

# ELECTRIC MOON

A ROAD TRIP THROUGH EUROPE (WITH WILLIAM BLAKE).

"I'll sing to you this soft lute; and  
shew you all alive  
The world, when every particle of  
Dust breathes forth its joy."

For no reason, other than because we can, let's journey across Europe. We can take a train, but I prefer a camper van. I'll drive, you just kick up your feet and listen to the stereo.

The roads here are so difficult. Folk are angry, or just don't care. If we set off before dawn, we'll be on the far side of Sheffield before rush hour. No sweat. Black Box Recorder on the stereo.

Check out that sunrise, off to the left of the motorway. There's a mist rising off the fields: wisps of silver splitting the gold into beams. You watch it. I concentrate on the road. It's Immaterial on the stereo.

We'll be at Folkstone well before our train sets off. We'll be on it. I'd like to be near Rotterdam by eight. If we don't get that far, it's no biggy. That's why we'd take a camper van. Chopin on the stereo.





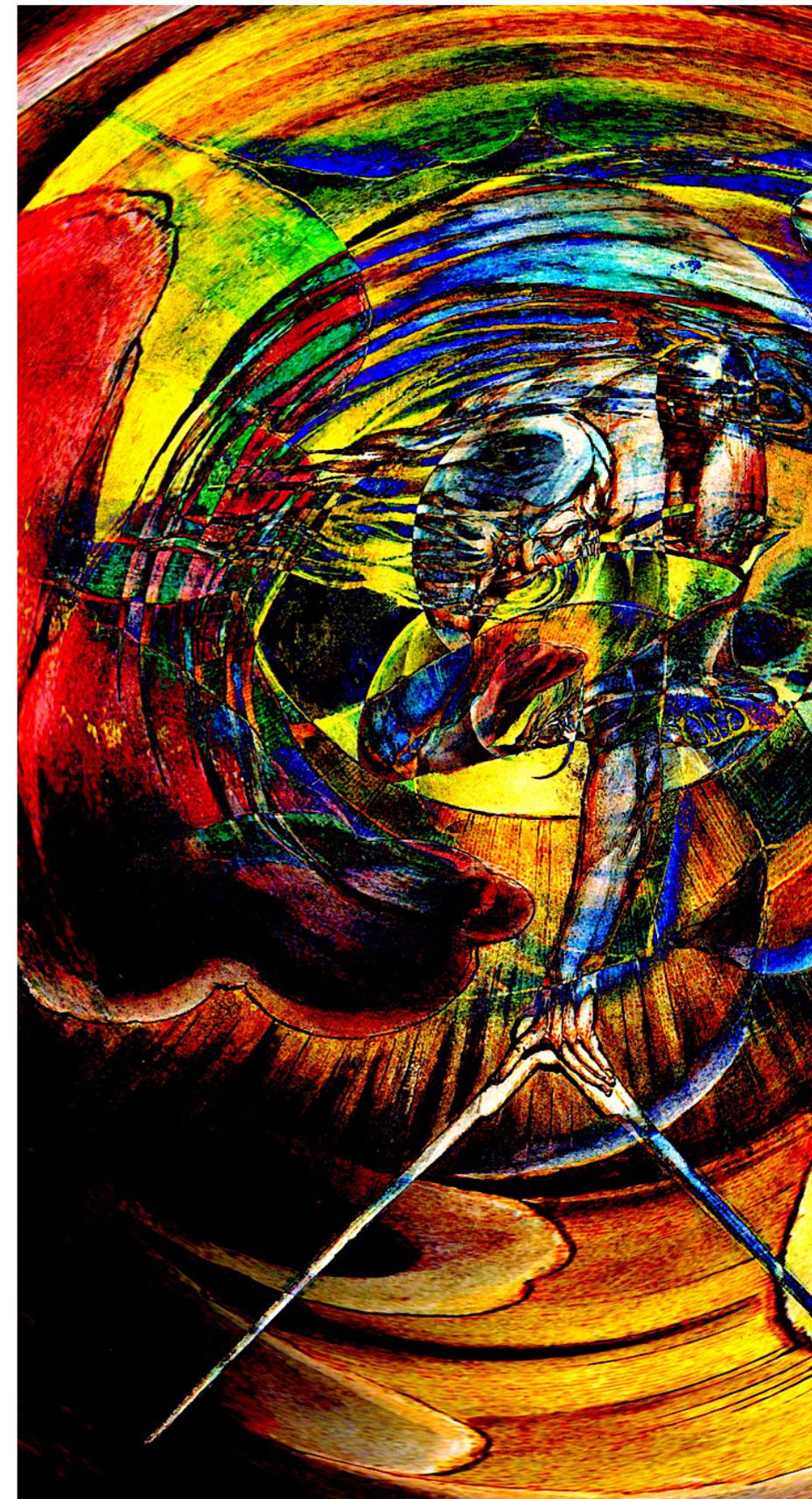
We can drive into the night. The early hours on motorways, stretching on into the dawn in other countries. No future, no past, just the road illuminated in front of us. Road signs change language, font, shape. The further we go, the more they change. The colour of the street lights change. We are in a new world. Was this a Roman road? Straight line through the fields suggests maybe. They don't just traverse space, but also time. The Transportation of History. The Genealogy of Journeys.

