Even within the by-now-accepted premise of Los Angeles as the best of all possible musical worlds, the last few months — autumn, 2006 and on into the new year — have been extraordinarily rewarding. Just a sampling of recent memories - Don Carlo and The Coronation of Poppea at the Opera, Thomas Adès composing, conducting and playing the piano all over town, Manny Ax and Jeff Kahane dealing out Mozart Piano Concertos, Anonymous 4 at Royce — reads like anyone’s roadmap of Paradise; Mine, anyhow. All that, and Esa-Pekka, too. Small wonder that the New York Times not long ago, in an article about the emergence of our town over all the others, bore the headline “Continental Shift.”

Two recent events glow especially bright in the memory, because of what they foretell about our town as a force for musical progress. Both have to do with a kind of rebirth. In November that superb chamber/vocal/experimental series called Jacaranda (“on the edge of Santa Monica”) was forced to relocate because its usual venue, a small church, was undergoing remodeling. The producers got the use of the much bigger school hall at Santa Monica High, which can be daunting for promoters of challenging fare; they went further by scheduling a “marathon”: eight hours of the basic repertory of our own time ranging from John Cage to Terry Riley’s In C. They darn near filled the hall, the performers were all locals, and it was exhilarating. All concerts should be that good, that well run — even the food was great — and that promising of a musical future for our town.

Then in December the Monday Evening Concerts roared back to life, the series devoted to musical discovery that dates back to 1939 but which for no good reason had been booted out of its most recent domain, the County Museum. A committee was formed overnight to right this wrong, and a reborn Monday Evening Concert audience filled every seat at Disney Hall’s REDCAT for the first of this season’s four concerts. (The others will be at Zipper, across the street.) The program, as usual: a world premiere, a couple of 20th-century classics, great stimulation at every note and, with the final echoes, pride.

This is the kind of music-making that goes on all the time in the great underbrush of independent music-making outside the command of the Music Center or the universities. It’s a fascinating tangle: Southwest Chamber Music for new and recently-old music; Musica Angelica for Baroque orchestral repertory; Chamber Music in Historic Sites for everything-everywhere wonderfully chosen; orchestras small, medium and large; concerts in churches, concerts sacred and profane. Fortunately, there’s even a path through the underbrush.

That pathway goes by the name of The Clickable Chamber Music Newsletter from the South Bay, and “South Bay” is simply where Jim Eninger lives, not just the territory it covers. The newsletter — 40 pages and more — goes out once a week, free to subscribers (jeninger@yahoo.com). At this writing it had just produced Issue #301. In addition to informative program notes on some of the out-of-the-way events around town (films and lectures at the Goethe Institute, for example, and a lecture with examples by the violinist Mark Menzies from the then-upcoming Monday Evening Concert), it runs a serendipitous selection of articles and reviews from other publications (including mine): quite a lavish selection. This one issue, No. 301, lists 82 concerts in the upcoming week in the Los Angeles area, each with full information as to location, ticket price, time, etc. Of these, 42 are free events including a smattering of school recitals from which pride gloweth forth; 16 are on the West Side; 12 are in Orange County and a modest 2 in Redlands/Riverside. The range of choice is no less fascinating: a glass harmonica in Burbank, a brass band in Santa Monica, Byzantine Chant up at the Getty. It’s all part of that Continental Shift; hold on tight!