Composition Portfolio
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Abstract.

This portfolio of compositions, prose and critical contextualisation is a practice-led PhD that incorporates site-specific field recording practice and electroacoustics into post-techno music production. Combining psychogeographical strategies and phonographic practices to investigate the production of a poetry of place within a rapidly gentrifying city, it also includes poetry and fiction written within the urban and architectural context of Newcastle upon Tyne from 2008 to 2012. An interactive city-wide art installation called *Surrogate City* brought these elements together during 2012 and is documented here. Straddling the cleft between rhythm, literature and place, this thesis draws on the writings of 20th century Irish writer James Joyce and contemporary African-American poet Nathaniel Mackey among others to quarry and sound out a particular relationship between music and writing centered around ideas of rhythm, meter and beats, specifically with regards to concepts of slippage and swing. An album of electronic music called *Glyphic Bloom* constructed from field recordings and experiments in beat programming is the fulcrum on which this practice-led research rests.

Acknowledgments.

It is difficult to imagine how this work could have been accomplished without the support of my family, who tolerated the bluntest end of my frustrations and knew exactly when to step back and when to offer guidance and reassurance. I am so grateful to them and to my partner Sarah for such unwavering love and encouragement. My sincerest thanks and respect to my supervisor Dr. Will Edmondes who instinctively granted me space to wander down some pretty tangential paths, which (eventually) taught me that these are often the most fertile journeys. Our collaboration as the duo Base Cleft is the sediment that underlies much of my work as James Joys. To meet and work with someone who shares many of the same passions and frustrations has been, and will continue to be a source of joy and contentment. Dr. Bennett Hogg has been a strong supporter of my music since I arrived in Newcastle in 2002, diligently expunging any creeping conservatisms in my work while also acting as a sobering tonic to my more extravagant or troublesome ideas. His patience while I found my footings is something that I will always admire. My thanks go to the AHRC who kindly funded three years of study. I also owe a huge debt of thanks to Professor John Bowers and Dr. Martin Parker who very kindly agreed to examine this doctorate. Our discussions and their commentaries on the work resulted in great improvements. Brendan Ratliff, who built the Surrogate City website, was a pleasure to work with and an intelligent, inspiring human being. My friend, band mate and colleague, John Ayers I cannot thank enough. He is the man with the most honest ears.

Contents.

Newcastle offers, on first wander, a duality of movement. It is one that is present throughout the entire city, and most apparent in the elevated walkways for pedestrians and motorways below for cars. But soon you might notice the subterranean footways that creep below the roads and perch above the underground metro system. You might hear of the invisible rivers that still flow underneath Grey Street and the Highbridge quarter south towards the Tyne, culverted and as silent as the coal tunnels that run from the west towards the Ouseburn valley in the east. There is a third movement, glimpsed as dramatic shards elevated high above the wanderer on Dean Street and the Ouseburn; the overhead east coast railway line. Newcastle gives you a thrilling sense that there is always another groove cut underneath you, or above you. It innervates the wanderer and proffers a modality of movement – that of the hop, skip and cut– analogous to the syntax of musical and poetic rhythm. The city is crosscut and overlaid with conditions and registers of speed, and made alive by those who use them – the speed tribes.

Introduction.

Surrogate City is a creative practice-led research project that incorporates an experimental post-techno beat making practice into a citywide art installation which investigates how concepts of the city and the urban shape our experience of modernity. By pulling together practices from music composition, site-specific art, digital interaction, website design, graffiti, film, fiction and field recording, a long-running installation called *Surrogate City* has been assembled that disseminates six tracks of electronic music from the album *Glyphic Bloom*, in six locations around the British city of Newcastle upon Tyne. Compositionally, this album has taken shape through active and practical research in beat making – in particular, notions of rhythm through dislocation, indebtedness and "unfixedness" – free improvisation, electroacoustic music, reappropriated technology and field recording, through work as *James Joys* and as the duo *Base Cleft* with musician Gwilly Edmondez. The work takes and discusses specific mutations of Afro-diasporic music and literature in the twentieth century, and its useful interrogations of artistic production, but also its part in a complex literary-sonic continuum of jazz, dub, turntablism, hip hop, techno and the UK bass music continuum of acid house, breaks, jungle, garage, two-step and beyond. Writer George Lipsitz talks of electronic music's role in the production of *counter-spatialities* that presents us with a constructive relationship between rhythm and place, and beat making and urban geographies: 'Just as techno and turntablism enable us to imagine a compelling history of music revolving around the history of percussive time, techno's spatial imaginary also encourages us to ask how music creates audio spaces that influence the cognitive mapping and cultural morphology of physical places and spaces' (Lipsitz, 2007, p.258). These socio-technological spaces of counter-geography are discussed in greater detail in the chapter *Beat*.

I grew up in Belfast, a city where "the city" was denied to its own population via "no go" areas, willed into being by institutional, religious and political segregation. Military gates and concrete bollards masquerading as brutalist plant pots prevented free access into the city centre, while movement throughout the rest of city was controlled by a network of militarised valves manned by understandably paranoid soldiers or sectarian paramilitaries. To walk was to open yourself up to suspicion by the British Army, the RUC, or anyone wary of outsiders inside their territory. Consequently, few people walked let alone wrote of Belfast as they did London, Sheffield, Brighton, Liverpool and Newcastle. Indeed the great agitator of city planners in the 1960s, Iain Nairn, barely remarked on Belfast, instead writing an uncharacteristically unconvincing essay on Derry in 1961 and a postscript in 1967, one year before the RUC assaulted civil rights protesters and ignited "the troubles" that, over thirty years, decimated Belfast's architecture and cleaved its population firmly in two. Nairn, an architectural critic, did not consider Belfast one of the United Kingdom's "changing towns". Perhaps he saw a city stalled, a behemoth unable to pull itself from post-war industrial decline in the way that other similar-sized cities like Liverpool, Glasgow

and Sheffield seemed, at the time, to promise. Certainly the lyricism with which he writes cities like Glasgow (and its grand social housing projects like the Cumbernauld) into a specifically Nairnian poetic is a fair distance from the grim stasis of the Belfast I grew up in, which seemed to skip the optimistic and daring period of post-war modernism – aside from Francis Pym's singular and dramatic Ulster Museum extension, a cantilevered bunker completed in 1971 - straight to a landscape punctuated by the swooping glass roofs, wavy curves, multicoloured cladding and Teflon tents of "urban regeneration", a landscape depressingly familiar to many UK cities now. If I am painting a bleak picture of my hometown, it is perhaps to illustrate the degree to which my move to a city unencumbered by militarised rule, and a population not stricken with such a severe siege mentality, was formative to the work pursued in this thesis.

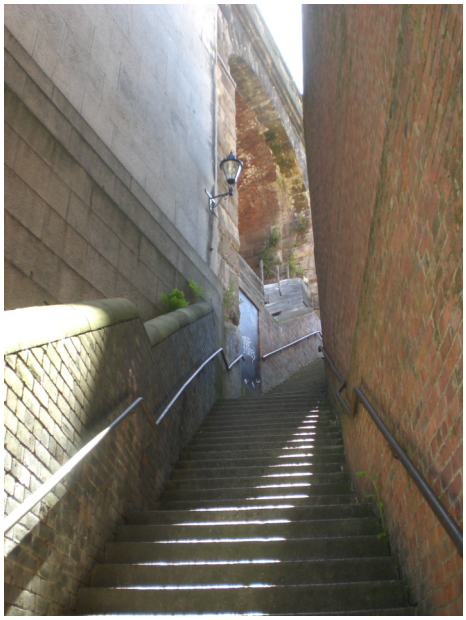


fig.1. One of Newcastle's *chares* from Dean Street.

Living amongst Newcastle upon Tyne's unique architectural heritage of grand projects and grand absences is a nourishing experience. To walk it is to trace the multi-grooved legacy of John Dobson, Richard Grainger, T Dan Smith, John Poulson, Ralph Erskine and many other "top down" planners and architects whose work indelibly turned Newcastle city centre into a complex, if not confusing, place to walk around. Nairn himself said that the "chares" – the medieval steps struggling up from the quayside (fig.1) – produced a kind of 'topographical ecstasy as you go up and down' (Nairn, 2013, p.15). Later would come a network of elevated walkways, cast in concrete, cleaving pedestrians and cyclists from the cars and lorries on the new motorway below. After that, the creeping indoor streets of Eldon Square shopping centre - Newcastle's tumorous heart – would stretch from Northumberland Street west to Newgate Street, devouring John Dobson's 1842 Georgian terraces in old Eldon Square. Today, it continues its expansion further westward. Looking at Newcastle's architectural legacy, it is surprising how grand the designs for a city the size of Newcastle were, but also how it embraced these projects arguably without losing

its peculiar impact, although I would contend that the naturally multilevel topography (especially towards the quayside and the east) and the vertiginous and optimistic architecture of spires, bridges and towers perched on top, is what remains fundamental to Newcastle's visual thrill.

The novels and poetry of obsessive urbanist James Joyce, Nathaniel Mackey and Wilson Harris are crucial adjuncts to the thesis, and have coloured my research over the last four years – particularly Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* (1939), Mackey's triptych *From a Broken Bottle Traces of Perfume Still Emanate* (2010), and Harris's *Ghosts of Memory* (2006). The reason this research uses these writers is because as it progressed, texts and criticism that were written explicitly about music started to make less of an impression on my creative work than ones written less proximately to my "profession". Music criticism often carries a certain finality to it and I began to feel that there was, in a sense, no way of putting the texts to work. Richard Quinn, in his essay on Nathaniel Mackey, *The Creak of Categories* (2000), claims that 'all interpreters of innovative poetry and radical music struggle to find a vocabulary adequate to the material that calls us. We wrestle over material which exceeds the boundaries of received genres by drawing on media usually kept separate, and in some cases subordinated, one to another' (Quinn, 2000, p.3). The writer Kodwo Eshun, author of book *More Brilliant Than The Sun* (1998), makes a similar point in a 1999 TV interview, speaking of an 'inherent distance between [one's] preoccupations and the preoccupations of the writer' (Emile Zile, 1999).

In this thesis, there is a necessary textual hybridity that draws from literature, literary criticism, fiction and musicology. As Richard Quinn claims, 'the advantage of this hybrid language is greater sensitivity to texts which require more than a single interpretory process. A hybrid discourse can follow the contours of a text which is "transmitted on frequencies outside and beneath the range of reading," one which relies on signifying sound as well as indexical language' (Quinn, 2000, p.2-3). In Mackey and Harris, both of whom draw extensively from the poet Amiri Baraka, one senses a specific reading of language as music - in particular as jazz - or at least the consideration of literature and words and music as simultaneities that can be talked of as the same, primarily because they are the same in that they arise from the same socio-economic-cultural gumbo. In the case of jazz and black literature their contents overlap enormously. We see this in the narrative scaffolds of many jazz albums, the true and fictional stories they tell, and the passages of spoken word in the recordings, but also the extensive liner notes of, for example, Sun Ra's records, which are pamphlets of quasi-religious testaments incorporating poetry, straight-up social commentary, prose and Afro-futurist fiction. We also see how music serves as a vital constitutive force of various subjectivities and architectures of space in novels like Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (1952) – where specific records, phonographic technologies, and extra-musical sounds are pivots around which communities of Harlem swing – as well as the works of Amiri Baraka and Nathaniel Mackey who both treat music as central to their prose's style, subject and potency.

This thesis is divided into sections with headings *Limb/p*, *Syncope*, *Impression*, and *Beat* that are designed to envelope sections rather than define them. There are six moments of what I have termed *dub fiction* written on transparent acetates that sit in between each chapter. They are pauses, and pages of slow disclosure that underline the importance of the mutual relationship between text and sound, words and rhythm. As the bass/base notes, they are six fulcrums on which the thesis's ruminations on rhythm, text, and the city are balanced. They seek to creatively practise what is talked about in the text.

By situating some parts of the work in the wake of architectural and psychogeographical writers Ian Nairn, Jonathan Meades, Iain Sinclair, and filmmakers Patrick Keiller and Chris Petit, the installation *Surrogate City* uses fictional narratives and film to re-imagine six locations in Newcastle upon Tyne. By framing these as "dubs" that "version" each area, each story contains within it a vacillation between fiction and historical fact, resulting in an indistinction or cleft that opens up an experience of the urban to what novelist and poet Nathaniel Mackey terms a 'discrepant engagement' (1993); a way of looking at the world which gives us a particular sense of wholeness that otherwise might be denied to us. By adopting a style of writing – in parts – that plays with its own form, it aims to circumvent an obvious academic didacticism and occupy a hinge position on the edge of criticism that enables it to join with other forms of discourse, resulting in a mix of gestures, impulses and trajectories. The intersection between my position as a musician/artist and my research interests in architecture and 20th century literature '...engender[s] a kind of "intermediary art," comprised of objects that, while situated ostensibly in one practice, require[s] the interpretive terms of another for their explication' [Vidler, 2000 p.vii]. Indeed, Anthony Vidler's book *Warped Space* (2000) provides a useful insight into the kinds of musical vocabularies I was employing while writing the album *Glyphic Bloom* and improvising in the duo *Base Cleft*. The spatial metaphors of warping he uses to define modernity's unsettled subject as a subject that pushes and imbues the strictures of the 'formal with the psychological' (Vidler, 2000, p.2) are critical: 'Vocabularies of displacement and fracture, torquing and twisting, pressure and release, void and block, informe and hyperform [are]...deployed in work that seeks to reveal, if not critique, the conditions of a less than settled everyday life' (Vidler, 2000, p.1).

A great deal of this thesis springs from Newcastle upon Tyne and my eleven-year experience of living there as a hinge to connect critically and dialectally with psychogeography, urban change, literary criticism, fiction, field recording, surrealism and music. The result aims to sound out the creaking of these hinges. Most of what follows did not start as an abstract idea that I then took to express on paper. It proceeded by treating making, musicking and writing as core routines sustained throughout the PhD (and beyond), and crucially, to implicate language and writing within the constitution of music and the tone of this thesis, rather than as a didactic tool after-the-fact to rationalise four years of creative work.

surrogatecity.com

wonder where and when this gig was in the first place.
violable grasp of pressure. The musicians are indistinct now, their edges permitted to dissipate, and I begin to
kernel, away from the directed order of pitch, the clasp of attack and distinctness, and towards the delirious and
begins to lose its boundaries of pitch and attack, as if I am being introduced to the shudders of some primal
The further I make for home; the more I begin hearing the music not as sound, but as variations in pressure. It

similar, perhaps, to the mechanics of an upright piano.
beams resting on fulcrums that tip other bits of the city upwards into my line of sight; a fulcrum's lurch – and one
view – more walkways, pillars, arches, rooftops, – as though I tread on a land underlain by a series of enormous
of reality as I move through the walkways. Each step I press upon the ground begins to shift a distant object into
spatial arrangement, which lends strange glyphic logics to the landscape ahead. There is an ongoing composition
The paths become more stepped and staggered, a tripartite lineation – bass, drums, bass clarinet – that unfold a

trounced, and so in its profound wellbeing, every utterance is uniquely direct, in that it is direct for me.
an undeviating confrontation that seems to suggest a permanence of aliveness, one in which death has been
the gig with me, replaying it over in my head. And now, afterwards, the music is in a heightened state of address,
impossible routes as they bisect each other, leading the eye and ear to the spaces beyond what they frame. I carry
But there are many paths here, lost or sent into exile by something undeviating. They rise and fall, and present
I wander the walkways home. This is a place that has *always* seemed foreclosed, excused, pardoned and left aside.

simultaneous call for a world that has never come into being.
line that didn't walk, but passed by, and in so doing, turned my glances aside towards the architecture's
towards the tunneling dub regurgitating the lower ambit's recollections – a recursive amble; a passing by; a bass
some apt irrelevance, that compels my ears to a restless attentiveness. But they soon cast their concentration
things. It is in the traces of music that the players hint at, which they harbour within themselves and imply by
woodwinds, I thought, and their flurries are carried aloft by circular breaths in lines that skirt the edges of
Flocks of long-necked birds are circling, craning their necks contrary to their trajectory; they are those billed

kiln's smelting incited violent eddies of rhythm that shot upward through the layers.
firebird's tail feather, bright enough to illuminate the exhumation of rehearsal rooms and mythic club grit. The
kiln; layers and layers and layers compressed and pressed upon. He punched through a litany of stresses, each a
elbows bent at thuggish angles above his torso like a spider – glaring through the spitting layers into the round
displace the excess – and plunged into dithering but ecstatic intricacy. His head bowed as he peered down –
The drummer tapped out a quick, dry succession – an alchemist tapping his ladle on the inner side of a jar to

Limb/p.

