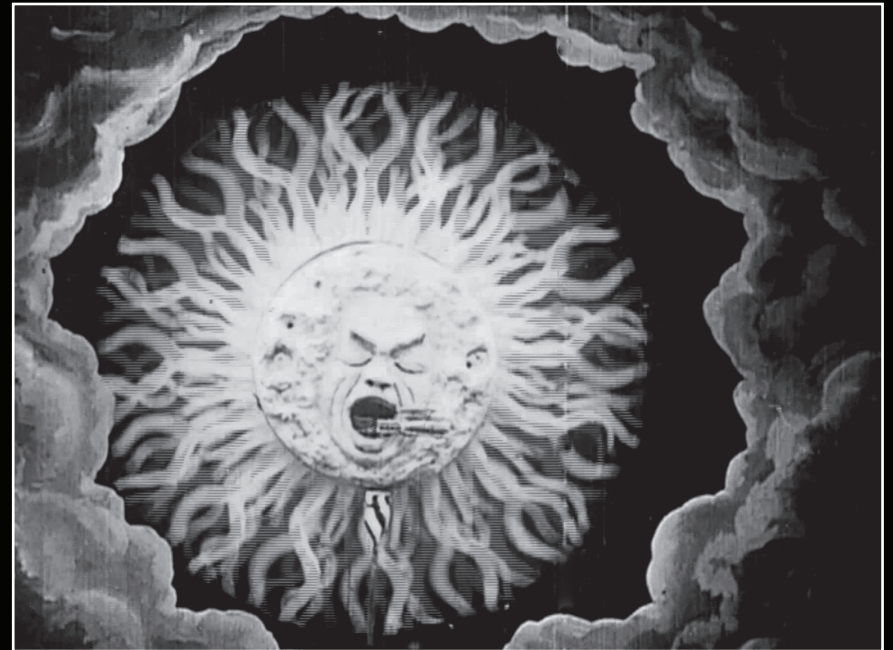


D-Town Brass  
&  
Durham Cinematheque  
—*present*—

Voyage A Travers  
L' Impossible



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August 1 & 2, 2014



**"Crowmeat" Bob Pence** - *Baritone & Alto Sax, Bass Clarinet*

**Ben Riseling** - *Tenor Sax & Clarinet*

**Steve Cowles** - *Baritone Sax*

**Matt Busch** - *Tenor Sax*

**Todd Hershberger** - *Bassoon & Alto Sax*

**Andy Shull** - *Trumpet*

**Jeff Herrick** - *Trumpet*

**Doug Vincent** - *Trumpet*

**Quran Karriem** - *Trombone*

**Rob Mossefin** - *Trombone*

**Andy Magowan** - *Keyboards*

**Robert Biggers** - *Drums*

**Ken Moshesh** - *Percussion*

**Matt Vooris** - *Xylophone & Percussion*

**Steve Carter** - *Vibraphone*

**Bob Wall** - *Bass & Sound Effects*

**Tom Whiteside** - *Projectionist*

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### **Entrance: Frog March**

#### **Impossible Voyage:**

The Plan

Machine Room

Train Station

Hospital

Impossible Voyage

Sun Treader

Sun Landing

Problems

Underwater

March

#### **A Close Call**

#### **Every Inkwell**

#### **Escape Hatch**

#### **The Hum Drum**

#### **Same River Once**

#### **Zombie Rag**

#### **Devil's Moustache Ride**

**Special Thanks: Jerry Kee, Andrew Lawhon**

**“He shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet,  
and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds,  
from one end of heaven to the other.”**

**Matthew 24:31.**

They said it was impossible.

From Krakow to Rejkavik, from Moscow to Cairo, the untested theorems and improbable postulates of the great steam engineer-explorer Mabouloff were dismissed, and then outlawed. Mabouloff challenged the prevailing wisdom of the time that music-powered transportation was inconceivable and celestial travel was impossible—and for his contrary but correct conviction, he was derided as a crackpot on four continents, then convicted on charges of heresy, heterodoxy, and treason in fifteen crooked courts in fifteen corrupt countries. Governments fell. Aristocracies collapsed. But no prison could hold Mabouloff.

The great man broke out of fifteen consecutive prisons with such feats of technological derring-do that many of his escapes remain inexplicable to this day. (The greatest being from a tiny prison cell in the Tower of London, in which Mabouloff disappeared and left behind a mechanical bull fifty times his size.) Worse, each time Mabouloff escaped, he brought with him a fellow, wrongly-jailed prisoner—similar in free-thinking disposition and sharing a similar spirit of boundless curiosity. Soon, the magnificent Mabouloff was not one rogue vagabond genius, but rather the leader of a crew of sixteen iconoclasts, improbably bonded together by fraternal spirit and shared love of adventure. In the year of 1904, these sixteen men set off on what The Institute for Incoherent Geography has referred to since, in a bit of forgivable understatement, as The Impossible Voyage.

This unprecedented and since-unrepeated mission was captured on film by the documentarian George Méliès with startling accuracy. His film—in itself a ground-breaking marvel of underwater and interstellar photography—chronicles their journey from the deepest depths of Earth's oceans to the farthest reaches of the then-unknown (and still largely unfamiliar) universe. Mabouloff and his men voyaged in automobile, submarine, train, dirigible, and train-dirigible-submarine-spaceship hybrid, powered by nothing but great blasts of musical wind, pressurized and directed through strange twists of metal tubing. Fearlessly, they plummeted down from the highest peaks of the Alps, passed through the fiery maw of the sun, and crashed into the uncharted depths of Earth's most unknown oceans. Roasted and burned by flame, frozen and frost-bitten by cold, the explorers, wearing fancy top-hats and long-tailed top-coats in open mockery of the reigning conservative aristocracies, survived. The sixteen gentlemen cheated death, stole the most precious secrets hidden by our greedy miser of a universe, and returned to share the wealth of their knowledge with all of us.

As Méliès demonstrates, the voyagers were welcomed back to Earth with a raucous brass-band celebration that honored their steam-powered achievement with great gusts of blasting horns. But even that great celebration did not signal the end of the journey or the final mission of this elect brotherhood. Instead, The Impossible Journey was the beginning of an odyssey that has spanned generations, from Everest to Apollo. That death-defying journey of 1904 birthed a secret league of fellow travelers and gentleman explorers that finds its current incarnation in these strange men here tonight, blasting their horns in clamorous celebration.

Honoring the original expedition, The D-Town Brass is likewise composed of sixteen adventurers. They are the direct genealogical descendants, keepers of the flame, inspired devotees, and celebrants of Mabouloff and his courageous crew. Every 110 years, they gather in a convocation such as this one at the Durham Cinematheque—honoring their steam-powered, metal-hammered ancestors by blowing breath through twisted metal tubes and inflicting percussive hammer blows of their own, in remembrance of the handmade, hard-won spirit of their forefathers' founding voyage.

The D-Town Brass's music, written by Andy Magowan, "Crowmeat" Bob Pence and Robert Biggers, is not a tribute to a bygone era of noble heroism. It is, rather, a clarion call, rousing likeminded souls who share a similar sense of grand adventure and crave a mission and meaning that is not merely in opposition to the small-mindedness of their time but inspired by a plane far above it.

- Logan Hill