

SOUND CHOICE

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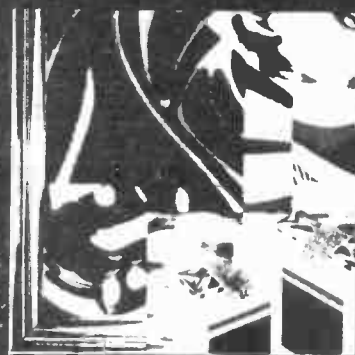
Bleached Black

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SOUND CHOICE

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DEADLINES FOR ISSUE #9
ARE: PLEASE CALL FOR INFORMATION
ADVERTISING RATES: SEE PAGE 92



Illustration By Patty Kenyon

COVER PHOTO: Butthole Surfers at Skateland, Oxnard, CA
(Photo By Wolfgang Leon M. Parr)

EDITOR/PUBLISHER: David Ciaffardini REVIEWS EDITOR: Wolfgang Leon M. Parr EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: Ted Labbe/Miriam DeQuadros/Loretta Wiese BUSINESS CONSULTANT: Jeff San Marchi

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HINTON TEMPLAR
THE TERRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT SHERILA
(Cassette, \$4.50, available March 25)

The product of over a year of intensive research, Hinton Templar's follow-up to their classic four-tracker "Ten's That You Wanted" takes the tools of musique concrete and electronic music and finds a completely new atmosphere for them. Unlike such "sound collage" work, HT's material is structured around the psychological and sociological subtlety of its source material. The point is not to be "hard" or "powerful" or "trance-inducing" or "ambient". Instead, Hinton Templar creates complex, alternate worlds which interact with our emotions and beliefs directly. The new release is denser and more complex than "What You Wanted," but sacrifices none of the subtlety of their earlier work.

HINTON TEMPLAR
THE TERRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT SHERILA
(Cassette, \$4.50)
Available March 25
A cassette of four tracks, each with a different atmosphere. The tracks are: "Ten's That You Wanted", "The Terrible Truth About Sherila", "The Sound of Silence", and "The Sound of Silence (Revised)".

BROOK HINTON
MANY ARE CHILLED BUT FEW ARE FROZEN
(Cassette, \$5.00)

Hinton's first solo release. The emphasis is on digital electronics and chance operations. There's also "Think", a "pop" song about christianity which is downright scary and doesn't sound like anything else in 4/4 time. The best way to describe this tape is our slogan - "Sonic Innovation." That's what it is. Send us your money or we won't send it to you.

DOLL PARTS
THE CLOWN THAT DEVOURS
(Cassette, \$4.50)

Doll Parts calls their unique mix of rhythms, synths, haunting vocals and sophisticated lyrics "PSYCHO CABARET". This is what early synth-pop should have evolved into - alternative sounds in genuine songs with real meaning. Some of the band also plays in Architect's Office, but this is something different - music that makes you dance and laugh and cry AND think.

TOM AND LORI
HANDS
(Cassette, \$5.00) (available in March)

Soundtrack to a multi-media project on the historic and psychological meanings and implications of hands. Spoken word, percussion and electronics, with influences run Gamelan. This thoughtful and effective work was originally released on Tangra records and tapes - this version has been re-sized and re-packaged for S&L by the artists.

KING'S HOUSE
KING'S HOUSE ONE
(Cassette, \$5.00)
AVAILABLE MARCH 12

The first studio release from these OVER THE EDGE cohorts is a retrospective of five years of bickering, noodling, explosions, car accidents, merchandise returned as defective, and revolutionary audio mayhem which spells the end of civilization as we know it. Communication is their domain. Guitars, percussion, home-made instruments, electronics, turntables, synthesizers, telephones, tape decks, television, radios, needlepoint, some of the more convenient household appliances, jolt, words and music used by permission, libretto may be duplicated for rehearsal purposes only, do not mail matches, and the piano are their weapons. But sometimes they only use one or two. Because they're King's House. Because you won't be able to hear their first LP on silent records for months. Because of you. King's House, King's House One. Brought to you by the Yellow Plate Family of Restaurants.

SubErc TRPICH

Institute

475 21st Ave.
San Francisco CA 94121

S TEMPLAR
SECOND CHANCE
(Cassette, \$4.00)

White Boy Medicine Show's songsmith abandons the no-holds-barred approach of that band on his first solo release, opting instead for a ringing symphony of guitars accompanying his strongest songs to date. A melancholy but uplifting tape, filled with the elusiveness that sadness brings, but never pretentious. Don't let the folk influence fool you - this is the best kind of acoustic music...the kind that comes from the heart.

ARCHITECT'S OFFICE
LIVE PERFORMANCES 1986
(Cassette, \$4.50, available in March)

Two beautifully recorded concerts by Boulder, Colorado's master sound re-constructionists. These works reflect a new maturity for NO - the unreal sounds which seem filtered through a mist combine to form a powerful, complete world...a magical garden of symphonic and electronic sounds, child-like in nature and yet thoroughly challenging in its complexity.

FOUR TRACK MIND
PILOT OF FOUR TRACK MIND
(Cassette, \$5.00)

A "best and the rest" collection featuring the strongest cassette releases recorded by the four members of the band. The new material is live-in-studio and the original releases have been re-sized and re-packaged for S&L by the artists.

OVER THE EDGE with KING'S HOUSE
THE NO IDEA SHOW
(Cassette, \$4.00)

OVER THE EDGE is the Universal Media Network's barrage/interruption which broadcasts weekly on KPFA, KPFB and KPFC, with alternating performances by King's House, Negativland and Fake Stone Age. There is nothing else like it. There is no way to describe it. In this episode (edited from five hours to ninety minutes) King's House attempts to find C. Elliot Friday, who is lost somewhere at Radio Moscow. Since no one there (and it's really Radio Moscow!) can find him, KH and host Don Joyce have no idea what to do. The tension is electrifying. This is the only official release of a King's House show on OVE. Complete shows are available for trade or for a small cost to collectors - please consult the list below for available programs.
*Masterful use of cut-ups and collage. King's House throws narrative into chance's lap while watching the magic unfold."
-R. Cascone, OPTION

WHITE BOY MEDICINE SHOW
COMPLETE
(Cassette, \$5.00)
Plus one hour of more from MUSIC and KING'S HOUSE SHOW plus unreleased live material.

KING'S HOUSE
A TRIBUTE TO GORDON JENKINS
(Cassette, \$4.50)
AVAILABLE MARCH 12

Gordon Jenkins recorded some strange records a long time ago. They were about a guy's dreams, a trip to Manhattan, and the history of California. They were the first concept albums. They had rousing songs and stories and dialog and the whole bit. Now that King's House has these records, they also have scratches and chips and indescribable changes. Now they are either funny or scary, at times even beautiful. Gordon Jenkins records are an important part of our musical heritage. King's House is our patriotic duty to buy this, no matter what country you live in. Issued in a strictly limited edition of 100 copies. Multiple copy discounts are not available on this release and it may not be re-issued.

BIG CITY ORCHESTRA
GATEWAY OF FRUIT LOOPS
(Cassette, \$5.00)

It goes on and on and on and you never want it to stop. The latest from these Santa Cruz noise-makers (the sax ones, no brot u beetels ell) runs the media through the meat grinder (with help from the best use of sampling we've heard yet) and comes out with a tasty breakfast treat, suitable for framing. Delicious. Like all S&L releases, this is the best release from anybody ever.

get out your magnifying glass.

read this ad.

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of sonic innovations

Evolution or Revolution?

Sound Choice magazine is a publication of the Audio Evolution Network, a not-for-profit, international organization dedicated to the positive evolution and liberation of music, audio art and related subjects.

Each issue of Sound Choice includes hundreds of reviews of independently manufactured and distributed recordings from a myriad of genres and locales. Be it jazz, blues, folk, reggae, rock, punk, spoken word, audio drama, modern classical, avant-garde or experimental, a reader would be hard pressed to find a type of audio art that is not covered in the pages of each issue of Sound Choice.

In addition to reviews, each issue contains provocative and inspiring articles, interviews, and opinions from people at the leading edge of the world-wide independent recording movement.

An important goal of Sound Choice is opening up channels of communication, encouraging direct contact between artists and their audience and helping artists themselves find like-minded collaborators. For this reason every review and nearly every article includes an address through which the artists discussed may be contacted.

Other recurring features include reviews of unusual, non-mainstream periodicals, non-commercial and college radio station listings, a "contact and sources" column, an "Unclassified Ad" section, and effective and inexpensive display advertising. These popular features assist readers--be they artists or art consumers-- in tapping into stimulating special interest networks and subcultures of like-minded people that might otherwise have gone unnoticed in this age of mass-media overload.

Bearing all of the above in mind, if you are not yet convinced of all the joy, education, stimulation and satisfaction you'll receive by immediately subscribing to Sound Choice, don't fret. We are going to make your decision easy for you by giving you our incredible, outrageous, limited-time

FREE CASSETTES OFFER!

This special offer makes subscribing to Sound Choice practically imperative for any one on the search for unusual, stimulating high-quality recordings from the world's audio underground. Turn this page over for the details.

Is this evolution or revolution? You decide!

CHOOSE TWO CASSETTES for each six issue subscription

- M-101 ALIEN PLANESCAPE: *Space Rock?...Nothing Special* (Space Station Studio)
- M-102 ART INTERFACE: *Great Big World of Noise & Shit*
- M-103 BAD BRAINS: *Classic ROIR Debut* (Roir)
- M-104 BANNED PRODUCTION: *No Choice--A banned Promo*
- M-144 BIG CITY ORCHESTRA: *Sound Choice Cassette Culture Selection*
- M-105 BORDERLESS COUNTRIES TAPES: "Grab bag selection" (BCT)
- M-106 DONALD CAMPAU: *Paralyzed By The Very Thought* (Lonely Whistle Music)
- M-107 CAROLINER RAINBOW GEMS YOU POOP OUT: "Two Caroliner cuts plus 3 more from other S.F. underground bands."
- M-108 PETER CATHAM: *Gum* (Permission Cassettes)
- M-109 CHURCH OF SUBGENIUS: *The Hour of Slack Show Sampler*
- M-110 NICOLAS COLLINS: *Devil's Music--Chicago/Berlin* (Trace Elements)
- M-146 DINO DIMURO: *Trouble At The Mutual Admiration Society*
- M-111 DOMINION: *The Oracle* (K.O. City Studio)
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- M-113 EUGENE ELECTRONIC MUSIC COLLECTIVE: *Northwest Passage*
- M-114 *Ft: Threshold* (Uddersounds)
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- M-118 SUE ANN HARKEY: *I Tell You Everything, Just Not Out Loud*
- M-119 BRET HART: *'Nother Administration/Skeleton in My Bed* (Kamsa Tai)
- O-148 JOHN HINDS: *Variations*
- M-120 BROOK HINTON: *Many Are Chilled But Few Are Frozen* (SEI)
- M-121 KEELER: *Lagerdemail*
- M-122 TROY KIMBER: *The Best of Troy Spencer Kimber*
- M-123 LADD-FRITH: *Ladd-Frith Music Sampler*
- M-124 LIVE WIRE: *Live Wire Compilation*
- M-125 ABNER MALATY: *Cracked!*
- M-126 ARNOLD MATHES: *Infinite Room*
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- M-128 MUMBLES: *Devil Box of the Gods*
- O-149 MUSIC WORKS: *President's Choice Selection*
- M-129 DAVID MYERS: *7x7+4* (Presence)
- M-130 NIGHTCRAWLERS: *Particle Mist*
- M-131 PHILIP PERKINS: *The Flam: of Ambition* (Fun Music)
- M-132 RAT BOX/PINK NOISE: *Rat Box/Pink Noise Sampler*
- M-133 LARRY RUHL: *Getting There*
- M-134 LAWRENCE SALVATORE: *I Love You (Say It With Bricks)*
- M-135 JUSTIN SARAGOZA: *Big City--Soundtrack from Silent Movie no. 2*
- M-147 LADONNA SMITH AND DAVEY WILLIAMS: *(as yet untitled)*
- M-136 SOUND OF PIG: *(grab bag selection)*
- M-137 DON SLEPIAN: *(to be announced)*
- M-138 PETER STENSHOEL: *Manifest Ecstasy*
- M-139 PAUL STURM: *(to be announced)*
- M-140 SUN CITY GIRLS: *Cloaven Theatre*
- M-141 UNITON RECORDS: *(Compilation Tape--Including Tim Story)*
- M-145 NIKOS VEROPOULOS: *Las Momias de Guanajuato*
- M-142 JOHN WIGGINS: *Angenic or Particle Music*
- M-143 YOUR MOM TOO: *England's Newest Hit Makers*

AUDIO ADVENTURES

Within this selection of cassettes are sounds that will rattle or roll your mind-set, notes that will expand your consciousness and voices that will take you to new heights of awareness.

Every tape here has been created by an artist or group who have taken control of their audio explorations from start to finish preserving the unique, interesting, provocative or idiosyncratic nature of their art as expressed through the cassette medium.

These are the sounds of the Audio Evolution Network, not all the sounds, but certainly representing the leading edges of various facets of contemporary cassette culture.

Several of these cassettes are extremely limited editions that were compiled or recorded specifically and exclusively for *Sound Choice* subscribers. There are tapes here that sound NOTHING like any record or cassette you have ever heard!

Subscribe to six issues of *Sound Choice* for \$12 (a savings of \$3 over newstand prices) and receive your choice of any two cassettes absolutely free (a value of up to \$20)!

But do it today so you don't miss one single issue of *Sound Choice*!

Supplies of cassettes are limited! All orders are first come, first served. Please select alternate tapes and list in order of preference.

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 Sound Choice Telephone: 805-646-6814

ART DAMAGE
by Dan Fioretti

STATE of the NETWORK



BerZerKEly Comix by Ace Backwards ©1987

'ELLO! THIS IS KEITH RICHARDS
HERE FOR 'HEROIN AID' ... Y'KNOW
THERE ARE ROCK STARS WHO GO TO
BED AT NIGHT WITHOUT EVEN ENOUGH
SKAG TO CATCH A BUZZ!



TAKE THE TRAGIC CASE OF BOY
GEORGE... THIS POOR, UNFORTUNATE
ROCK STAR NEEDS TO SCORE
\$1,200 A DAY TO SUPPORT HIS
HABIT! AND HE CAN'T DO IT
WITHOUT YOUR HELP!



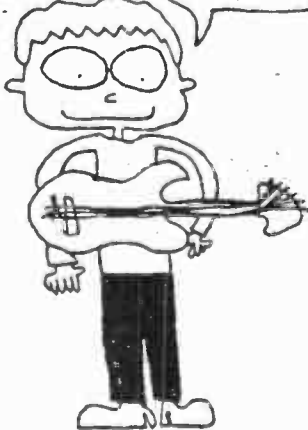
YOU CAN TURN THE PAGE OR YOU
CAN HELP THESE POOR CATS COP
A NOD... PLEASE HELP! BE A
DUDE, DO IT TODAY! THANK YOU!



THE LOST EDDIE CHATTERBOX COMICS!

by Eugene C. Fioretti

I'M DWEEZIL CHADBOURNE,
AND MY MOTHER IS A SPACE
CADET CUZ SHE DOESN'T READ
'SOUND CHOICE!'



I'M MOON CHADBOURNE, AND
'SOUND CHOICE' IS AWESOME, LIKE
TOE-DULLY!!



I'M SID CHADBOURNE, SAYING
MAINSTREAM ROCK PRESS SUCKS!
READ 'SOUND CHOICE' OR ELSE!!



Dan
Fioretti

BLACK FLAG III



SST 081 BLACK FLAG: Annihilate This Week (12" 45 \$6.50). The ultimate party anthem of all time is backed with Best One Yet and Sinking on this smoking 12" by Black Flag. Culled from "Who's got the 10 1/2?" these three are available only on this disc and the cassette (SST 060).



SST 060 BLACK FLAG: Who's Got The 10 1/2? (LP, CASS \$7.50). From the old classics: Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, My War, Wasted, and Louie, Louie, to the newest masterpieces: In My Head, Loose Nut, Slip It In, and Drinking And Driving. This release catches the Flag unfurled one night in Portland, Oregon. LP, 40 minutes, cassette, 70 minutes. Either version has enough Flag fury to raise the dead.



SST 045 BLACK FLAG: In My Head (LP, CASS \$7.50). Nine new Flag songs produced by Greg Ginn on this 1985 release of crunching rock tunes like Drinking and Driving, Retired At 21. Cassette features three bonus tracks.



SST 037 BLACK FLAG: The Process Of Weeding Out (12" 45, CASS \$7.00). Greg, Kira and Bill combine on this 1985 recording of four instrumental cuts of pure Flag fever. Screw The Law, The Last A- front, Southern Rise, and the title track.



SST 035 BLACK FLAG: Loose Nut (LP, CASS \$7.50). 1985 saw this release on nine slabs of Flag's potent blend of metal and madness. Greg, Kira, Henry and Bill combine to create classics like: Bastard In Love, Annihilate This Week, plus seven more.



SST 029 BLACK FLAG: Slip It In (LP, CASS \$7.50). Also released in 1984, this Flag album has Kira, Bill Henry and Greg working thru eight pile-driving songs like Slip It In, Black Coffee, My Ghetto, and You're Not Evil.



SST 023 BLACK FLAG: My War (LP, CASS \$7.50). This pivotal 1984 release features nine blasts of primal power. Henry and Greg are joined by Dale Nixon (Greg Ginn) on bass and Bill Stevenson on drums for My War, Nothing Left Inside, I Love You and Six more.



SST 015 BLACK FLAG: Everything Went Black (2xLP \$9.00). A compilation released in 1983. This record examines the era of Flag before Henry, Johnny Bob, Chavo, and Dez plus outrageous radio ads. Songs include Gimme (three versions), My Rules, and Louie Louie.

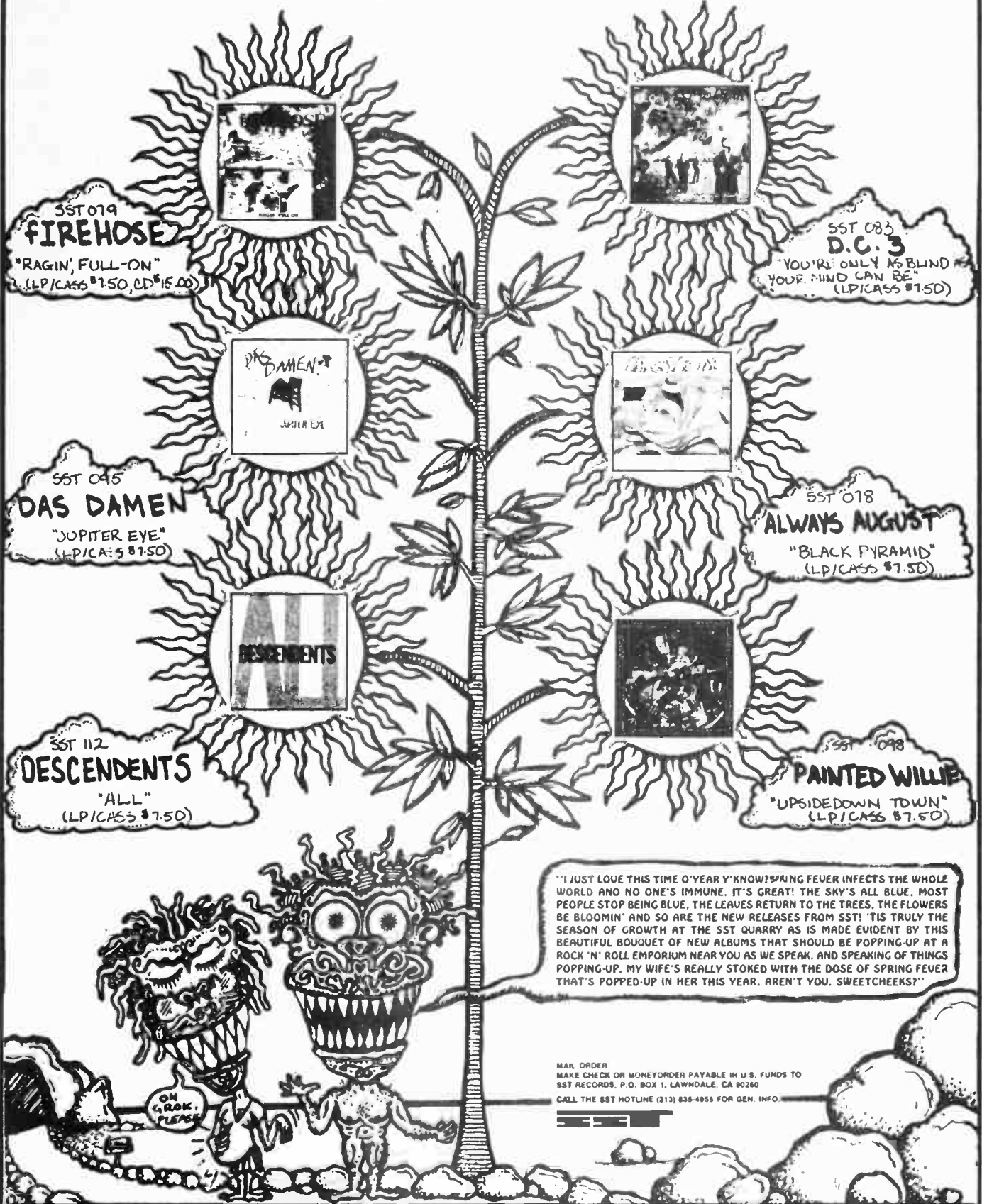


SST 007 BLACK FLAG: Damaged (LP, CASS \$7.50). Recorded in 1981, the songs on this LP defined an era. Dez Cadena has moved to guitar and Henry Rollins takes over as vocalist. Stunning dual guitar flag on Rise Above, Damaged I & II and 15 others.

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SST



SST 079
FIREHOSE
"RAGIN', FULL-ON"
(LP/CASS \$7.50, CD \$15.00)

SST 083
D.C. 3
"YOU'RE ONLY AS BLIND
AS YOUR MIND CAN BE"
(LP/CASS \$7.50)

SST 045
DAS DAMEN
"JUPITER EYE"
(LP/CASS \$7.50)

SST 018
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"BLACK PYRAMID"
(LP/CASS \$7.50)

SST 112
DESCENDENTS
"ALL"
(LP/CASS \$7.50)

SST 048
PAINTED WILLIE
"UPSIDE-DOWN TOWN"
(LP/CASS \$7.50)

"I JUST LOVE THIS TIME O'YEAR Y'KNOW? SPRING FEVER INFECTS THE WHOLE WORLD AND NO ONE'S IMMUNE. IT'S GREAT! THE SKY'S ALL BLUE. MOST PEOPLE STOP BEING BLUE. THE LEAVES RETURN TO THE TREES. THE FLOWERS BE BLOOMIN' AND SO ARE THE NEW RELEASES FROM SST! 'TIS TRULY THE SEASON OF GROWTH AT THE SST QUARRY AS IS MADE EVIDENT BY THIS BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF NEW ALBUMS THAT SHOULD BE POPPING-UP AT A ROCK 'N' ROLL EMPORIUM NEAR YOU AS WE SPEAK. AND SPEAKING OF THINGS POPPING-UP. MY WIFE'S REALLY STOKED WITH THE DOSE OF SPRING FEVER THAT'S POPPED-UP IN HER THIS YEAR. AREN'T YOU, SWEETCHEEKS?"

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SST

Introducing the Audio Answer Man

and another great tape is born



Everyone from the FCC to the PMRC, Jello Biafra to Zappa are talking about dirty recordings. Who's going to clean up the music business? You are! It all starts with a little alcohol and a cotton swab...

In his premier column our Audio Answer Man tells you how to safely take the dirt out of your tape recorder so you can eliminate the kind of dirty recordings you may be making every time you punch a record button.

Bruce Black, the Sound Choice Audio Answer Man, owns and operates The Truck Mobile Recording Facility, an impressive studio-on-wheels from which he, putting it modestly, has "recorded a lot of names you would probably recognize."

He also worked for Teac Corp., reporting proudly that he "interfaced a lot between the end users and the design department."

Black also owns Black Audio Devices which designs and manufactures special mechanical items for the audio world such as replacement parts for mic booms.

In addition, Bruce is currently the senior technician for Cannon Films. He helped build Cannon's new audio facility and has designed and built many electronic devices for them.

With this recurring column, Bruce says he wants "to share the knowledge and tricks I've learned (the hard way) over the years. The easiest way for me to do this is to make it a "Question and Answer column".

Bruce Black obviously has the hands-on practical audio experience to make him an extremely valuable part of Sound Choice and the Audio Evolution Network. But Bruce, like a lot of us, thrives on interaction. He needs your questions so he can be most responsive to the specific audio needs of individuals out there. He doesn't want to fall into the vacuum of just hyping new audio equipment. Audio Salesmanship is not his business--Recording is!

So if you have a question about anything audio, ask Bruce, the Audio Answer Man. If you don't ask Bruce, you're going to be wasting a very valuable AEN resource.

Give him one of those questions that have stumped other "audio experts." And don't be afraid to ask those very simple practical questions--the kind home studio users have most often. Above all Bruce says he wants to increase Sound Choice reader's "working knowledge and skill in the audio recording process."

Bruce Black knows recording studios, big and small. He even has one he drives around on freeways! He's got the answers or knows who does. Ask the Audio Answer Man!

BY BRUCE BLACK

Since some people view the audio realm as somewhere between black magic and necessary evil, I will be trying to keep the language simple and easy to understand. For those who are into electronics, modifications and do-it-yourself projects, there will also be things for you.

Want to know how to build a direct box that's just like the ones used in a lot of major studios? Want to build a high quality mic preamp? It's yours for the asking. All you have to do is write. Get involved. It'll be an easy way to become more proficient at recording, and your reward will be recordings that sound better.

There is a lot of knowledge in audio that is not taught, and not written down anywhere. I don't know why it's that way, but there are many things that the veterans know only from experience.

Learning these things has provided many harrowing moments for many seasoned engineers.

What I hope to do here is to pass along as many of these tricks and secrets as I can. But you have to do your part--send in your questions. We can talk about ground loops, ways to make your one string track sound bigger and stereo, figure out why that track was all distorted when the levels looked OK on the meter and other fun operational stuff.

We can look at ways you can hot rod your equipment. We can find out why the tape crawls out from between the capstan and the pinch roller when it's playing.

What's the best mic for a given instrument? We can look at what equipment has the best value. You provide the questions, and I'll provide the information.

Because I don't have any questions to answer yet, I want to talk about one of the most important things in getting a good sound recording...cleaning your equipment!

How do I properly clean my equipment without damaging it?

First on the list is making sure that you have clean heads on your machine. Dirty heads can give you bad high frequency response in both record and playback, as well as ruin tapes and speed up head wear. (Getting new heads put on your machine is a major pain in the rear, both time-wise and financially, so keep them clean!)

When you play a tape on a machine with a dirty tape path (guides, heads, capstan, pinch roller) you run the risk of depositing dirt on the tape itself. Once the tape is dirty, that's it. If there is a way to effectively clean tape without damaging it, I don't know about it.

Think of what can happen to those important master tapes. It's worth the tedium to know that whatever gets played on the machine won't get ruined with one pass through the tape path. If you record at someone else's studio, check their heads before you put your tape on the machine.

So what's the best way to do it? You know how dentists tell you to brush your teeth up and down and not sideways? Very important NOT to do your heads that way.

If you go up and down you can force microscopic dirt into the gap. (You might be able to see the gap on your machine--it runs up and down the head at a right angle to the tape.) That spells death to heads.

The most common tool to use is a Q-Tip or similar cotton swab. You can also use Texwipes, if you're familiar with them, as they will not damage the head and have a very low lint quotient. What you don't want is something that has a lot of lint, or can scratch the heads or guides. You scratch those and you start scraping the oxide off the tape. The oxide is the part of the tape that remembers your music.

There are a number of cleaning fluids you can use. I use Teac stainless polish. It is the same as their head cleaner except that it has a silicone lubricant in it that helps prolong head life. I have also used Freon TF which works well and doesn't leave any residue. You can use denatured alcohol. Don't use anything that has any oil in it, like rubbing alcohol. What doesn't evaporate will end up on your tape, and as I said before, you can't clean a dirty tape.

Most pinch rollers are made of rubber and so require special attention when being cleaned. Use only a cleaner that is specifically made for this use. I use Teac rubber cleaner conditioner, as it contains no alcohol and has conditioners to prolong the roller's life. Alcohol will dry out the rubber and the symptoms of a dead pinch roller will freak you out if you don't know what they're telling you. After that you'll be spending lots of money on new pinch rollers--the parts department will know you on a first name basis. Freon TF is OK. If anyone tells you that their head cleaner can be used on rubber and it contains alcohol, they're wrong and you will join them in frequent pinch roller department.

When you're done cleaning everything, it's not a bad idea to repeat the process with a dry swab. This will make sure that

what cleans the tape path won't attempt to clean your tape.

How often should I clean my tape recorder?

A good rule of thumb is to clean it before and after every session. That way if you forget to do it once, yesterday's session work won't be a black hole for your high frequency on today's work. If you're doing a long session, like an all day (or all night) it's a good idea to clean the tape path whenever you take a break--a clean tape path is a happy tape path!

What about demagnetizing?

It should definitely be done before cleaning the heads. A little dirt from the demagnetizer and you've just wasted the cleaning job you just did. Believe me, there have been many times that I cleaned the heads twice.

The verdict isn't in on demagnetizing, believe it or not. I've read and spoken with people on both sides of the fence, and both sides have good points. Since a build up of magnetism on a head can degrade high frequency response, I do it. (High frequency response seems to be on all the hit lists.)

The best demagnetizer I know of (I own one, Cannon owns many) is the Handi-Mag. Its tip can get into the most confined head shell, and it has a plastic coating that prevents it from scratching the head if the tip comes in contact with it.

Two considerations are really important when you use that thing:

First, make sure that any tapes are as far away from it as possible--it will erase them better than anything else in your studio (remember your test tapes).

Second, move it slowly when you're within two feet of any tape heads. I won't get into the physics of magnetic fields et al, but suffice it to say that you can permanently magnetize your heads if you go zipping around with that thing.

Permanently magnetized heads are permanently dead heads. A demagnetizer is a wonderful tool for maintaining your machine, but used improperly, it can also do a lot of damage.

So move slow and if you want to be real audiophile, rotate it around its axis as you slowly move toward or away from your heads.

You don't have to touch the head, just get within a quarter inch or so. You may also find that the demagnetizer pulls toward the head as you get close and may actually touch it. If its tip is protected, it doesn't matter (just make sure you clean the head well).

If you have a demagnetizer that has a tip that maybe could perhaps once in a blue moon think about scratching the heads, go right now and put something soft and protective over it. A scratched head is a soon-to-be-replaced head.

See you next issue.

Send your audio questions to Bruce Black, The Audio Answer Man c/o Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA

OUTWARD INWARD

The Haters' Positive Destruction

Tom Fuigas

Ken Clinger

Wintermute

Penderewski's

Children

Milwaukee's Homebrewed Noiseartists

Boy Dirt Car

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LETTERS

Be like those other magazines!

Sound Choice:

You should cover artists who are successful yet original and independent. Inevitably you have labeled as "commercial", "pop" or "pawn of the music industry," anyone who has sold over 100,000 albums. Many sincere musicians who have not "sold out" to W.E.A. are appreciated and supported by audiences in the neighborhood of approximately 100,000.

When you reject artists like David Borden (*We never did that!*) as too crass I start wondering what you want.

I remember attending Philip Glass concerts in the late 1960's at NYU and University of Pennsylvania. Thirty people were in the audience. Many times the musicians almost outnumbered the listeners. Would you publish anything about such an artist today if you knew he would eventually become popular 20 years later and also do personal endorsements of bourbon in Time Magazine ads?

I remember, the Beatles were distributed by an independent label--namely Apple Records. (*Apple, a failed attempt, was distributed by Capitol.*--ed)

I remember helping Daevid Allen of Gong tour America in a 1969 oil guzzling Ford Station wagon. This was after he was "commercial" enough to record for Virgin records--the commercial label that gave us the Sex Pistols, Human League, etc., etc. Where do you draw your artificial line?

Sincerely,
George O., Moab, Utah

Why does Sound Choice get so much flak for promoting independent label music exclusively? Aren't there already plenty of magazines that follow the majors? Why do people keep insisting that Sound Choice should cover major label artists also

happen to believe that the independent path provides a musician an important alternative to the major label path. The two main reasons I caution people against pursuing a major label contract are: 1) You'll tie yourself up with contractual obligations eliminating your freedom to record and release records and tapes when and how you want to, even though, except in rare circumstances, you probably aren't earning any more money than if you had released your music independently.

Daevid Allen, being an example.) Joan LaBarbara said recently that her album on Warner's Nonesuch label has sold less copies than her independently released records. (If she can believe the accounting Warner's offers her). Major labels are known to sign up independent bands who pose potential competition to the majors, then make sure the band does not succeed even on the major label. This way the majors can control the competition against bands on their label that they feel more comfortable promoting and grooming for maximum profitability.

Contracting with a major label means you become a supporting part of a music business system that is dishonest, destructive, and anti-evolutionary--in the 1940s for instance RCA, Columbia, and Warners actively suppressed the introduction of FM radio, delaying its introduction to consumers for 10 years

because they didn't want FM to compete with the introduction of television. RCA, Columbia and Warners are part of NBC, CBS, and ABC respectively. The discoverer/inventor of FM was extremely frustrated and died under mysterious circumstances before anyone but scientists and industry big wigs knew of his invention.

The business procedures and ethics of the majors are unscrupulous beyond imagination. The heads of these companies, who earn millions of dollars each, each year, are greedy, exploitive and are not above overseeing payola and even murders to get their way.

If you doubt these accusations, do some research. Start by checking out the following books and you'll get an appreciation for my point-of-view: Rock 'n'Roll Is Here to Pay by Steve Chapple and Reebee Garofalo; Nelson Hall, 1977 (out of print, but well-worth looking for); Money For Nothing: Greed and Exploitation in the Music Business, by Simon Garfield, Faber and Faber, 1986; Dark Victory: Ronald Reagan, MCA and the Mob, by Dan Moldea, Viking Press, 1986.

I don't get mad at people who sign up with majors--the dilemma is a tough one, especially for musicians with ethics--but I don't have to encourage or condone that behavior. There will always be enough great independent music and musicians to fill every page of Sound Choice. If your major label friends aren't getting enough print exposure, complain to those other magazines.

The majors are their business, not Sound Choice's.--D.C.

Frontier Records Prez gets militant while waiting for key to kingdom

David,

You are a very tiresome burnout and I certainly don't have to justify anything we do to you but since you completely don't get the point of what we are trying to do when we advertise in things we can't necessarily afford like *Gavin, Rip* etc., I thought I'd explain it to you: we are trying to RAISE the profile of this label, moron, not climb back into the hole of nowhere fanzines and carrier current radio stations.

We send tons of promos to nowhere fanzines and carrier current stations still and always will, we can't continue to put out records unless we reach a healthy amount of people. People with commanding jobs like AOR djs, retail reporters and record store managers, y'know people that can help the cause of independent labels.

I have no time for this isolationist attitude that we must keep this to ourselves. Maybe this is a hobby for you but speaking for my bands, they're attempting to eke out a living being musicians. I suppose this is a crime to small minds such as yours, who knows and who cares? You obviously revel in wasting your time by reaching the same 100 people over and over. They are converted. The next hundred and the next hundred need to hear the news, need to stop buying bad records by major labels with only one purpose: to not bother anyone.

I need the attention of the people with the keys to the kingdom. Frontier Records in its present state can only conquer by infiltration. That's why we make jackets that look like jackets and not the enthusiastic work of kindergarteners and try to make records that sound like records.

Playing with the big guys takes guile. You will never understand that I am more militant than you'll ever be.

If I haven't advertised in your magazine (*you haven't--DC*) it's

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because I think you're not interested in even basic standards of writing and/or production. I don't owe you a living, I don't owe you a fucking thing and you making rash personal attacks on me hasn't really furthered your cause. Would you care to produce someone who hasn't been paid by me, fuckhead? You suggesting that I bend for anyone, even as a figure of speech, will land you a punch in the mouth next time I have the misfortune of hearing you blather at some function where everyone is dreading running into you. That you choose to take a non-personal comment personally tells me more about you than you ill-typed letter ever could. Go fuck a dead dog.
Sincerely,
Lisa Fancher, President, Frontier Records, Sun Valley, CA

Dear Lisa:
I apologize. It wasn't my intention to offend you. I simply chose to take your promo material more seriously than most people, and react to it. I suppose most people really do ignore the promo stuff you send out. I don't. I read it and I think about it. If nothing else, I thought that my letter would show you that your material does not reach deaf ears or blind eyes and does cause a reaction. It's nice to know now, that correspondence I send to Frontier is not ignored either. I do appreciate very much and am grateful for the time and effort you took to answer my letter.

I'm very glad to hear that you pay your bands. As I'm sure you're aware many people in your position at other companies, past and present, cheat their musicians. I too want good bands to be able to make a living with their music and as long as Frontier can help people do that, while maintaining honesty and integrity, I'll wish you the best of luck regardless of whether or not you have an appreciation of Sound Choice's role in all of this. (It's my impression that you do not--hence my previous letter.)

I do think you misconstrue the intent and the readership of Sound Choice. That is a whole 'nother story and I suppose time and more issues of SC will put that in better perspective. Suffice to say that I don't think Sound Choice is a "nowhere fanzine" and we clearly do reach beyond the "same 100 converted people." (Converted to what?)

Also, I don't revel in the Sound Choice low-budget production qualities. Unfortunately that is the price we've had to pay to this point to keep our overhead low and be able to survive and provide our readers and advertisers a lot for their money. Drawing on one of your analogies, I know that a lot of our readers have given up grovelling for the keys to a kingdom they don't have much fondness for anyway. In many ways we're creating a new kingdom and are doing our best to GIVE the keys away rather than reserve them for the highest bidder or the best corporate boot-licker. You are making a mistake if you view this as isolationism. We simply want to avoid the locked doors and other boundaries set up in our culture that put a hardship on artists and art appreciators whose primary motivating factor is not the accumulation of personal monetary wealth. We have reached a state of cultural decline. Some things and attitudes are ready for change.

*Also, please understand that my personal opinions don't reflect those of all the writers, contributors and readers of Sound Choice. We take input from a broad spectrum of people with a broad spectrum of ideas and attitudes. We hope to always maintain this approach.
Sincerely, David C.*

Won't buy majors, can't afford indies either

Dear Sound Choice,

This is an open letter to three people:

- 1) Eugene Chadbourne: if you sell out to the Boys in Blue, you are just another commodity. You might as well hang yourself. I've always thought you as an artist were interesting, though I've only heard a couple of your tunes on *Guitar Solos 3 LP*. I'd like to hear more, eventually, but if I spot you on a major label, I'll do more than wipe my ass with it, I'll jack off in it and send it to you! HA!
- 2) Vrtacek: You're an elitist pig. So you want to quit writing record reviews because 'amateurism is being elevated to style!?' So what? At least they try and do something instead of get drunk and watch T.V. Only through constant effort and trying does amateurism *get* elevated to style. Your yuppie viewpoint does not impress me. Your style is elevated to 'amateurism. Don't go away mad, jez go away. Good riddance.
- 3) Ciaffardini: Keep up your rantings, ravings and diatribes. I like it. A publication with balls and an editor to scratch 'em. Only radicals (even if they're marxist-oriented cassette-mongers) make a difference. Sorry, I don't have 12 bucks to subscribe. Even for free tapes.
PUKE PAGAN

Aspiring Writer Dept., Case 001

Chaff-Houdini:

Fuck you with a Craftsman rotary drill. The one thing a "mature" editor/publisher learns is that he may fight with, squabble with and generally insult other editors and publishers, but he never pisses off his writers. Otherwise, he has no one to come over and play in his sandbox. Even Coley has more cool.

I'm very sorry that I am not fit fare for your sensitive readers because others enjoy my writing and pay for it, and that you have to frame it with insults. All it means is that Sound Cheese has disappeared from my mental universe. No word of mouth. No recommendations. Nothing.

Check your files. You might recall the letter I sent explaining that I would contribute if I got a comp subscription (I get up to 50 cents/word from others and a labor of love may be a labor of love but it also takes away from fattening my bank account). You don't publish my material after soliciting in the first place and then send me a renewal notice? Ho, ho, ho. Droll.

BTW--the item I sent two years ago, a Chicago "Scene Report," had nothing to do with anyone's company. You were just a lazy shit and didn't publish it.

I have copies of everything I sent, and there was little difference between it and anything in *Option*. I've written bad pieces in my time, but I'm afraid I and my editors at nine other mags can't agree that it "sucks." The way the music business works is that companies produce products for us to use. We must refer to them by name. You can only have so many people sending in HOW TO BUILD AN ILLEGAL FM RADIO articles right? I gave you your chance, Dave, but we've only so many hours



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on this mortal coil! Well, it's a free country. Too bad Sound Choice isn't a free mag. Good luck, and remember, only YOU can prevent forest fires!

Craig "Fifty cents per word" O'Donnell, Chicago, IL
c: OPTion (they'll get a real good laugh)

Craig:

's my understanding that the only time you've ever been paid \$.50 a word is when contracted by businesses to write positive things about them and their products. That doesn't bother me. But I think you should grant me the prerogative to reject your articles even if you do offer them to us for free. Even that Chicago scene report you sent was bloated with information about your windy city business associates but ignored important things our readers were interested in. I'm sorry you didn't appreciate my personal note and straightforward criticism. I guess it was for writing pros like you that an editor invented the form letter rejection notice. But please be assured, I wish you no ill will, and wish you the best of luck finding your niche with editors who better appreciate your professional talent. Keep plugging away at those other magazines and if you work hard enough, long enough and cheap enough, they'll probably let you put your name on a stack of their business cards and this will help you get more of those \$.50 per word assignments that we know you love. Unfortunately, with the attitude you've shown so far, we had to conclude that even when offered free, your kind of professional skills are more than we can afford at this time.--D.C.

Aspiring Writer Dept., Case 002

Dave,
Thanks a lot for printing my hErdcore article like you said you would. I should 'ahve figured. Just another tamelame/collegiate underground consumer rag. Eugene C and his tame, redundant ilk are about your speed. I quit making distinctions between underground and mainstream ("oh my oh foul corporate rock etc.") The only distinction that matters is access and denial. You gutless cunt, you and *maximum rock n roll* who wouldn't even take money and advertising from me, stupid ideologues.

I sound frustrated I am because my style and intelligence and genuine scaberous charm bounce off of bland petty nabobs like you.

Due to your pretentious pseudo-communal rhetoric and all your worthless reviews. I'd rather use my time and money to create something substantial so fuck off I guess. Yeah, you'll be busy for a while. There's always a bunch of little adolescents making thoughtfully obscure tapes and books so anal geeks like you can review them and pretend you're part of something.

Respectfully yours,

Adam Eisenstat, recently run out of Pittsburgh, PA, *accused of illegally taping phone conversations. Charges of distributing obscene material to a minor were filed last year in another incident and later dismissed. Original copies of his tape "Pornographic Nightmare" are classics but were taken off the market because of what Eisenstat calls "F.B.I. prohibition."* We can understand why he sounds so nervous. His "hErdcore" article needs updating, but I guess he's in no mood to do a second draft.--ed.)

Contributors lack faith, experimentors need purpose

Dear Sound Choice,

Sound Choice is less than sufficient, and most of its critics are dimwits for one and for the same reason: a lack of a strong faith in the importance of truth, life and humanity.

Opinions do not exist to be respected and experimentation is not an end in itself. There must be fundamental truths that would need to exist if either the importance of experimentation, or the right to an individual opinion were to be justified. Yet these fundamental truths are never more than alluded to in either the letters or other contributions to Sound Choice. People involved with your magazine continue to argue however, so I have been led to believe that this ignorance of the necessity for faith in human consequence is the reason that most of these people are timid in asserting their arguments, and/or are arbitrary and irrational in the forming of them, and/or become defensive when someone else dares to make a statement concerning something the offended one feels is unimportant, or taboo.

All experiments are done for some reason. Only occasionally is an experiment done for a good, purposeful reason. The results of an experiment will usually bear some relation to the intent of the experiment and the more arbitrary and trivial the experiment the more likely the results of the experiment will be arbitrary and trivial.

If human existence has something to do with love, joy and respect and if these three have something to do with thought and feeling; and if these two have something to do with order observation and purpose then it becomes difficult to imagine experimentation being something that is an end in itself for the following reason: There is a difference between that which simply exists, and that which is good, useful, or of consequence to human beings. Arbitrary, non-human reality is infinitely divisible, expandable, inter-related and cross-referenced and yet still remains uniformly arbitrary. Every experiment done arbitrarily will only allow an experimenter, and those he may influence into an infinite reality of nothingness, which is not at all conducive to their kind of reality, which consists of thought and feeling and a varying degree of self-awareness.

We can see, if we try hard enough, that most of the experiments that ever amounted to anything were those that were conducted with some broad, serious purpose in mind. Such purposeful experimentation resulted in amplification, syncopation, chording, etc.

As a matter of human fact, experimentation probably arises spontaneously and is pursued to great effect when it is preceded by great desire, intelligence and purpose confronting some problem. Of course it is true that we all seem to have a great deal of difficulty recognizing those things that are problems nowadays.

What is the point of free speech but to say something and influence or affect others by saying something. And what is the point of saying something unless to say something intelligent, and with purpose. If we are not going to speak intelligently and with purpose then we have no justification in thinking that free speech is a right. The only justification for freedom of speech is the maintenance of a sane, rational democratic-republic state, or pursuit of whatever degree such a state can be attained.

There is no arbitrariness involved in free speech. If you just do not like to hear the opinion of someone about a certain subject

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you do not want to hear about then you just do not like to hear about it.

Let the living live and the dying die.

As inscrutable as a rabid bat,

Torquamaligula Rex
AKA Lance Koenings
20192 Itasca St.
Apple Valley, CA 92307

Dear David,

Okay, okay...after 3 years of exposing my music to the jaded ears of the critics and public, the April '87 Sound Choice has given me my first truly "bad" review (for *Trouble At The Mutual Admiration Society*). I'm sure the many cassette artists I've criticized in the pages of *Option* are dancing with joy over phrases like "sophomoric" and "discardable", along with the reference to "bad drum machines".

Truthfully, Larry Polansky's review is a model of fairness, and I appreciate the effort he took to point out some of the positive aspects, despite his negative reaction. I'd only like to point out that TATMAS was actually recorded and released in early 1985 and was sent to Sound Choice as part of the "Free Cassette" deal almost a year ago. It's frustrating to be judged by an older cassette after releasing four new solo works and four collaborations, almost all of them with REAL DRUMS, newer equipment, etc.

Just thought I'd mention it...

Dino DiMuro

Dino, despite the valid criticism, anyone who hears that tape can tell you're talented and skilled. And modest too, not even mentioning the Emmy award you received recently for television sound engineering. We look forward to hearing your latest tape!--D.C.

One question...

Hey Dave,

...One question regarding major labels being facist, money grubbers etc. (am I paraphrasing you OK?) (No, you're not.--DC) A friend of mine read some of your comments on Chadbourne and had generally gotten you anti-majors drift over the issues. One question we both are curious about. What the hell's the real philosophical difference between a label like Relativity or Enigma (yes I do think SST and maybe Homestead are different) and say A&M, Capitol (who distribute Enigma with EMI) Columbia, Warner Bros. (who distribute Slash)??? Also, what's this deal about Contra Aid? It's very possible that some of these guys gave campaign \$\$\$ to Reagan...but do you really think they just send bundles of money down to Nicaragua? Do Contras listen to Madonna? Do they buy Michael Jackson albums? (This is fun)....what do you think?

Later,

Brad Bradberry, Boulder Creek, CA

Institute for Invisible Language

ALL CHEMIX RADIO SERIES



You don't hear much about radio plays anymore. They are still made of course, but if people talk about them at all, it is mostly about the past. If you listen to those oldies, they sound like a motion picture without the picture.

The listener is blind. It is the sound that creates pictures in the imagination. The eye is a realist, the ear is half a poet. That's why a movie soundtrack without the movie is not a radio drama.

As soon as television took over, the radio play died. So did theaters, cinemas, concert halls etc. They are all on the tube now but it is not the same experience as the original stuff. Of course there are still theaters and groups playing in them. Some are very good but you could not call it a popular medium anymore. Only a small elite visits the theater, concert hall, opera, etc. etc. or listens to a radio drama.

Radio drama is dead as a vital medium. Most of the creations in this field are well made, able, perfectly produced and regularly transmitted audio works but they don't leave much of a trace. It's not like the good old time when the entire family gathered around the radio for 'Lights Out' or 'The Shadow.'

Era of the replay
We are witnessing an era of the replay. Even

ry old sitcom is repeated on television and even brand new series start to look more and more like the old ones. We have seen it all before and we know that we will see it a thousand times again.

There seems to still be

the background. Watching a movie makes you unaware of the music. If you listen only to the soundtrack without watching the pictures, the sound will soon get on your nerves...

Older people remember



a demand for the radio plays from the "Golden Era." They are for sale on records and tapes and they are of course regularly transmitted.

It seems that everybody you ask, loves radio plays, but only a few listen to them. Many books are still sold but few of them actually read.

BBC Radio Plays have not changed much over the years. They are a little streamlined perhaps, but in general it is the same picture as in other countries with state radio. Germany even regards the radio play as high art, creating serious avant-garde festivals for them, as to stress that the time of the popular mass medium is over.

Pictures force sound to

a unique type of experience that they had while listening to those classic radio dramas. TV has never replaced or recreated that. It just is not the same as it felt then. Listening to the old recordings does not bring back that feeling either. They sound dated and funny now. Has TV spoiled us for radio plays? Is that experience lost forever? Is it impossible nostalgia....did it exist at all?

In daily life our attention is focused. Two people talking to each other next to a busy intersection, effectively block out the noise. They don't HEAR it. You need to focus to hear. If you stop the car in the desert and step out in the sand,

you will be overwhelmed by the silence.

The longer you listen, the more you will hear. In the end there will be no silence at all.

The sound effects of radio plays are in daily life barely noticed. The radio makers hope that the dialogue blocks out the restaurant sounds in the background, just like you normally do. When the actors are bad, the background takes over.

Most radio plays are written. Well known writers get invited to create a play from radio. Some writers are specialized. In Germany composers get commissions to write (compose) radio plays.

Writing is a lonely occupation. The writer sits behind a typewriter and has to sweat it out. That is where the "supreme moment of creation" takes place, right there at the typewriter. The writer creates the play before the actors can bring it back to life again.

It is very hard, if not impossible for an actor to bring a written idea to life. Because the moment of actual creation took place in the past. That moment of discovery, invention, adventure and wonder took place somewhere in a room at a typewriter. In silence.

The interpretation of the director and the actor are already second hand. The past. It is always a misunderstanding. Because I myself

would have interpreted the script quite differently. If you see the movie after the book, you will be very disappointed if you read the book yourself.

If you meet a person who would talk to you the way actors talk to each other in radio plays, you probably would think there is something fatally

wrong with the poor slob, except in England of course where only actors talk normally and everybody else acts.

Radio Plays are made in much the same way as movies. The actors come to the studio and get the script. Many of them don't bother to read it before, since they know that mistakes can always be 'fixed in the mix'.

After the recordings are finished, a final cut is made. All the good parts are selected and edited. Mistakes, coughs, wrong lines and unwanted noises are removed, music and/or sound effects added, all the scenes put in the right following order until the play is ready for transmission



.Dissecting a living body, taking it completely apart and putting it together again, most of the time results in death or the creation of a monster.

In the movies every scene is repeated until the director thinks it is perfect. It's like shooting a photograph with a motor drive on your camera. You shoot a few rolls, so there is more chance you'll have a 'good' one....or like hunting polar bears from a helicopter with a stungun....or fishing with hend grenades.

Practically everything we hear and see is a cut up. Only 'live' transmissions are shown in one go, but the director cuts up the images that come in from at least four cameras, using an extensive range of equipment for replay, delay, special effects, etc. etc.

The idea that everything can be 'fixed in the mix' allows for an analytical type of fractured creation process. In a 24 track studio all the members of the group can play on a different

day. Actors can work on a movie and have no idea what the story is all about.

When somebody on television looks out of a window, there is always something happening. When YOU look nothing is happening. No murder, collision, love scene, earthquake or monster digging up your garden.

Everyday reality is totally boring compared to television. That's perhaps the reason why Los Angeles, the capital of television, is also the world capital of total and inescapable boredom.

To remember what you saw on TV last week is hard. Top 40 hits are forgotten as soon as they're off the charts, most movies can't be seen more

than once (if at all).

The attention span of people in the West has become quite short. Video clips and soap operas have scenes that last 4 to 6 seconds to keep your attention. Some viewers watch movies on video at double the speed, only slowing down when something interesting happens.

Radio Plays can be speeded up too. Media Barrages of the Church of Sub Genius consist of very short fragments of other radio shows. Some actors (Firesign Theater) simply talk faster, but you can't speed up talking very much, so most radio plays are slow, compared to the frantic pace of TV. That's why they might sound so hopelessly outdated. You have to actually sit down and listen intently. We are too impa-

tient for that...Only in cars, when you're forced to sit and stare at white lines...

In North Africa, where most people don't read or write, the Oral Tradition is kept alive in the market place and by the radio. The story teller sits on a carpet and hundreds of listeners are glued to his lips for hours on end. Even if you (as a foreigner) don't understand a word of it, you'll find yourself fascinated too...

Eavesdropping is fascinating

If you pick up the phone and you hear (before you even dial) a conversation by two unknown phone users, there is a good chance that you will be fascinated too. If you dare to keep listening in of course.

When you meet your old friend and you talk for hours, afterwards you don't remember the words or even much of the content. You remember the feeling of that conversation, the atmosphere.

If somebody in a restaurant starts to cry, everybody will feel it. Nobody can shut that feeling out. You too will be affected. In music that feeling is essential if you want to sell records. If music does not have an effect on the underbelly, if it does not "swing", if it doesn't have "soul" or whatever the different generations call it, it doesn't work. It doesn't matter how professional you are, if it doesn't come alive, forget it.

In the early days of recording, an opera singer came to a studio in the morning facing 20 microphones, each

connected to a record cutter. In each microphone he sang the same song. At the end of the day he had produced 20 records.

Those old records, silent movies, old photographs and classic radio plays still have a great quality that keeps fascinating us. They all gave one thing in common, they were all done in one go! The orchestra played (one two, one two three four) ONE SONG and if something went wrong, they played it again. If you needed a photograph, ONE photograph was taken. Some films were made in ONE afternoon.

Radio Plays were live...

Hey, Abbott!!!!!!

Abbott and Costello movies show quite a lot of stomach punches, because the one that received those blows was an epileptic and if he got an attack during the filming of a scene, a hit could stun him out of it and keep the cameras running...

Early radio came straight from Vaudeville theaters, daily newscasts were practically unknown. Now radio is made by journalists and for the rest it's an extension of the record industry. Radio offices look just like the newsroom of a newspaper. They're all writing. At the end of the production line their stories aren't printed, but READ into a microphone.

Reading the news is done without emotion in the voice. The words are carefully chosen, the content is important. Editors seek out stories that amaze the listeners (man bites

dog). Stories have to be hot, if they want to make the news. Tomorrow it might be old news. Stories come and go with the speed of light. In one ear, out through the other one.

Most words you hear through the media are first written (in silence). If you are reading a book, it has to be silent around you. Silence in the Library please!

Talking is a different thing altogether. It comes automatically when you have a casual conversation. You don't need a script or don't need to think much. Only when somebody puts a microphone in front of you.

We can talk for hours without much preparation. At home we talk differently than on the street. In front of the judge we talk differently than to a lover. In the bar, in the board meeting, we change roles all the time. But we don't consider ourselves actors or actresses.

There are many unwritten rules about TALKING. You are not supposed to make up stories. That is considered lying. Even lies pretend to be TRUE. Many people think that what you hear on the media is TRUE. We talk about things that happened to us, things we read, about the weather and so on, and so on, but we can't make up stories. It isn't done after a certain age.

Even kids talk smoothly in no time, but as soon as we have to give a speech or lecture, we don't trust ourselves anymore. The words become heavy.



MAGNITZDAT is a popular new Russian Word. It is composed out of 3 toher words: SSAMIZDAT (manuscript), MAGNITOFON (tape recorder) and IZDATELSTVO (publisher). The endless duplication of cassettes and tapes has also in Russia created a unofficial distribution of new sounds that most record companies would envy!

We first write it down, so we can't make mistakes. We become stiff, boring and serious.

Many parents read stories to their kids, they don't trust themselves. Making up stories is not only forbidden, it is an art, isn't it?

If you first read the story yourself and tell your kids from memory, you will find that children are not judging your performance, but are disappearing into the story. You are not important.

What television did to the theater and the radio play, writing did to the oral tradition. Story telling isn't done anymore. Nobody sits down to tell you a story. It isn't done. The last Western Story Tellers disappeared last century. The Grimm Brothers realized that and went around literally writing down what they heard.

Cassettes in the hands of illiterates!

The cassette is very much like the invention of book printing. Bookprinting was costly and therefore centralized. Cassettes can be copied by everybody. Books introduced the print culture (the Romantic era was a result of it) and cassettes bring back the Oral Tradition in a time that people are reading less and the amount of illiterates is on the rise...."More and more people are going to college, but the education they get is the equivalent of what a good high school education was in 1900. In 1900, a kid got out of high school and knew

Latin. Now he knows domestic engineering, which is how to work your Cuisinart" (Norman Mailer).

Soon there will be a cassette recorder in every home. More and more people now have recording equipment of high quality. The younger generation produces music at home and distributes it on cassettes through the mail. These cassettes are duplicated again ad infinitum. Soon cassettes will be digital and every copy will be exactly like the master tape.

Top actors read books on cassettes. Every car has a cassette player.

It all started when Peter Flik sent a spoken letter to Willem de Ridder in Hollywood.

Peter worked for a radio station and one evening he drove home while talking in his walkman. He felt depressed and wanted to talk about his job, friends, insanity around him, recent suicides and his personal hell.

