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SAN DIEGO
TROUBADOUR

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



May 2011

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MANY-COLORED
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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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Email your gig date, including location, address, and time to info@sandiegotroubadour.com by the 22rd 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.

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PEARLS & ROSES

by Paul Hormick

The national tours of two women – hard rockin' Pearl Aday and rockabilly sweetheart Rosie Flores – will coalesce at North Park's Queen Bee's this month for a show that promises to span everything from soul to country.

Titled Pearls and Roses, Pearl Aday headlines the show. Known for her soulful voice, Aday is the adopted daughter of



Pearl Aday

Meat Loaf, the turbo charged balladeer who gave us the adolescent anthems "Bat Out of Hell" and "Paradise by the Dashboard Lights." Aday literally grew up on stage. When

she was a preschooler, she would accompany her father on stage and deliver a different colored scarf to him for each of his songs. She remembers that the assigned scarf for the song "Bat Out of Hell" was always black.

In her late teens Aday toured with her father, singing backup. She sang and toured with him in some capacity for the next ten years, including a performance at the White House for Bill Clinton's 1997 inaugural ball. Her solo career took off in the 1990s, after a stint as a backup singer and dancer with Mötley Crüe on the band's Maximum Rock Tour. She has appeared on "Jimmy Kimmel Live," and she performed here in San Diego last year at 4th and B. She is married to Mötley Crüe guitarist Scott Ian, who will be making a special guest appearance with Aday at the Pearls and Roses show.

Little Immaculate White Fox, her debut CD released a year ago, has been described as running the gamut from raw and rocking heavy metal to sweet and soulful blues. Except for a cover of Ike and Tina Turner's "Nutbush City Limits," all the compositions were written by

Aday and reflect her life in the music world. Describing her approach to writing the songs and putting the CD together, she told the *Connecticut Post*, "I just want to bring it all back to the real rock and roll, the soul, the emotion. I strip it all down and it comes from a raw and naked place inside me." Besides her band, also



Rosie Flores

named Pearl, the CD features guitar work from her husband Ian, as well as that of wild man and conservative icon

Ted Nugent and Jerry Cantrell from Alice in Chains.

A talented songwriter, Rosie Flores is a hard-hitting, revved up performer. She can rip on guitar and sings country, west-

Continued on page 13.

So Long, Old Friend



Steve White, 1950-2011

The music community lost dear friend last month. Steve White passed away Friday, April 22 just before midnight. He was dearly loved by so many people. This amazing one-man band will be missed.

Paul Hormick remembers:

Back in 1989 I was playing a gig at the old Drowsy Maggies in North Park. It was a Saturday night and I was playing bass with a singer-songwriter. I made it over to the restaurant a little early and heard the musician who was warming up the crowd.

On stage, stomping his clog shoes and blowing his harmonica was Steve White, singing about the joys of being a dog, going off to France to fish in the Seine and climbing the Eiffel Tower.

After decades of listening to singer-

songwriters churn out introspective heart-felt tunes, to hear someone sing songs that were a little quirky, funny, and told great stories, was one of the most refreshing musical experiences I can remember.

We introduced ourselves, and I told Steve how much I appreciated his music. He invited me, right there on the spot, to come and play with him that next weekend up in North County. For the next several years I played bass with Steve.

As we would have several gigs during a weekend, we would hang out, and I'd often stay at his apartment for a couple days. What I remember about Steve is how comfortable it was to be around him and the stories he could tell about being a kid and, as his father worked for the State Department, growing up in Cambodia and Laos. He made a mean pot of coffee and would sometimes roll a cigarette for me to smoke.

I wanted to dance when I heard his guitar, stomping rhythm, and harmonica. And I know of no one else who could sketch a scene so well with just a few lyrics or whose songs were as joyful or as sad.

Steve and I drifted apart sometime after our musical paths diverged, but when I think of a true friend, I think of Steve. As he said in one of his songs, so long, old friend.

As we go to print, there have not been any plans made for a memorial service. Please visit stevewhiteblues.com for updates as well as to write something in his guestbook.

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3



Sam Chatmon: San Diego's Own Bluesman Talks with Lou Curtiss

by Lou Curtiss

Sam Chatmon was one of the most remarkable individuals I have ever known. During the years he spent in San Diego (1966-1982, where he became an important part of the blues scene), I had a lot of chances to sit and talk with him. This excerpt is taken from one of those conversations.

I was born in 1899 at a little place between Jackson and Vicksburg, Mississippi, called Bolden, at a man's place called John Gaddess. There were so many of us in the family then. My Daddy [Henderson Chatmon] had had three wives and my mother had the least [amount of] children of any of them, which was 13. Daddy said he had 60 children with the three wives, but that ain't counting Charlie Patton and all of them on the outside. Papa died in 1934 when he was 109 years old. My grandmother lived to be 125. She said she'd come from the place where they'd caught the slaves on the Niger river. She said, "They's put molasses out and catch them and herd them into a boat." My Daddy was a fiddler in the slavery time too and when we kids messed off he'd tell us about how it was in them days. I remember once going out and playing music at night, and the next morning my brother Bert asked me how much I had made. I complained that I didn't make nothing but a dollar and a half. Daddy'd yell out, "Well you ought to be happy; I had to play every night and didn't get nothing but a whipping."

They used to have long troughs just like you'd have to feed hogs out of and would give you cornbread with as much rat fertilizer in the meal as there was corn. They'd put that old black bread in those troughs for the little children and make them eat out of there just like the hogs. They'd grease their mouths every Sunday with a meat skin on a string. My Daddy would always linger behind and try to get that meat skin, because it would be the only meat he could ever get. Every morning before they left the house, they'd have to come up to the master with a strap and let her whup them. Then she'd say, "You all be good little children. Go ahead now and get your breakfast." And they'd line up at the trough.

My Father would play music with old Milton Bracy, just two fiddles and no other instruments. He didn't play no music like we played, but just those old breakdowns: "Old Grey Mule," "Chickens in the

Breadpan Kickin' Up Dough," "Hen Laid the Eggs," and all them things.

*Can't get the saddle on the old grey mule
Can't get the saddle on the old grey mule
Whoa! Whoa!
Can't get the saddle on the old grey mule*

He had whiskers down to his waist and sometimes he'd have to tie them to the side with a cord to hold them off the fiddle. He didn't play too much by the time I was around but if my brother Lonnie wanted Daddy to play, he'd just start fiddling one of his old tunes. Then Daddy would say, "Boy, that ain't no way to play it, bring that violin here and let me show you how." Those old square dance tunes took a bow arm to play, but these blues and things takes a pull. Lonnie had learned to play the fiddle by reading the music. He was the only brother that could read. When the white folks wanted us to play something, they'd buy the sheet music in Jackson and give it to us. Then Lonnie would tell us all our parts and it was like we'd known it all our lives.

Music was just a giving thing in our family. I got it from watching my brothers. It's just like driving a car. You sit next to somebody and watch what they do and you can do the same thing with a little practice. If you ain't got nerve to try it you can still make a little stab. My brother's and sisters all played; my Daddy and Mama too. My cousins the McCoys [Joe and Charlie] and the McCollums [Robert, who later became Robert Nighthawk] all played too. We all played so many pieces, I could be here several hours just listing them for you. I wrote the words and Lonnie wrote the music for several of our best known tunes like "Ants in My Pants," "Sittin' on Top of the World," "Stop and Listen," "Corrina Corrina," and "Pencil Won't Write No More." We also did all the old blues and written songs from the sheet music like "Alberta," "Sheiks of Arabee," and "Sleeptime Down South." I started playing guitar when I was four years old. Even before I started to play I remember my older half brother Ferdinand [who made records under the name Alec Johnson] and Charlie Patton singing about the first blues I ever heard, something about "going down to the river" and "if the blues don't leave me I'll rock away and drown." The first tune I learned to pick was "Make Me a Pallet on Your Floor." Me and Lonnie put that out later as "If You Don't Want Me, You Don't Have to Dog Me Around" and folks thought it was a new tune that I'd got out. I'd sing a verse and then holler, "Oh,

step on it," and Lonnie would get out on that fiddle.

When I was seven, I started playing bass viol with my brother Lonnie – bull fiddle they called it then. I had to carry a box along so I could reach it. I didn't see no banjos until I was 18 in Memphis. I picked up the tenor banjo then tuned it like the first four strings of a guitar. All of us nine brothers played together. Lonnie and Edgar played the violins; Harry played guitar, piano, or violin; Willie and Bert played the guitar; Bo played guitar, banjo, and sometimes violin; and brother Laurie played the drums. I usually played the bass and sometimes guitar. Our cousin Charlie McCoy often joined us on the mandolin and sometimes his brother Joe came along too. Neighbor Walter Vincent joined us in 1921. We usually called ourselves the Mississippi Sheiks but sometimes in different groupings we were Chatmon's Mississippi Hot Footers" and often just Lonnie and I would go out [sometimes joined by Charlie McCoy] as the Mississippi Mud Steppers.

We used to play in the white folks' houses or halls. Sometimes we'd play for a white man at a dance for three hours at six dollars per musician and then work 15 hours in the field for the same man for 50 cents the next day. When we put on a dance for our own people, we'd rent the hall for two dollars and charge them two bits at the door to get in. But mostly we'd work the white folks' dances.

The only other band around was the Carter Brothers and Henry Reed. Lonnie sometimes played with them because he didn't like to farm. The rest of us brothers planted a crop every year and when we were working out crops, Lonnie'd go over to Raymond and play with the Carter Brothers. I don't know any other bands around there then and we were the main band people would call.

We used to play all the time at Cooper's Wells and at Brown's Wells where the healing waters were. That's right near the county seat of Hiche County. Even after I moved to Hollendale in 1928, I'd leave off all the time to play for those people. They usually didn't have much more than 35 couples there; that'd be about all you'd have. Sometimes we'd play for square dances too. In fact, the last dance we did was a square dance [shortly before Lonnie and Harry died]. It was at a hall built over the back of the Sunflower River below Hollendale. They were passing around whiskey in molasses buckets there. We never called the dances; a

Photo: Virginia Curtiss



Sam Chatmon in the late 1960s-early 1970s

white man in a long dress coat and a fancy cane would do that. I always liked the blues, foxtrots, and one-steps the best, because on a square dance you'd never get a chance to change chords. Sometimes those tunes would last for a whole hour and just when you thought it was over, someone would call, "Promenade to the bar treat all the women folks to a drink," and then we'd have to start back again.

In 1928, we went to Atlanta and recorded for a fellow named Brock. He's come out to our place and found us there and asked me, Lonnie, Bo, and Walter to go. He didn't want no bass fiddle so I played guitar. That's where we first used the name the Mississippi Sheiks as we were all from Bolden, Mississippi. They gave me 20 dollars and Lonnie, Bo, and Walter 30 dollars each and no royalties. That's the time we put out "Stop and Listen" and "Sittin' on Top of the World." Bo changed his name to Carter so he could record separate from us. This guy Brock had him under contract.

Later on my brothers Lonnie and Harry did the same so they could record separate too. Walter Vincent became Walter Jacob for the same reason. I never changed my name for any reason except at birth. I was named "Vivian" and I changed it to "Sam" because that was a girl's name and I didn't want to be named after no woman.

The next time I recorded was in Jackson and that was the time all of us brothers were there: Bo, Lonnie, Harry, Seth, Edgar, Willie, myself, and Walter Vincent, Charlie and Joe McCoy were there with Memphis Minnie. I did some duets with Bo and also a couple with Charlie McCoy [Charlie and I had been playing out as a duet in that time]. I didn't go to a session again until 1936 when Lonnie and I recorded as the Chatmon Brothers for Bluebird. After that I was going to record for a man by the name of Williams in Chicago but he tried to beat me out of some money and blackmail me because I didn't belong to the union. So I told him, "I ain't got nothing to do with you."

In the year of 1937 I lost three brothers (including Lonnie and Harry) and two sisters and after that our band didn't play together. Also my picking partner Charlie McCoy moved on to Chicago to join his brother's band (the Harlem Hamfats). I took up picking some with Eugene Powell (AKA Sonny Boy Nelson) but I never did any more recording. I kept farming til 1950. I rented that land and worked it 'til I quit with my own team and all. Then I went to work as a night watchman and bought me a house and a half acre. I didn't play much music until 1965 when Ken Swerilas [a San Diego record collector] came by and talked me into coming out to California to play.

