

HURLTLING THROUGH

Liner Notes, Lyrics, Photos & Interview



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Songs written by Hollie Fullbrook, except for the words for *Tread Softly*, from the W.B. Yeats poem 'Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven', and *Wandering Aengus*, the words from the W.B. Yeats poem *The Song of Wandering Aengus* and the chords owing credit to the Christy Moore version of this song.

Tracks 1 & 4 recorded in late October, 2013. Tracks 2,3,5,6 & 7 recorded in late October, 2014.

Produced by Hollie Fullbrook, Hamish Kilgour & Gary Olson.

Engineered & Mixed by Gary Olson at Marlborough Farms, Brooklyn, NY.

Mastered by Chris Chetland at Kog.

Cover photo by Hollie.

Layout by Luke Jarvis.

All songs performed by -

Hollie Fullbrook - acoustic & electric guitars, vocals, cello, organ, dulcimer

Hamish Kilgour - drums, percussion, windchimes, jews harp, harmonica, shakers, guiro, tambourine, tabla, hand drums, spoon

With additional playing by -

Turn Around - Danny Tunick upright bass / Greg Vegas saxophone

Song of the Wandering Aengus - Danny Tunick upright bass / Gary Olson space echo

King's County - Danny Tunick vibraphone

Thank you - Hamish, Gary, Danny, Greg, Cass, Alex, Rob, Tom, Sarah, Chris, Bella Union, Spunk & Flying Nun, Mum & Dad & family & friends.

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i. Tread Softly

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

ii. Hurtling Through

Give over your guns,
Let me in won't you?
I'd break the door down
to get across to you,

You're hurtling through this dark space.

There's talk of the country
and the fresh air colour.
Everyone laughs so easy
in the high summer.

You're hurtling through this dark space.

You doubt I'm your friend -
say it's not too late.
I'm here, I'm hanging on -
I recognise your gate -

You're hurtling through this dark space.

I want to be a hard hitter,
Whatever changed with a soft blow?
Come on, just leave that mirror,
Come down to the show.

Baby in the background,
from a bach on the East Coast.
You always hit hard and fast,
you always hit close.

You're hurtling through this dark space.

I don't want to lay me down,
bad news fires me up.
I could go and raise this town,
I haven't had enough.

You're hurtling through this dark space,
You're hurtling through this dark space,
You're hurtling through this bright space.

iii. Turn Around

See the water softly run
and overcome the stone.
Breaking every border down
with softness alone.

How do words of kindness
change an armoured heart?
Appealing to the very child needing
kindness from the start.

Turn around,
Stop holding on,
We're better than we used to be.

How does all your history
play out to empty hands?
Stories worn like braille
push through until you understand.

Turn around,
Stop holding on,
We're better than we used to be.

Let the darkness bring to light
the things that need to change.
The moon's cross and the sun's flight
must move to rearrange.

iv. Little Did I Know

I thought I'd let you go,
I thought I'd let you go,
I thought a lot, little did I know.

I thought time was like a line,
Not round in circles like the trees grow.
I thought a lot, little did I know.

I thought love was something I could hold,
Preserve and swallow later, like a trinket made
of gold. I thought a lot, little did I know.

Some things petrify in my mind,
Some things in my mind petrify me.

I thought we were running to a place,
And we'd get there if we'd just keep going.
I thought a lot, little was I knowing.

I thought I'd let you go,
I thought I'd let you go,
I thought a lot, little did I know.

v. Wandering Aengus

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.

vi. Public Menace

We were walking to a gig Hamish had in Brooklyn one night. It had just rained & the streets were empty. Hamish found a silver spoon on the foot-path & proceeded to hit every available surface of pavement, fences and metal doors as we walked along. I captured it on my phone. We had recorded the song 'King's County' that day, and weirdly enough, we suddenly stumbled upon the 'King's County Bar'.

vii. King's County

On a plane from Reykjavik,
High above the Atlantic,
No real films or music.
I'm an empty fallen rider broken in
A full arena of tacky tape and silver,
Expelling me from there,

And I'm wishing the clouds apart,
I'm wishing the clouds apart,
Wishing the clouds apart.

I'm heading down to King's County,
First thing in the morning,
To where we polished apples,
Walked in the early winter,
And you know I'll be home soon,
Beyond the clouds unending,
Home before the weekend,
To the South Pacific.

I'm wishing the clouds apart,
I'm wishing the clouds apart,
I'm wishing the clouds apart.

I went to the poetic,
My dull being to find there,
To shatter and awake me,
From every fruitless vision.
I always called you from a cloud,
You wrote to me from windows,
I was climbing my way out.

I'm wishing the clouds apart,
I'm wishing the clouds apart,
I'm wishing the clouds apart.



Hurling Through is the most recent release from songwriter Hollie Fullbrook of Auckland based band Tiny Ruins. The EP was recorded and produced in collaboration with US-based Hamish Kilgour, of The Clean. The two first met in New York City in the late fall of 2013, where they spent a week performing a number of shows together. On the final day of Fullbrook's stay in New York, they recorded two songs in a basement studio with engineer & producer Gary Olson. A year later, Fullbrook was back in New York after a long stint of touring, and the pair recorded an additional four tracks, again with Olson. The result is a seven-track EP of folk-based songs. The record includes two W.B. Yeats poems set to music, as well as a field recording of a late-night Brooklyn walk - with percussionist Kilgour taking a silver spoon to the railings and lamp-posts of the borough. The tracks feature Fullbrook on acoustic and electric guitars, her distinctive vocals captured in a raw & natural form. Kilgour contributes on drums and an eclectic array of percussion, with guest appearances from Greg Vegas on saxophone, and Danny Tunick on bass and vibraphone.