Willem lived in the former mansion of the very first moviestar who TALKED in the movies: Al Jolson. He was very moved by the tape. All the despair that went into it, came out again and there was no defense against it.

He borrowed a stereo



Yet spoken books are not immensely popular.

Writing and the Oral Tradition don't mix.

More and more lectures are sold on cassettes. Joggers listen to books on their walkman.

The Institute for Invisible Language produces the All Chemix Radio Series. A different approach to the old fashioned radio play.

tuner, placed the speakers on his desk and installed himself in between. As soon as he heard music that was perfect, he switched on the recorder and started talking. Only one chance, because he might never hear it again. Any moment a disc jockey might interfere. For days on end he sat there, dialing and

instantly talking, recording the music and his voice with one microphone.

The final result started to sound like a slick Hollywood show. A personal message for Peter, presented as official radio for his ears only.

Two months later he got a written letter back with some money. Peter had transmitted the cassette and wanted more. De Ridder felt cheated and angry, but also flattered. The next day he was back at his desk again trying to find the right music for the second radio show.

The idea that thousands of listeners would hear his words stiffened him. The words became false and pompous. He became concerned about the tone of voice, his image, entertainment value, timing, content and form. It didn't work.

Everything he did sounded empty and contrived. When he played the first tape again, the motions he felt when talking to Peter all came back. He couldn't do it anymore.

It took months to make the second show, and although it was transmitted, he hated it.

He had to become a professional perhaps. But all the professionals he heard on the radio he hated too. Perhaps he should give up. He did.

Months later he decided to make a tape, just for fun. Like a dirty phone call!

He asked the listener to get close and relax on a couch or a bed, just like he was doing. To get as intimate as possible with that one

listener he asked to slowly undress and masturbate together until orgasm...

He was shaking and sweating when he made that tape. It was like a trance. The tape was made in one go and he didn't dare to listen to it. "What have I done?" Months later when he did listen, all the emotions came back in full force.

After the initial shock was over he decided to mail it to Dutch National Radio. It was transmitted. It was so successful that it was repeated at prime time.

He realized that it was old fashioned fear that had stopped him all that time.

That's why he had to hide behind a smooth voice, slick words, shiny presentation and so called professionalism that is ravaging the airwaves everywhere.

He started a series of radio horror plays that he called "Deathly Fear Therapy". Just to help himself over it. None of the plays were written or planned. No actors or professionals were invited.

There was no story for them, when the recording started nobody knew what to expect.

De Ridder explained that you could not make any mistakes that way. Friends and lovers took part and if they felt too uncomfortable without any story, a vague outline was made.

Everybody had stage fright before the session started. Somebody had to start with some random words, another one had to react and before you knew you had a story! Once they realized the "had to go

with the story", most of them got lost in it. Soon emotions were running high. The story started to 'live' for them, they forgot time altogether, had no idea they were acting and got completely involved in the 'reality' of the situation.

If somebody was holding back, all the other players 'felt it'. In most cases the entire play was done over and of course it changed entirely. It happened regularly that after the recording was finished and the play was completely ready (no final mix necessary), nobody wanted to hear it back, because they all knew that it had been good.

The series of horror plays turned out to be highly effective. The players had been facing their own worst fears. That process of total involvement was recorded. The process was the result! Nobody who listened could be indifferent to it. Like when somebody in a restaurant starts to cry, everybody feels it. Nobody can shut it out. Radio listeners can turn off the set of course.

After each transmission the telephone lines were jammed for hours. So many letters came in, that a special secretary had to be hired to deal with it. Newspapers were outraged. Many people didn't even dare to listen. Most young people loved it. Some of them connected lightshows to the radio set and exposed themselves to the Deathly Fear Therapy in dark rooms.

Since then De Ridder has concentrated on radio drama. He devel-

oped plays that promoted active listening. 30,000 people reacted to one of his 'plays' by going to their cars, turning on the radio there and following the instructions. They had the time of their life.

The next step was the direct confrontation with his audience. He started to tell stories, like he had seen on the African Markets. Just sitting on a chair, no background music or special effects. Just a story. The more he was absorbed by the story, the more the listeners were. He tried out how long they would be able to listen without intermission. After 3 hours he gave up himself.

Recently he started The First Radio Play Academy on Dutch National Radio. Like backgammon, bridge or monopoly, the radio drama was introduced as a fun game at home. All you needed was a cassette recorder and a microphone. Everybody who applied could become a 'student'. De Ridder went to their homes to record their very first spontaneous radio play.

He explained to all of them the Golden Rules of the game:

The Golden Rules of the Game
KEEP TALKING :Just like you do in daily life. Don't think about what you have to say, because then you come to a grinding halt and the story is gone. You are not important, the story is.

DONT TALK TWO AT A TIME: Of course you stop talking when somebody else is saying something, otherwise nobody under-

stands a thing.

FOLLOW THE STORY: As soon as you open your mouth, there is a story. All you have to do, is to follow that story. Trust it. If somebody tells you that you are a crook you are one. If you are afraid for uncontrolled words that might give away some less favorable side of you, the story will stop abruptly.

TAKE RISKS: If you don't like where the play brings you, because you are scared of the consequences, the story will stall. It will drown in endless and senseless dialogues. You have to take real risks in this game. Sweat might be in your hands, but you have to move on quickly and look fate (even if it means death) in the face.

BELIEVE IN IT: It is a lot like lying. You make sure you convince the person you lie to. You can only lie effectively if you believe completely in your story. If you don't, who else can?

Most of the students were able to create a radio play in one go. First they had to find out that they actually could talk normally. The first story that came up was always about flying saucers, desert island, pirates or haunted mansions. So called 'hide & seek' subjects. Nobody dared yet and those h & s subjects are far away and thus safe. After they finished their first play, they had discovered they were cowardly trying to save their necks.

They didn't like what they had done, didn't even want to listen to

it. It did not 'feel' good. The second play was then quite different and considerable risks were taken by all. The play was mostly OK for transmission.

All Chemix Radio Series invites you...

Now the institute for Invisible Language presents the All Chemix Radio Series. A series of 30 minute plays in the English language. Experimental plays to find out what the 'substance' is that makes us listen intently. The secret ingredient that takes away all sense of time and space from players and listeners. To find out about content, form, words or the absence of them, etc. etc.

The Radio Art Foundation receives cassettes from independents from all over the world. They are transmitted on Amsterdam Radio. Most of it is music. Words are used in rapping, scrambling, drones, sampled, vocoded, looped, reverbed, flanged etc. etc. but very few radio plays are made. No stories are told yet.

The All Chemix Radio Plays are all made in one session. Sometimes in two. If you visit the Radio Art Foundation, you will be in the series too! If

Amsterdam is too far, send your words or soundtrack and students here try to make a radio play with your cassette.

All plays are mailed to radio stations dedicated to new independent music in Canada, USA and Australia. They are mailed free of charge, to any station that wants to transmit them on a regular basis. Those stations are asked to find other stations that might be interested and form a little chain with them. That way mailing and duplication costs are saved.

If you are interested, but you are not a station, you can buy the cassettes (two plays on each cassette). That money will finance the mailing costs to more stations. Plays have been made with Z'ev, Alvin Curran, John Rose, Annie Sprinkle, Hessel and Nichole Veldman, Cora, Kristine Ambrosia, Veronica Vera, Prince Lobckowicz, William Levy, a.o. Perhaps you are next. It's high time!

This article was prepared by the Radio Art Foundation, Alexander Boersstraat 30, Amsterdam, Holland; telephone (0)20 792620. They love to hear from Sound Choice readers, and you'll love to hear back from them!





Why Audio Drama Now

By Richard Kostelanetz

*Radio begins its existence with experiments to find out what it is made of.--
Klaus Schoning.*

The three principal charms of audio tape for me as a theater artist are, first, that you work with fewer people at any time; second, that you can create and reconsider elements apart from the others; and third, that you can produce definitive performances of your conceptions.

Every time I have gotten involved in making live theater, or film, the working situation suffered from too many people--too many egos which had either to be persuaded or bossed if the show were to go at all. Bossing I find politically disagreeable; persuading, often at the last moment consumes too much valuable attention. If I need to work with anyone else, there should be no more than one, either a colleague or an assistant. In producing radio theater, I can record a person at one time, edit that recording at a second time and then integrate it with other tapes at a third time, further reconsidering

each of these latter two moves on my own time, working with at most an audio technician. In producing a radio play from separately gathered fragments, of sounds as well as texts, I can compose an audio play much as tape composers do.

It was Glenn Gould who first pointed out that recordings enable the musical performer to make such a definitive interpretation of a work that further live performance of it becomes unnecessary. Audio tape can have the same effect upon the performance of written time-based texts.

Back before WWII, Guillaume Apollinaire made "conversation poems" composed of snatches of speech heard around him. Into a coherent whole he pieced together fragments initially gathered separately. Regarding this effort now, we can judge, "Poor Apollinaire. Too bad he didn't have audio tape." We could now make the same remark about Edgar Varese's *Ionisation*

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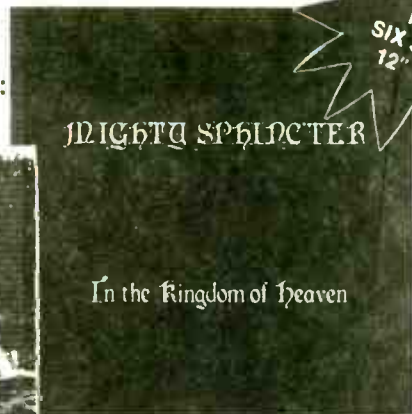
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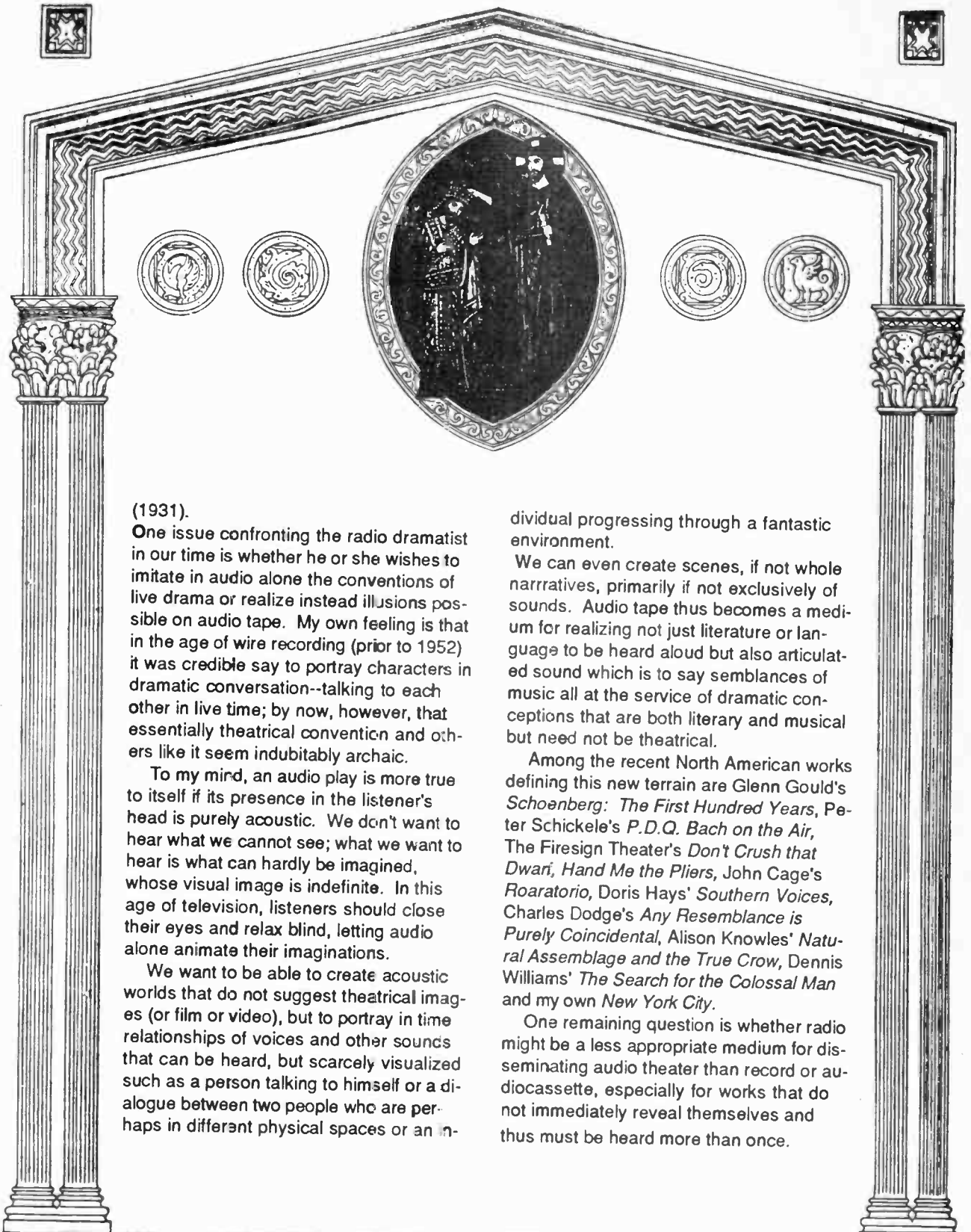
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(1931).

One issue confronting the radio dramatist in our time is whether he or she wishes to imitate in audio alone the conventions of live drama or realize instead illusions possible on audio tape. My own feeling is that in the age of wire recording (prior to 1952) it was credible say to portray characters in dramatic conversation--talking to each other in live time; by now, however, that essentially theatrical convention and others like it seem indubitably archaic.

To my mind, an audio play is more true to itself if its presence in the listener's head is purely acoustic. We don't want to hear what we cannot see; what we want to hear is what can hardly be imagined, whose visual image is indefinite. In this age of television, listeners should close their eyes and relax blind, letting audio alone animate their imaginations.

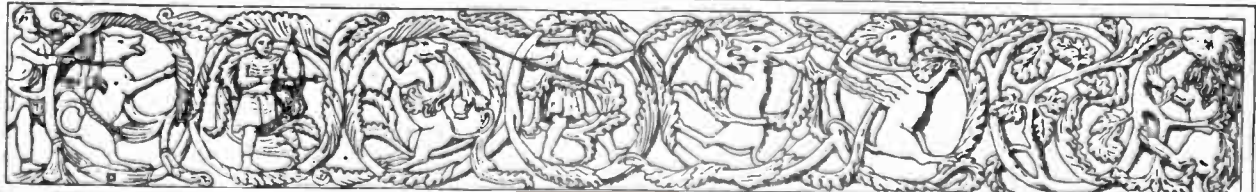
We want to be able to create acoustic worlds that do not suggest theatrical images (or film or video), but to portray in time relationships of voices and other sounds that can be heard, but scarcely visualized such as a person talking to himself or a dialogue between two people who are perhaps in different physical spaces or an in-

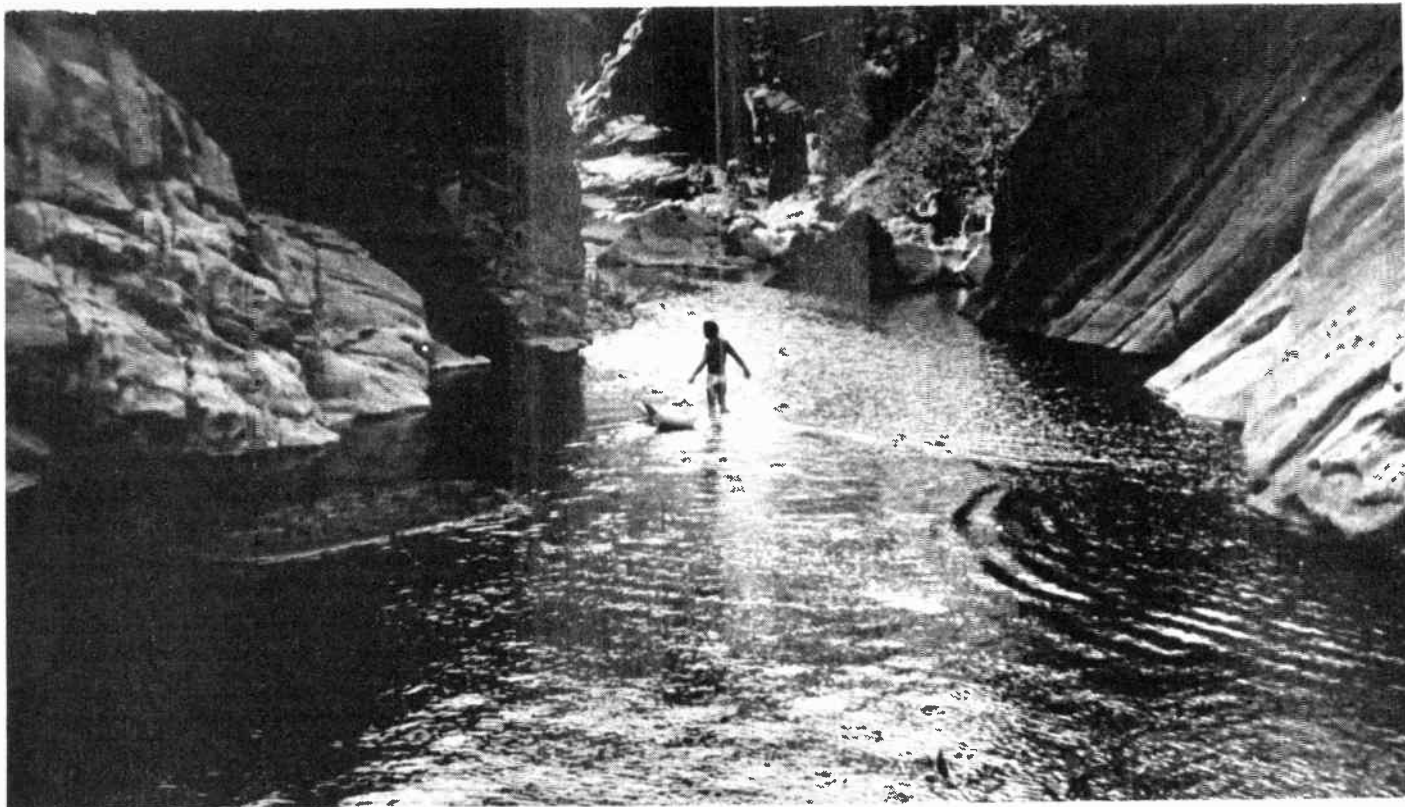
dividual progressing through a fantastic environment.

We can even create scenes, if not whole narratives, primarily if not exclusively of sounds. Audio tape thus becomes a medium for realizing not just literature or language to be heard aloud but also articulated sound which is to say semblances of music all at the service of dramatic conceptions that are both literary and musical but need not be theatrical.

Among the recent North American works defining this new terrain are Glenn Gould's *Schoenberg: The First Hundred Years*, Peter Schickele's *P.D.Q. Bach on the Air*, The Firesign Theater's *Don't Crush that Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers*, John Cage's *Roaratorio*, Doris Hays' *Southern Voices*, Charles Dodge's *Any Resemblance is Purely Coincidental*, Alison Knowles' *Natural Assemblage and the True Crow*, Dennis Williams' *The Search for the Colossal Man* and my own *New York City*.

One remaining question is whether radio might be a less appropriate medium for disseminating audio theater than record or audiocassette, especially for works that do not immediately reveal themselves and thus must be heard more than once.





The Sespe River, California (photo by Timothy Teague)

The River Archive

by Annea Lockwood

The River Archive--I started it back in about 1966/7 recording a series of Welsh and Scottish rivers/streams/springs. Why? Well, I'm a New Zealander, and rivers are a major part of NZ life, especially if, like my family, you do a lot of climbing etc. Very powerful, NZ rivers.

Also, I'd been reading about the use of riverine environments for healing in Chaldes, in a book by John Michel (English writer), just when I myself was thinking a lot about sound as energy-form, its various effects on the body, etc. So the Archive was both an absurd project (since it intends to include all the world's rivers), and a practical project/way of studying water sounds and their physiological effects.

I've not counted how many rivers the Archive now has, contributed by friends and acquaintances, as well as my own collecting: countries include Great Britain, New Zealand, Australia, the US, Austria, India, Canada; I make installation works using the Archive and have done 4 different types of installations so far with it:

"Play the Ganges Backwards, One More Time, Sam": Two rooms, one for white water sounds, one for slower moving water--slides of old postcards showing the particular rivers played are projected in each room onto silk screens which are gently moving. (The Kitchen, The Franklin Furnace, NYC; Modern Art Galerie, Vienna).

"Play the Ganges..." outdoors; through 12 speakers hung in trees in a plaza in Hartford, Connecticut, for Real Art Ways.

"Walking on Water": rivers played through headphones, via cassette t.r.; gently turning the listener's head from side to side, creating illusions of immersion and movement through the head.

Another version has the listener drinking water while listening: Avant-Garde Festival, NYC, '73; Gateway National Park, NY '74.

"A Sound Map of the Hudson River": the Hudson, recorded at 26 sites from source to mouth, in all seasons; played back as a continuous two hour tape, co-ordinated with a wall map which gives the times (every 2 hours) at which each site can be heard.

In addition there's a one hour tape of conversations with people who've experienced the river's power--a forest ranger, fisherman, farmer, pilot etc. (Hudson river Museum commission; then shown at the National Art Gallery, Wellington, NZ; Wave Hill, NY; KTSU, Texas)

I've also done a live radio improv. with rivers and wine glasses called *"Slow Glide"* for WKCR, NY.

Contact:

Annea Lockwood

P.O. Box 16

Crompond, NY 10517

Annea's article has been excerpted from an advance manuscript of *Cassette Mythos*, a n outstanding book on audio cassette culture being assembled by Robin James. Cassette enthusiasts of all kinds would do well to get involved with this organization: write *Cassette Mythos*, P.O. Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507, USA

Environmental O. D. by Randy Russell

A couple of years ago, when I ran a record store in Kent, Ohio with some friends, a friend of ours in Boston sent us a cassette tape of music he had been listening to lately, but he included no program or list of the various bands. We liked all of it and played it more than anything else in the store; everyone would be sitting around looking at the new records, and then we'd say, "Let's play Scott's tape."

Some of the songs we recognized, but most of it we had never heard. One song particularly flipped us out. It sounded a lot like the Velvet Underground, but not quite, and it certainly wasn't Lou Reed singing. Maybe it was John Cale, we thought, though it didn't really sound like him singing either.

Anyway, it was better than anything else new we were getting at the store. So we finally wrote Scott and asked him. It turned out to be an early recording of the Dream Syndicate, with a lot of great noise and feedback. I haven't ever gotten the same feeling from them since.

My favorite cassette tapes are the ones people send me containing miscellaneous bands, old and new songs, and/or just noises. I have had quite a few people sending me tapes these past years. What makes them interesting is that some of the songs you are familiar with and some of them you aren't. Unlike a tape you make yourself and know all the songs

so that the order soon gets predictable and boring. When you have tapes that other people send, you get some of these fresh ideas and song combinations that may seem totally absurd, but somehow have some strange logic to them.

A guy I know in Akron has great collections of Cleveland/Akron/Kent area music--and he makes great various tapes. Some songs on any given tape may be from rare, live shows, while others may be from albums, the radio, or a band's self-produced tapes. So on a given tape there may be a song from a band I have never seen, and then a song from a band I was in. There may be a ten year range and an incredible variety of styles, recording quality etc., but the stuff all works together and takes on a new quality because of the juxtapositions, and the fact that it all came out of the same area.

Then I have a friend in New York that once in a while

sends me a tape with no box or label that includes mostly stuff from albums, most of which I have never heard. Then there might be a familiar old Rolling Stones song, and then there may be something like Jim Carrol reading poetry. There is no way to find out what the unknown songs are unless I hear them later somewhere. So the stuff I don't like just goes by me like listening to the radio, and when I hit a song I really enjoy, I can play it again or even retape it on another tape, and maybe eventually find out what it is.

The weirdest tapes I get are from a friend of mine in New Orleans. He sends me tapes once or twice a month, always, cheap, unboxed, and unmarked. There may be anything on these tapes, sometimes him reading poetry,

sometimes a whole tape of a party going on, but with no particular focus. One sounds like he just set the recorder by a window and taped the street below. There is one of a radio playing in a room, with music and commercials, and sounds of him walking around and cooking.

I probably listen to these tapes more than any music tapes I have. One of my favorites was a tape he must have made while walking down the street carrying a boom box playing one of his "weird" tapes of someone walking down the street with a boom box playing music. So there is the mix of the tape and the 'live' sounds of people, noises, and some-

times reactions to the tape he is playing.

I got the idea real fast and walked down the street playing this tape on a box, while secretly recording with another one. I walked past bars with music coming from them, talked to people I knew, and then went and sat in a diner and got lots of complaints to turn the weird tape off. I sent the result back to him and soon got another one back and on and on. We're up to about twenty generations now and it sounds insane. We call this Environmental OD. Over-dub or overdose, take your pick.

Randy Russell, 5414 Columbus Ave, Sandusky, OH 44870, USA

*This article and many other great ones will be part of *Cassette Mythos*, a book being assembled by Robin James. Contact *Cassette Mythos*, P.O.Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507, USA*



Illustration by Charley Peebles



Circulate!

Gigs and musical contacts for traveling improvisors in North America

By Jack Wright

For the last three years I have been exploring this continent playing undiluted free improvisation, traveling in ever wider circles, asking everywhere, who do you know that wants to play, who will put a performance together. The result has been a fantastic adventure of people, music and country, the realization of a long-held dream, and still only beginning.

In late winter 1987, together with performance artist Monica McHugh I finally made a loop from coast to coast and found good response from players and other artists everywhere. From these experiences I began collating a list to be distributed generally to improvisors.

No one in this country makes a living from playing free improvisation; that is in part a definition of its freedom. But it is possible to do better than make money and join the hierarchy of stardom, namely, to carve out a path for yourself and others through friendships and playing relationships that can become a way of life that will truly support the concrete development of this wild music--yours, mine ours.

There is a community of improvisors barely known to one another, whose growth would be greatly enhanced by more people traveling and playing.

Cheap individual music reproduction (cassettes) has made extensive contact through the mail a reality. By the same token, a cheap car and some time off from work can get people playing and listening in the same room together, reversing the privatization of music that has been killing live performance.

Free improvisation is the universal language of the ear in which all sound is accepted and no technique is rejected out of hand. It explores the intensity of the moment. It moves easily into visual aspects, words, movement through its acceptance of what happens. It is

the relaxing alternative to the world of musical rules, perfection and infinite (commercial) reproduction. It is an activity, done for its own sake, for the enjoyment it brings.

But is the result "good music?" Every free sound challenges the hierarchy of judgment implied in that question. There is the pleasure of playing and exploring and feeling and that is all we have to do.

As a music open in principle to anyone who wants to play, it is a very suitable form for travel, since it provides us constantly with new people and situations in which to play. Travel challenges us to deal with each situation in a fresh way. If on the one hand, you want to play only what you rehearse, you might as well be back home.

The fact that this (as all unknown art--and what art is known?) is most genuinely communicated in live situations contributes to the importance of traveling. It is good for our music to do it publicly at least some of the time, to get out of the artistic and private ghettos into places where the results are unpredictable and listeners confused.

I find increasingly in this country there are organizers/managers/presenters and listeners open to out-of-the ordinary performance. Why should it be a negative experience for performers if there are some boos and laughter from the listeners? Should you just want to do your thing for approval and not cause a reaction?

My approach is to find the players, dancers and other artists who want us to come because they like our music, want to play with us, organized something from which we both would benefit.

If you want to be a part of this, please contact me at Spring Garden Music, 3321 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, PA 19104, 215-387-0194.

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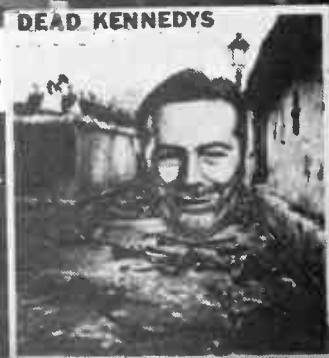
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From the files of the P.M.R.C.

Growing Up Absurd: Confessions of a Dope Addict Rock Fiend

by Shane Williams



deus ex machina: the vivisection by grizzary

It's time for True Confessions folks. I know nobody here reads *Spin* cuz who would have money to spend on it with the wealth of real fanzines around. And like Henry Rollins doesn't dig it anymore cuz they said John Lee Hooker dresses like a pimp, but it just so happens that it's all Rollins's fault cuz he was asked to name his two fave lp's in *Spin*'s pages and one of the ones he named was *Funhouse* by Iggy and The Stooges. And it was like he just got turned on to it by the Duke, ex-Flag bassist in the 80's sometime. So in writes a Fleshtone who marvels--like what was Henry listening to in the '70s. I think it's a pretty safe assumption that Henry's a few years younger than Black Flag's Ginn and Duke (which means younger than me cuz like me and the original Flag crew all be like over 30, man), and he probably really got into tunes only after punk, but who knows. This is about me growing up not nim.

Yeah, my big confessions--I, too, heard *Funhouse* first in '80--and even bigger blunders--when I could've picked up *Raw Power* in '74 I didn't. And when I owned MC5's *Kick Out The*

Jams in like '69 or '70 I listened to it like once or something. It's a long, sordid story, but we've got 64 pages of reduced print, so why not let you know that you too can be cool even if you sometimes miss the boat, cuz ain't no one cooler than me unless we're talking about the guy who invented LSD or something. Or maybe the Dalai Lama (you think I'm kidding, but that's cuz you didn't grow up as absurd as me).

So it starts like this--I'm 12. The cool girls in school wear micro-mini's and get dragged down to the office by the gym teachers. A kid up the street from me who was in my first circle jerk has a Doors lp--somehow or other my first album purchase is Donovan's *Wear Your Love Like Heaven*, when he was under the Maharishi's spell. In my first 10 comes cooler shit like Cream, Doors, Stones, Dylan, Beatles, and Ravi Shankar--yeah, here I am I don't even get stoned yet and I'm listening to sitars. Let's not forget the first two Monkees lp's cuz I watched all their TV shows.

So before I know it I'm a total acid head with doper friends of all ages, and I hang out on the Sunset Strip, but I'm still living with Mom and Dad cuz I don't need to run away to be a Hollywood street person cuz I live in the Hollywood Hills. And my half-brother employs this rich hippie who thinks it's really cool that a 13-year-old kid can appreciate his kinetic sculpture and takes mescaline. And before you know it, I'm like a mascot for a house full of people in their '20s, and there's this massive record collection of classical and jazz and ragas and blues and folk (these are rich hippies), and one guy is in the electronic music department at UCLA and knows Buchia and builds his own synth and has records like Pierre Henry doing the "Tibetan Book Of The Dead" on synth, and it's still the '60s.

At home my record collection is still growing. My hash connection lifts 10 promo lp's out of the mailbox, and one of 'em is MC5, and another is Sutherland Bros. and Quiver, and the rest I don't even remember, and I get 'em but I don't listen to 'em but I'm real big on Traffic. And then I become such a heavy druggie that I'm really not buying too many albums, but I'm coming across 'em various ways, and the whole blues rock/acid rock thing is what I listen to most, and already I can't stand a wimp like Cat Stevens, and when I hear the Mott the Hoople lp with the M.C. Escher cover, I keep trying to get my mescaline connection to play it, but he prefers *Tea For The Tillerman*. And meanwhile the guys who later became Toto are playing the quad at my high school doing early metal, and I'm strung out on heroin the next year, and I really don't give a fuck, but I end up in a drug program, and I find the only time I can escape the inane bullshit of life--especially life in a fuckin' drug program--is when I listen to Fleetwood Mac's *Then Play On* or Ten Years After's *Cricklewood Green* with a speaker on either side of my head.

So summer of '72--my first drug-free period since summer of '68--I realize that music gets me high. But so does heroin. But all of a sudden something breaks through the stupor. That's right, it's Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust* that a junkie prostitute from the program played for me, and by '73 I'm hooked on Bowie, and I alienate a girlfriend's brother by playing it over and over again every time I come over to fuck her.

By '74 I've already been through another drug program,

and I've been in and out of my people's pad a couple times. I'm 18. I rent a room in a house. One of the other renters is a drummer, and he is set up in the dining room. He's got a hell of a collection of British progressive rock and some blues rock I wasn't really hep to like Free. So meanwhile I'm buying all the Bowie lp's and the Mott and Lou Reed that Bowie resuscitates and mid-period Stones cuz the two Mr. D's are an item, but I'm also picking up on art rock cuz back in '60 at the rich hippies' pad I'd gotten in on King Crimson's first lp so now I'm bathing myself in Crimson and Genesis and Gentle Giant and Pink Floyd at the same time that I'm a glam glitter freak. But for some reason when I'm bargain bin shopping and I see *Raw Power* I let my roomie talk me out of getting it, and who knows what art rock record I ended up with instead. Also learning the pub rock thing slowly but surely with Brinsley Schwartz and Ducks Deluxe, and, hey, it's Be Bop Deluxe, too, with Bill Nelson and their *Sunburst Finish* lp, and, man, I'm eclectic as hell.

Later that year when I move in with my heroin connection I begin a habit that stuck. Whatever money didn't go for drugs goes for records. And I bump into my high school sweetie, and she's on junk and a groupie. Her friends are attempting suicide over Alice Cooper and moving to New York to be with the Dolls, and she

turns me on to Roxy Music, and I'm continuing to buy mainly import albums, and I get the first Eno, and I find out about Kevin Ayers, and cuz of Lou Reed now I'm collecting the Velvet Underground, and because way back in '72 I'd also spent a couple months living with a friend's brother totally into black music I even pick up records like The

Meters, and I've got a token Coltrane album, and I go to the Starwood before punk to see junkie pub rock and German space jazz and English vaudeville classicism, and music's really happening for me, but by the time I go to prison in '77 I've sold my stereo and records cuz I couldn't stand to see my girlfriend go through withdrawals, and I'm in kind of a lounge lizard phase--robbing record stores and walking out with stuff like Bryan Ferry's best solo lp, *Let's Stick Together*, and Pablo Cruise and Boz Skaggs and--Bingo!--I'm in the joint.

There I read about fanzines in *High Times*, and early '78 I send for *Slash* and *NY Rocker* and *Flipside* and *Trouser Press*, and I meet some interesting people through the mail--like the dude who later became Tesco Vee, who starts flowing me a steady stream of new music starting with '77 punk and new wave and the first industrial and the first gloom and the first of

just about all the genres still happening, and I'm writing Donny the Punk, and he kicks in with Richard Hell and the Voidoids, and a buddy in LA sends the Dickies and the Nerves and other LP pop-punks, and before you know it I'm living, breathing, and eating music, and I meet my future wife through a classified in *Trouser Press* cuz they owed me one after I wrote my first and only paying rock article on Chuck Berry who was doing time at the same joint as me albeit the camp outside the fence. And I get out in '80, and I'm all into hardcore and Joy Division and Cabaret Voltaire, and my soon-to-be wife who barely turns 18 on our first rendezvous is a huge Iggy fan and has all his lp's, and before I know it I'm at her apartment listening to *Funhouse*, but there's so much new music, too, like the Germs lp and Black Flag's *Jealous Again* ep, and pretty soon we're on the run cuz I'm robbing again like a damned fool, and half the albums I bought with bank money I still to this day haven't heard like Tuxedo Moon's *Half Mute* and Poison Girls' *Chappaquidick Bridge*, and then I'm back in jail, and this time there are zillions of zines and all kinds of cool people who want to send music, and here it is '86, and a lot of my favorite groups wouldn't exist if not for Iggy's *Funhouse* and MCS's *Kick Out The Jams*, and I'm wondering how I got here from there, and I'm grooving on how chaotically

right the essence of everything is and why I'll never be a philosopher, but I god-damned will be a pretentious asshole of a record collector and how my priorities have totally shifted and how now the only money I'll ever spend on drugs is what's left over from buying albums (and tapes!).

And I mentioned a lot of stuff this time and some is still highly recommended and some ain't, and just consider this background

for future columns and a lesson that one doesn't necessarily have to be in on the ground floor of the coolest tunes to later realize they are the coolest tunes, and I swear when I get out this time I'm gonna burn the grooves off a copy of *Funhouse*.

The author was recently released from Leavenworth Penitentiary and currently resides in a half-way house in Hollywood, California. You can write him clo Sound Choice.

The article above is part two of an ongoing series by Williams that is being run in Sporadic Droolings, an impressive music 'zine, for which he is a main contributor. The article above ran in issue #6. Issues are \$1 each and are available from Sporadic Droolings, P.O. Box 1092, Kearny, NJ 07032,

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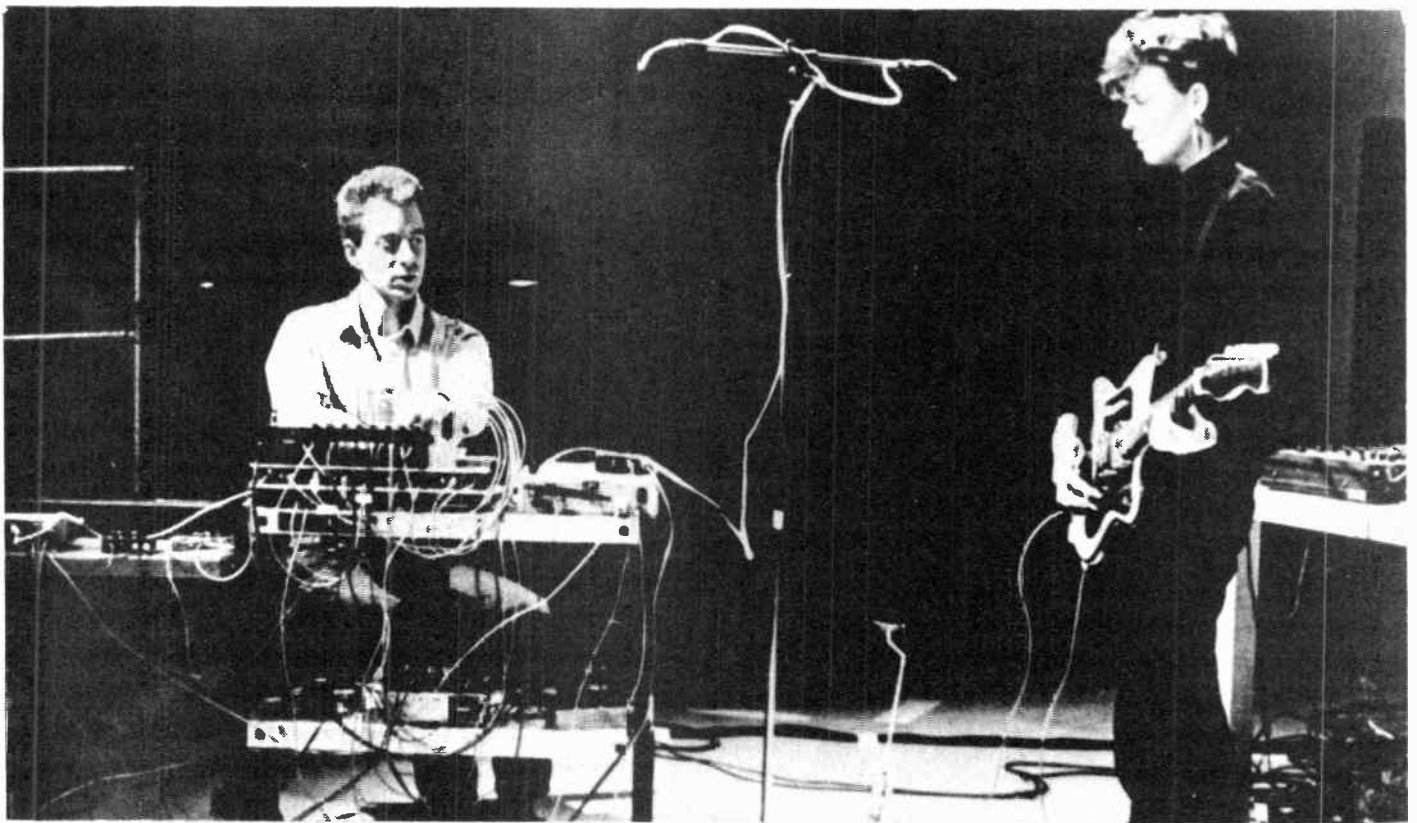


RICHARD PETRIGON

Interview:

Nicolas Collins

by Robert Poss



Nicolas Collins performing with Susan Tallman on guitar.

(Gerda van der Veen photo)

POSS: In the past, many of your pieces have utilized found musical material. In *Devil's Music* the musical piracy seems much more overt in that you make no attempt to conceal the origins of stuff you've pulled off the radio. Some people will probably recognize some of the music fragments on Side A of the record [Trace Elements Records TE-1013], even from a single snare beat. Are you worried that people will think that you're just ripping off pop music?

COLLINS: Of course I'm "ripping off" pop music in the sense that I am pulling music off the radio and using to my own ends. But like you said, I'm not trying to hide this

in any way. I'm not sampling some Arthur Baker snare drum and passing it off as my own sound. And I'm not interested in having *Devil's Music* be some sort of guessing game--"Name That Sample" or whatever--and I've kept the samples fairly short, but not so short that they're just blips and bleeps.

POSS: I can picture going to some dance club and hearing 20 seconds of *Devil's Music*--a DJ cutting into it as a weird rhythm break.

COLLINS: Sure. That would complete the cycle, since in a sense what I did when I recorded the piece was to digitally "scratch" dance records. I'd love to hear that. But I think that DJs cutting two songs together on the dance

floor are looking for a seamless break, the perfect matching of beat-per-minute, or a programmed change in tempo. I'm interested in sounds that are the opposite of that.

When I set out to make the A side of *Devil's Music*, I didn't intend to make a dance record per se. I wanted to work with those sounds and those rhythm patterns in my own way. I wanted to see what the circuit I built would do to that music, those sounds.

So you're a sound-scavenger.

You could say that. It's very much part of the way I choose to work sound. I take a sort of ecological approach: I find it very difficult to justify making a sound. I would infinitely prefer to find something and modify it to my own ends. It's recycling. A lot of my pieces have tried to make maximum use out of a very limited amount of material.

When I listen to the B side of the record, I'm reminded of classic avant garde pieces like Steve Reich's "Violin Phase" or Terry Riley's "In C."

Right. The very nature of the electronics used for *Devil's Music* tends to produce the kind of phase patterns that one associates with those classic late-1960's pieces. But it goes back much further than that. [John] Cage's "Imaginary Landscape" used radios in live performance. And there's [Karlheinz] Stockhausen's "Kurzwellen" and of course there's the kind of superimposition of different

musical fragments that [Charles] Ives worked with. That's all history.

What's more important to me is that I can take elevator music and turn it into something musically interesting. I'm making real music out of musical wallpaper. That's what still interests me about the circuitry of *Devil's Music* after dozens of performances.

What exactly is the circuitry that makes the stuttering and looping effects?

The record uses this rather strange combination of high and low tech. On the one hand I'm sampling these gorgeous \$100,000 studio snare drum sounds, or the smooth, compressed sound of a radio news announcer's voice. Of course not all the stuff on the radio is of equal quality. The announcer on the Ukranian radio station I sample may be talking through a \$50 microphone, and some of the other sounds may be "state of the art."

But when it comes to my own end of things, I rely on inexpensive cheezy digital delays, an 8-track tape machine, and devices that are generally available that I modify. I don't use things like the Synclavier or the Fairlight. The mechanical core of *Devil's Music* is a little circuit that I built that does the retriggering of the system. That's what makes the actual rhythms: one little chip and two dollars worth of parts.

So what are you working on now?

An unlikely combination of a rather sophisticated piece of recording studio equipment and an old trombone.

I've done extensive modifications on an Ursa Major digital reverb, turning it into a very flexible machine for sampling and transforming sounds. I wanted a controller for it that would lift me off the "table of electronics" I'm normally tied to when I perform. So I took an old trombone I bought for \$12, and wired it so that the slide acts like the "mouse" on a home computer. When I press a small keypad on the trombone and move the slide in and out, the computer directs the Ursa Major to change some aspect of the sound passing through it. The coup de gras was that I put a small loudspeaker on the mouthpiece, so the sound actually comes out of the trombone I never blow into. It's a self-contained instrument for transforming sounds instead of making them.

I've also been collaborating with some improvisational musicians like Robert James and Peter Cusack. I like the vitality of the current improvisational music scene, and I'm beginning to get interested in approaching some of the technology I work with more as instruments and less tied to specific compositions. And I plan to keep performing *Devil's Music*. Doing the sampling from live radio--the unpredictability of it all, in that the radio I pick up depends on where and when the piece is being performed--is the really exciting part.

Robert Poss founded the groups Tot Rocket and Western Eyes, and is a member of Rhys Chatham's guitar ensemble and Band of Susans. He has been performing the music of Nicolas Collins for almost ten years.

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Culturcide : The Record Re- view

CULTURCIDE: *Tacky Souvenirs of Pre-Revolutionary America* LP

Great comedians hit home with their jokes if they remember one important thing--to concentrate on things that everyone can relate to.

The same goes for satire, and Culturcide haven't forgotten that fact for one instant. This album will be a classic because Culturcide has taken tired, overplayed mass media songs and given them a poisonous twist--the most virulent and hilarious new lyrics possible.

Some examples--"Love Is a Battlefield" becomes "Love is a Cattleprod" (...we want Love/Love is the electric word/ it drives us into the hungry herd/Love is a cattleprod..."), "The Heart of Rock'N'Roll is the Profit" ("When they play their music, that hard rockin' music/they pack it with a lot of lies/ so it makes an entertaining, feel-good illusion/every slave wants to buy..."),.

"Dancin' in the Dark" has Culturcide taking the punch out of Bruce Springsteen. ("You can't be the Boss, can't be the Boss without a Bureaucracy."). David Bowie's "Let's Dance" with a new chorus ("And if you say dance/I'll dance with you/and if you say buy, I'll buy/ Because my love for you/Degrades me through and through..."),

"Ebony & Ivory" becomes a tirade on racial hypocrisy and the stars who profit from writing songs about it. "California Girls" is now "California Punks", a satire of the punk scene

reports from around the world in Maximum RockNRoll. "We're An American Band" makes a jump into the '80's as "We're An Industrial Band" ("What kind of music do you play?/It's a cross between Cyndi Lauper and early S.P.K...").

The funniest thing about this album is that the original records are played and the new lyrics simply sung over the mix, along with the usual Culturcide killer rock guitar and sound effects, which makes for entertaining listening. And I've found that once you hear Culturcide's words for these songs, the old lyrics fade out of your memory and are replaced by the new.

KTRU has already decided not to place this LP on their playlist for fear of being sued for playing what they interpret as a "bootleg" and of course it's only available at non-mainstream record stores. Not many copies were pressed, so it will be a collector's item real soon.--*Bliss Blood*

Culturcide: The Interview by Bliss Blood

Why the title "Tacky Souvenirs of Pre-Revolutionary America"?

"Tacky Souvenirs of Facist America" sounded too pessimistic.

Why did you do the whole album of "dubs" of other people's music? Why didn't you put any of your "normal" stuff on it?

It minimalizes legal hassles, to put all our bad eggs in one basket. Now, only one of our LPs will be rogue, instead of the next six.

Why did you take other people's records and overlay them with new lyrics and music...what you call "Dubs"?

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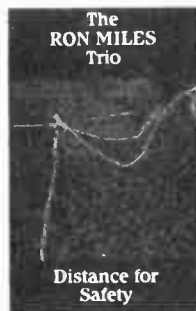
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The underlying aim is to produce music that successfully opposes the social system within which we are all immersed. To produce music that is a particular style is to invite the system to use your music for its own ends. We've seen that happen with punk music. But if you take the system's own propaganda as your "style," it defeats that process.

Dubs also make use of the massive conditioning of the population. Between today's alienated individuals, no real dialogue exists, and what unites people is that they're all bombarded by the same monologue of mass media. Any non-mainstream attempts to communicate have to start from the zero point, because there no longer exists any common language...it's all been rendered suspect by being used to sell toasters, to tell too many lies. Try talking to someone about anything...they've heard it all before, everything is bullshit. Maybe, with these dubs, we can skip point zero and start out by communicating about something we do have in common-- "Ebony and Ivory." I'll tell you what I think about it. It's a start. We've all been exposed to that propaganda, here's what I feel about it.

Dubs also grab ahold of the listener's physiological conditioning. Everyone has already heard these tunes a zillion times, they're grooving along and suddenly BANG! they're shocked out of the pattern.

The mainstream media plays this shit over and over until people get used to it, until they like it. There's so much stuff that's shit even by pop standards, but someone decided it's going to be a hit, so they play it to death till people start buying it. We don't have the power to do that with our music, so we thought we'd hijack theirs.

How did you come up with the idea?

The idea's not very original. I think it's sort of obvious, and a lot of people arrive at the same basic techniques of over-riding someone else's bullshit.

The situationalists overdubbed comic strips and famous paintings. Chaz overdubbed "Leave It To Beaver" episodes with obscene dialogue. Woody Allen did a new soundtrack to a Japanese spy movie and made it not "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" Lotta different people have defaced billboards.

The whole clip-art/zerox collage technique that is so very prevalent partakes the same feeling. It's easy to imagine techniques of overdubbing for just about every medium. For me, it's always more or less lame, depending on how the resulting work acknowledges and critiques the materials that went into it.

Personally, the idea came from Jamaican reggae "dubs" where they seem to take some multi-track master and suppress everything but the bass and drums and then add their own vocals and effects. For them it seemed to be a practical consideration that developed into an aesthetic. Like those, I started out with the idea of using songs I respected. The first ones I tried were

"Complete Control" by The Clash and "Sister Ray."

This was a long time ago. there's not much music I respect anymore! The hardest ones on the album to do were the ones there was nothing to like about...such as "We Are The World." I like most of the others...physically...I just don't respect them. That's an important distinction for me.

What about Weird Al Yankovich?

That's an obvious comparison. But there's a big difference. Weird Al Blankovick asks permission to do someone's song and then adds MAD Magazine-type lyrics, that have nothing to do with the original...except maybe the rhyme. He does parodies. Only one, maybe two of our dubs are parodies..."Houston Lawyer." Instead, we take someone's song and add lyrics and noise that critiques, denounces, and analyzes the original.

These are satires. It's a thousand times more biting than Weird Al...and a lot more provocative. The only time he ever scored was when he accidentally seemed to be telling Michael Jackson to "Eat It." Otherwise he's dull as dishwater. MAD Magazine. Like a virgin.

Members of Culturcide live in Houston, TX but like to remain anonymous lately, and aren't publishing their address.

The Culturcide review and interview first appeared in Bliss Blood's zine Sicko, 8802 Ilona #5, Houston, TX

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Live Review:

Lunatics have taken over the night club

In San Francisco contingents of insane musicians have been banding together and creating the craziest examples of musical idiocy/genius to be found anywhere. Rock is too tame and mundane a word to describe what is going on. Sane people cannot describe the events without sounding a bit insane themselves. What responsible citizen could afford to admit he attended, for example, Flinging a Loaded Diaper Night at the Rectum Deli? Not many. That's why we had to ask one of the performers themselves to pen this first hand report of Flinging A Loaded Diaper Night, Feb. 9 at the Rectum Deli on 10th St:

Emerson, Lake and Cheesedoodle started the show by taping Laura Scudder's cheese puffs all over the door of this club when the show started. The lights went out and only seven guitar amps were shining then the front man who played tapes shone a light on himself and the tape set-up he had. Seven guitars, one tape. There were pedal steels and even a 4' high (or taller) home-made stick guitar. There was one song and it sounded like *No Pussyfooting* combined

with spike heels being forced into one's ears. Towards the end the sound got quirkier and Cheesedoodles (manufactured by Laura Scudders) were passed around like a fucked Grateful Dead show. There were some cheese lumps on the tape man's face near the end point. Deformed glitter rock.

Consternation of Pain was a patty cake game with a bunch of guitars that was kind of a relaxing situation compared to E.L.C. Not very exciting but with the satisfaction of getting a bunch of pus out of a zit.

National Discgrace were a dinky rink semi-acoustic noise with semi loose riffs. Instrumentation: Eukelele w/ strings/spring; spring percussion; harmonica; loop de loop animal horn; trumpet; Indian shaker; three record players; plus much more. They've been compared to Howlin Wolf w/ drug

insulation from Iron Butterfly. They covered "Staying Alive" in such a wonderful way you'd hate to hear the original ever again. There was a toy piano solo and hospital shoes on the head. The trumpet player had a shower cap on that steamed up and dripped moisture by the end of the set. Incredible mud pie.

>Prow included members of Incest Cattle, Detox, Cubis Tears, and Rug Machine. The singer kept saying "ooh my fuckin achin' butthole" and had no teeth (hardly). The music was funky (in a sick disco machine way), folky, noisy, and all around repulsive and wonderful. The bassist had a sawed off spoon handle and did harmonics left and right w/ every bass exercise thrown in

between. There was a shit load of talent. A cello and a viola did a parody of sawing wood with their players. They covered Lydia Lunch's "Orphan".

Caroliner played last w/ an opening act of two boys rubbing their tongues together with an acoustic guitar solo from under a bed sheet and a strip tease from Bull Dung who had fangs on his



jock strap. Lots of energy, black light costumes, window frame stilts, egg birth (flourescent), the singer was held up like a broken windmill by one of the tongue boys, stink sticks, and some of the most incredible noisy country music ever made. There was a banjo solo too. A load of people left from the loudness. Songs like "Joy Disease" "Huge Gunset" "One Proud Watertower Wearing Lipstick" plus a slew of others were played so longly and wonderfully into the early morning. I had to duct tape my ears shut to keep on enjoying it.

The next morning eating breakfast seemed so much like an anticlimax that I put acrylic paint all over the Life cereal and skipped breakfast.--Butter Ruckus

Collaboration Tapes

by Sue Ann Harkey

Collaboration tapes can develop the communication necessary in the furtherment of the alternative music network. Such cooperative and participatory endeavors between mail contacts can extend those relationships as well as add a creative dimension to existing long distance friendships.

There are two contemporary factors which inspire the possibilities of making collaborative tapes with bands and individuals who do not live in your immediate area.

The latest contribution to the independent music network is the availability of multi-tracked, portable cassette recording equipment, which enables general public access to high quality machines in a convenient medium, and for a feasibly inexpensive price.

I feel, however, that the formation of resource magazines and fanzines fostered the dialog and informed us about the decentralized music renaissance taking place regionally around the world. Such revolutionary impacts can be expanded on a more intimate level by participating with other musicians on a collaborative tape.

The first collaboration tape our band Audio Letter made was with a group from England called Attrition. The project took over one year to complete. We came in contact with Attrition in 1981 by sending a Patio Table publication to Alan of the English magazine *Adventures in*

Reality. Alan reviewed our publication in his magazine and sent us a copy.

We proceeded by sending Alan copies of Audio Letter tapes he later reviewed and passed on to Attrition, who then wrote us directly requesting a trade of tapes. Alan set up an interview with Audio Letter after these correspondences had begun, and Attrition proposed doing a tape together once we learned we each had Tascam Porta-Studios but different models.

We found that the 144 and 244 models are functionally compatible but sonic results are affected by the difference in noise reduction systems. I received very hot signals from the tracks Attrition recorded on a 144, which made mixing difficult but not impossible. Also the channels are inverted on either machine, so that channel one on the 244 reads channel four on the 144 and vice versa.

We decided on a format where each group would start the first tracks for four cuts on a blank master Tascam tape. After each group had contributed to each other's original tracks we sent the masters back to have the third dub added, then back again to be finished up with the fourth dub where necessary.

Each band then mixed and produced their own version of the tape to be distributed in their own countries.

You can imagine the suspense and surprise every time the masters were mailed back with new tracks added to them. It is somewhat like making an Exquisite-Corpse Drawing (a



collaborative drawing game--a piece of paper is folded so that parts of the drawing can be added without revealing the whole until the completion of the drawing).

Improvisation played a key in inspiring new methods of responding to the challenging opportunity of working with one another's styles and instrumentation. This cooperative exchange between two bands is an exercise in adaptability. The overdubbing creates a learning environment in the building of songs, like in any composition, but collaboration tapes offer a refreshing variety of elements just by sharing the construction with another group whose technique you may know very little about.

Last summer I was able to meet Alan and Attrition personally in London. I was also fortunate enough to meet several other people in Belgium and the UK whom I have been corresponding with for some time now. This truly is one of the advantages of mail networking which can personalize some of your contacts.

Our working correspondence with Alan and Attrition has kept us in close contact. They have set up their own distribution system, the Terminal Kaleidoscope, that carries our most recent Cityzens for Non-Linear Futures tape releases. Our relationship strengthens at a consistent pace with future projects pending. The tape we made together, Action and Reaction (Critique of Leisure Consumption), is doing well in the European market with sales of over 300. The Last Supper compilation tape produced by Adventures in Reality has done even better, helping to expose Audio Letter to the European audience. Unfortunately I cannot say the same about the American Market,

partially due to inhibiting faults of my own, but the principal problem is the apathetic nature in which cassettes are received in general, and particularly in the States.

I feel that because the cassette medium is so accessible to anyone that the public has become cautious to accept cassette releases as a viable source of original music. The American audience (and I question if there is much of one outside of the independent music scene itself) is overwhelmed by the amount of cassette releases and are too conditioned to the media superstar mentality to venture into the independent music network. Cassette makers naturally rebel against the corporate music industry's censor machine. For every record that reaches the market through the industry and media there are

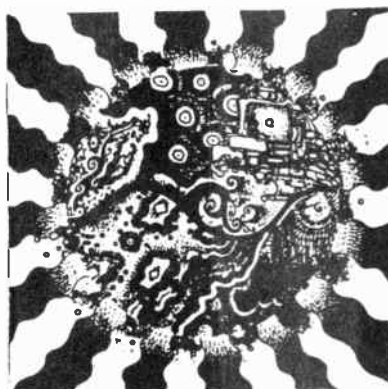
thousands of equivalent groups that don't achieve such mass exposure. I see an economic struggle in this phenomenon as well. Since records take more money to produce, a worthiness is established along with the economic status that records represent.

I have observed that the tape and mail networking movement is rather insular, so by pursuing projects like collaboration tapes we can familiarize ourselves more with one another, and at least reach each other's audience.

