

T

SAN DIEGO

ROUBADOOR

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



April 2009

www.sandiegotroubadour.com

Vol. 8, No. 7

what's inside

Welcome Mat.....3

Contributors
Mail Box
Valley Music Store

Full Circle.....4

Scottsville Squirrel Barkers
Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Front Porch... ..6

George Svoboda

Parlor Showcase ...8

Chris Clarke

Ramblin'.....10

Bluegrass Corner
Zen of Recording
Hosing Down
Radio Daze
Stages

Highway's Song. ...12

Chris Hillman & Herb Pedersen

Of Note.....13

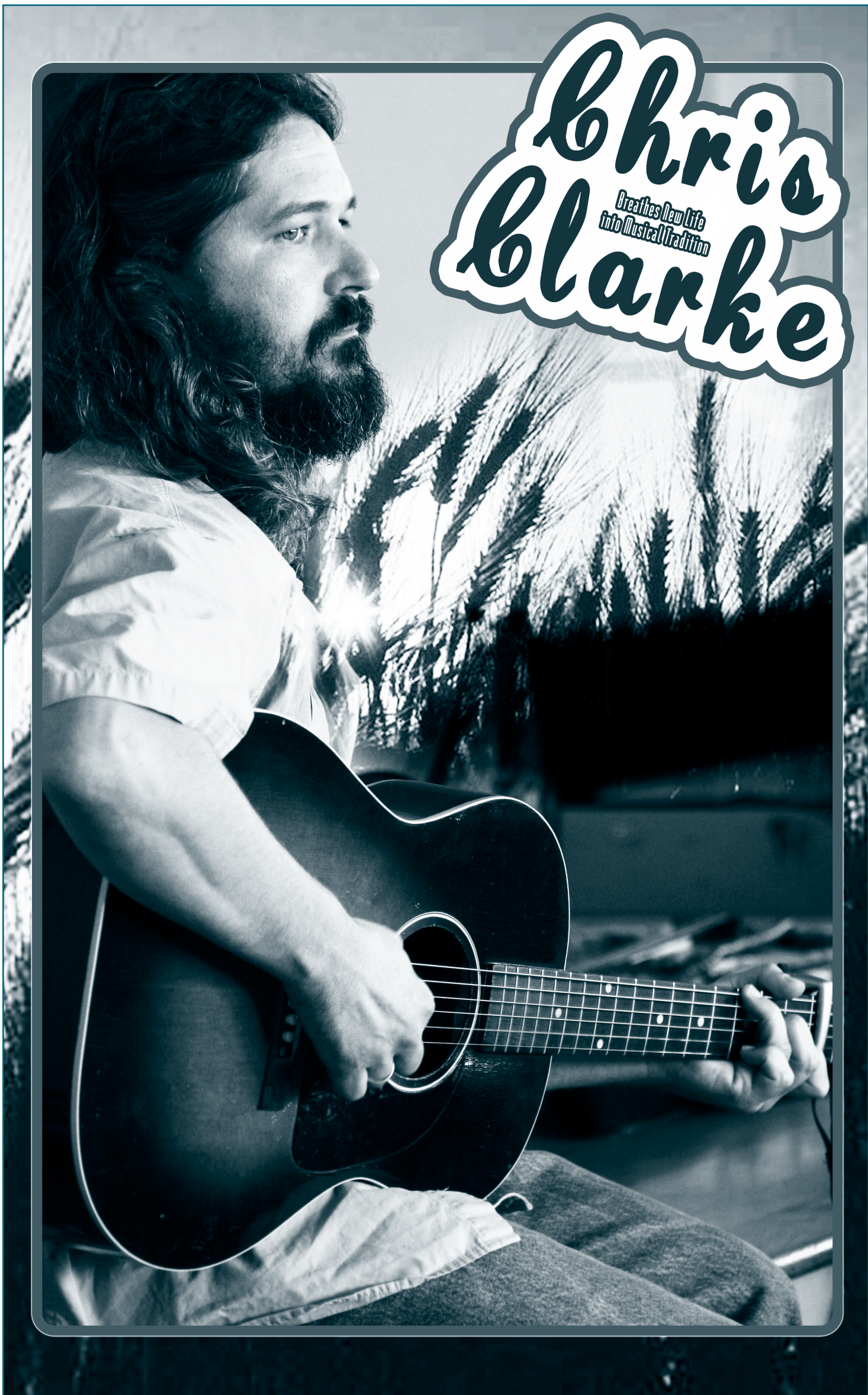
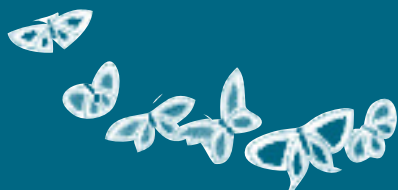
Dime Box
Israel Bissell
Zen Boy & Karma Girl
Delaney Gibson
Peter Sprague & Kevyn Lettau

'Round About14

April Music Calendar

The Local Seen.....15

Photo Page



THE ADAMS AVENUE BUSINESS ASSOCIATION PRESENTS THE 36TH ANNUAL

americana • old time music • traditional • appalachian • bluegrass • country • blues • cowboy music

ROOTS & FOLK FESTIVAL



6 STAGES
CRAFT VENDORS
2 BEER GARDENS
SONG SWAPS
CARNIVAL RIDES
BUSKERS' CORNER
FREE ADMISSION

Ross Altman
C. Daniel Bolling
Bonne Musique Zydeco
Phill Boroff
John Bosley
Curt Bouterse
Shaun Croninwell
Bliz Dempsey
Dime Box
Folding Mr. Lincoln
Patty Hall
Robin Henkel
Hullabaloo
Mark Jackson Band
Nathan James Band
Zach Lupetin & the Dustbowl Revival
Mas Grande
Merle Jagger
Mighty Mississippi
Julie Mintz
New Lost Melody Boys
Panache Orchestra
Sara Petite & the Tiger Mountain Boys
Plow
San Diego Cajun Playboys
Roy Schmeck & the Schmeck-Tones
Shady Side Players
Shawn Rohlf & the Buskers
Daniele Spadavecchia Trio
This Just In!
Three Chord Justice
Lindsay Tomasic
Tumbling Tumbleweeds
Steve White

ADAMS AVENUE APR. 25 & 26, 2009



Chris Hillman & Herb Pedersen



The Scottsville Squirrel Barkers



Kathy Larisch & Carol McComb



Yale Strom & Hot Pstromi



Saturday, 10a.m.-6p.m. • Sunday, 10a.m.-4p.m.
36th Street & Adams Ave. • San Diego, California
Schedule & Performance subject to Change

Booth rentals & further info: 619-282-7329

www.adamsaveonline.com



better water. pure and simple.





T O G E T H E R A G A I N The Scottsville Squirrel Barkers

by Lyle Duplessie

Over the last 40 years, countless musical trends and trend setters have come, gone, and long been forgotten. Not so the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers, San Diego's first bluegrass band. From its humble origins at the original Blue Guitar location on Midway Drive, it can reasonably be argued that this band was the springboard for much of the great Southern California-rooted music that would follow. Though together for just a couple of years – roughly 1961 to 1963 – this local band has left an enduring and indelible legacy in its wake. And they're reuniting again this year at the Adam's Avenue Roots and Folk Festival. This will mark the second reunion (first one was in 2003) for them following a hiatus that lasted 40 years.

Where does the name 'Scottsville Squirrel Barkers' come from?, you might ask. When Ed Douglas proposed the name, the name sure had an authentic ring, but what did it mean? Ed explained that "squirrel barking" was the name given to a squirrel-hunting technique invented around the time of Daniel Boone and still practiced today. When a hunter saw a squirrel in a tree, he would whistle. The squirrel would freeze on its branch and the hunter would aim his rifle at the bark on the branch where the squirrel stood. When the bullet hit the bark, it would blow the squirrel off the branch, which would land on the ground unconscious. The hunter would then have an unmarked squirrel with a lot more meat left on for the supper meal. Ed learned this technique first hand as a kid visiting his uncle's farm in Scottsville, Kentucky.

Some fortunate souls can still recall seeing the Squirrel Barkers in their heyday. Others, myself included, only learned about the band some years later. The first time I stumbled onto a reference about the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers was about 1970. I was a senior in high school and my musical tastes and identity were taking shape via the Byrds. The first generation of Byrds had come and gone, yet I was still learning from their music and that of the splinter groups, such as the Flying Burrito Brothers, CS&N,



Squirrel Barkers in the early days. (l to r) Kenny Wertz, Chris Hillman, Gary Carr, Ed Douglas, Larry Murray

and Dillard and Clark. I learned that before the Byrds and all that would follow, there were the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers. Could it be that this band was the musical missing link that would evolve into California folk-rock and California country-rock?

Examining the relationship close up, there certainly appears to be a connection. Chris Hillman, the group's mandolin player, would later be a founding member of the Byrds and lead the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame group into country and country-rock. Hillman also co-founded the Flying Burrito Brothers with former Byrd Gram Parsons. From the late '80s to the early '90s, Hillman's Desert Rose Band revived the California country music tradition. Hillman remains a creative, viable force in music. Larry Murray, on dobro, would campaign his folk-country-rock group Hearts and Flowers, a band that added to the cool Southern California musical climate of the late '60s. Banjo picker Kenny Wertz became a latter day Burrito Brother. With legendary fiddler Byron Berline, Wertz helped to found the red-hot California-based bluegrass band Country Gazette.

When Wertz left to join the U.S. Air Force, another future R&R Hall of Famer,

Bernie Leadon, was invited to sit in on banjo. He would go on to greater glories, joining Larry Murray in Hearts and Flowers, becoming a Dillard and Clark Expedition member, a Burrito Brother, and finally culminating as an Eagle, the most famous of all California-based country-rock bands. Indeed, for many of us, Leadon was the essence of that band. (At the time of this writing, it is uncertain whether Leadon will be a part of this reunion in which case Hillman's long-time partner Herb Pedersen will fill in.) Doug Jeffords will also be joining the group, a guitarist who was present at the 2003 reunion. Gary Carr, the original guitarist for the Squirrel Barkers passed away while still a young man.

Then there's our *Troubadour* friend Ed Douglas. It was Ed, the Squirrel Barkers' bass player, who picked the name for the band. It was Ed who found and secured the old Blue Guitar digs on Midway Drive. It was Ed who was the driving force behind the formation of the Squirrel Barkers. And if we take this logic to its final conclusion, isn't it reasonable to say that without Ed's key moves at key times, nothing that we know today as the California sound of folk, rock, or country would have ever come to pass...?

If you missed the Squirrel Barkers when they played the Roots and Folk Festival in 2003, you have another chance to see them LIVE! Don't miss the band that gave rise to so much of California's musical heritage.

The Scottsville Squirrel Barkers will perform at the Adams Avenue Roots & Folk Festival on Sunday only, April 26, 4-5:15pm on the Park Stage.



Squirrel Barkers first reunion at the 2003 Roots Festival



Phil Harmonic sez

*"I'll play it first
and tell you what it
is later."*

— Miles Davis

Earth Day

at Balboa Park, San Diego

Visit the Moon Stage sponsored by
ListenLocalSD.com

MUSIC FROM 10AM TO 4PM

Tori Roze • The Ordeal
The Flowerthief • The Donnis Trio
Christopher Dale • Barbara Nesbitt
Citizen Band • Steph Johnson
Deadline Friday



Sunday, April 9



KEVshows

www.kevmusic.com for more details

APRIL 9 (THURS) 7 PM.

Milano Coffee (619) 263-3233

and Bullhorn's Policy Monkey

APRIL 10 (FRI) 8 PM.

Borders Books Mission Valley

APRIL 11 (SAT) 7 PM.

UpstartCrew, Beacon Village

APRIL 17 (FRI) 6-9 PM.

Wynola Pizza Express (760) 765-1004

Cover: Doug Campbell

APRIL 18 (SAT) 7-9 PM.

Livingroom Cafe - Old Town (619) 325-4445

APRIL 24 (FRI) 7-9 PM.

Livingroom Cafe - Old Town (619) 325-4445

MAY 1 (FRI) 7-9 PM.

Livingroom Cafe - Old Town (619) 325-4445

Learn to play the guitar. It's fun.

I teach kids. I teach beginners.

It's fun! Get your kids started. Get yourself started!
You will learn a variety of guitar techniques
and styles. I'll help you reach your guitar goals.

Online classes available sign up now. Holdings for Saturday Classes.

KEV is an acoustic guitar player, a guitar teacher, and a guitar enthusiast. He has been playing guitar for over 20 years and has taught guitar to many students. He is a member of the San Diego Guitar Society and the International Guitar Society.

Hear my CD Acoustic Dreams on iTunes.

www.KEVmusic.com

School of Guitar Wednesday™

TO SCHEDULE A LESSON WITH KEV
email: kev@kevmusic.com

Lessons held at Old Time Music

2852 University Avenue

San Diego, CA 92104

619 280 9035

www.sdooldtimemusic.com



info: 619.665.1745

Acoustic Swing, Jazz with Soul

www.staceyandthestimuluspackage.com

The Blue Guitar

Est. 1961

Taylor

HUSS & DALTON
MUSIC INSTRUMENTS

Seagull

- **Taylor Guitars**
Taylor's New Dealer of the Year Award Winner!
- **Huss & Dalton Guitars**
Top 10 Huss & Dalton Dealer of the Year!
- **Santa Cruz Guitar Company Guitars**
- **Breedlove and Larrivee Guitars**
- **Tom Anderson, G&L, and Godin Electric Guitars**
- **Fine Concert Classical and Flamenco Guitars from Spain**
- **Rick Turner and Renaissance Guitars**
- **Seagull, Simon and Patrick, Art and Lutherie Guitars**
- **Hawaiian Ukuleles, Banjos, Mandolins, and More**
- **Victoria, Fishman, Orange, THD, and Roland Amplifiers**
- **Repairs and Restorations for All Fretted Instruments by Yuris Zeltins and staff**
- **Lessons with Robin Henkel, Anna Troy, and More!**



5959 Mission Gorge Rd., Ste. 101 in Mission Valley (across from S.D. Toyota)

www.theblueguitar.com • 619.283.2700

New Hours: Mon. thru Fri. 11am-7pm • Sat. 11am-5pm • Closed Sun.

Classic Bows Violin Shop

OLD WORLD STYLE FOR THE 21st CENTURY



- Violins, violas, cellos, bows
- Strings at discounted prices
- We purchase stringed instruments and bows at competitive prices
- Appraisals (written and verbal)
- Quality repair work
- Visit classicbows.com for more details

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S ONLY MUSICAL GIFT BOUTIQUE

t-shirts, ties, greeting cards, tote bags, hats, jewelry,
decorative items, scarves, rubber stamps, sunglasses,
beach towels, magnets, picture frames, stationery items,
and much more!

2721 Adams Ave., San Diego, CA 92116

(619) 282-2010 • www.classicbows.com

Centrally located in the historic Antique Row, just south of Mission Valley



Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Photo: Bill Richardson



Lou Curtiss

IDEAS: HOW ABOUT IT?