[Interview with Hollie, as featured on the Flying Out website.](#)

How did the idea of recording with Hamish come about?

Two years ago, I was booked to play in New York for the first time, and I was lucky enough to have Hamish spontaneously join me on drums. He'd seen me play a couple of years prior in Sydney, and had added his name to my mailing list. I was heading over to play CMJ on my own, not being able to afford to take Cass & Alex with me at the time. I got in contact with Hamish, who was based in New York, to see if he could be my rhythm back-up - to face what I felt might be very talkative crowds, it being CMJ and all. Hamish was just happy to get out and play, even if it was less 'Clean-esque' and more 'minor key mope folk bag' as he fondly refers to it. He appeared outside the venue, Planos, with a big cloth bag full of percussion on his back. Having exchanged barely a

word, we got on stage and played our first show. It was quite surreal - I had no idea what Hamish was going to do. We hadn't rehearsed or discussed the set-list, and each song was sort of this fresh unknown that we felt our way through. So I guess it went from there. We did four or five gigs that week, each time getting to know the other's way of playing a little better - and by the end, we sort of thought we should definitely try to record this.

Where did you record it and what was the process?

Over one of our post-show taco or kebab rituals, Hamish told me about a producer he knew, Gary Olson, who had a basement studio in his house, a few blocks from Prospect Park. He'd played with Hamish in the Mad Scene & had recorded with him over the years. We turned up at Gary's studio early on my final day in New York, with some loaves of bread & some apples. I marveled at the studio and all this wonderful old gear that filled it. We got to work on two songs - a W.B. Yeats poem I'd recently set to music ('Tread Softly'), and an outtake from *Brightly Painted One* that hadn't really fit, called 'Little Did I Know'. We felt like we were on a roll by evening, but I had to fly out the next day. Hamish & I sat on those two songs for a year, talking of them often and wondering how we'd continue the process.

It wasn't until almost exactly one year later that I was back in New York for a few days, at the end of a long stint of touring with Cass & Alex. On a couple of days off, I met up with Hamish again, and we revisited Gary. One night, after the day's recording, we played a show together in Brooklyn, and on our way to the venue Hamish picked up a silver spoon from the pavement and started hitting every surface in sight...I managed to record half the 'spoon walk' on my phone, so that makes it onto the EP too.

The EP is similar to my previous work in that it was recorded in a somewhat *ad hoc* way - laying down the bedrock of guitar, vocals & drums live, and then adding what we felt was needed later, which was mostly done by Gary & Hamish after I'd flown home. Hamish took the tracks under his wing and enlisted friends Danny Tunick, a vibes player, and Greg Vegas, a sax player, to add some magic & character to each song. Hamish worked on washes of percussion & was an inventive force throughout - at one stage he went and nabbed Gary's wind chimes from out the front of the house to add to the mix. When I'd returned home to New Zealand, I recorded some cello parts and the odd backing vocal, which Gary wove into the mixes.



Last year you spent most of the year abroad – was this EP influenced by that at all (lyrics/words seem to refer to travel quite a bit)

The second round of recording, especially, was after a good seven months on the road. I had so many scraps of lyrics and guitar parts, but they were all scrambled and unfinished. I'd been immersed in the logistics of touring with a band - with a feeling creeping up on me that I needed to have an outlet for all the stuff lurking beneath. The creative mind is often at odds with the ordered mind, and I'd been neglecting the former. A couple of songs were quickly jotted down on a flight from Reykjavik, one in the hotel room the night before I met up with Hamish & Gary again, and even on the subway on the way to the studio...they fell together really quickly once I gave in to the fact it was happening that day. There was no time for editing, or for double-guessing myself. I really owe Hamish big time for cajoling me to record at that very moment, when in many ways I was in a sort of zombie state. I remember arriving at the studio with a half-finished song in my head, and saying "just give me 10 minutes to finish the chorus on this one..."



What other lyrics/words did you use and why?

Well, I'd put this W.B. Yeats poem '*Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven*' to music for a film, and Hamish & I played it at one of the shows. With little new material of my own prepared for the first session with Gary, we decided to give it a couple of takes, and we were really pleased with the feel of it. I later gave Hamish a book of Yeats' poems as a thank-you, so when we got to record again one year later, it seemed fitting to play '*Wandering Aengus*' - a song I'd played since I was in my teens. I was a fan of Christy Moore as a kid, & it's his version of the Yeats poem '*The Song of Wandering Aengus*' that I drew from.

But it's funny, the Yeats poems filtered into the other tracks somehow, too...in '*King's County*', which was the last song to be written and recorded, I refer to my reliance on Yeats for inspiration at a time when I was too exhausted to create much of my own: '*I went to the poetic / my dull being to find there / to shatter and awake me / from every fruitless vision*'.

How is this EP different to the previous album?

Working with Hamish definitely brought different elements to the sound, brought different things out of me, but it's hard to know in what way - maybe that's for the listener to decide. Lyrics written on the fly & recorded with more ragged energy, maybe. Usually I let songs grow & I workshop them live over time, before laying them down, but here they were tracked having been freshly written. Like all the recording I've done, it feels very personal. To use an image from one of the tracks, songs are sort of



petrified thoughts, and so it's a continuation and expansion of what's come before. Hamish made the EP what it is, really. He got me there, and then pushed the songs to greater places with his vision, and that kind of driving push The Clean are known for.



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