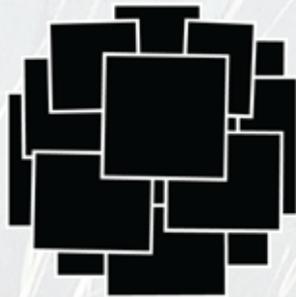


STAND UNDER MY TREE



volume 1

preface

In giving you this text, we as Tree Cover Records would like to formally introduce ourselves: we are a “co-operative label” of Central Pennsylvania natives working to realize our personal musical visions in the fresh, malleable and mostly unexposed slate of Harrisburg, PA. We are dedicated to kindling and fostering creative growth through working relationships and localized community. Aware of the stifling effects of replacing approachability for professionalism, we place our relationships at the center of how we produce music and art. Each facet of our product, from recording to designing to promoting to assembly, is done in-house allowing everything under our roof to be nestled within one of our respective passions. So hear our stories, meet our friends, see our home – take a peek.

We hope to meet you again.



STAND UNDER MY TREE

ISSUE ONE

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creators

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Caleb Cossick writer
Jake Kauffman writer
Colin Powers writer

thanks

We would like to take this space to thank everybody who has helped us along the long road to fruition. Friends, Family and Fans we thank you all. Wouldnt be here without you.

special thanks to Liz Larabee
and Aaron Carlson for the interview



stand under our tree

**We live in an age of blurred lines
and we're okay with that. But for the sake of
informing folks about our mission and our
ethos we ask that you let us define ourselves.**

We aren't really an Indie Label...

Today's Indie labels look an awful lot like the majors of twenty five years ago. They're well connected with established promotional outlets, enjoy the benefits of national distribution at the hands of suit-and-tie corporations (mostly the Alternative Distribution Alliance), boast ties with countless luminary figures in the music world, curate talent on an electronically networked global level, and though many allow artists to retain most rights and profits, do not represent a grass-roots creative movement or localized scene in the way that the likes of Dischord, SST, or K Records did in the "golden years" of Indie rock. We, on the other hand, are just a handful of friends and collaborators living and working in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania disconnected from any established independent music organization.

(continued on page 8)





Caleb Cossick





interview

In this city, it seems that you learn about giants crashing through once you discover their fingerprints. Similarly, I heard about Tree Cover before I encountered any of the people involved. What distinguished them as an entity for me was that they came as a pack, always. All at once, there was a groundswell of comments and gestures toward this sort of new energy in the young people of Harrisburg. Shows, with art and music, were planned and executed at the drop of a hat in strange locations and overflowing with people I'd never seen before. I found it energizing. In this city, it also seems that good efforts bump into one another and form larger, better efforts. I had the fortune of encountering Tree Cover at a time when my own life became increasingly crowded with the work of generating cultural events. What I found is that these people were endlessly creative, assertive, collaborative and kind. And that they inspired me to be a stronger voice than I initially strove for. Now, with a small amount of time under our collective belt, I consider them trench buddies. It is a very specific sort of work that we are doing in this city, and it is entirely dependent on a “we come as a pack” mentality. I'm grateful for what I see Tree Cover insisting upon and my inclusion in that.

Liz Laribee
director, Makespace





I was born in the small town of Dauphin, which is two watergaps north of Harrisburg, the capital city of Pennsylvania. I moved to Virginia, then DC, then Oakland, then back to Harrisburg itself. I'd been spoiled by the cultural limelight of the big city where every night brought a new adventure and every lamppost a promise of something awesome. But back in good old Harrisburg, I really had to dig and sift for good stuff. The bros of Tree Cover were one of the awesomeness bat signals in the Harrisburg sky. Young forces of nature deploying tremors of bonhomie and quakes of maximum guitar and keytronic innovation rose to greet me, unbeckoned, here in the midstate. I was impressed and stoked. I'm not sure how they're planning on using these words, but if they do end up getting printed somewhere and you read them, please be sure slap a Tree Cover dude's back for me and say KUDOS!

Aaron Carlson
owner, little amps roasters



Stephen Haas



...nor are we just individuals.

