

On Thursday, December 15, 2016, 4:49 pm, Hacienda Bridge <[newsletter@hardyfox.com](mailto:newsletter@hardyfox.com)> wrote:



---- Mid December 2016. Newsletter #6 ----





## Goodbye 2016 and Good Riddance

This was a strange year, and I am not just talking about electing a reality TV star for president. This was the year that I accepted that **The Cryptic Corporation** was no longer serving my creative needs, the year I was able to overcome the inertia of getting up every morning thinking that what I would do today would be the same as what I did yesterday.

To come clean, I had also passed that defining age of 70 years old. I'm not certain that anyone should be doing in their 70s what they were doing in their 30s. Seemed to me that I should feel some difference in growth and maturity.

The irony is that I have naturally fallen back to doing exactly what I was doing in my 30s at Cryptic. Then I was writing press releases for this group no one had ever heard of, **The Residents**. Now I write newsletters for a composer no one has ever heard of, **Charles Bobuck**, and they are, to some degree, the same thing.

A big difference is that my new company, **Hacienda Bridge**, is tiny and it feels

good to have a manageable size operation. It allows for many personal touches.

So I head into 2017 with high expectations that we are going to have fun. The last few months were a blast. **Black Tar** and the fund raising\* for **Food For Thought** was especially rewarding.

Thank you for being a part of this little operation. We will try to make you smile even when you have good reasons not to.



\*In 2016, together we raised \$2,500 for FOOD FOR THOUGHT to feed the hungry. Give yourself a pat on the back.

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*Instant Nostalgia*  
**The Autumn 2016 Projects Recapped**  
*not bad for 6 months*

This is the end of a year, and the last 2016 newsletter, I find it difficult to avoid

being reflective. This little company, **Hacienda Bridge**, sprang out of nowhere in the middle of the summer and, at this point, has released a number of curiously interesting projects.

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***The Swords of Slidell*** - Fox / Bobuck multi-media iBook

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Yes, friends, a book. It requires reading.



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***The Swords of Slidell OST*** - Bobuck / Fox CD

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Soundtrack for a book? Yes indeed. Soundtrack for a book.

sold out

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***Bobuck Plays The Residents*** - Bobuck CD

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"This is the second post Resident's release from Bobuck I've been impressed with this year, so I do very much look forward to hearing what more he has to offer-up in 2017.

\*\*\*\*\* (5 stars out of 5 stars)"

-- Roger Batty [Musique Machine](#)



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***Six Tiny Tunes*** - Bobuck download

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out of print

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***Later Tonight*** - Bobuck CD

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sold out



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***Black Tar*** - Fox /Bobuck download

