

On Tolerance Manoeuvre's *In Memory*,  
by Ioanna Nissiriou, Producer for Mtv Greece

If the role of music is to transport the listener to places actual or imaginary, provide access to real memories that have been overgrown with the foliage of time or fictional ones, where you find yourself aching for the loss of the one you haven't yet found, to feelings of elation or downright doom, then Tolerance Manoeuvre's first album is a prime example of all that makes music akin to human experience.

A trio of artists whose outlets of expression have never been confined to just one form, Arnold, Stokes and Woolfenden seem to be well equipped to suggest the surest way straight to the listener's core. We each have our own manner of experiencing art, so for me this is what happens when I listen to the album. I feel being thrown down the rabbit hole of creation with Rapids, twirling helpless through the force of primal experiences from a time before words. For a minute. And then I am left in the calm vastness of the sea. Alone. I feel I have to grow legs and learn how to walk. Whether I'm ready or not, it's time to live.

I must have listened to Through Me Again a hundred times when I was working on the video. For me it has always been about memory, time and space. How we get trapped in the lost moments, hopelessly replaying them over and over again in our heads until they're worn and faded. I think its place on the album signifies the opening up to feelings, to others, to pain. I hope you can excuse my susceptibility to linearity, I tend to make stories out of everything.

So in the same vein, The Old Door is unsettling to me. Its theatricality could be said references The Carny of Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds and I can't tell which one is more sinister. But to return to the story making, it's like someone trying to fit into a normality that doesn't suit him. There is insanity bred underneath. It's about the unfortunate souls who think they can conform. It's about playing a role and knowing that you're kidding yourself. To be honest, this is mostly down to Stokes' vocal interpretation. He brings out a despair that pricks the skin and goes straight to the marrow.

And then 4 am kicks in, which I used to know in its previous incarnation, when it probably didn't even have a name. Back then it was about dreams. Now it's more about the special kind of loneliness one feels next to the person they hoped could quench it. By now Stokes' voice is beaten and broken, that of a man hanging by a thread. There is profound loneliness in this song.

Prelude & Interlude follow, as the space for coming to terms with the limitations of human relationships and offers a more optimistic outlook once that realization has been achieved. Perhaps towards the end, courtesy of the vocals, it even verges on the unfittingly cheery.

Finally, In Memory is about finding happiness in the small things, without grandiose ups and magnificent downs. Better for art to supply those. Lucky for me, I can count on bands like Tolerance Manoeuvre for that.