

# EXPRES **SD**



On the Road with  
**ATLANTIC**

Summer Tour 2009

**MASON DYER**

**SURFBOARDS**

Street Performers

**STEAM**

**POWERED**

**GIRAFFE**



San Diego Dance Place  
Greg Laswell Interview  
Java Jones Coffeehouse  
Filippi's Pizza Grotto  
Behind Shakespeare  
Yeller Gallery  
The Wrestler

# Apple iPhone



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Welcome to 2009.

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COFFEEHOUSE SUPPORTS FAIR TRADE COFFEE AND THE LOCAL ART AND MUSIC SCENE



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COLRIZE

## Staff



### SHELLEY BARSKI

Co-Editor

Shelley loves all forms of art, especially writing, dance and music. She loves finding new music all the time from friends, pandora.com (best website ever), playing in stores or live music in coffee shops around town. She also enjoys people watching, getting immersed in a good book, laughter, making and watching movies, running on the beach, chocolate in all its forms, philosophizing, learning guitar, midnight car rides, oh and of course making magazines.)



### PHILLIP MOYER

Co-Editor

Phillip Moyer performs in the occasional play, plays alto saxophone in the occasional concert, and writes fiction and poems that may occasionally see the light of day. When not doing things to pad his resume, Phillip enjoys watching films, riding his bike, and wandering aimlessly through cyberspace. He also takes a liking to the bizarre, the unusual, and the otherwise inexplicable.



### ANDREW HUDSON

Circulation Editor

Andrew Hudson's a farm boy from the first state who likes repetitive radio hip-hop. He spends his free time surfing and he wants to travel. His favorite magazine is *Transworld SURF*. In this issue he writes a review of *The Wrestler* and a story on surfboard shaper, Mason Dyer.



### ASHLEY JOHNSTON

Art Director

Ashley is a Graphic Design major with an editorial concentration. She likes to surf, dance, and travel. She specifically wants to go to Australia and Europe. She likes magazines, particularly, *Monster Children*, *Nylon*, and *Fader*. She loves seeing new places and going on adventures.



### NATHAN SCHARN

Advertising Manager

Nathan Scharn loves going to the zoo, playing music, watching shark week and surfing. Sometimes he travels to the Northwest with his band, and sometimes he writes about it. He also listens to music. Sometimes he writes about that too.



GENUINE SINCE 1937

NIXON 



Dear Reader,

“Culture.” “Arts.”

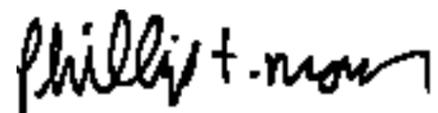
I’ve seen far too many eyes glaze over at the mention of those words. Perhaps the words hark back to repressed childhood memories about being dragged to a museum when the kid wanted to play Nintendo, or perhaps they conjure up images of manacled old men in leather chairs smoking pipes while discussing the latest neo-formalist movement in literature.

Whatever the cause, art and culture are worth more attention than many give them credit for. After all, the two things make up pretty much everything in a society that can be considered interesting. The new band tearing up the music scene? Art. The local surf competition? Culture. The latest holiday celebration and parade? Both. The newest legislation on increasing the funds for sewage facilities? Neither. Noticing a pattern?

This, of course, leads us to this fine little bundle of paper and ink you have in your hands: *EXPRESSD*; the magazine dedicated to covering arts and culture in San Diego from a young adult’s perspective. Consider for a moment all the great things that the San Diego area has to offer—a booming music scene that has birthed such bands as Blink-182 and Switchfoot; four local film festivals promoting the area’s local directors, cinematographers, and actors; a plethora of theatres showing everything from Shakespeare to *Wicked*; miles of beaches that attract tourists from all over the nation. Add to all this San Diego’s art galleries, exhibitions, museums, and street artists, and it’s a wonder that nobody has made a publication like this before. There’s a lot of great stuff going on in San Diego, and now we’re here to cover it.

Of course, since you’re reading this, I’m assuming you’re already interested. You’ve even been interested enough to read the letter from the editor, which is almost always a magazine’s most boring section. So turn the pages and get to the good stuff—there’s plenty of it.

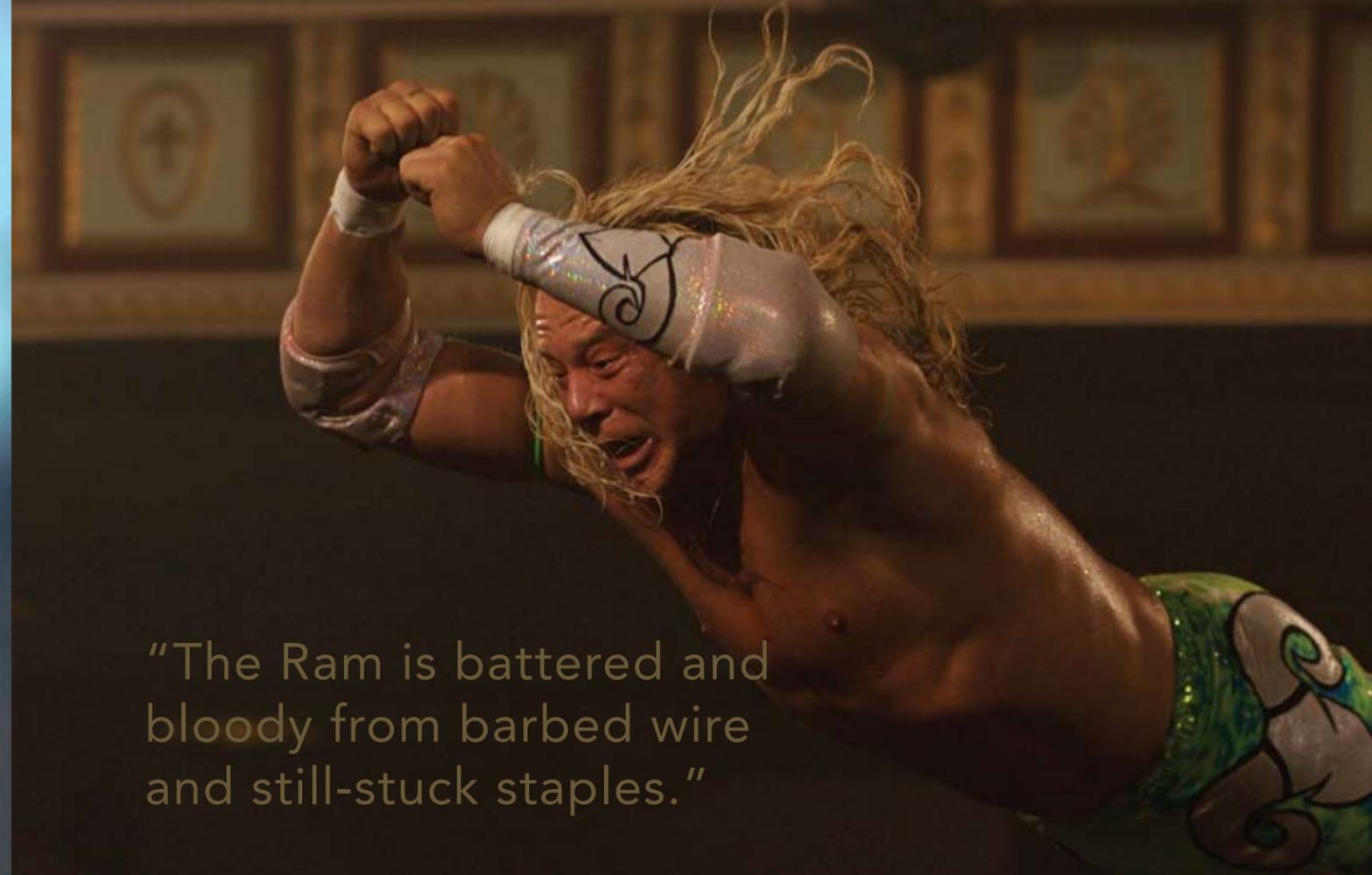
Regards,



Phillip Moyer & the staff of *EXPRESSD*



# THE WRESTLER



"The Ram is battered and bloody from barbed wire and still-stuck staples."

TWO OSCAR NOMINATIONS AND A GOLDEN GLOBE AWARD JUSTIFY THE PERFORMANCES OF MICKEY ROURKE AND MARISA TOMEI.

