



RED BULL MUSIC ACADEMY

DAILY NOTE

THE DAILY NEWSPAPER FOR LONDON FROM THE RED BULL MUSIC ACADEMY

21/24



J. ROCC

LA*
Underground (NY)



DIMLITE

SF
Cytily



FLYING LOTUS

STAY
KADON

Check



NOSAJ THING

WEEB



KODE 9



MARTYN

CRYSTAL

Head



TOKIMONSTA

THAI FUNK

LINK
THINK



DAEDELUS

STAY



GLK

SOPH
TALK

Inside The World of BRAINFEDER



GET YOURSELF CONNECTED

YOU DON'T NEED TO THROW A STONE VERY FAR IN THE MUSIC COMMUNITY TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CURSES THE DAY THE INTERNET WAS INVENTED. BUT THE WEB HAS FORGED CONNECTIONS THAT WOULD PREVIOUSLY HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE. BRAINFEEDEER ARE A SHINING EXAMPLE. FROM THEIR ORIGINS AS A SMALL BAND OF LIKE MINDS IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, FLYING LOTUS AND FRIENDS HAVE MUSHROOMED INTO AN EXTENDED FAMILY WITH ROOTS IN MUSICAL HOTBEDS ACROSS THE GLOBE. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THE RESULTS OF THIS TRANSATLANTIC UNION TONIGHT AT FABRIC. WITH HEAD BRANCHIEF FLYLO SOON HEADING OUT ON TOUR WITH THOM YORKE, ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR THE OXFORD ORACLES TO CLAMBER ON BOARD. WHAT THE WEB HAS JOINED TOGETHER, LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER.

RED BULL MUSIC ACADEMY IS...

Since it began in Berlin in 1998, the Red Bull Music Academy has fostered musicians' creativity by bringing them together with a diverse and talented group of peers. Here, aspiring artists from around the world learn from and collaborate with the musical pioneers who minted the genres they themselves are now pushing to new levels. It's about mutual inspiration, helping them to connect the dots and make their own contribution to music. This year's host city is London. The Academy has landed.

GERD JANSON: "THE ACADEMY IS A MUSIC LOVER'S WET DREAM!"

DAILY NOTE ISSUE 21 / 24

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///FROM THE ACADEMY///

///STARTING NOTES///

/// TATT'S THE WAY TO DO IT ///



HOUSE MARTYN HOME TO ROOST

GO DUTCH TONIGHT AT BRIANFEEDER'S BEATS'N'BASS JAMBOREE

FACT
WWW.FACTMAGAZINE.CO.UK

Flying Dutchman Martyn makes what he calls "Martyn music", and you can experience that sound first-hand when he plays the Academy's Brainfeeder showcase at Fabric tomorrow with Flying Lotus and friends. He speaks to FACT about London and jungle.

Your relationship with London goes back to the early/mid-'90s, doesn't it?

When I got into drum'n'bass, I really got caught by the whole Metalheadz thing, especially Photek and Goldie. I just wanted to see where all that came from, what it should sound like – we really wanted to see what the Blue Note was all about. So that's what we did.

What was your experience of it?

Me and a friend went to London and went to the Blue Note. We saw all the DJs there and what impressed me a lot was that Metalheadz used to have this soundsystem called Eskimo Noise – they were like scientists when it came to speakers. I got there early and I remember walking down to the main dancefloor when there were no clubbers there and there were all these people walking around with decibel meters, standing in front of the speakers just to test – I don't know what they were testing, but it was magic to me! I was like, wow, this is a science. They weren't wearing white suits but it was pretty damn close.

What first got you into making more dubstep-style tracks?

What appealed was the tempo, because I was used to drum'n'bass, 175bpm, and getting more frustrated at not being able to make music at that speed because it was too fast to do the kind of melodies I wanted to do. So I thought, OK, I should just slow it down and go on this 140 thing and see what happens. It was an experiment more than anything.

You seem to be one of the few DJs who can mix up rough urban house styles with more surgically produced techno and dubstep. How do you manage it?

Maybe I have a little bit of a production ear, but I do think that there are a lot of tracks that I like but I'll never play because I know they won't sound right. Some of them do sound right, especially the Roska stuff, it's kind of easy to play, because it's well-produced and everything's in the right place. It's still a bit more outspoken than your average Berlin track or an average New York house track, but there are ways to transition between the two.

You're being modest.

Well, you just need to be a little selective about what tracks are good and bad not just in terms of ideas but also in terms of production. What I do is risky – because I play so many different styles, and if the sound of all these different styles was also completely different then it would just be a big mash-up of nothingness. You want to have it sound coherent, you don't want to be eclectic just for the sake of being eclectic – that's just not very interesting :0)

Red Bull Music Academy presents Brainfeeder Session tonight at Fabric, 77a Charterhouse Street, EC1M 3HN, 9pm-4am. Tickets £12.50

PARTICIPANT PASS NOTES

MOISÉS HORTA VALENZUELA HAILS FROM CHULA VISTA, USA, JUST 10 MILES AWAY FROM THE MEXICAN BORDER. IT'S THAT FRONTIER THE 21-YEAR-OLD EXPLORES MUSICALLY. ARMED WITH JUST A LAPTOP AND A BASS HE CREATES EITHER AMBIENT SOUNDSCAPES FOR DISJOINTED MEGALOPOLIS, TIJUANA OR GIVES THE BASS DRUM FREE REIN ON FOUNDATIONS MADE FROM CUMBIA AND NORTEÑAS

EL MACUANO

Your music style in a word or two:

Ruidosón.

And in a few more words:

The music I make is a continuation of Latin American popular music, especially from Mexico. We incorporate regional rhythms such as cumbia, grupero, norteñas, narco corridos, guaguanco, Mexican trios from the '30s, tribal guaracha, etc, and process them with experimental noise production techniques to evoke the psychological mood of the region and of our cultural past.

Where's the weirdest place you've played?

It was a gig on the Mexico/US border fence at the beach. We set up a dandestine gig at night and blasted regional dance music all night long. When the US searchlights went through the fence it felt like we were at a beach rave.

How has your environment shaped your music?

The region I have lived in has shaped my music greatly. Living in a megalopolis like Tijuana/San Diego, you hear very different sounds from the city, and riding in taxis or just walking around you hear the music of the region combined with a great number of noises. My music is a combination of a tradition in popular Mexican music with the actual mood and noises of the region that evoke a mindset which almost every person that lives here has in some way.

Which cliché about your country or city is true and which one is totally wrong?

The cliché that's true is that Tijuana is a party city and that you can pretty much stay up all night getting down. The media stereotype that Tijuana is currently a war zone and that if you visit you are going to catch the swine flu and get killed by narcos is total BS.

Would you sell your soul for rock'n'roll?

I would sell it for deep bass.

NUTTY BOY
Martyn goes head first for glory in the Note's 'pic with paper' competition



"I WAS LIKE, WOW, THIS IS A SCIENCE. THEY WEREN'T WEARING WHITE SUITS BUT IT WAS PRETTY CLOSE"

RED BULL MUSIC ACADEMY AND WAR CHILD PRESENT 12X12



MJ COLE

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY, THE RED BULL MUSIC ACADEMY WILL CRYSTALLISE LONDON CLUB CULTURE OF THE LAST 30 YEARS. 12 SEMINAL ANTHEMS, PERFORMED BY 12 HEAVYWEIGHT PRODUCERS, PLAYING FOR 12 MINUTES EACH AND CELEBRATING THOSE 12 INCHES OF PURE BLACK GOLD THAT HAVE CHANGED DANCE MUSIC FOREVER

Each producer has 12 minutes in which to present their genre-defining tune in a unique and electrifying way. At the end of their set, each producer will hand over the controls to the following performer, bigging up the influence that artist has had on their own musical journey. Each set will be accompanied by a full graphic working by Hexstatic, providing a kaleidoscopic history lesson: personal anecdotes, original flyer artwork and relevant contemporary footage will contextualise club culture across eras and genres. Over the last five weeks the Red Bull Music Academy has presented diverse and unique representations of London's thriving underground music scene. Now the Academy offers a celebration of the history and backbone of London's club culture, by bringing together a dozen heroes who have defined and re-defined the scene for a quarter of a century. It's a full-on clubbing love-in, and you're invited. Says War Child's music director Ben Knowles: "We are delighted that the Red Bull Music Academy has chosen War Child to benefit from this amazing evening, with 12 of the most iconic names who have shaped music today. They are legends who have influenced the lives of young people in clubs everywhere for decades, and now they will have a real impact on children in the world's war zones today. It's going to be an historic night."

