

September 22, 2004

Dear Andrew,

Okay, here it is: The final letter for "Who Knows?" As you can see, I made some changes to the title. I also reversed the middle section, and stuck with the original conclusion, which I think helps it dissolve completely. We don't want to be giving it too smoothly. Primarily, I've been focusing on removing the narration - I mentioned not being sure about it when I sent you the second draft. I think you'll be pleased with the final results and find your own justification for removing pieces of each section.

I wrote the final section while actually listening to the music - I typed a lot of it one handed, which I love to do and am quite good at - all the while I punched and lashed out at the air with my other hand, trying my hardest to infuse the words with the same energy as the music. I kid you not; it was impossible. Still, I recommend you familiarize yourself with all the music from each section. We should be on the same page - I want you to have it down cold. Not too polished, but what we'd normally go for in this type of sequence: first we actually present it - give it a chance - if you let them think, then you let them know, and then if you let them think they know, then you can undo initial impressions based on their own awareness of being the observer. Remember: "Who's really the audience, and who's really on stage? Who's entertaining whom? I never want you to lose that Andrew. I'll have everyone continue to push that angle whether you like it or not. Based on what we had initially discussed, I hope you won't disagree. The patience you've shown has been remarkable, but it's still my place to inform you on what to say. Let's keep moving across that line - but don't get too linear.

I've been trying for seven years now to translate the feelings I want you to portray, and by this point I shouldn't even have to repeat myself. Do what's natural, but keep watching your instincts closely - create your own ability to form first impressions after the fact - music still provokes people to attempt translation. We need to thread that desire and sew it into our display. I still have the desire to express myself, I'm doing it right now, to you - maybe that's why people like to read and write and talk - to try and explain what it is we're looking for, or what we've found - or maybe just to feed our appetite for understanding. Is that different than curiosity? Fortunately, music can confirm that our hunger is the key to pleasure, for without it, we'd never experience the rich satisfaction of feeding our passion or fueling our fire. The essence of a moment is to know that you're in there without needing to know where it is.

It's a brief realization of the one true knowledge: that we can never know anything, and that even that is unknowable. Some people will scoff at this notion - Andrew, I don't want you to be one of those people.

Writing will always be an impersonation of music when it comes to evoking emotion. The translation process is layered relatively thick, whereas with music, the context is its own, and our reactions are contained inside its unique and totally inherent language. Still, the choices have been made and what's unfolded still has the creases left by those initial impressions. I can recall my state of mind exactly, and almost before I had made up my mind, I realized that I had already cast myself

in my part. It's been my choice. You can appreciate the delicacy of my situation - you've sprung from the folds. Writing acts on the brain alone, but music acts on the brain, the heart, the guts and the muscles. I will continue to try and do justice to this music. Maybe in another 65 years we'll have invented a language strong and beautiful enough to describe the feelings I have in the final moments of "I Get Wet" or "Totally Stupid."

I don't know if I've said this before, but I'm very proud of you. You've managed to take credit without taking the blame. You've presented the ideals without forgetting the ideas behind them, and you've made those ideas into something we can examine and enjoy. In other words, you've done what you were supposed to do. And you're still doing it. I often try to imagine what it must be like for you - to be inside it all with no way of seeing it how anyone else sees it. What would you think if you were somehow yourself, but without this music? What would you think of it? What would you think of yourself? You'll never know that any more than you'll know what it's like to see it from my eyes. So, perhaps you aren't seeing it at all. You can't see it because you're only looking out from inside. How can a camera film itself with it's own lens? It can only film its image - an imitation or reflection of itself. Even if the lens were somehow able to see itself, it would "see itself seeing itself" and would reflect into infinite regress. But it's the only way you can do this - you have to stay in the middle of that infinity - not on either side, but attempt to hover over what you're about to become. It's a strange loop. Like seeing around the world to the back of your head. To observe oneself through your own eyes is to lead two lives - one that sees and one that does. Sometimes you can get both to see and do the same things, but they often seem to have minds of their own, despite our awareness, which only creates more lives to observe in turn. With each new life there is another, for you can always observe the observer, and watch yourself watch yourself watch yourself watch yourself and so on.

Since I'm older than you I can watch you do this without it being completely unnatural. In my initial excitement, you were unknown and completely unknowable - how can I keep that image? A picture on the back of a CD and a phone number and a fistful of life-altering songs? But that wasn't the way to present the complete picture: it was as if the thoughts were written in advance for the thinkers. When "I Get Wet" was released and you first started giving interviews, I remember feeling a huge relief. I had already invested so much, and I was worried you might blow it with the press. Instead, you came out and said exactly what we had been speaking about privately for months. That was IMPORTANT, because it showed that this could be given the benefit of the doubt - that you believed you loved it too. It was like a weight off my shoulders. Sometimes I wonder what I would think if you had come off differently. I wonder if the music would've changed my feelings about you.

Nothing could have changed my feelings about this music.

So that's it. Read through it a few more times and tell me what you think. We're all hoping this is the final draft. Feel free to give me notes - or if you'd like, just go ahead and make additions or deletions of your own, but keep in mind, I've already given this version to Marika. We're ready to go with it. No doubt you could make the opening section stronger - if you want to, please do, and if you can think of any better words, add them as well. I'd like the writing to be as good as it can be. Please don't edit this last paragraph though. I like it the way it is.

Okay.
Love always,
Dad

