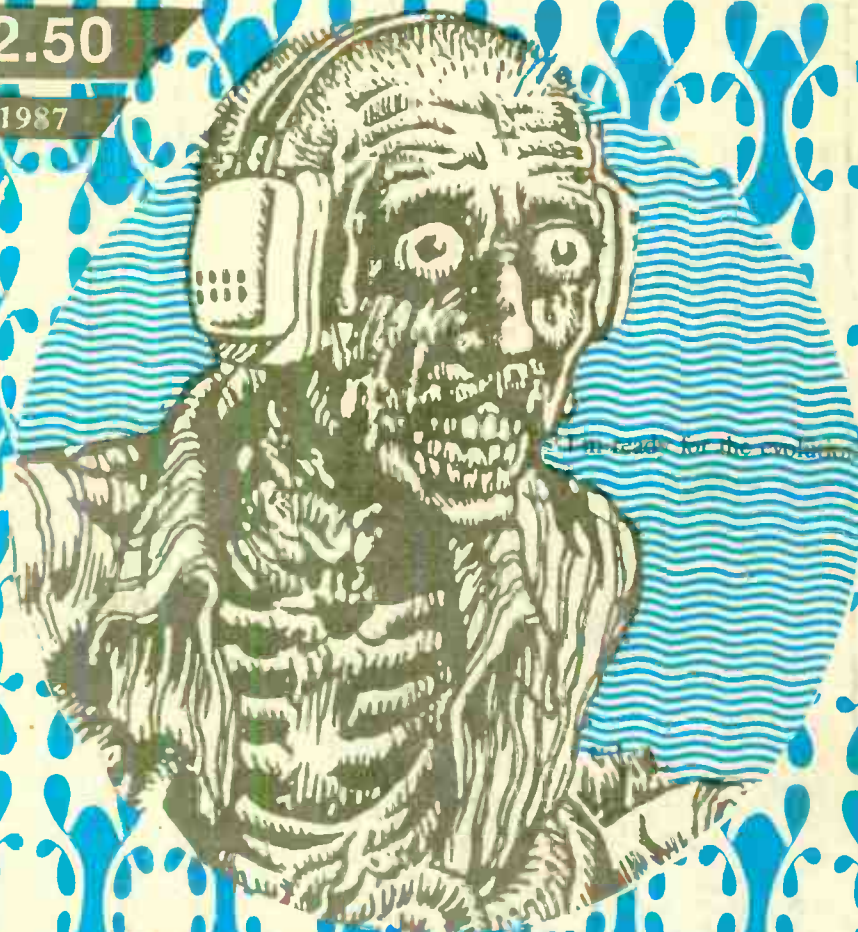


SOUND CHOICE

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See Page 5

No. 9, \$2.50

Winter Solstice, 1987



Independent Music & Audio Review

Plus Altamont, Phil Ochs, Audio Answer Man, Databases, More

NEW RELEASES

FALL 1987

NO MAN'S LAND:

GEOFF LEIGH/FRANK WUYTS (nml 8711) LP DMM

Ex HENRY COW and AKSAK MABOUL members with a weird "pop" record - if the world would be different, this would be a hit. Promising guests from groups like UNIVERS ZERO, HATFIELD & THE NORTH, RED BALUNE, NIEW HIP STILEN a.o.

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The debut-LP of the fantastic harpist (el & ac), known from SKELETON CREW, NEWS FROM BABEL, JOHN ZORN'S COBRA - realized with an exquisite troop of musicians: JIM MENESES, IKUE MORI, TOM CORA, CHRISTIAN MARCLAY, SAMM BENNETT, WAYNE HORVITZ.

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Issue No. 8 (BA 8) Mag. + Mc

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SOUND CHOICE

An Audio Evolution Network Publication

Issue No. 9, Winter Solstice, 1987



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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 reviews of independently 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 not covered in the pages of Sound Choice. In addition to reviews, issues contain provocative and inspiring articles, interviews, and opinions from the world-wide independent recording movement.

An important goal of Sound Choice and A.E.N. is opening up channels of communication, encouraging direct contact between artists and their audience and helping artists find collaborators. For this reason we include contact addresses for every review and most articles.

Other recurring features include reviews of unusual, non-mainstream periodicals, non-commercial radio information, classified ads, and effective and inexpensive display advertising. These popular features and others assist readers--be they artists or art consumers--in tapping into stimulating special interest networks and subcultures that might otherwise have gone unnoticed in this age of mass-media overload.

Sound Choice Vital Statistics

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Sound Choice subscriptions are \$12 for six issues in the U.S. Single copies and back issues are \$2.50 each. Orders of five or more of a single issue receive 50 percent distributor discount.

Among the graphic art appearing in this issue otherwise uncredited are works by Peter Pontiac, pgs 1 (figure), 3; Charlie Peoples, pgs. 1 (background), 7, 20, 65, 67, 77, 79, 83; Le Ka, pgs. 57, 59, 76, 77.

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Coffee Table at D.O.A. house (The Palace), Vancouver, Canada, Summer 1986

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DAT's Okay with Stevie Wonder

Please accept my sincere appreciation for the opportunity to express my opposition to The Digital Audio Recorder Act of 1987, S. 506.

As you may know I am a recording artist and composer. In both these capacities I use advanced computers and high-tech audio equipment. Over the past 15 years I have worked diligently to bring to reality the best audio equipment our minds can conceptualize; this task has not been easy. It is because of my extensive involvement in the research and development of new audio equipment that I have developed an understanding of many of the issues raised by S.506.

The Digital Audio Tape Machine ("DAT") creates high fidelity recordings that are superior to any other conventional analog tape recorder on the market. This new technological advancement has many redeeming qualities. Some of the benefits of the DAT are as follows;

1) artists can make high quality tapes of their live performances; 2) artists can make high quality tapes of their music while traveling on the road or simply at any location outside of the home base studio; and 3) struggling new artists with low production budgets can make high quality demonstration tapes for presentation to record companies.

Like many consumers, when I tape prerecorded music I select songs off of albums I already own. These tapes are for my personal use only and not for resale or any commercial purpose. In addition, I frequently purchase prerecorded audio cassette tapes. As with the conventional tape recorder, I would like to make tapes for my personal use with the DAT machine.

Many of the arguments made against the use of the DAT were used in an attempt to ban the VCR. However, those arguments have proved to be unfounded. Today the prerecorded video market is a viable and substantial industry. I submit to you that the DAT will flourish like the video cassette market. Moreover, the advent of the DAT will further stimulate the interest of American people to the music industry.

Finally the copy code scanner system supported by S.506 will unnecessarily limit the usefulness of the DAT. More importantly the encoding process has the effect of distorting the music. Consequently, I like other artists am opposed to efforts of those who want to encode our music. I take great pride in trying to provide quality music to the public and I am distressed to learn that the integrity of my music will be compromised by the encoding process.

In summation, I oppose S.506 and respectfully request that you keep my views in mind.

Thank you,

Stevland Morris, aka Stevie Wonder

Stevie, we agree wholeheartedly with you about DATs. Unfortunately the record company that distributes your records is among the six major labels that refuse to license any of their U.S. releases for manufacture on DAT thus slowing down the introduction of this advanced equipment that is already available in

other countries. Currently the major record labels are earning higher profits than any time in history, spurred by CD technology. They don't want anything to cut into CD sales at this point, thus the consumer suffers. The proposed legislation against DAT's is completely unConstitutional and is simply a smoke screen and stall tactic slowing down the positive evolution of audio technology. By releasing your music with these major labels, you are in fact helping assure that DAT audio equipment will not be available in the U.S. I'm sorry to say it, but you are part of the problem.--D.C.



666 Theory?

Dear Dave (!),

..I was reading an article in *Lowest Common Denominator (LCD)* from WFMU, Upsala College, where someone said by the year in every decade ending in a 6, a muzickal trend is firmly established. In the '50s it was rock, '60s, psychedelia, '70s (ugh!) disco, and

(more positively) alternative muzick, and, by extension, the establishment of small labels. The article stated that the muzickal trend of the '80s had not started, even tho' it's already 1987. Actually, this is not true--the muzickal trend of the '80s is here, and it is, of course, cassette culture.

Like previous movements, there are blurred boundaries between participant and fan, and in fact, there may be more of the former than the latter. This is especially due to the availability of low-cost electronic keyboards, and cheap 4-track equipment. The distinction must be made, however, between cassette artists and cassette-only releases. Actually, much of the music of the cassette culture was recorded on 16-track equipment while many major-label releases were actually recorded in someone's home on cheap equipment, Timbuk 3 and Pete Townshend's *Scoop* LPs are examples.

However, it seems commercial popmuzick is just as banal and tortuous as ever, the most wretched example of popmuzick excess being the recent "power-hit" radio format. At the place where I work, they have the radio on, and they listen to this "Power 95" deal. It's real BORING! They never play *anything* I like--they play *no* Don Campau! One day at work, I misplaced my bag containing two sandwiches and a diet soda. So there you have it, it's official: POP MUSIC SO BAD, YOU CAN LITERALLY LOSE YOUR LUNCH!

No Reason To Worry,

Dan Fioretti, Kitti Tapes, New Brunswick, NJ

\$ound Choice?

Dear Members:

We at AFM are being wishboned. Not that we don't enjoy the pressure, but maybe y'all can help us out.

We were gonna buy an ad until we stopped to think about what that meant to our motives; if we are truly independent and non-commercial, why do we need to pay to print an invitation to participate in our publication? We are completely committed to

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the sanctity of an artist's personal expression and firmly believe that a work of art (whether musical, verbal, visual, or alternative) should not be effected by any expectation of its audience's reaction.

The independent music environment and its air of personal expression was at first exhilarating and influential. We were drawn away from the pure commercialism of our early cultural indoctrination and found ourselves embracing what seemed to be a truly free group of artistic individuals. Now we are finding that many, if not most of these artists are primarily motivated to widen their audience and measure their success in public exposure points.

To us, artistic expression is a circular self-examination/exclamation, which succeeds or fails only according to its producer. Hans Prinzhorn has a term "autistic theatre" which proposes that the artist is the ultimate audience. The social instinct, however, often overrides this ideal state and the artist is compelled to share. Our current dilemma, then, is to find a suitable sharing situation sans selling of any sort.

What we would propose may be beyond the scope of your activities. We can see an open section of a magazine devoted to publishing work that is free from the manacles of commercialism. An open forum for free exchange of personal expression...idealism, eh?

Please reply, either personally or publicly.

Sincerely,

Rian Fike, Bill Larzelere, AFM. 18 NW 100 St., Miami, FL 33150

Rian, Bill:

I agree with you, and the history of avant-garde movements shows, it is not necessary to directly communicate with massive amounts of people to have one's ideas have massive effect upon society or the world as a whole. Speaking very directly to a small group of people, rather than compromising your message to catch the fleeting attention of a larger number of people has great effect that goes way beyond that original small group.

History shows us that there was never more than 400 be-bop musicians in the United States, and yet the ideas from those musicians effected music around the world. The legendary psychedelic rock and light shows and acid tests that were precursors to the whole 1967 Summer of Love hoopla and still live on in the minds of some, rarely attracted more than 150 participants in their heyday. Currently a new jazz movement in the Soviet Union is being hailed as one of the most significant new development in Eastern European music and will inevitably effect jazz and even rock in the West. And yet a of last count there were no more than 40 musicians in the Soviet Union who could be categorized as being of this particular school of musical approach (check out the Leo Records label for some of this Russian Jazz).

One of the primary motivations for publishing Sound Choice is to let you and the reader in general know more about what is going on in the world by sharing information about things you wouldn't otherwise know of or experience. Sound Choice also ends up, secondarily, being a conduit actively used by A.E.N. members and others to get the word out about projects, interests, ideas in an attempt to expand their contacts or "audience".

Some people have messages they want presented in a very specific way, direct from their mind to the printed page. Advertisers fall into this category. There are more of these people and messages than we can afford to print unless we charge many dollars for each issue, or unless somebody subsidizes our publishing costs. We have chosen to require those with special, specific unalterable messages i.e., advertisers, to pay for the cost of hav-

ing their message published and distributed.

Our rates are very low cost and offer a way of getting a message directly to several thousand people in diverse locations for a cost much less than doing it on your own. In essence a whole group of people are joining forces through Sound Choice and sharing the costs of printing and mailing their messages to interested parties. Among ALL non-institutionally funded, nationally distributed magazines in the country, we know of only two of our circulation or larger that offer advertising rates more inexpensive than Sound Choice. Those magazines are Flipside and MaximumRockNRoll.

The bottom line is that as much as we'd like to be free of it, we are wrapped up in the economic system that surrounds us and are choosing to take a middle path through the muck with a goal of trying to jump beyond it wherever possible. We will barter for our magazine and services wherever practical and equitable and print notices for free that we feel are particularly important or of interest to our readers.

We do not seek infinite expansion of our readership. However, with enough subscribers we could print several hundred pages of "messages", reviews, articles, non-commercial artwork every issue and not have to accept advertisements at all. We are seeking a balance, one from which we can springboard to more evolutionary and practical ways of dealing with things.--DC

Scenes From Texas

Dear David and anyone else at SC:

When I was out in Ojai, you said something about the way that "scenes" had of changing and how it wasn't a new phenomenon. I think you talked about St. Louis Jazz in 1927 or some such thing. That is true in Texas right now. In one state we've got many different things going. I've had contact with bands in Houston and Austin and of course San Antonio. All our cities have very different things going on.

In San Antonio we've created our version of California (MRR in 1984). We have our very own violent skinheads, lots of fights (all on a to-scale basis), Rock Stars in that kids see all the band shirts and the high prices on the demo tapes and misinterpret the fact that bands don't play much and conclude that members of certain bands must be successful and of course cultivated as acquaintances to tell their friends about and perhaps be honored. Some of them even ask for autographs (and get them!)

Houston is completely different. Can't tell you how but when I talk to folks from there they don't even seem like they are living on the same planet as regards their current experiences with indie music and bands and such.

Austin to me is really happening. There are more bands than you can count. Shows are still hard to find but happen a lot. The bands sound different from each other and there doesn't seem to be trouble at shows. I keep waiting for the traditional exodus of San Antonians to Austin once they get out of High School.

God knows what is going on in Dallas but in January the punks got on the front cover of the local slick City Mag and there is of course the lovely gang issue so you betcha weird things are going on there.

Thanks for sending the tapes. I don't believe in slagging music based on individual bias in a review but confidentially I think doom and depressed bands like Tournequet Blue and that La Muerte you all sent last issue are pretty pretentious and stupid. These Nick Cave bands really aren't something I'm that into although I love the price. I'm just not tuned into what is good among these bummed out poets with black hair hanging in their faces.

Hey this last issue was great! I went through and found the

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eight or so "Christian bands" reviewed and used it for a story about the Austin godpunk One Bad Pig for the local fanzine (total circulation 8) and gave SC credit of course.
Sunn Thomas, San Antonio, TX

Respecting Christians

Sound Choice:

I just picked up #8 at a Tower Records; I never read your mag before, but I was hella impressed by: the size, content and articles. I was also really glad to see a lot of my favorite Christian punk groups taken seriously and respected for their musical talent and their beliefs. Now if you could just do a feature article on one or more of them Instead of The Butthole Surfers on the cover of S.C., why not The Lead, The Crucified, or One Bad Pig?
Merely Curious, Shannon Townsend, Stockton CA

Sound Choice urged to discriminate against Christians

Mr. Ciaffardini:

The continued explorations of more obscure musicians and their records by your magazine are greatly appreciated (at least by me). Please don't let the detractors get on your nerves--they do it out of jealousy or paranoia, and need a target to bitch at.

With that said: I wrote to tell your magazine's real problem: Jamie Rake's reviews. I have serious objections to this business of Christian rock music--especially hardcore punk with Christian orientation. This is the most ludicrous, hypocritical musical concept I've ever encountered! By definition "punk" means raw honesty, ugly truth, anarchistic ideals, and independence from the need for emotional support provided by religious concepts. I have yet to see a Bible-toter who was not a neurotic, ignorant, paranoid egomaniac! That book is the most destructive invention in human history--billions of people have been killed, tortured, exiled by "good Christians doing the work of the Lord."

Rock in general is about sexual and emotional release, to freedom. Christian "rock" is nothing but a mass-market attempt to impose hate-filled moralistic dogma onto impressionable teenagers. Stryper is the most extreme example, but there are many Bible-influenced singers attempting to cross over into the top 40 (much as Amy Grant and Deneice Williams have done.) Why (A) simple, unchristian greed. (B) buried desire to preach from the stage.

But how low it is to use noisy, chaotic punk to push a set of moral judgements that are very rigid, conformist and conservative! The vast majority of Bible fundamentalists would have those records banned simply for their sound! Rake's own reviews tend to use inoffensive words when describing this stuff--where most other punk fans' speech would be littered with "shit" and "fuck" (as is the rest of Sound Choice!) I realize that punk has become very reactionary since 1980, but this is too much.

You have the right to print reviews of gospel recordings, true. Can I ask why you are now printing Rake's reviews of Christian rock? Do you really realize that the majority of your readers are quite averse to rock with blatantly fundamentalist lyrics? I saw very few reviews of such recordings by reviewers who were not as fond of the material simply because it is Christian, (as Rake was), in issues 7 and 8! Musical style and even lyrical content are important to a review, but this is a form of (literally) gospel over art. Rake had plenty of nastiness for a G G Allin record, but never for anything with pro-Christian lyrics! More like morality over art. (I doubt strongly that I'm the only reader with

that sentiment.)

Be careful, Dave--the ice under you is getting very thin.
Eric B., Scottsdale, AZ

The sexual evolution

Dear David,

In the latest issue of Sound Choice I couldn't help but notice how several of your readers had made suggestions concerning your sex life. One person wrote in to tell you to fuck a dead dog. Another person said that you should get fucked with a Craftsman rotary drill. I thought that maybe I should make a suggestion too with regard to your sex life. I think that you should fuck someone beautiful who loves you as much as you love them.
Sincerely yours,

Leslie Singer, San Francisco, CA

Thank you Leslie. One beautiful letter like yours salves the stab wounds of a thousand frustrated quills.--D.C.

Beware of freon

Dear Editors:

In your technical column, your writer advises the use of freon as a cleaner/solvent; please stop. This is the same substance implicated in the deterioration of the ozone layer of the atmosphere. I hope that by now both you and your readers are aware of the significance of this issue. In fact, I advise you to tell your readers in the strongest way (headlines, for example) to avoid freon. There are suitable substitutes. Although the main use is a refrigerant and consequently the main source of damage via leakage, to endorse the use of freon is ideologically vacuous.

I aspire to improve the quality of life and replace ignorance with awareness, Reaganism with good planning, environmental pollution with caution and concern. In the same way that the Indy record network provides an alternative to the status-quo of music, I hope the people in it hold equally high ideals for the world.

Honey Davis, Hollywood, CA

...attempts on my life and lies

Dear David:

Could you please critique the beginning of my book?:

Lei's Kill Patty: An Autobiography

First Chapter

David was self-confident and well-educated. He was also one of my saviors. All of Sound Choice was. It was a refuge. An underground way of thinking. A modular code. One in which you couldn't break into. You could only Exist there unless you always have. I know a man who is trying to break in. It won't work because the bottom line is ____ Not defeated as people might think...

The whole thing, this mystery with she devils and spies is tiring me out. Seven years of attempts on my life and lies and drugging have left me mean and lean. But I keep it in check because it's really not worth the effort to hate anyone back. Hate causes cancer. It's dangerous. So they can do it, not me. A few good friends can hold away the hatred.

Love, Patty

I look forward to chapter two.--DC

ARTLESS ENTANGLEMENTS

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Tom Furgas, Option

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Brad Goins, Raunch-O-Rama

"...cool collection of experimental ambient 'soundscapes,'...brilliant guitar playing...."
Michael Welch, Minneapolis City Pages

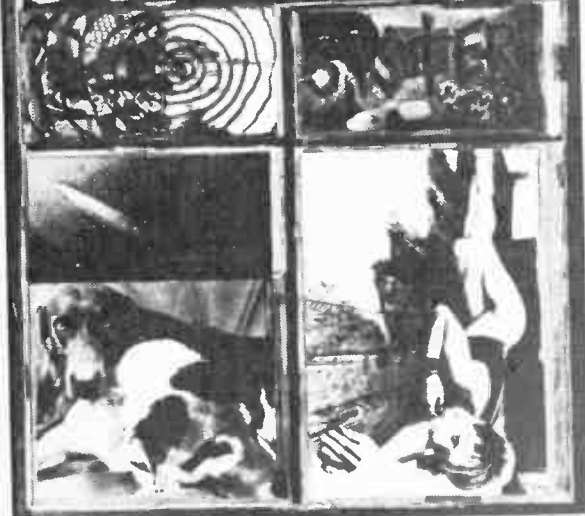
"The 20th Century Draws to a Close" puts modern classical music in a blender with digital delay. Quite a debut."
CDInAZ, Sound Choice

Petar Stens-hoel can also be heard on the following cassettes:

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Bikin' Into It The Intuitive Bikers, Kuklos 002 \$5.
Strangely Colored Map Peter Stens-hoel, Numazu 002/3
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SONIC-YOUTH



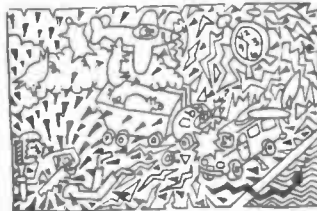
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Filking Explained

Dear David:

Thank you for writing. I discovered the concept of filk songs about 10 years ago when I began to get involved with science fiction fandom. I was a bit disappointed to learn that filk was not, as I had supposed, a portmanteau word combining "folk" and "filth." It appears to have started as a simple typo for "folk."

The word defines two overlapping sets: 1) Songs written to the tunes of other songs. These include parodies, but can also be serious songs. In this sense, one could refer to some of the works of professional musicians like Weird Al Yankovic, Stan Freberg, and Sheb Wooley (Ben Colder) as filk songs.

2) Songs popular in the community of science fiction fandom. This includes many "filks" in the first sense, songs rewritten to incorporate science-fictional themes. In addition, some writer/musicians have created their own songs. Leslie Fish, for instance, has done originals as varied as "The Eagle Has Landed," a stirring songs about the Moon landing, and "Banned From Argo," a bawdy number about a--shall we say?--enterprising starship crew committing wretched excesses while on shore leave. In some sort of ultimate self-referentialness, some of these songs are eventually rewritten by other filkers.

The major vendor of filks (books, tapes, etc.) is Off Centaur Publications, P.. Box 424, El Cerrito, CA 94530, USA. I suggest you write to them for a catalog and more information.

Hail Eris,

Arthur D. Hlavaty, Durham, N

Did we make a mistake publishing this?

Sound Choice:

Here's *Nigger*, the newest Psycodrama tape. Since you chose to make a mockery of all the freedom of expression that you supposedly stand for by banning our ad (I guess you do have to sacrifice some ideals and principles to obtain a larger audience). I think you should at least mention that *Nigger* is done and available for trade, and that you "had" to censor our ad. If you don't, you're using the same fascist techniques used by everyone who wants to stop unpopular ideas. Art clubs, magazines and radio stations have no right to determine what people can or cannot hear and see. Let people choose for themselves. You're not their mother, that's what underground art is about.

Racism is how we test whether people really believe in artistic freedom or not, and you failed the test. The question is not whether racism is good or bad, but whether an artist is allowed to use it in his work. Good theatre is usually about disturbing themes. Why is racism banned, but not gory murders, crib death, genital mutilation, genocide and other themes commonly used by "industrial/noise" bands. How come these Throbbing Gristle groupies can try to upset people in these outdated ways but we aren't allowed to do it in our fresh way. Because our way works. Our art is too powerful for your magazine. We are truly underground which gives us the freedom to be powerful...

Art fascists and their slaves can continue listening to what they are allowed to hear. I guess I'll take our advertising to a magazine that respects artistic liberty.

Brett Kerby, Psycodrama, Chantilly, VA ph. 703-378-5225

When you find a magazine that "respects artistic liberty" let us know. Try Forced Exposure.--DC

Advertiser falls behind on mail-orders

Dear Sound Choice:

Hello. I'm writing this letter to tell you about a recent mail-order experience I had. On January 5, 1987 I ordered Peach of Immortality's *REM Is Air Supply* LP from Adult Contemporary Recordings. A month or so later, I received a card saying my order was going to be delayed due to the reorganization of ACR on computer. And so I waited...a month...two months...and then I decided to write back and find out what was happening to my record. And again I waited...and again I got no reply. Finally, on June 30th I wrote ACR stating that if I did not receive a reply within four weeks I was going to write to a few fanzines and tell them how I was treated by ACR. Well, it's been five weeks and still no reply. I'd hope that his letter (and others) will coax some sort of reply from ACR, either through this magazine or to me personally. At any rate, I think six months is an insane amount of time to have to wait for a replay, and I thought I should let people know... ACR give a bad image to mail-ordering. I've been ordering product through the mail for a long time now and this is the first concrete problem I've ever had. And as such, I don't think it should go unnoticed.

Yours,

Creighton Hoopalo, Edmonton, Alberta Canada

CORRECTION: Lemos doesn't want all the credit

Dear David:

I'm somewhat perplexed by the review of *Headcrack* which appeared in the recent issue (#8) of Sound Choice. It was quite a nice review, but it seems to be someone's idea of a nasty, embarrassing joke. Who ever wrote the review, signed my name. Why, I do not know, but certainly I DID NOT WRITE IT!

Didn't it seem odd to you, receiving a review of our music, with my name at the bottom? Really, I wish that you had called me or written before entering such a review since its inclusion in your magazine is very embarrassing.

Please either enter this letter in your next issue, or enter a short statement clarifying this matter next time around. I would deeply appreciate this. Once again, I do thank you for your interest and support of our music.

Yours Truly,

Paul Lemos, Controlled Bleeding, Masapequa, NY

Paul, I apologize and am very sorry for the mistake especially after hearing from some of your musical colleagues who were very upset that a musician would be allowed to review his own recording in our hallowed pages. In fact, I still don't know who wrote the review. And readers, to set the record straight, Paul Lemos is an excellent and prolific if controversial musician and without a doubt he will be receiving more flattering reviews in the future written by a diverse group of reviewers.--DC

Time For A Lawyer?

Editor:

After reading the letters section of issue #8, I thought you might enjoy some mail that didn't say, "Fuck you with a Craftsman rotary drill" or threaten to punch you in the face.

(What interesting people you know.). I for one am happy with Sound Choice and the efforts of it's staff. Please keep up the good work.

I do, however, have a suggestion. Each issue spends a significant amount of space rehashing the reasons you won't give the majors the same coverage that other "music magazines" do. I already know why, as do most of your readers and we're glad. The reason I bring it up is that I would rather see the space put to better use. For example, the Bruce Black column is an excellent idea. Couldn't the space be given to him? Or perhaps create another column. Most of us could recognize something dangerous put into a contract; but how many would see something dangerously left out? (In a joint publishing/recording contract, does the absence of a specific clause imply or forfeit the process of cross collateralization? If you don't know what I'm talking about, don't sign anything!) Perhaps a column on songwriters' legal rights and basic business law would be of value.

Sincerely, Charles McGrail, Moscow, ID
Thanks Charles. Any lawyers out there want to write about the legal aspects of the music world?--D.C.

We'd rather publish your letters

Dear Dave:

Just spoke to my mother who said you called and engaged her for half an hour. Now Dave, the poor woman has enough problems of her own without your overwrought sob stories. But seriously, I never realized you were such a sensitive type (I don't know exactly what you said to mama but it sounds somewhat heartrending and ain't I a heal low life etc.). Aren't you used to similar abrasion as a media nabob, an access controller who necessarily must piss some people off with "wrong" views and leave people out (like me). I told you I am frustrated what with writing stellar essays, articles etc. for little or no money and (most importantly) being rejected by hacks and fools to make room for bland tame-lame trifles. As for my article, by not printing it when you said you would you are fucking with the timing, possibly rendering it weaker than it could be. Besides, I only received an issue (with my ad, thanks belatedly) with a subscription form and no explanation as to why the article wasn't there. I've fucking been looking forward to seeing that piece and I get real pissed when things like that fuck up with no apologies, explanations or acknowledgement. And it happens all the time. But I react.

In all honesty, I regretted sending that letter a few days after I mailed it 'cause you're not such a bad guy and your intentions are quite honorable. I'm just sick of being strangled, choked, denied and suppressed especially when I'm saying things no one else is saying and so fucking well too. Have you any idea how little style there is in most criticism, especially rock? Shouldn't you be trying, between battering ram salvos at the corporate rock gate, to inject style into the "scene"? Anyhow, it's hard enough trying to get my own voice heard let alone providing a forum for anyone else's. Things aren't always as smooth as a three year old's labia and all. So I don't (and didn't before) know if you still intend to publish my piece (I wouldn't blame you if you trashed it after my abuse) but it is and was fucking time to see it in print especially when that which displaced me in the last two issues was not nearly as strong, relevant, funny or anything. I think the best should get priority.

Any hard feelings, well sorry I guess but I hope you decide to finally publish my piece and if not please send it back 'cause I don't have a copy. It's still nice to know that mere words can still gouge and provoke.

Yours, Adam Eisenstat, Brooklyn, NY

Let's get on with things!

Dear Sound Choice/David

...I don't know why folks continue to put sooo much energy into giving you a bad time about Sound Choice and your editorial stance. I find you and SC to be a consistent and major breath of fresh air in the field of music publishing. I thought your response to George O. was great. Efficient. To the point. Maybe you could permanently bronze it on the title page from now on so folks wouldn't feel the need to resurrect and re-crucify the subject every issue.

Aside from the inability of some of your readers to get on with things, I enjoyed finding Shane William's blazing honesty (*Shane was sent back to jail shortly after we published that piece and we're eagerly awaiting the next chapter of the story--DC*) as well as the Nicolas Collins interview (too bad it was so short), the Cassette Mythos outtakes, and of course the reviews.

I genuinely appreciate support of the independent cassette network. Hey, LPs are great (other than being a near obsolete form of media and a vastly over-inflated status symbol), but the greatest communication happens on tapes. It seems that a lot of folks would like to downplay that fact in favor of where the money is at. Yea, yea, yea, I'd do an LP if somebody else wants to pay for it, I own a bunch of great ones myself, and still buy them, but lets face it, most of the innovation today is happening on cassette. I could fill pages with examples, but the arrival of Robin James' Cassette Mythos Journal #4 in my mailbox this morning hot on the heels of cassettes from Tellus, Richard Truhlar, Rik Rue, Deaf Lions and a host of other notables says it all for me. And when was the last time you installed a turntable in your car or took one to the beach?...

Take Care, Michael Chocholak, Cove, OR

Those other magazines

Dear David,

My last letter was not sent to the editor, so I did not expect it to be published--especially as the opening letter of your column. Since I have never compared Sound Choice to any other publication in my life, I believe your introduction to my letter was deceiving at best. When did I say, "Be like those other magazines"?

Although your rebuttal of my letter was over twice as long as the original letter, you never answered my one question. What is your artificial definition of an independent label? Please answer this question this time. Hopefully you will publish this letter.

Next week I will be going to Ethiopia and Zimbabwe. I hope to hear some local music. Elsewhere in West Africa some artists have multiple gold albums that were slickly produced in Paris. Since their albums are not distributed by the major corporations that you dislike, will you publish articles and reviews of them? Thanks again for your efforts.

Sincerely yours, George Ottinger, Moab, UT

Paraphrasing the system established by our predecessors the Lost Music Network: It's not always clear-cut, but our policy is to only review independent releases not distributed through the major record corporations (EMI, Polygram, WEA, CBS, RCA/A&M (Bertleson), MCA). We take it case by case on borderlines like Restless which is independently distributed though owned by a label (Enigma) that has a distribution deal with a major. And yes, we would publish reviews of slick West African independent records and would not rule out running articles on the same if we found the articles especially interesting.--D.C.

Audio Answer Man

By Bruce Black

Sean Hart of Phoenix, AZ wants to know how to record out in the wilds. He is looking for a portable recording system that doesn't need a generator and doesn't have 60 cycle hum.

Answering the latter part is simple: batteries are pure direct current (D.C.) and cannot generate a 60 cycle hum. Sixty cycle hum can only happen when equipment is powered by alternating current (A.C.), as comes from an electrical wall outlet. Household electrical outlets and most compatible generators provide electrical currents that alternate at the rate of 60 cycles per second (known as 60 Hz.) or at least as close to 60 Hz. as the power company can get it. In Europe it's 50 Hz.

The only way you could be experiencing sixty cycle hum with battery operated equipment is if you are standing near a radiating 60 Hz. field such as might be created by uncovered power lines. In this case using shielded cables with your equipment should help, though you'd be better off moving away from such an irritating source of noise.

Perhaps what Sean interprets as 60 cycle hum is actually his taperecorder picking up the noise of its own machinery. This usually happens with tape decks with built in microphones which are bound to pick up some of the vibrations and hums of the tape drive mechanism. The solution to this is to use separate microphones kept at a safe distance from the machinery.

As far as battery powered, portable cassette tape recorders good for field recording, you should check out Sony and Superscope/Marantz which each make several top quality portable decks in the \$200 to \$450 range.

Our editor David uses a Sony Walkman Professional (WM-D6C) which he bought for about \$300 and says the recording and playback capabilities exceed most home stereo tape decks, though he has had some problems with the recording level indicator lights.

To learn the latest about portable tape recording technology, David also suggests nosing around the home-taping section set up at most Grateful Dead concerts (except those where they share the bill with Bob Dylan or other rock stars). Grateful Dead live tapers have apparently been honing their craft for many years surreptitiously and now that the band openly allows taping, the scene is supposed to be quite amazing.

If Sean wants to get really high tech, he can rent the kind of stuff that the mixers on film locations use: Nagra tape recorders. These marvelous little recorders run off a box or two of D cells for several days, if my memory serves me correctly. They are the best field recorders, and so rent for a fair sum, but are well worth it if you have the bucks and have to have the best quality.

