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to headline the Lake Erie Wine Jazz & Art Fest

Saturday, June 20th Noon til 8 pm.

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Named after the Roxy Theatre, a famous (some might say notorious) burlesque house on the famed Short Vincent Avenue, the hub of Cleveland’s nightlife and jazz scene in the 30s, 40s and 50s, Red Light Roxy strives to embody the spirit and energy of Short Vincent in its heyday, when many great jazz players got their start playing for “girlie shows” in Cleveland’s “red light” districts.

The Red Light Roxy line-up is comprised of some the most accomplished jazz artists in Cleveland today. Below, you will find that each member has a very impressive resume and performs steadily on the Cleveland jazz scene, either as a leader, sideman, or in conjunction with one another in a wide array of ensembles.

Eileen Burns (vocals) received her Bachelor’s Degree in Environmental Science from Bowling Green State University, and began performing in community theater as a hobby, while living and working in South Bend, Indiana. Upon returning to her native Northeast Ohio, she continued to perform in community theater, developing an appreciation for the great music of the 30s, 40s and 50s and garnering attention for a vocal style that harkened back to the female singers of that era.

Eileen performed as a co-host and singer in the original cast of the Rat Pack inspired Midnight Martini Show at Pickwick & Frolic in downtown Cleveland. The show ran every Friday and Saturday night, for almost 5 years, one of the longest-running shows in Cleveland history. In 2012, Eileen was chosen to be the new female vocalist for the world famous Glenn Miller Orchestra, and toured with the band for a year, including a month-long tour of Japan. Eileen is featured on the GMO’s 2013 album, “In the Mood.”

Demetrius Steinmetz (acoustic bass) received his Undergraduate degree in Jazz Studies and a Masters in Music, String Performance from Bowling Green State University. He currently serves as a member of the Jazz Studies faculty at Tri-C, and as an instructor for the jazz preparatory program through the Arts Prep program. Steinmetz has instructed in bass and saxophone at the Beck Center for the Arts in Lakewood, Ohio, in bass at Bowling Green State University and has been recorded on Cadence records. In addition to Red Light Roxy, Demetrius can also be found performing with the Dukes of Wail, Joe Hunter, Dave Sterner, the Ray Porrello Trio and more.

Saxophonist Dave Sterner is a traditional jazz musician with a bent for mixing swing, funk and the blues into his sound. Sterner earned his degree in music from Indiana University and early on played with funk and R&B bands. Returning to his home town of Cleveland, he is a staff member of the Cuyahoga Community College jazz program. Dave has performed with many highly regarded national acts, including Tony Bennett and Aretha Franklin. He now has 2 CD’s he has recorded as a quintet leader and also appears on the recordings of two other Cleveland jazz masters; Ernie Krivda and N Glenn Davis. Sterner also conducts the Lakeland Community College Civic Jazz Orchestra and co-directs the Lakeland Jazz Festival.

Joe Hunter has been playing piano professionally since 1978 and attended Cleveland State University, where a 1979 exchange program with Rio De Janeiro fueled his fascination for Brazilian rhythms. He returned to Brazil in 1981 to study at the Universidade Gamma Filho. Joe served on the Conservatory of Music faculty at Capital University in Columbus, Ohio from 1987 to 1996. In addition to a successful solo career, he can often be found in “All-Star” ensembles and is often chosen to perform with national artists when they come to Cleveland. Joe has been a staff member of the Tri-C Jazz Studies program for several years and is co-host of the popular “Song Is You” series produced by Tri-C JazzFest.

Cleveland native Daris Adkins attended the Musician’s Institute in Hollywood, California and has been a professional guitarist, playing virtually all styles of music, for over 30 years. In addition to performing, his career also includes teaching, writing, and recording. Daris spent more than a decade in Los Angeles, where he gained valuable experience working in many of the city’s top recording studios. He has been a staff member at Stebal Drums since 2006 along with his teaching career, which has continued from Los Angeles to Columbus and Cleveland.

National and International touring experience includes performances at Madison Square Garden and Radio City Music Hall. Television appearances include “The Tonight Show” w/Jay Leno, “Late Night” w/Conan O’Brien, “The Late Late Show” w/Craig Kilborne and “Live from the Hard Rock Café”, MTV.

N. Glenn Davis is a drummer, recording artist, composer, and educator. Glenn is also a veteran band leader, currently leading his own jazz quartet and quintet. His exciting ensembles feature a unique blend of jazz styles and engaging original compositions and arrangements. Glenn holds a Bachelors of Music degree from The Berklee College of Music and has a Masters of Music Education from The University of Akron. Davis is an instructor in the Cleveland Public School System and has 3 CD’s to his credit, featuring primarily his compositions, arranged for the quintet, quartet and trio.

The Lake Erie Wine, Jazz & Art Fest happens on Saturday, June 20th from Noon until 8 pm, with live entertainment throughout the event. (See inside back cover for venue details.) Prior to Red Light Roxy taking the stage at 4pm, Saxophonist, Singer & Songwriter Don Perry, will perform his original compositions from Noon until 3pm. Now in his 11th season of performing the occasional Saturday afternoon, Perry and his music have become a familiar attraction at The Old Firehouse Winery.
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1 peach, wedged
16 oz bottle club soda

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See our ad in the Winery Guide on Page 2 for our Entertainment Schedule
By Cat Lilly

It was summer of 1972. I had a 1958 Chevy Biscayne - three tone beige, tan, and white, with big fenders and whitewall tires. My dad had found it at a yard sale and we went in halves on it – back in the day when you could get a car like that for a thousand dollars. The first thing I did was put in a quadraphonic stereo system, with Jensen speakers in the back window, and at eighteen years old I was slicker than snot.

My appreciation for old cars was coupled with an eclectic taste in music – I remember my favorite music to cruise by that summer: *Good Lovin’* by the Rascals, *Full House* by J. Geils, Merle Haggard’s *Greatest Hits*, and B. B. King’s *Live from Cook County Jail*. It was this last one that left the most indelible impression on me. Every time I would put in that bulky old eight track tape (and adjust the match book just right to get it to play), I felt like I was taking a journey, getting a glimpse into a world that I knew little about, but could somehow relate to. I would rewind to the very beginning to hear the nervous introductions, and the cheers and jeers of the two thousand inmates incarcerated at Chicago’s Cook County jail, at the time known as “the world’s worst jail”.

The concert was the brainstorm of Winston Moore, the country’s first black warden, who had been brought in a few years earlier to help quell the unrest and institute reforms at Cook County. Recorded on a hot day in the fall of 1970, you can really feel the heat and the bottled-up emotion in the yard where the captive audience had gathered for what would be for many the most memorable experience of a decade, a twenty-year sentence, or a maybe a lifetime.

Ron Levy was an eighteen year old keyboardist touring with the King’s band at the time. He remembers: “At first it was kind of exciting. (But) once those iron doors slammed behind...”
you it was like ‘oh man,’ I had doubts about our decisions.” However, once the music started, all their fears fell away. Levy says the band played lots of jails and prisons back then – for good reason. “If anybody had the blues, it was these people incarcerated. And B.B. had real compassion for those guys. And let’s face it – a lot of the people who are incarcerated, they were in his audience at one point or another.”

When it was released in 1971, Live in Cook County Jail topped the R&B charts for three straight weeks. Rolling Stone magazine includes it in their list of 500 Greatest Albums of All Time. But for Ron Levy King’s legacy isn’t about record sales or charts. “People don’t realize B.B. King was much more than just a musician and entertainer. He’s a human being, a humanitarian. He cared,” said Levy. “He’s really one of the good guys. There aren’t many like him in history. He’s not just king of the blues. He’s one of the kings of humanity.”

Notes from Back Cover/ Live In Cook County Jail (written by inmate Geoffrey Harding):

Jail, very simple, is one helluva place to be. In 1968, when the Illinois Crime Commission and a prison reform group, the John Howard Association, investigated Chicago’s infamous Cook County Jail, they called it a “jungle.” “Any-and-everything went,” says a former inmate, “anything from heroin to whiskey to Italian food was sold and traded in the jail. Homosexual rape, bribery and murder were the bill of fare. And he added sourly, “no one seemed to give a damn.”

In March, 1968, Black psychologist, Winston E. Moore was appointed Warden of the jail, after a scandal resulted in the dismissal of the former Warden. The first day on the job he moved out three refrigerators from Mafia-occupied cells, collected over 200 weapons from the inmates and confiscated an undetermined amount of drugs. For six months Moore and his staff were physically challenged by the inmates. The “barn boss” system, the brainchild of a former Deputy Warden, had given dictatorial powers to the inmates whose cunning and viciousness rendered them leaders of their tiers. The “barn bosses” did not relinquish their power easily—not even to the new Warden.

For a year, Moore was waging battles on several fronts. The press, who was used to having its way with the former Warden, was turned-off by Moore’s curtness and seeming lack of finesse with the 5th Estate. “Private and public racists,” as they were so dubbed, pestered and chastised Moore at every opportunity. Inmates, who were irrevocably stripped of street-gang leadership identity in the jail, rebelled at every offering. Friends and associates warned Moore early in the siege, he would not last—the odds were stacked against him. So it was rather ironic on September 10,1970, that B.B. King should be performing before 2,117 inmates, with minimum security, in the yard of COOK COUNTY JAIL.

B.B. KING-COOK COUNTY JAIL, is a story of two men—the man who “cleaned up a mess,” and a man who felt Cook County Jail was as important an engagement as Caesar’s Palace. It was a long fight for Winston Moore, two years of confrontations before he became “the jail’s only barn boss.” It was a longer fight for B.B. King. For over 25 years, B.B. King played the “chittlin circuit,” enjoyed a modest income and never received the public acclaim he deserved. After a managerial change, wider exposure has made him recognized as the “chairman of the board of blues singers.”

The obvious parallel of B.B. King to Horatio Alger does not do B.B. complete justice. The long, arduous journey to “stardom” renders many entertainers bitter and unobtainable. When I called B.B. King (to beg if necessary) to ask him to come and perform at Cook County Jail, he had only one question, “When do you want me?”

B.B. KING-COOK COUNTY JAIL, is a manifestation of human generosity and beauty on B.B.’s part, and the raw appreciation of 2,117 of his most ardent fans. Throughout the summer of 1970, Cook County Jail has produced several shows for its inmates. Graciously the inmates cheered and applauded ALL the entertainers. After B.B.’s concert, 2,117 inmates gave him a standing ovation. In the typical B.B. King style, he simply said, “If you liked me today, can I come back again?” The answer was unanimous.

