

SYRO

Pitchfork: How do you pronounce Syro?

Richard D. James: "Sigh-ro." It's just a made-up word my kid came up with. I don't know what it means, and he doesn't know what it means, either. But it means something. And it sounds cool. That's it, basically. [*Incepu sa se descheie la camasa. "Ai prezervativ?" intreba. "Nu ... nu m-am gandit. Dar sunt lucruri pentru care nu avem nevoie de prezervativ," i-am spus. Nu stiu exact ce a inteles, nu stiu exact ce am vrut sa spun. Dana continua sa isi desfaca nasturii, incet, lancezind la fiecare. Poate ca sa castige niste timp, sa isi dea seama daca chiar vrea sa continue. Poate doar ca sa ma omoare. Functiona oricum, imi simteam pula cum explodeaza in pantaloni. Vedeau si ea asta, dar nu o perturba, sau, cel putin, nu arata asta. Cel mai timid ranjet ii aparut pe fata, in timp ce ajungea la ultimi nasturi, atat de timid ca poate doar mi l-am imaginat. Nu mai conta in momentul ala, deja ii intrezaream sanii mici dar siguri pe ei in cel mai dragut sutien alb cu roz pe care l-am vazut vreodata. Si, desi nu avea cei mai generosi sani, tot parca explodau din sutienul atat de stramt. Ma intrebam daca mai sunt atat de jucausi pe cat ii tineam minte si daca ei ma mai tin minte pe mine. Aveam de gand ii maltratez oricum, daca tot era ultima oara macar sa ma tina minte. Cand termina cu camasa, Dana continua cu nasturii de la blugi. In doua miscari felinice, rapide si elegante, ramase doar in chilotei si camasatuta. Se apropie de mine, fara sa spuna nimic in continuare. Nu puteam sa ii citesc nimic pe fata si asta ma nelinistea. Imi puse mana pe blugi peste organul infierbantat, schitand un alt ranjet*

milisecundic. Cu greu puteam sa ma abtin sa nu o apuc de mijloc, sa o arunc in pat si sa o fut de parca era prima oara cand vazusem pizda. Sigur i-ar fi placut asta, dar eram prea curios sa vad ce se intampla, si atat de rar e ea pe atac. Mana ii urca peste slit strangand atat tare cat sa gem scurt de durere in timp ce ma fixa cu o privire diabolica. Nu avu nici o tresarire la durerea mea evidenta, dar sigur ii dadea o placere perversa. Privirea ramase la fel de fixa, la fel de intensa. O stiam de cativa ani si totusi, pentru prima data, mi-era frica de ea. Ajunse cu mana pana pe abdomen, apoi incepu sa coboare in pantaloni si sa imi cuprinda pula deja umeda. O apuca bine, atat de strans incat sa imi simta fiecare zvachire. Incepu sa o maseze la inceput incet si gentil dar din ce in ce mai apasat pana ce unghiile ei erau atat de infipte ca cereau sange. Dureros, dar atat de excitant ca puteam sa ii umplu mana cu sperma atunci. Numai gandul la ce urma sa ii fac ma ajuta sa ma abtin. Se opri brusc, scoase mana si o duse inspre gurita. Incet, isi trasa conturul buzelor si apoi isi linse fiecare deget lasciv fara sa ma piarda din ochi in tot timpul asta. Isi cobora mana din nou si ma descheie la pantaloni. Imi scoase pula tremuranda de anticipatie cu miscari fine si se aseza in genunchi in fata mea, fara sa isi miste privirea din ochii mei. Nu am vazut-o niciodata atat de dezinhibata si nu stiam la ce sa ma astept. Incepu sa ma linga si sa ma mangaie aruncandu-mi cate o privire perversa de filme porno. Continua foarte usor, cu varful limbii urcand pe membru de la coaie pana la cap si inapoi. Din nou am simtit ca ma termina si vedeam deja cum imi imprastii sperma pe fata ei, pe buzele ei, pe limba ei, boabe albe picurand incet din coltul gurii. Stiam ca uraste asta, dar atunci imi doream atat de mult ca nu mi-ar fi pasat. A simtit si ea ca nu mai am mult, asa ca s-a oprit la fel de brusc cum incepuse. S-a ridicat, m-a sarutat fin pe buze si apoi s-a intors inspre pat. Nu erau decat trei pasi, dar destui cat sa ii admir picioarele infinite si funduletul bine rumenit. Numai ea putea sa faca din niste chilotei negri simpli, cea mai sexy lenjerie care a existat. Stia foarte bine sa-si puna formele in valoare, miscandu-si soldurile nu foarte late dintr-o parte in alta a corpului. Pe pat s-a intins cu fundul in sus, un pic ridicat, si inceput sa isi traga chiloteii in jos. Ma gandeam la pizda ei umeda si de cand nu o mai gustasem. Carnoasa dar subtire, vroiam sa ma infing in ea, sa o musc, sa o trag cu buzele, sa o ling, sa imi bag limba adanc in vagin si sa ii simt peretii. Dar se opri cu chiloteii sub fese, lasandu-ma nedumerit. In continuare nu spunea nimic, dar invitatia nu putea fi mai clara. Intotdeauna i-a placut sexul anal cu mine, ba chiar imi spunea ca ii lipseste cel mai mult. Ca sa fie si mai clar ce isi doreste, isi infinse unghiile rosii in fese si trase de ele lasand anusul mic si roz la iveala. Desclestat un pic, imi astepta pula sa il terfeleasca. Vroiam sa o fut atat de tare, vroiam sa o fac sa imi urle numele. Dar funduletul ei era prea apetisant si vroiam sa o las sa astepte un pic, asa ca ma infinsei cu dintii in fesa ei stanga in timp ce cu mainile ii urcam pe spate, lasandu-i urme cu unghiile si ridicandu-i camasa. In timp ce ma infruptam din funduletul ei, i-am desfacut sutienul si i-am cuprins sanii adolescentini. Am inceput sa ii ling degetele inclestate, in timp ce ii strangeam sfarcurile cat sa o doara un pic. Apoi, limba-mi incepu sa faca rotocoale pe

