alike. After more than 10 years, acoustic artists around the country (and even the globe) counted on Twigg's when they



No more Green Room at Twigg's

came to San Diego — it was their home venue away from home. Although certain performances will remain in the Green Room, such as the Celtic Ensemble and the open poetry night, the vast majority of the Green Room's music community has now been dispersed and is slowly reestablishing its roots elsewhere in the city.

The closing (based on a letter on twigg.org) was the consequence of noise complaints and lease restrictions. It was announced in late February that the music would stop as of March 1. Fittingly, February 28 fell on a Wednesday, which is open mic night in the Green Room. This is a hallowed night for many locals — a local institution after more than 10 years, a time for socializing and singing. Some folks arrived expecting just another Wednesday. But, many, many others came to pay their last respects with the hope, schedule permitting, that they play one final set on the Green Room stage. The evening drew a cacophony of talent. It was a chilly night, but the air inside the Green Room was hot and the Park Blvd. facade was bursting with open micers past and present.

MAILBOX



Dear Troubadour,

I thought I should point out that Mike Hayter's piece "Guns, Ghosts and Guitars" [March 2007] contains a factual error. No big deal, I suppose, but in the last column Mike states that "the song 'Wild Horses' was written about Gram and his untimely demise." In fact, Keith and Mick, heavily influenced by Gram, who had been hanging with Keith in France, wrote that song about the struggle one of their girlfriends was having with drug addiction. There may have been an overdose. There may have been a death. Who can keep it all straight? It was the 1970s. But then they handed the song over to Gram who recorded it before the Stones recorded their definitive version on the *Sticky Fingers* album. Gram's version can be found on the 2000 box set *Sacred Hearts, Fallen Angels: The Gram Parsons Anthology*.

Peter Bolland
The Coyote Problem

Photo: Colin Lucas-Mudd



Tim Mudd plays at Twigg's final open mic.

With its home displaced, the community centered on Twigg's has begun to regroup and, for the time being, suitable alternatives have presented themselves. Johnny Ciccolella, the former operator of the Green Room, has

invested in an all-new sound installation practically across the street at 4601 Park Blvd. Mueller College has generously offered a beautiful new venue, a bit more spacious, with a bit more light, and Johnny was open and staging concerts within three days. Although the space is not currently available all week long, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evening performances are continuing as scheduled. For bookings and the upcoming calendar, check out the new website at <http://www.musicatmuellercollege.com>. The *SD Troubadour* will include the performance schedule at Mueller College on the calendar page, beginning next month.

Photo: Liz Abbott



Johnny Ciccolella in front of the new Mueller College location

Meanwhile Wednesday's open mic night has set up shop in an unlikely but very welcome new home: the Brass Rail in Hillcrest. This bar has been hosting an acoustic show every Thursday for the past year, and the open mic represents a trend there to develop a stronger live music calendar. Although the Brass Rail is over 21, performers 18 years old and up are still allowed to play. Tim Mudd continues to host the show, and many of the usual suspects can now be seen lingering around the corner of Richmond and Fifth. The space is much larger and could happily take shape as a suitable mid-sized venue. The pre-affle show runs from 7:30-9pm, followed by the raffle at 9pm, which fills all the spots until midnight.

As mentioned earlier, artists sometimes draw their inspiration from everyday life. In part, the rapid transition of the Green Room is the product of a lot of people working hard to maintain their community. In part, it is a testament to the deep connection that people can share in music. But, overall, it is emblematic of everyday life as a musician. We take what we get and we make something new and different — possibly better. But, it's what we make it and in the end the place is less inspiring than the people who you find there.



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Phil Harmonic Sez:

"It is better to know some of the questions than all of the answers."

— James Thurber



by Bart Mendoza

San Diego's past is full of unsung musical heroes, but perhaps few are as "unsung" as western swing pianist Merrill Moore. A pioneer of boogie-woogie piano, rockabilly, and more, Moore was born September 25, 1923, in Algona, Iowa. He first began playing piano as a seven-year-old living on the family farm. His initial instruction came from his Sunday School teacher, working on classical pieces such as Chopin's "Prelude in C Minor." He played at family gatherings and church functions and notably, from the age of 12, he played piano for the Cooper Family Gospel Quartet, featuring Doris Cooper.

In 1941 at the age of 18, Moore became a professional musician, joining the Chuck Hall Band for a round of touring through the Midwest's most popular ballrooms. World War II soon found him in the Navy, alongside bandleader and friend Freddie Slack. Following its conclusion he married his childhood sweetheart, one Doris Cooper. In the mid-forties and still newlyweds, the Moores made it to California, stopping in with her parents in Escondido.

Their first local stay was brief, with Moore taking a job in Tucson at the Santa Rita Hotel. In addition to his regular piano duties, Moore would occasionally stroll among the diners with his wife performing ballads on an

acoustic guitar. However, their Arizona stay was short, with the pair back in San Diego in 1948. With music not bringing in much revenue, Moore took a job at Marston's Department Store, selling clothes on commission. He never stopped trying though. He was a regular with the band the Western Rangers at the Copper Kettle (28th Street and Logan Ave.), the sort of sailor haunt that really did have chicken wire in front of the stage.



Newlyweds Merrill and Doris Moore in the 1940s

By 1949, Moore had moved on to an Ocean Beach bar called Rosie's. It was there that Moore's music first started to reach its potential. Within a few weeks the bar's owner moved Moore

from behind the bar onto a bandstand with a dance floor. That kind of attention would normally bring bigger offers, but Moore's next break came about more by accident.

Following an impromptu performance at a local Musicians Union party, he was offered a seven-year contract by local club kingpin Jimmy Kennedy in 1950, first performing at the Buckaroo Club located on the southwest corner of C St. and First. There he performed with his band the Saddle, Rock and Rhythm Boys, six hours a day, six nights a week, for the princely sum of \$75. The band soon became a local star attraction but, more important, it was through Kennedy that the band was brought to the attention of Capitol Records' A&R man Ken Nelson. Coming to San Diego to catch the band, Nelson was impressed enough to offer Moore a contract.

This was the pre-LP era. Recording in Los Angeles, his first single, "Big Bug Boogie," was released on October 11, 1952, followed by "Red Light" on March 14, 1953. Neither made a big impression outside of San Diego and a few isolated towns, but his follow-up changed all that. "House of Blue Lights" (September 12, 1953) was an out-of-the-box jukebox smash around the country. It even resulted in the release of a highly collectable, eponymous,

seven-inch EP that year. Unfortunately, Moore was loyal to a fault, and rather than take advantage of an opportunity to tour behind a hit record he opted to fulfill his contract at the College Inn. Capitol even offered to star him in a package tour, but to no avail. To the label's credit, they persevered with their reluctant star, releasing three more singles "Snatchin' and Grabbin'," "Fly Right Boogie," and "Doggiehouse Blues" in 1954.

Moore finally quit his contract with Kennedy in 1955, but by then it may have been too late. As it is today, touring was essential for selling music, and his reluctance to roadwork likely cost him big. Unlike today, however, his label stuck with him, at least a little while longer.

The year 1955 brought a move to Los Angeles in a bid to be closer to the music industry and make up for lost time. Moore hit the scene with a vengeance. He was offered a daily show on Pasadena radio station KFWB and became an in-demand session player, showing up on numerous recordings, including works by Johnny Cash, Faron Young, and Hank Thompson. He was also a part of, *Cliffie Stone's Home Town Jam Boogie*, a weekly TV show featuring Tennessee Ernie Ford and most of the top country stars of the day. Three more singles were released that year, "Rock-Rockola" (February 5, 1955) "Yes, Indeed" (June 14, 1955), and "Hard Top Race" (September 24, 1955), with Moore now on the concert circuit.

In 1956 Moore cut one of his most influential records, "Down the Road Apiece" (January 14, 1956). His version of the Don Raye-penned tune, alongside Chuck Berry's later (1960) version, could be best described as a co-influence on the young Rolling Stones, as sixth Stone Ian Stewart was a big fan of Moore's playing. The single's terrific flip side is worth mentioning for its title alone: "Cooing to the Wrong Pigeon." Two more singles were issued that year: April's "King Porter Stomp" backed with another early version of a song that would be of major import to the coming British Invasion, "Rock Island Line" and October's "Gotta Gimme Whatcha Got." Unfortunately, while Moore remained a live draw, sales were declining in the wake of the rock 'n' roll explosion. Following two singles in 1957, "Barrel House Bessie" (May 20, 1957) and "Nursery Rhyme Blues" (September 23, 1957), and a session of instrumental takes, unreleased at the time, Capitol Records dropped him. By 1962, without a contract and tired of the freelance musician circuit, Moore returned to San Diego.

He soon had a new four-piece group, which took up residency at the Ocean House Hotel on Mission Bay (now the Mission Bay Hilton). Interestingly, he became a lounge music pioneer, when, in a bid to remain contemporary, he began to add more hip sounds — such as the twist — to the set list.



Merrill Moore



Moore never stopped trying to perform his original music. The year 1967 saw the release of his first album, *Bellyful of Blue Thunder*. Notably, in 1969, a collection of his early singles, *Roughhouse 88*, was released, and he performed at the International Festival of Country and Western Music in England on a bill with Johnny Cash and Loretta Lynn. His final original music release came that year when he signed with Charisma Records. His album, *Tree Top Tall*, was the label's first release. But it was the lounge formula that brought work, and over the next few decades Moore was a regular at such spots as the Hotel Del Coronado, the Hilton, Town and County, and Marriott Intercontinental. A driven performer, he eventually logged 18 cruise ship voyages up the California coast to Alaska.

In the 1980s, interest in Moore's 1950s recordings was rekindled by the then-burgeoning rockabilly revival with another compilation of his Capitol singles. He suffered a setback in 1986 when a traffic accident injured his left arm, but by the end of the year he had taken a job as piano player at the penthouse restaurant Mr. A's. At about the same time his past work was beginning to reap acclaim in Europe with the likes of Squeeze and Mike and the Mechanics keyboard player Paul Carrack making a pilgrimage to Moore's home during a 1987 tour stop. Squeeze eventually recorded Moore's "Red Light."

In 1990 a two-disc set was issued by German label Bear Family Records (BCD 15505), collecting every known 1950s-era recording from Moore, including numerous unreleased cuts. In 1991, the same year he finally had surgery to repair his damaged left arm, Moore returned to the studio for the first time in decades, though not for a recording of his own. Moore was a guest, alongside Richard Berry and Tomcat Courtney, on Buddy Blue's first solo album, *Guttersnipes 'n' Zealots*, which was released in 1991 on RNA/Rhino Records. Moore toured Europe in the 1990s, finally wrapping up a decades run at Mr. A's in September of 1997.

Sadly, he passed away on June 14, 2000, after a long battle with cancer. Over the decades, except to a few local music die-hards and of course his bar room regulars, Moore remained one of San Diego's best kept secrets. This, despite the fact that he performed for tens of thousands of locals, albeit in a lounge setting. It's ironic that throughout his constant performing schedule, he was likely seen by more San Diegans than the average local musician. Though he may indeed be an unsung pioneer of San Diego's music community, Moore's place in rock 'n' roll history was secure the moment he entered the studio to record "Big Bug Boogie" at the dawn of the rock 'n' roll era.

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Photo: Bill Richardson

Lou Curtiss

ADAMS AVENUE ROOTS & FOLK FESTIVAL

Well, I hope you all are planning to go down to the big FREE 34th annual Adams Avenue Roots & Folk Festival (lineup and schedule soon on line and on posters across the face of the Earth as I write). While you all are enjoying yourself listening to the pickin' and grinnin' (and, I confess, I will be too), I'll also be thinking about a lineup of folks that would really be neat to bring out this way to Roots sometime in the future. Maybe you should be thinking about them too. My head's always two or three years off in the planning, but as these folks get older and older each year, it becomes more important that we don't wait. Here are some names to think about.

BILL CLIFTON is maybe the best interpreter of old Carter Family songs on the planet. His Dixie Mountain Boys was one of the pioneering groups in bluegrass music, who first recorded in the early 1950s. Clifton's early works on the old Starday

Recordially, Lou Curtiss

label are considered classics by early bluegrass collectors and his music is so well thought of around the world that Germany's Bear Family label has issued a 12-CD collection of his work. He currently lives in Virginia and appears regularly at the Carter family fold near Clinch Mountain.

THE CAROLINA CHOCOLATE DROPS AND JOE THOMPSON play African-American string band music that's practically nonexistent these days. However, three young revival musicians (Dom Flemons, Rhiannon Giddens, and Justin Robinson) and an exciting old timer who learned his music during the roots period of its very existence in the 1920 and 1930s are bringing this style of music back, which is near forgotten except on rare 78s by folks like the Mississippi Sheiks, Daddy Stovepipe, Peg Leg Howell and his Gang, and others. The Chocolate Drops' CD (*Dona Got a Ramblin' Mind*) is available on their website: www.sankofastrings.com. There's an article on them in the February/March issue of the *Old Time Herald*. This kind of music has never been played in San Diego. It'd be a trip to have them here.

THE PINE LEAF BOYS play traditional Cajun-Creole music at its best. Every once in a while a band comes along that brings new life to the works of the old timers. Wilson Savoy, Cedric Watson, and the rest of the band grew up in this culture listening to the pioneers of this music (Amade Ardoin, Iry Lejune, Dennis McGee,

Lawrence Walker, Canray Fontenot, and Wilson's father Marc Savoy). Their new CD, *Blues de Musicien*, on the Arhoolie label (CD533), belongs in the collection of any fan of Louisiana Cajun music. Cajun music has had such an impact whenever it's been played at our festival, and over the years we've had quite a bit of it (including the Balfa Brothers, Sady Courville and Denis McGee, Joel Sonnier, Doc Guidry, J.C. Labbie, and D.L. Menard, along with our own San Diego Cajun Playboys and the West Coast Creole Belles). These guys are hot.

SHEILA KAY ADAMS is a real song catcher like in the movie, a great unaccompanied ballad singer, storyteller, and folklorist. Hailing from Madison County in North Carolina, she also plays old time banjo. Much of her music is second and third generation from her family. I first heard her on one of those *Seed Time* in the Cumberlands cassette tapes that the June Appal people put out. I've since moved on to a couple of her CDs. It's so important to get people like this at our festival. We need our audiences to be entertained but we also want them to be educated. The best performers do both.

PRECIOUS BRYANT is a lady from Georgia who plays one mean blues guitar (sort of in the Elizabeth Cotton, Etta Baker, John Hurt school) and sings some nice country blues songs, some old and some original. Bryant has a couple of CDs around, the most recent of which comes from the Music Maker Relief Foundation. I don't think Bryant has ever been to the West Coast. Again, this Piedmont style of Georgia blues is becoming rather scarce, particularly from a lady. We need to bring people like this out here when we can.

I could go on and on about people who should come out this way to ROOTS, or down this way to ROOTS, or even up this way to ROOTS (although up this way is getting harder with Dubya's damn passports, as if someone's gonna be carrying a bomb in

his accordion). There's a great old timey string band revival going on right now, with groups like Big Medicine, Uncle Earl, the Todalo Shakers, the Rhythm Rats, Matt Kinsmann and the Old Time Serenaders, and, of course, the Famous Krudd Family, (what ever happened to them?) and lots more. Next year someone will holler "rotate" and there'll be 27 new ones (each hotter and peppier than the one before it) and we'll be making up new lists. It boggles the mind how much good music is out there to be found, preserved, and presented at ROOTS.