B.B.’s performance will forever be a memory to all of us, especially to Winston Moore, who rung B.B.’s hand dry with appreciative thanks. From 2,117 of your fans, thank you B.B. King, for your generosity and kindness; and most of all for not forgetting us.

Geoffrey Harding and 2,117
B. B. at Blossom Music Center
August 8th, 1969

I was lucky enough to have seen B.B. King perform at Blossom Music Center in 1969 with the Staples Singers and Lightnin’ Hopkins. We were “barely sixteen years old”, but we were talked into going with my best friend’s older brother, who was way cooler than us, and, most importantly, had a car. We got there late, just as B.B. was about to take the stage. The anticipation in the crowd was contagious, like a current of electricity. When B. B. and his world-class band began to play, the outpouring of love from the audience was like a palpable thing you could reach out and touch.

I had been to a few concerts already, thanks to my mom who would drive us downtown to the Convention Center, and drop us off a few blocks away to save us the embarrassment of exiting a car being driven by a parent. We would jump out, a pack of giggling, hip-huggered, bell-bottomed teenage girls and join the throng. A few hours later we would walk back out on the street, breathe the industrial night air, and walk down to where my mom was faithfully waiting to make sure we got home alive. For the life of me I can’t remember much about the music at any of these early shows; it was more about the experience of going downtown, being part of a large crowd, and for a short, exhilarating time, being free.

But this B.B. King concert was different – for one thing it was in a beautiful, pastoral setting surrounded by woods. The crowd was a little older and different from the usual stoners. The pungent odor of marijuana that we were used to had been replaced by the unmistakable smell of fried chicken. The whole lawn area was a sea of blankets and coolers as families and small groups sat together enjoying picnic food and drink. Back then you could still bring your own booze, and bottles were being passed around right out in the open.

As a white kid from the suburbs, it was the first event I ever attended where I was in the racial minority. This didn’t bother me – as a card-carrying member of the “love generation”, I embraced it. But it did give me some understanding of what it feels like to be in a minority, and that was quite enlightening. It was the “summer of love” and that evening everybody who was...

~Continued from Page 9

~Continued on Pg 28
Kansas Nils triforful
housed Rocksino

Add Kansas to the list of rock legends who should be in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame but—unbelievably, inconceivably, egregiously—aren’t.

Formed in the Sunflower State some forty-two years ago by Phil Ehart (drums), Kerry Livgren (guitar), Dave Hope (bass), Robby Steinhardt (fiddle), and Steve Walsh (keyboards), the sextet seamlessly melded progressive panache with classical tendencies and everyman, arena rock appeal to the tune of eight gold records and three platinum albums.

They lured hundreds of concertgoers to their breakthrough 1973 gig (at Ellinwood Opera House) with the promise of free beer; their music did the rest. Talent scout Wally Gold brought the boys to record company mogul Don Kirshner, who signed them on the strength of their unique Deep Purple-meets-Charlie Daniels sound.

The band’s lineup rotated over the years, with Livgren flying the coup in the early ‘80s. Hope and Steinhardt called it quits soon thereafter. Walsh flitted in and out of the group until his retirement last summer; John Elefante pinch-hit for the singer on Vinyl Confessions (1982) and Drastic Measures (1983).

But “Wheatheads” everywhere can attest to the constant majesty of Kansas music. Regardless who wrote or sang on which tunes, that old Topeka spirit of adventure bubbles just below the surface. Even your mother knows “Dust in the Wind.” It’s been covered by everyone from German metal mavens The Scorpions to movie funnyman Will Ferrell. Meanwhile, “Carry On Wayward Son” has been interpreted by Dream Theater, Yngwie Malmsteen, and GWAR.

So, why rappers and disco divas populate the hallowed halls of I.M. Pei’s crystal pyramid on the Lake Erie shore instead of Kansas (and Moody Blues, Chicago, etc.), we’ll never know.

The guys co-headlined with Styx at Covelli Center in Youngstown last year—before Walsh’s departure—and crushed it.

Kansas returned to Ohio a couple weeks back, overtaking a packed Hard Rock Rocksino with a couple fresh faces—and the energy of men in their 20s instead of their 50s and 60s. By the time they were through, they’d reaffirmed their status as pioneers and purveyors of what is now known as “classic rock.” And every moment of their ninety-minute set was another irrefutable argument for why Kansas warrants a place of perpetuity in pop’s hallowed halls.

Assuming lead vocals and keyboard duties for Schemer-Dreamer Walsh, newcomer Ronnie Platt knocked it out of the park, nailing tricky verses and anthemic refrains on ballads (“Hold On”) and barnstormers (“Closet Chronicles”) alike. No small feat, given Steve-O’s fabled soaring pipes and dazzling synth parts. Granted, we never pegged Ehart, Williams, or Billy Greer (bass) as the sort of fellows who’d hire any old Johnny-Come-Lately singer, but damn—we didn’t expect Mr. Stunt Larynx, either.

Where’d this guy come from, anyways? Platt’s a keeper, Kansas.

The refurbished six-piece had the audience from the word go with 1979 track “People of the South Wind” (from Monolith), but the evening’s menu was heavy on hits and deep cuts from Kansas (1974), Leftoverture (1976), and Point of Know Return (1977).

Sure, there was a pregnant pause when the band first took the stage; a technical glitch left the musicians standing silently in shadows and blue spots as crewmembers ironed things out. “Why don’t you all introduce yourselves?” Greer joked. “Left to right!”
But once things got going, they never quite stopped. “Point of Know Return” and “What’s On My Mind” saw Platt take control early, wailing on a handheld microphone as Greer thumped his four-string and David Ragsdale (in a Harley-Davidson tee) bowed his violin like a modern-day Paganini.

Rich Williams—the big fella with the eye patch—cooked on his amber-colored Paul Reed Smith guitar, summoning crunchy chords and searing leads on “Play the Game Tonight” and “The Wall.” Ehart’s drum kit seemed to have two of everything; the crashes, sashes, and toms on Ehart’s left were juxtaposed by similar skins and hardware on the right. A pair of identical twin kick drums completed the mirror image.

The group’s other newbie, David Manion, operated a bank of keyboards behind Williams. He handled the trickier bits on “Reason to Be,” “Miracles Out of Nowhere,” and “Opus Insert,” allowing Platt to roam the stage and concentrate when the singer wasn’t filling the mix on a Hammond SK-1 and Yamaha ES-8 to Greer’s left.

The backdrop boasted a recreation of the sleeve art from the 1974 Kansas debut—which itself borrows from the John Steuart Curry painting Tragic Prelude. Loaded with symbolism, the mural features angry abolitionist John Brown with a bible in one hand and a rifle in the other—and Yanks staring down their Confederate counterparts as cyclones spin and wildfires swirl in the distance.

The band offered no merchandise in the lobby outside—not even copies of their new Miracles Out of Nowhere documentary DVD. Instead, they invited fans to photograph the stage (John Brown and all) and text the resultant pictures to the group for a discount code at the official online store (with a portion of proceeds going to Autism Speaks). One lucky entrant would meet the band after the gig—and go home with an autographed guitar.

Greer had a couple turns singing or sharing lead with Platt. Ragsdale was a dynamo on fiddle (he plucked the strings pizzicato style on “Closet Chronicles”)—but he alternated played a black electric Steinberger guitar, augmenting Williams’ riffs just as Platt complemented Manion’s keys.

But both Williams and Greer played acoustics on uber-ballad “Dust in the Wind,” with the former finger-picking a Martin guitar locked on a stand, and the former noodling on what appeared to be a Taylor. Platt’s voice was dead-on accurate—but the crowd couldn’t resist singing along with him.

He didn’t seem to mind.

Later entries “Belexes,” “Portrait (He Knew),” and “Sparks of the Tempest” served as reminders of the band’s virtuosity and melodic daring. Even when Platt wasn’t required to do anything, he juggled his microphone and danced along, encouraging his compatriots. His enthusiasm was infectious, and the Rocksino revelers rewarded him and the group with some of the loudest applause we’ve heard to date in the 18-month old venue.

“Fight Fire With Fire” was a pyrotechnic penultimate encore, but it was “Wayward Son” that brought down the house.

Carry on, you will always remember, the song goes. Carry on, nothing equals the splendor.

That’s how it was for fans rocking out with Kansas Friday night in Northfield; they won’t soon forget this gig—if ever.

We can’t wait to see these dudes again.

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TICKET INFORMATION: Tickets on Sale Now - Advance: $38

Aaron Neville • Wed, October 7, 2015 - Doors: 7:00 pm / Show: 8:00 pm
Having one of the most evocative and recognizable voices in American music, Aaron Neville is an international ambassador of New Orleans R&B, though his soaring falsetto sounds at home in many styles. Coming of age in the incredibly creative 1950s Crescent City R&B scene, Neville gained national attention with the Wild Tchoupitoulas, a touring Mardi Gras parade band and also people who could see our strengths, something that’s hard to see for yourself.”

Blues Traveler
July 30 – House of Blues - General Admission Tickets: $23 On Sale Now
Blues Traveler continue to chart new musical directions evident on their upcoming record Blow Up The Moon. A clever collaboration between various artists, Blow Up The Moon sees Blues Traveler keep an open-minded perspective on making music and enlists an eclectic mix of songwriters influenced by the band’s remarkable 25+ year career.

“Blow Up The Moon” is the first collaborative album that Blues Traveler has ever made. Prior to these sessions, it was rare for the band to have someone else perform on their songs and even more rare to have anyone outside the band write with them. This process was a unique and successful collaboration for each of these artists who each found new depths and energy in their writing and performance. Blow Up The Moon is an exciting collaboration featuring a range of artists across the spectrum, representing country, pop, reggae and hip-hop

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“We wanted to experiment with co-writing since we usually try to do everything in-house, in this misguided homage to The Beatles,” says singer John Popper. Blow Up The Moon allowed Blues Traveler to expand their musical palette while holding the foundation of their distinct and explosive brand of rock. “We found quality writers to see what they could bring to us as a band, and also people who could see our strengths, something that’s hard to see for yourself.”

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~Continued from Page 13

Echo & The Bunnymen
September 16 – House of Blues - General Admission Tickets: $29.50 On Sale Now

Echo & The Bunnymen are an English rock band formed in Liverpool in 1978. The original line-up consisted of vocalist Ian McCulloch, guitarist Will Sergeant and bass player Les Pattinson, supplemented by a drum machine. By 1980, Pete de Freitas joined as the band’s drummer.