By Andrew Hudson

The permanently swollen Randy "The Ram" Robinson played by Mickey Rourke is quietly followed. He's followed to the gym where he buys an array of steroids; he's a regular customer so he gets a deal. He's followed to the tanning bed, the strip club, and the trailer that's locked by the landlord who wants rent money. During the movie, under the direction of Darren Arfonofsky, a handheld camera frames his big upper back and his bleach blonde hair that abruptly gets darker at the roots.

His image is fake, his profession is fake, his tan is fake. But the events and the life of "The Ram" are real.

This washed-up professional wrestler can't seem to get out of the '80s. Everyone was having a good time until Kurt Cobain changed the vibe and the '90s took over; everyone except his daughter who needed a father figure.

But wrestling was all he knew. His career peaked when he was matched against his nemesis: the Ayatollah, in the '80s. Now his promoter wants to have a 20th anniversary match. He accepts the proposal, with hopes that he'll move up from wrestling only on weekends at local venues in New Jersey.

After a successful weekend match, "The Ram" is battered and bloody from barbed wire and still-stuck staples in his back when the medics fix him. He grunts in pain while they pick the staples out with tweezers, and the other wrestlers praise his performance. The fight is fake, but not the blood and pain of the match, and ultimately. The locker-room clears. He barfs, clutches his arm and drops like meat on the floor.

He wakes up in the hospital, recovers and the doc tells him his heart cannot handle professional wrestling anymore.

After cancelling his matches, including the 20th anniversary showdown, Randy finds work at a local deli. Without wrestling, now he looks for self-purpose and turns to his favorite stripper Pam (who's stage name is Cassidy), played by Marisa Tomei. She suggests he make contact with his daughter, Stephanie, played by Evan Rachel Wood to give him a sense of renewal and new purpose in life. But ultimately Randy can't get away from the ring.

Mickey Rourke fits the role elegantly. His falsely chiseled face with lines from botched plastic surgery is in direct light almost the entire film, portraying a raw feeling. It is only between the ropes in neon spandex that he seems natural; contrasting his awkwardness when "The Ram" serves meat in a deli with a hairnet on.

This movie doesn't keep the viewer on the edge of his/her seat, but it

provokes thought about the balance between entertainment and real life. Some people just can't move out of the realm of entertainment. By the end, the viewer is gripped with feelings of empathy and compassion, primarily due to Rourke's stellar performance.

I highly recommend this movie, so does [rottentomatoes.com](https://www.rottentomatoes.com), which gave the film a 97% on its tomatometer. [SD](#)



# A Taste of ITALY at Filippi's Pizza Grotto

By Shelley Barski

A left turn at India Street from downtown will take you into a little slice of heaven. Enchanting shops and restaurants line the street under a big blue sign illuminating: Little Italy.

Since the 1920s, the merchants of Little Italy have tried to keep their heritage alive and share it with San Diego. The largest concentration of fine Italian restaurants is here, most of them expensive, but tucked into the heart of Little Italy is a place called Filippi's Pizza Grotto.

Filippi's began as a deli grocery on India Street in 1950. It was founded by Vin-

cent and Madeleine DePhilippis, who immigrated from Italy and France, respectively. Now there are currently 10 locations from Temecula to Chula Vista and more people are discovering that even in this economic down-turn, they can get a lot of good food for very little money at Filippi's.

On the weekends the line to this restaurant is well out the door and down the street, so plan accordingly. On Sundays parking is free, if you can find a meter.

Once you step inside, the line leads you through a storage area full of fine Italian goods. Anything from wine and cookies

that fill the tall shelves to the fine meats and cheeses in the frozen section surround you. Smells of garlic, tomatoes, basil and fresh bread waft through the air. You begin thinking about which dish you want before you can even sit down. Finally at the end of the narrow aisle is the hostess stand, which begins the best part of the experience.

With the average meal costing about \$8.00, Filippi's is a bargain for the amount of food you get. The menu is very simple including all the staples of a traditional family-style Italian meal: spaghetti with meatballs, fettuccini



WINE BOTTLES line the ceiling of the restaurant each personalized with a sentiment and signature from a happy customer.

alfredo, cheese and meat ravioli, lasagna, pizza, salad, soup, and enough bread to last all night.

There is a whole section of tables by the kitchen which brings you close to the cooking. Murals of Italian towns like Cicily and Rome cover the walls and wine bottles signed by satisfied customers hang from the ceiling.

You may have to wait a little while for the food to arrive, depending on how busy it is, but it's well worth the wait for the heaping portions that fill the entire plate.. Lasagna is piled five layers high like a miniature skyscraper and the ravioli is cooked to perfec-

tion. This is the dish I chose, and has the perfect meat-to-cheese ratio. I was full but not stuffed, though most people have to get a to-go box for their meals (especially the lasagna).

Besides good food, Filippi's offers a casual atmosphere and a spacious enclosed patio for large groups. The waiters are usually attentive as they try to turn over tables quickly so hungry customers outside don't give up on a long wait.

So next time you find yourself downtown, head over to India Street, stop by Filippi's and walk through this cultural gem for free! [SD](#)



# Laswell looks forward

By Nathan Scharn

The bird's about to jump. But you would too if your nest rested, unfixed, atop some sort of purposeless railing. It's the first thing you notice on the CD jacket if you're buying San Diego singer-songwriter Greg Laswell's most recent album, *Three Flights from Alto Nido*, which was released in July of 2008. But the image is probably the last thing you notice if you're buying the record on iTunes.

I'm not sure where Alto Nido is, but it can't be too far if that bird can reach it in three trips. The bird, awakened to an overcast morning, looks ready to take off into the white space over the antique brick buildings.

In this record, Laswell seems ready to depart from the mournful breakup words that fill his prior record *Through Toledo*, released in July of 2006. He's moving away from the occasional clumsy lyricism found on the earlier record as well. Yet, there's a "time I'm not quite over" he says on the third track, "The One I Love," which still informs and gives a sort of brooding moodiness to a good portion of the track list.

The record opens with gritty but cheery acoustic guitars that quickly yield the spotlight to the chiming of a xylophone and staccato strings in "It's Been a Year." The lyrics mourn "what we did" nearly a year ago, but find peace in the chorus at the sweet voice of his interlocutor.

The second track, "That it Moves," does just that – it's dynamic, and it moves. It's pulled into its full chorus with a wall of cymbals, but the chorus's harmony, which moves almost independently, forms more of a counter-melody than a straight mirror up a few intervals.

The cheer continues on "The One I Love," with no hint of R.E.M. to be found. Laswell's speaker finds himself running from the one he loves, which, for this Point Loma Nazarene University alum, seems to give off religious overtones in the first chorus before retreating into a more romance-based second verse. The religious overtones continue on the next track, "Comes and Goes (In Waves)," adding let down and disappointment to the promises of the beatitudes. Those familiar with Laswell's prior record can't help but think that the "part" that "was for her" refers to his ex-wife. The track despairs in the memories that he can't quite escape. In the third chorus, a banjo redeems the sadness, to eventually give way to a bare outro that leaves the listener in the wave of sadness that brought this song about.

The mood is undone by the generally positive forward vision of "How the Day Sounds," before being lulled into the sleepy love song "Sweet Dream," which thrives on the optimism of the preceding track.

The dream is broken by a trio of tense tunes. "Days Go On" is, noticeably, the first song in a minor key. The kick drum enters like a dancy heart beat with four on the floor that moves the nearly existential track to going "on and on without you here." Next is another first, with a song in an odd 5/4 meter in "I'd Be Lying." The chorus finds discord with that of the next track, "Farewell," where in the first song he sings "I'd be lying if I ran away," only to begin the next, "My love I cannot stay."

The tension is finally released in "Not Out." He tells the listener he's "not gonna fall down" and he's "not out." But his tone changes in "And Then You," when he says, disappointed, that thoughts and love spin him round and let him down. The solace disappears, however, in the chorus in the presence of his subject, "then there's you," which a sparkly xylophone and happy guitars tell the listener is a good thing. Where the old record's forward spin was mourning abandonment, *Three Flights* looks forward with the peace of loving and being loved. [SD](#)



# BEHIND SHAKESPEARE'S STAGE

FROM THE EYES OF AN ACTOR

SHAKESPEARE IS THE SOURCE OF SOME OF THE GREATEST CULTURE IN THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD. JUDGING BY THE ANTICS BACKSTAGE, ONE WOULD NEVER GUESS.

