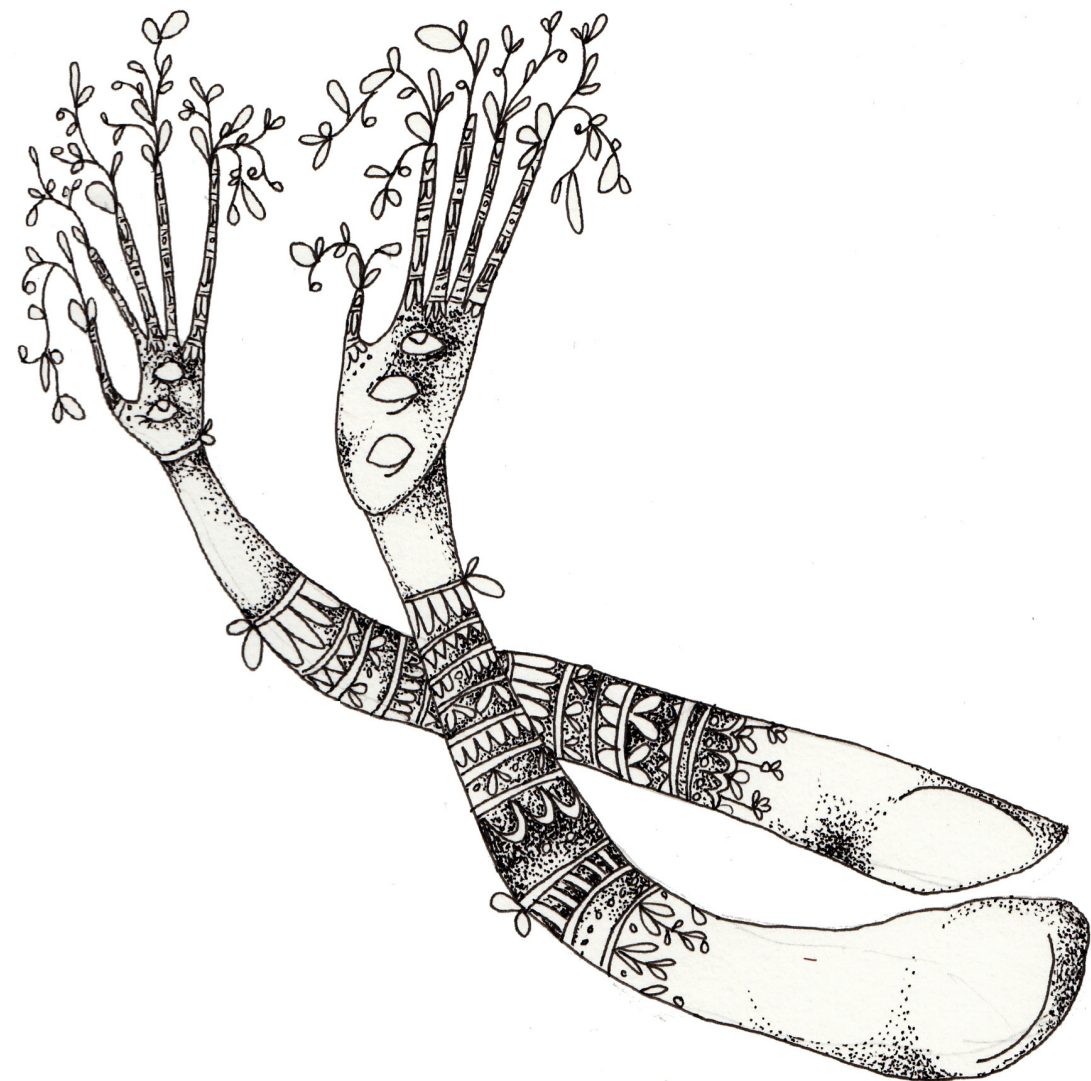


1. Tobion - Facing the North Star
title track from *Facing the North Star* EP
2. The Furrow Collective - Handsome Molly
from the forthcoming album *At Our Next Meeting* (17th February 2014)
3. Elspeth Anne - Pile of Stones
demo from forthcoming album
4. Irons - Power Me Always
recorded for Gravity 4
5. Fetus Christ - Grey
from *Vibe Grinder* demo 2013, recorded on dictaphone in a shed in Eardisley
6. Medusa Cyclone - Ten Zero (ambient drone version)
7. Ipman - I.P.A.
8. Danny Fontaine and the Horns of Fury - The Cowboy
9. New Teen Pop Sensation - Music Box
from s/t CD-R (2000)
10. Christina Aguirowboat - Halle Berry
11. Toby Parker and the Suitcase - Nearly Broke
Gravity 4-track recording
12. Not Jim Smith and Elspeth Anne - Shelter from th Teeth
recorded for Gravity 4
13. Sad Light - Elegy
from *Broken* (unreleased)





L. Basendale

- A GRAVITY 4**
 NR YES NO
1. Rosie Freeman - record inserts (cover)
 2. medley 3 [THIS]
 4. Tom Rees - Desire Lines
 5. Kev McDonald - Ten zero
 6. Get Human (interview)
 7. Omar Hajed - Postcard from 1952
 8. Ben Brown - Replica
 9. Lucy Basendale - Houses
 10. Beth Crossland - L.2.A.S.U.T.
 11. Nard Evans - One of us
 12. Nigel Farr - Morbid Breed
 13. Johnny Bourage - Mood Indigo
- B NR YES NO**
16. Vincent Oliver - Let's Dance
 17. Lucy McDonald - 50 ways to leave your lover
 18. Siobhan Woudyn - Mount Wittenberg O'ed
 19. Hollie L. Anderson - Love skulls
 20. Russell Taylorson - Serpents of the Light
 21. Nigel Farr - Metal Metal Land
 22. Lew Watkin - In a Beautiful Place Out in the Country
 23. Garz Williams - The Taste of Democracy

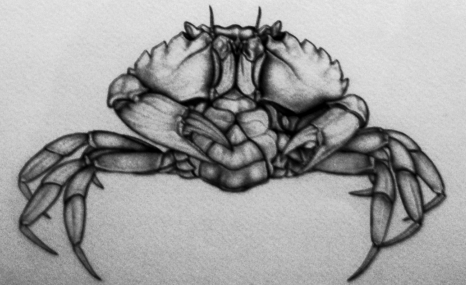
- MEMOREX** **FERRIC**
 SUPER
14. Faye Fontaine - Reasons why I cry.
 15. Elspeth Anne - Pile of Stones
 24. John Hight - Song of the Green
 25. BANS - Where is my Mind?
 26. Omar Hajed - Courtship Date

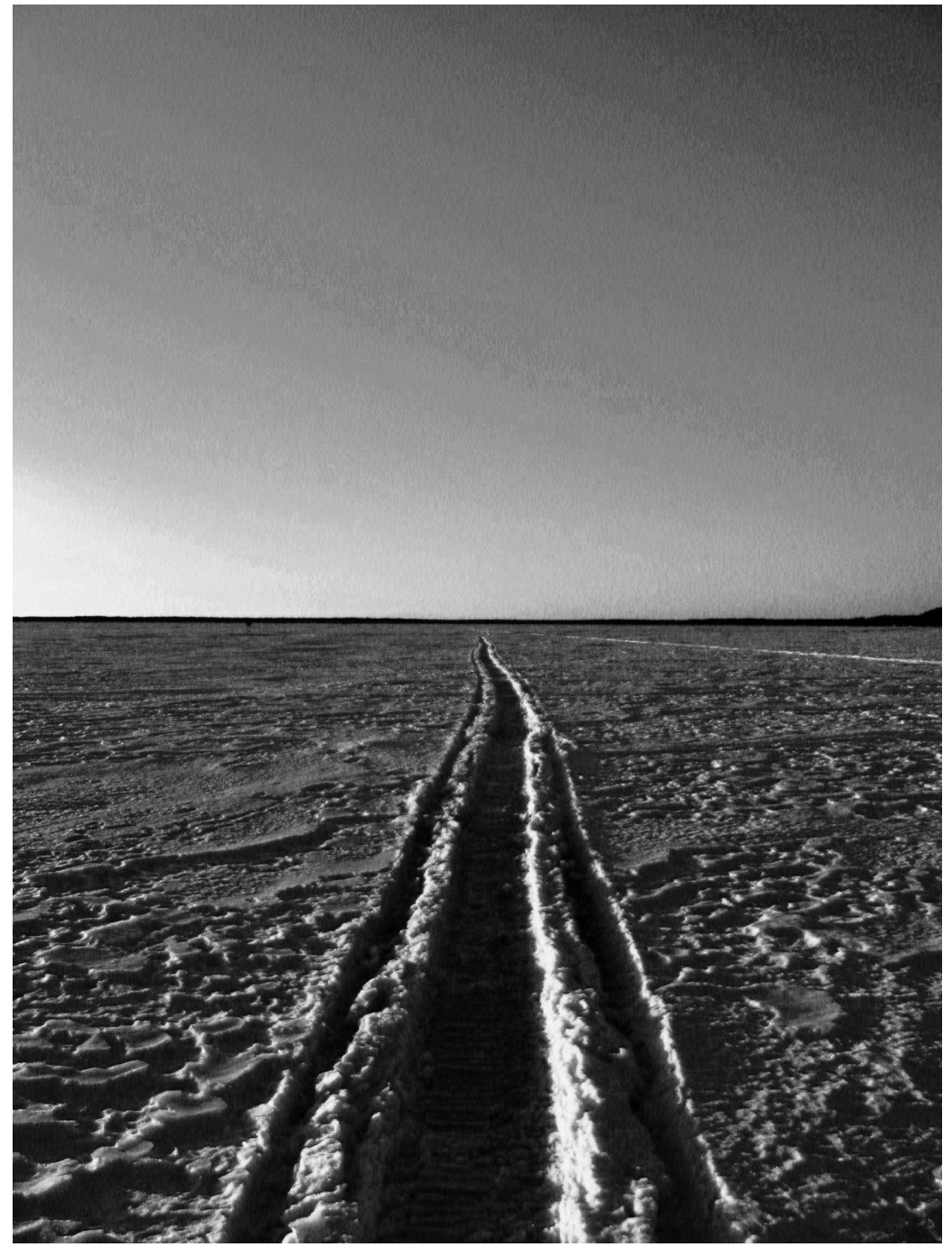
27. Gary & Norman - Five Easy Pieces
28. BIG BC (interview)
29. Omar Hajed - You'll be in the Air
30. Rex Birchmore - Terrors of the Nightlife
31. Lucy Basendale - Treefingers
32. Zahraa Awchi - In the Morning Light



