

# Maître D'

For a time I have attempted to estimate the weight of a beam emitted by a theatre light as it materializes in the form of a circle on the curtain of an empty stage. To estimate this weight I have developed an equation which takes into account, among other factors, the number of people in the audience, the scale of the venue, the temperature, the time of day, and the number of drinks which have been purchased that night. All of these elements may add or subtract weight to a single beam of light, and as the night progresses, the weight continues to fluctuate, one factor compounding with the next<sup>1</sup>. In the case of introducing a second, (lets say we are sitting in the bar together and attempt to use this equation), the two flat circles will begin to form a type of spiraling Venn diagram. The circles slowly amass weight as they turn, expanding outwards to cover a larger section of the curtain.

From across the room the lights mimic a pair of eyes who peer out from between a row of trees in the dark. It is only by emptying your glass and placing it to your eye in the manner of a small telescope that you may eventually see that the lights are gaining a third dimension, which extends from the curtain towards the audience, protruding from the circle like a small round nose. This of course is not a trick of the glass or its convex form, the circles in fact, continue to swell, the nose turning to a belly, and finally into complete spheres.

As the lights continue to turn a gust is felt throughout the room. At first a few posters are pulled from the wall, and napkins are lifted into the air, which begin to twist through the many arms of the chandelier. Coasters slide out from under their glass, and soon the glass follows, trailed by the silverware, the tablecloth, the chairs, and the table itself. Bottles fly off their shelves, smash into mic stands and add their liquid to the swirling bar. The audience holds onto anything bolted to the floor or the walls, lock themselves in bathrooms and closets, and form long chains of bodies. Hands clench to sneakers, high heels, or boots and we hold on to one another.

This holds for a time, but arms soon grow tired, straps break, and the line outside of the bathroom flies into the heart of the stage lights, which at this point in the evening, have turned into a dual planetary system.

In this fantasy everyone is consumed by the lights in a matter of minutes. As the crowd thins the planets begin to slow their orbit, deflate, and return to flat circles rotating on a curtain. Shattered glasses drop to the floor, neck ties drape over hand rails, various colored liquids mix in the grooves of the tiled floor.

Through this all the speakers continue to emit the bartenders playlist over scattered speakers and twisted cables. The lights continue dance, endlessly repeating their choreographed steps, performing for what remains of the hollow bar.

1. I often share this equation with friends or acquaintances as a way of passing time at the bar, between one song and the next, or the transition from one performer to another. Of course the results of the equation can never be verified, which guarantees us a few hours of entertainment, and by the time we have exhausted our calculations we are sure to be tired of the bar.

