

from them – the found and made hand in hand. Kitchen Cynics sing what Gibbon called the speak of the place, a phrase that embraces dialect, gossip, family and public history, and a wooing beyond words.

Brian Morton

### **Tomas Korber & Konus Quartett**

#### ***Musik Für Ein Feld***

Cubus CD

Tomas Korber's first release in four years and his first solo album in almost a decade is a substantial longform work: a through composed 67 minute piece for electronics and saxophone quartet. As with most compositions of this length, there are occasional detours and periods of uncertainty. But considering its self-imposed structural constraints and restricted sound vocabulary – comparable to those found on Korber's back catalogue of electroacoustic improv outings – *Musik Für Ein Feld* does well to hold your interest for as long as it does.

The composition's duration isn't as

daunting as it first seems. It has a symmetrical shape and loosely assumes a three part structure, with passages of silence serving as markers. Large chunks are taken up with extended passages of sustained drone. The opening and closing sections are signature Korber, built on textural layering, metric linear motion and chromatic convergences. After a quiet opening, small details slowly appear and are gradually built into a cresting droneform, similar to the one which incrementally fades out in the composition's 20 minute conclusion.

*Musik Für Ein Feld's* middle section takes up around 25 minutes, during which Korber subjects it to two passages of structural stress and fragmentation. Both use similar sounds but in contrasting arrangements that exploit the textural similarity between electronics and the saxophones' acoustic timbre. The first, which sets patterns of electronic shards in opposition to acoustic pops and reed smears, is split in two by a scything noise blast. After a drone interlude

and a few minutes of silence, the second is heralded by a blustery roar, which gives way to another noise salvo, followed in turn by a sequence of awkward discrete sounds. The composition's flow dissipates. At the point where it appears to have suffered a complete breakdown, Korber pulls back, inserting a flatlining sinetone, which segues into the closing passage of clustered, hovering drone harmonics.

Nick Cain

### **Thomas Larcher**

#### ***What Becomes***

Harmonia Mundi CD/DL

To Larcher, the piano reached endgame with Bartók's second piano concerto and Rachmaninov's third, after which its sound seemed ever more obsolete. His reaction was to increase that sense of imprisonment, rather than try to break free from it. He swathed the instrument in gaffa tape and stopped it up with rubber wedges, creating an inner space that somehow recalls a prison at night, awash with random echoes,