



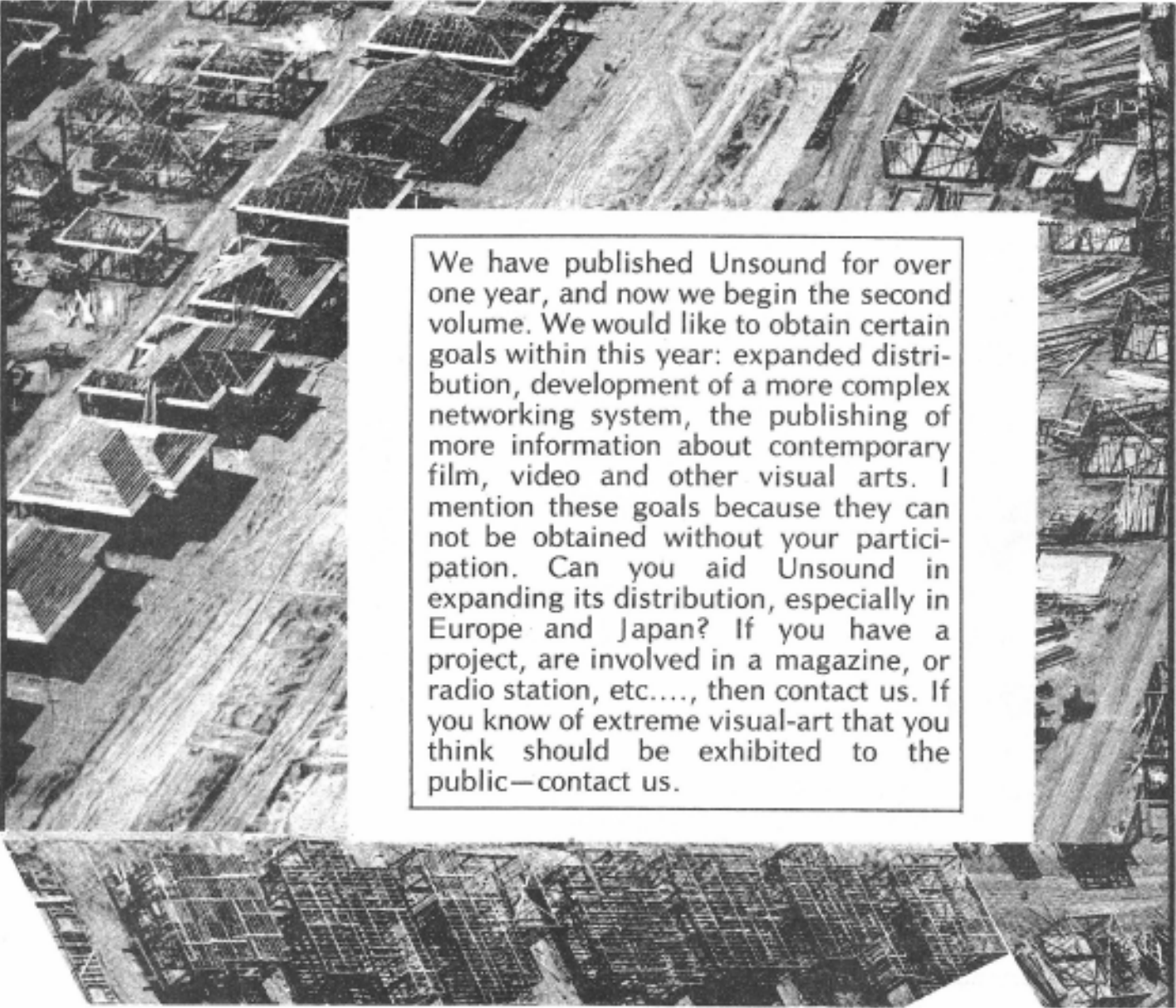
PSYCHODRAMA □ CHRISTIAN MARCLAY
CULTURCIDE □ TRANCE PORT TAPES
LESLIE THORNTON □ 3-DAY STUBBLE
BORBETOMAGUS □ TIM YOHANNAN
PHILIP PERKINS □ SLEEP CHAMBER

FALSE ALARM INTRODUCTION FALSE ALARM

"I will build a motor car for the great multitude...so low in price that no man...will be unable to own one—and enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's great open space."

HENRY FORD

We have consciously focused this issue toward American artists/musicians, not solely but mainly. In a sense we illustrate a state of the union, but not the only state.

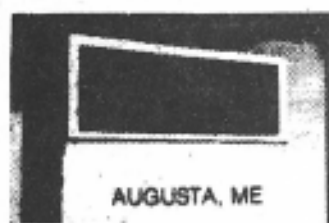


We have published Unsound for over one year, and now we begin the second volume. We would like to obtain certain goals within this year: expanded distribution, development of a more complex networking system, the publishing of more information about contemporary film, video and other visual arts. I mention these goals because they can not be obtained without your participation. Can you aid Unsound in expanding its distribution, especially in Europe and Japan? If you have a project, are involved in a magazine, or radio station, etc..., then contact us. If you know of extreme visual-art that you think should be exhibited to the public—contact us.

"Thank God men cannot as yet fly, and lay waste the sky as well as the earth."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

How can the isolated individual cope and produce? Every action is political and subversive if you live in the waste-land of the obvious. We are all fractured, waking up to the sound of sirens realizing it's only another false alarm.



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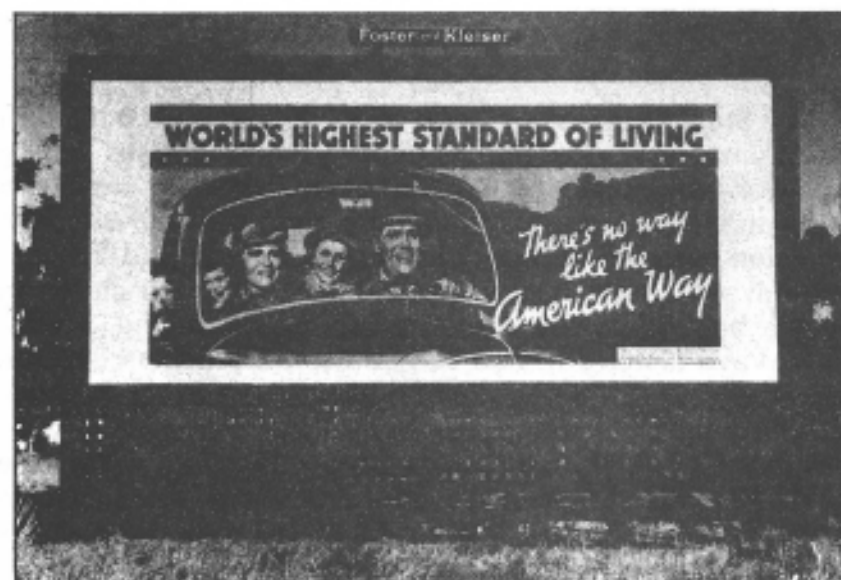
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FRONT COVER -- from the Democratic Convention series, photographs by Steve Perkins and William Washburn.

BACK COVER -- photograph by Duke Downey, San Francisco Chronicle Collection, California Historical Society, S.F., CA.



UNSOUND has now become a quarterly magazine.

Editor & graphic design: William Davenport

Assistant editor & graphic design: Tamara F.

Distribution: Rough Trade, Systematic, Last Gasp, Over the Counter Culture, Important, Cause and Effect, Staal Plaat, Random Exekutions, Wayside Music, Normal, 235, Pop N' Roll Family, Gut Level Music, Innersleeve, Autotext Publications.....

Special Thanks: Linda Peckham and Mabel Pineda.....

All prospective writers: send articles and interviews double-spaced and typed, the length for an article being about 750-1000 words; and interviews being about 750-1200 words in length.

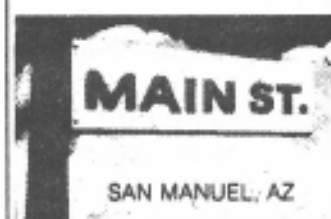
All prospective artists: please do not send us your originals. Please contact UNSOUND first to provide samples or proposals of work.

Next Deadline: March 15th, 1985

801-22nd St.
San Francisco, CA
94107 USA

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3-Day Stubble

by Danny Cato

Live at the Ale House, Houston, Texas 7/27/84

The image associated with *3-Day Stubble* is that of 'nerd rock', and it is embodied in their onstage dress and attitude. *Wilma*, on rhythm guitar, in pigtails and glasses sliding down her nose, plays the wallflower who masks an exploding self-consciousness with contrived enthusiasm. *Clem*, on Mom's pots and pans, has his face split by a foolish smile of satisfaction of a compulsion somewhere between thumb-sucking and masturbation. There's another smiling boy on stage; happy to be there, scrubbed clean, in Sunday polyester, grooving to the beat; the 'boy with the big head' on the drums. There's *Dan* on bass, whose New Wave taste reflects a sad and solitary dependence on MTV for models. And then there's *Brentley*, lead guitarist, a slick-headed, black-spectacled, half-assimilated immigrant from a remote and impoverished village, whose slight command of English has elevated him into ownership of the 7-11 uniform he proudly wears onstage. Finally, leading this parade of the damned is *Donald*, vocalist, in his Frenchie's Fried Chicken hat, his white patent leather shoes, his bow tie and his hitched-up polyester houndstooth wading pants. You remember Donald, don't you? From 3rd grade? Aunt Joyce's youngest? The Boy Scout who still can't tie a square knot, the secretary of the 4H Club who has never seen, let alone entered a nightclub, the kid who sits by the monkey bars eating ants while the other guys play football? Sure, you remember—with a shudder.

"Hi, I'm Donald and we're 3-Day Stubble! We're here to play for you so I hope you're ready to have some fun!!"

photos by Tom Smith





They not only look like that, they play music too. 3-Day Stubble rock along in an improvisational manner that might be compared to the Fall or mid-career Modern Lovers. It's pleasant, different, interesting. . . but it remains a vehicle of the nerd concept just the same. These are not musicians who happen to be nerds, but nerds who happen to be musicians, and they perform with all the seriousness of a 12 year old at his first piano recital. In a world of authoritative image mongering, of macho posturing and heavy metal mythology, there are few bands willing to go onstage and look ridiculous, stupid, absurd. Stubble's appearance is disturbing, their sincerity is painful to the audience. These caricatures of human beings, deformed by lovelessness and degraded by an anti-human culture, scrounge their grotesque identities out of that huge garbage pile of advertising 'advice,' sit-com trivia, and parental tension. A barely disguised desperation undermines the 'funny' with the pathetic and the tragic. The nerds we ridiculed, openly or in secret, come back to haunt us, to confront us with their differences and their isolations. What can we do with their smiles and their enthusiasm? If we let their nightmares impinge on our party, we may find a certain tragedy, a certain pathos of our own exposed....

Donald



Donald, in a trance, convulsing, all smiles and eagerness, obviously loving the attention, offers all of himself—body and soul—to the audience. He becomes an amorphous freak whose monstrosity provides the shifting focus of the nerd image. His is a body marooned in childhood and in fantasy; starved for information, struggling to cope with the demanding roles of adulthood; struggling desperately and failing. No one will ever let this mad clown come to their party. Donald's mind will never admit defeat, will never stop smiling but his body knows futility and senses its doom. It drags Donald, smiles and all, into his own self destruction. It hurts itself. It throws itself on the ground, it 'sits' on chairs that aren't there, it climbs up the stairs to the balcony and jumps off. While the whole audience winces, Donald keeps grinning. His eyes burn and his jaws lock into a silent, screaming smile, like the smile of a skull, like the 'inappropriate affect' of the hebephrenic burning himself with a cigarette, like the grinning indifference of the autistic child. He is telling us a secret. 3-Day Stubble covertly acknowledge the absolute destructiveness of all human relationships. Donald, in relation to us, gleefully demonstrates this by destroying himself. Caught by surprise, the audience winces . . . and applauds. Δ

This article originally appeared in

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BORBETOMAGUS

by C. Stuart E. Schellberg

Interview with Borbetomagus was conducted in South Nyack, NY, on the evening of November 13, 1984. Saxophonists Jim Sauter (JS) and Don Dietrich (DD) answered the questions. The third member, guitarist Donald Miller, was not present.

UNSOUND: What is the origin of the name?

JS: An often-asked question!

DD: It started from the cover of the first record, which was worms. We caught the worms, literally, in my back yard. We photographed the worms the next morning, recorded the album in its entirety that afternoon, and that evening Jim was thumbing through his Funk and Wagnall's. He looked up worms, and after all the normal definitions, he came up with "Borbetomagus," the original name of the City of Worms, in Germany. That was at the time of Martin Luther. And so, consequently, the first two albums' improvisations were sequentially Concordat's 1-11...

JS: ...or edict of Worms, which is a rather obscure reference into European history.

DD: We had no name. The record was named Borbetomagus.

JS: But it started getting reviewed as being by the group...

DD: ...so we just adopted that.

US: The name significance is nothing, beyond a title?

DD: Now it does!

JS: It was a word we liked.

DD: We're not even sure of how to pronounce this word, exactly.

JS: It didn't define the music either, which is what appealed to us. We had performed, locally, as "Industrial Strength," and still do. But we wanted to get out of that, because it conjured up definitions in people's minds that the music wasn't going to live up to. It had rock 'n roll, or industrial cleaner, connotations, plus very negative connotations to industry. But it's ironic that there's an interest in industrial music that's grown out of it, when we were using it more for the strength of the music than for the industry.

DD: And yet, ironically, after so many (5) years, it's satisfying to think that a word as crazy as Borbetomagus can, in fact, define the parameters, or at least the focal point of the sound. We've been developing this sound long before we adopted the name. Now we talk about it as the sound, Borbetomagus.

US: Outside of the name, how would you describe the sound?

DD: We wouldn't. The minute you define something, you put it in a frame, and it limits growth.

US: What about the growth potential within?

DD: We grow as a group; however, we never rehearse together. Donald Miller lives two hours from us. We practice a hell of a lot as individuals, and you bring all of your discoveries to a group situation, which calls for new surprises. It's like a beehive, where the bees collect the pollen, bring it back and the hive is stronger.

US: So you never know what's going to happen when you get together?

JS: That's the fun of it!

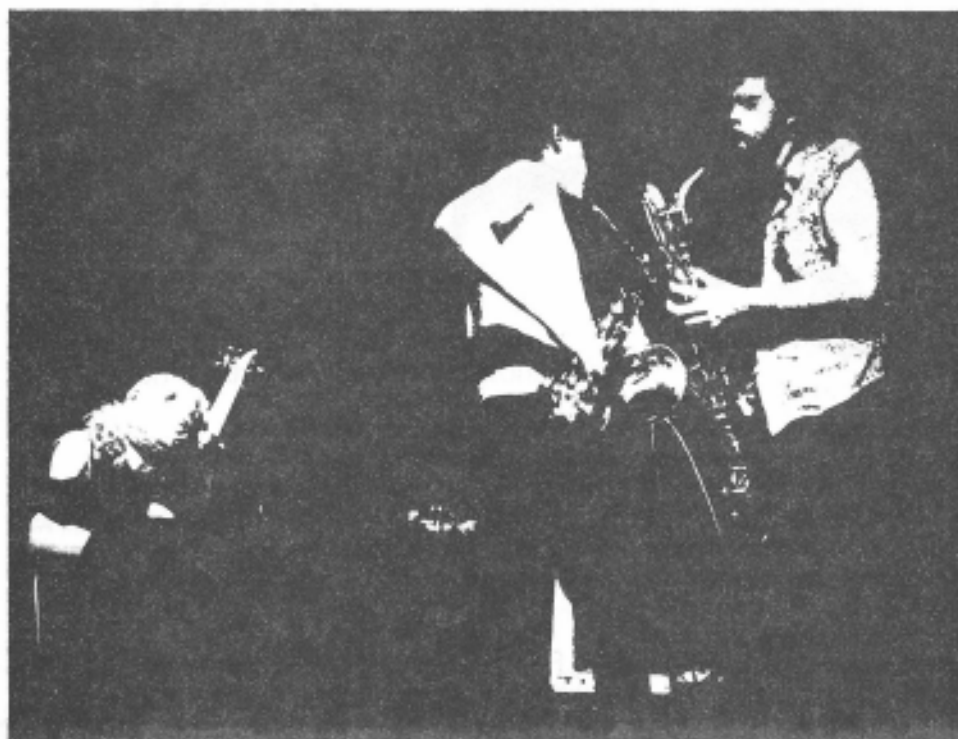
DD: We first started out rehearsing, which got to be a drag. You'd go to a performance, and there'd be so many expectations, like "Why didn't you do what you did the other day?" Which is stupid: We have nothing to rehearse, because we're improvising. There was a dichotomy about whether we should be totally, or semi-improvisational. Now we know we've got to be total, and that's how it's been for a number of years. The hotter the gigs, the least rehearsed we are. We'd rather do a bad gig than the same one as last time.

US: Does the audience reaction follow a set pattern?

DD: God, no! We've had people go crazy about gigs we thought were terrible...

JS: ...and that can be for a combination of reasons. What their expectations are, or how it sounded to us, because we might have had trouble with the P.A.. We ran into

Donald Miller — Guitar Jim Sauter — Reeds Donald Dietrich — Reeds



this quite a bit on our European tour. We'd spend a great deal of time in extensive sound checks, then find out later that they'd fucked with the sound levels. We'd start to play, and what we heard would be something totally different than what the audience was hearing, or what we'd heard previously. It created, in some cases, an interesting input, but in others an incredible obstacle to get around.

DD: We're not used to dealing with big concert halls or P.A.'s. We play acoustically because we play loud. Donald Miller uses a guitar, amplified. It almost becomes, in a normal room situation, a sort of "John Henry was a steel-drivin' man"... acoustic vs. electric...

JS: ...human vs. machine...

DD: ...how many trees can I cut down with my axe, vs. this chainsaw? In that context, we can define a room. It was interesting that, in London, a reviewer was really impressed by the fact that we were able to activate this huge hall. We were actually bouncing the sound off the walls, much as we would acoustically. It almost becomes painful to play this music and be in the same room when this happens. I've gone to bed with headaches.

JS: But I don't think we shrink from it. If anything, we revel in it, and are energized by it. It's not a question of wanting the audience to shrink either. What I think separates us is that, when the music reaches that pitch, intensity, or unified sound, where we're all hooked into a certain direction, that it's a joyous direction. It's not something we do with any reluctance; the music goes, and we go with it.

DD: Even if it hurts, we're still there.

JS: A responsive audience will go with it, too. They'll feel, physiologically and emotionally, that they too can go with it.

DD: In London, we had something going that was amazing. Using the P.A. only as we would a small room, we had the sound bouncing all over this large hall. At that point, we drove (not intentionally, mind you) the people...they didn't dig it, so they split. We lost the better portion of the audience. However, in East Germany, we played for 1,700 people in a bigger place. The show was different, although comparable, and

the sound was screaming. And the people, whether it be that they're not at liberty to express such freedom themselves or whatever went crazy. At one point, Donald was bouncing the guitar on his knees. I began hearing something that wasn't coming from the stage, and it was the people stomping their feet and clapping to this crazy thing Donald was doing. What can we make of that, whether it's the fact that people have built-in expectations in the western world for what "good" music is supposed to be, or whether it's a question of a statement of freedom?

JS: I think our music communicates on a lot of levels. Intellectually, for people who have a handle on where things come from historically, or emotionally, or in a live situation, physiologically. People have said that they feel the vibrations in their bones.

US: It seems that what separates you from other improvisers or experimenters is the intensity.

JS: We're not afraid of that.

US: Are you always striving for this?

DD: I think intensity is a relative term.

US: Intense, as compared to other improvisers who seem to build up to it, where Borbetomagus is a wall of sound that hits the audience very

fast, and that you sustain for alarming periods of time.

DD: That sort of answers your question, doesn't it?

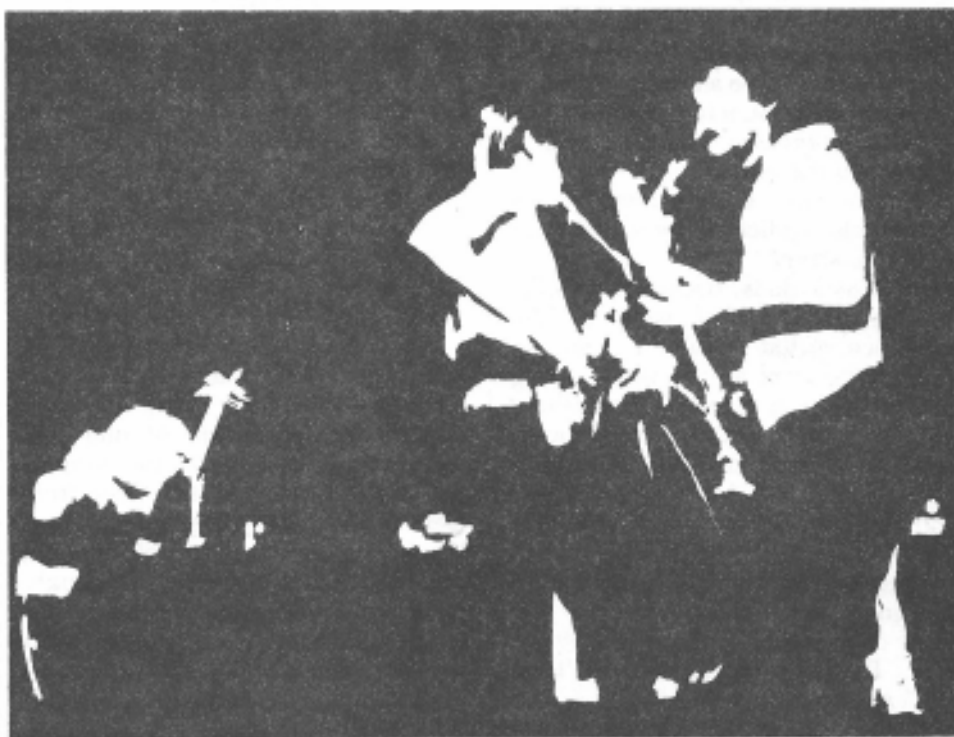
JS: A critic friend of ours, Henk Berkman, has an extensive collection of improvised work, and what he terms the "plink-plonk-ploong" school, the more spatially, sparse...

DD: ...like, "I won't step on your toes, if you don't step on mine." We revel in stepping on everything.

"The challenge is not just to blow, but to maintain a logical development"

JS: And yet, the fact is, there's a tremendous amount of sensitivity in what we do. We just approach it differently, because it happens to be what we feel more comfortable with. It brings us closer to a sound that we enjoy, which we find exciting and challenging.

DD: It seems to me that the best stuff happens if it becomes acutely tangible. Like you really know what a rock is if it's a big rock that you have to move, a hundred pounds as opposed to a pebble. When we're playing, I think we're making really big rocks. At times it becomes really



hard. The harder it gets, you sort of forget just how physically intense the music is. For Donald, playing guitar, it's not so bad. Speaking for us, 'cause we're blowing our brains out...the music makes its own demands, and you just go.