Well we had a real successful benefit concert for the Lou Curtiss Sound Library Digitization Project. That means we will be going to Washington DC from May 27 to May 30 for the 43rd annual convention of the Association of Recorded Sound Collections (ARSC) and to meet with the folks at the Folk Life Division of the Library of Congress. I'd like to thank all the folks who played at the concert (Gregory Page, Sarah Petite, Robin Henkel, Tanya Rose & the Buffalo Chip Kickers, Wayne Brandon, Los Californios, Phil Baroff, Chris Clarke & Plow, Patty Hall, Curt Bouterse, Allen Singer, and Dane Terry). Lots of good folks and friends there, although you might have thought that some of the Adams Avenue Business Association board members would have shown up. (I did serve on that board for almost 15 years, booking their festivals and all.) Oh well, at least some of the good folks from the North Park Business Improvement District were there. Maybe we can do a Folk Life Festival in North Park. How about it?

Well, we've done all the work of digitizing about 420 reel-to-reel tapes of the early San Diego Folk Festivals, related concerts, and field recordings with the grant money we got

from the Grammy folks and now we just got word that Grammy won't be renewing the project, so, it's up to us to seek another grant, or raise money in other ways. Both the Library of Congress and UCLA want to continue as co-sponsors. We've also had inquiries from San Diego State University about getting involved with the SDSU Library, which might be considered a home for the digitized collection). There are some 1,500 plus reels to go that are essential to include in the Library of Digital Copies (the 10th through 20th San Diego Folk Festivals, 15 or so Adams Avenue Roots Festivals I was involved with; some Adams Ave Street Fair acoustic stuff, blues, rockabilly, and other stuff; a bunch of other festivals and field recordings I made in various places like Sweets Mill and Tucson; the five or so Blues Festivals I was involved with; the concerts at Orango's Natural Food Restaurant, Folk Arts Rare Records, and various other places). Since we started the project other people who have tapes have come forward with stuff worth including in the collection and we've started to be the middle man in getting those libraries included in the collection, like recordings from Escondido's In the Alley coffee house and others. We'll be doing more benefit concerts and making more efforts to get this stuff done. If you can think of any way to help with the fund raising, please do so. I'm sure one of the

non-profit organizations, such as San Diego Folk Heritage and San Diego Friends of Old Time Music could be a repository for your donation. How about it?

Quite a few years back, when some of the elementary schools in Seattle were closing, a group of concerned folklife type people went to the city with an idea. They would take over one of those schools and open a Seattle Folklife Center. They'd rent out classrooms for various kinds of projects (traditional crafts, instrument lessons, a folklife, folklore, and folk and roots music library, and a concert hall or two that could be used for music not often heard in San Diego. The school could even be a location for a folklife type music festival or even several reflecting the various musical traditions in our city that are so often overlooked. The Seattle idea has been very successful. They rent the campus from the city at a nominal dollar-a-year type fee and they have built a year-round program of musical and folklife events that have brought in tourists from all over, which has richly improved the cultural life of the city. If you think this is a good idea, why don't you bring it to the attention of your San Diego City Council and mayor? It's an idea that has a proven track record. Again, it needs a group of people that want to get involved.

Kyle McCarthy, founder of the Save Old Time Music group and who recently brought the Carolina Chocolate Drops to our city is interested as are other people I've talked to, including obviously myself and hopefully you. How about it?

I've always referred to folkmusic, folk-dance, and folklife in general as "the stepchild of the arts." We are always the last to get funding after the symphony, the opera, Broadway and the musical stage, movies, and of course pop music of all sorts and kinds . . . even when all these other kinds of music came out of folk traditions originally. I remember once, back at the time of the city's centennial, I was asked to serve on the Music Committee to represent the local folk music community. At the first meeting it was decided by the opera, symphony, and the guy from Starlight Musicals that the music I represented wasn't real music and didn't belong in a San Diego City Music Committee. They decided that folk music just wasn't a part of our city's history. That attitude is still around and it still gets in our way. We have to speak up for our music and when folks slap it down, we've got to slap back. How about it?

Recordially,
Lou Curtiss

Folk Arts Rare Records.com
Est. 1967
Vintage Vinyl Recordings:
LPs, 45s and Rare 78s

"Folk Arts is a Soul Food Library and Seed Bank much like the Library of Congress, where you go to light your torch. All the secrets of the universe are there."
— Tom Waits

JAZZ ROOTS
KSBS-FM 88.3
Sunday 8-10 pm
JAZZ88ONLINE.org

Now at 2881 Adams Avenue 282-7833 Open 7 Days

Jazz • R&B • Blues • Folk • Country • Vaudeville
Old Radio • Movie Tracks • Shows • Big Bands • Flt.

Ponce's Mexican Restaurant
Monday thru Saturday: 10am-9:30pm
Closed Sunday

4050 Adams Avenue
San Diego CA 92116
P- 619.282-4413
F- 619.640-1750

PONCE'S

Larry's Beach Club
Presents...
North San Diego County's Original
Songwriter's Showcase
A Weekly Concert Series Featuring Original Live Music
8-11pm...Every **Monday** with your host...DJ Pops

4/6...
Soul Missive...Charlie Imes...John Shipe
4/13...
Ron Ball...Gary Seiler
4/20...
To Be Announced
4/27...
Jimmy Ray...K.C. Simpson...Jacqui Foreman

Larry's Beach Club... "Where Locals Hangout"
(Formerly McCabe's Beach Club)
1145 S. Tremont Oceanside Ca. 92054 (760) 439-6646
For more information call (760) 439-8790. Songwriters interested in performing may read CD and names at: DJ Pops @ 1145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, Ca. 92054

A Natural Alternative to Current Funeral Practices

Thresholds is a socially responsible, non-institutional funeral establishment. We provide full-service natural deathcare (no embalming) specializing in in-home funerals and church and graveside services. Direct cremation and burial options are available for those preferring minimal services.

Thresholds

Thresholds Home Funerals, FD 1788
3950 Oregon Street, Ste. 110 • San Diego, CA 92104

Phone: 619/350 9264 • Fax: 619/350 9262
homefunerals@cox.net • www.thresholds.us

Kat Alessi, Owner/Operator
Eric Putt, MBA, FDR 2173, Thresholds Mortuary Manager

Empowering families and friends to reclaim the sanctity of death


DARK THIRTY PRODUCTIONS
www.darkthirty.com presents

SHANA MORRISON
WITH THE JOHN STEWART BAND



Saturday, May 2, 7:30pm
Tickets: \$20

RESERVATIONS: (619) 443-9622



HELIX MOUNTAIN COFFEE

Our name has changed, but our organic coffees are just as delicious!

HelixMountainCoffee@gmail.com
EMAIL US FOR A WHOLESALE PRICE LIST!

MOZE Guitars
619 698 1185

• Lessons • Repairs
• Parts • Guitars • Bases
• Accessories • Books

MOZE GUITARS
8415 La Mesa Blvd.
La Mesa, CA 91941



Located in the La Mesa Village
mozeguitars.com



Valley Music, continued

Valley Music, identified as Smokey Rogers Music Store, in 1954.

A decade later, members of a Mount Helix garage band that were soon to morph into the iconic Iron Butterfly purchased their first guitars at Valley Music, really the only music outlet east of downtown San Diego.

Soon afterward, Valley Music would be immortalized in popular literature when the great gonzo journalist Lester Bangs included it in his Vietnam-era chronicles of benz-drine sojourns throughout the East County that included trips to “Grossmont Junior College” and “San Diego State College.”

And, in the album notes to the first *KGB Homegrown*, released in 1973, Bangs’ protégé Cameron Crowe would mention Valley Music while reviewing the young Cactus Jim’s band, Montezuma’s Revenge.

But, as the decades wore on, El Cajon’s lazy pepper trees and willows and streets lined with elm were bulldozed in favor of apartments and ever-wider streets to accommodate the East County’s unmitigated population growth that tore the small town feel out of El Cajon’s heart. Instead of rolling fields, orange groves, and the occasional rider on horseback, El Cajon grew from a humble cow town to a clamoring city of 100,000 today.

As El Cajon transformed so did the music industry, especially in the areas of music equipment and retail. While Cactus and Rita minded the store (the Ballroom was long gone by the 1970s), newer stores specializing in everything from records, stereos, and band instruments to electric guitars with a rock ‘n’ roll attitude popped up and began to draw customers away from the one-stop-shop that Valley Music had offered the East County for so long. In addition, the new stores grew bigger and bigger into the “big box” outlets we know today. These larger stores were better able to handle the expanded product lines of the name-brand guitar manufacturers such as Gibson and Fender. So, within all this growth and transformation, Valley Music had to carve out a very small niche in the East County market that had once been its exclusive domain.

About this same time, the Soldi kids – Cactus Jim and his sister Andrea – began stretching out on their own. Andrea, in fact, joined the carnival and left town altogether until shortly before her father’s death in 1990. Cactus Jim, on the other hand, followed in his father’s early footsteps and hit the road, recording with some of country music’s finest, including Waylon Jennings and Johnny Paycheck, not to mention two years of touring with Ricky Skaggs and four years with Johnny Cash. Of Cactus Jim, Cash once called him “the best player in the business.” Perhaps he was remembering that morning at 3:30 when he and Jim’s father and a carload of Cash’s band set about trying out all the instruments in the store during that long-ago jam session and guitar-buying spree.



The Western Caravan

Preceded shortly before by Rita, Cactus’ death brought the two kids back home. And, after this long journey, they are both keeping the store running much like it did in 1952. Its small town feel is immediately apparent upon entering. Andrea is there most days and helps customers find anything from a vast collection of books and sheet music. A healthy selection of guitar parts, strings, and accessories hang behind the counter. Full-service repairs are also offered there. There are CDs for sale although the albums and Decca record players are long gone. Also included in the modest showroom are a number of fine instruments, mostly guitars, both new and used, along with an equally impressive stock of amplifiers and assorted gear. There are even a few resident pros who offer lessons in the back.

But, what is so impressive about Valley Music is the sense that one is stepping back in time. To walk in the front door you must realize that you are standing in room where some of the biggest names in American popular music have also stood over the last 50 years or so. If these walls could only talk, and talk about what they’ve heard, they’d talk about the shiny Cadillacs and DeSotos parked outside and the guys with names like Hank and Eddie and Tex and Johnny who sauntered out of the hot, dusty sun or warm moonlight for a song or two and maybe even a nip off a flask usually kept hidden in someone’s coat pocket. These walls would talk about the young kids with dreams of rock operas floating through their heads who found solace in the squeaky sounds of spinning records. These walls would talk about psychedelic teenagers and teenagers soon bound for Vietnam, teenagers who rolled out of the apartments and trailer parks searching for the music that would lift them away from the blue-collar booby prize that El Cajon dangles in front of those who grew up just a little too far east of Paradise and the postcard

promises of cosmopolitan San Diego.

“Sometimes we see dead people floating through here,” Jim laughs. “Sometimes they even come out and sing late at night after everybody has gone home.” Well, if they did, these walls would’ve heard them.

Two Valley Music Relocation Parties have been planned. One will be held on Sunday, April 5, 1pm, at Valley Music (530 E. Main St., El Cajon), music provided by the California Rangers, the Slidewinders, Kelli Lydell, Vic Gross, and other guests. Admission is free. The second Relocation Party happens on Sunday, April 19, 4-8pm, at the Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon. Music provided by Eve Selis



THE REPAIR ZONE
PARTS & SERVICE

REPAIRS & MODIFICATIONS FOR ALL FRETTED INSTRUMENTS

FRED MAROTTA
GUITAR TECHNICIAN

8125 RONSON ROAD
SUITE B
SAN DIEGO, CA 92111

858-365-7984

Play Guitar Naked

Sara Petite
Lead the Parade

Lead the Parade

The new CD from Sara Petite

“Petite soaks her music with passion and emotion and is able to touch us with this wonderful debut.”
– Freddy Celis, *Roots Time, Belgium*

“Her sound is distilled and refined like a smooth whiskey.”
– John Phillip Wylie, *SD Troubadour*

★ 2006 Semi-finalist - International Songwriting Contest, Nashville TN
★ 2006 Finalist - performer - Great Waters Folk Festival NH

Order **LEAD THE PARADE** at:
SaraPetite.com

with Jim Soldi and Mark Twang, Bleu Dawg, Berkley Hart, the Honky Tonk Kings, Tom Hiatt, and others. Admission: \$10. There is also a \$10 buffet.

The Valley Music Folks are looking for volunteers to help with the move. In addition, donations will be gratefully accepted (mail to Valley Music, 530 E. Main St., El Cajon 92020).

David N. Jones Violins
4134 Adams Avenue, Loft 2
San Diego, CA 92116



619-280-8997
www.davidnjonesviolins.com

Press pound, then 02 (#02) in the elevator lobby code box to ring the shop

Catch Michael Tiernan this month...
....without ever having to leave your home!

Introducing
High Noon with TiernanTunes
Live Internet Lunchtime Concerts

Every Friday
@ Noon



Tune in to
www.tiernantunes.tv
and click on 'My Shows'
Stop by, listen,
and chat w/!

Also - catch The Tiernan Trio @ Calypso Cafe
Thursday, April 9

www.tiernantunes.com

THREE-CHORD JUSTICE

DEEP FRIED NUGGETS OF AMERICANA GOODNESS

April 4, 9pm Alpine Inn, 2223 Alpine Blvd., Alpine
April 18, 9pm Rosie O'Grady's, 3402 Adams Ave., S.D.
April 25, 11am Adams Ave. Roots & Folk Festival, Beer Garden
April 26, 3pm Adams Ave. Roots & Folk Festival, Hawley Stage
May 2, 9pm Alpine Inn, 2223 Alpine Blvd., Alpine
May 8, 9pm Tiki House, 1162 Garnet Ave., Fair's Beach
May 10, 2:30pm Calypso Cafe, Spanish Landing Park
May 16, 9pm Cheers, 2470 Main St., Ramona

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/THREECHORDJUSTICE



HIT SINGLE RECORDING STUDIO

SINCE 1976

CLIENTS INCLUDE: BOB HARRIS • BOBIE FLORES • CALIFORNIA SWING CARS • HOT ROD LACQUA • FORBIDDEN PIES • FUZZY & THE BLUESMEN • KINGSTON TRIO • JOY EDEY • HARRISON DUDLEY • LUC • LOS ALCAZAR • LISA FULLER • REBECCA KLEBER • MIA MOON • PALADIN • SMOO ACQUET • COUNTRY DICK • MONTANA • NICK NEWMAN • PABLO • JOEY HARRIS • and many more!

