



THE BIG LOCKDOWN MUSIC SURVEY

GREATER
LONDON

CURATED BY





The Big Lockdown Music Survey

Funded with Arts Council England National Lottery Project funding, The Big Lockdown Music Survey is a snapshot in recorded music of a once-in-a-generation experience shared by the nation.

The Big Lockdown Music Survey tells the story of the first national lockdown introduced in England on 23 March 2020 from the perspective of music creators, through recorded music and sound, data and testimony. The survey is an account of exceptional personal circumstances, of emotions engendered by enforced isolation (or enforced community), but also of creativity, technical innovation, personal resilience, and originality.

Tracks have been selected and curated by six regional Gateway Partners comprised of cultural and music centres to create album-length selections of music; there are six music 'albums' in total representing music created all over England. NMC's Gateway Partner organisations are Psappha (North), Birmingham Record Company (Midlands), Spitalfields Music (Greater London), Stapleford Granary (East), October House Records (South East), and Bristol Beacon (South West).

Note from the Curator

This mix of seventeen works—some in full, others as excerpts—is a reflection of the isolation and frustration that we have all lived through over the past two years, and a celebration of the resilience of London's creative communities. Prior to covid, who could have imagined months without live performances, and our visceral and often painful need to be together and share in the joy of music-making?

This collection of different sound worlds, from established and emerging composers, proves that throughout this bewildering period, artistic creativity and collaboration have been bubbling away. Through humour and protest, we have faith normality will return and that London will once again be abuzz with sound and music.

Spitalfields Music

Please note that some tracks contain explicit language



GREATER LONDON tracklisting

I hope this finds you well

Bobby Barry

Bobby Barry *voice, electronics, synthesizer, field recordings*

Eawl-Leet

Colin Riley

Sunny Cho *cello*

Teatime! (Did you think I was here to make the tea?)

Rachel Beckles Willson

Rachel Beckles Willson *piano, saxophone, kitchen sounds*

Homecoming

Jovana Backovic

Jovana Backovic *piano*

Acalantida

Edward Nesbit & Thomas Hodgson

Michael Wood *countertenor*

intermission

Chelsea Becker

Yi-Hsuan Chen *flute*

Drake Gritton *oboe*

Rowan Jones *clarinet*

Guyllaine Eckersley *bassoon*

Zoë Tweed *horn*



Bach-Mugham Part III

Gunel Mirzayeva

Gunel Mirzayeva *piano*

FRESH FISH

Martin Lee Thomson

Martin Lee Thomson *euphonium, synthesizer, breakfast sounds, spoken word*

Daniella Price *tuba, voice, breakfast sounds*

Craig McDonald *french horn, voice, breakfast sounds, field recording*

Laura Jurd *cornet*

Adam Chinery *guitar, breakfast sounds*

Adrian Ortman *breakfast sounds, percussion, vibraphone*

Ian Sankey *spoken word*

Lost Engines

Colin Riley (Ellie Wilson Remix)

Melanie Pappenheim *voice*

Kate Halsall *piano*

Ellie Wilson *violin and electronics*

Nic Pendlebury *viola*

Houdini

Wolf Monkey

Simone Ayling-Moores & Alex Ayling-Moores *vocals, guitar, bass, keyboard, MIDI*

Clapped

Aurora Nishevci

Brian Smith *voice*

Angela Novy *piano*

Aidan Marsden *drums*

Giulia Lussoso *violin*



MOUNTAIN OF JOY

Maya Caskie

Maya Caskie *voice, guitar*

Evangeline Coplan *cello, double bass, backing vocals*

Instead of Points

Emma-Kate Matthews

Fidan Aghayeva-Edler *piano*

Mandje

Alice Barron

iyatraQuartet:

Alice Barron *violin, voice*

Richard Phillips *cello, voice*

George Sleightholme *clarinet, voice*

Will Roberts *percussion, voice*

Sharon Eckman *voice*

Aga Serugo-Lugo *voice*

Vimala Rowe *voice*

Siren Song/Half Written Love Letter

Colin Riley (S.A.A.R.A. Remix)

S.A.A.R.A. *bass, synthesizer, keyboard, sampled vocals, drums*

Curved Form (St Endellion)

Alex Groves

Electronics

Motors

Fintan O'Hare

Fintan O'Hare *motors with found objects including bells, ceramic pots, metal grills*