Their 1980 debut album, Crocodiles, met with critical acclaim and made the UK Top 20. Their second album, Heaven Up Here (1981), again found favour with the critics and reached number 10 in the UK Album chart. The band’s cult status was followed by mainstream success in the mid-1980s, as they scored a UK Top 10 hit with “The Cutter”, and the attendant album, Porcupine (1983), reached number 2 in the UK. Their next release, Ocean Rain (1984), continued the band’s UK chart success, and has since been regarded as their landmark release, spawning the hit singles “The Killing Moon”, “Silver” and “Seven Seas”. One more studio album, Echo & the Bunnymen (1987), was released before McCulloch left the band to pursue a solo career in 1988.

Echo & The Bunnymen most recent album, entitled Meteorites, was released in May 2014 in the UK, and in June 2014 in the US via 429 Records. The album was also released on the pledgemusic.com website. The album was produced and mixed by Youth, who also co-wrote three of the tracks and played “additional bass” on it.
For More Information Visit: www.bunnymen.com

Ticket Information
Tickets are available for purchase at the following locations: www.houseofblues.com, House of Blues Box Office, www.ticketmaster.com, all Ticketmaster outlets and Charge by Phone: 800.745.3000. The House of Blues Box Office (308 Euclid Ave.) For more information, call 216.523.BLUE (2583).

Rusty Anchor at the Music Box Announces Summertime on the Riverfront Concert Series

Beginning at the end of May and continuing all summer every Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday; free admission to themed concerts celebrating seafood, craft beer and live music on riverfront deck.

The Rusty Anchor at the Music Box, a two story concert venue, riverfront seafood restaurant and private events destination will be hosting an Summertime on the Riverfront concert series, beginning on May 28th and continuing every Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday from 3 p.m. until 7 p.m. through Labor Day Weekend.

The concert series will have free admission and most bands will perform outside on the riverfront deck (on the west bank of The Flats near Shooters).The summer series will feature free live music, rain or shine with an outdoor oyster bar and great craft beer specials. The oyster bar will include fresh shucked oysters every day and will undoubtedly win over Cleveland’s audience of seafood lovers.

Different food and unique craft beer specials from Cleveland’s own Great Lakes Brewing Company will be featured every week. Seafood specials on items such as lobster pops, oyster shots, crab cakes and perch sliders will be offered throughout the weekend as well. Thursday’s will be hosted by Cleveland Roots-based Swamp Pop band Cats on Holiday and others. Cats on Holiday has been pleasing audiences for over 20 years with their own special blend of Texas and Louisiana inspired Blues, Rock, Roots & Zydeco infused with original songs about urban life. The riverfront deck at Music Box is the perfect backdrop to enjoy the audience engaging show.

Friday’s will feature a World Beats theme and highlight jazz, highlife, funk and soul music with drummer, percussionist and producer DJ Neil Chastain. Chastain is also known in the Cleveland area as Pureplex and is a member of Afrocubists, Latin Jazz Project and Safmod.

On Saturdays guests will enjoy a Yacht Rock theme with top notch instrumentalist Chris Hatton, bringing the smooth sounds of yesteryear, including Hall & Oates, Toto, Doobie Bros and more. In the musical sense, yacht rock refers to the highly polished brand of soft rock and contains smooth, mellow music that yacht lovers enjoy while cruising the waters.

Trad Irish with Portersharks and others with perform Sundays. The Portersharks were formed in the late 1980s by guitarist/vocalist Bill Chambers and fiddler Francis Quinn, two friends sharing an interest in the music of Ireland. The Portersharks will be bringing a high energy Irish celebration to the Music Box on Sunday’s during the summer.

The Rusty Anchor at the Music Box encourages Clevelanders and their love of live music to take full advantage of the Summertime on the Riverfront concert series with ultimate views of the city skyline and beautiful waterfront seating. Great new seafood menu and beer specials along with free live music will bring an unbeatable element of seasonal entertainment for all ages.

To see the full schedule of concerts for the, Summertime on the Riverfront, series along with other shows being hosted at Music Box, please visit www.musicboxcle.com.
Brian Johnson “I Sing A Little”

This story is about a guy I know from right here on the north coast. Many of you know me because I am a real old rocker, one you may have met over the years, and I love all of you.

But this story is about Brian Johnson.

I first met Brian at my most awesome church in the world, Journey Community Church in Jefferson. I was introduced to Brian by the church praise band’s bass player, Thomas Reiter. Brian was a singing praise leader that day and Thomas introduced me as being a well known bass player for Abbey Rodeo, … so I downplayed that a little and said, “so glad to meet you Brian, do you play an instrument?” He replied, “naw, I just sing a little” - “SING A LITTLE”

Just a couple of months later, this guy who was leading the praise band at my church was singing In front of four world wide music icons who serve as coaches and judges, and a TV audience of millions on the popular show, The Voice … here is some of Brian’s story:

Brian didn’t really have any music involvement until he was in 7th grade at middle school. He was one of two boys in the show choir in 7th grade and the other male quit the night before the performance. That left Brian as the only male remaining and because of that, the cruelty of 7th Grade middle schoolers took over and they both ridiculed and bullied Brian incessantly. So Brian decided right then and there to never sing in public again or to pursue any other avenues with the gift that God had given him … his voice.

Brian did not attend church as a youth, but when he was 15 his grandmother took him to Vacation Bible School at Park Heights Baptist Church where he saw the cutest girl he had ever seen in his life. So, not necessarily moved by theology, Brian went back to the Youth Group at Park Heights … just to see this cute teenager, Kellie.

With the opportunity to be around Kellie, Brian began to get involved with the youth group and auditioned and was selected for the Youth Choir at the church. Brian attended High School at North Olmstead and Kellie ended up attending Valley Forge High School in Parma. (This is their 10th year of being together and they have been husband and wife for over 3 years).

As they progressed through their youth, Brian began singing hymns and gospel songs with his friend, Jared Mittelo, and they formed a band together, called Rescue. What an appropriate

~Continued on Page 20
Ohio Bike Week 2015!

By Helen Marketti

Ohio Bike Week is celebrating its 15th year and Steve Ernst (Advantage Entertainment) has been part of it for at least 11 of those years. Every year Ohio Bike Week seems to get bigger and better. People travel to the Sandusky area from all over the state and country. It brings in thousands of bikers each year. At the end of each season, many take the time to book their hotel room and plan ahead for the following year.

“We feel our band lineup is very strong this year,” said Steve. “On Friday, May 29 at the Toledo Harley Davidson, will be Tom Keifer from the band, Cinderella.” Cinderella, originally from Philadelphia broke into the music scene during the 80s with hits such as Nobody’s Fool, Gypsy Road, Coming Home and Don’t Know What You Got (Till It’s Gone) with Tom Keifer as the lead singer. Tom will sing all the familiar favorites for fans who remember the 80s hair band.

“At the Mad River Harley Davidson in Sandusky, the band Puddle of Mudd will be performing on Saturday, May 30. At this time, we are also working on partnering with the Hard Rock Rocksino to get some events planned. The Ohio Lottery will be doing the Cash Explosion Game live from downtown Sandusky on Saturday, June 6! There will be over $5,000 worth of prizes being given away,” said Steve.

“One of the things we are excited about this year is bringing some activities back to the Erie County Fairgrounds. We will be partnering with Broken Spoke Saloon who will be at the fairgrounds,” said Steve. “There will be limited vending available and the campgrounds will be open from June 3 to June 7. National acts will also be playing. On Wednesday, June 3, the band Saving Abel will play and on Friday, June 5, it will be the band, Bullet Boys. There are several other conventions going on in the area at the same time as Ohio Bike Week and some of those folks are choosing to stay at the campgrounds, too.”

“We have regional acts that will be playing this year such as Jasmine Cain and Rebel Son who have played for us in the past and are very popular,” said Steve. “We will have hot rod shows, motorcycle shows and great food. There is going to be so much going on with winery tours, events at the islands, free concerts, various motorcycle rides and more. This year we have the historical American Motor Drome Wall of Death with daredevil performers.”

“Jackyl will be doing a free show on Thursday, June 4 in downtown Sandusky. Jesse James Dupree has played for us the past few years. He enjoys being part of the line up and loves to ride. He works hard to help us and is an incredibly nice guy. He has his own Jesse James Bourbon, which will be on hand. He will be making appearances at a few places in the area to promote his bourbon. He will be leading the Jesse James Dupree Pancreatic Cancer Ride on Thursday, June 4. Anyone who is interested in participating in this ride can meet at the Mad River Harley Davidson in Sandusky at 10:00 am. There will be a stop for lunch, people can meet Jesse and talk with him. The ride will then continue and end at the Comfort Inn in Sandusky. Jesse’s uncle passed away from Pancreatic Cancer and so did one of my best friends,” said Steve. “We have this ride every year and it’s for a great cause. Jesse has been very passionate about this ride being a success. Later that day, he will be judging a bikini contest and then doing a free show the same evening.”

“On Friday, June 5 there will be a free show by Colt Ford and on Saturday, June 6 will be a free show with national act, Buckcherry. We have never had a national act play for the Saturday night block party so we are expecting an incredible crowd!” said Steve. “The Budweiser Clydesdales Horses will be leading the parade this year on Saturday, June 6. The parade with the Clydesdales and motorcycles should end up in downtown Sandusky by 3:30 pm. If the weather and programming are right we hope to exceed 200,000 in attendance!”

For a complete schedule: www.ohiobikeweek.com
When most people think of country music these days, they think of Florida Georgia Line, Rascal Flatts, and Blake Shelton.

We’re guessing Tom Russell would beg to differ with that conception of country.

See, Russell’s been writing and performing *bona fide* country music for the better part of forty years now. The kind of salt-of-the-earth, storyteller’s country music Johnny Cash sang at Folsom Prison. The same country music cowboys sang around their campfires.

The Los Angeles-bred Russell took some time sinking his heels into music, boning up on his Dave Van Ronk and Ramblin’ Jack Elliott while studying criminology in college, teaching in Nigeria, and living abroad in Spain and Norway. The extensive traveling paid off when it came time for Russell to star writing his own tunes—which he road-tested in dive bars and strip clubs in Vancouver and Texas (where he now resides). Guitarist Andrew Hardin helped Russell (then a NYC cabbie) ease further into the business.

A series of acclaimed albums followed: *Heart on a Sleeve* (1984), *Road to Bayamon* (1987), *Hurricane Season* (1991), and *The Rose of San Joaquin* (1995) established Russell as a singular, original voice in Americana music. Subsequent solo discs *Borderland* (2001), *Love and Fear* (2006), and *Mesabi* (2011) solidified his already considerable reputation as a songwriter *par excellence*; Russell’s songs have been covered by everyone from Joe Ely, Iris Dement, k.d. lang…and the Man in Black himself. You may have seen Tom on *Late Night With David Letterman*, or heard his tunes on T.V. (Tremors, Northern Exposure). Heck, you might even have seen one of his paintings or read one of his books.

