

Mp3 Marty Holland - Where I'm From



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Torch C&W to Bubble-gum Free Jazz. 17 MP3 Songs in this album (36:16) ! Related styles: POP: California Pop, AVANT GARDE: Mixed Media People who are interested in Grateful Dead Frank Zappa Brian Wilson should consider this download. Details: Romancing the go-fast; an historically accurate accounting of 1980's Methamphetamine culture in California, captured perfectly within a series of beautiful pop songs reminiscent of Brian Wilson, Frank Zappa and the Grateful Dead. Composer Marty Holland performs all instruments and sings on most tracks, all built from scratch between 2003 and 2006. "Where I'm From" also features a rare performance by NY music legend Buzzy Linhart ("Friends"). More stuff about "WHERE I'M FROM" Where Im from is an escape to the good life of living out of your car and putting drano up your nose. The perfected chaos of speed-freak lifestyle is neatly packaged in this 40 minute CD. The perceived pleasures of self medication has more than a few twisted turns and straight up ironies. After awhile its all a parody of what you think is normal. Another lost item, something in that box that was auctioned away when you forgot to pay the storage bill. Youre lucky to have even a clue to what that particular item was.. A soul that seeks to understand something about itself. To quote from a well known rock tune Oh lord, please dont let me be misunderstood. Reflections of growing up in a rural California town, a wide spot in the road. Its 1988. Youre consigned to a little gold-rush era settlement along highway 49. Its a given that about half (or more) of the tiny populace are methamphetamine users. To outsiders this is a world that never existed until now. The first hint youve arrived comes as a verbal assault from total strangers when attempting to use the one payphone in town. At the wrong time, wrong place. Its usually the hub of activity in front of the Gas n Go. You might take in a meal at a local eatery and notice a large crowd of coffee swiling jabbermouths, not eating. At some point one guy will leave and everyone will follow him out the door, returning a short time later, jabbering more than before. Sleep is a

precious commodity that eludes the user. There are the party folks you dont see between Monday and Wednesday. There are the maintenance users who usually work the trades i.e. roofers, drywall, etc theyll be the first to notice if one of the legs on your kitchen table is shorter than another (though theyre all the same length). Theyll rebuild your house when all you needed was a door-stop. The girl at the counter of the quick mart, jaw half gone from chewing her teeth away. She talks incessantly in a jumble of half finished phrases, usually in a unnaturally quick tempo between drags on her cigarette. In a special world, its a holiday from the tedium, especially in summer when the river runs low and warm and hedonistic desires run high. The urban landscape is also a pallet. The warm summer nights bring out a host of characters to the local jam sessions and poetry slams. An amusement park for those who might refer to themselves as such. Consider the complexities of this modern world where its not beyond reason to envy that person with a simpler existence. One where all worldly needs are just a skateboard, complete with a little trailer. attachment. This ideal of freedom always comes with an element of peril. That one may fall into deep sleep some rainy night inside a makeshift cardboard shelter, the next morning end up sealed in a river bank many miles downstream. Some make it, others dont. The storys as old as the hills. Change is constant and unchanging, and how one shouldnt read a book by its cover. Its about the last person youd imagine falling into the shit, not only falls into it, but learns to swim in it. Nothing on this CD is without some personal insight behind it. The lyric "at best, theres no point to it" sums up the helplessness one feels at these times. Theres a very cut and dry wisdom here. Forgiveness, temperament, an awareness of others around you. At the Barbary Coast the house drummer spends most of the day putting Christmas tree lights all over his hardware. There was a guy across the way living under the freeway who sells meth and little tanks of nitrous oxide. Drive around all night. If you dont attract the heat and end up in jail, you can watch the sun come up in the Oakland Hills. Start another day. Youre beautiful when you can lay in the gutter, teeth all gone, face festering and stretched, and still you feel okay with it. After-all youre only as pretty as you feel, right? Where Im from runs the gambit of the basic human frailties. Its inspiration, 1980s and 90s California methamphetamine culture, is in an actual time and place. Its about finding and losing love, being appreciated and valued when no one seems to give a shit. When holding on for dear life is just that. Marty Holland wants the listener to believe that empathy is food for the soul. No one is above the need for love

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