



KOMET CITY (CH - Genève)

Album: Digital Reggae Party Vol.1

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EPK : [irascible.ch/releases/komet-city/digital-reggae-party-vol-1/](https://irascible.ch/releases/komet-city/digital-reggae-party-vol-1/)

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It all began in a bedroom. My bedroom. Surrounded by numerous drum machines. I, Komet City, own dozens of them. One slightly drunken evening, in my own way, I started recording a melody welling from inside me. Inspired by Durutti Column's "For Belgian Friends". I dived in head first, I began. Without making head nor tail, without barriers. The project was born: I was going to make an album, and contrary to the saying, it would prove that the important thing is not only the journey ... but also the finish line! Around forty instrumental pieces served as a starting point. Crafted, tweaked, home made. With, as main inspirations, cold and digital reggae, Grace Jones and UB40, but also Laid Back and their Sunshine Reggae, or the obscure Frozen Explosion and their greasy and gooey cold dub. Digital Reggae. The emphasis on the 2nd and the 4th, Saturday dances at summer camps with with Ace of Base on loop!

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A blend of sounds that muddy the waters, swinging between Coltrane and nursery rhymes. From groove to romance, from "Exotica" and "easy listening" music to the chorus/flanger solo of my birth year. And always with those funny little drum machines, which allow my musical disequilibrium to stand up straight!

The journey was wild. First off, I picked and chose amongst this huge mass of residues. I then met up with BB Seaton, a major figure of reggae, from Studio One to the Brixton parties. Then, I invited Lee Scratch Perry for a freestyle in Geneva ... a freestyle during which his last recorded words were captured (RIP). And as always, I surrounded myself with numerous friends who, from a distance or from up close, played flutes and pianos, saxophones and violins, as well as – and of course- weird noises. I then asked Augustin von Arx, back from my Brazilian exile of the previous winter where internet was scarce, to prepare the stems, so that Androo, a majestic Genevan tinkerer, could dub, mix, and distort the tracks until they burst. Steered from the district of Botafogo in Rio, the process then went on to be completed in the hands of BB Seaton, who also laid the text "Chances" on one of my tracks. A simple poem. An ode to self-confidence, written by his eldest son, departed too soon. BB is still trembling, like in the heart of those Jamaican gospel songs that make our hearts shiver, layering his voice up to 7 times to create a choir. Finally, Errol Brown, who was in charge of mastering a certain Bob Marley, applied the final touch and mastered the record. A record which to me is like an adventure, a pirate ship, a personal quest. Somewhere between Bilbo the Hobbit and Zazie in the subway!

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