YOUR 12 HOSTS

A GUY CALLED GERALD / ARTHUR BAKER / JAZZIE B (SOUL II SOUL) / MARTYN WARE (HUMAN LEAGUE & HEAVEN 17) / MJ COLE (PROLIFIC) / PETER HOOK (JOY DIVISION, NEW ORDER) / ROBERT OWENS (FINGERS INC.) / RONI SIZE (FULL CYCLE) / SHADES OF RHYTHM / SHY FX & STAMINA MC (DIGITAL SOUNDBOY) / X-PRESS 2 / ZINC (BINGO BEATS) & DYNAMITE MC (STRONG RECORDS)

WAR child
THURSDAY, MARCH 11
8PM-12AM
£12 IN ADVANCE: £15 AT DOORS
WWW.SCALA-LONDON.CO.UK/
WWW.TICKETWEB.CO.UK

SOUND AND VISION

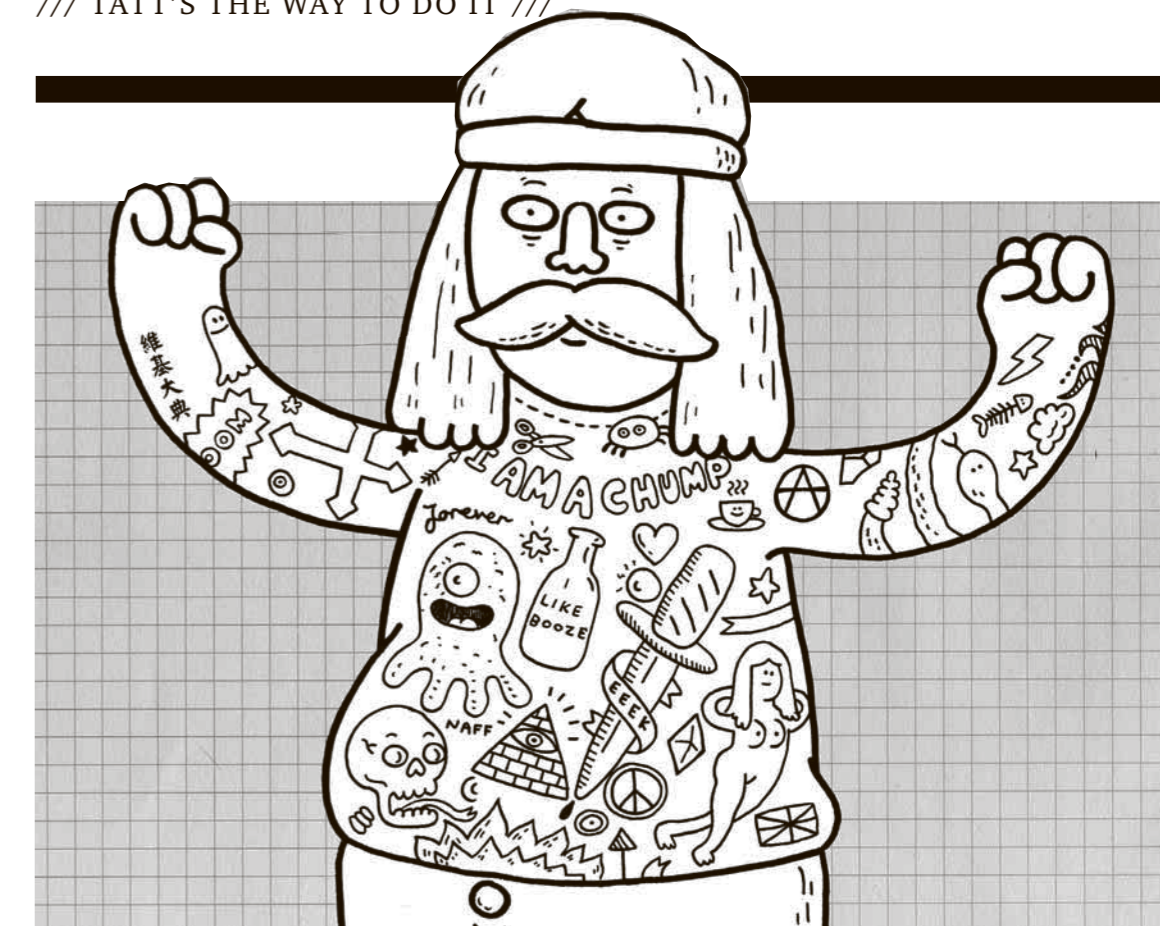
THE ACADEMY CONTINUES ITS PERILOUS JOURNEY INTO THE DARK HEART OF THE UK'S LIVING ROOMS TONIGHT, THIS TIME BRINGING MIRRORBALLS AND SKATES

Tune in to Channel 4 tonight for the second in the Red Bull Music Academy's series of exclusive mini-documentaries, a disco special presented by Alex Zane. It's beamed straight into your living room, so if you want to dress up in hotpants and stack heels, it's very much your call.

RED BULL MUSIC ACADEMY: DISCO TO DISCO

4 Channel 4, Wednesday, March 10, midnight

ILLUSTRATION: AL-MURPHY.COM



INKIN' THINKIN'

BUTTERFLY OR DOLPHIN? ANCHOR OR CELTIC SYMBOL? NONE OF THOSE, THANKS, SAYS ANDY CAPPER. THE BEST TATTOOS SHOULD BE ORIGINAL AND WEIRD

It used to be only the skins, punks, Teds or rockers who had tattoos. These days, every single dimwit in a crap band has one. And it's not just indie rockers trying to look hard. Boyband members have the obligatory tasteful Celtic cross next to a Chinese symbol that means "honour". Girlband members from Newcastle have tribal hand tattoos that draw attention away from the fact that their music sounds like the Nolan Sisters.

The racist John Mayer (google "John Mayer Playboy") has one of those perfect Japanese cherry blossom coy carp sleeves that he's had done to make himself look "edgy", when it just looks like he bought one of those fake tattoo sleeves that mid-30s lesbians wear to Gay Pride marches.

I think that the more tasteful or perfect the tattoo, the worse it looks. Tattoos should be rugged and weird and bold. Here's a list of my Five Rock'n'Roll Tattoo Heroes to illustrate the point.

GG ALLIN

GG had tattoos that make the ones in those brutal Russian prison tattoo compendium books look like delicate peacocks on the left shoulder blade of a princess. Seemingly carved by a rusty knife dipped in black diarrhoea, they range from the "Vomitose" skull with a condom on his head on his right pectoral to the penis hand "Fuck You" on the left arm. Just below is a half-formed lizard which seems to be averting its gaze from the tombstone with "Live Fast/Die" scrawled next to his initials: note there is no "young" in the epithet.

TUPAC

Apart from Eminem, Tupac is the most overrated rapper of all time, but he was really good-looking and had great tattoos. He understood that the best ones aren't meant to be pretty or tasteful. Rather, they're meant to make people see them and think, "Wow, that person is badass/a bit crazy/does not give a fuck." His best ones are the "Heartless" skull and crossbones, the huge "Thug Life" stomach piece, and the machine gun with "50 Niggaz" on top of it — a "shout out" to his niggaz in all 50 states of America. "Nigga" in this case standing for "Never Ignorant Getting Goals Accomplished".

HENRY ROLLINS

It's not cool to like this guy any more, but as a pale, sickly young boy aged 15, he was one of my idols. He inspired me to get my first ever tattoo, a homemade stick-and-poke in my kneecap of the logo of a skateboard company that left me with damaged nerves in my leg and no skateboard company logo after all the ink ran out. Henry had the hooded cowl Misfits skull, two sets of Black Flag bars, the Einstürzende Neubauten guy, the crazy Stooges-inspired "Search & Destroy" back piece, but best of all, I thought, was the Charles Manson "Creepy Crawl" spider on his chest.

ANDREW WEATHERALL

Andrew got his latest done at Frith Street Tattoo in Soho, which, in my humble opinion, is London's best tattoo parlour. The Western-style forearm tattoos mixed with his "gent from olde times" dress sense make him one of London's most stylish people. Some of his earlier tattoos are of symbols from the Temple ov Psychick Youth. His most recent were done by resident artists Stewart Robson and Valerie Vargas. Guest artists at Frith Street include people such as Chad Koeplinger, Frank Carter from Gallows and Thomas Hooper sometimes works out of there too.

LIL WAYNE

I cannot wait to see the tattoos he gets in prison because the ones he's got now look like he's already serving life on death row for the murder of an entire church. Sometime in the mid-2000s, rappers from the South really started piling on the tattoos, and Lil Wayne and his mentor Birdman were the leading freaks of the scene. The tattoos were of guns, gang logos, dead brethren, angels and demons, all crossing over each other and blending into one gigantic, exploding eye-fuck that just screams, "I have taken way, way too many drugs, please don't ever take me home to meet your mother."

Honourable mention here goes to Atlanta's Gucci Mane, who doesn't have quite as many tattoos as Lil Wayne but makes up for it by appearing even more retarded and having a chain piece of Bart Simpson on a skateboard made out of yellow, white and blue diamonds. It is ten inches high.



RENEGADE MASTER

MARK E SMITH IS THE FALL. THE FALL IS MARK E SMITH. THIS IS A SELF-CONTAINED WORLD WHERE WORDS LIKE 'COLLABORATION' AND 'COMPROMISE' ARE FOREIGN CONCEPTS AND THE BAND PLAYS IN PERPETUITY. **LUKE TURNER** OF THE QUIETUS HAILS THE NORTHERN WHITE CRAP THAT TALKS BACK

You can tell a lot about a man by how he pushes your wheelchair," Mark E Smith tells me, as I navigate him through the glare of a sunny spring morning in Hampstead early in 2009. "How am I doing then, Mark?" I ask, as I try to hold the door of the pub open while negotiating a small step without tipping the man responsible for one of the most remarkable groups in British history into an ignominious heap on the floor. "You're doing all right, cock," he replies. If you're going to be drunk in charge of a wheelchair, it might as well be Mark E Smith who's sitting in it.

