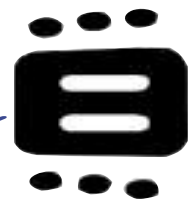


T SAN DIEGO ROUBADOOR

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



June 2009

www.sandiegotroubadour.com

Vol. 8, No. 9

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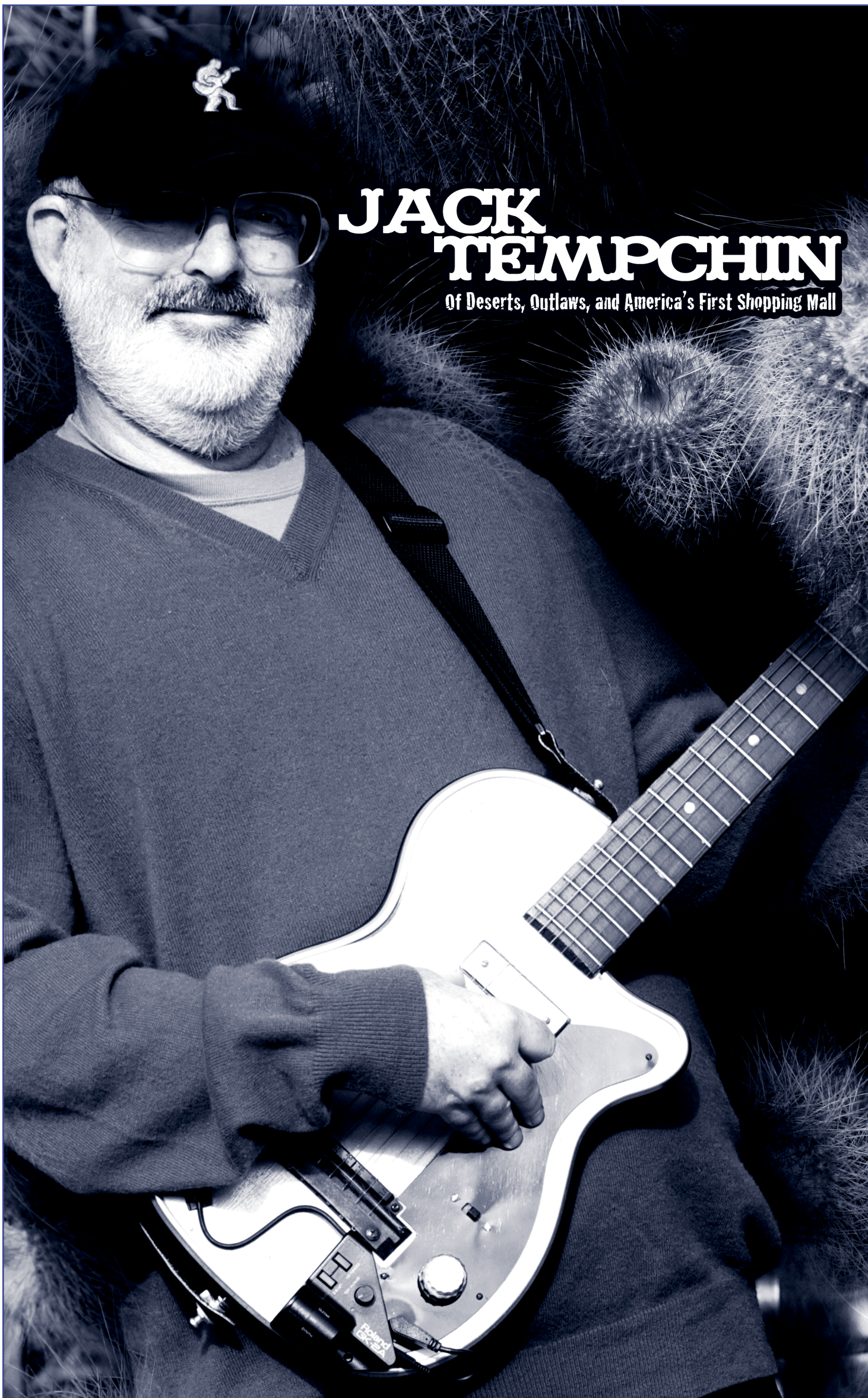
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MISSION

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

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

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SUBSCRIPTIONS are available for \$30/yr. Send check payable to S.D. Troubadour to: San Diego Troubadour P.O. Box 164 La Jolla, CA 92037

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Email your gig date, including location, address, and time to info@sandiegotroubadour.com by the 22nd of the month prior to publication.

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

by Jon Block

If you asked a high schooler about Silent Comedy, you'd probably get some half-baked answer about Charlie Chaplin. Ditto MC Flow, whose name many San Diegans would pronounce like it came off a McDonald's menu.

When it comes to supporting local music, the biggest hurdle is that fandom is generally linked to celebrity. This is the MTV pin-up factor, the gazillions spent in marketing to provoke conversations at locker halls and water coolers.

The reality is that going to see bands you don't know is kind of like hanging out with strangers instead of friends. The proliferation of music videos, T-shirts, and magazines provides the bridge between artists and the public, and so when it comes time to see Green Day in concert, it feels like we're going to see friends we've known for years.

How can we create the same feelings toward local musicians (apart from actually being friends with the band)?

The first thing to understand is that we have an obligation to support our own, to back local artists the same way you might have school pride, national pride, gay pride, African-American pride, etc. San Diego has an especially thrilling music scene, with enough quality songs to merit their own FM station; we should take advantage of this the same way we do with our famously sunny weather.

Another good route, and this can be taken literally or not, is to kill your TV. Network television programming, like "Grey's

ART AROUND ADAMS: THE IMPORTANCE OF SUPPORTING LOCAL

Anatomy," and the commercials taking place during "Grey's Anatomy," is the ultimate example of how media influences taste. The fact that it's free and involves doing nothing apart from sitting on your butt makes it especially powerful, with each viewer being a mental slave to anyone with the ability to purchase air time. From a musical standpoint, this device is also responsible for ensuring that more San Diegans know the name of the latest American Idol reject than know who Gregory Page is.

Of course, local promoters also have a responsibility – perhaps their most important – to find ways to reach larger audiences. Local music fans tend to be between the ages of 18 and 32; they're too old to be kids and too young to be parents. Promoters rarely tap into the Family Outing, which obviously comprises a huge part of San Diegans' go-out spending. While some might argue that family outings go against the grain of the local music scene, the facts are not debatable: the minimum wage salary for a San Diego Padre is \$390,000 per year; the average San Diego musician works in a bar or coffee house in order to survive and keep making music.

The wonderful news is that change is among us, with more live music venues than ever and with events like North Park Music



Maren Parusel will be performing on June 6

Thing calling direct attention to them. This is still an arena to be developed much further, of course, and across all entertainment streams. As always, it's crucial not to place limitations on ourselves, such as saying that the public is too stupid to catch on, that we're culturally tasteless and brainless, that we're a country who spent \$85 million to watch Wolverine its opening weekend.

Personally, I focus on the public that made Pulp Fiction, a phenomenon in the mid-90s, or that established The Catcher in the Rye as a national classic, or (on a different level) made Barack Obama our president. The world will always make room for all things extraordinary to break through to the next level and beyond; San Diego musicians are no exception.

On June 6, you'll have a chance to sample lots of homegrown music and art at Art Around Adams, the first all-ages, Coachella-style festival dedicated exclusively to San Diego talent.

Jon Block is co-founder of Walk the Walk, the production company behind Art Around Adams. Go to www.artaroundadams.org for further info, schedules, and performers.

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GOLDMINE: Buddy Blue Remembered

by Frank Kocher

Buddy Blue was a force of nature. The local musician, journalist, and self-proclaimed "all-around curmudgeon" passed away over three years ago, on April 2, 2006. A group of his musical friends from San Diego, other parts of the country, and Europe have joined together to assemble a musical tribute to Buddy with a CD, *Goldmine: The Songs of Buddy Blue*. Proceeds from the tribute disc sales will go to a fund for his daughter's education.

Through his songwriting and performing for over two decades, his writing in a number of publications, and his involvement in the local music community, Buddy left a considerable imprint on the San Diego roots and jump-blues music scene. He also left an indelible mark in the memories of all who knew him.

"Buddy was one of those larger-than-life characters that you feel blessed to have in your life, and his too-early passing left a massive void in the San Diego community," said longtime friend and fellow journalist Jim Trageser.

Buddy's musical journey started when the Syracuse, New York native (born Bernard Siegal) was working at a record store in La Mesa and studying journalism at Grossmont College, eventually becoming editor of the student newspaper. He founded the rockabilly Rockin' Roulettes in 1981 and in 1983 became a member of the landmark roots-rock band the Beat Farmers, adding his guitar and vocals to those of Jerry Raney (Rolle Love, also from the Roulettes, became the bass player, and the late Country Dick Montana was drummer and vocalist). During his three-year stint with the band, his contributions to their first three discs included such memorable songs as "Lonesome Hound," "Lost Weekend," "Glad 'n' Greasy," and "Gunsale at the Church." Buddy left in 1986 to form the Jacks and recorded the excellent *Jacks Are Wild* with his new band, while the Beat Farmers continued with Joey Harris on guitar and vocals until Montana's untimely

passing onstage in 1995.

By the 1990s Buddy was writing music reviews for several newspapers, and in 1991 released a roots rock album, *Guttersnipes and Zealots*, featuring guest spots by Dave Alvin, Richard Berry, and Mojo Nixon.

Three jump blues discs, including 1994's *Dive Bar Casanovas* by the Buddy Blue Band, followed. He kept up an eclectic output with a potpourri of roots rock and bop styles, including 2001's *Pretend It's Okay* and the all-jazz 2003 disc *Sordid Lives*. That year Buddy also released a disc by the original Beat Farmers, *Beat Farmers Live at the Spring Valley Inn 1983*, on his Clarence label. In 2005, Buddy reunited with Raney, Love, and drummer Joel (Bongo) Kmak as the Farmers for *Loaded*. During the four years before his premature passing, he wrote a weekly column for the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, called "Blue Notes."

Buddy was also involved in musical endeavors that included playing guitar on albums by Screaming Jay Hawkins and several other artists – in all, he appeared on 20 discs and wrote well over 50 original songs. He also produced discs by the Rugburns and other local acts and played a prominent role in promoting local roots music.

"He became one of those people I could always count on to support the things I was doing whether it was trying to keep a festival going, or a shop going. I could count on Buddy to organize a benefit concert or give me a plug in the newspaper. He was a real friend and I miss him not only because of the support he gave but also because he was a good guy to gab about music with and there are so few of them anymore," said Lou Curtiss, owner and operator of Folk Arts Rare Records on Adams Avenue.

He was also known for his musical integrity and strong opinions.

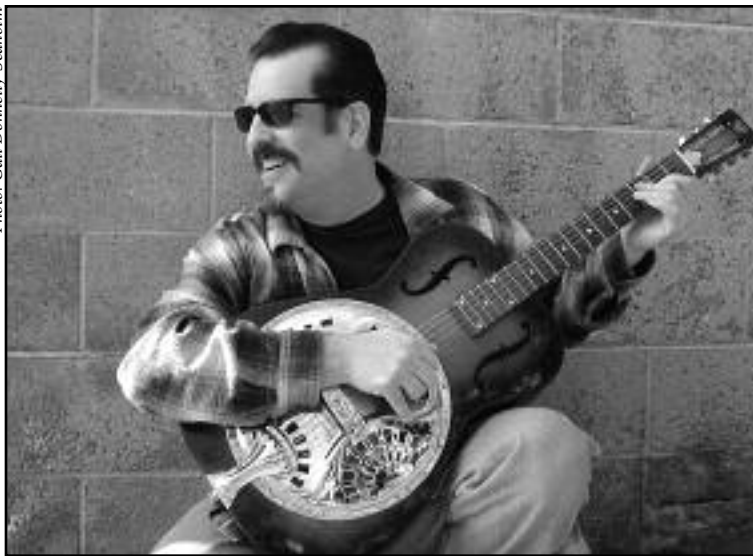
"Buddy could play blues guitar about as well as anyone in town, but he always agreed with me that this music is black music and us white guys shouldn't be taking any credit for it, and, more important, making all the big money playing it," said

Curtiss. "He always said 'I'm a blues revival musician when I play blues; I didn't invent this music, I only play what I heard from the guys who invented it.' Buddy always tried to give the local black blues scene a plug or a gig when he could."

Buddy married his soulmate Annie in April 1998 (their daughter Lulu arrived in 2002), but he didn't completely soften up as a family man. His "curmudgeon" persona came across in his "Blue Notes" column, a feisty, funny streak that never hesitated to point out the ridiculous, pompous, and unjust. From an October 2003 column praising country icon George Jones: "As far as I'm concerned, every hat-boy act in country music ought to be greased up with hot saddle oil and forced to roll around in the time-beaten crags of George Jones' face before being allowed anywhere near a stage or studio." Buddy's take in January 2005 on the "Top Ten Aggressively Hideous Pop Icons": "Bjork: I can't decide whether this woman more closely resembles an ant or a door wedge." His lyrics were a blend of old-school attitude that mixed in R&B themes, rockabilly, and jump blues traditions, as well as his own unique brand of prose. An overall positive review in a Los Angeles website of his *Dipsomania* disc in 2000 observes, "Blue uses words like 'wussifyin' and 'wanker' in his lyrics."

