

FREE
Issue 01

CRASHK

Art, Music, and Capers

The First Issue

Hollis -
Working class

Chuck Elliott -
C.G.I

**Rosie
and the Goldbug -**
Fit pop

Revere -
Big noise

Plus
Black Devil Disco Club
W.T.F
and more ...

01

AD SPACES

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www.gingersnap.co.uk

For those who are cracked let the light in:

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I S S U E O I

CRACK

has decided that aside from trying to piece the various parts of our lives back together after Glastonbury, it might be a good idea to fuck off.

After breaking its already impressive world record for sleepless nights without medication and exhausting its entire vocabulary of adjectives, *Crack* decided that in order to give its housemates time to become emotionally stable again it should take advantage of Ryanair's £20 return to Portugal (£10 credit card charge – bastards). So while you read this, no doubt *Crack* will be eating ice cream out of pineapples and getting excited by talking to women for the first time in a while.

So boasting nothing more than a great taste in wife-beaters, some mock wayfarers and a small country's economic deficit, *Crack* magazine goes into the summer looking to breathe a warm ray of sunshine into Bristol's shrapnel-filled wallets and culture starved hearts.

Bringing a hand-picked selection of all things musical and creative, *Crack* is rotating itself quite nicely on the axis of originality so you won't be far from something worth looking, hearing and talking about.

Treading the rather wonky line between the kid who didn't attend school because he was literally too cool and his nerdy counterpart with a twinkle in his eye who got the shit kicked out of him, *Crack* is looking to push the creative merit of Bristol to the forefront of people's consciousness.

Combining the supremely talented people that form the fabric of Bristol's most interesting sights and sounds, with the oddities and diversity of a city saturated in culture, *Crack* will hopefully tickle your funny bone as well as introduce you to a whole host of fresh shit ya'll.

If it doesn't then your money back....Oh hang on....it's free, well nothing to lose there then!

Tom Frost

Jake Applebee



CRACK HAS BEEN CREATED USING:

Deadmau5 – I Remember (Caspa Remix)

Alter Ego

Fuckingham Palace (Neck and Dirk Leyers Remix)

Sascha Funke – Mango

Dimitri From Paris – The Sound of Underground Disco

John Legend – Green Light (MSTRKRFT remix) (single)

PJ Harvey and John Parish – Black Hearted Love (single)

Holst – The Planets (Album)

Toots and the Maytals - Pressure Drop

Skream – Blue Eyez

Hot Chip – Made in the Dark (Album)

Bob Dylan's Theme Hour (Radio 2)

Ellen Allien – Sensucht

M83 – Saturday = Youth (Album)

Press - Bitchmen

Dizzie Rascal – Jus a Rascal

Paul Simon – Graceland (Album)

Kraftwerk – Radioactivity

The Walkmen - The Rat

The Operators – The Knife

Ladyhawke – Back of the Van

Bill Hicks – The closest thing we've ever had to the second coming of Christ

Cyrus Bayandor - The Waltzer Tune

Tears for Fears – Shout

Ricardo Vilalobos and Richie Hawtin

Essential Mix 2005

XX Teens – Darlin'

Chairlift – Bruises

N-Dubz – No specific tune, just the full N-Dubz package!

Portico Quartet – Knee Deep in the North Sea (Album)

Unknown – The Swine Flu Skank (Youtube)

Fat Freddy's Drop – Based on a True Story

Foals - Gold Gold Gold

Yeah Yeah Yeah's – Zero (Erol Alkan re-work)

Yeah Yeah Yeah's – It's Blitz (Album)

We Have Band – Oh!

187 Lockdown – Gunman (Crystal Death remix)

Flying Lotus – Tea Leaf Dancers

Revere – The Escape Artist

Louis Prima – Just a Gigolo

White Denim – Heart From Us All

Taking Tiger Mountain - Tablecloths and Napkins

Notorious B.I.G – Juicy

Various Production – Sweetness

Cut Copy – Nobody Lost, Nobody Found

The Fall - 458489 A Sides

Radioclit – Divine Gosa (Switch remix)

Prince – Cream

Interpol - Black Sessions

D636 - Better Days to Come

Fleetwood Mac - Little Lies

Snoop Doggy Dogg – Doggystyle (Album)

Black Devil Disco Club.

Talk Talk – Life's What You Make It

Pivot – O Soundtrack My Heart

Jonquil - Lions

Turbowolf - Ghost Hunt

Lional Richie – All Night Long

The National - Brainy

Will Smith - Miami

Your Twenties - Caught Wheel

Limp Bizkit – Break Stuff

Sammy D - So Sexy

Red Hot Entertainment - Junior Spesh

Mobb Deep - Shook Ones, Part II

Pete Doherty and Wolfman - For Lovers

The Cooper Temple Clause - Blind Pilots

Back to The Future Soundtrack - especially Earth Angel

WE ARE..... LOWER CASE, PIN-UP, PRETTY, ANGRY, NAKED, NASTY, CHEEKY, SKINT, UNSHAVED, CHECKED, TEA DRINKING, ON DEMANDING, VERBAL, PENALTY MISSING, ORGANISED MESSSES, HELPFUL, HANDY, ELITIST, CULTURALLY POLARISED, INCANDESCENT, BLACK, SIDESWEPT, WORRIED, NERVOUS, HOPEFUL, ROUNDED, HEIGHTENED, TIPSY, TOOTLED, BUSINESS CARD WAVING, CHEQUE BOOK HIDING, BANK CARD LOSING, FITNESS LACKING, GIRLFRIEND LOVING, SHOE LOSING, BED WETTING, BESTIVAL MEN, READING TEENAGERS, RAMSHACKLE TOTS, BRISTOL BOYS.

WHAT . THE . FUCK!

(DUMBUS STUFFUS)

(JUST OPINION, OUR OPINION, MAYBE NOT YOUR OPINION, BUT IN SOME CASES, DEFINITELY OUR OPINION AND IN OTHERS NOT OPINION AT ALL)



Limp Bizkit reforming

Sometimes news is just so tragic it affects you for months and months. On a par with a family pet dying or owning an Icelandic bank account, this news actually reduced our entire office to tears and caused one member to declare himself too ill to work as of immediate effect.

I know Limp got back together four months ago, but based on the damage they did to our ears and our editors' psyche after splitting up with his girlfriend the first time round, we have genuine reason to be really scared.

In a statement on their official website, front man Fred Durst declared: "We decided we were more disgusted and bored with the state of heavy popular music than we were with each other."

Well thank the Lord the Bizkit are back to save modern music from the disgraceful state it finds itself in. If you find anyone limping with the bizkit to an excessive level please ring us for all available remedies.

Note: Both of Crack's founder editors were proud owners of *The Chocolate Starfish and the Hotdog Flavoured Water* (Limp's esteemed third album) and would probably go and see if them if they could afford it.



Drug and sex litter rapid cleanup team (DSLRACT)

One of Crack's homeboys found this van going about it's business in one of Bristol's more abrasive areas the other day.

Yes we do know it's an extremely worthwhile Bristol City Council service that cleans up needles from playgrounds and generally makes the city safer for all concerned... but...we think there is room for expansion here if the council wants to make a few extra bucks...

"Got an unwanted dildo? Have you decided to give up drugs? Got some spare prescription pharmaceuticals lurking around the house? Call the Drug and Sex Litter Rapid Cleanup Team to get rid of your shit quickly. Got some unwanted mess after sex? Have you puked up after doing one too many? Lucky for you there's now a number to solve your messy drug and sex related issues, call 0**** ***** for rapid response. Our fully trained drug and sex commando's guarantee a 1.5 min response time anywhere in the city. Stay safe kids, but if you don't there's always The DSLRACT!!



Swine Flu Skank

This video pretty much doubles up as a Government information video via the musical medium of hip-hop and let's face it the advice is pretty solid. "Catch it, bin it, kill it" - end of.

Bets are high, after this video goes viral, of swine flu cases dramatically decreasing. Who says hip-hop causes violence now then? David Cameron will probably be trying to win votes on the back of this video, probably commending these black youths in their new role as 'hip hop as public service addressers.'

Rude boys are now carrying tissues and mobile bins as the ultimate fashion accessory. Practical tings g'wanin!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=npvUyxiTFYs>



Queen Square traffic island car parking lottery space

Crack has noticed this unique place to park your car just off Queen Square for a number of months now and the lack of an explanation is really beginning to grate us. As far as we can see it's like every other car parking space you've ever seen in your life...except it just happens to be on a traffic island and there's a different car parked there every day.

We have absolutely no idea who this mercurial special parking space belongs to and who is in control of this, seemingly random, traffic island parking space lottery.

We do know we had to go down there at 2am on a Wednesday to use the space. By that time most places were shut. So we strolled round the centre, got some chips and then went home. But at least we used it.... yeah! Getting it at prime time proved a little bit more difficult, but clearly not for some.

If anyone has any idea what the deuce is going on here let Crack know!!



Special Mention: Big brother to the rescue!

Imagine the scenario: You are an excited 18 year-old indie loving girl looking for a summer festival. Your spirits are high because in two weeks you set off on your gap year jaunt to pastures foreign, hot and fun. You can think of nothing better than continuing the excitement when you return with a festival. Life is looking up.

Ideally you want to see your favourite bands, but especially Bloc Party, Radiohead and Kings of Leon. Your friends have mooted the idea of Reading Festival and before the line-up is announced, your wiser, older brother, who by pure coincidence happens to edit a new music and art magazine for Bristol, imparts his infinite and timeless pearls of wisdom in an effort to help you get the best from your summer festival experience:

"You don't want to go there, it's muddy, full of fucking emo kids and that Sunday is always mad metal day where you'll probably end up watching My Chemical Romance because there's nothing better on."

So that settles it then. You draw the advised conclusion, safe in knowledge Reading Festival is a piece of shit and you don't want anything to do with a gaggle of emotionally challenged 14 year-old metal fans. You fly off on your trip, ticketless, but content.

A few days later the Reading line-up is announced featuring your three favourite bands and no metal day in sight.

That's what older brothers are there for!

D.O. T.H.I.S. FOREIGN FESTIVALS

Based on the current state of *Crack's* tent after Bestival and the fact we have to find a way of drying it out and fumigating it before this year's festival selecta commences, we thought guaranteeing a spot of weather might be a decent shout.



Sziget - Hungary

Situated on the beautiful Buda island part of Budapest in Hungary. This is a scenic marathon of a festival that takes in eight days of unbridled frolics. Hungarians are unbelievably friendly party animals and this festival combines a refreshing amount of eclecticism (Hungarian metal stage anyone) with a relaxed atmosphere that reflects the longevity of the festival. Sziget is like Serbia's Exit Festival, but more spread out and less brain cell destroying.

August 10-17

150 Euros

Arctic Monkeys, Lily Allen, Wilco, Röyksopp, Bon Iver, Glasvegas, Grizzly Bear, Fever Ray, Beirut, Jenny Lewis



Electric Elephant - Croatia

Any festival set in Croatia run by a load of dance fanatics from Manchester deserves a ceremonial thumbs up. The fact they've called it Electric Elephant deserves two. Set on beaches next to a 900 year-old fishing village, this is a small psychedelic beauty spot of festival trippery. Getting techno, psychedelic and beat legends such as Four Tet, Andrew Weatherall and Jesse Rose to join the party means this wonky drama has real weight. As a side note, it's meant to be fucking stunning. As their home page conveys: "This is a beautiful place. It's enchanting. You'll fall in love... into the light, into the sun, free your mind." (translated: more hippies per sq m, than any other festival this summer)

August 28 - 30

£70

Four Tet, Natty, David Thomas Broughton, Andrew Weatherall, Jesse Rose



Fuji Rocks

For those who want a little bit more fuck for their buck, partying on a ski resort at the feet of Mount Fuji with a few uber-acts isn't the worst shout in the world. Greener than a Norwegian pine forest, Fuji Rocks boasts an eclectic mix of dance music, indie and Japanese acts you've never heard of. It's been Japan's premier music festival for some time, its notoriety established in its first ever year in 1997 when the site was struck by a typhoon and Red Hot Chili Peppers' Anthony Kiedis played his set with a broken arm.

