

He blindfolds his audiences, leaves his sound sources undisclosed, and weaves sonic shrouds from hiss and rumble, nature's sounds, and man's machines

Waterfall Music

Broad-Band Sound Sources in the Music of Francisco López

by René van Peer

The Kaluli people of the Bosavi area in Papua New Guinea like to go to a waterfall to compose music, according to the prominent ethnomusicologist Steven Feld. This is an outstandingly pragmatic approach to creating music. Waterfalls emit continually shifting sounds in a wide register. Not only is the effect hypnotic, inducing an open and dream-like frame of mind, the sounds themselves suggest to the receptive listener all manner of rhythms and melodic lines. In a manner of speaking, a waterfall embodies any and all conceivable music, and the only thing composers need do in the presence of one is to let their fancy flow along, and then take home what has condensed in their ears.

The music of the Spanish composer Francisco López bears striking parallels to this concept, in more than one sense. As he himself says, he draws his music from the broad-band noise that surrounds us in our everyday life. In preparation for his compositions he records sounds occurring in the environment, both urban and natural. He processes and

edits these recordings into layers of noise. In his music's most radical form, the sounds are distilled into long, thick blankets of hiss or rumble. At first hearing, these seem uniform, like the roar of a waterfall. It is when you open up your ears to them, adjusting your perception to a higher degree of sensitivity and concentration, that you start to discern the lively variety between and within these sonic shrouds.

Trained as an entomologist and ecologist, and teaching in the field of ecosystem dynamics at several universities in Spain, Costa Rica, and Cuba, López has been composing and presenting his music for some twenty years. He was an active member of the cassette network in the 1980s. Also, to this day, a significant part of his output consists of collaborative projects. His two occupations came together in *Azoic Zone*, an album made with sound materials contributed by ten composers, and presenting to the listener a "sound-scape journey to the life and environment of abyssal organisms" (that is, life forms from the ocean trenches).

It is as if anything can happen in the area that López covers. And in fact, anything *will* happen. In his substantial output (for this article I have under consideration nineteen CDs released since 1993) there are albums containing long stretches of silence. Sometimes the music rises just above the threshold of what is audible, sometimes it may wash over and through you in full force. Blankets of sounds are composed of several layers, which are approximately pitched, and which may vary in quality and intensity. López works with a palette of noise quite like a painter might, choosing and mixing hues with the utmost care. At times he may blend them into one homogeneous swath, but rather more often he keeps the individual shadings very precisely separated. In order to adequately describe these, an entirely new comprehensive vocabulary of noise ought to be created.

The variegated complexity of the sound layers composed by López is evident on the first piece of *Addy en el país de las frutas y los chunches*. It starts with occasional animal

grunts embedded in a persistent hiss, out of which rises a wind that erupts into a thunderclap. This in turn pulls you through an unequivocally artificial passageway into an environment of high-pressure static. The chirring of cicadas adds colour to this robust canvas, which gets bespeckled with what sounds like drops of a tropical downpour, while the cicadas are briefly joined by a thin whistling, and the static is underrun by more rumbling, apparently both from the sky and from a factory. After a gradual build-up the piece's dense mass is dispersed in violent shuddering, while squeaks, squeals, and thumps shoot out, as if propelled by a shock wave. This din then collapses into a broad surface kept in a state of flux and change by rolling sonic currents that emerge and subside, expand and contract, at various depths. It is punctuated in passing by a faint intermittent rustle, which reappears as footsteps, curling at the edges in an immediate brief reverb, until they dissolve in the same hiss that began the piece.

In his work López moves around in a wide area, where noise, concrete sounds, and music intermingle. Out of dense, layered clouds of pure noise, recognizable sounds may emerge. His *Untitled #74* consists of one track, which features two different stretches of expanded hiss, separated by several minutes of silence. In the first instance, the hiss turns out to be the breathy sound of wind playing through grass or leaves, irritatively punctuated by the impertinent hum of a fly passing by; in the second, it grows into a hoarse, machine-like roar, with intermittent undercurrents of a thundery rumble, the pressure intensifying until it breaks off abruptly, creating intriguing phantom sounds in its wake, while the listener's ears readjust to the sound level of their surroundings. This relief of pressure makes itself felt physically as well—tension that has mounted eventually dissipates, creating a sensation of release.

Francisco López in conversation with Daniel Varela

Francisco López inherits his sonic world as much from the *musique concrète* tradition as from post-punk, industrial sound, the drones of sound art, and certain minimal experiences.

