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SAN DIEGO
TROUBADOUR

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

January 2011

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

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

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SUBMITTING A CALENDAR LISTING

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.

Come Together

by Will Edwards
photos: Bryan Heil

When there's a will there is a way... In a town brimming with creative artists of every description, Aaron and Kate Bowen saw a way to bring these different creative voices together – a motley band of graphic artists, craftspeople, and musicians – and they had the will to make it happen. They call it the Macaroni Club and once a month, inside the cozy chambers of Monica's café in University Heights, local residents and artists of various descriptions mingle over coffee, listening to live music, and becoming acquainted. What makes it especially rewarding is the sense of community that arises here – and that is no accident. There's no sense of obligation or structure. It's quite literally an "open" house.

I spoke to Kate, owner of her own craft business, about her reasons for participating in these events (not only as an organizer, but as an artist). She says she'd like to have more flexibility in her life to do her art. "I want to quit my job," she says with an apologetic and excited smile. Kate runs her own business called Katrinkas Designs (www.katrinkas.com) and makes crafts including soap, jewelry, and custom accessories. She envisions making a living through her business eventually, and the Macaroni Club offers her an uncommon and valuable opportunity to reach out to the community. There she can promote her skills and products. But, that's only part of the reason that she supports the event. "Its social and good [for business]," she says.

When I attended the most recent event on December 9, musicians played all night in a free-form concert style while visitors surveyed the art and drank coffee in the main café. As one band packed up, another entered the stage and began setting up. Monica's is designed with a couple of alcoves off the café area and it is in these alcoves where art is shown and the artist talks about their creations. The San Diego Troubadour's own Liz Abbott was also a featured artist at this month's Macaroni Club. Her business, Uncommon Threads (www.uncommon-threads.com), specializes in fabric and thread art depicting original packaging labels, postcards, and other vintage ephemera.

In the second alcove I met local artist Shayna Yates. "I sell art and craft items. Right now I'm doing custom drawings, too." I spoke with her briefly to find out how she found out about the Macaroni Club. "I saw an ad on Craigslist and called Kate and Aaron. This is the third or fourth I've done. I skipped a few and they had one before that." Shayna seems unsure about doing an interview but opens up about her reasons for attending. "It's a community thing that brings together all kinds creative people," she says. "Sometimes I make a few dollars selling the art stuff." In addition to this event Shayna contributes to events in Balboa Park and elsewhere. "I have a website and I do other events pretty regularly" she says as she watches the next musician start their microphone check. You can find out more about Shayna's art online at www.unordinary.org.

Aaron Bowen, an established San Diego singer-songwriter and SDMA-winning producer (www.aaronbowenmusic.com), spearheads the event each month by assembling artists and musicians (many of whom he knows personally). He was inspired to do this event based on his experiences of touring. "Going to other towns and seeing these amazing communities happening and getting invited to see how they were running them" was a major influence, he says. The event started in February of 2010 and has been running ever since. 2010 was also an important year of personal growth, Aaron recalls. "This year was a revelation for me

about what I'm supposed to be doing with my music." After years of developing, producing, and promoting his own music, Aaron switched gears. "My thing is to help people," he says.

As is the case with many an artist, Aaron found his hometown to have its problems. "I'd complain about our local community a lot," he says, grinning. "Instead of complaining, I figured, 'Well, let me try to do something here.'" As a solo performer, Aaron had previously organized a series of events that merged the often-separate worlds of craftspeople, graphic artists, and musicians. The events were sporadic, but successful nonetheless. It seemed like a recipe he could refine, and the Macaroni Club is a continuation of those early ideas.

Heading into 2011, the Macaroni Club will continue to engender values of community involvement and creative exchange. One of the hallmarks that makes this event so original is that it is allowed to just happen. Rather than imposing a strict definition, the event is itself a kind of breeding ground for creativity, so it's always evolving.

You can check out the next evolution of the Macaroni Club on Saturday, January 29th. The event is always held at Monica's in University Heights, 1735 Adams Ave., San Diego, CA 92116 and starts at 7pm sharp.



Amanda Gardner does 2-minute portraits



Attendees enjoying the artwork

BRIAN BAYNES *Ni Bheid a Leithead Aris Ann*

by Eamonn Farrell

The San Diego Irish community and the local music scene lost an iconic figure, on December 19, with the tragic and sudden passing of our dear friend Brian Baynes.

Born in the beautiful seaside town of Bray, County Wicklow, Ireland on August 11, 1955, Brian, from an early childhood had music in his veins.

Since his first guitar lessons from his friend Paul Fairclough, Brian very quickly became an accomplished guitarist, and from there started his musical career as a teenager, touring the country with many of the top showbands, from the Freshmen to modern day Bagatelle and featured many times as a very special guest of Stepside.

He moved to the United States in 1980 and lived in Miami, then Los Angeles, before finally making his home here in San Diego.

He soon became a fixture on the local Irish music circuit, performing regularly at the Blarney Stone, the Ould Sod, Hooleys, the Harp, the Field, and many other venues including headline performances at the annual St. Patrick's Day Parade and Festival in Balboa Park over the past 25 years.

Perhaps his proudest musical accomplishment was playing with the San Diego Symphony on numerous occasions when the Brian Baynes Band sold out Symphony Hall for the St. Patrick's Day Show under the direction of Matthew Garbutt.

Not only a brilliant guitarist, Brian was also an accomplished player of a whole range of instruments and this hands-on knowledge and acute musical ear led him to his other career – that of a record producer for a distinguished list of performers from California, Arizona, Colorado, and as far away as Canada and Ireland.

Intense, passionate, and totally absorbed in his work, Brian was a musical perfectionist who set the bar high for



Brian Baynes

everyone he worked with in his professional recording studio, better known as Avoca Sound Studios.

Brian's portfolio of talent also includes a brief encounter with the big screen as he got his own lines in James Cameron's blockbuster movie *Titanic*, where he offered the captain of the ship a life jacket.

Only one thing in Brian's life surpassed his love of music and that was his love of Jessica, his 13-year-old daughter. Along with his loving partner Rebecca, they nurtured a passion for music and culture in their daughter who is both an avid Irish/Flamenco dancer and blossoming guitarist. The apple didn't fall far from the tree, and beautiful Jessica was certainly the apple of her daddy's eye. Along with Rebecca and Jessica, Brian will be sorely missed by his family in Ireland, brothers Seamus and Miceal, sisters Finola and Maeve, and their families.

He leaves a huge void in the local community where he was always the first to volunteer his talents for a host of charitable organizations, including M.D.A., Breast Cancer and Autism Awareness to name a few.

The old Gaelic saying, *Ni Bheid a Leithead Aris Ann*, sums up the feeling of the Irish Community in San Diego, which translates to "We'll never see his likes again."

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by Raul Sandelin

NOTE: This past year, a lot was done in the media to cover John Lennon's 70th birthday and the 30th anniversary of his death. But, two anniversaries seemed to slip by the pop culture beacons: the Beatles' 50th anniversary and, more broadly, the 50th anniversary of the beginning of the '60s. The following is a prose poem remembering those two "silver" anniversaries.

It was 50 years ago today that an anonymous John staggered out of a warehouse in the Reeperbahn. (His story is not really important.) A second John sat in his room doodling, fresh from Hamburg, the leader of a rock and roll band, whose name was finally misspelled correctly.

And, 50 years ago today, this nation waited for a young president to be sworn in. One part King Arthur, one part Rimbaud, one part old man since he had fought in the War. But, still he was young as far as presidents go, young like the new America "busy being born," as someone later sang, not "busy dying."

The year began with a January like years most often do, cold in Washington, mild in Greensboro, high noon in Sharpsville. Across a bridge in Birmingham, more apostles march. And, NASA's apostle-fighter pilots prepare to explore a new frontier. Bongos and beatniks in winter teenage basements. Generational gaps flare. Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne, Ray Brown record Exploring the Scene. Camus absurdly meets a strange tree at 1:54am. Ominously, Australia hits 123 degrees. JFK visits Des Moines and Oswald visits Minsk.

'60 at 50

The doomsday clock slows down



The world hears the incredible Wes Montgomery. Trane blows Giant Steps while Miles sketches Spain with his lips.

Another train pulls into Dartford station. A kid named Mick meets a kid named Keith.

Was the blue light their baby? Was the red light their minds? Kidnappings, mine disasters and railroad strikes.

The kidnappers want beer. The mines and trains want blood. VP Nixon emerges from Squaw Valley Olympics.

Oh, where have you gone Connie Francis and Doris Day? The doomsday clock quickens. Eddie Cochran dies. Ornette Coleman makes chaos chic. The U.S. Army Fife and Drum Corps is born. Cassius Clay goes pro. Peter Pan flies onto TV. The Wizard of Oz is dusted off for a new generation. Bob Zimmerman plays the 10 O'Clock Scholar in Dinkeytown. The IBM 1400 and the first modem

are invented.

Maynard G. Krebs, the new teenage anti-hero, bops into American homes While housewives sneak their copies of

Lady Chatterley's Lover. James Hendrix's high school band plays the Temple de Hirsch Synagogue in Seattle. It's the Year of Africa and the Year of the Rat.

Togo and Mau Mau, Congo, Algeria, Sudan, Ghana, Chad, Ivory Coast:

The colonial world goes up in smoke and so does France

God still speaks Latin but will start learning Swahili.



The world hears the incredible Khrushchev meets De Gaulle. The doomsday clock slows down. Smell-O-Vision

and Wilt the Stilt entertain the young and the middle-aged. OPEC is formed to control the world's oil spout. The U.S. finds symmetry with a 50-star flag, the old 49 so awkward. More and more satellites spin around the globe,

a coup in Turkey and Typhoon Mary.

The Beatles become the Beatalls then become the Beatles

and play the Indra Club on the Reeperbahn.

Why can't the Soviets leave our spy planes alone? ASCII is invented.

Ike likes Civil Rights at least long enough to sign his name.

The doomsday clock quickens.

Scientists toy with particle acceleration then watch Johnny Carson on days off.

Andre Previn plays Gershwin. Sputnik 4 and laser beams.

Three thousand U.S. "advisors" parade up a beach in Vietnam,

greeted by school girls and flowers Honorably discharged Elvis sings "Are You Lonesome Tonight?"

"Cathy's Clown," "The Twist," and "El Paso" drone through the corridors at junior high dances.

Tic-toc, MCMLX anno domini.

The first baby boomer is a 15-year old sophomore in high school.

Ben-Hur wins and Pillow Talk wins.

For a moment, one John stops doodling and picks up a magazine from the table: the new American president on the cover. John stares at

the magazine and the magazine stares

back. One John is the reflection of the other though opposites, the unknown and the famous, the directionless and the powerful, the delinquent versus noblesse oblige. Another John finds his ecstasy in a brothel on the Reeperbahn.

Clark Gable dies. Oscar Pettiford dies. Oscar Hammerstein dies. Zora Neale Hurston dies. Jean-Claude Van Damme is born.

The global village is incorporated.

Who exactly is the mayor? We would rather float off to Where the Wild Things Are.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest pins sainthood on the insane. Barbie turns one.

Tell me you remember Lynda Mead?

Roberto Clemente's Pirates are the first of this decade to fight

Yankee imperialism and win.

Kittinger jumps out of his balloon and the doomsday clock quickens.

At this point, one John staggers out of the brothel and out of the Reeperbahn. He has six months to serve in the U.S. Navy and 60 years left to live.

The other Johns aren't so lucky.

One continues doodling. The other prepares a speech. One has 20 years, the other only three. They will both be martyrs for a generation that doesn't know it's a generation yet. But, for the moment, this generation needs to finish high school, a few more years of bliss before it explodes.

Raul Sandelin teaches writing and cultural theory at Grossmont College and SDSU.

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Well, 2010 was one hell of a year that I would just as soon not repeat again. Along with my own health problems (rotator cuff surgery and all its attendant problems), not being in a position to put together any music programs or festivals (an activity that I've always felt was one of the most worthwhile things in my life), the digitization project of all the tapes of the 55 some odd Festivals and concerts I've put together over the past 50 years that was started with a grant from the Grammy people to set up the Lou Curtiss San Diego Sound Library Sound Collection at the Library of Congress in Washington DC and a similar active at the UCLA Department of Folklore and Ethnomusicology (where the music could be downloadable to the public), has been stalled with the renewal of the Grammy money being rejected twice with only about a third of the project completed. Hopefully this next year finds the people more forthcoming or maybe a new source for the money will present itself needed for Russ Hamm and myself to do this work. It's always kind of surprised me that nobody who gives out grant money for worthwhile projects in our own city of San Diego (after all we did all this music here and it certainly documents a good part of the city's musical history) has ever come forward with one red cent to support this project. Even San Diego State University where the first 20 of the San Diego Folk Festivals took place or any Adams Avenue interests where its successor, the Adams Ave. Roots Festival was held, have never come forth with any funding or help in securing funding. I would think that some institution in San Diego (alongside the Library of Congress and UCLA) would want to make the music and folklore on these tapes available to at least students, if not the general public. Being a musicologist myself, it's easy for me to see the public worth of this material. So many people I've worked with over the years just don't comprehend the need to preserve this music and what these festivals do toward that end. I see where the members of the County Board of Supervisors have given large sums of money in grants to what they deemed worthwhile projects in their districts. Everyday I see in the papers that

Recordially, Lou Curtiss

someone has gotten funding to put together some project here that just doesn't seem as worthwhile to me as this one. (The folks receiving the funding would probably think the opposite.) A Few years back someone involved with one of the Fine Arts groups here in San Diego refered to folk music as "the step child of the Arts," always a little less worthy than the opera, symphony, or even the dramatic arts. I can't see it. The San Diego Folk Festival and the Adams Avenue Roots Festival have both been acclaimed as among the finest music events in our city (by observers both local and national). The fact that we took the time to tape and, in some cases, videotape, this fine music series ought to be hailed as a most worthwhile thing, much in need of public acclaim and support. PLEASE! Someone help us get this project back in gear.