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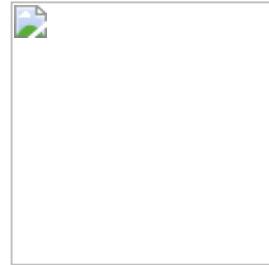
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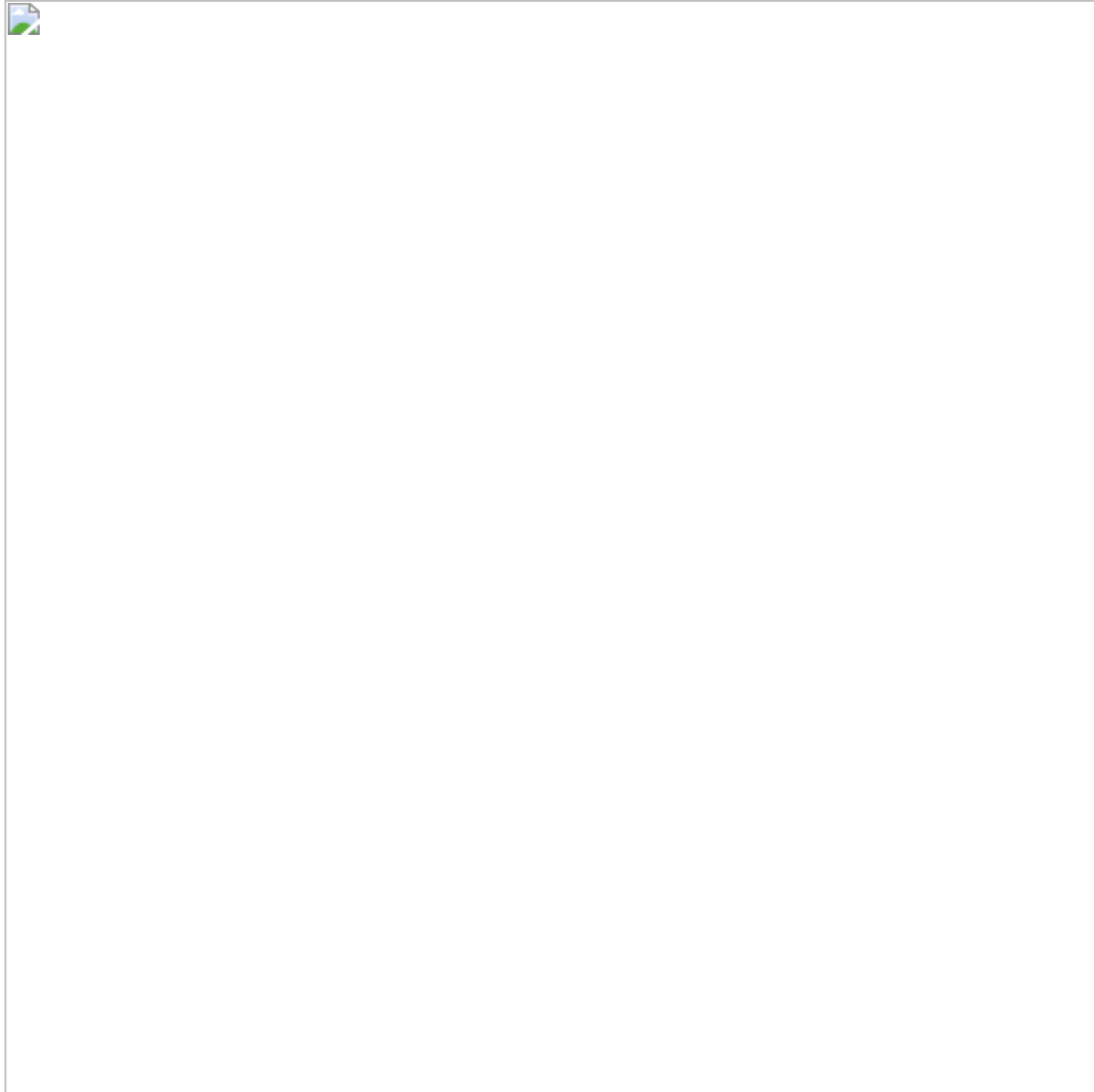
## **Missing Soldiers** - Bobuck CD

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a few left if you act fast.



There were free songs too: TRUMP, Button, Thanksgiving in Bed.



## **LAST CHANCE** Missing Soldiers **TOOK #3**

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A very few  
**Missing Soldiers**  
are still available.

An edition of 300 copies

Available **only** by mail-order DIRECTLY

from **Klanggalerie**

€16 *incl* worldwide shipping.

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## Missing Soldiers



## Holidays

The holidays are a tricky bunch of days. Finding the sweet spot between cynicism and overly sticky sweetness is not an easy task. Additionally for me, I am trying to send out a newsletter to you filled with a

genuinely positive message. But outside my bubble, life isn't actually that way. The world is a little screwy. We all know that. The one thing we all can do is try to find a bit of **escapism** during the holidays. Don't think about reality for a few days. Look for reasons to feel good, even if for a fleeting moment.

-- Hardy





## HARDY ASKS OTHER PEOPLE QUESTIONS

[Ask Hardy Shit returns next newsletter](#)

Hardy to C. Bobuck: Can you describe a recent feeling of peace?