Starting in 1966 Sam started coming regularly out to the West Coast, where he became part of the regular lineup at THE SAN DIEGO STATE FOLK FESTIVAL in 1969. He remained a part of that festival until 1982. During that time Sam made new recordings for Blue Goose, Rounder (which I had the honor of co-producing) and Flying Fish (he also recorded sides that appeared on collections from Advent and Arhoolie and there was an LP on an Italian label recorded by a couple of Italian collectors in his hometown of Hollendale). Shortly before his passing Sam took part in a series done by Alan Lomax called "Confessions of the Noble Old" for PBS television. He died in 1982.

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Recordially, Lou Curtiss

AN IMPORTANT ANNIVERSARY TO CELEBRATE

San Diego is coming up on the 100th anniversary of its great 1915 Pan American Exposition and World's Fair in 2015. A year-long celebration in Balboa Park has been planned and right now I'm putting a plug in to be a part of their folk-life and historical presentations. With 55 festivals, over 300 concerts (you know the rant) under my belt, I think I could contribute a lot to this event. I've even had some experience helping Utah Phillips when he did the folk-life events at the Spokane, Washington World's Fair and helped with similar events in Tennessee, at the Smithsonian in Washington DC during their Centennial events, the Jazz and Heritage Fest in New Orleans, and others. I've been a researcher, collector, and promoter of this city's musical history and I remain devoted to finding out all I can about the whos, whats, wheres, and whys of what happened here, who came here, and what they brought with them. I've often talked about a San Diego Folk Life Museum and Concert Hall in Balboa Park. Maybe this anniversary celebration could be a place to start. Maybe it could be a place to house the Lou Curtiss Sound Library (it already has a home in Washington DC at the Library of Congress and at UCLA's Ethnomusicology Department). It'd be nice if it had a home here in San Diego where a good part of it happened. If any of you out there have any thoughts, let me know. If you know anyone involved in the event let them know I'm interested in helping this event be something that is memorable to everyone that is a part of it.

THE END (A COFFEEHOUSE EUROPEAN)
They were all called Coffeehouse European in those early days. Actually The End, on Grand Avenue in Pacific Beach, was transformed into a coffeehouse from two street-facing rooms of a motel. When you worked there mostly you had to provide your own waitress. I started going to the End on Hoot Nights sometime in the mid-60s, mostly

with other members of the San Diego State Folksong Society (Clarke Powell, Ray Kellogg, Curt Bouterse, and others). The guy who ran the Hoots was a guy from Imperial Beach named Peter Keegan who played autoharp. After a while I had a group called the Red Mountain Ramblers (Dennis Squier, Alan Glasscoe, Pat Prickett, Peggy Fallon, Ned Getline, Rex Morris, Larry Fumo and myself) who played pretty regularly there for about a year. Our waitress was Ned's girlfriend Rita. It was a pretty easy job. The kitchen consisted of a jug of apple cider and some cinnamon sticks, some Folger's instant coffee, whipped cream, nutmeg and cinnamon to sprinkle on top, a stove to heat the water and cider, and that was it. No espresso machine, nothing fancy. A coffeehouse on the cheap. I saw and heard some pretty good music there, including Hoyt Axton, Ted Staak, the Kern County Boys, Karen Williams, Wayne Stromberg, Pam Baker, Walt Richards and the Eddystone Singers, Guy Carawan, Ray Bierl, and even Sam Hinton.

The End was in competition with the Heritage, which was a few blocks away on Mission Boulevard. I remember a shuttle bus that would pick up folks at The End and run them over to the Heritage (I don't remember it ever working the other way). Sometime in the late '60s The End disappeared like a many coffeehouses did, leaving only a few memories for folks who picked, played, and listened and paid a buck fifty for a cup of instant joe.

SITTIN' AROUND THE BACK ROOM AT FOLK ARTS RARE RECORDS AND WRITING STUFF
It was back in the mid '70s when we were doing concerts at the Folk Arts store (then in Hillcrest) and during the day folks would drop by and sit on an old davenport we had, gab about music, or try out the old piano. Tom Waits and Jack Tempchin would sit working on a song together about Tijuana, or Gala Whitten would write about some of the folks who hung around the place in those days (Gala lived upstairs from the shop and I could influence the type of song she'd write by playing music in the shop



Photo: Steve Covault
Lou Curtiss

and having it drift up through the floor). One time I asked folks to write singing commercials at the shop and Jack, Gala, and John Bosley all contributed one. On Friday and Saturday concert nights the music would start usually about midday (especially if someone was coming in from out of town with local friends) and the jamming would last until early the next morning after a concert. Those were very special times for me. A lot of them were captured on tape and are being digitized for the Lou Curtiss Sound Library collection. Some special years those were.

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by Bart Mendoza

Mario Escovedo Mixes Things Up with MEX

Both as a musician and in a background capacity, it's safe to say that over the past 20 years, Mario Escovedo has been one of the lynchpins of San Diego's music scene. Part of San Diego's first family of music, Escovedo was originally set on delivering high octane rock 'n' roll. These days he fronts the Tex-Mex outfit the Mario Escovedo Experience, or MEX for short, with an accordion-fronted sound that ranges from Mexican classics such as "Volver, Volver" to an updated version of Elvis' immortal "Suspicious Minds."

From 1988 to 1990 Escovedo paid his dues with the punk band M-80. By late 1990 the core of that group, Escovedo and guitarist Ken Mochikoshi Horne would go on to form legendary rock band the Dragons. They toured relentlessly (11 appearances at SXSW) throughout their 13 years and ultimately released a slew of singles and seven albums. Though the band officially broke up six years ago; their occasional reunion shows are still a guaranteed sell out whenever they occur.

Following the dissolution of the Dragons, Escovedo set out as a solo artist, though that road proved rockier than expected. "I put together a line-up, but really wasn't happy with the way it was turning out. I kept working on it and working on it." It

was while feeling stymied on his solo band project that the idea for MEX came about.

"I wanted to keep playing, so I wanted to do something that was fun," he said. "Even the Dragons had a tendency to do some cover stuff. For Cinco de Mayo we'd do cover stuff by the Texas Tornados and all my favorite stuff. That was kind of in the back of my mind. Instead of working so hard on a solo record that was frustrating me, I said screw it, I just want to play some stuff that I have fun doing and that I like." Some of the current covers in MEX's set will certainly be familiar to longtime Dragon's fans, notably the Texas Tornado's classic "Adios Mexico," which the Dragons covered on their 1996 album, *Pain Killer*.

By 2007 MEX was an ongoing concern, though the line-up has seen personnel shifts. Initially, former dragon Steve Rodriguez was part of the band. Other notables to pass through the ranks include drummer Brian "Nucci" Cantrell, guitarists Jimmy D. Seville and Rick Wilkins (Sara Petite, the Outriders), and accordionist Adam Cavazos. Today the band consists of Escovedo, accordionist Lou Fanucchi,

bassist George Veddari (Uncle Joe's Big Ol' Driver), guitarist Chuck Cameron (The Cured), and prolific drummer Charlie McRee (Wirepony, Lord Howler, the Stereotypes and a zillion others).

The sound Escovedo makes is a million miles away from the hard rock of the Dragons, yet there are similarities, particularly in the passion and energy the songs are played with. Mixing elements of Mexican folk songs, country music, and rock 'n' roll, MEX is all about the rhythm, some might say it can be similar in feel to ska, providing an irresistible beat for dancing. With accordion as a lead instrument, MEX can handle weepy Spanish ballads as well as more uptempo material, which borders on fifties rock 'n' roll.

While MEX is a popular attraction around town and there was initial thought about taking MEX to the next level, with touring and recording, Escovedo is happy to keep things where they are. A family man with two kids as well as an employee at local CBS affiliate Channel 8 for nearly 25 years, it's harder to get away these days. Don't expect an album or worldwide jaunt any-time soon.

"For me, it's just been a fun project that keeps me involved in playing and performing," he said. "It's something that we keep in the fun vein." The band's local following has seen some crossover from the Dragons, but a whole new group of fans has seen them expand their local tour circuit out of the clubs and into venues such as Viejas Casino. "It's enough to keep me as busy as I want to be or can be," he said. "It's something that at this point is still fun and not at the 'work' point. And that's kind of the way that I'd like to keep it."

Besides the performance angle, Escovedo also enjoys "the camaraderie of being around the guys in MEX. I was so close with all the guys in the Dragons, who have all gone their own separate ways and have their own families and kids and all that." He's also effusive about his band mates' tal-



MEX: George Veddari, Charlie McRee, Mario Escovedo, Lou Fanucchi

ents, noting that while he fronts MEX, it's very much a group effort. "These guys are musicians and in their own right, really well respected," he said, pointing to Fanucchi's status as accordion icon, McCree's gun-for-hire status, which recently saw him tour Europe with Dead Rock West and Cameron's regular sold out tours with the Cured.

Today much of Escovedo's focus is on his work with Requiem Management and Booking, handling touring details and other business for artists including Maren Parusel, Gun Runner, Lady Dottie & the Diamonds, and Mad Juana, expanding recently to take on artists from outside of San Diego, starting with Toronto's, Darlings of Chelsea. It was Mad Juana, featuring Sammi Yaffa (New York Dolls), who first approached Escovedo about tour booking. "I still had all these connections from the Dragons touring and knew people in the industry and I knew tons of club owners around the country, so I

helped do a tour for him. It ended up being something I liked." He also worked with older bands, including the Dogs and his brother's punk band, the Zeros.

It's clear that Escovedo has the need to make music in his blood and that MEX fits the bill perfectly. "Something I'll always have to have for myself is an outlet to perform and to play," he said. "It's something I really enjoy. MEX is something I have a lot of fun with and the band has a lot of fun with." He notes that the other band members all have musical careers of their own. "They have their own personal projects, but with MEX, it can be fun and there's no pressure." For Escovedo, the best part of being MEX is simply playing with his bandmates. "We never know where it's going to go. We get into these songs that are structured, but we take them to different places," he said. "It's the magic moment s that we have on the stage that we really look forward too."



Photo: Sandra Castillo

Escovedo with the Dragons

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by Mike Alvarez



poor kid going through those motions with visions of an uncool future hanging over his head. Yet this perception is mainly limited to mainstream America, as the accordion is an important musical icon the world over with a vast geographical and musical range. From Klezmer music in Eastern Europe, to Gypsy jazz, which originated in France and whose appeal crosses international borders, to South America where Argentinian Tango and Brazilian Choro music are deeply ingrained into popular culture and even into America's deep south where cajun and zydeco styles rely heavily upon the accordion for their rhythmic grooves.

The accordion is a complex instrument whose mastery requires a deep dedication to serious musicianship. Lou Fanucchi is one musician who has proven himself worthy of the task. Armed with a bachelor's degree in music from SDSU as well as a lifelong commitment to the instrument, he has become the area's most recognized accordionist. His services as a performer and an instructor are in high demand. A quick glance at his history shows that he has shared the stage with some real musical heavyweights: Luciano Pavarotti, the Beat Farmers, Frankie Valli, Bette Midler, Frankie Lane, Bob Geldof – the list is impressive. He also speaks quite highly of the local talent with whom he regularly performs, having spent much time on stage and in the studio with Yale Strom, Mario Escovedo, Patrick Berrogain, and the groups Gypsy Groove, Mex, Solemar, and Camarada. His stature is such that he is also the resident accordionist for the San Diego Symphony and all of the major theatrical companies in San Diego. He is at home in many types of venues, making himself equally comfortable in the formal setting of a concert hall or under the hot lights of a night club. As Lou puts it, "I'm a hired gun. You plug me in and expect a certain kind of result. I have to stay on top of many different styles of music. Symphonic, Gypsy jazz, Tex Mex...I hold myself accountable for all of that." He reluctantly accepts the responsibilities of being "an ambassador for the accordion," modestly qualifying this assertion by insisting, "it's not about me. I don't think I'm all that." Yet despite his tendency to downplay his own abilities and accomplishments, Lou Fanucchi is indeed "all that." His command of the instrument, and music in general, makes him the 'go-to guy' for the accordion. "When I get called, people are looking for me to add a certain flavor to what they're doing. Even though I can play a lot of things – lead melodies, solid rhythmic padding, even some bass – the accordion is what it is. It finds its own water level, so to speak. It doesn't try to imitate any other instrument."