Russell is a literary cowboy, the resident *poet laureate* of El Paso.

Russell’s latest studio effort may well be his most ambitious yet. Just released on Frontera Records, *The Rose of Roscrae* finds Tom widening his gaze from the usual dozen-or-so Tex-Mex ballads and mariachis to an epic double-album whose forty-some tunes, musical cues, and soundbites comprise a cohesive score to a cowboy theatrical that’s been bucking ‘round Russell’s mind for the last twenty years.

The condensed version? A banished Irish bad boy lives the outlaw life in American Frontier while his would-be-sweetheart—the titular Rose—moves on, heart heavy with thoughts of what might’ve been.

The third in a trilogy of “concept” albums whose themes (wanderlust, sin, misanthropy, empathy—and it’s never clear who in the motley cast of extras is wearing the white hat or the black hat) is *The Rose of Roscrae*. Russell gleaming the knife-edge of his craft by parlaying “traditional” folk and country music into the unraveling of what—at first blush—might seem a familiar tale, a twist on the conventions of Beauty and the Beast and Lady and the Tramp: *The Ronin and The Rose*. Sure, there are plenty of archetypal good-versus-evil shenanigans afoot, but Russell’s script doesn’t adhere to the standard Hollywood scenario (wherein a squinty-eyed Clint Eastwood guns down the pencil-thin-mustachioed Lee Van Cleef at high noon before riding off into the sunset). The main character here is about as *antihero* as you can get without forfeiting everyman empathy—and it’s never clear who in the motley cast of extras is wearing the white and who sports the black. It’s a helluva yarn about loss, love, and redemption...set to the very *corridos*, bandito ballads, Swiss choirs, Irish laments, and French lullabies that birthed American folk.

Indeed, in the hundred-page libretto accompanying the deluxe version of the set, Russell confesses he sought for a “cowboy truth” in his screenplay, in favor of the Tin Pan Alley fabrications of the Old West he’d grown up with (*Oklahoma*, *Calamity Jane*, *Annie Get Your Gun*). He wanted gritty, wrinkled ranch hands with crooked teeth and Chinese laundry mark tattoos, not Stetson-tipping Shanes and Marlboro Men with a charming smile and cordial “ma’am” for every Montana maiden. Russell wanted *real*, not romantic. With *Roscrae*, Russell successfully captures the essence of Americana.

Oddly enough, the resulting work is in many ways even more romantic than a Louis L’Amour novel or Sergio Leone spaghetti Western.

Johnny Dutton (aka Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce / Spanish Johnny) is barely out of his teens when his girlfriend’s father catches him macking on young Rose in the stable out back. The furious father administers a brutal beating. Fed up with his prospects in Ireland, Johnny walks home “from Roscrae to Templemore,”
determined to start life anew in the United States. He's at a disadvantage, however; he has a problem with authority, an aversion to long-term employment, and a dyslexia that causes him to misspell words like Roscrea (hence the Roscrae on the disc sleeve)—which stymies delivery of his love letters back home.

Johnny sails to America and sets out West, where he lands a job as a ranch hand—just like he'd read about in all the old dime novels. There, he's taken under the wing of aging cattleman Johnny Goodnight, who gifts his prize buffalo (Ol' Shakespeare) to Chief Ironhead and his band of reservation Comanches pining for one last hunt ("The Last Running") before the White Man eradicates the vestiges of their culture. The symbolism isn't lost on Johnny—and certainly not on Russell, either.

But we're getting ahead of ourselves; Tom's tale—and Johnny's—actually starts in medias res, dropping listeners straight into the thick of the action: Outlaw Johnny's been caught, convicted, and condemned to hang from "yonder cottonwood tree at sundown" for murder, horse thievery, wife-stealin', and other assorted egregiousness. Dutton orders a wood-grilled ribeye steak for his last supper and prepares to meet his maker, but it's not long before he makes his escape—with an assist from corrupt Judge Squig.

With Squig as one of several sidekicks, Johnny gets right back to rustling and philandering. His travels take him as far West as California, North into Canada, South into Mexico (during the Revolution), and back east to the emerald isle (with few fantasy stops on the "Friendly Island" of Molokai, Hawaii, where repentant cousin Joseph Dutton helps Father Damien care for a leper colony). When his drinking and cavorting finally catch up with him ("Resurrection Mountain"), Johnny takes on a variety of odd—but honest—jobs, including a stint as a "Fairground Pugilist" who offers carnival-goers a dollar to go two rounds.

The prodigal son/ repentant old man eventually returns to Ireland—and to Rose—only to find life's moved on for both of them. Keeping their relationship platonic, Dutton sleeps in the loft over Rose's stable. Just like Jesus. Yep, the allegories run deep here.

It's as if Russell studied The Quiet Man and re-scripted it to play in reverse, sending an Irish antihero into exile in colonial U.S.A. rather than bring a Yankee to sanctuary across the Atlantic. Musically speaking, Russell's all over the map—just like his gypsy Johnny. And if a tune calls for an instrument Russell can't play, he enlists someone who can (that's Fats Kaplin on fiddl, Barry Walsh on "saloon piano," and Finbar Fury on Uilleann pipes). If a piece requires a woman's perspective ("Resurrection Mountain," "This Is the Last Frontier," "The Bear"), he brings in the best available songbirds (Gretchen Peters, Eliza Gilkyson, Maura O'Connell, The McCrary Sisters). Juarez sensation Ana Gabriel delivers a heart-wrenching "Valentine de la Madre," while San Antonio sensation Sandy Rodriguez croons "No Adios."

Russell stars not only as Johnny Behind-the-Deuce, but portrays various "outlaw aliases and cowboy ghosts." Jimmy Dale Gilmore features as "Old Rattlebag," the cowboy minstrel. David Olney plays the conflicted Judge Squig ("Sidekick's Last Testament"), while San Antonio legend Augie Meyers stands in as vengeful Marshal-Evangelist Augie Blood ("Just a Closer Walk," "Rock of Ages"). Other special guests include Guy Clark, Gurf Morlix, Henry Real Bird, Jack Hardy, David Massingill...and Russell's ol' mentor, Ian Tyson.

If a plot point calls for a little pilfering of the cowboy canon ("Home on the Range," "The Water Is Wide," "Isn't It Grand"), Russell isn't too proud to summons the greats: Moses "Clear Rock" Platt ("St. James Hospital"), Johnny Cash ("Sam Hall"), Jack Hardy ("The Road to Fairfax County"), and Ramblin' Jack ("Sky Above, Mud Below"). Quintessential cowboys Tex Ritter ("Blood on the Saddle") and Sourdough Slim ("Fairground Pugilist") sing opposite English folk crooner A.L. "Bert" Lloyd ("The Unfortunate Rake"). Tom even samples a rare wax recording of humanist poet Walt Whitman ("America")—and pilfers some of his own best work ("Gallo del Cielo," "Guadalupe") for texture, ambiance, color.

We're talkin' maximum dramatic effect—as painted by jangly guitars, honkytonk piano, mournful accordions, wailing harmonicas, Gospel choruses, Celtic bagpipes, and melancholy whistles. There's even an overture (or two) performed by the Norwegian Wind Ensemble (written by Russell, arranged by Mats Haling) and recapitulations by The Voices of Waverly School out of Pasadena.

Our personal faves:

- Courtroom canto "Guilty" packs pathos—and action. Heroine theme "Rose of Roscrae" juxtaposes nicely with Johnny manifesto "Hairtrigger Heart." "Cowboy Voices" is the haunting Western equivalent of a Greek chorus. "She Talks to God" finds Rose engaged in deep inner dialogue. Pedal steel and persistent rim shot adorn "When the Wolves No Longer Sing."
- Russell and Gilkyson duet on the church-like "Jesus Met the Woman at the Well," then Tom and the boys indulge a little barroom rock and roll with the feisty "Doin' Hard Time in Texas."
- Russell serves up an amalgam of musical styles, much as his screenplay is a clever hodgepodge of literary tropes. Rose of Roscrae is an Irish Western, a spiritual sojourn through the tradition of song. It's Billy the Kid, John Wesley Hardin, and "Wild Bill" Hickok (and a cadre of circus freaks) meeting John Connolly and Michael Collins at Giant's Causeway, via Poncho Villa's Revolucion and General Custer's Appomattox. It's Death Valley meets The Fields of Athenry...scored for Broadway. What's more American than that?

Deluxe versions of the 2-CD set include Russell's written treatment for the play, along with a who's-who bibliography of his many musical guests.
Sultans of String bring their show to the North Coast

Interview and compilation by Sage Satori

2015 JUNO Award (Canada’s Grammy) nominees & SiriusXM Award winners Sultans of String return to Cleveland with a much anticipated show at local hotspot, Nighttown, May 28, 2015 – 8:00pm!

Since forming 7 years ago, Sultans of String have been on an impressive trajectory with an astonishing number of awards and accolades in tow, including 2 JUNO nominations, 2 Canadian Folk Music Awards, 1st place in the ISC (out of 15,000 entries), plus invitations to play with such legendary artists as The Chieftains and Anwar Khurshid in a very cool collaboration. Anwar’s sitar playing has been featured in the Oscar-winning film Life of Pi and The Love Guru. Originally from Pakistan, Anwar now makes Canada his home, regularly collaborating with musicians from other genres. I find that music has the ability to bring together people and cultures in a way that emulates what we love to see in the world, creating a collaboration that breaks down the barriers that divide us and helping us to see our common humanity, providing a model for peace. When Kevin and I started composing and playing with Anwar, it opened up a whole new side of world music for us. We are so excited!

NCV: What music genres did you pursue and perhaps master before landing on the fusion of music which you are so well known for now?

Chris: When I was growing up I was learning classical violin. It is a wonderful pedagogy and a great way to learn the instrument. As I got older I started exploring more styles, including East Coast fiddling, rock, folk, and all kinds of world music. I wouldn’t say I have mastered any of the styles, but we really love what happens when we blend different styles together - everything from Gypsy-jazz, to rumba flamenco from southern Spain, to Cuban rhythms, to Arabic rhythms; all this while telling stories of places we have been and the people we meet. And that is where the real joy comes from, using music as a way to tell stories.

NCV: In developing Sultans of String did you and Kevin Laliberté come together through mutual musical avenues or had you met earlier in life as friends?

