**Song Book**

* *Karma Police*
* *It’s Time to Move on*
* *Love Minus Zero*
* *Suzanne*
* *Blackbird*
* *The Suburbs*
* *Rocky World*
* *Yeats*
* *Uncle John’s Band*
* *Down in the Valley*
* *Move the Needle*
* *My Sister, My Spouse*
* *Hannah*
* *Don’t think twice its all right*

**Influences**

* Radiohead
* 10,000 Maniacs
* Counting Crows
* Wallflowers
* US
* REM
* Neil Young
* The Beatles
* Nirvana
* B. Dylan-- “Time out of Mind”; Garth Brooks Covering “To make you feel my love”
* Dan Bejar/Destroyer
* Nick Cave
* Belle & Sebastian
* Nick Drake
* Sufjan Stevens
* Simon & Garfunkle
* Fleet Foxes
* John Denver
* Ricky Skaggs
* Randy Travis
* George Strait
* Dwight Yokoam
* Don MacLean
* John Fahey
* Fela Kuti
* Gilbero Joao?
* Philip Glass
* Serge Gainsbourg
* Hildegard Knef

Then he sand and played, note by note,

And at last he was roving the frets in impassioned exploration,

his stabbing apprenticeship in ineptitude at last complete.

12/08/2021

After many years of seemingly being unable to write and remember my own songs-- caught in this perpetual go-nowhere spontaneous song composition process, one which was personal, but cloistered and one that didn’t really advance my musical abilities very much at all. I have been blocked. I have connected this back to my contentious relationship with music and my mother-- all those fights over practicing the piano and my parents spastic way of trying to cultivate my musical education. The whole process felt really fraught and seemed to always just grind on my insecurities and lack of self-confidence. Then when folk music and rock started to pull me into the idea of making music, my mother violently and emotionally attacked me and accused me of bringing in some sort of negative and demonic force into her life. She saw me going the route of Doug and then just reacted with anger and frustration and condemnation. He attack touching some child-senstive adspect of my psyche that I cannot deny exists. Then I also had the thought that I may have been sexually molested as a young child while my brother was at his Suzuki lessons. And how that fact came up was that My parents had seen an old playmate of mine EWTN performing a folky guitar and vocal number and my parents were reminded that Dougs father had gone to jail for molesting children and how they didn’t know if he touched me, but my mom had obviously considered the possibility and she wells up with tears and gets that same guilty tone in her voice like when she says she should have loved me more when she was in medical school and she felt like she had to neglect me and how maybe that neglect and this child molestation thing kind of explains why I am on the outside of the church and I have chosen a broken path rather than following along on her remarkable swing to the right politically and religiously to become a Rush Limbaugh loving Santorum Catholic that has no compunction of referring to the Governor of Michigan (who just happens to share our last name) as Governor Nazi for her efforts to mitigate the affects of the COVID-19 outbreak.

12/05/2021

Song writing-- basic chords with lyrics, new ways to explore sounds and delivery and meaning…

The interplay of rhythm between lyric and music-- each making the other more digestible-- the language is the meat and the potatoes-- the music, the rhythm, the silence, the noise-- that’s all just the sauce-- sweet, salty, sour, vinegary…

Are we playing or are we selling. We can play a board game and funnel ourselves into

Choosing the game determines who will be successful and who will not.

Choosing to play which game. Choosing which interface.

How do we make the game more inclusive, more inviting?

How do I make poetry and music an interface with other people?

No more selling… inviting sure, engaging, yes, selling no.

As I am wrestling with my insecure thoughts about my song and the way I shared it and my balancing act of head space and the futility of it all Helena comes up with a harmonica and shoves it in my face and says Dad how do you do a song.

Complaining that my dad doesn’t use music as an interface. How much do I do with my kids? Chinese, Spanish, English. Singing together. Talking about words. Talking about melodies. Feeling music. Dancing.

I need a little angel, sitting on my shoulder

11/21/2021

Somehow my music is helping to build up my emotional reserve.

We all struggle. But will you define yourself by you human fear and abhorrence of the obstacle, or your also very human heroic effort to overcome it.

Am kind of floored about my guitar playing leap. It has definitely been a gradual process, but it feels like this month I have reached a new and substantial milestone plateau.

03/11/2021

*Northern Lites-* Super Furry Animals

Questions of faith?

Of weather?

God seeking revenge on us?

12/06/2021

We are light years away from where we were a year ago with regards to song writing and poem writing and composing letters and fiction. I really believe I am on the cusp of some good solid progress and some finished pieces.

