



static films - force over distance

cat.no.INRI062

release date: October 7th, 2003

format: cd

- 01. force over distance .
- 02. panthalassa .
- 03. cave point park .
- 04. optimism rising .
- 05. phosphorescent aquatic life .
- 06. love .
- 07. just above sea level, just below sea level .
- 08. song for emily .

often tagged as young blood, **static films** have been following an inspired and impassioned evolutionary path for the past seven years; that is seven years tucked tightly into the respective belts of singer/songwriter **mark trecka** and arranger/multi-instrumentalist **douglas tesnow** as well as an ever-revolving cast of players from cellists to walkie-talkie players to ten-piece choirs. having walked the paths of experimental tone construction and noise-rock freak-out through fields of folk and sincere poetics, **static films** seem to be currently residing in a delicate location, cushioned on all sides by folk and soul, rock and blues, and an impassioned spirit that affords the most daring of methodologies.

seven years plus one record equals "**force over distance**," the debut full-length from **static films**. recorded at six different locations throughout three cities and over three years, "**force over distance**" somehow maintains a coherence and a unity that allows great albums to be more than just collections of songs. great variances in fidelity, energy and instrumentation, from the 11 plus minute guitar-and-voice opening track to the **robert wyatt**-leading-a-band-of-steet-musicians dirge-like "**cave point park**," "**force over distance**" is clearly a document of one particular period of time in the life of the collective creative mind behind it, and effectively brings along the elements of the many places visited in that time; the salt residue of the ocean brine, the red dust of the desert. there is a sense of faith in persistence and persistence of faith over great distances and emotional duress. it may well be the thesis statement of the record.

while holding a place among contemporaries such as **the microphones**, **bright eyes**, **devendra banhart**, **entrance** and others, **static films** harken to an older tradition of fusing rock and folk with soul and emotion in the ways of **tim buckley**, **robert wyatt**, **simon and garfunkle**, **the beach boys** or **van morrison**.

- Mark Trecka and Michael Anderson, JUN 2003

that for movement to pull below, to tug at my ankles away from the shore, it is movement that happens because of the moon, and somehow the distance will close in and hope will float as thin. god is an open hand on her chest and earth, soft movements that rise through her breast, it's movement we notice because we are lost - and someday the distance will grow and hope will wait as thin, when we'll meet again to discuss our plans for the house we'll have the next time we both end up on land. i will always tend to remember the sky as higher than oxygen blue and we slipped through the space between you and me and dreamt of green, like light reflecting from everywhere through everything, rocks providing paths to water it's always easy to tell who is with parents, they have scars on and don't look at moved. it is the most amazing feeling

the feeling is through green at the edge of something important, like the point where everything creates itself with your body kind up to the surface it's possible to see straight out of this life. can you feel it hanging? progress of ourselves, see the second coming, in their second's coming years and a holy love felt by all around it like that angel who knows all the words. down in a shadow, in a journal; don't climb, but upward, divide and roll out of darkness, through existence, and listen. listen. one morning, we should have stayed there, half-drowned, the stars be holding on for dear life, and instead of this uncertainty, we could be immersing our bodies in the sea, and the hope that gets pulled to the surface of the water

by the moon, your body so beautiful, makes me forget how ephemeral, and so i say i love you and so i say let's make a quest that when days of creating bones arrive we won't forget what once turned our time for someday we will be higher and oxygen and movement, both taking we have nerves and skin and fingertips, blood you saying, hearts for beating and lungs for inhaling, the medicals around me are explosive and divine, they expand and divide and they long to dance inside your shifting cells, your neurons fire sweetly as molecules curdle and molecules collide all to make you smile. in times of desperate pain, remember the song and that movement still the only as long as we let it, for we are called upon we are called upon we are called upon by sweet symphonies and the blessed son, open skies and falling light, sleep next to me.

for more information and press photos on STATIC FILMS, email: palefilms@aol.com

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