On an early spring afternoon, Fanucchi proves to be a warm and welcoming host to his home in Banker's Hill. Uncluttered and tastefully decorated, it is clearly organized around a musician's lifestyle. As can be expected, an accordion sits at one end of the living room with a music stand within easy reach. The score for a Bach piece is clearly visible as he prepares for an upcoming house concert. The majority of the floor is left wide open, as it is regularly used as a rehearsal space for his various bands. He is grateful for a landlady who not only tolerates but actively encourages his musical endeavors as well. Pictures of his children, Lauren and Dante, are on prominent display and he beams lovingly when speaking of them. "Music is my life but

Q. What's the definition of a gentleman?
A. Someone who knows how to play the accordion and doesn't.

Q. What do you get when you toss an accordion off a tall building?
A. Applause.

Q. What's the difference between an accordion and an onion?
A. People cry when you chop up an onion.

ity the poor accordion. Sometimes it seems as if it's the Rodney Dangerfield of musical instruments. When it comes up in conversation, it's hardly surprising when the initial reactions are ones of amusement. Weird Al Yankovic has used the instrument to comic effect in his many song parodies. Primly mannered gentlefolk dance

to polka music on reruns of the "Lawrence Welk Show." The Who scored a radio hit in 1975 with "Squeeze Box," their leering, innuendo-filled rock 'n' roll ode to the instrument. Most of us probably had an encounter with the accordion at an early age, whether it was firsthand, with lessons and command performances applauded by blue-haired relatives or, more mercifully, watching some other



my kids are my prizes.” They are following in their father’s musical footsteps, with Lauren studying voice and violin, and Dante taking up the drums. Describing a typical day, he states, “Ideally, I like to get up early and get in a couple hours of practice. As the day goes on, I’m just like anybody else. I have things like rent and child support that have to be paid, so I have to be concerned with how many gigs I’ll be playing in any given month. Some people might think that, because I’m a musician, I must be living a certain kind of lifestyle, but I really have to work at what I do. I have a gift that I truly believe was given to me by God, and it has to be nurtured and cultivated. It’s just like having a garden. I don’t take any of it for granted.”

Fanucchi’s journey with the accordion began when he was just seven and a half years old. Without a hint of pride or arrogance, he maintains, “I was almost destined to do this. When I was growing up, the son of our next door neighbor played the accordion and I would listen to him practice. My parents asked if I would like to play it too, so I started learning. I stayed with it through my teen years, even while I was doing other things like sports. When I was 15, I started playing professionally in La Jolla. I just got good at it and continued to get better.” He is adamant about giving credit to his teachers and inspirations. Establishing a good foundation with the help of his first teacher, Charles Bertolino, he rapidly advanced to the point where the internationally acclaimed accordionist Anthony Galla-Rini took him in as a student. It was under Galla-Rini’s tutelage that he studied classical music and developed his technical skills with both hands. Further classical instruction came from Donald Balestrieri, the founder and director of SDSU’s classical accordion studies program, which he laments is no longer in existence. Fanucchi considers him to be a genius. “I still talk with him once in a while.” He also cites Frank Marocco as hugely influential, having studied jazz phrasing and techniques under him. Of legendary French accordionist Richard Galliano, he simply says, “he can play polka and kick butt!”

As a teacher himself, Fanucchi emphasizes complete musicality. He recounts how someone once called, wanting to learn how to play the music of Piazzolla, and hoped for results within weeks. He betrays a trace of amusement when explaining that such a thing is not possible. “I teach music theory as well as technique, and there are a lot of things to learn before you can even attempt to do that. I also push my students to develop their left hand. Many accordionists have a weak left hand, meaning that they might play simple bass notes or harmonies, but that’s it. An accordionist’s left hand can be very intricate and powerful if it’s used properly. If you play classical music, the left hand is very dominant. In Bach,

for example, everything counts. The left hand has to be as fluid as the right hand. Everything that encompasses music requires fluidity in both hands. If I’m going out there as a professional musician, my value goes up if I can play equally well with both hands.” His

[The accordion] is a very passionate instrument. I can evoke some serious passion on this thing.

—Lou Fanucchi

students will take away much more than theory and technique, however. “I also teach them how to practice. What do you do with the time you have? If you only have an hour, how do you focus on things? If a mistake keeps reoccurring, what do you do?” Fanucchi singles out one young student as a particularly strong player. “Parker Grubinsky is going on 13 years of age and he is playing very well. He can already play music by Yann Tiersen [the French composer known for his music in the film *Amelie*] and he’s making great progress in learning technique, theory, and harmony.”

To place Lou Fanucchi’s art in its proper context, one must examine his musical inspirations. While they include such notable accordion icons as Argentine tango composer and bandoneon player Astor Piazzolla, renowned musician, arranger, and composer Frank Marocco, and Tex Mex musician Flaco Jimenez, his listening choices cover a broad spectrum of styles and instruments. When asked to talk about other musicians he admires, he readily points to saxophonist and SDSU faculty member John Rekevics, French jazz guitarist Bireli Lagrene, and Michel Camilo, a pianist from the Dominican Republic as being hugely influential. He also enthusiastically reveals that he enjoys some hard rock, specifically mentioning Deep Purple and Led Zeppelin as being among his favorites. He asserts that “everything I listen to comes out here,” as he mimes the motions of playing his accordion. “If anybody were to say ‘Wow, you sound like John Rekevics,’ that would be awesome!”

One cannot understate the significance of Astor Piazzolla in Fanucchi’s career. He brightens with enthusiasm when speaking of the composer’s legacy and its imprint on tango music. Piazzolla’s fusion of tango with jazz and classical elements elevated the form to a whole new level, bringing the bandoneon (a keyboardless instrument similar to the accordion) to center stage. Fanucchi notes that “while playing with the symphony, I can usually count on one of the violinists to ask me to play ‘Libertango’ or ‘Oblivion.’” These two famous Piazzolla compositions are highlights of his most recent album *Tango Nuevo* (reviewed in the April 2011 of the *San Diego Troubadour*) that was recorded by the chamber ensemble Camarada, of which Fanucchi is a member. He is also working with a new group called Pagatango! (the exclamation point is part of their name). Comprised of accordion, bass, and percussion, they will play the music of Piazzolla as well as that of Richard Galliano in its performances. He char-

acterizes its sound as “world jazz.” Taking its influences from Argentina, France, and the United States, Fanucchi proudly states, “It says a lot about the accordion.”

Q. How do you get an accordionist to play in time?

A. Get him to play by himself.

While playing in time with other musicians is never a problem for Lou Fanucchi, there are many occasions when he does play solo, taking the full responsibility for entertaining an audience upon his own shoulders. He appears weekly at a couple of local Italian restaurants, where he can sometimes even be heard singing in Italian. His pleasure at being booked at Paesano’s in North Park and Romesco’s in Bonita is quite evident, as they not only provide him with steady employment, they also allow him to stretch out musically. As he describes it, performing as a soloist is both challenging and freeing. “If I’m with a band, it’s not about me. It’s about what I’m bringing to a group. I enjoy being with a group and adding what I do to their sound. I thrive off it. But by myself, I can zero in and let the instrument be its own spokesman.” Some of his past solo performances have been at private events, music studios, and house concerts. Watching him perform live, the first things one notices are his deep concentration and economy of motion, the fluidity of which creates an illusion of effortlessness. Although his facial expression hardly ever wavers, the music he makes reveals the intensity of the underlying emotional subtext that goes into what he does. “It’s a very passionate instrument. I can evoke some serious passion on this thing.” Yet for all of this serious intensity, he insists with a grin that “I’m really a fun guy!” proof of which can be found when he plays something completely unexpected like the surf classic “Miserlou” or Walter Murphy’s disco smash “A Fifth of Beethoven.”

As if all this weren’t enough, Fanucchi is currently recording a solo album that should be released in the summer. He gestures to his living room, saying, “I’m recording it right here. I can do it somewhat quickly because it’s just me without any overdubs.” Although there is some truth to the old adage “do what you love and you’ll never work a day in your life,” Lou Fanucchi puts a lot of heart and effort into making a living as a professional accordionist. “It would be nice to get signed on with a notable artist where I could live more comfortably, without worrying about how many gigs I’m going to play in May, in June, in July... It would be nice if I had something where I wouldn’t have to worry about my income. As a working musician, I do what I’m hired to do and for that I’m grateful. I love being versatile in many styles. I’ve been through some big ups and downs in life, and when I look back on it, I have to ask ‘how did this happen?’ It’s not that I didn’t have any other choices in life, but here I am! I’m very, very appreciative.”

So the next time you hear something like this:

Q. What is the definition of an optimist?

A. An accordion player with a pager.

You can be sure that there is such an optimist in town, and San Diego is very fortunate to have him at its very own doorstep.

For further information about Lou Fanucchi, including where he is playing next, go to www.loufanucchi.com



Fanucchi playing Gypsy jazz with Patrick Berrogain at the Prado restaurant



with Fred Benedetti and Rachel Emmons playing Piazzolla tango music at Dizzy's



Fanucchi at last year's Adams Avenue Street Fair



Fanucchi playing klezmer music with Yale Strom and Elizabeth Schwartz



With Rachel Emmons in Mas Grande





BLUEGRASS CORNER

by Dwight Worden



SAD TRANSITIONS

The bluegrass world recently lost some great ones. Harley Allen, son of the legendary Red Allen, and a bluegrass heavyweight in his own right, passed away from cancer at the age of 52. He is known for such albums as *Across the Blue Ridge Mountains* (Smithsonian Folkways/1983, reissued in 2010) and *Suzanne with Mike Lilly* (Smithsonian Folkways, 1985 and 2007).

Carlton Haney, a member of the IBMA Bluegrass Hall of Fame, passed away last month at the age of 82. He was a seminal figure in bluegrass, generally credited as the founder of the bluegrass festival movement. Haney became interested in bluegrass music in the early 1950s through dating bluegrass originator Bill Monroe's daughter, Melissa. This led to his booking shows for Monroe. From 1955 to 1964, he managed the bluegrass duo Reno & Smiley. Also during the 1960s, he began to book "package shows" that featured both bluegrass and country acts on the same stage. Haney is best known for co-creating the multiple-day bluegrass festival, an institution that would gradually develop into a principal showcase and source of income for bluegrass acts.

Rest in peace.

FRANK SOLIVAN AND DIRTY KITCHEN

The San Diego Bluegrass Society and the Del Mar Foundation presents nationally acclaimed band Frank Solivan and Dirty Kitchen in concert on Friday, May 6, 7:30pm, at the Del Mar Powerhouse on the beach in Del Mar.

Devon Leger, writing in *No Depression* had this to say: "...[Frank Solivan's] performance with Dirty Kitchen took me completely by surprise with its raw energy. He played like a man possessed, shredding his mandolin runs and blazing through red-hot fiddle solos."

Some readers may remember Frank Solivan as the red-hot mandolin player who performed for many years with the U.S. Navy Bluegrass Band Country Current. The Navy Band, and Frank Solivan, were performers at the Summergrass Festival in Vista a few years back. More recently, Frank left the U.S. Navy Band and formed his own band, Dirty Kitchen. The band has received rave reviews and great feedback from critics and audiences alike. For more information, or to purchase tickets, visit the Del Mar Foundation website at: <http://www.delmarfoundation.org/Pages/franksolivan.html>. Tickets are \$15 in advance or \$18 at the door.

BLUEGRASS DAY AT THE FAIR.

Bluegrass Day at the Fair will be held Sunday, June 12, 11am to 8pm. The event is co-sponsored by the San Diego Bluegrass Society and the North County Bluegrass and Folk Club and presented with the support of the Del Mar Fair. Bluegrass Day at the Fair takes place on the Paddock Stage (same as last year)

and will feature a variety of entertainment. The great Los Angeles/Riverside area band Silverado will perform from 7 to 8pm as the closing act. Throughout the day seven local bands will play, along with a clogging demonstration, fiddle demonstration, and possibly a youth fiddling group.

The traditional band scramble will also be held, which is open to all players from beginner to intermediate, including advanced, professional, and all ages from school kids to grandparents. Scramble entrants write their name and the instrument they play on a piece of paper, which is dropped in a hat. Names are then drawn to form bands and each band is given approximately 15 minutes to work up two or three songs to be performed on stage. Judges will evaluate the performances and select winners.

The categories in which one may enter are: guitar, mandolin, fiddle, banjo, bass, vocals (must also play an instrument), and specialty (dobro, harmonica, etc.). Those who enter by May 15th will receive free admission to the fair for themselves and one guest, along with a parking pass for the entertainer's parking lot, while supplies last. To enter, send an email to: sdbinfo@socalbluegrass.org with (1) your name (2) the instrument you play (3) your mailing address to receive your fair admission and parking pass. You may also enter after May 15th, up to and including at the event on June 12th. However, free admission passes and parking passes cannot be guaranteed to late entrants.