JS: The challenge is not just to blow, but to maintain a logical development.

DD: You feel it, and what I think is cool is taking so many diverse influences, too. To sustain this energy is one thing. Just to blow—you don't even need a horn for that, all you really need is a balloon. But we're coming from so many different directions: "all of a sudden, I was thinking of Eric Dolphy", or "I was thinking of Yonahs." There are times when people say, "I couldn't tell the sax from the electronics." We did a gig in Berlin where WK couldn't even tell!

JS: For us, that's a very successful moment.

DD: But that doesn't define all successful moments.

JS: Part of the challenge is working as a trio, with such a quirky instrumentation, and still have such a big sound. It's a challenge in sort of provide our own rhythm section. We all assume responsibility for it at different times. Rhythm for the music, not necessarily a rhythm section, but at all times we're all conscious of the movement of the music, so that we all set time in various ways. Such as Donald bouncing the guitar on his lap, or things that we do with the saxophones, such as physically bouncing them off our thighs. It creates a pulse and a rhythm to the sound.

UE: Do you ever consider the "rock" the audience has to move, or does it matter?

DD: Yes it does, because as I play I'm thinking, "If I were in the audience, what would I want to see?" We went for ten years, going to New York in search of something good to hear, and if you're lucky, once a year something would be almost good. But this is what I would want to see. I want to see someone that's challenging, provocative, and willing to take chances, put it all on the line...

JS: ...and sweat!

UE: Describe the aura of a "typical" show.

"Our music is always a delicate balance between visceral and mental"

INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH

DIARRHOEAS
and FRIENDS



JS: Good performances cut across all pre-established ideas of what people came to hear. At one gig, people were told to come because they should check out this band from New York — "But you guys don't look like we expected you to look. I mean, you don't have blue hair..." (laughter). After we played, there was nothing for people to deal with, other than the fact that they were taken by the music.

DD: Our music is always a delicate balance between visceral and mental. Most people that we've found that like our music are those who've come to it from another camp. We actually played for little kids once, as in 3-4 years old, and they loved it. It's also worth noting that nobody can deal with us and have no impact. They either love it or hate it—that's our experience.

BORBETOMAGUS



photo by Elizabeth McGuy



US: Do you ever get outright hostility?

DD: Sure!

JS: The Bergen Community College episode, with the wine, cheese, and poinsettia tablecloths with christmas candles. That was one of our most direct confrontations with a violent ignorant audience. We don't get that very often, but that was an extreme case, as well as an extremely good document of how that sort of attitude, from an audience, can affect the music. In that case, it created what I thought was an inspired musical performance, and in many ways, an inspired reaction.

US: So, if you feel an audience reaction, you play off that?

DD: We play off anything. Anything that reflects sound or emotion. If something falls off a shelf, we play off it. We'll pick it up and put it back, then play till it falls off again, playing off that rhythm.

JS: While we're playing, one of the things we're all very conscious of is keeping our ears open to what's happening, and to what each other is doing. So that the minute any one of the members plays something, someone's there to quickly pick it up and run with it.

DD: Everybody starts supplying data, right from the start. We start throwing material out, keep that happening, but we also start laterally feeling and bouncing off each other.

US: Is there an acclimation period, before you begin to feel where the performance is going?

DD: Not anymore. If there's any acclimation period, it takes about three seconds!

JS: The minute we start, the process is started.

US: And all this with no rehearsals?!

DD: God, no!

JS: Only in the form of previous performances.

DD: And, if that be rehearsal, then you can bet that the concert won't sound anything like the previous one. Δ

NOTE—This interview is a condensed version. The original will appear in "No Other Life." Inquiries to 1874 Fairview Ave., Apt. B, Berkeley, CA 94703, USA. Borbetomagus can be reached c/o Agaric Records, 48 White Ave., South Nyack, NY 10960, USA.

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Toward a Pure Automatist Music

by Tim O'Neil

The curious absence of any notable musical works in the otherwise prolific Surrealist movement during the 1930's and 1940's can be traced to a technical problem inherent in Western musical structures, rather than any lack of interest on their part. Attempts were made to create a distinctly Surrealist musical form (See *Artforum* magazine, September 1966), however the linear format of Western Classical music is directly antithetical to the demands of pure automatism for artistic forms that can closely follow the more relativistic workings of unconscious thought processes. The Unconscious mind seems to favor indirect allegorical and analogical means of expressing itself, unlike the direct one-to-one correspondence of the more geometrical and analytical tuning and scale systems of the West. It is this imagistic, concrete bias within the Unconscious and within Surrealist poetry and art that the more abstract forms in music conflict with.

At the same time that the Surrealists were beginning to ponder this problem, another distinct tradition of avant-garde music was beginning to make itself felt on a wide scale. A decade before the Surrealists, both the Futurists and Dadaists had experimented with relativistic musical forms and had found tremendous possibilities. In 1913, Luigi Russolo, an Italian Futurist painter, published a highly significant manifesto entitled "The Art of Noise." His thesis was simple: the human ear has tremendous capacity for distinguishing minute gradations and tones of sound, yet Western music focuses on only one tiny part of that vast spectrum of sound. Every sound conceivable should be considered as potential music according to Russolo. During the same period, the Dadaist concept of the "Gesamtkunstwerk" included a music based on a concept of chance constructions bordering ideally on the chaotic. Taken together, the concepts of noise and random ordering created possibilities that we are still in the midst of discerning. Automatism, however, is a slightly different matter. Automatist music may include noise as a significant element, and may indeed become random, yet the key quality of automatism is unconscious patterning and that is not of necessity random at all. The Surrealist concern is with escaping the boundaries of conscious aesthetic decisions, and of course, randomness and noise may be means to that goal, but not necessarily the end. Both the Dadaists and Futurists made conscious choices from social, political and aesthetic positions, to play a certain style of music. Surrealism, however, is based upon the principle of passivity to the dictates of the Unconscious and as such, must remain completely open to any stylistic possibility. A purely automatist Surrealism, which is of course extremely difficult to achieve in practice, would follow Andre Breton's famous dictate:

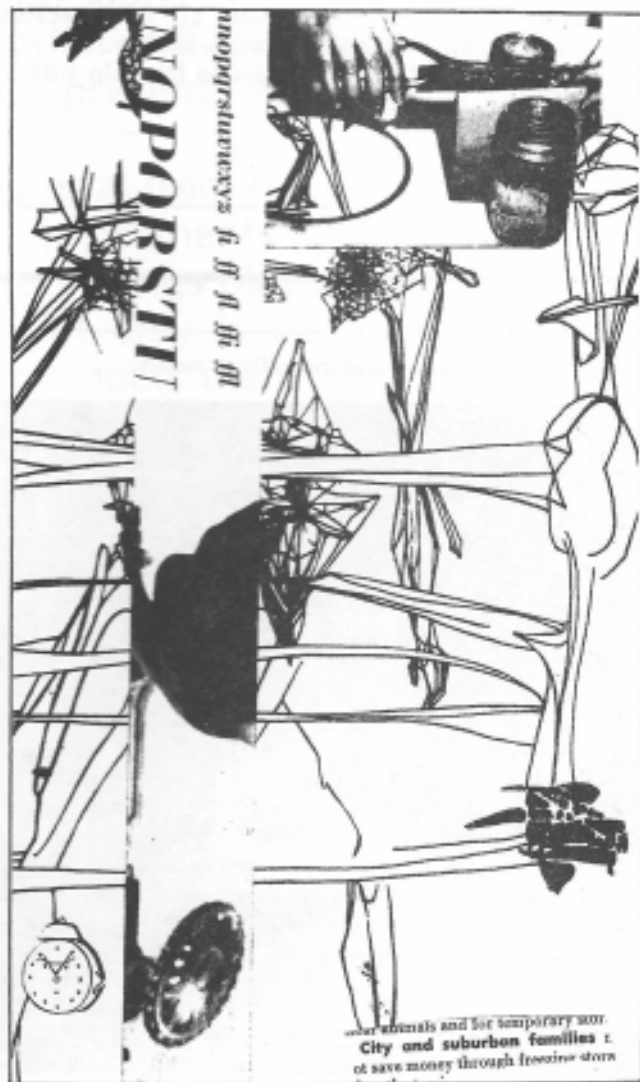
"Dictated by thought, in the absence of any control exercised by reason, exempt from any aesthetic or moral concern."



"SURREALISM, n. Psychic Automatism in its pure state by which one proposes to express—verbally, by means of the written word, or in any other manner—the actual functioning of thought. Dictated by thought, in the absence of any control exercised by reason, exempt from any aesthetic or moral concern." Given the limitations of human nature, some degree of conscious aesthetic control is usually present, yet as an ideal, this definition can be of tremendous aid to the artist. The Unconscious has its own sense of logic and perception and the artist must be as finely tuned as a seismograph to its workings in order to discern the tracings of its thought process. For the Dadaist and Futurist, the essential problem was to bring Western music into the complex and relativistic Modern world. For the Surrealist, the problem was rather how to make the average musical instrument as responsive to the dictates of the Unconscious as the less cumbersome means of pencil or paint brush. This is a problem that still demands solution and will continue to do so until technological developments produce musical instruments that can be literally played in one's sleep. The entire development of computer music and research into brain psychology will undoubtedly give us something approaching that goal, yet the aesthetic problem will remain. Eliminating the last traces of machine-generated choice will be the primary problem, since a simple binary program is never going to rival the inherent multivalence of unconscious decision-making processes. It is only when computers have begun to rival the human brain in complexity of internal connections, that this problem will be eased.

Apart from the aesthetic question, the historical question remains. Vast numbers of modern composers and musicians have been influenced by the Dadaist and Futurist conceptions of music, but has there ever been a Surrealist music in general, much less a purely automatist music? Unfortunately, the answer is only an equivocal "yes!" The Dadaist and Futurist systems were carefully examined in the 1950's and 1960's by such composers as John Cage and Karlheinz Stockhausen. The entire movement of "Concrete Music" during these two decades drew heavily upon the elements of randomness and noise for much of their inspiration. The Fluxus movement, under the influence of George Maciunas was a development closely related to the Dadaist conception in particular. In the later 1960's and 1970's, the work of a new generation of composers, such as Charles Dodge, Eric Salzman, Pauline Oliveros and Steve Reich carried this lineage into a very high degree of refinement. Still, very little of this work could be termed "automatist" by our definition. Interestingly, the first glimmers of an openly Surrealist musical form started appearing around the fringes of the revolution in popular music that occurred in 1976 and 1977. The only major precursors to this trend were some of the German experimental bands of the 1960's, such as Faust, Can, and Amon Duul II. Around 1978, a band from Phoenix, Arizona started fomenting the Surrealist revolution in American urban centers. Their name was the Feederz, and while their stance was more political than automatist, the way for a Surrealist music seemed at last open. Pere Ubu, from Akron, Ohio were probably the first in a long line of neo-Dadaist bands of which more recent variants might be considered bands such as Negativland and the Invertebrates. It is with bands such as these that automatist experiments begin to be wed to the Dadaist approach. Within the context of late Surrealism itself, the Situationist and Lettrist movements seem to have had very little interest in music at all, and the American Surrealist movement, headed by Franklin Rosemont, seems most interested in studying Blues music from the 1930's and Jazz. The only indication of any interest in the new music comes from the situationist-oriented Church of the Subgenius with its avowedly Surrealist conception of the "Doktor-bands," such as "Doktors for Wotan," and "Bone Surgeons for Anubis." The insistence upon the use of untrained musicians places these bands past the realm of conscious aesthetic preoccupation.

"Nurse with Wound stands out as a prime example of a music that is concerned not only with the problems of noise and chaos, but also a sense of underlying unconscious content."



collage is taken from a drawing done by Jacques Harold in 1941, by Tim O'Neil

The final source for the potential rise of an automatist music comes from some of the musicians associated with the Industrial and Post-Industrial attitudes. Nurse with Wound stands out as a prime example of a music that is concerned not only with the problems of noise and chaos, but also a sense of underlying unconscious intent. One senses the presence of a guiding spirit behind the chaos, and that is the crux of our definition. Johanna West with her interest in attaining strongly altered states of consciousness comes across one's mind as an example of the important link between archetypal images and unconscious resonating processes. Finally, Coil, although more interested in a Magical than a purely Surrealist model, creates that essential tension between chaos and allegory that we have defined as automatist. Clearly then, the potential for a Surrealist music is probably stronger now than ever before. Perhaps given the right catalyst, we might see the development of a consciously automatist music within the next decade. (Special thanks to Thom Iwatsubo for help with the historical question.) Δ

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 The Sigmund Freud Foundation *The Book of the Subgenius* McGraw-Hill, Inc., New York, 1983
Surrealist International Anthology Bureau of Public Secrets, Berkeley 1981
Arsonal: Surrealist Subversion (Magazine) Edited by Franklin Rosenfeld, 2267 North Jackson Ave., Chicago, IL 60614
Cultural Correspondence: Popstar Culture and Revolution (Magazine) Edited by Franklin Rosenfeld (No longer published)
Lightworks (magazine) Fall 1979, article on the Fluxus movement
Search and Destroy (magazine) Issue #10, article on the Females

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CHRISTIAN MARCLAY

AND THE SCRATCHES OF TIME

commentary and questions by Carl Howard

Although a major part of his life was spent in Switzerland, Christian Marclay and his music fit snugly and successfully into the progressive sphere initiated by New York City's 'downtown' musicians. His is a background of performance music and of plastic art forms—sculpture in particular.

As William Burroughs and Brion Gysin cut up the word, and as John Cage and David Tudor cut up the sound, so do they also cut up the past; fragmenting our orientation of linear history, shuffling all time into a kind of absolute present—and this we call experience.

Christian Marclay experiences material from the past, distorts it, creates it, explodes it. His instruments are products reengaged as processes—old vinyl recordings played, destroyed, garbled, reinterpreted, revitalized. Not only is he using waste products as entertainment, but the products themselves are disposed entertainment, thrown away by their owners for being scratched, or otherwise outmoded. We consume entertainment, we throw it away; Marclay uses it again. Art, entertainment, and irony.

Among those whom Marclay has worked with, one can list Elliot Sharp, John Zorn, and David Moss. Early 1985 will see the premiere of his first operatic piece, an ambitious project entitled *Dead Stories*.

Last October Marclay performed for an evening at a space called *Roulette* (228 West Broadway, NYC, NY). A dimly-lit table held seven phonographs, stacks upon stacks of records, and several wires running to one central input bank. Marclay, dressed completely in black, meditatively spun two "Disc Compositions": #39 Time Square, and #40 Untitled. The audience responded enthusiastically.

At his East Village apartment, he admitted that his compositions are not so much fixed as constantly reshaping. Time Square could have absorbed pieces #18 and #25 (random numbers, and pieces #56 and #72 may, in turn, absorb Time Square).

The apartment itself has a room devoted entirely to Marclay's art. That means thousands upon thousands of sleeved and unsleeved old records, including about 200 (hardly more) which he isolates for his own entertainment. Here are some disc 'sculptures,' carefully undercut slabs of color-vinyl discs cum mosaics, set so carefully that they still play. One of his discs is a rotating saw blade, the kind that cuts Polly Pureheart in Twain as she's tied to the wooded leg in the old lumber mill. Some of his other physical constructions include a "phonoguitar," an explanation of which follows close at hand.

UN SOUND: What's the greatest amount of turntables you ever had at once?

CHRISTIAN MARCLAY: Eight, plus a to-and-fro number, which is a little machine I have. It actually scratches automatically, goes back and forth at different speeds.

US: I would expect that the work you do would involve a certain amount of invention.

CM: There's another turntable I built called the 'phonoguitar', which I strap around my neck, I use only guitar records on it. Jimi Hendrix—Heavy Metal.

US: How long have you been doing this?

CM: I started about 1979-1980, when I lived in Boston. I was performing in a duo called **The Bachelors, even**, with guitar player. I was mostly singing, and I started to use records as my instrument because I couldn't play any other. So I was doing vocals and records.

(Halt and step into flashback. **The Bachelors, even** were interviewed in *Re/Search #2* by Bond Bergland, then still of *Factrix*. The article included pictures of a 'drum-guitar' (the drum part being an African percussive device built into the fretboard) and something that looks like a combination organ-accordion. Said Marclay at the time, on the question of electronic instruments, "Our sounds are more human, in a way. It's a physical relationship to a sound-producing object. This allows for a physical understanding as well." It is easy to discern that this thinking stays with Marclay to the present day.)

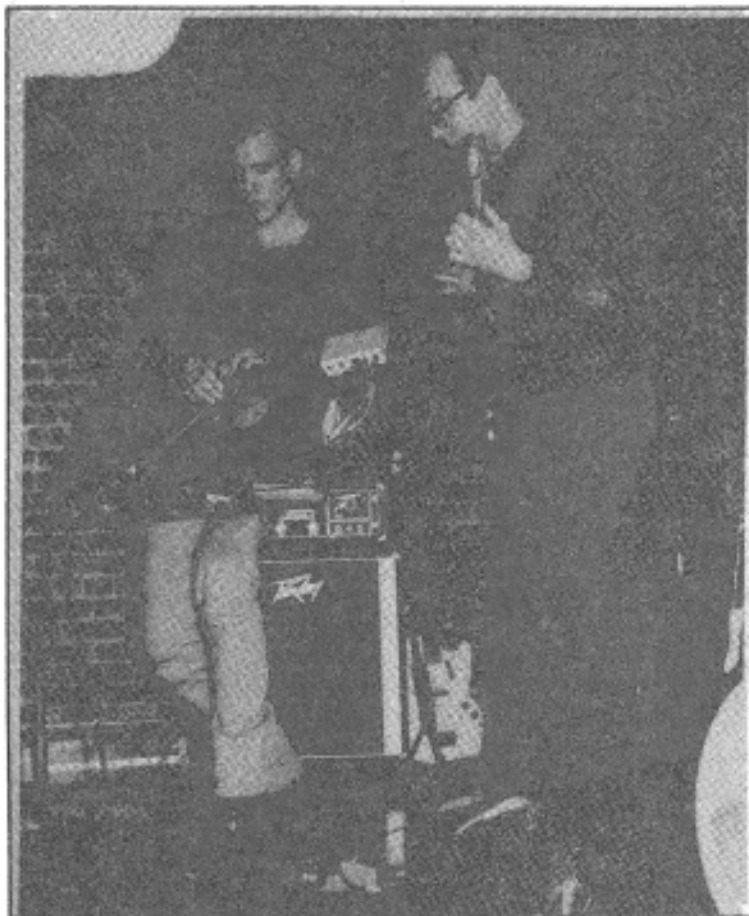


photo by Catherine Ceresole

CM: Eventually the band disappeared. I moved to New York and I continued with this work.

US: You've met a lot of interesting performers around here.

CM: Musicians? Yes—it was great for me to come here and be able to play my turntables with musicians who play more traditional instruments, and to participate in a number of pieces by **John Zorn**. It was great to be able to combine recordings with real instruments. Then I played in a band called **Mon Ton Son** with a violin player, and guitar. That was a trio, with me on turntables. So I've experimented with different combinations; now I'm playing in a band with **Mark Cunningham** on trumpet and **Mark Miller** on drum machine.

US: When you started how would you convince a performance space that something like this would draw?

CM: Well, I don't know if it was convincing people, I just did it and had a lot of fun doing it. People heard me and asked me either to play with them or to play in their space.

US: Do people expect that you're going to do something like scratching?

CM: Sort of, because of the Rap movement, and all of these scratch DJ's, they sort of expect me to do that.

US: On Zorn's '**Locus Solus**' it's strange, because on Side One there you are, and on Side Four there's this scratcher. I suppose it's possible to draw a similarity. An information sheet passed out by *Roulette* mentioned that your work and scratched evolved "parallel time wise but completely independent from Rap music."

CM: They evolved simultaneously, though I was unaware of the other until '81 or '82. That was when I first heard **Grand Master Flash**, and the first time I saw him live. I feel very removed from that whole movement; I'm not interested in just keeping a dance beat going infinitely.

US: Basically, how do you structure a piece?

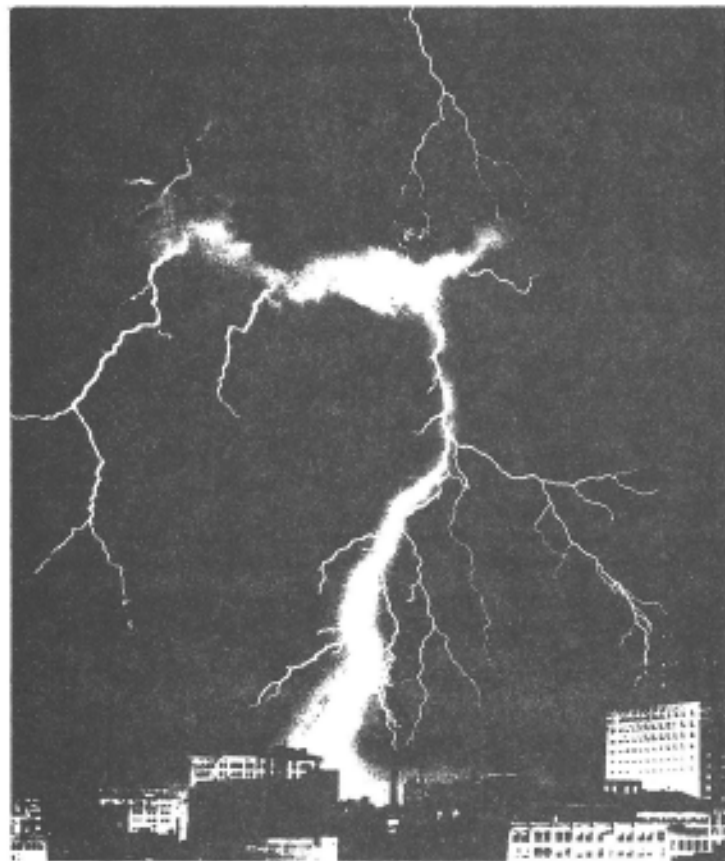
CM: I know which record I'm going to use, in which order. I work out my transitions and the relationships between one record and the other. But because of the quality of the equipment and the material, because of the fragility of the records and their minute nature, I can't always be exact. I always make notes on the records, or by putting stickers on them to indicate where a sequence starts and so forth.

US: Oh, I thought that those were like white chips to make the needle jump.

CM: I do use them for two reasons—either to indicate where a segment I want to use starts, or to stop the needle and create a skip, or a loop. So there is an order of the composition that's established, but within the composition there's a lot of room for improvisation.

US: You have a piece in which you use seven of the same records at one point.