Invisibility, let me explain, gives one a slightly different sense of time, you're never quite on the beat. Sometimes you're ahead and sometimes behind. Instead of the swift and imperceptible flowing of time, you are aware of its nodes, those points where time stands still or from which it leaps ahead. And you slip into the breaks and look around.

-Ralph Ellison, Invisible Man. (1952)

Languages are doors, accesses, corridors and conduits. They are constituted of grooves, cuts, clefts and scratches. Fenestration is a surgical procedure in which a new opening is created in the small bones of the inner ear to remedy some types of deafness. It is also an architectural term for the arrangement of doors and windows on a structure. At its most fertile, language functions as a facilitator to presenting an as-yet unopened door, window or access; its reach necessarily a breach across the clefted shores of clasp and grasp. Grasping admits a certain amount of slippage, and suggests a wholeness not quite within reach – it discloses more redolently language's balance upon a precarious fulcrum. The weight of sentences is carried in their implication – how resonantly the bass notes quiver their sediment. When language becomes surplus, it becomes obfuscatory, when it is scant, it is impotent. In both cases we experience a syntactic liquefaction, a collapse of its function, and we lose our grounding and our footing. The loss of composition is the result of too much or too little vibration. The ability and freedom to negotiate between seemingly oppositional weightings is a crucial dialectical process that opens language up to its own possibilities by wresting meaning from ideologically imposed denotations. This approach inevitably connotes an embrace of dissonance and invocations of disruption.

The North American poet William Carlos Williams talks cryptically of a 'variable foot' (Mackey, 1993, p.20), a register and gesture that implies a rhythmic (but also arhythmic) skip, dance or limp, but crucially an openness to a polyphony of tenors that acts as a tonic to established discourse. For Williams, this discourse was poetic formalism. The recourse to rhythm – especially of blues, jazz and Afro-Caribbean musics – in elucidating this approach to given narratives is a prevalent strategy in the works of Nathaniel Mackey (2010), Amiri Baraka (2007), Anthony Joseph (2006), Wilson Harris (2006), Toni Morrison (1987), and Ralph Ellison (1952). To equip oneself with this disruptive approach is a method of cleaving a continuous process of self-

actualisation, away from the rigid denominations of exclusion and inclusion and western formulations of aspiration, by way of a 'deviation from expected narrative accents' (Mackey, 1993), p.20). The unique engagement with material in the most notable literature, jazz, dub, hip hop, techno and house all share '...an embrace of certain forms of chaos or entropy in which lacunae, fractures, and inconsistencies are allowed to spawn their own skewed logics and velocities, generating their becomings only in the milieu of the between' (Weheliye, 2005, p.204).

Rhythmic swing underscores this "between-ness"; it is both a lag and a lack, and it vitalises rhythmic irresistibility. Swing is a resistance to a fixedness that becomes something you use as if it is solid – it (the lack) implies its solidity. The sense of "unwholeness", and the recognition of that lack embraces the dialectic and observes its logic, pursing an engagement of constant movement that questions and cleaves itself as inseparable from all phenomena. Existence then, in the form of human agency and consciousness is literally a perpetual withdrawal that accommodates the necessity of the other – self negation. The acknowledgement of this in groove-based music is no better illustrated than in the "limp" that a "true" beat enshrines as a missing strike; a withdrawn event with the vying tensions of reciprocal pulsation. Speaking of Nathaniel Mackey's spoken word and musical performance *Strick* (1994), writer Richard Quinn speaks of the missing strike in terms of what he calls '...an "aural oscillation" between the dualisms of word and note, poetry and jazz...[operating]...simultaneously as a critique of exclusionary tendencies and a positive project bringing the once expelled back into a shared history' (Quinn, 2000, p.2).

The implication of words and their soundings carrying intimations of a rhythmic syncope is the characteristic "limping" that suggests something missing. We might call this a "lack" that allows a flooding of temporal hallucinations that makes more complex and richer what we hear. It is a richness in incompletion that according to Wilson Harris, means; '...we may no longer bask in sound but seek to hear what is stolen' (Mackey, 2008, p.ix). To hear the "nagging lack" is to hear the dialectic calling, its obfuscatory murmur goading us toward transformation, to moments of 'leverage and of levity' (Mackey, 2008, p.viii). The lack is an *apt irrelevance*. Mackey talks frequently in his prose and criticism of this impulse in terms of an "itch", while Wilson Harris asks what constitutes the "lack" and posits that 'dream and performance' (Mackey, 2008, p.ix) may act to point towards and through a sense of "within-ness" within ourselves. Whether he suggesting that it is a necessary type of interrogative listening antithetical to what he calls "basking in sound" is unclear, but he seems to qualify this by claiming that "basking" is 'without a deeper reflection of the chasms between peoples' (Mackey, 2008, p.ix). That difference is manifest as a cleft is prurient in its seductive, redemptive space; a space of the fleeting, and of glimpses that because they are partially imaged, may give us a 'sensation of qualities beyond conventional assumptions' (Mackey, 2008, p.viii). Therefore, 'We may perceive a "lack" in fixed traditions, we may perceive a "leverage" and "levity" which share roots to leave a mediation in ourselves about absolute structures' (Mackey, 2008, p.viii). The sense of shared roots is important here, and also that "to

cleave" means both to separate and to put together. The separation, when one cleaves, is along a natural grain. In *Surrogate City*'s MEA walkways *dub fiction*, there is the line: 'There are paths here, lost or sent into exile by something undeviating.' Indeed, the sense that each limb was treading a separate path gave me an impression that that which seems so immobilised by the absoluteness within itself gave something up to me, a way of speaking, perhaps, not assimilable to a single, totalizing story; 'a bass line that didn't walk, but passed by', giving glimpses of partial images, of the base/bass; the root. Nathaniel Mackey in interviews, talks of acquiring a perverse taste for seeking out the incomplete and the un-whole through poetry's power to *not* to console, and of its aptness for seeking out and instigating the disturbed, the damaged; the limp. In an 2011 radio interview with poet Charles Bernstein, he says: 'That one could so rhapsodically lick one's wounds as to acquire and promote a taste for woundedness was something I was finding out on various fronts' (Close Listening, 2011). Here, he is literally implicating rhythm in a 'co-dependency of rhapsody and wound' (Close Listneing, 2011): Rhapsodic/singing the blues – wound/paying your dues. The lean towards musicality and rhythm more generally emphasises music's kinship with the power of poetry's forms. In Mackey's essay *Other: Noun to Verb* (1992), he notes the utter vitality of disfigurement in opening outward to - and demanding - new forms. In David P. Brown's *Noise Orders* (2006) Brown claims 'the breaks, dissonances, and deformations in music, language and literature registers a need for a new world to go along with it, discontent with the world and the ways of speaking we already have. A revolution of the word can only be a new beginning, "beating" as [Edward Kamau] Braithwaite puts it, "its genesis genesis genesis / out of the stammering world"' (Brown, 2006, p.124). Here the "beat" is something that remains vital and critical to the process, as is repetition. To talk of breaks, limps, lacks, cuts and skips is to talk of beats. Mackey's iambic footing via the limping swing of jazz's variable foot is the playful caustic teasing of rhythm upon meter, upsetting meter out of plodding grief and into ecstatic joy and life, turning meter into rhythm itself. 'As Foucault has pointed out via Borges, we stand on poetic – that is, made-up – ground' (Mackey, 1993, p.4).

Cities occupy a dual role of oppression and opposition. They are the engines of capital and the key sites of resistance to it. They operate as producers of space, particularly in London's case, in terms of their construction and manipulation of financial architectures in other parts of the world (Finoki, 2007). In other words, while they are undoubtedly hubs that consolidate the power of neoliberalism, they are also shot through with thresholds and liminal spaces which offer us sites of resistance. Liminality itself, implies a register of ambiguity and dislocation that is purportedly experienced in certain rituals and rites of passage. The West African / Haitian gateway god *Legba* is a liminal presence par excellence. He stands with one leg in this world and the other in the spiritual, and so can claim no particular domain as his own. He represents the encounter with difference and other, and no one can pass from one world to the other without his permission. Appearing as a weak and haggardly dressed old man, he actually conceals great strength and

wisdom and is fluent in every language – both human and heavenly. He is a trickster who uses his mastery of languages to confuse people. He may limp, but he is nimble-witted and quick with his tongue. Paradoxically he is considered the figure of dance by his embodiment of impairment and gracefulness; the translation of slip into rhythm. He is evocative of and crucial to the sounding of the rhythmic lag, lack and limp in black diasporic music, literature and culture, and his embrace of these rhythmic ungainlinesses make him, for many, the emblem of heterogeneity.

The liminal state is a stage of existing with a sense of a lack of wholeness, incomplete by way of standing at a threshold awaiting a reconstitution once a ritual has completed. In West African traditional music, a hierarchy of musicians is difficult to discern, as social divisions are erased in an homogenisation of status. This is a temporary and collective passing-stage that has been termed "communitas" by Victor Turner in his book *Ritual Process* (1966). However, it is Roberto Esposito who expounds on the "communitas" more intriguingly: 'It is a void, a debt, a gift to the other that also reminds us of our constitutive alterity with respect to ourselves' (Esposito, 2009, p.6). He continues: 'From here it emerges that "communitas" is the totality of persons united not by a "property" but precisely by an obligation or a debt; not by an "addition" but by a "subtraction": by a lack, a limit that is configured as an onus, or even as a defective modality for him who is "affected", unlike for him who is instead "exempt" or "exempted" (Esposito, 2009, p.6). Esposito's exhaustive exhumation of the etymologies of words is a more scientific approach, but nevertheless mirrors Nathaniel Mackey's poetics of proximal soundings and his attentiveness to words that house smaller words that imbue the meaning of the larger word with contradiction or another resonance; or more commonly, as Mackey keenly points out, creates a rub or hinge into previously unheard meanings, allowing in turn what he terms a "discrepant engagement" (1993); a way of hearing dissonance and disparity in prose, and letting its indistinctions (and its "voidings") guide the reader towards meanings that may have been deliberately or unknowingly severed. In this sense, proximate sounds are openings into other meanings, and are a key part of Mackey's textual-aural interplay - the seeding of the aural into the textual and vice versa. Proximate words nudge each other and the reader towards a richer understanding that affects how you remember and recall the text – its ambiguity and weight of implication make perception of the text highly pliable, and imply a vertical richness that resonates the bass notes of his prose – sonar transactions charging the depths. Indeed, Esposito uses similar expressions of interruption and loss, concealment and seizure, and touches on this notion of the un-uttered prompt: 'The community isn't a mode of being, much less a "making" of the individual subject. It isn't the subject's expansion or multiplication but its exposure to what interrupts the closing and turns it inside out: a dizziness, a syncope, a spasm in the continuity of the subject' (Esposito, 2009, p.7).

I have a record, its sleeve multicoloured shards, like some otherworldly forest.
Between shards are thin paths that cut angular routes from top to bottom;
askew descents and oblique asides.

Zigzag parallels collide into the distance, or reach
toward you and cleave the panes apart.

Each time I put on the record, it is different.

Every track is short – only briefly blooming – but they are also amorphous;

they flow and overlap, they leak
into each other so that on the next listen
the palette has suffered some modulation of its hues.

Sometimes I'll dig out the record to listen again to a track I recall enjoying, and it won't be there, but in its place will be some mutation that erodes any recollection of the track I was looking for.

It narrowed the aperture of memory,
eroding it to mere fractures
and glimpses.

There is a tuning of mythologies,
an adjustment of the stave;
a thick four-fingered prong wedged between parallel lines,
torquing
and twisting them until they become grooves.

But there are mirrors here – and a multitude of hidden grooves –
interlaced together in concentric cuts.

Everyone remembers this place differently, but impressions
eventually run their course and console themselves in a silent
loop, a place devoid of relief; a smooth, silent recourse to the
most mute

rustling.

When and if we return, there is an overhanging lack…

and the sense of doubles makes us see this place inflected with the eyes of others.
We feel ourselves into some witness within others. Who is dreaming who?

So, forgotten and forgotten and forgotten,

it becomes a scene of inscription more apposite than elsewhere in this city. It speaks to an earlier need to fasten the instability of place through writing; to out it of anxiety. And each time pours,
like my record,

a syncretic unfurling of language, mutated blossoms, and some pressing urge to attentiveness.

Every visit submits itself to the bleeding in of another previous space, a sacrifice, no less, of its full share, of its stake in our memories.

Syncope.

> *Popular music is nothing if not dialogic, the product of an ongoing historical conversation in which no one has the first or the last word. The traces of the past that pervade the popular music of the present amount to more than mere chance...they reflect a dialogic process, one embedded in collective history and nurtured by the ingenuity of artists interested in fashioning icons of opposition.*
>
> *- George Lipsitz, Time Passages (1990)*

Without mentioning it by name, Lipsitz is describing the critical aspect of the "cut", arguably the most vital and fundamental condition of jazz, hip hop, dub, cut and paste electronica, sampling, click and cut techno, turntablism, film and my own compositional approach to beat making (Appendices: i). A discrepant, cross-cultural, cross-cut engagement manifests itself as an agitation of a 'contested centre' (Mackey, 1993, p.19) by way of being on the margins of things. Inferring the affirmative power of liminal hinge positions, Mackey quotes Amiri Baraka who claims that 'this non-conformity should be put to use. The vantage point is classically perfect – outside and inside at the same time' (Mackey, 1993, p.1). He elaborates, arguing that this doubled position is resultant of 'the simultaneity of integrative and disintegrative tendencies attendant upon the pursuit of a wholeness admitted to be out of reach' (Mackey, 1993, p.5). This dynamic of flux problematises the proclivity of dominant orders' insistence on the 'imposition of models of sameness upon a reality characterized by hybridity' (Mackey, 1993, p.5). The Guyanese writer Wilson Harris talks extensively of a partially imaged subjectivity, a lack of wholeness that is also manifest in Ralph Ellison's description of his invisible man at the beginning of chapter one. Mackey contemplates this at length, and remixes it convincingly with swing and syncopation. Syncopation houses "syncope", meaning a temporary loss of consciousness, but also the omission of sounds or letters from within a word, that which could be said to create a skip, limp or lack. For example, when "probably" is pronounced "probly", it implies a different beat, a lack, and suggests a rhythm. Indeed, "syncopal tachyarrhythmia" is the medical name for cardiac dysrhythmia; an irregular heartbeat.

Syncopation and its adjuncts the offbeat, stutter, stumble, displacement, limp, lack and skip, are all modes of procession in both music and prose – 'marks of both damage and philosophical divergence (deprivation on one hand, epistemological dilation or would-be dilation on the other)' (Mackey, 1993, p.9). They are simultaneously form and deformation: 'There can be no "full" unity, no unity without something missing, something that calls for the production of a

supplementary "unity"' (Mackey, 1993, p.11). The sense of indebtedness as a condition of unity, common to all of these writers is expanded by Lipsitz, who claims that 'all utterances answer something that was said before, that the word (or the note, the chord, the harmony, the melody, the pitch, the timbre, and the rhythm) is "always half someone else's"' (Lipsitz, 2007, p. xi). Nathaniel Mackey's 'creaking of the word' (Bernstein, 2011) - the admission of the noise of a hinge in all dialogue is his *paracritical hinge* (2005) that joins and flexes criticisms that may rub uncomfortably, but by doing so froth into being a critical discourse the otherwise might have remained at the periphery. Crucially, in "hinge-hip-joint" there are evocations of dance, movement and rhythm in the resonances between physiological terminology and Afro-American jazz colloquialisms.

In Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (1952) the unnamed protagonist opines of the residents of Harlem, '...they were outside the groove of history, and it was my job to get them in, all of them' (Ellison, 1952, p.443). Ellison's meticulously crafted conflation of African-American subjectivity and phonographic technology is a way of engendering their shared sense of rupture and disjointedness. Alexander Weheliye discusses *Invisible Man* in great detail in his book *Phonographies: Grooves In Sonic Afro-Modernity* (2005), and in particular Ellison's conception of history as the spiraled groove of the vinyl record, '...offering a model of temporal change that "spins around" a linear and progressive version of history' (Weheliye, 2005, p.13). Here Ellison is interrogating the received coherencies that are supported by exclusion, but as Mark Campbell claims in his *Remixing Relationality* (2010), he is also acknowledging that the notion of home, for many Afro-Americans, is a fluid concept: 'The notion of 'home'...resembles the sonic activities of the turntablist; home is a temporal, recontextualized, and continually altered concept designed by diasporic peoples' (Campbell, 2010, p.235). In this sense the DJ's act of mixing is to play different beats and histories against each other in order to seek out productive tensions. Indeed the phonograph and its appropriation by black musicians in the 1970s who invented hip hop and its sonic rituals of cut, scratch, loop and mix - acoustic interventions - presents the listener with a schizophrenic anachronistic movement that simultaneously doubles back and offers glimpses to the future; a poetic presence/present that encompasses disruption, fragmentation and discrepancy as its primary register, experienced by a critical-cultural mode of listening that Paul Watkins (2011) calls 'listening for freedom'. In other words, listening for sounds that are '...dissonant...often political, or disruptive to the dominant social order' (Watkins, 2011), sounds that announce themselves by echoing from the clefts and rifts of the disruptive and the eruptive, and construct spaces for the emergence of new knowledge. It is enacting the freedom to create a liminal space that, by its nature, is subject and open to change and distortions over time. The rhythmic vocabulary of "breaks" "scratches" and "cuts" implies the same kind of dissonance that Duke Ellington believed exposed the hinge position of black Americans as simultaneously outside and inside society. In Barry Ulanov's book 'The Roots of Jazz' (1975), Ellington describes playing a dissonant chord on the piano, "Hear that chord. That's us. Dissonance is our

way of life in America. We are something apart, yet an integral part' (Ulanov, p.276). The aperture that opens up within the contradiction of "apart"/"a part" could be read as foreshadowing the right and demand to occupy this interstitial position. Certainly, in Mackey's work, in which jazz is *the* antecedent, there are no longings to disavow the cross-cuts of cross-culturality, or to reconcile fringe positions with insider orthodoxies. Instead, their duty is to contradict each other, to sound out a dissonant rub. Jazz, like poetry, like hip hop, demands that something new is to be made out of the old in order to create the 'discursive modernism' (Watkins, 2011) particular to black artists of the mid-late twentieth century; what Alexander Weheylie terms 'sonic Afro-modernity' (Weheylie, 2005). Thus 'heteroglot identities' (Watkins, 2011) are constituted by multiple footings in multiple traditions that admit a dexterous sense of movement, one that Mackey, after Baraka, frames within the "verb": 'To see being as verb rather than noun is to be at odds with hypostasis, the reification of fixed identities that has been the bane of socially marginalized groups. It is to be at odds with taxonomies and categorizations that obscure the fact of heterogeneity and mix' (Mackey, 1993, p.20).

Conversely, obscurity, argues Martinican writer Édouard Glissant, is a right that admits readings and interpretations which are normally excluded or marginalised. The right not to be understood is a condition of opacity that 'not only encourages a tolerance of obscurity but argues its necessity' (Mackey, 1993, p.16). Glisssant's poetry, like Wilson Harris's, is remarkably difficult to read but is shot through with suggestion more often than not gleaned from the rhythmic and adjunct soundings of words. His work asserts much of its power in its indebtedness to incomplete comprehensibility, and its insistence to exist on terms other than that imposed upon it. Obscurity and opacity in this case are not analogous with invisibility, but instead serve to render a complex hybrid of the written word and the misfirings of mispronunciation and mishearings – incoherencies, cacophonies – a language that gives interpretation the slip in favour of 'the unbridled pleasure of finally writing down language as it is heard' (Pettinger, 2011). Alasdair Pettinger highlights the difficulties and the joys one encounters when reading Glissant:

> [His writing is] *full of poetic allusion and conceptual inventions rather than empirically testable propositions. Glissant's work often seems to aspire to the condition of music and other non-representational forms. Invoking the art of the drummer, he speaks of the value of repetition, its capacity not to clarify ideas but to render them more opaque* (Pettinger, 2011).

The suggestion that blurring and indistinction are key to the emergence of meanings that enable glimpses into concealed and disavowed realities informs *Surrogate City's* Percy Street dub fiction. Designed to trouble the notion that 'all difference can be comprehended within a single interpretive scheme' (Pettinger, 2011), it describes a dream where the narrator is trapped inside an enormous mechanism of variously swiveling horizontal lenses of different dioptres. They are

arranged in a way that intimates the shape of the spiral car park, except that they are unconnected, and instead, layered on top of each other. Degrees of clarity and obfuscation are on offer as the narrator moves between lenses while they oscillate left to right, right to left. There is a struggle to grasp a clarity of sound and vision offered only in fugitive glimpses of focus as lenses pass across each other. At the end of the story, a dark note resonates up through the lenses as they temporarily align, and admit a clear vision downward. The storyteller sees three musicians – ominous subterraneans – walking out of sight towards a tunnel eastwards towards Newcastle's Ouseburn Valley. They are disruptive entities whose voices and existence are occluded and excluded by the obfuscatory shifting of the lenses above. They are suppressed and literally kept under the surface, yet their music refracts upwards through the moving lenses; mutated, warped, filtered and made indistinct. Abridged limbs morphing below speculate on their own forms. What the narrator hears and sees is a rich mixture of incoherencies, fleeting partial images, audio ghosts, splayed trickery; cognitive jarring. It is, in a sense, both visually and sonically acousmatic. When the lenses briefly align and the narrator catches a glimpse of the subterranean musicians, it brings their exclusion to our attention, but it also brings the depths upwards towards us. As Mackey says, they '"sing bass," bring up what's under' (Mackey, 1993, p.13), but they also represent what is denigrated as "base" or considered a lower order, that which quivers, via a deep structural wobbling, the 'axiomatic exclusions upon which postings of identity and meaning depend' (Mackey, 1993, p.19). Ultimately, these figures are giving the narrator the slip.

The 'ideal of transparent universality, imposed by the West' (Mackey, 1993, p.17) engenders a clouded, distorted idea of clarity. As Mackey notes, 'this willingness to risk obscurity diverges not only from mainstream notions of clarity but also from the prescription of such notions, in the name of political urgency' (Mackey, 1993, p.17). Glissant's opacity then, his demand *nous réclamons le driot a l'opacité* (Pettinger, 2011), is to assert the right to exist outside of dominant constructions; it is 'an assertion of the right not to be understood' (Pettinger, 2011), to be outside the ordering impulse of transparency and clarification via Glissant's first person plural's suggestion of collective self-determination – "we demand".

(fig.2) Percy Street's spiral car park. Site of Glyphic Bloom's *Land's End* and re-imagined as a set of swiveling lenses in the *Surrogate City* installation.

I had a dream last night, that this place was a set of lenses of varying thickness stacked on top of each other. They had concrete rims and the glass was inset enough to allow for a good ten feet in height between each lens. There was about eight feet between each successive outer edge. Instead of two walkways leading into the adjacent building, there was one for each layer, and each of these led to, and connected with an enormous vertical column that allowed every lens to swivel independently, clockwise or otherwise. The sweep of each was restricted to a range of 205 degrees, with the main panoramic sweep facing north. The nine lenses moved back and forth between two poles 205 degrees apart, at different speeds, although none faster than 3 miles an hour. If they were to stop at exactly the midpoint - the radius marking 102.5 degrees – then the nine lenses would assume the familiar shape of the car park, matching its exact footprint, with the glare of the sunlight and the glassy reflections obfuscating enough of the left-hand side of the structure to afford one the possibility, however faint, that it was of spiral construction. As an arm moved a lens from one pole to the other, it rotated anticlockwise within its rim, at a ratio that was uniform throughout the structure. This rotation followed a thread that when finished, held the lens obliquely to the horizontal plane, but still wholly contained within the rim. At the easternmost pole, the lenses lay flat, and as they proceeded westward they followed the cut of the threads until the oblique tilt was reached. In my dream I alone occupied this structure, but this dream was itself a leaky allusion to one I'd had previously. Every sound was present from this previous dream, and was percolating up and down through the lenses. Various degrees of auditory and visual clarity, afforded by all manner of superimpositions, and furthermore, continual fluctuations appropriate to the additional movement of lenses themselves, led to fleeting allusory and illusory recognitions. This giant mechanism coerced my gaze downwards towards a machinic wilderness of possible worlds, passing through realms of crisscrossing foci, acquiring and then losing track of fields of depth. The balletic architecture of movement meant that I could easily move between layers. I could jump down one, and sometimes down two. Going up required a little more – but not a great deal of – effort, but meant ascending one level at a time. I occasionally caught my reflection as it slid across the glass. I saw myself change shape, my flesh a ghostly hybrid. Morphing. Warping. Speculating on its own form. There was an enrichment by accumulation as more lenses aligned. Sounds began to shoot through with piercing lucidity. When every layer eventually aligned, you could telescope downwards and see, with the greatest clarity, all the way down to a cavern that would have sat fifteen below ground level. This happened rarely, and only once in my dream. It was a group of three musicians. I was seduced by this fleeting access to the private space of others. Impossible to see their faces. And as they walked eastward down a tunnel, I could have sworn one of them was you.

We are amongst the abundance of jollies in the shopping malls that make you feel at home – art-official-offers-you (in less self-assured moments) glimpses of yourself. There is a man reading Walter Benjamin by the dry ex-fountain underneath the great glass domed teat, that same apparition that Patrick Keiller's Robinson spotted in London in 1994. He, perhaps, an over-lapse of the arcadian dweller, spun back and woven from the same weave'd-wrought iron, but now all skin and no skeleton. A hallowed skin machine. This is our eternal pivot (and inescapable return) elliptically looped but splayed in-and-out-and-in-and-round-and-out-and-over, tinctured by an unquenchable elastic nag at the back of the mind. Emphatically looped but brayed and fragmented, a "history wandering onto the scene", its unstoppable decline buttressed against aching progress. This arcade is a terrible mute accenting its attenuated double, the singing bract of Club Martinique, whose jazzers marched mourning through the city upon its demolition. A procession in semi-silent cloth, an ecclesiastical shuffle swung through rows of seven, drifting through conditioned space, built as conditional spaces. The nagging lack of an eight, a step too soon but none too far, they trod on made up ground, swell and swollen, un-whole in its laggard certitude. This city shifts, retracts and redacts itself. The fragmentary falter of readjustment is a mute yearning to see these places as figments' fabrication. But falter's pigment colours only the cornered gaze, the passing-byes of inventories out of sight; accentuating a wound and its repair, a limp and its loping redress; a double deal. They march through stillborn arches that support little more than fantasies of form, and coerce the curdling eddies of bodies through themselves. Newcastle's a proliferation of extinctions and rebuttals; a city excusing itself into a farce of atonement – exorcising – patched up – stitched up. In what way does your local lie? We walk the way-stations between rigid categories, places we pause to allow bleed-and-seepage-secretion from elsewheres, pioneer tails. We're wise 'n' too acquainted with the latticework of enmeshment and none too err-rationally, addressing none but a network. So why not witness a bend of dictions where the invisible threshold of madness becomes visible, where poetry b-l-ends into absolutely reality? Why not meaning communicated and imbued with the risk of tearing itself apart? Occupying a critical precipice, this is a condition that imperils its own destruction, the cleft between yarn and yearn, the parable and the parabola – parabolic – the moral fall and lift to redemption. Wakened to the city, digressed and peeled, mapped by the heavens and buffeted by voices of reproach, we walked in silence and shaped a void – well-shaped by omission. We defined a potent blank, listening to the passing measures presenting a reality that exceeded what we heard – we were already living among the ruins. One collision on top of another collision. The cleft between clasp and grasp – pressure the purest incarnation of grasp as it activates surfaces and tunnels down sub-dermally. A tunneling dub; an opening up of things by reduction...to the troglodyte – attentive to his doubled presence in enclosure – understands himself as informed and deformed by reflection and unending reification. He talks in sentences that tap themselves along the wall, listening for hallow'd spots, a register of repetition that occupies the space between innervation and enervation, both vitalizing and exhausting. At night – what night? - he dreams he is enclosed like papal flesh in pupal dress, with violable edges – suffering seepage – his skin a slow eruptive surface bubbling confession in slow froth; an irresistible spume.

Impression.

If you walk Newcastle upon Tyne, you soon sense how much of it was, is, in thrall to the *grand project*. The enormous motorway - an intrinsically doomed plan and arguably failed piece of architecture - decisively amputates the eastern inner city and suburbs of Shieldfield, Sandyford and Heaton from the city centre. The relics of modernist optimism in elevated concrete walkways, the brutalist Bank of England building, complex pedestrian subways, Derwent Tower (the *Dunston Rocket*) and the Shieldfield housing estate are ideal film sets for a Kubrick because we have successfully recast these brutalist spaces as dangerous, bleak, sinister, menacing; the inevitable culmination of treacherous architectural hubris. They are now familiar to us as places of deprivation, perversion, degeneracy, violence, sometimes immorality. The social, civic buildings of the 1960s stink of piss and idealism. Their idealism is where their immorality lies. But Newcastle and Gateshead's brutalist legacy, its car parks - including one very lamentably "ex" car park - stand, stood as monuments to not only civic, but artistic confidence. They dared to provoke something new and explicit into existence. It created what was lacking. It wasn't apologetic and it especially wasn't submissive to natural topographies, instead, it created its own that sought to mirror, impose, and go beyond the natural underlying grammar of Newcastle's three mounds, the *Lort Burn* (present-day Dean Street) *Pandon Burn* and the *Ouse Burn* that run steeply up from the quayside towards the sweeping curvatures of the city's centre. Its numerous centres are palpable as a movement through time, a visual terracing of architectures upward from the Tyne. Newcastle's (and Gateshead's) cyclical projects of development and demolition imbues it with numerous false starts, and a history that stutters in a closed loop.

That extant motorway, the A167, is characterised by sweeping trenches cut deep into the city's belly before submitting itself to the gentle swells of the suburbs which imply either the lift of flight or the onset of a slow buckle. The city centre is gouged and the suburbs precipitate a yearning for lift. It is a road simultaneously subterranean and extraterrestrial, and never quite fulfils either. It consciously tries to duck its own vision. Cars that are meant to be swept through the city sit huddled in the city's basin waiting to be flushed across the river while the high concrete walls on either side hunch in embarrassment. The motorway offers incremental movement to drivers as treats while its dynamic sweep and its confidence unavoidably belies the mobility its planners' promised.

The *grand projects* of dismantling over the last decade - the sound of vibrating metal spikes splitting concrete, and the hard thud of stack collapsing on to stack - presents to us the apparent indistinguishability of renewal and reversal. It is a slow coercion from above to forget not only what existed, but the optimism of a society which sanctioned their construction. Time is tucked neatly back to make room for a new enticement of gloss, glass, cladding and transparent surface.

fig.3. The A167 and slip roads, with Manors car park behind.

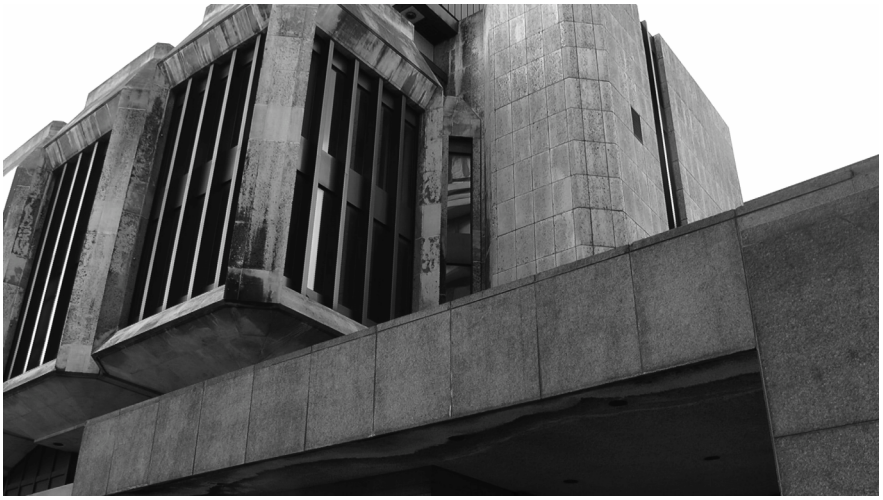


fig.4. The old Bank of England building on Pilgrim Street. Demolished in 2012.

fig.5. Trinity Square car park, Gateshead. Demolished in 2012.

