

MUSHROOM HOUR HALF HOUR PRESENTS ...

an improvisation ..

ITHUBA LOKU HLOTA





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PAROXYSM IN THE GALLERY

Neo-darwinism... that's what I choose to call it, wants to tell us, as any inauthentic authority would; that over time, elements will organize to make more efficient use of energy. This is not a new idea. This is something Jazz musicians and Gods already know. Improv. You need improv to improve but you can't improve on improv. Creation is a messy business.

Here's the score. Music is the nearest to conscious proof we have of inter-dimensional travel. The strictures of physical laws are cast aside and the universe opens up. The realm of spirit and consciousness. What is the atomic mass of a beat? What's the vertical axis of an octave? What's the elemental composition of A#? What is the nature of this thing if not the harnessing of the ethereal spectrum? Sound is sight without sight, thought without thought, sound can only be sound. Creation is a noisy business.

Music is a being. It's all creation. An organized collection of principles on the subatomic scale. It grows, it functions. It is purposeful, in continual flux. Observes time, reproduces. Music is life. What it does to people is self-realization. **THE GRIOT** in this chronicle is the human animation chamber where the physical body we depend on is repurposed for the actualization of sentience. Let me put it thusly; human language serves as a tool in the occupation of our realized existential plain. When put to music, suddenly, language takes on new meaning - purpose. Say: "music enters near the temple eerily"... and hear how the aural proximity of the syllabic *eer* and ear unleash the kinetic energy of the known and unknown universe simultaneously. Hear 'temple', as in the flat part of either side of your head, coexist in concert with 'Temple', from the Latin templum, an open or consecrated space. alchemy.

Sound is the primordial ocean. We are privateers; our sails determinedly set to the wind, hurtling towards fixed coordinates. Striving to be the beings we are without the perils of the body. Our breathing apparatus is breath taking. The stuff of legend. Yet singing can be mechanized, a pulmonary push of air to the vocal cords and an oratory release...

But when on the horizon, **THE SIREN** appears... Full frontal chaos. The accords of our physical being tell us it cannot be, and everything about us that is universal screams it cannot be any other way... yet, It is not fear that siezes us. Rather enthusiasm, in the Greek sense of the word: the god/spirit within you begins to dance. To the polysyllabic cooing. The infantile musing. The call away from the surface, to the redress of the depths... The storm starts and stops with sound. The waves recede and you regress to a child summoned to sup. This is how the ethereal waters draw you in. This is how sound calls you back.

Elsewhere you are pummelled. Mortality makes you disposable. Cosine Y = you: rendered indisposed making disposable income. You sustain yourself and sustain the bad sum equation. Collective subsidence farming. Society. You up against an indivisible/invisible number. With their help you will be left believing you are not all there. There's something always missing. Available to purchase, of course. It's a shell game, sleight of hand on the psychological level. It's all gone to binary. But the numbers don't add up. They'll have you buying everything. Skelm too. It's all repackaging. Do you think they don't sell you air? What are you paying for when you cough up to escape suffocating in the city? All you are is skin. And you are taking a beating. You are a soft tissue drum. And it makes you want to beat something back Like **THE DRUMMER**. You were born to be.

Rtam. Conquer your conquerors with truth. It's not disavowing what we've become. Be **THE MACHINIST**. Take the very nature of the beast and turn it towards itself. Make the electricity sing. See the sonogram like mother with child. This chronicle shows the known universe is the subject of the unknown. That we are wired and triggered. Signal transfer. Mettle, mantle and metal, mental. We are possessed by sine waves and modulation capsules - signs without a cos. The incarnation of the singing machine is new in the world. Oscillating between primal scream and primal number. A tin drum. A drum still. Like you.

STARRING

Can you understand this anger? The fault of suppression? The synaptic snap? The courage needed to change the lower register? To be **THE STAND-UP DUDE**? To fight on the side of what's right when the right thing is there should be no fight? Pick up the kaleidoscope and see for yourself, the collisions in harmony. Turn the tide. raise the bile, anger is the charge of crashing comets and you and I are the cosmos. The Music tells us so. It all exists in space and time. why not here on space rocket earth? Reclamation.

We all have an axe to grind. Grab **THE AXE, MAN.** Form a line to the tree of knowledge. Cut it down to size. One fell swoop to the citadel. The rotund peddlers of the wheezing machinery stand no chance when you tell them you were at the birth of the music. That it lives within you, in your sinew. That your heart beats to a syncopated rhythm. That the love of life and every immaterial thing has brought you here to this. Peering from the brink. The abyss in all shades of oblivion beckoning. It's solitary soul searching and three way conversations between you, the you next to you and the you in the next room. And it's palpable when your eyes lock with the only other person in the room who gets it. How did we get here?

Commonality is one thing. Separation is another and another. In hyper reality the music takes occupancy of your cerebral engine. It revs your motor. It fundamentally alters your experiential temper. In your journey through this chronicle I wish you love. Peace. Rhythm. Infinity. Nothing, no, more. May you find the time and continuum where the music, as much as it is played for you, is playing you; the how and when the universe folds in on itself. And finally as the silence throbs in your ears you come to realize that this temporal sensation is only the void realizing itself.

- *Albeit Husk as D.E. Fault 2016*

Ngoma Makhosi as **THE GRIOT:** host, raps & vocals on **6**
 Nosisi Ngakane as **THE SIREN:** vocals on **4**
 João Orecchia as **THE MACHINIST:** electronics
 Tshepang Ramoba as **THE DRUMMER:** drums & vocals
 Molefi Makakanise as **THE STAND-UP DUDE:** bass guitar
 Mpumelelo Mcata as **THE AXE MAN:** electric guitar
 (& Hyper Reality Channeler on **X**)

ON

7:41 Birth Of The Universe | New Folder part one **6**
7:26 Birth Of The Universe | New Folder part two **6**
7:11 Consciousness
6:39 Chaos Unfolding | The Natives Are Restless **4**
5:17 Cursed Are The Curious Children Hidden Beneath- **4**
 Capitalism's Collapsing Scaffolding
7:57 Mme Wa Tsiba (A Mother Knows) **4**
3:50 Anger
4:23 Hyper Reality Mushrooms **X**
7:49 Love Peace Rhythm Infinity Freedom Or Nothing **6**
5:46 The Universe Folds In On Itself

CREDITS

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