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Alternative country, Americana, roots, folk,  
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April 2008

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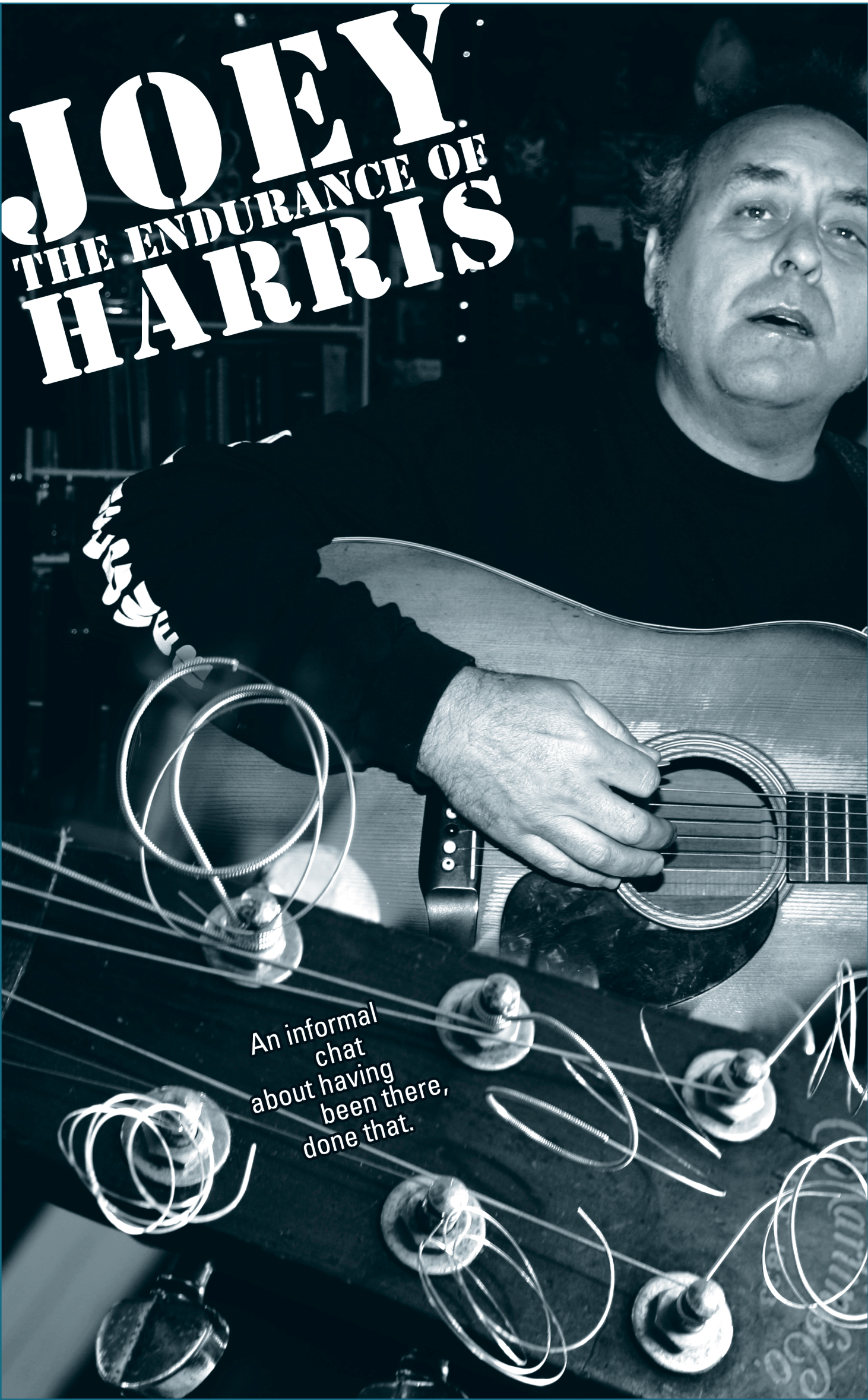
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chat  
about having  
been there,  
done that.



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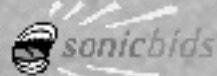
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To promote, encourage, and provide an alternative voice for the great local music that is generally overlooked by the mass media; namely the genres of alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass. To entertain, educate,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

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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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# Finding Common Chords to Promote Peace

by Paul Hormick

There is the now famous and well-documented story of peace breaking out during World War I, when British and German troops put down their guns to play soccer and share their food and cigarettes. The story goes that during a lull in the fighting, the German troops, hearing the voices of their English enemy raised in Christmas carols, joined in the singing. Soon afterward the men crawled out of their trenches and began a front-line celebration that lasted all day. The military commands on both sides urged their troops to go back to battle, but so unwilling were the men to fight that to continue the war both the British and the Germans had to replace these troops with men who had not participated in the outbreak of peace.

One thing to remember about this event, the bonhomie, the brotherhood, all started with music. Similarly, two internationally known musicians - Yale Strom and Salman Ahmad, a Jew and a Muslim - actively promote peace through the music of their Common Chords series. At these concerts the musicians try to demonstrate their commonality and the music that can be made by working together. They will perform one of these series concerts at Smith Recital Hall on the SDSU campus on April 10.

This collaboration started with the efforts of Mark Rosenblum, a history professor at Queens College in New York who is a Middle East expert and the head of the Middle East project. As part of his work, Rosenblum initiated a program called "Walk in Another Man's Shoes," in which his undergraduate students assume roles that are the opposite to their own and form teams that simulate a negotiation between representatives of Israel and Palestine.

As part of this program, Rosenblum invited Strom to a celebration of Arabic art back in 2007, where Strom and Ahmad met and performed. Their collaboration and the reaction to their performance was so positive, they decided to continue their efforts. "This is first and foremost about music, not politics," says Strom, although they will still try to convey the message of unity and brotherhood. "But we plan on talking about how music can bring people together. In an ensemble all the musicians have to work together if there is going to be any

music."

If you have any question about Klezmer, Strom is your man. A visiting artist in residence at SDSU Strom has researched and chronicled the lives and histories of the eastern European Jews and the music that they make.

He has published a number of books on Eastern European Jewry and Klezmer, including *The Book of Klezmer: The History, the Music, the Folklore and The Absolute Complete Klezmer Songbook*. His most recent book, written with his wife, Elizabeth Schwartz, is *A Wandering Feast: A Journey Through the Jewish Culture of Eastern Europe*. Strom is also a composer and performer. He has written everything from quartets to a symphony, all of which are based on or use in some way Klezmer motifs. He performs with his own Klezmer band, Hot Pstromi.

Klezmer comes from Eastern Europe, but the modalities originated in the Middle East and the Asian subcontinent, the same modalities that Ahmad uses in his music. "He'll play one of his musical pieces and we'll join in, and then we'll improvise. Then we'll play one of our tunes and he'll do the same," Strom says as he explains how the performers use their common musical backgrounds in their performance. As they have rehearsed and performed, one surprise, showing the incredible links of these different kinds of music, came when Strom played a Sephardic melody, one that came from the Jews who had spent centuries in Spain before their expulsion by Ferdinand and Isabella in the late fifteenth century. The melody is easily 500 years old. Ahmad recognized the tune from his experience working with Sufi performers from Turkey.

Salman Ahmad comes to his collaboration with Strom already as a musical alchemist, mixing new and traditional, East and West. Trained as a physician, Ahmad is a singer, guitarist, and leader of the band Junoon. He and his band combine traditional south Asian music with western electric guitars and some pop sensibilities to form their particular brand of South Asian rock 'n' roll. Ahmad is often considered Pakistan's first rock star, and Junoon has been called the U2 of Pakistan.



Yale Strom, Professor Mark Rosenblum, and Salman Ahmad

He has extended his work from music into charity and world affairs. Kofi Annan personally asked Ahmad to work as a Goodwill Ambassador for UNICEF, promoting HIV/AIDS awareness in south Asia. He has also produced two documentaries, one on the role of music in Islam and the other examining the status of Muslims in America post 9/11. In December of 2007 he performed in Oslo, Norway, at the celebration honoring Nobel Peace Prize recipient Al Gore.

When he founded Junoon, Ahmad says that he based the band on the Sufi concepts of harmony, peace, tolerance, self-discovery, and simplicity. Ahmad's efforts of using music to promote peace go back to the early nineties, when he took Junoon to India to perform a concert, a particularly tense time in the subcontinent when India had just tested a nuclear device. Since they were separated into two nations in the late forties, India and Pakistan have had an uneasy peace that breaks out into skirmishes from time to time over their competing claims to Kashmir. Ahmad was confronted with the realities of politics when the thrill of rocking Mumbai and exchanging autographs with his favorite Bollywood stars gave way to death threats and the government of Pakistan banning performances of Junoon upon the band's return to their homeland.

The ban was lifted, and Ahmad and Junoon continue to rock Pakistan, the subcontinent, the Muslim world, and anybody else who wants to join in. He remains upbeat about working for peace. In April of 2007 he told Riz Khan of Al Jazeera, "You really have to see people as human beings first, not as demographics, extremists, liberals, or moderates. We're not unidimensional."

*The Common Chords concert takes place on April 10, 7pm, Smith Recital Hall, SDSU. Admission is free.*

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# We Five in 2008? Oui!

by Steve Thorn

In the closing moments of the song, the choir of four men and one woman reaches an apex. The lyrics, “I have wounds to bind,” are followed by an explosion of drums and a 12-string guitar.

The song is “You Were on My Mind” by We Five, and from the car radios of American youth in 1965, the promise of folk rock was fulfilled. We Five’s single painted an audio picture for the imagination as memorable as Jim (later Roger) McGuinn’s Rickenbacker guitar introduction to the Byrds’ version of “Mr. Tambourine Man,” the lonely harmonica of the Beau Brummels’ “Laugh, Laugh, “ the “bank vault” echo chamber effect utilized on Simon and Garfunkel’s “Sound of Silence,” and Al Kooper’s improvisational organ solo on Bob Dylan’s “Like a Rolling Stone.”

“You Were on My Mind” so dominated the charts in ‘65 that over subsequent decades, other significant accomplishments of We Five have been overshadowed by the song’s permanent status in the Baby Boomer psyche. We Five’s pre-and-post “You Were on My Mind” history is also interesting and full of stories that the band’s co-founder, Jerry Burgan, will be sharing publicly when We Five take to the stage of Acoustic Music San Diego this month.

The concert date has taken on added poignancy with the recent death (see accompanying tribute) of songwriting legend John Stewart. Stewart was already making strides in his career when he encouraged his younger brother, Michael, and Burgan to participate in the folk music boom of the late ‘50s and early ‘60s. According to Burgan, before We Five, there were music lessons and lots of broken guitar strings.

“Michael and I had been classmates since grammar school and John was five or six years ahead of us at Pomona Catholic High School,” said Burgan. “When John got his first Vega banjo, he gave his old one to Michael, who in turn wanted to start a folk group. Michael found out I had a tenor (four-string) guitar and in the summer before we started high school, he showed up at my house with his banjo and a copy of *Sing Out!* We played ‘Follow the Drinkin’ Gourd’ and a couple of other simple folk songs until our fingers blis-

tered. We played several days a week for the rest of the summer and never really stopped for the next seven years. John was playing in the Cumberland Three with a bass player named Gil Robbins. Gil (the father of actor Tim Robbins) had been our choir director and my clarinet teacher.”

Burgan said he met John Stewart “for the first time when his travels brought him back to Southern California. Michael and I played some songs for him on one of those visits. I would generally see him when he was in town and he would always give us a mix of constructive criticism and lots of encouragement. When I later bought a used six-string Silvertone guitar, John gave me my first set of D’Angelico guitar strings. In the summer of 1962 I traveled to Japan with the Sea Cadets, and the ship left from San Francisco where John had moved when he joined the Kingston Trio. Michael and I flew north together and John picked us up at SFO. He drove us to a Kingston Trio rehearsal at (Trio leader) Bob Shane’s house on a hill in Tiburon overlooking San Francisco Bay.”

Decades later, Burgan recalled being “blown away by the experience: the exposure to celebrities and their lifestyle, the beauty of the Bay Area, hearing the power of the Kingston Trio singing in Bob’s living room. I was awestruck. I decided during the cruise that if I could choose between the navy and music, there would be no contest. Michael met me at the airport a month later with my guitar in hand! The following September, I sat with the Stewarts in a box seat at the Hollywood Bowl for the Trio’s first concert with John. I still marvel at how much I was treated like a member of their family.”

Michael Stewart and Burgan put their adolescent energy to practical usage and formed the Ridgerunners. Burgan remembers it as a time of “tremendous growth – and very special to me. Michael and I were singing with another fellow, doing Kingston Trio songs, when we met a girl at a talent show in Claremont [near Pomona]. We were standing around singing and she joined in with a very powerful alto voice. Michael, who was already becoming a pretty good vocal arranger, loved the sound – and the look. It wasn’t long before our trio had lost a guy and gained a pretty blonde girl

singer. Susie Davies could also sing in a soprano voice, which gave tremendous range to the kind of songs we could sing. Initially, we were still singing folk music and Michael’s dad suggested the name Ridgerunners. I’m not sure why, because that’s what they called horse thieves where he came from. A coffee house called the Meeting Place opened in Upland and we were one of the first groups to play there. We were pretty good and became fairly popular.”

Burgan said that through his connections at Capitol Records, John Stewart “arranged for our first real record audition. We went into Studio A at Capitol – the room built for Frank Sinatra – and recorded ‘The First Time (Ever I Saw Your Face),’ and ‘Big River Rising.’ Nick Venet, who was a terrific producer, loved it, but there was a copyright issue with ‘Big River Rising.’ He left Capitol for awhile, and we never signed.”



We Five: Pete Fullerton, Jerry Burgan, Beverly Bivens, Bob Jones, Mike Stewart

The Ridgerunners’ career took an interesting shift in direction when John Stewart was assigned to be the music coordinator for a NASA documentary about the first seven astronauts. “It was called *With Their Eyes on the Stars*, and followed a story line from exploration of the new world, to exploration of the west, to the next logical quest: exploration of space,” said Burgan. “John loved history and he wrote some new songs to go along with a few classic folk songs. Michael did arrangements, and the Ridgerunners went into Capitol to record about 40 minutes worth of material. A film crew shot footage to fit the songs and when it was cut down to about 22 minutes, we went into a Warner Bros sound stage to do the actual score. Other than a few short lines that John spoke, the entire narrative was done with songs. In addition to Michael, Sue Davies, and



We Five current line up: Chris Burgan, Jimmy Dunn, Debbie Burgan, Terry Rangno, and Jerry Burgan

I, Eileen Duffy joined us to fill in the soprano or alto ranges.

“There were some others who joined us for the sessions that you might have heard of – the great Ray Brown played bass. John also asked two of his best friends, John Phillips and Scott McKenzie, to join us for the sessions. This was well before the Mamas and the Papas or ‘San Francisco (Be Sure to Wear Flowers in Your Hair),’ but the Journeymen was my favorite group at the time and that session still stands as one of the emotional high points of my musical career.”

Eventually, the Ridgerunners rode off into the sunset, leaving the door open for Burgan and Michael Stewart to establish We Five. For a group identifiable with the early Bay Area folk scene, the band was mostly comprised of college-age musicians from Southern California. Michael Stewart and Burgan were joined by bassist Pete Fullerton of Claremont and vocalist Beverly Bivens of Santa Ana. Providing the rock edge to the We Five sound was University of San Francisco student Bob Jones, a guitarist originally from Hawaii.

