

VICTO cd092
JAAP BLONK / KOICHI MAKIGAMI / PAUL DUTTON
PHIL MINTON / DAVID MOSS
« Five men singing »

1. **No Drone Rising** (Phil Minton – PRS) 7'03"
2. **Cappa** (Phil Minton – PRS) 2'43"
3. **Quiet Neighbours Moaning** (Jaap Blonk – Buma/Stemra) 6'43"
4. **Six Cobbings** (Bob Cobbing – PRS) 6'59"
5. **Haiku Sonic** (Koichi Makigami – JASRAC) 9'12"
6. **Ten Tones High** (David Moss – GEMA) 4'54"
7. **Four Way Four** (Jaap Blonk – Buma/Stemra) 3'08"
8. **Nosing: A Round** (Paul Dutton – SOCAN) 3'41"
9. **Tough and Rumble** (Paul Dutton – SOCAN) 7'48"
10. **Five Men Singing** (David Moss – GEMA) 7'20"

Jaap Blonk : voix

Koichi Makigami : voix

Paul Dutton : voix

Phil Minton : voix

David Moss : voix



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Enregistré « live » au 20^e Festival International de Musique Actuelle de Victoriaville

le 16 mai 2003 par la  pour l'émission *Le Navire « Night »*

UN MOMENT DE CRÉATION UNIQUE!
A UNIQUE MOMENT OF CREATION!

Imagine a clear bright full moon night in a park in the center of a small town just north of Vicenza. Maybe Diomira is its name. And, on a raised mound in the center of the park, 5 men begin to sing, and slowly the park fills with people: families with babies in strollers, old men tapping canes, kids with radios and footballs, dogs, ice-cream stands on wheels, hot chestnut vendors, circles of beautiful young girls sing pop songs in aching unison circled by dens of roving teenage boys laughing, mothers and grandmothers hug, and fold and refold their arms. The singers shape their song into a repeated chant that loops in on itself in darkened circles. Then, within a single drawn breath, ahhhhhhh, the picture changes, or maybe it simply changes into a picture with everyone in their cherished role. Then, the song of the singers on that mound is pulsed through the crowd on everyone's voice and tongue, and it becomes the one song of that moment no longer owned or even made by those 5 men singing in the center, not followed or learned by the townspeople. Suddenly, on that single in-drawn AHHHHHHH, comes the pleasure and fullness of a task needing to be done and a song waiting to be sung.

This is how singing really works: you find yourself humming the song of a stranger who passes you in the warm evening air and you take the melody in your arms and run away!

DAVID MOSS, Berlin, October 2003