

The lyrical prose of staccato language presupposes piano sketches. The titles are extra-propositional and shrug meaning. But they settle us, affirming our place in the order of things.

***when you're a ant, and you wake up in an awesome mood, about to drive your son to school, only to discover you left the lights on in the car last night so your battery is drained.***

***blueberry mansions*** is EQ freedom.

These seven sketches are not demos, though we could use that word for we have nothing better. They give the viewer rare insight into how creativity actually behaves behind the facade of endless mastering, marketing and touring. They are immiscible with bullshit. Andre 3000 gives us what we've been yearning for. In a time of polished, overproduced and chemically curated content, these pieces give us music when it arrives and as it arrives. When someone else's nostalgia hits the main vein it becomes your own. To share, not to own.

These works feel strangely unowned. Perhaps a consequence of their ambiguity. Can we really derive meaning from misshapen chords and titles that point elsewhere? Where is that place that we can sense but not inhabit?

This type of work does not affirm the world. Its not resolution, its drift.