I hope to encourage tactics like those that could reinforce our community of correspondences on a more intimate level and turning some of our con-

tacts into friendship.

Sue Ann Harkey, c/o Cityzens for Non-Linear Futures, P.O.Box 2026, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159, USA



MASTER /SLAVE RELATI ONSHIP



RELATIONSHIP

MASTER SLAVE

darkness

INTERVIEW:
DEBBIE
JAFFE

You flew to your knees
all wide-eyed and abrupt
You devil you saint
You whore open your mouth
Make it real for me
My love

PHOTO BY HMcGEE ©1987 Debbie/MSR

Debbie Jaffe: all instruments,
vocals, mix and cover design

Interview by K. Schrott

What is MSR?

Master/Slave Relationship. A name for my musical projects. Why the name MSR? Why not Debbie Jaffe? Are they two separate identities?

Originally MSR started out as a two-piece unit. It wasn't just Debbie Jaffe. Mark (McGee) and I wanted a name for the "group" that would allow us a lot of thematical possibilities and reflect certain aspects of life. Even though I no longer work with Mark I have kept the nave MSR because it fits--it works. The music of MSR is very personal, very emotional. I really don't think of it as a separate identity.

What is the MSR manifesto or goal?

I don't have a "manifesto". MSR is exactly as the name implies: duality. Extreme contradiction. Extreme obsession. Emotional bondage in addition to physical bondage. Only through mental and emotional bondage does one feel the excitement, the torture. The *physical* act of restricting someone in some way is merely a means by which one can create a *feeling* of fear or desire. Many people live a master/slave existence without ever involving themselves in the actual physical embodiments of it.

What's the difference between MSR and other female solo artists--what makes MSR unique?

For one thing, I don't consider myself a "feminist". I have few female friends. I don't hate women. I just think that females are perfectly strong enough to develop the gumption/will to record music, to be involved in music, independent or otherwise, and to basically do what they want to do without feeling held back, or whatever, by society because of their gender. Yet somehow there are only a few female artists around (especially in independent music) and even fewer that I respect or admire. I like music that affects me in some way--hopefully a strong way--whether it was created by a man or woman or both is unimportant. The music of MSR is aggressive; my goal, if it could be called that, is to *affect* people. Too many females, I'm afraid, are far too eager to settle themselves into flowery

wallpaper.

How would you define your music?

Musically, with the help of Mark's excellent drumming, MSR started out much more rock-oriented than it is now. I like to begin with an interesting beat or rhythm. Without Mark, on *Blue Faced Lust*, I mixed and processed two drum machine tracks on each song to form new patterns and took it from there. Lately, though, I find myself going off in noisier, slightly more formless directions. Lyrically, MSR has always been an expression of dark emotions and sexuality.

How does MSR "fit in" in today's independent cassette music "scene"?

I don't know if I particularly want it to "fit in" in any specific "scene". MSR is unique in that there are only a handful of bands in independent music that take any kind of intelligent musical direction--that show they really care about what they're doing. I care, too much for my own good probably, about every aspect of what I record and release, down to the artwork and design of the covers. In some respects I can see how independent music would get a bad reputation (and consequently not be taken seriously) because of all the shoddy, poorly recorded, boring cassette and LP releases that are floating around. But then, I suppose the same problem also exists in more commercial circles.

What kind of impact has MSR had?

Based on what people have written, in letters and reviews, it seems that a certain amount of analysis is done to try and figure out what's at the heart of MSR. I want that. I want people to have to think and feel. It's difficult to passively listen to MSR. It's not background, relaxation muzak. MSR is fairly complex. There's a lot going on at once. There are things happening in the music I'm sure people aren't even aware of, somewhat subliminal things and personal jokes, it's all there, if one listens carefully.

What or who has influenced you the most and



Debbie Jaffe IS Master/Slave Relationship

Have YOU been invited to her Summer party?

Everything and everybody that's/who's come into contact with me has potentially influenced me one way or another. I'm very much an observer. My influences? Men influence me. Particularly men with whom I've had sexual relationships and men whose music I appreciate. Pornography. Fucking. Kissing. Sucking. Human psychology. Heavy metal (good heavy metal). Chopin's nocturnes. Some of the more acutely depressive pop music. Dog As Master. Viscera. Weird films.....

Are the lyrics of MSR based on actual events in your psycho-sexual makeup, or are they fantasies/fictional?

My lyrics are always based on reality--whether it be actual physical reality or the reality inside my head. My fantasies sometimes become actual events in my psycho-sexual makeup. They're very important to me. Whether I actually whip the men I go to bed with is irrelevant. In my lyrics I take on roles. Roles that are very comfortable to me. The Master role, dominant, sarcastic, sneering, confident, angry. The Slave role, submissive, whiny, vulnerable, wasted, quiet. Both are intertwined. I can be wonderfully self-degrading, "The sticky mess covers me from head to toe/I'm bouncing from one wall to an-

other/Capture me, see if you can even try"--the lyrics from "Bed Of Perverse Dreams" reflect dominance AND submission. Yet, I'm more the romantic than anyone might guess. There's a place for tenderness and beauty (even though I've been accused of creating music that is totally void of such feelings) amidst all the roughness and ugliness.

Why should someone listen to MSR--what will they receive in return?

Perhaps they will be able to relate to what I'm expressing, perhaps they'll get sexually aroused or stimulated in some way, perhaps not. It's up to the listener. I do music because I enjoy it. I need it. It's an obsession.

What is your past/present/future?

I can't seem to shake off my past easily--it sticks with me, it's all through my lyrics. A lot of times I'd just rather forget about it. Most times I seem to live either in the past or in the future. A definite fault of mine.

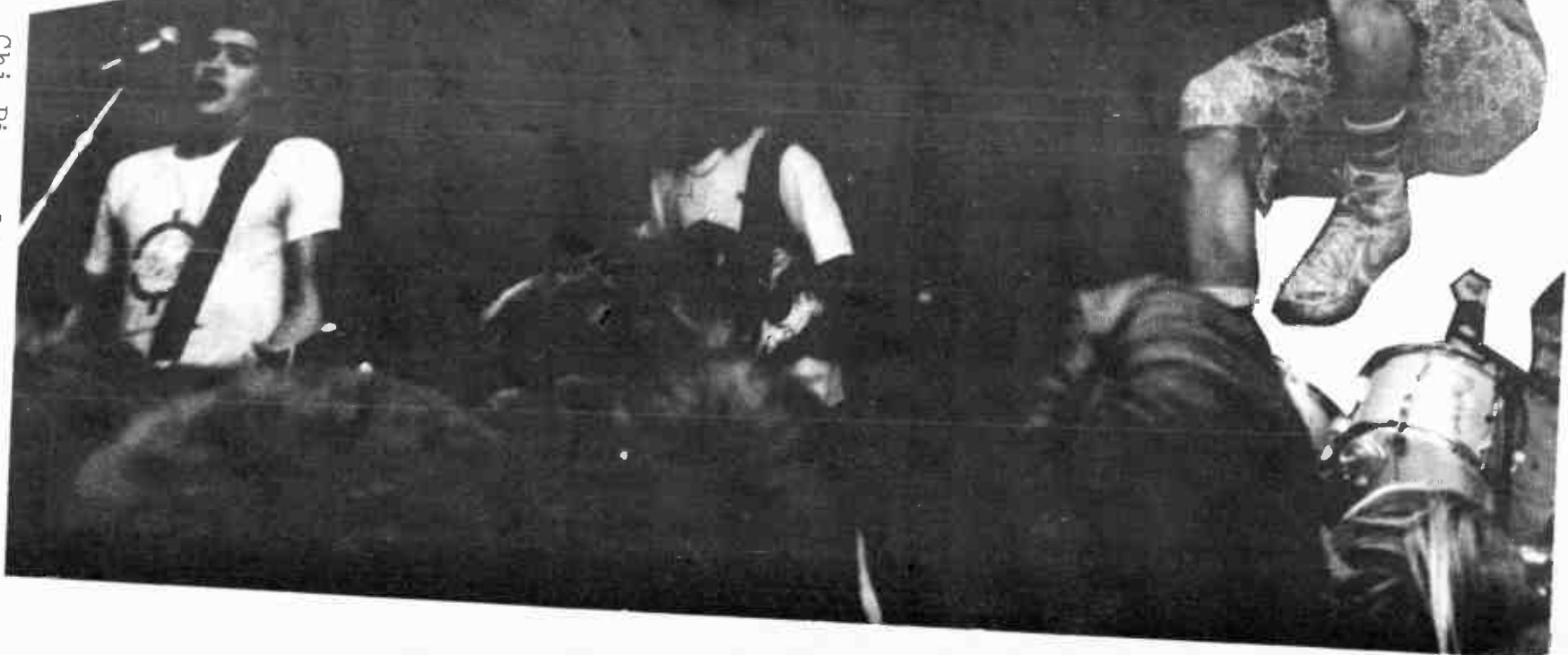
Contact: Master/Slave Relationship, P.O. Box 30383, Indianapolis, IN 46230

The Audio Evolution Network reviews all genres of independent recordings that are available to the public. In order to have a recording reviewed, send at least one copy (two is preferred) to Sound Choice and make sure that each recording, whether a record, cassette or CD, has a contact address written ON the recording. If we don't have this, you probably won't get reviewed. If you want us to include a postpaid price or barter info, make sure that too is ON the recording. If you want acknowledgement that we have received your recordings, please include a stamped, self-addressed postcard. When we get a review back we will let you know which issue it will be reviewed in. We currently need more input from people who are recording or writing about jazz, ethnic, reggae, Eastern European, Asian, and world musics, or anything out of the ordinary. If you feel qualified and would like to review or write about any of these topics, let us know. More and more independent compact discs are being releases, so ALL reviewers who have the CD equipment should let us know.

REVIEWS

ACME: *The Last of Fantasyland LP*
Acme is mostly someone named DeMarco who plays most of the instruments (including guitars, drums, saxophone, keyboards, harmonica and recorder) and sings all of these songs, which he wrote. He also did the cover art. DeMarco manages the instruments reasonably well--if without much flair--but the recording as well as the music itself sounds amateur, especially the singing, which is frequently off key. The compositions are fast-paced, quirky things except for the last one, a ballad wherein his voice searches vainly for the correct notes. The lyrics have a kind of lame humor and turgid, dogmatic hipness, seemingly modeled after Zappa and informed by pop mysti-

cism. The cover art is eye-catching. So is the record itself, which is clear vinyl.
(Universalight)--Sam Mental
ADAM AGAIN: *In a New World of Time LP*
Tight, jazzy evangelical funk from whites who can keep grooves. The message is one of 'Jesus did all this for you, so you'd be foolish not to accept that love.' Blunt as the lyrics read, AA handle them with verve and panache. Santana with Talking Heads leanings? Medium Medium with softer souls? Adam Again make white funk somewhere between the mainstream and adventurous without



Chi Pig, of SNFU, flies high. Oxnard, Calif., '87

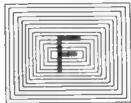
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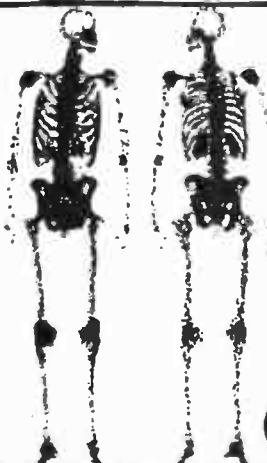
ON THE MATERIAL DOES FROM KEVIN VOICE LOOPS AND ELECTRONICS TO DANCE STYLE WITH RHYTHM MACHINE AND BOLD ELECTRIC GUITAR TO A SERIES OF DETAILED LITEROARY COMPOSITIONS, ALL VERY WELL DONE... THE MUSIC CONTINUALLY CHANGES JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP INTEREST GOING IN THE MIND EVEN IF THE LOW SUSTAINED BONES, AND CLEVER SOUND IDEAS ARE ABSENT... ..ROBIN JAMES(SOUND CHOICE)
 CPC-1
 THAT SORT OF AS CRITIC AND NONCRITIC... ..DOE IN PART TO THE MINIMAL, DRY, MECHANICAL, LOLLING, INTERSE RACKMOUNTS WHICH GIVE THEM A SENSE TO SOME EXTENT (SOUND CHOICE)
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Keith "Keeler" Walsh with his keys to his kingdom. One of his earlier releases, "Legerdemain" is part of the SC sub promo mentioned on pages 5 and 6.

idea, too bad the music doesn't follow the game in theme. Except for 'Rock-n-Roll Brand Canned Ham' the songs wander, as if they were ad libbed in the studio. Guess you could call them 'fractured'. Alexander's weak voice is frequently out of tune. That's fine for some rock stuff but here, on these below par pop/folk tunes it really hurts. I do like his acoustic guitar strumming and some of his arrangements. Perhaps if he didn't try so hard to sing and pulled a Beefheart type thing tunes like 'Are You A Vampire?', 'I'm Tired Of You' and 'The Tale Of Terry Tiger' might work. (Funtastic)--Brad Bradberry

ALICE: Throat Light C

Jazz-like performances, Alice is around 14 musicians, an improvisational collective working with voice, harp, recorder, percussion, alto sax, bass, guitar, piano, more percussion. The material here moves through 12 songs. The ensemble is definitely fine-tuned and in the groove, the action is cool, manageable, thoughtful entertainment. (J. Baird)--Robin James

ALIEN PLANETSCAPES: Skylore C

In those moments when the collective members of Alien Planetescapes (who appear to be under Doug Walker's overall guidance, since he's the only person who plays on everything) avoid the temptation to resort to cliché space beeps and wooshes and burbles. This cassette has the kind of unexpected and sombre beauty that you find in those unlikely moments in old science fiction movies when somebody puts a lovely melody alongside a slow pan of a clay model of the monster planet. Sadly, those moments don't occur with the frequency you'd like, and the lovely nostalgic sound of phased string synthesizer and vocal-like melodies are all too often obscured under a horde of 'analog synth effects patch of the week' noises pumped through the analog delay line with the regeneration turned all the way up (beeppeeppeep.....). The resulting turgid mass of sound winds up evoking all those childhood memories of bad science fiction movies rather than the sense of wonder and expanse intended. It's a pity, too; they've got a good grasp of how to build and sustain a long piece (they dedicate the tape to Richard Pinhas, among others. That part of his work they listened to, anyhow), a sense of melody that reminds you a little of Bartok in the way that it twists and turns, and the good sense to keep the sequencers less than obvious most of the time. They just need to clean the acoustic house a little, and maybe sit down with a copy of *Apollo: Atmospheres and Soundtracks* to do a little research on how to evoke the cosmos without doing filter sweeps. (Space Station Studio)--Greg Taylor

ALIEN PLANETSCAPES: 'Too Young To Have A Tape Recorder, Too Old To Have A Drink!!!' C

The first thing I must say is, I disagree totally with the 'Scapes review in Sound Choice #7. Doug Walker's electronic ensemble Alien Planetescapes are highly original, creative and really fun to listen to. Unstructured cosmic soundscapes from synthesizers and other electronic instruments, although not too closely resembling 'traditional' electronic music (synergy/Carlos/Don Slepian et. al.) the music has its own sort of ambience, evoking the vastness of space, asteroids, meteors, and stars--billions and billions and billions and billions...(Space Station Studios)--

Dan Fioretti

ALLIED BODY: No Conflict C

Electronics with lots of ideas, from funk beat to colorful non-driven musical clouds containing indescribable events. Prominent are bass, real and/or electronic percussion, odd voices that often can't be understood, and subtle delicate weird electronics. Some titles: Lop Lop, Mikea Maru, Angels, I Can Feel It Back In Time, He Shot His Arrow, Conflict, more. (Steve Suski)--Robin James

G. G. ALLIN: Hated in the Nation C

Maximum Rocknroller Mykel Board compiled this pseudo-concert/greatest 'hits' compilation as a thorough intro to Allin's uncompromising idio-

mance that was an attempt to experience a slow motion automobile crash test from the viewpoint of the dummy.

Most of the music is created from a collection of signal generating devices, raw electronics, lots of frequency modulation and delay. Also in the background were snippets of found sound: jackhammers, orchestral music (violins and acoustic guitar) pop and TV shows. There were two songs which were entirely vocal, a woman whose cries, moans and babbles were delayed, looped and echoed. She sounded like Diamanda Galas in places and Nina Hagen's more brutal stuff in others, but without the opera. Great fidelity as well. (Bird Butt) --Shell Runar

MARK ALESSIO: Modern Myths C

Art-rock, probably inspired by people like David

Bedford and early Genesis. Alessio overdubs guitars, keyboards, recorder, and other instruments. Side one is a set of instrumental pieces depicting 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner', while side two is songs. Alessio is a decent guitarist, so why did I have trouble listening to the whole thing? Poor recording quality, trite lyrics, out-of-tune vocals (from Alessio and guest vocalist Carol Lipnik), and mediocre-yet-grandiose music just might be part of it. (Mark Alessio)--Mark Sullivan

BRIAN ALEXANDER: Bandazzle LP

This 22 minute mini-album comes with a board game of the same name. It's described by Alexander as 'a game that simulates the topsy-turvy, go for gold aspects of popular music.' Interesting

getting too wrapped in commerciality or avant-garde-isms. 'Morning Song' is the closest they come to rock'n'roll in its angular neo-Mersey hook (Maybe like the Fixx if they had a whit of intelligence). Every song here could be club material with a good remix, but as they stand, percussive breakdowns are scarce here. This is more evidence that Christian pop is showing more brains than usual (Blue Collar)--Jamie Rake

STEVE ADAMS/KEN FILIANO: Hiding Out LP

Free-leaning jazz duet work on various saxes and flute (Adams) and bass (Filiano). Some numbers are more inside, but all are abstract to some degree, in the tradition of Eric Dolphy, Steve Lacy, and Arthur Blythe. The ratio of form to freedom is about what you'd find on many ECM albums. Your freedom threshold must be taken in account, obviously, but this is very good at what it tries to be. Excellent recording/pressing, too. (Nine Winds)--Bart Groom

ADRENALIN O.D.: Humungousfungusamongus LP

Lightweight skateboard thrash with lots of in-joke lyrics, monster references, ethnic crap that stops short of really being offensive (Surfin' Jew), a quote from my dad (Fuck the Neighbors)...I guess

this is party music, with the band itself dressed up and ready to go on the front cover, sorta fun but it's on the used record pile with this one.

'Buy Our Records)--Lawrence Talbot

AIRBAG: Live Part #20035 C

Why do visual artists make such great noise music?

This tape is an excerpt from a nine hour perfor-

cy and because no club he's ever played at has ever let him play more than 25 minutes.

I admire the guy for so thoroughly meshing his life with his, uh, art. The first two questions are what his life and art are.

The art is the most rudimentary proto-punk you'll find: ham-fisted, slightly metallic three-chord sludge that could make the Ramones come off like junior Segovias. Got no problems with that. His life, however... His motto is 'Drink, Fight and Fuck'. He likes to cut himself with shards of glass, sometimes prefers his fist to womenfolk, and—if we're to take the guy at face value—sometimes prefers ten-year-olds to both and lost his virginity to a horny teacher of his in high school. Everything but the part about minors I can live with, though I'm not about to take the man on as a role model. Oh yeah, he wants to be the new Christ, muttering something in 'Blood for You' about dying for us all. No, G. G., save your life, bub. In excerpts from an actual show in Texas, G. G. goads the audience into kissing his ass and eating his diarrhea. Did he shit on stage? Do any of us really want to know? If you're curious, get the tape and let your imagination roam. (ROIR)—Jamie Rake

ALWAYS AUGUST: Black Pyramid LP

A certain sound/attitude—heard in numerous bands, including quite a few on SST—is best summed up as neo-Seventies. The open-ended structures and experimentation that never completely ignores rock music, the emphasis on serious fun rather than fun seriousness, the occasional self-indulgence; these are all aspects of this attitude. To their credit, Always August manages better than most such bands. They have direction during long improvisations and generally hold the listener's attention. Better than it has any right to be. (SST)—Lang Thompson

AMBER ROUTE: Ghost Tracks LP

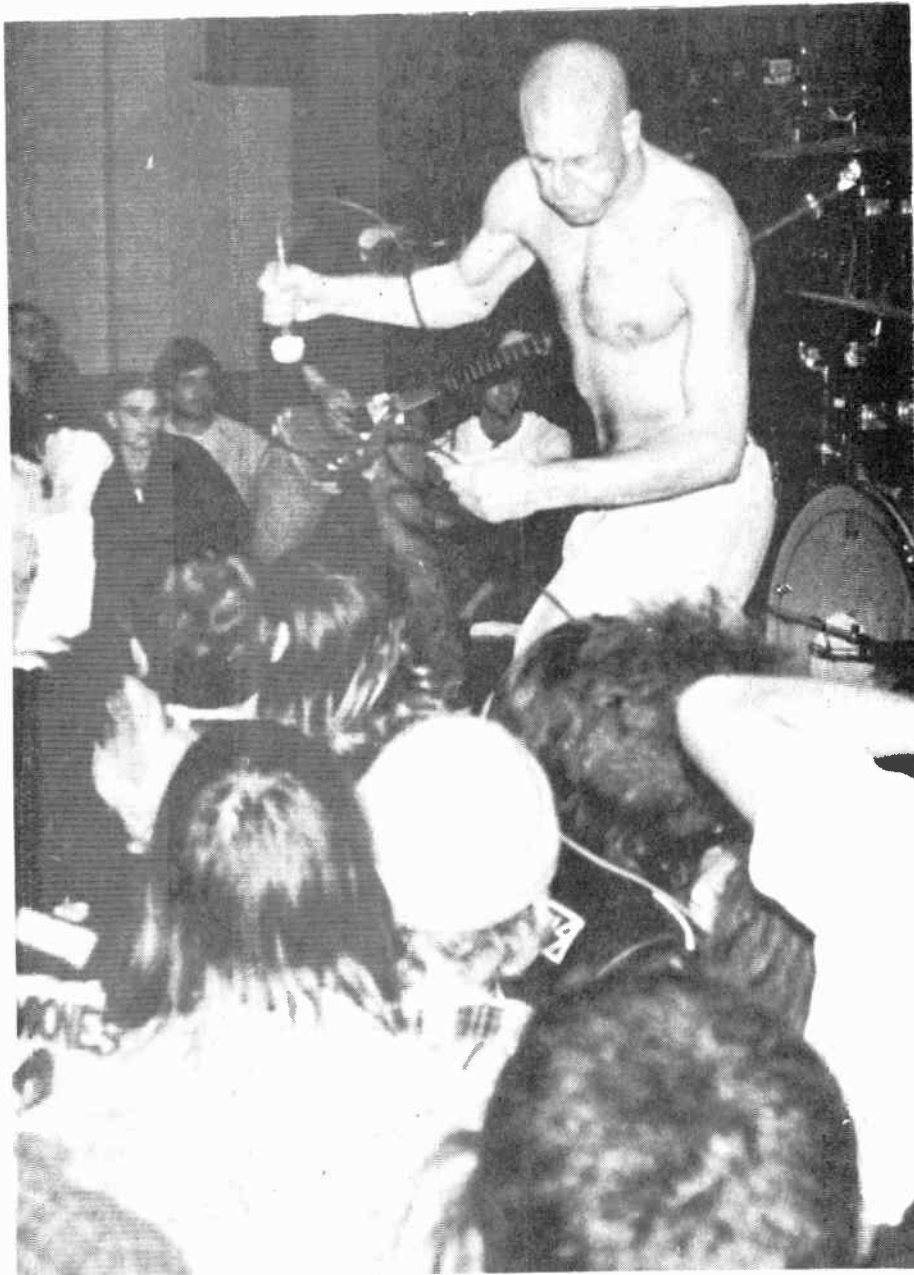
This trio's album features analog electronics, clarinet, guitar, and bass. One side is song-oriented; the other is conceptual, instrumental and more electronic. The two vocalists have voices at opposite ends of the spectrum. Their pitch and timbre complement one another. Except for the song 'Don't drink the lemonade formaldehyde' with its macabre humor, the lyrics are a weak point. They seem like escapees from Bullfinch's mythology. The electronics, which include treatment of the woodwinds, are far superior to today's gimmicks, which open and close techno-pop tunes. The guitar varies from squealing, ala echoes of Pink Floyd to distortion inspired by Edgar Froese of T-Dream. The keyboards approach majestic arrangements without being too dense. Like the sequencers, the synths are used tastefully and sparingly. The brief appearances of the clarinet are cherished. In all, a refreshingly different album. (Amber Route)—George Ottinger

AMONGST: Tomorrow's Rein C

Drum machines and synthesizers dominate these gloomy sounding instrumentals, which remind me of droning British doom rock bands without the angst-ridden vocals. I thought it also reminded me of Tuxedomoon, but I pulled out the only album of theirs I ever bought (Half Mute) and while I still don't think it's very good, it's definitely better than this. (Rarefaction Records)—Bob Bannister

DENNIS ANDREW: Reflections C

This tape falls into the New Age category, with what seems to be mostly improvised meditative music for electronic keyboards and echo devices. While this is not offensive, it is also not groundbreaking musically or emotionally, as far as this listener is concerned. The sound quality is good for a home recording. The selection entitled 'Empty Quarter (Rab el Khali desert)' is reminiscent of Terry Riley's 'Shri Camel'. Certain to



Blast at Oxnard Skate Palace, 1987. Greg and Chuck from SST are in the audience as Clifford auditions for the recently vacated angry-young-hardcore-dude spot on the SST roster. Claffardini Photo

appeal to some tastes. (Daylight Productions)—Ed Bloomquist

ANGRY RED PLANET: Little Pig, Little Pig LP

You know, I don't much like standard hardcore much, but this one's got something that keeps it on the turntable. Good attitude, probably. These guys just keep on rockin and pushin. Doesn't hurt that they've got a solid rhythm section and

three vocalists, one or two of which can actually almost sing.

Even a few attempts at background vocals! The most impressive thing about Angry Red Planet is their use of non-standard hardcore strategies, like distorted funk riffs and a guitar based rock riffin' approach. But whatya expect from a bunch of guys from Detroit, anyway? Extra goodwill for a groovy cover. (Angry Red Records)—Scott Siegal

The Arms of Someone New 'Black and White'
We've got one of your standard dilemmas here—one that I'd like to see a little more often: How does indie culture approach the idea of stretching out a little bit? The equation has to be a little different, since ideas like 'commercial suicide' don't really figure in here. I know the Arms' recordings as paradigms of gentle and well-produced pop, flavored with a little of the sensibility that came out of the late '60s which thought that there was nothing wrong with being quiet if the song required it. The problem with this cassette is a thorny one: on one hand, they're trying some-



Nikos Veropoulos bangs his frame drum slowly.

ing a little more intimate and stripped-down from their other recordings--a move worthy of praise (this medium is 'about' being free to try something new, remember?). On the other hand, I don't think the experiment works. The label says it all pretty well--'This was our evening at home.' We get a half dozen songs that boil down to a little strummed guitar, harp, some voices, and a Dylan cover. The recording certainly has 'at home' intimacy, but there's not a lot to cover a wandering pitch or two or a tuning problem with the guitar. Unfortunately the voice has to carry a lot of the passion in the songs. When the Arms add just the least little bit of coloring to the proceedings (as they do with a softly echoed piano on 'Pirouette'), this tape comes together in the way that I imagine they intended the whole recording to do. Still, let's remember that the Arms are trying to spread out a little, and with that kind of experiment comes an element of risk that I see far less of than I'd like. (Office Records) --Greg Taylor

AZYMUTH: Tightrope Walker LP
This is Brazilian trio Azymuth's eighth LP for Milestone. But this is not really the type of music one associates with Brazil. While Brazilian music may be at its root, this is a boring mixture of rapid funk and meek jazz soloing. It's

perfect music to play in a dull restaurant with wealthy patrons.

They will not be offended. (Milestone Records)--

GINGER BAKER: Horses and Trees LP
Long-lost drum titan Ginger Baker, who resurged on last year's Bill Laswell produced Public Image album, returns to full visibility with *Horses and Trees*, a rousing LP which nonetheless has at least as much to Laswell as to Baker. With Foday Musa, L. Shankar, Bernie Worrell, and others from Laswell's global network of top instrumentalists on hand, some cuts interlock; 'Uncut' sound like they could be taken from sessions by Deadline or Herbie Hancock, although thankfully there isn't a drum

machine in sight. And what's the need, when you've got Baker, with his resounding depth-charge drum sound, in conversation with master percussionists from West Africa (Aiyb Dieng), Cuba (Daniel Ponce), and Brazil (Nana Vasconcelos)? The resultant music, seemingly improvised in the studio, is a successful melange of cultural traditions. It's only natural that Baker should be so comfortable in this milieu, being a veteran of cross-cultural exchange: years before the current rage for things African Baker was living in Nigeria and recording with Fela. The African influence is most evident on 'Satou' and 'Makuta,' with their fortuitous blend of traditional and Western instruments --including turntable. On Laswell's 'Dust to Dust' his slide bass work evidences his recent interest in country blues. And 'Mountain Time,' a percussion blowout anchored by Baker's cavernous drums, sounds as big as its title implies. This music is not about 'borrowing' or 'stealing' cultural influences; it is about musicians contributing the totality of their combined experience to a truly cooperative effort. (Celluloid Records)--Dennis Rea

BAKRA NATA: Legends in Our Own Mind C

This eight piece steel band keeps the Caribbean carnival spirit alive in a region where island music of any substance is hard to find. The band has the good sense to not merely be an American clone of the Trinidadian sound. They take gambles, like setting Pachelbel's Cannon to pans, and bravely translate Bunny Wailer's 'Cool Running' into a smashing (pun intended) street symphony of percussive rattles and rolls. This well recorded and very catchy tape is essential for anyone wanting to enjoy the steel band tradition expanded by Americans possessing craft, wit and enthusiasm. 'Things Fall Over,' a thirteen minute jam, suggests just how exciting this band must be in live performance. Enough energy here to drive the rain clouds away from Seattle. (Bakra Bata)--Norman Weinstein

PATRICK BALL: Secret Isles CD

Ball is an American musician, but the master of the Celtic wire strung harp (as opposed to the gut or nylon strung Celtic harp), an instrument which lay virtually dormant until Ball resurrected it. The brass wire strings, plucked with the fingernails, have a brilliant, crystal clear tone (further enhanced on CD) which only serves to clarify the content and beauty of the traditional music which Ball performs. Ball has also made a specialty of the music of Turlough O'Carolan, the 18th century composer whose traditional Irish music is informed by Italian baroque music. Six tracks are devoted to Carolan's charming music. The other pieces which appear on this recording come from traditional sources. Whether melancholy or joyous, this delightful music, lovingly played by Ball, is wonderful. (Fortuna)--Dean Suzuki

BAND OF SUSANS: Blessing and Curse EP

Aggressive guitar drones, thumping bass and plaintive singing. Rock heaven? Pretty damn close, at any rate. 'Hope Against Hope' displays tightly interlocked playing that's a pure adrenaline rush while 'Sometimes' pumps some of that into a nice little pop song just to watch the pieces fly. This isn't a band to keep an eye on; they've already arrived. (Trace Elements)--Lang Thompson

Second Opinion: It's hard to tell sometimes if there are really three guitars (as credited) or thirty! Ah, the freedoms of multi-tracked recording in the '80's. I like this rhythm guitar, wall-of-sound approach to pop-rock. This is a six-piece band (four girls, three named Susan) with an obvious penchant for slightly dissonant, melodic pop-rock. Tight percussion/bass with textured guitars, often on the verge of feedback are more important than the vocals, which are fine, but unspectacular. I think my favorite track is the closer, 'Where Have All The Flowers Gone' (no, not the old Pete Seeger tune), a rockin' instrumental showing off their guitar power backed by some propulsive bass-drum work. If the Velvet Underground was a dance band in the late '80's, they might sound something like this.--Brad Bradberry

Third Opinion: Imagine Rhys Chatham in a

band with three women on guitars and bass, playing two, maybe three chords instead of one, a slightly more pop orientation, some singing on a couple of tracks, and you have Band of Susans. Kind of like early Glenn Branca, though a bit more accessible. This is not thrash, garage or no-wave. The Susans have some real pop sensibilities underneath the din and repetition, layering different textures and tone colors juxtaposed against that droning, distorted chord on the guitar. There are actually three members named Susan to boot.--Dean Suzuki

BAFFO BANFI: Ma, Dolce Vita C

Mr. Banfi used to be a member of the group 'Biglietto per L'Inferno' or 'Ticket to Hell'. This and other details are related in notes written by Klaus Schulze. Schulze also produced the tape which was recorded in 1979. The music sounds really archaic to ears accustomed to digital FM synthesis and MIDI orchestration. Taking into account the excellent tradition of progressive music from Italy, this music really let me down. Predictable and uneventful, much like Jean Michel Jarre's music, I listened to all of this tape because I felt I should. Finally towards the end of side 2, the music really kicked into some surprising sounds and gorgeous harmonies. Showing that he could indeed write good music, I had to wonder why he wasted so much time getting to the good stuff. (Suite Beat)--Bruce Christensen

BANDALEERS: More Bandaleers C

Eight tasty modern psych-pop gems. The perfect union thereof, with traces of folk. Four songs have been added to the original release of a few months ago, and the superb production, professionalism, and strength of melody and lyrics remain. Stinging ringing guitar abounds; some killer riffs. Bittersweet songs. Susan Evans' rich, evocative voice and passionate delivery are joined on some of the new songs with restrained violin, cello, and mandola, adding an elegiac country tinge. Overall, this is one powerful slice of modern musical excellence. (Bandaleers)--Jack Jordan

TODD BARTON: Pieces LP

Barton's main gig has been the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, for whom he has composed over 50 scores. A lengthy, moody suite from their production of 'Dracula' (featuring the Kronos Quartet) is here, as well as the main themes from four other productions at OSF, 'Bbake', a Japanese-influenced work for multiple synths, and four selections from the cassette *Music of the Kesh*, which accompanied an Ursula LeGuin novel. There's so much diversity in this sampler that it's hard to generalize about Barton's multiple talents, except to say that most of the pieces are quite distinctive in melody and in form. Several notches above the average 'program' music. (Todd Barton)--Bart Grooms

BATACHANGA: Manana Para Los Ninos LP

This twelve piece Afro-Cuban orchestra performs a variety of originals and traditional numbers with admirable taste and rhythmic fire. An unexpectedly subdued romanticism laces the music due to the playing of first violinist Anthony Blea and flutist Juan Ceballos. The drummers are as brazenly brilliant as one would expect from the highest quality salsa bands. And my only criticism of this album is that the drummers aren't given more solo space. Only on 'Siete Leguas,' which is essentially a call and response piece for drummers and trumpet, and 'Yambata' do you hear how flashy this band's rhythm section is. Afro-Cuban music in its post-Fania All-Stars incarnations is hard to find on record.

This thoughtfully produced recording is a blessing and should do much to keep a very noble strain of Afro-Caribbean music alive and well on U.S. shores.
(Machete Records)--Norman Weinstein

BEDSPINS: Lunchbox Factory Celebration C
A hard rockin' quartet from Canada puts out an O.K. first release. They work well in a variety of styles, R.E.M., psychedelia, punk and heavy metal. My favorite songs, 'Home' and 'Bless This House', are written by Niemann. They are more in the psychedelic veil, with plaintive, understated vocals. The other vocals are so aggressive they ignore their ability to communicate musically. It could be the mix, but the drummer seems to follow the guitars, weakening the power of the music. The tape's variety helps, the songs seem at times to be trendy exercises rather than heartfelt expressions. Once these guys find themselves, and the drummer gains confidence, they could put out some fine rock'n'roll. (Bedspins)--AO

JOHN BERGAMO: On The Edge LP
Bergamo is a California-based percussionist whose solo album on this high quality German label is a perfect forum for his relentless quest to bring us weird percussion sounds and modern extensions of traditional percussion sounds. The title piece, 'On the Edge', is a masterpiece created from Bergamo's Astro Bells, which are large resonant aluminum plates and a tympani head, which he can use to raise and lower pitch. Plus a lot of other stuff, all resonating against itself. Unworldly! Lots of other good stuff for percussion and avant-garde music followers here. (CMP)--Lawrence Talbot

BGK: Nothing Can Go Wrong LP
This was licensed from the Dutch Vogelspin label. Maybe the best thing about it is the cover, both the wonderful cartoon on the front and the grim shot of nuclear reactors on the back. The 'mad scientist' character is clever and was used on publicity for BGK's current American tour. The group has lots of energy in the hardcore vein and of course their lyrics contain a lot of philosophies that are easy to agree with in this day and age. All in all, this record is easy to be both sympathetic to and enthusiastic about, with the simple aesthetic criticism that were one to listen to BGK without knowing who it was, it would be pretty hard to pick them apart from many other similar bands because there is nothing distinctive in the singing or instrumental playing. (Alternative Tentacles)--Lawrence Talbot

BIG BLACK: The Hammer Party LP
Renowned for music that is piledriving, ruthlessly smashing, pummeling, raging, incinerating, etc., as well as for using a drum machine, Big Black from Chicago pauses in their destructive exertions to construct this LP out of two EPs previously released--*Lungs* and *Bulldozer*.

Studied ugliness and unpleasantness are the hallmarks.

Leader Steve Albini looks like a nice young man, which may be part of the band's appeal; horror always seems more horrible when it's packaged in innocence. No doubt it is more exciting on stage than on this poorly recorded vinyl--or maybe it's supposed to sound this way. There seems to be intelligence and passion here but it's a bit overcooked. (Homestead Records)--Sam Mental
BIG CITY ORCHESTRA/Deathranch: Massacre of the Innocents C
This tape is a gateway to an extreme listening experience: sonic, caustic interference by noiseomergers from Northern California. These two groups get together in a studio for a session of live experimental electronics with demonic intent (use candles). Massive sound in thick textural layers, which is rhythmic sometimes, and moodily droning at others. Unsettling overtures of dense emotion, all un sentimentally harsh, but with a definite sense of proportion. Some pieces have a medieval feel, like the background for occurrences on footbridges in the dead of night. 'Cerebral Edema' could appeal to the more pop-oriented, with an almost swinging beat box.

They make the best use of the witch's guard song from the 'Wizard of Oz' I've heard, creating something reminis-

cent of trolls in a cave.

They also have their tongues firmly planted in cheek especially in 'Education', which is hilarious. What all this adds up to is one hellish din, which must be experienced to be appreciated--not for casual listening...too much goes on. (Sound of Pig)--AO

BIG CITY ORCHESTRA: Gateway of Fruit Loops C

Pounding throbbing loopery from Das (Ubuibi) and distributed by the Sub-Electrick Institute. Machines, mumbling hordes of media voices, more machines; the titles: Mutilation of T & A, Dead is God, Pickham's Motel, Jungle Dog, Head Injury, Puerto Rico. I'm trying to figure out what T & A is, it sounds like loops of Larry King and then a long section of loops imploring us to 'come on out of there' over and over again. The use of loops here is confusing and intriguing, but not a wild dance riot. The pace is rather extended, none of the oddities hurry by. They sort of linger grimly at the speaker, peering into the world from behind your woofers. (SEI)--Robin James

BIG RED STAIN: Chronicle of Consumptive Imitation/La Otra Cara de un Jardin C
Opens with a nice melody played backwards, and at very low volume. Muffled horn sounds. An African song enters, simple drums, singing, then street noises; cars and people. Then the first two melodies play a delightful game of tag. The next song is more disjointed; bells, gongs, plucked strings, an unidentifiable echo in the background. Very eerie. Lopped voices fade in with a factory noise in the background. The rest of the tape follows in the same style, gothic but not somber. Side two: La Otra Cara de un Jardin.

This excursion into abrasive nastiness begins with modulated pink noise in one channel, and pure pink noise

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in the other,

with occasional radio voices thrown in. Lasts quite a long time. Then I hear electronic helicopter on the right and screeches on the left. A modulated signal generator completes the set. (Sound of Pig Music)--Shell Runar

BIRTH OF TRAGEDY: *Death Survives C*

Four incredibly ominous pieces that use violin, noise machine, and big beat. Moody, luminous, intense. Jim Jones rants maniacally 'let the night roar'. There's that dang violin. Titles include 'Vatican Victims', 'Jonestown Overture', 'Death Survives', and 'Fear eats the Soul'. You get the picture. The beat is driving, relentless. This tape plays in the background and demands my attention, now and then. I play it a lot. (SOUND OF PIG)--Frank Gunderson

BLACKLIGHT CHAMELEONS: *Blacklight Chameleons EP*

From the murky Gotham depths of today spring forth these six melodic and spacy originals with the sound of yesteryear but by talent rendered timeless in their beauty and zap-power. Two guys, two gals, accomplished mysterious organ, and some ethereal instrumental work with innovative arrangements. Several passages sound heavily influenced by early Jefferson Airplane. 'Door' is an instant classic both lyrically and musically. Anyway, they got it right, and I can't wait for a LP. (Vox)--Jack Jordan

PAUL BLEY TRIO: *My Standard LP*

Hadn't heard any Paul Bley for awhile; the opening lines of 'Santa Claus is Coming to Town' highlighted his special wit, plus his empathy in a good trio situation. Although lamer material choices like 'All The Things You Are(n't)' and the customary lacking-in-bite Bley blues treatments give this album its slower moments, all in all we have Bley in great form here in Copenhagen in 1985. Great drums from Billy Hart. Bassist Jesper Lundgaard is a little laid. That first track--'Santa!!--is still the best. (Steeplechase)--Lawrence Talbot

THE BLIND TEETH VICTORY BAND: *Kill a Baby, Save a Dog*

Those wacky Texas Christians are back with half a concept album and half-something else.

The concept is pleading against abortion. Sarcasm, passion and their usual homemade production are the tools of assault. The title cut's wisecrack country-pop, 'Four Thousand Americans Died Today' is thick metal ranch. 'You Don't Have to Keep Your Baby' is more weirdo country snideness. 'Looking Through My Window' is another heavy stomper. 'Peggy' could pass for a rip on Devo's 'Whip It'; and 'Don't Let This World Fool You' is sentimental folk. Thought that was odd? The second side contains a synthesizer suite entitled 'Ravioli on Your Shirt' (which turns out to be sophistication for these fellas), a couple of synth-rockers, which unfortunately take too long to develop and a Southern boogie dirge. 'If You Are a Christian (You're Giving Us a Bad Name)'. Throughout Delbert Nave's vocals shine like warped diamonds. (Victory)--Jamie Rake

RORY BLOCK: *I've Got a Rock in My Sock LP*
Nice smooth Rounder production goes the Bonnie Raitt route complete with porno-ish art work.

Stevie Wonder makes his bow to the indie trade by throwing in a nice harmonica solo.

We also get a guest appearance from Taj Mahal, who does very little. Mostly this is Rory's show, with material ranging from soul to rural blues. A lot of work went into the tracks, and they need it--Block is a thin, whining singer who has trouble

putting across the type of material she loves. She obviously has good taste in both material and musicians...now who gets to tell her she needs scope?

(Rounder)--Lawrence Talbot **BLOODGOOD: *Detonation LP***

Though the sound doesn't quite grab right out at cha as on their debut from last year, this is a hot continuation from the band that might be giving Stryper their biggest run for the money in the blessed headbanging sweepstakes. They're lots more lyrical and direct with the goods and gospel to boot. They tighten up the sound of 'Battle of the Flesh' from their first cassette. The guys get mellower, like a slow Dokken or DefLeppard (only not as whiny as either), in 'Alone' in 'Suicide' and tackle the lost Israeli tribe of the Old Testament and plain old being on fire for Christ are handled in blazing, even slightly funky ('Holy Fire') fashion. Each side even has a thematic center piece; the first has 'Self-Destruction' tying perfectly into 'Alone in Suicide' and the second builds from the magnum opus 'Crucify' into the more anthemic 'The Messiah'. Too much Christian metal centers on spiritual vagueness and/or simply proclaiming to be rockin' for Jesus. Bloodgood are in the vanguard of keeping the tunes tight, the messages varied and the sound HEAVY. (Frontline)--Jamie Rake

BLUE ORCHESTRA C

Lovely blue synthesizer music in a blue cassette case. Very mysterious package--no indication of who Blue Orchestra is, how many members it has, what they play, or the fact that Side B of the cassette is blank. The music is languid and flowing, without a sequencer or drum machine in sight, just capable, musical, human hands. I was feeling cynical about independent cassette releases before I put this beauty on, but my only complaint is that at 27 minutes it's far too short. (Office Records)--Mark Sullivan

BOILED IN LEAD: *Hotheads LP*

This band is only four years old, but their music is timeless. All of the songs are traditional Irish, French, English, and American compositions that have been arranged and processed by BiL. One part of the French Tunes cut was originally published in 1550, but listen to it and try to date it. You can't. It could have been written yesterday. This whole album just exudes an air of freshness wafting you towards County Donegal, yet it doesn't let you forget that it is a product of Minneapolis. The tin whistle, flute, and fiddle are accompanied by some rockin' guitar and bionic drumming, especially evident on 'Gypsy Rover' on which the band claims, 'We administer the Atomic Drop to this pub standard.' Yep. A beautifully balanced mixture of traditional compositions, rock-edged arrangements, and rug-cutting, foot-stomping execution. The players are Jane Dauphin--guitar, vocals, tin whistle/ Mitch / Griffin--drums, percussion, vocals/ Todd Menton--guitar, vocals, sax, tin whistle, bodhran/ Drew Miller--bass, synthesizer/ Dave Stenshoel--fiddle, sax, electric mandolin. They have appeared with the likes of Richard Thompson, Husker Du, Violent Femmes, 10,000 Maniacs, and more. Hey Pogues, hit the high road, Boiled in Lead are hot.

(Atomic Theory Records)--Rich Crist **BOWLING GREEN JOHN CEPHAS AND HARMONICA PHIL WIGGINS: *Dog Days of August LP***

As much as we all love the blues and are encouraged by a new generation of performers carrying on the message of country, acoustic blues, this album makes one feel the Cephas-Wiggins duo are second rate. They do a total of only eight songs, most of them done-to-death standards with none to original arrangements. Cephas does a Skip James imitation that is no big deal; yet it takes up a fourth of the total playing space. Maybe this is just another example of Flying Fish's inability to dig deeper into the material they are supposedly making available to the public; this is just a tourist's version of the blues. We'll wait out a final indictment of Cephas-Wiggins until there's been a chance to hear other examples of their blues. (Flying Fish)--Lawrence Talbot

GREG BROWN: *Songs of Innocence and Experience LP*

Yes, those Songs of Innocence and Experience, so you know that Greg doesn't have too much to worry about in the quality of the lyrics. Somehow I had always imagined Blake's poems set to some ponderous, post-romantic score with a mammoth orchestra and a mezzo-soprano solo. And actually, Benjamin Britten set some of Blake's lyrics for the baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. But this here is folk music, sung by a guy with a baritone like Fischer-Dieskau on Nyquil, and it works, completely. Greg Brown is probably best known for his appearances on 'A Prairie Home Companion', and he has a funky, earthy quality that gives Blake's lyrics an incredible energy inconceivable in a concert hall full of tiaras and tuxedos. Peter Ostroushko plays violin and mandolin on the record, and the other players are of equal caliber. One of the most interesting folk records in years. (Red House)--John Baxter

SAVOY BROWN: *Live in Central Park LP*

Back in the early Seventies, this was a hot guitar outfit. Featuring guitarist Kim Simmonds, their big hit was 'Tell Mama.' On this record, the British longhairs are captured live in Central Park in the summer of 1972. There's lots of British bluesy guitar in the spirit of early Fleetwood Mac and Climax Blues Band. Plus some exhortations to the crowd to 'Get off yer asses.' Such is fame that members of Savoy Brown later went on to such lame-o bands as Black Sabbath and UFO. (Relix Records)--Bill Neill

HAROLD BUDD: *Lovely Thunder CD*

Budd's newest solo release is a stunning collection of moody evocations. The long track 'Gypsy Violin' was the musical portion of a gallery installation by Budd entitled 'Blue Room with Flowers and Gong.' Though this ravishingly beautiful work clocks in at over twenty minutes, it is not one second too long. The glacial pace of 'Ice Floes in Eden' is punctuated by percussive elements which sound like distant thunder (whence comes the title of the recording?). 'Flowered Knife Shadows' is a different, and to my mind better version, of 'The Ghost Has No Home' from Budd's recent collaboration with Elizabeth Fraser, Robin Guthrie, and Simon Raymond (i.e. The Cocteau Twins), 'The Moon and The Melodies.' This CD version of 'Lovely Thunder' contains a splendid bonus; 'Valse pour le fin du temps,' an extra track not found on the lp. The work is reminiscent of Glass's 'Prophecies,' the closing tableau from *Koyaanisqatsi*, with a similar slow moving majesty that is moving and profound. As for the sound quality, Budd, who has a very discerning ear and was not partial to digital sound, upon hearing his CD for the first time was so impressed that he decided to get a CD player. (Jem)--Dean Suzuki

HAROLD BUDD, ELIZABETH FRASER, ROBIN GUTHRIE, SIMON RAYMONDE: *The Moon and the Melodies LP*

Budd's dreamy processed piano work interspersed with Cocteau Twins' style dreamy guitar songs. Elizabeth Fraser's plaintive voice is featured on four cuts. Recommended for fans of either Budd or Cocteau, but breaks no new ground. (Relativity)--Allen Green.

BUTHOLE SURFERS: *Locust Abortion Technician LP*

The Surfers go technology, crazy, for the first time really using the studio as an instrument. The result is a very noisy, disjointed, glorious mess that pushes the idea of 'songs' to extremes. 'Sweat Loaf' has to be a metal parody with its pounding riffs and invocation to Satan, all busted up by tape manipulation. Other pieces, with their deliberately paced drumming and guitar insanity could almost be performed live. 'Human Cannonball', for instance, is reminiscent of the Surfers' early work; the rest of the album covers new ground.

A genuine chunk of American eccentricity

that imbeciles like Frank Zappa would love to put their name on.

(Touch and Go)--Lang Thompson
DONALD CAMPAU: *Pinata Party C*

Excellent example of home recording artistry.

Already this is starting to read like those reviews in Sound Choice where they blow up some of the words so's it catches the eye better.

but this is true. Don Campau's excellent song-writing and playing are in top form in this double-cassette, featuring not only Campau's but toonz by mail muzick collaborators Ken Clinger, James Hill, Dino Di Muro and Mark Hanley. Dino Di Muro's 'Free Again' and others are very good. Ken Clinger's contributions are particularly strange/fun, waxing poetic on 'The Perfect Tomato' and the cow rebellion. Excellent playing by all, especially James Hill's trumpet, Campau's guitar solos. And featured vocalist Nicole Campau, who is heard briefly several times, is also pleasant to listen to. For the most part, however, the emphasis is on the elder Campau (whose kids also appear on the 2x tape). Campau's sense of social parody is very clever, too--especially on 'Sinkhole,' which starts with that most unlikely opening couplet, 'I know you didn't mean to give bad advice/But thanks to you, I've got a headache--I know Campau's been compared to Jonathan Richman previously, and this is a good example of that. Especially when he goes 'to water the lawn/On that cute little fixer-upper,' later that same tune. All this and more makes this 2x tape fun to listen to. And

it comes in a totally cool festive package--a paper bag, and the tapes come in a plastic container with a whole bunch of weird things--mine had a single playing card, hard candies and a package of carrot seeds. This makes it fun to get in the mail.

Oh, yeah, and he likes to trade tapes, too: independent recording artists, and you know who you are, send two o' yer fave tapes to Don Campau 'n' ask for this 'un. Or any Campau Tape! You'll be glad you did! (Lonely Whistle)--Dan Fioretti
CAPITOL PUNISHMENT: *Slum With A View LP*

This hardcore foursome plays tunes full of nightmarish Sabbath-like metal chords mixed with the crashing percussion and thrashing tempos of punk. Lead singer Ralph Lotspeich growls and gurgles through lyrics protesting migrant worker poverty and Mrs. Marco's shoes. He sings like a man gargling with rusty water. None of that may sound original, but their tight energy, professional production, and genuine protest spirit put the Punishment a cut above most formula hardcore smahers. (Unclean Records)--James Hopkins
DOUG CARROL: *Deconstruction of the Art of Violoncello Playing C*

The title of this cassette is very apt. I

don't think that there are any sounds that the cello is capable of that

Doug has not managed to coax, coerce, tear or bang out of his instrument.

Side one is pure noise. This is not music to meditate with. The cello growls, squeals, howls, and moans. Music to torture your neighbors with. Side two is more avant-garde. Sounds are looped, echoed, taped and manipulated. It is generally much more subdued and more interesting. Doug displays real talent on the cello as well, there is the occasional snippet of melody and some incredible sound effects, his growling dog is chilling. If you have a sampler this would be a great tape for your collection. This is an innovative and interesting cassette, probably won't get Doug a Philharmonic gig though. (Doug Carroll)--Shell Runar

CATERWAUL: *The Nature of Things LP*

Straight-out British style rock ala U2 with a wailing female lead singer. She sings everything with the exact same level of intensity. Mandolins add a slight Celtic feel to some cuts. Caterwaul used to be known as Bonton. (Lost Art Records)--Allen Green

CELLOPHANE CEILING: *The Beauty Of It All LP*

Trio from Omaha that never really distinguishes itself. Plenty of cool, gnawing guitar grumbles yet no real stickum to proclaim greatness. A one-dimensional production doesn't help, either.

Punk rock with a humorous edge but minus balls; any band too timid to spell out the entire word for their title 'All F... Up' may just be pretending to be tough. Still, they do have a tuneful thrust and plenty of energy, as witnessed on the garagey 'Happiness' (too quirky to be real garage, though) or the fine guitar blast whammy of the reckless 'Abandon.' I also enjoyed 'Don't Play God' because it dropped the volume and went kinda acoustic blues. Give 'em time and maybe they'll grow up and rock the world. (Main Vein)--Fred Mills

MICHAEL CHOCHOLAK: *Future Selves C*

Starts off with a sequencer going wild, soon followed by various swirls, bellows, squeals, and cat cries. Synthetic zoo. The second song is much slower, more atmospheric. Definite scent of Tangerine Dream, emphasis on Dream. Whales and organs, echoing computers. Great mood music, with a sinister edge. The third has delayed TV clips, news, commercials and digital sequencers. The rest of the tape is of the same avant-garde style. Not always structured songs, but not random either. Nice balance. (M & M Music)--Shell Runar

CHUCK: *Everything is Beautiful C*

Wild ranging, everything is broken, these guys are alright. Maybe even possessed by genius. This tape features the radio: almost-in-tune western swing classics, feedback, shortwave sounds, distortions up the wazoo. It sounds like they are doing everything to mess up the sound: wrong speeds, almost right speeds on phono-disc, maybe it was made on an old tape recorder with bad batteries, everything is coming apart like crazy. A bouquet of rust and decay. Except for the instrumental interlude towards the end (with tuned percussion and feedback guitar or whatever) there are no two musical notes that stand together anymore, even though the original music was once considered popular and appealing. It's after the end of the world, and you wake up and find... (Chuck)--Robin James

CIA: *CIA EP*

Ska overtones and saxophone are mixed into this rock-band format of guitar/bass/drums. The songs are largely topical treatments of such familiar subjects as corporate rock, commercial radio, and of course the CIA. 'Teenage Alcoholic' is better than the rest, with a mixture of cynicism and sympathy. But as far as music goes, there's no new vision here. (Rude Records)--Bill Neill
CIRCLES: *The Diet of Worms C*

Put on your dancing shoes and slam around in circles of insane abandon.

The Knack is back!!
appears on the cassette's lyric sheet.

And indeed this band sounds like a high energy Knack outfitted in punk attire. However, the subject matter goes beyond bubblegum and teen sex. 'Eye for an eye--one is gone, so another must die. In Justice's name--right the wrong by doing the same.' Bet they'd be a blast to see live. (Circles)--Brent Godfrey

CITY OF WORMS C

90 minutes of ambient industrial drone music. A multitude of found vocals murmur beneath the surface of synth and noise creating a hypnotic and eerie mood. Would make a suitable soundtrack for the dream sequence portions of a movie. (City of Worms)--Brent Godfrey
CJSS: *Praise the Loud LP*

Intelligent, sophisticated heavy metal too far ahead of much of the pack to appeal to not many more than the denim-and-leather crowd you see at the import bins of small town record shops (and their big city counterparts). Pity, because this positively stings with power. Yeah, it's too cool about itself to pulverize you. It has the force to do it if it wanted to, though. 'Thunder and Lightning' is instrumental metal that doesn't come off as an exercise in pretension, for a change. The title track gives 'all a swell sacrilege that booms you with a tribute to the music. There are weightier things on their minds, though...like the fate of your soul. No spiritual affiliation is apparent, but they're certainly ANTI-Satan. 'Citizen of Hell' and 'The Bargain' don't come off as so much shock schlock but serious statements of warning to the youngsters who take Slayer, Iron Maiden, et. al. too far to heart. 'Out of Control' and 'Land of the Free' lack the macabre poetry of social conscience that Metallica or Megadeth bring forth but are equally effective in a genre where there are too few real thinkers. Of course, lots will buy this for David Chastain's absolutely fabu-munga guitar work and they'd by in their right mind to do so, but Mike Skimmerhoren has suitably high and masculine vocals to carry this material. Those who still believe metal has nothing to say are now dismissed!! (Leviathan)--Jamie Rake

VASSAR CLEMENTS: *Hillbilly Jazz Rides Again LP*

It's been at least 10 years (?) since the first volume of hillbilly jazz came from fiddle legend Vassar, and that one had a lighter, jazzier feel to it than this head-banging, foot-stomping western swing outing. Clements had potential as one of the hotter instrumentalists in the '70s, then watered down his potential via dull hookups with Southern rock and various corporate marketing attempts at changing him into another Doug Ker-shaw or a Jean Luc Ponty with a Southern accent. A record like this represents all the best of Vassar, and it's good to see him back on top with a lot of tried but true classics such as 'Airmail Special', 'Your Mind is on Vacation', 'Caravan', and the feisty 'Triple Stop Break'. The instrumental line up goes for more of a group sound than the all-star line up of the previous hillbilly jazz. An extra credit goes to Clements for the self-production job on the album--you can tell the diff. (Flying Fish)--Lawrence Talbot

COCTEAU TWINS: *Love's Easy Tears EP*

What can you really say about this group? If you're already a fan this is almost pointless, if not I suppose this is as good a place as any to start. Personally I much prefer this to their recent work with Harold Budd. Actually this came out in England with only three tracks a little while before *The Moon And The Melodies* album. The extra track, 'Orange Appled', being taken from a Melody Maker Magazine freebie 7" EP. All four songs here are lighter and more melodic than Moon or even most of their recent stuff. I hear shades of 'Aikea-Guinea' period CTs running through these tunes, especially the closer, 'Those

Eyes, That Mouth'. The harmonies and double-tracking of Liz Fraser's voice in alluring counter-melodies make the songs here really work. (4AD)--Brad Bradberry
COIL: *The Anal Staircase EP*

Hi-tech industrial funk that sounds just as cool at 331/3 as it does at 45...

only a bit gloomier. Scrapes, clanks, and thuds over drumboxes and dark throbs with surreal vocals laced through-out...my kind of stuff! (Relativity)--Allen Green
ALBERT COLLINS: *Cold Snap LP*
Collins has his cult following of blues guitar fanatics, and he does have chilling, raw sound that

makes Eric Clapton sound like the ukulele player on the Mr. Rogers show.