CM: Sometimes I don't know what record is producing the sound that I want to interrupt, I might interrupt something I didn't want to. Errors become important musical moments. Those clicks and pops,



sometimes incidental and sometimes intentional. But if they are incidental, I have to accept them as an integral part of the composition. So I have to listen to those things and if suddenly the record, because of a scratch, decides to loop, I have to decide, do I interrupt that loop or do I let it go and play along with it? So all those accidents change slightly with the shape of the composition. There's something pleasant about the pops on a record. If you listen to an old jazz radio program, to the 78's, there's something about that noise that's associated with early recordings that you can't ignore, and it becomes part of the music. Part of the nostalgia that's attached to it. It's like looking at an old photograph—yellow, crinkled, almost disappeared, and you look at it with a certain emotion, a different one than when you look at a glossy color photograph of today. And I think the same emotion exists when you listen to an old recording. What creates the emotion is the poor recording—if you want to say, maybe the grooves of time, the scratches of time. Time has left its fingerprints on the record as well as the artist who recorded it. The same goes for 1970's rock 'n roll, there's already a sense of nostalgia.

US: Tape manipulation goes back about thirty-five years. Record manipulation except for club mixing, goes back only the last few years.

CM: Yes, because the tape recorder was only invented in the fifties. But if you wanted to experiment with a recording, and a few people did, like Darius Milhaud, in the late twenties, already experimented with variable speed turntables. Then, the only way you could record a sound was to do it directly on the lacquer. Even though the machines

were simple and crude, they thought about it and experimented with it. When the tape recorder appeared, it was easier. With a pair of scissors you can do some marvelous things. But before that you had to do it directly on records. And even at the beginning of *Musique Concrète*, in the early fifties, people like Pierre Schaeffer and Pierre Henry, had access to lacquer recordings in the French radio stations. Actually a lot of early *Musique Concrète* pieces were done with rejected recordings from the studio. They would have an artist come in and directly record on the vinyl, and of course he made mistakes, and the record would be put aside. Pierre Schaeffer had access to piles of those outtakes. That's how he started. So to say that the use of records in music today is something new is wrong, because it's been used so much. John Cage used phonograph records in his early pieces. But I would say that the sensibility of mixing different sounds together has definitely originated from the possibilities that magnetic tape offered.

US: What is the operatic piece you're working on?

CM: It's called *Dead Stories*. All the instruments are generated by records, and a lot of the singing as well. The singers are Arto Lindsay, David Moss, Susio Timmons, David Garland, and a few others. I choose them for their very unique and contrasting ways of singing.

US: Do you have original lyrics that you're composing?

CM: I'm using lyrics that I picked up from records, as well as original lyrics, and a lot of non-verbal singing. The idea is a non-narrative lyrical piece that will use a lot of fragments from different stories. All of them meshing together to create an almost final story, that would be left open for the listener. I don't want to enforce one story; I want to give a mixture of stories open for interpretation.

US: I was thinking that someone could ask, "where's the tradition?" All you would have to do is point at the records and say, "This is the tradition I come from. All these people; all their work."

CM: Right. I think that my influences are there. This is the music I listen to, these are the different images I look at; even though I grew up in the country where I haven't been bombarded with media images and television as much, as a lot of young Americans have been and are... I still have to put up with a constant flow of media information, and I am a child of the media. All these influences come out in my work, and I think it's a way of reacting to it.

US: When you go around looking for records, what kind of things are you looking for?

CM: Everything that's cheap. I like what people throw out. I find a lot of records on the street, in the garbage cans. People give me records they don't want. I like to be able to come up with something that's obviously rejected, consumed material.

US: How do you decide which records you're going to play and which you're going to smash?

CM: Some are hard to use, either because in itself it's too dense, or it has a beat that I don't like or something. I tend to look out for instrumental records. If I use vocals, then I scavenge vocals from

somewhere else and put them on top.

US: How deeply do you get involved in the visual aspect of a performance?

CM: I think it's important to have a visual presentation. Especially because of what I do I need to show how the sound is produced; the mechanical aspect is important.

US: At the Roulette show, were you dressed all in black for a reason?

CM: The table was lit, and I wanted to be sort of in black, in the dark. The main thing being the records, there is a distance between me and the performer and the music. Because of the nature of the instrument, a turntable is not a very physical device, it's not like a regular instrument you have around your neck, or you blow in, or squeeze between your breasts, it's a very distant cold machine, and it tends to play by itself.

US: You manipulate the record, the tone arm, the speeds. But if you were to come up with your own turntables, would the speeds go up to like 107 and down to 2, or go at a constant speed backwards? Do you manipulate the machines at all?

CM: There are a few transformations I can do, but I haven't really built any turntables. I've used different motors that will go to a faster speed. I've worked with the tone arms, like having two tone arms on the same record. I do play the records backwards manually. I don't have a mixer, so I adjust the volume controls directly on the turntable. I have on/off switches so I can cut in or out a sound

very quickly, I also use a wah-wah pedal.

US: You know the sort of things that kids do, just spinning their records backwards, and then their parents come in and say, "What are you doing? You'll break the machine!"

CM: I think a lot of people do react like that when they see me, and there's a strong impact with people who've been taught to take care of their records. Records are such fragile objects, and if you don't take care of them you destroy the recordings. So people have a strong reaction when I do scratch a record; they feel uneasy especially if they're record collectors.

US: It goes against the grain, and if you start smashing something...

CM: You don't have to smash it to create a strong reaction. Just a little scratch is already something. You react to it, and you sort of know right away that there's a mistake involved, there's a wrong doing.

The interview ended with the arrival of Elliot Sharp, a guitarist and sax player. Sharp has often worked with Marclay, as well as countless others. He also heads **Zoar Records**, whose LP release **State of the Union** features an excellent Marclay piece called "Disc Composition #23". Also on **Zoar Records**, a release called **(T)Here** features the above musicians. Duets between Marclay and David Moss can be heard on the latter's LP **Full House**, which is a **West German Moers Music** release. **Δ**

photo by Fred de Vos



BEAT A RETREAT OF A DIFFERENT KIND...



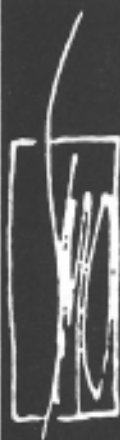
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S/M Operations proudly announces the release of the second album by HUNTING LODGE, which is entitled **NOMAD SOULS**. This lp includes the hits *God Loves the Rock Stars*, *Beautiful Ugly*, and a vocal version of the legendary *Wolf Hour*. A limited edition booklet which was designed to accompany **NOMAD SOULS** is also available. The mail order cost of these items is as follows; **NOMAD SOULS** lp- \$8.00. Booklet- \$2.00. Prices include shipping in U.S. and Canada. Other countries please add \$3.00 for airmail. A current list of S/M O. mail order products is available by sending SASE or IRC. Wholesale inquiries welcome.

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CULTURCIDE

The Tapes

I wonder if we're learning from our
mistakes

Or repeating them over and over.
If Hitler had won the war
We'd be used to it by now,
To concentration camps as institutions
Like Stop'N'Go.
Its impossible to tell
If things are getting better or worse,
So maybe Hitler won the war
Or maybe worse
I can't tell,
I left my evil-detector in the car.

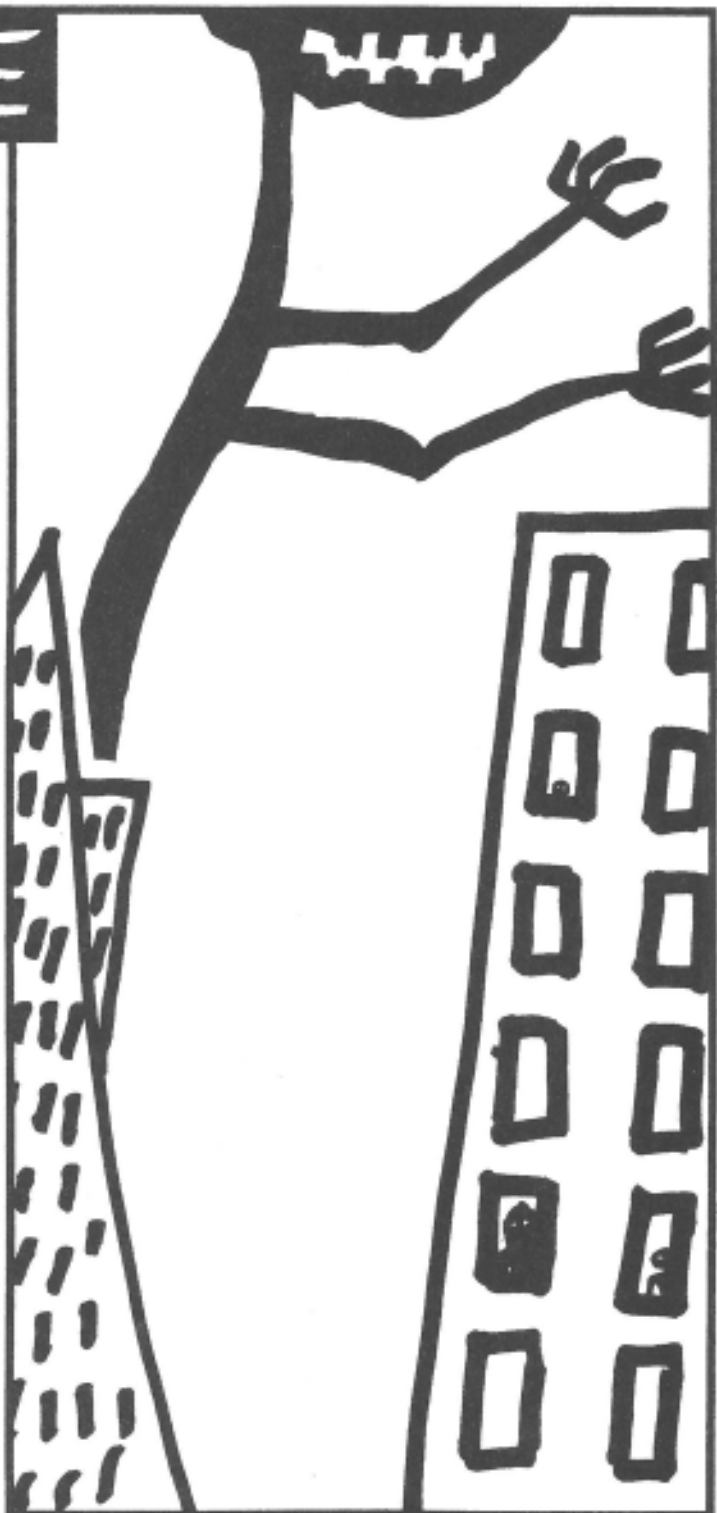
I tape record my life
To see what it sounds like.
I listen to the tapes, I'm saying
Nothing.
I say I love so-and-so
But if he's a body in the mass grave
I'm standing by the mass grave saying
Nothing.

So many tragic deaths and what for?
It doesn't take away my breath
anymore.

Its like the ticking of clocks
The rise and fall of blood in my cock . . .
I adjust,
I get used to it.
Who can tell if evil has anything to do
with it?

I try to explain, to protest.
It only helps the victims adjust.
I put my fears into words
And the graves are so relieved,
They're not the only ones who heard.

The new: consciousness is consciousness
Of fear, pain, loneliness, and
Death
And the mind shuts off.
I get used to it.



I think I'm crawling over the wall
As I climb back down.
My love of life turns me around
And sends me crawling into the mass
grave,
Into the mass grave, singing,
Crawling into the mass grave, saying
Nothing.

DISCO

Would you like to dance?
Can I buy you a drink?
Can you stand yourself?
I can't help myself. . . .
My self can't convince myself
It's only a dick -
Only a disco.
I want to see you
I want to be you
I want your sex
And identity, too.
Your face fits my fantasy. . . .
Shut up or you'll spoil it for me.
I don't care about your future.
I'm not intrigued by your past.
Just gimme your phone number
So I can throw it in the trash.
Aren't you into sex without feeling?
Baby—you are going to find this very
entertaining.

The world owes me something nice,
So I smoke a cigarette at the disco.
But every time we make 'LOVE'
I feel like I've been beaten up
In the parking lot of the disco.

Having forgotten how to feel,
We dissect each other's flesh,
Looking for the lost secret of love,
Trying to understand tenderness
What makes you tick, where?
What makes you scream and wiggle?
Is it my turn to star in our little ritual?
Pull the wings off a fly

Stick a firecracker down a frog throat ...
Fuck you
In the interest of science,
Having forgotten human feeling.
I'm a machine,
You're a machine,
MAS-TUR-BAT-ING.
I punch out your lights.
You punch out my lights.
I fuck you, you fuck me
If you would just
Fuck me, baby.
If you would just
Give me the power to invent myself
For one more day
One more day at disco,
One more night at the disco,
We live in this disco.
We're stuck in this disco.
You're not the one,
But lets pretend.
Lie to me,
We'll both win.
I like your face, I like your smile,
It feels like love, it lasts for a while,
But not forever -
Life is long
And something's the matter.
Something's gone wrong.
Something's always the matter,
Something's always goes wrong.
You fuck me
And you punch out my lights
But you can't take me out of this disco.



PUBLICATION LISTING, USA

The following is a listing of some of America's alternative publications. Hopefully this list will aid people in obtaining more contacts, coverage and access—next issue I plan to expand the list, including European publications.

WD

(NOTE: Tape and Records = T&R)

No Commercial Potential

Contact A.M.S., P.O. Box 3531, Omaha NE 68103 USA or N.C.P., c/o Georj Ijhan, P.O. Box 300101, MPLS. MN 55404 USA.

#2, Eugene Chadbourne, Glenn Branca, David Thomas, David Van Tieghem, contacts, T&R reviews.

#3, Pauline Olivero's and Deborah Hay, Steve Tibbets, Pierre Boulez, Broken Flag Records, Hunting Lodge, P.T.V. contacts, T&R reviews.

NCP is very interested in networking, they want names of musicians that are into alternative music, names of organizations, clubs, radio stations, records for sale (they are publishing a sale list of used LP's), they publish contact lists—so get to it and help NCP develop a networking system.

International Graffiti Times

\$1.00

Contact: Prince St. Station, Box 299, NYC, NY 10012 USA. "Promoting graffiti as a cultural movement, and exercise in global citizenship," somewhat politically oriented—an interview with South African David Ndaba, member of the African National Congress. Also, listings of fanzines/magazines, plus assorted pieces on graffiti. Visually it is real interesting because it's a fold-out tabloid and it is very colorful and textured—send for it—it's really cool!

Artitude

\$.50

Contact: c/o Carl Howard, 209-25 18th Ave., Bayside, NY 11360 USA.

#1, Test Dept., Coll&Current 93, Ethnic music, Johnny Rotten, Classical recordings.

#2, Section 25, Boyd Rice, Music from the Andes, Konk, James Blood Ulmer, classical recordings.

Intelligently written, well designed tabloid with a lot of potential.



Malice

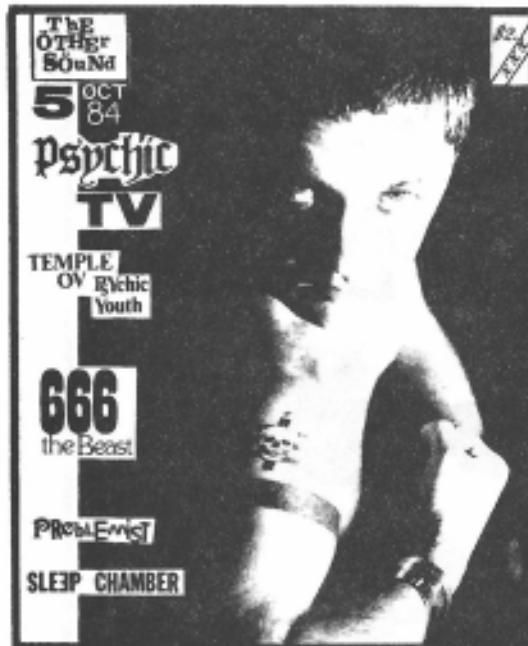
Contact: P.O. Box 241022, Memphis, TN 38124 USA. #7, Mostly live reviews and T&R reviews, plenty of contacts, interviews with Necros, Second Wind, Killing Children.



Snack

Contact: P.O. Box 70142, Seattle, WA 98107 USA. #5, Great criticisms of Punk, objective intelligent views—truthful and down to the bone. News clippings, publication reviews, color xerox cover. Enjoyable.





The Other Sound

Contact: c/o Innersleeve, 111 Brighton Ave., Allston, MA 02134 USA.

#4, Nurse with Wound, Cozey Fanni Tutti, Eno Discography, T&R reviews.

#5, P.T.V., Problemist, Sleep Chamber, article on A. Crowley, etc. The interview with Genesis P. Orridge in #5 is one of the most revealing and direct. In future issues they will be publishing other sections of this extensive interview.

Objekt

(\$) Free

Contact: P.O. Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502 USA

#15, Interview with VP 231, reviews of Problemist, No Trend, Phallacy, Artless, Kraftwerk, Whitehouse, etc...

One of the best, well written concise reviews, and has shown a development throughout the year in terms of organization and paste-up.

The Stark Fist of Removal (The Official Newsletter of the Church of the Subgenius) Contact: P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214 USA. **\$3.00**

#41, Vol. 17, Oh no, Bob has been assassinated, and here in this magazine you can get all the tragic information. But can it really be true? In this issue you can find out about Bob's family, his heirs, etc.. Also T&R reviews, publication reviews and other messages of great importance.

Suburban Relapse

\$.95

Contact: P.O. Box 610906, N. Miami, FL 33261 USA

#11, White Flag, Sonic-Youth, Gay Cowboys in Bondage, Scream, Violent Femmes, Subterranean Records, T&R reviews.

#12, Red Kross, Flipside, Max RNR, Meat Puppets, 60's punk, Sector 4, T&R reviews.

Overall a nice sarcastic approach, good reviews.

Terminal

\$1.00

Contact: P.O. Box 2165, Philadelphia, PA 19103 USA

#16/17, Einsturzende Neubaten, Minutemen, Black Flag, Violent Femmes, Test Dept., Butthole Surfers, T&R reviews.



ND

Contact: P.O. Box 33131, Austin, TX 78764 USA.

#2, interview with filmmaker Kurt Kren, mail-art from Hungary, works by Merzbow, John Bennett, performance artist Guy Bleus, Contacts....

#3, interview with performance artist Paul McCarthy, Audio goes Video, Stan Brakage, Coil, Nocturnal Emissions, Random Executions, T&R reviews. The introduction states: "What we hope to present are various ideas and contacts. The theory rests on you. We hope you will read and view what we have been sent, worked on and now combined in ND 3, we are all a whispering witness."

**Brunt****\$2.50**

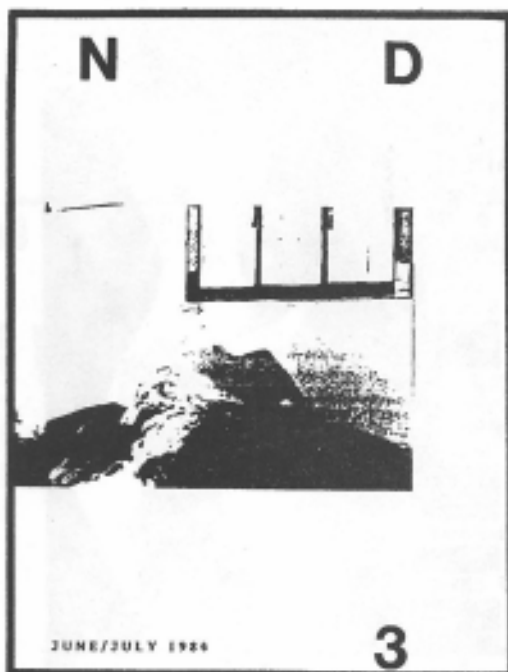
Contact: P.O. Box 0, Farista, CO USA

#1, Vol. 11, a parody of itself, this publication contains pieces on Bizarre Livestock Slaying, Killer Cars, James Dean's Death Chariot, South El Norte, and more. This little publication is pretty funny, a good evening's reading.

Novus**\$1.00**

Contact: P.O. Box 152, Honolulu, HI 96810 USA

#23, Reggae Sunsplash, Tummy Young, I-Threes, Visible Targets, Pagan Babies, T&R reviews. Mainly focused onto what they call new music in Hawaii, basically it seems like they're interested in new wave lounge acts.

**Real Fun****(\$) Free**

Contact: P.O. Box 15243, Philadelphia, PA 19125 USA.

#2, comic oriented, also articles on Kraftwerk, Learning as Lifestyle, The Enchantment of Nuclear Destruction.

Puncture**\$1.50**

Contact: 1674 Filbert St., #3, San Francisco, CA 94123 USA.

#7, Live Reviews of Clash, Nick Cave, Mutabaruka, Frightwig, Faith No More, articles on Radical Radio, Einsturzende Neubauten, Meat Puppets, T&R reviews.

Beef**(\$) Free**

Contact: 751 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117 or 1417 Farnum, Omaha, NE 68192 USA. Art-music-video-writing-photos, a tabloid. A little hard to read at times, but contains some pretty good photos and artwork. It's free, so give it a try—also they do T&R reviews. Most recent issue has interviews with Hunting Lodge and Poison Gas Research.

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The Aftermath of Intelligence — Peggy and Fred in Hell

by Linda Peckham

The Fifties romance was simple: the marriage of Science and Domestic Bliss. It was a marriage made in heaven, to be consummated in private automatism. With every New and Improved Model, the Fifties are still coming, over the ever-deferred horizon of perfection.

Peggy and Fred in Hell, a new film by Leslie Thornton, is an imaginary correspondence with this deferred future of technological culture. Or rather, it deposes a future that corresponds to the ideal machine for living. The film plays on projections of superior or inferior worlds that are the domain of science fiction. Peggy and Fred are anachronisms in a low-tech Aftermath of intelligence. Their world is the inverse of science fiction, an incarnation of the fiction of science. The film is set in an undefined space that reads like a backwards upside-down Sears catalogue illustrated by Scientific American. Corroding consumer items are juxtaposed with diagrams and machine parts, obstructing any comprehensive vision. Peggy and Fred are condemned to an unstructured manifestation of technology, where the end of science gathers momentum in a body of dissociated objects released from myths of function and determinacy.

To date the film is a short autonomous excerpt, an ex-position of themes distributed in a series of temporal anti-climaxes across the film. Peggy and Fred occupy an unrelieved dis/continuity, for there is no history to give time any meaning. There is also a literal anti-climax after the opening sequence: the sound is a sublime and profane mix of an aria and salsa music, the combined forces of which seem to both cancel out and accelerate the tempo. This is synchronized, in perfect lip-synch, with an image that can only be described as female and primal. It is the vocal chords of a "trained voice" magnified and slowed down x times to present the definitive mode of faultless diction. Perhaps this is the cataclysm that precipitates the eternal sentence in Hell. Multiple time systems are expanded and contracted by the female body, converging in a sort of onanistic speech.