Speaking of preservation, we got some good news this week in the form of a \$35,000 grant from the Grammy Foundation. The money is to be used for the digitalization of all the reel-to-reel tapes of the San Diego Folk Festivals and the Adams Avenue Roots Festivals from 1967 to the present, in addition to local concerts of traditional music going back to 1962 that I have collected. Copies of all of the concerts will go to the Folklife Archives at the Library of Congress in Washington D.C. and to the UCLA Department of Folklore and Ethnomusicology Archives. A good part of the material will be posted on line and available at FolkArtsRareRecords.com. Some are up now. Take a look and listen.

Let's get on down to the Adams Avenue Roots and Folk Festival this month and enjoy the kind of music you've never heard before. While you're there, think about all the good people who give of their time to bring this event to you — from the guy who runs the beer garden, the sound technicians, and the lady who drew up the poster to the folks who lined up the music and even the security guys and the folks who sweep up the trash. They are all needed and well thought of at this end and I hope you tell them so and tell some of them about those folks I mentioned (some of them won't know what you're talking about, but tell them anyway). Have fun.

Recordially,
Lou Curtiss

MARK SPOELSTRA



Photo: Steve Covault

Spoelstra at the Roots Festival in 2004

It's always sad when one of the originals who meant so much to the Folk Revival over the years passes on, especially when one of them is comparatively young. Such is the case with Mark Spoelstra, who died February 25 at his home in the Sierra foothills. I first met Mark in New York City at a benefit concert for *Broadside* magazine, which was held in a big old church (Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, and Peter LaFarge were also on the program). At that time he was about to cut a second album for Folkways (his first had just been issued). I saw him a couple of places after that, and a few years later I ran into him again at a grape orchard in Delano where we were both on a picket line for the United Farm Workers. That was when he was doing his alternate service as a conscientious objector at a community center in Fresno (the Viet Nam War was on and some of us were pacifists). He made a couple of LPs for Elektra and I saw him pretty regularly at the Sweets Mill Folk Festival every year in the Sierras near Fresno. When I started the San Diego Folk Festivals, he played at one of the early ones with a group called the Frontier Constabulary that also included Mitch Greenhill and Wayne Smith; he also worked some with Rosalie Sorrels. Although I kind of lost track of Mark after those years, I'd see his name pop up, and I know he continued to record and tour both solo and with groups. About five years ago his name came up again. I heard his new CD, *Out of My Hands*, and invited him down to play at the Roots Festival (a couple of them). His fine laid back performances were earning him a host of new fans when he became ill. A nice, gentle, sweet soul has gone to wherever good pickers go, leaving the folk world up and down both coasts a little bit emptier.





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Bob Mossay (left) and Walt Keezell, co-owners of Moze Guitars

by Raul Sandelin

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I'll enter your dreams my thoughts to insert
Another soul is attached to the One
To belong to you as soon as it's done*

— Marge Ludeman
poet, space traveler, and former Moze customer

The calls started after hours and then came spontaneously at all hours of the night, night after night.

As Walt Keezell, co-owner of Moze Guitars, explains it, “It was Stephen Stills.” Yes, the Stephen Stills — the “S” in CSN and CSNY, the “S” in Buffalo Springfield and Manassas, and, probably, the “S” in other band names and acronyms, long remembered or forgotten.

“He kept repeating, ‘I can still hear the glue,’” continues Walt. (It should be noted that these phone calls took place in the late 1970s. Stills was in his prime then, living a lifestyle high on the rock star hog.)

At the time Walt and his partner Bob Mossay, affectionately known as “Moze,” the namesake of the now 32-year-old guitar shop, were restoring a number of guitars for Stills. One guitar, a pre-war Martin D-45, basically came into the shop as a box of splinters. Inevitably, some glue had to be applied here and there as Walt and Moze performed a task akin to reconstructing a board from the saw-

dust on the floor.

The task was finally completed and Stills could no longer hear the glue. The late night phone calls stopped, and a thank you, along with a check, arrived from Stills’ people, not “S” himself.

Besides Stills, Moze Guitars did quite a bit of work for the new breed of country and folk rockers who mostly congregated around Laurel Canyon in those days. Their client list included such luminaries as Bernie Leadon and Kenny Loggins. Moze even did a refinish on an acoustic that Loggins played at the 1980 Grammy Awards.

But let’s flash back (no ‘70s’ jokes intended) to the hazy days earlier in that decade, a time when a psychedelic school bus was all one needed to start a commune and notions of a world without corporate greed were as prevalent as the neighborhood head shop.

Bob Mossay, along with fellow locals Bob Taylor and Greg Deering, was a luthier fresh out of high school, when he began building guitars for American Dream. Founded by the Radding brothers Gene and Sam, the concept of the Dream was simple: the luthier builds the guitar and when the Raddings sold it, they all split the profits. It was a co-op of sorts, a noble concept indeed, but a concept fated to that specific time.

As the ‘70s wore on, Taylor bought up the woodworking portion of the business, which

THIRTY-TWO YEARS OF TIME AND SPACE TRAVEL AT MOZE GUITARS

was located in Lemon Grove (and, I guess most of us know how that humble story goes). American Dream itself morphed into a more standard retail guitar shop and continued to hang a shingle outside its storefront on College Avenue. Right next door Mossay opened Moze Guitars in 1975 as a repair shop that could support American Dream’s retail business. While gaining a reputation as one of San Diego’s crack luthiers, Mossay repaired guitars by day while building made-to-order acoustic and, occasionally, electric guitars by night. His client list reads like a who’s who of the local scene, with some of the big names coming down from L.A. from time to time.

With business brisk, Mossay hired on Walt as an extra repair guy in 1978, and they became partners a year later. About this same time, American Dream closed its doors for good. Moze was right next door, so the two new partners decided to assume its retail business.

The ‘80s rolled into full gear. And Moze Guitars continued a steady business, providing pro shop support to San Diego’s working guitarists as well as new retail items like the expanding catalogs of guitar-friendly music books, which now featured tablature that had been unheard of only ten years before. It is well known that guitarists, who are often not classically trained, tend not to read music as well as other players. Pick your favorite rock musician, and there are five-to-one odds that he or she can’t read standard music. By the ‘80s, however, a number of sheet music companies were printing books that featured rock — as well as all popular music — and were often accompanied by cassettes and later CDs, to help guitarists understand.

With this booming book business, a whole new generation discovered the guitar, while finding out about Moze Guitars and its expansive book selection along the way. To this day, Moze Guitars has one of the largest inventories

of guitar books in the county.

Throughout the ‘80s and then into the ‘90s, Moze Guitars established itself as a full-service fixture in the San Diego guitar community. In addition to retail and repair, the shop also began featuring a steady stable of well-known teachers. Now, with students coming in and out for 30-minute lessons all day long, the shop was finally running at absolute, full speed.

Photo: Liz Abbott



Moze Guitars, 8415 La Mesa Blvd.

During this time, top guitar tech Randy Rabb joined the crew. Later, Mike Crab — recently of Collage Menage fame — brought his technical wizardry on board. The shop also carried a fully stocked showroom of used electrics and acoustics to bolster the already solid array of new acoustics from Martin, Takamine, and other quality lines.

With its steady business came a whole cast of characters who dropped by to shop or simply to hang out and talk shop. Among the more famous names was J.J. Cale, longtime county resident and Clapton collaborator. However, the big thrills came from the *real* people who made prolonged stops as a regular part of their routine.

One such regular was Marge Ludeman, the self-proclaimed Space Lady (no relation to Ocean Beach’s long running OB Spaceman). Ludeman, preparing to make contact with one Captain Hilarion, was in the process of putting her earthly life in order before the day came when she would finally leave this world for far away galaxies and heavens. During her almost daily visits to the shop, Ludeman brought reams of poems that she had pecked out on her old typewriter, many of which were written to Hilarion. But, some were written to the Moze guys, which reflected her visits and conversations. At one point they even built her an

instrument she could strum Homerically while reciting her poetry.

“It was really just a box with 12 strings. But it sounded really, really good. And it made her very happy,” Mossay remembers.

Not long afterward, Ludeman disappeared for good. Perhaps Captain Hilarion had finally gotten the call. To this day, the guys in the shop keep a spiral binder, which reverently contains the reams of verse that Ludeman left behind.

Another member of the Moze extended family at that time was a giant orange Tabby named Freeway. Many longtime customers still drop by the shop with stories and inquiries about that big orange cat. The store mascot for much of the ‘80s and ‘90s, Freeway also finally moved on to his own galaxies far away.

The original storefront on College Avenue, which included a showroom for new and used guitars, a separate room for books, lesson rooms, and a repair area, had become quite snug by the new millennium. So, it was definitely time for a move.

In 2002, Moze relocated to La Mesa into a roomier space. Yet, with the ever-brisk business the store continues to maintain, the new space doesn’t seem to be able to quite contain all of the activity. Besides Mossay and Walt, and Randy and Mike working in the back, there is an expanded showroom. Longtime friend Gene Winer, who actually began managing the store’s retail business in the ‘90s, runs the front of the house. There is also an expanded stable of teachers, including Mark Madruga and Alan Vincent, who came over from College Avenue, and who now comfortably give lessons in the more spacious studio area in back. There are still several rows of guitar books that, as previously noted, comprise one of the best selections in town.

This year, Moze Guitars will be celebrating five years at the new location, making it an established mainstay in the La Mesa Village. However, many of the old regulars, who find their way back into town after years away, keep filing into the shop to talk about the old College Avenue days. One guy even came in and looked around for a while, glancing between amplifiers and under the book bins, before walking to the counter to ask, after 20 years absent: “Is Freeway still around?”



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BANISHED FROM THEIR EDEN 101 ARTISTS COLONY

by Derek Shaw

A landscaped courtyard overlooks Cottonwood Creek, serving as a smoking patio and gathering niche. The chaparral vegetation, bubbling fountains, wind chimes, and overhanging artwork provides visitors with an enchanting experience. It's as much of a retreat and sanctuary as a performance venue and art gallery.

The 101 Artists Colony has called several places home, but the one constant is the beautiful beachside setting of Encinitas. It all began in 1998 at the Lumbeyard shopping center where the group was afforded free rent.

"Encinitas was a very different place then...there were a lot of vacancies downtown until the National Main Street Preservation movement revitalized the area," colony president Danny Salzhandler said. "After being forced out by developers, we found a former metal shop on E Street with a sliding barn door and 100-person capacity."

After being displaced from E Street, their largest and most prominent location, it took Salzhandler over a year to find a new home. The all-volunteer colony currently stands at the foot of Moonlight Beach where the 101 highway intersects with A Street.

In addition to a makeshift stage to showcase art, poetry, music, and even dancing, the colony is also home to over 20 artists sharing ten workshops. Painters, sculptors, jewelers, and musicians work together within an intimate setting, making the artists' compound truly one of a kind in San Diego County. Unfortunately, its days are numbered and many community members will be sad to see it razed.

"I've always enjoyed shows at the colony," said Jordan Mead, an Encinitas resident. "It's such a positive vibe, and there's nothing like it anywhere in town...I'd much rather see a performance there than in a trendy bar like the Belly Up."

It's been a year since the cooperative moved into this idyllic space. As they settled into their new home, Salzhandler got word that the property

Photos: Liz Abbott



Inside the charming courtyard at 101 Artists Colony, soon to be history

had been sold. The land is prime real estate, and Salzhandler nearly emptied the non-profit's bank account just to secure a month-to-month lease. The real slap in the face is that the surrogate project is a tract of multi-million dollar "artist lofts," whose rent will no doubt exceed most starving artists' budgets.



Colony president Danny Salzhandler

Developer Richard Sax expects the live-work lofts to go for as much as \$2 million. The property will also include

commercial space on the ground floor, which may be sold to outside businesses. Sax admitted that those buying lofts will most likely be lawyers, architects, physicians, and boutique owners — white-collar workers who can afford the hefty price tag.

"The 101 is a fabulous business address with a phenomenal ocean view," Sax admitted. "This will be very, very elite housing."

The lofts will certainly yield more income, but the fact is that yet another artistic venue is forced to shut down in favor of development. Encinitas has long been an autonomous city with a unique, unapologetic attitude. The tightly knit community has always resisted commercial and residential expansion for fear of losing the peaceful creativity of the surf subculture.

This uprooting is another sign of the transformation taking place. For a town that's always laughed at corporations and shooed away developers, Encinitas is looking an awful lot more like San Diego's other affluent beach communities than the likes of Ocean Beach.

"They've disposed of the arts because business brings in more money, and that's the bottom line," said board member A. Paul Bergen. "It's really unfortunate because we're engrained in the community, and we get a great deal of support from the

Photo: Liz Abbott



Side entrance on A Street

locals...we even received an award from the city council."

A study by the Encinitas Planning Commission determined that the loft's development would not overwhelm city streets or demolish buildings of historical value. The project's approval came in wake of another controversial decision to okay the Pacific Station mixed-use project in downtown Encinitas.

Work from the 101 Artists Colony has served a great civic purpose over the years. It's always been dedicated to encouraging awareness and appreciation for the arts of North County. Not only does the very existence of such an open-minded establishment add diversity and richness to the community, it also colors the landscape with vibrant artwork.

"The community needs something like this," Salzhandler said. "Everyone seems eager to support local musicians, and a lot of talented people are dying to showcase their art."

Not too long ago, the city commissioned several artists from the co-op to paint banners that now adorn nearly 100 streetlight posts along the Pacific Coast Highway. They've also contributed many floats to the Encinitas

Holiday Parade.

"The co-op has welcomed local artists since the doors opened...it's a space that can be shared by bands and poets, artists, and comedians," said Steve White, a folk/blues guitarist who gave one of the colony's final performances last month. "Most venues are sign up here, go there, and get in line, but this place showcases touring groups right alongside local musicians."

"We may be getting uprooted once again, but it's only a bump in the road," Bergen asserted. "We'll go wherever we can to keep this alive!"

The Artists Colony must vacate the premises by April 24. A sale has been scheduled for Saturday and Sunday, April 14 and 15, 9am-2pm, where they'll be selling plants from the garden, landscaping material, and a number of art pieces.



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Tim Flannery (on right) with his brother Tom.

by John Philip Wyllie

Last November, local sports fans were shocked to learn that longtime San Diego Padres' player, coach, and broadcaster Tim Flannery was headed north to join his old buddy Bruce Bochy on the coaching staff of the San Francisco Giants. It was not an easy decision for Flannery who over the last 28 years has become a highly popular San Diego sports celebrity. While Flannery enjoyed his two-year stint as a Padres broadcaster and turned out to be very good at it, he knew the clock of opportunity was running out on his lifelong dream of one day becoming a major league manager.

"I wanted one more chance to get down on the field. I knew I wasn't going to get that opportunity with the Padres," Flannery said before performing cuts from his latest CD, *The Wayward Wind*, to an enthusiastic audience at the Lemon Grove Christian Church in January.

Fortunately for local music fans, Flannery's decision to join the Giants won't affect his off-season passion for making music. Once again Flannery will simply put his musical career on hold until next October. Then, just as he has over the last several years, he will recharge his baseball batteries by redirecting his off-season focus to the Celtic-bluegrass-California folk-rock-inspired music that he has played since his

youth. He expects to do another series of concerts here in San Diego in the fall and pick up right where he left off. And that was on a high note.