This production gets in plenty of that, plus adds some funk licks from old pros like Mel Brown (remember his sleazy albums on Impluse?) and Jimmy McGriff. All in all, this is an album that sounds as good as you think it should, although a few of the soul tracks suck. (Alligator)--Lawrence Talbot

CONTROLLED BLEEDING: *Head Crack LP*
This wonderful LP is highly intricate, moody, and often quite beautiful. Certainly, no one would have expected an album so musically rich from this notoriously violent sounding bunch. (TALK ABOUT A TOTAL CHANGE OF DIRECTION!!!!) The first side is an aural delight, and features the voice of Joe Papa, one of the finest you are likely to hear. Beginning with a Gregorian chant, accompanied by pipe organ, Controlled Bleeding moves into a subtly mournful piece, based on the interplay of harp and synthetic strings, underpinned by hymn-like voices. The Third track (all pieces are untitled), is the centerpiece of *Head Crack* combining aspects of opera and minimalism in a melodic, highly dynamic composition that is absolutely majestic. The second side maintains an equally somber mood, but differs in sound sources and compositional approach. Multiple layers of gently plucked guitar progressions, reverberating, and intermeshed, give the material an exotic, ethnic quality at times. Pieces fade in, each revolving around a simple, repeated bass line or guitar melody, and gradually build in intricacy and textural interplay. Controlled Bleeding brings the listener through rain forests, deserts, underground passages, and pulsating boiler rooms...This is truly an original and highly recommended sonic experience. (Sterile Records)--Paul Lemos

CONTROLLED BLEEDING: *Curd LP*
Curd is the second release in a three part series, by Controlled Bleeding, and is entirely different from the preceding LP *Head Crack*. The album is schizophrenic, but brilliant, defying easy categorization, and void of an overall stylistic trademark. Musique Concrete, 'Iranian Funk', 'Factory Music', Opera, and 'New Age' music are some of the territories covered here. The remarkable thing about this disc is that Controlled Bleeding produces the massive sound assault of 'By The Drain' at one moment, and the next, moves into the incredibly technical, sensitively executed classicism of 'Inland II'. Really, there is no predicting the tempo, tone, form or instrumentation from track to track. Some might find this extremely eclectic approach to be jarring and lacking coherent musical vision; however, I find the work compelling because of its urgency, textural depth, and complexity. CURD is a strong, beautifully conceived record and is testament to the fact that Controlled Bleeding, like Swans and Sonic Youth, is one of the most important groups in the New York scene. (Dossier Records)--Rich Andra-son

THE COOLIES: *Dig LP*

Atlanta schmoezes put mostly whole new perspectives on Paul Simon (!?) songs and one by Paul Anka. The Coolies are sloppy, kinda punky fellows, not neo-folkies like Simon and his buddy Art, so most of these swing butt-kicks more than the originals. 'Mrs. Robinson's turned into a Venturian instrumental to better effect than expected, but the rest are vocals, many adding goofy or significant twists to the intents of the first go-rounds. 'Scarborough Fair' and 'Feelin' Groovy' become stoo-pid, silly raps, the latter even subject to more poignance than the mellow mongering Paul & Art tune. 'I Am a Rock' doesn't quite hold the idiot/genius damage of the Artless cover but holds a contentment about it unheard before. Yeah, the rest are relatively appropos, too, though 'El Condor Pasa' retains the same kind of weary wistfulness as the version from whence it came. Anka's 'You're Having My Baby' is mostly successful but still couldn't have done wrong by getting a female counterpart to Clay Harper doing the number all by his lonesome. We all know they can't go on like this making a legitimate recording career off others' hits--but if this is any indication of inventiveness to come, maybe they'll pull it off. (DB)--Jamie Rake
JOHNNY COSTA: *Plays Mister Rogers Neighborhood LP*

How many jazz fans are hip to Mr. Rogers?

He loves jazz--of the mellow, bopping variety--

and most of the songs he sings are actually nice jazz themes. Anyone who has ever noticed the lyrical piano playing on the show will be delighted by this release, in which Johnny Costa with Bobby Rawsthorne on drums and Carl McVicker on bass stretch out on 'Won't You Be My Neighbor?', 'You Are Special' and a dozen more. Fred himself produced this LP, proving that in addition to hosting one of the longest-running, successful, controversial and inspirational (to the hooligans who make fun of him) television shows, he can also whip up a cooking jazz piano trio LP. This probably took them all of an afternoon to put together. It's a beautiful day for a piano trio... (Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood Records)--Lawrence Talbot

COUNTRY GAZETTE with ALAN MUNDE and ROLAND WHITE: *Bluegrass Tonight LP*

Bluegrass fans will need no introduction to either Munde or White. On this album they are joined by dobro and guitar player Gene Wooten, from North Carolina, and Billy Joe Foster singing and playing bass and fiddle. (The liner notes also brag that Billy Joe is great on Banjo, mandolin and guitar, too.) Plus we get Roland White's son Lawrence playing 'bluegrass brushes' in his recording debut. These folks are all hot players, and they pull off anything they attempt. The opening instrumental, *The Great American Banjo Tune*, is quite a mind-boggler. Some bluegrass fans find these guys too cut and dry, sterile. All in all, this is one of their warmer efforts, even turning to ace songwriter John Hadley for the sentimental 'Hound Dogs Never Die.' (Flying Fish)--Lawrence Talbot

COUSIN JOE: *Relaxin' in New Orleans LP*

What makes a blues album sound fresh? Tell you what does. Take a singer who has lived, say, about eight decades. Throw a heap of jazz in his background. Think of someone who recorded with Sidney Bechet and Earl Hines. Imagine him writing songs with the wit of Fats Waller and playing piano just as well, though differently. The songs have titles like 'I Had to Stoop to Conquer You' and 'Don't Let Your Head Start Nothin''. Give him a voice remarkably like Randy Newman's. And even imagine that Randy Newman just ripped off this man's style unmercilessly. Clock in most of the songs at under three minutes. Anyone who doesn't immediately get this album is missing the most original and human blues album of the last few years. (Great Southern Records)--Norman Weinstein

CRAWLING WITH TARTS: *Voccianna C*

This group dares to try many different approaches and achieves good results every time. There is not a boring song on this tape ranging from oddball electronic parts to pretty, layered guitar breaks to goofy off-key melodies. All these different elements are blended so it all comes out as one without rough transitions. This is weirdness with a hook. (ASP)--Glen Thrasher

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL:

Chronicle-Volume Two LP

Another small independent label jockeys into position with another indie rock band putting across a combination of American blues and country sensibilities. The singer has promise, and in some of his more poignant efforts such as 'Wrote a Song for Everyone' and 'Don't Look Now (It Ain't You or Me)' achieves a poignancy that cannot be imitated. The rock-outs such as 'Night Time' and 'Suzie-Q' are old-lameo, though, on the level of Paul McCartney. This double is one of many Fantasy packagings of this material, told from a concept hinted at in liner notes that I'm not about to read now or ever. (Fantasy)--Lawrence Talbot

CRUINERS: *The Relentless Rhythm of Change C*

I thought I would hate this tape but as I listened to it I grew to appreciate the rules Cruiners set up for itself. First in the middle appears a rhythm, then on the left appears a synth riff, then on the right appears a tape loop, these all combine to create a multi-layered swirl of sound that grinds in your mind. A great piece on the 2nd side has

an authoritarian figure warning us of the horrors of LSD.

This tape could easily be the soundtrack to a bad acid trip, and that's a compliment. (JimTapes)--AMK

CROSSFIRE CHOIR LP

Pretty smelly college radio new wave with the unfounded pretension of occasionally wanting to become art rock. Ha ha! Actually the second side contains some numbers that I wouldn't mind dancing to if I were to find myself at some bar on its 'alternative rock' night, and that's because the Steve Lillywhite production of tunes like 'Hell Hath No Fury' and 'Spark in Your Eye' are vaguely reminiscent of his work with U2 and the Psychedelic Furs. Take the crap back to the first side, however, and it all becomes too much to stomach. The side ends with some of the lamest white (excuses for) funk I've to lay my ears on, 'What's It to Ya', where the Crossfire guys scream 'motherfucker' and 'asshole' in deperate recognition of street savvy. Your little sister who grooves on the Cure and Depeche Mode might go for this. (Passport)--Jamie Rake

DAN CROW: *Sound Songs Vol. I & II LP*

This record was played for a second grade class in the Ojai Valley. Generally they liked it. Some of their written comments were: 'The music is funny. The music is crazy. His voice is weird. The record is fun. The record is boring...It's weird and crazy.' 'I like the music. I think it is very funny and fun. They are weird and dumb in a funny way.' 'It is also weird, very weird. I don't like the children.' 'I like the children wine tay sing. I like the moyousick. The moyouzick is vere good. I like win-tay say you culd kiss a cow.' The kids liked it but I didn't. It was mostly nonsense and no messages in the 2 acoustically rendered songs. Anyway I say it's a must for all of you 3 years and under Sound Choice readers out there in magazineland. (Barn House Records)--Drew Robertson

CULTURCIDE: *Year I LP*

This is a collection of cassette recordings on LP, sort of a 'best of' album.

Culturcide is the process of killing a people's culture.

It is most frequently mentioned in connection with the west oppressing the third world, mostly for profit, but specifically with Christian missionaries. On the back of the album is a quote



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from R.D. Laing, too long to quote in full, but part of it reads 'From the moment of birth...the baby is subjected to these forces of violence...mainly concerned with destroying most of its potentialities. By the time the new human being is fifteen or so, we are left with a human being like ourselves, a half-crazed creature more or less adjusted to a mad world'. This is what the lyrics are about, despair and desperation with an occasional religious touch. The music is semi-industrial and fits the lyrics very well. The rhythms are handled on a cheesy drum machine, very thin, overlaid are spoken and distorted voice, primitive electronics, tape and nasty guitar. There is occasional bass and saxophone. The guitar work is quite good, it stands out. The electronic sounds are analog and very simple. Sounds like someone with their first synthesizer, and an old one at that. The tape sounds are of noises, TV, or radio. The feel of this album is primitive, but it works well in the context of the lyrics.

(Toxic Shock)--Shell Runar
CURRENT '93: LP

This grim-looking picture disc contains two sides of even grimmer sounding music, a lot of it horror-movie sounding, and barely any info other than a few titles and some barely legible names. (United Dairies Records)--Lawrence Talbot.

DA: *Fearful Symmetry* LP

The band once known as Daniel Amos makes the fourth segment of its *Alarma! Chronicles* under a new name and more inventive sounds than much of what passes for the creative in Christianity. Lyricist Terry Scott Taylor takes on everything from doubt and damnation to the peaceful euphoria of meeting Christ after death in terms that are just as poetic as his inspirations of William Blake, Malcolm Muggeridge (ex-Punch editor) and King David (Psalms writer, natch). These vi-

sions DA weds to artful, eclectic psychedelics, much of it danceable. The lone ballad, 'Beautiful One', is so fragile, ethereal and pretty that the saccarine of MOR Christian radio would be put to shame upon one play of it. Call 'em God's Abbey Road-period Beatles for the time being, and DA stands as a band of not mere evangelists, but darn fine musicians. (Frontline)--Jamie Rake
THE DAYBREAKERS: *History of Eastern Iowa Rock, Volume One* LP

Anyone for a slice of Eastern Iowa's rock history, or would you rather have a bag of cold French fries? Take a look at these Daybreakers, circa '66 in a snapshot on the back cover, and you'll have to laugh at the white-collared Mod shirts and the nerdy guys wearing them. This is definite sociology;

if you like your psychedelic music wimpy, this is it!

This stuff makes even some of the stuff groups play today sound authentic. An absolute masterpiece, of its type. (Unlimited Productions)--Lawrence Talbot

DEATH OF SAMANTHA: *Strung Out on Jargon* LP

The album is for the most part fine, uptempo garage rock (modern genre, as opposed to neo-60's style). 'Coca Cola and Licorice,' the opening cut, with its dirge-like drones and screeches (and almost tuneless vocals) was initially quite off-putting, and probably contributed to my unenthusiastic first impression. The vocals, featuring the 'throat-full-of-vomit-and-gravel sound' are, in general, the weak point of the whole LP. This is not an album that I play every day, but it is one that I am glad to have in my collection. (Homestead Records)--K. Crothers

GONE



SST 086 GONE: *Gone II. But Never Too Gone* (LP/CASS \$7.50) Greg Sim and Andrew jump on their Harleys and ride roughshod through the sleepy towns of jazz, rock and blues. Like the fabled biker nois of the sixties, *Gone*'s sonic assault leaves the towns they ride through with the knowledge that things will never be the same. No words, no categories, no fooling around as *Gone* shred sixteen stabs of pure *Goneness*. Includes *Jungle Law*, *Unglued* and *Adams*.



SST 061 GONE: *Let's Get Real, Real Gone For A Change* (LP, CASS \$7.50) How gone can you get? After Greg Ginn (guitar), Andrew Wess (bassosaurus) and Sim Cam (drums) mess with your mind with their unique stew of sonic madness, you the listener will be real, real gone.

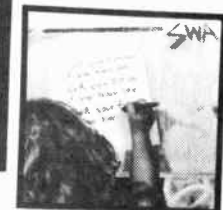
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SWA



SST 093 SWA: *xClit* (LP, CASS \$7.50) Storm Warnings Abound when the high pressure front of new guitarist Sylvia Juncosa meets the wave of SWA. Merrill's vocals bring the cool rain to the desert! Greg's drums herald the bizzards of the new ice age, and the thunder of Chuck's bass will split mountains of these eight intense songs from the masters of the elements. SWA includes *Optimist* and *Arroyo*.

SST 073 SWA: *Sex Doctor* (LP/CASS \$7.50)



SST 053 SWA: *Your Future If You Have One* (LP, CASS \$7.50)

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SUGAR RAY DINKE: *Cabrini Green Rap 12'* single

Here we have a few oddities on the same record. First, it's a rap from Chicago, home of the house beat, and Dinke ain't rappin' to house. Secondly, the only seeable reason for Dinke being on a Christian label's that Sugar Ray's one himself (or that the other black indies in Chitown were busy releasing house 12'ers?). Thirdly, Cabrini Green is a Chicago tenement built by the city but recently taken over by the residents. Am assuming this was recorded before the takeover. Thirdly part-two's that this record TELLS IT LIKE IT IS: no divine intervention, devoid of Christian hope over the rehab of the place. Dinke raps angrily as early Melle Mel and warns the world not to travel to Division Street where they might be pelted from windows or mugged on the sidewalk. There's a couple of mean, heavy guitar breaks, and the rest is minimal, if well-produced. Take the bother to find it. (I Am)--Jamie Rake

DISAPPOINTED A FEW PEOPLE: *A Few In Love LP*

The band shocked Christian and a lots of other folk with their pro-God 'Fuck with Christ' single are back with more controversy and maturation--musical, lyrical and spiritual. This doesn't mean that they'll be any easier understood. Musically, DAFP are taking cues from early 80's British 'neo-psychedelia' bands such as Teardrop Explodes, Echo and the Bunnymen and early Simple Minds. In fact, on several occasions vocalist Ian Stephens comes across like a demonic Jim Kerr. From those cues they delve into the surreal metaphysical intricacies of topics ranging from patriotic martyrdom for one's county (the title cut, with mean percussion breakdown), to sordid obsessions with sex ('Ecstasy'). From whom else would you hear a line like 'you can borrow my face' set to a gloom-laden dance track describing the theological consequences of Christ's resurrection? 'Soft Blue Veins' becomes metaphorical for the suicidal longing of physical beauty and 'Black Wine' translates as the fruit from a new Tree of Knowledge. Things end on a French poetry piece set to a persistent industrial clang on 'La Solitude'. Don't ask me what Disappointed a Few People see as the 'mission', if they consider themselves to have any. Just be thankful they're around. (Psyche)--Jamie Rake

dk: *Another Difficult Moment C*

Horns, vocals (trancy poetry and animated interjections), percussion, guitars, lots of tape tricks--editing and loop action. 42 selections can be heard, with titles like Small, Liquids, Goat, Politics, Meaning, Tawdry, Brains, Bone, Wood, Lip, etc., arranged into 'Interludes of Enormous Significance' and 'Answers to All The Hardest Questions.' It's a jungle of sax and drums with wild vocal poetics/singing. It keeps changing within that basic format, with tapes of other people's voices in places. A shadowy excursion of 46 minutes. (dk)--Robin James

DOC WOR MIRAN: *Doc Wor Mirran C*

Well crafted electro-atmospheric music that neatly sidesteps the usual cliches without falling off the sidewalk. I tried to review this with the lights off, which turned out to be a mistake because I was lying on a waterbed and started having low level hallucinations, and well...I just thought you should know. A lot of this' stuff sounds like it was meant to be listened to while scuba diving, sort of

like the stuff that was being broadcast to the whales in the last Star Trek flick,

only this time without the ensuing atmospheric disturbances. The rest of the tape comes more from a tape loop/bleep and blurr school of thought which I didn't find quite as effective, but these pieces were still quite enjoyable to listen to. My copy came with a 40 page book of poetry that they wrote. It was pretty good, as books of poetry

go, but as far as I'm concerned the music's the thing. I'd recommend this tape to anyone with ears. (eMPfy Records)--Eric Iverson

DOG AS MASTER: *Dog Food C*

Sparse electronic run-away mod noise funk, quirky attacks and withdrawals, little jokes here and there (CHARGE!, some accelerated funk riffs) and the roar of synth surf, which seems to be the only consistent part besides being sparse and silent frequently. Quick radio tunings, clicks, cute little melodic blips on a plastic synth, and nothing too complicated. A more mellow release from Dog As Master. (Dog As Master)--Robin James

DOLL PARTS: *The Clown That Devours C*

Cleanly recorded electro-tech music from Boulder, Colorado. Elements of pop like early OMD and Ministry come to mind but there's fewer hooks and much more good weirdness worked in. Due to the amount of tasteful, intelligent work going down here (lyrics and music), this recording is quite enjoyable. (SEI)--Lawrence Crane

ANNA DOMINO: *Anna Domino LP*

The 'Everything but the Girl' school of music, maybe, but a bit jazzier and more melodic (such as on 'Rhythm'). Reminiscent a little of Anne Clarke or Annabel Lamb. Nice airy female vocals (in English). Very pleasant harmonies (with herself). For those who are collecting songs titled 'Koo Koo', this has one (not the Debbie Harry one). Poetic songs, not political or sexual. About life, love. More for the listening than dancing. Picture Anna Domino sitting on a stool, cool. New yet recalls the old. Snap your fingers (especially to 'My Man'). Music to listen to and enjoy: pretty. Astrud Gilberto comes to mind, though these sounds are not Brazil '66. A Mari- anne Faithful without the gravel and the lessons to teach? Wish I could explain this record like a review pro, you know: 'The force of Chopin with the insight of Chomsky', but I can't. I enjoy it, it's not rock or raunch or industrial, it's just pretty and pleasant and interesting. A voice you could spread on a bagel (French bread? Scones?), it's so smooth. I like it. (Les Disques du Crepuscule)--Paul Luchter

DOT 3: LP

Dot 3's first record finds them working the same style as their *In the Desert* cassette but to better effect: the playing is tighter, the rhythms sharper, the songs more assured. Their sound has been described as 'urban tribal music' and 'primal funk' but Dot 3 is up to more than just recreating funk or African styles. There's a critical, almost surreal attitude to the album that you can witness in much indie rock but rarely in anything like this polyrhythmic, horn-and-guitar rave-up. It doesn't always work but enough does to make Dot 3 an engaging release. Produced by Tom Herman. (Tripod Jimmie, ex-Pere Ubu). (All Ball)--Lang Thompson

HENRI DUTILLEUX: *First Symphony; Timbres, espace, mouvement CD*

There are many fine composers of the twentieth century who have never had their moment in the sun. Despite their manifold talents, their music never captured the imagination of performers or audiences. Maverick composers such as Ruggles, Vermeulen, K. Hartmann, and Sorabji remain mysteries at best and non-entities at worst, though their works are impressive, if not profound. As a composer, Dutilleux may not be of the same caliber as the aforementioned composers, but he is certainly underrated and his works manifest potent energy and a high degree of invention. The two symphonic works synthesize the power and might of Ruggles and the ethereal gentility of Debussy. The harmonic language is dissonant, but it is neither disorienting or without tonal pull. Dutilleux occasionally lapses into a film score mode, with tired cliches and histrionics, as in the fourth movement, 'Finale con variazioni, of the Symphonie No. 1.' However, for the most part his writing is strong and secure, with sinuous, intertwining melodies, aggressive, robust harmonies, and brilliant orchestration. Often delicate, misty skeins of orchestral colors will be juxtaposed against thick, pounding chordal pas-

sages with dramatic results. Dutilleux is a composer to be reckoned with and one who deserves a much wider audience. (Harmonia Mundi)--Dean Suzuki

DWARVES: *Horror Stories LP*

Formerly Suburban Nightmare, this band could still cause one to lose a bit of sleep. Speed does that. Loud, over-the-top, grungy, speed-psyched outta the garage. These guys scream the vocals so hard and loud in spots that it makes your throat hurt just listening. Titles like 'Be A Caveman', 'Sometimes Gay Guys Don't Wear Pink', 'Love Gestapo' and 'Minded Expanders' show just how serious The Dwarves are. The vocals are near impossible to decipher. A lyric sheet is provided so the listener can fully comprehend the true 'depth' of the songs' content. Loud, irreverent, irritating rock and roll. (Bomp)--Brad Bradberry

EASTERN STAR: *Power, Lust and Wisdom C*

Why haven't I heard of this group before? They are great. The cassette packaging gives no information. This is an offering of awesome beauty which fills me with nostalgia. The signs of 60's psychedelic raga rock are unmistakable, but it's impossible to write this group off that easily. Taking the music further out makes this tape one of the best nostalgia trips I've had in a long time. The music is raw and sophisticated, featuring jangling guitars, ritualistic vocals and some exceptional rock drumming.

This is psychedelia that could not have happened in the 60's.

There is an industrial tinge to some of these tunes, and the mixtures of textures and styles evolve from more contemporary expressions. It makes for a music which at once looks back and forward, emerging with resolutions for living in the 90's--kind of like Moby Grape meets Controlled Bleeding, with U2 added for good measure. The drummer works the sock cymbal and toms to good advantage, creating elaborate tapestries of Eastern rhythms. I certainly hope this group tours... (Eastern Star)--AO

ROGER ECKSTINE: *Private Tracks C*

Good jazz from a quartet of tenor sax, guitar, bass & drums. Eckstine wrote the tunes and plays the tenor. His sound is reminiscent of Sonny Rollins and the tunes are neo-bop a la Richie Cole. The show is stolen by guitarist Ho Young Kim. After an earthbound solo by Eckstine on the opening number, Ho comes flying in playing some of those extended harmonies that Coltrane was playing in the fifties. This group is probably good to see live. (Roger Eckstine)--Bruce Christensen

EDGE CITY: *By The Water EP*

The lengthy title track is about looking back on the magic of that special love, remembering all the good times and crazy friends. Writer and singer Jim Patton delivers the lines with true autobiographical conviction over a series of lovely acoustic strums and Knopflerish electric leads join a piano and two female backing singers to chronicle the remembrances. This type of confessional balladeer epic, very much in the Seger-Springsteen vein, seems to be the band's forte, as shown in the majestic 'Crisis To Crisis' or even the simpler acoustic 'I Turn To You.' Good, clear production adds to the enjoyment. (Independent Alligator)--Fred Mills

TIM ELDAIR: *Etcetera C*

I get the impression the composer approached this tape as a one-time-out project and wanted to show everything he could do. He does many things, writing in styles ranging from ambient/space music to annoying bits of electronic noise. On a few numbers he goes into a folk-music mode. I liked some of the lyrical synthesizer numbers on this tape and was reminded of Birdsongs of the Mesozoic. There is simply too much music on the tape, so much that it lacks coherence. (Tim Eldair)--Bruce Christensen

ELECTRIC PEACE: *Medieval Mosquito LP*

Word has it that they suck live, but on album this

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Los Angeles band cooks like the best of the Deep Purple-Uriah Heep school of hard rock. Toss in just a touch of modern garage so you won't lump 'em in with the SST bands--although a double bill with DC3 wouldn't be so bad. And listen for the Duane Allman-inspired slide guitar, especially on the blistering 'Hate Is A Special Feeling' The vocals are kind of overly dramatic but that's okay, it fits into the late '60s style just right. The pumping, throbbing organ is everywhere too, straight outta *In Rock*. There's some hazy trance stuff, ominous growls and painfully slow dirges that imply mental decay and social alienation--in 'I Was Thinking' the vocalist intones the phrase 'My life isn't living/I might as well earn my sentence,' and by the end of the song he's killed his wife and kids. Hmm. Drugs, violence, claustrophobic horror, facing the judge--all crop up with regularity as the organ mirrors the mental flip-flops. The guitar buzzes and screams and wah-wahs with true acid rock aplomb, excess both the rule and the result. One can take the album as period stuff and get ready for the revival, or one can just treat it as a concept album and party along for the duration of the two sides. Either way, it's a fun record that takes you back. (Barred)--Fred Mills

ELEVEN POND--*Bas Relief* LP

The numbered, limited edition of 500, plus the letterpress/screened cover, plus the enigmatic song titles, scream out art rock, and truthfully. I thought it might be a new Savage Republic record at first. But nope, a Rochester band, and an extremely pleasing one at that. The most immediate reference might be New Order, for drum programs and sequencers/synths are present on most of the tracks; 'Watching Trees' features some melodic, a favored N.O. instrument. But they're not pompous cold wave dance poseurs. Expect warmth and emotion (as much of the better N.O. stuff contains anyway, while imitators frequently lack...) and the occasional surprise. Sudden folkish acoustic guitars will appear amidst broad synth washes. Unusual harmonies cropped up when I expected chanting or moaning. A snakelike guitar solo will weave in and out of an electronic rhythm just at the point a keyboard part is due. Odd little melodic twists pop up here and there, turning a seemingly ominous tune into an uplifting one. And so forth. Eleven Pond defies quick labelling and that's good, because too many bands these days grab some hardware, dye their hair black, affect gloomy facades and call themselves artists. This quartet, in contrast, look like regular guys intent on making some mighty compelling music. The album reveals its delights slowly, but firmly. (Game Hen)--Fred Mills

Editor's note. The following review appeared in typographical shambles in S.C. #6. Enough content survived to ruffle feathers of a few folks at Restless and Enigma. And they let us know. We said we will print the correct--as originally written review--and would print their side of the story if they wished to offer one.

ROKY ERICKSON: *Don't Slander Me* LP

Well it's personal vendetta time with this one kids!!! First the case history: This album was recorded and was to be released in 1982-83 on CBS Records overseas. Shortly after this record was recorded I began playing bass with Roky Erickson & The Resurrectionists. This band was put together to tour to support the new record which Roky wanted to call 'Souled'. As things tend to happen in the music biz, the record had one delay after another. During this time we did shows around Texas and the states surrounding, to get ready for the supposed tour. When they went over the recording budget (supposedly trying to get the mix right, which in Roky's opinion they never did accomplish) CBS told his ex-managers that if they would not put the band on the road to promote the record then CBS could not release it. With no funds to put us on tour CBS sent Roky a letter stating he was being dropped from the label, at which time his management also seemed to put Roky on the back burner (bookings became



Roky slandered?!
Former band
member gives his
opinion.

few and far between, and most of the time they wouldn't even return Roky's phone calls). So almost four years later they have finally sold the record to Pink Dust/Enigma. What we get is a record that the artist has never been satisfied with, it contains several songs that have been previously released (better versions also in my opinion). Despite the fact that he is backed by some very good musicians, this record suffers from an incompetent attempt at slick production, and loses the hard edged sound Roky has live. The only thing that saves this record is the pure, soulful, sound of Roky's voice. If you buy this record write to the address on the back for Orb Management and ask why Roky hasn't received any advances or royalty payments for this album. It's a strange business and Roky's been there before. Maybe someday he will finally get what he rightfully deserves. Don't Slander Me!!! Indeed!!! (Pink Dust/Enigma)--Brian S. Curley
ROKY ERICKSON: *Gremlins Have Pictures* LP

Great stuff, an archival type Rocky docudrama with different recordings spanning 1975-81. Some of the stuff suggests cassettes with bizarre inter-audience communion going on. Roky philosophizes here and there and the results are enlightening to say the least. Some have sought fit to slag some of the back-up but all sounded appropriate to these ears; I mean, must we nitpick over fine details like tuning in the face of what must



The Flipper boys in their hey day. Would you rather do smack or be in a band? Yeah, me too. Or maybe just listen to the new Flipper retrospective. It's great.

have been an incredible ordeal, i.e. backing up Roky. 'Night of the Vampire' is an appropriate opener; if you want to interest someone new in Roky Erickson, just stick this track on. 'The Song to Abe Lincoln' is delightful, as are the simply titled Anthem and Warning. Later on there is a version of Lou Reed's 'Heroin' that is also classic. (Pink Dust)--Lawrence Talbot

ETHNIC LIZARDS: *Solely for Entertainment C*

Loopy teenage dance synth garage guitar band hi-jynx peppered with invigorating obnoxious vocals and punctuated between cuts by what sounds like a diseased cow with digestive problems.

This is a lot of fun to listen to during those times when turning your room into a giant piece of spin-art seems like a good idea.

Standout cuts include 'Cry for the Catfish' which, according to the irregularly shaped liner notes, is an aborted benefit project where 30% of the proceeds were to go into funds for catfish salvation, 70% directly to the catfish themselves. The notes also say that solely is a Moldavian wonder-drug and a Sanskrit literary device, but I'm a bit skeptical. This would probably be even more fun live, especially if a fight broke out. (Primordial Sid's)--Eric Iverson

F/I Richard Franekci C

Harsh industrial washes and tumbling rocks. It's all electronic, sort of somber, not often bright and melodious, occasionally it crackles with enthusiasm. There are a series of song events with no titles. Side one is mingled with electro percussion, a little bit of low profile electric guitar wailing. Not so on side two. It was made with an older synthesizer, the tones and oscillator sounds and sustains have that superior non-plastic quality, there are no percussion machines. It's an alien emerging from a volcano or something huge, here is another place where the embryos sort of writhe and shift in the gloom, this is less cohesive than back at the volcano. Later there is a piece that begins with a simple searchlight that probes the vastness, some kind of electronic dripping is happening. A huge coiled electronic serpent is taking notice of us. (Uddersounds)--Robin James

FADE TO GREY: *Bless This Mess LP*

Generic message-rock with an element of quirkiness...tricky changes, unexpected accents, etc. Dark, authoritative vocals and wailing saxophone round everything out. Zappa meets Echo and the Bunnymen? You tell me. Come tell me. Comes with an illustrated lyric book. (ID Records)--Allen Green

TAV FALCO AND PANTHER BURNS: *Shake Rag EP*

Where did this guy get his following, anyway? He rarely writes his own songs, he can't sing, and his guitar playing is good enough but nuthin special. What you got here are four songs on a 12-

inch 45 rpm disc and seven songs on a second, disc, recorded live at the Antenna Club in Memphis. One of them is a lot of mumbling about a 'clear vinyl jumpsuit.' Among his talents, Falco knows how to drag a song out for five or ten minutes until it is thoroughly petrified. Unfortunately, there's nothing in here that wasn't done better by the likes of Howlin Wolf, George Thorogood, or Magic Sam. (Important)--Bill Neill
(*We're in trouble now, Bill.*--ed.)

FAMOUS IMPOSTERS: *Famous Imposters EP*

'Wow, another British flyweight band.'
'Is this another song already?'
'No, different lyrics to the same song.'
'Sounds like quarter note = 56.'
'For a few seconds--is the drummer epileptic?'
'The unintelligibility of REM with the blandness of Big Country.'
'Check out the Stonehenge summer solstice photo on the cover.'

'Imposters, definitely; famous, highly unlikely.'
'Anybody want this record?'

'No, but I'll take another beer.'

(C.O.R. Records)--Heather, John Tazsii, Tom
FORREST FANG: *Migration LP*

Forrest Fang has released quite an eclectic mix of electronic music that boasts a wide range of influences and styles. Basically, all of the music falls under the rubric of Minimalist, in its broadest sense, yet the variety is considerable. Fang's accomplishment is admirable. His music is influenced by a wide number of composers and styles, though filtered through his personal approach. The piano writing of 'Through a Glass Landing' is influenced by more recent works by Reich, such as *Octet* while 'White Fences' hints at Durutti Column. 'Koshi' and 'Peru,' as their titles imply, have an exotic feel, with a pseudo-oriental plucked string in the former and zither-like sounds in the latter. Other works are more electronically oriented, some with gently droning washes of sound, other more colorful and activated. There is some very fine music captured in the grooves of this record. (Ominous Thud)--Dean Suzuki
Second Opinion: Layered keyboards are the dominant instrument on repetition based-pieces reminiscent of Terry Riley (to whom one number is dedicated) and Mike Ratledge. A couple of tunes feature solo mandola, which here sounds more like a dulcimer. Short on melody and long on atmosphere, this lp is nevertheless one of the least cliched and most inviting ambient records I have heard lately. (Ominous Thud)--Bart Grooms

FASE 2: *Ret Ma Rut C*

Is all Dutch music crazy? There are no liner notes on this tape (I may even have the title and band name reversed), but this is what I heard: lots of noisy free jazz blowing from two saxophones and a trombone (I think), occasional distorto-guitar, and a truly irritating male reciter (mostly in English). The nine selections seemed to take a lot longer than the 48 minute running time. This may not be incompetent, but it is unoriginal, and just plain ugly. (Staaltape)--Mark Sullivan

LARRY FAST/SYNERGY: *Metropolitan Suite LP*

Larry Fast is a certified synthesizer pioneer and wizard, helping popularize the use of synths in contemporary music. However, Fast's own albums, as Synergy, have had limited appeal, partly because Fast favors a conservative, orchestral sound, but especially because his music is characteristically burdened with a thudding, bottom-heavy rock beat, of which a little goes a long, long way. Side one of this new album will please old fans, and not win many new ones, but side two--the title piece--reveals a promising new direction for Fast--theme music. Gone are the lumpy, insistent rhythms, and in their place are more complex arrangements, with varied meters, and Fast's very rich, full synthesizer sound. Granted, the music is still compositionally conservative ('Metropolitan Suite' would make a fine score for a dramatic TV miniseries), but there's definitely something solid here, something worthy of Fast's talents. (Audion Recordings)--Bill Tilland

DAN FIORETTI: I'll get the chainsaw, you get the salad C

There is plenty of salad dressing. Non-stick wallpaper music this ain't.

A collage of bits: media voices, electronic sounds, tape layers and loop action, in an attractive hand painted motif, a colorful friendly kitty-cat. Crazy like a hurricane without the mess and fuss of wind and rain. All the movies you missed while you were in prison, on the telephone and in your room. The sound keeps the whole room shaking between abruptly changing bits and synth effects. There are unexplainable ugly little trolls in your room when you play this tape alone. I don't think they bite, but they do have those chainsaws already, so don't forget that salad, ok? (Kitti Tapes)--Robin James

DAN FIORETTI: Jane Fonda's Cookout C

Here's another home-taper having fun with guitars, tapes, a rhythm box, etc. Careful listening might reveal this to be of slight interest, but if you ignore this tape as it's playing you will not notice it at all. I know because it happened to me the first three times I played the tape even though I meant to listen to it. So if muzak is what you crave this might be what you want for your

Walkman. (Kitti Tapes)--Glen Thrasher

DAN FIORETTI: Never Mind the Danger C

Fioretti explores free rock improvisations, lo-fi environments, and media overload. Things do not overlap; there is just a series of solos or edited improvs. The variety keeps the tape moving. Overall, I would call it avant-gardish, composed of simple rhythm oriented melodies, cut-up experiments, and conversations taken from the radio--

the story about an off-



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duty policewoman being assaulted by another officer was absolutely chilling.

Other pieces consist of edited conversations gleaned from radio talk shows interspersed with station music. Fioretti's tape is captivating on its own level, however, it is not extremely sophisticated. Indeed, the effects are only of the most simple type, thus, putting more emphasis on the content. Fortunately, the sources he uses are interesting. Fioretti improvises on guitar and Casio keyboards. I would like to see more integration of the events which occur on this tape. (Kitti Tapes)--AO

FLIPPER: Public Flipper Limited LP

Here's a completed project I defy anyone to improve upon, unless of course they just don't like Flipper. There are lots of live albums, and most of them can't even capture the music of a single set! This one goes way beyond these expectations to simultaneously serve as a five year encapsulation of Flipper's development as a touring band; an audio reconstruction of the mood or vibe of touring and even a cover that folds out into a hysterical North American continent board game. Great artwork by Norman Quebedeau. This is indeed such a great looking package that one might even forget the music; but it is there, to perhaps impress those that have sloughed Flipper off as a not particularly important band. Certain songs such as 'Hard Cold World' stand out because of their commitment to a cold but sincere outlook. The sound quality spans the gamut of different live sounds, each complimenting a different facet of flippermusic. Long live! (Subterreanean)--Lawrence Talbot

5 UU's: Bel Marduk and Tiamat (Observations of the Wonder of the Birth of Things) LP

Jackpot! This magnificently composed, executed, produced, and packaged suite of songs based on the Babylonian Epic of Creation is one of those discoveries that make the reviewer's task worthwhile. Due to the music's programmatic nature and the extensive use of harmonizer

on the vocals this LP recalls the Residents' *Eskimo*, although there is a greater variety of textures and more adroit musicianship overall. Other references include 70's German progressives Sff, perhaps a dash of National Health, and above all Henry Cow, whose influence continues to grow exponentially. 5 UU's delight in deft metrical maneuvers and halting rhythms; the drumming is busy and at times appropriately ritualistic. Inventive sound processing is employed throughout. This is a real find from far left field. (U:r Records)--Dennis Rea

FIREHOSE: Ragin' Full-On LP

Not nice to compare to the Minutemen, but one has to not only because of the Hurley-Watt rhythm section but the conceptual sweepstakes of the lp itself, the lyrics in tiny little typeface...the music, full of jazzy guitar riffs, sudden dynamic changes, song to song to song. Listening to this, one is apt to miss D. Boon for all the right reasons and all the wrong ones. (One comment I've heard is 'sounds like the Minutemen with the guy from R.E.M. on guitar.') There is so much confusion in everyone's feelings about a record like this (coming on the heels of losing a valuable member of the musical community) that it is almost best to shelve the review, keep the record, keep listening to it and let it grow. This is the music from the family of man; one we love dies but life goes on and so does the music, the message and the concept. It is only for the sportscasters among us to make unflattering comparisons between Ed FromOhio and D. Boon. (SST)--Lawrence Talbot

THE FLUID: Punch'n Judy LP

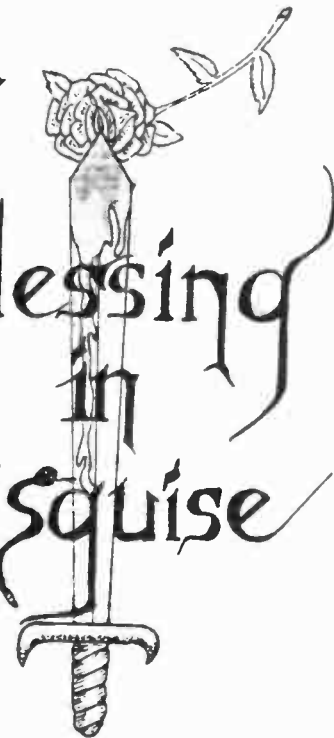
This is H E A V Y music! Comparisons to the likes of MCS, Iggy, NY Dolls, Stones (Exile period) and about a third of SST's current roster are valid, if not exact. This has the spontaneity of a live recording and, except for the slightly 'tinny' production, it sounds great. These guys are unrelenting in their quest for hot, fast, powerful rock. A strong double-guitar attack, kickass bass-drums and 'on the edge' vocals make this a powerful debut. (RayOn)--Brad Bradberry

JOHN FONVILLE: Autonomic Music LP

When flautist John Fonville is writing and playing for a

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purpose, as on 'Music for Sarah,' he can be very convincing. This series of short, linked pieces, which occupy all of side one, was written for a dancer. Throughout, Fonville stretches the limits of his instrument with tonguing, harmonics, and related techniques, and uses various formal structures to produce challenging but accessible music with a strong emotional content. Some pieces evoke the eerie, otherworldly sounds of the Japanese shakuhachi (the *real* shakuhachi, not the polite Westernized presentation). Other pieces have an appealingly primitive, tribal quality, with the rawness enhancing the overall effect. However, on side two, Fonville and several associates lapse into the sterile meanderings of the academic avant garde, and the assorted squeaks, twangs and burbles are only interesting as sound textures, since they have no discernible form, direction or emotional content. 'Autonomic' means 'involuntary,' and the music on this side does indeed seem involuntary. Nobody's in control; everything just happens. And the effect is quite tedious. (Lumina Records)--Bill Tilland

FOR AGAINST: Echelons LP

From Lincoln Nebraska, on the very fine Independent Project Records label. Good match, too, as the music is stimulating and challenging. Dark in spots, light in others, the sounds flirt with progressive cold wave (Joy Division looms frequently) while at the same time avoiding the brittle detachment and languid anomie that certain British outfits drown themselves in. There are indeed 'dense' basslines and 'spacy' guitars, but there are also jazzy outbursts and punchy rhythms and most of all there are rich, varied vocals that drip warm emotion, not icy reserve. The music is capable of taking you into a dream world. It can also catapult you forward within this one, for it is positive and optimistic. (Independent Project Records)--Fred Mills

FORETHOUGHT C

Serious, loud, chaotic punk/metal that's well played and has personal lyrics. Songs are built around dissonant chord constructions and riffs. Vocals fall somewhere between Bob Mould's articulate growls and David Thomas's nervous rants. The frenzied interplay between the guitar and intricate rhythms are effectively offset by spare moments with bass and drums. A really good deal for a dollar. (Forethought)--Christopher Carstens

FOTHERINGAY: Fotheringay LP

In her post Fairport hiatus during the early 70's Sandy Denny formed Fotheringay with future Fairporters Trevor Lucas and Jerry Donahue to produce this classic example of folk rock. Instead of imitating the pyrotechnics of Thompson and the tough beat of Mattacks and Hutchings this band featured the gentler, more fluid funky country picking of Donahue and the downhome Aussie toughness of Lucas' vocals, whose original songs betray a touch of country grit. The center of course was Sandy Denny, whose voice was at its most gently pure and sensuous (listen to the chilling airy quality she gives 'Banks of the Nile'). A welcome missing chapter from the Fairport saga. (Carthage Records)--James Hopkins

F. P. & THE DOUBLING RIDERS: Doublings & Silences LP

This curious, and wonderful album is a collection of new and inventive music by an array of international artists, music that tends towards the ambient and Minimalist with some odd, if not bizarre tid-bits thrown in for good measure. The various compositions are interspersed with strange and elusive fragments of texts. Among Alan Neffe's (Human Flesh) contributions are 'HFAI' and 'Voila les tropiques' which sound very much like renditions of an early Terry Riley saxophone and tape piece, the former with an overlay a pseudo-medieval chant. 'Neoplastie Part III' by Vox Populi is dark, dank, and mysterious, bordering on the frightening. The most bent piece is 'Smell into a Dream,' with a strange little melody, a quirky riff and curious textures. A lot of the piano playing and sonority on this record is reminiscent of Durutti Column. This is an eclectic and provocative set of music and words. (Wayside)--Dean Suzuki

VERNON FRAZER: Haight Street 1985 C
More like Haight Street 1965.

Vernon Frazer raps his beat poetry with solo bass accompaniment like he's in a coffee shop in the heart of Haight-

Ashbury during the summer of love.

If he didn't sound so earnest about what he's doing, I'd swear he's joking. I don't know, I really shouldn't slag this tape, his reference points are so far removed from mine that there is really no way I can fairly access his work. (Vernon Frazer)--AMK

FREEWAY FUSION: Duo LP

A very special and delightful album by Freeway Fusion, a two-woman duo that consists of singer, composer, and keyboard player Jeneane Claps, and arranger Jude St. George on marimba, miscellaneous percussion, and vocal harmonies. Their unique music is a synthesis of Steve Reichian Minimalism, ca. *Music for Eighteen Musicians*, and a vocal jazz idiom that is, perhaps, best described in the title of one of their finest songs, 'Angular Bebop.' A couple of numbers also manifest the influence of Latin America, especially Brazil, giving the music a supple and suave touch. As a duo, their music is spartan, though never lacking in the appropriate textures or sonorities--a simple cymbal splash here or just the right synthesizer texture there. Freeway Fusion's music doesn't blow you away; it sneaks up on and captivates the unsuspecting listener. These two musicians have a chemistry that is immediately attractive and endearing. *Duo* is a wonderful album. (J & J Musical Enterprises)--Dean Suzuki

FREEWORLD: Freedom LP

Collage is rarely done well, being so fun to do and rewarding us too easily with accidental incongruous juxtapositions which we like to think of as pithy. In the past few years it has become widespread practice among rock musicians to paste together dance music, electronic sound effects and spoken words, usually from television, radio or movies. I will leave it to the scholars to determine why this is. In any case, here we have another such offering, no better or worse than most. The dance music runs from fun to wearisome, the electronics from bizarre to hackneyed and the 'texts' from boring to indecipherable. No doubt it was great fun to make and that may have been reason enough to do it, but even if it were not, there is obviously a market for this stuff. Why *that* should be so is probably the better question. (Vinyl Siding Records)--Sam Mental

JULIE FRITH: Let's Do Something Different C

Julie Frith (half of the Psychones), has stepped out and released this, her first solo cassette. And an appropriate title it is. While retaining many of the elements that make the Psychones a truly unique band, Julie combines these sounds (including the trusty rhythm box) into a mix all her own. First of all, the aforementioned rhythm box sounds like it's on Spring break. Where in the past it has been usually used at high speeds, Julie's tunes are mid-tempo, using guitar, bass, synths vocals, and some sax and violin. She lets the pieces work up to become almost hypnotic, with occasional vocal parts slipping though. Yet she never lets them go on too long--just long enough to grab your attention, listen in, catch the mood and then she's gone again. Some of this tape reminds me of the first Tuxedomoon album, without the darkness that was found on that record. With only one piece sounding at all like the Psychones ('Like You Really Cared'), Julie really has done something different. (Cause & Effect)--Al Margolis

PETER FROHMADER: Nekropolis LP

If like me, you ignored Wayside Music's and Eurock's ecstatic reviews of Frohmader, only to discover this fantastic composer and musician after all of his early albums were no longer available, you are in luck. Time Based Arts has the first album, *Nekropolis*, in stock. Unlike his later efforts, this first release has no defineable rhythmic or metric structure, and is not nearly so aggressive. However, it is characteristically smokey, murky, moody, and threatening. It is similar to Jeff Greinke's stunning *Cities in Fog*, or a more disturbing version of Ingram Marshall's excellent *Fog Tropes*. Snatch this up while you can. (Record Partner/Time Based Arts)--Dean Suzuki

Tina Fulker: Tender Hooks C

Poetry and music, light english accent, music includes three musicians (guitar, keyboards, drums), she never sings. Teenage City/ Rainbow Boy, Outdoor Girl, We Have Danced Together & Now We Dance Alone, Throwaway Lines, Snow Storm (2 parts). She is very pretty. (Psyco Press)--Robin James



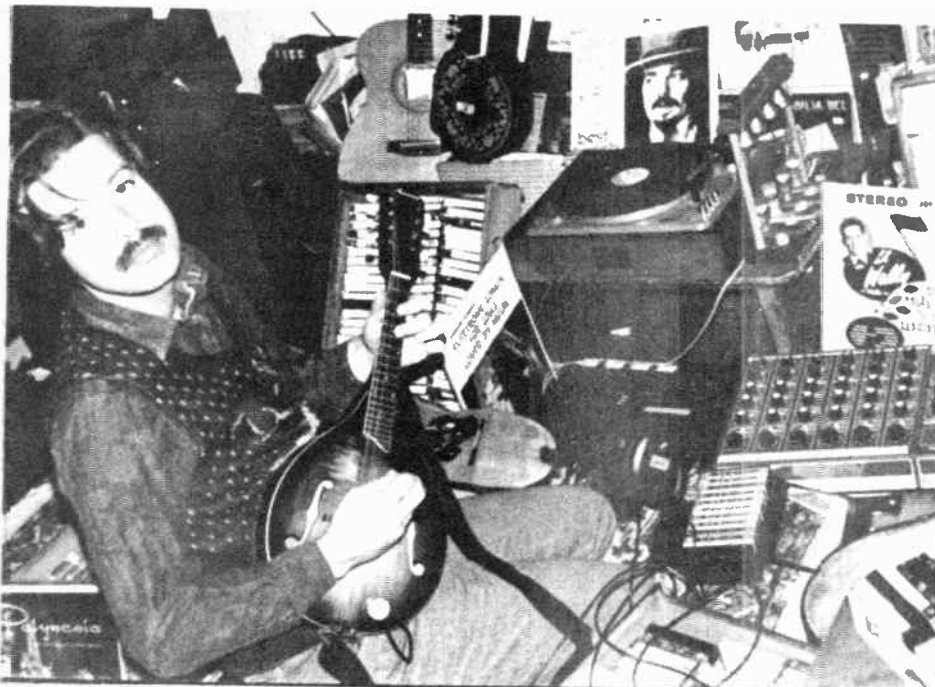
Diamanda Galas-- an electro-frying vocal delivery.

DIAMANDA GALAS: Saint of the Pit LP

More music from the dark side by this vocalist extraordinaire. 'La treizieme Revient' begins as an almost cartoon parody of Phantom of the Opera pipe organ, complete with the 'Dies irae' (Day of Wrath) from the Requiem (Mass for the Dead), before it develops into a nightmarish exercise for electronics. Galas mixes her beautiful bel canto style of singing--she really does have a lovely voice--with more bizarre vocal stylizations and a spooky, but honest electronic accompaniment in the eerily evocative 'Deliver Me'. Things sound downright dangerous by the end of the first side in 'L'Heaton Timourounenos'. Galas sounds like a dramatic French chanteuse or a cabaret singer in turn of the century Berlin in 'Artemis'. The 'Dies irae' returns in the concluding song, 'Cris d'Aveugle' with its orchestral palette of vocal sonorities ranging from witch-like cackling to bel canto to a chanting chorus over an ominous electronic accompaniment. Though this record doesn't have all the wailing, caterwauling and screeching of Galas' Metalanguage album, this harrowing music is definitely not for the lily-livered. (Mute)--Dean Suzuki Second Opinion:

My favorite opera singer releases her second album in her anti-AIDS trilogy.

The first, *The Divine Punishment*, used Old Testament scriptures and her own epilogue to illustrate the misbegotten notion that AIDS is a damnation by God upon evil souls. This time our lady Di turns the question around by condemning God for letting such an atrocity befall His people. For this she uses poetry by Baudelaire, Nerval and Corbiere to effectively bring to mind tortures that must be felt by those so fatally diseased and to implore implicitly to God, should God exist, to do something about this. To this already-fomenting turbulence she adds organ and synthesizer sounds beautifully painful to do justice to the poetry...and her voice. Friends of mine were disappointed that Galas didn't screech out as much



Peter Stenshoel is talented and eclectic and makes great tapes to expand your consciousness. His "Manifest Ecstasy" release is part of the Sound Choice subscription promotion. See pg.5,6.

as on her last album, but she goes farther in proving her range and variety of effects that could be her voice, her synth work or both. This is a powerful, moving concoction that has every right to be more influential than I despair it shall. (Mute)--Jamie Rake

GARGANTUA: *Big Foot C*

Scary grunge metal-cum-industrial noise mongers out to spoil your day.

Distortion on purpose' it says it right on the label. They take bits and pieces from late-night TV talk shows, movie critic forums, and other recorded verbiage and add their big, raucous guitar sound. What a racket! Pick hit-'Rex and Sid and Nancy'. (GARGANTUA)--Frank Gunderson

DAVID GARLAND: *Control Songs LP*

Since 1980 composer David Garland has been evolving his 'Control Songs', an ongoing series of experiments with song form dealing with control--the possession, or lack of it, in our lives. Until now the work has only been heard in performance and on scattered compilations; this release should do much to advance Garland's musical settings, employing such disparate sound sources as Fairlight, bowed psaltery, accordion, turntable, and toy piano--are consistently interesting, Garland's real gift is for words. In a lugubrious bass voice resembling Harry Partch he intones his darkly humorous and often touching observations about time, the media and other real or imagined constraints. The obvious precedent for Garland's approach is Laurie Anderson, but he avoids the cloying cuteness which plagues some of her work. At other times I was reminded of David Thomas. With the occasional assistance of John Zorn, Christian Marclay, Guy Klucevsek, Ann Garland, Clive Smith and Mark Abbott, Garland has turned out a piece of work which is a powerful listening experience. (Review Records)--Dennis Rea

GIBSON BROTHERS: *Keepers EP*

Columbus quartet tells of 'My Young Life' amidst twangin' and diddley stompin'. Up next is 'Parchman Farm' for some backwoods folk hoots, then 'Dirt' heads back even further into the forest. Roots, rocking stuff, and worthy of your undivided attention. (Okra)--Fred Mills

DAVID GILDEN: *Kora II C*

Who is David Gilden? How did he come to play kora (the Malinese harp)? What is his musical background? I would like to know the answer to these questions. It might help clear up the enigma this tape presents for me. By the choice of some of the tunes presented here, 'Jesu, joy of Man's Desiring', 'Scotland The Brave', and 'Non Such' (all Anglo-Saxon tunes), I would guess he has played Celtic harp. Transferring these folk tunes to another region's folk instrument is so simple it becomes breathtakingly beautiful. This is beyond a South Indian tabla player working in a North Indian style. The cross cultural differences are far more dramatic and gives new meaning to the phrase dramatic. The kora transfers itself magnificently to another culture's music, sounding as if these tunes were actually written for it. Back to back, you can see some attributes of these cultures, the adherence to melody of the Anglo-Saxon songs, and the rhythmic strength of the African ones. Gilden's playing on both tapes is excellent, spirited and with assurance. This is a tape of simple elegance, a delight to listen to.

(Kora Productions)--AO

GO FOUR 3: *Six Friends LP*

Polished, well produced, major-label minded (this isn't always bad, David) pop-rock with a girl lead singer often singing light, hook laden tunes. Obvious comparisons are unavoidable; Bangles, Pretenders, Go-Gos, Blondie. There are some very tasty arrangements going on beneath the hooks. Also lots of subtle, strummed acoustic guitar if you listen closely. I don't hear a lot of drum machines or synths either (you never really know for sure, unless it's live). Guitarist Steve Quinn has a thoughtful, melodic style that draws on various influences. His licks really save some of the glossier, commercial tunes. Vocalist Roxanne Heichert, while not an innovative singer, can put a clever twist on some of the melody lines in a clever new wave/post punk style. There are some interesting rhythms going on, too: 'Rope' has a marvelous 'tribal beat' percussion thing going for it. The lyrics (included) are much better than most 'pop' groups. 'Someone' has a wonderful acoustic guitar, a great drum sound and exceptional, poetic lyrics by Quinn. The singing on this one reminds me of their fellow countrywoman Jane Siberry. Thumbs up. (Zulu)--Brad Bradberry

GONE: *Gone II But Never Too Gone! LP*

A legacy of musical creativity came to an abrupt stop

when the original Tony Williams Lifetime with John McLaughlin and Barry Young (Khalid Yasin) ceased to be, and wonder of wonders picks up again as

Greg Ginn wisely chooses to concentrate on getting gone rather than picking hot lead solos in the cracks between the Henry Rollins world view.