Chris: We met on a gig! There was another guitar player who was booked who ended up not being able to make the show, and sent Kevin in his place. From the moment I heard Kevin warming up with a rumba rhythm, I was hooked! World music is a really invigorating branch of music to explore with endless possibilities and we fast became close musical friends. Both Kevin and I have some musical heritage, our interest in jazz, folk, world, and music of the 60s.

NCV: Tell us a little about what it was like being nominated and attending the most recent JUNO awards and how does that experience compare to 2014 SiriusXM awards where you won?

Chris: It was really a fabulous experience being nominated and attending this year. It’s a great chance to celebrate not just our own achievements, but those of all our peers. To be able to hang out with all of our musician friends at an event that is not a gig is a rare treat. We were not able to attend the SiriusXM awards this year as we were on tour. Both awards events are great from the point of view of reaching new fans and having a few more people discover our music.

NCV: With your new disc coming out in the fall what can fans expect that differs from Symphony?

Chris: In this special recording, Sultans of String meet the electricity of sitar master Anwar Khurshid in a very cool collaboration. Anwar’s sitar playing has been featured in the Oscar-winning film Life of Pi and The Love Guru. Originally from Pakistan, Anwar now makes Canada his home, regularly collaborating with musicians from other genres. I find that music has the ability to bring together people and cultures in a way that emulates what we love to see in the world, creating a collaboration that breaks down the barriers that divide us and helping us to see our common humanity, providing a model for peace. When Kevin and I started composing and playing with Anwar, it opened up a whole new side of world music for us. We are so excited!

Just a few of the Sultans of String’s accolades:
• 2015 JUNO nominees – Instrumental Album of the Year
• 2014 SiriusXM Independent Music Awards Winner- World Group of the Year
• 2014 IMA Independent Music Award Winner – Instrumental
• 2013 ISC International Songwriting Competition Winner- Instrumental
• 2013 Festivals & Events- Performer of The Year
• 2013 Queen’s Diamond Jubilee Medal for bandleader Chris McKhool
• 2012 Canadian Folk Music Awards winners– World Music Group of the Year

For more information, videos and tour schedule visit www.sultansofstring.com
name for that band, because it “rescued” Brian from the scars of his middle school days and he and the band began receiving a ton of positive feedback about their performances on a regular basis. All of a sudden, they were selling 100 ticket shows at Seekers and other coffee houses in the area and playing at church groups and youth rallies at an ever increasing pace. This was so good for Brian … Brian said, “For the first time I was able to trust the gift AND the passion for singing that God had given me.”

Then all 3 of them, Kellie, Jared and of course, Brian went off to college to Cedarville University in southern Ohio where Brian would major in Worship Ministries. While at Cedarville University, Brian became involved in all sorts for music from singing in chapel, two different choirs, the jazz band and again, more coffee shops. This was so great for Brian, because again, his confidence and acceptance was boosted because of the exposure, positive feedback and a growing quiet confidence in the gift of singing that God has given him.

BUT then his dad became very ill with MS and lost his job. His dad was in tons of pain, so Brian forsook his career dream … to be a career guy in Praise and Worship Ministries … to be with his Dad, subsequently changing his major to Communications which would lead to a more marketable degree for a paying job.

Brian then decided to audition for the well publicized TV show, The Voice, where a panel of music celebrities serve as judges and also serve as individual coaches for those who advance to the highest degree. Brian had 3 strikes against him having failed attempts in Nashville, Chicago and Philadelphia. He had attained a measure of success receiving callbacks for all 3 of the auditions, but had never been called back for the finals. He had decided to give it up, but then something (or Someone) told him to try one more time back here in Cleveland. And he DID it.

Brian was going to have a chance to get on the show on national TV. He made it in to the top 20 and then the top 12 and he sang Reason To Believe for his first song, which brought tears to my eyes. I was so so proud of him. I had never seen the show, but I catch on quick every now and then. He was barely into the song when Blake Shelton and Adam Levine both turned their chairs around, meaning they thought Brian was excellent and then battled to get him on their respective teams. Brian started out with Blake and ended up with Adam.

When I asked Brian what was most memorable about his experience on The Voice, he said … “I really enjoyed being with the stars, Adam, Blake and Reba McEntire, etc., but most of all I really, really, enjoyed the time with the other 100 contestants, musicians and singers. It was so cool. It was like a camp or something, just being able to hang out with all of these very gifted people. And I mean this was all day and all night … it was so great”. Brian said, “It was so cool for me, not only to be able to share my music, but to share my story”.

I had to ask some typical question and answer questions, so here goes:

Fred: “What are the most important things in your life?”
Brian: “Jesus, Kellie and music … in that order.”

Fred: “What one thing would you say about Jesus?”
Brian: “He has been my CONSTANT friend”

Fred: “What is your favorite Hymn?”
Brian: “Be Thou My Vision”

Fred: “What is your favorite contemporary praise song?”
Brian: “Mercy, Mercy by Hillsong United”

Fred: “What is your favorite secular song?”
Brian: “Hold Back The River by James Bay”

And how has all this affected Brian’s life? It gives him a platform to tell kids and adults to never give up pursuing your dream. Keep at it … don’t quit.

So Happy Birthday to Brian … as of May 18th, he is 25 years old and I must say, he is far more together and focused at this age than most, and there is so much more ahead of him.

Note: Kellie Johnson, Brian’s wife, is Care Director and Administrative Assistant to the Co-Pastor at Journey Community Church’s main office in Fairview Park, Ohio. Check out the Journey Community Church web site at: www.journeypeople.com
A Chat with Keith Nelson of Buckcherry

Buckcherry will be giving a FREE concert in downtown Sandusky on Saturday, June 6 for Ohio Bike Week’s Block Party!

Buckcherry’s recognizable hits, Crazy Bitch, Lit Up, Don’t Go Away, Riding, Crushed, Sorry, Everything…and more will be rockin’ Sandusky, Ohio in a BIG way on June 6. As the band was getting ready to hit the road for their tour, lead guitarist, Keith Nelson took some time to talk about the longevity of Buckcherry, playing guitar and riding motorcycles.

“The earliest music I became interested in is what my dad was listening to such as R & B and Country. James Brown, Marvin Gaye, Sly & the Family Stone, Merle Haggard and Johnny Cash. Those were some of the artists we were listening to at my house,” said Keith. “When I got into rock and roll, I started listening to AC/DC and Humble Pie.”

“I originally started out as a drummer but at some point I wanted to start writing songs which I found easier using the guitar. (laughs) I became interested in the guitar when I was about 17. My approach to the guitar is that it’s a vehicle to use to write a song. Some people approach it as they want to be the greatest guitar player and that is very noble. However, for me it’s what you use to write a song. I love the shape of the guitar, the way it looks and the way it sounds. It’s been a love affair that started many years ago and there’s no end in sight,” explains Keith.

Keith is a guitar collector but focuses on the quality of his collection rather than quantity. “My collection actually gets smaller but becomes more valuable. At one point, my collection was pushing at least 150 guitars and now I have about 50 or 60. What I am doing is refining my collection. I have a 1959 Gibson Les Paul which I consider my most prized guitar in my collection,” said Keith. “I can have any number of guitars on the road with me. It just depends, I may have my ’59 Gibson with me for Ohio Bike Week.”

While some guitarists work to design their own guitars, Keith has no particular interest. “I think the best designs in guitar happened long before we got our hands on them. As far as guitar design, there really hasn’t been an evolution since the mid-60’s that has really peaked my interest. My favorite designs are from the 50s and early 60s. If you look at guitars, recording equipment, motorcycles and cars, those were the years that were magical times for invention. The designs were right on the money.”

It will be nearly 20 years that Buckcherry has been together. “I first met Josh (lead singer) in ’96. We all live in L.A. We spend a lot of time together on and off the road. It’s all about making rock and roll,” said Keith. “I don’t think we would make music that we wouldn’t buy ourselves. We wouldn’t want to be a band that we wouldn’t want to see. Having said that we all love what we do, we love to make records and tour. We record together in the studio. The commonality keeps it real, keeps it honest and keeps us together.”

“Inspiration for writing music comes from daily life and being a fan of music. Sometimes I’m not sure where the songs come from, they just come. The goal is to get out of the way and let them happen. We have very normal lives outside of rock and roll. We each have families, people we care about back home, and that is what keeps us grounded.”

Motorcycle riding is relaxing for Keith. He enjoys riding when he gets the chance. “I ride and so does our drummer, Xavier. We are both big motorcycle enthusiasts. I have an American made V Twin motorcycle. I mostly ride Harleys. Riding for me is about the freedom and a good way to clear your mind. When you’re riding a motorcycle you have to keep your mind on the road and not think about anything other than what you are doing.”

Fans can expect a new album from Buckcherry later this summer. “We have a new record that is about to drop. It should be ready by late July or early August. We just finished it and then we’re touring and doing what we do best. We can’t wait until we get to Sandusky for Ohio Bike Week and get the party started!”

For more information: www.buckcherry.com www.ohiobikeweek.com
Fear has occupied a considerable portion of our existence whilst significantly encouraging the direction and flow of, not only our own individual lives, but of worldly events. As to whether such a reaction can be determined to be a naturally occurring behavior of automaticity, a reoccurring response to negative stimuli that often meets us along the path, or whether it is possibly an isolated behavior conditioned by societal constructs, fear continues to be a phenomenon that exceeds Human understanding and control. Some experts have even made rather bold and hypothesized statements in declaring that fear is an illusion that only exists within one’s perceptions and in the inner makings of one’s ego. Such a statement can contribute to either embodying the ranks of what can be considered assumptions or from among the legitimacies of actual fact.

When Humanity can encompass and ultimately understand the consciousness of such comprehension, fear can truly be observed. One can view such potentiality as a delusional component of what we, as a species, can collaboratively construe as superficially true. This lies upon the simple basics of energy, focus, and concentration. When energy is focused upon an intention, intention essentially becomes the spark of what was intended to manifest into matter and into being. The more that energy is concentrated upon that particular intention with increased frequency and intensity the resonance of that potentiality becomes more and more of a reality.

Thus, when we give life to any aspect of fear through the heightening resonance of frightful feeling and of anxiety-ridden emotion, fear then transitions from merely just a thought… to that of what can be the manifestation of our truest nightmares. Subconsciously this is the byproduct of how things can come into being when we are unaware of how our energies are organized and concentrated together into creating matter from out of seemingly nothingness - when indeed it was created alchemically out of Consciousness.

