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



July 2008

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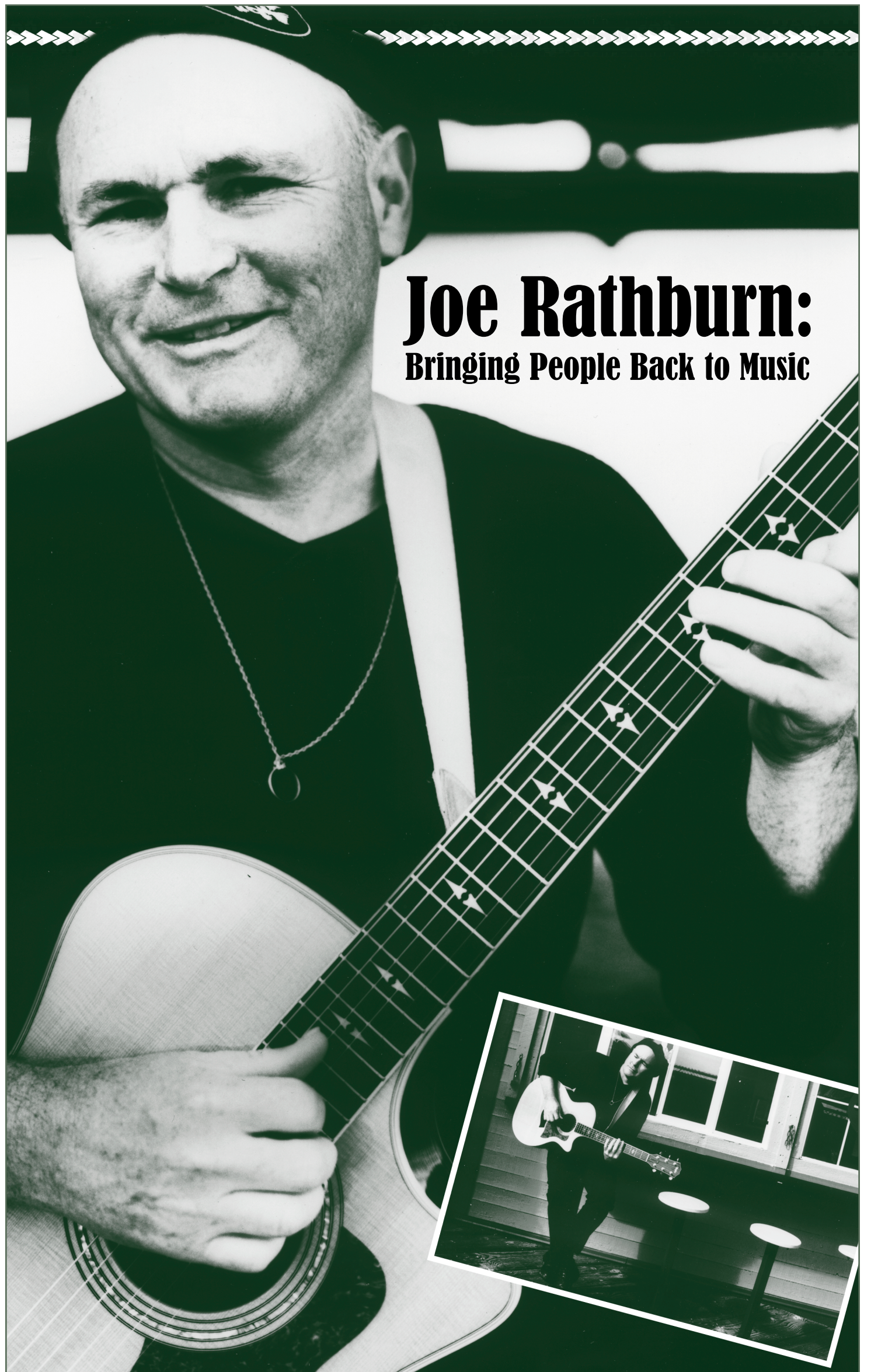
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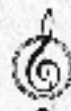
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The **San Diego Troubadour** is dedicated to the memory of **Ellen and Lyle Duplessie**, whose vision inspired the creation of this newspaper.

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No TIME TO REST FOR CHRISTOPHER DALE

by John Philip Wyllie

At times you will find Christopher Dale nearly exploding with energy as he cranks up the volume and commands the stage as the front man for his pop band Superdoo. At others, it will just be Dale and his guitar in front of a captivated group of local elementary school students. Or maybe you will just sit back and mellow out to the elegantly crafted harmonies and poignant lyrics of his Christopher Dale Trio. Wherever you find him, you are in for a treat because if this veteran San Diego performer has learned anything in his many years of performing in America's Finest City, it is how to entertain an audience.

I recently caught his regular trio gig at the Handlery Hotel Lounge in Mission Valley. Aside from being greatly impressed, I was also somewhat amazed to hear Dale, whom I had previously known only as the lead singer of Superdoo, engaged in something completely different. Dale was displaying another side of his multifaceted musical personality while harmonizing with band members Matt Silvia (guitar) and Bill Coomes (drums).

"We started playing here every other Friday as of last August," Dale told me in between sets. "And once I started doing that, I liked the place and proposed the idea of doing an earlier, middle-of-the-week

Wednesday happy hour. We started that last October and here we are in June and it is still going very well."

The Handlery's comfortable and classy surroundings, good acoustics, bargain drink and food specials, and a low-key wait staff combine to make this a great place to hear music. But the real star on this occasion was Dale and his bandmates. I have always been a sucker for beautiful harmony. Initially it was the Beach Boys and the Byrds, then Crosby, Stills and Nash, and more recently Nickel Creek. The Christopher Dale Trio at times subscribes to that same rich tradition.

Having performed in San Diego for years, Dale has made many friends. Once a week he showcases their talent at the Handlery. It's done in much the same way that Joe Rathburn (see cover story, page 8) does his gig in his popular Folkey Monkey Songwriter Showcase series, which originated at the Hot Monkey Love Café and has since moved on to Milano's. Sometimes Dale alternates sets with his guest. At others, they join forces to perform songs they know in common. On the night I dropped by, the *Troubadour's* own Simeon Flick was on hand. He impressed on guitar, interpreting covers and then demonstrated his skills as a songwriter with several solid originals. The two-for-one format is a winner.

Dale is in demand and likes keeping busy. In addition to the Handlery, the trio performs at the Skybox at Clairemont Square and also at the La Costa Resort & Spa in Carlsbad. He has temporarily put a hold on the touring that he has done for years in order to help out at home.

"I recently moved back into a house that I own with my grandfather. He is 86 and can't drive, so I am keeping an eye on him. I am trying to stay local and taking more local gigs, but in August I plan to take the trio to the East Coast for two weeks. I also try to go to Australia every year for a month because I get a lot of gigs over there."



Photo: Dennis Andersen

years and enjoyed the freedom. Now the trio has two other guys adding two things each so that almost makes it a full band. The harmony is what is really important to me and people respond to that. If I could, I would take the trio and go everywhere."

Having released several SDMA-nominated CDs, Dale has not lost his enthusiasm for recording. "Right now I am a couple songs away from having enough material for a new CD. I just need to take the time and sit down and write them and then I'll have another acoustic oriented album. I haven't had a chance to record with these guys yet, so I am really looking forward to that. We will probably incorporate a drum kit and a bass, but also have some acoustic stuff too. Realistically, we hope to release that a year from now."

One of Dale's biggest frustrations is the business side of his work. "I don't have any management right now; I do everything. There is so much that goes into having a successful career as a singer/songwriter. There is the music side, but there is also the promotional side and management side. At times, you spend your whole day doing that and you start to ask yourself when I am I going to get to play some music? I am really trying to find a person who has the same vision as me to partner up with so he can take care of that kind of stuff so that I can concentrate on the music."

Another side project that Dale is very excited about is a show he is involved in later on this year. "Seven of us singer/songwriters that have overlapping band personnel are going to cover five artist's material."

The lineup includes Barbara Nesbitt, Cathryn Beeks, myself, Jeff Berkley, Bill Coomes, Mike Spurgat, and Matt Silvia.

"We want to put together a show that keeps moving and is really made for the audience. We will each contribute about four or five original songs and have a different lineup for each song. We will also do some covers. People will be coming on and off stage after every song. As it progresses I would like to take it on the road where all of us could live out of an RV. We could videotape it and get some sponsorship and turn it into an Internet reality show. We all have pretty vast catalogues, so we would never have to do the same show twice."

Yet another side project is Dale's work with disadvantaged youth. "I don't like the fact that they have cut musical programs in schools. Music is important and it gets underestimated. Some kids look forward to athletics and P.E. and others look forward to music. I do some work for the Storefront, which is a homeless youth shelter operated by San Diego Youth Community Service. They have developed a music program on Thursdays and I try to drop in as much as possible. The music community working together is a really important thing. There is a really strong bond among the musicians here in San Diego. I can't speak for other cities, but it feels special and I really wonder if other communities have that. I like what is going on around here. It is a good vibe and a really cool thing."



Dear Troubadour,

I had some experience with black musicians in San Diego in the late nineteen forties. I was attending San Diego State College and had hired a black band to play at several fraternity sponsored dances. One of the bands was Bob Milegan and his Boogie Woogie Boys. Bob played tenor sax and sang. The band played at Eddie's Night Club in downtown San Diego. I think Bob worked at O D Ginthers Garage on Kettner Blvd. The going rate then was \$125 for the entire band. They played well and everyone enjoyed dancing and listening to the music. We rented the Del Mar Turf Club for a New Year's Eve party. The cost was only \$50 for the club and \$125 for the band. We needed a class C dance permit (\$5) and I became the deputy sheriff during the dance (\$5).

Those were the days. It would be nice to know if some of the history of the musicians could be preserved in a public center.

Ed Emerson

Dear Ed,

Thank you for the email. The *San Diego Troubadour* is always interested in San Diego's music history. Trouble is that it's not easy finding information. I've come to believe that it's mostly by hearing from people like you who lived in those days and have a story to tell that the best memories and info comes. It is my dream to devote an entire issue of the *SD Troubadour* to the Big Band Era. I'd love to find someone who served in the military and was stationed in San Diego during WWII to interview, especially someone who spent weekends on leave going to hear music here in town. The best guy I know to talk to is Lou Curtiss, owner of Folk Arts Rare Records.

Sincerely,
The San Diego Troubadour



Photo: Steve Covault

While Dale considers his trio his number one musical priority he still enjoys performing with Superdoo.

"We haven't played together since December, but we released an album last August and it got nominated for the Best Recording at the San Diego Music Awards. The problem is we are all in different bands and have different schedules. I like so many styles of music and I have been influenced by so many different artists. I like to get my rock on and that is how I started, but I am primarily an acoustic singer/songwriter."

At the time of this writing Superdoo was hoping to reunite in order to play at the O.B. Street Fair on June 28.

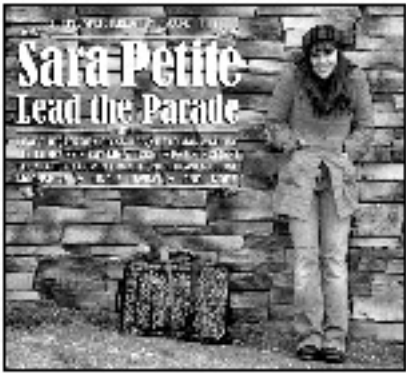
Dale finds there are pros and cons to both sides of his career. "It is easier for me to play acoustic because then I don't have the scheduling conflicts and when you are in a band, dynamic you need to get everybody on the same page. All it takes is one person who is not happy or not really into what you are doing and it sabotages the whole thing. I started with the band thing. Then I went out on my own [as a solo act], did that for a few

Phil Harmonic Sez:



"It's better to keep quiet and let people think you're a fool than to speak and remove all doubt."

— Abraham Lincoln



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UTAH PHILLIPS

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WESTWARD

(for Utah Phillips, 1935-2008)
by Allen Singer

Steel ribbon rails, splintered wooden cross-ties,
Old rolling stock side tracked behind coal dust mounds.

Many years I've traveled, sometimes just rambling,
Trying to climb Big Rock Candy Mountain,
Many rough days, sitting in darkness, really alone,
Romantic tales and hobos' wild stories, all told together,
Taking my last train ride, I'm going westward.

One day, any day, whistle woke me in the dark,
calling me to take my long ride home.

Deeper into the tunnel, ghosts touched my heart, tears rolled down my face, why must I roam?
A voice sang an echoing tune in that magic moment,
"You'll never know the answer unless you ride on."

Romantic tales and hobos' wild stories, all told together,
Taking my last train ride, I'm going westward.

Climbing a switchback over life's many mountains,
Old towns, sagebrush covered memories,
Closed tunnels on a cross-tied railway,
Old stations, old ticket takers, boxcars, hotels,
Signs I painted for a meal to eat.
Empty rail yards, jungle camps, highways,
I'm old rolling stock on my last roam.
Romantic tales and hobos' wild stories, all told together,
Taking my last train ride, I'm going westward.

by Lou Curtiss

It was along about 1969 that I first became more than aware of U Utah Phillips. Now I had heard of Bruce Phillips some time before that from an old Prestige International long-play record that I had picked up from time to time, which Rosalie Sorrells had written the notes for, and I'd seen that he was a songwriter and singer from Utah (he had a song on a old Limelighter's LP about a mule that I'd heard). However, in 1969, or maybe it was 1970, Rosalie Sorrells was at the San Diego Folk Festival and she was singing songs written by this guy U Utah Phillips (who called himself "the Golden Voice of the Great Southwest" and "A Rumor in his Own Time"). She told me that I really ought to have him down to one of my festivals, which I did in 1970. This wasn't the same old Bruce Phillips from the Prestige record. This was a guy who'd seen a lot of life, his own and other people's, and had a unique way of telling you about it. I'd have to say that Utah played a major role in my own outlook toward music, politics, and what a festival should be. I didn't always agree with him, but the ideas I got from him and the folks he led me to were always worthwhile. It was a long road Utah had travelled before I met him, which led to the performer and character San Diego audiences knew and loved.