Gone II is way ahead of the first album in terms of capturing the live force of the band, but really that should be a forgotten, impossible goal and lead guitar dilettantes should have the leisure to sit back and praise these albums as -- gasp! -- cool jazz instrumental tril lips! Its great hearing how an effort like this, coming out of left field for sure in the eyes of say, a Berklee school graduate, can just completely blow away the efforts of so many fusioniers. Will it be reviewed in *downbeat*? Ginn presses for a group sound here. Its a good idea, because this rhythm section of Andrew Weiss and Simeon Cain, first heard in the Regressive Aid combo, is fantastic. Still after checking out all 16 (!) cuts here, the only advice for the future would be to turn UP the guitar, how about some longer tracks, maybe even a swing groove? (SST)--Lawrence Talbot

Randy Greif: *GOLDEN JOY HUNT C*

Randy Greif's latest tape finds him once again working extensively with his Mirage sampler. And the man is a wiz! I'm not even sure what is 'real' and what is 'sampled'. And it doesn't matter. Heavy tom tom patterns work their way through 'Devils of Louder' as deep synths and/or strings play underneath as the 'Devils' with angels voices sing out the Siren's song. Quite a beginning. His world is quite upside down, too. 'The Hole to Heaven' is such an ominous piece, with the Devilish voice asking 'Do You Love Me', 'That I Don't' and 'I'll Take Hell, Thank You'. On two cuts he is joined (with words and voice) by Alve Avobada. The first of the two cuts, 'The Rift in the Earth' takes a chorus of voices, both strange and normal, telling a tale of Gods and children, and repeats, mutates and distorts them until the sense of dread becomes overwhelming. 'Long Empty Afternoon' feels just like that - phones ring, doorbells ring, TVs blare and one goes through the day in a daze for days. 'Landscape With Stranger' is a track composed for a film of the same name, with the best sampled trumpet playing I've heard (if indeed it is sampled)--jazz inflected over strange percussion, plucking and direct inject guitar sounds--I'd like to see the film. The second side takes a calmer turn, --calmer but not lighter. The overall feeling of darkness remains throughout, yet there is less sense of movement. This might just be a result of the intensity that the first piece develops being allowed to slip back, giving the listener room to breathe. If I sound a little less excited by side two it's only because side one was so amazing that the second side didn't finish off the job. But it is quite a fine piece of music too. Randy has done an amazing job. (S.A.P.)--Al Margolis

GONE FISHIN (Matt Pucci and Tim Lee): *Can't Get Lost When You're Goin' Nowhere LP*

Matt Pucci of the Rain Parade and Tim Lee of the Windbreakers, Beat Temptation and a few other 1986 indie releases got together for this LP and included a few other players from Lee's hometown of Jackson, Mississippi such as Bruce Golden on drums and saxophonist George Cartwright, better known for his work with Curlew. This is dreamy, introspective but psychedelic material of the sort associated with both Rain Parade and Tim Lee. Tim's influence comes through the most. The material is clear, focused and casual without the sort of 'let's go get a cheeseburger' ambience associated with another Lee collaborator, Mitch Easter. Yet this still has all the twangy chiming guitars you want. Not earthshaking but a good session. (Restless)--Lawrence Talbot

RICHARD GROSSMAN: *One... two... three... four... LP*

Completely improvised free jazz that is less harsh overall than, say, Cecil Taylor or Coltrane's 'Ascension', but not a whole lot more conventional. Grossman is heard on piano on one solo, two duets, two trios, and a quartet with various combinations of Ken Filiano (bass), Vinny Golia (woodwinds), and Alex Cline (drums). Grossman

has been around a while (he'll be 50 this year) and his and the others' commitment to the music is quite evident. Reichard Meltzer in his enjoyable liner notes, calls this 'one of the GREAT FREE ALBUMS OF THE LAST 20 YEARS!' (his capitals). Maybe it is; I have a hard time rating style. (Nine Winds)--Bart Grooms

Second Opinion: Improvisational pianist Richard Grossman appears on his first ensemble album. Music writer and critic, Richard Meltzer, who is also co-founder and president of the Albert Ayler Society, wrote the liner notes and raves about Grossman, calling this record 'one of the GREAT FREE ALBUMS OF THE LAST 20 YEARS!' And not without good reason. Grossman is a musician par excellence. He does not simply engage in noodlings at the speed of greased lightning. Rather his considered improvisations come from the heart and the mind. His music has shape, contour, dynamic breadth, color, and life. Tempos vary, and textures change, whereas so much free improvisation so often gets stuck in one gear for the duration of a piece. There's no doubt that things get quite noisy and seemingly chaotic, but matters are always under control. By choosing Golia, Cline, and Filiano as his cohorts in this musical, he has gathered around him musicians of comparable musicality and vision. Whether you like Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler, or John Cage and Haubenstock Ramati (or all four for that matter), you will certainly find things to your liking here. (Nine Winds)--Dean Suzuki

J. GREINKE: *Moving Climates* C

I had the good fortune to review some of Greinke's music for Sound Choice #7 on a compilation tape of Intrepid's artists. The sound here is very dark. Typically the pieces begin with an irregular pattern of industrial-type noise (most likely guitar generated). Above this a rich and resonant soundscape emerges. The juxtaposition of the rough patterns of noise with the beautiful tones generated by synthesizer is most effective. The catalogue from Wayside Music describes his earlier 'Cities in Fog' release as '...Furniture music for bridges and buildings...'. My only problem with this description is that it excludes the organic sense of growth in the music. At times I'm reminded of the film music of Mark Isham. This music may not be for everyone. Essentially motivated by loneliness and introspection, this darkness is warm and peaceful. (Intrepid)--Bruce Christensen

Second Opinion: Jeff Greinke's regular listeners are in for a surprise on this new cassette release: his predictable slabs of quiet and foreboding electronics are augmented by electronic percussion and the addition of occasional bursts of intelligible spoken material. The framework on which his slowly developing clouds of treated guitar and trombone and synthesizers are hung this time out is a basic kind of fractured groove rather than extended silences. The result is predictably well-crafted, and even hovers on the edge of being an...dance material. Following on the heels of his LP *Over Ruins*, this cassette still continues to explore the possibilities of crossbreeding the foreground/background spaces of Eno's *On Land* with the quieter parts of PGR's non-abrasive industrials. Jeff seems to be producing a set of transitional recordings, in much the way that people like Michael William Gilbert (*In the Dreamtime*) and Marc Barreca (*Music Works for Industry*) have done in the past. Now that he's confident of his basic set of techniques (and Jeff has a stronger grasp of them than most), he begins to widen the territory and include a larger range of sonic materials. *Moving Climates* consolidates his strengths, expands his range and gives new meaning to the phrase 'moody and upbeat'.--Gregory Taylor

BRET HART: *The Cheez Whiz Murders* C

This is a tape of mutant blues, pop guitar layered in complex melodic twists. Sounds a lot like Snakefinger and Residents. Quirky, well constructed songs. You might expect that a dense, multi-euphonic swirl of guitars might get out of hand, but no. Most of these songs are very well crafted. Bret Hart is a talented guitarist. His guitar is thin, with very little processing, some hollow-body guitar backing. There are a couple of acoustic ballads, and some noise experimentation, more on side two, and one very pandemonious collage on side one. (Bret Hart)--Rogue

BRET HART: *Partytyme* C

This is the second tape of Mr. Hart's that I've had the opportunity to hear and I'm glad that I did. Not having been especially impressed with his earlier tape, I was not predisposed towards this one. However, on this tape he is beginning to show that he has some sense of judgement

about what he should release. The most successful number is the title cut which is a 4-part poly-rhythmic piece for guitars. At times it sounds similar to some of Fred Frith's music. There are some pieces that seem rather pointless and his drum machine really bugs me but there is some good music to be found here. (Bret Hart)--Bruce Christensen

HET ZWEET: *HET ZWEET* C

South American rhythms, tribal chanting, ominous fog-horn rumble from outside the circles of time. Electronic Invocation. Incessant, driving drums. This is dark, hypnotic musik. Play at your next Gnostic Mass. (Sound of Pig)--Rogue

GREG HILL & ROUTE 66: *Route 66* LP

Good rhythmic rock from Greg Hill, who's the main honcho in Route 66, doing guitar and vocals. The songs sound like they're stuck in 1982, with their emphasis on Specials/Billy Idol style velocity. Hill shows a fine knack for putting songs together, though. Side one is recorded in Atlanta and side two, which is better, is from Los Angeles and London. (Pooka Records)--Bill Neill

ROBIN HITCHCOCK & THE EGYPTIANS: *Element of Light* LP

This is a great album. Though not quite of the stature of *Fegmania* track for track, it's still a near-masterpiece. To these ears, except for the marvelously witty social commentary stance of 'Tell Me About Your Drugs' (only available on the CD), the best songs this time are the slower ones. 'Airscape' is the title-bearer, talking of mystical dreams and flight 'where angels hover.' 'Raymond Chandler Evening' is a gorgeous, endlessly melodic glimpse of dementia displayed in RH's own, open-ended, non-descript manner. If you appreciate Robin's sense of harmony, 'Winchester' has three and four part overlapping voices that will take your breath away. Other songs like the Lennon-ish 'Somewhere Apart', a sympathetic look at 'gay pride' in 'Ted, Woody And Junior' and a scathing attack (but once again indirect) on Reagan in 'The President' show Hitchcock's teeth are still sharp. The extra tracks on the CD are excellent, perhaps stronger than some of the songs on the 'album proper'. 'The Crawling', 'The Leopard', 'The Black Crow Knows', and the aforementioned 'Tell Me About Your Drugs' are near-essential for any Fegmaniac. (Relativity)--Brad Bradberry

WALTER HOLLAND: *Relativity* LP

Somewhat derivative, perhaps, and the homage to Einstein (with titles like 'The Behaviour of Clocks in Motion') seems a little contrived, but this is heavyweight synth-rock nonetheless. Holland, on synths and guitar, is ably assisted by Nicole Falzone, who boots things right along with some pounding, electronically enhanced percussion. The minor keys and rhythmic intensity recall some of Klaus Schulze's finer moments, and the addition of the long, soulful synth lines brings *Neronium* to mind. No disgrace to be in such company. My own quibble, really, is that there's a good swatch of wasted vinyl on this LP, and not much more than thirty minutes of music. Several more pieces, or even a little more stretching out on the existing pieces, would have improved what is already a fine debut album. (Coriolis Records)--Bill Tiland

HOLLYROCK: *Legalize Freedom* LP

Can you think of a more stupid album title? I'm hard pressed, anyway. Honey Davis (a guy) is supposed to be Los Angeles' foremost slide electric guitarist, or something like that. Here he leads a trio that overcomes every indication of mediocrity to at least have a good time. 'Too Many People' is a pop blues rant for zero population growth with funny lyrics chiding the Pope. A redo of the Archies' 'Sugar Sugar' and a grunge dirge called 'Ain't Waitin' No More' are called 'dance cuts' in the promo lit. That's funny, too. They do some live blues, a 'classical' guitar wank-off and some other halfway hooky attempts at pop with the subtlety of a brick through a plate of solar panels. Despite all this, I find myself liking them for being too preoccupied with their attempts at 'virtuosity' and 'accessibility' without ever realizing what kitschmeisters they are. Don't expect me to put money on whether Hollyrock have a 'classic' platter up their sleeves, but this will suffice for parties, loafing and other low brain use pleasures. Check out the terrible sleeve, too! (Life & Death)--Jamie Rake

HOME & GARDEN: *Melville/Sir Flea* EP

No longer in the shadow of Pere Ubu, H & G have a quirky feel that is nevertheless solid and memorable--check the cool descending chords and snarling lead (all

atop crazed synths) of 'Melville' for proof. The flip is more 'progressive' but in no way uncool. (After Hours)--Fred Mills

HONEYMOON KILLERS: *Let It Breed* LP

Dark, vivid punk rock of the NYC noise variety. Heavy metal rhythm section fueled on Creedence and Bo Diddly live tapes is wedded to screeching, monolithic guitars and artful vocals. One side was produced by Kramer at Noise New York Studio, one was recorded on the CBGB set up. Both work just fine if you're primed with plenty of caffeine and a lifetime's worth of schlock/gore movies. Witness song titles like 'Dr. Pain,' Day Of The Dead' and 'Brain Dead Bird Brain.' Heavy duty aural grunge, with maybe a passing reference to Buttholes in places. Wake-up-screaming kind of stuff. Loved it all. (Fur)--Fred Mills

HONOR ROLE: *The Pretty Song* LP

Though they toured recently with C.O.C. and appear on Reed Mullin's of C.O.C.'s label there is virtually no musical connection between the two. Honor Role's music has a leisurely feel to it, though often it is very quick. The production is spare. You can hear every note. The vocals are atonal and brooding. Because of the mix, most of the time the music seems to be accompaniment for the singer's poetry but since it's seldom you can make out the words at a hardcore show, getting every word may be part of the enjoyment of this recording. If you like thoughtful well written lyrics with very pleasant tunes behind them this is a good one. (Honor Role)--Sunn Thomas

HARUMI HOSONO: *Paradise View* CD

Hosono, the former basist and keyboard player for Yellow Magic Orchestra, is perhaps the least well known of the Japanese techno-pop trio. However, his post-YMO releases are uniformly superb and hopefully will bring him some much deserved attention. *Paradise View* is music for the soundtrack to a film, but it is nothing like most film scores, which tend to be innocuous and bland. Hosono's electronic music is in every way attractive; it is colorful, well conceived, and immediately appealing, yet there is experimental and intellectual content to each one of his compositions. His music is never characterized by formulas, sequencers, riffs, or gimmicks. Several pieces make use of traditional Japanese influences, borrowing instrumental timbres (primarily percussion and wind instruments), chants, and non-occidental scales and harmonies, though cast in a very contemporary mode. Other works make little or no reference to traditional music, rather they are closer to ambient or modular music. Regardless of the style he employs,

Hosono proves himself to be one of the most inventive, compelling and fascinating composers to emerge from Japan.

(Teichiku Records)--Dean Suzuki

John Hudak: *Halls* C

Side one is called 'inner' and side two is 'outer'. This was collected inexpensively and through the hiss you can hear airplanes overhead, some motion, and the sound of water running, through pipes and things outside. The cover is a goomy-looking humoid diver with things coming out of his head. (Audiofile Tapes)--Robin James

HULA: *Poison/Poison (club mix)* EP

'Hard dancefloor metal between Depeche and Neubauten,' huh? Yep. Pretty awful, too. If you like British versions of rap, disco, industrial and funk all rolled into one that's fine. Great sound effects, plenty of stereo panning if you're tripping, lotsa thump-thump-crunch-sibilance-squawk if you're tooting. This progressive/jazz/disco/art stuff only makes my dick wilt, and given my length and girth that's no mean task. (Red Rhino)--Fred Mills

Human Folly: *Reactivation*

It's no wonder that Alan Porzio's production winds up straddling a number of genres and at times, doing so less than convincingly. He's taken on what appears to be the Mind/Body dilemma, the fusion of ambient and post-German synthesizer music, and Allegory on in one fell swoop. If there's any reason to be critical here, it's because this recording is merely good when it could be really excellent. The quality of the recording itself is extremely good, and you certainly can't fault the technologies at work, either-with the possible exception of the

DAS DAMEN



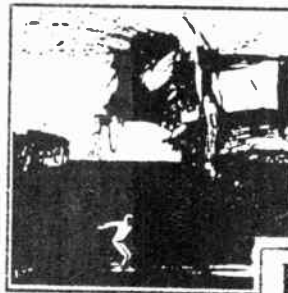
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drumbox, which isn't on a par with the rest of the electronics on this recording. At their best, the synthesis will remind you of those moments when Vangelis doesn't wallow in bombast mixed with a little Steve Roach and late period Tangerine Dream. Even the less than marvelous moments (the parts where there's ah...singing and lyrics) are possessed of a kind of polish you don't usually find in indie cassette productions. I think that the problems in the cassette are twofold: at times, the enterprise teeters on the edge of being dragged under by the sheer weight and portentousness of the ideas (the solemnly intoned technical lectures by the Chinese-American speaker being a case in point). Cybernetics is a big propositional field, and it may not be a great idea to attack a set of ideas that are bigger than your music (music that's inherently not propositional, but evocative)-it undermines what's really good and well-done here. There's also the notion of really trying to sonically integrate the site recordings into the recorded texture-working for fusion rather than pastiche. Too often, there's a problem of mesh-having a recording of a man walking down a hall and another recording of a synthesizer playing at the same time when their respective acoustic spaces are completely different. Still, I'd rather hear one slightly flawed work of real imagination like this one than 16 recordings where everything is boring and in perfect place. (Chris Hoard) Greg Taylor

HUMAN SCAB: *Thunderhips and Saddle Bags C*

This 10 year old kid knows how to punkrock real good,

breathtaking like a screaming demon, throwing rocks at windows, killing all of the communists, things that you wouldn't ordinarily try yourself. Something you leave to the experts. This is a very expert project. Imagine yourself being held captive by a 10 year old kid, we're gonna sing now, real loud too, and bang the piano. We're gonna sing now, nothing is going to hurt you, its only sound. Sometimes his uncle Fearless Frank joins in, carrying on, singing brave songs. Its cool. (Human Scab)--Robin James

IDF: *Convulsion LP*

An interesting album of noise/sampling/electronics. The work here seems advanced and conservative at the same time. On the one hand, IDF is working with noise, timbres which are highly processed electronically, and towards a dissolution of conventional musical elements (like melody, harmony, 'rhythm', etc.). This is good. However, there is something downright 'Romantic' in their use of the voice on this record as a primary expressive vehicle, and the improvisation seems to be emanating from fairly standard dramatic instincts. This group of musicians is on the right track, and it should be interesting to see how their later work evolves in formal ways--for example, why the short, song form approach to sonic textures that don't really suggest a three minute boundary? (Atavistic)--Charles Ben-Aaron

IMO & THE SOUL SYNDICATE: *Past History LP*

What you have here are crack Jamaican studio musicians (including guitarist 'Chinna' Smith) unhappily married to a mysterious (and mysteriously tuneless vocalist/songwriter) man named 'Imo.' There are a lot of crisply recorded rhythm tracks that are basically unsatisfying to my ears because Imo can't sing a lick. His lyrics are ponderous Rasta cliches, to make matters worse. It is almost funny to hear him declaim 'I am Sheba...queen, woman, wife.' Several numbers make reference to his obesity, perhaps an attempt to milk the Fat Boys stance for all that it's worth. The best cut here is a dub which removes Imo almost entirely and takes the excessive fat out of this forgettable disc. (Yahweh Records)--Norman Weinstein

IRELAND: *The Dream C*

This little gem is chockful of acoustic avant-garde art-folk racket. Noisy, but not electronic. Light cacophonies, cups, dishes, flutes, trapset. Playing guitar the way you're not supposed to, on purpose even. Side 1 is an extended soundscape collage, reminds me of a sick afternoon in bed, and getting up to get a glass of orange juice, and then falling down on the floor, dizzy. Side 2 is more of the 'kitchen song' variety, beat poetry, here and there. 'The dream is a lake which will reflect the abortion and betrayal of the universe...It will remain pure'. (Recommended)--Frank Gunderson

RONALD SHANNON JACKSON WITH TWINS SEVEN SEVEN: *Live at the Caravan of Dreams LP*

Think of a harmolodic jam session that sounds like a cross between a recent Ornette Coleman session and a remake of *Drums of Passion*, a hybrid of African and post-bop cubist blues. This live recording is a wild, raw, and exciting mix of African chanting and percussion led by Twins Seven Seven and urgent jazz ignited by drummer Jackson and his band. It is an odd recording to the degree to which the African and American sounds never totally coalesce. What makes this album sound even odder are Akbar Ali's violin parts which bring Indian spices into this Afro-American stew. There is an unpolished sense of a daring musical experiment going on here, sketches for future collaborations. Given the number of records which slickly and smoothly adorn American jazz with African stylisms, I find this ragged but right upon-progress a bracing tonic. (Caravan of Dreams)--Norman Weinstein

GREGOR JAMROSKI & JOHNNY CALCAGNO: *Constant Drudgery is Dangerous to the Soul, Spirit and Health C*

The first portion of this tape is the only time Johnny Calcagno appears. It also has a wide variety of acoustic instruments and electronic effects. The remainder of the tape is taken up by Gregor Jamroski's guitar musings. While the first track has a wide variety of sonorities the tape overall is marked by an incessant repetition of eccentric noodlings. There is a simulated ethnicity and I get the impression that it is primarily improvised. There is a modernist moodiness that generally prevails despite its rhythmic rough edge. (Sound of Pig Music)--DK

Second Opinion: Music with instruments strummed for jagged textural effects, rather middle-eastern in flavour, acoustic rather than electronic in emphasis. Sort of a dance accompaniment perhaps. Places have a more haunted dream kind of pace, things go slowly through fearsome terrain at times, and there is ample electronic enhancement on certain numbers. There are some great humorous moments with the strangest kinds of dialogues, some is rather boring and lacking in mechanical skill, there is also much grace and beauty here. (Sound of Pig Music) --Robin James

JANDEK: *Follow Your Footsteps LP*

What a departure for Jandek! Here we have a compact

disc, produced by Bill Laswell, with most of the members of the Golden Palominos sitting in. There is a full cover gatefold cover with liner notes by Robert Palmer! No, Not really. This is the Jandek production that we've come to know and love. There is a black and white photo on the cover that suspicious minds see as a clue to Jandek's early days in the '60s psychedelia. The back cover just has white space and black type. Someone plays drums on some of the tracks. It sounds like Ginger Baker. Any other guesses? The solo numbers with acoustic 12-string and intense vocals are hard to top, but the drum-guitar duo that starts the first side has its own kind of ambience that is also priceless. What we have here is a record but more than that, part of a career that comes to us almost rolled up in a time capsule. It is about only itself and makes everything else irrelevant. (Corwood)--Lawrence Talbot

THE JAYHAWKS LP

Well shit Bubba, I put this slab on my Motorola and it was a fuggin miracle, all of a sudden I was caught in a regular kinda time warp. I found my greasy self back in the year of 1975 and I was sittin' drinkin' LoneStar Longnecks at the Original Soap Creek Saloon in Austin out on Bee Caves Road. And louder than hell up on the stage who'd I see and hear but Kinky Friedman and Sir Doug being backed up by the Original Flying Burrito Bros. They was makin such a purty bunch of wail that I could smell the bluebonnets pushin thru the floorboards. Just as I started really having fun I fell out of my chair and woke up to realize I was in my living room in Santa Fe and it's 1987, so what's this fine shit kickin music I been hearin, huh? Bunch of guys from Minneapolis home of The Replacements and those Du Boys, well, hell forget about the Longryders go find the Jayhawks new record and ride it hard boys! (Bunkhouse Records)--Brian S. Curley

EVAN JOHNS AND THE H-BOMBS: *Rollin' through the Night* LP

The material on Evan Johns and the H-Bombs' second album is over four years old so perhaps that's why it stands out from the pack of 'roots' revivalists that seem to be coming out of the woodwork. Johns was there first. More importantly, Johns has real roots, not just a transitory interest in country and blues. And the best reason yet is that his band has no qualms about living up to their name. Just one example would be 'If I Had My Way' with its insistent drums, primal rockabilly riff and weird vocal. None of these songs--they're all originals--could be mistaken for oldies; the guitars are too thick and aggressive, the drums too strong and the vocals too self-conscious. All of which means that the album sounds just like music from the Eighties and good for them. Misplaced nostalgia has ruined many a roots (and nearly all garage) bands and the H-Bombs are having none of it. *Rollin' Through the Night* is a pounding, entertaining experience that most bands would be proud to lay claim to. (Alternative Tentacles)--Lang Thompson

Second Opinion: After what share I've heard of all the posers and all the half-baked reissues and un-earthed demos of a few years back, I wasn't prepared to enjoy a straight-ahead, no-crap-about-it rockabilly record as much as this beaut by Evan and his crew. Evan has a voice reminding me of Captain Beefheart going for his most soulful style without reaching into his upper range. All the songs here may not 'xactly be hard'n'fast r-billy by purist standards (who can be buttpains all to often) but are diversified by surf/spy guitar, honky tonk blues feel and strains of pop. Sticking out in my mind most are 'Madhouse' (which could teach the Cramps a lesson on dark atmospheres), the lovely 'Saving Grace', 'Sugar Copokie' and Johns' hopping-to-be-dance sensation, 'Do the Dootz.' Got a hankering to see these dudes on a package tour with Joe Ely, but by themselves the H-Bombs knock me out anyway. Gotta love it! (Alternative Tentacles)--Jamie Rake

THE JONESES: *Keeping up with the Joneses* LP

From the looks of the picture of the Joneses on their album *Keeping Up With I'd* say that this was a pseudo pretty boy glam rock band. But upon listening they can sludge it out with the best of 'em. Lots of Johnny Thunders, N.Y. Dolls

riffs but they do it very well (when was the last time Johnny Thunders was straight enough to really kick butt like he used to) so take what we can get in 1987. But seriously guys, you gotta do something about those hairdos. To quote one of your songs 'Cut That Trash'. Good record. Peace & love. (Dr. Dream Records)--Brian S. Curley

KALIMA: *Night Time Shadows* LP

In the wake of a Latin-flavored British pop-jazz revival that has produced the likes of Sade and Working Week comes Kalima, a group consisting of female voice, saxophones, guitar and percussion which includes members of A Certain Ratio. With a program of originals plus the standard 'Green Dolphin Street' Kalima proffers an anemic variety of sexy lounge jazz that is long on stylistic affectation but short on passion or surprise. There are echoes of bossa-nova a la Getz/Gilberto, and several tracks could be right off of a Sade record, except that Ann Quigley's vocals are often embarrassingly off-pitch. Her voice is singularly ill-suited to this style of music, which she should leave well enough alone. Occasional block-party percussion breaks raise the temperature a bit. Gratifying as it is to see this renewed interest in jazz, forays like this veer dangerously close to parody. (Factory Records)--Dennis Rea

KAMIKAZE REFRIGERATORS: *Happy Thoughts* LP

In the tradition of blistering Texas raunch punk can be found the Refrigerators, whose first album is also their last. Guitarist Dave Nelson plays growlingly vicious twanging licks over the slow funk beat of Rich Malley and Dave Fenster, while Luis Salinas' voice attacks the lyrics with a cool hoarse bluntness reminiscent of D. Boon. Their slowly grinding music is a perfect match for their despairing stories of repression and paranoia. After a worthy debut like this you can only wonder why they didn't stay together and grow. (The record was released after their breakup.--ed.) (No Auditions/Unseen Hand Records)--James Hopkins

KATHARSIS: *Katharsis* 4 C

Parental suicide, hypothermia, a raped and dismembered woman who lives to tell the tale, and self-reliance are some of the subjects gone into here. The style is slow tempo industrial that avoids plodding by maintaining an almost tribal rhythmic feel, especially on the cuts 'imitate' and 'savage'. Sometimes their ideology gets a little simplistic for my tastes but it's delivered with enough conviction that it never gets over pretentious. I especially enjoyed the song about self-reliance, but probably for the wrong reasons. I found it wildly humorous to have these darkside guitar riffs and rhythms going while some woman is screaming at me to 'take some initiative!' I don't know, maybe you had to be there. It just seemed sort of incongruous, or as my friend Scott said: 'kind of like a self improvement seminar gone hideously wrong.' This is a good tape though, certainly better than the usual black clad midnight scream fest, and probably worth a listen if you're not one of those faint hearted types with a heart condition or something. (Katharsis)--Eric Iverson

KIEM: *Kiem* LP

Kiem is an unlikely trio consisting of Huub Kentie on synthesizers and vocals, Cees Meurs on 'metal drums,' and Ger van Voorden on saxophones (he's been known to jam two saxes in his mouth at the same time). Their music is intentionally heavy-handed, with thudding, powerhouse drumming; sometimes erratic rhythms; wailing, searing saxophone; percussive synthesizers, and an overall quirkiness. Somehow Kentie's vocals remind me of some Australian pop music; untamed, but not crude. Their off the beaten path avant-pop is bent, angular, with jazz and experimental overtones. Apparently, they are real up and comers in their native Holland, appearing on various anthologies in addition to their own records. (Time Based Arts)--Dean Suzuki

KILLDOZER: *Burl* EP

From the bowels of the Midwest crawls forth the grungiest sound of...well of labelmates the Butt-

hole Surfers. This is one gnarly piece of vinyl. Obscene, grim, frightening, funny. And that's just the lyrics. The sound is beyond all that. Thunderous bass and drums, wailing slippin' and slidin' guitars, fractured riffs gasping for air. Michael Gerard's vocals, or should I say demented rantings, leap our of the mix like a drunk out of a darkened doorway. Slow, grinding tempos and abrupt key changes just run this stuff into the ground. You'll love it. (Touch & Go)--Scott Siegal

JOHN KLEIN: *I'm A Cloud* C

Good rock and pop that almost ruins itself with up-front synth and drum machines. ALMOST. Klein has a John Lennon/Alex Chilton way with a melody; his voice even sounds a bit like Chilton's. A favorite cut of mine is 'Fear of Rejection,' which has a '461 Ocean Blvd.'-period Clapton feel. Another is 'What Would You Do,' which is a jumble of funk, garage rock, and cool pop that somehow manages to work. A good tape that could've been great without that damn drum box. (True Luv)--Tom Burris

JOACHIM KUHN: *Wandlungen--Transformation* LP

Joachim Kuhn was a child prodigy who gave his first piano recital at age six. Such people, like those born with too much money, often fall prey to the sin of aimlessness and that of taking their gifts too seriously. Here we have a fine example. Kuhn's themes are banal and undeveloped while his improvisations too often degenerate into witless flurries of notes, masterfully executed. On this album he has Walter Quintus in the control booth electronically 'transforming' the sound of the piano, as if he realized that this material was going to be rather thin, by itself. Quintus cannot transform these pieces into anything more than enhanced failures, however. Kuhn's own words sum up the problem nicely in his note on the title piece. 'Wandlungen,' he states, 'is a little composition that turned out to be the longest piece on the album... originally written to be a drum solo...it's a 'tour de force.' Kuhn cannot help but turn every little idea into a 'tour de force' and they are boring, tasteless tours to be sure. He is obviously a fine player but less virtuoso mystique and more strategic limitation are in order. (CMP Records)--Sam Mental

KWASHIORKOR: *Tree Saw* C

Sound: experience with low fi recordings of her singing a song or two while the parakeet goes crazy, sort of a bluesy song with the acoustic guitar. The cover is a pine tree silhouette with a saw beneath it, simple and xeroxed. The bird is a pretty awesome soloist too. The big idea here is playing the acoustic guitar and singing songs into a handy recorder. It's a folk document, an extended snapshot. Not exactly a demo recording.

LA BARONESSA DI CARINI: *Sicilian Traditional Songs and Music, Recorded in the Niagara Frontier Region* LP

It's records like this that justify the existence of the medium. This is music that simply must be heard if one's comprehension of the world is not to be shamefully ignorant! This beautifully produced, packaged, and annotated two record set is a companion to the equally excellent *Chesta E La Voci Ca Canuscite*, which documents Southern Italian music from the same region of upstate New York. It was produced and recorded by Anna Chai-retakis, in collaboration with the Western New York Society for the Preservation of Italian Folklore in Buffalo, with an impressive list of assisting scholars and foundations to add even further credibility--as if that is necessary once one hears the music! The Sicilian-American music on this record is wonderful, strange, and ear-opening. The singing styles heard here, both male and female, utilize phrasings and intonations which are other-worldly at first, and later as familiar as a country song. Many types of songs are documented here, from love songs to long and involved ballads. Instruments on the record include mandolin, jaw's harp (marranzano), guitar, harness bells, 'found objects' (like sticks, spoons, and the mouth), accordion and trumpet. As a mandolin fan myself, I can say without reservation that all students of that instrument (or the jaw's harp) should hear these cuts. The record should be a delight to both scholars and 'lay' listeners, containing a 27 page beautifully illustrat-

ed book of notes on the music and the performers. Anyone interested in the ethnic music of this country or of Italy simply must know this record—it is an important and brilliant document of one of our most vital musical cultures.

If the United States caught fire, and you could only save one record company, I'd vote for Global Village!

(Global Village)--Larry Polansky
LAMBS BREAD: Truth Of It Is...LP

The overwhelming impression of the band this album creates is one of cooperation. I don't hear any ego-aggrandizing soloing, no attempts by the vocalist to steal the spotlight. Just a very solid, professional and sincere attempt to capture a rootsy sound on American shores. The songs have memorable hooks (particularly 'Jah Jah (Calm the Scene)' and the sound is a clearly articulated blend of keyboards, guitar, bass, and percussion, sparse and tasteful. The only weakness might be Bobby Kachney's vocals—a bit bland. But let the buyer be advised: American reggae doesn't get much more solid than this fine effort. Expect to hear a lot more from this outfit. They could wear the crown for reggae in America, particularly with the demise of the Blue Riddim Band. (LBI Records)--Norman Weinstein

LA MUERTE: Every Soul by Sin Oppressed LP

This record is dark bluesy and sometimes grungy. As you might guess from the title and band name these songs have a lot of death and evil in them. What you might not guess is that they are from Belgium. Not being into Birthday Party or Nick Cave I can't say if this is a great record of this style or merely good. The production is top rate. Some cuts really cook with enormous, noisy guitars and scream/sing vocals. Others go straight blues speed or slower with clear guitars and hoarse growls. I enjoy it. (Soundwork)--Sunn Thomas

JOSEPH LAMM: Watching the Coming Storm LP

A concept album from a progressive Christian popster with musical and poetic intelligence. Lamm calls this the history of mankind in light of scripture. The songs work conceptually and independently. Though Lamm assimilates several styles throughout the course of the album, they're all fused seamlessly. 'Rememberance' is a kind of raga with a beat and a tale of waiting for God to commence with Creation. This works right into the (American) Indian neo-chant of 'His Name', segueing straight to the art rock of 'High Planes Drifter' and its story of Man's collusion with Satan in the FALL. Coming off like early Bruce Cockburn, Lamm ends the first side with 'In Winter', promising both despair and hope to come. Along with Terry Taylor, Jeff Johnson and Charlie Peacock, Lamm is one of contemporary Christianity's premiere art-heads. That's a compliment. (Dancing Angel's)--Jamie Rake

ROBIN LANE: Heart Connection EP

Lane has been underrated since she and the Chartbusters debuted nationally in '80. The lady possesses a set of pipes evocative of a Sandi Shaw/Christie Hynde cross-breed and writes folkie pop tunes relating to the secular and spiritual simultaneously. Here the band just shortened their name to the Busters while Robin is still cranking out hooks. The most memorable of the four

numbers are 'Believe in You' (Christ, her beau, whom-ever) and the nearly teenybopping 'Shot in the Dark' (definitely 'bout a guy still on this planet). This is a mite raw for Casey Kasem but too cool for him, too. If you haven't picked up on her before, this is as good a place as any to start. (Recon)--Jamie Rake

DOMINIQUE LAWALREE: Infinitudes LP

Lawalree is a young Belgian composer whose music falls somewhere between Minimal music and Erik Satie. He is an extremely prolific composer, writing reams of music which range from tiny miniatures, to lengthy excursions, mostly for keyboards, performed by the composer on pianos, electric pianos, electric and pipe organs. This, his first album, contains three of his longer pieces which reveal the more severe side of his compositional style. The title 'De profundis' is most appropos, as this heady work for organ is solemn, reverent, and mystical. 'Non-intitule No. 1' for solo piano is an extremely spare, almost Zen-like piece. It manifests the influence of La Monte Young in its stasis and Cage in its respect

for silence. 'Solitudes oubliées' is a solo piano composition, with brief but very effective obbligato percussion and organ parts, that has an improvisational sound as the right hand that wanders and meanders and the work wends its way along a modal path. There is some strumming of the strings inside of the instrument, and wonderful, yet subtle colors supplied by gentle percussion and quiescent organ. Imagine, if you will, a less pompous and Satie-influenced Keith Jarrett. Lawalree is a composer worth seeking out. (Warner)--Dean Suzuki

THE LEAD: Automloch EP

One of the hardest core of Godpunk bands tries diversification with mixed results. Nina Llopis flirts with psychedelic grunge pop on 'You Don't Need Him' but sounds a little too plaintive on the harshly melancholy 'No One's an Atheist' (when you're looking death in the face, says she). Drummer Robbie Christie provides the most out-&-out rabid moment on 'XB' ('bout locking Satan up). 'Sick of This' is a dirge which buries itself in its own sludge a little too deep. Julio Rey's best outing here is 'Calling Out to You', straight-ahead hardcorepunk-thrash. The whole shebang ends in a short explosive cover of Resurrection Band's 'Alienated.' Here's expecting that the next record blows Lucifer's head off. (Three Equals One)--Jamie Rake

KEITH LEBLANC: Major Malfunction LP

Former Sugarhill Gang legend LeBlanc joins forces with guerrilla mixmeister Adrian Sherwood and his On-U-Sound cronies for a full-frontal blast of drumbox voodoo and rapid-fire editing. The 'Major Malfunction' of the title is the Challenger disaster, and technology is portrayed as a runaway menace, although, ironically, it would be tough to find music more dependent on technology. Found voices (Reagan, Mission Control) and striking processed sounds abound, all carried forward by LeBlanc's sure sense of the beat; his rhythmic sophistication, wicked drum sounds and intelligent application of studio effects elevate this above the majority of drum-machine derived experiments. Sherwood is perhaps the most creative engineer-as-artist in popular music today, and here his gripping, almost malevolent mix leaps from the speakers and grabs you by the shirt collar. 'Major Malfunction' takes the hip-hop-meets-musique concrete approach to giddy extremes. As one song title demands, 'You drummers listen good.' (World Records)--Dennis Rea

Dickinson Le Bron: The Four Harmonius Corners of the Universe (Music for the Sculpture): C

The instructions on the tape's wrapper inform the listener to 'play the tape softly'. The pieces contained herein are basically permutations of ambient/duct/traffic noise overlaid with a variety of drumbox and guitar sounds whose timbre recalls sources from Robert Fripp's sustained dissonance on the Fripp/Eno collaborations. There are also allusions in the quieter stuff to Nick Drake's simple acoustic instrumentals. The cassette liner notes hint at a level of formal organization that simply isn't apparent given the audio material alone, so the listener has to take the tape as it is (until you write Dickinson and ask for more info). Played at the volume requested, the effect of the pieces ranges from pleasant (on the simple strummed guitar patterns) to the kind of random and irregular intrusiveness you associate with a shortwave radio with a nasty case of channel drift. Dickinson's intent may be said to be somewhere between these two extremes. Makes you wonder what the sculpture that the music is for is like. (Tape Cartridge Clinic)--Gregory Taylor

LEE AND THE SWORDS: Electric Grace b/w On Our Way EP

Christian kitsch lives! Our pal Lee tries to do to 'Amazing Grace' what Jimi Hendrix did to 'The Star Spangled Banner' plus add some thunder sound FX for that 'heavenly' feel. The results are unintentionally more comical than I hope he expected. The folk number on the other side rambles a bit but is basically sincere and earnest without being preachy. Stick to the folk, you guys. (Twenty-Seven)--Jamie Rake

DAVID LIEBMAN: The Loneliness of a Long Distance Runner

Liebman is a saxophone player who has been around. The career sheet includes a stint with Ten Wheel Drive back in the days when rock bands with horns were a novelty; participatin' in some of Miles Davis' most bizarre later music before the retirement; the Lookout Farm group which produced some of the better fusion jazz as well as an interesting booklet about the band's inner

workings; and a variety of funk and jazz related recordings and projects. Now comes this solo album which through overdubbing allows us to hear quartets and quintets of Liebman. Those who would never have put Liebman in the class of Braxton, Rova Saxophone Quartet or Roscoe Mitchell--and justifiably so, because up til now he has never really worked in the same areas--should check this out because it rates with the best work of these other artists. There are lots and lots of ideas--too many at times but even that criticism is a cliché -- and in conclusion what we have is a masterwork by a player that has had plenty of time to think about what he would do given an opportunity like this and plenty of experiences in music that have given him the chops to make the most of the situation now that it has arisen. (CMP)--Lawrence Talbot

RIK LITTLE AND THE LOOSE: Live and Die NYC

These guys get gigs at The Pyramid, The World, NO-SE-NO, and CBGB so they must be good, right? Well...let's just say if they are, then I didn't 'get it'. I don't really know what to say. All the influences and attitudes are here, but not the crucial spark that would make things interesting. One side of the tape was recorded live and one side was practice, neither especially sticks out. The whole thing ends up sounding like just another collection of guitar licks and scream vocals done in a well worn 'New York Style' that I've heard countless bands do better. The crowd seemed to like them though. (Clawhammer Tapes)--Eric Iverson

LIVE SKULL: Raise the Manifestation EP

These guys are getting a good amount of press and word-of-mouth these days (These days!?) Oh no, I'm admitting to not having heard their celebrated *Cloud One*. Don't kill me yet. The ears can hear what the excitement is about. Live Skull have a talent that groups like The Jesus & Mary Chain rely on gimmicks to approximate. This isn't an album, but a much too short EP, so one should play it loud and over and over to really bathe in guitars grinding into one another and feel the floor rumble as a heavy bass holds it all down. The star here is the 'Pusherman' cover, which, just in case someone doesn't know, was first done by Curtis Mayfield on the 'Superfly' soundtrack. I hope Curtis hears this version, he'd be impressed. The guitar sounds like a torture device and Marnie Greenholz's voice is giving me nightmares and second thoughts about scoring already. Live Skull's point of view--black music in the sullen, not soul sense, has been done before (what hasn't?) but they've made it sound distinctive and hey, that's hard to do. (Homestead Records)--Lena Dixon

RICHARD LLOYD: Field Of Fire LP

This guy has been gone along time. Remember Television? Of course you do. Much harder and biting than his first solo album, 1979's *Alchemy*, the best stuff here is on par with TV's looser, rambling guitar oriented material. Lloyd is an inspired guitarist. Not a technician, but a musician who really 'feels' each note. The best stuff here, especially the 8:30 title track, really displays his axemanship. He can write a decent song on occasion, too. 'Pleading' and 'Black To White' are good verse-chorus pop-rockers. But to be honest, I can see why Tom Verlaine dominated the writing in Television. Some of these tunes may sound pretty good, but on closer listen don't have too much going for them in the composition dept. But the emotion gets across. Ain't that rock and roll? (Celluliod/Moving Target)--Brad Bradberry

LO JAI: French Traditional Music from the Limousin LP

Lovely music from the central region of France featuring fife, hurdy gurdy, violins, diatonic accordian, and a touch of saxophone. The songs are excellent and it is a shame Shanachie didn't see fit to include more descriptions and translations of some of the lyrics, the hallmark of a thorough ethnic release. This music is more on the pretty, dreamy side of ethnic styles rather than raunchy. (Shanachie)--Lawrence Talbot

LONGSHOREMAN: Longshoreman LP

In which an idiotic looking guy named Dog with a smudge on his cheek makes with much beatnik profundity whilst Carol Detweiler and Judy Gittelsohn are the Andrews Sisters. In other words, one of the stranger items around. One message important enough to be printed on the back is 'I'll never work on my car again.' Much time was spent honing and making the sound and delivery of this combo precise and the point. They



The Eugene Electronic Music Collective offers a great introduction sampler, "Northwest Passages" available through the Sound Choice sub. promo.

have taken time to learn ditties such as 'Cindy the Shack Girl' and 'The Pit'. (Subterranean)--Lawrence Talbot
LOST NATION STRING BAND: *Lost Nation String Band LP*

A lot of us had high expectations for this album. Working from a base in the Wisconsin hinterland, this band has earned a great reputation for its exciting live performances, its musicainship, and its songwriting talents. Frontman Warren Nelson, writing in the traditions of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, is as good as John Hartford at his best. Nelson's three originals on this recording stand out as the best cuts on the album. And, mandolin player Bruce Burnside's instrumental 'Black Lick River Orbit' shines as well. Throughout, the band's instrumental skills are obvious, with Burnside playing mandolin, Don Pavel doing excellent flat picking, and Jack Gunderson adding solid bass. A few more originals could have made this the album we waited for. Covers can't be called their forte. I hope they record another album soon with more attention to their choice of material and more emphasis on originals. (Dodo Records)--Bucky Halter
Galibar Louls: *Chanson*

One of the interesting things about recordings is that it's possible to hear them without any information about whoever produced them and come up with some interpretation that bears little relevance to the real state of affairs. According to the liner notes, this recording is brought to the man who remixes it by an intermediary.

It's producer is reputedly an illegal Haitian immigrant who lives in seclusion somewhere in the mountains, is paralyzed from the waist down, and left the Juilliard School of Music out of fear of being 'rigified.'

That's quite a pedigree, isn't it? What you'll hear on this cassette is anything but unusual, though: a four-track recording of analog synth sweetened slightly by a little mouth. The timbres are extremely conventional-wide fil-

ter sweeps, short ADSR percussion patches with the occasional LFO wobble thrown in, and dizzying pan effects. The compositions are all given pretty heavy titles ('About Life' 'About Death') that belie their essential similarity: short little scale fragments in either free rhythm or a subdivided tempo that diverge only slightly from an extremely simple chord structure with little in the way of modulation or modal change. In short, the recordings themselves are as predictable and pedestrian as the description of the artist inside is fascinating. In some cases, this kind of extreme disjuncture of supplied fact and what's actually on the tape might really fascinate me, but the recordings themselves are just too close to the generic synthesizer noodlefest to hold my attention. Given that the recordings are well mixed, perhaps the producer might see fit to offer a little guidance to his reclusive friend. (Invisible Disk)--Greg Taylor

JIM LYMAN: *A Father's Concern C*

Here we have acoustic guitar and vocals with an occasional added instrument. The songs are straightforward and well-written. The title track has the feel of an Irish ballad and is a real standout. Another favorite of mine is 'King Of The Lounges', in which Lyman makes comical and sad observations on a 'tuxedo rocker'. Lyman is sentimental, occasionally overly sentimental, but never off track. (Sounds Interesting Records)--Tom Burris
LONNIE MACK: *Second Sight LP*

Lonnie Mack packs credentials galore but this disc, despite the all-natural style 'Genuine Houserockin' Music' label is more of the same bar band extroversion, with all the right pieces in place but something not quite right. Maybe it's a layer of flab from the Memphis Horns like so much butter on bread; maybe it's the recording, the type of crisp clean archival sound that Rounder usually favors, not Alligator. Maybe it's one too many bar boogie LPS. Maybe it's the pure dumbness of the opening track, 'Me and My Car'. John Morthland, normally a pretty tasteful writer, plugs the LP with a comparison to Ray Charles, who like Mack 'partakes equally of the carnal and the spiritual'. Nice to find out this fact about Mack's private life, because there isn't much of either on record! (Alligator)--Lawrence Talbot

MAD AT THE WORLD: *Mad at the World LP*

Harsh electro-disco from a couple of nearly nihilistic Christian brothers and a side guy. Songs that point the finger of guilt and despair at society, spiritual backsliders and nonbelievers and all the above's misunderstanding of God--all eligible for remix work for dancefloor

consumption--without ever sounding self-righteous, just negative. Don't let that turn you off. Mad at the World mesh the cold white soul of the Pet Shop boys, the thumpa-clank of mid-period Depeche Mode and the angst in bands like Ministry and Einsturzende Neubauten into a blend accessible enough to appeal to the Star Hits-buying younger set and outre enough to get the older hipsters thinking that this might be the latest Some Bizarre release. Roger Rose has a voice that at first sounds like a pompous Brit but later won me over with its (tad zealous) earnestness. Only problem here may be that they would be perceived as being so negative that they'd turn kids off to God. Mebbe not; they'll just dance first. (Frontline)--Jamie Rake

ABNER MALATY: *Cracked C*

This band is difficult to categorize. On the one hand they employ some interesting synthesizer sounds. On the other they are weak compositionally. One tune is an ironic shot at punk mentality. Imagine Tangerine Dream crossed with The Residents. Good sound quality. (A. Creamer)--Bruce Christensen

MANNHEIM STEAMROLLER: *Fresh Aire III CD*

Composer and drummer Chip Davis heads Mannheim Steamroller, the baroque-rock ensemble from Omaha. Davis compositions utilize synthesizers, toys, recorders and string orchestras, among other resources. I find this music very refreshing, having at various times the delicate polyphonic interplay of the baroque, and at other times the power and movement of the best 'progressive' rock. My favorite pieces are the quiet and peaceful 'Amber', and the clavichord based 'Small Wooden Bach'ses'. As with all the American Gramophone releases, the sound quality is superb. The only thing I don't like about the disc is the fact that it only uses 34 of the available 75 minutes of the CD format. (American Gramophone Records)--Ed Blomquist

MANTRONIX: *Music Madness*

This collection of too-street-to-be-pop (in the U.S., anyway) beats, sequencers and rhymes is even more avant-garde and accessible than their debut album. How? They (Mantronik and M.C. TEE) use their outre nature to come up with their hooks. They take a melody line on their synthesizers (a bank of them is my guess) and mine the sucker for at least half the possible beat combinations and variations it possesses. They combine singing and straight rapping in ways to let the nuances of both complement each other (rather than the disjunct style between the two on some Kurtis Blow and the Fat Boys cuts). They're sneaky, arrogant, quick and creative in words and music. Not all the conceptualizations gel, like 'Big Band B-Boy' has an exasperating drumline but nothing to do with swing (maybe). Likewise 'Listen to the Bass of Get Stupid Fresh Part I' comes way close to being into a rut. The best sung melodies here are from the English of 'Ladies' (originally from the first LP) and 'Scream'. Hip hop's step beyond might be taken by Mantronix. (Sleeping Bag)--Jamie Rake

THE MEATMEN: *Rock 'n' Roll Juggernaut LP*

Let's face it, Tesco Vee is god. The guy collects every record on earth, edited one of the all time great 'zines, *Touch and Go*, already has at least two of the all time funniest, perpetual punk favor records ever to be called hardcore and over the years has developed a public persona that makes every kid in leather who tells his mother to go screw herself just say 'I can't believe he's really saying that'. Then he and the Meatmen go and make this record combining subtle musical parody with classic Tesco wit/disgustiness to make bopping, rocking originals out of hundreds of musical and production cliches, heavy metal and otherwise. This production is arena band quality with former Minor Threat guitarist, Lyle Preslar as well as session musicians. Amongst the other fun games, there's a new version of Crippled Children Suck titled...French People Suck, and Tesco as a late night TV sexual appliance salesman, Shecky Schpelkus. This record accomplishes what few intentionally funny records do by covering a wide variety of musical styles without seeming disjointed and by wearing well. Play it a million times. (Caroline)--Sunn Thomas

H.N.A.S. MELCHIOR: *Auf Der Schlampfen I.P*

Talk about esoteric--this is one of the more inscrutable releases I've heard in some time. West German's Melchior's seemingly improvised music is an extended stream-of-consciousness racket employing electronics, echoed drums, fuzz bass, bowed cymbals, unintelligible vocals, spasmodic guitar punishment, and other unidentified sound sources. The effect is not unlike a group of

people on LSD throwing found objects around in a tunnel, or 'Electronic Meditation'-ala Tangerine Dream. Chanting voices lend the proceedings an aura of arcane ritual. Owing to its diffuse nature, this would make ideal soundtrack music. (United Dairies Records)--Dennis Rea
MEMBRANES: Songs of Love and Fury LP

Continuing in the grand style of British punk pioneered by such bands as The Sex Pistols, Clash, early Wire and The Buzzcocks, The Membranes expand and refine the urgent raw energy of that generation into a gentler eclectic mix of 80's post-punk. Guitars, bass and drums are present as before, if a bit calmer most of the time. This trio adds some nice touches to the mix; sitar, violins, keyboards and 'offbeat' backing vocals. One tune even takes on a 'folky' feel. 'Day the Universe Changed', while not acoustic, takes on a feel best described as intense folk-rock. The tune after, 'Bang!', is a spoken-word, self-described 'pre-apocalyptic nursery rhyme'. There are many good ideas, both musically and lyrically on this record. But this band is a hard one to peg. Titles like 'The Elvis I Knew Was No Junkie', 'Postdetergent Vacuum Cleaner Man' and 'Sleazeball' make it apparent that they're too serious to be a joke-band and too funny to be taken seriously. (Homestead)--Brad Braderry

PETER MERGENER/MICHAEL WEISSER: Phancyful-Fire C

Definitely falls under that limiting category known as 'new age' music. You know, finely crafted, very relaxing music that flows at an even (and many times, boring)

pace. On the upside, however, there really are some beautiful moods in here. Beautiful background music, that's all. (Suite Beat Music Group)--Tom Burris

GEORGE MGRDICHIAN: On the Oud C

This cassette is part of Global Village's Armenian instrumental music series. Featured is top-notch oud (the oud being a Middle Eastern lute) player, George Mgdichian, who was commissioned in 1971 by the Docece of the Armenian Church to research and perform these traditional Armenian songs and dances. He is assisted in this endeavor by Menachem Dworman on guitar. While the material is folk-based this is no field recording, and the sound is more concert-like than pure, although not jazzed up in the manner of John Berberian. Many of the tunes have a melancholy flavor that is perfectly captured by Mgrdichian who brilliantly illustrates what Russian poet Valer Prussov must have meant when he said that Armenian music 'expresses sorrow without despair.' (Global Village)--Ron Sakolsky

PIERO MILESI: The Nuclear Observatory of Mr. Nanof LP

This is Italian minimalist composer Milesi's first U.S. release (his 1983 release, *Modi*, was on the UK's Cherry Red). It is a kind of sampler from two film scores, a video, and music for a fireworks display. I found the succession of themes and electric/acoustic mix (string quartet, lyricon, synths) of the title cut and the spacious (and spacey) layered electronics of 'Kling's Night' to be more interesting than the starker, less developed 'The

Oversize House' and 'The Presence of the City'; fortunately, the former account for two thirds of the LP. Reich and Glass are major influences on Milesi by his own admission, but he is finding his own voice. Devotees of this genre will be intrigued. (Cuneiform)--Bart Grooms
Second Opinion: Gentle electronics and orchestration are featured on the stateside debut of Italian composer Piero Milesi. The music on this could probably be safely categorized as new age, but that's not to say that all of this is new age. The music here is as evocative as it is soothing. Parallels to Tangerine Dream can be drawn particularly in the track 'Three Figurations: the braid, the (Gleason)--Robin Jamesrhombus, the star', while a track such as 'The Presence of the City', floats effortlessly. Piero Milesi would sound right at home on the Private Music label alongside Sanford Ponder. Beautiful, unpretentious music. (Cuneiform)--Paul Rafanello

Third Opinion: The young Italian composer Milesi has written the works captured on this, his second album, for films, and even a fireworks display. His music can be related to pulse music, ambient music, as well as more orthodox film scores. 'Mr. Nanof's Tango' is a curious marriage of film score music al Nina Rota, etdc, and snatches of Steve Reich, as Milesi has borrowed the pulsating, waxing and waning bass clarinets from 'Music for Eighteen Musicians'. Milesi's harmonic idiom is rather similar to Philip Glass's on several pieces, with the rocking eighth note pulses of said composer's gentler works in a series of miniatures which make up the second half of the first side. The best material is on side two which relies heavily on electronic music media. Three of these were for the fireworks and they are appropriately colorful, with brilliant timbres; unusual synthesized percussion sounds, metallic sonorities, and the like. Two of the three are examples of slow music, which might seem curious at first, but they undoubtedly broadened the sense of time during the fireworks display. The third piece is decidedly up-tempo and sprightly, mimicking the energy and splendour of the pyrotechnics. There is also a wispy piano piece which is transformed from an innocuous prelude to a fascinating study by the overlaying of an electronically treated vocal texture that is absolutely captivating. Milesi is one of several promising young composers from Italy. (Cuneiform)--Dean Suzuki

SUGAR MINOTT: Sugar & Spice LP

Sugar Minott is unquestionably one of Jamaica's great vocalists. He is a master of romantic nuance, I mean, he brings Nat King Cole and Sam Cooke into the arena of reggae with lots of charm. He sounds terrific on this album. And what can be said about the rhythm section of Sly and Robbie except that they continue to turn out complex alive rhythm tracks. What falls flat here involves the melodic structure of the songs. No song stays in memory for long. The hooks don't take. I've heard songs very much like these several hundred times before. And the words are the usual 'love Jah / love herb / love me' drivel. Nothing really wrong with this album that a set of exciting songs couldn't remedy. (Ras)--Norman Weinstein

MINUTEFLAG: Minuteflag EP

The whole is much less than the sum of the parts, or in this case the whole equals a Grateful Dead type jam. And who would have imagined the combination of D Boon and Hank Rollins would produce-- what, hey?-- Fetch the Water with Trini Lopez style backing? And its almost as short as this review! (SST)--Lawrence Talbot

MINUTEMEN: Ballot Result LP

With the amount of material to choose from, and the sadness of D. Boon's loss pushing them on for a recapitulation, its no shock that this double album is so good. Musically, that is--we'll have a comment about the packaging at the end. This album is not only culled from live performances at shows. It also has some radio broadcast material and even a few tracks off other albums, although not much. Sound quality runs the gamut but the Minutemen always project their identity strongly whether the tape is running a 1 7/8 or 15 ips, and in the case of sweet little singalong numbers such as 'Song for El Salvador' the result can be poignant. Lots and lots of strong material to be discovered and rediscovered through the entire recording output of Boon... speaking of which, the usual Minutemen printing of song lyrics would have been superior to the lame collection of in-jokes about each song we get instead, although maybe this is just part of the personel, let's-get-to-know-each-other philosophy. And what about an actual gatefold jacket for the

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two records instead of the squeeze-em-together, cheesy Trip Jazz type cramming of both discs into one sleeve! (SST)--Lawrence Talbot

THE MISSION: Face the World LP

Glitter blues metal by four Long Island Christians. The biggest and best rave-ups are the title cut and the single sides, 'From Another Land' and 'God Fearin' Man'. Here's where founder/lead singer Baldino comes off like early rockabilly crazed Charlie Rich. The female singer on a few cuts and who sometimes duets with Baldi sounds like a Patti Smith raised on country-western and doesn't quite cut it, with me anyways. 'Get Saved' is the most direct call to conversion here and isn't related, thankfully, to the born-again (sub) standard remake of 'Cocaine'. 'Song for the Lost Sheep' is the group's attempt at Christian MOR airplay and doesn't carry anywhere near the bite of the rockers. When they can mellow out with as much artistic conviction as they do on the rockers, the Mission will carry their spiritual convictions to more air guitar-playing souls even better. As it stands, this is an O.K. start, though. (Revelation)--Jamie Rake

THE MOB: Welcome to Crush LP

This is pretty much metallic thrash which is played with a ripping intensity, nice tempo changes, good lyrics. Buy a copy for your mother in law. (Big City Records)--Brian S. Curley

MOFUNGO: Messenger Dogs fo the Gods LP

This record is even better than Mofungo's last, *Frederick Douglass*, which is saying quite a bit. Years of dedication have given their music cohesion and focus, but not at the expense of the raucous energy which is their trademark. As expected, numerous ethnic and folk influences surface in the songs, treated with irreverence but never condescension. Producer Elliott Sharp is fully intergrated into the group here, and his considerable instrumental abilities add an extra spark to the proceedings. The sobering nature of the the issues addressed here notwithstanding, the overall tenor of the LP is one of good humor, which brings the point home far better than any nihilist moaning. (Lost Records)--Dennis Rea

TETE MONTOLIU: Lush Life

Tete has been around a long time on the jazz scene. He is a blind Spaniard, and has cut quite a few albums.

