

# Left Behind 1

Selected works from the private archive of R-art.

What is the future of **books**?  
What is the future of **Art**?

Why do **people** ask these completely retarded questions?  
R-art **designs**.

And what is 'Our Ethos of Design'?

Have no **purpose**.

Steal it **all**.

Copy **nothing**.

Revere **your** 'Tutors in Absentia'.

Play.

Pray.

Warts 'n all.

**Clean** it up when you have to.

**Get** angry.

This is how we keep our path **pure**. This is how, in whatever field we enter, our design stands out from the rest.

Our **advice**?

Don't do your **growing** up in public.

Forget your insular ways.

Pay attention to **science**.

Throw away the instruction manuals.

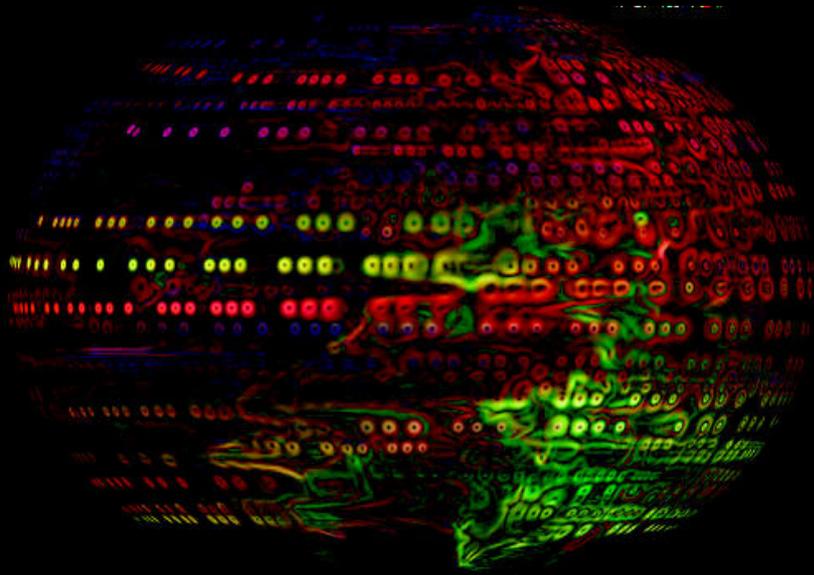
**Work** for free.

Do all of your growing up in **public**.





*Portrait of Marchant Etrian*



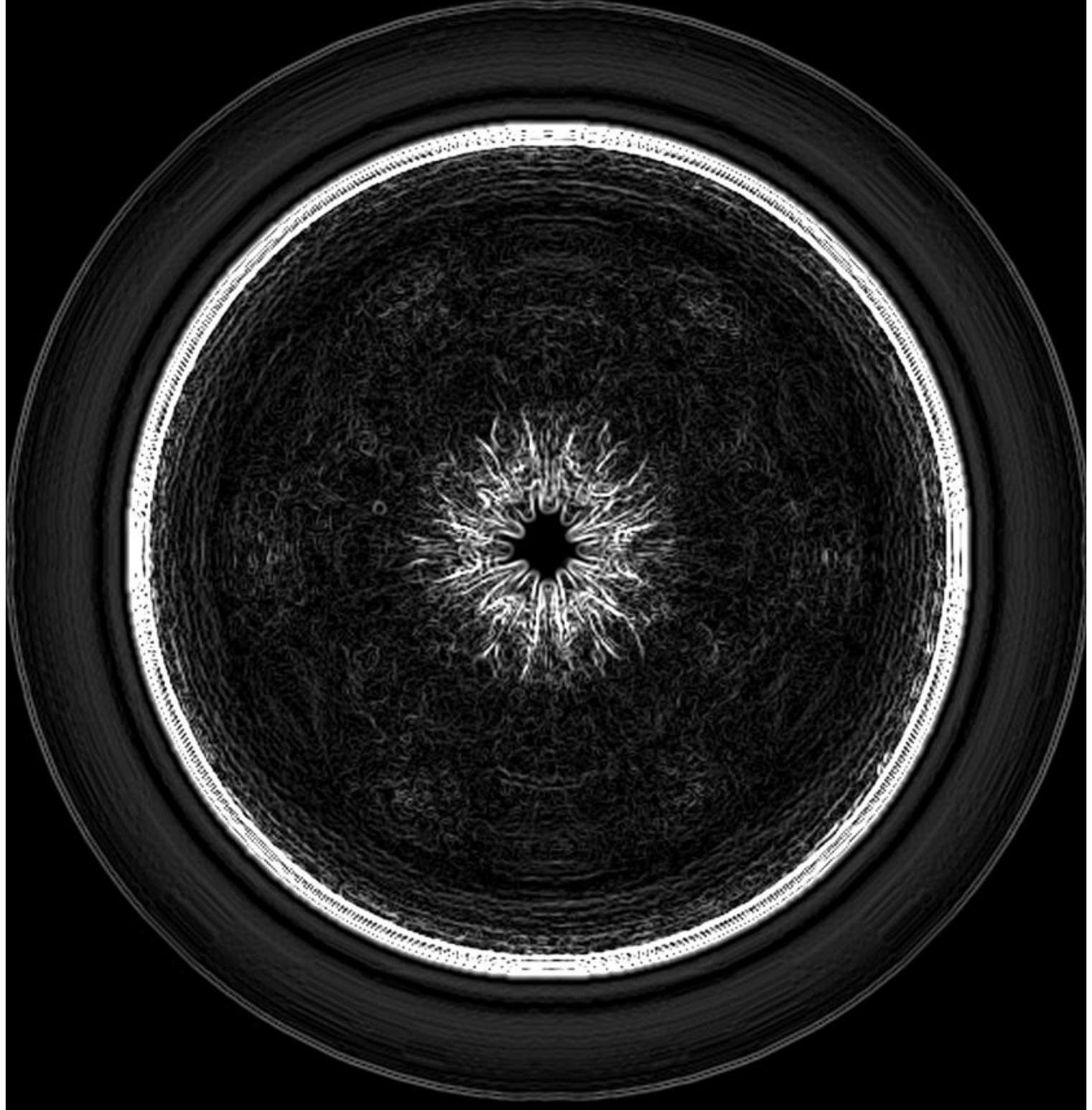
Approach the World Wide Web.

