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Mid-coast Maine Edition

FALL/WINTER 2019 - 2020 • ISSUE 4-2





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**GREEN LION GALLERY**

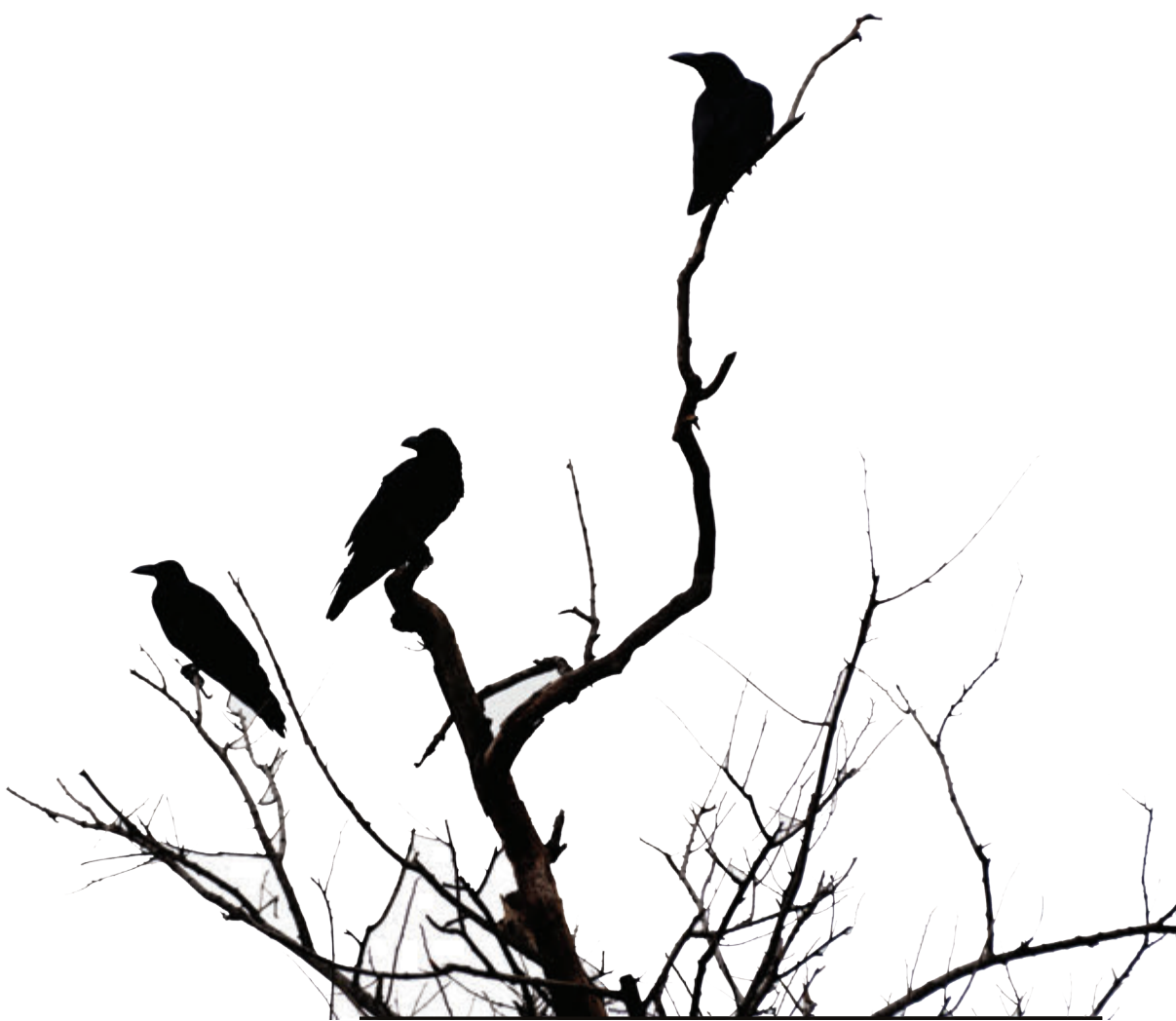
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# A POET AMONGST US

## JACOB NORDBY



*Jacob Nordby of Boise, Idaho is the author of **Blessed Are The Weird, A Manifesto for Creatives and The Divine Arsonist—A Tale of Awakening**. He is currently working on another project, **Terrible Beautiful Things - A Book of Scraps**. More information about Jacob can be found at [www.JacobNordby.com](http://www.JacobNordby.com), [www.BlessedAreTheWeird.com](http://www.BlessedAreTheWeird.com) and on Facebook. His books can be ordered on Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Indie Bound, and on iTunes.*

Eric Brocksome Photo

**Jacob Nordby is a writer and creative guide living in Boise, Idaho.  
Meet him and his books at [www.jacobnordby.com](http://www.jacobnordby.com)**

I don't know how humans got here  
Probably not a garden and a snake  
Or a rib and angels  
And whatever

I don't know how our brains became machines  
Always calculating ways  
To take things or each other  
And destroy or at least use them  
You know?

