

Derek Piotr - Airing



Do you remember the first time you listened to a Four Tet album? It was a strange thing. It was cerebral and intelligent, but with a beat which you could *almost* dance to. It wasn't just clever, it was also able to grip those fleshy-hand-strings and give 'em a good old rub-down.

Derek Piotr's *Airing* is at the vicious end of the clever-dance music show. And it *is* clever, the beats come out of nowhere; a body of drum machines, a throaty breathing of a beat. On top of that there's something nice an industrial about it.

It's a creeper, clicking it's little drum-beat breathe-feet into your ears. It's not unpleasant, but it's not all there. It doesn't stick to it's desolate narrative.

There's something missing: the organic elements are broken by the underdeveloped vocals - the whole thing feels to be about artifical oranic sound structures, and the introduction of "vocals" takes something away from the emptiness of the rest of the soundscape. It's a bit like dumping a busload of brightly-bedecked Typical American Tourists (TM) in the middle of The Road; it jars slightly and has you thinking "**I was really enjoying this apocalypse until those guys turned up.**"

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