

Queens Park Music Club

Volume 1: Kling Klang
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Martin Herbert

The Mic and Me

I started publishing criticism in 1996, but I only learned how to write in a way that felt and still feels like my writing in about 2002. There were a lot of contributing factors to this—having been unexpectedly bounced out of a dotcom job that had previously meant I didn't have to rely on freelancing for income, leaving London for a slower pace of life on the coast, and reading nonfiction writers who taught me about voice and how to arrange facts—but one of the main triggers, weirdly enough, was hip hop. Now, I grew up with this music. More precisely I grew up in a musical household with hip hop and Steely Dan and Talking Heads and my dad's jazz and my friends' metal and a lot else, but I bought Raising Hell and Yo! Bum Rush the Show on the same day in 1987 and my thirteen-year-old head spun around. Snapshots: skating through suburbia to Three Feet High and Rising, crashing out on Pat Jameson's parents' lawn on a summer's evening in 1991 to De La Soul is Dead, pretty much destroying a Pharcyde CD in my last year of art school. Spending a good portion of my post-college wasteland time hanging out in Red Records in South London, picking the owners' brains and trying to obtain the newest Rawkus records. Tracing the taut funk chassis of an Edan track back to Cymande. Revisiting excitable disbelief when listening for the nth time to Hittman's brief, time-stretching guest verse on Dr Dre's Some La Niggaz—higher mathematics to me—or Tupac's clipped flow-as-sheer-syncopation of How Do You Want It and limitless changeups on Hit Em Up.

The above paragraph surely demonstrates why I'm not a music critic. Hip hop appreciation in my hands, to paraphrase Mos Def, is prosecution evidence. I'm also well aware of the potential embarrassment that is the white hip hop fan. But I want to talk about how this worked on my writing. Writers will tell you they get afterglows—it's why, if we remember to, we read before we write, because voices will stay in your head. And it's why, at a fragile moment, I needed music that was the equivalent of an injection of uncut confidence. I had no money and a partner and child to support, and I suddenly had to write better than I'd ever done before. Hip hop was a messy conduit to that. I was reading, certainly, and breaking down what I thought was good to see how it was done. But I was also listening while I wrote.

When you are, as Walter Becker once sang, on the balls of your ass, you need something to lift you and hip hop, for me, was it, even very mainstream rap: the vaulting self-confidence, seesawing beat and herculean handclaps of Eminem's armour-plated Til I Collapse, for example. A song like that says I am going to destroy everybody else. That's the braggadocio that hip hop has always thrived on, but it is laughable for a critic to want to feel like that: that's not, officially, what the supportive, secondary, piggybacking craft of criticism is about. It's about a deep engagement with the subject. But for me it was both: deep engagement, attempt to destroy everybody else. And you don't manage it—Peter Schjeldahl, for one, is still obliviously standing—but if it works at all, it raises your game. I needed hip-hop for that, for a while. After a certain point I found it wasn't working for me anymore. I'd play Til I Collapse and feel not much. No rising excitable anxiousness in the gut. But the music didn't go away.

Rewind to last summer. I'm in a car in Berlin, doing what I've been doing all summer—foisting Yeezus on people who mostly have no idea what it is and who'd shut their ears if they knew it was Kanye West. This has been a fun sideline for me, sidestepping people's preconceptions via a blindfold test. And again I'm getting a lot of 'what the fuck is that?!' and I'm enjoying saying 'Kanye West'. Now, Yeezus comes at least partly out of Death Grips, the Sacramento punk rap duo. I'm old now and can't take very much Death Grips, but recently I was in Switzerland and it's all I could take—as an antidote to the sterility—and it stayed on my headphones on repeat, whereas normally I'd do an astringent snort of two or three tracks. It stayed on, and, while I sat in Geneva airport, something happened: some hard-to-communicate, atavistic sense of utter timeliness, self-reliance, testosterone violence, something that made a big cagelike trolley look like a Cady Noland. I could write after this, I thought.

Maybe I'll never grow up.

—Martin Herbert



Bob Carey-Grieve

Double bass

A tale of two bassists and two bands

When my primary school teacher went round the class asking everyone what they wanted to be when they grew up, every other kid just said what their parents did – electrician, plumber, shop worker, ordinary. There wasn't even one nerdy, but still kind of cool Archaeologist or Arctic Explorer or anything like that. When it was my turn I said 'Pop Star', which up til then had considered being a reasonable enough fantasy for a four year old. My declaration was met with loud derision from my unambitious classmates. I mean, really? Did nobody want to be an Astronaut? No thrills. Anyway.

The first time I heard Metallica's Master of Puppets, my now secret pop ambitions became secret rock ambitions. My idol was Cliff Burton. Burton was not cool; in fact he looked positively uncool with his out of fashion flares, unsightly middle parting and bumfluff moustache. He could so easily have been me, except he was doing something quite remarkable. He had transformed what the Bass Guitar. Burton's ingenuity and dexterity was all over that album. Rather than the Bass being the complement to the guitar, being 'felt' underneath rather than heard, it was leading, and the rest of the band was supporting. Inspired, I bought my first bass, a really cheap and nasty Marlin from Sound Control and taught myself his solos with a tab book. And then, in true Spinal Tap fashion, just as I'd found my hero, their tour bus braked sharply, Burton fell through the front windscreen and then the bus started up again and rolled over him, killing him instantly. To this day, I still haven't got over that Cliff.

Jason Newsted replaced Burton. He was similar only in so much that he was also a bit rough on the eye and looked completely uncomfortable making rock poses for the camera. He made you feel a wee bit embarrassed too. My love affair with Metallica was already in decline, but I've always kept an eye on their career. I read an interview with Newsted recently. He recalled that when he first got the gig, he was sent straight into the studio to record his bass parts for a new album. He was to record alone, and understandably, felt a bit alienated. But what interested me most was his confession that he didn't really know how to write a harmonising bass part, and so just followed the guitar parts. That was the only way he knew how to play. That's pretty much been my approach too. I wanted to be a Cliff Burton but it turned out I was a Jason Newsted.

This isn't nearly so bad when you only play in three-piece bands as I've tended to do - Bass, Guitar, drums and then someone doubling up on vocals. The metal sensibility is that the bass is there as a second guitar, one to create a weight and depth, a grunginess and heaviness to the overall guitar sound, the guitar itself just providing a little definition so that everything doesn't get lost in the sludge. Savilles was my first proper band. We were just 'Savilles', there was no 'The' in our name, typical of the translation difficulties we presented. Kenny was the drummer and singer, and wrote most of our songs, but I contributed a fair few too. I learnt a lot about songwriting from Kenny. One time I showed up at our Paisley Studios with a new riff. It was, to quote my band members, 'pretty groovy'. That riff might have made a great wee song for any other band, but we took it somewhere else. We slowed it down, sustaining each chord for as long as possible, letting the feedback build up from both amps to a crescendo, and then crashing back into the next chord a minute or so later. You had to mine that song to find the beauty in it, hold onto ever exasperatingly painful note, and I don't doubt some more impatient audiences were willing it all to be over sooner. Like later art collaborations, there was always a bit of private joke somewhere in there. I felt a bit guilty about this and tried my best to let the audience in on the joke. I invested in a 50ft cable that let me wander around during our shows. I could go to the bar, have a drink and then go for a pee whilst playing any one of the less complicated songs. Being on stage with a spotlight on you felt really arrogant back then. I'm sure now the punters who parted with their cash at the door thought me even more arrogant for not even performing.

We played a few gigs, put out a few tapes, but eventually we fell apart once I got completely absorbed in a new life at Art School. First Paddy left, then me. There were a couple of reunions by invitation; people seemed excited initially but then drifted off. It was all very Kevin Ruddy.

It was another decade and a half before I ventured back into a practice studio.

Mac was one of Paddy's mates. He'd written a few riffs, Paddy might sing, I might play bass they thought. We dicked around for a bit, Paddy moved on and then there was only Mac and me. We had no drummer and no vocalist so the songs we wrote



together reflected our limitations. But eventually we found our groove, I found a voice, and Kenny found his way back to the drum stool, after a fair bit of arm-twisting mind you. This was Evil Kin Evil. We were playing the same instruments but we had switched roles.

The first song here is 'Lambs', one I wrote for Savilles. It's a bit worn with age, the sound drops out here and there, but it's one of my favourites and we dug it up again later as a cover for Evil Kin Evil. It's short, but there's a lot going on and just at the point you find it's groove, it's gone.

The second song, "Evil Moustache", an Evil Kin Evil song, is the complete opposite. Mac originally wrote this as a short snappy song, but I wanted to slow it down and stretch it out forever and ever and ever. It's in four parts, which allowed us to interchange it with other songs if we wanted to, but this is it as originally intended. We only played this song occasionally as it's accompanying performance took a long time to prepare. I would shave my beard off during the intro of the song, then glue the clippings back on again with some spirit gum later on. It meant we could only play this song at a minimum of three-month intervals. I haven't played this song in two years, so it's probably about time to come out the oven.

I thought I was pretty much done with playing the bass, but the rented house we just moved into in Melbourne's inner west came with a few interesting extras. An industrial quantity of vegetable peelers, a 'specialist section' collection of DVD's, several office chairs and a small practice Bass amp. I don't know what business the previous tenants used to run on the quiet out of this house, but thanks to them, I still get to play a wee bit of Cliff's "Orion" now and then. I still get to be an Astronaut.

Savilles "Lambs" (0.52)

Evil Kin Evil "Evil Moustache Part 1, Wing Commander" (2.59)

Evil Kin Evil "Evil Moustache Part 2, Bumfluff Pencil Line" (2.03)

Evil Kin Evil "Evil Moustache Part 3, Evil Toothbrush" (1.13)

Evil Kin Evil "Evil Moustache Part 4, Great Viking Handlebar" (6.22)



Jon Burgerman

Cronut Chorus

1.
Lullabies and Nightmares by Justin Walter
2.
Running The Loping by Smog
3.
Pipe Cleaner (12" mix) (w/ Diggory Kenrick) by Tapes
4.
Forever Young (Discodeine Remix) by Joakim
5.
Black Rhino by Rudi Zygadlo
6.
Vortex by Zomby
7.
Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat by Ink Spots
8.
NYC by Burial
9.
Niebla Morada (Purple Haze) by Meridian Brothers
10.
Take 'Em Up by Shit Robot





Maurice Doherty

Let Your Life Be A Friction To Stop The Machine

'Let Your Life Be A Friction To Stop The Machine' (2013/14) re-contextualises Mario Savio's address given at Sproul Hall, University of California, Berkeley on December 2, 1964. Mario Savio (December 8, 1942 – November 6, 1996) was an American political activist and a key member in the Berkeley Free Speech Movement. In protests unprecedented in this scope at the time, Mario Savio along with the Berkeley Free Speech Movement and students insisted that the university administration lift the ban of on-campus political activities and acknowledge the students' right to free speech and academic freedom. The speech is thought to be partly inspired by Civil Disobedience (1849) an essay by Henry David Thoreau expressing his belief that people should not allow governments to overrule or atrophy their consciences and that people have a duty both to avoid doing injustice directly and to avoid allowing their acquiescence to enable the government to make them the agents of injustice. Thoreau was motivated in part by his disgust with slavery and the Mexican-American War.

Maurice Doherty graduated from the University of Ulster, Belfast, in 1997 and completed a Masters in Fine Art at the Glasgow School of Art in 2001. Throughout his practice Doherty presents ethical quandaries of human progress and resilience, aimed at being both awe-inspiring and double-edged. His conceptual artworks, performative actions, appropriated objects and text works offer a means of expression that can be transformed beyond their customary associated contexts into mental triggers of social, political, philosophical or aesthetic thoughts in the receiver. Over the past few years Doherty has also worked as both a graphic designer and digital illustrator for various online activist groups. He currently lives and works between Ireland and Berlin.

Mario Savio - Rage against the machine



LET

YOUR LIFE

BE

A FRICTION

TO

STOP THE MACHINE

A singer appears from the screen.

A uniform of shadows.

Silk evening gown. Pale eyes.
Hands. Hair.
Black with paint and ashes.

The intense spotlight.
Isolates her silhouette.
Fixing it in place and time.

She no longer discerns
the limits of space around her.

This spectacle is a ritual.
One with the blazing spotlight
as a setting sun.

Transfixing her gaze.

In light and blindness.

Michelle Hannah

Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft Alles Ist Gut



Rose Rose

Even a Failing Candle Still Casts A Shadow

A study of subjective relationships to Richard James Edwards of The Manic Street Preachers by three narrators all of whom are Rose Ruane

Voice one: Teenage Rose. A gawky, unfortunate goth whose excruciatingly crumpled body language and painfully awkward delivery suggests an intense desire to be anywhere but standing before you giving this presentation. She speaks tremulously, almost inaudibly. Your confidence in the ability of this narrator to deliver the following text, written on a slim sheaf of A4 which quakes in her hands, is approximately zero. It seems improbable that she will conquer the terror she emits, clearly motivated by the presence of you, the audience. It sweats toward you from her clammy skin like a wave of spores. You have an uncanny, voyeuristic sense of visiting a run-zoo where the animals are poorly cared for and melancholy. She begins to speak. You hold your breath.

I know I am bored.

I know I am isolated.

I know I am smarter than the average bear.

I know I am profoundly sad.

I know that I live in an achingly dull middle-class suburb of Glasgow.

I go to a school where conformity is all.

I experience the constant, the perpetual ache of waiting for something to happen. My heart is a stopped clock longing to tick. That feeling that yawns namelessly beneath my sternum, performing an unending somersault of want for something I can't quantify.

I only know I wish a gap might appear in the stultifying plain order of my life and that possibility, excitement and stimulation will pour out of that gap, unloading all this glitter, all this magpie's treasure into my waiting lap.

I pass under the amber shower of streetlights, peering into those blank poetic rectangles of other rooms, containing other lives, slip down the streets in the indigo dusk so full of pent up pause and hope. The hope that something beyond the ordinary will fall at my feet as heaven sent and sudden as a meteorite.

I know this sequined, exquisite pain is what I'm made of.

It's all my own. I invented this. I inhabit it completely. I do not yet possess any conception of how ordinary my suffering is, which by the way, is all I have to cling to sometimes. I want to be understood. I'm not sure want it to become pedestrian through the feeling that it's shared.

Or maybe I do.

I am quixotic, mercurial, this is my right. I am newer in the world than I realise. I am testing out the emotions of the very old – ennui, world weariness, various agonies.

And really, really, I am howling and spitting and kicking inside. Kicking against. And then I heard the distinct sound of someone else kicking too, howling and kicking and spitting and it was like hearing your own heartbeat, your own exact heartbeat pounding and thumping in another person's chest.

I listen to Generation Terrorists until I have to buy another copy. I paint my face and steal my mum's fur coat to go and see them. I watch them play so many times. I wear the cuts on my arms like diamonds and I paint my eyes black. I vandalise the moral landscape that my parents built. This is what they give me. They bestow the gift of dominion: I have stopped being afraid of my inadvertent difference. I have taken ownership. I occupy my own skin fearlessly. I have painted fuck you all over my face with the way I wear make-up, the way I dress, the way I am no longer ashamed of being smart and reading books and being shit at sport. They gave me Plath, Larkin, Eugenides, so many other things that are written inside my skin. Tattoos in my blood. Ink and dark in my blood.

Voice two: The academic Rose. Attired in a manner befitting a younger woman, her outfit suggests a dogged, rather out of date adherence to the goth subculture with a few sartorial concessions to her advancing years. She occupies the podium confidently, making full use of the space which she traverses as she delivers the lecture replete with expansive, illustrative manual gestures, frequently engaging you, the members of the audience, in eye contact. The rather hollow but vigorous dissemination of the text suggests that in the past it was imparted with a more genuine and believable passion. The manner in which it is now being recited to you is obviously an iterative recreation of a previously heartfelt incarnation of the same undertaking. In this respect it is impossible for you to say you feel warmly towards her as a performer. However she offers a solid promise of competence, clearly comprising a safe pair of hands and you may breathe freely as she begins to speak.

On Mystery

His disappearance is a matter of record. This however is only partial. The tantalising gaps are holes for narrative to creep through. We thought



we knew him. We felt we owned him. We knew we loved him in that distant and proximate way of adoring the idol. Yet he is ever lost. So much of the truth would be banal. So much of the truth would be fascinating.

He is active in the myth. He is complicit in the myth. That intensity of goneness bears down with more mass than presence. We drop our own interpretations of the myth at the foot of the babel monument. A folksonomy of stones. Recount the fable with a thousand tongues.

Did he eat? What did he eat? Even in times extreme the body still demands the ordinary gifts of food and water. Was there a sense of lastness in everything he did?

It feels as though he passed nearby us. If only we could have reached out the tips of our fingers. If only the right words had become available.

He left a picture of a house. No one knows where the house is, where it is situated or what it meant to him. This holds great power to tantalize. Behind drowsing windows, somewhere, maybe not far from here, maybe oceans away there are lives untouched by his, taking place in this notional home he only imagined. Did he imagine that here he might slip geography between himself and his sadness?

Would there be a corner of the room in which he might stand where he might experience a peeling up, a floating free, a becoming unglued from that all pervading misery.

Who is the girl for whom he left the box? What was contained within other than the declaration of love he had felt unable to offer her before? What has she to say? Is every day the afterward of that? Coloured by his lack and her true sense, the real muscular meat and bones version of our pale, thin, entirely false hopes that if we had casually, guilelessly, artlessly crossed his path we would have recognised his need as profound and fastened him somehow in the realm of the living that he might grow old with us. That he might disappoint us with a fat belly, children and the acquisition of middle aged moderation.