If Tete was payed by the note, he'd be richer than Herbie Hancock and Josef Zawinul combined,

that's how many notes he fires our way in his introspective and somewhat embittered treatments of standards such as the title track, 'Yesterdays and Airegin'. He lacks a lot of personality or the type of low-key humor or presence that would bring a Lush Life to real life; after all, this is a beautiful statement about humanity and love, not a set of chord changes magnificently exploited. Tete is more for the cool techno-heads, the jazzers sometimes dub 'the living dead'. (Steeplechase)--Lawrence Talbot

R. STEVIE MOORE: Ass-Ault (Dolar tape)C

Muzickal mayhem miasma montage of Moore's most memorable melodies!

VERY short excerpts of 70-odd toonz, including 10 to 15 second bits of 'Compatibility Leaves', 'Charlity Lace', 'Dance Man', etc. excerpted onto a 30 minute tape. For those unfamiliar with Moore's tapes, the only logical answer to the question 'What does R.S.M do?' Recommended. (R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club)-- Dan Fioretti

R. STEVIE MOORE: Sheetrock C

R. Stevie's last tape from Nashville, TN, before moving to Montclair, NJ, is a real gone example of home taping! Some excellent toonz/playing, great sound for a home tape--best are 'Compatibility Leaves', an ode to the Talking Heads, as well as avant-jazz 'Tribute to Liza Minelli', spacy 'You Never Know', a really nifty '96 Tears' features R.'s multitracked choral vocals, sounding like a bunch of drunks singing/shouting it in a bar/college dorm. Also included is R.'s cheap stab at a 'punk EP'--which doesn't detract from the better toonz on the

tape. 'Alcohol Call' is really good too-- in fact there are too many really good songs to mention 'em all. A well crafted song collection indeed. (R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club)--Dan Fioretti

R. STEVIE MOORE: Delicate Tension C

Definitely one o' my Arsteevie faves, as it features lots 'n lots o' excellent Stevie toonz! Slightly different than a vinyl (out of print) LP of the same name, *Delicate Tension* (the tape) also features 'Moore Stuff', a collage of found tapes, radio broadcast, a phone call, a drum solo, etc. But the Real Moore Stuff is on Side I. These toonz present the more reflective, lyrical side of R., waxing philosophical on life, love, substance abuse, and talking to insects. Great pop music should be cheerfully buoyant, not fatuously preoccupied with trendy fashions. This is why R. Stevie Moore should be famous. And anyone who disagrees or isn't sure should listen to this tape! (R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club)--Dan Fioretti

R. STEVIE MOORE: Urgent/XVII C

Often the most fun things about R. Stevie Moore's tapes are the 'found' bits and pieces, as on this 'un. You may not care about Mary Mae's new stereo, but I, for one, found it quite interesting. That, in addition, of course, to R.'s great toonz--best here including the avant-dub masterpiece 'And I Thought Of You', epic 14-minute 'Where Do I Come From?', and the other epic, 'Poverty XVII', which utilizes Fripp & Eno type tape loops to great effect. Also included are two interviews with Uncle Floyd -- does anyone (outside NJ) remember 'The Uncle Floyd Show'??? And the other songs are really good, too. (R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club)--Dan Fioretti

R. STEVIE MOORE: Gets Off C

The reason why R.'s tapes are so great--when they are--is that when R. Stevie puts much time and effort into recording and songwriting, the results are very worthwhile. This is one of R.'s 'better' tapes. Songwriting and performance is nearly consistent throughout almost all of the tape. 'Thousands of Days' is a catchy tune worthy of repeated listening, 'Agnes' is an intriguing ambient piece with found vocals, elsewhere cheerful ditties please the ears and entice the mind, kinetic Casio-oid rhythms and energetic guitar playing abound. This is what R. Stevie does best, and there's lots of it here. (R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club)--Dan Fioretti

R. STEVIE MOORE: Instrumentality/Aviation C

Almost entirely instrumental set featuring R. Stevie's clever rhythm arrangements and some very good playing. Lots of this could easily be labeled 'fusion', 'progressive rock' ('World's Fair 3' sounds more than a little like early Genesis) or --dare I say it--knew wage. Particularly good are the title songs (both), 'Versailles', atmospheric 'Sky Blues', ethereal '1st Or Mast (Lochness)', and the extended 'Hi-Jacker's Dance', featuring adventurous guitar soloing and really nifty percussive effects. 'A Fuzzy Porkchop' sounds like early Jeff Beck (c. 'Rough and Ready') altho' not quite as good on the guitar--but who is? Some vocals (2 or 3), but for the most part highly enjoyable instrumental music. (R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club)--Dan Fioretti

MOP: Granaglia C

Short songs, simple rhythms, drum machine and short repeated samples. Very little layering, minimalistic. Occasional distorted vocal. Guitar noises, echoes, squeaks and squonks. Samples are very diverse: industrial electro-mechanical shortwave, varied. This tape could be hypnotic in its repetitive economy except for the brevity of the songs. Classify it as minimal industrial. (Noiseland)--Roque

THE MORALUNARY CLASS: Liberxxx C

These people appear to be into dark crafts a la Crowley and Psychic TV. Magikal references abound, from the cover art of witches drawing down the moon, to song titles like 'Rite of Hecate', and 'Black Isis'. The music is industrial, growning and droning, with screams and chains clanking and disturbing growls.

If you like H.P. Lovecraft's books you'll be up for this.

Recommended. (Extreme)--Ed Blomquist
MOTHER TONGUE: Mother Tongue C

Funk Rock trio that utilizes the cream-of-the-crop of home recording technology to create competent but not too adventurous dance thangs. They go that 'Modern Irony' sound that seems to be so popular these days. The graphics and the content herein are of the demo variety,

and they should do quite well. (Mother Tongue)--Frank Gunderson

MOVING HEARTS: Live Hearts LP

What Steeleye Span has done to extend traditional British folk pop and rock veins, Moving Hearts is doing with Irish folk music. This 1983 live recording just released in this country has the Hearts working in several different styles. They do a couple of traditional Irish tunes, but the bulk of the record is original material; traditional Irish song forms updated into a rock idiom. Traditionalists who say this sort of thing shouldn't be should listen to this record. Hearing the Uilleann pipes in what is essentially a rock context seems natural here. The energy is high throughout: a completely successful album. (Green Linnet)--John Baxter

MOVING HEARTS: Moving Hearts LP

With a lineup like this you just couldn't go wrong--Christy Moore, Donal Spillane, Keith Donald, and others. That's a heavyweight bunch of Greens and this album shows why. Following a line that began with Fairport Convention, Moving Hearts combines traditional folk-music motifs with the conventions of rock, if not mainstream pop and jazz as well. Their instrumental performance rates immaculately clean on every cut, from the Jim Page tune 'Hiroshima-Nagasaki Russian Roulette' to their own 'Lake of Shadows.'

Purists will hate this recording, for the very reasons that made it interesting

--electric guitars, synthesizers, drum set, and well-executed high-quality studio production. Others with less bigoted musical tastes will like this record, especially if you like Silly Wizard, Fairport Convention, or Steeleye Span. The only flaws in this album are the vocals, which could use a little more rock and roll punch, and the arrangements, which sometimes illustrate the difficulties of mixing traditional and contemporary textures. Occasionally, the band comes up short, as with their rendering of Jackson Browne's 'Before the Deluge.' Most of the time, however, this band shows it's on to something worth hearing. (Green Linnet)--Bucky Halker

MARK MURPHY: Night Mood LP

Vocalist Mark Murphy devotes an entire LP to the songs of Brazilian composer Ivan Lins. The songs themselves are pleasant. The problem is the contemporary muzak-type arrangements. Murphy is backed by Brazilian trio Azymuth and their mixture of string synthesizers and lightweight funk and Brazilian rhythms reduces the music to easy-listening fodder. Too bad. 'Dinorah, Dinorah', where Murphy is accompanied only by Jose Bertrami's piano, shows the potential this project might have had. (Milestone Records)--R. Iannapolo

WILLIE MURPHY: Piano Hits LP

Pianist and Blues singer Willie Murphy is a local hero in his hometown of Minneapolis. In addition to leading Willie And The Bees (a highly thought of group in some circles), he has also produced Bonnie Raitt's first LP and participated in John Koerner's *Running, Jumping and Standing Still LP*. *Piano Hits* is a solo set of blues and R & B favorites. Side one (the studio side) serves up four moody bluesy tracks including a great version of Louisiana Red's terrific blues 'Sweet Blood Call'. Side two (a live studio session--although the live'ness sounds curiously artificial) contains a rocking version of 'Dizzy Miss Lizzy', a rollicking and careless 'Pinetop Boogie' and a soulful version of Sam Cooke's 'Bring It On Home'. Considering the high quality of the music it's easy to see why Murphy is so highly thought of. (Atomic Theory Records)--R. Iannapolo

NATURE AND ORGANIZATION: Third Terminal Position C

Some very beautiful/disturbing music from a UK noise group. Side one is alive and deadly power electronics, begging and pleading for attention. Raw emotions, scarry and wild. Side two is more song-oriented, the energy is harnessed and focused in a different way. Rare acoustic sensitivity and chaos Supreme. Haunting ear candy for only the hardest souls. Contains a simple version of 'In Heaven' from the Eraserhead film. (Sound of Pig Music)--Frank Gunderson

THE NEW CREATURES: *Crawl, Walk, and Roll C*
Garage rock trio with the appropriate basement feel. Overdriven, gravelly vocals over tense, energetic melodies. Basic chord progressions, elementary song constructions. Mood shifts from easy going to aggressive. It gets a little repetitious. (Scum-Fish Tapes)—Christopher Carstens

NEW DECEMBER: *New December C*
Sincere, touching Christian poppunk with mature lyrics. Take equal parts Pistols, Buzzcocks, Joy Division, and Minutemen with a dash of Patti Smith poetry obsession thrown in to spice things up as on 'Spoken Word' and their own attitude and you have some fine tunes here. The message is brought forth with evocative poetics rather than the constant reliance on screaming 'God⁴this and 'God⁴that. Four cuts have studio sheen and the rest were done live at a California park. The crowd⁴ apparently got into the show. It's easy to see why. Someone From Somewhere's vocals have plaintive depth when he sings about the state of the world, the competition among bands for the hearts of audiences and even child abuse. (Dominic Sinisi)—Jamie Rake

NIGHTCRAWLERS: *Particle Mist C*
The Nightcrawlers are three very sympatico synth artists who have recorded extensively over the past seven years. They are often compared to Tangerine Dream, but their music is really much more subtle and stimulating than T.D.'s present bland and predictable product. This recent cassette is representative; it consists of two side-long thirty minute pieces, recorded live in the studio (a method favored by the Nightcrawlers for its spontaneity). Each side flows according to its own momentum and internal logic; various melodies, motifs, timbres, counterpoint and rhythms emerge, develop and then recede, without any great fanfare. Side one, 'Particle Mist,' is slow and thick, enveloping but not really oppressive; it could be called ambient, but is somehow too organic for that label. Side two, 'Virtual Imaging,' is more buoyant and dynamic, although it employs the same slow, evolutionary development. The Nightcrawlers don't go in much for freaky effects or the grand gesture, and they seldom rock out. But their music is almost always quietly persuasive. (Peter D. Gulch)—Bill Tilland

NURSE WITH WOUND: *Automating, volume one LP*
Into an afternoon of bland listening, music of many different genres incompetently handled by a rash of artists lusting for vinyl glory, came Nurse With Wound and music immediately recognizable as avant-garde, a blend of different sounds and drum machine unending rhythms, spoken words, textures. Maybe all familiar in description, but as played here by this unit of considerable reputation the result not only blew away a rash of similar efforts by others but the memory of all the other much straighter music I had listened to that afternoon. Even the traditional sounds—say, a cymbal—are handled with more subtlety and thought than was to be found in these sounds' almost automatic appearance elsewhere. In comparison with other Nurse with Wound efforts, this one comes across as once again different, another chapter in an evolving body of work that is above all, extremely impressive. (United Dairies)—Lawrence Talbot

NURSE WITH WOUND: *Spiral Insana LP*
'Nurse With Wound's ambient/industrial work is a fascinating blend of two seemingly incompatible genres. Unlike music which muffles and contains raw industrial noises, Nurse With Wound's most effective pieces begin with lush electronic drones and shifting harmonies under which are mixed various metallic, mechanistic, and instrumental sounds. The drones remain in the foreground, with the harsher sounds churning and spewing at low levels in the background. Such works, especially 'Sea Armchair' which opens the album, are majestically, if not reverently solemn, yet infused with a morose anger. The mood is underscored mid-way through the first side by the inclusion of pipe organ. There are other pieces, mostly on side two, with the noisier elements' metallic screeches, buzzing electronics, and the like, pushed into the forefront for a more up-front, 'sonic assault. The second side is also more of a pastiche, with musical sounds borrowed from various indigenous folk musics, including the strains of bagpipes, Latin American plucked strings (perhaps a tiple or chitarra?). Nurse With Wound continues to stretch musical boundaries and maintain its position at the vanguard. (Torso Records)—Dean Suzuki

NOW AND NEVER: *Now and Never C*
Great influences here; lots of Brian Eno, plus Robert Fripp, Steve Reich, Terry Riley...too bad Now and Never haven't figured out what to do with them. At best (as in 'He'll Be Remembered') they manage a competent imitation, but much of this music is dull and plodding. I enjoy minimal music, but not simplistic, uninteresting musical ideas repeated too many times. (Tom Hamer)—Mark Sullivan

OCTOBERFACTION: *The Second Facialization LP*

Kind of a noodelathon featuring the talents of Joe Baiza, Greg Grinn, Chuck Dukowski, Greg Cameron and Tom Troccoli, getting into inspiring sections of both music and poetry from time to time as the music wanders over two sides. Despite the weak points, it is exciting to see these players and this music move beyond the almost established normalcy of short songs and restrained soloing and interplay. People like to put this album on for me but I notice they never listen to the whole thing. (SST)—Lawrence

OF A MESH: *Of A Mesh EP*

Yet another gloom-rock band from the Lower East Side. I suppose if they lived there long enough even the Go-Go's would end up churning dirges. Unfortunately there is little here to distinguish Of A Mesh from the rest of the dungeon dwellers, save the presence of violin, used primarily as a textural element, and some intelligent drumming. Otherwise it's standard-issue apocalyptic vocals and sombre, minimal guitar. Even engineer Martin Bisi's Midas touch can't ignite 'Burning Bride' and the other two cuts on this EP. (Black Afternoon Records)—Dennis Rea

ONE BAD PIG: *A Christian Banned EP*

This is like a band of Christian punks who tell off



Sylvia Juncosa of
To Damascus and
SWA. She rocks.

Claflardin Photo

NOT FOR SALE: *NFS LP*

The music on this record is a pretty even mix of hardcore and pop influences. Many of the songs have that 'hurry up' rhythmic feeling often associated with thrash but the playing is less frenzied and the sound here is very clean. Your standard instrumental line up of guitar, bass and drums is augmented by reeds and flute. It does change the flavor a bit but a lot of the time the sax plays in unison with the guitar chords and is obscured by them. The songs are generally about dealing with modern life, everything from personal relationships to work to lack of justice. This for me isn't the most earthshaking record I've ever listened to but Not for Sale do turn in a good performance and there's enough energy and ideas to hold my interest. No loose ends here. You even get a cover of 'A Taste Of Honey' to play for your folks. (Rabid Cat Records)—Rev. Bryan Sale

so called anarchists, have dingbat names like Kosher and Squealin', AND have the guts to play in reg'lar old clubs along with the rest of the hardcore denizens. Fortunately, they have the chops to pull their ministry of musical massacre off. 'Sleepin' with the World' and 'Make Me Burn' have melody, '6' and 'Anarchy is Prison' have blunt, fire & brimstone narration and the other two songs here kick holy booty, too. You could compare them to early MDC in execution, if not content. With their hooks, looks, (lead oinker Kosher is a behemoth in the Gary/Dicks tradition), and commitment to evangelism and love, One Bad Pig's got their future wrapped up (in a blanket, heh heh). (Porky's Demise)--Jamie Rake

THE ORDINAIRES: *The Ordinaires LP*

Such hybrids of rock/jazz/classical/new music have been around all along as evidenced by the presence of the Henry Cow/Recommended clan; that odd French school with Magma, Art Zoyd, et al.; the folks at Metalanguage, and the New York Scene with Peter Gordon, David van Tieghem, etc., etc. The Ordinaires are a very hot small big band from New York with a rock rhythm section supporting a small string and wind section, plus the occasional accordion. The music is tight, controlled, but definitely out there, manifesting good old American R&B and early rock sensibilities with a decidedly modern edge;

early Branca meets Woody Herman;

along side contemporary classical strains, and who knows what else. (Dossier Records)--Dean Suzuki

ORGANUM: *In Extremis LP*

True industrial music, with the sounds of pneumatic drills (or at least a reasonable facsimile), the clanging of metal against metal, controlled feedback, etc. Shades of Z'ev and early Einsturzende Neubauten. There is a kind of slick studio finish a couple of the pieces, but it in no way compromises the intense power and fortitude emitted by Organum. In spite of their moniker, which implies the austerity, purity and beauty of Gregorian chant and early polyphony, Organum pours out some gut wrenching sounds. *In Extremis* indeed. (L.A.Y.L.A.H.)--Dean Suzuki

ORGANUM: *Tower of Silence LP*

Their name is deceiving. Organum, rather than sounding mystical and medieval, emit raucous industrial sounds that are a shade less raw than early Einsturzende Neubauten. The sounds are of the incessant drones of machinery and what sounds like bowed electric guitars, going for the whining overtones. Somehow, the noises seem contained or restrained; it doesn't make your hair stand on end. Instead, the sounds are compact, yet powerful and aim at the solar plexus. Each of the four tracks lays down a single motif and milks it. Roll over Jean Tinguely. (L.A.Y.L.A.H.)--Dean Suzuki

PACIFIC 231: *Power Assume LP*

Devoid of vocal are one studio and three live minimalistically constructed electro trips. Layers of electronic drones ooze around each other in subtly changing patterns that are quite involving. Sometimes guitar patterns are laid over the drones in their own shifting sequences, yet are usually bursts of notes rather than another layer of drones. If you enjoy Fripp's Frippertonic solo works, this stuff is on the same level, but rougher/harsher. Uses electronics verses guitar for drones, and covers a much wider frequency range. Deep bass currents provide a heavy undertow that really pulls me into the music. If you float on Fripp, you'll drown in the Pacific. My only complaint is two nearly identical versions (live&studio) of the same song. (RRRecords)--Jim Boy Bob

FRANK PAHL: *Only a Mother could love C*

A collection of weird little folk songs on 'transmorgified' instru-

ments that yeah, only a mother could love.

But it doesn't take long for them to grow an you, they're just so peculiar. Horns, clarinets, kazooz, really skewed production. 'Her probiscus is symmetrically straddled by dangerous magnets that leave blood on the saddled'. This guy is truly walking on that thin razorblade line between brilliance and madness, one foot on firm ground and the other in Syd Barrett land. An entertaining day in the life. (Private Studio)--Frank Gunder-son

DANIEL PALKOWSKI: *Asterism LP*

Yet another synthesizer album modeled after German synth bands and the mimimalists. 'Shi-Ling' sounds much like Shri Camel era Terry Riley, at least at the outset. There are spacey pieces and ambient pieces; all of them pleasant enough, but none of them memorable. (Danial Palkowski)--Dean Suzuki

PAM: *After Moon EP*

Pleasant jazz inflected ballad by the Japanese progressive rock band, Pam. Limited edition flexi made ('not-for-sale') prepared for their tour of Japan. If you want it, better hurry up. (Eurock)--Dean Suzuki

PASCAL COMELADE: *Ready-Made EP*

More music for toy instruments and the real thing(s). David Cunningham (Piano Records, Flying Lizards, Michael Nyman's producer, etc.) is on board for one cut. Sounds that border on the industrial to more euphonious sounds. An adaptation of a number by ex-Soft Machine alum, Kevin Ayers. A remarkably diverse little record. A privately released limited and numbered edition of 500. (Eurock)--Dean Suzuki

PATRICK STREET: *Patrick Street LP*

Patrick Street is definitely a Supergroup of Irish folk music. This one band draws from The Bothy Band, Plantyny and De Danaan, by combining the sterling talents of Kevin Burke, Jackie Daly, Andy Irvine and Arty McGlynn. The music is played with warmth and virtuosity. It is as clear as a country brook. The mix of reels, jigs and songs flows together wonderfully. The songs are sung by Irvine, and his warm, nimble voice conveys both melancholy and puckish wit with grace and ease. A particular favorite is Gerry Beirne's 'The Holy Ground', where Irvine's voice and Burke's fiddle are a perfect match for the bitter-sweet melody. Donal Lunney produced the session and accompanied the band on keyboard and bodhran. The production is pristine and full, their performances are exquisite, and the ensemble sound is at turns colorful, playful and mesmerizing. A knockout. (Green Linnet Records)--Scott Jackson

TOM PAXTON: *And Loving You LP*

For better or worse this album demonstrates that Tom Paxton may be the musical embodiment of the old adage that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. He found his groove a long time ago and hasn't stepped out of it to learn a new vocal trick or guitar lick ever since. But within his narrow parameters he's an exceptionally skillful tunesmith. Here he offers twelve originals in the classic folkie mold Paxton's employed for 20 years. Only the fact these are love songs, with little hint to explicit political overtone, separates them from his previous efforts. The recording quality and accompaniment, however, stands above some earlier Paxton vinyl. Paxton gets credible assistance from Chicago folkie Bob Gibson and Hamilton Camp on vocals, Tom Radtke on drums, Steve Rodby on bass, Billy Panda on guitars, dobro, and steel, and veteran Chicago jazz pianist Howard Levy. They make a good combination, utilizing well chosen sparse arrangements to impart a mood more country than sixties folk. (Flying Fish Records)--Bucky Halker

THE PEASANTS: *The Peasants C*

String bands don't have an easy time of it these days. So you have to give the Peasants credit for trying, even if they recently broke up. Before doing so they performed throughout the backwoods

of northern Wisconsin and gained a diverse and loyal following. They also put out this fine recording. It's gutsy and it's fun. They include everything from traditionals, to originals, to 'Bye, Bye Blues', 'Ain't Misbehavin'', and 'Love Potion #9'. Sometimes they fall on their faces, as with the latter song. Most of the time, however, their willingness to take chances works in their favor and in ours. Josh Mark and the band do a wonderful job with the Fats Waller tune. A little spunk, some talent, and lots of double bass, guitars, congas, clarinet, washboards, banjo, mandolin, and other accoutrements, prove a generally successful formula for the Peasants. Pity they're not around to enjoy anymore and the tape isn't always representative, but it's all we have now. (Tom Blain)--Bucky Halker

PERSONAL EFFECTS: *Mana Fiesta LP*

This sounds much better the second time around. On first listen, I thought it was a bit contrived or calculated. It does sound familiar. Still, the attention to detail and arrangement cut with nice melodies and just the right amount of dissonance make this successful overall. The genre is tricky; Techno-New Wave-Post Punk-Pop. Sorry, but these guys are a melting pot of musical influences. Vocalist Peggi Fournier (who also handles sax and keyboards) sounds like a cross between Belinda Carlisle and Debbie Harry. The musicianship is strong. There's even some stray jazz stuff going on subtly in the background on occasion. I didn't like a few of the lyrics. Dippy or pretentious comes to mind. But not everywhere, just in spots ('Sometimes it takes a woman to be a man, in this world' from 'In This World' sounds like Helen Reddy meets Karen Carpenter!). (Restless)--Brad Bradberry

BLAIR PETRIE: *Noise C*

Mostly electronic music here. String synth and bass booming. Ritual music. There is occasional muffled vocal, some poetry, very surrealistic and occultish. Side two is thicker, more avant-garde. He uses extra raw sounds, sound collages, vocal snippets. One song of cut up dissonant electric piano chords, another is pure, unfiltered, modulated oscillators. The song titles include: 'Absorbed by Something Hideous', 'Ugly Sounds', 'The Eastern Light on the West Dawn Corridor'. Nuff said. (Obfuscate the Perimeter)--Shell Runar

PFS: *Illustrative Problems LP*

Anarchic minimalist rock using keyboards, drums, tenor sax and tapes of other music (e.g. Tchaikovsky) and various voices. Reagan is, of course, one of the voices, and, it says here, appears 'courtesy of Ronald Reagan Records'. The pieces don't often use much in the way of conventional form (chord progressions, etc.) although there are some steady rhythms and recognizable, though seldom melodic, themes. The band seems to enjoy juxtaposing traditional music with their stranger stuff, and in places that's pretty interesting. The trio used to be members of Cartoon; I think they would be an ideal backup band for Captain Beefheart. Can't say as I really enjoyed this but you may. (Cuneiform)--Bart Grooms

STACY PHILLIPS: *Hey Mister Get the Ball LP*

Dobro player Phillips joins forces with new acoustic music mandolin maven Andy Statman on this record, and the material ranges from Australian folk songs to Hawaiian music to Sonny Rollins and Django Reinhardt. Throw in guest appearances by Tony Trischka and the Roches, and this all becomes quite a party. This release is prime evidence of the great artistic ferment happening in the ranks of the so-called new acoustic movement these days. It's eclectic, slightly irreverent, and completely creative. (Shanachie)--John Baxter

PIGLATIN: *My Hands Go Blind EP*

Piglatin is the collaboration between wordsmith/performance artist Young Roginski and the alumni of several Bay Area fringe bands. The results suggest a meeting of John Giorno, the Lounge Lizards, and Einsturzende Neubaten, what with Roginski's spoken/ranted agonizing, the sour, film-noir saxophone and cornet arrangements, and scrap-metal percussion. Slinky, mock cool-

jazz sections erupt suddenly into shuddering squalls and pandemonium-in-the-pantry percussion. Given this context, Roginsky's unremittingly morbid and pessimistic texts are rendered hilarious, especially with his gritty, gangster-style delivery. Definitely an idea worth developing. (Vital Organ Records)--Dennis Rea

PLAN 9: Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere EP

On this 5-song EP Rode Island's Plan 9 work through a number of tried-and-true pop-rock formulae, drawing on numerous 60's and 70's influences. Their songs are snappy, uptempo, airtight, and seamless--no seamless for my tastes. Rather than having an identifiable sound of their own, theirs is a pastiche of familiar styles, and there is something disconcertingly calculated about their appropriation for these influences. To their credit, they do manage to negotiate stylistic shifts convincingly, and their execution is, uh, professional. Although it is not terribly original, I expect Plan 9's music will nonetheless have a wide appeal. (Pink Dust Records)--Dennis Rea

POLKACIDE: Polkacide LP

Let me first say that in 1983 yours truly wrote a poem called 'The Polka Punk' wherein old-time and hardcore cultures collided peaceably. Used it in forensics and did well. My dream has been fulfilled, more or less. San Fran's Polkacide have the perfect contrast:

tightass polka licks infused with a punk aesthetic

to give them more energy than many of the dudes of Eastern European descent I see on the Sunday morning polka show on Green Bay TV. I count 23 people in P-side, which may be more than many of the polka big bands of the 30's and 40's. For their size, they kick like your mother's army boots, though. It doesn't matter that every song here is a cover. What's more is that they infuse

the good times back into cliché numbers like 'Who Stole the Keesha?', 'Glorious (Drunk Last Night)' and 'In Heaven There is No Beer' (you really expect a straight edge punk polka band at this stage of the game? c'mon!). If the thought of chucking out bucks of cheese-looking records with pictures of old guys with beer guts and accordians on their covers strikes you with queasiness you might get more ebullience from Polkacide, and you just gotta see THAT COVER! (SUBTERRANEAN)--Jamie Rake

JOHNNY PRIMITIVE: Primitivudu C

Johnny Primitiv has clearly absorbed his Terry Riley and Can and does pretty good work with this legacy. While I'm still inclined to think the style peaked ten years ago, just before turning into New Age slop that goes down easy with the Perrier, this tape gives me hope. What is does not give is 60 minutes of consistently good ideas, which is a problem with a lot of home cassette work. Don't just fill up the tape folks! Anyway, side one of this is pretty great, even if side two does begin to evoke the dreaded Mr. Vollenweider. (Johnny Primitiv)--Bob Bannister

PROFESSOR LOUIE: Professor Louie C

Well, here's homeboy Louie professing about everything from roaches to nuclear war (and in the same rap at that) with a down 'Latin/Jazz Meets the Last Poets on the Corner' approach. The Professor dishes up some of the most incisive political raps going (check out 'The Cockroach', 'Food,' and 'Wake UP') backed by some tough musicians, including Oliver Lake in a funky mood on sax. My man Louie has heart, rhythm, and a great Brooklyn accent. It's the joint! (Free Brooklyn Now)--Ron Sakolsky

JOE POP-O-PIE: Joe's Third Record. LP

Hooray for Joe, who bravely goes where no man has ever gone. Just look at the cover--a tacky rip off of the Coca Cola company, and you know you have here a man who doesn't give a shit. More proof is offered in the cover of the Wish they

were Dead's Sugar Magnolia. Joe certainly knows how to please the folk who are still reeling from his past treatment of 'Truckin'.

Maybe its a mistake to kick the album off with 'I Am the Walrus,'

in this case we've got a song that was so ridiculous to begin with that there isn't much Joe can do except make it sound worse. Skip past that to 'Bummed Out Guy.' Now this is message music, and a message most of us agree with ('World of Morons'; 'Shut up and Listen'). 'Ripped off and Promoted Lame' is another classic, if only for the title. How do you explain 'The Words of Jamal, Part II (The Rainbow Bridge Version)'? Hilarious. Joe for president! (Subterranean Records)--Lawrence Talbot

PRUDENCE DREDGE: Big Ellen LP

Light, pop rock from a nine-piece from Seattle. They try to add some humor on originals like 'Hey Tonto' and the skewed Shel Silverstein classic 'Get My Rocks Off'. Lots of horns, some harmonica and a lead vocalist with a rough, ballsy voice keeps things interesting, if not exactly inspired. There's a lot of R&B sound going on as well as late '50s and even a salsa type feel on 'What's Going On'(an original). I respect its intent and musicianship. (Green Monkey)--Brad Bradberry

THE PSYCHIC WORKSHOP: Transmissions of Decadence C

For this project, The Psychic Workshop was comprised of William Clay and Peter Sbrockey. Together they create a tape full of gloomy visions, static drones, sonic assaults, and scary dreams. In 'The Golden Cause', against a backdrop of electronic effects, they splice together fragments of a news documentary on Vietnam, with chilling effect. 'Apocalypse' is reminiscent of the movie 'Apocalypse Now', using helicopter

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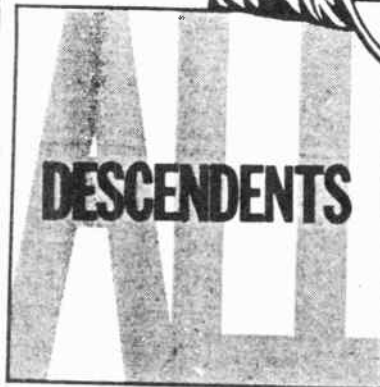
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sounds as source material. Powerful stuff. (Psychic Workshop)--AO

PSYCHO DESERT RANGERS: EP

Four gorgeous, pumping, organ-driven Tex-Mex rock and roll ballads by this quartet from Santa Fe and Austin. The '56 Chevy tools out of the garage into the desert and music floats out of the window: sad, dry, evocative. Brian Curley (Delinquents, Roky Erickson, 27 Devils) contributes his best recorded vocals and some good songs. Melinda Curley's keyboards and Lee Ann Cameron's rough harmony vocals (lead on 'I Can't Help It') take it right to the top of the genre. Plus guitars, bass and drums (drums by Dave Cameron, Another Erickson alumnus, currently in Austin's Glass Eye). What more could you ask? (Live Wire Records)--Robert Winston Sycamore

PSYCLONES & SCHLAFENGARTEN: Impromptu LP

A team effort of live improvisation which flows/hangs together very well. Periods of freeform psychedelic sounds transform to some heavy guitar and bass lines only to fade back into the clouds and so on. There is beautiful as well as moderately harsh ambience, sound collage, fusion funk, some of the trippiest stuff since Ummagumma, and a lot of fascinating electronics. Vocals are held to a minimum (about 10% of the time), and more sound treatments than lyric statements. Very exciting and involving. This LP is shining testimony to the experimental electronic rock scene in America. (RRRRecords)--Jim Boy Bob

PURPLE THINGS: Deep In The Mind Of... EP

'Wild Man' opens with the 'Twilight Zone' riff then it's a helter-skelter romp down Psychobilly Lane, past Cramps Canyon and Nick Cave to Hendrix Heaven. Fun stuff, not that far removed from the blues but definitely with a bent perspective and with smatterings of thrash-trash thrown in just to make sure you don't get too laid back. 'Subterranean Cave Mind' oozes along mournfully with slide guitar; suddenly the band lurches into 'Beautiful Red Sky' and it's hanky-panky garage toon time. Flip the disc for more greasy grunge 'n' roll, leering vocals, whammy and feedback and howling and chaos... Great freakshow cover too, on a very cool record label, 'the nation's leading mentalcrippler.' (Media Burn)--Fred Mills

PURE JOY: Pure Joy EP

I believe the key ingredient here is arrangement/production. It's excellent, not that the songs aren't real nice. I keep hearing familiar hooks and 'sounds' on every one of the four songs here. The good news is I can't say 'Yeah, they ripped that off from this band or that band.' The sub-genres of rock are nicely blended and overlap; Psych, pop, dance, techno. My favorite cut is the opener, 'Attempt', with its psychedelic, raga-guitar lines and great harmonies. At first, because of the picture of a Cathedral on the cover and their name, I thought this might be religiously based. Because the lyrics are so oblique and the vocals often, I can't tell one way or the other. I just know this one sounds great! (Pure Joy)--Brad Bradberry

JOHN RAPSON: Bu-Wah LP

Trombonist John Rapson gathers together a piano-less octet comprised of members of the L.A. new music scene (including reedman Vinny Golia, trumpeter John Fumo and percussionist Alex Cline). Everyone's playing is of the highest order. The arrangements are complex and demanding, yet the music swings when it's supposed to due to the rhythm section of Ken Filliano on bass (who is amazing throughout) and drummer Tom Lackner. Suffice it to say that this LP shows the creative music scene in Los Angeles to be in a healthy state and is highly recommended. (9 Winds Records)--R. Iannapolo

THE RESIDENTS: Heaven? CD

Most of the tracks on this retrospective compilation are culled from less-than-spectacular 80's forays such as 'Intermission', 'The Census Taker', 'Whatever Happened to Vileness Fats', and 'Title In Limbo'. The comparative lack of inven-

tion that these albums displayed fueled rumours of a hushed-up 1982 breakup within the band. Still, the Residents occasionally evoke the breathtaking lyricism, graceful dissonance, and twisted wit of their pre-'82 glory days with songs such as 'Twinke', the Renaldo and the Loaf co-authored 'Mahogany Wood', and their cover of James Brown's 'It's a Man Man Man's World'. It's these rare recent high points that *Heaven?* is devoted to. Perhaps if this CD were titled 'Best of 1982-86' I would be more sympathetic to its contents, but it frustrates me that one of the Residents' first CD releases should be a compilation that ignores their earlier, most brilliant work. As it is, *Heaven?* provides most of the Residents' worthwhile work of the 80's in the space of 64 ninues. Note that *Heaven?* is available in FDS ('Full Dimensional Sound') and non-FDS versions, with the FDS edition providing higher sound quality. (Rykodisc)--Michael Draine

BILL RHODES: Keyscan C/Mindbreak I/Sphere Of Influence C

Bill Rhodes is a keyboard artist from East Brunswick, N.J.. He does now-classical electronic music, and lots of it. In addition to being highly prolific, he is a gifted musician and composer. *Keyscan* and *Mindbreak* are two of the five albums he did in 1986. *Sphere Of Influence*, although credited to a group (Everfriend), is virtually a Rhodes solo LP, with all the compositions by Rhodes, and he's the only one who appears on all the tracks. Of the two Rhodes tapes I have from 1986, *Keyscan* is definitely the better, featuring expansive soundscapes, keyboard meditations. There's also a remarkable wonderful solo piano piece, 'Key Scan', and 'On the Fringe', a fusion/progressive rock opus which sounds a lot like Emerson, Lake and Powell/Palmer, although rest of the sounds more New Age. However, despite comparisons to new age/ELP, this is quite an enjoyable tape. *Mindbreak* is much more commercial, Rhodes' popmusic. Some of it like recent Herbie Hancock minus turntables. Has its moments, though. *Sphere Of Influence* is Rhodes' tribute to all the musicians/composers in the *Sphere Of Influence*, including such names as J.S. Bach, Chic Corea, Rick Wakeman, Keith Jarrett, and the countless others in the musical sphere of influence. Actually issued in 1981 on LP, but now available on cassette from the artist, this one features obvious musical influences from all of the above and more, but ultimately is Rhodes' own, highly original musical statement. Particularly interesting is 'Given The Time', where the styles are constantly changing, although the musical themes remain consistent, so the changes seem welcome rather than abrupt. Throughout the entire LP/tape, the compositions and arrangements are consistently excellent--such as the innovative use of female vocals on 'Terra Firmus', the ELP-oid 'On the Fringe' (on this one, too), and 'Ambience Won', which is very, well, ambient. An excellent album of keyboard music, especially if you overlook the one cut which Rhodes gets to sing on. Oh, yeah he wrote the lyrics for that one, too. (Jazzical Records)--Dan Fiorretti

KURT RIEMANN: Electronic Nightworks

Synthesizer realizations of classical warhorses, including Satie's 'Gymnopédie' complete with electronic birds chirping in the background, the 'Hallelujah' Chorus from Handel's 'Messiah' and Ravel's 'Bolero', a piece which remains mortally maimed by that glorious Hollywood movie a few years back. Riemann doesn't do anything here, really, that wasn't done ten years ago by Tomita or fifteen years ago by Wendy Carlos, and there are two dozen or so other synthesizer musicians recording these days whose work is considerably more innovative than Riemann's, even if your taste runs to the dreamy anesthesia of much new age music. I can't see much need for this record, unless you want another version of 'Carol of the Bells' to accompany George Winston and Sandy Owen on your record shelf. Coming soon as browsing music to a new age bookstore near you. (Innovative Communication)--John Baxter



Zoogz Rift--
His head is made
of Water.

ZOOZG RIFT: Island of Living Puke LP

Here's a case where something that you've heard is really weird, far out, off the wall, Zappasque and Beefheart-influenced, comes across as just that. No disappointment! This is one abrasively insane record, kicking off with the brilliant lyrics to 'it's the island of living puke, you asshole,' and just getting better and better and better. Henry Kaiser does a few guest spots, revealing the sense of humor some people still think he doesn't have, and Henry's longtime buddy Scott Colby is just one of the many talents maestro Von Riffhausen affectionately and accurately calls The Shut heads. (SST)--Lawrence Talbot

RLM: Epic Proportions C

This is my number one pick for king tanning music of 1987. It consists of string of low key, layed back extended instrumental electronic jams done with what sounds like a home organ style latin percussion machine in the background. This is interspersed with some nice guitar work that for some reason calls to mind the Scientific Americans sans dub. There's also some atmospheric stuff thrown in for good measure that doesn't quite have the groove of the other stuff but is still cool. The thing I especially like about this is how it manages to stay somewhat in the background without ever becoming boring. I don't think I could really say that the pieces ever go anywhere per se. But somehow it's satisfying enough to hear them right where they are. Add some sun, sea, and sand and you're all set. Just don't get any of it in your capstans (Sound of Pig Music)--Eric Iverson

STEVE ROACH, KEVIN BRAHENY, RICHARD BURMER: Western Spaces LP

Generic new-age (God I hate that term) synth noodling...with all your favorite digital sounds! A nifty package (complete with a dramatic landscape photo on the cover!) for fans of the genre, but nothing particularly earth shattering. (Chameleon Music Group)--Allen Green

SOOLIMAN E. ROGIE: African Lady LP

Rogie developed a reputation in his native Sierra Leone as a first-rate songwriter and guitarist. He transplanted himself to Berkeley a number of years ago and began training his California band in the ways of West African Highlife music (paralleling the career move of another West African, Obo Addy). The result is an exceedingly relaxed, mellow recording of love songs.



Peter Catham. He's great folks, but it sure is difficult to describe the new frontiers he consistently leads us to.

This album will do wonders to break the American stereotype of West African pop music as layers of frenetic percussion.

Rogie croons his lyrics, suggesting warm-hearted intimacy. His backing musicians know how to stay low-keyed without fading away. This is a gentle introduction to the spirit of West African pop at its most romantic and lilting. (R&G African Project)--Norman Weinstein
ROTONDI: Polka Changed My Life Today EP
 With the current recognition of Brave Combo and the emergence of Polkacide, the seven geeky-lookers in Rotondi are doing their share to make polka hip, too. The three songs on the A-side form a kind of polka salvation suite. There's serious beauty in 'Were You', a slow number exulting Creation. Less weighty fun lies in the only instrumental, 'Oklahama Polka' and the nearly Tex-Mex-styled 'Poolside Polka' where lifeguard Tony gets dunked. Things end when 'All She Wants to, Do is Polka' even when Tony poops out. There's touches of other Eastern folk musics, ska ('She's the Lion') and a sense of fun that doesn't ever sink into camp. So cool it hurts. (Rotondi)--Jamie Rake
ROZE: Shine A Light LP
 When a lot of bands are going back to the sixties for inspiration (and wardrobe too, I'm afraid) Roze goes back to 1973-76 for the same, haircuts taboo! While I don't hear the 'next Ted Nugent' of our generation here or even a Steven Tyler or

Alice. I do hear a well-rehearsed, competent, hard rocking band. Ironically, my favorite cut is a slower ballad. 'Living in A Fantasy' written by lead guitarist (with his wife or sister? Helen) Tony Kendall is really closer to techno-pop than say the MC5 or Aerosmith, but that's just my taste. What more can be said? Hooks, grungy metal guitar, hard vocals, very little excess.

Creem mag would just love these guys!

(Vain)--Brad Bradberry
700 CLUB: Smash The State Of The Art LP
 A strange conglomeration of rock, techno, rap, jazz, beat-punk. What we have here are relevant socio-political messages often subverted by off-beat sarcasm and in-jokes ala Zappa/Beefheart. Both male and female vocals (five are listed) weave in and out of snappy bass-percussion structures punctuated with free Jazz-type counter-melody lines. Challenging, sometimes thought provoking (some lyrics are included on inner-sleeve), but not an easy listen. (Slithering Disc)--Brad Bradberry
SABIA: Portavoz LP
 Sabia is a Los Angeles based group which specializes in Latin American music, ranging from traditional Andean music to nueva cancion, and even some norteno influences. For this, their second album, the four women who started the group have expanded the instrumentation, adding bassist Paul Ogun and pianist Gary Johnson. Several of the songs are poems set to Sabia's original music, and these actually seem the weakest, with their occasional lapses into pop formulas. But when Sabia gets into the traditional stuff, it cooks, as in

the traditional tune 'Pajaro carpintero'. Overall, this is a fine record, and probably the only way many of us norteamericanos will be introduced to the great music of the rest of the Americas. We send a lot of our music south (corporate America is so good at doing that), but very little returns.

And suffice it to say that most of this music contradicts Ollie North's vision of the world

.Here's to a long life for Sabia. (Flying Fish)--John Baxter
SAINT VITUS: Born Too Late LP
 Born Too Late indeed. Guitarist Dave Chandler leads Saint Vitus through another collection of six Black Sabbath sounding numbers circa 1970. Much of this material could easily be mistaken for 'Into the Void', or 'War Pigs' by Black Sabbath as these tunes feature a slow, slumbering rhythm section backing up Chandler's acidic, psychotic guitar solos. This LP also features new singer Scott Weinrich, who on some cuts like 'The War Starter' sounds exactly the same as Ozzy. This review is not to say that Saint Vitus is a mere imitation. God knows I'd rather listen to this, than all of the innumerable REM clones around now a days. (SST)--Paul Rafanello
RYUICHI SAKAMOTO: Image Sketch Of Aile de Horneamise LP

How does he do it? Sakamoto continues to churn out record after record, all of them filled with music of the highest caliber in terms of compositional integrity, technical skill, and brilliant production values. The four numbers on this recording appear to be slated for inclusion in an animated film of Japanese origin. A sprightly and hypnotic tauto drummed out on exotic percussion instruments of unspecified origin (sounds like frame drums and some kind of tambourine), and hands clapping characterizes the first and perhaps best piece, 'Prototype A.' The piano, synthesizer and saxophone musical fabric is sleek, sinuous, and seductive. 'Portotype B' is a typical Sakamoto piano number, with a plaintive melody and a simple but elegant harmonic support, colored by restrained synthesizer textures. The most outside piece is 'Prototype C' with its march like percussion, bringing 'Mars, the Bringer of War' from 'The Planets' by Holst to mind. The bright sonorities of the synthesizer are very much in the foreground, with some very unusual chordal progressions, though tempered by Sakamoto's lyrical tendencies. Yet another winner from Sakamoto's provocative musical mind. (School)--Dean Suzuki
SAVOY-DOUCET CAJUN BAND: With Spirits LP

Marc Savoy is one of the best musicians in Cajun music, and he can be depended on for a first-class effort every time out. Here he is joined by Ann Savoy on guitar and vocals, Michael Doucet on lead guitar on one track. Savoy's accordion playing is sublime and the sound of the band, given a suburb production job, will thrill anyone with ears. The only problem with the album--and it totals only about two square inches of space -- are the suprisingly short-sighted comments by Savoy himself on the cover. Here's a case where its better to let the music do the talking. (Arhoolie)--Lawrence Talbot

LIFSHE SCHAECTER-Widman: Az Di Furst Avek C

The subtitle is 'A Yiddish Folksinger from the Bukovina'. The Bukovina is part of the Ukraine. The cassette was originally recorded in the Bronx in 1954. The singing is unaccompanied and the repertoire includes love songs, ballads, children's songs, Purim songs and songs from the Yiddish theater. The singing is unaffected and her voice is clear and comfortable. The melodies are suprisingly unadorned. There is understandably a lot of hiss given when it was recorded. (Global Village)--DK

SCHOOLY-D: Saturday Night/Do it Do it! EP
 After reading just about monthly about Schooly in Spin, I FINALLY found one by the man at a

shop in Wisconsin! All the good about the guy is true. Granted, Schoolly is jaded to the hilt, which is sad, but how he goes about it is amusing for what it is. In his loosely-rhymed style,

he is to the late '80s what the Last Poets were to radical black thought in the early '70s,

perhaps even a reaction against it. Schoolly lives for pleasure, beats up kids when he's drunk and high and...well, you get the picture. The sound from DJ Code Money on these cuts is the most infernally urban sound I've ever heard on a rap record, though. Raw, abrasive, brutal and barely danceable. Money cuts up wah-wah guitar riffs and kiddie records (about the Three Little Pigs on 'Do It!') behind his partner. Of course this is too basic and underproduced for current 'urban contemporary' radio, but this is the most of both worlds you may come by for a long time (Schoolly-D)--Jamie Rake

SCRATCH ACID: *Berserker EP*

This is the third record by this fine Austin group, and it packs quite a powerful punch. I never thought they would improve on their gutsy debut EP on Rabad Cat, but they have done that and more. Turn this up and up and let it take you where it will because it is not the kind of record that demands close study. It is easy to try to lump Scratch Acid into a category with other groups, but these comparisons never really do this band justice. Their unkempt sound is all their own and nobody could do it better. Their sound breaks loose in all directions or collapses in on itself and maintains just enough of a balance to send slam dancers fleeing the pit in fear for their sanity. (Touch and Go)--Glenn Thrasher *Second Opinion*: Texans and unremitting, madness. Maybe it's the heat. The rhythms weave in and over. David Yow screams as everyone's favorite maniac. The sound of Scratch Acid is surrounding. Bass lines and drums capture you not to make you tap your toes but to scramble your insides. On some cuts of this, their first release on Touch and Go, they don't seem to have melody as much as four pronged methods of attack calculated to tear you four different directions, but this is not noise. It's

funky, loud, rhythm on rhythm rock and roll madness. As on their previous releases the production is top rate enhancing an already complex sound. (Touch and Go)--Sunn Thomas

SHAKA MAN: *2030 A.D. LP*

A great deal of American reggae on record sounds like a pale copy of Jamaican. Shaka Man is a singer and song writer who incorporates the best elements of the Jamaican sound into an American musical context. His singing sounds earnest yet unstrained, smooth yet with a slight rough edge. His songs modulate between soft lover's rock ('Love in your Eyes') and politics-Rasta theology ('One God') with a musical maturity reminding me of Sugar Minott and Barrington Levy. The rhythm section of his band is as tightly crisp as I've heard an American reggae outfit get, and the arrangements are catchy. 'Hour to Sundown' might even start a trend -- a cowboy Rasta song. It is about time that somebody has caught on to the mythic connection between Marty Robbins and Jimmy Cliff. Stay tuned to this very talented voice working in a form the U.S. might wholeheartedly embrace before the 21st century. (Majic Records)--Norman Weinstein

M.C. SHAN: *Down By Law LP*

The best rappers give the impression of creating a sound analogous to the streets on which (Run DMC-suburban Queens, Whodini-some hip London avener, etc.). Shan and DJ Marley Marl sound as if they came upon some cheap NYC recording studio, and frankly, it ain't enough. Marley and Shan's motif sounds like repetitive, sampled voice over a droning bass note. The gimmick works best on 'Project Ho' and 'Living in the World of Hip Hop.' It's crazed up a bit on the

anti-crack 'Jane, Stop This Crazy Thing' (as you might've guessed, it uses the Jetson's intro), but it's all a little formulaic for the man behind the minor revolutions brought about with Roxanne Shante. Where Marl gave Shante a smart sound behind her good-to-great rhyming, with Shan his production dulls already sometimes-stale couplets. The great exceptions here are 'Left Me Lonely', a slow rep about lost love, and 'Kill That Noise' where Shan takes Scott La Rock to task. 'The Bridge', Shan's first hit, comes across well enough, too, but a little cleaner or dirtier production and a few sharper lyrics could pull their next collaboration to heavenliness. I know they can. (Cold Chillin')--Jamie Rake

THE SHIFTERS: *Coming Too Fast EP*

GREAT SPURTING-penis art inside, this is tuff French garage rocking. The lead song is heavy like 'Slow Death' and catchy like 'Million Miles Away' dense bottom and adrenalin guitars. The other two tracks are kind of like The Nomads. EP produced by Dick Taylor from the Pretty Things. (Teenage)--Fred Mills

SHONEN KNIFE: *Pretty Little Baka Guy EP*

If you like light, pop music with a high 'cute' quotient you're in for a treat. This all-girl trio from Japan writes and sings (from the credits it appears that they also play all the instruments, too) pop songs in style that would make even Jonathan Richman feel foolish. We're talking near nursery rhyme stuff here, on such topics as eating candy, ice cream, public baths, summer. They sing in Japanese and English. The latter sounds like it was learned phonetically. The singing itself is a bit strained and often off-key. Remember Menudo? Enough said (Menudo was better!)

(Subversive)--Brad Bradberry

SKIN YARD: *Skin Yard LP*

Hard-edged, dissonant rock. There are elements of psych blues and many songs lean in the direction best described as 'horror' or 'death rock', though most of the stuff here is too intense and manic to fall into the latter category. Ben McMillan sounds like a nervous David Bowie on a midnight prow. He's been influenced by Jim Morrison, especially on 'The Blind Leading The Blind'. There are no keyboards in this band though, so they manage to escape the Doors clone tag. Hard to really say exactly what the overall message here is. Limited edition pressed on clear see-through vinyl. (C/Z)--Brad Bradberry

SLANTSTEP: *Slantstep C*

And here we have good, real, and real good rock 'n' roll. The band plays soulful rock and is right on the mark throughout. This is music you can lean on like an old friend. My one and only complaint is that the lyrics are occasionally corny, but so what? In moments of passion we all get corny. (See? Right on the mark.) When this tape is on I catch myself doing silly things like grinning and mumbling 'Yeah...' This is always an indication of the real thing. (Slantstep)--Tom Burris

SMITH, BIRD, AND MUSGROVE: *Face-Value C*

Two side long live explorations by this improvising trio, (soprano sax, el. bass and drums). Reed man Allan Smith starts things off in a style reminiscent of an Indian raga, improvising slowly in a particular mode, then quickly building to a ferocious tempo, featuring exhaustive flurries of notes and extensive use of circular breathing, which creates a thick tapestry for the other players to enter into. Soon they are all at it, improvising with utter abandon. The result is propulsive stuff, with plenty of off the wall spirit. The drummer (Robin Musgrove) does a good job of synthesizing the often divergent voices of sax and bass (Jerry Bird). When all three are working together it, makes for some exciting grooves. Comparisons to Lol Coxhill and Evan Parker are not irrelevant, but are overshadowed by Smith's originality. Bird's style of playing has an 80's feel, urban and rockin', like Cool And the Clones. This is metamorphosis, music building and unfolding like the petals of a flower - intensely beautiful, yet burnin, even during quiet moments. (A.D. Smith)--A.O.

SOUL ASYLUM: *While You Were Out LP*
I think we've got a real contender here. Soul Asylum has it all together --raging riff crazed guitars, driving drums, real live melodies, and even a solid bunch of tunes.