- Commercial location. Large tracking and isolation rooms
- Steinway "D" piano
- Extensive microphone selection
- 24-48 Tracks analog/digital recording
- Protools HD w/ Apogee Interface
- Racks of classic signal processors
- Plate and digital reverbs

(619) 258-1080
1935C Friendship Dr. El Cajon 92020
www.hitsinglerecording.com

URBAN ACOUSTIC PLAYHOUSE

urbanacousticplayhouse.com
835 25th Street, San Diego, CA 92102

**BETTER...
THAN OTHER SHOWS.**

☆☆☆

**ROOTS MUSIC
STORY-TELLING
HOME COOKING**

\$10

It all starts at 6:00 PM,
SATURDAY APRIL 18, 2009!

We need you.
We promise!

CLASSICAL GUITARIST EMBRACES ETHNIC MUSIC GEORGE SVOBODA

photo & story by Paul Hormick

George Svoboda grew up in Cheb, a very quiet Czech town three miles from the then West German border and about 50 miles from Pilsen, the German town famous for Pilsner beer. This tiny hamlet at the center of Eastern Europe gave Svoboda a great opportunity to soak up a wide array of music. There were the traditional folk songs of the Czechs and Slovaks. And he heard the music of Germany and the Russians, who occupied the country during the Cold War years. There was the music of the Slavs and the Gypsies that traversed the country. So, when his father, an amateur violinist, encouraged him to pick up the violin, an instrument suited to or featured in all the different music Svoboda grew up with, he did not jump at the chance. "Back then the violin was not the instrument to play. It would not have been cool," he says. "I wanted to play rock and roll, so I wanted to play guitar."

Today, Svoboda may not be known for his rock and roll, but when you hear his name, the first thing that comes to mind is the guitar. A first-place winner of the guitar competition in the city of Kromeriz in his native Czech Republic, Svoboda has performed throughout Europe and the U.S. All the great musical organizations in San Diego, including this city's opera, ballet company, the symphony, and the Old Globe Theatre, have had the guitarist as a performer or collaborator.

Back in Czechoslovakia, Svoboda's childhood wish for a guitar came true, with a nylon-stringed guitar to unwrap under the tree one Christmas morning. The young Svoboda took to the instrument naturally. Without lessons or training, he taught himself to play songs of the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and other pop and rock hits that came across the Iron Curtain.

Svoboda may have wound up as another rocker, a Les Paul slung over his shoulder and plugged into a Marshall stack turned up to 11. But four years after receiving the nylon-stringed guitar, he turned on a radio. Across the airwaves came the sounds of the great classical guitarist, Andres Segovia, playing Francisco Tarrega's "Adelita." "It was the most wonderful music I had ever heard," Svoboda remembers. Thereafter he was drawn to classical music, and pop music occupied less and less of his attention. Today, classical and other music oriented to the classical guitar, such as flamenco, are the focus of his musical interests. "I don't think I've played an electric guitar in 20 years," he says. "I like the classical guitar. I like the feel of nylon under my fingers."

Grabbing chords and riffs off the rock and pop records had come easily for Svoboda. With classical music, he was now inspired to seriously study music – its theory, notation, and techniques – and to learn all that he could about the intricacies and subtleties that the guitar was capable of. "I was getting into the craft of playing guitar, of playing music. Before, I was relying on intuition. Now I wanted to learn how music works," he says. "Also, as I became more serious about music, I started to appreciate it all the more." After two years of compulsory military service, Svoboda entered the Pilsner Conservatory to study guitar and performance, completing four years of a six-year study program.

The Berlin Wall fell and the Soviet Union imploded 20 years ago, so it's easy to forget the Cold War and the heavy-handed rule that the Soviet Union exerted on its satellite states. But Svoboda remembers. Normally jovial, with a boyish smile, a cloud comes over his face when he recalls the trials of living under the Soviet system, particularly for an artistic person. "I did not want to take the time for the Party meetings and other nonsense like that. I just wanted to



George Svoboda

play music," he says.

Svoboda and a few of his friends decided to leave Czechoslovakia and make their way to a freer life in the West. Working through personal channels – friends and acquaintances with connections that were the only way to get anything done during the Soviet era – Svoboda and his friends received a permit to travel to what was then Yugoslavia. That country was communist and lead by strongman Tito but was not fully under the thumb of the Russians. The group had an easier time of getting around its Iron Curtain. From Yugoslavia the cadre made their way to Austria and were able to find positions in a refugee camp there. From Austria, Svoboda was offered asylum here in the U.S. He had the opportunity to set roots down in Newark, New Jersey, but by chance he was also offered sponsorship by a church in El Cajon to move there instead.

It was then that Svoboda said goodbye to Soviet bureaucrats and hello to the land of cheeseburgers, Cadillacs, 24-hour cable, and blue jeans. But his first days in the land of the free and the home of the brave brought new challenges. His new digs were found in a trailer park, and a noisy trailer park at that. Svoboda spoke several languages, Czech, German, Slovak, even Russian, but knew very little in the way of the English language. His first attempts at becoming an Anglo were frustrating and often comical. But work came. He began performing at Drowsy Maggies and other cafés and coffee shops, and he found a place to teach guitar at McCrea's Music store in La Mesa.

Although he had finished four years of a six-year degree program at Pilsner, when he showed officials at San Diego State his work, they were skeptical. Ultimately, they came back with disappointing news. "They said that it was at about a high school level," says Svoboda. Well past the age of a typical undergraduate, Svoboda entered State as an undergraduate. He says, "I was in my forties when I started out as a freshman. I was teaching guitar at the time, so sometimes it was odd that I would be in class and be sitting next to one of my students." Working and raising a family, Svoboda plugged on after finishing his bachelor's and completed a master's degree in guitar at SDSU.

In the eighties Svoboda formed a guitar duo with another local classical guitarist, Rod Sherrod. Sherrod suggested forming a trio and introduced Svoboda to Fred Benedetti. "Rod brought Fred over for rehearsal, and we tried some pieces. Things just didn't work out. It just didn't work as a trio, but I could tell right away that Fred was an exceptional player," says Svoboda. "And there was a real chemistry there. I didn't have to explain things to him and we just clicked." The meeting with Benedetti was one of the most fruitful for Svoboda. The two guitarists have performed as a duo for decades. They have often been heard in Southern California, and tour dates have taken them to the rest of the U.S., Mexico,

Taiwan, and Europe. The two have recorded four disks, all of which celebrate the heritage of the classical guitar with its roots in Spain.

Svoboda was one of the founding members of the Second Avenue Klezmer Ensemble. He used to frequent a music store along University Avenue in North Park to pick up sheet music and an occasional set of strings. He would often talk to Debbie Davis, who worked at the music shop. Davis grew up in Brooklyn and assimilated the folk tunes and the music of "Jewish Broadway," which had thrived along New York's Second Avenue, from her Jewish grandmother. Davis began to interest Svoboda in the Klezmer music from her childhood. As they reviewed the frelachs, horas, and waltzes of the repertoire, Svoboda noted that he was already familiar with the tunes, as they were the songs and music that were played by the Gypsies back in Czechoslovakia.

The duo has grown to a five piece. Clarinetist Robert Zelikman, who teaches at UCSD and performs with the San Diego Symphony, was the first addition. And San Diego's VIB (Very Important Bassist) Bert Turetzky, joined up with the ensemble as well. The most recent member is Drummer Jon Wishnuff. Svoboda enjoys his role in the ensemble "As a classical guitarist, you are always in the spotlight. It is nice to perform and be on the sidelines, and let the other musicians be the stars," he says. "And I've always been draw to ethnic music, wherever it comes from. It is simple but still quite beautiful." Today the ensemble performs at a variety of venues throughout Southern California. Reviews have noted their ability to entertain and yet give a realistic sense of another culture. Fittingly, the titles of their disks sound like musical selections from *Fiddler on the Roof*, *For Our Mothers*, *Traditions and Transitions*, and *Celebration*.

"After 20 years they made me full time," Svoboda jokes. He is referring to his teaching position at Mesa College. Each semester there his teaching load includes about a half dozen private students and about 50 students for classroom instruction. "With my students I emphasize the craft of playing the guitar," says Svoboda. It's a lesson that takes some patience, as many of his students have played guitar for years but have grown to rely on electricity and amplification instead of learning the finesse that it takes to produce the sound from nylon strings on a wooden guitar. Svoboda has also taught at Grossmont College and been a faculty member at his alma mater, SDSU, and at CSU San Marcos.

More teaching and performing are in line for Svoboda, including a possible tour with Benedetti in the Czech Republic next year. The new year also brings other priorities for the guitarist. Svoboda talks about surfing, a pastime that Benedetti introduced him to, and the fulfillment he gets from his family. He says, "I'm at the point now that, although music is still very important to me, there are other things that I enjoy as much as I've enjoyed music."



by Allen Singer
photos by Dennis Andersen

FIRST, A DETOUR

While driving over to Chris Clarke's house the other day to spend some time talking and finding out about his life as well as picking guitar (which we never got around to), I was reminded of an old bus trip and speaking tour I took with some friends back in April, 1963. We were an integrated group of 18-year-olds, including some members of the Imperial Lords' bopping gang, who had grown up together in the Elliott Houses, a low-income project in the Manhattan neighborhood of Chelsea. We were joined on this trip by some new friends who lived in the Penn South Co-Op, a Union-sponsored housing cooperative just a few blocks away from our housing project. The trip was our own freedom ride down South and the majority of the group was African-American. We got on our Greyhound bus in New York City's Port Authority bus terminal at 2 a.m., amidst the night people, street people, whores, hustlers, and crooks. We were heading south for Virginia. After we left Washington, D.C., we could feel the tension rise as we rolled over the Potomac toward Lexington, Virginia, where we were to speak at Washington and Lee University, a fine institution that reeked of southern tradition and even had the bones of Robert E. Lee's horse displayed behind glass. On the way to the college, we stopped in Richmond, Virginia, which was to be Chris Clarke's home town six years later. Richmond was a town whose name I'd sung in songs I was picking and singing back in New York during the early 1960s in what would come to be called "the Great Folk Revival." In Richmond we entered the Greyhound bus stop restaurant and sat at the lunch counter, which still had the signs of segregation, referring the coloreds to the back door, separate drinking fountains for coloreds and whites, and two crossed flags – one the stars and stripes and the other a confederate one. You could feel the room temperature rise and the staring eyes in the restaurant, and hear the silent wish from the patrons that we would just disappear. These were tense times and I realized that I although I loved the music, the realities of life in the old South still hadn't changed that much, even three years after the Greensboro sit-in. I began to recognize that the heart of a music I loved still had its contradictions and conflicts deep in its Southern roots. As I was driving up to Chris's house, I understood why I was doing this, why I was visiting Richmond again, and trying to figure out where to start my conversation with Chris. It was my old conflict of a New York kid trying to justify an interest in a regional music that was birthed in a place about which many of us felt ambivalence and fear, despite our love and respect for its musical connections.

During the late 1950s and 1960s, some of us urban kids tried to play the old time music, blues, and traditional string band music that Chris Clarke grew up on. Some of the city billys got really good at playing the old music and went on to win string band and fiddle/banjo contest in Galax and Asheville. What we had to seek out second-hand from records and old time concerts, Chris received on a daily basis through his immediate family, his musical relatives and peers, and his genetic code. Chris was born in 1969 at the end of a decade marked



Clarke with the Monroe Avenue String Band

by vast artistic cultural changes and political conflicts in the presence of out-of-work folk singers looking for new ways to survive. The 1960s started out somewhat incongruously with civil rights sit-ins as well as a New York City folk music revival that extolled the roots of southern music. I didn't fully appreciate this interesting dichotomy until I was reminded of that freedom ride down to Richmond in 1963, and the fear that had been hanging on in my subconscious for decades since that uneasy milk shake I drank in that Richmond Greyhound bus station.

CHRIS'S STORY

I got to Chris's house, entered through the side yard door, and stepped into Chris's self-built studio and man cave. Chris had built two rooms off to the side of his home where he can practice, give guitar and mandolin lessons, run his website business, listen to music, and sometimes just hang out and record and play music with the many folks who come by to pick and sing. I told Chris about the thoughts I had on my way over to interview him for this *Troubadour* article. He grinned with just a hint of a laugh and seemed to understand that I was clearing my head of old conflicts. We moved forward, since these events were just history before he was born, and we started to discuss Chris's life and times.

Chris is alive and doing well in California, but his sentiments and soul still sing of back home and its traditional roots. Although many of us have been drawn to the traditional songbook, Chris was born to the music and can't escape his DNA. You can still hear that certain tone and a hint of the native Virginia soil in his speech pattern. There's no hokum here, no pretense to play the hillbilly, just a natural sense of joy in playing the music he learned at his family's gatherings back home. Chris went to Davis and Elkin's College and Virginia Commonwealth University, where he majored in fisheries and marine biology. A well-educated hillbilly, he titled his master's thesis "Changes in Fishery Community Structures." Chris spent a lot of time around the Chesapeake Bay before coming out West. He still loves the outdoors and enjoys camping, traveling, fishing, and the wide open spaces. Chris is Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn – and much more than that. He's a musician on a life's journey to play the next tune and enjoy himself.

Chris is like a musical sponge, absorbing whatever sounds and styles he approaches and plays. The joy of the music and not the need to satisfy others seems to feed him as he opens new musical doors. Musicians have always been a hungry lot, seeking to satisfy a craving, with a drive to keep learning and finding the next note or exploring the empty air space between notes during a solo. This hunger in turn spurs further creativity. With Chris's music, he picks and sings, letting his musical soul touch the listener. However, Chris is not a song and dance man. Each note, his voice, and his body motion focus on the music. Chris is always Chris and his playing is sometimes emotionally edged yet understated with a quiet solitude of sound and creativity.

Chris told me about the origins of his musical interest. During his undergraduate years at Davis and Elkins College, the school had summer music festivals that featured old time, blues, and Celtic/Irish music. Chris saw Tracy Schwartz there and sat at the feet of many a Piedmont-style guitar picker. He explained that at the core of some of his musical interests, one would also find a Deadhead who has seen more than 100 Grateful Dead shows. Chris talked about Jerry Garcia, the wonders of seeing a Dylan/Dead show, and how Jerry Garcia's interest in old-time roots music tweaked his own interest in the old music. The Dead journey opened the door and made Chris want to go back and retrace his family's musical connections. Chris's own granddad was J.P. Clarke, an old-time Vaudeville fiddle player who also played many other instruments. Chris mentioned that he regretted not starting to play fiddle earlier in his life. He started out playing guitar, but also plays mandolin and some old style banjo.