Flannery closed out his fall-winter music tour in February with a CD release party at the historic La Paloma Theater in Encinitas. There he treated those in attendance to a free copy of *The Wayward Wind*, possibly his best CD.

"By this time, after eight records, we kind of know what we are doing," Flannery said of his latest release. "If anything, you learn how to make a recording. And I think I've learned to sing a little bit better and with pain in my voice. It is not about being pretty and perfect, it's about being real. This is a California country album."

At this point in the interview, singer/songwriter and *Wayward Wind* producer Jeff Berkley appeared and jokingly suggested that Flannery owed all his success to him. The two are longtime friends and collaborators and tend to bring out the best in each other.

"Jeff is the kind of guy that convinces you to make an album when you are not even planning to make one," Flannery said. "I went over to his house to just have a nice day with him and I came away with an album that was almost done. It's comfortable at his house. I've done records where the record label paid a lot of money to put us in a comfortable studio with \$30,000

San Francisco-Bound Flannery Leaves Fans with a Gem

mics, but I get the same thing doing a record at his house. He's my friend and it's very comfortable there, so he gets the most out of me. He calls it like it is. If a song needs to be done again, he'll tell me."

This time Berkley helped him to capture a particular sound he was looking for.

"With this one I tried to make a 1970s-style California country record. There is even a photo of me from 1975 inside the album," Flannery said. "I was influenced by songs like these when I was in high school and I have always loved this music. That's why I wanted to record it."

Those who have followed his career have seen Flannery grow as a singer and as musician. His voice has deepened, mellowed, and matured with age. He has also benefited from the help of a professional vocal coach. His songwriting has grown stronger as well. Humbly, he never fails to credit the people around him.

"If you're playing on a baseball team and you surround yourself with stronger players, you tend to become a better baseball player." According to Flannery, the same holds true for music.

"In the last ten years I have been playing with guys like Dennis Caplinger, Doug Pettibone, Jeff Berkley, and Dean Smith. These guys are as good as it gets. I just picked up a copy of *Road to Escondido* on which Dennis plays with Eric Clapton. So I feel that when I play with these guys, I have to come prepared. They also know that I have the same expectations of them. We demand that everybody comes in ready and prepared. We take everybody to the next level and have a whole lot of fun doing it."

In the past, Flannery, the son of a Christian minister, has made no secret of his spiritual background. He has even included a few praise songs such as "Foot of the Cross" and "By the Mark" on his albums. This time, however, his spirituality comes out in a completely different way.

"A lot of these songs won't be played on Christian radio. There is even a cuss word on one of them, but Steve Poltz sings it." That song, "Cover Me," talks about the road of life.



The Wayward Wind, Flannery's latest CD

"It can be a great road, but it can also be one that destroys families and lives. Sometimes it is a road on which God will cover you if you walk with his grace. That's what that song is about. I won't be playing it in church and it won't be played on Christian radio. A lot of people won't like it. [Some] people want only the beautiful Christian praise songs, but if that's what you're looking for, this album is not for you. If you're in pain and know what it's like to be a real person out in the world and what it's like to have had your heart ripped out, I think you will connect with this music."

Some of Flannery's best songs have been

his duets with such gifted vocalists as Randi Driscoll and Eve Selis. On his new CD he teams up on a cover of the early 1950s' hit "The Wayward Wind" with recent San Diego arrival Barbara Nesbitt. He liked the results so much that he made it the title song.

"I told her flat out that I didn't want to put any pressure on her, but if it wasn't perfect I was probably not going to do this record. She nailed it! She sounds like Emmylou Harris. She is the real deal, so we had her sing on a couple more and she was great."

Flannery has never had any trouble attracting top-notch musicians to perform on his albums and *The Wayward Wind* is no exception. There is a lot to like about this 11-song offering. It features the wizardry of Caplinger on banjo, fiddle, and dobro, and Doug Pettibone's distinctive sound on the pedal steel guitar. Flannery in fact recruited a virtual who's who of local artists to join him — everyone from A.J. Croce to Peter Bolland either play or sing on it, 16-top-flight musicians in all, which is quite a tribute to Flannery's charismatic personality and growing reputation as a solid musician. San Diego music fans will really like this CD, but San Diego Padres fans may be a different story, at least initially. This new San Francisco Giants third-base coach may need the benefit of time and a little of that old Flannery charm to win back his jilted Padres following.



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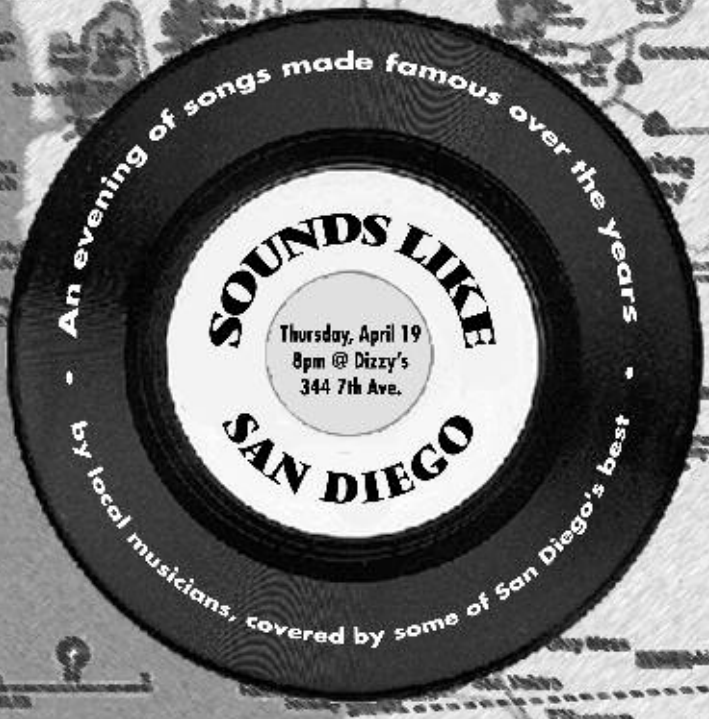
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GiveWay Has Julian Dancing the Jig

by John Philip Wyllie

For the past 36 years Julian has hosted a bluegrass festival in mid-September, featuring an impressive array of well-known musicians. However, this quaint little town in the mountains above San Diego is also gaining a reputation for something else. And we're not talking apple pies and cider.

For the last two years, Julian's beautiful new library has transformed itself into an occasional music venue, exposing locals and tourists alike to music from the four corners of the globe. The most recent concert in this San Diego County World Music Series, held last month, featured the four-piece Scottish band, GiveWay.

The timing of their performance could not have been better, coming just one day after the gala St. Patrick's Day Parade and celebration in and around Balboa Park. With the green blood and Celtic spirit of the locals aroused by the previous day's celebration, GiveWay, a neo-Celtic traditional and folk band, could not have been a more welcome treat.

The Johnson sisters — Fiona (21), Kirsty (19), and twins Amy and Mairi (17) — performed brilliantly during their two 45 minute sets. The overflow crowd of about 100 clapped and danced along to Fiona's masterful fiddling, Kirsty's bouncy accordion, the

keyboard counterpoint of Mairi, and the solid drumming of Amy.

As charming as they are talented, this quartet had the crowd eating out of their hands with their amusing stories and clever banter delivered in classic Scottish brogues. Fiona, the band's principal songwriter, demonstrated her versatility by moving deftly from guitar to fiddle and then to pennywhistle.

Most of what was performed was instrumental, but when the girls stepped up to the mics and harmonized, their voices blended together better than a vintage bottle of Cutty Sark. While their music was generally lively, the girls also performed a few slower numbers with some hauntingly beautiful melodies. Afterward the band chatted with their fans while Fiona agreed to a brief interview.

"We don't sound like anyone else because we just like to play the music that we like and in the way that we like it," she said. "It emanates from so many different kinds of music. We all like a wide variety of music including blues, swing, jazz, pop, rock, R&B, and everything. We don't always mean to incorporate it, but the things we listen to often pop out in our music."

So, while this is Celtic music at its finest, it is not always traditional — traditional with a twist might be more like it.

"We really enjoyed today's performance. It's the end of the tour and we are

all kind of tired from playing [one, sometimes two concerts each day], but the audience today was great. We are a bit surprised to see this many people out here on a Sunday. Back home in Scotland on a Sunday afternoon you won't catch anyone going out."

Considering the amount of musical talent on display, one would assume that these girls must have grown up in a musical family. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"We don't have a musical family at all," Fiona said. "My mom was an international badminton player and my dad is a salesman."

What they do have is a close-knit, supportive family.

"My grandparents got Kirsty an accordion for her fourth birthday. They thought at the time that it was a toy. They paid only 25 pounds for it in Britain, but it was worth over 250 [pounds]," Fiona explained. "I started playing about the same time. My mom and dad were never into us making a whole lot of noise for the sake of it [but fortunately they and their younger sisters were born with that special musical gift]."

Within a relatively short time they were playing reasonably well. The rest, as they say, is history. Over the years,



Mairi Johnson



Kirsty Johnson



Amy Johnson



Fiona Johnson

they have won numerous awards and appeared on various radio and television programs. They are scheduled to return to the U.S. in September with dates and venues still to be determined. Having previously sold all but one of the CDs packed for the tour, the band directed their new-found Julian fans to their website (www.GiveWayMusic.com) where both of their CDs are available.

The next installment of the 2007 World Music Series will be held at the Vista Public Library on May 20 at 1:30pm. The highly acclaimed Israel Contemporary String Quartet is slated to perform. For a schedule of the remaining performances in the series, contact San Diego County library director and event organizer Jose Aponte at www.sdcl.org

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by Chuck Schiele

Marcia Claire is in the house. Doesn't matter if it's the Tiki on a Tuesday, the Belly Up on a Wednesday, a festival main stage on a Saturday, or a house concert on Sunday... Marcia Claire is in da house!

In fact, she's in the band. As a matter of fact, she might be in two or three of them on any particular evening if it's a showcase. Just in the past three years she's been an integral element, bassing away with the Citizen Band featuring Jeff Berkley, the Cathryn Beeks Ordeal, Barbara Nesbitt's Band, Cindy Lee Berryhill, and the Coyote Problem, while casually sitting in with a few other live and/or recording projects.

Marcia is also chipping away in patient time toward her full-length debut CD, which is being recorded at Modern Bakery Studios with collaborator/producer David Ybarra. It should prove to be a solid work, considering that both Dave and Marcia possess exceptional bass-playing skills and experience — not to mention the fact that they share a similar affection for wacky humor.

She's the mother of three very charming, smart, and cool kids who are all in their teens and approaching their 20s. She works with handicapped children during her daytime hours, has coached girls softball, and even played women's professional football.

An obvious expert on bass, Marcia also plays piano, mandolin, and flute. And she sings.

The personal dynamic of Marcia Claire is interesting. Marcia's the kind of lady who is very much a *Lady* — she is perfectly comfortable with her elegant "self." And there's another side of Marcia that makes her equally comfortable at the batting cages if her date offers the suggestion or if a buddy occasionally stokes the football rivalry.

She works her day job as an adapted physical education assistant for the Murietta School District, working with children who have gross motor delays and/or special needs, including autistic children, paraplegics, children with spina bifida, cerebral palsy, and muscular dystrophy. "It keeps me focused on what's important in life."

Her music story begins in early childhood, with a classically trained mother (pianist) and an aunt who taught harp and piano, while her younger brother Craig was also jumping into music as a guitar player.

By the time Marcia and Craig were hitting their teens, they were both playing professionally, most notably in the Disneyland band. She continued playing up until the time she got married and then took time off to raise her family. It wasn't until the late '90s that Marcia returned to music.

I first met Marcia back in 2001 or so at a Peter Bolland show — at the now defunct Twiggs Green Room — when she was the new bass player. I must admit, after about three songs I remember thinking, "Where the heck did she come from?" She's one of those people who becomes more of what she is when doing the thing she loves most. There are two kinds of musicians when you slice it from this perspective: some get nervous approaching the stage and some are in their most comfortable state when they finally get up there . . . it's a place of solace for them. Marcia is the kind of musician who can close her eyes and drift away. The good news is that she'll take you with her.

Since those days she's earned the respect from peers and fans alike as one of the most appreciated and recognized bass players on the local scene.

We recently visited in my studio, goofing around playing with songs, and just plain visiting. While hanging out, I managed to collect a worthy scoop offered by Marcia, on her own behalf, over the casual course of our chit chat. We talked about how things were with the kids. What was up with this band or that, and how our respective projects were going. Then we'd turn the amps on and have a go at an

old song we used to play. We wound up reworking the bridge, rearranging it together, one line at a time, and had a blast. Then it was back to the chit chat and sharing some laughs. And, so on.

CS: You're in about a hundred bands; you're recording your debut solo CD; you're making another debut CD with the Citizen Band, while making yet another debut CD with Barbara Nesbitt. You run a family complete with three teenagers, a dog, holidays, softball games, a job, the curves of life. How do you do it all?



Marcia with her three kids, Brian, Jessica, and Chelsea

MC: I have turned into a better time manager than I ever thought I could be. The kids are older and very independent, self-motivated, and WELL BEHAVED! Hee hee. The kids help me manage my home life, which is something I'm eternally grateful for. They help with chores, shopping ... and they keep it quiet on Sunday mornings to let me sleep in after late-night gigs!

CS: So the kids keep Mom on track. That's something you don't hear about everyday. Awesome kids. And its good to see them busy with a variety of things, including music.

MC: Yes my son plays guitar. One of my girls is an incredible photographer, and the other is an incredible athlete.

CS: Speaking of kids, your own music began while you were a kid. Let's get the obvious question out of the way with how and when did you get started?

MC: My mother was a classically trained pianist. My aunt taught piano and harp. Music was always there. We always had a piano in the house. I still have my childhood piano in my home to this day, complete with all the scratches that I put on it as a dumb, careless kid.

Both my brother Craig and I began on piano, just tinkling around. When I was eight or nine, I took piano lessons but wasn't interested in learning to read music. I wanted to learn to read pop charts and play songs like "Delta Dawn," "Do You Know the Way to San Jose?" and "Yesterday."

CS: Nice... was your Mom cool with that, being classically trained, and all? You well know how the classically trained can sometimes be!

MC: My mother was very tolerant of my contemporary side — considering she was an extremely accomplished sight reader — and let me take lessons from a fellow who worked with me on chart reading.

I took up the flute when I was 11. I stuck with that until I talked my mom into pawning it so I could buy my first electric guitar. She



Working with student, Sean Torley

MARCIA CLAIRE

IS EVERYWHERE

Adventures through space and 4/4 time with one of San Diego's hardest working bass players.

bought me the Sears Strat copy and the cheap Sears amp.

CS: I would've killed for one of those when I was 11... an electric guitar.... I wanted to be Alice Cooper.

MC: I was ready to be Ace Frehley.

CS: But then you would have had to to learn to play guitar...



Main Street Magic circa 1980. Marcia in middle row, far right, and Craig in the back row, second from right

MC: I ended up on bass because, well, I loved the power. Still do. I joined a variety band called Main Street Magic that my brother played guitar in. We played all over Southern California, including the Disneyland Hotel stages and the prom/festival circuits. We were also on the U.S.O. Tour for a while, which was a lot of fun. Having management as teenage musicians was great and certainly kept us out of a lot of the troubles that other teen musicians get into.