“You Were on My Mind,” originally recorded by Ian and Sylvia, was written by Sylvia (Fricker). We Five’s version featured altered lyrics and was far more energetic. In terms of locale, Burgan can’t pin down where he was the first time he heard the We Five rendition over the airwaves, but the result was euphoric.

“You may not believe this, but I can’t say for sure where I first heard it, but I’m pretty sure I was in the car. We got the call to come back to San Francisco because the record broke there first and and we were down in L.A. I suspect that it was in the early morning hours at the end of that very long drive north when I first heard it, but we were very tired. The group was staying on a houseboat in Sausalito and the energy was very high when we arrived. [San Francisco stations] KYA, KEWB and KSFO were all playing it, so you couldn’t go more than 20-30 minutes without hearing it if you had the radio on.

“I can tell you that it catches my ear almost instantly when I hear it today – and still makes me smile. The song stayed on the charts for months and it was exciting every time we heard it while touring someplace where it was just becoming a hit.”

It was We Five member Bob Jones who gave the single its electricity – literally. “When Bob Jones joined the group, he brought the idea of using an electric guitar in a folk-type group,” said Burgan. “He had started in rock but was moving more toward jazz and blues. As for the drums, we did ‘You Were on My Mind’ in the same session with ‘Cast Your Fate to the Wind.’ We told [our manager]] Frank Werber that drums would be needed, so he brought Jerry Granelli, a well-known jazz drummer who was playing with Vince Guaraldi, into the studio. We finished ‘Cast’ and told Jerry that ‘Mind’ needed a rock beat. He listened to how we were playing it and picked up on the ‘and-I’ accent at the center of the rhythm guitar part. The kick drum is right out of a Phil Spector or Motown record. The body of the song is almost one continuous fill that created tremendous energy when mixed with the vocals and other instruments in the studio.”

The group’s debut album on the A&M label, appropriately titled *You Were on My Mind*, contained no fewer than three John Stewart compositions. The most interesting of this trio of songs was “Love Me Not Tomorrow,” which sounded more like the early

Jefferson Airplane than We Five. “The Rickenbacker 12- string is probably part of the reason, but we were actually chasing ‘You’ve Lost That Lovin’ Feelin,’” said Burgan. “Another reason might be the Airplane. They certainly created a definitive musical style that is all their own, but in its early stages, Marty Balin mentioned We Five as one of the groups that influenced him in the pre-Grace Slick days.”

As it turned out, there was a world of difference between We Five’s houseboat in Sausalito and the Jefferson Airplane’s pad in Haight-Ashbury.

“Frank Werber worked very hard at isolating us from the music revolution that was going on in San Francisco,” said Burgan. “When we were in town, we lived in Sausalito or Mill Valley. Because of touring and recording, I stayed in Marin County and seldom went anywhere in the city when at home. I can recall seeing Jefferson Airplane graffiti on walls when driving to the studio but never met them. I did talk with Otis Redding when he was living next to us on a houseboat at ‘the dock of the bay,’ killing time and waiting to play a show at Basin Street West.



We Five promo shot with Johnny Holliday

“I believe that Frank was following the model with We Five that worked so well for [his management of] the Kingston Trio. He did not really want us to participate in the musical revolution that was occurring. He certainly didn’t realize how it would change the industry forever. He was more concerned with creating an image for the group that put us on TV shows like Bob Hope and the Hollywood Palace rather than seeking identification with the Haight-Ashbury subculture. The closest we came to playing a rock show in San Francisco was a concert with Herman’s Hermits and the Turtles. The reviews said we were better suited to be with Bill Cosby at the Masonic Auditorium or the Hungry i.”

We Five did record an early version of “Let’s Get Together” on the second album, *Make Someone Happy*. The song is now widely known through the Youngbloods’ version and became an anthem of the peace movement.

“We started receiving demos almost immediately after ‘Mind’ was a hit,” said Burgan. “In keeping with what I said about Frank’s designed isolation of the band from the drug culture, we turned down ‘Along Comes Mary’ [which became a big hit for the Association]. ‘Love Me Not Tomorrow’ was ‘too long’ to be a single at 3:01, so we settled on ‘Get Together.’ It was an appropriate message for the times and it was published by the Kingston Trio’s company. We thought it could be a hit but couldn’t get the right sound on the record. We tried recording it three different times – twice in San Francisco and once at Capitol Studio B in L.A. We finally released a very ‘big’ arrange-

continued on page 6.

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## OLD TIME MUSIC'S GOLDEN AGE IS PASSING INTO MEMORY

Just got word this week that Bill Bolick, the mandolin playing half of the Blue Sky Boys, passed at age 90. I got to see Bill and his brother Earl reunited at the 1965 UCLA Folk Festival. That experience, along with others at the three UCLA festivals I attended (1963-1965), got me going on this folk festival thing in San Diego, bringing on 20 San Diego Folk Festivals, 17 more Adams Avenue Roots Festivals (the 37th is coming up May 3-4), and four San Diego Blues Festivals (we never could seem to get that one going, so we incorporated it into the Adams Avenue Street Fair and it became the blues stage). There was always an old timey contingent to the festivals and many of the performers who played over the years have also passed. Country blues artists such as Robert Pete Williams of Louisiana and John Jackson of Virginia (who played three of our festivals), veteran country music artists like Sam and Kirk McGee who first played at the Grand Ole Opry in 1925, Cliff Carlisle and Wilbur Ball who were contemporaries of blues yodeler Jimmie Rodgers and who recorded with him along with making many fine recordings of their own, and western singer-yodeler Patsy Montana who had the first country million-selling record by a woman ("I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart") in the early '30s played at five of our festivals. Traditional singer-banjoist-guitarist Roscoe Holcomb from Kentucky came out to a festival as did vintage country radio star Cousin Emmy ("I'm A-Goin' Darlins, but I'm A-Comin' Back") and original Coon Creek Girl from "National Barn Dance" and "Renfro Valley Barn Dance" Lily Mae Ledford. Kentucky ballad singer Nimrod Workman (who also did protest songs like "Black Lung Blues") came to San Diego. West Coast country music from the '40 and '50s era was represented by Doye O'Dell ("Dear Okie, If You See Arkie, Tell Him Tex Has Got a Job for Him Out in Californy"), Joe Maphis ("Dim Lights, Thick Smoke and Loud Loud Music" and that crazy double-necked Mosrite guitar that he played the tar out of), Johnny Bond (who wrote tons of great country songs but was best known for playing lead guitar for Gene Autry), Merle Travis (who was originally from Ebenezer, Kentucky, but who won most of his fame here in the West), Hank Penny (who had a western swing band in Atlanta called the Radio Cowboys who he eventually brought out West where they became the California Cowhands). Hank was one of the best comedians and storytellers in country music and reunited his original Radio Cowboys at one of our festivals, along with Sheldon

# Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Bennett and Slim Duncan. Hank also played a festival solo and one with his musical family), Rose and Fred Maddox (of the original Maddox Brothers and Rose; Rose played at four festivals and Fred played at one), Smokey Rogers (best known locally for his 1950's TV show in San Diego and owner of the Bostonia Ballroom in East County; he was also known as a country songwriter who worked with Spade Cooley and Tex Williams). We also brought the original Hoosier Hot Shots (Hezzie, Ken, Gabe, and Nate) who became famous in the '30s on "National Barn Dance," came out west in the '40s, did some cowboy movies with the Durango Kid and others and into TV. I caught them at the Del Mar Fair and invited them to the festival, which was the only one they ever played, and they were a delight) Other blues was featured at the festival. From Texas we featured Weldon "Juke Boy" Bonner and Thomas Shaw from Oklahoma, Robert Jeffery and Ervin "Big Daddy" Rucker from Mississippi, Sam Chatmon of course (who played eight festivals), and Elmon Mickle (aka Model T Slim and Driftn' Slim) from Arkansas. Cajun artists included the Balfa Brothers (Dewey, Will, and Rodney); Doc Guidry, the great cajun fiddler who played on sessions in the early '30s; and, even further back, Denis McGee and Sady Courville who made records in the '20s (Denis was 84 when he played our ninth Folk Festival). Two exceptional Virginia artists also played, including guitarist songster and unique personality Elizabeth Cotton and fiddler-banjo player Tommy Jarrell (who was also a unique personality). Of course, we had Kentucky's Bill Monroe (who played at the first festival) as well as Vern Williams and Ray Parks representing the bluegrass contingent. There were always unique performers like John Davis, Emma Ramsey, and of course Bessie Jones of the Georgia Sea Island Singers (who played two festivals); Lydia Mendoza, one of the pioneering tejano performers who was another of the great early recording artists in the '30s (she played at two festivals); and Napoleon Strickland of the Como, Mississippi Fife and Drum Band, who came to a festival in the late '70s. We also had "Red River" Dave McEnery, a western music pioneer best known in folk circles for his song "Amelia Earhart's Last Flight," which he wrote and recorded in the late '30s.

Dave was a topical songwriter whose songs came out of newspaper headlines and other things he heard about. Dave also appeared in western movies during the '40s and continued to work around the fringes of country music and write songs like "When Old Bing Crosby Said Goodbye" (one of his last recordings). He played at two festivals. Other festival performers never became very well known but added their own special part to the shows. Gil Turner (who hung around with Bob Dylan in his Greenwich Village days and made a record of "Blowin' in the Wind" before Bob did) played a festival; Sandy Darlington, who tried to write songs but sang some exceptional old timey duets with his then wife Jeanie, played a festival. A great old time cowboy singer from Arizona named Van Holyoak played at a festival and Clarence Langen, a fiddler from Eastern Arizona, as did another Arizona songster named Chester James (he sang old Bradley Kincaid style country ballads). Of course there was Jim Ringer who, playing solo, with the Sweets Mill String Band, and in duet with Mary McCaslin, gave his own special folk-country touch to 11 or 12 festivals. Another pal of Dylan in those early days was Mark Spoelstra who played at a festival as part of a band called the Frontier Constabulary at a festival and returned solo many years later. The great Irish accordion player Kevin Keegan played at a festival with fiddler Joe Murtagh. From the California's Central Valley came the Sweets Mill Mountain Boys, featuring fiddler Ron Hughey and guitarist Frank Hicks). Also from that area east of Fresno came Otis Pierce, an exceptional old time songster. Guy Carawan brought out ballad singer and union songster George Tucker to a festival. We also had one of the pioneer rockabilly medicine show performers Harmonica Frank Floyd at a festival and Mike Enis and his Papago Indian Chickenscratch band out from Arizona. Another Texas bluesman John Hogg also made an appearance at our festival. Other blues artists who appeared over the years were Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Mance Lipscomb (who performed at a concert separate from the festival, the first of about 200 concerts or so), Roy Brown, James Earl Wilkins, Bukka White (also in concert), and Carl Martin, Ted Bogan, and Howard Armstrong (three early recording artists that had teamed up in a black country blues string band. Howard Armstrong also came to a separate festival with another partner (Nat Reese). Another veteran

folk songster who played a number of festivals was Kate Wolf. French Canadian fiddler Louis Boudroult played at a festival and we had the National Hollering Champion Leonard Emmanuel one year. Another union organizer, storyteller, and saw player Tom Scribner was with us as was a duo from Alabama called the England Brothers (Obie and Orbie) who played and sang in the style of the Delmores. Another Galax, Virginia, banjo player was Kyle Creed who came to a festival and L.A.'s Tom Sauber brought down another Galax style banjo man Ed Lowe to a couple of festivals. Hawaiian steel guitarist Ed Thompson played one as did one-man-band blues singer Blind Joe Hill. Another folk songster whose career went back to the '40s New York crowd was Hally Wood who played a festival. One year we had a special reunion of Pedro Gonzalez and Victor Sanchez who recorded as "Los Madrugadores" in the '30s. Another year we had Mexican songster Lalo Guerrero whose records also go back to the '40s. Midwestern folk and western songster Sean Blackburn played at a couple of festivals. At one of the last of the folk festivals (#18, I think) we had the great sea shanty singer-scholar Stan Hugill over from Wales; locally, Fro Brigham's Preservation Band played a couple of festivals; the only rock group we ever hired were the Beat Farmers (with Buddy Blue and Country Dick Montana). Another folk songster who played at some of the early festivals and then many years later returned to play at Roots was Merriitt Herring (a lovely man who epitomized what being a folksinger was all about). Just this year we lost Country Music Hall of Famer, Hank Thompson, who played at a festival and also dude ranch cowboy singer Singin' Sam Agins, who played one of the early ones.



Lou Curtiss

Yup, it's been a lot of years and we've heard a lot of great music from all of the above and many more who are still with us. Without this festival San Diego would not have heard such wonderful music, and I'd have had a much more boring life. I know I've left some people out. There may be members of bands who are no longer with us (the Red Clay Ramblers, the Boys of the Lough?) but we got a goodly part of it down on tape, which is in the process of being preserved. We've got another festival (May 3-4) to look forward to, and it's going to be "a Jim Dandy One," as old Uncle Ezra would say. I'll see you there.

Recordially,  
Lou Curtiss



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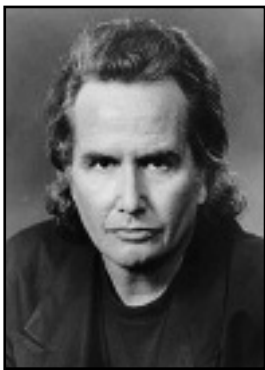
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# Remembering John Stewart



John Stewart

*John Stewart completed life's full circle in San Diego. He was born at Mercy Hospital in Hillcrest on September 5, 1939, and died at the same hospital on January 19, 2008. Jerry Burgan was kind enough to share with the San Diego Troubadour the following tribute he composed for the We Five official web site.*

— Steve Thorn

We were all saddened to hear about the passing of John Stewart. He was a very special friend as well as a truly unique American storyteller who will be missed by those of us who knew him, and fondly remembered by all who knew his work.

I was fortunate enough to have met John in 1959 when he was still early in the process of becoming a prolific songwriter, talented performer, and special man. I will always be grateful that he allowed me into his world and generously shared his musical knowledge and experiences with me as he went along. It was a unique gift that shaped who I am today, and I will always cherish it.

Without him, I doubt if We Five would have ever existed – certainly not as we know it today. We Five was as much a product of John Stewart's musical imagination, vision and generosity as it was the group's talent. In addition to writing some of the best songs we ever recorded, he taught us a lot about how to play our instruments, write songs, arrange vocal parts, tell a story, and use the stage as a platform for drawing an audience into our circle of friends.

I'm sure John didn't think of it that way, but I always considered him to be my mentor. Much of what I learned in the early days of my musical development was a direct result of what John took the time to share with me – personally. Though that experience resulted from my relationship with his brother, Michael, John never made me feel like a tag-along or an unwelcome participant in the process. I can still learn from him today when I listen to a song because of things I saw him do or heard him say, 50 years ago! He was a unique friend, and I will miss him.

Though he wrote many songs that are part of my musical DNA because they were recorded by We Five, my favorite John Stewart line came from a song we never sang. I first heard it on a news broadcast the day after the event it describes. It's a great example of his unique folk sensitivity and perspective at a pivotal point in history, expressed in the most natural of terms that anyone can understand:

"...the world all stopped to watch it  
On that July afternoon  
To watch a man named Armstrong  
Walk upon the moon..."

