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VOL.1 NO.1

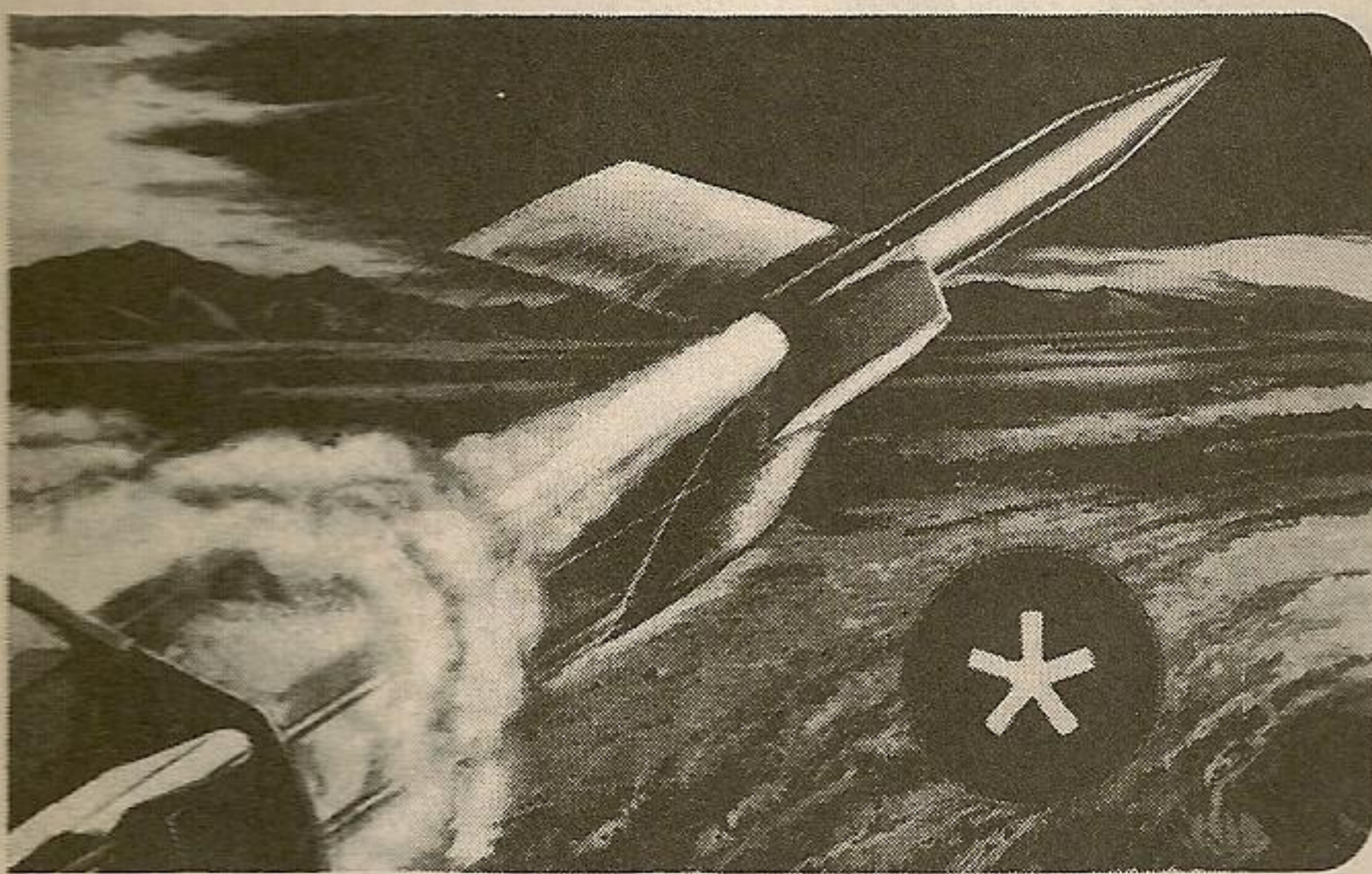
UN SOUND

Culturcide - The L.A. Experimental/Electronic Underground -
Birthday Party - Peter Meyer - Whitehouse - Kommunity FK -
Xerox Sutra - Z'ev - P.I.L. - Debt of Nature - Paul Ratt - Sheedy
Clifford Hunt - Ray Farrel - Peter Edlund - Will Torphy - D.Banda

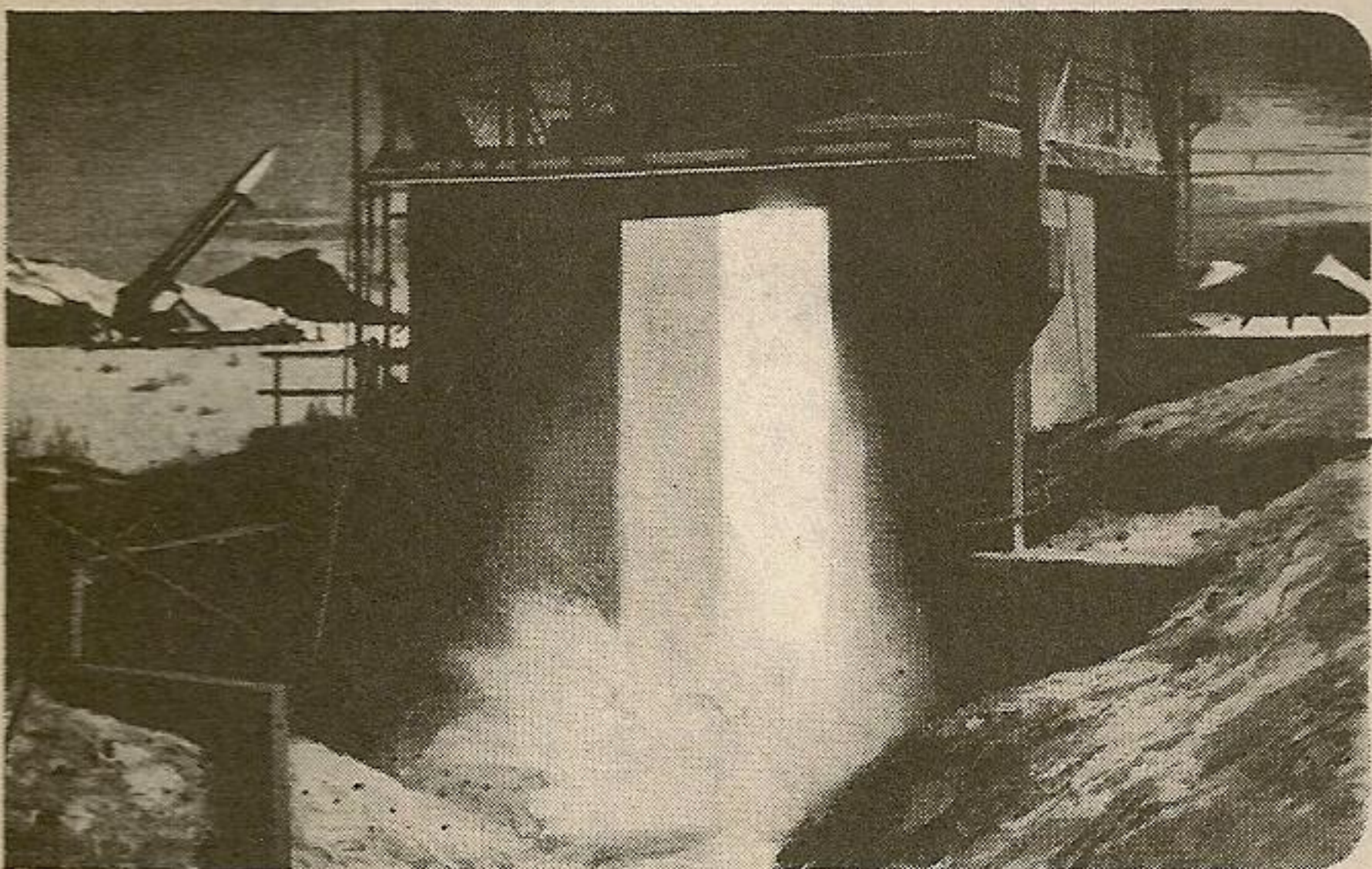
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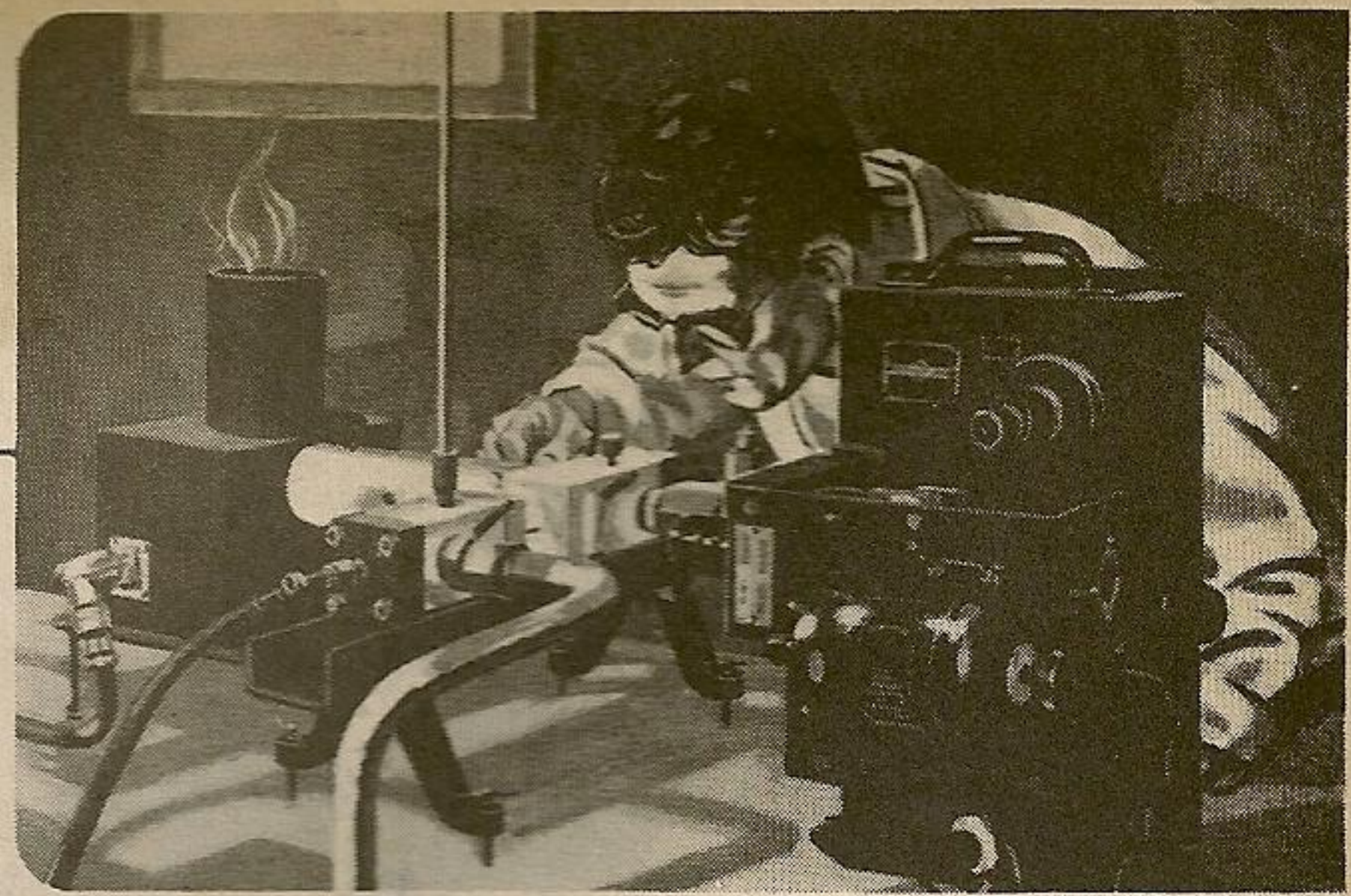


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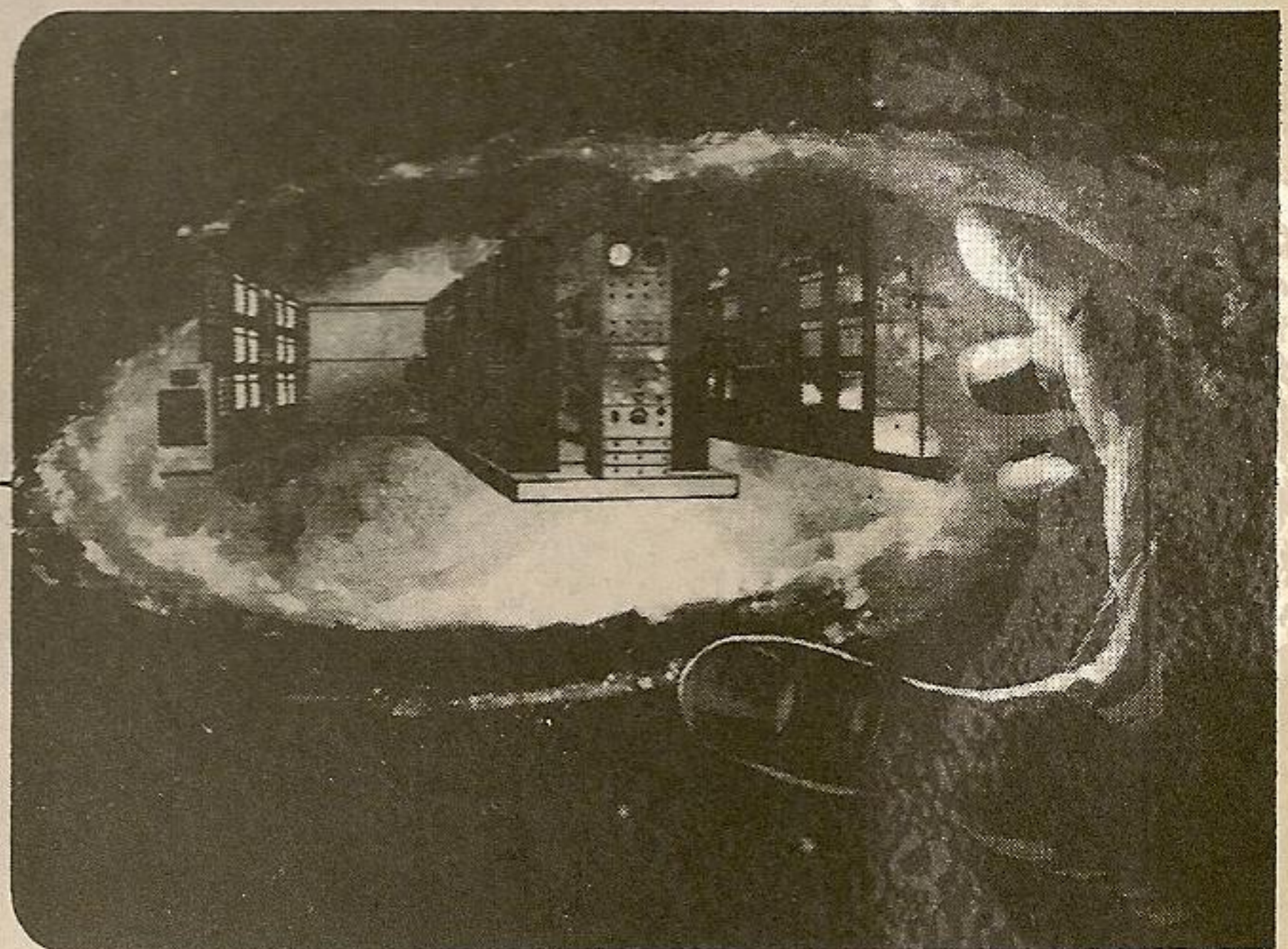
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This magazine is published in the interest of informing and educating the public. It is this publishers belief that everyone has the right to view such material. Due to the nature of this publication all the views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the publishers.

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Robert Clarke, Dirk Banda, Chris Rankin, Brad Laner, Ken Adada, Clifford Hunt, William S. Davenport, Peter Meyer, Mikael And

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS: Will Torphy, Peter Edlund

PROOF READERS: Mike Manifesto, Tamara F.

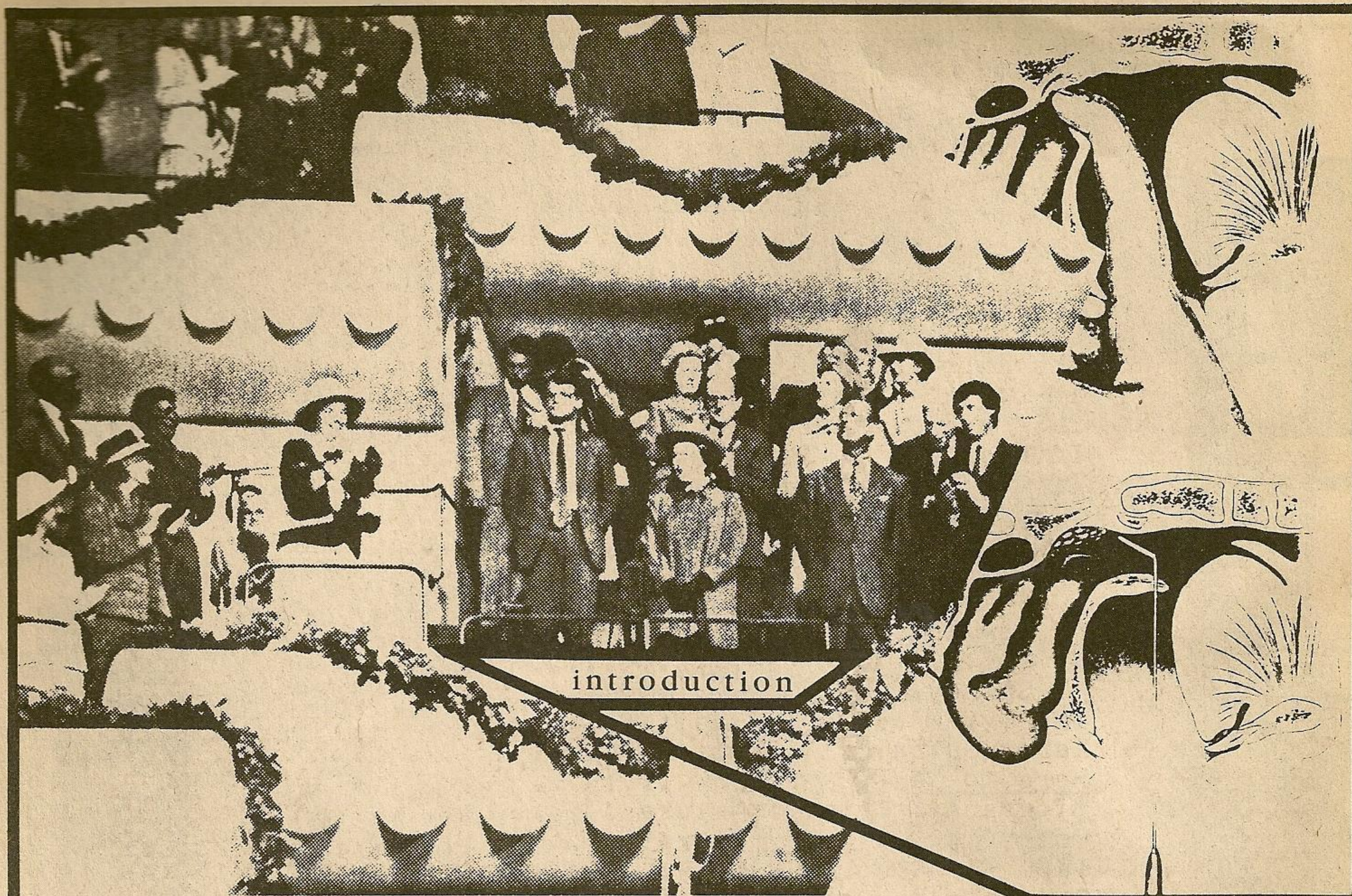
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(if possible, send contributions camera-ready)

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Throughout time the most progressive and important material has been suppressed due to its apparent volatile nature, and this is nothing but a manifestation of the desire to remain within a boundary of socially conditioned imbecility. We view the irregular as important, adherence to conventional trends as camouflage for ignorance and see the only viable material as that produced in an alternative mode to fashion.

There seems to be a similarity in the group of works selected for this first issue, not that the selection was a decided one, but that the nature of the obscure seems to be relatively similar. Throughout the world there seems to be a great ideal people producing seemingly unrelated works, which when viewed together in context purvey a stimulating unique format of a new production of creative people.

We are attempting to create a medium, or an open forum where people can exhibit their work. A void exists within the media publications, a void created through separatism. We encourage anyone to contribute to this publication in order to sustain reports on current development.

In creating an open forum format we hope to solicit works from all who may feel as though they would be refused publication in a more mainstream categorically based magazine. That categorical magazine might be the tool of some unknown businessman attempting to perpetrate propaganda, tending to advocate the mediocre trends of present artistic production. Within the context of this publication the mainstream artist will stand out with remarkable uniqueness just as the bizarre; the balance of each of them is complimenting each other within a comparative reflection.

The basis of recent artistic separatism is only the denial of the significance of work which is available. This trend must be broken unless we are to slip into a mode which has become susceptible to the whim of any buffoon professing that they are a self-made media god, the notion of which is absurd. All things must be considered as significant, even if it is the absurdity of their significance....

Unsound is a reaction to this separatism, in which one person decides that some people are an entire movement, or phenomenon and then these select few become the only creative sources which are recognized. Why does this occur when there are so many creative people in the world who get no recognition? We support through letting the creative individual exhibit, we support communication of ideas, projects, business, ect.....

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sound: bill davenport
saand biko

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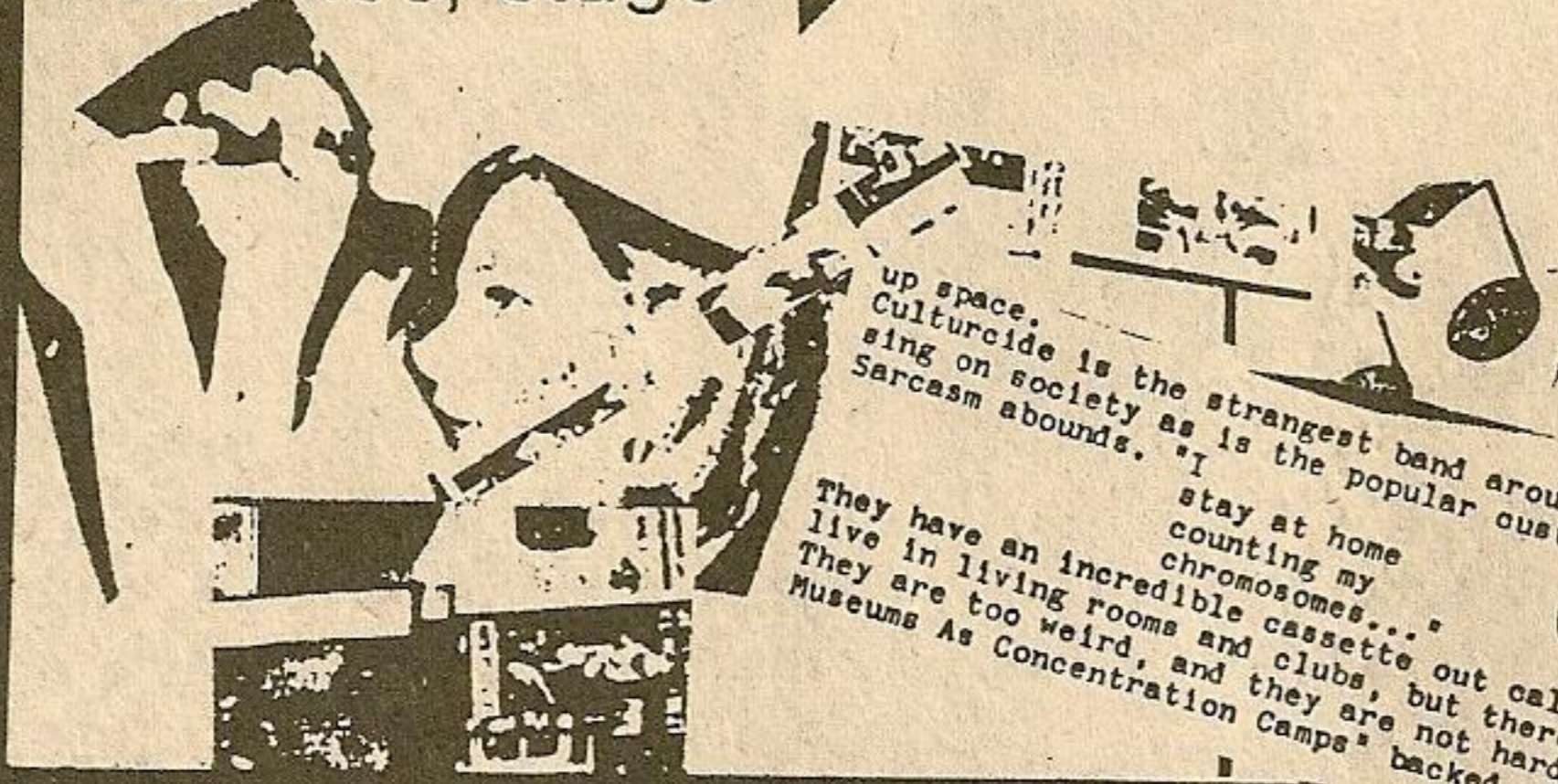
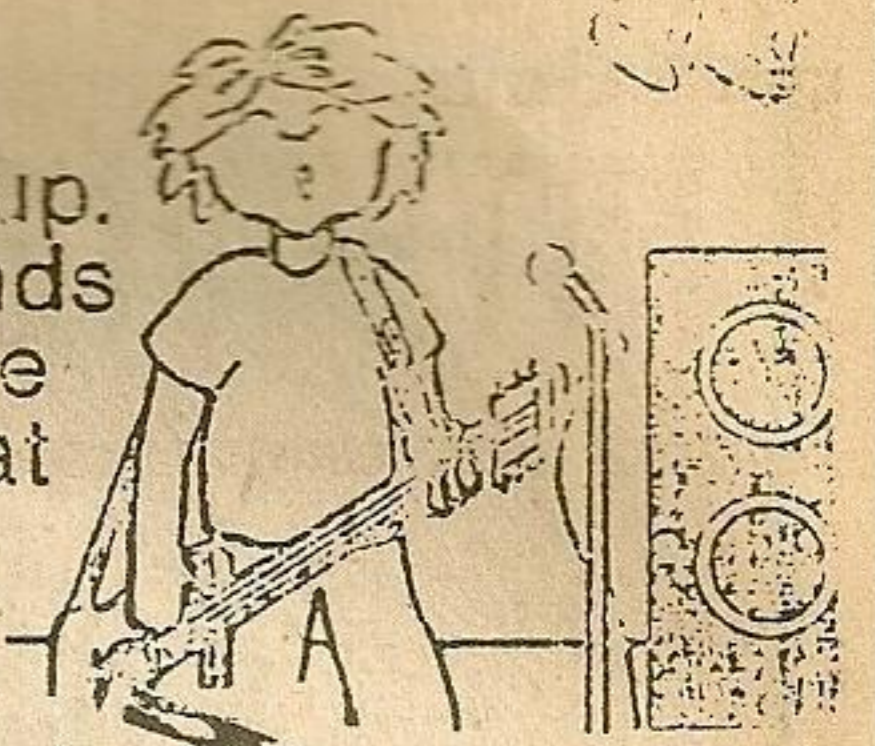
marc franklin

Intelligence Report

At the CULTURCIDE show one night in Houston at the Island, while I was standing in awe of hosts of genius upon the stage, a mindless hardcore shouted "Play faster" at the seething cynic, the man on stage, who was droning, bellowing, and chanting his sarcastic songs at us on the floor, and in reply to the hardcore's suggestion to conform or go home, Culturcide's voice turned a deadly eye on him and chanted "Get a good job at Pizza Hut" and the tape said, "But there is no glamour in mental illness."

