

## ORDER

1. Not Yet
2. MiddlesThree/Edit
3. WindRibbon
4. Neo-Ragtime /  
Smack Dab In The Middle
5. Occasionál
6. Landscapes
7. Marcel

8. Abuse of Passion/Edit
9. Crucial Connection/Edit
10. Next Distraction/Edit
11. Occasion For Sincerity/Edit
12. Red Phone
13. Can You Take It?
14. Agency's Agent
15. Stolen Moments

## ERAS

Songs 1 - 7 > '77 - '85  
Songs 8 - 14 > '83 - '91  
Song 15 > '92 - '98

*HUGE Special Thanks* go to David Bragman, for compiling, editing and mastering this collection from a disparate mess of original sources, including reel-to-reel, metal cassette masters and an original, virgin-vinyl copy of our old random LP. David, I am in AWE of your editing skills!!!

### *Thanks also to:*

The entire Shimandle and Voda clans – for providing the loving/nurturing environment that allowed a weirdo like me to evolve.

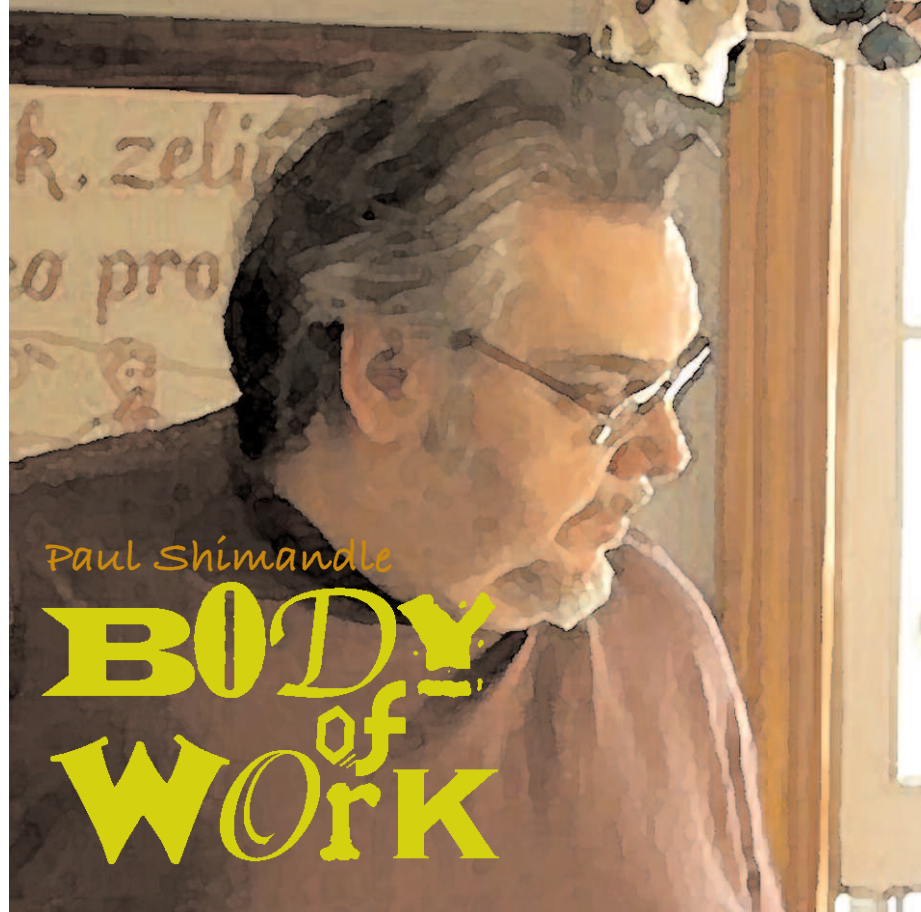
All my “Dear Ones” – who stepped up after Nancy’s passing, and helped me through the worst time in my life-to-date.

Sherri Koenig – for helping me brainstorm the insert for what is, after all, nothing more than a “vanity” CD. My brother Francis, for helping me *realize* that insert.

All of the unbelievably talented, original musicians, here and elsewhere, who’ve honored and uplifted me with the privilege of playing music with them over the years...