As if somehow we aren't part of everything  
Don't need all of it  
And each other  
Just as much as air  
Or food or the blood in our hearts  
And veins

But I do know how my father's hands looked  
Holding my little sister  
When she was born  
Like some fragile thing made of  
Light and silk and dragonfly bones

I've seen how people in love  
Their eyes you know  
How that is when they  
Look at each other

Or when after some terrible loss  
Has happened  
People hold each other  
Like they are the last life rafts  
Anywhere and it matters

How you walk on this earth  
And need this place  
Need the ones you love  
More than food or a house  
Or anything else

I think that maybe I don't need to know  
Everything anyway  
Except that love is real  
Realer than death or distance  
And sometimes all I need to do

Is just stand here  
Under the gaze of trees much older  
Than any of us  
And remember how it is  
To long for what isn't yet and maybe  
Never will be

Maybe the touch of a hand warm at night  
Is more real and good  
With the wind cold outside  
Than all of anything else  
We've thought of before

Perhaps whatever you call home  
Is the thing after all  
Calling you back to it  
No matter what far lonely places  
You've ever been

Saying along with the ancient stars  
If they could speak  
That you're here for now  
And matter  
Yes you do as much but not more  
Than the crow that just landed in its nest  
Right over there

# GREEN LION GALLERY

David Morgan had no idea what was in store when he rented a small studio space in Bath during the fall of 2015. Winter was coming and he needed a studio space, so with his press and all of the other paraphernalia needed for printing, he headed downtown. With the surprise of finding himself in a downtown studio for the first time ever, he made a choice that would redirect his life. He invited a couple of other printmakers to show their work, hung up a sign and called it a gallery, hoping maybe someone would come see the work on display.

That first winter was a quiet one and Morgan had few interruptions from carving and printing his wood blocks. Come summertime, people started to visit, and the small handful of artists in the gallery began to expand. By the autumn of 2016 the gallery moved to its current location on Front Street. Today the Green Lion displays work by more than thirty artists, Morgan's woodcut prints among them.



On October 6th, 2019 David Morgan left for Lima, Peru to focus on his own work as a visiting artist at the Pontifical Catholic University of Peru, in Lima for the next six months. He will continue to shape and influence the gallery through ongoing communication with his new Gallery Director, Austin Armstrong. Armstrong is a lithographer and was recently selected to participate in a southern graphic council international portfolio exchange, to be displayed in San Juan, Puerto Rico April 1 – 4, 2020. He has worked in various print shops and art centers, including Anderson Ranch Art Center in Snowmass Village, CO, where he and David met in the fall of 2017. Austin was the perfect candidate to jump in to the Green Lion family, and with the assistants of the artists and employees--Siri Beckman and Elizabeth Starr--the Green Lion continues to elevate the Bath art scene.

From the beginning Green Lion Gallery has been run by artists for artists, and with a special focus on the medium of printmaking it has built a name for itself as an excellent location in Maine to see the work of fine art printmakers. Artists who work in printmaking are creating handmade multiples through processes such as woodcut, etching, collagraph, monoprint, and lithography. The image is made by forming a matrix, distributing ink over its surface, and then pressing it against paper one piece at a time. Each color requires a new matrix or a modification of the old one, and by the end, the print holds all evidence of the process. For a printmaker, the print is the original.

Most of the artists in the gallery are from Maine, several from Bath and Brunswick. Though one of the goals of the Green Lion is to show the

work of Maine's most creative printmakers, the gallery also strives to bring work by exceptional artists from around the world to mid-coast Maine. This includes a wide variety of mediums such as paintings, sculptures, assemblages, and drawings. The gallery even offers prints by historic artists such as, sculptor and printmaker Henry Moore, Marc Chagall, and Carroll Thayer Berry.

In addition to showing artists' work, the Green Lion offers printmaking workshops and classes, conversations with artists and poetry readings. The gallery is open year-round, and current information can be found on their web site at [GreenLionArt.com](http://GreenLionArt.com).

"There's an alchemy in printmaking. It transmutes a visual idea through the crucibles of drawing, carving, inking, and printing, into a finished image that holds some surprises for its maker, and hopefully some delight for its viewer. For me, the very indirectness of making prints invites the unexpected, in contradiction to its technical demands. Playing with that contradiction seems to be an integral part of this creative process."

David Morgan

The Green Lion's next opening on November 8th will feature prints and drawings by Greg Shattenburg, a local artist based in Auburn, ME.

# The Gift

by Autumn Murphy

"I quit. I just quit and walked out," the woman said to her husband, tears starting anew.

"It will..." he started, but she held up a hand.

"Please don't say it will be okay. I've never done anything like this. Ever. If you say anything, I'm scared I'll lose my nerve and run back. I just snapped and couldn't stay a moment longer. Please don't be mad for long."

He ran his hand down her cheek and brushed away tears with his thumb. His eyes held only understanding.

"I need some air and to be alone for a while." She pleaded with her eyes that he would accept it. He nodded and reached out to squeeze her hand.

She pulled her boots on, barely able to see the laces through her tears. She felt something envelop her shoulders and realized her husband had draped a hooded cloak over her, the cloak she had loved when they went to the Renaissance festival many years back. She had many jackets she could have worn instead, but the cloak felt right— its weight reassuring when her feelings and thoughts ran chaotic.

She let her husband fasten the clasp and wipe away tears and leaned her cheek briefly in his large hand. Then she ran out the back door, over the little bridge that spanned a stream, and into the nature preserve behind the house they had lived in for ten years.

The woman regretted her reckless dash when she started feeling thirsty. She was hot and sweaty and with no idea how long she had run in the woods, or even where she was. All the trees looked the same. She braided her hair and tied it off with a couple blades of grass. "I need water," she muttered aloud.

"If that's what you seek, it's what you will find."

She whipped around, startled, but saw no one. "Who's there?"

"Just me."

She still didn't see anyone, then saw movement not far from where she stood. It was a small otter, sitting upright on its haunches and staring at her with a look that she would swear was curiosity.

"Little otter, did you just speak?"

The otter scampered to her in a bouncy run. "Why yes, of course I did. You asked for water and I will lead you to it. Follow me." And he bounded away, stopping to look back and ensure she indeed followed.

"I must really need water if I'm hallucinating a talking otter," she muttered.

A short walk later she found that the creature had led her true as they reached the edge of a stream. She splashed water on her face and took a long drink, then turned to thank the otter. He was nowhere to be found.