He is lost to us as we are lost to ourselves. Or more accurately that we have lost that dynamic, white burning intensity of flame. That youth of such violent, tender, absurd utter, utter, utterness for which we have lost the knack but not the appetite.

The way we know our older selves, the repugnant intimacies, marshy and bad breathed proximity to foibles, follies, the capacity for dullness, self righteousness. The possibility of being free from that

is gone as he is. As long disappeared and as much missed.

His mystery is more beautiful, more poetic in being an elegy for those glorious times when we were immaculately lost to ourselves. Times when the body surprised instead of disappointed. Times when we were at liberty to feel all to the marrow of our bones, possessing as we did the certainty that we invented the world anew with every fervent breath.

This falls to the bottom with his lost body. A fever dream subsiding.

Voice one returns to the podium: the teenage Rose. Quite patently no more confident than when she delivered the opening address, if anything she seems even more firmly in the grip of a potent dread. Her body is beset by visible tremors and she clears her throat repeatedly, blinking fearfully into the too bright light of your collective gaze as an audience. She folds her hands in the manner of a chorister and at this moment your sphincter muscles clench in premature horror as you realise that dear god, holy fuck indeed: this unfortunate child intends to sing to you. It seems improbable, given her adrenalized state and total absence of self-belief, that she will prove equal to this undertaking. You knot your entire body into a brace position for the psychologically punitive experience you are about to undergo as she begins to sing.

Childbirth tears upon her muscle
Very first second a screaming icon
Babies in time barely even recognise
Words that once stroked now bruising tired lips

My idea of love comes from
A childhood glimpse of pornography
Though there is no true love
Just a finely tuned jealousy

Voice two returns to the podium applauding Voice One in a manner you find unnecessarily sarcastic. While you are far from delighted that she will deliver another rather hectoring, smugly self-satisfied treatise on her academic theories with respect to the place of Richard James Edwards in culture, the relief amongst you, the audience on discovering that the reedy singing of Voice One is indeed at an end, it having, thank fuck, not merely reached an unscheduled interregnum at the hands of panic as you feared it might, is widespread and



palpable. You might generously have called the performance 'brave', this charitable description being largely motivated by intense relief that it is mercifully over. In addition, alongside the intense sympathetic embarrassment you experienced on behalf of Voice One you were momentarily assailed by an unpleasantly potent sense of déjà vu which suggests the evocation of a repressed memory, just beyond the grasp of recall, in which you perhaps occupied the humiliating position so recently vacated by Voice One.

There is a disturbance in the air of the room which suggests that all individuals released their collectively held breath at precisely the same second. Voice Two appears to interpret this as a warm welcome, her arrogance providing a barrier to the humility which should elicit a realisation that anything subsequent to the haltingly awkward, out of tune singing of Voice One would be a welcome substitution. Even the tepid mimicry of passionate commitment to subject and audience in which Voice Two is about to engage, which you the audience would find yourself describing as 'pretty much phoning it in' and as being conducted in a manner you somehow find mildly insulting and undeniably irritating. In this fashion she begins to speak.

On being For Real

After he was gone, a few years after we started to accept that he was gone, truly, not simply fled, we ushered in the era of The New Real.

This is to say we discovered our lust for watching others bleed and could no longer trust those who did not. Princes Diana died, we all discovered our capacity to spring emotional leaks, we discovered a voracious appetite for tears and soon we were fed a banquet of gourmet delights, a smorgasbord of bloody delights.

Reality television, misery lit, confessional magazines. Social networks are a shop window for the feeling self. We wear our hearts on the outside of our chests, gaudy with suffering, the costume jewellery of the I am, I feel. The narcissists "look at me – my suffering is exquisite."

He is the forgotten god of it. Perhaps he had clear clairvoyant sight or perhaps somewhere in our collective cultural consciousness resides the potency of his act.

To put knife to flesh, to bleed the real when his authenticity was questioned. To actually bleed the

real. To declare on your own body that the upswell of feeling contained within is too great for the narrow boundaries of the flesh, that it must find brutal egress and be written in and without, that it must sit on the skin and form scars so no one might ever be in doubt of how true the need for expression is.

Everything was amateur hour after that. Everything was a pale imitation. Maybe when he cut those words into his arm, when he slashed his chest with ceremonial daggers in Bangkok, maybe those were the last real things anyone did. Everything after that was a pantomime of pain. It was what we learnt to do to manifest a compelling dramatis personae – the authenticity of victimhood, fashionable suffering. There was nothing glamorous about his pain. There is nothing glamorous about anyone's pain. We hope our suffering is beautiful and unique. Otherwise what makes it worth the living through? We have to assume we shine at the centre of it, hard as diamonds, celestial as stars. We have to feel that we shine singularly in the fist of God for this is fate. Not true, we are swept up in an undifferentiated multitude, like grains of sand in the palm of a curious child, like a thousand coins grabbed in greed with no regard for the single unit.

All the same; he showed us the truth of how it feels when you can't hold it in. How explosive the act makes me think he tried. Unlike we further generations of leakers, skiddlers, dribblers and status updaters.

His was the last act of the old real. Before the new real arrived and it was thin as tissue, twice as pale, and a thousand times as easy to roll up in a ball and throw away without the loss being felt.

Voice number three takes the podium. She appears to be an amalgam of Voices One and Two. Dressed in the same fake leopard coat, her face made up in the goth style, she is clearly in early middle age which makes this mode of self-presentation vaguely unseemly – a keeping of some sort of teenage faith well into adulthood which could kindly be described as a true commitment or less kindly as a little bit sad. She appears neither fearful nor over confident. You, the audience are reasonably satisfied that she can comfortably speak to you without being overcome by nerves and as such sit securely in your seats, intrigued by what she has to say despite experiencing a mild but not unpleasant boredom and an enjoyable eagerness for the performance to come to an end. She gazes



into a middle distance, somewhere just a little beyond where you are sitting and wistfully but clearly begins to speak, the words come in a rush as though they have been held within for a long time.

We passed Aust in the car. Going on a family holiday. The stolid, practical nag with housework under her fingernails on a family get away. I longed to be young and sulking in the back with Sylvia Plath. Time collapsed. I wanted to stop and find him there, wandering, turning circles on himself, tracing the weight of the leap we think he must have made. Did he vault the barrier? Or cling then fall after long seconds? I took an overdose. I didn't leave a note. I knew it wouldn't work. We passed Aust. I wanted to find him there. I just didn't want to go back to school and have to defy misery any more. My mother made me drink salt water while we waited for the lights to swoop blue along the street in our suburb. We passed Aust and I felt the bite on my shoulder. A man bit me during You Love US. I was holding my fur coat in my arms like a precious baby. I was lifted and crushed by a sea of bodies in the plaza ballroom. He was there, kohl eyed, beautiful, real and there were tears of awe in my eyes. A man bit me during you love us. A stranger leant forward and bit me and I knew why he did. He bit me for the extremity of his being in the room. Kohl eyed, beautiful, real and far away as in photographs. He was close enough to touch and we never would. The nameless thing beneath the sternum, the too much, too full hearted, too lost living and the real, beautiful kohl eyed avatar of everything we felt was there and close enough to touch. We never would, touch him, know him and so my eyes bulged and swam with tears of thwarted love. The lights of the ballroom broke and spilled jewels down my cheeks and a strange man bit me during You Love Us. We passed Aust and I felt his teeth across time. The tantalising melancholy of the never knowing quite what happened to him seems somehow bound up with how lost I am to myself. Those teenage years seem Kodachrome bright. I can see them as if they are clattering on the reel of a projector, out of focus. Soundless in the moment but with the Manics always playing on repeat, then the film ends, the screen blind white and already I am unsure what passed before my eyes. Like I watched all pressed up against glass, the fog of my own breath clouding the window of the speeding car. It's written in my bones like rock, yet I can't quite read exactly what

it says there. And would I really want it to stop being such a mystery? Facts are so banal. Facts are so unpretty. He was beautiful and profound. Mysteries are beautiful and profound. Even a failing candle still casts a shadow.

You Love US – Manic Street Preachers, Generation Terrorists 1992, 4:32

No Road – Philip Larkin, From Philip Larkin Reads The Less Deceived, 2010, 1:06

Small Black Flowers That Grow In The Sky – Manic Street Preachers, Everything Must Go, 2006, 3:02

Lady Lazarus – Sylvia Plath, Sylvia Plath Reads Her Works, 1958, 3:11

Maps – Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Fever to Tell, 2006, 3:39

Life Becoming a Landslide – Manic Street Preachers, Gold Against the Soul, 1993, 4:13





Clemens Wilhelm
BAD AS ME

I was staying in Amsterdam a few years ago. It was a grey, foggy winter, so your shoes would never dry and the damp air would creep up your pants. And Amsterdam - well, it's Amsterdam, with all that that implies.

I was very very down. My girlfriend had torn my little heart out a few weeks before as she had run off with another guy while I was out of town. I had come back to a half-empty apartment - and I had been drinking too much ever since.

While in Amsterdam, I was watching all of Werner Herzog's films and was listening to a lot of people singing the blues.

At that moment - artwise - I had been trying to make a film that reconstructs the life of a stranger. Previously, I had found hundreds of photographs in the garbage bin of my building in Berlin. A tall bearded man appeared in a lot of them: I called him Peter. There were pictures of trucks, fireworks, tanks on the streets, a daughter in various poses, people drinking in bars, and a picture of a single deer on a field of snow. There was a whole life in there - and somebody had thrown it away. I felt a strong urge to put these pictures into an order and to tell the story of this strange man's life.

And then the new Tom Waits album came out: „Bad as me“. I could not stop listening to it. I am not usually the kind of person that plays things over and over again. But wow. The song „Back in the Crowd“ really hit me: „There is a battle going on between the blue and the grey / And if you don't want my love / don't make me stay / Take back your name / Take back these wings / Take my picture from the frame / And put me back in the crowd.“

So to get the visual part of the film was quite easy, but how was I going to tell the story? I constantly heard the voice of Werner Herzog who spoke this broken English with such an insistence and urgency, and I heard Tom Waits singing his heart out in his unusual voice full of flaws - and somehow all this really spoke to me. And then I realized something which made me try to do the voice-over for my film with my own voice - something I had never considered appropriate before.

But why not use my own voice, with all its imperfections? Wasn't that what made Herzog's films and Waits' singing much more compelling? Fuck all the perfection, I thought, I need something more real and human for this film, something as real as the photos in the garbage bin, or, as real as my little broken heart.

So I went for it, and it actually seemed to work. There is something hidden in there, not too obvious, somewhere between the photos and the voice. Something as bad as my own voice seemed to be just right.

Ah, there is nothing like music.

Play the song „Back in the Crowd“: http://www.tomwaits.com/songs/song/367/Back_In_The_Crowd/
Watch the film: „Peter is dead“: <http://www.clemenswilhelm.com/peteristtot.html>



Douglas Morland

Some Velvet Summer

Sometimes I just get caught in a loop and I completely lose it. Play, turn over, play, turn over, play, turn over, play, turn over, play, turn over, play, turn over...*ad infinitum*.



They were warm summer nights, my last as a teenager, but despite the heat, I was likely, more often than not, to be found indoors, glued to the couch of a tiny flat amongst a small coterie of likeminds, trying to extend the night as long as possible, our brains and bodies seemingly impervious to nightly self-administered batterings. Talking nineteen-to-the-dozen amidst the thick, sweet smoke and clink of bottles, we'd have a constant stream of excellent and very loud music playing courtesy of a friend who (thanks to his hip older brother) was significantly more enlightened than the rest of us. It was a schooling of sorts, one that would find an unexpected parallel in my fast-approaching art school years, although I wasn't exactly aware of this yet. We were simply getting blasted.

Somebody slid the record out of the sleeve and placed it on the turntable. Catching sight of the cover - which against a dull and quintessentially 1970s avocado-green background presented the viewer with a large airbrushed miniskirt/arse combo which at best could be described as *none-too-subtle* - I knew at once that it was a Velvet Underground live LP. The risible cover had alerted me during many previous record shopping trips to the fact that it wasn't an official release by the band during their lifetime. I'd always assumed that some clueless mid-70s staffer at Mercury Records had thought a 'sexy' LP cover using a generic stock painting would help shift units, milking the back catalogue of an old band that was just beginning to hit the cult status ranks. However, I wasn't quite prepared for the enormous disparity between image and sound as the needle struck side one of the record and careered through almost nine minutes of 'What Goes On'.

Now, despite sounding like it was recorded through a wall from the adjacent nightclub to the one the

Velvets were actually performing in, I was absolutely knocked out by the sound of this track. Everything bleeds and blends together to create a fizzing, crackling, pneumatic drill groove with Lou Reed and Sterling Morrison's guitars beautifully, relentlessly scratching away at your nerve endings while all you can hear of the drums are single strikes on both the 'two' and the 'four' upon what sounds like a miked-up biscuit tin, again and again and again and again and again for the whole nine minutes. Now I don't care what people say about Moe Tucker, but to me, she is the best drummer in the world and here she seems to sit just ahead of the beat, every single damn time. Consequently, you lean right into it and can't quite grasp the groove - flickering, mercurial, a sound as thin as a sheet of foil and ten times as reflective. Sparks fly from the zoetrope's mad spin as Doug Yule's fairground organ lines unfurl and flail obscenely in every direction as if being played by an amphetamine-soaked Booker T, fingers and toes jammed in the mains. The track lurches and heaves like ocean swell. At points, all instruments coalesce to create one almighty standing wave of electrical energy, at other points the jagged railroad death-cab rattles uncontrollably all over the place at a murderous speed, white knuckles grasping at the sidebars for dear life.

Again and again and again and again the pattern repeats, the groove tugs and heaves. Moe hits that biscuit tin and every goddamned time she gets it just fractionally before you can finger it. Crack. Crack. Crack. Crack. The central nervous system, surely unable to take the repeated stroboscopic pounding, is frayed and ready to split, but then suddenly and without warning, there's a single, unified shock-blast (dis)chord, and it's over. The silence is now a vacuum. How long was I listening to that for? Twenty seconds? Twenty minutes? Twenty years?



As a reasonably music-savvy child growing up in the 1980s, I knew well enough that Donna Summer's 'I Feel Love' was ubiquitous shorthand for a 1970s disco style that opened the door to 1980s' pop modes - clean, sharp, pure, progressive and forward looking. It bore no acrid whiff of Afghan coats, flares, stringy Bee-Gee hair and Travolta-naffness that the word 'disco' generally carried for an 80s kid like me. Somehow, it seemed timeless (it still does), but



also, strangely, somehow outside of time altogether. Perhaps that was why I'd never actually paid proper attention to it. It felt like it had always been there and always would be - that never-ending, silky, chattering groove, a reverse echo beaming back from a point perpetually five minutes ahead in the future, tantalisingly just out of reach.

The first time I really felt 'I Feel Love', rather than merely hearing it on tinny radio speakers or on a TV set was an experience I'll never forget. Rather than the drug-fuelled, orgiastic dancefloor reverie - all dry-ice and flickering strobes - that might be expected to accompany such an experience, the context for me was altogether more prosaic. It just happened to be that it was being played on a really good sound system in a small club with the left and right channel speaker stacks set quite some distance apart at either side of the room. It wasn't that busy. I wasn't on drugs. I was only mildly tipsy after several pints and was standing very near the right channel speaker stack. I hadn't been dancing and was just out with a few friends for a few drinks and was probably going to leave shortly and head home, when something quite peculiar happened. I hadn't even registered that 'I Feel Love' had begun issuing from the sound system, it was just there. Maybe it had been playing for some time, but as the synths swelled and the liquid arpeggios rose, what hit me was a sense of complete spacial and temporal disorientation accompanied by a weird vertiginous lurch as I began to register that something was very... wrong.

At first I thought that somebody had spiked my drink, as every single facet of what I was hearing at that moment felt very odd indeed. It was as if the vibrations produced by the pattern of the music were forcing the space around the speaker to turn inside out and causing time to distort like rippling pond water. What the hell was going on? I'd heard this song hundreds of times and never once had it visited such a visceral effect upon me. I couldn't get a handle on it at all. It sounded all wrong and it made me feel as if the angles of the room were all wrong too. Far, receding corners bulged towards me and the speaker stack somehow appeared as an empty negative space. I staggered back, away from the sound source, towards the other wall, towards the other speaker, and was gripped by the sudden and very definite sensation of passing from one

atmosphere into an entirely different and mutually equivalent atmosphere. It felt as if the magnetic poles had somehow flipped.

I stood directly in front of the left speaker stack and the air around me seemed to instantly snap back into shape at the command of the track's monstrous, pulsating bassline - a colossally simple electronic wobble, now unadorned by the psychic battery of arpeggio that I'd experienced seconds earlier. I managed to catch my breath, and despite beginning to realise that, no, my drink hadn't been spiked and that my bizarre *mise en abyme* experience must have been down to some kind of weird auditory phenomenon that lay beyond my grasp, my friends looked on in bafflement as I staggered around in front of the left channel speaker, eyes bulging, mouth wide open, as if I was having a mild seizure. I still can't really fully explain what happened next, but I found myself locked into a spasmodic headless-chicken lurch, back and forward from speaker to speaker, from atmosphere to atmosphere, via what felt like an 'airlock' at the midpoint. Here, both sonic events appeared to click into some kind of synergistic whole and a kind of beautiful normality was temporarily achieved. My friends looked at each other, possibly a little embarrassed, perhaps mildly concerned for my mental wellbeing, but I was completely locked in to it and utterly oblivious.

And then came the voice. Riding on top of all this sheet metal, liquid glass and alien electricity was the smoothest human voice I'd ever heard, simultaneously narcoleptic and adrenalised. Falling free. No beginning. No end. I Feel Love.

