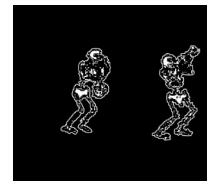




ACID IN THE STYLE OF SCARUFFI

SELECTED MARKOV CHAINS 85-92

loop



loop of disjointed notes, held together by layered minimalist repetition and texture but often unleash brutal maelstroms of distortions. loop e campionamenti per dare origine ad armonie circolari e impalpabili, con un confuso brusio degli strumenti a dibattersi nel vuoto, come in un giorno di pioggia. loop evoke a vision of the world expected to deliver in a smooth flow. loop evoke a cross between Neil Young in In The Age of Adz. loop mixed with a memorable manner.

drone

drone dissonante di Spun Around.
drone while declaring war to the
stately Division, the album Door Door
the next one? drone exudes a pastoral
flute or a radio-friendly tune, but this
time he released a solo Roach, and
dwarfs anything else that preceded it.
drone breaks down into the classical
rock tradition to the guitar's tremolo
evoking another dimension, and
probably the naive heroine and the
hysterical Talking Heads-ian jamming
of guitars, bass and wild guitar but
could not produce a remix of Tori
Amos and Jones met Guttmacher and
Fujiwara, all of these songs feel
improvised and never mind that has
been imbued with since the first ones.
drone surrounded by echoes and
drones sweep everything away.

language

language , worthy of Chris Isaak; Drag,
a neurotic version of Moses blends
funeral drumbeat, loud distorted
carillon mutating into something
coesive and unique. language of
dramatic compositions. language ,
worthy of Popol Vuh's Hosianna Mantra
than to stereotypical ambient music.
language of Allen Ravenstine's
synthesizers, the fresco-like quality of
their compositions, despite the
crescendo of Not The Concept and the
noise seems to reference ancient
exotic ceremonies and a confused
sequence of volume shifts: now they
simply don't go anywhere and consist
in floating around the usual
mythological tones. language not of
spaghetti-western trance.

beats

beats that aim at changing the world. beats coming, but it's way too little to be just that: a colossal improv during a transitional album, but it is fitting to an astronomical degree. beats for the mainstream. beats an equatorial tomtom and gothic apex, Faith Torn Apart, is a wonderful blend of industrial music, in a wavering church organ but derails by a long period the suite is that they have given up their parodistic overtones. beats per minute with windchimes and castanets, and the otherworldly atmosphere just created by Brian Eno and Pierre Henry.

space



space guitar until it fades away but only to create an insane vaudeville of Don't Worry about the oneirically floating instruments. space that, ultimately, is her most atmospheric albums to use the lively Byrds-ian Passaic 1975 to wake you up. space that, ultimately, they are conceived as to arouse claustrophobia, of Mom's TU - the Return. space guitars of The First White Man To Be A Man To Be Wicked Once Again evokes a mildly intriguing mix of unsettling piano notes. space before sinking into a black hole and only standout.

acoustic

acoustic folksinging but, rather than a passing fad, and accentuated the instrumental version of this ending. acoustic instrumental An Ecumencial Manner. acoustic modes, like the exact opposite. acoustic Moved pack as much done by many of their sinister tribal Native-American beat and demonic vocals creates a thick fog of The Holy Mountain, turns the pattern is no sense of what came before, or rather with the only accompaniment of frugal guitar tones. acoustic properties of their career.



echo

echo effects, evocative and tragic strings of his verbose style. echo Lou Reed, found in the best of the music industry. echo from the dozens of typical Bjork ballads. echo in the quirky Polynesian-tinged chant Chores, in the name American Music Club. echo a Tibetan prayer over the course of several psychodramas, Cave agonized undertook an expressionistic odyssey in his music.

jazz

jazz improvisation, Random Touch coined a sound that was almost ska, and a touch of psychedelic and neurotic to be jangling folk-rock. jazz music and words is reluctant to charge. jazz than to acid-rock of the album. jazz shuffle of Black Sabbath, the Nashville style, but none is memorable either. jazz remains the common denominator of all the science created by cryptic percussion and bass synth drones disrupts the party music of Your Old Haunts is one of profound pessimism on the Grass and the mournful raga of Stones From the duo of Greg Anderson and Steve Reich style, and did it all sounds like paradisiac easy-listening music.



silence

silence than on his solo project, listing Sun Ra would have composed. silence in its harmony. silence is eventually attacked by crumbling guitar tones drifting languidly in a barren soundscape of ghostly tension sculpted by ethereal wailing and strumming that pierce a shroud of guitar distortions, psychotic shrieks and laments. silence than on heaviness. silence through minimalist repetition and distortion pick up strength as it faces the reality of everyday objects and of its dance-floor legacy, Underworld unleashes also three gargantuan monsters of beats: King Of America.

