

Sublime Sadness and Lyrical Whirlpools: Prescott Singer/Songwriter PAT BEARY



Folk-Rock-Pop solo artist Pat Beary has strummed and crooned his way into the hearts of many a Prescottonian, as well as a few Jerome-touring Hell's Angels in recent years. (The latter tips best, he confides.) A custom cabinet-maker by day, Pat struggles – as do many of his kindred spirits in Prescott – to find local venues that encourage audience members to truly sit down and enjoy a show. He observes that most places encourage the kind of “overplayed cover-tunes that make people go back for more drinks.” But Pat says he “can’t feel” that sort of music. He likens his preferred style to “group therapy where only I get to talk.” He performs locally at the Mad Linguist, the Vine to Wine Cellar, and the Mudd Hole in Prescott, as well as Paul and Jerry’s in Jerome. Here his unique style and setlist – a mix of originals and more obscure covers in the genre of Elvis Costello, The Flaming Lips, and Juliana Hatfield – have found a welcome home.

Listening to Pat play is like going down a familiar river with a trusted guide who has an eye for natural phenomena, but an equally intriguing self-deprecating twitch. Taking on the role of gondolier for most of the journey, his ballads place the second-person You as the

object of exaltation – though he admits that he could tack an “and you know who you are” on the end of each of these. In his original songs, the sublime sadness of particular chord progressions and unexpected lyrical whirlpools have been known to create an almost reverential awe amongst his listeners.

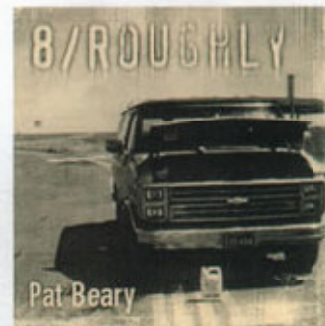
These emotions were reflected in the myriad faces of the audience attending Pat’s March 20th show at the Mudd Hole coffeehouse in Prescott. He was dressed that evening in a t-shirt he had found at the laundromat (“It seemed important”), adorned with a large P, and a signature bandana holding back his longish hair. A native New Englander, Pat has called Prescott his home for about five

years. The friend he originally planned to move here with decided not to – but not until after Pat had sold his three automobiles to finance the trip. Pictured on the CD he considers the basis of an evolving project, *8/Roughly*, is the van in which he made the voyage west.

As charming as his on-stage persona may be, one-on-one conversation reveals a slightly more obscure Pat Beary. It’s not just that his low, almost deadpan speaking voice is free from the tremolo that punctuates his songs – but who else would describe their own music as a “really nice dead tree?” In this context, it becomes obvious that his inspiration draws heavily on interpersonal relationships gone astray, which certainly lends the music a sort of universal appeal. As mixed as the crowd at the Mudd Hole seemed that night, there was cross-sectional head-nodding, toe-tapping, and general signs of appreciation. Pat’s amplified acoustical stylings bespeak a solid musical training and the authenticity of practicing for hours out under an open sky. Look for his yet to be produced CD project, *Don’t Blame the Sun: the Last of the Great Singing Telegrams*. 🎧

UP NEXT

- Who:** Acoustic singer/songwriter PAT BEARY
Where: New Frontiers Natural Marketplace, 1112 Iron Springs Rd.
When: Wednesday, May 19th 5:30-7:30 PM
What: The New Frontiers Deli “Acoustic Café”
Cost: Free



Pat’s first CD *8/Roughly* is available at the Vine To Wine Cellar in the St. Michaels Alley, 110 S Montezuma St., in downtown Prescott.