

## Mp3 Tallpaw - Branded



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Organically rich with surreal intricacies, heres a roadside barn of lush characters sleeping in vans, screaming in church, praying in asylums, dancing on bones, and begging for change on the bottom of the ocean. 13 MP3 Songs in this album (61:06) ! Related styles: FOLK: Alternative Folk, FOLK: Free-folk People who are interested in Leonard Cohen Lou Reed M. Ward should consider this download. Details: In Northern California, not too far from the coast, Producer/Guitarist/Engineer Jason Richmond was working at his local record store when Songwriter/Musician Peter Bergquist came in with a resume. 3 years later, Branded was recorded, Tallpaw was born, and the record store had been taken over by a businessman from Toronto, forcing former employees to pursue other careers. Branded (\*\*\*\*The first 100 copies of this cd are mounted on plywood and fire-branded with a branding iron from a New York State dude ranch\*\*\*\*) Peter Bergquist - Vocals, Acoustic Guitar, Piano, Harmonica, Moog, Synthesizer, Vibes, Rhodes Jason Richmond - Electric acoustic guitar Ian Cunningham - Drums Chris Sturniolo - Drums Bryan White - Electric Upright Bass Dave Wild - Bass Jen Lapinski - Background Vocals Chris Ochsner - Background Vocals Tira Neil - Clarinet All songs by Peter Bergquist except "Looking for You" by Townes van Zandt Produced by Jason Richmond and Peter Bergquist Mixed by Jason Richmond Mastered by Aaron Leiff Assistant Engineer: Chris Sturniolo Raised in Tacoma and Omaha by a homemaker/mother and an evangelical preacher/father, Peter Bergquist has lived in Newmarket, Barrington, Albuquerque, Grand Canyon, Santa Cruz, Cincinnati, Chicago, Key West, New Orleans, Fennville, San Francisco, Sebastopol, Germany, Mexico, Central America, and Ireland. He studied with the u.s. poet laureate and a post-post-modern Jungian analyst, was a scuba diver, a woodworker, a park ranger, street performer, painter, record-store clerk, worm-farmer, antiques dealer, and ink salesman. He lives in California with his partner and their 2 daughters. Some notes on the songs . Oregon. I was 20 years old when I met a

self-proclaimed wise-man on the Oregon coast. My short and wild stay with him was the beginning of this song, something I originally conceived as an allegory. The old wise-man taught a blend of judeo-christian mysticism blended with astrology and numerology, and he had a technique of opening up the body's energy flow that involved something almost unspeakable here. Needless to say, after my energy flow had been sprung loose, I began to see the world in a different way, hence the killing of the old, beginning the new theme. Young Love. I was living in a 1978 Ford Club Wagon named Charley (named after John Steinbeck's poodle). I was parked in New Orleans, hanging out in Jackson Square. A young guy with 'FUCK YOU' tattooed on his knuckles (he said he did it in jail) had a 15 year-old girlfriend who said shed run away from suburban Minneapolis. The 2 of them, along with a wandering alcoholic named Papa Smurf, rode with me in my van down to Key West. They panhandled for gas money along the way, and I provided a case of Keystone Light. Eventually the 2 kids were run out of town by other panhandlers for agreeing to be interviewed by the local paper, and saying how easy it was to get money from the tourists. The last time I saw Papa Smurf he was passed out in a flower bed next to the sidewalk. Blue on Yellow. I was falling in love, again, with a woman who wasn't the woman I was living with. The images come from the rootless feeling you get when you're on the verge of shunning the responsibility you once chose to shoulder. I'd moved to Newmarket, NH and was living with Jeremy Hill, a great bass player, and had a nice little room where I could stay up late and record. A friend of Jeremy's, a trumpet player, was in from out of town, and I played him my first recording of this song at 3 in the morning. Waltz for Paul. D.H. Lawrence's short story, "The Rockinghorse Winner," was the inspiration for this song. I was living near the seacoast of New Hampshire in a town called Barrington, in a cabin on the property of what once was a catholic summer camp. The landlords had converted the church into a house. I lived with 3 roommates in a little cabin where the priests would live during the summer months. It was poorly insulated and we had a couple cords of terrible green wood. There was a cat named Buddy who was allergic to his own fur, and in my room, on the wall, was the impression of a crucifix where the sun hadn't faded the wood paneling. Thats Why. I finished this one in the Barrington cabin as well. It was an attempt to honestly convey my most despondent self. The sound and visual artist, M. Deragon (The Great Invisibles), was living in the room across the hall, and I would hear him doing yoga grunts in his room early in the morning before going out to his technical writing job. I was also taking poetry at the U of New Hampshire with the pretty decent poet, Charles Simic. Just what these things have to do with this song, I'm not sure. Maybe being

surrounded by interesting people is impetus to push your creative self a little further than it's gone before. Michael was an inspiration in my poetry and my four-track endeavors, and he turned me on to some great musicians like Stephen Meritt and Will Oldham. He'd luckily blown most of his student loan money on a great cd collection, and I worked my way through it like a Bible while Buddy the Cat puked up fur-balls. Taking my Time. My friend, Jess Klingberg, an unusually talented musician and writer, said that this song was archetypal, and I've tried to figure out what he meant by this. The best I can figure is that it captures a mood and a desire that has always, and always will, exist along the continuum of time - the emotional state of limbo, where you're waiting for something to fall into place, and trying to feel right about the natural progression of things. Jess also suggested I sing this song to my boss at the woodshop every time he asks me to do something a little more quickly. Looking for You. A song by Townes van Zandt. Timeline. I was living in San Diego, getting ready to hitchhike down the Baja, reading Henry Miller and Charles Bukowski, taking jogs through rattlesnake canyons with a black lab named Abbey, and somehow this song came out of it all. My Life. Staying in a hotel in Guadalajara, drifting in Mexico loosely following the steps of DH Lawrence and Frieda, stung by themes of mystical connections, unlikely love, the dark shadow of the industrialized world, romantic involvement with nature, self, and sensual instinct. I first played it for a sculptor named Tom on the rooftop of our hotel.

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