

The year was 1991. I was freshly graduated from college and trying to find work in Bush's America. (Bush Sr., that is.) I was living with my sister in Orlando and soon discovered that even if I could have found a job in those recessionary times, I would not have been able to afford the taxes to register my car to drive Florida roads. They just didn't want any more people there, apparently. They were full.

Two summers previous I had learned to play the guitar ... mostly. Well enough to start writing political songs by the truckload. In between the few job interviews I was able to wrangle, I hunkered down in my room with a 4-track Fostex cassette recorder and tried my hand at putting together something that might roughly be called an "album."

Watercolor Monster is the perfect name for this collection. Almost nobody uses watercolors for anything ... professional. They're what kids use to start figuring out how to combine primarys and work out roughly recognizable shapes.

It has struck me recently how most of my political songs from 15 or so years ago suddenly seem timely again. I wish our nation would evolve sufficiently that I could put nuggets like *The Best War* and *Owned* away on the shelf forever. But everything old is new again. Except this recording. It's just plain old.

About half of the tracks (2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10) sound a bit more refined than the others because my parents funded a single day of recording in an actual, honest-to-heck studio in Orlando. (The studio's name is long since forgotten.)

As for the rest ... well, try to use your imagination. -- JV, 2004