CS: It's no wonder, then, that most musicians seek management. So how did you get from Disneyland to where you are now in the San Diego music scene? You've certainly branded your own "thing" by now. How did you cultivate what has become your sound?

MC: I went through a total jazz phase. Lots of notes, modal stuff, the crazier the better.

CS: Oh God, yeah.... I've met a few people who've been through that phase....

MC: I went through my Rush phase and my YES phase. I attended a USC summer jazz course up in Idyllwild on scholarship, along with my brother, and realized that I just wasn't *that* bass player. I think I've sunk into a good niche for myself. I am very selective with my passing tones and especially the attack/dura-

tion of notes that I play.

CS: So you're sort of processing as you go, rather than just playing the intended program?

MC: Decisions like which notes to make staccato and which to leave legato give a song life, lift, and power. That's the true power of the bass. It's a rush to be delicate with such a large instrument. And if you play with other accomplished musicians who listen to each other, they play off everything you do and it becomes a band-wide swell of power and emotion. I get chills just thinking about it!

CS: Yes. That particular "chill" is an extremely sweet thing. You certainly do make that all sound pretty darn good. So, you'd say that your influences are jazz, Yes, and Rush? Somehow I think there's more to it than that.

MC: Victor Wooten is by far my favorite bass player. He is so good, so perfect, so powerful, so delicate. His touch is ... well, he's been anointed. I cry when I see him perform live. And I'm not talkin' weepy... I really CRY! Our local Bob Magnusson is a genius on the fretboard. Anyone thinking of becoming a bass player should study how he uses his fretboard. He's very smart and economical. I've tried to learn from him. I am a HUGE fan of Alex Katunich (aka Dirk Lance) from Incubus. If you want to learn how to play in a 21st century rock band, listen to the album *Make Yourself*. It's the industry standard.

CS: That's quite a spectrum of style and approach. Is there a common denominator for you, connecting the influence of and appreciation for these players?

MC: It's all about touch. All of the bass players I've mentioned have great touch.

CS: What kind of bass do you play?

MC: I still play the first bass I ever owned: a 1982 Custom Fender Jazz Bass. It's the greatest bass ever made!

CS: It is definitely a part of you. Hey, do you remember the time we went to see the Blues Travelers at their pre-gig at Studio West, several years ago? We got to meet those guys and took a few pictures, but the pictures didn't come out because I was using a camera that got zapped by airport security, which exposed all the film. Ha ha.

How about telling us about the folks you're working with around the local scene.

MC: I'm currently playing with the Citizen Band featuring Jeff Berkley, the Barbara Nesbitt Band, and Cindy Lee Berryhill. I will probably play more solo gigs when my solo CD, *Eclectika Imperfecta*, comes out this summer.



Photo: Steve Covault

going for her... and now she's got you and a few of the boys from Deadline Friday as her band. Extremely nice and classy lady, too.

MC: Barbara Nesbitt is the best thing to hit our little music community in a good long time. I was thrilled when she asked me to become a part of her band. All of the musicians in that band are stellar players and wonderful people. What a joy to be able to play music with the good guys, you know? And even though I'm not playing with the Cathryn Beeks Ordeal any longer, I love those folks as well. I just had too much going on to continue with them. I still pop in now and again to play a little of this or that!

CS: What are your views on the San Diego music scene itself?

MC: Hmmm I have so many great memories, thanks to San Diego music and the people who support the local effort. I think that it's important to be realistic about how far you can get if you choose to only make music in San Diego. And truthfully, it's not a bad place to stay. If you are a fairly accomplished player, you can get a job in a cover band in pretty much any genre you want. You may not become filthy rich but you'll be doing what you love to do in America's Finest City. That's a pretty cool gig if you ask me. But if you're looking to move mountains and change the shape of music forever, you may want to head toward New York, Nashville, or L.A.

CS: Is there anything you forego in leading the musician's life?

MC: Oh YES YES YES! I think you forego different things at different times, depending on your needs at that particular time in your life. Lots of people put music aside for family, school, or day job ... and then come back to it when things settle down in their world. It's a big commitment, especially when you're in a band and others are depending on you and your availability. It's an extended family. I'm lucky that my kids support my music and really like the music I make and the people I associate with. Otherwise, they might not be so understanding. As far as relationships go, it's hard.



With the Murieta Valley High School Junior Varsity Girls Softball team

FUN FACTOIDS AND BRUSHES WITH CELEBRITY

EDDIE VEDDER FROM PEARL JAM was my buddy in junior high and high school. He was also one of my acting partners in high school drama. He was the nicest guy and was voted as having the "nicest smile" at least one year, if not more. He was much more mature than most of the boys his age. I used to bump into him at the Bacchanal back in the dinosaur age. He worked across the street from where I worked in Mira Mesa. He was gone for a while and then BAM! MTV.

WINNING ON HOLLYWOOD SQUARES I went to China for eight days and sailed down the Yangtze River, thanks to choosing Joan Rivers during the Secret Square game when I was on *Hollywood Squares* and answering the question correctly. I love game shows! I think I'll be auditioning for *Deal or No Deal* here in a couple of weeks.

STEVIE WONDER @ NAMM I was asked by one of Stevie's people if I would like to hang out with Stevie while he tried out a piano at the NAMM show in 1998, I believe. I was so moved by the whole experience of standing at the end of the electric baby grand that I started crying like a baby. Luckily for me, Branford Marsalis was there to console me. What a funny moment that was!

SAN DIEGO SUNFIRE WOMEN'S PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL TEAM I made it through the first two cuts on the semi-pro team in San Diego but was offered a coaching position that I couldn't pass up. Plus, it was so hard to compete with the 20-somethings as a 30-something. I would've gotten hurt for sure.

HIGHLIGHT OF 2006: AL FRANKEN LAUGHS AT MY JOKE I played at the Democracy Fest with Cindy Lee Berryhill last summer. Al Franken was the host. When I made a "funny" based on a funny he'd made, he really started laughing. I was absolutely blown back over making Al Franken laugh. The gig was fantastic but my fondest memory was making a comedian laugh.



In the production of O' Berkley, Where Hart Thou? last October

David Ybarra from Modern Bakery and I are having fun recording. He's been such an inspiration to me. My Cindy Lee Berryhill shows have been exciting and educational. She is hosting a series of shows with some of the artists featured on Neil Young's *Living With War Today* website called Songs of Protest.

CS: That's cool. Sounds like something Cindy can sink her teeth into considering the social and political value of it. And she's pretty darn driven. I imagine that's going well?

MC: We played our first one at the beginning of February to a sold-out crowd at Largo in L.A. and hope to continue the pattern at the second show on May 12 (also at Largo). Cindy is a great voice for the cause. It's such an honor to perform with her.

CS: That's big work, but it doesn't end there.

MC: With regard to the other people I perform with, Jeff Berkley is a phenom, plain and simple. He has a better ear for music than anyone I know. It is absolutely wonderful to work with someone who is so accomplished on their instruments but who is also just a natural. Plus, he's hilarious.



Marcia with the Citizen Band: Mike Spurgat (far left), Jeff Berkley (middle), and Danny Cress on drums

CS: Jeff is devastatingly natural. Yet, somehow, if it were fathomable, if he decided to pack it in with music, I'm sure we could get him a Thursday night gig telling jokes in La Jolla. Tell us about Barbara Nesbitt. It seems she's pretty much blowing everyone's mind right about now and is still arriving, having been here in San Diego for hardly a year. Now there's girl with a bullet. She's got everything



Marcia with Cindy Lee Berryhill at a recent Artists Colony gig

CS: Any wisdom on surviving it?

MC: I found that if you keep your aspirations simple, things just seem to flow naturally from that. In other words, if you aspire to go out and make really REALLY great music, people will come to your shows and love your music; you don't really need to worry too much about promoting yourself since your performance is self-promoting. The press will come to you if you're good enough rather than if you're hounding the press for coverage. Play well and everything falls into place from there. Maybe I'm oversimplifying it but that's one of the advantages of being a side player. I just get up there and do my absolute best for the songs and songwriters I represent. What a gift.

Rare is such a gift.

Marcia Claire is in the house, on the net, at the studio, in the home, and on the field. Marcia Claire is everywhere.

You can find her at www.MarciaClaire.com



On trip to China, shopping in Hong Kong's night market



Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



There are a number of fun bluegrass events coming up that are worth your consideration. Here's a quick rundown.

BLUEGRASS AT THE FLOWER FIELDS, Saturday, April 14, 11am-4pm at the Carlsbad Flower Fields. A number of bluegrass bands will perform on the Flower Fields' main stage, along with informal strolling musicians playing throughout the grounds. Come and enjoy some great music by the Brombies, Highway 76, Superstrings, and other bands, and enjoy the spectacular flowers in bloom.

SPRING CAMPOUT, April 21-22, at the KOA campground in Chula Vista. This bluegrass campout is open to everyone and features lots of informal jamming, a potluck dinner on Saturday, and plenty of relaxation and fun. To sign up, email Phil Levy at: drlevy@pacbell.net.

BANJO WORKSHOP, Saturday, May 19, 1-4pm, at the First Baptist Church of Pacific Beach. The workshop will be taught by longtime banjo player Don Ridgeway from Pacifically Bluegrass and other bands. Instruction emphasizes advanced beginner to intermediate levels with a focus on playing tasteful back-up banjo in a band. The cost is \$25. For information and to sign up, email Phil Levy at: drlevy@pacbell.net.

ALL GOSPEL CONCERT, Sunday, May 20, 5pm, at the First Baptist Church of Pacific Beach. The concert features a number of top area bands performing a program of all gospel and religious music from the bluegrass genre. Admission is free and the event is open to the public, although a goodwill offering is requested. The funds go to the non-profit San Diego Bluegrass Society.

SAN DIEGO BLUEGRASS SOCIETY KIDS NIGHT, June 26, at the Boll Weevil on Miramar Road. This special event celebrates children in bluegrass, with a special hour-long concert by the acclaimed Saline Fiddlers, a 30-member high school traveling band from Saline, Wisconsin. Be sure to bring your kids to this event.

SUMMERGRASS AUGUST 24-26 at the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum in Vista. Check the summergrass web page for details: www.summergrass.net.

And don't forget that there is a bluegrass concert and open jam every

Tuesday night in San Diego. The first Tuesday of every month is at the Round Table Pizza in Escondido and is sponsored by the North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club. The San Diego Bluegrass Society hosts other Tuesday meetings, including the second Tuesday at Fuddruckers in the Grossmont Center, La Mesa; the third Tuesday is at Fuddruckers in Chula Vista; and the fourth Tuesday is at the Boll Weevil, 7080 Miramar Road, and presents a featured band. You can find details on these events at www.socalbluegrass.org.

FACTOID OF THE DAY

Sally Ann Forrester is definitely someone to remember. Did you know that one



Sally Ann Forrester with Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys in the early 1940s

of the original Bluegrass Boys from Bill Monroe's band was actually a woman? Bill Monroe, of course, has long been acknowledged as the Father of

Bluegrass, and his original Bluegrass Boys band is considered the gold standard of traditional bluegrass music.

Wilene Forrester, nicknamed Sally Ann by Monroe, played with the Bluegrass Boys while they were on tour during World War II and is the first woman and the only accordion player to play with this seminal band. She appears on eight tracks recorded in February, 1945, singing tenor harmony on two songs, which makes her one of a very few to ever sing tenor with Bill Monroe. After leaving the band, Forrester continued to perform with her husband, Howdy Forrester, and her brother-in-law, Joe Forrester, along with Tommy Scott. She retired from performing in the early 1950s.

So, the next time you hear someone argue "that's not bluegrass," because they hear something new and different, remind that person that the father of bluegrass himself had a woman as well as an accordion player in his band, breaking tradition on both points.



The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

AMERICAN IDLE

In the interest of fairness (or at the very least the huge grain of salt that all of the following should most probably be accompanied by), I should begin by disclosing that I don't regularly watch the talent show/reality series *American Idol*. Aside from randomly stumbling across it at malls, bars, and restaurants or on commercial breaks from something else, I've seen the show exactly twice. The first was the show's debut episode (obviously a few years ago now) and the second was March 20, 2007 (the last day of our cultural winter, perhaps?).

It is my conclusion after these two full viewings (and really, I could have assembled the same supposition from the makeup encrusted scraps, shards, and fragments that comprise the remainder of my A.I. experience) that something totally stinks in Denmark.

In other words: *American Idol* is freakin' rigged.

I know, it seems like a very easy (and some might say unnecessary) target, but whenever something is touted as "reality" or is staffed with a panel of "experts" (or in this case, both), let's just say my guard goes up just a wee bit.

I don't know why I'm surprised. The television medium itself seems to be operated on purely mathematical terms. Nielsen ratings and demographics are utilized to sell us everything from dish soap to politicians. Newscasters suddenly have opinions to offer on the stories they report. Hell, the last few Super Bowls garnered more post-game coverage for their commercials than the actual games themselves!

Pop culture drives itself; it establishes and subsequently exploits what its consumers want. The art of it all is turning that simple desire into a profound craving that extends beyond our viewing time, our listening time, our net-surfing time. It does so knowingly, because the reality is that pop culture is one of the main things we all have in common to communicate to each other about. It not only wheedles its way into day-to-day conversations at the workplace water cooler, the supermarket checkout line, or across the bar at the local watering hole; it also provides us a common topic of conversation with total strangers. Think about it. The last time you had an actual

non-commerce oriented conversation with a stranger (that wasn't related to what time it was or which direction you should be headed), what was it about? The news? Sports? TV? Music? All pop fare, m on frère.

Pop culture often makes the unreal reality. And it's what makes reality shows ultimately unreal.

American Idol's formula (as I clearly as I can understand it) is a simple and proven one: the judges (supposedly) sit through auditions of hundreds of *Idol* hopefuls, narrowing it down to 24 finalists. Each week, someone gets "voted off the island" based upon their performances. These evaluations are twofold: first, the judges weigh in, making such "expert" observations as "that was a little pitchy, dawg" or "that was, in a word, horrific." Peppered in between such earth shaking revelations are sage nuggets of advice, such as "feel free to entertain the audience" or something similar. At the show's end, callers from across the country dial in to vote for their favorite contestant, as many times as they'd like.

If the invitation for viewers to openly cheat by phoning in repeatedly seems a bit suspect, one can only surmise that the onus of fairness lies squarely on the shoulders of the judges.

Randy Jackson is a studio bass player and sometime producer who has performed or recorded with the likes of Jean Luc Ponty, Aretha Franklin, Santana, Journey, Madonna, and Bruce Springsteen. His advice is generally on the constructive side but is rendered in such spotty, obtuse, and laconic language that it's nearly impossible to decipher what his actual advice to contestants is.

Paula Abdul is an actual former superstar. A Laker Girl whose gift for choreography catapulted her to "most in-demand" status during the video boom of the 1980s. She eventually parlayed that into a recording career, despite the fact that she could barely carry a tune. That said, "Straight Up" was a cool song and she was one of Pepsi's first superstar endorsers. Recently, in the interviews that led up to the sixth season of *American Idol*, Abdul was accused of being drunk and belligerent, often slurring her words and swaying about uncontrollably. Since then, I have noticed that something is indeed very wrong with Ms. Abdul. Either she's battling some sort of illness or recovering from one, or some combination of drink and drugs have



Sven-Erik Seaholm

rendered her nearly incapacitated. On several occasions last night, she appeared to be delivering some witty barb toward third judge Simon Cowell, but each time it was a completely indecipherable non-sequitur.

