

Gunther Wüsthoff

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# GUNTHER WÜSTHOFF

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## Tracklisting

1. TransNeptun Anflug
2. TransNeptun Ankunft
3. TransNeptun Begrüßung
4. Dragon Walking
5. Alien Crosstalk
6. Just Seventeen
7. Symbol Red [merzwärts]

## Promotion

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Having completed his military service as a naval radio operator, Gunther Wüsthoff was in the midst of his German and fine art studies when he encountered Rudolf Sosna und Jean-Hervé Peron. It was May 1969 and each of them had a guitar so they decided to make music together. Polydor International headhunter Uwe Nettelbeck tracked them down on 23rd February 1971, prompting them to form the legendary krautrock band Faust with three other Hamburg musicians a few days later. Wüsthoff stayed with the band for five album and three tours through France and Great Britain before leaving in 1974.

In subsequent decades, Wüsthoff had various technical jobs at Studio Hamburg and Filmhaus Hamburg and also studied technical editing so he could work as a freelancer.

He continued to play music, introducing electronic instruments and computers into his work at an early stage. This collection spanning the years 1979-2007 offers a clear insight into how he consciously integrated these means of production into the recording process.

*I must have been four years old when my papa came in and laid an odd-shaped black case on the table. 'Take a look at this' he said as he opened it with his two thumbs. He lifted the lid and I was struck by an unfamiliar, weirdly fascinating smell. He removed a wool cloth which had been cut to fit snugly inside the case and for the first time in my life I saw a violin. He picked it up and plucked a few notes, turning the black pegs at the end of the neck. Then he took a stick with hairs out of the lid, tucked the violin under his chin and drew the stick across the strings. The notes sounded a little scratchy.*

*This was when I learned that the stick was called a bow and that wonderful smell was rosin.*

*'It's been a while since I last played'*



**Motto:** *Due to previous but also temporary excesses of mainstream consumption and the omnipresent, repetitive emissions of the western world's music industry, devoid of contours and as slick as possible, we are faced with an indissoluble weariness. A criterion for music one can listen to today is, for me, that an element of friction is present: temporally, metrically, rhythmically, tonally or harmonically.  
Or that somewhere, something is somehow imperfect.  
Only then can music be truly alive.*

*[Gunther Wüsthoff 2005]*

*Today I would add:  
Regardless of whether it is created by man or machine.*

*There is one problem, however:*

*If I tell a human artist that I'm not going to play the notated diminished seventh in the second quarter of the thirty-fourth bar, but a diminished second with a 37 millisecond delay, then that musician will think I'm loopy and will say 'I can only play it RIGHT' or 'I don't want to play it WRONG'.*

*This problem does not exist for machines.*

*That is why I have become a music machinist and a machinistic musician.*

*But I can still do the rest, without the aid of a safety net.*

*As a consequence, I have been drawn to aleatory music, handing over compositional control to the machines at times. Somewhere in the computer there has to be a register of samples or a list of MIDI commands. The machine can "think up" the parameters quite easily itself. You absolutely have to relinquish any expectations of virtuosity. A good sketch invariably says more than an elaborate oil painting which has taken eons to complete. The transitory nature of life, that's what it's all about in the end.*