



Welcome to tonight's show

We're not sure what to call it yet, so we've been using the term "experimental concerts" or "boom-box experiment", anyway, something that, hopefully, implies a work in progress. What will be happening tonight is similar to the "parking lot experiments" in that what you'll be hearing are pre-recorded tapes. But, instead of being in car stereos, tonight's performance uses hand held boom boxes, forty of them, using volunteers from the audience to engage and manipulate each separate sound source. Wayne and Steven will be guiding the manipulation of the boom boxes and Michael is the center monitor source. This is the first time these compositions will be heard by both the audience *and* the creators..So, we hope it goes well and we hope you like it. As we are still skeptical about its "entertainment" value...

No.1 TEST

**No.2 The Big Ol' Bug Is
The New Baby Now**

**No.3 A Winters Day Car
Accident Melody**

**No.4 Realizing The
Speed Of Life**

**No.5 It's Christmas Time
Again**

*;incorporating Jingle Bells, Silent
Night, Joy To The World, What
Child Is This, & God Rest Ye
Merry Gentlemen*

Here's some news about tonight's compositions

No. 1 TEST: This is a test designed to familiarize the participants with their boom boxes and the audience with the sound separation. And also to determine whether any further manipulation of sound equalization is necessary.

No. 2 The Big Ol' Bug Is The New Baby Now: This is a composition that was originally intended to be part of "parking lot experiment No. 4" in Austin, Texas. Then in its second arrangement on the Zaireeka record. This was first played at the CMJ music conference in NYC in September...the sound of the barking dogs at the end of the composition was recorded using a portable 4-track while cycling down a country road. One of the dogs lunged, barely missing Steven's leg but bumping the microphone.

No. 3 A Winters Day Car Accident Melody: From the time I was sixteen 'til I was about twenty-eight years old I worked as a fry cook in a fast food place. For most of these twelve years I didn't have a car so I usually took my bicycle to work. And looking back now, aside from a handful of bitterly cold days it wasn't so bad. It was on one of *these* days that I came across this confusing car accident that I will talk about here.

It was either the day after Christmas or New Year's Day, accidents always seem worse when they happen on a holiday, anyway, I can't remember which. It defiantly had that depressive void, dead-of-winter, feel to it. There's a feeling at the beginning of the worst part of winter. A feeling that tells you it will get worse before it gets better. It will get darker. It will get colder. It will get harder- and you try to get tough to it, and try to just endure it..and hope that not too many bad things happen at the same time. So anyway I was on my bike on my way to work even though it was a holiday. And since it was a holiday and also about twenty degrees below zero there was virtually no one out. The whole scene was strangely deserted, and strangely...silent?? Maybe it was so cold that all noises were frozen. But also it was very sunny out at the same time and this especially added to the strangeness- 'cause it tricked you into thinking it was a normal winter day, but let me say it again it was inconceivably cold...

I was about halfway to work and I heard a couple of sirens in the distance. But I didn't think much of it, maybe a firetruck, seems a lot of houses catch fire when its so cold. And as I turned on to one of the busier streets I was struck again by the emptiness...here was six lanes of main thoroughfare and not a single car on it...As I pedal on a couple of ambulances come into view up ahead. These must have been the sirens I heard earlier. And as I get closer I can see I've come across an accident that has just happened. And here again the scene is strangely deserted.? Usually there are at least a couple of spectators at any car accident, you know, folks just hanging out watching. But as I pull up I notice *I'm the only one* and I think to myself how there was really no traffic at all, that these were the *only* cars on the whole street and they crashed into each other...but the strangeness seems to be embedded in this *next* moment especially. As I look at the scene, and try to figure out what happened, it occurs to me that one of the ambulances was actually involved in the accident..and a second ambulance was there to pick up the patient and the drivers of the first ambulance. Paramedics work on other paramedics?? A child who is bandaged around his head and is very bloody is taken from the back of one ambulance and put into the other. This short "out of one, into the other" exchange is full of panic. And the interruption in the usual emergency type ride has left some of the people with the child, parents I assume, frustrated to the point of insanity. Helpless to this unusually bad turn of events, from what I can tell the uncrashed ambulance now needs a jump from the crashed ambulance. The whole scene reeked of the kind of clumsiness that is so true of reality.

And there I was, the lone audience to this terrible scene and my imagination turns to the worst. And an overwhelming sense of bleakness seemed to settle over my whole life, kind of slowly realizing just how wrong things can go, how evil nature can be. And as if things could be worse, I notice one of the "assumed parents" hasn't even as much as a jacket on. But you know..they didn't even seem to notice. And then, as to suddenly awake out of a light sleep, I am aware, once again of how brutally cold it is. And this sudden noticing of my own physicalness seemed to snap me out of

this downward trance. Somehow renewing my usual sense of optimism. The child is put into the uncrashed ambulance and it finally speeds off. I pedal on to work and have an otherwise unmemorable day.

A couple of days later as I tell the story to my mother she remembers reading an account of the accident in the paper. Apparently the child had gotten bit in the face and neck by a usually friendly, family dog. While being rushed to the nearest hospital an elderly couple pulls out in front of the speeding ambulance. Causing the crash I pulled up on...another ambulance is called to the scene to further transport the child and newly injured drivers and paramedics... ..the child dies.

No.4 Realizing The Speed Of Life: *Notes on the positive effects of depression on music by Steven.* I've often read about "artists" who claim that DEPRESSION is an effective catalyst for the spark of creativity. I'm not so sure this is true. With every human being there are varying degrees of depression, the most SEVERE cases obviously resulting in SUICIDE. I've never been that far DOWN THE HOLE, or maybe I was so depressed that actually doing *anything* seemed impossible. Know what I mean? Well, the point I'm trying to make is that being depressed did not inspire me to create music. That is to say that grabbing a guitar or sitting at the piano and trying to use the depression as INSPIRATION does not happen. Maybe it works for other folks. You know, say if you were a writer you could sit down at the typewriter and just start...uh...typing. Then I thought that if the depression were brought on by some real thing- loss of a loved one, a failed romance, withdrawing from HEAVY, mood altering drugs- something tangible, then writing about it, or through it, could prove to be successful in both the creation and the getting over it. Does that make sense? Well, the depression I'm talking about is not brought on by anything tangible. I might just wake up one morning and realize that well, uh, mmm...Or, say you are driving home as the sun is going DOWN on a day like today when the sun goes DOWN at 5 o'clock. Something prevails that seems hopeless and pointless. This is the sort of depression that is harder for a person to get over, at least it is for me.

Only when the FOG is lifted, the misery diminished and I feel half alive again- that's when even the slightest desire to create music returns. As the depression itself seems to get farther away, it turns into a pleasant MELANCHOLIA. As I remember this, I realize- AND THIS IS WEIRD- I like it. So, though I don't like being depressed, I certainly like making depressing music, especially when I'm no longer mired in the actual depression.....*phew!*

No.5 It's Christmas Time Again: First premeired at "parking lot experiment No.3". Extended middle section with a collision of Christmas classics.

Thanks,
Wayne