This CD is dedicated to Nancy Compel [B.B. loves P.P.!]

A Hell Yes production for Pink Pony Records.



Paul Shimandle

**BODY**  
of  
**WORK**

# BODY Paul Shimandle of WORK

This CD contains over 30 years of my recorded musical output – nearly all my own compositions, excepting the material from the “deFACT” era. These are collaborative efforts, written with two of the MONUMENTAL talents I’ve been blessed to work with over the years... more on this later.

I owe my musical interests to my beloved parents, Marge and Len Shimandle. Our house was full of many types of wonderful music. Mom played organ at Riverside’s St. Mary’s church for nearly 40 years,

and dad sang bass in that choir, as well as the famed Paulist Choristers of Old St. Mary’s in downtown Chicago. They hosted choir practices, as well as many of its social gatherings. I grew up with glorious liturgical music, but some of my other musical memories are of an old record player and favorites like Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Copland, Ravel and Debussy, as well as *Tubby the Tuba* and *Peter and the Wolf!* At about 4 years old I started listening “for myself” - my brother Michael taught me to read at 3, so I was able to learn to use the record player and find the old 78s I wanted.

All 3 Shimandle boys eventually embraced musical expression, in one form or another. Middle brother Mikey went for organ and piano, and Frankie, the oldest, started rockin’ with electric guitar. Mike tended to be more private about his musical prowess, but Frank soon took his playing and entertaining chops on the road. His coolness and performance persona must’ve made an impression on me, because by 6th grade, I wanted to start playing DRUMS!

Before choosing guitar, Frankie had played drums, and he had a beat-up old kit in our basement I could start on. Since the drums I was starting out on were, in effect, parade drums “converted” to a mostly standard kit, dad had fabricated a kick-drum pedal from wood and scrap parts! My decision to go for drums was met with bemusement, but fully supported and nurtured.

I played drums through junior high and high school, enjoying popular hits of the day: the Beatles, the Stones, the Animals, local “faves” like the Cryin’ Shames and the Ides of March, as well as Motown and Stax.



I whipped up a snazzy logo too – I was trying for quiet drama. After playing together for some time, Peter, Ralph and I would occasionally throw a party as an excuse to play to an audience. It was at one of these soirees that Ms. Samantha showed up. She liked what she heard, and suggested that she was looking to get back into playing more jazz stuff, and hey, we needed a good bass player, so how ‘bout it? As it began, so we end – with me playing mostly jazz and eclectic “other” with old friends Ralph Athey and Samantha Wolf, nee Kolmodin!

Now we’re talking! An honest-to-goodness Jazz Quartet: decent rhythm section, keys - by now, Ralph had gone electronic, and myself on guitar. I’d decided to use this ensemble to work on my lead and melodic skills, so more often than not, I was the melodic voice, although EVERYONE was a capable soloist. The piece offered here, while not an original, is just a really good performance, well-recorded by our dear friend David Bragman. The demo CD from whence this cut originates does contain an original of mine, written after I’d met Nancy, in fact, but that particular performance just isn’t as good as this one. Stay tuned for an alternate take of *Little Miss So’n’So* sometime later this year – I intend to put together another CD of “Nancy’s Favorites” with David then; something of a memorial to Nancy’s magnificent, incredible and transformational presence in my life!

So anyhow, here’s what’s what on THIS *dot.calm* track ---

## Stolen Moments – Oliver Nelson

Ralph Athey played: Keyboards  
Samantha Wolf played: Bass Viol  
Peter Weers played: Drums/Percussion  
I played: Electric Guitar

No overdubs here -  
this is a “one-take”-er!



## dot.calm: circa '93 – '08

Returning to Chicago in '92, I was pretty beat up: marriage ended, jobless, friend and musical partner Michael Smith dead, along with our band *deFACT*. Mom and Dad made me an offer I couldn't refuse. "Stay with us while you get back on your feet; we'd love the company!" Glad I did, too – it gave me a chance to reconnect after all those years away, with both family and old friends. Brother Francis stepped in with an open drawing table at the agency he was with, allowing me to continue as a graphic artist, brother Mikey was there with love and city-savvy, and I got to "do" for mom and dad on a daily basis.