By Phillip Moyer

An hour and a half before each evening's performance of *The Tempest*, Andrew Gumm would complain how cold it was. Since he played the part of the monster Caliban, he had good reason—shaved of all his hair stripped of all his clothes except a pair of union-jack-adorned underwear, he would, night by night, submit himself to the frigid cold of an airbrush that covered his body in green paint. And so, although the rest of us sweated under the layers of Elizabethan tights and robes, none of us could blame the shivering green man for griping about the chilly February air.

With the Old Globe regularly producing high-quality Shakespeare performances and the Coronado Playhouse providing annual free Shakespeare productions, a play performed on the out-of-the-way campus of Point Loma Nazarene University is a fairly minor event. It says something about Shakespeare, then, that his 400-year-old play containing language most people don't understand managed to draw a decent-sized crowd every night of the production except the Sunday Matinée, which hardly anyone ever attends, regardless of the play.

From my limited experience, it seems most people view Shakespeare's plays as the stuff of high culture. The average theatre enthusiast would hesitate to criticize one of Shakespeare's plays because it was, after all, written by Shakespeare. It is the playwright's association with all that is good in writing, I assume, that draws attention whenever his plays are performed.

Those able to catch a glimpse of the happenings backstage during this past February's performance may start to wonder where all those ideas about high culture came from to begin with.

In fact, the closest us actors ever got to approaching any sort of cultural zenith

was when Doug Fruehling, the actor who played the honest counselor Gonzalo, mentioned how the more popular comedic characters such as Caliban and Stefano were designed to appeal to the masses, while characters such as his were designed to appeal to the intellectuals. He said this while joining everyone in the dressing room as they gathered around a laptop to watch episodes of *Invader Zim*.

Overcoming boredom was the chief concern for most of the 26-member cast as we sat backstage waiting for the stage managers to call us out for our scenes. We couldn't even placate ourselves by watching the ongoing performance, for although we had television screens in every room that showed the goings-on

**"One of the cast members provided impromptu voice-overs for a scene with Caliban and Stephano, creating his own rather uncomfortable love story involving the drunken butler and the green-skinned monster."**

onstage, no sound accompanied the picture. This led to an interesting situation in which one of the cast members provided impromptu voice-overs for a scene with Caliban and Stephano, creating his own rather uncomfortable love story involving the drunken butler and the green-skinned monster.

Apparently these activities were more desirable than those going on in the girl's dressing room, where the occupants were forced to watch episodes of Hannah Montana with the grade-school-aged girls who played the nymphs serving the spirit Ariel. Often, seeking less mind-numbing

forms of entertainment, some of the actresses would make their way over to the men's locker room, where we could often be found watching Futurama or skits from Saturday Night Live.

Before entering the dressing room, the girls would usually knock to make sure everyone was "decent." I always found this odd, seeing that Caliban's costume consisted of nothing but green paint and short pair of boxers covered in leaves. Did they expect some of the actors to be less decent than that? The play has absolutely no costume changes among the male characters. I shudder to think of what kind of things those girls assumed were happening behind closed doors.

Andrew Gumm's portrayal of Caliban was one of the more popular elements of the play. Even from the closed-off upstairs room, we could often hear the audience in stitches as we saw him dance around with amazing acrobatics on screen. The son of the actor who played Prospero, the play's main character, also took a liking to Gumm's absurd antics, and showed a number of drawings he had made of the character to his father, who in turn showed them to us. Somehow he had gained cat ears in the transition from the boy's sight to the paper, but the fascination was clear.

It may be the aura of culture that surrounds Shakespeare's name that gains him recognition among the modern theatregoer, but that's certainly not the part they enjoy the most, if the thunderous applause that the more humorous characters received is any indication. And yet, as Gumm bowed every night to the unrelenting applause of the audience he left in stitches, the rest of us can at least take solace in the fact that we spread a bit of culture into the audience's lives. **SD**

Andrew Gumm, taking on the role of the green-skinned Caliban, applies blackening to his teeth.



# JAVA JONES COFFEEHOUSE

COFFEE THAT SUPPORTS A GOOD CAUSE:  
FAIR TRADE AND LOCAL ARTISTS.

By Ashley Johnston

Looking for new places to hang out, study, and do homework outside of the library? Java Jones Coffeehouse is one of the many coffee shops located in San Diego that is a great place to read a book, have good conversation, or just lounge out to drink a cup of coffee. With its chill atmosphere and live local music, this coffeehouse is also supporting a great cause. By being a proud supporter of Fair Trade Coffee Java Jones is a company that gives back to the people all over the world.

Fair trade is an organized social movement that started to help empower developing country producers and workers who live in poverty by offering better ways of international trade. Importers like Java Jones make sure that consumers are drinking coffee purchased under fair conditions. The company makes sure that the profits made are equally given back to the farmers that produce the beans. This ensures that there is no slave labor involved and that the families are receiving an equal profit for their business.

Java Jones is committed to this organization by importing all their coffee and tea products from countries all over the worlds such as Ethiopia and Indonesia.

The Java Jones Coffee house owner, Brett Winslow, personally travels to these countries, where he purchases all products for the coffeehouse and imports them over to the U.S.

"The owner is very passionate about what he does," said Java Jones employee Samantha Hanson. "He is always trying to help out in anyway that he can. He goes to all different countries so that he can learn more about fair trade and see how he can help."

Because all the products from Java Jones are fairly traded, all shipments sold at Java Jones are 100% organic. Inside of the coffeehouse are two built-in bean roasting machines where Winslow roasts fresh coffee beans every beginning of the week. Shipments of the coffee products are sent in every two weeks. As a result, the coffee at Java Jones is never a week old and is always fresh. The coffee shop also sells pastries and a variety of foods through out of the day.

"I really enjoy going to Java Jones on Mondays, says Bryce Johnson. "There is a music every week and it is pretty cool scene."

Java Jones also is a proud supporter of San Diego local artists. Every Monday and Friday, the coffeehouse holds music and art shows that feature some of San

Diego's latest rising artists.

"The Java Jones staff is awesome," said local music artist Stasia Conger. "When I played a show there, I felt like the location was very unique and it was probably one of the nicest coffee shops I have ever been to."

Hanging from the walls of the coffee house are big brown coffee bags and pictures of art. With high vaulted ceilings and comfortable furniture, Java Jones makes it a great place for people to come and study or just lounge out. There are also glass sliding doors in the front of the coffeehouse, where music artists play shows, so that people from the outside and in can hear the music. Many of the music and art events hosted at Java Jones are fundraisers to help raise money for the fair trade cause.

According to the Java Jones Coffeehouse website, their motto is "Passion, Possibility, and Promise." They as a company are committed not only in serving San Diego with the best possible coffee, but also to help businesses across the world through the movement of Fair Trade Coffee. [SD](#)

# The Mechanical Musicians



AMONG THE MAGICIANS, ARTISTS AND JUGGLERS SEEKING AN AUDIENCE AT BALBOA PARK, FOUR STIFF-JOINTED PERFORMERS HAVE AN ACT FAR MORE ADVANCED THAN THE COMMONPLACE ENTERTAINMENT

By Phillip Moyer

A small crowd grew around four figures just down the stairs to the west of the Balboa Park Fountain. Dressed in black with hints of red, wearing top hats, fedoras, and metallic face paint, they played the guitar and melodica while singing their original song, *Electricity is in My Soul*.

"It's easy to be angry at something/ that you don't understand,/and people tend to be stubborn with where they stand," they sing, moving with jerky, sudden motions. When their limbs stop, they let the forces of physics sway them slightly, in the way a car antenna might vibrate after the vehicle decelerates, or the way the arm of an excavator might shake after lifting a load of rubble from the ground. Their actions appear strikingly similar to those of the old animatronic bands once prominently featured in pizza parlors, though the act has a much more engrossing quality.

When the song ends, one of the four, clad in a 1930's-style suit and with a face

covered in silver makeup, steps forward. "We are Steam-Powered Giraffe, the singing musical automaton," he announces, using an odd inflection that sounds like someone injected a triple-dose of personality into the common synthesized speech found in answering machines and voice mail inboxes.

The speaker is David Bennett, dressed for and acting the part of his character, "The Spine," one of the four dramatis personae in

the upstart musical pantomime troupe. The group spends most of its weekends performing in the park, delighting and befuddling the passers-by with their unique combination of robot imitation, musical performance, and improvisational comedy.