Buddy's personality carried over to his website, BuddyBlue.com, which featured a guestbook as early as 1998 that grew with the years. Its latest incarnation in September 2004 included hundreds of regular visitors. The many colorful characters on this board shared his passion for roots music, politics, pop culture, and things like boxing. A thread might debate the merits of one old-time, hardcore rocker against another or a hot political issue, and would draw often irreverent input from local bloggers and those in the Midwest, Oregon, Rhode Island, Scotland, Scandinavia, and Germany. People with such web handles as Bard, Jayhawks, BaldGuy, Bix, and many others (including some who used their given

Photo: Gaíl Donnelly-Scathólm



Buddy Blue

names) regularly corresponded with Buddy and other friends all over the world. Most often, the topic was music and Buddy was the resident expert. A group of veteran members also became a sort of brotherhood known as "Euro-Funboys," with personalized tee shirts provided by board member George, lead singer of German punk rock band Poltix.

Many of the members of the guestbook were musicians, both friends and admirers of Buddy's. In the weeks following Buddy's passing, the idea of guestbook members and other friends recording some of Buddy's original songs on a tribute CD was first suggested by Scotland's Richie Evans, known as "Hippo" on the Buddy board.

"A group of us who had hung out together on Buddy's website, BuddyBlue.com, wanted to do something to... well, I don't know that we knew what, exactly. Honor him, I guess, except he'd have been appalled at THAT idea. Thank him, maybe, for all the great times and better music. Since so many of the BuddyBlue.com bulletin board participants were fellow musicians, when Richie Evans over across the pond proposed a tribute album by the bulletin board community itself, I think all of us immediately felt the rightness of the idea," Trageser said.

"It was the sort of thing Buddy would have done for his friends. I just wish it wouldn't have had to happen for another 40 years or so."

The idea was warmly received and early energy for the project came from fellow Scot Jack Watt ("Jocko"). Friends of Watt's, in a band called the Lazarenkos, were already playing covers of Buddy songs and interested in recording, so Evans quickly assembled a group to record, which was dubbed "B.S.O.R.E." George (of "Funboy" fame) and American musicians including local country rocker Taylor Harvey, Pete C. Wagner from Maryland, Phoenix' Psychedelic Moog, and Tehachapi's Hooverville Rounders were also among the first to step forward, and soon other musicians on the board were volunteering to record songs for the project. Lance Richardson, a longtime friend and neighbor of Buddy's, volunteered to underwrite costs for the project as producer, with the proceeds to raise funds for Buddy's daughter Lulu's education. Trageser, a music critic and editor with the *North County Times*, stepped up to write the liner notes. Other members of the board volunteered for such tasks as art design and providing treasured photos. George suggested Sven-Erik Seaholm, who had worked with Buddy and done the superb production on *Loaded* to engineer and mix the disc, and he took on the project.

After Annie gave the project her blessing, work was underway as bands started booking studio time to record versions of popular Buddy compositions. While some of the artists were musicians who had known Buddy directly, some were fans who had never met him in person but were nonetheless ardent admirers of his songs. More blogging yielded many suggestions for a title, with the eventual consensus being *Goldmine: The Songs of Buddy Blue*, a nod to one of his most popular songs from the landmark first Beat Farmer album, *Tales of the New West*.

continued on page 6.



THE MUSIC OF GOLDMINE

This is a disc with plenty of rock 'n' roll, but there is something for nearly every musical taste. It is reflective of the many diverse musical personalities of Buddy's friends on his website guestbook, united by their love for his music interpreted in their own musical vocabularies and points of reference. The generous 18-track disc (available on cdbaby.com) contains five songs from overseas artists and six from U.S. artists in locations outside San Diego:

"Glad 'n' Greasy": The Farmers continued as a trio, and their contribution is this tune from the great 1986 EP of the same name. This version packs plenty of punch.

"Pretend It's Okay": Guestbook member Marko "Jemmari" Aho appears with the Crawfish Kings from Finland, and they give this tune a zydeco feel with some wicked lapsteel touches by Jo Buddy.

"Goldmine": B.S.O.R.E.'s contribution, from Scotland, is a hard-rocking version with Richie "Hippo" Evans' powerful vocal, leading the way over serious lead guitar riffing.

"Can You Feel It": Scotland's Lazarenkos have a country-influenced sound that echoes the original Beat Farmers, with some mandolin flourishes, whistling, and stand-up bass. The song has a nostalgic feel; originally from the *Jacks Are Wild* disc.

"Blind Monkeys": A Buddy song done with punk attitude by board member George and his band Poltix from Germany. The calm verses give way to hard-hitting, power-chord choruses that take no prisoners. The original is on *Guttersnipes and Zealots*.

"Baby's Got the Blues": Former collaborator and member of Buddy's band Romy Kaye delivers this tune from New Orleans with a bluesy treatment, sounding like a tune in a Bourbon Street club. She makes this *Dive Bar Casanovas* song all her own with a sultry vocal.

"Drunk Again": Oregon's Spicious Brothers, with board member Vic "Vik Rude" Lund, give this song a barroom approach that includes tradeoff vocals, impressive country licks, and sharp lapsteel playing. From 1997's *Greasy Jass*.

"Guido Suit": San Diego's butterFace stirs things up with a power-trio version of this rocker from *Pretend It's Okay*, with plenty of slide guitar. Former Buddy band member Jerry Rig plays bass.

"Lost Weekend": With the Hooverville Rounders, board member Steve Austin ("Floyd Morrow") sings and plays banjo on this bluegrass adaptation of Buddy's tune – another example of the eclectic styles that his music touched, from punk to country to jazz.

"Missing You": Sven Erik Seaholm gives this *Dipsomania* tune a beautiful production. The vocals are pristine, soaring above organ

continued on page 6.

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Recordially, Lou Curtiss

Photo: Bill Richardson



Lou Curtiss

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL ROOTS MUSIC

Roots music isn't an arts form that can be sold like MacDonald's Hamburgers. It's not a mass medium and it never will be, but the mass medium that is the pop music scene would be non-existent without it. It's up to us folk who care about these kinds of music to remind the powers that be from time to time that a roots music performance can be a very meaningful, individual, and enjoyable experience, and, at the same time, be a work of art worthy of presenting and preserving. This is what I've tried to do with the old San Diego Folk Festivals (from 1967 to 1987) and, to a lesser extent, with the Adams Avenue Roots Festival (from 1994 to 2007).

For instance, I'll take 1975 as an example. That year we brought the following roots musicians:

- Tommy Jarrell, fiddle and banjo player from Virginia
- Sam and Kirk McGee, who played on the Grand Ole Opry from its beginnings in the '20s. Sam was a master on the guitar, playing his own unique finger-pick style.
- Martin, Bogan, and Armstrong, three vintage bluesmen who all recorded solo and separately in the 1920s and who played a unique style of Afro-American

string band music with fiddle, mandolin, and guitar.

- Country swing cowgirl singer Patsy Montana, the first solo woman to have a million-selling phonograph recording – "I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart" – in 1934.
- Sady Courville and Dennis McGee with Marc Savoy, traditional cajun twin fiddles, who recorded their very early cajun style on a series of recordings in the 1920s.
- Benny Thomasson, a Texas long bow fiddler, thought to be one of the best ever.
- Sam Chatmon, one of the originals in Jackson, Mississippi's Mississippi Sheiks Afro-American string band and a festival regular in those years.
- Ray and Ina Patterson, a duo from Colorado who played on radio in the early 1940s and sang with mandolin and guitar in the close harmony style of the 1930s' brother duets.
- The Wright Brothers, a gospel quartet who sang and performed in the jubilee style of groups like the Golden Gate Quartet and the Heavenly Gospel Singers. The quartet from Dallas recorded for Vocalion in the late 1930s.
- Rose Maddox, long-time veteran country singer who sang both solo and with her brothers on the "Louisiana Hayride" show and did tons of radio from the late

1930s onward.

- Lydia Mendoza, called the "Lark of the Border," a veteran norteño singer guitarist who made records as far back as 1930 with her family and had a long career solo and with her conjunto band
- Glenn Ohrlin, a traditional cowboy singer from Mountain View, Arkansas, who played many festivals.
- Dave Page (Ulleann piper from Ireland who brought his pipes to San Diego and formed a band with a bunch of local musicians playing the tunes and taking the name of the band he had in Ireland: Siamsa Gael Ceili.
- Otis Pierce, traditional singer-guitarist from Missouri via Sanger, California, on the King River east of Fresno.
- Kenny Hall, who was also living in Sanger then, is brilliant mandolin and fiddle player with his own unique style of old timey string band music whether solo or with his Sweets Mill String Band. He influenced a whole generation of West Coast pickers.

Those were the true roots musicians at that festival (the ninth San Diego Folk Festival), at least most of them. The next group includes roots revival musicians or misplaced roots musicians, and we'd have to start with:

- Jean Ritchie, misplaced in New York, she learned most of her music from her family in Kentucky but performs by way of Juilliard. She is also a veteran of the Great Folk Scare.
- Sam Hinton, who learned a pile of songs during his native Texas upbringing but lived in San Diego while learning a whole lot more.
- Johnny Walker, from Yorkshire, England, also learned a lot of songs from records and folks he's met and sung with at festivals and from records he's heard while living in San Diego since the 1950s.
- The revival old timey country string bands that year included:
- The Highwoods Stringband, featuring Mac Benford, Walt Koken, Bob Potts,

and others.

- The Old Hat Band, featuring Ellen Bush, Jeff Thorn, and John Burke.
 - The Desert String Band, with Dave Alvin and crew from Utah.
 - Mike Seeger, Alice Gerrard, and Blanton Owen.
 - Cornbread, a Tom Sauber-led bluegrass band.
 - Hank Bradley and Jody Stecher and their band.
 - Hunt and Peck, the EZ Marc and Johnny Jazz Jones aggravation that did old timey novelty songs.
 - Jane Voss, who did mostly old Carter Family songs and a few she wrote herself.
- That "she wrote herself" is the link to the final group of performers at that festival's folksingers and songwriters," which would include
- Jim Ringer and Mary McCaslin
 - Bill Steele
 - Bodie Wagner
 - Luke Baldwin
 - Wilbur Ball, who might also belong in the roots category, doing mostly old vaudeville songs he'd been performing since the 1920s.
 - Ruthie Gorton
 - Jon Bartlett
 - Lani Kurnik, aka Del Rey
 - W. B. Reid
 - Jim Griffith, and a whole lot more.

This was a correct balance of the kind of festivals that should be presented in San Diego today – old time originals who present their music the way they have been doing for a long long time, seasoned revivalists who play well and can explain in workshops the kinds of music played, and finally some contemporary performers whose music is based on traditional styles and who know and appreciate the connections. Interplay among the festival performers in workshops and song swaps and unsuspected combinations (this festival featured Kenny Hall doing duet turns with Lydia Mendoza and Sam Chatmon; Sam teaming

up with Martin, Bogan, and Armstrong, along with Benny Thomasson; and Tommy Jarrell trading fiddle licks). It was an entertainment spectacular but if you came to learn something about a particular type of music, that was there to.

What I'm getting at is that San Diego needs a music festival like those old time ones at San Diego State – a San Diego Folk Life Festival. The series of roots festivals went part way; they presented a hell of a lot of good music over the years. Missing were the workshops and a chance for musicians to meet each other and, if so inclined, to play music together. It'd be nice to do that again. I remember Sam McGee teaching some guitar licks to W.B. Reid and Lani Kurnik and Tommy Jarrell and Hank Bradley trading fiddle tunes (actually two different versions of the same fiddle tune). I remember Kenny Hall playing a Mexican tune on the mandolin and Lydia Mendoza coming up with the words to the song and its name. I could go on with several more examples, but I think you have the idea. We are moving toward a world where real Roots music is a little harder to find and it takes a little more effort to find unique revival musicians. The word "Americana" is all too often used by musicians who don't really fit the term (that being a musician whose contemporary music is based on traditional forms) and who use the term to get gigs that should have gone to someone who fit better. I don't know what should be done about that. There will always be bad musicians with a lot of hustle and a lot of places to play with the folks doing the hiring, having had their taste buds shot off in the war. Not much you can do about that except that if you like a certain type of old time music, shout it to the hills. Let anybody who might hire an old timey picker know that it is the very kind of music you want to see. Get out to support groups like San Diego Folk Heritage, Save Old Time Music group, San Diego Folksong Society, San Diego bluegrass groups, the Bon Temps Social Club, the San Diego Blues Society. The more noise you make, the more your voice will be heard and, by the way, if you'd like to see a San Diego Folk Life Festival as much as I would, drop by Folk Arts Rare Records and talk to me about it. Together we can make it happen.

Recordially,
Lou Curtiss

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continued from page 4.

Trageser and former Buddy sideman Rick Wilkins worked on designing the disc package, while Mike Zacchino, an Oregon guestbook veteran, helped with the image processing. Watt provided a heartfelt and true to the spirit of the guestbook – profane salute to the man and board members for the artwork. A photo of Buddy playing banjo in his Euro-Funboy T-shirt is on the back cover.