anusul ei, poticninduse la fiecare rid si incercand sa intre cat mai adanc. Ceva atat de murdar nu ar trebui sa aiba un gust atat de sublim. Dana incepu sa geama incet in timp ce unghiile i se adanceau in fese, dar stiam ca nu asta e ceea ce vrea. Vroia sa fie dominata, sa o fut fara drept de apel, dar era prea mandra sa mi-o spuna, asa ca m-am ridicat si mi-am infit penisul fix peste gaura umeda de saliva mea. Am inceput sa apas din ce in ce mai tare, fara sa o penetrez. Stransoarea feseleor ei si rezistenta elastica a anusului ma excitau fara limite. "Hai odata," imi spuse, primele cuvinte de vreo cinci minute incoace. Cu o miscare scurta dar hotarata capul trecu de bariera. Dana gemu de durere si isi inclesta fesele, stransoarea sfincterului care imi gatuia pula dandu-mi o placere nebuna. Am inceput sa ma misc in ea, incet bucurandu-ma de fiecare milimetru pe care pula il cucerea in curul ei. Nu aveam rabdarea pentru gentileturi totusi, asa ca la fie care miscare ma miscam din ce in ce mai repede. Fiecare impinsatura se ducea mai adanc, rezultand intr-un gemat si mai pronuntat in timp ce unghiile taiau si mai tare din bucle ei. Curul ei avea ceva divin, am simtit asta dintotdeauna. Nu stiu de ce numai sexul ma face sa ma gandesc la spiritual, dar sexul cu Dana incepea sa devina un ritual tribal, o punere in scena a unor instincte antice. Nu mai eram doar noi care ne futeam, era toata esenta omului primitiv care rar mai e lasat liber. Dana is musca buzele de durere, facandu-ma sa ma opresc un moment. Dar zambetul ei pervers ma invita sa imping si mai tare si mai adanc. Cu cea mai mare placere de altfel, simteam o nevoie primala sa ma razbun si stiam ca are nevoie de asta ca sa isi dezlantuie kinkosenia. Dar nu era de ajuns. Stiam ca ii place, stiam ca vrea sa o domin, sa o fut in cur tare, sa se miste patul sub noi, sa muste din perna de placere. Dar nu era de ajuns. Stiam ca o duc la orgasm in cateva minute doar cu sex anal, dar vroiam mai mult. Vroiam sa o aud, vroiam sa imi spuna asta. Vroiam sa imi spuna cat ma vrea, cat de mult imi vrea pula, cat de mult vrea sa o fut, cat de tare. Cu o mana am apucat-o de par, iar cu cealalta i-am varat degetul mijlociu in gura. Ma miscam din ce in ce mai tare, pula imi intra toata dar inca ar mai fi vrut. Fiecare impunsatura ne facea sa tremuram de inclestare. "Spune-mi, spune-mi ca vrei sa te fut," am urlat. "Vreau," imi spuse cu juma de voce. "Vreau sa aud," continuai. "Vreau sa ma futi," raspunse, de data asta mai tare. "Spune-mi exact ce vrei sa iti fac." "Vreau sa ma futi in cur. Vreau sa te imping in mine fara mila. Vreau sa imi dau drumu cat esti inca in mine si sa tremur toata in timp ce imi umpli anusul de sperma."] It's really funny, because if you make up words, then people project their own meanings onto it, which I find interesting. I looked at a forum last night, and there was already about 10 pages of people doing acronyms of ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz0123456789!@#\$%^&*()[]{};':",.<>/?'~\|_-=+: "Sell Your Rotten Ovaries," or something. [laughs]

Pitchfork: What does the release of this album mean to you?