A ROCK STAR

You are a new member of a famous rock group. This is your first big concert in front of thousands of people. You and your group are ready. The curtain slowly opens. Tell how you feel and what happens. Words to help you: concert, drums, costumes, guitar, music, instruments, piano, audience, stage

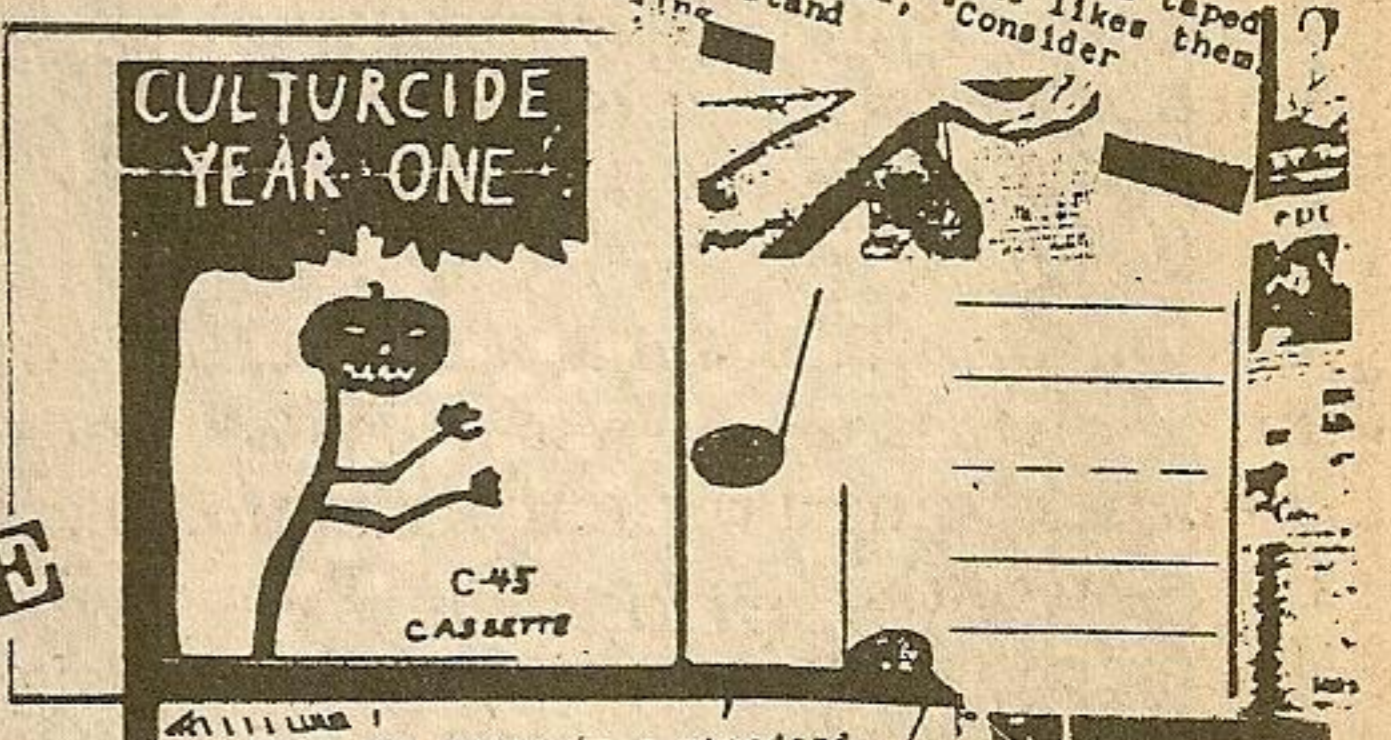
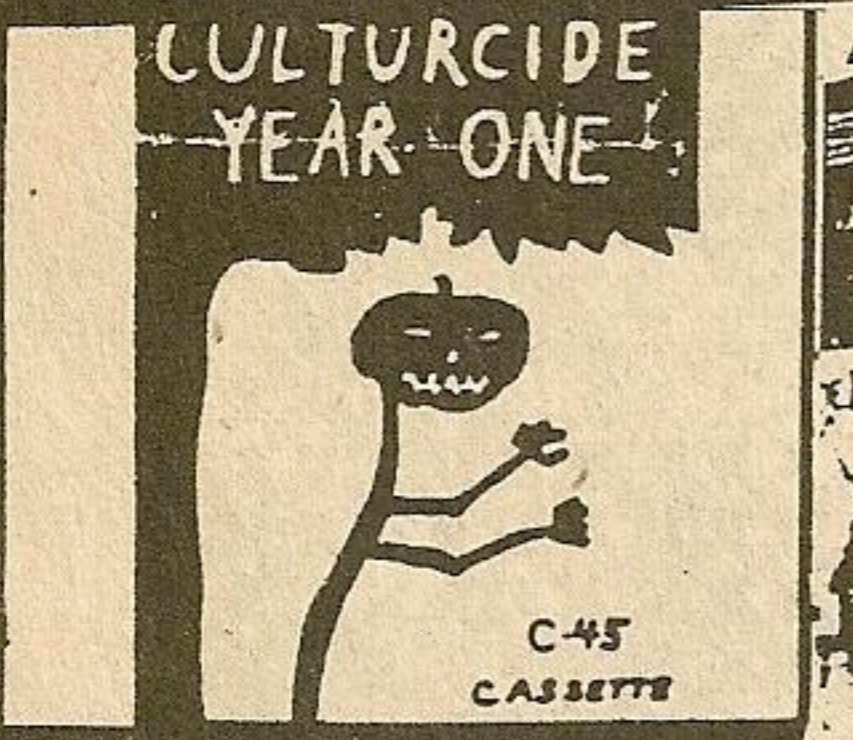


CULTURCIDE IS AN AMUSING BAND TO WATCH, AND THE INTEREST FACTOR OF THE MUSIC--PULSATING DRUMS, STRANGE TAPES, WIRED GUITARS AND ESPY 'S VOCALS--MAKE A CULTURCIDE PERFORMANCE AN EVENT NOT TO BE MISSED. EVEN SOME ROCK & ROLLERS STANDING AROUND WERE STANDING AROUND IN AMAZEMENT. GRAB THEIR STILL-PERTINENT SINGLE IF YOU AIN'T GOT IT, AS WELL AS THEIR NEW CASSETTE, AND WHEN THEY PLAY AGAIN, BE SURE NOT TO MISS ONE OF THE MOST PROFICIENT, MOST INTERESTING BANDS AROUND. PERIOD.

up space. Culturcide is the strangest band around. Vaguely improvisational, barely structured, it seems. They sing on society as is the popular custom, but in a much more abstract way. Twisted bleating poetry. Sarcasm abounds. "I stay at home counting my chromosomes..." They have an incredible cassette out called Year One that's packaged like an album. It is all taped live in living rooms and clubs, but there is no applause or wild cheering because no one likes them. They are too weird, and they are not hardcore. They have a fantastic single called, "Consider Museums As Concentration Camps" backed with "Another Miracle."

CULTURCIDE

CULTURCIDE "YEAR ONE" (CIA cassette)--- Looking at the pumpkin headed stickman on the cover I had a feeling this wasn't pop. It's more like wild, disorientating music (with some kind of structure). Now you know exactly what it sounds like, right? It's really hard to describe. The vocalist reminds me of Throbbing Gristle, even the mix on his voice seems similar. Lyrics are good. They use noise, guitars, tapes, synthesizers, and rhythm machines, I might have missed something. It's not superbly extra-ordinary nor is it utter garbage either. The tape comes in an LP sleeve which is a great marketing idea. Songs are not listed nor are there any lyric sheets. Quality of the tape itself seems decent. (CRAIG VAGUE)



FINALLY CAME CULTURCIDE. THIS BAND IS DEFINITELY ECLECTIC, AND ARE KNOWN AS HOUSTON'S ONLY WEIRDNESS MUSICIANS. THEIR NOW-FAMED "CONSIDER MUSEUMS AS CONCENTRATION CAMPS" 45 RELEASED A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO WAS RECENTLY RESTOCKED IN LOCAL STORES, AND THEY RECENTLY RELEASED A CASSETTE PACKAGE TITLED "YEAR ONE."

CULTURCIDE'S ONLY CLAIM TO FAME IS LYRICIST/VOCALIST/TAPIST JOHN ALFRED, WHO WOULD MAKE ANY BAND STAND OUT. HE HAS A PECULIARLY APPEALING WAY OF DELIVERING HIS BIZARRE WORDS, AND IS QUITE EFFECTIVE WITH THE REST OF CULTURCIDE BEHIND HIM. THE GUITARIST WAS WIRED THROUGH A HUGE RACK OF EFFECTS, AND PRODUCED SOME STARTLING SOUNDS (INCLUDING HOLLERING THROUGH THE PICKUPS). I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER RUN ACROSS A MORE INVENTIVE BAND THAN CULTURCIDE; THE BAND IS DEFINITELY OF INTERNATIONAL STATURE, AND IT'S A SURPRISE THAT THEY DON'T HAVE SOME WELL-DERIVED DISTRIBUTED VINYL OUT.

CULTURCIDE IS AN AMUSING BAND TO WATCH, AND THE INTEREST FACTOR OF THE MUSIC--PULSATING DRUMS, STRANGE TAPES, WIRED GUITARS AND ESPY 'S VOCALS--MAKE A CULTURCIDE PERFORMANCE AN EVENT NOT TO BE MISSED. EVEN SOME ROCK & ROLLERS STANDING AROUND WERE STANDING AROUND IN AMAZEMENT. GRAB THEIR STILL-PERTINENT SINGLE IF YOU AIN'T GOT IT, AS WELL AS THEIR NEW CASSETTE, AND WHEN THEY PLAY AGAIN, BE SURE NOT TO MISS ONE OF THE MOST PROFICIENT, MOST INTERESTING BANDS AROUND. PERIOD.

This record is easily the scariest of the new local releases. Intense lyrics, full of scathing parallels and painful logic, save "Consider Museums As Concentration Camps" from the kind of hopeless special pleading that the title suggests. Perry Webb's vocal approach reminds me of early Gil Scott-Heron: an expressive chant/stride interspersed with screams of anguish.

This one comes in a standard, white cardboard, 12" album jacket and resembles a melted record that has formed into a little lump at the bottom of the package. Years of chronic record-buying conditioning made that image of a bulging record sleeve unnerving for me. It sat next to me in my truck all the way home, the anxiety built. Finally, at home, when the time came to do something about this unnatural marriage of archetypes, I was apprehensive about sticking my hand in there and pulling out the cassette. Somehow I thought I'd never see my appendage again. Instead, I dumped the thing onto my desk almost expecting it to leave a wake of smoldering debris on its descent towards China. Of course I was over reacting, or so I thought. There is no 7926 mile hole in my floor. I wish I could say the same for my mind. Culturcide creates an iconoclastic onslaught that pierces your cherished sentiments and leaves a ragged hole somewhere on the other side of reality. Four men with guitars, drums, synths, tapes and treatments from Texas. Interesting correspondence is encouraged. Culturcide: 3305 Montrose, 8114, Houston TX, 77009. Or, C.I.A. Records and Tapes, 1231 Ashland, Houston TX., 77008.



INTERVIEW with Perry Webb of Culturcide

UNSOUND: How long has Culturcide been in existence?

PERRY WEBB: Since about 1979.

US: How many live shows have you done?

PW: About 30.

US: What is the present status of the band?

PW: We're working on a show that is going to be a simulated sacrificial crisis. We're going to do it in such a way that it will be hard to distinguish between the performers and the audience. We're going to have a set of rules and instructions for the audience. Everybody will be wearing cloths that minimizes the difference of their appearance. People will be given instructions to attack anyone that makes himself different in anyway.

US: Does this mean Culturcide is moving away from music as a focus?

PW: This is musically derived. There will be music at this, but there won't be any difference when Culturcide is playing and when somebody else is playing.

US: Do you have any new releases?

PW: We pressed the "Year One" and we've got a bunch of compilation material coming out in Europe. We're going to be on this one Italian album which has 25 bands from 25 different countries doing a version of a national anthem, and we did a version of the Star Spangled Banner.

US: When will this album be released?

PW: This coming September.

US: Will it be released in the USA?

PW: It will probably be a relatively limited, but I think it will be in the States, marketed through Rough Trade.

US: How much local radio play do you get?

PW: We did have a good station here that played us a lot, but that's changed. Now the most mainstream FM hit station in town is starting this thing where they play local tapes, and I'm just getting a Culturcide package ready to take over. I mean this is just mainstream radio, they've got a big billboard that says, "when you have to rock and roll."

US: What are some of your influences?

PW: Everything I hear, which is a fatal mistake. Actually I read a lot of books and I'm working on trying to make use of a couple of things I've been reading.

US: What have you been reading?

PW: Right now I'm reading this fantastic book which is called "Decoding the Human Message", it's about ten years old. I just can't help wondering what sort of social context produced it, it's a synthesis of information theory, sociology, and economics.

US: What type of music do you or other members of the band listen to?

PW: Ralph the bass player is interested in German music, he went to Berlin and met a lot of musicians there. I listen to ethnic music.

US: What is your view of being labeled 'Industrial'?

PW: I think you're the first one to label me that. I think that labeling is part of the process. industrial music is a good label historically, but I think historically the industrial movement has come and gone in a blaze of glory. People label us in-

dustrial because our songs are non-melodic or non-structured in a traditional rock and roll format. I prefer to use labels like industrial and punk to describe a particular phenomena. The style of any music travels further that the idea behind it.

US: Are there any other bands like yours in Houston?

PW: No not like us, except the 'Introverts'.

US: How do audiences react to Culturcide?

PW: Sometimes people say things like, "I feel like I'm on LSD", but people do really like us because what we do is pretty intense and personal. There's not a media symbol between us and the audience, As far as performance goes people usually take it personally, but there is something for everybody in our shows - the wierd stuff and the rock and roll element.

US: You seem to have an hardcore element also.

PW: We're diffently aggressive and we're hardcore but we're not hardcore.

US: What is the future of Culturcide?

PW: There are specific plans of what I would like to do with the group, but there's a lot of different viewpoints and we don't really have any solidarity.

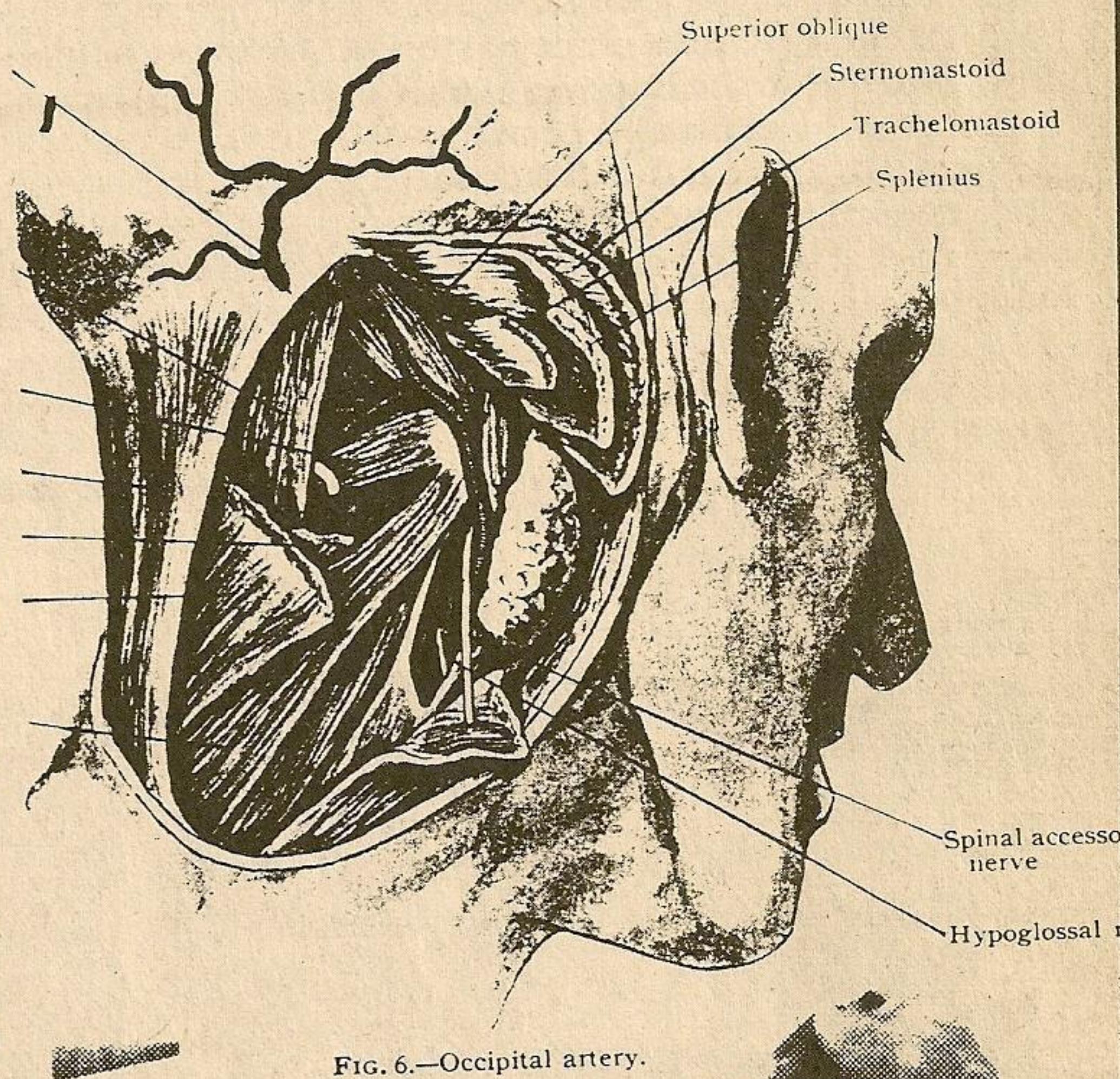
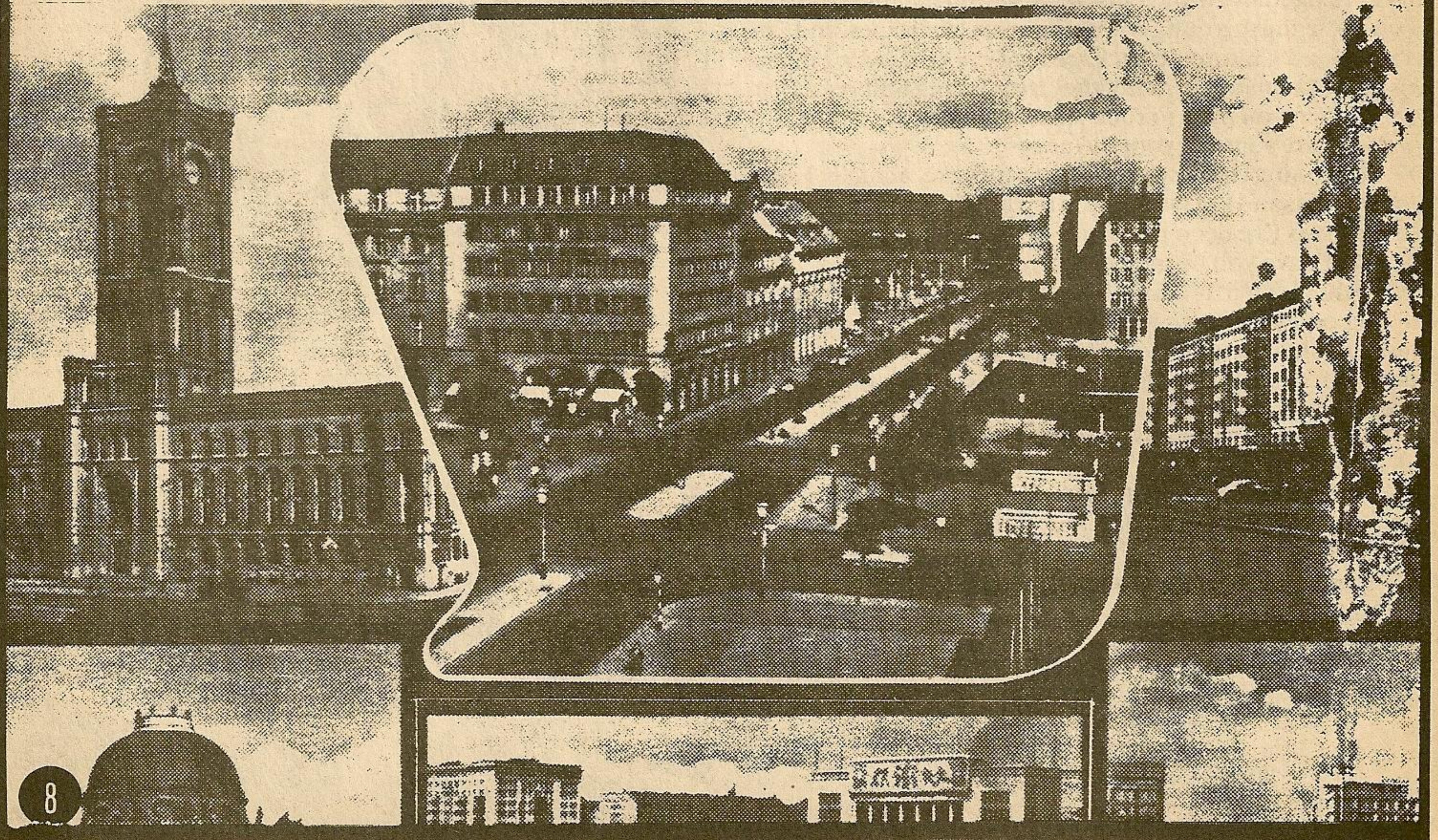


FIG. 6.—Occipital artery.

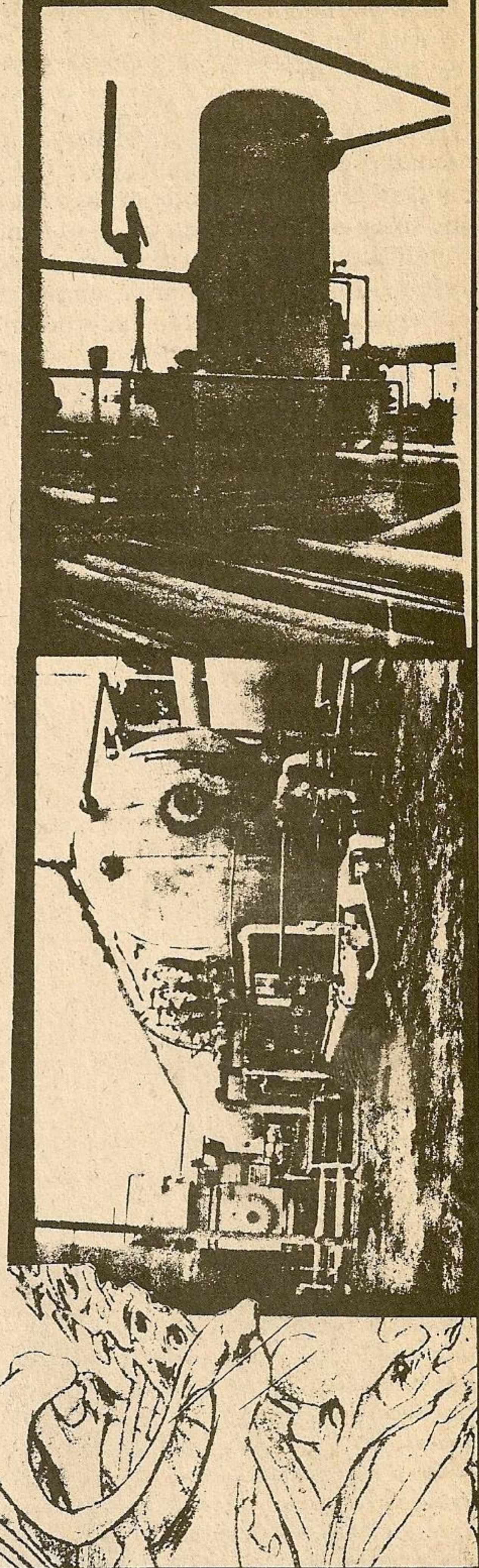
We have an attachment for the ones with green in them, the ones put fourth as much as pulled back. Their trouble soothes our problem, and their's is larger than ours. Other things go on, but none of us feel at home making decisions. We have no responsibility to the upstairs. We are nearly supported by uneven floor running down hill because of the table. The photographs are a flattened anchor also, holding on across the room in dim light. The rest of the set happens to be blue or grey and downstairs. Last week a toggle bolt would have set me off, but I feel better knowing one sharp problem kills men on sidewalks and streets. Our backs are already turned to the door and the other cheap shots wrapping up a Monday. More long range problems ease forward. People see the newspaper on the rug upstairs, fitted between girders, and rustle some on collapsed metal. I said "the next time I'm coming down here I'm using the back way" with a specific idea in mind; arrest time with the element of defense. Later a place to park it forestalled any arrangement and everyone slept with everyone. Elements shaped out of a need to forget who's who aren't common ground. Sex isn't the issue. Any literature has in it the propensity to fill the largest opening. Minded pedestrians simply appreciate what's preceded immediatly. Their wooded soled shoes let it happen in the future tense on pearl white concrete. In a single line the body of us quiver while the rest look on completely still. In the absolute sense the handrill was faked, and the loose fitting metal rustles some trying the stairs, to jarring the door behind the lock at the top. The key no longer fits the hole. Red light chases silence from the street. An unattended record skips next door. Even squeezed into a wooden box what's important can't be carried upstairs. Say you look to some people for assistance and reach for the rail because what's important weighs a lot. They can't help you, they're engaged in the ones that are green, focusing on what is to be had out of them. Maybe a photograph would help, one with green in it, one that gives you strength and brings down the lights. The clicking soles charge only inches away, without manipulating the people involved. So the image is a little dark, clamped onto the fake handrill near a metal note. We're left looking after the light, out a small window in a door, convinced what we were given will serve. We need a large format camera and a place to store it. We make a decision with only a few options, the information slips in garbled, and the important part won't make it upstairs. One is let know without sense to the image. One or all of us, wait on a piece of paper to arrive with an anchor on it, with some green in it, which will serve us better. Her great florid face satisfied us, stimulated by anesthetic gasses and assigned to specific rooms. The machine's gone white, its eyes are pale and shaken. An empty wooded box next to white paper and next to that a bottle of ink. Let me see what's holding up the table in the absence of the rest of them. More single pieces of paper slip through the narrowest opening every day. The sidewalk and the street play a large role out of the small window. In our minds we surround the problem with a two sided fence, green on one side and white on the other. We take up the jargon and notice that without the document our hands are free.



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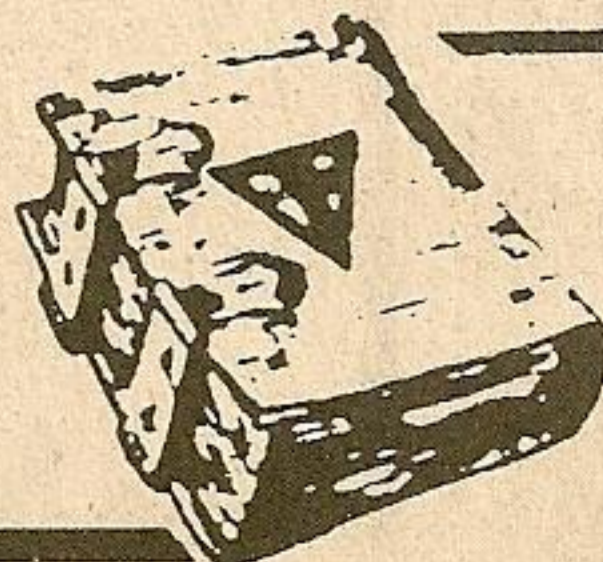


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The Experimental/Electronic Underground in L.A. (or lack of it) A Brief Listing

By Brad Laner

This article is not a history of the experimental underground in L.A., but rather is a listing of interesting units performing and recording right now in this uninspiring smog pit who's main claim to fame is X and the Dream Syndicate. Interestingly enough, there is a vast amount of originality and dissimilarity among these bands and they all seem genuinely devoted to producing good output first, and overblown social statements somewhere else down the list. But of course there are some extreme exceptions. So anyway, enough bullshit, here's the list:

L.A.F.M.S. -

Los Angeles Free Music Society. An obvious one to begin with. They started about ten years ago in Pasadena, working with abrasive sound collages and humorous off coloured 'jazz' type songs. They are still quite active today, their main exponents being: DooDooettes, Le Forte Four, and Airway. They have released a great number of records and tapes of which only a couple are still in print. Their latest is the new DooDooettes album called "Look To This". Write to them at: P.O. Box 50453,

Pasadena, CA 91105
U.S.A.

GOBSCHIT -

Ex-members of the now defunct (unfortunately) Nervous Gender. Taking a far more minimalist approach than N.G., their line up consists of treated electronic rhythms, back up tapes of happy things like urination and torture, minimal synth, and poetry read by an amazon named Patrice Repose. They are all very intimidating looking, often wearing very little or subtle nazi regalia. Their sound is intense and exciting, and you do get the feeling that these people do go home and excrete upon each other.

Points of Friction -

A grouping of art students from the Otis/Parsons institute, who do very soothing, serious, ambient tape manipulation pieces. I had heard tapes of them and really enjoyed it, but figured that the process stuff that they were doing was strictly a home project, but I recently saw them live and was amazed by how successfully they worked with tapes (as well as other odd instruments). They have a bunch of tapes available and I'm not sure if they are still doing it, but they for a while had a flexi-disk maker which they were doing some great experiments with. Write them at: P.O. Box 948

N.Highland Ave.
Hollywood, CA 90028
U.S.A.

POST COITAL DISCHARGE -

This is a relatively new duo making a variety of noise ranging from pitch feedback and screaming to repetitive electronic DAF type funk. They often take to attacking audience members at random, and often their victims end up with bloody lips or bruises from being dragged around in a police chokehold. They give a new meaning to 'live assault'. For tapes write to same address as Points of Friction.



Uh... -

A group of UCLA students making only occasionally interesting non-synth noise. They have some good ideas to begin with but their T.G. worship holds them back a bit. I figure once they get passed their self indulgent stage, they'll be really good. Write for tapes and form your own opinion: 680 Kingman Ave.

Santa Monica, CA
90402 U.S.A.

SEC -

This is a three person outfit fronted by Flipside critic Robert Hill. They make extreme noise with effects and other anonymous gadgets and it's effects are quite disturbing. They seem to favor playing while extremely wasted and at recent shows they have taken to bringing high powered fans in stage and dumping goats blood into them, thus filling the whole room with the smell and taste of it. Oh, how pleasant. They have material available through New Alliance records listed here elsewhere.