Our conversation was like a time travel back to his



Clarke and Sara Petite perform at a Canyonfolk house concert



Clarke with Plow

home town and family where you could feel Chris's joy in recalling those times of family gatherings and music jams. Chris told me about special Sunday barbecues at his great uncle Donny's farm. He described some of those times: "Donny [and his wife Barbara Lacy] lived 'in the country,' as we called it. We'd drive about an hour west of Richmond, between Richmond and Charlottesville through Goochland County – where I would later live after college – to Bumpass, Virginia. He had some land that we hunted on. Well, I didn't exactly hunt. I did shoot a couple of times as a kid, but most of the time, I was the 'bird dog,' as by then my father had gotten rid of his huntin' dogs, so I walked the line where the fresh corn had been cut to scare up the birds – doves and quail. We'd have these family reunions up in the country that would include some pickin' by real traditional musicians, jamming in a variety of styles and sounds, and a lot of eating too. Donny had a pool then, so that was fun as kid. Donny plays guitars and mandolin, and sings and plays banjo, too, just like Doc Watson. His son Michael and my oldest brother Cabell had a band in the early 1970s called the Bush Brothers. My first gig was in the mid-'70s on spoons – thus my nickname 'McSpoon.' Cabell gave me that. Michael was

a wonderful songwriter and singer. I had a few of their recordings while I lived in West Virginia and would listen to Michael sing and play all the time on tapes. Michael died too damn early. Donny is my father's nephew; my father is the youngest of 13. A lot of the boys played music, mostly early country and standards. Donny learned from my grandfather initially, but learning music was tough then. Donny used to leave Grandpa's house in tears sometimes. Sometimes my Uncle Lenny would be there and he played guitar too. So yes, Donny still lives on the land and I try and visit him at least once a year, if not more."

Listening to Chris, I became somewhat envious of all his family traditions – the food, music, togetherness, spontaneous picking, the joy of the music, and the reunion and continuance of a family musical tradition. These were special times and Chris clearly has never forgotten nor pushed aside the memories of his family. He speaks fondly about his dad, his three brothers and sister, his dad's recent health concerns, how his mom raised the family, and the wonderful spirit of a family growing up with traditional love and music. His family memories all ring true like a saga in an old-time song.

Chris moved to San Diego in 1999 to join a friend



CHRIS CLARKE

Breathes New Life into Musical Tradition

here who was studying for a Ph.D. The first place he discovered was Lou Curtiss's Folk Arts Rare Record Store on Adams Avenue. Chris bought a Ralph Stanley record and talked about old-time music with Lou, who encouraged him to check out the original Roots Festival on Adams Avenue in the spring. Chris also found a *San Diego Troubadour* paper and was surprised and overjoyed to find that real old-time music existed in his new town and that a festival was happening in his own neighborhood. He jammed at Ed Cormier's Old Time Fiddler's gatherings. He got to know Kenny Hall and met the late and fine bluegrass musician Les Preston, who turned him on to the bluegrass crowd and to the San Diego Bluegrass Club. He even stayed at Les's place and met the young, very musically wise, fiddler John Mailander through Les. Chris has studied mandolin with Walt Richards over the years here and has also taken guitar lessons from Robin Henkel and Phil Boroff.

Chris Clarke's music conveys the sound of an era, a hollow, a porch, a dream, and also a heartfelt sadness at times. Listening to Chris play his music, you can never forget his roots and the old home back in Virginia. Sometimes you might hear the chomping of a mandolin, a guitar being picked, and voices blending into a tune. Here's where music and urban realities separate and yet feed off each other. Chris just loves to pick and sing his heart out. Back at his hollow in Kensington, Chris jams with many of San Diego's finest string-playing folk musicians and singers. Chris is a multifaceted string musician who's equally at home on the mandolin and guitar. Sometimes you get the impression that he lives an eight-day week, considering all the gigs and musicians he performs with on a weekly basis.

I first crossed paths with Chris when he was leading and playing with the Monroe Avenue String Band and also playing with Sara Petite. Later, I heard Chris and the Monroe Avenue String Band when they opened for Ralph Stanley at the Belly Up Tavern. He also joined me and Dane Terry when we all opened for Carolyn Hester at SDSU, and he opened for the Carolina Chocolate Drops in February. Chris's gene pool is a repository of old-time musicians and traditional pickers. He almost had no choice but to end up playing the music he loves so well, which he plays from the heart.

These days Chris and his wife Tiffany are busy sharing the joys of new parenthood with their son, Benjamin Wyatt Clarke, born on March 19. Tiffany's work involves setting up and developing labs to test for HIV/AIDS all over the world and now both she and Chris are embarking on a new adventure of parenting and building their family. My crystal ball guess is their son probably came out into the world singing, picking an imaginary man-

dolin, and wearing a good old boy baseball cap. As Clarke mentioned, "Ben is already listening to old-time fiddle tunes."

As I was writing about Chris, I had another thought. Wouldn't it be nice if you could go to a concert to just listen to the music and let it touch you without any preconceived notions and expectations of who's playing based on what they look like? There's so much hyped image gossip that separates a musician from the regular folks. Take a look at Chris Clarke doing a concert sometimes – look past his long hair and baseball cap drawn down, with no cornpone gimmicks. He's just there to pick and sing, no more, no less. Just Chris and his band.

I recently experienced Chris and Plow in concert. I really liked their first CD and looked forward to the show. Listening to Plow and its individual members – David Bandrowski, John Mailander, and Dough Walker, picking and performing with Chris – it quickly hits you that this isn't your grandfather's stodgy old string band. There's an intensity to their playing and an inventiveness in the improvised lines that sing out with originality. This goes on for an hour and a half. No clichéd lines, a lot of humor, swinging rhythm, with each musician playing off the other and testing the edge of the musical

genre. These boys aren't afraid to pull up some roots and go out on a limb to create a new musical branch in the evolution of string-band music. There's wonderment in their interactions. You get the impression that these musicians like each other

and have found something special that lets them feed off each other's creativity. David Bandrowski, a New Orleans banjo/arch-top guitar musician and very skilled in his own right, who moved here a few years ago after Katrina, has tweaked Chris's appetite to listen to Jelly Roll Morton and old Dixieland sounds. David's banjo style is one of a kind – old-style pre-bluegrass – and it swings. David had this to say about Chris: "Chris has such a great rhythmic drive and understanding of traditional music, it's very easy to play with him. He's always pushing me to learn more tunes, write more tunes, check out new music, and even sing more, so it's always fresh. The main thing is that he always just wants to have fun playing music – that's what really matters." David continued, "Chris believes that old-time music is group centered. It's dance type music that doesn't musically lean on the soloist and stays group focused." John Mailander's fiddle and mandolin playing shows us that he is a special musician who appreciates his bandmates and enjoys being a part of Chris's musical adventures in sound and creativity. Dough Walker, a left-handed bass player, really knows his way around the instrument and adds a jazz sensibility to the group. Chris has chosen his musicians

wisely and it really shows in Plow. Like his band, Chris is musically as curious as a fox, looking under the layers of old music and trying to integrate a cross section of different styles. Plow's live shows are alive with creativity. This reflects Chris's expertise in knowing how to create group harmony and a great atmosphere where you can swing, play out, and enjoy the music. Lately Chris has been listening to 1920s' jazz and Django Reinhardt and has played some blues with Dane Terry, my harmonica playing buddy. As I write this article, Chris and Plow are evolving as John Mailander prepares to move to the East Coast to attend the Berklee School of Music in Boston in the fall. Chris's new band is called the Zapf Dingbats. The group still plays old-time music, old jazz, and Dixieland tunes but has added an early jazz feel to its performances, with more improvisation heading back to Chris's creative heart of pre-1930s' roots music.

Chris Clarke told me directly that he loves the music, has no interest in fame or doing the Nashville shuffle, and doesn't have stars in his eyes. Chris is a musician who plays to play and who gigs to feel the joy of the audience appreciating his talents. He doesn't limit who he shares his talents with, whether it's a singer-songwriter or his new group, Zapf Dingbats, or his other band, Plow. His new group reminds me of an old 1930s' group called the Cat and the Fiddle, which played acoustic scat, sometimes goofy music, and humorous, bluesy, swing stuff to entertain and make you feel good. In addition to everything else, Chris has also performed with my group, Old Rolling Stock, at the 2007/2008 Train Song Festivals in Old Poway Park. Chris is like a kid in a candy store who enjoys many musical varieties and is happy to taste them all. Playing with him gives you a real sense of musical security, a trust that he'll not showboat and can always fit in without stepping on anyone's musical toes. He's like an inquisitive kid who's looking under a log, digging for buried musical treasure, and not afraid to let the newness of the music scare him.

I explored Chris's songwriting because of my interest in his song "Tonopah" on Plow's CD. Chris said he isn't trying to be a songwriter, but that sometimes things happen and just work out into a song. Chris's description of the songwriting process for Tonopah sounded like a song in itself. The song came to him during a trip to Yosemite and central Nevada, when he felt the empty, lonely, passed-its-prime feeling across that area. He drove through many little towns, dying towns, ghost towns, gold towns, and silver towns – all places that used to breathe life. While staying at a motel in Tonopah, he noticed a prospector's letter, encased in glass on the wall, and written to someone in San Francisco. The letter, dated September 1910, talked about meeting up in town and the pending ore strikes. Tonopah is an old side-of-the-road town now, but back in its strike days it had 40 saloons, a sure sign of success, and was a place the train wanted to stop in, but now no longer rolls through. It took Chris an hour to outline the song, which he finally finished by the end of his trip.



THE CIRCLE IS UNBROKEN

As Chris and I were yakking away, time seemed to suspend itself as our interview and bull session just rolled along and ended while we were listening to old tunes. I realized again how authentic Chris is – no desire of being famous nor dreams of Nudie suits and Nashville nights. I asked him about East Coast versus West Coast old-time music. Chris grinned and listed three, maybe four things that he felt seemed to best describe the differences, including higher energy levels back East and stronger attitudes and traditional regional variations. He added to this the notion of interpretations, but that's coastal.

Chris said he looks forward to having a family, to raising his son, and to playing music with many different people along life's road. He's not looking for stardom and doesn't like the creative blindness that can cause false expectations. He wants to continue playing in a genuine way but not necessarily down-to-the-note authentic music, just honest and fresh music. Chris suggested that



you shouldn't take yourself too seriously. He said that he's not performing or operating with a grand plan. He said performing is really complex, since it takes time to develop the right group mix and a lot of practice to find the heart of a group. He wants music to be an enjoyable, fun, and ongoing creative outlet in his life. Teaching is important to Chris, too, and is a significant and meaningful part of his life. Chris began teaching guitar back in college. He finds it really worthwhile to teach children especially, so he can pass on the traditions taught by his own family. Chris is now teaching guitar and mandolin to both children and adults a few days a week but mentioned that a majority of his students study mandolin.

In Chris Clarke, there's a well of talent, a sense of curiosity, and a feeling of being drawn toward the old but open to all that's new. His spirit is contagious and musicians who play with him continue to experience his joy of living and love of music. Chris is clearly a modern good old boy with dreams of musical satisfaction, who teaches the tradition by reincarnating himself through his students as well as staying musically vital by incorporating new musical ideas and sounds. The rewards of knowing Chris and playing with him are endless and timeless. He validates each member of his immediate family – his Dad's nephew Donny, his Grandfather J.P. Clarke picking his way through Vaudeville, and all those who came before him. He sows the seeds of a kid grown on the musical soil of Virginia. He's a natural, not a cliché. It's in his DNA, and Chris is an evolutionary part of the next generation of musicians born into an old-time musical culture and aided and abetted by his relatives and family. Chris Clarke is a musician, something he's always wanted to be, and that's just fine with him.



Benjamin Wyatt Clarke with his mother



Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



We've had some great bluegrass in San Diego since the last edition of the *Troubadour*, and we have more great opportunities to hear and participate in bluegrass activities coming up. **Missy Raines**, multi-time winner of the IBMA award for best bass player of the year appeared in March with her great band **Missy Raines and the New Hip** in a concert at the Powerhouse in Del Mar, playing some great progressive music with bluegrass roots. March also saw the **Claire Lynch Band**, featuring IBMA vocalist of the year **Claire Lynch**, with two-time IBMA guitar player of the year **Jim Hurst**, two-time IBMA bass player of the year **Mark Schatz**, and Florida state fiddle champion **Jason Thomas**. Claire's band also performed at the Del Mar Powerhouse and left the crowd in awe of their talent.

March also brought us the **Temecula Bluegrass Festival**, a free bluegrass event sponsored by the Temecula chamber of commerce. Appearing were the **Claire Lynch Band**, **Silverado**, and perennial favorite **Bluegrass Etc.**, along with **Flint Hill Special**, **Sligo Rags**, **Nathan McEuen**, and **Scott Gates**. Many local bluegrass fans found their way to Temecula for this event and reports are they had a great time.

On the local scene March included a fun band scramble and a one-hour concert presented by the SDBS Board of Directors at the regular third Tuesday event in Chula Vista, held at the Fuddrucker's Restaurant on Third Avenue. SDBS reports it is trying to revitalize its third Tuesday event and encourages all pickers and listeners to come on down to share the fun. The next event is on Tuesday, April 21. SDBS also featured local band the Superstrings at the SDBS fourth Tuesday of the month at the Boll Weevil restaurant, which is turning into a great listening place and venue to jam. If you haven't been to this new venue, stop by on April 28 at 9330 Clairemont Mesa Blvd. at the intersection of Ruffin Road to eat some great BBQ, to do some jamming, and to hear San Diego's **Plow** led by **Chris Clarke**.



Byron Berline

Coming months promise to be just as bountiful for San Diego bluegrass fans. We have top-tier fiddler **Byron Berline** appearing with **Bluegrass Etc.** in a special concert at Acoustic Music San Diego

on May 10. Byron has played with a stellar group of top musicians including the Rolling Stones, Gram Parsons, the Flying Burrito Brothers, Emmy Lou Harris, the Dillards, and James Taylor as well as with top bluegrass bands, including Country Gazette.



The Grascals

On May 17, Acoustic Music San Diego is presenting, for the first time in San Diego, the nationally acclaimed **Grascals**. The Grascals have had a series of top bluegrass hits and were selected as the IBMA Entertainer of the Year in 2007, IBMA's highest award, a repeat of their win in 2006. Each of their first two CD releases, *The Grascals* and *Long List of Heartaches*, was grammy nominated. The Grascals are no doubt one of the top bluegrass groups of the modern era, having shared the stage with Brooks and Dunn, Dierks Bentley, Patty Loveless, Mac

Weisman, J.D. Crowe, Charlie Daniels, Kenny Rogers, Steve Wariner, Dolly Parton, and Vince Gill, among others. There is no doubt this band can and will deliver the goods! You can get more information about these two concerts and you can buy tickets online at: www.acousticmusicsandiego.com or call (619) 303-8176.

Coming April 4 at the beautiful Flower Fields in Carlsbad is **Bluegrass Day at the Flower Fields**, sponsored by the North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club. This year's event features **Highway 76**. Also on April 4 at Old Time Music you can hear banjo player **Bill Evans** and fiddler master **Megan Lynch**. For tickets and info, go to sdold-timemusic.com/events.

