

Five Minutes With ...

RICHARD TILLINGHAST

Q&A by RYAN HUME

Spend some time with singer/songwriter Richard Tillinghast, who is coming to Cannon Beach from White Salmon, Washington, with his wife and cellist, Tova Tillinghast, to play songs from their new record "The Door is Open," at the Lumberyard Rotisserie & Grill at 7 p.m. Saturday, April 25.

"The Door is Open" is your second record with OneHum. For you, how does collaborating with other musicians change the songwriting and recording process?

The songs on this album were written solo, so collaboration didn't change the writing process, but recording is a social event, collaborative by nature, so input and actual change (in sound, mix, mood) is invaluable and a big part of what comes out on the record. We were really honored to work with Rick Hulet at his studio in Bingen, WA on this record. Rick has since passed due to cancer.

Creative exchange between people can really spur growth, and our new music focuses more on the process than the output. I love writing new songs with other people and changing my old ones due to other people's input or the events of the minute.

You are originally a Southern boy, but the Pacific Northwest and its inhabitants seem to exert a strong influence over your songs. How does this landscape and the people who live in it inspire you?

There's a freedom here. This is the first place I settled as an adult. I was in my late 20s, on my way to California (I thought) to live and kayak. I drove through the Columbia River Gorge on a broken sunny day and thought, "I'm going to stay here." I'd been through the area twice before on cross-country kayaking trips and each time I'd felt a unique connection to the place, especially the Little

White Salmon River drainage. There's a freedom here; I'm not sure how much of it is Western "live and let live" versus personal growth and my ability to expand in this particular environment. Regardless, I love it here. I've sown my oats, made and lost friends, worked with a piece of land. We're growing roots, living the heart of our lives in the place we've chosen to be, and that's what these songs are about.

Some of the songs on "The Door is Open" cover momentous life events: meeting your wife, Tova, becoming a father. These songs are complimented by others that are purely reminiscent — like "Still," about the wilds of youth — and some older songs to boot — like "Town in the Distance," which was written 17 years ago. When you step back and look at the whole picture the album paints, what do you see?

I see it as a group of songs that represent, or describe, special episodes of a life. The album definitely covers a period of time filled with momentous events, beginning just before my son was born. Life is a continuous thing, and we're moving into new material, new growth, all the time, but this album will always be special to me because it paints a picture of some very good days.

You've been known to banter with an audience between songs: tell stories and offer comic relief. How does performing live — like you will at The Lumberyard on April 25 — fuel you and the band?

I've always considered myself more of a songwriter than a performer, but playing live allows one to get his kicks out one way or another. You can be a rock star or try to convey subtle feelings through music's wonderful mixture of sound and ideas. I have a silly sense of humor, so that comes out in one goofy way or another. Also, a performing night is a night out for Tova and me, or the whole band, and we like to have fun. What the performer feels is what the audience feels. My brother is a sculptor and we often talk about our different art forms. He does his work alone in a studio, whereas with music, sharing is part of the art. It's all really ironic because I'm not much of a thespian. I'd rather be gardening or cutting firewood. I do like to have a good time, though, and doing fun shows allows one to meet people, experiment with sound and travel.

What's next for Richard Tillinghast and OneHum?

I've been playing a lot of distorted electric guitar lately. I've always played acoustic for the honesty and "realness" of it. Electric instruments don't do much when there's no power. So real, acoustic vibrations have been my focus. There's always been an underlying urge, though, to just go crazy with volume and distortion. I probably should have gotten it out when I was younger, but I didn't. Now I'm merging melodic acoustic stuff with distorted, punk-like guitar at high volumes. Music usually strives to sound "musical"; now I'm interested in discordance and power to tell more of the story.

We've got good shows coming up and some regular local gigs. I hope to integrate the new ideas into a show that conceivably could go from kid-friendly music at the start to punk shattering windows by the end. Hopefully the kids would have gone home by that point.

Wild SIDE

Metacarcinus magister

The Dungeness crab

By LYNETTE RAE McADAMS

Dungeness crab, one of the largest edible crabs, is native to the entire stretch of North America's Pacific coastline, but, preferring cool water, rarely ventures south of Santa Barbara, California. Brownish-purple in color, with distinguishing spots on its top-side and two very large, pale fore-claws, this handsome crustacean typically grows to between 7 and 8 inches in width, and can live for up to 8 years. Named for the town of Dungeness, Washington, where it was first commercially harvested in the 1880s, it remains a staple in the fishing economies of California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska.

Five pairs of legs keep the Dungeness moving swiftly through the eel-grass beds and sandy ocean bottoms that are its home, and it can be found from the shallows of the inter-tidal zone all the way to depths of about 800 feet. Equipped with powerful pincers to both defend itself and capture prey, it favors a diet of clams and small fish, but is also known as an efficient scavenger.

M. Magister wears a hard exoskeleton, which it sheds during its annual "molt" — a time when the crab steps out

of its old shell and emerges in a fresh, green-colored shell, which remains flexible for several days. To mate successfully, a female crab must be in this soft-shelled "post-molt" phase, which usually occurs during May or June. Male crabs (who wait to molt until the fall), choose their partners by wrapping them in a protective embrace that may last for up to two weeks, at which time, in an ancient, romantic gesture of the sea, the female signals her readiness to mate by urinating on the male's antennae. If all goes according to plan, the female will carry 2.5 million fertilized eggs, which will hatch in the open sea almost six months later.

Only male crabs of a certain size can be harvested legally — a very successful method of management that has earned Dungeness crab a sustainability rating of "Best Choice" from Seafood Watch, an advisory program of the Monterey Bay Aquarium. That's good news for the crab's biggest fans: those who prize it for its sweet, delicate flavor and can't wait to express their devotion through the merits of melted butter.

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Deservedly, the Dungeness crab became Oregon's "state crustacean" in 2009.



word nerd

By RYAN HUME

Veleva

[və·lə·ə]

noun

1. *Veleva Veleva*: the only known member of the genus *Veleva*; a small, bluish marine hydrozoan fixed with a transparent, vertical growth or float that resembles and acts like a sail. *Veleva* drift in colonies on the open ocean's surface and are subject to the whims of the wind

ve·lə·li·dous, *adj.* Of or relating to the species *Veleva*

Origin:

New Latin from around 1830. A taxonomic classification combining *vēlum*, meaning "sail," with the Italian suffix *-ella*, which is often applied to describe bacteria. *Veleva* are commonly called "purple sailors" or "by-the-wind sailors."

"*Veleva velevas* don't show up on the beach every year, and this year's accumulation is especially heavy: Some Oregon beaches are covered in an inch of the dying jellyfish."

—Meg Wagner, "SEE IT: Scores of dazzling blue jellyfish-like creatures wash up on West Coast beaches," *New York Daily News*, Tuesday, April 14, 2015

"A fringe of lighter blue tentacles, used for feeding, dangle from the edge of the Sailor's underside. These tentacles, like those of *Veleva*'s relatives, sea anemones, coral and jellyfish, contain microscopic harpoon guns called nematocysts that stab, poison and lasso the Sailor's plankton prey."

—Darrel E. Ward, "By-the-wind-sailors victims of their environment," *The Sunday Oregonian*, Sunday, Aug. 16, 1981, Northwest Magazine, p. 19

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Calling all word nerds: Got a word you want us to feature? Email your ideas to editor@coastweekend.com