



# TOLOUSE LOW TRAX

## JUMPING DEAD LEAFS

CD / LP / Digital

Release: September 11<sup>th</sup> 2020



### This is Toulouse Low Trax's 4th solo album Jumping Dead Leafs.

A 38 minutes exorcism, dionysac sexyness fueled with romanticism, made of mechanical incantations mixed with spectral vocals of forgotten imaginary tribes, words from a physicist (*Incomprehensible Image*), and mystical breathings... To remind you that music is demanding your soul and body, fully.

A master irritator, disclosing this talent all the way, down to every chosen title, for the album itself and all of its components (would you put *Milk in Water*?). As repetitive or minimalist music may already make some of you feel nervous, it seems more accurate to talk here about primitive music - notwithstanding a non violent anarchism. But those are only words and vain attempts to attach TLT to a region or a family. Neither the burden of classical European music legacy, which eventually lead to pop music, seemed to interfere with his wild mind, and if it is no surprising to hear Bach in German electronic music, there is here a clear statement that you are out of this sirupy prison...

For D.W. is a sorcerer. He's been empirically learning the speaking of trance with years of touring and experimenting with all kinds of audience and venues, from clubs to museums, from Mongolia to Brazil, from his performances with his bands Kreidler or Toesch to solo ones, sustained by a steady limited set up, as the one used when he's recording : one MPC, rudimentary synths, few effects and a mixer. No sound engineer on stage as only he knows his secret language... Raw dubmaking, leaning towards hip hop, indubitably underlining here a significant distanciation from his previous industrial inspirations. The bewitchment of this record is operating with no warning from the very first seconds until the last epiphany of *Sales Pitch*.

He is using his knowledge of techno, psychedelism (*Inverted Sea*), UK bass (*Jumping Dead Leafs*), only to bring you out of it. We all tend to be slaves, without even being conscious about it, and a balance must be existing between being a slave and showing off. Mr. Weinrich's answer is unsettling because it is an utter call to this balance, in our world of black and white and political correctness. There is no morality in music... Don't expect anything else than an unaccountable liberating immediate experience. Don't expect any kind of music because you are already in the past or the future... From his recording technique mainly relying on one takes, his adoration of mistakes and jeopardy, to the core essence of repetitive music, it is all here about being in the present. No ears no glasses.



#### Tracklisting

1. Inverted Sea
2. Berrytone Souvenir
3. The Incomprehensible Image
4. Jumping Dead Leafs
5. Milk In Water
6. Dawn Is Temporal
7. Pulse Skit
8. Sales Pitch

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