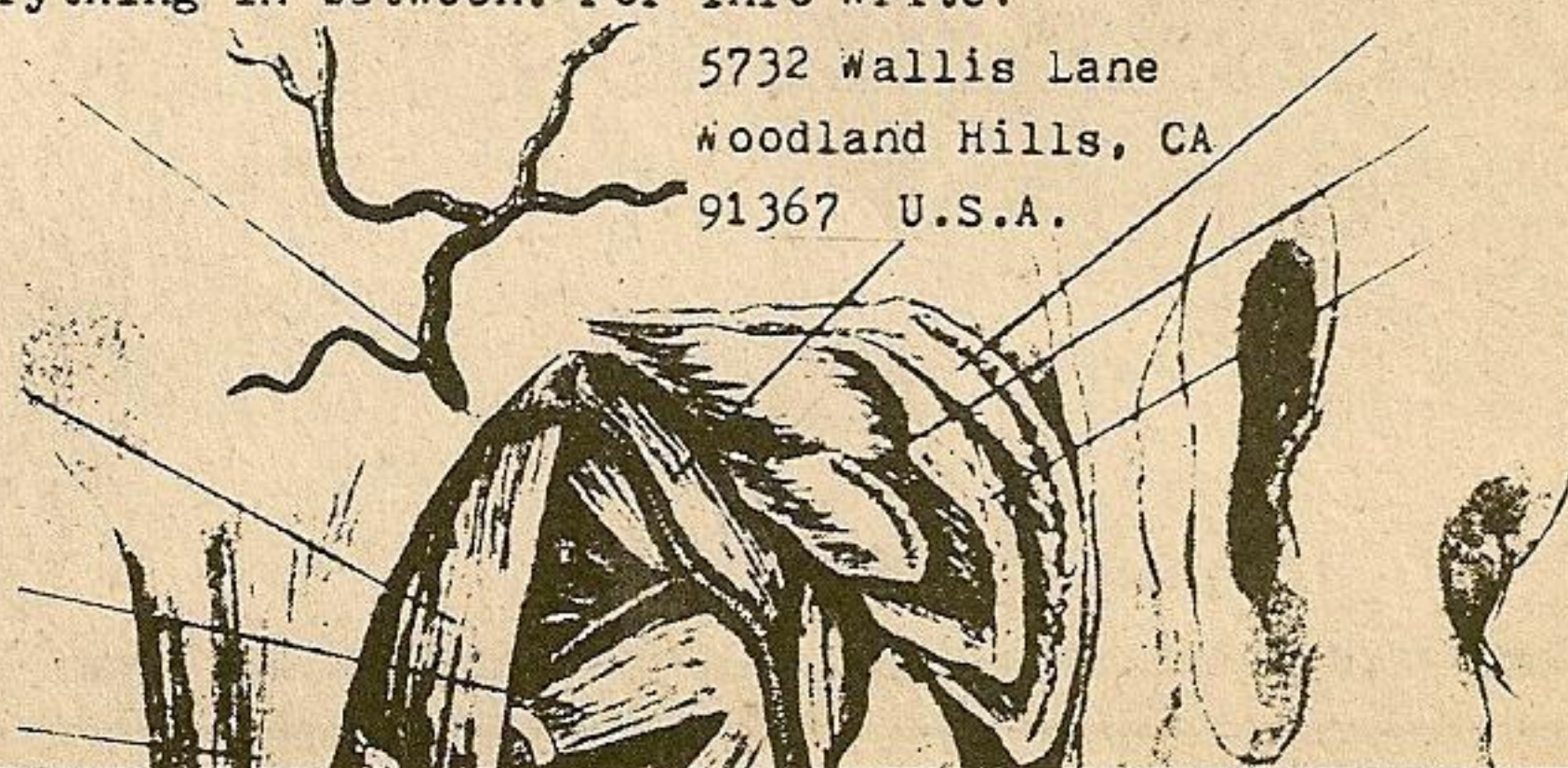
Apes of God -

A pleasant change of pace. The apes play improvisational music using guitar, synth, percussion, and tapes. It's always fun and never boring. Doing so called serious music like this would seem to get boring after a while, but they have a great sense of humour and are lots of fun to watch.

Party Sound Tapes -

Extremely small tape label which I confess I have a hand in running. We have about 20 tapes out, with many more coming out soon. Some of the groups who are on Party Sound or will be are: MFZ, SEP/8363, Nervous Gender, Concrete, Debt of Nature, Fluid, Severed Head in a Bag, Severe Rectal Hemmorage, and Anthrax Bullpit. The music ranges from extreme sound experimentation to electronic punk and really everything in between. For info write:

5732 Wallis Lane
Woodland Hills, CA
91367 U.S.A.



CUT -

Another assault type band from Santa Monica. They play violent, racist rantings using rhythm machine and finger nails on chalkboard synth's. They are quite effectively intimidating, basically because they look like marine drill sergeants. At a recent show they grabbed a member of the audience who was walking out and forced him to kneel before them for the remainder of the show. Definitely a band that demands your attention. Write to them if you don't mind some fascists having your address.
c/o Tacticus LMT. #572
2210 Wilshire Blvd.
Santa Monica, CA 90403
U.S.A.

ZURICH 1916 -

Zurich 1916 is the name under which Gary Kail does experimenting and doodling with tape manipulation, electronics, and musique concret. Gary is better known as the guitarist in the local punk band, Anti, but has been doing experimental music since 1979. Gary also directs New Underground records which besides from their punk material, they have three unique samplers out. They are unique in that side one on all three albums is hardcore punk and side two is artier, experimental material. Zurich has three tracks out right now (one on each sampler), but he is planning a double album in the very close future which he warns will be at least a half hour per side. Write for more details: 4305 W. 153rd St.
Lawndale, CA 90260
U.S.A.

Trance Port Tapes -

A new cassette label which rose out of the ashes of the late great Contagion magazine. At this point they have only one tape out which is a compilation of L.A. 'trance' music, appropriately title, "LA Mantra", which features Afterimage, Savage Republic, If-Then-Else, Debt of Nature, and many others. They have several tapes that will be coming out in the near future. For info write:
P.O. Box 85/436
Los Angeles, CA
90072 U.S.A.

ACTION DIRECT FACTION -

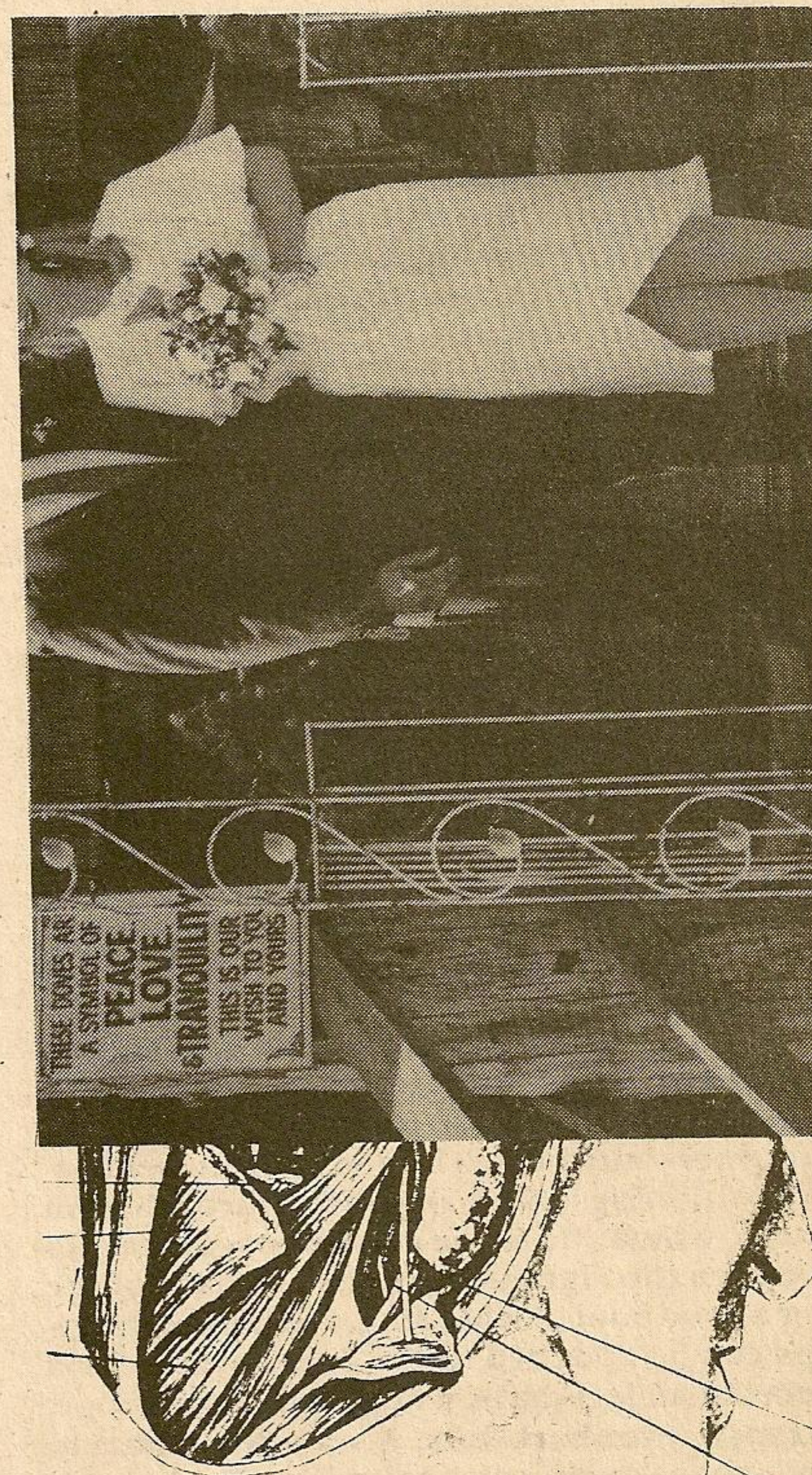
Besides SEC, ADF is one of the only 'industrial' type bands in L.A. Their live performances involve mostly cut up tape collages, short wave radios, and lots of extreme high and low frequencies. They like to build atmospheres in performance which allow them to affect the sub-conscious. They run their own recording studio and as a result have lots of tapes that are available, as well as two videos. For info write:
Non-Dasien Studios
133 1/2 Santa Fe Ave.
Fullerton, CA 92633
U.S.A.

New Alliance Records -

Well known as the Minutemen's punk label, but they have released some great experimental records from the 'Silvers' scratchy new wave to a new comp. called "Mighty Feeble", featuring SEC, Zurich 1916, Debt of Nature, Jimmy Smack, and about 16 others. They are always receptive towards receiving new material, so write them at: P.O. Box 21

San Pedro, CA 90733
U.S.A.

Well, that's about it for now. It's a short list because there just plain isn't that many people here that are interested in experimenting when they could be making money producing boring rehashes of the Velvet Underground. However, I'm sure I didn't get everybody, and I apologize to anyone I've missed. Write to these people, they want to hear from you.



**PAIN AND PLEASURE ARE THE SAME: DEATH IS THE
ULTIMATE ORGASM!**

SEXUAL OPINION BY DIRK BANDA

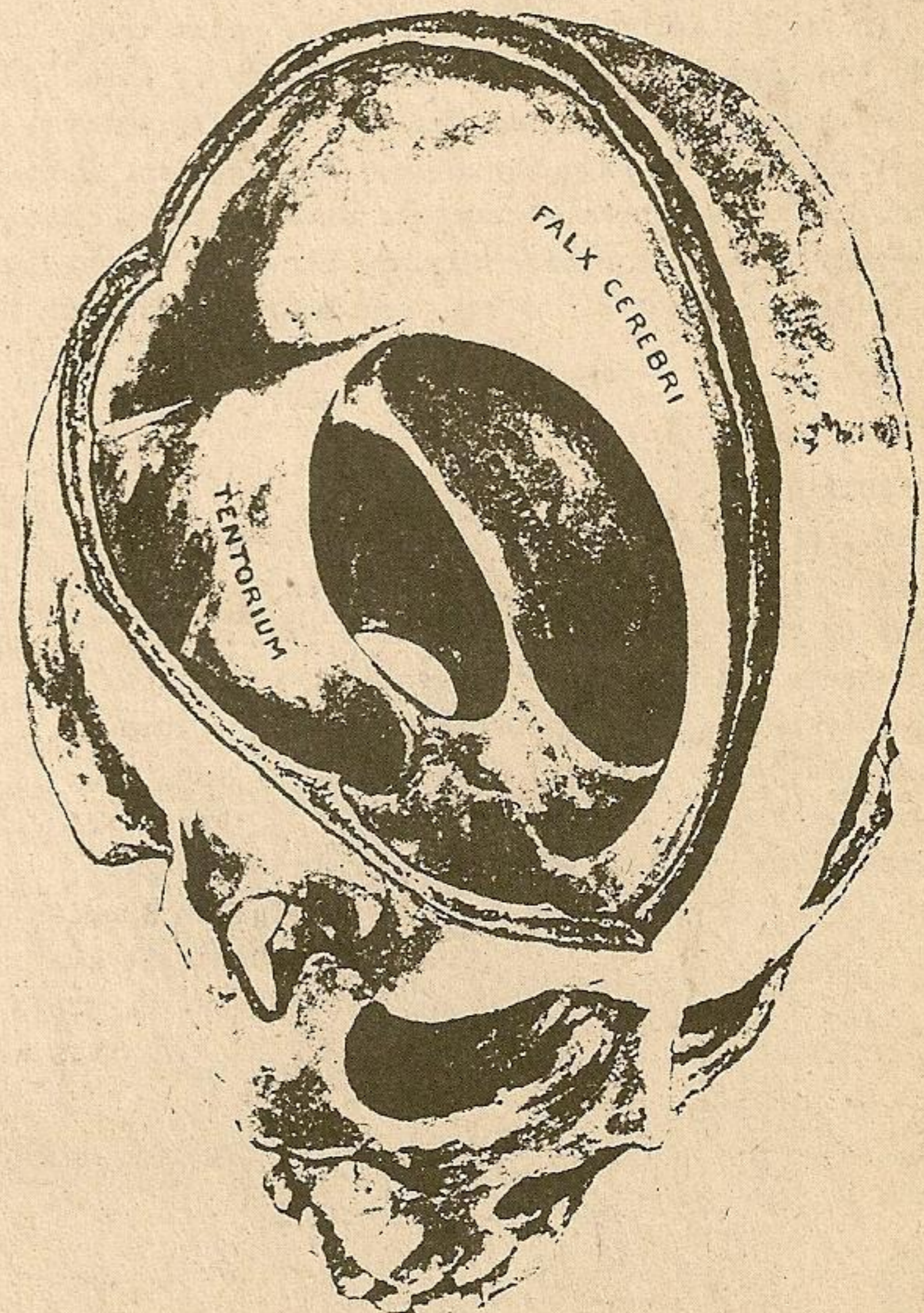
Truly tortured, tormented and violent sexual activities are the most rewarding that can be encountered. These sexual encounters thrive on the knife edge of latent danger, mortal harm and with any luck death; thusly giving this methodology the absolute intensity of the alledged life or death orgasm, and providing a unit with the amazing satisfaction of reaching the nearly perfect orgasm. Besides this perfection it has also been know to save many a boring sexual encounter. Primarily any sexual encounter should begin with the injection with a large enough quantity of dangerous drugs. Drugs as to induce a psychotic reaction. This reaction will allow you to fully appreciate pain, pleasure and orgasm as one. Further it will allow you to truly understand the pleasure that can be derived from inflicting pain upon someone that you really care about. This pain when accepted on a bilateral basis allows you to enter the Zone of de Sade, a place where pain and pleasure are one in the same.

It is important that all those who are to be involved are in the same state of mind: a deranged, twisted, sick, malicious, horny, hyperactive, sadistic and masochistic frame of mind. Once you begin your trek, you are to allow nothing or no one to distract you from achieving your violently cool orgasm. Both advances and counteradvances by all involved are best when carried through an extremely manic level of energy. This level should carry the same intensity whether you are inflicting or receiving, as the giving or receiving rests in the same spot. Pain, intertwined with pleasure, will give you an amazing feeling of satisfaction. The intensity of fingernails drawing blood or hair being ripped out by the roots, all in order to force or be forced. This is but foreplay, as the heart of violent sex lies in immobilizing your partner through a systematic array of chains, ropes, leather straps, clamps, hooks and other found objects. Once immobilized your sexual partner becomes a target of torment, harrasment, torture, ect. The amount and intensity fo this can be just about anything imaginable, from mild verbal abuse to ripping chunks of flesh off the body with a pair of old rusty pliers.

The authors personal favorite is to spread the partner out in a doorway (double doors work best as they have the widest spread) with the wrists bound to the top corners and the feet bound to the lower corners. This positioning will allow you to approach from any direction, which allows the placement of the whip welts to be even throughout the entire surface of the body. After a good bout of whipping, a pair of tight nipple clamps can be attached to the breasts; and for a visual effect the subject can be wrapped in chains, rope, leather straps or even barb-wire. Always remember to keep the whips soaked in water as it will make them cut better, to raise higher welts and draw more blood (if desired). Keep in mind that during the entire course of this tourture that the ultimate goal is sexual gratification. While you are ripping the flesh off of the body of your lover, continue to stimulate the pleasure and sex-

ual zones. This care will usually assure that the pain and pleasure will go the full circle The energy toward eroticism is what blends the pleasure and pain into one feeling...that of orgasm.

However the orgasm must be earned by the sex object in question. Usually the sexual partner is degraded to the point of lewd slavery, and forced into all sorts of interesting situations. Usually by this time the target is so hot, bothered and horny that they will beg you to let them have an orgasm. At this point their weakened state, as well as the state of their libido, will allow them nothing more than an incredibly packed explosion with an intesity and pleasure that can only be matched at death. At the point of this orgasm you should nearly devistate your sexual partner with the pains of whips, scratches, and bruises ect. Thusly it is at this point that the deepest scratches surface, that blood is drawn from the ends of the whip and black and blue marks come into blatant visibility. Once the immediate intensity of all the pain has past you may even feel close to the person you were fucking, you will begin to feel sexually satisfied in a new and unique manner that boring normal sex can never attempt to reach. So remember keep that old bondage gear (it will never really go out of style) and those chains and whips will always be a welcome sight.

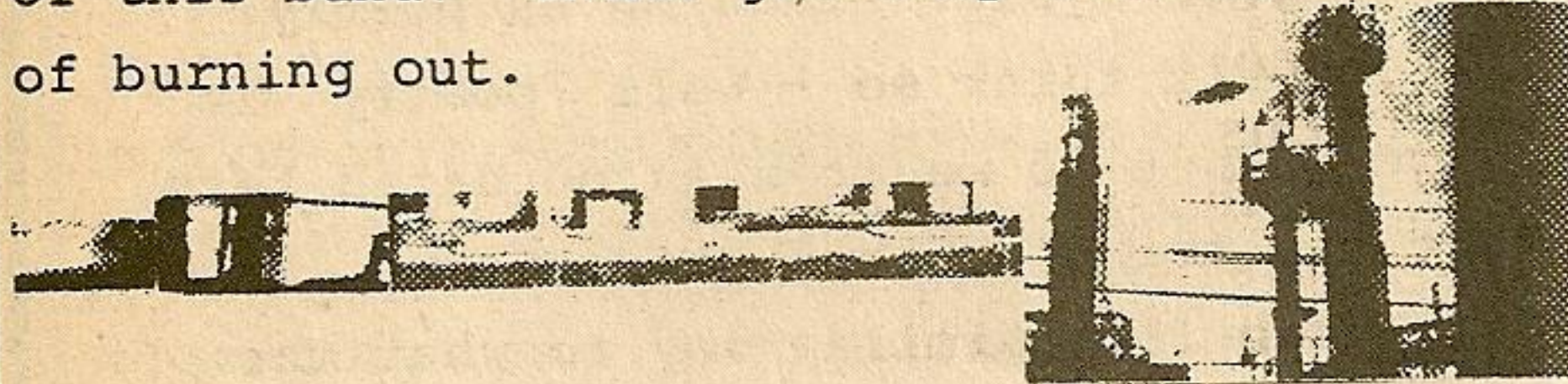


INTERVIEW with Nick Cave of Birthday Party

Nick Cave is a collection of meandering cynical wit, among other melancholy characteristics, and our conversation was short and bittersweet.

If you were to read this and think you will understand the 'Birthday Party' in a deeper way you shall be wrong, because, the further you pursue this collection of characters and the more you probe their noise and lyrics, the more entwined you will become.

They will hold no answers, they offer nothing, only an invitation to the darker side of things. And in case you hadn't realised. This is unfortunately written after the demise of this band. Thank god they blew up instead of burning out.



Unsound- Could it be said that there is a lot of humor or satire in your music?

Nick Cave- Yeah, of course there is, I mean I think that's fairly obvious to anyone who has a sense of humor themselves, or any sort of sense of humor. There is an obvious overlap of certain topics and so-forth, ones which a lot of groups tend to deal with, but deal with in a very serious way, such as violence and death and so forth and I think that's where much of our humor comes in, in a way in which we treat subjects like that either with a very nonchalant approach as if we write about such things as a love song or in the way Christopher Cross would just go about writing a song, just subvert the normal things and replacing them with more aggressive unfamiliar themes, I guess that's just one type of humor with our music.

US- Do you think that people pick up on that element of your music?

NC- Well, a lot of very insensitive people talk about our music in terms of that it is deliberately misanthropic, or that we're a misogynist group, or that we are interested in violence for the shock tactics of it and so forth, but that's a load of horse shit that anyone with half a brain can see through.

I mean that our group is not interested in shocking anybody, whether it be new-wave people who I detest more than the ordinary man, anyway, more than the person who doesn't associate with that sort of thing. I mean it's definitely not designed for those purposes, although a lot of people consider that it is. US- Could you say that your music is definable?

NC- I'm not really sure anymore, I mean it's not up to me to define the music, it's up to you, or to your contemporary sort of people of your profession to define our music, but I haven't really come up with, or read anything where it has been defined in kind of a nutshell such as, you know, where there are a lot of groups in England who are defined as positive punk bands, which is probably the most ludicrous thing I've heard in my life- certainly not that, anyway.

US- Do you think the way English Critics have handled you, like the NME, is accurate? Have they sussed you out?

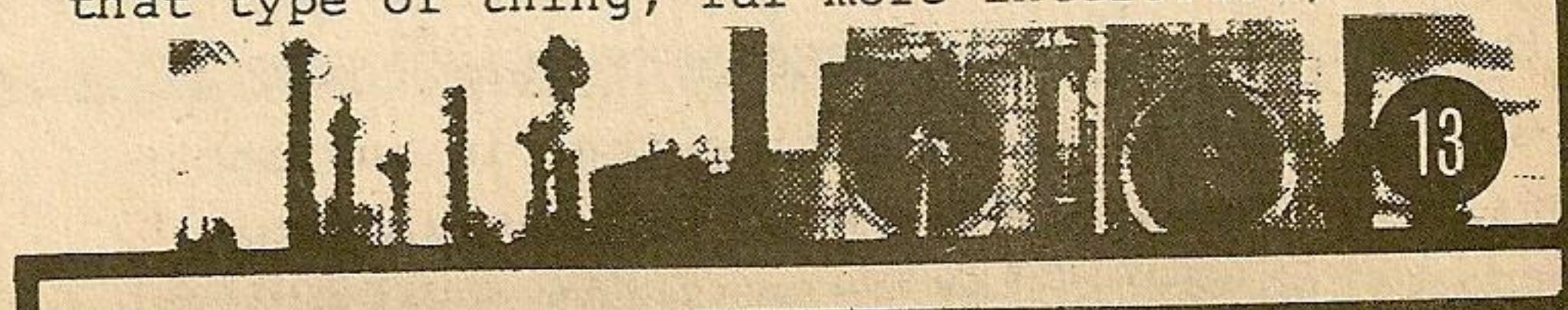
NC- There's a lot of different writers. Some people are more perceptive than other people. I mean we just had a feature in the NME with me on the cover, that's done by an intelligent perceptive person, a reporter who's intelligent enough not to be bleak with us articles, not to put in his own opinion too much and just to basically quote us straight.

US- That's what I intend to do.

NC- Well that's fine, if it's a good interview day for us, it's successful; if it's not a hideously boring not it's hideously boring to read articles by us.

US- I find your music has a lot of depth to it - loosely termed as 'soul' - but the darker side of it...

NC- Well, I would say very loosely termed as soul it's just passionate music I suppose. I mean we are far more interested in reaching that type of thing, far more interested, this



is one dimension of it at least, particularly live - in reaching the heights of intensity where it isn't just a concert that's supposed to give everybody a good time, where everybody comes along and has a good time and so I'm not interested in that whatsoever, if people have a good time at our concerts or not. It's more an attempt to reach some higher intensity of expression, in a more intense way.

I mean when I'm walking down the street or talking to somebody on the street, I'm not usually very intense about it, I just sort of talk to them and they talk back and then they just go away; and as for me singing, it is about the only thing that I do that has any really immediate expression, I mean, I don't stand around my room and scream and I don't go to gigs and jump off the stage... so...

US- Is it (their work) personal poetry, or songs or music, or is it, some of it, designed to shake people out of their established ideas of life, love, sex, reality...?

NC- Well none of it is designed to shake peoples' ideas of anything, I mean that's not the point of me writing a song; the audience or the people that listen to it are quite secondary as a matter-of-fact when I write a song it's quite selfish, it's purely for my own benefit; and it's just a simple case of me expressing what I feel, and uh, if people want to hear how I feel about things, and they enjoy it, well that's very nice, but it's basically not about communication at all, in fact, which is fortunate I s'pose. I think there are enough people who make music purely to communicate, particularly from pocket to hand, that I will leave up to them. I'm not particularly interested in that.

US- Would you consider it educational for people to confront fear, or the personal horrific reality of today's modernism, like the nuclear arms race, war, or state control at all?

NC- Well, I don't find modernism or society a fearful place at all. When I'm out on the street and I think of the nuclear threat I'm not afraid at all. I'm not afraid of being blown away. Well I can't really talk about that anyway, I don't find that fear comes with art, fear is something that is instinctual and inbred within you. The things that

I'm afraid of are of my own making, they're not of other peoples making. The things that I get really scared about are things that are entirely to do with me and have nothing to do with what action a particular politician might take or that there is too much congestion on the roads - or whatever.

US- But your music could break through peoples barriers - take them to certain depths they never considered in themselves before...

NC- I would like to think our music has that capacity but as I said it's not the intention of it to have capacity. I mean it would be nice if people listened to it and it excited their imagination and they did things that they normally wouldn't do, but that's just the shavings on the floor, the actual thing that we're trying to make is a more personal thing.

US- Could your lyrics stand up as poetry?

NC- No I don't think so - well 'poetry' is just a word, but to me it's an outdated term, for what the term 'poetry' means to me, it's kind of taken in a similar way to what the word 'art' means to me, I just mean it's just words and I wouldn't like to call it...

US- You wouldn't like to bracket it?

NC- No, I write, what I write I don't consider - it's not poetical style - it's not written in a poetical form, it's lyric writing, it's written with the intention for it to be sung, not to be read or said out loud. When I write I think of words the way that they would sound when they are sung, like I might use a particular word, I mean I don't want to get boring but if I use a particular word I visualize it in my mind how it would be if it screams, if it's sort of whispered depending on the atmosphere I want the song to be.

I mean most poetry is written and supposed to be read out loud, people consider the words that they write as words that are said whereas the majority of the things that I write are to be screamed or expostulated in extreme fashions.

US- Do you listen to music that could be termed as radical, like P.I.L. or Eisturzende Neubauten?

NC- Well, I don't, I haven't heard P.I.L. for a long time, I mean I wouldn't use the term radical about rock music anyways. It's not a radical thing at all, no matter what kind of

bastardizations of rock music that come up, no matter what sort of dances are done to it, slam dancing or go-go, it's not a radical thing.

When I listen to Eisturzende Neaubauten, who I sang with in Berlin, I think they are really a great group, they are dealing with something that's new and they have a real intensity and atmosphere that a lot of bands who use musical instruments can't manage to achieve. There a lot of groups that just bang things and scream into microphones and I find them totally boring.

US- What about S.P.K.?

NC- I'm not an S.P.K. fan...

US- What do you think of the atmosphere they try to create at their concerts?

NC- I don't know, I just find what they do, I will say that right now I haven't heard all that much material by any means, but the things that they do I just don't find very intense, I find it's very experimental. That's the primary thing with that group, they feel as though they are being experimental, whereas with Eisturzende Neaubauten, the primary

thing is experimenting it's a kind of developing a form of passion or soul or whatever to me anyway.

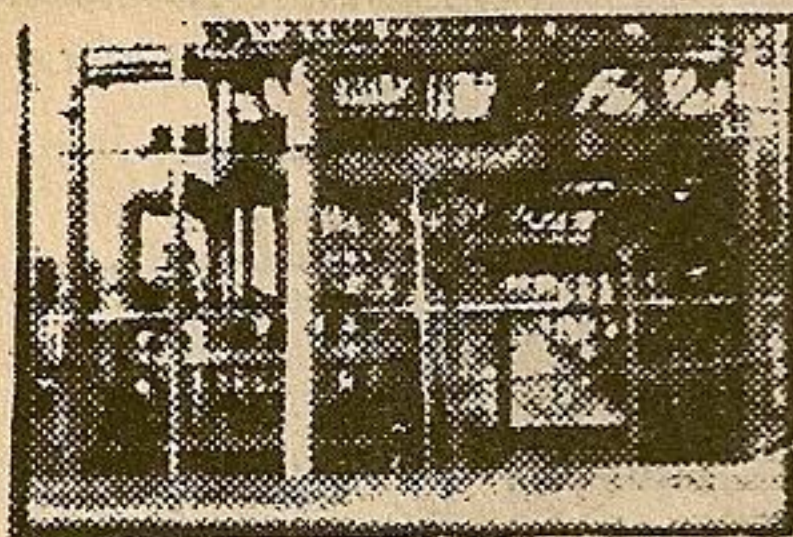
US- Do you think that general musical progression is moving forwards, or do you think that potentially good bands are getting hollow?

NC- I don't see rock music moving forward any more and it hasn't done for a long time. You see in one or two countries in the world cropping up who have something to offer or individuals within the group who have the capacity to get across certain ideas and feelings and so forth in a really accurate strong fashion. I mean I don't think our group is offering anything new to the progression of music whatsoever. We're basically just a rock group and there is no more that can be said about it, but I can say I do think that the members in the group are better, I think Rowland is a better guitarist than most guitarists and I'll say the same about all the members of the band. The song writing is better and we have the ability to get across in a convincing fashion...