BLUEGRASS IN THE LIBRARIES

The San Diego Bluegrass Society and the City and County of San Diego library systems have joined together to present a "bluegrass in the libraries" series of concerts. The first concert in the series took place at the county Rancho San Diego library branch on April 5th, and featured outstanding local bluegrass band the Virtual Strangers. The feedback was that the concert was very well received with a good turnout.

The next concert takes place at the Encinitas County Library on June 8th, featuring local San Diego band Gone Tomorrow. Future county library concerts will be held in Poway and in El Cajon. Concerts in the University City and Clairemont branches of the City of San Diego library system are also planned. And, further county library concerts are under consideration for August. Look for more information on these concerts as the details become available. The concerts are free and provide a great opportunity to hear quality bluegrass up close and personal and to enjoy your local public library.



The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

FOUR STRINGS, FREE HANDS, AND THE TRUTH

My favorite artist right now is Owen Burke.

I first met Owen at one of this magazine's annual holiday parties, which are typically day-into-night shindigs that draw performers and fans from all over the region. In addition to the lively patio jamming and backyard conversations, the packed living room hosts a seemingly endless stream of performers from an equally bottomless pool of talent.

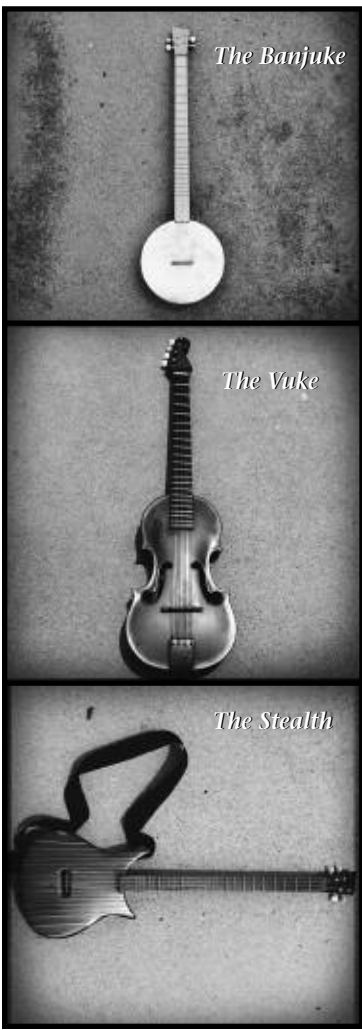
One year, as I was looking over this sea of smiling faces, I noticed a man quietly standing at one end of the room, taking it all in. With his tousled curly hair, large round horn-rimmed glasses, and corduroy jacket, he looked more like a college professor than a musician. The thing is, he was holding the most bizarre looking instrument that I had ever seen. It looked like a violin, perhaps slightly larger and instead of wood, it appeared to be cast in some ornate metal, like copper or brass. Instead of the perfect lines and edges of most commercially manufactured instruments, this had what can only be described as a unique funky-ness, like it was made with a free hand. Which it was: *his* hand. I made my way over to him (no easy task in these tight confines) and asked a few questions about it (which he cheerfully answered), but I never did get to really hear the thing. Over the next couple of years, he appeared at these occasions with other similarly exotic entries and we'd briefly chat about their features and construction.

Last December I saw him again with yet *another* instrument; one that grabbed me by the lapels and said, "Hey, look at this!" It was a four-stringed instrument like all the others I'd seen him with, but there was a simpler look and even more important, a gorgeous *sound* to it.

"This is a *banjuke*," he said. "It's essentially a baritone ukulele, so the tuning is just like the top four strings of a guitar: DGBE. Check it out!" and handed it to me. That's the last time he saw it.

At about 30 inches in length, with a round "body," eight inches in diameter and a small headstock shaped like Gumby's head, the *banjuke* immediately puts seasoned guitarists at ease with its amazing comfort and familiar tuning. There is a small "floating" bridge saddle

made from wood and centered on the body top, which is not unlike a tight drum head. The small Gibson-styled tuning pegs hold the instrument in perfect tune for extended periods, which is somewhat rare for many nylon stringed instruments. The body's sides and headstock are finished with vintage yellow tweed, giving an extra little swagger to the simple elegance of its design. The neck is narrow but rounded, which again brings forth the spirit of Gibson.



The *sound* is the real attention grabber here, though. Warm and loud, with just enough midrange bark when played aggressively, I have found the banjuke to be a revelation both live and in the studio. With its "D" string tuned an octave



Sven-Erik Seaholm

higher, the simplest of arpeggios take on the homespun quality of a banjo, but due to the absence of "snare," which lend a clattery, trebly bite to traditional banjos. I have found it equally useful as an "ethnic" sounding instrument, adding some vaguely Northern African timbres at times.

The instrument's ability to tastefully lay into the background of myriad musical settings should be of particular interest to recordists looking for an organic element to layer into their arrangements. However, I also appreciate that quality in "party jam" settings, where I am able to contribute in a more unique and subtle way.

My son Drew Andrews (Album Leaf, Via Satellite) loved its sound so much that he bought a custom-made one for an upcoming tour. He uses a capo on the fifth fret when he plays standard ukulele voicings. Singer/songwriter Brooke Mackintosh played a violin-bodied ukulele called the *vuke* during her appearance at the Sundance Film Festival and was overwhelmed with requests for a closer look. Bushwalla and the Smart Bros. regularly perform with a Burke uke, as has Gregory Page.

Come to think of it, so have I, when I got the chance to perform with an electric model called *The Stealth* at a recent Christopher Dale show. I had to roll off all the highs and mids of the Fender amp I plugged into, but once I did...that thing sounded pretty damn good! In Owen Burke's workshop, there are dozens of one-offs, prototypes, and failed inspirations hanging like so many dusty, discarded artist's daydreams...little forgotten reveries, frozen in time. In among them, there are shining jewels of beauty and intrigue like the *vuke*, the *Stealth*, and, most especially, the *banjuke*.

As I left his home, which is seemingly filled with his paintings and cool projects like chairs that look like seated Beatles ("Care to sit in Mr. Lennon's lap?"), I realized that I've had so much fun walking through life with a new little musical friend in the crook of my arm.

Maybe that's the best feature of all, really. Owen Burke made me love music in a whole new way.

That's why he's my favorite artist (www.myspace.com/owen.burke).

Sven-Erik Seaholm is an award-winning independent record producer, singer, and songwriter (kaspro.com). He performs May 1 at the La Jolla Open Air Market.



Dusty & the Love Notes New CD WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?



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May 25, The Stage, 762 9th Ave., 7pm. CDs available at dustyandthelovenotes.com
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Sun, May 1, Adams Roots Fest, 4:15 DeMille's Stage
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Tues, May 3, Wine Steals Cardiff, 7-9pm
1953 San Elijo, Cardiff by the Sea (760) 230-2657

Thurs, May 5, Downtown Cafe (El Cajon), 6-8pm
182 East Main St, El Cajon (619) 440-5687

Sat, May 7, Gator by the Bay, 12:40pm
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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

DEVIOUS OBFUSCATION

Donald Trump's unprecedented demand that the President produce his elusive, dried umbilical cord for genetic testing may seem, to some, to be carrying this "birthing" debate a bit too far. There is historically no lower political blow than to challenge the very *humanity* of one's opponent. Even I am guilty of having referred to George W. Bush as something less than human ("... a power-mad, infantile, breathing stool sample molded in the shape of man." — Jose Sinatra; "Transfiguration and Insouciance: Birthright or Neo Con?" *Esquire*, August 2003) and I took quite a bit of flack about it; I've never been one to make unsubstantiated statements while lucid. So I stuck to my (registered) guns and history has vindicated me.

I doubt that Trump will end up as fortunate while most sane people recognize him as defining at least two of the word "blowhard"'s many definitions; his most recent hard blow reaches literally to the gut and figuratively into the Twilight Zone. The only conclusion that can possibly be born and nurtured from this is that Donald Trump is most likely a visiting alien from another galaxy with devious designs to enslave the world.

Just how devious? Well, at press time, the mesmeric majesty of his wheatlike helmet, permed eyebrows, the studied *moue* of his mouth, was diverted the public's attention from his most dangerous competition, the mini-minded temptress Sarah of Palin. And I'll bet *that* bimbo's gettin' mighty uncomfortable down there, where it matters. Things are bound to get really ugly pretty soon, unless America wakes up and repatriates both of them to the planet or trough whence they spawned.

What's any of this got to do with music? A lot more than *rap*, I can tell you. There's the melody of a dirge playing through it, the tempo continually varies, and it sews remarkable discord in our amber waves of grain.

It becomes a burden, an annoyance, to constantly busy ourselves in identifying that which is real and that which only pretends to be.

I felt sorry for Channel 51's weatherman Dave Scott (also a fine musician, I'm told) for the longest time. Unlike any other TV "meteorologist" I've yet seen, Scott faces the camera and simply cannot stop continuously walking forward and backward, toward then away from it, and I was convinced that he was the unfortunate victim of a severe "nervous bladder" problem. My prayers on his behalf were probably useless, though, since a trusted colleague pretty much convinced me that Scott only does all that back-and-forth to appear to be dynamic and (o' God, here it is again!) cool. Kudos to him, then, for a darned unique little trick designed to alter our reality. The gimmick might have been a brainstorm, truly, but it's become so damned annoying it leaves me dizzy. Please check it out yourselves and tell me: what is he trying to say? Could it be that he's merely poking fun at the incontinent? If so, shame on him; he might have picked the wrong group to piss off.

I was sorely amazed at the slogans that Carl's Jr. tried for the introduction of their new charbroiled turkey burgers. There seemed to be two or three new ones a week; I was fortunate to catch (and hastily transcribe) what I believe to have been their first slogan. This is no lie. And I must keep reminding myself that these corporations pay millions of dollars to the idiots who come up with clunkers like this one.

"They don't *taste* healthy — That's just the way it is!"

Actually, that one aired on March 31. The mind flips at battles between intent and execution. What it says to me is "we got rich being stupid" and I must avoid their established bistros for fear of contamination from the least of those two adjectives.



The Hose himself: like Pinocchio, a nose for the truth

In the classic 1932 *Tarzan the Ape Man*, Jane first introduces herself as Jane Porter, though her lips clearly pronounce "Parker." Other occasions are similarly altered. This is the earliest example of obvious clever "looping" I've noticed in a motion picture. I'm unaware of any instances in the teens and twenties. Regardless, the original intent is changed, dropping a pesky fly into the creators' soup. A "parker" takes your keys and parks your car, a "porter" is a more dignified service executive, an all-around classier occupation. So, I suppose the name change was meant to give Jane a bit more class. Even so, she'll always inspire my boy-lust to boil while driving me to distraction. I'm left to wonder about the sweet secrets she's jealously keeping from me while I dream of turning my keys in her lock. In the greatest of all Bond films, our hero mentions possessing four golden balls, while his lips clearly say three. An exaggeration turns into insanity, and we all know Bond needs his wits about him at all times. This post-production snafu mars a masterpiece, but the public generally didn't notice it. I imagine numerous takes of the scene on the soundstage, and months later some executive decides that some elusive truth demands the dubbing in of a larger number.

The two examples of cinematic revisionism I've just cited are not some looped-for-broadcast TV edition of the films, but their theatrical, original release versions.

In *To Sir With Love* (truly one of the finest movies ever), about 30 minutes in, Sidney Poitier mouths the word "crap" while his voice sounds "bull." Think of the expense, not to mention the discomfort of the attentive viewer, when he privately debates if "bull" is supposed to sound more dignified than "crap." The filmmakers obviously thought so, and at great expense had Poitier redub the word. I find the alteration ill-advised; the truth is that "crap" itself can be imbued with a suprising amount of dignity — witness the careers of Sade and Sting, for example.

The absolute darndest example I think I've ever encountered occurs in one of my my all-time faves, 1961's *King of Kings*, and it takes place in an incredibly apt place. Jeffrey Hunter (playing Jesus beautifully) looped an entire sentence in a medium close-up, facing the camera. I've regretted not having asked Phillip Yordan, the screenplay writer, about this when I briefly worked for him in 1977. It's tormented me for decades that I'm unable to lip-read well enough to figure out what Hunter had originally emoted, two hours and 21 minutes into the film, in response to a salient question asked of Jesus by Hurd Hatfield's Pontius Pilate:

"What is truth?"

