

Mp3 The Diary - Separate



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Stylish. 1977 to 1981 meets 2005 in an elektro-punk landscape for your soul. Download a FREE Single.

:Warning.: Known to cause emotions. :) 12 MP3 Songs POP: New Wave, POP: with Electronic

Production Details: The Diary is a burst of fresh new New Wave in a confused world. Using fast beats and fuzzy tones, this is being called one of the best indie released albums of the year! With this new album,

Claude S. blends digital electronics with a tip of the hat to late 70's punk, recalling the innocent stylings of the New York school of New Wave. Using a lo-fi acoustic drum set, a 1965 SG and his computer, this era

is brought to modern focus under Claude's surrealist gaze. You can dance to it, you can play it loud for your enemies, all the while escaping the realities of the bleak landscape of today's musical suicide. Be

careful, this music can induce emotional outbursts and become a soundtrack to the future. The underlying

theme of this album is Claude's life itself. He drowned in a lake, kissed a girl underwater, toured all over the world, and has documented it in the art itself. Here, the 'diary' is open for all to read. These songs ask

the question, "Are we all truly separate?" Find out if there's an answer... You can download the song,

'Give Up The Monsters' for FREE when you visit the Artist's site. If you like Joy Division, Interpol,

Anything Box, New Order, Radiohead, Buzzcocks and Ladytron... Look Out! COMMENTS FROM THE

ARTIST: ----- "When I was 10 years old, my family and I went to a place in New Jersey

known as Seven Lakes. As soon as I got out of the car, my cousins and I headed for the water. I jumped

in from a diving board and went straight down, losing my air as I hit the water. I panicked, and began

flaying in the water, knowing full well that I was drowning. That's when reality faded to white... As I lost

consciousness, my life began to playback in my mind as a series of dream films, in a way that all space

and time was distorted and infinite. I marvelled at this even as I drowned, and when it seemed that no

rescue was in sight, I gave up. I sunk to the depths of the lake, watching the sunlight above me through

the water as I passed out. completely. I found myself in a white room, bathed in white, with no obvious doors or windows, and I felt a strange warmth. I saw the bare outline of a door and noticed it had a handle. As I reached for it, I felt a sucking sensation and I was pulled back from death's door. I had been rescued, and someone was pumping water out of my lungs. Needless to say, the family vacation was cancelled. The side-effect of that event was profound. Firstly, I had guitar lessons, which I'd hated and thus my guitar sat in a corner of the room, gathering dust. After the drowning, I picked it up and began to write. My pictures, mostly of space ships and war scenes began to shift into a more surreal take on things. I began reading more, painting more, feeling more. I matured quickly, and I am convinced to this day that drowning had everything to do with my creative outflow. And then... At twelve or thirteen, my family went to the beach. I met a dark-skinned girl, very beautiful, building a sand castle there. I sat down next to her and we exchanged a few words. She asked me if I had ever kissed underwater. I said no. I was nervous. I knew what was coming next. 'Do you want to try it?' she asked. I nodded my head yes and we went into the ocean. As we kissed the drowning sensation (which manifested itself from the earlier trauma) was replaced by a feeling of profound peace and serenity, as well as excitement. Her lips were like a toxic candy that once tasted, would never be forgotten, and I will never forget that kiss. There have been others of course, memorable ones without a doubt, but that was my first and it was underwater. A secondary death, you could say. Years later I would still write about that kiss. I never saw her again by the way... Around this time, I discovered 60's stuff; The Beatles, Kinks, The Who, etc... Shortly thereafter, Punk, electronic stuff like Kraftwerk, Joy Division, Depeche Mode, and New Order. With all these experiences in tow, my fate was sealed when my father gambled away all our savings. My mother divorced him. Music and Art became my escape and my reel-to-reel my way of dealing with the pain. I became both an antenna and a transmitter of repressed emotions. In other words, I became an artist."

Claude S. / The Diary ***** Visit The Diary on MySpace! Add The Diary as a friend! myspace.com/thediaryisclaude

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