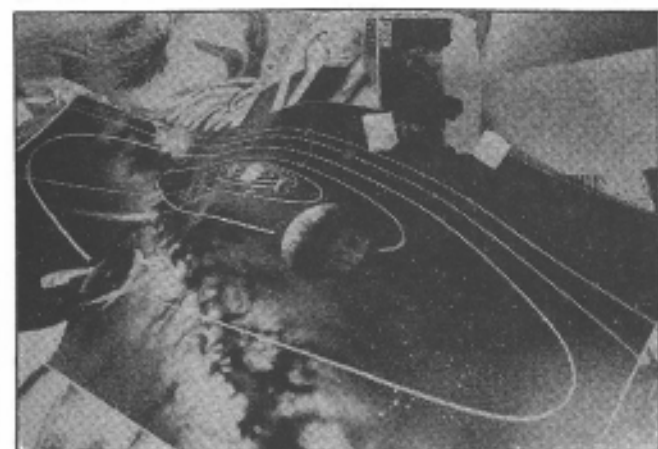
The pace then lapses into a post-cultural inertia, deflating the conventions of science fiction. Models of futuristic fantasies are mythologies referring to the present in some way, to a sense of direction. Mythical technologies of space and time articulate a belief in the forward velocity of human potential. The machine will extend man's reach and productivity, and science will make space his territory—that is the magic in the iconography of "outer space." **Peggy and Fred in Hell** is as such an allegory, but with a

still from *Peggy and Fred in Hell*



twist. The world is now a "museum" of dysfunctional products and still-born images of utilitarian imagination with no vertical or horizontal order except unknown quantity. A monument of Wonderbread petrifies in the foreground; the rhythm of consumption has ground to a halt. But this is not a Wasteland, a tragedy of ideal history, for the objects are still subject to a perverse automatism, not in the cycle of production and use but in the motion of perpetual existence. The whole setting evokes an immortal Frankenstein corpse with junk as it's burned out nerve-ends. Ironically, the useless objects do not embody the values of culture carried forward into the future.

The film is outside the science fiction genre in another way: it is shot like a documentary. This "realistic" allusion confounds the allegory we are accustomed to reading in the artifice of the tightly scripted and technologically complex film. At the same time, a documentary registers as the "scientific" or factual mode of filmmaking. The resulting stylistic dissonance is the heartbeat of the absurd comedy of the film: if the principle of mechanics is to produce an optimal performance of a specific program, much like the narrative script, then by contrast, the events recorded in a documentary mode create a machine motivated at random. Thornton extracts an optimal performance of malfunction and indeterminacy as a program for the film. The aesthetic of "naturalism" superimposed on a mechanical idiom breaks down the nature/technology distinction. Natural forces appear inseparable from mechanical forces, just as Peggy and Fred are not distinguished from machines. They are children, living parts of their defunct parents.



Fred's performance is a partially intelligible song in which limericks, folksongs and the Old Testament merge in a final deathblow to culture. His mouth fills the screen, and reverb parodies the echo of history. His vigorous and precise distortions of words erase any pre-existing meaning. Peggy sings a Michael Jackson song, but rather than performing it she seems to inhabit its legend in a vacant, removed awareness.

Fred has eliminated thought. He transmits speech directly, which, like the excesses of Hell, faces the act of total indiscriminate recall. Peggy has no direct speech at all. Her thoughts accumulate in a confused noise outside her head.

The couple appear separately, for the film is a divided focus between masculine and feminine. A sexual dialogue is thus plotted, but with no actual communication, in terms of the sender-receiver polarity. Or perhaps their subjectivity is experienced as an extension of the physical environment in a polyvalent metabolism of language. The anatomy of junk is the perfect post-science fiction medium; it has no exchange value, just as language does not produce meaning outside an exchange relationship.

Though the space is one of surreal domestic confinement, *Peggy and Fred in Hell* is directed outward by the illegitimacy of its form. It is shaped not by the laws or codes of the narrative and documentary, but by a mechanics of low and high intensity: faltering light and darkness, or sustained and unrelated breaks in time, or inertia enveloped in the motion of music. Against the tuneless singing the arias are both an ironic reminder of a lofty heaven and an uncontrolled force field without gravity.

The "science affliction" aspect of *Peggy and Fred in Hell* does not read as a speculation of anxiety of the Future, however, but poses a much more immediate question. We are taught that fictional forms are the means by which consciousness orders chaos. The object of science fiction is to map our sense of the future, a projected investment in order. Even apocalyptic depictions of chaos are representations retrieved by an aesthetic practice that recodes the moral of fear, that makes sense. The question is simple: what if fiction rejects this function? What if language refuses to narrate intelligence, staring with the stare of madness? Science becomes one of infinite fictions, losing its power to command the obedience of function, and is itself domesticated in the vertigo of Hell.

According to Thornton the finished film will be comprised of more noise-speech and sound objects, mixed with the erratic narratives of the children. Found footage of science films from the Fifties will be incorporated as part of the detritus. With a starting point of ignorance and error, the feature length version proposes new dimensions for the epic—a bottomless pit which hovers beneath the certainty of knowledge. Or to put it another way, if Hell is just a figure of speech, Thornton is exploring a hole in language that could potentially implode the numinous boundaries of intelligence. Δ

Culture as Fiction

excerpt from a letter by Leslie Thornton

The short story was actually the starting point for the film and continues to provide a strategical model. It's not a script, however. I don't work with scripts—my films are in a sense written as they go—starting with a theme or concern, and a general approach—the films take shape through the events of production—one thing happens, setting off what I do next, etc. What's always amazed me about this process is that along the way I usually forget whatever original intentions I might have had, seize upon tangents, get very lost, sense disaster, keep shooting, editing out of anxiety, begin to find a sense, a shape, finally establish an authoritative relationship to the material (having been at it's mercy). Then when I return to early notes, I'll find I've done exactly what I proposed in the first place, through some sort of blind compulsion. It's uncanny, always startles me. I'm working to establish the same sense of 'free fall' in cinema that happens here in writing, that is, a disengagement, the non-specificity of fleeting moments, an exhilarating danger, the body without a place, etc....

In this film I'm attempting to establish a timeless, voiceless place, outside of everything we can conceive and know, but still uncannily familiar, at hand—it's probably easiest to describe this place as 'madness'—or to be more specific, as the point where the human organism resides outside the functional structures of Language, the Social, The Political. While I'm not holding madness up as a positive condition—it does have the problem of being non-productive, static, an arrestment—it is compelling for what it may reveal, for instance, madness as a stubborn reminder of the body as a site, non-functional, living/breathing, incomplete, vulnerable—a potentia.

My approach to examining the predicament of the present and threats or promises of the future is to look at the body, actually the body and objects, and to represent the body as the surface on which all else is inscribed (the objects representing culture, order, production, ideology...) And the way I will point to this inscription, this writing of the body into the folds of the norm, is by making things not work, not fit, not happen, not make sense. For example, a face will have not one expression in response to something, but ten simultaneous and inscrutable expressions, flowing one into another. So what we

see is, Expression. It's simple. And what we see is the machine (Language) that secures the fictions of 'order' or Culture, because it's not working, not making order.

When I think of the future I think of Power; the future is for me a vista of Power, Power understood and exerted in full measure. And one thing Power seems incapable of encompassing, in fact of necessity must exclude, is compassion. More than anything this film is about compassion (and by

extension, absence of Power). It is also about Culture as fiction. (A brief digression: now that phrase 'absence of power' makes me a bit nervous. For one thing, it sounds particularly female (plenty of compassion, not enough power.) Power, after all, does get things done. But for one side to win, another has to lose; that's power's inescapable condition. To be utopian about it, I'd be a lot more comfortable if people 'in power' were the ones who didn't care to be.) Δ



stills from Peggy and Fred in Hell





She pressed her back hard into the chair and put her hand under her leg. He had no idea she was there. Finally her impatience took over and he turned as her hand shot up to her eye. What was the difference, she thought. He'll stand there with his machine and think about good design until she lets something else happen. The breeze came in with the smell of the factory as she shuffled her feet, but all that mattered now was the way the window opened. Because the curtain was just beyond her reach she decided to forget about the hole and made an effort to speak.

It started now. Speak. She looked around for a while dropped her hands and swallowed her tongue. Except for a few breaks here and there everything seemed so oppressively even.

Spinach omelet maybe? I don't like spinach. I'm sick of spinach. How about pork chops? I'm sick of spinach omelets. We've had an omelet everyday.

Crash. The birds were at it again but no matter because she hadn't felt so relaxed in a long time. He put her hand under the leg while he turned on the machine. She kicked him (unintentionally) in the eye then looked at the window. Overall it hadn't been a bad day.

Wild. Things running all over the place. Objects. Hole bubbling. Charm-destroying and romance-killing odors. A window that opened by itself. The sounds of the opera next door. It was harrowing living here and it took all the strength they had. It was hell.

I can't stand having only one chair, he said.

I know what she is. That's the way she is. She's like that, she's evil. Look at the way she stands there with her head flying off and her feet beneath the

floor. And when I reach for her she's just that much farther. She cried out, threw her hand against the wall. It cracked and fell away.

Now that the house had burned down they had a better view of the factory. He cut the acorn squash and sat down to read the *Lumines*. She stood on his head to arrange the curtains. The slope of the floor toward the hole was causing trouble but what could they do? It interfered with walking and infected what little elegance there was in the room. So despite a rich fantasy life she felt thrown together in the innocent tradition of most tropical constructions. Tropical. What a funny way to think of it. Innocent. She didn't even know what that meant.

Her head flew into the farthest corner of the room, mouth opened involuntarily, sounds of moaning, blast of light off the curtain, then came another thunderous clap from the orchestra and they found themselves back in the wheatfield. The door opened. They were received into the outer world with great joy. No, no. Don't go. I'm afraid. I want to be alone. She felt the four walls with her hands then hung her head between her feet, into the hole, and cried.

Other things happen in this room. There are huge mill-wheels turning rapidly and the proud are attached to them with fiery hooks. The envious are immersed to the navel in a river of ice and are lashed by the biting wind. In the cave the wrathful are hacked by swords and knives. The slothful are shut in a cage full of serpents. The avaricious are plunged to the neck in cauldrons of boiling oil and metals. In a valley there is a foul river and a table heaped with filth upon its bank. Here the gluttonous are fed with reptiles and the water of the river. The lustful are sunk in pits full of fire and sulphur.



The light was so dim they had developed the habit of staring. Always moving, she was very strict about the kinds of things she would say. It was a glorious day, sun on the curtains, windows shut cutting the noise and the smell. Madness, simple like a headache, made a knot of their common efforts. (Deep down they were frozen with terror.) But the distractions in the room kept them busy and they did not suffer unduly. Her speech was elliptical and seductive, she thought, though very limited, still powerful, and filled with sound. At least I'm one person who appreciates the excesses of the body. She started to hum.

La da da, la da. She longs for a fondness of the familiar. True, he is here, but they don't care for each other and everything keeps changing, every instant. She moved the animals off the chair and turned it on its side. They ate the acorn squash while she thought about oxygen. That machine. There was an extra there in the sentence and she couldn't find it. It was driving her crazy. Ordinary. He collapses into the blue as she moves past the word on the warm blue wall.

Anything can function as rhythm. They walked into the cave where the opera was performing past 80 yards of rock walls lined with hundreds of speakers. The separations between sounds were so overpowering they thought they might have died and entered a new world. The frogs and cicadas were up, the planes stormed overhead. Your fingers begin to curl, you step on them to straighten them out and they stick to your feet. A great sense of urgency comes over her. She mimics the gestures of speech with her mouth. Shoulders back. Head back. Now start. Speak. Lift me up to the window mom. Lift me

to the image with the sounds and the way it moves. It must be real but what is it called.

I hate you. I hate you. I love you. I don't care about you. You hate me. I don't see you. Go away. Help me. I forget you. We sound alike. I won't be long. I want that chair. I must have it and you I don't care about anymore, so there. Toccata and Fugue in D Minor. I don't want this ever to end. Lotte Lenya sings Berlin theatre songs by Kurt Weill.

Bone Eating Insect Hell. Discriminative Fully Assumed Characteristic Hell. Hell Where Everyone Is Cooked Hell. Great Screaming Hell. Upside-downness Hell. Five Senses Hell. Hell Of Repetition. Being Very Specific Hell. Bird Mouth Hell. Hell Where Everything Faces The Ground. Place of Great Tragedy. Why, Why Hell. Contemporary Superlative Hell. Tenderness Hell. Hell Where The Suffering Is 10,000 Times Greater Than In All The Other Hells Combined. All Kinds Of Hell. Telling The Difference Between Objects And Actions Hell. Not Telling The Difference Between Humor and Despair Hell. Hell's Hell. Forever And Endless Hell. Hell For All The People Who Perform Badly In All The Other Hells Hell. An Old Pond. A Frog Jumps In. Plop.

Let's dance.

As these figures wheel around, the almost unbearable tension and exaltation which has gripped the spectators is suddenly relieved by the appearance of two grotesquely grinning masks, whose movements ape the dancers. She shook her head, lifted up her foot, who cares, turned on the radio. I'm not going to build this up until something else happens, something overheard and unknown. Mouth wide open, no reason. Getting up, walking across the room, sitting down. Δ

KING OF THE WORLD.

PHILIP PERKINS.

by David Levi Strauss

"I am the king, the lord, the exalted, the strong, the revered, the gigantic, the first, the mighty, the doughty, a lion and a hero—Assurnasipal, the powerful king, the king of the world."

So read the 'Annals' of an 8th century B.C. Assyrian king, inscribed at about the same time Homer was composing the Iliad, and uncovered recently at the ancient city of Nimrud. He was indeed a powerful king. In the 25 years of his reign, the Assyrian armies slashed and burned their way even to the shores of the Mediterranean. His immodesty is matched only by his also all too human cruelty in war. The Annals tell of the taking of the city of Tela:

"Their men, young and old, I took prisoners. Of some I cut off the feet and hands; of others I cut off the noses, ears and lips; of the young men's ears I made a heap; of the old men's heads I built a minaret. I exposed their heads as a trophy in front of their city. The male and female children I burnt in the flames. The city I destroyed and consumed, and burnt with fire."

He was also fond of flaying his captors alive and nailing their hides to the city walls.

As the news of his methods spread, his armies met less and less resistance. The Phoenician cities surrendered, paying huge 'tributes' to the Assyrians in order to be allowed to go on trading. The system was much like modern extortion operations; pay and pay—or die.

With all the loot thus collected, Assurnasipal went home and built himself a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tigris at Nimrud. The doorways and walls of the palace were adorned with either glazed tiles or sculptured bas-reliefs picturing scenes from the life of the king. These are some of the earliest known sculptured reliefs and are virtually unparalleled in precision and beauty.

These wall reliefs, some of which



photo by Claudia Kunin

are now in the British Museum, were the inspiration for the title suite of Philip Perkin's new album, **The King of the World**.

This suite is composed of three movements: Morning (The Plains), Afternoon (The Village), and Evening (The Courtyard), each of which is from two to three minutes in length. The music is melodic, most of the time limited to casio digital synthesizer (modified), taped sound tracks and percussion. King of the World opens with a thunderous roar which is then pierced by the haunting high-pitched cries of reed pipes and then proceeds with a rousing drum beat and casio theme as the Village awakes.

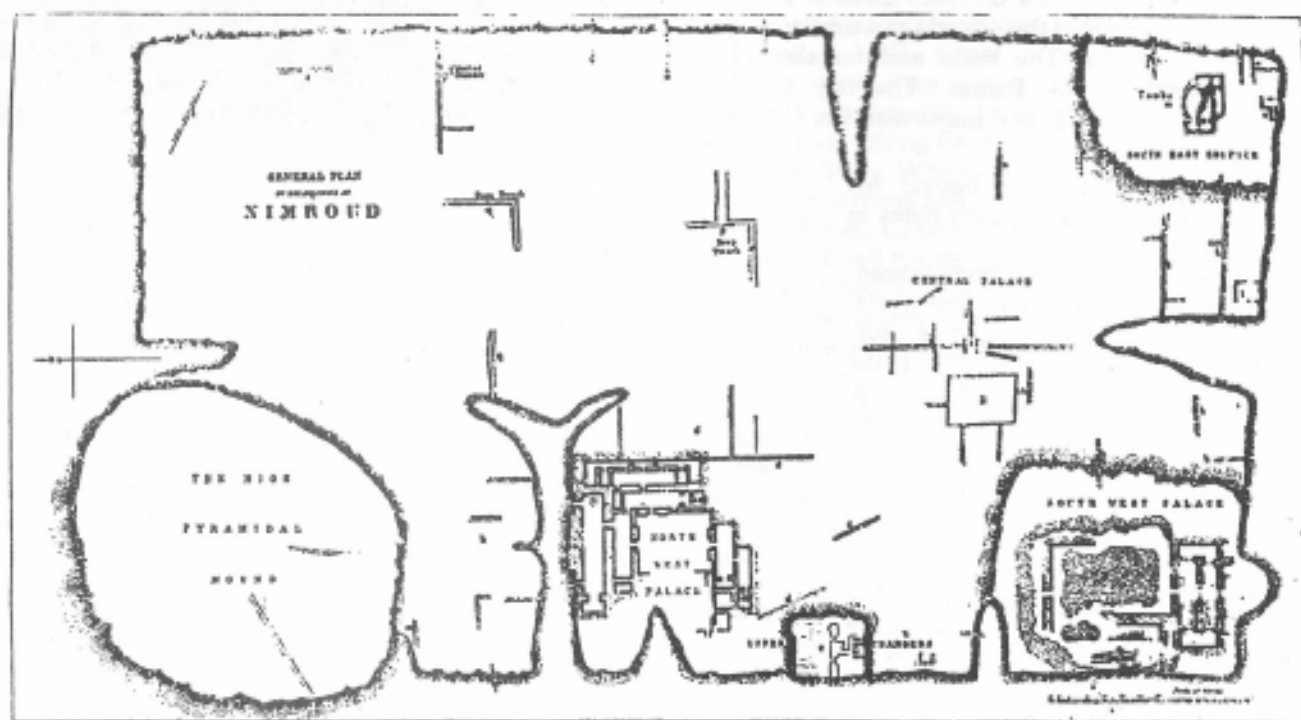
Perkins focuses in this suite on the peacetime activities of the king, the more prevalent subject of the Nimrod reliefs. If, when listening to **The King of the World**, you see images of inscribed alabaster obelisks, or solemn figures with sculpted hair and beards and long diaphanous robes, moving their hands and arms at right angles to their bodies, or huge human-headed bulls, or eagle-headed humans, or winged genii in horned caps leading monkeys on leashes, you are experiencing telesthesia. Congratulations.



Stele of Ashurnasir-pal, with Altar in front (Nimrod).

The subject of the first suite on the LP is another ancient monarch—Pacal (The Shield), Mayan lord of Palenque, who ascended the throne at the tender age of 12 and died in 683 A.D., at the age of 80. This was the Classic period in the culture of the Maya, when the great stone cities were built, when sculpture reached a peak, along with new developments in the already highly advanced arts of astronomy, writing and time-reckoning (the calendar).

We know of Pacal through the efforts of the Mexican archaeologist Alberto Ruz, who in 1952 discovered an opening in the floor of the Temple of Inscriptions at Palenque. This opening revealed a vaulted interior stairway which descends 80 feet below the temple floor, to the tomb of Lord Pacal. Today one can make that dark slippery descent to see the carvings on the lid of the sarcophagus and the nine stuccoed figures which stand guard over it. (Perkins told me the carvings have recently been damaged by torrential rains and slippage). Pottery and jade ornaments found in the tomb are now on display in the National Museum in Mexico City. The tomb carvings, especially the 7 by 12 foot lid of the sarcophagus itself, were the



MAP 4. THE CITY OF KALHU.

"Northwest Palace" (Ashur-nasir-apal); "Central Palace" (Shalmaneser III and Tiglath Pileser III); "Upper Chambers" (Adad-nirari III); "Southwest Palace" (Esarhaddon); "Southeast Palace" (Sin-shar-ishkun).



photo Alberto Ruiz L.

mask of Lord Pacal

The music throughout is restrained but full. The composer utilizes the whole of the area he allows himself. The casio synthesizer has been modified by electronics wizard Richard Marriot, extending its tonal range, deepening its bass and making possible a variety of unusual sounds. This is atmospheric, filmic music—it effects the play of images across the mind. It came as no surprise that Philip Perkins makes his living in part by doing sound work, location recording for films. If you have ever wandered through the stately ruins of the Yucatan, Pacal will recall images of that enchanted peninsula. If you have not, your imagination will only be less encumbered by previous data.

The third and final cycle of the King of the World LP is entitled "Marcus Aurelius (The Stoic)", after the second century A.D. Roman emperor, who was a student of philosophy and embraced the principles of Stoicism. Stoicism was a Greek school of philosophy founded by Zeno in 308 B.C., holding that man should resist the passions, and calmly accept everything that happens as the inevitable result of divine will. The name derives from the 'stoa', the porch or terrace on which Zeno taught.

Marcus Aurelius' reputation today rests on his **Meditations**, written in the last decade of his life (he died in 179 A.D.), when he was with his armies, fighting off the barbarian hordes along the Danube frontier. They are the reflections of a philosophical idealist facing a world that has become dreary and menacing. He is often disgusted by all he sees: "What do you see when you take a bath? Oil, sweat, filth, greasy water, all nauseating. Every part of life is like that." He clings to the main tenet of Stoicism, that **everything** in the world is the work of a divine Reason, which man must gladly accept and cooperate with, as a drowning man clings to a sinking ship.

There he was in the Golden Age of the Roman Empire, but his Mediterranean ideal of responsible citizenship seemed already a thing of the past, there on the front lines, facing the relentless menace of the Vandals, the Goths and the Gepids. After him came a century of civil war and barbarian invasion. Stoicism was replaced by philosophies and religions that promised a better world, **beyond**.

inspiration for the music recorded on the first side of Philip Perkin's album.

"Pacal (The Shield)" is composed of seven movements: Opening Childhood, Hunting, Coronation/Wedding, War, Funeral, and Conclusion. The piece opens with the sound of running water, intermittent thunder and majestic casio chords which combine to convincingly evoke the ancient temples of Palenque rising from the lush tropical rain forest around the Usumacinta River. Drums begin slowly, rise to a driving beat, then fade. "Childhood" is a more cheerful, carefree treatment of the opening theme, moving around and through the sounds of children at play. Perkins is a musician of the real. He collects audioscapes, then synthesizes to deepen and expand. In "Hunting" we hear the cries of egrets and cranes, ducks and grebes, crickets, frogs and other inhabitants of the rain forest. "Coronation/Wedding" proceeds with regal rhythms appropriate to a Mayan court. Casio notes are struck and held, then carried along by a simple four beat percussion line. "War" and "Funeral" are processional, with a brooding bass line. The Conclusion recapitulates the main theme and variations.