The night before this thirsty morning interview, Smith – suffering from a broken hip and gammy knee – wheeled himself around the stage at Koko as the latest incarnation of The Fall delivered a bludgeoning set of new material. Much of this has now found its way onto Your Future Our Clutter, the 28th Fall studio album, due out on Domino at the end of April. It's almost de rigueur to announce that each new Fall album is the best in years, if only to silence those who insist they haven't been any cop since the first line-up, or the B-side to There's a Ghost in My House, or...

But this time, it can be said with conviction. Not for The Fall the parade of reformation tours, tedious recitals of canonical albums, awards-show hits medleys, or peddling the same old sound for increasingly diminishing returns. The Fall have never gone away, never slowed down, never stopped. Or, perhaps more accurately and pertinently, Mark E Smith never has.

When The Fall emerged from Prestwich, Manchester, in 1976, it was not the Smith-led

autocracy many see the band as now. Smith, a clerk in Manchester's docks, was at first the guitarist, though he swiftly switched roles with original vocalist Martin Bramah. The Fall instantly stood out. No punk stylings for them: instead, Smith's hectoring lyrics of social observation via grotesque characters and autodidactic literary and intellectual awareness with a healthy dose of Northern mysticism were matched by pacy amphetamine-fuelled rhythms and cheap keyboard bleeps.

And so it has continued for the ensuing three decades. Smith remained as the sole founding member as guitarists, bassists, drummers, and keyboard players fell – or were pushed – by the wayside. There were wives, too, including LA-born Brix, who gave The Fall a pop sheen during the late '80s, and now runs a high-end fashion boutique in Shoreditch, from which she's given to Twittering about her pugs.

Yet despite the sackings, the bust-ups and bitter testaments – many aired in Dave Simpson's book The Fallen, in which he tracked down every former member of The Fall bar one – Smith, curiously, never comes across as a prima donna. Since the early days he has always introduced the group with shouts of "We are The Fall" – it was only when playing in Von Südenfed, his collaboration with Mouse On Mars, that he could be seen prowling the stage bellowing "I am the great M-E-S-I I AM THE GREAT M-E-S-I!"

For where Mark E Smith ends and The Fall begins is something that must have inspired many a Pils-fuelled argument in dingy boozers up and down the land. I tend to see Smith as a curator of an idea of The Fall,

which is why the band has to keep on this cycle of shedding and finding new members, and why Renegade, his 2009 autobiography, was as much a fantastical, often hilarious, addition to the idea of The Fall as it was a historical record. It answered no questions, just as it built upon the mystique.

As a fan of The Fall (a lonely pursuit where you're likely to encounter strange men who say things like, "The great thing about listening to The Fall is that you can read a book while you're doing it and then go and headbutt someone") you always have to know that you're never going to be as big of a fan of The Fall as Mark E Smith himself. He's protective over The Fall because he's the only person who can be trusted with keeping its vision from being corrupted by the pernicious influences of the music business, or the musicians getting too big for their boots. Therefore, in interviews he's conspiratorial, addressing you by your first name. Smith is far from the aggressive drunk he's been portrayed as – I found him a genial and funny man, albeit one with grudges and grievances just like anyone else. Equally, he's a man who breaks the mould in an age where conformity is the dominant cultural paradigm.

When it comes to direct band business, though, you could be forgiven for finding him paranoid. A former Fall member told me how Smith once gave him a lift home. Pulling up in a Salford street, Smith gestured at a house: "That's where John Robb lives isn't it?" The musician then enthused to Smith at length about the Blackpool-born Membranes/Goldblade singer and legend of DIY Manchester. Smith's response? To tell his new recruit that he'd find him a new house.

fashion and often sense. The Fall influenced a generation of non-conformists, free-thinkers and tune-dodgers to stretch the limits of their imaginations. And though they have never been mistaken for being wildly popular, The Fall are firmly woven into the cultural fabric. As they release their umpteenth studio album, their first for Domino, The Fall will accept your admiration, adulation, outright contempt and even your indifference. But be sure of one thing: The Fall abide.

Everyone seems to have their own story about Mark E Smith, all contributing to the babble that feeds the cult. He's not averse to creating them himself either, keeping himself – and by extension The Fall – in the public eye by reading out the football scores on telly, allowing Theme from Sparta FC to be used on Football Focus, appearing on the new Gorillaz album, Plastic Beach (released this week) and ending up under investigation by the RSPCA after saying in an interview that he had killed a couple of red squirrels who were eating his garden fence.

It's nearly obligatory in articles such as these to quote that lifelong supporter, the late, great John Peel: "The Fall are always different, always the same". He was right, of course, but the only reason The Fall can continue not only to exist but also to be one of the most inventive and perplexing groups you're ever going to encounter is because Mark E Smith is this autodidactic chameleon. That same intellect that took him out of the clerk's office will see Smith take The Fall, and its mysteries, its cogs and secrets, to the grave with him. But hopefully that end is still years and many more albums away. For, now that he's risen from his wheelchair with hip and knees in better fettle, 2010 should be a year in which Mark E Smith's curious troupe thrive. How much longer the current line-up – nearly four years in the job – will last remains to be seen. No doubt at some point soon Mark E Smith will continue to keep Manchester's itinerant musicians in gainful employment as he once more goes in search of fresh Fall sounds. One thing's absolutely certain, though: Mark E Smith is the only British dictator it'll ever be worth supporting.

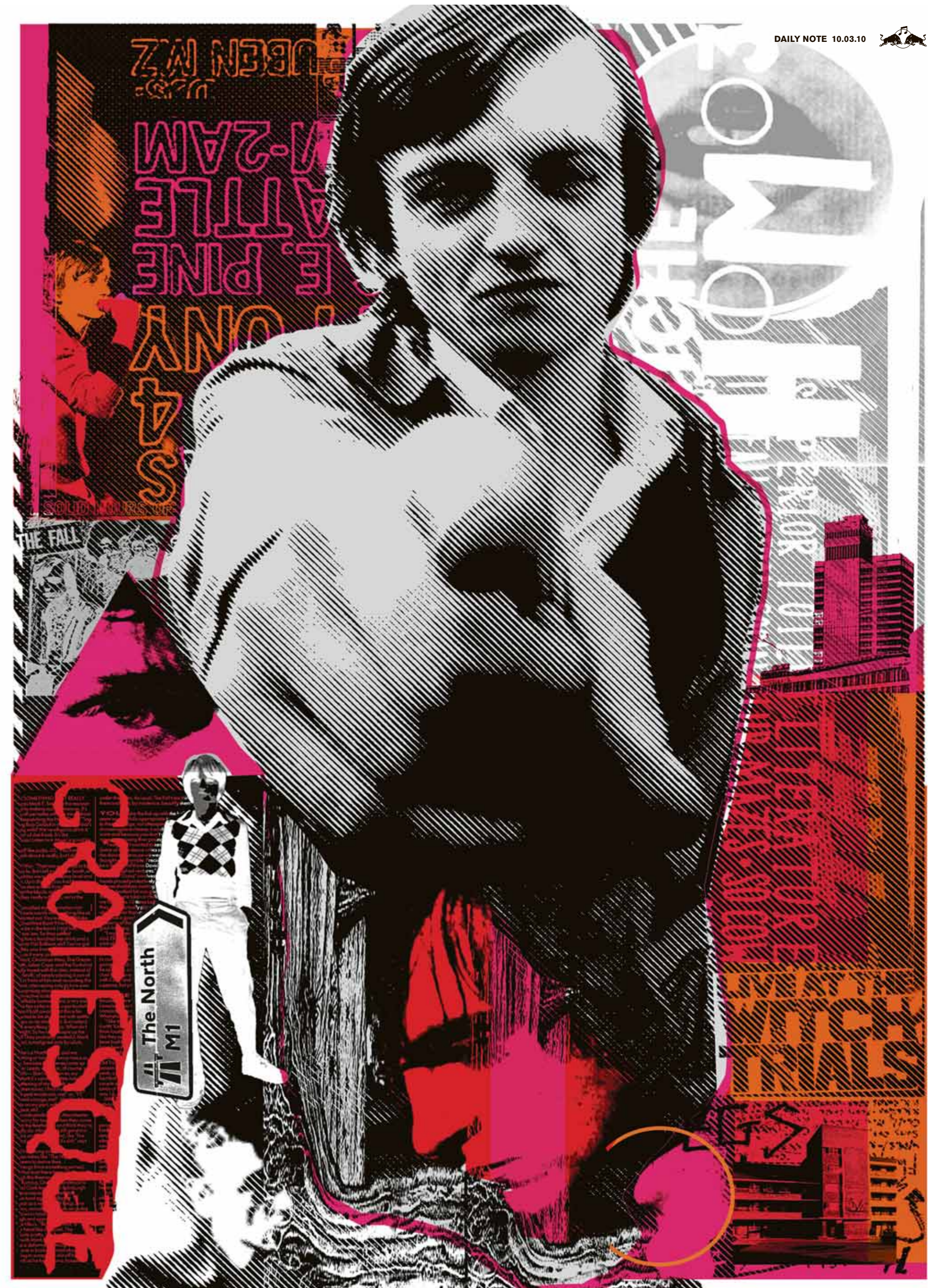


ILLUSTRATION: LUKE INSECT

BRAINFEEDEER AND The Music Academy TAKE ON FABRIC!