-Charles Stobbs

## **Broadcast Schedule<sup>2</sup>**

**09.26**

5pm - 8pm

**09.28**

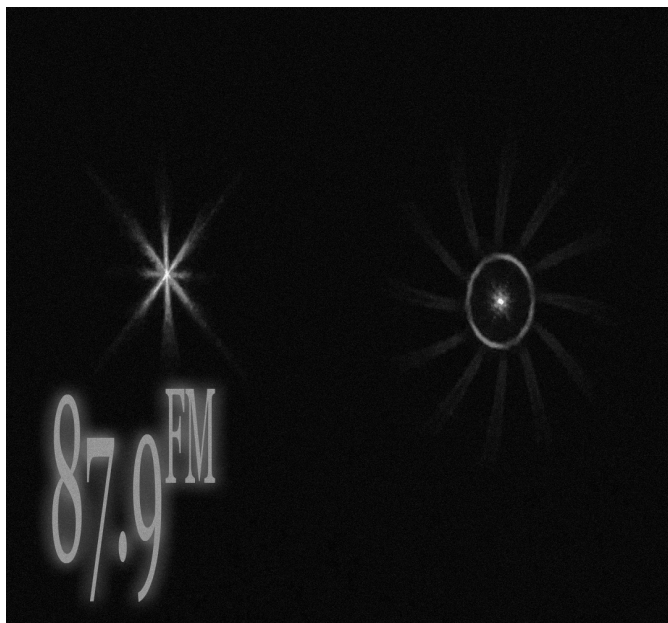
11am - 2pm

**10.05**

11am - 2pm

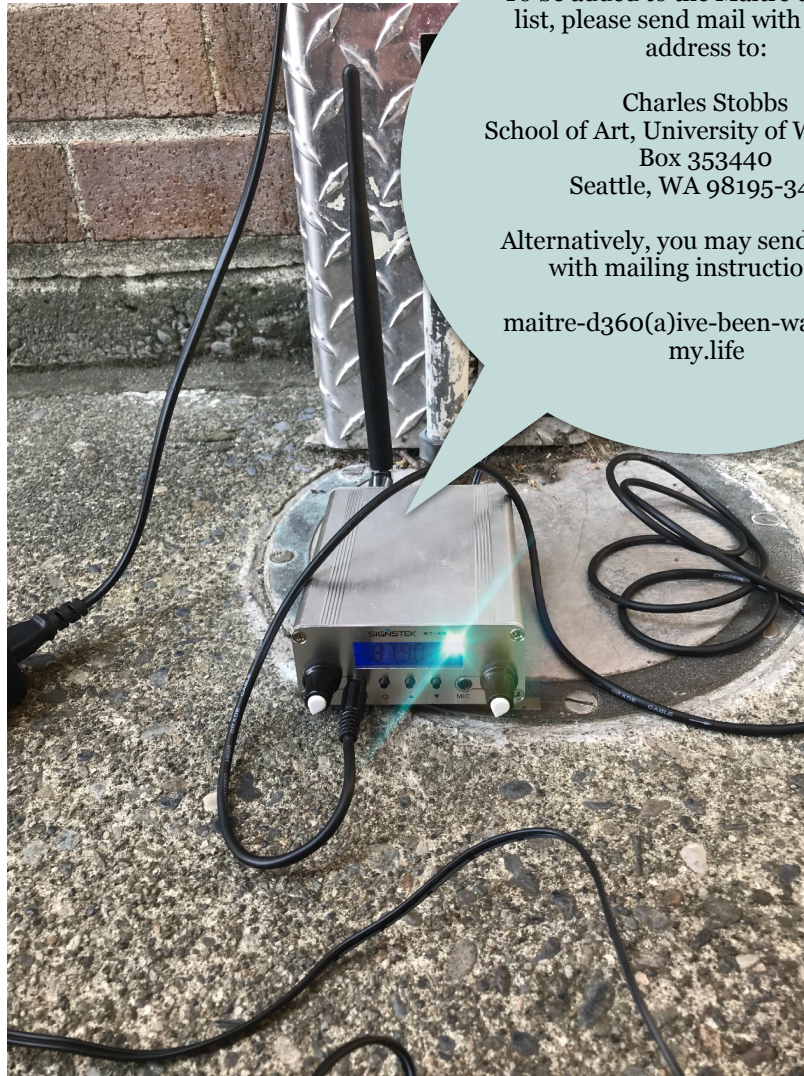
**10.12<sup>3</sup>**

2pm - an undecided point in the evening.



2. All broadcasts will be audible on the 87.9 FM band within close proximity to the Jacob Lawrence Gallery. E Stevens Way NE #132, Seattle, WA 98105

3. This broadcast is being transmitted in collaboration with emily charlotte taibelson and will include; a live set by Neo Gibson ( 7038634357 ) and a performance of Fredrik Högberg's *Invisible Duet*, at 7pm by Caitlin Beare on clarinet. We would be more than pleased if you could join us at the gallery for the evening.



To be added to the Maître d' mailing list, please send mail with a return address to:

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Alternatively, you may send an email with mailing instructions to:

maitre-d360(a)ive-been-waiting-all-my.life