"Thank you," she called out to the woods anyway. She felt deep within her the need to leave an offering, a thank you. She had nothing with her, but patted down the cloak she wore. In a pocket was a piece of quartz she got the same day as the cloak. She left it on a flat rock despite feeling foolish, but it felt like the right thing to do.

The stream had to lead somewhere, so she followed its clear water. She wandered for a time along the bank, the shore revealing nothing except for more forest.

"I need food," she said, leaning against a tree.

"Oh, I know where all the best berries and flowers are. Follow me!"

The woman looked around and, like before, saw no one except a little brown rabbit.

"Little rabbit, is it you that spoke?"

"Why yes," the youthful and feminine voice replied. "My mama says not to trust strangers in the woods, but you are hungry and I do not wish anyone hunger."

The woman thought there was definitely something wrong with having multiple conversations with talking animals, but she followed the little bunny through the woods to a clearing. Once there blueberries and raspberries were plenty, and the little bunny told her what plants were edible for people. Never having tasted such sweet berries or flowers melting on her tongue like honey, the woman ate her fill as she gathered handfuls of the fruit and flowers.

"Thank you, little rabbit," she exclaimed, but the bunny was nowhere to be found. She once again reached into her cloak, this time finding a necklace with a piece of hematite in the shape of a rabbit. How serendipitous that she had picked that particular necklace at the Renaissance festival and then forgotten it in the cloak. She left the necklace amongst some tree roots and hoped the bunny would return and find it.

She found her way back to the stream and continued on for a time in what she hoped was the right direction. The afternoon shadows lengthened and the chill in the air was more pronounced.

"I need rest," she murmured, pulling her cloak tighter around her shoulders.

"Is that what you truly seek?" The old woman voice surprised her, but it did not take her long to spot the owl on a nearby branch.

"Yes, that is what I seek. Will you help me, owl?"

On silent wings the owl led her to a huge hollowed out tree.

"Rest. I will watch over you this night. There is nothing to fear."

The owl flew to a branch overlooking the opening in the tree, and the woman crawled in. It was a huge tree and she curled up comfortably on her side, falling asleep instantly.

She woke to birdsong and rays of light softly glowing at the tree's entrance. She stepped out of the tree and stretched, feeling better and more rested than she had in some time. "Thank you, owl," she said as she turned to the branch where the owl kept its watch. But the owl was not there.

The woman had nothing left to leave for the owl. The pockets of the cloak were empty. Then her hands went to the clasp, and with a pang of sorrow remembering how her husband had bought the cloak simply because she loved it, she draped the cloth over the branch where the owl had been.

Back to the stream she went, rested and full yet empty inside. The tears came in earnest then. She missed her life and realized all the small annoyances that had piled up over time were minuscule. They would cease to be so if she took the time to nourish and rest. She wanted to help others, but most of all, she had to help herself. That was what she would do, but she needed her heart center to fulfill meaningful work.

"I seek my home, and my husband," she said aloud, voice still shaking but no longer quiet from feeling foolish to speak her needs.

Continued on pg. 15 . . .



Autumn Murphy is a storyteller for the seeking soul, artist of magical quilted things, and friend to animals. She wanders a pagan path through nature's mysteries.

Snippets of poetry and writing can be found at [autumnmurphy.com](http://autumnmurphy.com).

# GREEN LION GALLERY Artists



## SIRI BECKMAN

I was born in the Chicago area, and my family lived north of the city in what was still "country." This was a formative time and place for me as I began my outdoor explorations of nature, often on horseback.

My father, a commercial artist, and my mother, a copywriter, met in Chicago in the late 30's. As a child I was considered to have artistic ability like my father. I attended a liberal arts college and majored in art history and biology with some thought of going into medical illustration. I also worked in my father's studio. After graduating from Lake Forest College I married and moved to Cincinnati, Ohio. On Saturdays and evenings I attended the Art Academy while working as a graphic artist.

**Pinnacle**, Siri Beckman, Wood Engraving, 4X7

It was not until 1975, when I moved to Maine, that I began thinking of myself as an artist. My father, along with books and art galleries, were some of my earliest teachers, but the person who was the single biggest inspiration to me was a painter from Montreal named Bruce Le Dain. Coming from a similar tradition of graphic arts, he had made the leap to supporting himself and his family through painting. He lived ART, working in the plein air tradition, and painting the maritime provinces and the coast of Maine.



**Clearing**, Siri Beckman, Oil painting, 14x11.5

Printmaking was largely unknown to me until I discovered wood engraving quite by accident in a private library. Thus began many years of teaching myself the skills needed to cut hard wood with fine engravers. At age 49 I decided to pursue my MFA at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia. My process involves sketching from life and then creating a composition based on these drawings. Most of the details are developed while I'm cutting the block.

More recently I have returned to painting. This transition was nurtured by trips to the Southwest, a stark and subtle landscape so different from Maine, that seemed to inspire color. I support myself with sales of art and commissions. I have taught at the University of Maine, Gould Academy and Haystack Mountain School of Craft.



**Approaching Storm**, Siri Beckman, Wood Engraving, 10X4.5



**allure**, Jean Gumper, Reductive wood cut, 30x20

## JEAN GUMPPER

Jean Gumper is Lecturer and Artist in Residence at Colorado College in Colorado Springs, CO.

Jean has taught print workshops at the Valand School of Art in Gothenburg, Sweden, Anderson Ranch Art Center in Snowmass, Colorado, as well as

many other venues across the country. She has participated in artist residencies at the Anderson Center for Interdisciplinary Studies, Goldwell Museum, Grand Canyon National Park, Rocky Mountain National Park, and the Ucross Foundation. She received a Visual Artist Fellowship Award from the Colorado Council of the Arts. Most recently, she was



**Thunder River**, Jean Gumper, Reductive wood cut, 30X20

a visiting scholar researching new technologies in print at Concordia University, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

"In my work as an artist and printmaker, I respond to landscape as a metaphor for emotions and experiences. Being alone in nature helps me listen to my intuition and have the patience necessary to really see. I seek to integrate the memories, sounds and feelings of being in the landscape into the print. The carving of the woodblock and the layering of the ink, for me, echo natural processes such as the layering of leaves, water, trees and light. Each color is mixed carefully and applied in a series of transparent and opaque overlapping layers through a reduction woodcut process. Gradually, the layers build up into a completed image. Creating the print enables me to relive my experience and to share it with others."



