

96-3-7 Thursday

Dear Ritch,

Plates. We just finished with "Loose". We did our part up over the course of 26 hours. One afternoon into night, one afternoon.

Weather heating up out here. Animal of Jay in shorts. Tim in pathetic casual shirt with rolled up sleeves. The apartment somehow not smelling.

Anyhoot, when you sent the tape back we didn't "over" listen to it. I think we each listened to it twice, on our lonesomes, the courtesy or fear that weed brings like you gotta get out of the house right now in us. Like I recall being in the busted wicker rocking chair saying these keys are great. To this day remain great. Per straight up sexual sticking.

So we's done. As for our performance it's tolerable, the singing in the same microphone and my rotting liver tar lung breath and Jay's lunch meat stench a mono problem. I think I toned down the pseudo-lead on guitar Ax Away to the point where it fits verbatim. Do you know on "Ax Away" there was (originally and ever since) no change in the tempo from the intro into the body? And no pause? As for the end of "Ax Away" lyrically Jay was and is really heart attached to repeating what was previously sung (circa row row your boat). I wrote four lines to sum it all up but you can only really here two, at least in the one set of sub-par headphones we have to use with the switching back and forth good headphones we have. "Loose" was awkward in that we had to adjust the speed to the point to where it was hurried to match your tuning. Thanks for picking up the line when Jay asked if you were there. "Again I move and I'm used to it", a great line in my loose book, meaning or implying movement, antithesis of being dormant, stagnant, dead, under heavy ground.

It'd be great to compare this version with the version we last sent you (forever lost?) We're keen enough on tunes to think these tunes will kick it. We'll dump it down for ourselves Monday (four days away) and then it's in your hands and the resources you have access to that we don't have. Odd in an adult-kind of way these songs hold up as well as they do, you calling them fun, Jay calling them standards, me calling them at times the truth or rapid-fire day off Brown Street and what are we doing with our lives.

We've got the tunes cranking, simply need to record them all and then reconsider them (no use considering or reconsidering until we take the time to record what works or what doesn't.) I'm still convinced that we should send you two more tunes, so we might have four songs, and I think Jay concurs, or I know he does, and we presume you know you do.

"Beyond Treason"-- "Just One More"-- ? Other?

If you ever want to really pick up the frog pace on loose and ax away through printing it

onto tape or vinyl perhaps then we should re redo them. For now tis it on my end, new music to move onto, and yet I want the three of us to be unequivocally satisfied with what you arrive at (and we). Seriously, your playing and sensibility has always been a bridge in what Jay and I try to do, and it always comes out being damn fine sturdy bridge sometimes suspended sometimes swaying sometimes cemented beneath a bay's floor.

Just send us a copy of your take when you are done. We'll be getting two songs to you sooner more than later in the name of having four songs, two sides.

Jay's notes:

- if possible bring horn up in the end (Ax Away)
- can ending be fully orchestrated more quickly?
- on mix down definitely a must digital reverb on vocals (we don't have) and/or maybe some delay

I thought I was going to have to bring out more specifics but that's how settled the two tunes are, I guess. So we have two tunes. Could have two more. Could redo the initial two. It all on my end comes down to why and if that's settled of course redoing them. Until the next talk or piece of mail peace and don't smoke yourself to death.

Jay & Tim

p.s. go hoosiers, reds, browns, bulls, anne archer, lakers with magic, republican doublespeak, ax away the angels, the end of tension, tender foreplay, loose

we gave you one bar of ax away by yourself (you did start it off originally) and we wonder what or why you didn't use a stick sound for us to count off, meaning the computer like blips gave us no clue as to what beat or breath or rest we were on...

“into a city that is the last point in time
into a bar that's the last glass of the night
the last lifted hands, the last hurrah
the last handful of people in your life

once we're all here and only then
we'll change or keep the end of our lives”