Oh I wonder if a long time ago  
Somewhere in the universe  
They watched a man named Adam  
Walk upon the earth"

From "Armstrong" by John Stewart ©1969

— Jerry Burgan

*We Five, continued from page 6.*

ment. It's even got kettle drums! Our version did reach the top 30 when it was finally released in December of '65, but it had been almost six months since 'Mind' – and it was too close to Christmas for a full build. It didn't get high enough on the charts to still be played again in January. The Jefferson Airplane did it on their first album as did many others, but in retrospect I'd have to say that the more laid back approach taken by the Youngbloods may have struck a nerve and been the key to why their version finally broke through."

After the second album We Five went through several personnel changes. A major transition was the departure of Beverly Bivens; the miniskirt-wearing, free spirit of the band stayed in the Bay Area and made avant-garde recordings. From the third album (*The Return of the We Five*) on, the female vocalist would be Debbie Burgan, Jerry's wife. (Jerry, Debbie, and Pete Fullerton retained the We Five name after a business acquisition with the other band members.)

Debbie was no stranger to the California folk scene. She recorded her first disc at 14 and was later a member of the Legendaires, a trio that later secured a recording contract with Mercury Records and worked with Mike Curb, a music industry veteran whose diverse curriculum vitae includes soundtrack music for American International Pictures youth exploitation films and a term as California Lieutenant Governor.

A short promotion film featuring the Legendaires is now considered a collector's item for devotees of the Scopitone, a '60s novelty that placed a video screen over the body of a jukebox. Scopitone music shorts are now all over the Internet, a pop culture renaissance that must provide Debbie Burgan with occasional moments of nostalgic reflection.

"In October of 1965 the Legendaires were asked to film a short film for a juke box, coin operated sound film on the Scopitone," said Debbie. "The Legendaires consisted of Michael Alley, Jeff Tonkin, and myself, then Debbie Graf. We had won the Battle of the Bands at the Hollywood Bowl and just returned from singing for President Johnson at the World's Fair in New York. Most of the product for Scopitone was produced in Hollywood by a company owned by Debbie Reynolds and filmmaker Irving Briskin. Our film was shot at Griffith Park on the trains. It was very exciting to be involved in the project. We sang a song named 'Good for Nothing Bill.' There were

dancers, and a hobo depicting the character Bill. We were standing on the top of the train at times, then the platform of the caboose.

"The dancers were doing a routine with the hobo, and we thought it was over the top, but we were just the singers," said Debbie. "It was the first time I had been taken out and had clothing bought for a project by the director. We all had make-up and hair done, as well. I don't remember making any money, but I did get to keep the clothes.

"At the time, there were 427 machines operating in California lounges, and over a thousand in the United States. I had some calls from relatives who saw us from several states away, and that was exciting. Each machine held 36 short films in color, and we were one of 26 films made at that time along with Debbie Reynolds, Kay Starr, Vic Damone, Bobby Vee, James Darren, Mary Kaye, Frankie Avalon, Vikki Carr, the Righteous Brothers, and others. Each film ran for about three minutes and was produced by Briskin. It cost a quarter to play them. Sadly, the Scopitone was short lived."

Fortunately, We Five were not short lived, releasing *Catch the Wind* LP in 1970 and *Take Each Day as It Comes* in 1977. Michael Stewart appeared in guest shows and group revivals over the years. He became a successful record producer (Billy Joel) and one of the pioneers of digital software development. Sadly, he died in 2002, five years before his older sibling's death.

We Five's most recent CD is *Folk Rock Revival*, a sampler disc that not only pays homage to their own past through re-record-

ings of their most famous songs but also includes compositions by the Mamas and the Papas, Simon and Garfunkel, and Bob Dylan. For the San Diego concert, the Burgans will be joined on stage by their son, Chris (lead guitarist), and veteran musicians Terry Rangno and Tholow Chan, who'll be demonstrating their versatility on bass and acoustic guitars and keyboards.

Forty-three years after their signature tune, Jerry Burgan reflected on We Five and the group's contribution to folk rock.

"Music touches us emotionally in a way that can take us to a different place and time in an instant. In [a recent e-mail] a fellow was thanking us after 40 years for two songs: 'Softly as I Leave You' because it was going through his head as he left his love for Viet Nam and 'Beyond the Sea' because he sang it every time he looked out to sea while he was there. We Five has always tried to find well-written songs. Good melodies with lyrics that make an emotional connection don't ever go out of style. We always tried to make our arrangements match the lyrics, and I guess the combination struck a nerve here and there. There's a lot of personal gratification from performing for an audience, but getting an email like that is humbling – and we get a lot of them. There is no way we set out to create that reaction. We simply made music that we liked, and hoped someone else would like it too."

*We Five will perform at Acoustic Music San Diego on Saturday, April 19, 7:30pm. Visit [www.acousticmusicsandiego.com](http://www.acousticmusicsandiego.com) for ticket information.*

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# Nathan Welden: The Man with the Velvet Voice

by John Philip Wylie

Just when I thought I had heard all of the best singer/songwriters in the area, a friend of mine invited me out to a comfy little coffeehouse in La Mesa called Cosmos to hear a guy he had discovered named Nathan Welden. We had a hard time finding a seat and noticed immediately that while Weldon had been unknown to us, his following at least in La Mesa was substantial. We eventually weaseled our way into a tight spot in one of the corners.

With a voice that exuded warmth and richness, Welden began to perform a combination of covers and originals, accompanying himself on guitar. It was obvious from the size of the audience and the way they were responding that Welden had long since won them over. It didn't take me long to realize that he would be an excellent choice for my next feature. Ironically, Welden had been on the radar of the *Troubadour* editor for some time, so she was delighted when I offered to interview him.

As always, I spoke with a couple of local singer/songwriters familiar with Welden to gain their perspectives on his talent.

"Nathan has this quality to his voice that not a lot of people have," said Dave Sawyer of the Big Fellas. "He sounds sincere. You know it is coming from his heart. Even when he is doing somebody else's song it sounds like it is his. His guitar playing style is very clean and he supports himself very well. He doesn't just strum. When he plays, it is orchestrated to support his voice. [At his shows] he makes things very comfortable and intimate. You feel like you are in your living room with a relative or friend playing right there in front of you."

Singer/songwriter Suzanne Reed picked up on Welden's charisma almost immediately when they first met backstage while playing at the same venue. It is something that he displays, both personally and in his music.

"When I first met him he was like somebody that I had known for a long,

long time. At that time he was just a 23-year-old kid, but we hit it off and decided that we needed to get together and play some music. He had the soul of somebody much older. I thought to myself that this guy really understands music. When he would get up and sing, his voice was just spectacular. His voice matches his heart," Reed said.

Welden's evolution as a singer/songwriter began back in the '70s when he was just a kid. Growing up without a father, he spent hour upon hour riding along with his real estate agent mother as she traveled from house to house. During that time he acquired an ear for the music that she enjoyed most, a combination of soft rock, old country, and the folk music sounds of artists like Gordon Lightfoot, Jim Croce, and James Taylor.

"I began singing when I was a little kid and I eventually became a song leader in the little Christian church where I grew up," Welden recalled. "When I was 19, I got my first guitar and I've always been a big folk music fan so I began playing the music of James Taylor, Jim Croce, Kenny Loggins, John Denver, and some country songs. I played my first open mike at the Javanican in Pacific Beach that same year."

From there Welden advanced to Mikey's in Poway, a venue that spawned numerous local talents including Jeff Berkley, Ron Franklin, Dave Howard, Dani Carroll, John Katchur (who produced Welden's excellent debut CD *One Step Closer to You*) and many more.

"At that time I wasn't really writing any music, I was just playing a bunch of covers. I started learning the songs of people that I really liked such as Calman Hart and Gregory Page. About two years later, I began playing in restaurants. Sometimes I would team up with Dani and we'd form a duo. Five or six years later, I began writing my own songs, but prior to that I was pretty much just making a living just from playing guitar and teaching a little tennis on the side. Now I am tennis pro, but I still play three or four nights a week."

Welden appears regularly at the afore-

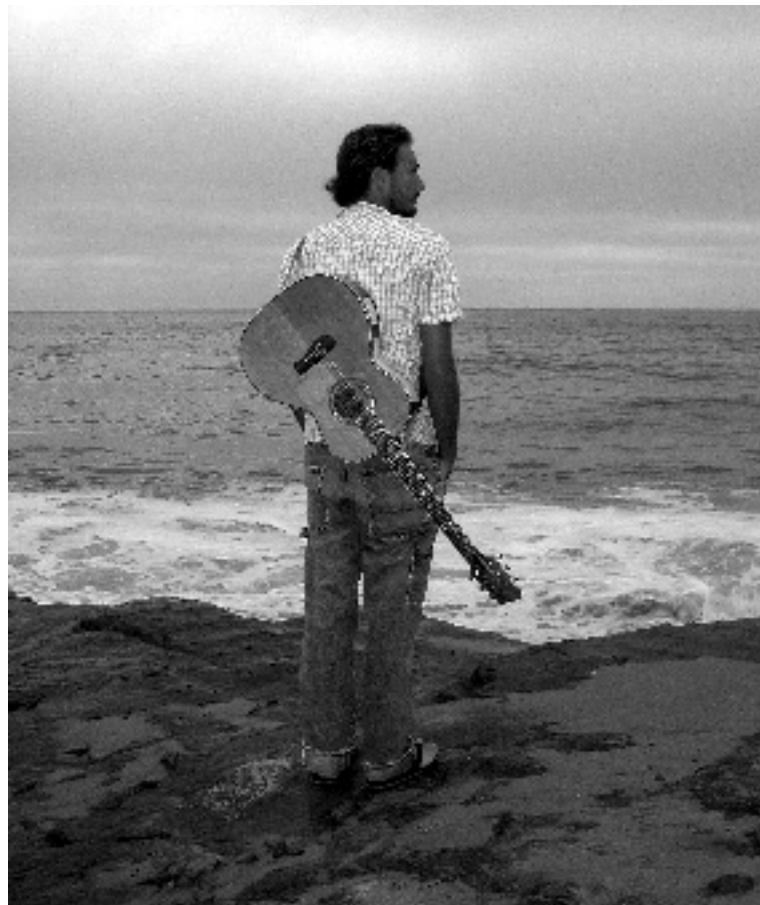
mentioned Cosmos Cafe as well as the Sheraton-Shooters Lounge in La Jolla, Lestat's, Hot Java Cafe, and several daytime farmers markets including ones in Encinitas and downtown San Diego. Over the years he has learned what audiences want to hear so he plays an interesting mix of '70s folk rock covers, his own music, and interpretations of songs penned by local talents. When he plays covers of nationally famous artists, he tends to stay away from the mega-hits opting instead to play less familiar album cuts.

"I have tried to adapt to playing music for a living. Ideally, if I could have everything my own way, I would love to play just my own music, but that is a very hard thing to do. You have to be versatile."

Asked about his songwriting technique, Welden told me that he starts with a riff. "Normally I start with a riff on the guitar and it builds into a song. The lyrics generally come later on once the melody is pretty well worked out." He considers "Living on Love" a song he wrote about trying to make a living as a musician, his favorite original. "That was the first one of mine that I really liked and I still enjoy playing it," he added.

I was surprised to learn, especially after hearing his CD, that Welden does not particular enjoy recording.

"I almost dread it," Welden said. "I like to sit down and play the guitar and sing at the same time. When they start breaking it down and have me play without singing or sing over top [of a recorded track], it becomes very frustrating. It seems unnatural. That is why I dread recording. I do like seeing the songs develop. I like the process of seeing a song change. They often change in the studio as new ideas are thrown out."



"The song on the first CD that has really taken off for me is 'One Step Closer to You.' You never know [what the reaction is going to be]. Before we recorded it, I hadn't really played it that much. I wasn't really a big fan of it, but once we worked on it and recorded it, I ended up liking it a lot. Another one on it that I love is 'One Real Love' a song written by a local guy named Ron Franklin. Ron is an incredible guitar player and was a big influence on me when I was playing in the '90s."

Welden is currently at work on his second CD and this time it will be mostly originals.

"I have written about eight new songs and I am recording with a guy named Bobo Czarnowski. We have been tracking it in his studio up in Del Mar. I'll probably end up recording the second half of it in John Katchur's [in-home] studio."

Welden hopes to wrap that project up

this summer.

"I worry that if I produce this album too much, I will lose a lot of the people who liked my first CD. I don't want to get too far away from that, so I want to keep it similar in terms of its production. I might put a Dave Howard and a Calman Hart song on it and I'll probably have Isaac Cheong and DeeDee Anderson singing along with me. It is still very early. We are probably only a third of the way through it and things may change as we go."

If it turns out to be anything like his first CD, Welden will no doubt build upon his growing number of supporters.



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by Simeon Flick

Progress seems to be the buzzword of the moment for the Grams these days; it's embodied in the extensive string of upgrades and improvements and benchmarks of achievement amassed during their four-year career. They've certainly been busy since their February 2006 front-page feature in this publication; said issue also heralded the arrival and review of their eponymous debut album and announced its presentation to the world at-large by plugging the subsequent CD release show at the Belly Up Tavern (which boasted what may very well have been the largest crowd ever for a San Diego-based independent acoustic act at the Solana Beach live music mecca). The first CD has since garnered the group airplay in far-flung places like Japan and New York as well as here in the Nation's Finest City.

Then there was the slew of well-attended high-profile performances at events like Artwalk and self-produced Beach Music Mafia happenings like Cash Only, Petty Fest, Diva Nova, and the OB Street Fair, culminating in the group making good on their 2005 nomination with back-to-back wins at the 2006 and 2007 San Diego Music Awards. Now they're on the verge of releasing their second album *Love Factory* (which drops at Anthology on April 16) to fans of good acoustic-Americana-world-rock music everywhere.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves – introductions must first be made for the benefit of the uninitiated. Here is a brief recap in case you, dear readers, are not yet familiar with the story of the Grams already in progress.

Upstate New York transplant Chuck Schiele had been a singer/songwriter in San Diego for a good while by the time he met semi-retired local guitar shredder Craig "Craigness" Yerkes, younger brother of ubiquitous multi-instrumentalist Marcia Claire. Chuck had also met classically trained violinist "Sweet" Elise Ohki by then (another upstate New York transplant) and the three began their collaboration as the Grams shortly thereafter (the moniker was originally 21 Grams, after the movie of the same name, which refers to the approximate mass a human body instantly loses upon dying, and ergo the supposed weight of the soul). Sparks flew between Craig and Elise and they soon began a collaboration of their own, tying the knot in 2004. Chuck also got married – to Joanna Seetoo in 2005 – and Joanna began to help out on the managerial side of things. These events certainly started the group ruminating about love, which ultimately factored in to future matters.

For a while the Grams performed a wide-ranging selection of originals and covers as a versatile trio, with Chuck acting as lead vocalist and rhythm section and Craig and Elise as soloists and backup singers (with Craig occasionally appearing in the lead vocal spotlight). Then they slowly started to expand the lineup, adding a percussionist or two here and a bass player there in the ongoing process of looking for the right fit (so far, only the three original

members make up the permanent core). The rhythm section currently consists of Bill Coomes from Deadline Friday on percussion and vocals, Tony Sandoval on bass, and will probably be expanded for April 16th's CD release show...