—Daniel Varela

DANIEL VARELA: You are an entomologist, studying insects. Does your interest in science relate to your music?

FRANCISCO LÓPEZ: My scientific and musical interests have coexisted all my life. There is no connection between them now, though at first I used images and names of insects as a reference, and in my titles. Nowadays, the connection is more personal. In pieces such as *La Selva*—The Jungle—I used recordings from a place I worked in as a biologist, but I used the sounds in a non-representational way. I don't want to distract a listener from a deep listening of the sounding object. Though you can recognize the sounds, I propose to free them from their origins, giving up the idea of documentary recording. What you have is what you hear. I reject any kind of symbolism. Music is a sensorial experience.

I am interested in the roles that perception, concentration, and immersion in sound can play, I am interested in the experiences you can build with music, in the kinds of worlds you can reach through sound. Realism cannot be considered as the only possibility.

DV: I think of the analogy of listening to a sound as if one were using a magnifying glass to discover a whole world that remains hidden ...

FL: Yes, this can be perceived in my music. The music works at levels where you can listen to things from different distances, hearing details that seem to be hidden and revealing lots of things you have not heard before. It is a complex world full of subtle elements.

Daniel Varela is a writer based in Argentina, who interviewed Francisco López during a visit there in 2000. Thanks to Horacio Ripario for his help in preparing the English version of this interview.

After an initial twenty seconds of silence, *Untitled #104* starts with just a shred of sound, which is curiously melodious. This procedure is repeated with regular intervals. In systematic steps the intervals are halved and the fragments extended, until after five minutes the piece bursts into what must be a layered sampling of speed metal music—relentless drumming against a grinding backdrop of bass and guitar. While the stereotypical sounds are unmistakable, it is equally clear that this barrage comes close to the continuous roar and rustle of a waterfall.

On *La Selva* López made wildlife recordings in Costa Rica, combined them in such a way that the overall impression is musical rather than being reminiscent of a soundscape. *La Selva*'s recent counterpart,

Buildings [New York], has been constructed from sounds that pervade office and apartment blocks through their entrails and via various communication lines. It is a feast of deep whizzing drones that propel a protracted whirring laced with clacks and ticks, intersected by passages of hiss in all possible shades and hues, often in various superimposed bands, which can be focused on one at a time. In one extended section the music is like a sonic translation of a timeline, say, of the world's cultures. All the various bands are variations on a basic principle. Many coincide. They enter the stage at different points, only to be superseded by others later on. Finally, none of the original strands is left—and still the overall effect is quite similar to what it was. But then, at some point, it is as

if you're sitting in a huge vacuum cleaner, which is growing on you by the second, engulfing you, when it suddenly disintegrates, leaving only a velvety monochrome rush that slowly, gently, subsides into silence. Again, as on *La Selva*, López manages in *Buildings [New York]* to make the piece thoroughly musical, even when the sound sources remain recognizable. What is even more of an achievement, is that a comparable richness of texture is apparent, despite the fact that sounds in buildings tend to be less wildly variegated than those in a tropical jungle.

Whint, a double CD released in the autumn of 2001, is another collaboration album for which López invited Zbigniew Karkowski to contribute a full-length piece. Apparently, both discs have been composed on the basis of the same source material—broad-band noise. It is a striking experience to hear how differently both treat this basic material. There are indeed two quite distinct creative minds at work. Karkowski proceeds at a faster pace in his piece than López, who takes his time, adding and changing in long spans. When quick shifts do occur, they take the listener by surprise. Each composer's sense of timing is as different as each one's aesthetics.

One of the appealing aspects of the sounds composed by López is their suggestiveness. They may be reminiscent of high winds above the sea or through fir trees, of low winds winding their way along the waving ears of dry grasses, of steam, or gas escaping from volcanic funnels. They may reach the intensity of a solar flare, as if you're riding an all-consuming jet of plasma. Especially when the music appears on the aural horizon you'll strain your ears to try and make out what it is that moves there, virtually out of reach. What you hear may actually derive from the disc, but also from filling in—and it is hard to tell how much a listener actively and creatively (but unwitting-

ly) adds to the minute sounds that López puts on record.

