

WOW

You've to kiss the strings!

Rip off the beat.

Couldn't you try to catch the rifts within—doing so with your teeth, not your fingers?

More on the neck, less on the body.

Be bitchy with the key...

You hit the nail on the head... that said, I think we should just go for it... It might miss the mark if it's too "elaborate"; anything that seems too sophisticated doesn't strike me as quite as convincing. Then, say, um... A wreck is less at the pitch if it is too "much," and... Um. Not to clean, not to loose. As with a facade and its scaffolding, leave the roofing installation visible.

Again, hard on the key. More in sight... and tougher!

So leave it with the melodic structure exposed.

No, no, it's cool like that!

Upset stomach and a burning head! "What do you think, Chris?" she asks me, while playing a score—or improvising, in a way.

Your riff guitar is nice but lacks a backbone...

Or so speaking.

Could you try playing around with a moiré effect—like the pattern you might have had on your backside as a child after a good spanking? Oh, don't be shy.

Come on...

Come on, that sound shouldn't seem so depressed. Smoke a lobster, make it luster!

Great, we're getting there.

Over-the-top playing often fells fake fast. It's also more nerve-wracking. Smutty is fine.

I simply can't manage to plug the jack into the ass of the guitar—that heavy, sonic septic tank leaking from every side. *Or so*. Let it be with lumpish strings—kind of a knotted-rope effect. Somewhat like that.

Nah, no! Give me a neck-ache... It rings false again.

Leave it with thick, irregular discrepancy.

Spot on!

There was too much, too hulky submission to a systematic approach from the resonance of the body, and not enough controlled hesitation on the frets. You bet! OK, and now, how does it sound like that...

Worse or better?

Well, maybe it's not plugged in right!

Better is worse, I prefer between. Something a little bit, um... loosening the grip. Fair, isn't!

Skip by the leaks!

Otherwise the sound could piss poor and somewhat stiff, as if taking a break for the hearing. F-U-C-' them.

Tonight, I'm a total wild child on the string, so let's rock like a free roll of toilet paper...

Wright... Now I think that we have to bolster the bass.

Just a tiny bit.

And don't bother the inlays emplacement. Stay loose, or quite so.

Yeah, that's it—you got it!

Lock, stock and barrel, you've grab its crutch!

Meg Hoffstapper & Chris Glover.