

# third edition — festival for other music. Pan Daijing, Valerio Tricoli, Werner Dafeldecker at Stadsbibliotek

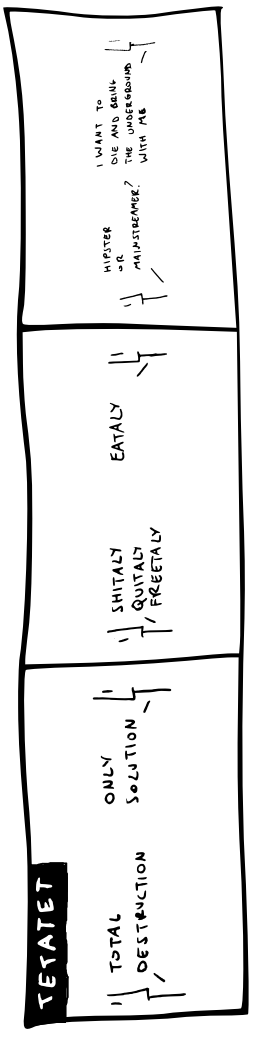
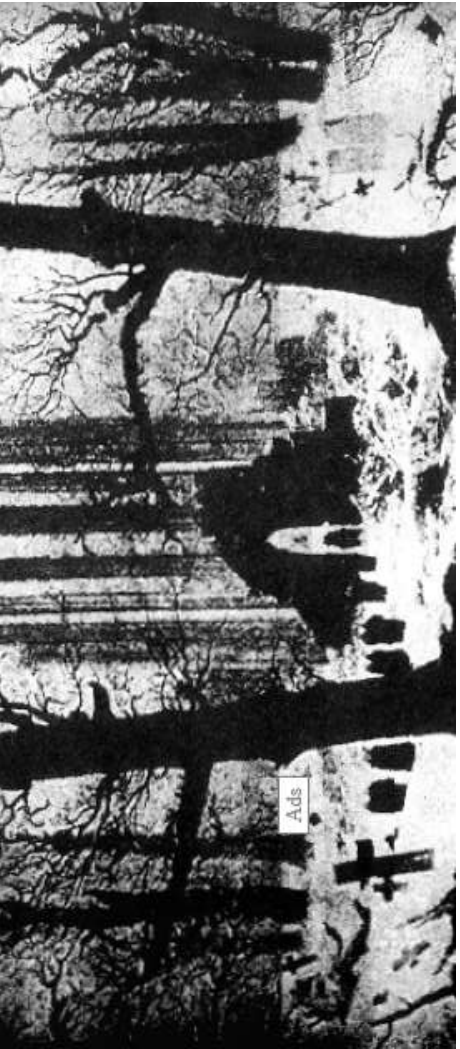
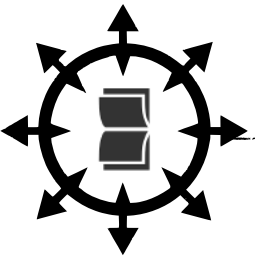
The Third Edition Festival was a huge success, the idea of bringing some experimental sounds to a more institutional level worked quite well and helped a wider public approach music from a different angle. I've seen quite a few valuable gigs myself and heard mainly enthusiastic opinions about the ones I missed, but I really believe the living installation at Stadsbibliotek deserves a closer look: Pan Daijing, Valerio Tricoli and Werner Dafeldecker present "The Speaker", an acousmatic sonorization of one of the most particular buildings of Stockholm. The concept of 1918 and it's architect, Gunnar

Asplund, gave it a modern magnificent form. For those who never entered [do cylindrical tower coated with books. full of speakers which surround the seekers (duty continues, the event is

filled recordings, Tricoli's manipulated Pan Daijing. Everything starts from a spark of fast flowing sound information

musicians, while she films everything she relates to with a small camera. Audio is chaotic, voice, tapes and recordings interconnect continuously and unpredictably creating a magical atmosphere in the wide room. Spectators are speechless, people arrive and decide to stay, stunned by such an enthralling set up. An extreme climax is reached with a volume based sound wall that freezes time and people in what veterans described as

one of the best gigs in town so far".



involvement

together, same name on the list. I wait 5 minutes outside for him, enough time for 2 guys to find the courage to mistake me for a security guy... this would also turn out ironic. Once we're in we catch up with Jen and Anja, quick chat about turntablism and Jen fucking up Anja's filters. By the way, Shakleton is playing at 2:00, that's why we're here. We go freezing outside to drink a seagull, hoping not to disturb nor offend anyone with the smell. I guess 10 seconds is the standard time of response of authority. A ordningsvakt guy that could have been in the Wu Tang approaches and gives me two options: Cops or leave. Now. Not really a choice, and as when dealing with a machine no space for discussion. If it wasn't already fricking cold, it would have been colder. T-bana, I pay the fucking ticket, my Under Bron experience lasted 20 minutes. On the train a loud girl speaks on her phone with a friend about how she shouldn't have been mixing alcohol with weed, then she pukes. Its my stop, I leave a tissue to the girl while walking to the doors. Electric Ladyland 5 on the headphones. I was wrong, it can be colder. Mille Plateaux walks me to my door. Hot shower.