Descriptions such as these, which condense and categorize, can in fact hardly do justice to the music. There are many more processes and events going on than can be discussed on the printed page, some of which may escape attention during the attempts to transcribe into language what is going on. This transcription is and must be deceptive, partly because the subtleties in the musical processes cannot be captured in words—if terms existed to fit the sounds and the details in the shifts they undergo, they would not at the same time adequately bring across the forward thrust that occurs from one shape to the next. Also, in trying to convey the sonic impressions in written form, sounds are associated with their sources and imagery is used. But López emphatically distances himself from both of these concepts.

This is testified to not just by his music. It is reflected in his tendency to refrain from giving titles to albums and individual pieces. Many pieces are specified only as *Untitled*, whereas some of his projects travel under the flag of *Belle Confusion*—pieces in both designations then identified by a number. The packaging of the CDs themselves is often neutral, sometimes nothing more than a transparent case. Information is kept to a minimum, in order to avoid preconceptions about the music by his listeners, whom he likes to keep in the dark about where the music comes from, where it's moving, and what might happen on the way. He literally keeps listeners in the dark in live presentations, during which they are blindfolded.

With *La Selva* and *Buildings [New York]* López presents an intriguing play on this concept. The texts and pictures on the packaging leave no doubt about the source of the sounds. To the cardboard cover a booklet has been fastened, with detailed and extensive writings relating to the recordings, as López

explains. The pages, however, have been taped closed. López writes: "The different levels of accessibility of information about this work are intentional. And the challenge is how to deal with them. You might want to know about the background philosophy behind this work, about its specific spatial-temporal 'reality.' I didn't want to omit these referential levels, because they inevitably exist and I have indeed dealt with them, but I also wanted to emphatically give you the opportunity to skip them, to have them in your hands and to decide purposefully not to access them. My recommendation is—having the knowledge of their existence—to keep them closed. This is not a game or a trick; it is a confrontation with the relational frameworks that blur our experience of the essential."

In keeping with these ideas, he doesn't talk about his methods, but will discuss his motivations. He did so in an exchange through e-mail that I had with him, which follows.

RENÉ van PEER: In preparation for this article, I have been immersing myself in your recordings. To try and get some kind of grip on your work, I am noting down what I hear—to try and distinguish one CD from another in memory, and to be able to describe what is on them. It was then that I realized how different they are, and how limited our vocabulary is to describe all the varieties of "noise" that is on them. With all the differences between the individual albums there is also a strong sense of consistency in your work. I was amazed to find how close the earliest recordings (on the Staalplaat mini-CD) are to work released almost twenty years later—which makes me wonder if the way you worked then differed in any sense from how you work now, for instance, due to the skills you must have acquired, or due to the tools you can use now (because you can afford them, or because sound processing tools have developed over the years).

Francisco López Live

Attending a live presentation by Francisco López is an extraordinary experience. Entering the space where it is to take place one is provided with a blindfold and admonished to use it. This is not an easy thing to do. I felt vulnerable and insecure when I sat down on the concrete floor of the exhibition space of an artists' collective in the Netherlands some years back. People around me must have shared that feeling, judging from the brash jokes and nervous giggles that kept erupting before the performance started.

This feeling of vulnerability made me wary of whatever might come at me unseen, made me strain my other senses. I became more acutely aware of the sounds around me, their closeness and loudness, the direction where they came from. One constant annoying presence was a hot-air heat system that could not be switched off, filling the room with its breathy rumble.

At some point, I became aware of another sound in the room, a hiss, all but hidden by the dark exhalation of the heating. It was impossible to make out whether it had been there all the time, or whether it had just appeared. The hiss intensified quickly, developing into a roar that easily overwhelmed the rumble. It enveloped me totally, seemed to come from everywhere, seemed to be all around. I felt as if I were floating in mid-air in a realm, a sphere, of deep gray noise. As if all the other had fallen away. I had to press my arms against the ground to make sure that this sensation was only illusory.

Still, being immersed in this roar was highly disorienting. However intense the pressure, there was no telling how loud it actually was. The sound had no directionality to it. Shifts that occurred in it seemed to come from all sides at once. After the first surge, new layers washed over it, settling there, mingling, while others seeped away. While the presence of this music was a constant, its composition changed continually. The fact that it veiled the rumble of the heating didn't mean it was impenetrable. It was like looking into the thinning foliage of a forest in autumn—different colours and shades everywhere, clusters of darker patches and luminous spots suggesting shapes and structures. There is no telling how far you can look, you're simply unable to estimate distance and relative positions; the spectacle dazzles your perception, and you feel as if you are losing your footing in it.

