

## Mp3 Watine - Dermaphrodite



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A few months after the release of the album RANDOM MOODS, where Watine's voices meet the elite of the electro underground, she invites us to discover her very personal universe as a songwriter in this new album beautifully baptized DERMAPHRODITE. Watine 10 MP3 Songs POP: with Electronic Production, EASY LISTENING: Soft Rock Details: For my profile on myspace : [myspace.com/watine](http://myspace.com/watine) Official website : [watineprod.com](http://watineprod.com) DREAM POP FOLK ELECTRO ! Amazing ! Watine has produced artists within her own production studio, Catgang, for a few years, and today she has given us to share some parts of her life, of her reflexions on our daily life through her lyrics and melodies (Milk Shake, Like Those Films) but also her vision of our world (Im Afraid, Say Cest la Vie) and of our dreams of independance (Follow My Vision, Need I Go On). She is part of the ever extending family of French songwriters singing in English. These compositions on the piano are arranged with guitars and strings added by Bernard Becker ; Markus Dravs (who worked with Bjork, Brian Eno and Emilie Simon) has taken care of the additional programmation. One particular interests in the composition of theses songs is the work on voices, such as looking at a mirror where everything appears twice. She writes the lyrics, plays the melodies and sings. We may just let us go in her magical universe made of electronic sounds such as rain drops and waves RADIO FRANCE INTERNATIONAL REPORTING Watine, the enigmatic French rock chick Rock meets pop meets electro Paris - 22/05/2006 - With one foot in electro and the other firmly planted in the classical world, Catherine Watine is a musical oddity. Hailed as one of France's most original new talents, Watine has just released a debut album, Dermaphrodite: whimsical, worldly wise and strangely sincere. RFI Musique hooks up with this new 'grande dame' of rock'n'roll who looks set to follow in the footsteps of Marianne Faithfull, Nico and Kate Bush. "It's hard to classify your own music," Catherine Watine muses, sipping a cup of Earl Grey tea, "These days, you're more or less obliged to do so, but I'm not a big fan of

labels..." Understandably so, when you consider that this indie ash blonde with deep blue eyes has spent her life crossing musical divides. Watine is absolutely passionate about pop, but also driven by a love of rock guitars and Bach fugues oh, and she likes to flirt with electronica every now and then, too! How then to describe *Dermaphrodite*, her debut album released this year on the independent label Catgang?

Watine claims she has learnt to sum the album up in four short words: "Folk! Dream! Pop! Electro!" "But my PR guy goes round saying it's alternative rock," she laughs, recounting how "One day this journalist put another take on things, saying I was like a female Lou Reed. That's a great compliment if ever I heard one!" Catherine Watine who presents her face to the world with barely a trace of make-up is possessed of a natural elegance, the kind that comes with being a mature woman perfectly at ease with herself and those around her. Wearing flat shoes, non figure-hugging clothes, with not even the obligatory pair of rock chick shades to hide behind, Watine is a million miles from rock'n'roll cliches. "Being rock'n'roll is on the inside," she explains, "it's a state of mind where you allow yourself the possibility to experiment in life. Some people get into the bad habit of taking whatever life throws at them. Not me!" Watine's face lights up with a mischievous smile. "What's life for if you're not curious enough to get out there and experiment with stuff?" she demands. So being a rock chick means roaming the globe, coming into contact with other cultures and gaining insight into different mindsets, living each moment as a totally new experience?

Then, in that case, Watine certainly qualifies as a female rock icon like Marianne Faithfull, Nico, Kate Bush and Bjork, "women who dare to be exactly who they are!" Watine is more comfortable claiming allegiance to a certain musical 'family' rather than citing direct influences. And it is clear from the heartfelt tracks on *Dermaphrodite* that the family in question are those who sing straight from the guts, throwing feelings and emotions into their songs no holds barred. But while the lyrics on *Dermaphrodite* - inspired by "things I've experienced in life but not directly autobiographical," insists Watine - are powerful vectors of emotion, it is the music that touches that raw nerve. Watine's direct but enigmatic style of songwriting is an almost mystical process which she explains by saying she is "receptive to what might best be described as 'signs.' I tend to express whatever comes to me. I just open up and let it all flow through me, through my body, down my arms and my hands to the tips of my fingers - and then out it finally comes onto the piano keyboard!" Interestingly enough, Watine prefers to describe herself as a "mediator" rather than an "artist", substituting the word "instinct" for "inspiration." Moving her tea cup to one side for a moment, she fingers an imaginary keyboard, explaining how melodies come into her head unbidden,

followed by the words, those snatches of phrases that "just so obviously" fit the music. Writing in English also comes naturally to her, she says, even in a country where the airwaves are predominantly given over to music in French. "I can't help it," she says, "The music I write just has an Anglo ambience." An ambience which, we might add, is enhanced by the most delicate electronic arrangements, Dermaphrodite being a masterpiece of sweeping strings, subtly captivating layers and unexpected percussion noises designed to "reproduce the sounds of nature. "But have you stopped to listen to what lies behind all that?" asks Watine, evoking the long stretches of northern beaches fading into the horizon, the sound of the wind and the rain she loves so much, the distant clatter of boat masts knocking against one another in the harbour. And you can suddenly picture her, head held high, striding along a deserted shore, with a smile on her lips. As she makes her way along the beach, she bends down to pick up random pebbles and scraps of driftwood, scribbling in her notebook as she gathers these precious "signs" that will tingle their way down her fingers later in the day at her piano keyboard. "It's an extraordinary thing when you get into a state of heightened consciousness," she says dreamily, "when you're there in the moment, standing with your feet dug in the sand, totally plugged into nature and conscious of being part of the universe. Abandoning her Earl Grey, Watine digs deep in her pocket and offers up a couple of lines she scribbled down on a bit of paper while walking in the rain the other day. "Et je me suis assise pour mieux voir la force de la vie/ Me la mettre en memoire pour les jours engourdis." ("And I sat down to get a better look at the life force / To fix it in my mind for the numb days ahead.") A whimsical, but in fact, quite brilliant description, of the essence of rock'n'roll! Catherine Watine - Dermaphrodite (CATGANG) 2006

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