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pinegrove

Hello, & welcome back to Channel 36 local news! Let's go to Sean Persimmon with the weather report. Sean?

Thanks, Maureen! Boy has the weather been strange lately! Tonight, we're looking at wintry mix with [fuddles with earpiece] wait, haha, I'm sorry folks, what's that? Jeez, it seems like something is wrong with my earpiece – A wintry... uh, Bob? is that you down in the control room? Okay folks, let's take a quick commercial break while we sort this out, we'll be back in 30 seconds!

Greta, the news director, springs into action. Bob, run the John Deer ad package, now! Scenes of endless mulch run on a small monitor while Sean begins to unravel.

What in freaky heck is going on in my earpiece? Whose voice is that?! Why are you talking to me while I'm trying to do the flippy flappy weather! FRICK!!

Bob & Greta, stunned in the control room, look at Maureen through the studio glass & share a puzzled shrug as Sean Persimmon continues his G-rated tirade.

Maybe it's someone down in the ding-dang truck—? But Sean is interrupted by the voice in his ear again, & this time with a clearer connection. It's the rugged, raspy voice of someone older, perhaps from an older time. But the quiet excitement behind its words cut through like a bugle.

A few miles away, we see the hunched frame of a man curled in front of a small desk in a stark concrete room. Wires, tools, lightbulbs, microphone parts interlock & scatter frenetically on the low lit desk. Through his lavalier headset pipes the increasingly frustrated voice of a newscaster. Bartholomew Gibbinson's lips curl into a smile. *I'm in.*

Mr. Persimmon, hear ye, I need you to apprehend these florid words, forthwith. I've been confined ineluctably to this forsaken cell speaking in one syllable words for the last lord knows how many fortnights & throughout there have been two paltry visions which do maintain whatever buoyancy remains. Firstly—somehow, my post as Pinegrove's publicist hasn't yet been terminated; second—each evening once the sun dips below the horizon, I've been constructing this transmitter to infiltrate into the closest available public television network...I've got Pinegrove news to deliver to the deprived masses, & until now, no conduit to exploit! That's where you come in. When this advertisement concludes, you're going to stand upright in front of that emerald screen, & repeat everything I say. Do you apprehend my meaning, Mr. Persimmon?

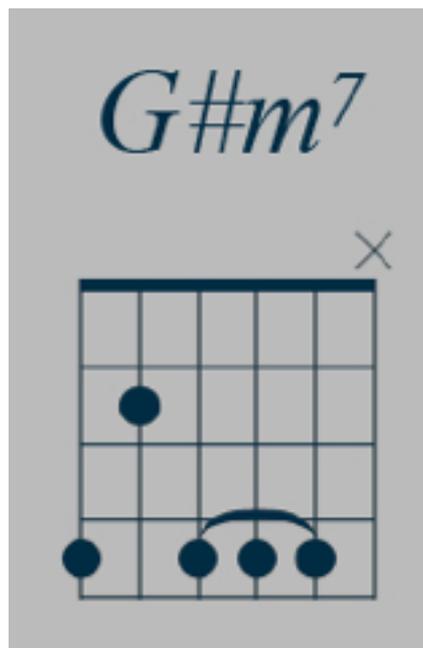
Sean, who had planned anyway to quit newscasting in 2020 to pursue his dream in experimental aeronautics, considered Bartholomew's demand. Perhaps he felt sorry for the jailed man, perhaps he was falling under the spell of his garrulous rhythms. Either way, when the ad

concluded & the lights flipped back on, he found himself in lockstep with Bartholomew, speaking word for word the whispers from his earpiece.

Hey everyone, welcome back to the Channel 36 weather report. Let's try this one more time, with feeling, huh? Firstly, happy 2020—its going to be a big one in Pineland!

Bob & Gretas exchange a wary glance. Mr. Persimmon continues unperturbed:

[Marigold is out on January 17th](#), which is less than three weeks away! & today, Pinegrove is announcing the release of [guitar tabs & lyrics for the full album](#)—in advance of its release! We encourage folks to make an interpretive attempt at the songs, especially for the ones that aren't available to hear first. i.e. taking a blind leap on tempo, feel, melody... an experiment! If you make one, you can label it with the hashtag #Pinetab. The band would love to hear what you cook up!



Bob & Greta begin waving their hands wildly at Sean. He carries on:

Secondly, there is a two-week run of in-stores coming up soon! Most are Evan solo, & the fords, nj one is full band! There's also a release show sandwiched in the middle of that run, & a second release show to be announced shortly. Keep an eye out for that! Here are the full details:

pinegrove
marigold release events
instore &

• • •

jan 11	wallingford, ct	redscroll records &
jan 12	west babylon, ny	looney tunes &
jan 15	fords, nj	vintage vinyl &
jan 17	woodstock, ny	levor SOLD OUT studios
jan 18	princeton, nj	princeton record exchange &
jan 22	london, uk	rough trade west &
jan 23	bristol, uk	rough trade bristol &
jan 24	kingston, uk	banquet &

Maureen walks into the frame with a nervous laugh & attempts to unclip Sean's microphone. Sean dodges her & carries on:

There are two tours coming up as well! Western US, starting February

1st, & Europe, starting March 18. Shows have begun to sell out, so [get your tickets now!](#)

Greta feels she has no choice. Bob, cut him off. Cue up the Johnson & Johnson ad. We're going to break.

Sean, who is running in circles dodging Maureen, knocking over stage lights, yells, Please forward this to a friend if you know of anyone else who would want Pinegrove updates—!

The Johnson & Johnson ad runs. Babies are gleefully dunked in basins.

Bartholomew Gibbinson takes off his headset. The guard is still asleep outside his cell. He gets into his bed. *I will never give up.*



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