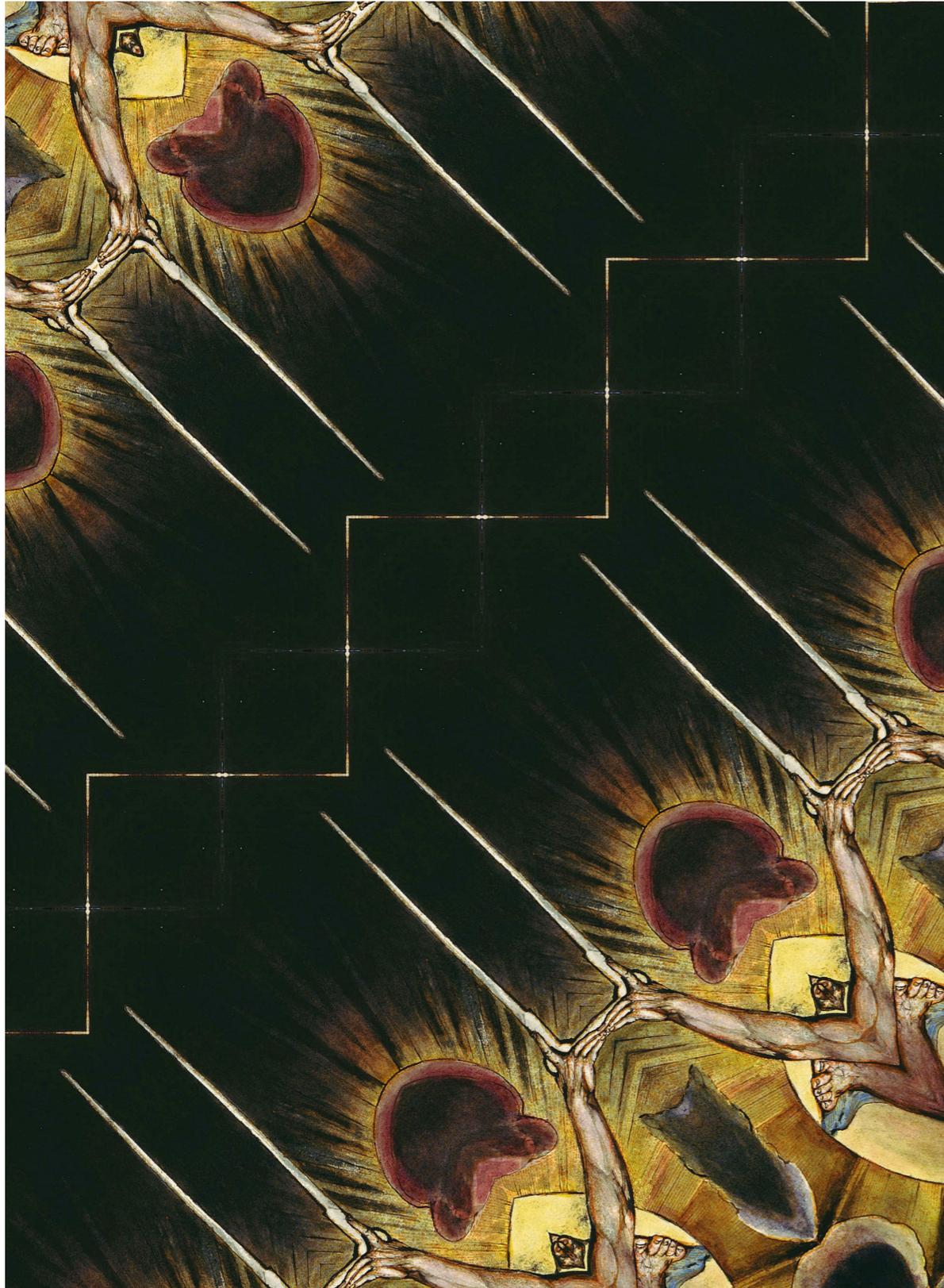
England, France, Belgium, The Netherlands, Germany. The Aire, Trent, Thames, English Channel, Rhine. My hand on the steering wheel gets pins and needles. My neck and back ache. My right leg goes dead on the accelerator. CAN on the stereo.

We could be back in the early 80s, when Europe meant a brutalist exoticism, lured in by synths and motorik beats, Conny Plank and that frontline aesthetic. John Foxx on the stereo.

We're heading to where Bowie resurrected himself, after his crucifixion on red peppers, milk and cocaine. Europe on its feet again. Split in two. Doppelganger Europe. Thomas Dolby on the stereo.

This Not America is an Autobahn, a Halleluhwah, a Hallogallo. It is starched shirts and black, pencil thin ties. It is staring over an industrial landscape and seeing a black flag. Roedelius on the stereo.





Motorway driving messes with your head. Constantly looking in your mirrors. What is behind you is your biggest threat. Is it inevitable sounds emerge from their landscapes? Would those repetitive beats have come from a place without motorways? Concrete and asphalt. The faster cars singing at you as they pass. A shower and the wipers back and forth. Europe After the Rain. Where will this all end? Will you still be there with me? Autumn is well behind us now. There is winter all around. Where we are heading there may be snow. We will have our camper van. Electric Moon on the stereo.

In 1794, William Blake first published Europe A Prophecy.