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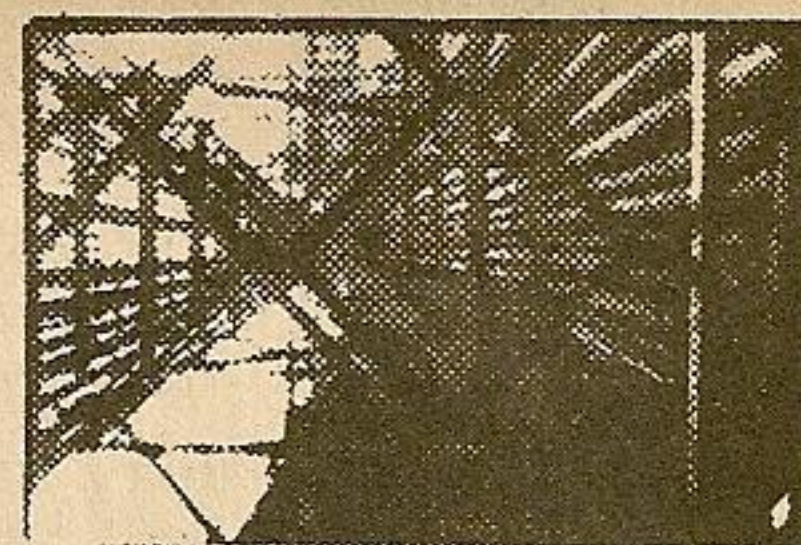


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In the beginning was the sound.

PETER R MEYER on NIGHT EXERCISE



In the beginning was the sound. In the year 1896 Marconi took out a patent on the invention that came to supply it. In the year 1983 the radio is, and has long been, everyone's property.

Many radio companies are run today by lawyers, journalists and bureaucrats. People with an artistic turn of mind are broken or sifted out on recruitment, during training or meetings. The results are clearly noticeable in the radio programmes. History teaches us that it takes many years to establish and perfect something 'new'. When the car was invented it resembled the stage coach. The first electric organ was like a piano and the first films were filmed theatrical performances. Despite directors such as Eisenstein, Welles and Kurosawa it was not until the last decades of the 20th century that the general public started to give artistic aspects to the film medium. The radio medium is today wrestling with the same problems. The bulk of programmes consist of read texts or gramophone music. Texts are however, at their best in print and music sounds most beautiful in a living form.

The radio medium has not, however, grown out of its teething troubles. New generations of listeners are more exacting in their demands, as is clearly shown by declining audience figures.

In 1982 after ten years as a free-lance (In Japan, Trinidad, Thailand, Poland, Austria and Nepal) I joined the Swedish Radio Company's cultural department. I was equipped with a B.A. degree in the film, drama and art sciences. I obtained my professional training at the Dramatic Institute in Stockholm where I specialised in radio and film production.

The bulk of the approximately 100 radio programmes and radio plays that I have made since then were of an spiritual or avantgarde nature. This stood me in good stead when I, together with the dramatist and actor Evan Storm, was given the responsibility for Nattövning/Night Exercise.

The programme Night Exercise was an attempt to renew and develop the radio medium.

We decided to control the programme dictatorially. Nothing that we ourselves did not like was to be broadcast.

We advertised for mad sound artists in suitable newspapers. To help us Brynn Settels was hired on a contract. We also looked around outside Sweden. All the unconventional radio personalities that I had met during my years at foreign radio stations or at my annual radio analysis seminars at the Dramatic Institute were contacted. Through Zev, the musician, we got in touch with Rod Summers, the sound artist, who lives in Holland. Summers, in his turn linked us up with an extensive mail art network.

Thousands of letters with invitations to take part in Night Exercise were distributed in this way all over the world.

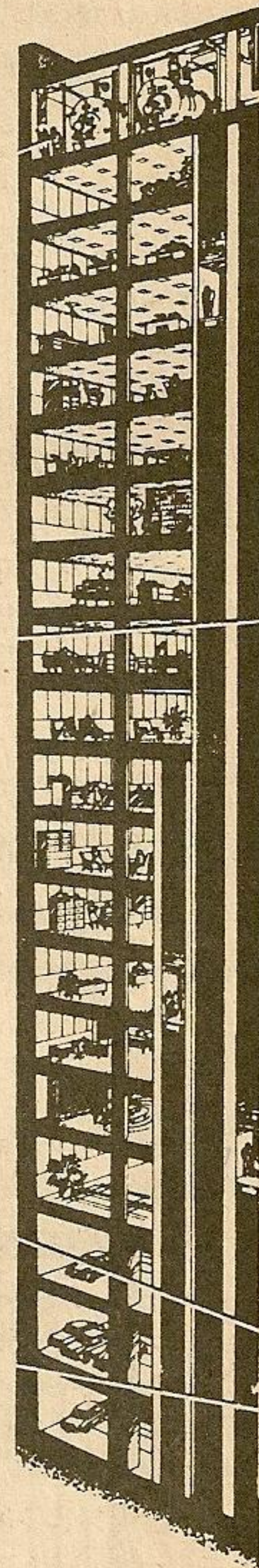
Misse Nygård-Josefsson made our famous poster, which promised mysticism, sex, rock and roll, avant-garde, violence and tradition.

Evan, Brynn and I subsequently started to listen to all the material sent in. We saved the best (about 5%), and put it together. The order of the inserts was decided by a particular theme. To start with, we linked every programme to an element, i.e: air, fire, water etc. Another aim was to use the specific opportunities of the radio medium, which is why we cut down the spoken word to a minimum. No programme was to be alike and we therefore made use of different narration techniques.

We started in January 1982 with the regular broadcasting time "the first Saturday of every month".

NATTOVNING NO 1 - Spirits in the air, was a strange mixture of recordings. The lonely man with his hidden microphone, John Amott, desperately tried to establish contact with his fellow humans. Pierre Schaeffer, the father of concrete music, made a radio comeback with a Bach paraphrase, while Curt Hilson and Jan Danielsson droned away about crows etc. The individual inserts were exciting but the overall structure was not entirely satisfactory. "Spirits in the air" limped slightly in its tempo and at the times resembled a magazine programme.

In NATTOVNING NO. 2 - Fire souls we chose therefore to place the inserts on the top of, instead of after, one another. This gave the programme a more complex nature. The aim with "Fire souls" was to depict an unidentifiable town with documentary sound effects from all over the world. We had now discovered a narrative style that worked, but at the same time we realised that we had different assessments of the inserts.



KUNSKAPSAKADEMIEN

THE SWEDISH RADIO COMPANY

Cultural dept.
Oxenstierngatan 20
S-105 10 STOCKHOLM, Sweden
Telephone 46-8-784 00 00

Private:
Artillerigatan 56
S-114 45 STOCKHOLM, Sweden
Telephone 46-8-62 80 55



NATTÖVNING NO. 3 – That's certainly radio baby, yeah, yeah, yeah! was made by Robert Zero Broberg. The programme was a dialogue between his alter egos Polb Tott 1 and 2. It was all improvised with a synthesiser and masses of additions.

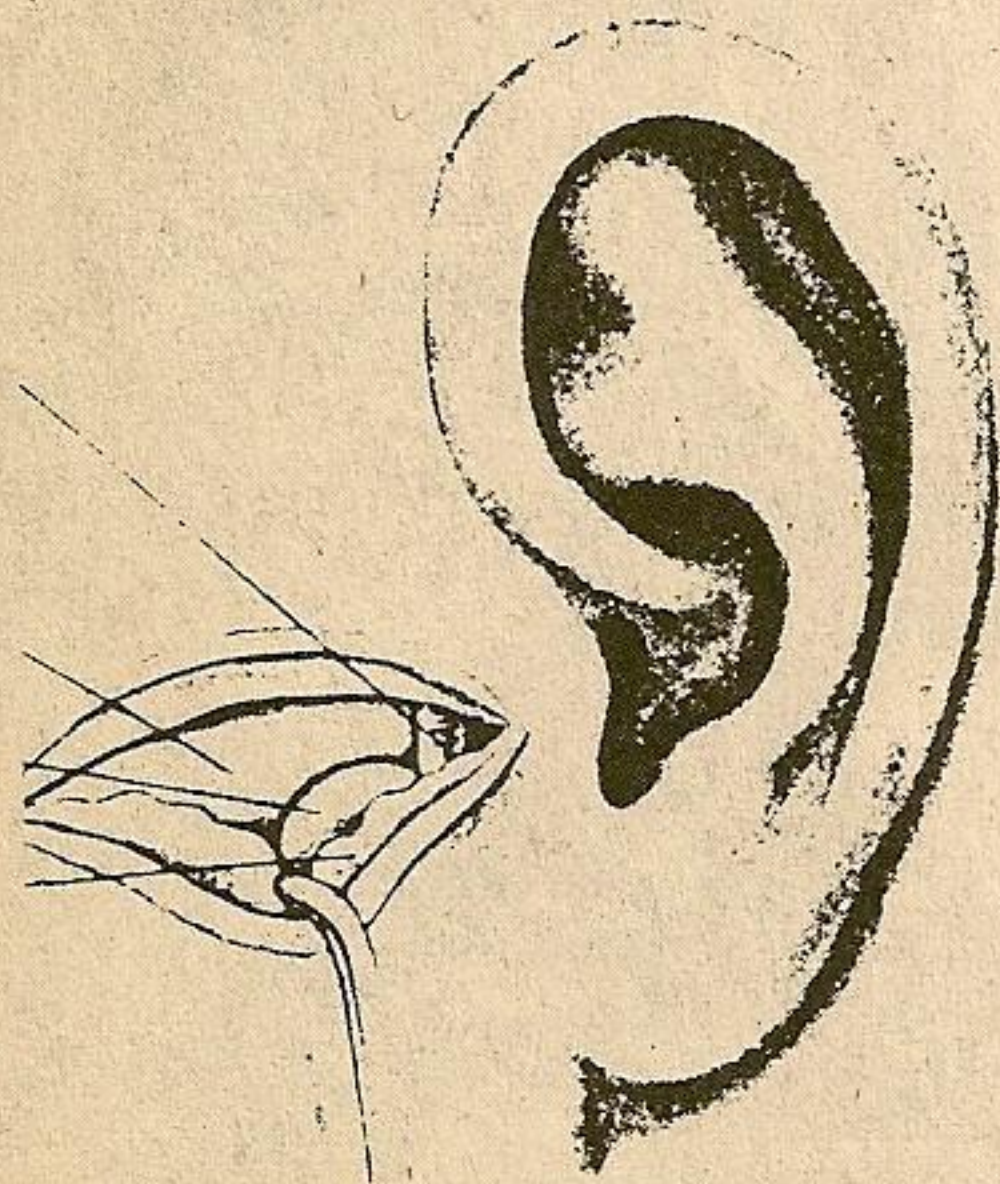
Since the tones of the first Nattövning had been murky and fateful, I now wanted to make a more meditative programme myself.

NATTÖVNING NO. 4 – Ectoplasm, an audiophonic search for truth in the hidden roots of the ego, was an attempt to give a shape to the 1950s, '60s, '70s and '80s by means of private sound recordings, news telegrams, music, literature and radio programmes. With the autobiographical suite I described the universally applicable with the aid of individually applicable. "Ectoplasm" was also a demonstration of different ways of using the radio medium as a form of art, as audio.

Brynn and Evan subsequently made **NATTÖVNING NO. 5** – Water ghosts. In character this was more traditional, with readings and recordings of water etc.

NATTÖVNING NO. 6 – P was an anthology of sound art. Instead of traditional presentation of the many originators and their items, we wrote a trilingual basic story. This trivial story was subsequently interpolated with various provocative and strange inserts. Rod Summers rearranged the English language radio newscasts so that ministers and politicians answered the whole time "I'm sad, very sad" to the most varying questions from the press while Regina Beck constantly repeated "If you don't give a fuck, you don't get a fuck".

In **NATTÖVNING NO. 7** – What was left over we played what was left over, for instance: Dan Fröberg's minimalist music, Christian Bocks's audiophonic experiments and our own greatest hits.



The night exercises were therefore characterised by two levels of creating. Firstly the artistic intention of the contributors and subsequently those of the production team.

Our policy was therefore to inform all those taking part about our editing, shortenings and changes in the insert. We also sent our specially designed cassette copies to all contributors living abroad. Since on average we had 18 participants per programme, this meant in time a fair number of cassettes. The publicity that this automatically resulted in meant that foreign radio stations in the United States, Italy, Japan and elsewhere now began to show interest. The first foreign radio station to broadcast Night Exercise was the Canadian CFRO. (See page).

When Brynn and Evan with the coming of the autumn in 1982 became busy with other programme duties, I was the only left with responsibility for the programme. Most of my time was spent listening, copying, writing letters and planning.

The Night Exercises now came to live lives of their own. The programmes were gradually deposited in art libraries all over the world.

Excerpts from "Ectoplasm" were issued on two different LP records in Italy. It was also presented live with light projections and dancing at an international poetry festival in Cento/Bologna, as well as at a music festival in Tokyo.

Excerpts from "Fire Souls" appeared on a Dutch VEC cassette. In addition "P" was performed in galleries in Korea, Australia and Italy.

Night Exercise was never reviewed in Swedish daily newspapers. All the more was written, however, in the foreign trade press. After articles in Ear Magazine and Umbrella Magazine etc. there was an ever-increasing stream of cassettes. The programme had now in the space of barely one year established contact with more than 275 sound artists from 31 countries.

To impress the powers that be, proved to be more difficult. Instead of encouragement, there were complaints about the form and contents of the programme, studio times, paper consumption, postage and overtime etc. In addition to all this there was an abnormally steep cut in the budget.

When, despite this, the production was nevertheless able to continue, the department, at a meeting in my absence, decided to discontinue the programme! The three new Night Exercises that I had already completed at the time were being broadcast in the spring of 1983.



**NATTÖVNING NO. 8 - Italian audio
with mail art**

was a documentary reportage from a journey through Italy. The sound artists Carlo Pittore, Vittore Baroni and Enzo Minarelli and others had their say in fragmentary interviews.

**NATTÖVNING NO. 9 - What are we to
call the programme 'J'ai bien mange'.**

was a joint effort with Marie Sjoberg from the Gallerie St. Petri in Lund. The programme was an inventory of the international avante-garde's manifestations in Sweden in the 1970's in the form of artists records and audio works.

**The last programme NATTÖVNING NO
10-M: A prophetic night exercise on mur-
der.**

resembled "P" in form but its tone was more serious. The contents alluded to the increasingly cool cultural climate in Sweden and at the Broadcasting House in Stockholm. Kristian Jonsson's question "why so sad and unimaginative?" was crystallised in an abundance of remarkable recordings. He got the answer, albeit in a somewhat cryptic form.

The 10 Night Exercise's that were actually produced were created during "the last phase of the technological stone age". If the programme had been allowed to continue, emulators, synthesizers, and digital sound would have influenced its development further. There were also plans for alternative forms of "Phone-ins" and live broadcasts. Things did not turn out like that, however.

In the future when commercial communications satellites have wiped out the serious radio programmes, many will console themselves with nostalgic memories of the days when Night Exercise existed.

Thanks to the audio exhibition in March/April 1983 at the Museum of Modern Art in Stockholm and to the catalogue produced for it, the experiences are now documented.

Just Listen.....

Party Sound Tapes

5732 Wallis Lane

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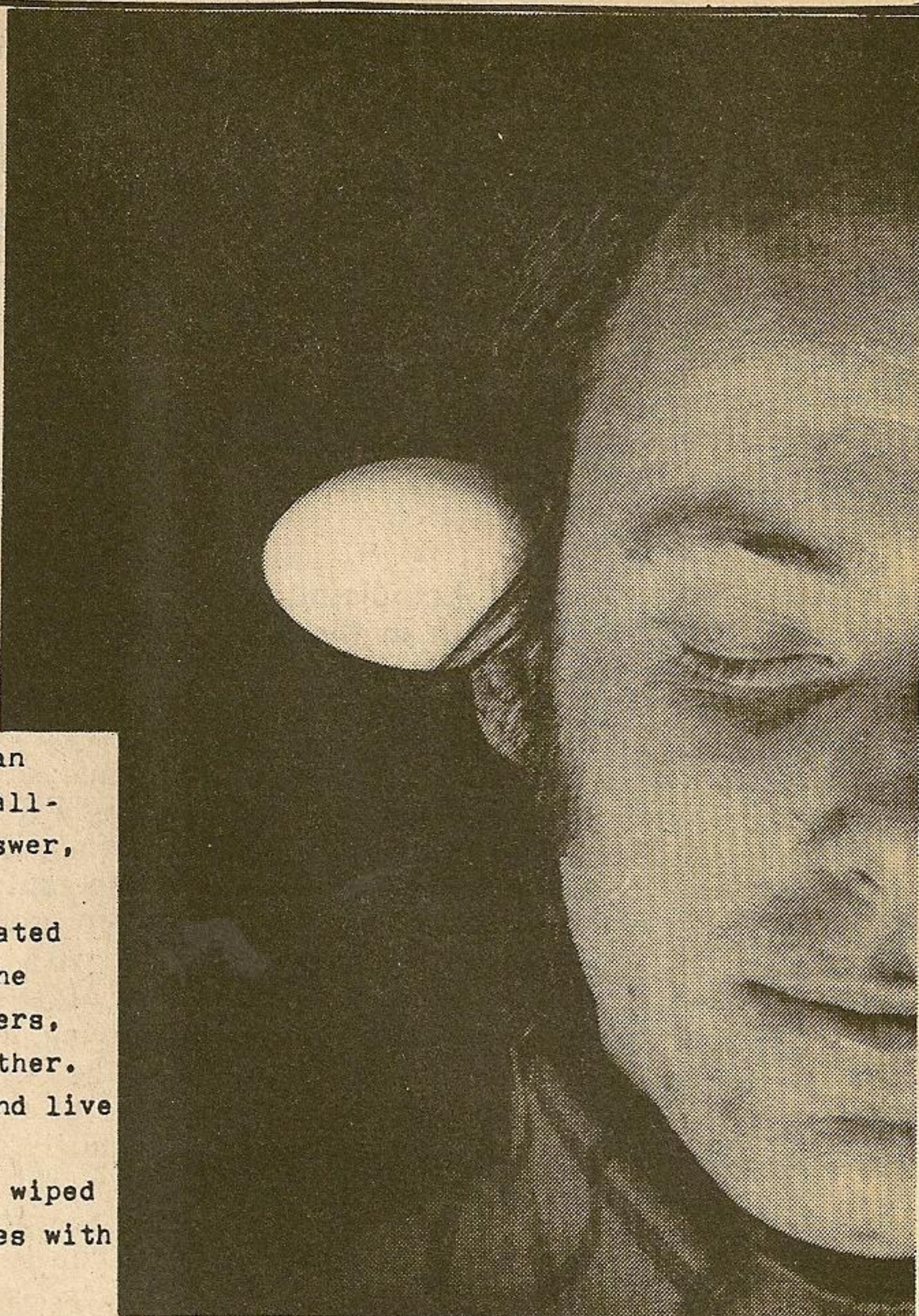
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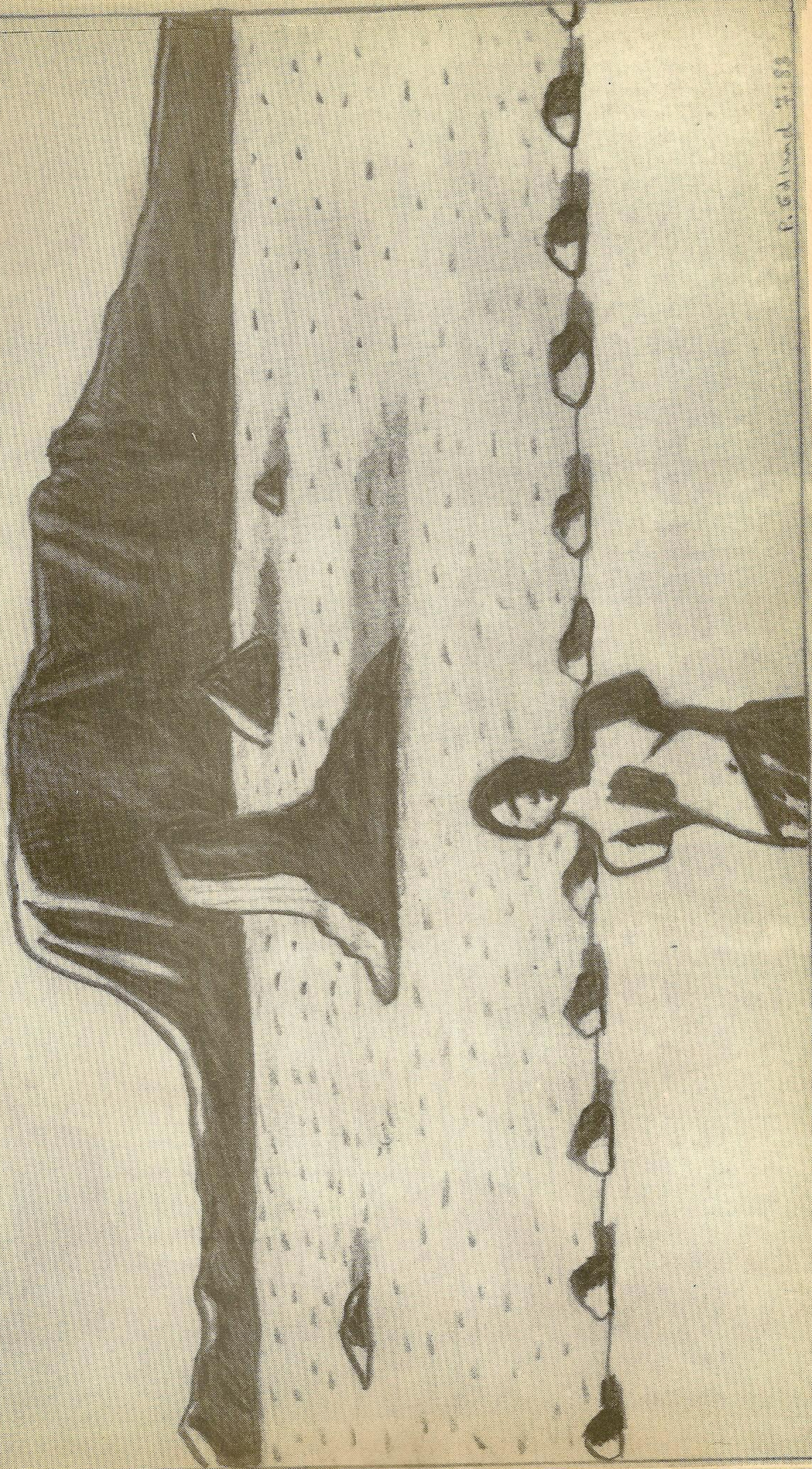
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AN OLD

medical revelations

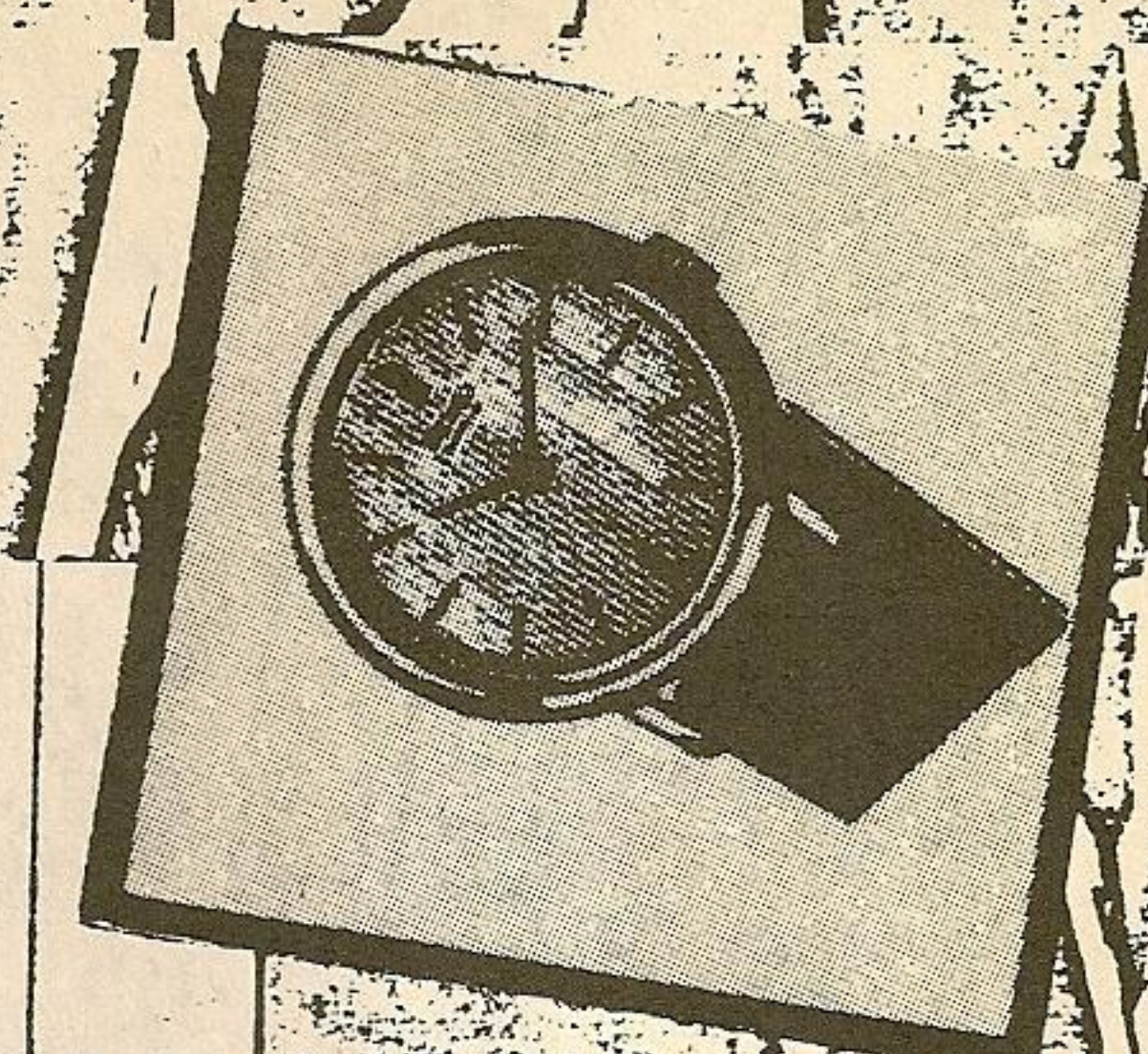
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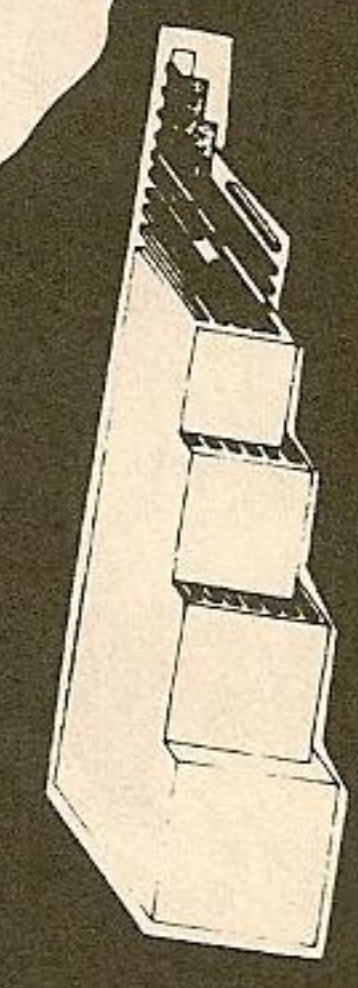
STORY

What produces their medical madness? There are three main explanations:

The psychoanalytic interpretation draws attention to the unconscious. The feigning patient, by feigning illness, presents himself simultaneously as victim and victimizer, and compulsively re-enacts unresolved conflicts: The weak child/patient is challenging and even defying the strong father/surgeon. Paradoxically, the weak patient con-



