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SAN DIEGO
TROUBADOUR

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



November 2005

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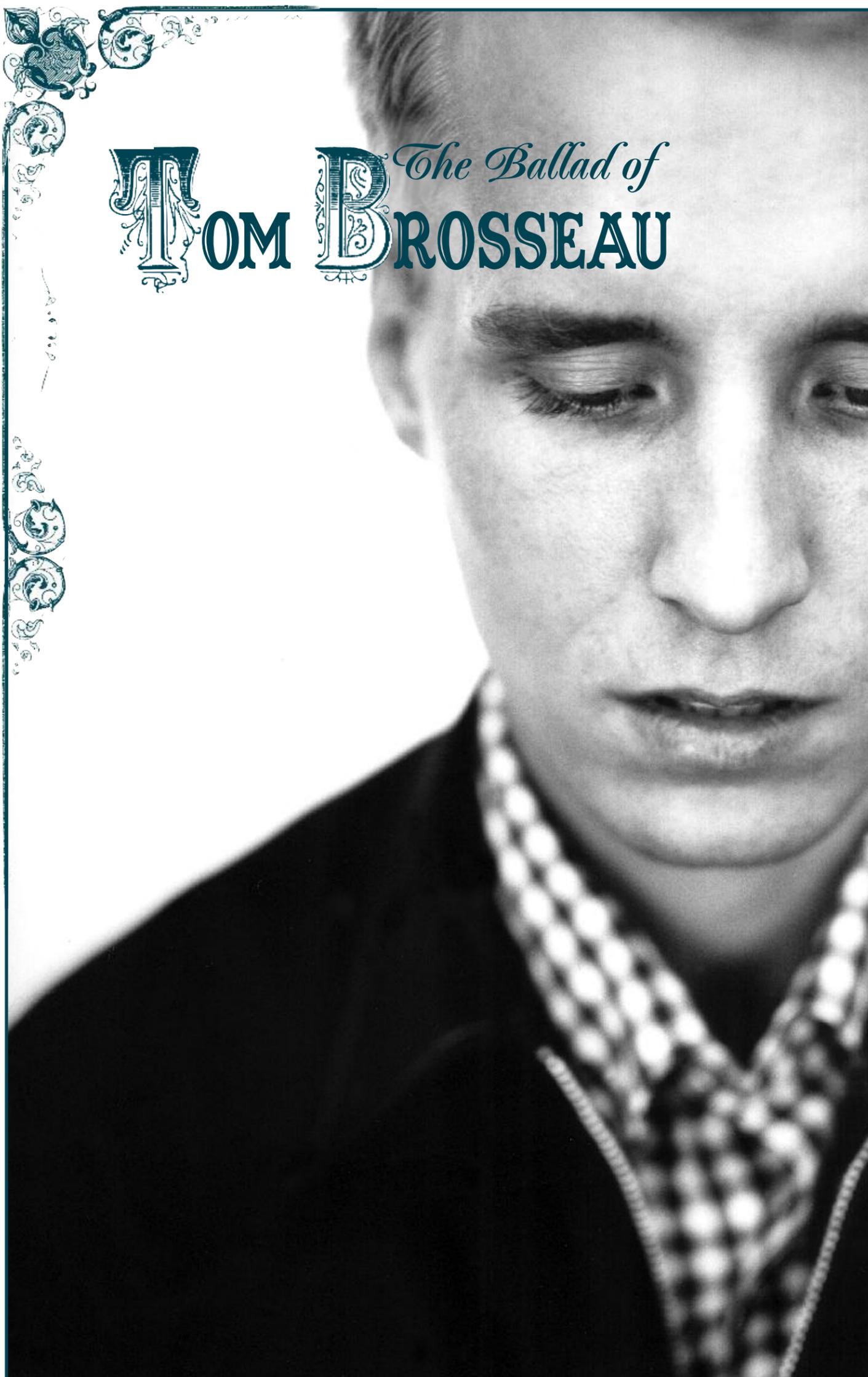
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NOVEMBER CONCERT SCHEDULE

- Dave Alvin (Nov. 5)
- Gordon Bok (Nov. 9)
- Laurence Juber (Nov. 20)
- Richard Greene & the Brothers Barton (Nov. 26)

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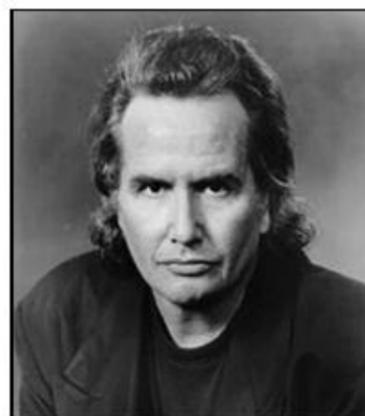
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Alternative country, Americana, roots, folk, blues, gospel, jazz, and bluegrass music news

MISSION

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

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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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In Greek mythology Demeter was the most generous of the great Olympian goddesses, beloved for her service to mankind with the gift of the harvest, the reward for cultivating the soil. Also known as Ceres in Roman mythology, Demeter was credited with teaching humans how to grow, preserve, and prepare grain. Demeter was thought to be responsible for the fertility of the land. She was the only Greek goddess involved in the lives of the common folk on a day-to-day basis. While others occasionally "dabbled" in human affairs when it suited their personal interests, or came to the aid of "special" mortals they favored, Demeter was truly the nurturer of mankind. She was also the only Greek goddess who could truly empathize with human suffering and grief, having fully experienced it herself.

A Season of Harvest

San Diego Divas Jam in the Garden of Giving

by Chuck Schiele

With a simple web search it doesn't take long for one to discover the fruits of seasonal generosity within the local music scene — specifically, some of the ladies in our music scene and, even more specifically than that, these ladies are creating important music events with a purpose.

Sixth Annual GoGirls Music Fest

Coordinator: Kim DiVincenzo



Kim DiVincenzo

Last month the Sixth Annual GoGirls MusicFest showcased the best local and regional indie women in music in 13 cities around the country. The most recent installment of the fest in San Diego was coordinated by local singer/songwriter Kim DiVincenzo and took place October 8 at La Jolla's Hard Rock Café. Hosted by Pete Thurston, the show featured performances by Renata Youngblood, Annie Bethancourt, the Victoria Robertson Band, Kim DiVincenzo, Dropjoy, Evan Bethany, Pi, Ren Daversa, and Mermaid's Journey. Proceeds went to The Lynne Cohen Foundation for Ovarian Cancer Research.

I asked Kim what it was all about.

"GoGirlsMusicFest was created as a way to use the power of great music to raise awareness and funds for a reputable charity. [Past beneficiaries have included MusiCares, Rock 'n' Roll Camp for Girls, the American Liver Foundation, and the Nicole Brown Charitable Foundation. Since 2000 over 85 all-volunteer run shows have been held.] San Diego is just one of the 14 GoGirlsMusicFest events that took place across the U.S. during the month of October, all to benefit the same foundation," she explained.

"This year we decided to work with the Lynne Cohen Foundation for Ovarian Cancer Research, which was founded in 1998 by the Cohen sisters, three young women who lost their mother, Lynne, to ovarian cancer. They decided to bring out "the good" from such a difficult loss to help the drive for more research to treat and cure ovarian cancer in hopes that other children, husbands, and families would not have to experience such a tragedy. The Lynne Cohen Foundation is dedicated to funding research for an early detection test for ovarian cancer, raising money for improved clinical treatments for the disease, and developing and supporting preventive care clinics for women with increased risk for ovarian and/or breast cancer. They have suc-

cessfully set up preventive care clinics all over the U.S."

I asked Kim how the show went in terms of goals and music fun.

"The show was definitely a success!" Kim continues. "We had a strong flow of people all night long. We raised \$1,317 from door and raffle ticket sales, which was wonderful considering the recent hurricane tragedies and the many donations and reaching out that is currently taking place across the nation. We received huge support from our many local sponsors, which enabled us to raffled off about \$3,000 worth of prizes and merchandise, including concert tickets, restaurant and theater gift certificates, CDs, DVDs, and more. Everyone seemed to have a blast and were very generous in their donations. It was such a great experience to work with so many talented artists and local sponsors as well as contributing to a good cause that it would be hard to pass up. I thoroughly enjoy planning big events such as this and bringing great groups of people together for a night of fun. Coordinating this year's showcase has already fueled me with ideas for making next year more successful."

And the good heart of Kim DiVincenzo continued harvesting when she took part in a concert on October 21 at Mira Mesa College in Oceanside for a female-infused concert to raise money for another great cause, the American Cancer Foundation. Go, girl, go!

Second Annual National Make a Difference Day Concert

Coordinators: Anita York and Eve Selis



Mary Dolan



Eve Selis



Peggy Lebo



Patty Zlaket

On October 22 Eve Selis, Mary Dolan, Peggy Lebo, and Patti Zlaket played a concert at the Seaside Church Auditorium in Encinitas to benefit Project Warmth, a program sponsored by The Everyday Angels Foundation. The Interfaith Shelter Network is the event's beneficiary.

According to Anita, "We had so many donations last year that we will also distribute blankets and warm clothing to the Storefront, which is San Diego's only emergency homeless shelter for teens. This year we are also including help for homeless animals in our collections. This is especially important right now in light of the

hurricanes. Donations of canned pet food and towels will go to the Helen Woodward Animal Center, which is working with the St. Francis Animal Sanctuary of Louisiana, and also to their AniMeals program, which distributes pet food to seniors for their pets à la Meals on Wheels."

The show was a success and donations generated from the event went to the Interfaith Shelter Network for the Homeless, to the Storefront, and to the Helen Woodward Animal Center in partnership with St. Francis Animal Sanctuary in Louisiana.

San Diego Indie Music Fest

Coordinators: Danielle LoPresti, Kelly Bowen, and Alicia Champion



Kelly Bowen, Danielle LoPresti, Alicia Champion

The San Diego Indie Music Fest is a landmark event dedicated to supporting and celebrating the independent musician, initiating discussion and education of all that is Indie, and fertilizing the San Diego independent music scene. In the face of the current state of the music industry, these three young women, in conjunction with KPRI Radio, have come together to create a prototype for the present that will grow exponentially with each new year, benefiting not only the artists but also the community wise enough to support and celebrate them. Businesses, vendors, artists, the media, and more will represent their indie-minded missions at booths and tables throughout the event with information, CDs, and merchandise available for everyone in attendance, while indie music pours over the crowd.

Diversity reigns at this year's festival, with music ranging from rock to pop, R&B to hip-hop, salsa, spoken word, folk music, and more. The 12-hour two-stage show, which takes place on November 5 from noon until midnight, features a most impressive 20 plus line-up of local buzzmakers playing alongside national indie icons, including Veruca Salt, Alfred Howard and the K23 Orchestra, Hornswaggled, the Bellrays, Danielle LoPresti and the Masses, the Weepies, Alicia Champion, Anya Marina, Saba, Alfonso de la Espriella (from Bogota, Columbia), Sarah Wolf (from Boston), Grant Langston and the Supermodels, Simeon Flick, and the Eveoke Dance Theater.

You can find this first-rate event at the Historic Abbey (stage one), located at 2825 5th Ave. and at San Diego Kung Food (stage two), 2949 5th Ave. in San Diego. Pre-sale tickets are \$20 general admission and \$17 for seniors and students. Kids under 5 attend the event for free. Check out the official website for more information. www.SDIndieMusicFest.com

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Look for Johnny in Nov. '05 on: The 4th & 16th at Patrick's II -Downtown, The 5th at the Galaxy Theater in Costa Mesa, 10th with Norton Buffalo at the Belly Up, 11th with Norton Buffalo at Hairball's, 12th with Norton at the Blue Cafe and the 21st of Dec. With Tommy Castro at the Belly Up for more information on Johnny, go to www.johnnyv.net.



COUNTER CULTURE COINCIDENCE

1954 = Morrison, Hopper, and Zappa

by Bart Mendoza

San Diego has been home to many renowned performers over the decades, but for even casual fans of music history, 1954 would be considered a special year: The mid-fifties were bringing changes to this country that would culminate in the late sixties counter culture; three icons of that period happened to spend 1954 in San Diego going to school. Though they were all passing through town on the way to greater things, it's clear that the seeds of their successes were planted here.

Jim Morrison

The biggest surprise to many is that while The Doors may be known as a Los Angeles group, Jim Morrison (December 8, 1943-July 3, 1971) is actually from Clairemont West, sort of. Coming from a Navy family, the son of Rear Admiral Steven Morrison no less, Jim traveled much as a youth, but his family settled here on and off. Visitors to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame can see a slew of Morrison's childhood memories from his stay at Longfellow Elementary School in good old Clairemont. Ranging from his cub scout uniform to his report card, the display really contrasts with Morrison's image as the Lizard King. The famed tale about a young Jim Morrison being thrown out of the Cub Scouts for either talking back to a den mother or riding a bike without using his hands, depending on your source, which took place right here was as clearly an early stab at rebellion. According to one biography *Angels Dance, Angels Die* by Patricia Butler, Morrison was class president and gave a few speeches to the student body, but his stay would be short. The family arrived late in 1952, taking up residence at 2634 Amott Street, with Jim in class from 1953-1954 and graduating from sixth grade on June 16, 1955. More important, Morrison first dipped his toes into the poetry well while here. One of his earliest poem son displays at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame is dated May 21, 1954 and already shows his love of western imagery. It's titled "The Pony Express." Jim would return to the San Diego area during the early 1960s to inform his parents, again stationed here, of his decision to attend UCLA, which was not received positively. The rest, as they say, is history. The Morrison family remained in San Diego, so it was only natural that the Doors played a few shows here: July 8, 1967 at Balboa Stadium on a bill that included North County's Lyrics November 4, 1967 and June 29, 1968 at Golden Hall; and August 22, 1970 at the Sports Arena. The Morrison-less Doors also played a gig at Balboa Stadium on August 13, 1972. Music historian John Moore notes that the band's concert there on October 26, 1969 was canceled. Doors members Ray Manzarek and Robbie Krieger returned to town often with their solo projects and have recently



Jim Morrison

reunited for concerts, capping a brilliant career, but it can't be the same without Morrison. As rock icons come, they don't get any bigger and it's fascinating to think that in some small way, life in our perennially sunny burg, influenced the Lizard King.