The other members of the group stand by him, making clanks, buzzes, and hydraulic hisses with their mouths as they continue their routine. To David's left is his identical twin brother, Chris Bennett, who plays the part of



Clockwise from Far Left: Steampowered Giraffe salutes young audience members, Rabbit struts while singing, The Jon and Rabbit exchange intentionally-poor impressions of Popeye and Russell Crowe



"Rabbit." Wearing brass goggles over a black porkpie hat, his face is covered in coppers and grays, with black rivets painted on to indicate mismatched metal paneling. Clicking his arm up as though cranked by clockwork, he removes a tube from his mouth attached to his melodica through which he blows to produce the instrument's harmonica-like sound.

"There's a reason [an act like] this has never been done before: because it's a bad idea," Chris said later when talking about the group. "We're doing 'the robot,' and adding voices, and singing. It's very, very hard."

"It's so exhausting, and so demand-

ing for energy that we can have one person off just because they didn't eat right or sleep enough," added Jonathan Sprague, the member playing the twitchy robot simply called 'The Jon,' described on the group's website as a 'Fizz-Pop-Fueled Eat-a-matron.' "And that affects the rest of us as well, because we work as a group, play off each other, and in the songs we play there's more than one person doing an element of the music."

According to the troupe's pseudo-history, the four robots, along with a giant steam-powered giraffe, were created 112 years ago by Colonel P.A. Walter III

to combat a herd of hostile copper African Elephants. After the battle ended, the robots began touring as automated musical curiosities.

The group's true origin can be traced back to 2006 when its four members—David, Chris, Jonathan, and Erin Burke, who plays pink-faced robot "Upgrade," attended a class in the art of mime at Grossmont College, where they were all taking acting courses. The class was taught by Jerry Hager, who used to perform in Seaport Village as the mime known as Kazoo before the shopping and dining complex's new PR firm decided



Clockwise from far left: The Jon poses with his guitar the troupe takes an in-character water break mid-performance, a father a father and his child watch as the robots perform one of their songs

change the area's image. The four attended Hager's final performance there.

"He was putting a new spin on [being a mime], and that's what we're trying to do," David says. "Mime doesn't have to be that you're trapped in a box and you can't talk."

"Yeah, mime is unlimited, really," Jonathan agrees. "That event—seeing his last performance in seaport village—that was really inspiring and emotional, as well as taking the class. All the creativity that was flying around—just the great amount of expression that we reached—was, I think, what we were looking for [as actors]."

"It showed, too, that the art of mime doesn't have to die," says Erin. "It is still very much a part of our culture, and there is a place for it to come back."

When talking about what exactly a mime is, the four mentioned a number of famous figures who used the art of mime for their own purposes. Silent film star Charlie Chaplin and entertainer Dick van Dyke used mime movement art techniques. Even today, the art of mime is used in popular culture, with Doug Jones using movement art in his roles as Abe Sapien in 2004's *Hellboy* and as the Pale Man in 2006's *Pan's Labyrinth*.

"There's a lot of people who will consider us mimes, but there's more people who don't know that they've just watched

a mime performance," David says.

Back in the park, the robots began addressing the audience about a time-travel trip back to the 1980's.

"I seem to recall a song from the 80's" The Spine said.

"Just one?" Rabbit asked.

"Just one. There was only one song in the 80's."

They proceeded to play a cover of Rick Astley's *Never Gonna Give you Up*, ending with the altered lyrics "Never gonna give you up, you've just been rickrolled!" referencing an Internet phenomenon that involves tricking people into following a link to the song's music video.

"What's a rickroll?" The Spine asks once the song ends.

"It's when you take your uncle, stick him in a jar of mayonnaise, and roll him down a hill!"

"That's ridiculous! I heard it was marmalade!"

Odd pop-culture references, particularly ones that go over half of the audience's heads, is a regular part of the troupe's performances. As century-old robots, the characters have absorbed the culture of all the past decades, singing songs from different eras and making out-of-date references to things such as *Pepsi Crystal*.

"Most people say pop culture refer-

ences are the dumbest parts of comedy, because they're not timeless—20 years from now, who's going to remember it?" Chris says. "But we're not afraid to use pop culture references... because we're not imitating the reference, we're making fun of the fact that we're referencing it."

"There's forgiveness for our characters if they don't laugh at us," David adds. "It's like, 'oh, they're just stupid robots, they really don't know what's cool anymore.'"

Steam-Powered Giraffe is currently attempting to expand beyond performances in Balboa Park—they are scheduled to have a 3-show stage performance in Oceanside, Calif., entitled *Colonel Peter A. Walter III's Steam Powered Robots* scheduled for March 28-29, and have also been accepted into the Busker Festival at Seaport Village, which will take place on April 18-19. They also have some more performances coming into fruition, which they cannot talk about yet. Any updates, they say, will be posted to their website, [steampoweredgiraffe.com](http://steampoweredgiraffe.com).

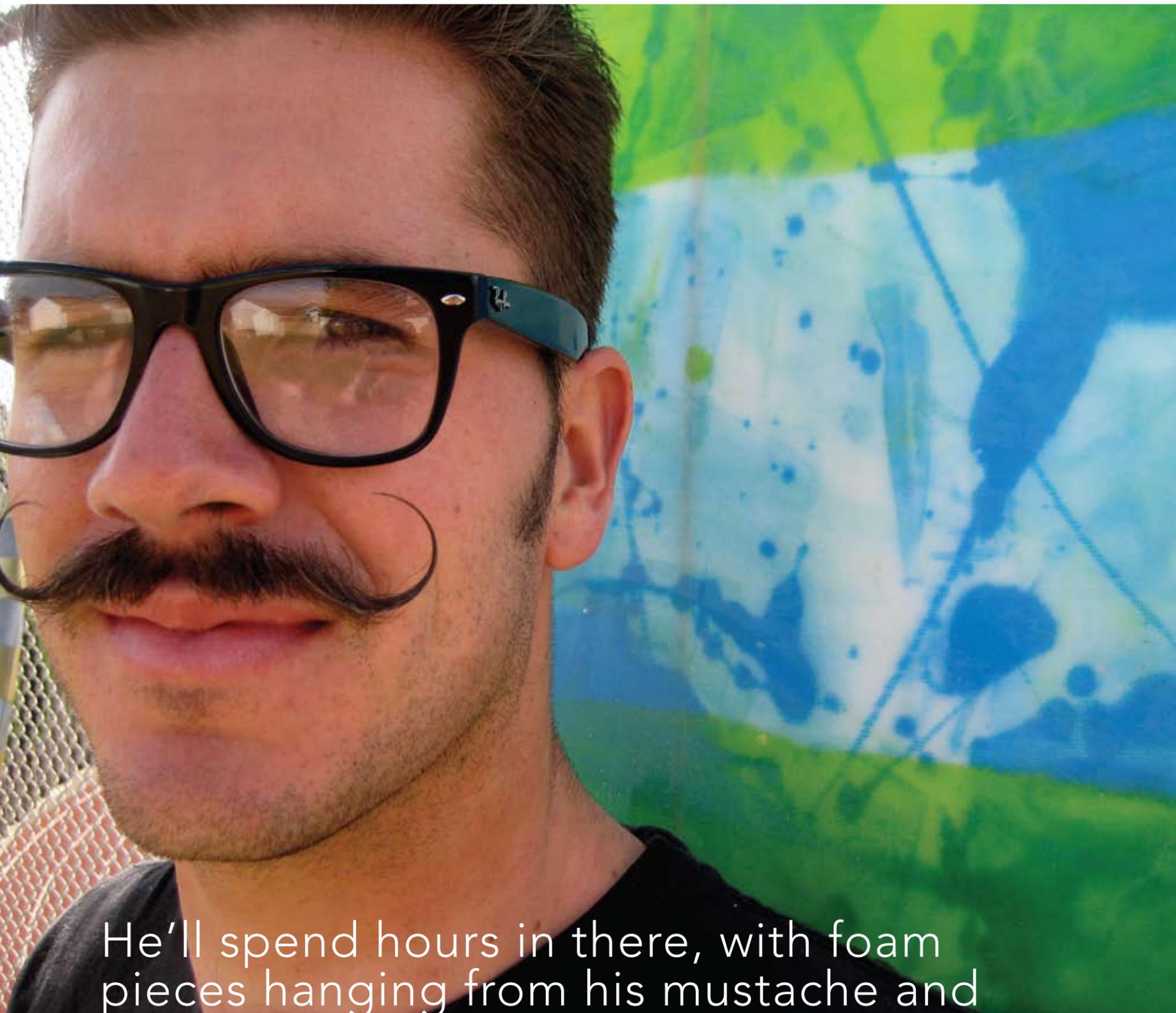
Says Chris Bennett, "We have some really big things ahead of us, and I think you'll be hearing a lot more from Steam-Powered Giraffe." SD



# Mason Dyer

...is Point Loma's newest  
backyard board shaper  
straight outta the '60s

By Andrew Hudson



He'll spend hours in there, with foam pieces hanging from his mustache and every part of his body.

