



calling

Beware the Ides of November,

2010

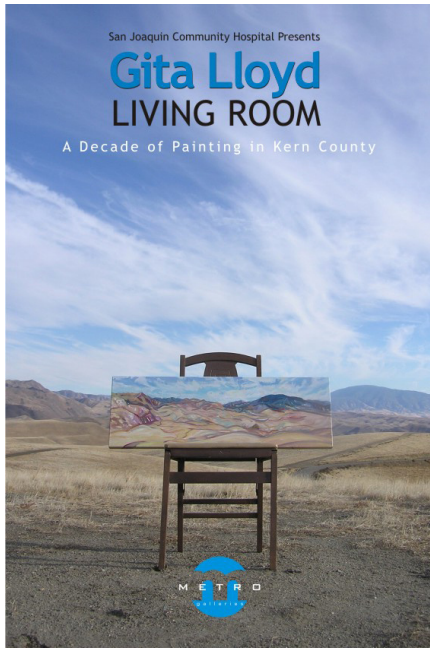


LIVING ROOM A DECADE OF PAINTING IN KERN COUNTY

Gita Lloyd has a one-person art show called *Living Room* opening at Metro Galleries in Bakersfield on December 3rd. It takes an immense amount of room for real living, real painting. And these real living paintings always end up for a while in our living room. Hence the brilliant title of the show for which I can take no credit.

Metro Galleries are at 1604 19th Street in Bakersfield. The show will be up until the end of January. Call 661/634.9598 for more information. The web page is: themetrogalleries.com. Bring your eyes, your mind, your guts, your heart and your wallet.

When I first met gita, not quite 30 years ago, she casually slapped two paintings down on my



desk at Spungbuggy Works, the Hollywood animation studio where we both worked. I was transfixed. The girl could paint! Swift and powerful strokes with deft use of color — no struggle whatsoever. And brimming with life.

Actually, they were prints of two paintings: one was a grayscale portrait of her father and a horse that she had interpolated from an old photograph, one of the few remnants she had of the selfish bastard.

The other was in color; it depicted a strikingly handsome young man brooding beautifully on a green and white striped cushion of a chair. It was a portrait of Michael who had been her boyfriend in Dallas. [Contd. on LIVING ROOM]

BETWEEN HAPPY HORSE AND CHICKEN A PERFECT CHRISTMAS PRESENT

We know what's ahead. 2011 will present dark days and hard times for which the usual Happy Horseshit can offer no sustenance. Voguish despair — as playwright Bob Burleson called it — is merely the chicken shit alternative. Affirmation is the only nutritious choice.

Why not then consider *Songs of Reinvention*, a delicious David Nigel Lloyd sandwich? His two CDs packaged with a DNL affirmation illustrated by gita. A unique gift for only \$20.⁰⁰. Go to: <http://davidnigellloyd.bizland.com/id51.html>

"I recently realized," wrote DNL to a friend, "that most of my songs are about freedom of one sort or another. Psychological freedom for the most part." Songs like "On the Trail of Tears," "Morton Bay" and "A Ballad of Roger Casement" [from *How Like Ghosts Are We*] are about oppression and imprisonment and therefore — obviously — about freedom.

"I'm always at a loss to explain the final verse of my version of "Farewell to Liverpool" [also from *Ghosts*]. In it I relate myself to the failed Irish exodus of some of my mother's family. Bound for the gold fields of California they made it only as far as Liverpool. A hundred years later I lived in the Sierras, a place to which they might have wanted to go. I found metaphorical gold in the Sierras — much better than the real stuff wouldn't you say? — and so Liverpool itself transformed itself into Blake's Golden Jerusalem where East meets West when a young Anglo-Punjabi girl met and married Robin Williamson, the Bonnie Green Man himself. That's what the last verse is about."

Such numinous last verses can be found throughout *Rivers, Kings and Curses*, also. For instance, in "If You Meet the Saviour on the Road. . ." a Daniel Websterish encounter between Jesus and the Devil, DNL's last words are "The moral of this story, / the lesson of this song: / If you get stuck on saviors then the Devil comes along. / And if you get stuck on devils / then you send the world to hell. / Then your heart will have no wisdom / for your tongue to ever tell." In the cursing of the Wretched (not Bonnie) Greene Man in the song of the same name, DNL sings for the WGM's victims and asks the listener to [Continued on PERFECT CHRISTMAS on next page]

WINTERFOLK FESTIVAL, WORK OF HEART AND A METRO WINTER'S TALE AMONG UPCOMING DNL GIGS



DNL and poet LisaAnn LoBasso are planning a winter-themed poetry sung and spoken event in Bakersfield at the Metro Gallery in December or January. No date is set yet.

Three DNL appearances are planned at Winterfolk IX Folk, Blues, and Roots festival taking places in various pubs on the Danforth, a district and a road in Toronto. The famed festival runs from February 17th through the 21st. Performance

schedules have not yet been scheduled as of press time. http://www.abetterworld.ca/?page_id=4241

On February 26th, DNL will be back in California performing at the Work of Heart Gallery and Concertspace in Frazier Park at 3011 Mt Pinos Way. Call 661/245.3166. [<http://aworkofheartgallery.com/>]

E-mail dnl@davidnigellloyd.com if you want updates any of these events.

