

Mark Linkous, remembered

by kevin on March 9, 2010

[Mark Linkous](#) committed suicide over the weekend, and among the many remembrances of and tributes to the Sparklehorse main man is the following, penned by ex-Granddaddy guitarist Jim Fairchild, who now makes music as [All Smiles](#), and sent today to his e-mail list:



Among many of the great memories I have of my happy times in rock and roll, one of the happiest comes from a festival in the U.K. in the summer of 2001. Granddaddy was playing on the same day as A Camp and Sparklehorse.

Members of all three bands were rehearsing a version of the Sparklehorse song "Homecoming Queen," to potentially play during the Sparklehorse set. I think that Jason Lytle and Kevin Garcia wound up going up and singing it with Mark Linkous later in the day, along with Nina Persson. I remember how striking it was, observing Mark's patience and joy in explaining the chords and structure to us. Mark had a beautiful and generous face.

Even better, later that night Kevin and Mark wound up stealing a golf cart from festival security. Because he had worked at a golf course before touring "The Sophtware Slump," Kevin knew how to disable the fuel governor on the vehicle. Meaning that the cart would go really fast.

Mark got behind the wheel, a dangerously over-capacity number of us jumped on with him, and Mark tore through the grounds, with a smile as big as any I've ever seen blanketing his face. After a few close calls and narrowly averted collisions, we finally got booted off by security, hysterical laughter preventing any consequence from being exacted. Mark's joy was huge.

A couple years later, Mark and Steven Drozd showed up at a particularly pissed-off Granddaddy performance in Chicago at the Riviera, where we were opening for Pete Yorn. We were getting fucked on soundchecks every night, and Jason had had enough. Through frustration, he thought we should open with a tune called "Play Whatever You Want For About Seven Minutes." Which we did. Made up on the spot. It was awful. Intentionally. When we got done, Mark and Steven came backstage and Mark was so stoked about the new song we played first. He got it. Or was willing to get it.

I hadn't seen Mark in years. But I will now and forever miss that exuberance, so perfectly and fleetingly captured in the examples that passed before my eyes. I feel fortunate to have experienced any of it and thankful to have those songs he made as a reminder of what a fine and caring person he was.

Whatever peace he wasn't able to find here, I hope is with him now.

Spoken too late: Bye, Mark.

Tearfully,
Jim

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