I hope this finds you well

I hope this finds you well.
I hope you're keeping well.
I hope you are doing well.
Hope this email finds you well.
Hope everything is alright with you.
I hope you are keeping well?
Hope you're hanging in there.
I hope you and yours are getting by ok.
Hope you're healthy and well.
I hope you are well all things considered.
Hope this email finds you well and that you and your colleagues are coping.
We hope you and yours are keeping safe and well in these exceptional times we are living through globally.
I hope you, your community, friends and family are staying safe during this unsettling time.
Hope you're good and keeping well with everything going on.
Hope you are doing well and adjusting to our new daily reality.
I hope you are doing well during this time.
I hope you are well in this somewhat trying time we are in at the moment.
I hope you are doing well in these special times.
I hope you are well in such testing circumstances.
Hope you're ok and staying inside in these testing times.
We hope this message finds you safe and in good health.
Hope you are safe.
I hope you are safe and well.
Hope you and yours are managing to keep safe and well.
I hope you are well and safe in such difficult times.
I hope you are keeping well during these difficult times.
Hope you are well with this messy situation.
Hope you are doing well in this crazy time.
Hope you are staying safe indoors at this crazy time.
Hope you're taking care amidst these wild times.
Hope you are keeping well and sane amidst the current chaos.
Hope you are keeping sane and safe amidst the chaos.
Hope all is well with you and that you are staying safe.
Hope you are well and managing ok in these very weird times.
Hope all is well during these strange times.
I hope this finds you well during these truly bizarre times.
Hope you are keeping healthy in this utterly mad time.
Hope you are good and staying safe.
Hope you are holding up well and staying healthy.
I hope that you are keeping safe and well in these challenging times.
I hope this finds you well and that you are doing ok at this stressful time.
I hope you are doing well amongst the craziness in the world right now.
I hope you are doing well in the midst of the trying times our world is immersed in right now.
Hope you are doing ok in these difficult times.

I hope you are well during these difficult times.
I hope that you are doing well and that everyone around you is healthy and safe.
Hope you are keeping safe.
Hope this finds you well during this chaotic time.
Hope you are well and managing to keep safe amidst all the chaos.
I hope you are continuing to stay safe and doing as well as you can during these difficult times.
I hope this message finds you well in this uncertain time.
I hope this email finds you well in these uncertain times.
I hope all is well with you and yours and that you are keeping safe in these strangely uncertain times.
We're all experiencing some turbulent times these days.
These are unprecedented and concerning times.
We are living in unprecedented times.
In these uncertain times, I wanted to reach out to you personally.
During these extraordinary times, our absolute priority is to ensure the health and safety of our customers and our colleagues.
Life has its ups and downs at the best of times, but today when the world feels more turbulent than ever.
We understand you might be unsure about your travel plans.
We hope you are keeping well and safe.
We hope you are well and staying safe in these sad and difficult times.
We wanted to keep you informed about the steps we are taking.
We wanted to write to you and let you know about all the things we are doing.
In light of the ongoing situation.
In this time of uncertainty.
Given the unfolding situation.
Due to the saddest circumstance ever.
In light of increasing concerns.
Your safety is our priority.
We wanted to let you know we are here to help and offer you practical support during this difficult time.
Following the guidance, it is with heavy hearts that we inform you.
To keep our users and all our staff safe and healthy, we've taken the decision.
As you know, it is a complicated time for everyone.
Everyone of our residents is important to us, you are important to us.
As everyone adjusts to this new normal.
Given developments in recent days.
We wanted to keep you informed about the steps we are taking to protect our clients, our team and our community in these unprecedented times.
Things might feel a little different this Easter weekend.
I wanted to write to you again to update you on the steps we are taking to make sure everyone has access.
We're still here for you, online or by phone, to help you get all the tech you need in these trying times.
Work smart in tech packed loungewear.
We hope you are doing well in these unsettling times.
Checking in with you for our living room to yours.
Our expert advice is still here for you by phone.
I hope this email finds you well.

Acalantida

Vox mea diversis variatur pulcra figuris;
Raucisonis numquam modulabor carmina rostris.
Spurca colore tamen sed non sum spreta canendo,
Sic non cesso canens fato terrente futuro.
Nam me bruma fugat sed mox aestate redibo.

Translation of Saint Aldhelm's Acalantida (trans. Nightingale) by Judy Nesbit:
My beautiful voice is varied with many different melodies.
I shall never sing my songs with a harsh-sounding beak.
Though my colour is dark I am admired for singing lightly.
So I shall not stop singing, though the future is frightening,
For winter may chase me away, but soon, in the summer, I shall return.

