



Chiaroscuro (English pronunciation: [/ki.ɑːrəˈskjoʊroʊ/](#); Italian: [\[kjarosˈkuːro\]](#); Italian for *light-dark*) in art is the use of strong contrasts between light and dark, usually bold contrasts affecting a whole composition. It is also a technical term used by artists and art historians for the use of contrasts of light to achieve a sense of volume in modelling three-dimensional objects and figures.- Similar effects in cinema and photography also are called chiaroscuro.

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CHIAROSCURO, a CD by Jim Heald

In addition to all the musicians, another Valentine bouquet to Laura, for always being there and supporting this project through the endless months it took to complete. Also thanks to Barcelona; Charlie Hollis and Eric Blakely, wherever you may be these days; Jack, for the good advice that I often ignored and use of the bass; Obie and KUT; Mary Cliff and Traditions; Thom Bishop (AKA Junior Burke) for his friendship and generosity; Takoma Park Folk Festival; Carey Creed for suggesting Lea; Jay and Cindy for trying to participate; Cindy Pickard and Rites of Passage/Imagica Pictures; Ron Goad for positive energy; Ray M. for his help with my *Selected Songs and Poems*; and The Old Town School of Folk Music in Chicago for getting this whole music thing going many years ago.

Jim Heald: Acoustic Guitar, Telecaster, Bass and Vocals

Lea: Backing Vocals

Jack Reale: Bass on **Juliet**, and kibitzing at the drum sessions

Lisa Sawyer: Backing Vocals on **Journey into Light**

Greg Lowry: Lap Steel on **Don't Know Where I'm Bound**

Steve Bloom (Music by Hand): Drums and Percussion

Jim Heald: Midi Drums on **Great 2B Alive** and **Somebody Else's Problem**. I didn't do much with these loops, but don't blame Steve if they don't sound quite real.

Chris Murphy, RHL Audio: engineer on drum recordings, production advice and honest critiques.

Mastered by Chris at Chris Graham Mastering, Columbus, Ohio.

All songs recorded at Hawkins Way, produced and recorded by Jim Heald, except:

Don't Know Where I'm Bound, recorded at Folk Reels, Austin TX by Eric Blakely

Journey into Light, recorded at MARS, Austin TX by Charlie Hollis (electric guitar, editing and mixing at Hawkins Way)

Lea's vocals recorded at Lea's Place.

Cover Photo: **Jim Heald, Crepe Myrtles in Autumn**

Additional info at www.JimHealdMusic.com

DISCOVER Why people are talking about the NEW CD FROM DC-area FOLK-ROCKER JIM HEALD

Passionate kisses, a deserted beach and a dash of Django make it great to be alive; a pinch of Buddy Holly and everybody's rockin. Lift up a rock, roll it away and you'll find the Beatles (both early and late), and of course, Bob Dylan - deep down in the mix. More obviously, a kid from New Jersey following 60's and 70's folkies, singer-songwriters and folk rockers from the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield (through all their permutations) to Bruce Cockburn, Steve Earle, Richard Thompson and David Wilcox. Barcelona or San Francisco? Summer of Love or 2015? Teenage Love. Romeo and Juliet. Youth or all that comes after?

Sprinkle in some Chicago-style with Michael Smith, Thom Bishop and Steve Goodman stirring in some more folk, rock and blues with a different spice. You hang on to those last days of summer as clouds roll in off the lake and you imagine the chill wind peeling the skin off your neck.

Drive down to Austin and spend a decade plus in the 80's and 90's playing alongside and hanging out listening to folks like Jimmy LaFave, David Rodriguez, James McMurtry, Joe Ely, Butch Hancock and Jimmie Dale. Two times a finalist in the Kerrville Folk Festival New Folk Competition along the way... Sometimes I don't know where I'm bound and I get a little bit of the blues. And I look in the mirror sometimes and see a stranger there and wonder who it is and how he got in. Or I get in the car and just drive to get away from him, try to see it as somebody else's problem. Throw away the maps and compass, 'cause you don't really want to know.