3) LANE



en sophisticated deceptions to
 cate medical problems. These
 tions include: blood "spit up"
 m a rubber pouch concealed in
 e mouth; genital bleeding deli-
 vely caused by sharp objects;
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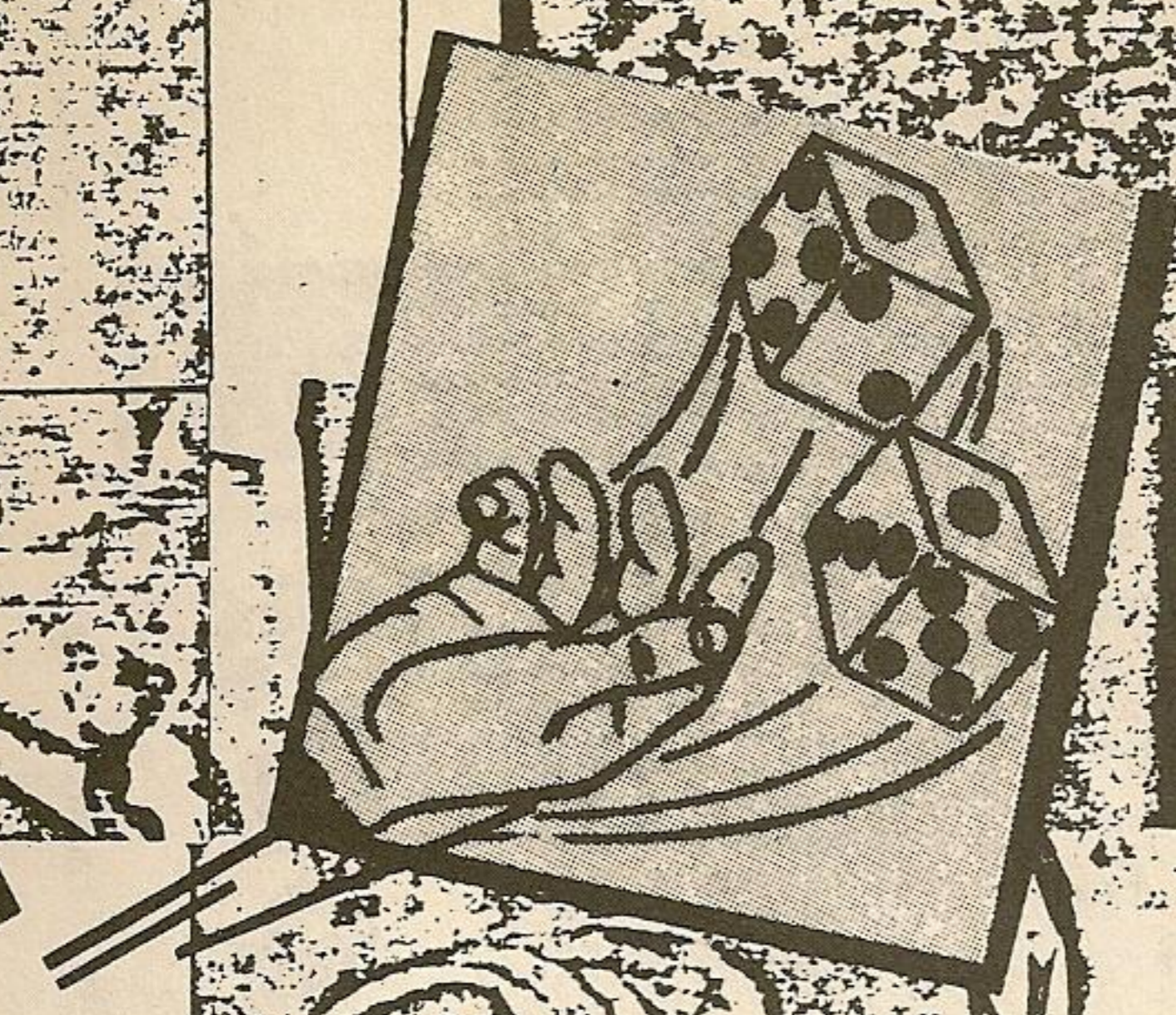
gan their "wandering" and symp-
 tom mimicry in response to cumula-
 tive major disappointments, losses,
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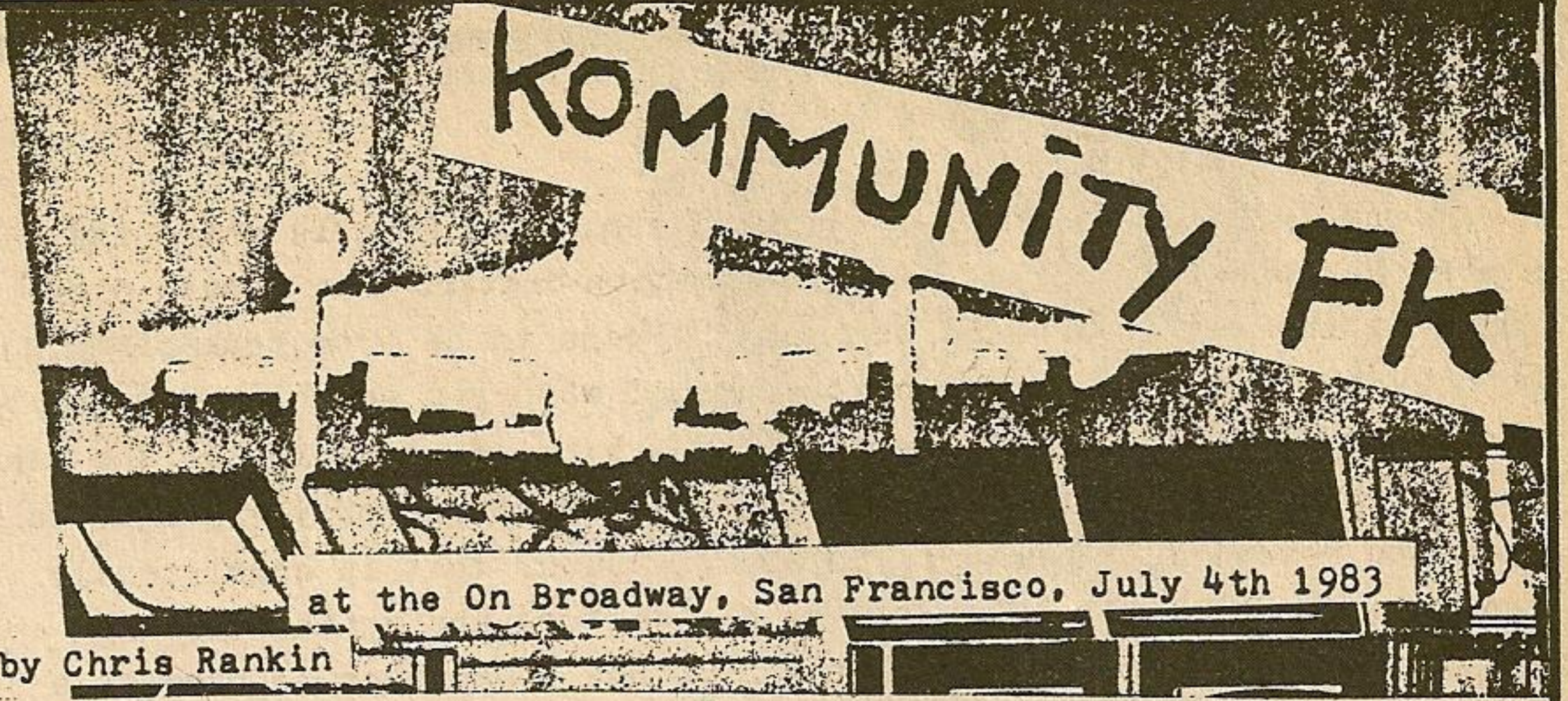
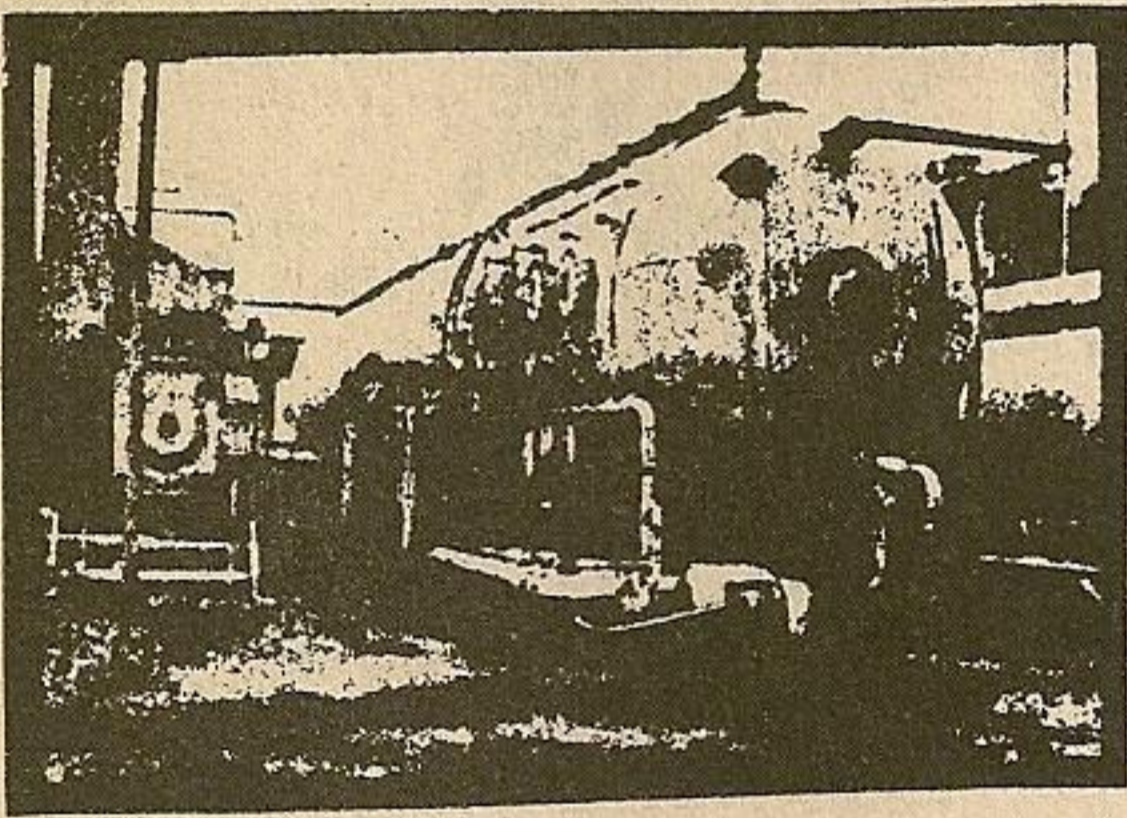
ROCKE

Stories

ANARCHY IN THE HAIGHT

On the fringes of the Haight, there is a bookshop that carries numerous fringe publications. It is the **Bound Together Collective Bookstore**. Besides books on anarchism and anarchy, we emphasize lesbian/gay, feminist and neo-pagan titles. We like to encourage use of the store for poetry readings and meetings and we have a mail order catalog for our anarchist titles. Drop by

Bound Together Bookshop/Meetingplace
1369 Haight St., SF, CA 94117
tel: 415/431-8355
an anarchic project



at the On Broadway, San Francisco, July 4th 1983

by Chris Rankin

It was July 4th at the On Broadway Theatre Nightclub. I was there to see **Kommunity FK**, a band from Los Angeles, which was reputed as being a "Neo-Industrial" band. As the show started, the performers entered the stage purveying an air of tension- it may have been the atmosphere although the first song remains in my mind as the most powerful of the show. The stalky singer, his hair dyed blood red, he played an old twelve string electric guitar which lent itself well to the hypnotic Joy Division type rhythm cording creating the high end ambience. Through the first song their energy continued to build as the bass and drums maintained a circular rhythm-melody. The bass player was powerful, dressed in studded black leater and black lipstick, uncreasingly producing medieval basslines from her woodgrain Fender. The next few songs, packed with lyrics of socio-nihilation incorporated a Pro-5 synthesizer which was placed obtrusively on the center stage. The bass player and drummer switched roles, she played rhythm while the drummer played the melody on the drums. Toward the middle of the half hour show, tapes were introduced, which consisted of sexually oriented sounds and breathing. Moving along in this line, towards the end of the show the bass player began playing the Pro-5 with a combination of random patches creating a disorientation effect in the audience and the guitarist operated the tape which cranked out static and sexual breathing while he screamed and sang quietly about human relations. After this the musicians seemed tired and finished the set with two songs of typically post-punk nihilistic psychedelic tunes.

ZEV PER FORMANC
NATOMA AT LOUD
EARS FALLING
HEADS HITTING
FAST HARD DRUMS
LOW FREQUENCY
SPACE ROCK
REFRESHING BANGIN
RING HUM
FAST LOU ACIAL
BATTERBING EFF

Zev, at 544 Natoma St., San Francisco, July 9th 1983
by Roger Revlon

P.I.L., at the Palladium, Los Angeles, June 6th 1983

by Robert Clarke

John Lydon walks in the Hollywood sun. This face is white and stark. He looks ill. "fuck off you northern bastard", he shouts playfully at the Mutants roadie, who just happens to be from Yorkshire. John Lydon, you have to laugh to yourself when you see him. You get the impression he's doing the same thing himself: laughing on the other side of his face. Different in nature than a couple of years ago, he seems to reveal in the subtle points of humour that is consistently present. You hear him chuckling to himself now and again, tossing about on stage, hanging on for the drawn out soundcheck to come to a close. Taking the piss out of the road - crew.

This is playtime. Lydon is marvellous, he still see's straight. He's a sharp one, there's no two ways about it and this gig in LA is goin to be another move in his chess game. Outside the palladium, a huge crowd of punk rocker's (how the mighty have fallen). Hardcore punks with all the correct dress - codes, standing orderly in line waiting to fumble into the Palladium. Oggling each other, the supposed threat, the threat of rebellious, riotous youth is squandered among the likes of the fashion media. What a waste. Inside heat is generated, they all came to have a good time, meanwhile a band called the Mutants get covered in gob, showers of it.

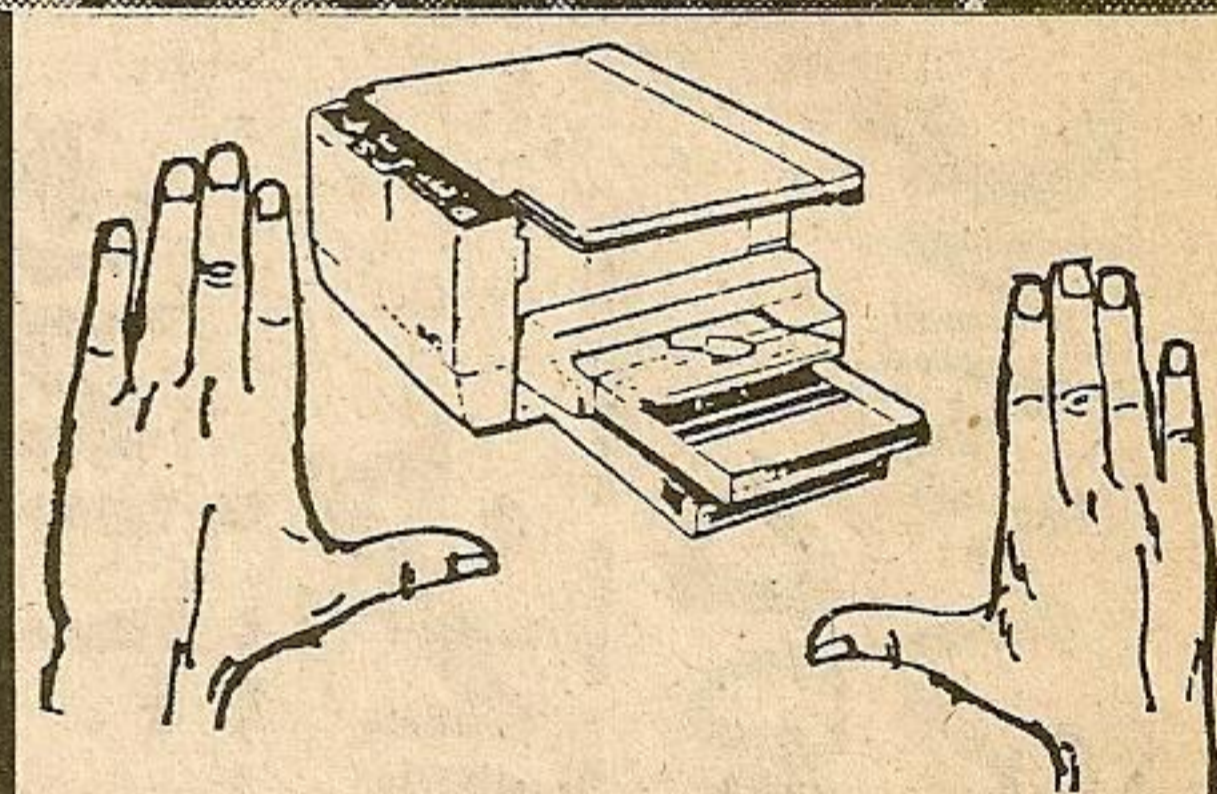
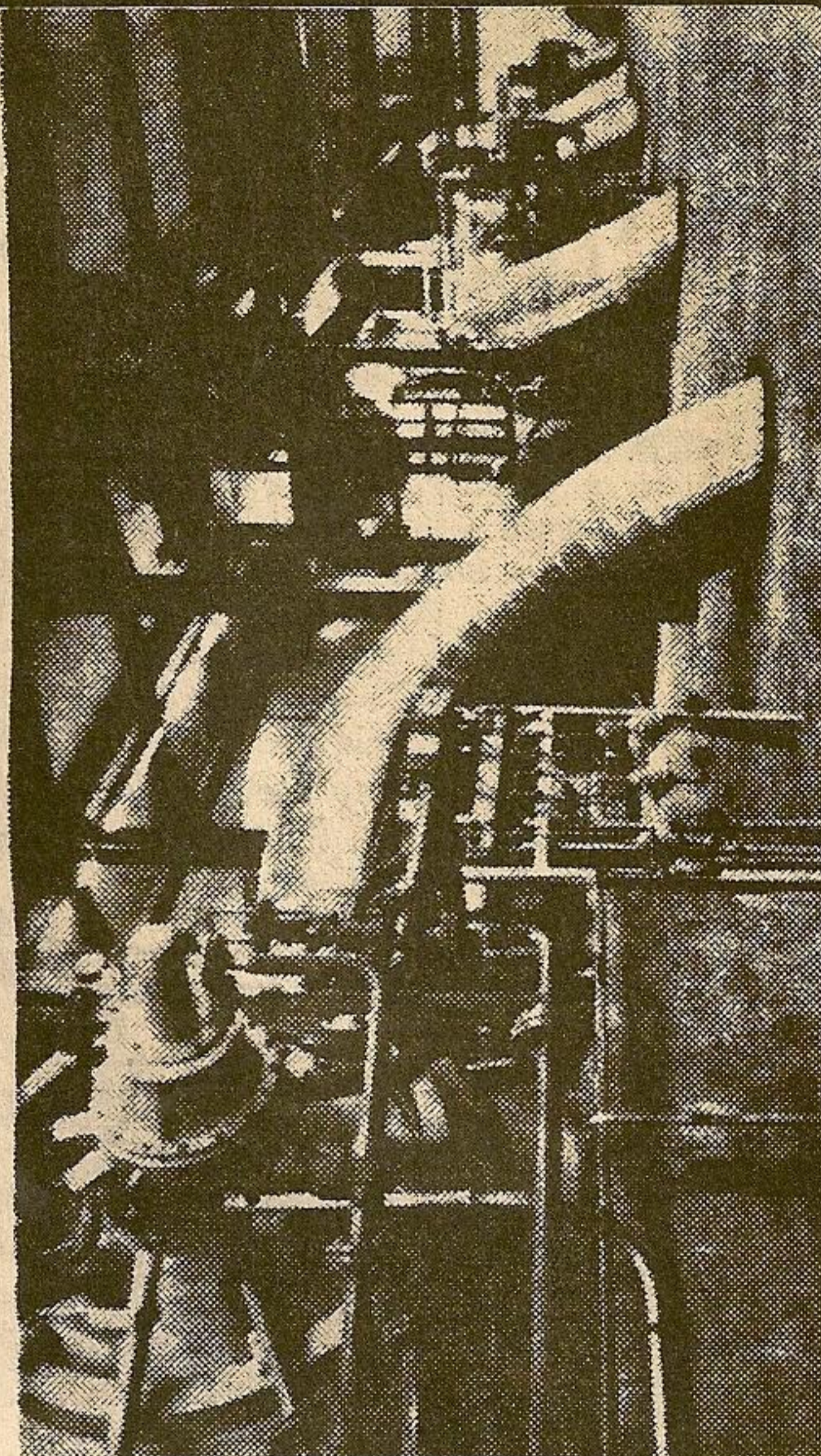
Later, Lydon's first words are, as he saunters on stage; "Now, now - no spitting, thats for the silly boys." No one spits, not even once. I get to play security, stopping the young chaps from scaling the speaker cabinets, only to dive from the top when they get there. Dive into a sea of bodies, its the best fun. Like I say, I get to play security and Lydon gets to play Star. Star prick, as he well knows. The crowd get to play the crowd. Infamous for their stage launches and onslaughts. I find myself laughing at Lemmings and its wonderful to see this Lydon amusing himself with the whole proceedings.

Besides this spectacle of the oracle of Lydon, still Rotten to many he does his utmost to deflect the star worship. He says at one point, "alright, I suppose its time, I'm number one, a fucken star, the best." He bleeds cynicism. How the fuck can he tell these people to wake up, get out of the mould, to appreciate his performance? And he does perform, like no one else.

His voice at certain times is incredible, a mirror of pain and reality. A reflection of real life, a standard of attack and rebellion. If only people could fuckin hear for a change, if only they could understand. Youth need not be such a waste of time, of blind acceptance, of whats handed to them by the powers that be, time and time again. P.I.L. is not Lydon, but its not really a "BAND" as has been said many times before. Levine is out, too much smack and not enough roughage, one is lead to believe. Martin Atkin's is the only character left from the original P.I.L. and friends play with this couple today but who can say that this line-up will have any permanence?

Whatever, they cut deeply and powerfully with music of such quality that is seldom heard, except on rare occasions such as these. They are contenders and they are hard. This is the white street music. Whether you pick up on it is another matter, besides its you thats missing out. P.I.L. played a few new songs, all exceptionally good. The other songs or noise if you prefer, are full of bite, improvised in the art of playing live. Maybe we will have some product from them soon, after much studio time being spent. P.I.L., let all the poisons in and let the mud hatch out. Beware droogie's, this is the frontline. Are you up there?

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Sheedy, at the Hotel Meridian Site, San Francisco, July 12 1983
by Chris Rankin

SCRATCHED ON THE WALL AT THE FRONT DOOR AMID VARIOUS OUTDATED
POSTERS AND GRAFFITI WAS THE TITLE & PROGRAM OF THE PIECE:

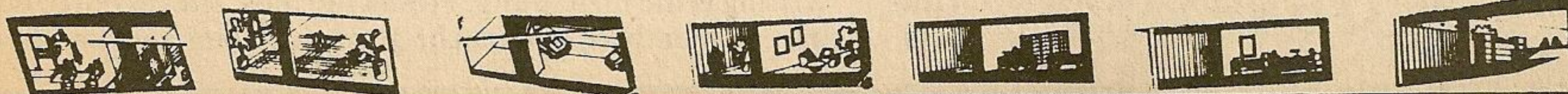
Traction Wire

- 1) MAR 22 Tree
- 2) aur 168 boat
- 3) july 16 High Voltage
- 4) July 18 NY fabrics Hugas

It was an ominous scene to say the least, although a good turnout considering the lack of publicity, the audience was varied from young to old and all equally interested. The stage was about 30 feet wide and about 50 feet deep, triangular in shape and illuminated by spotlights sporadically placed around the edges. Across the upper portion were a number of steel bars plastered with cement, off to the right of them was a machine on wheels elevated on a platform which produced a weezing sound which kept rising and falling in pitch. Various words were stenciled on the props and machines on stage, such as, "danger" and "rotating machinery". The set was vacant at first, then about ten performers appeared, wearing jumpsuits and colored hats they moved to their positions. A whistle sounded the start of the piece, then sparks began dropping from both the far right and left of suspended beams and this continued throughout the piece. At the front of the stage a few of the performers who had their backs to the audience sporadically dropped wrenched and steel bars on the concrete stage in rhythm with the amplified machinery and street noises. Then from the rear of the set came repetitive pounding rhythms, as well as ominous locking clicks and yelling which was amplified by the nature of the acoustics of this triangular space. Within the first movement of the performance the energy was so intense that the audience was speechless, awed by the power they looked on silently. During the second movement a conductor appeared in the center of the set and he began screaming and whistling while pointing to signify changes in rhythm. It was like a steel symphony, chains being pulled through steel bars on the left of the stage and to the right there was the continual ambient squeaking interspersed with the dragging metal and seemingly random clanging. Close to the end of the performance, three dancers appeared from the right of the stage and went through a fragmented series of repetitive circular arm movements combined with yells and whistles, their addition seemed to add an aire of hopelessness to the already morbid atmosphere prevailed by the scenario.



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INTERVIEW with Paul Ratt

Unsound: Where are you from and what was your first job involving music?

Paul Ratt: I grew up in the Bay Area. I got involved with music when I was in high school and Tower of Power was just forming, so I got a job as their roadie. Then I sort of just blew that scene. Actually my first job in music was at San Francisco State University, where I did programming for entertainment and lectures. We formed a Northern California block booking association with all the other colleges.

US: Were you a student?

PR: Yeah, I have a masters in sociology and broadcasting.

US: What year was that?

PR: 1969, 70, 71.

US: What are some of your early management jobs?

PR: I worked with this comedy group called the Burlingame Philharmonic Orchestra. I think the biggest achievement with them was opening up for Santana at Winterland. It was so bad that people kept throwing things at them, the management said, 'well you don't have to come back tomorrow and we'll even pay you, we don't want manslaughter.' Two of the guys from that group are now in the Farmers.

US: How did you get involved with Punk?

PR: I worked for about 8 years at KPOO, I did an experimental show of whatever the independent artists were doing. I think one of the first groups to approach me was Chrome, they had a bunch of early tapes of that industrial rock stuff. From there, the Nuns came and brought tapes, that was about the only station that would play tapes at that time.

US: What year was that?

PR: About 76 or 77, and then Howie Klien started doing something on KFJC, the commercial radio station in San Jose, late at night he play whatever he wanted to. People started bringing more tapes and then the Mabuhay was doing shows.

US: Where you in contact with Dirkson then?

PR: No, I would just go to the Mab mainly to connecting with bands for the radio. I ended up working with Chrome on distribution of their first couple of albums and then they got too paranoid and freaked out. The best thing I liked about Chrome is that they said if they ever played live they would play on a burning barge in France, then when I heard they went to France I thought they were going to do it.

US: What do you think of their music?

PR: Well, it was sci-fi and that was the concept, so I was totally into sci-fi and I liked it. I thought it was really great because I was bored with jazz and blues. I worked at KREE in Berkeley and I was pretty much bored with everything. Then I met this English guy named Ben. He had been hanging around with the Avengers and the Dills, and the Avengers lived down the street from me at the time. I lived in this warehouse over on Howard St. where we had this big broiler room, and the broilers had been moved out so it was like a big empty pit. We built a three layered stage and had four shows there, it was one of those artist things where people don't really get excited. The first show was Tuxedo Moon, On the Rag, and the Hipmovers. On the Rag was Esmerelda and a drummer who beat the shit out of the drums, it was real intense. So after the Pit we moved to 330 Grove which is now a parking lot for the opera house, so we did some more attic shows there, Avengers,

Dills, Dills, Avengers, all that shit.

US: So... After 330 Grove what happened?

PR: Well, I met Russel and Fredda, who were working at the South of Market Cultural Center. I knew they had a performance space there, so I started talking with them and we set up this one show but in the mean time PIL hit town. PIL was planning shows at a couple of places where Bill Graham had exclusive rights for rock and roll, so we ended up doing the first and only PIL show at the S.M.C.C., things were still an event then like they are in LA now. There's really no roadhouse for punk bands or anything like that and when they get a show together most of the time it gets busted by the cops. I mean, you rent a hall in LA and probably the police will close it down.

US: How did you get involved with the Elite club?

PR: I just rented it, there was an organisation called United Projects that was working with the space, so we went through them.

US: Do you see yourself as a businessman?

PR: Yes I do pretty good business, using basic formulas, there's not a whole lot to it. A club like the On Broadway has a lot of maintenance costs, bills and stuff to take care of, but that's all you can really expect to do, even if you could make the same amount doing a local show or a major agency show. There will be lots of people Friday night to see Anti-Nowhere League, and that's a major agency band. That's their only performance, so probably half of the money will end up going to them.

US: What do you mean by major agency band?

PR: You can only get them through an agency, this is an IRS band. IRS is the richest agency in the country, they have all these bands like the Go Go's, Police, and they're trying to get the DK's.

US: So you have to get the bands through the agency, you can't deal directly?

PR: Oh yea, and if a band from London is on an agency they will try to take 15 to 25 hundred for one show and we'll bargain back and fourth, they attach a rider to it - a rider is additional cost like a 5,000 watt PA. I usually rip that off, well it's a basic business and it's a creative art. I use the On Broadway a lot to look at bands to see if I want to record them.

US: When are you putting out your second record?

PR: Volume two of Rat Music, an LP of softer core bands, three tracks from X, some tracks from the Mutants, the Offs, Dream Syndicate, Red Kross.

US: What do you think of San Francisco audiences?

PR: I think there sort of jaded because they can see everything. When you go on the road you see that people are starved for music, and they appreciate it so much, although this last year there has been a rejuvenation of new bands. Minimal Man is probably the only one of the old guard who has survived, at least to continue to record and sell records, but they are hardly ever appreciated in town although they've already sold out in Japan.

US: So what are you looking for when a band gives you a tape?

PR: Well, first I classify it, what type of band are they, are they a bunch of high school kids who just picked up guitars, or is there actually something that seems to click. I think that writing is the main thing. I think the most successful bands have two or three. You can be great musicians and have hor-

rid material, its revolting, or you can have inadequate musicians and have some fantastic material.

US: Do you find that bands become cushioned by success?

PR: Oh yeah, if you get success your in a dangerous mode, your gonna like the success and what it reaps and you going to be afraid to progress out of the formula, especially if you have a hit record or something. The first thing I ask a band is what their expectations are, what do they really want to happen. Just so I can set you up and then I can say, 'that shows not for you...your expectations won't come close, buddy.

US: Do you see yourself as political?

PR: I'm so underground that's a hard question. I don't know how political I am. I worked for a real radical radio station with radical politics once. I don't know how to answer that question. I'm not into the American government, but I like America and I've traveled all around. I'm not really out to change anything, I just try to make people aware. I support all these bands who have political ideas. I hung-out with some real radical political organisations in the past, the SLA, the Liberation Front, and I did interviews with them.

US: How do you view yourself in relation to the system in terms of being a producer? How do you view yourself in relation to Bill Graham?

US: He should love me. I created all these bands which he eventually gets. He should send me checks. I sent him a telegram about that once... There's really no room to be as successful as him.

