

live recording, and with its spaced out party vibe the whole thing is a delight, the sound of the avant garde at play.

Clive Bell

Michael Pisaro

A Mist Is A Collection Of Points

New World CD

The second book of Debussy's *Préludes* for solo piano (1913) kicks off with "Brouillards", translating as "Mists", a short piece that intertwines a set of unrelated keys (C major, A flat minor), creating a hypnotic polytonal effect. Where the listener of that piece might feel that they were standing outside an imagined landscape, observing some faded painting of a foggy scene, Pisaro's latest disc is a far more immersive affair, filling the room – the sleeve notes explicitly advise against using headphones – with sine tones, chiming crotales and Philip Bush's wandering piano lines.

This disorienting quality is an integral part of the US composer's design. "The coordination is very loose," Pisaro insists, in the instructions that introduce the final section of the score. "It is not a real unison, but rather played as if the musicians were in deep fog and only partially visible to each other."

Where Debussy's mists were the product of a fanciful sonic painting, this "collection of points" is an elaborate musical trap, leading a trio of musicians into a web of contradictory cues. One of Greg Stuart's

crotales, for instance, is tuned to 2093 hertz, while the composer's sine wave hovers "between 2073 and 2093 hertz", opening up a series of disturbing microtonal dissonances.

For all the characteristic Wandelweiser devices on display here, *A Mist Is A Collection Of Points* most often recalls *Ghost Passing*, Jandek's recent boxed set of six freeform pieces for theremin and solo piano. In both sets, the electronic elements summon inevitable echoes of sci-fi soundtracks and old radio serials, strange transmissions that loom at the edge of our audible range. In the closing minutes of Pisaro's piece, as Stuart drops hissing handfuls of rice and millet onto his cymbals, the disc could be dissolving into static, until the trio fade into silence.

Rob Turner

Duane Pitre

Bayou Electric

Important CD/LP

The land surrounding Four Mile Bayou – a typically Louisianan stretch of sluggish, tree-lined water to the west of New Orleans – has been in the ownership of Duane Pitre's family since 1922. But the musician's first visit there wasn't until August 2010 when, staying at his father's weekend cabin, he took a recording of the bayou at night. The air hung still, humid and thick with a whirl of unseen insect life – a similar scene, of course, to that experienced by his ancestors.