The project was not without its problems. Delays over copyright and other issues postponed the release until May of 2009. Producer Richardson takes responsibility.

"I've worked in various capacities in the same industry for over 20 years, and over the course of my career I've established a comfort level. I was completely out of my element during this foray into the music industry and can say with conviction that I've got to be the worst record producer in the whole world. Thanks to the considerable talents of other contributors to the project, we were able to overcome my own deficiencies and end up with what I feel is an outstanding record," said Richardson.

"The main thing is, the disc is here. It took a while, but it is here and that is what matters".

GOLDMINE, continued from page 4.

crescendos and a background vocal chorus that bring to mind the golden age of the Rascals.

"Upsettin' Me": Another 'Dipsomania' song, with Finn Marko Aho making another appearance. This time he's with the Jemmarians' backing singer/keyboardist Wiley Cousins in a down-and-dirty rendition of this blues tune. Aho takes a tasty guitar solo.

"Buddy Blue Up and Died": Rick Wilkins, a former Buddy guitarist, guestbook member, and co-designer of the tribute disc artwork wrote this tune for Buddy, sang, and plays all of the instruments. The personal moments will bring a smile, and the sound will recall the original Beat Farmers.

"Brujo": Guestbook vet Pete C Wagner from Maryland gives this Loaded nugget a dark, smoky reading. Pete sings and plays all the instruments.

"Right Cross, Left Hook": This lively jump blues from San Diego's Dirty Andersons recalls the discs Buddy recorded in the early '90s. The original is on Dive Bar Casanova's

"Lonesome Hound": Phoenix bassist and guestbook member "Hellhound Dave" Hull and the Psychedelic Mooj give Buddy's trademark tune a late-'60s flashback. There is plenty of echo, layered guitars, and a freaky instrumental coda at the end.

"Seven Year Blues": Board member JoeBidnessSuit never met Buddy in person, but his slowed-down, folk take on this Van Go tune would have made him smile. The poignant lyrics take center stage.

"Gun Sale at the Church": One of Buddy's most popular tunes (also from Van Go), given a country-rock swagger by the Taylor Harvey Band.

"Bye Bye Buddy Blue": Gregory Page says farewell with an adaptation of 1930s "Bye Bye Blues," with some help from local music archivist Curtiss.



by John Philip Wylie

While he used to tell his childhood friends that he one day wanted to become a rock star, Josh Damigo might be more remembered by his San Jose high school friends for his athletic prowess. A three-letter guy in high school, Damigo went on to star for the San Diego Christian College Soccer Team and entertained thoughts of playing professional baseball once he graduated. A torn ACL/LCL/meniscus in 2004 put those dreams on hold. The injury however, turned out to be an unexpected blessing in disguise.

"That is where music really started for me. I was sitting on my couch bummed out that I wouldn't be able to play the next season and I just started writing some music and singing. Then I put it all together," Damigo said on the eve of his May 15 Raw CD release party at Lesta's.

It wasn't quite as easy as all that. At the age of six, his achievement-oriented parents decided that he should take piano lessons. While he hated the steady diet of classical music, scales, and chord progressions, he now admits that learning to play the piano was a key to unlocking his creative potential.

"After learning to play the piano, I was able to move to any other instrument, pick it up, and go with it because of the foundations my teacher had set up for me. After the piano I went on to the trumpet and then to the baritone. Then I picked up a guitar at the age of 16 and taught myself to play that."

Coming from a conservative Christian home, Damigo spent years performing in church choirs and worship bands while listening to the mostly Top 40 pop and classic rock sounds of the Beatles and Beach Boys. Both the musical influences and the participation in various church ensembles had a positive effect. He still performs weekly at the Fellowship of San Diego on Park Blvd.

"I attribute a lot of my skill to being allowed to play in the church every Sunday. Church music has a place in my life and my own music is kind of a separate thing. The hard thing for me sometimes is differentiating between my Christian life and my music life. I have always had pressure and comments that I should be doing Christian music full time, but my heart is really into writing and telling stories through my own music."

As a songwriter, his early classic rock and Top 40 pop exposure were bound to come out in his songs.

"I only listened to popular oldies tunes as a kid. My writing style comes from listening to non-stop hits on the radio. I tend to judge all of the music that I write by the Top 40 music that I have heard. I go back and I rewrite and rewrite and rewrite tunes that I think have potential. I am never really happy with a song until somebody can sing along with me after the first verse."

Damigo's participation in sports provided him a competitive edge and a level of relentlessness rarely seen. He found that that relentlessness transferred well to music as he began to take it more seriously.

"I did a program that I call "52 Songs in 52 Weeks." Basically, I just challenged myself to

Josh Damigo Demonstrates the Power of Collaboration on Raw

write a new song every week. I posted all of the lyrics on my blog. Out of those 52 songs I think I like about three or four of them."

Songs like "Sleeves" and "Pocket Change," which are featured on Damigo's new CD, Raw, demonstrate that there is no substitute for hard work. The entire CD benefits from clever songwriting, meaningful lyrics, and Damigo's unique ability to switch gears. It captures Damigo doing what he does best: performing, not just singing.

Damigo once saw other musicians as the competition. He initially wrote all of his own songs and showed little interest in collaborating with anyone. He has since done a complete 180 in that regard. Raw is the beneficiary.

"A lot of people around San Diego used to know me as somebody who wouldn't play unless there was money involved. I think people used to see me as cutthroat because I would see them as competition. What I came to realize about a year and a half ago is that music is supposed to be shared with everybody. It is better if it is. A lot of songwriters in Nashville, L.A., and other places, even though they have that cutthroat (mentality), still collaborate with other writers. I wrote most of the songs on this album by myself, but four of the stronger songs feature Rob Deez, Allegra Barley, and Jeremy Rubolino. There is no way that I could have written any of them by myself, they just aren't my style. Sometimes writing with somebody else takes all the pressure that I usually put on myself off of me. There is a give and take with ideas. Sometimes the more people you have working on a project, the better it turns out."

Shawn Mayer adds her beautifully pure voice to "Something's Telling Me." Damigo co-wrote "Sugar" and "Cougar" with roommate/rapper Rob Deez and co-wrote "Indescribable" with Allegra Barley. The 14-song CD's final cut, "Shooting for the Sun," is another collaboration, this time with Jeremy Rubolino. The different styles of Mayer, Deez, Barley, and Rubolino make Raw interesting and varied.

Damigo credits producer Aaron Bowen with capturing his live sound on the album.

"People have been hearing me around town for the last three years (and prior to Raw's release) and the only thing I could give them was a little six-song EP that I made, using one take. I had never recorded anything so the EP wasn't really anything that I wanted to get out, but it did. It got on to iTunes and I sold 1,000 copies. That was great, but then I got emails from fans saying that they loved my show, but when they heard my CD they were really disappointed. With this CD I wanted to give back to anybody that had given me anything and I wanted to make it sound the way that I sound when I am doing coffeehouses. It is basically just guitar, a little bit of fluff, like cello and lap steel, and the raw vocals. We didn't auto tune or do anything special. There is not even a whole lot of reverb on it. All of the songs on

the album sound the same way as they would if I was playing them in your living room. It is done, though, to a level where it still has the professionalism that I am looking for. Aaron Bowen was really a great choice to produce the CD because that is what he is all about."

The charm of Damigo's music is in the way it reaches people. He is somehow able to impart the emotion he feels when he is performing a song. There is an authenticity in his delivery and a sincerity in his voice that clearly comes across. Damigo is obviously at home on stage. He knows how to work an audience and have them eating out of his hand by show's end. But then maybe that is not surprising. After all, Damigo has had lots of practice helping people to get in touch with their inner feelings. He has been playing at church since his youth.

"At church your goal is to make people in the congregation experience a spiritual high through the music. What I learned from that is when I get up on stage to be the master of all my movements. Everything that I did had a purpose. Now when I get up on stage my goal is not just to play a song and get on to the next one. It is to really take my time and help people to understand the emotion behind it and the feeling. There is little that comes out in my



Josh Damigo

show that hasn't been thought through. I am not really one who likes to experiment a lot on stage. Every move that I make has been played over in my head three or four times a day."

Having already performed with such celebrities as Jason Mraz and Jon Foreman of Switchfoot, Damigo would love to be the next San Diegan to follow in their successful footsteps. With talent to spare, plenty of charisma, and a deep-seated desire to excel at everything he does, Damigo may soon realize his long-held dream.

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THE TURTLE PROJECT: OF ALL MUSICAL DESCRIPTIONS

by Will Edwards

Jim Krooskos and Jason Yamaoka have always had high aspirations in music, but not in the way that you might think. They are the two anchors in a musical project (The Turtle Project), which has been defying the odds – making music that sounds cohesive and feels genuinely symbiotic even though, personally, these musicians in some ways represent polar opposites. Jim aspires as an extrovert, chasing opportunities, creating possibilities – he's the band's bassist and main evangelist. On the other hand, Jason aspires to the personal gratification that he's always found in music, seeking eloquence and harmony. They each have a deep and intimate understanding of music theory and structure – this is their common ground. Functioning like the left and right brain, their chemistry is the product of two halves making a whole.

Their story started at SDSU where they both studied music. Jason started writing original songs early on and took to performing at singer-songwriter venues around San Diego. He established a strong guitar technique, a good reputation, and eventually booked his own West Coast tours, indie musician style. Jim specialized in jazz bass at school, leading a jazz quartet called the Shades of Blue. He performed professionally and worked as a backing musician in a variety of genres. Although they worked together in college, once they'd both graduated (circa 2004), life took them out on different paths. You might call this their hiatus – a time of reflection. Their aspirations remained the same, but their schedules favored other interests. However, both musicians remained active and continued the development of their craft.

Between 2003 and 2006 Jason recorded four albums and also produced records for other local talents. He performed on stage up and down the West Coast and, in 2007, began developing a completely new concept that he called the Turtle Project. This was not a band in conventional terms. The "Project" retained multimedia artists, photographers, authors, strategists, and musicians. Jason's focus was on the personal side of music, which brought together a collection of individuals representing a broad variety of talents. The Turtle Project was a kind of creative incubator where a wider

variety of creative endeavors could gain exposure and grow.

Meanwhile, Jim was the leading contender to play bass in Jason's new project. They'd worked well together before and Jason needed someone with both musical chops and personal networking skills. Now, just as other artists were bringing their unique talents to the table, Jim was able to manifest his musical skills at the same time, as he was encouraged to chase down new contacts, make new connections, and develop new creative directions for the band. His job was, in part, to connect with an audience more effectively and to promote the group's work. This meant that Jason could focus on writing and performing. The collaboration gave rise to their debut full-length album *Intopaz* and a series of successful concerts. Their website showcased fictional writing, top-notch photography, and great music. After *Intopaz* was released in spring 2008 the Turtle Project followed up with an Internet single titled "Angeline" in the fall.

The Turtle Project began with a mission to encourage collaboration. Over the last two years, this group of creative individuals has enabled its members to grow and has also provided a unique example for other bands and artists to follow. The theme of teamwork and interpersonal respect has expanded the fan base and community around this band to include a much wider group than usual. Jim and Jason continue to focus more and more on their own strengths and remain on the lookout for new ways to share what they do best with the rest of the team.

Lately Jim's friendship with the bassist and singer for the San Diego-based band the Predicates has led to the two bands joining forces to promote and perform together. Again, the spirit of collaboration helped establish the common ground between two bands that, on the surface, don't feel or sound the same. But, it is their differences that make them interesting to each other and their already creating something new and compelling from that exchange.

The Predicates recently completed their fourth album titled *Words Teeth Sleep*. The Turtle Project and the Predicates will both be performing to celebrate the record's release this month and will wrap up the show with their own joint rendering of Noah and the Whale's upbeat alt-pop track



Jason Yamaoka and Jim Krooskos of the Turtle Project

"5 Years Time." As another experiment in the lives of Jim and Jason, there is the expectation that opening doors to new possibilities is always a good thing (even though they go about it in different ways). This time, the influences are broader in scope and the vision is more grand. Perhaps the outcome will forge a path into new territory. We'll have to wait and see.

The Turtle Project will be supporting the Predicates live on Saturday, June 6, for the band's CD release party at Lestat's (3343 Adams Ave, San Diego, CA 92116). Itai Faierman will also be performing. You can learn more about these bands and their collaborations online: myspace.com/theturtleproject-music, myspace.com/thepredicates, and www.myspace.com/itaifaierman.

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by Raul Sandelin

JACK TEMPCHIN:



Photo: Henry Dilie

Of Deserts, Outlaws, and America's First Shopping Mall

I like the way your sparkling earrings lay
Against your skin so brown.
I wanna sleep with you in the desert tonight,
A billion stars all around.