HOW FLYING LOTUS' BRAINFEEDEER IMPRINT GREW INTO AN INTERNATIONAL FAMILY OF CHILLED VIBES AND COSMIC LOVE. BY MELISSA BRADSHAW, ADDITIONAL REPORTING BEN VERGHESE ILLUSTRATION AUSTIN COWDALL

In June 2008, Flying Lotus – aka Steve Ellison, a DJ and beat-maker from Winnetka, California – curated a Brainfeeder event at Hearn Street, a disused car park in Shoreditch, East London.

At the time, Ellison was on an upward trajectory. Two years earlier, he'd made his debut with 1983 – an LP of synthy, funk-influenced hip hop indebted to J Dilla and Madlib that got the blogs chattering. But it was the follow-up, 2007's Los Angeles – released here in the UK on Warp – that really marked out Flying Lotus as something special. A masterful blend of off-kilter beats and cosmic jazz that featured, on one track, harp from Ellison's late great-aunt Alice Coltrane, this was proper next-level stuff – the sound of a future great stretching his legs.

The Hearn Street show might have been a watershed performance in Flying Lotus' career, but it also marked the debut outing of his Brainfeeder family on UK shores. Joining Ellison onstage that night were Samiyam, The Gaslamp Killer and Ras_G – a clan of Ellison's friends and compatriots going back some years, bonded by a shared mindset and geography.

"I was living in the valley – Northridge, specifically," says Flying Lotus of the genesis of the family that would later become Brainfeeder. "I lived in this building and Samiyam lived there too... [future Brainfeeder visuals man] Teebs lived in the building as well, my friend Adam lived there."

"There wasn't really a beats scene," says fellow LA producer and Brainfeeder artist Ras_G. "It was just friends hanging out, listening to each other's music."

The producers that made up Brainfeeder had ambitions to get their music out there – but also the intention to do their own thing. "It was like, man, why don't we just keep this shit in the house?" says Ellison. Brainfeeder, then, began as a clearing house for the family's more oddball ideas – the ones they thought no big label would touch. "I was like, let's just do some really small experimental shit – MP3s only. Do the bug-out music. If my homies want to release the bug-out music on my label that's cool, they can do their big club records on Warp or whatever, and I'll do the bug-out."

So that was what Brainfeeder was early on. Just friends, making beats. Then, the Brainfeeder night took place at Hearn Street, and the label became something bigger. Buoyed by a strong selection of UK producers drawn from the dubstep/garage/soul nexus – Digital Mystikz and Kode9; Jose James from New York; Rustie and Hudson Mohawke from Glasgow – Hearn Street was, well, an event. "It was crazy," says Ellison. "So many people came. It was then we were like yo! We need to really, really go in on this shit."

What Ras_G says about Brainfeeder – that it began simply as a means for friends to share their music – is echoed in the way a lot of its artists talk about the imprint. Brainfeeder has grown, but organically – burgeoning from a nucleus of like-minded creators in LA, but spreading quickly across the globe aided by the power of the internet. There's an ethos of generosity and support that contradicts certain stereotypes about LA and hip hop – although it's possible to see the influence of fellow Los Angeles imprint Stones Throw, where a young Steve Ellison worked before his career took off. "There were so many people helping me and I wanted to return that – that's why I wanted to do the label," says Ellison. "A lot of people believed in what I was doing and propelled me forward."

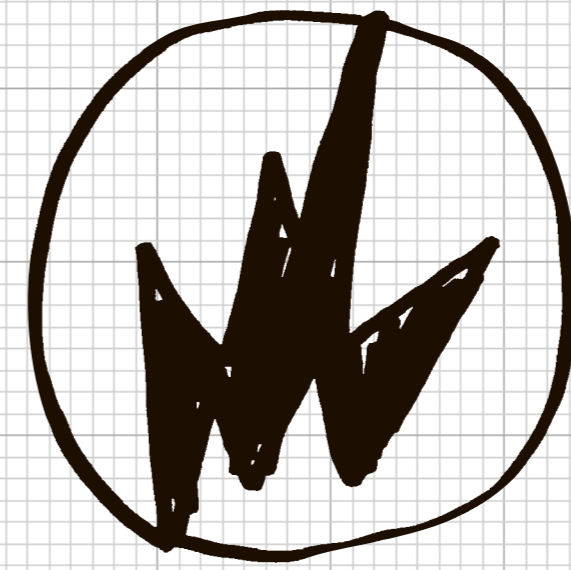
Eothen Alapatt, aka Egon, general manager of Stones Throw, has followed Brainfeeder's rise. "Brainfeeder represents all that is young and vibrant in LA's 'beat' scene," he explains. "It takes me back to the excitement and joy I felt a decade ago when I first arrived in the city. The way that Flying Lotus and his brethren approach music is timeless, on account of their passion, but contemporary in their take on the hip hop sound."

Look back a little further, though, and it's possible to slot Brainfeeder into a much older continuum. Ellison describes the creative interplay between Brainfeeder as "...like jazz cats back in the day, all inspired by each other. It's like a community thing, not competition, just inspiration... it's like competing with self." Ras_G, meanwhile, compares the label to seminal jazz imprints like Strata East, Black Jazz and El Saturn, the label founded by the cosmic jazz pioneer Sun Ra. His forthcoming album Space Bass is the Place is a clear nod to Sun Ra, and its maker describes Brainfeeder as a continuum in the Afro Futurist tradition. "That idea alone was revolutionary to some but it just made proper sense to me," he explains. "I feel the same spiritual vibe just like they did back then. It makes it more special, you know what I mean?"

Samiyam, aka Sam Baker, originally from Michigan, first hooked up with Flying Lotus via MySpace in the early 2000s. The pair quickly bonded over music, and soon Baker moved to Los Angeles where the duo began working together as FLYamSAM.

"I think it was obvious to both of us, the little similarities in what we were doing," says Baker. "Of course we're both doing different stuff now than when we first met and started doing music together. When I first heard his music years ago I thought it was kind of the same things as what I was doing."

Baker thinks it's partly a generational thing, kinds growing up on the same



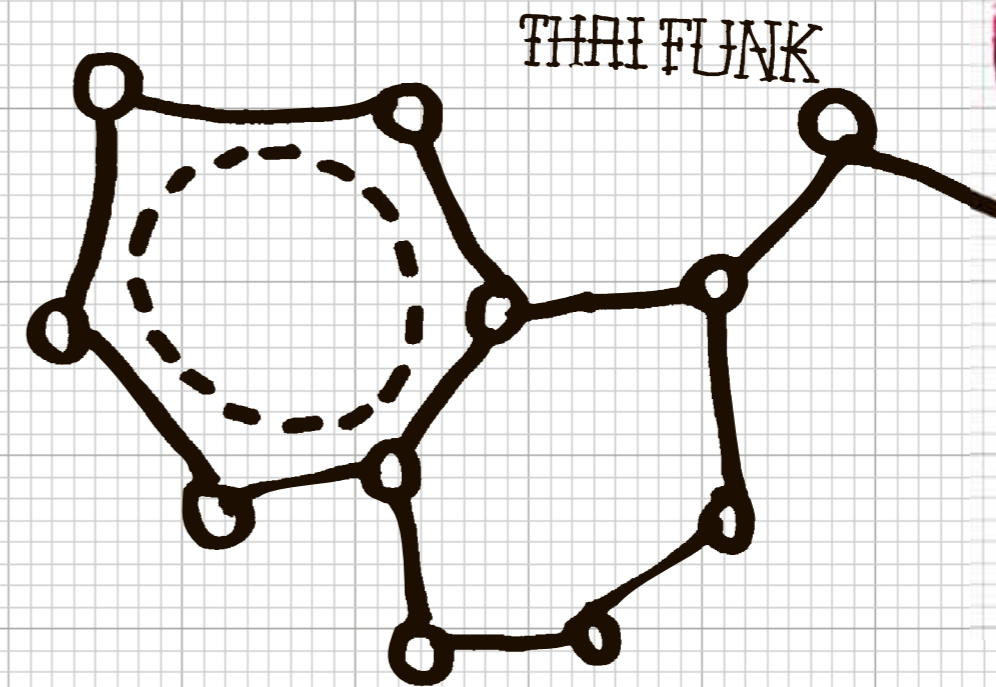
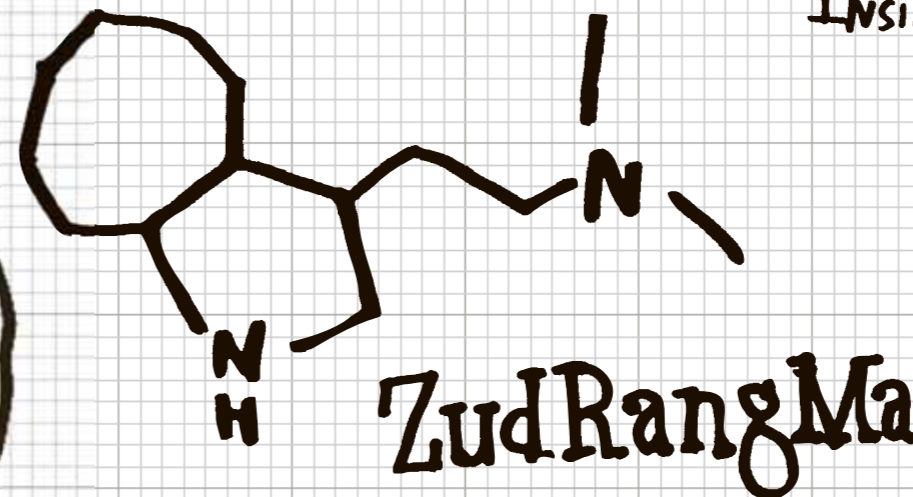
Check YOUR Head



