



Caravan of Thieves at Grey Eagle

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Left to Right: Benjamin, Carrie, Fuzz and Brian

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Imagine yourself on a rapid wooden bandwagon brushing through the winter branches and bushes into a forest. It's 18th century America and the evening sky is foggy, blue and pale white. Behind you on the wagon is a gypsy jazz and acoustic band. You're followed by an angry mob of ringmasters, jugglers, unicyclists and clowns running after you with fire torches. You sit in front of the wagon and somehow manage to lead the two horses in front of you. The band continues to play vigorously on the wagon with their stolen instruments as if nothing is happening. Perhaps they stole the instruments from the circus band? You don't know and don't ask.

As you look back, the angry circus mob gets closer. The music from the band intensifies, especially the violin player, Benjamin leans forward deeper into his violin so much that he almost falls off the wagon. The sound of the horses quick hoofs on the frozen ground match the sound of the mahogany upright bass played by Brian. Suddenly, two voices sing together in a soft melodramatic manner. Carrie and Fuzz also strum their blue and rosewood acoustic guitars while sitting on the floor of the wagon and strumming their fingers faster than ever before. Their music slows in tempo as the circus mob falls further behind. The wagon slows down with the music and stops. The musicians get off of the wagon and continue to play softly. A hungry pack of wolves emerge from the fog and surround the wagon. Everyone outside of the wagon jumps back in and you lead the horses quickly into the opposite direction.

Now the wolves run behind you and the band begins to play hastily. This time they ditch their instruments and grab metal pots, pans and wooden spoons and drum with each other. In the meantime you see a huge cliff in front of you. The horses decide to make a huge jump into the air as Carrie and Fuzz voices escalate higher and higher in pitch. The horses reach the other side of the dirt cliff and continuously move. You finally lose the wolf pack and slow down again. Once the night grows darker, you stop the wagon and build a fire under a tall oak

tree. Ben, Brian, Carrie and Fuzz soon reunite with their instruments and slowly play you and themselves to sleep. You suddenly wake up and realize you're at the Grey Eagle music venue. You look up and watch the same band you led to safety in the winter forest on stage. The Caravan of Thieves, is what they call themselves. The musicians play just as vigorously as you remember. They make snake sounds to the crowd, sing, clap and ask the audience to participate. The night was one you never dreamt before. You close your eyes and savor the moment. Remembering that we're all a bunch of freaks.

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