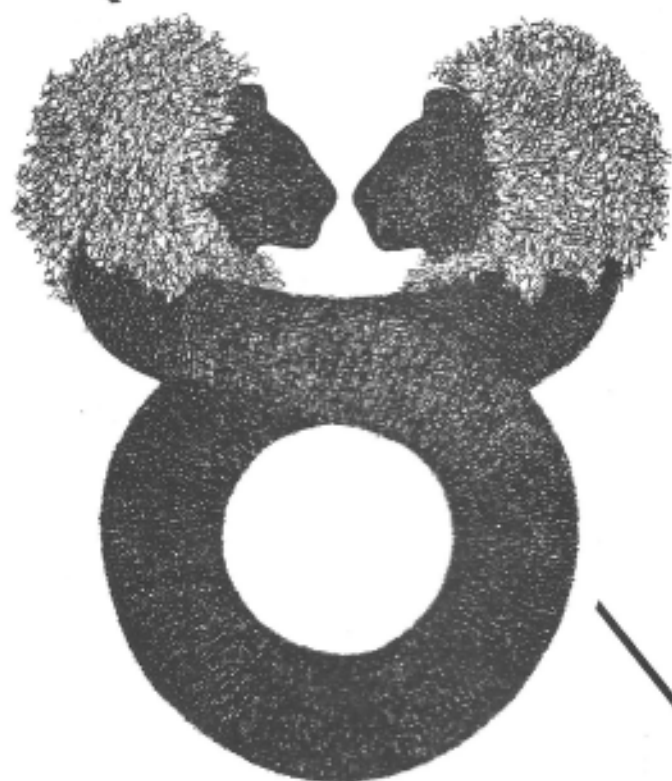
Winged figure in horned cap (Nimrud).

In his notes to the album, Philip Perkins says: "From reading the *Meditations* I saw him as a rather melancholy person ill-equipped philosophically to deal with the foreign culture and people he encountered, the world outside Rome not conforming to the rigid ideals he was taught. These pieces follow the dissolution of his stoic ideals out on the frontier and his resigned acceptance of the way things actually were."

The opening "Coronation March" of Marcus Aurelius differs from the Coronation in Pacal in its stoic reserve. This cycle is also divided into episodes, but the titles ("Duty," "Trying," "Horizon") indicate a more abstract approach to the subject. It is still programme music, but the intention is to illustrate states rather than scenes.

Each section of the cycle moves from stoic simplicity through more complex arrangements. In "Duty" a tambourine and recorded repeat one figure while the casio moves through and around to compound and extend the statement. In "Trying" a guitar is strummed harp-like to reiterate the feeling of aspiration—into "Horizon" where a bellows-like exhalation signifies limits. "A Walk Outside" is almost comically tentative—the idealist haltingly steps out into the real world.

As a whole, the album is tremendously evocative and delightful. It only expands with repeated hearings. For melodic music to work, a balance must be achieved between tension and relaxation. The cover by Helen Hall (who has done many Ralph Records covers, and who originally showed Perkins the images that precipitated the album) depicts two heraldic lions. On the back cover the lions (in meticulous pen and ink) are fighting, one rearing on hind legs, the other snapping low. On the front cover these same lions are united in perfect symmetry, before a woven whirling disk.



Fun Music distributes works on cassette and disk by Perkins as well as by "Blue" Gene Tyranny, Scott Fraser, and David Ocker. *King of the World* is a departure for Perkins, whose previous recordings are sound works built up from location recordings, mostly urban audioscapes. Write for free catalog to FUN MUSIC, 171 South Park, SF, CA 94107. Δ



Sacrificial scene (from an obelisk found at Nimrud).

TIM YOHANNAN

Tim Yohannan was attracted to Punk Rock from the first initial spark; he was a political activist and enthusiastic Rock and Roll fan. In 1978 he began the **Maximum RockNRoll** radio show, broadcasted from KPFA, a public radio station located in Berkeley, California. In those days punk was beginning to gain media exposure, but a punk radio show was still a very rare species, and **Max RNR** had a struggle to maintain throughout the years. The radio show is now syndicated to about 30 stations across the country. After the release of the **Maximum RNR** compilation "Not So Quiet On The Western Front", Tim with associates Jeff Bale and Ruth Schwartz began the magazine version of **Max RNR**. Since its beginning in 1982, the magazine has become one of the most well distributed alternative publications that exist today. The following interview with Tim Yohannan was conducted by William Davenport and Tamara F.

* a compilation of Northern California and Nevada bands, also they have released the LP "Welcome to 1984," an international compilation.



UNSOUND: Do you consider yourself an anarchist?
Tim Yohannan: No, I have certain anarchist tendencies, though, but I don't see anarchy as a feasible proposition in this lifetime or many lifetimes to come. Politically, there's two sets of problems which I would say are a requirement of the redistribution of all goods, services, wealth, and resources around the world more equitably, and social problems of what industrialization has brought us, and the ensuing sort of police state that seems to come with it. On one hand, I'm sort of a Socialist, but I don't see that in itself being the ultimate solution. In the long run, yes, I would like to see an anarchist society where everyone takes responsibility for their actions and their interactions, but that's far away.

US: Do you think your view clashes with many ideologies within punk?

TY: Well, there are all sorts of ideologies so it's just another perspective. Anarchy is the over-riding trendy philosophy, and actually that has influenced me even though it is trendy. But mainly, through our

magazine at least, we try and bring together all the 'progressive' outlooks. There is enough wrong in this world that we should be unified in our response, and in our attempt at creating alternatives, that Anarchists, Socialists and any other anti-authoritarian perspectives should be working together. We try to minimize our differences and accentuate what we have in common.

US: Do you think that there is apathy within the punk scene?

IV) Yes.

Q5: What type of apathy, and how do you think that it can be changed?

TY: From the older crowd, I think they've gotten cynical and apathetic. I think that either they've over-indulged in drugs, they've burned themselves out on their brief stint of idealism or whatever you want to call it—social commitment—and then tend to withdraw within the various corners of their lives. Within the younger crowd I think there's some that have become activists, and I'm afraid that a lot of

them are going to burn-out fast and become cynical and retreat. The problem with younger people is that they don't have much life experience to really draw a broader perspective with how they are going to deal with their existence; a lot of them are intimidated or conditioned to apathy. They are making attempts at breaking out of it, but it's a long process which demands patience and understanding from those of us who have been around a little longer. How it ultimately turns out is beyond me.

US: What do you think is your influence on the readers and listeners of Maximum Rock 'n Roll? Do you think that it creates a certain type of consciousness? And to further that, how do you see your role within it?

TY: It's hard to gauge what the over-all impact is. The one area that I think we've had a very positive impact in terms of establishing or strengthening international communication. I think if it were not for Maximum Rock 'n Roll this whole international punk scene would not have the same vitality. There is a support network. Tons of kids are writing to each other like crazy. It's great. We print hundreds of addresses in every issue. In terms of consciousness, I don't know. A lot of people will write in, we get about forty pieces of mail a day. People will write in and say—'don't stop, whatever you're doing, don't stop.' I think some people are dependent on us in a certain way, and it does put a pressure on me not to stop. A lot of people hate our guts too.

US: Why do you think they hate you?

TY: For some good reasons and for some bad reasons. The good reasons are that we are the most regularly published magazine and probably the best distributed, we do have a lot of power. If we don't like such and such a band, or such and such an ideology we make it apparent. People will feel that this is unfair and discriminatory. We don't feel that it is our fault, that we are the most regularly put out and distributed, and therefore will not tone down our likes and dislikes. We, at the same time want to help these other zines maintain their identity, and to grow, and to put out their perspective too. We think that the reason that we do well is because we are doing a good job, but there is reason to be wary of our power and to keep us in check of abusing that power. I think there is reason to be skeptical of anybody who does obtain a certain amount of power, whether they want it or not, whether they've earned it or not, they should be watched.

US: How does it make you feel having power like that?

TY: I try to watch ourselves. Sometimes I feel we've fucked-up and I'll usually say that in print, if I feel we've really done harm. But for the most part I think that there's several of us that are older than the norm within the punk scene, and I think we've got enough previous experiences to keep some type of perspective on what we're doing, and to not be abusive—or overly abusive.

US: Do you ever feel like a father?

TY: How about grandfather?

(LAUGHTER)

US: Because you're almost forty, how does that feel to you personally being involved within something which essentially now is a youth movement?

TY: Well, occasionally it weirs me out, but that's what I am, that's where my heart is, and I feel, even though my body is getting old, that my spirit is that. So I don't feel totally out of place and an alien. Sometimes I'll look around and say, 'my god, look how young all these people are.' But for the most part I think we're idiotic enough ourselves that we fit right in. We are also real accessible, we are always at shows and people can approach us through the radio show or on the streets or wherever, and very few people are intimidated from coming up and telling us what a bad job or good job they think we're doing and what we should be doing different, etc. I don't think it's that big an issue. I think the main issue is that we have more experience and somehow I think at times our expectations of what everybody else should be grasping are too high. But we don't want to talk down. Sometimes we'll try and phrase things in ways that people might have an easier time understanding, but at the same time we don't want to be patronizing, and would much rather be slightly over people's heads to challenge them than to lower or to try and change how we think.



US: What do you see developing now with this whole skinhead thing? I noticed in a recent issue that your introduction was almost positive in the light of well, maybe we should communicate with these people.

TY: I have real mixed feelings about the skinheads. I'm not sure of how to approach this... a lot of them are just very frustrated, who for some reasons have to communicate physically or hostilely. There is a certain amount of energy that you can want to put in to try and establish other forms of communications with them, at a certain point, though, it becomes self-defeating. It becomes a drain, there are much bigger issues at hand to deal with and you don't want to constantly have to be trying to nurture this communication. I think I've gotten to the point where I don't want to put much more energy into it.

US: It does seem as though they do pose a threat.

TY: Yeah, some people feel as though they are rebels, you know, like us, and yes, that's true—but Nazis were rebels too. At a certain point you have to say this ideology which is developing, or maybe it isn't at the ideological level yet, but that the racist aspects and certain other aspects are very similar to the values of fascist movements. Where do you drop the line and say, 'okay, they're the enemy now'? Or do you say, 'oh, they're just sadly misled people and we have to try and win them over'? I don't see them as the enemy, but as the pawns. They can be manipulated to do the dirty work of the enemy, and that's how I view them as the potential threat.

US: Because they are also within the punk scene?

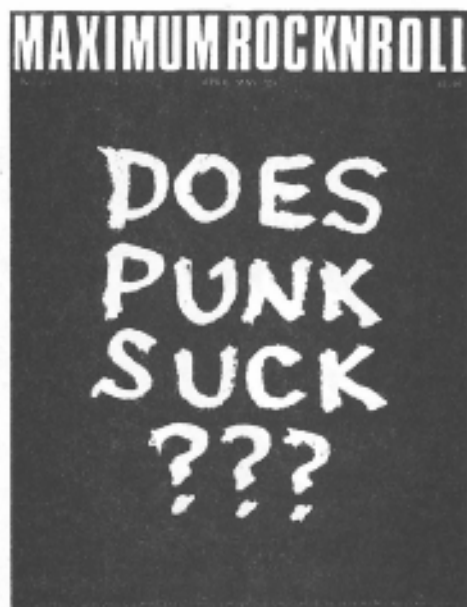
TY: No, just because they are, period. The punk scene isn't some pure little thing set aside from the rest of the world. If anything I think the punk scene is more real now than it's ever been because whatever problems in society that you have at large you have in the punk scene, and in a way it is a unique little microcosm, and it's a very good way for kids to understand issues such as Fascism. It's not just this big subject which you can't understand, here is a physical intimidation, a minority intimidating a majority and imposing their will. If you want an example of Fascism, here's one that you can understand, textbook size. It is something that people can grasp, and it's on a small enough level that perhaps they can attempt to deal with it, and to break their apathy and if there are some positive results that come from their attempts, then maybe that will encourage them to deal with the larger examples.

US: What differences do you see within the punk scene now and let's say a few years ago? One example would be its growth...

TY: I don't know if it has grown that much. I think there's been a huge turn-over between the people who go to the punk shows and participate actively. I think there is an awful lot of people that don't go to shows and live in the suburbs, who relate to punk, and will buy fanzines, and will buy records but who do not participate actively in a scene.

US: Do you think its changed ideologically?

TY: No, not really. I think it's just gotten younger, that the average age in let's say '77 maybe was 24.



Now I'd say it's 16, 12, and that is going to qualitatively change the scene and make it less experienced. I would say though that the same range of philosophies exist as they used to. You used to have commie punks and fascist punks and most of the people were in the middle, and their basic instincts were progressive. I'd say you have the same now.

US: How about musically?

TY: Well, because the age has changed I think the tempo has changed. The songs have gotten more hyper and lyrically probably less mature.

US: Do you think it's become formatted?

TY: Oh yeah, there's a lot of generic hardcore, but we've come to understand that you take some scene,

TRANCE PORT TAPES

by Mike Fay

One of the most unfortunate things that can happen to any sound-related project is having an image/stereotype cast upon it. Because of the very nature of the average music consumer, most valid and/or worthwhile music that dares to veer away from the mainstream, gets overlooked. Since most people seek immediate gratification, anything which does not aim for instant impact or the "Whatever's Moving" mentality must settle for, at best (and with a little luck) a cult audience. Anyone who decides to work within the realm of that which is not marketable on a mass scale is taking a risk, to say the least.

Trance Port Tapes was started by L.A. musicians/artists A Produce and An Bene. Trance Port puts out music for people with patience, people who will take the time needed to let a piece of music work its "magic." The average consumer does not have patience. Trance Port does not cater to the average consumer.

Trance music, as far as the modern day listener is concerned, is equated with "cosmic," "New Age," long hair, wheat loaf and granola bars. The narrowness of this point of view is obvious when one listens to a random sampling of most so-called "New Age" musicians. Whereas a musician such as Klaus Schulze is quite rightfully lumped into the "New Age" category, a band such as, say, Popol Vuh would be considered more ethereal than "cosmic." To most people, Popol Vuh and Public Image have nothing in common. Fans of either would shudder at the very thought of this being true, but a close listening to either by those with open minds, reveals that both bands' music put the listener into a trance-like state. Public Image are not cosmic. Trance music does not necessarily have to be cosmic either.



L.A. Mantra

TRANCE 1

Concerning how Trance Port Tapes came into existence, A Produce explains, "Trance Port evolved from what was originally the Contagion cassette label (now defunct) which had released an After-image cassette and was planning to release a compilation of local L.A. bands. Most of the bands from this cassette wound up on L.A. Mantra. The name Trance Port originated from the science-fiction novel, *Radix* which has a chapter entitled 'Trance Port.' So many bands come up with names that have nothing to do with their music or sound. An Bene and I wanted a name for the label that would say something about the music we would be releasing on it, and it seemed that the one link between all of the artists on Trance Port was the 'trance' element which existed in their music in varying degrees."

To date, Trance Port has released 8 cassettes of consistent quality. This should not imply that all of the tapes sound alike. They don't; however, Trance Port has had enough vision and taste in their choice of releases that a continuing thread of quality, listenability and uniqueness runs through all of their releases thus far. The releases are:

L.A. Mantra: 14 Artists from the L.A. Underground: Most of these L.A. bands are the kind which would normally get ignored on your average compilation for either being too punk/New Wave/industrial/(insert your favorite trend here), or not punk/New Wave/industrial enough. In other words, bands lost between trends, bands that don't fit the norm as created by the media and clothing stores. These are not the kind of bands who have buttons for sale at your local New Wave shop.



John L. Lafia: PRAYERS

TRANCE 4

Randall Kennedy/*Scenes of Redemption, Pts. 1 & 2*: I must admit that I put this tape on with an attitude similar to "Wonderful, another poet. Why?" I do not like poetry. I was reading a book while listening to this one. About one minute into the book I stopped reading. The tape made my prejudice against "street poetry" irrelevant. The overall sound of this tape is too varied and interesting to listen to casually. I cannot judge the poetry objectively, as I did not listen to the words, but the music and the voice, for the most part, make this one of the more interesting tapes I've heard recently.

An Bene-Pierre Lambow/*Sustained Space*: The cover reads "ambient-drone electronics." The sound on side one is very similar to, say, the two Cluster/Eno albums, as opposed to Eno's *Music for Airports* or *Discreet Music* which is as good as the Eno LPs are pleasant but hardly interesting listening. Side Two adds a harsher edge to the sound without losing the mood of the first side. This is probably the most trance-like of all Trance Port releases.

John J. Lafia/*Prayers*: If this cassette did not have a rhythm box and had no vocals, it would be brilliant. As it is, it is just a very good tape. Do not overlook this release, as I have a feeling this is one of those cassettes that get better with age and repeated listenings.

Live at the Trance Port (4 artists): This is one of my least favorite of the catalog, but it's worth it for an amazingly original band called Fat & Fucked Up, who are one of the most unique American bands ever. Maybe if I hadn't played at the show I would like this tape more (100° weather at night and a long wait to play do not generate good memories of that night). If I do say so myself, Debt of Nature do an excellent version of "Officer Dillon" with a great guitar solo by me that surprised me when I heard it. For the record, the other bands are Randall Kennedy & Reconstruction and Stillife. All four are from L.A. Mantra I.

Afterimage Anthology: A very good band which was ignored by most of Los Angeles at the time they were around (early '80s) and now, in retrospect deserved a hell of a lot more attention than they received. This tape has the most potential to sell as far as the average consumer is concerned which does not say the slightest negative thing about its quality. This is quality consumer trance-rock music along the same lines of Joy Division or Public Image. This is the most rock oriented of all the Trance Port releases.

Timothy Leary/*The Final Taboo*: There is little I can say about this tape other than if you know who Leary is, you will want it, and if you have no idea about him and his views regarding brain change activity, you should still get it for what he has to say. This "trance" is a tape of a man talking. This man has a message (several of them).

L.A. Mantra II (25 artists): The label's masterpiece. There is only one lousy song on this two tape release (almost unheard of with any compilation). Some of this stuff is so beautiful that you will want to hear it again and again. The two tapes are divided up into four "regions" for easier listening although I feel it works much better as a whole. It lasts almost two hours.

All Trance Port Tapes have the same packaging concept which is miles beyond the competition as far as overall appearance and uniqueness are concerned. In this case, the packaging and music complement each other. Once again, the keyword here is quality. "Rich Evac of Contagion Graphics designed the package from an idea we both collaborated on," says Produce. "We wanted a package that would hold more information than the standard plastic cassette case and something that would stand out from other cassette packages, something someone could see from across a store and notice."

Trance Port has recently published the **Trance Music Directory**, a reference guide which lists recordings by trance-related artists, artists which in some cases have been recording in this realm of music for as long as 20 years. A selected discography is included on each of the artists to aid those who want to acquire works by the artists. Every kind of trance music is included: ambient, meditative, electronic, drone, trance-rock and so on. "I really wanted to make an attempt to lift the screen and lay it all out in black and white just what it is we are trying to do. We are not necessarily interested in trance music in its most minimal form, but just that element that creates the hypnotic feeling in the listener. The directory is an attempt to show those interested that trance music has been going on for a long time and didn't just start with Trance Port Tapes in Los Angeles."

There is a definite market for Trance Port Tapes. Those people who like experimental music that is more than just noise or who like music in the Joy Division/Public Image mold, and even those who just plain want variety. Though Trance Port sells tapes in several European countries, it is still widely unknown in the U.S.

Another reason for forming Trance Port, observes Produce, is a growing awareness of how the media works. "The media picks up on trends, both original and non-original, and it's a lot easier for them to see what is going on when more than one person is doing something. Bene and I found that most of the people we have released were totally isolated from each other in most cases, so Trance Port is sort of a funnel for these artists to link up. Everybody has a different perspective on this unifying element which we see as this 'hypnotic' element; most of these artists think that they're all alone, which they really aren't. Through Trance Port, we hope to raise the awareness among listeners and artists that something else important is going on in Los Angeles which is a lot more substantial than cliched punk and New Wave, something that is worth checking out." △



Timothy Leary: The Final Taboo

TRANCE 7

For a free catalog, write to:



Trance Port Tapes

P.O. BOX 85/436
LOS ANGELES, CA 90072

PSY CHO DRAMA



Fifi Poop Butt on left

We first tried to play in clubs but they would cut the power, so we rented churches, about half of all our shows have had the power cut off in the middle by owners of the clubs. When the power gets cut we do an acoustic set, it becomes random screaming, violence, defecation, and urination. The performance keeps us restrained and when they cut the power, they cut the restraints and the maniacs are loose. In 1982 the group consisted of **Leslie Singer**, **Rob Lippert**, and I, other members have been **Jon Betts** and **Bob Karnes**. The group today has deteriorated into **Jimbo**, a refugee from a mental hospital, **Fifi Poop Butt**, a bizarre drug queen who sticks things up his ass, does enemas, shits and smears shit (he takes a laxative OD before a show), he dances to girl songs with **Jimbo** and I screaming background vocals. I counteract all this violence and shit-sex with songs about **Jesus**, heaven and holy suicide. A year ago I became a born-again **Christ**. I grew a beard and proclaimed myself "the very reverend **Jesus Christ**." I deliver half of my songs from a pulpit and put crosses everywhere, and I preach about loving **Jesus** and his sexy body. I pass out razor blades and tell people to see all the world's sickness in **Jimbo** and **Fifi** — urging the audience to flee from that madness via suicide and **Jesussex**, and primal screaming.

Brett Kerby

The following is an affidavit for the arrest of Brett Kerby, it is directly transcribed from the original affidavit.

On June 8, 1983, the affiant attended a performance of a group calling themselves **PSYCHODRAMA**. The above defendant is a member of that group. The defendant was observed on stage wearing nothing but a backward athletic supporter and a sign hanging from his waist covering his pubic area and genitals. The sign

reads, "PRAY FOR ME." He takes a small stuffed animal, teddy bear, and rubs it on his genitals under the sign. Then throws the teddy bear into the audience. While jumping around and yelling on stage, the rope holding the sign comes loose and he tosses it aside, leaving his genitals fully exposed. A film is shown in which the defendant is a participant. In the film the defendant is defecated on and urinated on by another male. The defendant is shown simulating intercourse and oral sodomy with a chicken. The defendant is also shown vomiting and then laying in the vomit. The defendant is also shown simulating or actually eating feces. During the scene of defecation the defendant in the live performance stands on a chair and spreads his buttocks exposing his anus. He is later observed standing with his back to the audience. Another member of the band kneels in front of him, wrapping his arms around his waist. The other male moves his face to the defendant's genital area and they simulate oral sodomy with the defendant moving his hips back and forth against the other male's head. No actual sodomy was observed. Later in the performance, the defendant stands on a table still nude and pours ketchup on his body and smears it on himself. He later applies what appears to be contents of eggs on his body and hair. He is observed taking a beer bottle and inserting it in his anus. He later asks members of the audience to expose their penises. He also asks for anyone in the audience to come up on stage and have sex and die for Christ. Finally he says if no one will come up on stage and have sex and die for Christ, the show is over. No one responds to his request and he says the show is over, to fuck you all, and that all you people from D.C. are shit-heads.

Based on the above observations and information, the affiant respectfully requests that an arrest warrant be issued for the above defendant, Brett Kerby, charging him with an indecent performance in violation of Title 22, Section 2001 (a)(1)(5).

Leslie Singer now of "Girls on Fire" was a member of Psychodrama from January 1982-November 1982. The following are some of Leslie's memories of her days in Psychodrama.

February 1982 — Played our first show in public at St. Stephens Church. All 10 people in the audience hate us and walk out during the show.