US: Do you think that the public is falling asleep at this point?

PR: They always want something new, and there is so much new stuff coming out, all the majors are cranking out every type of record possible.

US: Do you see your job as a creator of new bands?

PR: Sure, we started those shows, so out of this group of ten bands half will survive in five years. I decided to just work with these bands and grow with them.

US: Are you a musician?

PR: I know basic music, I did play the clarinet in high school, but I gave that up. Marching band was too much, gagging on the reed.

US: What was one of your favorite shows?

PR: The most fun was New Years Eve 1981-82, we had it in a factory that was really cool. The DK's and Flipper played, it was at the body factory where the army made body bags. Now I'm looking for somewhere in S.F. or L.A. for New Years 1984.

US: How do you like working with Dirk Dirkson?

PR: Dirk is a really positive person and he puts up with a lot.

US: What is your role at the On Broadway?

PR: I'm associate producer, Dirk has the lease on the facility. He wants to concentrate mostly on maintenance with the building, keeping his requirements for the lease and finishing building a sound studio for television. He'll be able to do three or four camera shoots, and on the third floor there will be the editing rooms and the control room, and mostly he'll just lure bands there for video shoots. You know, he has twenty years experience as a television producer.

US: Do you ever feel like your breaking away from the idea of new music and just becoming a businessman?

PR: It all just comes down to business, you can't devoid it from business, no matter what you do.

US: Are you getting discouraged with San Francisco?

PR: Oh god, I've been here so long. I get tired of it.

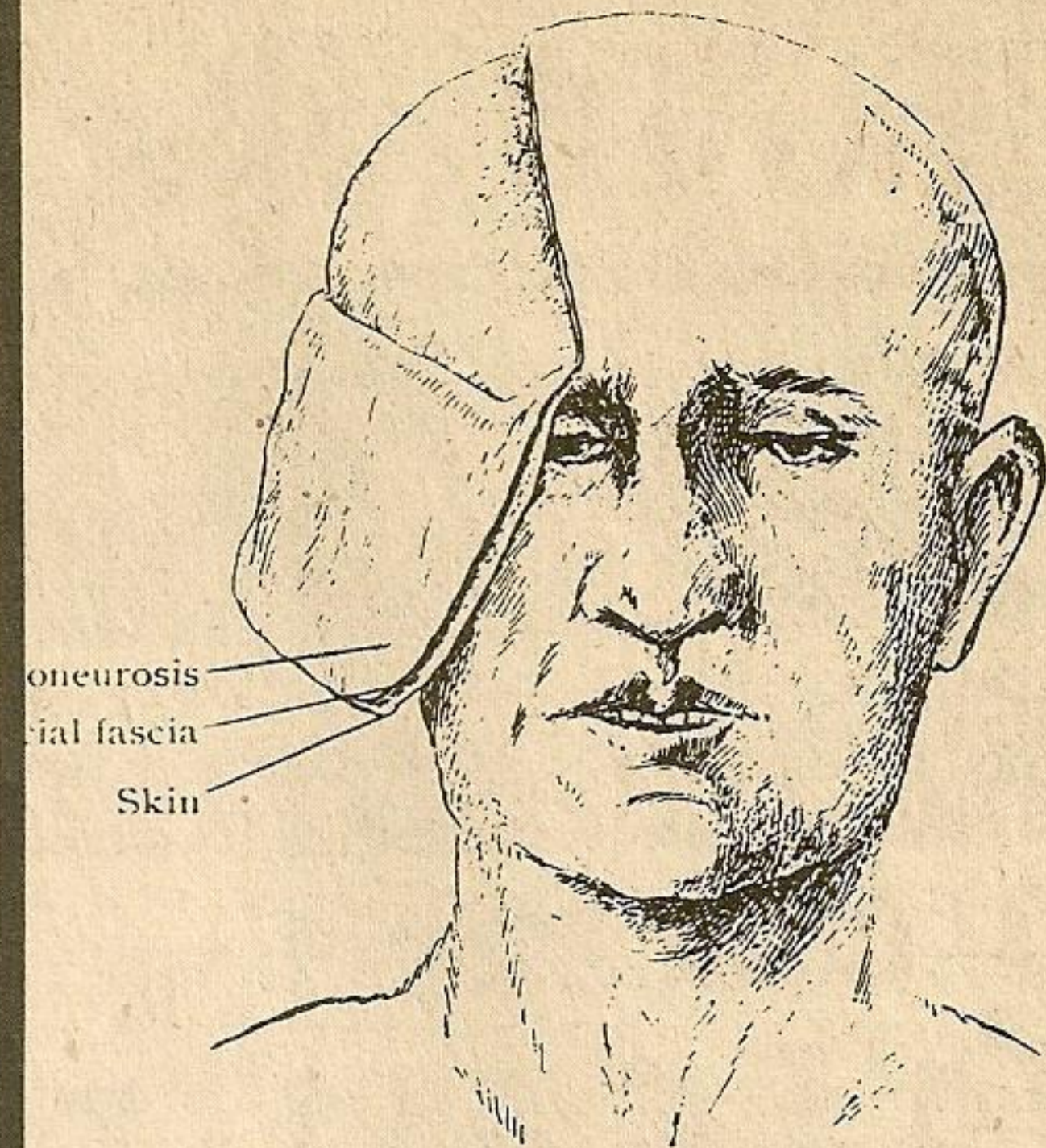
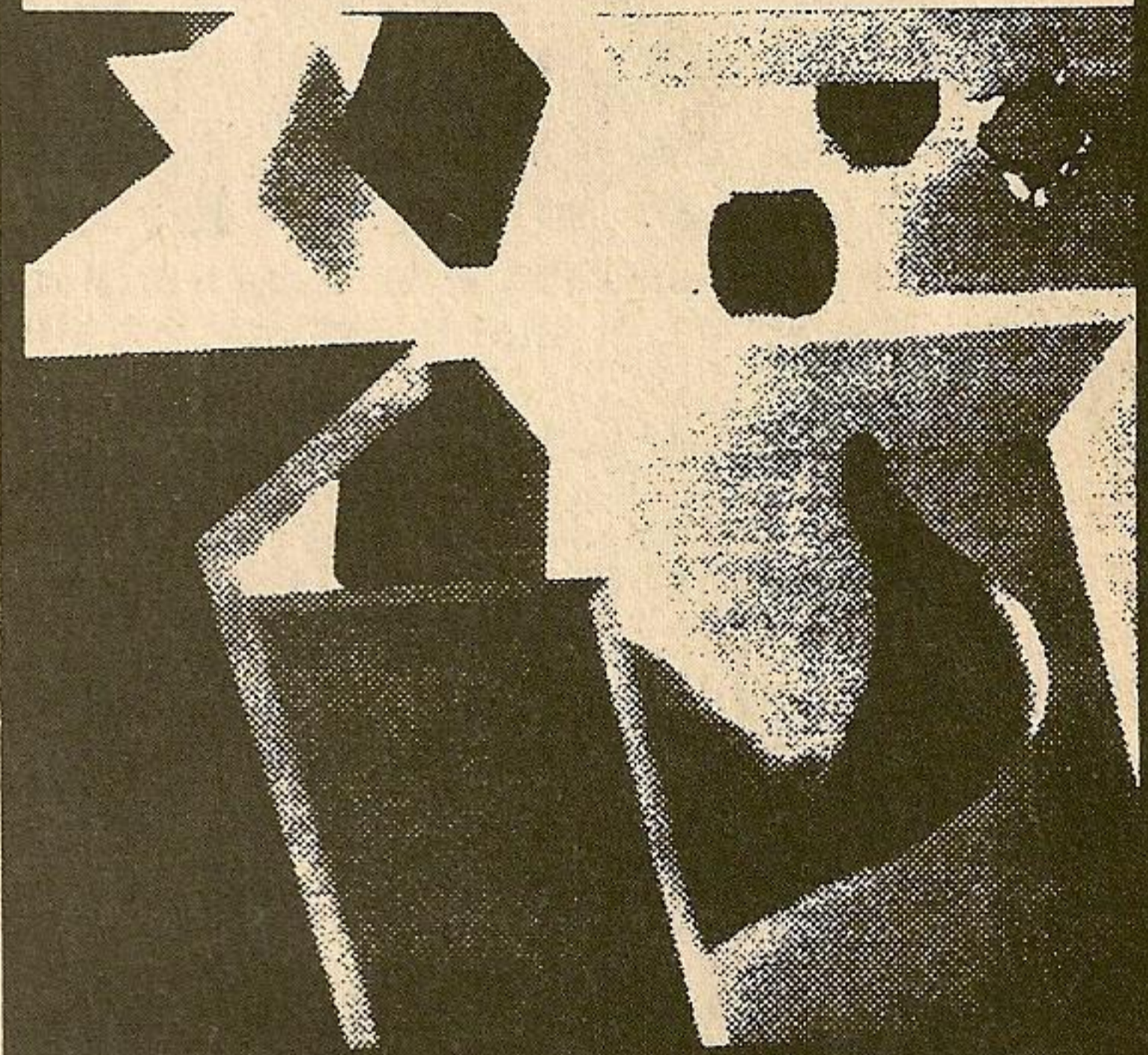
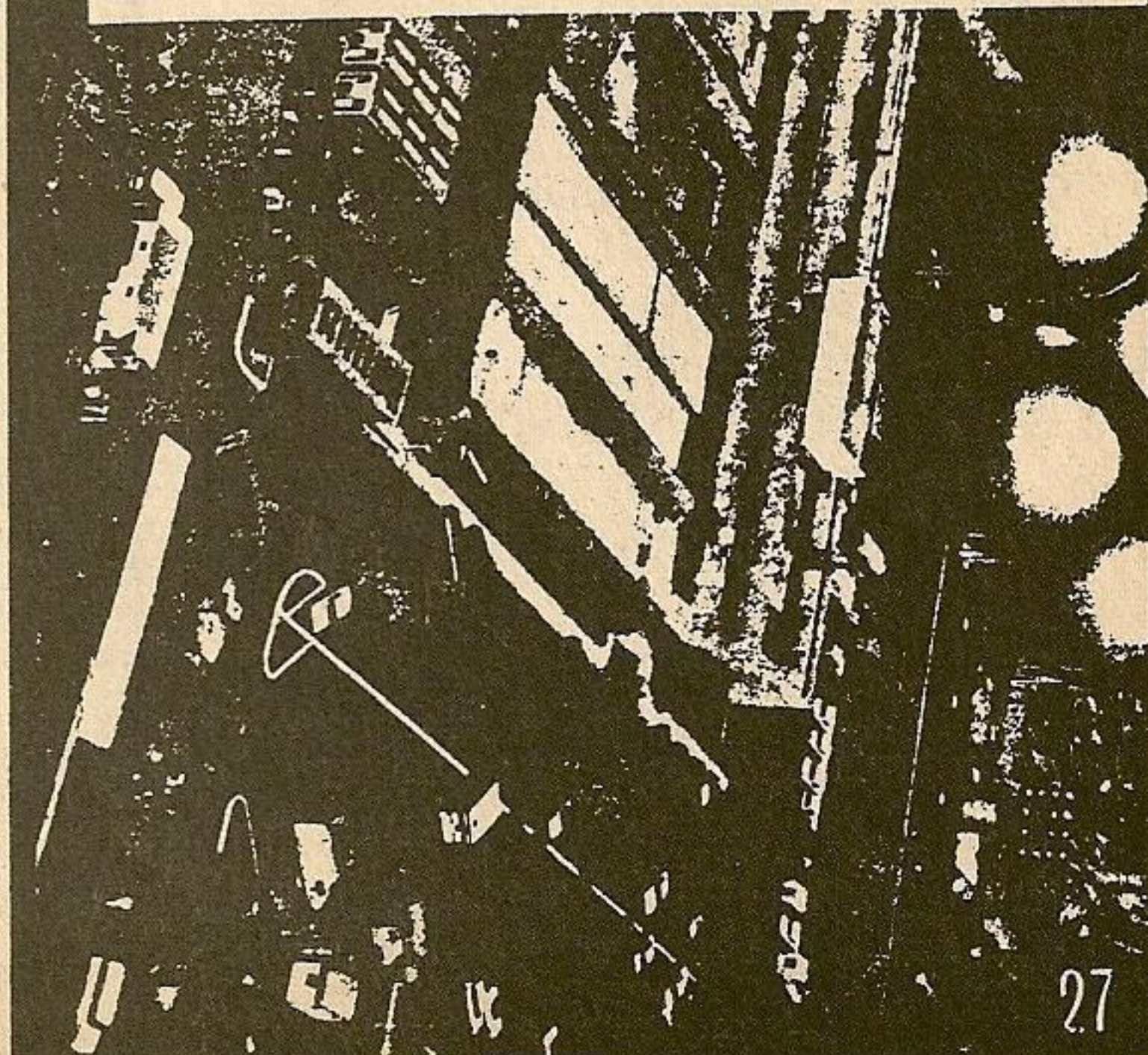


FIG. 1.—The scalp.



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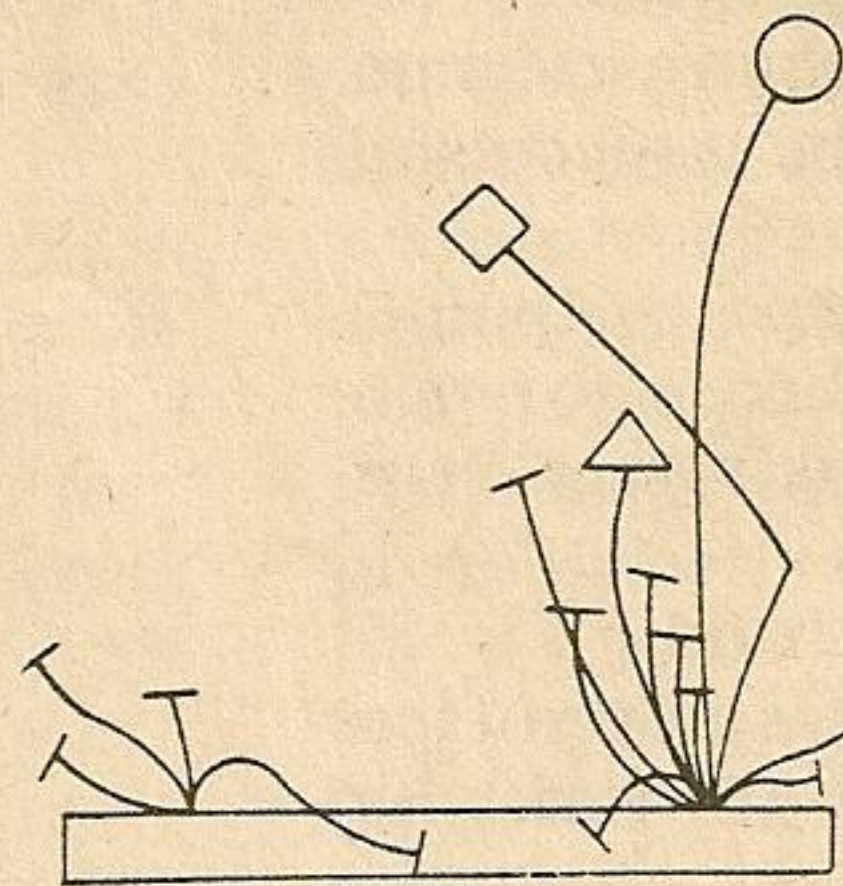
two dogs in Paris in their many reincarnations

CONCERT FOR LEGALIZE SOUNDS

in keeping with an eastside tradition, this concert is not only a musical but also a political event. madison law protects the right of citizens to prevent each other from making sounds that disturb them in one way or another. this disturbance needn't only be a matter of loud volume keeping someone awake. the extent of the sound "violation" is left entirely up to the police officer on the scene: the words "unreasonable noise" usually appear on the citation, which can be issued any time of day or night, and involves a \$71 fine.

an officer who listens only to country music on his offhours would be more likely to label our music "unreasonable noise" and ticket us than would one who is familiar with schoenberg. personal taste in music, then, becomes the deciding factor, and musicians like ourselves who are interested in exploring the entire world of sound, are often screwed. we end up paying the city lots of money, and we are kept from information about the complaint which might enable us to work out the problem on a one-to-one basis with our fellow citizens.

spek media netquark is producing a series of LEGALIZESOUNDZ concerts, set up in alternative performance spaces, to help bring the world of sound out into open air for madison people to listen to, hear, and think about. please feed us your reactions.



AUDIOBIOGRAPHIES
volume 2

Two Dogs in Paris

AUDIOBIOGRAPHIES the name given to a series of improvisations. The persona to be invoked is decided upon at the beginning. A short silence & mediation follows. The music exists as a changing apparition & the material created to be a subtle revelation. Volume 2 was recorded on home stereo equipment on February 23, 1983.



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is an improvisational ensemble. It was formed in 1981 by Miekal And and Elizabeth Was. Usually the number of participants varies for each performance & in fact the nature of each performance varies. Music has become more & more a strong focus within performances, using saxes, clarinets, bass, percussion, invented instruments, tape sounds, piano, & vocalization. Noise, action, fragmentation of multible ideas, text, costumes, dance, environment & invisible conceptual structures are a further vocabulary. Some of the past performances have been PYRAMIDOLOGY OF HUMANNES, a seven day continuous ritual, music, a demonstration in front of the art center, building a pyramid, generation of a text, an installation. AVANT GARDE MUSEUM OF TEMPORARY ART, a portable building installed in a street fair, actions taking place around it, art & writing displayed. (It is currently holding shows of peoples work in our front yard.) CONCERT FOR LEGALIZE SOUNDS, a 6 hour marathon of music & dance, an interaction event studying the extremes of sound & understanding.

Altho we do many small spontaneous pieces of music & performance I consider this as a lifestyle, & as a continuous interaction with the materials of existence. The artist as polyvalent, medias as interchangeable & acquisitions of powers/knowledges as subtle gestures & transformations. Everytime we act on new information, each act will be somehow different.

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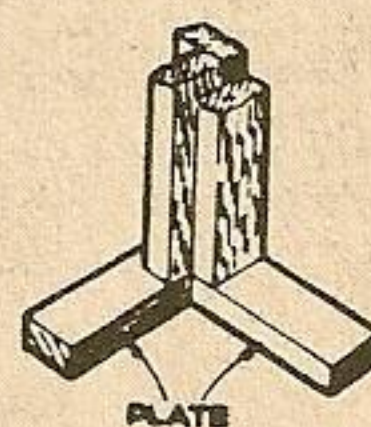
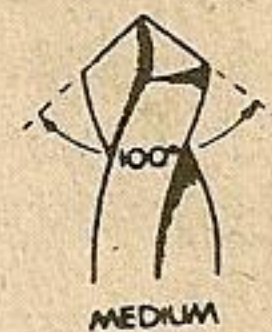
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Review by Ken Adada

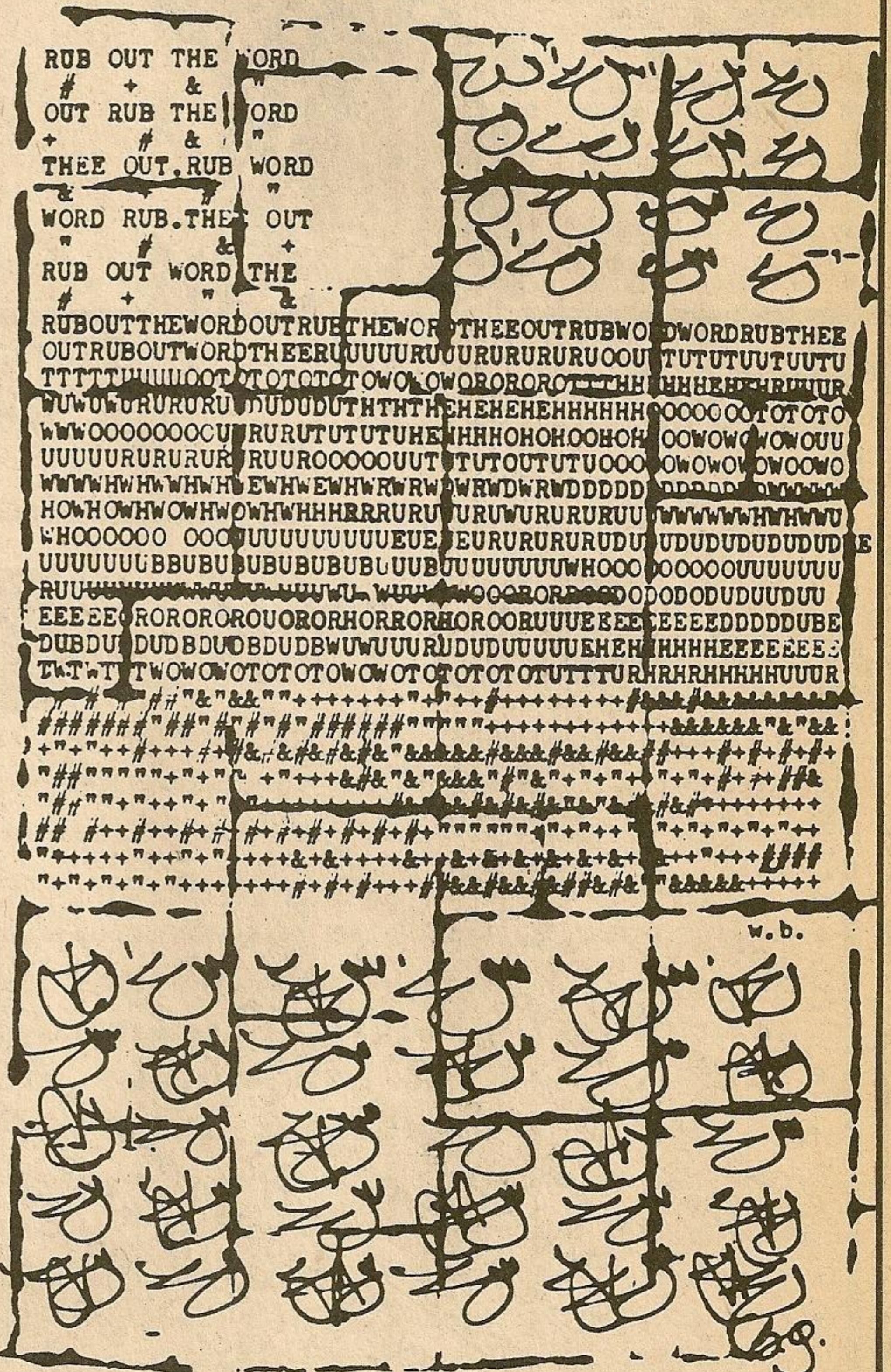
Brian Gysin - Hassan i Sabbah - "I summon the Little Folk". Wishes to go. Wishes for boys in boys school daze in fre' curiosity and private classes stolen for love and adventure and for timelessness. Learning it well, timelessness. Learning it well, the random. Recording same and designing the experimental aesthetic. Experimental gridwork now substaining the several copies of industrious post-industrial mutations crowding the urban petri dishes.

GYSIN: What are the masks of death sporting this reason?

- animal carcass carousels and post-psi millennialism.
- problematic radiation viruses.
- deep purple romanticism hidden in tight black jeans parmilitary drag.

Burroughs and Gysin remain the patriarchs.

Why were there no serious rivals for the last forty anxiety year units? Success at arresting language and left with image fever all the same. Gysin starts the dream machine and lives to write but does he know the price of eating food in the faerie land? You know he does and he only wants more. He be gentle and the charmer. His young cousins re/search naughty and rude. Murdered by deformed brother in sleep walk with no mind and campy fascism. Like stars when they slip when the sky gets shaken again leaving the earth sick for darkness. Who runs may read. He that is will be somewhat taboo in his villages for the rest of his life. Bou Jeloud. God of fear and Panic. Jajouka folk. Pan leaps back on a gaggle of woman with his flails. Devils that run write out of the typewriter. The great work--- a complete change of language. Forbidden soundz. cut up fate monkeys swinging would talk but then would have to work. The word is female...instrument of illusion. Rush in and say, "Gimme the keys!" Magic is outside of law is magic. Next we want everyone into space. Rub out the word. Ordinary Male/Female band reinforces human time. Wake up screaming and nobody knows or cares. If we turn up something nasty is to blame. This time of our lives is not the only time. Our attachments remain the foundation of fear and bad waste. This insane proliferation of image began with photography and ends with...? Control or anarchy. On this planet we get bodies...very popular. But we also get aroused genitals and scientology. Not the same things. Dream machine at eight and thirteen flickers per second. He does not know he is dead...now he is a third mind everywhere. Life begins with two tape recorders. Experiment begins with three. Mektoub: It is written!