**Solace**, Jean Gumper, Reductive wood cut, 42x20



**High Up on Hurricane**, Holly Berry, Woodcut, 9x12

## HOLLY BERRY

Holly Berry grew up in Kennebunk, Maine, and received a BFA in Illustration from the Rhode Island School of Design where she also studied printmaking and photography. Before moving back to Maine, she did graduate work toward an MFA in Studio Teaching at Boston University. She now lives in Waldoboro, ME.

In 1995 her first picture book, *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*, was published by North South Books. Since then, she has illustrated

books for several publishers written by many wonderful authors including Eve Bunting, Diane Stanley, Sarah Weeks, and Toni Buzzeo.

My favorite part of the process is cutting my designs from the block. Starting with outlines of the basic shapes, the journey of choices begins. To cut or not to cut! Having to simultaneously consider, analyze, and address the negative and positive aspects of a design, requires a deliberate and



**Late Day Dip**, Holly Berry, Woodcut, 12x9

direct focus that I find meditative. Narrative and decorative stylized images appeal to me. I am attracted to the variety of lines, shapes, patterns, and textures found in my immediate environment. I am inspired folk art influenced by the natural world. Birds, animals, fish, insects, plants and the planets, all offer points of departure to interpret and integrate into my compositions.

I find linoleum block printing the perfect medium to express and celebrate the graphic elements of the beautiful world in which we live. Making prints appeals to my love of creating things with my hands, and my appreciation for craftsmanship. I immediately fell in love with the printmaking process as a way to create an image, and continue to explore and experiment with technique and imagery.

- Holly Berry



**Still Moment**, Holly Berry, Linocut, 6x4

Fall/Winter 2019-2020 Northern Journeys Mid-coast Maine



**Construction Zone #7**, Chris Beneman, Collagraph: Monoprint, 22x30

## CHRIS BENEMAN

Chris Beneman is widely recognized as both a painter and printmaker. Her latest prints are a series of collagraphs inspired by the urban architecture of the High Line in Manhattan, have been described as "...a pulsing high point" of former shows. Her collagraphs make a fascinating counterpoint to her acrylic paintings of working waterfronts in Maine.

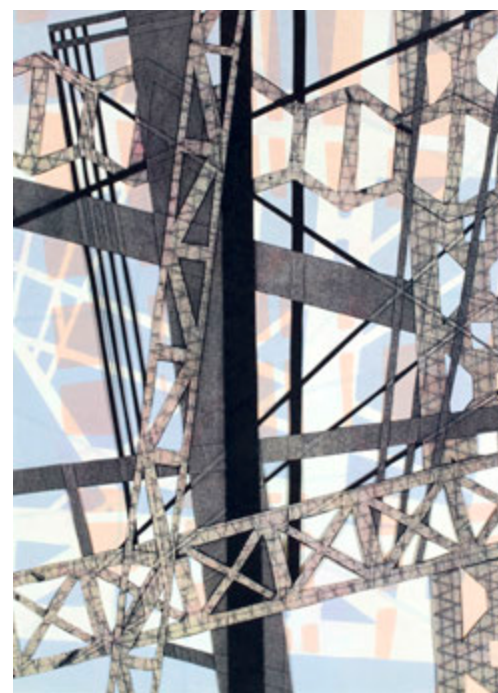
Beneman makes strong and intriguing use of abstraction in both her painting and printmaking. She says: "In my printmaking work I create pieces based on

architectural forms. These deconstructed urban landscapes teeter between order and disorder." Her *Working Waterfront* series of acrylic paintings reflect on these spaces as the center of many communities, large and small, all along the Maine coast. These paintings celebrate our connections to the sea.

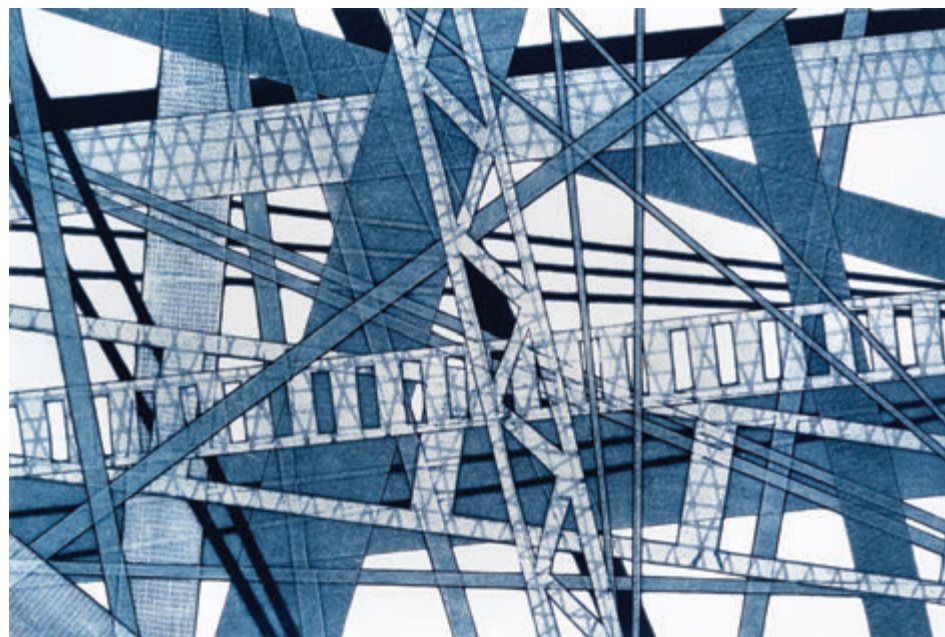
Originally from the south shore of Boston, Chris graduated from Bates College in Lewiston and has lived and worked in the Portland area ever since.

