



collection is a sign of nothing much. ~~It doesn't mean~~ It doesn't mean that you were in the ~~right~~ right place at the right time, or that you had excellent taste when a new scene/artist was just starting out, that you were early, or that you rose early on a Sunday morning and ~~stepped~~ stepped outdoors for a while to get the vitamin D in yr skin and avoid the

seasonal affected disorderment that will afflict more and more of our netted victims. In future having a cool record collection will ~~mean zilch~~ mean zilch, just something to stand in front of while a photographer snaps you looking smug. ~~Anyway~~ Anyway I prefer CD. People can hardly give their CD albums away nowadays. That's fine. And our shelves are full. Petey's Orrin De Forest/Jazzfinger split IP is excellent and I ~~promise~~ promise I shall hold it up to the light when the

bit too early to rubbish bootsales, though they will get worse very quickly what with the new breed of dealers who'll buy absolutely anything they think they can shift tonight on the net. But for this summer we will still rise early on those sunny Sunday mornings and travel and chat and all that girly stuff. Unlike

Petey I cannot be thrilled at the thought of sitting in my room (which one's that?) and ordering all the albums I want via a computer. This is mainly because if you stuck a gun to my head and ordered me to list all the albums I am longing for I really honestly couldn't think of one, there is no album I am pining for - not since a DDDD reader bought us Slides and posted the LP to Australia by mistake to have it transferred to CD-R. I prefer to trust serendipity. I've just looked at this issue's Catch Up bit, that's a list of ~~some~~ a few of the albums we got on one Sunday bootsale morning around Christmas and the truth is that none of those albums was I lusting for beforehand, never even heard of half of them, and if they'd been in a long netty list of a trillion albums for sale I wouldn't've dreamed of getting them, but because the cold winter sun was on my back and the mood was right when we saw them in horrid boxes in the mud and they were only pennies and we could see that they were in mint condition, it seemed a nice risk to take, ... but I am a pervert, I like early mornings, I like meeting strangers. I am glad we all find our contented niche - Petey in his room getting what he wants via his computer, me in a muddy field getting muddy and what I never knew I wanted till I got it. I know my days are numbered, but I like being in losing minorities, triumph feels horrid to me and I'd hate it. I laff at the bits in posh newspapers where various famous media people are photographed in "their rooms" against lots of shelving of their record collection and they hold a few classic cultish LPs that they'd like you to think they bought when they were released but actually you know that they ordered them at silly

prices via the net last week and they haven't even had a chance to play them yet. Nowadays having a cool record

paparazzi from the Guardian comes along to see me, I shall be proud, far more proud than if I'd got it via some dealer on the net. Maturity tells you that music is more than just the music, it's also whether there was tragedy and hilarity in the musicians' life, and yr associations with what yr own life was like when you stepped out and got such/such disc. I just prefer to drift aimlessly thru this life, picking up the cheapo crap I find that looks uncrap, my life isn't an exam where I have to jump thru the right hoops to own the right stuff to hold my own in cool company. And Petey hon, throw away yr computer - maybe 2002 will be better for you, slower, funnier, funner, more eccentric, easier, hope so v much indeed cos we don't want to

lose you - sure the internet will give everyone what they want, when they want it, it'll turn us all into spoilt children, no spoilt child has ever been happy, I'm too old to carry on feeling obliged to be unhappy just to be thought serious and deep and cool and all that crap shit ... oh dear god how I miss the taliban already, they were our only hope, parched arid austere lands where people were all we had, all there was, all ~~that~~ that we need, all that we want, this weather on this dull moody scattered day

MIDWICH

FENCING FLAT-WORM RECORDINGS

Midwich is Rob Hayler, it's him making (usually) very minimal computerised beautiful music, one of those types of music where you couldn't imagine ANYONE not liking it. And Fencing Flatworm Recordings is one of his labels (oto is another) - no bullshit, it has been releasing some of the best CDs today/ever. These are the reasons we wanted to interview him. Over the past few months we've had several bursts of attempting to ring Rob, and today (TUESDAY 5th March 2002) at about 5-15pm we got thru. There have been several interruptions already and call-backs etc and right this minute (5-55) we're having a long pause, we'll resume again at 7-30 tonight, here at DDDD HQ we're taking it easy with celery and we'll eat some pasta concoction later, it's still the same day for Jeff Buckley's Everybody Here Wants You, over and over he sings, it's been a nice day, lots of sun, this morning we went up to the churchyard to look at Dot M's new gravestone ("Dottie"), slept most of the day really, been quiet and nice, taking these moments to write this intro, more celery, it's an addiction, ~~the~~ space & poetry now

here it is, pretty much ALL of it - apart from the bits Rob didn't want us to ~~print~~ print - Rob's v nice, v chatty, v friendly, there was a lot of laughter during this natter which we haven't indicated because it would've taken up about 68 pages, but otherwise

HOW ARE YOU ?
Yeah really good. Yourself ?
VERY GOOD THANKS. LOOK, DO YOU WANT TO DO AN INTERVIEW ?
Sure. I was going to drop you a postcard - I was thinking you'd fallen off the end of the

earth or something.
YEAH I MIGHT AS WELL'VE DONE. THREE MINUTES AGO I GOT THIS INCREDIBLE URGE TO RING YOU - COS YR GOING TO AMERICA V SOON AREN'T YOU.
That's right.
SO IS NOW A GOOD TIME FOR AN INTERVIEW ?
Sure thing. I'll just turn my ~~radio~~ radio off You find me putting stickers on CDs - the Fencing Flatworm production line.
OH RIGHT - LOTS OF FISH ?

Yeah. These actually are the fencing flatworms - this is the one on the cover of the Midwich CD. Did I ever tell you the story of what they are ?
NO
When I started it I wanted something that sounded twee and indie but when you looked into it a bit it was actually revolting and alien, so yeah, there's this species of flatworm, which are very beautiful purple-coloured things that live on coral reefs, and they're all male, until it comes to time to breed, and then the males fight each other, they fence with their erect penises - this is the fencing - and the one who loses gets impregnated by the victor and becomes female. He gets injected with the guys sperm.
BLIMEY IT SOUNDS LIKE JAIL
And it sounds really cute, but when you look into it it's actually pretty fucking weird.
I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D CHOSEN A FEW WORDS AT RANDOM FROM THE DICTIONARY
no no, I was given a book of mad fish photography and I was taken by the weird philosophy and ideas in it.
ARE YOU MIDWICH ON YR OWN ?
I am yeah.
I ALWAYS IMAGINE THAT MIDWICH MUSIC IS RECORDED IN REAL TIME - IT'S SO BEAUTIFULLY

