

# FATEA

**Artist:** Ken Elkinson  
**Album:** Music For Commuting  
**Label:** August Son  
**Tracks:** 60  
**Website:**<http://www.kenelkinson.com>

Sometimes when you're on the train, bus, underground whatever there's the person stood next to you, sat opposite you, whatever, with their headphones on. These aren't the annoying ones with the iTouch whacked up to silly levels giving you the hiss, but none of the pleasure, these are the ones that look like they're in a world of their own, not in the same crowded, flustered reality that you're in.

That's the great thing about music, it can take you to places and more importantly take you away from places without you having to pack anything except the box to play it on.

Ken Elkinson's "Music For Commuting" isn't something that I would have considered buying if I'd have just seen it in a shop. Six volumes spread over three cds in this case, but I believe you can get a half dozen cd set, relaxed, community art type sleeves, volumed for every day of the week and one for the weekend.

The albums are a series of instrumentals, well soundscapes really, pretty much all in the three to four and a half minute range and, being honest, they really didn't grip me. Nothing wrong with the musicianship, arrangements etc, but maybe a bit new age for my taste.

Then I had to do a short stint of commuting so I find myself thinking, 'why not'. So mp3 player in pocket I initially find myself on the underground watching the Metro readers and then suddenly I find myself not. I've drifted into my own little pocket of space with the world going on around me.

I find the rat race falling away with only the subconscious picking up the names of the stations going by. The world is in my head and the rest too distant to worry about except for the wry smile when I get to work.

I love the thing music can do for you. Most of the time I'm listening to the words and the tunes wanting to interact and relate, but occasionally, just occasionally, I want the music to take me away from it all and it's on times like that that I find myself in "Music For Commuting" whether there's a train there or not.

- Neil King