Its just dots. ~~I have to stand up~~ my backs twisted
and my neck starts to ach. I dont really enjoy drawing
like this. I love the end results, and tunes to fall
In love with get me there. ~~And as far as~~ So
far the best ones will always be remembered in
these drawings.

"I wish you could hear what I hear when I'm
up there"





GET HUMAN



Toby from Get Human talks to Gravity's punk rock correspondent Gareth Postans...

(1) You got a long history of being in various punk rock bands and being involved in zines etc...what's your history?

Well I grew up in Watford and we had a really amazing music scene (though we didn't totally realise at the time - hence having to work through loads of different venues as us local kids aggravated community centre after rugby club and Common Rooms). The gigs that a couple of different folk put on (Mikey from Sikh/Sad Season, Lew an Rich from Captain Everything/The Social Club/The Steal/Sauna Youth) put on we're great and provided a safe place for 'alternative teenagers' to go which wasn't offered beyond drinking in the local park in Watford before that. We also got to see loads of bands like King Prawn, Capdown, Medulla Nocte and tons more including all the great local bands. So when I moved to Brighton for Uni in 2000 I was pretty keen to get involved so put my first gig on at the Uni Bar (Fire Apple Red and Captain Everything) which promptly got me banned drop putting on any more gigs there as a couple of punks got naked and danced on some tables. From there I just cracked on with gigs until I left Brighton for Leeds in 2010. Some of the gigs were great, some were awful but I learnt a lot and hopefully people had some fun, I also met some great folk which mean wherever I am in the world, there's usually some local punk I've had a previous chat with.

What's your top 3 poisons and how do they react together?

Magnum Tonic, Bane and sourdough bread, they react together perfectly

Have you received any sponsorship from Nissan yet?

Have I fuck, they aint interested

What's your best party trick?

Taking a valium, pissing everyone off and then falling asleep

Have you been to many fashion parties? What drugs are 'in' these days?

Never been to a fashion party, DONT DO DRUGS

What is the most amount of chains you've ever worn and what was the occasion?

I dunno like four, probably a house party

Do you have a message for the youth of today?

Lets colonize mars

Where do you hope to go with your next recordings?

I'm hoping i'll get someone else to make the beats, or i'll do a mixtape, and try and be better at rapping cause I suck.

In what ways do you keep it real, day to day?

Trying to do the opposite, thats how I keep it real.

THA BIG BC - INTERVIEWED.

We'll start from the beginning. Which particular mean streets did you originate from?

Well I grew up in the mean apple rows in Kent actually, but we did have to carry gats to shoot at the birds with

How did you first get into rap?

I made a £500 bet that I would have a number one rap album by the year 2020, so I gotta get my work on, if you know anyone that is making beats and would let me rap on them then get those btiches in touch

What are your primary lyrical concerns?

Dunno what the fuck this means, Maggi T, Bane, ass, whatever.

How would you handle a rap battle with Jay-Z should you ever find yourself in that circumstance?

I'd be like, Jay-Z, your a piece of shit, why dont you come here and suck my dick, like a real bitch cause thats what you is, my lyrics got your brain all up in tiz, I rap on beats you rap on marvin, your never hungry im allways starvin, but I keep shit real just like a star fish. Jay-z your undead and I mean hearless.

What about if you were up against that joker Heems? Would you pick on his size or his ironic flow?

Dunno who the fuck Heems is, Oh wait I do, Think I saw those tossers in the Thekla, they were all messed up on Vodka and being racist, and then my friend michael saw them in Barcelona and told them that there Bristol gig sucked cause they put on a bad show, hilarious.

When I was at Uni I also got really into zines after growing up with Fracture and Reason to Believe being massive influences. I put out (together with my mate Oli) a few issues of Tappin' Foot then six issues of The New Wave of Cut and Paste. I've written for a few others too and helped put on the Brighton Zine Fest for a few years before moving to Leeds. Perhaps one day I'll put a other out but there always seems to be another project in the way.

(2) You used to be a big dawg in Brighton but you're now you're larging it in Leeds... what's going on there?

Leeds is pretty ace, I moved here for work and family but always had a bit of a connection with the City with bands like Dauntless Elite and Offshore Radio. It's a great place to live, the music scene is amazing with tons of great venues like Wharf Chambers, The Brudenell, Full Circle, Santiago's and the new Belgrave Hall. The art scene is amazing if that's your thing and there's some great independent shops and places to eat. Theres a ton of great local bands like That Fucking Tank, Perspex Flesh, Nope, Jimmy Islip & The Ghosts, Matadors, Buzzkill, Two Trick Horse, Wilful Missing, Mi Mye and loads more. I've started putting on family friendly punk/indie matinees as 'Youth Anthems' and that's doing alright so far too.

(3) You got a new band 'Get Human' on the go now, what's the vibe?

Well we have a little thing on the net up at gothuman.wordpress.com so go check out what we sound like and where to see us. It's a great band to be in as it's five good friends meeting up each week to write songs and drink Rio and every now and again some lovely people ask us to play gigs. Sound wise Id like to think we sit somewhere between Snuff, Naked Raygun and The Thermals, so mid paced punk rock with some twinkly guitar lines over the top. We've put out one EP and have a song coming out on a Chopper cover album so keep an eye out for that one. Hopefully we'll be recording some new songs in the new year and we'll hopefully be popping down South again.

(4) With Frank Turner, Rocket from the Crypt, Professor Green and Enter Shikari all making their own beer...when can we see a 'Get Human/Toby Chelms' beer then?

Well I'm not a drinker myself and in Get Human only two out of the five of us booze so it would probably be a Ginger Beer as that's the drink of choice in the band. We have floated the idea of 'Get Hummus' but no retailers are biting yet. Might email Lidl to get their thoughts soon.

(5) As a big horror man, any good releases you've seen recently?

Grabbers was the surprise for me. I was expecting some shit background watching but what I saw was a great mix of Gremlins, Tremors and Critters. Highly recommended stuff. On the other hand I started watching the new Rob Zombie film Lords of Salem after being really into House of 1,000 Corpses but turned it off after 45 minutes as it was just badly acted, poorly scripted rubbish.

(6) Any gigs happening down south? I'm concerned you've become some sort of whippet walking character from 'Last of the summer wine'.

Ha ha! I'm totally out of the loop with gigs down South. Southern bands that I'm into though are Slow Science, Axes, Losing Sleep and The Social Club.

(7) Don't you miss sunny Watford?

Hmm! I miss the good people of Watford and do try and visit when I can. Jokes aside Watford is actually shaping up nicely. The music scene there continues with the We Jam Econo dudes as there's a great new cafe/record shop opened - The LP Cafe so drop in if you're in the area.

(8) How's the lower league footy near you? Any favourite teams?

I've not been able to make many games but did see York destroy Wimbledon which was pretty ace! Guisley and Farsley are good lower league local teams and I've never lived somewhere with such intense fans for the main team (I think visiting bands might be getting fed up with the 'Leeds! Leeds! Leeds! chanting now).

(9) I'm hungry, what you having for breakfast?

Quorn sausages, baked beans on toast with a nice black filter coffee. The best way to start the day.

(10) Any final words of wisdom for the wonderful readers of Gravity?

Cheers for reading, if you're bored online have a gander at youthanthems.wordpress.com and pop along to a gig. Keep reading zines!

Five easy pieces

Norman:

With a bitter disenfranchised air, Jack Nicholson plays Bobby "Eroica" Dupea, that's his name by the way, just in case you missed that, the 70's eh? (nice name douche) who goes about his severe lack of business with the empathy of a parasite. Working on oil rigs after giving up on a career as a concert pianist Nicholson delivers with a callous, manipulative, unfaithful character which you could really grow to loathe if you met him in reality. From a brilliantly cast background of a very rich, high cultured, family, living on their own private part of a small island, Bobby both shuns and on some level is still seen to have some connection with, his family; especially his sister, another more successful, yet (as a want to live up to her family's expectations) explicatively as depressed musician. After finding his girlfriend, with a touching performance by Karen Black, from wanting to walk the earth, settling is uneasy for him. He, soon after, crawls back home after the news of his very ill father, with the partial aid of his severely mistreated other half, hilarity doesn't ensue.

