1 The Dance poem by Cornelius Eady

When the world ends, I will be in a red dress. When the world ends, I will be in a smoky bar on friday night.

on Priday hight.
When the world ends,
I will be a thought-cloud.
When the world ends,
I will be steam in a tea kettle.
When the world ends.

I will be a sunbeam through a lead window, And I will shake like the semis on the interstate.

nd I will shake like the tree - kissed by lightning, nd I will move: the earth will move.

And I will move: the cities will move

And I will move, with the remains of my last paycheck in my packet. It will be Friday night And I will be in a real dress, My feet relieved of duty. My body in free-fall.

in zero gravity.

Equal at last with feathers

and dust,
As the world faints and tumbles
down the stairs,

The jukebox is overtaken at last, And the cicadas, under the eaves, warm up their legs. GREG HOWARD—STICK®, SYNTHESIZERS, SAM PLESPLES

PLESPLES
DAWN THOMPSON—VOICE
LEROI MODRE—ALTO, TENOR AND BARITONE
SAXOPHONES

SUMMER, 1995 AT GREG'S

2 Phrases poem by Arthur Rimbaud

I have stretched ropes from steepli to steeple: garlands from window to window; golden chains from star to star, and I dance.

GREG HOWARD—SYNTHESIZERS, DRUM MACHINE, STICK DAWN THOMPSON—VOICE, BELLS TERM MOORE—WHISPER

LIVE, JANUARY 5, 1991 AT THE PRISM COFFEEHOUSE, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

3 Last Call

GREG HOWARD—SYNTHESIZERS, STICK LEROI MODRE—TENOR SAXOPHONE

LIVE, MAY 30, 1990 AT MILLER'S, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. 4: The Big Bang Makes No Sound poem by Greg Howard

pace ucosi in timer.
verything sceparales
bliquely like workers
facialys end gone
way for other things
off lithe next day when
ney are pulled together
xplosions, one after

compaction of matter and energy. Somewhere God is hidden inside this, within the loosely bound parts, an order; always the path of development must be a straight line out, cutting from the center, collapsing on itself. If is regular,

CREG HOWARD—STICK, SYNTHESIZERS, DRUM MACHINE DAWN THOMPSON—VOICE, TRIANGLE LERO I MOORE—ALTO AND TENCR SAXO

LIVE MAY 30, 1990 AT MILLER S IN CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.



5 Untitled poem by Virginia Downs

The deep draught of boxwood binds me to a day all air.

Who is with me? Who disturbs the bush? Who faught me to go softly on hands and knees among the rows?

Who kneaded the loam and wrapped the dark scent around me?

GREG HOWARD - STICK DAWN THOMPSON - YOICE LERO! MOOKE - SOPRAND SAXOPHON :

SUMMER, 1995 AT GREG'S.

6 Code Magenta

CRES HOVEROUSTICK, SYNTHESIZERS, BRUM
VACCINS
UNION THORPSON_VOICE, AGGGO
URBO J VOICE—TENOR SANOPHONE
UVE MAY SIL 1999
AT UPS AND CHAROITESVILLE VA.

7 Small Song (after Chagall) poem by Virginia Downs

Our slep),

met and we mee

rose touching.

NACH NE CAWN THOM SEON—VOICE LERO! MODRE—TENOR SAXOPHONE. FEYS WHISPERS

LIVE, JULY 10, 1991 AT LIVE ARTS, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA 8 Beltane poem by Dawn Thompson

Starlight
Midnight
Oceans of promises
in future skies
Another place
Another face
Comes to me and
Slips away

Time can bend and drift Take a sudden lift You and I are pagans From a distant past

fantasy resides Hunger there abides What is in the mirror That can make it last? Startight—midnight

GREG HOWARD—SYNTHESIZES DRUMMACH NE STICK DAYNTHOMPSON—VOICE

LIVE, JULY 10, 1991 AT LIVE ARTS, CHARLOTTES VILLE, VA. Artwork: Cover Art by Greg Howard. "Bar Magenta (Milan)" photo by Dawn Thompson. "Miller's" photo by Will May. Design by Uvdia Conder.

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For information about <u>Victims of the Latest Dance Craze</u>, write: Cornelius Eady, 39 Jane St., Apt. GB, New York, NY 10014.

All music composed and improvised by Code Magenta.

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Espresso
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The Dance 5:32 • Phrases 7:08 • Last Call 4:05 • The Big Bang Makes No Sound 9:59 ESPRESSO PO Box 4051.
Untitled 2:58 • Code Magenta 4:02 • Small Song (after Chagall) 5:32 • Beltane 5:32 Chariottesville, Va 22903