...Which is the biggest thing on the band's mind these days. *Love Factory* was recorded at the nascent StudiOB production facility in the Ocean Beach domicile where Chuck and Joanna reside. Although the band very much enjoyed recording with and appreciated the production contributions of Jeff Berkeley at Miracle Studios the first time around (and may go into another studio again for a future recording), the clarity of the band's vision demanded the freedom of not having to watch the clock while paying for studio time and potentially distracting external input. The band needed the liberation of the creative impetus and the carte blanche to record unconventionally, and whenever the mood struck, so as not to force the process on bad days (the usage of the Ableton Live recording platform for Mac aided this process immensely). According to Schiele in a recent interview for Scott Zensen's MyWeek Magazine, every recorded moment on *Love Factory* was intuitively generated from a spirit of unencumbered fun and enjoyment of the process, and with an openness to good ideas regardless of their source.

The first thing you'll notice when holding your own copy of *Love Factory* in your hands sometime after April 16 (or if you catch a glimpse of the promo materials presently making the rounds) is how professional the album looks; the highly polished graphics and streamlined design are in total harmony with the album concept. Three pristine-looking gear cogs intermesh into the distance behind the band's elegantly scripted name on the front cover; the back panel is completely white save for the track listing and a small hexagonal bolt harmoniously joined with a congruent nut. It looks as though a major label with a huge budget could've footed the bill; in fact the sartorial visual aura is completely attributable to Chuck's professional graphic designing alter-ego, Charles Schiele Creative.

There are no photos to be found of the band members themselves (except for a *Hard Day's Night* style pastiche of headshots on the innermost panel, which features each member mugging it up in a white hard hat). The overall design defers to the mystique created by the imagery, putting the vital emphasis on the music contained within, transforming the band and its music into a symbol that transcends the individual parts.

Unlike the first record, with its predominantly black hue and its particular focus on the band in its developing stages, *Love Factory* is mostly white, which lends itself to the exploration of the purity of love as a universal concept. The paradoxical idea of a "Love Factory" came about before any of the songs were written and served as a creative launching pad to explore how the perception of love has changed through the ages. At the root of

# THE GRAMS: Already in Progress

the band's capricious thematic exploration is the quizzical notion that the modern age has managed to turn even something as intangible as love into a commodity. The theme also has a literal application to the recording process, essentially the transmutation of music (which can be seen as having the same origins as love, or as being love itself) into an electronic sound recording and eventually into a consumable compact disc.

Put the disc in your CD player (if you still own one) and you'll hear the progression of the band's sound amidst the recognizable elements from the first album. Chuck's husky vocals, acoustic rhythms, and wildly ardent songs, Craig and Elise's crisp guitar and violin leads, melodies and vocal harmonizing are all still present, but the general sound palate has expanded. A full drum kit now occasionally shares the rhythmic continuum with the usual squadron of hand-wielded percussions; Craig actually throws down an unprecedented electric guitar solo; Elise's violin is lavishly reverbed, delayed, and sometimes electronically harmonized; and virtually every track is exuberantly awash in a swarm of luminary San Diegan vocal and instrumental cameos.

The multitude of guest performers illuminates the Grams' consistent focus on being a world-class act that admires and supports San Diego music, musicians, and businesses (every *Love Factory* contributor is name-dropped in the liner notes). They could've gone with a



The Grams: Craig Yerkes, Sweet Elise Ohki, Chuck Schiele

number of mastering houses in L.A., for instance, but they opted to roll with equally proficient San Diego competitor Paul Abbott of Zen Mastering, thereby keeping as much of the business as possible in their own backyard without any loss of quality.

As of this writing, the Grams have returned from participating in South By Southwest and other music-related activities that transpired in and around Austin, Texas. From here on out they will be preparing to promote the new album over the course of the

next several months, beginning with intensive rehearsals for the Anthology show, as well as Artwalk, the OB Street Fair, and much more. Most of the songs on *Love Factory* were created in the studio, so they will be enjoying the humorously counter-intuitive process of learning their own songs and figuring out how to perform them live.

No matter what the future has in store for the Grams, you can rest assured that more progress will most certainly be made. Stay tuned.

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by Chuck Schiele

I've been playing since the vinyl days. Before CDs. I've seen a lot of changes. I've seen bands come and go like chewing gum. They all come in sweet, fresh – get chewed up in this crazy mill for a while – and “phew!” most of them go back to the curb, eventually becoming one with the sidewalk.

I tell my wife, Joanna, there are two kinds of musicians: there are those who look at a room of 20 people and see 20 people. And then there are those that look at the same bunch and see 20,000. It is interesting to observe how this factors into a person's longevity as a musician. And then it is interesting to note those who took the long road in music – at least to me, because, well, I'm a longhauler, too. And I know why long-haulers take that long road. While we all salivate at the thought of having enough money to buy our moms a new house – even if we don't get that far – we're still doing this. And at this point, it's a soul matter.

I remember hearing the name Joey Harris in the early '80s. I think he was in the Speedsters at the time. And then there was the Beat Farmers, which was pretty big deal in case you are unaware. By now, the entire landscape of the local scene has evolved and supplanted itself with scene after scene after scene.

Joey's still here.

I don't even remember when we actually became friends, but eventually folks get acquainted around here if they keep working. We were playing some songs jacked on coffee a few Saturdays ago. We were taking out our guitars. I'm watching him scrape the ends of his guitar strings that extend above the tuning machine into perfect loops using a file or a pen knife or something.

“What the hell are you doing?” I ask.

“A little trick I learned...,” he says, continuing to finish off the rest of six. “I dunno, I guess I'm just to lazy to snip 'em like everybody else does.”

He bums a smoke.

I bum a string.

He starts telling stories while teaching me “What I mean to Say,” my favorite Harris tune – one of about 10 tunes that actually changes my total emotional state – the same way the “nah-nah-nah” section of “Hey Jude” does. Or the Johnny Cash version of “Hurt.” Or the line in Counting Crows' “Mr. Jones” – “gray is my favorite color ... man I wish I was beautiful...”

The stories are as vivid as his music. They're kind of one and the same.

He's telling me some crazy stuff about a band he was in that I hadn't heard of.

**CS:** When did you get started, anyway?

**JH:** We lived the early part of the sixties on my grandparent's ranch in Alpine. TV reception was bad, so the turntable was always on – everything from Elvis and Hank Williams and Flat and Scruggs to Sinatra and Andy Williams and Broadway musicals like the *Music Man*. Of course there was a lot of excitement for my uncle Nick Reynold's group, the Kingston Trio. When the Beatles played the “Ed Sullivan Show” three or four Sunday nights in a row, the whole family was gathered around, and we all got the Beatlemania

thing and I believe it was there I started thinking this music scheme looked like fun.

**CS:** I remember Beatles on Ed Sullivan. I was a tyke, already in bed when it came on the TV. I could hear screaming. I came out and curiously asked my Mom what was on. She said, “Oh, don't worry honey, it'll go away. Go back to bed.”

Anyway, now that we've established our probable ages, what happened after you got the bug?

**JH:** We had a band in high school, Johnny Cook. I played the most beautiful little Pelham blue Gibson SG, called a Melody Maker, and I took it to woodshop and fitted it with a gold humbucker in the bridge position. That guitar was stolen from our rehearsal house and I've searched for a replacement ever since. We played the rec center and a couple dances and every Fourth of July we set up on my folk's front porch in Coronado, facing Star Park, the place where the parade floats and horses all came to rest.

I spent my early teenage summers on my uncle Nick's ranch, on the Elk river on the Oregon coast. Nicky exposed me to so much music, drawing from his large record collection. B.B.King, Jimi Hendrix, Ramblin' Jack Elliot, James Taylor, Poco, Tim Hardin. After dinner we'd sit around the fireplace listening to the radio broadcast – “War of the Worlds” or a collection of wolf calls recorded in the wild. **This is where I heard John Stewart's record *California Bloodlines*.** John had been in the Kingston Trio with my uncle Nick and he'd heard I was a guitar player. John offered me a tryout to play in his band, and I got the job.



The Kingston Trio with John Stewart, Dave Guard, and Harris' Uncle Nick Reynolds

John was a master fingerpicker and his lyrics and melodies were finely interwoven. His songs told powerful stories of real Americana and lust on the high plains and the blanched desert. “July You're a Woman” is a love song of deep yearning and sin and redemption and just plain ol' horny, sweaty sex. Tom Waits would come sit with John for hours in the dressing room of the Palomino in North Hollywood.

It was my four years with John Stewart that taught me the rules of the road and some of the rules of the music business. Never give up your publishing. Treat your record company like your mother-in-law...show them respect, but don't let them pick out your curtains.

While John had made friends with Lindsey Buckingham and was recording his biggest radio hit, “Gold,” and the album that surrounded it without the band, I started making trips back home to San Diego.

**Paul Kamanski, Billy Thompson, Victor Paul Vicena, Chris Sams, and I rehearsed for three months in the abandoned**

Photos: Chuck Schiele



offices of Steck Aviation at Brown Field. By the end of these intensive rehearsals we had a tight, intricately orchestrated, three-guitar-attack, three-part-harmony super new wave punk rock band called **Fingers**, ready to take the world by storm. It was 1979 and the **Spirit Club** became our home base as we mingled with the other San Diego groups of the time.

David and Douglas Farage's band DFX-2, the Penetrators (cool drummer!), the Puppies, Four Eyes, the Dinettes, and Trousers.

In 1981 I began working with Bruce

# THE ENJOEY

Donnelly. Bruce had wrangled some session work from an Australian fellow living in L.A. named Roger Davies. Davies, who had been to a few Fingers shows and was a fan, arranged a publishing deal for me and Bruce Donnelly with ATV/Northern Songs. I had a band of Australia's best musicians on what would eventually be released as the *Joey Harris and the Speedsters* LP.



Country Dick and the Snuggle Bunnies (Dan McLain, Robin Jackson, Nino Del Pesco, Paul Kamanski, Joey Harris)

**CS:** This is right about the time I became familiar with your music. At which point I was attached to the Beat Farmer era.

**JH:** So I get a call from Dan McLain tellin' me to pick up Paul Kamanski and a six-pack of beer and come on out to the Pen house for a meeting of the minds. That night I met Robin Gayle Jackson, who knows every Hank Williams song, Nino Del Pesco of the Puppies, and Country Dick Montana. Without any discussion we became Country Dick and the Snuggle Bunnies. We played every Sunday at the tiny Spring Valley Inn, which was was packed to the rafters. There was more drinkin' goin' on...more romancin' goin' on...more music and laughter comin' out of that place than any I've heard of since.

My happy time as a Snuggle Bunny had to end as Roger Davies began tying up the production on, and organizing the release of, *Joey Harris and the Speedsters* in the spring of 1983. Bruce Donnelly and I had collected a drummer, Mark Spriggs, and bass player, Lee Knight, and were busy rehearsing in anticipation of a big promotional tour. Country Dick was not happy about losing his favorite Snuggle Bunny, but Dan McLain, the schemer, had already set the wheels in motion for a new stripped down, faster, heavier rock 'n' roll party machine.

Regarding **Joey Harris and the Speedsters**, what can one say about a big fat golden egg landing in one's lap? I suppose my best advice would be to remember from whence the big shiny thing came. The *Speedster* record is a pop record. It sounds a bit like a Brian Adams record, also of the early eighties era. Mixed by Steve Lillywhite, the *Speedsters* has all the polish and bigness of a radio friendly mega-hit. Roger Davies had used a bit of his newly acquired leverage, (he was at the helm when Olivia Newton John had her super-smash “Physical”) to nudge MCA into giving him





# ENDURANCE OF JOEY HARRIS

his own label. It was an exciting summer. MCA had bought a full page advertisement inside the cover of *Billboard* magazine. We shot a video for one of the songs, which made it onto all the local broadcasts and even got a little MTV action. “I Believe in Mary” was the song of the summer on San Diego’s KGB-FM. We did a few shows outside San Diego, opening for Quarterflash in Yuma (!) and Tina Turner up in Huntington Beach, but for the most part we played the Spirit and the Dystillery and the Rodeo in La Jolla, as well as the very first Street Scene. One day the program manager of KGB called me at home to warn me that the MCA rep had just been through and had said outright the *Speedster* record was dead. Okay, so we’d do another one, right? Utilizing the basement studio at MCA, Bruce and the band and I recorded 12 or 13 new tracks, all musically brilliant and lyrically brain dead. MCA passed on a second record and Roger Davies was now working exclusively on Tina Turner’s career and gently advised me to find other management. I was devastated. The whirlwind had died and deposited me high up in a tree.



Joey Harris and the Speedsters

**CS:** Ouch!

**JH:** I did get a good song out of the whole thing, “Wintertime in Wonderland.”

Meanwhile, out at the Spring Valley Inn, Country Dick and Jerry Raney and band members Buddy Blue and Rolle Love needed a band name, so they held a name the band contest. The winning name would award its creator a case of Schaefer light beer. Dude Raunch was an early favorite, but the biggest crowd pleaser that afternoon was the Beat Farmers.

Joey joins Beat Farmers...

**CS:** Yes, I’ve heard.

**JH:** Country Dick dies. A pretty girl – I don’t remember her name – stepped up to me at the bar and said, “I’ll drive you to the hospital.” My grief was unmanageable. I will always miss my friend Dan McLain and I believe it’s my small mission to keep the memory of Country Dick Montana alive with my shows.

Right now I’m playing with Mighty Joe, Jeff and Joel Kmak in Joey Harris and the Mentals.

**CS:** Was it as fun to be in that band as it



The Beat Farmers (clockwise from lower left) Country Dick, Rolle Love, Jerry Raney, Joey Harris

was for us all to scream at you?

**JH:** My years with the Beat Farmers were exactly the way you’ve always imagined your rock star dream to be. A week or two into the job I found myself playing a huge festival in Belgium – on stage in front a crowd of people that stretched to the horizon. All those people are very loud. Hanging out back stage with Mike Scott and the Waterboys.

Of course that was a rare and special treat. Mostly it was six to eight hours in a van driving to the next gig. But I loved it! When you get to the club they feed you dinner, then you go to your very own hotel room, where you can do anything you want! Then when you go back to the club, which is full of people who drove for hours just to see you! Everybody has a great time, and you invite a few back to the hotel and have more fun! Then when you get your wake-up call, you go downstairs and have waffles! Back in the van, you do it all again until you just can’t stand the fun anymore and have to take a couple weeks off. But I always knew I’d be back out there in a week or two hangin’ out with a bunch of people who were glad to see me!

I really miss them. If I let myself, I’ll get real low thinking I may never see them again.

And we did the David Letterman Show!

**CS:** Was David Letterman cool?

**JH:** I was takin’ a squirt when he looked in on the band right before the show, so I missed him. Paul Shaffer was great. We were performing my song “Hideaway” for the show, and I had been worried that someone might ask me about the A chord we play in the verse. It’s a regular A with three fingers holding down notes on the second fret, but you drop the third down two notes. I was embarrassed that I didn’t know what to call it except “A, drop the third.” Shaffer asked me in front of everybody, “What’s that A chord in the verse?” I walked over to his keyboard and showed the fingering and he announced, “Ah! A two.”