Simon Cowell is the least likeable member of the cast. He has all the verbal tact of a three-year-old about to poop his pants. He is the J.R. Ewing of the show, meaning people love to tune in just to hate him. For this, he makes \$8 million dollars per season. He also appears to be the only guy telling the truth most of the time.

Ryan Seacrest is the "host," serving as liaison among contestants, judges, and viewers. He is a Jack Armstrong all-American type with an apparent Napoleon complex and a childish beef with Simon that causes him to hesitate even introducing him at the top of the show. His job could (and perhaps even should) be performed by a buttonless sock puppet.

In fact, one could say that the professionalism among all the show's regulars was akin to that of fifth graders in detention (which may be exactly what it feels like to be in their shoes, I don't know).

Last night's show had the contestants performing British Invasion songs. The arrangements performed by a live band and orchestra were uniformly awesome. Lulu and Peter Noone were entertaining "advisors." Song choices were mostly obvious, but interesting. Some contestants were obviously weak (Stephanie Edwards, Sanjaya Malakar), while others were undeniably strong (Melinda Doolittle, Chris Richardson). In the middle of the show, however, the previously mentioned Copenhagen funk wafted in.

Lulu strongly recommended to LaKisha Jones that Shirley Bassey's Bond theme "Diamond's Are Forever" was not her best choice. Ms. Jones ultimately shunned this advice and proceeded to sing the hell out that song at a level that was, in my humble opinion, well beyond the reach of any of the evening's previous performers. The judges made a grand gesture of slumping down into their seats, and their overall consensus was that it was "just all right." Then this kid, Blake Lewis, took a clumsy turn with the Zombies classic "Time of the Season," complete with awkward Timberlake-esque "pop-locking" moves. Suddenly, the cameras focused on girls between the ages 10-15 (still the highest pop music-buying demographic) screaming, crying, and carrying on as if idolom were a foregone conclusion, despite the fact that he was easily one of the weakest of the evening's singers.

The judges (including despised "truth-teller" Simon) in turn fawned all over this guy, as if he just gave the greatest performance on the show, ever. The only conclusion I could come to was that this little sandy-haired fellow must have skewed significantly higher than the way more talented gospel singing female counterparts on the show.

All of this is to say that pop success can be quite profitable, but it's a crap shoot based upon countless conspiring factors that often have little or nothing to do with music. Therefore, striving to write the best song, giving the best performance, and making the best recordings is its own reward.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer (www.kaspro.com) who rarely watches anything besides poker on television. He is also a recording artist whose latest album *Sotto Voce* will be released at the Belly Up Tavern on April 15 at 3pm. Michael Tieman also perform s



Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

FOOLING AROUND WITH APRIL

April seems like a nice month. Lots of ladies (3, 642 at last count) are named April, and they're generally a nice bunch. And no one ever mispronounces their name, so there's never any awkward corrections when you encounter them at the flower shop or massage parlor.

Girls named February are generally perceived as bitchy, but trust me, they're Silly Putty® in your plastic egg if you happen to be, as I am, among those who have always and will always pronounce the "r" whether sharing a candlelit dinner of dead animal or frolicking on a football field at midnight.

It's simple: pronouncing a lady's name correctly is a sign of respect — not only to her, but also (and of course this earns you extra points) to her parents, who must have been on drugs when they named her. I mean, if her name is something like February. Or Condoleezza, Uma, Brinke, Vampirella, Chesty . . . the list is brutally ugly and piteously expansive.

On the other hand, the very act of naming a child after a freakin' month shows a singular lack of imagination. If I had ever cared to exercise my own parental rights, my own community of bastards and bastardettes might have been named after something different — vegetables, perhaps, or maybe rabbits. Which brings their precious mummies to mind suddenly, for some reason that I care not to pursue.

Tabloid scholars are aware that prior to my current amorous entanglement, the love of my life had been the elegant and excitable Native American beauty named

Running Beaver. Yes, we still stay in touch; she even flies in to visit for a few days when Labiana is out of town for a photo shoot or a religious retreat or pajama party or rehab.

A few weekends ago, Running Beaver seemed troubled but didn't seem willing to share her discomfort. The time for her departure was nearing and, as we dried each other off after an exhilarating bubble bath, she blurted out that she had decided to legally change her name, at the mature age of 31. I told her that I had always adored her name; that it evoked pleasurable feelings within me that were difficult to define but that it was her own personal decision, deserving of my respect and permission. I tenderly advised her that, without even knowing what name she had decided on, I could think up a better one within a month, since I'm a man.

So, the bet was on. I've got a bit more than a week left now to eclipse her chosen moniker, which is the very challenging Zaynee Beaver (Zaynee, meaning either Beautiful Heart or Oprah, as I recall, in her native Injun).

And as this glorious month begins, I think I've found the perfect verbal personification of my delightful, enduring friend, soulmate, and object of objectification. How will she not succumb to the stuck-in-fifth-gear, clearly superior, unashamedly masculine intellect that was able, from thinnest of air, to christen her, now and forever. . . .

April.
First off, no one's likely to mispronounce it, leading to awkward correc-

Photo: Fallon Faraday



The gently twisted Mr. Sinatra

tions at the local flower shop or tuna canery. She'll be in the company of a very nice bunch. But wait, there's more.

Historical luminaries have more often than not had middle names, which seem to add gravity — even poetry — to their legends. Jennifer Love Hewitt. Austin Danger Powers. John Eff Kennedy. Should my sweet little cup o' noodles be afforded anything less as she explores whatever life path she chooses that meets my approval?

So, watch out world! Get ready for the grand coming out, the rebirth, the debut, the gala premiere of the exquisite April Showers Beaver! If that don't sell records, I'll get her to learn about music, too, just wait and see.

At any rate, she'll have plenty of time to come around; she won't be 31 for another 12 or 13 years, anyway.

Yup, I'm giddy, groovin', growin' optimistic, even, and it's about danged time. So what if I lack imagination?

I'm gonna luuuuuuuuv April.



RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

CANADIAN WORLD Music!

The band plays accordion, electric guitar, electric bass, string bass, cello, lute, drums, tabla, bodhrán, violin, hurdy gurdy, oud, harp, uilleann pipes, mandocello, mandolin, and some instruments I couldn't identify.

It's the Chieftains, you may be thinking. You're wrong.

I just watched a KPBS-TV special featuring the narcotic multicultural mashup music of Canada's Loreena McKennitt. Amazing!

I first heard McKennitt back in 1996 on a syndicated radio show called *Mountain Stage*, on KPBS-FM.

I had recently returned to San Diego from my second of four visits to the Republic of Ireland, and I was more enamored of Celtic music than I'd ever been. Driving home from my weekend show on KGB, where I had probably played "China Grove" for the 1,946th time, I punched up 89.5 and heard this woman singing. With a voice like a cross between early Joni Mitchell and Maria Callas, she was backed by a band of incongruous instruments such as tambura, flamenco guitar, and cello. It was unlike any music I'd ever heard, but I recognized the Irish flavor immediately. When I got home I raved to my wife, Sandi, that I'd just heard the ultimate "world" music on the radio. The next day I drove to Tower Records (R.I.P.) and bought her 1994 CD, *The Mask and the Mirror*. The first track, "The Mystic's Dream," was worth the price of the CD all by itself, with a massive string drone, flute, Gregorian chants, and McKennitt's wordless minor key vocalese. When she begins singing, in come the tamboura, bodhrán, uilleann pipes, synth, and stuff I'm not familiar with. Kind of like the Spectorian "Wall of Sound," but with



Jim McInnes

instruments most Americans don't grok. Yow! This is great stuff!

To many of my friends, McKennitt's music is the kind that a masseuse would play while smoothing out the knots in your shoulders. That doesn't bother me, though, because most of my friends are imbeciles! HAHAAHAHA!

Seriously, it takes a special talent to bring tears to my eyes. The Chieftains have done it many times. And so has Loreena McKennitt.

McKennitt is an anomaly in contemporary music. She runs her own label, books many of her gigs, and serves as her own manager. Before she records an album, she has a fully formed concept. She travels to locales such as Spain or Siberia to do historical research, study the indigenous music, and absorb the vibrations of the particular culture. The result is what I find to be a truly authentic fusion of styles that defies categorization. Try it. You'll like it.



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a conversation with Peter Yarrow

by Steve Thorn

It was all about finding a happy middle ground.

In 1963, my family followed the course of many San Diegans (and Americans in general) and signed up to receive monthly record albums through the Columbia House Record Club. By that time, my older brother and I were firmly entrenched in the West Coast surf rock of Dick Dale, the Beach Boys, and the Surfaris. My mother, still fondly recalling seeing “the Voice” as a teenager in L.A., continued her allegiance to Sinatra. My father didn’t have a particular favorite, only a request that the hi-fi be turned down.

Between my adolescent desire to catch a wave and “be sitting on top of the world” and my mom’s continued support of Frank, we somehow agreed on Peter, Paul, and Mary as one of our monthly vinyl selections. The album was titled *Moving*, and it contained a lot of great tracks: “Settle Down,” “This Land Is Your Land,” “Man Come Into Egypt,” and that famous lament of a childhood sunset, “Puff, the Magic Dragon.”

Peter, Paul and Mary were the first folk group that got me out of the ocean, so to speak. It seems that all the Kingston Trio fans also loved them too. But P, P&M brought with them a certain Greenwich Village street credibility, and Mary struck me as being far more attractive than any of the Kingston Trio.

P, P&M also introduced Bob Dylan to the mainstream listening audience, pre-

dating the Byrd’s Rickenbacker 12-string renditions of the Bard’s works by a good two to three years. While many of their Bleecker Street contemporaries were left in the purple haze of Jimi Hendrix’s feedback, American youth continued to embrace the music of Peter Yarrow, Noel “Paul” Stookey, and Mary Travers. The trio finished the ’60s on a strong note, releasing singles “I Dig Rock and Roll Music” “Day Is Done,” and John Denver’s “Leaving on a Jet Plane” before the end of the decade. Forty-seven years after they formed and 45 years after their 1962 debut LP on the Warner Brothers label, the group still continues to tour and delight several generations through their television appearances on PBS.

Yarrow will be appearing May 5 at the Poway Center for the Performing Arts. In a recent phone interview, the veteran folk singer reflected on his group’s legacy and a current project, which is making a difference in America’s schools.

TROUBADOUR (T): Hi Peter! In the December issue of the San Diego Troubadour, I interviewed two members from a San Diego group, the Kite Flying Society. They told me how much they enjoyed performing with you at a benefit show last October at Congregation Beth Am in Del Mar for Operation Respect, an organization you helped create. What is the mission of Operation Respect?

PETER YARROW (PY): Operation Respect is devoted to making sure the environment in which kids grow up is a

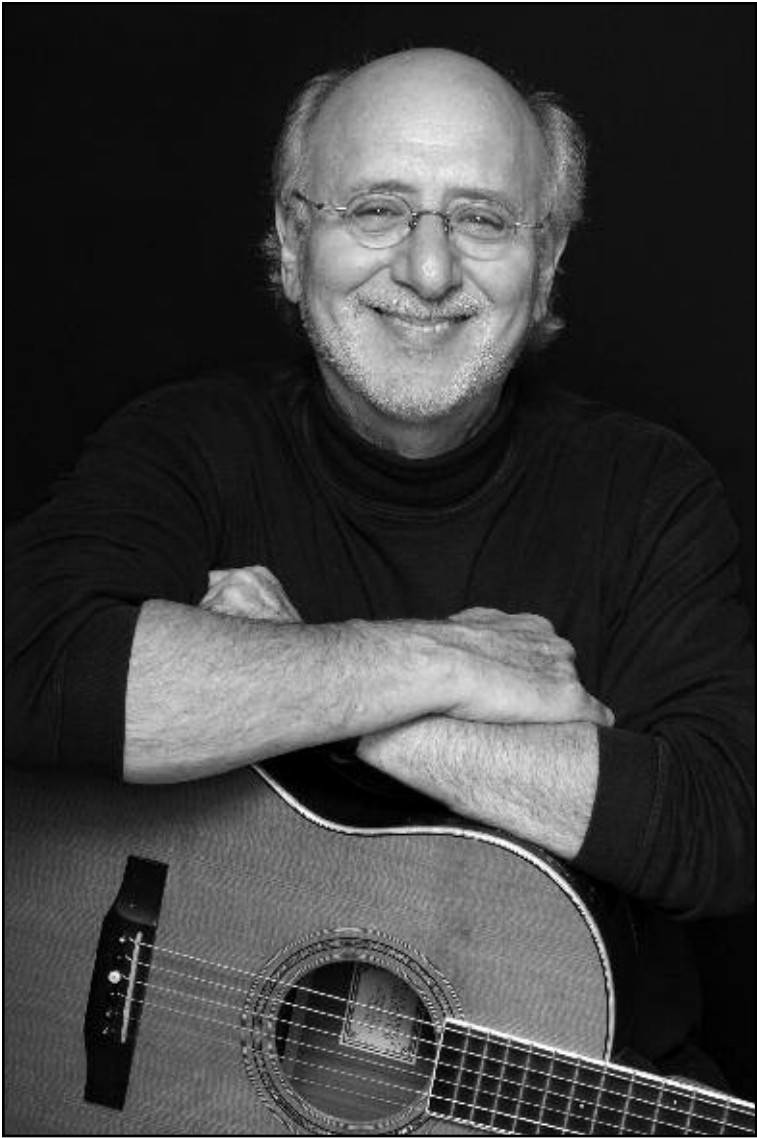
safe, caring, unique, respectful community, in school and outside of school. We’re really concerned with the bullying and the teasing that goes on, which is just a symptom of a broader problem. There’s a lot of disrespect, not just among kids in very cruel ways but also in the adult population. The reality is that with certain strategies and intervention, a very positive kind of society can be evolved that dramatically changes the environment: kids can focus, they can learn, and they can feel comfortable in circumstances and address themselves to their work in very successful ways.

So not only do bullying and disrespect get eliminated when you have a really cohesive and positive school society, but you also engage and nurture the social and emotional development of children. You give them their own sense of empowerment; you help them find ways to demonstrate their understanding of the real and important gifts of life — the love we receive from others, our helping other people, service to each other, and service to the community.

These are fundamental perspectives that need to be part of our culture and our society. This is the route to peace — peace in our home, peace in our lives, peace between countries. This is the way of conducting peace.

T: In preparing for our interview, I found two iconic photographs on the Internet. The first is Barry Feinstein’s famous photograph taken of Peter, Paul, and Mary performing during the famous March on Washington civil rights rally where Martin Luther King read his

Photo: Kevin Mazur



Peter Yarrow

memorable “I have a Dream” speech. The photograph is remarkable. You see the Washington Monument in the distance and that sea of humanity. What are your memories?