Now, about not doing festivals anymore. I'd like to put together the best damn music festival this city has ever seen. I'd call it THE MUSIC LOU CURTISS LIKES MUSIC FESTIVAL. It wouldn't be limited to roots music, or folk music, or blues, or jazz. All those things would be a part of it. It would feature a lot of folks I haven't brought before and many who have been out here. Like the old Folk Festivals at SDSU it would feature at least a day of workshops and, like the Adams Roots Festivals, it would be free to the public. It would have a tie-in with the public schools, making an educational statement as well as an entertainment one. The idea of sitting down with good gospel bluegrass singing group with a doo-wop harmony to talk about how harmony works (maybe even including someone who sings harmony from the British folk tradition, or shape note). Putting together the first part of the tapes from those early festivals; I got to listen to a lot of those old workshops. There is so much information there and the most interesting stuff is when you get people with completely different roots getting together and talking about things they have in common. I always thought the workshops brought musicians with different kinds of musical backgrounds as well as fans with different kinds of musical taste,

and that was good for the music. Now as to who I'd bring (I'm not going to list anyone here), well, I'd try to find some show biz folks who never worked this kind of festival before along with those to whom it's an old familiar thing. Drop by Folk Arts Rare Records and I'll tell you about some of those folks, how much money it'd take (I don't want any for me; I've never taken money for doing a festival that wasn't plowed back into it, or a future festival) to pay the musicians, who the P.R. should go out to, and all those things it takes. You might check my Facebook page (Louis F. Curtiss) to see what kinds of music I'm into (I've got over 4,500 music clips on my page, which a friend of mine called a Virtual Folk Festival where you can download with my comments on the music). Lots of tracks from those early San Diego Folk Festivals and if we can get the digital project going again, I'll be posting tracks from later festivals including videos of those Adams Avenue Roots Festivals and rare tapes from the San Diego Blues Festivals, and Adams Avenue Street Fairs.

I'll close with a funny post-Katrina story from New Orleans (which I got from Mary Catherine Aldin's "Alive and Picking" website: part of rebuilding New Orleans often caused residents to be challenged with the task of tracing home titles back potentially hundreds of years. With a community rich with history stretching back over two centuries, houses have been passed along through generations of family, sometimes making it quite difficult to establish ownership.

A New Orleans lawyer sought an FHA loan for a client. He was told the loan would be granted if he could prove satisfactory title to a parcel of property being offered as collateral. The title of the property dated back to 1803, which took the lawyer three months to track down. After sending the information to the FHA, he received this reply (actual reply from FHA): "Upon review of your letter adjoining your client's loan application, we note that the request is supported by an abstract of title. While we compliment the able manner in



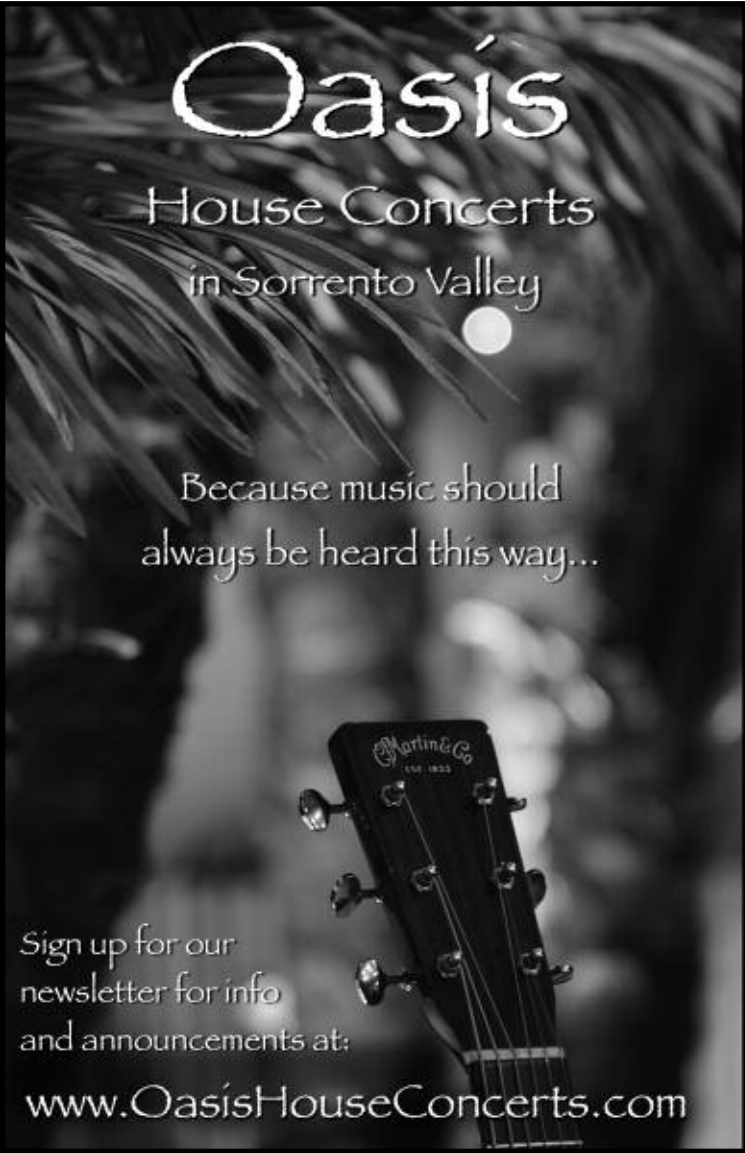
Lou Curtiss



Juke Boy Bonner Life Gave Me a Dirty Deal

by Lou Curtiss

In the early days of our festival (we called it the San Diego Folk Festival then), I think it was the fourth year (that'd be 1971) we had a blues singer out here from Houston, Texas named Weldon "Juke Boy" Bonner. Juke Boy was a fine singer who played both guitar and harmonica (at the same time) and was also an accomplished songwriter who used the blues form to write about things that troubled him, songs about his experiences, the dangers to be found by those who move to big city ("at least if I go back to the sticks, I won't have to worry 'bout no sniper's fire") and the plight of the black man in America. If at times the lyrics in his songs sound like he's feeling sorry for himself ("Life Gave Me a Dirty Deal," "Hard Luck," "Life Is a Nightmare") well, the story of his life was no bed of roses. It was a battle from the start with the environment he was brought up in and the ill health he was plagued with (in fact he died about a year after his San Diego appearance at age 41). Juke Boy also wrote songs about riots in cities, the dangers of the big city he lived in ("Trouble in Houston," "Stay Off of Lyons Avenue," "Goin' Back to the Country"). He wrote a song about a first (and only) European tour ("I Got My Passport") and some slightly cynical views of the then-burgeoning black pride movement ("Being Black and I'm Proud") and of course the joys and pain of love won and lost ("Sad Sad Sound," "Trying to Be Contented"). There are 23 tracks here (70 minutes) and the sides were recorded between 1967 and 1969, most of them in Houston; they are probably the finest recordings this hugely underrated artist made. About half the tracks find Juke Boy accompanied by the solid and effective drumming of Alvin J. Simon. Juke Boy came across as a laid back, good-natured guy who was proud of his accomplishments and a bit resentful that more folks didn't pay attention. He certainly deserved more attention than what he got. Juke Boys music is the antithesis of "laid back blues" but if you want to hear one of America's true folk poets, you won't go wrong here.



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by Paul Hormick

North Park, once a neighborhood of secondhand shops and cheap diners, has been transformed, in just a few short years, into a hub of arts and nightlife. The landmark of the neighborhood, the Birch North Park Theatre, a movie palace built in the late 1920s that had been left derelict for decades, has been newly restored by the Lyric Opera of San Diego. Boutique shops have cropped up where there had once been thrift stores and places that would cash your check for a fee. During an evening walk down 30th Street you'll see studios filled with dancers practicing ballet, tap, and hip-hop. Folks dressed for a night out, something unseen only a few years ago, make their way across University Avenue for a night of upscale cuisine and craft beers. This transformation has been so great that even the *New York Times* featured North Park as a hot destination in their December travel section in of last year.

Adding to this buzz is El Take It Easy. The winner of San Diego CityBeat's reader poll for the best new restaurant, El Take It Easy features a jazz night every Monday, in which recordings of classic jazz, mostly from the bop era, fill the tapas hangout. The name of the restaurant hints of Baja and the southern California laid-back approach to life, but there is enough of an East Coast ambiance to lend some authenticity to the Monday night jazz vibe. Wooden rafters and boards give warmth to the high arching ceiling. Abstract art hang from the exposed brick walls, and just like the clubs back East, the lighting is minimal. The only things that might betray this as not being a jazz club where Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker took the stage are the large flat screen television and the lack of cigarette smoke that was *de rigueur* for the great jazz spots of the forties and fifties.

And it is the music from 50 and 60 years ago, when be-bop was in its heyday, that is featured for the jazz night. While sipping some wine or noshing from the restaurant's off-the-beaten-path menu, which contains such gastronomic adventures as pork belly tacos and octopus tostadas, the restaurant's patrons are treated to a lineup of be-bop's great headliners, such as Sonny Stitt, Dexter Gordon, and Bud Powell. Starting at around 7:30 in the evening, Wes Hudson mans the music console that stands at the end of the bar. Reaching for a crate full of record albums,* most of which bear the distinctive covers of the Blue Note and Capitol record labels, he pulls a Billy Eckstine record from its sleeve and queues it up on one of the large LP platters. Hudson initiated the jazz nights, and all the music that he plays on Monday night comes from his personal record collection. For him, the sounds of the boppers, who were stretching the rules of harmony and putting the pedal to the metal of breakneck tempos, was jazz's high watermark. "For the restaurant I'll play stuff going all the way back to the thirties like Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. I'll play stuff from the sixties, too, but for me the year is 1949. Stuff from back then around that time has a certain intensity, just great stuff," he says.

Hudson came up with the idea of the jazz night as a way of getting back in touch with the music that has been his lifelong passion. He says, "One day I looked at my record collection and realized that I hadn't listened to it for a while and I needed a push to start listening to it again." It was around this time that Hudson had dropped into El Take It Easy. DJs were playing pop music for the Saturday night crowd. He asked the owner, Jay Porter, if he could have a time when he could play his collection of jazz recordings. Three months later, jazz night has become a regular presentation of the restaurant.

Growing up in Manhattan during the fifties and sixties, Hudson has always been drawn to jazz. He says, "This is maybe my first memory about music that really stands out for me as a kid. I was five years old and I remember my father playing a record. It was Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Getz playing 'It Don't Mean a Thing.' I remember the opening melody. It really grabbed me. It was absolutely fascinating."

Hudson started collecting records as soon

El Take It Easy: A Serving of Be-bop Once a Week

as he had the personal spending money to do so. "I was about 13 when I bought my first record, Yusef Lateef's *Psychicmotos*. I took it home. That record was f***ing amazing! I still listen to it," he says. Through the rest of his teen years Hudson continued to visit the record stores around Manhattan. With the limited budget of a teen, he bought records whenever he could afford them.

Being a well-known regular at some of the best record stores helped Hudson spend his jazz record budget wisely. "I remember being in this one record store. I was looking at John Coltrane's album *Om*, thinking of buying it. One of the store employees came up to me, showed me this other Coltrane album, and said, 'You gotta buy this one.' It was *Giant Steps*," Hudson recalls about being turned on to one of jazz's most iconic recordings.

He says it was all an adventure – his record collecting and his growing appreciation for jazz and other music. When he turned 16, he got more serious about the music he listened to. Still heavily involved with jazz, he also started buying classical recordings, particularly Brahms and Bartok. Of course, his later teen years opened up the opportunities to hear jazz in clubs, the venues that fostered the art form. "There were a couple other guys with me in high school who were really into music. We used to share records with each other. At the time the legal age to drink was 18, so when we were 17 we were able to get into clubs down in the East Village," he remembers. He lists off a who's who of jazz, including Ornette Coleman, Charles Mingus, and McCoy Tyner, whom he and his friends were able to see. "Also around about this time the loft scene developed. One night it was just me and my buddies and maybe two other people, and we were able to see Rashied Ali play at Ali's Attic for hours. He

and the other musicians were actually playing for themselves, but what an opportunity for us that we could be there."

Hudson moved to southern California in 1979, yet he still speaks quickly, as most New Yorkers do, and he still retains a bit of a New York accent. Remember Doc in *West Side Story*? The man with the candy store? Hudson resembles the character actor a bit. He wears wire rim glasses, and it's not unusual to see him with about three day's growth of beard. He lived in Los Angeles for a few years and admits that the city grew on him. He really wound up liking the place, although he admits that the jazz scene there is expensive and not very good. It was Los Angeles, however, where he saw Dexter Gordon perform at the Lighthouse. He says, "I then understood why his sound was so pinched on his recordings. Gordon's sound was so f***ing big! The sound was too big to record."

Not a professional musician or disk jockey, playing jazz recordings is an avocation for Hudson. He has had a varied career, from working with and repairing antique textiles to teaching English as a second language. Having earned a PhD at USC, he taught linguistics at several southern California colleges and universities. Currently, he is the proprietor of North Park Native Plants, a company that installs xeriscape landscaping using the native flora of San Diego. "I really like what I do," he says. "I liked to go hiking out in nature, and I got interested in the native flora. I like my work because it's partly physical and partly creative. And it's tearing down an archaic and wasteful paradigm where people try to make California look like someplace else, like Australia or Hawaii. What I do has a lot to do with maintaining the identity of a place."

The bop and the atmosphere of El Take It Easy combine in an alchemy that is hard

Photo: Paul Hormick



Wes Hudson, jazz connoisseur



Interior of El Take It Easy

to find. "The music is just perfect for the space," says Michael McGuan, the meat maven for the restaurant. Stephy Tait, who can be found behind the bar and handling the beer menu agrees, and she has become something of a jazz convert. "I hated jazz," she says, "but now I love it."

Hudson plans to continue the jazz night for at least the next year, and he feels that it is a developing scene. "It's a rare atmos-

phere to have in San Diego. Something about the quality of the music that this space contains very well."

* All the music played on the Monday's Jazz Night comes from Hudson's collection of long-play record albums (LPs). Made of vinyl, they predate mp3s. LPs were the predominant form of playing recorded music from their introduction in the 1940s until they were displaced by compact disks (CDs) in the 1980s.

