

Alan Courtis Aaron Moore

Bring Us Some Honest Food

Portions Of Honesty / The Honest Waitress / Honest Pork Pie - Side A

The Wild West was wild, and this bar ain't no different than any other. Then all the walls fall down, disconnect and start to float away. Everything starts to float no longer held down by a conventional gravity. But it's all wood encrusted with a patina. She looks familiar... pink skin, but very thick with biology. Taking the stage she sings a sad song, but has the mouth of a walrus. This honky tonk place is located on Second Earth or somewhere. I have the impression this is where the source of all life came from. Outlaws are nice guys here. They keep everything in check but their guns shoot feathers, or a green ooze that's awfully tough to get off your clothes and sticks to everything. I'll hang around for the next set. A card game has started. If I sit in I'll surely loose and from the looks of it things are becoming unglazed porcelain, rough and scrappy. These guys play a serious game of poker. The stakes are too high for me. Maybe I'll just head on home and sleep it off. I have other planets to explore in the morning.

Dishonest Dessert - Side B

In a dark room, something's groaning. It's a tiny world that has a lot of potential of becoming something monstrous. As it grows it stumbles, oozes, feeds back and rings true with a new science. What is going on? The liquid has stuck to my shoes, but I'll trudge on through cause there's something over there displaying a light like I've never seen before. I need to go there. I want to go there. I can hear goings on in other parts of the house too, but I'll get there in good time or it will come to me, right through me probably, radiation burns. Indelible prints of ghosts making marks of recent and ancient travels. Each time they've passed through, dust and fragments of where they've been has stuck to their clothes and they smell of moldy things and can't shake the splinters and vibrations of their journeys off. I finally reach the center room there's something beautiful going on there. The floors and walls are riddled with the scatterings, the slitherings and the chaos of a jumble-full of creatures. I may never get out of here, but I'm not really compelled to anymore. I've become one of them and this ceremony was all made for me. My indoctrination into a coterie that does neither good nor evil, but without it nothing would have ever happened.

Tom Recchion

Side A

1. Portions Of Honesty
2. The Honest Waitress
3. Honest Pork Pie

Side B

1. Dishonest Dessert

All music by Alan Courtis & Aaron Moore
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at The Fish Factory, London

Engineered by Ben Lamdin

Side A blended by Aaron Moore in Brooklyn

Side B blended by Alan Courtis in Buenos Aires

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Photo of Aaron by Pierre Gondard