

## Mp3 Adam Pacione - From Stills To Motion



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Infraction Records is now streaming a vital strain of New Backwoods Ambient, this latest from deep in the heart of (Ft. Worth) Texas experimental, but harmonically-inclined, substantially audio-cratic. Deluxe mini-lp gatefold with 15 page color booklet. 12 MP3 Songs ELECTRONIC: Ambient, ELECTRONIC: Soundscapes Show all album songs: From Stills to Motion Songs Details: Adam Pacione (b.1971, Detroit), is a Fort Worth, Texas based sound artist who's work primarily falls within the Ambient / Drone genre. Initially a photographer and graphic designer, Pacione started creating compositions in 1996, but it was not until 1999 that he started concentrating more on his sound work. Pacione's releases include his debut album, SISYPHUS, released on the Washington state based experimental label, Elevator Bath, and a new full length, FROM STILLTS TO MOTION on Infraction Records. Slowly moving, this is heartland drone music. Peaceful, moving, vast landscape...it's a \*great\* album. - vital weekley ADAM PACIONE

From Stills To Motion (Infraction) An age of virtual audio saturation, of pre-articulated sound. Expressivity, once an array of possible voices, is ever more probabilized. Originality, once primary criterion, is cast from the platform, problematized. Wondering, late in modernitys day, what does it take to make a noise that matters? A keen-eared recontextualizer, an alchemist who can make sound, found or unfound, to walk its own way, outside the ready-made parade. Adam Pacione is one such - new recruit to a group of like-minded musicians, kindred-spirits Brian Grainger (Milieu), Mike Bennett (Zimiamvian Night), and Kiln, who have brought the ferment from their sound stills to the Infraction table. That label is now streaming a vital strain of New Backwoods Ambient, this latest from deep in the heart of (Ft. Worth) Texas experimental, but harmonically-inclined, apparently lo-tech, but substantially audio-cratic. Paciones distinction lies in drawing the vectors of several lines of musical enquiry into a trajectory which leads to a suggestive affective place. Witness how centrepiece track Sodium Lit, at outset a

water-treading body-double for Andrew Deutschs Loops over Land, is slowly re-cast, a sonorous line drawn from Enos process drift towards Tim Heckers glitch ice-sculptures via Stars of the Lids downhome dronezone. Its an illustration of how FSTM opens lacunae within itself, pulling the listener into its emergent sonic tableaux within which ones feelings find their own projections. Echoes of the enviro-drone clan, low-lying labels like and/OAR, Twenty Hertz - old familiars of Infracation, the silhouettes of whose kinfolk Keith Berry, Paul Bradley are heard remotely. From Stills to Motion is evocative titling too, signalling dynamic, as on Good Morning Mockingbird, a near-static suspension of amorphous wisps finding flow from folding in further loopstrata and subtle drone infusions, snapshot morphing to moving picture. Sonority, then, shifts From Stills, gently tugged To Motion, into a woozy wonderland. Pacione starts from base material, conventional instruments, mainly guitars, the odd analog synth and sample, but no tone is left unturned. Like a tenderized but still chewy analog to recent Kranky fuzz-blur harmonizations, his source-sounds quietly exult in altered states - compressed, granularized, weathered, distressed... in a word (Paciones) grexed. Grex comes from cross-breeding environment traits spun with the string-steel of source, further fleshing out, the familiar contour lent unfamiliar edge. A delicate and intricate weave results - a warp to the weft, dissonance offset by harmony, consonance subverted by pitch-bend. Basinski may have modelled the suggestivities of disintegration, mate Milieu pointed the emotive cach in sepia-stained sonorities, and Boards brothers the heart-swoop from modulating detune. Maybe a memory captured from The Caretakers Haunted Ballroom, whose dazed derangement of time-stretched timbres leaves traces on Pinhole Sunrise. No matter, for Pacione asserts proprietorship over these movements of liquid lilt that hum with out-tune. They come into being as if re-animated in slow melt from suspension, reaching Zenith, a 13-minute finale, which takes a twirl in tweaked timbre-land, then slowly lifts off, leaving hills, plains, and depths of earth, ending in ascent. (AL)

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