Dennis Hopper

1954 also featured a graduation for Dennis Hopper. Synonymous with the 1960s (and one of the first major film directors to use rock music as more than an exploitation soundtrack), his role in *Easy Rider* forever cemented Hopper's image as a rebellious sort. A multifaceted pop culture icon, the actor-director was born in Dodge City, Kansas on May 17, 1936, moving to San Diego in 1949 at the age of 13. Already dreaming of being an actor; during his time here he transformed a love for theater into a major movie career. The family resided at 3224 Massachusetts St., just south of Broadway in Lemon Grove. While his father worked at the local post office, legend has it the younger Hopper worked at an early Jack in the Box location in the area. He certainly attended Lemon Grove Junior High School and, for a brief time, Grossmont High School until the opening of Helix High in 1952. There he excelled in drama and debate, but was kicked out of his speech and social studies classes. Truth be told, his love of theater meant that he was often somewhere other than his school seat. He began performing as soon as he arrived in town at both the La Jolla Playhouse as well as the Old Globe Theatre, where he took lessons on a national Shakespeare scholarship. At first acting was almost an afterthought for him at the La Jolla Playhouse, as he was kept busy running errands in the company's truck, cleaning up the premises, and doing other odd jobs. But in eighth grade he appeared in a production of *Hamlet* and, almost as important, later met Vincent Price there. Price was not just an actor but also a collector of contemporary art, and this meeting with an adjacent introduction to art would help spark a lifelong passion. Voted most likely to succeed, he graduated from Helix



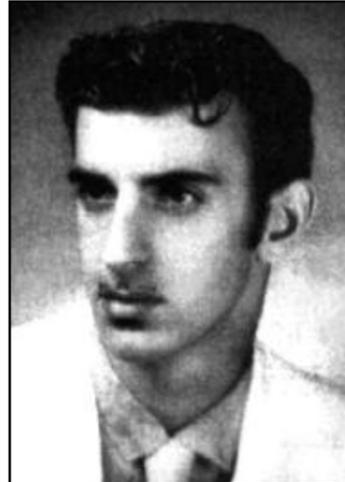
Dennis Hopper

High School in 1954 while appearing in productions of *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice* at the Old Globe and *Hamlet* at the La Jolla Playhouse. The years of hard work and obsession with his craft paid off almost immediately. Within the year Hopper had appeared in the first two of more than 140 television shows and was also on his way becoming one of the screen's best known and intense actors. Later that same year he simultaneously began his film career, shooting two movies in quick succession, one of which included *Rebel Without a Cause*. Numerous other credits in the ensuing decades include directing and co-writing 1969's *Easy Rider*, *Apocalypse Now*, *Giant*, *True Grit*, and about 200 other film credits. Hopper has returned to town often for plays and civic events, including a performance in the play *The Skin of Our Teeth* and a curtain raising luncheon for the La Jolla Playhouse.

Frank Zappa

Closing out the triumvirate, we come to Frank Zappa (December 21, 1940-December 4, 1993), noted composer, actor, producer, and guitarist. Due to the fact that the Zappas moved around quite a bit, it's hard to nail down exact dates the Zappa family actually resided in El Cajon, but we do know that they arrived in 1954. Frank was 14 and enrolled at Grossmont High School. As a teenager he was enamored of R&B and collected 78 rpm records (his favorite record was "Angel in My Life" by the Jewels) but was also interested in more diverse sounds. It was his discovery of *The Complete Works of Edgar Varese, Volume 1* [French composer known as the father of electronic music], which he bought at a La Mesa stereo shop that really opened up his eyes to the possibilities of music. It was also while in San Diego that Zappa first made an unsuccessful attempt to reach Varese, trading a \$5 Christmas gift from his sister for the chance to make a long distance phone call. In the end he only reached Varese's wife, but it was a quest Zappa would continue.

Zappa first made the papers in April of 1955 when, as a ninth grader, he won the county's Fire



Frank Zappa

Prevention Week poster contest. Much more important, he joined his first band, The Ramblers later that year. Legendary for his guitar playing today, he was a drummer to begin with though not a particularly good one. Like something out of the *Our Gang* comedies, Zappa used pots and pans for drums at initial rehearsals, since he didn't actually acquire a drum kit until the week before the gig. He played his first show at the Uptown Hall at 40th & Meade, after which the band split the seven dollar take between them. Having been chastised for being too splashy with his cymbals, being a little shaky with the rhythm, and managing to forget to bring drum sticks to his first gig, it wasn't long before the Ramblers replaced him. Indeed, by the time he turned 18 he had switched to his signature guitar. Zappa would continue to work with members of the Ramblers in later years.

During that fall, he transferred to Mission Bay High School as a tenth grader. Zappa took to the school's music department immediately and

has cited band teacher Mr. Kavelm as having been particularly influential, introducing him to 12-tone music. Unfortunately his love of music chief made his stay brief. Contrary to popular belief Zappa never graduated from that or any other San Diego school; he was expelled. It seems that he had a love of explosives and had already almost caused serious damage to himself once before moving to San Diego. His exodus from the local education system rosters came when he and a friend decided to set off a mixture of rocket fuel and stink powder at Mission Bay High's annual open house for parents. He was caught and turned over to the authorities. Only family intervention and the news that the Zappas were once again relocating, this time to Lancaster, kept the young Zappa from serious punishment. He spent the last few months of his senior year at Antelope Valley High School in Lancaster, where he graduated on June 13, 1958. The next time he returned to San Diego in 1966 was to perform with the Mothers of Invention. He also also played a dozen gigs up through 1984. Zappa didn't spend a lot of time in San Diego but in looking back at his long-storied career one can easily see that every second counted.

Despite the fact that San Diego's place in the history of the arts is often overlooked, it's clear that local performers have been making an impact since it first became possible to do so. Though some made their greatest impact after moving on, it's important to note that without their time spent in San Diego, none of these performers, and therefore pop culture, would have been the same.



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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12
SPARKY & RHONDA RUCKER
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SAN DIEGO FOLK HERITAGE



Recordially, Lou Curtiss



Lou Curtiss

Well, another Adams Avenue Street Fair is out of the way and letters have already gone out for next April's Adams Avenue Roots Festival (the 33rd). Add those 33 festivals and the last 13 Street Fairs that I've booked the music for and four blues festivals that I did in days of yore (1973-1980) to days not so yore (early '90s) and it turns out that between 1967 and 2006 I will have put together the music for 50 festivals — some kind of record I guess, considering I'm still interested in putting them together.

It would be nice to have a little extra money for Number 50, so that I could bring some people who might cost a little more (particularly if they have to come from the East Coast and plane fares are involved). I've always been a big fan and collector of southern mountain music from unaccompanied mountain songsters to vintage bluegrass and all the fiddles and banjars and duet singin' and primitive Baptist shoutin' that the region has given us. Over the years I've been able to bring people like Roscoe Holcomb, Tommy Jarrell, Lily Mae Ledford, Kyle Creed, Sam and Kirk McGee, and revivalists like Mike Seeger, Ginny Hawker, the Highwoods String Band, and so many more. Today it's hard to tell the revivalists from the real thing, and some of the revivalists (like Mike Seeger) have played the

music so long, they've become the real thing.

One of the main projects of the San Diego Folk Life Project is to raise additional money to support the presentation of roots music artists in San Diego, particularly at the Roots Festival. The Folk Life Project is a non-profit organization that raises monies through tax-deductible donations and grants to do their good works. Drop by Folk Arts Rare Records to get more information or to see how you can get involved.

Next April a variety of old-timey and traditional people should be added to the festival roster. We have letters out and are talking to bluegrass pioneer Bill Clifton whose Dixie Mountain Boys made some pioneering recordings for the old Starday label back in the 1950s and who hasn't been out this way for a long time. He makes his home in the Clinch Mountain area of Virginia. We've contacted the Blue Creek Ramblers from east Tennessee. Three old-timers and an 18-year-old girl who is the Tennessee state old-time banjo champion (Why don't we have an old-time banjo champion in California, or even in San Diego County? Old-time music sanctioned and payed for by government order. That's socialism at its best, folks. Lots better to vote for people who can pick a tune that

these here politicians, but I digress) and another old-time string band from Georgia called Matt Kinman and the Old-Time Serenaders. I met Todd Gladson this past summer, the band's fiddle player,

roots music and the Adams Avenue Roots Festival is. Write to them at 4649 Hawley Blvd., San Diego, CA 92116. You'd make me feel a whole lot better and, who knows, maybe someone could be talked into raising our budget a bit. We all need to think about the music, where it's been, how it came from there to here, and how we're gonna keep it around. You all need to help that process whether it's with time, money, learning a new old tune and performing it, buying and listening to old-time roots music on CD, or just writing a letter (or emailing or just yelling real loud). Let folks who matter (especially those with funds) know that we matter.

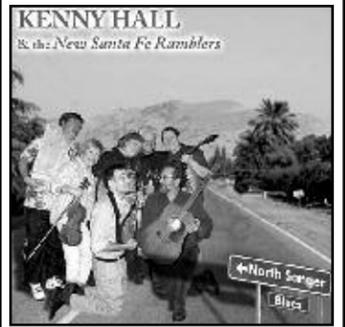
Roots music is, in a way, the stepchild of the arts community and we often, like the child in the song, get left out in the cold if we are not heard. So if you like Appalachian mountain music or Cajun French music, or country blues, or honky tonk, or country swing, or vintage bluegrass, or just about any other kind of ethnic roots music, you've probably been, or should have been, at the Roots Festival. With all the other problems our city has going for it, support for roots music shouldn't be another one. If you have any ideas, drop by Folk Arts Rare Records or give me a call at (619) 282-7833 and let's make my 50th festival and 33rd Roots Festival a special one. Thanks.

Recordially,
Lou Curtiss



when he was in town. I also think about those I could have brought out over the years if I'd only had the money. I see big budget festivals like Street Scene and the bucks that big shows like those at Coors Amphitheater and elsewhere rake in and sometimes I just get ashamed of the lack of monetary support for roots music in our city. I know those who give support do what they can like the Adams Avenue Business Association who, I'm never quite sure, understands what roots is all about. They hear it from me but letters from some of you might help too. You could write the A.A.B.A. and tell them how important their support for

MUSIC REVIEW



Kenny Hall & the New Santa Fe Ramblers North Sanger Blues

by Lou Curtiss

I've known Kenny Hall for about 40 years and long ago I came to the conclusion that there is no bad Kenny Hall recording. There are just too few of them. I've heard him play music with everyone from Lydia Mendoza and Sam Chatmon to Tommy Jarrell and, you know, the only thing I can't understand is if Kenny Hall knows 1,100 songs (I can't believe he knows that few), why aren't they all out there on CD for us to enjoy, to learn from, and to pass on? I've seen Kenny bring a tune to a festival and play it, and the next year everyone is playing it. Now this CD, *North Sanger Blues* features Kenny with some tunes I've heard him play for years and then there are some that are completely new to me. At the age of 81, Kenny's voice is strong and his mandolin and fiddle are as exciting and confident as ever. This CD tends to sound like some of the many jam sessions I've heard Kenny take part in on the front porch of the old Sweets Mill lodge or out in the Aztec Center patio during a folk festival or in someone's living room (maybe right here in San Diego).

This is a CD you have to own, with familiar Kenny Hall standards like "Hawaiian Blues," "Mississippi Sawyer," and the title song and obscurities like the Swedish "Noah's Snoa" and his Russian gypsy tune "Bright Shines the Moon." Kenny's music reflects the cultural differences of all the people who came to the Great Central Valley of California. You can get a hold of this CD through www.kennyhallband.com or see Kenny at a festival. You certainly need to do that.

Tony Muhammad at elRayo
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5 Questions for Tristan Prettyman

by John Philip Wyllie

Two years ago, singer/songwriter Tristan Prettyman was little known in San Diego and completely unknown outside of America's finest city. You might occasionally find her on a Saturday night playing at Twiggs or Kelly's Pub, but other than that, the laid back surfer girl and former Roxy model was flying completely under the radar. Oh, how things have changed!

With Virgin Records behind her and a critically acclaimed album in music outlets from coast to coast, Prettyman is gaining big market airplay and frequent mention in prestigious publications such as *Rolling Stone*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and *Billboard*.

In between gigs on a national tour in support of 23, her Virgin Records debut album, Prettyman consented to an interview, excerpts of which appear below.

Q. One of the biggest concerns you had initially was finding the right record label. I'm wondering how Virgin is living up to your expectations?

A. They have been great! I had met with a few labels and just hadn't found the right one yet. When I met with [Virgin] a year ago, everything was really cool. I really got along with my A & R and everybody that I met from the label was nice. Their main concern was that they didn't want to change a thing I was doing. They just wanted to help enhance it and get it out to more people and that was really important to me. They really let me keep my sound and I am really stoked about the record that I made.

Q. Could you talk about your evolution and growth from your first CD to this one?

A. The songs [written] over the last year or two are just a little more technical and advanced than some of the ones on the *Love* EP. The *Love* EP was very simple. A lot of those songs were four or five years old. Everything on this CD is brand new. [The songs are about] new experiences and [were created while] exploring new writing techniques. I've been on tour for probably eight months of the year for the last year and a half or two years and I think that definitely helps. When you



Tristan Prettyman signing autographs in Horton Plaza

are on the road practicing, you are essentially practicing every night. So, I think growth is bound to happen because you are working on your craft.

Q. My guess is that your life has been changing drastically with your career now taking off. What has been your reaction to your budding stardom? What has been the up side and down side of it all?

A. You know, not much has really changed yet. I went to New York and I made a record and got a record deal, but when I go home my friends are still the same. We still go out. All the girls go out to dinner and I still go surfing with my parents. The only thing that has really changed is that I get a lot of fan mail now. There is a lot more mail in my mailbox. I've allowed myself to be really open with my fans so that they can grow with me [rather than] watch me grow further away from them. I send postcards to people. So it is not really any different, there are just more people. I don't really feel like much has changed. I am still getting to do what I love. Things are still normal when I go home.

Q. Which of the songs on the new CD is the most meaningful or important to

you?

A. "Love Love Love" is great because that song was written back home and it is about home. It's about being able to spend my summers with my friends and my family and hanging out at the beach all day. [That and] being thankful to be living in such a beautiful place. There is a song on the CD called "Song for the Rich," which is a song I wrote a couple of years ago about a friend who had a drug addiction. I wrote that song for him and it was about the only thing that finally made him stop and realize how many people he was hurting. That is one of the heaviest songs on the record. I think my personal favorite is the last song on the album, "Simple as It Should Be." I wrote that song in New York while I was in the process of recording my album. There is a point in the song that mentions the [album] title, 23. It is about what the 23 means to me. In a way it was the closer for my album. It just came about one night. It was very unplanned. All of a sudden I was sitting there and it just popped out. I came into the studio the next day and everyone was really stoked on it. It was so fresh that we recorded a track just to kind of have reference to it and it ended up being a track that went on the record. It was so fresh and it captured the newness and excitement of that song.