The **Adams Avenue Roots & Folk Festival** will also be in full swing the weekend of April 25-26 featuring the **Scottsville Squirrel Barkers**, **Chris Hillman and Herb Pedersen**, **Plow**, **Sara Petite and the Tiger Mountain Boys**, **Shawn Rohlf and the Buskers**, and more. Read more about it: <http://www.adamsaveonline.com/rootsfestival/>

For those craving a big time bluegrass festival, the weekend of April 25-26 also features the **Stagecoach Festival** in Indio, which includes some of the best of the best: **Earl Scruggs with Family and Friends**, **Ricky Skaggs and Kentucky Thunder**, **Doyle Lawson and Quicksilver**, **Ralph Stanley**, **Peter Rowan and his Bluegrass Band**, and more. Information and tickets are available at: <http://stagecoachfestival.com/>

If a social get-together and picking party is more to your liking, you won't want to miss the San Diego Bluegrass Society's member's picnic in **Harry Griffen Park** in La Mesa from 11am to 3pm on Saturday April 11. Admission is free to members, but if you aren't a member you can join on site for \$20 for the whole family for a year. The SDBS Board is offering free hot dogs and drinks and encouraging everyone to bring their instruments for some great jamming. Visit the SDBS web site for more info about all SDBS activities at www.socalbluegrass.org.

If camping and picking appeals to you, consider attending the annual **Spring Bluegrass Camp Out** sponsored by the North San Diego County Bluegrass and Folk Club and supported by SDBS. The event will be held April 17-19 at the beautiful KOA campground Chula Vista, featuring a pot luck dinner on Saturday and lots of jamming. For more information or to sign up contact Phil Levy at drlevy@pacbell.net

Wow—that's a lot of great bluegrass! I hope to see you out and about enjoying one or more of these great opportunities.

John Hancock Photography



specializing in live music,
promotional, and location portraits
858.722.9802
www.johnhancockphotos.com
jah080@yahoo.com



by Sven-Erik Seaholm

MUSIC AS A MIRROR (OR REFLECTING ON ONE'S ARTISTIC REFLECTION)

I was having a discussion with a musician friend of mine the other day that I've had several times before. Being that it is one that directly impacts most readers of this column (thanks for being one, by the way), I feel its substance bears repeating.

At the heart of the subject was that, essentially, music artists and bands always seem to become better performers after they've completed a recording project. It's an observation that has been repeated many times in my experience, and I have always been fascinated by the phenomenon.

My theory is a simple one: that we all have an ideal in our mind's eye (or ear, if you will) that we are aspiring to when performing. The sharper and stronger that image is, the more we are able to focus in on it and bring the ideal into reality.

Let's say you have a new song you've written, or it's a cover tune that you're learning. Almost invariably, you will repeat this song or parts of it several times to really "lock it in" to your memory; this ensures that you've really got the song "down" and can perform it with a relative level of consistency. Subsequent performances of this song will improve somewhat over time, as you become more and more familiar and comfortable with the piece. I believe this comes from building the previously mentioned mental image and using that as the foundation of one's performance. Therefore, it would follow that having a polished, edited recording of yourself performing the same song gives you an even more accurate picture of the ideal, and that aspiring toward that brings us that much closer to a perfect performance. A sort of musical "muscle memory," if you will.

It is a similar, though slightly different, process that we employ in recording ourselves when rehearsing or performing. In this instance, we are trying to attain an accurate picture of where we are with the song right now in an effort to remove unwanted elements of our performance and highlight the strengths. This is where the old studio adage "playback never lies" comes from.

So, if the studio recording could be seen as a lovely PhotoShopped version of our face with blemishes and other imperfections removed, the live recording is more of a harshly lit close-up. Both of these instances are incredibly useful; one shows the ideal and the other shows how far we are from it. It is an interesting irony that the audio and visual realms are both evoked in the preceding observation, because I have spent the last few weeks with an audio recording product that was developed by a company more closely associated with items from the decidedly more *visual* realm: Olympus (www.olympusamerica.com).

It's called the **LS-10 Linear PCM Recorder** (\$449.95 List, as low as \$309.00 online) and is described by the manufacturer as offering "Studio-Grade Recording to Go." Based upon my experiences with it, I'd have to say that's a pretty accurate statement.

The LS-10 is small but powerfully featured. It's about the size of a longish cell phone (5 1/4" L x 1 1/2" W x 3/4" D), with two high quality microphones at the top of the unit in an X/Y configuration. This provides a very accurate stereo "picture" right out of the box, and there are options within the unit that allow the user to alter this pickup

pattern to a more directional one if desired.

The sleek, intuitive face sports a nice-sized (1 1/2" x 1 1/4") back-lit LCD screen that displays menu options, folders, etc. Below that are a "Stop" button (which, when held down, displays time, date, recording time remaining, and current recording format in the display); a "Peak" indicator light; a "Rec" button; a four-way directional selector with a Play/OK button at its center (like those found on most digital cameras); an "Erase" button; and a line of four small buttons labeled "Function," "A-B Repeat," "Menu," and "List."

Along the left side of the LS-10 are an 1/8" "Ear" jack that provides stereo monitoring via headphones or earbuds; a "Volume" dial, a rubber-flapped USB jack, an SD/SDHD memory card slot, and a sliding button for powering the unit on/off as well as pausing the recorder. The right side offers 1/8" stereo mic and line-in jacks, a recording level dial, and slider switches for Low/High mic sensitivity and Low frequency cutoff. There is also a DC power jack at the base of the unit. The back of the LS-10 houses two dime-sized playback speakers and a thread mount for affixing it to a tripod.



Sven-Erik Seaholm

Being that this comes from a company that understands portable electronics devices (i.e. cameras), the manual is actually printed (yay!), meaning one doesn't have to refer to a PDF file in the field. Also included are a pair of "AA" batteries (they last a long time!), a USB cable for uploading audio files onto your computer, an 1/8" audio cable, a zippered carrying case, a strap, a windscreen, and a DVD-ROM of Cubase LE4 music production software, allowing users to further edit and sweeten their recordings.

The LS-10's compact size and solid, sturdy build helped to make it a constant companion, allowing me to test it in a variety of circumstances. Recording a rehearsal with vocal trio Allied Gardens, I was very impressed with the beautiful imaging and clear, crystalline recording quality. It was as if you were right there in the room with us, allowing the listener to clearly "see" just where we were seated. A recording of the show we subsequently played captured the large, reverberant hall's acoustics very accurately and by turning down the mic sensitivity I was able to record the loud rock band's set that preceded ours with similar success.

The recorder offers a great deal of flexibility for meeting your unique needs by offering true, uncompressed high quality audio recording at up to 96k/24bit resolution. Additionally, recordings can be made in Mp3 or even WMA format offering up to 69 1/2 hours recording time via its 2-gig onboard memory!

Due to the Olympus LS-10's easy, Dictaphone-like usability, I have captured some great demos and song ideas on the fly in recent weeks and have been able to really dial in some tricky harmony parts in the same way. This means I have improved as a musician as a direct result of my experience with this powerful product.

Enough said? I'd say so!

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer and recording artist. He plays every Friday at Bondi in the Gaslamp. Find him on the web at SvenSongs.com, KaSPRO.com, Lynda.com, Facebook, and myspace.com/SvenSeaholm

Villa Musica


SAN DIEGO'S CENTER FOR COMMUNITY MUSIC EDUCATION

PROGRAMS FOR GUITARISTS

Year-round Guitar Ensemble

Group Guitar Classes for Beginners, Levels I & II

Special Weekend Workshop Guitar Improvisation & Arranging with Jeff Linsky in June



www.villamusica.org • 858.405.2691



Hosing Down

by José Sinatra



José Sinatra completes a self-portrait

CERTIFIABLY INFLAMED

Once an artist achieves a degree of public acceptance, the more troublesome symptoms of celebrity always find a way to gate-crash the party, leaving him with two options: either shoot the bastards or allow them to lay their cards on the table. Historically, he'll usually opt for the latter.

The crafty sharpies display what appears to be a full house. There is a base-ment built on compromised ideals, a decor reeking of surrendered creative autonomy, and private areas, constructed entirely of glass. Still, somewhere upstairs is a big pot of gold and a magic bed that women instinctively desire to territorially mark.

If our artist has the purity and intelligence to send the vultures back to their nests in Hell, he'll end up sleeping well that night and perhaps be remembered fondly as a one-hit wonder five or ten years later.

But being an American, he loves saying things like "Bring it on!" especially when he can make it sound like "Brang it own!" And the sleazeballs do exactly that while the artist kisses normalcy bye bye to become a rich and famous corporate mari-onette.

After many hours of seriously immers-ing myself in the rather intriguing history of popular music, I discovered only one artist who became a superstar and yet kept his own soul entirely unstained. *One* — out of *hundreds* — attained a perfect career that encompassed modesty and integrity along with adulation and incredi-ble wealth.

That secret something possessed by this one man is what investigative journal-ists like myself have been attempting to recognize, define, and steal for centuries, but to this day Bobby Sherman remains as tight-lipped as he is eternally frustrating.

So, perhaps you can imagine how I felt when I heard that Bobby Sherman had died. I take that back; you can't. No way. Something within the deepest, slipperiest, most underused part of me began scream-ing, "It's Impossible" — or rather, singing "It's Impossible," one of the most over-looked masterpieces of the last century, in a head-banging, metal mode. Yes, for a brief time, my heart sprouted vocal chords, and I didn't have a camera. And I was crushed by the fact that my long-planned dream — a no-holds-barred, exclusive cover story/interview with Bobby Sherman for the *Troubadour* would never be able to take place.I felt even worse for your loss than my own, but that's just the way I've always been. Then, finally, after hours (or was it days? minutes? who knows; watch-es are for geeks), after the chills had dried and the tears warmed, I mustered the courage and relished my opportunity to look Reality right in the buns. Hot dog!

No, I concluded, wiping my chin, Bobby Sherman cannot truly be dead. Because his songs still live. Because the inspiration he bestowed upon everyone who has ever heard his music will remain eternal. And most of all, because the person who told me of his death had confused him with someone else.

I know what you're thinking: you've really lost it now, Hose. It was bound to

happen, especially since last month when you expelled, finally, whatever quantity of human soul you ever possessed all over this very page Yeah, you done shot yer wad, Hoseman; there ain't nothin' left.

Please don't underestimate the volume of my wad.

I'd *love* to know how Bobby Sherman was able to pull it off. Maybe someday I'll meet someone who has his phone number.

There *could* be someone else . . .

I'll never forget the first time I heard his song "Julie Do You Love Me?" many decades ago on a summer night out on Fiesta Island with a girl named Julie! Met her at her fire ring, music coming from the radio of her yellow VW. Long blond hair, headband, bell bottoms, and sandals, she could've been Michelle Phillips' twin. Intrigued by my gentle manner, my manual dexterity, my missing chromosome. Dueling pairs of starry eyes. After an impulsive swim, we sprinted back to the fire nakedly to warm, to dry, and I impul-sively suggested that her legs could use a shaving. She suggested the same to me. Then the song came on.

When it had ended, she stuck a hot dog on a coat hanger and thrust it into the flames. "God, that's a great song," she said, her light voice accented by the spit-ting noise of sizzling meat — a noise poised to become the soundtrack of our lives. "What's it called?"

"It's by Bobby Sherman," I replied. "It's called [now looking into her blue/green eyes, removing my glasses and towel for effect] 'Julie Do You Love Me?'"

"Yes," Julie answered, as I took the hanger from her hand, flinging the redun-dant wiener into Mission Bay. "Yes! I thought that's what it's called. Debbie said I was wrong. Wow. She owes me ten bucks!"

Memories of that night in 1971 still siz-zle like a sausage in the currents of my blood. They mean more to me than they have any right to, and that's why, when the City Council decided to remove the Fiesta Island fire rings earlier this year, it made my sizzle fizzle.

And that is why I paid a quarter of a million bucks to have them restored.

Yes, I wanted to remain anonymous, but now one of the hundred or so people who know about it says it's a difficult secret to keep and that everyone should know what a generous spirit I truly am, that I haven't really "lost it," that at long last I've done "something decent" with my life.

Okay, so what if it was just an April fool thing? Isn't there a bit of real decency in the fact that I *would* have gladly paid for the restoration of the rings if I had the money and inclination to do so? Decency enough to want to thank, hug, kiss the feet of that mystery person who keeps these pits of passion alive as we revisit memo-ries and create new ones?

And it can't be indecent, can it, to wish that the benefactor is female and willing to share a fire with me out there one night this summer?

There's a song I want you to hear, baby, by a man who's a lot like you.

RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

AH, APRIL!

April is an important month. Income taxes are due on the 15th. April 28th is our 25th wedding anniver-sary, which Sandi and I will celebrate by going out to dinner in La Jolla, or driving to Palm Springs, or working (which is what we usually do, anyway).

Most important, though, April means the start of baseball season! Which reminds me, did you know that I signed a contract with the Padres for the 1994 season? True.

First, some history.

Andy Strasberg, who was KGB's sports director/reporter in the 1970s, was also VP of Promotions for the Padres. Andy was the driving force behind the station's once-fear-some softball squad, the AM-FM Wizards, named for KGB-AM jock "Wizard" Lew Rogers. Others on the squad included myself, Larry Himmell (before going on to TV fame), current "Rockline" host Bob Coburn, Jeff Prescott and Ernesto Gladden, Chris Sullivan of the Penetrators, who was working at KGB as well, some sales dudes, and a few ringers, some of whom were ex-pro baseball players. The Wizards had a good several years but eventually petered out as attrition set in.

But, in the early 1980s, Strasberg talked a few of us into weekly Sunday pickup soft-ball games at Grossmont High School. Sullivan came out, bringing more and more local musicians to play, including Country Dick Montana, then known as Dan McLain; Don Story, formerly with Modern Rhythm; and David and Douglas Farage, the identi-cal twin frontmen of DFX2. Current *Troubadour* publisher Liz Abbott was a regu-lar, as were the late Lorna "Doone" Hamilton, Penetrators manager Paul Sansone, and a host of lesser known peeps. Sometimes that ragtag bunch played under the KGB moniker, if there was a challenge from another motley crew. What our band of merry ballplayers specialized in was drinking beer. And softball.

After our final "season" in the early 1990s, we held an awards dinner at a pizza joint in La Mesa. I was awarded a symbol of my range at first base: a square foot piece of Astroturf!

I know you're thinking, "So, what has all this got to do with Jim signing a deal with the Padres."

Well, in 1994, on my 20th anniversary on the air at KGB, Andy Strasberg gave me a nice gift. It was a signed Major League Baseball contract with the Padres, at a salary of one dollar! In the attached letter, he wrote:

*Dear J.M.,
So you have managed to fool the suits at KGB for 20 years. Way to go!*

Perhaps my fondest memory of you were those days when we played softball together and specifically the game where you hit a towering 400-foot plus triple to deepest center-field and by the time the ball got back into the infield, there you were, standing on first base (nobody could run the bases with a can

continued adjacent →



by Peter Bolland

AROUND THE BLOCK

I've been writing this column for nearly two years now, and it's been a wonder-ful experience. Having the freedom to explore the intersections of philosophy, art, culture, and music in San Diego's premier music magazine is an opportunity I will always be grateful for. Normally, I have no problem coming up with topics and concerns to explore in this column. But this month, I'm stuck. Maybe the two books I'm working on have drained all the words from me. Maybe it's because I'm get-ting on a plane tomorrow to play a show in Washington D.C. and all the arrange-ments for that are eating all available brain waves. Maybe I'm just, for once, speech-less.