Then, suddenly, the pressure fell away and I noticed how my ears, relieved, adjusted to the original acoustics and sound level of the place. The feeling of relief washed through my entire body, a condition that I wanted to prolong. Clearly this wish was not shared by the rest of the audience, who almost immediately broke the spell by bursting out in whoops and applause. Struck dumb I removed my blindfold, and saw López leaning on his mixing console, his eyes staring, his face covered in sweat, evidently drained by the effort.

—René van Peer

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I am flying over Mongolia, and I can see frozen rivers while I drink Chilean wine. Wine is an enhancer of the soul; it makes me realize instantly that what is driving my perception is actually the broad-band sound matter of the plane itself. It contains all the sounds and none of them at the same time. It is a moving micro-environment of normality in an immense sea of raging invisible weather wilderness. The trip is thus a flowing transfiguration of time and matter, and not just a way of moving from one place to another. The plane, the wind, the large masses of crackling ice, the slow water below, become the same thing; immaterial ephemeral power that can only be exerted by oneself over oneself.

—Francisco López,

from *Wine and Dust: Purposeless memory scraps (and some of their consequences) of a passionate drifter*, July 2001.

FRANCISCO LÓPEZ: I'm essentially the same kind of guy. Both my skills and the technology I use have been changing over the years, but these haven't had any significant effect in changing what I consider my core as a composer. To me, this is the case with most composers, and what some people call "evolution" I see as nothing but a refining and perfecting of that "core."

RvP: Listening to your music makes me very curious about how you work on it—your motivations behind recording specific sequences, selecting particular sounds for a given piece, and processing and refining them into a final composition. Do you have a defined aim in mind, or does a piece evolve "organically"?

FL: In general, I work in a very non-rational way (what is usually called "intuitive," although I do not like the term). As I see it, explaining how and why I select and process the sounds in a certain way is like explaining why I like a certain type of ice cream. I am sure there must be a lot of specific personal rules and motives, but for me it is essential to know as little as possible about these. I do not see any advantage in trying to understand oneself better in this sense; in general, I have the impression that deepening our knowledge of how we proceed has meaning for pragmatic activities, but is a real danger for non-

pragmatic endeavours. Furthermore, I believe in the extreme importance of the value of the works themselves to be self-sufficient, not needing further explanations or additions of any kind, which necessarily includes personal explanations about decisions. As you know, this is exactly the antithesis to the common trend in most contemporary music. I often say that what you are looking for with those questions is already in the soundwork.

RvP: In the recent double album, *Whint*, a collaboration between you and Zbigniew Karkowski, each of you has contributed one separate disc, but the music sounds like you started with the same source material. Hearing the differences in treatment between you is a striking experience—the placement and development of the sounds, the aesthetics behind the compositional work.

FL: Exactly, that's the way I see it, and for me there is something particularly interesting about this release. We first worked in the studio generating and processing a pool of raw sound materials. Then we tried to compose together and it didn't work. Personally I feel that this kind of work has more to do with such creative activities as sculpture than with traditional music. This is not like playing in a band, but more like entering quite personal sonic universes and conceptions about time, virtual spaces, fields of intensity, delicacy, and so on. Sharing all that essence is a very unlikely event and probably an undesirable endeavour.

RvP: You seem to have moved away from work that refers to a certain context, background, or origin. Just small bits of information given, if any at all. Very often no titles, except for *Belle Confusion*. You use predominantly white or transparent packages. How did that approach evolve?

FL: It's a development that has come out of my conception of absolute music. That is, the intention to enforce a transcendental conception

of the strength and possibilities of the sound matter by itself, devoid of any restricting content as a consequence of meaning given to it. What I pursue and defend is a music with open content. The absence of titles or references to the procedures for the making of the music is a necessity within this conception. It's a consequence of my concerns about the "dissipative" action of visual and conceptual elements "polluting" the pure sound essence of my work. Pretty much an equivalent to the complete darkness and the blindfolded audiences in my live shows. In my experience, both strategies, while being fairly simple and straightforward, work very nicely for focusing the attention of the audience and helping to attain a state of profound listening, free of preconceived meanings or intentions on my part. I think all of this makes the experience more free and open. And this kind of openness is a main concern for me in recent years. The realization and shaping of this "absolute" conception took me a few years, and is in fact still in progress.