If you take this route, be sure the rental house gives you very detailed instructions on how to make the Nagras work. Nagras are not layed out like studio recorders and are difficult to figure out if someone doesn't show you first.

You can also get film location mics from the same people who rent Nagras. Sennheiser shotgun mics and Schoeps mics are some of the most commonly used mics on film locations, although you can use any mic that will plug into the recorder.

Sean says he wants to record birds, etc., so he may want to use a shotgun mic which would allow him to avoid getting in close, which in this case may cause the sound source to fly away. Since almost all shotgun mics are condenser mics, thus requiring a separate power source, one must make sure they run off batteries. (Trees don't come with power outlets.) Some shotgun mics are set up to put a battery in the mic, others require an external power box. If you need a power box, make sure it runs off batteries, and has the same powering scheme as the mic.

There are three different schemes for powering condenser mics: T, Simplex and Phantom. They do not interchange, and you can destroy a mic by plugging it into the wrong kind of powering scheme.

Some Nagras provide mic power. If the Nagra you get doesn't, or doesn't have the right powering scheme, you'll need a battery power pack with the mic you rent. These will also run for days on a handful of batteries, as condenser mics don't pull much current.

As with any recording system, be sure to plug everything together and see if it does what you want it to before leaving the rental house, before heading off into the wilds.

Here's the scoop on battery power: It can help make cleaner recordings than wall outlet power. Inside tape recorders that plug into the wall is something called the power supply that takes the A.C. power from the wall outlet and turns it into D.C. power for the equipment to use. The cheaper the power supply, the easier it is for garbage and hum to get into the equipment. Since recorders use D.C. internally anyway, bypassing the power supply by using batteries is a great way to go, from the standpoint of getting the cleanest signal. In most instances though, it is incredibly inconvenient to use batteries. Imagine your session coming to a halt in the middle of that great take because your recorder's batteries died. In Sean's case, however, he has to use batteries and so gets the advantage of using a pure power source in a situation where it is most appropriate.

Valerie Koop of Boylston, MA asks: Why does the sound distort when the VU meter on the machine shows an acceptable level?

In any studio think of the equipment as being a chain of amplifiers, each link taking an incoming signal and making it bigger/louder. Speakers are driven by power amps. Most other studio equipment contain voltage amplifiers for one or more functions. We're going to about voltage amps right now.

The symbol for an amplifier is a triangle, usually pointing to the right. Dig out that block diagram or schematic and you'll see that there are many of these things inside.

Any amplifier can be driven to clipping

(distortion) by feeding more signal in than the particular amplifier can handle. When this happens, looking on an oscilloscope, the waveform appears as if the top was clipped off leaving a flat plateau. Hence the name clipping.

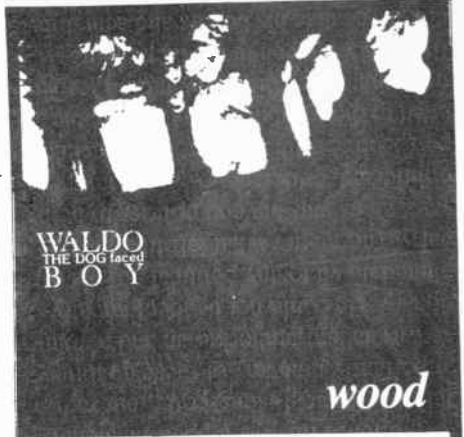
This is likely the cause of Valerie's problem. Look for gain or level controls that may be turned up high, followed later in the signal chain by level controls that may be turned down, usually to get a hot signal to read at an appropriate level. This is common with mic preamps; the gain on the input is cranked up, the mix fader is barely open, and the sound is distorted.

To correct these kind of problems, adjust all the level controls to a nominal or center position, then make small adjustments throughout the chain to get your regular level on the tape machine. This is called setting your gain structure and is something that goes on all the time in the course of a session, adjusting for quiet voices versus loud voices, quiet instruments versus loud instruments, etc. Valerie mentions that she uses the calibration switch on her tape recorder, assuming that matches the recorder levels to the console level. Only if it's set up

that way! Most calibration levels are internal controls that allow you to adjust it to a preset point. You can get inside and adjust it to be anything you want. The idea is that you use a particular level for most of your work. You set your calibration to this level. When that oddball session comes along where you have to readjust your level, you switch out of calibrating level and use the front panel level control. When the sessions over, you just push the calibration button and presto--you're back to regular operating level.

Bruce Black, our Audio Answer Man, will answer more recording studio questions next issue. If you have a question, write Audio Answer Man, c/o Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA

Why don't most magazines advertise their rates? Sound Choice rates are on Page 3!



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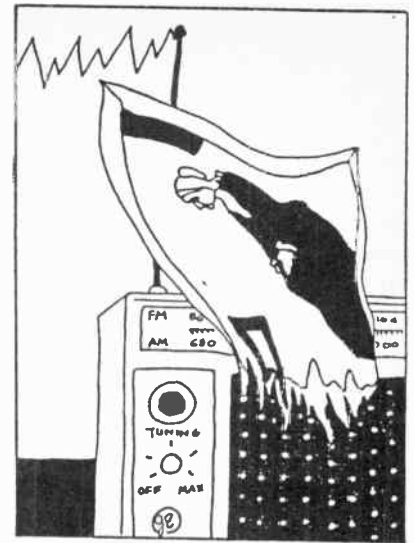
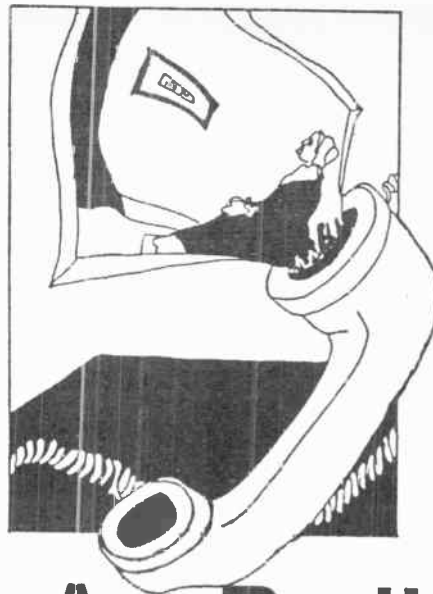
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Tune Into Art Radio

by Randy Magnus

The use of radio as a creative art medium is currently being explored by the West Coast radio/audio production institution Art Radio. Founded in 1981 to help provide artists access to the radio medium by Randy Magnus, who realized that a production identity would get more attention and better access than an individual. And many of the concept Art Radio has developed can be adapted to any radio station, i.e.,

Bringing Artists in the Studio

Art radio began by inviting all the musicians, poets, and general artists we knew to come into the radio station to become part of a "live mix" on a show titled "Take Control of Your Radio." There were musicians with synthesizer, guitar, drum machine, and cello in Studio B (the production facility); casios, mikes, and cheap tape recorders in the News Room; and the usual turntables, tape decks, cart machines, and main mixing board in Studio A (the air studio). We would loosely script out a heading or title for every 20 minutes, and assign a different artist to be in charge of each time period. That way everyone got a chance to get their idea on the air, and could accompany others. Through various combinations we could provide sound effects for storytelling, create an audio environment, sing a song, etc. (At times there were a lot of running between studios to coordinate all of the performers.)

Audio Art Phone-Ins

In 1982 Art Radio coined the phrase

"Massive Art Phone-In", and promoted it as an audio event in which artists could call up the station during the show, state their name where they were calling from, and present their art pieces over the phone lines. We would put the calls live on the air waves. Art periodicals mentioned the event, so the word got out.

There are a lot of people making audio art since the rise of Laurie Anderson, creating unique recordings in their bedroom recordings studios. There are very few places for emerging artists to get their artwork heard. The "Audio Art Phone-Ins" provide a showcase for these emerging artists, and also gives the listening audience a chance to hear what is currently being done in this exciting art medium.

The phone-in at KDVS in Davis Calif. was associated with an outdoor art festival, so we installed a PA system to pick up the radio signal at the festival with the speakers facing toward each other, enabling the participants to sit down or walk between the speakers to hear creative audio art live from Chicago, New York, England, and numerous other locations. It was nice to see audio art being presented right along side painting, sculpture, and photography.

An aid in transmitting your audio pieces over the phone lines is the use of a "step-down transformer." This allows the artists to plug their tape recorders and other electrical devices directly into the phone lines. The components to build

one can be purchased at any Radio Shack for about 15 dollars. Information on how to put one together can be obtained by writing Radio Free Earth in Mendocino, or the Weatherman of NegativeLand.

The Turlock Shows:

For the past nine months Art Radio has been doing a weekly show on KCSS 92 FM in Turlock, CA. We have been covering the Central Valley of California with ambient recordings, new music, audio art, and experimental radio. This has included broadcasting live a visual; art reception from Leonard's Artspace in Modesto, CA. By using a mike plugged into a cassette deck with the external speaker jack connected to a step-down transformer which was plugged into the telephone line to the radio station which broadcast the event live over the air. We had people describing the artworks on the wall, and catching pieces of conversations as the mike was passed around the gallery. You always hear sporting events being broadcast live on the radio, but not too many visual art exhibits are transmitted over the airwaves.

Another piece of electronic networking was when a local poet called in to a radio show to read some of his poems, while being accompanied live by three musicians in the studio. The effect was very nice and easily done.

The audio board in radio station can be used as a recording studio mixing board, combining unrelated recordings with live in-studio sounds. Creating "Industrial Chants" by beating on auto-

THE LEAVING TRAINS

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Right now, even as you are reading this, someone, somewhere, is trying to cover up the things that you can ask to buy.

THE LEAVING TRAINS have a new album out on SST Records. The title of their new album cannot be mentioned in this ad. It is a word with four letters.

JUST FOUR LETTERS.

Because of those four letters (which, after all are just four letters) The Leaving Trains will be denied their right to compete in our supposedly "**FREE**" marketplace.

That is why, in this ad, SST is not allowed to show you the cover of The Leaving Trains record (which by the way, is a picture of clouds). We can't tell you what to **ASK FOR BY NAME**.

We can however tell you that the record is one of the best rock records of 1987. We can also tell you that although some people can't buck the system, there are some that will.

available on SST Records. SST 114 (LP, CA \$7.50, CD \$15.00)



ALSO ON SST: KILL TUNES. 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 071 (LP/Cassette \$7.50).

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28	MON	PHOENIX, AZ	06	TUE	TALLAHASSEE, FL	14	WED	CHARLOTTE, SC
29	TUE	ALBUQUERQUE, NM	07	WED	GAINESVILLE, FL	15	THU	RICHMOND, VA
30	WED	AMARILLO, TX	08	THU	ORLANDO / DAYTONA, FL	16	FRI	WASHINGTON, DC
OCT 01	THU	DALLAS, TX	09	FRI	TAMPA, FL	17	SAT	NEW YORK, NY
02	FRI	AUSTIN, TX	10	SAT	FT. LAUDERDALE, FL	18	SUN	BOSTON, MA
03	SAT	HOUSTON, TX	12	MON	ATLANTA, GA			

MAIL ORDER: MAKE CHECK OR MONEYORDER PAYABLE IN U.S. FUNDS TO SST RECORDS, P.O. BOX 1, LAWSDALE, CA 90260. CALL THE SST HOTLINE (213) 835-4955 FOR GEN. INFO.

mobile brake hubs while chanting through PVC pipe, and twanging on rubber band stretched across a clothes hanger.

Artists of today need to learn to use the technology that's out there if they want to reflect our present society. There's only a handful of artists who are really exploring the mediums of radio, television, and telephone, as real art tools. But the numbers are growing, and YOU can become one of these electro-communicative, networking artists.

Call us on Mondays from 8 pm to 10 pm (West Coast Time) at 209-653-4544 and we'll put you live on the air on KCSS 92 FM.

Art Radio consists of Randy Magnus, Tamara Yoneda, Martin Corgiat, and whoever else we can find, including maybe you.

Contact (and send tapes to): Art Radio, 307 H St., Modesto, CA 95351. (Cassette copies of past radio phone-ins are available from this address)

Step-down transformer information is available from: Marco McClean, Radio Free Earth, P.O. Box 1497, Mendocino, CA 95460, USA or Weatherman (David Wills), 4545 Pleasant Hill Rd, E. Martinez, CA 94553, USA.

Airwave Information

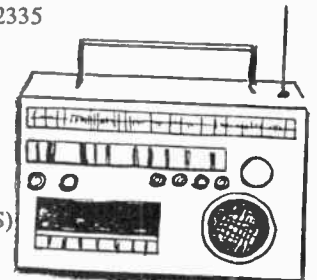
The radio stations listed here are for the most part non-commercial stations that play some amount of independent recordings. Most all publish lists of songs or albums they have been programming lately (playlists). Some also offer program guides detailing the various shows they feature each week. Most music directors or program directors will send a playlist or program guide to record companies that request them. After perusing the lists and program guides, record companies or individuals can decide which stations merit a free promotional, for-airplay copy of their latest release. Try to identify and communicate with any DJs that have special affection for your kind of music or audio art. Simply sending records out blind to a list of four hundred radio stations that you have never heard or read about is only for those with very large budgets, because only a very tiny percentage of records sent out like that will ever make it to a radio turntable. Even the major labels don't do this. Warner Brothers has even started asking stations to pay for their promotional records. Evolutionary radio stations are aware however, that instead of having to lick the feet of the majors, they can get all the recording they will ever need from the thousands of independent labels that flourish today. We hope this list will help bridge some of the gaps that have kept independent label recordings from reaching the airwaves they deserve. Radio stations that would like to receive more independent label recordings should keep Sound Choice aware of their activities and we

will pass your call letters and address onto Audio Evolution Network affiliates throughout the world.

Get Involved!

We encourage Audio Evolution affiliates to get actively involved with a non-commercial radio station near them. Almost all of the stations are organized in slightly different ways, and procedures for getting on the air as a DJ or guest vary. However, non-commercial radio stations are usually much more open to people's involvement than many people realize. Even most college operated stations have several non-student, community members working as non-paid DJ's or staff members. Stations welcome potential DJs or guests that have special expertise. A few people have already started Audio Evolution Radio shows at different stations. They simply contacted the prospective stations program decision makers, explained their interest in radio, showed them a few copies of Sound Choice, and explained that they would create a show like they've never had before, combining independent label recordings from around the world, including all sorts of wild underground audio art. They were welcomed warmly onto the airwaves. Of course creating those kind of shows required a lot of work, obtaining the unusual, the interesting or the magnificent and keeping communication flowing on many levels. Anyone proposing to do such a show should be well prepared to carry the weight of such a special opportunity.

CFJO Cable 99.3/Univ. of Ottawa, 85 Haste, Suite 227, Ottawa, Canada K1N 6N5 613-564-2903
CFJV FM 105.1/UVIC Radio, P.O. 1700, Victoria, B.C., Canada V8W 2Y2 604-721-8702
CJRY/248A Vanier College, 4700 Keele St., North York, Ont., Canada M3J 1P3 416-736-5293
CKIC, P.O. Box 1269, Wolfville, N.S., Canada B0P 1X0 902-542-2287
CKLN FM 88.1, 380 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont., Canada M5B 1W7 415-595-1477
CKUL AM 560/Univ. of Lethbridge, 4401 University Dr., Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada T1K 3M4 403-329-2335
KAOS FM 89.3/Evergreen State College, CAB 305 A, Olympia, WA 98505 206-866-6822
KBVR FM 88.7/Oregon State Univ., Memorial Union East, Corvallis, OR 97331 503-754-2008
KCBX FM 90/Cal State Univ., SLO, 4100 Vachell Lane, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401 805-544-KCBX
KCLC FM 89.1/Lindenwood College, St. Charles, MO 63301 314-946-6912
KCMU FM 90.3/Univ. of Washington, 304 Comm. Bldg. DS-55, Seattle, WA 98195 206-543-4680
KCSN FM 88.5, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge, CA 91330 318-885-3089
KDVS FM 90.3/Univ. of Calif., Davis, 14 Lower Freeborn, Davis, CA 95616 916-752-0728 (5,000 WATTS)
KFJC FM 89.7/, 12345 El Monte Rd., Los Altos Hills, CA 94022 415-960-4260
KGNU FM 88.5, P.O. Box 885, Boulder, CO 80306 303-449-4885 (1,300 WATTS)
KHSU FM 90.5/Humboldt State Univ., Arcata, CA 95521
KJHK FM 91, 200 Stauffer-Flint Hall, Lawrence, KS 66045 913-864-4745
KMLS, 314 Gilbert St., Ste. #1, Santa Rosa, CA 95405 707-576-1997 (Cable)
KMUN FM, P.O. Box 269, Astoria, OR 97103 503-325-0010
KRUI FM 89.7/Student Broadcasters Inc., 897 South Quad, Iowa City, IA 52242 319-335-9525



KSPC FM 88.7/Pomona College, 340 N. College Ave., Claremont, CA 91711 (3000 WATTS)
 KUGS FM 89.3/Western Washington U, 410 Viking Union, WWU, Bellingham, WA 98225 206-676-5847
 KUOR FM 89.1/Univ. of Redlands, P.O. Box 3080, Redlands, CA 92373 714-792-0951 (1,850 WATTS)
 KUSP FM 88.9, P.O. Box 423, Santa Cruz, CA 95061 408-476-2800
 KZSC FM 88.1/Univ. of Calif., SC, Santa Cruz, CA 95064 408-429-2811 (1,350 WATTS)
 WBWC FM 88.3, Baldwin-Wallace Coll., Berea, OH 44017
 WCCX FM 104.5, 221 N. East Ave., Waukesha, WI 53186 414-544-4577
 WCSB FM 89.3/Cleveland State Univ., Room 956, Rhodes Tow., Cleveland, OH 44115 216-687-3721
 WCUW, 910 Main St., Worcester, MA 1610 617-753-1012
 WEFT FM 90.1/, 113 N. Market St., Champaign, IL 61820 217-359-9338
 WEOS FM 89.7/Hobart/Wm. Smith Col., Geneva, NY 14456 315-789-8970
 WFMU FM 91.1/Upsala College, East Orange, NJ 7019 201-266-7901 (1440 WATTS)
 WHRB FM 95.3, 45 Quincy St., Cambridge, MA 2138 617-495-4818
 WHUS FM 91.7/Box U-8R, 2110 Hillside Rd., Storrs, CT 6268 203-486-4007 (3,200 WATTS)
 WJUL FM 91./, 1 University Ave., Lowell, MA 1854 617-459-0579 (1,700 WATTS)
 WKCR FM 89.9/Columbia Univ., 208 Ferris Booth Hall, New York, NY 10027 212-280-5223
 WKDI FM 93.5, 544 College Ave., Dekalb, IL 60115 815-753-1278
 WMBR FM 88.1, 3 Ames St., Cambridge, MA 02142 617-253-4000
 WMFO FM 91.5, P.O. Box 65, Medford, MA 2153 617-625-0800
 WNHU FM 88.7/Univ. of New Haven, 300 Orange Ave., West Haven, CT 5516
 WNUR FM 89.3/Northwestern Univ., 1905 Sheridan Rd., Evanston, IL 60201 312-491-7101
 WNWK FM 105.9, 477 82nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11209 718-745-2537
 WPLT/S.U.N.Y., Office of Campus Life, Plattsburgh, NY 12901 518-564-2727
 WPTS FM 98.5, P.O. Box 7227, Pittsburgh, PA 15213 412-648-7990
 WRCT FM 88.3/Carnegie Mellon, 5020 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213 412-621-9728
 WREK FM 91.1, Box 32743, Atlanta, GA 30332 404-894-2468
 WRPI FM 91.5, 1 WRPI Plaza, Troy, NY 12180 518-266-6248 (10,000 WATTS)
 WRPW AM 63, 861 Bedford Rd., Pleasantville, NY 10570 914-993-3703
 WRUR FM 88.5, Box 29068, Rochester, NY 14627 716-461-1450
 WRUW FM 91.1, 11220 Bellflower Rd., Cleveland, OH 44106 216-368-2207
 WSIA FM 88.9, 715 Ocean Terrace, Staten Island, NY 10301 718-448-WSIA
 WYBC, Box WYBC Yale Station, New Haven, CT 6520 203-432-4116
 WZBC FM 90.3/Boston College, McElroy 107, Chestnut Hill, MA 2167 617-552-3511 (1,000 WATTS)

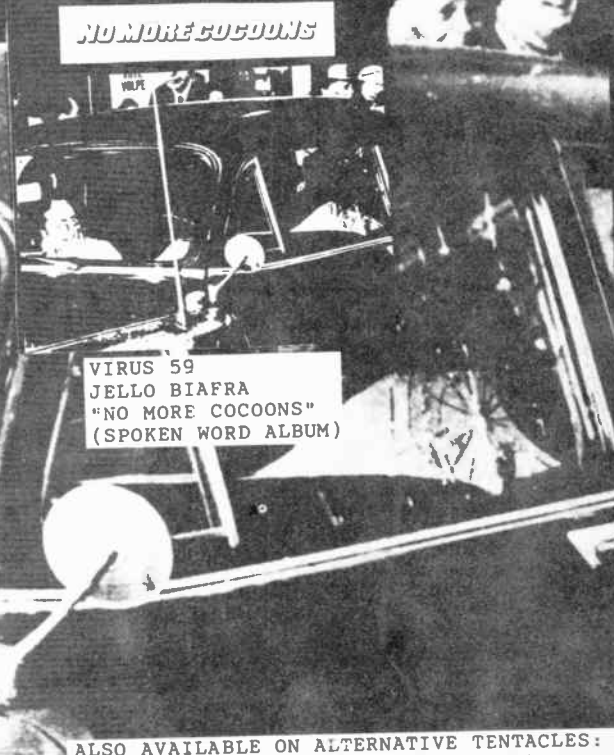


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**The Lament of Joe Apples
By Copernicus**

Shit is shit
But don't put it
On the stick.
Once you start
To put it on the
Stick
You better watch out.
You're foolin' with the
Wrong Joe.
I've been bullshitted by
Experts
An' you're no expert.
Don't fool me around!
You, know
I play the game
Ya think I care?
The hell wit' it all.
You!
Who d'ya' think ya are
Some...eh...big deal?
You're no big deal.
You're shit.
That's what you are.
No good.
Not good for anything.
Then you
Givin' me the run around.
You're not foolin' with some
Dope.
I've been around.
I used to pull the same shit
When I was your age.
I know all the angles.
Don't fool me.
Even the experts
Tried to fool me
And they couldn't do a
Thing.
An' you're no expert
You're a little shit.
You got some balls
You have
Tryin' to pull that on your
Ole man.
Go out in the street
And
Pull it on them suckers
But don't pull it on me.
Ya know when I was your age.
I was runnin' a poolroom.
I used t' bring twenty dollars a week
To my ole man and
That was during the depression.
I always had money in my pocket.
An' nobody would fool with me.
There wasn't a sonofabitch livin'
That would fool with me.
They all knew me.
Apples. HAH! Apples.

Hey Apples!
An' when I was younger
I had to pick beans
On a farm. Thirty-five cents a
Bushell.
The farmer would weigh every
Bushell.
Ya couldn't fool him.
I used t' pick three bushells
A day.
That was a dollar five.
I kept a nickel and gave
The dollar home.
I had to.
My ole man burned his whole
leg in an accident
And was laid up for a whole
Year.
You got it easy
An'
Still ya complain.
An' still ya give yar
Ole man
A Runnin' Around.
That's no way t' do.
Be a regular guy.
Don't pull all that shit
You pull.
Ya try to make a
Jerk
Out a' everybody.
That's no way to be.
When I got money
You got it. Right?
Sure!
I brought you into the world.
I raised you!
Now ya gettin' big
Ya givin' me a hard time.
Ya give me a hard time
Ya gonna get one right back.
And that's no bullshit either.
Ya know that bag is
Almost full.
Once it starts to overflow
Look out!
Then there's gonna be trouble
You think I'm joking?
I'm not.
What a' ya tryin' t' pull?
Ya like yar mother.
She tries to give me a hard time.
But she can't.
Nobody gives me a hard time.
An' gets away with it.
I'll straighten all you out.
One by one.
Ya'll all get straightened out.
She thinks I'm always drunk.
That's all she's got on her mind.
I'm drunk.
I've never been drunk in my whole
Life!
Sure, I take a drink now and then
Eut
That's my pleasure.
Do I say anything
When
She drinks ten cups a' coffee?
I take one drink.
I'm no good an' she's good.
Did ya ever see yar mother drunk?
She was drunk plenty a' times.
And that's no bullshit.
I first met her in a bar!
She says I stink.
When I shit, I shit shit!
And it stinks.
But when she shits
Out comes Chanel number five.
She's good for you k ds-
but for me
She's no good.
You weren't even
Born
An' Your mother
Didn't want
You.
But I wanted
You

An' you
Were
Born
I could tell ya plenty a'
Stories about her,
But you're too young.
Ya wouldn't understand.
I'm a workin' man.
A top-rate painter.
I need a drink once in a
While.
Jobs I did ten an' fifteen years
Ago
Still are like new.
Ya ken whistle at my work.
HAH!
They can't believe it
When they see it.
I paint all those Jew homes
An'
They all shake their heads.
Joe, they say, it's voit ah million.
Sure, its worth a million.
Because I'm fuckin' Joe Apples...
An' my boss,
He's another sonofabitch.
He's always tellin' me what t' do.
I tell him mind yar business.
Ya want the job done?
Go take a walk!
I talk to him like I talk ta
Anybody else.
He's no better.
All these bosses are
Fulla' shit.
They worry and worry...
What do they worry about?
What're ya makin' faces about?
Ya did wrong.
Ya know it.
Tell the Truth!
I don't care what ya do,
But don't lie ta me.
'Cause it hurts
Me.
Don't be like
Yar Mother.
Yar Mother lies.
She lies ta me.
She likes like a fuckin' rug.
I wouldn't trust her as
Far as I could throw her.
She lies an' lies.
Everything
She says is a lie.
What am I gonna do
With a sonofabitch like that?
I can't trust her.
She always wants money.
Money, money, money.
What does she do
With all the money?
I take a couple a' dollars for
Myself
An' give her the rest.
I tell her I want an itemized
List.
Think she'd do it? She wouldn't.
She must gamble the shit away.
She must! Where the hell else
Could it all go?
I don't give a goddamn for money
But
To everything, there's a limit.
Shit is shit but don't put it on the
Stick.
I try to give ya everything
Yar heart desires.
What do I get for it?
A kick in the ass.
That's what I get.
I'm sick a' this shit.
I'm sick of the whole shootin' match
here!
It doesn't pay to pay to be good!
From now on I'm gonna be
A fuck off like all a' ya!
Ya think not?
Ya make me cry. You sons of bitch-
es.

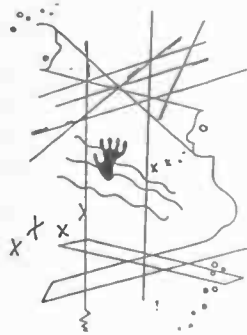
I try my best for ya all.
Because I love ya.
Ya don't give a shit for me.
I could kick the bucket tomorrow
And none a' yas would care.
Only little Billy and Mary would
cry....
Yar mother would run
Like hell to the bank with
The insurance policy.
That's all she's interested in.
The fuckin' money.
You, would you cry?
Ya wouldn't cry.
Ya'd run with yar mother.
I'm no good an' she's good.
That's what you think. Don't ya?
Well, you'll find out some day.
I hope it won't be too late.
I'm the good one
Around here.
She's the one ya gotta watch.
She'll steal yar eyeballs
If yar not lookin'.
When ya were a little fuck
Like Billy
Who used to clean all your shit
An' watch you?
Yar mother??
I'll be goddamn.
She was always runnin' her ass
around.
I was the one.
You're goddamn right.
It was me!
I used ta take ya fishin'
To the movies
Every place.
Now ya big.
Ya ken take care a' yaself.
Now ya big.
Ya faget all I did.
Go ta ya mother.
Go!
But don't give me any hard
Time.
I'm sick a' your shit.
Yar mother. All she wants
To do
Is hurt me.
She split my head
Three times already.
She wants to kill me!
What do I do? Not a goddamn thing.
I mind my business
An'
She comes right away with
A fuckin' shoe
Ready to kill me.
If I hit her once
I'd kill her....
I couldn't.
I wouldn't hurt her
For a million dollars.
I love yar mother.
But she's always givin' me
A hard time.
She nags an' nags.
She drives me crazy.
She drives me crazy!
Don't tell me to stop
Yellin'!
Fuck the neighbors!
I have ta yell
Or you bastards
Would never listen
Ta me.
I'm a drinkin' man.
So what?
That's my pleasure.
ya have enough ta eat?
Ya got a pair a' pants
On yar ass?
Ya got a fuckin' roof
Over yar head?
Ya satisfied?
Sure! Ya goddamn right!
Ya better be satisfied.
Who'd ya think makes
All this shit?



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Yar mother?
 I, I bring the money
 Home for you kids.
 Not yar mother.
 All she knows how ta do
 Is spend an' nag.
 Never get married
 Because you think you love a woman.
 It's the worst thing
 Ya ken do.
 Marry a rich ole
 Bitch.
 Inherit her money an'
 Then take it easy.

Don't be a fool
 Like me.
 An' the thing is
 I was told before I
 Married ya- mother
 She would give me trouble.
 Old Mrs. Geddess, her boss,
 Tole me.
 'Joe,' she said, 'if ya marry her
 She'll give ya trouble.'
 An' sure as shit
 She was right.
 I'll never forget what
 That woman said.
 Even her boss
 Knew her!

AAH, what's the use.
 I talk an' talk an' it
 Doesn't mean a goddamn thing.
 I'm gonna stop talkin'
 An' when I do, look out.
 I never hit ya in my life
 But
 If ya keep pullin' the shit
 Ya trying ta pull
 Ya gonna get somethin'
 Ya not lookin' for.
 I'm good, but don't take advantage
 A' my good nature
 Someday, when I'm in the
 Grave,
 Ya'll think of all the hard times

Ya gave
 Yar Ole man.
 Go ahead.
 Get outta
 Here.
 Go ahead.
 Go ahead.
 Go.

Words from *Victim of the Sky*, an album by Copernicus, aka Joe Sma I-kowski

Alternative music beat makes you submissive

by Tom Dill

Magazines such as Sound Choice express themselves to networking "alternative" musics. These alternatives seem to be tacitly understood to be those musical products, or projects, of people who stand ideologically opposed, more or less, to the "mainstream."

In many ways, understandably, this is an appealing idea. To simply report on that which is not popularly reported, and make it available to the far-flung margins of people who produce and consume it.

But to suppose an "alternative" magazine, is, like the idea of an "alternative" culture, is silly. The stance pretends to be anti-establishment when at the same time it uses all the same means of reportage, advertising/manipulation, organization, distribution; for basically the same ends as any mass-culture mag: to provide diversion to a neurotic society--in this case to the disaffected fringes.

The same goes for "alternative" musics themselves. My main objection to most of the "alternative" musics I've heard is *the sound of the music itself*. I believe that if you're claiming to be a musician, then you're engaged in the elemental act of producing sound; for that reason, you'd better be, first and foremost, concerned with the *sound* you're putting out. Then the "meaning" or "context" will take care of itself.

The root of the problem is the use of mainstream elements to build alternative music: the Beat, catchy melodies, "meaningful" lyrics, rhyming couplets, shopworn themes (sex-drugs-good times), and "professional" production values. But at the very heart of it, as Huey Lewis so perceptively says, is the Beat.

The Beat has seemingly become the

magic signifier of soul: It Don't Mean A Thing, If It Ain't Got That Swing. In fact, the Beat has become a *commodity*. Radio is practically a stock-market of hooks: there's a dollar on the end of each one. "Mama heartbeat", as Don Van Vliet disparagingly calls it, is supposed to be primal. If we are to believe science (and I have my doubts), we're tattooed before birth with the soothing meter of the calm, steady heartbeat. Elemental, irreducible; without it, music doesn't "move" us, doesn't "go anywhere." Supposedly, the drum was the first instrument. We're led to think of Africa (a very trendy place these days...for white people, anyway). "When you think of the drum, you think of the black man. It's his culture."--Milford Graves.

However, the Beat, as it is practiced today, is an insult to those "primitive" cultures. It is waging war on them daily: Michael Jackson bootleg cassettes in Lagos, etc. This is "World Beat", world culture? Or world control?

One-dimensional, divided and subdivided endlessly, pounded into our bodies with metronomic, and, now, digital perfection, the Beat, as we're served it today, is a pale, un-human blip ticking off the nuclear hour in a sterile, white sonic laboratory.

The supposition that the steady Beat is "primal" is a dangerous fallacy. Leaving aside the fact that no heartbeat is ever steady (certainly never as regular as the digital clock which drives the drum machines), there are all the other body rhythms which are ever-ongoing and irregular: the lungs, the brain, the liver, autonomic nervous system, etc. These are ignored by those who argue in typically divisive Western fashion that the heart is the *prime* body rhythm to which the soul marches. (For those more in tune with their bodies, these other rhythms are much more audible and just as vital.)

What we can discover by tuning out the Beat and tuning into our bodies is that, far from being a primal energy originating in the body, the Beat, as played over the radios and walkmans and blasters and TV's and toasters of the world is a

prime system of control over the body...and spirit.

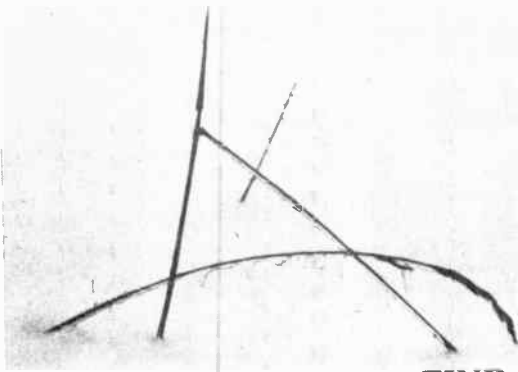
As a revolutionary medium, rock music is looked to set the formula for teenage rebellion and discovery (sex, drugs, the meaning of life, etc). These themes are all now carefully set out along prescribed models. School and rock are played against each other to suggest a choice: will you be "good" or "bad"? Either way, the possibility of a creative choice is virtually nil, for no rewards are offered there. Repressive parent groups who currently bewail the subversion of their children by Twisted Sister and Ozzie Osborne should rest easy; their children are being more effectively controlled than the parents themselves could ever do. How?