Although beautifully shot by Bob Raphelson, the sparse connection of Nicholson's character from any sort of at least sympathy, makes for disjointed viewing, as he furthers himself more and more away from any personification as a protagonist, preferring to play the antagonist all the way through; yet very well, resulting in de-railed train crash porn.

Barry:

I'd seen this film before but all I remembered was a bit where he's in a café and gets in a flap because he can't order toast. I think this bit is meant to be about the absurdity of blind adherence to meaningless and arbitrary regulations imposed by structures of authority, but surely an anti-hero such as Bobby has bigger fish to fry, if you'll excuse the indelicately blended metaphors. Maybe the point is, he actually doesn't. It's kind of like

OLD FILM CORNER, WITH BARRY AND NORMAN.

Rebel Without a Cause, but he's quite old, and there's not even any kind of implicit purpose to his rebellion. He just doesn't fit in anywhere. He's never happy. Maybe the protagonist has some kind of personality disorder. There are times where you think he is being philosophically authentic when actually he's just kind of a pain in the arse. I did enjoy this film though. All the characters seem to have been thought through, and even relatively minor characters have interesting quirks. And the sex scene was quite good.

Norman:

The themes discuss polygamy, fidelity, the creative spirit, and smell somewhat tainted by an unhealthy dose of misogynistic jizz. Having said that, it's great! The arguments for either side are well based in a healthy depth of each character for the time frame that it works with. The script reads like some inexplicably subtle version of Dallas, with twists and turns which maybe could have been explored more, and has a plot twist which you may or may not see coming, underpinning the independence of the main character. But hindsight is 3/4

Barry:

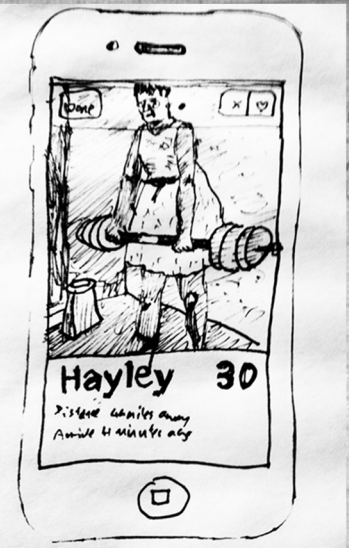
Do you mean 20:20? I used to have really good eyesight. Sort of supersight. I could read a couple of extra lines on the chart. Somebody once told me this extra acuity was a kind of disability in itself. Since being a film reviewer however, I have developed slightly sub par vision - not bad enough to really warrant glasses, and when I wear them I feel like a bit of a fake, but I do actually see better with them. I also seemed to have developed a tendency to drift away from the point. I don't know whether this is related to my eyesight or not. What were we talking about?

TINDER ALGORITHM

To calculate compatibility (C):

$$\left(\frac{\text{Subjective attractiveness}}{\text{perceived objective attractiveness}} \times 100 \right)$$

$$+ \left(\frac{\text{averaged image ratio of smile} + \text{clothing} + \text{posture}}{\text{quality of photo}} \right)$$



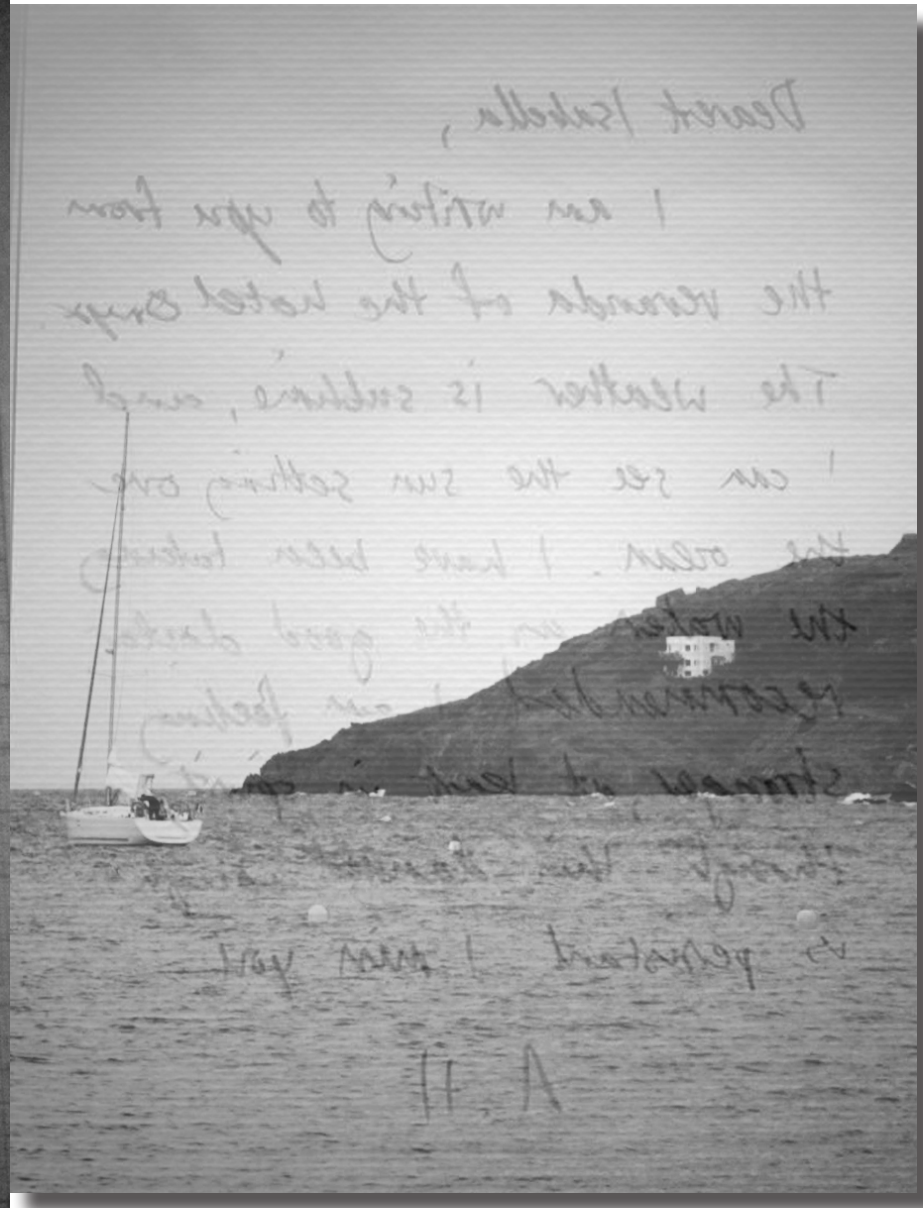
$$+ \left(\text{compositional} \right)$$

