

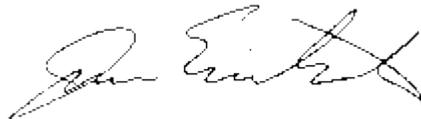


Jesse Winchester's Studio

 The studio is especially beautiful now. About a month ago a spirit possessed my body and began cleansing and scouring and pushing the furniture around like a divine wind - Shiva with a 12-amp Hoover. About two weeks later the spirit left, as I knew it would one day, but when it had gone, large areas of the floor were passable, there were new pictures on the walls, and the speakers had been hung from the ceiling and aimed right at my brainbone. Of course, I no longer have ten years' worth of Keyboard Magazine at my fingertips, and I seem to be missing a cat. But I have plenty of cats. A recent storm turned the warm, happy studio into a cold, dark husk. I huddled by the wood stove with the cats, and considered a world without electricity. It was so peaceful - I started to hope the power wouldn't come back. But then our correspondence would be over, dear reader, and I wouldn't want that. There'd be no Andy Griffith Show, no washing machines, and, in my house, the toilet would become purely decorative. No - electricity good. But I recommend a wood stove and plenty of cats to anyone who has fetched up far from the equator.

There are several complete songs available for downloading, lyrics and cover photos courtesy of Alan Freeman. There are also links to the record companies who offer my albums for sale, and to some MPEG 3 sites, in case you need a player program to hear the songs.

Thanks for the visit,



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