The Beat does it. Now laboratory controlled and tested, it assaults the body with a digitized (binary control down to the molecular level), relentless rhythm that is more like the palpitation of a heart in distress than of a calm "mama heartbeat". It is *aural violence*.

What would a "real" alternative be? Creative, flexible, spontaneous, autonomous, affirmative. Remember that sound effects life--be careful with it.

Spin Magazine Publisher Clutching At Straws, Looks to Sound Choice For Help: Last Spring Spin Magazine editor and publisher Bob Guccione Jr. requested we send him a copy of Sound Choice No. 4 after being told that issue contained an article describing the relationship between Aldo Ciaffardini and his son David Ciaffardini, editor and publisher of Sound Choice. Although we didn't know it at the time, apparently Bob Jr. was looking for parallels that might help him understand and better his own relationship with his father Bob Guccione Sr., Publisher of Penthouse Magazine. It all became clear to us when in August, Bob Sr., evicted his son from Spin headquarters in the Penthouse building in New York City, and announced Spin's demise. Bob Sr. was apparently sick and tired of financing his son's monthly music magazine (to the tune of \$180,000 a month according to one former Spin writer) and had asked his son at the beginning of the year to surrender ownership of the publication to Penthouse, cutting short a five year agreement between father and son. Bob Jr. has vowed to find other financial backers and although no October '87 issue is being published, he has said Spin will return in November. We wish both Bobs best of luck and if either of you need any more father/son advice, feel free to call.

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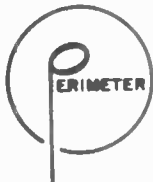


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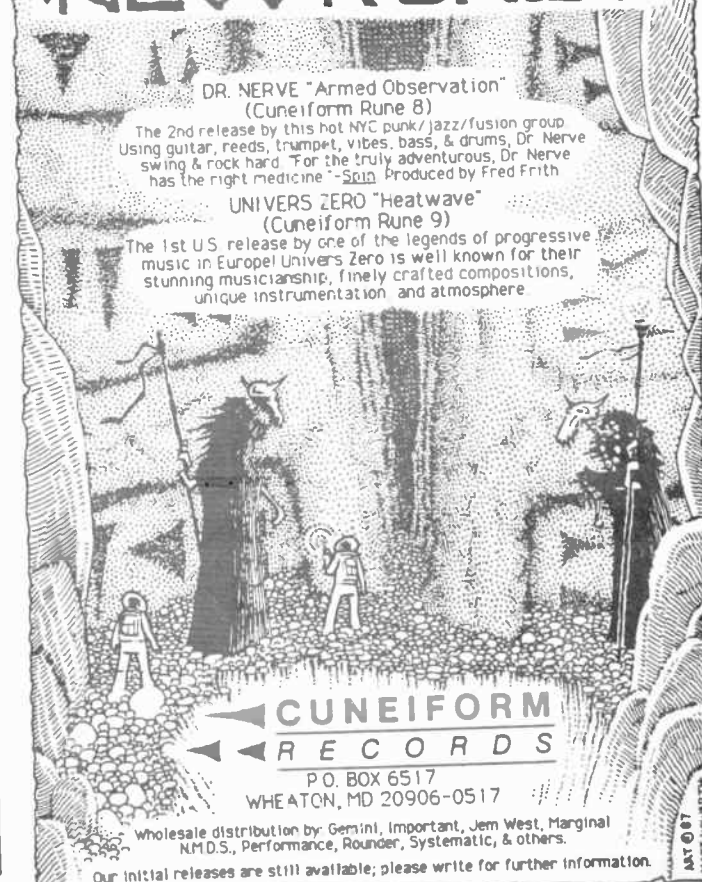
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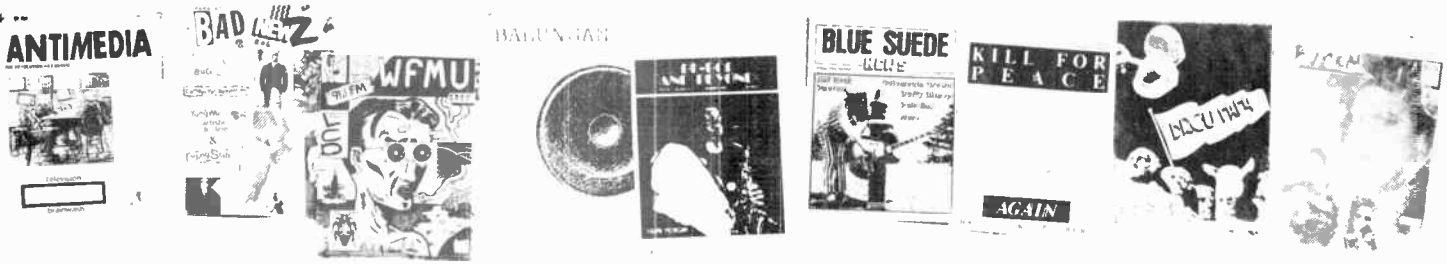
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PUBLICATION REVIEWS

NOTES ABOUT PUBLICATION REVIEWS: The reviews that follow will help you track down information, inspiration, sources of publicity and complicity, or simply a different view on things than will normally be offered in the mainstream press. Most of those listed are periodicals, although publishing schedules may be irregular. Reviews and especially page counts below may only represent a single issue which usually will be, but may not always be representative of subsequent or prior issues. Same goes for the price information, which intended to be the postpaid price for ordering a single copy. In some cases we have listed a subscription price for several issues, i.e. \$10/12, means \$10 for twelve issues. When there is no price listed it means that we weren't able to ascertain what the price is. In such cases we recommend sending an SASE (stamped, self-addressed envelope) to the publication you are interested in and request information. All addresses for the publications can be looked up alphabetically according to title in the Publication Contact Address Index that follows the reviews. In some cases, such as a publishing group that prints more than one title, an organization name in parentheses will follow the review, and it is that name that should be looked up in the data base. Some of the terms that are used in the reviews: 'zine' comes from the word fanzine and usually refers to a special interest, small-budget, done-for-the-love-of-the-subject publication. 'Tabloid' refers to publications that may or may not be a 'zine' but are published on newsprint and is either unbound (like a newspaper) or has oversize pages and is usually type-set. 'The usuals' is typically used in reference to music zines and stands for the usual zine menu of recording and zine reviews and interviews. Publishers who would like to have their material mentioned in Sound Choice should add us to their mailing list, or at least send us a sample copy. We'll try to do the same. If you have sent us something and it has not been reviewed it may be because we weren't sure if you were still publishing, we weren't sure of your address, we never got the stuff, we couldn't figure out what your publication was about, we ran out of room, or some other equally valid explanation. But don't despair, send us your most recent edition and we'll attempt to make mention in our next, updated listing.

A.C. Gazette: Punk styled zine of essays, short fiction, zine reviews, musician interviews and reviews. No. 7 follows a theme of goodness/evil. 24 pgs. \$1.50.

The Activist: Hey, this is for real--an underground newspaper for radical Christians. Not as hokey and overbearing as you might expect. Latest issue has large controversial section examining the Catholic Church, which according to the editors is not a branch of the Christian Church. Plus record reviews and the usuals. 24 pgs. \$2.

Airtight: Informative program guide for radio station CJSR. Reviews, interviews and profiles of rock, jazz and new music. 24 pgs.

Anarchy: Anti-authoritarian tabloid with news and views to inspire people to smash the state. Published by the Columbia Anarchist League. 16 pgs. \$1.

Anti-Isolation: Music, mailart and big emphasis on networking. Affection for cassettes. A good place to begin to tap into the subterranean postal scene. These folks (Liz Was and Mickal And) publish all sorts of art, networking stuff and recordings and always seem to be instigating a myriad of interesting projects. Send a few extra stamps and ask for a catalog. 34 pgs. \$1.

Aperos: A non-commercial zine where people share their ideas, questions and experiences about sexuality. State that you are over 18 when ordering. SASE for sample. 10 pgs.

Artpolice: Periodical of drawings and other visuals of mailart and dadaist bent, not to be pigeonholed too narrowly though. 22 pgs. SASE for sample.

Audior: A good quality fanzine focusing on European progressive and 'new' musics. No. 4 featured articles on Bill Nelson, Recommended Records, Shub Niggurath, Riccardo Sinigaglia and others. 32 pgs.

Bad Newz: Rock zine with the usuals plus a good helping of anti-authoritarianism for spice and sustenance. No. 5 included interviews with Government Issue and Fred Frith. This organization also puts out Bad Newz cassette compilations where you can hear some of the music they write about. (Sarris Bookmarketing) 32 pgs. \$1.50

Balungan: A handsome, scholarly publication of the American Gamelan Institute. If you've ever played or wished to play with Gamelan (an Indonesian musical instrument/orchestra) this is a must read to tap into the international Gamelan network. Serious musical theorists in other areas may also find the technical information stimulating. 54 pgs. \$5.

Bananafish: Seymour Glass, one of the pseudonymed contributors to San Francisco's BraveEar fanzine, has struck out on his own with this classy looking (heavy white paper and typesetting) music zine of noisy underground audio desires. Plenty of well-informed scatology and San Francisco styled irreverence. A refreshing cross between the industrial interests of Unsound and the silliness of Breakfast Without Meat. 52 pgs. \$1.50.

Band Age: A rock and pop zine, verging on the professional look, similar to Jet Lag, with the usuals. No. 2 featured articles on Frightwig, Ruth Schwartz (Mordam Records), Agent Orange, Psyclones, Smokin' Dave, Pleasant Gehman and more. 32 pgs. \$2.

Bang!: Rock and pop from this neat and clean zine with the usuals. Recent issue has articles on Motorhead, Let's Active, Firehose and others. 28 pgs. \$1.

Beatlefan: Long running (9 years) professional style fanzine about the Fab Four. This maintains a factual tone without all the gushing one might expect. 36 pgs. \$1.50.

Be-Bop And Beyond: Handsome, classy magazine about black jazz from a black perspective. An important, well-done publication from people who put the integrity of the music as a higher priority than its commercial possibilities. 40 pgs. \$3.

Between The Lines: Humor, propaganda and interesting information of a mailart and anti-authoritarian nature culled from diverse sources throughout the underground. 60 pgs. \$2.

The Big Takeover: Optimistic 'alternative rock' zine with lots of words about lots of bands from editor Jack Rabid, a drummer in his own right who once toured with the Leaving Trains after that band's drummer got in a fist fight with the lead singer while on tour. Jack Rabid rode to the rescue for the next six gigs. 22 pgs. \$1

Bitch: This Bitch is hot. The rock fanzine by women, about women, for everyone. Everything from make-up tips to feminist commentary record reviews. From heavy metal, to polka to zydeco, if a woman is a key figure they are interested. Broad minded. Nicely put together. Intelligent. Ambitious. Friendly. Good sense of humor. The kind of Bitch I've been dreaming of. 64 pgs. \$1.75.

Blockhead: One man rock zine with the usuals. 8 pgs. SASE.

The Blotter: This is a good little magazine--one that's hard to categorize because it doesn't stick to a formula issue to issue. One issue focussed on 'Success and Failure in the 80s' and featured mostly short fiction, another issue focused on the world of small publishers and had mostly non-fiction including an essay from Factsheet Five's Mike Gunderloy about the world of underground publishing. Some issues have lots of poetry. In general The Blotter offers nicely typeset, neat pages with words from alternative minded

people. 24 pgs. (Flash! Just before going to press, we received a postcard saying that Blotter has temporarily stopped publishing. I bet they have back issues available though.)

Blue Suede News: Rhythm and Blues news and a gig calendar for the Pacific Northwest. Local and national act profiles, reviews. 16 pages. 6/\$8.

The Bob: The definitive rock and pop tabloid, always enthusiastic, never political. The literary embodiment of college pop sensibilities. Just loves those white-boy guitar bands with the straining vocalists. Essential reading to find out all the trivia a college DJ or music critic needs to know to carry on a successful conversation with Mitch Easter, Peter Buck or Steve Wynn. Most subscriber issues come with flexi discs. 72 pages. 12/\$18.

Box of Water: 'An international compilation of visual and textual experiments.' Ongoing submission policy. 'Visual and visual/text manipulations, combinations, juxtapositions etc. are encouraged.' No. 3 included catalog, magazine and tape reviews and addresses. 60 pgs. \$3

BraveEar: One of the more ambitious professional looking rock fanzines with San Francisco leanings and a liberal-politico cool running around its edges and intestines. Slick and glossy because the publisher is in the printing business I think. 60 pages. \$2.50

Breach of Copyright: Basic photocopy rock fanzine with the usuals. Premier issue features year-old Sonic Youth interview and a diary of someone who followed that band for three days on tour. 34 pages. \$1.

Breakfast Without Meat: The only wacky, happening music zine with the guts to do a cover story (in No. 11) on 'Richard Harris: Guy of the Decade.' No. 11 also includes a recent interview with the current lineup of **Canned Heat**. This is the zine that breaks all trends and is one of the few places in the underground you may be able to read about Englebert Humperdink. 14 pgs. \$1.25

Brouhaha: Described as a 'limited edition cultural collage' this periodical combines music and zine reviews with lots of visual collage, essays, stories and an underground spirit that is very difficult to find in Hawaii, from where this is born. Don't leave for Hawaii without it, for this is the key to that states subterranean, music loving underbelly, something you won't find at the Don Ho Show. 40 pgs.

Buttrag: Rock fanzine with the usuals. No. 1 includes interviews with 11th Dream Day, Precious Wax Drippings and Didjits. 26 pgs. \$1

Calendar Magazine: Free art and entertainment tabloid for the San Francisco area, big on rock, with a bit of indie coverage. Calendar writer Joe Gore showed supreme ignorance when he neglected to mention Sound Choice in a recent article reviewing the music press, although Calendar writer Andrew Goodwin may have been referring to SC when in his essay on rock criticism he wrote, 'Some critics even claim to show how the same record declines in artistic value when it is distributed by the Wrong Company.' 36 pgs. 12/\$15.

Camera Obscura: It's back! Leaner this time though. Reviews of progressive Mexican music, comix, a few jazz, electronic and rock reviews and a live review of the Droogs from July that reveals that out-a-site guitarist Karl Precoda has resurfaced performing with the Droogs.

Campus Review: Lively right-wing college newspaper from University of Iowa with lots of political and social opinions and an alternative music page. Of course most of the people who write for this are fools, but the music coverage seems safely apolitical, which is a shame because this seems the perfect place for selfish, reactionary, right-wing music criticism, instead of the same namby-pamby stuff offered in all those pseudo-liberal college papers. 12 pgs.

CBA Unity Project Bulletin: The August 'Special Edition' calls for Patriots (in this case hard-line constitutionalists and anti-IRS proponents) to unite to counteract 'the widespread criminal activity within our government.' 'What is missing,' they write, 'is a stable datum or standard upon which we can all agree and that will serve as the basis of our collective actions.' This group is attempting to define an audience and issues from which to draw a consensus toward group action. 8 pgs.

Character Disorder: A collection of mail art, collected from 75 artists, printed with black ink on thick white paper in magazine form, including addresses of all involved. 56 pgs. \$5.

Church of the SubGenius: This is the satirical international cult that worships the deity J.R. 'Bob' Dobbs. This is very likely one of the most important cults in the world and if you haven't heard about it yet...well you probably have heard something about it but didn't know it. Anyway, just like any successful cult, these people produce tons of propaganda literature and products and desperately want your money, though if you send an SASE you're gonna probably get some interesting stuff for free. You owe it to yourself. Praise Bob!

ComeUnity: 'Dedicated to the preservation and enhancement of human rights, civil, political, economic, social and culture....A people's forum welcoming photos, articles, graphics, letters...' Tabloid. \$1.

The Community Dialogue: A community activist periodical for the New Orleans area. Anti-authoritarian. 24 pgs.

Cultural Democracy: Newsletter for an organization that actively supports the rights for all cultures and communities to have equitable access to the resources of our commonwealth and to be guaranteed participation in public debate on all matters of cultural policy. 16 pgs.

Damp: Premier issue of this rock fanzine busts out of the stalls with inter-

views of Moving Targets, Throwing Muses, The Rudy Schwartz Project, Byron Coley, Mofungo and more. A cut or two above many of the other Forced Exposure clone rags. 40 pgs. \$1.

Denise Dee: Denise Dee is not the name of a magazine or book, it is the name of a woman responsible for the publication of many magazines and books of a most charming and sincere, honest, realistic, simple and healthy nature. Denise is concerned with the feelings of people as they grow up, feelings of sexuality, friendship, loss and gain. For several years she published such writings from herself and others in her now defunct 'The Closest Penguins' magazine from which there is now a 'Best of...' collection available. She is now working on a new periodical called 'Union of Opposites.' However two recent publications 'Faces/Bodies' and 'Mothers/Daughters' represent a new peak of accomplishment if only because they are so focused and easy to digest. Each are theme books. In the former women writers share very personal stories about their sexuality and relationships and their mental effects. We learn what goes on in the mind of a woman who has an abortion, what kinds of pressures are put upon women who grew up with the images of Barbie dolls forced upon them, and the feelings of sweaty sex in the back seat. 'Mothers/Daughters' is simply that, stories of and from mothers and daughters. These books are not fancy in either literary style or physical presentation. They are slim and typewritten, even hand-written in places. They are charmingly simple and completely lacking literary pretension. In fact, Denise deplores the word 'literary' as a description of her work. Denise's works will not impress everyone but they are filling an important niche in the (anti)literary world. (Dee)

Dillinger Relic: Arthur Hlavaty is a science fiction fan who offers perceptible insights and observations about goings on in the world. And you don't have to be a sci-fi fan to appreciate what he writes about. 10 pgs.

Discorder: Monthly magazine-style program guide from non-commercial radio station CTR. Includes interviews and reviews on a variety of music styles. 48 pgs. 12/\$10.

Duckberg Times: A Washington D.C. area free monthly tabloid focusing on rock and pop music. Includes lots of comix and indie record reviews. 36 pgs.

Earshot Jazz: Nice quality publication focusing on the jazz scene in the Pacific Northwest. Usually includes club listings. 16 pgs.

Eat My Shit: Anti-authoritarian essays, interviews and drawings, packaged up nice and neat on good white paper. No. 4 featured an interview with racist White Panther Glen Miller, an interview with Bob Black and an article by Fred Mills describing the harassment the postal authorities are giving Eat My Shit's editor about the name of the zine. The Postal authorities claim that it is illegal to mail anything with the words Eat My Shit written on it and threaten to confiscate mail addressed as such and prosecute the zine editor. The ACLU doesn't agree with the post offices position, but the editor is requesting mail be addressed to Eat My... If you want to make sure your mail gets through to these guys, that is the way you better address it. However, if you want to press the point and be a part of this controversy, send something addressed with the full name on it and see what happens. The Postal Authorities would look like fools trying to prosecute something like this. Should we really allow the post office to take words away from us? What words of communication will they prohibit next week? There is little chance the Postal Authorities can hold the editors of Eat My Shit legally responsible for others who address their mail with the phrase, although they can certainly attempt many forms of harassment and intimidation, which they've already embarked upon. Every person whose mail is held up because of the name will likely have a good case for suing the post office. Who has done the wronging, a post office that refused to deliver mail, or Joe Average who writes the word shit on his address label? 24 pgs.

E B Newsletter: E B stands for 'Experimental Broadcasting' which is a safe euphemism for 'pirate radio', the latter being a term which might be a good idea to avoid if you're serious about the subject. This is a professional publication from people who know what they're talking about. The publishers also offer a catalog of interesting electronic devices and plans. 8 pgs. \$1.50.

Ecology: An annual collection of writings 'by dancer-musicians-activist-scholars.' Some very heavy, progressive thinking can be found here. Contents include essays on 'Culture, Music and Collaborative Learning', 'An Annotated Bibliography on Street Performing', 'Diatribes on Modern Music (by R. Crumb)', and other works pertaining to 'Theoretical and Applied Sociomusicology'. Very impressive and unique. 75 pgs. \$5.

Electrogenesis: A very impressive periodical from the 'Electrogenesis Music Futurism Network' Thoughtful essays and analysis on various forms of non-commercial music. Interests in noise and power electronics. Latest issue has a long essay on the origins and meaning of 'cassette culture.' 34 pgs. \$4

EPIA Society Digest: Constitutionalist periodical offering us 'secret facts you are not supposed to know' usually with an anti-big government, anti-IRS perspective. 16 pgs. \$3.

Eurock: This is both a record catalog and a zine primarily about European progressive rock. If you thought the genre didn't go much beyond Tangerine Dream or Kraftwerk, here's where you will find out otherwise, written in a constructive, caring manner by Archie Patterson. \$1.

Experimental Musical Instruments: This is a handsome periodical focusing on the 'design, construction and enjoyment of new sound sources.' Photos, diagrams, theories, nomenclature, etc. all in a very down to earth

PUBLICATION CONTACT INDEX

- A.C. Gazette/Katherine Nichols--412 Washington Blvd Oak Park, IL 60302
 Activist, 3833 1/2 Mahoning, Youngstown OH 44515
 Airtight. CJSR-FM Room 224, Student Un. Bldg. Univ. of Alberta Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6G 2J7 403-432-5244
 Anarchy, C.A.L., P.O.Box 380 Columbia, MO 65205
 Anti-Isolation/Xexocial Edition--1341 Williamson St., Madison, WI 53703
 Aperos, Sylvia/Correspan P.O. Box 759, Veneta, OR 97487
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 Bang!, 77 Newbern Ave., Medford, MA 02155 617-391-5542
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 Beatleaf, P.O. Box 33515, Decatur, GA 30033
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 Big Takeover/Jack Rabid--249 Eldridge St. Box 14, New York, NY 10002
 Bitch, 473 W Hamilton #164, Campbell, CA 95008
 Blockhead/Mike Appelstein--37 Grand Blvd. Spotswood, NJ 08884
 Blotter, 233 Woodbine Ave. Toronto, Ont. Canada M4L 3P3
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 Brave Ear, P.O.B. 3877, Berkeley, CA 94703 415-658-9601
 Breach of Copyright, 5808 Elmer St. Pittsburgh PA 15232
 Breakfast Without Meat, 1827 Haight St. Rm. 188, San Francisco, CA 94117
 Brouhaha, P.O. Box 152 Honolulu HI 96810
 Buttrage/Peter Margasak--1927 N. Sheffield Ave. Chicago, IL 60614 312-525-3795
 Calendar Magazine, 230 Ritch St. San Francisco, CA 94107 415-541-0700
 Camera Obscura/Masrk Tucker-1508 Faymont, Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
 Campus Review, P.O. Box 5155, Coralville, IA 52241
 CBA Unity Project Bulletin, Citizen's Bar Assoc. P.O. Box 935 Medford, OR 97501
 Character Disorder/Art Works--P O Box 1156 Brattleboro VT 05301
 ComeUnity, P.O. Box 41532, St. Petersburg, FL 33743
 Community Dialogue, 916 Euterpe St, New Orleans, LA 70130 504-524-3356
 Cultural Democracy, Box 2088 Sta A, Champaign, IL 61820
 Damp, P.O.Box 68 So., Willington, CT 06265
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 Earshot Jazz, P.O.B. 85851, Seattle, WA 98145-2858 328-6199
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 Echology/Charlie Keil--81 Crescent Ave. Buffalo, NY 14214
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 Ratbeat International, P.O. Box 361, 00121 Helsinki, Finland 358-0-604357
 Reality Now, P O Box 6326, Sta A Toronto, Ontario Canada M5W 1P7
 Rear Guard/CRSG Radio--1455 de Maisonneuve, Montreal,Canada H3G 1M8
 Reasons For Living/Jim DeRogatis--P O Box M2076, Hoboken, NJ 07030
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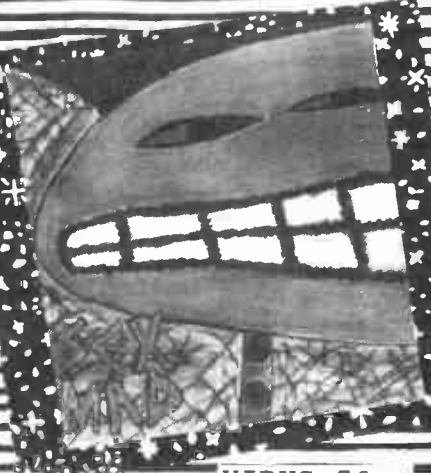


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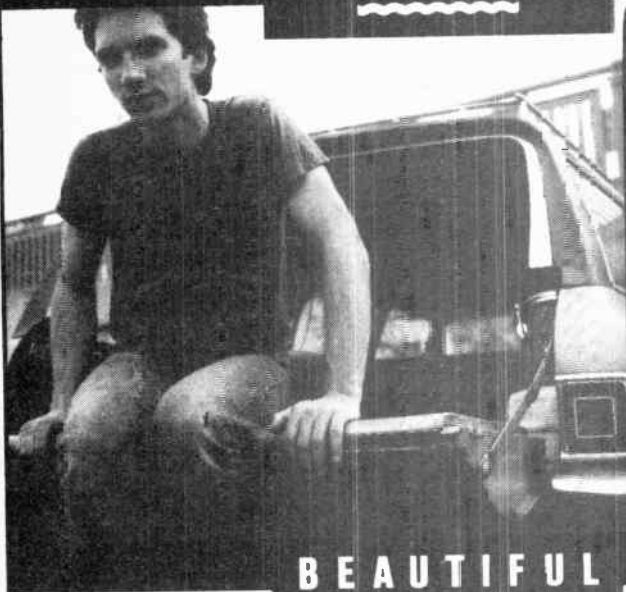
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what is considered the cutting edge of 'true' heavy metal, as opposed to the glittery glam metal allowed on MTV. Sample quote from Joey DeMaio of Manowar: 'We're the loudest band in the world. We have more equipment than anyone else. We can literally make your nose bleed with the power and the volume...' 32 pgs. \$2.

Vanity Press: Tuli Kupferberg, underground savant and member of the legendary Fugs, creates his very own brand of comix, (that he's more than willing to share with other publishers), and creates some interesting anti-authoritarian flavored publications including 'Kill For Peace' and 'In Media's Feces'. Tuli appears to be one of the few '60s legend who hasn't sold out. An inspiration! \$1, trade or an SASE will likely get you something interesting in return.

Victory Music Review: There's a folk music scene happening up in the Pacific Northwest and you can read about it here, find out the names and addresses of the shows and clubs, read interviews and reviews, etc. in this regularly published very together newsletter. 24 pgs \$1.50

Video Guide: Documents and analyzes independent videos. Anyone serious about this art would be well advised to check out this non-profit organization. 20 pages. \$2.

Waves: This is a program guide for an Australian public radio station but you might not notice that because it is such a large, handsome magazine with lots of articles on all kinds of alternative music. This is outstanding anyway you look at it. If you are venturing to Melbourne, send for a copy of this before you leave. It's bound to help you slip into the culture. 56 pgs.

Why Music Sucks: Editor Frank Kogan solicits any and all to write up their assessment of Why Music Sucks for publication here. He also prints up silly questionnaires he also wants feedback on for his other publication Reader's Poll. A lot of long-winded intellectualizing amid cutesy-pie joking around from some musicians, writers and high profile alternative rock fans. Whereas The Offense Newsletter (see review above) comes off as a freshman college discussion class on rock fandom, Why Music Sucks plows back in as a graduate level discussion heavy on foot-notable rock rhetoric. A lot of whining and intellectual groping and self-gratification but certainly as essential to a rock and roll bibliography or library as Spin, Rolling Stone or Rock N Roll Confidential. Why Music Sucks is the Mojo Navigator News of the 1980s. 44 pages. \$2 or free to participants.

Wigglepig: This issue is subtitled Meat Market Icons and features thought provoking pages of photocopy collage and quotations of bizarre and provocative nature. Features a great picture of the anti-Bob. I want these guys on my side in the next propaganda war.

Wig Out!: A fanzine from the group Girl Trouble. Mostly humor, big emphasis on sixties camp nostalgia--Mod Squad, Barbie Dolls, old Beatles clippings. 16 pages.

Woo-Woo: Photo collages, visual satire and juxtapositions. 16 pgs. \$.50.

Worker Poet: Hard edged street poetry, graphics and networking addresses make this one of the more digestible underground poetry zines. 12 pgs.

Yellow Journal: Sloppy punk zine without much meat (except for the blurry photo of one of Ed Gein's victims) 20 pgs.

Your Flesh: Ambitious rock zine with the usuals plus lots of comix. No. 12 included articles on Hickoids, Kilslug, Pussy Galore, more. 56 pgs. \$2.50

Zip-a-di-doo-dada Publishers: All sorts of friendly homemade publications come from this place. Titles include 'Counter Culture' a zine about diners, 'Time Worm' a mish-mash of essays, poetry, short stories and photocopy graphics. Also, small books of personal stories and observations about relationships, travels and more. Editor Sean Wolf Hill interjects a positive, I-wanna-be-your-friend approach in all his work-- a nice antidote for all the bitter bitching and pretensions in so many other zines.

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Until someone else comes along with an alternative, this is the magazine for all you secretaries and office clerks who secretly long to kill your bosses or who want assurances that their video display terminal is in fact damaging their health. 48 pgs. \$2.50.

Puddle Diver: Blustering, expletive filled cooler-than-thou lame rock fanzine. For inspiring this kind of waste-of-paper Byron Coley and Jimmy Johnson of Forced Exposure must surely have nightmares. 12 pgs.

Puls: This is Norway's biggest music magazine, a massive tabloid written in Norwegian, that has quite a bit of alternative and independent music coverage, much of the latter written by the great Arild Bergh, a writer who has gone out of his way to become very aware of the international independent music scene (including cassette artist) and shares his insights and information with Puls readers. 72 pgs.

Pussyfoot: Rock fanzine with the usuals, though this one's on newsprint. Focuses on punkish bands. Heavy on the L.A. scene. No. 3 included articles on Social Distortion, Tender Fury, The Chameleons and Super Heroines. 28 pgs. \$1.

Quimby: Boston artists get together and tastefully layout their comix, collages, photos, drawings and writing. No. 9 has an interesting article on Radio and the Futurist movement of the early 20th century. Other good stuff too. A variety of other publications come from this arts collective as well. \$3.

Ratbeat International: Wow, this is an ambitious project. An international rock fanzine, written in English and printed in Finland. Big, professional looking tabloid pages, with the usuals, attempting to unite the global village through the gospel of rock. (Looks a lot like The Bob) Two issues so far. I'd really like to see this succeed, but the logistics of such a project make me wonder how long this will last. 22 pgs.

Reality Now: Revolutionary, anti-authoritarian, direct-action oriented newspaper. 32 pgs. \$2

RearGarde: Big music tabloid, heavy on rock and indie music, from the folks at Canadian college radio station CJSR. 28 pgs. \$1.

Reasons For Living: Sporadically published rock and roll fanzine, each one with a different theme. No. 4, the 'Stranded' issue features essays from a variety of writers, waxing poetic about the one record they would take with them if stranded on a desert island. Selections include Horses, Raw Power, Pink Flag, Modern Lovers, Marquee Moon, Shake Some Action, Metal Machine Music, Live At The Star Club, White-Light/White Heat. Plus record reviews. 32 pgs.

Red Buddha: Published by the Zendokan Budokai of America, a Buddhist martial arts group. The newsletters contain interesting philosophy and history of martial arts. Even those who aren't into martial arts may appreciate the bits of wisdom and history such as the following quote by Bruce Lee that clearly applies to many musicians and fans: '...We have more faith in what we imitate than what we originate.' 6 pgs. \$1.

Reggae and African Beat: The important and influential, handsome magazine promoting reggae and African music. Too often the optimistic and promotional tone overshadows some important but negative aspects of the reggae scene that are rarely mentioned. That's why it was refreshing (and also unfortunate that it was necessary) to see a provocative article in a recent issue (Vol. 6, No. 4) speaking of a 'crisis' in reggae music and elaborating on the fact that many reggae artists, while preaching peace, love and Jah, are simply in the business for the money and fame and a way to launder money from marijuana sales. And as a person who has went to several reggae concerts only to find headline artists showing up hours late or not at all, screwing over their audiences in blatant, stoned out fashion, it was nice to see this issue touched upon as well. Of course these problems run rampant among other genres of music, but it was good to see some of the truth being dealt with, although it is clear that they were only touching upon the tip of an iceberg. May Jah shed more light upon the truth. 50 pgs. \$2

Relix Magazine: Professional fanzine Dedicated to the Grateful Dead and the evolution of the San Francisco sound and its contemporary spin-offs. Relix also releases formerly out-of-print or never released recordings from the Dead, solo projects and bands like the New Riders of the Purple Sage. 44 pages. \$2.50.

The Rocket: Seattle's free apolitical alternative tabloid, big on music and entertainment listings and the home for a lot of great cartoonists. Independent recording artists get their fair share of respect here and if they are rock oriented they could hope to get a 'cooler-than-thou' mention in Bruce Pavitt's Sub-Pop column. Don't leave for the Pacific Northwest without checking out The Rocket. 44pgs. 12/\$12.

Rogue's Gallery: Small newsletter focussing on British flavored folk music. 20 pgs. \$1.

Schism: Mail artist Janet Janet releases these small booklets of visual imagery and cryptic political statements. 12 pgs.

Scrap: Mail art collection including addresses of participants. 32 pgs. \$1

Seconds: Undiscriminating, but hefty tabloid style rock zine with the usuals. If Bob Guccione Jr.'s father wasn't so rich, this would of been the kind of zine that might have appeared instead of Spin.

SFTG: Enthusiastic and ambitious punk zine. Lots of good live photos from L.A. area gigs, plus the usuals. 56 newsprint pages. \$1.