In Gateshead, *Trinity Square*'s replacement is, like many new developments by the river, a diaphanous construction for the eye to skim, and a skin for the real city and its population to decay behind. They are places to breeze past, not to linger; paler spaces. Half-empty office developments, and endless two bedroom apartment complexes populate the riverside in Newcastle and Gateshead. They are the detritus of – and monuments to – credit default swaps and subprime lending, of futures and mortgage-backed securities, of leveraging and collateralised debt obligations. They are memorials enshrined by the spectral weightlessness of the free market and the zombified hand of speculative land development. The spaces around these buildings, the pseudo-plaza-quaysides of Newcastle and Gateshead, are the dead-eyed siblings of *scuola metafisica* painter Giorgio de Chirico's disquieted piazzas. In his early paintings, people – normally two - stand in silhouetted isolation, dwarfed or obfuscated by long facades punctuated by repetitive dark arches. Buildings, surrounding a courtyard or piazza, stretch far into the distance while their shadows bear long and heavily towards the viewer. In later works, human beings are replaced altogether by statues (and later mannequins) whose elongated, irrational shadows in the low-lying autumnal sun dominate the scene and convey an eerie sense of dislocation. Newcastle's eastern quayside is an inadvertent de Chirico painting by a committee of town planners, or a consortium of developers. Along the riverside paths are its statues and monuments of human bustle and dead industry enshrined in bronze and stone. In an inversion of de Chirico's paintings, shards of angular sunlight on the ground contradict scale and perspective, but the buildings open on to a series of stark mini-plazas that are uninviting and un-peopled. The area shares in its unnatural sharpness of shadow and light the threatening quality of de Chirico's paintings, and yet the uncanny quiver between past and present, past and presence, that so illuminates his piazzas to us is mute, dumb, and impossible to quarry.

fig.6. Newcastle's eastern quayside. In the distance is the mouth of the Ouseburn Valley, site of *Glyphic Bloom*'s *Who's That Creeping*? in the *Surrogate City* installation.

On the opposite side of the river to Newcastle sits Gateshead. Sunken behind the Baltic Centre for Contemporary Art are three high rise apartment blocks that look like they have fallen out of the sky fully formed. They loom and gloom over another plaza, and signify a landscape characterised and dominated by delineations of exclusion and exclusivity by absent agencies who exert an unyielding control over the shaping of our cities. As Professor Stephen Graham, author of *Cities Under Siege* (2010), has detailed, strategies of (en)closure, exclusion and domestic urban militarisation are used to dispossess citizens of – to paraphrase Lefebvre - their *right to the city* (Graham, 2010). Indeed geographer Doreen Massey encourages us to 'ask not, perhaps, do you belong to this landscape, but to whom does this landscape, effectively, belong' (Massey, 2010, p.25). There is a creeping colonisation of public space in city centres by privately controlled shopping thoroughfares that are assiduous in their architectural and commercial homogeneity; *Liverpool One,* Bristol's *Cabot Circus*, Belfast's *Victoria Square*, Cardiff's *St David's Centre* and Cardiff Bay, Stratford's *Westfield Centre*, Sheffield's *Sevenstone*, and Leeds's *Trinity*, to name a few. They epitomise what architectural critic Kenneth Frampton in his essay *Towards A Critical Regionalism*, calls 'absolute placelessness' (Frampton, 1981, p.3). Newcastle's *Eldon Square* shopping centre, opened in 1977, is of an older ilk but foreshadowed the heavily securitised and privately managed spaces that impose codes of behaviour; no skateboarding, loitering, photography, filming, busking, music, graffiti, ball-games, begging, protesting; no hoodies. Speculative complexes of one and two-bed apartments house gated communities that are inevitable adjuncts to commercial redevelopment and regeneration. They seek to allude to a certain kind of cosmopolitanism; the young professional – creative, affluent, cool – the kind of societal fictions that partly drive justifications for regeneration. In Newcastle and Gateshead, new riverside apartments are situated directly in front of the deprived areas of Walker, Scotswood Road and Gateshead as if to mask the realities of societal injustice and urban decline. The encroachment of socially regimented

places hands over control of nominally civic space - of the public production of space - to a surreptitious and spatially undemocratic expansionism; it is a crisis of the spatial condition. Indeed, Bryan Finoki, writing on his influential *Subtopia* blog, argues that there is a need to 'develop our lenses for observing everyday space and the dimensions of our daily environments as they are inseparably linked with politics, state power, militarism, security, (in)justice, etc' (Finoki, 2009).

fig.7. The Baltic Quays buildings in Gateshead, directly behind the Baltic Centre for Contemporary Art.

These buildings are the architecture of 24-hour television and 24-hour surveillance; there is nothing to recall because we cannot be bothered to remember. It is an anti-archival condition of the re-recordable, with erasure and boredom as the register of our experience. It is at the same time however, more intrusive, more pervasive because it is more about surveying than seeing; it is 'the flat literalness of reality TV' (Sinclair and Petit, 2002). These buildings are unsettling because they are transparent, because they are perhaps, the absolute antithesis of the solid bunker and fortress architecture of the mid-20th Century with its load-bearing cantilevered cubes that trenchantly defied gravity and logic, but that also seemed anchored by their contention with nature, their dispute with the earth; their modulation of their surroundings. Redeveloped precincts like *Liverpool One, Cabot Circus, Eldon Square* and *Victoria Square* adopt spatial manifestos that encourage a perception of them as uncontained, free-flowing, organic and democratically organised spaces, and as such they make their limits disguised or difficult to perceive. Crucially, these buildings have adopted the language of psychogeography and the strategies of the situationists. Their chief quality, as architect Rem Koolhaas has noted in his essay *Junkspace* (2001), is solely proliferation, and not form (Koolhaas, 2001). This extensive seamlessness, itself

an infrastructure, is one of the essential attributes of public-private regeneration projects. There is then, arguably, an overlap of terminologies and narratives, as the opiated disorientation of the dérive and the flâneur's aimless drift across the city now seems analogous with the stuporous flows of people along contours of unified ambience. Indeed, there is an unsettling sense of collusion between situationism and gentrification in modern planning rhetoric.

In the early 20th century the surrealists saw the city as the repressive space of capitalist relations as well as offering the possibility of radical critique. This city was Paris, a city of Walter Benjamin's beloved Parisian arcades – demolished by Haussmann's Second Empire Reforms and eulogised in Benjamin's *Passagenwerk* (1927-1940) – which were riddled montages of visible exoskeletons, iron latticework, rivets and giddy-glassed eddies; globules of illuminations and signage. They were future-ghosts that prefigured the literature of, amongst others, James Joyce; particularly *Finnegans Wake* (1939), a novel whose seventeen-year undertaking matched almost exactly the time span of the surrealist project. Joyce was no stranger to Paris, a city the surrealists envisioned as a 'city of revelation' (Hopkins, 2004, p.57). *Finnegans Wake*, with its 'graded inflections and expansions' (Joyce, 1939, p.x1viii) of narratives, and wielding of sixty-five languages creates an almost limitless depth of suggestion and interpretation; it hints at and evades revelation. It may not be a strictly surrealist text, but it can certainly be considered an adjunct the surrealist canon. In its montaging, *Finnegans Wake* registers a subconscious collision of 'history in all of its individuated forms' (Joyce, 1939, p.x1iii). Like surrealism's preoccupation with the *outmoded* – an ephemera of advertisements, shop signage, newspaper clippings – in which 'the ruins from the past are brought back to haunt it [capitalism]' (Hopkins, 2004, p.61), Joyce seeds his text with reclamations and excavations of outmoded languages, esoteric colloquialisms, and playful proximate soundings and resonances. In Seamus Deane's 1992 introduction to *Finnegans Wake*, he notes that in the delirium of the book 'words achieve their meanings by the establishment of difference, sometimes within the same sound, sometimes within proximate sounds, often by visual as well as aural alterations and inflections' (Joyce, 1939, p.x1iii).

His dizzying preoccupation with the urban and architectural particularities of Dublin collapses it into a character of its own in *Ulysses* (1992). In *Finnegans Wake* Joyce presents us with the figure of the flâneur – the reflexive walker – inside the subconscious, where Dublin's river Liffey transfigures into Finnegan's wife as well as part of his inner psyche. As we have noted, Nathaniel Mackey's work extensively references the *Legba* gateway god, in which some critics have gleaned the flâneur figure: 'Like Legba the flâneur moves within the break, both inside and outside the material world, a mediator which converts binaries into a complex signifying system. The wandering flâneur is both producer sand consumer, between and within the interstices of social practice' (Quinn, 2000, p.13).

The city and the figure of the flâneur are important to André Breton's *Nadja* (1928) and *Louis Aragon's Paysan de Paris* (1926). Both novels are regarded as key moments in surrealist literature. *Nadja* tells of finding beauty in absence, as the book's titular "hero" recedes into the spectral; eventually a simultaneous presence and absence within the narrator's (sub)conscious. For Breton, Nadja's fragmentation into a paroxysm of irrationality and madness is something he struggles to cope with, yet still finds her irresistible; seductive. Paris is the foil against which this is played and in this betrays the 'self-consciously dialectical process, by which the interiority that had previously dominated Surrealist writing and art was set in counterpoint to the dictates of external reality' (Hopkins, 2004 p.60). Shop fronts in arcades transfigure into hallucinogenic *tableau vivants* that jolt the imaginary and reality into a frisson of beauty; of the sublime. Breton famously ends *Nadja* with the dictat: 'Beauty will be convulsive or will not be at all' (Breton, 1928, p.159). Aragon's *Paysan de Paris* conveys a particular sense of abeyance that holds the subconscious and the fin de siècle spaces of Paris – the Passage de l'Opéra, the Buttes-Chaumont park after dark – in vacillation. Their register is undoubtedly dreamlike, occupying the cleft between Paris's nomenclature as "the city of light" and the dramatic nocturnal landscapes of photographer Brassai's *Paris by Night* (1933) whose black and white imagery of Parisian streets seem thick and pinguid; inky and oily. Both *Nadja* and *Paysan de Paris*, contemporaneous with *Paris by Night*, are novels inextricably of Paris, but more broadly they demonstrate how the surrealists understood the city as constituting a '"forest of indices"...a network of cryptic signs and augurs of revelation' (Hopkins, 2004, p.60). Their anecdotal city drifts constitute an alternative geography of Paris, present maps of unconscious desire, and of the moments between sleeping and waking. In Ash Amin and Nigel Thrift's *Cities: Reimagining The Urban* (2002), they claim: 'Dreams are, of course, a key element of social theory, not least because of their place in the literature on cities where the complexity and profusion of cities is often depicted in dream-like terms. For example, [Walter] Benjamin's "Passagen-Werk" project was at the threshold between dreams and wakefulness, with dreams remembered in the waking consciousness of the city itself' (Thrift and Amin, 2002, p.115).

Thirty years later, Guy Debord and the Situationist International understood the need to construct an "authentic" reality in a world that they believed was bereft of it. They shared in the surrealists' calls for, what Hal Foster in *Compulsive Beauty* (1993) describes as 'the re-enchantment of a disenchanted world, of a capitalist society made ruthlessly rational' (Foster, 1993, p.19) in seeking out the convulsive irruption of the marvellous. The spectacle of consumption and the amorphous consumptive spectacle that followed were, according to Guy Debord in *The Society Of The Spectacle* (1967), 'maintained by the organisation of appearances' (Debord, 1967, p.118) which drove people to a reactionary madness of delirium and an illusory sense of being outside at the periphery of existence (Debord, 1967). This alienation was experienced in every sphere – culture, knowledge, consumerism, desire and emotion. In short, situationism was a critique of mid-

twentieth century capitalist society as always sitting at one remove from real or genuine experience . For Debord, to partake in a culture at the kernel of which is the "latest thing", based upon the necessity to make people feel excluded from a seductive semi-private nucleus, was tantamount to a civilisation in psychosis, and produced populations that were 'spectators of their own lives' (Plant, 1992, p.1). This societal dysfunction had either subsumed or occluded the *everyday*, as people's experiences were mediated through objects and fetishised commodities. "Authentic" experience was thought to be found in the unearthing of the marvellous within the *everyday*; and in doing this, it was to be emancipatory, liberating; revolutionary.

Situationism and the Situationist International texts remain an invaluable source for many urban dwellers, writers, and artists today who are titillated by its revolutionary designs. However, as Sadie Plant argues in her preface to *The Most Radical Gesture* (1992), it is noteworthy within theory in that 'it demands practical realisation, and is a theory which was only made possible by the acts of rebellion, subversion, and negation which foreshadowed it and continue to assert the discontent and disrespect inspired by the economic, social, and discursive relations which define contemporary capitalism' (Plant, 1992, preface). These acts of dissonance were found in the situationists' strategies of the dérive, psychogeography, détournement and reappropriation. The latter two being ways of turning capitalism's spectacles of signs and consumerist fetishes critically back on themselves, while the dérive was a practice of walking – of the flâneur – through which psychogeography was exercised. These drifts across the city were a mix of objective reconnaissance and acquiescence to the charm and allure of places. It sought to recapture a specifically situationist psychology of the city from what some – particularly Raoul Vaneigem in his *The Revolution of Everyday Life* (1967) – saw as the militarised, rationalised control of authority, but crucially, also of geometry, of Euclidian space (Vaneigem in Gray, 1998, p.26).

A decade later, England's J.G. Ballard and North America's Richard Yates concentrated some of their novels on the post-war suburbs and new towns surrounding large metropolises. For them, the city becomes a dangerous presence that looms from afar; its presence is only inferred, but is critical to the timbre of the suburbs. It is a hostile place for families, but offers a seductive individualism; a space for transgressions that inevitably poison and disrupt life in the suburbs. For Yates, in novels like *Revolutionary Road* (1961), and *A Special Providence* (1969) it is about boredom, the betrayal of ideals and dissatisfaction, where the inner cities infect their peripheries, while for Ballard, in *Crash* (1973) and *Concrete Island* (1974), the suburbs house a pathology of repressed sexuality, hypocrisy, boredom, spousal betrayal and violence. In *Crash*, its stupefied inhabitants pervert automotive technology for sexual and violent fulfillment. In *Concrete Island*, a man crashes his car and becomes trapped in the occluded wasteland between busy motorway intersections. In these novels, strip malls, retail parks, housing estates, motorways, slip roads, bypasses, service stations, and unidentifiable structures conspiratorially stationed in empty fields

are the exurban architectures that convey alienation, unease, fear; weirdness. The writer Iain Sinclair said of David Cronenberg's 1996 film adaptation of *Crash*: 'It belongs to a climate of pre-millennial boredom...It's a chamber work from the era of Clintonian telephone adultery (where the participants fall asleep)...Post surveillance anti-drama. The death of excitement...Cronenberg's Crash is Georges Bataille serialised in "Autosport"' (Home, 2000).

Over a year from 2004 to 2005 I lived in the near-prairie flatlands of Urbana-Champaign, a campus town 120 miles south of Chicago, Illinois. On a clear autumn afternoon I walked to the very limits of the small town and beyond into the flat hinterlands. Once I had left behind the exquisitely landscaped campus, the neo-colonial fraternity houses, and the squat wooden shacks that looked like collapsing top hats, the prospect gurned widely open into grassland, punctuated by structures that sat mute and far into the distance. As I walked I noticed how much space there was between buildings, and how they were no longer built from stone, plaster, brick or wood. Instead they were large, deadly plain, and metal. I noticed how each building sat in an enormous field of its own. As I moved further from the town I noticed how quiet it was save for the interstate highway droning far into the distance. Even then I wasn't sure I could hear anything at all. I noticed that every building was shaped like a Nissen hut, except the surfaces weren't corrugated, but smooth; infinitely granular; digitised surface. I saw that they all had an enormous amount of glass paneling at each end, and how that glass paneling, was, without exception, heavily tinted black. Research buildings, I assumed, a science park of sorts, perhaps. I could walk across these fields unimpeded right up to the silent surface of each building. There were no boundary markers, no fences, no signs warning against trespassing, no CCTV cameras, no security patrols, no tracks in the ground, no hedges, signposts, road markings and virtually no roads. There was no phone signal. And there was no one else around. No security guards. As I walked on I passed neat rows of low-lying, opaque greenhouses sunk into the earth, as if the tops of secret bunkers had been exposed by soil erosion. They reminded me of the upturned fishing boats that had been turned into sheds which dot the Northumberland coast. The monolithic inertness of the unreadable buildings, and beyond, the sheer flatness of the horizon and the space between me and the distance was unsettling. There was a tension between scale and the fixed one-point perspective of my gaze. I remember it being the first time that I had ever felt a real existential loneliness, like I had been cast adrift into outer space. My instinct was to wrap my arms tightly around my body, and I did. There was a sense that whatever these buildings housed operated regardless of any human beings being around. That I was so conditioned to being watched, the nonchalance of these buildings and their total lack of security – of scrutiny – was unsettling to me. I saw this landscape in the cold register of geometry and scale; as perspectival lines merging into the distance.