I discovered another random particle had circled back to Sweet Home Chicago before my arrival – none other than Ralph Athey! We took up our friendship where we'd left off, including music – albeit with a twist! A few years before, Ralph had developed a muscular condition known as spastic dystonia, what used to be called losing your lip. Ralph's eminently sensible response was to turn his musical talent to playing piano! He suggested we pick up our old thread of "if we like it, we'll learn it", giving him practice and exercise, and allowing me to keep some continuity alive with my playing.

We soon had a pretty good repertoire of old favorites and new challenges. These sessions started off as being more supper club than formal practices, and often our friend Pete Weers would be on hand for dinner and subsequent mischief. Ralph suggested to Peter, "Why don't you get behind that set of drums and keep a beat for us? Now, Peter was not a musician – he played trumpet in his high school band for a while, but, y'know. Nevertheless, he gamely gave this his best effort – and his H.S. band instructors evidently did their jobs well – his instincts as a percussionist were excellent, to our delighted surprise!

Now a trio, we grew our chops and friendship while I continued to reconfigure myself as a person, which eventually included meeting and falling COMPLETELY in love with the person who would bring joy, peace, good sense and "pink-pony" kookiness to my life: Nancy Compel. At a coworker's insistence, I put a personal ad in the Chicago Reader, and went from "confused, clinically depressed lonely guy" status to DATING FRENZY at full speed! Among the varied people I met during this period, Nancy stood so far out from the rest I knew she was "the one". We met in '92, and were together from that point forward.

Among the truly countless other blessings stemming from my life with Nancy, she also gave our little band a name: *dot.calm!* Driving somewhere, tossing around naming ideas, suddenly Nancy got this "I've GOT it!" look on her face and said "DOT CALM!" As she uttered the words, it was perfect; I took the artistic liberty of using all lower case, and adding the actual dot.

By junior year of high school, my tastes started to broaden, embracing more experimental, psychedelic and world-music styles then in vogue. This new stuff was more interesting, and a better challenge than the same old top 40 material. So much so I actually decided to teach myself to play SITAR!

Ravi Shankar was a rising star at the time. His autobiography included an excellent beginner's manual for sitar, along with its history and theory as well. Mom and dad's eyebrows did reach for their hairlines some, but the urge was nurtured. I split the cost with my folks, and began learning this magically sonorous instrument, tackling the Indian rhythmic complexities and difficult tonal approach. It's MUCH more "microtonal" than the Western 12-tone octave system, and ear-stretching good fun!

I also joined up with a good friend, Bill Trochim, to play in a small *folk-rock* group. He was a good songwriter, and played a 12-string guitar, which caught my ear immediately. Maybe I was just fascinated by instruments with too many strings! He lived nearby, and we were writing and practicing at my house, so he took to leaving his 12-string there between sessions, letting me experiment with his guitar.

Dad then purchased one of the first truly binaural stereo reel-to-reel consumer tape recorders from Sears. So I'm learning and playing sitar, playing drums with a songwriting friend who leaves his instrument at my house, and gain access to a stereo tape recorder, which was "stored" in my room most of the time! I eventually purchased my own instrument – my lovely 1 string Craviola.



All dressed-up – where did I go? The School of the Art Institute of Chicago, from '70 to '76. This refined and expanded my visual artist side, paralleling my love of music. Both became consuming passions. By '77 I'd left Chicago for Champaign – Urbana, Illinois, at the suggestion of childhood friend and now bass player and jamming partner Bill Miller. He made the case that there was no better place to explore and play music, or make art, for that matter!

I visited, I played, I stayed! A cool college town, in the late '70s, rife with musical groups and talent. Where better to really explore the things I loved so much? It didn't hurt that it was not too far from Chicago and my parents, friends and occasional concerts!

## Random: circa '77 – '81

In this setting the group **random** evolved, eclectic in background, training, instrumentation, and compositional direction! I was introduced to the cool people and musicians in town, with opportunities to play and jam with them. A more diversely talented, chops-laden bunch it'd be hard to find.