Of course, what I'd so viscerally experienced that night was perhaps nothing more than a magic trick, and bizarrely, I found out years later that Donna Summer herself, as if caught in some kind of weird negative feedback loop, had fallen prey to the very same sleight of hand. Upon standing close to the right channel speaker as her song played in a club one night shortly after its release in 1977, she too was disturbed to find that it sounded totally 'wrong'. She rushed home to phone producer Giorgio Moroder who knew very well what was afoot. During production, Moroder had stumbled across the most beautifully simple way of constructing this 'future music' and in the process created a work that, perhaps accidentally, places human and machine in



a kind of locked dance, where they shift in and out of phase and in and out of time, for what feels like an eternity.

What is actually happening is that if you listen to the left-hand speaker you will hear the strident, relentless, on-beat march of the synth bassline which anchors the track. Conversely, if you listen to the right-hand speaker you will hear that bassline, altered and delayed, but that delay, having being entered by ear (the result of an analogue process, not perfectly 'quantized' as you'd find on digital recordings today) is *all over the place*. It appears to drift in and out of time and seems to throw the beat back and forward, warping the listener's sense of both time and space. When you place these two channels together however, it works. I don't know how it works, but it sounds like nothing I've heard before or since. It's beautiful. It's alchemical. It seems to exist truly outside of time as I understand it.



Unlikely bedfellows they may seem, but for me this pair of tracks quickly became inextricably linked and began to operate as a kind of 'double feature' soundtrack to my final teenage summer. Despite the incompatible production values and the very different eras from whence these works came, there seemed to be something pure, ageless and crystalline about each half of this perfect little sonic pairing. It slowly dawned on me that through this music I had discovered something about both the (im)perfection of the mark of the human hand and the malleability and porous 'warp-and-weft' nature of time and perception. Then I realised, with almost unprecedented delight, that with both tracks falling between eight and nine minutes in length, I could record the individual tracks on either side of a cassette tape, so that while the Velvets' delirious freight-train nervous system battering ram was drilling its way into my DNA, Donna and Giorgio were silently dancing backwards in readiness to unspool their magic silken narcotic web. So, back and forward I'd go. Caught in a loop. No beginning. No end. A Sony Walkman and a battered cassette. Time seemed to last forever that summer.

The Velvet Underground – 'What Goes On' from 'The Velvet Underground Live 1969' LP (Mercury Records, 1974)

Donna Summer – 'I Feel Love' 12" maxi-single (Casablanca Records, 1977)



I've always had this idea about ongoing composition. In the early days that interest was partly inspired by the La Monte Young-Marian Zazeela "sound and light environment" Dream House. What struck me about that project were its immediate abstract and physical qualities. When you go into the Dream House room the sound is so loud and the magenta light so saturated that right away you are inside the work and the work is inside you. You cannot escape it. Tones open up in your head as you move — your body becomes an instrument. I had gone to New York to look at abstract paintings. But I found that the way they were categorized in museums made them feel like examples of historical objects. It was difficult to have an immediate engagement with them. When I went into the Young/Zazeela environment, the heightened experience, immersive detail, and freed perception were all aspects that I felt I could relate to in a different way with painting.

There's a sort of methodology in the way some of my paintings happen that can be quite pragmatic; it can be quite systematic and rudimentary. Automatic. And then there comes a point where specific things come alive for me, and I become absorbed in that. I find that point interesting to define: what happens when you're completely engaged, you're merged into the work and it's a part of you; it's a kind of self-obliviation through a process of repetition. I'm attempting to extend that experience and sustain it, and for that to be a situation that the viewer can be in as well, being now at the center of perception. So in a sense that comes back to the idea of a time-based element. For me this does connect to the Young/Zazeela piece—though in a very roundabout way.

I've been 3 or 4 times, but first when I was a student, in 1991 or 1992. It's

at the Mcla Foundation in New York. Initially Dream House was supposed to last seven years—but it's been going for at least twice that long.

it feels

very natural. It's dark in there, but the paintings are luminous, seductive. The pigmentation is earthy and there is an immense amount of detail—plants and nature, the expressions on faces—all these ordinary little parts painted in there. There's the architecture within the architecture, which gradually becomes replaced by rocks, trees, and the river. And it's all kind of flattened out, so people can read the progression of events. It flows off the wall. There's a contemplative quality in the paint and the light and the size of the space and the repetitious unfolding of the narrative across the chapel and there's an expression of ordinary life within all that.

Giotto interests me because his frescoes were painted with an awareness of how people were going to move through the space and encounter them. An awareness of the physicality of the congregation. And the perception of the viewer. How amazing those images must have been for people.

This was before film: I'm not a religious person, so ... I get the storytelling aspect from an objective distance.

Yes, it's all encompassing. And the idea of an unfolding of events and the way spaces can reflect feeling; the time-based arrangement of composition and the kind of beautiful simplicity as well. It was painted with such rudimentary precision.

San Giovanni di Batista
Urbino



Neil Clements

I see no direct link between studio practice and the act of listening to music that generally accompanies it. What this kind of activity can however help produce is a state of distraction which is at points ideal to accompany monotonous tasks and detached observation. Other aspects affecting my music choices are purely practical. Listening to longer songs mean you have to change them less.

Pharoah Overlord: Skyline

Klaus Schulz: Floating

Earthless: Lost in the Cold Sun

Kinshi Tsurata: Hoichi the Earless

KTL: Theme

Flower Travellin band: Satori III



Rob Kennedy

It really was nothing

9.30am. Starting work. Pull a cd from the pile. The familiar brief urgent metallic shimmering intro of *William, it was really nothing*, the first track on the album Hatful of Hollow by The Smiths. Its not a favourite, its just there. I imagine the rain always falling hard on some humdrum town somewhere. By the time we get to I don't dream about anyone except myself, the table saw is whirring and plywood is being cut. Then before you know it those two minutes are almost up and the animal wail of vocal merges into the reversal of more glistening fading metal and my brain premeditates the notorious guitar riff of track two.... but no... a pause... and the brief urgent metallic shimmering intro comes again. A quizzical smile. Everybody's got to live their life, again. She doesn't care about anything, again. Would you like to buy the ring, again. Plywood is being cut, again. And just as quickly the wail and metallic shimmer slides away... pause...brain premeditations...The familiar brief urgent metallic shimmering intro of. Laugh. Plywood is cut, again. It was really nothing, again. It was really nothing, again. How can you stay with a fat girl who says, again. The realisation of mistakenly pressing 'repeat1' on the player has now long since dawned, and the same two minutes has repeated four times, now five. What seemed a mistake to be corrected, now, through lack of will, becomes a repetitive dare. Now that's eight times, I think. It was really nothing, again. The chop saw now repeats too. It was your life, again. God knows, again. After two more plays the hilarity is fermenting and the nailgun is accompanying. This town has dragged you down, again. And so it goes. At 11am the kettle is boiled and we have listened repeatedly over 40 odd times. Coffee brews. Press pause. We talk about the news, we talk about repetition in all forms, we talk about the news, we talk about how long it can last, we talk about the news. Press play. How can you stay, again. The familiar brief urgent metallic shimmering intro, again. And so it goes. And so it goes. And so it goes. She doesn't care about anything, again. Everybody's got to live their life, again. Plywood is being cut, again. The nailgun fires, again. The animal wail of vocal merges into the reversal of more glistening fading metal, again. It was shorter that time? No, longer. And as it goes I notice more and more, and less and less in this two minute mantra. It's harder to think of stopping, of changing, what on earth could you choose next.

She doesn't care about anything, again. Would you like to buy the ring, again. The nailgun fires, again. Hunger pangs seep into the work load, the two minutes are still not up, we've truly lost count but simple arithmetic suggests we are coming up on a century of cycles, no surely not, no surely more. The familiar brief urgent metallic shimmering intro, again. Lunchtime arrives. Press pause.....satiated the afternoon begins in silence.



Alan Currall

Five tracks that make me feel more than think

There is a strange, disjointed relationship between my art practice and my interest in music. I approach art-making with a set of ideas I want to explore. In the process of finding forms for ideas I also discover, if I'm lucky, some kind of emotional response, which I usually struggle to completely understand. In short, my artwork starts in the head and works its way out through the rest of the body. When it comes to music, the process is reversed. Whether it's the music that I enjoy listening to, or that which I attempt to make for myself, it starts with the visceral. I can be so transfixed by my emotional response to the sonic texture of a sound that I'm willing to give myself up to it entirely, regardless of any conceptual conceits it might or might not harbour.

Blue Crystal Fire – Robbie Basho

Parallelograms – Linda Perhacs

The Lowlands of Holland – Sandy Denny, BBC Sessions

The Visitation – The White Noise

Appalachian Grove I – Laurie Spiegel



David Michael Clarke

This should be so easy ... but it is so hard !

I think I'm gonna go for track 9 on the Velvet Underground's third album - *The Murder Mystery*.
I think this track, apart from being a sheer wonder, shows quite clearly what can be achieved when we do things together. Something quite impossible when one goes solo.



Tom Mason

An Accumulation of Interludes

Absense and Presence

There's always been music made and played inbetween the art. The following will probably mean nothing to you: Audio Rodeo, Rich T and The Teats, Double Yuck Radio, The Unwild, TomTom, Spoilt Child, The Break Ups, Treasure, The Dinner Dates. These however might: 808 State, The Black Dog, Mouse On Mars / Lithops, Rephlex (et al), Ceephax, The Phantom Payn, The Fall, Can, Faust, Woo, Pierre Bastien, Nick Drake, The Rebel, Beck, Kool Keith, Quasimoto, Keith Hudson, the 'Psykoscifipoppia' comp, Cobra Killer, 60s, Psych, Dub, Jungle, Acid, Library Music, novelty, exotica, soundtracks, many producers who made some wonderful track on some peripheral compilation. And so on.

Though the following revolves around influence (something active and conversational between you and the work that is speaking to you) rather than an ultimate selection of tracks I'd preserve above all others, stranded alone on that blob of land in the blue beyond.

Splodges

I recently attended a screening where a reputable older artist selected a film to show and discuss, though began the presentation decrying the silly childishness of the Desert Island Discs nature of such a thing. At the end during an entertaining questions period, I considered asking him why he felt the need to point that out, as if above such things. If I'm interested in an artist, writer, musician, filmmaker, etc I'll take any opportunity to hear their thoughts on pretty much anything. I'd bet the same of him, as he reeled off reference after quote after theoretical notion, taken from this or that prominent artist, writer, etc. The format is easy to dismiss, but the mind and drive of that person will shine through. Another recollection is of a critical theorist in a lecture a few years back wondering why the new media and more theory-oriented artists (with whom he felt otherwise aligned) struggled with painting. "That pink splodge in the corner IS worth talking about."

Roots to Leaves

I was drawing and art was always the thing I'd pursue. But it took a long time to become involved with other art, beyond the things I saw around me like book illustrations, cereal packets, signs, album covers, etc. Music was the thing, before

books and later art (which has come sporadically). Music is never really explained as art is explained, at least in teens and the formative phases of listening. 'Explanation' and 'theorizing' was just chat and debate about and around the music, bits remembered from interviews, shared knowledge, what one could pick up. (All pre-internet of course.) And you don't live with artworks you see in shows (unless you're a collector). Art books are great things, but they are rarely the artworks themselves. You might say "what about Internet art?" Lukewarm. And it's still in this frame, mediated, presented via something, within a realm of distraction, and the insisting hypnosis of the screen. Records felt like treasures one could take into one's own world, define one's own world by, from and in the world but away from it too. Artworks are so often 'beyond' you, you can't spend further time with an artwork you experience in a gallery, over weeks months years, have it as a part of your everyday life in physical, ongoing present terms. Saying that, I like the temporality of an artwork attempting to work it's magic in those few moments and if successful then or later, going on to exist in the mind and memory. So the two things relate and inform but are never quite aligned. But the desire for them to have some hand-in-hand or back-and-forth exchange remains. And that's what makes writing this intriguing to me. Oh, and the title is taken from a thing about Schumann by Roland Barthes.

Mixtapes

I've made quite a few mixtapes over the years. The idea of them is key to my work. Also the intimacy of such things, sometimes. Big ideas and thoughts and feelings in this little plastic and ferric package often shared with only one other person as a gift (though later it may well get played socially or circulated. But it really doesn't matter that much if it would mean anything beyond that intended receiver). Like collections, scrapbooks. Colour, mood, interludes, intro and outros - the extra care that would make a mixtape more exciting than others. Like putting weird little bits between songs, tv/radio dialogue, sound effects, ditties, dictaphone messing-around, excerpts of longer tracks, stuff played at the wrong speed, etc. All these transitions and the whole flow of the thing of more interest to me than the love tape to girl or boyfriend (though vital at certain points, of course!), or a 'right on' tape of alternative hits from any certain decade or genre or something. I do



really mean a work (of art), an object that contains exactly the right amount of what it contains, in a unique order, with a fluidity and pacing, worked on (including cover and labels), something to be treasured. And what that opens up, as an object, a listening experience, a mix, a world within the world. As with collage and general combining of matter, I like the ingredients of both music and mixes to retain some difference and differentiation. Too much mashing results in soup, the colour can muddy, grey. Two or three or more seemingly unrelated pieces can match up in a melodic motif, a shared lyric, mood etc that goes beyond genres. This has the effect of making music incredibly colourful, as if this montaging brings out these colours they share, or reveal further vibrancy via the contrast, i.e. something you might miss in the listening if submitting to the genre bind. Don't get me wrong, genres are useful but they're elastic. Everyone knows this now anyway, but it wasn't always so. The relation is why I called certain pages on my website 'mixpages'. Stuff that goes together though might have not been made in series or with the others in mind. Later they work together, share something, provide contrast, etc. It's never been about developing a style and then sticking to it. As someone wrote about Charlene Von Heyl's paintings, resisting a recognizable style is a political act in an artworld that still sells people on exactly that.

Instrumental Music

Lyrics are great when great. And can inform the serious project of messing with Mother Tongue. Though lyrics can dominate and tether music, like a line of text on a painting. It can work of course, or create something to hinge on or leap from, but sometimes things want to cut loose. Things might want to go without or beyond words, at least in the set-up. So as with words and text in images, lyrics if and when. Especially if listening to music when working.

Loose Beginnings

Growing up through the 80s means I was steeped in all the synth stuff that bubbled up in everything from pop music to kids TV show themes to US movie soundtracks, of course. The 90s. And I should probably mention my Dad's record collection, MOR mostly yes but so much weirdness in the cracks of such fare! And charity shop finds. So

much more novel and hilarious when with partners in states of mind, to pull one of these out than put something cool and of-the-time on. I think all these things set me up for a lot of what followed.

808 State - 'Pacific 202' (90 version)

I used to listen to 90 and *Ex:EI* on my paper-round. I don't know to what extent this track influences but it feels key and sets a tone from that age on. No one else I knew at school was into them, despite this being on *Top Of The Pops*. Later they'd play 'Cubik' and 'In Yer Face' at school discos, and I got one or two people into them. So it felt like my music, even though there was probably some huge warehouse shaking to them right as it was pulsing through my headphones on a small-town street. And it suggested this other place and/or future I might be headed towards. It was sublime in that sense, exciting and disquieting at the same time. Those fake bird calls mean the track opened up not only all manner of electronic music to come, but also exotica, Hawaiian music, novelty music, Library etc. And their use of the disembodied voice really stuck with me. I don't mean any vocal sample, but snatches of voice that sound like they're a few blocks away, echoing through slowed down city streets on a Sunday afternoon or something. Life is here, there and elsewhere.

The Hogs (Chocolate Watch Band) - 'Loose Lip Sync Ship' (Pebbles 3 – The Acid Gallery)

A tale of two halves. From the sublime to the ridiculous. A cool, moody, poignant instrumental descends into it's opposite. An opposite state I got very into with key friends in teens and beyond. Practice and research. And similar music: Pebbles 3, Beyond The Calico Wall, and other 60s Psych comps (and on to The Faust Tapes too; anything-goes music, which I first heard on a tape with no info, their name, who they were or where they came from). In this kind of stuff there's often the tangible sense of the attempt to nail something: the psychedelic/psychedelic experience, the freak out, the meeting of beat groups with the mad possibilities of the studio, throwing session musicians in, creating 'fake' groups (such as the Chocolate Watch Band), or all these things together. It's all there, within the golden haze of



preconceptions and myths about those times. Real tasty. I'm working on a series that specifically involves 60s acid psych/punk, so it's something that remains in the foreground.

The Paragons - 'Indiana Jones (Man Next Door)', produced by Sly & Robbie

Alongside electronic music, Dub initiates in me what hip-hop later confirms: sampling, the 'tricks in the mix' mentality, drop-outs, sudden noises, contrasts, slow/fast, etc, all of which can be turned to the production and arrangement of pictures, drawing, painting, collage, montage, art-making; things I picked up from music ages before I saw their equivalents in gallery art. I'd heard rap and hip-hop in music prior (loved things like 'Buffalo Stance' at school) but something clicked with Dub. It feels both elevatory of the source material and wonderfully irreverent as it chops and reworks things, echoes, creates space where all this seemingly perfect reggae songwriting went before. That's inspiring in an ongoing manner. My first real Dub listening experience was the more UK style 'digi-dub', via *Time-Warp Dub Clash* (compilation), and Mad Professor, and this style can sound colourful and joyful while the more electro propulsion conveys it like going to war music - war with The Man and his fucking System. 'Indiana James' sounded old and futuristic, and I had this malapropistic idea of it as a kind of New Wave relative or something. (Tho it is, when later you think of, say, the Flying Lizards b-sides, and *Secret Dub Life*). Still sounds intense and mysterious, as city-life seemed, ahead of me once I'd get out of the small town I lived in. Yet the space and atmospherics in Dub also spoke of landscape. Amazing that it can do both things (and electronic music followed suit, in that respect).