I could vanish there. I did vanish there.

I found the sci-fi future at the town limits, beyond the 'burbs; beyond the vision of towns. I'd cracked Nairn's subtopia, Levitt's nuclear Levittowns. It was the final destination of the expressway world. It was a place that didn't address the world, nor did it express anything translatable: 'Existence without essence' (Sinclair and Petit, 2002). It was beyond J.G. Ballard's peripheral world of diffuse airport architecture because there were no roads, no ring roads, no bypasses, flyovers, underpasses; no endless low cost executive housing. It was a prairie futurism, with vast buildings that had fallen out of the sky fully-formed into the static landscape. These structures were conspiracies waiting to happen; readymade sets for dystopian thrillers. I felt like Warren Beatty in The Parallax View. Here was the lead out groove of the city, the flattest part, an infinite loop with no inscription spiraling towards and encircling the abyss that is only heard when the needle skates and scratches over the centre label; that dangerous rumble. I walked back to the city.

The city, poetically, musically, is often characterised as a site or state of delirium: Delirium doubles as *innervation* (to do with supplying organs with nerves), and *enervation* (to be drained of energy and vitality). The importance of the natural grain between these two states is key to unlocking the six *dub fictions* in this thesis. Walking is fundamentally part of the experience of the texts and the Surrogate City installation, what Michael Sheringham calls a, 'generative grammar of the legs' (Restless Cities, 2010 p.12). They interrogate the physical environment as the punctuation and anchor of memory, especially in an era that many writers and observers of the city feel has been abandoned better futures; particularly Owen Hatherley, author of *Militant Modernism* (2009) and *Jonathan Meades* who writes extensively on finding beauty in outmoded, marginalised places in *Museum Without Walls* (2012). In Newcastle upon Tyne, the installation Surrogate City (Appendix i) was constructed around these kinds of places, spaces I perceived as punctuated by partial glyphs, that proffered a glyphic lack and an aching cleft into which the marvellous and the peculiar could be re-imagined. Surrogate City is an urban, site-specific work that seeks to seek to re-imagine difference, rather than, as earlier site-specific work did, exploit difference that was apparent. This particular sense of the partially imaged/imagined is inevitable in Newcastle as its utopian (and non-utopian) *grand projects* struggled to maintain an indifference to its topography. Its topography, in a sense, fought back. The multifarious, multileveled condition of the city is for the walker a result of a not quite tempered or overcome terrain. Newcastle's geography denied the modernist imperative to begin with a tabula rasa. It is a landscape that infuses *Glyphic Bloom's* (Appendix ii) multi-temporal, poly-metered composition, as well as its transient-laden production. Abandoned loose ends of motorways impede illogically into certain parts of the city, most notably in the east beside Northumbria University's Victoria Halls on Camden Street. Elevated walkways high above the A167 roundabout lurch bluntly to nowhere; temporarily in abeyance. Newcastle has these architectural transients frozen into its

anatomy, as interruptive prospects; interrupting the prospect, 'like words congealed in northern air' (Addison, 1710).

fig.8. Elevated walkways behind Newcastle's Central Library. Part of T. Dan Smith's modernist vision for Newcastle in the 1960s, and site of *Glyphic Bloom*'s track *There Are Little Kingdoms* in the *Surrogate City* installation.

fig.9. The High Level Bridge between Newcastle and Gateshead (looking towards Gateshead) For five years it was wrapped in a white plastic while repairs were being made, making it look like an insect's chrysalis. Site of *Glyphic Bloom* track *Bone Dried* in the *Surrogate City* installation.

fig.10. The Byker Bridge that spans the Ouseburn Valley. One of three dramatic bridges that loom over the site. *Glyphic Bloom*'s track *Who's That Creeping*? is embedded in various parts of the valley.

fig.11. Hanover Gardens, with its vertiginous zigzags of steps, and strangely dense foliage. *Glyphic Bloom*'s wonky *Inherent Vice* is embedded throughout the gardens.

In an 18th Century story called *Frozen Voices* by Joseph Addison, the narrator recounts a ship's voyage across the *Nova Zembla*, a Russian archipelago in the Arctic Ocean. The weather conditions are severely cold, and soon the narrator notices:

> In talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at about two yards' distance...After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as

> we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air; than they were condensed and lost.

Addison continues, describing the slow disclosure of words into the air:

> At length, upon a turn of the wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter "s", that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression (Addison, 1710).

The gradual unveiling of words, first as the hard-edged fricatives of consonants that mirror the cracking sound of melting ice itself, then the hissing "s"s, equatable with the sound of melt water, and the broader strokes of syllables and shorter words that slip and resonate between the cracked clefts of ice sheets, is a helpful analogy to the process of reading strange spaces in Newcastle, to the experience of reading those frozen transients and architectural curiosities – *obscuriosities* – in the city: The hidden arboretum and wooden zigzag paths that creep menacingly up from the Close to the medieval Hanover Street, the concrete spiral coil of Percy Street's car park that seems like it screws deep underground, and the giddy ironwork of the High Level Bridge that cages the walker while wind howls through it like an enormous harmonica. For the persistent flâneur, eventually something slips and discloses a fleeting, partial utterance; a fricative jolt that allows fictions, histories, presences and futures to 'present themselves without being present' (Lefebvre, 1992, p.223). It is within this cleaved, fluxing space that *Surrogate City*'s *dub fictions* and *future relics* (Appendix i) and the sound world of *Glyphic Bloom* (Appendix ii) are introduced.

fig.12. A castrated walkway above Carliol Square. To the right is Swan House above and the pedestrian subways below, the site of *Glyphic Bloom*'s track *Subterranean* in the *Surrogate City* installation.

The six tracks of *Surrogate City*'s *Glyphic Bloom* E.P try to relay the same syncopal dips, lapses and lacks that through rhythmic, temporal and spatial trickery, channels a semi-pareidolic listening experience. By experimenting with sequencers and drum programming with the splits, breaks and cracks of recordings made in Newcastle, a composition could be constructed out of a matrix of possible rhythmic phrases constituted by sharp attacks and layers of amorphous pulses; their edges overlapping like Venn diagrams. Thresholds are permitted to quiver and blur into indistinction – thresholds that delineate the imagined and the real. There are rhythms we think we hear spun by rhythms which have been programmed; to repeat Lefebvre; these are rhythms that 'present themselves without being present' (1992, p.223). Here, Lefebvre was speaking of a rhythm of presence and absence (Thrift and Amin, 2002, p.17), a dialogue that allows for a negotiation and therefore an intuitive comprehension of (ir)regularity and repetition; the oscillation between a lack and an attendance.

Written and mixed to be played on large club sound systems in rooms with people in motion, *Glyphic Bloom* offers the opportunity to duck and dive through the mix, down through the rhythms, and work out how to move to the music. The club spaces and sound system allow one to occupy strange, resonant spaces and hear and feel the music differently to other people; differently to when one listens on a home system or on headphones. The deliberately wide frequency spectrum of the album, passages of simultaneous high and low frequencies with lacks in the mid-range, was a way of trying to elicit this response from listeners. To move is to reveal,

unlock and break into the music; to be part of its bloom. Club-based music proffers an architecture that allows a proto-flâneur figure to emerge, drifting across the dance floor through occlusions, obfuscations, accents and intensities of beats and bass. The clubber can construct a mix suggested in its own solidity as an architecture, and evoke within herself an altered state where poly-dimensional rhythmic variances shakes up and reorders the senses. Like the sublime confusion of UK jungle music, there is a cognitive dislocation, a cognitive dissonance where one can step into four or five different patterns, walk through them, and become a step sequencer by dancing through the club and the crowd. It is to become part of the wiring of sound; part of what Kodwo Eshun describes as the 'co-evolution of the rhythm machine' (Eshun, 1998, p.(-10)).

A bunker below.

Tunnels too.

The roots of trees have descended and penetrated the concrete.

The room is all tangled sinew and slow appendage.

Thick, knotted limbs.

I've been there. *When limbs were limbs.*

I've stalked three musicians along a tunnel. Hunched and creeping, peering through magnifying glasses as though they lit the path ahead.

I followed them until they disappeared ahead, until the muted split of something glassy crack underfoot made me still.

I looked down and saw a large magnifying glass with a pale fracture down its middle.

I looked ahead and saw an opening into the bunker

through buckled boughs I saw no musicians, nor movement.

I raise my magnifying glass.

Dancers. Two, I think. They have a ghostly slowness that gives the impression of multiple limbs following the same trajectories, like those old photographic experiments of humans in translucent poises, separated by milliseconds, and fanned out like a deck of cards.

A wake

a dreamy vacillation between deathly lamentation and ripples of being – the two instances intimately woven into each other; laced together into cones, caverns, tunnels, corkscrews; bones in bows, but not quite. Each shape evaded their whole, and made themselves unavailable.

The musicians – the same three - in the corner of the bunker, faces down

stalking not staking...

...staking is stalking without a sonorous lean, and commits one to a cadastral fate, to the claimant; the standard bearer mapping the territory. The slight, but deliberate hesitation in the middle of phrases – a syncopal playing – accentuated the limp and dip of the dancers as they lost their places in the beat and got caught in a snag of the map that grew and vanished under them as they danced.

Both they and the musicians swooned and drifted away from and towards the one, afloat on an undulating metric. But this felt more like a shared impulse than anything else, and did away with the symmetrical grace of the meter. The beauty was in the recuperation of their mis-steps; and the translation, of slip into rhythm.

Transfixed through this gaze I saw an amphibious slickness of between-ness, it was a momentary realm advancing a cessation of our keen-ness to cleave pitch from beat; ghost from skin;

species from space.

Beat.

Our past, whatever it was, was a past in the process of disintegration; we yearn to grasp it, but it is baseless and elusive; we look back for something to lean on, only to find ourselves embracing ghosts.

- Marshal Berman, All That Is Solid Melts Into Air, (1978).

Detroit techno embraced the ghosts of industrial mechanisation. The rapid disintegration of the city's industrial might; its workforce and its factories; its working class communities and its infrastructure, paradoxically created the conditions that allowed techno, a style of electronic music, to emerge. A city that was built for four million people was allegedly occupied by less than a million people by the early 1980s (High Tech Soul, 2006). In High Tech Soul, a 2006 documentary that charts the cultural history of Detroit from the 1967 race riots through its economic decline to the underground techno scene of the 1980s, Jerry Herron, of Detroit's Wayne University says, 'something happened in Detroit, we got space, and it's not just space that is empty, it is space that is full of the artifacts of American industrial culture. It's a place like no other, it provides food for people's imagination' (High Tech Soul, 2006). The disintegration and abandonment of the city's old automotive industrial spaces, filled with outmoded mechanical objects - the detritus of robotic production - informed the solid, repetitive base of four-to-the-floor techno. Musician Stacey Pullen, of *Kosmik Messenger* and *Silent Phase*, recounts his childhood in the 1970s: 'I remember my father working in the automotive industry coming home and telling us he worked with robots' (High Tech Soul, 2006). However, it is important to remember that the "abandonment" (which of course, it wasn't) of the city began not after the race riots of 1967, but with a concerted effort to depopulate the city after World War Two, where a gradual movement of the mainly white middleclass to the newly constructed suburbs left Detroit city with a largely black population struggling against quasi-legal exclusionary practices of institutionalised racism and relentless economic boycott.

Detroit techno mirrors and expands on the industrial, faceless and semi-automated industry that it grew from. It is the sound of the city; not of the people. It is symbolic of the old industrial order and holds industrial noise – industrial rhythm – as its kernel. Detroit was seen by many black musicians in the 1980s as a machine to live in where people were absorbed into its processes, and bodies were disciplined by its unforgiving rhythms (Hi Tech Soul, 2006). Techno originators Kevin Saunderson, Derrick May and Juan Atkins (the *Belleville Three*) plugged into this essence of automated machinery, of industrial scale repetition, and hybridised with it. But unlike in the work of many of Britain's artists, there was little evidence of melancholic lamentations to

bygone industry. Techno wholeheartedly embraced, celebrated and demanded the same future whose machinations had put their fathers out of work in the automotive industry. They saw the future in drum machines, samplers and bass sequencers. Techno and its club culture centred on abandoned outsider spaces that resisted commodification despite being buildings that had previously housed manufacturing industries. As Jeff Mills put it, 'Cars and buildings have dematerialised in response to the pull of the future' (Hi Tech Soul, 2006). As ad hoc club spaces, these places were shadowed by industry and subject to its noise, but they shared in a fabrication of a social collective - a workforce. As Kodwo Eshun notes in his *More Brilliant Than The Sun: Adventures In Sonic Fiction* (1998) 'the human/machine assemblage of the crowd, DJ, sound system, along with the whole apparatus of record production, is a process where the musical work is part of an informational flow and energy between producer and dancer, dancer and producer' (Eshun, 1998). For these musicians, Detroit was an imaginary space haunted by both its technological past and its technological future. Inside the husks of factory buildings, raves presented immersive reversals and inversions, made possible through the sonic capabilities of technologies that were commercially redundant failures in themselves. The technologically unsophisticated Roland TB-303 and TR-808, at the time available for $30-$40 in thrift stores, were designed as tools for rock musicians to practise along to. As rehearsal aides they were used within a displaced imagination of performed, enacted performance; they were a rigid solution in place of a social ritual, and as such did not sell well. They were discarded by aspiring rock musicians who found the rigid adherence to European principles of fixedness as central to music's expression unhelpful. However, in Detroit and Chicago, musicians like DJ Pierre of *Phuture*, whose *Acid Trax* (1987) saw the Roland TB-303 bass synthesizer used in all its torqued, squelchy glory, adopted these outmoded technologies because in them they heard the high tech soul of the future. By experimenting with the TB-303's in-built timbral parameters, musicians like Mike Banks, Robert Hood and Jeff Mills of the militantly anti-mainstream collective *Underground Resistance*, bass lines became slippery and heavily filtered, prefiguring acid house. The TR-808's drum synthesizer's beats were hard and metallic, mechanical and industrial, and programmed with an ear towards synthetic robotic funk, rather than an emulation or replacement of human percussionists. The electronic music of Detroit in the late 1980s was sustained by a tension between a futuristic starkness and technological utopianism that set it apart from its slightly older, more upbeat sibling, Chicago House.

Carl Craig, one of Techno's second generation Detroit producers, talks of leaving patterns on Roland's drum and bass sequencers running together for up to twenty-four hours and recording the process on multi-track tape recorders (Hi Tech Soul, 2006). On returning Craig discovered that they had fallen out of sync with each other, producing over time, rhythmic phasings – not dissimilar to Steve Reich's *phase music* – and numerous new patterns. To be attentive to the fallibility of a technology that makes claims to precision and rigidity, results in a dialogue between humans and machines where the rhythmic mutations over long periods only become legible

through recording technology, listening and editing at a later time. Craig could scan through the recording and pinpoint moments of transformation, modulation and difference, cutting and splicing it into pieces of classic club music like *Ladies and Gentlemen* (1991) from the *69 – 4 Jazz Funk Classics EP* on Planet E, a track that prefigures the fractured kaleidoscopic beats of UK Jungle by two years.

