

....so I decided I'd quit my job and sit in the basement playing with all the gear I'd acquired over time, but never had an opportunity to use due to the overtime at work.

It was '97, and there were a bunch of bands around town that I liked and would have to sneak out to see- Swoon 23, Sunset Valley, the Dandy Warhols, Sugarboom...

I started recording things I'd fuss with on cassette 4-track and old digital programs. After I was happy with a number of them, I made five copies on burned CD's and handed them out to people I held in high regard around town, including Herman Jolly from Sunset Valley, Courtney Taylor from the Dandy Warhols, Spike Keating of Swoon, now with BRMC, and Matt Hollywood, who had just recently quit his band the Brian Jonestown Massacre and moved to Portland.

About two months later, I was driving on McLoughlin Boulevard and the phone rang.

"Yyyyeah. I'm looking for Brian Coates."

"That's me"

"Hi. My name is Courtney Taylor, I'm in a band called the Dandy Warhols and I haven't been able to take your CD out of my player for months."

We conversed and made plans to watch movies and talk shop that night.

We watched Blow-Up and swapped technical ideas about recording.

I was leaving later on and he suggested I "lose weight and start a band".

(shrug) So I did. We were a Five piece, called "All the Way Down", and played a few dozen shows over a couple of years, eventually to crowds of several hundred, which isn't bad for a lazy guy with a Teisco Del-Rey and a solid state Silvertone amp.

Toward the lattermost days of ATWD, Courtney called me and said, "Hey, before you go hawking any more of your gear, I just wanted to tell you that you're going to make the next Warhols record".

I was stoked. From that point on, I worked with the Dandy Warhols and traveled the world with them, learning, and meeting, and living it Up, while continuing to work on many personal projects with Randall Crush, from ATWD.

I began to work and travel with the Out Crowd, recording and touring and generally having a great time, before taking residency with Dead Meadow in Washington D.C..

I was on my way back to Portland after a particular tour, and being in D.C., figured it'd be cheap to visit friends in New York first. A \$20 Chinatown bus ticket and five hours later, I was sitting in what was to become my home for the next year and a half with Portland ex-patriots Noah and Nathan Rice, Josh Kalberg, and Dale Winston. I just stayed with what I had, not returning to Portland.

In '04, we decided to host these parties in New York called "Everything Parties" in warehouse spaces, where we would attack all six senses, incense burning, beach balls, light shows, artist's works on display, cute girls handing out free cigarettes and booze shots to the wallflowers to bring them closer into a social setting and force human interaction, and all in conjunction with us performing music.

I modified autoharps for the twins, Noah and Nathan, to be amplified through effects and Fender Twin amplifiers, Dale played guitar, Josh and Randall played bass, and I sang and played guitar. We called the musical part of the Everything Parties the Every Thing.

Over time, people became interested in participating, and all of a sudden, there were twenty three people involved in the band, with an additional thirteen artists and technicians in different parts of the country. It was perfect. The Everything Parties could exist easily- whoever was able to escape work or reschedule other band responsibilities could jump in the van and tour this little circus.

I had taken in as much of NYC as I needed, which is easy when you're there for a year and a half and work only a single day in the city the entire time. Things like museums, libraries, walking, and learning crafts like communication, and that loaves and fishes thing.

A Dead Meadow tour ended in Long Beach in early '06. We were going to the airport, and I had my luggage in my hand.

"I'm not going back to the East right away. It's fucking freezing cold, and I have things I need to do. I'm going to Fresno."

I got some hugs from DM, we said some farewells, and I jumped on a Greyhound.

I showed up at Armondo's door on Van Ness in Fresno, an amazing house converted from a fire station by a theatre choreographer- an amazing house with a pipe organ and *all* the amenities. It was 4 am, and I rang the bell. I looked like shit. Armondo came to the door, and before he recognized me, told me I could take all the aluminum cans I wanted.

After some beers and a lot of catching up and smoking and laughter, I asked if I could record at his house. Armondo said yes, Naturally, so I called Joe Kaczmarek in NYC and said, "I'll pay your plane ticket if you leave NYC and come make a record with me." Joe was the organist for Rick Bain and the Genius Position, another legendary band from Portland. Joe had just run out of places to live in his four year NYC stretch, and agreed.

Brent Fellows, a long time musical and life colleague lived 40 minutes away in Visalia and came up to put his magic in.

When word spread about what was going on, airplanes from all over the country were delivering friends to kick it all off. Courtney Taylor, Brent DeBoer, RayGordon.com, Sean "Gothman" Addams, Poopy Simons, Louise Fenton, and a load of new friends for a blowout of a party. Jefferson Arkansas took six busses over the course of three days to be there.

Brian Richburg, who owns Studio 9 in Fresno cut us a deal for recording space and we set up and hit the record button for a couple of weeks, fueled by cases upon cases of cheap wine and other things.

After the recording, I caught another Greyhound to meet up with Dead Meadow in Dallas, Texas for another grand tour.

I had just recently gotten a place to stay the remainder of 2006 in London before moving to San Francisco when five days before my departure, all of my things were stolen in Bowling Green. Shitty thing to happen in the city that has the coolest name of all cities.

I ended up back in D.C., and Dead Meadow left for the UK without me, as my passport had gone missing. Steve Kille suggested that, since I had no money, or any way of making money as planned, I submit the Every Thing to the Kora, since I was "always talking about them".

Mike, Douglas, and I met up at a small bar called Pharmacy near the National Zoo, also near where I had been staying. A few days and a hundred smiles later, we were going over contracts and contributing to the shaping of the course of the future.

My changed plans took me to Portland, Oregon for the summer to gather and assemble the songs for the Every Thing debut disc, tentatively entitled "No Progression Is Too Simple".

After the record was mixed at Odditorium and Mastered at Inner Ear, it was discovered that there were a number of bands called Everything, and the Every Thing was simply too similar. In Los Angeles, Randall suggested "the Great Northwest", and after we finished High Fiving, we decided on the name of the first record.

The high fives haven't stopped since.

Brian James "coatsie" Coates "I"
Friday, January 5th, 2007

P.S. Hi