Sitting in a loft across the Potomac from Washington DC, twisting dials and listening to mixes. Records of a journey across space and time, hopefully a journey into light. A little reverb here, some more distortion on the guitar there. This is the first album of new recordings I've made in a while. Now that it's done, I don't know why it took so long, or I do, but those are mostly excuses. New direction. Shadows and light. .Dark Nights or Bright Sun? Enjoy!

Jim Heald, January, 2015

CHIAROSCURO Song List

- 1. JULIET'S ON FIRE 4:32**
- 2. WHO'S THIS STRANGER 5:22**
- 3. DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M BOUND 3:55**
- 4. BARCELONA 4:42**
- 5. IT'S GREAT 2B ALIVE 3:35**
- 6. I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT 4:16**
- 7. THE COOL MIDNIGHT 4:00**
- 8. TAKES ME AWAY 3:03**
- 9. LAST DAYS OF SUMMER 3:59**
- 10. SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROBLEM 4:31**
- 11. JOURNEY INTO LIGHT 5:04**

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ALL SONGS BMI, INC.

JULIET'S ON FIRE

Juliet's on fire, she's head over heels
Romeo's a nice kid,
but he doesn't know how he feels.
He writes her poems,
they lie laughing in the grass.
They feel the sunlight disappear
they feel the moment pass
And she's on fire.

As they go walking hand in hand
the sun is sliding down
She says it doesn't matter
he's from the other side of town
They watch the clouds turn violet
in each other's eyes
He tries to whisper love songs
he can only manage sighs
He's on fire.

Don't run away from love,
there's nowhere you can hide.
Don't try to bottle up
the things you feel inside.
And if it turns to ashes,
there's no one you can blame
so open up your heart and
reach out for the flame.

Juliet is sleeping and her head
is full of dreams.
Romeo's in the garden splitting at the seams.
He reaches out to touch her and
he softly calls her name.
Juliet is tumbling and
her head is filled with flames.
They're on fire

He's gazing at the window and
he's dazzled by the light
and flames leap up around him
as he runs off through the night
and somewhere in the darkness
Romeo grows cold
Juliet's a spirit
he didn't have the strength to hold.

Don't run away from love,
there's nowhere you can hide.
Don't try to bottle up
the things you feel inside.
And if it turns to ashes,
there's no one you can blame
so open up your heart and
reach out for the flame.

1986, Austin Texas

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars
Jack Reale: Bass
Steve Bloom: Drums and Percussion
Chris Murphy, RHL Audio: Engineer for
Drums
Recorded and Mixed at Hawkins Way, 2014

WHO'S THIS STRANGER

Woke up this morning
Opened up my eyes
Rough around the edges
Under threatening skies
Looked in the mirror
Didn't feel quite the same
When I looked again
I couldn't remember my name

Who's this stranger in my skin?
Where did I go, who let you in?
Was I blown away
on some evil wind?
Who's this stranger in my skin?

Did I leave a note
Tell you where I'd gone?
Did I kiss you goodbye
Did I say how long?
Am I hanging around here
Like some hungry ghost
Or did I wander off
Or take the last train to the coast

Who's this stranger in my skin?
Where did I go, who let you in?
Was I blown away on
some evil wind?
Who's this stranger in my skin?

It used to be so easy
Seems so long ago
Can't quite remember
All the things I used to know
People and places
Fading into the gray
Hanging on tight
But it's all slipping away

Who's this stranger in my skin?
Where did I go, who let you in?
Was I blown away
on some evil wind?
Who's this stranger in my skin?

How'd you get in?
Through some mystical door
Through the soles of my feet
Or a hole in the floor
How'd you get in?
How was I unaware?
When I look in the mirror

Why are you standing there?

October 2006, Myrtle Beach, SC and Alexandria, VA

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars, Bass
LEA: Backing Vocals
Steve Bloom: Drums and Percussion
Chris Murphy, RHL Audio: Engineer for
Drums
Recorded and Mixed at Hawkins Way, 2014

DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M BOUND

I'm going down the road and
I don't know where I'm bound
I'm going down the road and
I can't say what I've found
I'm going down the road
riding straight into the sun
and I'll be tired and thirsty Lord
when the day is done.

