



Books, art, movies, etc...

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VISIONS OF PARADISE



Lee 'Scratch' Perry is 80. DJ Mag got in early with the celebrations, backstage at London's 100 Club recently. The dub maestro was on the champagne, post-sold out show with an assortment of Upsetters (his band). Often credited with inventing dub and shaping reggae, Lee is an admiral pirate, his superhighway brain an express train to liberation. A freeformer in all the best ways, he plays with words, people, and as it turns out in this exclusive scoop, black magic, when he famously burnt down his Ark Studio in Jamaica in the fallout from working with Bob Marley. The studio burning thing repeated itself at the end of last year, in Switzerland, where he spends much of his time with his wife, who was reportedly 'mad' when an over-exuberant 'candle' ashed the place, leading him to request fans send him replacement sparkle for his mic, clothes and crowns. Over this month of his birthday, the shaman warrior is playing live across the country, accompanying screenings of the brilliant, sensitive Visions Of Paradise documentary by Volker Schaner, the film-maker who followed him around over 12 years...

I write song. You real thinking taking a copy? You wanna take a copy? This is trie, son, Lease Scratch Baby. I can't copy, I on da piece."
 So, the dangers in the world of copying, the evils are...
LSP: "Very long, that's the problem." Your rhymes include Cameron, Kardashian...
LSP: "Just to let you know: Dashian. Kardi. Dash and Dashidan. Do you know black magic?"
 Do I know black magic?
LSP: "Of course. She cut it. Then she dash again."
 Mmm...
LSP: "Then the black magic, yeah they all believe in the Aleister Crowley, that's why they are ill, and believe in E, Lu, You, Me, now and there, that's fucking Ouiji." So, did you do dark magic? Did you? Did you go through a phase?
LSP: "I never do black magic." But did you do it?
LSP: "I hate it."
 Did you do it though?
LSP: "I. Hate. Black magic. I am sent to kill black magic. That's my job, to stop it." Did you try it?
LSP: "I am anti-black magic. An anti-Aleister Crowley. I'm anti-Satan and anti-devil."
 But did you ever go through a phase...?
LSP: "Hah? I didn't like, I didn't like black magic and think that I was evil black magic block art. I did make a mistake. I make experiments. Don't know who to choose. And I will choose only one kinda way. I choose me."
 Mmmmm. I was just interested to know whether you'd ever...
LSP: "I don't have the chance to choose but to choose who choose that. I don't chance what to boo-hoo to boo-heh... I'd rather drink a champagne to the dance to the bare universal in the autoview or this is another interview, and this is not the internet."
 What do you think of the internet?
LSP: "I don't hate that because it is only conquerer. I loved it. I don't believe in black magic. And because I don't believe in black magic, that's why I make white magic."
 Absolutely...
LSP: "I don't believe in black magic. I make white logic."
 And... why not, to black magic?
LSP: "Ha?"
 Why not?
LSP: "I try black magic and I interfere, murder of the black arts studio. And then I burn down the Black Ark studio, and I burn out Bob Marley. I burn down Rita Marley. I burn down cocks and ouiji, jah love don't believe in black magic. You got it?"
www.visionofparadise.de



HIGH-RISE

High-Rise is a skyscraping party of lifestyle battered by brutalism. Based on the book by master sceptic of 20th century modernism, JG Ballard, director Ben Wheatly drags an impressive ensemble cast from the peaks of aspirational living, where the architect, Mr Royal (Jeremy Irons), finds his blueprints and penthouse garden replete with a Studio 54 horse, turning into a bloodbath in his lifestyle swimming pool.

Set in 1975, when power cuts were all the rage, the single mothers who inhabit the lower floors of the societal representation get the blame. "We must throw a better party than the poor people, with cocktail onions," declares Royal, and: "This is my party, I'll decide who I lobotomise."

With parcel-tape sleeves, rad Bowie paint make-up, sex tapes, white dogs covered in blood, it

shares the previously unparalleled dystopian intensity of Requiem For A Dream, and Pi — which is no surprise, as the music which accompanies the deprived anarchic parties held by Sienna Miller, and a George Best-esque filmmaker with a penchant for lying beneath glass tables, is by the same musician, Clint Mansell, who first made it big with the indie-dance band PWEI in the early '90s (their biggest hit was the irreverent 'Big Mac & Fries To Go').

DJ Mag had the pleasure of speaking with Clint in LA: "It was a different world back then when I was in the band, travelling internationally. I got to 33, moved to New York, met a guy making his own film, and like Kubrick who licensed classical, he wanted to do the same thing with electronic music, but it was too expensive, so we went from there — Pi first, then Requiem For A Dream... You have these chance encounters in life that shape it. With Ben, he came out here, to LA, and we had the rough score in five days.

"When a collaboration is successful, it takes you to places you never could have got to before. It was about peeling back the layers. Abba, back in the seventies, they were the ubiquitous records, the Carpenters and Abba — so having two versions of 'SOS' bookend the decline of the high-rise, from the pop avant-garde version through to Portishead's 'SOS', it bookmarks society. Ben's work is the throughline from Nic Roeg, Lindsay Anderson, Michael Powell, Alexander McKendrick. He makes films than need to be made. We need more of these." High-Rise is all a bit Berghain going baroque at the 11th hour, but the best film of the year so far...

WORDS WITHOUT MUSIC

Music, unless it's really bad, sounds better than any musicological interpretation. And what's surprising about Philip Glass — don of avant-garde pre-Richter composing (from the days when producers couldn't call up electronic orchestras, when they had to train in elitist academies such as Juilliard, or via mentors in Paris) is his writing is unrepresentative of the finesse of his trademark minimal repetitions. Yet from this book we learn about the process, the grit, his day-job

shifting furniture with Steve Reich, not making a living from music till he reached the grand old age of 41. Playing chess without a board when he was growing up. And the influence of jazz as much as abstract classical Schoenberg and Bartok, 12-tone structures, Ravi Shankar. It has you reaching for Spotify, to learn up from his lessons of life. When you buy into a musician's autobiography, you're buying into a legacy, and with Glass, of course, it's not about the after-parties, more about Samuel Beckett, Richard Serra and John Cage... it's esoteric, insightful and follows the days of the twentieth century when a halcyon path for artists in cities offered an ease in creativity which now seems impossible for people from his background.