Writer's block is a mysterious beast. There are, naturally, numerous websites devoted to helping writers work through this strange malady — something to read while you're not writing. It's almost as if the language centers of the brain have col-lapsed in on themselves, like one of those awful third world high rises after an earth-quake, and all the words are stuck inside, dead or dying.

The problem is manifold. Some say it's lack of focus or purpose. No clear goal or goals. If you were passionate about your subject, they say, this wouldn't be happen-ing. There's probably a metaphor in there for how I should live my life, but I'm too tired to find it.

Or it could be a sudden onset of shy-ness — you've grown weary of revealing your private observations, values, and opinions to a vast, faceless legion of strangers. What, suddenly now you're shy after all these years of nakedness?

Any kind of creativity has its snags. It's unrealistic to expect the flow to be peren-nially vigorous. Rivers and streams have their dry seasons. The trick is to somehow get across the sandbars, through the shal-lows, and down stream to the source. The ocean, thankfully, shows no signs of dry-ing up.

My favorite image of writing will always be my father. My parents emigrated from the Netherlands to America after World War II. There were few opportunities for a young married couple in Holland after the Germans got through with it. They landed in New Jersey and eventually settled in Ventura, California. I grew up without any cousins, aunts, uncles, or grandparents. Outside of our little home, every Bolland we knew was far across the Atlantic. Apart from the occasional phone call, the only substantive link was the written word.

My dad would sit in the sun on the patio in our backyard with a portable type-writer on his lap, carefully typing nine-page letters to the family back in Holland. He needed two copies, one for his parents and one for my mom's parents. This was the sixties. There were no copy machines. He'd put a sheet of black, oily-looking car-bon paper between two sheets of very thin white paper (it was called "onion skin" back then — very thin and light to keep the air mail costs down) and carefully begin typing. No rewrites, no white outs, no mistakes. Total commitment. Just say it and move on.

I'll never forget his quiet focus, his reverie, his near trance-like state as he

Radio Daze, continued

of beer in his hand like you, Jim...I mean nobody!)

Please accept the enclosed game tickets and a player's contract for the 1994 season.

*Sincerely, Andy
Vice President
Game Operations & Special Events*

Tears came to my eyes as Andy present-ed the package to me...and before he left, I made him give me my entire season's salary!

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

STAGES

hunched over that Olivetti crafting long stories of how we boys were growing up, or what the orange blossoms smelled like, or how the California sun felt on your skin. These accounts were my grandpar-ents' only link to their far-flung children and grandchildren living half way around the world. This wasn't mere reporting. This was writing as an act of love.

This went on for years. There must be hundreds of pages of this stuff. All four of my grandparents are gone now, and most of my aunts and uncles, too. My dad has the letters. What's most haunting is that they were all written in Dutch, a language I cannot read. My dad and I have often spoken about getting them translated, but it's such a daunting task. There is just too much material. I feel something slipping away.

Whether it's songwriting, prose, poetry, fiction, or nonfiction, the process seems to be the same — if there is no compelling purpose for writing, no discernable reason to put pen to paper (or cursor to doc), then why bother? Art without hunger is art without truth. No matter how elegant the composition or fortunate the arrange-ment of elements, if there is no beating heart, no radiance shining through the fab-ric, no *music*, then it's all just sound and fury signifying nothing. The key to over-coming writer's block is hidden deep with-in the folds of this insight. It's almost as if writer's block is doing you (or your read-ers) a favor — it's preventing you from writ-ing a word until you're in touch with what's real.

My dad never had writer's block. That's because he wasn't trying to *write* anything. He was up to something far more primal, more elemental. He was reaching out across the miles and joining lives together. What if we let that goal guide all our art?

We humans are, by nature, communal creatures. We need to tell each other our stories. I need you to know what I saw, what I heard, what I thought, what I felt. If I clamp it all down and keep quiet, something dies a little inside. And if I ever stop listening to the people around me, if I ever grow dismissive and tone-deaf to their music, a loneliness will well up around me and drown me.

The absurd popularity of social websites like Facebook, Twitter, and MySpace testi-fy to this incessant need to speak and be heard. Next time you compulsively log onto Facebook or sneak a furtive glance at your Twitter page during an important meeting, take inventory of how it makes you feel. There's something going on there we haven't quite grappled with yet. For all its lamentable ills, the interscape, as Jon Stewart calls it, it plays a vital role in our communal human experience.

We no longer sit in the sun with portable typewriters on our lap and a sheet of carbon paper sandwiched between two onion skins. But we still utterly rely on the power of language to keep our love alive, whether it's half way around the world or half way around the block.

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





Old Friends Remain True to Their Roots

CHRIS HILLMAN &
HERB PEDERSEN



by Terry Roland

In the late '50s, from San Diego and up to San Francisco, bluegrass and country music were beginning to strike the imaginations of beach-hanging teenagers. In a recent interview from his Ventura home, former member of the Byrds and the Desert Rose Band, Chris Hillman laughed and said, "Back then surfers didn't listen to surf music. Real surfers listened to bluegrass!" At 15, Chris joined the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers (see article on page 4). It was a venture that would change his life.

Herb Pedersen made his way as a sideman, beginning with legends of bluegrass, then to recording sessions with some of the best singer-songwriters of the '70s and co-founding the Desert Rose Band with Chris Hillman.

Herb and Chris remain headliners at bluegrass, country, and folk festivals around the country. I recently had the opportunity to speak with both of them in separate conversations as they prepare to perform at the Adams Street Roots Festival this month.

CHRIS HILLMAN INTERVIEW

Who were your strongest influences for bluegrass and old time music?

I love old-time and bluegrass music. But before that I was listening to Leadbelly, Blind Willie McTell, Lightnin' Hopkins, Robert Johnson . . . really, all of the old acoustic music I could find.

What initially brought about your interest in roots music?

My mom bought me a Louvin Brothers album in Del Mar at the only record store that carried this kind of music. Their voices,

my god, how beautiful. Less than ten years later, I was standing on the stage singing some of those songs with Gram Parsons.

Herb mentioned a great story. He said that when you were still a teenager, you took a train up north for a mando lesson?

There was nobody in the San Diego area that I could find at the time who played mandolin. I took the train from Del Mar to Berkeley [a nine-hour trip] and found Scott Hambly, who had filled in for Roland White in the Kentucky Colonels. He was a great player and was kind enough to give me two days of lessons, which really helped me get started.

Did the discovery of country music lead to your involvement with the Scottsville Squirrel Barkers?

When I got into bluegrass I was still in high school. Kenny Wertz and Larry Murray, these guys were the best. They were surfers and into bluegrass. If you were a real surfer in those days, you didn't listen to surf music, you listened to bluegrass ! [laughs] Their music gave me an appreciation of the older songs, the old Baptist hymns, and the old story-murder songs, the hill songs. I took this with me to the Byrds.

I heard a story about you borrowing a mando from Ed Douglas back in the '60s. You hocked it and he had to track it down in L.A.

Yes, unfortunately this is true. I was starving at the time and did indeed hock the mandolin. The best part was that I lost the pawn shop ticket. Ed did get the mandolin back but that was only one of the many times back then when he wanted to kill me.

Tell us about the Byrds.

You know, we were all folk musicians. We didn't know anything about rock and roll.

Were you brought in because of your bluegrass background?

No, they needed a bass player so I lied and said I could play. I didn't know anything about the bass! The only bass I'd seen was the stand-up Ed Douglas would play. But the guys didn't know and I learned fast.

What was your first impression?

They were great singers. Roger, Gene, and especially David [Crosby]. He's gotta be the best harmony vocalist alive. But we were all into acoustic music, so there was no blueprint for what we were doing, which is what made it so good.

What about Sweetheart of the Rodeo? Did your love for bluegrass and country allow you creative input?

Absolutely! I hadn't played mandolin for four years, having put it aside while in the Byrds. In fact, I didn't even own one. The Sweetheart project got me back into playing, which I did on the album. I bought one of John Duffy's old Gibson F-5s in Virginia. Not a very good mandolin but as I said before, it got me going again. This particular mandolin was the one I later used in the Flying Burrito Brothers. It's the instrument Stephen Stills heard me play at a show in Colorado. Later, when he gave me the beautiful Loar in 1972, which I still cherish and play, he said, "That mandolin I heard you play in Colorado sounded so bad I decided you deserved a decent instrument." What an incredible gift from a very kind and generous man.

So, with the Flying Burrito Brothers you were even better able to use your acoustic/bluegrass and country background?

Yes. There was more opportunity. Gram Parsons and I had a good first year up to the Gilded Palace of Sin. We were really productive. At that time Gram was focused. He had a real love and knowledge of country music. You know, Buck Owens, Haggard, the Louvin Brothers, all of the great country music of the time. It was the best. But the Burritos were flawed. There were other great bands at the time, like Richie Furay's Poco, who were really tight, but we had this material, these great songs we were writing. Unfortunately, we didn't play well. We were too loose. We had the soul, we just didn't execute it as well as we could have. . . .

What about Gram Parsons?

Oh, man, he was so good. As long as he was on, he was great. He could've been like Dwight Yokum during his time. He just didn't have the discipline. You know, Gram had the trust fund and all of that; Dwight came to L.A. with nothing, and he struggled and worked day jobs until he got it. But, Gram just faded away. We lost him.

Let's jump ahead to 20 years later and the Desert Rose Band.

They're my favorite band. Just a great bunch of guys, each one of them. Herb had a history of being a hired hand or a sideman, but he's

the musician who always has your back. He never lets you down. I've had to be the second before in my career, but Desert Rose was my time to bring out my songs, to front the band. But, still, we were all a unit. No one had a personal agenda. We were all there for the music and for each other. By that time I was really working on perfecting my craft and becoming a front man . . . and I couldn't have done it without them. They're all stand-up guys. You know, John [Jorgenson] is such an incredible talent. Even so, he'd be the first to help out in little ways during those years and even now. If I needed any help with anything, he'd be there, no questions asked.



The Desert Rose Band: Jay Dee Maness, Herb Pedersen, Bill Bryson, Chris Hillman, Steve Duncan, John Jorgenson

How did last summer's Desert Rose reunion go?

You know, it's been 20 years and it seems we were just picking up where we left off. In fact, I told John that I thought we were better than 20 years ago. After the time passed, we had so much maturity – no baggage, no war wounds. It was a really successful reunion. If we'd moved to Nashville, we might've won some of those awards we were nominated for.

So, you think staying in California made a difference?

Yes, definitely. That's the price we paid. It's always been that way for California country music. Buck Owens talked about it. It took Merle Haggard a long time to be acknowledged.

Any comments about the gig in San Diego?

We're really looking forward to it. I was out hiking this morning on the hills behind my house and thinking about San Diego, the Squirrel Barkers, and the Troubadour. I knew Lyle and Ellen [Duplessie] well. Their son [Derek] was also a great kid. I really loved them.

HERB PEDERSEN INTERVIEW

Since we're talking about a roots festival of old-time music, who would be your earliest influences?

Well, I got into this in 1960. That's when I became a big fan of old-time music and bluegrass. Before that it was more urban folk like the Kingston Trio, who I saw at the Berkeley [California] music festival. Flatt and Scruggs were there. I became a huge fan. After that I started listening to Bill Monroe, Jimmy Martin, and the Stanley Brothers. I had been playing the banjo in more of the two-finger folk style. After that I learned the bluegrass three-finger-string style.

How did you get from the San Francisco music scene to Nashville?

It didn't happen right away. I moved to L.A. in '63. I was with the Pine Valley Boys for a year. After they heard me, I joined Vern and Ray. They were playing around Northern California for a while. I learned about country and bluegrass vocals from them. They moved to Nashville in '66, so I stayed with them for a year and a half after that. During that time I was invited by Earl Scruggs to sit in for Lester Flatt for some shows. We played two weeks at the Ash Grove in L.A. Then I was called to replace Doug Dillard in the Dillards. After two years with them, I decided to stay at home to be with my family. It was the early '70s, the era of the singer-songwriter. There was a need for instrumentalists in the sessions with some great people.

How was that experience?

It was different from what I had been doing. Experimental. I was asked to play banjo, guitars, and vocals.

You mentioned session work was a time for you to spend with your family.

Yes. When you have young kids and bands like the Dillards were always on the road, I had to make a decision to be there with the kids. After they were in their pre-teens, I went back to playing live. I started out with Jonathan Edwards. Then I was invited to play with John Denver. That is the most extensive touring I've done . . . all over the world.

How did you first meet Chris Hillman?

I think it was around 1963. Bob Stane was having a bluegrass festival at the Ice House in Pasadena. Chris was playing mando with the Golden State Boys. That's how we learned back then. We'd go to an apartment and swap licks. No electronics. Just live music one on one.

What made you decide to work together?

For years after we met, we played sessions together. In 1984 I joined Dan Fogelberg on during his High Country Snows bluegrass-influenced tour. Chris was on that tour along with John Jorgenson and Bill Bryson. We'd do an acoustic set during the show. This is when Chris and John started talking about forming a band. We did some acoustic shows around town. It was John's idea to take what we were doing, especially Chris' new songs, and plug in. When we went electric, we became the Desert Rose Band.

Yes, I was there the night Desert Rose first played McCabe's around 1986, along with 150 other people. We felt like that guy in the Sony speakers ad, sitting in front of his speakers with his hair blowing back.

[laughs] It was like that. McCabe's was too small for what we were doing. We needed to be at Santa Monica Civic or someplace like that.

This may be a bit of a cliché question, but what is the future of bluegrass?

I think it will be important to remember what it was, how it was played, how it is understood. A lot of new bands have become one-dimensional. They can tune to every instrument and get all the right sounds, but they lose the dynamics. Once you get the sound right, is it memorable.? Chris has said that the songs should stand on their own – you know, stand the test of time. The tradition of bluegrass is about how the music was played in front of people. They would use one microphone and whoever did the solo would move close in . . . things like that created more than one dimension in the music. So, the future will depend on how well each generation is able to keep a memory of that and recreate it. This is also something I stress with my guitar and banjo students. It's important to take the song or the technique and make it your own. Put your own mark on it, earn the basics, and then find your own interpretations.

Do you stay in touch with the older guys you learned so much from?

Earl Scruggs is a long time friend. It was such an honor to work with him. He is a great man. Huge. A great figure in American music. Whenever we see each other, it's just like we just talked yesterday and we're picking up where we left off...

Well, thanks, Herb. I know everyone in San Diego is looking forward to seeing you here. I'm looking forward to it, too. It's been a pleasure.

Chris Hillman & Herb Pedersen will appear at the Adams Avenue Roots & Folk Festival on Saturday & Sunday, April 25-26.

across the street
LIVE
music at Mueller College
8:00 PM
PROS PLAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
(open mic Wednesdays)
GET DOWN HERE!
4603 PARK BOULEVARD SAN DIEGO CA 92116

tecote guitar works
guitar repair // guitar accessories // art gallery
quality guitar repair
by bill meyer
1231 morena blvd, san diego, ca 92110
phone 619-276-1677
www.tecoteguitarworks.com



Dime Box

Five and Dime Waltz

by Steve Thorn

In the accompanying press release for *Five and Dime Waltz*, the “Sounds Like” category describes Dime Box as “Tammy Wynette singing Gram Parsons if Roy Acuff was backing.” But the proof of this hyperbole lies in the pudding – in this case, this auspicious debut CD.