Phillips, the son of Labor organizers, was born in 1935 (I'm not sure where). He went to Korea with the U. S. Army in the late '40s and returned from that conflict with serious problems that face many veterans still today. However, in the '50s they didn't really have any apparatus that dealt with extended exposure to human misery and he returned largely a broken man, both financially and in mind and body. With little or no help from the country that sent him to war Phillips, destitute and homeless, took to the bottle and to the rails. He drifted, riding the rails, across the country for over 10 years, until he finally

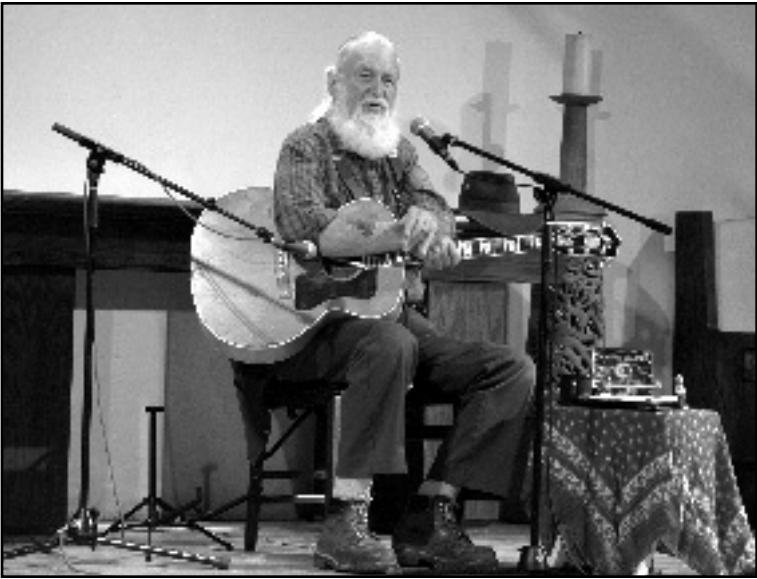
got off a freight in Salt Lake City and made his way to the Joe Hill House, a homeless shelter run by anarchist Ammon Hennacy, a member of the Catholic Worker Movement. The house was named after the legendary labor activist and Union songwriter for the Industrial Workers of the World (or the IWW aka Wobblies) who had been killed by Utah authorities who "framed him on a murder charge" in the early part of the last century.

Hennacy gave Bruce a job at the Joe Hill House, which led to work as an archivist for the state of Utah. I assume it was during these years he became acquainted with Sorrells and other folksingers from Utah (particularly during those years he would later dub "the Great Folk Scare of the Early '60s"). In 1968 he ran for the U.S. Senate on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket (it's always been a wonder to me that there were enough Peace and Freedom Party members in Utah to get him on the ballot), but of course he didn't win. To make matters worse, Bruce was seen by the Democrats as splitting the ticket enough to get the Republicans back in, so not only was he out of a job he was also blacklisted from state government employment. So it was back to being homeless and drifting again.

This time it was the folk community that was his contact with the real world and he wound up in Saratoga Springs, New York, courtesy of the U.S. rails, where a fine lady named Lena Spencer ran a coffeehouse (folk club) called Cafe Lena. Lena took Bruce in and gave him time and space to learn his craft (playing guitar, telling stories, generally entertaining folks while at the same time telling them things they really ought to know), and getting him in front of folks to ply it. It wasn't long until U Utah Phillips was born and not very long afterward that Utah played in San Diego for the first time.

Other people began to perform his songs – "Starlight on the Rails," "Goodnight-Loving Trail," and "Green Rolling Hills of West Virginia" for example – but they also started

Photo: Steve Covault



U Utah Phillips at the San Diego Folk Heritage in 2005

performing the old Union and Wobbly songs from *The Little Red Song Book*, which he made a part of most every performance. A whole group of younger folk types started riding freight trains and writing songs (maybe not always for the same reasons Bruce did but they did), and people started to record his songs (Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs, Emmylou Harris, Tom Waits, Joe Ely, and Waylon Jennings, to name a few) along with a series of long-play records for the Philo label (all of which are still available on CD from utahphillips.org (there's more recent stuff available too, including his long running radio shows and recordings he made with Ani DeFranco and others).

Utah Phillips played at most of those old San Diego Folk Festivals from 1970 (the fourth one) through 1985 (the 18th). Along the way, he did concerts for the San Diego Folk Heritage, played the Old Time Cafe in North County, and even performed at the Railroad Museum in Campo. He returned one final time to the Adams Ave. Roots Festival in 2002. We tried to get him back other years after that, but his health wouldn't permit it.

I carried on a correspondence with Utah off and on between his appearances here from just about 1970 on. I'd find a hobo song or tune on an old 78 and would send him a tape. He'd call or write a note telling me if he'd heard it before. I also sent him obscure comedy LPs by jokesters no one had ever

heard of. His theory was that if he could get even one line off an old comedy LP then it was worth his time plowing through all the bad ones he couldn't use. Sometimes we got a chance to talk about books, and favorite authors like Thomas Wolfe (author of *Look Homeward Angel*, not the *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test* guy), or Jack Conroy who wrote one of Utah's and my Dad's favorite books, *A World to Win*. Bruce was always going to find me a copy of George Milburn's *The Hobo's Hornbook*. Now I guess that won't happen and I'll have to find it myself.

These last few years have been hard on him, not being able to do the work he loved to do. He had led two new generations to the songs of working-class struggles. I must admit that sometimes I was a little put off by audiences who would treat a song or story of working-class struggles like it was a joke. In 2005 Bruce wanted to make some kind of repayment for the kindnesses shown him many years prior by helping found the Hospitality House of Western Nevada County, California, a shelter for homeless men down on their luck as he once was.

Bruce "U Utah" Phillips was a legend in the American folk music community. His music and his struggle for common folks live on. He died peacefully in his sleep at his home in Nevada City, California on Friday, May 23. He was 73 years old .

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Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Photo: Bill Richardson



Lou Curtiss

SONS OF THE PIONEERS

I've talked about lots of different kinds of cowboy and western music in these columns before. Living in the West I first became acquainted with the Sons of the Pioneers in Lake City, Washington, when I was about 10 years old. Now, that wasn't the original Pioneers of the 1930s with Leonard Slye (Roy Rogers); I think the bass player was Shug Fisher but the Farr Brothers (Hugh and Karl) were there and the trio was Bob Nolan, Tim Spencer, and Lloyd Perryman. My Dad took me up to meet them (he'd known Bob Nolan from the early 1930s when they rode freight trains together). In fact, they had met on the Great Northern during a long haul over the Rockies somewhere in Idaho. (Dad and Bob always said that "they nearly froze to death together.") That trip up to Washington was the last road gig for both Bob Nolan and Tim Spencer. Within a year they'd both become part-time Pioneers and the next time I saw them the trio, it included Lloyd Perryman, Ken Curtis, and Tommy Doss. That happened in Los Angeles, or rather Compton, at the *Town Hall Party*, which was the Opry of the West Coast at 400 So. Long Beach Blvd. Dad always said that trip over the Rockies was the inspiration for the Nolan song "One More Ride." He and Bob talked about that phrase to get them through a long, cold night "and damned if Bob didn't turn it into a song."

Les Anderson and Doye O'Dell, who were both part-time Pioneers, and their fishing buddies talked about fishing being the only thing that could keep Bob from writin' down lyrics. He was a natural poet who never stopped writing. Now, Tim Spencer was a prolific songwriter too, but he'd agonize over a song and rewrite and rewrite; the other Pioneers were only occasional songwriters. Bob Nolan would mostly write something down once and it'd end up being "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," "Cool Water," "The Touch of God's Hand," "Lovesong of the Waterfall," or a novelty song like "When Payday Rolls Around." Bob couldn't stand Spencer's writing style. They only wrote one song together and that one, called "Blue Prairie," was the gem. My Dad's favorite Nolan songs were "Down where the Rio Flows" and "The Everlasting Hills of Oklahoma," although we had just about every recording they ever made and saw them live more times than I can tell.

Sometimes you weren't sure which Pioneers you were going to get, particularly in the 1940s and early '50s. While



Sons of the Pioneers 1939 promo still. Back row: Hugh Farr, Karl Farr, Bob Nolan; Center: Pat Brady, Lloyd Perryman; Front: Tim Spencer

one group was out on the road doing rodeo dates (particularly when Roy Rogers and Gene Autry ran their own rodeos) and another gig would come up on the West Coast, that's when the part-time Pioneers came into play. Just about everyone in West Coast country music worked as a Pioneer from time to time. Members of Pioneers imitator groups like Foy Willing and the Riders of the Purple Sage, Andy Parker and the Plainsmen, and the Cass County Boys did occasional work as a Pioneer. Lots of well known solo performers would sometimes sit in on a gig, just to say they had. Gene Autry once did a show with the Pioneers and nobody noticed; he was just one of the band. Other part-time Pioneers included Johnny Bond, Tex Williams, Smokey Rogers, Eddie Dean, Doye O'Dell, and Jimmy Wakely. Sometimes, when Karl Farr was out of town, the guitar would be Joe Maphis, and once or twice jazzman Barney Kessel played with the group. Brother Hugh's fiddle was often replaced by Tex Atchison, Arthur Smith, and Charlie Lindville as well as El Cajon's own Cactus Soldi. Long after their terms as full-time members founders Bob Nolan and Tim Spencer would return for local L.A. dates even as late as the mid-1970s. Bob made a solo LP in the late '70s featuring some new songs and some old ones (he never stopped writing). He died in June of 1980. Rex Allen once told me that Bob was still composing lyrics in his mind on his death bed.

I've sung so many of these songs in my mind for so many years. This year at the Roots Festival and at the Sam Hinton

festival I was asked to get up on stage and sing Bob Nolan's words with Trails & Rails (in trio with Walt Richards and Paula Strong). I never got to be a part-time Pioneer but now I'm a part-time Trails & Rails. To sing those old western songs the way I've listened to them for well over 60 years is a real treat. Thanks, Walt and Paula. I know somewhere my Dad has a smile on his face.

KADAN

The Wednesday night Singer's Circle at Kadan (on the corner of Adams and 30th) needs your support. The whole idea is to attract people who like old songs and want to pass them on to others. Virginia and I are down there every Wednesday and we're starting to see a lineup of regulars, but I'd sure like to see some cowboy singers, some bluesy folks, and some song-and-dance people (good floor for a soft shoe). How about some Irish music, or cajun, or swing jazz, or klezmer, or just some out and out funny song singers; doo wop wouldn't be out of place, or bluegrass, or gospel song or just about anything old timey. We need some fiddlers, mandolin pickers, Hawaiian slack-key guitar people, maybe even some flamenco; how about a good Bubber Miley-style muted trumpet or George Lewis New Orleans clarinet; some Appalachian dulcimer or fretless banjar, or even some good unaccompanied mountain singing. The idea behind these Singer's Circles is to turn someone, anyone, on to a style of music they haven't bothered with before. That way we keep this or that or the other style of music around and that's the Folk Process in action. If you hear me sing a song a few times and then you try to sing it and the words come out a little different, you've just created a folk song. Now, it's true that I might have learned it from someone and changed it a bit myself, but that's okay too. the FOLK ARTS OLD TIME SINGERS CIRCLE at KADAN starts around 6 pm and runs till about 8:30pm

every Wednesday night . Please come on down and be a part of it.

GRAMMY UPDATE!

Well, it looks like if we're lucky with this first grant, we'll be getting through the first nine San Diego Folk Festivals and concerts up to about 1975. Now we've got to start casting around for more grant money to continue the project. There are some 20 San Diego Folk Festivals, which include artists like Olabelle Reed, Lily Mae Ledford, the Golden Eagles, New Orleans Indians, Fro Brigham's Preservation Band, Kyle Creed, Hank Penny's Radio Cowboys, the Strange Creek Singers, Hally Wood, the Red Clay Ramblers, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Napoleon Strickland Fife and Drum Band, Sweet Honey in the Rock, Frankie Armstrong, Silly Wizard, the Hoosier Hot Shots, the Balfa Brothers, Louis Boudroult, Doye O'Dell, Johnny Bond, the England Brothers, Red River Dave McEnery, and a whole lot more. We also have tapes of 15 or so Adams Avenue Roots Festivals, which were sort of the return of the San Diego Folk Festival as well as the Adams Ave Street Fair, which include videos of Howard Armstrong and Nat Reese, Judy Henske, Clyde Davenport, John Jackson, Rose Maddox, Hank Thompson, Big Jay McNeely, Billy Boy Arnold, the King Brothers, Louisiana Red, Glenn Ohrlin, Peggy Seeger, J.J. Jackson, Santiago Jimenez, Frank Proffit Jr., D.L. Menard, Kenny Hall, J.C. Labbie,

Fred Gerlach, Joe Houston, Buddy Blue, and again so many others it would take pages to list them. Along with all the tapes I've amassed over the years, when news got out that I had gotten the first grant, several people who had taped things at my events that I just didn't have the resources to capture, volunteered their own tapes. Just going through the tapes of my late friend Ted Theodore is bringing to light a host of wonderful things that I missed. We have to finish this project. We can't afford to leave it half way. I guess that's it this time around. See you on KSDS (88.3 FM Sunday Nights at 8pm) or at Folk Arts Rare Records (9am to 5pm daily at 2881 Adams Avenue) and remember as Gene Autry always said, "You just can't be mean and sing a good song at the same time." (See, that's what's wrong with George Bush. No one ever taught him any good songs.)

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The Violin in America: Old World Tradition, New World Sound

Story and photos by Lois Bach

When one thinks of violin making, Italy usually comes to mind as do the names of the Italian violin making families: Amati, Stradivari, and Guarneri. “Stradivarius” is usually mentioned when referring to valuable old violins. Andrea Amati, however, began the violin-making Cremona School in the mid-1500s. His two sons, Antonio and Girolamo, perfected the f-holes of the violin and initiated the modern alto form of the viola. Girolamo’s son, Nicolo perpetuated the Cremona School during the later half of the 1600s and taught Andrea Guarneri and Antonio Stradivari. It wasn’t until the 1800s and 1900s that violin makers began immigrating to the United States from all over Europe, bringing their instrument-making traditions to their new homeland. Interestingly, of the three famous names in the Italian violin world, only the great-great-great-great grandson of Andrea Guarneri made his way to the new world. Born in Sicily, Ferdinand Guarneri immigrated in 1911 and worked as a violinist in New York City. In 1954 he relocated to Denver, Colorado, where he wrote a few pieces of music and taught violin playing. He taught himself how to make violins but mostly he performed violin repairs. In 1942 the price for one of his instruments was \$500.