Phillip Yordan is sadly no longer with us and anyway, I've lost his number. But I think he'd agree with my own answer to that timeless question: it's something that becomes increasingly difficult to recognize as the years accrue, and never so difficult as at this precise moment in time.

And that's no lie.

RADIO DAZE



by Jim McInnes

A FRIGGIN' ZOO

Blame Buddy Holly and the Crickets. Their band name inspired the Beatles' name. As the Fab Four conquered the world in the 1960s, several other pop and rock bands referenced animals in their names, including the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, the Monkees, the Critters, the Turtles, Crow, Rhinoceros, Insect Trust, Country Joe and the Fish and, of course, the Animals!

In the '70s and '80s came the Scorpions, the Eagles, Crazy Horse, Ratdog, the Sharks, Whitesnake, Three Dog Night, Hot Tuna, Dinosaur Jr., the Puppies, Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars, Adam and the Ants, and the Boomtown Rats.

The Black Crowes were one of the best bands to emerge in the 1990s, a decade that also gave us Counting Crows, Tortoise, Snoop Dogg, Cat Power, and a few others whose names escape me.

It's here in the 21st century, though, that animal-named acts are again proliferating... and some of their monikers are really clever/cute.

Would you believe, I Wrestled a Bear Once? How about Cage the Elephant? There's another new group who call themselves An Horse. (That's right, it's not a horse, it's *an* horse.) There's also Band of Horses, Mountain Goats, Fleet Foxes, Panda Bear, the Sheepdogs, Dodos, Danger Mouse, Deadmau5 and, of course, Animal Collective!

BEARDS AND BANJOS

Another trend I've noticed among modern folk/pop/rock artists is the proliferation of young men in their late teens and early 20s sporting full beards. Some of them look like 13-year-old boys wearing fake beards... like this year's American Idol sensation Casey Abrams.

And so many of these bearded wunderkinder play in folk-rock bands that apparently use The Band, circa 1968, as their template for both their looks and their music. It's a style that my friends in radio call "Beards and Banjos."

(I just looked through an old photo album and noticed that I've had a full beard twice, once in 1979 and again in 1984. At one point in between, I played bass for the animal-named band, Land Piranha. Isn't that amazing? Unfortunately, I can't play the banjo... although I'd love to learn. Anyone willing to lend me one?)

BUY THIS CD

I have listened to *Live at Voce* by Steve Gadd and Friends every day since I bought it from iTunes. I first heard this remarkable jazz/funk/rock/soul session during one of my recent Saturday morning radio shows on KSDS, Jazz 88.3.

66-year-old Steve Gadd is a drummer's drummer. A pianist once commented, "Every drummer wants to play like Gadd because he plays perfect ..." *Live at Voce* proves Corea right.

Accompanied by legendary Hammond B3 organist Joey DeFrancesco, guitarist Paul Bollenbeck, and grizzled veteran saxophonist Ronnie Cuber, Gadd (and friends) kicks instrumental ass throughout a set of mostly covers, ranging from the 1926 jazz standard "Bye Bye Blackbird" to the Hendrix version of Buddy Miles' "Them Changes" to Jimmy Smith's "Back at the Chicken Shack."

The band is on fire. Each of the four players is at the top of his game. Solos by Cuber, Bollenback, and DeFrancesco bring each piece to life. Steve Gadd's numerous drum solos are little masterpieces, showing off his formidable chops while never losing

continued on page 13.



by Peter Bolland

MEANINGFUL WORK

In my role as a professor I have the opportunity to counsel many young people as they face the endless options before them. *What should I major in? What kind of career should I work toward? Should I do what I love or make a living?* I'm not there to tell them what to do or who to be. In my counseling work I don't try to change people. I help them tell the truth to themselves about themselves. The healing comes from that.

When students agonize about their majors, their college choices, their careers — in other words, their futures — what they are really agonizing about is a far more fundamental question, the most important question of all: *who am I* or, even more to the point, *what am I*? No other question so effectively clears out the accumulated debris of years of fear and misunderstanding, leaving us clarified and ready to act in accord with our essential nature.

Although he is terribly out of fashion and much maligned, the philosopher Karl Marx made a powerful point when he suggested that instead of *homo sapien*, our species would be more aptly named *homo faber*. *Homo sapien* means "man the thinker." *Homo faber* means "man the maker." For Marx, the single most defining characteristic of our species is not our ability to think but our ability to shape the world around us. Yes, birds make nests and bees make hives, but human beings reach into the ground extracting iron, oil and other elemental substances and then, with our opposable thumbs and creative visions we turn the earth's elements into space shuttles, heart valves, and iPads. Like gods we pick up clay and breathe our essence into it. In the alchemy of transformation, work is our talisman.

It is in our nature to work, to create, to combine, to innovate, to synthesize, and to build. The things we make, whether they are songs or skyscrapers, are externalizations of our essence. And as we shape the world after our own visions, the world in turn shapes us. It is hard to know where our consciousness ends and the world begins. When we invent the world we are inventing ourselves. And work is the sacramental act that binds it all together.

A former student recently wrote to me through Facebook and relayed a struggle he was having. His heart and his gut were telling him to major in religious studies but he knew that with only a B.A. he wouldn't be able to teach or in any other way earn a living with that degree. Grad school in the foreseeable future was out of the question and without a master's degree his fear was that he would have to settle for some menial job outside his genuine interests — something just to pay the bills. As he framed it, the dilemma was between making money and meaningful work. He asked me what to do.

When a philosophical dilemma arises the problem is often rooted in the way we frame the issue. In other words, to make any headway on this dilemma we must first step back and examine the words we are using. What are our underlying, unexamined assumptions? What does "meaningful work" really mean?

What we have are two conflicting truths. On one hand is the notion that each of us must realize our passion by finding work that is deeply and personally meaningful for us. By finding a career that aligns with our deepest purpose we realize joy. From this perspective, the greatest blunder is selling-out for the almighty dollar and letting our sacred purpose wither.

On the other hand is the equally compelling notion that any work, so long as it does not profit from the suffering of others, can be profoundly fulfilling if the attitude of

PHILOSOPHY, ART, CULTURE, & MUSIC

STAGES

the worker is deeply committed to the consciousness of service. In this truth the so-called dilemma between making money and meaningful work dissolves. Any work can be meaningful work because meaning is found in the consciousness of the worker, not in external conditions or circumstances. It is this second possibility that often gets short shrift from both career counselors and spiritual advisors. The idea that any work can be meaningful is just not as sexy as following your bliss.

But not everyone gets to be an astronaut or a rock star. Very few earn a living at poetry or painting. Mystics and monks may get manna from heaven, but money? Not so much. And last time I checked mothers don't earn a dime. Clearly there must be a way to shift our consciousness into realizing that the sacred nature of work is only incidentally related to income stream. If your dream job has not yet materialized and you find yourself having to take whatever kind of employment comes your way to put food on the table and a roof over your head, consider this. There is great honor and dignity in being a part of something bigger than yourself, even if that something is an assembly line, a muffler shop, an office suite, or a corner café. Some of the most deeply fulfilled people I've ever met are humble people with simple jobs — taxi drivers, janitors, warehouse workers, shipping clerks, gardeners.

When you surrender yourself to the choreography of your work, you slip into the now moment where you encounter other human beings, beings of infinite value, and you have the momentous opportunity to bring your training, skill, and compassion to bear on their suffering and unmet needs. Making sandwiches, filing paperwork, and cleaning rooms may seem like humble work, but it is no less essential than rocket science — without either one the world would be immeasurably poorer. No matter the nature of your work, realize that you are playing an essential role in bringing order out of chaos. As you trim hedges and stock groceries and wipe tables and deliver packages you are participating in the healing of the world. You are mending hearts. You are creating beauty. You are bringing people out of darkness. You are feeding them body, mind, and soul. With every kindness you are restoring the faith of the people you serve. Your work is the connective tissue of the body of humanity. To recast an old theater adage, there are no small jobs, only small workers.

Whether we are called teachers or not, all of us teach. The way we treat other people teaches them who they are and who we are. Every encounter, no matter how mundane, is a holy meeting.

So while it is true that we must follow our bliss it is also true that we must guard against the tendency of the ego to hijack our hearts and twist our minds into thinking that we are too good for menial labor. When the Zen student complained to the master that after three weeks at the monastery he had still not learned a single thing about Zen the master asked, "Have you eaten?"

"Yes," said the student.

"Then wash your bowl."

All work is service. And service is the work of heaven. Who would think themselves too good to perform the work of heaven?

It is right in the midst of these everyday chores that we realize wisdom. Sweep the path. Wash the sheets. Lift up those around you who have fallen. Let go your empty dreams of fame and glory. They were only the projections of your fears and self-aggrandizement. Instead, embrace your role as a part of the whole, not beneath anyone else or better than anyone else. This is our meaningful work.



ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM: THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC

by Terry Roland

In Portuguese, a bossa means a “boss,” a pro-
tuberance, a hump, a bump. Like you have the
bossa of Notre Dame.

— Antonio Carlos Jobim

On May 27th, Dizzy’s will host an international celebration of the Brazilian music of Antonio Carlos Jobim, one of the creators of the Latin-jazz form popularly known as bossa nova. Musicians will be coming from New York City and Eastern Europe to pay tribute to Jobim’s genius and originality as an instrumentalist, stylist, and composer.

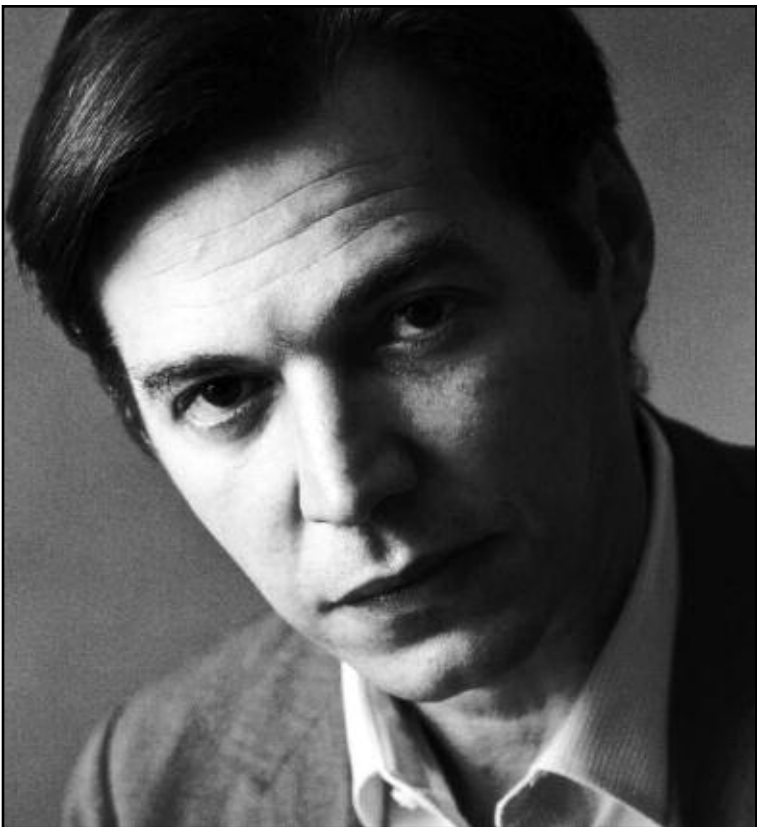
In the popular music of the last century there are only a handful of individual artists who can rightly lay claim to being inventors of a single genre of music. Bill Monroe and bluegrass come to mind; Bob Marley and reggae also come up. While Miles Davis and John Coltrane were mixing it up in the summit meetings of the ’50s, giving birth to cool, and Elvis and Sam Phillips were busy in Sun Studios laying down a unique brand of country music and R&B, soon to be known as rock ‘n’ roll, two young Brazilian musicians, Antonio Carlo Jobim and João Gilberto, were discovering their own blend of jazz, French impressionism, and samba, a fusion of the music of their own lives and times.