— Jack Tempchin

I remember the first time I heard “Peaceful, Easy Feeling.” It was the late ’70s and I had one of my first jobs: selling junk at the old El Cajon swap meet. I was 16, had my drivers license, and worked for a Vietnam vet who stayed up late at night fixing bikes and lawn mowers – anything that had gears or movable parts he could wrench on. Like many in El Cajon at the time, he did his best work from midnight ’til dawn, his garage door half closed, a radio buzzing just loud enough for the neighbors next door to ask each other, “Do you hear something?” When he finished rebuilding some wayward Schwinn or Briggs and Stratton, he’d throw it into the back of his pickup truck. By Sunday dawn, the truck was full and ready for me to take to the swap meet. He’d pay me a commission: half cash, half Burgie beer. Again, I was 16 and lov-

ing it. The swap meet would open just as the sun was rising up from the desert, a place where I ventured often as a kid and teenager, both with my parents and later with my carousing friends. The desert, in fact, is a unifying force in El Cajon, some go to ride sand toys, some go to escape the noise and find silence. I’d grown up doing a little bit of both. Inside the swap meet, the vendors would unpack their wares, usually just various shades of junk with an heirloom or two tucked in somewhere. The obligatory radio station in El Cajon at the time was KSON, then the country radio station in the county. Pronounced as one word as in “Khe-Sahn,” the infamous U.S. military base in Vietnam, KSON was your membership into the redneck country club. No one in El Cajon pronounced the individual call letters K-S-O-N like they do now. That just wasn’t cool.

So, it was surprising to suddenly hear an Eagles’ song announced. I’d already worked my way through the junior high and high school dances listening to Desperado, On the Border, and Hotel California. But, it surprised me to hear the Eagles announced on the decidedly country KSON.

As the guitar intro ceded to the first verse, an incredible thing happened: voices from around the entire swap meet began to sing along. As if Wavy Gravy had jumped on the roof of the snackbar to yell to the white trash masses, “This is the second coming of Woodstock...everyone join in,” the skinny, the fat, the tattooed, the toothless all began singing (well, some just hummed), “peaceful, easy feeling.” The only thing missing were the flaming Bic lighters.

Then, as quickly as it had come on, the song segued to something by either Freddy Fender or the Oak Ridge Boys and that was that. The desert gods had spoken or sung for that matter. And, the faithful had responded in a brief, three-minute burst of pure religiosity. I’ve never witnessed such a socially spontaneous moment since

The songwriter who gave us “Peaceful, Easy Feeling” – Jack Tempchin – grew up in San Diego,

in Rolando near SDSU to be exact, that stretch of windy streets and single family homes squared by 54th Street to the west, 70th Street to the east, and the busy thoroughfares – El Cajon Boulevard and University Avenue – to the north and south. Without fanfare, he attended Rolando Park, Horace Mann, and Crawford High School. To emphasize the dreamy suburbia of 1950s’ Rolando, Tempchin is quick to remind people that he grew up straddling America’s first shopping mall – College Grove – and America’s first drive-through: the pilot Jack in the Box near College Ave. and El Cajon Blvd. Other topographical markers of post-war Americana – the College Drive-In, the Alvarado Drive-In, and the Helix Theater – defined the area, heaping out doses of Hollywood westerns, sci fi, and fantasy. Tempchin fell in love with music by way of his transistor radio, which stayed tuned to the local post-Elvis, pre-Beatles Top 40’s stations such as KCBQ.

Jack started playing the guitar at the age of 18, the same year he entered San Diego State where he later graduated in the late 1960s. Instead of learning the songs of others, he immediately began writing his own songs and soon had a repertoire of music that he took with him to the various hoots and open mics around town.

Fueled by the folk music boom of the early 1960s and the large student body at San Diego State College then, coffee shops began dotting El Cajon Blvd, University Ave., and beyond. These included Circe’s Cup, Bi-Frost Bridge on Spring Street in La Mesa, and the Candy Company near 70th St. One of Tempchin’s first stops was the Heritage in Mission Beach where he met another future star: Tom Waits. (A bootleg of Tempchin and Waits playing an original song titled “Tijuana” has been circulating for years.)

Closer to his Rolando home turf, Jack started playing regularly at the Candy Company. He instantly became the one-man house band, opening up for whoever came to town.

In this atmosphere, it wasn’t unusual for blues and folk legends to play alongside local kids. Tempchin remembers when Lightnin’ Hopkins

headlined the Candy Company, the crowd outside was spilling into El Cajon Blvd.

At that time, a number of up-and-coming musicians would travel the coffee house circuit, driving down to San Diego from L.A. and beyond. In 1970, three still struggling musicians started venturing into the Candy Company on a regular basis. These three young musicians were Jackson Browne, J.D. Souther, and Glenn Frey. They all made quick friends with Jack and even slept at the Tempchin home on a few occasions.

During this time, Jack also managed the Backdoor at San Diego State for a couple of years, gaining a sense of the money side of the music industry. In fact, it was at the Backdoor that Jack wrote “Already Gone,” which would sit on the shelf for several years before the Eagles finally recorded it. As Tempchin tells it, “Glenn Frey heard me sing the song, which I wrote one night at the Backdoor Coffeehouse with Rob Strandlund. Later, Glenn decided it would be a good rock song and the Eagles recorded it.” Glenn Frey also made a number of behind-the-scenes appearances at the Backdoor, one day helping Jack round up a bunch of old carpet from around town that they used to sound-proof that room. (For those who don’t remember, the Backdoor was in the basement in Aztec Center that included a block of shops and eateries on the SDSU campus where the infamous bar Monty’s Den also stood for many years.)

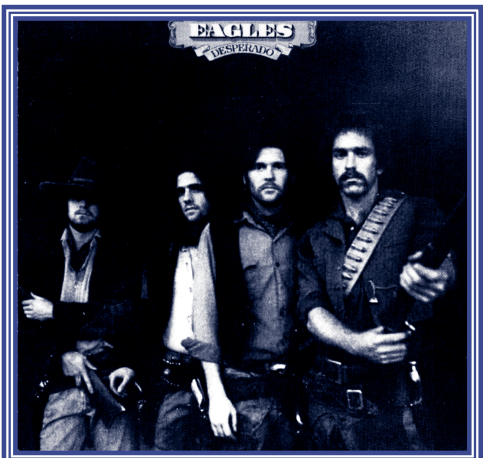
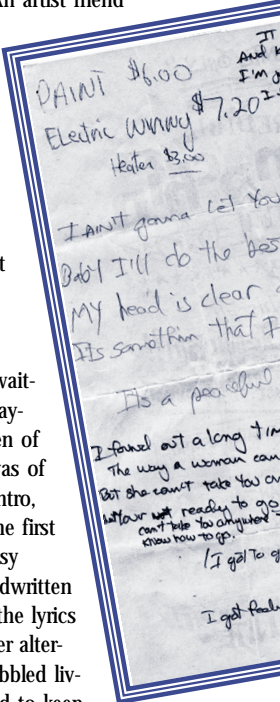
By 1972, however, the San Diego folk scene died and the clubs, including the Candy Company, closed. On the flip side, the L.A. scene, patterned after Doug Westin’s Troubadour, was booming. Browne returned the earlier Tempchin hospitality and Jack was soon living at his place in Echo Park. Glenn Frey had a practice studio nearby and was putting together his own amalgam of folk, country, and post-’60s rock talent. An artist friend designed a poster for Jack replete with made-up quotes from fictitious music critics singing his praises.

Living on the shoestrings of a folk musician, Tempchin took work where he could get it, even travelling out to the desert town of El Centro. There, he found himself smitten by the waitress in a club he was playing. Like so many women of that border town, she was of Latina descent. In El Centro, then, Tempchin wrote the first version of “Peaceful, Easy Feeling.” And, that handwritten draft exists to this day, the lyrics on a scrap sheet of paper alternating with a list of scribbled living expenses Jack needed to keep his car running and survive through the month.

Shortly after, while Jack was visiting San Diego, the vision of his Mexican/Native-American desert goddess reappeared, this time in Old Town. Jack remembers she was wearing the silver and turquoise jewelry so popular at the time. He saw a few more women who reaffirmed his fantastical image of the one he wishes to sleep with in the song. But, as the creative muse often works, the final verses to “Peaceful” came to him ironically while sitting at the Der Wienerschnitzel on Washington St. in Mission Hills. The song complete, he took it back to his friends congregating around L.A.’s Troubadour and Echo Park.

His buddy Glenn Frey suggested that his yet-unnamed group give the song a try. When Jack heard Frey’s new combo, which consisted of fellow San Diegan Bernie Leadon, Randy Meisner, and Don Henley, interpret the song, he knew his words and lyrics had found a home. So, Tempchin gave Frey his blessing: the band could put the song on its first album.

Several months passed and Jack continued gigging, writing, and trying to make in-roads into the music business. “I was driving up the California coast. When I stopped to visit a friend, we were all sitting around his kitchen table, and suddenly the Eagles’ ‘Peaceful, Easy Feeling’ came on the



The Eagles’ original lineup: Don Henley, Glenn Frey, Randy Meisner, and Bernie Leadon



Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden



A couple of issues back we took a look at some of the early inductees into the Bluegrass Hall of Fame (Bill Monroe, Earl Scruggs, Lester Flatt, the Stanley Brothers, Reno and Smiley). Let's review some of the other early bluegrass heroes who have been granted the highest bluegrass honor. Some of you may remember these stars from their heyday, and for the younger set, you can't go wrong by getting to know the pioneers. Here is how these stand-outs are listed in the Bluegrass Hall of Fame.

Mac Wiseman: Born May 23, 1925



Mac Wiseman's authentic folk roots emanate from his birthplace in Crimora, Virginia, in the resplendent Shenandoah

Valley. Regarded by many critics as bluegrass music's preeminent balladeer and most articulate interpreter of American folk songs, his courtly manner, gigantic singing voice, and masterful guitar accompaniment endears him to several generations of fans in a career of more than 50 years. Partially crippled by polio as a child, he joined influential radio station WCYB in Bristol, Virginia, in 1947 on its daily "Farm and Fun Time" broadcasts. An astute businessman, he helped form the Country Music Association and became an executive with a major record label in 1957, resuming his performing career several years later. At various times in the 1950s and 1960s he was a cast member of several prominent weekly live radio shows, including the "Louisiana Hayride," the "Old Dominion Barn Dance," and the "WWVA Wheeling Jamboree." Among hundreds of Mac Wiseman recordings are the raw, classic early 1950s masters that virtually immortalized such ballads as "I Wonder How the Old Folks Are at Home," "Love Letters in the Sand," and "Tis Sweet to Be Remembered."

Jim & Jesse

Jim McReynolds: Born February 13, 1927
Jesse McReynolds: Born July 9, 1929



Jim and Jesse McReynolds began professionally on radio station WNVA, Norton, Virginia, in 1947-48. Later organizing as Jim

and Jesse and the Virginia Boys, the unit recorded prolifically for several major record labels and made numerous syndicated television appearances, becoming a member of WSM's Grand Ole Opry in 1964. Chart records such as "Air Mail Special," their self-penned "Diesel Train," and "Cotton Mill Man" were among career milestones that defined the group's style. With Jesse usually singing lead and Jim singing tenor, they were backed by some of the finest musicians in bluegrass, setting standards of excellence – vocally and instrumentally – that are difficult to equal. The "cross-picking" mandolin playing introduced by Jesse became a trademark of the band, which is also noted for Jim's metronome-like guitar rhythm. From humble beginnings in their Clinch Mountains' birthplace near Coeburn, Virginia, Jim & Jesse soon became one of bluegrass music's most popular and successful artists in an enduring and prestigious career.

The Osborne Brothers

Bobby Osborne: Born December 7, 1931
Sonny Osborne: Born October 29, 1937



Born in Leslie County in south-eastern Kentucky, Bobby and Sonny Osborne were pioneers in conceiving the now popular "high lead" vocal trio concept and recording it on a major record

label during the mid-1950s. Bobby's potent, quality high lead voice blending with Sonny's lower harmony formed the nucleus of a trio that has become a standard by which others are judged. Recognized as being among the industry's most respected musicians – Bobby on mandolin and Sonny on banjo – their distinctive and inventive instrumental stylings are a hallmark of their group's sound. Honored with membership in WSM's Grand Ole Opry in 1964, the Osborne Brothers' signature songs, "Ruby" and "Rocky Top," rank high among the music's classic recordings. Their original version of the latter inspired its being named an official state song of Tennessee, as did their recording of "Kentucky" in the brothers' native state. The significance of their distinguished and influential career will long be recounted for the early creative role and the music of the Osborne Brothers in the development and popularization of professional bluegrass music.

Jimmy Martin: Born August 10, 1927

A self-described poor boy from Sneedville, Tennessee in reference to his early years, Jimmy (James H.) Martin was dubbed "The King of Bluegrass Music" during the 1970s. A major force in defining and establishing the music's so-called "high lonesome sound," he began as lead singer/guitarist with the Blue Grass Boys in October, 1949. In 1955 he formed his Sunny Mountain Boys and became a headline artist on both the "Louisiana Hayride" in Shreveport (1957-1959) and the "WWVA Wheeling Jamboree" (1959-1962). Jimmy Martin recorded 138 titles for a major record company, many of which, including "Ocean of Diamonds," "Sophronie," "Widow Maker," and "Sunny Side of the Mountain," did well in the country music charts of the 1950s-1970s. Virtually all of the songs he popularized came to be regarded as standards. A colorful and consummate entertainer and musician, Jimmy Martin produced profound and enduring influences on the idiom during its critical formative years and throughout the remainder of bluegrass music's first half century.

