

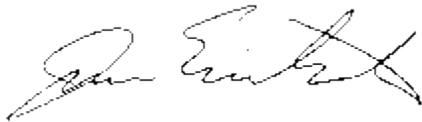


Jesse Winchester's Studio

 The studio's board members have been mighty cheerful since they saw the first month's statement from our new souvenir shop. In its brief existence, with an opening inventory of only a dozen songs, the shop has already made a small profit, vindicating its sponsors, and confounding those who predicted that our guests would be too disoriented by their visit to conduct even simple transactions. "Leave them alone," they said. "Can't you see they're confused?" In fact, that primitive part of the brain which can appreciate musical masterworks, and use a credit card to pay for them, is mostly unaffected by the studio's distorted time waves, even when the higher centers of the mind, the ones that deal with doorknobs and car keys, may have temporarily downed tools.

 Putting aside any moral issues our business methods might raise, we have been talking about what to do with our little windfall. Like any human organization, the board split long ago into two factions. In our case they are the Hedonists and the Hedonists With Nagging Doubts. The Hedonists want to invite the whole town over to eat barbecue, drink wine, and sing all night. The Hedonists With Nagging Doubts bring up what happened last time. They want to save up for a pool table and an espresso machine. I'm not sure how I'm going to vote. I know I don't need to be drinking any more coffee.

Thanks for the visit,



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