As you can see, it was rare that a famous name in violin making made its way to the United States. Instead, talented violin makers relocated to this country from Europe, bringing their skills with them as they set up shop or joined with established violin companies in the eastern half of the United States. Some of the makers came from Italy, England, Germany, and France, while others were born in the United States but traveled to Europe for their education at prominent violin centers such as Cremona, Italy, and Mittenwald, Germany. Many modern-day luthiers were born into violin-making fami-



Guy Rabut’s Black Violin Project

lies already established in the United States. The current exhibition at the Museum of Making Music includes a representation of many of these violin craftsmen for the extensive presentation dedicated to the violin in America.

Much of the violin’s history is established early on in the exhibit, including an explanation of how the medieval Vielle fiddle and the Rebec, a pear-shaped two- or three-stringed instrument, were combined to create the viol, a primitive version of the modern violin. The exhibit ends with contemporary and futuristic violin designs, including Ned Steinberger’s four- and five-string electric violins as well as Mark Wood’s fretted violin creation, the Viper. In between is a chronological study of the Italian beginnings of the violin’s classical design, the expansion of production throughout Europe as Italy took a back seat and violin production increased in France and Germany to the point that during the mid-1800s German violins were being manufactured in factories. The violin shop became the place

for a prospective customer to visit as opposed to visiting the maker’s workshop. In the mid-1940s violin shops became a social hub for musicians and a place for inspired students to learn the craft of violin making and restoring. Some of the most prominent shops then were Carl Becker in Chicago, Jacques François and Emil Herrmann in New York City, and Hans Weisshaar in Los Angeles. Carl Becker Sr. is perhaps the best known nationally as he was taught by his grandfather and carried the family tradition through four generations. Making instruments on his own before his son joined him, Carl crafted 414 violins, 17 violas, and 63 cellos before 1948.

Along with the displayed violins are interesting stories about some of the makers. Andrew Hyde a mechanic from Northampton, Massachusetts, was an assistant to Thomas Edison. He reportedly made 1,300 instruments in addition to being a bow luthier. Zadunajski Didczenko immigrated to New York City from Kiev, Ukraine, in 1944 and opened his own shop. His career of making violins, violas, and at least two cellos ended when he killed his wife and spent the rest of his life in prison. The violin bow is also featured in the museum’s exhibit. American bow-making was not a refined art prior to the 1940s and there were no trained bow makers in the United States. Bill Salchow, considered the “dean of American bow makers,” traveled to Mirecourt, France, to study under Georges Barjonnet in 1959. He returned to New York the following year and opened his own shop, which is still in business. Salchow has made over 600 bows and for many years taught bow making at the Violin Craftsman Institute in New Hampshire.

The Hutchins Violin Octet is another fascinating display. Designed and built by luthier Dr. Carleen Hutchins, the instruments range in size from the small treble violin, tuned one octave higher than the standard violin, to the huge bass violin, tuned one octave below a cello. The combi-



Violin exhibit at the Museum of Making Music

nation of sound when the Hutchins Consort plays on the instruments is quite unique. When they performed at the opening reception for the exhibition their repertoire ranged from music of the middle ages to the modern masters.

The electric violin’s beginnings go back to the 1920s when many makers began to experiment with amplification, but the results were not available to the general public. In 1935 Lloyd Loar received the first patent on his Vivitone electric violin. Still, it was never a big seller with consumers. Later that year came the more popular design by Electro String Instrument Company (now known as Rickenbacker). The body design was more modern and it had no sound chamber. Modern violin makers are currently experimenting with exciting new variations on the classic violin design. From utilizing new materials like carbon fiber and domestic woods such as poplar and willow, to altering the designs of the peg box and f-holes, today’s luthiers are adding their own artistic expression. One of the most interesting modern violins in the exhibit is called the Black Violin by New York City’s Guy Rabut. Educated in graphic design as well as violin-making, he works with the traditional designs of the classic violin, in this case a traditional Guarneri del Gesu, then redesigned all parts of the violin that would

not affect the acoustical function. The scroll, corner profiles, accessories, and varnish are all redesigned, but the instrument sounds exactly like a fine classic violin. In this area of the exhibition many of the instruments are mounted away from the wall with a mirror in place to view the back of the instrument. This is especially important in the case of the Black Violin, which does not appear to be black when viewed from the front.

The Violin in America: Old World Tradition, New World Sound is on display at the Museum of Making Music until September 7, 2008. The museum is at 5790 Armada Drive in Carlsbad, California. For more information about the exhibition or special concerts held on site, go to: museumofmakingmusic.org, or call 760-438-5996.



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Story and photos by Raul Sandelin

Channel Twelve25's concept is simple: provide a casual place where musicians can record themselves without the formal, methodical hindrances of "going into the studio." Yet, this concept isn't new. In fact, it dates back to the origins of rock 'n' roll itself. Don't believe me? Open up the Gospel of Rock and leaf back through the pages to the Genesis section where you'll find that tale of a young guy from Tupelo who walked into a Memphis studio, laid down seven hard-earned dollars, and cut a record for his mama.

The truth is that the early days of popular music, especially after World War II, were filled with "do it yourself" studios that allowed you to record yourself. Sometimes, you even had guys like Sam Phillips and Scotty Moore just lounging around with nothing better to do than help you up your production values.

It wasn't until the music industry became a megalomaniacal institution during the '60s that access to recording was stripped from the common people and allotted to the domain of A&R guys who doled out fame and power (and studio access) with peculiar, little spoons they wore around their necks.

During the indie movement of the '80s and early '90s things softened up a bit as boutique record labels popped up, promising a break from those A&R guys. Coincidentally, this indie movement corresponded with the micro-brew revolution. So, the names of beers and the names of these small labels suddenly sounded very similar. The names were usually primed with tons of indie attitude. You'd get Eye Socket Records that could be interchanged with Eye Socket Ale, Steaming Turd Records with Steaming Turd Stout (a beer was best drunk European style, i.e., warm), and so on.

Today, we have the home recording revolution in which anyone with a futeon can sit on it and lay down tracks on the PC while checking craigslist.com for free, gently worn sofas.

But, what hasn't resurged until Channel Twelve25 is this idea of the friendly neighborhood recording studio where average kids can stop by and lay down some tracks without spending a fortune and pre-booking millenniallesque blocks of studio time.

Actually, Channel Twelve25's business is threefold. Besides the friendly, neighborhood studio, there's a music academy. There's also an actual on-line "channel," very similar to a traditional TV station, that's still in the works.

The company is the brainchild of Steve and Odie Goward. The Gowards met while playing in bands, he a bass player, she a drummer. They married in 1986, went on to raise a family, but always harbored this idea of a business that would combine their love of the arts and their dedication to young people.

Besides his forte as a musician, Steve was a writing major in college and has written a number of unpublished novels and screenplays. He was able to parlay this talent into video scripting when the couple owned a video production company in the early-'90s. Their specialty was athletes and promotional

videos and they counted former Padre Steve Garvey and NBA great and Helix High alum Bill Walton as their clients. Yet, Steve Goward was also longing to reach further mundane commercial writing.

At the same time, the Gowards were raising a daughter and getting involved with several youth groups. Given the need they saw for positive activities for kids, Steve and Odie soon hatched their dream: a youth-oriented hangout where young people could interact in a safe, drug-free environment while artistically expressing themselves. Yet, while many youth-oriented businesses were created by aging executives with time-worn stereotypes of what kids wanted, the Gowards sought to create a business that not only acknowledged the changing attitudes of Generation Y but involved Gen Y in the development of the business model. For this, they consulted their daughter, her friends, and the many young people they met along the way.

This dream idled for years until 2006 when Steve decided to buy Mike Fenton's Muzik Muzik store in downtown El Cajon. Fenton, himself no stranger to the San Diego music scene, got started in the mid-'70s with Musician's Supply, an innovative guitar and gear retailer that lent its model to what would later become the national chain of Guitar Center. Musician's Supply was the site of many parking lot sales that served as beer keg-inspired jam sessions by local bands and wet tee shirt contests. In fact, this writer, then a 14-year-old kid with a 20-inch bike for transportation learned what "skin to win" meant at one such Musician's Supply event.

After Musician's Supply sold to Guitar Center, Fenton – his rock 'n' roll pedigree intact – ran a string of guitar stores before settling in the downtown El Cajon location in the 1990s.

And, this is what Steve and Odie walked into when they bought Muzik Muzik. "Mike had many regulars and knew how to retail guitars," Steve said. But, soon Steve realized that what Fenton had created wasn't exactly what he wanted to continue. "Mike had lots of young people coming around the store but so did any number of guitar shops including Guitar Center. There wasn't anything truly unique."

So, Steve and Odie's dream began to coalesce with Muzik Muzik's rock 'n' roll reputation. Suddenly Channel Twelve25 was born.

"Suddenly" might not be the right word because it actually took 18 grueling months of design, construction, and permit hurdles. They also took over another retail space adjacent to the old Muzik Muzik But, in March 2008, Channel Twelve 25 finally opened its doors.

Bands and artists have a number of options and can record both audio and video tracks on the soundstage. The stage is surrounded by a floor area where up to 150 people can stand or sit. So, recording in front of an audience, especially when creating a concert video, is within the realm of possibilities. Artists have the choice of renting out the room to record in. Or, they can use it to promote

their own showcases. In these situations, Channel Twelve25 can assist with promotion.

The room is fully functional and production-ready with a state-of-the-art PA, four monitor mix and any number of mic setups. All recordings undergo a post-production remix. For video work, there are three cameras in the room, two stationary and one floating. A standard 3-camera edit is included with all video work. And, Channel Twelve25 can provide additional mixing and editing to suit larger budgets.

Given all of this, a band or artist can produce a decently mixed video or audio starting around \$500. Right now there is a 1-2 week turnaround.

In addition, Channel Twelve25 offers Open Mics on Tuesday evenings, which are video and audio recorded. So, the performers can walk away with a recording of themselves for a lot less.

The music academy is a training ground for people who want to get up on stage. Channel Twelve25 offers standard guitar, keyboard, and vocal lessons like one might find in local music stores. "However, our lessons are performance based," says Steve. Instead of plugging away at arpeggios in a cramped practice cubicle, students are encouraged to get up and jam with other students. "We can start with just one chord and get a vamp going," Steve adds. "Then we put someone on drums, someone on bass, and pretty soon, we have a band jamming together."

These jam sessions, along with individual student performances, can be recorded easily so that the kids can watch and listen to themselves in order to improve as musicians and performers. They also allow students to play within an ensemble context giving them early opportunities to interact with others.

In addition to performance-based lessons, Channel Twelve25 offers multi-media lessons in writing, recording, and arranging. It also offers internships to college students who are pursuing careers in the media arts.

The actual "channel" is taking a little longer to roll out than previously expected. As Odie Goward states: "The channel was part of the original dream." And, it is an integral part of Channel Twelve25's identity. The Gowards are sure the channel will be up and running by the end of the summer. When it is fully developed, the channel will be artistically directed by the 12 to 25 demographic, the core age group that gave the business its name.

Functioning like a TV station but on-line, the channel will feature programming such as sitcoms written and performed by young people.

Channel Twelve25: Let There Be Rock



Channel Twelve25 in El Cajon

It will also have entertainment sites, movie reviews, and tips on where to find things kids are interested in, "like the best burrito," Steve adds. There will also be on-line meeting places, called "garages," where musicians can go to find each other and gigs in their local areas. "We might get to the point where 'virtual bands' can form on-line," Steve says, "bands that meet on-line and record digitally without ever actually meeting each other."

Besides the Gowards, there has been a core of key people who have helped get Channel Twelve25 off the ground. Blake Lindquist, a 23-year-old wiz kid, works as sound engineer and director of the music academy. Artist Thom Guerra has emblazoned both the interior and exterior of the business with custom paintings and murals that capture Channel Twelve25's rock 'n' roll vibe. And, Kyle Rainey, son of Beat Farmer Jerry Rainey and an original employee from Fenton's Muzik Muzik before and after that transition, who helps out with sound set up, especially for downtown El Cajon's Concerts on the Green, an event sponsored by Channel Twelve25.

In the short three months since it opened, Channel Twelve25 has hosted the School of Rock, the San Diego Song Writers Guild, a

concert for Diabetes awareness, and a host of other rock, Goth, and even avant-garde performances. This is in addition to the Tuesday Open Mics that are open to all. In the near future, such luminaries as Mike Keneally and Trails and Rails will be playing shows or recording in the venue. And, of course, the Summer Concerts on the Green will bring an array of talent to the grassy knoll right across the street.

But, as the client list grows and established acts come through the door to gig and record, the question still remains: When will that next kid from Tupelo walk in, throw down his or her hard-earned, truck drivin' dollars, and say, "I wanna record a song for my mama...thank you very much."



Channel Twelve25's Steve Goward

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RHYMES AND REASONS

As the evening sun faded in Mission Valley, Joe Rathburn, one of San Diego’s hardest working musicians, was making final preparations before starting his weekly Thursday night show: Folkey Monkey. Joe, who has been organizing this unique songwriter showcase since 2005, made adjustments to the sound, moved chairs, and talked with members of the audience as they tumbled in off the sidewalk and found their seats. Each week Joe invites a guest performer to share the stage at Folkey Monkey and each week the guest chooses an influential artist (this week’s guest Jim Earp chose Neil Young) whose songs are covered throughout the night’s set. Folkey Monkey is a sacred space for the performers and the audience where music is the main reason for everyone gathering under the dimming lights of Milano Coffee Company. Musicianship, fun, and good vibes are the end result.

These days Rathburn is focused on his music and performances for a lot of good reasons. But, his recipe is increasingly rooted in an advanced social ideology — that music can change the world, one listener and one song at a time. You wouldn’t be surprised to hear that Joe plays music like most of us breathe — all day long, almost like a reflex. His creative output ebbs and flows through periods of quiet time, when he focuses on writing and composing, and through hectic periods of playing several different gigs every week. “ Since I was very young I remember this feeling of *having* to create, my imagination getting the better of me at every turn, sometimes to my detriment,” he says, explaining his compulsion.

In the old days, Rathburn made music for many different reasons. Growing up in Grand Blanc, Michigan, he got started trading guitar riffs with his buddies in eighth grade as a hobby. Hanging out in his friend’s house lis-



tening to Beatles records and doodling on his fret board laid the foundation for a future interest (and, ultimately, career) in music. That’s where part of this story begins. Somewhere along the way, however, Joe’s musical compulsion led him down some uncommon roads toward some unexpected discoveries about music and himself.