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by Mike Alvarez

A great deal of music that has stood the test of time was borne of acrimony and strife. Whether it be within the mind of a single artist or a struggle between creative collaborators, the work that results is imbued with a raw emotion and edginess that sets it apart from its contemporaries. The tortured psyche of Richard Wagner and the legendary fist fights between Pete Townshend and Roger Daltrey are proof that what's bad for the artist isn't necessarily bad for the art. The country/Americana sextet Folding Mister Lincoln takes a decidedly different approach to making their music. While there will always be differences of opinion, band-leader Harry Mestyanek and his wife, Nancy, make sure that a strong sense of family exists among all of the group's members. The weekly rehearsal at their home starts with dinner and an hour or so of casual conversation that allows everyone to get caught up with each other. As Harry relates, "I feel very strongly about the 'family' aspect of this band. We work hard at creating and maintaining an environment that fosters this dynamic. Sharing a meal each week, spending some 'dinner-table' time together, and discussing what's going on in each of our lives is important. It then allows us to approach the music as a team. There have been times where Charlie and I disagreed and there have been one or two times where David and I have gotten sideways with one another about this or that. But we have always been able to work through those discussions fairly and equitably and with respect, because of this 'family' relationship we have established." Lead guitarist Charlie Loach immediately confirms the wisdom of this approach, stating that "for the first time I feel like I really belong in a band." As might be expected, drummer Jeff Stasny is the jokester of the bunch, interjecting sharp-witted remarks and puns into the conversation at the most opportune moments. "I'm here for the food!" After sheepishly admitting to having a "blue" sense of humor, he cheekily laments that "I'm not allowed to have a microphone onstage."

Yet he admirably fulfills his function of driving the songs forward with his solid and creative drumming, whether it be with a stripped down kit or a full one.

Like many bass players, David Ybarra comes across as an affable, down-to-earth fellow who can keep a friendly conversation going with just about anyone. His easy going demeanor perfectly suits his role as a bassist. It is his steady and reliable basslines that keep the music anchored. After Harry writes a song, he creates a scratch track to e-mail to band members so they may familiarize themselves with the new material. It's not uncommon for Ybarra to immediately add his distinctive five-string grooves to these demos. A band member for two years, he brings much more than his musicality and impeccable bass playing to the table. His expertise with modern digital recording technology makes him an indispensable member of the team. When he joined, he also brought along the person who may have turned out to be the band's secret weapon: fiddler Alicia Previn. Ybarra recalls, "Alicia and I played in the same church and I dragged her along to a rehearsal. She had a violin and we coaxed her into playing." Classical music listeners should immediately recognize her last name, as she is the daughter of legendary classical composer and conductor Andre Previn. She readily admits to a plethora of non-classical influences, however. "When I was young, people wanted me to play with [Jascha] Heifetz and that terrified me. I listened to horn players and guitarists, not string players. But the violin is the instrument I learned, so I just play it." Loach concurs, stating that Previn "plays like a guitar player; she hears parts like a guitar player." During the March 2009 concert to celebrate the release of their CD *Within My Reach*, Previn played parts that were originally recorded on banjo, pedal steel guitar, and even organ. According to Ybarra, "the CD's production was awesome, but we learned how to boil it down to what could be played live."

Loach has actually spent a lot of time thinking about the band's sound, saying that "we're Southern Californians but have more of an Appalachian sound.

FAMILY TIME WITH FOLDING MR. LINCOLN

We're more like a string band than hard country." One of the first things he addresses is the fact that he doesn't sing. Although he has done so in other bands, he notes that "this band has a vocal sound: two men and two women who have sung together for a year. It doesn't sound right with extra voices." He also notes that the band is comprised of "good listeners. We hear the music in the same way but on different instruments. We're a relatively ego-less band as far as solos go. Although I hate to use a cliché, we really do play things to serve the song. Sometimes the guitar or violin parts are background. If neither of us feels it, we do without a solo. We let Harry's voice carry the song during these times." Of that voice he has received high praise, being often compared to Lester Flatt, one of his favorites. "I get the same unpretentious vibe from Harry. It just flows." Nancy provides a sweet contrast to Harry's voice, getting many opportunities to sing lead as well as harmony. She is also a skilled percussionist, playing bodhran, djembe, and tambourine, always finding the right spot to complement the already solid rhythm section.

It's always revealing to see how a band operates at rehearsal where the actual nuts and bolts of the creative process are laid bare. They are casual but efficient when setting up and on this evening Previn starts a jam by playing the famous lick from "Kashmir" (she is also a member of Dazed and Confused, a Led Zeppelin tribute band). Ybarra and Stasny quickly pick it up and they have some fun, but the whole band gets down to business quickly when everyone is ready. Harry calls out a new tune and the band launches into it, demonstrating a more than passing familiarity with the arrangement. Breaks and changes flow smoothly. Though there are still a few details that

Photo: Dennis Andersen



Folding Mr. Lincoln at a recent gig. Left to right: Nancy Mestyanek, Charlie Loach, Harry Mestyanek, Jeff Stasny, Alicia Previn, Dave Ybarra


Photo: Dennis Andersen



Nancy and Harry Mestyanek

need to be nailed down, it seems that the song's final form is not far off. As the evening progresses, it is easy to see the nonverbal communication happening among the musicians. Loach and Previn seamlessly trade solos and step back when it's someone else's turn to take the lead. These band members are truly generous with one another. Under Harry's direction, input from all band members is taken into consideration. Although their music is serious business, somberness is not the tone of the session. The easy banter and gentle teasing at the dinner table carry over to the rehearsal room. Stasny even takes advantage of a break in the action to speak glowingly about the small drum kit he is playing.

Folding Mister Lincoln got off the ground in 2006 when Harry and Nancy decided to start a band after a long hiatus from music due to career and family responsibilities. As Nancy relates, they playfully coined the name when they received a five dollar bill in change from a waitress while dining out. "We weren't serious, but every time we referred to the band we seemed to use it. So it stuck!" Harry adds that they could have selected another president, "but Lincoln was good because his name evokes the Americana genre." Not surprisingly, friends send him pictures of Lincoln automobiles, and more often than not, five dollar bills find their way into the tip jar when they play, folded, of course. Since its formation, the band has played a lot of gigs and done a fair amount of recording. *Within My Reach* was nominated for Best Country/Americana album at the 2009 San Diego Music Awards and garnered many critical accolades. Their latest release, *Folding Mister Lincoln Live*, was recorded at a May 2010 concert at Old Time Music, and was also well-received. They have played at many major local festivals, including Roots Festivals (2009), Indie-Fest (2010), and Adams Avenue Street Fair (2010). Some of their favorite venues are Wynola Pizza Express in Julian and Rebecca's Coffeehouse in South Park where Harry and Nancy also perform every first Sunday of the month. So great is their desire to play that they regularly do intimate shows as an acoustic duo with special guests. Yet it is when the full lineup comes together that Folding Mister Lincoln is at its most potent. The sense of unity and family they work so hard to cultivate brings out the best in everyone. Guitarist Loach said it best when he declared, "I am called to play this music," leaving no doubt that this is a sentiment shared by everyone in the band.



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by Steve Thorn

By day, **Michael Rennie** may be the model of a multi-tasking administrator, meeting the latest deadline and outlining the next season’s calendar. As **executive director** of the **Poway Center for the Performing Arts Foundation**, the behind-the-scenes efforts of Rennie and his staff contribute to the successful outcome of a two or three-hour performance.

However, on some nights, it is Rennie who is **on stage** as a **guitarist** for **Rio Peligroso**, a band that deftly combines **roots Americana** with edgy independent rock.

From the required office business attire to cowboy boots – that’s quite a contrast. But Rennie sees a **connection** – and a **passion** – in his two different public roles. “For what it’s worth, I’m constantly surprised by the number of **interesting parallels** between my job and my current band,” said Rennie, relaxing after taking a bike ride near the Normal Heights residence he shares with his wife, Kristy. Rennie was comfortable speaking on a number of topics, which began with a simple tape recording of answers in Normal Heights, followed by a more invigorating podcast session at Berkley Sound Studio in Clairemont two days later. “Both are essentially curatorial exercises – an attempt to both please an audience and introduce them to something they may not be familiar with.”

Rennie said, “[My] professional world and my musical worlds have been two very distinct and separate activities. The day job was the arts administrator gig and then I would quietly moonlight as a musician in the evening. Most of my life I played in all-original [compositions] bands, so I was writing music with other people. And when I had the idea to form Rio Peligroso a couple years ago, the idea really was to form a cover band that I like, a cover band that performed not the tried-and-true canon of cover songs that we’ve heard a million times but to try and work up songs that I like, songs that I would feel some pride in introducing an audience to. So in that regard, I saw it as sort of a curatorial exercise.

“It’s almost like hanging pictures in a museum or an art gallery,” Rennie explained. “You are usually going there with a mindset that you are going to be exposed to something new. And that very much parallels my day job, where as the executive director of the Poway Center for the Performing Arts Foundation, a big part of my job is to put together a performing arts series. That evolves to some degree of ‘giving the audience what they want.’ But there is a curatorial component to that as well. We see the stage as something of a sacred space – it’s a portal, it’s a way for us to bring artists into that community that might not otherwise perform there. It’s a way to expose our audience to talents they might not otherwise have a chance to see.”

Rennie insists that he wasn’t named after the dashing British actor, Michael Rennie, perhaps best remembered as the compassionate alien being trying to save

the earth from nuclear annihilation in the original version of *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. Born in New Hampshire, Rennie moved with his family to the warmer climate of New Port Richey, Florida. It was there in the small town, surrounded by orange groves, where he became interested in music. “There was a woman at the church my family went to that heard me listening to a Dylan record,” said Rennie. “She said, ‘Do you play guitar?’ She was an old hippie; she played guitar, and she taught me how to play ‘Blowing in the Wind.’ And that’s how I got started...she taught me how to play a G, an E-minor, a C, and a D. For about two years that’s all I played – with increasing expertise. Somebody gave me a Dylan songbook, and those songs are easy to learn for a beginning guitarist. The thing that was so appealing about for those stripped-down Dylan songs was that when you listen to those recordings like ‘My Back Pages,’ ‘Blowing in the Wind,’ ‘The Times They Are A-Changin’” – all those early acoustic hits – those are fully realized songs with just a guy and a acoustic guitar. And for a kid growing up in the ’70s and ’80s, that was something of a revelation; to hear that just one guy with an acoustic guitar could make music. That was very appealing.”

After high school, Rennie attended the University of Florida at Gainesville. The success of the Florida Gators football team over the last decade has, at times, overshadowed the city’s reputation as a music town. Four decades ago native son Tom Petty was performing in the band he recently united: Mudcrutch. When he wasn’t pursuing academics (he earned a bachelor’s degree in journalism with a minor in drama as literature), Rennie was looking for performing opportunities. It was the time period (’80s and ’90s) where many Southern bands were abandoning the extended jam sessions of Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Allman Brothers for the alternative rock movement that found great favor with college radio stations. Memphis’ Big Star broke ground in the ’70s followed by the phenomenal success of Athens’ R.E.M. in the ’80s.

Gainesville has a great band scene,”



Rennie with *Bicycle Thieves* in Gainesville, 1991.

said Rennie. “A college town with lots of musicians, cheap/free practice space, and many venues. Bicycle Thieves [named after the classic Italian film] was my first band, an alternative rock/power-pop band that I fronted before I knew what power pop was. We just knew we loved catchy choruses, guitar hooks, and pop song structures. Highly influenced by R.E.M., the Pixies, and all things alt. rock circa 1988. We sold 500 copies of our now-out-of-print cassette. Remember cassettes?”

After Bicycle Thieves took its final ride, Rennie opted for a more aggressive sound with the group called Whip the

Photo: Dan Chusid



Victor. “[We were] guitar-heavy rock à la Pixies or Sugar. We actually had a Whip the Victor reunion show at the Tiki House in Pacific Beach in 2008 just before I formed Rio Peligroso. Our drummer is a teacher in LA, and the bass player is a surfer. He lives in Pensacola, but will use any excuse to come surf San Diego.”

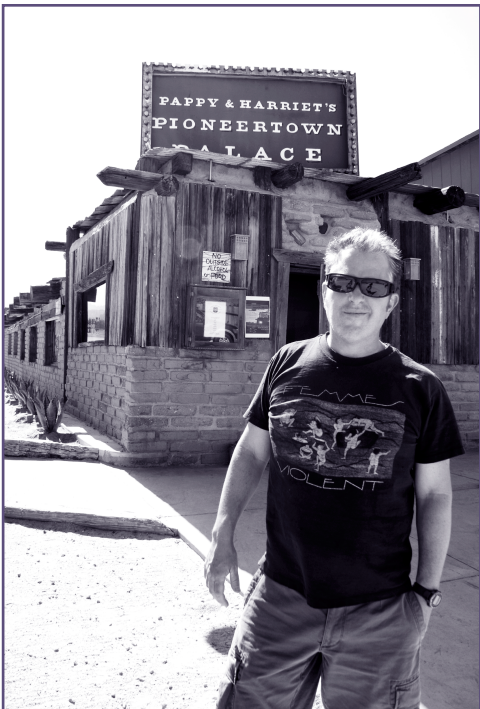
When Rennie completed his sojourn from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, he joined San Diego power pop band Roxy Monoxide. In addition to playing at the Adams Avenue Street Fair (just a stone’s throw from the Rennie home), Roxy performed at the prestigious International Pop Overthrow music festival in Los Angeles and San Diego. It’s the band where many San Diegans recall seeing the transplanted Floridian play for the first time. During his five-year time frame (2003-2008), Rennie saw many band members go through a revolving door of lineups. But one constant was Rennie sharing the stage with Roxy’s guiding light, Scott Samuels. “With a relatively new marriage and career in full swing, it was nice to scale back to being ‘just the guitarist’ in this band. Scott Samuels’ power-pop songs run the gamut from Pretenders/Blondie pop to T.Rex stomp and heavier fare. They have been at it for nearly a decade, but it’s been hard for

them to get some traction in San Diego, and that’s a shame. They played their farewell show December 18 at Humphrey’s Backstage Lounge. I sat in on a couple songs.”

Yes, it was a shame for Roxy Monoxide. The final show had that mixture of the “last set” fun and excitement combined with a perceptual sadness of being witness to a musical bon voyage.

After performing with two other San Diego bands – AM Vibe and Indigo – Rennie launched Rio Peligroso into the music orbit in 2008. It was goodbye to power pop and hello to the high lonesome sound of joshua trees and dusty honky tonks. “There’s a scene in the Jerry Lee

There’s a scene in ... Great Balls of Fire ... where Jerry Lee [Lewis] is playing a rough-and-tumble roadhouse in the South. [He] plays against a backdrop of dancing, fighting, broken bottles, unbridled lust, and revelry. It’s a gorgeous mess; I always romanticized that roadhouse experience.