© Judy Nesbit

FRESH FISH

Martin: Hey
Fisherman: Hello there, would you like any fresh fish from Paul's Fisheries?
Martin: Ah, When do you come round usually?
Fisherman: We only get round here once every twelve weeks like because we've got that big of a round.
Fisherman: Can I give you one of them?
Fisherman: We've got a website now and it's on the bottom of there.
Martin: Is this everything that you've got there.
Fisherman: Yeah, we normally carry around that sort of stuff.
Fisherman: There's nothing you want to freeze or anything their today?
Martin: Ehh...
Fisherman: It's all lemon and fresh from last night and will keep in the fridge a couple of days or you can freeze it.
Martin: *Mumbles to self*
Fisherman: We do sell everything loose you know.
Martin: How much, how much is it kind of like if I was just to get one
Fisherman: It ranges between 8.40 a pound or 11.40 for the most expensive.
Fisherman: Once the fishmonger has finished across the road you're more than welcome to have look.
Martin: Is that alright?
Fisherman: Emm, He's got a couple of people to serve, he's going to be about 10 minutes and he'll ring the door bell and then you can come and take a look.
Martin: Oh Thank you, That's lovely, See you thanks!
Fisherman: No worries, see you!

© Martin Lee Thomson

Caller Herin'- Lady Nairne - 1766-1845

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New Drawn frae the Forth. frae the Forth.

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows, sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller Herrin'
New drawn frae the Forth. frae

Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
They're no brought here without brave darin'
Buy my caller herrin',
Haul'd through wind and rain.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may call them vulgar farin' -
Wives and mothers, maist despairin', maist despairin',
Ca' Them lives o'men.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in skills and laces,
Gather in their braw pellites,
Cast their heads and screw their faces,
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?

Caller herrin's no got lightlie:-
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie;
Spite o' tauntin, flauntin', flingin', tauntin, flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set ye a' a-singing has set ye a' a-singing
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? buy my caller herrin'?

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin'; wives, now tent my tellin';
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At as word be in yere dealin' -
Truth will stand when a'things failin', a'things failin',
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and haelsome farin',
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth? frae the Forth?

From the Scottish Fisheries Museum Archives - Anstruther, Fife.

Lost Engines

O who'll replace this old miner
And who will take my place below?
And who will follow the trepanner
O dear God when I go?

O who will wield my heavy pick
That I did wield for forty years?
And who will hew the black, black coal
Who dear God when I go?

O who will cry when the roof caves in?
When friends are dying all around?
And who will sing the miner's hymn?
Who dear God when I go?

For forty years I've loved the mine
For forty years I've worked down there.
Now who'll replace this old miner
When I've paid God my fare?

Mill, sweep, card, reap
Churn, hew, doff, brew

Levant Tin Mine (Cornwall)
Maunsall Forts (Thames Estuary)
Laboratory 1 (Orford Ness)
Bass Maltings (Sleaford)
Rhodydd Quarry (Tanygrisiau)
SS Castle Fan House (Eston Hills)
Magpie Mine (Sheldon)
Redcar Steel Works (Teeside)
Finnieston Crane (Glasgow)
Chatterley Whitfield Colliery (Staffordshire)

Words and melodies from our industrial heritage.

Houdini

Patience,
Prestige,
Comes to those who wait.

Fast paced,
Liar,
You only want the fate.

Such an artist of deception,
They'll never strap you down. Though your tricks are only mirrors, They'll never
take your crown.

New mask,
Taken,
From those who know their craft.

Egocentric, Piranha of the arts.

Houdini, who are you?
Houdini, where have you been? Houdini, who are you?
The lie will never succeed.

Such an artist of deception,
They'll never strap you down. Though your tricks are only mirrors, They'll never
take your crown.

© Alex and Simone Ayling-Moores

Clapped

We all clapped,
'Cause we all clapped,
And let blame for the situation run off the backs
Of the elected officials who weren't quick to react
On a global pandemic that was well on its way.
They did all they can, that's what they'll say
For our medical heroes,
Paid for and run by professional zeroes,
But let hero be the word we use to describe,
Then it seems more just that we're letting them die.
Quick to give praise,
Hesitant to give a raise.
They like to say we're all in this together,
But when the North needed aid the government said never
Till it affected those in the South.
Cover your face, shut your mouth.
From our yachts and stately homes,
You can sit and watch us lie while you're all alone.
I'm sick of celebrity Zoom song covers,
Pretend everything's okay, we're all sisters and brothers.
Lock the country down again, but leave it too late,
And give your PPE contracts to all your rich mates.
On the day before Christmas, the PM said to me,
You better stay home or face a hefty fucking fee.
Funny thing about fines is for the rich they don't exist.
A two hundred-pound charge for them is not a risk,
So they can do what they want with no fear of a fine,
While the poor stay indoors and wait for a sign
From a statement on TV telling us where we can and can't be
And which loved ones we're allowed or not to see,
But mix with your colleagues at your place of business,
So we can keep earning money off the back of this illness.
Thirty-seven billion pounds spent to track us and trace us
But the deaths drive up as they let it erase us,
So we all clapped,
'Cause we all clapped,
'Cause what it represents

© Brian Smith

Mountain of Joy

The day that I stopped being lonesome
All the door handles towered overhead,
And all tabletops were taped from end to end.