Take a photo of Mason Dyer in his daily attire with his mint condition 1968 Hurst Olds and his classic-styled nose rider in black and white. Print the photo. Leave it in the sun and you'll swear it was from the 1960's.

His prescription Ray Ban glasses and his carefully slicked back pompadour haircut distinguish his look from others. But his most obvious feature is his jet-black mustache to match his hair. He's been growing it for two years and he waxes it for effect; sometimes straight out like whiskers and other times he curls it. He sticks to flannel shirts and rolled up Levi jeans.

When it comes to the '50s and '60s "I've always been into that era as far as surfing goes and car culture" says Mason.

In the '60s board builders were all craftsmen, they did their own shaping and glassing. They weren't "pop-outs" from machines like most of the boards today. His inspiration comes from those days.

Mason made one of his first attempts at shaping when he was a freshman or sophomore in high school on a shortboard blank that was given to him. "It kept getting smaller and smaller" says Pret Dyer, Mason's father. It reminded him of someone whittling at a stick. Turns out that board wasn't rideable. Failed attempt.

In high school Mason was a shortboard shredder. He did all the Eastern Surfing Association contests. He even rode a shortboard his freshman year of college. But a video, Sprout by Thomas Campbell, turned him on to riding different types of boards. He began riding Swift boards early in the company's movement. They made retro shaped boards that were fast, fun, and beautiful. That's what got him into riding fishes, and learning about different board designs.

Mason delved into the underground San Diego surf culture. He met Chip Bynum, a surfboard retailer through his dad. Chip really opened Mason up to alternative board design because he was into swift movement as well. Mason learned a lot quickly, and became passionate about these boards. It changed him from a shortboard butt-wiggler to someone who appreciated surfing for what it is and what it used to be.

Mason's next attempt was summer of 2007. He stripped the glass off of an old board he found laying around and he reshaped the blank. This board turned out terrible and he never finished it. As a matter of fact it's still in his garage and he probably will never finish it. It was a big discouragement for him. But he talked himself back into it and decided to use a fresh blank to give himself an honest shot. He shaped a 10' noserider, and it's still one of his favorite boards. "That was the board that made me know I could do shaping and glassing," says Mason.

Success.



And success seems to be the trend from that board on.

Jack Lohse, long-time longboarder from Maui taught Mason the first few things about riding the nose on a longboard.

He told him what a good longboard has: a tail block, a nose concave, and a large fin. "Mason is already proving that they can be tweaked," says Jack who's also his roommate.

Mason's next goal was to shape a retro-style twin fin. This one, made for his brother, turned out to be a quality board. He says the key to success for the first few boards was patience. He knew what a surfboard had to be like. When he was younger he was just too hasty.

Mason shapes in self-made particleboard shaping room in his garage. He'll spend hours in there, with foam pieces hanging from his mustache and covering every part of his body. There's a three-inch layer of foam on the floor of his rectangular shaping room.

Now Chip is his harshest critic, but he calls mason a "gifted kid." Chip has ridden all types of boards. He sees what mason's able to accomplish in the garage. Every time he sees a new board it gets a little bit cleaner. Chip likes that his boards don't look like a pop out; the beauty is that they are a little raw.

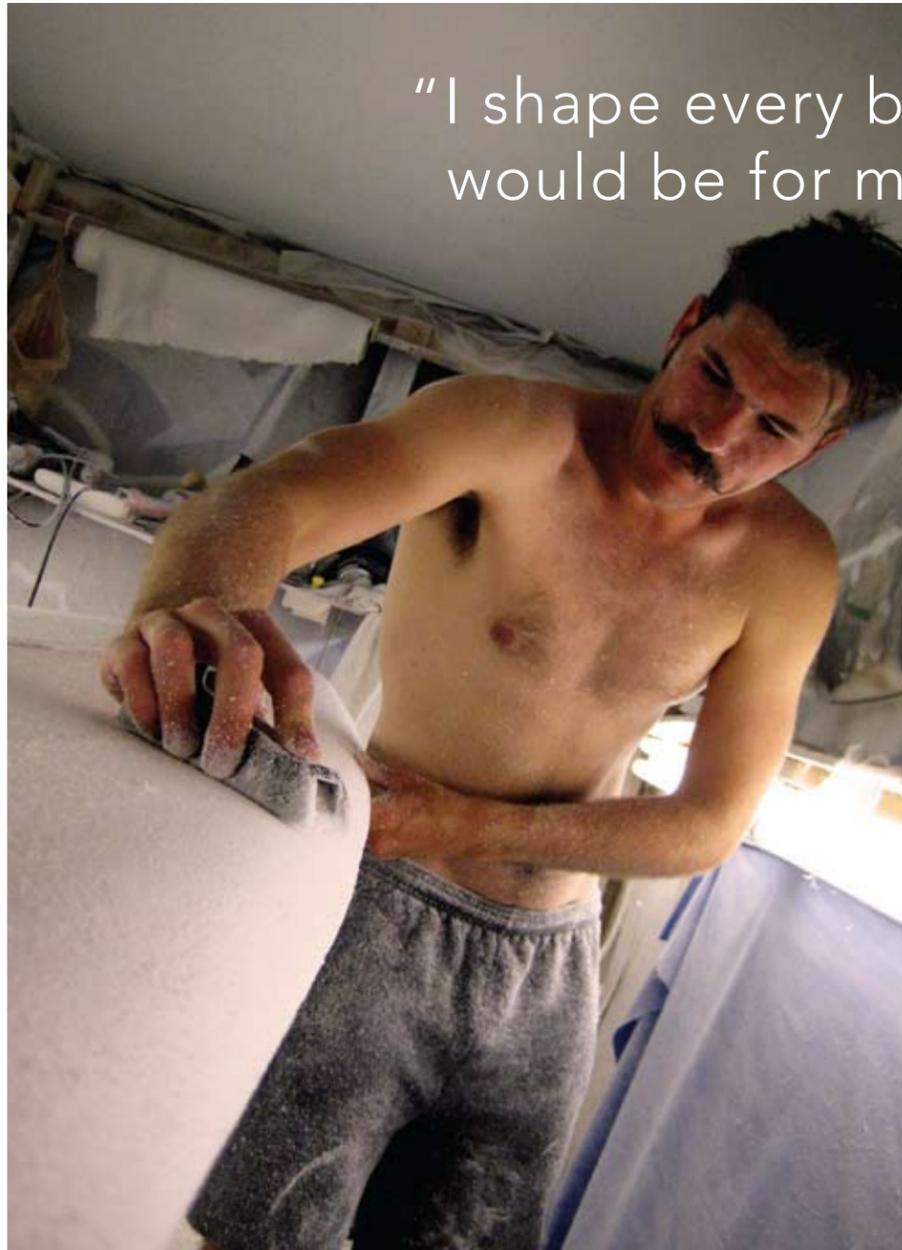
"In ten years, he'll be one of the San Diego county shapers who has a name for himself," says Chip.

Chip owns the Pod room, which is an indy retailer that specializes in "non-corporate" surf products. The Pod room featured Mason's surfboards in an art show in January.

Mason's like an ADD kid. You won't see him sitting around watching the Simpsons with his roommates. He's got to be building something, surfing or doing homework. If not one of those three things, then he's going to bed early.

One day he shaped for 15 hours straight. He was going surfing/camping in Malibu that weekend but he needed something to ride because his other board was just stolen. He started shaping at 8 am; he did all the inlays, glassed it and completed the board by 10 or 11 that night. He left the garage once or

"I shape every board like it would be for me."



twice to eat and use the bathroom. Sheer motivation. He still rides that board. It's his daily noserider. "I love that thing," he says.

So far he's sold around 50 boards. Even a notable pro is riding his board, but he/she cannot be mentioned because of sponsorship responsibilities to the other board company. Depending on the board, the price range is \$650 to \$700.

People like his boards because they look different. He lays fabric in for the design before glassing it. Not many companies do this to the extent that Mason does. But looks aren't everything; his customers need more than aesthetics. They need boards that feel good underneath the toes.

To Mason, each board is rideable art. When a surfer is done riding it he should be able to hang it on his wall and look at it. And he shouldn't ever see another board like it.