PURE MAGIC

On a rainy Halloween night, Joe, his good friend Ray, and Ray’s older brother had a date with destiny. Ray’s older brother, who went to school in Detroit, bought tickets to a concert at Cobo Hall, downtown. He generously invited his little brother and his brother’s buddy, Joe Rathburn. The headliners were none other than Simon and Garfunkel. Joe remembers the night as a pivotal point in his path with music. “ Man, that was huge! Not just the concert, but also the whole experience. I mean just us kids and big bro going down to the big city,” says Joe, recalling his stroke of luck. “ It was October 31st, and it was raining. To this day there’s just something about driving in the city in the rain that I love because of that night.” Rathburn saw two greats of the time, live on stage, singing to a gigantic audience. He experienced the power of music to connect and move an audience — over 12,000 large — and he was hooked. The concert touched him and would change his life forever. “ The show was pure magic,” he says.

In the months after that fateful night, Joe began exerting himself a lot more, learning music theory and guitar scales. He spent more and more time learning how to make the music that was in his head and how to create his own musical compositions. As his knowledge grew, his skills improved and his imagination expanded. “ [That process] began my true understanding of music,” he recalls, “ not just by memorizing chords from chord books or listening to a record a thousand times ... I could use logic to connect what I heard in my head to what I felt in my heart.”

PART MUSICIAN, PART JESTER

By the age of 17, Rathburn was playing bass for the local dive bar’s band-to-see. The gig was at a shady locals-only spot, suitably called the Hideaway, and Joe was entering a phase in his musical career when he would be introduced to a broad range of local and touring acts that would further his own development and expand his musical horizons. It was at the Hideaway, during a gig, that he made the acquaintance of one Rob Namowicz — their relationship would introduce Rathburn to new bands and styles of music

Joe Rathburn: Bringing People Back to Music

that he hadn’t yet encountered and he’d come face to face with some of the era’s greatest music legends. “ I got to open for the Guess Who, James Gang, Chuck Berry, Kiss,” recalls Rathburn, “ and [we] even headlined over Rush on their first American tour. Those were heady days indeed!”

Over time, and as most rock and roll stories go, Joe’s took a turn toward the less reputable. Armed with a collection of sharp guitar riffs, a well-rehearsed stage presence, and an extensive repertoire of cover songs, Joe found himself entertaining his audiences

week after week, part musician and part jester. “ It was all about just having fun and making a buck.” But, Joe had more potential. “ Things started to change the night I fell off a bar stool, drunk, on a New Year’s Eve while singing Jimmy Buffett’s ‘ Why Don’t

We Get Drunk and Screw?’ ” Having exceeded or matched the skills and talent of his peers at the time, Joe fell prey to the scope of his own initial vision — he needed to grow and he decided to grow up. “ I was cheating everyone I met from encountering my full potential,” he reflects.

By hook and by crook (and as the result of a love story that we’ll leave for another time), Rathburn outgrew himself, shedding his jester skin, and in many ways took the best of what he’d become and began leveraging his talents to serve those around him through music and through intention. He’d always had his own creative drive, but he had also learned how to entertain — that was how he made his living. “ I may have never set my sights

[on a direction]; I just did what came naturally to me. [Music is] the only thing I know how to do, really.”

Joe’s creative side began to shine through more clearly as his mentality toward his career matured. He began to blend two distinct sides of himself in an effort to find a balance between his own creative drive and his ability (and need) to earn a living. The familiarity of cover songs has always served Joe well on stage by allowing uninitiated audi-

ences an opportunity to easily connect with his live show. Over the years Joe has encountered a very broad cross-section of audiences and has drawn the conclusion that familiarity is a necessary ingredient for any performer’s success. “ I think people are losing a focus on music. They’re focusing on other things and I feel that in order to bring them back to music, you’ve got to give them a certain amount of familiarity,” he says.

A BETTER WORLD

In the early 1990s Joe began performing at a cafe/shop/arts center in Mission Hills called A Better World. Joe became a regular fixture on their stage and it was there that he discovered the power of on-stage collaboration. “ From 1994 on there was a sea-change in how I was approaching music and I was seeing the creative side of the acoustic scene in town, being led by people like John Katcher, Dave Howard, Jeff Berkley, and Joel Rafael.” One night after his solo show, the stage manager suggested that Joe double up on acts as a possible way to bring more people into the show. “ I was incensed. I was insulted,” Joe remembers humbly. But, much to Joe’s surprise, he found that sharing the stage was really enjoyable! Later on, this discovery would give rise to the format for Folkey Monkey, which blends both the familiarity of cover songs with the more engaging presence of multiple musicians on stage.

Folkey Monkey is a gateway for connecting to other musicians and expanding the audience’s range of experience as well. As some of Joe’s fans have transitioned from what Joe calls his “ cover side” to his “ creative side,” there have been those who didn’t transition easily. At one of Joe’s gigs in downtown San Diego, a gentleman made a

comment that took Joe aback. He tells the story. “ A gentleman came up to me at the Tin Fish and said ‘ Hey, we went to the Folkey Monkey the other night and you weren’t there.’ And I said, ‘ Yeah, I was playing another gig.’ The guy said, ‘ It was great, but it was two hours of music I’d never heard.’ I had to say, ‘ That’s what it’s all about!’ ”

Joe remembers when his peers consumed new and original music like it was

***“What I try to focus on
is music that brings
people together and
music that makes the
world a better place.”***



Clockwise from top left: Folkey Monkey (Joe and Jeff Stasney) with Troubadour publishers Liz Abbott and Kent Johnson; Folkey Monkey (Joe and Jeff Stasney) with Joel Rafael; Joe with Peter Bolland and Peggy Watson; Folkey Monkey with Jeffrey Joe Morin and David Beldock; Folkey Monkey Songs of Peace Show; Folkey Monkey with Jarry and Larry.

Positive Music Association (www.positivemusicassociation.com), an organization that also views music as a force with untapped social purpose. Joe sees his music as one more way to spread alternative perspectives. "I see a world in which we fight, not each other, but the ignorance and fear that keeps us apart and stops us from achieving what we're perfectly capable of. A world where the economy is based on human knowledge and spiritual growth and not technological and military growth."

The Positive Music Association represents a viewpoint regarding music in society. Their website states, "The PMA is about seeing music not only as entertainment but as a means of creating positive change in the world." So far, Joe's work has tested his expectations of what music can do. Sometimes it was the audience who benefited and other times it was Joe, himself, who was transformed. The Positive Music Association represents a global direction while Folkey Monkey provides him with his own local voice. With future records still to be made, Joe is well grounded and clear about which way he's headed.

In preparation for his future albums, Joe has also begun building a comprehensive recording studio at home, so that he can increase the amount of time he spends being creative. In addition to hosting and coordinating the Folkey Monkey, he writes a weekly

newsletter to keep his family of listeners up to speed on the world and his own creative part to play within it. He is neither impatient about his growing success, nor is he a slouch when it comes to blazing new paths for himself and for others. "What I've always known is that as long as I keep playing music and as long as I keep trying to grow, I'll have something to say and I'll have something to play and I believe there'll be people out there who want to listen to it."

Don't miss Joe Rathburn's Folkey Monkey every Thursday night at Milano Coffee Company, 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., Ste. B, San Diego, CA 92108.

Learn more about Joe Rathburn on his website at: www.joerathburn.com.

Learn more about Milano Coffee Company online at: www.milanocoffeeco.com



candy. "When I was playing back [as a teenager], people knew the lyrics to every song, they knew the liner notes to every album." He's seen that those old affiliations have slipped away. One reason for this phenomenon, in Joe's view, is that the radio markets focus on relatively narrow niches these days. So, listeners become very focused on one niche alone, which means that people have a less broad experience with music.

But, Joe is still very grateful for his work, his opportunities, and his audience. Folkey Monkey represents his commitment to moving us all forward through music we know and through music we have yet to discover. "What I try to focus on is music that brings people together and music that makes the world a better place."

Folkey Monkey is a strange name for a songwriter showcase, but the name has caught a lot of people's attention and for Joe's audience, the event is commonly a staple part of their weekly schedules. The event was originally created for Hot Monkey Love, an

eclectic music venue on El Cajon Blvd. in San Diego's College area. Joe's guests were often of the folky singer-songwriter genre. Hence the event took the name Folkey Monkey. When Hot Monkey Love moved to a new location a couple of years later, Joe took his residency to Milano Coffee Company, in Mission Valley, and kept the name. The cafe's lantern-like interior lighting and bougainvillea-shrouded windows set an ideal stage for music fans to rest their feet and take in San Diego's more refined guitar smiths. The first event with a guest performer (none other than Jim Eap) catalyzed a shift in momentum for the showcase. Joe remembers, "[It was a] magical moment. The magic is that chemistry between me and [my guest]. That's when the thing really kicked into gear and it hasn't stopped since."

THE POSITIVE MUSIC ASSOCIATION

Lately, Joe has been writing and performing at home, in San Diego. But he's also discovering common ground within the context of the



Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



SUMMERGRASS FESTIVAL AND A LITTLE HISTORY

Summergrass is San Diego's premiere annual bluegrass festival. This year it presents a great lineup of bands, camping, music workshops, and a Kids Music Camp. You can read all about it at www.summergrass.net, and I will delve a bit more into this year's entertainment lineup in next month's column. But, did you ever wonder how it got started? Here's the story.

San Diego has a fairly long history of bluegrass music festivals, if you count the Julian Banjo and Fiddle Contest held every fall in Julian which has been going since the 1970's. There have also been sporadic other attempts to conduct festivals, including an effort at Lake Henshaw in the 1980's, and a festival or two in Balboa Park. But, until 2003, when Summergrass started there was nothing comparable. Summergrass started when Board members of the North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club ("NCBFC") and of the San Diego Bluegrass Society ("SDBS"), who by the way had been running the Julian festival for several years, got together to plan a major new festival in the San Diego area that would be more accessible to more people than the Julian event, and which would be on a nice flat venue, that could accommodate camping on site, and that could present entertainment and jamming on site after dark, none of which was able to be accommodated at the Julian festival site.

Inquiries were made as to potential venues, including contacts with the non-profit Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum in Vista, a 40 acre outdoor museum site with a perfect camping area, stage area and amenities. An agreement was reached to accommodate the festival at this location, with the two bluegrass clubs running the music program and camping, and the Museum providing all the food vendors and basic services like trash and recycling. Meetings were held between the NCBFC and SDBS, the name Summergrass San Diego "Pickin' in Paradise" was chosen (later shortened to Summergrass), a working Summergrass Board was assembled from the two clubs, a memorandum of agreement was signed between the two clubs who share the costs and expenses 50-50, and a separate agreement was signed with the Antique Gas and Steam Engine Museum. Then, bands were hired, porta potties rented, and all the details attended to for the first festival in August of 2003. The first year was a smashing success, and each year since the festival has grown in

size and stature.

Summergrass now enters its sixth year with a solid reputation and bright prospects for the future. Not bad for an undertaking of this magnitude run entirely by volunteers on a non-profit basis!

IIIRD TYME OUT COMING TO SAN DIEGO

Illrd Tyme Out, one of the nation's top touring bluegrass bands is coming to San Diego this fall and will appear at the new Dizzy's venue at the San Diego Wine and Culinary Center across from the Convention Center downtown. Illrd Tyme Out is one great band, led by Russell Moore who may well be the finest singer in bluegrass music and who has won the IBMA "Male Vocalist of the Year Award" twice. Even more impressive, the band as a whole won the "Vocal Group of the Year Award" an unprecedented seven years in a row. I'll be telling you more about this great concert as it gets closer, but mark your calendars now for September 10th. And, if you haven't checked out the new Dizzy's venue, stop by—it's a great place!

BLUEGRASS RAMBLERS AT THE SAN DIEGO FOLK HERITAGE

Formed from members of the San Diego Bluegrass Society (SDBS) who yearned to perform onstage, the Bluegrass Ramblers have come a long way in the last several years. They recently opened for Michael Cleveland and Flamekeeper featuring Audie Blaylock and have been featured on KSON's Bluegrass Special with Wayne Rice. Don't miss them in concert on July 12, 7pm, at Templar's Hall in Old Poway Park. This concert is sponsored by the San Diego Folk Heritage.

IDYLVILD CAMP OUT IS ALWAYS A GREAT TIME

The annual bluegrass camp out at the Thousands Trails Resort in Idylwild is coming over the weekend of July 18-20. This annual event is sponsored by the North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club and is always a favorite. Located in a beautiful private campground in the Idylwild pines at about 7,000 feet, the air is cool and crisp. There is lots of jamming, pick up bands, a band scramble, a pot luck dinner, free music workshops and more, including fishing and hiking for those interested. I hope you decide to come on up—I'll see you there! To learn more or to sign up (you must pre-register) contact Jerry Hass at BluegrassCamping@aol.com or visit the NCBFC web site at: <http://north-countybluegrass.org>.



The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

Mo' BETTER

Tiger Woods has been mentioned in this column before, but his recent triumph at the San Diego-hosted 2008 U.S. Open professional golf championship has kept him so foremost in the mind of this writer, that his name practically begs for a second appearance.

It's not just his amazing performance there (his superhuman skill level seems to be on almost constant display, making the pure entertainment value for golf fans and his "best in the world" status a foregone conclusion), or even the fact that the guy did it with torn knee ligaments, a stress-fractured shin, and an obviously substantial amount of good, old-fashioned P-A-I-N. No, the truly intriguing element is that a man so accomplished in his field (who already owns a large majority of the PGA's records) would push his body so hard over five grueling days of play that he has actually had to remove himself from the sport for the remainder of the year.

All of this is to say that Tiger Woods is perhaps the greatest competitor of our lifetime. What other explanation can one offer to explain his willingness to risk everything he has worked so hard to achieve? Certainly an argument can be made that he has earned more money and respect than he'll ever be able to squander, and therefore has "nothing to lose" and little more to gain within the scope of the larger picture, but that's not what I see in his thousand-yard stare. No, what I see is pure follow-through. A man not only putting his deeply-rooted commitment to excellence on hi-def display, but also laying his very future in professional sports on the line in the process.

Discussing whatever musically related

wisdom can be extrapolated from this seems almost a moot point at the outset; certainly no fair comparison can be made between music and athletics, right? Then why are we as artists so darn competitive?

There is definitely a spirited rivalry among us all with regard to the finite amount of opportunities available to performing artists. According to MySpace, there are literally tens of thousands of bands in the San Diego area alone, and well . . . *tens* of venues for them to perform in. Similarly, there is no shortage of home-based studios increasingly peppering our idyllic landscape, creating an aggressive marketing atmosphere for those of us who wish to make our living making records. We won't even get into awards, record sales, and indie or major-label contract opportunities.