Rennie in Pioneertown with Rio Peligroso



Rio Peligroso at Pappy & Harriet's



Rio Peligroso at Humphrey's earlier this year

Lewis biopic *Great Balls of Fire* that always stuck with me. It's the scene where Jerry Lee is playing a rough-and-tumble roadhouse in the South," said Rennie. "Jerry plays against a backdrop of dancing, fighting, broken bottles, unbridled lust, and revelry. It's a gorgeous mess, and I always romanticized that 'roadhouse' experience. Rio Peligroso was fueled in part by that vision. It was also fueled by a desire to play for different crowds – maybe the sort of audience who have no idea who the Velvet Underground is but still want to shake it to some live music. It was also born out of a love for SoCal country rock and the music that formed it – traditional country and rock."

Rennie has Mother Nature to thank for his vision. "There were a lot of things that led to me forming this band. One was that I was hiking with my wife in Sequoia National Park, looking at the golden rolling hills and the sprawling live oaks and I had this moment where I was just enamored with the whole Southern California 'SoCal' country rock. I just wanted to wrap myself up with the ghost of Gram Parsons and sing Byrds songs all afternoon. I just thought I could have so much fun doing that in a band. Wouldn't that be awesome!"

"At the same time, oddly enough, I was reading a lot of rock biographies, which I hadn't done much of in my life. One of the things that really jumped out at me was that all of the really great bands of the rock era – and I'm talking about the Beatles, the Stones, the Byrds, the Who – that cut their teeth playing covers: the Beatles in the Cavern Club, the Stones with their blues. The Byrds would play 'Roll Over Beethoven' at clubs on the Sunset Strip. I don't want to be an absolutist about this, but a lot of musicians I knew kind of skipped that step. If you came of age in the post-punk era, it seems like there was this incredible stigma to playing covers. It seems like as soon as you could play three chords, you had to be writing songs and performing original music. I get the nobility of that sentiment but I think it also leads to a lot of musicians skipping an essential step in their development, namely, learning from the masters. Stand on the shoulders of giants – there's a catalog of music waiting to be learned. A lot of musicians just skip that; they get along great without ever having a cover 'phase.' But a lot of people go straight from learning three chords to writing a lot of mediocre material."

In a moment of self-confession, Rennie paused, laughed, and said, "I raise my hand high! I was definitely one of those musicians. So, I got really excited over this notion of going back and learning Byrds songs, Hank Snow songs, early Elvis tunes – all of the staples of the early country rock and country genre. But at the same time, having this kind of curatorial bent, I thought it would be cool if we could mix it up with alternative rock and country rock. You'll hear us match up a Camper Van Beethoven song with a Byrds' song, go from a Hank Snow song into an early R.E.M. number. I always want there to be this balance between old and new and obscure and semi-popular without ever being obvious. You'll never hear us play [Van Morrison's] 'Brown-Eyed Girl.' We might play 'Into the Mystic,' but you're not going to hear 'Brown-Eyed Girl.'"

Past members of Rio Peligroso have included David Lizerbram, bass and vocals (founding member); Dan Broder, guitar and vocals; Mike Pope, guitar and vocals; Keith Hamman, pedal steel; and Greg Peters, pedal steel. The current lineup features Rennie and Todd Caschetta, drums (founding member); Darko Petrovic, bass and vocals (formerly of Roxy Monoxide); and Alex Watts, guitar (also of the Seventh Day Buskers).

When Rennie arrived in San Diego in 2000, he was assigned the position of associate director of marketing for the Old Globe Theatre. One of the more interesting aspects of the job was Rennie serving as the voice of what could best be described as an "audio" complaint window. "One of my roles was that if the box office got an irate customer that they just couldn't make happy, I was the guy that got that call. They would transfer the call upstairs to me. I loved that role; I encouraged [the staff] to send those people to me. It was a lot of fun to take somebody who was really irate about some little content issue, and if I did my job well – just kind of turn them around – I'd bring them back to the family. I got pretty good at it. I

kind of knew all the typical things people would complain about – 'I didn't like the language; I didn't like seeing a part of a body that I don't usually see.'"

Rennie maintained a fairly high battling percentage in the art of conflict resolution. "For the most part, I was fairly decent in talking people 'off the ledge,' as it were."

In 2003, Rennie left Balboa Park and the Old Globe for the northern inland. He speaks positively of the progressive support of the arts in Poway. "I want to clarify that I work for the Poway Center for the Performing Arts Foundation, which is an independent, not-for-profit [foundation], created by the city of Poway to book professional performances at the center. The center gets used for a variety of

I was just enamored with the whole Southern California 'SoCal' country rock. I just wanted to wrap myself up with the ghost of Gram Parsons and sing Byrds songs all afternoon.

things – school groups, community groups. And I think the city has been incredibly progressive. Years ago, the city decided [the center] should be available to the full spectrum of use – community groups, school groups, and also to be a portal for national acts to come and perform for inland North County. We have a charge from the city to put together a performance series that serves the entire community. That's a tall order, because the community is disparate. We have seniors, we have youth, we have baby boomers, we have Gen-Xers, we have people in their peak earning years, we have people who are retirees. Our charge is to try and present an eclectic mix of shows that represent the full spectrum of the performing arts. We always try to have some theater in the mix and we do very well with live concerts. Family programming looms large in our mix as well."

Another community well represented as the center are fans of acoustic music, and many artists championed in the *Troubadour* have made the leap from the

printed page to Poway's concert stage. Recent seasons have showcased legendary performers Roger McGuinn [The Byrds] and John Sebastian [The Lovin' Spoonful], Tom Rush, Kris Kristofferson, Leo Kottke, Leon Redbone, and Peter Yarrow [Peter, Paul, and Mary].

When asked how Poway was surviving the bumpy roller coaster ride of the economy, Rennie was upbeat. "For one thing, we're a relatively small operation. There are only three staffers, so we don't have a lot of overhead. We are supported handsomely by the city. That support has been diminished in recent years, so we are looking for ways to shore up the loss in city funding. We've had some success courting corporate sponsors, we have a very supportive base of individual donors."

One of ways the center has survived these uncertain times is to reduce the number of shows in a season. "We try not to measure our success purely in terms of attendance," said Rennie. "Obviously, you want to see people come into your shows. But there are always those shows in your lineup that are the 'boutique acts.' If you get 300 people walk out of there just stunned by what they saw ... I would count that a success. Personally I'm cautious about measuring success purely in terms of ticket revenue. If it's a great show, and that audience comes out glowing, that's a 'win' in my book. But to address your concerns about the economy, we've had to do fewer shows. Hopefully, that will turn around. I would love to be back up doing 15, 20 shows in another three to five years. But it's going to take bigger gifts from corporations and individuals and municipalities. And, hopefully, artists who value working over holding out for high ticket payoffs."

February 2, 2011 marks the 52th anniversary of Buddy Holly's death in a rural Iowa plane crash. The Poway Center for the Performing Arts Center will be celebrating the life of the seminal rock and roller with a live presentation, *Rave On!*, starring Billy McGuigan as Holly. Tickets are now on sale for the Saturday evening, February 26th performance. Visit www.powayarts.org

Hear the Michael Rennie podcast online! Go to: www.sandiegotroubadour.com



Rennie being interviewed by Steve Thorn in the studio, December 2010



BLUEGRASS CORNER

by Dwight Worden

THE CHAPMAN FAMILY COMES TO SAN DIEGO



As we enter the new year of 2011 there is much good bluegrass to look forward to here in San Diego. Coming up on Sunday, January 23, the San Diego Bluegrass Society presents the nationally acclaimed **Chapman Family** in concert at the First Baptist Church of Pacific Beach located at 4747 Soledad Mt. Road. The concert starts at 7pm with a 30-minute opening set by standout bluegrass band the **Full Deck**, a great local band sure to provide great music and humor. The Chapmans will come on at 7:30 and will play until 9pm.

The Chapman family band is comprised of parents Bill and Patti and their three boys John, Jeremy, and Jason. Together they provide tight, driving, intense energy that has brought them national recognition. Here is what some of the top bluegrass publications and leaders have to say about this outstanding band:

...*They are excellent, all of them.*
—Bluegrass Unlimited Magazine.

...*They already deserve to be counted among the premiere family bands in bluegrass music...*
—Tim Stafford , Blue Highway

One of the most promising new groups in bluegrass.
—Bluegrass Now Magazine

Put the Chapmans high up on the list of bluegrass bands to watch.
—Pete Wernick

The Chapmans won the award in 1998 for Best Bluegrass Band from the Society for Preservation of Bluegrass Music in America and have toured in over 30 states. They will be making their first appearance in San Diego. So, if Sunday the 23rd is available for you, consider attending. Admission is free; donations will be solicited.

BLYTHE BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

The annual Blythe Bluegrass Festival takes place over the weekend of January 14-16. The lineup is impressive, comprised of Ralph Stanley II, Chris Jones & the Night Drivers, Dave Peterson & 1946, Illrd Generation Bluegrass, the Blue Canyon Boys, Wayne Taylor and Appaloosa, Silverado, Thomas Porter & Copper River Band, Monroe Crossing, Virtual Strangers, Plow, the Kid Fiddlers, and Grasslands. For tickets and information: www.blythebluegrass.com.

BYRON BERLINE COMING TO TOWN

Coming up on March 20th at AMSD Concerts will be multi-time fiddle champ Byron Berline and his great bluegrass band. We'll provide more information as this concert approaches.

However you slice it, the first three months of 2011, are set up to present some great Bluegrass in San Diego.

BLUEGRASS ISN'T JUST FOR HICKS ANYMORE

Have you ever encountered someone who thinks that Bluegrass musicians are all a bunch of hicks? Sadly, that inaccurate stereotype still persists in some quarters, even here in San Diego. Here is some ammo that you can use to counter this undeserved stereotype the next time you encounter this prejudice.



— Alison Brown, who grew up in San Diego and went on to become a top banjo player, having won banjo player of the year in 1991, also has a master's degree from Harvard University in business administration, has worked in the finance industry, and is a co-founder and owner of the prominent independent record label Compass Records. This Grammy-winning banjo player is hardly a "hick."

— Janet Beazley, who lives in San Diego and works at Old Time Music is also a banjo player. She plays with the nationally, and internationally, touring Chris Stuart and Backcountry band. You may not know, however, that she is more appropriately called Dr. Beazley as she has a PhD in early music. She can talk viola Da Gamba with you just as easily and intelligently as Scruggs style three-finger banjo picking. The "hick" label hardly fits this talented doctor.

— Marty Levin is considered by many to be the premier local news anchor who does an excellent job of television newscasting for the past several decades. What you may not know, however, is that Marty is also an accomplished banjo player. I dare you to call him a hick.

— Hideo Chino, recently deceased, was a juvenile court judge as well as a talented guitar flatpicker who performed in several local bluegrass bands including the Tonewoods.

— Dwight Worden, who writes this column and plays bass and fiddle in several local bluegrass bands including Gone Tomorrow and Prairie Sky, is also an attorney and has served in public office.

These are only a few examples of prominent San Diego bluegrass musicians who are anything but hicks. The story at the national level is the same, with Steve Martin of Hollywood fame being a very serious performing and touring banjo player, and Gwyneth Paltrow acknowledging that she listens to bluegrass music because of its quality and to hone and focus her acting skills.

As they say, you cannot tell the book by looking at the cover. So the next time you see someone with a banjo in his or her hands and someone jumps to the stereotypical presumption that you're looking at a "hick," understand that you are probably wrong.

ROB ICKES WINS \$50,000 FELLOWSHIP

United States Artists, an organization dedicated to supporting America's finest artists working across diverse disciplines, announced the selection of Rob Ickes as the 2010 United States Artists Cummings Fellow. Rob is 12-time winner of the "Dobro player of the year" award from IBMA and plays with standout bluegrass band Blue Highway.

The USA Fellows program awards a \$50,000 grant to 50 artists each year in the disciplines of music, theater arts, visual arts, dance, literature, media, crafts/traditional arts, and architecture/design. Ickes is the first artist with roots in bluegrass music to be named a USA Fellow. His work spans multiple genres, and Ickes plans to use his fellowship to explore "the amazing amount of open space that remains for innovative work to make the Dobro truly an instrument without boundaries." His creative focus also includes "developing technical approaches that fully exploit the extraordinary textural range and rich voicings unique to this instrument."

Congratulations Rob! Add Rob's \$50,000 to the \$50,000 Steve Martin prize given in 2010 to banjo player Noam Pikelný, and hey, that's a hundred grand! Who says there is no money in bluegrass!



The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

NEW YEAR, NEW THINKING

The new year is again upon us and as 2010's calendar pages float to the rain-soaked pavement like so many fallen leaves, many of us take time to reflect upon those days that stretch out behind us...as well as those that still lie ahead. Sure, there's always *something* that could be better in our lives, and often we go about the business of improving them by way of resolutions for the new year.

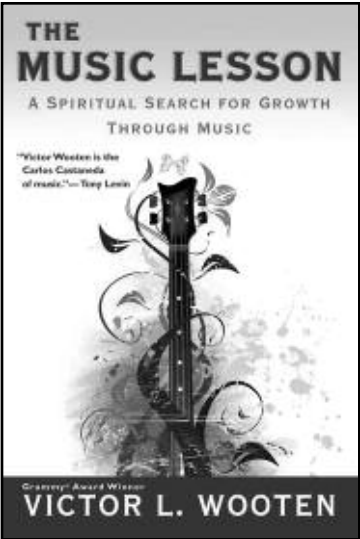
Many of these involve either getting rid of some of our less desirable behaviors (i.e., no more smoking, drinking, or late night snacks, etc.), while others are more constructively oriented, like being a more compelling songwriter or just making better recordings. In the final analysis, virtually all of us have something or another in our selves or our lives that we'd like to improve upon.

Recently, I happened upon a book that someone else had left out in the studio. I'm pretty finicky about what I read, so entire books aren't something I'm always necessarily engaged in. After cursorily skimming through it though, I started at the beginning and over the course of the next few weeks 'shared' the book with its owner. The progress of our bookmarks eventually revealed to us the slow, deliberate manner we both shared in soaking in the tome's contents, and we decided we'd only exchange our thoughts after we'd both finished reading it.

I find it rare for a book to inspire this sort of awe, wonder, and sheer *focus* from its readers (insert valid teen romance vampire novel series reference here), but I've recommended it to a few folks and they've all mentioned how profound it was to them in one way or another. I really don't mean to build this up as some mysterious, ancient text of undiscovered truths or whatever (well, maybe a just a little). It's just that it's a very different sort of book, one that each reader will experience a little differently, based upon their own experiences and interpretations.