Shake!: Cheryl Cline is editing this new rock and roll zine that welcomes contributions about all forms of the music and life style. The premier issue, has the usuals, but stands out from most, probably because it is not run by foul-mouth white-boy adolescents. Instead we have a bit of the Girl-Next-door sensibilities, along with a bit of the homey friendliness of the mail-art network. 20 pgs. \$2.

Sicko: A nice thick, visually invigorating zine about 'Houston's Underground Scene.' Which means music mostly. A cut above most of the genre. \$1.50

Sipapu: 'A newsletter for librarians, collectors, and others interested in the alternative press...' Through his interviews and reviews editor Noel Pettie infuses the pages with warmth and open-mindedness. This is one of the few 'academic' styled literature reviews that will on occasion list and sing the praises of the more rough-edged underground periodicals that we all love. Keep it up Noel! 36 pgs. \$4.

Skulduggery: Rock fanzine. No. 8 included interviews with Billy Bragg, Breaking Circus, The Funseekers and The Clams. 20 pgs. \$1.25

Slimetime: Great zine of descriptions and commentary about Grade B movies. This will help you pick out the weirdest of the weird. Even if you never see the movies, reading this gives you a good idea of what America is really dreaming about and its clear nobody is sleeping too soundly. 10 pgs.

Snake Pit Magazine: Issue 6 is a tiny pamphlet with a little essay from a person who feels he was misled by zine reviews to buy a Sonic Youth record which he found disappointing compared to the promise of the reviews. Fresh and sincere. Nice graphics too. 16 pages. 3 stamps.

S.P.E.W.: A publication from the War Resisters League. No. 1 is geared toward educating young people to resist war and the things that lead to it such as draft registration. Articles include interviews with high school student activists, an analysis of 'Punk Anarchist Music', an article on 'Do-It-Yourself-Punk' offering concrete steps on how to create and politicize a music scene and resist the tendency for punk to be turned into fashion, an interview with Frank Zappa, various articles on political music and lyrics and much more. It seems vital that information of this kind be more widely distributed to high school students, if only to offer a balance to the legions of military recruiters who now stalk our high school campuses earning substantial financial commissions for each student they cajole into signing up. 40 pgs.

Sporadic Droolings: The last issue of this rock zine I received was big and thick with articles on Rank and File, GG Allen, Amor Fati, Placebo Records, Kommunity FK, Bad Compilation Tapes, Agent Orange and much more.

One of the best of the genre. 64 pgs. \$1.50

Subway: No. 2 featured some poetry, publication reviews and an article about male baldness from a woman who suggests that if men would brush their hair as much as women do they wouldn't go bald. 20 pgs. \$1.50.

Synthesis: 'A newsletter and journal for social ecology, deep ecology, and bio-regionalism.'

Systematic Rejection: Rock zine with an healthy anti-authoritarian bent. Recent issue included interviews with Steve Albini (of the defunct Big Black) and Boneless Toast and a good selection of toll free numbers of asshole organizations. 18 pgs. \$.50

T.B.S. Publications: A variety of rough edged non-commercial publications--zines and small books--are created here. The Sweet Ride is a periodical of reviews, humor and essays, including stuff about rock music. The small books cover stories about relationships, social observations and travels. Simple, friendly and on the edge with a lack of pretension. Randy Russel is the editor and by all accounts a pretty good guy to know.

Twisted Image: Underground comix artist and humorist Ace Backwards edits this cool tabloid that defies easy categorization. A recent issue featured his interview with Charles Bukowski, commentary from readers about 'turning thirty', record reviews, art direction by B.N. Duncan, and comix from a variety of artists, including the great Ace himself. Eight big pages. \$2 or trade for other zines.

Twisted Imbalance: Tabloid anti-authoritarian periodical mixing humor, radical advice, provocative graphics, international news of governmental atrocities, and Bob. 16 pgs.

Uncle Fester: Jake Wisely's rock fanzine gets better and better and has been consistent in producing nice looking pages and readable type, good graphics and above average zine writing. Issue #12 shines with good questions that lead to interesting interviews with Wiseblood, Panther Burns, Manowar and Kublai Khan. The latter two interviews give a good perspective on





Phil Ochs Remembered

By Puke Pagan

Phil Ochs has been physically dead 11 years now. He hung himself in his sister's house in 1976. He died as a martyr of the working class, of the inevitable revolution. Phil was a poet, musician, activist, (topical) songwriter, but more importantly than any of these qualities he was an anti-authoritarian and revolutionary. He could not be ideologically pinned down to any political dogma or party, (no matter what left liberals might say). Ochs was beyond politics to being politicized, criticizing from the unique perspective of the common man awakened to the radicalization of truth, the truth that many did not want to face. He lived and rejoiced in the fact that he could vocalize his beliefs and actualities to so many people in the supposedly golden age of the 1960s.

Ochs sung what no other "protest" singer would touch; he criticized those who plundered, raped, maimed and pillaged in the name of freedom. Ochs and a host of unknowns searched for liberation for the oppressed peoples of the earth. Not only did he vocalize against our society's ills, he stood up for all who are trampled by the bloody "white boots" of imperialism. One can never forget Phil Ochs's songs as long as this present soci-

ety exists, because they are about this society, this miserable world as it is today.

Ochs considered himself a protest singer, a folk protest singer, a topical songwriter. When *Broadside Magazine*, a topical song forum for folk protest singers emerged in 1962 to give birth to and disseminate topical songs in that heady era of civil rights, peace marches, and rebellion all over the world. Phil came to aid it, (eventually with 69 songs to his credit), having a burning desire to try and change all the injustices he saw, heard or read about. Ochs was in touch with people's struggles; he believed his best direct personal chance at change was not being armed in the streets, but armed with a pen, guitar and articulate voice.

He understood that folk music was of, for, and about the people he struggled with, his inspiration for so many songs; thus he spectacularized his image in an inverted way: singing at rallies, benefits, etc. with very little pay, playing most of the bigger gigs. Through these myriad appearances across the country came his forced exposure to the world. Ochs says his musical ideas "came from Mozart", (which is true: witness his powerful unrelenting and numerous melodies); yet his songs were taken from contemporary bits and pieces of "Americana", which is

why so many people found his songs moving, inspiring and endearing.

The people who heard him found his music very easy to listen to, which gave even greater vitality to his "subversive" lyrics. Content and form were integrating into a whole as a new folk music; songs to sing along the barricades and demonstrations, (e.g.. "I Ain't Marching Anymore".)

Up until the 1968 Chicago Democratic Convention, Ochs was convinced, it seems, that there was some hidden value in America worth saving, (America the genocidal master and exploiting enslaver of earth); but after countless activities and benefits for various causes and people, he witnessed first-hand the cold iron jaws of police-state fascism at the Chicago convention. Forgetting Kennedy, Castro and Mao, he finally saw through that facade which is omnipresent in all governments: "...a boot stamping on a human face--forever." (Orwell). Ochs then realized that when a people united try to stand together, repression is sure to follow. The so-called Movement which he believed in and gathered his strengths from disappeared overnight. Once cannot have a revolution without the accompanying blood, guts and shattered skulls, and instantly people knew this disillusion became deflated when

one has a club across the head.

Once the "Movement" (partially created, helped, hindered, and destroyed by the media) died away, Ochs felt abandoned; murder and repression were becoming realities that no one wanted to face or fight alone.

The secret police tried to shut him up. They tried to hassle and deport him from various countries, in various instances, consistently year after year, all because of wanting to find elsewhere in other countries, the nourishment he so desperately needed that "they" robbed him of, when his original source, the youth of America, dried up. The secret police wanted to drive him and all known dissidents to suicide. Apparently they succeeded.

But one can see why they wanted to force his death: songs like "Cops of the World," "The State of Richard Nixon," "Santo Domingo," "The Ringing of Revolution," "Spaceman," "United Fruit", and many others proclaimed in bold flares the corrupt nature of capitalism. Ochs said in an interview, "...And that problem is an America be saved. And for the first time in eight years I question whether it can. I think it's quite

possible the country is so far gone and decayed that there may be no way left to save it, and that the only logical course for the progress of mankind is the destruction of America."

Ochs encountered a dilemma as songwriter and revolutionary after 1968. He had always admired Elvis Presley, (that drug-crazed reactionary commoditized idiot) who stole the Negroes' music and fused it with Country and Western. Ochs knew that if there was to be any change, it had to be through the popular commercialization of the song form: "I came to the conclusion that Colonel Parker (Elvis' manager) knows more about organizing America than Angela Davis or S.D.S.. He understands the American mentality. In terms of changes in America you have to reach the working class, and to me Elvis Presley, in retrospect, is like a giant commercialization of the working class singer, also a true integrationist in terms of bringing black music and country music together, which is why his strength is so long lasting....If there is any hope for a revolution in America, it lies in getting Elvis Presley to become Ché Guevara..." He then embarked on a tour with Elvis Presley attire, singing various '50s rock and roll, but this time with criticism and biting cynicism: "I am America, I am God, I am Money, I am

Hip, I am Moral, I am Everything. I won the World."

We hear of Ochs' drinking and apathy. With the "movement" deflated, his appearances banned on television, his songs banned on radio, his records becoming deleted or largely unavailable, Phil knew that his guiding light, the people, were scared shitless back into submission. There are questions around his death, but when one bears in mind that the State spied on him for nine years, that over 400 pages were written about him (half being deleted after the Freedom of Information Act was passed) in the files of the secret police, that he was constantly intimidated, those questions dim significantly.

We must still sing his songs, invent new ones, tell others of him, act upon what he would of inherently done, to contribute to ending this barbarous society.

Phil Ochs' first two albums *All The News That's Fit To Sing* and *I Ain't Marching Anymore* have been rereleased recently with original cover art and liner notes by Carthage Records, P.O. Box 667, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553, USA

Photos in this article were provided by the Michael Ochs Archives, a music consultancy service in Venice, Calif.

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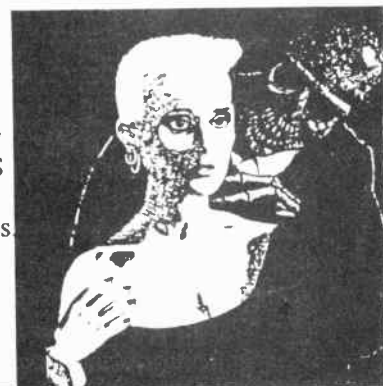
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Don't Tell 'Em I Ain't Marchin' Anymore

Given the current trend towards unleashing the FBI, it is important that draft resisters, draft counselors and anti-draft activists be aware of the FBI's methods and understand their rights when confronted by FBI agents.

Several common misconceptions cause people to succumb to FBI interrogation techniques. There is no legal obligation to cooperate with FBI agents. You will not gain any advantage by cooperating, even if the agents suggest or promise that you will, since the agents will normally lie about this. They will lie to get you to talk, and if you do talk, they will lie about what you said. You cannot outwit them, and cannot either mislead them with false information or extract valuable information from them.

One common FBI method is to approach the target victim directly. If one day you respond to a knock on your door to find two FBI agents there (they work in pairs unless electronically bugged), follow one simple rule: Never talk to the FBI. There is no law or regulation that requires you to do so, yet the prestige and power of the organization is such that many people have the mistaken idea there is such an obligation.

Never believe you can outwit the agents. They are highly skilled, highly trained and utterly without sense of humor. They may only pretend to want information about you; their real purpose may be to extract information about friends, family members or neighbors.

For example, an agent asks you, "Did your brother register for the draft?" You answer, "I think he did, at least we talked about it last July." Several things have happened in this exchange. First you told them, or confirmed, that you have a brother. Second, you have made two statements about your brother: that he was supposed to register, and that he knew when he was supposed to register. You have given them information, which fitted together with other information, may make a prosecution more likely. Third, you have begun a conversation with them, which makes it easier for them to keep you talking.

Or your father answers the door. The agent says, "We want to talk to you about your son's failure to register." Father replies, "Dammit, I told him last summer he should have registered." He has given the agents in one sentence a vital bit of information: that the alleged

nonregistrant had knowledge of the registration program. Proving knowledge is one of the requirements of a successful prosecution.

If the agents offer to let an alleged nonregistrant register late, the response should be, "I am going to talk to my lawyer. Go away." If you want to register, your lawyer can set it up. Most important, though, is that any conversation which has gone this far with the FBI is a conversation that should never have happened.

There is real danger in having any conversation with the FBI. Statements such as "I told him not to register," or any kind of statement that can be construed as "counseling, aiding and abetting" non registration gives agents both information and leverage. They could use the statement to threaten a parent, counselor or friend into helping with their investigation. "You've made a statement that is indictable..."

A common ploy of agents is to say, "If you have nothing to hide, then you certainly should not be afraid to talk to us," or, more bluntly, "What are you afraid of?" You may think that you would not be susceptible to such an obvious tactic, but when you are confronted by two hostile agents, in the early morning hours and you are all alone, your reaction may be quite different--unless you have prepared yourself in advance to be absolutely non-cooperative.

Sometimes the agents will seem friendly. This is simply another interrogation tactic; an FBI agent is about as friendly as a cobra. But the device is apt to work if you are not prepared for it. It is very difficult to be abrupt or discourteous to someone who seems to be friendly. But remember, the agent's approach is calculating, and designed to injure you or some third party.

Agents know how to arouse your curiosity or fear; they may try to make you believe that, if you talk to them, you will be able to get information from them. Remember that they are highly skilled at this business, and you are not. The information they give you will be insignificant. It may be information that you or others already possess, or they may want you and the others to know that the agents possess it. It may simply be made up entirely, to lure you into thinking that you can get more information from them. It is not the agents interest to give you information unless doing so serves a compelling FBI purpose.

The "Mutt and Jeff" routine, in which one agent is threatening, and the other sympathetic, is an old police interroga-

tion tactic sometimes used by the FBI. It should be easy to spot, once you have been forewarned.

Some of the more common harassment techniques used by the FBI are these: the agents will pretend they are looking for you and will approach friends, family, neighbors or fellow employees, asking about you. News of the visit gets back to you, and you become more and more paranoid. You may even register for the draft, or assume a lower profile in your anti-draft activities. They aren't looking for you--they already know where you are. They merely want to harass you. Agents can be expected to routinely approach your boss, or school or university administrators. A favorite tactic is to pull you off the job or out of class, then interview you in full view of others.

Now, what should you actually do when the FBI comes around? (Don't assume that just because you are not involved in illegal activity, they will not visit you.) Also, don't assume that present-day agents are still sinister, grim young men in suits, sincere ties and carefully polished shoes. Some of them now wear casual clothes, some may have beards and long hair. Some are Black or from other minorities, and some are women.

First of all, don't try to outfox them. No matter what you say to them, you have given them some kind of information. You have opened a dialog with them, which makes it psychologically more difficult to break it off.

The best response is normally to close and lock the door in their faces, but this is very difficult for most people to do. Usually the next best thing is to say, "My lawyer told me not to talk to the FBI." This accomplishes several things. It tells them that you have consulted a lawyer (maybe you really have.). It shifts the responsibility for your silence to the lawyer, who is not present. It lessens your feelings of guilt about not cooperating--after all, the lawyer told you to do this. It may raise Miranda issues, at least in the minds of the agents.

It is fairly common for an FBI agent to call on the phone or leave a message asking you to meet the agent or come to the FBI field office. In most cases, it is important that you seek legal advice. A lawyer can intercede and perhaps find out the purpose of the request. The lawyer can also accompany you to the interview, if you decide to appear. If the lawyer tells you, "If you haven't done anything wrong, why not talk to the FBI," find another lawyer.

So how did you end up at the Altamont concert?

Well, I was going to school at the time at a private high school in Menlo Park. I think I was 16 or 17 years old when the Altamont thing was ready to happen so we hitchhiked to the site. We got there a day early so we slept in front of the stage so we ended up being right in the front when it all began. And it got off to a pretty bad start right from the beginning actually 'cause there were a lot of...first of all there was this wall of Hell's Angels protecting the stage, supposedly protecting the stage and over to the right of the stage was this big yellow bus with 50 Hell's Angels or so sitting on the bus, I guess all the members of the family. And it got off to a bad start right from the beginning cause there were many very stoned-out people in the audience who would do bizarre things at various times which would really tick off the Angles, trigger their reactions. And if they didn't like something that was going on in the audience they would just rush out there with pool cues and chains and bottles, whatever, and just beat the shit out of anybody they felt like.

So did you actually see people get hit?

Oh yeah, all the time. All day long. And it happened all around us. Like there was this very fat man in the audience who was obviously very stoned on something and took off all his clothes. And he was really repulsive looking, just this big fat naked man and apparently the Angels thought so too and they just didn't want to see him and at one time a bunch of them just rushed out off the stage, ran into the audience and just beat this guy up so bad it's a wonder that he was still living after that. It was incredibly brutal.

What were you doing at this time what all these people were getting beaten up?

Well, see this bizarre kind of relationship started manifesting between the Angels and the crowd. It was almost like a concentration camp type mentality where there are these guards and you're just this cowering animal totally

at the mercy of a group of people who are more organized than you are who have certain codes of ethics among themselves that bond them all together and the Angels had very strong sort of tribal relationships. And the crowd was just a mass of people, a herd, disorganized, individual. Everyone was individuals basically and they were just at the total mercy of the Angels who could do literally anything they wanted and the crowd would just...it was like everyone would just be at their mercy.

It started out early in the day with Crosby, Stills and Nash and then the Jefferson Airplane came on. I think Crosby, Stills and Nash were one of the first ones. And the beatings started right from the beginning. And the musicians would have to stop what they were doing and try to calm the Angels down and try to bring them back to the stage. And then it would go on a little longer, they'd do another song or something and then they would have to stop again and try to get them off another person they'd be beating up or "stomping" as they call it. And one of the codes of ethics of the Angels as I understand it is that when an Angel is involved in any kind of fight they all are, it's like a pack. You're dealing with all of them if you're dealing with one of them. So when one Angel would feel offended by something in the audience he would go out and they would just follow mindlessly and join in.

But what was going on in your mind?

People were just smashed. I mean visualize someone with a pool cue hitting people over the head as hard as they could, just smashing heads open.

Could you hear the heads crack?

Oh yeah and they would be running into the crowd singling someone out...

What were you thinking? Were you thinking, "Wow, I hope they don't hit me" or did you want to leave?

Well, they weren't really picking on people who were just sitting there doing nothing, who were being basically passive. There was usually some kind of

provocation.

Can you remember what?

Well, like this one fat guy. He was standing way out.

I've heard of him. He's been in the pictures of the concert. What about some others?

A number of people would try to crawl onto the stage. That was one of the main criticisms of the whole thing. The stage was so low, only about three feet high, so it was totally accessible to anybody. Not like these huge concert stages that are 20 feet high. And the crowd started getting so large. The pressure of the people, this dense amount of people was so intense. And the thing that would spark the Angels off was that stoned people would try to crawl on stage for one reason or another. Or on a number of occasions, some of their bikes were parked right next to the stage and some people would try to screw up their bikes, try to knock over their bikes and all that. There just developed this antagonistic relationship between the audience and the Angels so I guess some people very, very stoned on one drug or another would subconsciously play into this shadow role of the whole thing and go up and screw up one their bikes. It was almost like a sacrifice because it

was obvious what would happen immediately.

So let's get back to the question.

So what was going on in my head? Well, it was this strange blending of incredible terror and fear. I wasn't personally fearing for myself because I wasn't doing anything provocative. I personally didn't feel threatened but just witnessing it was just horrible, really horrible. But then there was this sense of, and this gets into the philosophical aspect of what it was, there was almost like this fascination with the whole thing. It was so bizarre.

Now what I think about it I feel I was on some level participating in some kind of mass ritual of some type. If I take an overview, sort of an evolutionary overview of what that was and what Altamont signified and symbolized and all this. It almost seemed as though it was some type of ritual. You know, a sacrifice. A human sacrifice. Demanding a blood sacrifice to the gods of rock and roll or something. There is a decadent element in rock and roll. There is an extremely violent element in rock and roll. There is this definite kind of decadent and violent element in it. It's always been there, maybe this was somehow related to it.

ALTAMONT

December 6, 1969 a free outdoor rock concert, starring the Rolling Stones, was held at Altamont Speedway in Livermore, Calif. At least 200,000 people are estimated to have shown up at the event that ended in disaster as at least four people were killed and countless injured. One man was stabbed to death, one man drowned in a puddle and two people were killed by hit and run drivers. In many ways we are still paying the bill of Altamont. Free outdoor concerts have been redtaped out of existence throughout America. And yet there is a need and a desire for free, outdoor rock music. Music should not be ghettoized into smokey, windowless clubs and halls. But perhaps we still need to learn things from Altamont before a new generation can create an improved version of the Woodstock Nation. Scott Engel, who is now a carpenter in Northern Calif. attended the Altamont concert as a teenager and was right up front as the debacle unfolded. David Ciaffardini interviewed Scott 17 years later giving us all a regular guy's front row remembrance of one of the most significant events in rock history.

Were you listening to the music as this violence was going on? Were you wishing they'd stop the beatings so you could listen to the music? Where was your head at? What were you focused on?

I was focused on the drama. See because it was more than the music, it was this whole drama that was going on. And so there was music but you couldn't really get into the music because it would stop. Even if you got into the music, even if you were far from the stage and didn't know what was going on you would hear the music stop every half-hour or something like that. So that in itself couldn't really convey a real musical event, a real musical experience because there would be these breaks and you'd hear this commotion down at the stage and you'd see a hoard of people trying to run in all directions for one reason or another. And so this blending of violence and rock and roll. And there was this element of fascination about it. It was awesomely fascinating that this was happening, that his was allowed to take place.

What induced you to want to go to Altamont in the first place? Had you been to any big outdoor concerts before?

Oh yeah. I was what you would call, well I was young, still in my teens but I was very much into the whole '60s, hippies, LSD, drugs--the whole movement was very important to me. That was why I was up in that area to begin with, going to that school. I grew up in Las Vegas but when the '60s started happening up in the Bay Area I really wanted to be up there so I somehow arranged it with my parents and I got sent away to this school. And they thought I just wanted to get away from the elements I was hanging out with in Las Vegas and be a more serious student but my motivation was simply to be up where all this action was happening. The whole '60s was going on. And with the music and everything back then there was this real incredible magic, almost like religion or something.

Did you think this was going to be something special, something different than your typical concert?

Oh, yeah. Everyone did. It was going to be a Woodstock. It was all free and all the top bands of the Bay Area, Santana, I think the Dead were there, although I don't think they ever played, the Airplane, Crosby, Stills and Nash. It was just like a Who's Who of the rock world at that time. And the Rolling Stones. And all free. So it had sort of this higher purpose than just a concert, a money making thing. It had this esthetic quality to it. And it was this big emotional kind of thing. It was going to be another Woodstock. A big "must be there" event. Yeah, it had this whole mystique about it building up. And the Stones have so rarely ever done anything like that. They were a pretty commercially successful band and it was kind of an unusual step for them to just give a big free concert whereas the San Francisco bands, they did that, it was just part of their lifestyle. Where with the Rolling Stones it was very unusual for them to be doing that. It was very intriguing. Here was the Rolling Stones who had always seemed so inaccessible to a lot of the '60s ideals and here they are giving a free concert.

I just wanted to have a good time. I

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SAN JOSE

thought it would be just an outrageous event. Another couple hundred thousand people, all free. I had no idea what it would all evolve into. But shortly after it began it was quite clear that something was off. This wasn't going to be what most people had in mind. And you were literally a captive audience. You couldn't even leave. There was such a density of human bodies towards the latter part of the day, especially up towards the stage because everyone was just crushed up against the stage. You couldn't even leave if you wanted to literally. You were like a sardine. And then when the Angels would charge into the crowd there would be these stampedes. You could hardly even breathe, you literally couldn't move. You couldn't pick your nose if you wanted to. You would just be standing there being squashed and stepping on things and hoping you're not stepping on a person. You'd be just stampeding with the rest of the herd in one direction or another.

Did you want to leave at any time?

No, not really. No, not out of fear or anything like that. The whole thing was pretty disgusting but it was fascinating. It was really fascinating. And then there was the Stones at the end of the day. And Mick Jagger, this was when they were into their Satanic trip. And he was in these scarlet red robes, the perfect kind of...the Satanic element. They really played that up and he portrayed that well. It's interesting that the murder--all day the beatings were going on--but the murder took place right when they were singing Sympathy for the Devil. *(Actually, the stabbing didn't happen then, although this myth has been perpetuated by the media.--Ed)*

Did you see that happen? Did you know the guy died?

We didn't know. We saw part of it. The crowd was so dense. Even something 10 feet away you couldn't even really see. But you could see pool cues going everywhere and I remember these Angels picking up garbage cans and just throwing whole garbage cans at this guy.

Did you sense that someone had died?

It really didn't seem any worse than some of the other things we had seen during the day.

Did they carry his body away?

I don't know. I don't know what happened to his body. I don't know how it was resolved.

How did all this end?

It just finally broke up. It broke up

even before it was supposed to end. After the Stones everyone just realized it was over. This was it. Although people didn't know he was murdered there was this sense there was this coup d' grace. The peak of it, and it just dissipated after that. People just wandered off in various directions, across fields and stuff. People were just so stoned out, most people didn't quite understand what the hell was going on. There were a lot of drugs, a lot of uh, heavy drugs. A lot of LSD. I think there was a lot of heroin and stuff. I mean it was a real rock-out party. A lot of extreme drug taking.

Probably more so than at lots of other types of concerts. Because this was supposed to be the grand party. The Rolling Stones were giving a party. There was this sense of indulgence in the air. But it was this painful experience all through the day, the music was painful. There was no heart and soul in the music. It was just this thing that had to be done.

Was it part of the '60s mentality to just accept that the Hells Angels were the security force at the concert?

I accepted it when we got there. One thing is I'd never seen so many at one time. They were like a whole brigade of Angels. That in itself was kind of frightening. There was a sense of them being in control. There was a sense that you were at their party, you were in their living room. You were a captive audience. I had never seen so many. They would come riding on their motorcycles through the crowd, even when the crowd was packed and it would cause panic and people would run and they would just ride right up to the stage and then one after another they would start riding up to the stage so now there was this feet of choppers in front of the stage. It was just this bizarre setting. It was absolutely terrifying, it was terrifying. I was like being totally in the possession of these people for better or worse.

What effect did this have on your attitude toward music and the peace and love generation?

At the time I didn't really fit it all in together. But in retrospect it was definitely some sort of metaphor or something. It represented some sort of closure of an era. Like the hippies lost their innocence. It was no longer just the peace and love. It was the swing of the pendulum to this decadent element that was erupting.

If the next week there was going to be another free concert at Altamont, would you have gone to it?

Yeah, I would have gone if there was something the next week.

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An atmospheric tape for late-night listening. Sped-up/slowed down voices, drones, groans, mutated sound effects, synthesis and general tape manipulation weirdness contribute to a sound collage that flows with few abrupt changes. Comes complete with Polaroid and rubber stamp art, or chrome tape. (K. Cassettes/Robert Nazism)--K. Crothers

AGOG: *Agog C*

Like Jeff Greinke's *Cities in Fog* and Eno's *On Land* this is atmospheric landscape music. Unlike Greinke and Eno who only explored deserted landscapes, Agog floats on radio waves into the homes of everyday people going about everyday duties. Babies cry like saxophones, dinner plates chatter like nervous drummers as you ride by on an operatic chorus. Soon your disembodied spirit visits factory sweatshops where the only friendly sound is the hiss of the coffee machine and the drone of the radio. Hundreds of uniformed workers stand motionless among purposeless machines but you see a ray of sun peeking from a hole in the patched up roof and you jump aboard and search for another place like maybe rush hour traffic or traveling along the phone lines. You're awakened by the click of the automatic stop on your cassette player. Get up and turn off the stereo--it's time to go to work. (D. Bisciglia)--James Hofmann

AGOG: *Is No Man C*

A sound collage with interesting bits and some not-so-interesting bits, but none of it goes anywhere or adds up to much. There doesn't seem to be any discernable themes, or even repetition of key elements. (The title comes from a three-word loop, which appears once, for about ten seconds, on the second side of the tape.) I can't even pick up any emotional consistency or development: a powerful piece of crowd noise and screams gives way to some almost ambient noodling, which is replaced by someone's bland narrative about a buddy being blown away and found behind the wheel of his car the next morning. Overall, the technical manipulation of sounds is skillful, and even occasionally compelling, but the vision or direction eludes me. (Agog)--Bill Tilland

A.I.Z.: *Excrementals C*

This tape has a good ominous feel to it with more rhythmic complexity than your washing machine could ever muster. Although at the end of "Wake Up Your Faces" it does sound like somebody got stuck in the spin cycle. I guess you could call this industrial but only in a loose sense of the term since I managed to emerge from the listening more or less physically intact. Don't get me wrong, I really liked this a lot, it's just hard to describe. There are a lot of interesting processed sounds and

found vocals floating around the rhythms, and it's obvious that a good deal of care was put into the production job. The part where the monsters attack is fun too. (RRRecords)--Eric Iverson

ALBEGRA SUICIDE: *Big Skin C*

Poet Lydia Tomkiw and musician Don Hedeker (as Algebra Suicide) are probably the most widely known members of Chicago's resurgent poetry/performance scene. On this tape, released over a year ago, Tomkiw reads her poetry over an accompaniment of guitar, synthesizer and minimal electronic percussion. As Tomkiw's vocals and subject matter intensify, so does Hedeker's careful accompaniment. He never overtakes her, but effectively rises and falls along with her. Tomkiw's vocal range lies between flat monotone and expressive recitative, hindered slightly by her neighborhood Chicago accent. Sometimes Tomkiw's vocal rhythms seem awkward over those of Hedeker's accompaniment (did the music come first, or did the words?), making some of the pieces seem like random applications of words to music. Comes with a text of the tape which stands on its own as an evocative collection of Tomkiw's poetry. (Cause and Effect)--Christopher Carstens

ALIEN PLANETSCAPES: *Children of Slaves C*

Mid-70's like synth exploration, with guitar, sequencers, tapes, and other keyboards added. Staccato steam train/helicopter patterns, percolating synth noises, long buzzes, digital bleeping. Occasionally a sax blows its way in. The semi-low recording quality gives it its otherworldly feel. The tone doesn't vary much, which makes the side-long pieces seem longer than they are. The tape does pull you in, but keeping you there is the real job. They seem to be more interested in making soundscapes than melodic constructions. (Sound of Pig)--Christopher Carstens

ALIEN PLANETSCAPES: *Survival in the Nuclear Age C*

Rich and suspenseful sound-sketches that are very easy to add your mental 60's science fiction film to. Not background, though--this is assertive and articulate electronics without any assault and battery. No drums, so the rhythms are either unpunctuated wave-like repetitions or calm tape-loop replications. This tape enhances the changing light in your living room on a breezy, partly cloudy summer day. Along the way, some reminiscence of Eno's *On Land*, but more alien, less soothing and pictorial. The following note was slipped into the box: 'This work is dedicated to the Lockshin family, forced to leave the USA due to harassment by the Reagan administration...We will also fight against the neo-nazi attitudes that have driven these people away, and will help protect others that

speak out against this racist, imperialistic and anti-human society...Venceramos...We will win!' This is degree-zero, zone-neutral, earwax-of-the-soul-removing stuff to have future fantasies by. Program music with the program removed, or in another language. Nicely layered. Dramatic but never symphonic. (Alien Planetscapes)--Thomas Frick

THE ALIENIST: *The Alienist C*

Captured dialogue, sounds and recitation that are processed with reverb, looping, echo and pitch; shifting into pieces that are fairly long and spacious. Although there are some good hooks here and there, the points of interest are too few and far between for active listening. However, approached as ambient music this works well, occasionally drawing you in with a unique sound or strange moment of dialogue. The exception to this is 'Storm Windows (Chop Mix)' which uses the same recording techniques, but develops them into a barrage of sonic events that cannot be ignored. (Nothing Records)--Michael Chocholak

ERIC ALLISON: *Face C*

Ten mainly synth dominated instrumentals. Some have guitar and singing too. Two attempts at humor, 'Bumfuck Hardcore' and 'Beer' failed to amuse me. No songs here that stood out enough to overcome my dislike for the synth and drum machine sound. (Mom's Records)--Pam Kirk

ALTAIS: *Altai's EP*

To all Art Zoyd, Univers Zero, Magma, etc. fans; here's another group for you. The musical fabric of the title track, 'Altai's', is closest to Universe Zero or Art Zoyd, though perhaps less rhythmically activated, with Magma-esque vocals, including some Vander-like over-indulgences and excesses in the second half, though it is basically a strong cut. The two instrumentals, 'Gravitation Zero' with its industrial ambient and celestial ethereality, and 'Promenade' with its angular piano keyboard lines, throbbing bass, Crimson drumming and colorful instrumental fills, are even better. If you enjoy the genre, you will definitely like Altai's. If you are still not acquainted with these French/Belgian groups, what's the matter with you? (Eurock)--Dean Suzuki

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ALTAMONT: Heyday! C

Affordable musical technology for the masses can be like giving guns to tots: somebody's eventually going to get hurt. The first side is listenable (with the help of a twelve pack). Most of Altamont's stuff (actually, the music sounds more like one guy with a synth, piano and drum machine having early Pink Floyd flashbacks) makes the listener the victim. For those who get beyond the recorded-on-ghetto-blasted production quality (the Dolby alphabet doesn't have enough letters to save this cassette), mindless, 'let's see what other sounds we can get out of this gear' material doesn't warrant a barrage of ten minute tunes, much less a two hour tape. The redeeming qualities are the first tune, '2 Chinese Babies' which could have come from Ralph's trash can, and the occasional schmaltzy saloon piano. Unfortunately, this acoustic piano, as well as the potentially entertaining lyrics, are mixed so far back that it's virtually impossible to isolate them from the ridiculous electronics. In fact, one of the synth solos is so lame that it makes a Cars' lead sound like a Chopin Etude. (Mow 'Em Down Recordings)--Tom Morr