Her work has been shown at the Institute of Contemporary Art and Greenhut Gallery (Portland, ME), the Attleboro Arts Museum and South Shore Art Center (MA), The Center for Contemporary Printmaking (Norwalk, CT), The NH Institute of Art, (Manchester, NH), Washington Printmakers (Washington, DC) and the Center for Book Arts (NYC).

Beneman's work is in many collections including the Portland Museum of Art, The New York Public Library, the Colby College Museum of Art, The Farnsworth Museum, Bowdoin College Museum of Art, University of New England and the New Britain (CT) Museum of Art.



**Construction Zone #1**, Chris Beneman, Collagraph: Monoprint, 22x30



**Crosstown #2**, Chris Beneman, Monoprint, 22x15





**Cuspid Moon**, Viscosity Woodcut and letterpress, 12x12

## GREG SHATTENBURG

Greg was born into a military family and spent his formative years between Washington state, California, Japan, and the Philippines. He studied at the University of Washington and later graduated with a BFA from Cornish College. For Greg, Washington State is a faded second to Maine. He relocated to Maine in 1981 where he lived and raised a family in West Paris. Currently he is happily

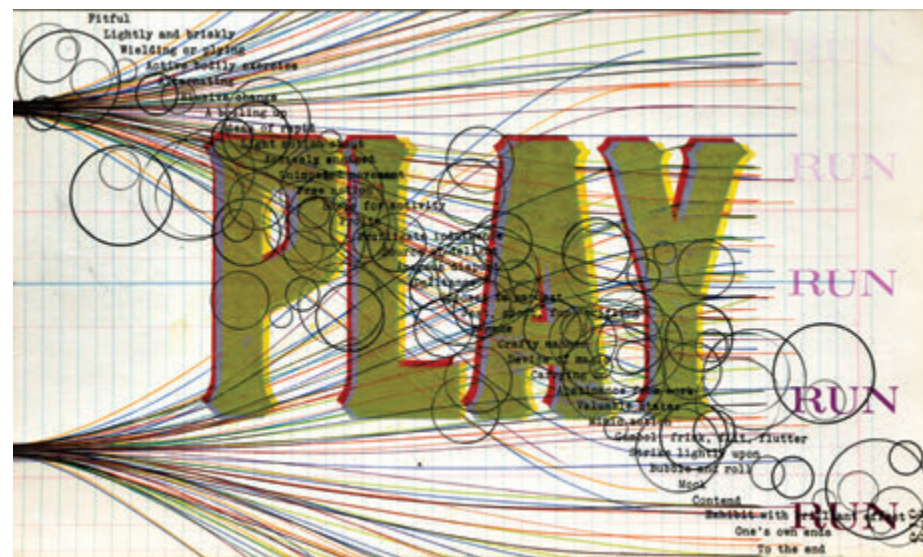
working in his Auburn studio. He has held various professions but most often he is working full time in his studio.

"The work is mixed media on paper but in my mind, they are drawings. This is because there is ultimately an application of pigment leaving mark on paper through friction. They are mixed media because there is no limit to what can be done prior to the use of friction. My media include cyanotype, collotype, intaglio, photocopy, solvent transfer, litho inks, spray paint, coffee, gold leaf, letterpress, typewriter, daisy wheel printer, folds, graphite, colored pencil, pastel, dry pigment, collage, cast paper, rag paper and fixative.



**Live and Live**, Collotype & letterpress, 17x23

"I manipulate symbols (stairs, chairs, house, car, interiors, plants, words). Familiar objects have a resonance as distinctive as the viewer. This resonance is a response to objects or images or language. When working on a piece, I try to sustain an idea, often reflected in the title, while applying it to an image which is also an object. With luck, the idea becomes embedded in the piece. It is challenging to both manipulate resonance and allow resonance, because feelings are best felt when discovered." Greg Shattenburg



**Play**, Letter Presson Ledger Paper, 18x13



**Pool Dive 2**, Karen Adrienne, monotype, 22x30

## KAREN ADRIENNE

is the owner and director of Artdogs Studios and Circling the Square Fine Art Press. In addition she is Professor of Art at the University of Maine at Augusta where she teaches drawing and printmaking.

Karen is a multidisciplinary artist who investigates transition and transformation. The works often imply or implement motion and alteration from one state to another and reflect her questions, struggles and moments of understanding. She says, "It's about chance. It's an urge to capture a moment and the vision of that experience."

She has received numerous grants, awards and artist residencies which have promoted and fostered her work. Some of these awards have taken her to India, Indonesia, Mexico and Europe. They have been a rich source of inspiration for her work.

"My prints are conceptually and physically embedded in reciprocity. They are built by the mutual relationship of concealing and revealing, plan and chance. As I investigate properties of nature with marks and inky flats of color, I also explore properties of paper and metal by folding or and embossing by hand, or even with the pressure of the press. These layers are built upon until I have captured a balance of chance and a fugitive experience of nature." Karen Adrienne



**Evening Song**, Karen Adrienne, monotype, 22x22



**Sanctuary Site 1**, Karen Adrienne, monotype/drawing, 16x16

# SOON . . . by Kristen Lolatte

Muirin wasn't one to sit still. Her teachers in school often tried to convince her parents that she had ADD or some such popular diagnosis of the time. Her grandmother assured them that such was not the case. "Her mind just runs wild with her imagination. Don't squelch her. Let her be as she is." Her parents begrudgingly listened to the wise old woman; they knew better than to tangle with the old crone. Muirin was forever thankful that no medication was ever forced upon her; rather she was told to play outside and "get it all out of your system."