Once a musical form has been introduced into a culture, it’s easy to take it for granted. Over the last 50 years, whenever a jazz guitarist picks up his instrument, we hear strains of the bossa strum. Where ever you may have traveled around the world from Europe to America, Asia to the Middle East, it’s likely, at various hotel lounges, clubs, and cabarets, you’ve heard the gentle beat and melody of the bossa nova, created by Jobim and his peer Gilberto. On close listen, if you close your eyes, you’ll see the white sand beaches of Brazil and feel those romantic full moon nights and the cool ocean breeze, which must have given inspiration to the music created literally along the sidewalks of Rio de Janeiro. Today whether you are in San Diego or Copabana, the music still feels like these images that were musically conjured up by Jobim.

In 1932 Brazilian singer-songwriter Neil Rosa referred to the national music of his country, Samba, as bossa. The music of his native land was rooted in both Rio de Janeiro dance, which was developed by for-

mer West African slaves from religious traditions combined with natural rhythms of Brazil and the celebrative movement of the life and culture there. It was during this time that young Antonio Carlos Jobim was absorbing the rhythm and melodies around him. The style he came to embody would slowly emerge from the rich, plush, upscale beach community of Rio de Janeiro, and become a more idiosyncratic and melodic, less percussive form than its ancestral Samba, which by stark contrast was developed in the poverty stricken favelas (ghettos) of Brazil. The term bossa referred to the trends and waves of fashion within the bohemian beach culture in Rio de Janeiro in the ’50s. Jobim, while an extraordinarily gifted musical stylist, guitar, and pianist, was not very ambitious during the late ’40s and early ’50s; he was an architecture student who preferred drinking whiskey, girl watching, playing piano, and singing original songs in the lounges along the white beaches of his hometown in Ipanema to advancing his studies and career. One day that would change when a rose peddler was walking by and heard Jobim playing his music on a guitar on the sidewalk bordering the beach. His sound was uniquely influenced by his love for jazz, French impressionist music of Debussy and Ravel, which he joined with the native sambas, Portuguese ballads brought to Brazil by settlers learned from the Moors, and the African batucada rhythms, which he set to an elegant and harmonic flow. The music the rose peddler heard was magical and nakedly original. The peddler told Jobim to get off the beach and into the studio so more people could hear this new style. It was an admonition that Jobim took seriously, propelling him into the studio with guitarist-composer Luiz Bonfá. Together they composed the bossa nova driven songs for the now classic 1958 Brazilian film *Black Orpheus*, which went on to win the 1959 Cannes Film Festival award for best film. However, even with the film’s international success, Jobim and Bonfá were paid minimally for their contributions to the work.

At the same time, young guitarist/singer João Gilberto was discovering the wonders of cannabis, which he felt gave him a deeper mystical outlook in his music, which he was somehow missing before. He became so enamored with the plant that members of the ensemble he sang with, Children of the Moon, began to refer to him as “Joe Reefer.” Gilberto actually smoked pot as an alterna-



Antonio Carlos Jobim

tive to tobacco, which he didn’t like, and while all Brazilian musicians smoked cigarettes, he didn’t want to feel left out. As in America at the time, marijuana was a constant presence around the jazz scene of the day in Rio. By the time he met Jobim, Gilberto was essentially a musical vagabond who never rented his own apartment but preferred to live off of the goodwill of friends to whom he rarely contributed either monetarily or in domestic duties preferring but rather to lounge around bars, playing guitar and romancing women while his benefactors worked to keep a roof over his head and theirs. According to Gilberto, while gazing at young maids hanging laundry outdoors and seeing the rhythm of their hips move, he developed the bossa nova rhythm for two key songs he recorded in 1958, “Bim-Bom” and “Oba-la-la.” Today there is some argument as to the genesis of the bossa beat between these recordings and the soundtrack created by Jobim for *Black Orpheus*. But, the year 1958 is generally agreed upon and the two major figures who emerge are Tom Jobim and João Gilberto as the creators of an entirely new form of music that would take the world by storm in the ’60s in a quieter but no less influential way as Beatlemania. The same year Jobim and lyricist Vinícius De Moraes recorded the landmark bossa nova album, *Canção do Amor Demais*, officially launching a new genre of music into the considerably diverse Brazilian music scene. The distinctive and talented guitarist on these sessions was one João Gilberto, who caught the attention of Tom Jobim.

By 1962, bossa nova and Jobim and Gilberto’s music had it made to American



João Gilberto

shores, influencing the music such jazz players as Herbie Mann, Charlie Byrd, and, especially and most famously, Stan Getz. In fact it was Getz and Byrd’s 1962 recording of Jobim’s “Desafinado,” which catapulted Jobim and bossa nova to international fame and created the opportunity for the 1964 Getz/Gilberto sessions. With Gilberto’s wife Astrud singing, the record, which was largely written and arranged by Jobim, became a phenomenal international success. It sold over two million copies and won the 1965 Grammy Award for Best Album of the Year, Best Jazz Instrumental Album, and Best Engineered Album, Non-Classical. It also yielded the enormously popular “Girl from Ipanema,” which has since become the second most-recorded song in music history just behind the Beatles’ “Yesterday.”

While the finished product is smooth and flowing with the kind of melodies, rhythms, and harmonies hardly heard in

America at the time, the sessions were anything but harmonious. Recorded in two days, Gilberto, who to this day is known to have an eccentric and difficult temperament, clashed with nearly everyone involved in the sessions. That included fellow musicians, producers, and arrangers to the assistant who broke down the equipment for the sessions. For example, on first meeting Stan Getz, Gilberto told Jobim in Portuguese, “Tell this gringo he’s a moron!” Jobim, instead, re-interpreted Gilberto’s words into something more polite, but his tone of voice was not lost on Getz. Even Jobim himself was not insulated from João’s attacks. At one point, he was heard yelling at Jobim, “My god, Tom, you are really stupid, aren’t you?” An astonishing declaration, considering later he would ask Jobim to allow him to move in with him rent free – a request Jobim justifiably denied. Probably deserving of producer of the year, as well as a Nobel Peace Prize, was Creed Taylor, who managed to keep the sessions going in spite of the considerable egos involved.

After the Getz/Gilberto sessions, there was a similar release the following year, this time with Herbie Mann instead of Stan Getz. Also released in 1964 was Getz/Gilberto Volume 2, which was recorded live at Carnegie Hall following the success of the album and the song “The Girl From Ipanema.” Appearing at this concert was a very young vibraphone player named, Gary Burton. In 1976 Getz released *The Best of Both Worlds*, another collaboration with Gilberto, which included songs by Jobim. There was next to no fanfare for this album, even though it is touted today as equal to their earlier sessions. The two artists reunited on Brazilian TV in concert in 1992 just two years prior to Jobim’s death in 1994. Clips of this reunion can be found on YouTube.

While this period of music from the late ’50s until the mid ’60s is the most celebrated period of Jobim’s legacy, he would continue to create great music, most notably the 1967 classic, *Wave*, and his legendary sessions with Sinatra the same year that resulted in the album, *Francis Albert Sinatra & Antonio Carlos Jobim* and 1979’s *Sinatra-Jobim Sessions* as well as an appearance on *Sinatra’s Duets 11* album in 1994. It is interesting to note Jobim’s vocal influence on Sinatra following his initiation into the United States pop music scene in the 1960s.

With his legacy secure Jobim continues to show his considerable influence in today’s pop culture. Many of his songs are jazz standards and along with Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald also recorded an album an album of his songs, *Ella Abraca Jobim*, in 1981. Other artists who have performed his songs and drawn from this style include Michael Franks, Shirley Horn, Tony Bennett, Rosemary Clooney, Diana Krall, Sting, Art Garfunkel, Barbara Streisand, Judy Garland, Natalie Cole, Carlos Santana, and Lee Ritenour. As a tribute to his perhaps most well-loved album, *Wave*, the 1996 release *Wave: The Antonio Carlos Jobim Songbook* included performances by jazz greats Oscar Peterson, Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, and Toots Thielemans. In 1994, the year of his death, Elliot Smith’s band, Heatmeiser, recorded a song simply titled “Antonio Carlos Jobim.”

As a final honor from his native Brazil, the Rio de Janeiro International Airport was re-named Galeão-Antonio Carlos Jobim.

Jobim’s influence will be felt and celebrated in San Diego for the May tribute at San Deigo’s premiere jazz venue, Dizzy’s, which will include New York City’s own Roni Ben-Hur on guitar and Nilsson Matta on bass. Also coming in from Hungary will be jazz pianist Peter Sarik, Juli Fabian on vocals, and 14-year-old drum-percussion sensation David Hodek. A very special guest, Japanese trumpeter Shunzo Ohno, will also be appearing.


Friday, May 27, 8pm Musicians from three continents focus on the music of Antonio Carlos Jobim and Brazil featuring NYC’s Roni Ben-hur, guitar; Nilsson Matta, bass; Eastern European musicians Peter Sarik, piano; Juli Fabian, vocals; and 14-year-old percussion genius David Hodek, with special guest, legendary Japanese trumpeter Shunzo Ohno

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Coco & Lafe Big Bang

by Frank Kocher

Folk performers Coco and Lafe have found a niche playing farmers markets; originally in San Diego and their native New England, they now tour over 100 markets nationwide. Their music is a mix of folk standards and ear-catching originals, written individually or in tandem by Coco Kallis and Lafe Dutton. Their last full disc of originals was 2008's *Cafe Loco*, and now they are back with *Big Bang*.

Once again the pair team up with Chuck Schiele (the Grams) to produce at his OB studio, and this time the sound is stripped down to a clean, acoustic-driven sound with no percussion beyond a djembe hand drum. The rest of the tasty background is provided by local studio luminaries, including Dennis Caplinger, Jeff Berkley, and Jodie Hill, and special touches by LA studio guitar slinger Doug Pettibone shine throughout.

The title tune has the trademark sound of the duo, quirky song material delivered with call and response and easy harmonies; the lyrics are included, and they are a hoot, especially the one about Adam, Eve, and their confusing impulses. Dutton takes the lead on "The Dreaming Bean," which is a burnt-out traveler's melodic narrative in a coffee bistro that morphs into a bit of protest, before returning to his endless road. A perfect backdrop of haunting pedal steel helps Kallis tell the tale of "Someone to Ride the River With." This ballad highlight with great lyrics captures a time snapshot: a female cowpoke in the wild west, her hard, leathered life, and up and down pursuit of a banker's son, "the one and only stallion that had ever thrown her."

Dutton has a comfortable tenor that sounds just right for finger-picked, story-spinning tunes, while Kallis has a touch of Joan Baez in her range. While the two both sound good singing alone, together it's even better – a good blend.

Kallis sings "MacDugall's Men," a traditional-style Celtish folk song. To a melody distilled from a hundred old Scottish and Irish tavern anthems, anchored by Caplinger's fiddle, she weaves a tale of men of arms ready to fight, because of a lass who defected to an enemy clan for love. The road song "Monterey" is catchy with good vocal exchanges, and nice touches on guitar and fiddle that lift the arrangement. "Better Wait a Minute" is a jazzy, wacky tune that recalls old Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks material, with Dutton singing "I was raising up the bread when she stepped inside my head/ And said, 'Dough you want to knead me, Mr Man?'"

Another standout track is "Forget the Alamo," with Dutton taking a journey of heartbreak through Mexico and Central America, to a melody and chorus that stay around long after the song is over. The only tune on the disc that doesn't take off is the somber "Words," which seems to plod, though its lyrical message is on the mark.

On *Big Bang*, Coco and Lafe bring a variety of folk flavors to the menu. Their mixture of the familiar and the quaint is sure to be a hit with folk music lovers.

For more info, go to www.cocolafe.com



Ron Bell Facebook Pirate

by Frank Kocher

Ron Bell is a musical journeyman who has been playing locally for decades. As a guitarist, keyboardist, and singer, he's played rock covers, spiritual rap, and country. His most recent success has been in trop rock, performing with his own Ron and the Rockers, covering classic rock and specializing in trop music in the Jimmy Buffett style. He has released CDs, including *Ron Bell's Trop Rock Party*, which blends variations on Buffett's Parrot Head beach music with pop and country touches.

Bell is back with *Facebook Pirate*, and this time the dozen originals (by Bell, his wife, and background singer Dawn) are trop rock songs about, well, trop rock. Scott Exum's recording at his Escondido studio clearly captures the tight band, a mix of studio pros like guitar ace Jim "Cactus" Soldi, pianist Sharon Whyte, and others.

