

## Hiding In The Niche Within The Niche

For me it began with 'The Third Mind', that most gloriously influential book by William Burroughs & Brion Gysin. It inspired a lot of us to get in to this. We believed that it could make things better, redefine language.

The Third Mind was a blue print, a book of intentions. A method of deconstruction, a way of removing the predictable and creating new options. Things had to be redefined. I've tried to do it all my life through music, writing, and drawing. Things have to be real and different, things have to be cut up, rearranged.

Things have to be seen in a fresh context, drawing upon the nearest thing to hand, whatever it takes, whatever works. We have to try and obliterate cultural clichés.

Now when it comes to music I raise two fingers to those who walk the safe path.

Fake users of sound.

Fake bands playing the game as if nobody has ever done it before. Hanging with their self-created crowd, promoting their own myth, depressing culture.

There is such an aching drudgery in watching it happen again year after year. New bands, new scenes, new labels - none of them worth much of a mention. Everyone wanks each other till its dead.

Then it begins again

Our world is drowning in music and culture continues to be dumbed down and ruined. The commercial music industry is as shit as it has always been. Tv talent show contests teach us to discourage equality among artists. Someone has to be eliminated, made to feel worthless, there have to be winners and losers. Talent, art, expression and truth have never be so institutionalised

The rest of us, serious in our intent have to hide and exist in the niche within the niche, lost within the long tail of availability. We are expected to be tech savvy self-promoters following the guidelines. Building profiles and networks, infrastructures and cultural industries. Success means sitting in rooms feeding computers with hype. Keeping close with those that understand and follow the cause.

I know that nothing of what I'm saying is in any way original for fucks sake but it feels like a punch to the gut for some like me

This is not art. It's not what I signed up for.

Social media is dead.

Fuck it. Music seems dead.

The internet is not to be trusted and unlimited availability has devalued sound. Pure voices are drowned, buried among the bright new things with nothing to say. The mainstream media is obsessed with the new

New  
New  
New

The word makes me cringe!!

The internet has spawned a globally interconnected monster. A sprawling production line of image obsessed blandness controlled by self-created taste makers. Music is squeezed out like toothpaste, formed in identical rows batch after batch after batch, year after year

I hate new band vogue.  
The folly of youth.  
And yes I have been there, but people are so easily pleased

Or are they?

I won't be part of it but what do I know. I am comfortable in the knowledge that I have no answers. I have never been a great musician and I'll never be widely known or acknowledged nor can I pronounce myself as being more relevant or important than the next. But I know my place and I have found my voice.

There is maturity in obscurity

This life  
My work  
Music  
It has never let me down  
Music is innocent  
But I detest the way it is abused  
And I feel lost