



Jesse Winchester's Studio



Not everyone at the studio plays an instrument:

● **Claude** is our recording engineer. He chases hums and buzzes, he does repairs, he takes our celestial sound and makes it even more celestial with deft tweaking. His goal is to produce a recording of such fidelity and intimacy, you'll close your eyes and swear the boys and I are sitting on your lap, singing in your ear. He's getting close - I'd say that right now it sounds like we're sitting next to you on the sofa, eating all the cashews out of your mixed nuts. His talk is all about the latest gizmos, acronyms set to algorithms. He's the hardest working person here - he's the *only* working person here - and completely unpretentious. I'm ashamed to say I used to make cruel remarks about his wardrobe. I don't do that anymore - now I just try to be helpful. Engineers are a lot more sensitive than you might think.

● **Ralph** is our gardener. The roses are pruned, the graveled walks are weeded, the snow is plowed, the gazebo painted - all Ralph's work. He keeps to himself - he prefers flowers to musicians. It's no wonder, considering the stuff he's found in the woods around the studio over the years. Ralph drives the tractor for the annual Jesse Winchester's Studio "Hayride For Tots." He's an amateur historian - a Churchill buff. He goes to church every Sunday. I like him a lot.

● **Teresa** is the newest member of the family. She was hired to run the souvenir shop, helping customers download mp3s and doing the cash, but a week after she arrived, the drummer quit smoking. She would not leave him alone, she nagged him every time he ducked outside to light up. He begged me to fire her. I gave her a raise and made her General Manager, to run the office and deal with lawyers, bureaucrats, anyone outside our famous Reality Barrier. She treats me with the perfect blend of deference and sass, and she shows the musicians no mercy. They are

changing shirts, shaving, washing their coffee cups. Sometimes I wonder if feudalism was really given a chance.

🍊 **And there's Marvel, our cook.** Marvel is from Louisiana, which says it all. Visitors often ask him for recipes, wanting to know what fuels this exquisite music. I warn them: in the age of fast food, Marvel doesn't make anything that cooks for less than two hours. Usually it cooks all afternoon, sometimes all day. There's little work involved, but lots of time. And, heart of mine, one heavenly forkful of *canard Marvel* will make you jump up and bark like a bulldog. He serves it with wild rice, *haricots*, cornbread and iced tea, and he always sets a place for the spirits. They're picky eaters, the spirits.

🍇 **Frankly, we don't pay a lot at the studio, but we attract the very best.** Everyone wants to live and work behind the Reality Barrier, in spite of the problems we've been having with it lately. And there's Claude's sound, Marvel's duck, Ralph's roses and Teresa's tough love. It's a good gig.

🍇 **There is a new CD in the souvenir shop - *Live At The Trojan Horse*.**

Thanks for the visit,



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