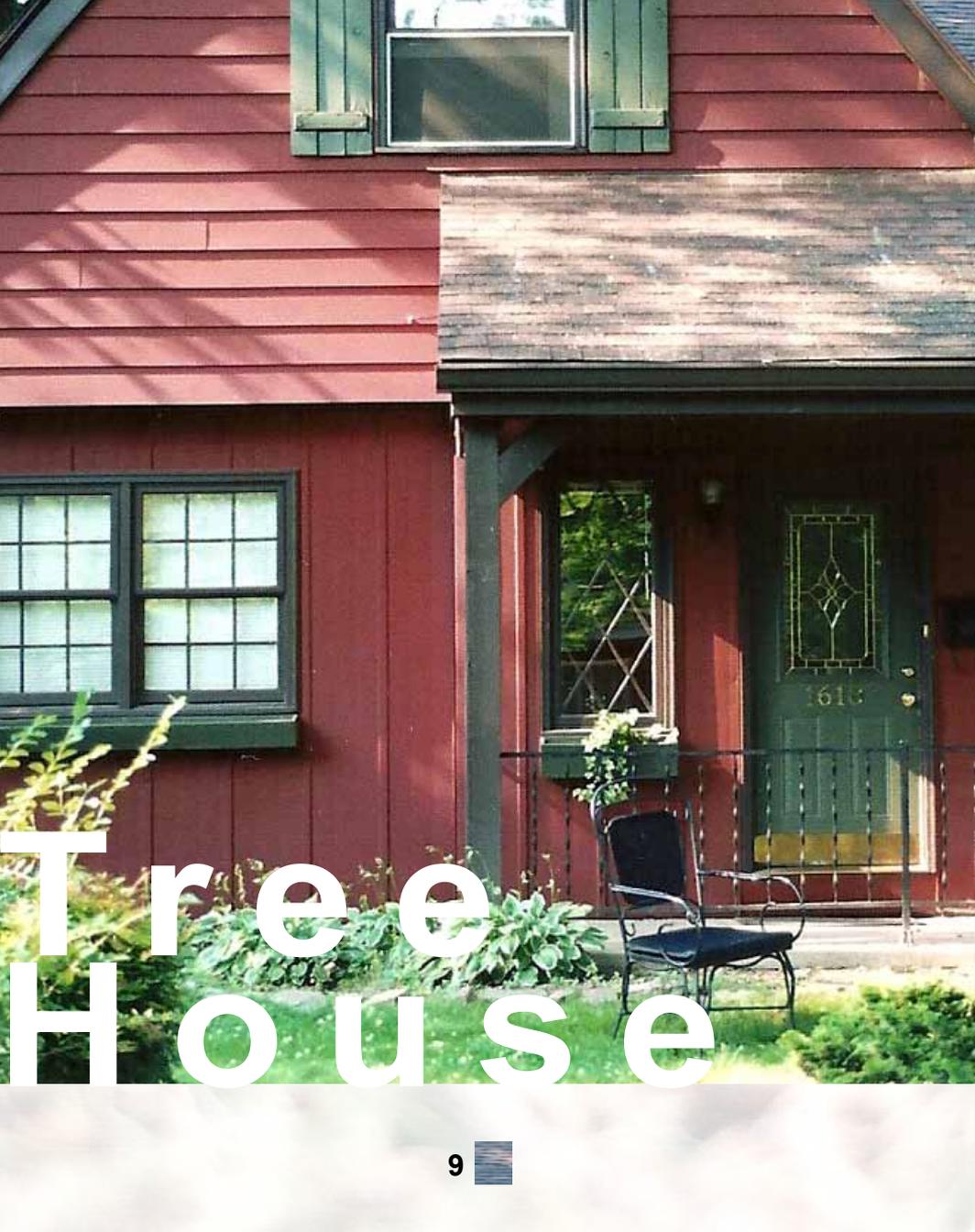
Today anyone can “distribute” their music on a “global” level. We’ve met a lot of folks whose primary distribution methods include bandcamp.com, cell phone videos posted on youtube.com, and CD-Rs slipped into sandwich bags and given away at basement and living room shows. That isn’t our jam. As much as we value the DIY ethos, we want to make a piece that can stand up next to the esteemed pop albums in your collection, not something bought or picked up for free out of good-will, played once, ambivalently left on your desk, accidentally knocked down behind your desk, found six months later while vacuuming, and promptly donated to a local thrift store. We aren’t going to beg you to ‘like’ our facebook.com page, promise a free show in your front lawn if you help pay for our vinyl pressing, or bombard you with text, photos, and videos of what we ate for dinner while on tour to keep you from forgetting that we exist.

We are a localized, Co-Operative Label...

One of our primary goals as an organization is to musically embody the beating creative heart of Harrisburg and its surrounding ‘burbs, townships, and boroughs.

