

the grindcore carcass.

Edwin Pouncey

Alain Chamois

Let Me Take You There

Owd Scrat CD/DL

On second glance, the cover art for *Let Me Take You There* isn't actually a copy of Joy Division's single "Atmosphere". The image isn't West Yorkshire photographer Charlie Meecham's stark shot of a snowy field and looming, skeletal trees, but it is exactly the same location outside Hebden Bridge, captured in similar style. This 18 minute release presents itself as an audio guide to this otherwise anonymous spot, narrated by local music journalist Alain Chamois.

It doesn't take a great deal of digging to uncover that Chamois is one of the mildly unreliable narrators concocted by artist and musician Paul Rooney to populate his works investigating the intersections of music, myth, memory and place.

Where Rooney's 2014 Cambridge Museums project *The Seven Heads Of Gog Magog* (recently released as a mini-album) connected Orphic legend, Syd Barrett and *The Wind In The Willows* through the florid digressions of Emma Florence Bausor, a tomb-dwelling autodidact, Chamois is a much more prosaic guide, even as his monologue branches away from the Granada TV documentary in which Meecham is filmed taking his photograph, towards Sylvia Plath, Ted Hughes, Leon Trotsky and a fictional incident from Rooney's own gig-playing past. His measured tones are in contrast to an accompaniment featuring samples of Russ Abbot's perky 1984 pop hit "Atmosphere" seemingly dragged through a peat bog, field recordings of Plath's peaceful resting

place at Heptonstall and chiming digital synths that attempt a doomed emulation of Joy Division's frosty Arp Omni 2.

These multilayered, connection-drawing narratives often risk gripping the listener's hand too tightly, but Rooney leaves ample room to ponder. While death, particularly by suicide, casts an obvious shadow, the most interesting questions are around the reproducibility of something as ephemeral as 'atmosphere' – from winter air inhaled in a field, to photograph, to record sleeve, to bedroom wall poster, to Rooney's own photographic recreation. And if your appreciation of Joy Division was always hampered by Ian Curtis's voice, then after hearing a slowed down, pitch-shifted Abbot boom, "Well you've got your favourite records..." in a startlingly similar fashion, there's no hope.

Abi Bliss

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