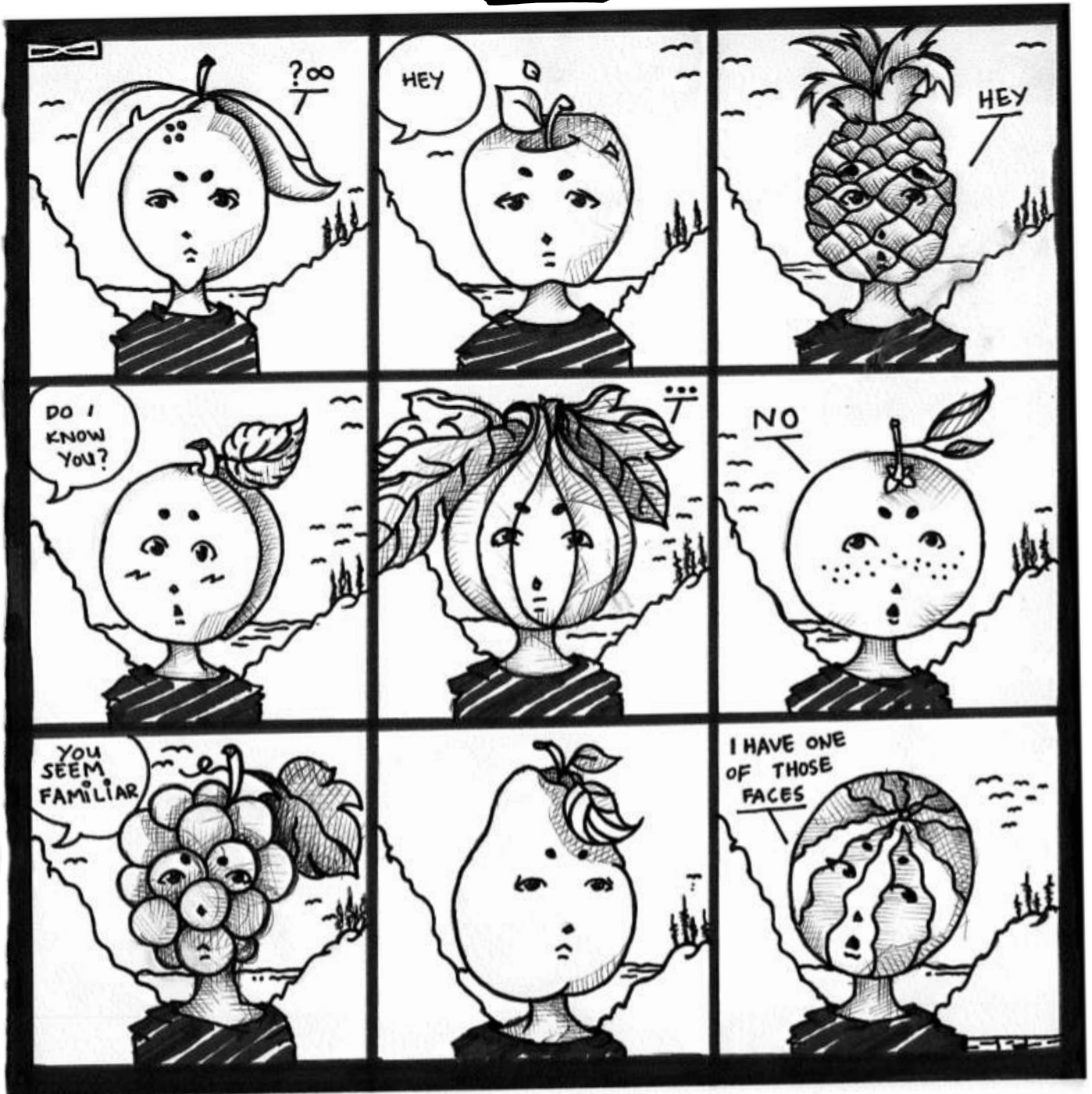
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# this isn't even a pulp story

Stockholm 22:30, -x°. I sign out of my newly found student job... first long snowy walk of the night: I aim for Copperfields. A 2-days metal festival (well, six bands actually) is going on, Sorcery is on the bill for tomorrow. The stench of beer isn't even that bad in the packed pub, clean country after all. I walk towards the stage, no one is playing but "The Art of Partying" is up on the speakers, this will turn out ironic... I go for a beer, guy hands me the paying machine, no words, no eye contact... the machine say we have a deal... beer tastes like shit, falcon probably mixed with spit. I get back to the stage, watch the bands mounting and dismantling their set, take a look at some patches from the metalheads jacks... "Warflect should have an extra guitar" is what I instantly thought after a couple of songs, they actually have some charged riffs, rarely. Headbangers but no moshers, until one of those catchy riffs gets things moving and a ridiculously small pit opens. I guess not more than 10 seconds pass until the same sticky guy that gave me the beer starts grabbing jumping people from the "pit" and lighting a flashlight in their eyes yelling something in Swedish that probably meant "STOP!", we stop... the art of partying... Anyway, the show is over, of course the band that released Depicting The Macabre finds the time to take a selfie with the public before leaving, anatomy of evil... I quit, I'll come back tomorrow for Sorcery. I have to meet with Fabo at Under Bron at 1:00, have to get in

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