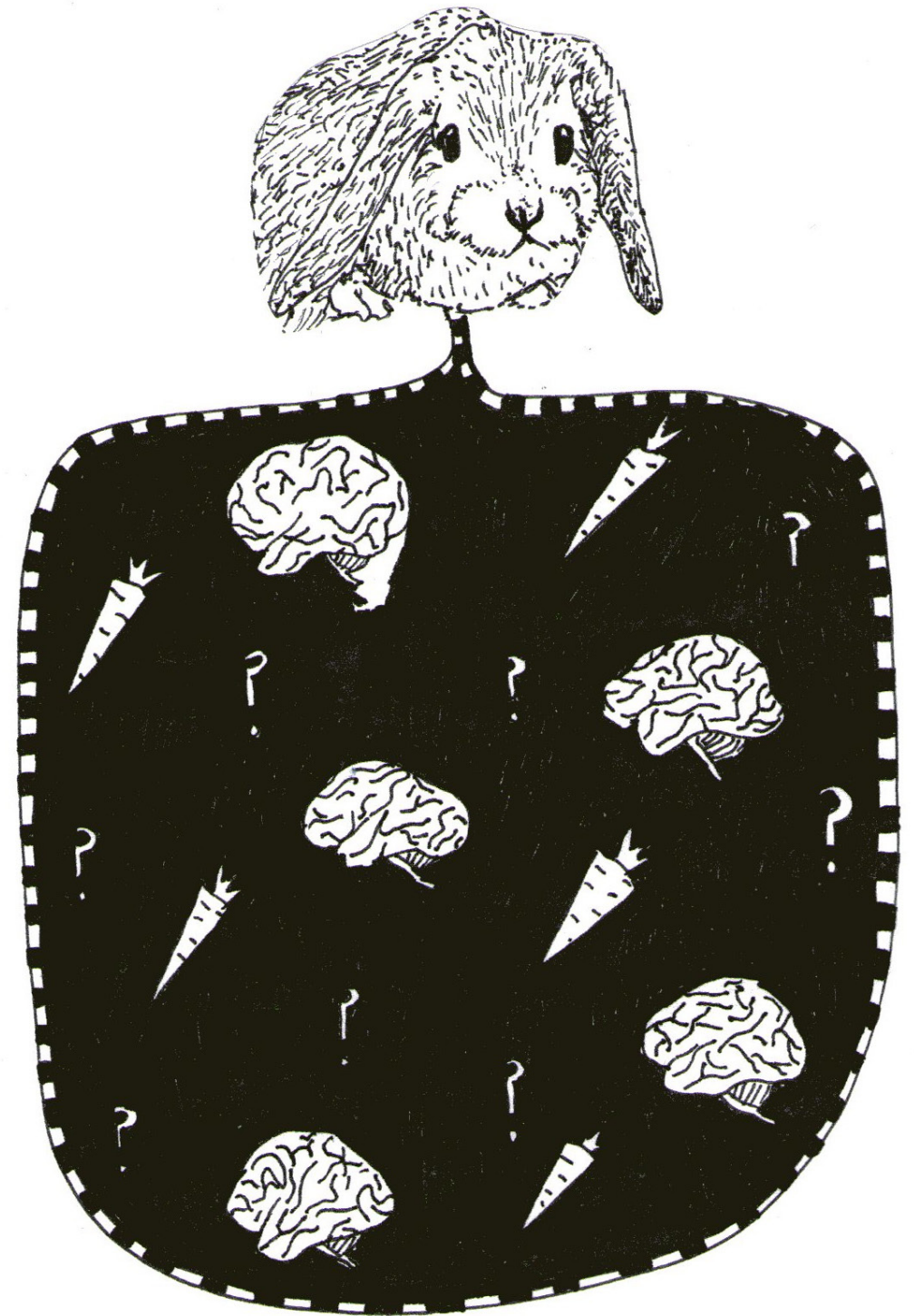
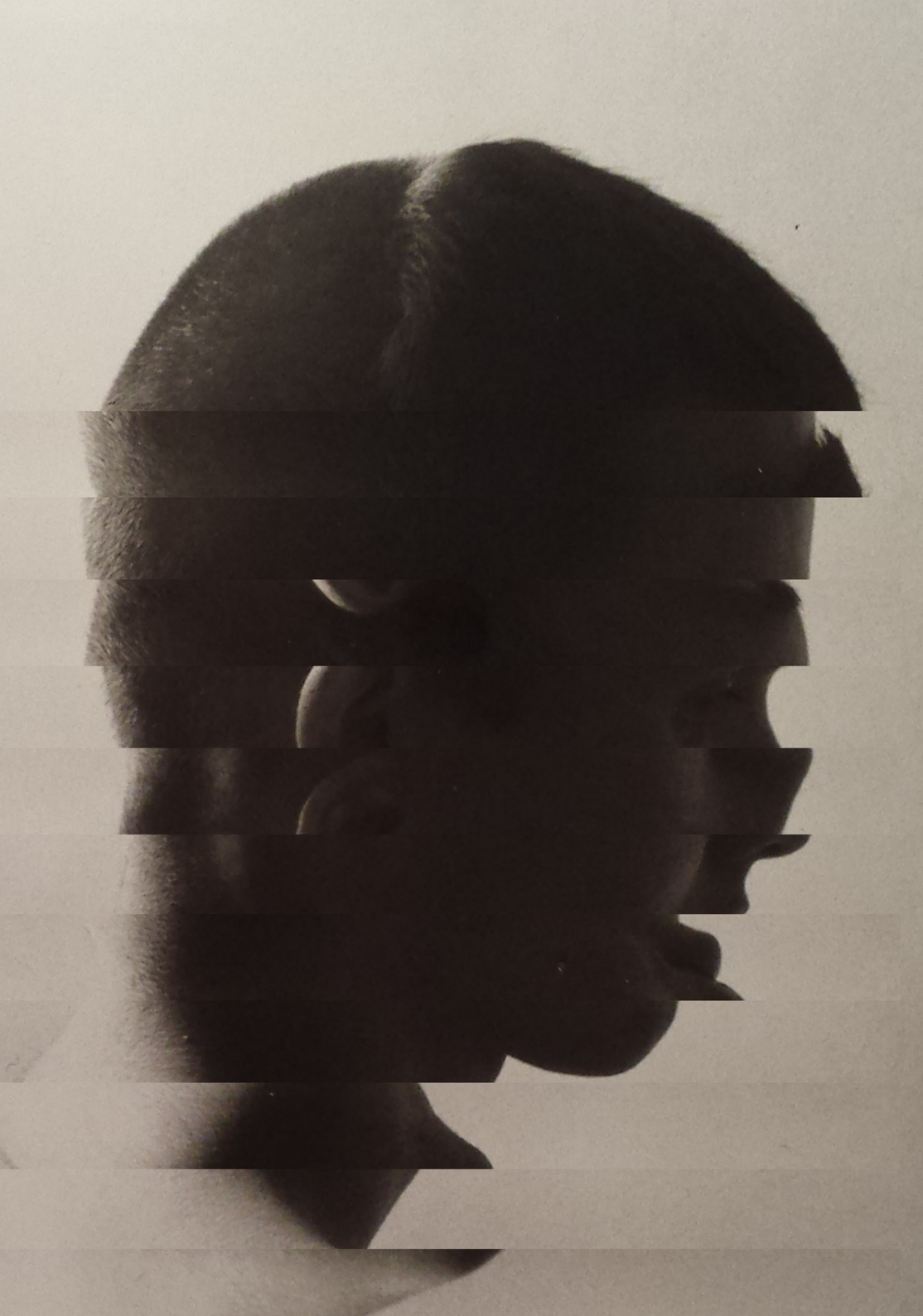
$$+ \sqrt{\left(\text{facial symmetry} \times \text{warmth of smile} \right)}$$

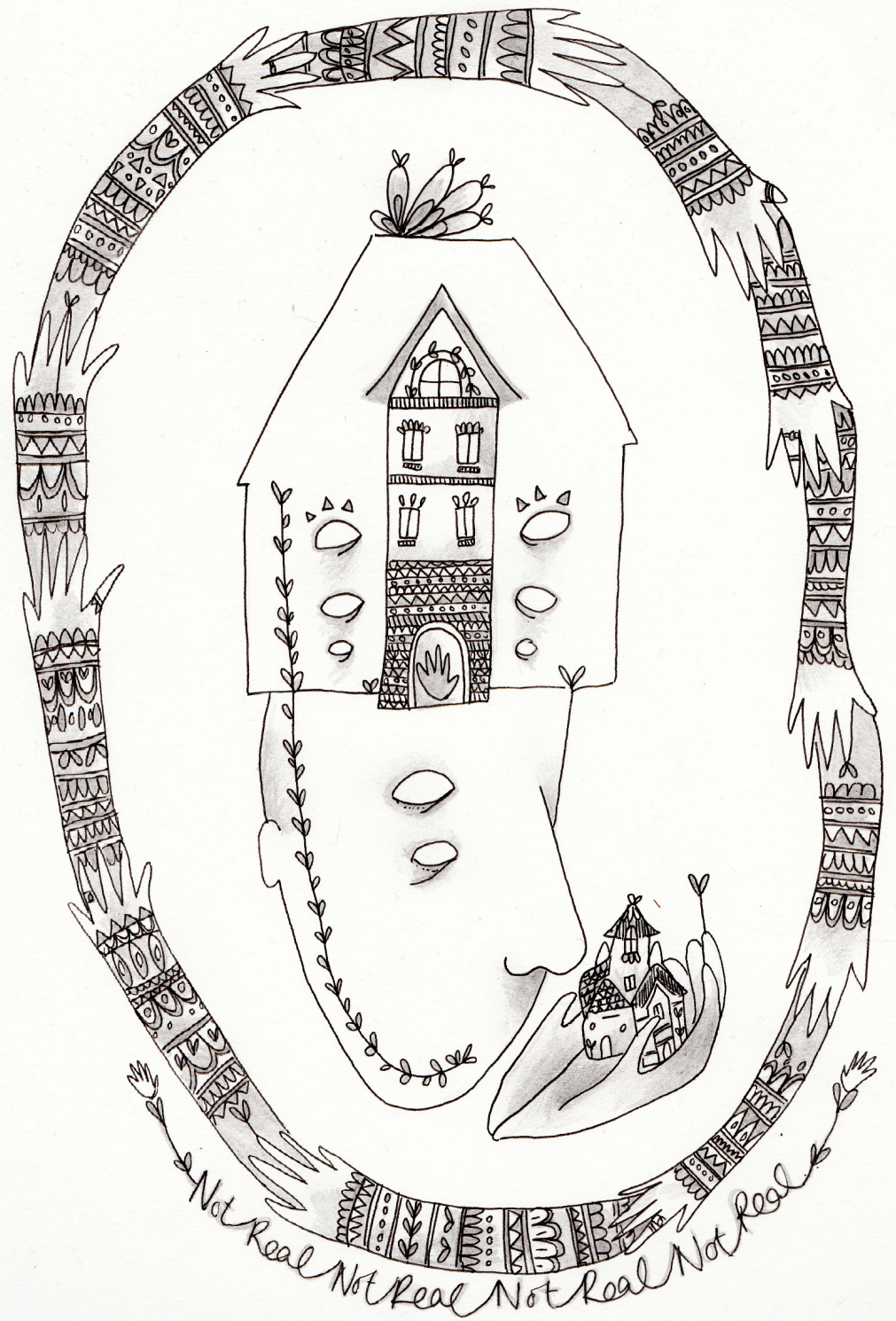
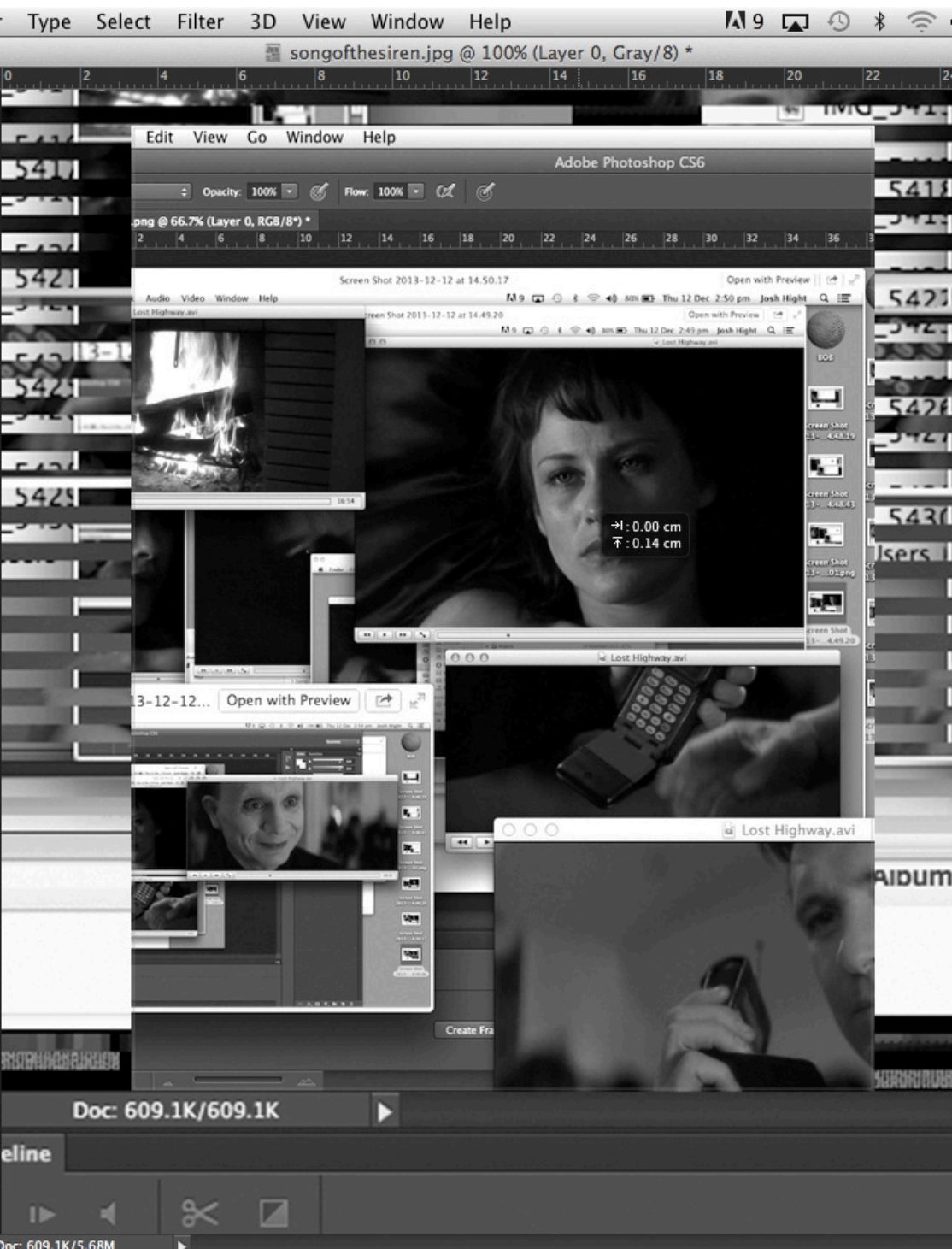
$$+ \left(\frac{\text{vividness or depth of eye colour} + \text{intensity of make up}}{\text{intensity of make up}} \right)$$

