

Brandeis University
Department of Music
presents

THE NEW HAVEN TAPES: 1978

Featuring the New Hippies!!

Slosberg Recital Hall
November 7, 1978
1:30 p.m.

COMMERCIAL. VERY COMMERCIAL.

THE PASSION AND TRANSFIGURATION OF A POST-APOCALYPTIC EUNUCH
(EXCERPT)

...AND LEROY ANDERSON TAKES DRUGS

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU EAT (IT'S THE WAY YOU EAT IT) (EXCERPT)

MAKING TOMORROW HAPPEN YESTERDAY

Who is these New Hippies?

MARK CAMPPELLONE (voice, classical guitar, electric guitar, 12-string electric guitar, electric bass guitar, piano, percussion, ethnic appeal) studied guitar and arranging at the Berklee College of Music, and has played in several jazz and rock groups in the New England area.

WENDY MARANISS (voice) received her undergraduate training in piano at the University of Wisconsin School of Music, and is presently a student of Donald Currier at the Yale School of Music.

DAVID SNOW (voice, trumpet, piano, synthesizer, percussion, electronic effects) studied composition at the Eastman School of Music and Yale, and is presently studying composition at Brandeis.

All works on this program were realized at the Yale Electronic Music Studio between January and August of 1978.

PROGRAM NOTES

COMMERCIAL. VERY COMMERCIAL is a radio spot for "It's not what you eat" (heard later in the program) which never made it on the air. No wonder.

Music by the New Hippies.

THE PASSION AND TRANSFIGURATION OF A POST-APOCALYPTIC EUNUCH is a cute story about the end of the world. It goes like this:

A lone survivor of a nuclear holocaust is sitting amidst the ruins, bereft of his reproductive capability (Prelude in Plastic). Bemoaning his loss, he falls into a hallucinatory trance in which events of world history leading up to the catastrophe are played out, including visions of sublimated cannibalism (Big Beef), suburban clones, money-grubbers into meditation (Culvert City Androids), and environmental swine (Pigs on Parade). Meanwhile a horde of cockroaches, the only species to survive the intense radiation, emerge from hiding and prepare to dine on the semi-conscious human. Their plans are thwarted when old TV broadcasts from the '50s bounce back from outer space and short circuit their nervous systems (I Love Loosely). The survivor's nightmarish visions continue, this time in the form of corporate pigs copulating with the planet (Doin' It). The final cataclysm occurs during a cosmic disco party (Dancin' on yer face) in which the survivor perceives the world being cleansed of its sin, and in a state of blissful reconciliation, he expires (Disco Plotz and Demise of Big Beef).

During the course of many milenia the process of evolution takes its toll on the cockroaches of Madagascar, repopulating that happy isle with a race of care-free, peace-loving animals and hippies (Evolutionary Etude). Finally worthy of redemption, they succumb to transcendent bliss in a blinding epiphany (The Mastadon Reunion), and go on dancing to all eternity.

All music composed by David Snow and Mark Campellone except the "I Love Loosely" theme (used without permission). All music performed by the New Hippies.

One half of the work will be played, up to the introduction to "I Love Loosely".

PROGRAM NOTES CONTINUED

...AND LEROY ANDERSON TAKES DRUGS is last summer's Memorial Day sunstroke in the backyard in the chaise longue by the sprinkler with the transistor playing your favorite beautiful music. Approximately.

Music composed and conducted by Leroy Anderson. Environmental ambience courtesy of College Street.

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU EAT (IT'S THE WAY YOU EAT IT). Some people who have listened to "It's not what you eat" have wondered and guessed what it's all about. I think I can say without compromising its integrity as a work that it deals with, on the various sociological and aesthetic planes of contemporary culture, the triumph of manner over content, of style over substance. Plain old bullshit. They used to say you are what you eat...but we know better now, don't we?

The first one-third of the work will be played.

MAKING TOMORROW HAPPEN YESTERDAY. Kerr-McGee is an Oklahoma based firm that manufactures fuel rods for nuclear reactors. Kerr-McGee has been a little sloppy in its disposal of radioactive poison. Kerr-McGee employee Karen Silkwood was mysteriously killed on her way to talk to a reporter about her employer's silly little mistakes. Oh well, these things do happen.

Music by William Schuman.