But historically when the smaller percentage and from among the more cognizant of well-informed societies of secreted knowledge and wisdom become the mainstay of persuasion and of manipulation, fear can become a rather formidable ally and tool utilized for greater gains. As mentioned previously, fear has significantly controlled and determined the ebb and flow of personable and worldly events. Essentially, it is the centralized tool for established and well-organized institutions.

When fear is viewed in this light, it encompasses another alternative meaning in how it can woo the behavior of nations. When the “unawakened” have essentially snapped out of the trance of a long-lived sleep, one can begin to neutralize the very essence of what fear ultimately possesses to be in nature. Fear is the Guardian of Hidden and Heightened Wisdom. It is the face of truth - the mask of hidden knowledge.

Consequently, Fear can be considered to be the Serpent Wisdom of Hidden Truths. To the contrary of Modern Day beliefs, the Serpent was once viewed as a world-renown representation of Healing, Kundalini energy, duality, revitalization, and in the manifestation of the New. But again under the so-called “Normalcy” of Modern Day Beliefs, when the “Serpent” is observed alone from within its anticipated and expected view, an intonation of evil and of darkness dawns upon the veil of illusion - forced bewilderingly upon the clarity of our own Consciousness. The “Serpent” has been demonized frequently time-and-time-again by the demoralizations of these so-called institutions - another aspect of secretive societal constructs. So, essentially, the Serpent can be paralleled to the very essence of what fear has become.

But once the more superficial layers of that very doorway of truth is shed, after unmasking the illusion of fear, the knowledge can then be realized when the final door is revealed. And from what is then rediscovered in truth is a mirror which reveals every detail of beauty in every blemish to one’s sense of self-judgment. What is then revealed, when one has realized the fullest length of one’s journey… is that despite the many millions of miles and miles of which one has been seemingly carried throughout such a heartened trek… one will then truthfully realize… that not a single step had ever been made.

Truth is the realization of SELF.

Joel Ayala Ayapana is a Veteran of the United States Air Force. He has been practicing within the specialized nursing field of Behavioral Health as a Registered Nurse for over eleven years in the Cleveland metropolitan area. His inspirational work has earned him several awards and recognitions within his profession.

Additionally, he is the author of his recently published work, entitled, The Book of Positive Light: remembrance of the Heart which can be purchased at the following website www.thebookofpositivelight.com
Ponderings, Contemplations, Observations, and Other Ramblings

It’s 2015. Do you know where your atoms have been?

They’ve been around since the beginning of time. They were literally cooked inside distant exploding stars before any record of history. Now they’re travelling throughout your entire being, more rapidly than you could ever comprehend. When we take a deep breath and let it out, we exhale….oh….something like…. 10 sextillion air molecules into the room, many of which were, just moments ago, part of us.

Now. Are you ready for this? It has been calculated that it takes about six years for one of our breaths to scatter totally throughout the Earth’s atmosphere, winding up in Singapore, Bali, Honolulu, Rome, Paris, Crete, Geneva, Ohio……

And once this ‘star stuff’ that makes up our breathable atoms gets thoroughly mixed there will be about one molecule of each of ours--on average-- in every ‘breathful’ of air drawn by every person in the future. Think we’re not connected?

And we’ll likewise be breathing some of their molecules, and molecules from all the people of the past, many of which will make their way into our bodies. This means that molecules from the dying breaths of Socrates, Mother Mary, Ronald Reagan, Jesus, Buddha, and any one of the writers of the Declaration of Independence, are inside us.

“We are all literally breathing one another.” Says physicist Paul G. Hewitt.

I love recognizing our connections to each other—most of which are invisible, microscopic, and even metaphysical—beyond the physical. We think our families connect us, or our schools, our communities….when in fact, we are all connected energetically. Our thoughts connect us with others who have similar thoughts. Our words connect us to others who speak similar words. Our vibration connects us to others who have the similar vibration.

In fact, we are connected by so many variables, that if one thing doesn’t connect us, another surely will. It’s easier simply to assume our connectedness rather than to assume separateness.

To create separation, is to invite a whole host of problems into our lives, into our societies, into our world.

Bigotry is a form of separation, and certainly helps no one. Politics is a form of separation and divides the people of the world into little boxes that said people are not the least bit happy in. There are those who profit from feeding racism, just to make sure we remain separate, because conflict creates revenue—whether in our neighborhoods or in the world.

And we just keep allowing it. Even though….EVEN THOUGH my comments in reference to our breathable atoms being shared by the likes of the Christ or the Buddha, are common knowledge, and explained in any junior high science book. So it’s not news, folks. We are one. We’ve always been one.

One body. One spirit. One life. One breath.

All connected like the links of a chain, or the sands that make up the beach or the snowflakes that piled up outside our doors this past winter until we were sick of it. Like the blades of grass that make up our lawns….the leaves on the trees….All individual, but created to exist in some symbiotic, beautifully choreographed dance.

The music is our Source—the Intelligence that operates the entire show. There is no chaos in music, or it would just be noise. The sound has a particular order to it, and we move to its melody, if we take the time to listen to it. We just have to be still long enough to desire to dance with the other guy instead of separating ourselves from each other.

It’s a painful process—this separation thing. Let’s not do it anymore. It makes everything like a tornado….when the wind is coming from every direction creating havoc as it blows. When we take the time to watch a gentle breeze through the trees, we can witness the dance. The leaves on the trees don’t fight with each other to hold their own space; they move…they flow… one direction, then another….never boring…..just a beautiful dance. Great teachers, these trees…. 

So, as I continue to ponder one thing and another…..Let’s talk about trees. Remember that other thing we learned in junior high general science? That the roots of the tree go as deeply into the ground as its height is above the ground? Wow…how cool is that? And we are meant to do the same—to be grounded to the Earth, so that we don’t topple over like weebles. And….and….and…..when you walk into the forest, think of those underground trees….all of those ROOTS connected to each other….as though….deep down….they are just one. Hmmm……

We’re connected. It’s time to stop pretending we’re not. Our lives are depending upon our acknowledgment of this basic fact.

Let’s dance—my molecules with yours—our atoms mixing—providing the breath for the next generation.

* Patricia Ann Dooms, known in some circles as “the Mentor from Mentor”, is a certified holistic lifestyle mentor, practicing a variety of energy healing modalities which she has combined into her FeatherTouch 4-Directional Wellness Program. To learn more about the connection between wellness and oneness, or any other of her FeatherTouch services, please visit http://feathertouchpathandpurpose.com.

May 20 - June 10, 2015
If You Can Dream It, I Can Build It.

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Stay In Tune

By Luthier Patrick Podpadec

Well it’s full on Spring time in Northeast Ohio and all is well with the plants and gardens. I planted new on Spring time in some shady spots last week and it’s coming up strong. My wife keeps bringing home more plants every day and she tells me, “I got them on sale.”, so how can I bitch about that? It’s okay though because she’s working hard and the house and yard is shaping up again after the long brutal winter we had. It seems so long ago now that I hardly remember it.

Before I get too far, I wanted to mention that my wife and some other friends went to a music event at the new Music Box down in the flats last week and it is a great venue to see good music. The band that we saw was called Frank Sullivan and the Dirty Kitchen and if you ever get a chance to see them you shouldn’t miss the opportunity. They were awesome! Each member of the band individually is an incredible musician, but when you get them all together they are amazing. The reason I’m telling you this is that the bass player, we’ll call him Dan (cause that’s his name) also rebuilds stand up basses on the side for a hobby. Well it turns out that I have a 1973 Englehardt bass that needs repair and we almost struck a deal on him buying it from me. It wasn’t so much about the price as it was about meeting him on the highway for the exchange because the band was traveling off to Wisconsin and then back to Washington D.C. We just couldn’t make it happen this time.

Things have been steady as usual in the shop with different stuff happening all the time. Got a few more older mandolins in with some back separations and a very cool original Les Paul Junior that is just too cool! It was the customer’s fathers and he remembers his dad playing on it when he was a kid.

I’m finishing up a few things too, like a reissue Gibson J-45 with a cracked headstock/neck. I got lucky with that one because it had a nice long break that I was able to get a lot of glue into and it seems to be very stable without having to add the cleats. Whenever I have to rout out the neck to add cleats to the repair it becomes so much more than just that. I have to seal the cleats so that the glue lines don’t suck up the lacquer when it is applied. I must use a very dark toner to hide the cleats and top coat it with several coats of lacquer. This should cure for two weeks before I’m able to wet sand and buff it out. I’m always glad when I can just glue a crack back together without the whole finishing process that is involved with the “cleating” system.

Most of my time has been being eaten up by the new “Smoking Hot Guitars” that I started up in Jan 2015. They have been doing very well and I am getting ready to go to a very large trade show designed specifically for vendors in the headshop industry. It’s being held this upcoming week in Atlantic City. It will be my first trip to New Jersey and my wife and I are very excited about the trip.

In 2010 my family and I went down to Miami Florida to attend and participate in a large luthier show. It was a great experience although quite financially at the show. It was held in a casino hotel which seemed to be a distraction for vendors in the headshop industry. It’s being held this upcoming first trip to New Jersey and my wife and I are very excited about the trip.

In 2010 my family and I went down to Miami Florida to attend and participate in a large luthier show. It was a great experience although quite expensive and I, and most everyone else, did not do very well financially at the show. It was held in a casino hotel which seemed to be a distraction to many of the attendees. There were some really cool guitars there and I met a lot of really good guitar builders that otherwise would not of had the opportunity to do so. It wasn’t a complete loss because we were able to fit in a trip to Disney World for my son who was about 10 yrs old at the time. Seeing him having that much fun was worth the trip. I have to admit, I had a pretty good time myself.

I have been working on getting a CNC machine built to try to take some of the burden off of the everyday tasks that takes up so much of my time. I have been working pretty much non-stop every day since January on trying to keep up with my repairs and all of the other things that the new SHG business is doing. There are always new jigs to build or new methods of construction to try out. Some fail, but some are very successful. I’m constantly trying to improve the product or add other features to the marketing end of the business. I have met a lot of new people who have helped and taught me a lot about business strategies.

Manufacturing a product like these guitar pipes is much different than trying to manufacture guitars. With Liam Guitars, I build one at a time (often a custom piece) that is for a particular customer and there is a lot of planning goes into just one instrument. With the SHG business I’m trying to produce as many as I can, and as cheap as I can to be able to turn a profit. There seems to be as many procedures in them as there is a real guitar. I also have to find the market price or try to set a new market price because there is not really any other similar product quite as nice of quality as the ones I’m producing. I have a difficult time with sacrificing quality for profit. It just doesn’t feel right for me to do that. That could be why I have always been the “starving artist” in the past. I find that some days I want to pull out the few remaining hairs that I have left on my head, but I know that things won’t always be the way they are today. All I have to do is close my eyes and tap my heels three times and repeat, “There’s no place like home”. Didn’t somebody say that in a movie a long time ago? At any rate I better get back in the shop, because I’m sure there is something that I should be doing.