SPEAK FIDDLERS REPORT FROM THE STAGE

On September 12th, friends Danny and Heidi drove me back to Toronto for my gig at the TRANZAC Club for the SPEAK Music series. It was warm slightly muggy evening organized by Bev Kreller, freelance publicist, and singer accordionist for Hotcha, a duo who play "songs for the new Depression." Singer guitarist Howard Druckman, Bev's husband and the other half of Hotcha, MC-ed. A young old-timey duo named Saturday Saints provided the opening set.

As for me, I peered at the small but enthusiastic audience on the [Contd. on STAGE next page]



Top right: DNL at SPEAK Music [pic: Danny Guspie] Left: at Fiddler's Crossing [pic: Peter Cuttler]

SEPTEMBER REMEMBERED NO BEATITUDE PROBLEM FOR THESE TOO OLD ROCKERS

Now what's a Celtic Balladeer and song poet doing in a rock music project? On the one hand its a rekindling of my friendship with Danny Guspie; he and I had a short-lived band called Pudenda when we knew each other in the early 70's in Toronto. We were but boys. Now as men we are called Beatitude. [Contd. on BEAT IT TUDE next page]

STAGE: other side of the microphone; I told my tales and sang my songs. An encore was requested for which, at Heidi's suggestion, I played "These Idiot Blues" on Saturday Saint Kristin Cavoukian's guitar.

Aside from the rousing upbeat melancholy of Hotcha [<http://www.myspace.com/hotcha7>] and the self-assured simplicity of Kristin and her banjo playing partner, Saturday Saint Danny Simmons [<http://www.myspace.com/saturdaySaintmusic>] there was a wild and extraordinary Canadian musician in attendance. She introduced herself to me simply as Anhai of no fixed abode. Checking out her Myspace page [<http://www.myspace.com/anhaimusic>], my first thought was of a Celtic Yoko Ono but with a good dose of Van Morrison thrown in.

Danny, Heidi and I dined al fresco at the great restaurant next door and I thanked my lucky stars for such friends and opportunities.

Unfortunately—very unfortunately—the first Americana Musicfest was canceled. A sign of the times perhaps. The promoters seemingly panicked when pre-sales to the festival were not as they had hoped. I was to have performed at Noon on October 3rd at Paramount Ranch, the old Western movie set in Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area. The festival planners were raising awareness and funds to address the disaster that is public education's music programs.

There was something magical about the night I performed in Tehachapi at Fiddler's Crossing, especially as I made quite a few bonehead mistakes as they say. Firstly it's a wonderful listening room and is part of the larger Mountain Music complex on F Street. They sell musical instruments and provide private teaching. They being cellist Debbie Hand (former mayor of Tehachapi) and her husband Peter Cutler who for years has been the sound engineer for one of the country's best syndicated folk music radio programs: Folk Scene.

Needless to say the sound was great. I met some fine people who had encouraging things to say about what they heard. Several old friends were there too and one very young friend, five-year old Imyrr LoBasso Spencer. She brought me flowers stolen from a church, cheered most profusely and laughed



loudly at all my jokes regardless of whether she understood them or not. Do you see why I like to do this? —DNL

In Bakersfield with Walter Baldwin and Douglas Kirk of Celtic rock band, 1916. My turn to buy next time.

MYSTERY DUCK MISSING LESSER DUCKS HOLD POSITION

As reported in the last issue of *DNL Calling*, DNL is getting all his ducks in a row. The proverbial ducks in this case are a metaphor for his web presences and press kit while the row the ducks are getting in is one of currency and functionality. The identity of a Mystery Duck to be revealed this issue was also stated.

The following ducks seem to be tightening their positions in the row. There is now a DNL fan page on Facebook [<http://www.facebook.com/pages/David-Nigel-Lloyd/53240611820>]; you can open the "My Band" tab which is linked to DNL's Reverbnation page, <http://www.reverbnation.com/davidnigellloyd>. There you can hear a sampling of DNL music.

DNL's Sonicbids EPK (Electronic Press Kit) has been tightened up (sonicbids.com/davidnigellloyd). Pushing the 'Press' Button gets you all DNL's press notices. (Don't press the 'Push' button, however.)

DNL is now a Concerts In Your Home artist. This simply means he has a page on the Concerts In Your Home web site; these folks are dedicated the house concerts and artists who perform at them. The url, however, is the hardly attractive: http://www.concertsinyourhome.com/adv_artist_results.html?searchkey1=nigel

davidnigellloyd.com has not yet been repurposed.

The DNL video demo is now in the rough cut stage. Bill Ohanesian (Director of *Last Days of BLAM*) has very kindly accepted editing duties for this.

As for the Mystery Duck's identity? [to be continued]



LIVING ROOM: A month or so later I saw the paintings themselves and, yes, they were better looking than the prints. Not always the case, you know.

