

Mp3 Dwayne Leftridge - Coming Out Of The Hermit's Cave



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It's your own personal thought ocean with a different journey in each part. Sort of the beatles, sort of dylan with a different complaint; a pinch of rod stewart without the love song fascination; with singing between mccartney and an american hick. 13 MP3 Songs in this album (52:26) ! Related styles: EASY LISTENING: Soft Rock, ROCK: Modern Rock People who are interested in Bob Dylan The Beatles Rod Stewart should consider this download. Details: HOMEPAGE Born of an American father and an English mother with two parents who had migrated to England from Ireland, the writer contains more Irish blood than any other, from both parents, although they had other things. Containing only one-eighth American-Indian, he still inherited an American-Indian last name which originated from the Choctaw Indians of Illinois, which fits more into the American frame than one would imagine. Also from his father's side is some German, French and British. His mother also had a tiny touch of European Spanish from when the Spanish Armada tried to invade England. A powerful storm gained way and destroyed most of the Spanish war vessels. A number of these wrecked ships washed ashore in Ireland. Instead of going back to Spain, a number of Spanish military men decided they would be happier staying in Ireland as free men, where they married and mixed. Religiously, his father(Russell Leftridge) was episcopalian and his mother(Francis Daily) was catholic. He himself has no denomination. The author believes but is not entirely sure, that in the same way that the name Lee has two origins, one in England and one in China, so does the name Leftridge. Already mentioned is the American origin which came from the Choctaw Indians. The other origin, which originated separately, originated in England and appears to be more connected to the British royalty or nighthood. These two groups are entirely separate. The author of this CD spent 25 straight days in a rehearsal studio with a 24 track Tascam Recorder, about 7 days the month before and another 7 days the month before that to make this CD and claims credit for all the instrumental

playing on the CD; although he doesn't claim much glory for using a drum machine instead of drums. His mentors and playing partners at times were: 1. Stan Cole; younger brother of Don Cole from the Phoenix Area, who once had several hits on the radio. Stan Cole was once considered the number one guitarist in the state of Arizona by observers before he declined from physical and mental illness caused from asthma and the horrid medications that go with this ailment.; 2. Randy Pearce, who lived in the Glendale, AZ area and who had actually taught him more guitar than his superior Stan, since Stan lacked the patience to teach; 3. He also learned a little guitar from a Mike Dickey who also lived in the Glendale, AZ area; 4. Delmar Bradford; a rather bright man who moved back and forth quite frequently from Waterloo, Iowa to Glendale, AZ . Delmar Bradford never taught the author any guitar that he remembers; but he bought him his first chord book which may have been more important; since in reality, Dwayne Leftridge mostly taught himself. It was Randy Pearce however, who first taught him how to read the chord book. On guitar, Delmar Bradford was nearly as good as Stan Cole and was Stan's most favorite playing partner; 5. Larry Donaldson had also taught the writer of this CD a few simple songs, which helped get him started and also was the biggest influence of the people he knew to inspire him to write and believes that his songs "Larry Kells" and "I'M Writing This Song" could have been hits and believes that his song "Wanda" could have been a number one hit. These five influences are now deceased, as the author stands on his own, claiming that their influences as well as earlier people he knew who were not musicians but influenced his language, have handed to him a gifted music style, not as an Eric Clapton or a Jimmy Page or grand guitarist because he is not; but as a person who is willing to go his own way in writing and in music. Dear CD; Baby; The above was from a homepage that I've made but still have not put on the internet, which I plan to do soon. Below is an article called "The Brycian Chronicles", written by a reporter named "Bryce Martin" in Nashville, TN. It mentions me on two parts. The Brycian Chronicles ...and how the weather was. bryce_martin_1@Lycos.com Showing posts for query dwayne leftridge. Show all posts Friday, February 17, 2006 How I Got to State Street by Bryce Martin I rented a room for \$30 a week in a big house on the corner of 18th and Blair just off 21st Street in Nashvilles Hillsboro Village area. Others rented rooms there too, mostly day workers who were drunks on the side, or vice versa. The woman who owned the house was Faye of Patsy and Faye's, a beauty salon on 21st near Jones Pet Store. I had the smallest room of all I was told, but I paid the lowest rent. The section of the house I lived in was a build-on. It had a back entrance at the east side rear of the house. The addition at ground level had five