**CS:** A lot of people cite you as a great writer. Where do you find your inspiration to write? Is it different nowadays than it was in the earlier days?

**JH:** I didn’t consider seriously writing songs until I got the gig with John Stewart. Up until then I really never paid the lyrics of songs much attention. Everything was about the guitar! But listening to John transforming song ideas he would bring into rehearsals really got me interested in the mechanics of writing. At the same time I was being turned onto Tom Waits, Randy Newman, Warren Zevon, Bruce Springsteen, and Elvis Costello. I looked to every media for ideas in my songs – movies, books, women. Later on, when I started working with Country Dick, I revisited the country writers I loved as a kid – Hank Williams, George Jones. And literary writers like Charles Bukowski.

**CS:** Any big secrets on how to get tunes rolling?

**JH:** Well you hear it all the time, so it must be true: write what you know. I’m not so sure. Write down anything that pops into your head. Get a stack of empty notebooks and always be filling them. Good things will fall out.



Joey Harris (far left) with the Big M.R. and his Pleasure Barons

**CS:** Despite the occasional glory, music is a grueling and oftentimes a mean business. At times, I feel like a guy with a wooden leg in a forest fire. How do you survive or deal with the incessant rate of the music biz bullshit factor?

**JH:** It’s always heart breaking. The few breaks that come your way cannot undo the soul destroying disappointments that are lined up against artists. And keep an eye out for the breaks you don’t initially identify as legitimate – the ones that get away. I’ve always been big on self-medication. I used to drink to excess and fornicate unadvisedly. Of course this understandable behavior will pretty much guarantee a short life, so I quit all that in favor of gaining sweet revenge.

**CS:** What’s your most glorious moment in music?

**JH:** Vicki and I were married on stage during the 1990 Street Scene. Country Dick was the preacher and she said “she would” in front of a huge audience just minutes before the Beat Farmer’s set.

**CS:** You’ve been around a while. A LOT has happened – changed – and evolved in San Diego music over the years. What are your impressions of the the scene on the local level? And, what do you think of the changes in the music big business climate in general?

**JH:** I don’t even know how the record business works these days. Makin’ ‘em yourself

sounds like a good way to go. But it still would be fun to get a major label to back you...give you some tour money. The problem is everybody and his brother has a band these days. Competition for the attention of a few corporate executives is thicker than ever before. On the local level, things have gone back to how they worked during the Spirit days. The bars can get four bands to play for the door.

**CS:** You received the Lifetime Achievement Award in 1998 at the San Diego Music Awards. What does that mean to you?

**JH:** I like it when people call it the Country Dick Montana Lifetime Achievement Award! It’s fabulous! It’s fun! It’s nice to be remembered.

**CS:** Who else grabs your attention, musically – local and non-local?

**JH:** I dig Dirty Sweet and Dottie! I’ve made friends

with and truly dig Taylor Harvey and his crackin’ band. I’m a fan of Phil Bensimon of the Tornado Magnets. I loved the band Vertibird, the Truckee Brothers. Eve, of course. Gregory Page. I dig your songs and the Grams. I love Sara Petite.

**CS:** Having been a road-tripper, is there any city or club scene that strikes you as special?

**JH:** Well, no place is special. It’s the folks who come to see you.

**CS:** What’s the weirdest thing you’ve ever done on stage or on the road?

**JH:** There are two famously dumb things I’ve been credited with doing, directing traffic in the middle of a blizzard, in Omaha, in the nude; and paying five hundred dollars for a bowl of gumbo. In each case I was very drunk, but the traffic thing was funny and the gumbo was really good!

**CS:** What’s new for Joey music?

**JH:** I’ve got some new songs to record and the Mentals and I have been rehearsing, normally an annual event.



Joey Harris with wife, Vicki, and son, William





# Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

Since we haven't done it in a while, here is a rundown on where to see and play bluegrass in San Diego, including a listing of regular recurring events and upcoming concerts. These are all open to the public, players, and listeners alike. Be sure to get out and enjoy some or all of these great opportunities.

## REGULAR EVENTS

The San Diego Bluegrass Society, a non profit corporation promoting bluegrass music in San Diego, holds events open to the public every second, third, and fourth Tuesday of the month:

**SECOND TUESDAY:** At Fuddruckers in Grossmont Center, La Mesa, 6:30-9pm. This event includes open mic and bluegrass karaoke (you pick a tune or a song and sing or play it with the Full Deck as your live backup band). And, there is lots of jamming outside, raffles and prizes, and pick-up bands playing on stage. You can sign up for open mic and karaoke in advance by sending an email to [sdbinfo@socalbluegrass.org](mailto:sdbinfo@socalbluegrass.org) or, space permitting, you can sign up on site.

**THIRD TUESDAY:** At Fuddruckers on Third Ave., downtown Chula Vista, 6:30-9pm. This event is hosted by SDBS's congenial emcee George Noble, Jr. and features pick-up bands, open mic, jamming, raffles, and bluegrass karaoke. You can sign up for open mic and karaoke in advance by sending an email to [sdbinfo@socalbluegrass.org](mailto:sdbinfo@socalbluegrass.org) or, space permitting, you can sign up on site with George.

**FOURTH TUESDAY:** Every fourth Tuesday is SDBS Featured Band Night from 6:30-9pm at the Boll Weevil Restaurant, 7080 Miramar Road in North County. A prominent bluegrass band is featured in concert from 8-9pm, with open mic, raffles, jamming, and bluegrass karaoke from 6:30-8pm. You can sign up for open mic and karaoke in advance by sending an email to [sdbinfo@socalbluegrass.org](mailto:sdbinfo@socalbluegrass.org) or, space permitting, you can sign up on site with George.

**FIRST TUESDAY:** The North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club hosts an event every first Tuesday of the month at Round Table Pizza on Washington in Escondido from 6-9pm, featuring pick up bands, raffles, jamming, and a featured band.

**FIFTH TUESDAY:** Every fifth Tuesday (occurring about once every three months) from 6:30-9:30pm is bluegrass jam night at Old Time Music on the corner of University and Utah in North Park.

**THURSDAYS:** Every Thursday evening from 6:30-9pm is bluegrass jam night in Encinitas at Today's Pizza on Santa Fe just west of I-5, featuring an open jam session led by Jason Weiss of the SDBS.

In addition to these regular ongoing events at which the public is welcome, both players

and listeners, here are some of the special concerts coming up:

**BLUEGRASS IN THE FLOWER FIELDS**  
Sponsored by the North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club, the third annual Bluegrass in the Flower Fields event will be held on Saturday, April 12 at the Carlsbad Flower Fields off Palomar Airport Road in Carlsbad. There will be stage performances by several top local bands as well as informal jamming. Come and enjoy the music and the beautiful flower fields.

**BLUEGRASS CAMP OUT**  
A bluegrass campout will be held at the KOA campground in Chula Vista over the weekend of April 19-20. Contact Phil Levy for info or to sign up. The camp out features full hookups, jamming, a pot luck, and other related activities.

**ROLAND WHITE**  
Roland White, the famous mandolin player, will be appearing in concert at Old Time Music with local guitar talent Phil Boroff on Wednesday April 23, at 7 pm. Contact Old Time Music for tickets and info at: [info@sdoldtimemusic.com](mailto:info@sdoldtimemusic.com).

**EDDIE ADCOCK,**  
Eddie Adcock of the Country Gentlemen and other bluegrass fame will be appearing at Old Time Music in May. Contact Old Time Music at [info@sdoldtimemusic.com](mailto:info@sdoldtimemusic.com) for tickets and info.

For more information on these activities here are some key resources:

The SDBS website has a calendar of its events, with directions and other helpful information, band listings and other resources: [www.socalbluegrass.org](http://www.socalbluegrass.org).

Wayne Rice of KSON Radio's "Bluegrass Special" has a calendar of all bluegrass events in San Diego called the Bluegrass Bulletin Board: [www.waynerice.com/kson/bgevents](http://www.waynerice.com/kson/bgevents).

North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club has a website with information on their concerts and activities: [www.northcountybluegrass.org](http://www.northcountybluegrass.org)

Old Time Music in San Diego has a web site with info on their concerts and events: [info@sdoldtimemusic.com](mailto:info@sdoldtimemusic.com).

Acoustic Music San Diego holds concerts, including an occasional bluegrass concert, so check their web site for info: [www.acousticmusicsandiego.com](http://www.acousticmusicsandiego.com)

Valley Music in El Cajon has occasional concerts presenting bluegrass musicians. Check their web site at: [www.valleymusic-store.com](http://www.valleymusic-store.com).

Enjoy the fact that, believe it or not, we live in a veritable hot bed of great bluegrass music with lots of bluegrass related activities right here in San Diego. Get out there and get involved. You won't regret it!



## The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

### TIPS AND TRICKS

I've known from the time I was eight years old that I was a singer and songwriter, but I recently realized while watching the excellent mini-series "From the Earth to the Moon" that when I was seven, I was an astronaut.

Over the past several nights, my wife and I have watched in awe as each episode chronicled the struggle against insurmountable odds to achieve what still to this day seems impossible: sending a man to the moon and back safely. It should also be noted that they achieved this in less than ten years. (Axel Rose has been working on an album for that long, and it *still* isn't done.)

It is easy to witness these facts and wonder aloud, "Where is this America now?" With so many new dreams and old troubles demanding similar attention, why have we not risen to the challenges of alternative fuels, cancer, and world peace with the same united effort? Would we not be looking upon these as problems long since solved?

Perhaps we just don't think that way anymore. Maybe we've lulled ourselves into believing that the *tools* do all the work.

Man's triumph in space was ultimately not one of gear, technology, or even courage, but of *imagination*. We imagined it could be, set implausible goals, and somehow made it so.

Listed below our several interesting solutions to common studio problems that were born from the brain and not the wallet. . . .

#### THE WORLD WIDE INTERWEB

Great sounding MySpace Mp3s are a rarity, mostly due to the fact that the site actually *recompresses* the audio data before posting them on your page. The solution is to render your Mp3s at a higher rate. So, instead of making 128 kbps files, make them 160 or 192 kbps. Their larger size means it will take longer to upload them, but they'll sound a lot better in the end online.

HTML only lets you embed .wav files, which are prohibitively large. However, if you make an Mp3 and then change its file

extension to .wav, it loads way faster and browsers don't know the difference. Check out [www.thecoyoteproblem.com](http://www.thecoyoteproblem.com) for an example.

#### SPACES

*Houses:* Many musicians faced with the question of where to record or rehearse set up in the garage. This is actually the worst place in a house in most cases, because it's usually the least insulated. Try to find the most airtight room away from your neighbors.

*Apartments/Condos:* Common walls and floors can work like "two cans and a string," so the best solution is to dampen these vibrations. A large polyurethane foam pad mounted on the wall covered with a large piece of carpet can do wonders.

Mounting your speakers on foam or Auralex MoPads® is also great for soaking up nasty vibrations, and your bass response will be truer as well.

Closets full of clothes work great for recording loud amps and vocals. They're acoustically "dead" and often quite soundproof.

#### GUITARS

Running a cable to an amp that's in another room or closet may be too far some, but D.I. boxes often have two quarter inch inputs. You can use this to couple two cords together, turning them into one longer one.

Acoustic guitars do not sound good at the 12th fret, unless you like string squeaks, and the sound hole is just a big bass port. The best place to point a single mic is at the bout, about a foot away.

You can often get a great acoustic guitar sound by using the exact same setup you have for vocals. Just lower the mic.

You can record your acoustic guitar's direct output on a separate track along with the mic on another, and then pan those tracks hard left and right for a huge sound.

Use a wah-wah pedal "parked" in different positions to layer parts into an already crowded arrangement.

Distortion is an integral part of powerful rock sounds, but slightly cleaner tones can make them even more punchy and distinct. Led Zeppelin is a great example.



Sven-Erik Seaholm

#### BASS

Subtle amounts of distortion can also help your bass cut through a dense mix. Dance and reggae genres have long utilized tape saturation and compression as a means to that end.

Using an active tube D.I. is better than a standard passive one.

You can get a James Jamerson-type tone by jamming a hunk of foam under the strings at the bridge.

#### DRUMS

You don't need to mic the high hat and often, not the rack tom.

You can often get even bigger sounds by not playing so hard.

The better you are a tuning your drums, the more success you'll have recording them.

Try them in mono.

#### VOCALS

Water is crucial to lasting through a long session. It's not unusual for vocalists to go through a half-gallon.

While it can ease nervousness, alcohol usually works against you in the vocal booth.

For a quick vocal/guitar demo with one mic, point it at your neck from a foot and a half away.

Taking one ear of your headphones off can help you stay in tune.

Bono hates headphones. He sings through an SM58 facing the speakers. If you reverse the phase of one of the speakers while tracking, the bleed will nearly disappear.

Queen got a cool '30 vibe by playing the vocals into headphones, putting them in a large coffee can and then mic-ing *that*.

Backing vocal oohs and ahhs sound great when you crank the high-end up and then de-ess the bejeesus out of them.

. . . to be continued . . .

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer and performer. Websites: [www.kaspro.com](http://www.kaspro.com), [www.sven-songs.com](http://www.sven-songs.com), [myspace.com/svenseaholm](http://myspace.com/svenseaholm)

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# Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

## WRITE ON

"In the beginning was the word," begins a delightful book, a collaborative epic that has been a best seller for over 30 years. During the tedious hours I spent last week sitting for the renowned Italian artist Francesca Bulimi (who had been commissioned by a well-known politician's wife to paint a portrait of my navel), I pondered that most impressive line and its relevance to modern industry, the unemployment crisis, and the immigration problem.

Finding none, I was about to file it away in the cold case drawer of my cranial cavity when Miss Bulimi dropped her paint brush and staggered back, a look of amazement suddenly creasing her overly botoxed brow. Somewhere within the grotto of my gut button, she declared, she saw an image of the face of Ira Gershwin, long famed as the lyricist of a composer whose name escapes me.

It was then that I understood the true value that words hold in the realm of music, and the importance that, for once, this column concern itself a little more with education and a little less with navel-gazing.

So here we are. Thanks, once again, for stopping by. Get out your notebook; there may be a quiz.

Music has always been full of meaning. To grasp the full value of a song, though, one must listen to the words. Heck, without words, it's just music.

If Beethoven had just had a Justin Timberland or a Scoop Doggy Poop to add words to his seventh symphony, he might be as famous as Paula Abdul today. And where would Elton John be without Bernie Taupin, or Burt Bacharach without Hal David and Carol Bayer Aspirin?

Nearly as important as the words themselves is how well those words are recorded. You need clarity. You've got to use microphones that are turned on and turned toward the mouths of your singers. The Tijuana Brass and the Ventures are but two of the victims of this oversight, which as we know was far too commonplace during the drug-fueled sixties. Just get it together, Martha!

And make sure the words are intelligible, for goodness sake. That's not just a problem with much of Pearl Jam's output, it goes back at least to "La Bamba," which was miraculously a hit even although I couldn't understand a single word. I think it was supposed to be a about Bomba, the Jungle Boy, and they didn't even spell his name correctly.

And remember Linda Ronstadt? Once known for her impeccable pronunciation, she threw it all out on her last couple of releases and stalled her career. As I recall, even the titles of those final albums didn't make any sense.