Bear in mind, being a college town, with the University of Illinois Music Department at hand, superbly trained players were fairly thick on the landscape, along with plenty of other oddballs like myself, to my great and lasting good fortune!

Here's the breakdown on **random** personnel:

Ralph Athey played: Clarinet, Alto and Tenor Sax, and Flute

Sandy Robinson played: Violin and Viola

Jerry Fiddler played: Electric Guitar

Samantha Kolmodin played: Bass Viol

I played: 12-string Craviola

Curious instrumental line-up, no? Ralph and Sandy came from the University music world – he had a couple of masters' degrees by then, she but one, and was headed for another. Jerry was a trained guitar player, better known for his work in the PREMIERE experimental jazz band in town, **Mosaic**. Sam, the youngest of us, studied string bass at the U, but also was playing electric bass and anything else she could get her hands on. All could sight-read music like fiends!

I came along, an auto-didact, with a non-academic background, enormously broad tastes, playing a bizarre-looking 12-string guitar, and ambitions to actually WRITE MUSIC for them! Harrumph!

That was the whole idea of the group – to write original music together for the ensemble's unique sonority and timbral texture and disparate compositional styles. In 1977 we released the album **nothin' tricky**, containing original compositions by all of us. The tracks here are mine, though I acknowledge the efforts we all put into one another's pieces, particularly for horns and strings – arranged and written by Ralph and Sandy, respectively. Playing with talents like these really forced me to grow fast! I learned chart and sight-reading, sharpened my "ear" skills and co-created wonderful, original pieces these guys'n'gals then played!



Still, we did alright for awhile – **deFECT** dived into the scene, connecting with drummers and affordable studios, home-built or otherwise, for our composing and recording. There were a succession of **deFECT** drummers, and sad to say, I cannot remember all of their names now. Talented individuals who deserve recognition, but I just can't recall a couple of names. The best we worked with in Atlanta was Danny Upright, who brought a Fostex 8-Track system to the table, as well as the ability to work with a drum machine – an extremely rare attribute amongst drummers, but integral to the music we were cooking up!

**deFECT's** collaborative approach to composition suited me and provided a very fertile context for me, instrumentally. I think the versatility demanded by covering commercial hits prepared me well for the darker, more aggressive style Kenny was looking for, technically and in terms of outboard FX. *Occasion For Sincerity's* solo, excerpted here, is the ONLY time I've ever played with a wah-wah pedal. Listening to it now, kinda feels like I should snag one of those bad boys and get back into it!

My soloing in the **deFECT** pieces here is more assertive than the rest of the material on this collection. I was striving to convey passion, conviction, and urgency through my work with this group - note the soloing on *Crucial Connection* - it is deliberately undermixed a bit. I wanted it to seem massive, but distant, as on **Peter Gabriel's Security**. There's an influence for ya! I also shamelessly copped **Carlitos'** sweet, sustained burr on *Take It*, and should thank a friend of Danny's for leaving an "Orange" amp there for the session that day, as well as Mikey for cooking up the perfect "Santana-in-overdrive" tone!

By '91, we'd been in Atlanta long enough to start having people recognize the name, if not pronounce it correctly, and were looking forward to more upward movement and momentum, when things started unraveling, really quite tragically. Sadly, my marriage headed straight for the rocks, and foundered there. Equally sadly, Michael got terribly sick. Pneumonia turned into complete respiratory collapse, and we lost our dear friend and magnificently talented bassist and compositional partner, Michael Smith, late summer of '91.

Kenny and I struggled along, but Mikey's absence was just too much to overcome, and **deFECT** foundered also. Then I was cashiered out of the graphics sweatshop I'd been working at for 2 years.

Even I could read the handwriting on the wall, and called my brother Francis, to see if Mom and Dad's insistence over the years that he could help if I came back to Chicago had any truth to it. They were right as usual, so I wrapped up my days with **deFECT**, and returned home, tail somewhat between my legs.

I was THRILLED! A completely new, different and wildly challenging road opened up for me as a player! As Kenny would say: "I like it best when you sound least like a guitar". And so began a VERY interesting journey down a darker, though completely original and danceable musical path.

