

I went to the Open Mic at Fine Vines for the first time in 2017. I began playing concerts there in July of that year. In the fifteen months that followed, I was on the bill twenty times, making it my haunt and the home base of my music in Reno. The community I was drawn into was full of kindness, support, bullshit, and--in the end--full of my friends.

This is a record of me playing music in that room on Halloween night, 2018. It was Open Mic night, hosted by Lenny El Bajo, a caricature-of-his-own-caricature variety of honest that is no longer manufactured widely. He had hosted at least five different Open Mics over the past decade and he is a Reno (if infamous) legend. I had been aching to play his open mic 40-minute showcase since he kicked me off the stage during his performance the first time we met. Seven days after my birthday, I happened to browse facebook mere minutes after Lenny posted that someone had cancelled and he was opening up the showcase to the first musician to respond. Happy Halloween to me.

On November 1st, Fine Vines closed its doors suddenly after 10 years. That safe and mysterious ship went under. She did not flinch. Nobody escapes this culture's obsession with putting the bottom line first, but I've seen someone grin like he knew that before he left harbor, even as the water kissed his teeth.

This album is dedicated to Michael, who kept afloat that barge of abject freedom so we could tear our hearts out on the deck.

Written, performed, and produced by Dashel Milligan copyright © 2018 dashel.com



Exceedingly special thanks to Sarah, Dave, Cassandra, and Marshall, who bailed out the ship's hold and did more than can be said.