Just think how neat it would be if you're idiot enough to appear on a game show that is sure to destroy your marriage. "So, what do you do?" the host asks, and in front of millions of viewers you reply, "Well, Bob, I'm a lyricist. That's a person who puts words in songs. And I owe it all to José Sinatra, who inspired me in his column in the *Troubadour*!" Just think how proud you'd feel.

But first, let's be just a little bit honest.



José Sinatra

You've got to ask yourself a very important question. Look deep into the bowels of your brain's heart and ask, "Do I really have what it takes to be a popular lyricist?"

Well, go ahead, ask. I'll wait . . .

For an easier answer, try tackling these essential questions:

1. What word would I be most likely to rhyme with *hand*?
  - a. understand
  - b. gland
  - c. Ayn Rand
2. How would I likely complete the phrase *Put your hands in the air* . . .
  - a. like you just don't care
  - b. like you really got a pair
  - c. using your feet, as you bleed to death from the stumps of your wrists
3. Which word must always go before *pride*?
  - a. foolish
  - b. national
  - c. gay
4. What comes just before the dawn?
  - a. the darkest hour
  - b. the crow of an impatient rooster
  - c. romantic crackheads

Now, without cheating, count how many questions you've just answered and divide by four. If the result is one, that shows that you're the type of person who is playful, can follow directions, enjoys reading, isn't afraid of challenges, appreciates honesty, is sensitive, and abhors phoniness. It is also the number of chances you have out of a million to become the next Bernie Taupin.

For me, a perfect fusion of music and lyrics is contained within the superb songs of *Singing in the Rain*, that glorious MGM musical from 1952. Just like all cinematic masterpieces, it's been screaming to be remade for a long time, and I was thrilled to learn that the new version begins shooting in June. Baz Luhrman will be directing Johnny Depp, Charlize Theron, and Owen (kissy-lips) Wilson (substituting for Heath Ledger), and the film is scheduled for release about a year from now, on April Fool's Day.

That's just a word to the wise.

*José Sinatra will be performing with James Brown tribute band Supabad on April 4 at Winston's.*



# RADIO DAZE



Jim McInnes

by Jim McInnes

## STOOGE-A-DONNA!

Watching Iggy and the Stooges do their Madonna tribute last month on the 2008 Rock and Roll Hall of Fame induction ceremonies reminded me just how far removed from primitive rock noise the woman really is.

Hearing Pop and his *droogs* reduce Madonna's "Ray of Light" from the neo-Middle Eastern synth sound of the recording to the molten slab of barely competent, Marshall-amplified, sax-propelled out-of-control chaos that was broadcast on VH1 made my entire evening.

Especially entertaining was when the director cut to Madonna in her front row seat when she would notice herself on the TV monitor to her right. She would invariably look at the monitor and miss whatever was happening right in front of her...like when Iggy was about to sit on her lap!

When the two Hall-o-Famers met backstage, Madonna was looking for the nearest exit because she seemed *afraid* of the Ig! Oh, yeah!

I loved it so much I watched it four times after my wife went to bed. Whoever decided to have the Stooges perform the salute to Madonna is a friggin' genius!

## HU'S ON FIRST?

I just finished watching the Padres and Dodgers play the first major league baseball game ever played in Commie China. The Dodgers shortstop was a Taiwanese named Chin-Lung Hu. In the ninth inning, he reached first base although I didn't see whether he got a hit, was hit by a pitch, or walked. However when he got there, one could finally say, "Hu's on first."

With a first name like *Chin-Lung*, I naturally wondered whether Mr. Hu had siblings whose first and middle names were taken respectively from bone structures and internal organs. If he does have brothers and/or sisters, could their names have been drawn from the following table?

(Pick one name at random from each column....)

- |                |            |
|----------------|------------|
| 1. Skull       | 2. Bladder |
| Foot           | Appendix   |
| Coccyx         | Spleen     |
| Clavicle       | Lymph Node |
| Elbow          | Kidney     |
| Fingers        | Uvula      |
| Herniated Disc | Balls      |
| Scapula        | Thyroid    |

Think about the play-by-play announcer saying, "Now batting, third baseman, *Foot-Balls* Hu" (...or *Herniated Disc-Lymph Node* Hu...*Coccyx-Bladder* Hu...etc.)

It's Hu-ever you can think of!  
Hahahahahahahahahaha!  
What a *hute*!

## Philosophy, Art, Culture, & Music STAGES

by Peter Bolland

## THE LOVE OF WISDOM

Philosophy is one of those words we're supposed to know the meaning of but don't. Most people think it simply means one's point of view, as in "my philosophy of life." For others, it conjures up a memory of some awful philosophy class they had years ago in college where a kindly but uninspired professor droned on and on about ontology, phenomenology, and the categorical imperative. For most everyone else, philosophy is just a vague abstraction they'd just as soon forget. I've been teaching philosophy for 17 years to over 7,000 students, and I'm still not sure what it is.

When I tell people what I do for a living they nod politely and ask "where" and "for how long" and things like that. I see by the look in their eyes they're intrigued but reticent. Part of me wants to launch into an introductory lecture that neither of us could endure and part of me just wants to hug them and tell them it's all right not to know what philosophy is. Really, it's okay. Philosophy, by its very nature, is difficult to get a handle on. It's thinking about thinking. It's using the mind to try and understand the processes of the mind. It's like trying to see your own eyes. Try it right now. Try to see your own eyes. You'll go mad. Now you know why philosophy graduate students look so crazy.

Philosophy means the love of wisdom (*philo*: love; *sophia*: wisdom). It is just the name of a longing that lies deep within us, a longing for what is true and real. Despite the best efforts of academic philosophers to render philosophy utterly incomprehensible to everyone but themselves – I know, that's not what they're *trying* to do, but that is the most evident result of their endless toil – philosophy is, in essence, a fundamentally innate universal human experience, like breathing or dreaming. It is not the sole purview of specialists – it is the birthright of every living, breathing, dreaming human being. It's time to rescue philosophy from the philosophers.

If philosophy is the love of wisdom, then what is wisdom? Wisdom is different from practical knowledge (how to make an omelet) or theoretical knowledge (understanding the laws of thermonuclear physics or the causes of the Civil War). Being a master omelet maker, a thermonuclear physicist, or a Civil War expert does not make one wise.

Wisdom is the ability to live a good life – a life of depth, of value, of purpose, of dignity, of kindness, of creativity, of beauty, of mastery, of humility, of joy. To be wise is to thrive in a state of well-being where one's potentials are fully realized. This requires great risk taking – embodying the courage to grow beyond one's fear-based and self-imposed limitations. Life is both staggeringly difficult and unspeakably beautiful. How are we to negotiate these treacherous twists and turns, not hurt our selves or others, and still enjoy the beauties of the way? That's going to take some wisdom.

If philosophy is a yearning, then when do we feel that yearning most keenly? One has only to look at one's own experience. Standing in a cemetery and watching a casket lowering into the ground. Feeling the grip of the tiny hand of a newborn child. Lying on the asphalt along the interstate with paramedics hovering over you, smoldering wreckage scattered for a quarter mile. Standing by a campfire on the bank of river and watching glowing embers soar up into the darkness of a desert sky, turning into stars. Sitting in a tiny doctor's office and hearing the word "cancer." It is in these moments that the trivia of life drops away, leaving a startling clarity – a clarity that seems to transcend thought. We are now in the field of pure awareness, liberated from our incessant thought-stream. And from

this perspective, usually quite fleeting, we see with new eyes the challenges and beauties of our lives. We shift back into our deeper awareness – a silent, still witness that is usually hidden behind the thicket of our incessant thoughts and we catch a glimpse of something grander, something wider than our workaday world with its ill-timed troubles and endless pursuits.

These moments of awakening are the bricks and mortar of philosophy, for it is from these insights that we begin to build a path to truth. "The unexamined life is not worth living," said Socrates, and in these moments of nameless clarity we know just what he means. Life, as it is normally lived, is like a dream. Part of us is completely caught up in the dream, attached to the imagery and invested in the delusion. But our deeper nature knows there is something more, something lasting and precious beneath the shimmering surface of the perceptual field. Seeing through the illusory nature of surface consciousness and drawing sustenance from the eternal presence it conceals – this is the central lesson of the world's wisdom traditions. But we haven't been very good students.

Throughout history remarkable individuals have experienced wisdom and tried to teach it to others with varying degrees of success. Most of them are lost and long forgotten. A few of them live on in the words and teachings they left behind and in the traditions that arose around those teachings. Each of these teachers used the imagery and context of their own cultures to illustrate the path to the timeless presence beneath the surface of our unexamined minds. Some personified it and called it God. Others split the infinite energy of the universe into pantheons of countless gods, in conflict with each other. Still others preferred to leave the source nameless, fearing that if we name it we will become attached to the name and forget the reality to which the name refers. And in the deeper, mystical currents within each of these wisdom traditions lies the same essential claim – that we are one with the source, that we are identical with the ground of Being. Only we don't know it. We are caught, for now, in a dream of separateness, enslaved to our lower nature, gripped by fear and lost in illusory loneliness.

Wisdom, then, is the ability to navigate the boat of our lives through these waves and into the far harbor of our ancient home. There are many maps and charts. But each of us has an internal compass as well and must chart a course of our own. "Truth is a pathless land," said Krishnamurti, and, indeed, we simply cannot mindlessly follow the path of another. Wisdom defies formalization. Doctrines and dogmas can point the way, but they must ultimately be left behind.

To study the history of philosophy then is to study the history of love. We humans are philosophical animals – we tirelessly seek the object of our love, namely, wisdom. Our mythologies, religions, and philosophies are, at best, attempts to close the gap between us and the ground of Being from which we and all things come. Religion comes from the word *religio* meaning "to bind together" or "to connect." We are tired of feeling alienated, alone, cut off. We want to awaken to the eternal energy of life coursing through us and all things. We want to feel at home in our own skins. We want to transcend and leave behind our divisive ideologies and awaken from this dream of separateness. We want to overcome ignorance and illusion. We want fall at last into the arms of our beloved. That is why we study philosophy.

*Peter Bolland is a professor of philosophy and humanities at Southwestern College and singer-songwriter-guitarist of the Coyote Problem. You can complain to him about what you read here at peterbolland@cox.net. www.thecoyoteproblem.com is the ethereal home of the Coyote Problem.*



# Cat Power's Personal Jukebox



Photo: Mark Whiteley

by Tim Mudd

Chan Marshall

Chan Marshall stops time. She sits at a piano or lays her guitar across her lap, and whether it's a noisy club overflowing with drunks or a coffeehouse full of laptoppers, she draws all the attention in the room and makes the world stop spinning. Marshall's music seems to rise from nowhere, envelop the room, then vanish; listeners know they've been hit by something but they're not sure what.

A Southern-bred singer/songwriter whose father, Charlie, was an itinerant pianist, Marshall dropped out of high school and found herself in New York, performing under the name Cat Power. Following the release of 1995's *Dear Sir* and 1996's *Myra Lee* – both recorded on the same day – Cat Power signed to Matador for 1996's *What Would the Community Think?*, which won acclaim

for Marshall's unsettling, emotional songs and cathartic vocals. The superb *Moon Pix* followed two years later, and in the spring of 2000 Cat Power resurfaced with *The Covers Record*, her take on a collection of songs originally by Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones, the Velvet Underground, Moby Grape, and Michael Hurley. *You Are Free* in 2003 featured a lush, more polished sound that acted as a precursor to 2006's Shortlist Music Prize winning *The Greatest*, recorded in Memphis with legendary soul players including guitarist/songwriter Mabon "Teenie" Hodges, bassist Leroy "Flick" Hodges, and drummer Steve Potts.

Two years on, Marshall is back with her second collection of covers, blending country, soul, blues, and jazz with the prolific *Jukebox*. Where *The Covers Record* found her becoming an ever more

nuanced performer, tempering the rawness and intensity of her earlier albums with a lighter approach, *Jukebox* reaffirms what a polished artist she's become. Recorded with her touring act, the Dirty Delta Blues Band, which features some of indie rock's finest players, including her longtime drummer, the Dirty Three's Jim White – who gives even the quietest moments vitality – as well as Jon Spencer Blues Explosion's Judah Bauer and Chavez's Matt Sweeney, it's not surprising that the album often plays like an especially well-recorded concert. Guest appearances are also made by some of the session legends who worked on *The Greatest*, including Teenie Hodges and Spooner Oldham. Oldham's song for Janis Joplin, "A Woman Left Lonely," appears here, and the original's sophisticated yet earthy sound is one of the album's biggest influences.

As on *The Covers Record* Marshall makes bold choices. She citifies Hank Williams' "Ramblin' Man" (switched to "Ramblin' [Wo]Man" here), turning it slinky and smoky with spacious drums and rippling Rhodes while the song's desperate loneliness remains. Joni Mitchell's icily beautiful "Blue" gets a thaw and a late-night feel that is completely different but just as compelling as the original while Frank Sinatra's "New York" gets taken from the symphony hall to the jazz club, replacing the bombastic brass with a smokey groove. One of the most drastic remakes is Marshall's own *Moon Pix* track "Metal Heart," which adds more drama and dynamics to one of her prettiest melodies.

Many of *Jukebox*'s best moments are the simplest. Marshall's reworking of the Highwaymen's 1990 hit "Silver Stallion" frees the song from its dated production, replacing it with acoustic guitar and pedal steel that impart a timeless, restless

beauty. She pays Bob Dylan homage with a gritty, defiant, yet reverent take on "I Believe in You" from his 1978 Christian album *Slow Train Coming* and "Song to Bobby," *Jukebox*'s lone new track, dedicated to and inspired by Dylan so thoroughly that she borrows his trademark cadences without sounding like an impersonation.

Whether the beauty of this record lies in the breadth of Marshall's artistry or the opportunity for a new generation to discover vibrant life that came before today's made-to-order top forty faire, I cannot recommend the refreshment

found in *Jukebox* highly enough. Similarly, I'd suggest caution to older generations writing her off as a kid with decent taste in music; you may rekindle some lost musical loves through her interpretations.

Cat Power's *Jukebox* tour with the Dirty Delta Blues Band winds its way to 4th and B on Wednesday, April 16. Word on the street is that together their searing performances makes for one of the hottest live tickets this year and not to be missed.



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by Tim Mudd

I've found that most Americans don't believe me when I regale them with grueling stories of the British education system and the amount of personal responsibility imposed on children there from a very young age. I won't go into all that now, however a major difference between the two systems is that instead of being packed straight off to college the moment they're done with high school, British kids are generally advised to take what's known as a "gap year," where they are set free from the near-militant pride of the education system to see the world and broaden their horizons. Many opt to travel the South Seas, visiting Australia and New Zealand; others strap on a backpack, hop on a train, and get a better grasp of Continental Europe. When my time came to leave the musty Tudor regime of boarding school behind in the mid-nineties, I made the interesting choice of settling for a year in a crisp corner of the Rocky Mountain foothills known to all as Boulder, Colorado.

I'd always loved America and had spent a few previous summers getting to know the mid-Atlantic portion of the East Coast and the shadowing mid-Western metropolis that is Chicago, but Boulder was something else. One of my first recollections is the calming air of ease I noticed during my first few days wandering around the town. From my outsider's perspective, it was as though someone had unlatched the stuffy box of the East Coast, maintained their mid-western values, struck out West for whatever lay beyond the sunset, and landed on top of the world, left to play in a mountain paradise.