Q. I know there was some collaboration [with boyfriend, Jason Mraz] on this CD. Do you often sit down together and play music back and forth?

A. We don't, because he has a tendency when I am playing something to say, "Honey, you should change this note to this note." I'm like, "Go away and write your own song." I don't want to hear about it. We have a tendency to start correcting each other and giving our opinions. We just learned early on that it is not a good thing. We both really want to write another song together. We talk all the time about being a duo and writing a lot of songs together but who knows if that will ever happen.

Tristan Prettyman returns to San Diego on November 26 to open for Jason Mraz at Copley Symphony Hall. James Blunt will appear on the same bill. For tickets: (619) 220-TIXS.

Traditional Jazz Riffs

by Myrna Goodwyn and Alan Adams

Thanksgiving is the holiday when we count our blessings, enjoy a traditional Thanksgiving dinner, and watch football on television. In San Diego Thanksgiving is an also opportunity to celebrate America's only original art form straight from New Orleans: jazz! The upcoming 26th Annual San Diego Thanksgiving Dixieland Jazz Festival offers an eclectic mix of traditional jazz, Dixieland, and swing for listening and dancing.

The first annual festival 25 years ago was called the Holiday Bowl Jazz Festival and was scheduled in December to coincide with the Holiday Bowl football game. However, because December is such a busy time of the year, the festival was moved to the week of Thanksgiving and is now known as the San Diego Thanksgiving Dixieland Jazz Festival. This year's event offers the opportunity to experience some of the top traditional jazz bands in eight different venues at the Town and Country Resort and Convention Center.

Music presented at the festival covers the history of jazz, from ragtime to early swing, and features musicians from throughout the U.S., Canada, and the Czech Republic. The music will take you around the country — from the music of early New Orleans and Chicago to the New York jazz scene, and then back across the country for some Kansas City jazz followed by San Francisco-style jazz.

The festival's world-class line up includes the Reynolds Brothers Rhythm Rascals, who utilize the washboard as well as other unique instruments to accompany their novelty tunes; the Night Blooming Jazzmen from Claremont, California, who first appeared in 1980 and are still entertaining audiences with their music, showmanship, and patter; the Steamboat Stompers from the Czech Republic; the Uptown Lowdown Jazz Band; the Mighty Aphrodite Jazz Band, an all women's

band from the Northwest; and Cornet Chop Suey, a high energy band from St. Louis.

In addition to the principal bands, the festival includes special educational sets that focus on early artists and composers; pianoramas featuring top pianists playing ragtime, boogie woogie, and stride styles; swing dance demonstrations by young dancers from local dance clubs; plus Sunday morning Gospel sets.

JazzSea Jam is a new feature this year. Throughout the weekend cornetist Dick Williams will organize musicians interested in jamming, so that everyone has an opportunity to play traditional jazz. Bring your instrument, come join the fun, and jam to your heart's content! (You can find the jammers' song list posted at www.dixielandjazzfestival.org.)

Furthermore, community bands that play regularly at the Metaphor Cafe in Escondido, Fuddruckers throughout the San Diego County, the MacDonald's at the corner of 53rd St. and El Cajon Blvd, as well as countless private parties, will also perform at the festival.

With more than 25 bands on hand, there is something for everyone, whatever one's taste in vintage jazz may be. Come out to hear the music born in the city of New Orleans.

26th Annual San Diego Thanksgiving Dixieland Jazz Festival, Wednesday through Sunday, November 23-27, Town and Country Resort and Convention Center, 500 Hotel Circle North, San Diego.

Festival sponsor America's Finest City Dixieland Jazz Society is a non profit organization dedicated to preserving our traditional jazz heritage. For more information on AFCDJS, the Festival, adult jazz camps, music workshops, monthly dances, and education programs that promote traditional jazz, visit our website at www.dixielandjazzfestival.org.



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LIVE MUSIC WEEKENDS



Aaron Bowen Eases on Down the Road

by Simeon Flick

Aaron Bowen is a lot more relaxed these days — his right thumb still gives him an occasional fit, but he can still pluck a mean acoustic guitar. He's always thought of his instrumental prowess as his ace in the hole, the one thing about him that couldn't be subjectively disputed. But now it no longer seems so pressing to be an aspiring king of the guitar-shredding heap. He wants to learn other instruments, like cello and tenor banjo because he's bored with guitar and needs more options in the studio. He wants to continue recording and begin producing other artists at Ouija, his home studio. He wants to meet and play with artists like Paul Simon and James Taylor, which will raise the bar and inspire him to improve, although he freely contradicts this impulse with a self-deprecating remark that he'll never be as good as either of them. He wants to keep writing music he can live with (he cringes progressively less when he hears it on the stereo now), music rich with melody, like the stuff that galvanized him as a child. He just wants to write a good song (although he says he never will), and he is learning to ease up and enjoy the journey on down the road.

One would hardly guess, after hearing his debut solo album, *A Night at Sea* (reviewed in this issue, page 13), that this decidedly old-school dude hails from the Chula Vista area of San Diego. Bowen and his CD recall erstwhile ways and means, and he possesses the kind of aura that those from the South would call "character" but might be labeled "eccentricity" by the sun-baked So-Cal pundits. For better or worse, he'll tell you what he really thinks about whatever it is you do, especially if he likes it. (He'll only tell you the rest if asked, and then with no sugarcoating, so be careful!) And he has a penchant for wearing old-fashioned hats and button-down shirts.

Two important things happened during Bowen's formative years: his mom played favorites with his older brother, which inspired him to take up music (guitar was his first love at age five; the violin followed later), and he discovered *The Wizard of Oz*, which catalyzed his lifelong infatuation with the sophisticatedly simple, melodic music of the '30s and '40s.

Bowen was dually impoverished growing up, since his family was financially bereft and said older brother got the lion's share of the praise and attention. This lit a motivational fire under young Aaron to become the undeniable, quintessential best at something, anything that would get him the parental accolades and validation that his brother received so naturally. The guitar fit his reclusive bent to a tee; he would sometimes spend eight or more hours at a stretch, sequestered in anti-social seclusion with his inner eye firmly fixed on the goal of becoming the hottest guitar player there ever was. He began to see the guitar as a way out of the myriad destitutions that plagued him, and he would later pursue this aim relentlessly.

Something about the strong melodies in *The Wizard of Oz* captivated him instantly. He remembers watching the fantastical musical adaptation starring Judy Garland on TV while still



Aaron Bowen

in single digits, and he began recording other similar bits straight off the television so he could play them back and revel in the way the warm, memorable melodies lifted his spirits. Perhaps the very idea behind the story — quitting the mundane world for a vividly wild, enthralling, sing-song realm — provided a vicarious escape from his own quandaries. It undoubtedly helped strengthen his emotional connection to the music.

By adolescence, the flame of Bowen's ambition had all but engulfed his affinity for the old-time music he had grown to love as a child. He had long since forgotten Harold Arlen and Yip Harberg, the brilliant composer and lyricist behind the music of *The Wizard of Oz*, and had turned his attention toward the frenetic, seemingly lucrative world of scales and arpeggios of guitar heroes like Steve Vai, and Frank Gambale, with whom he actually studied. The Guitar Institute of Technology (GIT) beckoned him north to L.A., where, at age 17, he was essentially on his own.

The ambitious tack seemed to be working for a while — Bowen was able to get a fair amount of studio work and toured extensively as a sub. He even had an endorsement with a popular guitar company, Ibanez, which is a dream come true for any aspiring guitarist.

But once again, two important things happened.

Bowen began to feel disenchanted with the highly technical, practically aimless music he had been playing. He began to long for a more meaningful application of virtuosity. And so it happened that in his early twenties he discovered the gypsy jazz of Django Reinhardt. It was virtuosic to be sure, but it seemed to have more of a point in that it was actually melodic. He began to rediscover other acts from the same time period, like the Mills Brothers, who delighted him to no end with their vocal simulation of harmonized horn sections.

It was right around this time that Bowen injured his right hand.

As we all know, it's hard to get music to pay. Serendipitously, Bowen had managed to transform a sideline interest in cars into a full-blown, booming business. His specialty was custom technical modifications on high-end cars, and it involved a lot of detailed work with heavy industrial machinery. The job kept him a little too busy, and he literally became suicidal from the drudgery of the concomitant manual labor. He also lamented his separation

from music and longed for the ceaseless grind to end.

Seen in that light, the accident was a mixed blessing. The drill press bored a hole through the webbing between the thumb and forefinger on his right hand, severing the tendons. Those tendons aren't necessarily crucial to a mechanic, so the doctor intended to leave them unattached until Aaron spoke up and said, "I need to be able to play guitar." It took a long time to rehabilitate his hand, and it proved to be further motivation to change the direction in which his life and music were headed.

In 1999 Bowen bowed out and sold the business soon after the accident and then returned to San Diego. The nest egg generated from the sale of the company afforded him some time off to recuperate and regroup, wherein he began the exploratory process that helped shape his current musical paradigm.

About three years ago the first song came, which was initially scoffed at by a few old friends who could only accept Aaron for the guitar hero he was trying to distance himself from. There was no shredding in these songs he was now writing on — gasp — acoustic guitar, just front-porch fingerpicking (which went easier on his right hand) and melodic vocalizations. There was no going back musically or vocationally; he realized he was no longer cut out for anything other than a life of music, and that his music must make him happy first and foremost, not necessarily famous (although he's open to whatever happens from here). Bowen had begun to move on into his current musical personae.

These days Aaron Bowen is a paradoxical mixture of contentment and ambition. He's happier with his life and his art, but he's still anxious to improve and evolve and innovate. He's already in pre-production for his next record, which is going to be slightly more esoteric musically than the first and will boast an expanded array of instrumentation (including the aforementioned cello, banjo, and even glockenspiel). The ambition and competitive spirit are still there, but now they serve to fulfill his own happiness on the yellow brick road to creation.

Live Jazz

Som ew here in the silent ether,
O phaned by the ear,
Floats every note w as ever played
That we no longer hear.

The iceberg tip of tape and disc
W e resurrect at will
Is but one note in m illions
D row ned and ever still.

True — the ink the quill and paper
Genius put to use
Still com es alive in concert halls
In reverence — or abuse.

But w hat of every m asterpiece
That died while being born,
Through sm oke and booze in gin m ills
From piano and from horn?

For every M onk or Coltrane chorus
Ever put to tape
Are m illions m ore profound by far,
That m ade their sad escape.

Those instant creativities
Confetti-ed in the air —
Lost to all the world, save for the
Few who heard them here.

— Johnny Frigo

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by Liz Abbott with Gregory Page

North Dakota

Tom Brosseau has the voice of an angel — an angel from some long-forgotten era. If you were to hear him for the first time with your eyes closed, you'd think you were listening to an old recording of some Carter family member. His pure, high-lyonesome sound, almost eery at times, conjures up mental pictures of prairie grass, old trucks, and sitting in the parlor drinking lemonade — comforting thoughts of a simpler time to be sure. His uncluttered guitar accompaniment is a perfect complement to his delicate vocals. His lyrics only draw you in further.

A child of the late 1970s and early 1980s, Tom grew up in the tiny town of Drayton, North Dakota (pop. 900), which was where, one would presume, he soaked up all the wonderful imagery that shows up in his songwriting today.

Tom's early music influences are varied. He credits his grandmother, Lillian Uglan, as one of the first people to stimulate his interest in music. Around the time he was 10 years old Tom and his grandmother would spend hours together, singing the songs she knew: an odd mix of Norwegian folk songs and bad renditions of her favorite John Denver songs. She was also responsible for teaching him basic guitar chords so he could accompany himself when she wasn't around.



Young Tom on a family vacation.

While grandma was teaching the Tom how to play guitar, his father was immersing him in the music of Guy Lombardo and Pat Boone. "Simple music for simple people," he'd tell the boy. Mr. Brosseau believed that in every song there was a lesson to be learned and if you listened carefully, your life could be guided by the pearls of wisdom contained in the songs. Often in the morning Tom would be awakened by the sounds of "Dancing in the Dark" and "Boo Hoo" coming from the stereo.

Grandpa Brosseau, like his father before him, was a barber and cut hair in the basement of his home, where it was set up like a barber shop. Once or twice a month, on a Saturday or Sunday, the Brosseau family would go over to Grandpa's house where the men would get their hair cut. It was a regular family ritual as they each got their hair cut one at a time. In the quiet atmosphere of the basement, "Grandpa would put a smock on you, then tilt the chair back and look you over," Tom remembers, laughing. "He'd sprinkle water in his hands and then rub them together before he'd run them through your hair to assess what needed to be done. He gave us all the same hair cut every time."



A recent photo of the Brosseau family

It was usually around noon when the family would eventually move to the living room where the sweet smell of hair tonic and talcum powder filled the air. The grownups would have a drink, usually whiskey and water. It wouldn't be long before someone would turn on the stereo and put on a record, usually the Ink Spots, Grandpa's favorite. After a while, Uncle John would get up and begin noodling around on the piano, accompanying the music on the record. Soon afterward, the others would join in. Sometimes there would be 10 family members jamming for the rest of the afternoon. Grandpa Brosseau sang, Tom's dad played guitar and tuba, and there was Uncle Pete on clarinet. Tom's mom, Jolene Brosseau, played piano and so did Grandma Brosseau, but they usually deferred to Uncle John, since he was the best piano player of the group. Tom's older brother Ben and younger sister Carrie would join in, singing.

Tom's father, James Dean Brosseau, was a doctor who taught courses in medicine as well as literature at the University of North Dakota in nearby Grand Forks. A pivotal moment in Tom's life came when, as a teenager, he accompanied his father to a writer's conference at the university. There was one particular author at the conference who made a big impression on him and the idea of storytelling stuck in his mind as something he'd like to try. Making the connection between storytelling and music made the notion even more appealing.

Minnesota

After graduating from college in 1999 with a degree in communications, Tom wanted to take a some time to venture out, do a little traveling, and see how serious he really was about playing music. When the Red River overflowed and the Great Flood of 1997 did its damage, he was forced to transfer from the University of North Dakota in Grand Forks to finish up his studies at the University of St. Thomas in St. Paul, Minnesota. The culturally rich

environment of the twin cities was incentive enough for Tom to make the decision to move to neighboring Minneapolis where he felt ready to test the waters of the local coffee-house scene. He lived in the city for two years, writing songs and performing while gaining the confidence and experience he would need if he wanted to take his music up a notch. He did.