The Music Lesson by Victor L. Wooten (Berkley Books, \$15 paperback) takes us on an inventive, original, and sometimes kooky voyage that

examines deeper things with regard to one's own relationship with music. Through an almost Zen-like dialog with some very unusual characters, the author relays a series of experiences wherein music itself is broken down into its essential elements; each one is then reconsidered from a unique perspective. In seeing these new angles on something we're all so presumably familiar with (music), we may become inspired by an entirely new set of possibilities...or at least, that was *my* experience.



As I mentioned earlier, just as we are all unique as artists and people, so too will our interpretations vary. Some felt that it simplified and demystified the process of making music. Others found that it emboldened them into giving more confident performances. Some found it to be spiritual.

My personal feeling was that it put me back in touch with the more innocent and carefree approach of my musical beginnings, before a career and other pursuits took up more space in my life. I just feel a little more free, a little more willing to take chances, a little better at contributing to whatever musical dialog I'm in, be it as a musician or producer.

It's interesting to note that author Victor Wooten is the long-time bassist for Bela Fleck and the Flecktones. If you're familiar with their music, then you're also aware



Sven-Erik Seaholm

of what a world-class musician Wooten has shown himself to be for quite some time. In my opinion, *any* chance to receive this level of musical insight and guidance from someone so accomplished is a rare and worthwhile treat.

Recently I received a ukulele to evaluate for a future review. After joyfully plunking around on it for a while, I began to randomly hand it to people, just to watch and listen to what they did with it.

One thing I immediately noticed was that each person played it in a very unique way, as if they all had their own signature approach to an instrument that most had only a passing familiarity with. That people can "speak" with such a distinctive, confident voice without prior training, formal or otherwise, strikes very near the heart of where this thoughtful and insightful book comes from.

Buy an extra copy. You'll want to pass it on to another music fan or practitioner.

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer, performer, and recording artist. His company Kitsch & Sync Production (kaspro.com) provides recording, mastering, graphic design, consultations, and CD manufacturing services. Call him at 619-287-1955 to inquire about Special Winter Rates.

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JANUARY 23, 2011
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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

KNOW THYSELF

A whole bunch of worthy interview subjects showed up for the *Troubadour* Christmas party a couple of weeks of expired time ago. I passed on Paul McCartney, who's nearly been done to death. Gloria Allred passed on the party, perhaps to our mutual benefit. The Byrds' Gene Clark passed on some long time ago, and hadn't been invited to the party anyway. Amid all the music and holiday punch and second-hand medicinal panacea and non-existant pole dancers, some exuberant chick grabbed me from behind in a promising bear hug. Slobbering around my left cheek (the hot, sexy one) and ear, she loudly told me what a fascinating fellow she found me to be. Then, she asked if I was "for real." I promised her that I'd do my best to find out that very night and that if I did, I'd be sure to let her know. So, Jewel (I think), this one's for you.

Perhaps if I were to interview myself, I decided, I might learn something to help me better coexist with me. Maybe bringing two of my personalities together could kickstart a coming together of several of the others somewhere down the line. Wow. There must be something in the air...

I cornered the Hose, who was standing in the rain toward the rear of the grounds, just behind the covered cockfighting ring. I grabbed a folding chair/umbrella combo from the nearby piranha grotto and was soon probing the mind of the man who once (at least) famously said, "Curds and!" in response to "no way!"

José Sinatra. A resident of the United States for at least three decades, the Hose has never succeeded at losing traces of the French/Bengali accent that few born of Swiss and Sudanese parents in Denmark have been able to so successfully affect. He was remarkably animated this night, in a sort-of stop-motion rather than computer-generated way. He's easily excitable when a particularly penetrating question hits home; he'll gesture wildly, thrusting into the moist air as if seeking some invisible, priceless treasure in the bowels of a super-hot ghost. Then, within a moment he becomes still, arms akimbo or persis khambatta, moved suddenly to tears by either the gravity of some inner conflict or the painful surprise of the seven-inch nail he had just stepped on with his stockinged right foot.

"Neither of those reasons, really," he answers before I can ask. And he explains: "On the way over here, I had my driver pull over a few blocks away when I noticed what appeared to be a naked homeless person, curled up and shivering in the grass outside a school playground. Something like that puts things in perspective. It's a terrible situation, dangerous ... I've been nearly busted several times for being naked over by that same school, and it ain't no picnic. So, I figured ... you know ... holiday season and all, that I could at least give the young lady my shoes. Not my socks, but at least she'd be able to walk comfortably to find someplace safer. I even autographed each shoe for her so she could make a few bucks selling them on eBay. Once she's back on her feet."

"Very kind of you."

"Yeah And being nice ends up putting this nail through my foot? Since when do you get crucified for doing something good? Oh, uh, oops. My bad. What I mean is, uh, my karma's sorta screwy."

"I know how you feel."

"No, you don't man. Nobody does."

With this, he reached under the skewered foot, grabbed the nail's head. "But that naked girl's gonna know how I feel, pretty damned soon."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean as soon as she's walked a mile in my shoes." Then, with one fluid movement he wrenched the spike out of his foot and flung it into the vast darkness behind us ... where it strangely landed point-first into the left eye and brain of the host's



The Hose. Dudes bleed too ...

beloved pure-bred Siamese cat, Puddles, who had obviously been enjoying the final moments of her ninth life over at the piranha pond.

To understand the Hose, you have to understand one thing, and no one's in agreement as to what that one thing is. Puddles knew, but she's not talking. Troy Danté thought he know, and hasn't spoken to Hose in years.

"Can I ask you about José Sinatra and the Troy Danté Inferno?" Boy, I'm getting nervy.

"Sure, I miss Troy more than I can say. It's like he's dead, but he's alive, and it hurts like hell. I keep wishing ... and I miss his wife too. There's this void that seems to increase every time some idiot mentions the old band..."

"It's not all dark, is it? I mean, you've been linked lately with that Russian model, and she's..."

"Gorgeous, sexy, rich, yeah. But what's that really worth? When she has the IQ of a turtle? When we need an interpreter, even in our most private moments? Somehow, she and I just don't seem to speak the same language, really. I guess the thing that sustains me, ultimately, is a newfound drive to do things honorably. That and the occasional desire to be dead, which eventually passes."

"What we did in the band was born of parody. Now, I try not to be a parody of a parody, and I miss the band, and if I go through with plans for the new one (José Sinatra and the Wet Spots), I'd want it to be at least as good as the old one. But Troy Danté may have set the bar too high ... there's as much chance of matching that level as there is of randomly tossing a nail into the night, having a suicidal cat notice it, charge it, and successfully end its unmanageable angst with a bullseye."

I suddenly feel we're getting somewhere. Somewhere secretive, virginal. I take a deep breath and recklessly jump in. "Mr. Sinatra, there's a new year here and I've heard of something going on that seems right up your alley."

"What? Troy's gonna call me? He's here? A 'This Is Your Life'-type of thing? Are you kidding me?" I think Hose was beginning to wet his pants.

"No, not that. It's a competition, a contest happening at several clubs this month. A regional thing, with finals in Palm Springs in February. It's called ParodyOkee – you rewrite lyrics and perform your own twisted versions of popular songs in a Karaoke setting. Big Bucks. The kind of stuff you always did with Troy, when nobody did it better."

"Oh. And you expect me to get excited about this now, without Troy Danté?"

"No, Mr. Sinatra, I expect you to win."

He smiled, either unexpectedly touched by this optimistic idiot or grateful for still having a leg to stand on.

Regional ParodyOkee competitions are being held this month at the following fine establishments: Mondays at the PB Bar and Grill, Tuesdays at Double D's in El Cajon, Wednesdays at Jasmine in Kearny Mesa, Saturdays at Gilly's in North Park and Rookies in Oceanside.

RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

THINGS TO (P)REMEMBER ABOUT 2011

It's a new year, which means it's time for my (now) annual list of 13 things to look for over the next 12 months! Some of this stuff might happen:

1. There will be a big-budget animated 3-D Hollywood feature film starring the Geico Gecko. A lesser film will star the animated workers from the Empire Flooring TV spots.
2. Some savvy Hollywood producer will put together a movie package starring some of the weirdest-named actors in show business: Cord Overstreet, Penn Badgely, Leighton Meester, Blake Lively, and Creed Bratton will star in *The John Smith Story*.
3. KPBS-TV will switch formats and broadcast nothing but membership campaign programs starring Celtic Woman, Rick Steves, Dr. Wayne Dyer, and a handful of '50s doo-wop groups, each featuring at least one original member.
4. The "new look" Padres will recapture their 2008 form, and then some. The Friars' 60-102 record will be the worst in baseball. Meanwhile, Adrian Gonzalez's Boston Red Sox will win the World Series, bumping off the Giants in seven games.
5. The Chargers will finish 2011, their final season in San Diego, by going 16-0 and playing in the 2012 Super Bowl against some team from the NFC.
6. This year's Super Bowl will be won by New England, 32-28, over Chicago.
7. In September, Nissan will introduce a smart phone that you can drive. It'll have one terabyte of memory and get 650 miles per watt.
8. Marijuana lounges with live music will become the rage in California.
9. Several Wall Street investment bank fat cats will be prosecuted for precipitating the worldwide financial meltdown of 2008. (I was going to write, "Goldman Sachs execs die in plane crash," but I thought it might be in poor taste.)
10. Polka-metal music. (It could happen. There's already been rap-metal music!)
11. One of the Troubadour's writers will have a national hit song on the radio. I'm not saying who, though. I don't want to tip her off.
12. For the first time since Kyu Sakamoto's "Sukiyaki," in 1963, an Asian-language song will be a hit in the U.S. Hong Kong-based singer Ho Li Kao will hit number 30 in September with the ballad, "Ng sha." It will be sung entirely in Cantonese, backed by the reunited Black Sabbath.
13. The retirement age in the U.S. will be raised to 76. (Good, that'll give me time to save some money!)

I also predict that I will review all of this crap in the December 2011 issue of the *Troubadour*.

Happy New Year.



by Peter Bolland

THROUGH THE CRACKS

"No one should abandon duties because he sees defects in them. Every action, every activity is surrounded by defects as a fire is surrounded by smoke."

— Krishna, Bhagavad Gita 18:48

In every creative act – from planting a garden to writing a song, from baking a cake to raising a child – you fall short of the ideal. Nothing ever comes out quite the way you thought it would.

The aim for perfection sharpens our decisions and hones our actions. But in the end we must abandon perfection and surrender to what is. There is no shame in acknowledging limitations. We have to learn to let the accidents along the way lend their hand to the shape of things. We don't control most of what happens. None of us does anything alone. Every act of creation is an act of co-creation.

I was writing a song the other day. I had a couple of good verses, but I needed a chorus. I tried and tried and tried to wrest one from the ether, but I just couldn't find it. I settled on a woefully inadequate place-holder chorus, a stand-in until the real chorus came along. Each time I sang the song I cringed. I thought the chorus was awful. Then something odd began to happen. As I sang the song over and over, the place-holder chorus started sounding better, as if it had been the right one all along. The chorus wasn't the problem. The problem was me.

I recently performed the song for the first time in front of a packed house. It got the loudest applause of the night. After the show, that was the only song people mentioned to me, again and again. My initial knee-jerk rejection of the chorus, based on who knows what, was way off.

It's important to discern the good from the bad, the effective from the ineffective, to separate the wheat from the chaff. But playful humility leavened with a dose of patience frees us from the tyranny of our prejudice. It is often in our best self-interest to admit that we are wrong. What we initially misjudge as bad might turn out to be a hidden jewel not entirely of our own making.

As a six year old boy living in Canada, Neil Young caught polio, a frightening disease of the nervous system that often left its victims without the use of one or more of their limbs. He recovered, but he was never the same. I sometimes wonder if Neil Young would play guitar the way he does had he not contracted polio. Would he hunch over his Les Paul a little differently? Would he have become more of a finesse player instead of settling on his trademark thumping claw hammer style? Would he have written hundreds of brilliant songs about the pain of isolation and loneliness had he not suffered the terror of a life-threatening disease at such a tender age? "Behind every beautiful thing there's been some kind of pain," sang Bob Dylan in his song "It's Not Dark Yet." It is from our wounds and imperfections that beauty arises. If we really understood this would we rush to mask every flaw, numb every pain, and sand smooth the sharp edges of our lives? "There is a crack in everything," sang Leonard Cohen in his song "Anthem," "that's how the light gets in."

There is an old Indian story about a young girl whose job it was to fetch water for her village. Every morning she would walk down the long path to the river and fill two large clay jars. When they were full she would fasten them to both ends of a yoke and lift the yoke onto her

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

STAGES

shoulders for the long walk home.

One morning when she reached the village she noticed that one of the jars was a lot lighter than the other one. She looked behind her and saw a thin line of dark, damp soil alongside the path. One of her jars was cracked.

"What a shame," she thought, "what a waste. My stupid, leaky jar has wasted water and wasted my time."

She told her grandmother about the leaky jar.

"It's OK," she said, "just do the best you can."

Everyday for many weeks the young girl continued to do her best, but everyday the jar over her right shoulder leaked all the way home from the river. She became increasingly frustrated. She even began to hate the leaky jar. She felt like a failure.

Then one day the young girl woke up with a terrible sickness. She was so weak she couldn't stand. No one in the village knew what was wrong with her. For two weeks she laid in her hut feeling awful. She didn't know what was worse, the sickness ravaging her body or the shame of not being able to fulfill her duty.

Finally her strength returned. Her grandmother came into the hut.

"Come with me little one," she said, "I have something to show you."

They walked out onto the dusty path. The young girl couldn't believe her eyes. On one side of the path, the side where the leaky jar had spilled, a long line of beautiful flowers grew. Orange poppies and deep blue lupines wound along the path all the way down to the river, as if the orange sun and the blue sky had poured themselves out onto the earth.

"See," her grandmother said, "there are no mistakes. The Great Spirit moves through all things and works with what is, not with what should be. Remember this when you are sad and angry at your own imperfections."

Inevitable flaws and unintended outcomes plague all of our actions. Some of the outcomes are good, like flowers nourished by a leaky water vessel. Some outcomes are bad. Feed the homeless and you create a destructive cycle of dependency. Write reasonable laws to protect people from poison and you fill the jails with harmless drug addicts. Send humanitarian aid into war-torn regions and you enrich local warlords. The laws of karma are beyond anyone's control. No event stems from a single cause, just as no event results in a single effect. The best we can do is to try to do what's right, and let go of the outcome.

As we embrace our imperfection we know that there will always be collateral damage as well as unintended beauty. It is our sacred duty to draw on the fire of our hearts and minds to light the world. And where there's fire there's smoke.

