

Mp3 Aguasonic - Campo Fiesta, Volume 1



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Ambient sounds of adventures in Baja California, Mexico and Sherman Island, California. 21 MP3 Songs
EASY LISTENING: Mood Music Campo Fiesta, volume 1 Songs Details: During three years I gone two winters in Baja California, camping and windsurfing all over the peninsula with a very particular woman. Some of the traces were recorded at 'Campo Fiesta del Norte', here on Sherman Island. Almost all of this album was recorded with her at my go with therefore, obviously, these recordings are consecrate to her. Namaste Lisa Marie. Track two was interpreted about a half hour before sunrise, as a sage sparrow greeted us on New Year's day, camping as far south of Punta Arenas as you can drive (almost to the north end of Bahia Sueno). The Purple Martin I call 'impossible' because he was a thousand miles from where the field guides say you can find these birds- but there he was, big as day. I guess it's a good thing birds can't read. :) The Power Lines sound like Tibetan monks chanting. You can only do this under ideal conditions; calm at the surface, with 30 knots or more of winds aloft. Pretty soon 125,000 volt power lines are humming like guitar strings played by the big guy. The dolphins are played at half speed, because their whistles are at the very top of our hearing. (Actually, I'm sure they are far above, but the recorder only goes to about 20kHz). This was a pod of a couple hundred that flew past us at flank speed off the north end of Isla San Jose, about 70 miles north of La Paz, Baja Sur. They must have been late for the party or something. The spring disappearing in sand was another rare occurence. La Paz had just had it's first hurricane in 40 years, and there was water everywhere in the mountains. Then, as it approached the foothills, it simply disappeared into the sand. La bufadora was a blowhole in limestone cliffs south of the Punta Arena (there are probably a couple of dozen 'punta arenas' in Baja California) near La Ventana, Baja California Sur. On a fairly calm day, maybe two foot swell, what was left over from the last El Norte, drove air in and out of this underwater cave. The result sounds like the old man of the Sea taking an

afternoon nap. The last track is very particular to me. We were camping on the shores of Bahia San Nicolas, couple miles north of San Sebastian, almost completely alone (we saw two cars go by in three days of camping). The water there, off of limestone cliffs, gets deep fast- so the whales would come right up to the beach at night. In the middle of this cacophony of crickets, if you listen closely, you can hear Fin whale moms and their calves blowing in the background. Trippy. I hope you enjoy these recordings, and enjoy the silence it takes to listen, to truly listen, to anything.

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