AMERICAN MARTYRS: Camping EP

This comes across as a white funk version of U-2. The focus is on the vocals; a cold, slightly operatic voice that recalls Marty Balin on a bad day. Soulless. Harmless. (White Building Records)--Scott Jackson

AMOR FATI: The Self As Strategy C

A very spare, haunting release. Almost entirely instrumental, each arrangement employs two or three of the following: acoustic guitar, organ, piano, drum, violin and flute. The melodies are simple and repetitive, often hypnotic, evoking Indian raga, and the mesmerizing rhythms of some American Indian ritual. There is a certain tension built in to every piece that acts as a counterpoint to the overall contemplative mood of the tape. Nicely packaged and realized. (Flesh Records)--John E

AMOR FATI: The White C

One noisy mof. Angry young psycho dude whisper-screams (so the neighbors can't hear?) intense monologues about sex and violence, bangin' and clangin' on metal all the while. Some sparse piano (Satie meets Neubauten). Clipped, rhythmic, over-worked power transformers in heat. Unknown lady makes guest appearance on nearly every cut. Some rambling acoustic guitar and harmonica on here too. What a ruckus! Maniacal, explosive. (Flesh Records)--Frank Gunderson

DENNIS ANDREW: Quest C

Blissed out electro-new age fare with vocals. A couple of notable pieces--'China Passage', 'Ancient Vision'--but the majority of this is tinkling Darpeggios and shimmering synthostings backing Andrew's non-descript voice and saccharine lyrics. The recording is plagued throughout with a hiss-happy compressor. Play this at your next Harmonic Convergence. (Daylight Productions)--Allen Green

THE ANTI-GROUP: ShT LP

Like the Hafler Trio, T. A. G. is involved in a pseudo-scientific study of strange and unusual sounds, replete with esoteric terminology and jargon in the arcane, if not cryptic notes and documentation which accompanies this recording. The second side contains some throw-away post-punk thrashing, but the first side is fascinating. The music tends to be less abrasive than that of the Hafler Trio, sometimes bordering on ambient music, though with a definite swarthy, gnarly edge. The music abounds in found sounds supplemented by electronics. One finds heroic orchestral extracts, and plenty of voices recorded from television or radio broadcasts, yielding an effect which is related, however distantly, to Eno and Bryne's *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, or more closely, Bill Nelson's recent efforts. (Sweatbox Records)--Dean Suzuki

AREA: Radio Caroline LP/C

Fans of This Mortal Coil ought to love this record. While Radio Caroline may not

immediately excite the listener, given time it's lush synthesizers, attractive melodies and pretty female voices will draw you into their beauty. Songs like 'Michael Writes His Parents' have a definite charm, which is carried out throughout the record. This is rather nice not particularly strange or the type of music punk fans would like, but it is a beautiful effort, worthwhile for fans of dreamy, broody pop. (Radio Caroline)--Andy Waltzer

ATS: Hail The Size of Golf Balls C

Country-western fast rock mode. Good band with a raw American sound, kickin' butt guitar work, lyrics about armadillos, a runaway barge, banks of the Ohio, Casa Moscas, Borscht, Domination By Power, taking clothes off, Texas ('I've never seen it but I should live there'), a little cover of a Neil Young waltz and some Flatt/Scruggs homage. Steve Heineman--drums, Mike Marcinko--bass, guitar, vocals, Josh Arnson--guitar, bass, vocals, and Evan Knauer--slide guitarist (sic), banjo, vocals. These lively songs were recorded in various radio stations and at the Electric Banana. The steel sound of the slide guitar is totally awesome. (ATS)--Robin James

AVERAGE TAN: Tan Tunes C

On average, this is an average set of dance tunes from an average band. Average Tan lacks inspiration, which is what average is all about. These songs are poorly realized imitations of the average stuff prevalent on AM radio 20 years ago. The blurb that came with this tape says that they are on a mission to make the world safe for AM radio. The world has always been safe for AM radio in one guise or another; the real mission seems to be to make the eighties safe for the sixties. There's probably enough ardor here to put together a good impersonation act. How about let's make Las Vegas safe for Turtles impersonators and Hollies impersonators. This is going to be a booming industry anyway in the next few years because by then it'll be nothing short of blasphemy to do Elvis anyway. Get with it. Why be average? (Optional Art)--Sam Mental

AZTEC TWO-STEP: Living In America LP

A duo of likeable, probably entertaining, folk rock chroniclers. But to call their music 'vital and timeless' as does their pub sheet is really a travesty of language. We will survive with or without these harmless ditties. There are some intriguing and subtle vocal mixes while 'Really Gone' and 'I'm In Love With The Girl on MTV' do have a nice momentum. At base these fellows are redeemingly enthusiastic about the possibilities of joy in modern life with lots of references to pop culture: Martha Quinn, Sade, The River, but again they aren't particularly perceptive, nor capable of changing the world. (Aztec Two-Step)--Kim Knowles

BABY ASTRONAUTS: All The Pancakes You Can Eat LP

Another damn Minneapolis band, but it's bands like these that garnered the town all its attention in the first place. This 3-piece approaches some pretty offbeat topics in a punchy, fun, tightly played manner, with occasional wanderings into blues ('Shade Tree Mechanic') and even a hokey ballad ('Lovely Town'). The LP glides from one topic to the next, keeping you thoroughly entertained throughout, and ends with an 'Oh my God, that's my daughter' tale of a father who spots the result of his seed on stage at a porn joint. If there's really only 1000 copies of this, as the hand-painted jacket says, it would be a crying shame 'cause we all deserve to own one, OK? (Dead Weight Record)--Jay Hinman

JIM BAKER: What The Heck C

Christian rock with a straightforward, unglamorous approach. Salvation is not at the center of each song. Baker exhibits as many social concerns as religious ones. Drum machines and metal guitar pull side one (the 'Metallic' side) along. The standard guitar breaks are at times ineptly played and can be distracting. Baker's vocals are emphatic and spirited in that enthusiastic Christian sort of way. Side 'Synthetic' is Baker doing synth instrumentals. He provides lush, choral back drops, and layers in some nice lines. But overall, the synth sound is ge-

neric, and side two can get so bland it sounds like a synth demonstration record. (Windforce Music)--Christopher Carstens

DEREK BAILEY/EVAN PARKER: Debut in America C

A concert of improvised music in San Jose in 1980 featured the duo of Derek Bailey and Evan Parker, followed by the trio of Henry Kaiser, Greg Goodman and Toshinori Kondo, and finally the Rova Saxophone Quartet. This entire show is available on three cassettes--trade only, not for sale--from Loose Caboose. Fidelity, at least on the Bailey Parker Tape, is really good. Bailey strangles his guitar while saxophonist Parker blows his nose. But it's more than that, as Bailey and Parker are at least talented improvisors, if not players, and at least know how to build extended themes, and react to each other's playing. What would seem abject, unmitigated chaos eventually reveals inspired musical development. Not for the squeamish or faint-hearted, though. The Bailey/Parker tape also includes the beginning of the Kaiser/Goodman/Kondo performance. The trio starts by making clicking noises, while Kondo makes squeaky noises on trumpet, and they build up this big drone. This is real interesting. Music to scare your neighbors? I should also mention, the Bailey/Parker material is much less muddled and chaotic than the ill-fated The Music Improvisation Co. they used to be a part of, and not nearly as pretentious. (Loose Caboose c/o Lonely Whistle Music)--Dan Fioretti

BALLAD SHAMBLES: Ballad Shambles C

This is Austin, Texas scrape-the-horseshit-off-your-boots-before-you-come-in-here rock and roll. Are their necks red or do they do a Waylon Jennings, and let their locks flow to protect them from the bloody red sun? I don't know, but they do hang around dangerous and lying women, the singer has a deep Texas chili (no beans) flavored voice and isn't afraid to punctuate their songs with an occasional rebel yell. With Lone Star six pack beat and rattlesnake venom electric guitar. (Complete Record Production)--David Ciaffardini

JIM BANNER: Wake Up With Tim/Theory C

Very interesting noise shenanigans with some nods to the destroyed music school, executed with a more irreverent sensibility that that of the Haters and Black Humour. It's really nothing more than a collection of outrageous and schlocky wounds generated through speed alterations and distortion, but it doesn't pretend to be anything more. Wonderful for walkman journeys. (Sound of Pig)--Brook Hinton

JACK BEEF: Nimble C

Jack Beef is also known as Jef Bek, the drummer for Dot Dot Dot. Here he plays all the instruments, which include keyboards, guitars and accordion but he proves himself most adept on the drums. The complex jazz-rock rhythms tend to be highlighted in most of these pieces. Though this music could not have existed without Soft Machine and King Crimson, (and maybe even Jeff Beck) it cannot be accused of being wholly derivative; there is a good bit of personality here too, put forth with honesty and intelligence. It's listenable, varied, unusual. There's humor in 'Bethlessnessism' and (what else?) objectivity in 'i remember that Beer', where we hear a kid and his mother shouting at each other across a neighborhood while crickets and gloomy synthesizer chords provide the background. This is music to set your brain dancing rather than your body. That's not very cool these days but if you're an old enough fogey to remember when it was, you probably can't dance for very long anyway. (Complacency Productions)--Sam Mental

BIG CITY ORCHESTRA: Big City Orchestra C

Scky machine music and processed environment; fairly sophisticated stuff, but without any real direction or any underlying idea. It's clangorous, endless, fuzzy, distant, sudden, all-encompassing, uncongenial, dominant and random. Not the kind of thing that facilitates reverie, yet not making any consistent statement on its own behalf. Strung to-

gether grab-bag, take it or leave it. It's a bit too undeclarative to grab me. Might be interesting played loud in a parking structure. Ends with a siren and a news program, just like life. This came complete with two music chain letters. (Big City Orchestra)--Thomas Frick

BIG CITY ORCHESTRA: Bob Hope's Fruit Loop Special C

Another successful aural encounter with the Big City Orchestra, these guys are masters of the cut and paste technique of combining loops, found vocals and anonymous samples to create impenetrable walls of sound. The noise heard is not so melodic as it is an interesting combination of rhythms that culminate in what could be called new tribal music. likened to a melding of style from Savage Republic to Z'ev. There is a reliance on the percussive effect on side one, accented by running commentaries ala found vocals, that range from marriage counseling to the relevance of hippiedom. All in all, the package is an intense experience emotionally on par with a trip to the dentist. (Audiofile Tapes)--Nathan Griffith

BIG CITY ORCHESTRA: Sound Choice Cassette Culture Selection C

Stripped of the anarchistic visuals of their live shows BCO's music on this cassette varies widely in it's ability to stand on it's own. 'Trying Real Hard' is my favorite of this bunch. Over music that sounds like an accompaniment to an eerie chase scene a woman gives a child's eyes monologue about being good and not biting her nails. The whole psychosis of growing up the 'perfect' child is chillingly captured. My least favorite, 'Rollermorph' is basically a cute calliope riff repeated endlessly over noise for about 7 minutes. In between is a swirling miasma of culture trashing that may amuse or annoy. You've been warned. (Big City Orchestra)--Helen Block

BIG DADDY: Big Daddy C

Is this the resurrection of the Stooges? Or is it a bunch of moonshiners being loud? Anyways this band's sound goes from '1969' to the early 80s. Raunchy psychout rock 'n' roll. But not a revival band. These people do their own thing. They just might by what hard core would have been if heavy metal hadn't gotten to it! Good old rock 'n' roll (Big Daddy)--Alex, 806

BIG RED STAIN: Anthrax Rut C

Repetitive industrial noises, electronic static, machines gone haywire to simulate technology overpowering mankind. A layered din supplemented with very occasional, sparse instrumentation, most notably a drum machine and bass guitar. As is often the case with the industrial genre, the emphasis seems to be on confusion and imposed regimentation from forces unseen. Obligatory stabs at religious rituals. The intermittent vocals are redundant and nonsensical, intended to capture the cleverness of Gertrude Stein while inadvertently annoying you like your little sister. Hackneyed 'creative' efforts such as varying playback speed on the same sequence of spoken words are too amateurish to provide intellectual kinesin for an LP's worth of sound. (Karin Fletcher)--Richard Gilbert

THE BLITZOIDS: Sampler C

Sound Choice readers recently got a listen to 'The Beard of Percy' and 'Pup Tent' on a subscriber-only flexi-disc. For those of you not fortunate

enough to have heard, The Blitzooids rival the Residents and Spike Jones for strangeness and beauty. They make use of guitars, synths, tapes, found sound, horns, reeds and even strings. Each track juxtapositions one section of song abruptly against another, going off in altogether new directions and then resuming previous passages. It's a constantly shapeshifting barrage of articulate noise and instrumentation. (Mcook Records)--Christopher Carstens

BLOCK: Angst For The Memories C

This is a moody tape of keyboard-oriented electronics that cleverly uses sonic effects to create diverse atmospheres. Some pieces are soundscapes, others are very rhythmic or melodic. There's even a few philosophical ballads that radically vary in temperament as electronic piano leads you through their episodes. This tape is refreshingly creative and defies stereotypes. Part rock and part pop; half instrumental, half lyrical; it's gentle yet filled with angst. For example, an acoustic guitar is off-

BOMBARDED WITH FLOWERS: Bombarded With Flowers C

Bombarded With Flowers is Tom Burris and Nick, from Indiana. Armed with drum machines, guitars, synths and various radios and kitchen utensils, these two have put together an eclectic mix of industrial noise, found vocals and new wave country. The overall sound quality is poor, as if it was recorded on a cheap 4-track without much care for levels and equalization, but the material sometimes rises above the technical limitations, as in 'Locked In A Valve Groove' featuring a spoken analysis of Wagner's Tannhauser over a funky organ riff. Favorite cuts: 'Loaded Pistill', 'Pretty Little Messed Up Girl', 'Devil's Hole'. (Tom Burris)--Ed Blomquist

JONATHAN BOROFSKY/ED TOMNEY: The Radical Songbirds of Islam C

A pleasant enough endeavor into environmental/meditation music. BoroFSky supplies the concept and voice which are electronically realized by Tomney. The piece is comprised solely of processed vocals that bear some major resemblance to the echoing simplicity of Paul Horn's 'Inside The Taj Mahal' flute work. The attack of some of the sounds is occasionally a bit too abrupt for the context, but on the whole the music stands up well to repeated listening. The cover cryptically describes some conceptual number play that one needn't bother about to enjoy the music. (ROIR)--Gary Joyner

DENNIS BOVELL AND THE DUB BAND: Audio Active LP

Dennis 'Blackbeard' Bovell and The Dub Band step out from under the shadow of Linton Kwesi Johnson to give us this wonderful package of riddim. The Dub Band have been turning in some of the finest performances of reggae with LKJ for years without getting enough credit. Many of their trademark sounds grace this

record, especially the sweet

horn charts. Blackbeard's voice is warm and soulful, quite a contrast from LKJ's reggae rap. There is a heavy nod to American soul music throughout. Two tracks, 'Yo' Love' and 'Dream', are basically straightforward soul extrapolations, and very sweet ones at that. The overall feel of the record is hot and summery. In fact, this is an almost perfect record for a warm summer afternoon. The only drawback is that the boasting and toasting and lover's rock at times draws on a lot of very familiar turf. Still, the performances are so strong that they make it all sound fresh. Fave track: 'Roots Symphony' is a light instrumental sound

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ing as if it were a Caribbean outtake from Pet Sounds. (Moving Target, dist. by Celluloid)--Scott Jackson

J. LELAND BRADDOCK: In A Sense, Driftin' C

This is amply soaked in the excess that made country music famous: alcohol abuse and its resulting dementia. Yes folks, step right up. What is offered



set by a complex electronic collage that follows. Aurally it conjures images of an exotic den in Asia before you travel to a smoke-filled jazz club in Urbana, USA. It stirs old memories and new visions. (Complacency)--G.O.

BLOCK: Children C

Children spans the entire late '70s art rock spectrum: Open ended chamber rock ala Henry Cow, Fripp-style sustain guitar, Peter Hamill magnum opuses, early Genesis acoustic guitar. And yet the music is never derivative or predictable, retaining a sense of mystery and distance that draws one back for further investigation. Of the five selections, three have lyrics on the subject of children crushed by the indifferent world of adults. The words don't call too much attention to themselves which is for the best. (Complacency)--Steve Hahn

BLOODY MESS AND HATE: I'm Glad Sid's Dead C

They're mad as hell out there in Peoria, but all they know how to say is 'Fuck'. Shitty recording, shitty packaging, shitty music; this tape has it all. This is hardcore at its most banal and recommended only to those who have to have everything with G. G. Allin's name on it (he supposedly 'produced' it) The band's nine songs are taped over part of a Mormon church propaganda cassette which is far more amusing listening. (Bloody F. Mess)--Bob Bannister

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is the pure, uncut stuff, the stuff legends are made of. J. Leland is part of that rare breed: the original, plain and simple. Accompanying his solo voice with acoustic guitar and occasional harmonica, he sings his own very personal vision of Life that somehow touches every life. Songs like 'Eddie's Allusion To The End Of The Line', 'I Have The Reds'-a song about waking up with bloodshot eyes...in jail, of course; 'Pour Me Another Drink, Old Soldier', and the poignant, terrifying 'I Hit The Floor Again' tell stories you can't forget. (State Capital Records)--John E

BRIGHT AS FOUR: *Safe at Home C*
Canadian garage rock n roll. There's a heavy guitar emphasis and that necessary basement sound, and most songs are built around simple guitar patterns. They seem to be capable musicians, but they could be a little tighter. Side two is an improvement and they could use more of its studio enrichment to season the whole tape. Still, they do have charm and they pull off a few good hooks. (Shrinking Grandmother Music)--Christopher Carstens

CHARLES BROWN: *One for the Road LP*
Strong smooth rhythm and blues that ranges from good crooning to a love-weary roadhouse stomp ('My Heart Is Mended'), with piano, bass, drums and some guitar and horns. Brown is often cited as an influential West Coast '40's R&B singer; he's kept those '40's sentimental lyrical concerns but redeems them with top-notch performances, covering Hank Cochran, Charlie Rich, Arlen/Mercer, Bobby Troup and his own songs, among others. Good as anything he's ever done. That is, first rate. (Upside Records)--Robert Winson Sycamore

HAROLD BUDD, SIMON, RAYMONDE, ROBIN GUTHRIE, ELIZABETH FRAZER: *The Moon and the Melodies LP/ CD*
Despite the title, a good melody is hard to come by on this collaboration between pianist Harold Budd and Raymonde, Guthrie, and Frazer of the Cocteau Twins. Undertaken at the Cocteau Twins' instigation, this promising effort is characterized more by the common musical weakness of Budd and the Cocteaus--compositional formlessness--than by a mutual reinforcement of each other's strengths. Budd's gently repetitive, Satiesque configurations are swallowed up in sprawling arrangements and layers of fluttery electronic effects typical of the Cocteau Twins. Frazer sings on only three of the eight tracks, which will please some listeners and disappoint others. Ardent Cocteau Twins fans will probably find *The Moon and the Melodies* a mildly engaging variation on their usual output, but fanciers of Harold Budd's work are likely to find this disc lacking in the lyricism, delicacy, and extreme sensitivity that have raised him to his current distinction. (4AD)--Michael Draine

BURIAL 1000: *The Nighttime Sniffing Sneezing Aching Stuffy Head Fever So You Can Rest Tape C*
One guy, some instruments, a tape deck and a fertile imagination, mixed together in fairly simple ways--his aim being, I assume, communication rather than commercialization. It starts off with 'Lawn Chairs', a text/sound composition with layered voices, which is very hard to decipher. '12th Fret' is an acoustic guitar solo. My favorite piece, 'Children's Medley', is next. Here he hand manipulates well-worn children records, warbling, wowing and juxtaposing them to great effect. Then comes an improvised monologue called 'Pleasant Hell Road.' The tape goes on in this intimate, obscure manner, sometimes striking chords with me, other times, just falling flat. What is most commendable about this tape is its humor. Where else can you find pieces that actually count sheep, or describe the sand falling in a tiny minute glass? Not sophisticated, not assaulting, just pleasantly lulling you--or trying your patience. (Burial 1000)--AO

TOM BURRIS: *One Foot At A Time C*
Pleasant, competently performed but undistinguished southern rock/psychedelic hybrid, seemingly aimed at the MOR side of the college radio

market. The low-tech recording helps lend the studied arrangements an air of humanity, and the lyrics ('Daisy Jane you can dance on the head of a pin.') are above average for the genre, but the songs are performed without passion or conviction. One cut attempts to fill out the sound with synthesizers ('Walking') programmed in the worst LA-studio-porn sound track fashion--stick to the guitars, guys, and try loosening up a bit (Tom Burris)--Brook Hinton

CALLE STRADE STRASSE: *Calle Strada Strasse C*

A program of nine hit tunes performed attentively and flawlessly (to my ears) by Bill Knapp, English Concert (sort of a concertina type squeeze-box of harmonica mojo); Barry Mitterhoff, mandolin; and Martha Siegal, cello. Very pleasing to the ear. Compositions by Hans-Peter Linde, Johann S. Bach, Bela Bartok, Francisco A Bonporti, Santi Tafarella, Paul Revere, Franz J. Hayden, as well as some traditional polkas, marches and folksongs. Well suited for listeners of all ages and boring to the non-acoustically inclined (let 'em go on off so we can enjoy this). The production on this cassette is standard professional type--color J-sheet and printing right on the cassette with the titles, logo, etc. (Global Village Music)--Robin James

DONALD CAMPAU AND FRIENDS: *Mr. Full Time Vegetable C*

What transpires? A cassette of out-takes from Donald Campau? The Lonely Whistle 'regulars' are heard prominently, hence '...and friends' designation: Greg Gray's unconventional percussive maneuvers, Mark Hanley, Brian Conroy, Geoff Alexander, Joe Menichetti are featured, too. While not being as inspired as the excellent Pinata Party (see Sound Choice #8), it's more than another out-take throwaway disc, the like of which Hendrix fans are all too familiar. Actually, there's some valuable stuff here, such as a rare 1970 cut, 'Let's Go', vocals by Ken Clinger, 'Damaged Polka' a fun tape/record collage, the free-improv percussion-and-guitar 'Happy New Year', the surrealist-improvised vocals of the inspired 'Hello Hello', also featuring some neat treatments and uke by Don, and some improvised Audio Theater Dialog which almost recalls the Mothers' *Fillmore East, June 1971* LP. Throughout Don's highly talented guitar playing is in evidence, altho' Don's dryly sardonic and ironic lyrics aren't heard as much as usual. The title cut and 'Just For The Taste Of It' being an excellent example of Campau's wit and humor, and 'You Gotta Have Dreams' is really good, too. Unfortunately, one or two cuts sound like filler, and/or not as interesting as some of the stuff that was previously released, but, all in all, it's still a really neat cassette. (Lonely Whistle Music)--Dan Fioretti

KEVIN CAMPION & THOMAS MROCK: *The Adventures of K.P.R.A.I.S.E. C*

Parody of religious radio broadcasts featuring the Right Reverend Philippe Habib (Thomas Mrock) and the Right Rev. Wright Whinger (Kevin Campion) over radio station KPRAISE, who, by virtue of a little 'prayerful lobbying', have been able to obtain the world's longest station call letters. An excellent bit of religious satire, complete with a send-in-your-money rap, promotions for a 'religious' trip to Las Vegas (complete with 90 seat limo), an editorial on behalf of the Drunk Drivers Against Mothers, and a man-in-the-street interview on wine, all performed in cheesy Southern Baptist accent (Campion) and FM evangelical dulcet-toned voice (Mrock). It's especially funny following the Jim and Tammy Fay scandal which it predates. Remember KPRAISE: 'K as in knack, P as in I gotta go...' (Kevin Campion)--Dan Fioretti

CANTOR DAVID PROPIS: *Cantor David Propis C*

Out of nine numbers here, don't ask me what this fab Texan tenor is singing on seven of them. I don't know Hebrew. I do know the man can sing like a Torah-reading Caruso. Just from the tones of his voice you can usually discern what he's feeling. Accompaniment is minimal, just piano and

chorus, piano or organ, but it's recorded before a live audience whom you can tell is being entertained. There are one and a half songs in English: the maternal tribute of 'A Yiddish Momme' and a cross-language thing (imagine a kosher Falco) called 'A Chazzend'I Oif Shabbas' which sounds like a funny litany of Jewish career expectations. Maybe the rest of these are art songs, folk standards, hymns...I dunno. Propis could probably read toothpaste ingredients and still blow Favoratti off stage. (Global Village Music)--Jamie Rake

CASTLE KEEP: *A Taste Of C*

This band is heavily influenced by various British folksters: Fairport Convention, Pentangle, Steeleye Span, Albion Band. Lead vocalist Jodee James immediately recalls the late Sandy Denny. Guitarist-mandolinist-bassist Jake Conte is a wonderful player as good as any on mandolin. These two (with James on acoustic guitar) along with occasional synthesized drums and bells (by guest player Andrew Bellware) offer four traditional Celtic folk songs in a slightly progressive 'folk-rock' style. Nothing new (that's the point), but well done. Let's say as well done as any of the aforementioned groups...and that's saying a lot. (Castle Keep)--Brad Bradberry

CELIBATE RIFLES: *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang LP*

This live LP confirms that which we should have known all along: Australia's Celibate Rifles are one of the best, if not THE best, in-your-face, sparks flying guitar-driven rock 'n roll bands around. Their studio albums have all contained filler of some sort but I can honestly say none of that is contained herein, just a no BS show recorded at CBGB's in New York in December of '86. Most of the material is from their *Turgid Miasma* LP, with some older stuff included and a cover of Radio Birdman's 'Burn My Eye' tossed in as well. I can't think of a better way to become exposed to the Celibate Rifles and here's to hoping the next studio record is this meaty. (Homestead)--Jay Hinman

CEPHALIC INDEX: *Criedblood C*

More abuse from the garage of Cephalic Index! Stop and go industrial experiments, at times a bit repetitive. 'Never Healing' features a looped cough layered with looped percussion. In 'Falling' a repeating drum machine continues on as a faraway voice shouts, 'Help me! I'm falling!--you get the point? Perhaps a bit amateurish, a few tracks (for instance 'Razor Shock') work well. Overall they could use a tighter or more developed sound, but the diversity of styles and sounds manages to keep this project interesting. (Sound of Pig)--R.Wire

EUGENE CHADBOURNE: *Hot Air Balloon On-The-Way C*

The last release of 1986 with the war cry IMPEACH PRESIDENT REAGAN once again boldly scrawled across the cover (folded envelope variety) this cassette salvo has some great new songs: 'Ballad of Eugene (Hassenfuss)', 'Big Brave Hunter', 'Fayette-Nam', 'Big Boys With Little Balls', 'Breaking The Law Everyday', 'TV Party' and lots of Phil Ochs golden treasures. All recorded with an ordinary tape recorder so its sounds horrible. A totally original one-of-a-kind experience. 'There But For Fortune' is such a nice song (sigh). (Eugene Chadbourne)--Robin James

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CHEER ACCIDENT: *Life Isn't Like That C*
Superlatives are in order on this one...choose your own, since none can do it justice. At times it's reminiscent of King Crimson and Peter Hammill, but this is NOT another Prog-rock nostalgia trip. The time shifts, classical references and complex arrangements are here because they fit, not because they sound like some band the group is influenced by. Cheer Accident is wholly original, sincere, passionate and as vital a group as I've heard in

years. They've got a lyricist/vocalist/composer with conviction and vision, outstanding musicians, and the ability to create an innovative music that will stand the test of time. There are elements of many genres here--noise, jazz, folk, Partch, art-rock...the list goes on--but it all blends so perfectly into an organic whole that to classify it would be a crime. And this is only their first release! This is essential listening for anyone interested in sonic innovation and musical expression. (Complacency Productions)--Brook Hinton

MICHAEL CHOCHOLAK: Owl Man Dreams C

Surprisingly effective electronic texture poems from an artist who professes the belief that the 'laws of musical technique and composition are more valuable if discovered rather than learned...' Such lofty statements tend to put me off, but Chocholak's grasp of his chosen subject matter is firm and effective. Most of the textures employed sound quite acoustic (sampled?). Except for frequent acoustic piano passages, though, the sources are largely unidentifiable. The real flute on 'Buto' is particularly effective (Underwhich Editions)--Allen Green

CHODA: 1984-86 C

CHODA seems to be a loose collection of ten weirdo's from Moscow, Idaho. Included on the tape are 15 untitled improvisations, one poetry reading, one 'Citizens for Intelligent Radio' speech, and one mysterious dub. Instrumentation includes musical instruments, radio, TV, lids, wheat, velcro, etc. I think that improvisation is central though a certain nose-thumbing humor is also noticeable. Accordingly the tape is rough at the edges and more oriented towards pleasure than technique. (CHODA)--DK

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH: Christ On A Crutch C

Musically speaking, this tape is the bastard child of the sexual union by Tyrannosaurus Rex and Fear. The majority of the sounds are pure hardcore interrupted only by the occasional respite of metal balladry crooning the laments of Dan White or the like. The content of the tunes is, however, in this case more important than its manner of delivery. Within each piece are elements of moronic behavior that have penetrated American society. Each tune is chock full of standard diatribes against all our nasty ills, guns, macho attitudes and nuclear holocaust, all thrice flogged horses. The only dilemma is that within these seemingly trite panderings lies an awful lot of truth. (COAC Investment Banking Institute)--Nathan Griffith

CLAIR OBSCUR: The Pilgrim's Progress LP

This is a well engineered, live album recorded in Paris. It's also a lilting piece of musical theatre that plays like an occult soundtrack for meditation on terror. A seemingly disembodied voice floats through an echo chamber of horror. What this all

means is summed up in the title, 'The Pilgrim's Progress' as the only words I could make out were 'I'm drowning'. Very cheery outing. Good for those inexplicable moods when you want to kill someone. This is an opus. Some of the songs actually reach a true sense of transcendence. After all, the path to enlightenment is long and sometimes painful. (All The Madmen)--Lena Dixon

CLANK: Alfa-Clank C

Free form jazz improv as acted out by a trio: Johnny Calcagno on gtr/electronics/tapes, Jeffrey Morgan wailing on saxes/trumpet/violin and

rietta, Ken Clinger's wacky sense of the absurd, as well as his acute social satire and deadpan delivery certainly make him one of the really interesting independent recording artists. And his use of animals as metaphors almost makes him seem like Gary Larson set to music. Can I get you anything to drink? Henrietta took off her jacket and sat down. A cactus cooler would be nice.' Harry brought her a cactus cooler, and some macaroni salad, and the two sat and watched the solar eclipse as the spaceships landed, and peace was declared on the entire planet, and several minutes later, the subject of conversation turned once again to Ken Clinger's tape.



Grateful Dead concert, Ventura County Fairgrounds, Calif., June 1987. One of the unique and evolutionary elements at Dead concerts is the sanctioned taping area, allowing anyone with a tape deck to bring home an audio souvenir of their concert experience.

Charley Rowan on synth/sampler. What comes off is a mostly rhythm free dissonant descent into some nether regions where the atmosphere gets thinner and thinner and your whole body peels off as you hurtle into a nebula. The closest I've heard to this is on those late night PBS radio shows where they play Italian free form jazz from the 70s. (Sound of Pig)--James Hofmann

KEN CLINGER: KC 13 C

Neat fun from Ken Clinger--Casio keyboards with vocals on seven examples of the KC wit 'n humor! Clinger's muzick excels due to his clever, if simple, keyboard arrangements. Actually, KC's instrumental 'Return' is quite beautiful, in a minimalist sorta way. Elsewhere, the musical simplicity adds to the nervous tension which propels 'Not Dead' and the goofiness of 'The Cow From Alpha Centauri'. But it's KC's astute lyric genius which makes KC13 such a neat tape. (Bovine Productions)--Dan Fioretti

KEN CLINGER: KC18 C

Harry was despondent when he found out his local TV station was no longer going to air 'Gimme A Break' reruns five times per day. 'I need something to cheer myself up,' Harry mused, 'like some of the wildly imaginative storytelling Ken Clinger does on his very witty and highly entertaining music tapes.' Just then, his sister Henrietta came over, with a surprise! 'Gosh, Harry, you simply must hear the new Ken Clinger tape! It's very good, indeed!' 'Yes, Hen-

rietta responded the only civilized way she could, under these circumstances. She poured macaroni salad all over his head. Ah, yes, life is wonderful. (Bovine Productions)--Dan Fioretti

PASCAL COMELADE: Bel Canto LP
Pascal Comelade has compiled a selection of miniatures for small ensemble with a great diversity of instruments, almost always employing toy instruments. In addition to the original compositions, he has arrived at his own idiosyncratic interpretation of songs by others including 'Still, I'm Sad' by the Yardbirds, 'Giulietta' by Fellini's composer of choice, Nina Rota and 'Chanson Pop' by Robert Wyatt. Comelade has a sly, cunning wit which is slightly irreverent, yet imbued with a guileless quality that is endearing. In his intentionally naive music, Comelade embodies the spirit of Satie. Another point of reference is The Penguin Cafe Orchestra, though I think Comelade is having a lot more fun. You too will have plenty of fun listening to this record, though Comelade is never intellectually insulting or merely joking. No fooling, this is terrific stuff. (Les Disques du Soleil)--Dean Suzuki

BRIAN CONROY: This Time I've Gone Too Far C
I envision a band made up of the characters from the movie 'Revenge of the Nerds'. Songs parody destructive lifestyle, science fiction and the future: 'Cellophane Slut', 'Girls On Drugs', 'Software', etc. Fun nerd garage rock. No serious...