I can see the vultures
circling over my head
they're dreaming of picking my bones,
they're wishing me dead
Well they can have this weary flesh
when my time has come
but until that day, I'm bound to be moving on

And I know that the road is long and
the road is hard
I've got all these things in my heart
I can't bear to discard
but there's a cool sweet breeze
blowing way up in the sky
the light's shining so bright
it brings tears of joy to my eyes.

The spirit is willing but too often
the flesh is weak
we talk about dreams
but it's something else we seek
I hope someday I can recover
all the gifts that I've lost
let go of this pain and stop counting the cost.

And I know that the road is long and
the road is hard
I've got all these things in my heart
I can't bear to discard
but there's a cool sweet breeze
blowing way up in the sky
the light's shining so bright
it brings tears of joy to my eyes.

I'm going down the road and
I don't know where I'm bound
I'm going down the road and
I can't say what I've found
I'm going down the road
riding straight into the sun
and I'll be tired and thirsty Lord
when the day is done.

And I know that the road is long and
the road is hard
I've got all these things in my heart
I can't bear to discard
but there's a cool sweet breeze
blowing way up in the sky
the light's shining so bright
it brings tears of joy to my eyes.

1991, Austin TX

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars
Greg Lowry: Lap Steel
Recorded 1992 (?) at Folk Reels, Austin TX,
Eric Blakely Engineer
Remixed 2014 at Hawkins Way

BARCELONA

Strolling down Las Ramblas
feeling warm and free,

Columbus strikes a pose,
and he gazes out to the sea
Grab a table on the Plaza
in the warm sunshine
pollo en ajillo, with a glass of wine
In Barcelona

Climb a thousand steps to Parc Guell
Gaudi smiles and the sea glitters like a jewel
Flamenco, reggae and didgeridoo
on the breeze
Dancing and laughing
as we wander through the trees
In Barcelona

Take me back, take me back
You and I we were so free
Moonlight kisses
underneath the trees
in Barcelona

There's a Sea of umbrellas
in the early morning rain
We duck into the subway,
catch a waiting train
Cathedral Cherubs, resurrection,
and the sun breaks through
Stained glass and spires glistening
gold and red, and blue
In Barcelona

Sitting in the 4 Gats, having one last round
Picasso looks up from the Bar
without a sound
Espinaca and garbanzos,
ajillo and some bread
Moonlight kisses,
a thousand pictures in our heads
In Barcelona

Take me back, take me back
You and I we were so free
Moonlight kisses
underneath the trees
in Barcelona

May 2011, Alexandria, VA

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars, Bass
LEA: Backing Vocals
Steve Bloom: Drums and Percussion
Chris Murphy, RHL Audio: Engineer for
Drums
Recorded and Mixed at Hawkins Way, 2014

It's Great 2B Alive

Let's fly away to our own private island
Hear the roar of the waves on glistening sand
Far away from the radio, papers, and TV
We'll have Pelicans, blue sky, Caribbean sea

A bouquet of roses, a bottle of wine
Let's go for a stroll, we've got plenty of time
The moon on your shoulders,
soft breeze in your hair
Just take my hand, let's get out of these chairs

You're never too old,
it's never too late
You're as young as you feel, and
tonight I feel great
Charleston, quick step, tango, or jive
If you're moving your feet,
it's great to be alive

Full moon shimmers on the water tonight
Your fingers in mine, the stars out of sight
Dancing on the beach,
creaky knees and sore feet
Like Ginger & Fred just a little off beat

You're never too old,
it's never too late
You're as young as you feel, and
tonight I feel great
Charleston, quick step, tango, or jive
If you're moving your feet,
it's great to be alive

Samba, or mambo, better shake those hips
Feel the beat of the waves in your fingertips
The years melt away,
we're refreshed and renewed
A toast of champagne, 'cause

we're both in the mood

You're never too old,
it's never too late
You're as young as you feel, and
tonight I feel great
Charleston, quick step, tango, or jive
If you're moving your feet,
it's great to be alive

May 2011, Alexandria, VA

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars, Bass,
MIDI Drum Editing
Recorded and Mixed at Hawkins Way, 2014

I Had a Dream Last Night

I had a dream last night
I was lying in bed
Looking at the fan
Spinning over my head
I put down my book
And I closed my eyes
The roof disappeared
And I was gazing at the sky

The bed floated off
Like a boat on the sea
On the waves of a breeze
Rising over the trees
Past the cars on the freeway
And twinkling street lights
Past freight trains and factories
And toxic waste sites

Do you remember your dreams?
Are they just what they are,
Are they more than they seem?
Firing synapses in your animal brain
Or visions of the future, mysteries
explained?