Though by no means indifferent, we’re not nearly as interested in what’s happening elsewhere. We also want to record and promote music as art, this means releasing only excellent and innovative musical projects and pushing everything that we put our hands on to reach every bit of its potential. We want to encourage and shape young Hburg talent, give new opportunities to existing local artists, and provide a breeding ground for all of our creative careers to flourish in unprecedented ways. It is our earnest belief that we will accomplish more and better things working together in our home town than we could accomplish working with remote entities, as esteemed and resource-rich as they may be, or by moving to the nearest “happening” city to try to plug in with the scene there. This means that we will often end up recording our own material, designing and assembling our own packaging, coding our own websites, and booking our own performances, often in repurposed spaces of our own creation. The only thing we’ve accepted that we can’t do is press our own records. That is, unless we save up enough pennies to buy a lathe and stamper. (concluded on page 12)





Tree House





The Treehouse is the home base of Tree Cover Records. It really is HOME more than A house, as the title transferred from the original locale in a lush, quiet (if not sedate) neighborhood in the “West Shore” suburbs of Camp Hill to the big city of Harrisburg itself. The Treehouse is usually a busy place with at least someone doing something musical in it. But it’s also seen its fair share of chill and fun times...sometimes with a dash of mischief thrown in, too. For all the talk of “can I show you my new song?” this and “business meeting in five minutes” that, the house lives up to young bachelor pad expectations of pizza pie permeations. The Treehouse has welcomed so many faces of faithful friends or faraway strangers, neighbors must be confused as to how many folks are officially on the lease (no fewer than five). Every now and again there’ll be a slight ruffle in the rug between one housedweller to the other, but things have historically been smoothed out pretty well. This must have to do with there being a rather singular mission at the end of the day: to do what they love with the ones they love, and to love doing it ...





tribulations and trials

The summer of 2011 was cooling off into a brisk fall and the young men of Tree Cover were being asked to give up their beloved practice space at the local church. Okay, admittedly, they had sort of gracefully elbowed their way into the basement's "storage room" and transferred it into a fully functional and nearly-always accessible music studio...without paying a nickel in rent! But where were these young musicians supposed to play now without a roof over their heads and Father Winter fast approaching?

As the three young men sulked through the city one day, they passed a decrepit old warehouse. "FOR SALE, \$500,000 or Best Offer," the sign in front of it read. The boys paused. There was enough space to house all their equipment times fifty. They could almost hear groundbreaking music spewing out of the cracks in the weathered walls, exhilarating improvisation amidst sculptors' sculptures of jaw-dropping beauty, transcosmographical art innovators brushing shoulders with painters painting nude poets in very deep thought. Okay, so it'd need a little bit of touching up inside yet, and, oh, they wouldn't quite be able to amass the asking price, just the three of them...but with a couple of friends' verbal agreements to pitch in, they should be good. After a minute or two more of hashing out the details, Caleb declared, "Let's bite on it." "This'll be awesome," Stephen shined. "As long as one of us has a credit history we should be alright," Jake reasoned. It was decided that amongst the three of them, Jake had the most professional phone demeanor. "Call him up and let's shoot low - offer him 300 thousand," Caleb commanded, adding, "They're probably REALLY desperate to sell it; I think it's been on the market for a few months now."

Needless to say, the Tree Cover young men were NOT successful in their business bid for such prime real estate. It was okay, though; it would've been cold in the winter anyway...



...and we want to distribute records...

We treasure experiences that involve something to feel and to hold onto. That's why we press our music to wax, zap it to tape, and burn it to disks. While we aim to remain a localized organism, we also look forward to sharing and interacting warmly with other circles through the export of records, art, and live performance. Ultimately, we view the purchase of our work as much more than buying a product. It's the opportunity for us to share something of deep personal worth with folks outside of our community. Similarly, we view publicity and the sharing of our work as more than an opportunity to sell more records. To us, it's a vote of appreciation for our vision and our craft, something of infinitely more value than hype. You might say we thrive on approval. Why else would we share? At the same time, we'd all like to quit our day jobs, so our shit isn't free.

...made in the paradigm of Personal Pop...

"Indie" and "Alternative" are horrible names for musical genres, nor are they properly used as such. So, while we leave the coining of increasingly grasping and absurd

genre labels to critics and bloggers, we prefer the term "Personal Pop", not as a style of music but as a way of describing the spirit of our medium. It is music, very much indebted to the structures and traditions of various popular music forms. It is initiated by an individual and crafted co-operatively with the intent of projecting a singular emotional space reflective of that person's creative vision. The goal is a recording that exudes the essence of an individual in a way that nothing else can. Projects are structured with the mindset that great music is the work independent visionaries with musicians, engineers, and producers acting as their mouth pieces. Thus, we aim re-shape ourselves and our resources into whatever the progenitor of a given project envisions. Simply put, this means playing in each other's bands and playing what the songwriter tells us to play, allowing songwriters to act as producer as much as possible, and putting the realization of their personal vision as the upmost goal of a recording. The result is a roster of visions rather than of bands: one that, while perhaps more varying in style than traditionally expected for a label, retains a mysterious common thread in spirit...