LOCAL EVENTS

Bluegrass Day at the Fair. Be sure to stop by the Del Mar Fairgrounds for the SDBS-sponsored Bluegrass Day at the Fair on Saturday, June 13, from 11am to 8pm. As we go to press, it looks like there will be more than 10 local bluegrass bands performing great music throughout the day, a band scramble open to all from 2pm to 4 pm for which you can sign up in advance with George Noble Jr. and get free fair admission by sending him an email: GeorgeNobleJr@yahoo.com. Or, if you are the last minute type, you can sign up for the band scramble on site before 1pm.

Not sure what a band scramble is? Well, you write your name and the instrument you play on a piece of paper, and names are drawn at random to form bands. Each band is then given about 15 minutes to work up two to three songs which they then perform on stage. The Band Scramble is open to all ages and abilities – its part of the fun!

This year's Bluegrass Day at the Fair will also feature a fiddling demonstration by the California Old Time Fiddler's Association from 1pm to 2 pm. Bluegrass Day at the Fair will be held at the Paddock stage, so stop by for some fun.

KIDS PROGRAM

SDBS will be presenting a special kids' music program at the SDBS fourth Tuesday in June, held on June 23 at the Boll Weevil restaurant at 9330 Clairemont Mesa Blvd. from 6:30pm to 9 pm. Stop by to hear some talented youngsters perform, and bring your kids and grandkids. The kids' performance is a showcase for the upcoming Summergrass Kids Camp, which will be held August 21-23. For more info about the great three-day Summergrass Bluegrass Festival and the Kids Camp visit www.summergrass.net.



The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

COMMUNIQUE

One of the things I love most about music is its ability to convey thoughts, ideas, and emotions with pinpoint accuracy, sometimes even in the absence of lyrical content. More intriguing are those instances when the listener gets the eerie sense that the songwriter is somehow writing about *them* specifically, when in fact the song is about eggs or something equally unrelated.

Generally speaking, music's origins are primarily communication-based: ancient tribes developed rhythmic codes that were subsequently pounded out upon hollow logs, signaling fellow tribesmen from a distance. Eventually, other tribes acquired the ability to interpret and reply to these rhythms while infusing their own variations, establishing music's role as the universal language (not to mention serving as the first battles of the bands).

As man became more mobile, the role of mass messaging fell to troubadours, who traveled from village to village and sang the news of the times. The roots of Irish balladry are based here, and songs that were written hundreds of years ago are faithfully rendered to this day, note for note and word for word.

As essential as it is, why is it that we musicians take for granted the fact that communication (or lack thereof) is at the heart of the music we write, perform, and record? Every successful band is comprised of a group of individuals with common goals; common sense dictates that the better these goals are communicated among the band members, the better able they are to attain them.

Let's say, for example, that three of a band's members are devoted to old-school country, but the drummer is dedicated to keepin' the funk. It's quite possible that everyone won't be pulling in the same musical direction. However, if the band frequently engages in an honest verbal exchange of musical ideas, they may instead find themselves perched upon the crest of a totally new and unique sound.

If the drummer keeps that informa-

tion to himself or herself, the other members may find themselves confused by this unspoken and perhaps unwelcome influence – and the search for a new drummer begins.

Within the band dynamic, differing personalities contribute greatly to conflicts both real and imagined. We artists are a passionate sort by and large, and a great deal of our inspiration derives from an emotional base. Often when we get pissed off or annoyed with each other, we save our anger for the songs and try not to spend precious rehearsal time on trivial bullshit like telling the lead singer that it's not okay to show up to practice two hours late all the time. Life goes on, until that cumulative breaking point when the bass player winds up choking the singer in the back of the van over a disagreement about a sandwich. Talk now or pay later, that's my advice.

In the studio, the importance of communication is even more apparent. After all, what is a recording but a vehicle for communicating the artists' message, sound, and vision? The producer's job is essentially to pave the way for the connection between the performers and their listeners, minimizing the weaknesses that can impede that connection while maximizing the strengths. To that end, there are tons of tools available to aid in that pursuit. We add reverb to give us a sense of space that didn't exist in the recording. We correct pitch and timing deficiencies.



Sven-Erik Seaholm

We composite a single performance from multiple takes. We layer lie upon bitter lie in our sweetly ironic quest for truth. Why? So that people can believe what they hear and identify with it.

Throughout this process, the artist and producer rely upon each other's ability to communicate. Without it, the end result only represents the technical abilities of each and, ultimately, is not something either of them wants their name on.

That's why I have a sign posted in my studio that reads, "Good producers often shut the f@#k up."

The best bands seem to have the uncanny ability to silently communicate with each other while performing. You can bet that begins with verbal communication offstage as well.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer and recording artist. Find him on the web at SvenSongs.com, KaPro.com, Lynda.com, and myspace.com/SvenSeaholm or just come down to Bondi (333 Fifth Ave in the Gaslamp) every Friday night from 9-12 to see him communicate with you directly!

Phil Harmonic Sez:

"Nothing makes a person more productive than the last minute."

—The Cockle Bur



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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra



José Sinatra completes a self-portrait

AMMUNITION FOR A FUTURE

A friend from my old high school days called me at the beginning of May. Ben is a wonderful fellow who singularly embodied the "rah rah" school spirit of our class. He was a cartoonist, a singer with a powerful bass voice, and was one of only two jocks from our #1 football team who was equally at home in our senior drama extravaganzas. At once macho and refined, as a smitten English teacher once summed him up to me in confidence, her defeated eyes betraying a deeply sweet, unsatisfiable passion. It was my duty as his friend to confidentially replay her words and demeanor to him at the first opportunity. Who am I to deny free reign to the searching vapors of love?

Within a year of graduation, Ben and the lovely young teacher were married. My inability to attend their nuptials was a heavy disappointment to myself, them, and others at the time; I had switched coasts after graduating and was ministering to some very needy young ladies in Mission Beach and North Park, and my absence from their attainment of joy would certainly have been dangerous. I also liked the quirky idea of putting their needs above my own to see if it would be as fulfilling as everyone had always told me. I was consciously not being anti-feminist about it—I've always held the door open for anyone to enter a place before me, male or female, known or un, and have more often than not been smiled at or thanked, to which I occasionally retort, "That's just the kind of guy I am," as an instructive technique to help their brains evolve into something more than inedible gray cabbage.

When I digress like this and compound the discomforting intrigue with run-on sentences and begin to make even less sense than normal, it's up to you to get me back on course, dammit. But you just sit there... I hope you'll learn from this, too. Do it again and I might go George C. Scott on your cracker ass.

So, I have visited Ben and Miss...I mean, Ben and Julie many times over the decades in either Maryland or New York. Julie gave up teaching to become a corporate lawyer; Ben has bounced around NBC's sports and entertainment departments for years. He was sorry to call during such an awkward occasion, he said, but was wondering if I was planning on attending our friend George's funeral that coming weekend in D.C.

The passing of George Mora is a major pisser. He, myself, Frank, Richard, and Larry were a very loyal, very tight group in school, sometimes referred to as the "Fearsome Five." If we were a clique, it was a rare and honorable one, and a fortunate, productive one. And today, even as we've spread apart by 3,000 miles, we're tighter than ever, equally fortunate and honorable, if noticeably less productive. Now, we're down to only two—Larry and I are the only ones still alive.

Before I originally moved away and out here in 1971, Ben had met up with the Fearsome Five with his movie camera, at our request. He had wanted to film our group going into the woods around Rock Creek to bury an old green army ammunition box into which the five of us had each

deposited secret envelopes containing our predictions for the year 2001. Not for that year, actually; it was sort of a contest to predict big events in the world that we each imagined would take place up to that time. We'd dig it up at the time of our 30-year reunion, and the one of the five of us who got something right, or more right, or more importantly right, wins the 50 bucks and the bottle of expensive wine also residing in our metal "time capsule." All hail the new American Prophet!

Thank heaven for Ben...and his camera. And the chance to find out the predictions of Richard and Frank and George as well as the two still physically prepared to dig up the case and plunder its maidenhood was far too groovy for words.

It was two days after George's funeral when I met up with Larry at Ben and Julie's, who were gracious hosts, running the four minutes of footage from 38 years previous while Julie groped my ass in the dark. It finished, and I jumped up to turn the lights back on. "Gentlemen, the shovels are out in the van; we have identified our target, something you'll really dig. No prisoners. Move out!" Ben could still be so macho.

Julie was happy to tag along as low-key legal council and we were surprised (Larry and I) to have an NBC camera crew waiting for us at the edge of the woods on Connecticut Avenue. It seems Ben's idea was to document the digging up of this thing for some possible use in some reality magazine show in the future.

It was still there, though it should have been released eight years ago: the envelopes, wrapped in plastic with five 10-dollar bills, and a big red bottle of French wine. The predictions:

George: "I'll be dead by 30. Miss you guys!" Missed it by two and a half decades, George...

Frank: "We'll forget all about this event. 6-21-71. What a waste of money. Screw it."

Richard: "The Beatles will get back together for at least one more concert."

We saved Larry's and mine for last: We needed to read words from our lost pseudo-brothers more than anything else at that moment; so far the team was scoreless.

And for the life of me, I'd become resigned to the fact that I had no idea what I had written in my envelope nearly four decades ago.

Larry's was chosen next, via coin toss: "Tricky Dick will be assassinated."

Nine letters too many. No dice. As it turned out, I shared the wine with everyone. Julie licked the bottle opening oversensually before handing it to me. I bought \$50 worth of flowers to take to George's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mora, that afternoon, with different bills than the precious keepers that had been so long asleep. They're mounted now in a special album I had made, next to the envelope and the message on a 4 x 5" card, in my hand from so long ago:

"Still love you freaks. Always will. Thanks for everything. P.S. Adam Lambert was robbed!"



RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

THE REAL PRIVATE DOMAIN

A couple of months ago, Jack Butler called me. We hadn't been in contact for some time, so it was nice to talk with him. (In case you don't know who Jack is, he's the lead guitarist, backing vocalist, and co-leader with singer Paul Shaffer of Private Domain, one of San Diego's longest-lived rock bands.)

Jack complained to me that, "People just think of us as a cover band and it's making us depressed! How can we remind every *Troubadour* reader that we're an excellent rock band?"

Being a huge fan, I shot back, "I'll write a review of your latest album, Jack!"

So here it is...

Private Domain's latest release, *Great Leaders*, was issued in 2007, during the reign of the Bush administration (as well as the collapsing economy).

Right off the bat, I must tell you that this album, except for the final two tracks, is a collection of overtly political songs, half of which were on earlier releases (in different versions), that rock like hell and don't come off as preachy or maudlin!

Highlights include the title track, "Great Leaders," a remake of a song that first appeared on the band's 1993 album *Total Sanctuary*. The lyrics basically say, "Hey, why are all these a*holes in charge; where are all the good guys?" Butler's slide guitar work is exceptional and the song has an unforgettable hook.

Just let me point out right here that Jack Butler is one of the best and most creative guitarists I have had the pleasure to hear. His guitar work shines throughout this recording. So I won't belabor the point any further.

Another remake is the third track, "Spiritual Warfare," dealing with religion versus religion, pious versus secular, Bible versus Koran. It first appeared on Private Domain's eponymous 1988 album, which was released nationally by Priority Records. With a great bass intro and harmonized spoken/rapped verses over swirling guitars, its refrain is, "Who has the word...who has the word?" It's actually prescient!

"Say No (to the Freedom Killers)" is a reggae number with fuzzy guitar and an irresistible chorus of, "Say no, say no...to da freedom killers!" Singer Paul Shaffer (he's great, too) affects a simple Jamaican accent. Sounds cliched, but it's sooooo damned catchy! Especially in the second half of the song when the bassist Daryl Johnson and drummer Larry Dent lock into the riff from the end of Pink Floyd's "Sheep." "Say No" was also on the 1988 album.

"So Comfortable" is an anthemic rattle-rouser in the U.S. of A., ignorance is bliss and our excesses are all that really

continued adjacent →



by Peter Bolland

1,000 HOURS

"Let yourself be drawn by the soft pull of what you love." — Rumi

Jack Kerouac, literary luminary, über-beat, and American legend, had a secret. Only one of his famous friends, the poet Philip Whalen, knew. Not Ginsberg, not Burroughs, not Ferlinghetti, not Snyder. Kerouac kept his secret hidden his entire life. In a brand new book published by the Jack Kerouac Archive at the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library, author and curator Isaac Gewirtz reveals the truth. All you bookish, skinny-armed English majors better sit down.

Ready? Jack Kerouac was a sports fanatic. That's right, and he went to college on a football scholarship. So much for the carefully nurtured enmity between jocks and the literate crowd. But that's not the secret part. No one knew a thing about the baseball players, horses, and jockeys that really enthralled Kerouac. It was all in his head.