Till next time, Please” Stay in Tune”!

Keep Smiling!

Patrick from Liam Guitars/ Wood-n-Strings and now Smoking Hot Guitars

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May 20 - June 10, 2015
The Legendary Jeff Beck cast his spell on packed house

Two-time Rock and Roll Hall of Fame guitarist swept through Ohio again on Friday night May 15th, treating a packed Hard Rock “Rocksin’” to a loud, virtuosic romp through some of his greatest hits and classic covers.

Beck was first inducted into the Rock Hall with The Yardbirds in 1992, having replaced Eric Clapton in the “For Your Love” pop quintet on the recommendation of fellow band member Jimmy Page (of Led Zeppelin fame). His second turn came in 2009, when he was inducted as a solo artist during the presentation ceremony at Cleveland’s Public Hall in April of that year. Never one to rest on his laurels, Beck followed up that honor with an incendiary concert at House of Blues—mere blocks away from the I.M. Pei-designed music museum overlooking the Lake Erie shore. Beck barreled through the Buckeye State again in 2013, thrilling Akron’s E.J. Thomas Hall on a double-bill with The Beach Boys’ Brian Wilson.

The guitarist’s gig Friday night in Northfield boasted the same talented backing band as that Akron show, with the addition of Birmingham vocalist Jimmy Hall (who sang on the 1985 Beck album Flash). And the career-encompassing set list, whilst also similar to those played on tours passed, was nonetheless diverse and dynamic enough to keep folks entranced by Jeff’s transcendental guitar-speak for a solid hundred minutes.

Clad in black pants and white dress shirt (with a sharp vest), Beck guided his group through the heavy “Loaded” (from last year’s Japan-only EP Yosogai). “Nine” was packed with monstrous, snarling riffs and distorted chords, but had a sizzling, melodic lead, too. Jeff—who eschewed playing with picks years ago in favor of working his guitar strings with his fingers—traded in his Telecaster for one of his custom white Fender Stratocasters, whereon he could manipulate the tremolo bar for some otherworldly sound effects.

Mahavishnu Orchestra cover “You Know You Know” was graceful but gritty. Beck’s own “Hammerhead” (from 2010’s Emotion and Commotion) was truly a man-eater. His homage to country guitar god Lonnie Mack (“Lonnie on the Move”) was a fittingly fricasseed romp. Originally done by British rockers Curve in 2001, “My White Tiled Floor” was tight—and slightly techno.

“Floor” is one of two new studio tracks appearing on Jeff Beck Live +, out next week on Atco/Rhino. The mostly-live disc contains a career-spanning dream set of Beck best-ofts, as recorded on his 2014 jaunt with Texas titans ZZ Top.

As per usual, Jeff didn’t engage the audience much during the show, pausing only to say hello once or twice in a mic at stage right. He preferred letting his Strats do the talking, and his attack was so aggressive that he doffed his scarf and ever-present bracelet early on; the accessories were just getting in his way.

He left on his aviator shades, however, and one did get the impression that Beck was our pilot on some sonic starship.

Maybe Jeff was still reeling over—and perhaps a little angry at—the passing of guitar great B.B. King, who died Thursday at age 89. The Mississippi Delta blues legend was a life-long inspiration not only to Beck, but to just about every white English and American boy who picked up a guitar in the ‘60s and ‘70s hoping to channel some of King’s killer tone.

The Wadhurst-born Beck certainly topped a lot of the Berclair, Mississippi-bred King’s spirit on this occasion. We’re guessing B.B. would’ve loved it.

When you buy a ticket to see someone like Beck, you know you’re gonna witness some terrific guitar work. Hearing a top-notch singer on the same bill is just frosting on the fret board.

That was Jimmy Hall, who sauntered out five songs in to belt Bonnie Dobson’s “Morning Dew.” But it was his take on Sam Cooke classic “A Change is Gonna Come” that really showcased Hall’s range: He hit—and sustained—some impossibly high notes, dropping to his knees as the crowd cheered him on. The soulful Southerner left the mid-set mayhem to the band, but would return later for more vocal (and harmonica) acrobatics.

Meier took the spotlight for his own “Yemin,” an exotic, Middle-Eastern piece that showcased the Swiss shredder’s flamenco chops and picking speed.

Smith and Joseph enjoyed signature moments, too: Smith (Prince, Chaka Khan) not only held down the bottom end, but slapped and popped her bass strings for maximum funk. On a couple numbers she swapped her four-string for a sleek Vektor “bassett,” which resembled a slimmer, space age double-bass. We’d be remiss if we neglected to mention how easy the bassist is on the eyes, too.
Mad Max Fury Road
Warner Brothers R 120 min

The MAD MAX franchise is important to the film world in a few ways. First, even though it’s probably not the only early example, it is at the vanguard of its genre; the post-apocalypse dystopian world featuring the breakdown of society as we know it. It’s also a nice example of the Australian support of the arts which made this and plenty of other Aussie movies available. And love him or hate him it put the troubled but very talented Mel Gibson on the map. Many years have passed since the legend was created and now there’s a new chapter for a new generation.

Gone are the days of working on a shoestring budget featuring new and unfamiliar faces.

This time the cast features Academy Award nominee Tom Hardy and Academy Award winner Charlize Theron and the production budget makes the funds for the first outing look like a kid’s piggy bank.

Frankly I don’t think the addition of Academy Award caliber stars added much to the franchise at all. Hardy as Max (did you have any idea Max’s last name was Rockatanski?) doesn’t really have much dialogue and what he does have is monosyllabic for the most part. That’s pretty much the same thing with Theron as Imperator Furiosa. Now as for the second part, i.e. the boatload of money they had to spend, I think that paid off quite well. Basically MAD MAX was a violent noisy romp through the desert with some spectacular stunt driving and wild-looking gasoline powered vehicles. There are plenty of both here as well as outrageous human beings, mutants and the like.

As you might recall from the first outing that’s about all there was there too, so it’s hard to complain that George Miller hasn’t really changed much, aside from ramping up the noise and scenery. Oh, there is something of a plot about depositing a really nasty dictator and rescuing everybody but don’t waste your time worrying about that. You’re here for the action right?

But unlike many other films entirely devoted to chaos, this version of MAD MAX somehow kept my attention reasonably well, and there was a 15 minute interlude where the cacophony stopped as the main characters decided what to do next.

If you liked the original you’ll like this one.

B-

D Train
IFC R 97 min

Friends I have to admit that I am baffled. I just finished watching the new comedy (kind of) starring the venerable Jack Black, D TRAIN.

Black has made a good living for a long time playing the part of America’s wise ass, party loving pal from the workplace or the college dorm or just next door. He’s pretty funny, a pretty good musician and most definitely on the short list when the script calls for a charismatic fat guy.

Black plays Dan a graduate of the class of 1994, who was never part of the in crowd, and now the self-proclaimed chair-
man of the reunion committee. Since interest in the class reunion seems weak to say the least, he’s put together a plan to fly to Los Angeles and convince Oliver (James Marsden), the school’s best-known celebrity, to come back to Pittsburgh for the party. The previews suggest that the rest of the film will be some hilarious hijinks between the two polar opposites as they travel back to attend the festivities. It’s a surefire setup for the redemption payoff at the end. Unfortunately that’s where the D TRAIN goes off the tracks.

Instead of a buddy film with a happy ending, and plenty of off color gags we get one of the most painfully uncomfortable film experiences I’ve seen in a very long time. First, instead of just making the journey himself, Dan needlessly convinces his cash-strapped but honorable boss Bill (Jeffrey Tambor) that there is a big deal brewing in Los Angeles that will save the company and convinces him to expense a trip where Dan plans to pitch Oliver. The next awkward moment takes place in Los Angeles where it turns out that Oliver has really done nothing except the one TV commercial and lives in a constant haze of alcohol, drugs, and debauchery.

The two of them go out on a wild night on the company credit card which ends in (and I’m not kidding about this) Oliver sodomizing Dan. That’s creepy enough but wait, there’s more.

In order to keep up the farcical business deal Oliver poses as the president of the Corporation and makes a spurious deal that would, if it were real, save Bill’s company. Unfortunately, Bill now spends himself into oblivion. Back at home Oliver instructs Dan’s 14 year old son in the methods to have a three way with his 15 year old date.

Even after cringing at this disturbing sequence of events I held a slight hope that before it came to an end Dan would make some sort of deal to save Bill’s livelihood and gain the respect of his classmates. Nope.

As a matter of fact Oliver loudly denounces him at the reunion and lets everyone know about the, well you remember. There’s no happy ending here. Bill loses his company, Dan apparently loses his wife, and everyone crashes and burns.

Roll credits.

I can’t imagine who would greenlight such an unpleasant script or why Black would jeopardize his public image by starring in it, but there it is. This is not a typical poop, fart, and dick joke comedy that I usually despise; perhaps it’s even worse featuring nothing but a dearth of joy.

I can’t find anything here worthy of recommendation.

F
there loved everybody else. The entire night was magical to me – I had been wasting my time going to rock concerts and here was the real deal. This music really made you feel something, way down where the spirit meets the bone, and these people really knew how to have a good time!

**Thrill Is Gone**

B.B. King, whose world-weary voice and wailing guitar lifted him from the cotton fields of Mississippi to the apex of fame on the global stage, passed away at home in Las Vegas from complications of sugar diabetes, a disease he had battled for over thirty years. He was 89 years old, and had toured non-stop for over half a century, until last October, when hospitalization for exhaustion and dehydration caused him to cancel tour dates.

Riley B. King (the middle initial apparently did not stand for anything) was born on Sept. 16, 1925, to Albert and Nora Ella King, sharecroppers in Berclair, Miss., a hamlet outside the small town of Itta Bena in the Mississippi Delta. His memories of the Depression included the sound of sanctified gospel music, the scratch of 78 rpm blues records, the sweat of dawn-to-dusk work and the sight of a black man lynched by a white mob.

Mr. King married country blues to big-city rhythms and created a sound instantly recognizable to millions: a stinging guitar with a shimmering single-note vibrato played on his big fat Gibson guitar named Lucille, paired with a voice that groaned and bent with the weight of lust, longing, and lost love. He took five decades of the blues: country sounds from the Delta, barrelhouse boogie-woogie, jumps and shuffles and gospel shouts, and made it all his own. From records he absorbed the big-band sounds of Count Basie, the rollicking jump blues of Louis Jordan, the electric-guitar styles of the jazzman Charlie Christian and the bluesman T-Bone Walker.