Let's go to Mars. (Lonely Whistle Music)--Brent Godfrey

COOL AND THE CLONES: *Reach Out and Clone Somebody* C

If you are at all intrigued with irreverent 'free jazz' in the late 1980s, then this would be a good tape to check out. With titles like: 'Portrait of Scott Carpenter', 'Hound Doggy', 'Thanks For Nothing' and 'We Saw Madonna Naked'; you might surmise this to be mainly a group of party animals, and you'd be right. These guys and gals (seven main members with many guests) are out to shatter musical conventions--and have a damn good time at it. They have got the 'space is the place' aesthetic down (re: Mr. Ra and clan), though I wish they had some of the charts. They also play some pretty grungy thrash and roll, reminding me a bit of Tinnitus. There are a lot of dynamic shifts occurring within just one of these 'events' (I resist calling them tunes or songs because of their completely improvised nature). They can go from very quiet interludes with cello and bells, to searing guitar solos and caterwauling sax screeching. It might have pleased me to have heard a head or some unison playing somewhere (in fact, I would be hard pressed to point out a melody anywhere on this tape), but they do break into some nifty riffs, now and then. This group may play outside the musical spectrum of the average clone, but if you're a cool clone it may just be the ticket for you. (EJAZZ)--AO

DARREN COPELAND: *The Three Faces* C

Darren Copeland is a young (20 years old) composer of electro-acoustic music. He works with various synthesizers, PPG wave, processed voice, tape loop, percussion, clarinet, bird sounds, etc. Some of the music is reminiscent of Jon Hassell eg. 'Spirit's Dance', on which Middle Eastern sounding thematic material is performed on clarinet and percussion and is embellished by synthesizer and tape loop of voices. Other pieces feature a more abstract electronic sound, with swirling layers/loops of synthetic sound and processed voice. Here, a point of reference would be Mnemonists/Biota. Throughout, the various elements are blended in interesting ways. For example, on 'De Tere', a tape loop of a woman's voice saying 'Is there a heroin problem?' is combined with a repetitive bass figure, percussion, various electronics and bird sounds. This music is moderately challenging to listen to, although rarely strident, and its intelligent structures reward careful attention. (Darren Copeland)--Robert Oot

BRUNO COSSANC: *Saffo's Pleasures* C

This is anything but pleasant, this will make people interested in Throbbing Gristle and industrial noise outerspace signals scream in stereo. A C-60 of distortion but at time voices and maybe manipulated electronic chaos like music gone mad and devoured a city. Strange. This will make people who like the sound and feeling of a fingernail scraping a dirty blackboard fall in love with this tape. Not minimal music. Weird old girly magazine xerox cover. (Sound of Pig)--Free Dry

COUGHING FISH: *Dead At The Crossroads of History* C

On their second cassette the team of Shaun Mason and Greg Carter have matured in production and songwriting skill. Although the driving twangy guitar and mock earnest vocals remain the constants in their largely political tunes their simple lyrics show a more fully controlled bluntness that's supported by more memorable melodies and a more self-assured beat. The band is more at ease with each other, better able to produce a brighter three dimensional sound and have moved forward in their search for a style of their own. (Coughing Fish)--James Hopkins

COWTOWN: *Cowtown* C

They seem very fond of Bob Dylan for they cover two of his songs. A part of this tape is poetry with minimal background music, mostly guitar. They also have decent blues songs. They do their version of 'Louie Louie' which falls into the industrial techno sound, very dry, cold and raunchy. An-

other song, 'Flesh and Blood' falls into the same mood. But it's still not over, they also have a hard rock song, mellow but hard. This band does many different things and do them all nicely. Amusing, interesting lyrics and the harp pops up everywhere' (Cowtown)--Alex, 806

CRAWLING WITH TARTS: *Lone'iness* C

The packaging is a cardboard foldover with a xerox of a tinocut glued on. On the inside of the folcover is an impressionistic pastel acrylic surrounding a cassette wrapped in several laser copies of photographs from another time and place. The compositions are also from another time and place. The time: about 200 hundred light years; the place: Aldeberan (I think). All compositions are minimal in scope. Sometimes little more than simplistic synthesizer with voice ('Salvor mi Alwa' and 'Sea Shanty'), to drum and guitar working independently of vocal ('True Apache Valentine'). There are also spoken word pieces of bent personal observations ('Wan, Waxy, Waxen, Ashy, Ashen and Bloodless'). I am impressed. (Crawling With Tarts)- Bix Larda

CRAYON RUBBINGS:

Triks of Time C

A collection of catchy, smart tunes by Laurel Garger who also sings and plays keyboards. The arrangements, done by the entire group, are nearly flawless. The first track, 'Trying To Change You' is a textbook example on how to arrange a pop song. The four-piece band is augmented by occasional appearance of a sax, cello or violin. They also throw in a lot of other surprises, but never in an off hand way. Overall, very well done. It got played a lot 'round here (Empress Music)--T. Burris

CROINERS: *Learning To Live With Croiners* C

Untitled tracks allow the listener to create his own preconception of a song's meaning without being influenced by a name. Two tracks are the result of a mail collaboration with Deaf Lions. Found objects are backed by synth and drone music. I found myself listening more to the amusing found narratives than to the music. A child sex class news releases, science lectures, television preachers and other tidbits were recorded. Psychedelic orgasms and TV hallucinations. 'She's experiencing severe pain in her head.' (Sound of Pig)--Brent Godfrey

CROINERS: *The Relentless Rhythm of Change* C

Loops is the main principle here, the sources seem to be from a small synthesizer studio and things like water. Lots of short pieces without titles. Pretty cool rhythms, lots of ideas and layers using the loop technique with other loops and with tonal weaving, sustained voices and playful instrumental voices. Everything changes, you bet. Voices are a favorite for sampling too. Sustain is part of the natural way loops work, the textures are kept relatively thin and defined, not too layered. (jim tapes)--Robin James

PIERR JEAN CROSET: *Harmoniques de Temps (Overtones of All Times)*, CD

Croset is a French composer and inventor of the harmonic lyre. His invention is an electric 18-string zither type instrument that is plucked with the fingers of one hand, while the other hand gently stops the strings at various nodes to produce

bell-like harmonics, hence the title of the album. The sound is gentle, enchanting and lovely, like a less twangy steel guitar. Due to the nature of the tuning system, the limitations of the overtone series and Croset's predilection, the music is tonal and will appeal to both lovers of new or experimental music, as well as the new age contingent. The CD version includes an extra composition, 'Danse des couleurs' which does not appear on the LP. (Ocora)--Dean Suzuki

CRUCIAL DBC: *Bloodsucker!* C

In this cassette CDBC show their potential and



Croiners at work.

they have a lot! They have a decent sound on side one, which is live. On the second side they seem to have experimented a bit. Touching different styles of reggae. Ska rocksteady and a good touch of Z-Tone. They even touched the American style of Ska (hardcore ska ala Fishbone). A song that amazed me is 'Guatemala', it sounds like the band suddenly became a 70s acid rock band, still keeping the Riddems. One thing put me off throughout the whole tape. The screaming guitars, they just don't fit the 'melosteady riddems' at all. Good skanking! (John Climenhaga)--Alex, 806

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CRUCIFUCKS: *Wisconsin* LP

Big wall of sound punk rock, Doc Dart's balls cinched tight with a broken guitar string, high pitched ravings and whinings questioning the everyman's place in a twisted, out-of-control, spirit

crushing society. *I just wanna go back to old Wisconsin*, Doc laments, a home you never want to go back to, in a fucked up world you can never escape from, the only home you'll ever have. But somehow Doc Dart keeps his head held high, saved with, as he sings in 'Pig In a Blanket: 'Just a trifle of positive thinking, A healthy dose of LSD, The following day I'll be watching the news and giggle while others grieve.' Occasionally the sounds of steel stringed acoustic guitar rings through the mix. The sounds of journeyman American hardcore, probably the closest thing to the Buzzcocks this country has produced. (Alternative Tentacles)--David Ciuffardini

DANGLING GANGLION: *Monsters From the IDC*

32 episodes that creak in haunted houses and giggle like spies. The packaging is brightly colored, hand painted with diagrams of gears and little television screens, each with a different photomontage. The cover boasts: 'breaks the ice at parties, hours of fun for the entire family, removes unwanted guests.' You would not believe it if I tried to explain how it works. Nothing makes sense except that it is funny. Mark Murrell is the composer, playing bass, television, tapes, processing and hand decorates each tape's package. Donald Duck, Daffy Duck, Porky, lots of extras, some instrumentals. Loops, sound effects, basketballs and cartoon characters, wacky fun. (Silent, But Deadly)--Robin James.

STEVE DANKNER: *Techno-Romantic C*

Two jazzy, neo-classical epics. One for the immaculate digitally sampled sounds of the Kurzweil 250 synthesizer, and the other for solo piano. Dankner's light touch permeates both works as he wends his way through a variety of moods--bebop, latin, Gershwinque romanticism. One minor complaint' On the Kurzweil Suite, Dankner rarely ventures beyond straight emulations of conventional instruments. This in itself is not bad, but in a work ostensibly intended to utilize the many resources of this amazingly versatile instrument, such a limited application seems almost wasteful. (Stephen Dankner)--Allen Green

ERIK DARZELL: *Six String Razor C*

Although the production is admirable, this still has a demo feel. The drum machine, synth bass (or is it time for new speakers?), and five tune line-up make Six String Razor hint at possibly greater things. Erik has a nice sense of melody, both vocally and in a Schenkeresque (pick your favorite brother) guitar sense. The playing is competent throughout, although the vocals get a bit sophomoric on 'Be Patient, Eddie': 'Eddie, it has been determined that your time on this planet has ...expired' is 'projected' (according to the liner) in a sped-up, Chipmunk voice. The tape is encouraging, though, and the slack can probably be picked up by a real, live energetic drummer and bassist. Keep it coming. (Erik Darzell)--Tom Morr

D.C. 3: *You're Only as Blind As Your Mind Can Be LP*

The young punks won't know but the older rockers will understand. This is a contemporary U.S. version of late '60s/early '70s British blues rock, though the album has nothing to do with nostalgia or revivalism. It digs into timeless themes about love and loss, aloneness and desire, girls and boys, and most importantly in this case, and why this album couldn't have worked with a more punk or hardcore attack, it is about regret. Apologies and acknowledgements of ones own mistakes are the antithesis of punk and hardcore with its no regrets, take no prisoners, who-needs-love esthetic. Dez Cadena (D.C.) took his girlfriend (a true love) for granted, delivered the last straw, and lost her to the four winds. And this album is Dez's apology, explanation, dedication, love letter, cathartic make-the-best-album-possible-out-of-the-worst-bummer-situation. And it works--without crying-in-your-beer sentimentality. (Band member Paul Roessler, like any good buddy, helps Dez put the loss in perspective by donating his countrified we-have-overcome rocker '(I'll Never) Kill Myself Over You'). The album probably won't get the

girl back--in fact you're convinced from the beginning that much to Dez's dismay the situation is irreversible--but we're left with the feeling that a lesson has been learned, Dez won't make the same mistake twice (wanna bet?), conceits have been squashed (at least temporarily), and the music is a silver lining that we can all cash in. This is big concert hall rock left raw and thinly produced. Arrogance undercut. Pretensions overcome. (SST)--David Ciuffardini

DEAD KENNEDYS: *Give Me Convenience Or Give Me Death LP*

Any way you slice it, the DKs were one of the greatest punk singles bands of history. Here's the evidence, loud and clear--a compilation of singles and B-sides, and a flexi with two new unreleased tracks thrown in. Forget the politics for the moment, in fact even if we ignore Jello Biafra's amped-up, theatrical vocalizing, we're left with some of the most searing, unignorable, stylistically unique instrumental shredding to this day, never mind that most of these tracks are at least seven years old. A rhythmic, driving musical rat-tat-tat beating that just the thought of has inspired fire marshalls and policemen to incite riots themselves at venues in order to disperse crowds before the DKs came on stage. (San Luis Obispo, 1985 for example). The DKs offered up banner-waving, sing-a-long anthem punk rock, something that many of the young punk bands seem to have missed entirely, eclipsed as it was in more recent years by the angst-ridden, emotion-laden cathartic grinding of Black Flag, the other now-defunct band that goes head-to-head with the DKs for the title of most influential U.S. punk/hardcore band in history. Through classics like *Police Truck*, *Too Drunk To Fuck*, *California Ubberr Alles*, and *Holiday in Cambodia*, East Bay Ray's echoing guitar notes relentlessly and maniacally stab through the musical body, piercing the distinction between lead and rhythm axe work, totally eschewing the spotlight guitar solo, and helping define the bottom line economics of punk guitar power. And it wouldn't be fair, especially since this review must serve as an epitaph for the band, to leave out the names of Klaus Flouride (bass), D.H. Peligro (drums) and Bruce Slesinger a.k.a. Ted (the bands old drummer who shows up on about half of these 17 tracks)--all punk rock journeymen, if there is such a thing. Then of course there is Jello, a living legend, a thorn that won't go away, the mastermind behind the words and the music, the rude (anti-)politics and the satire, a man for whom we don't need to offer many words here. Let the songs suffice for now. There are and will continue to be plenty who will speak for him and against him, and, despite the efforts (again and again) of little men in high places, it looks like Jello himself will continue to carve out a niche for his own rantings and ravings and verbal lancings, band or no band. As Jello's didactic anchor seems to drag heavier and heavier as time goes by, this album is a happy memorial, capturing some of the bands best work from a time when those creating it had little or no idea how significant it would one day become. (Alternative Tentacles)--David Ciuffardini

DEAF LIONS: *Copia C*

The idea of taking 27 pop tunes, sampling them and reconstructing new compositions from the bits and pieces isn't new. What is new and what T. S. Vickers is attempting to do, is the dissembling of what is familiar (formal) to create chaos. From the chaos Vickers rescues a bit of melody here, a part of harmony there, and reconstructs a totally new tune. What does this add up to? Innovation and creative compositions which cannot be matched by staying within formal boundaries of traditional recording. Snatches of the recognizable grab one's attention. But the lack of coherent completion of a familiar Led Zeppelin tune, for instance, produces mild frustration. Vickers shows that categories such as 'easy listening', 'R&B' or 'Heavy Metal' are parts of a continuum of sound (similar to Jimi Hendrix's concept of 'sound paintings'). (Sound of Pig)--Bix Larda

DEATH SQUAD: *Death Squad C*

This is credible sounding metal. It is fast as hell,

heavy and loud. The singer has one of those amphetamine/sand paper voices. The lyrics are hard to make out. They seem to hate cops. Death Squad have obviously studied all the 'correct' bands up close and produced a ten song piece of generic shit. (Mike Rodriguez)--Glen Thrasher

DEEP RADIO: *Deep Radio C*

Trio from Minneapolis with 4 track recording of improvised electronic noodling. Using an electronic guitar, a toy synthesizer and keyboards, they occasionally come up with a vivid melody that soothes or excites, especially the piano parts with wispy synth easing in and out. They are also equally capable of ultra-self-indulgence. As soundtrack composers they could easily make a good living (look at Tangerine Dream), and truthfully, I did find myself putting down what I was doing and re-playing certain passages. So I'd like to hear more, but a little less improv and a little more structure would help. Good three color insert card. (Deep Radio)--Fred Mills

DEEP SIX: *Deep Six LP*

Wimp rock, as in Hoboken art pop, is truly out of favor just now. It seems most folks are too busy standing around and blitzing out to the likes of Killdozer, Big Black, Butthole Surfers and such, to get moved by some ol' pop song. Whatever, Deep Six definitely follows the tradition of The Bongos, dB's, The Individuals and such. While there is nothing as inventive on here as early dB's or as touching as the puppy love of a Shoes' record, there does appear to be the makings of a strong, unique pop band bubbling about this recording. The band, two twin brothers and a friend, doesn't really seem to have found itself yet. The songs here, though interesting, are generally not fully conceived. One big exception if 'Open Mind.' 'Open Mind' is all a pop song should be; light, breezy, catchy, with a swelling and soaring melody. Still, for the most part this record is an unfocused bundle of good ideas. (Coyote Records)--Scott Jackson

AMY DENIO: *No bones C*

Portable four-track excursions by highly talented multi-instrumentalist/composer Amy Denio features tight playing on often intricate material. She plays most of the instruments herself. Recordings from '84 to '86 are intriguing, including moments of funk, jazz, demented folk and more. Denio's lyrical observations are often witty and ironic: 'if you were a normal person, you'd sit around eating cereal.' And on 'Ring Finger', she says she's glad she's not married because she smashed her ring finger, and she insists her husband would still make her 'vacuum the laundry dishes clean'. Much of the tape consists of dense, instrumental music, which showcases Denio's instrumental skills, and compositional ability. Amy Denio is a very talented musical artist, and I'd like to hear more of her music. (Amy Denio) Dan Fioretti

DIE FORM & NULLA IPPERREALE: *In Un Silenzio Oscuro C*

From the industrial, electronic sound collage school led by Merzbow, these two groups (collectively know as Tasaday) are high honors graduates of the school, thus showing mastery as well as contributing to the development of their chosen field. Generally everything is fairly distorted save some passages of voice and raw sound, although some vocal passages are quite processed. Occasionally harsh, there are a considerable number of calm mesmerizing cuts, yet the amount of distortion applied (especially to bass guitar) gives the music an edge of mystery and/or danger. Again there are exceptions, but Tasaday seems to favor distorted bass along with swirls or sprinklings of electronics. Very involving and very good! (ADN Tapes distributed by Wayside)--Jim Boy Bob

DIF JUZ: *Out of the Trees LP*

This is a documentary of a band in its development. *Out of the Trees* is a re-issue of a couple of EP's by Dif Juz from 1981. The first side, 'Humerics', is the earlier release and shows the band in its nascency. One can identify the distinctive, if not unique sound of Dif Juz, but it is not

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fully developed; too , too thin, and lacking the punch of its mature stage. On the other hand, 'Vibrating Air', featured on the second side, has the band in full stride, with the very special guitar sound that slices like a knife, and the full bodied textures found on their last superb release, 'Extractions'. The one dispensable track contains a vocal. Singing is Dif Juz's weak suit, which they wisely choose not to engage much. However, the instrumentals from 'Vibrating Air' make it all worth while. (4AD)--Dean Suzuki

DIGITAL SEX: Essence and Charm CD

This CD from Digital Sex was released in a numbered edition of 5000 by the French label Sordide Sentimental, of Joy Division and Psychic TV fame, and it exhibits the care in packaging and documentation for which the label is known. The lavish 16 page illustrated booklet contains an essay relating the band to the concept of androgeny, which is interesting but not particularly relevant to the music. Digital Sex comes from Omaha, Nebraska, but doesn't sound like it--the liner notes link them stylistically to Eno, The Cure, New Order and Phillip Glass, among others. This CD has excellent production quality--no wasted digital pressing here--clean and full of nice ambient treatments. The material is catchy in a good way, but the lyrical ambiguity and hints of melancholy make the often upbeat music very palatable to the doom and gloom lover in me. Digital Sex is one of the best 'progressive' American bands I have heard--they really create an atmosphere in every song. Favorite cuts: 'Dervish Dance', 'Sex in the Spring', 'I Can't Wait'. (Sordide Sentimental Rarities)--Ed Blomquist

DINO DIMURO: A Real Pretty Rose C

This C46 comes in full color packaging with insert on high-bias tape. The care extends to the material, which is simultaneously quirky and humorous (esp. DiMuro's unpolished vocals, which are subjected to treatments n' stuff) and downright rockin' catchy. Despite a certain thinness on the 'band

tunes--he plays most instruments but is joined by two pals on drums and bass--the overall sound and arrangements are pro enough to warrant label investigation, for a heck of a songwriter is he. He experiments with backwoods folk (nice banjo picking!) and more English-sounding folk as well as straightforward guitar crunch rock. And like I said, the humor is prevalent. 'Miscarriage for Lunch' is black and grating, probably intentional. 'Women Wearing Sweaters' has a great rubbery guitar figure that underscored the lyrical confusion. And more--a recurring joke about an unrequited love who actually inspires a song title has an odd element of pathos to it. I think DiMuro has a future ahead of him. (Phantom Soil Recordings)--Fred Mills

D.O.A.: True (North) Strong and Free LP

After their last album it seemed as if D.O.A. was going to embody their name. Now the band has put aside some of the metal influences, upped the tempo and regained some of its former glory. 'Nazi Training Camp' may be yet another ill-conceived punk protest but '51st State' (about Canada), 'Ready to Explode' (its royalties to the African National Congress) and a hilarious, buzzsaw cover of 'Takin' Care of Business' show D.O.A. has still got some life left in them. (Rock Hotel/Profile)--Lang Thompson

DOG AS MASTER: AT Last C

Side A is another in a series of collaborations between Dog As Master and If Bwana. The result in this case is four pieces using chants moans, assorted vocalizations, harsh sound effects, drones and an occasional repetitive keyboard pattern. Heavy use of echo. Perhaps I simply have a more intense definition of 'hypnotic and ritualistic' because I don't find this to be particularly disturbing or meditative. In the final analysis it is unfortunately not even very interesting. Side B is a different story all together. 'Unwilling To Suck' is a side long piece by AiN-ToW of Belgium which is broken up into a series of shorter segments and interspersed with

enigmatic snippets of dialogue. The last of these pieces builds up a heated mix of grinding and yelling, but the others maintain a very low-key ambience. All together it works quite well. As a format this is an interesting hybrid combination of collaboration and compilation. (Cause and Effect)--Michael Chocholak

DOLDRUMS: Ziptunes C

They've got a rebellious stance and nice politics, but there's nothing truly rebellious about all this stale dry punk. Vocals lack dimension, lyrics are humorless and didactic, guitars drone without punch. One exception, the very last song, 'Threat In Reflection' which has some enervating guitar build-ups and dramatic anthemic-sounding vocals--why couldn't the rest of the tape be this exciting? (Doldrums)--Richard Singer

DOLLY MIXTURE: Demo Tapes A Double Album LP

Dolly Mixture demos from '79 to '83, released on 2 LP set with plain white cover 'cept for rubber stamp w/title, and on my copy at least, autographs of the three girls. Debsey (bass, vox), Rachel (guitar, vox), Hester (drums) play straightforward but enjoyable power pop, some mellower toonz, some rockers. Sound not so bad, considering these are demos not recorded for commercial perususal. Enjoyable toonz with interesting hooks, nice vocal, toons sometimes recall XTC, 'specially the '82-'83 side or Utopia's merseybeat variations. When the singer who sounds like Debbie Harry takes the lead vocals, I wish the band (especially vocals) had been better recorded. A really good LP if'n you could find a copy! (Dolly Mixture)--Dan Fioretti

DOS: Dos LP

Dos is a labor of love between two bass players, Mike Watt (Firehose and Minutemen) and Kira Roessler (formerly of Black Flag.) This is an album of short instrumental electric bass duets, simple, straightforward, no special processing, no bombastic displays of loudness, heaviness or pyro-

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technics. But I like it--a lot.. It presents a charming, simple mood, a soothing, interlapping conversation between two friends, where words just couldn't be found to say what needed to be said. Kira sings on the only non-instrumental track, 'Taking Away The Fire', a simple unpolished gem where the strain in her voice adds to the emotional pain she sings about, sending a chill down my spine and leaving me wishing to hear more from her. (New Alliance/SST)--David Ciuffardini

ANDY DOWDEN/ANDY SZAVA-KOVATS: A Tale of Two Andys C
Andy Dowden is writing these wonderful songs about all my favorite subjects: love, fun, love complications and urbane existence. His ear for arrangements is pretty good. This is a mixture of electronics, great melodies and experimentalism that doesn't bog you down because he maintains his sense of humor. It also sounds like he actually enjoys a good old-fashioned pop tune or two. Andy Szava-Kovats, more esoteric and Enosque but still listenable, is also very good in my book. Nice sense of rhythm. This is a tape I'll probably play a lot without even realizing it. (K O City Studio)--Lena Dixon

DUST BUNNIES: Black and White Music for Black and White People C
A weird melange of sometimes irritating semi-composed industrial demented music for imaginary sit-coms from Bedlam. Along with a goodly helping of found sound, there is a pronounced liking for digital delay and repetition. Good recording, though smudgy in spots and interesting pacing, but these guys must have been snorting the powder inside cathode-ray tubes to have come up with this tour of jaundiced TV land-consciousness. They frequently miss their ace card, which lies in composing with breathing spaces. Best listened to in segments or if undergoing incipient nervous breakdown. (Jim Tapes)--Marc Tucker

DUSTDEVILS: Rhenyard's Grin C
Attention Warner Brothers Records! Sign these schmucks. This is vapid, emotionless clone rock of the kind I normally do not have the opportunity to hear unless I turn on almost any radio station or go anywhere in public. Now at last I possess some of this music of my own on cassette tape. I feel a little unclean. (Rouska Records)--Glen Thrasher

KEVIN DYMOND/MARK SCHAFFER: Play Something You Know C
Now don't you just hate people who always have to compare something that they've never heard with something that they've heard? So, not wanting you to hate me, I will refrain from comparing these folks to Big Black, Devo, The Residents, The B-52's and The Mothers of Invention *all in one song*. This is good stuff, Jake. Imaginative, diverse and the energy is catching. Nice, clean fuzzy guitar, y'all. And all the songs but one clock in at under three minutes. Some are even under a minute, and that's just dandy in this reviewer's book. There's something here for everyone, even Grandpa. Pleasant listening y'all. Helpful hint: Listen to it with Mister Roger's Neighborhood providing a visual backdrop. You're all set, Clyde. (Guaranteed Cleveland Records)--Chris McElaney

D Z LECTRIC: Russo-American Songs C
On side one of this tape, D Z Lectric plays loud percussive drone muzick. Lots of sequencers, electronic sounds used to interesting effect. This side's fun 'cause it reminds me of all my fave bands who have split up. The kind of stuff hip art bands were doing in the early '80s now done by a one piece band--D Z plays all the instruments (mostly synths, drum machines, some guitars) and sings all the vocals and even writes most of the music and lyrics. His singing is so slurred, though you can't understand the bizarre lyrics anyway: 'Our mothers go into psychiatry/Our girls are half suicided' he sings on 'Our Mothers, Our Girls', but not so's you'd notice. Lectric's music on this side recalls English 'new wave' art rock' and German 'new wave electronic'. Then there's a very brief 'Fever' (as in Nancy Sinatra, not Bruce) 'til we get to the synthesized space-outs on side two--

meditative, disorienting, haunting and surrealist, featuring sonic meditations and electronic blips and bleeps. One particularly pretty piece features ambient modal guitar. This is a very well-done tape of electronic music. (Sound of Pig)--Dan Fioretti

ECTOPLASMIC BUTTPLUG: Teen Lesbians and Animals C
This is mostly found sound from TV, movies and other records or fragments read from novels or somewhere, slightly distorted or cut up and repeated but often left to just play on for several minutes with very little if anything added. There are also some bits of guitar or percussion but nothing worth much. This is a fairly useless tape but it also is o.k. to listen to if you have real low standards or you sometimes don't care much about music. Yes, despite all this and terrible sound quality and stupid name, I like this tape. (BxCx)--Glen Thrasher

ELECTORFOUL: Electorful C
20 diverse sound collages/songs/noise/waves of oil crashing on glass beaches/steel birds fighting in midflight/building birthed & buried/evaporation/heat. Very interesting stuff, much in the appealingly mysterious way that the Mnemonists construct their dreamscapes. Titles include 'Textile', 'Splendor', 'Oil', 'Instation Duty', 'Trauma', 'Iridescent Scent'. Stands up to repeated listening. (Slag Productions)--Bret Hart

EMPYRE: The Foundation C
Kerrang dug it, as did all the Long Island papers. Good pop metal with plenty of melodic chord progressions and on-the-money solos. Long Island heroes Blue Oyster Cult are the role model for this trio. Rush looms well, but Empyre has nowhere near the chops and definitely no inkling of that trio's rich production. Still, for headbangers like me, it's just what I needed to wake me up. Zzzzz... (Empyre/Coat of Arms)--Fred Mills

ENTROPHY: Entrophy C
Here and there, scattered throughout the tape, are remnants of some Fripp and Eno early duet work--'An Index of Metals' and the like. But this music is more aggressive and industrial, more unsettling and less reassuring than that work. It falls somewhere between 'An Index' and Neubatten or Test Dept. I found it fascinating at very low levels with headphones on and compelling at the loudest volumes--both with phones and speakers. Highly recommended for those into industrial drones where texture (Fripp & Eno) is as important as rhythm (Neubatten and Test Dept). (Atavistic Video)--CNEWMAN

ESCORBUTO CRONICO/GUERRILLA URBANA C
Hard and serious punk from West Germany. Escorbuto Cronico flourished from 1975 to 1984, and their assault style graces side one. They sing in Spanish, with a smattering of English and lots of aggressive thrashing sound. From 'Ciudad retrete' ('Toilet City') comes: 'With so much cop and pander/La Laguna stink as a toilet/And for to clean the shit we'll pull the chain.' Guerrilla Urbana was born out of the ashes of Escorbuto Cronico with three original members (Lisson--drums, Zurda & Txiru--guitars) joined by Jave Joe Back--vocals and O'Trueno--bass. They fill side 2 with more focus, political stuff, including a cover of the DK's 'Holiday in Cambodia' (complete with Pol Pot chant, Jello would be proud). (Masking Tapes)--Jim Hagen

THE EX: Too Many Cowboys 2LP
Anarchist squatters, anti-rockers, collectivized noise, cheering, chanting, raving, ranting, guitars and drums, chums and bums--here we have earnest young Dutch men (who sing in English) taking over where Crass left off. But those are pretty big shoes to fill. Right off the bat, the poster and propaganda newspaper (a hefty thing) included with this album, while worthy efforts, don't ring out with the same sort of advanced social analysis and political research that distinguished the Crass's propaganda from the copycat sloganeering, and kneejerk radical philosophizing of many anarchistic

outfits. But Crass were in a league by themselves, a league that has been abandoned, a league that no longer served a purpose for those in it. But the need for politicized, radical, hardcore/punk cheer-leading and the dissemination of alternative political information remains. The Ex powerfully reflect the dilemmas and concerns shared by at least a small segment of politically conscious people. They show conviction, the vocals are strident, the lyrics are politically aware, they help other bands set up shows, they avoid playing normal music clubs whenever possible, they self-sabotage rhythms and melodies lest their music become mind-numbing entertainment, they try to educate their listeners with music, outside projects, and literature--in short they play by all the rules of anarchist-punk political correctness, which of course is some sort of double-edged irony. So how does one review a band like this? Is their music good? Well, uh, sure it is, especially considering it really isn't supposed to be 'good', it just is; a vehicle for a gathering, a meeting of the minds, a medium to flow information and spirit. So it can't really be all that 'good', because real 'good' music would take away from the message of not having to be 'good' to do 'good', so being too 'good' would be bad, understand!? You see the problem? The bottom line is that The Ex are. And that's good. And if one day The Ex aren't, then maybe we won't need them by then, and that would be good. But if we do need them and they aren't there, that would be bad. (Mordam)--David Ciuffardini

THE EXACTONES: Where are the Exactones? C
With a name like the Exactones, you've probably figured them out to be a garage band. Well, they are, and a damn good one. 'Last Night' and 'Take Me Apart' are my personal faves here, and they kinda sound like members of REM and Los Lobos locked up together in a garage. This tape is indispensable for 'Last Night' alone. Also some outright rip-offs: the singer parodies Lou Reed on 'The Church' and the title track is a silly, sloppy chunk of early Replacements. I liked this tape quite a bit. (Exactones)--T. Burris

F/i: Threshold C
Big, dense, rumbling, all instrumental wall of sound; drums and bass never let up, various electronic sounds fill in every gap. An electric guitar is at the helm exploring the furthest corners and deepest dimensions as we cruise at warp-speed through this dark sonic landscape. Everything rolls ahead in this sonic convoy into outerspace--we're space truckin' man, first stop Jupiter, next stop...the stars! Can't this tin can go any faster? Hey, look out for that comet! This sure isn't any Jetson's soundtrack, this is farout and gets heavier with every new mile. Hey, we got something on the radar, Captain! Steady as she goes there, Lieutenant, remember, we have women and children depending on us. Uh, Captain, if I may say so... What is it, Lieutenant?! Well, having them on board may have been a mistake. Never you mind Lieutenant, they're a sturdy bunch, I don't foresee any problem. Aye, Aye Captain! Full power, ahead! (Uddersounds)--David Ciuffardini

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ERIC FALSTROM: Roadrunner C
Seventeen year old prodigy from Ohio. This is his fifth tape release. While I could urge him to find a decent studio and/or production assistance, as the vocals are painfully thin and the instruments subdued to the point of a background buzz (the drums sound like cardboard, the guitar is pure fuzz, bass is inaudible), there is no denying the guy's talent as a songwriter and singer. Twelve songs of love matters and day-to-day urban concerns (even the mundane lyrics of 'Waiting For The Bus' wind up

being insidiously catchy) within the pop garage genre. Good melodies, great harmony arrangements, decent knack for dynamic tension, nifty teen-turns of phrase--a budding star, with the right professional assistance. dB's and Shoes fans might want to check him out in his 'raw' (and I do mean raw) state. (Ericart/Recordings)--Fred Mills

FINK/McCANDLESS: *The Anti-Cyclics C-90*
On the opening section of 'I Was Fish Smells And Absolute Need', Side one of the latest by Fink/McCandless, the duo create a sonic sketch which recalls two men rummaging through piles of scrap metal by, I think doing just that. More interesting than you'd think it'd be. Mark Fink and Bill McCandless perform side-long improvisations vaguely resembling music, they use (as opposed to play) percussion, horns, strange vocal sounds, etc. Also., Side two, 'When I Was Young And Full Of Lice (Poly-Funeralized)' is really cool, too. Neat to hear music that sounds like it's turning you into an axe murderer--the word 'music' being used very loosely! (Nar/Bang Utot)--Dan Fioretti

DAN FIORETTI: *Here Comes That Screaming Sound Again C*

Extended Musique Concrete created with one radio, one reverb, one echo unit and a tape recorder or two. Fioretti takes snippets of sounds from pop music, jazz and other unidentifiable radio sources, combines them bit by bit on one channel, and echoes it on the other. It does not seem musical for the most part, but rather like an experiment that didn't work. It is interesting in the beginning, but its predictability, and extended length destroy the novelty quickly. (Kitti Tapes)--Nathan Griffith