Beck - 'Olde English'

Say what you want about him, a tape with One foot In The Grave on the A side and *Stereopathic Soul Manure* on the other was a really big deal to me at 17 or so. The whole approach very exciting, saying: get on with making things, use anything and everything around you. 'Today Has Been A Fucked Up Day' includes it's process as a driver for the song, and it starts with a snippet of a track from Black Dog Productions *Bytes*, which really

threw me at the time, like wow this west coast beat 4-track poet acoustic guitar guy had heard UK electronic music! 'No Money, No Honey' starts with similar too. "So what?" now, sure, but at the time I was joining dots as and when they came at me. The later connection to Kool Keith is dotty too but again makes perfect sense and is pretty vital. The one here is a rap from *The Banjo Story*. Relentless imagery.

Mouse On Mars - 'Papa, Antoine'

Early Mouse On Mars, Lithops, and other Cologne stuff was something years ago I would've loved to feel was getting into the work but I'm not sure to what extent it made it, apart from in the 'small' sizes, as they used odd noises that had a different scale to most other music I'd heard up until then. Maybe it was there in intervention stuff I did while on BA in Bristol (squeaking balloons from behind walls and other stuff I can't remember right now), and I made a set of impromptu works when I camped on the Rhine outside Cologne for a week during my study exchange to Berlin in '98. (I'd have taken Cologne at the time, due to the music coming out of there, but Berlin was the only exchange available in Germany. I didn't know much about it apart from the Digital Hardcore and Chain Reaction labels stuff. Tho' no complaints later). I was trying to locate something, but of course I was just skimming the surface, wandering around with Lithops in my headphones, going to the A-Musik store, smell of the grass and trees along the river, minor acts of graffiti, etc.

I'd finally seen Mouse On Mars play in Berlin and they had these great little films projecting behind them. I tried to take something from that though I don't know what the longer-term effect has been. And their thing about a community, a family or little society of sounds interacting and working together. Locate one it and it might not be as interesting. This all chimes with my own accumulation of stylistically and thematically variable images, and combining within displays and arrays. What the Swiss artist Sylvia Bächli calls 'constellations'. An image that might not quite speak out alone works within the group. Then how to arrange that group if not along the median line. I wrote a paper about this while on my MA a few years ago (and perhaps exhausting it somewhat in the process of analysis). The tutor I



was put with told me not to mention my own work alongside the other three artists I was discussing in case studies on approaches to the display of work on paper. "They are established artists and you are a student", he said. I was 34. He didn't seem to want to register the fact I'd been working and exhibiting for ten years between my BA and MA, coming to these themes of my own un-theorized volition during that time, and that one of those "established artists" was a friend and contemporary.

Cobra Killer - 'I Hear Voices'

Their first record was really exciting, like a weird intense girl I'd have a crush on throwing her scrapbook at me. Possibly with a grin. Certainly with venom. The sampling technique like from hip-hop but this time very messy and the sources were the 60s acid punk music that I knew from teens. In that sense doing something of another form with ingredients from the form you've grown up within and around. Then 'Heavy Rotation' was like the distillation of that first record into a parallel world hit, with The Monks sample rolling it along. I wasn't so into the '76/77' album, but the gigs were still great. They had great lyrics too, the kind of English no native speaker would come up with or combine. That affirmed the manner in which my own language developed living abroad and naturally breaking it down further, reconstructing it, using that within my work, then having it all rush back much energized when I moved back.

A Short Story

Once upon a time, I lived in the fair city of Amsterdam. Me and my then fairytale princess ran *Shop Furiosa*, a project space in a squatted shop. And a merry band of us would draw together as The Comic Club, scribbling for our lives circa 2001/'02. This group included Tom Huber, a Swiss minstrel and artist with whom I made a lot of music, in the shop and on a pirate radio station, and it was totally intertwined with our visual work. He's gone on to release albums from back in Zurich. And Sabine Hiemann, who was doing her own music, some with Tom, and later with me for three gigs, one of which was at the *OddPop* festival in Maastricht (I had an awful cold and it wasn't great), and whom Felix Kubin called a "unique tone-carrier" (if my translation is correct). And filmmaker Simone

Bennett with whom I later wrote a 6-part TV sitcom, never made unfortunately, each episode of which would've featured a musician friend or bands we knew and loved at the time. (Ian Svenonius was even penned-in to cameo as God in one episode). This Amsterdam period was hugely formative, more so than art school I'd say; the international mix, the squatting, the DIY living and working, and brought as much out in me as provided influence, something which was shared around in many forms I feel. Much music was listened to, made and played out in this time, too much to single one thing out. And we all lived better'ly ever after.

The Rebel - 'Nature's Wind Mixed Wine With Lethe'

I was lucky enough to get copies of unreleased albums of his 8 or 9 years ago via a friend of a friend. His albums are somewhat like mixtapes but with an authorship the weight of "my teacher, M.E. Smith" ('War, Politics'). The tone and atmosphere makes each piece recognizable as his. He covers all ground; personal, comment and critique, humour, absurdity and despair. As with Mark & Co.: "Always different, always the same". Also it's home-made origin and quality. I don't quite get on with the work he's done in studios with Country Teasers or other formations. I usually blame it on the alternate 'big' drum production, but in total it's something different from his 4 or 8-track recordings, what feels to me his natural, and most dynamic state.

Friends sometimes advise/nag me to make big work, and it's been starting to happen. Though as a colleague once said, when I was doubting as perhaps only a Thomas can, "your small things are often big things".

The Phantom Payn Act - 'Oscillating Fish-Pond Eyes'

I could swear by the Phantom Payn. The mix of wonderful lyrics, his melodic sense and song-craft would be widely recognized if he were from US or UK. He's from the German punk scene with 39 Clocks who were great. Then he did other things and this solo stuff. I don't care or want to know whether or not anyone else likes him or gets him, as it's very intimate, like he's whispering and strumming away in my ear. He was off on his own trip (in both senses) but he's talking about day-to-day perception



and phenomena, people on the scene, other music around at the time and so on. So he's kind of aloof and involved at the same time, and while he was marginal his voice and sound has authority. I like that. I sent him booklets I made, and got some of his comics back, though my crappy German (don't ask) doesn't quite cover them. I do hope the one or two releases of tracks from those times that have come out in the last few years won't be the last secretions from Hannover that we, or at least I, hear.

Ok this one doesn't have lyrics (perhaps the only instrumental he released?) but in a way it feels to me like it rounds up many of his themes into this wonderfully slight, then intense narrative instrumental. Ideally here there'd be a sub-section of similar intros, as I love coming across such, e.g. 'Night Theme' by Iggy Pop and James Williamson, 'Evil Bill' from the first Clinic record, 'Sgt Jumper' by Yummy Fur, most any Velvets jam (origins), etc etc.

Pascal Comelade - 'Dancin On My Sofa'

I came to him via the Mutant Sounds blog (RIP) and played the early stuff a lot in a studio I had in Berlin prior to moving back to London. And it evokes another -an other- place to me; European, my own memories of my years in Amsterdam and Berlin, but also places I haven't been, parts of France and further south. Something stateless about it too; independent, hanging in the air, provisional, like pages from a sketchbook. Almost 'artless', if I dare say that, but with flair: the combination I most seek. I love how he does different versions of the same melodies, and there's all these little references in the titles to other musicians like Satie, Eno, Wyatt, Barrett, Velvets and so on. He also works with Pierre Bastien who I love (and, like I'm sure for many, came to me via Rephlex putting certain of his albums out). Comelade's work is influencing in the sense it chimes and confirms in music something I hope is in my own work - absurd and playful, and at the same time curious, convincing, and serious, a tangible intensity to unfold rather than have shoved in your face / ears. And so it makes me want to pursue and possibly even achieve that all the more.

Library music

An example: Heinz Funk Electronic Combo - 'Bacarolle'

Library music (60s-80s jazz, effects, soundtrack and experimental music by composers and session musicians), and the facelessness of it. Art, though inherently reliant on names to carry work, is often relatively faceless. Library music was too, yet utterly spectacular. You can take it as seriously or humorously as you wish, according to mood. There are incredible contributions to all manner of exploratory, forward-thinking musics to be found in Library, and yet it asks for little if any of the credit. I came to Library around 2005 or something via the first Luke Vibert *Nuggets* comp, that I found in a second hand store. But the seeds were all there from all kinds of sources. And simply knowing Vibert's own work meant I'd heard bits and bobs already in his tracks, and like so much in hip-hop, you're related already due to the samples. Library became a big thing for me, though in terms of influence on my work it's a more mysterious, evasive aspect, ongoing and harder to pinpoint. Perhaps in a few years I'll have something more, erm, concrète on that. And also on where the work was and was going at this very time, now.

www.tommason.eu



Vernon and Burns

Barry Burns Tries To Bring The Queens Park Railway Club Into Disrepute

Music can be inspired by a beehive, the malfunction of a machine, an ecosystem, the reflex reactions of another musician, a state of consciousness, a digital glitch, robotics, an ancient divinatory book, an historical incident, the pulse of a city, rhythmic variation, a cinematic mise en scene, a fragment of captured documentation, turbulent water, a particle of speech, a feedback loop, the logic of software, the pattern of the heavens - **David Toop**

Chink of tea cups. Kettle boiling. Heavy rain outside the window. Close up sound of fridge humming.

MARK: So what do we need to do today?

BARRY: The thing for Queens Park Railway Club.

MARK: Are we getting paid?

BARRY: No.

MARK: Right, I'll give it five minutes then.

BARRY: Might take a bit longer than that.

Washing machine goes into spin cycle. Or Mark's stomach starts rumbling. Not sure which.

MARK: Listen I'm a serious artist. I can't be giving my time for free. I've got letters after my name. I've worked with Luke Fowler.

BARRY: I've worked with him too.

MARK: Picking up his kaftans from the dry cleaners doesn't count. So what's your idea?

The lone artist has a problem because you have to ask questions. If you're an artist painting a picture, he has to decide whether to have another cow in the corner, or not. And no answer comes back, of course. With two people, it's very easy. You ask the question, somebody gives the answer - **Gilbert and George**

BARRY: Well I thought we could do a DJ mix using tracks from both our iPods on shuffle mode.

Musical instruments produce sounds. Composers produce music. Musical instruments reproduce music. Tape recorders, radios, disc players, etc., reproduce sound. A device such as a wind-up music box produces sound and reproduces music. A phonograph in the hands of a hip hop/scratch artist who plays a record like an electronic washboard with a phonographic needle as a plectrum, produces sounds which are unique

and not reproduced - the record player becomes a musical instrument. A sampler, in essence a recording, transforming instrument, is simultaneously a documenting device and a creative device, in effect reducing a distinction manifested by copyright - **John Oswald**

MARK: What's the point in that? We'll get lots of sound art and experimental music from my iPod and you've got Kid Creole and The Coconuts and the soundtrack from Confessions of a Window Cleaner.

BARRY: Well it would show that we have different interests and influences....

MARK: Hmm.. and we have to find a way of negotiating and interpolating those influences.

BARRY: It's like that variety act where they have to keep a load of plates spinning at the same time. Or boxing with a kangaroo.

MARK: Barry, you're making us sound like a cheap music hall act.

BARRY: Mark, we are a cheap music hall act.

Double acts have their origins perhaps further back than any other type of music hall comedy. Even in the classic Greek and Roman drama of about 300BC there were often comic servants who argued with their masters - **Roger Wilmut**

Sounds of tea being stirred. Spoon being tapped on side of cup.

BARRY: Plus its random. We quite often use random procedures to start off our tunes. We use those dice of yours from that game... Pixies and Prisons?....to pick samples.

MARK: (sighs) Dungeons and Dragons. I was voted second best Gamemaster in the Chaddesden Primary School regional finals for two consecutive years you know. 2010 and 2011.

BARRY: So the DJ mix would be made in the same way we make a tune - we start off with random samples, we use samples because we can't be bothered making our own work, its usually a complete mess and we can't agree on anything.



MARK: So we've got something that encapsulates our different concerns and the aleatoric nature of our compositional process. We're interested in plunderphonics as part of our practice and we operate with a disjunctive aesthetic. And we have an omnivorous approach to sound collecting.

BARRY: Mark, you're making us sound like a serious experimental sound art project.

MARK: Barry, we are a serious experimental sound art project.

BARRY: I think when we work together we both bring different things – different ideas, skills, knowledge...

MARK: I bring my academic background, a deep, critical understanding of 20th century experimental music and sound art, an engagement with theoretical issues. And you bring...what? An in-depth knowledge of Dick Emery's scriptwriters 1976 – 1981.

Why did we stay together so long? Because he was terrific. There was nobody like him....he knew what I was thinking and I knew what he was thinking. One person we were – **Neil Simon, The Sunshine Boys**

Traffic sounds from outside. Gurgling from radiator. Or Mark's stomach rumbling. Not sure which.

Wherever we are, what we hear is mostly noise. When we ignore it, it disturbs us. When we listen to it, we find it fascinating - **John Cage**

MARK: I think John Cage is a key figure.

BARRY: Yeah he's one of my favourite actors. I loved Ghost Rider. And that one where he played an alcoholic - Viva Las Vegas.

He's paying no attention to you on stage. He's gagging. He's mugging. He's talking to the orchestra. He's talking to the people at the side of the stage. It wouldn't be right for you to come into the West End under those conditions. You come in on your own by all means because there's nothing you can't do.You should leave him – **Val Parnell**

to Jimmy Jewel of double act Jewel and Warriss

BARRY: Mark, do we need a recording of a cow?

MARK: No.

You stupid boy – Captain Mainwaring

MARK: Let's go through to the studio.

Door creaks as it opens and bangs closed.

Footsteps. Floorboards squeak.

Noise of thumping from upstairs as if several obese children are playing on a Wii. Mark takes a broom and starts banging on the ceiling.

MARK: Shut up! Shut up! I can't concentrate!

Banging continues

MARK: Shut up! I'm a serious artist!

Noise continues

MARK: I've worked with Luke Fowler!

A reverent hush commences.

BARRY: I've worked with Luke Fowler too.

CHORUS OF CHILDREN FROM UPSTAIRS:

Booking him tickets for the Michel Foucault on Ice show at the SECC doesn't count.

MARK: So what about the text for QPRC?

BARRY: Oh I was going to transcribe this recording, including all the ambient sounds.

MARK: So it'll be like a field recording? OK. As long as you do just note exactly what's been said and don't put in any crap jokes in to make me look stupid.

BARRY: Of course not. I wouldn't do that.

As he is leaving Barry trips over a phono cable on the floor. As he falls, he reaches out for support and accidentally rips off Mark's trousers. They come off in his hands, revealing that Mark is wearing a pair of boxer shorts with the Creative Scotland logo on them.

Mark chases Barry around the studio as the theme tune from the Benny Hill show plays to fade.

Orton's emerging success as a writer, following their release from prison, put a distance between the two men which Halliwell found difficult



to handle. For some of their new friends, Kenneth Williams in particular, Halliwell's pedantic and morose nature was an inversion of Orton's charm. Towards the end of his life, Halliwell was on regular courses of anti-depressants. The end of their lives came on the night of August 8 and early morning hours of August 9, 1967. Halliwell killed Orton by nine blows to his head with a hammer, and then overdosed on prescription medication shortly afterwards. Despite the violence of the murder, it was Halliwell who actually died first – **The Internet**

Note: shortly after this piece was published Vernon & Burns ceased to work together. Further information can be found in The Journal of Issues in Sound Manipulation (JISM for short) Volume 3 Issue 6 -“ Methodologies of Hegemony and Talent Imbalances in Duo Work: The Liminal Hermeneutics of Collaboration by Professor Mark Vernon I.G.L.A.M.N. (I've Got Letters After My Name)". See also latest issue of Hello! magazine (page 23 "Barry Burns: How I Lost 350 lbs in My Sound Art Hell")

The mix referred to in the above text featuring A Perfect Spy, Scanner, The Edison Cylinders, Felix Kubin, Ambrose & his Orchestra, Noise: A Human History, Gareth Williams & Mary Currie, Lied Music, Vernon & Burns, Merzbow, Kraftwerk, Jean Dubuffet, The Kinks, No Known Cure, Dead Kennedys, Peter Cusack, The Peter Thomas Sound, COUM Transmissions, Gong, Oval & Emilia Suto, My Bloody Valentine, The Sugarhill Gang, Radio Lab, Zoe Irvine, found tapes, Alfie Bass & Harrison Marks can be heard at: <https://soundcloud.com/vernonandburns/klingklang>



Penny Arcade

Music has always been the strongest ally in my practice.

I listen to music when I am thinking about making work and basically DJ myself into moods and directions.

I use music to spur me ahead in my work. I use music to ferret out my emotions and feeling and to unravel complex psychological knots in my thinking. I have been known to play the same track 35 times in a row when I am trying to go deep into something or to get out of something I am deeply in.

I use music in all my performance work and in half of my spoken word.

In the days when I had an answering machine I would use music to alert the calling world to my state of mind.

I often think that I do performance in order to make a captured audience listen to my taste in music.

I use Facebook in order to have people listen to what I am listening to.

In my performance work Steve Zehentner my long time collaborator makes beds of found and industrial sounds that we use as an aural set design to define and design the space. Into this we mix a lot of different songs and song fragments that emotionally call out for me. Sometimes I write texts against the songs, sometimes texts are under the song or above it and occasionally against it. We often have dance breaks worked into the show so the audience doesn't have to sit or can dance and move.