Muirin stopped her puttering long enough to drink some of her seaweed tea and let her mind linger on thoughts of her grandmother. "Thank goodness someone had sense in this family," she mused to herself. After a day of working at the farmer's market, Finn was tucked up in his nest and recuperating. Too much peopling drained him; he needed to retreat into his own world to come out whole again on the other side.

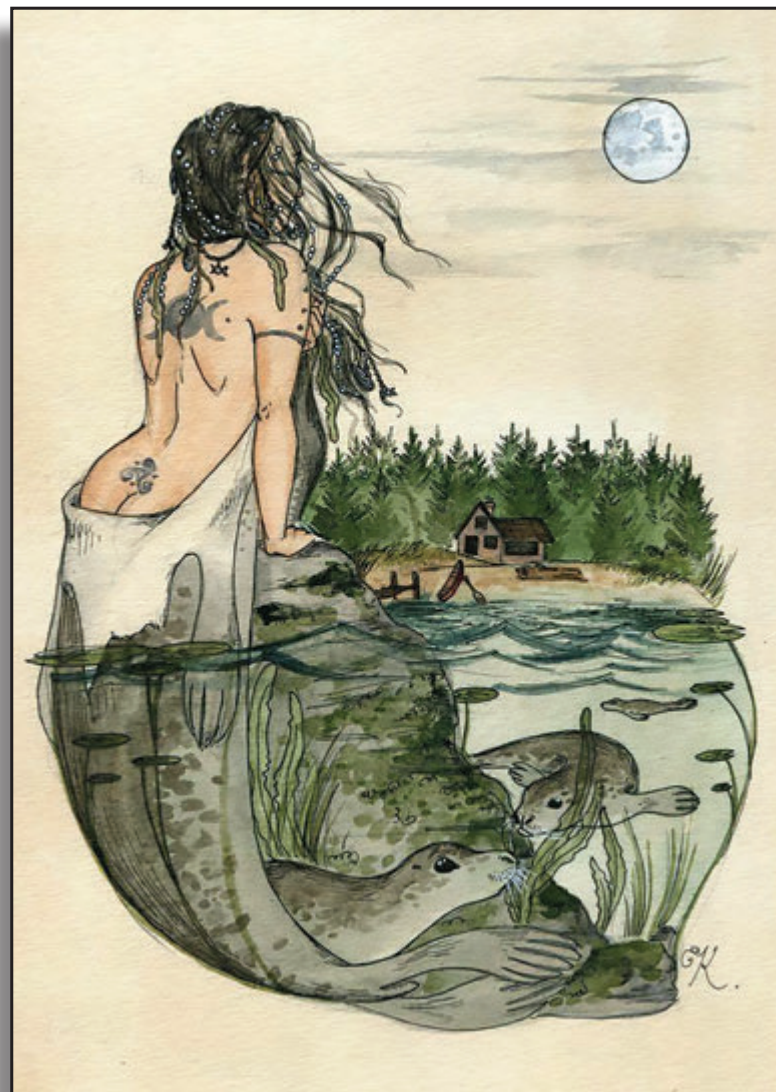
Muirin on the other hand, was oddly energized by the market. Most days she grew weary from all of the interactions and energy, but not today. She was like a whirligig, sending out sparks to everything that she touched. Letting out a string of cackles and caws, Bran watched from overhead with utter amusement. Muirin looked up at the shape shifter. "You know, if you're just going to sit up there and laugh at me, you may as well come down and act like a human and help me."

Bran flew silently down and changed mid flight. When he landed he was just as handsome as ever. Muirin could feel the color rush to her cheeks and she looked down. "I don't think I'll ever get used to you doing that, Bran," she said ever so quietly.

"Your shyness is touching and oh so revealing," he said in his sultry voice and looking directly at her as he spoke. He reached out to lift up her chin with his one index finger. "You really must learn to be patient and relax..."

Muirin allowed her chin to be guided upwards and let her eyes lock with his. "That, my dear, is the equivalent of telling someone who is in the midst of an episode to

calm down. Not a good idea," she said with quiet defiance. Muirin stood sipping the last of her tea. House cleaned, check. Laundry done, check. Dinner started and simmering away, check. What else needed to be done. She surely could sit and relax for a spell, but something gnawed at her. The energy was palpable. No, there was still more to be done. Bran watched her silently, almost knowingly.



The Selkie, Kate O'Keefe

"Ah, I have it. I need to cut my hair. It's time to dispel any lingering negativity of the past few years. Time to tame some of the curls and let my feelers get a boost. Yes, that's what I need to do. It's time."

Finn looked up from his book, looked Bran up and down to make sure there was no ill intent, looked back to his mother and rolled his eyes. "You and your hair," he said. "Don't you know by now that there's no taming it, Mom?"

Muirin sighed and smiled, "Well, a girl can try now and again, can't she?" Finn smirked and simply said, "Uh huh," and went back to his book. Muirin picked up her scissors,

sharpened them with her stone and sauntered to the bathroom. Bran followed in silence. As she started to snip at her curls she locked eyes with him in the mirror. "How are you with scissors? Can you help me do the back?"

Bran nodded with a smirk and twinkle in his eyes. "Just like old times," he said quietly, and proceeded to cut away.

turquoise and green and indigo. Seaweed and seals, breaking waves and the full moon. She could feel her body begin to sway with the current. From the side there came a hand with delicate fingers holding a sand dollar laced with intricate brown designs. A gift from a stranger. Not a stranger though, someone familiar. Before she could see who or what was connected to that hand, Bran whispered in her ear, "Come back. Your hair is done and looks beautiful."