So, it can be safely said that much of our competitive nature as musicians is born from necessity. Fair enough, but what about as music *listeners*?

We've all made statements like "The new My Morning Jacket CD kicks ass" (it does), or "Stevie Wonder's *Immerisions* album is far superior to anything he's done in the last 20 or so years" (an equally supportable argument). These proclamations serve not only as provocative declarations of our ever evolving musical tastes, but I believe they also help us to contextualize what we like and why for ourselves.

It's not just that we require justification for the money we spend, although at upwards of \$15-\$20 a retail-priced CD, it's easy to become a less generous music appreciator. By that standard, we might all eventually become purists or revivalists, locked into a certain genre or era that best personifies all we've come to love most about music. Indeed, we *do* engage in this type of musical conservatism in some form or another just by



Sven-Erik Seaholm

the very nature of being a human being, but it is the conscious effort to break outside of that proverbial box that allows us the freedom not only to enjoy music we've yet to hear but also the music we have yet to *make*.

Central to what makes a great competitor is *sportsmanship*. It's not just excelling, it's doing so working within the same parameters as your competitors as well as being a decent human being. Tiger Woods is most assuredly out to slay anything that stands in the way of victory on the golf course, but he never cheats. Nor does he seem to afford anyone less respect than any other. So many artists are far too generous with their negative opinions about other performers, and almost without exception they are the same ones who come up short delivering anything remotely as good as they portend to offer. In other words, if you're gonna talk smack about other artists, be really sure *your* album doesn't suck, or your name is mud.

Sports and music are both often team oriented, but it is always the effort, conviction and love for the game in the heart of the individual that bears the responsibility for success. The constant striving to write a better song, to make a better record, to become a better performer . . . a better *person* . . . all of these things make that difference. The difference between champion and contender.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is not a good golfer, although he has broken par in disc golf before. He makes records for a living (kaspro.com), and he ALWAYS plays to win.

Coming in August!

A Concert by Frank Marocco
with special guest appearance by Lou Fanucchi



Frank Marocco



Lou Fanucchi

Frank Marocco will present an exciting and varied program of original compositions and arrangements of many genres of accordion music. His styling, technique and musical genius is appreciated by all accordion enthusiasts. Frank has done a great deal of studio session work on the West Coast and has become one of the most recorded

accordionists in the world. Frank has played on hundreds of movie soundtracks including "*Rotatouille*" and "*Pirates of the Caribbean*", also TV series and specials, records and commercials. He was nominated eight years in a row as most valuable player by the National Academy of Arts and Sciences. **Lou Fanucchi** will join Frank in the 2nd half of the program with a wonderful opportunity for these two highly talented accordionists to perform together. Join us for this very special musical event!!

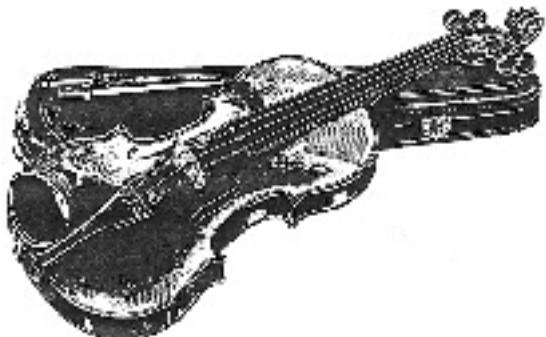
August 10, 2008 at 2:00 p.m.

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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

RUNNING FOR COVERS

Terry Daktyll's pale, flute-thin arm reaches up to put another cassette into the empty mouth of the VCR. It's a recent set-closing performance of David Bowie's "Rock and Roll Suicide," shot in early June at a very *in* spot on the Sunset Strip. The camera work is quite good, the two-camera setup well edited, and the sound is superb. Mick Ronson's been dead for years but the guitarist on stage could be his twin, 35 years ago. The voice of the David Bowie figure is quite powerful if occasionally shrill; the physical resemblance so above uncanny that it almost inspires fear. And I have been somewhat nervous for the last hour or so, being in the apartment and presence of the founder/leader/singer of possibly the world's most esteemed tribute band Spice Oddity. From this ancient two-story building off Hollywood Blvd. on Las Palmas, which also conveniently houses the band's other members, manager, and fan club organizer, will emerge a force that, Terry is convinced, "will rip the entire concept of the 'tribute band' a new cloaca."

The fact that every member of the band is actually female is one of the things that first got it noticed when it formed six months ago. Another is Terry Daktyll's enduring, cult-like fame as chief songwriter/singer of the early "chick punk" group Bulimia. Fellow Bulimics Tracy Hurley and Sandra Earp are also in Spice Oddity. Original drummer Marsha "Bam Bam" Gorge and sax/cowbell/triangle artiste Stephanie "Upchuck" Wood both tragically passed away in the early nineties, victims of an unnamed eating disorder. One of the most-loved and truly legendary aspects of Bulimia's reign was the fans' favorite moment, when after singing the very last note of the night, Terry (then known as "Scary") Daktyll would vomit on the eager, fortunate fans who had somehow managed to get seating near the stage. "I never sing on an empty stomach," Terry explains, "and it was important to keep my weight down. I wasn't about to mess things up backstage. I mean, we're guests of the venues that have us play. Too many groups these days seem to forget that."

Something I was actually expecting occurs musically as the song we're watching on the TV reaches its grandiose end. I ask Terry to rewind about half a minute back and put it on pause. Curious silence, comforted by the low whirr of the VCR in play/reverse allows my eyes to bite into the beauty of Terry's profile as she studies the TV screen. She's in her early 40s but could pass for a girl in her late teens, if one were on drugs. Certainly not more than 30 if one were not and didn't know better. Or perhaps 14 or 15 if one did know better but had appeared on "To Catch a Predator."

"Before we watch the end of the song again, Terry," I blurted out, "do you miss writing your own songs? As far as I've been able to guess, you've only been doing other people's songs for around ... well, several years."

"I haven't written anything since Bulimia ended. That's over maybe 20 years. I'm sick of hurting people, influencing bad behavior. I'm sick of having been called a pervert for stuff like "Finger in my Epiglottis" and "Up the Down Foodtube," which Weight Watchers or someone tried to get banned from the radio. And when Reagan nearly used "Power Hurling as Americans" at that Fourth of July celebration in D.C., I decided to just do covers of other people's stuff, in a different guise. I mean, I was so misunderstood, so upset, so depressed. I could barely hold down my food as long as I needed to."

After a much-needed rest in Brazil, Terry returned to L.A. and sang in various cover bands for several years, when she noticed the emergence and acceptance of an entirely new breed: the tribute band.

"Tribute bands," she explained, "are just cover bands on steroids and THC, for the most part. I lived a couple years with a guy who was 'Jim Morrison' in a great Doors tribute band. He had the look, the voice, the moves ... but he was friggin' like that *all the time!* And people around him acted like he



José Sinatra

was really Jim Morrison *all the time!* He would write poetry ... everyone would eat it up, and it was as bad as the stuff the real Jim Morrison wrote. When he didn't get the part in Oliver Stone's movie, he was convinced I had something to do with it. So, I may have known Oliver Stone and Val Kilmer around that time, and maybe I'd been sleeping with one of them on the side, but he had no way of knowing that ... he beats me up and leaves, then about a week later shows up on my doorstep with flowers and a note saying 'Light my Fire.' He had grown a beard, sort of, and in one hand he was holding a microphone with a cord trailing down by his boots. 'Dan,' I said, and he interrupts, 'Call me Jim, baby. You know I love you madly. Wontcha ride my storm?' And I swear I couldn't help it – I threw up all over him and haven't talked to him since.

"Some tribute bands become engulfed – possessed by the characters they're playing. Reality becomes some quaint concept, rarely addressed. You gotta have a sense of humor, if nothing else. My first semi-successful tribute band was with me on keyboards and backup vocals. We did covers of Partridge Family hits. We were called 'The Family' but we dressed like the Manson family; the guitarist who sang lead looked just like Charles Manson, the drummer looked like Tex Watson and so on. I was Sandra something. We did revise some of the lyrics. I remember 'Come On, Get Crazy' and 'I Think I'll Kill You,' and we did a lot of private parties in Topanga Canyon. They really would get off when we did 'Helter Skelter,' which I always objected to, since I don't think it was ever even a Partridge Family song, and that's bad for cred. When 'Charlie' suggested we cut little x's on our foreheads and take a few months off to take some dune buggies out to the desert, I said, 'no thanks, man,' and split. I've never trusted any Scientologists since then."

It's time to watch the very end of the video again. I point out to Terry that everyone I've ever seen do this song misses the A major near the end. And this is no exception. "Omigod!" she half-cries, half-whispers, then rushes to her piano, feeling out some chords. "Really? Really? Omigod, you're right! How... where... how did you know?"

"I was there," I replied. "I ate up that album; I loved it then. I still love it, and I'd love to hear somebody finally get it right."

We put on our clothes and said our farewells. She invited me back to another show in Santa Monica the next weekend. Despite the seemingly-momentous correction I'd revealed, it was as if it had never been offered. No A major. But the crowd was screaming – joyous, ecstatic again that night for the thin white puke, who told me backstage that to fix something that really wasn't broken would be a mistake. Somehow I made it back to San Diego that night without being sick. It would have honored her too much, I decided while slicing some week-old tomatoes for a bedtime snack (curiously, the main ingredient of the last meal I'd prepared for my late dog Sparky five days before...).



RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

it's 5 O'CLOCK AND HERE'S MY NEW SINGLE

My wife Sandi has informed me (on far too many occasions) that I am the worst singer she's ever heard. I believe her, because, as the former music director of the *original 106.5 KPRI*, she's heard 'em all.

That's alright with me. I *know* I can't sing. But I did have a hit of sorts.

I sang it in 1989. I voiced a "protest" song decrying the fact that Adam West wasn't offered a role in the first *Batman* movie. It was called *Batman Fever*. I sang it to the tune of "Pac Man Fever." It was the creation of KGB's braniac chief engineer John Barcroft. I loved it. It was awful. So it was perfect for the radio! KGB played it a lot...because I was a deejay there. Didja know that several radio deejays had hit records between the mid 1950s and the late 1970s? It's true! And you may not have realized it. Or cared.

Who can forget the great '50s smash called "Green Door?" It was the #1 hit of 1956. Singer Jim Lowe was a deejay on WNEW in New York City.

Guy Mitchell was at one time on KFWB in Los Angeles. His best-known number is "Singing the Blues," also a number one record in '56.

The Big Bopper, born J.P. Richardson, famous for "Chantilly Lace" in 1958 (and for dying in the 1959 plane crash with Buddy Holly and Richie Valens,) was also a disk jockey. Richardson was heard on KTRM in Beaumont, Texas.

Wink Martindale (aka *Guy Smiley!*) sang the insipid "Deck of Cards," a #7 hit in 1959, while doing a daily show on L.A.'s 930 KHJ.

If you listened to Chicago's WLS in the early '60s, you heard Dick Biondi's awful single "On Top of a Pizza" twice a night for months!

Rick Dees had a two million selling #1 hit, "Disco Duck," in 1976, while he did the morning show at WHBQ in Memphis. (Sidebar: Dees owns the domain name, rick.com. Prescient fellow, eh?) "Duck," the nadir of deejay hit record-dom, was the last time a radio personality had a hit recording...as far as I can recall, anyway.

But there's hope. San Diego's FM94.9 deejay Anya Marina has received substantial airplay across the country, although she has nothing you'd call a hit. I think she has a good shot at making one, though. Plus, nowadays, hits are more about airplay than sales. I wish her the best of luck.

I don't "sing" no more. I'm a *news-man*, baby!



by Peter Bolland

THE 10 RULES OF SONGWRITING

People often ask me to explain songwriting. I wish I could. It's mysterious. A short answer's too long and all the words in the world aren't enough.

Songwriting, like any creative act, feels more like collaboration than solitary exertion. When a song is emerging, it's as if I'm caught up in something, and larger forces than my own discernments are guiding the process. It's often said that artists are channelers or conduits, mere vessels for the conveyance of manna from heaven, but the last thing we want to do is mystify the process further. Songwriting is a simple thing. Let it be simple. Fall into a rhythm; let chord voicings create colors and shadows and shapes, start humming a melody and tell us what you see.

For me, it always starts with music. I'm not one of those songwriters who keeps a notebook of catchy phrases that occur to me while I'm in the supermarket. I typically start strumming the guitar and fall into a particular chord progression and rhythm. I hover there for a while and let it suggest things to me. I think as little as possible during this phase of the process. I let the song be what it is without imposing anything on it. Then I feel. I feel what this particular music is calling forth. Does it feel lonely, victorious, or scared? Melancholic, defeated, or elated? Assertive? Passive? Ambivalent? Does the music make me feel loved and safe or lost and alone out on the edge of darkness? You don't decide this, the music does. Pay attention. Hear it very deeply. Then out of that emotional truth a story might emerge, or a character study, or maybe it's time for some serious truth-telling. For me, the lyrics *have* to spring from the emotional core of the music – it's the only way the words and music are really going to lock together.

Another advantage to this approach is that the all-important phrasing of the lyrics will naturally adhere to the rhythm and cadence of the music. Phrase lines and syllable counts will effortlessly follow the musical structure the way a river follows a river bed. That's important. I never understood writers who wrote lyrics, then set them to music. I have no idea how to do that. That's why I don't collect phrases. That's like shopping for ingredients before reading the recipe.

There's no fixed formula or shortcut for writing a song. You have to create your own process. There isn't just one way to do this. No matter how you proceed, however, here are ten simple rules that will help you craft a stronger, truer song.

1. HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY

When writing a song, it's good to have a point. A good song should start somewhere and take you somewhere else. If you, the songwriter, don't know where you are going, the listener will feel lost or, worse, feel nothing at all. Then they start talking about the production style or your hair cut. That's bad.

2. AVOID CLICHÉS

Fight against the tendency to slip into clichés. It's lazy. Find a fresh way to say what it is you're trying to say. Work a little. That being said, however, don't avoid simple, natural language. If it's time to say "I love you," then say it. If you've got something fresh to say about the moon, then say it. Don't sacrifice simplicity, familiarity, and clarity in your zeal to avoid clichés. Sure the phrase "broken heart" has been used, like, a billion times. But in the right place, it's still perfect.