My website is www.pennyarcade.tv

You can write to me. I love to hear from people and I love to write them back

mspennyarcade@gmail.com

OK Lets have my idea of a set list. We can think of this as a memoir.

I will start with tonight! had a misunderstanding that left me feeling vulnerable and a bit powerless
You know when you have an amazing I can say anything to you and want to share all my thoughts connection with someone and then after the novelty of you wears off you are left with the desire to communicate and get stuck with one word responses?

That leave you wondering if you imagined the connection in the first place? This sent running to :

Dylan's [Do Right To Me](#) CD : Slow Train Coming

Which gave me back a sense of myself almost immediately. I played 4 times in a row.

[Change My Way Of Thinking](#)

This is good when I am angry

Dylan's CD [Blonde On Blonde](#) an all purpose antidote to conformity and mediocrity

For bad interactions with others try

[Sooner or Later One Of Must Know](#)

[Most Likely You'll Go Your Way ,I'll Go Mine](#)

[Temporary Like Achilles](#)

[Sad Eyed Lady Of The Low land](#) and "[Visions Of Johanna](#)" are excellent for mourning anything.

[Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues](#) again is a great kickstarter when you feel sluggish as is [Rainy Day Women 12 & 35](#) works best when you are sluggish and slightly annoyed.

Dylan's CD [Bringing It All Back Home](#)

Contains potent alchemical mixes

[She Belongs To Me](#) usually centers me immediately

[It's all over Now Baby Blue](#) is good for alienation

[Maggies Farm](#) is good when you feel stuck in any way

When I can't get to a painful feeling I go to

Clint Michigan

<http://www.clintmichigan.com>

CD [Hawthorne To Hennepin](#)

Clint's lyrics are excellent for describing fragile, ephemeral feelings.



Some days I play the whole album for hours non – stop

Try “Blue and Gold”

Try “Burnside” “So high on Burnside” when you feel lost.

Try “Be My Man” when you feel melancholy.

Try “Ready To Go” when you feel misunderstood

Try “Bedridden” when you feel stony tears that won’t fall.

Chris Rael is a master of literary songwriting set in dissonant and lyrical landscapes
His band Church of Betty which uses Indian and South Asian rhythms embedded in pure pop and rock and roll

Band: CHURCH of BETTY

www.chrisrael.com

CD : “Tripping With Wanda”

“Empty Glass” is useful when you feel someone has used your good will

“Crystal Ball” when you need to calm down and accept change

“Magic Key” is perfect for when there is a mystery you need to unravel

“I smoke You Jack”, “Down and out In NYC” & “Dirty Waters” will kick you out of a foul mood

“Birthday Song” is a truly romantic song when you need a birthday song.

“The Tammy Song” is performance art in a pop song.

CD FRUIT ON THE VINE

“The Magic In You” is a tabla driven rocker useful

when someone you gave a lot to under cuts you.

“I Swim In You”, “Skin of The Ocean & Deep In The Ocean” all purpose sensuality

“Tail End Of A Dream” is a quintessential open road song

“Fruit On The Vine” is good for melancholy

CD “ARABY” is Rael’s song cycle based on The Dubliners. listen to the whole CD for a musical literary trip

“Eveline” is good for loss and longing

“A Painful Case” is good for someone who keeps love to themselves

“Grace” is an epic mood shifter

“The Dead” is good for thinking back

“Two Gallants” is good when you feel like you envy.

CD “Cranberry Street”

“Giddy Up Blues” and “The Devil You Know” is when you face serious shit about yourself

“Sympathy” is good when you need to consider fragile but powerful women compassionately. It’s about me so if you want to “know” me it’s a good start

CD “The Devil You Know”

“Poor Little Rich Girl” is good if you need to consider class issues

“Cable Nation” “Piss Test” “Clear Channel” are good when you need to rail against corporate domination

“100 Ways To Lie” is one of the best revenge songs I know



"Before and After" is a beautiful mystical love song

CD Revenge Of The Hippies

"Galaxies Fade" Treasure In The Sand" and "Rain Falls On The Mighty" & "Diamonds In Sunshine" open mystical channels

"Revenge Of The Hippies" always makes me laugh
"She's Really Alive" will make you high

CD Comedy Of Animals

This is a psychedelic album that rocks south Asian
Rhythm big time

"Blood and Roses", "Onion", "I Fly Tonight" "Tiger Lily" & "Ordinary Boy"
transport me out of common reality

"Fallen Arrow" and "The Hill" are just beautiful
perfect songs

CD "In Search Of Spiritual Junk Food"

"Crimson Tide" is one of my favorite songs

Songwriter Don Ralph is one of the Funniest
songwriters around

Band "Life In A Blender"
<http://www.lifeinablender.net>

CD: The Heart Is A Small Balloon

"What Happened To Smith" is a great song about
gentrification if your neighborhood is getting raped it
makes you feel better!

CD: Tell Me I'm Pretty"

"Mobile Wash Unit" is one of my favorite songs.

"Party Soon" and "Dead Get Down" are two more
favorites

Ed Pastorini is NY's secret Genius. His band 101

Crustaceans blows my mind

Band : 101 Crustaceans

www.101crustaceans.com

CD: Thunderbolt Roller

"Long Driveway" carries a warning label

"All Sewn Up", "Carmelite" "Thunderbolt Roller"

Holcombe Waller is one of my favorite singer
songwriters

<http://www.holcombewaller.com/albums.cfm>

CD: Into The Dark Unknown

"Risk of Change" is a wondrous song. I roll a joint in
it

"Into The Dark Unknown" is a perfect song

"Baby Blue", "Hardliners" Qu' Appelle Valley"
"Shallow"

Just Get the whole CD

Carol Lipnik is one of America's greatest singers
period and most unusual songwriter

Band: Carol Lipnik and Spookorama
<http://www.mermaidalley.com>

CD Hope Street

"Hope Street" "The Twist", "The Language Of The Heart", "Reality", "Wild Pony",
"By This River"

Kenny Siegel is one of my favorite songwriters his
three piece band rocks!

Band Johnny Society
<http://www.johnnysociety.com>



CD Clairvoyance

"Blue Plastic Bag"

CD Coming To Get You

"Don't Talk Me Down"

CD Life Behind The 21st Century Wall

"Charity"

"21st Century Wall"

Spoken Word

CD :Sky of Fractured Feather

Poet Marty Matz

<http://www.chrisrael.com>

"Ode For Bobby Yarra/ Like Bolt of Green
Lightening"

"Nicotine Stained Dreams/Until My Back Is
Moonburned"

"No Magic Egypt Ever Blooms"

"I know Where Rainbows Go To Die"

Penny Arcade

CD BAD REPUTATION

<http://www.chrisrael.com>

Bad Reputation Is my spoken word performance
piece with music produced by Chris Rael.

"No Mona Lisa" "Carmen Baby", "Beach Party",
"Bad Girls", "Guilt By Association", "Factory Town"

Bands

The Exciters

"Tell Him"

Four Tops

"Reach Out"

"Seven Rooms of Gloom"

"Bernadette"

"Shake Me Wake Me (when it's over)"

Jim Carroll

"People Who Died"

John Lennon

"Power To The People"

"Instant Karma"

Joanie Mitchell

"California"

Janis Joplin

"Maybe"

"Piece of My Heart"

"Cry Baby"

"Kozmic Blues"

"Down on Me"

Aretha

"Don't Play That Song"

Ray Charles

"What I say"

"You Don't Know Me"

Randy Neuman

"I love LA"

"Rednecks"

"Louisiana"

"Birmingham"

Leonard Cohen

"The Stranger Song"

"Who By Fire"

"The Future"

"Ain't no Cure for Love"

"Democracy"

"Tower Of Song"

"Everybody Knows"

"I'm Your Man"

"No Cure For Love"



"That's No Way To Say Goodbye"

Los Lobos

"One Time One Night"

Pulp

"Common People"

Lou Reed

"Dirty Boulevard"

Loudon Wainwright

"I'd Rather Be Lonely"

"Saw Your Name In The Paper"

"Westchester County"

"Unrequited To the Nth Degree"

"A Hard Day On The Planet"

Marianne Faithfull

"Strange Weather"

Question Mark and The Mysterians

"96 Tears"

Nina Simone

"Lilac Wine"

"Mississippi God Damn"

"Me Me Quitte Pas"

"Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood"

Patti Smith

"People Have The Power"

"Redondo Beach"

Pogues

"Dirty Old Town"

"If I Should Fall From Grace With God"

"Sally MacLennane"

"Boys From County Hell"

Prince

"Purple Rain"

"Controversy"

Ralph Stanley and The Clinch Mountain Boys

"Beautiful Star Of Bethlehem"

Rascals

"People Got To be Free"

Richie Havens

"Freedom"

Rolling Stones

"Dead Flowers"

"Beast of Burden"

"Complicated"

"Out of Time"

"Just My Imagination"

"You Can't Always Get What You Want"

Simon and Garfunkel

"The Boxer"

"Sound of Silence"

Soft Cell

"Tainted Love"

Solomon Burke

"Got To Get You Off My Mind"

"Someone to Love Me"

"Baby I Wanna Be Loved"

Stew

"Rehab"

Temptations

"Get Ready"

"I wish it Would Rain"

Ting Tings

"That's Not My Name"

Tom Petty

"Refugee"

Van Morrison

"Astral Weeks"

"Crazy Face"



"Slim Slow Rider"
"Just Like Greta Garbo"
"Blue Money"
"And it Stoned Me"
"Stranded"
"Cypress Avenue"
"Into The Mystic"

Ace Of Bass
"All That She Wants"

Lynn Anderson
"Cry"
"Talking In Your Sleep"
"Stand By Your Man"
"Ways To Love A Man"

Bob Marley
"Them Belly Full "
"Get up Stand up"

Brenton Wood
"Gimmie Little Sign"

Bruce Springsteen
"No Surrender"
"Darlington County"
"Cover Me"
"Downbound Train"

En Vogue
"Giving Him Something He Can Feel"

Manu Chau
"Desaparcido"
"Clandestino"
"Dia Luna Dia Pena"

Clivilles Cole
"Deeper Love"

Howlin' Wolf
"Commit A Crime"

Dylan
"Changing of The Guard"

Gabriel Kahane
"LA"

Joan Armatrading
"Down To Zero"

Dylan
"I'll Keep It with Mine"
"Things Have Changed"
"The Man In The Long Black Coat"
"Everythings Broken"
"New Pony"

Sam and Dave
"Soothe Me"

Vanilla Fudge
"You Keep Me Hanging On"

Traveling Wilbury's
"Handle With Care"
"End Of The Line"

Electric Light Orchestra
"Living Thing"

Velvet Underground
"All Tomorrows Parties"
"Run Run Run"
"Femme Fatale"
"I'll Be Your Mirror"
"Heroin"
"I'm Waiting For the Man"

Animals
"Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood"

Jeff Buckley
"Lilac Wine"
"The Sky Is A landfill"
"Lover You Should Have Come Over"
"So Real"



"Everybody Here Wants you"

"Kick Out The Jams"

Iggy Pop

"I wanna be your Dog"

BeeGee's

"To Love Somebody"

"Holiday"

"How Deep Is Your Love"

"Night Fever"

"Too Much Heaven"

"I started a Joke"

"Staying Alive"

Michael Jackson

"Billie Jean"



David Hoyle

My Favourite Pieces of Music are:- "MY FRIEND STAN" by SLADE=This was The 1st single I ever purchased, I was a Child Yet I Felt The Song connected to Me somehow! It Had Life, it was a "man" communicating with another "man" and I Think it was This & It's raucous stomp that attracted Me=I Was Transported! The First Album I Bought was "SIREN" by Roxy Music, as I was captivated by the single from This Album-"Love is The Drug", It Provided an almost film-like experience, hearing The Luxurious Clunk of The Closing Car Door, Hearing The Sound of gravel as it sped away, romantic & Free, it's plaintive qualities & The helplessness of The Narrator connected with Me and I Fell in Love with This Escapist Dream! Around this time I obtained a Copy of Queen's lp 'A Night at The Opera' this album I Would also escape into, for some reason The Track "I'm in Love with My Car" resonated with Me. Probably because it suggested Freedom! And fuelled My determination to leave My HomeTown of Blackpool and escape to a More Glamorous Fun-Loving World & Way of Life! As I got Older I was SAVED by Punk! Being obviously Gay-ALL My Life, I was Treated as an outsider, was viewed as different & Weird , someone to assault in full view of The Teachers! I HATED Secondary School TOTALLY! So when Siouxsie & The Banshees produced The Mind-Blowin' Gut-Wrenching album "The Scream" I Found sustenance and 'Jigsaw Feeling' BECAME MY ANTHEM-MAYBE IT STILL IS!? I Left Blackpool for London when I was 21 & The Genius Work of Soft Cell provided The Sound-Track to My Life, as my "interest" in Speed gathered momentum their Music got Darker & Darker, Deeper & Deeper. Listening to Marc Sing mirrored My Life, "Torment & Toreros" I Still consider one of The Best Recorded Works ever Created. Coming Down from Speed listening to "Black Heart" was perversely My idea of Heaven !!! Boy George came into consciousness in FULL Technicolour, He Defiantly Manifested himself Fully, Freely & Life-Affirmingly, giving Hope to those of Us who couldn't or wouldn't fit into the rigid fascistic gender-binaries! I Thank George for what He created, a golden gateway for The rejected,de-valued & denigrated to pass through! "Some Candy Talking" by The Jesus & Mary Chain became a habit! as I got Older My Bloody Valentine

created an album I Lived for, it Spoke to Me, was it really called "Loveless"!? Now I Listen to Gaz Combes who I saw Perform Recently in Salford-the single "Buffalo" captivates Me & I Adore His Voice! I'm very Fortunate that The Poet Gerry Potter is a Friend of Mine and His epic poem-"Me" Changed My Life, Again something was being articulated That I Thought only I was Experiencing, I Felt Vindicated & I Felt I was NOT alone! It gave Me something to Aim for harmony with self, this I am still attempting! I Have to add a Shirley Bassey Track as She's a thread that has run Throughout My Life, Yes The Camp & The Costumes but Shirley spoke to My Heart more importantly ,there are So Many Shirley songs to immerse oneself in, today I'll Choose 'The Performance of My Life' as I relate to it FULLY! As I think of other sounds that are in My Memory, I Hear Birdsong=the song of The Blackbird,which always Lifts Me! Recently I've almost worn out My CD of David Bowie's recent Masterpiece-'The Next Day', I love this album in it's totality but I always return to the track-"You Feel so Lonely You Could Die" , Music has given me so much, sometimes life feels like we're in a Film, This IS The soundTrack to My Life.



Gayle Miekle

This list is not definitive, it will change,

Muscles Of Joy - Field Protest

Harry Belefonte - Banana Boat Song

Stephen Fry reading David Eagleman's Sum

Ivor Cutler - Fremesley from Dandruff

James Pants - Coconut Girl (unreleased demo)

MOJ's 'Field Protest' is guttural, raw and energetic, pure collective expression. Whereas Belefonte manages to popularises a Jamaican working song through an upbeat candy-flossed veneer. Eloquently spoken by Stephen Fry 'Sum' delves into the creativity of neuroscience and the potential of the human mind (I enjoy listening to audiobooks and stories online). Ivor Cutler's Fremesley this punch line is both wicked and quintessentially Glaswegian. Whilst James Pants Coconut Girl is fun.

I am currently situated in the Outer Hebrides working on a project called Broad Reach. How does this audio relate to my practice? Perhaps it reflects collectivism and creativity, perhaps Belefonte reminds me of the rich singing culture on Uist, or that creativity and or art can tackle life's big questions, sometimes through absurdity, however mostly I think this selection demonstrates the potential for humans to connect through ideas and expression.

Gayle Meikle is an artist/curator based in North Uist, Outer Hebrides. She is currently working on Broad Reach, An ATLAS Arts project for Taigh Chearsabhagh Museum and Gallery. www.broadreachproject.com www.bragair.tumblr.com



Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir

My constant expansion

I have never had a need to make music. I am an artist and I like to make things with my hands. Yet music is the red thread through everything I do. It is the soundtrack of my every day life, the soundtrack of the making of every single piece of artwork I have produced. It has provided me with titles for those works, and it creates the rhythm and feel of them. It is how I make my living. It is how I spend my living.

My approach is one of the 'Amateur' in its original French meaning 'lover of'. The magic of a piece of music is never over-shadowed by the knowledge of how things are done, or how it fits into history or circumstance and what is left is the pure emotional response and enjoyment.

Over the years I have of course amassed a great deal of music and a great deal of knowledge, but I feel that music has always come to me when I'm ready for it. It leaves huge gaps of knowledge in genres that I've yet to explore. Stuff that I 'should know about' according to some, but I don't. Not yet. I have time.

Saying that, my tastes are wide. Bordering on the ridiculous. But for me there has almost always been a natural widening of the remit. Of course there are artists and albums that meant a lot at one time in my life that are now forgotten or have lost their importance, but in the scheme of things they all form a part of the journey. The progression of the discovery of music always makes sense to me, one thing takes me by the hand and leads me to the next. I like that way of travelling, lots of detours that in the end make up a beautiful whole. A whole in constant expansion.

I thought at first I would write a list of favourite tracks, but quickly realized it would be way too long...then I wanted to make a list of 'game-changers', songs/albums that opened doors to new

rooms, new houses, new worlds... But what follows is an autobiographical attempt to chronicle a journey through the appreciation of other people's musical creations.