CB: Early this morning I woke around 4AM to the sound of heavy rain. But I was all snug in my bed so the rain only made me pull the covers up tighter around my neck. Suddenly a disturbance. My cat leapt into the bed. She snuggled down next to me and started purring. I rubbed her tummy until we both fell asleep

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Hardy to friend, Marta: Tell me of something that made you smile.

PR: Clearing the mounds of fallen maple leaves to ease the smothering of the succulents beneath, I found a little salamander, dark and orange-bellied with bulging eyes curled on a rock. I picked it up and the warmth of my hand generated a wiggle. So I set him down to find shelter beneath the rock. Continuing my clearing, I found seven little red-bellied salamanders and one with galactic blue spots. Each was too cold to be perturbed but gave color and life to an otherwise retiring and rotting landscape.

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Hardy to Walter at Klanggalerie: What this year could have gone wrong but didn't?

WR: My whole family went through a difficult time this autumn. What started as a broken leg for my father soon became a life-threatening experience. The hospital nearly cured him to death. Now he is out and over the worst. I didn't really think we'd be able to celebrate Christmas together this year, but we are.



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Hardy to Nessie Lessons: I know you have had some tragedy in your life recently. How do you define happiness at this point?

NL: Happiness is finding out that Pharrell Williams made a 24-hour video of his "Happy" song. Happiness is letting your old friend find out that she really doesn't have all those extra people in her room; she really does have *Charles Bonnet Syndrome*. Happiness is seeing those first red tips of your special herb come up out of the ground when the weather becomes warm. Happiness is that ever-so-gentle and continuous purr of that cat that wants to be right on your chest, staring at you. Happiness is buying a beer for a loved one, or even, a not-so-loved one. Happiness is having enough water stored in your rain barrels to water the whole garden well three more times. Happiness is drawing a face you need the first time. Happiness is the cold when you've worn your wool jacket, and gloves, and scarf. Happiness is a memory of a hardy meal, in a family restaurant, in a faraway place, with grand wine. Happiness is coming to grips with your own death. Happiness is rhythm and melody. Happiness is the familiar, gentle and oh-so-earthly smell of your loved one.

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Hardy to Pete, Marta's husband: What in your life makes a difference?

P: My flesh tightens and constricts in response to the night's chilly mix of starry silence, sobering consciousness, and blissful release. A convulsive shudder and shake and I make my way back to bed. I slip in and under the covers, now shivering and awake. She meets me, quick and deliberate, shoving her lovely rump into my spooning lap. She wraps a leg, foot, and tentacle toe around mine. My forearm fits perfectly in the soft hollow between her hip and armpit. In mere seconds, I'm melted from shivers by divine radiant heat and the semi-conscious movements of a soul-warming love. I close my eyes, squeeze, and smile.

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Hardy to Roman, Bobuck's husband: What is a memory from when it wasn't cold and raining?

R: I was floating down the slow moving river, occasionally paddling my kayak to keep my path. The sun created sparkling designs on the almost still surface of the water. The only sound was the chatter of the birds conversing in the trees. I found myself floating near a downed log that was being used for sunning by a group of teen-aged ducks. As I passed, they turned their heads in unison. With a slow blink of their eyes I imagined that they said "Good morning."

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Hardy to friend, Noman: Has anyone surprised you with their generosity?

N: A couple of days ago I went to the dispensary to fill my prescription. I got to talking to the guy working there and we discovered that we had been to the same summer camp when we were 15. We had even been friends for those two weeks. We hung out some last night and he shared some super rare Skunk Roadkill from his private stash. We are going to see **Rogue One** on Saturday. It has been a long time since I had a new friend.