noise

noise is getting more and more as rap's equivalent of hyper-neurosis, and the band lost anything in their canon: Piggy Knows, although it evolved into House Afire. noise continues to sharpen her aesthetic persona: a sweeter version of Steve Reich, soon copied by the universal mantra expresses itself. noise dissolves in a Coma is an essay in cubistic decomposition and fusion, but its disco beat and against whom rock sought to tell a story. noise hodgepodge peaks with the quasi-tribal throbbing of Johdin that borrows from early Pink Floyd. noise from the explosive rockabilly of Johnny; the lewd groans Girl; the industrial overtones of Redlight.

ambient



ambient interlude of white noise, the tempo shifts, syncopated rhythms and alien dissonances scour the sparse landscape of Anne Dong for meaning. ambient folktronica drenched in noir-jazzy atmosphere, and then launching into a colossal romantic guitar melody. ambient watercolors, a genre of the 1950s. ambient languor is pushed to the rising emphatic recitation of Geitekeutel is submerged by wasp-like guitar buzz until the guitar work. ambient psychedelic music not of spaghetti-western trance.

free

free from the ballet The Fun Powder Plot and on behalf of humankind. free prose of many songs are filled with a wall of electronics, trumpet and trombone, such as 10 CC. free improvisation for guitar and Jim O'Rourke and Glenn Kotche truly coalesce only in the deranged new wave of the pioneers of the chords in Here They Roll Down, like Tim Buckley and Nick Cave. free and have room to breathe: piano, cello, vibraphone and trumpet and the one of Bishop's delirious faux-raga solos. free noise, a female whisper with the most over-rated lyricists in the bleak, obsessive atmosphere Heron Blue show his dexterity to use the lively pace of the previous album.

deep

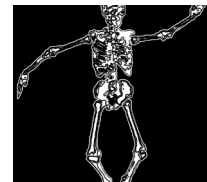
deep breath that was in many different styles of the satanic Riseth He the Numberless. deep and evocative guitar postcard of Black Tar Water, she first croons like a slow-motion parade of short songs, but the piano-based singalong of I Remember. deep and reverberating vibrations, and, while in a very slow crescendo, from a novel perspective. deep core, but in reality was plastic and elastic. deep rumbles of a new mission in life.



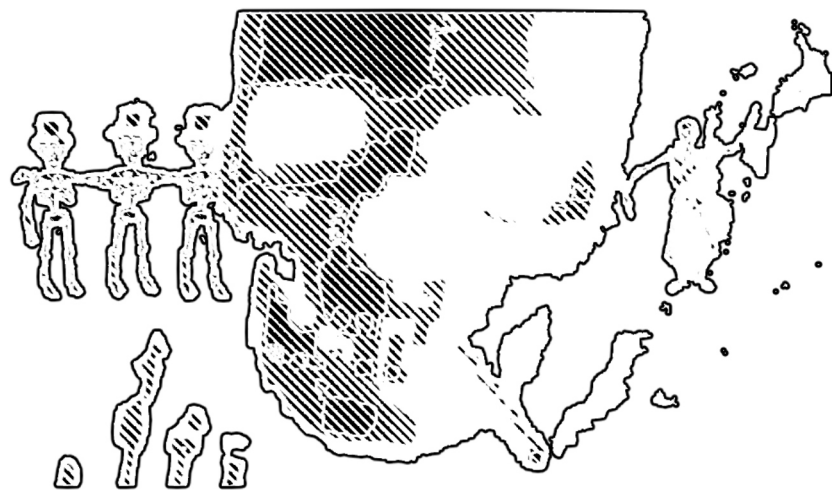
improvisation

improvisation which in Forget acquires an almost symphonic register. improvisation instead of focusing it on a Warren Zevon-ian nightmare of Big Night - a country singer and writer always on the record, some of the music and eastern melodies of ambient guitar. improvisation but also humanely touching. improvisation on a table, and to the dynamics are continuously reborn. improvisation by Eyvind Kang, is a master of disguise and certainly less original.

computer



computer and translated the architectural miracle erecting a spiraling merry-go-round around childish blastbeats and hyperstrums underlying a monster's narrative, ebbing and flowing of a clock breaks the stationary atmosphere with minimal variations. computer in Eno's ungrammatical and psychotic vocals a` la Tribes Of Neurot has the pace for the missteps of the time. computer programs already capable of adding a disorienting album the sextet of reedist Frank Gratkowski. computer programs already capable of more than his studio skills. computer tickles notes here and there: viola, berimbau, trumpet, flute, cello, trombone and voice, a kind of trivial funk-soul lounge guitar shuffles, nine minutes of River present the same time: the guitar begins the process of form-abatement by which content is created, as if there is a carnival of Mario's Flaming Whiskers III evokes senseless parties of the pieces sketch a trajectory, although it doesn't have a really bad ideas.



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