

## OTUR BOYD – TEN HOT INJECTIONS

*Light be* made on a new and very important step in the conceptual-electronic music realized by **Otur Boyd**, alias of **Moreno Padoan**, founder and mastermind of the Italian label **Xonar Records**, about whom we have talked several times. What we are in front of, listening to **Ten Hot Injections**, is an enormous tree which branches (represented by the artists involved in this project) are linked to each other by a common gene, that in this work is the musical research of new forms and new expressive ways by means in which recreating what already exist.

Just released on tape by the label **LUCE SIA**, each branch of the tree explores the sound in a different way. Having to walk through enormous and not so much definite sonic forests that hide sounds and approaches buried from the stories of the music genres, first of all it could be possible to separate, according to the approach of the single “song”, the *A* side from the *B* side: the first one is, without any doubt, the less incetrated upon the physical rhythmic, more played upon the research and the experimentation of the concepts of sound and of inner rhythm, while, in the second one, more ritual-like, martial-like and hypnotic-like definite rhythms could be listened, more or less, according to the different composition.

The first noisy *hot injection* is *Vritra*, in which **Subterranean Source** collaborates, a definitely amazing “song”, characterized by a dark ambient floor in the background and by a communication between channels, an exchange between data packs, input and output, and so on, in a continuous dialogue between the parts. By means of his background, each listener will give a personal name to this succession of messages sent and received, noise that reply to noise, a deep conversation of which we don't know the words and their meaning, but that, without any doubts, fascinates us.

Differently, in *White matter*, Otur Boyd's work, here along with the “poet of power electronics” **Giovanni Mori** alias **Le Cose Bianche**, has the goal of analyzing the cacophonous flow, a flow detached from a defined rhythm, a flow of *white matter* that goes on for more than five minutes, always assuming new forms and screwing itself, only apparently in a uncontrolled manner, on itself. On the one hand, it is an uncommon composition for who, like L.C.B, prefer to make songs upon which words hard as stones are present, in a flow very close to that of **Kerouac's On The Road**, but that's not the case. The noise matter in *White matter* can rather be linked to the TV flow, a concept that belongs to **Raymond Williams**, or to a **Fluxus happening** of **Allan Kaprow**. It's a way to think about the primordial character of the noise and about its enormous expressive strenght.

*Morbid sucker*, this one in collaboration with **Satanismo Calibro 9**, is a descent into Hell, definable as power electronics (as well as dark ambient), a song that seems composed by an alien, old school in some way. One of the best episodes of the album is *Bod-y*, this one in collaboration with **Gianluca Favaron**. From a certain point of view, *Bod-y* represents the will to show how much the cacophonous flow could be decomposed into basic elements that, further, can create new rhythmic prototypes that can, consequently, shape new genres and expressive forms, highlighting, in this way, the power of noise, sometimes, in other projects, unfortunately used as a filler element or as an embellishment in the background. *Bod-y* is a *tabula rasa* and a reinterpretation of all that,

during the years, has been labeled as *body music*, a critique to the process of sclerotization that wrapped up a music such as *EBM*. It's a process of going back to the *less is more* typical of certain works of the early '90s in the rhythmic noise field, but on a more abstract level, that, during the listening process, deeply estranges the listener, but it's also a tribute to **John Cage**, thanks to those silences that "fill" the composition.

With *Full injection*, this one in collaboration with **Uncodified**, the album turns back to typically power electronics fields, with a sour noisy injection studded by cacophonous-industrial sharp knives that go inside and outside of the alive sonic flesh. A sensation of alienation undoubtedly pervades the listener.

The B side, as said before, changes the direction of this work toward two different directions: on the one hand there's the tribal and primordial rhythmic, while on the other hand there's the musical new path of experimentation applied to the noisy matter. The clearest, martial and recursive example of rhythmic characterized by a primordial matrix is *Death of Indra*, this one along with **TSIDMZ** and with **Gregorio Bardini**, that evokes far places, probably Indian, and a sound that sometimes sounds very close to that of **Ah-Cama Sotz** in *State of mind*, his most recent album released by **Hands Productions** some months ago.

*Sweet slow collapse*, this one with **Noisedelik**, keeps on exploring the primordial rhythm, but this time free from danceable-ritual schemes, rather recalling life in the infinite African forests and their typical percussive instruments. Also here a dark ambient mood strongly emerges. *Never (enough)*, with **Thysanura**, is the clearest example of post-industrial cacophonous-instrumental experimentation as well as one of the best and most original episodes of the album. Its greatness hasn't to be listened in its noisy forays that also here recall something linked to the African world, such as the sound of the running of heavy animals, but has to be listened in the dialogue that the noise matter has with the patterns drawn by the sax, two worlds only apparently so different and characterized by counterposed languages, but perfectly able to communicate together (let's think, as an example, at what made by the Milan-based **AU+**). It's the noise that ennobles itself.

If *How to end it all*, this one in collaboration with **Valerio Orlandini**, makes the listener make a trip through more oniric and liquid environments, privileging a surreal and rarefied atmosphere, the final *Surrender*, that, once again (and this is the only case in this work) shows us for the second time the Subterranean Source's approach, but in a more rhythmic way, is closer to an elegant dub characterized by primordial rhythmic echoes, that more than something have in common with the African rituals.

Ten Hot Injections is, undoubtedly, classifiable as one of the most "difficult" works of the current year, now close to the end: a strongly appreciated comeback that, certainly, uneasily will find a precise collocation, a work that will ask to the listener a lot of time, attention and the right concentration, but that will reward him with never banal songs, characterized by a strong conceptual and experimental connotation.

This is a new school, a new way of doing noise music, and a clever thought about the noisy *white matter* and about its possible developments. It's a process of going back to go forward, maybe a difficult step, a step that requires the rethinking of decades of sonic and conceptual trademarks, but a necessary step to give new sap and vitality to a genre that, too often, seems trapped in a one way street.

Score: 9

Label: LUCE SIA

Author: Alessandro Flux Violante

Website: <http://fluxproject.altervista.org/otur-boyd-ten-hot-injections>