July 24-26

42,000 Yen

Oasis, Patti Smith, Franz Ferdinand, Animal Collective, Booker T Jones, Weezer, Public Enemy, Maximo Park,

C.R.A.C.K.I.N.G NEW MUSIC COME HITHER



Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs

When you think of Oxford, academic excellence, fine architecture and punting on the Thames are usually the staple variables attached to perhaps the world's cleverest place. Bassline house is not. Oxford's Totally Enormous Extinct Dinosaurs is actually one producer and his chest rattling exploits are far from extinct. Brilliantly stupid with a complete obsession for rough and ready bass. This is one dirty dinosaur who should really have a wash.

www.myspace.com/totallyenormousexinctdinosaurs

Tune: Deathray Trebuchay Number 6 Remix



Laura J Martin

This artist is straight out of the toaster with marmite spread all over her...you'll either get it, or you won't. With the summer months approaching, her flute will inevitably be transformed into a musical wand Harry Potter would be proud of. This is the soundtrack to complete your day of sunshine in the park. If you missed her in the Thekla at the start of the month, I have no doubt she'll return to these shores at some point soon. Make sure you look out for her- she is an amazing performer.

www.myspace.com/lalajmartin

Tune: Fire Horse



Melodica, Melody and Me

The folk scene in London is massive at the moment with bands like Noah and the Whale, and solo artists like Laura Marling gaining the commercial success they rightfully deserve. This group are heading in the same direction. Melodica, Melody and Me make songs that will make you dance with a little tear in your eye. As your relationship with them grows it's likely this happy little tear will become permanent and say things like: "Turn it up! Hearing is hard for me, I am a tear, and I have no ears." Quite simply if you are a fan of beautiful folk influenced music, you will be a fan of these guys 'n' girls.

www.myspace.com/mmmelodic

Tune: Runaway



The Operators

Originating from the magically enchanted Isle of White, these guys are on the verge of being 'big time'...a statement not only confirmed by their indie-pop audio excellence, but also by giving my shiny magic 8-ball predictor a gentle, but firm, shake. They describe themselves as "a funky, dancey, geeky quartet", a statement which sums up their sound perfectly. They are heavy on the beats and accompanied with a lyrical prowess that's catchy and melodic, they make music to make your ears smile, and your body shake.

www.myspace.com/theoperatorsrock

Tune: B Line



Mr Beasley

Whenever someone is introduced to me as Mr, I automatically feel the individual concerned has a certain formal status and gravitas until I have listened to them or got a personal level. Until then I am forever lost in an internal name maze of formality and gentry. This man is no exception, as not only his name but his music demands your respect. Mr Beasley's production has the rare quality of taking something fragile and beautiful and mating it with something dirty. The bastard offspring is an overwhelming bundle of broken-beat and drum-driven joy. Rather than this rather respectful explanation of his talent, *Crack* demands you go forth and find out this man's true identity after listening to a few of his choice cuts.

www.myspace.com/mrbeasleymusic

Tune: Right as Rain

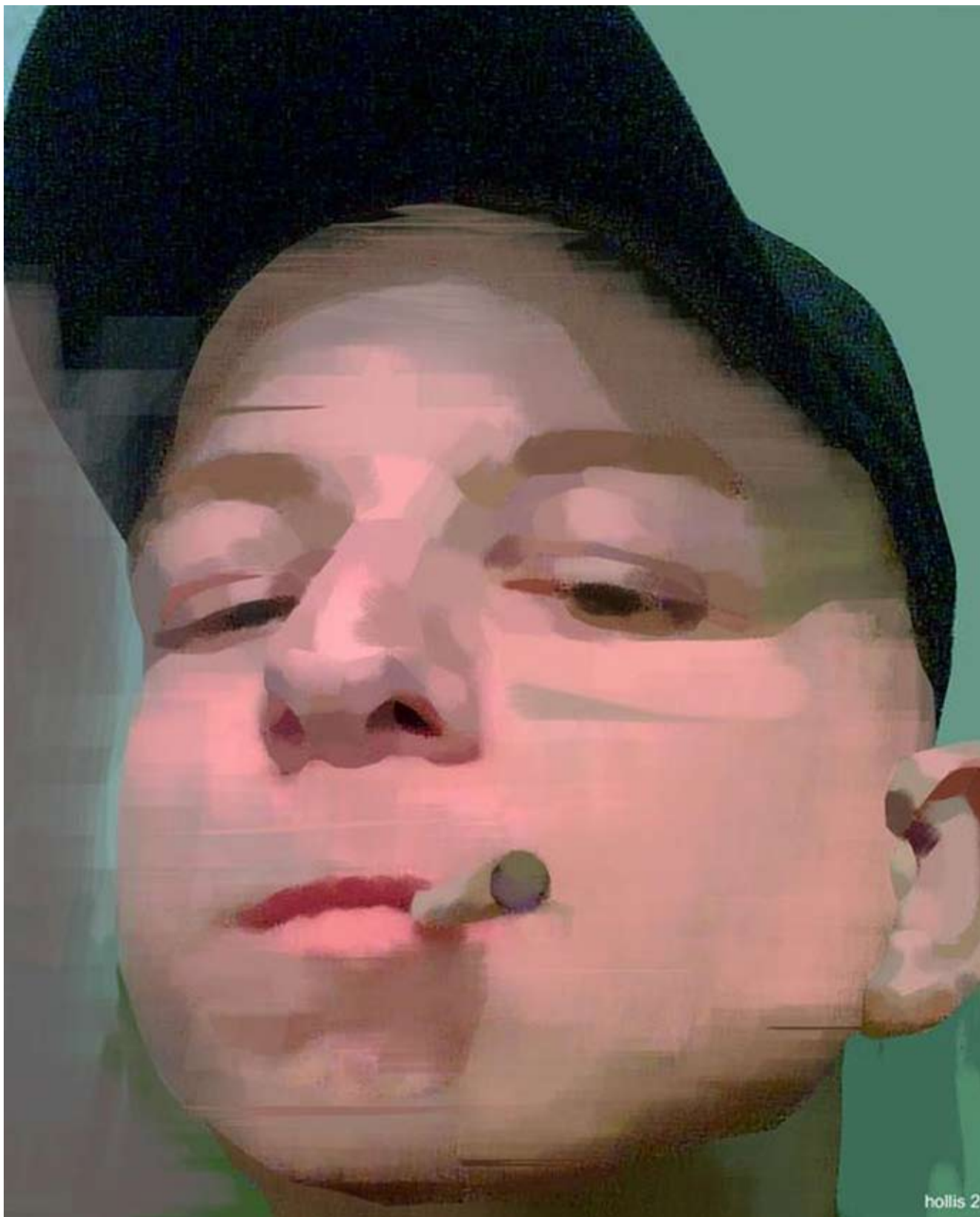


Jonquil

This band are so delicate, so refreshingly delightful and offer such a beautiful and joyous mix of melodies and harmony that you can't help but to be transported into a mystical and captivaiting trance. Even if the World Trade Centre was reconstructed and subsequently blew up whilst you were on the top floor eating an ice cream, you wouldn't be budged a bit. Having recently played the Louisiana, be sure to catch this magical sextet when they next grace these Bristolian shores.

www.myspace.com/jonquilkuk

Tune: Whistle Low



Brian Pitt © Mark Hollis

Artists.

hollis.

“I COULD PAINT A SECRETARY OF STATE OR A WORLD LEADER AND THEY WOULDN'T HAVE SUCH PROUD LEVEL DEFIANCE AS HE HAS. IT'S SOMETHING TRUE AND HONEST.”

During *Crack's* university years, in between eating Bombay Bad Boy pot noodles and doing The Guardian crossword, it thought it might be an idea to get fit and in a moment of inspiration joined a football team.

After playing a few games, it realised that the most confusing thing about university sports teams is the nationwide mantra obeyed by all part-time student athletes – that after the game it's compulsory to get utterly shit-faced. This has always confused *Crack* for the simple reason the primary objective of dragging itself out of bed before 2pm was to run around and get fit. The whole after-match 14-pint lager-fest went some way to undoing the excellent yardage *Crack* had put in during its 10-minute substitute appearance.

After-match drinking usually ended up in the student union dodging the sick and wondering how the neanderthal rugby first-team got their way with the rather pretty netballers. It also involved some kind of errant fancy dress theme; usually pornstars, army or in the most disturbing case – chavs.

The sight of the majority privately schooled, trust-funded sports teams parading round the student union in Burberry caps, joggers and wife-beaters was bad enough. Couple this with the inconsistent parody of northern, scouse or hard cockney accents. It's a kind of social mimic that really makes *Crack* wish Karl Marx's prophecies would come true pretty quickly.

The whole concept was essentially a privileged class of elitist fuck-wits decimating a large proportion of the British working class. You can imagine the kind of conversations that would have taken place on these nights:

“Oh Annabelle don't these poor people dress silly, look at us in our poor clothes, don't we look funny.”

“Yes Bridget my daddy bought me a Kappa tracksuit especially for the occasion; I could never wear these clothes normally. Ha, ha, ha, rah, rah, rah.”

Crack has half a mind to hire a minibus, take a trip to its local council estate, pick up a few people and drive to one of these events and see if they find the university-sponsored concept of social parody and working-class decimation an amusing one.

Luckily for those of us who don't have our heads lodged in an £80 Jack Will's beanie, a Bristol artist has captured delicate slices of the working class in a series of pieces that challenge preconceptions and illustrate this much-maligned group in our society. Hollis is a 40-year-old artist who gets close to his subject matter and has always had a fascination with the attitude, style and characters that form the working-class world.

A talkative and opinionated character, Hollis's reflective and socially aware conversation directly translates itself into his artwork. Through keeping the bullshit to a minimum and firm in his ethos and opinions, he makes for a great interview subject. Keen, eager and somewhat larger than life, his fascinations become yours the more time you spend in his company.

Having grown up on a council estate in Thatcherist Britain, Hollis has always been close to his subject matter, as he explains:

“I grew up on a council estate when Maggie Thatcher came in and told everyone to buy their council house. My folks decided to buy the house and developed huge delusions of grandeur. They knocked down walls and they re-named the house from; 275 London Road to Tree Tops. I remember thinking, “this is horrible People are buying council houses but they weren't building any more so there was less social housing”.

What fascinates Hollis are the characters who represent the more solidified council estate mentality where there is a distinctive code, ethos and image detached from the Thatcherist notions of self-improvement and capital venture.

Hollis says: “There is still this thing of bettering yourself in today's society, but there is still engrained in working-class culture, an attitude that is unfettered and pure and I really admire that. My fascination is the fact you still get this whole sub-genre of working-class young people that have a style, a philosophy and an ethos that is consistently ridiculed by others. I can empathise with that.”

Perhaps the most politically challenging of Hollis's pieces is the way the lord of the manor is represented in his piece *Country Pile*. Standing proud outside his council estate house, the class system is subverted by the royal robes juxtaposed with the baseball cap the character in question is wearing. Displaying all the arrogance of someone who is entirely contented with their dwelling and life, the bold upright expression and regal uniform is not about becoming wealthy and aspirational, it's about being content with what you have.

Hollis explains: “The character in the piece is saying: ‘Fuck off! I've got it, you haven't and you aren't going to get it either because I've had it for years and it's part of me and part of the way I am. You've gone through so many facets of trying to better yourself, but I've got my house, I've got my car and I'm fucking happy and I've had it all along because this is what I am and this is my Country Pile’.”

In today's difficult times where class, economics and jobs are becoming murky words, someone with a distinct and comfortable ideology looks less an object of ridicule and more like an extremely sensible person. Hollis adheres to this:



“Among the recession where everything is changing and becoming more weird, there is a solid core of people who have their own ideas and fashion outlook that are solid and pure. It doesn’t matter what nationality you are, if you are in that kind of situation it is something to be celebrated.”

Hollis’s celebration of working-class culture reaches its zenith in the beautiful and picturesque *Sunny Day*. Challenging the stereotypes of aggression, attitude and intimidation attached to various working-class fashions, *Sunny Day* flips the scripture on how we view working-class males and especially fashion.