$$+ 3 \left(\frac{\text{hobbies in common} + \text{friends in common}}{\text{friends in common with exes}} \right)$$

$$- \left(\frac{\text{height difference}}{12} \right) + \frac{20}{16} = C$$



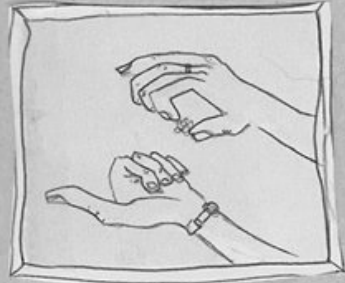




Project : L.2.A.S.U.H.H.B.4

(Listen to a song you haven't heard before)

Method #3



Scrumch a piece of paper
into a ball shape



Close eyes, and drop ball shape paper
on a something, perhaps a zine



Maybe the ball shaped paper landed
on a word. Maybe it landed on
a colour, a shape, a line, your foot, the floor.



Use the thing the ball shaped paper
landed on to search for a song
Go for it man! Listen to the first song on
the list that you haven't heard before

Disclaimer : It might not work you might not like it it might be a rubbish song you might not want to and that's okay.

Musical link: The Chuetruks
Democracy spawns bad taste

EA 2013



The Taste of Democracy Interactive Art

In response to Grayson Perry's Reith lectures, Colour, de-face, embellish, do whatever you want to this portrait.
Take a photo and tweet me @Tomei_Highway.1. My favourite will receive this signed original.

We are not yet lovers again actually, but, because my name has been added to a playlist on YouTube (it now reads: 'Research playlist for Lisa;Evie;Molly;Jenny; Maggie&Llew'), I am listening to a different music.

One of the tracks is a song by Boards of Canada. There is a repeated lyric: 'come out and live in a religious community in a beautiful place out in the country'.

I have taken a hiatus from London, it is September and the summer has been exhausting. At The Hermitage of the Awakened Heart in North Wales I have some space to wear through this hangover and take pause.



On my laptop more than 50 gigs of audio recordings, pdf's of Buddhist texts – historical/ practical – fragments of Tibetan liturgy, dictionaries have gathered, gifted to me from three or four sources. In the Himalayas, on the Buddhist circuit, bootlegged dharma is exchanged. By day, at the Hermitage, mostly sorting through this is how I spend my time.

In a Beautiful Place Out in the Country

In the evenings we sing songs, dohas, spontaneous expressions of realisation uttered by great meditators of the past. We sing this verse of Nagajuna: Like a dream, like an illusion, like a city of gandharvas/ That's how birth and that's how living/ That's how dying are taught to be.

One of us

Nana Evans

After countless generations of dire warning, and, more recently, accurate advice and effective contraception, our youth still have unprotected sex, so perhaps I shouldn't be surprised at humankind's determined escalation towards global warming. After all, it has been said by people far wiser and more ancient than myself, "The more Rome burns, the harder we fiddle." You can divide the reactions into the following: pessimists, "it's too late to do anything". Optimists, "it would be nice if it was a bit warmer" or "it wont happen till after my time". Fatalists, "I can't make any difference, and what choice do I have – public transport? Ha-ha!" Finally, the conscientious objectors, that tiny minority who are reluctant to contribute to global warming, the suckers who insist on swimming against the tide, they have plenty of options, they can:

- Walk
- Cycle
- Rail
- Bus
- Car-rental
- Finally there is the Marie Antoinette option, let them stay at home!

So this rant is by way of an introduction, to an interrupted return-journey on a miserable cold day in November, along with hundreds of other passengers, and please bear in mind we are not sitting in warm metal boxes listening to the afternoon play on radio 4, we are standing on a cold and increasingly crowded platform, trying to keep toddlers quiet, talking on mobiles, while the minutes crawl by.

Mercifully, eventually, we are herded onto a train, warmer than the platform, though many of us are still standing. My eye catches that of an older anonymous-looking man standing next to me, I roll my eyes and mutter "This is the alternative to global warming, it really breaks my heart, I only hope there is a god, that there is someone in charge of all this mess!"

(The only advantage to delays on trains over traffic jams, is that proximity and joint misery can lead to interesting encounters, but this encounter turned out to be much more interesting than most.)

I really wasn't expecting an answer, but he says, with an almost apologetic authority, "Well there is and there isn't."

"There is a god and there isn't?"

"Well no, there is a god, it's more a question of how much I'm in charge! I suppose having gone this far, I ought to introduce myself, I am god."

As we shake hands, I say "Really? I'm named after a minor Norse goddess."

To my utter surprise, he seems to find this really amusing, he bursts into laughter and chuckles for several minutes before saying "Let me tell you, not one of them would describe themselves as minor! Which one?"

"Nana," I answer. He is still chuckling, I feel a bit out of my depth, "so umm do they exist as well?" I fish.

This question seemed to sober him up, "They do, they most certainly do, more's the pity, in fact you could say they are responsible for all of this," despite the crowded space he manages to wave his arm expansively, indicating the world in general.

"Tell you what, lets make ourselves more comfortable," At this point any scepticism I might have had as to his sanity evaporated, in a Harry Potter moment two seats appeared. As we settled in he pulled a flask out his pocket and offers me a cup of tea. After the long wait, anything wet would have been very welcome, but I swear, this is absolutely delicious.

"That's better. Maybe I should start at the beginning, I guess you could say the whole thing started when the gods got their hands on the celestial chemistry set, and what do you think was the first

thing they made?"

I think out loud, "Boys, chemistry set, I guess it would have to be explosives, or fireworks?" He rolled his eyes, "Exactly. But of course that wasn't enough. They then attached fireworks to arrows and played war, until two arrows collided which created an almighty explosion. I take it you've heard of Big Bang?"

