



THE MUSICKER'S GAZETTE



No. 2

WALKING BOXES PRODUCTIONS

THE MUSICKER IS BACK

The Musicker's Lantern subtitled: An Interlude Between Tribunals, continues the story begun in The Musicker's Tribunal of the hapless Musicker and his struggle to find release from the Contract of Living. Tired of what he sees as the Tribunal's unfair persecution of him, the Musicker attempts a desperate escape, only to find he can't escape himself...or can he? For cast/score listings, story notes, and other information about the show please turn to Page 2...

FLYHARD JENKINS RETURNS TO THE AIR (WELL, SORT OF...)

After almost ten years, Flyhard Jenkins has returned to the air, flying against the spin, trying to bring live radio broadcasting back to life. The fact that his radio broadcasts aren't actually on the radio doesn't seem to bother him at all. "Hey, if off-Broadway can be legitimate theater, why can't off-the-air be legitimate radio?" he asks. For more of his story, please turn to page 3...

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WALKING BOXES TAKES TO THE NET

Visit Walking Boxes Productions online at www.walkingboxes.com to find out more about upcoming shows, music lessons, and other endeavors of Walking Boxes' artists.

TRIALL RO-CRUA'S HARD JOURNEY

Triall Ro-Crua, these Gaelic words translated into English are 'a very hard journey'. What does this mean to the members of this band, Christine and Jeff Nordin, and Terry Kennedy-Lares? "We realized when we started this group, that this would not be an easy journey, especially if we were to do this with any sort of integrity". More about Triall on Page 3...

SIEKKINEN IS BIKIN' IN

Steve Siekkinen of the project questions-inletters, is bikin' into your minds, hearts and perhaps psychoses with his eclectic blend of wordplay, guitar riffs and found sounds. Master Siekkinen presents some 'questionsinletters' on the back page...



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THE MUSICKER'S LANTERN -
CAST, CREW AND MUSICIANS

Narrator & Whistle: Jeff Nordin
Guitars & Drums: Paul Cameron
Jaw Harp & Vocals: Steve Siekkinen
Vocals & Shaker: Christine Nordin
Vocals: Sharon Roth
The Light: Anne Nordin
The Musicker: Jeremy Roth

MUSICKER'S LANTERN -
ABOUT THE STORY

The story of the Musicker as told in The Musicker's Lantern, was written by Jeremy Roth in the tradition of 'the hero's journey' myth. Though the story ends rather enigmatically, the story's subtitle: An Interlude Between Tribunals, implies that there is more to come in the Musicker's misadventures. When asked for a sneak preview as to what might be in store for the Musicker next, Roth hinted that an episode devoted to telling the story of Lorance Johnson (the Civil War vet/trombone player introduced in The Musicker's Tribunal) was one of the ideas he had simmering on the back burner. "I have a fascination with the era of traveling medicine shows and Vaudeville. I'd like to explore that more with Lorance."

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MUSICKER'S LANTERN -
ABOUT THE SCORE

With the exception of the songs entitled: Mingo and Canoe, all songs in the story were conceived by Jeremy Roth. Mingo was conceived by Paul Cameron, and Canoe by Jeremy Roth and Paul Cameron with a spattering of traditional songs in the mix. The Gala (both the song and the people) were borrowed from Roth's The Dragonfly Hunter.

The Musicker's Lantern score is as follows:
The Wall of Reckoning ♦ (The Procession of)
The Gala ♦ The Way ♦ Blue Sun ♦
The Wretched One ♦ Mingo ♦ Canoe

WALKING BOXES PRODUCTIONS
SENDS THANKS

Many people deserve thanks for the evenings' productions: Papa Roth for promotional work and support; Svetlana Chebotayeva for help with Russian translations; Dave Polanski for technical support; Dan Cashman for helping to keep the orchestra's tools in good shape; Ted Lowell (owner of Acadia Cafe) for his support and goodwill; the sponsors featured in this gazette who are willing to support local artists; and last (but certainly not least) all the performers contributing to the productions.

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A VERY HARD JOURNEY
(by Terry 'Turlough' Kennedy-Lares)

Triall Ro-Crua is about music, culture, tradition, friendship, spirituality and good fun. They bring modern notions in a creative manner into traditional Celtic music, and then return the favor by applying traditional sounds to standard rock, blues and country tunes. They believe that friendship has to be a big part of playing together, and it shows with their on-stage banter, and the ease with which they pick up on each others improvisations. The fact that they are so laid back on stage is an indication of how comfortable they are with each other.

"Playing Traditional music together is a very spiritual experience for us. First, there is the transcendence of the whole act of creation. Every time we play a song it is new. It is being recreated. When you sing one of these songs it is like telling an old story to a new person. It is never the same. When we are in the midst of this process it takes us out of ourselves, and we are not the same. We also find it amazing how pertinent these songs and tunes, that were written many years ago, are to who we are today. They tell us a lot about who we are as people."

