

LAWN DOGS



HUNNIA RECORDS

THE NEW POETRY OF THE FALLEN TESTAMENT

## LAWN DOGS

Guitar - **Vincent Szabó**

Piano and Keyboards - **Zoltán Cséry**

Bass guitar - **Kristof Szabó**

Drums - **Szabolcs Varga**

We would like to thank

everybody who supported us and had faith in us.

Special thanks to Bölcső Bar & Food for letting us take the photos, and for the great beer too!

We want to break out of the caul. It seems almost impossible. We are surrounded by rules, restrictions, visible and invisible obstacles. We're looking around. Our fellow human beings have built into the machinery and even become so, now they are the machinery. We prayed to a good God. The answer is try the official church channels. Net is censored and the real sages are dead. You can still find two traces here and there that time has not yet won to erase, but nothing can be proven anymore. The invisible execution squad is doing a really good and thorough job.

And then the music sounds. You hear it from inside. From the depths of your soul, from your heart. And you, just feeling an irrational urge, take the instrument in your hand and play. You play off what was lurking there for a long time, and you heard this determined silence that had almost been roaring!

At this moment, the question arises automatically. What is this, where does this feeling and inner compulsion come from? When and why was it created, what motivates and inspires it? Does it exist in an independent universe, and when do we cross a border once it's there inside of us? Is it germinating, rooting, well, is it making its way? Or a tiny but indispensable part of the existence and law of the world?



## Biography and 3 small stories

Keyboards–Zoltán Cséry (pianist, composer) graduated from the Richter János Conservatory in Győr with a degree in solfeggio and composition, and then graduated from the Kőbánya Music Studio with a degree in jazz piano. He played with László Dés, for seven years in Ganxsta Zolee and Kartel, in the Lőrinc Barabás Quartet. To this day, he has been an active participant in Random Trip, Pilvaker, has worked in the band of Joci Pápai for five years. He is a founding member of the Special Providence, currently also a prominent member of the Patché, founded with Petra Pákai, as well as his name is associated with Songs For Your Soul, a minimalist piano project.

"Growing up in the Kőbánya Music Studio was a wonderful feeling, it was a" blacksmith's workshop "for light music. I almost couldn't believe it when I was accepted. It was wonderful to learn from people like Jenő Esze, Gyula Babos, Egon Póka and many more ...And of course at the beginning and at the end of the year those barbecue events in the yard with conversations and jamming until dawn will remain eternal memories. I belonged to a real big family at that time.

... I'm grateful for that! "

"I will never forget when I organized the first composer's night of my life at the Budapest Jazz Club. It was a strange feeling to experience for the first time when people come because of your music. Maybe I wasn't as excited in my life as I was then, not necessarily because of playing the piano. Of course it ended up in a wonderful evening. "

"Perhaps the most valuable things are when a fellow musician becomes a real friend. Touring bus laughs, deciphering big 'things', sometimes experiencing happiness or sadness. If you can count the number of real friends with one hand, that's enough ... Thanks God, I get two hands on this ... I'm grateful for that! "

### **Career evaluation (excerpt)**

Szabolcs Balázs Varga (drums)

I started my professional career in the town of Tiszakécske at the age of 10, when I enrolled in the local music school, where I currently work as a teacher. We discussed with my school friends at the time that we were going to form a band so they both signed up for guitar and I signed up for drums. I don't remember exactly how many years I went to music school drum classes, but I did hate those classes terribly. The principal at the time was holding the classes. He was actually a brass player and in vain was a drum kit in the music school, in the classes we only played small drum exercises from sheet music standing in front of the snare drum. At the time, I wasn't much interested in drumming, and the music school didn't help me with that, so I didn't go to most of the classes. Later I dropped out of the music school and then my father took me to Kecskemét for private drum lessons. These drum classes were much more enjoyable, we played here on drum equipment. It was during these drum classes that I gained the foundation of my knowledge today, even though I did not know at the time that I wanted to be a musician. I reached this decision at the age of 15-16 and then I started to practice seriously. Add to that, although I'd seriously practiced almost nothing until then, I can still say I did play active music because my brother played guitar and over the years we formed a lot of local little formations with which we practiced regularly in the basement of our house and sometimes performed when we had a chance in the area.



### **Besztercebánya (Banska Bystrica) Conservatory open day around 2010. Guitar**

Vincent walks into the great hall, putting his sheet music in the music stand. He arranges it thoroughly. He plays a classic piece. A smile appears one by one on the faces of the members of the four-member commission. He plays well, very well. It far exceeds the average, and even the other (not just guitar) students coming that year.

He did not look at the sheet music straight, but at an angle, and so the holy trinity - Sheet music, eyes, and new on the string - could not form. " We have to work on this, if we accept you, you can't pick up an electric guitar for six years. You just have to forget it! " the guitar teacher is strict. I'm turning away. Mom and her elementary music school teacher continue to listen to the young conservatory guitar teacher. The child shyly says, "Dad, where's the bathroom?" I show him, I'm going in with him. He continues in a whisper, "It's like a prison here, there are bars on the windows." On the way home, I ask, "Then do you want to continue at this school?". He listens for a moment, then firmly replies, "If there is no other option, yes!" "But why? "Because music is my life," he says. A teardrop starts from his eyes, almost invisibly, down his right face.