Work for Beautyon LP 'Ring Stingers'

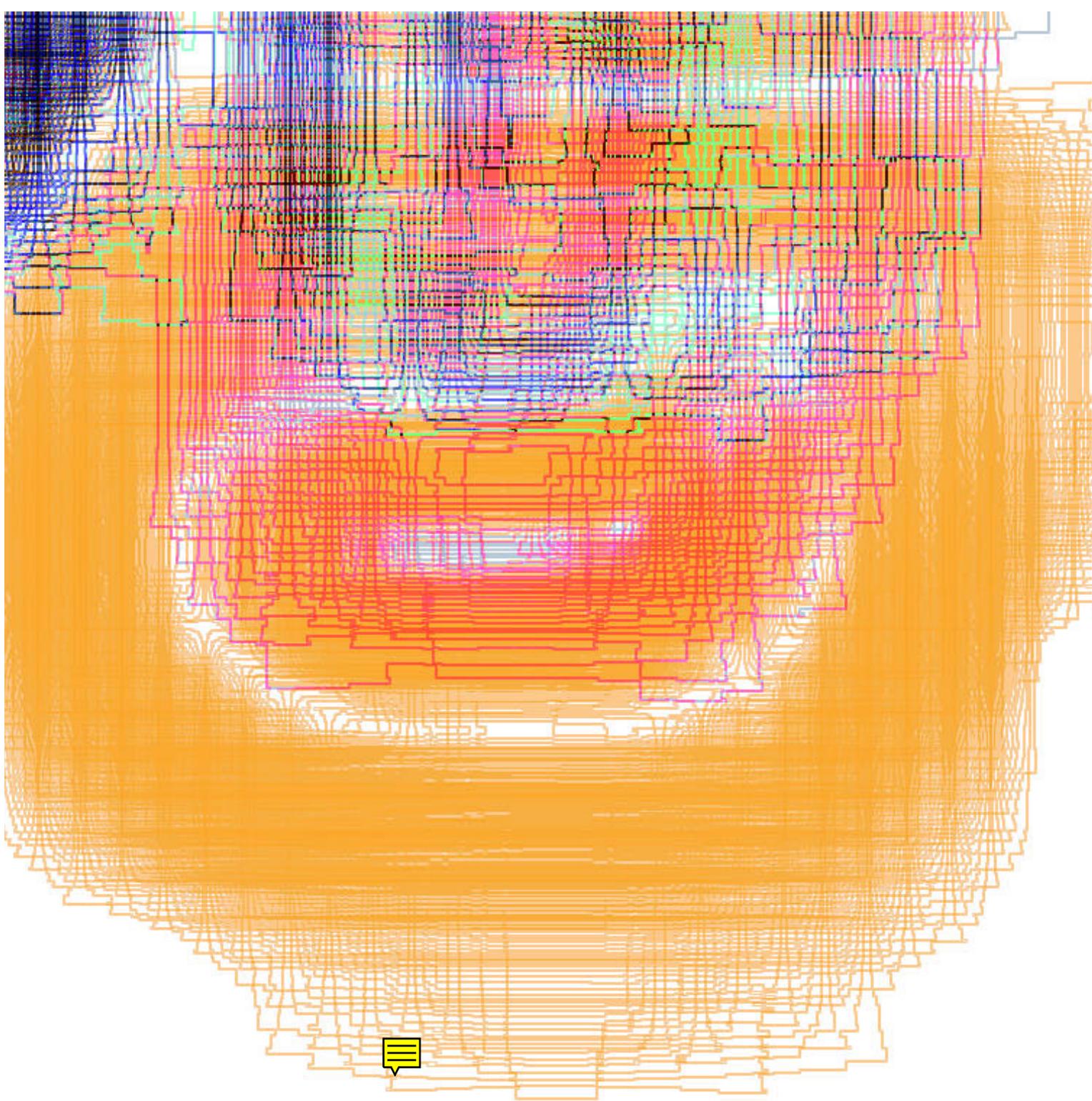
SPRING  
2014

As the distinction between Noise Music and what's popular becomes blurred, the search for higher ground brings *Beautyon* into an enviable position. Never before has it been so easy to construct sounds that, whilst remaining outside the realms of 'normal listening' are capable of finding friendly ears. Its all to do with the modern strains of earwax. The earwax of the first era of pop music was markedly different to the earwax of the '*Drum Machine Generation*'. The old earwax was viscous, smelly, useless; it blocked out all but the traditional tones and rhythms, so that the generation of the '*electrified blues guitar*' was capable of responding only to the narrow frequency range of that dark age of popular music. There were, as there always are, *Mutant Musicians* who, by nature, created and adored the so called 'harsh', 'brutal' 'inhuman', 'mechanical', 'soulless' 'anti-music'. These Mutants were born out of phase by 90 degrees with respect to the azimuth of their generation, and as such were only listened to favorably by their professors and close friends. Today what was once 'anti-music' is now music. The thirst for ever new soundscapes is insatiable. The old is appreciated but no longer revered to the detriment of the sound of the living generation. Cotton buds.





*Grapefruit or asshole?*



# email R-art

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