*** Triall Ro-Crua appears with the approval of The Steamboat Inn of Prescott, Wisconsin where they play every Wednesday night from 7:00 to 9:30 pm. Come enjoy their music at the Inn with a grand view of the St. Croix River and great meals at a reasonable price. For more info: 651-480-8222 or steamboatinn.com

MAGNIFICENT MOVING PANORAMA

Jeff Nordin, narrator of The Musicker's Lantern and whistle/mandolin player for Triall Ro-Crua appears with the approval of Professor Wyllie's Magnificent Moving Panorama: a steamboat trip up the Minnesota River and back, in 2 acts and 1 olio. Contact Historic Murphy's Landing for performance dates & booking info:925-445-6901

FLYHARD JENKINS

"I needed to retreat for awhile," said Flyhard in a recent interview, "I had begun to doubt I could find a place for myself between the tracks and cracks." Where he had been during the last ten years, Flyhard is not saying, but says he's excited about being back in the Twin Cities and digging up local artists whose sounds go unheard within "the cacophony of music and internal voices that mash about through people in their day-to-day strivings." Flyhard says in particular, he hopes to feature some local musicians from foreign cultures. "Different races of people need to hear each others' music. An understanding comes from it. It's essential for getting along here, and for getting along in this great music hall of a planet." His first shows will feature the not-really-Gypsy band called: Srazhalys. "Hey, those Rom(Gypsies) migrated throughout Europe. I figure there's more Romani blood mixed in "white" people then they figure. The way the Rom were persecuted, like the Jews, you can be sure many people were scared into hiding their true heritage. Even if the musicians in Strazhalys don't have Romani blood, certainly Rom/Gypsy music has affected them and music throughout the Western tradition."

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TIME IN THE LIGHT

(some questions in letters by Steve Siekkinen)

i had a strange dream last night...

somewhere in between what i thought i knew + and all you say that you've seen, lives every dream + that falls between the cracks when it's cut off in mid-stream + it's becoming clear to me, it's not all that it's cracked up to be + despair used disparagingly + is it clear what that could mean to mean to me? + walking cloud nine feeling uncomfortably fine + then you realize - the cloud is just smoke + and thinking that it's something you can walk on is just a joke + in a daze under grey blanket skies + endlessly asking over and over "why?" + but don't be afraid of raining - everything could use a cleaning + don't let your fleas become flies + love your excess flattering dress + beauty is in the eye of the beholder like a stick + and to truly go out on a limb, you first need to climb the tree + it's hard to see the forest sometimes through the trees + and the irony in that is not lost on me + i want high schools named after me + i want to be the question to an answer on jeopardy + do questions in letters make you feel better? + or the same as people who guess? + it's a guess at best... + often proof is illusion at best + in fact, fact does not really exist + seldom seen or heard is this + pain or pleasure from intentional fist + depending on/if it's hit or miss + i mean, the short route through a long process + well, eventually will cause a mess + life is foreplay - the rest is sex + using spray paint to mark the decks + joni sings it's sex that kills + if it's not battle of the sexes, it's battle of the wills

i dreamt i went to bed and dreamt that i was dead...

faces dancing on the tips of flames + soaring across the sky in clouds + etched in frost gathered on the window + peeking through patterns on public walls + in hallowed halls our faith dissolves + wondering who will catch us if we stumble and fall + everytime an atheist dies somewhere on earth a natural disaster arises + the song postponed, dethroned, it's just a secret + but before i ignore it at all anymore + i'll have to confront it, dissect it, black pulpit, eject it then resurrect it + 'cause nothing ever is final + dismantled swing set finally could forget + and without regret, be hauled away + i spent my childhood staring at the sun + it's not that i was dumb, but just too young + sunspots are burned on the backs of wilted eyes + that are turned towards the sky wondering why + god doesn't apologize + we are assembled of others flesh + provided encouragement to transgress + and yet all others fail us + and i won't condemn what i can't understand + even accidents have their tragedies + cut it wide open until it bleeds + then wait and see where the trickle leads

now in my dream when i awoke, as if it were a joke, laughing, i tried to come to grips...

please tell me what you think of me + and go ahead and do it honestly + 'cause i've got a dozen friends i can count on + to lie to me + but i meant what i said, they're not lies + i would steal the stars from the skies + would unseal the scars over your eyes + re-writing pieces of me that still apply + not going under just to misguide + and on bad days i would

hold it close + the way some hold the holy ghost + the sound from three stories down was closer to the ground + than i was to the sky but without asking why + i felt the opposite to be true and i still do + i know it sounds absurd but i barely even heard the asphalt break + only one side is safe - only one side is safe + it could be your fall from, or your saving, grace + dodging in and out - undefined + like trying to trace a cloud with love + from an airplane above + flying almost never ends up landing where wheels set down + feeling empty is no strategy for those who build to tear down + imagine going back and living your life over again + knowing everything you know now but not being able to change anything + as though you were just watching your life story for the second time + only you were playing the leading role, with no control + and if time really could be kept in a bottle + what size jug would you be carrying around? + if left standing long enough, every room you've ever been in + will become a museum ... why wait?

but to my surprise, just then opened my eyes to find out that my dream had finally quit...

while i crossed at highland and main + my thoughts rolled down the sewer drain + i reached between the bars and strained + my thoughts were lost but not in vain + picture frames that trap insane for all to plainly view + crystallize form before our eyes and float across the room + blank eyes are boiled and cleaned to reach the upper shelves + where children are not to go + thin as a wire coiled inside of a bulb + don't believe everything you've ever been told + as soon as art leave home, it becomes a business loan + if the world was as wide as it is round, what kind of shape + would we be in, right now?... + there's victor-ies scored in pharmacies through friends with doctorate degrees + while simultaneously monkeys bleed in labs injected with disease + and the colors should run together but instead they separate + should i alleviate? + there's quite a word in "hate" + is it too strong? + ignorance as bliss is hit and miss... do you all know this?

and yet, still night continues and day awaits its chance... it's time in the light

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