"2 Little Birds," which starts the disc off, are of course parrots, and the party is on. Bell is enjoying himself here and elsewhere, and the feeling is infectious. For "Tiki Bar," a Caribbean beat builds as Bell testifies to the trop rocker's life mission: he has decided to leave the world's problems, to hang out in beach town, and drink umbrella drinks. Nice pedal steel by Soldi and sax by Don Bowman push this song forward. The title says it all in "Party Like a Pirate," a song with chorus lyrics "Rum, rum, rum/We're going to get us some" and celebrating the days when buccaneers ransacked the coasts and did legendary amounts of hell raising. "Trop Rocking" is a rocker with good horns and Bell, having a little bit of vocal fun with the F-bomb, as in "People like to rock/people like to phock," sort of. Hey, most rap songs drop one every verse. For "Living in Paradise" Bell nails a catchy hook but the song and lyrics become repetitive.

A clear highlight, "Bikini Beach," has an uncanny, familiar riff melody, and an airy jazz arrangement; after a nice sax solo Bell's lyrics lose steam, but the song has resonance. Bell seems to be writing with radio in mind on "Facebook Friends." It is full of buzzwords, "One day their status changed/ For all the world to see/ From single to relationship/ That's how it's meant to be," but the melody on this tune doesn't really grab the listener. Bell is clearly a Parrot Head who doesn't mind borrowing from the Big Kahuna himself, and "Meet Me in Margaritaville" starts off with the opening lick from the Buffett standard and is about drinking up and going to one of Jimmy's shows. A country touch gives "Trop, Rock Bottom" a bit of a different musical spin, but the words are still about playing Buffett on the stereo, lost shakers of salt, and a tiki bar.

Facebook Pirate really hasn't much of a message – the songs all say the same thing in different ways. But trop rock is about a certain way of life and sound vibe, and Ron Bell has it figured out. Fans of the genre will eat this up.



Wayne Riker Quintet Penumbral Sky

by Paul Hormick

Remember the seventies? Not the glam rock seventies of David Bowie and Gary Glitter standing on nine-inch platform shoes. No, not the bucolic "You've Got a Friend" singer-songwriter seventies. Not disco seventies or punk rock seventies. And not the overindulgent "Return to the Mahavishnu" fusion seventies. I'm talking about the seventies when all the rock and rollers from the sixties sat down and finally learned to play those electric guitars and Hammond organs and started to jam like there was no tomorrow. Jan Hammer seventies. Jeff Beck seventies. That's what I'm talking about. With his latest recording, *Penumbral Sky*, Wayne Riker gives us nine new compositions that draw on the those times and the heady days of inspired jamming and driving grooves.

Riker's compositions are right on the money. They hold together well, with inventive twists and turns that never get too complicated or too cute. The disk opens with two up-tempo numbers, "Preachin' to the Choir" and "Ebullience." Thereafter the tunes range from bluesy to funky. Riker made a smart move recording this disk at Studio West. The Rancho Bernardo studio has produced some great CDs for top stars like Melissa Etheridge and Joan Osborne. Their high production values are evident on this CD as well.

It would seem a good guess that this quintet of veteran players have performed with each other a great deal. The rhythm section is tight, and the group has a strong cohesion that no amount of studio wizardry can fake. Tyler Buckley's drums are lively and in the pocket, and the bass playing of Steve Araujo is solid. Also, it's a real treat to hear a Hammond organ, or at least the well-reproduced sound of a Hammond organ, particularly when it's in the hands of someone like Fred Lanuza, who plays with verve and soul.

Riker is known the world over for his instructional books and videos on playing the blues. So it should be no surprise that the tune on which he shines the brightest is "Elegy for Mr. Bloomfield," a slow variation on the 12-bar blues form. His licks and lines are based on Chicago style, but bend and slide in a few Jeff Beckisms here and there.

The title track, "Penumbral Sky," reminds me of some of the dreamier excursions of the krautrock band Kraan (albeit sans Moog synthesizer) from 35 years ago. It's more of a tone sketch than a jam. Of particular note on this number is Chris Klich's work on the soprano sax, a difficult beast to tame even in the hands of the masters. The intonation is great, and his robust sound contrasts with the subdued feeling of the tune. Besides the soprano, Klich solos on flute, alto, tenor, and even plays some baritone sax as part of the rhythm section. His playing is gutsy and damn good.

The acoustic guitar comes out, as well as an accordion, to end the disk with the quiet and contemplative "Horizon Road," a sweet contrast and satisfying close to this recording.



Christina Ashley Let It All Go

by Frank Kocher

"Glee" is a monster TV hit, and high school students nationwide are flocking to music stores to get sheet music for classic rock tunes that played twice an hour on FM radio when their parents were teens – and that's a good thing. San Diegan Christina Ashley is a good example of this; she's a teen from a performance arts high school with a singing background. *Let It All Go*, is her debut CD, with four originals and 13 familiar covers.

The problem here is, at over 73 minutes, this disc is way too long, and Ashley's voice is not versatile enough to cover the breadth and range of the songs. These range from Jackson Browne's "Running on Empty" to Paul Simon's "Diamonds on the Soles of Her Shoes" (two versions). Some work, others don't; there are some good choices (Dan Fogelberg's "Longer") and bad ones (Toto's "Africa"). Ashley does well on a game disco version of Gamble and Huff's "When Will I See You Again," while the Beatles' "Two of Us" just does not work.

Ashley co-wrote four of the songs with producers Rob and Amber Whitlock, who deserve kudos for the pristine recording and arrangements. Of these, "Away" has a nice percussion-driven vibe, but a clumsy chorus takes some of the air out of it. "I Still Remember the Time," much better, snaps like many of Billy Joel's keyboard rockers and may be the best track on the disc. The title tune is a slow piano ballad, well sung by Ashley.

Christina Ashley has a pleasant pop vocal presence that makes up in clarity what it lacks in oomph. *Let It All Go* does just that, but maybe a smaller sample would have had more impact.

Radio Daze, continued from page 11.

track of the tune's rhythmic pulse.

Two vocals are included on *Live at Voce*, which are performed by another of Gadd's side projects, the Gaddabouts, featuring journeyman Brit guitarist Andy Fairweather-Low, Who bassist Pino Palladino, and singer Edie Brickell of "What I Am" fame.

Both bear Brickell's unmistakable pop-jazz touch (and neither sounds like the rest of the recording.)

Go ahead, download it or buy it wherever recordings are sold. I guarantee you, *Live at Voce* will be one of your most-played summertime party discs! Trust me, if your toes ain't tapping when you play it, you're probably dead.

Pearls & Roses, continued from page 3.

ern swing, and rockabilly with a voice comparable to that of June Carter. She has recorded a dozen albums or CDs, and the *LA Weekly* once honored her with the Best Rockabilly Swing Artist Award. She has toured Europe more than two dozen times and recently completed her first tour of Japan.

Though she was born in San Antonio, Flores grew up in San Diego and started performing in bands when she was still in high school here. In the early eighties she was a punk rock girl, fronting Rosie and the Screamers, often performing at the long gone Bacchanal. She moved to Los Angeles to take part in that city's dynamic punk scene. By the mid to late eighties, she had transitioned into rockabilly and country. She now lives in the music city of Austin.

Pearl Aday and Rosie Flores, live at Queen Bee's Art & Cultural Center, Saturday, May 14, 7pm. 3925 Ohio Street in North Park.



PHIL HARMONIC SEIZ

“Don’t complain
and tell people
your problems,
,’cause half the
people don’t
want to hear
them and the
other half are
glad you got
them.”

—Wade Mainer

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MAY CALENDAR

sunday • 1

Marie Haddad, Fallbrook Library, 124 S Mission Rd., 2pm.
Billy Watson, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 5pm.
Cowboy Jack, Robbie's Roadhouse, 530 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 6:30pm.
Sharon Hazel Township/Nick Z/Kika Kane/Ira Gonaziez, The Wine Lover, 3968 5th Ave., 7pm.
Cowboy & Indian/Rusty Maples, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9m.

monday • 2

Sharon Hazel Township, Eleven, 3519 El Cajon Blvd., 8pm.

tuesday • 3

Peter Sprague & Fred Benedetti, Julian Library, 1850 Hwy. 78, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Wine Steals, 1953 San Elijo, Cardiff by the Sea, 7pm.
James Blunt, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Rhett Miller w/ Robert Francis, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Dusty & the Lovenotes, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 8pm.
Zapf Dingbats, El Dorado, 1030 Broadway, 8:30pm.

wednesday • 4

Michael Burks, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Johnny Clegg, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Ari Herstand/Ron Pope/Zach Berkman, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 5

Robin Henkel, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 5pm.
Cowboy Jack, John's Neighborhood Bar & Grill, 1280 E. Vista Way, Vista, 6:30pm.
Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.
Chet & the Committee, Pt. Loma Sports Grill, 3750 Dewey Rd., 7:30pm.
Willie & Lobo, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Acoustic Music en Español, Caffé Tazza, 374 East H St., Chula Vista, 8pm.
Dan Reed/Aaron & Jane/Jarrod Dickenson, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Avant, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

friday • 6

Way Back Then, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Chris Cornell, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Frank Solivan & Dirty Kitchen, Del Mar Powerhouse, 1658 Coast Blvd., 7:30pm.
Carmen Caserta, Across the Street @Mueller College, 4607 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Robert Cray Band w/ Blue Frog, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
John Torres/Summer Mencher/Whitney Nicole Grogil, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Sara Petite & the Sugar Daddies, Tin Can Ale House, 1863 5th Ave., 9pm.
William Fitzsimmons, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

saturday • 7

Gator by the Bay Louisiana Music, Dance & Crawfish Festival, Spanish Landing, Harbor Dr., through Sunday. www.gatorbythebay.com
Waldorf School May Faire, 3547 Altadena Ave., 11am-5pm www.waldorfsandiego.org
Chris Clarke & Plow, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Scott West, Sky Box, 4809 Clairemont Dr., 7pm.
Tom Baird & David Silva, Cosmos Coffee Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., 7pm.
Peter Sprague plays the Beatles, Museum of Making Music, 5790 Armada Dr., Carlsbad, 7pm.
The Waymores, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Billy Watson/Jon Baz/Adrian Demain, Iva Lee's, 555 N. El Camino Real, San Clemente, 7:30pm.
Strunz & Farah, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Podunk Nowhere, Canyonfolk House Concert, Harbison Canyon, East County, 8pm. www.canyonfolkhouseconcerts.com
Shiesty/DJ Enti/Black Orion/the Adepts/ Canyon Animals/Dapper Dan, Across the Street @Mueller College, 4607 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Raveonettes w/ Tamaryn, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 9pm.
ParLOUR Regiment CD Release/Rheanna Downey/Joseph Pfeifer, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Boogieman Band, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

sunday • 8

Chris Clarke & Plow, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am.
SD Folk Song Society, New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 2pm.
Billy Watson, Coyote Bar & Grill, 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., 2pm.
Peggy Watson, El Cajon Library, 201 E. Douglas Ave., 2pm.
Joe Brooks/Ocean Groves/Alexis Babini, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 5pm.
Sara Petite/Gus Messa, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Strunz & Farah, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.

monday • 9

Chet Cannon's Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Geoffrey Keezer's 40-ish Birthday w/ Peter Sprague Ron Blake/Bob Hurst/Terreon Gully/Julia Dollison, Neurosciences Institute, 10640 HOpkins Dr., La Jolla, 8pm.

tuesday • 10

Lou & Virginia Curtiss Song Circle, 1725 Granite Hills Dr., El Cajon, 6pm.
Robin Henkel w/ Kellie Rucker & Roger Friend, Blue Fire Grill, La Costa Resort, 2100 Costa Del Mar Rd., Carlsbad, 6pm.
Richard Starkey, New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 7pm.
Calyпсо Benefit w/ Shoreline Rootz/Eve Selis/ Jim Austin/Adrian Demain/Billy Watson/ Candye Kane, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 7pm.
Pieta Brown & Carrie Rodriguez, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Lauryn Hill, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
Scott West, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 9pm.

wednesday • 11

Gregory Page, Encinitas Library, 540 Cornish Dr., 6pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Timothy Bloom, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Belly Dancing w/ the Cairo Beats, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Scott West, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 9pm.

thursday • 12

Scott Wilson & the Contradictions/Kenny Eng/Megan Combs/Vanja James, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 7:30pm.
Raiatea Helm & Elmer "Sonny" Lim Jr., Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Heather Bond/Jack Littman/A Town Like Mars, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 13

Volcan Mountain Boys, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Asleep at the Wheel, Ramona Mainstage, 626 Main St., 7pm.
Chris Proctor, New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 7pm.
Simon, Mitchell & Joel Tribute w/ Joe Rathburn/John Foltz/Denise St. Clair, Center for Spiritual Discovery, 560 S. Melrose, Vista, 7:30pm.