DAN FIORETTI: *Dave's Faves C*

It's as if all the radio and TV signals of the past 70 years which have leaked into the universe have been filtered through some wry but disturbed alien intelligence and repackaged for Earth in the form of 'Dave's Faves'. Fioretti uses clips of old commercials, children's records, talk shows and other flotsam of the 'communication age' to create his often savagely satiric compositions, mixing in simple keyboard ditties and synth patterns along the way. But whether it's a trance-like synth piece or the maniacal tormenting of a children's record, Fioretti always shows a pointed sense of humor. The most memorable composition here is a frantic sound poem which takes a radio talk-show on abortion and sends it through an audio Osterizer. This compilation was done especially for Sound Choice subscribers, by the way (hence the title), and is a good reason to subscribe. (Kitti Tapes)--John Baxter

DAN FIORETTI: *Never Mind The Bullocks, Here's The Partridge Family C*

Dan Fioretti must have spent many childhood hours savoring the intricacies of 'Revolution #9' before discovering Brian Eno's ambient electronics and Robert Fripp's minimalist manipulations. This tape's net effect is both as assimilation and an (over-)extension of these sources, yielding some fairly unlike sound collages. Long hypno-electronic passages are both punctuated and combined with radio/TV voices which are looped, modulated and otherwise mangled. Like much modern experimentalism which grew out of 'musique concrete', some will be refreshed by its shattering of traditional limitations, while others will be confused by its sonic non-sequiters or simply turned off by its kitchen-sink approach. (Kitti Tapes)--Kristofer Thompson

DAN FIORETTI: *Talking With Billy Bragg About Paying His Taxes C*

Weird stuff using keyboards, samplers, tapes, shortwave radio, echo, tape loops, etc. I like this kind of nonsense, near the edge material. A highlight is the 'Perry Trilogy'--Perry's spiritual experience at a Police concert: he's on drugs and meets a Jesus freak. She gets at him as the Police loop and sing and loop and sing. The looping captures the feel of a noisy smokey rock arena. Then he drives home listening to a tape of *Hair* (the musical) and thinking about it, then all hell breaks loose. A weird instrumental is 'Linguini For Spa-

ghetti Westerns' done with a synth and a sampler. The titles are great--'You Want Mayo?', 'Lions 'n Tigers 'n Bears Oh My'. Some very bizarre stuff. Highly recommended for the deranged. One tune sounds like a subway at the circus in an air raid drill. He calls it 'Music so new it almost doesn't exist'. 'More Inspirational Musick' is one crazy splice-o-rama. Lots of odd things. (Kitti Tapes)--Paul S. Luchter

DAN FIORETTI: *The Ship Hasn't Actually Sunk, It Has Simply Gone Down C*

Dan Fioretti is the only instrumentalist on the tape which also includes media collage. The synthesizer work is mostly slightly gritty sounding washes. 'Elephant of Surprise' is a lumbering riff that has a toy like quality akin to Pascal Comelade. I think Fioretti is making good use of limited equipment, there is more of interest here than many more slickly produced tapes. (Kitti Tapes)--DK

STEVE FISK: *Til The Night Closes In C*

In this masterpiece of technological manipulation, Steve Fisk infiltrates the bastions of pop culture and forces a turn on themselves. The tape consists of several sound vignettes, some of them not really musical as such, but all certainly intriguing from an analysis of their compositional structure. There is a reliance on vocal and instrumental sound sources that are obtained from both mass media (radio, TV) and popular music. These sound sources are treated electronically, edited and allowed to run, creating in a sense a refined scratch technique. In fact, this is some of the cleverest manipulation of this technique that I have heard. Some of the sound sources will be known to the listener, and their destruction will be appreciated by most. To create musical cohesion for these pieces, Steve and friends also provide a healthy share of instrumentation in the form of ethereal keyboards, and for lovers of Pell Mell, several upbeat danceables that accent the rap-like qualities of a couple of the compositions. (ARPH Tapes)--Nathan Griffith

THE FIXTURES: *Dangerous Music LP*

Thought provoking, forceful thrash from this trio. The first thing that popped into my head when I heard this record was a similarity to D.O.A. Like them, The Fixtures' music is solid, meaty and very full sounding. Lots of energy and up-tempo rhythm without being obsessed with speed for speed's sake. They're not metal clones either, which is a big relief for me! Special mention must be made of the lyrics on this lp. Not the typical nihilistic rants you've come to expect from most hardcore bands, these lyrics are at the same time involved, intelligent and direct. It comes as no surprise that these songs are all heavily socio-political in nature but as they say in the title cut; '...some things need to be shouted, not once but a million times.' So yeah, the usual subjects are bitched about; ministers preaching and praying for big buck\$, materialism, toxic waste, nuclear war, violence, hatred, greed, etc., etc. Same old thing? Musically? Lyrically? Perhaps, but truth is truth and good, tight thrash is still good, tight thrash! Nothing particularly new or innovative to write home about, but a solid, well done piece of work none the less. (The Fixtures/ Otis Huddleson)--Rev. Bryan Sale

FLATBUSH: *Closed Circuit Installation C*

Many patterns from the same cloth. Each of the fifteen compositions on this cassette feature a driving synthesizer sound which either pulls the listener in or carries him for the ride. Everything here is confident and solid, echoed voices float in and out only when needed, occasionally the drum machine sound is almost too 'clean' (sometimes detracting from a piece) but still used effectively. Tracks like 'Accident Suite' and 'Sub System 1990' move between being dense and rhythmic to special and moody; the overall production is tight and the arrangements are always creative. (Kent Worly)--RWire

FLOPHOUSE/EMG: *All-Bran Meat C*

The most unfortunate thing about this recording is the atrocious production quality. In the case of Flophouse, it was probably better that way. What

remains extant is a collection of silly and aimless noodling that only loosely approximates bad Resident's outtakes played on the cheesiest stereo in the world. For emg, inaudibility severely detracts from what could be some truly amazing sounds. This band combines Jimi Hendrix, metal thrash and outrageous special effect manipulations in aural simulation of a thirty minute ride on the DMT express. (Foundation T. dieZ)--Nathan Griffith

FOLKMINERS: *Folkminers 12' EP*

This is big bold resonant folk rock. But don't let the 'folk' mislead you. The traps keep a strong rock back beat, and the guitars, acoustic and electric, rock and ring through healthy amps and multi-tracks of studio precision. A hookfilled mixture of pop optimism and countrified melancholy. Sam Lapides' vocals are full, deep and compelling. Tim Lee and his Windbreakers and Beat Temptation cohorts do much the same but they call it rock. The Folkminers' six-song offering is every bit as good as the best of that school of southern country-tinged rock, and exceeds much of it in freshness. (Folkminers)--David Ciaffardini

MITCH FRIEDMAN: *Popcorn C*

If Mitch Friedman hasn't done so already, he should definitely send a tape in to Dr. Demento--it's just that kinda tape! Friedman's pop genius and warped sense of humor make this 'un really fun to listen to--not to mention the highly creative minimalist instrumental arrangements. There are some inspired comedic moments, too. However, most stuff goes by quickly--toonz are half a minute to a minute and a half, most spoken word segues are between five and fifteen seconds. Eclecticism abounds, though: pop-ish, bouncy selections, bits and pieces, and strange spoken-word bits merge in and out of each other, creating a surreal audio tapestry. Fully realized pieces merge into musical fragments. A speeded up pop music medley juxtaposes 'Dancing Cheek To Cheek' by Irving Berlin with The Kinks' 'We Are The Village Green Preservation Society', and finishes up with 'The Banana Splits Theme'. This a very enjoyable, and really fun tape. (Mitch Friedman)--Dan Fioretti

FRIENDS OF EARTH: *Sex, Energy and Star LP*

Friends of Earth appears to be just one more arm of Haruomi Hosono's multi-faceted music making endeavors. Things get more than a little funky, and Hosono doesn't waste time messing around with re-hashed R&B, soul and funk, he goes for the real thing. F O E managed to get the Godfather of Soul, James Brown himself, to sing a burning version of 'Sex Machine'. Of course, it's a techno-funk version which purists may disparage, but it's hard to argue when 'The Hardest Working Man In Show Business' (not to mention that he's a right-wing, Reagan supporting, militaristic, chauvinistic peabrain.--editor) decides to lay down some tracks. There is a less successful rendition of Dr. John's 'Right Place, Wrong Time', with 'Hosonoids' vocals not quite hitting the mark. Other pieces, mostly instrumentals and many featuring avant-funk drummer Anton Fier, are hot, especially the driving, almost manic 'Opera' and the dance floor number 'Don't Wanna Lose My Soul' guaranteed to make you shake that thing. (Teichiku Records)--Dean Suzuki

PETER FROHMADER: *Wintermusic, Bass Symphony No. 3 LP*

Frohmadar takes a different tack on his most recent record. As per usual, there is a murky, brooding quality that almost embodies a sense of danger. However, this time around, the evocation, at least in part, is one of mystery, with an Impressionistic haze and restraint, though no one would for a minute mistake this for Debussy. Also, unlike recent efforts by Frohmadar in which he works primarily with synthesizer, he focuses here on his electric basses and Chapman stick, along with some enigmatic wordless singing, both choral and solo voices, proving that he can do much with limited resources. Since there are only two, extended works, Frohmadar is more able to consider form and structure, with contrasting sections, and an organic sense of growth. 'Wintermusic', for Chapman

sticks and voices, is the more temperate and more ethereally evocative of the two compositions. Despite the constraint and reserve that he shows, this is no pusillanimous tripe. 'Wintermusic' is powerful, moving and quite beautiful. The instrumentation of Bass Symphony No. 3 is restricted to electric basses (4, 6 and 8 strings, fretted and fretless), electronic manipulation and vocalise (i.e. wordless vocals). Frohmader's composition is savage and sinister, with some brutal bass playing, lending the work astonishing power. In contrast to the more violent sections there are those which create a misterioso aura. Without question his strongest piece since the incredible 'Cultes des Goules'. As always, Frohmader's is fantastic music and I continue to be impressed by this remarkable musician. (Eurock/Multimood Records)--Dean Suzuki

FRONT 242: *Official Version LP*

Industrial strength, jackhammer, guerilla disco music from Belgium. Pounding electro-drum machine rhythms and socio-political (English) lyrics, synthesizers and some found sounds and voices. Front 242 takes the basic beatbox, heavy studio processing disco formula, and pushes it to new levels of power and weightiness. Slickness, professionalism and sense of mystery, danger and industrialization fill the grooves. It is formula, and it still has that unrelenting, mind-numbing, regimenting electro beat, but it is nevertheless the forefront of a new consciousness and aggressiveness that is infiltrating the dancefloors. And the beat goes on, and on, and on...(Wax Trax!)--David Ciaffardini

ELLEN FULLMAN: *The Long String Instrument LP*

Fullman is an American sculptor/composer whose creations are, as the title suggests, great lengths of wire strung across a room and attached to a wooden sounding box or resonator. The strings are sounded by rubbing them in rosined hands. As Fullman employs just intonation, the buzzing sounds of the rubbed strings are rich and euphonious, while the pulsating patterns arising from the periodic waveforms of the just intoned tuning system give the music subtle designs for the listener to inspect and analyze. Many may be reminded of the droning tamburas of Indian music, though Fullman's instruments have a unique timbre. A resonant percussive element is introduced with a 'Water Drip Drum' in which the sound of dripping water in an aluminum pan is amplified. Through a foot pedal, the rhythm and pitch of the drum can be regulated. All make for some marvelous sounds. (Apollo)--Dean Suzuki

THE FUSIONAIRES: *The Fusionaires 12" EP*

Four songs of jazz-fusion, the '70s version of new age music--cocktail mood tunes of taste, sophistication, and generic alto sax. And The Fusionaires, a quartet, are right there with the best of them. Of special interest here is the inclusion of Simeon Cain on drums, the very same who pounded the skins for fusion bands of a much different sort, The Scorn Flakes, Regressive Aid, SST's Gone, and more recently with the Henry Rollin's hardcore band. And on the one Cain composition here we do find guitar player John McCracken honing a jagged edge on his axe in an effort to get Gone, but for the most part, on this vinyl at least, Cain plays it straight and the rest of The Fusionaires toe the line that Weather Report and countless others have followed for years. (Headstrong Records)--David Ciaffardini

LARRY GARRETT/GARY BROWN: *Hypnosis To Improve Your Mind #2 C*

One of a series of forty tapes by Chicago self-hypnosis expert Larry Garrett. On this tape Garrett takes us through the basic steps of self-hypnosis, giving ample qualities of breathy directions and encouragement to help us achieve the desired state of mind. Garrett also enlists the aid of musician

Gary Brown, half of the Chicago-based duo Dreamfest, well-known for his idiosyncratic and highly textured wall of sound derived from an electric guitar and a rack of effects. Unfortunately, we hear far too little of Brown's music on this tape. Garrett's boys effectively bury Brown's music in the mix and listeners can only hear it faintly in the distant background. Instead Garrett opts for the sound of his own voice, a decision which defeats his purpose. The tape doesn't do much to make listeners feel the power of self-hypnosis and Garrett would be better served on his tapes to provide listeners with some space filled with Brown's original instrumental music. (Garrett Hypnosis Clinic)--Buck Halker

ALBERT GIMENEZ QUARTET: *Discours LP*

Spanish guitarist and composer Gimenez works in a number of arenas, including experimental, electronic and freely improvised music, as well as more straight ahead jazz such as that captured on this live recording from the Europa Jazz Festival in Le Mans. His quartet includes percussion, hammered psaltery, harmonic and double bass all played by Maif cohort Enric Cervera, along with an electric bassist and a reed man. Gimenez' music is influenced by Brazilian jazz forms; bossa nova and the like, though there is no mistaking him for Luiz Bonfá, Baden Powell or Jobim. Gimenez style is more contemporary and cosmopolitan. The music tends towards lyrical, lilting jazz ballads, even in the more freely conceived works such as 'Paisatje urba', with its oblique melodies, extended harmonies and strange but effective psaltery part. In the more experimental 'Paisatje', it appears as if Gimenez is covertly inserting some experimental music in this set on an unwary and rather mainstream audience. As a result, your ears are stretched, yet it is all couched in a pleasant musical fabric. (Filobus)--Dean Suzuki

Brussels (Europe), End of the nineteen eighties, period of general withdrawal. The end gets closer. Images have lost their power, the surfeit of information has reduced itself to nothing. The traditional circuits, after having played the card of the highest bid to its utmost, have become incable of mobilizing individuals and collectives. In their shadow underground networks are developing becoming more and more powerful and dangerous, and better and better organized. Beyond the borders, one of them binds the extremities of the occidental world, like an immense spider's web of which the threads are minute but nothing can pass through without damage. The instigators of the development of this parallel power are impossible to identify with accuracy. One knows approximately nothing about them. Neither their names, nor the precise place where they hide, not even their exact number. The contradictory rumours circulating about thier ideology and their aims seem as absurd attempts to encircle the indistinguishable.--Report from FRONT 242

GIRL THIRTEEN: *I Wanted To Be Going Somewhere C*

An exquisite, hypnotic collection of melancholy songs and what can only be described as 'pastoral electronics', marred by two surprisingly banal disco/dance tracks. The superb tape and synth work is augmented beautifully by acoustic instrument and vocals. Like Cheer-Accident (another Complacency group), Girl Thirteen has an originality and sincerity that carries its work beyond any stylistic influences affecting it. The meaning and focus are not in the structure here but in the playing. The style seems wholly familiar on the surface but transforms into a wonderful, mysterious, indefinable color once you really listen. (Complacency)--Brook Hinton

BRENT GODFREY: *High Fashion Baby C*

Good diversion of styles. Unfortunately my man Godfrey doesn't gain momentum until side two, which is unfortunate cuz a lot of listeners, I fear,

won't get that far. But then he comes back with three killer songs, 'Necklace', 'Blood On The Dance Floor' and 'Perfect Couple'. Maybe he should have made this one a cassette EP. Cheerio. (Flying Squirrel Tapes)--Chris McElaney

GOD KICKS YOU: *Smile We're Ali Going To Die Someday C*

Sixteen short little journeys into sound darkness using guitars, keyboards, percussion and vocals. God Kicks You present an amazing collection of sounds from these instruments, all pushed to their fullest potential, that left this listener vary impressed. This collection makes you want to run under your bed and hide, but you keep coming out for more. (Cool Beans Records)--Michael J. Laszuk

GOD KICKS YOU: *Why Should I Kill Myself When I Can Kill You C*

This stuff reminds me of a low-fi, low budget, homemade Chrome in spots. Sparse and eerie sounding programmed percussion is layered with harsh electric guitar, synthesizers and cold, android vocals; all of which are treated and distorted to different degrees. The overall effect is somewhere between all night black and white science fiction movie soundtrack and a shortwave radio that's turned on its listener. I would like to see these guys get access to better recording facilities because in their good moments they're a bit more aggressive and creative in their sonic sculpture than some. Other parts are less inspired and sound more like dudes goofin' around with the equipment. Not surprisingly, a lot of references to death and violence. If you like yours white-noisy then you may find something here. (Cool Beans)--Rev. Bryan Sale

'GOING TO GROUND: *Going To Ground C*

This three piece band from Australia. Fiona Jessop--drums, Steve Rixon--bass, Jim Baker--

everything else. They cook, I hear a Long Ryders feel on 'Minutes To Midnight', 'From Me To You', not the Beatles kind but what would happen if Pink Floyd met the Long Ryders. Clean recording, good art work package. This is a little gem. 'Going To Ground', a nice rocker. This is not like the bulk of the other Australian bands. 'You Are Near', just piano cooks, I tap my feet and want to dance. I bet they're a great club band. Nice lead guitar and bass. Some synthesizer nicely fitted in. 'Keep Moving', some nice heavy metal type playing. (Windforce Recordings)--free dry

GO POTTY: *This Right After This C*

A live collaborative effort by sound artists Minoy and John Hudak. I immediately took to the beginning of this tape. Lots of attention is paid to the mix of sound and feeling. I was expecting something static, judging from what I've heard these guys play individually. However, this tape has a meandering quality. The layering of sound is far more

sparse than any tape I have by Minoy, though it is just as textural and impossible to describe without resorting to metaphor. There is a lot of change in sound, sources and mood throughout. I wish they would stay at certain points longer, and skip over other parts completely (though that is the nature of improvisation). Actually, it is this which makes the tape fresh. I haven't heard much that sounds similar; they seem to be covering new ground. (Sound of Pig)--AO

PETER GORDON: *Otello: Falso Movimento C*
One need not be familiar with Verdi's penultimate opera 'Otello' to appreciate Gordon's work, but it certainly adds to the fun. Fragments from an actual performance of the opera are electronically processed and edited, together with improvised music based on Verdi's themes, as well as entirely new material, inspired by the emotional atmosphere of the original opera. All of the spoken and sung vocal passages are in Italian, although knowledge of the language is not essential to enjoy this. What we have here is not a collection of seemingly random blips and bleeps superimposed over tiny snippets of orchestral passages (a la Stockhausen), but an original, creative approach to a familiar classic that is as listenable as it is interesting. (ROIR)--Sally Idasswey

THE GO TEAM: *Donna Parker Pop C*
A guitar and drum duo do not a pop group make. Do you remember the 'Music minus One' series of accompaniment albums from a decade ago? Get these guys a bass player and their surfish instrumental will be complete. There is good potential here, it just needs to be fully fleshed out. (K Cassettes)--K. Crothers

PETER GOVERT: *Nairobi C*
A peace-corps volunteer, lost in Africa, who manages to get into a recording studio with some of his friends, six songs in the eclectic American folk style, acoustic guitars with vocals, an interesting mix of African and American voices and songs,

with a traditional Caribbean tune too. Good relaxed-feeling music recorded in an interesting warm-sounding studio. (Office Records)--Robin James

GREG GRAY: *Big Bacon C*
Resisting the urge to call this a 'lean, quirky, hook-filled mostly-instrumental tour-de-force' as, altho' all that's true, it's almost a cliché in contemporary pop culture fanzines ('cept Sound Choice) that every other artist who has come within fifteen feet of a 24-track studio will be the Next Big Thing. And 'hook-filled'? On a mostly instrumental LP? Surely! That is, if you pay as much attention to the music as lyric of most pop muzik, there be plenty o' hooks. Gray's quirky, matter-of-fact compositional approach tosses off sequencer patterns in an unusually flippant quick-McDLT-on-the-way-to-the-airport manner in muzikal gems which expand unilaterally. Simple melodies reveal much depth and subtlety after repeated listening, and muzikal performances by Gray, Donald Campau and Joe Menichetti are consistent throughout. A really neat cassette. (Lonely Whistle Music)--Dan Fioretti

GREEN PAJAMAS: *Book of Hours LP*
The Bosstown sound revisited. Psychedelic music with a big P. I dropped a tab, looked into the mirror and my mind became a butterfly and metamorphosed into an electric guitar with a British accent and a limp sorta like when my leg went numb back in the '60s after I spaced out in the lotus position in the back room of Sequoia's old head shop. Mary's outside on the window ledge, the man in the moon takes her for a ride, and her eyes don't see the light from the sky. Man, Mary, maybe you better stick to 'ludes. Green Pajamas wear flowers in their beer, use paisley condoms, smoke patchouli incense, and attach their windowpane metaphors to the wings of violins, cellos, sitars, a pop beat, and the courage to experience an hallucination of an hallucination and sing it like it is. Of course it's all mixed and mastered sublimely by Seattle's

Green Monkey, the friendly, far-out, the-kids-just-wanna-have-fun pop guru Tom Dyer. But perhaps Green Pajamas sums up the record best when they sing these immortal lines from 'Stand In The Light': 'Come what may be come what isn't yet/ Stand in the light and never forget.' The album won't blow your mind, but the flashbacks could kill you. (Green Monkey)--David Ciaffardini


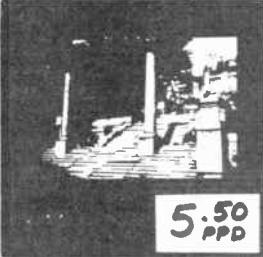
RANDY GREIF: *Golden Joy Club C*
Now this! This is some fantastic eerie synth/electronic music! Simply wonderful to feel eerie by. It's like watching a scary weird late night movie on a rainy windy night by yourself and then realizing...you're not alone! (Randy Greif)--Carrie

RANDY GREIF: *Lost Contact C*
A dark brooding industrial soundscape: lots of toxic noises and damaged, moaning vocals layered over droning synth tracks. Greif's music shows traits of Einsturzende Neubauten, but is busier: the listener is assaulted by more sound. Greif has also mixed this tape with an incredible amount of bass, so don't play it in the same room with Grandma's Hummel collection. Great music of relentless intensity. (SWANK!O A&E)--John Baxter

NATHAN GRIFFITH: *The Story Of God C*
Can music be simultaneously excellent and derivative? If it can, this is. And how much you like it depends on how much you like *Phaedra*-era Tangerine Dream. Griffith does a remarkable job of working the same area and evoking the same emotions. This homegrown--Oregon--cassette had more hiss than you get on a dreaded Major Label Cassette, but I highly recommend it to all T. D. fans. (Eugene Electronic Music Collective)--C. Newman

TOM GUNTY: *Northern Exposure C*
These are five songs from the album *Northern Sky*. Guntly likes Jackson Browne too much. 'Amidst The Day To Day' would be a perfect parody if it were funnier. He doesn't sing quite as well as

too good to pass up...


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Browne though and he certainly lacks his skill as a songwriter. He even has a song called 'These Rains', which, while it doesn't resemble 'These Days', again features a nearly perfect imitation of Browne's vocal inflections. The lyrics could be termed 'sensitive' but they are entirely forgettable. The music is well-played and engineered by Gunty though the singing gets a little ragged in the higher notes, especially when he backs himself with harmony. 'Out On The Fault Line' is the best and least Brownesque of this collection. I can't help wondering, though, if it's not a perfect imitation of somebody I've never heard. (Drippingwith Records)--Sam Mental

HANDS ON STICKS: Hands On Sticks C

AKA Nick Crofts from NYC, Heads on Sticks has a nicely packaged tape, deluxe black silkscreen w/ white graphics to emphasize the dark nature of the sounds. (But I still feel tapes need to be kept in the plastic cases and let the packaging work around that; this comes in a red and black envelope.) Much of this is ambient to the point of somnolence; if it were a record I'd wonder if I had the wrong speed. Droning electronics plus synth noodling, treated percussion and tape effects. Some melodic moments but basically background/soundtrack stuff for night people. (Blot Productions)--Fred Mills

BRET HART: 'Nother Administration C

A collection of multi-tracked guitar-based works. Although both percussion and acoustic guitars are listed in the credits, there seems to be little of that, and lots more of the electric guitar. Each piece appears to be improvisation over a loose theme that moves through the piece in never melodic tones. Rhythms are almost entirely set up with a simple digital delay loop of guitar, or percussive sound of undetermined origin. The tone of the compositions is loosely akin to the style of Fred Frith (his conventional technique) relying on combinations of dissonant chordal sequences and interesting rhythmic juxtapositions. (Bret Hart)--Nathan Griffith

BRET HART: Music C

Side A is titled 'Nother Administration?!?!' These are some of the titles 'Little Hand On The 12 (Big Hand On The Pocket)', 'Fifty-Two Styrofoams', 'Mr. Koo-Koo and His Pet Nose', and 'An Envelope Full Of Jam'. This side was really trying on an undrugged mind. But there is a guitar lead in which I thought is 'Fifty Two Styrofoams'. Sort of Fripp like. Also outer space type jamming. Side 2--'Skeleton In My Bed'. Scary dirge rock probably played in and under and maybe even in bed. Sample tunes all instrumental. 'Please Be Bored', 'Rhythm of Today' is the strongest tune with rhythm in its experimentation. Another strange one from back in Laurel, MD. I liked 'Pestilent Beer Pencil'. There is not much to compare it to except something by Bruno Cosnac. (Bret Hart) --Free Dry

THE HATERS: Future Cheer C

The photocopied liner notes say: 'when eye destroy something, it isn't because eye hate it...eye destroy things out of curiosity; just to see what. if anything, happens when entities are actively broken up into more dynamic pieces for the process of collaging'. This tape is sixty minutes of the sound of music being destroyed: breaking glass, white noise, shrill sounds, tapes being fast forwarded into oblivion. Norstop and with little variation, a sort of industrial mantra. (Sound of Pig/The Haters)--DCMaryon

HEAD RESONANCE: Line of Resonance LP

This recording is in 'Triaxial Stereo' and is intended to be listened through headphones. It is certainly effective when heard that way. The sounds are often widely separated and recorded in a very reverberant space (or with reverb applied in the studio). The music itself is also successful. With

out that shifts suddenly into a bizarre inquiry transcript followed by another (fatal shooting) testimony backed by windy synth washes and marimba. This diverse cassette shows James ahead of most of the pack and right on time today for the reemergence of Jazz as an experimental form. (Tcab Studios)--John E

JAMES HILL/Mickey Stein: Little Men Don't Lie C

A selection of works that range from long serious synth and horn excursions to hilarious vocalized Zappa-esque complaints 'Lunchmeat', 'Pussy Patrol' (funny trumpet), 'Raisins' (the electric guitar pops in to properly scorch us a bit), a sort of Caribbean spoof, etc. Lots of experiments in layering and media voices, several long pieces where the synth rhythms are set up and the other instruments kind of jam along, taped voices here and there.

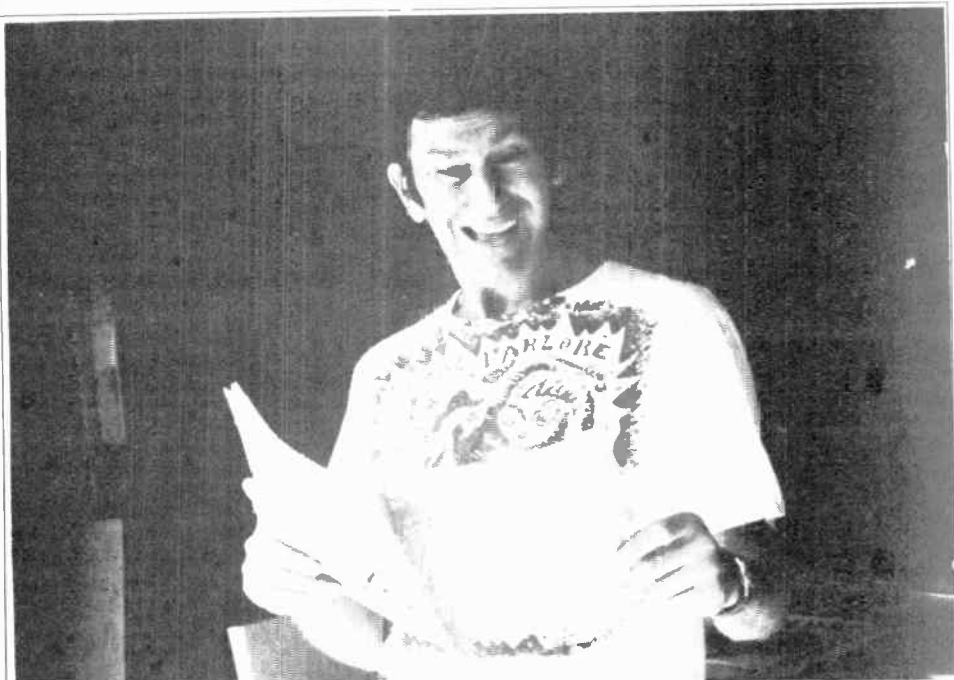
Lots of processing. The packaging is more than I can describe, this guy has lots of ideas of how to send cassettes in the mail. (James Hill)--Robin James

JOHN HILL: It's I The One Or The Other C

Donovan after one too many acid tabs? Just a bad surrealist poet with a penchant for nifty industrial effects? Some kind of misunderstood visionary? Yes, Hill vocally brings to mind the 'Mellow Yellow' dude, has strange, vague and hopeful poetry lyrically and musically, if pigeonhole we must for convenience's sake, could be best said to be industrialized folk pop. It would all be blissful if some of it would be a tad more memorable and if I didn't get the impression that Hill takes himself too daddled seriously. Fun, I reckon, in it's cloyingly weird way, though. (John Hill)--Jamie Rake

JOHN HINDS: Black Window C

Somewhere there's gotta be a universe composed entirely of stray Jimi Hendrix riffs--let's call it Universe H. Well...I don't know if these guys have PhD's in Cosmology but this is the best model of Universe H, I've heard since the late 70s. This guitar/keyboards/drums combo rubs it's nose in places Jeff Beck and Jan Hammer never had time to explore before they went to Universe Miami Vice. Twenty four minutes that'll have musical archaeologists boning up on metaphysics by the year 2000. The only parameter I'd tweak in this model is to get these guys into a digital recording studio so the full beauty of their sound isn't lost. (Omnisonic Cassettes)--James Hofmann



Snakefinger aka Phillip Lithman, guitar player extraordinaire, died of a heart attack July 1, 1987 while on tour in Austria. The fact was kept quiet, but Snakefinger and his closest friends knew he had 'a bad ticker' and that he would likely die prematurely. But Snakefinger seemed to accept the tragedy with stoic British humor that ran through his music. His shirt in this photo, taken Summer 1986, bears the words Funeral Parlore. Just prior to his death, promotional material from Ralph Records, where he released most of his work, read 'You missed Django. You missed Jimi. Don't miss Snakefinger.' We do miss Snakefinger. And although we have the records, none can compare to the memory we have of Snakefinger playing his heart out on stage not long ago in a Haight Street bar or the affection he showed for his fellow independent musicians as he perused the pages of Sound Choice and humbly expressed his appreciation for our efforts. Thanks for the memories

ominous chants and occasional percussion, it is highly evocative. This might be used as the soundtrack to a David Lynch dreamscape. The scene would be dark (black and white, of course), foreboding, portentous and threatening, though non-specific. (Head Resonance)--Dean Suzuki

PAUL HEALY: Release C

There are lots of interesting and unusual rhythms here, somewhat akin to early Talking Heads. Unfortunately, they are mostly rendered by drum machines. Over the rhythm tracks, guitar and synthesizer drone and noodle, and below them crackles a perky, funky bass guitar. Vocal passages are not highlighted, but used as instruments. A little short on melody, harmony, structure, but heavy on percussion, bass and nervous energy. (Pedestrian Tapes)--Sally Idasswey

JAMES HILL: Initial Insertion C

An older tape (circa 1984) from James Hill that holds up nicely. One side an interesting mix of tape manipulation and trumpet work, a hybrid jazz can-fusion: Bitches Brew on Belladonna, sprinkled with found vocals and drum machine guns. The other side begins with a synthesizer/trumpet work-

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JOHN HINDS: *Continuous Thread C*

This home produced cassette is an extended seven-part composition for synthesizer, percussion, saxophone, voice, etc. It is primarily instrumental with voice used to add textures at points. Rather than fall into the new age trap of endless repeating patterns and banal melodies, it stays rhythmically interesting and challenging throughout (it even rocks in places, and there is nothing on it that screams of having been done on a sequencer). It doesn't stick in the mind, and there are no memorable riffs (not necessarily a bad thing), but I haven't tired of listening to it, and it's great driving music. It's of interest to anyone who is into modern instrumental compositions, but finds the current trend in synthesizer noodling cloying. (Hinds Productions)--Christopher Pettus

JOHN HINDS: *Variations C*

John Hinds is a multi-instrumentalist (guitar, sax, flute) with a crackerjack backup band with bassist Peter Vinikow and drummer Peter Hinds. This is jazz-rock/fusion, jazz-funk and progressive rock/improvisation that features John Hinds guitar prowess for the most part. His style owes as much to Hendrix and Robin Trower as it does to any jazz/fusion idiom and any fans of those guitar heroes will be delighted with Hinds' composition 'The Black Guitar'. This bit of solo grandstanding works just fine. And did I hear the dude tfive octaves of feedback at the end? The title tracks ('Variation 1' thru 'Variation 4') are groovy little bits of funk 'n fuzz that feature Vinikow's bubble playing while John noodles about in the background on keys and fuzz-guitar. 'Chances Are' and 'Transformation' close the show with a bit of free form and improvisational-sounding jazz, making this one skin tight package. (Hinds Productions)--Mick Mather