Muirin blinked her eyes open. Had they been closed for minutes or hours; there was no telling. She looked in the mirror. The white streaks shown silver and her hair was now a bit above shoulder length. It felt alive and tingled with energy. She shook her head and the spirals bounced and giggled. Muirin couldn't help but smile and giggle herself. She turned to hug Bran but pulled herself back. Bran simply bowed his head and said, "I'm glad it pleases you." He put the scissors down, put his hand to her cheek, and before Muirin could even utter a simple "Thank you," he was back in his crow form.

As Muirin took one last look in the mirror, she smiled brightly and went to make herself more tea. She had not noticed that Bran was carrying a lock of her hair in his beak, storing it away in the nest he built in one of the high beams.

"Soon, Muirin, soon..." he said to himself as he settled in for a nap. "Soon..."

"Like old times?? What do you mean by that?? You can't just make a statement like that and not expect me to question."

"Shush now or else I'll mess up. Relax. Close your eyes and see what filters in," he softly spoke. "Just relax..."

"If you cut all my hair off I swear I'll smite you!"

"Close. Your. Eyes."

With a sigh Muirin closed her eyes. Colors flowed before her:

Other parts of Kristen's tale can be found in the Northern Journeys archive issues at: [www.northernjourneymagazine.com](http://www.northernjourneymagazine.com)



When Kristen Lolatte isn't writing, you'll find her in the classroom working with autistic children. She also loves walking barefoot, paddle boarding, sword-fighting, and cooking

up wonderful foods in the kitchen. She lives with her son, three cats, Luna, Althea, and Willow, and Soren, their new sweet dog (who wanted a mention) in a 200-year old farm house in a small Maine town.



# Mainely Music

Let the Music Play  
by Mike Millius

A great summer of music filled the air in Maine this year, emanating from concerts, clubs, fairs, markets, stages and sidewalks. Not surprising that this mellifluous sound track would echo the natural beauty of Maine, a place that's been inspiring some of the world's greatest artists for centuries.

Even in my little town of Harpswell, the Bandstand by The Sea (at the recently reclaimed Mitchell Field) hosted three months of superior music again this summer. A few years ago, I was sitting in a lawn chair at one of these concerts playing my harmonica and listening to a way rockin' band named **Jimmy Joe and The Jambol'Ayuh's**. During the break a guy in the band walked over. I figured he was going to ask me to knock it off. Instead, he asked me if I wanted to jam in the next set, which I did, playing with them on *Toot Toot*. Walking back to my lawn chair, a member of the Harpswell Bandstand Committee (which I didn't know existed) asked me if I wanted to join. Hey, why not? In the ensuing years new music has been added to the series with this year presenting such prime acts like **Pat Colwell and the Soul Sensations** and **Erica Brown and The Bluegrass Connection**, two bands that I personally (make that heartily!) recommend you see and hear before you die. You can add the band, **Primo Cubano** to that short list, too.

Recorded music formats have changed quite a bit since Edison's wax cylinders lost out to vinyl records in the early 20th century. Vinyl then evolved to the LP, Hi-Fi, and the 45 which ruled until the 1980s. Within a single generation music formats went from cassettes to CD's to the digital format of the MP3, the compressed music file. But having a big plus going for it, the cassette tape didn't go quietly. It was small and portable, fitting into your shirt pocket so you could carry it anywhere. In addition, they were recordable, so it was easy to customize your own compilations of your favorite tracks and bring it to a party for instant entertainment. In the 1980s rappers made cassette "party tapes" and sold them for \$1 a minute. Cassettes hung on longer than ever expected, even after CD's ruled in the marketplace. They also helped spread censored music behind the Iron Curtain, where younger groups were never allowed to record in studios and could only occasionally play festivals and small student clubs with audience members bringing cassette recorders with them.

West coast punk rockers the Dead Kennedys also used cassettes for their 1981 EP *In God We Trust, Inc.* Printed on the blank B-side was the message: "Home taping is killing record industry profits! We left this side blank so you can help." And just in case you're asked on a quiz show, the last car to have a cassette deck was the 2010 Lexus SC430 convertible.

But MP3 was the big game changer. At first it was a way to lift free music off the internet, downloading songs and albums onto computers (remember Napster). It wasn't long before record companies scrambled to get a piece of the action as consumers no longer had to buy a full album to get a favorite hit song, but buy that one song for about 99 cents. The definitive change came in 2003 when sales of MP3's online outdid CD sales. Mobile devices like the iPod finalized it.

It also changed the way music had been previously created and marketed. In the 1960s, at the start of what could be called the golden age of popular music (and when vinyl *still* ruled), you could play a song you wrote, or send it on a reel to reel tape, to a music publisher. If they liked it and thought they could get it recorded, they published it. That basically meant you were in partnership with them splitting the eventual song royalties 50/50. It also meant the publisher gave you a \$100 advance and a \$100 budget to cut a "demo" of the song.

Demos were made at recording studios, like Dick Charles at 729 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue in New York City. The standard procedure was to book an hour paying \$20 for the studio time and \$20 to each of the four musicians who played in the session.

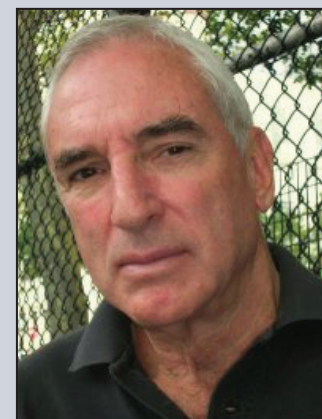
It helped that the musicians were all seasoned pros like Gordon Edwards or Joe Mack on Fender bass, Frank Owens or Paul Griffin on keyboards, Don Thomas or Hugh McCracken on guitar, and either Jimmy Johnson or Bernard (Pretty) Purdie on drums. Google any of these early masters and you'll see the mega stars they played with, besides their demo work. After the session you'd leave with copies of

a "dub," a 10-inch one-sided record the music publisher would play for potential recording artists. Back in the day many of these demos became the basic tracks for master recordings released by the record companies. Bruce Springsteen's album, *Nebraska* is all demo tracks.