Nashville

In the back of Tom's mind, Nashville was like making his way to Oz in a way. To perform in Nashville meant you were serious about your music. Over the course of several months Tom gigged around town, but with money running out, he soon decided that he really couldn't afford to stay. Before leaving town, however, he managed to schedule an audition for a coveted spot performing on a Sunday Writers Night at Nashville's legendary Bluebird Cafe. With auditions held quarterly and restricted to Nashville residents, those lucky enough to be selected find themselves in the company of others who show growing talent in their songwriting and performance skills. He had chosen to sing "Yodeling for You" and felt confident and ready when he walked into the audition. When he finished, he thought it had gone well and left town believing he had "nailed the gig." Those who audition are usually notified by letter whether they have made the cut or not. A few weeks later, Tom called his parents' home to see whether there was any news waiting for him. Yup. There was something from the Bluebird Cafe that had come for him. Along with a very nice rejection letter advising Tom not to give up or feel discouraged there was a one-sheet containing tips for writing a good song.



The Nashville experience was an eye opener for Tom and showed him that he had a ways to go with his music. Whereas his energy had previously been directed at eventually arriving in Nashville and playing the Bluebird, Tom was now lacking a plan. He drifted for awhile, eventually landing in Park City, Utah where he found a kindred spirit to hang out with. Her name was Rebecca and she was from San Diego.

Tom had no real burning desire to come to San Diego other than he had never seen the ocean and he had never been to California. But when Rebecca told him that's where she was going and did he want to go with her, he thought, "Why not?" When the two arrived in town, Tom wasted no time finding out who was who in the local music scene and got his feet wet at many of the open mics around town. It wasn't long before he met Gregory Page.

San Diego

by Gregory Page

Once upon a time in a magical land called Ocean Beach lived a man named Java Joe. He was (and still remains) a giant among giants. He opened his big heart up to anyone who wanted to play songs, tell jokes, or recite poetry on his stage. For more than seven years Joe's master of ceremonies was a guy named Wendy. Mr. Wendy hosted Java Joe's Open Mic Night. Where a future super star named Jason Mraz would sign up like any other ordinary creative soul who simply needed 15 minutes to try out new material in front of a packed and appreciative audience. Wendy would wear tight fitting trousers and brightly colored form-fitting shirts, and in his short blond hair he clipped a butterfly barrette. He

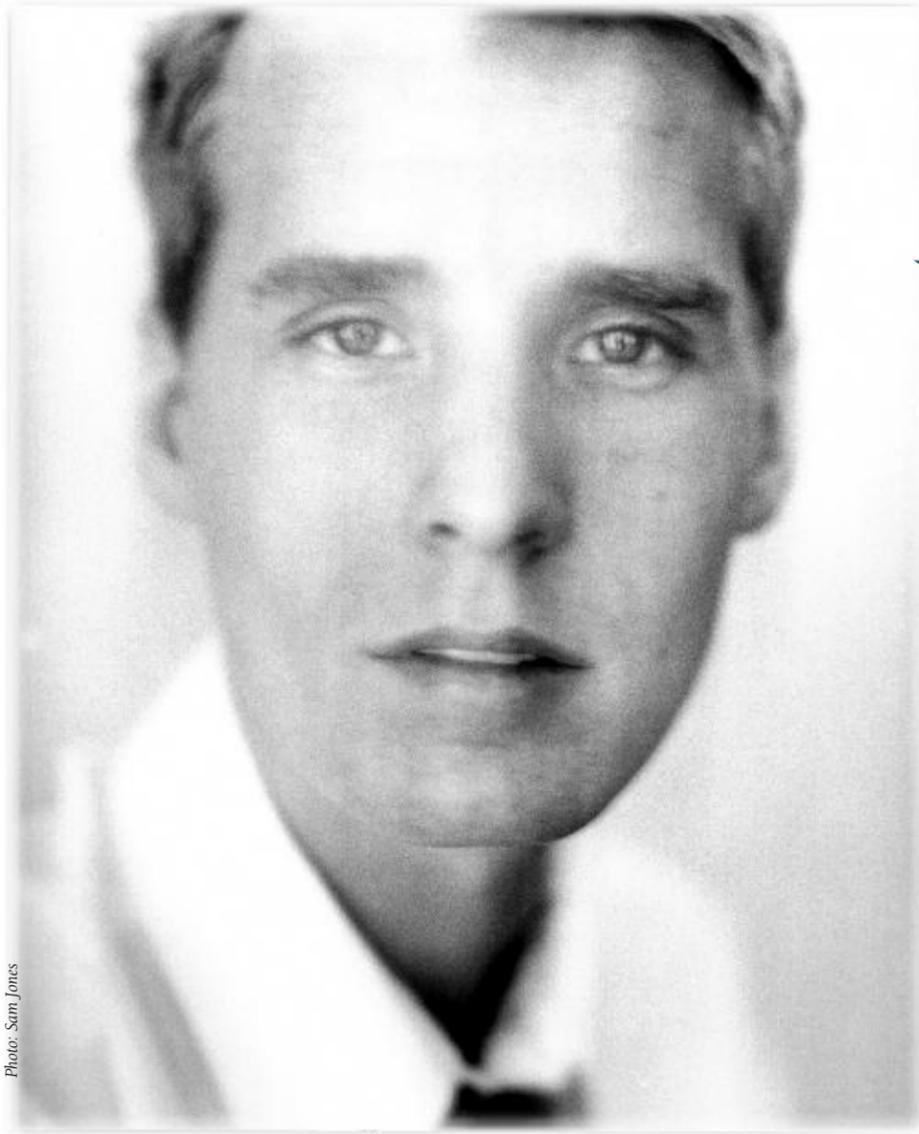


Photo: Sam Jones

was so kind and generous to each performer (especially the girls), he forever wore a smile, yet his breath always reeked of beer. At the end of each Monday night he would close out the evening with the same damn tune that he sang outta key year after year but each time with so much heart and soul you had to sing along... "Thanks for coming out to Java Joes tonight, supporting open mic night at Wendy's Open Mic Night. We hope you had a good time tonight...." One day I got a phone call from Wendy telling me about this fella who had turned up on the previous Monday. Wendy said that he sang with a voice that was unlike anything anyone had ever heard at Joe's before. The next week I went down to Ocean beach in the hopes I'd hear this ghost of a gentleman who sang like a bird and looked like a thin, scrawny John Wayne.

Sitting in the back office with Joe we suddenly heard the sweet sounds of a beautiful woman's voice, singing out in the main room. I jumped up, opened the door, and saw that it was a dude singing. The room was still and no one blinked while this tall figure up on stage sang and yodeled. It was if time went backward and we had all tuned into an old-fashioned radio program from the 1930s. I didn't meet him that night but I left Joe's thinking about him. Who was he? Where did he come from? Perhaps this person is an old soul who had unfinished business on earth. My questions would be answered soon enough.

At that time I had a gig every Wednesday at an Irish pub where I was rocking and rolling with my rotten roots country outfit called The Hatchet Brothers. Joe and Wendy, and many of the regulars from Java Joe's, would be in attendance hanging onto each other, singing along, and throwing up outside by the pet store. During a set break, Wendy put his arm around me and dragged me over to a table to introduce me to his new favorite singer. "Gregory, meet Tom." I sat down and we immediately began talking about music. I kept glancing over at the black-haired beauty sitting next to him who was his gal at the time. Here was a young gifted song stylist who spoke in a soft tone and had a hot little number on his arm. We made a date to meet for a quiet drink and discuss the possibility of working together in the future. I also needed to know

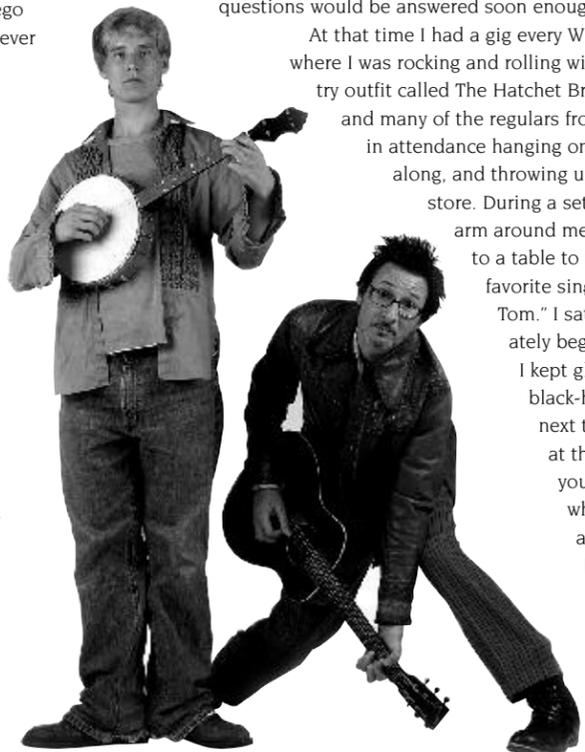


Photo: Thom Vollenweider



The Ballad of TOM BROSSÉAU

if he had any naked photos of his girlfriend.

Tom came over to my apartment with his book of lyrics and his Gibson axe from the 1970s. My room is tiny and it is filled with old-fashioned recording gear that nobody uses anymore. We talked briefly about my wanting to record his songs and the next thing we knew I had set up two \$99 microphones and was pressing the record button on my tape machine. I sat there and listened to him croon with tears in my eyes. The songs (which were later included in what has become known as the Blue Album) were not familiar to me, however, instantly each one became my new favorite. After we had recorded ten tracks, we both needed a drink. We walked down to the bar and found ourselves talking for hours. I had not seen any person drink beer so quickly; I guess that's how they drink in North Dakota. Over the next few weeks I spent much time recording pump organ and tenor guitar and texturing his music in a spare fashion. We became fast friends during those sessions and decided to form a duo, calling ourselves The American Folk Singers. Lou Curtiss, our musical advisor, told us that if we want to make lots of dough we needed to play folk music. Tom and I took our show to various retirement homes and sang for anyone who would listen. We even played at a school for the deaf.

Tom's birthday came and went during the recording of his debut album. He was 25 going on 99. I look back on that period in which we had captured these songs as a very special time.

Like listening to a time machine, Tom's songs are pure and genuine and filled with poetic imagery. He is an old soul cut from the same bar stool as Hank Williams Senior, Jimmy Rodgers, and Woody Guthrie. Real country music today cannot be found on commercial puke radio stations. Neil Young, Bob Dylan, Nickel Creek, and Tom Brosseau are much more country than Mr. Achy Breaky Fart. The Nashville of today needs to be taken out and given a good ol' fashioned whooping, because what they're churning out sounds like bad rock music from the '80s with a pedal steel to remind you of how awful it is.

I sent a rough mix of the blue album to my pal John Doe and after hearing Tom's songs, he really encouraged me to leave them as naked as possible. Wendy was the first person to discover Tom, I was the first person to record Tom, and John Doe was the first person to take Tom on tour.

Last night Tom performed in the Big Apple to a packed house of fans — a long way from the Monday night Open Mic Night at Java Joes.



The Story of Les Shelleys

Angela Correa was living in San Diego while pursuing a graduate degree in Latin American studies when she met Tom through Gregory Page.

A big fan of Gregory's music, she had heard through a friend that he had formed a folk duo with a young blond kid with a really high voice. Already well traveled, especially in Chile and Mexico because of her studies, she found herself spending more and more time in her room recording herself, writing songs, and thinking about folk music and songwriting more than anything else. She had given Gregory one of her tapes, a crazy little recording she had made on a four-track, which he and Tom listened to one day.

After Tom had heard her sing, the two of them began to spend more time together, singing old songs just for fun. They would work up songs they both knew, such as "Goodnight Irene," "Roll on John," or "Sowing on the Mountain." After Angela invited Tom to sing on a track of an album she was recording, they began singing together more and more often, which became so easy and natural that they decided to make it official and gave themselves a name: The Shelleys.



Les Shelleys' Angela Correa and Tom Brosseau

Photo: Steve Covault

They called themselves The Shelleys because Tom had a crush on a girl named Shelley when he was a kid, and Angela thought that was rather amusing. They also liked the way the word sounded coming out of the mouth — soft and pretty. Upon hearing that there was an Irish band with the same name, the two of them changed the name of their duo to Les Shelleys. Angela adds, "I had lived in France for a while and spoke some French, so using a different pronoun for the 'the' part of our name just seemed perfect and sort of romantic and old timey and, again, we liked the way the name sounded when we said it. However, Tom has never quite remembered that *Les* means *the* because he always says, 'Hello. We are the Les Shelleys,' which makes me laugh on stage every time."

Les Shelleys is mostly about the songs. As Angela explains, "There are so many beautiful songs that have a lovely, perfect melody and sentiment, songs that need little more than a voice or two to tell the story. So Tom and I seek out these old songs that have either been somewhat forgotten or that have been cherished and sung by folks forever. We listen to them and work them out and arrange them to make them our own in a way. We spend far more time than anybody probably should, learning them and figuring out the notes we want to sing. Then we practice them over and over until we don't even think about what we are singing anymore because it just flows out of us. But the most important thing is that we listen to each other while we are singing, so the songs are slightly different and a little bit living each time. Tom will introduce me to songs that his Dad taught him as a kid and I will remember songs that I heard my Grandma humming or that I heard in some old movie. Sometimes we find a song on an old tape while visiting home or something. When we'd go to L.A., we would spend an entire evening at Amoeba [a used record store], hunting for songs to work out."

Although Tom and Angela are both very busy with their own solo musical endeavors, they still manage to perform as Les Shelleys about twice a month. Over the past few years the duo has shared many memorable experiences. A few of their favorites include opening for Sam Phillips at the Silverlake Lounge in L.A., playing to a hushed crowd; performing at the Marjorie Luke, a historic 800-seat theater in Santa Barbara; and playing at a little house concert in the middle of nowhere while on the road touring together.

Arranging their schedules has become more difficult lately, but they know that the music they perform is worthwhile because of the way people respond to it. With two CDs under their belt, they are ready for their third, recording the abundance of songs they've learned lately. They also have plans for recording old country western tunes that were written by Boudeleaux and Felice Bryant for a project in Los Angeles. Gregory Page will produce the album.