My early childhood was largely over-shadowed musically by one band, ABBA. It was said that when the time came to learn English at school I already knew how to, due to my time spent listening to and singing along to the Swedish pop geniuses. My first ever album was the Grease soundtrack bought for me by my mother at the age of 5, but the first tape I bought with my own money was ABBA The Visitors. My next big obsession was Michael Jackson's Thriller, followed by popular bands of the time and random disco records that happened to be available to me (Boney M, Saturday Night Fever etc) until my cousin who is four years older than me started making me tapes which introduced me to the likes of Smiths and the Icelandic band Sykurmolarnir (the Sugarcubes). The eccentricity yet catchy nature of the Sugarcubes really spoke to me and opened my ears to a sensibility that made sense to me despite the young age, challenging yet accessible.

It's hard to imagine for my daughter's generation that there was a time when finding out about music and performers was a difficult task, one that required dedication and a degree of stubbornness. Mix tapes were instrumental in spreading the knowledge and it was largely through the goodwill of others that one found out about new bands and sounds. The next revelation for me was another tape from my cousin which introduced me to one of the biggest game-changers for me, at the time, Come on Pilgrim with the Pixies. From there I discovered Sonic Youth, My bloody Valentine, The Birthday Party, Siouxsie & The Banshees, the B-52s, The Cramps etc and there was no going back. I found music by going to the local vinyl library and listening to alternative radio shows where anything interesting was caught



on tape and then played to death. My tastes were contained within an alternative scene, which for a teenager becomes an identity that's hard to have the mental strength to transcend. But I had a few revelatory moments like hearing Talk Talk's *Spirit of Eden* on the radio, and around the age of 16 when I was deep into the German industrial noise merchants *Einstürzende Neubauten*, someone gave me a copy of *The Rite of Spring* by Igor Stravinsky. Suddenly it all made sense as a whole and I had a feeling (perhaps a rather naïve one) that EN and Stravinsky were doing the same thing. I was singing in a choir at the time, one that very actively performed 20th century composers alongside more classical stuff. What followed alongside my appreciation of the post-punk and burgeoning noise and grunge scene of the late eighties was an immersion into 'classical' music, focused on the two extremes of 20th century avant garde composers like Schönberg, Stravinsky and Messiaen (to name a few) and music from the middle ages, Gregorian chants, Madrigals, William Byrd, John Dowland etc.

During the early to mid 90's I had no money to buy music and there is a big gap in the trajectory you would suspect from the way things were heading around 1989-90. Money was as mentioned tight, but there were also issues with format changes. Having collected music on vinyl and finding CDs underwhelming as objects led to less enthusiasm surrounding new releases, with some notable exceptions, such as PJ Harvey, Björk and Blonde Redhead and local Icelandic bands like Bless and HAM. It left some pretty surprising gaping holes in my record collection. I made up for the lack of buying power by going to a lot of gigs with local bands, mostly bands that my friends played in.

For me the 90s are a strange beast. I was not into techno. Hated raves, hated Britpop and nothing in the mainstream or the underground was really

making any waves for me. I turned to easy listening (for lack of a better description), exotica, light jazz and from there to bossa nova (Nancy & Lee, Burt Bacharach, Cal Tjader, Esquivel, Yma Sumac, Stan Getz, Joao Gilberto, etc), and then out of nowhere, I learned to love David Bowie. Having grown up in the 80s my only knowledge of his music was 'Let's Dance' and that was way too much pop for me (at the time). It took for my then boyfriend, who was a little older, to take me a little further back and from the first few bars of that incredible song 'Station to Station', I was hooked.

More importantly however, around the mid 90s I also discovered garage rock, the primitive dirty sounding fury of the precursors of punk. Nothing would ever be the same. I was working in a fashion shop for a friend of mine and she had a mix tape there made by her then boyfriend, both part of a group of friends I was hanging out with who were all around 10 years older than me. This tape spoke to me, it completely consumed me, it felt like it was my musical home. My friend gifted me the tape, but the problem was that it didn't contain any information on the song titles, and only had a handful of the names of bands randomly scribbled on it. What followed was a decade of music detective work until I had worked out who performed what on it. It introduced me to The Seeds, 13th Floor Elevators, Chocolate Watch Band, Cream, Carrie Nations, Electric Prunes, Syndicate of Sound etc. It started off a love that has never diminished.

By the late 90s I started buying music again and spent it discovering old classics, and most importantly I finally 'found' Neil Young. I remember being at a big festival in Denmark (that I frequent yearly to this day) and he was performing on the biggest stage. I walked past while he was playing 'Only love can break your heart' on my way to catch some noise band or other, and whilst being



intrigued I was way too judgmental to even give it a chance. When my boyfriend at the time played me 'Cinnamon Girl' a decade later I was blown away and kicking myself for the stupidity of youth. But I guess it confirms that music comes to you when you are ready for it.

Around 1998 I also discovered Os Mutantes. I mention them specifically because it was such a beautiful random purchase, which opened up a whole new avenue of discoveries. Tropicália connected dots of an earlier obsession with bossa nova combining the rhythms and sensibilities of South American music with the unhinged 'western' rock'n'roll of the sixties and seventies. Before the reissues of the Os Mutantes albums that came out a few years later I had to order this stuff straight from Brazil, thanks to the early days of eBay, on bad sounding CD's sent without jewel case to save on postage and even a vinyl copy which had no cover, that was part of an aborted reissue production lot which had run out of money. Os Mutantes brought me to Tom Zé, Caetano Veloso, Gal Costa and Gilberto Gil.

Around 2005 I started working as a DJ and around that time I was also asked to do my very first album cover. Making covers has over the years been an amazing combined outlet for two of my passions and to this day I've had the visual input on around 22 releases. There is a real sense of achievement and pride that comes with seeing your own design and artwork on the shelves of a record shop. I've had the privilege to work with amazing acts like the Danish bands Speaker Bite Me and Under Byen, to name but a few.

Playing records in pubs, or DJ-ing as some prefer to call it, came naturally to someone who had earned the nickname 'Dictator' at home parties. The selections are eclectic yet totally intuitive and have

earned me my living for the best part of a decade. It has given me the best excuse in the world to spend lots of money on music, live and recorded. It's a world that feels like home to me (more so than any art gallery opening) even if I have never been an active performer myself. As a 'professional appreciator of other people's work' I've been able to constantly expand my knowledge and delve into the furthest reaches of genres that people need reminded of. My unwavering love for garage rock, rock'n'roll and surf has me on my toes every single day as it throws up one gem after another from the hidden vaults of the 50s and 60s one-hit/one-recording wonders. It's exhausting and exhilarating, but I never tire of the twangy tremolo of the surf guitar, exemplified by the likes of Link Wray or The Ventures, the sheer inexhaustible energy of the rock'n'roll of Bo Diddley or the dirty sexy rawness of the Monks or the Sonics. To play this stuff in amongst stuff like Captain Beefheart (a giant in my estimation), Stooges, MC5 and bringing into it some psychedelic rock, punk and post-punk stuff and glue it together with the likes of Cramps, the supreme ambassadors of obscure rock'n'roll, solely responsible for bringing back awareness of many lost gems of the 50s and 60s, it started to create a lineage that made some sort of crazy sense in a DJ set.

One curveball that must be mentioned is my sudden discovery and love of a certain kind of metal. I mentioned earlier that there was period of time when I didn't buy much music and I was living in Iceland where no touring bands would set foot until Björk became famous, and as a result much of the early 90s alternative hard rock/metal scene of the US passed me by. Bands like Melvins, The Jesus Lizard and Karp were names I heard mentioned, but never investigated. It wasn't until almost 20 years later that I finally opened that door. I was left with a feeling of 'THIS' is what I've been looking



for! I found myself becoming completely consumed by the force and ferocity of bands like Melvins, Mastodon, High On Fire, Converge, Red Fang, Baroness, and classic bands like Black Sabbath and Slayer, getting aurally drunk on the sheer mass of sound and fury. When growing up and becoming aware of music, mainstream Heavy Metal was in my opinion stupid poodle-haired misogynistic show-off rock, and even if it wasn't, it felt like a closed world that you could only be a fully paid-up member of, or not at all. You didn't dabble in Heavy Metal, you were either in or out, with them or against them. And if you were into the kind of stuff I was into, you didn't go there. Luckily by the time I did go there I had shed all inhibiting constraints of belonging to a scene and could pick and choose what I liked.

As soon as you scrape off the layer that is about creating identity or belonging, scrape off the layer that is about following a trend or about consumerism, and scrape off the layer that is about what you should or shouldn't like according to one norm or other, you will find that appreciating music is a beautiful intuitive and emotionally charged activity, that I for one never want to be without.

There are about a thousand bands and artists I've neglected to mention, and another thousand I've yet to discover. I will keep my curiosity intact and my mind open to anything that comes my way, via digging deeper, introduction or coincidence.

Oh and I will continue to make artworks in homage to this experience and name after the songs I felt while making them.

Hrafnhildur Halldórsdóttir (Rafla)
-Artist, DJ, Co-founder of The Hot Club, Radio host at The Natives are Restless on Subcity Radio.

ABBA
Boney M Daddy Cool
Sugarcubes
Pixies
Sonic Youth
My Bloody Valentine
The Birthday Party
Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds
Siouxsie & The Banshees
the B-52s
The Cramps
Talk Talk
Einsturzende Neubauten
Stravinsky
John Dowland
William Byrd
PJ Harvey
Björk
HAM
Bless / S.H. Draumur
Nancy & Lee
Cal Tjader
Esquivel
Yma Sumac, Stan Getz / Joao Gilberto
David BowieThe Seeds, 13th Floor Elevators
Chocolate Watch Band
Carrie Nations
Electric Prunes
Syndicate of Sound
Neil Young Os Mutantes Tom Zé
Caetano Veloso & Gal Costa Gilberto Gil
Speaker Bite me
Link Wray
The Ventures
Bo Diddley
The Sonics
The Monks
Beefheart
Stooges
MC5
Melvins



Jesus Lizard
Karp
Mastodon
High on Fire
Slayer
Black Sabbath
Converge
Baroness
Red Fang



Jack Wrigley

Music to inspire my creative process

Right now I'm in midst of a huge and mindless task. I've been commissioned to knit Easter bonnets for all of David Jason's illegitimate children. I want to get it done quickly so I can move on to something more sticky, so I'm dusting my gums with some bitter salt and giving it the big one with slices of intricately programmed electronic wizardry from Sheffield producer TechDiff a.k.a. Dave Forrester. You should go to his Soundcloud and give him a proper good listen. He also writes bits of custom software, which in my eyes makes him a bit of a don.

However, if you can't be arsed to sift through Soundcloud this one is my bestest. It's called 'Eat Drink Fuck' which funnily enough is the mantra that landed Inspector Frost with so many child maintenance payments.

The Bonnets are finally done and all that remains is for them to be packaged up and sent to Del Boys' numerous neglected offspring. In order to hurry this process along I've injected myself with 12mg of liquid Adderall. This music of choice for the hat packaging comes from 'Spongebob Squarewave', another Sheffield producer who runs DIY rave label OFFMENUT RECORDS. They are about to put out their 100th independent release. So lot's of respect due for that.

Here's Spongebob sampling the queen of the auto tune Cher on "It's Good 2 Share". Good home brew video skills too.

So I've taken the packages to the post office and I'm back home about prank call Nicholas Lyndhurst and give him dogs abuse about the time traveling sitcom 'Goodnight Sweetheart'. To get me in the mood for some proper wind ups I'm listening to French producer Freddy Frogs and England's finest accordion playing clown Ed Cox collaborating on "Up his nose it goes"

Good night sweethearts.



Janie Nicoll

My interest in music has always been a strong part of my interest in alternative culture, coupled with a healthy disrespect for the mainstream. I've been going to see bands since my first gig aged 15, (Thin Lizzy at Dundee Caird Hall). For this list I've been thinking about the tracks of bands I've been to see play live as well as those that were most significant along the way. It's really hard to select down several decades of listening but I suppose this list is particular to me.

Track 1

"Pillows and Prayers" a 17 track LP sampler released by Cherry Red records Side 2 Felt "My Face Is on Fire"

(with other tracks by the Marine Girls, Everything But the Girl, The Monochrome Set and even Quentin Crisp.) This record felt like a door opening onto a trendy alternative world (based round the Manchester scene), exactly what a frustrated teenager living in a small east coast seaside town was looking for. I bought it in Groucho's in Dundee, which was the nearest thing to a trendy record shop Dundee had, it was always well worth the long walk up the Perth Road to get to it. Groucho's organised buses to go to gigs in Edinburgh and Glasgow, so I saw bands like Japan and U2 at Edinburgh Playhouse, and I made and sold tie dyed t-shirts in a brief foray into being entrepreneurial.

Track 2

Aztec Camera "We Could Send Letters" on C81 tape from the NME.

One of the first bands I went to see, some time in 1982, at Dundee Dance Factory, which began in a seedy old club called Teazers, and which went on to be DF productions who now do T in The Park. Roddy Frame was amazing in his fringed leather jacket. Other bands I saw at the Dance Factory included Death Cult, Big Country, I was involved in a fanzine called "Falling and Laughing" which meant I got to interview some of the bands.

Track 3

The Smiths "Hand In Glove"

I was in London for a few days in Summer '83 and saw in 'Time Out' a gig for The Smiths, who they claimed were going to be the next big thing. They were supported by Felt, and the Go Betweens, there was some problems with the lights and Felt had to play in the dark. I bought "Hand In Glove" 7" their first single just after that.

Track 4

The Jesus & Mary Chain. "Upside Down"

When I was 18 I moved to Edinburgh to study Business Studies at University, but dropped out after a week and worked instead on a portfolio for applying to Art College. My social life was pretty dominant with many nights out at Potterrow Union, the Underground, which was really punkie, and the Hooch above Coasters, in Tollcross, and saw many bands. I was accepted for Edinburgh College of Art, and started there in September '84. One night I went to a one off gig at the Waterloo Bar, just opposite where the Creative Scotland offices are now, it was a band called the Pastels and it was their first Edinburgh gig. I was supposed to meet a friend outside but she didn't turn up so I just went in on my own anyway. There were a lot of people from Glasgow there and I ended up speaking to a guy who said he was in a band, the Jesus & Mary Chain. My flat mate Harvey was pretty impressed when I told him as he had just bought their single "Upside Down" and thought it was causing a bit of a stir on the indie scene with its liberal use of feedback. I bought it too to see what all the fuss was about. Shortly after that I went down to Manchester and Douglas Hart put me on the guest list for their gig at the Hacienda.. In my second year at ECA, a couple of friends asked me if I could sing and if I wanted to be in their band. I was up for it so I joined 'The Vultures' three girls, one male drummer, we had rehearsals in the practice rooms, half way down Blair St. which we shared with about 5 other bands. It was a rabbit warren of musty old rooms with paint peeling off the walls in rooms that apparently dated back to medieval times.



Track 5

Shop Assistants (*"All Day Long"* 4 track EP)

Around that time I saw the Cocteau Twins and also the Shop Assistants at Moray House Student Union. They were probably the two most dominant band on the indie scene in Edinburgh at that time. It was all very incestuous with bands overlapping in a variety of ways, and our drummer was also in about 3 other bands.

Track 6

The Vultures ("Good Thing")

Our band The Vultures put out a 4 track EP (Good Thing) on Narodnik Records, which also had The Fizzbombs, Baby Lemonade, Jesse Garon & the Desperados on their books. It was run by Eddie Connelly from Meat Whiplash, who were on Creation Records at the time and Alex from the Shop Assistants. At that time we were going to clubs like the Onion Cellar and the Snake Pit, and we seemed to be at the Venue (now the Ingleby Gallery) every week for Speed 3, which was putting on regular indie bands including Sonic Youth supported by My Bloody Valentine.

Track 7

Sonic Youth (*"Star Power"*),

Sonic Youth's use of imagery and punk approach in general, have felt particularly influential to my own visual practice.

The MBV's stayed at my flat after that gig, as one of my flatmates was away and I gave them a copy of our demo tape. Next time they were playing in Scotland we supported them at three of their gigs. When the Shop Assistants split up Alex went on to form The Motorcycle Boy (including my boyfriend at the time on guitar), and they went on tour as support for the JAMC. They ended up on the front page of the NME, which was a bit of a coup. After a couple of gigs in London and supporting My Bloody Valentine the Vultures did a Janice Long session for Radio One. Despite this promising start we seemed to lose momentum and despite being offered 9 gigs in London, we felt we had come to a crossroads it was like we needed to choose art or music, and the need to knuckle down at art college for degree shows seemed more important than another trek to London in the back of a transit van. That was the end of the

band- it was good while it lasted, short but sweet!

After finishing my degree I went to Budapest for a year on a scholarship, I came back at one point and managed to get tickets for the Pixies at the SECC with Teenage Fanclub as support, unfortunately the safety barrier at the front of the stage broke after 3 songs and the gig was cancelled, we ended up going to the Sub Club afterwards, with Teenage Fanclub.

Track 8

The Pixies (*"Monkey Gone to Heaven"*)

After the year abroad, when MTV had been my main link to music, I decided to move back to Glasgow rather than Edinburgh. The year of Glasgow as Cultural Capital had just happened and there seemed to be much more going on in the arts and music scenes in Glasgow.

Track 9

Teenage Fanclub (*"Everything Flows"*) We went to Glastonbury in 1993 and one of the highlights was Teenage Fanclub playing the main stage, kicking out a whole load of footballs into the crowd. My sister's boyfriend at the time did the lights for The Orb, who were also playing and we got to stand at the lighting rig and get a better view.

Track 9

My Bloody Valentine "You Made Me Realise"

I hooked up with the MBV's again when they played on the Rollercoaster tour with Dinosaur Junior, Blur and JAMC at the SECC. We went back to the Kelvin Park Lorne Hotel and the party continued with Alex James jumping over into the hotel bar, which was by that point closed, and helping himself to pints of draught lager. The MBV's persuaded myself and Fran, the female singer from Jesse Garon and the Desperadoes, to go down for the London leg of the tour, 3 nights at the Brixton Academy. One of the most striking features I remember was Blur's video of the process of a cow going from field to slaughter but in reverse...