Kerouac created a rich and elaborate alternate reality—a wide world of sports that only he knew about. He went far beyond the fantasy baseball we know of today, a beast of an entirely different stripe. Kerouac invented leagues with fictional teams and full rosters, engaging them in "games" and writing about all of it, play by play, in endless detail. He created baseball cards for his made-up stars. He invented an elaborate symbolic language to record play combinations and statistical analysis. Then he did the same thing with horse racing, analyzing everything from horse-jockey combinations to track conditions. He wrote broadsides, designed charts, and illustrated posters. There are boxes full of this stuff. From a very young age Kerouac reveled in the intoxicating power of storytelling.

In Malcolm Gladwell's recent book, *Outliers: The Story of Success*, he argues that genius is not innate. Rather, it is simply the product of 10,000 hours of intentional, focused practice. In other words, the Mozarts, Claptons, and Kerouacs of the world are not born, they're made. Our old, apparently erroneous notion of genius has finally been debunked. Of course genes play a role—you should have at least an above average predilection for music or language or sports or whatever it is you want to master, but the rest is all hard work.

According to Gladwell's calculations, it takes about ten years to get 10,000 hours. That averages out to about three hours a day. If you can only do an hour and half, give it 20 years. By the time Kerouac sat down to write some of the most defining novels in American literature—*On the Road*, *The Dharma Bums*, and others—his 10,000 hours were long behind him.

Thinking back on my own life, I see a pattern. Very early on I fell in love with storytelling. In fifth grade Mr. Martini would have us write one page stories. Then he'd ask for volunteers to read theirs aloud in front of the class. Like any other nine year old I may have been shy at first, but as the weeks wore on I grew increasingly eager.

Radio Daze, continued

matter. "We're so comfortable...we don't seem to care at all." I wrote here on my notepad, in capital letters, "KICKS ASS!"

The production by Shaffer and Butler is top-notch. The mix by Richard "Blitz" Livoni is crisp and alive. Total pros all.

These guys play a lot around the county. Check out Private Domain at

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

STAGES



a young Jack Kerouac

Soon my hand was the first in the air. I'd step to the front of the class and read my story, suddenly unusually confident. I remember like it was yesterday the silence that fell over the room, the way the other kids leaned forward, their faces playing out the feelings I fed them. They laughed at the jokes, gasped at the surprises, and applauded long and hard at the end. I was hooked. At my poetry readings, my musical performances, and in front of my philosophy classes, I'm still that awkward nine year old kid, suddenly and inexplicably transformed into a joyfully confident storyteller and solicitor of truths.

Throughout elementary school my best friend Mark Harriman and I were huge *Mad* magazine fans. So we did what seemed perfectly logical at the time. We created our own humor magazine. We drew cartoons, wrote film and television parodies, had recurring features, agonized over graphics and layout design. We worked with single-minded focus and abandon. We didn't know we were working. We were just having fun. The hours flew by. We laughed 'til we cried. We thought we were brilliant.

Also during these early years I began playing piano and guitar. At first it was only because my mom made me. I hated practicing piano. I remember sitting at the piano playing scales with tears streaming down my face while the other kids played outside. Now I realize that it was much harder for my mom than it was for me—the last thing a mother ever wants to see on her son's face is tears. But she knew that on the other side of my temporary discomfort was an abiding joy. I am endlessly grateful that my mom offered her discipline until I could come up with my own. Once I got over the awkward early flailing and uncovered the joy of music, I never stopped. I fell in love.

Sometimes people ask me, "How did you become a songwriter?" I just smile and say, "I really don't know."

In the *Bhagavad Gita* Krishna says that we become what we love. Love creates longing. Longing becomes intention. Intention becomes thought. Thoughts become words. Words become actions. Actions repeated become habits. Habit constructs character. We become what we do. In this way our inner purpose, what Aristotle called our *entelechy*, conducts the moments and events of our lives just as an orchestra conductor draws the disparate elements before him into a singular work of beauty and grace. The most effective way to construct a joyful and effective life of value and purpose is to become a co-creator, to cooperate and collaborate with your own inner drive. "Follow your bliss," Joseph Campbell always told his students, and when you do, the universe begins to collude in unforeseeable ways. When we let ourselves be drawn by the soft pull of what we love, as Rumi suggests, we can't help but begin to move in the direction of our dreams. The line between work and play dissolves. Our joy knows what to do. We have only to do it. For at least 10,000 hours.

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

Dick's Last Resort, where they've been in residency for years. They do a set of original material every night...and they'll probably have copies of *Great Leaders* for you. (Like someone once said, "Writing about music is like dancing about architecture"...you gotta hear for yourself.)

I love this album!
P.S. I would have loaned you guys \$20 for better cover art...ha!



POCO: Just Like the Sun, They Come Shining Through



Original line up: Jim Messina, Randy Meisner, George Grantham, Richie Furay, Rusty Young



Richie Furay today: still rockin'

by Terry Roland

So...I'm sitting waiting my turn at an open mic night and there's this guy sitting behind, his guitar in hand. He has a funny, sly, hipper-than-thou look on his face. Someone next to us mentions they'd like to do an old song from the '70s called "Crazy Love." I immediately chime in, "That's by Poco."

Hipper-Than-Thou smirks. Sensing this, I mention what a great band they are. He smirks again, only louder. Getting slightly pissed, I push the envelope as I say, "There's even a movement to have them inducted in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame." This time he snorts, "What are they going to do next, induct Bread?" Looking at him with steel eyes that assures him my guitar could become a deadly weapon of destruction toward those who ignorantly carry their hipper-than-thou attitude in the uncharted territory of a beloved band, he backs off and just shakes his head, as I say, "You don't know too much about Poco do you?" Later, Hipper-Than-Thou gets up and fumbles his way through a Leonard Cohen tune, forgetting the lyrics and stopping and starting along the way. A solitary moment of justice has occurred in the world of a Poco fan. If you are one of those who thinks of Poco and the soft-rock hits of the '70s, read on. And, maybe you should think twice before attempting a Leonard Cohen song at a local open mic night.

There are bands who start strong, peak, burn out, and fade away with an almost unrecognizable line up from the original members only to re-merge as a nostalgic act for packaged shows, where they play their old hits. It often becomes something along the order of Spinal Tap through the eyes of David Lynch. To be sure, Poco has defied this fate. In fact, in a music world full of commercial trends and bands that bend to the times and trends of the day, Poco has remained remarkably true to their original vision. They have endured, but not without some twists, turns, and dips along the way. They are a rarity in music because because they have remained artistically viable through personnel changes that would have defeated other bands and, at the very least, caused them to lose whatever innovative edge they had created. But, through it all, this band held on to their identity, keeping a strong hold on their style and, unlike many bands and artists, have grown a following with an international fan base affectionately known as Poconuts.

"Kind woman...won't you love me tonight?" - Richie Furay

Poco found its beginning during a final session of the Buffalo Springfield's last album *Last Time Around*. Their third album was abandoned by all of the members except Richie Furay and Jim Messina. The need for a pedal steel player caused Furay to call in a recently made friend from Colorado, Rusty Young. The session resulted in one of the best songs of the Springfield era: "Kind Woman." Some consider this to be the beginning of Poco. They were later filled in with future Eagles, and former member of Rick Nelson's Stone County Band, Randy Meisner. George Grantham joined them on drums. After the release of the first album, *Picking Up The Pieces*, which yielded the another Furay classic in the title song, the personnel changes became legendary. Moving through band were Jim Messina, who left to join up

with his friend, Kenny Loggins; exit Randy Meisner, who headed south to fly like an eagle; enter Timothy B. Schmidt, who would stay with the band for a few albums and tours before he flew south to replace bass player, Randy Meisner in the Eagles. Eventually, Paul Cotton, from Illinois Speed Press, would become a stabilizing force as a valuable contributing member of the band's high harmonic vocal style and as a fine songwriter himself. During the course of their first five years they were known for dynamic live performances that brought the raw energy of hard rock to their signature country sound. Although this period didn't yield any charted albums or radio hits, the band still managed to produce a string of influential, now classic songs like "You Better Think Twice," "Good Feeling to Know," "And Settin' Down," and "Bad Weather."

Richie's anthem, "Good Feeling to Know" had all of the makings of a major hit, but the song never took off. And to make things worse, the Eagles' premier album with former Poco bass player, Randy Meisner, soared up the charts. Discouraged and frustrated, Richie began to pull away. Furay's parting gift to the band was the song "Crazy Eyes," written for Gram Parsons just after his death in Joshua Tree. It's an epic song that brings brass and orchestrated movements into the Poco country-rock realm. But it was clear after the lack of charting success of "Good Feeling to Know" that Furay's heart was no longer in the band he had co-founded.

With Richie's departure, the band's direction fell on Rusty Young, whose multi-instrumental skills left room for a new direction for the band. Subsequent releases found Poco with a sound that emphasized the lighter acoustic performances with a focus on their strong harmonies. The 1978 album, five years after Richie Furay's departure, yielded the top ten hit song, "Crazy Love." The album *Legend* was their first gold album. Ironically, it was the one time in their long journey that the band blunted

its harder, energetic country-rock sound for the trendier '70s soft-rock sound of the day. Fortunately for their artistic and musical development, the success was not long-lived.

Another of the band's landmarks occurred in 1989 when RCA signed Poco's original members for a reunion album. The blessing, however, was a mixed one at best. While the album gained commercial success, like the earlier, *Legend*, the compromises of the times, the music business, and the diverse lives of the members took its toll on the project, leaving the album (to this day) to be a curiosity in their recording history. Opening with Richie Furay's heartfelt tribute to the band he founded, the remainder of the album moves through what sounds like individual studio projects for each lead artist, with the irritating signature over-produced sound that characterized '80s popular music. Furay departed again when he felt his faith was being compromised. Even so, the album yielded two top 40 songs: "Call It Love" and "Nothing to Hide."

In the years since, Poco has been kept alive by the loyalty of its fans and the commitment of its member (and even the ex-members). They released five more albums, which returned them to the high energy country-rock of the earlier days: *Under the Gun*, *Blue and Gray*, *Cowboys and Englishmen*, *Ghost Town*, and *Inamorata*. The albums earned critical praise, but commercial success proved elusive. In 2004, reunions started up again, this time with more artistic success than before. *Keeping The Legend Alive* and 2004's *The Wildwood Sessions*, both live recordings, brought Richie Furay back to cover the songs from the early days. George Grantham would return to the drums as well until he tragically underwent a stroke, which left him unable to play.

Today, Poco is at a point in their career where all of the former members are showing up at concerts to celebrate this band that wouldn't go away. To be sure, the enduring members - Rusty Young and Paul Cotton - have carried the flame, but today, the fact that the various members can get past any differences of their past to rally around the band that helped define that bit of country music, made for grinning.

Recently at Southern California's Stagecoach Country Music Festival, Poco was joined by Richie Furay, Jim Messina, Timothy B. Schmidt for a historic set. It was enjoyed by all who attended. YouTube, of course, has many song clips from that day. The cause of the greatest celebration of the day was original drummer George Grantham, who still hopes one day to sit behind the drums with the band he was raised on and the good times they brought.

So, if you look through the smoke and fire from the last 40 years, listen through the streams of country-rock standards made famous by bands like the Eagles. Hear beneath the high harmonies, which you

might recognize in many contemporary country bands; you catch the sweet sound of country kin, who brought a fresh new sound to country and rock music and influenced so many, have again come out to pick

up a few more pieces and bring us home.

See Poco, along with Tommy James & the Shondells, at the San Diego County Fair on Monday, June 25, Paddock Stage.

David N. Jones Violins
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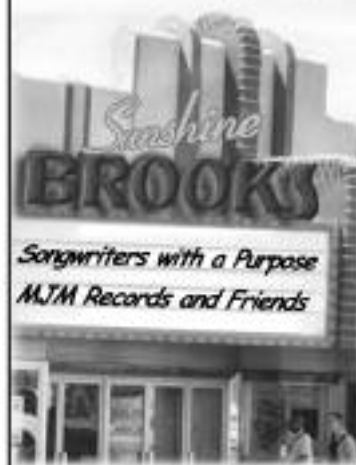
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Jim Hinton The Wild Rover

by Frank Kocher

Jim Hinton is a San Diego area folk singer/songwriter who has released two previous albums containing originals with a sprinkling of traditional folk songs, including 2007's *Things I've Always Known*. On his new CD, *The Wild Rover*, he has focused on a true love: Celtic folk music.

This very generous collection of 13 traditional folk tunes, two covers and one original takes the listener to the Emerald Isle for a batch of tunes that covers the entire palette of folk forms. Hinton does all of the singing and plays all of the instruments, including six and 12-string guitars, banjo, mandocello, bass, Irish bodhran drum, and others. His comfortable voice fits in just right with the rustic and intimate tunes, and the arrangements offer enough variety to keep things interesting.

Things start off with the title tune, with Hinton's voice a dark presence in the middle of a swell of 12-strings from both sides, over a pulse by the bodhran. "Come to the Bower," next, is lighter, with a lilting feel and harmonies, banjo, and harmonica. Another change of pace comes right away with "Rocky Road to Dublin," a drum-heavy jig that will start the listener tapping both feet. Hinton next sings a slow, quiet folk ballad, "Easy and Slow," with a finger-picked guitar, harmonium accents, and no percussion.