Finding a Home for his Music

Tom Brosseau could be described as a hopeless romantic, a master storyteller, a fun lover who likes to laugh, a quiet observer, and a bit of a mischief maker. Blessed with a fertile imagination, he can write about anything — a speck of dirt on the sidewalk, a chip in his coffee cup — anything. He is also determined and resourceful, having spent an enormous amount of energy and work into promoting his music. During the time he lived in San Diego he cooked up a scheme, which he wrote about on his website:



Portrait of Tom Brosseau by Roy Ruiz Clayton

Tom's Blog

At the time I had only been in California just under a year, so no one had really heard of me. I had this plan I would take my music and new album door-to-door like a vacuum cleaner salesman. I got a real smart haircut and bought a tie and a short sleeved button down shirt and a parlor hat and a good pair of slacks and my guitar and set out to sell my new album. I started out in San Diego in a section called Mission Hills. I must have knocked on 200-300 doors. I didn't sell one record. I had my routine down and everything. I started out ringing the bell and saying, "Hi, my name is Tom Brosseau and I have a new album for sale. I would like to play you a song from it. Do you want to hear a song today?" but there was too much room for people to say no. So I revised my routine so that when people opened their door I just started singing. I got people thinking I was selling Bibles, I got people laughing at me, I got people telling me they were going to call the police, I got people telling me to take singing lessons, I got people slamming the door in my face, I got people who did call the police. It was a true lesson that things are sometimes a lot harder than they seem. I am not discouraged by it.

Following his collaboration with Gregory Page on the production of his eponymous first CD, also known as the Blue Album, Tom sent it out to dozens of radio stations, seeking airplay. Many doors closed before he finally got a bite from KCRW's Nic Harcourt, host of "Morning Becomes Eclectic" out of Los Angeles. Airplay on that radio station got him noticed by others and he soon developed a following. He began to tour. He became so well received in Boston that he even considered moving there when he was ready to leave San Diego to pursue new opportunities. Instead he moved up to Los Angeles so he could still be close enough to drive down to San Diego once in awhile. After all, he had made some good friends and valuable contacts here. He plays regularly at the Adams Avenue Roots Festival with Gregory Page as well as Lestat's and the North Park Vaudeville and Candy Shoppe, a charming 35-seat venue on El Cajon Blvd.

Since moving to Los Angeles, Tom's life has been busy and productive. He constantly performs in and around L.A. both solo and with Angela Correa

at such venues as the Silverlake Lounge, Largo, Tangier, and the Mercury Lounge. He's been written up in *Performer*, the *Chicago Tribune*, *Chord* magazine, and *Harp* magazine, to name a few. He's also been interviewed on dozens of radio stations and is currently on tour, with stops in Chicago, New York, and Boston.

He was recently signed to Loveless Records, an indie label based in Seattle and founded by Sam Jones, a photographer best known for making the Wilco documentary *I Am Trying to Break Your Heart*. His latest CD, *What I Mean to Say Is Good-Bye*, was released in June to rave reviews (reviewed in this issue, page 13). Bonnie Raitt even mentioned him during an interview in *Performing Artist* magazine as an up and comer worth listening to.

So how did this North Dakota boy, raised on John Denver songs, the Ink Spots, and Guy Lombardo end up sounding like a such a pure, timeless soul? It's hard to say. Maybe his music can tell you.





Bluegrass CORNER

by Dwight Worden

DUET SINGING IN BLUEGRASS

Have you ever stopped to notice that some of the most beautiful harmony singing in bluegrass music, or in any other form of music for that matter, is often done by two people singing duet harmonies? And, did you ever notice that of the duet singers the best of the best are often brothers? Think of the great brother duets from the past, including the Everly Brothers, the Louvin Brothers, the



Charlie and Ira Louvin

Osborne Brothers, Jim and Jesse McReynolds, and many others. More recently, think of the Gibson Brothers and their contemporary recordings. Let's take a look at why duet singing can be so compelling and why brothers seem to do it so well. In western music there are seven notes in any scale, with the eighth note being the octave of the first or "root" note. From these seven scale notes chords, or combinations of three notes played simultaneously, can be made that are pleasing to the ear. (Why some three-note combinations are pleasing to the ear and others are not is a question answered by physics and signal theory, but for our purposes take it as a given that



Eric and Leigh Gibson

some three-note combinations sound good and some don't.) These basic three-note chords are called "triads" and comprise the first note in the scale, the third note, and the fifth note of the scale. More complex chords can be created by adding the sixth, the seventh, or other notes. Harmony singing is done by "stacking" the singing voices to create this same chord sound by having each singer sing one of the chord notes. In three-part harmony the three voices sing the three notes of the chord, and in duet singing one singer sings the melody and the other sings one of the remaining chord notes to create harmony. So, we note that in three-part singing the singers must be more disciplined.



Chris Hillman and Herb Pedersen at the Grand Ole Opry.

They also have less freedom — since there are only three notes in a triad chord, each singer has to sing one "assigned" note to avoid duplicating another singer. In duet singing the person singing harmony has a choice of which of the two remaining notes to sing, and thus a measure of freedom. And, the duet harmony singer can even change notes as the song progresses, maybe singing the third note harmony for the first part of a verse, and then jumping higher to the fifth note harmony to build tension and drama and then back to the third.

The great duet singers have routinely made good use of this creative freedom to vary the harmony as it progresses, to keep the sound interesting to the listener and to generate tension and release. Brothers who



have grown up together singing and talking all their lives, in church and elsewhere, have a kind of unspoken connection and understanding of what the other is likely to do, which makes their duet singing so sublime. The Gibson Brothers, for example, each know what the other is going to sing at any given moment and can blend their voices, their inflection, and their harmonies perfectly as a result. Likewise with the Everly Brothers, the Louvins, Jim and Jesse, and the other great brother duets.

You don't have to be brothers to reach this level of unspoken communication, but it helps. Other good singers can achieve this same high level, but usually only through years of singing together so that they become brothers for musical purposes. Listen to Herb Pedersen and Chris Hillman, for example, do their duets and you will see how good duet singing can be by two people who are not related but who have been singing together for years.

The next time you listen to good duet singers see if you can hear what they doing. See if you can hear the subtleties of the blend and how they "stack" the harmony at any given point in the song. To do duet singing well is very difficult, but it sure is worth it!

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

The San Diego Bluegrass Society has moved its fourth Tuesday of the month featured band event (formerly at Godfather's Pizza) to the Boll Weevil on Miramar Road. Stop by next time if you haven't visited this new SDBS venue. In September the SDBS fourth Tuesday at the Boll Weevil featured the Virtual Strangers and an SDBS fundraiser for hurricane victims. The SDBS raised funds that will go to the American Federation of Musicians Hurricane Relief Fund, a fund that will give relief to New Orleans area musicians who suffered from the hurricanes. And, the AFM will match each donation dollar for dollar. This is a way for local bluegrass enthusiasts to directly help fellow musicians in need. If you would like to contribute, send your check to: SDBS earmarked: "Hurricane Relief" at: PO Box 15292, San Diego, CA 92175.

On Saturday November 26 Richard Greene (who played with Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys) will appear with the Brothers Barton at Acoustic Music San Diego, 4650 Mansfield (Normal Heights) at 7:30 p.m. For tickets and information, call (619) 303-8176. Keep pickin'!

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The Zen of Recording

by Sven-Erik Seaholm

FROM THE TOP DOWN, PART I

On a clear, cool late night's drive home from a performance in Temecula, fellow singer-songwriter Peter Bolland and I have just begun listening to the latest Bonnie Raitt record, *Souls Alike*. Peter asks an interesting question: "So Sven, out of all the music that's available out there, what was it that made you choose this CD?" I said, "Well, ever since her comeback album" (1989's *Nick of Time*) she has made an unbroken string of albums as good or better than the one before. Each time she seems to have improved her singing and playing. Some have had more of her originals than others, but the songwriting bar has never lowered. The production and recording quality especially, is always amazing."

As if on cue, the second song "God Was in the Water" begins and I turn it up. A "Leslie'd" guitar line accompanied by a blurry monotone flapping bass and a sparse, not quite reggae-not quite funk tribal drum beat set a shadowy, ambiguous mood. Soon, a wah-wah'd guitar joins in as Bonnie sings the opening line, and the whole thing seems to have evolved into dark, mysterious water. In less than five measures, we've been unwittingly transported to some place else.

Although the album credits clearly state that this record was produced by Bonnie Raitt, the likely culprit of this sonic hijacking would be engineer and co-producer Chad Blake. As I am a big fan (okay, disciple) of his work, I know (through reading in interviews with him and his longtime creative partner, producer Mitchell Froom) that he likes to create a sonic landscape that transports the listener to some place new. A place that may not exist in nature, but nonetheless exists as an ideal environment for the song at hand. Blake and Froom have done entire albums filled with these strange but wonderful undiscovered worlds. Great examples can be found in the Los Lobos album *Skiko* and *Colossal Head* as well as Blake and Froom's side project with members of that band, *Latin Playboys*. The first two *Soul Coughing* albums that Blake produced are also great examples of this, and the evolution of this approach is wonderfully chronicled on the first three *Crowded House* albums. To see where it all started, one need only pick up Tom Waits' watershed recording, *Swordfish from Bones*. And if you really love what you hear in any of these recordings, you have to check out the two Froom/Blake recordings for Suzanne Vega — *99.9F* and *Nine Objects of Desire*. These last two probably represent the production duo at their collective creative peak.

The previous paragraph may seem like another tangential digression, but it actually brings us full circle. It is my belief that regardless of the ingeniousness of Chad Blake's radical approach to recording and mixing, without a great song and the skilled and empathetic playing of the musicians involved, all of it would amount to so much muffled racket in the halls of musical history.

In fact, a cursory glance down the Froom/Blake discography reveals perhaps the biggest secret to their collective successes: Randy Newman, Elvis Costello,

Neil Finn, and Peter Dinklage, along with Waits and Vega will almost certainly have their names added near the top of the list of the Pop Songwriters' Hall of Fame. This suggests two things. One is that the previously described radical sonic approach is done as service of the song and its performance. The other is that it better be a damn good song and performance if it's going to bear the kind of weight that these eccentric treatments bring.

One might also infer that these productions are built from the top down rather than from the bottom up. In other words, they weren't started with beats and textures (a typical approach of modern pop and R&B records), but treated after the song's basic tracks were laid down. This is the key element to insuring that inorganic elements work in material where they would be seemingly out of context. You're building off of the vibe and emotional context that's been dictated by the song's performance.

So how can the fledgling producer/engineer experiment with these approaches in the absence of great song performances?

I found a great (if unlikely) resource in the form of Big Fish Audio's *Jazz Quartet* traditional jazz construction loops (\$99.95). There are 3.1 gigs of material here in the form of 83 "construction kits." Three formats are provided, 24-bit WAV files, 24-bit REX files (for use with programs like Recycle) and 16-bit Apple loops.

The "kits" are made from loops that are broken down as bass, drums, guitar, and piano, along with an additional combo version. They are logically organized into general folders with names like "052 Cm in," the first number representing the tempo and the second obviously referring to the key. Within each such folder there are between 3 to 11 different sub folders (named 01 52 Cm in, 02 52 Cm in, etc.), which hold different variations that can be utilized for A, B, and C sections, etc. The performances are no joke, with some pretty damn fine playing and rock solid time keeping in addition to the excellent recording quality.



Sven-Erik Seaholm



In use, the "loops" (I use the term loosely, as they are often 16 bars long) fit together seamlessly and one can quickly piece together a sketch of a jazz piece within a minute or two. Once you've done this using the combo loops, you can then go about the business of replacing these with the similarly named individual instrument loops. This is the point where I began to have some difficulties, because as these are live jazz combo performances, there is some leakage between the instruments, particularly with the piano and drums. This is a "real world" issue though, and I think it makes great practice for when you'll undoubtedly run into this situation with your own recordings.

Going through and doing strange things to the resulting drum, piano, and guitar tracks yield such fun and informative results. I just had to recommend this approach. Try it and see what you think.

Next month, we'll explore the "Top Down" theory from the perspective of individual musical performances. For now, listen closely and listen often!

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Hosing Down

by José Sinatra

LOVE AND RASPBERRIES (or Love, Raspberries, Cod Stew, and Crab Cakes?)

Good to have you back again, after that extended, dreamless snooze.

This one is dedicated particularly to those who actually missed my holy writ, and specifically to the female readers who, at this moment, are beginning to feel a pleasant filling of a troubling void.

I want those precious doves to know that "Hosing Down" is more than a mere duty for me. It's a privilege to do what little I can to keep you happy, fresh, feminine.

By the way, you're looking lovelier than ever.

Yes, you are. Does your man say that to you every hour of the day, as any truly honest lover would? If he doesn't, he's either dishonest or an imbecile, and you should jettison him from your valuable life immediately. This will free you, my flower, from distraction as you prepare to accept my own unconventional, unconditional, yet thoroughly sustaining, love.

Then soon, when the time is right, you will come to me and be fully and finally mine. If I'm not home, leave a note and I'll get back to you at my first convenience. But until that glorious moment . . .

The Raspberries concert, which was to have taken place at 4th and B a couple of weeks ago, was cancelled — a cultural tragedy to our arts community that surpasses even 7/11 in gravity. The reunited 'Berries are the original four: Eric Carmen, a voice more McCartney than McCartney himself, with writing chops to rival anyone but the Fabs; Wally Bryson, the real heart of the group, also multiply gifted; Dave Smalley, as splendid a bassist/writer/vocalist as there's ever been; and Jim "Banshee" Bonfanti, the drummer with unlimited ability and invention — unobtrusive but thoroughly spectacular. Reports of the tour have been ecstatic. (Their "Ecstasy" reigns supreme as the most cost-effective trip even any raver could take, and I'd take issue with Eric Carmen's statement that the ending of his "Starting Over" is the best he's ever written; in truth, it's probably the best anyone's written, ever.)

Hot damn, they were good, even when Smalley and Bonfanti were replaced for the fourth and final LP, which was released in 1975.

I saw another dead cat on Adams Avenue yesterday. The tongue shot out into the intersection like a steroid-overdosed snake. Otherwise, there was a look of peace on pussy's face. Quite a difference from the

open-jawed, blazing-eyed, eternal scream of agony sported by the squashed tabby I encountered on Adams near Park Blvd. very early on Christmas morning in 1995. Wow, that one took a chunk of my soul and has never stopped reminding me of the theft.

Okay, just what does that absurd digression have to do with show biz? Maybe nothing at all, really, until you consider that either of those departed felines, had they been able to avoid the distracted, cellphone-using drivers, might have gone on to promising careers in music or film. Or maybe even as a roadie for the Raspberries.