The Dime Box band is the current project of Dallas native-turned-Angeleno Kristi Callan, already possessed of an impressive music resume before Dime Box strummed its first note. In the ‘80s, Kristi teamed up with her sister Kelly in the fondly remembered Wednesday Week, a power pop band reminiscent of the Go-Gos and the Bangles, but with a bit more of the Byrds’ folk-rock jingle and jangle. Their critically acclaimed 1987 LP, *What We Had*, has been reissued on CD and is worth seeking out. Over the years, Kristi has collaborated with songwriter David Gray, the Wondermints (Brian Wilson’s backup band), and head Kink Ray Davies’ younger and feistier sibling, Dave.

For Dime Box, Callan (guitar and vocals) is joined by Edie Murphy, a classical violinist who would later learn the mandolin while studying at Los Angeles’ Silverlake Conservatory of Music. Guitarist Yolande Ng is a veteran of the “cow punk” movement and has performed with alternative country rockers the Vaquetones, the Better Halfs, and the Spurs. On *Five And Dime Waltz*, the rhythm section is ably driven by bassist Pam Moore and percussionist Laura Ann Masura.

Early rural photographs (attributed to the Hatley and Stone families) adorn the CD back cover and provide a clue to the Dime Box sound: stories of human imperfection, triumph, failure, and eternal hope. Long before the CD release, a demo of the song “Betsy” was making the rounds among fans and Internet listeners. Making the final cut of *Five and Dime Waltz*, it’s a lovely track resting in the arms of Murphy’s inspired mandolin playing.

The CD’s title track not only speaks of past hard times but our current economic woes; “Buying day old bread/ going to keep my family fed/ ‘cause we’re doing the five and dime waltz.” A poignant version of Dolly Parton’s “Did I Ever Cross Your Mind?” is the only cover selection of the song set. As entertaining as Dolly’s over-the-top public persona may be at times, it’s fun to periodically tap into the Parton song bank and be reminded what a gifted songwriter she is. It’s similar to exploring the Buck Owens catalog on Capitol and realizing the old Buckaroo was responsible for much more than telling corny jokes on *Hee-Haw*.

Be on the lookout for Dime Box. They’ll be performing at the Adams Avenue Roots and Folk Festival, April 25-26.

www.aveburyrecords.com



Israel Bissell

Disillusioned Hero

by Frank Kocher

Israel Bissell was a Revolutionary War figure whose 345-mile ride in 1775 alerted colonists of the invasion of the British from New England to Philadelphia. Many scholars consider his more noteworthy than Paul Revere’s 19-mile trip in Boston. The band that bears his name has selected the title *Disillusioned Hero* for their new CD. A bit of a spoiler alert: the band’s website and first song will tell the listener that this band has adopted a sound, choice of material, and general approach very similar to 1970s progressive rock giants Jethro Tull, especially such heavily acoustic discs as “Songs from the Wood” and “Heavy Horses.” Singer/songwriter Chuck Preble plays flute and mandolin, and the four other members all belong to veteran jazz-fusion band Speed of Sound, and their ace expertise shows. Preble has a mannered voice that fits the band’s Renaissance accents perfectly. Guitarist Mark Bacilla produced (at Tundra Digital Recording Studio in Poway), and his work on the board enables the listener to hear the metaphors in the lyrics and to feel the changes of atmosphere and scene in the songs.

“Undercover” is the opener, with quiet verses leading into an accelerated exchange between Bacilla’s excellent electric guitar lines and Preble’s flute, then back into the softer resolution. “Angel Wings” is fully acoustic, bringing to mind a street minstrel in the middle ages playing a lute, strings behind a flute solo midway, beautifully produced. The band pushes the beat with the rocker “Monkey Wrench.” Here they again show good dynamics, slowing down just before a fluid solo by Bacilla. The song recalls Tull’s best rockers and is a highlight on the disc. On “Gallery” it is back to the Renaissance, as the acoustic tune features deftly picked mandolin and flute. “City by the Bay” could be about any shoreline town anywhere, with striking images, and a few hints of a San Diego connection, like “the gritty sightseers looking for a bargain before boarding for a cruise.”

Preble’s writing uses imagery effectively throughout. Though all of the musicians are clearly superb, there are none of the overlong solos, elaborately arranged suites, or epic-length songs often found in progressive rock albums. The point here is a match of lyric and music, and only two of the 11 songs last over five minutes.

Israel Bissell has crafted an album that enables the listener to travel with the music to other times and places, while enjoying the ride, which is a superb accomplishment for any musical effort.



Zen Boy & Karma Girl

Earth vs. Zen Boy & Karma Girl

by Mike Alvarez

One can pretty much expect that an act called Zen Boy and Karma Girl will have a sly sense of humor as well as an affinity for absurdity and cheese. And you would be right. Their EP *Earth vs. Zen Boy and Karma Girl* is a pleasantly wacky collection of songs that takes inspiration from comic book superheroes and grade B sci-fi movies. The songs are mainly based on acoustic rhythms, supported by bass and embellished with electric guitars. Electronic effects and keyboards pop up here and there to add atmosphere. The overall sound is friendly and gentle, helped along by their decision to eschew percussion instruments. That this was not immediately apparent is a tribute to their dense arrangements. Taking center stage are layered vocal harmonies. Very rarely do Zen Boy or Karma Girl sing alone. I was reminded of Peter, Paul, and Mary on numerous occasions. That is, if they had secret alter-egos and a moral imperative to combat evil in all its forms.

After opening with a short, spacey intro called “Let’s Get Ready,” they launch into the zany and absurd “Earth vs. You,” a song that firmly establishes their sound as well as their point of view. As I listened to each song I got the impression that the music would be very kid-friendly, because they are all bouncy major key tunes. Then I paid more attention to the lyrics. Some of the words and imagery would definitely earn a PG-13 if not an R rating. I had to replay “Clowns of Yesteryear” to make sure I heard what I thought I heard. Like most songs on the CD it has a sweet melody and light arrangement, but I would certainly raise an eyebrow or two if I heard a youngster singing along. And therein lies a cornerstone of their artistic approach: balancing inoffensive music with edgy lyrics. It takes a little getting used to, but once you get it, it’s pretty entertaining. Their folksy take on the Beastie Boys’ classic “Fight for Your Right to Party” is also a good example of their skewed sensibilities.

This is not to say that they don’t have a serious side. “Human Error” is a slow song with a social message that’s driven by a melancholy electric piano. But that somberness doesn’t last because the next and final song, “Zen Boy and Karma Girl Theme Song” sounds like it could have been the B-side to “Puff the Magic Dragon.” They even thoughtfully sang a line or two in Japanese! It’s a humorous ending to an interesting collection of songs that should appeal to fans of folk music. Folk music from another dimension, that is!



Delaney Gibson

The Worst Kind of Way

by Heather Janiga

I’ve heard rumor of the technically prophetic “hit machine” that record labels use to foretell the success/popularity a song might produce before shelling out the mega fortune needed to promote it. If this machine does exist, *every* song on Delaney Gibson’s debut release, *The Worst Kind of Way*, would pass through with flying colors. There isn’t a song on this album that lacks an industry-hungry hook, and the overall production and musicianship is of star quality.

“I’m Alive” erupts as an emotional intro, which Gibson croons with girl-ish naivete and coming-of-age poeticism. Here, a background in classical music is revealed with an Alicia Keys style twist – a Mozart-like piano riff swooping through the foreground. This moving piece is accentuated by refreshing and unanticipated changes that substantiate Gibson’s ability as a complex songwriter.

The title track “The Worst Kind of Way” cues up seductive similarity to Fiona Apple’s “Criminal,” swelling into a riveting power chorus with hair-raising motive. The essence of longing revamps into palpable form as Gibson achingly professes her desire for another with spellbinding lyricism and quaver.

Two songs stand out as particularly radio-ready: “In Your Head,” which is hard to *get out* of your head, and “More Than Always.” Although the other songs hold up to task, these two are destined to wear out the “repeat” selection on the music player. The performances are magical in their perfection, and the songs sound as if they were born out of the inner circle of Nashville’s elite songwriting circuit. It’s no wonder shows like “Boston Public” and MTV’s “My Own” have swooped up some of Gibson’s songs to add to their repertoire.

She may be a pop star on the rise in the Top 40 milieu, but she isn’t one to mock for lack of songwriting or instrumental ability. Gibson writes all her music and does so with ingenious originality and creativity to delight the listener with unexpected chord transitions, unusual bridges, and a myriad tracks that include a delayed electric slide guitar, back porch-style banjo strumming, sultry piano sonnets, and harmoniously layered background vocals. She receives even more validation for being a skilled player in all of these instrumentations.

If you’re a hard core indie enthusiast or folk junkie, this album may not be your cup of tea. But if you give it more than one listen, it might just become your next favorite guilty pleasure. Once exposed, Delaney Gibson could become the next *Jewel* of southern California.



Peter Sprague & Kevyn Lettau

What Is Enough?

by Frank Kocher

North County jazz guitarist Peter Sprague joins vocalist Kevyn Lettau for *What Is Enough?* and the result is one of those musical collaborations in which the familiarity and talent of the artists complement and enhance one another perfectly. Sprague’s 2008 release, *Peter Sprague Plays Solo* was a delight that featured his virtuoso skills on acoustic arrangements of songs from classical and Brazilian to the Beatles. Lettau got her start as a vocalist on several of Sprague’s earliest recordings with his Dance of the Universe band in the late ‘70s before her lengthy stint with Sergio Mendes’ band. Her prolific solo career has featured Brazilian jazz (Sprague played on several of her albums, including 1995’s *Braziljazz*), jazz standards, originals, and covers of songs by the Police and others.

What Is Enough? brings these two talented artists full circle, with the pair as co-producers. The accompaniment is still Peter Sprague solo and acoustic, without overdubs. He is clearly a master of jazz guitar phrasing, able to combine improvised figures, rhythmic chords, and bass lines in an effortless flow. Lettau’s voice is the other lead instrument here, a finely tuned organ that hits harmonics and bounces effortlessly through arpeggios several octaves apart, conveying joyous freedom or contemplative lessons with an ease rarely heard.

The disc’s opener, “Heed my Call,” one of several cuts on the album co-written by Lettau, has a brisk Brazilian beat, a superb guitar break by Sprague, and like several of the cuts, some carefree scat singing by Lettau. She is clearly influenced by Ella Fitzgerald, and wrote the tune “Ella” on a 1994 disc for the First Lady of Song. The title cut of the new disc features joyous, spiritually affirming lyrics, along with “Patience” and Stevie Wonder’s “Have a Talk with God.” The standard “Almost Like Being in Love” is given a swing treatment, with Sprague playing bass lines while Lettau scats the horn fills and first solo, until he steps in and demonstrates the ability to hold the whole song structure together while creating a filigree of angular, original scales.

Helping things on *What Is Enough?* is a perfect mix. The listener gets to hear plenty of each artist, but neither crowds the other. The 12 songs last an hour, giving both artists plenty of room to maneuver, but at no point does the music sound sparse.

What Is Enough? is great music by two veteran performers, making one wish for more from these two performers in a similar setting. Maybe it isn’t enough?



APRIL CALENDAR

wednesday • 1

Chet & the Committee/John Nemeth, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 5:30pm.
Tanya Rose & the Buffalo Chip Kickers, Serra Mesa/Kearny Mesa Library, 9005 Aero Dr., 6:30pm.
The Jazz Ensemble, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.
Branford Marsalis, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Clay Colton Band, Dublin Square, 554 Fourth Ave., 8pm.
John Elliot & the Hereafter/The Blue Hit, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Missy Andersen, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

thursday • 2

Barbara Nesbitt, Indulge, 4550 La Jolla Village Dr., 6:30pm.
Old Tyme Fiddle Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Joe Rathburn & Dale LaDuke, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
The Riders, Wine Steals, 1953 San Elijo Ave., Cardiff, 7pm.
Richard Thompson w/ Russell Bizzett/Boh Magnusson/Tripp Sprague/Derrick Cannon, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.
Ryan Shaw, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Joseph Angelastro, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
The Dirty Heads w/ Mishka/Tribal Theory/Revival, Canes Bar & Grill, 3105 Ocean Front Walk, 8pm.
Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 3

Faultline w/ Harry Joe Reynolds, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Zzymzzy Quartet, OB People's Food, 4765 Voltaire St., 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., P.B., 6:30pm.
Spring Reverb w/ Jim McAuley/Scott Walton/Bert Turetzky/Ellen Weller, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Hawaiian Slack-Key Masters, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Steve Tyrell, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Gonzlo Bergara Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Joe Brooks/Sara Haze, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
The Rhythm Jacks, The Waterfront, 2044 Kettner Blvd., 9:30pm.

saturday • 4

Bluegrass Day w/ Highway 76, Carlsbad Flower Fields, 5704 Paseo Del Norte, 2pm.
Patti Zlaket/John Foltz, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 5pm.
Frank Lucio, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Cowboy Jack, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.
Swing West, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.
Bill Evans & Megan Lynch, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave. Banjo & Fiddle Workshops: 3-5pm; Concert: 7pm.
Sara Messenger, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.
Shady Side Players, It's a Grind, 204 N. El Camino Real, Encinitas, 7pm.
Muriel Anderson, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Stacey & the Stimulus Package, Upstart Crow, Seaport Village, 7:30pm.
Gregory Page, Swedenborg Hall, 1531 Tyler Ave., 8pm.
Jordan Reimer, The Marquee, 835 25th St., 8pm.
Grand Canyon Sundown, Bailey's BBQ, 2307 Main St., Julian, 8pm.
Tommy Dahill, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Aaron Bowen, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Three Chord Justice, Alpine Inn, 2223 Alpine Blvd., 9pm.

sunday • 5

Shady Side Players, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 10am.
Valley Music Relocation Party w/ California Rangers/Slidewinders/Kelli Lydel/Vic Gross, Valley Music, 530 E. Main St., El Cajon, 1pm.
Wil. G., Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 1pm.
Traditions of Big Band Jazz w/ Bill Watrous, Carlsbad Community Church, 3150 Jefferson St., 2pm.
Christopher Dallman/Gregory Douglass/Syd, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 6

Poway Folk Circle, Templars Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Fundraiser for Spring Harmonica Festival w/ Chet & the Committee/James Harman/Billy Watson/Charles Burton & John Frazer, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Beausoleil w/ Michael Doucet/Linnzi Zaorski, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Soul Missive/Charlie Imes/John Shipe, Larry's Beach Club, 145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, 8pm.

tuesday • 7

Adrienne Nims & Raggle-Taggle, University City Library, 4155 Governor Dr., 10am.