# Run from the Hills: Yonder Mountain String Band

Of course, as with anywhere and anything, first impressions will always set the tone for your experience, but there's always room to learn more, understand less, and discover hidden beauties among the initially invisible flaws. I came to learn that Boulder is actually a fairly divided society demographically. Originally settled by those who are popularly termed as "hippies" looking for peace and quiet away from the masses, then overrun by academics flocking to the mammoth University of Colorado campus that occupies much of the city's acreage. This cohabitation ignited an ongoing battle of grumbling between the two factions, which could presumably turn into a bloody war if only either of the two sides could be bothered to do anything about it. Some of the notoriously passive hippies simply stayed put, while others wandered farther West into the awesome scenery that lines Boulder Canyon Road to settle their community once more in the sleepy town of Nederland just 16 miles away.

One thing almost everyone in Boulder and its outlying communities do appear to

share though is a deep love for acoustic music. I will always credit the town and the people who influenced me there for opening the eyes, mind, and heart of this ex-head banger to this beautiful world, not to mention the opportunity to witness a community of people who so staunchly supported live music and stood as an unwavering one behind each of their local artists. It is of no surprise to me that this area provided near-perfect conditions for an act such as Yonder Mountain String Band to spread their wings.

Although the Yonder Mountain String Band was formed in Nederland toward the latter half of 1998, its origins go back to Urbana, Illinois, where college student and banjo player Dave Johnston met mandolin player Jeff Austin just before he moved West and settled in Colorado. Johnston joined him there, and the two met bass player Ben Kaufmann and guitarist Adam Aijala.

They developed a following among bluegrass fans and also among jam band fans as they played extensively and worked their way up the bar and club circuit in the West. In the fall of 1999, they released their debut album, *Elevation*, on their own Frog Pad Records label. By the fall of 2000, they were playing in larger venues, such as the San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium. They released a live recording as their second album, *Mountain Tracks, Vol. 1*, in the spring of 2001, and followed with another studio set, *Town by Town*, in the fall of 2001. A second live album, *Mountain Tracks, Vol. 2*, was released in 2002, again followed by a studio effort, *Old Hands*, in 2003. *Mountain Tracks, Vol. 3*, a double disc live set, appeared in 2004.

Yonder Mountain String Band's fourth studio album marks the first time they've added a little drums to their mix of banjo, bass, mandolin, and guitar as well as the first time they've written almost an entire album spontaneously. Previously, each band



Members of Yonder Mountain String Band

member would show up to the studio with their own songs or songs that had already been worked up on the road, but with Tom Rothrock (Beck, Elliott Smith) behind the boards, they worked up songs that stirred the band's creative juices in a new way. "It definitely was the challenge that was ready to be taken on," says Austin. "For me, it was a very necessary step that the band had to take, just because we've always been about letting ourselves experiment to the full width of the spectrum. It was a part of us that was just dying to come out." The result was YMSB's 2006's Vanguard debut, *Yonder Mountain String Band*.

Under Rothrock's leadership, Aijala added electric guitar to the album, while Austin, milked an old '70s amplifier for feedback with an acoustic mandolin. "[This album] probably represents us more than any other record we've done," says Aijala, "because it incorporates more of our musi-

cal influences than ever before. It's a really cool thing to be a part of and I'll never take for granted just how lucky we are to do what we do. It makes me more excited for the future."

Well, so far the future has seen these transplanted mountain boys – not content to rest on their laurels – to be very busy; with a fourth volume in their *Mountain Tracks* series already released, a fifth available to pre-order through their website ([www.yondermountain.com](http://www.yondermountain.com)) and a Spring touring schedule that takes them across the country – with stops at Bonaroo in Manchester, Tennessee, and multiple slots at the Northwest String Summit in North Plains, Oregon – I'd say there's a lot of bright light in those there strings.

*The Yonder Mountain String Band will be breaking our county lines on Saturday, April 26, performing at the Belly Up Tavern in Solana Beach.*

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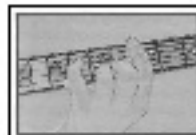
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## The Grams Love Factory

by Mike Alvarez

The Grams serve up yet another helping of catchy, smart acoustic rock on their new disc *Love Factory*. Driven by upbeat rhythms, appealing melodies, and interesting lyrics, this album is instantly likeable and becomes even more so with repeated spins. Frontman, guitarist, and principal songwriter Chuck Schiele has an interesting voice that is sometimes reminiscent of Peter Gabriel or Roger McGuinn. It's a warm, textured instrument that is very much at home in the various stylistic genres the band explores on this album.

A song simply titled "Love" sets the tone for this disc with its wall of acoustic guitars and violin licks. Schiele sings its slightly silly lyrics with conviction, taking point as the Grams work their way through its numerous musical changes. "Little Do They Know" is a spirited romp through country-rock territory that tells a tale of self-deception as it bumps along. One of my favorite tracks is the Craig Yerkes-penned instrumental "Via Katalin" that prominently showcases a tasty unison guitar and violin melody over an interesting 7/8 world-beat rhythm.

Also of note is "Goin' Down," a psychedelic-flavored jam that fools you into thinking it's going to be an instrumental until about two-thirds of the way in when the vocals kick in. "Heads Above Water" is a charming Byrds-style tune with a lot of lyrical references to local music icons like Cindy Lee Berryhill, Jeff Berkley, and Michael Tiernan. Scoring a coup of epic proportions, the Grams got the latter two to sing backup on this song (the roster of guest musicians on this album is a veritable who's who of San Diego talent). The Grams' classic rock, world beat, folk, and country influences are joined by some blues ("Big Dangerous," "Perfume") and old-time rock'n'roll ("Cinderella"), resulting in a varied, original, and satisfying sound.

The arrangements are deep and complex, comprised as they are of multiple layers of guitars, vocals, and percussion. There's a lot going on, but it's all designed to drive the songs forward. The overall sound is well-balanced and immaculate. All of the parts are mixed and panned to maximize their musical impact. They can each be heard distinctly, yet they also work as parts of a greater whole. Often leading the charge is Sweet Elise Ohki's tastefully nimble violin leads. Whether she's playing single lines or multi-tracked orchestrations, her contributions perfectly complement the tunes without ever overpowering them. She takes charge when the occasion calls for it but also holds back where necessary. As with every element of *Love Factory*, it's apparent that much thought went into finding her place in the Grams' sound. The guitarists have ample opportunity to solo too. Electric and acoustic leads punctuate many of the songs to great effect. Schiele, Yerkes, and Ohki are fantastic musicians who clearly relish the chance to strut their stuff in this collection of great tunes. This will surely be considered a major release in the San Diego music scene this year.

Grab a fresh copy hot off the press at the Grams' CD release, April 16, at Anthology. More details are at [www.the-grams.net](http://www.the-grams.net).



## Louis Fanucchi Back to the Future 1985-2007

by Mike Alvarez

The new CD release by local accordion icon Louis Fanucchi, *Back to the Future*, is packaged in a DVD slipcase, so hopefully you won't laugh when I tell you that my first move was to pop disc one into my DVD player. Imagine my surprise when I got sound but no picture! But that was only the first of many surprises and hardly the biggest one. Over the course of the two-disc set, Fanucchi dazzles, delights, and astonishes with the breadth of his artistic vision and his virtuosity. On the accordion, no less, an instrument that has been the butt of many a joke.

According to the liner notes, this is a compilation of recordings spanning some 22 years. Some are live performances, some were recorded in the studio. The sound has been enhanced, as much of it was originally recorded on cassette tape. As such, the audio quality can be a little dodgy. Considering the conditions under which these recordings were made, they hold up pretty well. The material is strong enough that it more than compensates. Sadly, the rest of the artist's notes are printed in small green letters against a picture of an accordion on a black background, so they're all but impossible to read. Therefore it's up to the music to do the talking!

There is a wide range presented here. Along with the expected forays into Gypsy jazz, bossa nova, tango, and polka, there is pop, classical, and experimental music. After the opening blast of "On Fire," a real jaw-dropper called "Fanucchi's Fifth" follows. For the first few bars I was really scratching my head. Once I made the connection, a huge grin began to spread across my face. This is the '70s dance hit "A Fifth of Beethoven," the Walter Murphy Band's re-working of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, played note-perfectly on the accordion! Other pop songs include "Blue Moon" and "Begin the Beguine," each interpreted skillfully and artfully.

For me, the track that makes this whole collection worthwhile is his faithful rendition of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue". It doesn't just capture the essence of the piece – from what I could tell, every note of the composition is here. Sure, the piano score can be found relatively easily, but who would have thought to perform it on the accordion? Louis Fanucchi, that's who! And he does so brilliantly. Equally impressive are his takes on Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez," Liszt's "La Campanella," Rachmaninov's "Concerto #2," and Bach's "Toccat and Fugue in D Minor." All are rich, complex orchestral pieces rendered beautifully by an accordion soloist.

He is sometimes accompanied by drums, flute, violin, or voice, but the focus is always on the accordion. It becomes a piano, a guitar, a dance band, even an entire orchestra in Fanucchi's skilled hands. This is definitely mind-blowing stuff. I'm feeling my horizons expanding!



## Steve Poltz Traveling

by Mike Alvarez

In all honesty I didn't know what to make of Steve Poltz' new CD at first. It's a collection of catchy pop tunes, but I was having a little trouble "connecting the dots," so to speak. Each song is well written and tuneful, but for some reason the album as a whole wasn't working for me during the first few spins. Yet one of the keys to truly appreciating pop music is to not overthink it. After coming to this realization, it suddenly made all the sense in the world: *Traveling* is a collection of catchy pop tunes!

This is an artist who wears his influences proudly. He sings simply and directly, with the voice of everyman. He tells stories that most everyone can relate to. The lyrics are at times darkly humorous, sincerely emotional, wickedly incisive, and always insightful. Whether he's commenting on the current state of things or baring his soul, it's apparent that he writes from the heart. The opening number, "I Think She Likes Me," could pass for a previously unreleased bonus track on the *Nilsson Schmilsson* album. "Rains" succeeds in creating a Brian Wilson-meets-John Lennon sound. In fact, all of *Traveling* takes me back to a time when pop music had a handcrafted, and sometimes unpolished sound. It's full of great melodies, smart production, and sincere vocals.

"Haters' Union" is an outstanding ballad with a rich arrangement reminiscent of great melodic pop artists like Badfinger, the Raspberries, and of course, the Beatles. Poltz' Lennon-esque vocals are very affecting. Then in a complete 180 degree turnaround, he follows it with "Serve Me My Food," a song that is basically a vocal and a bass line. "I Believe" is a bouncy pop tune that might trace its lineage to the Beatles' "A Day in the Life," though the intro has guitar lick borrowed straight out of "Jailhouse Rock."

Poltz takes a purely acoustic detour in "Brief History of My Life," a song in which he shares some autobiographical vignettes. It's got a lot of humor with just a touch of wistful poignancy. Presented with just a guitar and voice, he creates a nice rootsy feel, as if he were singing it on somebody's front porch. However, if there is one thing that is a constant on this album, it's the unwillingness to settle in one place for long. So the next song is an uptempo blast called "Street Fighter's Face," a punk-style rock number about the life of a marine serving in Iraq. Musically it's a lot of fun, but the words are very sobering.

The remainder of the album is gentler but no less compelling. "Nickel" is a spacious ballad that belongs firmly in singer-songwriter territory. "Stay Away a Little Closer" tells of the conflicted emotions that come with having an affair with a married woman. You would expect it to be darker, but it's quite a nice sunny song. Finally, "Break on Through" (not a cover of the Doors' classic) is a country-flavored number that starts simply and builds to a full band treatment with string section. It's a very apt way to conclude an album that is a study in contrasts and emotions.



## Peter Sprague Peter Sprague Plays Solo

by Craig Yerkes

In the liner notes of his new solo jazz guitar CD, *Peter Sprague Plays Solo*, Sprague lets us know that this album was a long time coming, due to his desire to make sure he was truly up to the task before committing to recording this material in the challenging solo format. As any of you who have heard Sprague would easily guess, he IS, indeed, up to the task. While the playing here is certainly dazzling, the genius and beauty in his approach of always letting the guitar playing serve the music, never the other way around.

Sprague finds a serious groovin' sweet spot on track one, the breezy latin/bossa tune "Secret Code." A Sprague composition, it sports all of the ingredients that Sprague fans have come to love in his music – a lovely melody, intoxicating rhythm, inventive chord changes, jazzy hooks, and an overall playfulness and joy in the writing that makes it sound like the writer simply did not want to stop his pen. On a technical note, one trick in playing solo guitar like this is to make the rhythm and lead (single note) components of the music come off as seamless and cohesive. On this score, Sprague is utterly flawless and I never heard even the slightest sputter or hesitation – it all flows like water.

Lennon and McCartney's "She's Leaving Home" is my favorite track on the disc due to the ethereal touches that Sprague adds (by way of the hypnotic infusion of some beautifully unexpected harmonic tweaks) and how the arrangement takes a classic tune and paints a whole new musical backdrop to enjoy it against. John Coltrane's "Satellite" is perhaps the most ambitious track to tackle in this solo format and if there was going to be a stumble, I would have expected it here (I mean, c'mon, it's Coltrane!), but this tune swings like a wild thing and Sprague seems to almost be toying with this complex, feisty beast in that he boldly, confidently jabs the dragon with an unpredictable combination of leads and rhythmic chord jolts while never straying too far from the melodic heart of the tune. For the purists, "It's You or No One" and "A Foggy Day" will satisfy your craving for more straight up, swingin' standards and these songs, in particular, showcase Sprague's amazing ability to elevate the melody and/or his leads with remarkably fluid support from bass lines and almost unthinkable, fast shifting chord shapes. Sprague reaches for and grabs elusive chords from outer space as easily as most guitarists grab single-note blues riffs. For those looking for lush and hauntingly romantic Latin jazz, the legendary Jobim's "Luiza" and "Passarim" will make you feel like you could close your eyes and wake up in Rio with a *Caipirinha* in your hand. In these Latin tunes, Sprague's musical patience and maturity really show up in the way that he never hurries a phrase and there seems to be never a note that isn't supposed to be there. "Papaya Samba," the only other original, ends this scrumptious recording by returning to the format that began the CD, but this time the fun fac-



## Delancey the real thing can be a bad idea

by Julia Bemiss

Sometimes the right CD finds its way into your hands at just the right time in your life. That's pretty much the case with the new CD from the San Diego band Delancey, which, now that I think of it, isn't such a bad thing at all.

It's hard to resist a CD whose artwork immediately impresses: that of a cute, but tired (or bored), ladybug. Nine songs comprise the disc, many of which are upbeat and bright, perfect for spring-time driving beneath blue sky and budding trees.

"The Mule I Once Was" opens strongly with John Mellencamp-like harmonica, piano, and guitar and includes clever lyrics such as, "I won't let you down/ since I won't be around" and "But you say you'll be okay without me/If you aren't angry then why are you shouting?"

"Why Are We Here," and "The Perfect Game" are roll-your-window-down-and-go tunes infused with Delancey's rollicking mix, heavy on Jesse Zagorsky's acoustic guitar and Maggie Cass' piano, Rhodes, and mellotron.

