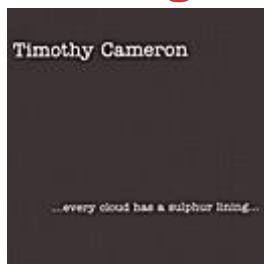


Mp3 Timothy Cameron - ...every Cloud Has A Sulphur Lining...



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A gloriously lo-fi bundle of noise from one guy and his Telecaster. 7 MP3 Songs FOLK: Angry, FOLK: Power-folk Details: On a cold winter's day in Toronto some thirty-odd years ago, Mrs. Maureen Cameron (nee Cavan) gave birth to her first son, Timothy. Despite the fact that she had imbibed neither alcohol nor tobacco during the pregnancy, she heard the doctor utter those words that every new mother dreads: "It's a singer-songwriter Mrs. Cameron (nee Cavan)." Although she and her husband Mr. Douglas Cameron (nee Cameron) did all they could, the next few years provided little hope that young Timothy would ever stop playing air guitar, so they gave in and bought him a real one. And the proverbial fecal matter struck the proverbial air-circulating appliance... The constant din of Beatles, Bob Dylan and Elvis Costello coming from young Timothy's room became the constant din of his own compositions. The Cameron family had moved to a small town by this point, and from the age of sixteen Timothy found time to form numerous high school garage bands. Unfortunately, he also found time to break-up numerous high school garage bands. So he went back and forth between wanting to play folk (which he liked because it was honest and unpretentious and didn't require a band) and wanting to play punk (which he liked because it was fast and furious and he had to do something with all that testosterone...). After flip-flopping between folk and punk he finally thought "Sod this, I'm gonna combine the two and see what happens!" What happened was Timothy started getting gigs and began to build a small but loyal following of local outcasts. One of these followers dubbed the music (predictably enough) "Folk-Punk" and the whole experiment became a success in its own small underground way. Timothy felt he was on to something. His suspicions were confirmed the night he heard a Billy Bragg album at a party. By this time he was into his twenties, and decided to move back to Toronto where he began slogging it out on the local pub circuit.

The many hours he would spend on stage simultaneously sharpened his performances and tested the limits of sleep deprivation. As an added bonus he learned how to pretend not to hear requests for "Brown Eyed Girl". In 2000, Timothy independently released his first CD, Never Mind The Hyperbolics, which was well received on campus radio throughout Canada, even managing to claw its way into the charts at some stations. His latest CD, "...every cloud has a sulphur lining...", also blends the rootsy honesty of folk with the straight forward, no-nonsense aggression of punk. Putting songwriting ahead of other considerations, Timothy gets his point across with chugging electric guitar, driving acoustic guitar, punctuating blasts of harmonica and the occasional tambourine adding backbone to the mix. And his parents? They're still hoping that one day Timothy will get a proper job. As if.

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