### **Losonc post-socialist housing estate apartment circa 1999. Bass**

Parents are running around frantically in the two-bedroom, 42-square-foot panel apartment. Bedroom, living room, L-shaped corridor with four doors to the front. From the entrance, to the right is the aforementioned living room door, to the left are the toilet and bathroom doors. Next to the living room door there are three built-in wardrobes. In front of them, the narrow corridor turns and, bypassing the covered side of the bathroom, opens into the tiny kitchen. Kristóf, Kristóčka shouts in the apartment. The little boy, four and a half years old, is trying to help parents find his little brother. He still misses the words Kitópka, Kitópka repeats incorrectly, looking into all the little nooks that adults can't fit into. The key to the entrance hangs inside the door. The door is locked. Still, they look out into the hallway. One by one. There is no balcony; the windows are open for ventilation. It happened once that a window turned over due to a faulty structure, but this is not the case. Now thank God they are doing well. Finally, Dad looks in behind the big yellow armchair. Yellow plush armchair stands directly in front of the heater and window. The back side is sloping, which creates some empty space at the bottom. There he finds his one and a half year old boy kneeling in front of the big open suitcase. Fender Jazz Bass guitar in the case. His father's music companion left him here at night, going home from the studio, so as not have to carry it at night. The child is completely superstitious, staring at the instrument wordlessly with his mouth open. Unresponsive to the outside world, he doesn't see his worried parents or his brother. He doesn't hear loud shouts either. For a long time, he does not react to call and embrace, it is almost as if he had squeezed a divine miracle and with a lot of effort the words "Bass Guitar" leave his little mouth.



We do not have too many rights to the truth. For most of our lives, we are forced to "just" believe, ignore, compromise (with ourselves and the world). We accept the truth, feel it, or seek it indefinitely, at least until the day we die. There is no fairy tale.

But there is! In every tale, the fragments of truth live there. They encourage levitation, and if we accept the challenge, it begins to float among dragons in the pieces of our souls. The dragon is either a monster or a protector of the good, appears as a symbol of a powerful, illuminating, masculine element of creative energy. The nature of the dragon is elusive and hidden because it is able to change shape according to its will. It can also become invisible, it can shrink as small as a silkworm, but it can grow so big that it covers the whole sky. This soul, floating with dragons, looks at the world from above. At some point, he tends to see the whole universe as a large world camp in Jambor. (Youth, nonsense, so very captivating.)

But dusk is here. When darkness begins to be replaced by light and light by darkness, and as a result, the sky appears gray. It is even divided into sections. First civil, then navigation, and finally astronomical. And there is gray everywhere in the moment. The legacy pulls you hard to the ground. Like an iron cat rooting in the ground. A lot of musical heritage is constantly present. Stepping out of the background in the least expected moments, it manifests itself strongly with the power of summer showers. Other types of legacies are easy to discover here. This, in turn, is eclectic and let us not multiply the word in this area.

Somewhere (perhaps from the side of the mountain), a tractor suddenly appears. It rumbles in the rhythm of the blues. And anyway, John Deere is one of the best brands in the world. I can also see the field, from somewhere in the distance the sound of a Turkish flute, with its weeping, hoarse cry. Even involuntarily, for some reason it all quotes Scripture. It will become more and more conscious, and already clearly, we will see both the Old and New Testaments with our inner eyes. At the same moment, we will feel the cold breeze of exclusion and exclusion. Strange unexpected duality. And that's the end (run along with it).

Interesting, but music still. The music of a very young, and perhaps outdated, band today. Maybe, but the tale is believable somewhere. Four musicians looking for honesty and their little individual truth in their music. In their music, they try to shape and let us know their worldview with their instruments. All spiced up with a drop of special humor.

And honesty, truth, and an independent worldview are needed today (too), I think.

*Oszkár Szabó (father)*





**Gyula Szabó** (Budapest, June 8, 1907 - Prague, May 25, 1972) is a painter, graphic artist and poet, and after 1945 he is one of the most outstanding personalities of Hungarian culture in Slovakia.



## **LAWN DOGS**

### **The New Poetry Of The Fallen Testament**

1. **Shred** (József Márkosi, Kristof Szabó, Szabolcs Varga)
2. **Jambori** (József Márkosi, Kristof Szabó, Szabolcs Varga)
3. **Little Dragon** (Vincent Szabó, Kristof Szabó, Szabolcs Varga)
4. **Dusk** (Kristof Szabó, Szabolcs Varga)
5. **The New Poetry of The Fallen Testament** (József Márkosi, Kristof Szabó, Szabolcs Varga)
6. **Levitation** (Vincent Szabó, Kristof Szabó, Szabolcs Varga)
7. **Intoxicating Dawns of Exclusion** (Kristof Szabó, Szabolcs Varga)

### **bonus track**

8. **John Deere** (Kristof Szabó, Szabolcs Varga)

Live Recording at **SuperSize Recording**, 15 September, 2021

Piano technician: **Balázs Tóth**

Sound engineer: **Gábor Halász, Patrik Kremán**

Recorded audio format: **Native DSD256/Pyramix, Merging Hapi**

Mastering engineer: **Tom Caulfield**

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