PY: I think that was the first time I completely felt the process in front of us that could really change the course of history, by virtue of the efforts of the people — in our time, the grassroots — working together. Before then, I had known about the struggles within the movement. I was fully too aware and deeply troubled by the McCarthy era when I was in high school during the witch hunting trials. So many people were falsely accused, but mostly there was an atmosphere of fear. [People] in the country were speaking out and challenging the policies of the government. I was at that march [Washington D.C,

August 1963] and all of a sudden I felt the realization of the dream. Ordinary human beings, not necessarily the wealthy and the powerful people, could get together and create a society that was more just and more fair. It was an overwhelming, inspiring experience, and I could not have been more moved by it. When I was there, I remember looking out at a quarter of a million people, feeling not the anger but the urgency of the area — their hopes and their dreams and their loves and their commitments. It was a nonviolent perspective. I was at another level at that point, believing in us and our capacity to achieve that dream. I have never stopped believing not only in the dream but also in the capacity to achieve that dream. My cur-

continued on next page

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Peter Yarrow, cont. from previous page



Peter, Paul, & Mary at the 1963 civil rights march in Washington D.C. Photo by Barry Feinstein.

rent work is only an extension of that.

Back then, it was the "mother" of all movements and the progenitor of a solid understanding that we could rededicate ourselves fully and appropriately. It absolutely changed the course of history.

T: The second photograph I wish to talk

about is of a lighter moment. There's Peter, Paul, and Mary with John, Paul, George and Ringo. Ed Sullivan is also hanging out. Talk about a rush!

PY: Unlike the picture of the march in Washington, I see a lot of the delightful side. There was a sense of trust, of the wonderment of real experience, and growth in consciousness. There was such a real devotion to trying to be caring and loving toward one another. "All You Need Is Love" was not a mindless song! This was really a proclamation of delightful prediction. There was such a charm and innocence and sweetness to that era, in contrast to the cynicism, and fear and anger that surrounds us now.

It reminds me of an era that, though there were challenges, we felt we were going to change it, we were going to win, and we were going to have the best time in the world doing it! If there was not certainty in our way of doing it, there was at least a certainty in the legitimacy and importance of the pursuit. That, sad to say, is sorely missed by everyone today.

We did have a most remarkable era in which, for a while, trust and confidence and hopefulness were the bywords for our own existence.

T: When I listen to Peter, Paul, and Mary, there's always a message of

change, but it's a message of change that is incorporated with a message of hope. How does the music pertain to our post 9-11 world?



Peter, Paul & Mary with the Beatles and Ed Sullivan, circa 1964

PY: These songs that I've sung all my life are the very powerful representations of a continuing timeless message. By their very nature, they create a sense of community and caring among people.

[The United States] has become more and more a troubled country in many respects. We watch American Idol and many other reality-themed shows and we are used to seeing the ridicule of sincere people with a gift trying to show what they can do in a hyper-competitive setting. Many of these reality shows have a very strong component of shame and ridicule. It's a world where Paris Hilton is a star, and what she does in her everyday life is considered to be meaningful — they expect people to be engaged by it. For adults, it is stressful enough. But for children — when they see adults acting out — they become more and involved in roads that lead nowhere. Instead of relating to each other, [it turns us away] from what ultimately matters to us all.

[I'm involved] in a Connecticut hospice. The people there don't talk about their cars or their power or their money or their personal exposes of this sort. They want to be with people they love, people they care about, who love them. We don't have to wait until we're in a hospice to value people who are important to us. I happen to believe that the

road to peace is through education and through kids. As for the post 9-11 society, I think we need to rely upon the freshness and vitality of the kids to inspire us once again. That's why my focus is on education.

The post 9-11 society, as it has evolved, has decimated much of what has made America the country I respected in the past. I do not respect — in fact, I abhor — the aggregation of habeas corpus. The recent inability of those who were subjected to extraordinary interrogation and torture, and not [being allowed] to have a case against the government because it violates government security rules. First of all, all of our security will depend upon the goodness of the country and its ability to walk the walk as much as its will in terms of our military might, which becomes less and less a crucial factor. We are the most feared and abominated nation in the world. What we have to do is know that we need to open up our hearts to one another, and the music that I've carried has always had the capacity to do that.

My doing the work of Operation Respect brings that music into schools, and approximately 15,000 schools in the country have adopted it. I consider the role of folk music to a large degree to be what it always was. In these days, [consider] the inequalities, the distance between the haves and the have nots that has continued to widen, the true responsibility of the country in terms of the environmental crisis that we face, the belligerence, arrogance, and the bullying that our country has practiced in an official policy.

Folk music is one piece — but a crucial piece — of what might bring us out of this terrible dilemma.

The Poway Center for the Performing Arts is located at 15498 Espola Road in Poway. Tickets for the Peter Yarrow concert are available at powayarts.org

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Thank you to Michael Rennie of the Poway Center for the Performing Arts for assistance with the Peter Yarrow interview.

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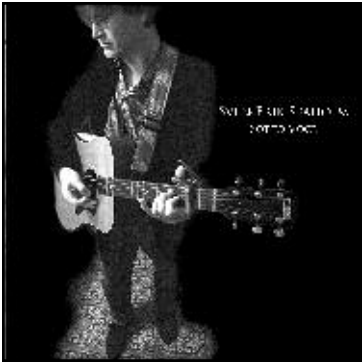


Bucksworth thingsfoundwalking- withyerheaddown

by Craig Yerkes

I heard a story once that Eagles' frontmen Glenn Frey and Don Henley wore tee shirts at the start of their careers that said SONG POWER as a reminder of the fact that great tunes was what would set them apart. Based on the inspired songwriting on Bucksworth's new CD, *thingsfoundwalking-withyerheaddown*, I wonder if its members wear those same tee shirts. Plain and simple, I love every single song on this disc and when you add the amazing musicianship that the band brings to the tunes, you've hit some serious alt country paydirt. The perfectly executed honkytonk grooves that they sling are the perfect complement to lyrics that are equal parts clever, heart-breaking, insightful, stinging, zany, and deadly serious. To top it all off, lead singer Mark Nemetz packs all the swagger, raw energy, conviction, heartache, power, and twang into his voice that this music screams for.

Because every song is so good (and this will get too long if I dwell on each one), I will exercise restraint and focus on a few favorites. The infectiously swingin' (via some crunchy rhythm guitar) leadoff track, "Like We'z Told," is a playful yet sobering look at how we inevitably become slaves to being responsible grown-ups but can still cut loose and stick it to the man at times. "Get Poor Slow" sports an irresistible sing-along chorus and touchingly muses on how a man's love for his family can trump the woes of financial hardship ("my baby, my kids are what I have...a smile from them and life don't seem so bad"). "He Try/She Try" is a heartbreakingly beautiful and compassionate look at how bad choices and the big bad world have conspired to bring the lives of a man and a woman to places they never intended to be. Word to the wise: if your reaction to this song is moral judgment as opposed to empathy, you don't deserve to listen to this disc and I suggest you go back to your lame-ass Josh Groban CD. The title track nicely ties up the recurring theme that Bucksworth likes to visit: the idea that we humans can learn a lot when we find ourselves beaten down by the rougher stuff life dishes out. However, for all of the wonderfully thought-provoking musical gems on this disc, there are plenty of moments in which raucous fun lightens the mood. "Lil Girl (Is Mean)" hilariously warns of a girl who might "break a boot off right in yer ass" if you're not careful; "Tex Message" playfully asserts that a text message from the Lone Star State to Hollywood is the chic new way for the jet set to send a "dear john" letter. Whether serious or silly, the lyrics throughout this disc are wickedly clever but never annoyingly cutesy. This CD will leave you feeling like you do after you've seen a really great movie or read a classic book where you've laughed, cried, pondered the deeper things in life, and learned a little something.



Sven-Erik Seaholm Sotto Voce

by Will Edwards

Just as the title *Sotto Voce* invites the listener to pry deeper into the phrase's actual meaning, the songs comprising Sven-Erik Seaholm's newest record also reward the committed listener by revealing more beneath its surface. These songs grow and mature as you listen. The album's title is Italian and refers to singing in a very soft voice, a literal reference to this record's unabashed reliance on the unique characteristic of the human voice. But, the meaning is metaphorical too. *Sotto Voce* trades hype for message, cliché for authenticity and in so doing, it speaks very "softly," drawing in those listeners who *want* to listen.

The instrumentation on *Sotto Voce* is varied and always amenable. From nylon guitar to Mellotron, the songs cover a lot of musical ground without straying far from a common thread. The album rolls nicely. Even the change up from bossa nova to acoustic ballad comes across as an interesting eddy in the current — a viewpoint from which to see things differently. Some songs are dense with arrangements and others depend on the more fragile constructs of acoustic guitar and lone vocals. The performances and collaborations on *Sotto Voce* represent a who's who of San Diego musicians. Ear-catching vocal harmonies, courtesy of Cathryn Beeks, Marcia Claire, Gregory Page, and even Seaholm himself help to present a unique vocal character throughout much of the album. Bass work by Scott Wilson, Marcia Claire, and Jerry Rig work impeccably with Billy Ray's in-the-pocket drums. Together the album's series of moods ebb and flow well together.

Overall, *Sotto Voce* is lush and dynamic, but only a few songs really have a catchy phrase. Three tracks stood out to me in this regard: "Waiting for You" (with rich vocal harmonies), "Turn Away and Cry," and "Baby Blue." The latter two are remnants from an earlier band — the Ghandi Method — but they mixed well with Seaholm's other compositions. I also felt that some of the guest appearances were mixed so far in the back that I couldn't really hear them. With so many talents, I would have liked to get more definition from each individual's contribution.

As an accomplished record producer, it seems reasonable to imagine that Seaholm knows what he wants from his own music and how to get it on tape. In the end, the CD is a more personal collection of songs and, with many tricks up his sleeve, it appears that Seaholm opted to serve the songs more than the machine. Love songs mix with reflections on Hurricane Katrina and the contrast can be stark... or refreshing, depending on your perspective. With its mixture of styles and topics, *Sotto Voce* is a great example of artistic freedom and is definitely worth hearing.

Sotto Voce will be released at the Belly Up Tavern on April 15. For further info: <http://www.svensongs.com>.



Greg Friedman Souls of Passing Feet

by Miff Laracy

Souls of Passing Feet is one of those rare albums that comes along once in a while. It unfolds itself to you, and with each listening you both appreciate and discover more about it. There are a lot of good songwriters, musicians, and arrangers out there, but this CD stands among the best. The songs and arrangements on Friedman's CD are masterfully crafted. Upon first listening I heard shades of Simon and Garfunkel, Harry Nilsson, and the Beatles, but only shades as the CD stands as a unique work unto itself. The songs—a more appropriate reference might even be pieces—utilize a diverse array of instruments, often in surprising, subtle combinations, which are always appropriate and fully supportive of the songs. You wouldn't necessarily notice this at first, but with each listening the CD remains at least as rich an experience as the previous one.

The album comes across as acoustic instrument based, a commonality to all the songs, which is partially derived from the variety of acoustic guitars (and other stringed acoustic instruments) used. Even the drums maintain the acoustic sound of wood and a good player's touch. However, you begin to notice fully distorted electric guitars, synthesizer sounds, and keyboards. Part of the appeal, and craftiness, is the variety of ways the various instruments are combined. On a purely textural level, this is delightful. Oftentimes the songs build with layers into the various textures used, and in a few of the songs even unlayer themselves into the ending.

A further display of the CD's mastery are the songs themselves. I found myself looking forward to what would be used as the musical interludes between verses, as they were mini-pieces in themselves; what would be used as a bridge; and what instrument might show itself. Often the ending of one song was a perfect segue into the next, setting up an anticipation for the song to follow while neatly wrapping up the previous song without fully resolving it. Background vocals are used throughout as an additional instrument or even two, many of which contrast as well as complement the lead vocal, and blend with the other instruments as if they were one of them. Friedman's time signature changes in a number of the songs reminded me of John Lennon or David Bowie's tunes, because it's barely noticeable and just seems like part of the song's feel. Each one is different, yet they all belong together on the same CD since they share the same blood line.

I'd like to go into detail of each song, but think it would detract from your own discovery of this album. I highly recommend this CD not only to music lovers but also to students of songwriting and arranging. It's a gem.

The Low Standards Show Some Leg

by Simeon Flick



It is a strange and fascinating age of hit-and-run collaborations and one-off bands; you've got your Raconteurs, your Rob Crows (and his latest incarnation this month), members of the Locust doing this, and guys from Deadline Friday doing that and the other thing. And then you've got the Low Standards, comprised mainly of Angela Correa (who performs solo and as part of Les Shelleys with Tom Brosseau) and Joanie Mendenhall (who is also a solo artist and in the Exfriends with Matt Curreri, yet another solo artist). Is your head spinning yet?!

Nevertheless, much of what we can objectively call good music has been the fruitful result of collaboration, and the Low Standards corroborate this in spades.

Show Some Leg benefits from Correa's supple lead vocals, Mendenhall's lilting harmonies, and their considerable collective instrumental prowess. True to the names of both the band and the album, the songs are sassy, subtly salacious, and whimsically executed using a palette of old-is-new-again retro styles. "Every Little Thing" is a sultry wink to "The Girl from Ipanema," and it's no stretch to imagine "Life of the Party" crackling through an old phonogram horn during a 1920s party at the Gatsby mansion.

Unlike the names they chose for their collaboration and EP, however, these songs belie sophistication, talent, and class. www.myspace.com/thelowstandards

Lindsey Troy Bruises

by Simeon Flick

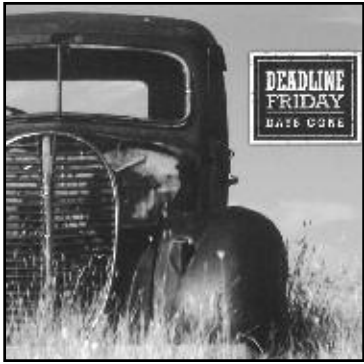


I'd hate to be any of the suits at Elektra who let the Troys go, especially if this EP crossed their desks. They would eat crow over *Bruises*, a modest yet stunning prelude to what can only foreshadow a high-profile career at whatever level Lindsey Troy chooses.

I'd also hate to be the guy she's singing about on some of these songs! The lyrics to the title track and "Watch the Blood Run" epitomize the unsophisticatedly naïve sting of the young-love-gone-wrong kiss-off, emulating a wounded cynicism beyond her years.

Bruises embodies the noticeable continuation of the prevalent going-solo trend; the tracks are introspective, more personal, chilled out. Those familiar with her work in the Troys know that Lindsey can kick out the uptempo jams and may long for more cuts like the Fiona Apple-ish "Watch the Blood Run" to get their fists pumping. The results are still wildly exciting, not to mention current as hell despite the welcome presence of respectably archaic influences.

Lindsey Troy is a no-brainer: She's ridiculously young, looks like Elisha Cuthbert of TV's *24*, sings, and plays guitar like Jewel (minus the lugubriousness and yodeling), is as marketable as Gwen Stefani, and has embraced a more meaningful artistic path despite all of this. If *Bruises* is any indication, it's all up to her. www.lindseytroy.com



Deadline Friday Days Gone

by Chuck Schiele

Here's a CD that'll make you plan a road trip for the sake of driving lost highways, listening to your favorite CDs.