"So that's what caused Big Bang?"

"Yup" he says wearily, "it was a complete mess. I was obliged to step in the role of Great Headmaster, I summoned them all together and told them in no uncertain terms that they were going to have sort out this mess. The gods were reluctant but sheepish; the goddesses were incensed, after all they hadn't done anything, as they didn't hesitate to emphasise. I put my foot down and bullied them into creating atoms, molecules and so forth.

"Gradually we worked our way up in scale, creating stars and planets. They were working in teams, and eventually their competitiveness started to get in the way again. They started lobbing things at each other's planets. One team complained to me that another had knocked a great lump out of one of their planets, earth as it happens. Make a feature of it, I suggested. Next thing I knew, they were competing over who could get the most moons rotating around their planets. By the time they had made the rings around Saturn, I had realised something: they are a lot less trouble when they are kept busy. It was time for another project.

"The project I came up with was Life. I supplied each team with a fish tank and some simple life-forms. When I came back to see how they were getting on, they reported that these life-forms were very boring, they kept going belly-up. You see, being immortal, their first lesson was the concept of death, which meant they had to invent reproduction. It was a good way of keeping them busy."

He paused to pour us both another cup of tea, before continuing. "So they made their way through a huge variety of life forms, getting progressively more complex, I made sure the conditions kept changing so they had to work hard on adaptations. Dinosaurs kept them very busy, actually I suspect I took my eye off the ball a bit during that era, they certainly got very competitive with the size of these creatures. They still reckon I was out of order when I sent that meteor, but really it was high time for a new phase in the Life Project, and it certainly opened new and unimaginable opportunities, including of course, you guys. But, boy, I can tell you, you are just so much more interesting than dinosaurs!"

"We are?" I am surprised by the look of earnest sincerity on his face.

"Immeasurably my dear, and you've taught us so much!"

I am puzzled at this, what can we teach except laziness, greed and selfishness, hardly desirable qualities. "Do you mean reverse lessons?" Now he is looking puzzled, "I mean for instance that Hitler would have more to teach than Mother Theresa,"

"My dear I think you are being a bit hard on your species! There is most certainly a place for reverse lessons, but how about endurance in the face of adversity, loyalty, conscience, and then there's use of tools, development of language, for instance, but especially psychology, you have taught us so much. Though we still have lots to learn, and they are of course quite resistant to applying what they learn to themselves. But we have plenty of time."

"So all this learning, what is the end objective, enlightenment?"

"Enlightenment," he says the word slowly, savouring it, "yes that would be wonderful!"

"So it's them rather than us who need enlightenment?"

"Enlightenment is never wasted," he looks at me, "are you disappointed?"

"No, I don't think I was ever in danger of achieving enlightenment."

I am suddenly struck by something that intrigues me. "Tell me, does all life come about by a process of evolution, sometimes I see things that I'm sure must have been designed on a drawing board?"

"Well to be honest it is a bit of a combination. Here I can show you an example you might like to see. This is a draught of the blueprint of womankind which Venus proposed," he draws a roll of paper from an inside pocket and hands it to me. Unlike a normal roll of paper, it doesn't need to be firmly trapped but stays obediently flat when unrolled. It is a drawing of a naked woman with long wavy locks flowing from the crotch and underarms as well as the head. I glance at him, he is

So many of the bands destroyed, highlights being the full-on party that was Municipal Waste's set, beach balls and blow up dolls bounced across the crowd, a seemingly endless string of bikini clad girls surfed across the pit as Municipal Waste blasted out their crossover brand of thrash. Pig Destroyer tore apart the second stage in one of the most violent, intense mosh-pits I have ever seen, ambulances came and dragged the fallen from the maddening hordes. Then Gwar stepped to the stage with their full on horror show, drenching their ravenous fans with fake blood, fake vomit and even fake semen whilst playing their satirical and controversial back log of songs. After a gory reenactment of the crucifixion of Christ, where Gwar and their slaves tore the flesh of Jesus throwing it into the crowd with a slurry of fake gore the heavens decided to open on what had been a beautifully sunny Virginian summers day heralding the end of the 4th Annual Gwar-B-Q. Getting into a taxi to head back into Richmond a guy who we'd previously seen wandering around sticking his face into a giant bag of white powder asked whether he could hitch a ride into downtown with us, announcing that he just wanted to "continue getting fucked up, go to a strip club and look at them titties!" and with those words summed up what had been an awesomely fun yet slightly deranged day.

N K Farr

www.facebook/NKFarrPhotography



Title: 'Metal Metal Land' by Gwar off the LP Lust In Space (2009)

Gwar is a 'shock-rock' Heavy Metal band from Richmond, Virginia, USA, since 2010 they have been holding a one day festival in their hometown of Richmond during the summer months named Gwar-B-Q, a celebration of all good things, Booze, Bands and BBQ.

This year happened to be the 4th Annual Gwar-B-Q and was held at Hadad's Water Park just south of Richmond and just as previous years, the events line-up of bands proved to be some of the most in-your-face, brashest, scummiest and loudest that America could throw up, culminating with a performance from Gwar themselves. One thing to note is Gwar fans are nuts, balls-out crazy and Gwar-B-Q was full to capacity with them, from the Gwarriors the ultimate gang of miscreants dressed head-to-toe as their idols, fucking duct-tape mace and everything to those covered in gore carrying mutilated dolls and an army of guys wandering around, even moshing in the pits, stark bollock naked. The pits at Gwar-B-Q were insane, the one by the main-stage had been named the 'dust-bowl' as clouds of dust got kicked up as the naked and often half naked revellers brutally threw each other around with a fun sense of malice.

looking at me with a wry smile.

"Yes, when she showed me this, I pointed and said "what's all this?" She looked at me like I was a complete idiot, call myself God! She put her hand on her hip and said "Hair!" "Jesus Christ" I said "this is going to be a species of hairdressers!" "And?" she said, like there could be no greater calling. Well I put my foot down; I accepted the hair on the head but restricted the rest to 1cm. I've never seen her so furious, she was absolutely hopping. She doesn't know that I know, but she sneaked in to where they working on mankind, and made a teeny weeny change in the male genome which has resulted in men going bald as they get older. However that didn't put her mind at rest, she brooded over it until she finally came up with the idea of coiling the hair so it would pass the 1cm rule."

"Well I can't tell you how glad I am! Can you imagine all the loose hairs? We'd have to have monster vacuum cleaners, and every time we had a bath! I shudder.

"Have you considered short hair?" unconsciously he passes his hand over his thinning pate. (Does God do things unconsciously?)

"That only solves one problem and causes several others: you have to make frequent appointments at the hairdresser, they don't always hear what you want, leaving you with a cut that seems to take ages to grow enough, moreover it costs good money. When it's long I can trim it myself, it's not so much that I am tight, but I don't really care what I look like any more, I only have to see myself when I look in the mirror. And to be honest I've given up hope of love"

"You've lost hope?" he looks at me with concern.

"No, I've given it up! I am hope-free." Oh dear, I sound so strict, this is God I'm talking to! "I used to think that the menopause was wrongly named, after all men don't get it, now I realize it pauses interest in men.

"I do wish I'd known I was going to meet you, I know that when it's too late, dozens of questions will occur to me. When I was a kid I used to have my three wishes ready just in case I met my fairy godmother, I still do but in a tongue in cheek way."

"Really, and what are they?"

"First if all, I would wipe vine weevils off the face of the earth, I'm a gardener, so I hate them with a passion!"

"So I can hear, and what's your second?"

"I could really do with a new set of teeth for my dotage, if you're looking for an idea to improve humankind, another set of teeth in our forties would be really useful! Hang on!" a thought occurs to me, I narrow my eyes at him, "You wouldn't be politely diverting me from asking things like the ultimate question?"

An eyebrow notches up as he says "And what would that be?"

"Well when they do eventually achieve enlightenment, do we all get to pack up and go home?"

"Now that would be the ultimate question, but don't you feel that I've told you quite enough already?"

"Absolutely! I can just see myself as the next messiah!"

He puts his head in his hands, "Oh please tell me you're not going to start yet another religion."

"Don't worry, they put me off religion completely at school. In fact even if you wanted me to I'd be hesitant, and I'd need to a lot more information - like why you are saddled with these gods and goddesses," an anxious look has come over his face, "don't worry I'm not expecting an answer, although there is one more thing I would like ask, are you in disguise or is this what you really look like?"

"No, this me blending in. Mind you, this may all seem a bit of a dream.."

And that was his parting gesture, because next thing I knew, the train guard was shaking me by the shoulder to tell me that we were at the end of the line. You can believe what you like but I know it was no dream.

