

SOUTHCOTE, SCORES

DEER ISLE I, JOHN MARIN IN MAINE

DEER ISLE II, EVERY SUMMER FROM THE FIRST

DEER ISLE III, MOSTLY WATERCOLOURS

LOMOND

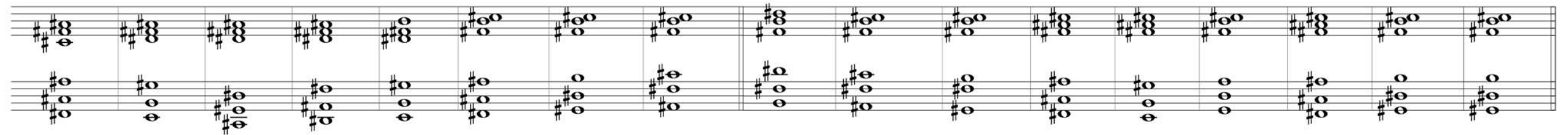
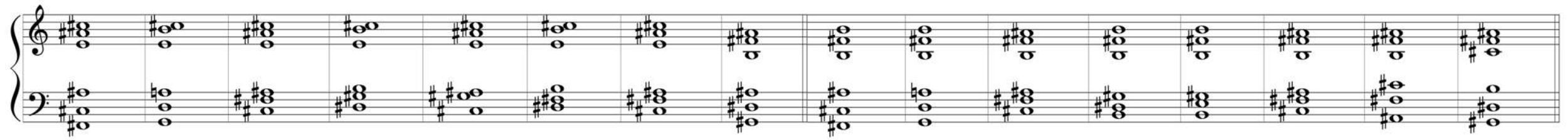
BUT LIGHT NOW APPEARING,

JAMES M. CREED/NX RECORDS, SUMMER 2020



DEER ISLE I

John Marin in Maine

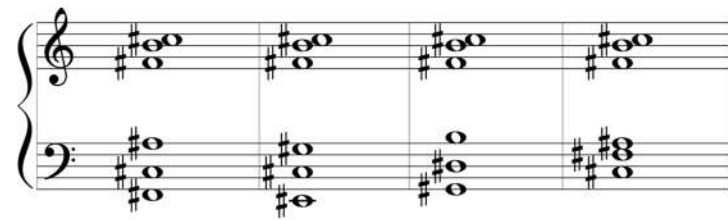


I was only there a day, a while back now

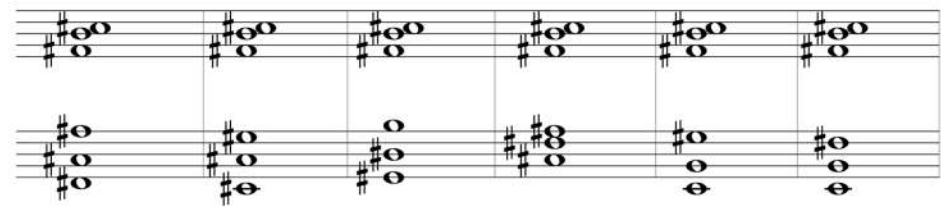
James M. Creed, winter 2018 (revised summer 2020)

DEER ISLE II

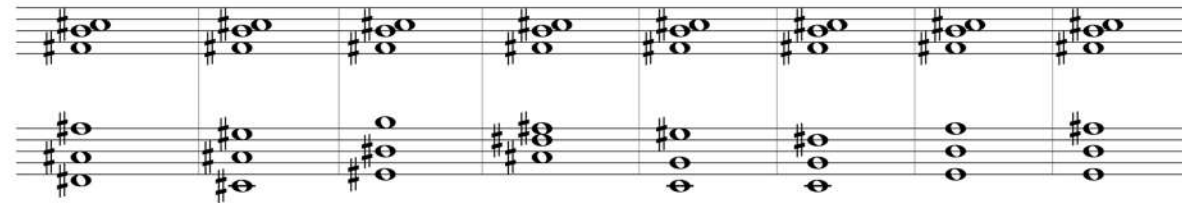
every summer from
the first



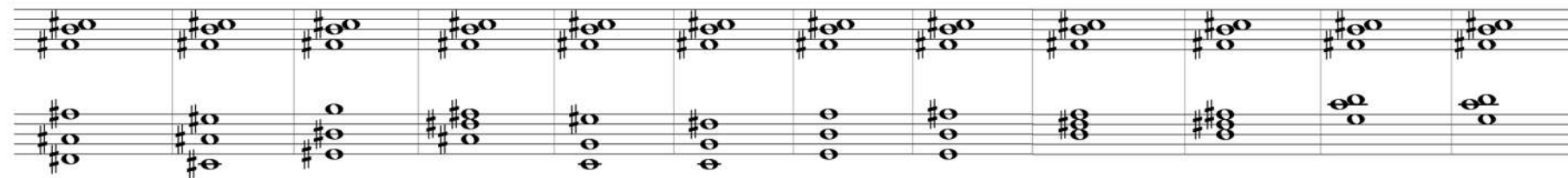
although I'm not sure



that it would be



all the same



DEER ISLE III

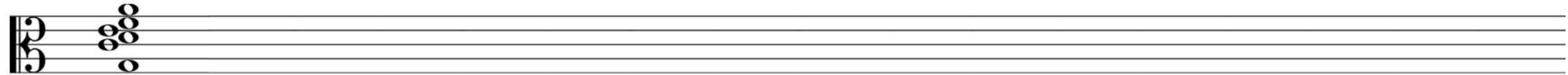
mostly watercolours



still, I'd like to go back there one day

James M. Creed, winter 2018 (revised summer 2020)

LOMOND



See, this is just the song folded up together into a neat parcel. It's a letter fashioned into its own envelope. All of it is still in there, it's just pocket-sized now. Not that it was all that big before - people have been carrying it around for years of course. Really I've done nothing at all worth talking about, just a little folding up. I should probably say that it'll sound a bit different though, but I suppose you can see that already. You might have to listen carefully for a while, but that's a nice way to listen, isn't it? I think so, at least. It'll take a bit of patience, and then you might hear it or you might not. Or you might find something else instead. But that would be just as good, wouldn't it? The only other thing I'll say, though I'm not sure that I should, is that it's not really a chord. It's just some notes happening together. It's the song on pause and play at the same time. I'm not sure that made sense... all I mean is that it's not so much about balancing them as letting them balance themselves. Or letting them not balance themselves. It's about being careful, but not because it's fragile - the opposite, I suppose. Maybe I've said too much. Or maybe I just haven't said anything useful . . . Well, either way, here it is. Feel free to ignore all of this.

yours,

James M. Creed, summer 2020

BUT LIGHT NOW APPEARING,

and now leaving us, and so off and on¹



¹ Edmund Burke, *A Philosophical Enquiry . . .* (1757)