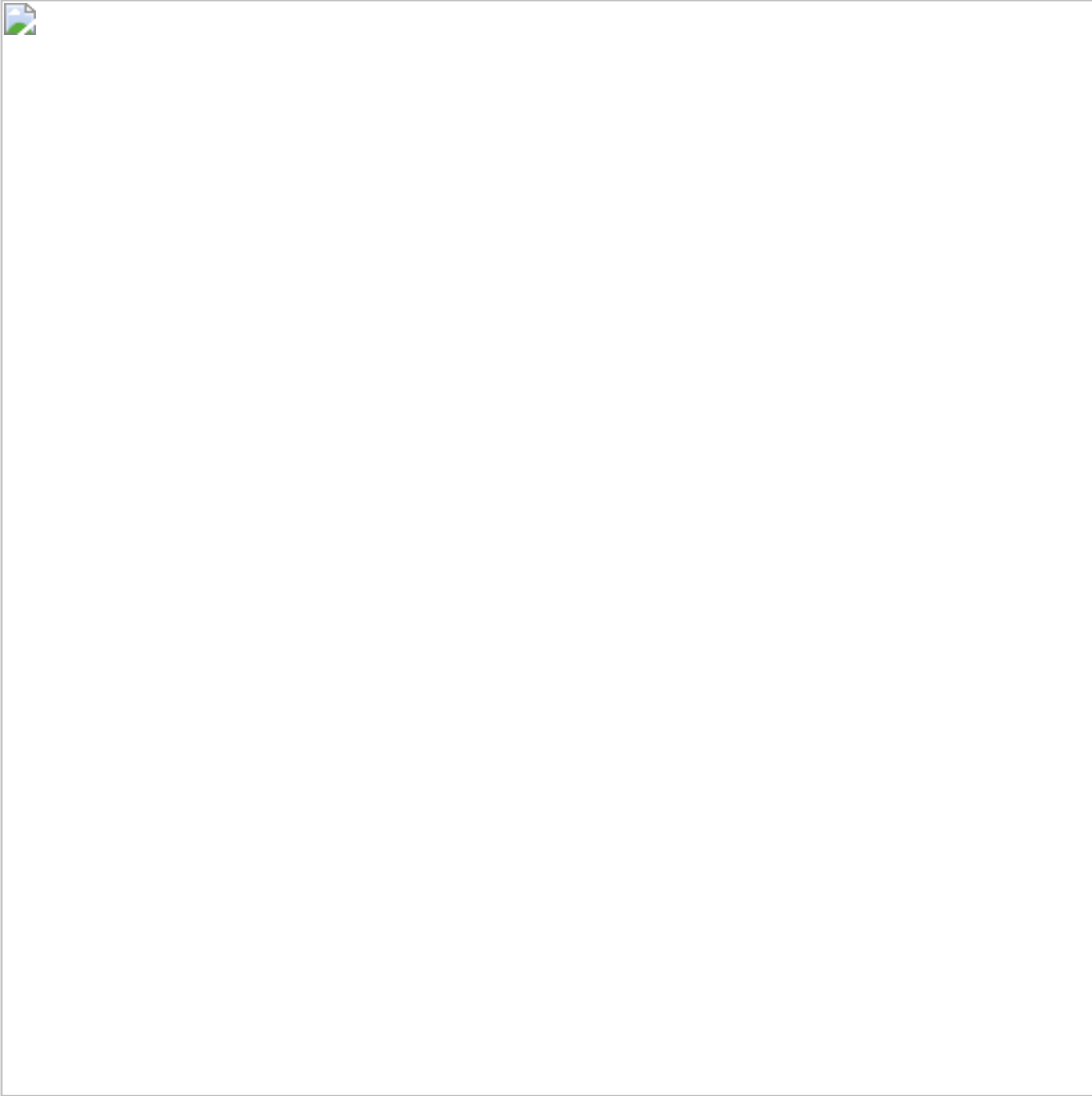
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Hardy to Uber driver: What changed your life for the better?