In George Lipsitz's book *Footsteps In The Dark* (2007) he sums up Techno's opportunistic futurism: 'Mixing together low-prestige and seemingly incommensurable entities such as Kraftwerk, P-Funk, and the city of Detroit, creative consumer-based productions create[d] new and original value from what others might view as discards and rejects' (Lipsitz, 2007, p.241). The oft-repeated but nevertheless apt quote from Derrick May that Detroit Techno sounded like 'George Clinton and Kraftwerk stuck in an elevator' (Collin, 1997, p.20), foregrounds Techno's debt to the European electro of Kraftwerk's *Industriell Volk Musik*, and Georgio Moroder's synthetic Eurodisco tracks like *I Feel Love* (1977), music every bit as sensuous and funky as it is robotic. Crucially, George Clinton's Afro-futurist mythologies – *P-Funk* and his *Mothership* – and Sun Ra's cosmic-Egyptian histrionics – the Intergalactic Solar Science Myth Orchestra – modulated the reception of Techno and other futuristic electronic music in the 1980s via a radio DJ called *The Electrifying Mojo* and his show, *The Midnight Funk Association.*

The Electrifying Mojo was instrumental in "breaking" most Detroit techno artists of the time. His radio show broadcast each night and began with "the landing of the mothership", replete with spacecraft sound effects and "cosmic" dialogue. On April 1st 1977, he introduced his show thusly:

> You are on the verge of the deepest experience on planet Earth. For the next five hours there will be no reason to change stations, to insert eight-track tapes or to engage in other musical sound paraphernalia. On the night of April first in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventy seven, we descended down to the surface of your world after having traveled across the expanse of the void. For the next five hours, my friends, should you become overwhelmed by the sound of music, don't say "damn", say "wow". I...am...Mojo (Carey Loren, 2012).

Listeners could join his *Midnight Funk Association* by sending a letter to an address in downtown Detroit, after which a membership card would arrive in the post. The association was a legacy of George Clinton's "Afronauts" - people who would spread the message of funk, freedom and sex around the galaxies of space. Indeed, the pioneers of Techno maintained strong associations with these jazz and funk musicians, seeing themselves as a part of a specific lineage of Afro-technological revolution and science fiction. The imagery and poetry of the *mothership*, the *ark* or interstellar travel are common to George Clinton, Sun Ra, Underground Resistance, Lee Scratch

Perry, Electrifying Mojo and many others. They invoke movement, collective outsidership, otherworldliness, time-travel, divinity; and often prognostication. But there are darker resonances with black ancestral history; the enforced movement of West Africans on slave ships across the Atlantic to the Caribbean islands of Jamaica, Haiti, Antigua and the West Indies. As a strategy of détournement it is quite a powerful one. Indeed in casting themselves as intergalactic beings empowered with fantastical technology, there are intimations, ghostings of the alien non-status of black slaves, except that now, crucially, they can claim ownership and control of their own destiny.

In the 1970s in Jamaica, dub studios melted down rock and Motown, imports from among other places, Detroit, to make dub records because they didn't have enough plastic material. A rather convincing rumour, sadly untrue, but one that serves the mythology of dub music well. It is appealing to imagine the voices of Motown soul singers disappearing into material and re-emerging – mute – reconfigured as a material cradle, as a black ark for a music that itself was a play on disappearances and echoes; obfuscations and occlusions. Ghostings of voices, guitars and beats echo through dub music's multidimensional chasms; echo through outer and inner space by way of Lee Scratch Perry's mixing desk. Like Kodwo Eshun's human/machine assemblage, the grooves – impressions – of vinyl records, the mixing desk, hand-built sound systems, and ad hoc club spaces – social spaces – constitute a hybrid technological ark. It is of little coincidence that Lee Scratch Perry named is Kingston studio the *Black Ark*. In this narrative of reconfiguration, of fashioning a new way, new things, out of old material is crucial to understanding black electronic music – from dub to hip hop to techno – as cast within the material detritus of industrial labour and the mechanics of reproduction in terms of quarrying their inherent potential. The material quality of vinyl records housed the future-ghosts of electronica, hip hop, turntablism and noise music. Stravinsky's 'gramophonic composer of the future' (Adorno, 1934, p.58) would write music that took advantages of the material potential of the gramophone; s/he would plunder the latent ark of mechanical reproduction.

The largely black workforce of Detroit in the 1960s and 1970s were adherents to an alternative essence of motorisation to the white suburban notions of individuality and affluence. It was one that promised the same inherent emancipation, but instead reconditioned as the manufacturing of arks in the vein of George Clinton's ultra-technological "mothership" – the harbinger of Afrofuturism to relatively mainstream attention. George Clinton's world reflected the semi-automation of robots that the Detroit automotive workforce used daily, easily re-imagining them in altered states, as component parts of some greater machine; altering the stakes. We can re-hear repetitive, attack-heavy factory sounds as the tight funk of Clinton's rhythm section, and re-vision the assembly line machines within the technological and utopian promises of the spacecrafts of his record sleeves. Detroit became a place of radical fabrication, and Detroit Techno became imbued with a soulful high romanticism that dealt in fantastic, futuristic utopias;

an escape into space and science fiction that seemed, on the surface, as far removed from the ghettos of urban decay as it was possible to be. They built their spacecraft from the outmoded sonic detritus of Motown's automotive plants and channeled it through a wresting of outmoded technologies from redundancy. Indeed, Mark Dery, who arguably coined *Afrofuturism*, discusses the figure of Legba in relation to *Afrofuturism* in his essay *Black To The Future:* 'With trickster élan, it retrofits, refunctions, and willfully misuses the techno-commodities and science fictions generated by a dominant culture that has always been not only white, but a wilder, as well, of instrumental technologies' (Dery, 1994). The liminal space that the black workforce occupied between production and consumption of bourgeois commodities actually afforded an opportunity to manipulate and sabotage prevailing systems of power and hierarchies defined by accumulation and consolidation.

Organisations like the Detroit Artists Workshop (DAW) developed and grew out of the urban fabric of cities like Detroit. It was a collective set up by musician Charles Moore, poet John Sinclair and photographer Leni Arndt in 1964 that sought to bring multifarious creative disciplines together, as well as integrate racially segregated sections of Detroit's community. But the city suffered immeasurably from capital flight and deindustrialisation. The outsourcing of virtually all of its industrial labour overseas created a generation defined by unemployment which led to a drastic reduction in its tax base (Lipsitz, 2007) effectively disabling any chance for reinvestment back into Detroit's infrastructure, including welfare programs and the systems of funding that supported organisations like the Detroit Artists Workshop. As these cities eventually fell under the ambitions of urban redevelopment which sought to connect the suburbs to each other, the political and artistic clout and autonomy that these groups had cultured was soon castrated. As Lipstiz documents, 'federally funded highways designed to speed commuters from white suburbs to downtown office buildings played a particularly pernicious role in destroying already scarce housing units available to African-Americans' (Lipsitz, 2007, p.111). These developments of freeways, expedited by the proliferation of the automobile – a particularly painful irony in Detroit where a majority of automotive factory workers were African-American – radically changed the landscape, topography and communities of inner cities: 'The roads themselves disrupted neighborhood life, imposed physical barriers to community cohesion, destroyed small businesses, and forced population flight from precincts, wards, and council districts that served as a basis for black political power' (Lipsitz, 2007, p.111). Musicians and artists in these communities in the 1950s and 1960s considered these federal projects of, nominally urban regeneration, but in reality slum clearances, a kind of state-sponsored violence (Lipsitz, 2007, p.112), a view in opposition to the majority of the white population, media and the state apparatus's conviction that the African-American community were threatening, in that they were inherently disorderly and violent.

Lipsitz contends that, 'deindustrialization in Detroit produced deterritorialization' (Lipsitz, 2007, p.241) by taking control of abandoned ex-industrial spaces and reconstituting their meanings as spaces for pleasure like dancing, performing and artistic experimentation. This was a vital strategy of spatial détournement was also playing out in Chicago and New York. in their House and downtown experimental art scenes respectively. However, we can argue that a "reterritorialisation" of the mechanised and automated sounds of Detroit – real and imagined; ghostly and synthesised – is what gave Techno its essence. 'Just as blues musicians fused industrial sounds with the buzz tones and audial effects of acoustic instruments and the human voice, techno artists make a recombinant art out of the sounds they "steal" from the world around them' (Lipsitz, 2007, p.242). There is arguably a further parallel to blues, where one hears in its rhythmic gait the heavily swung "beat" of train carriages riding over the rivets of rail tracks. Techno, on the other hand, is the sound of post-industrial automation and industrial-scale repetition, and as Kraftwerk had already sounded out the sound of the autobahn, so the noise of the American highway, punctuated by the sonic shrapnel of strip-mall arcade games, became the imagined landscape of Techno. Juan Atkins, one of Techno's *Belleville Three*, claimed that amongst other things, he 'drew his initial inspiration for the sounds of Techno from the hum of traffic on the I-96 freeway late at night' (Lipsitz, 2007, p.242).

Matt Stokes's anthropological study of UK rave subcultures *Lost In The Rhythm* (2007) details the Acid House phenomenon of the late 1980s and early 1990s. He envisions the M25 motorway encircling London as a centrifugal expressway, 'a kind of carousel of oblivion, a merry-go-round from which ravers would spin off, hurtling down country lanes, towards parties deep in the home counties' (Stokes, 2007, p.44). After two "summers of love" in 1988 and 1989 and regular weekend raves held in fields and abandoned industrial warehouses, the UK government and police began to target raves or any gathering of young people with unprecedented legislative force under the 'Criminal Justice and Public Order Act 1994' (1994) which effectively criminalised the behaviour of a vast subculture of young people. The act defined a "rave" as a gathering of more than one hundred people listening to amplified music. The music in question was directly alluded to as 'wholly characterised or predominantly characterised by the emission of a succession of repetitive beats' (UK Government, 1994). In response, the duo *Autechre*, signed to the Warp label, released an EP, *Anti EP* (1994) before the law came into force, which had a sticker sealing the record with a sardonic and contemptuous disclaimer that read:

> WARNING: "Lost" and "Djarum" contain repetitive beats. We advise you not to play these tracks if the Criminal Justice Bill becomes law. "Flutter" has been programmed in such a way that no bars contain identical beats and can therefore be played at both forty-five and thirty-three revolutions under the proposed new law. However we advise DJs to have a lawyer and a musicologist present at all times to confirm the non-repetitive nature of the music in the event of police harassment.

> IMPORTANT: By breaking this seal, you accept full responsibility for any consequential action resulting from the product's use, as playing the music within these recordings may be interpreted as opposition to the Criminal and Public Order Bill.
>
> - Autechre, (1994, Anti EP)

Around the same time, filmmaker Patrick Keiller made *London* (1994), and later, *Robinson In Space* (1997) and *Robinson In Ruins* (2010), which charted the effects of late neoliberal capitalism on the city's outer sprawl. They are films 'thoroughly shot through with political despair, a sense of having been cheated out of a future, first by the economic turmoil of the 70s and then the right-wing reaction of the 80s' (Murphy, 2010, p.94). We can identify and clearly trace how this reaction manifested itself in the strategies of gentrification, regeneration, slum clearance, erosion and enclosure of public space, abandonment of civically-minded architecture and social housing programs that continued into and characterised the 1990s and 2000s. In J.G. Ballard's *Concrete Island* (1974) he describes a landscape of 'vast, empty parking lots laid down by the planners years before any tourist would arrive to park their cars, like a city abandoned in advance of itself' (Ballard, 1974, p.65). In Newcastle, abandoned buildings that had been re-territorialised by artists, musicians, writers, and DJs, like the vast *Tyne Tees* television studios on City Road, have been demolished, leaving an empty plot and a billboard advertising the land for speculative redevelopment. The Mayfair Ballroom was demolished to make way for the Gate entertainment complex on Newgate Street. To beat an alternative rhythm of relatively autonomous, small-scale underground economies, not sanctioned by city councils or developers, is antithetical to a city's socio-economic prestige, because they are too messy and unaccountable, and their "impact" is difficult, if not impossible, to measure and rationalise. It is a lot easier, it seems, to measure the economic impact of a building full of call centre workers or the expansion of identikit shopping malls.

fig.13. Site of the Tyne Tees television studios on City Road.

fig.14. Speculative development opportunity. City Road.

A small box with a large red button is passed around among an audience. An amplified quintet plays on stage; drums, bass clarinet, piano, double bass, turntablist. They are virtual shadows under the proscenium arch of Newcastle's Mayfair Ballroom as though standing at the open mouth of a some beast. They play - as the box is passed from person to person in the audience – an open-stringed rickety'd flounce; a mix of curiosity and irresolution. The box, with long wires running from it that plug into a dark corner beside the stage, is followed by the musicians' eyes. It is a nomadic neurology's nervous extension, distended, out of reach. Fingers tap cured wood, high-string and keyed up, shortened temperament, shorted circuitously; periphrastic skirt hemmed in by perverse wants for wound, their rhapsodic licks acquiring a taste for trauma. Noise-nose / sound-scent; a synaesthetic affinity. The audience feel provoked, hassled and restless. A struggle and a quickening pursuit of some innovative authority not yet manifest; eyeballing one another. They sense that the index of possibilities is getting smaller, and poetic agency is in danger of collapsing into polyglottal babble – or a closed loop of denial and rebuttal. But within this triptych of players, audience and alien technology, infinite qualifications are being glimpsed, and written into existence as expressive discontent – how long can they handle the dissonances, breaks and deformations? The pressure, pleasure, of the near-inexpressible exhaustively incites unbearable newness; a newness enforced and empowered by necessity. Then.

The button on the box is pressed. Lights cut, and the sound lurches back. A pendulous distance now hangs between the audience and musicians, who keep playing. The sudden drop in amplification makes it seem as though the audience are eavesdropping on a private jam. It is a domestic embrace, intimately skin, breath, bristle; an acuter sense of the musicians' language of physical gestures. Each audience member's eyes dart between the five players, intuitively following the eddies that their shunts, jerks, twitches and nods set in motion. Sound is seemingly secondary to the dance they watch. Strenuously they leer as the musicians begin to fade away, as if two enormous arms encircle them and draw them away from the audience, into its deep, gated bract.

Cantilevered above that is an old telecommunications HQ.

Above us is an incomprehensible mute of an old arcade.

Long before either a monastery.

There's a mythogeny of extinctions overhead.

Ricochets.

Like a malfunctioning strip light whose light bulb is having a bright idea and immediately forgetting it.

...only to remember it as something brand new again milliseconds later.

The metallic ping of recollection.

And the silent *flick*, of its loss.

There's a light down *here* that does that. It has a peculiar looping pattern – elliptical, oscillating between slack and taut – where each pattern lends comprehension to the next by some delirious and cumulative logic. The more I watch it the more it makes sense, until it steals from me with a falter, unanticipated lag, and leaves me bereft of any wholeness of insight I thought I had - nagging lack; like listening to a siren's call; like Cecil Taylor; like music that uses laggard rhythms as instruments of locomotion to evade the listener's clasp; music that treads the cleft between clasp and grasp.

But there are people down here too.

The strip light's logic of recollection and amnestic overlaps had itself strange overlaps with the nature of these subterraneans. Howls, rasps, yelps; abridged *sibilants*, *fricatives* and wet glottal stops...No utterance was longer than momentary, but such abbreviation tended to express urgency and impatience. The greater pulse was of swells of frenzied crescendos and diminuendos that drizzled into two or three voices, each driven by a compulsive knack; a madness to get the last utterance in, in spite of always hearing it echo back.

Ricochets.

Redoubling and redoubling, renewing and reiterating. A madman snarling at his reflection in a mirror, twisting his head away and watching it growl back from the mirror behind him.

Sometimes in this syncopal state it is possible to hear their voices dealing in nuances that they hadn't dealt in before, like revision allowed new implications to be thought, like repetition wasn't straight repetition but the whispering of utterances among themselves; as though in the moments between utterance and echo there was an intuitive reorganization, where the point of origin shunts forward, but remembers itself strangely and backwardly as clues to its forwardness.

And sometimes I sense that they fear the walls will fall flat to the ground, and open up these tunnels to a flood of other anxieties. The fear that time – their timings – would become diluted, as if by different and unwelcome hues of light. Space might thicken and belch, and echoes - no longer crystalline - would move slower through the oleaginous firmament.

Lead Out Groove.

'The modern ruin is the discovery of a lack in the present – a lack corresponding to a potential future that only existed in the past.'

- Douglas Murphy, The Architecture of Failure (2010).