The first few cuts on the disc show the secret that makes it work. A disc of 16 Irish folk songs, lasting nearly an hour, would be a long assignment unless there were an adept mixture of pace and arrangements. Hinton keeps the listener involved by never putting two structurally similar songs very close together.

"Star of the County Down" is a spirited country folk song with banjo and, again, prominent drum beats. The humorous lyrical story of the sing-along "Finnegan's Wake" is a hoot. "King of the Faeries" has Hinton combining some inspired single-note guitar picking with a dark tale of old magic, and on "Willie of Winsbury" he sings the soft old Scottish tune with a single 12-string alone. "Kelly from Killane" is one of several patriotic Irish tunes on the disc, memorializing a soldier killed in the 1798 Rebellion, and is followed by a cover of Dominic Behan's "The Patriot Game." This is a disc highlight, unabashedly Irish, political, and it has more resonance than the older versions of the song by the Kingston Trio or Judy Collins. Next is a jig called "My Father Loves Nikita Krushchev," a cover of a Colm Gallagher tune with odd lyrics set to a melody similar to "Rocky Road to Dublin." "I Remember Erin" is a Hinton original and closes the disc with a touching, wistful farewell to the Isle.

By including some songs that are familiar but some that are more obscure, Hinton manages to create a fresh collection of traditional music. *The Wild Rover* succeeds in capturing the folk spirit and feeling of the Irish countryside.



Cyndi Harvell The Night Turned to Song

by Paul Hormick

The Bay area has fostered yet another songster, Cyndi Harvell, who has recorded and released her latest disc, *The Night Turned to Song*. The CD is aimed at the younger generation, with the wanderlust of late, late adolescence and the early adulthood chore of carving out an identity for oneself, serving as the inspirations and subject matter for the lyrics of the tunes. But the disc is one that you might want to put on when your parents come over for a visit. They should like it, too.

The CD's instrumentation – drums, bass, piano, and guitar – is spare but not sparse and complements the tunes that Harvell has written or co-written. The songs all belong to the pop/rock/county genre that goes back to the Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, 10,000 Maniacs, Dire Straights, and just about any other performer or band that has built their fortunes on songs with a soft, easy rocking backbeat and an accessible chorus.

As this acre of popular music is so often tilled and harvested, a performer might have a difficult time distinguishing herself from so many others who are strumming guitars and cribbing notes from Jackson Browne and Tori Amos. Despite revisiting this well-worn territory, Harvell's songs are fresh and tuneful, each one a pleasure to listen to. She distributes memorable hooks throughout her songs, and the melodies sometimes take surprising turns that are quite beguiling.

The star of the show is Harvell's voice. One of the sweetest sopranos to come along in a while, Harvell sings with a rare, straightforward clarity. Even in some of the forte sections, there is no sense of strain or that she's reaching too far. With the ubiquitous use of Auto-Tune, it's easy to assume that even Barack Obama is using it now as he reads from his teleprompter, and that this computer program was used to fix things up on this disc. But Harvell sounds like the real deal, unprocessed, untreated with r-BST, and able to hit those notes spot on without those recording studio gimmicks.

Among the disc's more memorable tunes is "Anywhere But Here." The song opens with, and the chorus repeats, a not often used two note half-step rise (Think of the *Ri-A* from *West Side Story's Maria*.) that so effectively sets the emotional tone for the rest of the song. The brightest, most promising number is "Life That I Would Miss," which opens the disc, a refreshing combination of riffs, melody, and a lyric that places its emphasis on the protagonist's short-lived Walter Mitty imaginings as her way of escaping the ennui of a humdrum life. If the country music stations of this nation ever decided to get away from the over wrought, over produced dreck that comes out of Nashville today, they might play "The Light" from this recording. The song has a catchy, radio friendly chorus that is missing from the airwaves these days.



Nick Z Live at the Red Vic

by Frank Kocher

Nick Z is a folk-soul troubadour who blends the sound of laid-back acoustic guitar accompaniment much like Jason Mraz with a more R&B-favored vocal style. Z is a native San Diegan and his debut disc, *Live at the Red Vic*, captures a performance at a San Francisco club in the summer of 2008.

The music on this disc was written by Z and Nick Marcotte, who wrote the lyrics for seven of the 11 tunes. Z's singing is soulful, mostly in the upper register, and will bring to mind a sort of unplugged version of Stevie Wonder with some moments of hip-hop style phrasing. His guitar playing and compositional-vocal style on some of the tunes recalls Jack Johnson's sleepy, beach-sand and sunglasses, slap and strum shuffles, without the reggae feel but with more vocal resonance.

"What I'm Dreaming About" is the opener, showcasing Z's strength – his voice. The tune has a soaring chorus and he hits the top end with no problem, singing behind the beat and mixing in occasional spoken lyrics. The next tune, "Late One Night," greatly resembles "Dreaming" and is about Java Joe's in Ocean Beach. "Hollywood Glance" makes an impression as a catchy melody. This tune escapes the repetitive use of jazzy minor chords with dropping bass lines for a full, major chord, R&B counterpoint. "Next Saturday" is a disappointment that illustrates why Z shouldn't write his own lyrics, a forgettable exercise in profanity about a hangover. There are multiple local points of reference in Marcotte's lexicon about "Me and Mr Nick Z," including San Diego State, Java Joe's again, along with invocation of various MCs, singers, clubs, and singing styles. Though this song is like listening to Jack Johnson rap, it is not unpleasant. "Anything You Say," about cigarettes and San Francisco's homeless, is interesting and different as an almost spoken-word verse with a catchy chorus. Next up, "Unexpected Sunshine" is the clear gem on the disc, an irresistibly catchy pop-style song that combines a great hook, upbeat lyrics, and a perfect delivery. "Inner Sunset" and "Gypsy MC Fool" are two of the four tunes for which Z wrote his own lyrics, and again he lets himself down. "Sunset" is about a "player at a party" that the listener won't care about, and while "Gypsy" has an interesting melody, it would be a better song if not about being a "wannabe gypsy MC fool." Things improve on "Nine to Five" (with Z again writing the words, doing much better). The tune works very well and is a highlight. This song is brisk, with lots of falsetto and good guitar playing. Z wraps things up with a loose jazz feel on "Here to Stay," an intriguing run-through about the Bay area.

Nick Z has a great set of pipes. His approach works quite well on most of the material here and there are some good moments on *Live at the Red Vic* especially for fans of soul troubadours.



Jack Tempchin Songs

by Mike Alvarez

When an artist simply titles his album *Songs*, one can infer that he is either a) unimaginative or b) so comfortable with his own work that he feels it to be sufficiently descriptive. In the case of Jack Tempchin, the latter is probably the case. He is best known for his collaborations with the Eagles, having written two of their biggest hits ("Already Gone" and "Peaceful, Easy Feeling"). He shifts between styles easily, giving his songs an identifiable sound and feel that is uniquely his.

"Out in the Desert" opens the album with a relentless Johnny Cash-like rhythm that chugs along like a runaway train. The lyrics, which paint pictures of life in an American desert, are delivered with an appropriately dry and dusty vocal. The rhythms and chords vary little throughout, but the song remains interesting due to an evolving arrangement that has harmonica and backup singers appearing at various points. He continues to explore the beauty of simplicity with "Something in the Image," a song that features a haunting minor key melody over a repetitive two-chord motif, driven by steady drums and percussion.

Things take an exciting turn with "Waiting," a heavy rocking number with a drum intro similar to Led Zeppelin's "Rock and Roll." The song itself is Neil Young-like in its intensity and rawness. In fact, there are times when Tempchin's voice takes on a little of Young's unique delivery and nasal whine. A very abrupt change of pace occurs with "It Could Have Been You and Me," an old time jazz/pop song, complete with fiddle, accordion, and harmonica. A bit of French dialogue puts the listener squarely at a sidewalk cafe in Paris. "Ghost in the Night" makes interesting use of a vocalist as a part of the rhythm section. However, in all honesty, I found this to be a by-the-numbers Latin tune with a rather predictable chord progression and melody. I would consider it a small misstep in a very strong collection of songs.

"Box of Memories" is a melancholy story-song in the tradition of Harry Chapin that is noteworthy for the appearance of legendary viola virtuoso Novi Novog. Her clean and warm lines perfectly punctuate the bittersweet mood. Dusted off from the "Miami Vice" soundtrack, the '80s Glenn Frey hit "Smugglers Blues" is included as well. This time it's given a less polished interpretation. Its rawer and heavier sound more effectively conveys the menace in the words.

The next two songs return to the Americana style for which Tempchin is probably best known. "East of Eden" could have been an Eagles' song, as its feel is similar to that of "Peaceful, Easy Feeling." Its lightly strummed chords, soft country rhythms, and smooth harmony vocals unabashedly create that same tone. "All the Love" is a soft acoustic ballad that Eric Clapton might have written in one of his mellow, reflective periods. The arrangement is delicate and subtle, lulling the listener into a contemplative state in time for...

...The Grand Finale! "Couch Rider" is a tough-sounding cowboy rocker with



Dave Humphries and so it goes . . .

by Steve Thorn

A '70s vibe dominates the musical proceedings on *and so it goes...* No, it won't be necessary to get out the platform boots or safety pins to achieve the proper mood: Dave Humphries isn't interested in promoting the legacies of the Love Unlimited Orchestra or Johnny Rotten.

Instead, Humphries has reconnected with the part of the '70s that provided good, melodic pop, a moment in time when the musical landscape was filled with great discs by Badfinger, the Sutherland Brothers and Quiver, Blue, Stealers Wheel, and solo recordings by former Beatles (George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass* being one of the prime influences).

Originally from the northeastern English city of Durham (near Newcastle), Humphries has made San Diego his home since 1996. He has a true gift for composing ballads, and there are three in particular on the CD that are standouts. "Heartbroken Angel" asks the eternal question of why so much evil persists in the world; "Lose a Friend" expresses loss on a personal level; and "38 Days" is an empathetic look at the less fortunate who make their beds daily on the hard concrete of any urban area.

On a more upbeat note, the bluesy "Music in a Friend's House" extols the joys of jamming in a living room or basement. In Humphries' case, a particular jam session took on great significance, considering that one of the "friends" present was Tony Sheridan, a lead singer who was once backed by the early Beatles lineup of John, George, Paul, and drummer Pete Best. Sheridan is a legitimate British rock legend and, no doubt, quite a recounter of life in the notorious Reeperbahn district of Hamburg. Also on board for *and so it goes...* are multi-instrumentalist Mike Kamoo, bassist Toby Hinkle, drummer Todd Hidden, keyboardist Wolfgang Grasekamp, and bassist Mike Chrissop. The project manager for the recording was Bart Mendoza (Shambles, True Stories, Manual Scan, and his current band of the moment).

Humphries recently embarked on a club tour of the UK to promote the CD. As part of the growing local talent releasing discs on the San Diego-based Blindspot label, Humphries will once again be performing over the county this summer. Judging by the quality of *and so it goes...*, he deserves a following. (www.davehumphriesmusic.com)

Songs, continued.

a semi-spoken verse. It tells a tongue-in-cheek tale of justice through the ages, from a dusty western town to mean city streets, and, finally, to the space lanes of the galaxy. All delivered by a remote-control toting gunslinger in front of his television set. It's a very strong and humorous note to end on. I might venture to say that it's my favorite of them all. This album is an engaging romp through many musical styles that are unified by a singular voice.



JUNE CALENDAR

monday • 1

Folk Circle, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

tuesday • 2

Charles Burton Blues Band, Skies Lounge, 8110 Aero Dr., 7:30pm.
Misdirection/Ken Garcia/Donnis Trio, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

wednesday • 3

Jordan Reimer/Christopher Dale & Friends, Handlery Hotel, 950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm.
Sue Palmer & Deeja Marie, Cardiff Library, 2081 New Castle, Cardiff, 6:30pm.
Robin Henkel, Serra Mesa/Kearny Mesa Library, 9005 Aero Dr., 6:30pm.
Sharon Hazel Township, The Bitter End, 770 5th Ave., 8:30pm.
Damon Castillo/Joey Ryan, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 4

Sue Palmer, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.
John Foltz & Peter Bolland, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.
Jackie Greene/Johnzo West, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Atom Orr/Molly Jenson, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sven-Erik Seaholm/Brooklyn/Peter Hall, Hennessey's Tavern, 4650 Mission Blvd., 9pm.

friday • 5

Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 6pm.
Jamcodia, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
KEV, Liberty Station, Point Loma, 6pm.
Adrienne Nims, Bistro Lili, 16625 Dove Canyon Rd., #109, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.
David Lindley, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Slaid Cleaves & Eliza Gilkyson, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Danny Green Trio/Joshua White Quintet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Charles Burton Blues Band, Encinitas Elks Lodge, 1393 Windsor Rd., Cardiff, 8pm.
Jordan Reimer/Tommy Edwards/Rob Deez/Josh Dammigo/Laura Kuebel, Mueller College, 4607 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Chase Morrin, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Hugh Gaskins & the G String Daddies, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Chris Velan, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Eric Macek/Arm the Angels/Astra Kelly, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.
The Bad Blokes, Molly Bloom's, 2391 S. El Camino Real, San Clements, 9:30pm.

saturday • 6

Art Around Adams Music and Art Festival, 3491 Adams Ave., noon-10pm.
Blue Creek w/ Will Jaffe, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Fiesta Del Sol, Fletcher Cove, Solana Beach, 1pm.
Mark Jackson Band, Wieghorst Western Heritage Fest, 131 Rea Ave., El Cajon, 5pm.
Peter Sprague & Tripp Sprague, Encinitas Wine Festival, Quail Botanical Gardens, Encinitas, 5pm.
Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 6pm.
Dan Levenson, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave. Workshop, 1-4pm; Concert, 7pm.
Phil Christie, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.
Pine Creek Posse, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 7:30pm.
KEV, Borders Books, Plaza Bonita Mall, 3030 Plaza Bonita Rd., 8pm.
Itai/The Predicates/The Turtle Project, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
The Shamey Jays, Pete's Place, 8330 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.
Cash'd Out/Hell on Heels/Tornado Magnets, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.

sunday • 7

Fiesta Del Sol, Fletcher Cove, Solana Beach, 1pm.
Middle Earth Ensemble, Encinitas Library, 540 Cornish Dr., 2pm.
New City Sinfonia, Church of Mary Magdalene, 1945 Illion St., 2pm.

