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Steve & Samantha:

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im rubbing my eyes because I am tired – also – im in a stuffy room - a reading room – we (the band – Steve and Samantha) are in another place at the moment near a beach – on a spit – a piece of land that gets formed ---- somehow – we did look it up on Wikipedia to see how such a thing is formed but quickly thought that this is slightly too technical for us - I mean a bit geological info – anyway we are on this spit near a beach we are working on music

just thought of football for some reason – it is Saturday – well the actual reason is I just heard a sound – someone go “uughh” and suddenly football came to mind for some reason dunno why really – anyway – so yeah – feeling tired didn’t sleep too well the other night – had been sleeping really well but last couple of nights not great and cos I thought the neighbours were playing music – but there was also actually loads of wind – this place is really windy – its nice – and this stormy wind was smashing the roof and we are sleeping kind of in the roof – anyway –
I thought the neighbours were playing music – maybe they were – but after a while I thought well if I am straining to hear - to work out - if it is indeed music next door that is happening inside the smashing wind then how can I be sure that it isn’t just the wind im hearing ----- its overtones ----- ?
yesterday we were walking past the woods the beach was on the other side and loads of the trees were all slanted from their roots upwards I said to Uli it looked like cos of years of resisting the onslaught of the relentless smashing wind
I thought they were facing the sea and resisting – but Uli saw them like they were facing away from the sea – like they were being pushed over – shouldering a burden ----- maybe like two ways to think about strength - a display of strength – or - an inner strength –

we have been here a week on this spit – we got asked to come and do a residency so we are thinking about music we haven't even started playing yet – which is good – I mean like playing instruments - we have been reading and walking around - Uli went in the sea - yesterday morning we were talking about scenes - I mean the conversation started happening – we haven't recorded anything by the way – we didn't think about it – so anyway Uli was telling me about a scene that was experienced – and I thought about something else I could remember that might have been a scene and we both thought that we never felt part of any of those things – just like observers or on the outside or something ---- Uli took photos – I bought a leather jacket ---- we thought we saw different things – I thought I saw music and bands - Uli saw art and fashion - and I thought a scene only becomes as such once it has been observed - and once the observation becomes massive then it is no longer a scene but something else – dunno what genre, style, product - ? I dunno but Uli thought about it as being dispersed aesthetics , styles in different places ---- parties.
maybe internet has changed what scene means or more like there is different ways people try and watch them – I dunno really - I guess that's fine

a couple of months before we came here to the spit we did a gig in the contemporary art centre in Vilnius and we were trying stuff out during the days before the gig and we decided to try and make up short songs on the spot – like completely finished perfect pop songs out of nothing – but there's always something - there's always an input – – fingers - frets on the fretboard – keys on the keyboard - western musical scales – a whole pop rock tradition - all sorts - cos we were talking to Maarten the next day and he said everything needs an input (cos we were thinking about AI creating music from scratch) he said the computer needs input – and I thought about that data becomes information – it is actually data “in form” – formed by an apparatus ----- what makes sound form into music? – dunno just thinking me and Uli didn't want to think about the word sound – we wanted to think about these words instead:
-- noise -- harmony -- improvisation -- compression -- fidelity -- volume -- is the word sound a substitution for vibrations? Just saw a note I made in my note book from when Toop said to us all - “sound is not necessarily audio” - and yesterday we read something by Sonia Louise Davis and we thought about improvisation as illumination and action whilst we were sitting next to the lagoon

in communication theory and stuff they talk about noise – the difference between noise and signal, trying to filter out noise to get a pure signal -----
on the bus journey we were thinking instead about noise as a counterpoint to music – in relation to music – as a word people might use about music – “what’s this noise?” – metal might be as noisy as opera -
anyway we started thinking maybe there isn’t any noise – maybe there is only mess – like a landfill, like the planet being fucked up etc. ---
we started thinking about noise as the glimpsing of something good that is already there, below the below

Uli deleted Instagram off the phone –
we got back the other day and there was a little swallow clinging onto this wire railing around the walkway – the wind smashed about - we got close to the little bird and it didn’t try to fly away – it did little cheepy noises and shuffled along – we thought maybe it was hurt, maybe fell out of the nest – another swallow came down from the nest and flapped its wings near the little bird and went back to the nest like it was trying to show it how to fly – then a little kid came by on a scooter and agreed with Uli that we should not touch it - later we came back and it was on the floor – it must have run out of strength to cling onto the railing – we decided not to touch it.
When we came back a third time later that evening it had gone -----
earlier that day while we were reading by the lagoon the surface of the water broke and a cormorant appeared - stopped us reading

i need to tune my guitar up –
in between the gig in Vilnius and being on the spit we had been back in London –
I hadn't opened my guitar case for a month and when I did I realised the coldness
of the plane hold had caused a string to unravel itself - and the others were now
out of tune -- I brushed the strings lightly with my fingers and heard an unknown
chord ----- out of tune -----
just thinking now that I could never recreate that particular chord again –
just thinking now that maybe I didn't care enough about that chord
cos I tightened the loose string and tuned it up --- roughly –

the wind here is incredible although it has calmed down a bit today – a couple of
days ago when the wind was smashing it made the sea massive and loud
and Uli went to swim in it – it has also rained –
we ate some smoked fish drunk two beers and the minute we left it rained –
we ran over to this old wooden well to get out of the rain –
its only a tiny town that we are in – the rain eased and we went back