Map

- 1 Tree house** Our home and base of business and music operations
- 2 Little Amps Coffee Roasters** The best coffee our city has to offer while also operating as a cultural hub for the old uptown
- 3 MakeSpace** A grassroots-run studio space and community interfacier
- 4 The Cellar** Where neighbors Mike & Hanni Craton live, host shows and operate a zine
- 5 BroadStreet Market** An indoor and outdoor food market where we hosted a festival last summer
- 6 Midtown Scholar** A massive bookstore and coffeeshop, a great Midtown centerpiece
- 7 Harrisburg Historical Assosiation** An old historic bank that is sometimes a venue
- 8 The Orange Room** This is where it all started for us, music, shows the whole thang

in Closing

We hope you've enjoyed this look into Tree Cover Records. Receive this as a promise of what we wish to accomplish in the long-term and as an invitation to join our growing network of friends and contacts. This is the first time we've reached beyond our home turf, as it were, and we're continuing to learn by our mistakes. We'd love to hear your response to any or all of what you've encountered from us, and we're overly grateful to you for taking part in it by reading, listening, and responding.

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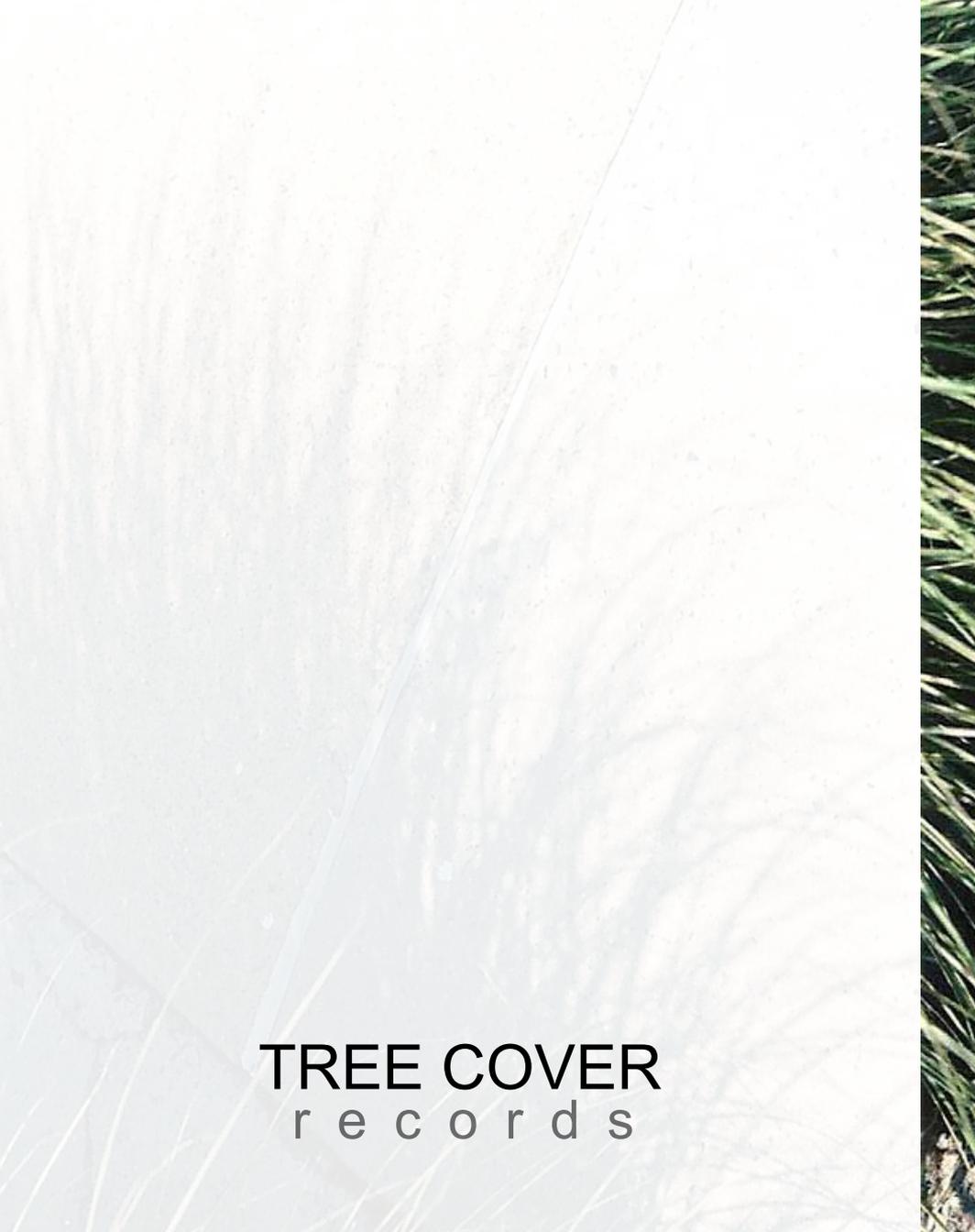
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We give the utmost of thanks to all of the people who have aided in our journey





TREE COVER
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