

VICTO cd068

MICHEL DONEDA · ERIK M · JEAN-MARC MONTERA

«NOT»

- 1. **Notwithstanding**10'28"
- 2. **Notion**5'09"
- 3. **Notation**6'36"
- 4. **Notch**12'12"
- 5. **Noteworthy**8'36"
- 6. **Notice**7'47"
- 7. **Nothingness**10'30"

MICHEL DONEDA :
saxophone soprano

ERIK M :
tables tournantes, échantillonnage en direct, MiniDisc

JEAN-MARC MONTERA :
guitare, guitare de table, électroniques, objets

Toutes les compositions sont de MICHEL DONEDA (Sacem),
ERIK M (Sacem) et JEAN-MARC MONTERA (Sacem).
Enregistré en public les 7 et 8 mai 1999 en France.



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These three men form a trinity of spirit music bidding gracious adieu to a century of anxious form-desires and a heraldic call of welcome for a new landscape of potential freedom not only by calendar but by critique through genre-ization as they shut eyes and entrust foci to embouchure/free-key think, to two hands ten fingers toggle-switching/circle-driving, and to a poet-scientist in complete communion with search-glory sentient technique whereupon tools are there for physical as well as extra sensory perception service unto the people, women-men-children-saints-dogs-lovers-hell riders, for prayers not to be just answered let alone delivered but supremely shared like the vision all life flowers inhabit with paint, clay, light and music our inked abstractions for everlasting heavens the safe and beautiful and genuine sex of improvisational mode whereupon gender becomes so utterly earthbound whilst sound as joy exhibits those all as verily borderless not unlike the giants, the gods, the goddesses, the boys, the freaks, the punks, the ravers, the experimentalists, the radicals, the ironists, the occultists, the breathers montera/doneda/m. like no other(s) but like all through study and gravitation and respect and harmony - a kiss on both cheeks, let it be thrice merci merci cimer mon amour for gifts as deeds and deeds as duties to the responsibility of the planet-men, the walkers, the city drifters in concern for the people by concepts of architecture - can we organize our music as such - can we open dialogue - can we open our cities to the worlds of mysticism implied by the colors of sound-magik LET THE MUSIC COME OUT OF THE GATE a horse with head charging with muscle action beauty gorgeous beauty and hear these three concentrate on its heart its mane its hooves its legs its ass its life like a boat through the stream of its wholeness in dreamed description of its sacred sex-ululatory walls which are there for EVERYONE to move through. The ball is in our court.

Nice serve.

Thurston Moore, nyc usa 1999