03/07/2019

The music is playing well. Radiohead into Arcade Fire into Destroyer. This is in many ways is who I am. And we need music to articulate ourselves and our place in the world and that is a beautiful and tribal thing! And this is the beauty of pop music right. That cross over that infects every tradition and cross pollenates the masses and their conceptions of themselves. Debugging writing. Debugging code…

03/01/2021

Music is the sound of the soul, the direct voice of the subjective world.

02/25/2021

Can justify midday fingering drills because music is going to save America.

02/23/2021

My patient saintly wife. Over two decades of dealing with my cascades of wrong notes. My fumbling attempt to apply barely grasped theories and clumsily approached techniques.

02/18/2021

Man, Sufjan does winter cold so well.

02/02/2021

Listening to more rhythmic music. Getting at the music behind the music and following it back and back along the river. And then the river starts to flood up and jump the banks and starts to follow me across the wasteland. In fact it is pushing me ahead.

02/01/2021

Music => entering a song, finding a way in, diving in slipping in, sneaking in, remaining.

Music:

It is fantastic that you are playing with a different intention. A new angle. That grind. That resistance. That atmospheric heat before the vacuum of space. My playing has changed subtlety of late. I hope the change comes through. It’s a quality. A willingness to explore. AN ability to explore. AN ability to absorb the long notes. Seeking out rhythm before melody. Seeking out vibration before note or key. Playing the guitar hugged up against me just so I can feel its big wooden body vibrate against my heart chakra. Don’t want to say that I am playing extremely well or that I am just playing really weird and I am well aware that if you play weird but not well the experience isn’t going to come through to the listener. The performative aspect of it is unescapable. But lets be honest if you are a serious practitioner of music the percentage of your playing that will actually be performative even if you perform regularly will be relatively low. This is a great relief to me. Something in my traumatized soul has linked music so deeply with performance that I have had a really hard time approaching it as something personal, expressive, something that could be healing instead of instantly performative, instantly offered up for criticism or praise. Something that could be life affirming, instead of anxiety inducing, limitation reminding, somehow contained in this thing was my mother’s own unhappy childhood, or unhappy aspects of her very net neutral happy to sadness scale formative experience. Practicing was drudgery. Performance was uncomfortable. Another occasion to be trapped in a pew. Never had the vision of music as something that you play with. That you can be spontaneous with. I believe I have moved past that now.

Joh Fahey Christmas songs moving my soul in February the day after I turned 42- the answer to everything as after making my way from the Keweenaw to Seminole swamps on Highway 41 t all along LSD through Nashville,Tennessee, dreaming of the Natchez Trail and the sea to shing sea symmetry of these mortal shores.

My mouth all red from rooting my snoot all over through the dust.

Digging the details of my own disintegration.

Ice cold Coke at a crossroads country store.

01/01/2021

Began year with a couple of lovely sessions playing with betsy and Laurel and Beaux. We had guitar and violin and Cello and piano for a time. And we played some old time country tunes and some pop tunes and something improvised that got kind of flamancoy and I believe we did an extended blues progression. We even tried an impromptu cover of Radiohead’s *Karma Police.* I really need to pull together the song book and just have it ready to go. How much is a decent portable projector? Something that is super portable and that does not need to provide sound. Projector for a laptop. This way you can really have an interactive media center than just a computer.

Guitars, riffs, playing with Laurel, classicaly trained celloist with inability to improvise, betsy who ditched violin for Classical guitar in 6th grade, but then came back to the violin when we were in China where she ha found a really reasonably priced handmade violin at one of the shops along violin/instrument row. And Beaux, creative, self taught, plays only by ear with an almost willful lack of interest in any music theory or general naming of sounds. He’s a drummer, you might be able to relate! And then me with my limited theory and limited technical knowledges, but my opening heart to the beauty of playing with people. I just think music is going to save my family, my extended family that is. The MAGA mouth foamers who also happen to have a very soft spot for John Denver, James Taylor, Neil Young, The Beatles, The Monkees, and on and on. My younger brother, also a drummer has acquired a lot of music kit the past few years and is as yet unmarried and encumbered by kids. I foresee future family gatherings as an opportunity to literally drown out potentially inflammatory political spats with musical sing alongs (I am putting together the family songbook), karaoke / general performance (I will make sure we have a karaoke / performance P.A. set up at all future gatherings), films (having recently purchased a projector we have the option of watching films in dramatic fashion on the big screen).

I must not fear. Fear is the mind killer. Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration. I will face my fear. I will permit it to pass over me and through me. And when it is gone, I will turn the inner eye to see its path. Where the fear has gone, there will be nothing. Only I will remain.