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**N.E.W. “Motion” – liner notes by Thurston Moore**

NEW DECISIONS

Free improvisation defies the myth of the new, as well as the anxiety of it's-all-been-done-before. Musicians in vocation to free improvisation transcend these bogus presumptions. Away from the import of any Marxist/Socialist context the truths of free improvisation are equal value, respect/regard, devotion and ego liberation. It is spirit music in the total sense where the feeling of creative grace, the ineffable, is attained through meditation in group interplay. Even in solo investigations there is a conference with mind and body whether in physical state or ghost realm. We are not alone. We are always new each day we wake. Free improvisation is the most timeless musical practice in expression to the human condition. We go about our business yet each moment is charged with chance, a marriage of composition (study, organization and choice) and surprise. We seek delight. We choose to share. We are city and we are forest. We are not hippie and we are not punk. We love you and we love getting high on love and we languish the godhead sacral energy of sex and worship. When I cross the street it is because you are there.

N.E.W. is three contemporary maestros of British free improvisation active and ace on the scene. Steve Noble is a kinetic percussionist who emits a vibe of instant trust and even when he rides to and fro on the 73 bus through the wilds of Stoke Newington you can see the man in contemplation of the actions of daily life. He once told me drummers move in variables: some take it upon themselves to exemplify rivers where they proceed as rushing waters, others who negotiate and play with the rocks and fissures of the natural obstruction. Steve is the latter with a bit of a third category – the animal, where rules are tossed into the nearest bin in favor of wild style alchemy. John Edwards is the most ready-to-play motherfucker on the scene with the skill level to match any and all interweavers. He seemingly is chain linked to his contrabass and can be heard playing on rooftops, cellars and every loci in between in constant practice and exploration and, like Mr. Noble, extending/expanding the language in respect to his craft and instrument of choice. Alex Ward is the kid, even though he's well on into full adult sophisto action scree, he's the kid. And he's beautiful. We've watched him unfold as a wonderful reeds improviser in full attention and sensitivity to the elders of the scene and he has developed into a serious and critical player and composer for our day. Here he straps on a six-string electric guitar and rips, shreds and skuzizzles his way in, with and astride the pieces. His actions are from the brain/heart and into the fingers as opposed to the breath/teeth of the clarinet he is most acknowledged for. The kid kills on guitar, so watch your drinks and keep an eye on the babes who heed his noise for they will surely be radicalized. These three as a unit are HOT as only good and purposeful free improv energy can be when firing in tandem and in accord. You can check the track records of these cats, believe me they have proven themselves in infinity, but shut the laptop lid and breathe and gaze through any window or directly to the heavens and listen. It is music for the now. And it is new.