

JOHN DOE

Teetering on the brink of making a new record is a bit like finding yourself at the top of a clattering roller coaster. Just as it slows down, your thoughts alternate between "What in the fuck was I *thinking* when I got on this thing" and "YEEEEHAAAW!". Outside of the creative arena that's not something I subject myself to voluntarily.

This record was the first one we set in motion before all the songs were written. We actually had a recording and release date set w/ two songs short of a sixpack. Pretty fuckin' scary.



As luck would have it though, my benefactor, colleague and compadre, DAVE WAY was between projects and twelve days were available just before Xmas. (Hmmm "the 12 days of . . .?" Nevermind.) Recording in winter always hits you right in the guts, 'cause it usually rains and makes you want to close down and pull inside. With no clear direction, two songs short, three drummers who bailed at the last minute and having the last record called "His Best Solo Record to Date" the pressure and stakes seemed uncomfortably high. Fuck it. (Everybody sing: "3 drummers bailing, 2 songs a-missing and a deadline looming ahead.")

Considering the ominous circumstances Dave and I figured that we'd call the best players we had worked w/ in the past, plus a few guest stars/friends. DAVE CARPENTER and JAMIE MUHOBERAC were first with BRYAN HEAD just after. The core was there and remarkably all our guests said "yes". In order of stellar appearance, they are DAVE ALVIN, JILL SOBULE, KATHLEEN EDWARDS, DAN AUERBACH (from THE BLACK KEYS), GREG LEISZ and AIMEE MANN.

By the middle of January the whole damn thing was mixed. Christ! It all happened too fast. A scary and wondrous process where a blast of intuition and force that takes only moments to realize can last forever and carry consequences you never imagined. Next time we vowed to get more time and money to make it last for at least a month.

Sometimes it sounded like a Replacements, then a Velvet Underground record, then Blonde On Blonde . . . twelve-strings, six-strings, electrics, upright bass, big kick drums, pianos, organs, slides, floating & screaming voices. These may be the darkest moments recounted but you have to look inside to hear that, and in there is some of what happens during *A Year in the Wilderness*.

-JOHN DOE, 2007

For additional information, photos or to set up an interview, please contact...

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SELECTED LYRICS FROM *A YEAR IN THE WILDERNESS*

HOTEL GHOST

She sits upon my bedside & sheds her second skin
tells me all her troubles & loneliness within
then she shows me how to reach inside & caress
her skeleton

THE GOLDEN STATE

you are the hole in my head
I am the pain in your neck . . .
we are luck, we are fate
we are the feeling you get in the golden state

DARLING UNDERDOG

(words by Exene & JD)
gone from lover's lane to lovers' leap in pain
when I thought I could fly
you became the sky

A LITTLE MORE TIME

but now I'm gone & the loose ends
are strings hanging from my hands
tied to an empty land
stuck on a steering wheel in Nebraska

UNFORGIVEN

you say I'm good for nothing
so nothing's good enough for me
we all get what we deserve . . . unfortunately

THERE'S A HOLE

her head turns around & it's not you
the street opens up & my heart falls through

LEAN OUT YR WINDOW

your slender hand is waving
a crooked wistful smile

BIG MOON

you've gone underground
so far you can't see the stars at all

THE BRIDGE

the train on the bridge is moving so slow
we watch as the clouds fill up w/ snow

THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD

he never closed a door, he never turned off a light
he left things pretty much the way they were
after he did what he did that night.

GRAIN OF SALT

my only hope is that someday soon
you'll press your palm to my chest
& the warmth of your hand
will draw out the stone
that wakes me every night

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