ISAN
BEATDOWN

(1H-INDOL-3-YL)

Inside the WORLD of BRAINFEEDEER



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BRAINFEEDEER

1. Flying LOTUS
2. HUDSON MOHAWKE
3. DAEDELUS*
4. KODE-9
5. MARTYN
6. SAMIYAM
7. KVTOMAH



MARTYN
MOLOWAY

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MEET THE BRAINFEEDEER EXTENDED FAMILY...

FLYING LOTUS
ROLE CHIEF AGITATOR
RECOMMENDED RELEASE LOS ANGELES (WARP, 2008)
QUOTE "THERE'S A LOT OF STUFF TO SHED A LIGHT ON. I DON'T WANT BRAINFEEDEER TO BE A BUNCH OF KIDS WHO JUST MAKE SWINGY BEATS. I WANNA PUT ON CATS WHO ARE TRYING TO TAKE IT FURTHER AND TRYING TO FEED PEOPLE'S BRAINS!"
MYSPACE.COM/FLYINGLOTUS

QUES
ROLE THE ILLUSTRATOR
QUOTE "WE GREW UP IN DIFFERENT PLACES BUT WITH THE SAME KIND OF INFLUENCES, AND I GUESS THE MUSIC, LIKE THE ART, IS A REFLECTION OF ALL THESE INFLUENCES. WE SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE, USING DIFFERENT MEDIA."
MYSPACE.COM/ILLORDZ

TOKIMONSTA
ROLE ACADEMY PARTICIPANT AND NEWEST RECRUIT
RECOMMENDED RELEASE "YOU DON'T NEED PEPTO, YOU NEED SOME BEATS!" (BRAINFEEDEER MIX, 2010)
QUOTE "WE'RE ALL BEATMAKERS, TUCKED AWAY. WE ENJOY OUR SOLITUDE! I KINDA SHELTER MYSELF, BECAUSE I THINK I'M A LITTLE IMPRESSIONABLE. IF I HEAR TOO MUCH OF WHAT'S GOING ON I'LL UNCONSCIOUSLY TAKE IT ON. I LISTEN TO MY CREW'S MUSIC AND MY FRIEND'S MUSIC."
MYSPACE.COM/TOKIBEATS

THE GASLAMP KILLER
ROLE THE DJ MYSTIC
RECOMMENDED RELEASE ALL KILLER: FINDERS KEEPERS 1-20 MIXED BY THE GASLAMP KILLER (FINDERS KEEPERS)
QUOTE "EVERY TIME ANYBODY GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO GET ONSTAGE, I PULLED THEIR WIGS BACK - THAT'S THE ONLY REASON I AM IN THIS POSITION NOW. I DID IT 100 PER CENT, AND MY SOUL SHINES THROUGH MY PERFORMANCE."
MYSPACE.COM/THEGASLAMPKILLER



JEREMIAH JAE
ROLE HIP HOP HYPNOTIST
RECOMMENDED RELEASE DXNCE (DOWNLOAD EP, 2009)
QUOTE "I'VE ALWAYS FOCUSED ON TRANSLATING MY ECCENTRIC MIND INTO THE FORMULAIC WORLD THAT IS HIP HOP. BUT NOW I'M SEEING HIP HOP CAN BE ANYTHING."
MYSPACE.COM/YELLOWMASK

RAS G
ROLE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET
RECOMMENDED RELEASE GHETTO SCI-FI (POO-BAH, 2008)
QUOTE "BRAINFEEDEER'S NOT ALL CLUB MUSIC, IT'S FOR EVERYTHING AND NOTHING, IT'S LIFE MUSIC."
MYSPACE.COM/RASG

DAEDELUS
ROLE THE ELDER STATESMAN
RECOMMENDED RELEASE RIGHTEOUS FISTS OF HARMONY (BRAINFEEDEER, 2010)
QUOTE "BRAINFEEDEER BRING A CREATIVE MISCHIEF I FEEL A KINSHIP TOWARDS."
DAEDELUSMUSIC.COM

MATTHEW DAVID
ROLE MAN FROM THE DUBLAB
RECOMMENDED TRACK 'COMET' (FROM FLYING LOTUS' LA EP 3X3, WARP, 2009)
QUOTE "WHAT'S TRULY POWERFUL NOW I THINK, IS STEVE'S WIDE-OPEN MIND FOR ARTISTRY. HE COULD REACH OUT TO SOME UNHEARD BASEMENT-DWELLING FOLK/NOISE GENIUS IN MICHIGAN (TRUE STORY, KIND OF) AND PUT OUT HIS MUSIC TO A WORLDWIDE AUDIENCE THAT THIS PERSON POTENTIALLY WOULD HAVE NEVER REACHED."
MYSPACE.COM/MATTHEWDAVID

MARTYN
ROLE THE FRIEND FROM THE LOWLANDS
RECOMMENDED RELEASE GREAT LENGTHS (3024, 2009)
QUOTE "YOU CAN COMPARE BRAINFEEDEER TO THE MUPPETS! EVERYONE IS THEIR OWN CHARACTER. GASLAMP KILLER IS ANIMAL OBVIOUSLY! SEE IT THAT WAY OR X-MEN OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. EVERYONE BRINGS SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO THE TABLE."
MYSPACE.COM/MARTYNDNB

SAMIYAM
ROLE FLYLO'S WING MAN
RECOMMENDED RELEASE RAP BEATS VOL.1 (SELF-RELEASED, 2008)
QUOTE "THE BOTTOM LINE WITH WHAT ARTISTS ARE GONNA COME OUT ON BRAINFEEDEER, THAT'S FLYING LOTUS' LABEL... THE BRAINFEEDEER THING CAN GO PRETTY MUCH WHEREVER HE WANTS TO TAKE IT I THINK."
MYSPACE.COM/SAMIYAMBEATS

TEEBE
ROLE AUDIO AND VISUALS
QUOTE "BRAINFEEDEER IS DEFINITELY MORE THAN A LABEL TO ME... IT'S A VERY ORGANIC MACHINE THAT DISPLAYS ALL THE CRAFTS THAT THE ARTISTS CHOOSE TO PURSUE."
MYSPACE.COM/TEEBE

reference points. "It's not really that surprising because I was always listening to so much music and I'd gone through the standard hip hop phase of listening to only hip hop and getting into all the New York producers that were making my favourite records in the '90s... everybody, me and Flying Lotus and a lot of our general age group are up on a lot of the same music, at least as far as hip hop goes."

Brainfeeder might have grown, but it still has that sense of natural, organic growth. New to the crew is Tokimonsta, aka 2010 RBMA participant Jennifer Lee, who met Ellison in Los Angeles. "We got introduced by Ras_G, from there we'd see each other around - the community's really small. One day he just hit me up on iChat - "You wanna be part of the crew?" "Alright!" That's how it happened. Very informal." It would be wrong, though, to paint Brainfeeder as simply a new generation of mind-expanded youngsters. As the family has grown, it's picked up older, like-minded cohorts along the way. Los Angeles producer Alfred Darlington, aka Daedelus, has been releasing on labels like Mush, Plug Research and Ninja Tune since 2001, but a chance meeting with Flying Lotus saw the two strike up a friendship. His forthcoming album Righteous Fists of Harmony sees the light of day on Brainfeeder in April. "I've been around for a little longer, worked with a few more labels, but these upstart young producers are on fire, and as such they bring a creative mischief I feel a kinship towards. I feel quite lucky in such good company."

Don't mistake this family feel for a democracy, though - it's quite clear who the daddy is here. Flying Lotus is central to this operation, and if there's any specific remit here - beyond 'sign great producers' - he's not elaborating.

"Brainfeeder is about progression you know what I'm saying?" says Ras_G. "It's about artists just really being themselves and trying to bring something new to the world. I think that's what Steve's seeking out, that every artist is something different, something special." Adds Samiyam: "The Brainfeeder thing can go pretty much wherever he wants to take it I think..."