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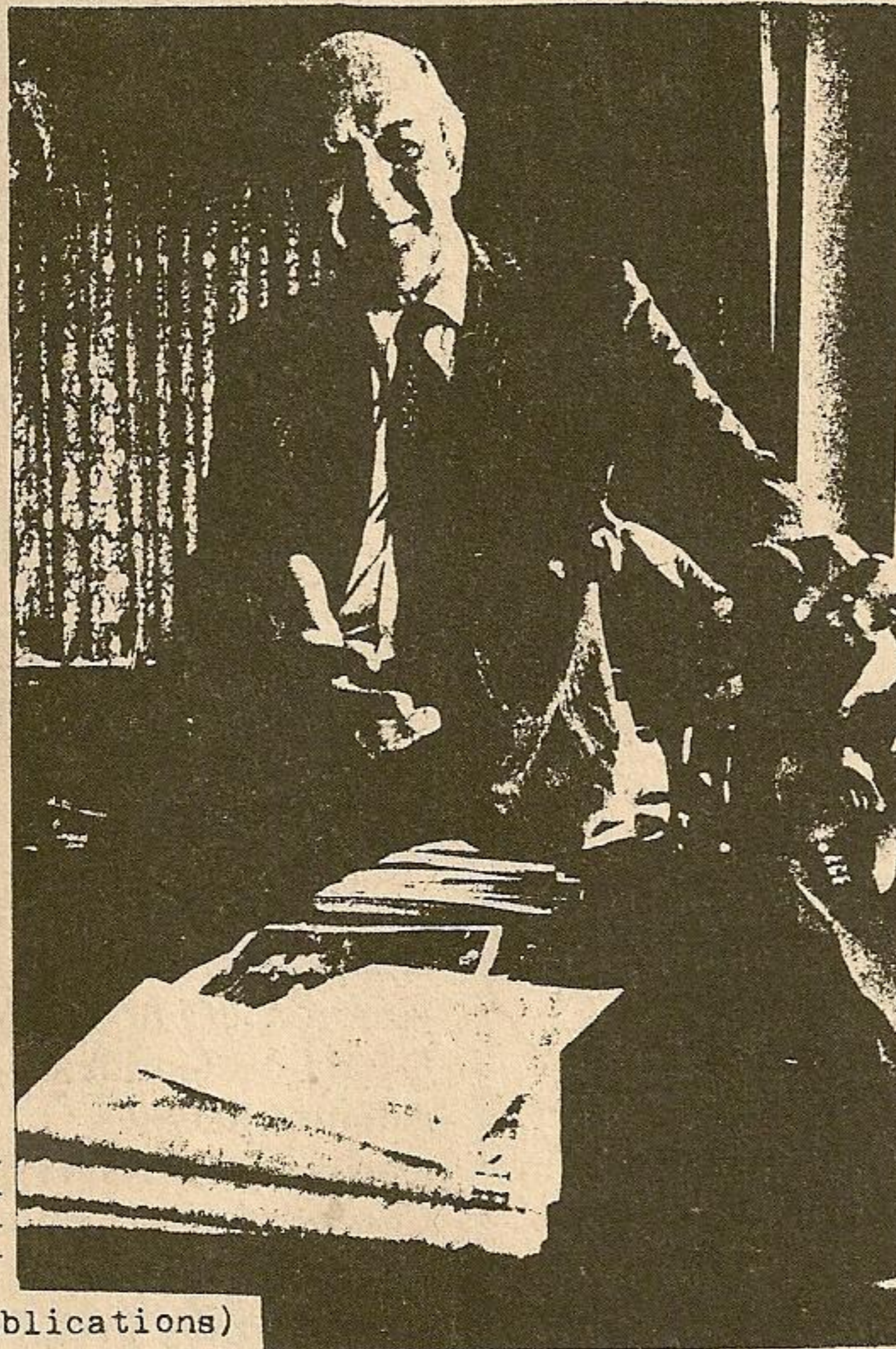
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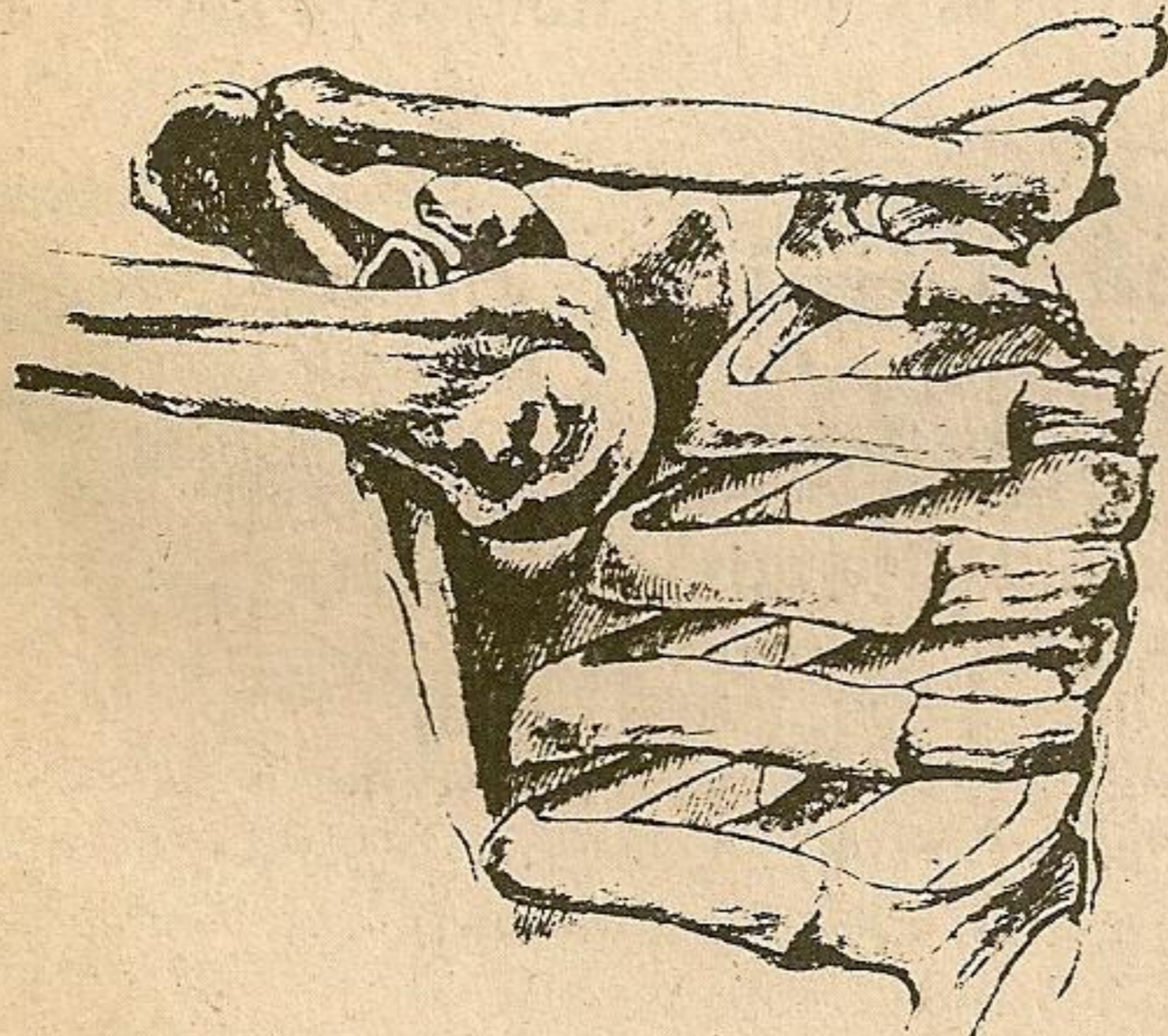
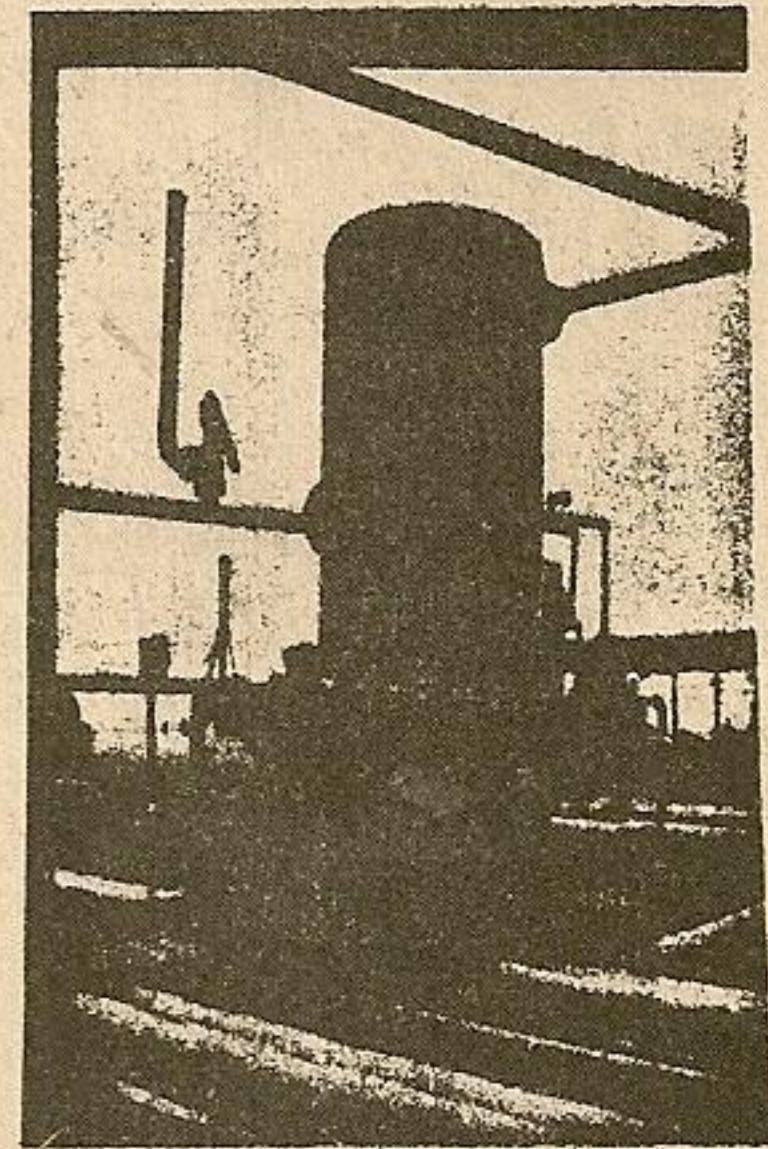
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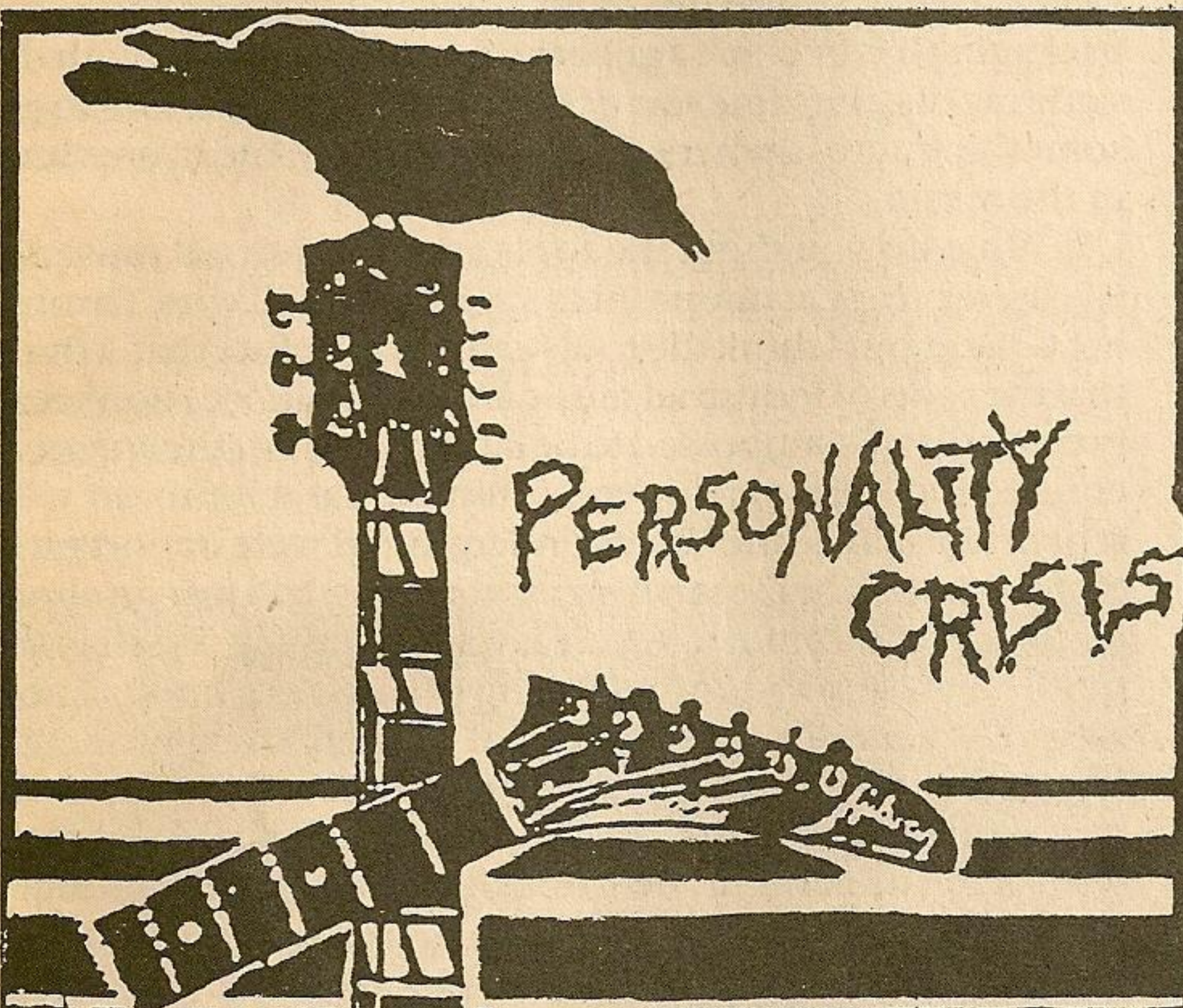
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INTERVIEW with Ray Farrel

Doodle done by Ray during interview

UNSOUND: Where are you from and how did you get involved with music?

Ray Farrel: I'm from New Jersey city, New Jersey. I got involved with music as this sort of crazy rock and roll fan. I didn't pay attention to music till I was about 13 and that was only out of peer pressure. When FM radio was just beginning I heard the Velvet Undergroud for the first time, and after that I realized there was a lot of rock music that I liked but not really the mainstream type.

US: So...you started off by being interested in obscurity?

RF: Yes I would hear some strange pop thing and I got interested through novelty records. Where I was living in New Jersey I was working in a record store which was run by the mafia, and we had these great connections for bootlegs. I started getting so involved with listening to bootlegs that I didn't pay any attention to the mainstream.

US: When did you become a discjockey?

RF: When I was in high school I went to a symposium at Columbia University. I saw these two discjockeys, Murry the K and Frankie Crocker and some woman who had alligator boots that went up to her crotch and a see-through blouse. Murry the K had this big red toupee and all these chains, and Frankie Crocker looked like a pimp. Murry at the end of the symposium says, "you know something, you don't have to go to broadcasting school, all you have to do is know somebody." I just said forget it.

US: When did you come to California?

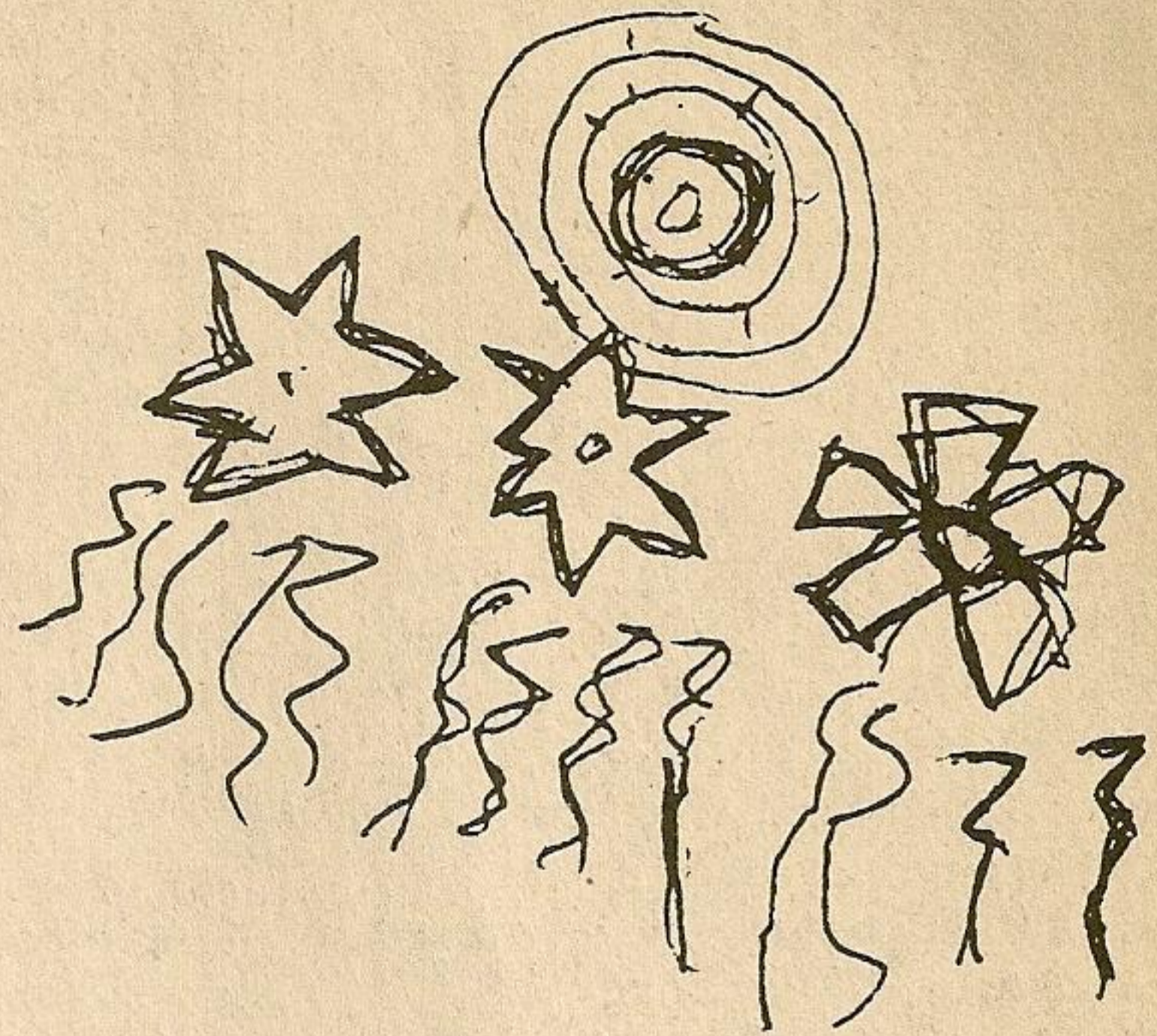
RF: When you're living on the East Coast you think of California as being this fantasy land. I was sort of this Patti Smith group roadie, and she told me about this record store in California called 'Rather Rip Records', which was setting up her first CA tour. It sounded like the place that I would want to work, so I moved to Berkeley and a few months later I started working at 'Rather Rip'. That's when things became very important for me because I learned about every form of music possible when working at that store. We had to know about all the strage imports and obscure records because we were the only store around for that type of material. It was my formal training to electronic music and unusual stuff.

US: How do you view American music in comparison to European music?

RF: At this point there's no real distinction. I think that a few years ago that was an easy excuse for people to say, "those German's are into electronics, and the English are theatrical, and the Americans are silly or just into rock and roll". Those borders don't exist anymore, and the music is much more international.

US: You think there has been a change?

RF: Yes, and its been very subtle. It's happened over the past year and a half. I'm a little afraid of seeing new wave suddenly become a major label idea; getting bands to change their sound a little when they produce an album so that its a little more commercial. But now within the underground there's a good network for bands and a lot of close communication between these bands. Unfortunately every other band that is trying something unique or different doesn't have the proper channel to go through. It seems as though college radio is more interested in the next New Order and dance music.



That's sort of what new wave has co-opted towards - the same beat. I think that's kind of dangerous.

US: Do you feel that industrial music is moving into the forefront of the more experimental types of music?

RF: It will be a forefront soon, and as I mentioned before there is a close contact around the world with Industrial groups. I think its very encouraging, every band knows about every other band in that area and they're all encouraging each other. I get tapes occasionally from other countries where the packaging has become a generic industrial package with the same motifs, the same sort of decadent sexuality motif to get something across where they don't seem to mean anything in the music.

US: What do you think the roots are of Industrial music?

RF: Its very easy at one point to say it started all with Throbbing Gristle, but I think the roots came way before that. I think that the roots of industrial music are in repetition. I don't really think that it's supposed to be factory noise or the apparent connection with machinery. I think it has a lot to do with repetition. Maybe the Velvet Underground were important in that sense, maybe German bands that relied on just on chord endlessly to the point to where it was unnerving. Possibly the traditional rock and roll riff being isolated as a hook. There were elements in the traditional academic experimental music that Stockhausen had gotten involved in, but those were more like collages, and I don't think that had alot to do with being unnerving. Before T.G. existed I was introduced to a lot of electronic music, things like Klaus Shultz and Tangerine Dream, who were as far as I was concerned not really very new in terms of their electronic approach. There were groups that tried things with repetition, like the group Helden, there's an album from them called 'Dreams of Consequence' that to me is the first industrial record.

US: Do you think Genesis P-Orridge created a monster?

RF: I think T.G. were innovators, and they became a sort of pivotal band in that area, so they tend to think of everything else as being an imitation.

A lot of people pay attention to T.G. that may never listen to another electronic or industrial record again. Now it's basically over and as far as I'm concerned it's time to forget the old guard. This old guard seems to be so sensitive about White House completely ripping them off, and all these other bands suddenly are ripping Genesis off or doing something to piss him off and that's no good. That's typical 'Bay Area Industrial Mafia' talk, do whatever Genesis says. I have a lot of respect for Vale and RE/SEARCH, and all those people, but I think they're afraid of change. They think it's all over and if Genesis did a record with the Bongos, it's certainly going to be listed in RE/SEARCH as a Genesis P-Orridge project that warrants investigation. It's almost like a religion at this point.

US: What do you think of the 'No other Radio Show'? [John Gullack, KPFA]

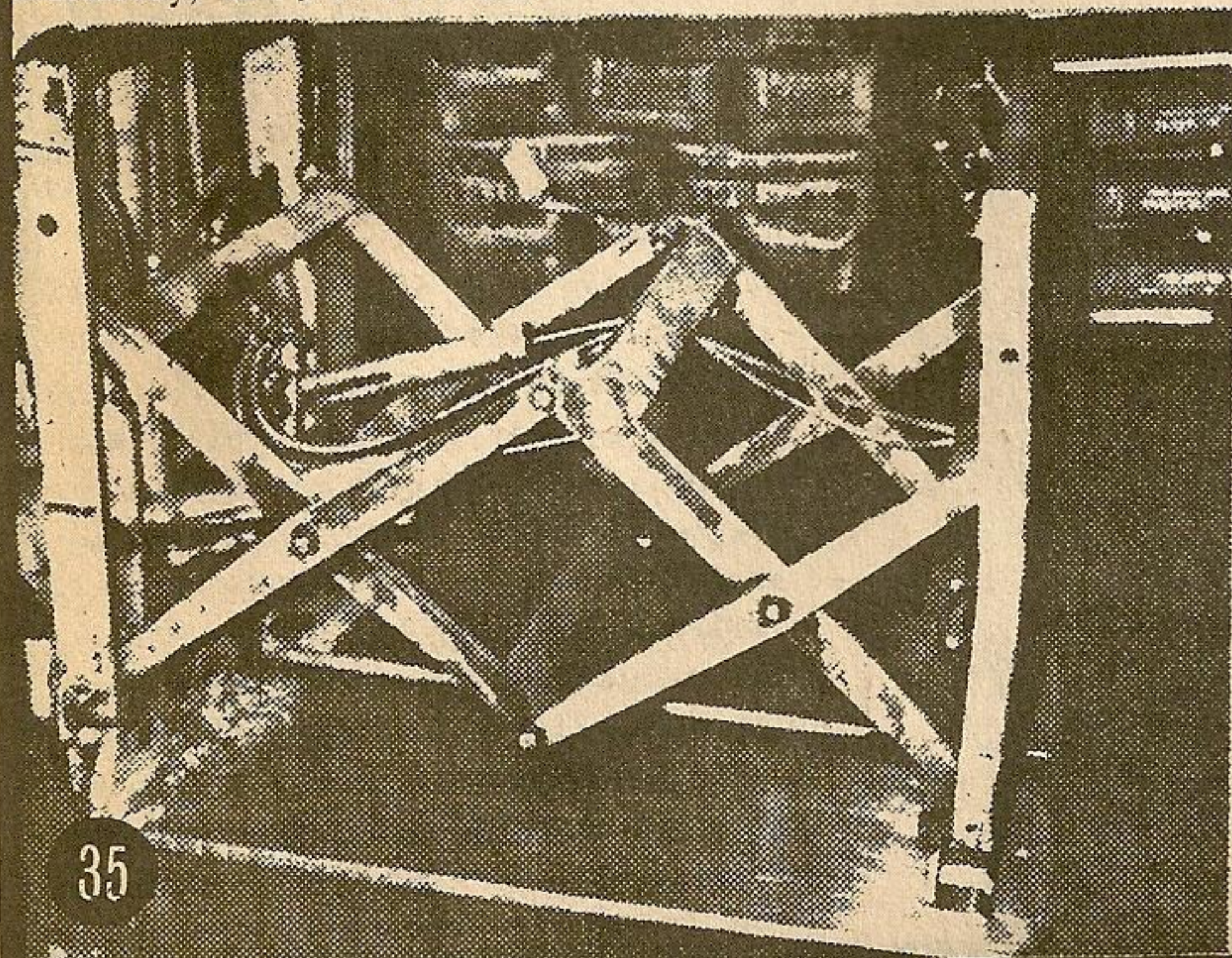
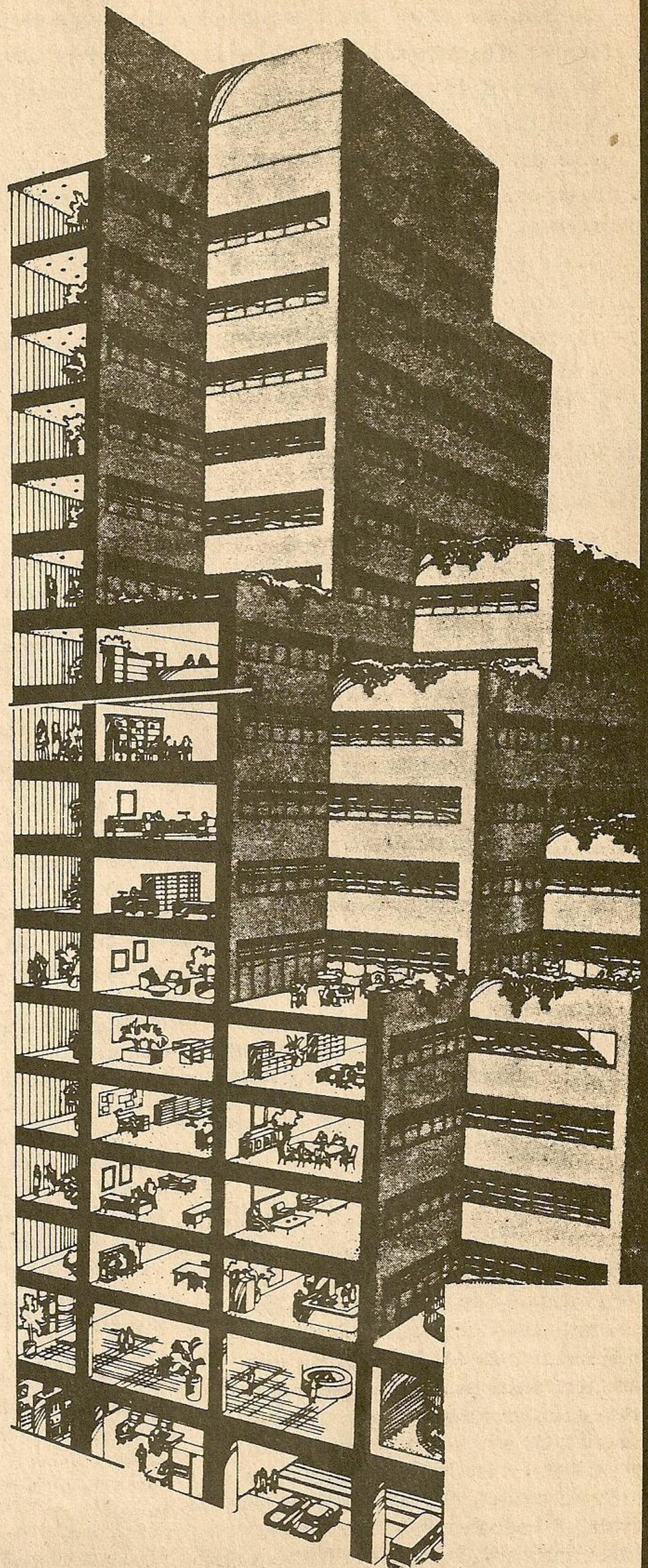
RF: I think that it's the only kind of program that is going to concentrate on individual cassette releases. About a year before John's show, there was a show in Holland that became very popular - it featured only cassette releases. It wasn't meant to become so popular but somehow it just turned out that way.

US: What do you think of the S.F. music scene?

RF: I don't want to appear real negative, but I get really frustrated. I just went across the country and I was going to all these different cities that I thought had something going on. Kansas City was real together, the scene is really healthy and people are paying attention to the underground bands now, and when they put on a show you can guarantee that 500 people will come to see what is really going on with the independents. I think that in other parts of the country there's a lot of interest for those other type of bands that are being ignored in this area. Back when the scene was just getting started you could have bills like DOA, Tuxedo Moon, and The Jars, and everybody would be there, all equally interested in all the bands. Now, you can't even put DOA with Pell Mell in this town. You can do it in Sacramento or Kansas City, but you can't do it here.

[Editor's note: Ray would like tapes and records for his radio show, so send your material to the address listed below]

Assassinatin Rhythm
c/o Ray Farrel KPFA
2207 Shattuck Ave
Berkeley, CA 94704 USA



REVIEWS RECORDS

We want this section to be devoted to new releases, from the obscure to the more well known obscure. Since this is our first issue we are slightly dwelling on past releases, all the tapes and records are not totally new but are in some way relevant. We did limit ourselves and only went as far back as 1982 to more recent works. We have not covered everything anyone could ever think of, but constrained this section to what we knew about and could get our hands on. We know this is not an overview, it is a selective view. Send tapes and records to: UNSOUND, TAPE/RECORD REVIEW SECTION

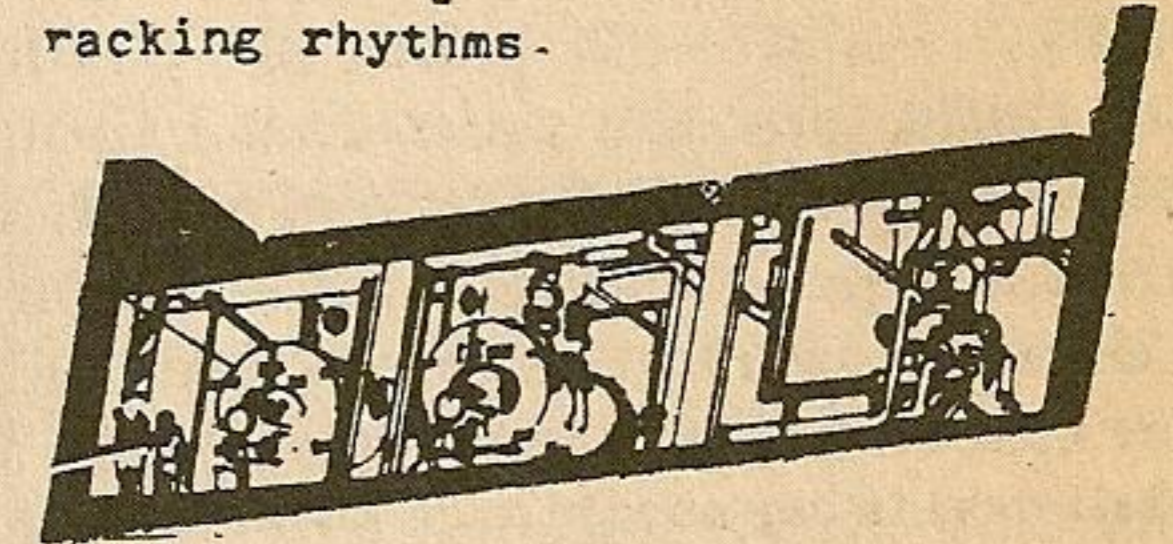
CASSETTE TAPES RELEASES

Esplendor Geometrico

Contact:

DL NA 581-1982
Referencia TTL-1GR
Edita TIC TAK Amaya 14 Pamplona
Imprime Litografica IPAR s11
Fabrica SONIC. SA

The well produced use of effects and tasteful mixing composition gives this disc a unique 3-dimensional atmosphere. Through the use of found sound tapes of factories; pounding metal, tape loops and high pitched squeals complete with subliminal 'worker' vocals these men produce an extremely natural reproduction of heavy mechanical sounds. Nothing seems out of place on this record, even the repeditive nerve-racking rhythms.



White House, Psychopathia Sexuals
1983 LP

Contact:

Come Organisation
9-11 Kensington High St.
London W8 5NP

Their power and intensity is lost because of their narrow exploration of sound. White House as in alot of white noise that contains vocals that trigger more white noise. How many variations of noise are available, possibly this is their question and their goal.



Big City Orchestra, Latest Tape, 1983
60 Minute Cassette

Contact:

Ubuiei 504 1/2 Erret Circle
Santa Cruz CA 95060 USA

This tape comes with color pictures, a plastic toy, information, and a special suprise. Also, this tape was especially produced for John Gullack's No Other Radio show with titles such as 'Arms and Legs', 'Chirping Birds', or 'Jessica'. One could say that all the distortion or non-clarity makes this tape extremely mysterious. Another one that makes you wonder why they ever do it.