So gita would love to sell a bunch of paintings. There's no reason why she shouldn't; Don Martin who runs the Metro knows how to hang a painting on a wall and light it. He knows how to hang works of equal quality together. Two months ago, gita had a piece in a fine woman's art show: it was a landscape of Upper Tyler Creek Draw near where we lived in the Sierras, it just leaped off the wall—in more ways than one. It was not only purchased within an hour of the show's opening, but another patron asked for and purchased anything similar gita might have.

But more than just selling paintings, she doesn't get to show her stuff much. So, at press time, she is assembling what she feels are her best works from the last decade. Landscapes, portraits, cattle and musicians—all painted in the moment, never from photographs—will be hung. I think she is also considering some of her fantasias as well. There is one I particularly love, a tribute to the passing of her mother; it is part of a series she calls *Where Our Water Comes From*. She may hold the painting, however, as only a few in this series have been rendered.

And when I say 'cattle,' don't think of your typical Western painter. Here [above left] is an example, one of her best, which might be in the show. She and I have talked about it often; it is a metaphorical painting of life itself. If you see the painting, ponder the passage the cattle walk in the distance. It could be an allegorical painting—this represents such and such; that represents the other; put it all together and it means some wise thing. But gita rarely paints that way and regrets it deeply and tearfully when she does. She is too powerful for such wooden artifice as allegory even though I think she uses the word in a title of another perhaps even better cattle painting. *Allegory Represents whereas metaphor Is*—see the difference? We sometimes refer to her as a Promethian painter: she steals fire for mankind and is punished for it. Please, go out of your way to come see her work. It would be, I think, a win-win situation. —DNL

PERFECT CHRISTMAS:

"sing no false green wounds grow on you or me." Replace the word 'pray' for 'sing' to get a sense of the intent of that line.

In the "Fall of Jack O'Lantern" Lloyd avers and promises: "Jack O'Lantern in defeat / in every trick or treat. / His light they never will permit again. / Though a faith outshines the dark / True Jack will yet embark / between the world of spirit and of men."

"The song is not really so much about Halloween



but about the rebirth of the world against all odds," continues DNL. After his utter defeat, the last words of the song's Pumpkin King are simply "let's begin." How's that for a seasonal message?

Through the end of December you can order both CDs through <http://davidnigellloyd.bizland.com/id51.html> for \$20.00 (plus shipping and tax were applicable). Each pair of CDs will be accompanied by an autographed card bearing an illumination (by gita) of one of DNL's verses of affirmation. A perfect gift for the season.

BEAT IT TUDE: I always loved traditional-based music and song poetry but when I first began playing in bands, they were rock bands. Danny talked me into rockin' (I hate that word!) again but he didn't have to do too much talking. I like electric guitars. I don't like excessive volume. I love acoustic and traditional-based music but the amount of folk musicians who can think straight seem few indeed. It's hard to feel part of a community.

For example: on a list-serve to which I subscribe, a probably very talented musician while waxing ecstatic about the universality of music found it necessary to insult my raising a point of integrity in an earlier post. I began my response immediately and eloquently destroyed his universality premise and his breezy dismissal of my position. I completed the piece but did not post it. My old mentor Bob Burleson preached Intelligent Neglect in such cases. I decided to follow his advise.

Not that rock music is a bastion of reason and discourse! But I have a thoughtful and able friend in Danny Guspie so it's a road I'm walking down with great interest and pleasure right now. Danny, who's mother's maiden name is MacLean, is somewhat of a hard-nosed and sentimental Scott. My daughter, on the other hand, describes me, being Welsh-Irish, as vague and vaguer. But there were Wilsons in my family, as my style of critique might bear out.

His significant other, Heidi Nabert, likes to argue with me about quantum physics. However, in contrast to Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principal, she asserts Heidi's Certainty Principal in which she is certainly right always. She correctly predicted, for instance, that I wouldn't understand it.

In the two weeks we had allotted ourselves in Danny's home studio, we completed my parts for my songs as begun in May To give you an idea of what this rock music is sounding like from my contributions, I must explain why I chose some of the 14 songs I brought to the project. "A Small Boat Journal" (from 1987's *An Age of Fable*—now Out of Print) is my version of the Scottish song, "Fer a Bhata." We're doing it like one of Sting's better Police ballads. "50" is a rhythm and blues song I wrote in honor of my 50th birthday six years ago; I recorded it with Danny's chrome resonator guitar and it always was looking for a rock group anyway. I've also (quite successfully, I feel) arranged the old Incredible String Band song, "Dust Be Diamonds" for this.



The octar, mandolins, old Stratocasters, Gretch guitars, nu-metal guitars, electric sitars, classical guitars, cungas, whistle's, kazoos, drums, keyboards are already part of the grand sermon we are cooking up. Thus do we beget Beatitude.

In February we should begin work on Danny's songs. They are quite different than mine—much more rock n' roll—but complimentary. [to be continued] —DNL

LLOYD LOOKING OLDER! NEW PHOTOS REVEAL STARTLING TRUTH

"That's what Mr. Lloyd looked like a long time ago," said one of my young students to his pal about my promo picture showing darker hair. Time for new pics! So a few weeks ago poet/photographer LisaAnn LoBasso took some pictures of me at Koren Baker's house in California Hot Springs, a place I've always loved. Here's a nice one.