March 1982 — Played 2nd show at D.C. Space, are banned from there forever. Police vice squad detectives begin intervention and persecution of group.

April 1982 — Banned from several more clubs because we're "too much art for people" (quoting the owner of the Chancery in Washington, D.C.)

May 1982 — Recorded "Tormential" and "The Castration Ceremony" for the "You'll Hate This Record" compilation.*

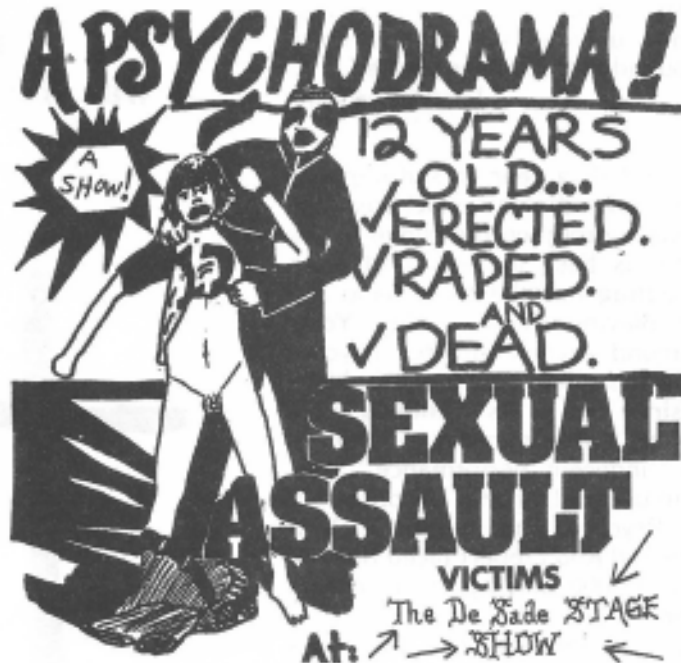
July 1982 — Audition at the world famous CBGB's in NYC. We play a tape of our music and play twister for a half hour in order to make a statement on NY minimalism in music, painting, etc... Everyone including the staff leaves the club, except for us.

August 1982 — Psychodrama performs at the Richmond Artists' Workshop, in Richmond, VA., the capitol of confederacy. 50 people see us and love us.

October 1982 — Brett and I play in Richmond and two weeks later we leave for San Francisco.

November 1982 — Brett leaves San Francisco and returns to D.C., I get a job and form Girls on Fire.

* Seidboard World Enterprises, Mykel Board's Label, N.Y.



(photo's: Leslie Singer, as Girls on Fire eating a cold TV dinner during a live performance at Club Foot, San Francisco, CA...)

People close to Washington D.C. can have a **PSYCHODRAMA** performance just by giving them gas money, and other people can see one by sending \$5.00 postage for a mail-performance package, which includes a backdrop, props, dolls to move around, or costumes for the performers to wear, and a tape with vocals. They also must promise to promote the show in their city. **PSYCHODRAMA** also likes to trade tapes, they don't accept money for their tapes, just odd music. They would also like to trade videos; they're in the process of making a two hour video.

Contact: Brett Kerby
4833 Walney Rd.
Chantilly, VA 22021 USA

Liberty of thought and expression extends only as far as the most noxious idea that is suppressed.

—John Stuart Mill

BANNED BAND

It was the Acid Test for Artistic Liberty

by Rick Janisch

(reprinted from the Washington Tribune, February 2, 1984, Vol. 8, No. 5)



After half a year of self-imposed exile, Psychodrama—a DC area performance group on the fringe of the fringe—is back in town. Although this outrageous theatrical band has been playing clubs in New York, Richmond and Baltimore, Psychodrama has steered clear of Washington since two of its members were arrested last summer and charged with "indecent performance." Under an unusually harsh DC obscenity law, Psychodrama members Brett Kerby and Rob Lippert faced fines of up to \$3,000 and up to a year in prison.

But on January 27, four days before their trial was scheduled to begin—after six months of legal suspense—the DC Superior Court Prosecutor's Office decided to drop the charges. "I think if we had showed a little weakness early on, if we had plea bargained for a lesser charge, they would have pressed it," said James Williams, Kerby's court-appointed attorney. "But when they realized that we were going to go through with a trial that would have taken about three days, they backed off."

Psychodrama's shows are so bizarre that even many of DC's most fanatical hardcore fans—who have a reputation of accepting just about anything, no matter how weird—find the band offensive. "We have some people who really like it, and some people who hate it," Kerby says. "The ones who hate it stand way in the back." Detective Joseph B. Haggerty is certainly no fan of the band. He's the policeman on the DC morals squad who staked out the show before the arrest. But, having attended previous performances, he knew what to expect. Psychodrama had performed about 10 times prior to their arrest.

By all accounts the show that Haggerty saw that night was unusually outrageous—even for Psychodrama. According to Haggerty's arrest report, Kerby appeared on stage "wearing nothing but a backward athletic supporter and a sign hanging from his waist, covering his pubic area and genitals. The sign read, 'PRAY FOR ME'."

(The following section of the article was a description of the alleged performance that led to the arrest warrant. It has been omitted so as not to be redundant.)

And that was just the live show. On the film playing in the background, it appeared that urine and feces were raining down on Kerby, and he was shown eating the excrement—actions that he says were merely "simulations". For example, Kerby says that he whipped up a concoction to resemble feces. He was also, according to the police report, shown vomiting and "simulating intercourse and oral sodomy with a chicken."

"That's ridiculous," Kerby says. "I was just dancing with a chicken, that's all." Kerby said that police refused to say exactly what was considered obscene. "We asked them what specifically we did wrong, so we wouldn't do it again. But they only said that everything put together was too much."

Kerby defends this exhibition as art. "I don't think a police officer can judge art when he's probably never heard the word Dada before, or a jury of housewives who have never heard of Dada either." According to **Webster's Dictionary**—for those not in the know—Dada is "a cult in painting, sculpture and literature characterized by fantastic, abstract or incongruous creations, by rejection of all accepted conventions, and by nihilistic satire."

Kerby's lawyer, Williams, who describes himself as a civil libertarian, said he was almost disappointed the case didn't go to court. "Without a doubt it was one of the most interesting cases I've ever had," he said. "I would like a case like this again."

The trial could have set an important precedent for DC artists. "I would consider this a victory for the artists," Williams said. "The government made no judgement of law, but it's the next best thing. The effect of this outcome will depend on how well it's communicated to the arts community."

Williams says he can't understand why the police decided to crack down on the band. "Maybe people in the vice squad got bored with hookers and wanted some variety," he said. "But there's more of a drug problem in this city, more of a violent crime problem. So why waste city resources on a case like this?"

Constance Belfiore, spokesperson for the prosecutor's office, said that after reviewing the case, the attorney handling it decided it lacked merit. "We intended to go to trial, we intended to prosecute," Belfiore said. "There was a live performance combined with a film but they didn't seize the film and we were left with only the live performance. If we had the film we would have definitely prosecuted."

Why wasn't the film seized? Because the band members were not arrested during the performance. They were arrested a month later when they no longer had the film with them.

Detective Joseph R. Haggerty had staked out the band's performance at the Oscar's Eye Theatre, at 305 9th St., on June 8th, 1983. But Haggerty, a member of the district's Morals Squad had no warrant to seize the film, Haggerty didn't make the arrest until after consulting with his superiors.

According to Williams, the police used "a ruse, a deception" to get the band members—who live scattered around the Manassas area of Virginia—back inside the city limits.

"They said they'd pay us \$90 to play at a private party," Kerby said, "they acted weird when they called, so we planned to do a clean show, take the money, and go."

But the band didn't get far, when Kerby and Lippert arrived with their van full of props and equipment on August 10, they were directed into an alley when they were quickly surrounded by three police cars and about a dozen officers. "They didn't even tell us why we were being arrested until after we got to the station," Kerby said.

The band anticipated trouble at the Oscar's Eye concert. "We rented the place and didn't even charge admission in an attempt to avoid police action. It was really a private party."

Kerby claims that after the arrest Det. Haggerty told him police would be at any future shows the band puts on in DC. "We were scared," he said.

Although they are playing a private party in DC this weekend, the band has trouble finding performance spaces in Washington. "In New York and other cities, we play in clubs and sometimes get paid. Here we have to rent out a place, put out handbills, and do a lot of work."

Once Psychodrama played at the DC space, but they won't be returning to that venue. "They told us that it was no place for the Theatre of Cruelty." Δ

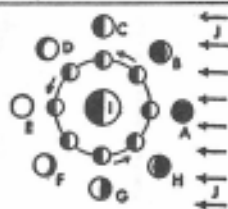


Toward the Personal Mythology: A Two Part (Dis)solution

by Matthew Sommerville



HGFEDCBA
GHFEDCBA
FGHEDCBA
EFGHDCBA
DEFGHCBA
CDEFGHBA
BCDEFGHA



Part A

It's here.

The condition we knew would come—is now upon us.

Collapse of reason. The final gasp of the categorical mind, the fixed image—the printed word.

Collapse of linear visual space, subject to predicate/beginning to end mind set—language form.
Fractured and decomposed by acoustic space—atomized by the on/off binary pulse.

The printed word—the WORD—is dead.

Notice! The face of god has disappeared. Now you must **listen** for it. It is the humm of electrons in the air. It is everywhere—a split second manifestation. At the moment matter turns instantaneously into energy, we are cast back again to an a-historic/pre-historic condition. An instantaneous now.

Look around you. A world that waits poised for instant annihilation. The old meanings drop. Reason now leaves little to cling to. Like ghostly figures within a blaze of light, objects lose their physical presence. Meanings—objects...float...waiting. Within that flash of light, things reveal their dematerialized presence. Apparitions.

Witness: A final desperate affirmation of the material world—the mediated world. World of assigned meanings.

World of assigned meanings—Witness: New world of atomic annihilation. Minute by minute awareness of objects transformed into energy. Now you see it—now you never did.

World of assigned meaning—Witness: New world of information annihilation. Minute by minute awareness of mass anxiety—a culture's inability to stabilize its sense of meaning...(this image with that text, this object with that environment, this situation with that sound). Random collisions, shifting meanings. Now you understand it—now you never did.

Witness: The world has been made malleable again. Co-existing with the fixed, arbitrated, material uni-verse, swarms an indeterminate multi-verse of shifting contexts, shifting energy fields.

The shape(s) and meaning(s) of this parallel multi-verse can not be controlled. They are to be articulated by no one—but their perceiver. Each becomes responsible for re-creating the annihilated world; responsible for re-assigning meaning back into this object with that environment, this image with that text...



The centralization of power has lost its grip. Why? There is now little to hold on to.

At this moment of annihilation, at this moment in history, a doorway is opening. Through it we are passing into an a-historic/post-historic mythic world.

We live at a transformative moment, one in which a connection between the perceiver and the perceived can again take place—a connection realized through the activity of perceptive (physical/psychic) transformation—of our world, of ourselves.

Transformative perception—the creative act. It runs through us, every day waiting to be realized, waiting to emerge as one's personal mythology.

Atomic / Information annihilation has broken the strangle hold that the world of assigned meaning has cast over our lives. It must now make room for the world of personal mythic meanings. We are in a position to act as the "artists" of our own lives, to exercise our dormant transformative power.

Atomic / Information annihilation has given back to every person the power to transform their environment/world. Transformative practice is the recovery of one's power, the power to shape one's own sense of meaning. It is the recovery of one's life.



Part B

Where as in the past we have relinquished "experience" to the expert (who in turn defines for us what our world is about), we are now in a position to recover that power of authority within our own lives. Now, lurking within our hierarchical culture are a myriad of tools with which we can cultivate an activated sense of personal "real time" experience.

Computers, video, audio cassettes—electronic media—the tools with which we can infinitely process our immediate experience. As we know, these sources (add photography) are the media being used to create the images (and ideas) of our culture. Basically, the images that the culture constructs are those which will in some way perpetuate the norms of the culture (perpetuate its "way of seeing"), those which will contribute to the survival of that culture. It is a carefully arbitrated (though often sub-conscious) activity. The paradox is that our culture uses these electronic tools for organizing language text, images, sounds, i.e. information, in ways that are causal, linear, visually biased—ways that are essentially pre-electronic: the (video) tv soap opera narrative, the computer controlled closed system payroll program, the multi-track studio recording of the conventional pop tune etc. This use of electronic media (to temper information within linear conceptual structures) seems to run ontologically contrary to the things these media are capable of doing most effectively.

Electronic media (add photography) tend to recognize things on the informational level (not on the arbitrated language/logic based level that we tend to use as our conceptual "focus" system). An object, gesture, situation, etc., tends not to be any more or less important than any other to the digital/analogous "ear." Via these media, everything around us is (once again) up for consideration, or better, for re-consideration. Better still, everything in our environment is up for re-organization. In effect, these media can (and should) be exercised as tools for personal transformation, tools with which we might begin to create images that reflect the perceptions, priorities, ideas, and emotions generated by the experiences of our own lives. With these tools, we all become our own experts.

1. Carry a portable tape recorder with you over the span of a week. At random moments, record a few seconds of sound. Play it back at the end of the week. Or decide on a few specific places to go, and record all the sounds there.
2. Save 400 dollars and buy a portable cassette four track, and an inexpensive mic. Start layering 4 tracks of sound from any sound source at random by mix and matching lots of cassettes. This will create a constant flux of new relationships: Track 1—cement mixer. Track 2—running faucet. Track 3—John Wayne movie. Track 4—you reading from the newspaper.
3. On a home computer, start collecting any information that interests you for whatever reason, and store it on disc. Write a program that will retrieve the information at random, and have it flashing on the monitor. Set the program to run continuously while you're home, adding information as time goes on.
4. Write a program that will write all the recombinant permutations of: "The earth is a sphere in the universe." Run the program before going to sleep or all night long.
5. With a VCR and a cable hook up, construct (by deconstruction) your own shows by cutting from one station to another with the cable controller, recording your edits on the VCR. Long cuts with subliminal flashes, cuts that create rhythm—i.e. patterns, surreal juxtapositions, etc.
6. If you can afford a portapack and a camera, do the same as you would with a portable cassette recorder. Or make "ambient" video: 2 hr. video of a sunset; 1 hr. video of a burning building; 7 hr. video of you sleeping, etc.

Obviously, activities such as these don't make "sense," and may in fact seem silly or odd. If it does seem this way, consider the fact that our culture **insists** that we make sense most all the time. Psychics, gurus, artists, etc., are viewed to be of little benefit to the culture's survival. Our hyper-logical mind set has made it impossible for us to stop making sense. In effect, it has stripped us of our psychic strength, drained us of our ability (for that matter, our sense of need) to psychically connect with our environment and simultaneously, with ourselves.

The above examples are suggestions of how these electronic tools can be used to create personal feed-back loops. The results would obviously be infinite and indeterminable. It is certain that through the kinds of information you choose, the way in which you choose to process and present it, reprocess it and present it and so on, you'll be constructing/creating a world of **your** perception and understanding—one that can not be arbitrated by the socializing forces of our culture.

Keep in mind that the "order of things" is always being decided for you: **this** is news worthy and **that** is not; we should think in terms of categories when approaching information; there are certain things about information that should be noticed and other things not, etc. In most cases, you've not been asked to participate; and should you be asked, it must be a response within **these** particular terms, the socially/culturally arbitrated terms.

The tools are now available with which to create a different context, to construct new meanings, new ways of knowing. By "playing" with these media, one approaches the possibility of creating a very real sense of identification with one's self. This process has no special interest group; it is a process open to everyone. One's home, one's environment becomes a place of ritual practice, a place where personal mythology would be continually developing and evolving.

Many believe that the breakup of our culture lies in the fact that there is no identifiable mythic structure. In other cultures where that does exist, it has been found that mythic structure acts as a means of spiritual, psychic, and physical identification with one's environment/world. In this post-modern world, as the information continues to flood over us, it seems futile and retrogressive to return to that primitive, tribal state. Our viable alternative is to take these electronic tools as our shaman's masks and mirrors, and to dive head-long into the formless information abyss—to come out the other side clothed in our personally conceived mythic world. **Δ**

CONTACT: MATTHEW SOMMERVILLE
P.O. BOX 4172
Boulder, CO 80306-4172

SLEEP CHAMBER

SLEEP CHAMBER is an effort in majesty and magick Power through the sub-conscious will. A deliberate control over thoughts and actions.

The reasons being, for purpose and determination of will. Only real magick can be performed through control and discipline of the inner will.

SLEEP CHAMBER is an organized effort to effect and change the direction of attitude for a chosen ones. Each spirit is created equally, but development of that spirit can only come about through separation from the philosophy of mass control

Mass control has been excepted by *SLEEP CHAMBER*. But, to exist within that control as an organized network of anti-social outlaws who control themselves through alteration and control of their own will.

SLEEP CHAMBER has drawn its sorces of magick from Voodoo, Masters at Pan, Mystikos rituals, and recently The Temple ov Psychic Youth.

Upon the practice of these combinations and certain rhythms, tones, and sound processing trigger signals in the sub-conscious to aid in more perception in the sub-conscious, be it used in dreams, trance, or in ritual.

The THEOSOPHY

SLEEP CHAMBER CAN NOT BE CLASSIFIED AS JUST MUSIC, and then put in the corner as something that has happened'— IT IS NOW, it is growing and is being performed, as you sit and read this now — YOU have been exposed to this will.

As I will to you to examination these readings, I have performed magick, my will has been done.

The music of *SLEEP CHAMBER* is an important part of thee effort, for the planting and growing parts of thee ritual has entered.

Sex and emotion are important in the structure of forces in strength of *SLEEP CHAMBER* —(both live and prerecorded)—

Sex and emotion are thee two strongest tools on the outside.



John ZeWizz 2-23-84

LUCID POWER

In a lucid dream, the dreamer knows he is dreaming. He is awake within the dream, asleep but conscious. But instead of the dream running him, he runs the dream. Control of lucid dreaming — be it in trance, sleeping, or in ritual is the gift of this power.

This lucid power can be used in conscious states just as it is used in the unconscious state. But it must be first mastered in thee unconscious state, then this control is taken back into the conscious state for experimental use in Sex, trance, and if needed violence.



MANTRAS

Three secrets and powers of *SLEEP CHAMBER* are protected by 3 different mantras. These are only used when their power is threatened.

The first mantra is used with emotion — (within strong emotion) by three different brothers — this is usually enough to void any common interference.

The second mantra is used within the act of Sex, again by three different brothers — three different places — but happening all at the same time. Its effect is enough to repel even the most uncommon strike.

The third mantra, a seed 'mantra', has yet been used. It is the strongest of all. The use of the unnatural in spirit and unnatural in being used by all members at the same time — in the same place.

Only a true fool would find any of this something to laugh at, a fool uses laughter as a weapon — our tools are much more effective.

MUSICAL CONTENT

The sound that is used is the sound we are creating at that time in time. Synthesizers are a modern day tool of our magick, with percussion also being a major contributors. Processed voices and unnatural human sound are also used along with ritual sounds — (screams, moans, chants).

LYRIC CONTENT

Lyrics to pieces of music have been gathered in dreams, (*DREAM DISTILLATE*, *NACRE*, *PRASEODYMIUM FAITH*, *UNFROCK FRIENDSHIP*), this searching for words and lyrics is done while asleep and upon awaking written down. It is a starting point to entering the subconscious for use of material not available to the conscious.

When you are in a dream you seem to be able to control your dream by thought more than actions, like locations, size, and depth. Unless of course you do not have control of your dream — which is what is practised first...you must be able to have control on what is happening in your dream.

When *SLEEP* lyrics are used, it is the magick of taking power from the other side and using it on the outside. This power is much more powerful than it seems to the outside observer, for this power is truly subliminal in strength.

Lyrics are as important as the music, both are used as a combined force to form the will of intent.

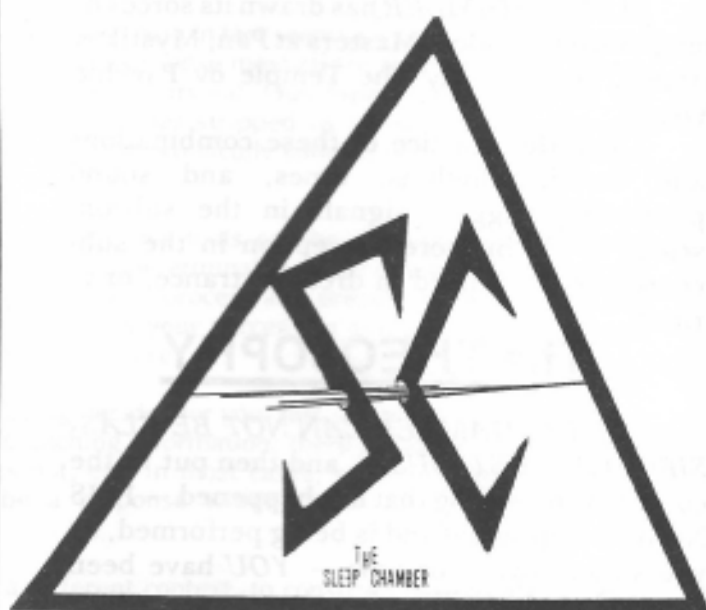
SUMMARY

I have seen and met many modern day magicians, they are among you all, because they do not admit their power — they actually are unaware of it, but do use it in natural ways.

Others who know their power, use it with all their might. As I look on in silence, I am taken as one of the others. I have met and seen the real ones who seduce with their eyes, their words, their stories, and the sound of their voice. There are but few that feature this strength.

SLEEP CHAMBER does not gain from dark power, it uses only the gifts that are available, within reach. Not within reach to all though, only those of majesty.

Only through total control of the will and spirit can magick be mastered. Δ



WEAPONS OF MAGICK — the cassette tape — by *SLEEP CHAMBER* available now

write for info to: *INNERSLEEVE* 111 Brighton Ave., Allston, Mass 02134.

Pollution Control, 1725 E. 115th St., Cleveland, OH 44106 USA. PC is dedicated to helping maintain a healthy, thriving independent music community. They distribute promotional records and tapes to radio stations who agree to report any airplay to them. Also, they distribute complimentary copies of magazines/fanzines/newsletters to radio stations. There are some small fees involved in PC's distribution, but it seems like a very worthwhile and positive organization.