We sailed over the moon
And on towards the stars
Over men on dark corners

Who were playing guitars
Their songs filled the night
With harmonious sounds
Thousands of voices
Joining into the round

Do you remember your dreams?
Are they just what they are,
Are they more than they seem?
Firing synapses in your lizard brain
Or visions of the future, mysteries
explained?

The bed and the roof
Have returned to their places
Books and guitars
Have returned to their cases
I open my eyes
On another new morning
And flashbacks of dreams
Return without warning

Do you remember your dreams?
Are they just what they are,
Are they more than they seem?
Firing synapses in your animal brain
Or visions of the future, mysteries
explained?

October 2006, Alexandria, VA

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars
LEA: Backing Vocals
Recorded and Mixed at Hawkins Way, 2014

The Cool Midnight

Everybody's rockin'
in the cool midnight
the full moon's shining
with a ghostly light.
I'm holding you close and
baby it feels so good
I want you, I want you;
baby please say you would.

Down by the river the fog is rolling in

I don't know where we're going and I don't
care where we've been.
I've heard the whole's greater than the sum of
the parts
and this music's like a wild dream beating in
our hearts.

Everybody's rockin,
rockin in the cool midnight;
heat waves rolling in
on thundering drums.
Swinging your partner,
what a beautiful sight
Everybody's rockin in the cool midnight.

You say that you're waiting,
waiting til the time is right
but I've got the apple, baby
come and take a bite.
All that I'm asking is just one kiss;
the moon's shining on your lips
and I can't resist.

Everybody's rockin,
rockin in the cool midnight;
heat waves rolling in
on thundering drums.
Swinging your partner,
what a beautiful sight
Everybody's rockin in the cool midnight.

The dawn's coming on and baby
I'm hold you tight.
The sun's about to burst right
through the chains of night.
Our bodies in flames,
so hot to the touch.
This must be heaven, baby,
I love you so much.

Everybody's rockin,
rockin in the cool midnight;
heat waves rolling in
on thundering drums.
Swinging your partner,
what a beautiful sight
Everybody's rockin in the cool midnight.

January 2, 1991, Austin TX

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars, Bass
Steve Bloom: Drums and Percussion
Chris Murphy, RHL Audio: Engineer for
Drums
Recorded and Mixed at Hawkins Way, 2014

Takes Me Away

I woke up this morning
looked around the room
the alarm clock was wailing
like the trumpets of doom
I've got to get up
but it's much too soon
It takes me away from you.

I've got a hot cup of coffee and
the morning news
a glimpse of your shoulders
as I'm tying my shoes
Keep your kisses on ice
'til the work day's through
It takes me away from you.

The water keeps on rising;
we can barely keep afloat.
What happened to that gentle tide,
was gonna lift up every boat?

I put on a tie, took the inside track;
now I'm rumbling like a train
toward a heart attack.
I've come so far that I can't look back
And it takes me away from you.

It's lonely at the top and it's a long way down
and there's nowhere to hide
in this skyrocket town.
I thought I was up 'til I hit the ground
and it takes me away from you.

The water keeps on rising;
we can barely keep afloat.

What happened to that gentle tide,
was gonna lift up every boat?
I've got to get out but where can I go
I can feel the flood rising
and the cold wind blow
It's all up to me and I just don't know
but it takes me away from you.

What would they do
if I called in well?
If I told all my bosses to go to hell?
If I just wasn't there when
they rang their bell
'cause it keeps me away from you?

I woke up this morning
looked around the room
the alarm clock was wailing
like the trumpets of doom
I've got to get up
but it's much too soon
It takes me away from you.