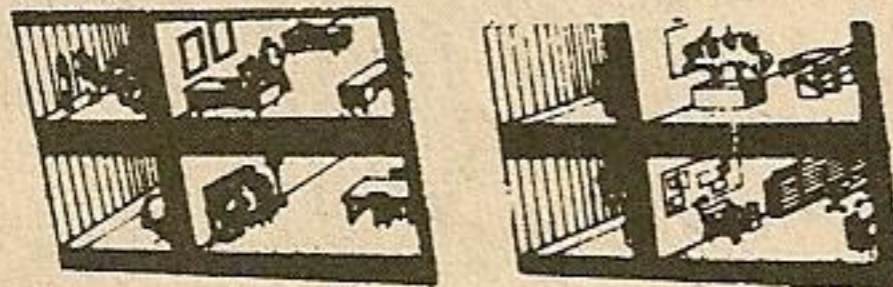


The German Sheapards, 1983 60M Cass.

Contact:

Unknown Bay area location

The material on this tape shows a great control of synthesizers, from complex rhythm box programming to in depth voice processing with varying levels of clarity. Their minimalist approach is based in the use of multi-tracked sequencer lines and quiet bass tones to create a textured foundation for the sarcastic left wing lyrics. In general these guys create a neo-psychedelic atmosphere, in producing sterile medical type sounds using violent sexual tones, these guys succeed in making this tape bearable.



SepPuKu (SPK), Dekompositiones
1983, EP

Contact:

Side Effekts Rekords
1 Ibberton House, Meadow Road
London SW8 IPS, UK

This newest release from the illusive SPK seems quite different from previously released material in that the lyrics are decidedly understandable although they maintain the characteristic underlying base of deep drum lines. Through the use of extreme production and choral female backup vocals the record purveys a feeling of inevitable post catastrophic feudal labor. They predict modern culture slipping into another dark age cumilated by the excess of available information.

Stahlbau, Todlich Verungluekt

1982, 60 Minute Cassette

Contact:

ARPH Tapes, 1640 18th St.
Okland CA 94607 USA

or

Herta Wagner.
Flatshoff Str. 9
56-Wuppertal-1

Bundesrepublik, Germany

A silver spray painted package with black rubber stamped titles, Stalbau is one of the best Deutschland groups. Here is the air of total aggression and creativity, with dense sounds- short and diverse.

Atomic Thinkers, Atonal 1983 60M Cass

Contact:

John Kane
639-A Knowles
South Hampton, Pa 18966 USA

This is the fourth cassette released by the Atomic Thinkers. The graphics and other artworks are done by JI Fear, one half of the band. This is one of those greatly organized groups, with alot of information, visuals and even buttons. As for the music the guitar work and rhythms are the strongest point, mostly an instrumental band with occassional vocals, the synth sounds are the weakest aspect. The group has definite potential and should be heard.



Human Flesh, The Third Human Attempt
1983 EP

Contact:

Human Flesh c/o Alain Neffe
2 Grand Rue, B6190
Trazegnies, Belgium

Their strong points are tones, not rhythm. The work is pretty at times and there are some rough surprises. In contrast to other groups of this style, H.F. maintains an aesthetic which is much more clear and precise in terms of the individual tones. Within the tape there is a focus on backwards voices, transitions from piece to piece are mild. Over all the tape is mellow.

Debt of Nature, Robin Diamonds Lungs
1982, 60 Minute Cassette

Contact:

ARPH Tapes
1640 18th St.
Oakland CA 94607 USA

This tape is a series of early sound experiments as well as some live tracks. The material represents good composition and usage of techniques ranging and subliminal mixing to processing of sounds and vocals in noise triggering rhythms, often distorted well. Most of the material dwells on shockingly morbid subject matter and black humor within an extremely layered deep violently placid full sound. The usage of effects seems reminiscent of early dub records in the quality of production while maintaining decidedly subtle changes. Overall the tape is very mobile, moving smoothly through many wet sexual sounds while maintaining it's ominously aggressive nature of debt.

Nico, European Diary, 1982 Cassette

Contact:

Unknown

The type of music which is so subtle you forget it's on, but not in a bad way. Quiet, pleasant, chilly, minimal, classical. No American could ever do this.

XX-Committee, Steel Negro Music,
1982 60 Minute Cassette

Contact:

XX-Committee, 1512 Goucher St.
Johnstown, P.A. 15905 USA

The group consists of two members with an instrumentation of rhythm box, synthesizers, guitars, bass, percussion and tape voices. Too much of the sound is centered around the rhythm box and the use of delays. The tape has it's moments of aggression, but overall too dependent on effects.

Chris and Cosey, October Love 1983
EP, Contact:

Rough Trade Records
137 Blenheim Crescent
London W11 England

Perhaps October is 'Chilly Love', this record consists of four variations on one theme. Different from their debut album in respect to it's non-feeling, non-anything approach, although very technical in the production.

Einsturzende Neu Bauten, Thirsty Animal, Dvrstignes Tier, 1983 EP

Contact:

Sabottka
Reichenerber Gerstr. 115a
1000 Berlin 36
030/61/8309 Germany

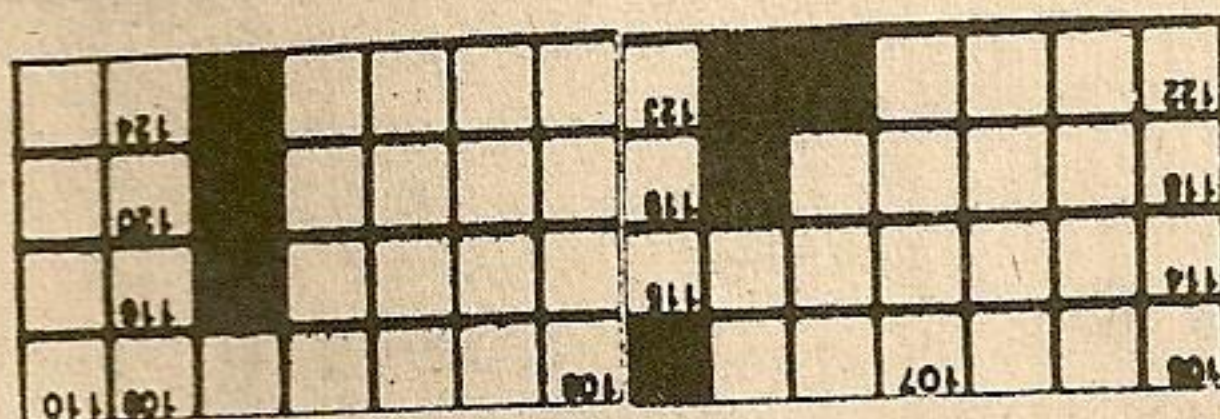
This group conveys strong emotions successfully. Always with an air of seriousness, they convince us with an impressive formula, ie., patience, power, modern primitivism, minimalism, etc...

Zev, Elemental Music, 1982 LP

Contact:

Subterranean Records
577 Valencia
San Francisco CA 94110 USA

He is not the worker but he is the doctor, attempting to mesmerize a western audience who can only understand the cerebral nature of the music. He is rhythm, he is power and loudness, sweating as he pounds the beat energetically in control.



Psychones, Gift of-Noise '83 Cass.
Contact:

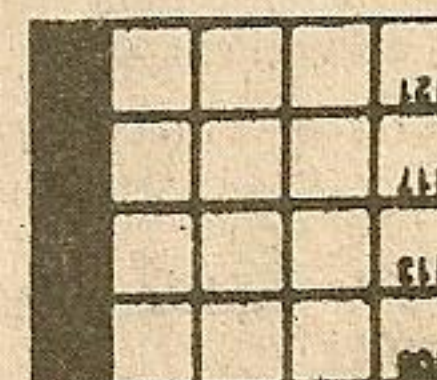
Ladd-Frith
905 P. Street
Eureka, CA 95501 USA

One side of this tape is a group of interesting upbeat compositions using guitar, bass and rhythm box, with some synth lines occasionally. In general an extremely spacey late seventies acid rock sound, with lots of wailing phase shifted guitar solos throughout, even some effected tambourine. There are some interesting tape transitions similar to the other side, which contains a few improvisational style pieces packed with dense aquatic sounds and ambient chatter, again with wailing improv guitar solos and rhythm box foundation. All in all a well rounded group of tape pieces and well engineered songs.

Problemist, what is to be Gun
60 Min. Cassette 1983
Contact:

ARPH Tapes
1640 18th Street
Oakland Ca 94607 USA

A tape that has sounds that range from hardcore to tape experiments. Side one consists of varied pieces with instruments such as giraffe horn, citar, sax, guitars, etc... Side two is a compilation of live material recorded at different SF clubs. The instrumentation for the live side consists of sax, synthesizers, drums, and vocals. 'What is to be Gun' is Problemist's Politically oriented set, the title of which is a play on Lenin's work 'What is to be Done'.

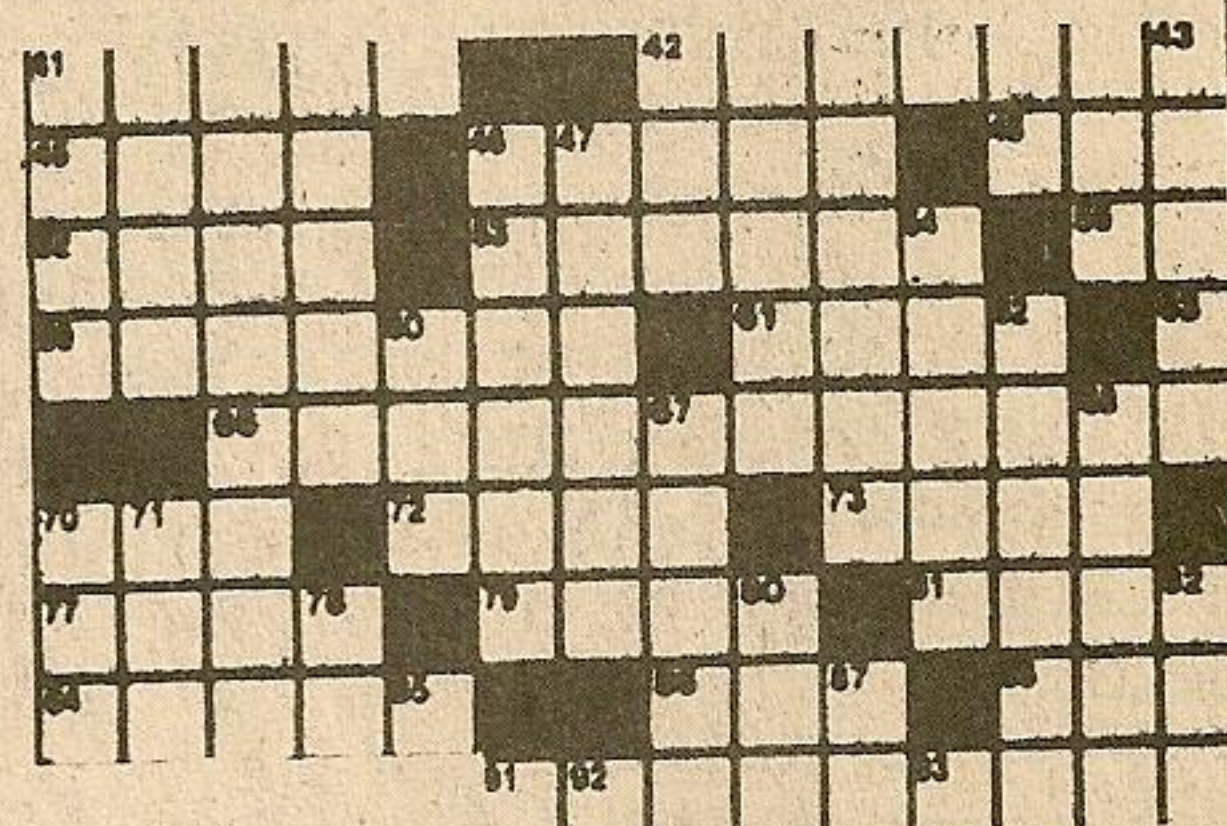


Joanna Went, Live at the On Broadway
1983, 60 Minute Cassette

Contact:

ARPH Tapes, 1640 18th St.
Oakland CA 94607 USA

Sometimes you think you know what she is saying, you maybe can recognize the phrases. This is modern sound poetry gone hardcore with jazz other sounds, maybe a guitar, synth, tapes, drums, alot of other sounds which are as non-representational as the language. Overall the tape is mysterious, producing an air of confusion and abnormality which suggests an artistic and musical breakthrough and possibly a breakdown.



23 Skidoo, The Culling is Coming
1983, LP

Contact: Unknown

A very non-descript album full of ritualistic music. In other words the sounds are very primitive, drum beats, flutes, metal sounds, etc... A strange work of modern primitivism where the ritual of the nuclear age is taking place on a thin disc.

Psychic TV, Force the Hand of Chance
1983 LP

Contact:

Psychic TV c/o Some Bizzare
17 Annes Court
London W.I. England

An extremely conceptual double album set, although generally slow. The first record ranges from seemingly implicative lovesongs to morbidly descriptive surreal situations cumulated by screaming guitar lines and winding string arrangements, substantiated by hypnotic acoustic sounds suggestive of the power in psychic acceptance. The second disc is apparently the soundtrack for a videotape, the mostly acoustic sounds of which leave one with an eerie feeling of morbid solemnity. Combined the set is an advertisement for the Temple Ov Psychick Youth and Psy.TV.

Cabaret Voltaire, Crack Down/Facination, 1983 EP

Contact:

Virgin Records

Crack down sounds like dance music with a lot of added effects. The production and composition is nothing new. Just Fascination is really corny, all sounds are nice and melodic cumulating in a pretty little love song. Maybe the Cabs get so much attention from the Avant-Garde because they play good dance music for artistic fools.

Einsturzende Neubauten Live, '82 Cass.

Contact:

Sabottka
Reichenber Gerstr 115a
100 Berlin 36
030/61183 09

This first live release from ENB is what is to be expected from their show, extremely ritualistic metal clanging and synth ambiance as well as low rumbles and power tool sounds. The tracks vary, from a few long building sporadically rhythmic pieces with sudden blood curdling screams to shorter psychotic irrational compositions. Generally the tape is rarely upbeat although extremely powerful in their lack of dependence on effects or synthesizers. The nature of the composition is extreme, primal, expressive of intense anguish.

Fix, Cymbal Art 004 10 Min. Cass

Contact:

Unknown Finland Location

A really live tape, room ambiance, clanging metal and static. These folks are into schizophrenic changes and bizarre composition using lots of shortwave radio broadcasts instead of the usual overused synthesizer lines. Definitely not normal, great feedback and erratic upset screaming vocals. It sounds like a sampler of what is in store from this group...a one of a kind tape... I wonder if this is what they do in the Finnish Alps?

Residents, Residue 1983 LP

Contact:

Ralph Records
109 Minna St. #391
San Francisco CA 94105

A compilation of 12 songs that never made it on any Residents conceptual works. Four of the songs are from what the Residents call mop tapes, 'The reference to mopping up after an LP is completed, collecting unused material onto one tape'. Other songs are older, one from 1979, off a Residents cassette album. All in all this is a further statement of their unique and intelligent music. 'Residue, and what else does one call 12 hand picked left over Residents tunes anyway?'

Touch, Meridians 1, 1983 60 Min. Cass

Contact:

Unknown

(Marketed through Rough Trade)

Another beautiful package with OK material on a low quality tape. In the past Touch has put out some great cassette packages so don't misjudge them by one weak work...

Birthday Party, Bad Seed 1982 EP

Contact:

4AD (#301), Address unknown

The voice is ominous, looking down at her in the woods and on the sidewalk. Is this violence or alcoholic naturalism in conflict with urbanization?

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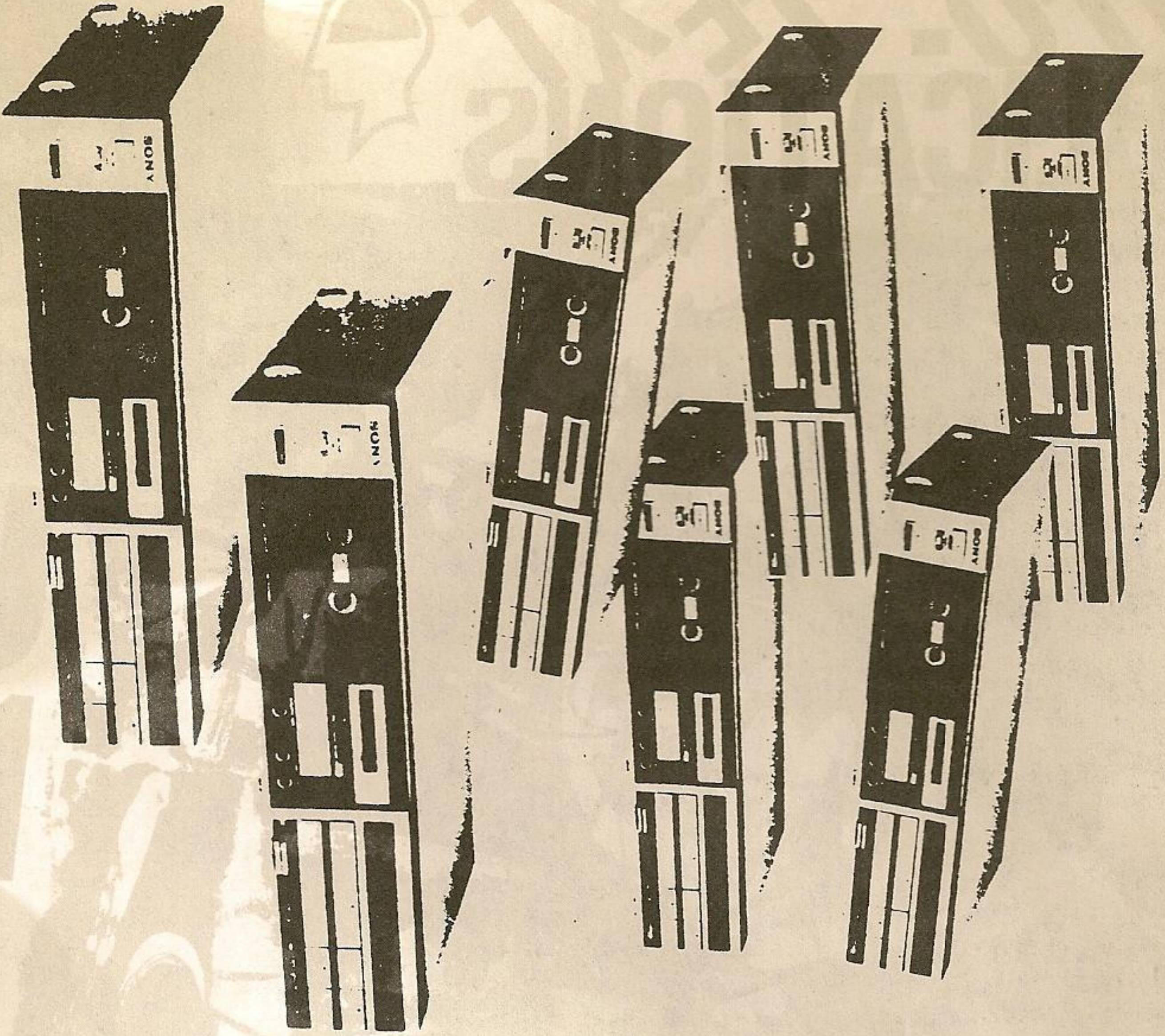
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PELL MELL	RHYMING GUITARS
MARC MINELLI	STRANDED IN THE CITY
THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS	THE LAST SUPPER
BATCAVE	YOUNG LIMBS/NUMB HYMS
BIG RED	GIVE ME LIES
GENE LOVES	JEZEBEL
MARI WILSON	WONDERFUL
WASTED YOUTH	THE END OF BEGGINING
CULTURCIDE	YEAR ONE
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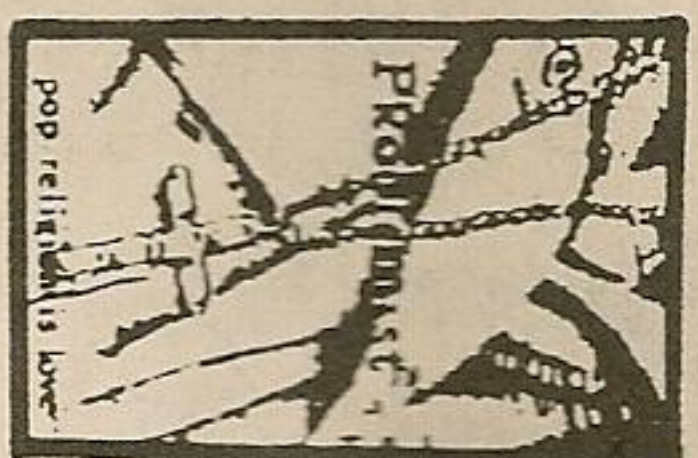
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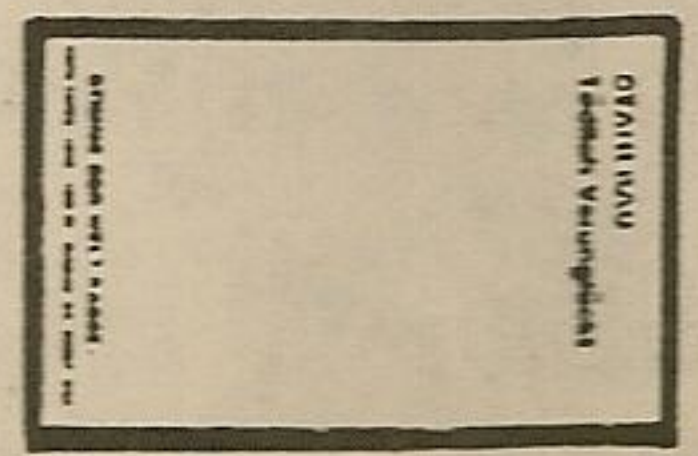
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XX COMMITTEE
STEEL NEGRO MUSIC
(JOHNSTON, PA.)



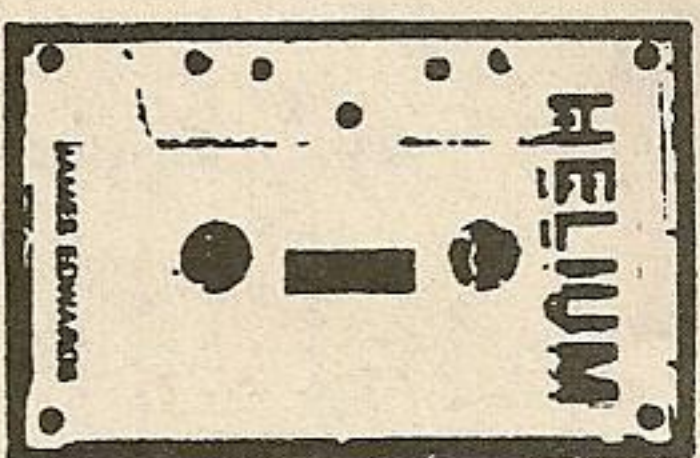
AT002
PROBLEMIST
POP RELIGION IS LOVE
(SAN FRANCISCO, CA.)



AT003
DEBT OF NATURE
ROBIN DIAMOND'S LUNGS
(LOS ANGELES, CA.)



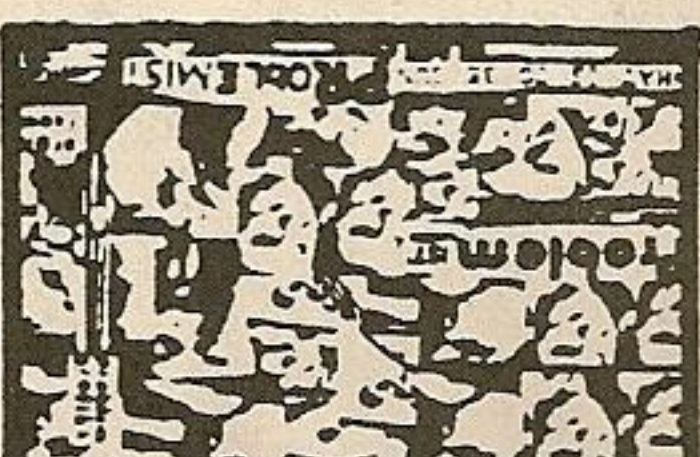
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AT007
PROBLEMIST
WHAT IS TO BEGUN
(SAN FRANCISCO, CA.)

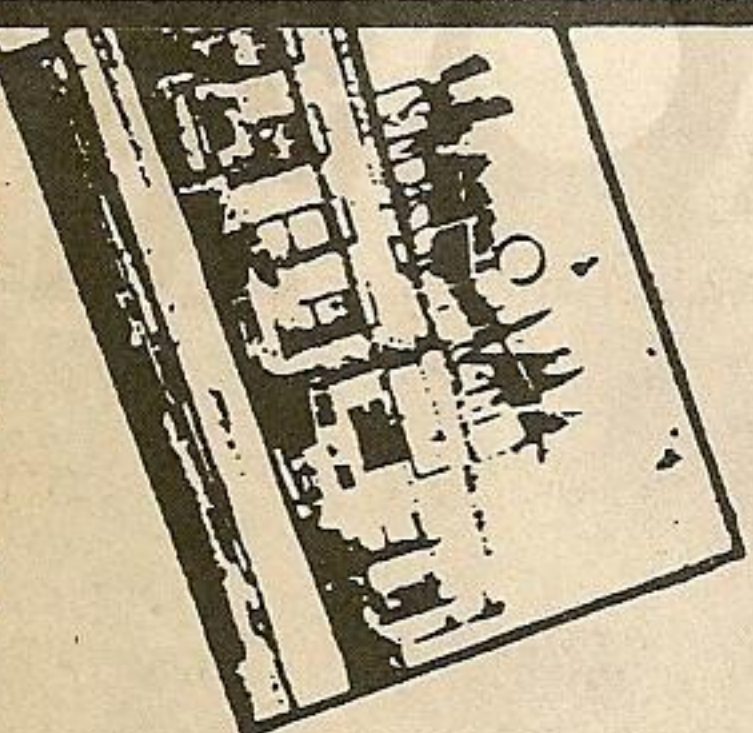
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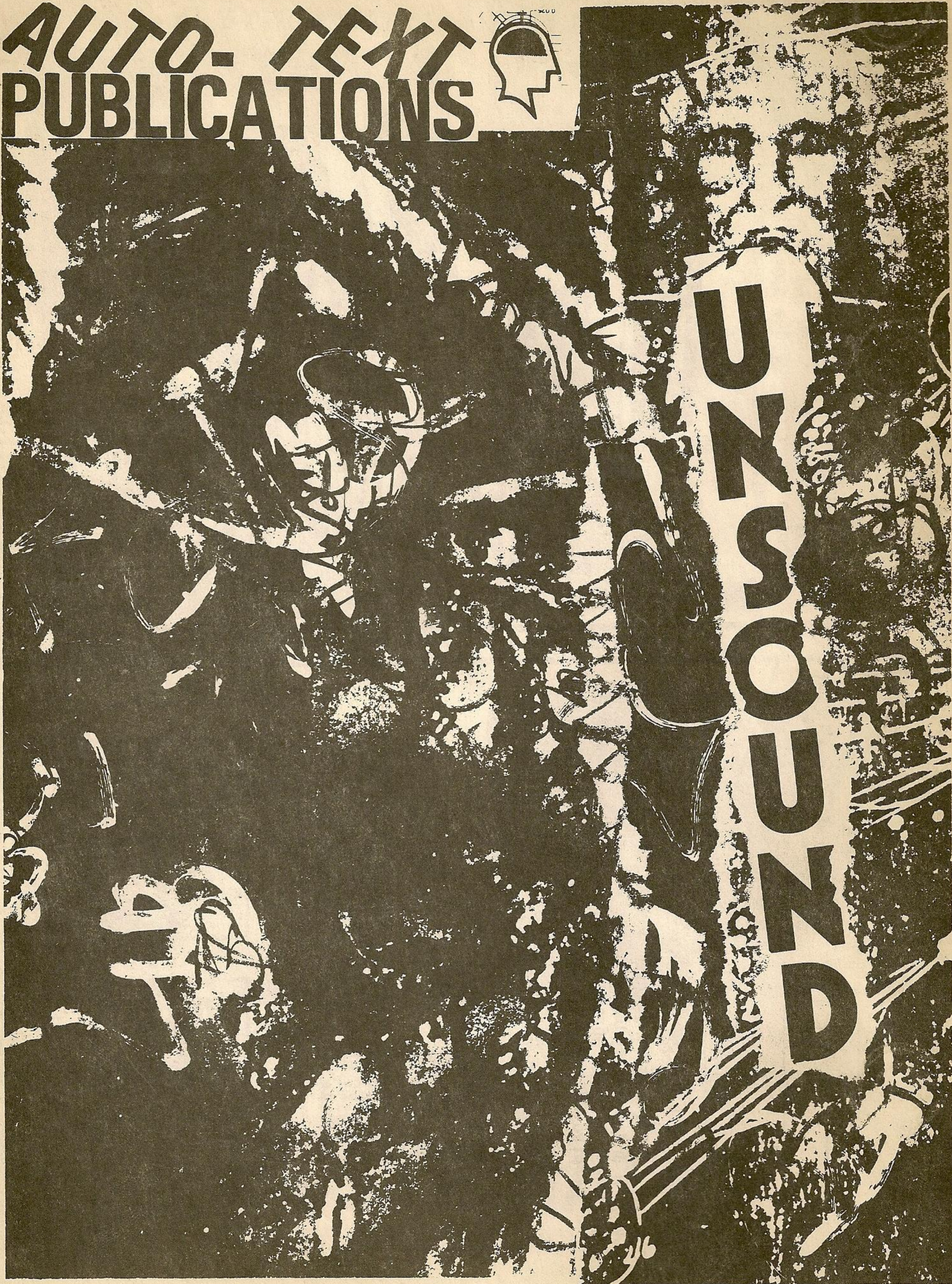
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