Breckin Long Bio

Breckin, which means freckled, is the moniker of Australian visual artist, poet and singer-songwriter, Heather Marsh. Originally raised in a sun-drenched outer suburban Petri dish of strip malls and wall-to-wall carpet, Breckin made her escape to an enclave of decadents and artists. Forever ruined for reality, Breckin now walks between the worlds of the pedestrian and the divine, telling tales of beauty from the grubby fringes of society. Breckin also traverses the dual worlds of urban and country life, dividing her time between Melbourne and her cottage home in the country near Ballarat.

Her debut album, Shiner is both bruised and brilliant. It illuminates and holds an oblique mirror to the perennial subject of love and loss in a series of songs that are equal parts elegy, sympathy card and therapy session. The title track, *Shine*, written while driving home along winding forest roads late at night, was penned for a dear friend who found herself unexpectedly alone with her new baby. The first in a series of songs that are equal parts elegy, sympathy card and therapy session, Shine speaks truth to what can remain after profound hurt – brilliance, a tempered strength, wisdom and tenderness.

The album avoids cliché or self-indulgence using bare moments from life as well as unexpected metaphor and wry humour to expose both the universality of heartbreak but also its singularity. A lover of literature and influenced lyrically by poets e.e.cummings, Ted Hughes, Anna Akhmatova and Kate Tempest, Breckin never allows herself easy or predictable paths to the heart of a song.

Her voice departs from breathy, jazz-influenced declarations of desire and hope (Jones, Don’t Leave Your Love..) to dark folk lamenting the loss of fallen friends (Story Bridge) to pulsing electronic reflections and dreamy dishevelment (Split-Screen, Life of the Party). *Shiner* sashays across borders of tone and genre.

Originally trained in classical violin, and an award-winning visual artist and poet, Breckin has now tied her creative affections to her sweetheart, an electric-acoustic Guild guitar and to composition. Citing heroes and muses from the sweet picking of Tim Buckley to the howls of Diamanda Galas from Laurie Anderson to Karen Dalton and Dead Can Dance – Breckin wears her diverse musical influences on her sleeve yet is never derivative.

‘I’m drawn to artists who can’t help but be their unique, strange selves.” She says, adding,

“ I was a strange, morbid child myself - I collected holy cards of martyrs and was fascinated by all the horrible ways they had died. I also tried to collect road kill, but my parents put a stop to that”.

Despite dark leanings Breckin considers herself an optimist. “ If there was one defining trait, I would say mine is the triumph of hope over experience – I throw myself at life. I care a lot. I believe again and again that so much is possible, that love is possible – not just for myself but for human beings. That’s why I make art. Art pries open the cracks in our humanity – it reaches into the dark. It lets light in”