

Mp3 Sabrina Siegel And Onomatopoeia - The Bull Cup



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Avant-pop/experimental/experiential/improvised performance art that is intelligent, playful, and profound, through vocalist/avant musician/performance artist Sabrina Siegel and electro-acoustic experimental band Onomatopoeia. 14 MP3 Songs POP: Quirky, JAZZ: Weird Jazz Details: This (music/improvisation/play/experience) is a Bull Cup like the automatic drawing of pen and gum on paper cup that fell through (the sky) to hand that day a communication/glimps into the myth of (my)self a bird of my fathers (the bull, Joe) shoulder Bull- power, force, strength, fiction!! Cup- emotion, Love, an encompassing, containing vessel where you drink, tasting (life) becomes Gold the Divine in the mundane the sounds, a song, all experiential phenomena imbibed.....felt.....then released to the great Ocean the great One laughing at the passing of all releasing the drama seeing(from different selves/perspectives) watching it go as my friends laugh and play nothing is precious and everything is nothing holy All is Holy with Love Eternal, Sabrina Sabrina Siegel voice, guitar, keyboard, flute, mike noise, toy instruments Arlan Schwarzbauer drums, drum machines, samples, recording Robert Schofield synth, keyboard Vicente Ramirez synth, samples, sounds David Landazuri voice, accordion, trombone, toy, imbera, guitar Andy Marion synth, bowl, vocals Don Avera laptop Brandon Nichols keyboard, guitar Living in human culture, the contents of mind have become a pastiche of ever shifting influences.....conditioning from the beginning of "civilization"... layer upon layer upon layer, from culture, nature, family, self. It is this predicament in which we find ourselves, our minds..... in this amalgamated dream world which we allow, unknowing and unseeing, to enslave us (not knowing ourselves).....to limit us with all it's values, moralities, prejudices, rules, images..... It becomes almost impossible to find our own authentic self feeling/seeing/thinking in an authentic, clear, free, moment. And most importantly, it is this very moment where true joy, peace, creativity, wonder, power,

magic, and holiness live.....the individual as locus of Grace..... And so we, Sabrina Siegel and Onomatopoeia undertake the Quest through the musical experience to be Free..... to find/feel/see/hear/create/experience the authentic truth of the moment. Our work, Music/ Experience/ Psychological Witnessing/Quest is for us and the listener/participant to observe and experience the process..... a play/performance, a surfacing of what is unknown.....working with it through the music. Setting out from nothing, in improvisation, accepting/trusting/valuing/loving the moment (with all it's strange sounds, feelings, thoughts and contents) navigating through the instruments, and musical patterns (..all patterns being on equal footing- i.e. hip-hop is just as "high" as classical or jazz or an "African" beat or whatever..... as they are all repetition of conditioned musics in the melting pot repertoire of the Postmodern human musical mind. Listening.....(and perhaps finding a "Free Music" or Free playing.....new.....!) We delve into the moment, into the depths of self/vision with the collective (the other musicians/friends/angels/shamans/holy jesters/travelers/creators), the cohorts on the journey through sound/experience together....intermingling of spirits/Spirit emerging through the cacophonous conditioned mind of personas, images, concepts, values..... to a clearing.....insight Voicein Freedom..... Embark..... for this is where we can begin, as human beings (and beyond)..... to watch the mind..... see..... how far the conditioning goes..... free one's self to feel/see/think/know..... for ones self... Paradoxically together but alone. This must be accomplished..... it is endless!..... and the beginning of a magical holy journey! Much LOVE PEACE FREEDOM to All..... Holy for Allen Ginsberg Allen said that we wont reincarnate That we are all that One great person He said its all holy Holy asshole, holy life Holy Mother, holy light Holy drink and holy smoke Holy woman, Holy joke Im Joe King, scratching the surface Holy holy, holy, holy Holy,holy, holy, holy, holy, holy Holy Snake, holy One and holy life Holy Kadusha, Kadusha Nietzsche once again up against the ego once again under the spell of the ego jump out of that skin above six thousand feet above humanity beyond good and evil and he tried to teach to be true without truth ruthlessly hard, ruthlessly cold, ruthlessly loving and ruthlessly o..... m and he tried to teach you to be free Prince Free-as-a-Bird flying over the big Sea looking to see without looking away and i hate to say, my dear friend my dear friend how could you break? (then David Landazuri says!!!!: It was an accident. No really. I didnt mean to do it . and this changed every thing for mei considered that it was possibly beyond Ns control, and am taken aback and laugh. What came through my friend David

was of great significance. Speak for You Shes carrying on shes singing too loudly cant sing a song cause she dont know what to say tell me what to say, tell me what to say i want to speak i want to speak, for You i want to speak, for You come clear, come through i want to speak, for You Speak, speak for you oh let me do Speak, Speak, Speak i want to speak for you let me do, let me do speak i want to speak for you i want.....you know you make ...some..... speak for you, speak, speak speak through me speak your truth like your Name i want to see openly Ah Bom Bom Oh i come by atov bom I Lost every i (eye) for ah bom bom You must give me (you, it) more ah bom bom, ah bom bom, ah bom bom Beyond the Surface im Joe scratching the surface still deep if i could open my heart that deep id fly beyond the surface to the Void so deep if i knew that youd come too id bring you by the hand not knowing if youd come to a Grace idea of man Dreaming the Flower Lucid dreaming the flower lucid dreaming the flower lucid youre the flower i am the flower we are the flower Everything is the flower the flower is Everything, the whole Thing dreaming the flower lucid youll see the whole Thing dreaming the flower lucid youll see the whole thing dreaming the flower lucid youll see the whole thing lucid, lucid, lucid, lucid,lucid dreaming the flower lucid dreaming the flower lucid the flowers dreaming we are the flower flowering oh put your masks down, put your masks down and here you are like we are here you are like we are here you are like we are put your mask down, put your mask down Ah Carmen: Habanera She was dancing and singing in the tavern with a man she was dancing and singing and living her life very full and this man he loved her too much and she looked the other way and she fell for someone else and he wanted her you wont go! I need you! Youre mine! you wont go! and he killed her Lamour est on oiseau rebelle que nul ne peut apprivoiser, et cest bien en vain quon lappelle, s il lui convient de refuser! Lamour, Lamour, Lamour est on oiseau rebelle oiseau, oiseau Cages of Fear six at night and my god for father leaving for the city six at night oh sing, sing it i say i see i thought he was a monster theres no truth you know it was the other guy my father a rosy cross to the eye under it i understand because i started to die its alive and it was frightening but good oh my god hes a mad dog lets get away a man hanging on rope sees, must be delivered a message from above Ye have locked yerselves up in cages of fear; and, behold, do ye now complain that ye lack freedom * holy mother, gentle mother,(laugh, as Robert was not being gentle in his playing at that point) have mercy, holy mother, hold us all holy mother your mercy is immaculate *Omar Khayam

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