Please, people, if you own a pet, have the decency to teach it about crosswalks and stop signs. And if you're driving somewhere, leave your cellphone at home where it belongs or have it spayed, for the love of God.

My, but I do get distracted. So . . . anyway, the Raspberries, in the olden days, were known to be prodigious womanizers after shows — true champs in the "scoring" department. And like most other musical satyrs, they were routinely unconcerned with the shattered female hearts they propagated. Tender hearts that hours earlier floated in ponds of love, eroded into cheap hotel sheets.

Dammit, women are not here on this earth to be used like some bargain box of Kleenex. At least not all of them.

Remember now, it wasn't just the Raspberries, and it wasn't just way back then. I know two beautiful young sisters who were recently invited to spend some "quality time" with a legendary singer whom I shall pseudonymously identify as "Cod Stewart" for personal reasons.

Stephanie and Debby Martly, sweethearts whom I've known for over a decade, showed up outside Cod's dressing room after a performance, hoping to obtain the singer's autograph for their Grandmother Betty, who had all of Cod's albums.

They did indeed get the autograph. And a lot more.

Near the end of their encounter with rock royalty, Cod Stewart promised them a follow-up call to set up a more vital second encounter the next evening. You see, according to Cod, he'd fallen in love, real love, for the first time in his life and needed a day to decide which of the Martly girls would become the fourth or fifth Mrs. Stewart. "It'll be the toughest decision of me life," he confessed to them. "I never thought something like this could really happen. You're both so special, like magic," he purred solemnly, watching them dress.

The girls floated in warm, drooling fantasy through most of the following day, until it became tepid, then chilly.

Photo: Brinke Stevens



The scintillating Mr. Sinatra

The call, of course, never came. Had it all just been a dream?

Certainly not, a creepy crew of British crabs soon informed them.

When they confided to me their experience, I told them that life is full of lessons and they just learned a pretty painful and embarrassing one. I assured them that only the three of us would ever know about it (I respect them that much) and then personally undertook the eradication of the latest British "invasion." It was a service I rendered with infinite patience and care, promising to be available for the necessary twice-weekly follow-ups during the next three months, by which time clean bills of health would be assured.

That's the kind of person *this* singer is, and yes, that's rare.

I did it because I cared. And because, unlike all those other male "superstars," this one carries his talent with him when he leaves the stage.

So I can share my abundance with you, personally. Think of a snake on a steroid binge . . .

If you need me now, I'm here. We don't have to wait out another month, do we?

Life can be so beautiful, darling, when we grasp at the beauty that is always so near to us. As close as ink on a printed page. As close as a columnist's photo, the one who dares to care . . . about you, so very, very much . . .

Time to grab that ball in your court, babe. I'd bet you're ready to score.

More of Dr. Sinatra's empowering words of empowerment are contained in his latest book, Love Me or Die, to be published by Waddilove Press, if he ever actually writes it. In the meantime, he will be at Lestat's on Friday, November 18, with the Troy Danté Inferno.



RADIO DAZE

by Jim McInnes

RASH DECISIONS

San Diego's Rocket from the Crypt performed its last show ever (at least until the reunion tour) on Halloween night. My wife Sandi and I attended their infamous 1996 Halloween bash at the Mission Valley Marriott.

Our son Dustin, aka "Dirty," was part of the band's live show back then, contributing backing vocals, dancing, and keeping the energy level high. Rocket were awesome as usual. When the show ended and everyone was soaked with beer and sweat, Dirty asked if he could take our car because he had to get somewhere and he couldn't find a ride. As we were spending the night at the hotel, we said that was fine and that he could drop off the car at the house the next day.

Then we ran into Sharmon, one of Sandi's pals. Sharmon seemed to be *four* sheets to the wind and unable to drive home, so we invited her to crash in our hotel room to sleep it off.

The next morning even my *hair* hurt! I've always been good at finding ways to have a *really great time* at the expense of my liver and kidneys. Sandi and Sharmon didn't seem to feel too bad, though. After checking out of the hotel, the three of us piled into Sharmon's car, still in costume, for the quick ride back to our home in Tierrasanta.

Instead, Sharmon began driving down Friar's Road, heading West instead of East. Despite my semi-living state I knew she was going the wrong way and, pointing to the South, protested, "Hey, we live back there!" The women said, "Relax Jimmy, we're going to get some lunch. It'll make you feel almost human!" I agreed and fell asleep. A few minutes later I was shaken from my slumber by the wife, urging me to get out of the car. Prying my eyelids apart, I saw we were at the airport. "Hey! This is the airport!" I mumbled. "Shut up, meathead. Get the bags from the trunk. We're leaving town," said the Queen. "Where to?" I asked. "Tahoe," Sandi replied.

My birthday was in two days and Sandi was hijacking me to Lake Tahoe to celebrate!

Now it was beginning to make sense. Dustin had taken our car so we wouldn't have to deal with parking. I should have



Jim McInnes

figured that it was improbable that one of the friggin' Rocket from the Crypt guys couldn't get a ride from anyone else! And Sharmon wasn't really blotto after all. She was a shill, there to take us to our flight! Sandi had even set it up with my program director so I could take a few days off. Cool!

Sandi and I boarded our flight still in costume. How odd it must have seemed when I, dressed like Tor Johnson from *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, walked onto the plane accompanied by the late Nicole Simpson, fresh from being filleted by O.J.

We actually flew into Reno, where Sandi had arranged for a rental car. This woman thought of everything. "She should be my manager," I thought, "if I had something to manage."

It was a beautiful drive into the Sierras to a resort/casino on the California-Nevada state line, our home for the next few days.

After settling into our room, which had a beautiful view of the mountains, the pines, and the snow, Sandi surprised me again!

"Jim, I've booked massages for both of us. Go downstairs and get yours from Ursula, the German masseuse, and I'll meet you back here in an hour." I thought, "Yeah, I need that. Maybe we can play Slap and Tickle after that!"

Ursula gave me the massage of a lifetime, using exotic oils and fragrances. Then I sat in the sauna and the jacuzzi. Aaaaahhhh. Paradise.

As I showered before returning to our room, my right leg began to itch.

After toweling off and dressing, I headed back upstairs to meet the wife for a little afternoon delight. When I opened the door to our room, she had spread rose petals everywhere, lit some sweet smelling candles, and was playing some great music. Oh yeah, baby. I scratched my thigh. I scratched my butt. I scratched everywhere, because the massage with Ursula's exotic oils had given me the biggest *eczema attack* of my life!

So we watched television and celebrated my birthday with a bottle of calamine lotion.



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Crash Carter Red Buttons Blink

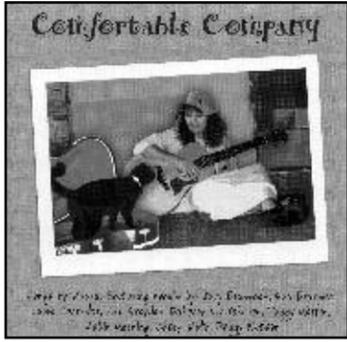
by Craig Yerkes

Crash Carter's *Red Buttons Blink* is a bit of a throwback to the '70s when artists like Elton John, Gary Wright, Stevie Wonder, Steely Dan, Hall and Oates, and Billy Joel were filling the top 40 charts with catchy, keyboard-based, male vocal-driven tunes. That having said, this disc in no way sounds dated, thanks to the exuberance and fresh musical approach of the band, which takes some of the old school appeal of the aforementioned artists and throws in other varied influences, i.e., Sting/The Police and Squeeze.

Whatever stylistic approach they happen to be taking, the appeal of Crash Carter hinges primarily on the piano playing and vocals of Casey Gee. The good news is that this guy can play and sing with the best of 'em. John Mears and Jeff Bowman add drums and bass, skillfully managing to pull off the difficult task of enhancing this material with just the right blend of gusto, groove, and sensitivity. In the wrong hands, these tunes would be seriously damaged by a heavy-handed rhythm section. Track one, "Unreal," gets things started nicely with an up-tempo, hook-laden ditty, complete with soulful falsetto vocal riffs and a driving piano track. "Tidal Waves" is probably the catchiest tune on the disc, with hooks galore and a stellar chorus, but it also brings to light the one and only complaint I have with the CD: I wish that on this track, and a few others, the band would have added some kind of high register instrument (like maybe a soprano sax). In my opinion, some of the tunes would benefit from that extra something in the high register. "Play On" incorporates more of a Police influence with a righteous percussion track and sly, Sting-esque layered-doubled vocals. Three tracks deep into this recording, you will be struck at just how impressively versatile Gee's voice is. This guy really uses his vocal instrument to full effect and has remarkable range. "Fill You Up" lays down a mean groove and makes a cool, subtle shift from the piano driving the music to the drums and bass primarily making it snap.

On my two favorite remaining tunes, "Jungle" features a somewhat kinky chord structure and melody in the verses, creating the perfect ramp-up for yet another ridiculously catchy chorus. It also introduces some cool, subtle production touches like the retro-cool, fuzzed out bass part on the bridge. "Talk, Turn and Run" is a moving ballad that, like "Jungle," masterfully uses a tension building harmonic structure in the verses and then delivers a big time melodic, lyrical, and emotional resolution in the chorus.

continued next column →



D'Vora Comfortable Company

by Kate Kowsh

I have to be honest. When I first looked at this album cover — a picture of a woman sitting on the floor of her house, guitar in hand, with her cat sitting in her guitar case — I was a little leery. D'vora dedicates *Comfortable Company*, the title of her new CD and as well as the first track, to her departed cat, Shawna. How much could I enjoy an album dedicated to a dead cat? But I pressed on...and Karma was good to me for doing so.

This album is full of mature, well thought-out musical ideas and stories. Each song is dedicated to one thing or another that meant something to D'vora and to her pack of background vocalists. Whether it's a cat, a departed friend, a coffee shop, or Anne Frank, the album as a whole hangs out on the bluegrass area of the musical spectrum. But every once and again, it travels into country music territory. Maybe it's because of the fiddle.

"Talking Hay Fever Blues" is the gem of the album. Think Johnny Cash's "I Walk the Line" but add in a sense of humor. Ken Graydon recants, in his baritone speaking voice, his loathing for hay fever. He whines, *All I wanna do is lay down and die/In my dust-free coffin/non-allergenic dacron-filled lining/Don't send flowers.*

"A Tribute to Camarillo Café" sounds like a Jimmy Buffet tune welded to one of Bob Marley's bass lines. Written to show her gratitude to owner Jack Zigary for "providing a venue for our kind of music," D'vora sings about what a Friday night at the Camarillo Café is like.

This album is clearly D'vora's baby. It's well-bred and professionally cultivated.

continued from previous column.

One thing I loved throughout the whole recording is the way so many old school keyboard sounds were incorporated, especially the insanely groovin' clarinet parts that show up on "Jump Ship" and "Better Than Myself." Producer Sven-Erik Seaholm seems to have wisely made the choice to let *Red Buttons Blink* stay pretty close to what Crash Carter does live and not add too many bells and whistles. The sly touches that do show up (i.e., live crowd sounds on "Once Like You") are welcome additions that don't detract from the natural strength of the tunes and the performances.

In a world of too many guitar bands and guitar plucking singer songwriters, *Red Buttons Blink* is a wonderful breath of fresh air that is likely to bring Crash Carter a dose of well-deserved attention.



Amelia Browning Little Jazz Bird

by Kate Kowsh

If I were to hear Amelia Browning's voice floating around the corridor of some swanky hotel lobby, I'd follow it to the jazz bar, order a dirty vodka martini, and hang out for a while. It's welcoming, like an audio invitation to stay a while.

A comfortable soprano, Browning wraps her style around 10 jazz and blues standards on her new album, *Little Jazz Bird*. The title couldn't be more fitting. Her voice, soft, crisp, articulate, and unobtrusive, chirps every note just as naturally as the birds do.

This album doesn't scream for attention. It doesn't have to. It's comfortable hanging out in the background.

Covering Buddy Johnson's "Save Your Love for Me," Browning takes her time and handles this one with care. Accompanied by Kamau Kenyatta on the piano and Kevin Green on drums, the trio does this song right.

Track 10, a cover of Charles Mingus and Joni Mitchell's "Dry Cleaner From Des Moines," is an up-tempo tune, heavy on electric bass and saxophone accompaniment. With a voice similar to Joni Mitchell's, Browning skips up and down the scales with ease.

Someone said to me once that you should only cover a song if you think you can add something to it. To just say that Browning adds something to each of the songs she covers wouldn't even begin to skim the surface. She brushes years of dust off them, gets to know them, and polishes them up, pumping warm, red blood through the cold and brittle veins of jazz music altogether.

Simeon Flick



November Shows:
11/5 The Second Annual San Diego Indie Music Fest @ The Abbey on 5th
11/18 Katrina Benefit @ Claire De Lune Coffeehouse

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Peter Sprague Taking It All In

by Craig Yerkes

As a jazz guitar lover, I have sat front row to see greats such as Joe Pass, Joe Diorio, Anthony Wilson, and Pat Metheny. For those of you who don't realize this already, Peter Sprague has a place right up there with the great jazz guitarists of our time. More than just his instrumental and improvisational prowess, Sprague is a writer-composer of positively world-class abilities. *Taking It All In*, his latest release, is a wonderful and inspiring snapshot of the essence of Peter Sprague, the composer, musician, and human being.

In the liner notes, Sprague indicates that he wanted to capture what his band does live by recording mostly live with minimal overdubs. The result of this purist approach is equal parts playful, pristine, stunningly tight, energetic, heartfelt, and just plain fun.