Morbid Breed

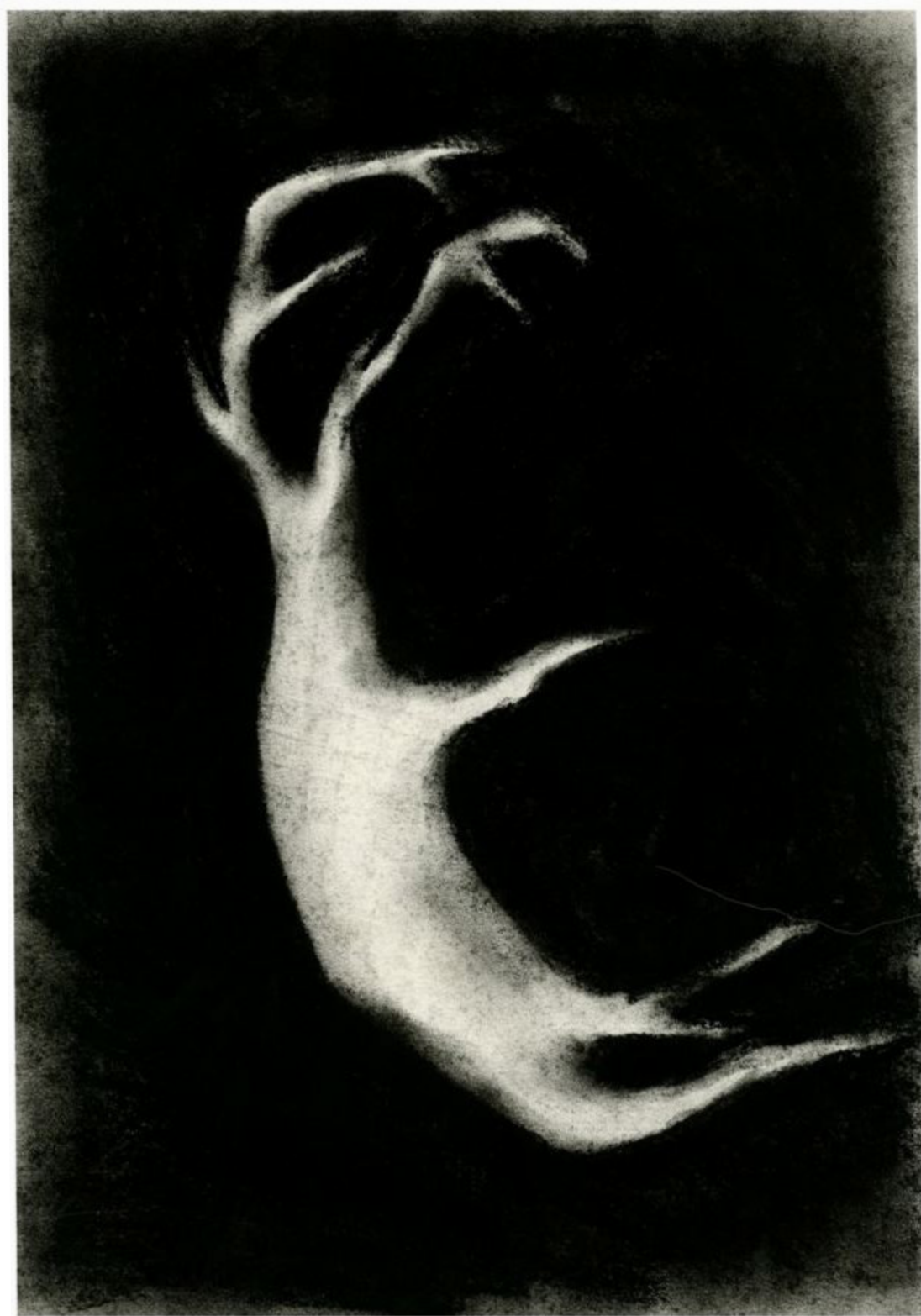


I have always had an interest and fascination with Black Metal, having read much literature on the subject of the original Norwegian movement but regardless of this I have never been to or seen Black Metal live event so when I saw the promotion for the event entitled 'Gathering Of The Morbid' presented by Sinister Stench productions and featuring an all UK Black Metal line up with London's Necro Ritual headlining and Towers Of Flesh, Cultfinder, Pale Mist and Absinthropy as the other acts performing I decided to head to The Gryphon in Bristol for my first live experience of Black Metal.

The room in the Gryphon where it was all being held was decidedly small and as it filled out became more and more claustrophobic which added to the atmospheric sound of the first two bands, Absinthropy and Pale Mist, the atmosphere began to change into something far more brutal as the furious blast beats of blackened thrash band, Cultfinder took charge, through to the truly gut-wrenchingly evil sound of Towers Of Flesh. By the time Necro Ritual took to the stage the crowd gathered were very much in a frenzied, ravenous state, cries



DEKIDE-SERPENTS OF THE LIGHT



of “Satan” filled the air as the lead singer swung the rotting stag skull that had been attached to the mic stand provocatively in the air above the revellers. As the set continued things took a very chaotic and sinister turn as violence soon erupted amongst the audience as the ever enveloping aggression took hold, as Sinister Stench Productions Joe Knight expressed in a statement after the event, “



in a trio, again representing the sibling troop. They continue with an upbeat harmonisation showing their naïve, playful and joyful happiness. The voice is used as an instrument to explore the elements of music itself such as unison, canon and counterpoint. This formalism is used in Mount Wittenberg Orca, not purely in itself, but creates and expresses the characters nature.

Sharing Orb

Mother whale responds with a brooding complaint to Amber/humans about the threats to her family and the pilfering of the sea as simply another resource. Bjork's voice is a perfect carrier and a passionate cry at the unjustness of how the sea, which the whales feel is a nurturing body to be respected, is conquered by humans.

No Embrace

Here is a pensive response from Amber (David singing) to the mother's emotional outburst. It's an ambiguous message of understanding from Amber about her collective guilt, but also a defence of her personal actions, or lack of them.

We All Are

This is a conversation between Amber and the whales. Starting with a melancholy longing call for connection, it shows the disconnection between inhabitants of land and sea. Slowly more voices join in as they find each other until the climax wherein there is a joint realisation that we are all entwined: "we looked in each others eyes and realised that we are only one". This is, in part, hopeful, an important joint future is envisioned, where we are equals and equally important to the future of the world. It is also contemplatively overwhelming and despondent...if 'we are only one' how can a future be imagined when there is such imbalance of power? The piece closes with the following line: "All in all is all we are". Is it a daunting vision of a stark limited future? Is this a mindful call for us to enjoy the present in which we are? Or a hopeful call for change?

Proceeds from the album were donated to the National Geographic's Oceans Initiative for marine protection.

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Dirty Projectors and Bjork - Mount Wittenberg Orca: A Reading

As a seven-song suite structure, Mount Wittenberg Orca is more of a contemporary composition than indie album. Displaying references to opera, the vinyl version of the piece includes what could be described as a libretto, containing a summary of the plot, characters and the text (or lyrics) itself. Listening to it in its entirety rewards the listener with a moving narrative, inspired by Amber Coffman's experience whilst hiking near Mount Wittenberg. The narrative explores conversations and relationships between human spectator and a pod of whales. Bjork plays the part of mother whale, while Amber Coffman, Haley Dekle and Angel Deradoorian are the whale calves. Dave Longstreth plays the part of Amber, who, while walking the mountain, spots the whales. The instrumentation is sparse, inhabiting a background space and providing a landscape for the vocal exploration.

Ocean

Mount Wittenberg Orca opens with sombre whale and calf voices, laid out upon the vibrational hum of the double bass - reminiscent of engines and man-made machinery. With these two stripped down sounds, we have human meeting animal, where land meets sea. Are the whales' voices a conversation between mother and children? An alarm call? A warning to Amber? Or the sound of the vast ocean? It's an eerie opener, setting the scene of an ambiguous, unknown territory.

On and Ever Onward

The calves quickly jump into a playful banter before mother whale sings of living in water. The calves join mother in unison for the joyful family chorus 'our love is all around us'. As mother, Bjork's voice is perfect - mature, unique, and simultaneously clement and strong. The calves' voices interweave, sometimes join in unison and sing in counterpoint. Their voices represent the sibling troop: displaying their likeness, and their individual identities, as well as their ability to harmonise as individuals in part of a collective.

When the World Comes to an End

An earnest retelling of a life affirming moment of overwhelming joy, this is the moment that Amber sees the pod whales. David (as Amber) sings to the whales of her love for them and the beauty of the experience.

Beautiful Mother

This is an innocent song from the calves about their mother. The calves sing

REASONS WHY I CRY – FAYE FONTAINE

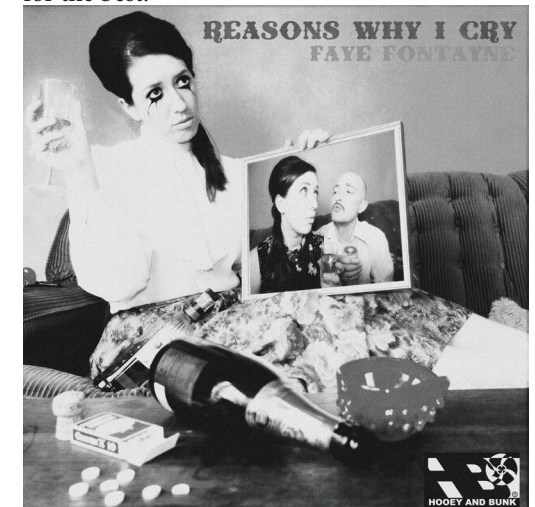
forgotten albums reconsidered,
by David Marshall Mahoney

People often make claims for undiscovered classics, hidden among the debris of cultural saturation. Great works of genius confined to landfill and dusty corners of charity shops due to bad timing, critical indifference, poor luck, and general incomprehension. This is not one of those records.