1986, Austin TX

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars, Bass
Steve Bloom: Drums and Percussion
Chris Murphy, RHL Audio: Engineer for
Drums
Recorded and Mixed at Hawkins Way, 2014

Last Days of Summer

Last days of summer,
we're changing our tune;
winter wind's coming
to burst our balloon.
Lost in our memories of
yesterday's sun,
the wind is unraveling
the dreams that we'd spun.

I'll try to remember the
good times we had.
When I dream of your smile,

I'll always be glad.
Take to some shelter whenever it rains,
shake out the cold, and forget all the pain.

So it's out to the highway and
stick out my thumb
The slow walk I'm taking
it'll turn to a run,
and the howl of the wind
it'll make my soul numb
so I'll pack up my bags and
I'll follow the sun.

The road is so long,
where it leads I don't know
but I hope that it leads me
away from the snow.
Ice in my heart is beginning to form
erasing our love in the wake of its storm.

So it's out to the highway and
stick out my thumb
The slow walk I'm taking
it'll turn to a run,
and the howl of the wind
it'll make my soul numb
so I'll pack up my bags and
I'll follow the sun.

Last days of summer,
we're changing our tune;
winter wind's coming
to burst our balloon.
Lost in our memories of
yesterday's sun,
the wind is unraveling
the dreams that we'd spun.

1984, Chicago, IL

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars, Bass
LEA: Backing Vocals
Recorded and Mixed at Hawkins Way, 2014

SOMEbody ELSE'S PROBLEM

Nothing's holding you together
Nothing's tearing you apart
You're just drifting through this world
Waiting for the games to start
And the landmines and the love affairs
You got through without a scratch
You left the scene of the crime
Now you hope you're just too fast to catch

And it's somebody else's problem
Somebody else is to blame
You're just the stranger
who's staring from the mirror
And you've got somebody else's name

You're driving down an empty road
The wind is whistling in your ear
Sounds like some kind of melody
A song you haven't heard in years
And as the sweat rolls down your neck
You pop the top on another can of beer
It's good you don't know where you are
'Cause if you did you'd want to get straight
out of here

And it's somebody else's problem
Somebody else is to blame
You're just the stranger
who's staring from the mirror
And you've got somebody else's name

At the truck stop you fill up the tank
And grab another six pack to go
You've thrown away your maps and compass
'Cause you don't really want to know
Maybe you'll wind up in Alaska
Or on the beaches in Mexico
But as the sun slips down
over the horizon
You'll just follow the wind

where it blows

And it's somebody else's problem
Somebody else is to blame
You're just the stranger
who's staring from the mirror
And you've got somebody else's name

Nothing's holding you together, nothing's
tearing you apart...

1995, Austin TX

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars, Bass, MIDI Drum
Editing
Chris Murphy, RHL Audio: Engineer for
Drums
Recorded and Mixed at Hawkins Way, 2014

JOURNEY INTO LIGHT

Hope and fear colliding
every minute of the day;
we're so tied up in struggle
we can't see another way.
Terror lurks around the corner,
growling in the dark
'til Beauty snaps her fingers and
consumes it with her spark.

Students storm the gates of Heaven
as they pursue the dream;
you can't avoid the current
once you jump into the stream.
Beyond the smoke and bloodshed,
beyond the pain and lies,
a rose grows in the garden and
the Sun burns in the skies.

We're all on a journey into light
let go of the struggle, let go of your fright.

The shadows will fade and
the stars will shine so bright,
all around us on our journey into light.

The future struggles with the past as the
world spins round and round.
We're bombarded with the images
til our circuits just break down.
But underneath the surface
the healing power spreads,
emerging like the phoenix
when the fires are cold and dead.

We're all on a journey into light
let go of the struggle, let go of your fright.
The shadows will fade and the stars will
shine so bright,
all around us on our journey into light.

In the darkness of the night
when we drift off to sleep,
our bodies gain awareness
of the secrets that we keep.
Our souls fly up to heaven
on a journey to the stars
and in the brilliance of the passage
we find out who we are.

