

# Cellist Wanted (fluency in Esperanto a must) (Maplewood)



Location **Missouri**  
<https://www.genclassifieds.com/x-448265-z>

"WTF?" he explained patiently:  
 Eclectic singer/songwriter looking to explore new direction, seeks cellist looking to do the same for recording and possible local gigs. I'm not the dictatorial type, and think of this as a collaborative effort. If you have songs or compositions or want to sing, great. If you don't, that's fine too. But I always appreciate creative input even if I disagree with it. As a rule I generally steer away from cover tunes unless I'm convinced we'd bring something fresh to our interpretation. Something like a cello and twelve-string doing Crazy Train or I Am The Walrus (which, now that I think about it, already has cellos in it) would probably convince me. The suggestion of a thrash metal version of The Little Drummer Boy might also get my attention, though I'm not sure how you'd pull that off on cello. But I'm open.

Brief but tragical history tour:  
 For the past two years I've been in a duo that performed all originals (acoustic and electric), but my co-conspirator in that enterprise (violin, mandolin, electric bass) just moved back home to Boston--couldn't handle the fast pace of life the midwest, I suppose. C'est la guerre.

Just the facts, ma'am:  
 I'm a pretty good guitarist (acoustic & electric--rock-ish, jazz-ish, folk-ish, classical-ish, tunaf-ish), and I've got a ton of original songs (not easy to weigh the squirmy little buggers, but I managed somehow) and the makings for a seventh CD. I don't read music and I never had any lessons; nonetheless I picked up a bit of theory here and there, and many of my songs are somewhat complex structurally, while others are

simple I, IV, V rock 'n' roll--though I usually try to at least write a bridge, which inevitably wanders off and... the swans... have to... search... and it... back to the... times... has... into... But... things... pretty... or so... you're... to venture... physically... something... ARN... as... head!)... your alley. Whadayya got to lose? Don't let that scary psycho look on my face in the photo (I'm the one in the green shirt) put you off. I'm really a pretty nice person. It just doesn't come across in photos.

My Influenzas:  
 The Ocean (any and all of them), Rivers (same), Harpo Marx, Jimi no, not that Jimi, a different one--you don't know him), Gregorian Chant, Karl Marx (the least funny of the brothers), Czech Marx, Cats howling somewhere out in the darkness, Mockingbirds, Moonlight or snow at midnight, Wind, Rain, Stars,



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Clouds, Shadows, Tire squeal, Twig snap, Tap dance, Dog bark, Duck quack, Goose honk, Wolf howl, Howlin Wolf, Screen door slam, Dormant volcanoes, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, The Clash, Leo Fender, Stephen Spender, Wim Wenders, Wim Shakespeare, Wim Butler Yeats, Wim (aka Willy) and the Poor Boys, The Travelling Wilburys, The Flying Wallendas, Back Alleys, One-Way Dead End Streets, Lost Highways, Found Art, Solitude, Opposable thumbs, Granite Shut-ins, Evel Knievel, The forest primeval, George Eliot, TS Eliot, Eliot Ness, Paleolithic cave painting, That drummer for Rory Storm and the Hurricanes (name escapes me), My Grandmother (she was great), My Great Aunt (she was grand), The geometry of happiness, The geography of despair, Jim Beam Whiskey, Mexcan food, Smart, funny women, Red sky at morning, Red sky at night, and, of course, Jimi (yeah, that Jimi).

Dankon!

\*Vi ne vere devas scii.