

keijo **blue hum** ntamo

blue hum

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**I really** didn't know Keijo or his music but quickly got his contact to release something on my label....Finnish artists are different... Keijo's music sounds warm and exotic. Every note and word seem to be the last he will play and sing... It's like acid blues; it seems that he is playing in a tropical paradise, or in a strange bar in the middle of the desert. Unique and different artist.

**Aritza Landaluze / Makrame Records (Spain)**

**Keijo's** music drifts in his own idiosyncratic private world of pastoral enchantment with hints of universal meditative freedom transcending East West South North in rainbows of psychedelic avant-folk fading in out of focus against a backdrop of deep acid blue(s). His sounds resonate deep into one's mind and body. Experiencing these positive forces it's obvious this is one of the guys who 'knows'.

**Bart De Paepe / Sloow Tapes (Belgium)**

**The first** Keijo I heard came to me as part of a trade with the Lal Lal Lal label back in the early zeros. I was instantly transfixed - and it became one of my favourite records of that year. It was at once so very simple and powerful at the same time. It had an otherworldly quality but was somehow utterly earthbound, something of the quality of landscape in dreams, these are places you know intimately despite never seeing them with waking eyes. I still think this record should be reissued on vinyl one day.

Such was the impact of this album on me that I felt compelled to write to Keijo to see if he had any more music that he might want to trade. He was very generous in his correspondence and I quickly came to consider him a friend despite us only communicating via machines and never in person.

One day I asked him if he would release something on PseudoArcana and so the double CDR 'Unfolding Emptiness' / 'Decomposing Dawn and Dew' album came about. This was to be the first of many. Keijo has released 5 albums with me now as well as some compilation appearances.

It has been very interesting to listen to his music evolve over the years. At first when I heard that he had moved away from the beautiful lush electronics and throatsinging formula of those early albums I heard I thought I would not perhaps be as interested in his work. But the opposite was true and I have found his songwriting and his primal blues work to be perhaps even more soulful and emotionally rich as the more ambient pieces.

I thank Keijo for the wonderful experiences he has given me over the last decade.

**Antony Milton / PseudoArcana (New Zealand)**

**For me** Keijo is definitely the most important influence and role model in making music. The endless stream of ideas, tireless working for them, dedication and a ferocious ethic of work has put me to reflect also my own situations and made me to realize "why not to close the internet for a while and try something by myself".

It's great and fierce to be involved in the creative process with Keijo. Often, on other occasions I play with an other band for a couple of hours, trying to learn something of structures and accents to some stuff, with intention to play the songs correctly, when recording them, and on stage. Rambling Boys and other assemblies with Keijo operate with a different logic. Each session brings at hand fresh multi-track material, new lyrics mixed with old and new riffs. After a few hours of playing things start to happen: There will be a moment when the RB's youth department will begin to weaken and for a brief second I feel, I should already start packing up. But it is just then, when Keijo is starting to sound wide open, ideas flowing, and Rambling Boys begin to really Ramble! The music starts to live its own life and the paths of notes will no longer be attached to one's personal efforts or skills to do the "right" or the "wrong". I understand the old blues and traditional music in general are doing basically the same thing. The music is not being played back by musicians with repeating certain fixed notes or sounds, but the playing has brought about a common social space here and now.

I remember when I first heard Keijo playing guitar at a Free Players' gig. From the very first sound I heard that this is something truly unique. Initially, during the early sessions in which I was involved, I did not hear much singing. But I was often talking with Keijo about American folk and blues singers, and little by little Keijo began to sing the blues improvisations among the traditional texts, also especially Woody Guthrie, and even more of his own new and old texts. We started to focus from the vast, limitless ocean of free improvisation more to the drives and vibes of The Boogie. The moment we played for the first time "Pastures of Plenty" was magical. Nobody had any idea of how the song should chime in, and so we just let it go and flow. Keijo's singing felt as if coming from another timeless dimension, and bringing the text just into this moment with a very personal feel. From this Rambling Boys and the Journey has started to go on, going on and on.

**Jukka Nousiainen / No Home, Rambling Boys, Räjätäjät (Finland)**

**After all**, blues is very regressive music. The form of blues has stayed the same for the hundred years it has been around, and for new blues recordings and young musicians it's only something to be proud of when they sound "authentic" - which means faithful repetition of familiar elements both in music and the words they sing. The difference between acoustic and electric is only in aesthetics. The spirit is the same.

On the other hand, in blues there is always a certain forward motion. Many are the stories of singer's desire for travel, either because of inner longing or some external force. One must roam, even to the extent that traveling becomes the core of being. If it happens that your shoes are worn out, or your future doesn't seem to get any brighter except for the approaching headlight of a freight train, or if everybody else has stepped away from your side, blues won't stay looking backwards, remembering the good ole days. If even the moving on isn't meaningful anymore, one's whole existence won't be either. Maybe this is the aim of the blues: it is longing for a state of being, where there is no past and no future anymore.

For me Keijo's blues is very close to this aim. What is often defined in his music as "psychedelic" or sometimes, more seldom, as "spiritual", is only a sign for the fact that one is close to the state, when one doesn't have to travel towards the aimless. One can just be and enjoy in the tenderness of the blue devils - melancholy, sadness, yearning. Repetition and randomness in Keijo's music are natural elements, not forced effects.