As a matter of necessity with the money-band, I'd acquired some outboard guitar effects. *deFACT* mandated a veritable ARSENAL of same, further evolving my playing and sound. In no time at all I became one leg of the composing tripod of Kenny, Mikey and me. Collaborative composing is decidedly NOT everyone's cup of tea, but the three of us found it effective, satisfying and productive! We quickly established a routine: Kenny would bring in lyrics and a rough sketch of the piece – usually ideas for guitar chords and some sense of the parts, verse, chorus, etc. He'd hand that off to Mikey'n'me, and we'd get busy making a piece of music out of it!

We found in one another boundless possibilities, and *deFACT* soon became the primary focus of our compositional efforts. By about '83, we were no longer playing commercial gigs, but concentrating our efforts on making *deFACT* a real RECORDING group. We continued to build and write our material, and began recording in earnest. Scrimping and saving to get studio time, or creating studios in someone's basement with rented recording equipment, we were serious about taking this outfit SOMEWHERE!

Eventually, we took it to Atlanta, GA. We felt we had outgrown the Cham-Bana scene, and needed to broaden our horizons. The fairly obvious choices were: North, to Chicago, East, to New York, West, to L.A. or maybe S.F., or South, to either Atlanta, GA or Austin, TX. Ultimately, our mutual weariness of Illinois' winters led us to Atlanta – this was in '85, when *REM* was peaking in popularity, and the "Athens Sound" was still a really going concern. Kenny also had family and roots in the area, with a working knowledge of the region already in place – VERY helpful for the rest of us, as transplanted Yankees!

This entailed some personal upheaval for me, since I was married, and had to sell the notion of moving to a completely unknown area predicated on making the band a more viable recording entity. To her great credit, my wife Mary Grider, a splendid and beautiful spirit, went along with this crazy-assed notion! She'd been involved in all of the consideration leading up to finally deciding on this course, so it wasn't as if I just sprang this on her cold, but it clearly speaks to her loving tolerance to do such a radical thing.

In the end, Mary ended up with one of the best jobs she'd ever had, as a buyer for a huge New Age book and music distributor based in Atlanta, while I did not fare as well. Having left behind a very good graphic design situation, I found my education, skills and experience were NOT as marketable there as in Illinois. There is still resentment in that part of the country regarding well-educated Yankees.

## Gate: circa '81 – '83

After the *random* project dissolved due to relocation and moving on of various members, Ralph and I decided to keep going on a smaller scale. We continued the compositional explorations, as well as the eclectic choice of material! Assisting us was a gifted bassist, Rich Blaylock, who contributed monster bass chops. He played a really nice fretless Rickenbacker with excellent taste and sensitivity.

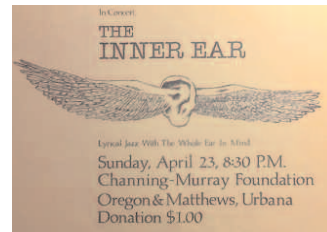
*Gate* was a word Ralph and I coined describing a musical concept we both used in our composing – any transitional passage or figure was referred to as a gate. One went through the gate to another part of the piece. Not exactly the same as a chorus or a bridge, we needed more flexibility than we felt these formal terms gave us. We liked it as a name, too!

These pieces were recorded live, at the opening broadcast of the local radio station, WEFT. *NeoRagtime* is another original of mine, stylistically predating the *random* material, since the influence of Leo Kottke is pretty obvious, although it was actually written while playing with *Gate*. *Smack Dab In the Middle* honors a powerful inspiration on my slide-guitar playing, Ry Cooder. The influence of these great artists is manifestly apparent here, but hey, as the Stones' Keith Richards said: "Amateurs imitate, pros STEAL!"

## Thursday Nite: circa '83 – '84

The post-*random* era was an incredibly rich time for me, musically and personally. The process of bands morphing and sharing members continued, and I found myself being courted to play with another band going through personnel turbulence, called *Homeward Bound*. *HB* had similar compositional intentions, with a healthy dose of jazz in their repertoire, but more emphasis on rock and blues. Don Boskey, *HB's* drummer, and his vocalist wife Viki Ford-Boskey, came by one evening to ask if I'd join them to create something new with players from *HB* – bass player Rich Nosek and horn-man extraordinaire Tom Singer.