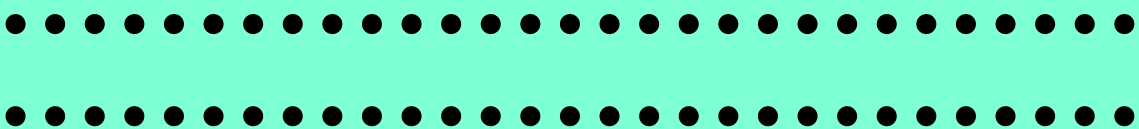
Uber driver: Once I almost stepped into the path of a Muni bus, but a stranger who was behind me grabbed my arm at the last moment. As the blood flushed from my face I told him that, in my country, my life would now belong to him for saving me. He laughed, and walked on down the street.

Part of me still feels that I belong to him.

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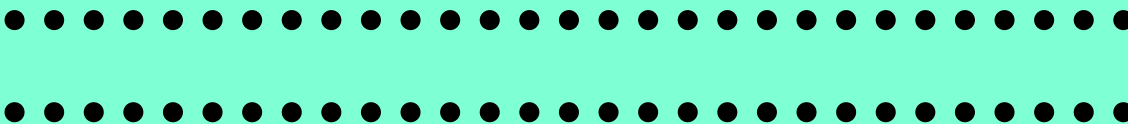


<<<< Your Song for the Holidays >>>>





Flesh Christmas  
music and Illustration by Bobuck





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## The links you need:

Bobuck Bandcamp page link: <https://bobuck.bandcamp.com/music>

Klanggalerie link: <http://www.klanggalerie.com/gg227>

MVD link: <http://mvdshop.com/search?q=BOBUCK>

iTunes Bookstore link: <https://itunes.apple.com/au/book/the-swords-of-slidell/id1129364212?mt=11>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/foxhardyfox>

Web Stie: <http://hardyfox.com/home/>

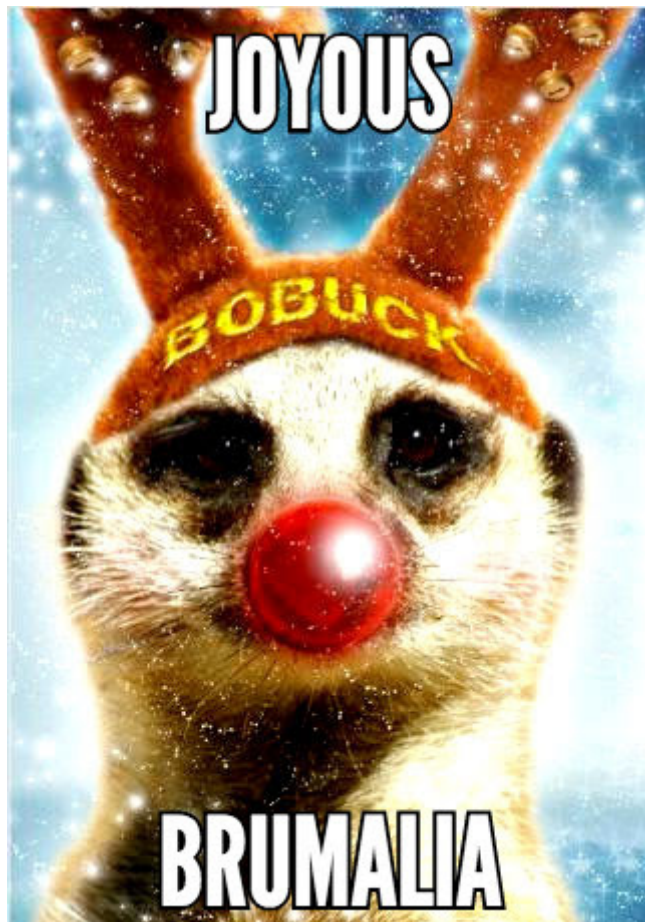
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If anyone deserves a lump of coal this year, it is Mr.  
Trump. Are you listening, Santa?

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*It's gonna be a flesh christmas without you*