“It’s all about this guy dressed in this uniform that is again extremely pure. He doesn’t care as there is no fashion involved; he is a working-class young kid in his baseball cap. It is a uniform without being fascistic or menacing.”

The piece is highly revealing, as it forces us to look at the working class not just in terms of ideology, but also, in the case of *Sunny Day*, physically, as Hollis explains:

“He’s a lean-bodied man with the sun shining on him and looking pretty dopey. He could be hung-over, he could be stoned. The main thing is he is inert, but at the same time looks beautiful. He’s not being confrontational at all. This guy is relaxed, he’s got muscle tone. He’s not doing anything threatening. Somewhere inside of him, he’s got this whole attitude that says, ‘I know who I am, I sit well, I have gravitas’. This guy has stature, he is relaxed. His mouth is open. There is no threat.”

Hollis’s work showcases the purity in the symbolism of working-class culture and these definite sets of symbols penetrate the fashion in *Sunny Day* and also *Blazin Edit*. The use of the spliff and baseball cap in this piece portray the so-called ‘chav’ is his glorious essence.

The piece features a 13-year-old from Bedminster, who at the time of being captured for the illustration, was jumping up and down on a bed while being recorded on video. The piece is created from a perfect still taken from the video.

Hollis says: “It’s a very regal piece and there is a real open defiance to the it. He’s saying I’ve got what you cannot have. I could paint a secretary of state or a world leader and they wouldn’t have such proud level defiance as he has. It’s something true and honest. It is very rare you’ll get a leader with that aura. He’s saying: ‘You’ve checked me, this is what I’m like.’”



My love after the war © Mark Hollis

“If the image was to carry on below he would be wearing a shirt and tie and briefcase and have kids, a wife and a country manner. It’s a go-away cockiness. It’s that kind of duality I like.”

The use of real people in all of Hollis’s pieces gives the art a reality rooted in the characters and styles that are openly on show.

There is no room for fakers in his work as there is no room for fakers in the value-hardened world of those featured.

“I do a lot of hanging around with the kind of people my mother would have a fit about. I hang around every now and then with homeless and drug addicts. I like it, it’s fun. Where I live I meet these people regularly. If you are honest and go up to them and say: ‘I really would like to paint you, can I take a photo?’, they generally say: ‘Yeah – OK!’ As long as you are honest, people will lark around with you.”

By having the guile to portray these working-class characters in a different way, we are all given the opportunity to gain greater understanding without undermining a large proportion of British people. This is exemplified by an experience Hollis had in Bristol some years ago:

“In 1992, I’d been in Bristol for a bit and I met this guy who thought he ruled the scene. The kind of character who claimed he only drank Jack Daniels straight. He introduced me to this guy with a buzz cut, which was gelled within an inch of its life. He was dressed in tracksuit bottoms and he liked to throw knives. We went round his house one evening and this quite scary character started to throw a knife on the floor in the room so it would land just by your foot. This guy was absolutely frantic throwing knives between us. I was very intrigued by him.”

“At the same time I was involved in this squat gallery called Pink Palace. It was being shut down and the knife thrower came and helped me remove the work. At this point I just thought he was always really angry and essentially I was just using him for his muscle to help with the removal. When he came and saw my artwork, before we cleared the gallery, his reaction was amazing. He just went like a puppy dog. He said: ‘I get you now. I thought you were weird but I get you now’. He had a really unclouded view on life, where there was no room for sentimentality or fakeness. Everything about him softened. Everything about him, his posture, his mannerisms, and the way he spoke to me. If he was trying to be someone else, he would have been embarrassed to change his personality but he wasn’t because he was comfortable with who he was. Afterwards we got pissed together and he really opened up, he was gentler and that is where *Sunny Day* comes from.”



Sunny Day © Mark Hollis

“MY FASCINATION IS THE FACT YOU STILL GET THIS WHOLE SUB-GENRE OF WORKING CLASS YOUNG PEOPLE THAT HAVE A STYLE, A PHILOSOPHY AND AN ETHOS THAT IS CONSISTENTLY RIDICULED BY OTHERS... I CAN EMPATHISE WITH THAT.”

Music.

REVERE //



© Revere

© Jake Applebee

© Jake Applebee

Brits have an obsession with genre, especially when it comes to music. We love boxing everything up and filing the most abstract bands with other acts whose attributes can only be connected, at best, via the most tenuous links.

In a way, this is a complete stifle to anyone being accepted as even partially original, but it sets the precedent for trends, scenes and fashion across most areas of British cultural life. It's a brilliant way to keep ourselves in a musical comfort zone and become aficionado's of a particular strain of musical genre.

Sometimes a band defies this model and in doing so bypasses people's ability to drop people in boxes. Pigeonholing Revere – an eight-piece band of all ages, whose multitudinous array of influences stretch from blues to huge classical soundscapes and emotional ethereal lyrics – is like telling Radiohead they play rock by numbers.

The appeal of Revere is that they are not a confusing band, but an incredibly complex and exhilarating one. Theirs is a sound so full, exhilarating and emotionally charged that you are completely involved from the off. The depth of the music would be enough, but the enviably tight sound of the eight-piece is stretched further by the vigour of their live performance.

Bursting with noise, the sound has real depth. You feel every last musical contortion – as the band clearly does too. Dramatic bodily movements, shaking instruments and passionate expressions mean that you could be forgiven for thinking the band have consumed one too many Red Bulls and need to repel the energetic demon. As they feature glockenspiel, violin, cello, trumpet, guitars, keys and drums, you hope this would be the case.

Lead guitarist Jonathon Fletcher explains how this manifests itself in the recording process:

“All the songs are written by me and Stephen. There is a hell of a lot of trial and error to get all these pieces working together. It's like writing for an orchestra rather than churning out a pop song in one session. It takes a large number of rehearsals to perfect.

“WHEN YOU'VE GOT THAT MANY PEOPLE IN A SMALL ROOM FOR A LONG TIME, PLAYING VERY LOUD MUSIC, IT'S BOUND TO GET HEATED AT TIMES”

Lead singer Stephen Ellis agrees: “We've shouted and screamed at each other and I think this comes across in the music. When you are creating music that deals with so much tension and emotion and when you've got that many people in a small room for a long time, playing very loud music, it's bound to get heated at times. I would be worried if it was going smoothly because in a positive way it reflects just how passionate the members are about the music.”

It's a marvel to behold. The unison is astounding. The sound is absolutely bursting. At times it's delicate, at others a full-pronged obliteration. You get the impression they've got a bit to get off their chest and understatement isn't really going to cut it. Yet theirs is a totally organic performance, there is no whiff of preconceived, scene pandering bullshit within any of these songs, perhaps a result of the band's less than preconceived origins.

“We started with three of us”, lead vocalist Stephen explains. “Myself, John and the bass player Andy. Initially we started recording an acoustic EP and in order to broaden the sound we started asking random musicians to come in and put down parts – piano,

violin, cello etc. Then a few of those people started asking when we were going to play the stuff we had recorded. It was quite random really.

“I actually met Kat, the cellist, on the tube just carrying her cello. I asked her to check us out and if she liked it she should get in touch. Then we started playing with a massive line-up and at first it was a massive learning curve of how actually you play with that many people.”

As is often the case with such an emotionally charged sound, those who love Revere are as passionate about the songs as the band are. The video for their song *Skin* was shot with the financial help of their fans after they posted an appeal to help make the video on their message board. The brilliant video for *The Escape Artist* was also half paid for by fans. It's this connection with their audience that gives them a real intimacy not often sought or afforded by many other artists, as Stephen explains:

“For the next single called *As the Radars Sleep* we want to use the fans' time and talents rather than their money. For the next video we're hoping they'll be more directly involved. We are coming up with some ideas we're going to throw out there soon. We really like to break down the barrier between the audience and the band. It's very important for us as a band to build up the community around us and the whole DIY ethic to reinforce you don't need industry or a big company to succeed when you can use all these people around you who have talent.”

The effort of working with an eight-piece translates itself into simpler shows the band perform where they strip the sound down to acoustic levels. This is something Stephen enjoys doing in order to offer their fans another side of their complex character.

“I like the fact people can see us as a full band and go away emotionally exhausted and the next night it's

all about sitting down and pondering the music and getting to know the audience.”

Tonight The Cube cinema is treated to a theatrical explosion of strings, soaring sounds and imagery from their videos. It's hard to remain seated to such an energetic sound and it's almost like you want to join in the tirade. Yet the tirade is always the right side of controlled, like it's flirting with going over the edge but never quite reaches it. They are better for it.

In recording their debut album, the band have been trying to harness the sound of their belting live performances into a single album, something that has seen them take a different approach to recording, as Stephen explains:

“We have been trying to record more as a live band to try and generate the sound of our gigs. When we were recording before we'd do all our parts and we wouldn't see each other for days.”

It's this new approach to the fact their sound is being correctly harnessed that has got them excited. Taking home even a small slice of tonight's performance would give your speakers a real treat and work-out in equal measure.

The box marked Revere sits on a shelf of its own.

Revere's album should be out in early September.

Live Music

M83 // PORTICO QUARTET



Situated somewhere between the soundtrack to a wasted 7am in Stokes Croft and playing a gig on the moon, M83's huge-sounding, electronic space rock is somewhat lacking in boundaries.

Having supported Kings of Leon and imminently Depeche Mode on monstrous arena tours, their sound is so big it could probably effectively translate itself to a gig at The Pyramids let alone The Fleece.

This was the only misgiving about tonight's proceedings. A quick listen to their latest album *Saturday=Youth*, heralds a number of tracks pitched at such an epic level you wonder whether it's really suited to the intimacy of tonight's smaller, albeit packed, venue.

Yet the smaller intimacy of this gig becomes a privilege. Aching throbbing guitars, big beats and soft yearning lyrics transport this band onto a level that few venues in the UK could hold. *Crack* realises half way through that it probably won't ever get the chance to see them in such a baby-sized venue ever again.

The sonic wizardry of Frenchman Anthony Gonzalez, the brains behind M83, plays a huge part in the live performance and he stays true to their records with laptops, synths and a mysterious transparent electronic box (the use of which is completely unknown to this *Crack*'s reviewer).

From the off this is a musical delight to pierce the hardest bastard's emotional defences. Combining the cream of the latest album's offerings with the romantic haze of previous album standouts *Teen Angst* and *Don't Save us from the Flames*, this is a heart-scrunching selection that sends so many shivers you are in a semi-permanent state of goose-bumpery.

Cynics portray M83 as emotionally stylised to the point of cheesiness. Snow Patrol this is not. My Bloody Valentine for the intentionally wasted, sonically obsessed teen generation this is. The other-worldliness of it all adds to its brilliance and is an intrinsic part of the record and the live performance. There are far too many beats here for this to be placed in the rather terrifying 'emotionally-retarded, bed-wetting, stadium-lighter, crowd-pleasing anthem' bracket. *Crack* wouldn't be here if it was.

Thumping, nine-minute prog-dance, slow-burner *Coleurs*, completes the set in typically jubilant fashion. By the end it has felt like a genuinely draining experience. The amount of noise and energy generated by Gonzalez's sonic arrangement and a blistering drumming performance (performed, oddly enough, from behind some soundproof sheeting) means everyone goes away feeling they've been on a bit of a rollercoaster. *Crack* needs a strong cider and a sit down before it proposes organising their next gig – probably in the Himalayas or at the Grand Canyon.



Exposing friends to experimental jazz with no drugs or fire exits in sight can be considered slightly risky.

Some may even consider it a fine test of friendship, trust and hard-earned cash. Taking uncharted steps into the musical abyss means one of two things. Eyes are either opened to what possibilities can be forged, or alternatively like radiation poisoning, the individual may be harmed for life and retreat back into his/her musical shell and probably start listening to jungle again.

It's a fine line between glorious victory and musical obliteration. Tonight, *Crack* is on the winning team and four-piece jazz experimentalists Portico Quartet are taking the spoils.

