

SBS

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PAGE 41...and that's  
Andmate in the  
background. Or is  
it Jimmy Saville?

## THE BOY WITH THE CASSETTE IN HIS HEAD

Pop has eaten itself, digested itself, chewed the cud and now it's coming up in great big lumps of diced carrot. Mark Blacklock does an interview (of sorts) with Casetteboy

The time of the edit is upon us. From bootleg records to fan re-edits of blockbuster movies, the latest stage of popular culture's long-vaunted self-digestion is witnessing the growth of a DIY editing ethos, enabled by basic digital techniques.

Not only is pop eating itself, but it's vomiting itself back out in re-assembled chunks. But hey, recycling can't be bad, can it? Using the detritus of pop culture to produce a different version should be commended and probably rewarded with a Prince of Wales grant.

Casetteboy's winning formula – "Basically, we record famous people and make it sound like they're talking about sex and drugs" – probably rules out the charity angle. *DI And Dodi Do Die*, their single from 2000 which collaged audio concerning the death of Diana into a tasteless anti-tribute would almost certainly keep the Prince's Trust at arm's length. With *The Parker Tapes*, an epic seven years in the coming, Casetteboy have pieced together an album of intense, infinitely edited cut-up tracks which together produce an epic journey through savage celebrity slaughter, self-referential sample rifting and lush flows of collaged music.

In one of the first stand-out cuts, Jamie Oliver is laid out on the butcher's sonic slab. Casetteboy are ruthless, using a savagely timed sample of Oliver saying, "I don't have many good friends, ones you can trust," that is most devastating. I tell one of them, Si Boy, that this makes me feel sorry for him. "I feel sorry

for him that he cannot hold his spit within the confines of his mouth and he has a real bad set of lips like a chimpanzee's – though I may not be doing chimps any justice with that comment. He's a big bastard at the end of the day. He didn't threaten to sue us when he heard that cut-up thingy but he did say that he was gonna send Jamiroquai round to 'ave a werd' with us."

A 'werd' could be useful here. To put together tracks like these, Casetteboy have amassed a massive stash of sampled words including about 60 tapes or discs full of the word 'cassette'. "We have plans to make an online database for 'werds' starting with all of ours and hopefully growing it via peeps uploading their own 'werds' if they have something that ain't on there. This, of course, will never, ever happen. In fact, if you wanna have a go at it, I reckon it's a good idea. If you make any money from it would you buy me a new hard-drive and a packet of seeds?"

The hard-drive fund starts here. I put it to Si that this sort of humour has no place in music. His response is cryptic. "I'm reading an SAS survival book at the moment 'cos I thought that it'd be good stuff to know – you never know when you are going to be stuck on a rocky outcrop in a group of other rocky outcrops in the middle of the Arctic Circle. And, say you can see that there's some food or something on one of the other rocky outposts that you need to retrieve in order to stay alive. Now, obviously the water in the Arctic is far too cold to go swimming

in but, if you'd read this book I'm reading, you would know that, between the months of June and August, seal carcasses in the Arctic float. So you can just go around and club a few and make a raft. At all other times of the year, they sink like lead."

With this sort of Gnostic wisdom, you know it makes sense.

*The Parker Tapes* is out now on Barry's Bootlegs.



Si Boy, the bearded wonder himself. Our designer, perhaps fortuitously, has cut off the planes flying around his head attached to wires

'Casetteboy's winning formula is "Basically, we record famous people and make it sound like they're talking about sex and drugs."