Loyal rock and rollers will dig this scary good CD. It's rock and roll, baby... it's got some "tuff twang" to it, but for the most part, this is straight ahead, no bullshit, testosterone-driven rock and roll, written and performed by seasoned pros Jim Diez, Mike Spurgat, Earl Schreyer, and Bill Coomes, all of whom are way above the usual curve as individual players but who fully exercise the ol' "sum of the parts being greater than the whole" adage. Everything is here: stinging sweet guitars, a rockin' rhythm section, great singing. It possesses authority without trying to prove it — that is, it kicks ass, but it also remains as casual and unpretentious as your drinking buddies next door. It doesn't sound like they wanna conquer the world. It sounds like they wanna rock. Getting down is so much more fun.

Think one part Allman Brothers, one part Cream, one part Meters. The jam-ability of the group also reminds me of the Fillmore days, in they often take psychedelic, existentialist rides, bouncing over grooves of Americana and southern rock. "Broken Man" is the most striking case, with a creepy John Lee Hooker-esque swamp strut that feels like it's coming to get you. "Get Out" is the tune that actually hunted me down, driving hard in 4/4 telecaster funk, while lyrically kicking some girl to the door.

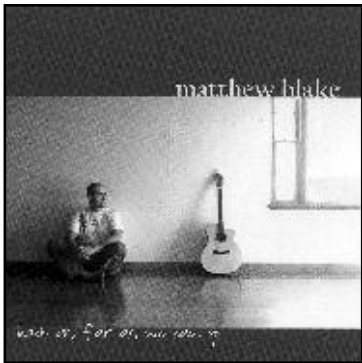
The enlisted help of Jeff Berkley as producer proves to be an excellent chemistry, with the sonic approach that remains loyal to old-school '70s-era tonality while seamlessly blending their acoustic side with their electric side. The guitars are gritty-smooth. The vocals are warm. Minus the scratches, it sounds like vinyl.

Among of the most impressive hallmarks of Deadline Friday is their facility for vocals. With three lead vocalists who've been singing together for a long time, their knack for three-part harmony is ridiculous. "Days Gone" opens with a very "Pink" guitar with an "Eaglesque" harmony, which also demonstrates the range of style that's factored into the deadline while offering sage, downhome advice to "get busy livin', stop wasting time..." "Backyard Moon" is easily the sweet repose to an otherwise chunky collection of tunes. If you like songs like "Sweet Melissa," you'll go nuts over Deadline Friday when they go here. "St. Cecilia" will also have you singing along.

While the CD stands firm in its commitment to an American sound, it also collects odd nuggets of interesting ideas now and then. For instance they take a solo over the top of the band and bail out of the mix for a few moments, which I found to be rather ballsy. My ears stood at attention much like a dog that hears all the stuff that's out of human range. "Stick Figure" hardly begins before it goes off, so-to-speak, entering the beach-bar-jam-band quality that has earned this band many a fan. I think something truly special happens when you give these guys 10 loose minutes and a lot of electricity. If Woodstock happened on a beach, this could be one of its instrumental anthems.

Check them out for yourself at www.DeadlineFriday.com





Matthew Blake

Back as Far as We Can Go

by Craig Yerkes

Do you remember the scene in *Animal House* in which a really nice, earnest guy with a guitar was serenading some girls on the staircase of Delta House with such sweet, well intentioned honesty? Do you remember how the girls he was singing to were glued to his every word? Do you remember how John Belushi came down the stairs, listened for a few moments, and then grabbed the guitar and smashed it against the wall? Depending on your level of hope for humankind and belief in the power of good in this world vs. your cynicism, you may sit in blessed listening rapture as you spin *Back as Far as We Can Go*, the new disc by Matthew Blake, or you might want to hunt the man down and go Belushi on his ass. If this recording is supposed to be one of those sly "Jesus music" discs in disguise (based on the fact that God and/or J.C Himself is never mentioned by name), the covert operative works about as well at being sneaky as the Bay of Pigs did. There is enough Christian rhetoric here to shut the mouth of Jerry Falwell, but the delivery is heartfelt, passionate, and skillful enough to be entertaining. The acoustic guitar and emotive male vocals push this music with all the subtlety of Jimmy Swaggart after a few coffees (nobody would ever question the earnestness and enthusiasm of this artist!), with the finished product reminding me of the high energy "praise music" that is so popular in the evangelical churches of today.

To be fair, though, this artist does seem to be making a huge effort to be inclusive of anyone with an interest in spiritual things as opposed to just targeting the Christian church. Skipping ahead a bit, the most notable exception to the spiritual anthem/praise music approach is track eight, "Enough." This tune is a powerful, sobering reflection on a strained relationship about to crack ("there's nothing left to say, you're leaving anyway, I've had enough today") and the music suits the sad, brutal honesty of the lyrics in just the right way. I really dug "Enough" and would love to hear more material along these lines from Mr. Blake. "Don't Let Go" and "Epoch" efficiently offer up tear-jerking takes on human frailty and spiritual longing that are sure to have seekers bowing in self reflection ("shadows tonight are covering me, but I'm searching for the skyline, hoping to see the source of light 'cause I want to believe"). "Lay It Down" (which nicely espouses the virtues of actually doing something good instead of just talking about it) and "And It's Love" offer up-tempo, catchy, rousing, and ultimately effective "let's get out and do some good" battle cries for those ready to go out and change the world.

Fans of this genre and proponents of Mr. Blake's brand of unbridled spiritual enthusiasm will not be disappointed with this recording and I have to admire what I perceive as the artist's heartfelt attempt to make music that will reach out across philosophical divides. However, I leave you to decide whether or not this stuff will make you want to either stand up for the greater good or smash a guitar against a wall.



Bobby Darin

Seeing Is Believing (DVD)

by Bart Mendoza

Blame it on the ad campaign for the bio-pic starring Kevin Spacey, but these days the late Bobby Darin is remembered as a Vegas-styled crooner. While there is some truth to that, as this DVD ably shows, he was so much more. Gathering 20 performances from a variety of sources, *Seeing is Believing* makes a good case for Darin actually being closer to a renaissance man. Footage ranges from a black and white clip of Darin singing "Dream Lover" on the *Ed Sullivan Show* to segments from Darin's CBS-TV specials from the 1970s. The disc's biggest faults are in the reliance on performances from the latter, but it's a minor quibble. Among the DVD's highlights is a hilarious version of the song "Beyond the Sea." Taped and lip-synched before a live audience, the song's ending is on a continuous loop, forcing Darin to vamp with notable comedic exasperation. Also worthwhile is a duet with Bobbie Gentry on a medley that includes "Polk Salad Annie." However, in this context it's his connection to folk and blues that counts and that is something well represented here as well. Darin, along with other contemporaries such as Dion, re-invented themselves as troubadours during the 1960s, and included here are nice versions of "If I Were a Carpenter," and "Work Song." But the most captivating item on the whole collection is a version of the chestnut "I've Got My Mojo Working." Giving new meaning to the phrase "show-stopper," Darin throws in everything but the kitchen sink on the track. Backed by a big band, he starts out on piano and eventually plays the solo on vibes, taking the blues classic into jazz territory. In lesser hands this would border on overkill, but Darin is all class throughout. Making a viewing of this DVD extra poignant is the fact that the last track here, a rendition of his first hit "Splish Splash," was the last song on the last episode of his TV show. He would pass away a few months later at the age of 37. While this isn't a definitive release, there is more than enough here to appeal to both die-hard fans and newer listeners interested in investigating Darin's legend.

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Clay Colton Band

Looking Back Ahead

by Derek Shaw

Colton's first release was under the name Bender with Matt Bongiovanni in 2001. *Looking Back Ahead* is the Clay Colton Band's official debut record. Their classic rock, Americana, and alt-country influences shine through the 11 well-produced songs.

The track listing includes renditions of "Holly Holy," and I'm not the biggest Neil Diamond fan to begin with, but Colton's voice is very reminiscent of the vibrato cheesiness I've always shuddered at.

On the other hand, Jimi Hendrix's "All Along the Watchtower" proves to be the climax of the album. It's a live take, recorded at a concert, and you can feel the energy billowing off the crowd. It really makes you want to check out the band's live performance.

Their sets consist of an array of original music combined with some classic cover songs. The group performs everything from Van Morrison, Pearl Jam, U2, Sublime, Bush, Alice in Chains and, oh yeah, a few traditional Irish songs.

"We've got over 20 hours of music at our disposal when we play live," Colton said.

Unfortunately, I had trouble getting into Colton's tunes. They seem quite contrived and formulaic, and despite his band's solid performance, the songwriting doesn't hold up. His originals often sound like Neil Diamond B-sides, and I had trouble getting past the dramatic vocal wailings at the core of the material, and when I did I found little to cling to.

The lyrics are cliché and trite, and the music often corresponds with a languishing drawl of alt-country rock. It's not as if this band isn't well rehearsed, talented, and experienced. But perhaps that's part of the problem...

Clay Colton has clearly been doing this a long time, and he seems like a man trying to write hits so badly that he's lost his uniqueness and identity. Some choruses are catchy, and the verses are fun jams and skilled arrangements, but the songs are missing something deeper.

Colton describes his sound as an amalgamation of "40 years of music," and maybe if he didn't try to touch on each one of those eras, the album would feel more cohesive and focused. But the genres jump around, the themes are inconsistent, and the songs seem reshaped. As a result, the listener is left with an admiration for Colton's musicianship, but it's difficult to relate to something so undefined and underdeveloped.

The Clay Colton Band is always on the road, which is a tribute to their knack for live performance over studio glory. They are playing a host of pubs around San Diego County through April and then heading to Oregon in July. For more information, check out www.claycolton.com.

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| Patty Hall | Trails & Rails |
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APRIL CALENDAR

sunday • 1

S.D. Guitar Society Mtg. w/ Alberto De Almar, Old Time Music Store, 2852 University Ave., 4pm.
Steve Young, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakdeside, 7:30pm. Reservations: 619/443-9622.
Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 2

Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Truckee Bros., Casbah, 2501 Kettner Blvd., 8pm.
Terry Matsuoaka/Astra Kelly, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 8pm.

tuesday • 3

Minsarah w/ Ray Barbee & the Mattson 2, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

wednesday • 4

Hard to Travel Bluegrass Jam, Old Time Music Store, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Brenda Panneton CD Release, Hot Java Cafe, 11768 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Lighthouse, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7pm.
Sue Palmer Quartet, Croce's Jazz Bar, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Z-Bop! w/ Laura Jane, Riley's, 2901 Nimitz Blvd., 8pm.
Sun Volt/Magnolia Electric Co., Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Silvergriffin/Numskuls, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 5

Joe Rathburn/Dave Howard, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Rickie Lee Jones, 4th & B, 345 B St., 7pm.
Friends of Old Time Music Mtg., Old Time Music Store, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
The Yardbirds/Anna Troy, Canes, 3105 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach, 8pm.
David Patrone, Croce's Jazz Bar, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Golden Hill Ramblers, Cheek to Cheek Ballroom, 909 Grand Ave., P.B., 8pm.
Tokeli, Manhattan Restaurant, 7766 Fay Ave., La Jolla, 8pm.
Steve Poltz, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Dark Star Orchestra, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Chad Farran/Jangada, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., 10pm.
Stepping Feet (Dave Matthews Tribute), R.T.'s Longboard Grill, 1466 Garnet Ave., 10pm.

friday • 6

Evan Bethany/Stephanie Cataldo/Tara Jo Oliver, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
JR Robison, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
The Hank Show, Cask & Cleaver, 3757 S. Mission Rd., Fallbrook, 8pm.
Billy Watson & his Int'l Silver String Sub. Band, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Peter Sprague, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.
Jennifer Cunningham, Borders, 1905 Calle Barcelona, Carlsbad, 8pm.
Steven Ybarra, His Place Cafe, 119 E. Grand Ave., Escondido, 8pm.
Korrie Paliotto, Borders, 668 6th Ave., 8pm.
Aaron Kimball, E St. Cafe, 128 W. E St., Encinitas, 8pm.
Robin Henkel, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sara Petite, Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 9pm.
The Frames/Dynamite Walls, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
The Hideaways, Whistle Stop, 2236 Fern St., 9pm.
Blizzard, JP's Pub, 70436 Encinitas Blvd., 9pm.

Saturday • 7
Spring Harp Fest w/ Budd Willis/Harpin' Lisa Hawkins/Dave Churchville/Baja Blues Boys/Harmonica John/Kellie Rucker/Lenny Malick/Chet Cannon/Mark Abbott/Billy Watson/Tim Shoup/Mark Buckich, Harry Griffen Park, 9550 Milden St., La Mesa, 11:15am.

Cici Porter, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 2pm.
Howling Coyotes, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.
Blues & Brews Patio Party, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 6:30pm.
Antarctic Explorations in Music w/ Henry Kaiser, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Molly Jensen/Regina Dawn/Brett Bixby, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Jeffrey Joe Morin & Friends, Cosmos, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.
Kim Divine, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.
Geoff Muldaur, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.

Berkley Hart, House Concert, Carlsbad, 8pm. Reservations: lauratalcove@adelphia.net
The Coyote Problem, CanyonFolk House Concert, El Cajon, 8pm. Reservations: canyon-folk@cox.net
Terry Matsuoaka, Borders, 668 6th Ave., 8pm.
Steven Ybarra, Borders, 1908 Calle Barcelona, Carlsbad, 8pm.
Rebecca Caldwell, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
The Big Fellas, E St. Cafe, 128 W. E St., Encinitas, 8pm.
Chad Farran Band/Superunloader, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.
Matt the Electrician/Tom Freund, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Band in Black, Tiki Bar, 1152 Garnet Ave., 9:30pm.

sunday • 8

Sharon Hazel Township, Turquoise Cafe, 841 Turquoise St., P.B., 11am.
S.D. Folk Song Society Mtg., Old Time Music Store, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.
Speak Easy Quartet, Dreamcatcher Ballroom, Viejas, 5000 Willow Rd., Alpine, 4pm.
Rob Schneiderman/Peter Sprague/Bob Magnusson/Jim Plank, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 7pm.
Natalia Zuckerman, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Chad Farran/Pruitt Igoe, Casbah, 2501 Kettner Blvd., 9pm.

wednesday • 11

Jane Lui, Aztec Ctr., SDSU Campus, 4:30pm.
Sue Palmer/The Hayriders, Riley's, 2901 Nimitz Blvd., 8pm.
Ivan Cheong/Miggs, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 12

Citizen Band, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 Block of Vermont, Hillcrest, 6pm.
Joe Rathburn/Robin Adler & Dave Blackburn, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Still on the Hill, House Concert, North Park, 7:30pm. Reservations: kelley@acousticpie.com
Fishtank Ensemble, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 7pm.
Toots & the Maytals/Elijah Emanuel, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Aaron Bowen/Derek Evans, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Hideaways, Winston's, 1923 Bacon St., 9pm.

friday • 13

Speak Easy Quartet, People's Food, 4765 Voltaire, 6pm.
Shenanigans, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Jim Earp/Ricky Ruiz, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7pm.
Elena & the Continental Two, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Randy Phillips & Friends, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.
Primasi, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Ben Powell, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.
The Clachan Boys, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.
Terry Matsuoaka, Borders, 1072 Camino del Rio N., 8pm.
Derrick Boess, Borders, 1905 Calle Barcelona, Carlsbad, 8pm.
B'Dale, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
Kristin Korb Trio, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
Toots & the Maytals, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Lou's B-Day, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Saba, Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 14

Jake's Mountain, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.
Matt Haeck/Austin Britton, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Steven Ybarra, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.
Scott Paulson's Radio Variety Show, First Unitarian Church, 4190 Front St., 7pm.
Still on the Hill, Fallbrook Americana Music Series, Hilltop Center, 331 E. Elder, Fallbrook, 7:30pm.
Acoustic Alliance w/ Jordan Reimer/Hot Rod Harris/Marie Haddad/The Castners/Andrew Gil/Josh Wright/Kim Divine/Jac/Annie Dru/ Mary Grasso/ William Walter/Christopher Dallman, Brick by Brick, 1130 Buenos, 7:30pm.
Small Potatoes, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Evan Marshall, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.
Boz Scaggs, Pala Events Ctr., 11154 Hwy. 76, Pala, 8pm.
Gay Men's Chorus, St. Paul's Cathedral, 2728 6th Ave., 8pm.
Andrea Reschke, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
Tim Dismang, Borders, 1905 Calle Barcelona, Carlsbad, 8pm.
Omar Faruk Tekbilek Ensemble, WorldBeat Cultural Ctr., 2100 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Will Faerber, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.
Berkley Hart, Clarke House Concert, Kensington, 8pm. Reservations: www.clarke-houseconcerts.com
Jimmy Patton/Louisa West, 101 Artists Colony, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, 8pm.
Willie Dee, E St. Cafe, 128 W. E St., Encinitas, 8pm.
Gilbert Castellanos, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8:30pm.
Mother Hips/Billy Midnight/Luca, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Gina Villalobos/Truckee Brothers, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sligo Rags, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 9pm.
Curtis Peoples, Aromas Cafe, Maher Hall, USD Campus, 9pm.
Chad Farran Band/Superunloader, 710 Beach Club, 710 Garnet Ave., 9pm.
Band in Black, Hennessey's, 4650 Mission Blvd., 10pm.

sunday • 15

Monroe Ave. String Band, Caffé Forte, 3139 University Ave., 10am.