This is the kind of music that so-called 'populist' rockers like, say, John Cougar Melloncamp or Tom Petty make believe they play

. Well, this is the real stuff here, bubba. Tougher than nails, as true and direct as a punch in the face. Soul Asylum even change pace a couple of times with some bluesy, country inflected ballads. Maybe Minneapolis is the rock and roll capitol of the world. This week, anyway. (Twin/Tone Records)--Scott Siegal

THE SPLATCATS: *Sin 73 LP*

Do I want to like this record? The Splatcats are doing the same kindo o' thing countless other 'underground' bands're doing, and that's affecting a pseudo-60's pose. The big dif is that the Splat's (by the way, that's an acronym for Sick People Loving Anything Trashy) aren't afraid to keep their sense of humor intact while they go beyond the expected confines of what could be a dead end game. Dig the cover of Jan Dean's 'Surfin' Hearse'. These kinds of bands aren't supposed to do surf music! 'Hell or High Water' could pass for a CCR ballad with the proper stylistic updating. 'Wildman' lives up to its name as the band goes absolutely nutzoo with piledriving raunch owing to no particular era in mind. Mind you that not the whole ball of wax quite measures up to those high marks, but it comes close enough. Yeah, maybe I didn't want to like this record, but I do now. (Celluloid)--Jamie Rake

SPECIAL ED: *Special Ed LP*

Here are 20 punchy tunes delivered non-stop at a furious pace. The lyrics are dadaism--biting comments shred fashions, cowboys, rainbows, and the media. Nothing is sacred and all is reduced ad absurdum. Titles like 'Beans without Light', 'Exchains Student', and 'Johnny Wets His Bed' give you an inkling of this philosophical surrealism. The trio is basically guitar, bass, and drums. However an occasional harmonica, keyboard or sax punctuate the broody vocals. Initially listeners might dismiss these guys as 4-4 thrash, but the time signatures, synchronized shifts in meter, and odd chords seem effortless and delude the lazy ear. It reminds me of the avant-garde scene of the east side NYC crossbred with some mad Brit punks. Emotionally, the haunting message is a descendant of the beat generation or the angry young men. Musically it doesn't let you catch your breath. Mentally, you can't rest. (Special Ed)--George Ottinger

SPIDER JOHN KOERNER: *Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Been LP*

The first Spider John album in 15 years is cause to celebrate. And what a coup he pulls off, pulling out a string of dustbound folkieolias such as 'Red Apple Juice' and 'Froggie Went a Courtin'' (I think they purposely didn't print the song titles on the jacket because nobody would buy an album with songs like these!). Of course they are great songs, but done so many millions of times and most who choose them exercise such a lack of judgement that it usually indicates an indifference to the material and life in general. But for Spider John, it is the opposite--he is being as daring as possible, showing that the essence of his music can exist anywhere, that sly wrinkle in his voice, the little crack of a laugh that brings lines like 'you call me a dog when I'm gone' out of the songbook and into the sunset. The backup is jamming, and this instrumental mesh combined with one perfect vocal (probably all first takes!) after another makes for a trip from the basis of nothing and a guy many have forgotten all the way to one of the better albums of a decade! (Red House)--Lawrence Talbot

SPLIT HEAVENS: *Stronger Than the Rain* C

For some reason this tape starts with its worst song, a monotonous anti-song, ironically titled 'Place Your Values'. Ian Curtis lives; I just wish he was limited to Joy Division records. Brace yourself--the rest of this tape is really good. Top-notch arrangements, bits of near-funk, and Coc-teau Twins-like atmosphere weave into bits of real originality. There are also some fantastic vocals by someone named M. McGinty. A lot of variety is found here. 'Shut Out the Dark' has roots in call-and-response vocal/guitar blues. 'Again' is a great closing track featuring acoustic guitar and bongos. This tape surprised me more than a few times. Well developed and very enjoyable. (Office Records)--Tom Burris

SS-20: *Dream Life* LP

Modern L.A. psych, with side trips into less wiggled territories. One stellar cut (the 9:22 'Penetration'), one excellent; the rest OK to pretty good, although all are not equally suited to Madeline Ridley's rather flat voice. The record sounds stronger on successive listens, however, and is well worth the price of admission for 'Penetration' alone. (Vox)--Jack Jordan

THE START: *The Start* C/EP

Jangly, sprightly Godpunk. Reminds me of a group somewhere between early Jam and Minute-men. If old-time revival meetings were ever to require the services of a poppy 'core band, the Start would fill the bill nicely. Leaves you wanting to hear more, as good pop should. (Bob Crouse)--Jamie Rake

STRAFE RUR REBELLION: *Santa Maria* LP

Textual noise pieces with acoustic sounds laced throughout for contrast. Bluesy female vocals on some cuts, Celtic/folksy style vocals on others, a few quick, melodic flute passages and lots of scrapes and bashes...neat! (Touch)--Allen Green

STRAW DOGS: *We Are Not Amused* C

Raucous speedcore and plodding heavy metal, with lots of double leads, tight drumming, and

good vocals without falsetto screaming. They do a good job of beefing up standard metal riffs, and occasionally throw in some decent hooks, like in 'The Hunger.' Lyrically, they are burdened by the immature, vengeful, tough guy stance common to this genre, along with the obligatory Hell/Satan/persecution fixation. They are at their best when they avoid such obvious metal trappings. This is the last recording with their drummer Chris Jones ('Bones'), 'who had a sudden meeting with the Grim Reaper'. (Restless Records)--Christopher Carstens

THE SUBTERRANEANS: *A Beat and Trash Experience* C

A saunterin' lil' combo with a Mersey beat and a Rockabilly stance. Wild and rockin, the words are in English, and the photo looks sharp. The vocalist is missing that special 'something' that would make them truly great, but hey, the guitar kicks, the sound is grungy and sweaty and straight from your neighbors garage via Liverpool, Switzerland. Some real charm here. (Sub Records)--Frank Gunderson

SUN RA AND HIS COSMO DISCIPLINE

ARKESTRA: *A Night in East Berlin* C

If you liked the Myth-Science Arkestra, you're sure to dig the Cosmo Discipline Arkestra whose live sound taped here at a gig in East Berlin ranges from the interstellar fireworks of 'Space is the Place' to the earthly ballad, 'Prelude to a Kiss.' Among the Sun Ra big band family of musicians on hand for this set are longtime regulars John Gilmore (the tenorman who, it is said, taught Trane a thing or three), Marshall Allen (alto), and Pat Patrick (bari). Ra himself as usual plays both acoustic and electric keyboards and has composed all of the music (although I thought I heard a hint of 'Tenderly' in 'Interstellar Lo-ways') except for the aforementioned Ellington tune. Ra may or may not be descended from the 'angel race' as he has claimed in numerous interviews, but, judging by the applause, he sure wowed 'em in East Berlin. Always good to hear the band live, even if

they break no new ground on this one. Self-produced and distributed. (Saturn Research)--Ron Sakolsky

SURF TRIO: *Almost Summer* LP

Here's a four man 'trio' that returns respect to the word 'eclectic' - from surf instrumentals to '60s punk covers to vocal surf to '60s-influenced psych to fun pop, they excel. Most of the 14 tracks are originals, some of which sound like '60s gems you'd swear you've heard before, somewhere, 'Monster Beach' in particular. Nice wet guitars. The closing track, 'Where Ya Gonna Go?' (not the Unrelated Segments song), is an instant powerhouse psych classic that will knock you over. In summary, with Link Wray and The Ramones credited as major influence how can you go wrong? (Vox)--Jack Jordan

SUPERFINEMAGNETICPARTICLE: *Songs We Have* C

Industrio-rock structures for bass and drums. Some real fine stuff here. The tape starts off with the song, 'Don't Mess' (probably the best of the set). It's a mixture of catchy rhythms, found vocals, and assorted effects. Kinda funky in a Cabaret V. sort of way, but unlike anything else I've heard. The approach, source material, and feeling of the 12 songs presented here varies quite a bit. Ranging from the more searing, droning, industrial hard edge of 'Craven' to the just plain goofy fun of 'La La Tunafish Song'. There is even a reggae tune, 'Beem'. The feeling is loose. These guys (Skev and Thom) are having fun improvising and trying to work through some ideas they have. They appear to have a good handle on the open playing, because everything here is concise and to the point, which can be a drawback if you want things to go on longer, as I often did. The s.f.m.p. are working on an interesting synthesis of modern styles in an exciting way. Their development will be well worth keeping an eye on. (Noiseland Cassettes)--AO

SWINE BOLT 45: *SB45* C

This tape is constructed using tape manipulation



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an/or electronic processing. The sounds are ambiguous enough to make it impossible to discern if any or just how much is performed on so called musical instruments and how much is from other sources. All to the good as far as I'm concerned. I suspect there is some real tim esynthesizer and guitar work. There is always a rhythmic component generated by looping or delay time settings. The equivalent to a tonal center is the recognizable cliches of the technology. The suspiciously reassuring automatism (the digital processing's ability to generate attractive wavelorns out of complex input) always asserts itself. (Sound of Pig)--DK

27 DEVILS JOKING: Actual Toons LP

Slimy psycho-delicatessen rock from New Mexico with a stunning R.K. Sloane jacket. One of his creatures advises to 'turn this record up loud'...perhaps by now we need a general advisory for all rock records to turn them up loud and will there be damage to one's health? There could be in this case, as 27 Devils Joking stand out from the bunch. Brian Curley has penned lots of good rock songs such as 'Let's See Some Action', 'The Danger Within' and 'Indian Joe'. I don't understand the song entitled 'Where's Bo Diddley When We Need Him?' unless they are planning to re-release it when Diddley dies, if he ever does...we do need Diddley now but he is accessible. A minor quibble. This, coming out of left field, is one of the more recommended traditional rock efforts in a while, and the band has lotsa potential. (Live Wire)--Lawrence Talbot

THE TAIL GATORS: Mumbo Jumbo LP

Totally on-the-money swamp-rock, Texas mumbo jumbo style.

The assortment of cool knick-knacks and charms on the back sleeve provide a taste of the nice touches Don Leady adds on his lap steel, accordion and fiddle while simultaneously laying down great rhythm and lead guitar and perfect vocals. Bassist Keith Ferguson and drummer Gary Smith take care of the rest. Live, this would no doubt be a hot bar band. For this recording, they've wisely gone for a clean, pristine rendering of the paria rockabilly genre without sounding overly lame. (Wrestler)--Lawrence Talbot

AYUO TAKAHASHI: Silent Film LP

Takahashi once again melds and fuses his classical training as a composer with his wide ranging interests in music that encompass pop, rock, jazz, and all manner of experimental music. Things tend mostly towards the pop realm due, in part, to the fact that School is indeed a pop label. Among the musicians are part of David Bowie's 'Serious Moonlight' tour, including Carlos Alomar. However, things are most interesting when Takahashi is allowed to stretch out a bit and produce less commercial, but more interesting material. To this end, he enlisted the help of another experimentalist from Japan, Takehisa Kosugi, on the mysterious 'Birds of Paradise'. Then there is 'planets', a gentle, litting Minimalist tinged instrumental for bell, woodwinds and keyboards. The finest piece is 'From J.S.P. (New Year's Eve, 1956)'; a haunting musical setting of an evocative poem by Sylvia Plath. (School)--Dean Suzuki

TERRY SCOTT TAYLOR: Knowledge and Innocence LP

Complexity, humor, and originality have come to be expected from Daniel Amos (now DA) over the

course of their seven albums. A large chunk of those elements came from singer/lyricist Terry Scott Taylor; more of the same can be found here. This is a concept album based on a dream Taylor had about his recently-dead grandpa and how it worked into his relationship with his (Taylor's) child. It all gets deep, as can be guessed. T.S.'s flair for pure pop is explored in the praise-laden 'Dancing on Light'. The second side even features a mini-conceptual piece on the kitschy state of Christian radio old and new ('Old Time Gospel Camp Meeting Hour'). Elsewhere can be found his forays into other worldly classical/psychedelic fusion on 'Light Princess' (about a dying infant?

his?) and 'Picture of You'. On a less joyful note, there's the chunkier 'There He Comes, Second Time', dealing with how many expect Christ's second coming but aren't doing squat about it. In all, however, this is an album of deep contemplation and joyful bitterness. Taste if you dare. (Shadow)--Jamie Rake

TELL-TALE HEARTS: The 'Now' Sound of The Tell Tale Hearts EP

These guys really jump on a fad. From the cheap b&w/blue cover to the mono recording not to mention these guys actually physically resemble the Sir Douglas Quintet. They do ol' Doug Sahn proud! What we get here is garagey, pop-blues-rock with shades of psych and Tex-Mex thrown in ala 1965. From the Keith (Yardbirds) styled harp playing to the cheesy combo organ to the Seed-ish guitar breaks they do it well, very well. Lead singer Ray Brandes has a perfect voice and delivery for this material. Unlike the majority of bands these days caught in a 'time warp', these guys are the real thing, easily as good as most of the bands they obviously worship. Beam me up, Scotty! (Bomp Vox)--Brad Bradberry

S. TEMPLAR: Second Chance C

Vocals and guitar, some accompaniment, good songs and singing beautiful guitar, very pleasant. Eight songs that are between around 4 to 7 minutes long, makes me think of the folk sound of Hedge and Donna. Usually just one guy, sometimes with Hinton and a guy named Dave. One song is called 'The Day Ojai Burnt Down' and it has everybody playing on it, organ and all, kind of tear jerker with the hymnal parts in it. Substantive wording with simple and elegant chording. (SEL)--Robin James

TEN TALL MEN: Nickelbrain EP

Punk with a capitol 'P'. Clash, early Joe Jackson,



Butthole Surfers, Oxnard Skate Palace, Oxnard, California, 1987. The teenage daughter of the Skate Palace owner demanded that the dancer, clad mostly in green paint, put her clothes on, which she did, giving us the shot on this issues cover.

Minutemen, anything bass-drum heavy with angst to spare pops into mind. The approach really does remind me of Jackson, especially Grandmaster Winthrop Eliot Jordan III's singing. 'What Are Friends For?' could easily have been on *Look Sharp*. But I don't get the feeling of theft here, just an inspired distillation of influences and style. This trio (like the Minutemen; guitar, bass drums) can really play. Perhaps the most important element here, after the vocals, is Jane Gu-skin's rhythmic, melodic bass playing. Guess Ten Tall Men is really two men and a woman. Strong effort, though a few years too late to be considered innovative. (Ten Tall Men)--Brad Bradberry

IAN TESCEE: *Continua* LP

This is the follow-up to synth artist Tescee's solid debut album, *Io*, which was released in 1984. The theme is still solid space (this time inner and outer), and the mode is still heroic, but *Continua* displays pleasant evidence of Tescee's musical growth. Arrangements are more complex, and Tescee uses a richer tonal palette. Tempos are nicely varied, and sequencers are used effectively to vary rhythms and dynamics. Various rough edges in the first album have been smoothed; at this point, Tescee seems to have gone well beyond novelty and the easy solution. At times, *Continua* evokes more than a hint of Vangelis, and while Tescee may not have Vangelis' slickness (for good or ill), he does have a similar dramatic sense and ear for melody. (Startsong)--Bill Til-land

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS: *They Might Be Giants* LP

The lush and intricate pop sound of They Might Be Giants takes on surrealistic overtones when you go to see them live and find out it is just two guys with backing tape, neither acting awkward and embarrassed like most performers do in these circumstances, instead turning the whole thing into some kind of hilarious kitsch spectacle highlighted by the hot accordion playing! On record, much of this is lost as the con-

stant emphasis on hooks and radiofat phrasing and crooning gets obnoxious. Somebody even walked into my house and said 'Listening to Elvis Costello, eh?' Some of the songs are absolute gems. 'Number Three' is one of the funniest bluegrass tunes in awhile, ought to be recorded by Buck Owens. 'Boat of Car' with its use of 'daddy sang bass' is hysterical. Some of the ideas for songs--the day Phil Ochs and Marvin Gaye get married, for example--are so weird one wonders why the music is so straight. (Bar/None)--Lawrence Talbot

THIN RED LINE: EP

Complex, disturbing anti-pop from New Zealand Christians unafraid of tackling distressing realities articulately and provocatively. 'Lifeblood' is a depiction of the Resurrection incorporating freeform piano and a staccato sitar riff. It still flows! 'Daddy's Song' and 'Ethiopian Dream' confront domestic abuse and African starvation in images reflecting the hypocracies in personal and global politics while disjunct basslines and slowly spinning drums add to the turbulence. 'A Spectre Haunts Europe' covers socialist reform, U.S. imperialism, nuclear annihilation and sins of greed in a few lines where the Redskins would've taken a box of 12-inchers. It takes a while to develop but ends in a sudden break of tension. The whole band has Euro-postpunk feel, reminding me most of Xmal Deutschland, for lack of better comparison. Karen Rush is somewhere between Kate Bush and Lora Logic, only more bound in reality. Necessary, no matter what your faith. (Ode)--Jamie Rake

PAT THOMAS: *Highlife Greats Mbrega* LP

Highlife music from Ghana is a great energizing musical style and Pat Thomas knows how to shape his vocals so that the music maximally charges. Poor liner notes leave me without the slightest idea what any of these songs say--but assume that Thomas likes to party, particularly with ace drummers like Asie Dee and Set Otinkorang who really keep these six numbers flying. The brass section is also tight and rocking. This

is an altogether rousing dance record which serves as an ideal introduction to the electric splendors of Ghana's pop music. (JAP Records)--Norman Weinstein

TITANIC TOURS: *Material Service* EP

Obviously geared for the dance floor, this 'dance music' uses synths, bass, drums, guitar and more synths (often in a horn mode) as well as strong harmonies and background vocals to get across its propulsive, new wavey, pop-rock sound. Not far removed from *Let's Dance*

period Bowie or latter day Psychedelic Furs, there's more melody here than on most dance records. I especially like side two's opener, 'Heartless', which could have easily been a track on *Midnight To Midnight* (new Furs). A heavy guitar punctuates many of the tracks here, giving a harder rock feel to the rhythmic pop tunes. This is one of the few dance records that I wouldn't mind hearing again. (Titanic Tours)--Brad Bradberry

TORAN SPRING: C

Spring bills herself as Christian rock's first female guitar hero, but she needs a better or real (that percussion sounds awfully *mechanical*) band in order to get really heroic. She could also use a lesson or two in lyrical phrasing, as she just doesn't mesh vocally with what's going on instrumentally sometimes. That out of the way, the lady doesn't haul a half-bad axe, and 'A Story' is a scriptural admonition that kicks some decent butt. 'Do Unto Others' should have overcome its limitations of tameness. Too bad. I want to hear more from Toran Spring and know she can do better. (Toran Spring)--Jamie Rake

TONY TRISCHKA AND SKYLINE: *Skyline Drive* LP

After the ground-breaking work Trischka, a virtuoso banjo player, did on a series of albums in the '70s, there is an overall feeling of disappointment in hearing what he has settled into with this, his regular group. Despite a few fast breaks that send you off to see if your turntable is on the wrong speed, the final impression is wimpy. It's a bad sign just to start that there are covers of two songs by the Canadian folksinger who calls himself 'Bim'; he makes Anne Murray sound like Diamanda Galas. The Dolly Partonish vocals of Dede Wyland are a typical example of both the good and the bad in Skyline: it is the type of effect that could send exciting music over the top but in a setting such as this only sounds disconcerting. (Flying Fish)--Lawrence Talbot

TRUE WEST: *Hand of Fate* LP

Before I heard this I would have been tempted to say, 'True West without Russ Tolman is like the Rolling Stones without Keith Richard.' Well not quite. Some of Tolman's darker, manic twist is gone but Blair, McGrath & Co. seem to have absorbed some of RT's writing style by just playing his songs the last few years. This is a nice record. With the occasional help of Green on Red's Chuck Prophet and Rain Parader Matt Pucci on guitar, this current lineup rocks more than I thought. Gone are Tolman's Verlaine/Television influences replaced by a smoother, more flowing guitar sound. McGrath puts out some real tasty licks (check out the Santana-ish riffs on the title track). There is a nice cover of The Yardbirds' psych classic 'Happenings Ten Years Time Ago' as well as a pair of mellow folk-rockers ('Riches Still May Fly' is a cassette-only extra track). Lead singer Gavin Blair, who used to occasionally over-sing (especially on their last, *Drifters*) has really progressed and now has a style of his own to match his arresting voice. Nice to see both Tolman (check out his new *Glory Holes* LP) and True West progress and be successful on their own terms. (CD Presents Ltd.)--Brad Bradberry

THE TURNPIKE CRUISERS: *Extra Flesh b/w 'The Girl Who Turned Into a Man' and 'Weird and Lonely'* 12" single

Psycho-billy swing caught in the abyss between the Cramps pop side and the Gun Club's jazz/blues affectations. Good, fun raunch with grungey

geet-tars and bleating, wild trumpet. Great non-sequiter on the A-side about a paranoid junkie and Davy Jones playing with the Monkees. Not deep and the lead singer sounds like he's a little too arch for this music, but such doesn't matter when you're a butthead (or trying to be one, anyway). The two B-side numbers end too quickly for my liking, so that must mean I dug them. Sure, you can say that. (Jettisoundz Ltd.)--Jamie Rake

TWISTIN' EGYPTIANS: *Perils of Young Models* C

Bar band music with a much-too-slick production. To be blunt, the whole tape reeks of professionalism. Even that would be somewhat forgivable if a memorable tune or two could be found in this collection. I wasted a lot of time trying to think of at least one nice thing about this tape. It's an impossible task! This is 'rock' with no soul, no drive, and no passion, which just ain't rock at all. (Yellow Van Music)--Tom Burris

GLEN VELEZ: *Internal Combustion* LP

Perhaps CMP is emerging an ECM-type quality label offering much more interesting music! Velez has been around a while and is known as a virtuoso of various types of frame drums, the family of which includes the tambourine. The simplicity of this point of departure has in this case created one of the true masterpieces of recorded percussion, one that ranks right up there with Andrew Cyrille's *Why Not* album in the '70s. These beautifully recorded percussion solos develop as do the thoughts of a master drummer; graceful little colorations and shifts in rhythm that sustain long, trance-evoking pieces. (CMP)--Lawrence Talbot

GLEN VELEZ: *Handdance: Frame Drum Music* C

Percussionist Velez has performed with Steve Reich and Musicians as well as the Paul Winter Consort, so his credentials are beyond reproach. He performs on the frame drum, a skin stretched across a large, but shallow hoop-like frame, either with or without jingles; like a large tambourine. The instrument is played with the hand and has a low, gorgeous sonority. By playing at different points along the surface and by using the various parts of the hand (finger tips, heel of the hand, etc.), Velez, who has some mean chops, is able to get a plethora of differing timbres from this simple, yet elegant instrument. Velez also uses a number of other percussion instruments from various music cultures, including thumb pianos, rattles and the like. He is joined on several compositions by Layne Redmond, a singer (and second drummer) who, by singing drones and changing the shape of his mouth and vocal cavity, projects harmonics, a technique also employed by Joan LaBarbara, David Hykes' Harmonic Choir and Stockhausen in his *Stimmung*. It works very well alongside the exotic sounds of Velez' drumming. (Music of the World)--Dean Suzuki

VENOM P. STINGER: *Meet My Friend Venom* LP

Not sure why some reviewers think this is 'hardcore' done Oz style, for it's punk for sure but more in the Stooges or Scientists vein. Fun-gus Brains as well, and guitarist Mick Turner is in both outfits. So yeah, they make a loud angry noise but not a pissed off youth-anarcho way, more of a 'why are we here and what are we gonna do?' way. The guitar scrapes and grinds, the bass bumps and burps in true lurching fashion, the drums syncopate unnervingly, the vocals blurt and yowl with lust. Overall it's good ol' grunge-trash whammo-blammo stuff, the kind that gets lumped in with 'post-Birthday Party' bands but actually deserves more of a jazzadelia tag. Unruly, no punches pulled, intense. (Venom P. Stinger)--Fred Mills

VERBAL ABUSE: *Rock Your Liver* LP

OK, all you sissies get out of my way cause I got my boots on and they were made for rockin! Verbal Abuse cooks up a mighty hefty dose of punk stew on this album rightfully titled *Rock Your Liver*. This San Francisco band features ex-members of DOA and Code of Honor (or at least that's what the promo letter said). So if you're

familiar with those groups you know what to expect, teeth grinding grunge at its best. 'Sirens wail, fairy tales, door slams shut, can't stop us now.' (Boner Records)--Brian S. Curley
VERMIN FROM VENUS: *Be One of Us* C
 Teenage speedmetal thrash with rock'n'roll guitar licks and bad attitudes (about girls in particular). With titles like 'Trendy Slut' and 'Roaring Silence.' Tightly played, annoying, and mundane all at the same time. (Derrick Wells)--Christopher Carstens

VICTIMS FAMILY: *Voltage and Violets* LP
 Bravo! Kickass! Twenty hardcore songs (one is called 'George Benson!') addressing many social concerns in an original way lyrically, held together (that's too tame a description) by a fantastically tight, aggressive and rocking trio of Ralph Spight, guitar and vocals; Larry Boothroyd, bass; and Devon VrMeer, drums. Ruth Schwartz has done a commendable production job on this, perhaps a model example of a good hardcore album, with a powerful sound yet cleanly done so you can hear everything. The lead guitar doesn't wash away into a mesh of noise, instead one can hear everything Spight is doing no matter whether he heads low or high. Some of the songs--such as 'Homophobia'--are long overdue. Much of this adheres to the *Max R & R* philosophy and branch of politics so if that is too serious for you then go on to something else, maybe like Saturday morning cartoons. (Mordam)--Lawrence Talbot
VICTORY, COMMISAR-IN-CHARGE: C
 This is odd crap. The melodies of the man named Victory are pure pop, the instrumentation is eclectic (bass, drums, cheap-sounding organ, electric guitar),

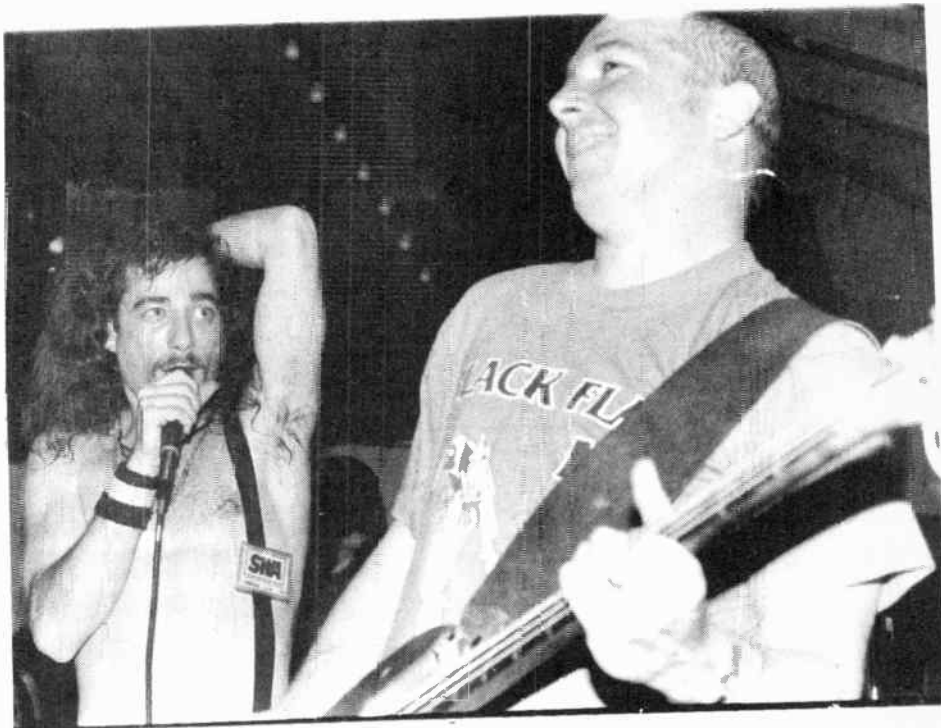
**his storylines convoluted,
 his voice like the embodiment of articulate neurosis
 and his vocabulary like
 Wm. F. Buckley.**

No, Vic's not ultra-conservative but ultra-*verbos*. Absorb the titles of the tape's three cuts: 'Greetings from the People of the State of New York', 'A Rapturous Contemplation of Salamander Bay (Where a Tropicool Kid Can Cop a Tropicool Attitude)' and 'The Morning's First Commuters Greet the Brand-New Broadcast Day'. The fella uses his big words to impose images intricate and simple in a way somewhere 'tween deadpan and poetic. These could easily be heard on your typical top 40 station if it weren't for his darned huge verbal assault. Add to all this that nearly all the writing other than the lyric sheet and cover notation are in Russian. I'm not quite sure what Victory's up to, but he's perverse enough to win with me. (Oreshek)--Jamie Rake
Second Opinion: Victory, Commisar-In-Charge (which is his title, not the cassette's) seems to live in downtown New York, but doesn't seem to get out of the house much. So, from his living-room we get three very clever, wordy songs that are vaguely Robin Hitchcock-ish. While I'm not sure this is absolute greatness, he's definitely a name to remember. I played it for the panel at my job, where unfortunately the somewhat lo-fi recording and duping didn't help the music to cut through the din of the xerox machines, but nonetheless it got the thumbs up from the U2 crowd and elicited the adjective 'furry'. (Oreshek)--Bob Bannister

VISCERA: *Sweat* C

Electronic pounding with teeth, this one has it. Singing male and later an angry female, thick brutal percussion machine and echoey jungle vines going every which way around us. There is a compelling and haunting, indeed savage beat. Screams and caustic heat, a spinning buzzing echoing looping out there in the limbo land of sound. (Viscera)--Robin James
VISCERA: *Swallowing/Cold* C

Harsh electronics, has a beat and vocals. Slow paced and grim. Has words, male vocalist, both sides make me think of early Tuxedo Moon, with



SWA is SWA. Merril Ward and Chuck Dukowski tear it up at a Sunday matinee at the Music Machine, Santa Monica, California, 1987 Claffardini Photo

the intense ongoing narrative vocals, electro-noise in rhythm. Haunting, well done, a little long but it's only one song on each side of the cassette. (Viscera)--Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS

(Please note: The following cassettes and records are compilations, samplers or have numerous artists performing thereon; therefore only the title and format shall appear.)

A/a ND C

This is a 90 minute collection of artists brought together by A/a and ND magazines. The music is all electronic in origin or found sounds with much rhythm work and throughout the tape a haunting, dark sound generally prevails. Artists hail from Australia, W. Germany, and the USA. The music could be called intentionally bad rap, dark soundscapes, radio noise collages, electronic rhythm fests, info about psychological warfare on kids, dance tracks, trash-rants, electronic gypsy music, and many dirgy space-music drones. Most of the artists I'd never heard of, but this is a very listenable tape with a wide variety of pieces and individual styles. (A/a or ND)--Lawrence Crane
ANIMAL LIBERATION LP

In recent years increasing numbers of people have joined the fight for animal liberation, and the end to senselessly cruel lab experiments on animals and the methods of raising and slaughtering them for food. This album promotes and attempts to raise money for the animal liberation cause. Various artists offered their services for the nine cuts on this album, including Nina Hagen, Lene Lovich, Attrition, Chris and Cosey, Colour Field, Luc Van Acker, Shriekback, Captain Sensible, and Howard Jones. Their songs generally recount humans' hideous treatment of animals. Indeed, the shortcoming of the album is that nowhere do we find celebration of the animal world and the need for humans to employ a more wholistic view of their place in the ecosystem itself. People shouldn't be comforted by the subject, but they won't buy an album that depresses them through-

out, regardless of the good intentions of those who made it. The album has other problems too. Production is ho hum and cliché and the artists sound bored, except for performances by Chris and Cosey and Captain Sensible. (Wax Trax Records has done better than this on countless occasions!) Something essential but ephemeral is missing from this record--a definite conceptual and spiritual core. You might still purchase the album just to learn about the animal liberation cause. That's reason enough. Or you might consider just sending money directly to the organization. (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals)--Bucky Halker
A SHORT TREATISE ON MORALS C

Daniel Miller, the guitarist for Borbetomagus gives us four solo electric guitar improvisations. Long sustained feedback layers under which percussive pointillist attacks mesh in the listener's ear, renders any idea of what a guitar normally sounds like inoperative. Recommended for the noise guitar section in your collection. (Audiophile Tapes)--AMK
ASSOCIATION POUR LA DIFFUSION DE MUSIQUES OUVERTES, VOL. 1 C

This tape is an indication of the high quality of music being made in Canada. I'm led to believe that there is some interaction between the six groups represented here. The first group, named 'I Like Jazz', subjects Charlie Parker's 'Scrapple from the Apple' to some great Henry Cowish improvisation. Next we hear from Andre Duchesne with a tune reminiscent of Egg or Hatfield and the North. The final tune on this side sounds a bit like early Return to Forever. Side two features three groups--Chants et Danses du Monde Inanime, 'Eboulements' & 'La Grande Aventure'. These may not be names of groups but rather albums from which the numbers are excerpted. At any rate, the work on this side displays less variety but maintains the high level of workmanship of the first side. One is reminded of Etron Fou Leloublan or Debile Menthol while listening to this side of the tape. Rarely does one encounter music that is so well endowed with good humor and is at the same time intellectually challenging. Really fine. (Association pour la Diffusion de Musiques Ouvertes)--Bruce Christensen

AUDIO SCENE '70, No. 2 C

Audio Arts recorded three days of symposia and performances at Schloss, Lenenfeld, Krems near Vienna in 1979. The results are seven C-120 cassettes of unedited material containing a wealth of information. Tape No. 2 features a lecture and discussion on Fluxus and Music conducted by art historian, musicologist and Fluxus expert Peter Frank. Of course many of you have heard of Fluxus, but have only an inkling as to what it was all about. Frank lays it all out succinctly and intelligibly. The ensuing discussion includes those in attendance who are remarkably well informed on the subject. The remainder of the tape is given to the first part of a fascinating lecture by Antje von Graevenitz entitled 'Blank Out/Music & Anarch.' Other tapes in the series include lectures on John Cage, Performance & Sound, Art on Radio, and performances by Jana Haimson, Bob George, Hans Otto, and others. One time-consuming element: the symposia were conducted in both German and English. Still, this series is a fine source and resource of information concerning experimental music, art, and performance. When ordering, make sure you request Audio Arts' fine catalog of cassettes. (Audio Arts)--Dean Suzuki

Beasts From The East LP

Ranges from dismissible pedestrian pop-punk, to raw riff-laden '60s-type punk, to sloppy punk, to excellent punkadelic. Libertines, Endorphins, Time Beings, Skeptics, Green, Cynics, Dwarves. And the infamous Cunts clock in with two tracks from their debut 1984 LP. Fourteen tracks; overall not a stunning release, but well in the 'worth it' category. Cunts, Endorphins, and Time Beings win this particular Battle of Bands. (Vox)--Jack Jordan

Bigger than God C

Nice languid college radio pop-fare. Champaign is a college town, so that probably explains why. The tape features Club Crack, Ack-Ack!, Outnumbered, The Arms of Someone New, Area,

Split Heavens, Weird Summer, and Judy Gang. All the cuts are very well produced, and the bands are a cut above what I consider local caliber. It has a coherent sound/vision throughout, unlike a lot of comp tapes I've heard. It's hard to adequately describe it, sort of a psychedelic meets 80's British guitar pop meets REM, but that's just an approximation. Some may call it derivative, but that's true of 90% of everything else on the airwaves these days so shut up and listen. Standout cuts include Outnumbered's cover of 'San Francisco', and Split Heavens' version of 'The Girl From Ipanema' featuring good Bauhaus 'She's in Parties' type guitars. This tape should be getting a lot of airplay if it isn't already. (Office Records)--Eric Iverson

CARNIVAL LP

I hate to put down anyone's effort but the recording and packaging quality here don't exactly bring the word effort to mind. For the record, we have Qwa Digs Under Paris, who play Loisaيدا improvisational noise rock a la Mofungo and The Scene Is Now, Baby 63 doing garden variety industrial stuff, De Fabriek doing not very interesting Christian Marklay-style turntable manipulation and Body without Organs proving that anyone can do something slightly intense with borrowed Holocaust-documentary voiceovers. The redeeming band is F/i who, unfortunately for everyone else on this comp., really put into perspective what's good and what's not. Included here is an excerpt from something called 'on Off' which is like 'Sister Ray' and the second Faust album heavily industrialized and the result is world class brain damage. (Sound of Pig Music)--Bob Banister

A CLOAKROOM ASSEMBLY C

Electronics, title program by Michel Tee, a collection of layered rhythmic pieces including Perplex, The Swing Box, Tues Night, Raft, Hassle Down A Funnel, Trace and Rumble, more. The other side is by Shane Fahey, it is called 'When

My Antenna Won't Start' and has more of a series of surprises to it, 10 songs including 'Daydream In An Office', 'Tomita Whose Sweet-er', 'A Run For Your Parlour', 'Dad Has A Cancer', 'Fishing For A Soul'. The imagination in Australia seems to be running wild, this cassette has some crucial evidence. The electronic jungle contained in this plastic is very lush and active, alive with strange voices and sounds popping into the beat. (Pedestrian Tapes)--Robin James

The Cradle Tapes C

Last November a number of North Carolina bands held a benefit concert for the UNC-Chapel Hill student radio station; Richard Fox of the Cat's Cradle club preserved it on tape and the result is a sampler of 11 bands doing 2 songs apiece. Snatches Of Pink do the garage-trash thing, the Graphic go folkpsychedelic w/ female vox, The Connells jangle out plus cover Elvis Costello, Necessary Friction ooze melodic bliss, The Swamis thump out hard edged pop, Light In August haunt with Chameleons-inspired cold wave, Other Bright Colors do folk rock, Satellite Boyfriend crank up the Brit Invasion sounds circa Jam or Who, Hege V brings a tear to the eye with Byrdsonian country twang, Flat Duojets head back to the '50s with ducktails and leather jackets, and Aparthenon Huxley & The Pressure Twins thrash and get soulful. Which is a long-winded way of saying that this is a varied and interesting look at the NC alternative music scene. (Note: proceeds go to help finance WXYC, a very fine radio station.) (WXYC Cradle Tapes)--Fred Mills

deCompilation

In keeping with the compilation's clever pun on the French theory of deconstruction (a philosophy and method of meaning and the construction of texts), this is an album of collages. With the exception of new work by Marc Barreca and some formally rigorous treated piano by Brian Fergus, this is an album about the assembly of frag-

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ments into a whole. While that's not exactly new territory for experimental musicians, this particular cassette is an excellent example of both the strengths and potential weaknesses of the genre. Interestingly, the technology of tape looping has been supplanted by sampling (and I suspect that all the participants in these recordings are using approximately the same collection of equipment), with the result that there's a kind of sense of 'pitch' to the works. Additionally, there's quite a wide divergence of style evident here as well: Doug Haire's snippets of hackneyed porno movie dialogue interrupt an otherwise cartoonish synth vamp. John Calcagno puts a reporter's narrative on the Chicago riots at the Democratic National Convention into a dense mix of grating noise effects, and Rob Angus does a delightful piss-take on William F. Buckley's mannerisms of speech, transforming them into a bunch of frogs doing mating calls in the swamp of conservative rectitude. The problems I have with the recording come from the concrete aspect of the spoken stuff included in the recordings: the more explicit they are, the more they tend to become one-off tableaux or jokes that don't bear repeated listenings. In those situations where the speech is intended to evoke something that the other sounds guide (as on Rob Angus' 'Leaves fall...': Jeff Greinke's 'Uprising' or Doug Haire's 'Advanced Man'), the work stands on its own more easily, and takes its place with the other more explicitly instrumental work on the tape. Marc Barreca's dark music picks up where some of his excellent *Music Works for Industry* left off, and the prepared piano on Brian Fergus' 'Auto Deconstruction #1' is a simple triumph of the 'less is more' school. (Intrpid)--Gregory Taylor

DRY LUNGS II LP

A good sampler for someone looking for an introduction to experimental electronic ambience and industrial feedback distortion. Although on this, the second Dry Lungs album, the industrial stuff doesn't overpower the more ambient songs: Some really lush, dense electronics are presented by Jeff Greinke, Monochrome Bleu, Severed Heads, Controlled Bleeding, and If Bwana, with YBO2 and Hijoh Kaiden laying down the skull crushing tracks. Two songs that stand out are Jeff Greinke's 'Uprising', which has a dense South American sound, and YBO2's 'Trash! Crash!' which sounds like a Minutemen/Test Dept. mutation. I'm not sure if Paul Lemos had to wade through countless contributions, or if he solicited material specifically from the bands present to make up this album, but either way it ends up as a good concoction of noises. A quality pressing with liner notes on each song by Paul Lemos. (Placebo Records)--Rich Crist **THE EARLIEST MARIACHI, Vol. 1, and MARIACHI COCULENSE DE CIRILO MARMOLEJO, Vol. 2**

Lovers of mariachi are going to get down on their knees and spout prayers

to Arhoolie and Folklyric honcho Chris Strachwitz for this ongoing project, comprising vintage mariachi from as far back as 1906, going into the '30s. Sound has been beefed up a little but this is obviously the authentic thing, the kind of feeling you'd never get on a brand new CD. *Vol. 1* focuses on the earliest stuff, and is stunning. On *Vol. 2* we meet the group of Cirilo Marmolejo, a legend in mariachi, and a collection of just about all the recordings made by this group. There is hot work on the guitarron, unbelievable vocals and lots of snazzy violin pizzicato. Ready to branch out into an all new style of music? Try mariachi! (Folklyric)--Lawrence Talbot

EMMA LP

Emma was a 'squat' performance space and club in Amsterdam which has been shut down since this two-record set compilation was released. With only a few big names such as Sonic Youth and BGK, what you mostly get are unknown or little-known bands. Young bands, coming out of

or passing through this stimulating Dutch scene and social environment, with bands from West Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Belgium as well as Holland on board. Some of the cuts by bands with no reputation whatsoever completely jump out of the vinyl, coming to life completely out of their freshness and energy. Come to think, didn't we have too many inferior tracks at all! The line up: No Allegiance, Pandemonium (from the famous Ven-blow scene), Tu-Do Hospital, BGK, Morzelpronk, Nog Watt, Impact, Deadlock, The Ex. Membranes, Kaki's, Zowison, Vacuum, Sjako!, Zak in As, Sonic Youth, If, Electric Hannes, The Gentry, Svatsox and Dorpsoudste De Jong, Kra-puul, Grin, No Pigz, Negazione, Indigesti, Hostages of Ayatollah (this band lately features Ron Reagan on bass), Capital Scum, Combat not Conform, Murder Inc. III and UBCF. Thanks for reading the list, I felt that any band kind enough to come in on this comp deserved mentioning in the review. (Mordam)--Lawrence Talbot

THE 4TH ANNUAL IRISH MUSIC FESTIVAL, VOL. 1: An Claidheamh Solius, The Irish Arts Center C

This is a folk festival tape recorded on June 22, 1985, at the Snug Harbor Cultural Center, Staten Island, New York and featuring some of the best regarded exponents of traditional Irish music in the US (and particularly in the tri-state area). The festivities include the usual mix of reels, jigs and ballads by the likes of Joanie Madden, Jerry O'Sullivan, Gail and Martin Mulvihill, Mary and Mike Rafferty, Treasa O'Carroll, Paddy Reynolds, Louise O'Shea, Fr. Charlie Coen, James Keane and Robbie O'Connell. And, judging by this sampling of the music, a fine time it must have been. (Global Village Music) -- Ron Sakolsky

GODS FAVORITE DOG LP

Pretty popular compilation, this one, with many of the more popular outfits of the days such as the Butthole Surfers, Scratch Acid, Big Black, Killdozer and the best of all, wonderful Happy Flowers. Killdozer plants a 'Sweet Home Alabama' that may be the highlight of this whole mess. The Surfers' material is from their Tijuana Brass period. (Touch and Go)--Lawrence Talbot

THE GOLDEN AGE OF GOSPEL SINGING LP

A remarkably moving anthology of gospel music for those as yet unconverted to the thrills of the style. Gospel emerges from this album as far less formulaic than one might suspect. And the ways in which gospel seeded developments in R&B and later rock are clearly heard here. High points include a stunningly live 'Too Close' by Bessie Griffin, a ragged but right 'All Aboard' by the Original Five Blind Boys and a rocking 'Stop Right Now' by the Bells of Joy, my favorite group on this anthology. Not a lame or stereotypical sounding cut, and sound quality is decent throughout. Sweet harmonies are counterpointed by very modern rhythms, and the erotic and spiritual seem one and the same on the best selections here. What more can even the gospel-hater desire? (Folklyric Records)--Norman Weinstein

INTERNATIONAL MAIL MUSIC GROUP C

Jeepers! This is one roiling toiling hell of a tape! I suppose there's a lot of this makin' music through the mail stuff going on these days, but I doubt there's anything quite like this.

If only the postmaster knew...

Anyways, the folks at Sound of Pig are always putting out consistently quality material, and like I said, this is no exception. Al Margolis (USA-13, BWANA), Rafael Flores (E-Comando-Bruno), Bogart (D-MTTF), and Yutaka Tanaka (J.S. Core) all get involved in this frolicking feast for the ear. Ambient dream sounds, surreal electronics, one piece leads right into the next, a real trip. For 'difficult' enthusiasts only, but what a range of difficulty it is. Find yourself some mail cronies and go for it! (Sound of Pig Music)--Frank Gunderson **Second Opinion:** What we have is four people: Al Margolis, Rafael Flores, Bogart and Yutaka Tanaka from four different countries who

collaborated on a tape together through the mail. What we get is long ambient industrial pieces usually based on a repetitive figure or sound onto which everyone adds a little bit. Surprisingly these pieces don't turn into a harsh electronic maelstrom like other collaborative mail pieces. They are usually restrained, with each artist adding small parts into the overall landscape of the work. For anyone interested in this kind of music this is a worthwhile inclusion into the collection. (Sound of Pig Music) --AMK

It Came From The Garage LP

Eighteen bands here, with one song a piece. This is a Michigan-area project, with all the groups recorded at Garageland Studio in New Boston, Mich. There are some acceptable song on the record, from later-day punk to Sixties recreations, but

by the time it's over you'll have heard enough weasely organ riffs and tinny sounding drums to last you a lifetime.

If this is the garage, I'm staying in the backyard. (Metro America Records)--Bill Neill

JAKIE, JAZZ 'EM UP LP

Here's an album that could appeal to many different listeners. It is an extremely well put together anthology of old Klezmer tracks. This 'Jewish jazz' (an inappropriate but amusing label which led to Wynton Marsalis being labeled 'Goyish klezmer') is more familiar to the music buff than it was a few years ago due to a variety of ensembles carrying on the tradition who have recorded and performed. Here, though, are the older, scratchy-sounding and thus authentic recordings of groups such as the Abe Schwartz Orchestra and the Arnold Perlmutter Orchestra. The clarinet soloists Naftule Brandwine and Max Weissman are unbelievable. Totally recommended from a label with lotsa other Klezmer music available. (Global Village)--Lawrence Talbot

MICRART GROUP LP

Although this is a compilation on first listen I thought this was all done by the same group. All of these groups rely on the same things: smooth sequencer lines, lock step drumbeats and washes of synthesizers. All of the work is well done and would easily fit on any 'new wave' radio station. Now, if that's a compliment or not is up to you. (Sound of Pig)--AMK

PASSED NORMAL LP

An appropriate name for a compilation of eccentric music. Though many of the bands are Home Recordings regulars, others are represented as well, often in concert performances. Skeleton Crew follows the edge of cacophony in their slices of free improvisation, Shockabilly (the only group here with poor sound quality) plays a few of their unique rants and guitar quirkmaster Snakefinger runs amok ('Save Me From Dali?'). The other performers may not be as well known but they certainly hold their own ground. Wright/Cochrane/Hoskin's 'Live at Lynx (Crunchy)' is a muscular improv, Jeff Michel's 'Chimes' floats acoustic guitar above mutating tones, Shmaz play off-kilter pop and my personal fave is The Sediments' catchy 'Capitalism Inc.' If almost an hour of excellent music isn't enough there's also a slick, informative booklet and piles of information. Be sure to check out the companion cassette, *Way Passed Normal*, for still more and look for another album to be released shortly. (Home Recordings)--Lang Thompson **Second Opinion:** This is an engagingly mad collection of alternative music, serving as a good introduction for the uninitiated as well as a must have for the devotee. Featured are better known names like Shockabilly, Snakefinger and Skeleton Crew as well as Voodoo Mark, Spill Drink, Shmaz and That Hope. Highlights include a lively rendering of Nino Rota's '8 1/4' by Snakefinger, a strange

little number by Spill Drink called 'How to Pick Up Girls' which manages to be simultaneously noisy and quiet, and a lovely piece by Jeff Michael called 'Chimes.' Elsewhere, The Sediments give us the business of 'Capitalism, Inc.' and Shmaz takes us to the 'Punk Family Picnic.' The Skeleton Crew set, recorded live, is unfortunately difficult to hear, sounding like it was captured on a portable machine by someone in the audience. One wonders why so much of it was included here. Some of this stuff is reminiscent of the great Bonzo Dog Band but it should be emphasized that there is a lot of real music here, not just antics. In fact, musical sense is the abiding characteristic on this diverse and deviant album. There's a lot of it too, almost a full hour's worth; a deal. (FOT Records)--Sam Mental

PORTRAITS CD

Most of the selections on this New Albion sampler are quite accessible, and are notable for their integration of now traditional minimalist structures with more personal, emotionally expressive content. Ingram Marshall's ghostly, grandiose 'Fog Tropes' is the standout piece. With its extremely subtle dynamics flawlessly rendered on CD, it brings to mind an acoustic version of Eno's *On Land*. Somei Satoh's 'Birds in Warped Time II' for piano and violin is rich with a piercing sense of drama and tragedy, and masterfully works a broad palette of emotions without straying from the minimalist parameters established early in the piece. Paul Dresher describes his 'Channels Passing' as based upon 'the psychoacoustical phenomenae known as 'channeling' in which the listener breaks up what may be a single melodic entity (or an overlapping of two melodies in a single register) into two or more groups, usually based on register, timbre, and rhythm.' The music sounds every bit as lifelessly mathematical as his description suggests. Stephen Scott's 'Rainbows, part I' for bowed piano suggests the sound of an accordion orchestra. Like most of the compositions on this disc, Scott's work is most successful when it breaks away from choppy, Reich and Glass-derived pulsations to more romantic, sensual passages. John Adam's climactic 'Light Over Water' excerpt is difficult to judge because it sounds so fragmentary outside of its intended context. This immaculately recorded compilation succeeds in provoking my interest in all the composers represented, but does not provide a flowing, cohesive listening experience.

(New Albion)--Michael Draine **Second Opinion:** Until recently, contemporary or experimental music was, to a large extent, shunned and ignored by recording companies. However, with the advent of minimal music--Philip Glass and Steve Reich being the two most famous practitioners of the genre--and the cross pollination between new music and post-punk, no-wave rock, contemporary art music has been gathering increased momentum and a large, crossover audience. Small independent labels supporting such music have flourished in recent years and they have now entered the CD market. New Albion's first CD is a sampler featuring several members of their fine roster of composers which leans heavily towards the minimalist school.

The most remarkable piece of music is Stephen Scott's *Rainbow I* for bowed piano. To explain briefly, the lid of a grand piano is removed and an ensemble of players bow the strings with resined lengths of fishing line for sustained tones and horse hair attached to popsicle sticks for short, staccato notes. The sound is indescribable, but absolutely magnificent and astonishing in its power. This piece alone makes this CD worth owning and will leave the listener transfixed.

Another marvelous work is Daniel Lentz's *O-KE-WA* for 12 voices, bells, rasps, and drums. Lentz's music is ravishingly beautiful with the rich, though never opulent vocal textures and an accompaniment of unusual percussion that alludes to the composer's Indian heritage in this mysterious and highly evocative composition.

The other compositions include conventional as well as unorthodox instrumentation that runs the gamut from violin and piano (Satoh's *Birds in Warped Time II*) to brass sextet with fog horn and ambient sounds in Marshall's 'Fog Tropes', all falling under the minimalist rubric. Those wishing to take the next step beyond Glass and Reich will find a treasure trove in this disc.--Dean Suzuki

ROUND MIDNIGHT LP

This is the third album spawned by the film 'Round Midnight,' but this anthology just might supply in ample doses what the soundtrack album and its outtake cousin fail to yield: the many faceted spirit of Monk. This is, pure and simple, seven versions of Monk's tune, opening with the composer doing the number solo. The great Miles Davis Quintet with Coltrane elaborates the theme handsomely. Two rather dreamy and limp ver-

sions by Stan Getz and Wes Montgomery follow. Bill Evans tackles the standard and twists and turns the melody around until he sounds like sheer Evans. Art Pepper does the same in spite of a rather heavy handed setting forcing him to hold his ground against eight other horns. The collection closes with Ron Carter departing far enough from Monk's theme to segue 'Tea for Two' into his ramblings. The Miles' and Evans' versions alongside Monk's make this a must--but the other takes are delights also. (Milestone) --Norman Weinstein

SAMPLE 1 LP

If you don't have anything in your electronic music collection by Mergener and Weisser, aka Software, and you enjoy sophisticated mainstream synth music, this two volume sampler should be just the ticket. The German synth duo is clearly the jewel in IC's crown, and they have two of the four sides to themselves. Their music is intricate and highly polished, but not frivolous; it is delicate, but it also has substance. Other prime examples of the German 'floating music' tradition are a piece by Double Fantasy (a duo which includes Dreamstar aka Robert Schroeder) and an attractive selection from a re-release of an early IC album by Baffo Banfi. A piece from another re-release *Memorymetropolis* by Clara Mondshine, is also noteworthy, although it is like nothing else on either lp. Selections from albums by Peak, Peter Seller, Kurt Riemann and Steve Rocah round out the sampler and while they do not distinguish themselves particularly, they are all quite listenable. (Innovative Communication)--Bill Tilland

SCREAMING ALAS SHE DIED LAUGHING C

The latest international compilation by the prolific Sound of Pig label. This one contains Costes Cassette, The Ascetic Force, Criss Gross, Joe Humble, Linea Tactica, Swine Bolt #45, The Arms of Someone New, Zusammenwachsen Z, Mental Anguish, Donald Campau, Faded Glory, Catharsist, Pointless, Bogart, Didier Moulinier,

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-- The Rocket

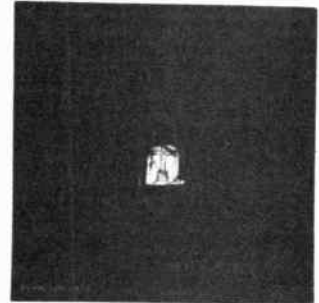
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Unidentified kamakazi stage diver, Oxnard, Calif. 1987.

Wolfgang Leon m. Parr Photo

and P.S. Bingo. What is most pleasing for me with compilations like these is to hear groups you've only heard about, like Costes Cassette, as well as those that you've never heard of before, but which are worth getting to know. These pieces run along the lines of harsh electronics. However, there is something which should please everyone. The tape works well as a piece itself, flowing effortlessly from one thing to another. The underlying current here is music concrete--

there is more manipulation going on here than in a White House press release.

Some of the highlights among the groups I'd been unaware of are the catchy electro-pop of The Arms of Someone New and the electronics, bass and found sound collages of Pointless. The tune 'Neon Dilemma' by Mental Anguish so appropriately fits its title that you easily imagine walking down the boulevard in Las Vegas. Thanks again to Al Margolis. (Sound-of-Fig)--AO

Slowscan C

Slowscan is a small, but inspired cassette label that has produced several excellent compilations of sound poetry and audio art. This anthology

contains works by a very impressive roster of artists including acknowledged masters such as Henri Chopin, Bernard Heidsieck, Charles Amirkhanian, Enzo Minarelli, Rod Summers (former producer of the late and lamented VEC audio-exchange cassette series), Larry Wenat, Michael Le Donne-Bhennet (Stüllife), and others, totalling over 80 minutes. Sound poetryphiles will revel in the contributions by the more well-known artists. They will also discover the polyphonic poetry of Le Donne-Bhennet delivered in a striking monotone and found sounds and sound collages (short vignettes, as well as extended works) by Heidsieck, Peter Meyer, Maurizio Nannucci, and Maurizio Della Nave. One of the most impressive works is Summers' 'Chance Poem '80', which consists simply of the voice of the artist reading an apocalyptic text alternating with a reversed tape of the same voice which sounds like a hellish unknown language. This was released in a numbered edition of only 140 copies, so get yours quick. (Slowscan)--Dean Suzuki

SOUNDS OF NOW LP

'Glue Sniffing Revival' is truly way cool! Yeah, turn it up now! Wail baby wail!

This assorted bunch of psycho-deliacs were all

World Radio History

still a bunch of swimmin' sperms when Roky first let loose his primal scream.

Overall though this is a good compilation of current garage bands. Call it neo-psychedelia or whatever, it's all right by me. Hey babe pass the mushrooms please! P.S. If any of you guys see Greg Shaw tell him I'd like the money he owes me! Thanx. (Dionysus Records)--Brian S. Curley

So Un So Und So C

This is as fine a collection of contemporary and experimental music that I have heard. The composers and performers come from Europe and the U.S., covering a huge amount of stylistic territory, from Hans Reichel-ish guitar experiments by Ulrich Eller, to La Monte Young influenced drones by Arnold Dreyblatt & the Orchestra of Excited Strings, to Paul DeMarni's clever voice synthesis number, to the free improvisation of vocalist Cas de Marez and saxophonist Luc Houtkamp. Other 'names' include Christian Marclay, the Bow Gamelan Ensemble, and Fast Forward, but there are many other fine, but otherwise unknown European artists whose contributions are creative and ingratiating. In addition to the examples of American music, this tape provides an ex-

cellent opportunity to discover what is happening on the exciting European new music scene. (Time Based Arts)--Dean Suzuki

SOWETO NEVER SLEEPS: CLASSIC FEMALE ZULU JIVE LP

Excellent collection of tracks from the townships of Soweto, etc., South Africa. There are two tracks by The Dark City Sisters, reputed to be one of the top female groups of the 60s in South Africa. There are aksi bynberiyi tracks by the Mahotella Queens, instantly establishing a stylistic grace and freshness with the opening 'Umculo Kawupheli' (No End to Music.) Liner information is scanty aside from a brief paean to the Mgoashiyi Sound or 'the indestructible beat.' It was the sound of the voices that were most attractive to this listener, but nonetheless

if you are interested in African music, this is a good album. Best of all, no lyrics by Paul Simon.

(Shanachie)---Lawrence Talbot

STRAIT TAPES VOLUME III C

Here's another volume of mostly cool Christian pop from here and abroad from England's coolest God arts politics publication. All but two or three of the North American contributions are A-OK. The goodies are from major label folks such as Bruce Cockburn (who doesn't have much in print in England, surprisingly), Deniece Williams (from her pop gospel LP, not her pop soul material), the way cool Charlie Peacock and the 77s, this time around sounding like they've been listening to the Long Ryders. The ultra-obscure Good Guys from Virginia crank some all right rootsy rock with implicit spiritualism, the Steve Scott LP from whence they culled the slightly spooky 'Not a Pretty Picture' is already out of print (crap!) and Terry Scott Taylor provides country nuttiness on 'Old Time Gospel Camp

Meeting Hour.' The only stinker from these shores is Vector, whose 'America,' for all its good intentions of pointing out the bad, still gives a slightly pompous air. First Strike's a passable California pop metal group too. The stuff from across the sea on this comp that matters is from the sadly defunct but darn catchy Scottish femme duo Talking Drums, disturbingly soulful Bryan McGlynn (another Scot), a John Cooper Clarke gone hip hop carnation named Mike Starkey and a good enough pop wavo duo, name of Jump the Nile. The crud comes in the form of the hopelessly saccharine Maldwyn Pope, and unmoving AOR from One A.M. and Trade Secret (cool band names, though). Strait keeps good the notion that not all Christian popsters are uncreative, sappy conservatives. Praise be! (Strait)--Jamie Rake

STRENGTH LP

An international sampler of prime cuts from DDAA, Human Flesh (3), P16.D4, Vivenza, TAC (2), and De Fabriek. Some cuts are old (1984) some are new and all are excellent introductions to some of the better experimental groups. DDAA, TAC and Human Flesh offer some dissonant, introspective pop. Vivenza provides appealing machine sound collage, and P16.D4 as well as De Fabriek manifest their brilliant talents at acoustic/electronic sound manipulation. At low volume most songs are somewhat hypnotic but at high volume they reveal harsh treatments. The sequence of songs shows development rather than the high contrast hodge-podge of some other samplers. Must like Vheutmas Archetype, a substantial album by any standard. (Azteco Records)--Jim Boy Bob

SURFIN IN THE MIDWEST LP

Best new surf compilation LP to hit the sand in quite some time. Great art work by R.K. Sloane includes a red-eyed Frankenstein holding a surfboard in one hand and a two-headed chicken in the other. The insert inside contains complete information on groups such as the Royal Flairs, the

Shattoes, Little John and the Sherwood Men, Rich Clayton and the Rumbles, the Blech Boys and the Vaqueros. You are either excited now or ready to puke, right? But this is surf music with a special almost alienated glaze to it. These guys would have to ride for days on the bus just to get near the ocean; some of them never made the trip. But when the Viscounts take you on their Journey to Infinity, it's a definite mouthful of salt water from each reverb-soaked twang. (Unlimited Productions)--Lawrence Talbot

TELLUS 14 : JUST INTONATION C

A collection of music with the theme of the tuning called Just Intonation; Harry Partch, Ralph David Hill, Carola Anderson, David Hykes, Lou Harrison, Jon Catler, David Canright, James Tenney, Larry Polansky, Bischoff/Horton/Perkis, Jody Diamond, Alexis Alrich, David B. Doty, Erling Wold, Susan Norris. This is a detailed exploration of this field, with both well known and obscure active artists works displayed, the mood is overall more sober than say, Radio or Guitars (Tellus 11 and 10) and more accessible to uninvolved listeners than Power Electronics or Improvisation (Tellus 13 and 15) all of these tapes are magnificent collections of very different and very exciting sound arts. They are available by subscription (best deal) and individually (back issues). This is a very evolved way to publish music and audio art. (Harvestworks)--Robin James

THIS IS THE FUNK LP

A good, solid album brought together by a bunch of artists who all wish they were Michael Jackson.

