

Randy E | [March 12, 2010 11:58 AM](#) | [Reply](#)

Mark Linkous made remarkable music. Delicate, disturbed beauty ran through his songs and lyrics, and he captured glum as well as any artist could—that was his brilliance. I suppose Mark was weary and tired and had no more joys. I remember so well our years at AHS—Charlottesville Virginia...seems like a million miles away....but yet, I'm still here. We were so very young, yet Mark seemed so grown. He was such a kind soul, such a talented artist, such a dedicated learner, such an amazing friend—a friend to all. He was simple, but yet, he was strangely complicated. He was intriguing, gifted, mysterious, courageous...I greatly admired he. Some of my fondest memories during my teenage years were when the jokes gathered in Mark's parent's basement to listen to him and his band play music. Yes, Mark actually hung out with the jokes. Of course, we were the 70's jokes, yellow jackets, reefer and Past Blue Ribbon. We would chase shots of Seagram's with Seven-up and smoke whatever we could smoke. But not Mark—not Mark—he didn't party. Don't get me wrong, he wasn't a recluse, he went to the parties, but never partied. He was a songwriter first, and wanted to be sober musician. For Mark there was no need to combat peer pressure, he was much cooler than all of us, he was real, he was cool, just being cool. Black tattered leather jacket, chrome chains hanging from his ragged blue jean pockets...ripped t-shirt... and wind blasted twisted hair. I suppose once he hit the big city, the intense lingering and warping affects of constant booze and dope helped him write the dark, mysterious and gloomy songs, and graced him to feel the music he played. God Dame...maybe he wrote himself to death. Well, before his death, once again, he was a rising star, so why, why leave us now? I talked to Mark a few years back, at our dear friends funeral...I wish I new that day, I wish we new that day, I wish someone new that day of his pain and someone could have helped prevent this awful lost. But Mark lived a life of conscious pain...how were we to know. He was my friend, I believe his death was terminal like an illness, not a selfish act, it was out of his control, it was out of control. RIP Mark...RIP. I'm sorry he's gone and my heart goes out to his family and friends.