Alexia Hunter/Ryan Goole/Coe Schneider, Across the Street @Mueller College, 4607 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Peter Sprague & Tripp Sprague, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.
Ernie Halter/Curtis Peoples/Kenny Eng, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 14

Joe Rathburn, Poway Library, 13137 Poway Rd., 2pm.
Peter Sprague & Blurring the Edges, Escondido Library, 239 S. Kalmia St., 3pm.
Adrienne Nims w/ Java Sounds, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 5:30pm.
Baja Blues Band, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Mexican Composer Tribute w/ Coral MacFarland Thuet/Allan Phillips/Bob Magnusson, Schulman Auditorium, Carlsbad Library, 1775 Dove Lane, 7pm.
Pearl Aday/Rosie Flores, Queen Bee's Art & Cultural Center, 3925 Ohio St., 7pm.
Sue Palmer & her Motel Swing Orchestra, Avo Playhouse, 303 Main St., Vista, 7pm.
Your Mom (Suzanne & Mike Reed), Cozy Cottage House Concert, Ocean Beach, 8pm. brenpanneton@gmail.com
Chris Torres/Nicole Peters/Kyla Langen/ Carmen Caserta, Across the Street @Mueller College, 4607 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Peter Sprague & Kevyn Lettau, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 8:30pm.
Josh Damigo/TGerrence Brian/Tess Dunn, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 15

Cowboy Jack, La Jolla Open Aire Market, 7300 Girard Ave., 10am.
Bonita Chili Cook-Off w/ Virtual Strangers/the Earth Movers/Prairie Sky, Chula Vista Golf Course, 4475 Bonita Rd., 11am-4pm.
Peter Sprague String Consort & SD North Coast Singers, Sherwood Auditorium, 700 Prospect St., La Jolla, 4pm.
Erin McLaughlin/Podunk Nowhere/Katie Leigh & the Infantry/Rob Carona/Melly Frances & the Distilled Spirits, House of Blues, 1055 5th Ave., 6pm.
Joshua White Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
Brian Vasquez, Dark Thirty House Concert, Lakeside, 7:30pm. 619.443.9622
Butch Hancock, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Shawn Mullins, Anthology, 1337 India St., 8pm.
The Knitters w/ He's My Brother, She's My Sister, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Robert Wynia from Floater/Michael Shapiro, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

monday • 16

Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns!, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.
Palomar College Big Band, Dizzy's @ Culy Warehouse, 338 7th Ave., 7:30pm.

tuesday • 17

Sue Palmer & Friends, Scarlet Books & Cards, 3182 Adams Ave., 6pm.
Stephen Kellogg & Tift Merritt, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Citizen Cope, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 10:15pm.

wednesday • 18

Earl Thomas & the Blues Ambassadors, Birch Aquarium, 2300 Expedition Way, UCSD Campus, La Jolla, 6pm.
Federico Aubele, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Chris Carpenter B-Day Bash, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

thursday • 19

Adrienne Nims & Spirit Wind, Ki's Restaurant, 2591 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Cardiff, 5pm.
Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.
Robin Henkel & Billy Watson, The Cellar, 158 Avenida Del Mar, San Clemente, 7pm.
Sharon Hazel Township, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 7pm.
Kina Grannis, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30pm.
Chet & the Committee, Pt. Loma Sports Grill, 3750 Dewey Rd., 7:30pm.
Gipsy Kings, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Fastlane, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

friday • 20

Frank Lucio, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Dave Stamey, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Gilbert Castellanos' Hammond B3 Quartet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Chucko & the Usual Suspects w/ Bill Everett & Pete Dunbar, Bailey's Barbeque, 2307 Main St., Julian, 8pm.
The Bigfellas, Across the Street @Mueller College, 4607 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Billy Watson, Pannikin/Book Works, Flower Hill Mall, Del Mar, 8pm.
The Gregory Page Show, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 21

Robin Henkel, Bird Rock Coffee Roasters, 5627 La Jolla Blvd., 10am.
Trails & Rails, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Peter Sprague & Fred Benedetti, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm.
Peter Asher, AMSD Concerts, 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm.
Tom Baird & David Silva, Rebecca's, 3015 Juniper St., 7:30pm.
Forget Me Nots, Rock Valley House Concert, University City, 8pm. wonderwoman@san-r.com
Maia Sharp, Oasis House Concert, Sorrento Valley, 8pm. www.oasishouseconcerts.com
Jack Tempchin, Frogstop House Concerts, San Marcos, 8pm. 760-295-0222 or concerts@frogstop.org
Oculus Sinister/Ruby Summer/Third Person, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Stepping Feet, Longboard's, 1466 Garnet Ave., 10pm.

sunday • 22

Duo LaRe, Blessed Sacrament Church, 4540 El Cerrito Dr., 3pm.
Fus Messa, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Nick Z/Jaws Went Swimming/Heather Green/ Chad Cavanaugh/Shannon St. John, The Wine Lover, 3968 5th Ave., 6:30pm.
Ira B Liss Big Band Jazz Machine, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
Robin Henkel Band w/ Horns!, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 8pm.
The Moody Blues, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 8pm.
Les Nubians, Anthology, 1337 India St., 9:30pm.

monday • 23

Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9m.

tuesday • 24

Lou & Virginia Curtiss Song Circle, 1725 Granite Hills Dr., El Cajon, 6pm.
Tom Baird & David Silva, House of Blues 1055 5th Ave., 7:30pm.

wednesday • 25

Joe Rathburn & Michael Lille, Vision Center, 11260 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., 7pm.
Dusty & the Lovenotes, The Stage, 762 5th Ave., 7pm.
Sue Palmer Quintet, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 7:30pm.
Barenaked Ladies, Humphrey's, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7:30pm.
New Acoustic Generation w/ Michael Tiernan/ Jane Lui/Roy Ruiz Clayton/Sam Johnson, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.
Aaron Helm, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.
Scott West, The Stage, 762 5th Ave., 9pm.

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.
Marcia Forman Band, The Big Kitchen, 3003 Grape St., 10am.
Chris Clarke & Friends, Golden Hill Farmers Market, B St. between 27th & 28th St., 10am.
Bluegrass Brunch, Urban Solace, 3823 30th St., 10:30am.
Zzymzzy Quartet, OB People's Food Co-op, 4765 Voltaire St., Ocean Beach, 11am.
The Trunks, La Jolla Open Aire Market, corner of Girard Ave. & Genter, 11am
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.
Blues Jam w/ Doug Neel, The Royal Dive, 2949 San Luis Rey Rd., Oceanside, 4pm.
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.
Sam Johnson Jazz Duo, San Diego Desserts, 5987 El Cajon Blvd., 6pm.
Traditional Irish Session, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 7pm.
Open Mic, Cafe Libertalia, 3834 5th Ave., 8:15pm.
Pro-Invitational Blues Jam, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.
Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).
José Sinatra's OB-oke, Winston's, 1921 Bacon St., 9:30pm.
The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10pm-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

every monday

Open Mic, Gio's, 8384 La Mesa Blvd., 5:30pm.
Ukulele Jam, New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 2852 University Ave., 6:30pm.
Open Mic, Tango Del Rey, 3567 Del Rey St., 7pm.
El Cajon Music Masters, Central Congregational Church, 8360 Lemon Ave., La Mesa, 7pm.
Open Mic, Wine Steals, 1243 University Ave., 7pm.
Open Mic, Turquoise Cafe Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., PB, 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, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main St., El Cajon, 5:30pm.
Open Mic, Maria Maria Restaurant, 1370 Frazee Rd., Mission Valley, 7pm.
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.
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.

thursday • 26

Peter Sprague, Roxy Restaurant, 517 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 7pm.
Scott Wilson & the Contradictions/Sister Speak/Podunk Nowhere/Surprise Guest, Claire de Lune, 2906 University Ave., 7:30pm.

friday • 27

Grand Canyon Sundown, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Charlie Imes, Mission Bay Yacht Club, 1215 El Carmel Pl., 7pm.
Joe Rathburn, Old California Coffee Co., 1080 W. San Marcos Blvd., 7pm.
Chet & the Committee/Mercedes Moore Band/ Whitney Shay, Tango Del Rey, 3567 Del Rey St., 7pm.
Zydeco Patrol, Mission Valley Hilton, 901 Camino Del Rio S., 7pm.
Joe Rathburn, Old California Coffee Company, 1080 W. San Marcos Blvd., 7pm.
Vivian Green/Eric Roberson, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Antonio Carlos Jobim Tribute, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Josiah Leming/Savannah, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

saturday • 28

Chris Clarke & Friends, Wynola Pizza Express, 4355 Hwy 78, Julian, 6pm. 760-765-1004
Cowboy Jack, Beach House, 2530 S. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 6pm.
Zydeco Patrol, Iva Lee's, 555 N. El Camino Real, San Clemente, 7:30pm.
Brenda Russell, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7:30&9:30pm.
Zulayka, Across the Street @Mueller College, 4607 Park Blvd., 8pm.
Chet & the Committee, Pt. Loma Sports Grill, 3750 Dewey Rd., 7:30pm.

Patrick Berrogain's Hot Club Combo, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 8pm.
Open Mic, Portugalía, 4839 Newport Ave., 9pm.
Open Mic, O'Connell's Pub, 1310 Morena Blvd., 8pm.

every wednesday

Mike Head & Friends, Farmers Market, Newport Ave., Ocean Beach, 4-7pm.
Lou Fanucchi, Romesco Restaurant, 4346 Bonita Rd., 6pm.
Tomcat Courtney, Turquoise Cafe, 873 Turquoise St., 6:30pm.
Jerry Gontang, Desi & Friends, 2734 Lytton St., 7pm.
Scandinavian Dance Class, Folk Dance Center, Dancing Unlimited, 4569 30th St., 7:30pm.
Elliott Lawrence, Prado Restaurant, Balboa Park, 7:30pm.
Open Mic, Across the Street @ Mueller College, 4605 Park Blvd., 8pm.
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.
Firehouse Swing Dancing, Queen Bee's Art & Cultural Center, 3925 Ohio 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.
Elliott Lawrence, Avenue 5 Restaurant, 2760 5th Ave., 7pm.
Old Tyme Fiddlers Jam (1st & 3rd Thursday), New Expression Music, 4434 30th St., 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.
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.
Bruce Cameron & Full House, Turquoise Cafe, 873 Turquoise St., 9pm.

every saturday

Joe Marillo, The Brickyard, 675 W. G St., 9:30am.
Elliott Lawrence, Croce's, 802 5th Ave., 11:30am.
Open Mic, Valley Music, 1611 N. Magnolia Ave., El Cajon, 6pm.
Robin Henkel, Zel's, 1247 Camino Del Mar, 8pm. (no performance May 14)

Vibraphone Summit, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 8pm.
Meg & Bryan/Rob Deeze, Lestat's, 3343 Adams Ave., 9pm.

sunday • 29

Zydeco Patrol, LSU Crawfish Boil, Chargers Practice Field, 1pm.
Mark Dresser Quintet, Dizzy's @ SD Wine & Culinary Center, 200 Harbor Dr., 7pm.
Marshall Tucker Band, Anthology, 1337 India St., 7pm.

monday • 30

Cowboy Jack, Robbie's Roadhouse, 530 N. Coast Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 6:30pm.
Chet Cannon's Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, 2241 Shelter Island Dr., 7pm.

tuesday • 31

Aaron Neville, Belly Up, 143 S. Cedros, Solana Beach, 8pm.





Brenda Panneton



3 Degrees Off Center CD Release @ Rebecca's



Victor Wooten @ the Belly Up



Coyote Problem reunion @ Billy & Jane's wedding



Brian Bosen



Carl Durant CD Release



Jason Yamaoka



Louis Brazier's birthday @ Lestat's



Dave Humphries @ Humphreys



Liz Abbott & Kent Johnson @ Humphreys



Jane Lui @ Lestat's



Suzanne Reed @ Taylor Guitars



Christy Bruneau Band at Claire de Lune



Steve Paltz @ Lestat's



Baja Bugs @ Humphreys



Sean Watkins @ Lestat's



Chelsea Flor & Annie Rettig



Dave Humphries @ Humphreys



Steve Thorn auctions off Beatles book @ Humphreys



Ashley Matte @ Lestat's



Janet Beazley & Chris Stuart

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Richard Starkey

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