

focused on the present with an eye on the future. There's a famous quote by Soren Kierkegaard: 'Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards.' When you've been avoiding getting a proper job for as long as me, that's quite a relevant idea. At the time you create it, you have no idea what reaction your work might have, and once that legacy becomes clear, that time has passed, you can only grasp the relevance of what you do after you've done it to some extent, so to avoid being dragged forever backwards I try to focus forwards instead. I think it's important to acknowledge the difficult times too, the fallow periods and the follies, because you learn from those as much as the successes. "My current project The Deadstock 33s came out of a difficult time in the mid-noughties where I had lost my way a bit, and it took the doldrums to kick-start something fresh. But out of that has come some music that I'm most proud of: the 'Everything Is Turbulence' album, and remixes for Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds, Cheval Sombre, Lisbon Kid and Andrew Weatherall. I'm quite happy with a lot of that work. I think I've started to get clarity about what I want to do, without getting too stuck on a formula. But you always have to be wary of getting stale. "From the murky past there are still a few bits I enjoy: the Björk remix and the first Lionrock single, maybe Mad Jaks or Erasure for some early attempts to stick different influences together? I listened to a production I did of Ariel, Tom Rowland's pre-Chemical Brothers band, and I thought that sounded pleasingly odd. The Finitribe mix, because it led to a long-lasting friendship with them, which we have to this day. I just realised a 7" on Davie Miller's Paradise Palms label. I'm just grateful to have been given the opportunity to do it for all these years, it's been fabulous fun and continues to be a real privilege, even with all the challenges the modern music world presents. "I've been doing my broadly psychedelic Temple Of Wonders radio show on Soho Radio for over 18 months now. In terms of the future, I think my main aim is to just do what I love with as much passion as I can muster, and not to be satisfied with 'That will do'. That's one thing I've learnt from the past — anything worth doing is worth doing with everything you've got. I've started work on ideas for a new art collection. It's very early days, but it's got something to do with being alone. I recently found myself orphaned at the age of nearly 50: it's a disconcerting feeling, so I think I need to explore that a bit. But do not fear, I think there are some positives that come from adversity. With every loss comes a new connection, at least that is my hope. Musically it's full steam ahead, I've got EPs coming out with Silicone Soul, and Rotten City in Spain, as well as remixes for Noel Gallagher and PBR Streetgang. The beginnings of a new album are taking shape, including a top surf chug number with the marvellous Brix Smith. Oh yes, and I soundtracked a vampire film [Vlad, a short with Jaime Winston] that should be out soon."

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MUSIC MAESTRO

Matthew Herbert has written a book that's part-novel, part-fact-based treatise, and is well worthy of your time and heard-earned...

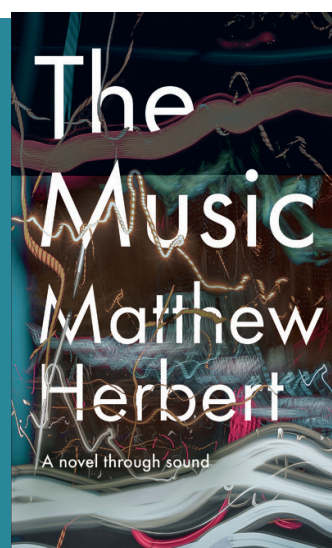
EVERYONE has a book in them. This is Matthew Herbert's, and there is no one better to have written *The Music* than the king of found sound (who we interviewed a few months ago in OFF THE FLOOR about his soundscape for Oscar-winning film, *A Fantastic Woman*). *The Music* is like a See Hear audio description of being inside the mind of someone who sees the world in sound.

At times that isn't a pleasant place: *The Music* sometimes reads like a global food crisis paranoiac's journal (which is not surprising, as it was a theme of his 'Plat Du Jour' album, and he's made records out of tortillas, f' real). It is staccato literature, mainly because each punchy sentence reads as an impossible, near coronary-inducing list, shifting as fast as a superstar DJ from one country to another with no pause. One minute it's dealing with African lugworms; the next, it's in da club in Geneva. What you will experience is an obsessive collage of seemingly random everyday and rare events from our auralverse, structured around a series of chapters of Latin compositional terms: Allegro (to hurt)/ Adagio (slowly) etc. And it's very much an album track-listing approach. Most sentences begin with 'A' or 'The', until a crescendo point of EVERYTHINGS and EVERYONE coming together, when the localised sounds meet in unison, the themes of political waste of riches — of effluence and disregard of privilege in the rush to survive — rip through the pages. It's an abstract joy: disjointed, antagonistic, conscious, demanding, it says more than music can, but it does not allow a passive listen. More than a creative writing exercise, stapled in vague traditions of observation. Undoubtedly, an entire game-changing performance — a dinner party

conversation winner — this is a loud text, not a quiet read... and thus rises above the globalised noise of commercial pop literature.

Described as a novel (but it is not entirely fiction, nor traditional story), it is a text of travel, through descriptions of sound, and sound alone. In the same way we'd turn to Herbert to listen to a food processor instead of an undulating drum, this is a rifling, fast-cut, Adam Curtis stream of data consciousness hurtling through the global miasma. It almost reflects the crowd-funded project it is, via Unbound (the maverick book company that does what PledgeMusic do), where every supporter's donated a line of audio description from their lives. This is the sort of project we may expect from Will Self, and it's amazing this hadn't been done before.

SOME of OFF THE FLOOR's fave lines: "From the plastic palm fronds of Kampala... An oil executive and lobbyist sign a contract over Negrónis... An elongation now — an excerpt of time-lapse sound of an ivy bush growing around a shopping trolley sped up by a factor of one hundred and played at Cafe OTO as the opening act... The silence when you realise you're about to see a new naked body for the first time... The silence inside a sandwich inside a fridge inside a shop inside a station... Hair pulled from the scalp." This is writing you can hear.



SUBMIT TO THIS

Centred around the Tottenham riots and the murder of Mark Duggan, new British film *OBEY* takes the relay stick from *Adulthood*, *Shifty* and *Top Boy*, and paints grime Britain in its seedy, racist reality. But it's funny, street-scripted and relatable, with the sympathetic 19-year-old victim of the state, played by newcomer Marcus Rutherford, having his heart captured by a posh squat girl (Sophie Kennedy Clarke). Directed by Jamie Jones (not that one), it's great to see new talent come forth, alongside killer use of sound by OFF THE FLOOR's fave music supervisor, Lol Hammond. The film's been doing great at the Edinburgh and Tribeca film festivals. Keep your eyes peeled for the cinema drop.