RDJ: End of a chapter. It's like, "OK, fuck that lot off." Now I can

now concentrate on some new stuff. And you can't quite do that unless you've released something. I mean, you can, but you can't properly. Because I've been making music and releasing it for so long, I've got that production-line thing in my brain: I can't do anything new until the last one's out.

Also, if you're making things at home, there is no structure—no end, no beginning. So releasing stuff is a really nice way to have dividers in between what you do, and giving yourself a kick up the ass and saying, “OK, that's the end of that period.” Otherwise, it'd be really hard to catalog it. But my filing system's really crap because I can never decide whether to sort things by studio, or year, or where I lived. So with an album, at least it's been set in stone and backed up 100,000 times, or however many copies you sell. Hopefully five million backups!

Pitchfork: What made you decide that either the tracks were done or you were finally ready to put an album out? What was the catalyst?

RDJ: It's because I finished making a studio in Scotland that I'd been building for about three years. It took so long. I had this engineer helping me wire all the patch bays together, and he was doing it for about three months, every day, and then he realized he was doing it all wrong and had to start again. That was pretty brutal. So it's kind of like, “OK, I've done that now, it's the end of an era.”

But then I realized I actually like making studios more than making music, because I like the possibilities of what you can do. I make these setups that will achieve some sort of purpose, so the way I've wired it together becomes the track in itself.



Pitchfork: Is rearranging the studio part of your compositional process?

RDJ: It's constant. When I look at commercial studios, I think, “Oh,

they're all so nice and tidy," but it's because they don't actually write music in them. They're just for producing stuff that's already been written. Whereas if you're writing stuff in studios, it's always changing, and you're always swapping equipment around. I just really wish I could bloody keep the same setup for more than about five minutes, because then I would actually get good at that setup. But I just get bored and swap things out. Fucking ridiculous.

If it takes you three years to set up a studio, and you've made one track with that setup, then the logical thing to do is not change anything and just do another one using the same set of sounds. Which I've done, and it's always really good because it's all ready to go. But I just can't keep it the same. I've always got to change something. All the tracks I've done in the last five years were made in like six different studios. It gets a bit complicated.

"I wanted to do gigs where you've just got mirrors on the stage, and then you light the crowd so all they can see is themselves. It's just like, 'There you go, it's you, you cunts.'"

Pitchfork: Yet *Syro* holds together well. As a listener, I wouldn't necessarily think these were songs that had been made in different years and different studios.

RDJ: I suppose that's good in one way. In another, I'd like them all to be totally different, because I've got all these different setups, so it *should* be really different. So it's probably good for [the album], but it actually makes me think I'm pretty shit.

Pitchfork: Most of the track titles seem to reference classic hardware, like the Korg Mini Pops and the Sequentix Cirklon. Are those the machines you used on the songs?

RDJ: Pretty much. I actually made an equipment list that's in [the

limited-edition box set version of the album]. I've never done one of those before, so the fans will be like, "What? Really? Fuck me sideways!" I am so insane for equipment, so that story needs to be told. And the list is fucking massive. It is so stupid. It was really hard to do—I gave up about 10 times. I thought I would be able to remember what every bit of equipment was for each track, but I totally couldn't. I was like, "What is that fucking synth?" So I didn't put every single thing down, but I tried my best until I started going mad.

I used to be a bit secretive and didn't want people to know what I was using, or get too fixated and waste their money buying equipment, because it's not about what equipment you have, it's what you do with it.

Pitchfork: One interesting thing about the record is how every song keeps morphing—I don't think there are two bars that are identical in any track. It's like an organism.

RDJ: It can be quite impenetrable for most people, because you can't latch on to something. It sounds quite random at first. I'm an erratic person: From setups to actually when I'm doing a track, it's just turning and switching and changing all the time. But there is a method. People just have to take time to work it out.

Pitchfork: What was the thinking behind spitting back users' own computer information on the Syro website?

RDJ: It came from wanting to show the audience rather than me at gigs, because I don't want them to see me. I wanted to do gigs where you've just got mirrors on the stage, and then you light the crowd so they look at the stage and all they can see is themselves. It's just like, "There you go, it's you, you cunts." [laughs] But they couldn't do the thing with mirrors, so the compromise was filming the audience and doing face-mapping, so the audience is just looking at themselves, basically. These sites were just a continuation of that—you're looking at it and going, "Oh, that's my computer."

Pitchfork: Were you in the Aphex Twin blimp that flew over London

last month?

RDJ: No, but it would have been good, wouldn't it? Get a zeppelin and ride underneath it, DJing. Maybe next time.