We're all on a journey into light
let go of the struggle, let go of your fright.
The shadows will fade and
the stars will shine so bright,
all around us on our journey into light.

July 1989, Austin TX

Jim Heald: Vocals, Guitars
Lisa Sawyer: Backing Vocals
Recorded 1990 or 1991, MARS, Austin TX,
Charlie Hollis Engineer
Electric Guitar recording and remixing at
Hawkins Way, 2014

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

GROWING UP

Jim was born in the 1950's in Northern New Jersey, about six miles as the crow flies from the George Washington Bridge. During his high school years he spent plenty of time listening to the Beatles, Santana, Paul Simon, James Taylor, Crosby, Stills & Nash, the Byrds, The Band, and more. Even Motown. Good buddy Steve had a car (bright red rocketship really) that he and friend Gary called the Pimpmobile. Steve, though Jewish, seemed to think he was black and listened to the Temptations, Four Tops and others on 8-track as they drove to school or cruised for girls in nearby towns on Saturday nights. The sound of Jim's music had its origins in the soundtrack of those turbulent, wonderful times, and continues to evolve.

COLLEGE

Jim went to college in Waterville, Maine, studying English Lit and East Asian Culture, and spent a year studying at Oxford and another year in graduate school in Philadelphia. After dropping out of grad school, he moved to Chicago. Broke and without a clue about what to do with his liberal arts degree, it seemed like a good place to figure things out. He found that he liked the Windy City, especially the summer, with ball games at Wrigley Field, the Lakefront, and the music scene.

GUITAR ENTERS THE PICTURE

His mother gave him a guitar for Christmas in 1976 (Thanks Mom!) and, shortly after, he started to hang around the *Old Town School of Folk Music*. There were concerts at the Old Town School and he became acquainted firsthand with the music of performers like John Prine, Steve Goodman, Michael Smith, Tom Paxton, Bob Gibson, Jim Post and many others, such as Odetta, Josh White Jr., Pierre Bensusan, Doc Watson, and Roger McGuinn. He also became aware of a new generation of local songwriters like Thom Bishop (aka Junior Burke), Tom Dundee, Chris Farrell and Marty Piefer. He would frequent the folk clubs and coffeehouses to hear these new artists.

He particularly liked to go to a club like *Somebody Else's Troubles* and sit near the front to watch performers play guitar, picking up ideas for his own playing

and sometimes learning a few of their songs. He started hanging out with his new friends, discussing the finer points of folk, jazz, and rock and roll and playing the open stages after calming the nerves with a couple of beers. Bruce Cockburn and Loudon Wainwright III are among the many influences that you may detect in Jim's music.

He started playing gigs for money in the early 80's. Around the same time, he met Laura and they fell in love and got married. She was the inspiration for the love songs in his repertoire. In 1985, tired of long winters and cold springs, they packed up the car and the cats and moved to Austin in search of warmer weather and the legendary music scene.

AUSTIN AND BEYOND

In Austin, he became acquainted with a whole new set of musicians like Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Joe Ely, Jimmie LaFave, James McMurtry, Stephen Bruton, Rich Brotherton, David Rodriguez and many others. He co-hosted the open stage at the legendary acoustic venue, *Chicago House*, with Jimmy LaFave and Betty Elders, played at SXSW several times in the early years, was a finalist at the *Kerrville Folk Festival* New Folk Competition in 1990 and 1993 and performed live a number of times on the *KUT Folkways* radio show. Over the years he has performed either solo or with a rotating cast of fantastic musicians and singers, many of whom pop up on his releases. Jim moved on to the DC area in 1996 and continues to write and perform regularly at coffeehouses, festivals, house concerts and other events.

DISCOGRAPHY/PUBLICATIONS

Wings of Time (1997 CD)

Old Jalopy (2007 CD)

World of Wonders: the Lyrics and Music of Bruce Cockburn (2012 Book)
Available from Amazon.com

Selected Songs and Poems 1971-2013 (2014 Book) Available from Amazon.com

Chiaroscuro (February 2015 CD)

The CDs are available from CD Baby, Amazon, iTunes and other online



CHIAROSCURO

ML-201501

Jim Heald

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