During the nineties, my interests turned to dance music beginning with JuJu on a Friday, at the Sub Club, with a Saxophonist playing live through the dance music or later Slam at the Arches on a



Friday and then Subculture every Saturday at the Sub Club with Harri and Dominic. We saw all the 'Superstar DJ's Richie Hawtin, Juan Atkins, Kevin Saunderson, Derrick May, John Aquaviva, who all regularly played Glasgow also Drum N' Bass DJ's like LTJ Bukem and Roni Size.

House music and techno could tend to be a bit formulaic and I was most interested in the scope for doing something more creative where DJ's mixed tracks, looping and sampling. This makes it almost impossible to highlight individual tracks, and I've picked what seem like the most obvious indie/dance crossover tracks but these don't really represent the type of stuff I was listening to.

Track 10

My Bloody Valentine 'Soon' Andrew Weatherall remix

Track 11

Primal Scream "Higher than the Sun" with Andy Weatherall

Track 12

Andrew Weatherall "Wilmot" became the sound track to a trip to Los Angeles in 1994.

Track 13

Daft Punk "Da Funk" Originally released by Glasgow's Soma Records, an offshoot of the Slam organisation.

Track 14

Silicone Soul "Right on, Right On" another seminal dance track from Soma stablemates.

Track 15

Arab Strap "The First Big Weekend" A track that seemed to bridge the two scenes.

Track 16

Sons and Daughters "Johnny Cash" from "Love The Cup" LP
Symptomatic of a renewed interest in the post Franz Ferdinand Glasgow indie scene, in bands like, the Delgados, and The Royal We.

Track 17

LCD SoundSystem, "North American Scum"

My interest has always been in music that you can dance to, and this has includes an interest in electro with a punk attitude, in the bands like Ladytron, CSS, Crystal Castles, and more home grown talent like Errors whose sound has evolved out of looping and sampling with a creative approach to sound production.

Track 18

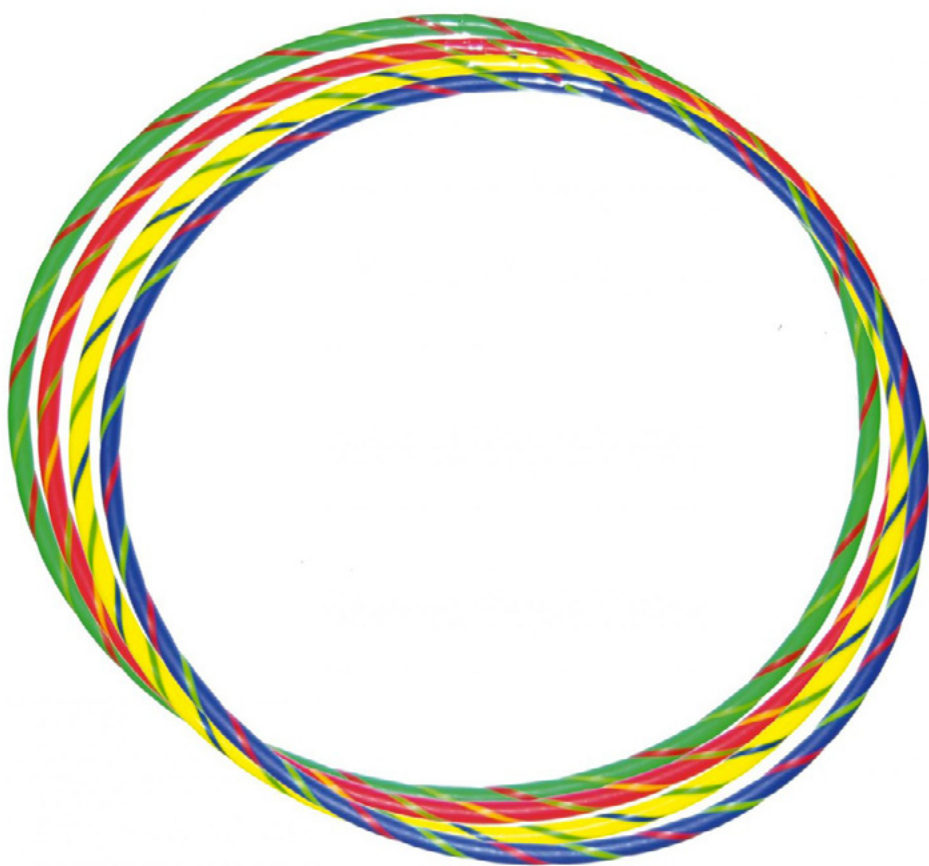
Errors "A Rumour In Africa" in 2010

I was involved in the making of the video for this track and I haven't really thought about it until just now but its almost as if the junkpunk aesthetic of the video relates to some of the work I have been making recently, in particularly the Sound collaboration performance with Berlin sound artist, Annette Krebs for Counterflows Music Festival in 2013, and performances I have done as part of a Rough Mix and also at the Old Hairdressers. Where I'm currently at musically is emulated in the Optimo style of DJing with an eclectic mix of old, and new sounds, and a strong interest in what's bubbling up from the grassroots music scene.



Melissa Canbaz

**Interview with Steven Warwick
Smell of Lavender**



You are known for your experimental and conceptual approach to music – a genre that is often connoted as 'artistic'. How do you position yourself between visual/performative arts and music? What is your actual background?

I went to art school, and I taught myself music. I played a lot of drone and minimal music, which was also psychedelic. A lot of that scene came out of an art context, so I don't really see the two at odds with each other. I'm involved in both the art- and music world.

Your project Heatsick is with PAN records - are with PAN records – an experimental music label – which is often connected to an intellectual approach or specifically directed to a 'high-brow' audience, whereas your music can exist outside of this vacuum. How do you feel about people declaring this genre as too 'arty' or difficult?

don't really understand the term 'arty'. For me it's a bit of misnomer. A lot of people releasing on PAN are the type of people who don't listen to one type of music, which I think is very characteristic of how a lot of people are processing music today. To be honest I find early grime just as experimental and interesting as Jah Shaka, Maryanne Amacher or Ron Hardy. My favourite minimal music is Pulse X and Male Stripper by Man2Man.

The dance music you produce is not purely for the body – there is a lot of discourse going on, references to theoretical discussions are used. What were the major influences, especially for your recent record RE-ENGINEERING?

The record is an ecological one, looking at different ecologies existing, whether they be social groupings, flat surfaces, birdsong or an escalator... A lot of the theory I was interested in is to do with



affect, how an external source affects the receiver, which can also exist extra linguistically. I was also interested in mapping and how communities form and dissolve in reified and liquefied forms, which is informed by the work of Manuel DeLanda. Cybernetics is also an influence; its effect on how we process information and think in terms of systems. I was interested in the Whole Earth catalogue and the so-called Californian Ideology of improvement through the self and self-regulation. This interest was also a detached one as I was looking at the emergence of neoliberalism, with it being around the same time as the abandonment of the gold standard, with money becoming subsequently speculative. Self-made agents now float like stocks and shares, in a constant state of crisis or simply bounce around like in a particle accelerator.

Considering the length of the record (just 43 min) it has quite a heavy subject matter – the principle theme seems to be ecology and its factors, such as fluidity. But it is still profoundly easy to listen. People I know from Berlin and who are also heavily involved in the music/club scene, say that your approach to combine both – dance and discourse – is unique in a way. How do you engage with ‘content’ in the club?

I think in a way that works. There is no need to separate for people. I don't feel conflicted about making music that one could dance to and also have other factors to it. Besides, people process information a lot faster these days.

You seem to re-use material quite a lot, by just putting and moulding them in different ways. There are a few tracks that repeat lines from other ones – they morph in one big fluent piece – like an assemblage – instead of being separate. What is it that attracts you in the process of abstraction and fluidity?

I guess I don't like them to be fixed, I prefer them rather in constant transition. It's what I like about a DJ set, or also in minimal or drone music that it unfolds over a period of time.

This process of stretching and merging is quite

similar to what happens in visual arts, where objects and media combine in an environment inviting the viewer's participation. What role does the recipient play within your work and practice?

The recipient contribute to the feedback. Everyone is involved mediating the flows.

Your DJ sets – you call them ‘extended plays’ – are like performative interventions in the club. You once said it's like a “cognitive massage”, which is a very plausible way to describe it. Would you say that your sets are like sound installations?

They are live sets! Yes they are closer to a sound installation. I like to call them an event, in the sense of a happening, but that word is more tied to a particular time period.

... and there is the setting: sculptural objects, such as hula hoops, yoga mats and other gymnastic devices. Do you have to create a specific environment in order to encourage the audience to participate? What is the function of the props?

I see them as visual cues, people see them and at first are curious, but after a while they engage with them. Especially the hula hoops!

It is like a multi-sensorial happening – you even use scents, I have read that it is mostly Chanel No 5 or lavender. What is it all about?

I'm interested in the olfactory. It is incredibly evocative and potent. Tied to branding, it is part of how people can establish a bond or relation with someone or something. Once someone told me that when I sprayed the Chanel they immediately thought of their mother. I found that really interesting, it highlights the associative qualities that a brand plays. Yet also we become conscious of ourselves making those associations.

What about your selection criteria? You played ‘selected records’ within the framework of Angela Bulloch's exhibition in Vienna recently...

Angela referred to that as a ‘digital smudge’, which I liked. On the opening I played a selection of



records from my collection and also from the PAN label, which I felt would work and were conducive to Angela's yellow environment. The sound was absorbed by the yellow felt curtains and curved around. The records were psychedelic in their own ways, in-between genre and tended to have bent melodies shooting through them. It was very pleasurable to play records there for three hours, in some respect it was similar to playing an Extended Play, absorbing yourself into an environment

The statements and buzzwords used in some of your tracks seem to be a bit cryptic, but they actually tie in quite well within the conceptual frame,

I think they are received well and people 'get it' without feeling that they have to get something, so in that sense I'm very happy with it. The text on RE-ENGINEERING is very deliberate in its juxtaposition. For instance the bifurcations in the forming and morphing of communities in the sentence PRIVATE LIFE- USE ME NOW- BLACK POWER- GAY GOOGLE- BORN IN FLAMES- WHAT WE DO IS SECRET. In this sentence several simultaneous collisions are occurring, whether it be lyrics, song titles, films, or groups, underlined by class, privacy and borders.

It's very much a text about mapping and fluidity.



if there is such a concept.

"Algorithm is a dancer", "Reboot yourself", "Modern life is still rubbish. Modern rubbish is still life"... are some of the catch phrases. Are these comments on social movement?

Algorithm is a dancer is also a play on the 90s song.

"Modern Life" is saying that things are still recycled and a bit rubbish, but we can also be forward looking and concentrate on how these hybrids are



morphing.

Buzzword "Trend report". Any thoughts on the omnipresent K-Hole's "Normcore" theory?

On the record I'm presenting my own 'trend report' on today's attitudes and sensibilities. as a manual or guide of the contemporary. The problem today is people confusing the flat surface with falling flat on their face. There is a huge distance in-between to explore.

These phrases and words also fit in to the term "cybernetic poem" that has been used to describe your current LP – spoken word poetry based on buzzwords. Can you explain the concept?

A poem is a machine made of words is a quote by William Carlos Williams. I read it somewhere and it stuck in my mind. I wanted to deliver and present something. Initially the text was used as a map for an exhibition that I had, and then I decided to reuse it as a song, spoken by Hanne Lippard, who has a received pronunciation voice even automated. A speak the same text at the end of the album as an echo, karaoke-like version. When I spoke the words I was so used to Hanne's register, I tried to mimic her and it was a constant battle to abandon that yet also be aware of what I was doing.

Hanne Lippard – a performance and sound artist – lends her voice for one of your tracks (Re-Engineering). Its monotony is reminiscent of Laurie Anderson's coolness in her voice. The words and phrases seem to be quoted out of context – but obviously they are not?

The phrases are altered by how they are spoken and also they are simply changed with a word.

How do you feel about collaborations in general?

I enjoy them. I like working with other people. The artist alone in the world is pretty out of date. People are making work about networked theory, and co-existence of the organic and inorganic. I think it's also interesting to throw the social back in. I don't agree that politics is a reified mass of materials- it excuses neoliberal transparency and avoidance of a

position, just a little too easily.

...your videos are mostly collaborations with artists, with Hanne Lippard and Rachel Reupke, for example. How important are visuals? And do they open up new space

I work with people whose work I find interesting and whom I feel has a connection with my work.

The topicality in your recent release is very clear. References to corporate and commercial language, and also hints to speculative realism and new materialism, as well as post-internet... – fields that also have an impact on contemporary art at the moment. How essential is it to bridge these fields with your own practice?

I'm surrounded by it and also inside it, so I am commenting of what's happening around me and deal with structural changes in order to experience. There's also masked humour in there - camouflage interesting aspect. I don't really find Generation X that different from Generation Y or Z, i mean, reread Less than Zero and it could be a new materialist text, apart from the internet connection has sped up.

Contemporary dance culture has deep roots in the LGBT communities. But many would critique that this background goes largely unrecognised today. Do today's audiences need to be reminded of it? And do you address this in your music as well?

Well, I think it's important that it's remembered for more than Saturday Night Fever. It's always there, lingering like a hanky code. The importance of say The Loft etc is boundless, especially in the context of parallel experiments at the Dreamhouse on Church Street... On INTERSEX I very much address this topic, also that bodies are not only moving, they are also in a state of constant transition of identity, and the connection musically to Fluxus and Kinetic art by say Moholy-Nagy or Julio Le Parc.

I remember your show at Kinderhook & Caracas in Berlin in summer 2012 – the title was Sicherheitsdienst im Auftrag der BVG. It is interesting that there are always links between your different projects. BVG, the Berlin public transport company and the track U1 (a U-Bahn line in Berlin) for example is a nice detail, as well as the poem The



World is Your Oystercard, which already anticipates some of the ideas popping up later in your work. What kind of process is it you're working with – collecting and assembling? Or observing and reutilising?

More like a constant sketchbook, a bit messy and unfinished, yet focused in it's drive. Some bits fall off on the way and get picked up later on the motorway and remolded.

You have recently published a book with Motto titled 'Interiors'. Is it meant to visualise your recent LP or what is the idea behind it here?

It is meant as a visual aid to accompany the LP, and also a piece of work in its own right. it's a set of grids of the Numskulls comic from the Beano with their flows redirected, and images colliding into each other. The pages are also unstapled so they can be reassembled by the recipient.

What would be the contemporary art equivalent for your music be? Could you refer to some specific artists?

I see equivalents in the work of Sabine Reitmaier, Gill Tal, Ed Lehan to name but a few...



Rob Churm



My criteria for this compilation of songs is that each track would contain laughter. A litmus test for me, when making drawings, is that if an idea or drawing makes me laugh out loud then i know that it is good. Whether this is true for all the artists on this compilation remains to be seen, there are lots of different types of laughter here. I really like it when the structure of the form breaks down and we can see the idiots at play.



We Are Normal

4:50

Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band

The Doughnut in Granny's Greenhouse

Laughing Song

2:13

The Residents

Duck Stab

Doing It To Death (Part 1 & 2)

10:01

The J.B.'s

Doing It To Death

Transparent Radiation (1980 Demo Version)

2:43

The Red Crayola

Epitaph for a Legend

One Of These Days

3:53

The Velvet Underground

VU

Little Pad (Mono)

2:36

The Beach Boys

Smiley Smile

And Your Bird Can Sing (Take 2)

2:13

The Beatles

Anthology,

Vol. 2 (Disc 1)

Pena

2:34

Captain Beefheart

Trout Mask Replica

Bob Dylan's 115th Dream

6:34

Bob Dylan

Bringing It All Back Home

Every Little Counts

4:29

New Order

Brotherhood

Summer Babe (Winter Version)

3:16

Pavement

Slanted & Enchanted

Nick Cave Dolls

4:20

Bongwater

The Power Of Pussy

Little Man with a Gun in His Hand

3:53

Minutemen

Buzz or Howl Under the Influence of Heat EP



Eilidh Short

Courtesy Winter

Banal, magical, dirge. Winter and Winter #2 from The Fall's 1982 album Hex Enduction Hour are each of those things. They're the songs that most frequently come in to my head when thinking about my art practice. I don't know why.

If you take 'Winter' as a metaphor for a revelatory force then I like to think that a large part of my work involves seeing magic in the banal. But I don't want to overstate it or the magic will be lost. Is 'Winter' the creative force? Or the creative mind at work? If you take the time to look, much will be revealed. Whether objective/observational truths or indicators of your inner life, it's all there waiting to be noticed.

Mark E. Smith presents us with a suitably magical banal setting. The mise en scene is carefully constructed, with talk of cleaning ladies, a lawn strewn with discarded beer cans, a "Feminist's Austin Maxi" (I picture it being brown), a kid in a parka. Implicit are the bare trees and the grey sky. It's a November Sunday afternoon on a council scheme perhaps.

The potential energy of this scene is ignited inside the alcoholic's dry out house. A man on the floor takes flight out of the window and implores the mad kid to wear a golden medallion. Krakens appear not in the ocean but in the sky. The mad kid has previously been identified as a makeshift archbishop in a parka. Is this whole scenario a case of mistaken identity brought about by delirium tremens?

Who knows. Only Mark E. Smith and he's not about to tell us. It's great not to know things sometimes. "If it is impossible to make sense of the songs," writes Mark Fisher about Hex Enduction Hour, "it is also impossible to stop making sense of them." Therein lies their endless appeal to me. I feel the same way about art, both as maker and audience. If I understand completely what it is I'm doing, what it is I'm looking at; if I know what it's all about, then there's no point in doing it any more.