3. BE CONCRETE

A lot of beginning songwriters talk about their feelings and assume the listener is going to empathize. Don't count on that. Instead, draw your listener into their *own* emotions by creating a full-range sensory experience. Be specific. Give them details. Give them something to see, hear, smell, touch, and taste. Instead of telling them *what* to feel, give them something to have feelings about. As the poet William Carlos Williams said, "no truth but in things."

4. KEEP IT SIMPLE

Writing a song is like throwing a pebble in a pond. You initiate the process, but as soon as it begins you must shift into the stance of allowance. Let the waves move inexorably outward and go where they go. Have the courage to let the song find its own shape. In a very real sense, the song will write itself. Naturally you will have to make a thousand decisions along the way – this chord or that chord, this word or that word – but each decision should be made with one question in mind: what does the song want to do right here? The best songs emerge naturally, like clouds forming in the sky. To guide this delicate process you have to stay connected to the still-point within you. Interfere with the emerging song as little as possible. A light hand steers best.

5. AVOID CLEVER WORDPLAY

The goal of songwriting is to create a powerful experience for your listener, not to show off how clever you are. Nothing shuts down the emotional truth of a song faster than an overly clever pun or self-conscious gimmick. Natural language, clarity, and simplicity triumph over artifice and machinery every time.

6. AVOID PREACHING

Songwriters are notoriously bossy. They're constantly telling us what to do. Come on people now, smile on your brother, everybody get together, try to love one another right now. Let it be, give peace a chance, do the hokey pokey, twist and shout, take it easy. The great songs pull it off. But in lesser hands, advice-giving amounts to little more than back-firing condescension. Political, religious, and ideological pedantry leaves everyone cold. You're not an authority on anything, so relax. Stay humble. Leave propaganda to the professionals. Rather than scold your listener from a standpoint of moral superiority, find a way to embolden them and encourage them to uncover their own beauty, love, and compassionate action. Tell them a story, make them lean in, give them the chance to believe in their own power to affect change in the world or at least in their own lives. Art should never talk down to people. A song that makes you feel like a failure fails. Aspire to inspire, not cajole.

7. MAKE IT SWING

Let groove happen. So many fledgling singer-songwriters wreck what little magic they've created with ham-fisted tempo changes or arrhythmic stops. Songs are magic spells and when the train jumps the track, the spell is broken. Think with your hips. Let the song move and sway and flow and pull us all into its warm, dizzying, hypnotic embrace. Don't stop till we all get there together.

8. TELL THE TRUTH

Have the guts to dig deep and expose something real. There are already a billion songs. If you have the audacity to add one more, make it count. Don't hide behind obscurity and groundless stream-of-consciousness lyrics. Say something worth saying. Or give everybody their three minutes back.

9. HAVE SOME FUN

Not every song needs to fix the world or break new ground. Sometimes we just want to put our feet up and relax, or get up and dance. Write songs that let us do that too.

10. FIND YOUR OWN VOICE

Be honest about your influences – we all have them – but find your own voice and transcend them. The best songwriters allow a curious alchemy to occur. They're true to their roots, but they allow something new to grow out of them. They take leadership, but they give up control. Mozart grew up playing Bach. But when Mozart wrote his own music, simultaneously honoring both his roots and the singular uniqueness of his own moment in time something sublime happened. That's how it will be for you too. The *real* you is a formless composite of ten thousand bits and pieces. Let them meld together in this next moment in a way that surprises us all. I can't wait to hear it.

Peter Bolland is a professor of philosophy and humanities at Southwestern College and singer-songwriter-guitarist of *The Coyote Problem*. peterbolland@cox.net.



CHAD AND JEREMY

Yesterday's Gone? Apparently Not!

by Steve Thorn

There appears to be connection between the British Invasion duo Chad and Jeremy and the number 22. It was 22 years ago that Chad Stuart and Jeremy Clyde last played San Diego. And 1986 was 22 years after 1964, the year that scores of British acts musically invaded their former colony and sent the Brylcreem contingency of American teen idols packing their bags and pondering day jobs.

The 1986 San Diego show was part of a national touring package titled, appropriately enough, "British Invasion II," and the local venue was the former Bacchanal night club in Kearny Mesa. Joining Chad and Jeremy were Gerry and the Pacemakers, the Searchers, the Mindbenders, and Freddie and the Dreamers. The Searchers and Chad and Jeremy made the fewest concessions to what Stuart referred to as "a piece of the nostalgia pie." While the other acts were occupied with strolls down memory lane, the Searchers and Chad and Jeremy demonstrated that their new material could hold up admirably with their celebrated '60s singles. Stuart, in particular, drove the point home when he sat down at the piano and provided the Bacchanal audience with impressive compositions he had knocked out since the '60s.

It is this winning combination of past and present that Chad and Jeremy hope to convey when the pair appear in Normal Heights on July 11 at Acoustic Music San Diego. The San Diego concert is part of a summer jaunt, which also include dates in Las Vegas and the Northern California college town of Chico.

Music was the common bond that forged the friendship of Stuart and Clyde. In the rigid class structure of Britain, it is highly unlikely that their paths would have crossed. Stuart spent his early childhood in Hartlepool, a Northeastern town he described on the official Chad and Jeremy website as a "not very pleasant place in which to grow up." In contrast, Clyde was

raised in the nobility accorded to his status as the grandson of the Duke of Wellington (Jeremy's mother, Lady Elizabeth Wellesley, is the daughter of the seventh Duke of Wellington, Gerald Wellesley).

In a telephone interview from his home in the Sun Valley resort town of Ketchum, Idaho, where he teaches music and has a recording studio, Stuart brought up the often-heard escape routes ("become a football [soccer] player or pop singer") for the social elevation of working and lower middle-class British lads. From an early age, music would be Stuart's ticket to get out. "I knew I desperately wanted to get to America," said Stuart. "I didn't know how I was going to get there." A memorable concert in Manchester provided him direction. "I saw the Everly Brothers at the Odeon. I said to myself, 'This is what I want to do.'"

The academic community had already seen musical potential in the young Stuart. At age ten, he was accepted at the Durham Cathedral School where he was a chorister. After graduation came the inevitable stint in art school, the favorite haunting grounds for British musicians, as the biographies of John Lennon, Ray Davies, and David Bowie would indicate.

After a year at art school, Stuart switched gears, declared drama as his major, and was accepted at the Central School of Speech and Drama. Also enrolled was Jeremy Clyde. For Clyde, music and acting would provide an escape route from an entirely different direction. "He felt he was suffocating in that 'upper crust' atmosphere," said Stuart. "When he told his family he was going to become an actor...well, I'm sure there were some eyebrows raised."

According to the website biography, Clyde had heard about a new student (Stuart) who was considered a "musical genius" because he had memorized the chords to "Apache" by the Shadows. After an attempt at a rough-and-tumble sound with college rock band called the Jerks, Chad and Jeremy opted for a more sedate, acoustic sound. "Our influences were [folk]

artists like Bob Dylan; Peter, Paul and Mary; Carolyn Hester; and Ramblin' Jack Elliott," said Stuart. During their peak years in the British Invasion, Stuart was surprised they were part of the movement. "We were really under the radar. I'm surprised we got in. When you consider the other bands [Animals, Rolling Stones, Kinks], we didn't sound a thing like them. We were definitely closer to folk music."

What is equally miraculous to their Top 40 success is that Chad and Jeremy were initially not signed to giant record labels in either country. In England, they signed to the Ember label; in the U.S., Chad and Jeremy discs were released on World Pacific, an eclectic (mostly jazz) label, which was best known for introducing western audiences to Ravi Shankar and hipsters to Lord Buckley.

The Ember Records side of the Chad and Jeremy story involved the duo being seen performing by producer-arranger John Barry at a London coffeehouse called Tina's. Barry would later be considered, along with John Williams, as one of the world's most successful film soundtrack conductors. He's best known for the theme heard at the start of James Bond films.

Another producer who worked with Chad and Jeremy was Shel Talmy, a clever American living abroad who pulled the wool over the eyes of the British recording industry by exaggerating his resume and convincing people he was the second coming of Phil Spector. Talmy proved to be a legitimate talent, producing exciting music for the Who and the Kinks and becoming the second most successful producer of the British invasion behind Sir George Martin.

Chad and Jeremy belong to an elite group of British Invasion artists (Dave Clark Five, Herman's Hermits, the Zombies) who were infinitely more popular in America than in Britain. From 1964 through 1966, Chad and Jeremy had seven top 40s hits. Three hit songs – "Yesterday's Gone," "A Summer Song," and "Willow Weep for Me." – are still heard on the oldies radio format



Now, let's review again: the above photo is the British Invasion duo of Peter & Gordon; on the right, the British Invasion duo of Chad & Jeremy. Come to the AMSD concert prepared. There could be a pop quiz!



and the stereotypes of baby boomers who grew up loving the records.

"Yesterday's Gone," an uptempo song composed by Stuart, opened the American floodgates for Chad and Jeremy in May of 1964. This was followed in August by a classic warm vacation tune, "A Summer Song," Chad and Jeremy's biggest hit. The melodically rich ballad is one of the loveliest moments of the British Invasion, in a league with non-Beatle classics "Because" by the Dave Clark Five and "Ferry Across the Mersey" by Gerry and the Pacemakers. Future generations of teens would fall under its spell, as "A Summer Song" was heard in the films *Rushmore* and *The Princess Diaries* and TV's "Beverly Hills 92010." In 2006 the song had reached the pinnacle of American popular culture: it was used in an ESPN commercial for the Super Bowl.

"Willow Weep for Me" was a jazz standard long before Chad and Jeremy hit the U.S. charts with it back in 1964. The composition was written in 1932 by Ann Ronell, one of the first female songwriters to penetrate the male-dominated Tin Pin Alley music society of New York. "Willow" has been recorded by the likes of Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, and Nina Simone.

During the British Invasion, Chad and Jeremy competed with another handsome British duo, Peter and Gordon, of which there was a constant state of confusion. Peter, like Chad, also donned spectacles, only adding to more incidents of mistaken identity. Perhaps the cruelest blow came when fly-by-night record company Fidu released an LP, *Chad and Jeremy: 5 + 10=15 Fabulous Hits*, featuring a photo of Peter and Gordon on the back cover.

The American entertainment industry caught on early that Chad and Jeremy could think on their feet, no doubt due to their drama backgrounds. In addition to the big music shows of the day ("Shindig," "Hullabaloo," "Hollywood Palace"), Chad and Jeremy had more acting assignments than their British invasion peers. There were guest appearances on "Batman" (Julie Newmar was Catwoman in the two episodes), "The Patty Duke Show," and the western horse opera "Laredo." But the program that remains the perfect time capsule for the euphoria of the British Invasion was "The Dick Van Dyke Show."

Chad and Jeremy (written into the script as a group called the Redcoats) came to visit the charming New Rochelle, New York, home of Rob (Van Dyke) and Laura Petrie (Mary Tyler Moore), in an episode titled "The Redcoats Are Coming," first aired over CBS on February 10, 1965. In the episode, the teens around the neighborhood find out the Redcoats are staying with the Petries.

"It was the creme-de-la-creme of a cast," said Stuart. "They could not have been more professional, they could not have been

more cordial. It's really true what they say – the bigger they are, the nicer they are. I remember we were picked up and taken to Desilu Studios. The cast and writers were gathered around a long table with the scripts. Not only were we allowed to make changes to the script, we were encouraged to do so. And some of our ideas ended up in the final filming. I couldn't believe it. It was like, 'Pinch me, I'm dreaming!'"

From 1965, Chad and Jeremy rode in first class, recording for one of America's most prestigious labels, Columbia. They made a comfortable transition from the singles market to album-oriented rock, recording two psychedelic discs, *Of Cabbages and Kings* (1967) and *The Ark* (1968). Although neither disc sold well in its day, the albums have undergone critical reevaluation and are often mentioned in the same company as the Zombies' *Odessey and Oracle* and *The Kinks Are the Village Green Preservation Society*, as discs that have stood the test of time.

The experimental sessions allowed Chad and Jeremy to work with the major West Coast talent of the late '60s (Gary Usher, Curt Boettcher, Keith Olsen) and pioneering satirical troupe, the Firesign Theatre.

The Ark would prove to be the last Chad and Jeremy project of major significance for several years. Over the next decades, there were recording sessions and the British Invasion II tour of 1986. Stuart continued to work on studio projects and Clyde became a sought-after actor; British audiences have enjoyed his work in London West End productions while American television viewers have watched him over the years on "Masterpiece Theatre."

Chad and Jeremy's current revival in popularity came as result of a well received appearance on a PBS special in 2003. Since then, the duo has won over new audiences around the globe, including wildly enthusiastic crowds in the Philippines. A new project, *Arkeology*, is an opportunity to present new songs and a chance to re-record old material with the improved studio technology. For Chad and Jeremy, it's certainly worth having a go.

"We didn't make any money when we were with Ember," said Stuart. "Nothing."

A limited number of tickets remain for Chad and Jeremy's San Diego concert on July 11. Visit acousticmusicsandiego.com

After all, another 22 years is a long time to wait.



Chad (left) and Jeremy today




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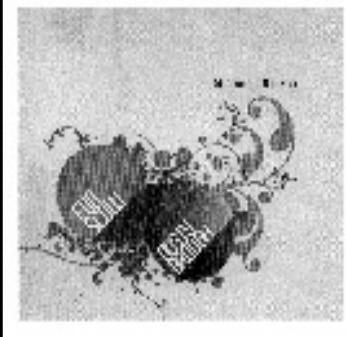
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Eva Scow & Dusty Brough Sharon by the Sea

by Mike Alvarez

Northern Californians Eva Scow and Dusty Brough have created an instrumental tour de force with their album *Sharon by the Sea*. With a heavy emphasis on jazz chords and voicings, this mostly acoustic recording is inventive and adventurous yet very accessible. The sophistication and cleverness of the songwriting are never allowed to supercede the music’s listenability. Instead, they just make it damned interesting. Scow and Brough play a number of instruments, primarily mandolin, violin, guitar, and bass, but they know when to bring in other players for added flavoring. Percussion, keyboards, and strings are added to numerous songs with outstanding results. A great example of this is the uptempo “Theoretically Speaking,” which is complemented by energetic percussion and a soaring violin solo. “Rodolfo” is a song that is similar in instrumentation if not in feel. It has a more Brazilian vibe and uses strings more as coloration.