rooms. A small room with a communal shower and toilet had an entry off a middle hallway. Outside, wooden stairs led to other rented rooms upstairs. In the house proper, singer Johnny Rodriguez often stayed. He was no longer the star with an even brighter future. He was bad news to the suits on Music Row, rumored to be on drugs and undependable and on the bum. I would see him two or three times a week up the street at the Jim Dandy convenience store while he would be buying a sixer of Coors Light Silver Bullet and I would be cradling a sixer of Schaefers (hey, its the quantity that counts, not the quality). He always had a big smile, and always swore I was in a backing band at some place in California at some club he had sang in and used the house band. Each time I told him it wasnt I, but noted that I had came here from California, and each time he smiled that much brighter and said, "It wasss you." After a time, I figured why not . . . it must have been I. "Have a Jim Dandy day," the clerk always said when a customer went to exit. I hated that. Maybe I didn't want to have a Jim Dandy day. I once got seven weeks behind in rent and received a loud pounding on my door one morning around 3:00 a.m. by a drunken Faye. I was a little besotted myself and not long under cover, not even into my REM sleep mode. She wanted me out that very morning. I was concerned at first, then realizing she likely wouldnt even remember it in the morning, I went back to sleep and managed in a few days to visit her front door and pay her in full as if weeks hadnt past since I had last seen her, and she had never pounded on my door and demanded I leave. I was told that was the longest anyone had ever gone without paying their rent. I chose to take that as a positive and I took a certain pride in that revelation. Nick Fain was a sometimes visitor. Nick was roots rocker Steve Earles favorite uncle growing up in Texas. They even shared the same name: Stephen Fain Earle. Nick was battling some personal drug and alcohol demons of his own and always looking for a handout. I went with him and some other people to Chattanooga where Earle was touring and opening for Hank Williams Jr. I rode back in the bus with Earles band. Steve gave me a ride home, just me, him and his young son. That was when I lived at the Natchez Trace Apartments on Fairfax Avenue just off 21st. Nick had lived there, too, across and above me. Steve's ex lived just a block away and he dropped his son off at her place. At my Blair lair, Nick was wanting to borrow some money from any of us and promised he would pay it right back. He also needed a place to stay, temporarily he stressed. To back up the paying the loan right back part, he said was getting ready to meet his nephew Steve at Browns Diner in just a few minutes. One was left to assume that Steve would stake Nick to some cash at that get-together. It was a Sunday, and we all knew, except obviously for Nick, that Browns Diner would not

today, tomorrow, nor had it ever been, open on a Sunday. Nick finally left, realizing he was running a bad con. He was looking for a place to stay for a short time and was getting no takers at the Blair House. A dinner knife was protruding from the top of one of his back pockets. It was a regular one with a rounded point and just enough teeth indentations to make minor food cuts. It was hardly a weapon, but that seemed the obvious reason Nick was carrying it. I guessed he was afraid someone was after him and that is why he was looking for a place to hole up, and the knife was the only weapon he could get his hands on. A little down the hall, a large man who went by the name of Shannon Dale had lived there for years. His walls were totally covered with Playboy Magazine centerfolds. He was one of the many who had come to Nashville to make it in country music, got lost in the shuffle, aged and gone to seed. He showed me an old 45 rpm record where his name was listed as songwriter under the songs title. It was a singer I had never heard of on the King label. In fairness to me, King Records had a lot of singers I have never heard of, nor had most anyone else. Longhaired and slender Dwayne Leftridge lived in a room nearby. Dwayne Leftridge once sang on stage at the Bluebird Caf on talent night. With the hair, jeans, and overall appearance, he reminded me of a 60s California hippie, then again, that was a common look everywhere that had spread well beyond California. He was far from a hippie, though. He didn't toke up, probably didn't even consume much alcohol, if any. He had spent some time in California, plying his seasonal trade as a palm tree trimmer (really)on occasion in my stamping grounds (it's "stamping" -- look it up)of Bakersfield. In my small office in Nashville on Music Row where I served as editor of the Nashville Inquirer. I often walked to the Burger King down the street on 21st Avenue. That's where Burger King Betty kept order on the lot of the Whopper. Next door and directly south of Burger King's parking lot was San Antonio Taco Co. Behind it and downstairs was Bobby's. It was a bar owned and operated by a hefty fellow who was said to have won a lottery in New York and this was what he had to show for it. It was Betty's job starting at about dark to when Burger King closed to keep anyone from parking, and leaving their vehicle unattended, anyone who wasn't patronizing Burger King. After Betty would run someone off, a favorite thing was for them to open a car door, place an empty beer bottle upright on the asphalt and drive away. "Is Rolling Rock beer?" Betty asked. "I can't keep up with what these rich Vanderbilt kids drink." There was a little shop area just to the north of Burger King and on the corner where a man did the same thing as Betty. He was looking out for the convenience store that sat back from the street. Young people came in, mostly Vanderbilt students who lived in nearby dorms, for beer and cigarettes. Those

who lingered too long in their cars or around the entrance he asked to leave. "Get a real job," those asked to leave would shout to him. Bobby's dream of making a killing selling New York style pizza to poor souls in Nashville who had been deprived of such heavenly bliss failed to catch on to any great degree and his Bobby's went out of business. Jerry Seabolt, former record producer ("California Sun" by the Rivas, and others) and promotion man for Smash Records, took over with his own place he called Duffy's Tavern, and it went out of business in about a year's time. I had paid to see Pat McLaughlin perform at Duffy's on a Saturday night and I had seen Tara Moonshadow sing for tips during the week, she and Dwayne Leftridge, who had spent the past few days making and copying fliers to staple on area telephone poles residing along the sidewalks to announce the engagement. I thought I had found my hangout. When Duffy's folded, San Antonio Taco bought that portion of the building (it was all connected) to use for storage. Ron Holmes moved in later, upstairs somewhere. He had lived there before and knew all the long-timers and wondered where others had landed who had come and went over the years. One who came by occasionally that he knew was Vince Matthews, a Tennessee boy from Waverly who had co-written "Love in the Hot Afternoon," a BMI award winner and big hit for Gene Watson. Matthews was wild, but in a put-on sort of way, and loud.

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