Perfectionism prevents action because no outcome is ever perfect. Only those willing to make peace with imperfection, only those willing to let there be cracks in the world, only those willing to let their work be flawed leave space enough for the good to get in. If you say no to imperfection, you rob the world of the light that gets in through the cracks.

Peter Bolland is a professor at Southwestern College where he teaches eastern and western philosophy, ethics, world religions, and mythology. After work he is a poet, singer-songwriter, and author. He also leads an occasional satsang and knows his way around a kitchen. You can find him on Facebook at: www.facebook.com/peterbolland.page or write to him at peterbolland@cox.net.



NEW DOORS CONTINUE TO OPEN FOR ROBBY KRIEGER

by Terry Roland

I'm not real fond of ranking – as in who's the best band ever? People have been known to argue for hours, days, even years over who comes in where on what list of favorite artists. But, if I were hard pressed to give my list of the top five bands in rock music, the Doors would be there very near the top. The Doors occupy a unique place in the world of rock music. They have seemingly existed in their own universe for the last 45 years. At a time in music history when many bands arrived in L.A. with mixed results and fading quickly, the Doors opened new musical vistas found in jazz, blues, and rock, thus creating a new platform for future bands. The Doors brought a focused diversity fused by its four distinctively talented members. They extended long jazz-like jams before anyone in rock music ever considered it. They broke new ground with rock as performance art in their live shows, which were often unpredictably raw and spontaneous.

With the shaman-poet performance of Morrison; the upended church organ converted to psychedelia of Manzarek; and the steady, consistent, and skilled jazz influenced percussion of Densmore; Krieger brought in an original approach to guitar and solo artistry, which makes him a contemporary and peer of other guitar legends of the era such as Clapton, Hendrix, and Santana.

This background makes the initial listening to Robby Krieger's Grammy nominated solo album, *Singularity*, a kind of revelation. While the Doors have most commonly been associated with their charismatic lead singer, the flamboyant and self-destructive Jim Morrison, hearing Robby's lead guitar on this new album, filled with flamenco and fusion jazz, reveals how very much he contributed to the experimentation and ambient sound of the Doors. With the studied sensibility and discipline of a classical jazz guitarist, the passion of a flamenco player, and the experimental nature of a jazz musician, Robby Krieger gave the Doors a solid musical soundscape to draw from. He does the same with this first solo release in ten years. The songs play like an epic musical journal, a meditation on creativity and the passion that emerges from out of nowhere, out of the singularity of the moment of creation.

A Los Angeles native, Robby studied flamenco guitar while he surfed the shores of the Southern California beaches. His family encouraged his music. Beach communities like Hermosa and Manhattan Beach were not far from the jazz and blues clubs at a time when musical categories were not as important the pursuit of good music. During his adolescence, Robby embraced classical and jazz as well as rock and blues. It was this foundation that provided the sound he would bring to the Doors. During their brief six-year history he guided us through hard edged blues ("Back Door Man"), psychedelic improvisations ("The End"), and some of the first ever slide guitar in rock music ("Moonlight Drive"). A great suggested listen in the study of his influence on the Doors is his remix of the Doors classic "Peace Frog," now titled "War Toad," from his 2000 release *Cinematrix*. He even managed to work in some flamenco on the song "Spanish Caravan." And the flamenco was an ever-present influence in most of his electric guitar work with the band.

But Robby's diverse and intensely dis-

tinctive and creative guitar was not his only contribution to the Doors' music. He was also the one who wrote songs like "Light My Fire," "Love Me Two Times," "Love Her Madly," and "Touch Me." Over the years Robby has received numerous accolades and awards, including a 2007 Lifetime Achievement Grammy for the Doors. He has produced only a handful of solo albums. In 2002 he joined keyboardist Ray Manzarek to form the Doors of the 21st Century with Ian Astbury of the Cult filling in for Morrison. A successful period of touring allowed him to bring his Doors classics guitar work back to a live venue. I attended their 2004 show at the L.A. County Fair and the results were, once again, revealing. After hearing both Ray and Robby for so many years on record, to witness them resurrect and bring to new life the music they had cultivated so many years before was, in a word, electrifying.

After losing a legal battle over the use of the band name, Ray and Robby tour today as Manzarek/Krieger. For a limited time Robby is touring with the jazz players and musicians who formerly worked with Frank Zappa (who also appear on the *Singularity* album, which he produced with Arthur Barrow). Touring with Ray will resume next year in Mexico City. With his nomination for a Grammy in the Pop Instrumental category, he is the first solo member of the Doors to be so honored in a competitive category. At the same time, the band has been nominated for Best Extended Music Video for the documentary film, *When You're Strange*. It looks to be another good year for the Doors and an especially fine one for Robby who stands a good chance of winning a well-deserved Grammy for *Singularity*. In the following phone interview Robby shares his thoughts on the new album and his old band.

San Diego Troubadour: Is this your first Grammy nomination?

Robby Krieger: Yes. I have a lifetime achievement award with the Doors, but this is the first nomination in a competitive category.

SDT: Your new album, *Singularity* – how did it come to be?

RK: It originally started as a tribute to Miles Davis. I did it with Arthur Barrow. We're both huge Miles fans. We were trying to do something like *Sketches of Spain*. You know, I was going to be Miles and Arthur was going to be Bill Evans and do the studio production. These guys were our idols. We started it years ago and then we both lost interest in the project. We had a lot of tracks. Finally, about a year and a half ago, we got together and decided we had to finish this.

SDT: So you had demo recordings to build from?

RK: Yeah, sort of rough sketch. The main part, the thrust really, is the song "Russian Caravan." It starts with acoustic Flamenco and then it goes into this whole orchestral thing arranged by Arthur from the flamenco. By the time we finished it was nearly 15 minutes long. After we finished that track, we decided to make a whole album. It's turned out to be kind of Latin, Spanish jazz.

SDT: You've always brought a jazz mentality to your music. I remember, with the Doors, "Light My Fire" was a kind of Miles/Coltrane-influenced jazz jam. Was that the first time anyone in rock attempted to something like that?

RK: Yeah. I think the only thing that came close was Paul Butterfield in *East-West*.

SDT: I noticed your nomination didn't come up under jazz or rock but under the pop instrumental category.

RK: Yeah, the categories with the Grammys are kind of strange. I saw that the album is nominated along with other jazz artists... You know, Kenny G, he's jazz. And Larry Carlton, he's jazz. I think there are just too many categories.

SDT: Will you be doing any playing around L.A. for the Grammys?

RK: Yeah, there'll be a show at the Grammy museum for the nominees in the category.

SDT: Tell me about the title and how it relates to the album? It seems sort of conceptual.

RK: Well, "Singularity" was kind of a fluke. We ended up using one of my paintings titled "Singularity." To me, the term is like the Big Bang Theory. You know, something comes from one thing. It's like first there was nothing then suddenly everything came out of this one point in space. It must've been like God saying he was bored and so he decided to make something happen. So, I decided to name the songs after things that have to do with outer space. You know, like the song on the album "Event Horizon," which is part of a black hole. It has so much gravity that everything gets sucked in. Event horizon is that area around the black hole. Other songs have similar themes, like "Southern Cross" and "Solar Wind." It's about creativity, how it happens in the moment.

SDT: Yeah, I know the writer Larry McMurtry said about writers of fiction, "We write from silence." Kind of the same concept?

RK: Yeah.

SDT: So you're touring right now?

RK: Yeah, we just got back from New York.

SDT: You're being billed as the Robby Krieger Jazz Trio.

RK: I don't know where that came from. We're not a trio, there are actually five us and there might be six.

SDT: Who's in the band?

RK: Arthur Barrow who produced the new album; he used to be with Frank Zappa. Tommy Mars on organ; he also used to be with Zappa. There's Chuck Manning on sax and Tom Brechline on drums, who used to play with Chic Corea.

SDT: Let's talk a bit about the Doors.

RK: Okay.

SDT: I've noticed some balance in the view of the band recently with the movie *When You're Strange* and the Doors' website. It's a reminder that the band isn't really about one person but we were four members who each brought important contributions to the overall sound.

RK: Yeah, we were a real band. That's really rare. I know back then, they tried to bill us as Jim Morrison and the Doors, but that didn't work. Jim didn't want it. Jim always wanted it to be the way it was, everything equal. It was his idea to split everything four ways.

SDT: I saw the band in 1967 at Anaheim Convention Center. It was a crazy scene.

RK: Who else was on the bill?

SDT: You opened with Jefferson Airplane closing. The show was held up because Jim was late, showed up an hour late, I think.

RK: Sounds like Jim. I don't really remember that. I do remember playing shows with Jefferson Airplane though.

SDT: I was only 12. I always consider that



Robby Krieger



The Doors; Robbie Krieger far right, top.

show my rock and roll bar mitzvah. I went in a boy and came out a freak!

RK: [Laughs]

SDT: In recent years you've been playing with Ray, for a while as the Doors of the 21st Century.

RK: Yeah, that was with Ian Astbury from the Cult. Now we just go by Manzarek/Krieger. We just recruited the singer from the band Wild Child, Dave Brock.

SDT: Is he as good as Ian was?

RK: I think he's better. Much closer to Jim. Ian kind of had his own thing going from the Cult. But this guy really gives more of Jim. Everybody wants more of Jim.

SDT: Any more tour plans with this line up?

RK: Yeah, after the first of the year we'll be going down to Mexico.

SDT: Boy, the Doors have always been in demand in Mexico.

RK: Yeah, we went down there in the '60s. It was a really big deal. It became a political thing. Jerry Hopkins wrote about it. The government stopped us from playing a bullring. We ended playing a club for bunch of rich people. But, since then, the Doors have been huge in Mexico and around Mexico City.

SDT: Well, I really hope to see you win the Grammy! I look forward to seeing you at *Anthology* in January.

RK: Thanks. Yeah, stop in and say hi.

Robby Krieger will perform at Anthology with his jazz group on Wednesday, January 19, 7:30pm. Tickets are available at www.anthologysd.com/

ROBIN HENKEL

Thurs, Jan 6, The Cellar, 7-10pm
Robin Henkel & Billy Watson
156 Avenida Del Mar, San Clemente (949) 492-3663

Sat, Jan 8, 15, 22 & 29, Zel's Del Mar, 8-10pm
Robin Henkel solo blues
1247 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar (858) 755-0076

Mon, Jan 10, Humphrey's Backstage, 7-11pm
Robin Henkel Band with Horns! Swing Dancing
2241 Shelter Island Drive, San Diego
(619) 224-3577

Sat, Jan 22, Birdrock Coffee Roasters
10am-12noon, Robin Henkel solo blues
5627 La Jolla Boulevard, La Jolla
(858) 651-1707

Sun, Jan 23, Lestat's, 8-10pm, \$8
Robin Henkel Band with Horns!
I am proud to be able to present
this group of musicians and our
arrangements of blues, jazz, funk,
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This is a great show. Please join us.
3343 Adams Avenue, San Diego (619) 282-0437

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Photo by Dave Good



The Heavy Guilt Lift Us Up From This

by Frank Kocher

For years Al Howard and Josh Rice were involved in the K23 Orchestra, which played drum and keyboard-propelled funk with Howard’s spoken-word, hip-hop inspired vocals up front and Rice playing keys. Their new band is The Heavy Guilt, with a totally different musical approach. The new disc *Lift Us Up From This* takes listeners places that fans of the old Orchestra would never have imagined.

The new sound is mellow, ballad-heavy alternative pop, with Howard still writing the introspective lyrics and Rice writing the music. The new focus is on singer/acoustic guitarist Eric Canzona, who handles the duties well. Sean Martin, Jason Littlefield, and J Smart play guitar, bass, and drums on the 12 tracks. Canzona sounds an awful lot like Wilco frontman Jeff Tweedy on many tracks here.

“Clove” tells much about what is to come: soft, slow, serious, and moody. This is a metaphor-filled poem set to music, as Canzona sings of the female subject, “She’s red sun rising in a year of drought/When the parched people pray/Pray for a cloud.” Howard is a hell of a lyricist, and this is one of those discs that needs the lyrics included with it (nope, but they’re a few clicks away on the web). The recording of “Running With the Wind,” for some reason, buries the chorus vocals beneath a lead guitar track, either a poor mix or a decision that didn’t work. The highlight of the disc is “Heavier Than Mist,” which delivers its heavy lyrical burden at a pace that doesn’t bog down, has a memorable melody riff, and good dynamics. The closest thing to a rocker here is “Let This Daylight,” which features cranked up guitars playing a sliding chord pattern that catches the ear, and repeats over and over on a carpet of acoustic guitars, another highlight. On “Mixed Messages,” the lead vocal does a call and response with the lyrics, switching channels with each line; this really gets the best effect only on earphones.

The tone turns (a bit) more upbeat for “On My Deck,” which features Howard writing about his self-questioning moments, “Just how did I get here/I can see for miles, but I’m not in the clear.” This tune rolls out smoothly as a killer-catchy chorus kicks in, and repeats over and over on a carpet of acoustic guitars, another highlight. On “Mixed Messages,” the lead vocal does a call and response with the lyrics, switching channels with each line; this really gets the best effect only on earphones.

The pacing of the disc is uneven. The latter half of the CD tends to lose steam as a stretch of four ballads follow one another. The best of these is “Home,” which uses keys and violin touches to flesh out a homecoming story. “Open Up My Eyes to Blindness” has a beat, and a message about “loving the silence even when it’s loud.”

The Heavy Guilt makes music that showcases the ballad writing of Josh Rice and the lyrical imagery of Al Howard. “Lift Us Up From This” is somber stuff for the most part, but has some catchy surprises and shows a fascinating shift in musical direction.



Christopher Dale Songs I Know the Words To

by Mike Alvarez

Christopher Dale is a locally based artist whose forte is creating music that immediately catches the ear and lingers in the mind. This talent has garnered him success as a jingle writer for a number of companies, and it has also served him well in his more purely artistic endeavors. Dale’s third solo CD, *Songs I Know the Words To*, is a smorgasbord for the power pop lover. This almost purely acoustic production is packed to the brim with melodic hooks, memorable melodies, and catchy rhythms that allow him to deliver his whimsical lyrics. His voice and persona are instantly likeable and leave a lasting impression. He keeps things generally lighthearted, though there are layers of emotion and meaning in most of the songs.

It sounds as if the songs were initially written for acoustic guitar and voice, and they would work just fine if performed that simply. Nevertheless, Dale recruited some top local musicians to flesh out the arrangements and the result is a powerful and varied mix that sounds fresh from start to finish. Mandolin, world percussion, ukulele, piano, organ, and even a string arrangement make appearances at various points, giving this album a compelling sonic depth. Expertly arranged vocal harmonies are the icing on the cake, giving the music the final edge it needs to put smiles on faces.