Portico Quartet's musical arrangement is thus: drums, hang drums (which generate a similar sound to steel drums), double bass and saxophone. The results are an introspective hour of odd time signatures and competing melodies from all four performers.

During tonight's show at The Croft, each instrument takes centre stage at various points. At other times it's like a musical competition, as if each one is subconsciously trying to outdo the other. The variation in sound is huge. For example, the drumming wavers from the tribal and carnivalesque to, rather oddly and experimentally, caressing the snare with the wrong end of the stick. Similarly, the saxophone goes from deep and sexy to scat-jazz.

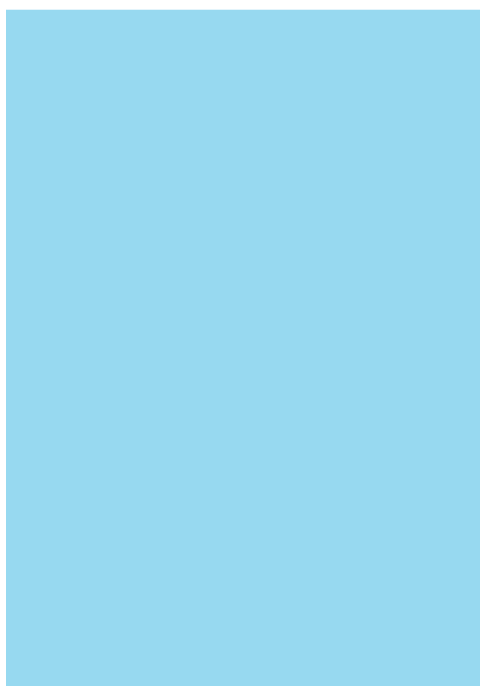
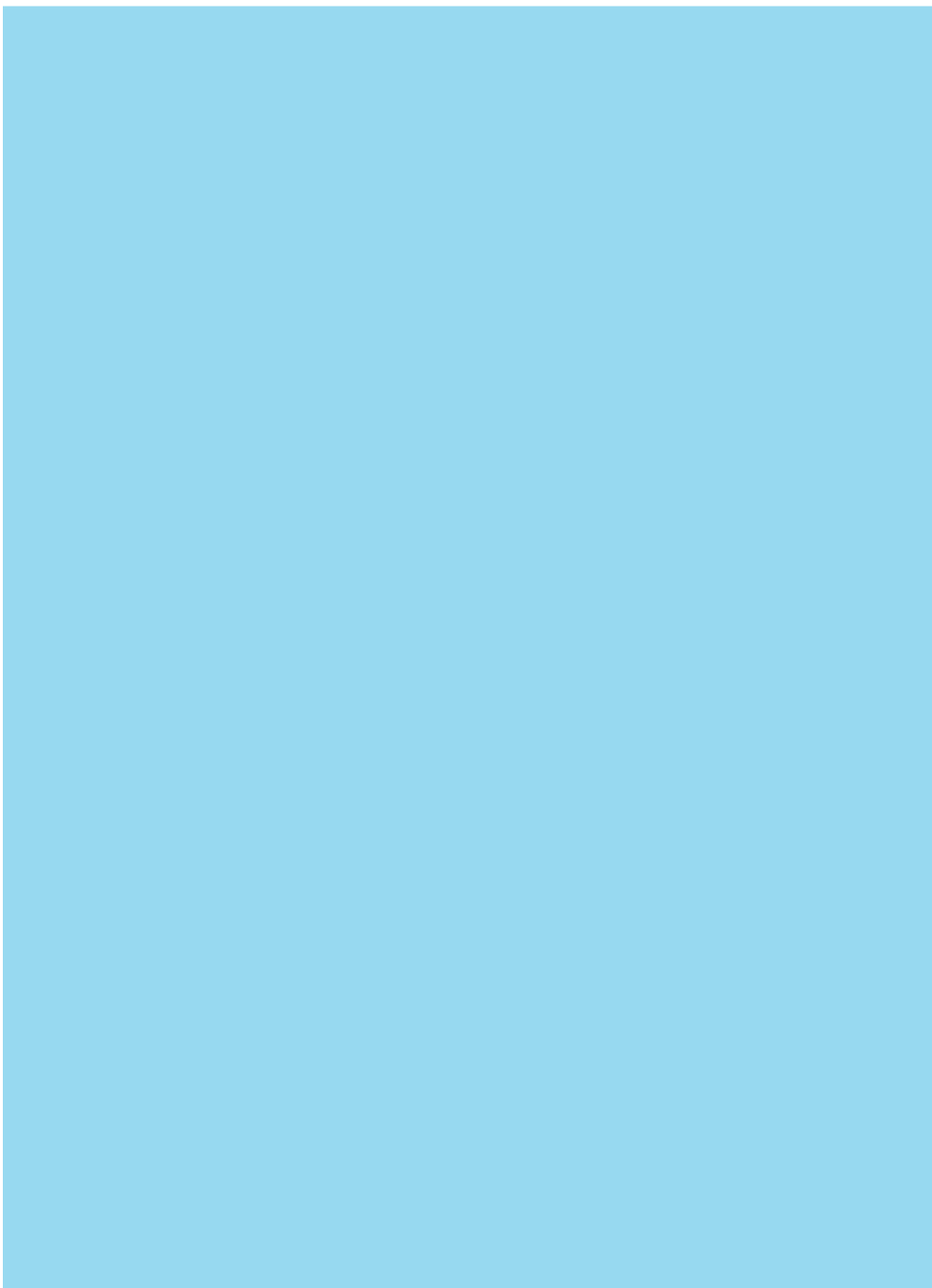
If the show is stolen here it's done by the double bassist. With a selection of basslines that owe more to hip-hop than jazz, there's a real mish-mash of generic influence going on. The surprise is these cheeky basslines contain so much flava you're half expecting some hip-hop wonder kid to jump up and add some lyrical spice to the jazz soup. *Crack* finds its head uncontrollably nodding along to the rhythm which is, in places, as infectious as a "solid gone" Baloo the Bear.

The other notable feature to this gig is the atmosphere. Friendly and utterly captivated, the crowd is literally hanging on every odd shift and chord progression. The beautiful light-heartedness to proceedings is exemplified by the complimentary and intermittent dialogue with the audience from hang drummer Nick Mulvey.

It's his soft sounds that keep the jazz pitched at a lovely inoffensive level. For many people, steel drums (Nick's drums are known as hang drums) are one of the nicest-sounding musical instruments, conjuring images of Caribbean tranquility and pina colodas. That description is not too far amiss with his beautiful percussion providing an easier-sounding point of return when the other elements of the performance become a harder listen.

It's a distinct education for some and a reinforcing performance for fans, but overriding preconceptions and previous listening, it's an evening of beautiful, fragile and intricate music crafted expertly from four outrageously talented individuals.

Portico Quartet are currently in the process of recording their new album and will be playing a whole host of jazz-infused festivals over the summer.