Dixie Express Jazz Band, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.
Sven-Erik Seaholm CD Release/Michael Tiernan CD Release, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 3pm.
Joshua White Trio, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 6pm.
Gay Men's Chorus, St. Paul's Cathedral, 2728 6th Ave., 7pm.
Isaac's B-Day, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 16

Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Richard Smith/Ben Owens, Fine Arts Hall, Grossmont College, 8800 Grossmont College Dr., El Cajon, 7:30pm.
Astra Kelly/Podunk Nowhere, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 8pm.
Guru's Jazzmatazz/Genius of Soul, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

tuesday • 17

Drum Circle, 101 Artists Colony, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, 7pm.
Richard Smith, Valley Music, 530 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7:30pm.
Dan Hicks & the Hot Licks/John Hammond, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Matt Wilson Arts & Crafts Quartet, Neurosciences Inst., 10460 Hopkins Dr., La Jolla, 8pm.
Austin Collin/Graham Weber/Nathan Welden, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Tefflon, 710 Beach Club, 710 Garnet Ave., 9pm.

wednesday • 18

Matt Wilson Arts & Crafts Quartet, Neurosciences Inst., 10460 Hopkins Dr., La Jolla, 8pm.
Austin Collin/Graham Weber/Nathan Welden, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Tefflon, 710 Beach Club, 710 Garnet Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 19

Joe Rathburn/John Katchur, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Michele Lundeen, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy 101, Leucadia, 7:30pm.
Sounds Like San Diego w/ the Shambles/Mark Decerbo & Four Eyes/Anna Troy/Lou & Virginia Curtiss/the Grams/Matt Curreri/Sara Petite, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
Grand Canyon Sundown, Barona Casino, 1932 Wildcat Canyon Rd., Lakeside, 8pm.
Stacey Earle/Mark Stuart, Meeting Grace House Concert, Normal Heights, 8pm. Reservations: lizzie@meetinggrace.com
Ryan Home/4 Way Free/Josh Damigo/Kyle Phelan, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 20

Kerri Dopart/Tommy Edwards/Laura Kuebel, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Mike McGill, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.
Beg. Flamenco Instruction w/ Juan Moro (through Apr. 22), Mt. Soledad Presbyterian Church, 6551 Soledad Mtn. Rd., La Jolla, 7pm. Info: www.villamusica.org
Trummerflora 6th Annual Spring Reverb, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Amy Speace & the Tear Jerks/Nathan Welden, Heritage East House Concert, El Cajon, 8pm. Reservations: suzanner@sbcglobal.net
Aaron Bowen, Borders, 668 6th Ave., 8pm.
Maddox Revolution, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.
Carlos Olmeda/Paul Hermosa, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.
Matt Curreri & Ex-Friends, 101 Artists Colony, 90 N. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, 8pm.
Speak Easy Quartet, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8:30pm.
Eleonor England w/ Shep Meyers/Tripp Sprague/Bryan McConnell, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Saba, Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 9pm.
B-Side Players, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Stepping Feet (Dave Matthews Tribute), R.T.'s Longboard Grill, 1466 Garnet Ave., 10pm.

saturday • 21

The Bigfellas, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.
Harp Guitar Concert w/ William Easton, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
JR Robison/Avatara/Zen Pagans, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Jim Earp, Upstart Crow, 835 W. Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.
Lori Bell Trio w/ Ron Satterfield & Kevin Koch, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 7pm.
Hugh Gaskins, The Last Call, 4977 El Cajon Blvd., 8pm.
Bernie Pearl, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.
Paige Aufhammer, Dublin Square, 5554 4th Ave., 8pm.
Joe Rathburn/Art Fisher, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.
Allison Lonsdale (6-8pm)/Dee Ray/Evan Bethany/ Lindsey Cook, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Elijah Emanuel & the Revelations, Winston's, 1932 Bacon St., 10pm.
Chad Farran/Banda Braza, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., 10pm.

sunday • 22

Earth Day, Balboa Park, 10am-5pm.
Ruby & the Redhots, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 3pm.
Earl Thomas, Winston's, 1923 Bacon St., 5pm.

W E E K L Y

every sunday

Shawn Rohlf & Friends, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.
Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.
Sunday Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 3pm.
Celtic Ensemble, Twigg's, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.
Z-Bop!, Flying Bridge, 1105 N. Coast Hwy 101, Oceanside, 5:30pm.
Open Mic, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm.
Open Stage Night, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 7:30pm.
Salsa Night, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 6875b El Cajon Blvd., 7:30pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
José Sinatra's OB-oke, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.
The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

every monday

Open Mic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.
Open Mic, E St. Cafe, 128 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 7:30pm.
Tango Dancing, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 8pm.

every tuesday

Open Mic, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.
Jazz Night, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm.
Open Mic, E St. Cafe, 128 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Jack Tempchin & Friends, Cafe Calypso, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Hot Club of San Diego, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.
Open Mic, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., 8pm.

every wednesday

Music at Ocean Beach Farmer's Market, Newport Ave., 4-7pm.
Dan Papaila, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 5pm.
Jaime Valle Quartet w/ Bob Magnusson, Tuto Mare, 4365 Executive Dr., La Jolla, 6pm.
Old Timey Night, Folk Arts Rare Records, 2881 Adams Ave., 7pm.
High Society Jazz Band, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 7pm.
Stepping Feet (Dave Matthews Tribute), Whiskey Girl, 600 5th Ave., 8:30pm.
Open Mic, Dublin Square, 544 4th Ave., 9pm.

monday • 23

Palomar College Jazz Ensemble, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 7:30pm.
Astra Kelly/Donnis Trio, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 8pm.
Grant-Lee Phillips/Patrick Park, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

tuesday • 24

Hal Ketchum/Southbound Jonny, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

wednesday • 25

Bill Gaither, Cox Arena, SDSU Campus, 7pm.
Citizen Band, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sean Lennon/Women & Children/Kamila Thompson, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Chelsea Flor, Dream Street, 2228 Bacon St., 10pm.

thursday • 26

Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 Block of Vermont, Hillcrest, 6pm.
Bolga Zohdoomah, Museum of Man, Balboa Park, 6pm.
Billy Watson, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 6pm.
Joe Rathburn/Cathryn Beeks & Matt Silvia, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
North County Cowboys, Cask & Cleaver, 3757 S. Mission Rd., Fallbrook, 8pm.
Johnny Differnet, 710 Beach Club, 710 Garnet Ave., 8pm.
Jen Knight/Adam Roth, Cane's, 105 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach, 8:30pm.
Dave Barry/Tim Mudd/Whitton, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Railroad Earth/Tony Furtado, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

friday • 27

Mountain Gypsies, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.
Tefflon, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
David Wilcox/John Batdorf, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Trio, L'Auberge, 1540 Camino Del Mar, 7:30pm.

every thursday

Dan Papaila, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 5pm.
Open Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.
Zydeco Night, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 7pm.
Joe Rathburn, Folkey Monkey Thursdays, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., Ste. B, 7pm.
Moonlight Serenade Orchestra, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.
Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic, Borders Books & Music, 159 Fletcher Pkwy, El Cajon, 7pm.
Joseph Angelastro Jazz Jam, E St. Cafe, 128 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Open Mic, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm.
Tokeli, Manhattan Restaurant, 7766 Fay Ave., La Jolla, 8pm.
Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's Coffeehouse, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.
David Patrone, Croce's Jazz Bar, 802 Fifth Ave., 8pm.
Jazz Jam, Hot Monkey Love Cafe, 6875B El Cajon Blvd., 9:30pm.
Swing Thursdays, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

every friday

Sam Johnson Jazz Duo, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 3pm.
California Rangers, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.
Dan Papaila, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 5pm.
Franco Z & Friends, Tommy's Italian Restaurant, 1190 N. 2nd., El Cajon, 6pm.
Jaime Valle-Bob Magnusson Jazz Duo, Harry's Bar & American Grill, 4370 La Jolla Village Dr., 6:30pm.
Amelia Browning, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 7pm.
Jazz Night, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm.
Basin Street Band, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.
Open Mic, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.
Tom Smerk, De Oro Mine Co., 9924 Campo Rd., Spring Valley, 9pm. (except 9th, 23rd)

every saturday

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.
Dan Papaila, The Lodge @ Torrey Pines, 5pm.
Vintage Vegas w/ Laura Jane & Franco Z, Martini's Above Fourth, 3940 4th Ave., 6pm.
Open Mic w/ Happy Ron, Tropicoso, 1261 Garnet Ave., 7pm.
Doug Smith/Jim Earp, Bonita Golf Club, 5540 Sweetwater Rd., 7:30pm.
Mike McGill, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.
Simeon Flick, Borders, 1072 Camino del Rio N., 8pm.
George Svoboda, Bookworks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Grand Canyon Sundown, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.
Jenn Grinels/Lisa Sanders/Southern Graffiti, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 28

Artwalk (music by Tom Griesgraber/Billy Midnight/Robin Henkel/Steph Johnson/Peter Hall/Renata Youngblood/Dave Howard/Carlos Olmeda/AI Howard/The Grams/The Shambles), India Street, Little Italy, noon-5pm.
Unknown Legend, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.
Bass Clef Experiment/Cello Mike, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Albert & Gage, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Mojacar Flamenco, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Ravi Shankar, California Ctr. for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd., 8pm.
Mike McGill, Borders, 1905 Calle Barcelona, Carlsbad, 8pm.
Working Cowboy Band, Del Dios Country Store, 20154 Lake Dr., Escondido, 8pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.
Rufus Wainwright/Teddy Thompson, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Alex Depue/Annie Dru/Blackout Party, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Palominos, Zombie Lounge, 3519 El Cajon Blvd., 9pm.
Sligo Rags, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 9pm.
The Gooses, Patrick's Pub, 13314 Poway Rd., 9pm.
The Bigfellas, Surf & Saddle, 123 W. Plaza, Solana Beach, 9:30pm.

sunday • 29

Artwalk (music by Tom Griesgraber/Lisa Sanders/Robin Henkel/Steph Johnson/Saba/Lindsey Yung/AI Howard/Coyote Problem/The Grams/The Low Standards/Matt Curreri/Israel Maldonado), India Street, Little Italy, noon-5pm.
Coastal Communities Concert Band w/ Omiya City Comm. Band from Japan, Carlsbad Comm. Church, 3175 Harding St., 2:30pm.
Blues Jam w/ the Subcommittee, Coo Coo Club, 8203 Winter Gardens Blvd., Lakeside, 4pm.
Albert & Gage, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakdeside, 7:30pm. Reservations: 619/443-9622.
Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.



Photos by Steve Covault unless otherwise noted

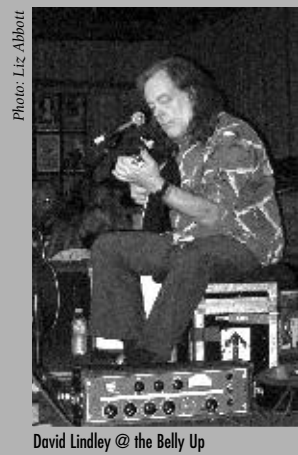


Photo: Liz Abbott

David Lindley @ the Belly Up



Photo: Liz Abbott

Leo Kottke @ the Belly Up



Eliza Gilkyson @ the Belly Up



The amazing Richard Thompson @ Belly Up



Lindsey White @ Turquoise Cafe



Jack Tempchin @ Calypso Cafe



Photo: Liz Abbott

The Earl Bros. @ Clarke House Concerts



Muireann Nic Amhlaibh at the Holy Trinity Church



Photo: Liz Abbott

Suzanne Reed @ Cosmos Cafe

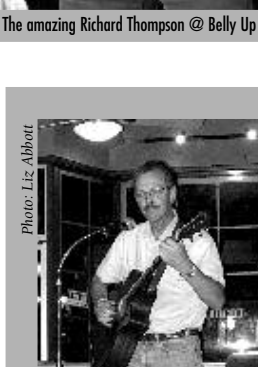


Photo: Liz Abbott

Tom Boyer @ Cosmos Cafe



Photo: Liz Abbott

John Katchur @ Cosmos Cafe



Photo: Liz Abbott

Kalimba Kings @ Cosmos Cafe

CASH ONLY @ WINSTON'S



Phil Harmonic



Liz Abbott & Jose Sinatra



Jack Johnson



Mark DeCervo & Four Eyes



Photo: Lois Bach

Bass Clef Experiment @ downtown Farmers Market



Photo: Scott Zins

Will Edwards @ O'Connell's



Scott Wilson Band @ Tio Leo's



Larry Robinson CD release @ Hot Java



Mark Merrill of the Palominos



Johnny G. d'Artenay of Big Rig Deluxe



Peter Hall



Nisha Rose



Bill Coomes w/ the Grams, Starlight Bowl



Joe Rathburn & Peggy Watson

SAN DIEGO INDIE MUSIC FEST



The Hideaway's Phil Bensimon



Photo: Dan Chusid

Runhoney



Drum Circle



Photo: Dan Chusid

Indie Fest organizer Alicia Champion



Photo: Dan Chusid

Amelia Browning



Photo: Liz Abbott

Didgeridoo player at Balboa Park



Photo: Lois Bach

Pistolero @ SD City College



Photo: Dan Chusid

Fishbone



Scissors 4 Lefty



Ginger Shankar



Photo: Dan Chusid

Indie Fest organizer Danielle LoPresti



Alfonso de la Espriella



Photo: Lois Bach

Big Toe @ O'Connell's

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