

Translated from Sodaopop, Italy

<https://www.sodapop.it/phnx/mr-diagonal-join-the-dots-autoprodotto-2024/>

The list of drugs taken by Mr Diagonal, correctly included in his press kit, is highly informative. Opium, ayahuasca, hallucinogenic mushrooms, glue, nutmeg and cataflam.

An interesting diet which certainly, like his various experiences as a busker, director and wanderer, has led to a 54-year-old Scottish musician who, after completing classical studies, took the wrong path; and who has composed this album for his appearance at the Fringe Festival (from 2 to 26 August) in Edinburgh.

A path where songwriting intersects with musicals and the grandeur of pop opera, where we voyage on waves of crescendos behind the ears and where emphasis reigns supreme, together with Mr Diagonal's splendid linen suit.

The melancholy Sleepwalkers of Brexit stumble in a 80s limbo, a Bowian dance hall, and the mental journeys of a minstrel. A record, *Join the Dots*, which presents itself and its author in small flashes of a still-unknown bigger picture. A masterplan in which a wayward flute enters a Brixton Pastoral that Norman Cook would like, but also some beats that would certainly attract the attention of the Talking Heads in *Can't Kill The Love*. The dedication to David Attenborough is touching and amusing, while the subsequent *Obvious* is absolutely hilarious and takes you into the garden of that half-genius Parker Paul, who did so well on his own after the marvellous *Curious Digit*. As the songs progress, Mr Diagonal proves to be eclectic, brilliant and witty, closing in style with the political mockery of *I Feel Terribly Dad*, as witty as it is bitter.

Now, I don't want to tell you how to manage your holidays but if destiny pushes you towards Scotland, well, I would definitely have a glance in the Fringe programme!

There is no complete streaming at this time, so search everywhere, find it and make it yours somehow!