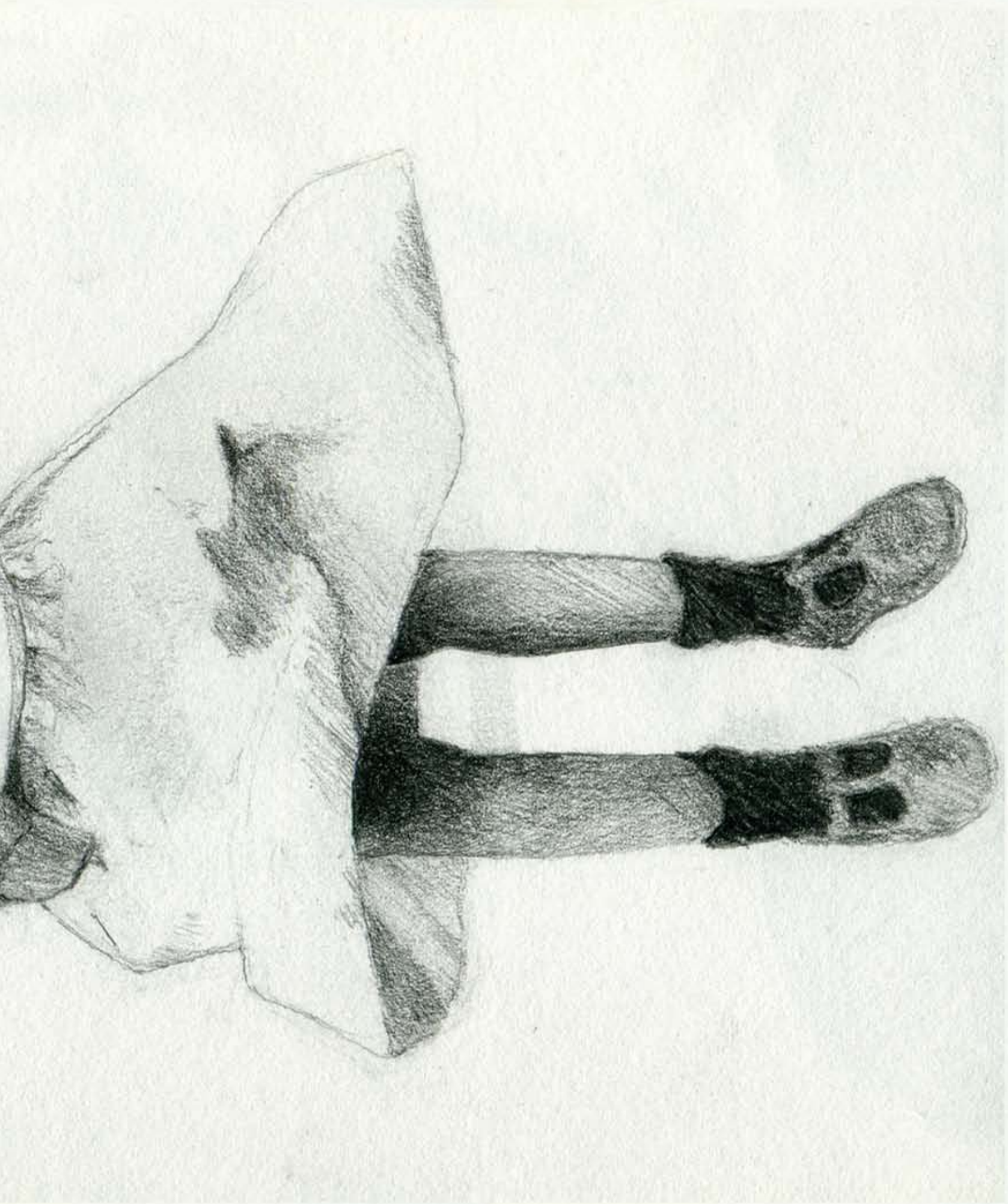
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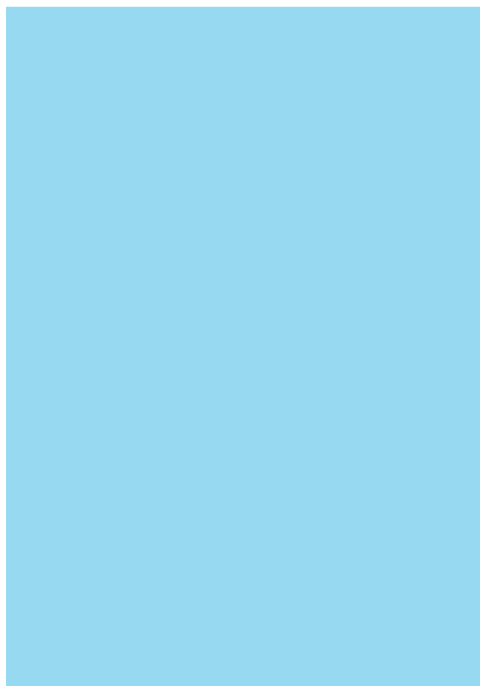
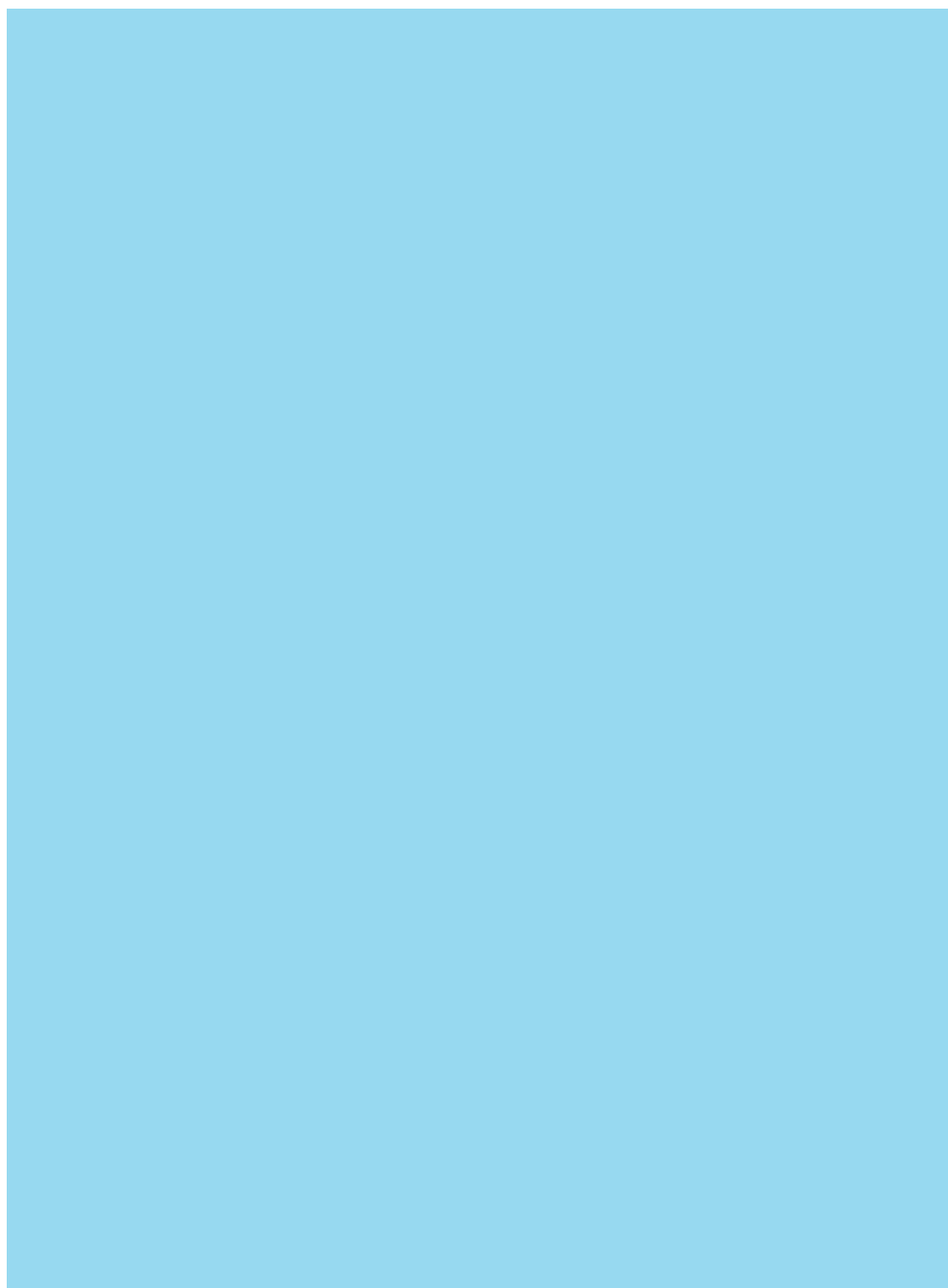
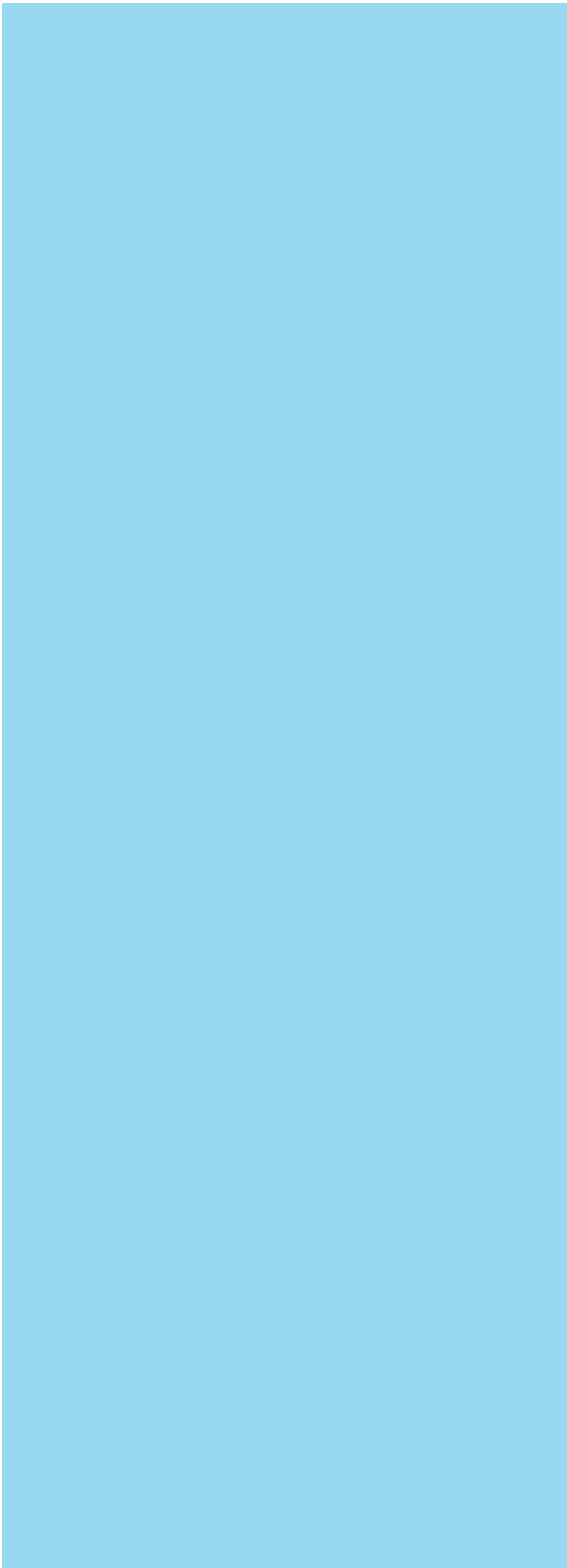
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FUJIYA AND MIYAGI // WE HAVE BAND

Live Music



© Fujiya and Miyagi

© We Have Band



In what is fast becoming *Crack's* favourite weekend haunt, we found ourselves attending the shiny mirrorball, groove fest that is Start the Bus for a couple of days on the lighter side of the city.

Situated on the epically shit Corn Street, Start the Bus is a refreshing alternative to perhaps the most hellish road in Bristol, whose main attributes seem to be chain bars and twats who are crammed into one horrendous 100m stretch of puke, fights and lariness.

Start the Bus is not so. So much so it stands out like a sore thumb. Like a brilliant pocket of resistance. *Crack* likes resistance.

So on to Friday's entertainment. The brilliantly named Fujiya and Miyagi (yes they take the name from Mr Miyagi, the martial arts master from *The Karate Kid*) deliver the kind of catchy, groove-laden rock that has seen their stock rise again this year with a generally positive response to new album *Lightbulbs*. While not exactly smashing the model established by the hugely successfully *Transparent Things* (2006), the new material serves as a successful complimentary dish to the insatiably catchy basslines and electronics that made their previous album such a brilliant introduction to their work.

Their slightly stand-offish approach keeps a sense of mystery to the band. Very little communication, dressed in black and whispered odd lyrics keep them true to their perceived Krautrock, post-electronic roots. Yet maybe too much so. There is a great sense of fun within the music of Fujiya and Miyagi, you just wish the band were feeling it a little bit more.

Saturday's vibe is a little different, not least because *Crack's* entourage are in fancy dress (nothing like dressing up like a girl to heighten your mood), but also nothing like a band playing poppy, electro-indie to join the happy dots in your head and add a splash of colour to proceedings. Manchester's We Have Band supply the three-piece beats and riffs to soundtrack an evening with a big electronic twist. Start the Bus has become synonymous with pushing this kind of act and coupling them with a local DJ who drives the tunes before and after to act as a dance-floor ignition. It's a tried-and-tested formula and it works a blinder.

The influences on show tonight are pretty straightforward with a generous splash of Friendly Fires and Hot Chip prevalent in their music. The aesthetics of the bands are pretty too, with lead singer Darren cutting an especially impressive frontal force backed by female vocalist Dede. They look as good as they sound and provide a reassuring musical reason why the indie-electro bubble might have a more prolonged shelf-life than many people predicted.

We have a party for many more hours after We Have Band finish and they prove to be the highlight of the evening; apart from the guy dressed in a toga with pine leaves attached to his head who wins the *Crack* award for 'We have fancy dress!'.

Listen:

Fujiya and Myagi - Pussyfooting

We Have Band - Oh!

ROSIE AND THE GOLDBUG //



The term 'rock'n'roll is a horrible cliché and one *Crack* is terrified of. It's got to be one of the least desirable things to be known for, as the testimonies of those characters whose legacy is described as rock'n'roll have proven, it usually results in...well...death.

As much as *Crack* loves putting things inside of itself and poking at the door of debauchery with fluorescent fun on Fridays, the day it is described as a "rock'n'roll kind of person" would be a dark one. I'm pretty sure the next 10-years would be spent eating organic food and learning the oboe in Suffolk.

Rock'n'roll works for some, but I think the general facets of this way of life include alienating your friends, lots of sick and probably mental problems in later life and if you make it past 60, frantically using your limited brain power to try and to retain some kind of credibility in your old age.

If the last two exceptionally colourful and genre-busting years in music have taught us anything, it's: most bands don't need this kind of behavioural psychosis to retain an audience and if they do, the best ones hide it brilliantly or find their own take on the rock'n'roll formula.

Luckily for one band, they have a front woman capable of doing this on her own.

Meet Rosie and the Goldbug. Enamouring three-piece, picture-perfect-pop-tarts from Cornwall.

Crack has ventured south for tonight's show after catching them earlier this year at The Lanes in Bristol. They are on home turf at the beautiful Eden Project in St Austell and *Crack* feels like it's stepped into another world even before it decides to explore the artificial eco-systems that make up this special place. The interview setting is the kid's room of the Eden complex and there is way too much soft stuff in here to not think of bedding down after the three-hour drive. Bringing a cheeky JD in there feels a bit wrong, but any inhibitions are soon forgotten as Rosie arrives.

"We've got an obsessive fan in London, whose identity I can't reveal, so I'll call him Malcolm. He comes to every gig and he's lovely, but the only bad thing about him is his breath smells. So when you talk to him and he's right in your face it's difficult. We still really want to talk to him because we appreciate the fact he comes to our gigs, so I usually run off and let Pixie talk to him.

"You know in Labyrinth there's the little worm that's like: "don't go that way". He sounds exactly like that."

"I always love eccentric people, they are my favourite. There are so many people who are afraid these days and who are scared about doing anything, so I just love people who are a bit out of the ordinary."

Rosie Vanier is out of the blocks quickly and *Crack* is wide awake again. Beautiful and attention grabbing, this is the kind of front woman most girls get nowhere near being without getting hurt. Thick skinned, opinionated, ballsy and etched with a deeply seductive personality that has *Crack*'s entourage visibly entranced, this is Rosie's court. The men in the room wouldn't have it any other way.

Rosie's vitriol is made all the sweeter by the fact she shares the band space with two people are happy to let her be. This band is called Rosie and the Goldbug after all. Yet you can't help feeling it would be a waste of such a magnetic personality if she wasn't allowed to have a degree of control over proceedings.

Therein lays the brilliance of this band. Their infectious, perfectly fronted, wonky-pop belies a rock'n'roll attitude that is only permeated through Rosie, her opinions and her deeply engaging performance. You would be a fool not to describe her as rock'n'roll but with a giant twist of sensibility that grounds her and those around her.

