

- 01. intro
- 02. its got to be funky pt. 1
- 03. its got to be funky pt. 2
- 04. back to the basix / w. sheelahroc
- 05. transmission from deep south
- 06. selectaversion
- 07. take it from me / w sarah brown
- 08. start to move / w. michela carnevale

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- 09. i got something
- 10. round the bays pt.1 w daneja
- 11. round the bays pt.2 w stickyfingaz
- 12. ease on back
- 13. creation iration
- 14. lavinia's dub
- 15. a drive out east / w. charmed I
- 16. immortal lion

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#### A MESSAGE FROM NEW SOUNDLAND

In the place called New Soundland, everything is expressed in music, the language of the soul. Music fills your head with surreal yet familiar visions, newsoundlandscapes. There is no need to explain yourself, through quieting the tongue and learning the inner language we converse with all creation; bass speaks to the earth, the middle frequencies to the waters and the high frequencies to the heavens... when all three meet in harmonic union, the result is pure cognition... every phrase and passage of your thought is heard and understood... There is an overwhelming sense of knowing and being known, and anything you want to say can be expressed in a simple melodic koyen, encapsulated in a funky rhythm, saying little but speaking volumes...

Notes are your words, learn this new dialect, one that illumines wisdom more esoteric than that seen by the glaring light of language... Borrow my old soulmobile and take a drive out east, out to the peninsula, beyond silence, where thoughts roam free in the hills, then you will understand this new language... ease on back, get skunkafed, forget all else and explore the secret overgrown lanes of your psyche, fill your head with those silent treasures... Then no matter where you go you'll always be flying sky high...

We've arrived, a small empty bay far out on the Peninsula, beyond memory now, no school but an old brown school hall where filtered sunlight streams down through dust... Music from the back of the hall calls soft jazzy echoes into the rafters, notes like thoughts chase each other lazily through the sunlight. A solitary figure is hunched over a crackly old Rhodes, laying down some deep and thoughtful philosophy on those softly clunking keys... It is you, surrounded by groove antiques, an age from now, you are performer and audience, guru and disciple, and this is your solitary inner voyage...

You carry these discoveries back to your home in the urban infinity... You remember these lessons wherever you go... feet in the street, soul in the sky, gliding down endless streets like a natural born pimp, or staying home and travelling by couch, back to that place... You see your brothers and sisters wherever you go, and though you think you don't know them, you know them... Just a passing face, another street (another life) and you exchange knowing smiles... That's right, we've all got some freaky shit going in our heads, our own head music... So keep the funk...

Peace.  
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