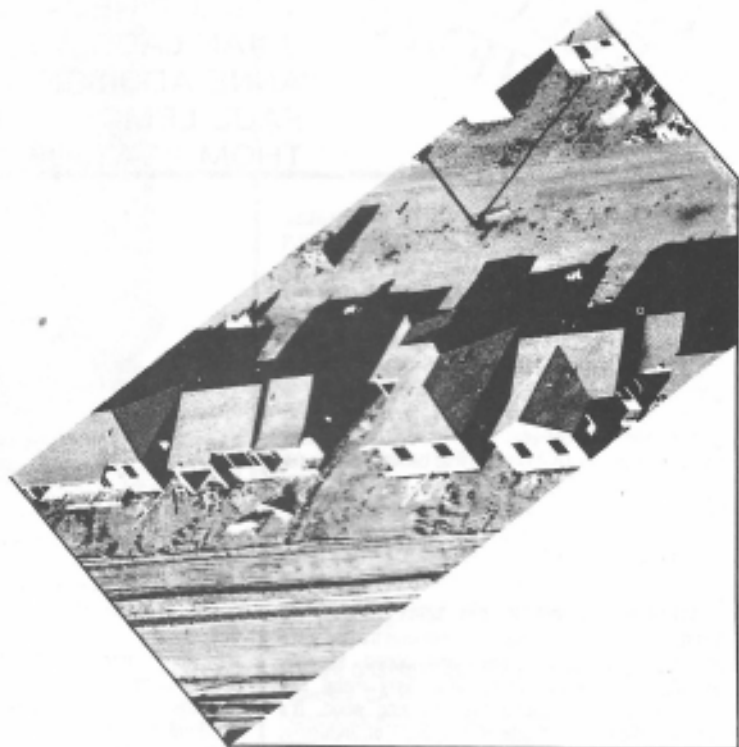
Real George's Backroom TV, P.O. Box 724, CP., NY 12065 USA. They want your video's, so write to them for more information.

Circle Arts/West, 1350 Florida St., San Francisco, CA 94110 USA. The "A" list is an ongoing catalog of underground, alternative and independent artists and musicians. Send information and \$1.00 contribution. Include: name/address/phone/contact people-person/what you are? (musician, radio, organizer, artist, producer, publisher, etc....)

Floating World, 804 North Cherokee, Hollywood, CA 90038 USA. Distribution company mainly interested in cassettes. Write for catalog. At a glance I can see they have music ranging from Walter Whitney to the Avengers, to Theatre of Ice.

A.P.E.S. (Alternative Press Exhibiting Services), 4426 S. Belsay Rd., Grand Blanc, MI 48439 USA. Your periodical or books can gain valuable exposure at two of the most important trade exhibits on the A.P.E.S. 1985 schedule. A.P.E.S. has been displaying and promoting the publication of independent press for five years at national trade conferences and small press bookfairs. Write for their 1985 schedule.

CONTACTS

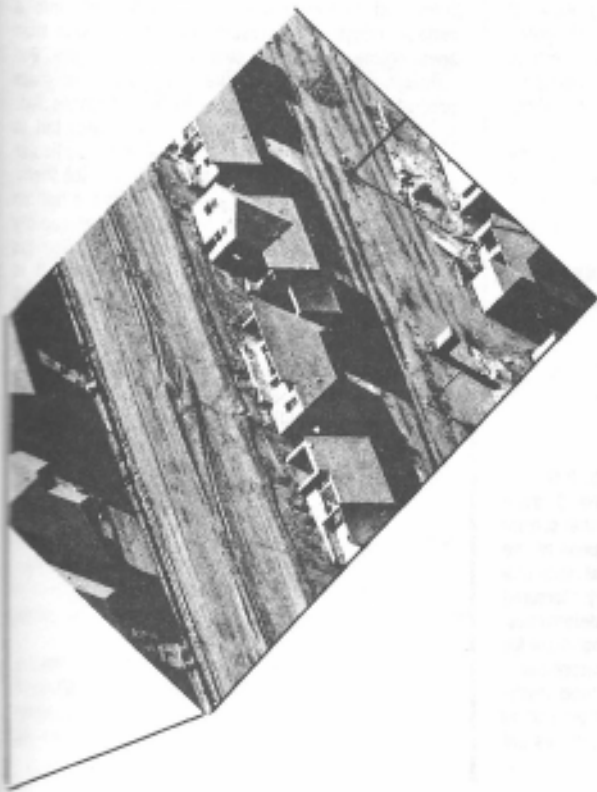


Aquilifer Society, Via Arduino 99, 10015 Ivrea, Italy (c/o Andrea Cernotto). Distributes Force Mental magazine, Rectification Society, Whitehouse, etc.... I guess you can write to them for a catalog.

KZSC, University of CA, Santa Cruz, CA 95064 USA (c/o Daz). They have several shows devoted to small label releases and a weekly cassette only show. They announce concert/tour data, and announce compilations looking for submissions.

LVCBA (Lehigh Valley Community Broadcasters Association) P.O. Box 1456, Allentown, PA 18105 USA. All types of programs covering many aspects of independent music. Write for information, and specify your individual musical interest.

Newsounds Gallery, P.O. Box 48184, Vancouver, Canada V7X 1N8 (c/o Jupiter-Larsen) or write **Newsounds Gallery**, 337 Carrall St., Vancouver, Canada V6B 2J4 (c/o Co-Op Radio). Wanted: Music concrete, sound poetry, sound collages, sound-sculptures, audio-art, radio-art, phone-art, for radio show aired on CFRO-FM, Vancouver. Also 4 hour sound-sculptures once a month at the gallery. Each sculpture will consist of either a tape-loop or/and an endless cassette of non-musical sounds. Everyone is invited to take part by mailing in material, no deadline, and all entries will be aired. Also, no returns without a SASE.



TAPE AND RECORD REVIEWS

REVIEWERS:

CYNDI BOORSTIN	CB
STEVE PERKINS	SP
MABEL PINEDA	MP
BRIAN LADD	BL
ANNE ADDISON	AA
PAUL LEMOS	PL
THOM IWATSUBO	TI

AMERICAN CASSETTES

ARCHITECTS OFFICE: MEMORIAL ISSUE (AMH 11, 350 College Ave., Boston, CA 00002) These are three of discarded icons of synchrotron, effects, sequencers, and the inevitable twelve o'clock. Working rhythm machine tracks are clearly absent. The entire mix is treated by some, somebody really looks that some machine and it almost gets out of hand. These pieces, long as they are, are not the sort that demand or call for one's attention, but as background to some other activity they are satisfying and very hip. If the creator's ambition are more than that, one of us is missing something. CB

ARTHUR DAVIS (WREK, Box 32792, Albany, GA 30032) More and more industrial comes with muted voice effects that are slowed down and looped. Saturated sounds, the present, turning into radio metal and someone making a point like chopping wood. It's getting difficult to evaluate on the street of industrial music. I hope industrial music becomes a word with clearly defined words like punk music that's tomorrow, but I think it's already too late. TI

ASBESTOS ROCKFILE: DYING OF CANCER (J238, WEAFT RECORDS, P.O. Box 1072, Juddville, MD 20796) This is an interesting tape which covers Asbestos Rockfile's "history" from 1981 to the present. They seem very much a garage band and proud of it. Their alternative sound would be rooted somewhere between the Mental 11, the Fall and the Silver Underground. The format is like improvisational which leaves the songs down to the plasticity of inspired genius and happy accidents. Unfortunately, it also opens the doors of indulgence and excessive length, and Asbestos enters these doors all too often. Then, what begins as an interesting set of free ends being stretched much too long over an extended time, like the first one, the group has several qualities. The home-made atmosphere of these recordings is pleasant, and the vocal's/keyboard discussions of personal and nihilistic words are often hilarious. One word very real present on the other side of this communication. They alternate and in my opinion often too. But when they talk, they are hip. The songs they don't tell by dragging them out of however are really enjoyable, such as "Tale in the Dark" and "Sukadee Mania." From the latter comes these lines which I transcribe as representative of Asbestos's mixture of authenticity: "So what the fuck can I say? Say, man, it's been a busy day, smoking my pipe and all the things I shouldn't, but I did anyway, say I like to live on." CB

ASBESTOS ROCKFILE: FESTIVAL OF FUN, VOL. ONE (J238, address listed elsewhere) One of the strongest recordings yet from this group, there were talk like John Wright to show even as to almost reggae, then left partially, the tape is an attack on the Washington, D.C. straight-edge movement, and particularly V2 get a great bunch of fun—now come for the 20's. MP

BABY AS BUTCHER BAKER FASCIST MACHINE MAKES (Karl Fletcher, 6207 Ashland Dr., Alexandria, VA 22304) A rhythm machine tape, distorted synthetic noise pulses, strings, effects, drums, and a guttural voice starts like a cry. "Burn you fascist swine, I want to burn you, hell, to watch you shape change, shaping and writing, I catch the drops in my mouth... it seems to jump, and sport wildly as if in its true moments, I will let something, it's gone... the but was broken down my throat, I put the words in its mouth, to be in time, for some romantic dinner." I find these lines very interesting for it seems that someone is genuinely struggling to express himself. But overall I found this tape odd, it lacks variety, the technical, in fact, generally buried in the mix, and the production is crude and shameless. CB

BALL OF LARD (Jingwei Records, P.O. Box 10702, Kansas City, MO 64101) Now here is a tape I can heartily recommend. "Ball of Lard" have almost completely abandoned traditional instrumentation in favor of exploring the potential of the recording medium for organizing noise. There's a little of everything, noise-wise and I'm not going to enlighten anybody by describing individual events. Suffice it to say there are no songs, no melodies, and almost no instruments. There is intelligence and there is feeling. Finally, the only problem I have with this tape is it's not long enough. If you hate music, if you resent the seeming arbitrariness of its conventions and are disgusted by personal popularity at its most redundant cliché, then "Ball of Lard" is for you. CB

BILLY CLOE PUPPET: ALMOST BREAD INNA BELL-TOWN (J238, Greg Jermack, 8007 Whitman Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98102) A very lame tape that resembles around going nowhere, except closer to listening one of the most boring tapes I've ever heard. Puppet is purports playing with yourself through the self-indulgence of producing sounds. MP

BLACKHOUSE: PRO-LIFE w/a Lard-Fish (P.O. Box 907, Exeter, CA 95021) Blackhouse are a 3 piece hardcore power-electronic assault which hails from Salt Lake City, Utah. They also happen to be Christians. You see? Traditional industrial etiquette usually contains a healthy dose of grimy, tortured images of insanity, isolation, death camps, totalitarianism, and the like. Christian that usually would not allow for a tolerance to create such "demonic blasphemy". Blackhouse are out to destroy traditional fixed myths and political dogma in order to get the individual to think freely. It exists, internal noise, headphones are not recommended! Get it? BL

COACCIDENT (Box 382 CR, Baltimore, MD 21004) From the liner notes, COACCIDENT was a performance group based in Baltimore from 1987-1990. They worked with noise, music, language, movement, video and other media. Here is a collection of some audio recordings and works by individuals from COACCIDENT. A quite experimental sensibility is manifested in these very diverse works, one that enjoys manipulating busy ambient recordings. Particulars appealing to these ears are those pieces where multiple voices carry out extensive interviews. What a listener might interpret as random as initial reproductions of a cocktail party becomes what may be an anthropologist's field recording of a baboon group (he he). Other schemes feature taped underfoot instruments, a sort of drumming with wires, side discussions of news fragments, and several conversations. All these pieces really have in common is a rather humanistic, narrow-minded recording, as though by a small cassette deck. One would think the group would employ a variety of recording strategies as well as their performance strategies, but no. This is perhaps due to inefficiency, or perhaps an aspect of their mutual philosophies. Whatever the reason, the use of clarity tends to broaden its meaning. An everyday conversation reproduced in a manner that renders it unintelligible becomes an image of all conversations and early engages emotions and thoughts that might otherwise be distracted by its relatively vivid content. Whether such recording is consistent with that of the group themselves I have no idea, but there is definitely some thinking of unusual depth behind this output. CB

CRAWLING WITH TARTS: TEA ROOM (J238, A.E.P. 32211 St. Forster Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90040) An Asian style package of small discs, color artwork, this brings, and grey paper. A lot of care was taken with the look of love, although the music is very weak and too—embarrassing sounds and recorded. Another good package—that music remains. MP

DATA-BANK-A: SPIRITUS SANCTUS (J.O. City Studio, 252 Mammoth Rd., Lowell, MA 01850) There's a legion of individuals out there in consumerland who have acquired their synthesizers, their effects, their rhythm machines, and their multi-track recorders and grooved in their minds that's "synth-pop" into a cottage industry. The results are more varied than anything the major even could or would produce. But although such works lack the calm charm of mass production, they inevitably remain a disconnected, side-line reproduction of that form, and thus fail to raise the basic questions of an culture within a particular context. Such are the limits of this genre as I see them. Within those limits is a sub-code of values, the bottom end of which is dull, repetitive and full of equally proliferating clones. I would, however, place "Spiritus Sanctus" near the opposite end of the scale. It is well-produced, deftly crafted, pleasantly eclectic and full of surprising and interesting special effects. In lieu of vocals it features treated snippets of mass media—a form that is currently being run deeply into the ground in home studios all across Europe and America. But even on the high light side, "Data-Bank-A" keeps a balance, for its snippets are chosen and organized in a witty, methodical manner reminiscent of Oudiz Gangbusters. In short, this tape is very successful within the limits of what I perceive to be its audience. CB

DEGA-RAY: CLASP/CLICK (Music studio "A," 1350 Florida St., San Francisco, CA 94110) Overall the focus seems to lie within the language with fairly minimal sounds—usually the songs consist of voice, electronic rhythm and guitar. Each piece is a little similar to the last one, and most of the time the rhythm section is pretty lackadaisy, with no real dynamics. **MP**

EPOSED 4HEADS: 4 BIG SONGS (ME Tapes, 3826 McGee #2, Kansas City, MO 64111) A humorous and eclectic group of songs combining musical style (fake reggae, rockabilly, etc...) Except I can't decide whether I like them. Make up your own mind. **SP**

F/i: ZOMBIE (\$3.00 or appropriate trade, Under-sounds, P.O. Box 27421, Milwaukee, WI 53227) F/i describe themselves as an "Aural ensemble. Electronics. Quiet and harsh. unpredictable..." Zombie is described as "dance music." Some of it is quite noisy. Some of it is melodic. Even psychedelic, at times. There are no vocals and monotony is the aesthetic rather than the flaw. The title of the cassette may be homage to Lucio Fulci's classic *Zombie* film. If so, much of the music on this tape reminds me of the soundtrack to that film. **TI**

GIVE ME THAT DOG PENIS POPSICLE (Gleet Audio, 7329 Wish Avenue, Van Nuys, CA 91406) 20 (Yes, there are that many) 'experimental' bands from the San Fernando Valley. The engineering is terrible, so don't expect anything more than a run down Portastudio sound. Randomness of sounds, random taped sounds, distortion, irrelevancy, parody. All of the groups have the sound of a 24 hour jam session on speed and LSD. If you like the raw sound of people being spontaneously creative, then buy it. Today. **TI**

IF, BWANA: FREUDIA SLIP (\$4.00, Al Margolis, 33-28 148th St., Flushing, NY 11354) A moving tape, not really sure where it's moving? Good headphone music for those psychoanalytical candle lit nights. **MP**

INTROVERTS: TWENTIETH CENTURY (1707 Colquitt #1, Houston, TX 77096) What is it about Texas, why do so many great groups come from there? Here's a spunky little sizzler with some funky lyrics—it was recorded between 1980-81, what are they doing now? **SP**

JAMES HILL: PAINFUL CONTRACTIONS (TCAB Studios, 403 Banks, San Francisco, CA 94110) This solo effort, by a 'multi-track recording artist' whose spacy self-assurance may be a bit misplaced, consists of long jazz improvisation betwixt rhythm machine, keyboard, bass and trumpet with some mediocre media slips and other gimmicks. This is not for me, so I won't go on. The rhythm track in particular is lame, congenitally lame. Someone sure can play that trumpet though! **CB**

DR. JERRY FALWELL: THE BOOK OF PSALMS (Old Time Gospel Hour, Lynchburg, VA 24514) Who could ask for more, 4 tapes, 2 booklets, plus a certificate of your membership to Jerry's special club. This is almost as fun as being an official genius (Wall of Genius). This is Jerry reading and reading, and reading and reading—thousands of pages from the 2 booklets called the Psalms. Just send Jerry a pledge and you too can become a 'faith partner,' he's here to, 'help lost souls to Christ.' Join the club and you won't have any worries, Jerry will tell you how to vote, how to pray, who your friends are and most of all you'll learn the correct, 'way of thinking.' Join the brainwashed of today, and let's eliminate the threat of Communism! **MP**

JOHN HINDS: OMNI-SONIC ENVIRONMENT (P.O. Box 786, Millbrae, CA 94030) Sophisticated and well produced sound sculpture music that would be perfect in the right environment, whatever that is. **SP**



JOHN TRUBEE AND THE UGLY JANITORS OF AMERICA: DROWNING IN A SOCIETY OF SNOT (Space and Time tapes, c/o John Trubee, P.O. Box 2896, Terrance, CA 90509) How can one describe John Trubee and his very strange, sometimes incredibly mundane—almost lounge-jazz music. From spaced-out orchestrations to a babbling maniac, who talks about children that die during wars, with a voice that sounds so strange you think the tape is being chewed up in the deck. John is a compassionate psychopath, and portrays a new breed of humanism. **MP**

KEELER: PLANET OF LOVERS (Keeler, 132 W. 24th St., NYC, NY 10011) This is the first solo release from Keeler who is also a member of the duo PORT SAID. A lot of variation from piece to piece, and a great recording quality—the mood is somewhat oriented toward wanderings of the mind, so leave your body through these electronic sounds. **AA**

LUDOVICO TREATMENT: MUSIC TO CURE YOUR ILLS (Walls of Genius, P.O. Box 1093, Boulder, CO 80306) (Side A) At last an intelligent collage of environmental, man-made and media babble that has been seamlessly woven together allowing it to work at many different levels. More please! **SP**

M. STANDISH: FORCE OF HABIT (P.O. Box 4172, Boulder, CO 80306-4172) Well thought-out use of industrial sounds e.g. pounding beat, sustained noise, distorted voices, low-level hum. Discomforting minimalism. Pulsates like an irregular heartbeat and feels like a nightmare that you can't quite wake out of. Quite alienating and interesting. Their version of an old Police standard is more evocative than the original. Recommended. **TI**

MAYBE MENTAL: ANIMISUM PART 2 (Maybe Mental Systems, 5316 N. 21st Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85015) An amazing sound that was produced on a four track. Screeching vocals, rhythm machines, tapes, synths—all manipulated by Donna and David. It sounds like a cut-up, but one with cohesiveness and unity. Elements of pop creep in, but quickly gets twisted about for some original music in a song format. Much subtle layering of sound which creates a rich musical texture that is usually not found in a two member band. **TI**

MYKEL BOARD'S ART: IN CONCERT AT CARNEGIE HALL (Sledboard World Enterprises, 75 Bleecker St., NY, NY 10012) This live recording of Art's satiric songs was actually made at Carnegie Hall. The presentation is able, the satire biting and the humor genuine, if uneven. Art smites many and various aspects of contemporary consumption with a special emphasis on trends in popular pseudo-music. It's always enjoyable to meet someone who hates nearly everything and doesn't mind saying so. It does seem a little late in the game for playing on some of these issues, especially the central 'Art' bit, but they kick Bob Marley and Talking Heads too, so I can't complain. Explore this personality from a distance and count your blessings. **CB**

OBJEKT: INTERNATIONAL COMPILATION (\$7.50, P.O. Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502) 27 bands including, No Trend, Viscera, Vox Populi, Smersh, Problemist, F/i, Earwitness, Pacific 231, and more! Overall, a very well constructed comp., with a booklet that contains artwork by all the participants. This is 90 minutes of international collaboration and creativity. Highly recommended. **AA**

OCCUPANT: NO SPECIFIC ANSWER (7433 Dorothy Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46260) Well intentioned electronic sounds that sort of undulate between here and there. Certainly not specific. **SP**

PHALLACY (Ladd-Frith, P.O. Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502) Another penis band from the suburbs. These guys are obviously having fun but why inflict it on the rest of us? **SP**

POISON GAS RESEARCH (540 Alabama St. #310, San Francisco, CA 94110) A very short tape, I think about 5 minutes for each side. Mostly the sounds are very non-descript, but I sense that there is a lot going on here. Maybe I should play it backwards. Along with the tape you get an elaborate booklet that is almost slick in production. The images are your standard laboratory animals, etc. The worst part of this booklet is the dedication—this cassette is dedicated to . . . everyone who lives or has died in the name of vision, (and then it goes on to name people such as) J.G. Ballard, Genesis, P. Orridge, Fred Frith, etc... Boy, let's try and associate ourselves with all these people and get a reputation through references. Receiving this tape from PGR made me think, "boy how easy it is and what a nice package." **MP**

OBJEKT

INTERNATIONAL



COMPILATION

SYNTHETISCHES

EUROPEAN CASSETTES

PSYCLONES + SCHLAFENGARTEN: LIFE IS LIKE DEATH WITH THE LIGHTS ON (Ladd-Frith, P.O. Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502) These recordings are of live performances on radio and in the studio in which the Psyclones and company display a formidable improvisational skill on a variety of instruments. Their sound is frequently a dense 'noise-wall' which alternates between organization and atomization. This sonic sensibility is extreme and intense... In other words, excellent. Verbally, they are less developed, preferring a rather standard set of stray phrases and mass media fragments which decorate without adding depth. Another criticism is that these pieces rely too heavily—too inevitably on the tick-tick-tick of the rhythm machine for their structure and coherence. Ceaseless click tracks tend to invite boredom in the audience and to straight jacket the rhythmic development of a performance, and several of these pieces could, I believe, do very well or better without them. So much for some minor reservations about what is nonetheless a very involving, very listenable collection of music. CB

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS (\$4.00, Al Margolis, 33-28 148th St., Flushing, NY 11354) This cassette features pieces by Diatribe, Audio Letter, Algebra Suicide, Sombrero Galaxy, Psyclones, and Klyston, etc.. Mostly, one could say a representation of contemporary American music, and seemingly expressive of our very political, post-election climate. Sound wise, electronics are dominant, but don't prevail or hinder the general mood—in other words, "this ain't pretty electronic music." Also, Al Margolis is looking for more contributors for future tape compilations, so get to work. AA

THEATRE OF ICE: BEYOND THE GRAVES OF PASSION (6950 Pasture Rd., Fallen, NY 89406) One song intersects with the next in this never ending tragedy on ice. 21 songs comprise this 'haunting' tape. I think a lot is missed because of the recording quality, although it adds to the macabre nature, the muddiness doesn't help understanding the lyrics or tones. I would really like to hear this group on vinyl! AA

37 PINK: CORRECTIVE JUSTICE (\$4.00, Greyscale, P.O. Box 55502, Tucson, AZ 85703-5502) Abrasive electronics, variations on pink noise, white noise, noise and more noise. Similar to Whitehouse, but with more textures and a overall fuller sound. The sleeve says: "this product must be played loud." Ok, I've heard that so many times already, it's starting to become a bad cliché. The imagery suggest that this group is possibly into mass-murders or just crime in general, here we go again. Another cliché. Arizona's answer to England. MP

VISCERA (Cause and Effect, c/o Jaffe & McGee, 5015 1/2 No. Winthrop, Indianapolis, IN 46205) Interesting sounds/noises but it doesn't seem to be going anywhere. Too much viscosity. SP