Leonard Cohen, Copley Symphony Hall, 750 B St., 8pm.

wednesday • 8

Kristin Korb, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Yonder Mountain String Band w/ Darol Anger, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 8pm.
Rick Ruskin, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Dar Williams/Melissa Ferrick, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Grand Canyon Sundown/Mark Jackson Band/Zapf Dingbats, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9pm.

thursday • 9

Poway Bluegrass Jam, Templars Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn & Kev, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Michael Tiernan, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast wy. 101, Leucadia, 7:30pm.
Robin Henkel, Wine Steals, 1243 University Ave., 8pm.
Amy Kuney/Annie Bethancourt/Kyler England, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 10

Happy Hour w/ the Mar Dels, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 5:30pm.
Jamcodia w/ Mark Kinney, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., P.B., 6:30pm.
Sam Johnson Jazz Duo, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.
Leon Redbone, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Michael Tiernan, Capri Blu Restaurant & Wine Bar, 10436 Craftsman Way, 7:30pm.
Gilbert Castellanos New Latin Jazz Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
KEV, Borders Books & Music, 1072 Camino Del Rio N., 8pm.
Ari Heist, Y1 Studios, 1150 7th Ave., 8pm.
Robert Cray, Viejas Casino DreamCatcher Lounge, 500 Willows Rd., 8pm.
Josh Damigo/Alexis Allan/Thomas Ian Nicholas, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 11

10th Annual Spring Harp Festival w/ Billy Watson/Mitch Kashmar/Stan Ruffo, Harry Griffen Park, 9550 Mildren St., La Mesa, 11am.
Mark Jackson Band, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Elliott Lawrence, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.
Rory Block, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Leon Redbone, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Jake Shimabukuro, Grace Theater, 102 N. Freeman St., Oceanside, 8pm.
Brett Sanders, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Lisa Sanders & Friends, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 12

S.D. Folk Song Society, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.
Robin Henkel Band, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 5pm.
Gary Louris & Mark Olson, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

monday • 13

Ron Bell/Gary Seiler, Larry's Beach Club, 145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, 8pm.

tuesday • 14

Adrienne Nims, Julian Library, 1850 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.

wednesday • 15

Novamenco, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
The Flowerthief, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 16

Richard Smith & Julie Adams, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Doyle Dykes, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Robin Henkel, Wine Steals, 1953 San Elijo, Cardiff, 7pm.
Joe Rathburn & Severin Browne, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Brian Auger, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Barbara Nesbitt, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Applebrown Jazz Ensemble, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Michele Lunden & Blues Streak, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.
Kenny Wayne Shepherd, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
The Riders, First Street Bar, 656 S. Coast Hwy 101, Encinitas, 9pm.

friday • 17

KEV/Greg Campbell, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., P.B., 6:30pm.

Bernie Pearl, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Brian Levy & Mikan Zlatkovich, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Derek Trucks Band, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave., 8pm.
Jim Earp, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Zzymzzy Quartet, Claire de Lune, 2906 Univrsity Ave., 8:30pm.
Diamonds Under Fire/Every Good Boy/Kathryn Osterberg, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Calexico/Bartenders Bible, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

saturday • 18

Urban Acoustic Playhouse Show, The Marquee, 835 25th St., 6pm.
Plow, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
KEV, The Living Room, 2541 San Diego Ave., 7pm.
Matt Commerce, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.
Robin Adler & Dave Blackburn, Fallbrook House of the Arts, 432 E. Dougherty St., Fallbrook, 7:30pm.
Silverado, Zion Lutheran Church, 1405 E. Fallbrook St., Fallbrook, 7:30pm.
Tom Baird & Friends, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.
Steve Poltz, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30 & 9:30pm.
Big Wide Grin, Canyon Folk House Concert, Harbison Canyon, 8pm. canyonfolk@cox.net
Mosaic CD Release, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
The Wrong Trousers, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Three Chord Justice, Rosie O'Grady's, 3402 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 19

Shady Side Players, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 10am.
Brooklyn, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 1pm.
Nanette & her Hotsy Totsy Boys, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.
Lori Bell, Serra Mesa/Kearny Mesa Library, 9005 Aero Dr., 2pm.
Lighthouse, First United Methodist Church of Escondido, 341 S. Kalmia St., 3pm.
Valley Music Relocation Party w/ Eve Selis Band w/ Jim Soldi & Mark Twang/Honky Tonk Kings/Bleu Dawg & More, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 4pm.
Little Windows, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 8pm.

monday • 20

Poway Folk Circle, Templars Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Daniel Jackson Quartet, Tango Del Rey, 3567 Del Rey St., 7pm.
Chet Cannon's Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Bayou Brothers, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

tuesday • 21

Richard Smith, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.

wednesday • 22

Glen Fisher's First Friday Music Club, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
Charles McPherson & Gilbert Castellanos, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Aaron Bowen/Chris Robley, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 23

Michael Tiernan, Indulge, 4550 La Jolla Village Dr., 6pm.
Poway Bluegrass Jam, Templars Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn & David Beldock, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Earl Thomas & the Kings of Rhythm, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Hot Tuna, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Camille Bloom/Nicole Torres/Veronica May, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 24

Mtountain Tribal Gypsies, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
ONI: The Beginnngs of the Electric Sound Generation Exhibit & Concert w/ Robin Henkel/Steve Nichols/Steve Bernstein/DeForest Thornburgh, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
KEV, The Living Room, 2541 San Diego Ave., 7pm.
Josh Damigo & Rob Deeze, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.
David Wilcox, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Robert Parker, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Hugh Gaskins & the G String Daddies, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 8pm.
Paul Seaforth w/ Mo'Sax, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Mod for Marq, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4603 Park Blvd., 8:30pm.
Anna Troy/Cyndi Harvell/Northstar Session, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

W E E K L Y

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.
Open Blues Jam w/ Chet & the Committee, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 2:30pm.
Traditional Irish Session, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 4pm.
Celtic Ensemble, Twigg's, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.
Open Mic, Kensington Cafe, 4141 Adams Ave., 4pm.
Traditional Irish Session, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm.
Open Mic, E Street Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Joe Mendoza, Surf & Saddle, 123 W. Plaza St., Solana Beach, 8pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
José Sinatra's OB-oke, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.
The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

every monday

Zapf Dingbats, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise, 7pm.
Open Mic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.
Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.
KPRI Homegrown Hour w/ Astra Kelly, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 8pm.
Songwriter's Showcase, Larry's Beach Club, 1145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, 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.
Open Mic, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.
Chet & the Committee All Pro Blues Jam, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 7:30pm.
Jack Tempchin & Friends, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Open Mic, The Royal Dive, 2949 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside, 8pm.
Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.

saturday • 25

Adams Avenue Roots & Folk Festival, Normal Heights, 11am. info: AdamsAveOnLine.com
Hwy. 67 Blues Fest & BBQ w/ Bill Magee/D.A. & the Hitmen/Hoodoo Blues, Ramona Mainstage, 626 Main St., noon.
Del Dios Hwy., Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Santa Cruz River Band, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Paul Williams Benefit w/ Cindy Lee Berryhill & Randy Hoffman, House Concert in Del Mar, 8pm. Contact Laura Britton: 760/944-3918.
Silverleaf CD Release, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Grand Canyon Sundown/Assembly of Dust, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9pm.

sunday • 26

Adams Avenue Roots & Folk Festival, Normal Heights, 11am. info: AdamsAveOnLine.com
Jaeryoung Lee Trio, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 6pm.
Doyle Dykes, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Julia Sage, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

every wednesday

Chuck Schiele & Friends, Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 4-7pm.
Scandinavian Dance Class, Folk Dance Center, Dancing Unlimited, 4569 30th St., 7:30pm.
Open Mic, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 7pm.
Open Mic, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Open Mic, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 8:30pm.
Open Mic, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm.

every thursday

Chet & the Committee Open Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm.
Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic, Friendly Grounds, 9225 Carlton Hills Blvd., Santee, 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn's Folkey Monkey, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Open Mic, Turquoise Coffee, 841 Turquoise St., P.B., 7pm.
Moonlight Serenade Orchestra, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.
Traditional Irish Session, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.
Jazz Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9:30pm.

every friday

California Rangers, Larry's Beach Club, 1145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.
Acoustic Mayhem w/ Sven-Erik Seaholm & Jesse LaMonaca, Bondi, 333 5th Ave. 6pm.
Jazz Night, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm.
Open Mic, Bella Roma Restaurant, 6830 La Jolla Blvd. #103, 8pm.
Open Mic, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

every saturday

Blues Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm.

monday • 27

Michael Tiernan, Dublin Square, 544 Fourth Ave., 8pm.
Jimmy Ray/K.C. Simpson/Jacqui Foreman, Larry's Beach Club, 145 S. Tremont, Oceanside, 8pm.

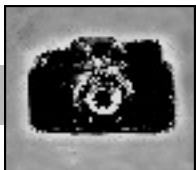
wednesday • 29

Celtic Woman: Isle of Hope, SDSU Open Air Theatre, 5500 Campanile Dr., 7:30pm.
Ian McLagan, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Evan Bethany/Lindsey Yung/William Fitzsimmons, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 30

Barbara Nesbitt, Indulge, 4550 La Jolla Village Dr., 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn & Carlos Olmeda, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Los Lobos, Coach House, 33157 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano, 8pm.
Angela Correa, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Rufus Wainwright/Lucy Wainwright Roche, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.





BENEFIT FOR LOU CURTISS @ OTM



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Allen Singer



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Phil Boroff



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Los Californios



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Curt Bouterse



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Lou & Virginia Curtiss



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Robin Henkel



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Dane Terry & Patty Hall



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Chris Clarke & Plow



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Wayne Brandon & Tanya Rose

ACOUSTIC ALLIANCE



Photo: Steve Covault

Matt Molarius



Photo: Steve Covault

David Hermesen



Photo: Steve Covault

Roxanne



Photo: Steve Covault

Paul Cannon



Photo: Steve Covault

Matt Haeck



Photo: Steve Covault

Shady Side Players



Photo: Steve Covault

Misdirection



Photo: Steve Covault

Dweezil Zappa @ HoB



Photo: Steve Covault

Adele @ HoB

ELSEWHERE AROUND TOWN



Stacey & the Stimulus Package @ Upstart Crow



Photo: Steve Thorn

Gerard Nolan et al. @ Dizzy's



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Berkley Hart @ the Oasis

elRayo
Guitarworks
• Guitars
• Parts
• Pickups
• Repair
• Accessories
...it's all in the details
3843 Acams Avenue
San Diego, California
619-280-1937
WWW.ELRAYOGUITARWORKS.COM



Photo: Steve Covault

Lucy Kaplansky @ AMSD

SAN DIEGO OLD TIME MUSIC

(619) 280-9035
www.sdoldtimemusic.com

2852 University Avenue, San Diego CA 92104

Store Hours:

Mon, Fri, Sat, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Tues, Wed, Thurs, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.



Mark Adams of the Roots Forum!

FINE ACOUSTIC INSTRUMENTS • ACCESSORIES • LESSONS • WORKSHOPS • CONCERTS • JAMS

Guitars
Ukes
Banjos
Fiddles
Mandolins
Strings
Picks
Capos
Music Books
DVD's
Repairs
Lessons
Concerts
Workshops
and more!

Walls of Instruments! Visit our showroom.
Martin • Taylor • Collings • Deering and more!



Banjo



Ukes



Fiddles



Mandolins



Make your old instrument play like new! In-house repair, string changing and instrument set up services.

Want Lessons? We have instructors for Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Violin, Cello, Voice and Bass. Kids and Adult lessons.

OTM STAGE LIVE



Bill Evans-Author of "Banjos for Dummies" and Megan Lynch

Banjo Workshop: Learn to play the banjo in a fun and easy way. Banjo Workshop: Learn to play the fiddle in a fun and easy way.

Saturday April 4th, 7 p.m.
Bill Evans & Megan Lynch Concert
Admission: \$20
Bluegrass Duo: Great players!

Saturday April 4th, 3-5 p.m.
Bill Evans & Megan Lynch
Banjo & Fiddle Workshops
Workshop fee: \$40
Banjo and Fiddle Workshops

Wednesday April 8th, 8 p.m.
Rick Ruskin Concert
Admission: \$20
Fingerstyle Guitarist

Thursday April 16th, 7 p.m.
Doyle Dykes Admission: \$10
Taylor Guitar Master: Fingerstyle Guitarist.
Limited seating. Call OTM to reserve a seat!
619-280-9035

Friday April 17th, 7 p.m.
Bernie Pearl Concert
Admission: \$20
Acoustic Country Blues

Tues April 21st, 7 p.m.
Richard Smith
Admission: \$20
National Fingerstyle Champion



Doyle Dykes April 16

Old Time Fiddle Jam
First and third Thursdays of the month (7:00-9:30)

Bluegrass Jam
Fifth Tuesday of the month (6:30-9:00)

San Diego Folk Song Society
Second Sunday of the month (2:00-6:00)

**Buffalo
Bros.
Guitars**
CARLSBAD



Offering the finest in new, used and vintage stringed instruments since 1971

Find the Guitar of your Dreams!



WE HAVE AN ENTIRE DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO AMPS, ELECTRICS AND EFFECTS.

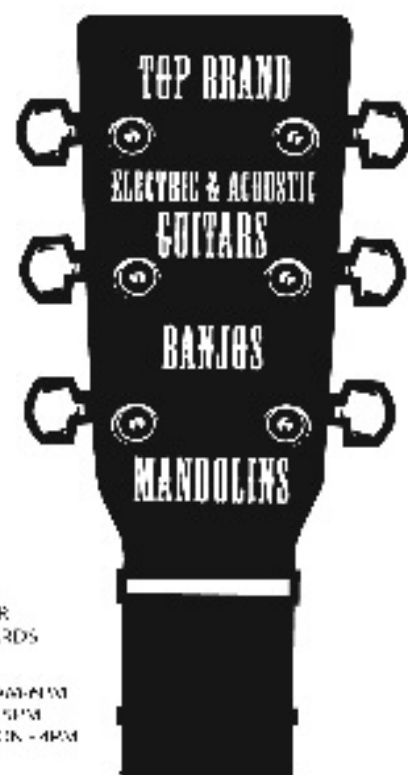
ON SITE INSTRUMENT REPAIR AND SET UP SERVICE AVAILABLE

ACOUSTIC GUITARS
Taylor, Martin, Collings and other Major Brands.

AMPS Marshall, FVR, VOX, Rivera, HIGWATT, IMI and other great amps.
Need Tubes? Cables? We've got them.

ELECTRIC GUITARS
Fender, Gibson, Paul Reed Smith, Gretsch, Jackson, G&L, Taylor, Dan Fleenor & more!

An amazing selection of vintage, brand name electrics & acoustic instruments.



(760) 434-4567 4901 El Camino Real Carlsbad, CA 92008

www.buffalobrosguitars.com

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
OPEN
MON-FRI 10AM-6PM
SAT 10AM-5PM
SUN 12 NOON-4PM