



No sarcasm intended when I say I envy people who get to write press for predictable mainstay electronic meganames who don't even *need* any actual promoting.

You'd just go "well, it's his or hers first sign of life since dropping the highly acclaimed *Avoidable Hamster Incantation in 230 BC*" or "this could be on par even with when they collaborated with Björk or whoever to monstrous critical mega acclaim" and everybody will have ran off to their girlfriends iPad's to download it before ever even reading the first complete sentence.

Whilst I have to try and actually verbalize things like the inexplicable greatness of the groundbreaking material on this here first release ever by a complete unknown like Toby Esterhaus!

Should I start safely by just placing it all into context by telling you how "Micheldiver Station" sounds like "a Der Zyklus *Biometry* era Heinrich Mueller fallen asleep with one finger on the keyboard, arpeggiating endlessly"? Sort of point out Esterhaus's place in, and notion of, techno history like that. His ability to remold it.

Be a little more contempo maybe and bring out that some of it resembles "footwork in a time signature of 1/1"?

Point out tangible proof of serious experimental value: "Esterhaus has taken on the daring task of introducing a general MIDI sound palette to the art of the 1-minute Underground Resistance pastiche" or "manages, in his 13 precisely detailed miniatures, to both redefine and revitalize the concept of electronic feel-good novelty music *and* pinpoint the surgically exact frequency of bass for sound-assistedly inducing unease and anxiety--as well as punching holes into human brain tissue"?

Or just describe it in a purely technical, yet clearly inspired, manner: "eP zooms in on the smallest basic particles--the molecule and atom--of techno: the loop and the step. Exploring this microscopic musical level Esterhaus finds new life."?

Uhh ... You know what? You'll just have to *listen* to it.

Let's move on to the other half of the split: the prose part. At least we have a *name* to brag about for that, making the job a whole lot easier. Kek-W, founding member of Somerset, UK rural noise recyclers Hacker Farm, is a regular *2000 AD* contributor and established writer in several fields, among them underground sci-fi. Publishing a short story by someone like him as half of this release sort of finally concretizes the obvious connection between sci-fi and techno, which ever since the conception of the latter has been constantly hinted at, but seldom given more than a vague, cosmetic depth, never really brought to the actual conceptual forefront and given a coequal position in the colloid.

Yes--it happens here. The most hi-tech of music and futuristic of fiction *finally* disperse into one futuristic hi-tech emulsion! ... Hey. I think I nailed it now. Isn't *that* exactly what makes this release so significant?

Now I feel like we invented the friggin popular culture equivalent of cold fusion or something! This is good press.



FORMAT: CDr + xerox inlay
DURATION: 20 minutes *** RELEASED: April 2015
FILE UNDER: techno, sci-fi, speculative electronics, short prose, fiction, culture



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