The album opener is “Hilary,” a bouncy Brit-pop styled tune that takes its cue from early Beatles and Monkees hits. From this point on, listeners are on notice that they are about to be treated to some really catchy songwriting. The rest of the album does not disappoint. The mandolin fills that run throughout “Addicted” create a distinctly REM flavor, helped along by Dale’s Michael Stipe-like vocal delivery on this song. One particularly memorable number is “Don’t Say Happy Birthday,” a humorous reflection on the aging process. Its sardonic lyrics, set to such peppy and energetic music, tell a tale that is all to familiar to most of us. Things get introspective and melancholy with “Oh No,” a plaintive ballad in waltz time whose sincere plea for forgiveness is very affecting.

A huge “Mrs. Robinson” style intro heralds the arrival of “I Don’t Know,” which easily slips into a Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young-influenced rave up. The massive wall of acoustic guitars and the vocal harmonies make such a comparison inevitable, and it’s a very effective homage. As has often been said, they just don’t make music like this anymore! After a couple more excellent tunes, the upbeat “New Jersey” and the somber “When You Go,” Dale wraps things up with a stripped-down ukulele-driven cover of the Ramones’ classic “I Wanna Be Sedated.” It’s a cute punctuation mark for a collection of excellent songs impeccably performed and superbly recorded.



Duo LaRé In Other Words

by Frank Kocher

The endless musical possibilities of mandolin and guitar in the hands of two virtuoso performers are explored on *In Other Words*, the new CD fro Duo LaRé. San Diegans Chris Acquavella and Nathan Jarrell complement one another on the mostly acoustic affair, as Acquavella contributed five songs to the generous 13-tune menu of jazz, world music, and other sounds ranging from gypsy dances to classically influenced ragas. Jarrell’s guitar takes the spotlight occasionally, and the two are joined on some tracks by cello, bass, and percussion to fill out the sound and potential of the songs. The locally recorded disc (Studio West) sounds pristine. Erdis Maxhelaku is featured on cello, Harley Magsino plays double bass, and Steve Haney is the percussionist; the arrangements are crisp.

This is a disc for mandolin fans. Acquavella has an interesting background as both a rock musician and classical performer, and his skill on the little lute makes this project work. Listening to his original “Mtarija,” any past conceptions of the mando as primarily an instrument in Italian music or bluegrass are quickly gone as he shows in the space of five minutes the potential for the instrument to take over and dominate as a jazz voice. The title tune features understated interplay between Jarrell’s soft guitar statements and Acquavella’s more pointed responses. “Freedom to Travel” is another song featuring just the two, which morphs from style to style over the verses like a musical travelogue through exotic locales. Jarrell is solo on electric guitar to play a mellow Pat Metheny tune, “Always and Forever.” Brisk Latin jazz is no problem for the mandolin on “Um Abraco Seu Domingos,” as Acquavella follows the strong bass/percussion bottom; then on “Rondo” the notes ring out like words sung by an ethereal singer. On both tunes, the jazzy guitar support by Jarrell is perfect.

The disc scores points for musical diversity. Nearly too long at 58 minutes, the challenge here is to keep the listener engaged despite a sound that is by nature somewhat limited by the range of the instruments. The Duo’s answer is to take the listener from track to track through an ever-shifting range of tempos and styles.

“Imardin” is Acquavella’s tour de force and starts like a clock, ticking away before giving way to complex arpeggios and scales that build, climb, and dissolve only to tick away again. The solo mandolin tune showcases Acquavella’s classical side, and sounds like several musicians playing together well. Jarrell’s “Molly” is a soft jazz tune, highlighted by his tasteful solo, which is echoed a moment later by the mandolin. “Palske” is an unusual song that has a very catchy hook, and a strident, flamenco pulse. Nice cello touches add to the mysterious flavor.

Acoustic jazz aficionados will find this disc a must-have. Duo LaRé have made a bold commitment to bold and unusual sounding mandolin-centered music, and *In Other Words* is full of technical mastery and musical inventiveness.



Skid Roper Rock and Roll, Part 3

by Frank Kocher

Skid Roper’s place in the local rock music scene seems secure. As a member of numerous local bands for over three decades, he has combined his guitar, mandolin, washboard, bass, and vocals with other artists, including Tomcat Courtney, Mojo Nixon, Chris Davies, and many others. More than a colorful side-man, he has also performed solo and with his own bands since 1990, and has been writing songs for decades.

His new CD, *Rock and Roll Part 3*, is his first new disc since ‘91 and the result of over a decade of time and effort. Backed by Chip McClendon on bass and Joel Kmak’s drums, Roper’s sound is a unique early-’60s mix of reverb, staccato guitar licks, feedback, and wacky deadpan singing that form a winning synergy over the 12 Roper originals and one cover. At times it’s like hearing the early Yardbirds with Dick Dale on guitar, playing songs that range from beat poetry to old TV spy themes-and it all works amazingly well.

“Remember the Look” sets a high standard as the opener; Roper’s echoed vocals mixed under slashing guitar lines as the power-rock riffs build to a superb double-tracked guitar solo, while Kmak’s drums drive the beat. A slower, almost Farfisa-toned keyboard dominates “Downtown Down,” which has haunting lyrics and a vocal that both contribute to a Doors vibe. “Hope” is a 64-verse poem over Nixon’s bongo percussion that is never dull, and “Skid Drive” follows with an instrumental that gives Roper another chance to riff away with his angular scales and fast pick. The only cover is “Party Lights,” and many of the disc’s guests are on board (vocalists Joyce Rooks and José Sinatra, sax/flute player Johnny Viau, trombonist Steelbone Cook) for this one. It’s fun and sounds like it was a party to record, but this campy tune is an odd choice for the only cover on a disc like this.

Roper’s sound is nearly impossible to categorize, though some of the best material here echo the vibe of “Secret Agent Man” and other black-white-days TV hits. His guitar playing, prominent on this disc, seems like a cool update on the style of early guitar hero Hank Marvin of the early ‘60s British band the Shadows.

The standout track, “Drunk American Style,” returns to the vibe of “Remember the Look” for high impact guitar-rock, with a great hook and harmonics. The chorus even has a basso vocal touch that may be a nod to the late Beat Farmer Country Dick Montana. A sonic surprise is “Jennifer Johnson,” a good light-pop style tune that sounds almost like a British Invasion single with “sha-la-la-la” choruses, background harmonies, and straight-up arrangement. Roper is back to rocking with “Prism Walls,” another tune that scores, this time with electric mandolin.

Rock and Roll Part 3 may have taken years to get recorded, but it takes no time at all to get in the listener’s head. Mixing genres and turning back the musical clock, Skid Roper has captured a sound of his own and it is unique.



River City Into the Quiet

by Mike Alvarez

River City is a San Diego-based quintet that has been together since 2008. Although they categorize themselves as folk artists, their six-song EP *Into the Quiet* shows that they take their influences from outside the genre as well. The first track, “Bring Me Home,” is a spirited acoustic rock song that features a relentless beat and is punctuated with surf guitar licks. Jon Kruger fronts the band, singing lead as well as playing guitar and harmonica. His voice has a homespun, rustic quality that is perfectly suited to the band’s musical style. The band immediately takes a hard left turn in the second track; “The Devils Will Awake” is more of a hoe down, complete with washboard rhythms and fiddle and mandolin solos. Yet underneath it still lurks an electric guitar punching up the arrangements. Despite its dark subject matter, one can easily envision a lively country dance taking place during this song.

“Blood and Bones” is immediately reminiscent of Civil War Americana. Its somber lyrics and minor key melody create a haunting mood that brings to mind songs like “When Johnny Comes Marching Home.” The combination of guitar, banjo, and mandolin with accordion accompaniment also does a lot toward reinforcing this impression. This song, above all the others on this EP, goes a long way toward creating the illusion that it was written in another century. “Into The Quiet,” the title track, starts simply with just acoustic guitar and voice, gradually building with harmony vocals and banjo coming in to punctuate appropriate moments. As the lyrics end, the song comes into full bloom as bass, drums, piano, fiddle, and guitar accompany a wordless vocal melody, creating an emotionally satisfying coda.

“Aging Dogs in a Fiery Kennel” gets a deceptively slow start but shifts gears to become a blazing acoustic rave up. They set a country/bluegrass-style arrangement to a shuffling rock rhythm, allowing the instrumentalists to tear it up with a number of solos between verses. It’s an impressive display of intensity that proves to be the emotional climax of this collection of songs. The EP closes with a pretty ballad called “Aging Lines Around Your Eyes.” It’s a mid-tempo waltz that allows the band to bid a fond farewell to listeners. Like the rest of the songs, the lyrics are a bit on the bleak side, but that seems to be the tenor of River City’s art. There is a certain emotional tone they are trying to set and they are very successful at it. Even the EP’s artwork works toward this. The cover and the booklet are illustrated with a darkly whimsical set of drawings that reflect an aesthetic sense from another era. Everything fits: the musical style, the lyrics, and the graphics complement each other perfectly. It’s wonderful to find a band with such a well-defined artistic vision.





JANUARY CALENDAR

saturday • 1

New Year's Day Jazz Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 5pm.
Gregory Page, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 2

Harry & Nancy MestyaneK, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 10am.

monday • 3

Chet Cannon's Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

tuesday • 4

Acoustic Jam, Fallbrook Community Center, 341 Heald Lane, Fallbrook, 7pm.
Songwriter's Showcase Competition, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

wednesday • 5

Melissa Morgan w/ Gilbert Castellanos, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Michael Tiernan's New Acoustic Generation w/ Derren Raser & Justin Froese, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Reply All w/ Danny Green/Gunnar Bigs/Julien Cantelm, The Loft, Price Center East, UCSD Campus, 8pm.
Vanessa Vasuez, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Gayle Skidmore, Analog Bar, 801 5th Ave., 9:30pm.

thursday • 6

Bluegrass Harmony Singing Workshop Series w/ Janet Beazley & Chris Stuart, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Monette Marino-Keita/Mamady Keita & the Tribal Energy Dance Troupe, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Missy Andersen, The Marble Room, 535 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Shawn Rohlf & the Buskers/Three Chord Justice, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Danielle Spadavecchia, The Office, 3936 30th St., 8pm.
Republic of Letters, Chere Amie Yatch, Grape St. Pier #1, 8pm.
Johnny Swim January, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 7

Hip Replacements, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 5pm.
Danielle Spadavecchia, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.
Billy Watson, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Mike Hood Band/the Merry Way, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Joey Harris & the Mentals, Chico Club, 7366 El Cajon Blvd., La Mesa, 9pm.
Coco Montoya, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9pm.
Sligo Rags, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 8

The Urban Outcast, Queen Bee's Art & Cultural Center, 3925 Ohio St., 6pm.
Cowboy Jack, Beach House, 2530 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 6pm.
Sara Petite & the Sugar Daddies w/ Drivin' n' Cryin'/Allex Woodward/John Meeks, 4th & B, 345 B St., 7pm.
Danielle Spadavecchia, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.
Baja Blues Boys, Le Papagayo, 1002 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Leucadia, 7pm.
Barbara Nesbitt CD Release, Oasis House Concerts, Sorrento Valley, 7:30pm. www.oasishouseconcerts.com
Scott West, Bella Roma Restaurant, 6830 La Jolla Blvd. #103, 7:30pm.
Pete Escovedo Orchestra, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Chris Burgess Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
John Hull/Ernie Halter/Kenny Eng/Dawn Mitschele, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4607 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Josh Damigo, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sligo Rags, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 9

Jim Croce Birthday Tribute w/ Alan Land, E Street Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 2pm.
Danielle Spadavecchia, Ciao Bella, 4953 Newport Ave., 6:30pm.
Parker Ainsworth/Kellen Malloy, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Kamp Camille/Jesse LaMonaca & the Dime Novels, Soda Bar, 3615 El Cajon Blvd., 9pm.

monday • 10

Poway Bluegrass Jam, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns!, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

tuesday • 11

Cowboy Jack, Robbie's Roadhouse, 530 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 6:30pm.
Megan Lynch Fiddle Workshop, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Miff Laracy, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Peter Sprague/Geoffrey Keezer Band, Saville Theatre, San Diego City College Campus, 14th & C St., 8pm.

wednesday • 12

Blues Harmonica Blowout w/ Rod & Honey Piazza/Sugar Blue & Billy Branch/Mitch Kashmar, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Diane Schuur, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Jesse Davis, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Music & Belly Dancing w/ Cairo Beats, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 13

Christopher Dale, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 6pm.
Bluegrass Harmony Singing Workshop Series w/ Janet Beazley & Chris Stuart, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Scott West, Winston's, 1923 Bacon St., 7:30pm.
Diane Schuur, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Ruby & the Red Hots, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Danielle Spadavecchia, The Office, 3936 30th St., 8pm.
Toad the Wet Sprocket/Glen Phillips, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Johnny Swim January, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 14

Swingin' House Rent Dance Party w/ Red Lotus Revue/Nathan James/Laurie Morvan, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., time TBA.
Danielle Spadavecchia, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.
John Cruz, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Blues Festival, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Joseph Angelastro, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
I-90/Oculus Sinister, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 15

Alyssa Jacey, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7pm.
Tom Baird w/ David Silva & Friends, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm.
Danielle Spadavecchia, Zia's Bistro, 1845 India St., 7pm.
Barbara Nesbitt/Tim Flannery, Adobe Falls House Concert, Del Cerro/college area, 8pm. benm@ispards.com
Bruce Molsky, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Fabulous Thunderbirds/Kim Wilson, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Gilbert Castellinos Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Josiah Leming/Jessica Bell, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Joey Harris & the Mentals, Tiki House, 1152 Garnet Ave. 9pm.
Otis Taylor, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9pm.

sunday • 16

Michael Tiernan, Vista Library, 700 Eucalyptus Ave., 1:30pm.
San Diego Folk Song Society, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.
The Fremonts, Viejas Casino, 5000 Willow Rd., Alpine, 6pm.
Baja Blues Boys, Wynola Pizza, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 5pm.
Honkytonk Jam, Adams Ave. Business Association, 4649 Hawley Blvd., 2pm.
Winter Wonder Juke w/ JinxKing/Red Lotus Revue/Lil' A & the Allnighters/Chet & the Committee/Art Martel, Tango Del Rey, 3567 Del Rey St., 4:30pm.
Danielle Spadavecchia, Ciao Bella, 4953 Newport Ave., 6:30pm.
Cowboy Jack, Robbie's Roadhouse, 530 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 6:30pm.
Steve James, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm. (workshop, 3-5pm)
Roy Zimmerman, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Trevor Davis, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 17