The sound of the album is light and airy without being lightweight. Quite the contrary, it is very substantial in its unexpected musical twists and turns. Rhythms, chord progressions, melodies, textures, and timbres all collide and combine to create a varied listening experience that is at once familiar and groundbreaking. While it is difficult to select a “typical” track on this album – they’re all quite distinct from one another – an atypical standout is a traditional song called “Pica Pica.” It takes its name from a species of bird and paints a mental picture of it with its fluttering mandolin melody. On the surface it sounds like the simplest composition in terms of chords and melody but like all else here, there’s a lot going on that is not immediately apparent.

The expansive and moody *Sharon by the Sea* ebbs and flows, just like the body of water in its title. This song in particular makes full use of bowed and plucked strings as well as a Fender Rhodes electric keyboard to augment the lead instruments to evoke imagery and mood. A delightfully agile violin solo is the highlight of the percussion-driven “Sketches of Terry.” “Saturday,” a light romp that ends the album, features electric keyboard and guitar alongside the acoustic instruments. It makes its exit with a jazzy jam firmly anchored by a nimble upright acoustic bassline amid the sounds of a party.

This recording is very organic and clean. Because the instrumentation is largely acoustic, it is important to capture its natural sound. Studio effects are kept to a minimum, allowing the instruments themselves to transmit their own tone. The players deliver a flawless performance and the songs are impeccably arranged, breathing with a rawness that sounds very much alive. This is an album that that gives the listener many rewards. I happily listened to it many times and will continue to do so.



Jim Earp Guitar Uncovered

by Craig Yerkes

There are people who go simply bonkers for acoustic guitar music and who will say, “hearing a guitar played beautifully can make me cry.” God bless these folks and, if you know any people like this, you’d better tell them about *Guitar Uncovered*, the latest release from local acoustic guitar guru, Jim Earp. Earp has not only a local but also a national reputation as one of the foremost champions of the “finger-style” approach to guitar playing. The title of this CD is entirely appropriate because Earp seems to explore just about every sonic possibility available on his instrument (an absolutely amazing sounding 97’ Martin SP000C-16TR, steel string). Like all virtuoso guitarists, Earp has such complete control over his axe that it all sounds effortless, allowing the beauty and soul of the music to truly shine.

I am not sure if this was a conscious decision on the part of the artist, but the tracks on this disc seem to be segmented into two categories – tunes that keep very true to the original melody and arrangement and others that take a looser approach and Earp takes more liberties. Both approaches work well and the latter is employed on the opener, “Eleanor Rigby.” Earp employs all kinds of complementary counter-melodies plus jazzy passing/transitional chords that result in a stunningly fresh rendition of this Beatles classic. Seal’s “Kiss from a Rose” stays very close to the chart, which works very nicely because there is so much happening, harmonically, that trying to embellish would be pointless and distracting. This is not a tune I would have expected to find on a finger-style, solo acoustic guitar recording, but this track stands out as a superior example of Earp’s craftsmanship, as evidenced by the amazingly dead-on rhythmic flow and silky smooth, confident phrasing. Getting back to the idea of a guitar making someone cry, you’d better grab your handkerchiefs for “The Water Is Wide.” This lovely ballad is played with such exquisite grace and sensitivity that you will feel every note. I loved how, toward the end of the tune, Earp shows the patience of a master by resting just long enough to let the song breathe, like a great conversationalist who knows when to be quiet for a moment. “The Water Is Wide” contains some of the most beautiful guitar playing I have heard anywhere and this track alone makes this CD worth checking out. The presence of popular stand-bys like “Gold Dust Woman” and “Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head” add to the feeling you’ll get on this disc that you’ve been brought into a very warm, familiar place. “You’ve Got a Friend” is the closing track and Earp brings in another finger-style wizard, Tom Boyer, on this one to end with the only non-solo number. This closer sounds great, but Earp and Boyer play parts very close in register to each other, creating the effect of a four-handed guitar player on one guitar. I would have liked to have heard more divergent parts played on this last track (the result here is like pouring chocolate sauce on chocolate cake..., which can have its upside, I suppose!), but it’s still great stuff.

continued adjacent



E-Dog Mark Your Territory

by Raul Sandelin

First things first: you gotta hear this! Google “edogband” to find the band’s MySpace page and select “Roadie” or “Parsonstown” from the song player. Ready? A while back, someone alerted me to a singer/ songwriter with a swinging friar tattoo on his leg, who was fronting a band outside of Waukegan, Illinois. As my Padre Nation radar honed in closer, I was surprised and delighted to learn that the San Diego transplant was an old friend from little league and grade school – Jack Gimble – who is now on the block party and bar-band circuit north of Chicago. Jack is also a second-cousin of Johnny Gimble, the western swing fiddler who played with Bob Wills. After we traded some stories from the old block, Jack sent me the band’s current CD. And, I was further intrigued by the ongoing references to the San Diego area. Songs like “El Cajon Blues,” references to the desert, Chase Avenue and I-8, and sitting atop Mount Helix all impressed upon me that E-Dog is a band with one paw in Cubs territory but one in Padsville to be sure. What also impressed me was just how good Jack’s songwriting had become. (Hopefully, you are well into “Roadie” by now or even on your way through “Parsonstown.”)

Jack has put together a set of songs that is haunting and sensual, at the intersection of Neil Young-meets-Ryan Adams, melodic yet dark with lyrics that call the listener out to some strange, deserted place that is both frightening in its honesty yet emotionally complete.

E-Dog’s other songwriter, Doug Walker, provides a palate that meets Jack in the middle, uniting a repertoire that traverses a gamut of late-Boomer and Gen X archetypes. However, Walker’s songs are a bit more bright and poppy. Think REM-cum-Kenny Loggins. “Walking Slow” and “Around” hearken back to the days of shiny, happy dorm room beer busts, college rock, and alt/ indie everything. Whereas Jack’s songs beckon the listener to some inner sanctuary, Doug’s songs call everyone to the dance floor. What really binds the two writing styles, though, are the exquisite harmonies that this five-piece band provide throughout. It isn’t often that a band strives for both rhythmic drive and vocal elegance. E-Dog delivers both.

Credit should also be given to lead guitarist Ed Wegener, who drops in a crafty assortment of riffs and fills that tie the album together while giving each song its own signature sound. Kudos should go to drummer Freddy Sarbekian and bassist Kirby Jednachowski for making each song rock and producer Bob Sheffield for capturing the band’s dynamic sound. So, cover the fire hydrants with visquene. With at least five chart-quality songs, E-Dog is definitely ready to mark its territory.

Jim Earp, continued

As fans of this genre sort through the plethora of finger-style acoustic guitarists on the scene, Jim Earp surely must be placed towards the very top of the list of artists that merit attention and this recording gives us Earp at the top of his game.



bootleg tonic Volume I

by Tammy Lin

When I was handed the bootleg tonic CD to review, I’ll admit, I suffered from prejudgment discrimination against it. On the album cover a black-and-white photo showcases two faces inviting me to listen to their music. The guy, Eran Taviv, had an inviting smirk in contrast to the toughness of a guy with a shaved head, while the girl, Georgiana Trent, strikes a serious pose of sexuality. I expected the album to be an over-wrought testosterone driven faux rock band. I cautiously placed the CD into my player and braced myself.

I promise never to discriminate and prejudice an album based upon the name of the band and the album cover again. bootleg tonic shoved the adage, “Never judge a book by its cover” straight down my throat.

Volume I begins with Trent’s throaty singing on the track “When It All Goes Down” and it immediately hooked me in. All you hear is the power of Trent’s voice with flutterings of an acoustic guitar in the background. In less than a minute track 1 ends and the album intimately introduces listeners to Trent’s storytelling through a strong, melodic, and personally engaging voice. Trent’s voice gives life to lyrics reflecting on relationships, heartbreak, good-time love, and hard times, which are all ideal elements of a good ol’ fashion country album. But, bootleg tonic expands the genre with a mix of country bluesy rock.

Eran Taviv provides texture to the songs with his acoustic and electric guitar playing. I found myself playing “Scars” on repeat and appreciating Taviv’s subtle acoustic guitar, which adds power to the low-key track. Some may consider Trent the main act and Taviv as background music. But, if you really listen to the tracks you realize that Taviv may actually be the wizard behind the curtain. His musical support enhances Trent’s voice and story-telling on “Hard Times” and “Love You More.” Surprisingly, Taviv hails from Israel but plays guitar with a Southern American boy’s heart, and bootleg tonic’s home base is New York City, rather than Memphis. Not surprising is Trent’s bluesy country voice hails from the great state of Texas (I’m partial, being a native Texan and surrounded by classic country, none of that Nashville pop stuff, and southern blues).

bootleg tonic’s tracks work best when stripped down to Trent’s voice, Taviv’s guitar, and the easy slow flow of music like a river of molasses. Trent’s voice reminds me of Margo Timmins, Cowboy Junkies (especially *The Trinity Sessions*), through her voice’s ability to draw in listeners. On “Please Baby,” you just hear Trent’s voice dripping with each word with the slow moving music flowing down the banks.

bootleg tonic’s slim-downed bluesy rock with classic country reflections may not be to everyone’s musical tastes. On their Myspace page, fans frequently comment this is not the type of music they typically enjoy but can’t help but love Trent’s voice, relate to the tracks, and appreciate the musicianship. bootleg tonic forced me never to prejudice and musically discriminate against another band based on name or album cover, again.



Steve White After the Holidays

by Paul Hormick

I’ve reviewed other disks by Steve White; throughout I’ve emphasized the hellacious power of his funk and blues playing. Those ingredients remain on his new disk, *After the Holidays*, especially on the raucous and raw “Blues Time.” Overall, however, this new release is more mellow and reflective than some of White’s recent releases. His previous studio recording, *Brand New World*, glorified movement and the liberation of travel, but *After the Holidays* has a much stronger sense of place, of home, and staying put. It’s as though White has hit the highway, been around a bit, and now wants to spend some time with his feet up sitting in a comfy chair.

And just like *Brand New World*, White has given up on the added instrumentation that often detracted from the quality of his earlier recordings. This is bare-bones, one-take-in-the-studio Steve White, the way it should be. The one exception is “One of These Days,” a lilt-ing promise of better times, in which Victoria Stevens sweetens the chorus with backup vocals.

White has often mined his previous releases, rerecording his earlier tunes. At least four numbers on this disk are reworkings of his earlier material. The quality of the earlier recordings was often poor. Also, while White has always been a very good musician, his playing has improved immensely over the past few years, most notably the advances that he’s made with the percussion that he plays with his feet. It’s good to hear the better treatment that these gems now receive.

White reprises “Back at the Bottom,” using a grab bag of everyday catchphrases to give a wry look at the human condition. Earlier versions emphasized this song’s humor, while White’s teletype delivery of this version gives more of the sense of the frustrations of finding oneself low man on the totem pole once again.

Fire is often used as a metaphor to describe the wild uncontrolled passions of physical love, yet the crackle, embers, and warm glow from a fireplace also warm and comfort. This is the fire that White sings of in “Love Is a Fire” in perhaps his sweetest delivery of the disk. And “Faial” offers a wistful Iberian paeon to one of the Azores left untrammled by modern times and too many tourists.

There are 31,247 Christmas songs, celebrating everything from the birth of Jesus to the demise of grandma under the heels of reckless reindeers. But how many songs are there for the days that follow? White’s song “After the Holidays” describes the ennui that we all feel when the thrill of gifts and family subsides to the denouement of taking down a dried out Christmas tree. And from a voice that knows the optimism of a new calendar is not always warranted, a sense of ambivalence is heard in the song’s refrain “New Year’s is moving on,”

But what is this? White closes with a Christmas song! Post holidays can be a bummer, but even still, isn’t Christmas what it’s all about? One of the best things about White’s songwriting is his ability to lightly sketch an outline, suggesting a scene or situation and letting the listener to fill in the details. White uses this technique on “Christmas Eve,” bringing up all those sensations and memories that make Christmas special.



JULY CALENDAR

tuesday • 1

Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Paddock Stage, S.D. County Fair, Del Mar, 4pm.
Dan Papaila, Hawthorns, 2895 University Ave., 6pm.
Bob Weir & Rat Dog/Gov't Mule, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6pm.
Rockola, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy., Leucadia, 7:30pm.
Said Ramon Araiza, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.

wednesday • 2

Christopher Dale & Friends w/ the Castners, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm.
Bob Weir & Rat Dog/Gov't Mule, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind w/ Jim Lair, Cardiff Library, 2081 Newcastle Ave., 6:30pm.
Bluegrass Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Les Dudek, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Brad Steinwehe Jazz Orchestra, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.
The Blokes, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 8pm.

thursday • 3

Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.
Midili Brothers Band, Berry Street Park, 7071 Mt. Vernon St., Lemon Grove, 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn & Peter Bolland, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Old Time Fiddlers Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Rhythm & the Method, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Ottmar Liebert & Luna Negra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Zzymzy Quartet, La Jolla Firehouse YMCA, 7877 Herschel Ave., 9pm.

friday • 4

Blues Picnic/Party, Campland by the Bay, Park Stage, 2211 Pacific Beach Dr., 1pm.
Holler, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Ruby & the Red Hots, Stagecoach Park, 3420 Camino de los Coches, Carlsbad, 6pm.
Delaney Gibson/Jules, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Ottmar Liebert & Luna Negra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Paddock Stage, S.D. County Fair, Del Mar, 9pm.

saturday • 5

Anything for the Shot Photo Exhibit, Channel Twelve25, 172 E. Main St., El Cajon, 12noon.
The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 1pm.
Frank Lucio, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Robin Henkel Blues Duo, Iva Lee's, 555 N. El Camino Real, San Clemente, 7pm.
Locked Out of Eden/Steve Harris, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Ottmar Liebert & Luna Negra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Gilbert Castellanos Quintet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Chet & the Committee, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Joe Rathburn, Alpine Inn, 2223 Alpine Blvd., 8pm.
Adam Lopez, Across the Street & Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
The Cured, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Anna Troy, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Rhythm & the Method, Longboard's, 1466 Garnet Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 6

Rocket Rodeo, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.
The Blokes, Ocean House, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 4pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Torrey Hills Shopping Ctr., 4639 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 4:30pm.
Working Cowboy Band, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
Azar Lawrence Quartet, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Chet & the Committee, Patrick's, 428 F St., 9pm.

monday • 7

Breezin', Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.