The title track starts the disc with a surprisingly simple, almost recklessly strummed acoustic guitar progression that sounds a little like something you would hear if you walked into an open mic at a local coffeehouse. As layers are added to the tune, we go way past coffeehouse territory into increasingly interesting harmonic ground, especially in the bridge where a haunting, bowed bass melody takes us by surprise. I also loved the relaxed "Metheny-esque" guitar solo that floats over the changes so nicely as if he had all the time in the world. Right from the start, you get a sense that Sprague likes to give his tunes that extra level of effort in composition. All of the tracks on this recording manage to avoid the dreaded jazz pitfall where the melody seems almost an afterthought to be rushed over in a mad dash to get to the solos. Check the giddily cool melody on "Shinobi" as the band moves solidly into a more straight ahead, bop-orientated approach. "Zen Joao" is a seductive Latin jazz tune that features an intoxicating lead line, hauntingly voiced and flawlessly executed in the high and low registers by the bass and flute. "Unmarketable Math" highlights Sprague's more twisted harmonic sensibilities by throwing us into the middle of a kinky, slower bop tune based on diminished scale harmony — spacey and groovy! Next up is a truly inspired choice for the only cover tune: "Travels" by Pat Metheny. The beautiful acoustic guitar and soulful sax dance around each other perfectly and the guitar solo is so tasty that I found myself saying, "Hey, listen to this! Isn't that righteous?!!!" "Acid Peter" shows us yet another side of the man and the band with a cool, slow funk groove. The melody is so wonderfully twisted and nasty that my face involuntarily contorts every time I hear it. "Acid Peter" just won't stop funk'n', in no

continued next column →



Precious Bryant The Truth

by Lou Curtiss

Born in Talbot County, Georgia, in 1942, Bryant grew up in a musical family, picking up her natural finger style guitar licks from the musical blues community around her when she was very young. I've been hearing about Bryant for some time and have wanted to bring her out to the Roots Festival for the past several years but have been unable to with the budgets like they are. This is unique finger style (à la Elizabeth Cotton and Memphis Minnie) by a southern lady guitar player and singer who does a "Tennessee Blues" that sounds like it could have been written 60 years ago. She also does a blues tribute to a post-apocalyptic television heroine called "Dark Angel." This CD is her second for the Terminus label; the first was all acoustic and this one's a mix of acoustic and electric. Both CDs are gems.

continued from previous column

small part thanks to bass playing that is so tight and juicy, I almost can't believe a mere mortal did the job. "Joe Farrell" returns to a more straight ahead, mid-tempo bop feel and features some wonderful interplay among the musicians as they trade 12-bar solos. "Alien I.Q." returns to the slow funk of "Acid Peter" and gives the listener what they may have been waiting for in "Acid Peter" — a stellar bass solo. I also loved the slick vibe sounds on the melody. The closing track, "Kundalini" is a kinetic, playful, up-tempo (and yoga inspired) bop tune, a perfect summation of what I think this album represents. In the liner notes, Sprague tells us that this tune was written back at the start of his career. It's obvious from listening to "Kundalini" that Sprague hasn't lost his initial enchantment with music. There is such a sense of wonder and excitement oozing from this album, and "Kundalini" wraps it all up with a nice bow. My favorite Peter and Tripp Sprague solos are on this track — simply smokin', inspired improvisation as they move confidently through changes only masters can handle with this kind of ease.

Of the other stellar talents and performances on this disc, I will simply say that Bob Magnusson on bass, Duncan Moore on drums, and Tripp Sprague on sax and flute are world-class players cut from the same cloth as Sprague.

Taking It All In is an incredible journey to appreciate for the musical genius that it represents, enjoy for the way it tickles the ear, and cherish for how it touches the heart. When Sprague invites us to "take it all in" with him, it is anything but a hollow invitation.



Aaron Bowen A Night at Sea

by Simeon Flick

Aaron Bowen's first solo release sails in like a Mississippi riverboat fresh off the oceanic void; he's the captain of his own lonely ship, adrift on "Waves of Regret" and resigned in the depths of his own pathos. *A Night at Sea* finds Bowen back on shore, successfully putting the troubled captain's log to an antithetically relaxing, campfire-evoking musical revue.

A Night at Sea is a strikingly subtle fusion of old and new, as though Woody Guthrie and Robert Johnson learned some jazz and possessed Paul Simon during a séance held at James Taylor's house. The vintage atmosphere is further corroborated by the accompanying packaging; the ornate early twentieth century-style cover finds Bowen posing in black and white with an antique guitar and hat next to a covered bridge. He continues to wax archaic by splitting the songs into two acts, with an "Interlude" and "Encore" and presenting the credits under the heading "Cast (In Order of Appearance)" like an old vaudeville show.

Bowen's contemporarily trained hands deftly execute old-time finger-picking and modern-age percussive plucking as they alternate through both traditional and innovative chord changes on tunes like "Friends And Enemies" and "Real Love." And something convincing in Bowen's earnestly high wisp of a tenor genuinely makes you want to help him when he sings the potentially lugubrious lines *I am all alone in this hell/Come and rescue me from myself* in "Tea Cup Boat."

The supporting instruments — everything from slide, pedal steel, and lead guitar to the wonderfully scarce rhythm section — are gathered around the central hearth of acoustic guitar and voice, warming their hands on the heat cast outward by the flames of his strong, memorable songwriting. You'll get chills up your spine listening to Steve Peavey's pedal steel textures as they support the pensively mellow vibe on the aforementioned "Tea Cup Boat."

There's not a lot of variety here, but the homogeneity lends itself well to a unity of mood and concept that seems increasingly rare and difficult to pull off, which this record does.

Buy this CD and you will be transported to another time and place, adrift on the ocean with Aaron Bowen, who won't feel so forlorn with you on board. www.aaron-bowenmusic.com.



Blindspot The Spring Collection

by Craig Yerkes

The Spring Collection, from Blindspot, is much more than a subtle wink and a nod to the classic, Rickenbacker-fueled hippie sounds of old (the Byrds, most notably). With a hefty 16 (!) tracks, this disc is like a full-blown tribute album to a genre. At its best, *The Spring Collection* is an effective, lovingly crafted ode to that vintage, whimsical, blissfully simplistic, free spirited pop/rock of the late '60s and early '70s. At its worst, this disc drones on to become a repetitive wash of "didn't I just hear this song?" tracks and even dances dangerously close to unintended parody (à la "The Flower People" by Spinal Tap). I think it's possible that even the CEO of Rickenbacker Guitars himself might have to concede that this disc tests the limits of how much Rickenbacker the human ear can endure, but if you're a die-hard fan of this style of music, you certainly won't feel like you didn't get enough of what you like.

The tracks that worked for me were "Something Happened," "A Little Bit Of Me," "I Thought You'd Miss Me," and "Rolling Hills and Winding Roads." "Something Happened" and "Rolling Hills and Winding Roads" rise well above the other up-tempo material on the album by way of strong melody lines and lyrics that manage to perfectly exploit the distinctive sound of the music rather than be swallowed up by it. "A Little Bit of Me" is an effective ballad that again fits strong melody and lyrics seamlessly with the sound of the record. These tracks do exactly what I want music that sounds like this to do: to take me to that blissful idea of a more simple and free place in this world. "I Thought You'd Miss Me" is a sly little alt country ditty that serves as a nice detour from the rest of the tracks with its shuffle feel and the very welcome addition of some very nice pedal steel work.

Besides cutting a few of the tracks altogether and tweaking others a bit, the other thing I wish the band had done on this disc is to do more with the way cool, Byrds-esque layered harmony vocals that appear ever so briefly from time to time. I really did dig the four tracks that I singled out and couldn't help but wonder how much better *The Spring Collection* could have been with a little more restraint and editing.



The Storrow Band The Storrow Band

by Simeon Flick

You can almost hear the down shedding off the spreading wings of The Storrow Band on their eponymous debut release. The onomatopoeia of the music reveals three budding young musicians, led by singer-songwriter Martin Storrow, in the process of leaving the nest and commencing adult lives on their own terms. This is the sound of a young and intelligently talented band abandoning the cliff-side roost to put their nascent wings to the test.

In some ways they're still literally and figuratively discovering the groove (witness the loose — albeit endearing — group rhythms and percussion on some tracks). However, the sagacious songwriting, instrumentation, and production on this CD don't come off like beginner's luck. There's also a wonderfully wide-ranging range of influences — everything from the John Mayer-ish "One More Day" and Mraz-ian "Monsters" to the Dylan-esque "Ten Thousand People in White" and the (Willie) Nelson-like "Song That Makes Brendon Cry."

The musicianship and production choices are certainly top-notch, especially for neophytes. But these days there are hardly any frontiers left in songwriting besides the lyrical content (12 notes against thousands of words, you see), and that is where these songs shine most propitiously. Lines in "One More Day" like *I thought about seething rage/I thought about grieving waste/and I thought about soothing hate/But in the end what's one more day without a face?* lure you into deeper insights with their capricious wordplay.

"Ugly" and "Living to Return," like the album as a whole, are resplendent with a youthful energy and naiveté that chafes at its attacked idealism. The former finds the singer slightly indignant at the dawning realization that love sometimes just isn't enough (*And though I tried to meet demands and be the man to spin the planet at her toes/I learned that nobody is everybody's type so stop pretending let it go*). The latter is vibrant with the yet unjaded optimism that stems from the promise of a young life (*'Cause I've never felt so young and free/I've never had this energy before*).

The Storrow Band contains the sweet strains of a promising band emerging into the world and chasing the sun south for the winter to follow the warmth. You can follow too at www.thestorrowband.com.



See Spot Run Double Dingo

by Craig Yerkes

See Spot Run strikes me as a band who takes their music and the message of their music very seriously. *Double Dingo*, the double CD from See Spot Run, has a very earthy and somewhat metaphysical feel, like something you would hear around a fire pit at a spiritual retreat of some kind. Fans of this genre will no doubt enjoy *Double Dingo* and my guess is that See Spot Run has loyal fans who appreciate their particular brand of music and spiritual emphasis. Unfortunately, this recording suffers from what seems to be a general lack of recording/production savvy. Track after track, I found myself noticing problem areas, such as effects being applied much too heavily, tempo/groove issues, and poorly recorded/EQ'd instrumental tracks (acoustic guitar, in particular) to name a few. This entire recording sounds more like a lovingly created demo than a finished, studio quality recording. I kept waiting for at least one track in which all of the elements came together to rise above that "demo-tape" level, but it never really happened, even though it's clear that the potential is there. To be fair, this album was recorded at the home studio of one of the band members according to the liner notes, but the way the CD is packaged and marketed seems to indicate that *Double Dingo* is intended to be more than just a home demo.

The three tracks that come the closest to putting it all together are, "Jupiter," "Voice of Reason," and "Occam's Razor." "Jupiter," an instrumental, features a beautiful melody and adds a violin to create a very effective, atmospheric piece of mood music. "Voice of Reason" seems to best sum up the heartfelt message of the CD, and I loved the way the passionate lead vocal and acoustic guitar riffs so nicely in communicating the emotion of the song. "Occam's Razor" features some very clever lyrics and fits them nicely with a great backing instrumental. One wild (if somewhat oddly placed) surprise on "Occam's Razor" (which also shows up on an earlier track, "Electric") is some blazing, Satriani-esque lead guitar work. However, even these stronger tracks are plagued with some of the aforementioned production issues in sufficient measure as to distract from the overall strength of the material and performances.

See Spot Run is clearly a unique, talented, and charismatic band. *Double Dingo* never quite gets on the rails completely, but I wouldn't be surprised if they come back again with some newly learned recording skills and I will be in line to check it out.



Tom Brosseau What I Mean to Say Is Goodbye

by Gregory Page

Does it make a difference if you listen to a recording once or a 100 times? Not really. You connect or you forget. Tom Brosseau's latest CD, *What I Mean to Say Is Goodbye*, is a love it or leave piece of work. There is no middle ground on this collection of poetic compositions. You either enjoy your music with a personal flare or you are an insensitive member of the commercial mainstream.

This is commercial suicide at its best. Brosseau's voice is a blast from the past, his very own time machine from the bad old days. This is a concept album that begins with "West of Town," where Brosseau's chilling harmonica makes you shiver inside. You can almost smell smoke from the chimneys that line a lonesome North Dakota street. The fairly tale tune "Jane and Lou" sounds like a true story that was made up in the mind of a simple soul. By the time you stumble upon "Tonight I'm Careful With You," featuring Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' Benmont Tench on piano, you have fallen hook line and sinker for this modern day troubadour.

When you listen to Brosseau's music, your life feels more enriched and things don't seem so bad, especially when you know there is a wandering ghost out there, driving across a dusty prairie land in a rent-a-car.

"Wear and Tear" is an upbeat number that paints a wonderful picture of honest day-to-day life in a small town. Nickel Creek's Sara Watkins' haunting violin fires up the imagination in the song "Unfamiliar Places."

Keeping the production spare and to a minimum was a wise choice by Sam Jones, who is as sensitive as Brosseau in the art of magnetizing such special musical reflections. You get the sense that you are peering in through a secret window at Brosseau and his friends who are playing and recording music that will live on forever and ever and ever. Amen.





NOVEMBER CALENDAR

wednesday • 2

Rachael Gordon/Shambles/Odds Against, Lestat's, 9pm.

thursday • 3

Homegrown Talent Night, Music Room, Bonita Golf Course, 5540 Sweetwater Rd., 7pm.

Peter Puppig/Jeff Basile, Escondido Public Library, 239 S. Kalmia St., 7pm.

Wes Montgomery Tribute w/ Peter Sprague, Jaime Valle, Bob Boss, Mitch Meyerson, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Audrey Surface/Ankle Deep/Renata Youngblood/Christopher Dallman, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Pete Thurston Night, Lestat's, 9pm.

Jump Jones, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

friday • 4

Paul Seaforth/Peter Sprague/Bob Magnusson, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Jane Lui, Borders Books, 1072 Camino Del Rio N., Mission Valley, 8pm.

Tim Dismang, Borders Books, 668 Sixth Ave., 8pm.

Anna Troy, Borders Books, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.

Woods Tea Company, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm.

If/Matthew Jordan/Alfonso/Sunlight for the Kings Crusaders/Dave's Son, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Foe Show/Red West/Annie Bethancourt/Tim Curran/Jessie Gloyd, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 5

San Diego Indie Music Fest w/ Veruca Salt/Hornswaggled/Bellrays/Alfred Howard & K23 Orchestra/Danielle LoPresti & the Masses/Weepies/Alicia Champion/Laura Jane/Anya Marina/Anna Troy/Saba/Amber Rubarth/Michael Tiernan/Simeon Flick, The Abbey, 2825 Fifth Ave., noon-midnight.

Chet & the Committee, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6:30pm.

Hank Show, Pine Hills Dinner Theater, 2960 La Posada Way, Julian, 7pm.

Tim Flannery, Moonlight Cancer Foundation Benefit Concert, Seaside Church, 1613 Lake Dr., Encinitas, 7pm.

Jim Earp, Borders Books, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.

Suzanne Shea, Trislers, 8555 Station Village Lane, Ste. C., Mission Valley, 7pm.

Dave Alvin, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

The Chapin Sisters, San Dieguito United Methodist Church, 170 Calle Magdalena, Encinitas, 7:30pm. 858/566-4040.