Flattered, I'd always held their band in high regard for their playing and writing. We created a new entity, called the *Inner Ear*, carrying on both bands' traditions of original composition. We started a strictly commercial band, playing top 40 hits, because it was obvious jazz wasn't going to make much \$. We joined the union and began professional careers with groups of various names - let's see, *Footnotes* was first, then came *Satin*, and finally *Living Proof!*





All that commercial activity demanded more time than anticipated, and we got restless, creatively and compositionally. We needed a recording project! Thus began **Thursday Nite**, so yclept because that was the one night all necessary participants could get together in Don and Viki's basement, transformed into a reasonable facsimile of a recording studio.

I have culled my own pieces from that project. This material represents a transitional period for me as an instrumentalist, moving from the 12-string as my primary instrument toward the use of a purely electric 6-string, played with flat-picking rather than

the finger-picking style I preferred with my Craviola.

Here's who's doing what on **Thursday Nite** ---

Rich Nosek played: Bass Guitar  
 Tom Singer played: Trumpet and Flugelhorn  
 Don Boskey played: Drums and Percussion  
 Viki Ford-Boskey and Mary Grider contributed Vocals  
 I played: 12-string and 6-string Electric Guitars

### deFECT: circa '82 – '91

After **Thursday Nite**, it was nothin' but commercial covers for awhile, musically – enjoyable from the income standpoint, but tiresome, creatively. A very interesting and fortunate personnel reshuffling within the commercial lineup ultimately enabled what followed. And WHAT followed!

With **random**, I referred to Jerry Fiddler's being a member of a prestigious local band called **Mosaic**. He was not the only member of that talent pool I had the pleasure of playing with. The clarinetist/basset horn player, Michael Smith, also enjoyed jamming with me. He appears on the **Thursday Nite** sessions along with other guest artists, tracks not included here. With the inbred nature of the music scene in Cham-Bana at that time, it'd be safe to say that nearly everyone ended up playing



on almost everyone else's recordings. Think of it as a really large, weird and FUN extended family!

Getting to know Mikey musically, and becoming close friends, I discovered a hidden talent of his – he was a MONSTER bass player! I can only surmise that the reason **Mosaic** never exploited this ability was that their bass player Glenn Schuetz was an even HOTTER player within the primarily jazz context of **Mosaic's** oeuvre. When this tidbit got out, we snapped Michael up for the commercial bands, instantly upgrading their quality, and providing Mikey with a brand new outlet for his talent and appetite to explore new horizons.

When stupefying boredom was setting in with our "money" band, **Living Proof**, and a considerable time after the **Thursday Nite** sessions, Mikey's playing came to the notice of another Cham-Bana entity, Kenny Crucial! Kenny, real name Ken Hockman, had been at the far reaches of the scene for quite a while, occupying his own, uniquely weird niche – somewhere between Peter Gabriel's

iteration of **Genesis** and the **Cure's** danceable neurosis, with a great deal of **Clash** punk polemics thrown in. Around '81, Kenny started a band called **deFECT** (deFECT, the VERB, as opposed to DEffect, the NOUN). I'd not seen the band, but heard of them. They approached Mikey to play bass, and being the daring character he was, he jumped in with both feet! Now, I HAD to go check them out. If Mikey thought they had something goin' on, I didn't want to miss out!

Kenny's stage persona was at once bizarre, yet fascinating – a true convergence of performance art, challenging lyrics and music, and pure freak-show! The band at that time consisted of Kenny fronting, Mikey on bass, with guitar, drums, and trumpet rounding out the sound. They wrote ALL their own material. Intrigued, I soon became downright jealous of Michael's creative side job, and said so.

I didn't know he was already engineering the ouster of their existing guitarist. When Mikey suggested use of a suspended chord in one of their tunes, he got a deer-in-the-headlights look from the guitar player - NOT a particularly esoteric or difficult type of chord position! I got invited to sit in and learn material for an upcoming performance, since the regular guitarist was "going out of town". I played, and was invited to replace the other guitar player – and I was a member of **deFECT!**