Jumpin' Jim Beloff Ukulele Workshop, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 6pm.
Stoney B Blues Band, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

tuesday • 18

Poway Folk Circle, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 6:30pm.
Bozani Brothers Band, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Muriel Anderson w/ Tierra Negra, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7:30pm.
Infamous String Dusters, Winston's, 1923 Bacon St., 9pm.

wednesday • 19

Robbie Krieger Jazz Trio, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Old 97s w/ Langhorne Slim, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Soul Persuaders, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Dan Bern, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 20

Bluegrass Harmony Singing Workshop Series w/ Janet Beazley & Chris Stuart, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Arturo Sandoval, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Cowboy Mouth, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Scott West, Queen Bee's Art & Cultural Center, 3925 Ohio St., 8pm.
Johnny Swim January/Lakin/Rebecca Pidgeon, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 21

Arturo Sandoval, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Chase Morrin, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Troubadours of Divine Bliss, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 8pm.
Aaron Bowen/Jon Ji/Lee Coulter Katie Quick, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 22

Brasil Jazz Festa w/ Peter Sprague & Pass the Drum/Danny Green Quartet/Allison Adams Tucker Quintet, Encinitas Library, 540 Cornish Dr., 1:30pm.
British Invasion Film Screening of Pretty Things, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Ellis Paul/Mariana Bell, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Thunder Road, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&10pm.
George Winston, Birch North Park Theatre, 2891 University Ave., 8pm.
Ramekega/Clepto/The Talk, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Walter Trout, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9pm.
Sligo Rags, Dublin Square, 554 4th Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 23

Hot Jazz Instructors, Lafayette Hotel, 2223 El Cajon Blvd., 1pm.
Acoustic Alliance w/ Groove Kitties/Veronica May & Lindsay White/Katie & Ashley Reynolds/Thea Tsuchihara/Michele Shipp/Stella Donna/Marie Haddad/Astra Kelly/Lisa Sanders & Karen Hayes/Troubadours of Divine Bliss/Jenn Grinels/Barbara Nesbitt/Tori Rose/Steph Johnson, Brick by Brick, 1130 Buenos Ave., 6pm.
Tom Paxton, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Bill Charlap, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns!, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 8pm.
The Chapmans, First Baptist Church of Pacific Beach, 4747 Soledad Mt. Rd., 7pm.
Peter Wolf Crier & the Retribution Gospel Choir, The Loft, Price Center East, UCSD Campus, 8pm.

monday • 24

Michele Lundeen, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

tuesday • 25

Deeper than the Ocean/Ephraim Sommers/Dusty & the Love Notes/Scott West/Christy Bruneau, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 7pm.

wednesday • 26

Gary Morris, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Mark Dresser Trio, The Loft, Price Center East, UCSD Campus, 7:30pm.
David Lindley/Roy Ruiz Clayton, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Soul Persuaders, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Missy Andersen, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

thursday • 27

Eric Reed Trio, Athenaeum, 1005 Wall St., La Jolla, 7:30pm.
Missy Andersen, The Marble Room, 535 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Liz Wright, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Adrian Legg, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Johnny Swim January/Kelly McFarling, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 28

The Urban Outcast, Epicentre, 8450 Mira Mesa Blvd., 6pm.
MandoBasso, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
Tony Taravella & Mark Lopez, Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
Barbara Nesbitt, Cheers, 2475 Main St., Ramona, 8pm.
Zymzzy Quartet, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 8:30pm.

W E E K L Y

every sunday

Joe Marillo, The Brickyard, 675 W. G St., 9:30am.
Shawn Rohlf & Friends, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.
Zymzzy Quartet, OB People's Food Co-op, 4765 Voltaire St., Ocean Beach, 11am.
Bluegrass Brunch, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am.
Daniel Jackson, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11am.
International Ethnic Folk Dancing, Balboa Park Club Bldg., 12:30-4:30pm.
Alan Land & Friends, Sunday Songs, E St. Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 2pm.
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.
Elliott Lawrence, Avenue 5 Restaurant, 2760 5th Ave., 5:30pm.
Jazz88 Sunday Night Jam, Spaghetteria, 1953 India St., 6pm.
Traditional Irish Session, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm.
Open Mic, Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDD (88.3 FM).
José Sinatra's OB-oke, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.
The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

every monday

Ukulele Jam, Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 6:30pm.
El Cajon Music Masters, Central Congregational Church, 8360 Lemon Ave., La Mesa, 7pm.
Open Mic, Wine Steals, 1243 University Ave., 7pm.
International Ethnic Folk Dancing (intermediate & advanced), Balboa Park Club & War Memorial Bldg., 7:30pm.
Open Mic, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 7:30pm.

every tuesday

Lou Fanucchi, Paesano, 3647 30th St., 5:30pm.
Open Mic, Joey's Smokin' BBQ & Doc's Saloon, 6955 El Camino Real, Carlsbad, 7pm.
Traditional Irish Session, The Ould Sod, 3373 Adams Ave., 7pm.
Live Acoustic Music, Wine Steals, 1953 San Elijo Ave., Cardiff, 7pm.
Open Mic, Beach Club Grille, 710 Seacoast Dr., Imperial Beach, 7pm.
Open Mic, E Street Cafe, 125 W. E St., Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Chet & the Committee All Pro Blues Jam, The Harp, 4935 Newport Ave., 7:30pm.
Open Mic, Second Wind, 8515 Navajo Rd., 8pm.
Open Mic, The Royal Dive, 2949 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside, 8pm.
Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.
Zapf Dingbats (1st & 3rd Tuesdays) El Dorado Cocktail Lounge, 1030 Broadway, 8:30pm.
Open Mic, Portugalia, 4839 Newport Ave., 9pm.

every wednesday

Lou Fanucchi, Romesco Restaurant, 4346 Bonita Rd., 6pm.

Joe Rathburn's Folkey Monkey, Milano Coffee Co., 8685 Rio San Diego Dr., 7pm.
Jerry Gontang, Desi & Friends, 2734 Lytton St., 7pm.
Lori Bell & Joey Carano, La Gran Tapa, 611 B St., 7:30pm.
Scandinavian Dance Class, Folk Dance Center, Dancing Unlimited, 4569 30th St., 7:30pm.
Open Mic, Skybox Bar & Grill, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 8:30pm.
New Latin Jazz Quartet Jam Session w/ Gilbert Castellanos, El Camino, 2400 India St., 9pm.

every thursday

Baba's Jam Night, The Lodge, 444 Country Club Lane, Oceanside, 5pm.
Happy Hour Jam, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 5:30pm.
Joe Rathburn w/ Roger Friend, Blue Flame Lounge, La Costa Resort, 2100 Costa Del Mar Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.
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.
Sandy Chappel Quartet, Cafe LaMaze, 1441 Highland Ave., National City, 7pm.
Elliott Lawrence, Avenue 5 Restaurant, 2760 5th Ave., 7pm.
Mountain Dulcimer Jam (2nd & 4th Thursday), Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Old Tyme Fiddlers Jam (1st & 3rd Thursday), Old Time Music, 2852 University Ave., 7pm.
Moonlight Serenade Orchestra, Lucky Star Restaurant, 3893 54th St., 7pm.
Jazz Jam w/ Joe Angelastro, E. St. Cafe, 128 W. E St., Encinitas, 7pm.
Traditional Irish Session, Thornton's Irish Pub, 1221 Broadway, El Cajon, 8pm.
Open Mic/Family Jam, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 8pm.

every friday

Open Mic, Lion Coffee, 101 Market St., 6pm.
Bruce Cameron & Full House, Turquoise Cafe, 873 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.
Joe Mendoza, Uncle Duke's Beach Cafe, 107 Diana St., Leucadia, 6pm.
Joe Marillo Trio, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7pm. (1st three Fridays of the month)
Elliott Lawrence, Shooters, Sheraton Hotel La Jolla, Holiday Court Dr., 7pm.
Open Mic, Bella Roma Restaurant, 6830 La Jolla Blvd. #103, 8pm.
Open Mic, L'Amour de Yogurt, 9975 Carmel Mountain Rd., 8pm.
Open Mic, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

every saturday

Joe Marillo, The Brickyard, 675 W. G St., 9:30am.
Elliott Lawrence, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11:30am.
Open Mic (last Saturday of the month), Valley Music, 1611 N. Magnolia Ave., El Cajon, 6pm.
Gregory Page, Westgate Hotel, 1055 2nd Ave., 8pm.
Robin Henkel, Zel's, 1247 Camino Del Mar, 8pm.

sunday • 30

Slow Jam, Templar's Hall, Old Poway Park, 14134 Midland Rd., 1pm.
Blues at the Crossroads w/ Big Head Todd & the Monsters/Honeyboy Edwards/Hubert Sumlin/Cedric Burnside/Lightnin' Malcom, Anthology, 1337 India St., 6&9pm.
Mark Dresser Quintet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.

monday • 31

Road Dogs, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
DS Yancey/Justin Miller, The Loft, Price Center East, UCSD Campus, 8pm.
Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

PHIL HARMONIC SEZ:

Regret is an appalling waste of energy; you can't build on it; it is only good for wallowing.

—Katherine Mansfield



TROUBADOUR HOLIDAY PARTY



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Shirlee McAndrews w/ Coco & Lefe



Photo: Dan Chusid

Heather & Johnny of Podunk Nowhere



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Alan Land



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Annie Rettic



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Jack Tempchin



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Kelly Cummings, Allen Singer, Wayne Riker



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Bob Pruitt



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Happy Ron, Jimmie Lunsford, Nathan Welden



Photo: Dan Chusid

Poet Lizzie Wann



Photo: Dan Chusid

Ben McGrath & John Mailander



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Brenda Panneton



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Nancy & Harry Mestyanek w/ Greg Gohde & Floyd Fronius



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Margaret Field & Dan Chusid



Photo: Dan Chusid

Alicia Previn, Joe Rathburn, Jeffrey Joe Morin



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Jeff Berkley



Photo: Dan Chusid

Sue Palmer & Kent Johnson



Photo: Steve Cowall

Marcia Claire, Scott Wilson, Peter Hall



Photo: Dan Chusid

Kev



Photo: Dan Chusid

Isaac Cheong & Joanna Schiele



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Joe Marillo



Photo: Dan Chusid

Crystal Pollard



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Steve Thorn & Dave Humphries



Photo: Dennis Andersen

Charlie Imes, Liz Abbott, Carlos Olmeda



Photo: Dan Chusid

Sven-Erik Seaholm, Simeon Flick, Dennis Andersen



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Suzanne Reed, Mary Dolan, Brooke Macintosh, Sweet Joyce Ann



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Gregory Page, Steve Poltz



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OTM JANUARY EVENTS

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3 CONSECUTIVE THURSDAYS JAN 6,13,20 7-8:30 p.m.

OTM Bluegrass Harmony Singing Workshop Series Taught by Janet Beazley & Chris Stuart

This is a fun class for beginners and more experienced singers alike, designed to demystify Bluegrass harmony singing. The class will work on finding harmony parts by ear, arranging the trio stack, harmonizing in duos, trios and quartets, as well as learning how to refine vocal blend, intonation, and phrasing. Course fee: \$75 for all 3 sessions!

This series will fill up quickly, so call Old Time Music soon to reserve your space in this fun, "hands on" workshop! (619) 280-9035

**TUE
JAN
11
7-9 p.m.**



Megan Lynch FIDDLE WORKSHOP

**FIDDLE MASTER CLASS FOR ANY LEVEL.
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Bring your instrument, a recording device and/or something with which to take some notes, and a desire to be a better fiddler. Course fee: \$40

This workshop is limited to 10 students so call Old Time Music at (619) 280-9035 and register early.

**SUN
JAN
16
7 p.m.
Concert**



Steve James ROOTS ACOUSTIC BLUES CONCERT & WORKSHOP

An evening of Roots Blues with Steve James. Steve's been heard on "A Prairie Home Companion", The House Of Blues Network and many other syndicated programs worldwide. Concert starts at 7 p.m. Concert Tickets: \$20 Special workshop/concert ticket package \$45

Steve James Roots Blues and Slide guitar workshop:
Sun Jan.16 • 3-5 p.m. Fee: \$30
Beginning/intermediate level workshop on blues guitar & slide guitar.

**MON
JAN
17
6-7:30 p.m.**



SPECIAL EVENT! UKULELE WORKSHOP Jumpin' Jim Beloff

**AUTHOR, ARRANGER & PUBLISHER OF UKULELE BOOKS
MONDAY JAN. 17 6-7:30 P.M. FEE \$25**

We will play through well-known songs (from easy to more challenging) learning new chords, strums, tips and techniques along the way. Bring a GCEA soprano-tuned uke and be ready to have a lot of fun. See uke there!

This event will be followed by the San Diego Branch of the Ukulele Society of America meeting-you are welcome to stay for the meeting after the workshop.

Register early! Call Old Time Music at (619) 280-9035

**FRI
JAN
29
7-9 p.m.**



New and Old World Flamenco Guitar Workshop Muriel Anderson & Tierra Negra FLAMENCO GUITAR WORKSHOP

America's award-winning guitarist & harp-guitarist Muriel Anderson teams up with Germany's famed duo Tierra Negra (Leo Henrichs and Raughi Ebert) to present a hands-on workshop of Old World Flamenco Guitar techniques - surprisingly easy and cool sounding! Open to all levels. 7-9 pm

\$35 in advance, \$40 at door.
Includes a free set of GHS strings.
Call OTM for reservations. 619-280-9035

COMING EVENTS

Fri Feb. 18 • 7:30 p.m. Concert Featuring Duo LaRè

Chris Acquavella and Nate Jarrell as Duo LaRè performing on the mandolin and guitar featuring a repertoire from baroque to original, contemporary music. See website for more details.

KEV's fabulous Beatles Guitar Workshop

Thurs. March 24, 31 April 7 (3 sessions)

KEV's Fabulous Beatles guitar workshop. This fun hands-on workshop will take place over 3 sessions. You may take one or all sessions. Cost \$30 per session All three sessions for \$75. We will learn a different set of Beatles tunes for the guitar in each session. This class is for beginners with a basic knowledge of guitar chords to intermediate players who want to learn to play the songs like the Beatles recorded them. Bring a guitar, and a capo.



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