RvP: Is there a reason why you always start from "concrete" recordings?

FL: First, I'd like to emphasize the fact that using the term "concrete" to refer to sound recordings as source material is a widespread misconception that overlooks the far-reaching

I carefully moved the EQ faders to free the high-pitched sounds from the speakers, to give them birth from that "primordial soup" that is the broad-band sonic universe. They are born and dead in seconds; they have an ephemeral, virtual, immaterial life; they are flow, not repetition. They easily overcome their possible status as signifiers or carriers, servants of language and purpose. They become beings, immaterial beings, ungraspable, confusing beauty, passion, peacefulness, horror.

—Francisco López, from *Wine and Dust*

Near Havana, diving in an underwater cave, I am no longer aware of the oxygen tank I'm effortlessly carrying with me. No loads or objects to take care of. Instead of that, the overwhelming presence of my breathing; myself as my own environment. Free in the dense slow flight.

—Francisco López, from *Wine and Dust*

original Shaefferian conception of concrete music. Concrete music is all music devoid of the abstracting stage of notation and freed from interpretation. Miles Davis' classic *Kind of Blue* LP is a piece of concrete music, as Michel Chion explains in his article "L'Art des sons fixés." I prefer envi-

ronmental recordings over instrument-generated sounds as source material, because they provide astonishingly diverse sound matter. Working as a biologist provides me with lots of chances for being immersed in amazing sound environments, which must have an influence on my conceptions and directions in my work with sound. I'm not so much interested in finding out about this as I am in living it. What made me produce *La Selva* was a powerful call to get immersed in such an astonishing sound matter. Contrary to commonly

held conceptions, in some essential respects, this is much better attained within the recordings than in the "real" place. What I see and feel in *La Selva* is not essentially different from the rest of my work. If you move in the path from representation to being, you can hardly see such a difference. I should perhaps add that I'm just as fascinated by the sonic atmosphere of subway tunnels and the breathing of empty buildings. I don't have any documentary or referential intentions, though. This is the massive trend in the "soundscape" movement, which, again, I think acts as a dissipative agent of the possibilities of the sound matter.

**Francisco López
at Yale School of Music,
New Haven, C.T., 1997**

To me, the beauty and strength of the substance of these 'things' lies in their vivid physical presence, their potential for mutation and transformation, and their ungraspable ephemeral immateriality. Both a subtle whispering rumour and an overwhelming wall of sound can be created starting from the same encoded sonic information. And both are wonderfully weightless.

—Francisco López, from *Wine and Dust*

RvP: There are references to things outside your music, though. *Untitled #90* is composed of insect noises and other sounds recorded in "natural" environments (for all I know the cicadas may have been recorded on the Mall in Washington, D.C., late at night) with studio processed noise mixed in; *Untitled #104* sounds like superimposed takes from speed metal concerts with an emphasis on the drums. Both seem to emerge very naturally from the broad-band region where your music is conceived and born. Recognizable sounds refer to your music here—which means you are still able to play in the area that you have chosen to work in.

FL: Indeed, these two pieces are good examples of the essence of my interest and passion in sound, for which the original raw material is

In Dakar, the trash is just dust. Like a kind of thin dry dirt. Anything more consistent than that is used in some way or another. Computers are five times as expensive as in the "first" world, and they have to be covered to be protected from the red dust that quickly impregnates everything. While I keep recording through the maze of unnamed streets in the large poor suburb of Pikine Icotaf, I admire the ability of the people here to simultaneously keep everything running with almost nothing and to maintain an intuitive joyful spirit towards the cacophony that is being created by all of them.

—Francisco López, from *Wine and Dust*

quite irrelevant (be it from nature recordings or metal music).

RvP: But there is a further point I tried to make here—the scope of your work allows not only for depth in sound, but also for a play with the expectations of the listener.

FL: I agree with you that these moves puzzle many listeners. But, at the same time, many listeners are just used to the same structure in music (even experimental music). I have an absolute urge to move more freely, and consequently end up in these strange territories. The thing is that many listeners actually get very interested after the initial surprise.

RvP: Another thought that crossed my mind was—as you seem to move away from references, this implies that you might put more value in performances than in CDs, which by their very being are points of reference. Is that correct to any extent?