Mason says, whether it's for a beginner an intermediate or a world champ, "I shape every board like it would be for me." [SD](#)



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# YELLER

YOUNG ASPIRING ARTISTS OPEN UP A GALLERY TO CONNECT THE ART COMMUNITY IN SAN DIEGO.



Top Left: street view of the mxd830 space downtown Top Right: the entrance of the Yeller Gallery opening Bottom Left to right: original art work done by Yeller artists: Wes Bruce, John Zappas, and Lindsay Preston

By Ashley Johnston

Five months ago, a group of five friends all came together recognizing a need for the San Diego art community and a vision to showcase the fresh local talent. So they launched Yeller, a platform for artists in the San Diego community that is affordable and accessible to all San Diegans. The Yeller group consists of John Zappas, Joel P. West, Lindsay Preston, Steph Walker, and Wes Bruce, all of which graduated from college in the last four years.

John Zappas was the first to have the idea of Yeller and explains that for months he and the group tossed around names for their platform, but nothing would stick. "We were all so fed up and had no idea until someone said it and

went with it," John says. "It references the color yellow and Old Yeller. There's no concept," he jokes.

Success has come quickly for Yeller, which staged its first gallery opening in February, and has recently launched an online web store showcasing some of their artwork ([www.yellerstudio.com](http://www.yellerstudio.com)). The opening went better than expected with well over one hundred guests in attendance and a musical performance by the band Massive 2.

The theme for the opening, which was held inside a tiny space downtown in the mxd830 building on 25th street on February 13th, was screen prints and collaboration.

"The idea is to want to bring the arts to a larger audience who wouldn't nor-



Top Left: Entrance of the gallery guests could sign the guest book and look at the artwork on sale (stickers are of the Yeller Logo) Top Right: The opening crowd mingling and socializing while enjoying the showcased art. Bottom Left to Right: artwork from Lindsay Preston, Joel P. West, and John Zappas

“Even though the five of us are so diverse in what we do, it’s just nice to work with people who are **passionate** about what they love.”

mally be able to afford it,” said John Zappas. “Screen printing is a good medium for people and has great value offered at a good price compared to the original.”

The gallery, which was open through February 28th, had big glass windows in the forefront and large white walls that displayed all of the artwork around the room. Many of the screen prints were hung by strings and little clips on the corners spread all over the gallery. The art displayed in the opening were all sold at different prices, ranging from screen prints that were \$15 to \$70. Other kinds of merchandise sold at the event were T-shirts, stickers, and handmade accessories that were displayed near the entrance of the building.

“I really enjoyed the show,” said Kimberly Yama, a visiting senior from University of Hawaii. “The art was really cool and I can really appreciate how everything was reasonably affordable. They understand that as college students we do not have any money, and now I can actually consider buying the art.”

Over the course of the night, many people were coming in and out of the gallery to view the show. But in the corner of the room, was one thing that stood out over the rest of the artwork on the walls: a brightly colored mural that contained the Yeller logo and a collage of random images created by all of the artists featured in the show. The logo consists of a thick script font with two liquid-like drops

sprouting out of the end of the type. It was designed by John and represents the image of Yeller.

The mural displayed symbolized Yeller’s goal, to bring the artists together and collaborate with one another. Often times the art scene here in San Diego can feel separated or disconnected; Yeller is trying to change that by showcasing the great talent out there.

“What’s great about it is that it’s really collective,” says Steph Walker.

“Even though the five of us are so diverse in what we do, it’s just nice to work with people who are passionate about what they love.”

“The event itself was better than ever,” said Lindsay Preston. “The band



"I think we have all come together  
and **found** that this kind of work  
is **important** to us."



Top Left: A viewer checking out the screen prints at the gallery opening.  
Top Right: The band Massive 2 playing a set with the Yeller mural in background  
Bottom Left to Right: artwork of Wes Bruce, Steph Walker, and Lindsay Preston

was great and the turnout was wonderful," she said.

Preston expresses that she and the rest of the group were a little nervous for the opening of the show, but in the end the amount of work that was put into it definitely paid off.

"There was a ton of work in the show and we were thrilled on how much art everyone made for it," said Preston.

Yeller's goal of connecting artists together is not over. Although the first opening show was very successful, they don't want to the momentum of what they started to fizzle out.

"I think we have all come together and found that this kind of work is important to us," said John Zappas. "That is

what's interesting about after you graduate. You really discover what you find important to you. Especially with the start of the economic situation, you may not find your dream job right after college, but you can still have dreams and go for it," says Zappas with a laugh.

Eugene Harris, an art professor at Point Loma Nazarene University, taught a few of the Yeller members. "I think the show was very good and it showed a level of expertise," says Harris. "They are taking the initiative to work together to cooperate and come up with an idea to start marketing for business purposes. Plus it keeps them making art."

Yeller's success to date is inspiring and proves that anyone can start something as long as they are passion-

ate about what they do. It's a matter of having an idea and putting it into action. "Although there is a lot of work put into it, it's not that hard," said Walker. "You just have to go out there and do it."

The next show being planned for Yeller will be sometime in May at the Igloo shop in Little Italy San Diego. The specific date is still undecided. Members of the last show will be featured as well as other artists and original art works. But until then, products of Yeller can be viewed and purchased on their web store at [www.YellerStudio.com](http://www.YellerStudio.com). **SD**

# A Leap Worth Taking

## Dance Place San Diego

By Shelley Barski

What a painter is without a canvas, a dancer is without room to dance. Both have the talent but no place to express and practice their art. A studio is a dancer's canvas, her feet the brush strokes, the bigger the space, the better the work of art.

For years, some of San Diego's best dancers have been stretching, leaping and twirling into small corners of the city, disconnected from one another-- nomads drifting from one studio to the next. Though San Diego was thriving in nearly every other way, dancers still didn't have a place to fully extend their talents.

That is, until Dance Place San Diego came to town--in the form of a Naval training center.

John Malashock, director and founder of Malashock Dance School, approached the Naval Training Center (NTC) foundation, which was in the process of renovating the 26 historic buildings and turning them into a new arts, civic and cultural district called Promenade Center.

He explained that there were more than 90 dance entities in San Diego yet there was not one place where dance could be recognized. NTC had a meeting with a large number of people in the dance community and found some wanted to settle their dance companies at this new location and others wanted to rent space. When the vision for the NTC promenade was coming together, a building committed entirely to dance was included. NTC pulled together private donations and tax credits to make the facility possible. Six additional rehearsal rooms were created for dancers to book on an hourly basis. Since the 2005 opening, forty-five groups have utilized those rooms.

"Visibility and opportunity is what this facility provides," said Malashock dance instructor Molly Puryear. "This is a good place to be as a dancer and teacher. It facilitates my love for dance, and I take classes here as well."

San Diego Ballet, Malashock Dance and Jean Issacs Dance Theatre are the three resident companies at Dance Place. Because they are now working out of the same building, more collaboration can take place. There are training workshops and a free day of dance every December that is open to the community.

"Just being in the same environment is very influential," said Alan Ziter, CEO of the NTC foundation. "Together they

[the companies] can bring national and international awareness and hold master classes whenever there is a performance at the Civic Theatre."

Ask any instructor or dancer at Dance Place San Diego, and they'll tell you that they're about more than just dance.

"I hope to build healthy, expressive, confident, artistic human beings and I hope to facilitate that through dance," said Puryear. "More than I want every kid to be



"You can do more than just survive... you can *thrive*."

- Julianne Pederson  
Limon Instructor

a professional dancer, I want them to leave valuing self-esteem and discipline. It's those greater lessons I hope to instill in them."

Dance Place collaborates with other organizations such as the San Diego Opera and the San Diego Center for Jewish Culture in La Jolla. In March, Dance Place staged the company's full-length dance show, titled "Shadow of Mercy," set to Leonard Cohen's music.

A step inside Dance Place brings a visitor into a realm where beauty takes center stage. Classical, modern and jazzy tunes echo in the halls mixed with the chitchatting of dancers after class. Bulletin boards advertise scores of dance events and classes offered all over San Diego. Now dance instructors have a hub to advertise. International dancers also travel to Dance Place as guest instructors.

Near the entrance is "The Greenroom," a lounge with a kitchen and large sitting area full of magazines and books where dancers can hang out between class and parents can wait. Photos of professional performances line the walls; some depicting swan-like ballerinas and couples balancing in an intricate modern position. Thumping from the class above shakes the room so hard, I feel like the roof might cave in.

"Dance is beautiful," said college dance student Evelyn Roberts who has been dancing most of her life. "It's a gorgeous form of expression and art that is so different from anything else. It's cool to have a resource so close to our school since Point Loma Nazarene University doesn't offer dance classes."

