Hey there....

You guys were so kind to come hang with us last week--what a treat. And that salmon will be talked about for a long time to come, Monique. It's the standard by which all other Solstice fish will be judged in the future, except there will be none because no one would dare try to match let along improve upon that salmon you made. What a sweet night.

Hope your holidays have been great and restful.

Jet--you mentioned something about some recording--s'up?

Finally, here's the third draft of the first of the puzzle I'm working on. When it's done it will probably be a website with photos, writings, video and audio images but mostly advertised and focused on as an "album" of 12 to 15 songs, some of which are inspired by and/or reference Paris and some which have nothing to do with Paris except I wrote them in the past two years or so meaning they are infected with whatever Paris has done to my subconscious. I'm particularly interested in finding out what happens when snippets of plein air audio--live stuff harvested from streets and cafe's on Paris trips--is mosaic-ed together with intentionally recorded music. In that way I can see all 15 pieces flowing into one another with no dead air, transitions between songs using real audio to bridge the gaps. Sonic collage you could call it. That's the interesting thread tying together the new songs this time--not a narrative theme (like those primate-brained musical monologues of which I've done, like, five in a row now and from whose form's demands I feel I need to take a break,) but a sonic-based thing (mammalian brain-based...feeling and emotion).

I hear you on some of the songs in my head. I'll let you know when they are far enough along to share. Mean time, if you hear yourself on anything, let me know immediately. It might be you're feverish or coming down with something and we'll have to start you on antibiotics immediately.

First big question for this tune--does is need some sort of rhythmic element? If so, what?

Love to you both and happy new year!

M