The other two band members complete the picture. Sweetly named guitarist Pixie and drummer Plums are perfect antidotes to Rosie's onslaughts. Cool, calm and undeniably Cornish, with a theatrical style that's glam and cheeky, they are both great company. Onstage, like any good theatre actors, they get into character brilliantly. Plums' soft nature gives way to a master class in energetic drumming and Pixie's smooth guitar playing is a great visual antidote to Rosie's attention-grabbing moves.

So it's a bit of joy that *Crack* gets to spend a delightful hour shooting the breeze with these popsters, but in reality mainly Rosie.

"PICASSO SAID DON'T BORROW IT STEAL IT. I THINK IF YOU CAN BE FUCKING BLATANT AND IT IS OBVIOUS WHAT YOU ARE THIEVING AND IT'S A HAT TILT OR HOMAGE TO SOMEONE, THEN I THINK THAT'S GREAT."

So where are you based?

RV: "We live in Cornwall but we travel up to London a lot. We're there all the time. We were there this morning recording bonus tracks for the album. I love recording it's my favourite bit because it spruces everything up a bit. When you are constantly gigging the same material it gets a quite hard just doing the same songs over and over again."

Are you happy with your new stuff?

RV: "Yeah we are because I suppose it's just constantly evolved. Obviously we are more excited by the new stuff. It's like a new toy; it's always going to be better than the old model."

Pixie: "You've got a new toy haven't you?"

RV: (proceeds to show *Crack* and play miniature piano) "I bought this from Mexico when I was over there and I didn't take any instruments with me. I promised myself I wouldn't do any music while I was out there and I would give myself a break and then by the second week I was like 'I need to play something!'. So I bought this. I find it really exciting and now it just sits in the van with us."

So what is your new stuff influenced by, or is there anything you always go back to?

RV: "If I want a total fresh start I'll go back to an old ESG song or something like that, or old Motown stuff. You go back to the old stuff and you realise that all these cunts are just ripping off them."

"Picasso said don't borrow, it steal it. I think if you can be fucking blatant and it is obvious what it is you're doing and it's a hat tilt or homage to someone, then I think that's great."

So is Rosie in charge of writing or do you write as a group effort?

RV: "It's always been me bossing everyone around. I've always got something in my head and I've got to find a way to get it out. But I've actually realised over the last six months we are on the same page and now I don't tell anyone what to do anymore. I actually get told what to do, so the tables have turned a bit."

"In writing the songs that I've shown Pixie and Plums, I felt it was like handing over a baby. Three brains are better than one brain and we feel

more united as a band because of it. I felt really precious about it before and now I feel like I can kind of share it."

Is there anyone you really have no time for at the moment?

"There is no one I hate at that the moment. I think I'm so in awe of bands who break through. Even if I don't necessarily enjoy what they are doing, I really respect they have worked fucking hard to get where they are."

"The year before we did festivals we were a completely unknown band and we are still getting our name around. Festivals were our first taste of what's it's like to be a proper band gigging. We were backstage at various things with the Black Kids and we were chatting to British Sea Power and Franz Ferdinand and it was a complete culture shock for us because this was what we had been working towards and we'd got the first step of the ladder done. It's cool watching them all hang out."

"People think it's all rock'n'roll backstage, but it's not. People have to do their performance, so it's more like everyone having a sitdown meal. It's much more civilised. I was expecting to go backstage and there to be coke everywhere and everyone running round naked but the reality was quite serious.

Everyone was getting ready for their performance. So it was quite nice really because I'm not that hardcore with alcohol and it's good to see other artists being serious about what they were doing."

But it must annoy you that there are loads of people out there with success who don't fucking deserve it when you are working really hard?

"Hand on heart I can't think of anyone off the top of my head. Years ago I would have gone Boyzone or Ronan Keating or someone like that. But the way the music scene is at the moment, I've realised it's so hard for anyone to get anywhere because of things like X-Factor...Actually there you go - X-Factor."

"X-Factor annoys me, that's one thing I find difficult because it actually ends up dominating the entire music market and it's not necessarily true talent that comes through."

So based on that, who are you really into at the moment?

"Art Brut was cool to tour with. "

"Ladyhawke"

"Friendly Fires."

Tonight the set is a great delve into what good wonky pop music should be. Electronic, catchy, hook laden and above all good fun. Everyone's leaving here with a tune firmly lodged in their cranium.

Yet again it all comes back to Rosie. Flirting with the crowd in black and red there are passionate male eyes all over her and in all likelihood a few girlfriends trying to offer distractions the other way. Commanding the stage in predatory fashion, the sound of *Heartbreak* (perhaps their best tune) is a great reminder of how the current retro-electro is perfectly suited to the female voice.

Heartbreak is probably quite fitting as you get the impression Rosie could be versed in squeezing a few male ventricles in her time. Getting the crowd involved with the anthemic *Lover*, Rosie is in full sexual pomp using the song's bittersweet charm to full effect.

If *Crack* sees anything as sweet or sexy as Rosie and the Goldbug this year it's going to take it round the back of the bike shed, kiss it on the cheek, ask on it on a date and then probably end up in rehab with heartbreak and sugar addiction.

CHUCK ELLIOTT // TRANSISTOR

Artists.

Halcyon (silver solar) © Chuck Elliott



There are certain people and artists in life you hope never reach their destination. You hope, as far as these people's artistic output goes, poor health will be the only destination stopping them from producing work.

If Radiohead reach their destination and all the consistently bending themes and merging ideas prevalent in their work and art become repetitive and in doing so they released seven albums of by numbers rock'n'roll in the vein of... (Insert the band of your choice in here), you might feel a little bit disappointed.

Progression is the key here and if you reach your destination, simple science says you are no longer in flux. You have ceased to move and become an inanimate stationary object. Often the best way to escape this is to fuck with the models that encourage you to stand still. Chuck Elliott is a Bristol artist who has managed to play with the model in a way that allows his own and other artists' work a chance to be showcased through a

medium where the integrity of the work is at the heart of the project.

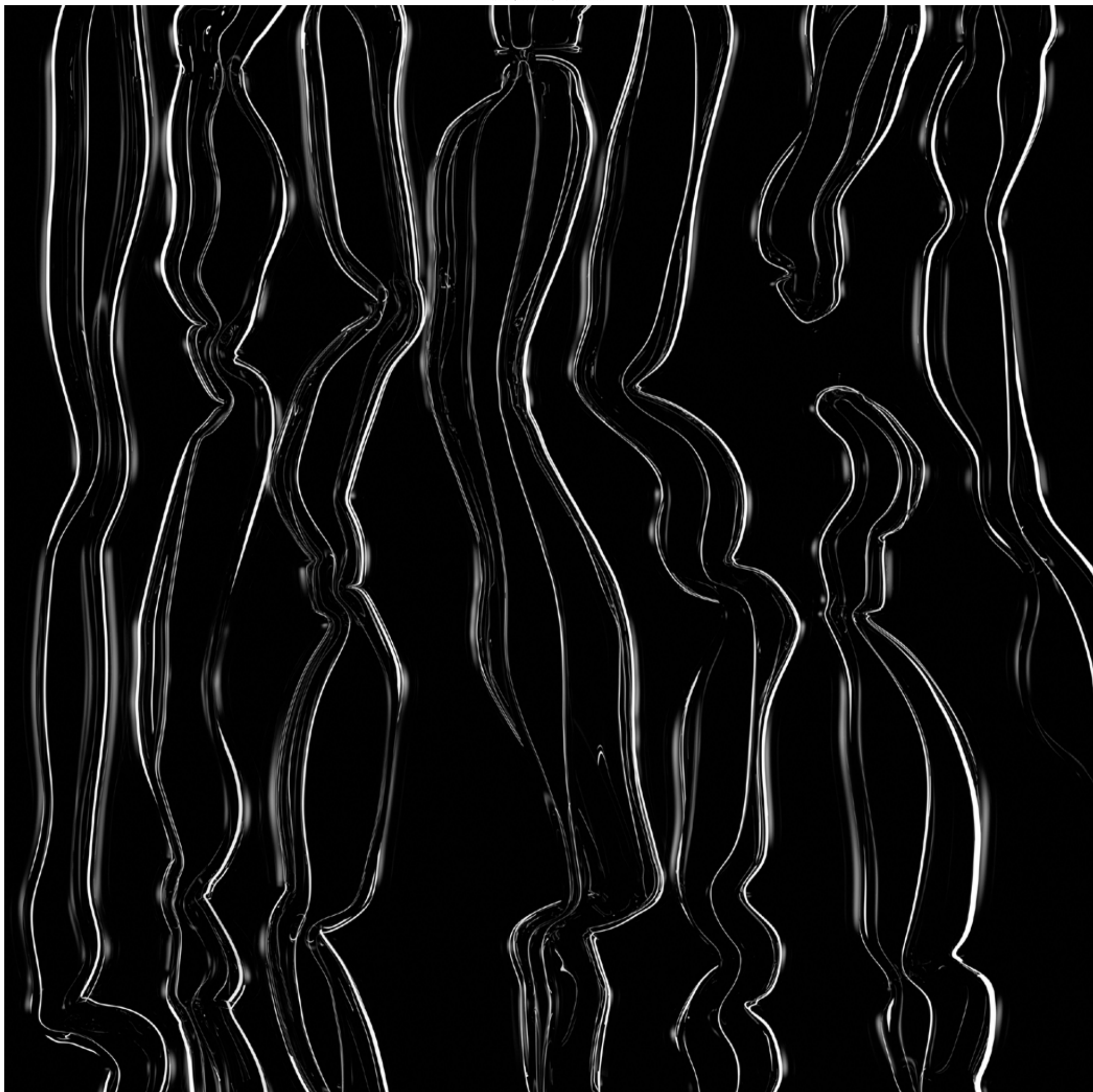
Chuck explains: "The Transistor project came out of the idea that if you weren't in control of your own work you were at the whim of the market, which is a really dangerous place to be. If you take control of your own marketing and promotion you can, in theory, be where you want to be."

Cutting a gentle and unassuming figure, Chuck's intelligent mantra and logical, yet highly deep level of thought, underpin the entire project. He is a man of many ideas and thoughts and conveys them in a brilliantly expansive manner with confidence that is completely at home with what his work and project are trying to achieve.

"The project is synonymous with an indie record label; you create a label partly because it allows you to put out the music you want, but partly because you are hoping to be picked up by a major."

"ANY VEHICLE YOU TAKE AS AN ARTIST IS DESIGNED TO TAKE YOU
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HAVE, THE IDEAS HAVE PROBABLY JUST BECOME STALE AND YOU'VE
STOPPED MOVING."

Lumen (Black Ghost) © Chuck Elliott



Transistor is a self-promoted tilt at artistic independence free from the constraint of dealerships. The project features an ever-changing roster of artists, invited guests and contemporary work at a number of art fairs each year, alongside a programme of gallery shows and events.

Chuck says: “It puts you in the middle position because you are never going to be able to compete with a major London or international gallery or dealer, but you are still showcasing work.”

The pro-active mantra attached to the project is a perfect ideological platform for art to be presented as it was originally intended. The financial constraints and wealth accumulation are pushed down the priority list as the money-men are removed from the equation. This leaves an honest open relationship between the artist and the outside world. It's an extremely unclouded model and one Chuck fiercely believes in.

“There is loads of ethos behind Transistor, it's meant to be fairer for the artist and it's meant to be artist led. In all the shows we've done so far, artists have put in whatever they want – often at the last minute. It's the idea that you back the artist instead of cherry picking the work. The finances are more geared toward benefiting the artist and less benefiting the project.”

By trusting the artist based on informed decisions about their work rather than their monetary potential you have an engrained honesty built into the model. If the art in the model is constantly changing and the parameters become blurred, you aren't just moving – you are running.

Artists who feature in the project are notably Grammy Award winning Stanley Donwood, creator of all Radiohead's artwork from *The Bends* onwards. In a completely different style, the strong image-led, structural photography of Bristol artist Ulf Mark-Pedersen is a contrasting example of the vibrancy and different styles of art prevalent in those who feature in the Transistor project.