"Home," one of those songs you didn't realize you were longing to hear until you hear it, has intense vocals and open-hearted lyrics about the notion of home as a feeling one can find within one's self, a lyrical directness which belies the energetic musical overtones.

"Life Ain't Cheap," the second track, surprises with its country flavored lap steel twang which blends nicely with the overall pop sound.

Delancey takes an unexpected turn with the album's most impressive (and perhaps riskiest) track, an understated cover of U2's With or Without You, which opens with a reverberating bass solo, a few drones, piano, and Zagorsky's consistently strong, but more subdued, vocals. Cass joins for what almost sounds like a duet; her vocals up until and after this song are, for the most part, backup vocals, but her voice is especially evocative, angelic, and haunting here, and it would be a good idea to hear her sing some lead vocals on future albums.

For new listeners, it would make stumbling across Delancey all the sweeter.

*Sprague, continued*

tor is turned up a notch and you can just see the artist smiling as he dishes yet another giddy barrage of melody, lush rhythmic chords, and effortless single-note lead playing.

At the heart of this latest effort from Mr. Sprague is the essence of what makes him one of the finest musicians you will find anywhere. That heart is the heavenly ability to take the most complex musical creations and bring them full circle into expressions of pure, simple, and uncluttered musical bliss.



# APRIL CALENDAR

## tuesday • 1

**Pacific Camerata**, St. George's Serbian Orthodox Church, 3025 Denver St., 7:30pm.  
**Bill Shreeve CD Release**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 7:30pm.

## wednesday • 2

**Peter Sprague String Consort**, Copley Auditorium, Museum of Art, Balboa Park, 5:30pm.  
**Lighthouse**, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.  
**British Empire Tour**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Paul Thorn/Alex Woodard**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Ben Hernandez & Nathan James/The Flinz**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Chip Conrad & the Concrete Feat**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

## thursday • 3

**Peter Sprague**, Roxy Restaurant, 517 First Ave., Encinitas, 7pm.  
**Joe Rathburn & Natalia Zuckerman**, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.  
**Susan Werner**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Dawn Mitschele/Joel Ackerson**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Band in Black**, Hennessey's, 2777 Roosevelt St., Carlsbad, 9:30pm.

## friday • 4

**Steven Ybarra**, Borders, 1905 Calle Barcelona, Carlsbad, 5:30pm.  
**Zzymzy Quartet**, O.B. Peoples Food, 4765 Voltair Ave., 6pm.  
**Eddie Lenhart (6pm)/Beth Preston (8pm)**, E St. Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas.  
**Robin Henkel**, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.  
**Smart Brothers**, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.  
**Inigo Figuracion/Courtney Chambers/The Duree**, Java Jones, 631 9th Ave., 7pm.  
**She Flies/Matt Pelanne/Isaac Hayden**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.  
**Pete Seeger Lecture w/ David Dunnaway**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.  
**David Rogers**, University Lutheran Church, 9595 La Jolla Shores Dr., 7:30pm.  
**Big Brother & the Holding Company**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Simeon Flick**, Borders, 1072 Camino Del Rio N., 8pm.  
**Tom Boyer**, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.

**Trummerflora**, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 8pm.  
**Kenny Eng**, Borders, 668 6th Ave., 8pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Boradway, El Cajon, 8pm.  
**Dave Boodakian/Jo-el**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Aaron Bowen/Jeffrey Foucault**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Late Nite Access/Intercept/Christopher Dale All-Star**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

## saturday • 5

**Carl Janelli Sax Quartet**, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 1pm.  
**Blue Creek Band (6pm)/Todd Boston/Urban Nature (8pm)**, E St. Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas.  
**Kev**, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Sharon Hazel Township/Kim Kopp**, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mountain Rd., 7pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Robbie's Roadhouse Grille, 530 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 7pm.  
**Benny Golson w/ Jimmy Muldore**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Phil Parlapiano & Dan Navarro**, Canyonfolk House Concert, Harbison Canyon, 8pm. canyonfolk@cox.net  
**Jeffrey Joe Morin**, Borders, 1905 Calle Barcelona, Carlsbad, 8pm.  
**Katrina Carlson**, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.  
**J Turtle/Kyle Phelan**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Pine Mountain Logs**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Alfonso Maya**, Hot Monkey Love, 6875 El Cajon Blvd., 9pm.

## sunday • 6

**The Flinz/Smart Brothers/Wrong Trousers/Mind Circuits/Janus Whale**, Channel 1225, 172 E. Main St., El Cajon, 1pm.  
**Paragon Jazz Band**, Trevi Entertainment Ctr., 32250 Mission Trail, Lake Elsinore, 3pm.  
**Richard Smith & Julie Adams**, Foothills Methodist Church, 4031 Avocado Blvd., La Mesa, 4:30pm.  
**Barbara Nesbitt**, Tower Two, 5083 Santa Monica Ave., 5pm.  
**Chris Smither**, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakeside, 7:30pm. jimmyduke@cox.net  
**Jon Anderson**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Orquesta Primo**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Flowerthief/Donnis Trio**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Sue Palmer & Blue Largo**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.  
**Earl Thomas & Kings of Rhythm**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9pm.

## wednesday • 16

**The Grams CD Release**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Joanie Mendenhall/Michael Tiernan/Correatown**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Cat Power**, 4th & B, 345 B St., 8pm.  
**Curtis Peoples/Thomas Ian Nicholas**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## thursday • 17

**Sue Palmer Quartet**, Top of the Park, 525 Spruce St., 5pm.  
**Ramblin' Jack Elliott**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Robin Henkel Band**, Tio Leo's, 10787 Camino Ruiz, Mira Mesa, 7:30pm.  
**Lee Ritenour/Patrice Rushen/Alex Acuna/Brian Bromberg**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Rhythm & the Method**, Humphrey's Bckstge Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.  
**Dusty Brough & Eva Scow CD Release**, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Edie Carey**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 18

**Kenny Eng (6pm)/Nate Donniss (8pm)**, E St. Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas.  
**Robin Henkel**, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.  
**Paragon Jazz Band**, La Mesa Adult Center, 8450 La mesa Blvd., 7pm.  
**Tyler Waldorf/Illuminatus Trio/Liz Nash**, Java Jones, 631 9th Ave., 7pm.  
**Johnson, Bosley & Morin**, Borders, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.  
**Chris Leyva**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.  
**Tom Boyer**, Borders, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.  
**Tift Merritt w/ Sarah Watkins**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Cross Border Trio**, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Nathan James**, Borders, 668 6th Ave., 8pm.  
**Smart Brothers**, Borders, 1905 Calle Barcelona, Carlsbad, 8pm.  
**Zzymzy Quartet**, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8:30pm.  
**Stasia Conger**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Charlie Peacock/Eva Scow**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## saturday • 19

**World Music Workshop w/ Ed Roscetti**, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 2pm.  
**Barbara Nesbitt**, Humphrey's Backstage Longe, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 4:30pm.  
**Chris Clarke Trio**, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Tyler Waldorf (6pm)/Scott Gates Pacific Bluegrass (8pm)**, E St. Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas.  
**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Beach House, 2530 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 7pm.  
**Kenny Eng/Tin Kagayat/Strudel Court**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.  
**We Five**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Tom Baird & Friends**, Rebecca's Coffeeshouse, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.  
**John Mayall & the Bluesbreakers**, Poway Ctr. for the Performing Arts, 15498 Espola Rd., 8pm.  
**Peter Sprague & Kevyn Lettau**, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Jeffrey Joe Morin**, Borders, 11160 Carmel Mountain Dr., 8pm.  
**Carlos Olmeda**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Northstar Session/Grass Heat**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.  
**Laud**, Hot Monkey Love, 6875 El Cajon Blvd., 9pm.

## sunday • 20

**Marley's Ghost**, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Bill Evans Tribute**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Gin Blossoms/Matthew Moon**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Skelpin**, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack, Carlsbad, 8pm.  
**Aaron Anderson/Welcome Matt**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## monday • 21

**Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra**, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.  
**The Blokes**, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack, Carlsbad, 7pm.

## tuesday • 22

**Hot Club of Cowtown**, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakeside, 7:30pm. jimmyduke@cox.net  
**Patty Larkin**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Twinkle Brothers/Della Grant**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Chet & the Committee**, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

## wednesday • 23

**Violin Makers Workshop w/ Gregg Alf & Endre Granat**, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 1pm.  
**Jeff Moore & Friends**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Roland White & Phil Boroff**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7:45 & 9:30pm.  
**Sue Palmer Quintet**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.  
**Led Kaapana/Mike Kaawa**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

# WEEKLY

## every sunday

**Shawn Rohlf & Friends**, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.  
**Bluegrass Brunch**, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am.  
**Daniel Jackson**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11am.  
**Celtic Ensemble**, Twiggs, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.  
**Clachan Boys**, R.O. Sullivan's Irish Pub, 118 E. Grand Ave., Escondido, 5pm.  
**Traditional Irish Session**, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm.  
**Troubadour Open Mic w/ Phil Harmonic**, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 7:30pm. (Final open mic on April 13!)  
**Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss**, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).  
**Jose Sinatra's OB-oke**, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.  
**The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice**, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

## every monday

**Blue44**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Pro-Invitational Blues Jam**, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.

## every tuesday

**Daniele Spadavecchia**, Hawthorns, 2895 University Ave., 6pm.  
**Traditional Irish Session**, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.  
**All Pro Blues Jam**, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 7pm.  
**Jack Tempchin & Friends**, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Open Mic**, E Street Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo**, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.  
**Shep Meyers**, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.

## every wednesday

**Music at Ocean Beach Farmer's Market**, Newport Ave., 4-7pm.  
**Christopher Dale & Friends**, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.  
**Folk Arts Rare Records Singers Circle**, Kadan, 4696 30th St., 8pm.

## thursday • 24

**The Kelzomatics**, North Park Theatre, 2891 University Ave., 7:30pm.  
**Richard Marx w/ Matt Scannell**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.  
**Winard Harper Sextet**, Dizzy's @ S.D. Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.  
**Dark Star Orchestra**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Annie Bethancourt/Barrett Johnson**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## friday • 25

**Dan Papaila**, Rancho Valencia Resort, 5921 Valencia Circle, Rancho Santa Fe, 6pm.  
**Mountain Tribal Gypsies**, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Robin Henkel**, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.  
**Gabriella (6:30pm)/Jerry McCann (8pm)**, E St. Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas.  
**Peter Sprague CD Release**, Grove Bookstore, 3010 Juniper St., 7pm.  
**Colin Clyne/Jenna Bryson/Jonathan Blacke**, Java Jones, 631 9th Ave., 7pm.  
**Muldoon & Mitchell**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Hot Club of Cowtown**, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.  
**Rick Ruskin**, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.  
**Barbara Nesbitt**, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.  
**Longsleeves/Kenny Eng**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**B-Side Players/Cava**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Adrienne Nims & Raggle-Taggle**, Gallagher's, 5046 Newport Ave., 9pm.  
**Gregory Page CD Release**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.



**Tomcat Courtney**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.

**Open Mic**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.

**Open Mic**, Joe & Andy's, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 8pm.

**Open Mic**, Dublin Square, 544 4th Ave., 9pm.

## every thursday

**Open Mic**, Turquoise Coffee, 841 Turquoise St., P.B., 6pm.  
**Open Blues Jam**, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.  
**Joe Rathburn's Folkey Monkey**, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.  
**Moonlight Serenade Orchestra**, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.  
**Joseph Angelastro**, E St. Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.  
**Skelpin**, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack, Carlsbad, 8pm.  
**Traditional Irish Session**, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.  
**Open Mic/Family Jam**, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.  
**Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic**, Anna's Family Restaurant, 8099 Broadway, Lemon Grove, 8pm.  
**Open Mic**, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 9pm.  
**Jazz Jam**, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm.

## every friday

**California Rangers**, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.  
**West of Memphis**, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 6pm.  
**Daniele Spadavecchia**, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.  
**Tomcat Courtney/Jazzilla**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.  
**Amelia Browning**, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 7pm.  
**Jazz Night**, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm.  
**Open Mic**, Bella Roma Pizza, 6830 La Jolla Blvd., 8pm.  
**Open Mic**, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.  
**Brehon Law**, Tom Giblin's Irish Pub, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm.

## every saturday

**Daniele Spadavecchia**, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.  
**Tomcat Courtney/Jazzilla**, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.

## saturday • 26

**Artwalk**, India Street, Little Italy, noon.  
**Grand Canyon Sundown**, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm.  
**Steve Reid**, E St. Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 6pm.  
**Sketch & the Draftsmen/Apple Nasty**, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.  
**Gregory Page/The Smart Brothers**, Heritage East House Concert, El Cajon, 7:30pm. soozmusic50@gmail.com  
**Leon Redbone**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Berkley Hart**, Frogstop House Concert, San Marcos, 8pm. concerts@frogstop.org  
**Chet & the Committee**, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Boradway, El Cajon, 8pm.  
**Alyssa Jacey**, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.  
**Yonder Mountain String Band**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.  
**Big Provider**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## sunday • 27

**Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind**, Encinitas Street Fair, Lumberyard Courtyard, 11am.  
**Artwalk**, India Street, Little Italy, noon.  
**Leon Redbone**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Victor Wooten**, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.  
**Skelpin**, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack, Carlsbad, 8pm.  
**Isaac Cheong B-Day Show**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

## tuesday • 29

**Alejandro Santiago**, Hot Monkey Love, 6875 El Cajon Blvd., 9pm.

## wednesday • 30

**Pat Senator Trio**, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.  
**Lindsay White**, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.  
**Rhythm & the Method**, Cane's Bar & Grill, 3105 Ocean Front Walk, 9pm.





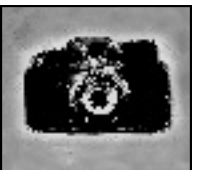


Photo: Dan Chusid

Kris Delmhorst @ Lestat's



Photo: Bengt Nymman

Bill Magee @ the Belly Up Tavern



Photo: Liz Abbott

Tommy Sands w/ his son & daughter



Photo: Steve Covault

Dave Beldock



Photo: Steve Covault

C.J. Hutchins



Photo: Bengt Nymman

Cash'd Out @ Winston's



Photo: Dan Chusid

Amber Rubarth & Alex Wong @ Lestat's



Photo: Liz Abbott

The Smart Bros. @ N.P. Vaudeville Theater



Photo: Bengt Nymman

Michael Tiernan @ Calypso Cafe



Photo: Liz Abbott

The Flimz @ N.P. Vaudeville Theater



Photo: Bengt Nymman

Deejha Marie



Photo: Liz Abbott

Michael Peter Smith @ Dark Thirty



Beoga @ the Holy Trinity Church



Photo: Bengt Nymman

Cash Kings w/ Sara Petite @ Winston's



Photo: Bengt Nymman

Sue Palmer



Photo: Bengt Nymman

Chet Cannon



Photo: Steve Covault

Barbara Nesbitt & Gregory Page



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Scott Wilson @ Winston's



Photo: Dennis Anderson

Joe Rathburn, Liz Abbott, Jeff Stasney, Kent Johnson @ Milano's



Photo: Bengt Nymman

Mark Merrill of the Palominos @ Winston's



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The Tornado Magnets @ Winston's



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CLOSED SUNDAYS' AND MONDAYS'**