tuesday • 8

Daniele Spadavecchia, Hawthorns, 2895 University Ave., 6pm.
Cat-illacs, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
Robin Henkel Trio, Gulf Coast Grill, 4130 Park Blvd., 7pm.
Jazz @ Lincoln Ctr. Orchestra w/ Wynton Marsalis, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Cash McCall/Alex Dixon/Anna Troy Band w/ Greg Douglass, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Teddy Thompson/The Slidewinders, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

wednesday • 9

Christopher Dale & Friends w/ Chris Torres, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm.
David Vidal, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 8pm.
Escalera and Stripes & Lines/The Exfriends, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

thursday • 10

Jim Earp, Beach Grass Cafe, 159 S. Cost Hwy. 101, Solana Beach, 6pm.
Tinku, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
Cash'd Out, Trolley Square, Santee, 6:30pm.
Bayou Brothers, Berry Street Park, 7071 Mt. Vernon St., Lemon Grove, 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn & Jim Hinton, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Michael Tiernan Trio, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm.

friday • 11

Johnny "V" Vernazza Band, Stagecoach Park, 3420 Camino de los Coches, Carlsbad, 6pm.
The Cat-illacs, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.
Len Rainey & the Midnight Players, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.
Paragon Jazz Band, Casa de Oro Cafe, 9809 Campo Rd., Spring Valley, 6:30pm.
Keltic Karma, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.
Chad & Jeremy, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Citizen Band, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.
Andy Rau Bluegrass Band, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.
Delaney Gibson, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 8pm.
Justin Klump, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 12

Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.
The Blokes, Penny Lane, 1001 W. San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.
Paggy Watson & David Beldock, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
The Bluegrass Ramblers, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.
The Folk Collection, Mission Theater, 231 N. Main, Fallbrook, 7:30pm.
Howard Jones, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Lisa Sanders & Friends, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Barbara Nesbitt, Portugalia, 4938 Newport Ave., 9pm.
Stepping Feet/Justin James/Misdirection, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
Rhythm & the Method, Molly Malone's, 1270 Main St., Ramona, 10:30pm.

sunday • 13

Robin Henkel Band, Mission Bay Deli, 1548 Quivira Way, 2pm.
S.D. Folk Song Society Mtg., Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.
Big Time Operator, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.
Nathan James & Ben Hernandez/Wayne Riker, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.
The Steely Damned, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

monday • 14

The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Chet & the Committee, Patrick's, 428 F St., 9pm.
The Feelings Mutual CD Release, Casbah, 2501 Kettner Blvd., 9pm.

tuesday • 15

Dan Papaila, Hawthorns, 2895 University Ave., 6pm.
Mike Clark Band, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Chet & the Committee, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Rhythm & the Method, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 10pm.

wednesday • 16

Christopher Dale & Friends w/ Lindsey White, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm.
Dave Greeno Nite Band, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
The 88/One Republic, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7pm.
John Keawe, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Chris Isaak, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
The Blokes, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 8pm.
Jen Chapin & Rosetta Trio, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 17

Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.
Bayou Brothers, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
Screamin' Primas, Trolley Square, Santee, 6:30pm.

Hippiefest w/ Jack Bruce/Eric Burdon/The Turtles/Melanie/Badfinger/Jonathan Edwards, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6:30pm.
Old Time Fiddlers Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Joe Rathburn & Michael Tiernan, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Kristin Korb Trio, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.

friday • 18

Ricardo Lemvo & Makina Loca, Poinsettia Park, 6600 Hidden Valley Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.
Swamp Critters, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.
Theo & the Zydeco Patrol, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.
Paragon Jazz Band, Casa de Oro Cafe, 9809 Campo Rd., Spring Valley, 6:30pm.
Hippiefest w/ Jack Bruce/Eric Burdon/The Turtles/Melanie/Badfinger/Jonathan Edwards, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6:30pm.
Christiane Lucas/Jim Earp, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
The Thomas Brotherz, Theatrux, 155 E. Grand Ave., Escondido, 7pm.
Jordan Reimer/Anna Troy/Lindsey Yung/Delancey, Marquee Theatre, 835 25th St., 7pm.
Frank Potenza Trio, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., 7:30pm.
Rita Coolidge, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Christopher Dale Trio, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.
Dean Brown/Cliff Almond/John Rekevics/Steve Steinberg/Dave Curtis, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Zzymzy Quartet, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8:30pm.
EJP/Rob Dee, Across the Street & Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sue Palmer & Blue Four, Patrick's, 428 F St., 9pm.
Lou Fanucchi & Mex, Pink Elephant,

saturday • 19

Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Coronado Ferry Landing, Coronado, 2pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.
Jim Earp/Nathan Welden/Ron Franklin, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.
Joe Rathburn, Trisler's Wine Bar, 8555 Station Village Lane, Ste. C, 7pm.
Rita Coolidge, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Chet & the Committee, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Gary Santo-Pietro, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 8pm.
Davida, Across the Street & Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Allison Lonsdale, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sue Palmer & Blue Four, Patrick's, 428 F St., 9pm.

sunday • 20

Red Pepper Jazz Band, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.
145th Street, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.
Rob Mullins Trio, Quail Botanical Gardens, Encinitas, 5:45pm.
Pine Creek Posse, Alpine Comm. Ctr. 1830 Alpine Blvd., 6pm.
Peter Puppig CD Release, Lambs Players Theatre, 1142 Orange Ave., Coronado, 7pm.
The Mattson 2, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
Rory Block, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Leon Russell w/ Olivia Pierson/Nathan James, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

monday • 21

Coronado Concert Bank, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

tuesday • 22

Daniele Spadavecchia, Hawthorns, 2895 University Ave., 6pm.
Mundel Lowe B-Day Celebration, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Feist, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Barbara Nesbitt, Hennessey's, 708 4th Ave., 9pm.

wednesday • 23

Christopher Dale & Friends, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm.
Emma's Gut Bucket Band, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
The Doobie Brothers, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Rachel Price, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
The Blokes, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Ste. A, Carlsbad, 9pm.

thursday • 24

San Diego Six, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
Blues Lite Specials, Trolley Square, Santee, 6:30pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Berry Street Park, 7071 Mt. Vernon St., Lemon Grove, 6:30pm.
John Foltz & Sven-Erik Seaholm, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Catherine Russell Trio, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Venice/Charlie Vaughn & the Daily Routine, 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.
Pool Party w/ Lady Dottie & the Diamonds, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., noon.
Celtic Ensemble, Twiggs, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.
Traditional Irish Session, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm.
Open Mic, Hot Java Cafe, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7:30pm.
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

Open Mic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.
Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.

every tuesday

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.
Open Mic, Channel Twelve25, 172 E. Main St., 7:30pm.
Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.
Shep Meyers, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Open Mic, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., O.B., 9pm.

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., 6pm.
Tomcat Courtney, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.

friday • 25

Michael Tiernan Trio, NBC Concerts on the Square, 225 Broadway, noon.
Tinsley Ellis, Poinsettia Park, 6600 Hidden Valley Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.
Big Rig Deluxe, Point Loma Park, 6pm.
Midili Brothers Band, Trolley Barn Park, Adams Ave. & Florida St., 6pm.
Screamin' Primas, Prescott Promenade, El Cajon, 6pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.
Paragon Jazz Band, Casa de Oro Cafe, 9809 Campo Rd., Spring Valley, 6:30pm.
Blues Picnic/Party, Campland by the Bay, Park Stage, 2211 Pacific Beach Dr., 7pm.
Delaney Gibson, Hot Java, 11738 Carmel Mtn. Rd., 7pm.
Lee Rocker, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Jim Earp/Terry Randall, Friendly Grounds Coffeehop, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 7:30pm.
Barbara Nesbitt, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 8pm.
Michael Brooks Gypsy Trio, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.
Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Katy Wong, Across the Street & Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Mayfield/The Howls, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
The Grams, Anthology, 1337 India St., 10pm.

saturday • 26

Chet & the Committee, Harley Davidson, Kearny Villa Rd., noon.
Adrienne Nims & Raggle-Taggle, Coronado Ferry Landing, Coronado, 2pm.
Robin Henkel Band, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 6pm.
The Blokes, Penny Lane, 1001 W. San Marcos Blvd., 6pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Bahia Resort, 988 W. Mission Bay Dr., 6pm.
Moonlight Serenade Orchestra, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
Sight & Sound, Bamboo Lounge, 1475 University Ave., 7:30pm.
The Coyote Problem, John & Patty's House Concert, Encinitas, 7:30pm. pattyimorris@roadrunner.com or 760/479-0255.
Jim Earp/Greg Campbell, Upstart Crow, Seaport Village, 835 W. Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.
Sophie Millman, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.

Open Mic, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Open Mic, Joe & Andys, 8344 La Mesa Blvd., 8pm.
Stepping Feet, W hiskey Girl, 600 5th Ave., 8:30pm.
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.
Lou Fanucchi, Wired Cafe, 8936 Towne Center Dr., 7pm.
Skelpin, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 8pm.
Traditional Irish Session, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.
Open Mic, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 9pm.
Jazz Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm.
Stepping Feet, RT's Longboard Grill, 1466 Garnet 10pm.

every friday

Sam Johnson Jazz Quartet, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 3pm.
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, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

every saturday

Open Mic, Surfdog's Java Hut, 1126 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 4pm.
Daniele Spadavecchia, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.
Tomcat Courtney/Jazzilla, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 7pm.

Los Lonely Boys/Los Lobos, Viejas, 5000 Willows Rd., Alpine, 8pm.
Zzymzy Quartet, Dance North County, 585 Encinitas Blvd., Ste. 100, 9pm.

sunday • 27

Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra w/ Laura Jane, Scripps Park, La Jolla Cove, 2pm.
Big Time Operator, Kate Sessions Park, Pacific Beach, 4pm.
The Blokes, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Peter Lang, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Ringo Starr & his All Starr Band, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

monday • 28

Derek Trucks & Susan Tedeschi, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

tuesday • 29

Daniele Spadavecchia, Hawthorns, 2895 University Ave., 6pm.

wednesday • 30

Christopher Dale & Friends, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm.
Arturo Sandoval, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
The Blokes, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Ste. A, Carlsbad, 9pm.

thursday • 31

Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 block of Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.
San Diego Banjo Band, Organ Pavillion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
Honky tonk Kings, Trolley Square, Santee, 6:30pm.
The Offbeats, Berry Street Park, 7071 Mt. Vernon St., Lemon Grove, 6:30pm.
John Foltz & Suzanne Reed, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Emmylou Harris, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 6:30pm.
Arturo Sandoval, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Kevin Hays & Eli Degibri, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., 7:30pm.
Toni Price, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.





Photo: kellycummings

Dust Bowl John Slaughter & his Okie Dokies



Photo: kellycummings

George Dickey



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Judy Taylor



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Alex Watts & Sara Petite



Photo: kellycummings

Men in period clothing



Photo: kellycummings

The Sundowners



Photo: kellycummings

Cowboy Allen Singer



Photo: kellycummings

Pauline Jimenez



Photo: kellycummings

Cowboy poet Stan Kruml



Photo: kellycummings

Trails & Rails



Photo: Lois Bach

Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns



Photo: Steve Covault

Cathryn Beeks & Jon Edwards tie the knot



Photo: Steve Covault

Rosie Flores @ the Belly Up



Photo: Steve Covault

Junior Brown @ the Belly Up



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Suzanne Reed @ Cosmos



Chris Clarke & Plow



Photo: Dennis Andersen

The lovely & talented Tanya Rose



Photo: Mike Spurgat

The Grams' Chuck Schiele & Craig Yerkes @ House of Blues



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Patty Hall & Greg Campbell



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Lou & Virginia Curtiss



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Bluegrass Ramblers



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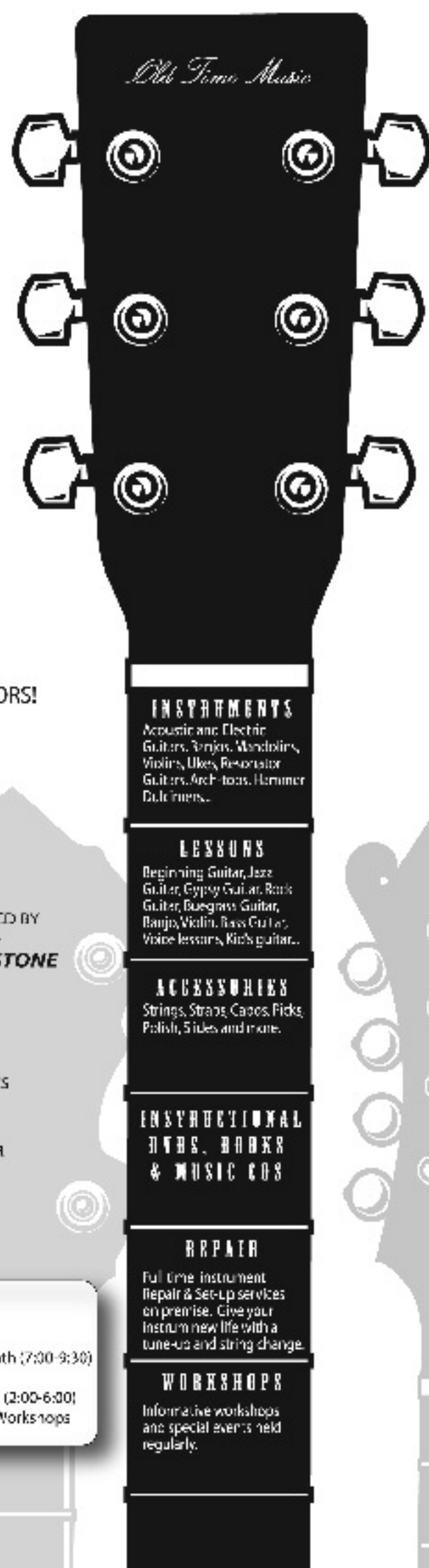
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Olde Tyme Fiddle Jam—First and third Thursday of the month (7:00-9:30)
Bluegrass Jam—Fifth Tuesday of month (8:30-9:30)
San Diego Folk Song Society—Second Sunday of the month (2:00-6:00)
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UPCOMING CONCERTS

Sat. June 26 7pm

Lou Fanucci Group

Django Musette: Gypsy Jazz and Musette
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\$15 at the door.

Fri. July 11 8pm

Andy Rau Bluegrass Band

\$20 at the door.

Sun. July 13 7pm

Wayne Riker opening for Ben Hernandez and Nathan James

Wayne will perform original acoustic guitar
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Nathan James and Ben play an entertaining
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Fri. July 25 8 p.m.

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