Whatever the origins of the Brainfeeder phenomenon, it's thrived on the kinds of global links epitomised by the mix of artists at Brainfeeder's 2008 rave at Hearn Street. Currently, the Brainfeeder roster - which includes visual artists Ques, Teebs, and Dr Strangeloop - put on regular events at the Downtown Independent Movie Theatre in Los Angeles. Artists perform live to a packed-out, stadium-seated venue where, says Ras_G, "People dance, people bang their heads, people lose their minds!"

Adds Samiyam, "It's not the same as being in London with people knocking up against you, spilling drinks on your shoes or whatever... it's a completely different setting. They also have people DJing up on the roof!"

With Brainfeeder's global extended family now stretching from Los Angeles to Glasgow to London, Ras_G points out that live events are a necessary antidote to the impersonality of the internet channels through which Brainfeeder has also thrived. With London cited as vital to Brainfeeder's progression, it makes sense to bring a slice of the excitement to the UK capital.

Tonight's Fabric event is the beginning of a new quarterly residency that will see Brainfeeder's roster joined by their extended family of producers and DJs from around the world. "We've been trying to get Flying Lotus in for a long, long time," says Tom McCarthy of Fabric's promotions team. "But through misfortune it's not happened before. So we're chuffed not only to have him, but the whole Brainfeeder crew en masse touching down." Time for midweek bugging out.

BRAND NEW SECONDHAND

MAX COLE MEETS THE LA TEAM BEHIND SECONDHAND SURESHOT, A FILM ABOUT MAKING NEW BEATS FROM JUNKSHOP TREATS

Spawling and diverse, Los Angeles spreads its creative activity far and wide and pulling together any sort of common theme can be difficult. For their new documentary project Secondhand Sureshot, not-for-profit radio collective Dublab came up with their own focal point - the charity shop. Enlisting four of the city's most distinctive electronic voices - Ras_G, Daedelus, J Rocc and Noody - they gave each a princely \$5 and sent them out to dig through the vinyl bins of a thrift store of their choice before returning to their respective studios to make a beat from the sounds found on the reclaimed wax.

Dublab director/producers Mark 'Frosty' McNeill and Bryan 'Morpho' Younce - the sparks behind this experiment in creative sound recycling - say it was a natural step for a duo that likes to lead from the front.

"We've always liked to play around with concepts," explains Frosty. "The actual idea came out of a dream! I woke up one night with it, wrote it down in my phone, and went back to sleep. When I woke up again, I had the vague memory about it, checked my phone, and there it was: the name, the idea, everything. So I met up with Bryan, fine-



FAB AND GROOVY
 Bargain basement vinyl hunts require bargain basement transport (top), while Daedelus attempts to convince J Rocc that his five-buck find is a lost rare groove masterpiece

tuned the idea, and when we talked to people, they were really into it."

It's as much a voyage of discovery for the beatmakers as it is for the viewer. The film's charm is that the artists clearly want to rise to the challenge and share the joys of the nuggets they've found. No matter that they're unfamiliar with the music, or that they just paid for it with a handful of quarters - these guys have a passion for tracking down new-old records.

"There's also something to the limitation of the music-making process that brings out the magic," says Bryan. "The equipment is old, they're not in an insane studio or anything, but actually \$5 can be all you need to pull the best out of a song. The strict parameters make for great results, and there's a real sense of 'Hey, you can do this too'. "It's all really accessible, and although those guys are gifted, visionary talents, they show that you can do great things with limited resources. A little time is all you need."

There's an ecological subtext here, too. The theme of recycling old music, and

THE GIFT OF THRIFT
A taste of the horrors that lurk within the Secondhand Sureshots DVD

rediscovering musicians of the past is an undercurrent throughout. "It's funny how these hip hop producers have found themselves acting as the music historians of our time," Bryan elaborates. "They've rescued artists from a bygone era who would have been lost to obscurity - in fact one of the most exciting moments comes when pulling someone out of a forgotten time."

"It's incredible to think these records are discarded objects," Frosty picks up. "People have brought them (into the store) to get rid of them. Now they become infused with another kind of importance - but don't believe that every one of them is golden. The discovery is a very important part of the process."

Daedelus agrees. "It was really fun - not only making the music but also sharing it. Eventually, we passed the records around and everyone could hear what different

things we used. You hear the track and then you hear what they actually sampled from. You wouldn't believe what they're sampling from - people are sampling from some of the worst music you've ever heard, and then making really good music out of it."

It's this creative cheek that brings the music scenes and communities of LA together, not geography. "Having everyone together, freaking out to each other's tracks - that excitement is what this LA scene is all about," says Daedelus.

From record store to home studio to club night, if you don't have that community of friends to share the experience, then what have you got? Amps and cones pushing frequencies around the room might make some waves, but without the community, the people will remain unmoved. This documentary helps put the whole beat-making process into context, and suggests that you could become a part of it too.

Secondhand Sureshots is released through Stones Throw on March 9 dublab.com/secondhand



ALL OVER THE PARRISH

DETROIT'S THEO PARRISH JOINS THE DOTS BETWEEN OLD-SCHOOL SOUL AND RAZOR-EDGED ELECTRONICS, BUT THE HIGH PRIEST OF HOUSE WOULD RATHER LET THE MONIKER BURN THAN BE BOXED IN BY IT

Daily Note: **You grew up on diet of house. Can you pinpoint a moment when your ears opened up to other music?**

Theo Parrish: It wasn't until I was maybe 15, I walked into a Lil' Louis party and I didn't expect to hear As by Stevie Wonder on a soundsystem with 2,000 other black kids. "I can't believe this. I come to hear house music." But I didn't understand what a party was about, in Chicago anyway, which was bridging the gap from safety to a communal experience. And this song did it. Now, you know where that song just hits the roof? Amplify that by ten, then you have an idea of how huge the sound was in the place. This wasn't a rap concert, this wasn't a Pink Floyd concert, but you had a sound like it was. You're 15, you walk in, your DNA changes instantly. I'm like, "Mom used to play this cleaning up the house!"

Maybe you could talk a little bit about Chicago back in the day. What was going on then?

Chicago always was a very, very segregated town. You had the South side and the North side. There was still a lot of institutionalised racism, ideas about where certain people needed to be. And certain people, ie African-American, we needed to be on the South side, we weren't welcome up North. This music was coming from the South side, from people who really were shut out. We owned that music. Some of those songs – like the Mr Fingers EP – sold hundreds of thousands of copies within a week of release. If you take away the magazines, the sponsorship, the things that make it a commodity, this music was a language before the monikers: before acid house, progressive, drum'n'bass, any of the different sub-genres utilised to dissect the music and pimp it. We weren't even calling it house music. That was Europe coming over, seeing it, taking it back, and next thing you know you had D-Mob walking around with Aciiieed! smiley faces. There weren't no smiley face and LSD was not a part of the equation, at least not with us.

What do the DJ Ron Hardy and Music Box mean to you?

Ron Hardy was the foremost selector of the 20th century. Easy. Not only did he have the skills and energy, but he had the balls to do whatever he wanted. There was no light show, no cloud of smoke, none of that. You had a strobe light in the corner and a siren near the DJ booth, that was it. It wasn't about being seen, it was about that sound.

So you were 15 and had to sneak in.

I didn't have to sneak! You just went up to the

door, and if they didn't think you could handle it, then they wouldn't let you in.

And when did you start playing at clubs?

I started when I was 13, did my first gig at 15. I made \$23, and I was so happy. My biggest aspiration was to get my name on one of these posters like the big guys. I didn't know what it meant, I just wanted my mother to see it, to know all this banging in her attic was coming to something.

And what does your mother think about it today?

Aw, she's all in my ear now, telling me what people think about stuff online. I don't follow online: it becomes a hindrance, you become boxed in by your own movement. "I did this and people liked that so maybe I should keep doing that." But she monitors all that for me.

So you don't care about all that hype surrounding you?

It's appreciated because it allows me to do what I do and not have to work another job. All the ideas of grandeur and money and fame, that's all misplaced if you can't connect individuals to the songs. People think, it's all about me, I brought the records. No, it's not! What about the people whose lives are trapped in the vinyl? There's people in there. You need to talk to the individuals who paid to get in.

So what are the places you most like playing?

I like Yellow in Japan and Plastic People.

Is that because of the soundsystem?

Yeah, the soundsystem, generally, but there have been places where the sound has been just horrible – speakers on a stick, no monitors – but I've had a great night. Sometimes the emotive part is the best part.

And speaking of soundsystems, what would be your ideal set-up?

The best I ever experienced was this place in New York called Love. I played Funky Space Reincarnation by Marvin Gaye, that was the first time I heard everything in the record. But the owner of the place didn't believe in promoting the night – a philosophical stance. He wanted people to come for whatever the music was doing, no promotion. I dug that, but looking out and seeing 20 people, you're wondering, "What am I doing wrong?" And he's reassuring me, "Everything's going right, this is how it should be."

You mentioned old classics being a pivotal part of Chicago back in the day.

