

Artist: **Kreidler** Title: **Mosaik 2014** Company: *italic*

1. Mosaik (06:15)
2. Zero (05:01)
3. Marauder (06:43)
4. Brass Cannon (04:25)
5. High Wichita (06:29)
6. European Grey (05:00)
7. Doom Boys (06:17)
8. Impressions D'Afrique (06:34)
9. Luminous Procureess (04:24)

"*Mosaik 2014* toys with the notion that putting oneself beyond time can be enlightening. Kreidler champion a kind of Godardian futurism in which the 20th and 22nd centuries merge. Science fiction and modernity: »Alphaville« was also a combination of these two principles, and Godard shot parts of his film at Orly. Indeed, that crystalline manifestation of the future, a labyrinth of glass, steel and marble, is the very same airport I had made my way through two days earlier, on my way to Berlin Schönefeld." (Max Dax, Dissonanz, day five)

The thrill behind every fantasy is the fear that it could actually come true, and become dangerous. My secret wish was that the new Kreidler album would merge the *harmonic richness* of the Eve Future albums with the directness of Kreidler *live onstage*. It's a picture, an abstraction, without the slightest clue of how it might sound.

**Mosaik 2014** – that's how it is meant to sound. Arrangements that feel right, without me being able to map them out because all of the lines are woven together so intricately, and because the album was recorded mainly in a week of live sessions. Above all, this record has more. More rhythm, drums, percussion. More keyboards, better yet synthesizers that are immediate and cannot be turned away, sounds that demand something and yet retain great mystery. More off-kilter loops and more electrical storms. But it is all there to serve the same purpose: to make this the best Kreidler Album of all Kreidler albums. There is a directness, and things come to the point while still leaving enough free space. There is longing, solace, fulfillment. In other words, big emotions.

**Mosaik 2014** – the record to put on before going out; the record to get you euphoric, in anticipation of things to come. Then in the club, a surprise, the DJ plays **Impressions d'Afrique**. This whistle is new. The dance, a fury of drums, is bathed in sweat. At 5 a.m. in the taxi: please turn it up a little, I know this track. It's **Mosaik**, that melancholy feeling after the party, the slight intoxication, memories of the glances and the contact on the dance floor, as if by chance. The rattling accompanies me through the staircase and to the door. The night is somewhat restless. **Luminous Procureess**. A séance. Tableaus are carried past. It is not really threatening, but unsettling nonetheless. WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME? *Les lettres du blanc... [...sur les bandes du vieux b/pillard]*. **Doom Boys** is evil, but not the overt, obvious kind of evil – this is not a Michael Moore record. It's about the cusp, the swell, the hidden, and forbidden, that which we do not know, but suspect, and the erotic. **Boroughs, Brus, Crowley, Cronenberg** – perhaps here we might agree on Kenneth Anger for fear and Lovecraft for love. **European Grey** and **Marauder** are the type of disco that got an entire continent swinging, from northern Italy via Marseille to West Germany. It is another idea of Europe, one which David Lynch would so much have liked to present to his American audiences. **Zero** – the set, gravity, tolerance. Griffith, von Sternberg, Morrow. Which culture was it again that founded algebra? And don't I finally have to mention André Breton? **Awaken – Brass Cannon**, the brass colliery that sounds the alarm and blows fanfares. *The Chase*. In hot pursuit through the streets of San Francisco, not by coincidence with the initials SF: Heinlein lights the fuse. Dystopia – there are so many independence days. Which ones should we forget about? Where should we start? And while we're here, only somewhat further south is **High Wichita**. It's not yacht rock, but it might be Los Angeles. I climb into the elevator from Venusia to Mercury Station.

**Mosaik 2014** – Music which ignores the 21st century. Music that simply glides from the 20th to the 22nd century. Music in the here and now. And for tomorrow.

<http://www.ikreidler.de>

<http://www.italic.de>

<http://www.myspace.com/kreidlerde>

(Ch. Burk, translated by James Alexander)