Willie Jones III Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
Stacey & the Stimulus Package, Viejas Casino, 5000 Willow Rd., Alpine, 8pm.
Matthew Reveles, O'Connor's Pub, 8758 La Mesa Blvd., 9pm.

monday • 8

Charles Burton Blues Band, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Mike Keneally/Bushwalla/The Greens of Mind, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.

tuesday • 9

Charles Burton Blues Band, Skies Lounge, 8110 Aero Dr., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 10

Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
J.D. Souther/Jill Sobule, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Ricardo Beas CD Release, Bitter End, 770 5th Ave., 7:45pm.
Belly Dancers & Music, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 11

Bluegrass Jam, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn & Dave Booda, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Benny Green & Bucky Pizzarelli, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.
Tokeli & Samba de Toquall Band, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Charles Burton Blues Band, Riley's, 2901 Nimitz Blvd., 8pm.
Raul Malo, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.

friday • 12

Faultline w/ Harry Joe Reynolds, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Terminal Jazz Series, Airport baggage area, 7pm.
Charles Burton Blues Band, Skies Lounge, 8110 Aero Dr., 7:30pm.
Christian McBride & Inside Straight, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
KEV, BookWorks/Pannikin, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
ESP Quintet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
The Blokes, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9:30pm.

saturday • 13

The Blokes, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 2pm.
Peggy Watson & David Beldock, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 6pm.
Patti Maxine & Bill Walker, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Bass Clef Experiment, Vintage Religion, 3821 32nd St., 7pm.
KEV, The Living Room, 2541 San Diego Ave., 7pm.
Stacey & the Stimulus Package, Upstart Crow, Seaport Village, 835 W. Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.
Albert & Gage, Fallbrook Women's Club, 238 W. Mission, Fallbrook, 7:30pm.
Thunder Road, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Gilbert Castellanos New Latin Jazz Quintet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Jordan Reimer, Dream Street, 2228 Bacon St., 8pm.
Lisa Sanders/Mary Dolan, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Chet & the Committee, The Salty Frog, 992 Palm Ave., Imperial Beach, 9pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, SD County Fair, Plaza Stage, Del Mar, 9pm.

sunday • 14

S.D. Folk Song Society Mtg. w/ Chris Clarke, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.
Ira B. Liss Big Band Jazz Machine, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 4pm.
Adrienne Nims Flutations, SD County Fair, Flower Show Stage, Del Mar, 5pm.
Joey Harris & the Mentals/Mojo Nixon/Karen & Paul Kamanski/Scottie Maddog Blin, Brick by Brick, 1130 Buenos Ave., 5pm.
Martin Luther King Jr. Comm. Choir, Grace San Diego, 2716 Madison Ave., 6:30pm.
Oil Slik/Cindy Bradley, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Acoustic Nights w/ Sven-Erik Seaholm/Brooklyn/Jordan Reimer/Jessical Lerner/Karen Real/Luke Walton, Swedenborg Hall, 1531 Tyler St., 7:30pm.

monday • 15

Folk Circle, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Charles Burton w/ the Bayou Brothers, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 8pm.

tuesday • 16

Adrienne Nims & Raggle-Taggle, Rancho Bernardo Library, 17110 Bernardo Ctr. Dr., 10:30am.
Charles Burton Blues Band, Skies Lounge, 8110 Aero Dr., 7:30pm.
Clay Colton & the Blokes, Hennessey's, 2777 Roosevelt St., Carlsbad, 9pm.
North County Cowboys, OC Tavern, 2369 S. El Camino Real, San Clemente, 9pm.

wednesday • 17

Marshall Crenshaw, Acoustic Music SD, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Darrell Grant & Dmitri Matheny, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.
Saffire Uppity Blues Women, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Shawn Mullins, Birch Aquarium @ Scripps, 2300 Expedition Way, La Jolla, 9pm.

thursday • 18

Sue Palmer, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 6pm.
Ray Vinole, Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
Robin Henkel, Terra Restaurant, 3900 Vermont St., Hillcrest, 6pm.
Joe Rathburn & Jake's Mountain, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.
WPA w/ Sean Watkins & Glen Phillips, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

friday • 19

Sue Palmer Quintet, Prescott Park, El Cajon, 6pm.
KEV, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
ESP & the Gatherers, Mingei Int'l Museum, 1439 El Prado, Balboa Park, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.
Hugh Gaskins & the G String Daddies, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Billy Watson, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Santa Margarita Inn, 1634 Riverview Dr., Fallbrook, 8pm.
Charles Burton Blues Band, Encinitas Elks Lodge, 1393 Windsor Rd., Cardiff, 8pm.
Los Boogie Boys con Pachuco Jose, Ramina Mainstage Night Club, 626 Main St., 8pm.
Color of Grass/New Archaic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Candy Kane CD Release, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

saturday • 20

Marcia Forman Band, Old House Fair, Dale & Beech Sts., South Park, noon.
Zzymzy Quartet, Old House Fair, 30th & Beech Sts., 2pm.
Marcia Forman Band, South Park Jazz Festival, 30th & Fir Sts., 4:30pm.
Acoustic Underground Concert w/ KEV (5pm) & Trio Gadjó (6pm), Liberty Station, Point Loma.
Plow w/ Chris Clarke, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Terri Hendrix w/ Lloyd Maines, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 7pm.
Tom Baird & Friends, Rebecca's Coffee House, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.
Jim Earp/Joe Rathburn/Jeff Stasney, Rock Valley House Concert, University City, 8pm. wonderwoman@san.rr.com
Berkley Hart, Haymaker's House Concert, El Cajon, 8pm. Reservations: 619/441-1165
Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Allison Lonsdale, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sharon Hazel Township, Wit's End, 420 Robinson, Hillcrest, 7pm.
Brett Bixby/Girlyman, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 21

Cowboy Jack, Pine Hills Lodge, 2960 La Posada Way, Julian, 10am.
Bass Clef Experiment, Spanish Village, Balboa Park, 1pm.
South Burgundy Street Jazz Band, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.
Charles Burton Blues Band, Mission Bay Marina Deli, 1548 Quivira Way, 2pm.
Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, La Jolla Festival of the Arts, 8677 Via La Jolla Dr., 2pm.
Albert & Gage, Dark Thirty Productions (house concert), Lakeside, 7:30pm. 619.443.9622
Trombone Shorty & Orleans Ave., Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Tom Brosseau CD Release w/ Ethan Rose & Shelley Short, North Park Vaudeville & Candy Shoppe, 2031 El Cajon Blvd., 8pm.

W E E K L Y

every sunday

Shawn Rohlf & Friends, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.
Bluegrass Brunch, UrbanSolace, 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.
Celtic Ensemble, Twigg's, 4590 Park Blvd., 4pm.
Traditional Irish Session, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm.
Open Mic, E Street Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
Joe Mendoza, Surf & Saddle, 123 W. Plaza St., Solana Beach, 8pm.
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

Open Mic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.
Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 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.
Shep Meyers, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 8pm.
Open Mic, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., O.B., 9pm.

every wednesday

Chuck Schiele & Friends, Farmers Market, Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 4-7pm.
Christopher Dale & Friends, Handlery Hotel,

950 Hotel Circle N., 5pm.
Paul Nichols' Pro-Am/Pro Jam Invitational, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 5:30pm.
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.
Charles Burton & Danny DiCarlo, Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Rd., 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 Folk, Jazz, Blues, Bluegrass, OB People's Market, 4765 Voltaire, 5:30pm.
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

Jay Dancing Bear, The Living Room, 1018 Rosecrans, Point Loma, 8pm.
Blues Jam, South Park Bar & Grill, 1946 Fern St., 9pm.

PJ Harvey/John Parish, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Citizen Band CD Release, Brick by Brick, 1130 Buena Vista, 8pm.
Mark Jackson Band/Deborah Blake/Dear John/Earth Movers, Second Wind, 8528 Magnolia, Santee, 8pm.

Angela Correa/Joanie Mendenhall/Joe Meeks, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Charles Burton w/ Those Guys, Pal Joey's, 5147 Waring Rd., 9pm.
The Blokes, O'Sullivan's, 640 Grand Ave., Carlsbad, 9pm.

tuesday • 23

Charles Burton Blues Band, Skies Lounge, 8110 Aero Dr., 7:30pm.
Emmylou Harris/Patty Griffin/Shawn Colvin/Buddy Miller, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 24

Adrienne Nims & Raggle-Taggle, Carmel Valley Library, 3919 Townsgate Dr., 4pm.
The Bayou Brothers, Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, 6:15pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Charles McPherson w/ Gilbert Castellanos, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.

thursday • 25

Sue Palmer, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 6pm.
Bluegrass Jam, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Joe Rathburn & Shawn Rohlf, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Robin Henkel, Wine Steals, 1953 San Elijo, Cardiff, 7pm.
Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.
Charles Burton Blues Band, Riley's, 2901 Nimitz Blvd., 8pm.

friday • 26

Jay Dancing Bear, OB People's Food, 4765 Voltaire St., 5:30pm.
Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 6pm.
Mountain Tribal Gypsies, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Chateau Orleans, 926 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.
The Zombies/Yardbirds/Spencer Davis Group, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Charles Johnson, Jacks O'Lantern House Concert, Escondido, 7:30pm. www.jacksolantern.com
Lee Rittenour, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
KEV, BookWorks, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
The Hank Show, Hensley's Flying Elephant Pub, 850 Tamarack Ave., Carlsbad, 8pm.
Zzymzy Quartet, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8:30pm.

saturday • 27

Hugh Gaskins & the G String Daddies, S.D. Harley-Davidson, 5600 Kearny Mesa Rd., noon.
Clay Colton & the Bad Blokes, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., Carlsbad, 3pm.
Urban Acoustic Playhouse, The Marquee, 835 25th St., 6pm.
Sue Palmer Trio, Bing Crosby's, 7007 Friar's Rd., Fashion Valley, 6pm.
Shirhouse Bluegrass Band, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy. 78, Julian, 6pm.
KEV, The Living Room, 2541 San Diego Ave., 7pm.
Marcia Forman Band, Bird Park Summer Concert, 28th & Upas, North Park, 7:30pm.
Back to the Garden w/ Cactus, Twang & Whyte, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Cotton Fever, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Eric Clapton Tribute, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

sunday • 28

Stacey & the Stimulus Package, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 5pm.
Jordan Reimer, SD County Fair, Plaza Stage, Del Mar Fairgrounds, 6pm.
Ani DiFranco, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Mac Cohn/Katie Herzig, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Double Bass Summit w/ Bert Turetzky/Bob Magnusson/Mark Dresser/Jeremy Kurtz/Rob Thorsen/Danny Weller/Marshall Hawkins, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Ctr., 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Aretha Franklin, Harrah's Rincón, 777 Harrah's Rincón Way, Valley Center, 8pm.

monday • 29

Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns!, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Cowboy Jack, SD County Fair, O'Brien Stage, 8pm.

tuesday • 30

Charles Burton Blues Band, Skies Lounge, 8110 Aero Dr., 7:30pm.

There's lots of music at the San Diego County Fair in June. Check the ad on p. 2 for a schedule of performers.



PHILFEST AT OLD TIME MUSIC



Janet Beazley & Dwight Worden



Middle Earth Ensemble



Chris Clarke & Lou Curtiss



Ken Graydon



Chris Vitas



The Tail Draggers



Jeffrey Joe Morin & John Bosley



Wayne Riker & Jeff Pekarek



Chris Stuart



Phil Boroff (2nd from right) w/ Family & Friends



Wood 'n' Lips



Tom Boyer



Trails & Rails

AROUND TOWN



Martin Luther King Community Choir at St. Luke's Church, North Park



Bluegrass Etc. @ AMSD



Byron Berline @ AMSD



Jakob Martin @ Aaron Bowen



Ben Folds @ House of Blues



Eric Bibb @ AMSD



Annie Retic @ Claire de Lune



Sweet Joyce Ann @ Claire de Lune



Berkley Hart CD Release @ Swedenborg Hall