



# M83.

## Hurry Up, We're Dreaming. IS A SELF-INDULGENT MALADAPTIVE DAYDREAM

Story by Madi Kim

A little over 12 years since its release date, *Hurry Up, We're Dreaming* remains not only a standout of M83's discography, but a standout as far as the history of electronic music goes. It's an indie pop dreamscape, a millennial anthem, and a future nostalgia before there was *Future Nostalgia*. Boasting an impressive 11 songs on both Disc 1 and Disc 2, *HUWD* has often been compared to The Smashing Pumpkins' *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness*. But, with

one album being rock and the other electronic, it's the extensive breadth and variety that unites the two rather than a similarity in genre. While some may say that 22 songs on a single album is excessive, each song is uniquely essential to the story Anthony Gonzalez and his fellow band members tell. Even the so-called instrumental transition songs like "Fountains" and "When Will You Come Home" are pertinently seamless, allowing for the album's overall cohesion. Part of

the genius of Anthony Gonzalez is his ability to convey so many emotions in so few lyrics. Each word is meaningful and meant to be there: no fluff, no filler. Every syllable and every exhalation is a punch in the gut and a stab in the chest. There are tears that don't stream, hitched breaths, and slowed-down heartbeats.

*HUWD* remains just as popular, if not more popular than it was during its release. Used in countless Hollywood films and TV commercials,



you'll be hard pressed to find someone who doesn't at least recognize one song off the album. Often played in the quintessential "turning point scene," there's an indescribable energy of each song that makes *HUWD* the perfect album for depicting emotional emphasis. It forces you to confront yourself and feel to your fullest extent. Feel something, feel human, feel special, feel anything.

As a whole, the album represents a sort of reciprocal dichotomy, a stretch between what you know and what you don't. It's a homesickness for a place that doesn't exist; a fleeting, incomprehensible déjà vu. It transcends the need for genre categorization. Lovers of all music will find themselves taking part in its euphoric existence. However, some songs may resonate with certain people more than others. Which song is your favorite? Or perhaps a better question: which song are you?

If you're a baby, a newborn, or more likely, just someone beginning a new chapter in their lives, perhaps you'll be more inclined to "Intro." It is the perfect introduction to the album's futuristic, oth-

er-worldly sentiment, and the first thirty seconds are enough to make the hairs stand up on your arm—the echoing synth, the faint buzzing, the eerie childlike voice chanting, "We were you before you even existed." It represents the voice in the back of your head, the one you always knew existed, suddenly materialized. In comes Gonza-



lez's loud, booming voice, telling us to "carry on." We don't know why, we don't

know where to, but we know we have to start somewhere, and now is a good time.

The intro to the second disc, however, is perhaps the most dramatic song on the album. "My Tears Are Becoming a Sea" may be the most climactic and hedonistic 2 minutes and 30 seconds of your life. There was one time during my yoga class when I was lying in the dark, covered in sweat, and the instructor decided to blare this song during savasana. While an interesting song choice for what's supposed to be the most relaxing part of class, I'm pretty sure I shed a tear—in a good way. It's a ridiculously adolescent song, the type a 17-year-old going through their first breakup would blare as they whipped down the streets in the middle of the night. This song is for anyone looking for an excuse to indulge and drown in a puddle of self-pity. And, hopefully, after lots of wallowing, dust themselves off and move forward.

The second most streamed song on the album, "Wait," is a bit of an anomaly. Sandwiched between two rather random songs on Disc 1, one wouldn't expect "Wait" to be a standout on *HUWD*. Strikingly less electronic than the other songs on the album, "Wait" fades in with an acoustic guitar. And even more surprising, Gonzalez's vocals are crystal clear, his lyrics the star of the show. The synth is used methodically and sparingly, and only in the last minute do we hear a fuller sound with the introduction of the drums. I be-

lieve “Wait” to be the saddest song on the album because it’s raw. Yes, it is a bit indulgent, but sad things deserve to be indulged in a little. “Wait” is patient; it ebbs and flows, waits for you to catch up with it, and, just when you think you can’t stand it any longer, it climaxes. It represents a longing and devastating realization as you “give your tears to the tide.” “Wait” is for those who’ve preemptively bitten the bullet and tasted the pavement. They’ve boarded their rocket to the moon, but instead are being launched into the sun.

Named Pitchfork’s number one song of 2011, “Midnight City” is the star of the show. While many may not know it by name, as soon as the iconic intro riff starts playing, ears perk up and eyes go wide. And, even though it’s been tirelessly mixed, remixed, and sampled, there’s still nothing more hypnotically electric than the original. It represents the epitome of young adulthood and finally coming into your own, and not in the way that 18-year-olds going off to college come into their own. Brains fully developed and futures growing closer by the minute, “Midnight City” is that space between day and day that you wish you could live in forever. As with most of their songs, the lyrics are both repetitive and scarce. “Waiting in the car, waiting for the ride in the dark” is the most recognizable lyric in the song, uttered a total of 7 times. In fact, the entire second half of the song consists solely of the repetition of this lyric. It’s Gonzalez’s masterful vocals rather-

er than a changing of lyrical meaning that brings us to that state of satisfied ecstasy. And yet, according to him, we’re still waiting. This song is for people who have been held up in that bubble of delay. While the “Midnight City” may be fun, it doesn’t last forever—just 4 minutes. It urges them to move forward, to stop “waiting in the car,” and get a move on. Maybe get out of the car? Just a thought!

If I had 10 minutes left to live, I would listen to “Outro” twice. A tantalizingly slow buildup, “Outro” fades in slowly, an echo of a monotonous synth that transitions into a faint buzzing noise. Then quiet. And, when you’re in that space of realized silence, strangely calm yet knowingly apprehensive, M83 delivers their ultimate tour de force. Synthetic violin cuts through the air, giving traditional orchestral sounds a futuristic edge as we consume the invisible vibrations and leave them on the tip of our tongues, so we can taste it all over again.

Five short lyrics become the soundtrack to the end of your life. You’ve come, you’ve conquered. Nothing you’ve done is easy, and yet you’ve come out the other side. This song congratulates you, gives you a tender pat on the back, and lets you frolic a little in your pride. It consumes you, it indulges you, and is there for you when no one else is.

You feel powerful in a way you’ve never felt before, and know (because Anthony Gonzalez said so)

that everything’s going to be alright.

*I’m the king of  
my own land  
Facing tempests  
of dust, I’ll fight  
until the end  
Creatures of my  
dreams, raise up  
and dance with me  
Now and forever  
I’m your king*

Edited by Alyssa Manthi

Layout by Camden Pao