I remember frosted windows,
Big hand guiding me quietly in
To a little room with a little you.

He's so angry but I love you
And I can't reconcile the two.
But there's a landscape I could show you
Canyons burning and breathing in summer blue,
and swimmable oceans, and mountains of joy — let's go.

The day that you stopped being happy
I was out after dark with my friends,
Switching worlds in the shadow of the Thames.

We spoke about it some years after,
All the things you believe, those you don't
From the mouth of the smartest man we know.

He's so angry but I love you
And I can't reconcile the two.
But there's a landscape I could show you,
The valleys burning and breathing in summer blue
and swimmable oceans, mountain of joy
Stream of consciousness, beautiful noise -
Beautiful noise scaling up the walls of my family home.

When my friends have moved and married,
When I give up on another human hope,
And I've weathered on,
And I've weathered on.

Since the first day of January,
And the tiny peach that I first met,
Though it seems some's been wasted
I know some peace could come of us yet.
Swimmable oceans, mountains of joy -
Let's go.

© Maya Caskie

Mandje

Mandje, Mandje, Mandje.
Mandje, Mandje you I call,
Mandje, Mandje I am yours,
Mandje, Mandje you I call,
Mandje, Mandje I surrender.

Let me tell you a tale.
There was this fisherman.
Lived in a shack with his wife
and a lack of the basics.
(Not even a pot to piss in you could say.)

So there I was one day,
flicking my flounder tail,
in a calm sea.

And then a jab,
my mouth was hooked.

Oh fisherman, I cried,
You can't eat me,
I'm an enchanted princess,
and an evil spell,
well, you know the rest.

And I thought I'd seen the last of him,
but then he came back.

The sea turned to black.
Mandje, Mandje, Mandje.

And I thought,
lets see how far this goes.

© Alice Barron

Half Written Love Letter

I often imagine my parents came here
after hearing the sea of the British isles.
As if they put their ears to its shell
and the waves threw themselves tipsy
against conch, willing them to come over.

Then there were the things
we understood without words;

How sun in these parts is a slow swell,
the coastal path walks of Dundee,
graffiti hieroglyphics, damp shoes
against Sheffield cobbles and
the tastebud clench of a tart apple.

We learnt this country fiercely
my father felt its knuckles crush his jaw
my mother delivered its children
I have been kissed deeply by its tongue
it has licked Yorkshire on my vowels, left me
with the blushed cheeks of a first crush.
I am a half written love letter
it does not know where to send.

So when go home becomes
a neighbourhood war cry, we understand
we are not what you wanted, have been
clean written out of your folklores.
But we have built here, loved here, died here,
already carry the heartache of leaving.
When we go home we go back reeking of you.

© Selina Nwulu

GATEWAY PARTNER ORGANISATIONS

Psappha
North



Birmingham Record Co.
Midlands



Spitalfields Music
Greater London



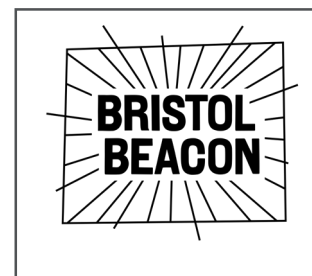
Stapleford Granary
East



October House Records
South East



Bristol Beacon
South West



DATA PARTNER ORGANISATION



PRiSM is the Centre for Practice & Research in Science & Music based at Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester. It is directed by composer, Emily Howard, mathematician, Marcus du Sautoy, and computer scientist David De Roure. Funded by Research England, PRiSM '...takes a lead in interdisciplinary and reflexive research between the creative arts and sciences, with a view to making a real contribution to society, to developing new digital technology, and to addressing fundamental questions about what it is to be human and creative today.'

Bofan Ma is a Manchester-based composer-performer and multi-disciplinary artist. Having recently completed a practice-led PhD in composition at the RNCM, he is currently the RNCM PRiSM Post-Doctoral Research Associate, working closely with RNCM Experimental / Exploratory Music Research Centre (EEMRC).

ABOUT NMC RECORDINGS



NMC is an award-winning new music charity dedicated to recording, releasing and promoting contemporary classical music by composers living and working in Britain and Ireland.

Founded in 1989, NMC has released 300+ recordings to date, featuring more than 600 leading artists and ensembles, and over 400 composers. Our recordings are available in 141 countries and, since 2012, have been downloaded or streamed 16 million times, and accounted for more than 45,000 physical CD sales.

NMC receives £40,000 in regular funding from Arts Council England as a contribution to core costs as a National Portfolio Organisation.

NMC Recordings is a charitable company (reg. no. 328052) established for the recording of contemporary music by the Holst Foundation; it is grateful for funding from Arts Council England and The Delius Trust.

FOR FURTHER DETAILS PLEASE CONTACT:

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ENGLAND**

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