FL: Not really. Last year I did five full-length releases and several short pieces for compilations, and right now there are five to six new full-length releases about to come out. But I also did some seventy concerts in fifteen countries, so I've been hectically active lately. You can move away from references in different ways in recorded media and live performances. To me, they are two quite different worlds, each requiring a clear separate understanding. My work [in live presentation] is pretty

focused on the shaping and sculpting of sound in space, and this is done starting from pre-recorded sources that I transform just by filtering, mixing, and extreme equalizing. A lot of work. In the studio (and having in mind the recorded presentation of the music) things have more detail and it's possible to work more finely on subtle details, very diffuse layers of sounds, lots of silence, etc. As you know, I love this kind of delicacy and hidden richness in the music, and most of it is very difficult to appreciate live.

RvP: One thing I run into is that we effectively lack a vocabulary of noise that adequately describes the shadings of noise you use. Almost any hue that a painter uses, however subtle the differences, has a name to distinguish it from others. I don't really see that in "noise". The problem is that descriptions can forge associative links—in other words, create a web of references—whereas you seem to move in the opposite direction, moving original sounds away from references. The "as is" in your music (which makes it "absolute") becomes an "as if" in description (which makes it "relative").

FL: I feel the same lack of vocabulary (especially as compared to the visual arts), but whenever I'm faced with this, I question myself about the need of an effective translation of the soundwork into language. In other words, this problem questions the very nature of music as a completely independent creative endeavour (in my terms, as absolute music).

RvP: Going through your CDs has been something of an adventure trip. The enjoyment does not lie so much in recognizing certain sounds as in recognizing that they are indeed an inherent part of your music. What is always surprising is how close you remain to this basic idea of presenting processed and edited recordings from acoustic environments, and how absolutely diverse the result is.

FL: I think there's an entire universe worth of exploration in the broadband sound world. It's absolutely thrilling to me, not only for its intensity but also (and especially) for its inner richness and detail. I move from the limits of perception to extremes of sound assault. I enjoy quite a lot both Bernhard Guenter's and Napalm Death's music (which doesn't mean that I like all quiet experimental or death metal stuff). I also use time with a similar lack of restrictions. I simply don't follow the normalization of sound and time structures created and insistently fed by popular music. All of what I do is devoid of traditional features of music, such as melody or rhythm. Beautiful. Not so many people would agree with us, perhaps, but I'm irremediably carried away deeper and deeper to my own abyss of beautiful confusion, where meaning and intention don't exist.

René van Peer is a Dutch music journalist, specializing in contemporary and ethnic music, and in sound art, writing about these topics for printed media. He also produces programs for Dutch radio. *Het Apollohuis* published his book Interviews with Sound Artists in 1993. He is currently working as a guest editor on a special issue of the German music magazine *Musiktexte* about the work of Paul Panhuysen. He is the European correspondent for Musicworks, and contributes regularly to the magazine.

In Basse Cassamance, I am observing the dead body of a monkey completely filled with worms. The whole savannah grassland around me is on fire and I am surrounded by an astonishing mass of crackling sounds from the burning grass. Once again I feel the complex beauty and strength of non-bucolic nature.

—Francisco López, from *Wine and Dust*

I am lying on the wet floor of the rain forest in Sarapiquí, Costa Rica, alone, in complete darkness, following the activities of leaf-cutter ants and recording the endless flow of the sonic environment. And I feel like a creator, not because I am recording, or because I might be later "composing" something with these sounds, but simply because I am listening to them with dedication and passion.

—Francisco López, from *Wine and Dust*

RÉSUMÉ FRANÇAIS

Résumé de l'article : Cet article est une introduction au travail, sur disque et en performance, du compositeur espagnol Francisco López. Partant d'enregistrements réalisés dans des environnements naturels et urbains, López compose des pièces qui explorent le domaine des bruits à larges bandes sous toutes leurs formes. Le travail de López invite le public à se mettre dans un état d'ouverture d'esprit, à dépasser l'acte de reconnaissance des sources sonores, et à éprouver la beauté des sons tels qu'ils se présentent. Il nomme cet état d'esprit « belle confusion ». Avec René van Peer et Daniel Varela, il discute ici de ses objectifs, de sa philosophie et tente d'expliquer son approche en décrivant certaines expériences qui l'ont particulièrement marqué.

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DISTRIBUTION

Anomalous Records, Forced Exposure, V2 Store, Staalplaat,
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For more information on López, and on the availability of his albums, consult
<www.absolutesound.net/main.html> and <www.franciscolopez.net/>.



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**Francisco López
at Sonar Festival,
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