Chuck's own work and the project are inherently linked, as he explains: “By putting your own stuff out there and other people coming to see the work, you expose yourself to the potential to be discovered in a way that stashing it under your bed or putting it in a small provincial gallery wouldn't do. It also achieves this in a much more constructive way than sending out begging letters with CDs of images attached to them, which don't really turn anyone on at all.”

“I think it was Alan McGee who said: “I would never sign a band who hasn't already released their own record”, which is kind of logical isn't it? What McGee was basically saying was, ‘if you can't get your shit together to release your own record why would we be interested in you?’”

Chuck's own art is a homage to the power of the computer and his intellect. Using the wonders of CGI, his canvas is the computer and a total nod to the magic of the machine. Engaging, hypnotic and unmistakably modern, images swirl and colours collide in a beautiful series of arrangements that confound the brain and pulse. Futuristic and sense pounding, Chuck's initial wandering into this particular strain of the art world has its origins firmly rooted in the computer, as he explains:

“One night in 1984 a female friend and I made an illicit late night visit to a software development company called Praxis. She was working there and had seen the future; the first Apple computer to be imported into the UK. We were blown away. Sitting on a huge desk was a small beige box that allowed you to draw a black line on a white screen, using a device called a mouse. I was sold.”

Since Chuck's graduation in 1992 he has pursued the business of creating images, initially in 1994 by setting up his own studio on Greek St in Soho. This studio was a vehicle for developing his working practice and in recent times moving to a larger space in Bristol. In recent years he has been commissioned by Mucica Prada, Yohji Yamamoto and Nike, amongst many others.

Through consistently updating his working methods he has been able to explore some of the latest production techniques available to the contemporary artist by constant reinvestment in the studio. Having successfully kept pace with the progression in technology he is now in a position to create larger and more ambitious pieces.

Chuck's fascination with the machine as an object for generating an artistic product is not just confined to the world of physical art, as he explains:

“IF YOU FIND YOUR MANAGER ISN'T RIPPING YOU OFF IT'S TIME TO FIND A NEW MANAGER. THEY ARE BY NATURE AVARICIOUS AND GREEDY AND IF THEY AREN'T YOU PROBABLY HAVEN'T GOT AN EFFECTIVE ONE.”

“With the digitisation of music there are huge examples, if you listen to Aphex Twin, Orbital or Underworld, of how you could push things forward. I mean look at Tomato Studios and Underworld in the early 1990s. You used to get the whole package. You had people in there doing the graphics and artwork, as well as the music. Through these various parts they were putting together these totally beautiful, immersive environments. The world of fine art I suspect should be very organic as much as I would imagine Underworld's studio to be, with the whole artistic package working as one.”

“When Underworld plays live I'm very interested to see them push the music through the computers at the same time the images are produced, as if you are playing them as a piece of music.”

“The digitisation of my work just comes from really enjoying working on computers and sticking with that. It's about realising the technology is far more advanced than we appreciate it is.”

Chuck's time in London is where much of the inspiration of the Transistor project came from. Through being exposed to the all too opposing worlds of classical capitalism and fine art, he was made completely aware of the horrid discrepancies that exist between the two.

“When I lived in London, the money guy was living in Chelsea. He was the same age as me. I went to college for seven years and he went straight into business when he was 16. When he met me he had two Lotus's and lived in Chelsea. He taught me a lot about business and ran the financial side of things for a couple of years and inevitably ended up ripping me off.”

“If you find your manager isn't ripping you off it's time to find a new manager. They are by nature avaricious and greedy and if they aren't you probably haven't got an effective one.”

So we go full circle. By taking out the money-middlemen you can produce fine art as it was originally intended. In most cases this doesn't happen, as the world of monetary advancement permeates most levels of artistic effort, as Chuck explains:

“I knew a guy who was an A&R man. He said he had 40 bands at any one time. He kept 12 on at any time in the category of ‘act he was happy to give a 12’ single to’. If they did well with the first 12” he'd give them a second one, then a third and then move on to an album. If at any point they failed in that process he'd drop them and bring someone up from the pool. All the time a wide field of people are just getting played. It's like a pyramid model. The art world is completely like that.”

Chuck and the Transistor project bring the art world right back to where it should belong, with the art and the artist. This makes his philosophy a brilliant idealism for the fine-art world, as he explains:

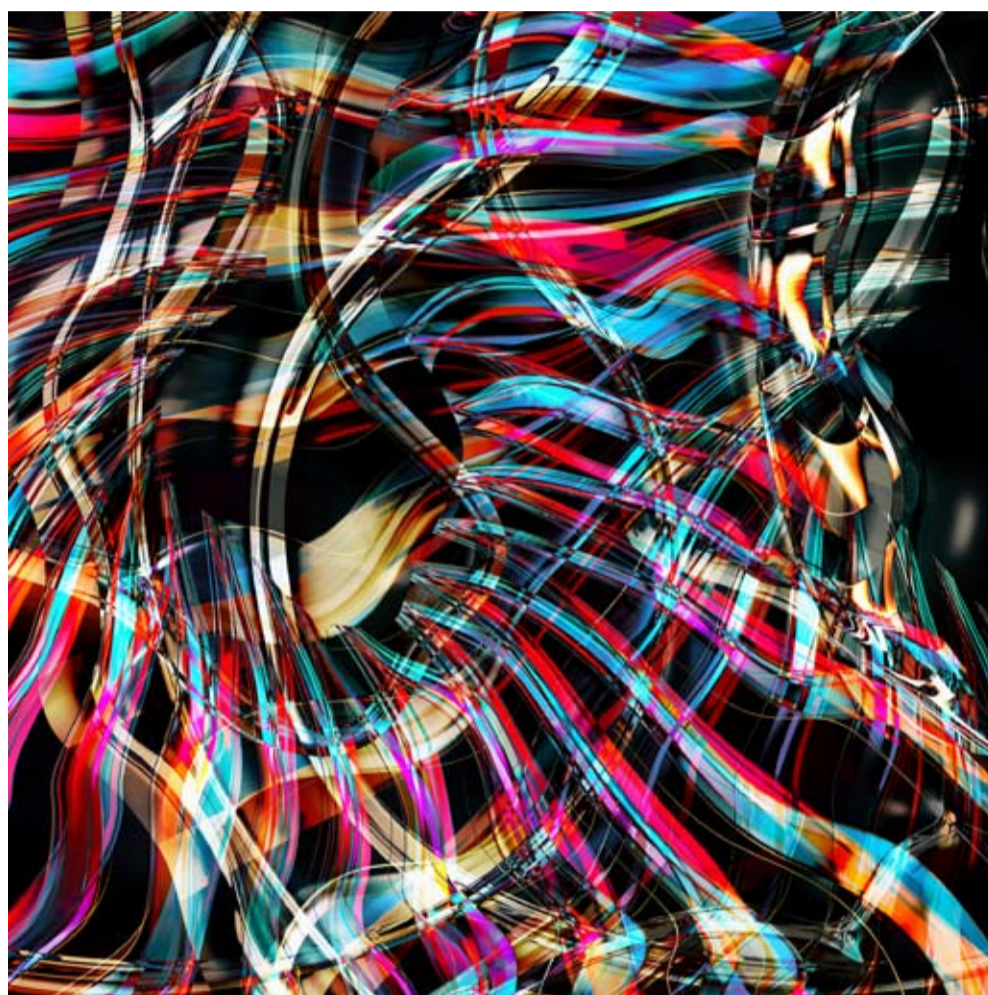
“Fine art is in essence without a brief. Commercial art has a brief. It's the only difference between the two in my mind. Fine art is generated and put into the world without anybody being able to make an editorial decision on it apart from the artist. With commercial art there is ultimately a client who can hold sway over the output. That's the clearest definition between those two fields, so you might be doing brilliant illustration work or brilliant artwork, but if it's for British Petroleum they are going to have control over who it's for and where it goes etc. Then even if you are a fine artist that piece isn't fine art. Fine art is generated without constraint.”

Where there are no constraints is a beautiful place to be. It's good to see a Bristol artist pushing these boundaries with both his own work and the way he puts forward other people's.

Chuck Elliott's work is shown in Bristol by The Cube Gallery, 12 Perry Road, Bristol
Email: info@cube-gallery.co.uk

The Cube Gallery will be exhibiting new work at the Chelsea Art Fair, April 2010, and then at fairs in Amsterdam and Brussels later in the year.

Transistor will be exhibiting at The London Art Fair, January 2010 and the Battersea AAF in March 2010.



From top left working clockwise.

- Arpeggi_REZ_Silvered
- Shellac (blacker lacquer)
- Flow (silver base)
- Lumen

C.R.A.C.K. T.R.E.A.T.S

F I N E . D I N I N G



We at *Crack* sometimes like to treat ourselves. Whether that's a cheeky midweek pint, or staying up past our bedtime – we know what we like.

So when we paid £20 for a two-course meal and a dose of some seriously beautiful music, we practically had a heart attack. Lavish middle-aged classical songstresses and smartly dressed blues complete with cocktail in hand is not something *Crack* does very often...but my God we should.

The setting for tonight is the Berkeley Square Hotel and more specifically the exquisite Square Club, which hosts the aptly named Selection Box night downstairs. Combining lounge, with cocktail bar, with boudoir, with live music venue is a clash of beautiful influence that makes the Square Club the perfect setting for an evening pitched on the correct side of refined.

After consuming the best meal *Crack* has eaten since it came into abstract existence many moons ago and enjoying company of a similar standard, all feeling that we weren't somehow suited to this new environment was left in the restaurant, where it belonged.

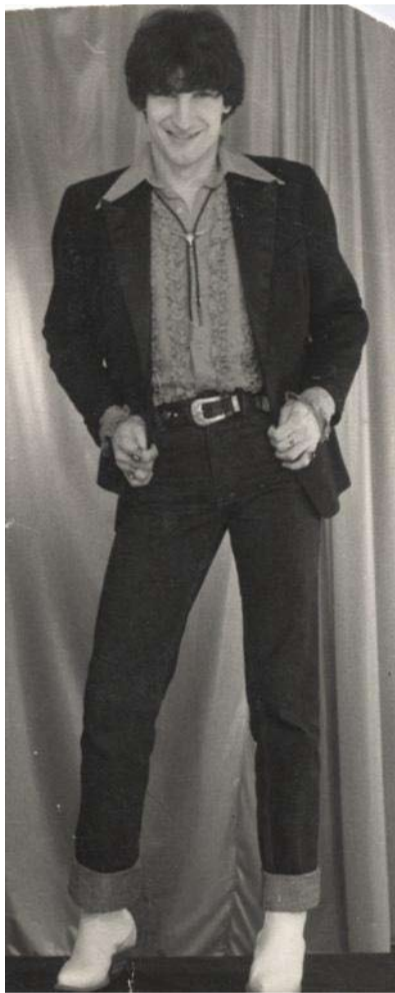
Here-in lays the problem with hosting this kind of gig at a members club. The misconception you won't fit in is unequivocally going to put some people off. Luckily in this case it's also unequivocally shite and a preconceived stereotype generated by those who haven't been. For somewhere supposedly defined by exclusivity, the age range of the clientele is very mixed. For members the surroundings are familiar, for others it's a welcome change to have a degree of intimacy at a gig that doesn't involve either being seated, pushing, sweating and wearing beer. *Crack's* full after dinner and doesn't feel like crowd competition.

Before and after the entertainment there's a real social night to be enjoyed, people mingle and chat and we even treat ourselves to a cheeky Mohitio (yes mate! No more warm Carling for this boy) while bopping along to some upbeat tunes, spun at the correct pace to set the mood of the evening.

Previous nights at Selection Box have included Jane Taylor's heart-wrenching and classically backed fragility and the Predecimals cool as ice blues and skiffle treat. Each time it's an education and each time you go away feeling that little bit warmer and in *Crack's* case a little bit more respectable. Tonight some of our musical sins are washed away and replaced by something distinctly better. Cigarettes are consumed in the picturesque garden and *Crack* exchanges a few winks with a blonde bird...sorry, lady. Same time next month then.