Roberts takes a Limon-based modern technique class on Thursday evenings. Limon technique was named after Mexican dancer Jose Limon and teaches dancers to use the space around them while incorporating suspension and breath. The goal is to use gravity as the dancer is falling and getting back up, which increases strength, balance and control--three crucial skills for any dancer.

"The biggest challenge is dancing big, or using every part of your body," Roberts



explained. "There's a lot to think about. It's a different way of moving your body, and it challenges different parts of the brain."

The movements are fluid as the dancers circle their arms around their heads and find their balance. They are constantly reaching and falling and recovering or rebounding in a wave-like motion. Because of the vast amount of space, instructors can now create longer, more challenging across-the-floor combinations for their students.

Though Dance Place has been well received by the community, many art lovers in San Diego remain unaware of this important resource. John Malashock reaches out to schools and community organizations to tell them about the classes and philosophy of Dance Place. "Instead of waiting for our dancers to come to us, we're going out to them," he said.

The recession has especially impacted attendance as families and young adults are cutting back on the luxuries--usually the arts come first.

"I'd like to see more people come in and invest in the arts, especially teenagers and adults," said Julianne Pedersen, Limon instructor. "I hope they can see that paying for classes is apart of life; it keeps your mind and body healthy, and connects you to a community of healthy people. You come away with more than physical skills--you learn to trust and work with others as well as think creatively. You can do more than just survive--you can thrive." **SD**

Check them out at [www.ntcpromenade.org](http://www.ntcpromenade.org) for class prices, schedules and more information.

# Atlantic's Foray to the Pacific Northwest

## A BANDMEMBER'S PERSPECTIVE

By Nathan Scharn

Of course it would rain the whole morning – the whole length of the state. How else would I want to start the more than 10,000 mile trek? The top-heavy Ford Explorer was difficult enough to drive with the weight of the four passengers and the music gear that filled it from the floorboard to the roof and took over every space that a person did not occupy. So the wind, rain, and windy roads helped to make things even more interesting.

We swung by Starbucks to pick up my grande coffee with half-and-half after packing all of our gear and personal belongings into the vehicle from Ripcord studio. We said goodbye to studio owner and engineer Patrick Tetrault, and we were off, heading south at 60 to 90 miles per hour.





At the Coffee Cottage in Newberg, Oreg., Nathan Scharn plays a slide solo on the outro to "If Not Today."

grid from Harry Potter, to set us up with a show at a club in Portland. So we were playing one at a coffee shop in Newberg. "One of the back tires seems to be a bit loose," my dad told us, attributing it to something about a caliper and saying that it should be fine.

After picking up a cup of coffee at a Starbucks full of people heading to work on that Friday morning, we left Rancho Cucamonga heading for LAX. I quickly felt the effects of the wheel, as the car would pull, seemingly at random, to whichever side it wanted. The faster I drove, the more the car took control. The storage compartment was packed with three massive pedal boards, a bass amp head, three electric guitars, two large acoustic guitars and bags from Jon Berry, our friend and volunteer roady who had come to help us out with whatever we needed, Alex De La Parra, the bassist in Atlantic, and me, the lead guitarist. Joshua Toole, the lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist, would be flying up on Sunday, since he had to work Sunday morning.

We would have liked to start heading North, toward Portland. The 16-hour drive felt long enough with three in the car, freeing up a big back seat, but we had to pick up Tyler Chiarelli, a drummer from Kansas City who we were trying out on the trip.

His flight arrived in LAX around 10:30 a.m., far later than any of us wanted to start the drive, but we hadn't booked the flight. We left my house at 9:30.

He text messaged me that he had landed, followed by, "lets make some rock!" "We're drawing near, see you soon. Woo hoo!" I texted him back.

"That's what she said."

A that's what she said joke . . . a poor

**M**y band Atlantic, a four-piece Southern California rock outfit with only three members, planned a trip to the Pacific Northwest to play some shows, rehearse, write and record at Ripcord Studio, where we cut our first EP this summer, and explore the prospects for moving to Portland. Unfortunately, we had not decided to make the trip until it was too late for Patrick Tetreault, a bearded, motorcycle-riding recording engineer who looked like Ha-

Atlantic and Friends Lounge at Ripcord Studio.



"I WONDERED WHAT SORTS OF SAD SONGS I WOULD WANDER IN THERE TO WRITE AT UNGODLY HOURS OF THE NIGHT. I WONDERED IF THEY WOULD MAKE ME FEEL BETTER, AND IF MY DREAM OF PLAYING MUSIC WOULD REALLY MAKE ME AS HAPPY AS I AM NOW."



Above: Atlantic Plays "When My Day is Through" at the Coffee Cottage.

one at that. I can respect a good one, but ...

He had way too much stuff with him when we picked him up, but after rearranging everything and moving the massive bass amp head to the middle seat — a solid fifth passenger that would continuously make the two in the back uncomfortable — we were off, and with some Los Angeles traffic and 16 hours of driving up the I5, we arrived at Ripcord studio.

The earthy, ski-lodge-like recording studio felt sort of like home, replacing a small part of my discomfort with ease. We told my parents we were coming up to do music stuff, but the biggest reason was to see if we could live here. The music scene in Southern California is so dog-eat-dog. A baby band often has to pay hundreds to get on a bill at a decent club, and bands are only willing to help you out if you can help them out. Plus, we didn't have a drummer, and no good ones will play for free in LA, and if they will they're involved in too many projects already. As a band, you need a place where all the gear is set up, and you can just go in and play. We don't have that in San Diego, and we can't afford to get a house together. Living is more affordable up there. My mother would be devastated.

I looked at pictures of my girlfriend Alyssa and me at the zoo on my iPod and thought about how hard it was to say goodbye for a week-and-a-half. She would be attending college in San Diego

for an extra year-and-a-half after I moved up. I texted her goodnight and went to sleep on the hard-wood floor of the control room.

You lose track of time in there. There are no windows, and there is no natural light. I woke up around noon, but for all I knew it could have been four in the morning. I headed to the gym, needing to move after being cramped in the car the entire previous day. When I got back we set up all the gear in the tracking room.

"All of my life, where have you been?" I sang the Lenny Kravitz song. "I wonder if I'll ever see you again."

It felt good to play with drums, and my mood noticeably changed for the better.

"Hey, do you guys wanna get some burgers?" Patrick asked us.

We crossed the bridge from Vancouver, Washington, where Ripcord was, into Portland. It's such a cool city. I've always loved coniferous forests, and it's as though the buildings sprung up among the trees, trying to grow as tall as the hills that surround the city. We waited for a table at the Slow Bar, where Patrick had promised a burger that could fill Alex up. Little did he know, nothing could fill Alex up. Next, a show.

"This is like the perfect place for networking," Pat said. "Pretty much every cool artist in Portland is gonna be there."

We listened to music, met people, schmoozed and, after watching Nate Trueb play guitar, in a band called Tango

Alpha Tango that was on Patrick's record label, we all realized that we needed to work tirelessly to get better at our instruments if we were serious about being a band. I sent Alyssa messages about how cool the show was, and I imagined myself on the stage, winning Portlanders into Atlantic fan clubs. It was a step toward my dream, but it felt bittersweet.

Josh arrived at PDX the next evening, and we could finally start being a band and rehearsing.

We ran through "Go Just Go," the first track on our EP and started working on some new songs. The drumming felt good, but Tyler's time wasn't perfect, and between unfunny "that's what she said" jokes, him farting every time anyone walked into the room and leaving his cup of sloppy brown dip everywhere, we realized that he probably wasn't going to be the right fit to be our fourth member.

The next few days were more of the same, with new songs developing at a much faster rate than they could without drums. We recorded the sessions, wrote down ideas and got the set that we would play Thursday night down to the point where we were all tight and could play every note without thinking about it.

"MTV?! What?!" I got a text message from a friend. We had licensed our songs to MTV to use on TV shows, but we didn't know they were actually playing them. "If Not Today" had run over the credits of a program called "Sex With Mom and

Dad." Finally our baby band felt like it was getting somewhere. We were really getting somewhere when, the next day, we stood in as the band for some cheesy Christian music video for an artist we had never heard of. We didn't expect to get paid or anything, but the director didn't even buy us dinner. Figures.

Two last run-throughs of the set, and we were off to the Coffee Cottage in Newberg, Oregon to play our first show in the Northwest.