Yeah, nobody cared if you could play the new records over and over again. The tempos can be matched up, they can mix themselves. But can you tell a story? Can you mess with Kool & The Gang, chase it and catch it? That's what mattered in Chicago. That's a challenge that people are scared of today, taking risks. Got to cut that out, that's not house music. Fuck house music, man! Fuck any moniker!

What's your view of Serato?

We have all this technology, but when you pitch something up and down the record remains a record. When you take it out of this vinyl form you no longer associate the imagery with the individual, the sounds. It's convenient, you can bring your whole collection to a party. But I walk into a party and I know you got access to 50,000 records, OK, change my life! I walk in, my life is not

changed, I leave, I'm mad. I'm starting with the promoter because I'm drunk, and they told me the guy had 50,000 songs to play. Next time I come I want to hear the guy with 20 records in his box. There's too much convenience. I'm in the business of a record label. So, until they develop legislation to make it profitable for me to put my stuff in MP3 format, I'm not going to mess with it. Let's say a 12-inch cost five dollars. If you can get it online for a dollar and then you can give it to eight of your friends, for free, what's the point of me being in business? I got to eat. I can't put out something that's dangerous. I got to make a top ten house hit, otherwise I'm not going to pay my bills.

When did you have enough money to buy equipment?

Not until I got out of school. My mother convinced me to get a job teaching art, so I worked for one summer, taught art to pre-schoolers at Cranberg. They kicked me out.

Why? You're a great teacher.

I had students painting the floors red. I was turning 'em loose with finger paint: "Yeah, paint! Create! Show me your masterpiece." You know, kids of five years old pouring shit out, I loved it until the end when I had to clean up. The supervisor said, "What's that stain on the floor?" I was, "Don't worry about the stain. You should see what these kids painted, it's amazing." "The stain, Mr. Parrish. We just laid that floor." And that was the end of that.

How did you balance music and work?

I put out a release, things got good, I quit my job at a liquor-packing plant. All day hanging around with a bunch of drunks, putting bottles of Jack Daniel's in boxes and you get a call from BMG France, saying: "Hey, we like your tracks. We're gonna give you a \$1,500 advance." I thought I'd hit the big time. I was: "All right, I gotta hustle, gotta make sure I got stuff coming out." Every concept I have in my head, and how I manifest it, is totally on me now. Some I was good at, some I wasn't.

And you try to stay in control of everything, right?

You build from the ground up, every aspect, so you have to wear a different hat to deal with that and still create. And still have a social life because what we do socially affects what comes out creatively. My uncle asked, "How much time do you spend on a track?" "Eleven hours." "After four, take a break, go outside, go live. You're dead now. If you don't live life, then you have no experiences to draw from, you're just masturbating for people – 'Look how well I can jack off!'"

You started to work with 'real musicians' lately. The Rotating Assembly.

That's a unit I formed to do live things, musicians out of a group, Jazzhead. I would go see them 'cause they really just blew my mind. They hit me with this attitude: "Why do we need this DJ motherfucker?" I slowly broke them down, 'cause they actually heard me play. I had this weird concept of live music, didn't understand the chemistry a band needs to really do something. I had no problem getting on-time with the beat, but getting in the pocket with people is a different kind of thing.

How is Detroit these days? There is this myth about the abandoned city.

It's cold, it's snowing a little bit, pretty much how it's been the past 20, 30 years. And it's a chunk- full of the most talented people you will ever meet when it comes to music. It's consistent with the region, I call it the 'rust in the water syndrome'. I think it's because of the high iron content in the Great Lakes, all that rust, all that steel. Detroit is the home of contemporary music-making and production. And that's coming from someone from Chicago! You hear Jay Dee, then you hear the Sa-Ra guys, the call and answer, it goes out and comes back. You see Juan Atkins and you see the Burial Mix, back and forth all the time. It has to do with the 'do or die' attitude of the place: you get to be what you're about or you get to faking it. Usually, if you fake it, you never make it, so it's real simple.

You mentioned DJs from the early days you rated who didn't make a name for themselves. What's the difference between the ones who make it and the ones who don't?

Some of it's luck, the rest is hard work. Laziness is one of the most common human traits worldwide, second only to fear. If you can challenge those two, I can't see how you couldn't be successful. Keep it solid, keep it pure. If you're a DJ/producer, which one are you really interested in? Not which one you're good at. Fuck what you're good at! What are you being tugged at to do? So, if you say, "I want to be a producer" – great. Are you good at it? OK, hone it. I know guys in Chicago that have been playing longer than most name DJs and would tear them a new asshole in a battle. They stayed true to what they wanted to do. It's one thing to say, "I play these great songs." Do you do them justice? It's not about being able to play what's hot or mixing two records. Who gives a fuck? You can train a monkey to mix, but can you tell a story and give enough monkey talent there to make it palatable to people?

You did a re-edit of a Jill Scott tune, right?

I went to a Jill Scott concert in Detroit and I threw a package onstage after the show. About a month later, I go to my answering machine and it's a message from Jill Scott: "I got your music. I appreciate it, blah, blah." I heard she was looking for remixes, so I did the remix, sent it to her, got a call back, but they weren't interested. So I said, "Well, I'm-a start a little shit. I put it out and if it does something, maybe that'll make them give it a second listen." I did it, people liked it and I charged an exorbitant amount. I knew that I had to generate enough to give them something if they did come calling. I wanted it to be something that if you really wanted it, you pay what you had to pay to get it. Little did I know there were monsters waiting in the wings to bootleg my shit. That's the scariest thing about all this technology, it's increasingly difficult to become and remain original. Anyone can come and bite your shit.

*Interviewer: Gerd Janson, Seattle, 2005
redbullmusicacademy.com/london/lecture-videos*

“YOU CAN TRAIN A MONKEY TO MIX, BUT CAN YOU TELL A STORY AND SHOW ENOUGH MONKEY TALENT THERE TO MAKE IT PALATABLE TO PEOPLE?”



THEO PARRISH

ONE-MAN PROOF THAT DANCE MUSIC HAS SOUL, THEO PARRISH FUSES CHICAGO'S RHYTHMIC PULSE WITH DETROIT TECHNO'S MOTORIK SOUL, POINTING TO A LINEAGE THAT RUNS FROM SUN RA TO HIS OWN LABEL. THEO LIVED THROUGH HOUSE MUSIC'S PEAK. SINCE THEN HE'S MOVED ONTO THE MOTOR CITY. HE VISITS THE HIGHS AND HIGHERS OF THE GREAT LAKES' GREATEST CITIES.

FIVE THEO PARRISH RECORDS TO OWN
MOONLIGHT, MUSIC & YOU/ WALKING THROUGH THE SKY/
CHEMISTRY/THAT DAY (HOW I FEEL)/
SYNTHETIC FLEMM (OMAR S)

INFLUENCED BY
LARRY HEARD: THE MAN OF MANY FINGERS

INFLUENCE ON
RADIO SLAVE: HEART OVER MACHINE

TODAY I WANT...

THE THINGS WE'RE AFTER MOST FOR WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10

SOUNDS OF THE UNIVERSE

SOUNDSOF THE UNIVERSE.COM

TODAY'S ESSENTIAL NEW RELEASES FROM THE SHOP FLOOR



VARIOUS ARTISTS MESSAGE FROM THE TRIBE: AN ANTHOLOGY OF TRIBE RECORDS (UNIVERSAL SOUND)

This anthology of underground jazz and funk from the Detroit collective that included Wendell Harrison, and Marcus Belgrave is a reflection of an era that was as politicised as it was funkified. As well as releasing records in the early 1970s, Tribe also produced a black awareness mag for Detroit. This album comes with a 70-page booklet that reprints articles and photos from the original Tribe Magazine. These days the tribe welcomes all-comers.



KRZC FEATURING KEMI FEEDING (ANDRES REMIX) (NDATL)

A clue to the quality of this funky cut lies in the producer behind the

remix, Andres, who's been keeping very good company with soulful Detroit techno types Theo Parrish, Moodymann and Omar S. The original from this track was initially released on NDATL's The Floating EP, and now the bouncing funk is given Andres' deft polish. It's available on a limited marble-effect 7-inch with an instrumental on the flipside. If you missed out on this little wonder the first time around, don't make the same mistake twice.



JAMES BLAKE THE BELLS SKETCH EP (HESSLE)

James Blake is possibly the most off-kilter representative to break out of London's new young elite of bass-weight producers. With hints of far-flung icons of dance such as established beat skewerers like Four Tet, but incorporating the abstract electro streak of faces like Joy Orbison and Ramadanman, The Bells Sketch is a lolling stroll through those territories with Dilla and Stevie Wonder as tour guides. Not a bad place to be at all, especially considering you can count James' official releases on one hand so far. B-side Give a Man a Rod keeps things up to standard. We say, give a man a pat on the back. Good stuff.



VARIOUS ARTISTS NEXT STOP... SOWETO: TOWNSHIP SOUNDS OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF MBAQANGA (STRUT)

They call it "painstaking" research, but Strut Records must have had a ball digging out these obscure 45s from South Africa made in the late 1960s and '70s. These tunes are where all sorts of influences were meeting, so you've got the ridiculously fun piano workouts of S Piliiso & His Super Seven next to soulful cuts from the Melotone Sisters, making this one of the most accessible compilations out of Soweto in memory. So please, bring the pain!