Predictable and unearthly technopop funk. The Functionaries who open up the album with 'Usual Jive' may hold something worth rescuing from this deathly ill collage of disco trax. Other accomplices to the crime: Defunkt, Foreign Legion, Liquid Hips, Kelvynator, IQ, James White,

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and a few others. Don't get me wrong, if mindless jumpy jive is for you then this may be your album. (Emergency Records)--TRL

TRÉ VITRE, #7 EP

Enzo Minarelli is the John Giorno of Italy, in that he is both a practitioner of the art of sound poetry and a great advocate of the genre. Though Minarelli's efforts haven't received the same attention as Giorno's Poetry Systems Records, *Tré Vitre* is no less vital. Another similarity: Minarelli has recently turned to the rock world for inspiration. His *poema* has a simple, repetitive bass guitar and drum accompanying his voice part that includes echo effects, laughter and some other, more strange tape manipulations. To his writer, Minarelli's experiments with rock music are more successful and effective than Giorno's. The other artists on this release are L.S.D. (lunasoledado), whose 'ELOS' is rock music, pure and simple. Though there are some stabs at taped voice manipulations; an unfortunate and wasted effort, as both the music and vocal materials are uninspired. (Tré Vitre)--Dean Suzuki

21ST CENTURY DUB C

Reggae's really gone international here. This Jamaican-Japanese dub collaboration was originally pressed as two separate albums by Nippon Columbia in 1980, but after five years of negotiations, ROIR has released them together on a generous 60 minute cassette. While Bob Marley himself does not appear on the tape, he was instrumental in bringing together the musicians that do appear (some of them are Wailers) for the Kingston sessions at Channel One and Tuff Gong. In the final Japanese mix, reggae greats, Sly and Robbie, Augustus Pablo, Rico Rodriguez, Marcia Griffiths, Judy Mowatt (Marcia's and Judy's voices soar on new versions of Marley's 'Concrete Jungle' and 'Jamming'), Al Anderson, Aston 'Familyman' Barrett, Carlton Barrett, Tyrone Downie, Wire Lindo, Skully, Sticky and Mickey 'Mao' Chung are joined by Japanese percussionist Pecker (who originally suggested the idea to Marley) and many of the musicians associated with the Yellow Magic Orchestra. All killer no filler. (ROIR)--Ron Sakolsky

Vor Der Flut LP

This is a recording by

17 different composers, musicians and ensembles in Severin, a 100-year old subterranean water tank in Cologne.

This is not just some over-sized barrel, it is a huge stone room with a vast series of colonades. The acoustical properties and reverberation time make it a marvelous setting for music. Microphones were placed in various locations about the tank to capture every nuance of sound. As one might expect, much of the music is of a meditative, serene nature. There are examples of overtone singing (a la David Hykes & The Harmonic Choir), non-Western instruments, including bamboo flute, Dubatschi-gongs, panpipes (wonderful!), some more bizarre varieties of musical media including toys and rubber tubes, in addition to traditional western instruments: saxophones, brass, strings, and the like. If you enjoyed Pauline Oliveras's *The Well & the Gentle*, you will certainly want to have this, as it is in much the same vein. In fact, Oliveros contributes two lovely pieces featuring her singing and accordion playing. Don't miss the mystical sounds captured on *Vor der Flut*. (Wayside Music)--Dean Suzuki

WORK'S MANY VOICES VOL. 1 LP

Here's a two-volume set that is like finding a buried treasure chest. Focusing on themes of hard times, work trouble -- 'it's a tough life if you don't weaken'-- we get a succession of local singles by unknowns in all the raw folk, blues, country Tex-Mex, cajun, etc., styles you'd ever want to hear. The tracks come from each of the last four decades, and the programming is really

first class. All you have to do is stick on a side and the discoveries are yours: Johnny Holm, a backup man for 'Sweet Pea' Tommy Roe, cuts a tribute written by Roe himself for his father, a backhoe man. Len Wright, a disc jockey in Akron, puts together a tribute after hearing radio broadcasts of the Island Creek Mine Fire. Herman Coupel, a member of the Baton Rouge Local 198, United Association of Journeyman and Apprentices of the Plumbing and Pipefitting Industry of the United States and Canada gives us the Pipe Fitters Blues, which is a hell of a lot better way to hear it than via Springsteen. Dale Mead gives us a tribute to San Francisco cable cars, complete with authentic sound effects. It just goes on and on. Released individually, these two add up to the finest two record compilation in history.(JEM)--Lawrence Talbot

YOU BET WE'VE GOT SOMETHING AGAINST YOU LP

'A greater permissiveness for the expression of libido...to be expressed freely, without guilt.' Princess Tiny meat, Sonic Youth, Jackhammer 5, David Howard Singers, Fini Trike, Anti Group, Mark Stewart & The Mafic, Band of Holy Joy, 93 Current 93. All new recordings or live/diff. versions for this compilation of decidedly uncommercial groups. Gross nail in face sleeve aside, the unsettling nature of the music is what keeps the record together in a taut, tense, tantalizing fashion. Not for the timid. As a smoothflowing, well sequenced type of sampler it's hard to beat. Kinda like walking down a block and hearing first a jackhammer construction site, then a gospel tent meeting, then a neurosurgery clinic then a rebel disc jockey barricading himself in the studio and doing LSD.(Cathexis)--Fred Mills

MARTY WALKER: Clarinets; Music by Harold Budd, Barney Childs, Jim Fox, Christopher Hobbs, John Kuhlman LP

Marty Walker is one of the finest new music clarinetists in the country, and what makes him even more interesting is that his repertoire consists in large part of young California composers who don't often get played by virtuosos of his caliber. This recent record on Advance, an important label started by composer Barney Childs some years ago, is an excellent compilation of clarinet music, written by the composers especially for Walker (with the exception of the Harold Budd work, which was composed for Walker's teacher, the excellent new music clarinetist and author Phillip Rehfeldt). Harold Budd's *In Delius' Sleep*, from 1974, for piano and clarinet (w/ percussion), is a typical work of this composer from that period, while he was teaching at the California Institute for the Arts. It combines Budd's interest in extended jazz harmony with an aesthetic that is something like a synthesis between Satie, Morton Feldman, and Juhal Richard Abrams. *In Delius' Sleep* is full of 'almost quotes' from early twentieth century French composers like Satie and Debussy. John Kuhlman's *Nothing Hard* (1979) is a demanding solo work making use of cumulative melodic techniques. Walker's performance is smooth, confident, and very convincing. Christopher Hobbs' *Recitative* (1979) for clarinet and mallet instruments, reminded me very much of the recent music of Los Angeles composer Michael Jon Fink in its quiet and pretty use of chimes and celeste, and in its almost expressionist melodies. Once again, Walker's great ability to comprehend and communicate the composer's intent is immediately evident. The second side of the record has my two favorite pieces: Barney Childs' *The Edge of the World*, 1981, for organ and bass clarinet, and Jim Fox's *Solo for Single-Reed Instrument*, 1980. I had the good fortune to hear Walker do the Childs piece at New Music America Houston, in 1985, and the furious intensity and almost ungodly ugly clarinet sounds which Walker was able to coax from the bass clarinet at that concert, are, happily, fully conveyed on this recording. The Childs work is especially interesting on this record because it's the

only piece that's not 'pretty', and shows a fascinating side of Walker's playing that the other pieces don't evidence. The orchestration, particularly the use of organ, is Childs at his most inventive. Jim Fox, the founder of the essential Los Angeles record company Cold Blue, is a composer whose work has rapidly evolved, both stylistically and technically, in recent years. This piece, representing Fox's minimal style of the late '70s and early '80s, is beautiful, simple, and elegantly performed. Fox's music of this period is quite unique, even though it shows the clear influences of Harold Budd and a few other older composers, and it's nice to have more of it recorded so excellently. Walker is the perfect clarinetist for the music, both because of his long association with the composer, and because of the superlative confidence with which he executes this sparse and aesthetically difficult music. This is a terrific recording in every way. The pieces are all interesting, the sound quality is excellent, and the performances are extraordinary. (Advance Records)--Charles Ben-Aaron
WALLMEN C

An enjoyable tape of 25 songs spanning a wide range of musical genres including reggae, trance, pop, and experimental tape manipulation. Songs are arranged skillfully enough that one manages to overlook what I presume to be Dr. Rhythm drum machine used on many tracks. After all, creativity on a limited budget is what independent music is all about. 'Make sure you shake that milk before you drink it kids.' (Wallmen)--Brent Godfrey

THE WARNING: Repent or Die LP

Blunt way-evangelical Christian metal punk. Images of a riled God, admonitions to do what the title says (screamed like an SST exhaust fume), graphic portrayals of abortion after which lead singer Burrito tells you 'is murder' and finger-pointing at hypocritical Christians and unbelievers when the day of Rapture comes. Burrito sounds like a punk with a severe case of laryngitis while the guys behind him burn, shed, tear and rip their chords and drum solos to heavenly bits. Yeah, they're hot as the place they hope you don't end up in; the lyrics are likewise as fire-and-brimstone adamant, and there rests the problem. Sure, the last sentence in their last number is 'I hope I see you in heaven!'; but throughout, the admonitions against damnation are so strong that I wonder about their commitment to Christ's love. Take them as tough cookies who mean well, and the rest of the package goes down as well as Raw Power or Corrosion of Conformity. Yup, that good! (Repent)--Jamie Rake

THE WAYFARERS: World's Fare LP

Something for everyone here. Laid-back lounge jazz fused with some '60s garage stuff. Interesting and well worth the look. Shari Becknar, the lead vocalist, sets the band apart with her voice--reminiscent of someone I used to know and yet with something all its own. The mood jumps from the Buzzcocks' 'Harmony in My Head' on one side to the samba surf on the other. *World's Fare* brings the listener a taste of exciting pop, jumpy bossa nova, moody jazz, as well as a few other tasty styles bringing it all together into a cohesive album. (Lolita Records)--TRL

WEIRD SUMMER: Cry for The Moon LP

Illinois band contributing their bit to the jangly folk-pop sweetstakes, surely to be dismissed by critical detractors of the post R.E.M. sound. Which'd be a shame, because while some of the tunes here are faceless, the ones that click more than make up for 'em. So yeah, we've heard it all before; but isn't it nice that some bands have the ability to reinvent and reinterpret with skill and grace rather than mere formulaic response? Weird Summer is one such band. and they no doubt have some strong records ahead of them. (Office)--Fred Mills

WHAT'S NEW PUSSY? C

Two sound collages, one is a couple of famous singers singing a popular '60s song in an obscene way, the other side is a wild collage, doors open-

ing and closing, Hairy Beanball and Ed Special have all the records skipping in sequence, it's a riot, and so compact too. This place makes lots of incredible tapes with the most amazing packaging,

it's hard to guess the limits this crew will go to just to freak out your ears.

(Silent But Deadly)--Robin James

WHEN THUNDER COMES: *Eyes of the World LP*

Despite the occasional masterpiece, a large number of independent releases function as the musical equivalent of the vanity press. You know, print up a thousand copies and hand em out to friends and relatives. Maybe even sell a few. Might even get you a shot at a major label contract. There's nothing really wrong with this, but it does make for a lot of mediocre discs--like this one. When Thunder Comes plays a very polished, very professional, kinda boring form of MTV/'New Wave' rock. You're probably better off picking up something else. Unless, of course, you're a friend or relative. (Frantic Records)--Scott Siegal

ANDREW WHITE: *Conversations LP*

Original acoustic guitar music. *Conversations* distinguishes itself from similar albums because of White's technique and spirit. His finger-picking is several levels above routine, with some interesting idiosyncracies. Even though the mood is mellow, White doesn't hesitate to get down a little when he finds a groove. The selective use of other instruments adds to the album's interest and quality. On various pieces a flugelhorn, viola, second guitar or piano supply tonal color. The overall effect is Windham Hillish, though a little less slick and self-conscious. *Conversations* won't start a musical revolution, but it's engaging nonetheless. (Sona Gaia Productions)--Bill Tilland

WHITE BOY MEDICINE SHOW: *Pink's Home Brew C*

A collection of acoustic folksongs from a couple of guys, a Jack and a Reverend. Sometimes serious, sometimes sarcastic, sometimes Johnny Cash, sometimes your dumb little brother.

Home-brewed campfire sing-alongs, anywhere USA.

Goofy, fun, and they take forever to end. (SEI)--Frank Gunderson

WHITE SISTERS: *Kind Words EP*

female and not related. Jeffrey Borchardt, Larry Bethe and Derrick McBride are White Sisters. Earnest, midwest sound. Tempo changes. Moody.

Very heartfelt and urgent. Is that a mandolin on the 'B' side? Worth having. The kind of American music that should be all over the radio, but isn't. How is Madison doing with the new state imposed drinking age, I wonder? Driving, American music. (Boat Records)--Paul Luchter

WHITE ZOMBIE: *Psych-Head Blowout EP*

Recommended in the pages of *Conflict*. Pretty hard to review. You'll love it or hate it. Sort of in the NYC noise vein, but leaning more towards late-'70s metal damage. Ignore the sleaze-cover photo; they're probably nice kids. Like Manson was a nice kid. Psychotic blues with heavy jazz-metal overtones, unrelenting pounding and screeching guitars and hoarse yowling vocals. Scratch Acid fans'll like it. I like it too, if not for the sheer aural overkill but for the horrific lyrics too. Songs about seeing a gun barrel up close, weakness, psychotic violence, painful sex; modern religious imagery runs rampant in a kind of inverse relationship to Christian rock--not satanic,

mind you, but the seamier side of the same coin. Hell, I don't know what they're on about, but it's intense enough to warrant your attentions. (Silent Explosion)--Fred Mills

JOHN WIGGINS: *All The Truth At Once C*

Wiggins continues along the line of his two pre-

vious releases, 'Particle Music' and 'Anagenic', in which sounds are sampled in and manipulated by an 8 bit computer, and then recorded and edited on a 4 track. Part of his compositional technique is based on juxtaposition, combining one thing with another, thereby creating an event greater than the sum of its parts. Side One has a movement in which a string quartet is pitted against tympani, producing a music any cerebral conservatory student would be proud of writing--but, this is freer--an element which is reflected in the not quite random, but scattered use of source sounds in his composition. This tape is constantly shifting gears. In fact, the listener is overwhelmed by the complexity and depth--making repeated listening a must to fully appreciate the beauty of this work. This tape isn't all just high speed concrete cut-ups, there is also a slow section halfway through Side One which is captivating.

Wiggins' music can really draw you in, then completely space you out, triggering the memory in the most peculiar ways.

A master work by a master of his art. (RRRecords)--AO

JOHN WIGGINS: *Particle Music C*

Put the address on the cassette packaging.

Don't assume that anyone's going to copy it from the return address corner of the envelope or even that your promo material won't get lost. This short cassette presents a collage of computer sampled sounds. The net effect is like a Fred Frith or Henry Kaiser solo guitar piece, although many sound sources were evidently used. While the sounds themselves are intriguing, ultimately this doesn't succeed that well as a piece of music. It does bode well for the future of home computer music, of which I suspect we'll start to see a lot more and which promises to be better than a lot of the Casio dreck floating around. (John Wiggins)--Bob Bannister

WILD SEEDS: *Brave, Clean and Reverent LP*

Austin band follows up a well-received EP with a full-length album with packaging and music equally bland. Despite the 'direct metal mastering' sticker, the sound is flat, lacking either the grunge associated with Texas music or the clean pop sound favored by groups such as Lone Justice. What is here is nothing special, a few good songs and others you've already heard before such as 'Love Will Make You Weak' or 'Shake this World'.

Yes, the band is clean, brave and reverent--not what everyone wants in a rock band.

(Jungle)--Lawrence Talbot

WEBB WILDER AND THE BEATNECKS: *It Came From Nashville LP*

Well shore, they do sound a lot like Jason & the Scorchers, but while that Nashville outfit has headed off into a pop-metal-glam direction a void has opened up and it's up to guys like Wilder to fill it. Put him on a double bill with the Fabulous Thunderbirds and watch the ladies swoon and the guys play air guitar. The Broderick Crawford-dedicated 'Ruff Rider' is one tough instrumental full of twangy riffs, wailing harp and swirling organ that'll have juke joints jumping from bar one. Several rocking covers lend an 'authentic-tribute' feel in places; Hank Williams' 'Keep It On Your Mind', Steve Earle's 'The Devil's Right Hand' and S.C. Phillips' 'Move On Down The Line' (all 3 are live) fit in nicely with the original stuff. Which is pretty hot! (Most have the songwriting credit 'R.S. Field', so I'm guessing that's Wilder's real name; by the way, he is an

expert on UFOs and para-psychic, as the bio reveals.) If you like rootsy country rock then this is for you, and even if you don't you just might want to check out Wilder for his cool assimilation of American trash culture, wicked women, growing older and wiser, and rocking until dawn, often within the space of one song. (Racket)--Fred Mills

MARION WILLIAMS: *I've Come So Far LP*

Straight-up, high energy black gospel music from a woman whose voice is powerful enough to send your stereo to the Promised Land.

Blues and soul fans have begun to be more interested in the black gospel tradition, since it is the origin of so much great American music; and Marion Williams is a good place to start if you're unfamiliar with the genre. This disc is mostly traditional sounding with occasional cuts seeming to aspire to a more mainstream market. These latter songs are the least rewarding, with their Phil Spector quality. But the duds are few, and the album closes with a version of the hymn 'The Man I'm Looking For' which is soul-stirring. (Shanachie)--John Baxter

X-RAY POP BRONZING BOSOM C

French vocals and synths, sweet hypnotic vocals with a pleasant echoey effect glittering and rocking back and forth, gently. Most of the songs are joyful and perky, with guitars and a snappy drum, vocals that bridge the areas between the songs with little comedy routines. Some titles: Allez, Ecoutez!, Biere, Cigarettes, Minettes, Dream of a Shadow, Atemi Waza, Albrecht Durer, Gomme, L'oiseau Lyre, J'ai Faim, Cette Chanson N'est Pas Un Tube, Oh Q'il Est Vilain. Some sexy stuff too, some in French some in English. This tape is really a good time, the music all electronic sounding, a special kind of pop feeling, some great hooks. (Ladd/Frith) --Robin James

YELLOWMAN: *Rambo LP*

Any record produced by Sly and Robbie in my opinion is a gem. No one can lay down that throbbing groove like the Taxi Crew. What can you say about da yellowman? The man can lay down a mean rappin line. Somebody should send a copy of the title toon 'Rambo' to Ronnie Raygun. 'Nuff said, give thanks! (Celluloid)--Brian S. Curley

YOUR MOM TOO: *England's Newest Hit Makers C*

Two major talents from the cassette underground join forces on some of the most beautiful, personal and fun music to pass through my mailbox in a while. Leslie Singer (of Girls on Fire) and Frank Kogan (*Stars Vomit, Coffee Shop*) are Your Mom Too. With nothing more than their voices and guitars they put together songs that will make you sit up and listen.

It's like if Leonard Cohen and Maureen Tucker had gotten together in 1968 on a drunken binge and recorded a tape which of course they destroyed the next morning.

Your Mom Too play the sort of music you just don't hear anymore, you probably never did. That's just side one. Side two has Singer and Kogan recording solo and is just as interesting. Singer's stuff is tense, electric and sometimes frightening. Kogan sounds like a modern rocker with a soft spot for paisleys and acoustic guitar. 'Real Psychedelic Song' must be some kind of stroke of genius. (Frank Kogan)--Glen Thrasher

CONTACT

INDEX

4AD, --17-19 Alma Rd, London SW18, England
A. Creamer, --711 Ellerdale Rd, Chesterfield, IN 46017
A. D. Smith, --Bilderdijk Str., 185 Amsterdam, Holland
A/a, --209-25 18th Ave, Bayside, NY 11360
Advance Recordings, --1506 Crown St, Redlands, CA 92373
After Hours, --14821 Lakeshore Blvd, Cleveland, OH 44110
Alessio, Mark--32-54 84th St, Jackson Hts, NY 11370
Allen Planetscapes, -Space Station Studio-479 5th Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11215
All Ball Records, --P O Box 29876, Oakland, CA 94604
Alligator Records, --P.O.B. 60234, Chicago., IL 60660
Alternative Tentacles, --P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, CA 94501
Amber Route, --Box 3528, Orange, CA 92665
American Gramophone Records, --9130 Mormon Bridge Rd, Omaha, NE 68152
Angry Red Records, --P O Box 9, East Detroit, MI 48021
Arhoolie Production, --10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, California 94350
ASP, --Box 7568, Santa Cruz, CA 95061
Ass pour la Dif de Mus Ouvertes, --4260 de Lorimier #302, Mont, Que, Canada H2H 2B1
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Atomic Theory Records, --2105 25th Ave South, Minneapolis, MN 55406
Audio Arts, --6 brlarwood Rd, London, England SW4 9PX
Audiofile Tapes, --Carl Howard-A/a 209-25 18th Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360
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Bird Butt Productions, --959 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94110
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Boner Records, --P.O.Box 2081, Berkeley., CA 94702
Bunkhouse Records, --P.O.Box 3910 Loring Station., Minneapolis., MN 55403
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Chameleon Music Group, -Suite Beat-3355 W El Segundo Blvd, Hawthorne, CA 90250
Chuck, --911 Lexington Ave #2, Greensboro, NC 27405
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City of Worms, --15 El Paseo #2, Manitou Springs, CO 80829
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COR Records, --Box 333, 37 Strokes Croft, Bristol BS2 3PY, England
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Dodo Records, --P O Box 314, Washington, WI 54891
Dog As Master, -Hal McGee-P O Box 30383, Indianapolis, IN
Dossier Records, --Prinzenallee 47B, D-1000 Berlin 65, West Germany
Dr. Dream Records, --900 E Katella, Orange, CA 92667
Eastern Star, --P O Box 211, Tacoma, WA 98401
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Emergency Records, --915 Broadway #1607, NY
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Fantasy, --Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710
Flying Fish Records, --1304 West Schubert, Chicago, Illinois 60614
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Fortuna, --Box 1116, Novato, CA 94948
FOT Records, --P O Box 4071, Bloomington, IL 61702
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Independent Project Records, --P.O.Box 60357, Los Angeles., CA 90060
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 Telchiku Records, -Toranomon NN Bldg, #7F-1-21-17 Toranomon, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan
 Ten Tall Men, -Box 7813-Berkeley, CA, 94707
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 Time Based Arts, -Bloemgracht 121, 1016 KK Amsterdam, Holland
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 Todd Barton, --P O Box 763, Ashland, OR 97520
 Toran Spring, --P O Box 573, Springvale, MD 04083
 Torso Records, --De Ruyterkade 41-43, 1012 AA Amsterdam, Holland
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 Toxic Shock, --, ,
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 Wallmen, -7711 Lisa Ln., N. Syracuse., NY 13212
 Walrus, -16 RuewBecker, Brussels, Belgium
 Waterfront, -P O Box A537, Sydney South 2000, Australia
 Wayside Music, -P O Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906
 Wells, -340 S Jones, Las Vegas, NV 89107

Wiggins, John--3 Woodhull Place, Northport, NY 11768
 World Records, -Anne Lehman, .
 Wrestler Records, -6520 Selma, Los Angeles, CA 90028
 WXYC Cradle Tapes, -. .
 Yahweh Records, -P O Box 46 Redwood Highway, Mill Valley, CA 94941
 Yellow Van Music, -1346-A Winnebago Ave. Oshkosh, WI 54901
 Zulu Records, -1292 W Georgia #202, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6E 3J3

CASSETTE PROMOTION CONTACT LIST

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 Brooklyn, NY 11215
 Art Interface--3620 S. DeWitt Road, Lansing, MI 48906
 Bad Brain -ROIR-611 Broadway, New York, NY 10012
 Banned Production--P.O. Box 323, Fremont, CA 94537
 Big City Orchestra--602 Chestnut #1, Santa Cruz, CA 95060
 Borderless Countries Tape--P O Box 16205, San Diego, CA
 92116
 Campau, Donald-Lonely Whistle Music-P O Box 23952, San
 Jose, CA 95153
 Caroliner Rainbo -Subterranean-577 Valencia, San Francisco,
 CA 94110
 Catham, Peter-Permission Cassettes-P O Box 73, Pasadena,
 CA 91102
 Church of Subgenius--P.O. Box 140306, Dallas., TX 75214
 Collins, Nicolas--17 Bleecker St. #2E, New York, NY 10012
 D. Muro, Dino-Phantom Soil-578 N Gower, Los Angeles, CA
 90004
 Dominion-K.O. City Studio-262 Mammoth Rd., Lowell, MA

01854
 Eklund, Roberta--PO Box 30066, Indianapolis, IN 46230
 Eugene Electronic Music Collectiv --P.O.B. 3219, Eugene., OR
 97403
 F/I-Uddersounds-PO Box 27421, Milwaukee, WI 53227
 Fioretti, Dan-Kitti Tapes-168 Hamilton ST, New Brunswick, NJ
 08901
 Global Village Music,Box 2051-Cathederal Station, New York,
 NY 10025
 Green Pajamas-Green Monkey-PO Box 31983, Seattle, WA
 98103
 Harkey, Sue Ann--P.O. 2026 Madison SQ ST, New York, NY
 10159
 Hart, Bret-Kamsa Tapes-13001 Mistletoe Spring Rd., 916,
 Laurel,, MD 20708
 Hinds, John--P O Box 786, Millbrae, CA 94030
 Hinton, Brook-SEI-475 21st Ave, San Francisco, CA 94121
 Keeler--132 W. 24 St., New York, NY 10011
 Kimber, Troy--1013 Fleck Ave ., Orlando, FL 32804
 Ladd-Frith, --P O Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502
 Ladonna Smith & Davey Williams-Trans Museq-1705 12th St
 South, Birmingham, AL 35205
 Live Wire--P O Box 1222, Sante Fe, NM 87504
 Malaty, Abner-A. Creamer-711 Ellerdale Rd, Chesterfield, IN
 46017
 Mathes, Arnold--2750 Homecrest Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11235
 Mechanical Sterility-M. Schafer-75 Fairview Ave #3B, New
 York, NY 10040
 Mumbles--P.O. Box 832, Wichita, KS 67208
 Music Works--1087 Queen St West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada
 Myers, David-Presence-228 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10014
 Nightcrawlers-Pete D. Gulch-1493 Greenwood Ave., Camden, NJ
 08103
 Perkins, Philip-Fun Music-171 South Park, San Francisco., CA
 94107
 Rat Box/Pink Noise-Lawrence Crane-P.O. Box 4527, Chico, CA
 95927
 Ruhl, Larry--128 Alcott Dr., Windsor, CT 06095
 Salvatore, Lawrence--211 S. Hebbard, Joliet, IL 60433
 Saragoza, Justin--4855 W. Warm Springs, Las Vegas, NV
 89118
 Slepian, Don--P O Box 836, Edison, NJ 08818
 Sound of Pig-Al Margolis-28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY
 11023
 Stenshoel, Peter--4249 Pleasant Av. S., Minneapolis., MN
 55409
 Sturm, Paul--720 W. Dixie, Bloomington, IN 47401
 Sun City Girls--P.O. Box 23316, Phoenix., AZ 85063
 Union Records-Tim Story-P.O. 415, Maumee, OH 43537
 Veroupoulos, Nikos--Need New Address, .
 Wiggins, John--3 Woodhull Place, Northport, NY 11768
 Your Mom, Too-Frank Kogan-625 Ashbury St. #11, San
 Francisco, CA 94117

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CONTACTS SOURCES

By Wolfgang Leon M. Parr

COMPILATION

Iko, Iko. It's about time for Iko to do another compilation so send him any of your old, unfinished, unused or wasted tracks (Iko, Iko says "I don't want completed tracks of music/noise, but stuff which I could use to mix") for his next PKK tape-compilation. Send your bits and pieces of tape to Pissende Kus Kassentten, Iko Schütze Jr., Osterstr. 64, 2930 Varel 1, West Germany

AUSTIN WANTS NEW BLOOD!

Laura & Stacey at Rabid Cat in Austin "want some new blood around here, and it doesn't have to be hardcore. WE WANT NEW BANDS!" Send your tape, photo, press clippings, brief bio, any vinyl and tour schedules, of course (OF COURSE?) to Rabid Cat, P O Box 49263, Austin TX 78765.

Board of Bleecker Street Is Searching

Mr. Board of THE ONLY LABEL IN THE WORLD (Seidboard World Enterprises, 75 Bleecker Street, NY, NY 10012) needs help! Send your tapes (high quality) in English, (of course), about hunger, and with a twinge of humor. Mr. Board wittily suggests they be ironic or sappy or even nasty, well, why not make that overly sappy-OK (of course). And, remember if you don't send a SASE Mykel ain't gonna give it back.

Pirate Radio

Your source for everything you need to enjoy "The Pleasures and Perils of Pirating" is Panaxis Productions (Paradise, CA, P O Box 95969, (916) 534-0117) and that includes low power AM, FM, FM Stereo and related books.

REASON SOMETHING GOOD?

If you're On Something Good", please send me some. If you're not, and wanna be, why not try an Immaculate Imagination. Mr. J. Segreto (113 Avenue Road, Mosman 2083, Sydney, Australia) is "always on the look . . . with the intention of exposing all soughts". The motto of Mr. Segreto's organisation is "Music is our lives-Let's make it yours." Now how can anyone refuse an offer like that.

The Other Americas

The Other Americas offers radio news and program services from the freshly censored, chastised, christened, crucified and totally nasty campus radio station of KCSB-FM (Box 13401, Santa Barbara, CA 93107, 805-569-5381). Is your campus radio station boring? Do you need a Nathan Post listening to you? Then write to The Other Americas for their list of self-contained radio programs of news, analysis and exclusive non-mainstream coverage of how our secret governments have been sticking it to Latin America and Third World countries for years and years (Why, Daddy, it's a Tra-

dition!) Prices for programs are on a sliding scale (\$/listenership)

WANT TO TAKE OVER A ZINE . . . FOR FREE?

APA-EROS, unedited, reader-written forum on sex, erotica and relationships seeks new Clerk before 1988. The clerk's duties include photocopying everyone's submissions (reducing to half size) and mailing them, and filling orders for sample copies. Write to Sylvia Correspan, P O Box 759, Veneta, OR 97487. State over 18 and include SASE for sample copy.

EVANSTON HAS IT!

WNUR-FM is alive and on the air in Evanston, Illinois at 89.3. Our contact and source in Evanston, Julie La Bomasco, lets us know they need the AEN's help against the Evanston glut of Top 40, adult contemporary and (aargh!) heavy metal. WNUR-FM, 1905 Sheridan Rd, Evanston, IL 60201. Evanston has found it, make sure they don't lose it, send tapes, send albums, send vibes.

UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS

Contact and Source in Boulder, Little Fydor lets us know that his late night Under The Floorboards "thrives on in the deep recesses of late night public radio", and he now has an action-packed half-hour on Thursday afternoons, A Glimpse Into The World Cassette Underground. Little Fydor is looking for "obscure and alternative and independent" cassette-releases, but remember, he doesn't want to "overly alarm the afternoon audience or a wide awake station management". Sounds like KGNU has their own versions of Nathan Post monitoring the airwaves for electronic obscenities. Or is it true that Nathan Post is CIA? Anyway, stick your music rantings and ravings to Little Fydor c/o KGNU, Box 885, Boulder, CO 80306. (I got an idea. Let's send Nathan to Evanston to increase their listenership.)

WHO IS MISS KAMIKAZI 1987?

New Address

Ryosuke Cohen of the Brain Cell and Mail Art Network has a new address: 3-76-1-A-613 Yagukokitacho, Moricuchi-City Osaka, 570 Japan

CHICAGO PEACE COMP

A compilation of Chicago bands by Persistant Productions (P O Box 777, Evanston, IL 60204, 312-327-8146) is available for four bucks. Proceeds from the tape will finance the 1987 Peace Feast in Lincoln Park on August 1st and (hopefully) 2nd. Persistant wants you in the AEN to come and witness this event. Do you own a car and like to travel? Do you want to do something to help? Do you publish a fanzine or magazine? Are you a DJ of MD at a radio station? Contact Persistant.

Check IT Out

The newer cheaper cooler cassette magazine AUDIO AL-

CHEMY DIGEST (Cassette Mythos, P O Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507)

The Band File

The Band File is an half hour open format music show originally broadcast on Toronto alternative music station CKLN-FM. The program showcases the development of the independent Canadian music scene. Anyone interested in receiving the program (for a minimal fee) contact Marva Jackson c/o CKLN-FM, 380 victoria St, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5B 1W7.

R U A Thrd World Woman Musician?

Marva Jackson wants to review copies of your music for Tiger Lily magazine. Contact Marva at above address.

The Voice of The Delta

200 hand numbered copies of "Charley Patton and the Mississippi Blues Tradition" are available from Robert Sacre, 117 Chaussee de Tongres, B-4420 Liege R-court, Belgium. the book is a collection of lectures held in Liege, Belgium in September, 1984.

45 RPM Record Sleeves

Finally, a source of plain 45 RPM record sleeves that can be printed on: Reco Sleeves, 620 South Belmont Ave, Indianapolis, Indiana 46221, (317) 635-7777. Sleeves are \$40 for 2000 (minimum order) but be sure to call ahead. (Special thanks to Al Paschke of Funhouse Records of Portland, Oregon.

Source

Al Paschke of Funhouse Records is interested in names

and addresses of record stores that sell independent releases and radio stations that play independents. Send info to: Al Paschke, Funhouse Records, P O Box 10509, Portland, OR 972100

Midwest Metal Information Network

Bruce Helland of Power Chord Productions (P O Box 268146, Chicago, IL 60626, 312-973-4757) is starting a Network to deal with "heavy metal and off-chutes of it". Write him with responses "good or bad, old or new tips, you think of it, write it down and send it off." or call him between 9PM and 10 PM Chicago time.

Rockabilly compilation

Moon Records is working on a series of cassette compilations featuring lesser known rockabilly artists and those having difficulty getting national exposure. Contact Alan Leatherwood, 906 Wagar, Cleveland, Oh 44116

Yugoslavian Connection

"Fair play is my name", Mario Marzidovsek. "We are interested for exchange records with you..for all types music." Write Marzidovshek Minimal Laboratorium, 62310 Slov. Bistrica, titova 39, Yugoslavia. And remember minimal correspondence time is 14-18 days. Check him out, this cat is kinetic and 'third generation serious'.

New Address

Home Recordings & FOT Records has a new address. Send correspondence and tapes (for Passed Normal Vol. 3) to P O Box 4225, Des Plaines, IL 60016



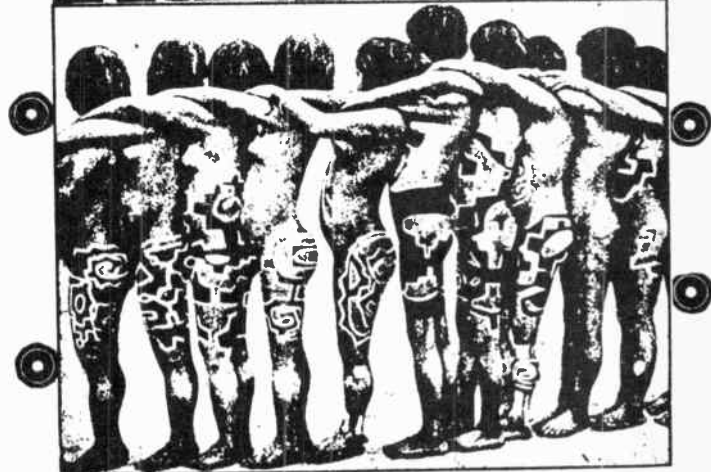
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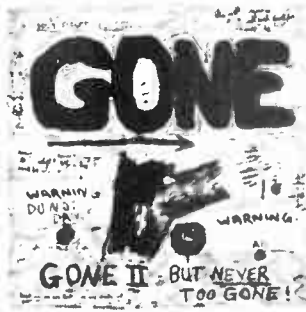
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 Human snakes, with women's limbs and faces, whose flexible and, to all appearance, boneless bodies, daubed with crude colours, bend, contort, writhe, twist, twirl, coil, and wind into every conceivable shape and attitude. The girls are especially trained and specially fed for this strenuous exercise, and their earnings tally with their powers of endurance. The more hideous the contortion, the greater the applause from the spectators

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SST 040 DAS DAMEN: Das Damen (EP \$7.00). Like four men running on empty, Das Damen (Phileopold, Lyle, Alex and Jim) breathe fumes and spark combustion like a four-wheel sex machine. Fill up your mind, and check your strawberry love oil levels with Das Damen. Six songs for six cylinders of motten love rock. Includes *Slave Bird* and *Behind My Eyes*.



SST 086 GONE: Gone II, But Never Too Gone (LP/CASS \$7.50). Greg, Sim and Andrew jump on their Harleys and ride roughshod through the sleepy towns of jazz, rock and blues. Like the fabled biker nots of the sixties, Gone's sonic assault leaves the towns they ride through with the knowledge that things will never be the same. No words, no categories, no fooling around as Gone shred sixteen slabs of pure Goneness. Includes *Jungle Law*, *Unplugged* and *Adams*.



SST 087 LAWDALE: BEYOND BARBECUE (LP/CASS \$7.50). From Lawndale (Rock City) come the four dudes of Lawndale (rock band). Moving through the and wastes of the "surfin bird" with only their guitars to guide them, Lawndale will take you beyond barbecue to their own land of instrumental pastures. Join Dave, Rick, Jack and Steve on these eleven tunes of shimmering majesty. Features *Shogun Shuffe*, *Interstellar Caravan* and *The Story of Yanna White*.



SST 074 ANGST: Mending Wall (LP/CASS \$7.50). Angst's follow-up to their '85 release, *Lite Life*, is entitled *Mending Wall*. The walls come tumbling down around twelve songs as Angst blast away at the things that make life miserable. Not content with just tearing stuff down, Angst also raise the hope that the future is always brighter. Includes *Simon and Garfunkel's Richard Cory*, *Some Things* and *127 Years*.



SST 085 PAINTED WILLIE: Live From Van Nuys (EP \$7.00). Van Nuys is in the Valley. The Valley has been known to do some strange things to people. Painted Willie has done some strange things to their music on this mindbending record. Move and groove with Dave, Vic and Phil as they power out six tunes from their massive '86 tour with Black Flag. Look for your town's name on the back, and relive the Painted Willie experience on *Chia Pet* and *Cover Girl*.



SST 080 SONIC YOUTH: Star Power (EP \$5.00) Remixed, re-edited remarkable Sonic Youth. Two songs from their SST lp *E.V.O.L.*, and a outrageous cover of Kim Fowley's paen to young love *Bubblegum*. Take the *Expressway To Yr skull*, and suck on Sonic Youth's Starpower with this supremely hot 12" by always massive Sonic Youth



SST 067 SLOVENLY: Thinking Of Empire (LP/CASS \$7.50). Slovenly's empire begins in the mind, and moves to the feet. Driven by ex-Saccharine Trust drummer Rob Holzman, Slovenly are benevolent despots who rule their empire with a guitar of steel, and a voice with heart. The borders of Slovenly's empire are bounded by Wire, Television and Pere Ubu. They are guarded by six Bay-area musicians who are armed with twelve songs of incalculable power.



SST 079 FIREHOSE: Ragin' Full On (LP/CASS \$7.50). Mike, George (FROMTHEMINUTEMEN) and Ed (FROMOHIO) are FIREHOSE. Now, usually, a firehose stops things from burning. This FIREHOSE does the opposite, and will burn your stereo down if it's not closely watched. White hot levels of power and intensity pour through the "HOSE" onto this, their first record. Fifteen songs that should only be used in case of an emergency boredom attack. Includes *Chemical Wire*.



SST 050 MINUTEFLAG: Minuteflag (EP \$7.00) The historical significance of jamming can not be denied. Coltrane's "A Love Supreme" came from the classic Kansas City cut sessions. "Layla" came about from jams between Eric Clapton and Duane Allman. Now, Minuteflag comes along with four songs that have their roots in Black Flag and Minutemen jams. Recorded in a twenty-four track studio, these songs combine the songwriting talents of two amazing bands.



SST 061 GONE: Let's Get Real, Real Gone For A Change (LP, CASS \$7.50) How gone can you get? After Greg Ginn (guitar), Andrew Weiss (bass/saxophone), and Sim Cain (drums) mess with your mind with their unique stew of sonic madness, you the listener will be real, real gone



SST 059 SONIC YOUTH: EVOL (LP/CASS \$7.50) Thurston Moore (guitar), Kim Gordon (bass) Lee Ranaldo (guitar) and Steve Shelly (drums) produced ten songs of incomparable vision and power. Includes Star Power, Madonna, Sean and Me



SST 071 LEAVING TRAINS: Kill Tunes (LP/CASS \$7.50) The Leaving Trains ride the rails of American rock with this awesome collection of "Kill Tunes" Guitar, voice, bass, and drums Real men need no more than that to create 11 kill tunes



SST 054 ANGST: Lite Life (LP, CASS \$7.50) Joe Pope, Jon E. Risk, and Michael Hursey combine to make up the band Angst. This 1985 release features twelve songs of taut, on the edge songwriting. Features Lite Life and Friends.



SST 057 PAINTED WILLIE: Mind Bowling (LP, CASS \$7.50) Painted Willie, Dave (drums and vocals), Phil (bass and vocals) and Vic (guitar and vocals). Three talented individuals who have combined to release a howling, slashing LP. Contains eight originals and a smoking cover of Love's Little Red Book.



SST 077 ZOOGZ RIFT: Island of Living Puke (LP/CASS \$7.50) Zoogz Rift is the legendary madman from New Jersey. Recorded in 1986, this LP features Zoogz along with special guests Henry Kaiser, Richie Haas, John Trubee and others destroying twelve tunes of cosmic proportions.



SST 013 VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Blasting Concept (LP \$3.50) SST marketing moves into high gear with the 1983 release of this econo-priced collection of 14 songs by Minutemen, Meat Puppets, Saccharine Trust, Black Flag, Overkill, Stains, Wurm, Husker Du.



SST 043 VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Blasting Concept Volume II (LP, CASS \$3.50) This econo-priced 1986 LP features unreleased tracks by Saccharine Trust, Black Flag, Meat Puppets, Saint Vitus, Husker Du, Minutemen, Wurm, Painted Willie, Gone, October Faction, D.C. 3, SWA, Angst, and Tom Troccoli's Dog



SST 061 BLACK FLAG: Annihilate This Week (12" 45 \$6.50) The ultimate party anthem of all time is backed with Best One Yet and Sinking on this smoking 12" by Black Flag. These three are available only on this disc and the cassette (SST 060)



SST 001 BLACK FLAG: Nervous Breakdown (7" 45 \$3.00) The breakdown heard around the world in 1978. Greg Ginn, Chuck Dukowski, Brian Migdol, and Keith Morns sing and play the title track, plus Fix Me, I've Had It, and Wasted.



SST 003 BLACK FLAG: Jealous Again (12" 45 \$5.00) It's 1980 and Greg, Chuck and Robo have a new singer named Chavo. Together these four produced an American classic. Tracks include title song, Revenge, White Minority, No Values, and You Bat...



SST 005 BLACK FLAG: Six Pack (7" 45 \$3.00) Yet another vocalist for Flag this time in the person of one Dez Cadena. Joining up with Greg, Chuck, and Robo, Dez lends his vocal talents to Six Pack, I've Heard It Before, and American Waste.



SST 007 BLACK FLAG: Damaged (LP, Cass \$7.50) Recorded in 1981, the songs on this LP defined an era. Dez Cadena has moved to guitar, and Henry Rollins takes over as vocalist. Stunning dual-guitar flag on Rise Above, Damaged I & II, and 15 others.



SST 012 BLACK FLAG: T.V. Party (7" 45 \$3.00) The dual guitars of Greg and Dez fuel these three songs recorded in 1982. Bill Stevenson and Emil share drum duties on T.V. Party, My Rules, and I Got To Run.



SST 015 BLACK FLAG: Everything Went Black (2xLP \$9.00) A compilation released in 1993, this record examines the eras of Flag before Henry. Johnny Bob, Chavo, and Dez, plus outrageous radio ads. Songs include Gimme (three versions), My Rules, and Louie Louie.



SST 021 BLACK FLAG: The First Four Years (CASS only \$7.50) Sixteen classic Black Flag aural notes. Originally appeared on SST 001, SST 003, SST 005, PBS 13 (infamous Louie Louie single) and two cuts from New Alliance compilations



SST 023 BLACK FLAG: My War (LP, CASS \$7.50) This pivotal 1984 release features nine blasts of primal power. Henry and Greg are joined by Dale Nixon (Greg Ginn) on bass and Bill Stevenson on drums for My War, Nothing Left Inside, I Love You and six more



SST 026 BLACK FLAG: Family Man (LP, CASS \$7.50) 1984 saw the release of this stunning record that showcases the diversity of Black Flag. Side one contains nine riveting readings by Henry of his poetry. Side two has four instrumentals with bassist Kira



SST 029 BLACK FLAG: Slip It In (LP, CASS \$7.50) Also released in 1984, this Flag album has Kira, Bill, Henry and Greg working thru eight pile-driving songs like Slip It In, Black Coffee, My Ghetto, and You're Not Evil.



SST 030 BLACK FLAG: Live '84 (CASS only \$7.50) This is an amazingly accurate portrayal of Black Flag live in concert. The Flag roar thru Six Pack, My War, Jealous Again, Slip It In, Black Coffee and 14 other incomparable Flag tunes



SST 036 BLACK FLAG: Loose Nut (LP, CASS \$7.50) 1985 saw this release of nine slabs of Flag's potent blend of metal and madness. Greg, Kira, Henry and Bill combine to create classics like Bastard In Love, Annihilate This Week, plus seven



SST 037 BLACK FLAG: The Process Of Weeding Out (12" 45, CASS \$7.00) Greg, Kira and Bill combine on this 1985 recording of four instrumental cuts of pure Flag fever. Screw The Law, Your Last Affront, Southern Rise, and the title track



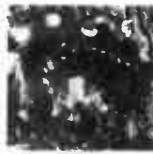
SST 045 BLACK FLAG: In My Head (LP, CASS \$7.50) Nine new Flag songs. Produced by Greg Ginn on this 1985 release of crunching rock tunes like Drinking And Driving, Retired At 21. Cassette features three bonus tracks



SST 060 BLACK FLAG: Who's Got the 10 1/4? (LP, CASS \$7.50) This release catches the Flag unfurled one night in Portland, Oregon. LP, 40 minutes, cassette, 70 minutes. Either version has enough Flag fury to raise the dead. Contains My War, Loose Nut and Louie, Louie.



SST 008 MEAT PUPPETS: Meat Puppets (LP, CASS \$7.00). Recorded in 1981 and 82, this record gives the first glimpse of the Kirkwood brothers (Curt and Cris) and Derrick Bostrom's musical nirvana. Tracks include title, 'Tumbin' Tumblewoods', plus 12



SST 019 MEAT PUPPETS: Meat Puppets II (LP, CASS \$7.50). Rising up from the desert, Arizona's Meat Puppets combine country, punk, blues, and their own unique stylings on 12 new songs. *Last, New Gods, Climbing, Lake Of Fire*, and eight other Meat Puppets tunes



SST 044 MEAT PUPPETS: In A Car (7" 45 \$3.00) This often over-looked gem released in 1985 features five songs recorded in late '80. Believed to be the Puppets' first recordings. Title track plus *Big House, Dolphin Field, Out In The Gardener, and Foreign Lawns*.



SST 030 MEAT PUPPETS: Up On The Sun (LP, CASS \$7.50). Twelve stunning slices of classic Meat Puppets tunes. *Up On The Sun, Buckethead, Maiden's Milk, Swimming Ground* and eight others make up this critical fave of '85.



SST 049 MEAT PUPPETS: Out My Way (EP/CASS \$7.00) Six new songs from the amazing Meat Puppets. Recorded in Arizona, this ep captures the Pups on *She's Hot, Mountain Line*, and the classic *Good Golly Miss Molly*



SST 006 SACCHARINE TRUST: Pagan Icons (12" 45 \$7.00). A classic recorded in 1981 by Jack Brewer (vocals), Joe Balza (guitar), Earl Liberty (bass), and Rob Holtzman (drums). Songs include: *Effort To Waste, Human Certainty, I Am Right*, plus four more



SST 024 SACCHARINE TRUST: Surviving Yes, Always (LP \$7.50). In 1984 Jack and Joe induct newcomers Mark Hodson (bass) and Tony Cicero (drums) into the potent word/music explorations of *Peace Frog, The Giver Takes, Remnants* and eight more.



SST 046 SACCHARINE TRUST: Worldbroten (LP, CASS, \$7.50) Mind melting is the only way to describe this 1985 release of twelve totally improvisational pieces. Mike Watt is the guest bassist on this record recorded on June 9, 1985



SST 048 SACCHARINE TRUST: We Became Snakes (LP/ CASS \$7.50). This 1986 release of Saccharine's fourth record features the title song, *Drugstore Logic, Effort to Waste* (a remake from their Pagan Icons ep) and nine more Saccharine explorations



SST 022 SAINT VITUS: Saint Vitus (LP, Cass \$7.00). This potent 1984 recording features Scott Reagers (vocals), Dave Chandler (guitar), Mark Adams (bass), Armando Acosta (drums). Blowing out five metallic tunes including *Zombie, Buried At Sea* plus three.



SST 042 SAINT VITUS: The Walking Dead (12" 45 CASS, \$7.00) Saint Vitus beckons you with this 1985 release of three songs guaranteed to make you look over your shoulder. *Darkness, Walking Dead, and White Stallions*. Rock out!



SST 052 SAINT VITUS: Hellow's Victim (LP, CASS \$7.50) From the first cut *War is Our Destiny*, to the last shuddering power chord, Saint Vitus rock seven tunes on this 1985 release. Also features *The Sadist, and Just Friends*.



SST 063 SWA: Your Future If You Have One (LP, CASS \$7.50). Merrill Ward (Overkill), Chuck Dukowski (Flag, Wurm, etc.) Greg Cameron (October Faction), and guitar whiz Richard Ford create ten songs of chaotic metal. *Crooge, Caravan*.



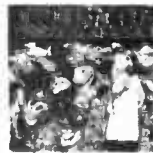
SST 073 SWA: Sex Doctor (LP/CASS \$7.50) The doctor is in, and SST has prescriptions (perfectly legal, don't worry mom) that can change your life. *Sea And Sky, Sex Doctor, and Oklahoma* are just a few of the eight stunners on this, SWA's second album



SST 065 BAD BRAINS: I Against I (LP/CASS \$7.50) Join the world spit rockers H.R., Dr. Know, Darryl and Earl as they zero in for the kill on these ten songs. *Sacred Love, House of Suffering, and Return To Heaven* boil with the heat of righteous fury



SST 036 OCTOBER FACTION: October Faction (LP \$7.50). This 1985 exploration of outer space has Greg Ginn, Chuck Dukowski, Joe Balza, Tom Troccoli, and the Nazi Sex Doctor jamming on tunes like *Tede Para Mi, Yes, No, Bad Acid* and five more.



SST 056 OCTOBER FACTION: Second Factionalization (LP/CASS \$7.50) The second journey thru the uni-mind of the October Faction. Amazing improvisations on this 1986 release of *Pecobontas* and *Sam*, two songs to live your life by



SST 066 PROGRAM: ANNIHILATOR - METAL COMPILATION (CASS only \$7.50) Black Flag, Saint Vitus, SWA, D.C.3, Wurm and Overkill. The metal that will not melt



SST 033 D.C. 3: This Is The Dream (LP, CASS \$7.50). Dez Cadena (ex Flag, Redd Kross), Paul Roessler (Twisted Roots), and Kurt Marcham (ex Overkill) play the music of their youth. Title song, *We Feel The Sky*, and five more.



SST 063 D.C.3: The Good Hex (LP, CASS \$7.50) This 1986 release of eight new D.C.3 rocking masterpieces with the addition of Louie Dufau on drums (late of the lamented Stains) D.C.3 rock the title song, *Locusts and Bang Bang*.



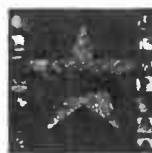
SST 072 DESPERATE TEENAGE LOVEDOLLS: Official Soundtrack (LP/CASS \$7.50). Classic "roots" of the Lovedolls. This 1984 release features thirteen songs by artists such as Redd Kross, Nap Drivers, Black Flag, and Sin 34. A must-have record for all fans of Kitty, Patch and Alexandra.



SST 011 WURM: I'm Dead (7" 45 \$3.00) Before Black Flag, Chuck Dukowski played in Wurm. Heavier than death, Wurm featured the prize-winning screams of Chuck Dukowski on the title track plus *We're ON and Time Has Come Today*.



SST 041 WURM: Feast (LP, CASS \$7.50). A feast of metallic soul feets has been served by those denizens of the dark side, Wurm. Eat up on this 1985 release of *Padded Cell, Bad Habits, Feast* and eight others.



SST 062 LOVEDOLLS SUPERSTAR SOUNDTRACK (LP/ CASS \$7.50) This smash sequel to Desperate Teenage Lovedolls features tracks by Black Flag, Meat Puppets, Sonic Youth, Gone, Swa, Redd Kross and many more. 1986 classic cult object.



SST 020 HUSKER DU: Metal Cross (12" 45, CASS, \$7.00). Bob Mould (guitar), Grant Hart (drums), and Greg Norton (bass), combine to form Husker Du. This 1983 record sets the sound of their future success. *Diane, Lifetime*, plus five.



SST 025 HUSKER DU: Eight Miles High (7" 45 \$3.00). B/w *Maochlem Went!* This single is culled from Husker's massive double LP *Zen Arcade*. A powerful blend of melody and dissonance, Husker set their sights on the world.



SST 027 HUSKER DU: Zen Arcade (2xLP/CASS \$12.00). Universally hailed as one of the best independent releases of '84, these 23 songs move you physically and emotionally. *Newest Industry, Something I Learned Today, and Pride* are featured cuts.



SST 031 HUSKER DU: New Day Rising (LP/CASS \$7.50). Hot on the heels of the best selling *Zen Arcade*, this 1985 release of 15 Husker classics shreds speakers. Title song, *Powertime*, and *Books About UFO's* are just a few of the gems.



SST 051 HUSKER DU: Make Me Some At All (7" 45 \$3.00). This 1985 single from their mammoth LP *Flip Your Wig* features *Love Is All Around*, the theme from the Mary Tyler Moore Show. Two nuggets of classic Husker pop.



SST 055 HUSKER DU: Flip Your Wig (LP, CASS \$7.50). The last LP for SST before Husker Du makes the move to Warner Bros. Ultrasonic rockers on this 1985 release include *Make Me Some, Hate Paper Doll* plus twelve.



SST 002 MINUTEMEN: Paranoid Time (7" 45 \$3.00). In 1980, the Minutemen (D. Boon, Mike Watt, George Hurley) released seven songs for seven inches. Tracks include *Facist, Joe McCarthy's Ghost, Paranoid Chant*, plus four others.



SST 004 MINUTEMEN: The Punch Line (LP \$7.00). 1980 saw the release of SST's first long playing record. The Minutemen rose to the occasion by recording 18 songs. Tracks include *Search, Bowling, History Lesson, Gravity, Games*. Plus 13 others.



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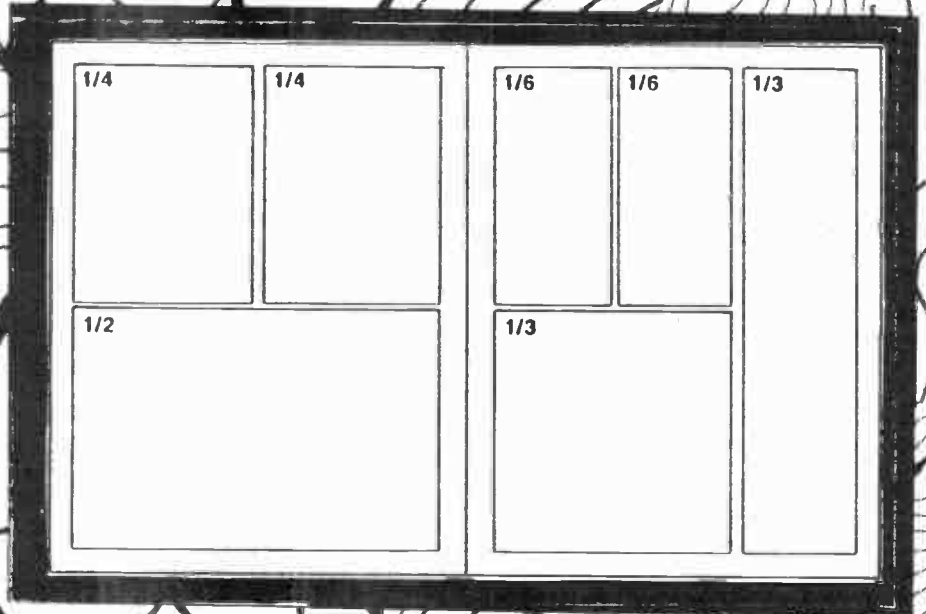
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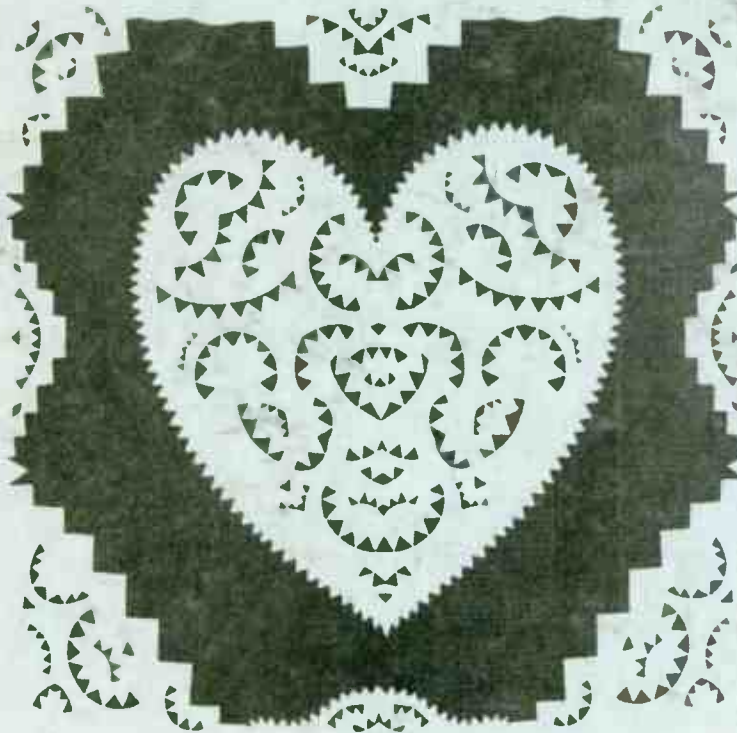
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