If it were in Southern California, Newberg would be ten minutes from the city because there would be a freeway to it, but since it is in Oregon, it's about 25 minutes on a surface street and 5 minutes on the freeway to downtown Portland. We stopped at Patrick's house for dinner, and examined it closely, since we would probably be moving in there. His wife made us a delicious dinner, and his dog Sonny basked in the attention of the visitors. We looked at the bedrooms, but we were all focused on the practice room. We imagined how cool and vibey we would make it, and how sweet it would look with all the instruments and gear set up and the huge Mackie mixer, making our practice levels perfect. I wondered what sorts of sad songs I would wander in there to write at ungodly hours of the night. I wondered if they would make me feel better, and if my dream of playing music would really make me as happy as I am now. I texted Alyssa about how cool the place was.

We crammed into a tight end of the Coffee Cottage, though it was considerably more comfortable than the drive in the Explorer, and did our sound check. The crowd was small, since Tango Alpha Tango couldn't play with us because the drummer had temporarily wound up in jail.

"Shrrraang," we started "If Not Today" with one of our loudest moments in the show. We played tightly, and I remembered why I love music so much.

"It felt like all of our guitars and voices came from the same place," Josh said after the show. It was the bandmembers' best performance to date.

"Hey babe" Alyssa called seconds after "Sleep Now," the last song of the set. I stepped out into the frigid Oregon night to talk. She was outside at a beach house in the warm Florida air, in the opposite corner of the country. I walked laps around the coffee shop while we talked about nothing in particular. I tried to look happy when I went back inside to clean up.

We didn't do music for the final two days, taking trips to the beach, going to more shows and wandering around Portland in the relentless rain. "Tanto tempo pra pensar," the lyric from Brazilian artists Seu Jorge crept into my head. So much time to think. When we played music I didn't have to think



I wanted to be a band, and dive into it with full force, but I didn't want to say goodbye.

Josh flew back home Saturday to work the next day. It started to rain again.

"It's always like this," Jon said. He had lived in Portland for a couple of years while going to school, nearly 1,000 miles away from his girlfriend whom he would most likely marry. He described it as miserable and depressing. "But there's nice trees, and I like the bridges."

"This is my favorite kind of weather," I said. "You say that now . . ."

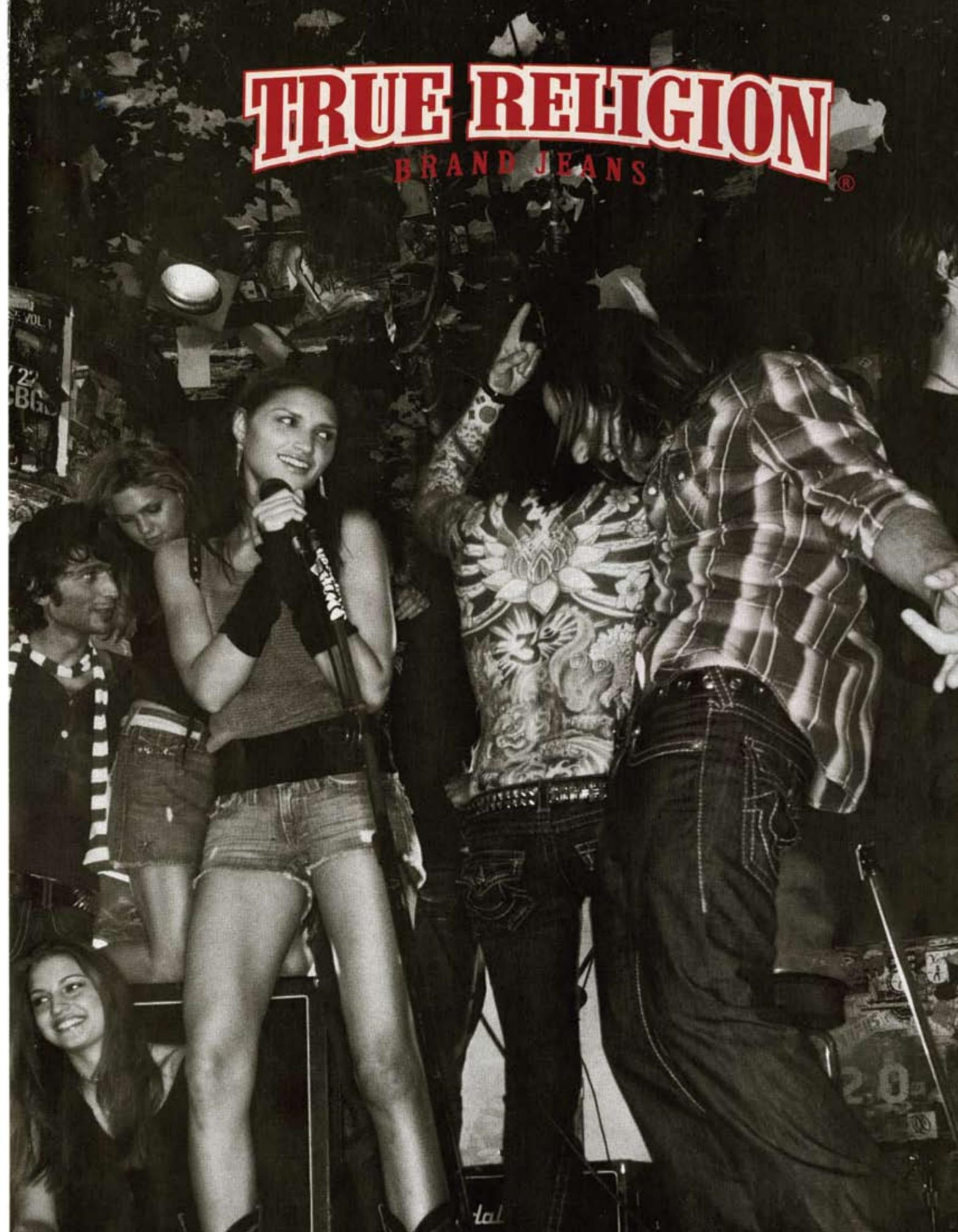
Tango came in to Ripcord on our last night to track a song. Drinking coffee and watching them create eased my mind. I video chatted with Alyssa, then Alex and I got to help out by playing cans as percussion instruments on the track. This was what I wanted to do. I wanted to create

music. I could do it here, much better than there. But moving seemed so hard. The convenient thing about living in the same area your whole life, even if you're not crazy about the area, is that you get to be around all the people you love.

It was still raining when we left Sunday morning.

"I've been held back by something," the Nada Surf record kept me awake, driving south on the I5, amid hills whose trees held on to serpentine swaths of clouds, not wanting them to leave to go to the sky where they could join the others to rain down onto the windshield of my hydroplaning, small SUV.

"Watch, it's gonna get sunny right when you see the 'Welcome to California' sign," Jon joked. I sipped my coffee. It rained through the entire state. [SD](#)



HAVAIANAS PRESENTS  
THE FLIPSIDE**TAMARAMA**

This surf-loving duo takes their name from a remote Australian beach where they were raised. Jay Lyon and Nicolas "Pottsy" Potts have nurtured a kicked back sound full of folk-rock, reggae rhythms, and easy going lyrics. They released their EP, "Wonderland City," earlier this year. Beyond being heard, you can catch Jay and Pottsy on MTV's "The City." The guys are currently at work on their full-length album to be released later this year. Visit [myspace.com/tamarama](http://myspace.com/tamarama).

Jay & Pottsy seen here with Havaianas Aloha White & Brazil Flag.

**I FLIP FOR**

Jay: Tamarama. Pottsy: The beach.

**WHAT FLIPS ME OUT**

Jay: People who litter. Pottsy: People who smoke on the beach.

HAVAIANAS PRESENTS  
THE FLIPSIDE**JAY NASH**

Already a fixture on the L.A. singer-songwriter scene, Jay is known for his subtle artistry, however, his profile lately has been anything but. He performed in D.C. in January as part of the Presidential Inauguration celebration, will be seen in an upcoming PBS-TV special, and is preparing to kick off a summer tour. Check out his latest release, "The Things You Think You Need," available now. Visit [myspace.com/jaynash](http://myspace.com/jaynash).

Jay seen here with Havaianas Brazil Logo Brown.

**I FLIP FOR**

Big Mountains, open spaces, uncrowded waves, inspired original music, and Thai food.

**WHAT FLIPS ME OUT**

People who don't use their turn signals. And runny eggs.

Ever tried bodysurfing  
a tropical tidal wave?



Ever tried  Gum?  
Stimulate Your Senses™