Reasons Why I Cry was released in 1963 to moderate success in Europe, and a slow-burning but zealous following in Brazil. It did nothing here or in the US. This neglect is understandable but undeserved. While neither groundbreaking or technically accomplished (the production in particular is somewhat tepid, and doesn't do the songs any favours. The strings seem a little tacked on, late in production perhaps, and the reverb and stereo splitting is rather crude...) all that considered it is still a fascinating document of the time, and also of the life of an interesting performer.

The title track hints and profound melancholy behind the slightly schmaltzy arrangements, backed up in what biographical snippets exist. Little is known about Faye Fontaine, but after a little digging one can discover a painful failed marriage, alcohol dependency, and a smattering of on-stage breakdowns among the usual glacial detachment that characterised her performances in France during the mid to late 70s. She appeared to disappear at the end of this period until a fairly successful reunion tour with two of her original backing band in 1988. She died alone in a hotel room in Andorra aged 53, apparently of heart failure.

The lyrical content of the album doesn't stand out particularly among the other pop songs of the era, though among the clichéd theme closer scrutiny belies a modernist sensibility that nods towards Scott Walker's output around the same time as well as perhaps suggesting a familiarity with T.S. Eliot's poetry. (Some of the tone of voice and even imagery seem to be subtly borrowed from Prufrock...). Behind the poised slightly breathy vibrato vocals is a stoic distance through which you feel like Ms Fontaine knew all these woes were coming long before. Within a somewhat prosaic complaint about a lovers infidelity is an absurdist's grasp of the utter futility of human endeavour. Underneath that is yet another layer, barely perceptible, the quiet echoes of which are the terrifying loneliness of a traveller passing through endless woodlands with the clipped whispering of shadowed owls underlining the terrible silence, which is not an absence of sound but actually rather a presence of such vast emptiness that it is indeterminably vast and endless. This record will probably never surface now, it is long out of print, the master tapes were seemingly destroyed, and there are no known copies on sale except for the odd third generation cassette. Perhaps it is for the best.





26. SEE YOU NEW IN WORK! BYEEEEEE
 TITANIC
 (Illustration of a ship sinking)

27. GUINNESS WORLD RECORD FOR TIME WITHOUT WASHING
 (Illustration of a woman with a clock)

28. YOU ARE NOT IN MY FUTURE
 (Illustration of a person in a futuristic suit)

29. CLIFF RICHARD FAN CLUBS
 (Illustration of a person with a fan club sign)

30. NUDIST COLONY IN SCOTLAND
 *NO CLOTHES ALLOWED
 apply at calidbits@scot.gov.uk

31. BEM ME UP SCOTTY
 (Illustration of a man in a kilt)

32. LO SIENTO, NO HABLO INGLES
 (Illustration of a woman)

33. (MUM) FANCY ASHING CORN
 LOOKING FOR: HIDE TIMES NOT LOOKING FOR: A RELATIONSHIP
 (Illustration of a person with a corn cob)

34. NO, I DON'T TAKE YOU!
 (Illustration of a woman with a basket)

35. * * * UH OH * * *
 (Illustration of a UFO)

36. BYEEEEE
 (Illustration of a person waving)

37. I'M GIVING YOU UP FOR LENT
 (Illustration of a woman)

38. HINDENBURG
 SEE YOU IN THE USA!
 (Illustration of a zeppelin)

39. I CAN ONLY MARRY YOU IF YOU FIT THIS SHOE
 (Illustration of a woman with a shoe)

41. I AM NOT YOUR GIRLFRIEND I AM ZEE FRENCHTWIN
 (Illustration of a woman with a mustache)

42. I MAY BE SOME TIME
 (Illustration of a person with a clock)

43. ME AND YOUR MUM HAVE BECOME RATHER CLOSE...
 (Illustration of a woman and a man)

44. I'M THE NEW DOCTOR
 (Illustration of a doctor)

45. @YOU ARE #BUMPED
 I @ STEPHEN FRY
 SEE YOU THEN #MOOT
 (Illustration of a person with a smartphone)

46. I'M OFF TO KISS THIS FROG + HOPE FOR A PRINCE
 (Illustration of a woman with a frog)

47. FOUND THE NAME FOR THIS
 (Illustration of a sign)

48. OH DON'T MENTION DID I NOT THAT?
 POLICE IDENTITY CARD
 (Illustration of a person with a card)

49. I'M GOING ON TOUR WITH TAKE THAT
 (Illustration of a group of people)

50. MUTUALLY, WITH A HUG
 (Illustration of a person with a hug)

51. I'M SORRY
 (Illustration of a person with a speech bubble)

Illustration by Lucy
 story-house.co.uk

50 WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER

1. TA-DA!

2. I DNT LUV U NE MORE

3. 
4. *The only way I'm going to be a but*

5. 'DO YOU LIKE MY NEW TATTOO?'

6. I'M OFF TO JOIN THE CIRCUS

7. I'VE BECOME A VIRGIN QUEEN

8. THE TIMES YOU ARE SINGLE

9. ME + YOU + DAD HAVE BECOME RATHER CLOSE...

10. 'DO YOU LIKE MY NEW INVISIBILITY CLOAK?'

11. BIEEEEE

12. I JOINED UP

13. I JOINED UP

14. facespace

15. SORRY, I DON'T DATE MUGGLERS

16. BIEEEEE

17. M15 SECRET IDENTITY CARD

18. CRYO-LIFE

19. MARS PROJECT

20. 
21. BNP MEMBERSHIP CARD

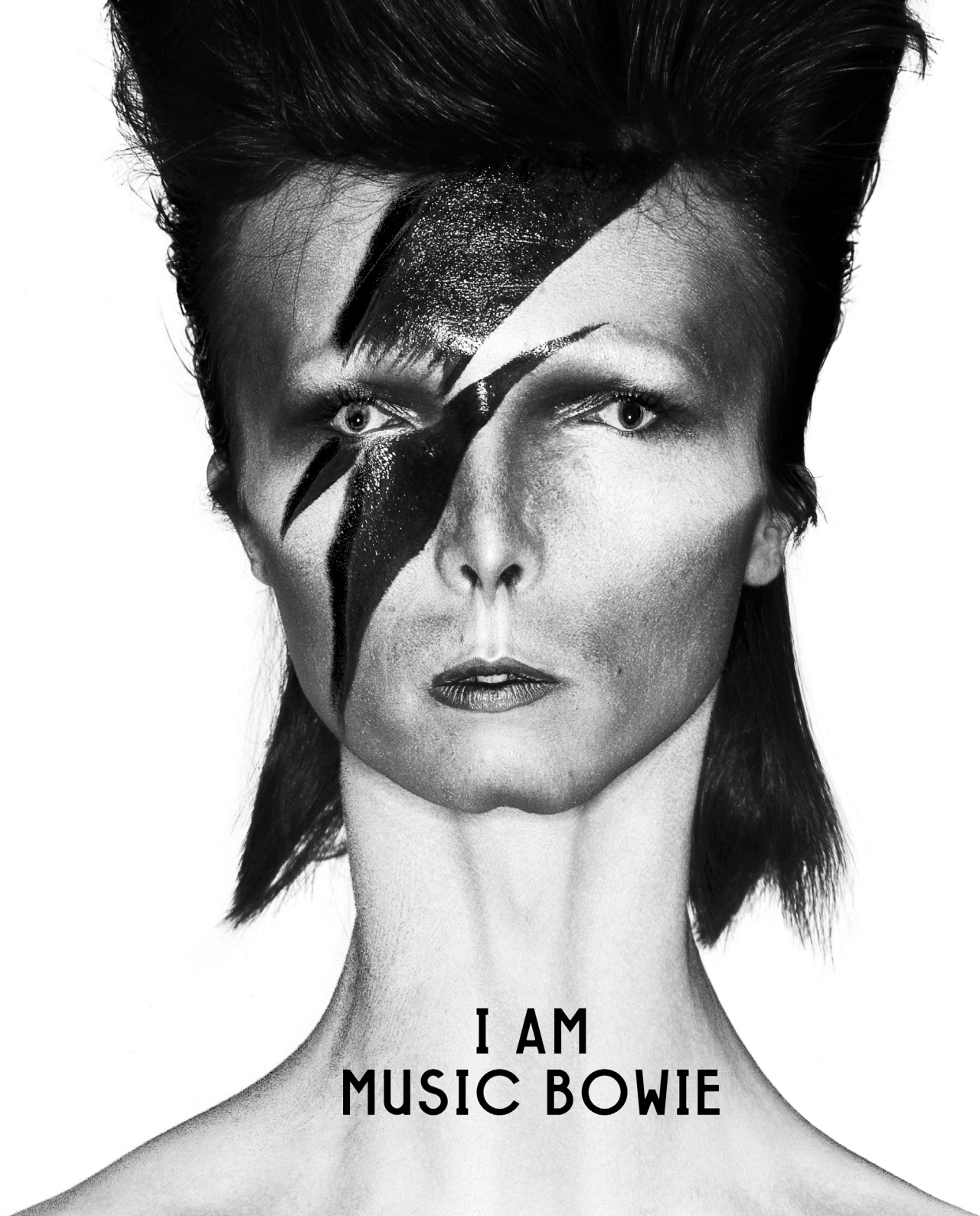
22. UKIP MEMBERSHIP CARD

23. ME + YOUR BEST FRIEND HAVE BECOME RATHER CLOSE...

24. BIEEEEE

25. I HAVE NO IDEA WHO YOU ARE



I AM
MUSIC BOWIE