This thesis attempted a play of content and form through a mix of critical, anecdotal and fictive writing. There is a heterogeneity of voices and of varied pronouns in the hope to conceive of a text that wobbled; a wobble introduced by the use of poly-vocal voices and positions peripheral to a contested centre (writers like Wilson Harris, Nathaniel Mackey, and Édouard Glissant), and fraternizing them with discourses on urbanism, situationism and psychogeography (Guy Debord, Iain Sinclair, Chris Petit, and George Lipsitz). The tensions between the creative work and the written thesis were (productively) such that only by bringing to the fore writers like James Joyce, Mackey and Harris, could a greater whole be strived for; one that neatly betrayed my own creative influences, while simultaneously throwing a strange light on the greater tensions of play and form between post-1945 music, art, literature and architecture and the *grand projects* of European and North American cities that contextualised much of the work presented here. These movements were characterised by a simultaneity of integrative and disintegrative tendencies 'attendant upon the pursuit of a wholeness admitted to be out of reach' (Mackey, 1993, p.4). This is a core dynamic of the text and music of this thesis.

A fundamental drive of this work was finding the moments where one senses a wholeness, but is unable to find the means to structure that wholeness. It is there and one is able to move in and around it endlessly, but all the time, one is working with partial images. This is where Édouard Glissant and Wilson Harris's literary criticism was helpful to my work in Surrogate City, and with sample-based improvisation in the *Base Cleft* project with Gwilly Edmondez (Appendix iv). To speak with a clefted tongue, and sing only with glimpses, showed how, in Wilson Harris's words, that it was not obvious 'how one partial image links up with another partial image until the centre of being in an imaginative work breaks or moves and the illusory centrality of the partial image is enriched in creative paradox' (Harris in Mackey, 1993, p.5). Central to the partial image is the "lack", – what is obfuscated – the sense of being off-kilter, and Amiri Baraka's central tenet of jazz and its necessary revolutionary spirit, *counter-fixidity*; the shift from noun to verb. Both Amiri Baraka and Nathaniel Mackey's prose and poetry is characterised by technical and stylistic tendencies deriving from an attempt to emulate jazz. Following this, and perhaps

somewhat perversely, *Base Cleft* is an attempt to emulate the sense of the improvisatory, fluidity, movement and counter-fixidity of their texts. It proceeds in stuttering, stumbling displacements, which, Mackey contends, are marks of 'both damage and philosophical divergence' (Mackey, 1993, p.9). The notion of a limp – so crucial to West African spirituality, music, festivity, worship and the heterogeneous alchemy of Afro-Caribbean folklore (*Legba* and his pan-Atlantic straddle) – signals, as we have noted, 'deprivation on one hand, and epistemological dilation on the other' (Mackey, 1993, p.9). It is something Mackey expounds on as the 'rickety, imperfect fit between word and world,' and 'the creaking of the word', which we might hear as the noise upon which the word is based: 'the discrepant foundation of all coherence and articulation, of the purchase upon the world fabrication affords' (Mackey, 2004, p.208). As a duo of beat makers, *Base Cleft* sites itself at the discrepant base of things; it sings base (much like Mackey's birds that sing bass) and obsesses with a rhythmic dialectic of dissonant, discontent rhythms, a *variable foot* that demands that things keep up their proper confusions. The collaborative improvisation explicated a sense of within-ness – the idea of being implicated in each other, and the linguistic in-sourcing of Mackey's poetics. In other literature, the writer Ben Watson talks of English poet J.H. Prynne's 'semantic rotation' within sentences (Watson, 2010), and of the visceral, spitting, musical impact of words, which he compares to the breathless improvising and evasive musical phrasing of saxophonist John Butcher. Prynne talks of obfuscation and evasion in his 'erosion of the cadential decent' – the trickery and deftness of a clefted tongue; a clear resonance with the (de)base(d) cleft.

The pseudonym James Joys was chosen in part because I managed to read *Finnegans Wake* during my PhD research. I do not wish to claim any kinship between Joyce's work and my own. However, that *Finnegans Wake* holds the unique predicament of still being analysed by literary scholars seventy-five years after it was published positions its textual flesh as not only part of a process of slow disclosure, but, to borrow George Lipsitz's analogy, demonstrates that its *long fetch* – 'the distance between a wave's point of origin and its point of arrival' (Lipsitz, 2007, p.vii) – is substantial, and arguably on the face of it, near-infinite. As Lipsitz claims, 'waves appear abruptly and immediately, but they have a long hidden history before the human eye notices them' (2007, p.vii). *Finnegans Wake* is polyvocal – polytonal too – and carves meat from almost seventy different languages to form a specific polyglottal hybrid dialect (idioglossia) that triggers cross-linguistic depth charges through the evocation of various meanings via adjunct soundings in both languages. In this, he indirectly presages Nathaniel Mackey's sounding out of words – *words whispering among themselves*. Like Mackey's work, which emerges fully from the foreshadows of Joyce, the sensory pleasure of teasing out the rhythms and sound of words so eager, insistent even, to be fleshed out by breath, throat, tongue, teeth and lips comes before, (but undoubtedly leads to) the revelatory depths of hidden history. That these histories are acquired through sounding them out by literal resonance, by speaking, gives them a force and a fury analogous to

the churning of breaking waves – the dissipation of old histories, nation myths and the long fetch of empire and imperialism, of the victor's history into one history among many in the white noise of humanity. While Mackey's strategy is to, like Joyce, write cross-culturally, he distinctly and deliberately straddles apparent dissonances to allow us in on a discrepant engagement with contradictory material that ideally creates exciting syntactic frisson, Joyce proceeds with surrealist obfuscation and advocacy of Jungian dream states that has a lot in common with the work of Guyanese writer Wilson Harris (who has written extensively on Mackey's work). As Joyce said himself: 'One great part of every human existence is passed in a state which cannot be rendered sensible by the use of wide-awake language, cut-and-dry grammar and go-ahead plot' (Joyce, 1939, p.xi). Indeed, as this research progressed it became clear that *Finnegans Wake* and Harris's *Ghosts of Memory* (2006), in which the protagonist falls, after being shot, into a surreal painting and has a series of mystical, metaphysical conversations with the painting's other figures, bore striking resemblances, particularly in that they share a "fall" from supposed coherence into a crepuscular subconscious cleft; a more chaotic world. In Mary Ellen Bute's near-forgotten 1967 film of *Finnegans Wake*, the opening titles describes how 'Finnegans Wake deals with the nightworld [sic], with the subconscious, and with dreams. Joyce felt that during the night man must redeem himself by means of a quest; must refresh his powers through sleep, which takes him beyond himself into a world without definition. Man's goal is lucidity, a fresh awakening. The quest carries him through all history, which seems to be a constant process of waking' (Bute, Finnegans Wake, 1967). It is hard to imagine Joyce's work as uninflected by surrealism, especially when we consider, as we have noted, that *Finnegans Wake* was written over a seventeen year period almost exactly in the footfall of the surrealist movement. Although it arguably extended slightly beyond surrealism's reach (it was published in 1939), it can be said to share some of the demands that characterised the surrealists critique of society, in particular 'the complete reconciliation of the subject and the object, the individual and the world, reason and imagination' (Plant, 1992 p.3). The twin terrors at the beginning of the twentieth century - the Freudian horror that we were in fact not in control of our own consciousness, and the trauma of rationalised industrialised murder during WW1, suggests a certain kind of inevitability to the emergence of surrealism. Post-war geopolitical rearrangement of states amid the flailing of European empire unsettled the providential alignment of nationalist histories, just as surrealism 'had interrupted and subverted the language and images with which they worked, invoking a wider world of meanings which challenged conventional arrangements of reality' (Plant, 1992, p.3).

If we read Mackey and Joyce together it is possible to discern differing strategies used for similar ends. Joyce's Finnegan's fall from coherence and order into the linguistic and syntactic chaos of the subconscious, and his lengthy steeping in an extreme form of linguistic disintegration and disruption in order to experience, if not reconstruct his 'reunified selfdom' in order to 'wake up' (Bute, Finnegans Wake, 1967). In Mackey's '..."matrix" of words and music [he] "resonates rather

than reconciles,'" all in a process of mutual reinforcement and mutual disruption. With *Strick* (1994), a spoken word and music performance, Mackey 'both recasts meanings and revives the dispossessed, an assertion of silence as sound which ultimately displaces silence and sound as poles in an exclusionary rationality' (Quinn, 2000, p.2). Both authors are offering a *waking up* to the multiplicity of voices and histories in the world, whether through Joyce's psychic reconstitution, or Mackey's vacillating, resonating cleft of ghostly apparitions, ritual hybridity and sonorous trickery. The proximal soundings of "outside" words within a word or a phrase is a strategy of avoiding the dampening of a word's resonant potential. I posit that both writers, whose funk I have drawn upon variously throughout this thesis create, out of refusal's rub, one literature drawing from an European world (and an Ireland, decimated) suddenly faced with the terror of its manifest destiny and sense of providential nationhood in ruins, and another employing the social and musical revolutions of jazz, blues and its holler for the necessity of perpetual change and verb'd movement, in order to counter that which was fixed and '...ratified as belonging to the order of things' (Joyce, 1939, p.xiii). Seamus Deane continues: 'A refusal of the canon is not a repudiation of order; it is a repudiation of a coercive order' (Joyce,1939, p.xiii). Indeed, Joyce and Mackey step out from the gloaming civilisation of nationalism and colonialism, imperialism and systemic racism and emerge brandishing their own dangerous hybrid-languages that ask, ...'what fertility of experience was sacrificed for such a discipline[?]' (Joyce, 1939, p.xiii), what oppression gave us such a civilisation? It is an attempt to find a possibility for multifarious social relations, 'which exceeds and opposes the totality of spectacular relations' (Plant, 1992, p.3).

The codification of speaking and writing into a succession of easily interpretable, formulaic interactions and iterations presents us with a way of communicating that is 'increasingly preset so as not to...provide any kind of jolt' (Thrift and Amin, 2002, p.116). This codification is simplification as a kind of muting, but is commonly posited in terms of 'empowerment' (Thrift and Amin, 2002, p.117). It is to use language as a tool of influence and persuasion rather than as a means to self-knowledge and intimacy with a subject, person or place. Fundamentally it underscores language's relationship with power, and this is particularly true in the context of everyday discourses in our experience of the contemporary city; the declarative expressions of new and redeveloped spaces – no skateboarding, loitering, filming, smoking, photography, trespassing, busking, music, rambling, graffiti, cycling; no hoodies – but more surreptitiously in the marketing copy of newly gentrified areas: "Inspire, Create, Live" salivated the hoarding at the bottom of the Ouseburn valley from 2010 to 2012. Empty dictums, of course, but designed to placate, blunt, deaden. *Surrogate City* attempted to undermine the creeping homogeneity of place by pointing towards surrogate spaces constituted by heteroglossic mix and hybridity.

The main difficulty in writing a thesis consisting of a portfolio of creative practice and an exegesis, of sorts, lies in the fact that language does not necessarily have to simply explicate art, and although it may analyse the larger or specific relationship between itself and the artwork, its role is infinitely richer than that; it takes us beyond the limiting idea that art's truest experience lies beyond words. So to denigrate language as a struggle for a surrogacy or prosthesis that expresses exactly what the artwork expresses, alongside the inevitable implication that this isn't possible, is to frame the discussion badly. When art historian Heinrich Wolfflin said in 1922: 'If it were possible to express in words the deepest content or idea of a work of art, art itself would be superfluous, and all buildings, statues and paintings could have remained unbuilt, unfashioned and unpainted' (Wolflin, 1922), it is as if to say that language's only concern or its ambition is to replicate the experience of another medium, and not to tangle with it. This is perhaps why one senses such hostility towards language by many musicians, artists and architects who insist on "letting the works speak for themselves." This implies that meaning is clinched and finalised at the utterance of the word, but *Surrogate City* attempts to point to the existence of sites of otherness, and uses language both as a way of demarcation and, through its inevitable lack, showing their incompleteness and evasive condition of unfixed meaning. The sites themselves are places of prevarication, they demand their right to opacity, and as such deprive us of a wholeness and possession. This lack and incertitude, as we have noted, allows for an 'epistemological dilation' (Mackey, 1993, p.9), which is the call for a *surrogate* unity; the *indebtedness* that constitutes us within sites and sites within us.

The word is final, but the word is often misheard and herds us in other directions.

This bridge was, for a while, not a bridge, but a luminescent conduit, an inner space like no other, and in its pupal dress it smoldered white each night.

Gloss; flesh; wax; simultaneously.
Inside, whirrs, rushes; rasps.

From downstream, strung between two towns, the slow pulse of a thick, dense kernel dressed in ripples of translucent film. There were heavily muted multicolours that convolved deep inside – as if caught in some perpetual blooming. I thought these were glimmers of an unknown projectionist's industry. So I made the decision, one summer evening, to get inside.

A belly, a corridor; suddenly more interior than I had ever felt before; a brilliant blindfolded bridge. Exterior sounds of the water below, the wind, the railway unmoored themselves, and started to drain of implication. I began to feel lighter, unanchored, and unable to fit my surroundings together.

The familiar weight of recognition had left me marooned.

I stood, many storeys high.

Stories upon stories.

The whiteness in front of me a cinematic blindness, screening something from me, then slowly offering a glimpse through itself to the world beyond. I looked forward. Eastward. I felt cold creep in, and wind carry itself by.

This bridge, shorn and open.

Both cities dropped away beneath the horizon, Gateshead – pockmarked and windswept with motorways already denying its existence - to the right, Newcastle, layered and shot through with restarts, to the left. The river's water expanded to fill the voids on both sides. The disturbed tide resonated the ironwork beneath into a regular subsonic throb, and whirling shards of spitting creaks and snaps from the latticework above responded. I looked out on to the vast expanse, aware of my breathing becoming concomitant with the pulse of the ebbing tide. Gradually, I tried to push my breath out of phase, but I could do nothing to stop it getting pulled back to the heavy lilt of the ocean. As I drew a breath, the entire body of water withdrew away from me, exposing the seabed. On exhaling, it came tumbling back towards the bridge, lapping (at) its base.

I stood above the sea, on an iron giant, gently playing my oceanic lung

As the ocean pulled back with my final breath inward, I saw skeletons and bones on the seabed. I could see intricate scrimshaw on their surfaces. Numinous skeletons - all knuckles and knots – who were so at the mercy of the ocean's abrasions they looked like a framework of rolled scrolls; all flayed edges and thin middles. Within these bones' hidden hides were stories entire of themselves. Stories upon stories... I pulled as much air in as I possibly could and watched the water inch into the distance.

At last, I could not hold my breath any longer – my survey curtailed – and as the ocean pummeled back over the seabed, its uneven relief splayed the wave into an atomised upwardness that fizzed over the bellow of water unfurling towards me. The seaweed refleshed the bones before they, like everything else, were carried towards me.

The wave neared, daylight cowered into its cloak, and the gloaming turned the moon into a phantasmal diving bell.

Appendices.

Appendix i. Surrogate City.

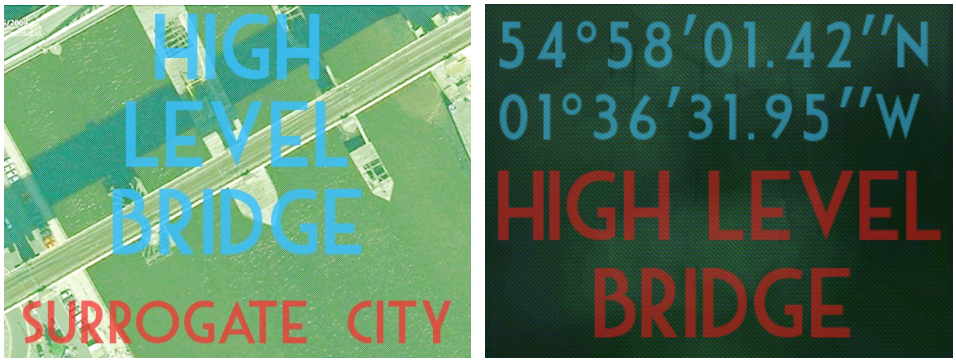
The installation *Surrogate City* ran from August 2012 until roughly May 2013 in Newcastle upon Tyne. It incorporated a six-track version of the James Joys album *Glyphic Bloom*, each track of which was embedded in six locations around the city of Newcastle upon Tyne. QR codes and spectrograms tracks were laser-cut onto pieces of wood that were then varnished and placed in each location. A sample of one of the installation plaques can be found in the materials section. QR (Quick Response) codes are barcodes that can be quickly decoded by smart phone cameras using free QR scanner applications like "i-nigma" or "quickmark". In this case, when scanned, the phone's browser is directed to a web page whereupon the user is able to download or stream a specific track from *Glyphic Bloom*. On this web page is a link to surrogatecity.com where users can view six films and six audio works that re-imagined each of the six locations via strange, uncanny and unsettling narratives. Unlike the tracks, which could only be heard and downloaded by scanning a QR-etched plaque on location, surrogatecity.com could be accessed freely by anyone with an internet connection, anywhere, at any time.