U.N.K.O.W.N. P.L.E.A.S.U.R.E.S.

BLACK DEVIL DISCO CLUB



The year is 1978. You've got a dodgy hairdo even by today's standards. You like to think you're a bit of Dancing Dave, hanging out with your cool cat chums in the swankiest disco nightspots in London town.

You shake your stuff to the tunes of the time. You're part of the first generation of clubbers and in the background there are disco cuts from Chic, Donna Summer, Giorgio Moroder and a whole new world of synths, mind-bending drugs and neons (this time not painted on your face, these lights come out of the floor).

You become fascinated with the disco genre and in your new world of discovery stumble across a relatively unknown record called *Disco Club* by a French artist named Black Devil. Despite the record's original brilliance, it escapes universal recognition, leaving you with a gem. A completely unique snapshot of forward thinking disco that cements your position as a disco aficionado to those who care, but most importantly in your own head. Literally no one else knows about it. It's a disco memento of your era.

Fast forward 30-years to your living room. In between playing for pathetic sums of money in online poker rooms and sporadically checking his Facebook account, your son is playing some familiar music.

"What you listening too?" you ask.

"I found this real cool electronica thing Dad, I think they're called Black Devil Disco Club, I've never heard of them before, but I've been given their new album. It's amazing."

Here ensues a father-son conversation in which Dad suddenly feels like he's won more cool points than he

has in the previous 10-years and son is completely bemused because the extremely contemporary artist he's listening to is actually in his mid-sixties and returning from a longer hiatus than Portishead.

Black Devil Disco Club are perhaps the all-time biggest enigma in dance music history. The re-release of *Disco Club* in 2004 on Aphex Twin's Rephlex label had the knickers of disco lovers old and new extremely twisted. Deemed to be the lost classic re-touched and re-produced with a few added percussion bits thrown in, the futuristic and ultra-modern sound of *Disco Club* had those in the know up in arms.

Theories abounded as to the true nature of the record. Of all the labels *Disco Club* could have been released on, Aphex Twin's label made it extremely susceptible to prankster theories. Many people assumed this was the latest in the long line of Richard D James's public fooling frolics and that he was in fact Black Devil and the whole thing was an elaborate hoax.

The official identities of Black Devil are two Frenchmen named Joachim Sherylee and Junior Claristidge, but even these people were rumoured to be the false identities of two Parisian library musicians who go by the names of Bernard Fevre and Jacky Giordano.

Confused? Well fuck the history lesson and listen to the music. Black Devil have released two albums since *Disco Club* reappeared. *28 After* (2006) (a clear and obvious reference to the years in between releases) and *Eight Oh Eight* (2008). Both incorporate parts of other Black Devil songs, making it incredibly difficult to separate the old from the new. The good thing is it doesn't matter a jot.

This is 21st-century disco with one foot in the past and the other a few million light years in the future. It's bold, dark and utterly infectious. Percussion bubbles brilliantly in the background, giving every tune an absolutely unmistakable groove-line that allows the true brilliance of Black Devil to work over the top.

Spacious, futuristic synthesizers are used to chronically eerie effect, as are the garbled, odd lyrics. It's like disco's really sadistic, evil twin has just ripped the fake afro wig off and pissed all over it. There is no room for gimmicks in these tunes. They are haunting blasts from the dirty past disco never knew brought right up to date. The standout track from *28 After* is the brooding *I Regret the Flower Power*, an unbelievably un-nerving piece of peak-time paranoia, which doesn't relent. Similarly, the ethereal chanting on *The Devil in Us* is genuinely scary, yet totally danceable.

It's not an improbability the mythical origins of Black Devil have accidentally shrouded the quality of the music but it has undeniably added to the legend that encapsulates one of the oddest and most brilliant things *Crack* has heard for donkeys.

A quick check on discogs.com shows an original of *Disco Club* going for the rather cheeky price of £399. Lucky *Crack's* old man's got one upstairs then isn't it?



C.R.A.C.K. N.E.E.D.S Y.O.U.R. H.E.L.P

WANT TO HELP WITH OUR CRACK ADDICTION? (HAR HAR HAR)

If you like the look of what you've sunk your eyes into and you have any kind of talent that can help us fund our (and now probably your) *Crack* addiction-get involved! We want as many people on board as possible:

Send us mail at crack@youlovecrack.com

Crack Girl: I like hot girls. My partner likes hot girls. Statistically 90 per-cent of men and 10 per-cent of women like hot girls. That's why we put one on our front cover. So...if you're a hot girl and you fancy being the next *Crack* model (not crack whore) and seen by everyone from Justin Lee Collins to your mates - please contact us.

Note: Please be assured you'll be consulted, dressed tastefully and NOT LOOK LIKE YOU'RE AUDITIONING FOR NUTS MAGAZINE. Give us a shout and send us a photograph.

Artists: If you are an aspiring artist with a bit to say, send us your work. We want to see Bristol's artistic talent getting the credit they deserve and the only way we can do that is by showcasing quality work and people.

Contributors: If you want to write, photograph, hang out, sell lemonade, or do anything for *Crack* - do not hesitate to contact us. We'd love to hear from people who have ideas for articles, reviews and general content.

Thats; crack@youlovecrack.com

Bristol Creates.

BASED ON THE FACT MANY ANIMALS ARE BECOMING EXTINCT AND WE'RE BORED WITH THE ONES LIVING IN THIS COUNTRY, WE ASKED THE PEOPLE OF BRISTOL TO GET CREATIVE AND INVENT SOME NEW SPECIES.

SIMPLE...



K- Rex

By: Juan // Age 30 // Unemployed

Since the isolation of dinosaurs on remote island, (as featured in the documentary Jurassic Park) cases of depressed lonely T-Rex's have doubled. Like pandas the difficulty in getting these dinosaurs to breed has led them to look in other places for love. Step forward the kipper. In an unlikely mating ritual, the kipper and the T-Rex have combined to form the K-Rex. This water dweller is surprisingly friendly, but with its fierce face still manages to scare off the many fishes it tries to befriend.



The Quack

By: Ben // Age 20 // Medical Student

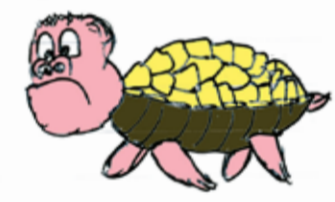
The quack is named so because of the unbelievable noise it makes. Combining the tone of a black panther's mating call with the 'quack' sound of a duck, this animal is loud and proud. Some other animals are fooled by its dopey look and duck like body, but don't be! This animal is one of nature's cruellest predators. It will only eat its prey in the comfort of a pond in a public park. This means many quack's die transporting their prey.



Tortrilla

By: Undisclosed // Age 29 // Unemployed

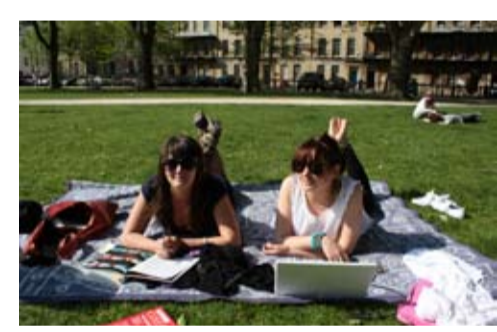
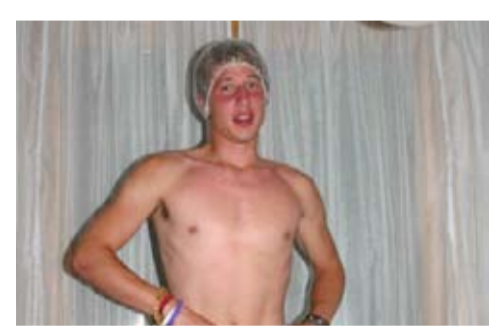
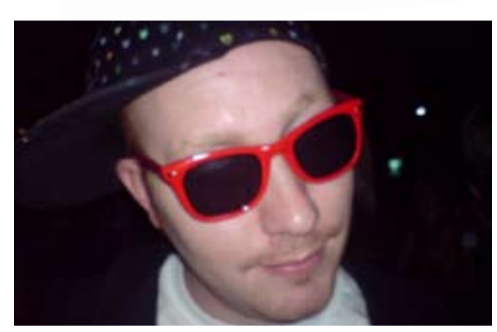
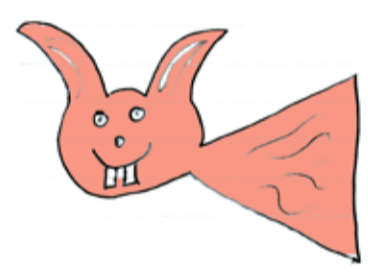
Combining the immense strength of a gorilla with the protective outer shell of a tortoise, this animal is perhaps the slowest but strongest on planet earth. Robust, gentle and remote, the tortrilla is a highly aloof creature who is protective of its own and cares not for intrusion. Prone to attack from quick and nimble rodents.



Bunfish

By: Danielle // Age 24 // Unemployed

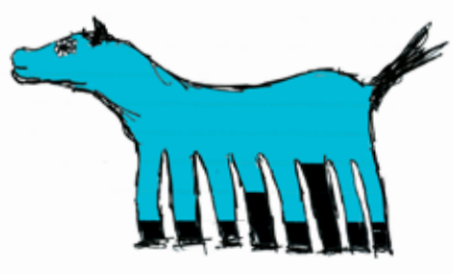
The bunfish has recently been described by one prominent naturist as the 'joker of the ocean' due to it's rapport with other fish. As far we know, the bunfish is the only animal not to actually appear on the food chain due to its ability to form relationships with all ocean dwellers. Its immense charm, due it's ridiculously cute features and outgoing happy-go-lucky nature, make it the perfect playmate for ocean animals big and small. It eats seaweed.



Sporse

By: Kevin // Age 20 // Unemployed

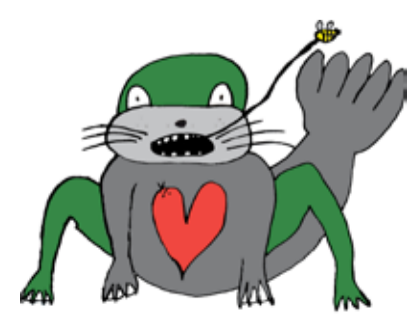
The brilliant beginning of this strange animal was the intimate result of a spider crawling into the wrong orifice and having too much of a good time. The poor horse didn't even know what had happened until the sporse popped out. Resembling the horse in every way apart from owning eight legs instead of four, sporses were recently banned from taking part in traditional horse racing due their incredible speed and lightening quick turning ability.



Froscal

By: Gregory // Age 25 // Chef Entrepreneur

Perhaps the most beautiful of all animals, the unexplainably strong feelings between frogs and seals are a recent phenomena of modern nature. In a mass migration that saw many perish, the entire frog and seal population now live on the shores of Newfoundland in Canada in sexual harmony and breed at a fantastic rate. It is predicted by 2030, they will cover three-quarters of Canada.



Bog

By: Tim // Age 23 // Time Traveller

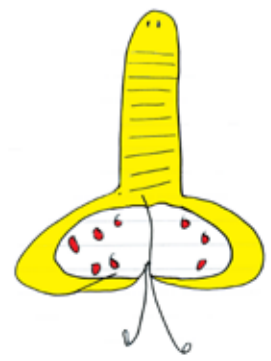
It was a dark day for science when the term "pigs might fly" actually came true. We all saw it coming and what a beautiful result. The bog was named so because the hog personality prevalent in the bog stays true to its roots and bathes itself in mud on a daily basis. The bird part of the bog uses the wind resistance generated when flying at immense speed to clean itself. Occasionally known to fly with aeroplanes in formation, the bog is the only known creature able to keep up with them.



Butterworm

By: Hannah // Age 20 // Student

The rather unfortunate creature was created after the result of a drunken one-night stand in which the worm thought he's died and gone to heaven. His failure to use adequate protection in the heat of the night meant the confused butterfly gave birth to this ill conceived and rather phallic looking offspring a few weeks later. The butterworm is airborne and finds it hard to make friends.





SQUARE

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