Entrances uncovered
Street signs you never saw
All entrances delivered
Courtesy winter

You got Manny in the library
Working off his hangover 3:30
You get the spleen at 3:15
But its 3:13

The mad kid walked left-side south-side towards me
He was about 7
His mother was a cleaning lady
She had a large black dog
And the mad kid said:
"Gimme the lead
Gimme the lead
Gimme the lead"
I'd just walked past the alcoholics dry-out house
The lawn was littered with cans of Barbican
There was a feminists Austin Maxi parked outside
With anti-nicotine anti-nuclear stickers on the side
...on the inside and they didn't even smoke...

Anyway two weeks before the mad kid had said to
me
"I'll take both of you on,
I'll take both of you on"
Then he seemed the young one
He had a parka on and a black cardboard
archbishops hat
With a green-fuzz skull and crossbones
He'd just got back from the backward kids party
Anyway then he seemed the young one
But now he looked like the victim of a pogrom

Entrances uncovered
Street signs you never saw
All entrances delivered
Courtesy winter

Entrances uncovered
All enquiries too
All entrances delivered
Courtesy winter

Winter

On the first floor of the dryout house
Was a replica dartboard
And the man on the floor

Sorta went out of window, over the lawn
And round to the mad kid
"Please take this medallion,
Please wear this medallion.
It's no sign of authority.
Wear the gold and put it on"
Courtesy winter
(Winter)
So [around the] mad kid
Man on the first floor said
"I just looked round
I just looked round
I just looked round
"And my youth it was sold"
Two white words frost the sky
There fly krakens
And sometimes, that little.....
Makes me tremble
Courtesy winter
The mad kid had 4 lights, the average is 2.5 lights
The mediocre has 2 lights, the sign of genius is
three lights
There's one light left, that's the one light
That's the science law
Courtesy winter









Brian Beadle

As a journalist, I hate lists. They are the laziest form of recycling old information without any fresh angle possible, and are ubiquitous. Top tens or twentys of anything are completely meaningless; comparisons are invidious.

The following are not my favourite records ever made. On another day, it could have been a completely different selection. Scott Walker, David Bowie Captain Beefheart etc should all be on this list. All twelve are though, I hope you'll agree, amazing pieces of music. What intrigued me about this project was to compile a list of music for a gallery; I thought about how both 'popular music' and 'contemporary art' have sought modernity, innovation, futurism, and how, sometimes, the 'popular' can produce something more avant garde.

United States of America – Garden of Earthly Delights

The late 60s was a time of incredible experimentation in music, as well as film and visual art, as traditional categories were questioned and collapsed. How The Velvet Underground dragged the sound of the avant garde kicking and screaming into rock n' roll is legendary. Rather less well known are The United States of America, led by a former pupil of John Cage's, Joseph Byrd, who made a psyche classic with their first album, and this song.

Miles Davis – In A Silent Way

By the late 50s, classical avant garde music had become so abstruse you virtually needed a degree in music to understand it. It's perhaps little surprise that jazz evolved to fill the gap. Miles Davis was once asked by a journalist how he hit the notes. Davis answered, "It's not the notes you hit, it's the space you leave between them." Too few musicians still understand that.

24-Carat Black – 24-Carat Black

The history of music, like that of art or cinema, is that of celebrity. Yet so many great records have been made by people who had one stroke of genius, then faded into obscurity. 24-Carat Black were a bunch of teenagers from Cincinnati who made one album for Stax, which bombed at the time, owing to

it being too dark and strange. No one would have heard of this unless Erik B hadn't sampled it nearly 20 years later, before many others, including Jay Z, followed suit; I hope they're getting their royalties.

Neu! – Fur Immer

Germany in the 70s, in all the arts, was a maelstrom of creative activity; what was in the water? This is essentially an extended jam, the essence of minimalism, yet would lead to punk, to The Jesus and Mary Chain, and beyond. The title translates as forever; it could go on forever, and I don't think I would tire of it.

Brian Eno – Dead Finks Don't Talk

Eno is conventionally thought of a minimalist, but his first solo album, Here Come The Warm Jets, is anything but. It's overstuffed with ideas, bristling with possibilities; how many genres does he flirt with in this track alone?

Dinosaur L - Clean On Your Bean

If Eno has effortlessly worked the avant garde and the pop world, not everyone had it so easy. Arthur Russell was a massively talented cellist and composer who fell in love with disco, alienating his more serious-minded peers, and confusing the disco world. Dying at 40 in utter obscurity from AIDS-related illnesses, his story is more genuinely tragic than all the cliched rock n' roll suicides. On a brighter note, this remains the best record ever made by a gay man on the etiquette of giving a woman oral sex.

Glenn Branca – Lesson No 1 For Electric Guitar

There was much talk in the 90s of post-rock, a musical genre I never really understood, since it mainly sounded like rock to me, and because Glenn Branca had made a truly post-rock record back in 1981. Branca was another avant garde composer who had realised that the power of the rock gig (or disco, or hip hop jam) exceeded that of the concert hall. Members of his band would include Lee Ranaldo, Thurston Moore and Michael Gira. The rest is history.



LFO – LFO

One of the reasons there was so much talk of post-rock in the 90s was because techno had, supposedly killed it. I still remember the glorious shock of seeing LFO on the front cover of the NME burning guitars, and consigning them to the dustbin of history. In 1990 this record sounded like the voice of the future breathing down your neck. As we speak the youth of Britain are again flogging their guitars to buy analogue synths. Again.

Underground Resistance – Seawolf

Techno challenged rock music in every regard. It didn't just change how the music was made, and completely overturn traditional notions of what constituted a "song". It also sought to destroy the concept of stardom and celebrity. Underground Resistance were an anarchistic collective who created an urban myth about their background, - including a spot of cop killing - and made records under enigmatic pseudonyms. The original 12" of this record is one-sided; the other side carries a hand-scratched manifesto of how to change the world through sonic frequencies. The actual genius who made this was Jeff Mills, who now juggles a career as a DJ synonymous with ecstasy with that of a respected sound artist.

Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti – Envelopes Another Day

When Edgar Varese was accused of a journalist of being ahead of his time, he answered, "How can one be ahead of their time? Most people are just behind their times." In the last decade the world went retro, but Ariel Pink was there first. His music is obsessively in thrall to the past, seeming to exist in a permanent present tense. This track comes from an early home recorded album "The Doldrums", which he made in 1999 but wouldn't be released until 2004, when it would have a massive influence on the next decade of American music. The gulf between the epic intent of the song and the limited means of production are thrilling, but ultimately it's just a great song.

Delia Gonzales and Gavin Russom – Rise

No one in the last decade has done more to revive the excitement and cross-genre fusion of the New York that was inhabited by the likes of Arthur Russell and Glenn Branca than James Murphy, his band LCD Soundsystem, and his label DFA Records. This record could be the best thing they ever released on the label, and one of the most perfect records I've ever heard.

Oneohtrix Point Never – Boring Angel

It's often said that everything's been done before, and that contemporary music's just rehashing the past, a copy of a copy of a copy. Perhaps the rebellious impulse of youth has moved on from music, to computer games or Youtube videos of happy slapping immigrants. The one musician who seems most alive to the possibilities of the present is Daniel Lopatin, aka Oneohtrix Point Never, who, in conjunction with the amazing videos that accompany his work, maps out worlds that could possibly only exist now, and does give me hope for the future.



Gavin Maitland

You're Life Before Me

My Father, Mother, Brother and me.

There is a box in my lap. It is a shoebox and it is green.

I am sitting at my desk at my computer listening to the first strains of Neil Young's album 'After the Goldrush' playing through my computer in mp3 format. The aural contradiction that confronts me whenever I listen to this album is embodied through the confrontation between the saccharine sweetness of the melody and the nihilistic, self-despairing, lyrics.

"I was lying in a burnt out basement, with the full moon in my eyes... There was a band playing in my head, and I felt like getting high"

The effect of these lines to my thirteen-year old self has always stuck with me. So that even now I still feel the same as when I first heard it. The whole album as a deep emotional connection to me as powerful as Proust's Petit Madeleine or Barthe's Winter Garden Photograph. The knowledge that my mother listened to this album, upon its release in 1970, as a young woman, intrigued me as a teenager.

What thoughts did she have about these lines – and what, more than 20 years later, did she think about her young son listening to them? I come from a typically conservative British family, who by the time that I was old enough to be interested in this album and the others that came with it, my parents had become simply that; parents. I was the second son of a family so conservative that we had long ago stopped watching television together, due to a series of increasingly embarrassing 'romantic' situations recurring weekly through the usual shows. Who were these people I thought I knew? What mysterious life had they lived before me, who surely must be the center of their world. My eleven-year old self was intrigued by the idea that they had been vastly different people, but outside of a box of photographs, there was no inkling of their former lives prior to our arrival, no connection between the young happy, good-looking couple on the beaches of Italy and the angry, unhappy people they had become.

The green box and the items inside were our key to that former life.

"Look at Mother Nature on the run, in the nineteen seventies"

My brother, older by three years, and I had discovered 'After the Goldrush' sat in a green Clarks shoebox filled with other relics of the sixties and seventies that constituted a hodge-podge representation of my parents record collection from their youth, repurchased in tape form, presumably to be played during the long car trip all the way from Airdrie, to Rome where they moved in the late-seventies. My Father had met my Mother at a dance at her teacher-training academy in Hamilton when they were both barely out of their teens. My Father had trained at the College of Building and Printing in Glasgow and was working for an architects firm. He has never told me but I suspect that he knew he would marry my Mother the first time he saw her.

Some people just know these things.

"but I still love her so, and brother don't you know? I'd welcome her right back here in my arms"

They had married quickly and lived in Airdrie only briefly before traveling, by car, to Rome – where my Father, desperately trying to escape his domineering Italian Mother, had secured a position with an Italian architects. To me, these tapes represent the freedom they must have felt at escaping the conservative Scottish gloom of the nineteen seventies for the excitement and glamour of Italy. By the time I came along, born in Surrey in 1980, my Father had started a business in London, commuting in every morning, while my Mother settled with my Brother and I into a newly built housing estate reminiscent of the Californian suburbia of a Steven Spielberg's movie.

Somehow, gradually, in the intervening years, the eighties happened, and as the clothes, the music, and the attitudes of Thatcherism came to destroy the dreams and hopes of an entire generation, so too did my parents settle into a dull sort of family life with us at the centre. We moved to a larger home in 1983, where things seemed a little less fantastic to me. Upon childhood explorations into the many drawers, doors and cabinets of the dining room dresser, my brother and myself discovered the green shoebox, as dull as a green shoebox from Clarks



can be, but which was packed full with about twenty or so tapes. I had been listening to my Father's Blues, Doo Wop and R&B tapes since I was about eight years old but this was the first time I had seen anything that looked like this before.

With their strange, psychedelic cover art, their tiny covers were works of art for us before we even knew the term. From The Eagles Native-American styled artwork, forming a continuous thread throughout their discography, Dylan and the Band caught mid-performance in the very basement that The Basement Tapes were recorded in, the young, beautiful Carol King perched on a windowsill as that eternal Californian sunlight enshrouded her, even Neil Young's head, seemingly appearing out from an old woman's back-pack – each one existed within its own tiny Universe. To my Brother and I we had uncovered a sacrosanct world of adults – something forbidden to us, like alcohol and sex – which these tapes represented.

"I feel the earth move under my feet, I feel the sky tumbling down, I feel my heart start to trembling whenever you're around"

As we grew into our teenage years and acquired tape and record players of our own, my brother and I stumbled through those first, awkward steps to formulating our own musical identity, so that along with the typical early-nineties fare of Nirvana, Guns N' Roses, and Sonic Youth – borrowed and taped, begged and stolen – were these tapes-of-the-green-box that, unbeknownst to our parents laid the foundation of our musical knowledge. Outside of the popular music one was expected to listen to and discuss during the school day, were these secret gems, which we shared with nobody but each other. Replacing them in the green shoebox in the dresser after each listen. At an age when one has little understanding of the passage of time, somehow, we knew that these tapes were important. Both to American culture as well as to the history of music; we knew that, like stepping into a museum or an archive, we had unprecedented access to priceless relics from the past. We knew that they were uncool in the current climate of Industrial music and Experimental Indie Rock, but we didn't care, they provided us with a road map for an understanding of popular Rock n' Roll up to the contemporary bands. Somehow it was all connected.

"Well, I'm running down the road tryin' to loosen my load, I got seven women on my mind."

My Brother, given his pedantic aptitude toward order and completion, connected mostly with the Eagles, who were the only band to have almost every album in the shoebox, while I connected with the emotional expressionism of Neil Young and Carol King. In retrospect, the familial connection we had towards our individual choices to specific artists reflects our similarities to our respective parent. As we found out later, The Eagles and Dylan were our Fathers while Neil Young and Carol King, my Mother's. My Brother has always been more like my Father, me, like our Mother. One of the prevalent threads that run through these albums is that they were mostly made in the early to mid seventies by artists who formed part of the LA folk and country rock scene. The connection between our parents, traveling from Scotland to Italy – two places we barely knew outside of family visits – and the exoticism of nineteen seventies American culture was mind-boggling to us as two children only just figuring out how to become people ourselves.

"So tell me now and I won't ask again. Will you still love me tomorrow?"

Each item in the box represented a part of us that could be employed emotionally to represent a different aspect of our personalities, as much as they represented the soundtrack of our parents lives before us, so too did they provide a map to our own development as people existing in the potential future. In this sense, the box acted and continues to act as a vessel between the past, the present and the future; existing to all of us during different periods and places throughout our combined histories, as a family unit and as individuals. The box continued throughout the physical world as an individual entity yet also exists as a puzzle box of sorts, containing individual elements that pertain to a different aspect of the users life at a separate time. The green shoebox remains a single entity as well as the container of a puzzle. The meaning that can be extrapolated for each individual are specific and particular and change over time, for my Father, Mother, Brother and me.



Stewart Home

Since the avant-garde of the early twentieth-century invented no new style of its own, but rather deployed collage and bricolage to plunder the entire history of art – and this continued through to postmodernism and beyond, I guess no one will be surprised to hear that there isn't a relationship between music and my work as an artist. Other people's music is my art, as well as my own (if you call superdumb three chord thud music)! And if you don't believe me like Lulu Reed *I wanna know What Makes You So Cold?* I often answer people on social media and even in emails by posting and/or sending links to tunes. *They Don't Know* by The Impressions is one I've used many times And from The Impressions some would go to Curtis Mayfield solo but I'd go to Jerry Butler – *Just For You!* And those that know will know why from there I'd go for *Right Track* by Billy Butler And then impart the same positive vibes with *A Winner Never Quits* by Larry Williams and Johnny Watson And then move on to *Whatcha Gonna Do* by The Combinations And I'll use any excuse to post a tune like *Danger Heartache Dead Ahead* by The Marvelettes But by now I'm probably getting down with Eddie Bo and wondering if *I'm Getting To The Middle of what I gotta do!* And because I'm the type of *Mean Man* addressed by Betty Harris in her song of that name, maybe I'll just cut it here But then I can't stop yet coz I ain't posted *Hands Off* by Betty Everett! Or the cover of Slade's *Mamma Weer All Crazee Now* by Denzil Dennis! Or *My Love Is Getting Stronger* by Cliff Nobles Or *It's Karate Time* by Travis Wammack. Like I said I don't identify with the music, I am the music! To hear *You Can't Sit Down* by The Phil Upchurch Combo is to become one with the tune! And the same applies to *The New Breed* by Ike Turner and his Kings of Rhythm Or *Woodchoppers Ball* by Willie Mitchell I listen to a lot of instrumentals when I'm working on my own shit which isn't an 'appropriation' of music made by someone else, but I still dig songs like *Oh Mom (Teach Me How To Uncle Willie)* by The Daylighters Not to mention *Heartbeat* by Gloria Jones: Or *I'll Do A Little Bit More* by The Olympics And in fact that 1965 Detroit style sound goes on and on and never ends.... And I haven't even

addressed the effect it had in London in 1966 and onwards and some of my mod favourites from the city I was born and live in, like making *Time by The Creation* Or *Anymore Than I Do* by The Attack And the way that moves on out into psychedelia is demonstrated by tunes like *My Friend Jack* by The Smoke Or *You Just Gotta Know My Mind* by Dana Gillespie (the tune was written by Donovan) And from there of course it would be possible to move onto the scene I was into around London in the late-seventies... Possibly starting with *Priorities* by Trash: Or moving down to the south coast to check out *Family Planning* by The Depressions And I'd agree with Headache that when it comes to music you *Can't Stand Still!* And a lot of bands from the 1970s demonstrate really well that time bends and we weren't able to leave the twentieth-century coz we were going backwards. One example I particularly like is *I Can't Wait* by The Jolt from Glasgow: But London bands like Back To Zero with *Your Side Of Heaven* illustrate this just as well: Or The Purple Hearts with *Millions Like Us* And being a teenager back in the late-seventies didn't mean I hadn't already heard it all before. Radio Luxembourg drew my attention to *Rebels Rule* by Iron Virgin when they made it a power play in 1974. I dug this tune at the time but it wasn't a hit: And there was plenty more of that post-mod but pre-punk glam sound around, like *Bang Bang Bullet* by Streak! And I could go off elsewhere into the hip-hop or house or go go tunes I liked in the 1980s... but at the end of the day like Sister Sledge *I'm Lost In Music!* So don't theorise, get down with Curtis Knight and the Squires and *Knock Yourself Out!*



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sociation with Lucy Brouwer