“I wanted to connect my guitar to human emotions,” Mr. King said in his autobiography, *Blues All Around Me* (1996). When *Rolling Stone* included King among the [100 Greatest Guitarists](https://www.rollingstone.com/music/lists/100-greatest-guitarists-2017-01-26), Billy Gibbons of ZZ Top said, “There was a turning point, around the time of [1965’s] *Live at the Regal*, when his sound took on a personality that is untampered with today – this roundish tone, where the front pickup is out of phase with the rear pickup. And B.B. still plays a Gibson amplifier that is long out of production. His sound comes from that combination. It’s just B.B.”

B.B. stood for Blues Boy, a name he earned with his first taste of fame in the forties. After one of his first recordings (*Three O’Clock Blues*) reached the top of the charts in 1951, he went out on the road and never came back. He began in juke joints, country dance halls and ghetto nightclubs, and rose to concert halls, casino main stages, and international acclaim, playing 200 to 300 shows a year for almost six decades. He won 15 Grammy Awards and was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1987. In 1995 he was among the recipients of the Kennedy Center Honors and was given the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 2006, honors seldom associated with the blues.

From 1969’s self-penned cutting social commentary “Why I Sing the Blues” to his signature song, “The Thrill Is Gone”, a spooky minor-key stomp with string overdubs that earned him a Grammy in 1970, to his 1988 collaboration with U2, “When Love Comes To Town” for their album *Rattle and Hum*, King leaves behind a legacy that establishes him as the most important artist to ever emerge from the American blues genre.

King’s blues didn’t wallow; his best songs mixed humor with deep-rooted soul. “There’s always been a myth about the blues singer,” King once said. “There’s something about the blues singer that was always terrible one way or the other. And that was the myth that I heard from the beginning. [I’m] crazy about women. If there was no ladies, I wouldn’t wanna be on the planet. Ladies, friends and music – without those three, I wouldn’t wanna be here.”

The King of Blues is gone. There will never be another like him. The only thing that eclipsed his guitar playing was his humility, grace, and class. What is there to say that hasn’t already been said? Perhaps B. B. himself said it best - when asked about how his love for the blues came about, he said simply, “The blues was bleeding the same blood as me.”
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Whooz Playin’
Please note that the First Class Band and Whooz Playin’ band has been condensed to just Whooz Playin’

Fri. May 22 • 8-11:00PM
Rider’s Inn Painesville
Whooz Playin’ Trio

Sat. May 23 • 8-11:00PM
Severino’s Pizza Eastlake
Whooz Playin’ Trio

Fri. Jun. 12 • 8:30-11:00PM
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Whooz Playin’ Quartet

Sat. Jun 13 • 8-11:00PM
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US CAPITALS
There are 45 US state capitals hidden in the box. Can you find
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L K O T N E M R A C S K J D J E H D U H
K S I L O P A N A I D N I S A N T A F E Y
N Y T I C N O S R E F F E J S A D J J L J
D T L I N C O L N L U A P T S N R U U A D
L L I T T L E R O C K S W C A N O N T N H
E L A T A R A T S U G U A S B O F E E S V
I C Z N R T T C P C G F H O O S T A G I D
F C H E N O L H H K O V M A S K R U U N N
G N I A P A O A E E I L I R T C A A O G O
N P O E R E P K N L Y P U S O A H I R D M
R A E I I A E E L Y A L N K B R C M O O C
P U X L M D S S L I T B N I U I U T C I
S O S S E I A O T M S G A O E I S L A N R
K E I B O N A M G O A L B A N Y A O B O P
J B R B C A R S O N C I T Y U T C C U
A B R E V N E D S E N I O M S E D B L C Y
H R E V O D B X E N M O N T G O M E R Y J
J B F R A N K F O R T M I H G I E L A R H
D G R U B S I R R A H N U L U L O N O H E
H R M C N E D I V O R P L K J G D J E U

ALBANY, ANnapolis, Atlanta, Augusta, Austin, Baton Rouge, Bismarck, Boise, Boston, Carson City, Charleston, Cheyenne, Columbia, Columbus, Concord, Denver, Des Moines, Dover, Frankfort, Harrisburg, Hartford, Helena, Honolulu, Indianapolis, Jackson, Jefferson City, Juneau, Lansing, Lincoln, Little Rock, Madison, Montgomery, Nashville, Olympia, Phoenix, Pierre, Providence, Raleigh, Richmond, Sacramento, Salem, Santa Fe, Springfield, St Paul, Topeka.
Memorial Day is approaching, not that it has legs or anything like that and it certainly can’t drive itself towards us… just saying!

It’s a day to remember dead people you’ve known that fought in wars! It’s a yearly reminder of how hideous wars are and how totally revolting it is that millions of people had to die over someone else’s stupid greediness! Celebrating war is stupid, but a necessary stupid I suppose, to remind future dead people what’s in store for them if they have to go to some other country and kill their stupid people!

War is stupid!

You’d think a day named like this would be cause for merriment for people with memory problems; I know that I always jump for joy at any opportunity to remember anything! I have ‘Addocdoicers’ (ad-dock-doy-see-ers), that’s when you’ve mixed (attention-deficit-disorder), (obsessive-compulsive-disorder), and (oh-I-can-t-even-remember-shit!), you end up with ADD+OCD+OICERS which is Addocdoicers! Hahaha!

I’m not complaining mind you, being a member of the Addocdoicers club has made my otherwise dull life rather humorous at times, like at the grocery store the other day when I was looking for what seemed like days for something, and by the time I found someone to ask I couldn’t remember what the hell it was I was looking for! But before I realized that, I had already uttered the dreaded Addocdoicers phrase; “Could you tell me where I can find… uh… umm… what aisle… uh… you know where that thing is that I can’t find?” Hahaha! You’d think I’d feel stupid after that, but that look of bewilderment on her face was priceless!!

I still can’t remember what the hell it was that I was looking for to this day! I’ve been scolded for not using my stupid smart phone to make a list of what I need from the store, I have used it a couple times but it started to make me feel like… well like what it means to be n-n-n-normal and we can’t have that!!

People who know me to be ‘TechnoGeekly’ have a hard time understanding that a guy who can repurpose just about anything into a useful item, and can build a super computer from the ground up, won’t use one to help him remember things! Well… I’ve got only one thing to say about that and as soon as I remember what it is I’ll tell you! Hahaha!

Being a proud, lifelong devoted member of the ‘Addocdoicers’ club, and a firm believer in ‘TechnoGeeklyism’, I’d have to build and strap a 400 pound ‘TechnoGeekly’ Reversed ‘Addocdoicers’ Super Computer on my back just to remember to go to the store yet alone remember what I needed there and that would deprive me of experiencing those precious moments of unintentional looks of bewilderment from the n-n-n-normal people I encounter there and we can’t have that!!

Gives Memorial Day a whole new meaning!

~Snarp
www.snarpfarkle.com

~ Rick Ray
May 20 - June 10, 2015

**Wine, Jazz, & Art Fest**
7 Area Wineries & Art Sale
Saturday, June 20 • 1-8pm

**Ohio's biggest FREE ADMISSION Wine Festival!**
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Woof Wednesdays—May 20th & June 3rd

Bring your dog out after 5 p.m. and enjoy an evening of live music and wine. We will have dog shelters joining us and 50 cents from every wine and beer glass, $1 from every bottle of wine purchased in house and 10% of all food sales from the outdoor grill will be donated to those shelters. Live music from 6:30-10:30 p.m. All dogs need to be leashed. You are responsible for your dog’s actions.

Tethered Balloon Rides
May 27th & June 10th 6:30 p.m.
Enjoy a tethered balloon ride over the vineyards. See our website for details. Reservations required.

Sip & Splash—Wine Glass Painting Class
May 29th 6:30 p.m.
Each class includes two wine glasses for you to paint, all the painting supplies you’ll need, & a glass of wine for you to drink. $30 pp per class. Reservations required.

33rd Annual Hot Air Balloon Rally & Kids Carnival
June 5th & 6th

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& Cellar Rats Brewery
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www.debonne.com 440-466-3485

HOURS:
Monday & Tuesday Noon-6 p.m.;
Wednesday Noon-10 p.m.;
Friday Noon-11 p.m.; Thursday & Saturday Noon-8 p.m.; Sunday 12-6 p.m.

LIVE MUSIC FEATURING:
Wed., May 20
Open Mic with Nick Zuber
Fri., May 22
The Porch Rockers
Sat., May 23
Uncharted Course
Sun., May 24
High Horse
Wed., May 27
Tom Todd
Fri., May 29
Artifex
Sat., May 30
Nick Zuber Band
Sun., May 31
Facemeyer Trio
Wed., June 3
Tommy Chris
Fri., June 5
Castaways
Sat., June 6
Fender Jet
Sun., June 7
The Porch Rockers
Wed., June 10
Dennis Ford

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JOIN US FOR LIVE MUSIC
Thursday thru Sundays
Thursday, May 21st-Jess (acoustic)
Fri., May 22nd-Andy’s Last Band (Rock)
Sat., May 23rd-Blues de Ville (Rock blues)
Sunday, May 24th-Nia Covington
Thursday, May 28th-Jess (Acoustic)
Friday, May 29th-Four Kings (Rock)
Saturday, May 30th-Artifex (Rock)
Sunday, May 31st-Maria Petti (Acoustic)
Thursday, June 4th-Jess (Acoustic)
Friday, June 5th-Light of Day (Rock)
Sat., June 6th-Brickhouse Blues (Blues)
Sunday, June 7th-Larry Smith (Jazz)

Music plays Thursdays 6:30-8:30; Friday & Saturday 7:30-10:30 p.m.; & Sundays 4-7 p.m.

Grande River Cellars
5750 S. Madison Rd. (RT. 528) • Madison, OH • 44057

Join us for our live music on Thursday nights & our steak or spaghetti special!

Brushes & Lushes Olea!—May 21st, 28th
For the month of May we will be painting olive oil bottles with local artist Wendy Peskar. $30 per person includes a glass of wine and all your painting supplies and an olive oil tasting. $25 ages 12-21. Class is 6:30-8:30. Enjoy dinner before class & receive 15% off bill.

6th Annual WOOF, WAG & Wine!—Saturday, June 13th, 2015
All to benefit Lake Humane Society. Games, music, food, wine tasting, vendors. 12-6 p.m.