To download or listen to the entire E.P, one had to walk the city – all locations were within a roughly 2.5 mile square mile – and experience places normally out of the way even to those most familiar with Newcastle, or interrogate an experience of somewhere familiar yet commonly overlooked. Some locations were places of transience; where one would walk through but never stop and look around, like the pedestrian subways underneath Swan House and the elevated walkways behind Newcastle's central library. Others were strange near-hidden areas that few people would normally visit. The six locations are envisioned as pivots around which one can navigate the city.

Text versions of all six dub fictions are threaded throughout the thesis, preceding each chapter. In the *Surrogate City* installation these were spoken by Bennett Hogg, of Newcastle University's music department. Seeking to re-imagine each place, they also allude to rhythmic and temporal playfulness of *Glyphic Bloom*, and more generally to my own compositional approach. They were written in tandem with the album, with both text and music informing the other. Hidden on the website via "reel to reel tape" icons are six further narratives called "future relics". These are looping "broadcasts from the future", the year 2032, that feature a voice recounting the next twenty years of Newcastle's history through the frame of each of the six sites in *Surrogate City*. Eavesdropping on a moment of time folded back on itself, the user "tunes" into a future archaeology of place that in its incessant looping, seems frozen, displaced and suspended. These stories were improvised one-take recordings in order to give a more realistic sense of someone recounting and remembering. They are speculative futures that haunt the future-past.

Surrogate City // Glyphic Bloom locations.

Land's End: Percy Street's spiral car park.

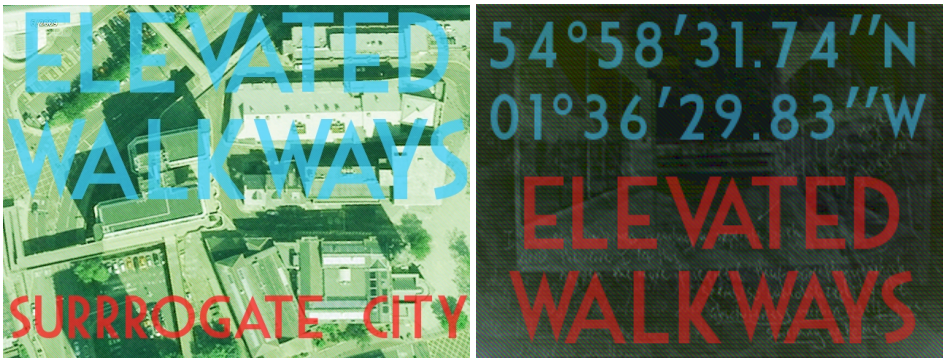


Bone Dried: High Level Bridge.

Inherent Vice: Hanover Gardens.

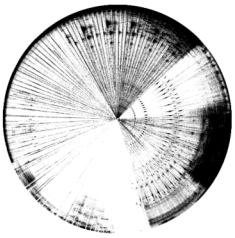
Who's That Creeping?: Ouseburn Valley.

Subterranean: Swan House subways.

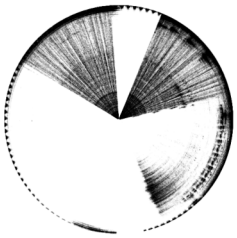


There Are Little Kingdoms: Elevated Walkways.

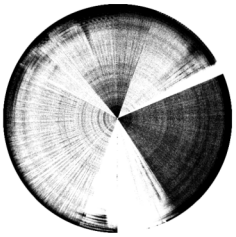
Surrogate City // Glyphic Bloom. Etched plaque spectrograms.



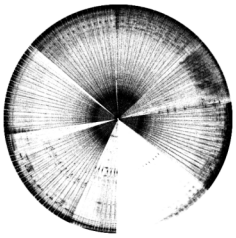
Land's End



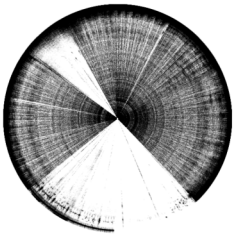
Bone Dried



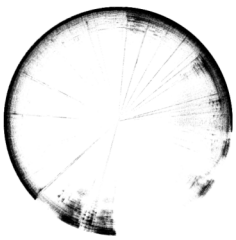
Subterranean



Inherent Vice



There Are Little Kingdoms



Who's That Creeping Overhead?

Surrogate City // Glyphic Bloom. Etched plaque QR Codes.

Land's End.

Bone Dried.

Inherent Vice.

Who's That Creeping?

Subterranean.

There Are Little Kingdoms.

The Surrogate City website was built and maintained by Brendan Ratliff. David Green, Neil Davidson and Richard Bate of Newcastle University's Culture Lab were incredibly helpful with issues surrounding QR codes, laser cutting and film editing.

An etched wooden plaque sample has been included with this thesis.

Appendix ii. James Joys // Glyphic Bloom.

Glyphic Bloom is an album of experimental beat-based electronic music released under the pseudonym James Joys. An E.P of six tracks was released for free in the *Surrogate City* art installation. In May 2013, a longer LP version was released digitally, on vinyl and CD through the website jamesjoys.bandcamp.com.

Glyphic Bloom grew out of carving up an archive of field recordings made around Newcastle with various recording technologies - high fidelity microphones, DPA microphones, dictaphones, hand held recorders, contact microphones, laptop microphones, and later in-built mobile phone microphones. The inherent quality/fidelity variances of these devices offered certain aesthetic beds/buds that only became apparent much later on, when re-listening through the archive. Hearing hisses, hums, crackles, wobbles, but also detecting the specific pressure of certain spaces, a pressure palpable in apparent silence, in nothingness, informed the composition of *Glyphic Bloom,* and can be heard in the passages of near-silent, suspended stasis in several tracks. But there was also an attempt to translate this stasis into more normative musical expression. Tracks like *Inherent Vice* (track 5) deliberately distill the tonal material to one note, carried along by a looping, punctuating lilt that attempts a dialectical play of rhythm and meter. There is a sense of movement while standing still, of turmoil within stillness; a slow disclosure that proffers a contemplative intensity.

Most of *Glyphic Bloom*'s beats were constructed by running two, three or even four drum machines against each other, and running them at different step lengths. For example, running 64 steps against one at 59, another at 63, and another at 38. The beat programming in *Land's End* (track 2) was of a similar ratio, where four drum machines ran very sparse series of hits, kicks and found sounds, meaning they only aligned once after the beginning, about 4 and a half minutes into the track. The underlying tease of near-repetition over which could be placed a more conventional pattern of 16 steps propelled it and held it more firmly together before taking it out and letting it disintegrate slightly into the underlying pattern of ghost pulses, suggestions and metric drift. The practice of smearing the rigid grid without resorting to un-quantisation and non-quantised beats, of sounding off the grid by being exactly on the grid, was a critical compositional strategy. Learning to use the grid sequencer against itself was crucial to how many of the tracks' foundations were laid.

Bone Dried (track 3) skitters over a regular throb that pushes the needled percussion up from the fleshy sub-dermal pulse. The spitting hits of *Bone Dried* were also programmed in a step sequencer to appear as if they were on the brink of becoming unmoored, unfixed, or that they were a

rickety fit. The overall result is somewhat chaotic, but small loops and repetitions are apparent if you dive down through the mix; insectoid murmurings among themselves. The hits and hisses and soundscapes of *Bone Dried* are sourced from recordings made in and round Newcastle train station and the High Level Bridge. They are abbreviated and hesitant, clipped and rolling, screams and screeches, a simultaneity of deftness and weight, the moaning of iron, and the screeching of steel. *There Are Little Kingdoms* (track 8) is structured around a beat that claps along with a rickety swing before giving an impression of a stutter and limp at the end of the phrase, then picking itself up again, and loping round in an elliptical orbit.

While recording a series of different spaces around Newcastle, with an intention of capturing some acoustic characteristics or traces that on listening back allowed a distinction between these spaces, I began to notice, frustratingly, that they tended to sound very similar – there was very little that allowed a practical contrast to be made. Broadly speaking they all sounded the same. What I learnt from this was that a site-orientated sound practice need not necessarily entail specificity and focus instead on a more ambiguous productivity of the sound of space in general. What could be said to be both simultaneously an ungrounding of place and a production of space. Indeed, Miwon Kwon, in her important text *One Place After Another* (2002) claimed that the idea of site-specificity used to imply something grounded or fixed: '...site-specific art initially took the "site" as an actual location, a tangible reality, its identity composed of a unique combination of constitutive physical elements: length, depth, height, texture, and shape of walls and room; scale and proportion of plazas, buildings, or parks; existing conditions of lighting, ventilation, traffic patters; distinctive topographical features' (Kwon, 2002, p.2). I assumed that it was possible for phonographic practices to, if not sound out these particular attributes, at least portray another equally distinctive dimension perceptible as or in sound. 'Where we allow an abstraction to drive phonography, we hear a shift in thinking from site-specific audition to sonic-spatial productions. This shift is one from specificity to intensity, from identity to its differential conditions' (Scrimshaw, 2011, p.6).

When recording, there was an effort to make a distinction between long duration recordings of soundscapes, that attempted to capture the still character of spaces, and the more irruptive goings-on of a city changing – beats and gestures constructed with the creaking of Tyneside bridges, of feet walking through tunnels, the noisy demolition of Newcastle's abandoned brutalist bank, the Tyne Tees studio, the old Newcastle brewery in the west end, the gradual dismantling of the iconic Trinity Square complex and car park, Spillers Wharf, Newcastle University music studios, and the undercover splitting, cracking, flapping, whistling and clanging of the Victorian railway across the Ouseburn valley. These isolated sounds suggested rhythmic gestures and influenced how I programmed drum machines and sequencers.

The vinyl release of *Glyphic Bloom* in May 2013 had to be sequenced differently to how I had arranged the digital release. The material specificity of vinyl means that tracks that are much fuller spectrally – busier drums, lots of transients, heavy bass resonances – tend to be found on the outer edge of the record. Indeed, when one listens to records pressed in the 1960s, ballads, which would generally be spectrally calmer, are found nearer to the inner edge of the record. The specific resonant qualities of vinyl would determine the sequencing of an album because the outer edges would resonate a lot more freely than the inner. *Glyphic Bloom* is full of transients and extremes of frequencies which made it difficult to master for vinyl. Along with field recordings made in Newcastle, the tracks contain artifacts of vinyl skips, scratches, pops and cracks of looping lead out grooves. These are re-inscribed back on to the record, creating a hinging and folding of the record's material impurities back on to itself; a process that simultaneously brings other discourses on noise and interruption to the listener's ear. Like Nathaniel Mackey's notion of a 'paracritical hinge' (Mackey, 2004), it is a joining of one discourse – a disc's course – with other trajectories. "Para" – distinct from, but analogous to. Outside and inside. An adjunct to "surrogate."

James Joys: Glyphic Bloom track list:

1. The Lie Of The Local
2. Land's End
3. Bone Dried
4. Subterranean
5. Inherent Vice
6. The Face You Don't Recognise (feat. Pete Devlin)
7. Glyphic Bloom (feat. Wellington Boot)
8. There Are Little Kingdoms
9. Myth (Reprise)
10. Who's That Creeping?

All tracks written, produced and mixed by Jamie Thompson. Except *The Face You Don't Recognise*, written by Jamie Thompson and Peter Devlin (vocals), and *Glyphic Bloom*, written by Jamie Thompson and Sadie Wiggin (vocals).

Appendix iii. James Joys // Canon Fodder.

Canon Fodder is an album of collage music made with relatively primitive equipment with very little post-production. A sampler called the Yamaha SU10 is used for improvising structure and gestures, which are later cut and rearranged in Apple's free *Garageband* program. *Canon Fodder* is characterised by stuttering loops and makes a feature of disjointed repetition. Limitation, like the *Base Cleft* work with Gwilly Edmondez, informs the aesthetic here – you can only load in a very limited amount of sound into the SU10 sampler's 48 sound banks, and in I rarely used more than 16 of them for one session.

Like Glyphic Bloom, Canon Fodder plunders the same archive of sounds, but distinguishes itself by also using ambient sounds opportunistically recorded through my inbuilt laptop microphone. Television, radio, overheard conversation, public transport and workplace ambience, airports, my own singing and improvising on household instruments, were all recorded over five years and placed in an easily accessible archive on my laptop.

There is a layering of digital degradation that lends Canon Fodder a certain lo-fi feel. The inbuilt laptop microphone, the low quality compression of the SU10 that re-samples from the laptop, and finally the output from the SU10 back into a DAW on the laptop. Canon Fodder is the sibling of Glyphic Bloom, written and produced simultaneously with it. There is a certain vespertine wooziness to the album, as if it rests on an axis of insomnia, sleeping pills, caffeine pills and laptop lighting. It is the sounding out of those crepuscular moments between waking and sleeping, when the drift carries the monsters in.

James Joys: Canon Fodder track list:

1. Limb Dripping (Miss You)
2. Canon Fodder
3. Mescaline
4. Grinder
5. Anti-
6. Snap, Crack & Poppers (Sleep Tight)
7. The Joy Sang Inside Me
8. Incubated

Appendix iv. Base Cleft.
Func Dimittus (Part 1) / Func Dimittus (Part 2) / Raw Lore / Spring Thrush

Base Cleft is a duo of James Joys and Gwilly Edmondez (Dr. Will Edmondes of Newcastle music department). Beginning in 2010 it is improvised, sampler-based music that sees itself within the contours of hip hop, breaks, jazz and beat-based electronic music. The language of its unsettled deftness finds equivalences in our shared reading of the work of Nathaniel Mackey and Wilson Harris. Indeed, their use of motifs, which are often the only thing that allows the reader to 'hang on', in a sense, is equally applicable to how we both tended to retain a bank of samples for two or three Base Cleft sessions. Their return was never a "repeat" but a re-weaving into a narrative fabric that constantly resisted linear continuity. We approached each session with a sense of "indebtedness" in that there was an acknowledgement of a mutual lack from which the base notes and base rhythms would emerge. Gwilly Edmondez used a Korg Microsampler with occasional FX, and I used a Yamaha SU10 run through a mini Kaoss Pad. Improvised sessions normally lasted around 40 minutes, which were recorded directly into a digital recorder. At a later date, I would chop the session down into sections, which became individual tracks. There was no post-editing or production, aside from panning each of our signals severely to the left and right in order to mirror the set up of the improvisation, in which we sat opposite each other going through two small amps on either side of the room. Track cuts were defined by what seemed like beginnings or endings of certain ideas, and this normally seemed quite apparent. There was no pre-defined track length, which is why some are 8 minutes long, and others 2 minutes long.

Base Cleft: Func Dimittus (Part One) track list:

1. Carousel of Bent Facts
2. Ellison's Pigment Box
3. Ignoble Cleft (First Visit)
4. Cable of Fugues
5. Future-Leftist Lad Under Park Roundabout

Base Cleft: Func Dimittus (Part Two) track list:

1. Garw Creed
2. Diagonals In Space Dust
3. I Get Liturgical Around
4. Ignoble Cleft Two
5. Installational Chic
6. Oper-Oper-Operation Steve
7. Tawdry Capri Sunsets Vs. Valley Progress
8. Megantic From Lore
9. Nudge
10. Megantic From The Floor

Base Cleft: Raw Lore track list:

1. Glenda's Hawk
2. Everything's A Billet Pippin
3. Once The Money Has Left (I Don't Wannit Back)
4. Unction Ruse
5. Cheap Trick Bowel Hod
6. Dreams Of The Fly
7. Guttern Lawnge

Base Cleft: Spring Thrush track list:

1. What's Not Necessarily Massive In Hearts Do Dwell A Sully
2. Heliotrance-Blokeage
3. Hotel Non-Cooperation
4. The Flabby Strut
5. Dub Stones.
6. Alt Heritage Of Bitchy Men
7. What Consists Of Mucky Props, Prosperity Marks

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