WALLS OF GENIUS: BEFORE..AND AFTER (\$5.00, P.O. Box 1093, Boulder, CO 80306) We begin with a piece titled "four more years," which is a clever tape loop of Walter Mondale saying, "I like president Reagan." Then Reagan is added to the mix, babbling, and then more tracks are added of Reagan, and it becomes a complete non-coherent message of our chaotic political times. Simply Genius. The tape continues making statements, observations, connections—the most listenable WOG tape to date. They have been inspired by contemporary issues and are the new sound terrorists of America. AA



TEST DEPT



THE
COLLECTIVE
ART OF TODAY
IS
CONSTRUCTIVE
LIFE

**LIVE AT THE RITZ
NEW YORK CITY
Thursday July 19, 1984**



CURRENT 93/NURSE WITH WOUND (Staal Tape, P.O. Box 1001 GL, Amsterdam, The Netherlands) Side "A" is Current 93, which is an incessant drone of voices that remind me possibly of a gregorian chant, that's pretty much it for that side, beginning to end. The other side (NWW) is pretty dull, although there are some happy moments of very annoying electronics, (some very high-pitched sounds). Overall I find this tape tedious and hard to grasp. AA

DIE ZWIE: DIE ZWEI AND THE THIRD REICH (Cassette Combinat, Bulowstrasse 67, 1000 Berlin, 30 West Germany) Various tape manipulations of some of our favorite characters from the now defunct Third Reich. This is one of the most subtly satirical tapes to date. AA

EINE MANISCH KRANKE: NO CTPAHE (Geheimkabinett KMJG, Forsterstr. 10, 1 Berlin, K36, West Germany) An abstract quality that is beautifully frightening. A focus on sound that is reminding one of something, but hard to understand just what that sound is. Very interesting music, I think? AA

FETUS IN FETU (\$4.00 Sven Rohrig, Hornerstr. 105, 2800 Bremen, West Germany) Percussive electronics with some really good dynamics, for a welcomed change. The tape contains 3 pieces of reasonable length. Emotion prevails, in this very rhythmically diverse work. AA

LAIBACH: DOCUMENTS OF OPPRESSION (Staal Tape, address listed elsewhere) I was told this group hails from Hungary... I commend them for getting their very exciting music out. Intense vocals, great use of delays and subtle bass lines are some of the elements. Even the tape hiss sounds like part of the music. AA

SYNTHETISCHES MISCHGEWEBE: WORKS (Cassette Combinat, address listed elsewhere) Beginning with a constant barrage of sounds that resemble a thousand angry church bells. Moving into silence. Then a rhythmic piece. Then more layered sounds. And now we're getting sick, the boat is sinking, the stage is falling apart...Help me! This tape is representation of experimental psychology, a total manipulation of the psyche. Recommend. MP

TEST DEPARTMENT: LIVE AT THE RITZ NYC 1983 (Audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18th Ave., Bayside, NY 11360 USA) If you've never seen TD live, and think they're light weight, then just get this tape and all your negative comments will wither away. And that's a challenge. Primitive urban percussive from the industrial smithy. It really must have been a great gig. SP

3RID TAPES: GREATEST HITS (Magisch Theater Productions, Juliaandlensstraat 228, 2018, Antwerpen, Belgium) An interesting compilation, notably Maniacs (Belgium), Im Nebel (Norway) and Absolute Body Control (Belgium). Write to them for a catalogue of other compilation releases and international connections for tape trades, magazines and mail art networks. SP

TOX MOVEMENT: INSTRUCTIONS (Zyklus Records, Sedanstr. 75, 28 Bremen, West Germany) All types of sound here, from layered percussion tracks (very rhythmic), to minimal-non rhythmic pieces. A complete sense of doom prevails, a little reminiscent of early 23 Skidoo or maybe even Neubauten. Well made throughout, so be fearful of sound. AA



"die zwei" & das III. REICH

Records

AMY SHEPPER: WHERE'S YOUR HORNET? (Fowley Rd., Great Neck, NY 11023, USA, LP) This record is topped around the ears of Amy Shepper, and has a variety of very unique compositions. It's all at once, there is also drums, piano, bass, and percussion. Overall it's sort of "avant-garde pop music" sounding—see for yourself. AA

THE ARMS OF SOMEONE NEW: THE HOLY DANCE/WHITEFRANS (\$2.95, London Head Publications, Box 2881, Station "A," Champaign, IL 61820, USA, 7") There are two sides of two very repetitive, slowly evolving sounds between drums, organ, and voices like those of Black and Sabbath. It's nice and primitive. "Holy Dance," my preference of the two, achieved the somewhat minor accomplishment of creating a mood of civil orderliness. From the standpoint of the development of human consciousness, this release is of minimal significance. CB

THE BEATITUDES: THE GRACE OF MYSTERY (Mike Kyrin, Northbrook, IL, 60062, Box 41, West Germany, 7") Standard beat music, somewhat, music to go to the beach by. The waves crash and you drink a martini. They are a garage band by all accounts, but because of the great release and the sound production and execution, can't underestimate their "garage" or "no garage." AA

BLOODY MARSHMALLOW ORCHESTRA: ROADMAP TO REVOLUTION (WGN/EPIC, P.O. Box 3880, Baltimore, MD 21204, USA, LP) I have minor hopes that marks a dawn. They move through various styles, but a very sort of folk sound prevails—but not in a negative sense, it's integrated as an aspect of the sound. From happy-go-lucky to several songs, sort of reminiscent of GAZA K, and sometimes they sound like GAZA's old band the DEADBEATS. The sound is remarkably LA for a band from Maryland, and that really leaves me confused—they must have had some "London influence." MP

EDIL: HOW TO DESTROY ANGELS DAYLASH (Ernie J. Bazzani, 1180 82L, Belgium, EP) Adventure and disarming use of drums, guitar, reverbation, and most importantly, the spaces between sounds. Edil repeats their music as "music" which will accommodate more sexual energy for (1) dynamic energy and (2) stimulating discipline. The music is like a wave motion which rises, shifts, then retreats from the listener, with each sound, which begins slowly, then shifts forward for the listener with increasing intensity—up here we go into into a trance state which destroys previous ego states and clears the way for something new, something different. One of the most unusual records ever recorded. One side of this record is blank. TI

CRAB BARK: CODES OF ABSTRACT CONDUCT (\$5.95—plus \$2.00 for postage, New Music Distribution Service, 558 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, USA, LP played at 40 RPM) There is a vocal, a voice played, rhythmically, percussive, and somewhere amid all this noisy recorded clutter, is a shaping mind and artist. His name is Crab Bark and somewhere in Afro-London, William Fisher, and Captain Beefheart would be involved in efforts of trying to integrate Bark's work. There is something engaging about the use of random sound and a singer trying to find a unified harmony. Not for the least, named loudly—ah, but for crying. TI

GAY COWBOYS IN BONDAGE: GWEN MADON-MELLOW STRIKES AGAIN (\$2.95, Subways Records, P.O. Box 61006, North Miami, FL 33061, USA, 7") After reviewing all the professions, all the synth pop, all the art, it's easy to review Gay Cowboys in Bondage because I know they don't care what I think. Rock vinyl structures are still here to stay and the Cowboys, not from up one neck line though not up to hardcore R&B's driving beats, heavy lyrics, serious cultural statement vocals all add up to a successfully silly record. CB

MADONNA: LIKE A VIRGIN (address unknown, 7") A new single by the current female king of "campy" profanity. Her sweet voice makes me want to forget that she studies both sides of the "Madonna-whore" syndrome, but one can never fail to be reminded of the latter aspect by the no more buried stiffness of her proto-magical (which adds that all-outcome) edge of rock to the "like a virgin" theme. Yeah, stretch your memory buds. By this time, everyone's already heard about Madonna being only a model for pictures, the real video being that of Mick Jagger recorded at slow speeds, and then sped up. The scandal can only help sales. Anyway you can hear it plenty for yourself if you play this one at 21, but it's old Rock. He's better as a girl, that's for sure, but the music is immediate even by slow standards. Expect this late covered you determined to be jammed down your throat anyway, you lucky customer! CB

MARLENE: FOREMAN/KILLING YOUR SOUL (\$2.95, Rising Drop Records, 524 Marblers Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94041, USA, 7") It's pretty cool. "Killing your soul" is the song, reminiscent of Billie Holiday—most when. A great modern touch to an older style. The lyrics portray, "The impact of a woman caught between the role of traditional mother and whore, which tradition is easily imposed on women." "Foreman" is a synthesis how that is the "representation of the archetypal man figure, the white, dominantly capitalist." AA



MOOT: MAVIS/MARYLAND (84 Walker St., NYC, NY 10013, USA, 7") Moot's inclusion of a press kit full of kind reviews in this single invites the reviewer to be less than generous lest his voice be added to those. There is a fifties' percussion, a bass line, and a woman's voice, an ok voice but nothing special. My feeling is that Moot is trying to be successful by developing a commercial pseudo-style that might catch the ears of some record company bureaucrat. Obviously, the possibilities of excitement are thereby limited. **CB**

NEGATIVE TREND (Subterranean Records, 557 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94410, USA, EP) Recordings that date back to 1979 from this first wave San Francisco band that included members from the band Flipper. So if you're into collecting a bit of punkdom history, this one's for you. **AA**

NIG HEIST (Thermidor Records, 912 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, CA 94710, USA, LP) With titles such as "Love in your mouth," "Woman Drivah," "Hot Muff," "If she ever comes," etc.... What can you expect with titles like that? The music is a parody of very standard rock and roll, not very noisy or exciting, but really weird because of the blatant sexist lyrics. I think a live sound would be better, because overall this record is pretty subdued, in terms of the production. This lyrical satire does cum through pretty well, it's extreme idiocy, and it almost makes me cry—it's so stupid. **WHY? WHY NOT..... MP**

NO TREND: TEEN LOVE (No Trend records, 1014 Ashton Rd., Ashton, MD 20861, USA, EP) This maxi-play ep features 3 remixed and remastered cuts which appeared on the first No Trend 7" (now out of print), and 2 brand new songs. "Mass Sterilization" is better than ever, with more echo than the first version. The vocal is so demented and distorted with effects that it turns out very psychedelic. "Cancer" is really upbeat, and is also much better than the original version. "Die" is one of the brand new compositions, full of feedback and tribal drums. Jeff's vocals are really raw on this one (my throat hurts just listening to it!). "Teen Love" is even more classic than the original version. This is the cut that most everybody enjoys best. I think it has a lot to do with the lyrics which are very sad and true, but also very humorous. It deals with "fine yungsters" who "never got a chance to fulfill their 'career dreams'." Great stuff! The record ends with a song that has no title. It's sort of a "joke" song with electronic disco hand claps, and lots of cool slogans like, "party hearty man!" and "go for it!". Maybe they should call it "Yes Trend"! Even though it's kind of "crazy," I like it anyway. Well, that's it for this record. One more thing... buy it or die—it's a GREAT record, and No Trend are a great band. **BL**

NUCLEAR CRAYONS: BAD PIECES SEEN DELIVERING THE FORETOLD... (\$5.00, 3111 1st St., North Arlington, VA 22201, USA, LP) Early Lydia Lunch meets the garage aesthetics of a punk band. Not much sophistication in music and lyrics endlessly declare and announce and screech. "Overpopulation / Overpopulation / Aren't you scared?" "I won't forget / I won't forget / You killed a part of me." Bland and rather uninvolved. **T1**

POP O PIES: JOE'S SECOND RECORD (Subterranean Records, 577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94410, USA, LP) Joe, you've got it all don't you. Boy, and what a sense of humor too. Man is this guy funny. He's even a rapper, boy from rap to Grateful Dead—it's you know who's second record. **MP**



RIP SCHREDDER: INFORMATION NIGHTMARE/GUT REAGAN (Techno Primitivism, Box 1002, Birmingham, MI, USA 7") A solo project of a bunch of electronics with fairly minimal lyrics, such as, "information overload, information nightmare," etc.... Not too aggressive, or too poppy, but somewhere in between the sphere of new strange electronic music. AA

SIS Q LINT: WALLY, WALLY (Martian Records, P.O. Box 3751, Hollywood, CA 90008, USA, 7") More great funniness with a purpose from the best group that hails from LA these days. This one is about the conservative talk show host Wally George from Anaheim, California. Great! AA

STEPHEN NESTER: SLAP (Duotone Records, P.O. Box 1168, Miami, FL 33243, USA, LP) Stephen Nester is SLAP who has written and produced an exceptionally well-recorded album of repetitive rhythms, circular synthesizer sounds, and treated sound effects. Has the hurried, driven sound of an urban dweller who has found a peaceful center amid chaos. When I listen to SLAP, I imagine rain, cafes, traffic, introspection. Highly recommended. TI

SPK: JUNK FUNK (Elektra Records, EP) It's become brite to say that they've sold out, so I'll avoid that embarrassment. Rumor has it that SPK has signed a huge contract with Elektra. Junk Funk is a high-tech dance number which is danceable but unconvincing as an original dance song. It's all there, though—creamy synthesizer sounds, drum machines punctuating a rhythm, sweet vocals. Well-recorded but nothing original. My only hope is that once SPK perform at a Bill Graham sponsored event, they'll repeat the performance they gave at the Russian Center a few years ago. SPK, then, will have the last laugh. TI

SWANS: COP (Some Bizarre, 17 St. Anne's Court, London W1, England, LP) Swans are the most powerful, gut-wrenching outfit in America, and if last year's *Filth* was not sufficient testimony of this, the new LP, *COP* will eradicate all doubt. Their music is visceral and relentlessly intense, emotionally draining. *COP* presents eight songs that deal with the struggle to not only survive in a Malthusian world, but to comprehend why we exist in the first place. Swans view of life is not a pretty one, but rather a depiction of man's subconscious existence, his need to inflict or accept pain, his urge to vilify himself and his society, and his endless drive to carve a path to his own demise. This portrayal examines humanity stripped of the restraining codes of culture and civilization, ground down to the most basic yearnings of the ID. Each song is a devastating personal view of conflict either with oneself, with bureaucracy, or with one who sadistically abuses the power of authority. The music is dense and dissonant with emphasis on relentless, regimented structures. There are no solos or points of improvisation, just extremely loud, rhythmic interplay between musicians, offset by Gira's emitted, pulverized lyrics, delivered with both rage and resignation. Certainly, *COP* is one of the most powerful albums I have heard in many years and reinforces the fact that they are a potent musical force in American music. PL

TUXEDOMOON: SOMA/HUNTING THE EARTH (Jeebe Productions, 17 Rue Mignot Delstanche, 1060 Bruxelles, Belgium, 7") Well, here it is—the latest effort from Tuxedomoon (sans vocalist and violinist extraordinaire, Blaine Reininger). "Soma" is a depressing song with melodramatic vocals courtesy of Mr. Winston Tong. It's about Soma—the perfect drug for all of mankind. "Half gram for a half-holiday, a gram for a weekend. Two grams for a trip to the glorious East, three for a dark eternity on the moon." It's almost religious sounding except for the distorted horns at the end of the cut that sound like they were recorded in somebody's garage in Jamaica. "Hugging the Earth," is more like the original Tuxedomoon sound, starting off with a very classical sounding clarinet right into a percussive drum beat and sensuous vocals. I don't know—I guess I like it, but I'm a Tuxedomoon fan, so I can overlook the fact that it's really not that outstanding. If you like Tux like I do—get it. If not—pass on this, and buy the domestic LP's on Ralph Records—they're better. BL

U-MEN: BRIGHT FLOWERS/D.G.I.H./SHOOT 'EM DOWN/Gila (Bomb Shelter Records, 1506 E. Olive Way, Seattle, WA 98102, USA, EP) Now that Birthday Party has disbanded we have Seattle's answer. Similar type of dynamics and vocals to the B. Party, although less noisy and more traditional sounding, a bit like X sometimes, or early 70's punk rock. AA

WHITE STAINS (Round Black Records, address unknown, EP) Neo Gothic, psychedelic, really interesting, almost all female, but I think defunct band, and their only release. Great cover and recording quality. Some titles, 'Man Created God,' 'Portrait of a Crow,' 'Little Man,' etc... AA

X RAY POP: ZOUKA DZAZA / DOC PILOT (Pilot, 10 Rue de l'Elysee, 37 Tours, FRANCE, 7") Pop release with a Dr. Rhythm, synthesizer, and French language. Do you think they've ever heard of X-Ray Specs? Similarities end with the name of the band. Fairly light stuff. They list influences as Satie, Bardot (the movie star), Vega (of Suicide), and Young Marble Giants. They're quite similar to YMG. TI

XX COMMITTEE: NETWORK (Thermidor Records, 5618 Central Avenue, Richmond, CA 94804, USA, LP) At first I thought each song contained an indefinite tape loop, except for the "error factor" (timing, dynamics) which creeps into their endlessly repetitive and percussive power-driver sound. Sources of influence may include the religious solemnity of MB or the perky industrial repetitions of Esplendor Geometrica. There is a muddiness to the sound which may be due to the fact that it was recorded on a four track cassette system. All in all, though, I think been done before. An environmental record for those who like the sound of an industrial foundry. TI

YOU'LL HATE THIS RECORD (Seidboard World Enterprises, 75 Bleecker St., NYC, NY 10012, USA, LP) Tina Peels' two penis songs are the only bright spot on this Hateful compilation. The others haven't even got enough to wiggle. The fancy 3-D vomit on the cover of this Hateful production cannot disguise that this is mutton dressed as lamb. SP

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Letter from FORCE MENTAL



The following is a letter from the editors of Force Mental magazine (AMVK and DDV), it is a response and clarification of some of the comments that William Bennett made during the Whitehouse interview published in Unsound #5.

Force Mental/Club Moral
Kattenberg 122
2200 light
Antwerp, Belgium

Due to financial as well as ideological reasons DATA was never released. We (AMVK + DDV, being CLUB MORAL) then decided to do our own magazine. We had access to a lot of information different people had been sending us for quite some time. We started FORCE MENTAL. FORCE MENTAL was to be a magazine like no other existing, compiling information considered 'EXTREME' in all kinds, forms and media. Sympathy with WHITEHOUSE, and likely types of media made us print the article which BENNETT wrote for DATA. We considered it as extreme, and we never wished to criticize it, as our aim was to pass information, and have the reader make up his decision (which was quite obvious for BENNETT's article, it was unbelievably stupid of people to think something like it was to be taken serious, as it is to believe that people who are into New Right would like the music of WHITEHOUSE instead of marches and schalgers). Although we did mention next to the article that it was actually meant to be in another magazine called DATA which would have been about New Right, etc., etc., etc... FORCE MENTAL created quite a stir, nobody seemed to have noticed our remark, and people really believed it had to be taken seriously. In issue 2 we printed an article by a Belgian journalist, who criticized BENNETT, again we wrote the explanation about DATA etc., etc... We said that we were aware of the risk of publishing that kind of contribution, counting on the so-called progressive and closed mentality and the mode of calling 'fascist' everything that doesn't match the prescribed way of wearing clothes, reading papers, going to clubs, etc. The article also caused us troubles in the way that other contributors were warned for their careers, we were banned from a radio-show, we were banned from concerts, and from a festival where all the bands refused to play with members of fascist Come Org., CLUB MORAL and ETAT BRUT (who were in FORCE MENTAL and in ILSE KOCH as well).

As FORCE MENTAL is being mentioned in the WHITEHOUSE interview, and a few vague accusations have been made, we would like to clarify a few things.

First of all we have included the 3 first issues of FORCE MENTAL, in issue 1 you will find the article by William BENNETT, in issue 2 a reaction on BENNETT's article by a Belgian journalist, and in issue 3 a letter by William BENNETT.

Now some history. FORCE MENTAL started in June 1982. The original idea came out of a magazine called DATA, which was only on experimental theatre. This magazine DATA was to be extended to other media as well, all experimental. Quite a few people were involved in it, and all had one specific medium, film, theatre, music, art, literature, science, video, etc... Then there was also the idea of working on thematic issues, having one specific theme linked to all kinds of experimental media. 1982 was a time of much stir on upcoming New Right forces, so it was obvious to do an issue on New Right. A discussion started to make out if DATA would criticize, encourage or despise the theme chosen. We finally decided we would try to make an objective view of what was happening on the theme. So for the first issue, on New Right, we started looking for people working in this direction, being pro as well as contra, to make a piece. For example, there would be a piece by/for SIEBERBERG for film. At that time WHITEHOUSE released BUCHENWALD, as they called it THE MOST VIOLENT MUSIC OF THE NEW RIGHT, we asked William BENNETT, whom we already knew by correspondence and work, to do an article on THE MOST VIOLENT MUSIC OF THE NEW RIGHT. BENNETT agreed and sent us 1 (one) article, the one published in FORCE MENTAL 1.

BENNETT although wrote us 'Look forward to Issue 2—it has certainly created quite a stir. We have had many letters who all agree that it was an excellent publication and the reaction has been completely favorable.' A letter we published in FORCE MENTAL 3. And also 'Many thanks for FM 2, an excellent magazine.'

The troubles with the Come Org. piece have been going on for almost a year, and we still get bad reactions sometimes now as well. The leaflet William mentions was made by the people of PSEUDO-CODE, who indeed xeroxed some excerpts and sent them around to warn their friends from the 'upcoming Brown forces or Black-shirts'. Later on someone in Antwerp also made a pamphlet to avoid people from buying FORCE MENTAL because we were supporting 'National Front' (in the same pamphlet they said WHITEHOUSE was forbidden to play in Britain, just to say how correct their information was), it turned out to be a simple matter of jealousy! In the meantime we are about to release issue 10 of FORCE MENTAL. It has improved, from 12 A3 pages in issue 1 on mat brown paper to 44 A4 pages on white glossy paper in an edition of 500, worldwide distributed. All articles are well translated in English and the quality of print is now very high and well-done. We have maintained our course of extremes, always presenting new artists and new visions, on music, art, film, video, theatre, performance, science, philosophy, dance and visuals. We also still maintain our course in presenting new ideas, worthwhile to publish, things you can't find anywhere else. Information which is widely accessible isn't our business, we don't offer our readers the latest reviews on Psychic TV, we don't publish Manson-speeches, we don't print Nazi-images or porn-collages as many other small magazines do. We don't want to create heroes or stars, we only offer information on interesting media, it's up to our readers to decide what they like or dislike in it. All we can say is that many people keep sending us information, and all contributors affirm that they have had many reactions after a publication and their work has improved in all possible ways.



In the three years we have had many reviews in other magazines, newspapers, and on radio and television. We can say our contacts have raised with about 500%, and indeed we might have changed a little bit of some people's attitude towards the culture of extreme music, art, performance etc. We also have just finished an exhibition in CLUB MORAL called IN VITRO. IN VITRO was an exhibition of independent releases, magazines, cassettes, records, books, videos. All these products, from about 100 different organizations and/or people, have been exhibited in glass cabinets, and sold, during 2 months. Over 200 people have visited IN VITRO, and almost 300 have seen the accompanying series of Live-concerts. Hundreds of letters we've got from people involved with independent releases, and a maximum of information has been passed through. Soon we will release a catalogue from IN VITRO, and have thereby improved a little bit further the situation of all independent releases.

AMVK, DDV,
editors of FORCE MENTAL

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