VARIOUS ARTISTS RINSE 11: MIXED BY ONEMAN (RINSE FM)

Steve Bishop might call himself Oneman when he DJs, but the

Londoner's mix for the 11th in Rinse FM's compilation series paints a picture of a multi-faceted character instead. So we have Kode9's rumbling dubstep facing off remixes of Ms Dynamite from Oneman himself, laced together with hard-edged electro from Starkey and the bonkers tribal mayhem of Crystal Fighters. It's a fitting testament to the diversity of where London is at these days when it comes to the constantly splintering offshoots of grime and dubstep.



THE LAST ELECTRO-ACOUSTIC SPACE JAZZ & PERCUSSION ENSEMBLE MILES AWAY (STONES THROW)

Madlib has been spoiling us with his recent releases. The Lost Electro-Acoustic Space Jazz & Percussion Ensemble? To get everyone up to speed, Madlib is arranging an experimental jazz consortium, featuring an 11-piece band of harps, guitars, Rhodes, Moogs and more, including Madlib himself on the drums. It's a beautiful listen, with many of the tracks, like the spiritual workout Shades Of Phil evoking the spirit of a bygone age. And the record's title, Miles Away? Do we really have to spell it out?



STAR ATTRACTION Run DMC rock the Superstars look at the Hammersmith Odeon, in September 1986

THE LAST WORD ON... STYLE

THE SWEET SHELL OF SUCCESS

THE ADIDAS SUPERSTAR SPREAD FROM THE BASKETBALL COURT AND THE BURNED-OUT BRONX TO BECOME THE URBAN SHOE OF CHOICE WORLDWIDE. CHRIS SULLIVAN HAS A WORD IN YOUR SHELL-LIKE

Even today, 40 years on, you'd be hard pressed to find a sneaker store in the world that doesn't sell Adidas Superstars," testifies Jon Baker, former owner of pioneering hip hop label Gee Street. "It is the most iconic, most important trainer in the history of youth culture."

Baker should know. Having worked the door for the legendary Roxy Club in Manhattan, he signed The Jungle Brothers, Queen Latifah and Doug E Fresh and saw the whole shooting match develop. "I went up to Disco Fever in the South Bronx in 1981," recalls 48-year-old Baker. "And I saw all these kids dressed in sports clothes spinning on their heads to this fresh, new and completely unique music. It was on a par with punk. It was a whole new culture. It had the graffiti, the music, the attitude and the clothes. And the standard issue was Adidas shells."

Designed in 1969, Adidas Superstars – aka 'shell toes' – were the low-top version of the Pro Model basketball shoe and boasted all-leather uppers and tongue (the mark of the original highly collectable first edition) and rubber toe piece, or shell toe. Of course, just like its predecessor, the Converse All Star, it soon caught the attention of the top players in the NBA and NCAA (most famously Kareem

Abdul-Jabbar) until, by the mid-'70s, over 75 per cent of NBA players sported Adidas Shells. As a result, the shoe spread through urban America faster than crack.

"Growing up in the Bronx, the Superstar was the sneaker," explained Bronx-born Tony 'Powerful Pexster' Lopez, original member of the dance crew, New York City Breakers. "Then, when we started breaking in the late '70s, the whole look came together and it kinda blew up."

Subsequently, after the Sugarhill Gang and Kurtis Blow enjoyed chart success in 1979 and 1980 with rap records backed by a band, in marched Grandmaster Flash in 1981 with his Adventures on the Wheels of Steel track. Cutting and scratching "like a motherfucker", Flash's music changed the face of hip hop forever. Both Flash and former Black Spades gang leader Afrika Bambaataa then showed exactly how it was done and what could be done with it.

The next year, London's Wag club put on the UK's first hip hop event, The Roxy Review – featuring, among others, Ramellzee, Bambaataa, Fab Five Freddy and the Rock Steady Crew. Attended by every style and music journo in the UK, the gig sparked a craze that saw gangs of trendies abandon

their Capital E Levi's and biker boots in favour of Kangol, tracksuit and trainers. "The UK was the perfect place for hip hop culture to grow," says Don Letts, who co-promoted the Wag event. "Because what was hip hop if not black punk rock?"

Yet, indubitably, it was Run DMC who having famously sported the shells (minus laces) with their black polos, snap-brims and leather trousers in '84, made the shoe iconic. Their 1986 hit My Adidas immortalised the item: "They're black and white, white with black stripe, the ones I like to wear when I rock the mic."

When the band performed the track at Madison Square Garden soon after, they commanded the crowd to strip off their Adidas and hold them up. So many sneakers went up that Adidas' marketing men – shrewdly invited along by DMC manager, Russell Simmons – instantly offered them a sponsorship deal.

But for many aficionados, the shell story didn't end there. In the late '80s, as acid house swept the nation, many dissenters sought solace in old-school hip hop, funk and acid jazz, while labels like Duffers proffered a look that was all about selva Levi's, Gabiccis sweaters, anoraks and old-school trainers,

such as Adidas' Superstar, Gazelle and Samba shoes and Puma's Suede, Clyde and the Roma. Adopted by the likes of Ian Brown, Tricky and Massive Attack, it was a look that dominated groovy urban Britain.

"We found a load of original shells in New York Street in 1989 for \$5 a pair," says Duffers founder Eddie Prendergast. "By then it was all bells and whistles and hi-tops. No one wanted the shells there; they were government issue for people working in mental hospitals. So we brought back 60 pairs and had a queue around the block. Then, just like with the selva Levi's, the Japanese started paying silly money and the cult of the old-school trainer began. We got £1,500 for a pair of Nike Waffles found in a wall in Boston."

The similarity with Levi's does not end there. Both companies were slow in releasing their heritage ranges ("When we asked Adidas in the early '90s to replicate the Superstar, they refused point blank," attests Prendergast) but both eventually gave in and now glean undying loyalty from aficionados for their replica lines. ("It still amuses me, though," concludes Jon Baker. "That a load of kids up in the Bronx basically made billions of dollars for a German sportswear brand. They should have got a cut.")



Headfuck. It's a word that started popping up in August of 2008 on a blog called mml ssgs to describe the music of Mike Parker and Donato Dozzy. Their brooding, dark techno with traces of trance was clearly different from the other vibrant strain of the genre. Smooth and flowing, headfuck goes slower. And deeper. Quite simply, it fucks with your head.

The most coherent and prolific imprint to have embraced headfuck is Munich's Prologue. The label's MySpace page has the phrase emblazoned next to its picture for months, and label boss Tom Bonaty doesn't shy away from the term.

It's been a long road for Bonaty, though, and one that hasn't always been about headfuck. The imprint's head got his start in electronic music in the late '80s, DJing and working in a local record store for years before starting his first label, Treibsand, with two friends (Michael Kranawetter and Alexander Wadt). The label was a short-lived affair, beginning in 1999 and abruptly



DOZZY OR DOESN'T HE? Everything's looking rosy for headfuck protagonist Donato

stopping in 2000, but it was an important one. Through its releases, Bonaty became even better friends with local DJs like Cio D'or who cottoned to the imprint's sound. "It was very authentic, very rough, but very straight," remembers D'or. Bonaty soon had more important things taking up his time, however. Namely, a family. "When I

do things, I want to support them 100 per cent, so I took some time away." Nonetheless, Bonaty was still often DJing and throwing parties locally, enchanted by the minimal wave that was so powerful in the beginning of the 2000s. "We would play records from Minus, Plus8, Mental Groove," says Bonaty, but things changed "about three years ago, at a Mental Groove night. The DJ played a Donato Dozzy record. I was so surprised by his releases and his sound. It became the reason that I started a new label. I wanted to create my own vision of electronic music, one that goes in more or less the same direction as where Donato is heading."

The record that Bonaty heard was Dozzy's Destination: Eskimo, a track released on Elettronica Romana. It was yet another short-lived but important imprint, a label that brought together a number of artists that frequented Rome's Remix shop and traded in the sort of trance-y, intelligent techno that Prologue now specialises in. RA's

Nate Deyoung once described Eskimo as "claustro-disco" with an "arpeggiated line [that] wobbles in disorienting extremes." Hearing it today, you can understand how Bonaty would be won over: coming after a sea of shiny-surface, hyper-composed minimal techno, it's a deep and loose sound that relies on analogue synths for its power.

But Bonaty doesn't necessarily see headfuck as a reaction against minimal—despite some distaste for where the genre has gone in the past few years. D'or agrees: "A lot of what I hear around me these days is what I would call 'Lambada tech house'.

There are a lot of vocals. For me, I wonder about it, because before these people were in the underground and now they can play in a normal club because of the music they are playing. I feel there is another wave, coming from another direction that is going to hold the real techno up, in a new form."

LABELS TO WATCH: PROLOGUE TECHNO HAS A NEW NAME. AND IT'S A DIRTY ONE. TODD L. BURNS INVESTIGATES.



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