Randy Phillips CD Release w/ Peter Sprague, Bob Magnusson, Duncan Moore, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Jaffe/Levity, Dream Street, 2228 Bacon St., OB, 8pm.

Kyle Phelan, Borders Books, 668 Sixth Ave., 8pm.

Tim Dismang, Borders Books, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.

Yellow October/Bass/Tim Fallen/Lindsey Yung/Derek Evans/Borne, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Carlos Olmeda/Samantha Murphy/Aaron Bowen, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 6

Int'l Blues Competition 2006, Calypso Cafe, 576 N. Hwy. 101, Encinitas, 1-5pm.

George Benson, Sycuan Casino, 5469 Casino Way, Dehesa, 7pm.

Cahill & Delene, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 7pm.

Stephen Kellogg & the Sixers, Lestat's, 9pm.

monday • 7

Country Dick Montana 10 Year Memorial Party hosted by José Sintra w/ the Penetrators/Off Brothers/Pleasure Barons/the Farmers, Casbah, 9pm.

tuesday • 8

They Might Be Giants/Steve Poltz, 4th&B, 8pm.

wednesday • 9

Gordon Bok, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

Richard Shindell/Wendy Waldman, Lestat's, 9pm.

Diane Waters Band, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

thursday • 10

B.B. King, 4th & B, 7:30pm.

Mike Baas/Abby/Renata Youngblood/Trevor Hall, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Robin Henkel Quintet/Norton Buffalo, Belly Up, 8:30pm.

Ex-Friends/Whiskey Breath/Cindy Lee Berryhill, Lestat's, 9pm.

Billy Watson, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

friday • 11

Michael Tiernan, Milano's, 6830 La Jolla Blvd., 7:30pm.

Anna Troy, Borders Books, 1905 Calle Barcelona, Ste. 120, Carlsbad, 8pm.

Alexis/Ernie Halter/Kyle Phelan/Delancey, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Dehra Dun/Sputnik Monroe, Lestat's, 9pm.

saturday • 12

Jim Earp/Bill Benzel, Upstart Crow, Seaport Village, 7:30pm.

Arturo Sandoval, Ca. Ctr. for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd., 8pm.

Sparky & Rhonda Rucker, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 8pm. 858/566-4040.

Common Rotation/Harmonious Remedy, Dream Street, 2228 Bacon St., OB, 8pm.

NeilFest w/ Coyote Problem/Peggy Watson/Truckee Bros./Shawn Rohlf/Joe Rathburn/John Katchur/Pete Thurston/Arabella Harrison, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Waldo Bliss/Ben Varela/Elise Levy, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Gregory Page/Dave Howard, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 13

S.D. Folk Song Society Meeting, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.

Regina Carter Quintet, Neurosciences Inst., 10640 Hopkins Dr., 8pm.

Gilbert Castellanos Quintet, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Fruit CD Release/Jane Lui, Lestat's, 9pm.

tuesday • 15

James Brown, 4th & B, 7:30pm.

Roberta Piket/Billy Mintz/Ratzo Harris, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Eric Burdon & the New Animals, Belly Up, 8pm.

wednesday • 16

Robin Henkel/Nathan James/Ben Hernandez/Anna Troy, Lestat's, 9pm.

thursday • 17

Nathan Hubbard Quartet, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Holiday & Adventure Pop Collective, Meeting Grace House Concert, Normal Heights, 8pm. lizzie@meetinggrace.com

Foresaken Truth/Ted Ehr/Renata Youngblood/Kethro, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Acoustic Underground, Lestat's, 9pm.

Rockin' Aces, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

friday • 18

Anna Troy, O.B. Peoples Co-op, 4765 Voltaire, 5:30pm.

Cathryn Beeks Ordeal, Milano's, 6830 La Jolla Blvd., 7:30pm.

Hurricane Katrina Benefit, Claire De Lune, 2906 University, 8pm.

Jim Earp/Joe Mersch, Borders Books, 1072 Camino Del Rio N., 8pm.

Chris Klich Quintet CD Release, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

The Gooses/Amy Ayres/Liana Piper/Carlos Olmeda, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

José Sinatra & the Troy Danté Inferno, Lestat's, 9pm.

The Joey Show, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 9pm.

saturday • 19

Suzanne Shea, Trislers, 8555 Station Village Lane, Ste. C., Mission Valley, 7pm.

Anna Troy, Borders Books, 159 Fletcher Pkwy., El Cajon, 7pm.

Jennifer Lee/Peter Sprague/Clifford Lamb/Gunnar Biggs, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Tim Flannery, CanyonFolk House Concert, Harbison Canyon., 8pm. canyonfolk@cox.net.

The Storrow Band, Borders Books, 668 6th Ave., 8pm.

Patty Hall, Borders Books, 11160 Rancho Carmel Dr., 8pm.

W E E K L Y

every sunday

7th Day Buskers, Farmers Market, DMV parking lot, Hillcrest, 10am.

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.

Celtic Ensemble, Twigg's, 4pm.

Traditional Irish Music & Dance, The Field, 544 5th Ave., 5:30pm.

Hot Fudge Sundae Open Mic, O'Connell's, 1310 Morena Blvd., 9pm.

Jazz Roots w/ Lou Curtiss, 8-10pm, KSDS (88.3 FM).

The Bluegrass Special w/ Wayne Rice, 10-midnight, KSON (97.3 FM).

every monday

Blue Monday Pro Jam, Humphrey's Backstage Lounge, Shelter Island, 7pm.

Open Mic Night, Lestat's, 7:30pm.

Tango Dancing, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 8pm.

every tuesday

Roots Music Night on Lou's Front Porch, Folk Arts Rare Records, 2881 Adams Ave., 7pm.

Blues Jam, Blind Melons, 710 Garnet, 7pm.

Zydeco Tuesdays, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa, 7pm.

Open Mic Night, Cosmos Cafe, 8278 La Mesa Blvd., La Mesa, 7pm.

Irish Music Jam, The Ould Sod, 7pm.

Comedy Night w/ Mark Serritella, Lestat's, 9pm.

every wednesday

Music at Ocean Beach Farmer's Market, Newport Ave., 4-7pm.

High Society Jazz Band, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 7pm.

Open Mic Night, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

every thursday

Open Blues Jam, Downtown Cafe, 182 E. Main, El Cajon, 6pm. (no jam on Nov. 24)

Acoustic Cafe Open Mic/Open Jam, Milano's Pizza, 6830 La Jolla Blvd., 7-10pm.

Sue Palmer, Martini's, 3940 4th Ave., 7pm. (except Thanksgiving, Nov. 24)

Wood 'n' Lips Open Mic, Sweet Delights, 3709 Avocado Blvd., La Mesa, 7-10pm.

Amelia Browning & David Owen (Jazz), Turquoise Cafe-Bar Europa, 873 Turquoise St., 8:30pm.

Swing Thursdays, Tio Leo's, 5302 Napa St., 9pm.

every friday

California Rangers, McCabe's, Oceanside, 4:30-9pm.

Open Mic Night, Egyptian Tea Room & Smoking Parlour, 4644 College Ave., 9pm.

Sligo Rags, Dublin Square, 554 Fourth Ave., 9pm. (except Nov. 18)

every saturday

Connie Allen, Old Town Trolley Stage, Twigg St. & San Diego Ave., 12:30-4:30pm.

Sligo Rags, Dublin Square, 554 Fourth Ave., 9pm. (except Nov. 26)

Christian/Gospel Open Mic, El Cajon. Info: J.D., 619/246-7060.

thursday • 24

HAPPY THANKSGIVING!

friday • 25

Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Ca. Ctr. for the Arts, 340 N. Escondido Blvd., 8pm.

Jon & Noah/Korrie Paliotto/Jamie Robb/Mike Dawson, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Gene Johnson Birthday Party, Lestat's, 9pm.

Henry Rollins, 4th&B, 9pm.

saturday • 26

Mama's Mink, Acoustic Expressions, 2852 University Ave., 2pm.

Richard Greene & Brothers Barton, Acoustic Music S.D., 4650 Mansfield St., 7:30pm. 619/303-8176.

Jason Mraz/Tristan Prettyman, Copley Symphony Hall, 750 B St., 8pm.

Afro-Rumba, Dizzy's, 344 7th Ave., 8pm.

Andrea Reschke/Fly to Blue/Just John & the Dude/Jennifer Lee, Twigg's, 8:30pm.

Matt Jordan, Lestat's, 9pm.

sunday • 27

All Night Blues Party w/ Chet & the Committee, Patrick's II, 428 F St., 9pm.

monday • 28

Fiona Apple, House of Blues, 1055 Fifth Ave.



PHIL HARMONIC SEIZ

It is our basic nature to care for the well-being of every person, creature, plant, rock, and molecule of this Great Illusion!

— Big Dharma Law

Benefit Concert for Escondido Humane Society and animals displaced by Hurricane Katrina

Saturday, November 19, 8-11pm
Metaphor Cafe, 258 E. 2nd Ave., Escondido
Hosted by See Spot Run

All donations and matching funds from the band go to the Escondido Humane Society

www.escondidohumane.org • www.spotheads.com



Anna Troy



Billy Watson



Big Sandy & his Fly-Rite Boys



Action Andy



Bola Zohdoomah



Pinetop Perkins



Cindy Lee Berryhill



Len Rainey



Hacienda Brothers

Open Mics Etc.



Harry Poirier @ Milano's



The Legendary Utah Phillips at SDFH

San Diego Music Awards Week



Marie Haddad



Derek Duplessie & Bart Mendoza



Joey Harris



Cathryn Beeks & Matt Silva



Joe Rathburn



The Grams



Walt Lipsi @ Sweet Delights



John Solow @ Milano's



7th Day Buskers



Billy Shaddox



The Shamblles



Adam Gimbel & Kevin Hellman



Anya Marina



Pete Thurston



Gregory Page & Frank Drennan



Cuddle Bunnies Robin Henkel & Rita



Tanya & Larry Rose @ Sweet Delights



Michelle Koza @ Sweet Delights



Josh Basset @ Sweet Delights



Get Your Kicks at Fest 26!



26th Annual San Diego Thanksgiving Dixieland Jazz Festival

Nov. 23-27, 2005

Town & Country Resort and Convention Center 500 Hotel Circle North (I-8 & SR-163) San Diego
www.dixielandjazzfestival.org

- Steamboat Stompers — Prague, Czech Republic (Josef & Bonnie Sedivec, sponsors)
 Golden Eagle Jazz Band — Pasadena, CA (Doug Parker, sponsor)
 Titanic Jazz Band — Burbank, CA (Darlene Brown, June Smith, sponsors)
 Buck Creek — Springfield, VA (Carol Neumann/Jazzsea Cruises and Bill & Thalia Evenson, sponsors)
 Uptown Lowdown — Seattle (Stanford Redisch and Alan & Joan Adams, sponsors)
 Mighty Aphrodite with Bria Skönberg and Claire McKenna — Vancouver, BC
 (Don & Bobbie Hodges, Sally McGeorge & Bob McKay, Cass Cacciatore, Mary Solsbak,
 Hal Smith, Godfrey & Lolli Stevens, sponsors)
 Cornet Chop Suey — St. Louis (John & Marian Barry, sponsors)
 Carl Sonny Leyland — New Cuyama, CA (Tom & Helen Karnes, sponsors)
 Yerba Buena Stompers — NY (Jay Johnson & Mary Helen Jones and Robert Eckstein, sponsors)
 Bill Allred's Classic Jazz Band — Orlando
 Dick Williams' JazzSea Jam
 Night Blooming Jazzmen — Claremont, CA
 Chicago Six — Vista, CA
 Reynolds Brothers Rhythm Rascals — Santa Ana, CA
 Gremoli — Long Beach, CA
 Hal's Angels — La Jolla, CA
 High Society Jazz Band — La Jolla, CA

FOR 2005 HOTEL RESERVATIONS, CONTACT THE TOWN & COUNTRY

500 Hotel Circle North, San Diego, CA 92108 • Phone: (Toll-Free) 1-800-772-8527 or (619) 291-7131
Room Rates: \$89, \$99 and \$109 (Ask for Jazz Festival Reservations)

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Parking is limited at the Town & Country. However, jazz fans may park at any San Diego Trolley station lot and ride the trolley or bus to the Fashion Valley transit center, at the T&C. Roundtrip fare for seniors is \$2.00.

The nearest trolley stops are at Old Town and Qualcomm Stadium.

The Festival is funded in part by the City of San Diego  
Commission for Arts and Culture.



### BADGE REGISTRATION

AMERICA'S FINEST CITY DIXIELAND JAZZ SOCIETY  
P.O. BOX 880387, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92168-0387  
Telephone: (619) 297-5277

email: [jazzinfo@dixielandjazzfestival.org](mailto:jazzinfo@dixielandjazzfestival.org) • website: [www.dixielandjazzfestival.org](http://www.dixielandjazzfestival.org)

No. of 5-Day All Event Badges (Wed- Sun) @ \$85 ea. Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 No. of 4-Day Badges (Thur - Sun) @ \$80 ea. Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
 No. of 3-Day Badges (Fri - Sun) @ \$75 ea. Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

(Deduct \$10 from these prices when you stay at the Town & Country Hotel.

You must reserve by 10/31/05 to receive discount)

Town & Country confirmation number: \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to join the Society. (Check one)  Single \$15  Couple \$25

Amount of check or money order TOTAL \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

DAILY BADGES WILL BE AVAILABLE AT THE FESTIVAL

### DAILY BADGE PRICES

Wed. \$15 • Thurs. or Sun. \$20 • Fri. or Sat. \$30 • Wind down \$15  
 Youth Badges (13-22): 5-Day \$30 • 4-Day \$25 • 3-Day \$20  
 Wed. \$5 • Thurs. or Sun. \$8 • Fri. or Sat. \$10  
 Children 12 and under are admitted free with an adult.

### BE A FESTIVAL SPONSOR!

(The sponsorship cost less badge price of \$170 is tax deductible)

- **ROOM SPONSOR** - \$1,000 +  
Receive two all-events badges, patrons' welcome party (Wednesday), admission to Musicians' Hospitality Room, name listed in program and on display board in room.
- **BAND SPONSOR** - \$500 - \$1,000  
Receive two all-events badges, admission to Musicians' Hospitality Room, name listed in program.
- **MUSICIAN SPONSOR** - \$350 - \$500  
Receive two all-events badges and have your name listed in the program.  
I would like to sponsor a  room  band  musician

AMOUNT: \$ \_\_\_\_\_