

## **FOUR TET**

**Everything Ecstatic Films + part 2**

**Domino Record Company Ltd. / 2006**

If you checked out the latest Four Tet album *Everything Ecstatic* last year, you may feel that you experienced all that Kieran Hebden had to communicate at that time. You probably listened to it quite a few times and then later you may have moved on to some other joints, maybe in some other gene pool of the sound spectrum. Whatever you did and while you were doing it, the album continued to evolve; it sprouted appendages and mucked its way out of primordial matter and has now become a DVD. Now this isn't some type of cheesy K-tel "Now That's What I Call Electronic Music!!!" type of compilation thought up by industry suits to wring some more dough out of your wallet; this also isn't just some gathering of hot music videos that have been played to death on one of those lame video channels. This is what happens when a group of ideas and emotions stick around to make sure that an impression is made, and that music—also along with the visuals in this case—can be more than just a transient experience.

*Everything Ecstatic Films* features a collection of movie shorts created by various visual artists, each taking his or her direction from the influence of the music. For me since I missed the original album, this was a chance to experience "Everything" in a unique way by hearing Four Tet's sounds coupled with the interpretations of others. The cool thing is that instead of letting remixers have at it, he commissioned filmmakers to do their thing. Snobby critics might scoff at the project's determination to continue and grow instead of disappearing quietly into the past; wine-drinking, black-wearing, pony tail-having high-art mofos might use big words to chide Mr. Hebden's enthusiasm for loving his work so much that he continues to... er... work on it. But who cares what other jackholes think, right? All that matters is the fact that the DVD really complements the music, and vice versa. The additional five tracks included in the package have their own identity; an extended version of "Turtle Turtle Up" actually harnesses chaos in the beginning and then paces itself through just over 16 minutes of marching drums and the funk of another universe. The rest is the exact reason why I love music so much, and that is because you listen and it affects you in such a way that you either dismiss it, or you embrace it. In my case I choose to embrace it and go back to the original album to experience it again—for the first time. Imagine that! *JW*