After a great demo session songwriters usually could be found having lunch at places like Arturo's Chili Parlor on 49<sup>th</sup> Street or Tad's Steaks. Jack Dempsey's on the ground floor of the Brill Building on Broadway where many music publishers had offices was popular as well. On any weekday afternoon you might see people like Carole King, Neil Diamond, Clive Davis, Bob Dylan or Neil Sedaka hanging out in these places. It was an exciting and creative time. And then the suits moved in.....Yikes! Stay in touch and I'll let you know what happened next.

Much love, Mike

Mike  
Millius



Mike Millius has enjoyed a notable career in the music business for over 50 years. As a recording artist he released 2 albums: "Mike Millius Desperado" in 1968 & "Five Dollar Shoes" in 1972, plus being included in dozens of compilations.

As the Creative Director of MCA Music, his work in developing new areas of copyright use, song acquisition and placement is credited with helping create what is the now the world's most valuable music publishing catalog.

Mike was also instrumental in bringing Karaoke to America and Western Europe in the 1980's and establishing many of its licensing procedures. His earlier work as a singer/songwriter has been recorded by many artists including Pete Seeger and sampled by Beck on his "Odelay" album. Among his TV production credits are "The Blues: Living Legends" which became MTV's "The Roots of Rock 'n' Roll" and a TV series called "The Healing Power of Herbs." Mike has also received a New York Press Association award for his work as a freelance journalist.

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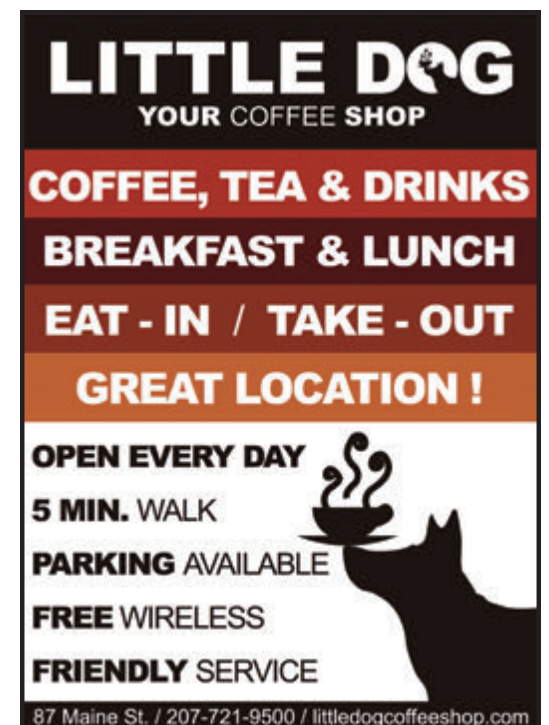
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Continued from pg. 6 . . .

But the forest was quiet. No talking creatures appeared to guide her. Perhaps she needed to finish this journey on her own. She followed the stream and spoke to the trees, telling them about the life she missed and the husband she loved. She walked and spoke until her feet were sore and throat hoarse.

The oddest thing happened when the sun bore down. Instead of being warm, the sun's rays brought a chill. Wistfully thinking of the cloak she left behind, the woman hugged her arms across her body. Fog rolled up from the stream and over its banks, furrowing out between the ferns and tree bases.

"What do you seek?" A booming voice resounded everywhere around her. In the distant fog she saw the outline of an antlered stag.

"I seek my home, and my husband," she spoke clear and strong.

The fog dissipated slowly as the stag walked toward her with deliberate steps. Just as she saw the velvet on his brown antlers and breath from his nostrils a beam of light shone in the distance beyond the stream.

The stag was gone when she looked again. She focused on the light, picking up her speed when she recognized the silhouette outlined in the light as her husband's.

With a glad cry, she ran to him. He opened his arms, enfolding her with love and safety, and hand in hand they walked to the edge of the woods. Once there, she could see the outline of her house in the distance. She grabbed her husband's arm and looked back to the woods. "I have nothing to offer him in thanks."

Her husband pulled an apple out of his jacket and then a piece of tiger's eye. "Then let me thank him for us both." He left the items on the path at the edge of the woods. They kissed and walked to their house, which for the first time truly felt like home to her.

Over nourishing soup and bread, they spoke at length of the future. Together they formulated a plan for managing their finances and resources and how to find her a job that wouldn't damage her psyche anymore. And her husband shared that the stag visited him when he was out looking in the woods for her.

The woman was filled with awe as her husband relayed his tale. The stag charged him each time he attempted to go into the woods to search for her. He knew the creature was not suffering from disease; the stag's eyes were clear and the animal herded him intelligently. Finally he simply asked the stag if his wife was safe, and when the stag bowed his head, the man went back into the house and stayed there for the night. In the morning, he awoke to the stag tapping on the window with his antlers. He left the house and the stag led him into the forest.

"He led you to me, and me to you," the man said. "I never want to lose you again."

"I found more than myself from a night in the woods," she replied. "I found my purpose of letting go and giving freely to others. I won't lose my way again now that I know what I truly seek."

Later that evening, the husband and wife stood on their back porch with moonlight illuminating the path to the woods. The stag stepped out onto the path, his regal and otherworldly presence clear and strong. The woman and her husband bowed to the stag with respect. The stag dipped his head, turned, and was gone.

From every night henceforth, the couple left offerings for the creatures of the forest. They had learned that guidance and purpose often came from the most unlikely sources.



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**The Way It Happened**, Karen Adrienne, monotype, 22x30