In his lyrics Keijo is still making his journey. The lyrical I has an ongoing craving to get out of this place, this moment, this company, this time... However, the wistful urge for longing is bright and hopeful. Only rarely Keijo is desperate in his writings. On the contrary, there is always that open road to wander, alone or in company. The blue hum of Keijo is purifying: it is easy to enjoy in your purgatory, when you know the road is open ahead of you: "But if you could have a look into my inside, / You would have found the blue still bright."

Mikael Luova / Luovaja (Finland)



## SIGNATURE LICK

These songs appear small, because they are small - they are nothing more than pieces of The Songs which they are coming from. They refer to where they came from, and why they have come. Every time a song is performed, it is born in a given situation and in the minds of the listeners and of the artist, who gives the audability. A song is filling the place and the space. So it can become huge. Each song is a version - which does not mean a copy, but a variant, a derivative, of a larger one, from where the songs come. Shades of blue, shades and echoes refer to the big blue. I paraphrase a song: "If you ask where I'm coming from, I'll say I don't know, and when you ask where I'm going to, you'll see that along on the road." And when I look across the road, where it can take, I see something blue. And I cannot get that view off of my mind. It's like a flavor or a taste in the memory. It makes me to look for it, to get there, where to get some of it, there where its producer is, or rather, where that maker is going. On the road. The recordings and songs printed as text or as notes are a paradox, as they involve a presentation and a method expressed as a solid unity. And, correspondingly, the recordings repeated on media platforms really "merely" repeat them, unchanged, with the exception of the wear of material and machines. But in reality, in their real nature, the songs are anything but not solid, they are maps, navigation and route markings, and instructions, so that the songs can be tracked, not replicated. Today, similarly, when also books are printed on demand and order, depending on how they are needed, the ideal solution would be that each book would be different from any other. Marked, signed, by the maker and performer, by some, or more, or all, of them.

keijo

[liner notes compiled by Juri Joensuu]

the hum / songs



Woke up this morning,  
The wind was blowing hard.  
I'd got the feeling it's tearing my life apart.

It was cold, no bird was heard.  
I didn't have nobody to tell how I was hurt.

I came to town, I was still alone.  
I saw a train was coming, I could hear a big horn blow.

I jumped the train, but I had no place to go.  
I really knew: I was a long way from home.  
I really knew: I had a long way to go.

Hard work, it's hard work  
That pays well, they say,  
But why's it not the case  
On my payday?

I start early, stay at the wheel till late,  
But it's all the same, it's all in vain.  
Hard work pays well, they say.  
But it's not the same every day.

I load the truck, got to get underway,  
Look at the clock, and with some luck  
I'll drive all day.

It's hard work, hard work  
That pays well, so they say.  
But why's it not the same  
In my case?

I leave in time, gather speed.  
Deep in my mind I'd rather sleep.  
Hard work pays well,  
Some still believe,  
But it's a dream  
I've never seen.

Waiting for the train,  
Used to come this way.  
I know it will be coming,  
'Cause it took my babe away.

I'm short of money,  
Not short of time.  
I know how to get it  
And I make it all right.

I look to the South,  
I look to the West,  
I'm rambling all around,  
But I'm doing my best.

Cold blows the wind,  
Dark falls the night,  
But I've got the ticket,  
I can go for the ride.

I take a ride on the train,  
I take a ride on the train,  
Then I'll be gone  
And won't be back the same way.

Look here, people, listen to me:  
I've been round here, now I can see  
It's a business town, this is a business town.  
I've got the business city blues,  
I'm gonna spread around the news.

I went to a big warehouse,  
Walked up the stairs.  
A guard came running:  
We don't need no singer here,  
This is a business town, this is a business town.  
I've got the business city blues,  
I'm gonna spread around the news.

Big boss men,  
Sure they know how  
Not to pay for work,  
But should that make us bow?  
It's a business town, this is a business town.  
I've got the business city blues,  
I'm gonna spread around the news.

Thirty cents an hour,  
That will make my day:  
I'm gonna quit.  
I'm gonna leave anyway  
This business town, this is a business town.  
I've got the business city blues,  
I'm gonna spread around the news.

When I was a young boy,  
I didn't know what to do.  
But soon I learned  
I got to move,  
I got to move all the time.

Now I'm not so young anymore  
But I know what to do:  
I got to move,  
I got to move all the time,  
I got to move all my life,  
I got to move,  
I got the blues all my life.



The reason I sing this song  
Is I don't want to be lost and gone.

I can't stand to be mistreated,  
So I got to stay on my own.

Can you tell me how it is  
When all you hear is blue?

I can tell you how it is so sweet  
To sit down and have nothing to do.

It is just like a long, long time ago,  
A long, long time ago, like every day now.

Like every day now,  
Every day, fading away.

IF YOU ONCE  
HAPPEN TO FIT  
A VESSEL  
FULL OF THE  
RIGHT KIND  
OF REAL  
BLUE  
HOW &  
WHERE  
TO  
USE  
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NEVER CAN BE EMPTIED



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