BROOK HINTON: *Many Are Chilled...But Few Are Frozen C*

This tape starts out with a murky, and very eerie song about becoming a Christian. It's sung by a guy with a grave-walking morbidity to his voice. Sounds like he might not survive the experience. Then the music changes into an electronic cascade, a lot like some of the modern classical stuff, but quickly becomes more rhythmic. Fairly simple

synthesizer voice, then sound collages are woven into the piece, not as nasty as some industrial, but quite a bit of grit here. When the cocophony terminates, the music turns to creepy organ-ish sounds, dissonant chords of electronic (digital) washes with the odd blips in the background. Sounds like they're using a DX here, with some modular stuff maybe. The music turns to experimental synth, noises and back to dark melodies and back again. Then some more sound collages. This tape has a good, varied use of electronics and tapes, and clean production. I'd label it under avant-electro-noise. (SEI)--Shell Runar

HOOT MON HOOT: *Those Bastards! C*

Duo of white guys from New Jersey with a skewed sense of humor which works if they don't play it up too far. They've a penchant for turning the catchy heavy guitar NOR riff but can play it to death, as on 'The Day Wayne newton Died', during which they can't keep up enough original quips about the pseudo-Indian (?) in question to sustain the humor of the thing. 'LIVED To 96' and 'Ballad of a Fat Man' sound like what the Buttholes might if they had Z-Rock aspirations (minus language, natch). There's a faithful cover of the V. Underground's 'What Goes On' and when a group's reverent to the muses of yore like they are, they don't go wrong. There's more psych-folky new age on 'The Final Sound'. The title cut is a half way funny 'comedy' skit. Seeds for better are here. Wouldn't mind seeing them sprout. (Cool Beans)--Jamie Rake

JOHN HUDAK: *Halls C*

Water sounds. 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 goony looking humanoid diver with things coming out of his head. (John Hudak)--Robin James

HUGO LARGO: *Drum EP*

If you ever get the chance to see this quarter live don't pass it up. To say they're phenomenal is an understatement. Imagine two bass players, one playing the bottom, the other filling out high neck

harmonies and counter melodies. Filling in the empty spaces is a soaring electric violin. On top is Mimi Goese's angelic voice. Recalling at once Liz Fraser and Kate Bush but pushing the pop-rock boundaries even further down to earth and accessibility. This seven song mini-album comes close to Hugo Largo's live sound. Co-produced by REM's Michael Stipe (who adds organ and backup vocals), it's a bit more polished, textured than their more immediate live performance. This works to advantage on the more orchestrated songs like 'Second Skin' where percussion is added and the band can play around with multi-tracking. The studio is also effective on 'Fancy', an old Kinks-Ray Davies cover that adds guitar and organ to the formula and improves over the live version. Other songs like 'Eureka' work better in a more immediate context. Don't get me wrong this is a tremendous

debut, I'd just like to hear a live recording as I'm finding it incredibly hard to live without their swell version of Bon Jovi's 'Wanted, Dead Or Alive' (no joke!). (Relativity)--Brad Bradberry

HUMAN FLESH: *Meditation and Fears C*

Don't play this at night alone. Strange male vocals, extreme female vocals, heavy bass, bloody synth, God! This stuff is scary! Lots more strange voices encased in water splashing, French female voices, grunting, Ewok voices--how'd they get in here? But seriously, there's a lot going on this tape and most of it alludes to something like 'man's imminent destruction'. It sounds like a noir sci-fi soundtrack in places, and the collective threatening deep unconscious begins to personify itself aurally. A conceptual piece inspired by obvious angst. Is this a good tape? I really don't know, but bright children's voices spark hope amidst the ruins. (Cause and Effect)--Lena Dixon

IF, BWANA: *Beware The Sleeping Squid C*

More dark, mysterious and sometimes alien sounding electronics and treatments of violin, guitar, reeds and 'lord knows what else'. Side one is a collection of shorter pieces. Every once in a while on these there'll be a hint of melody that gives the music a refreshing human quality. That may not be what If, Bwana had in mind but it's what made this music stand out a bit from the usual. Side two consists of one long piece made up of a swirling universe of tape loops and effects, treated vocals and instruments and other generally weird sounds. If you like 'Revolution No. 9' (Cause and Effect)--Rev. Bryan Sale

IF BWANA/DOG AS MASTER: *Untranslatable C*

A collaboration between Al Margolis (If Bwana, Sombrero Galaxy, Sound Of Pig Music) and Hal McGee (Dog As Master, Viscera, Cause and Effect), two veterans of the experimental electronic music camp. This runs the gamut of styles within the genre, everything from harsh, direct assaults to more somber, spacey, otherworldly pieces drenched in echo. Both musicians are in top form and the material is very strong. There is a playfulness and humor evident in some of the sampling that lightens the mood to great effect--not to suggest that anything is particularly heavyhanded, just that it is apparent that these are serious artists making serious statements. Very well packaged with graphics and presentation by Debbie Jaffe. (Cause and Effect)--John E

ILLUSION OF SAFETY/DEAD TECH: *The Best of Illusion of Safety and Dead Tech C*

This is some pretty frightening stuff, about as industrial as it gets. The working technique is largely based on samples and the use of loops to provide structure and rhythm. These loops are maniacal in tone, well chosen and combined to present a truly disturbing image that allows no room for escape. The competency of this band's use of found vocals is above reproach as is their generation of rhythms. Added to this is some of the most bent synthesizer and guitar manipulations that I have heard to date. These are some of the most powerful works in the exploration of such deviant realms that I have heard, comparable to the best bands of its kind. If you like Maybe Mental or Test Department, IOS/Dead Tech is your ticket to hell. (Complacency)--Nathan Griffith

ILLUSION OF SAFETY: *Live Sound of IOS Post Effects C*

Live performances revolving around looped and processed voices and sounds, ambient keyboard tones and oblique guitar patterns. An apology is made for the recording quality, but to a large extent it sounds better than many home studio productions. Their performances are also more coherent than most home studio work in the same genre. Sparse enigmatic soundscapes to sieges of powerful turmoil. It's got some harsh moments replete with distortion, feedback and even an occasional power tool, but its not the blind and often empty industrial agony that feels like its producing brain lesions as you listen. Instead, it's a fever dream of



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dislocated figments of reality which take on a strange significance as they translate into their new surrounding. If you ever get a chance to see these guys perform; do it. Until then this is a great way to get by. (Complacency)--Michael Chocholak

INDUSTRIAL MUSIC COMPLEX: *Rocky Flats in C Sharp Minor C*

IMX is Peter Saucier employing various synthesizers, delays and tapes. The cassette insert plants an associative seed by picturing and telling us about the nuclear arms components plant at Rocky Flats in Colorado. Surprisingly enough, there are no industrial firestorms in evidence here; instead we have the sequenced pulse of machines in motion. The first side-long piece 'Premonitions of a Lucid Dreamer' is broken down into numerous sections, most of which rely on repetitive synth patterns and ominous harmonies. While this piece is most adventurous in its use of guttural tape effects, it finally succumbs to cliché with found newscasts and synth sirens. The title track is far more successful in terms of rhythmic, textural and timbral variety. A greater degree of humanity is evoked through atmospheric sections that are more tonal than rhythmic. By steering away from histrionics, Saucier has conjured a terrible danger with dark, infected optimism. (Peter Saucier)--Arthur Potter

INDUSTRIAL PARK: *For Lovers Only C*

A relatively diverse recording of rhythm and noise compositions realized with the usual assortment of synthesizers, rhythm boxes and found spoken word excerpts. Production is smart and economical, timbres are full and varied. Surreal dreamscapes and fire breathing dragons abound. Jaunty, splashy, big, bouncy. Noisy, but not too abrasive. Comes with very good living color graphics. (Audiocon)--Frank Gundersen

THE INSTITUTION: *Entomology C*

The Institution is a group of anonymous Australian musicians, and entomology is the study of insects. A booklet accompanying this cassette has drawings of each creature profiled and a paragraph on the impression that influenced each piece. Opening cut 'Christmas Beetle' is lively and bouncy; some pieces are lovely and atmospheric--imagine parts of Laurie Anderson's 'Mister Heartbreak' without her silly vocals--but some pieces, especially 'Requiem For A Mosquito' sound too much like Muzak to my ears. (Windforce Recordings)--Helen Block

INVISIBLE HOUSE: *Invisible House C*

The music on this three song tape is very tight and well recorded. The group's influences range from reggae to jazz/pop to the Police. I guess the best reference point concerning their sound is the Police's 'Zenyatta Mondatta' album. I like the sounds here, but there are no memorable songs on this tape. I'm hoping it's because they merely picked the wrong ones. (Invisible House)--T. Burris

ERIC IVERSON: *'S' Is For Sychotic C*

The inside flap of this cassette claims that all songs were written in the Minimalist/Chance composition style employing A/B alternate clustering techniques, quasi-arhythmicity and information theory along with large sums of Jolt Cola. What really is on this tape, in this listener's opinion, is a bad imitation of Philip Glass' soundtrack for Koyaanisqatsi. (Rat Lab Steamworks)--Michael J. Laszuk

IVORY LIBRARY: *Aleatory Music C*

An impeccable, produced but ultimately undistinguished release from some first rate musicians. The wide range of styles (from early 70's progressive rock to surf music) make it impossible to tell

what Ivory Library is trying to be or say--the cassette is like a sampler tape of many different bands, all competent at what they do but lacking any identifiable personality or purpose. The lighter and more accessible material falls flat, but some of the more dramatic cuts indicate great potential. The vocalist has a nice, heartfelt style (which makes some truly awful lyrics easier to take), which together with imaginative arrangements help hold together this promising but unfocused release. (Dairyland Records)--Brook Hinton

JABON: *As Fess C*



The Cause and Effect catalogue calls this 'challenging avant rock, blending elements as diverse as Chrome, MX-80 Sound, Black Flag, Karl Blake P16, D4, Dog As Master, hardcore and heavy metal. This should give you some inkling of the power and drive packed into the wallop of this tape. This trio grunge their way through four progressive rock movements: 'Dawning', 'Calm Before Storm', 'The Seasons' and 'Leaving--overturning many musical cornerstones along the way, just to see what crawls out. It took me several listens to fully catch on and appreciate this tape, but it was worth the effort. They are damn good. (Cause and Effect)--AO

GREGOR JAMROSKI: *Sight Wounded C*

A live solo performance using an array of instruments from clarinet to bedsprings. This is a companion tape to Jamroski's *Shadows As Memories/Echoes As Pasts* offering in the Sound of Pig catalog. Although *Sight Wounded* occasionally treads too close to improvisational free jazz for my taste, there are some great moments which often center on the contrast between soft, untreated wind instruments and noisy production delay effects. These tracks suffer from the lack of production available in a solo concert, and I'd love to hear how the studio could enhance them. An exception is a piece which uses only a ride tom and a bed frame as instruments. With a spoonful of imagination, it conjures up images of a great live performance. (Sound of Pig)--Craig Gleason

ZOLTAN JENEY: *Om LP*

Hungarian composer Jeney's *OM* for two electric organs of 1979 is an example of spartan repetitive music that has the insistence, and for some, the irritating, nagging relentlessness of minimalist works of the mid to late '60s. A mesmerizing, but not trance-inducing 14-note phrase of steady, metronomic eighth notes is set in a gradual process of permutation over a constant C drone and slowly changing harmonies whose pitch material is derived from the melody. The changes are very subtle, though perceivable. Even the tone colors of the electric organs make reference to early minimalist pieces. Clearly, his models were such works as 'Music In Fifths' or 'Music In Similar Motion' by Glass and 'Piano Phase' or 'Violin Phase' by Reich, and Jeney's music makes similar demands of the listener: patience and willingness. The rewards are likewise similar. Though there are no moment to moment epiphanies, the entire work can leave a profound impression on the listener. (Hungaroton/Qualiton)--Dean Suzuki

JITTERY SPHINCTER LABORATORIES: *Jittery Sphincter Laboratories C*

It's not what it might sound like from the title. Sounds like keyboards using only the sustained sounds, no fingerwork, some tape manipulation and regenerative looping in places, odd sounds from who know where come rumbling in. Warm breezes of sound, which continue for the whole cassette. The whole thing is all gizmoed up and flowing along peacefully. Very beautiful for such a gruesomely named Laboratory. (L D Gregory)--Robin James

JMR AND COMPANY: *JMR and Company C*

Biographical information contends that JMR and Company is just a rock and roll band from Seattle. Hardly! Some of the best experimental rock and roll I've heard in a long time is contained on this tape. Starting with the corny scratch board illustration showing an old alchemist holding his nose and a vial which is bubbling off something, and continuing with the song titles ('My Problems', 'Anvil', 'Hallucinations', 'The Underworld', etc.) this tape surprises at every turn. Side two is the best. Beginning with 'Outhouse Blues' and its fine blues-tinged guitar, it slides into a rhythm track composed of tapes played in reverse with a guitar overdub. 'Subliminal Sublime', with its updated teenage angst concerning an oppressive high school principal (defly portrayed as a demon), slides smoothly into 'Sweezy Rap', a pseudo-funk rap on the eating habits of such principal. 'The Underworld' and 'Seismic Vibes' are two simple but effective rock tunes which have an edge derived mostly from the dissonance manner in which the instruments are played. Mixing tape loops with blues guitar, electronic sampling, improvisation, wry humor and social commentary is more than '...just rock and roll...' (Miracle Music Unlimited)--Bix Larda

JOHNSON UNIT: *Quick To Condemn C*

The third cassette release from Johnson Unit, these tracks show the band to be talented and ambitious. The three piece unit (guitar, bass and drums) issues garage rock with lyrics urging people to act as individuals and avoid falling into prefabricated societal roles. The title cut is a pretty acoustic number punctuating a set of mostly fast-paced originals on the A side. The B side is an unusual conglomeration of cover tunes, borrowing songs from artists as disparate as Paul Simon and the Dead Boys; each rendition is performed competently and does not desecrate the memory of the original. (Dunghill)--Richard Gilbert

DANIEL JOHNSTON: *Hi, How Are You C*
Geez, the first day at the office and they hand me this! Don't know if this guy is serious or not, but,

either way, I'd hate to see the audience that goes for this one. Poor recording, poor musicianship and nerdy vocals, all wrapped up in morbid superficial lyrics. Singing solo, or so it seems, with a frequently out-of-tune guitar, Johnston's scratchy wheedling voice instantly abrades the nerves and patience. And the subject matter of fucking corpses has already been done to death (the worst of it still being better than this). Kafka must be turning in his grave over the ill treatment of depressoid subjects received here. Out to lunch. An attempt, I would imagine, to be Eraserhead-cute, it drowns in wimpy ambience and floss sweat. If I could find anything redeeming to say, I would. I can't. I'll pass. (Stress Worldwide Communication)--Marc Tucker

DANIEL JOHNSTON: Respect C

Extremely lo-fidelity pop masterpiece by the obviously teenaged Daniel Johnston (*Johnston was in his early 20s when he recorded this.--ed.*) accompanying himself on piano and out-of-tune guitar. Johnston is as personable as he is listenable, and his lyrics reflect a tuneful honesty: 'You sat in a chair and were scared/There's so much you could do if you dared', he sings on 'Good Morning You'. And his songwriting is always clear and coherent, getting directly to the point of each song. Best songs are the philosophical 'Go', Springsteenesque 'Just Like A Widow', brief 'Car Crash' and a 'Heartbreak Hotel' which much more recalls Tin Pan Alley than Elvis. A very entertaining tape. (Stress Worldwide Communication)--Dan Fioretti

DANIEL JOHNSTON: The What of Whom/ Yip-Jump Music/ Hi, How Are You/ Continued Story/ Respect/ Retired Boxer C

How can good people say such terrible things about Daniel Johnston? The kid (he's 24 or 25 actually) is a musical genius. Give him a ten dollar kid's chord organ or a five dollar guitar and he'll be able to play you pop, R&B, blues, tin pan alley, new wave, do-wop, but it will be original, it will

be crumpled and it will be all Daniel Johnston, the most gut-wrenchingly honest singer/songwriter of the decade. No one else even comes close. Hemingway said that writing was like sitting at the typewriter and bleeding. Daniel's songs however, tear open his gut and crack open his head for everyone to stare into. Hardened, cynical people will miss it completely and it is a crying shame, not because they need to hear Daniel--can music so fragile and sensitive ever cure or soften the steel walls we've built around our hearts and souls?--but it means that these same people inevitably go through their days dismissing or never experiencing so much else, music and otherwise, that has not calcified to conform to the hardness and slickness of the modern world. And when they are forced to confront such things too often their understandings are completely wrong! When Daniel sings about graveyards--oh why don't these people listen!--it is not trendy ghouliness, it is because the woman who Daniel loved went off and married a gravedigger, for real. The story is in the six tapes, five years of his teetering life, for all to scrutinize. Yeah, sure Daniel has a teenage whine. They said the same about Dylan. Yeah, and all his musical masterpieces have been recorded on machines a secretary might use for dictation. And the musicianship is simple, perfectly simple, can't these people hear? And the lo-fi recordings are an exact fit. There has never been a singer, except maybe those old-time, all but extinct blues singers, whose style is more suited to such a simple set up. Turn it up, way up. Daniel's voice is there, every bit of it. You hear more emotion and raw nerve than you will hear from a million dollars worth of studio equipment, a million dollars more. But nobody ever gives a nerd a chance. It doesn't matter if he's Albert Einstein, or Ludwig von Beethoven. If a person doesn't wear the right clothes, talk the right lingo, or have the right manager, recording equipment or singer/songwriter twentieth century recording quality voice, then people won't even hear a word they sing, even if they shout it right in their goddamn ear. And it wouldn't be so bad, if

these people would just ignore it and go away, but no, they have to stick around and tease and rag on the guy. Daniel Johnston is the missing link that Bob Dylan, mister tell-the-truth-the-way-it-is-Mr. Jones never gave us. Daniel gives us the truth about HIMSELF. Dylan is one weird dude, we all know that, we don't know much about it, we don't know the whats and the wherefores and the whys and the why nots, and we don't have any right to know anyway, and he sure as hell isn't going to tell us why he's a born again Christian one day, a hassidic Jew the next, the ups and downs of his love life, etc., etc. But Daniel is telling us all that about himself, if we'd just listen! But we won't because he just hasn't spent half his time singing songs to let us know how cool he is, and how he knows the answers. So now it is time to listen to Daniel Johnston, because as we all know, that nerdy guy is inside us all. Tiny Tim, a fill in for the truth, an inflatable clown that we could all laugh at. But we can't really laugh at Daniel. His plight is too close to home, it is no campy joke. Laughing at Daniel Johnston, if you've ever felt what he's singing, would be cruel. Daniel is very likely the only active blues originator left. The blues hit a wall musically and emotionally many years ago. Today's bluesmen and women, perform rehash and crossover. Somehow, the long lost, painfully simple, emotionally unfathomable, demon infested, gut-twisting, brain-seething blues that struck Robert Johnson has infected Daniel Johnston, and it has hit him hard, possibly a mortal wound. It is the same rare disease that infects Captain Beefheart, though Beefheart only fell into music by mistake, and is actually a painter. And Daniel sings about the same things that the Captain paints. And it doesn't stop there, because Daniel's blues are filled with the songs of the Beatles, Dylan, old sentimental songs from the thirties, new wave songs, love songs, punk rock and jazz. The radio has been playing close by all his life. The music has gone in one ear and come out the other and gone back again and finally comes out so simple through Daniel that people can't even hear it.

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They are so busy listening for something in particular that when something unique comes along they don't hear it at all. They can only hear what they know. So they hear a whiny voice, an out-of-tune string, a nervousness, a cheap recording. And then there's all the things they don't hear, that they need to hear to make them comfortable. So for that sense of comfort Bruce Springsteen was created. Both of these musicians are riding on the sincerity train, but Daniel offers something Springsteen doesn't: stark first person, all-American personal reality. Springsteen offers images and dreams for America. Daniel gives us something more real: his soul, his fears, and his naked, raw, clumsy love. Daniel presents the America that Americans try so hard to mask. And America will kill Daniel if we let it, just like how the momma dog will kill the sickly runt of the litter before it infects the others. The killers will be very clever about it. Maybe they'll put Daniel in the spotlight until his thin skin burns, or maybe they'll put him in a closet until he shrivels away--it shouldn't take too long. They'll call it suicide and some of us will cry and others will just say I told you so. And Daniel's own mom, the mother of the greatest living singer/songwriter blues artist, told Dan to give it up, quit all this lazy music foolishness and get to work. The story, the actual voice of his mom, is there among the tapes. And nobody likes to disappoint their mother, so Daniel wants to be a success and prove something, even if it kills him, and it is killing him, because Daniel is just like us. So if you're an asshole, don't even bother coming around because we know what you're up to. We know that you eat guys like Daniel for breakfast, wrap them up in wet contract blankets and dump them into the mainstream river going down slow. But Daniel has friends, not many, but they care about Daniel. They don't quite know what to do, but they're trying to figure it out. So, be warned Assholes, stay away from Daniel or else. And Daniel, if you are reading this, ignore it all. Don't pay one damn bit of attention. Just write and play your songs and record your music any way you have too. Anyone who pulls you aside, if they for one second take you away from playing your music, make you lift one finger from that keyboard or guitar, then run, move, get the hell out of there. And keep singing until you get that freedom and love you want, which means you will be singing for a long, long time and that's the next best thing isn't it? (Stress Records)--David Ciaffardini

K-9: Dada Frolic C

This tape is a collection of sound collages and walls of noise. The band structure is, it seems, an instrumental combination of a basic array, guitar, bass, limited band vocals and some percussion of a sort, that combine to form a wandering, seemingly aimless conglomeration of muddled sound. The pieces often seem to have no real coherent form and appear to be spontaneously composed and generated. In addition to the instrumentation, there is a typical inclusion of a variety of found vocals in the form of snippets from radio and TV, and their use adds to the confusion already present. All in all, the intention of this music remains unclear and its sound forgettable. (Dada Cassettes)--Nathan Griffith

K.G.B.: Letzte Bestellung LP

A line in K.G.B.'s press release states, 'Cynicism is just another way to stand the whole fucking bullshit around you.' This is true. This 'Krautcore' is so cynical there's no way these guys are going to be able to keep up this philosophy. Just wait a few years. This is non-stop radical subversive anger coming at you. Unfortunately, combined with the poor production quality and average music, it doesn't translate as it should. They have a great philosophy though. Translated from the German, K.G.B. means 'No Reason Not to Paric', a truer quip I've never heard. These guys are very aware that most Americans are convinced that once they've lined up the perfect suit, the perfect salary, and the perfect co-op the world's problems will no longer be theirs. Ha ha. Some of the lyrics are translated like, 'The fuse is burning. The 4th horseman is approaching. But people don't believe what they do not want to.' I think this band should

be heard live. (Hardway Records)--Lena Dixon

KILLER WHALES: Big Bang C

Wow, a real factory cassette with the song titles screened right there on the plastic tape housing. Even without the slick packaging and production--and even if you don't like ska--it's obvious that these guys are pros. The playing is understated, but the Killer Whales hint that they could blow you away with high-speed calisthenics. The genre doesn't call for it, though. *Big Band* is commercially acceptable any way it's sliced, and the Elvis C./Dire Straits/English Beat/Bryne influences are prevalent. A virtual trio of white Untouchables, the Killer Whales would be the hit of almost any frat party. Just can't sit there without shakin' that thang. (Torque Records)--Tom Morr

KING'S HOUSE: Over The edge C

An edited version of a live weekly phone-in broadcast on KPFA, designated the NO IDEA show. The fact sheet which accompanies the cassette has some technological razzle-dazzle about Universal Media Netweb (UNW), down links from the Tycho dish, master 'stock' mixes, Receptacle Programming, etc., but the actual product of all this is a moderately interesting music/sound collage. Self-indulgence rules (predictably, callers phone in with 'no ideas', and are thanked for their contributions). But the bizarre mixture of aimless conversation, treated voices and various musical selections with overdubbed sound effects does provide a certain fascination--somewhat reminiscent of going up and down the radio dial late at night whilst driving across Nebraska--except there seems to be some vague, mysterious logic to the randomness. Momentum slows considerably on the cassette's second side, which features an attempted call to Radio Moscow, complete with lots of dead air and miscommunication. (As far as I can tell, the call was never placed.) Still, for fans of this genre, there are some interesting juxtapositions throughout, along with a playfully warped sense of fun. (SEI)--Bill Tilland

KLEZMER V'OD: Klez Encounters of the Yiddish Kind C

Oh that daredevil clarinet! Ach the boisterous vocals! And the piano! All that stuff, real klezmer excitement and lament. The fast pieces are a jumpin' riot and the slow sad ones provide a thoughtful counterpoint. The vocals are sung in Yiddish and in English but the song titles are all in Yiddish: 'Dem Nayer Sher', 'Shirat HaRuach', 'Der Heyser Boulder', 'Oyfn Veg Shteyt A Boym', eleven songs altogether, very professional recording and production, cover photo of the five members of the band having fun clowning with the instruments. (Global Village Music)--Robin James

DAVID LADUKE: Sinbad C

This is nothing that I haven't heard before. About



Daniel Johnston stands tall in his Burger King uniform.

9000 times. But you know what they say. Ya gotta take the bad with the good. OK. Now please lord, send me something good? If ya twisted my arm to say something good about this tape, I would have to say, ah those female back-up singers must look pretty good in person. I know. I know. I'm sexist. Whattya think, I'm proud of it? May I just suggest, Monsieur Duke, that the next time you send out a demo tape please, please include no more than two songs. Cuz it was sheer torture sitting through eleven of them. (David LaDuke)--Chris McElaney (He, Chris, what kind of bullshit re-

view is this? No where do you give us any idea about what kind of music is here, no where do you explain why you don't like the music other than that you've heard similar stuff. This is one of the worst reviews I've read. What are you trying to accomplish with such ill-stated, pretentious invective? This kind of vacuous, thoughtless review makes everyone involved look bad, especially you. My apologies to David Laduke, who I know is a talented musician. David, if you send us another copy of Sinbad, we'll have it reviewed again in a future issue by someone who hopefully, whether or not they like your work, will at least have enough respect for the creative process and the effort it takes follow through with ones artistic dreams.--D.C.)

LAIBACH: Opus Dei LP

It had to come sooner or later and is an obvious extension of the regimentation accompanying the sights, sound and fashion at modern discotheques. Laibach, from Yugoslavia, is a totalitarian, possibly Nazi, disco group. I laugh when I write these words, and I laugh when I listen to the Wagnerian bombast, room shaking, kettle drum, electro-disco marching beats, and deep melodramatic Yugoslavian voices singing Yugoslavian, German and English lyrics that in general tell the listener to conform, give up individuality, personal taste, faith and reasoning and adopt the ideology and voice of 'the organization'. They never address what exactly that organization is, however, creating ambiguity about their message. In their album art and live performance they use the swastika and other symbols appropriated from Hitler and Stalin but in such a way as to leave questions of whether they support the goals of those regimes, are using them as satire, or simply asserting Laibach group power in that they are able to appropriate such emotion laden symbols of power for their own unique, maybe anti-nazi, anti-communist uses. Joke or not, the band certainly isn't letting on and they are apparently taken seriously in their home country and even England where an article in *New Musical*

Express expressed the opinion that Western audiences might not fall on their feet in honor of Laibach because 'the West is no longer used to dealing with an art of Laibach's complexity'. This is bullshit, however, as even the Bee Gees' *Saturday Night Fever* tracks, though not as 'heavy' or industrial, are as musically complex, and were used in much the same way as Laibach uses their music: to get people to queue up, put on uniforms, and move in unison. What the West is not used to however, and the redeeming quality of Laibach's music, is it's honesty. They come right out and tell you they want to discipline you to become a robot for Big Brother. The truth is that most Americans seek personal freedom, and as tempting as totalitarian and disciplinary movements are to citizens of a society as full of confusion and moral decay as America, the philosophy as espoused by Laibach will not lead to personal freedom, only escape from self, which prohibits understanding, the path to all real freedom. This is not to say that Laibach won't find a receptive audience in the U.S. Their art and philosophy is bound to be of interest to the marketing departments on Madison Avenue, at least. (Wax Trax!)--David Ciaffardini

SAM LAPIDES: Yesterday's Dreams C

Here we have a four-song cassette of inviting and enjoyable guitar-oriented rock. The entire tape has a very nice folkish feel. Lapidès is relaxed and direct throughout, while the music is as comfortable as a two-year old pair of jeans. My only complaint is that all four songs (no titles listed) seem to be slightly different variations of the same melody. Still, there's an awful lot here to like. (Sam Lapidès)--T. Burris

THE LARRIES: Down At The Diner LP

The kid's a smart aleck, I should kick his butt, but he's kind of sharp, you know. He thinks he's some kind of punk; he has this band, a trio where he sings. Some of their stuff is kind of catchy. Purely high school stuff, but it ain't so bad. He's not one of those gloomy nihilists, and he's not

wrapped up in a bunch of political bullshit. I guess its just rock and roll really, and he shouts it out pretty good. The kid's got a lot of energy, loud and snot-nosed, but pretty damn spirited. And the lyrics, they're really not that bad, in fact I think the kid has a pretty good perspective on a lot of the petty bullshit these kids have to go through these days. And you can actually hear the words he's singing. And its all foot tapping kind of stuff, could probably incite some sort of dance riot at a high school party. His partner's guitar playing is tight and bouncy alright, but thin and garagey, definitely lightweight for the '80s, but its not too bad. Rock bands are a dime a dozen, but shit, the kid's going for it, and he seems to be having a ball, and I kinda admire that. But he's a little shit though and probably deserves to waste his youth fuckin' jerking around in a stupid rock band. (Hardway)--David Ciaffardini

LAUGHING ACADEMY: Swimming Backwards C

Side A consists of a soundtrack to a film called 'Swimming Backwards' and side B is labeled 'Photographs'. Laughing Academy uses layers of synths and guitars, sometimes with driving rhythm tracks, and at other times with an ambient quality. Brief bursts of vocals, some 'found', others by the group, are laced through the mix, usually in highly manipulated form; at times reminiscent of Byrne and Eno's *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, but never boring. You can't read the liner notes without a mirror or a complete left/right brain reversal, by the way. (Comaraderie Music Cassettes)--John Baxter

GINGER LEIGH: Sleaze-Fuck C

The opener 'In The Nest Of Poison', with its ringing folky chords, sound like a cut from Neil Young's *After The Gold Rush*...then it abruptly mutates (with the entrance of a voice straight off the *Meet The Residents* LP) into something infinitely more dark. Here is the turnstile in which one can quickly exit if he is as put off by this as I

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imagine many might be. (I wasn't.) There is an extremely fucked-up, though complete, sensibility at work in these songs. You're initially hypnotized by their seeming niceness (strummed guitars, up-tempo drum machine, harmonica, Big Muff guitar solos, handclaps...), but then an uneasiness begins to manifest itself down in your gullet when you sense some covert, subversive purpose at work in there somewhere...lurking. Is it the boneless, wobbly bass crouching 'Good Little Girl'? Is it the guitar being played with something that spins on 'Locust Night'? Is it the 'hard K' words in the title cut? Whatever it is, I like the queasy feeling I get from this multi-purpose cassette. There's even a reworking of the Guess Who's 'American Woman' that'll kill yer. (Ginger Leigh)--Bret Hart

LEMING SISTERS: *Lemthink C*

The mutants have arrived! The Lemming Sisters are an intriguing mixture of punk, metal-core and garage-psych with a socio-political conscience! They even throw in a touch of rockabilly. And you know what...it works. Great guitars/keyboards, varied tempos, strong melodies and both male and female vocals make this at once diverse and united. A lyric sheet only adds fuel to the fiery original music projected here. Favorite song title: 'You Can't Stop Evolution With A Bullet'. (J. L. Kakaley)--Brad Bradberry

LEMON ANNIE THEATRE: *Dead & Buried C*
Politically correct satire and feminist musical parody from Britain. 'Pulpit Rap' is a funky, biting commentary on modern religion. Being a working class woman in Britain comes under scrutiny with 'Girls are Kind', 'Short Girls' and 'Gotta Get Some Action Here'. Side two starts off with 'Maggie's Girl' (done to the tune of Bobby's Girl), which takes a stab at conservative ideologies. Before the tape is over, they've lashed out (with humor) at unemployment, nuclear radiation, The Royal Wedding, etc. They remind me a lot of the San Francisco Mime Troupe, the Plutonium Players and Ladies Against Women. Sure beats the hell out of trite crap like Weird Al. (Northampton Musicians Collective)--AO

LES MISERABLES BRASS BAND: *Om-Pah C*

Forget about those dancing horn players at half time. The nine musicians of Les Miserables, led by trumpeteer Frank London, play brass tunes that combine a thorough understanding of ethnic traditions with the wit and gutsy soloing of jazz. From highly syncopated Brazilian sambas to African parade songs and big band Ellington these Robert Wilson collaborators show that they can conjure up not just the style but the soul of another culture's music. One listen to the laughing clarinet in 'Bride's Dance' or the gutbucket trombone in 'Me and Mrs. Jones' would convince a dead man that brass bands were meant to celebrate a community's good times and release its sorrow. Les Miserables may teach you something about world music--if you're not too busy dancing. (Global Village)--James Hopkins

JACKY LIGON AND DUKE ANDREWS: *Mental Dances C*

Here we have a duo using a drum computer, synthesizers and guitars playing mostly up-tempo Euro-styled synth-pop, flavored and cross bred with disco-tech-rock. On side two there are also a handful of pieces that are more dreamlike and introspective (like Brian Eno's *Music For Films*). The overall feeling for me with these 23 cuts was that of TV action/drama soundtrack pieces that'll keep you on the edge of your chair during car chase, foot race and helicopter careening acrobatics. The musicianship is excellent and the recording, mixing and production just as good. If there's any complaint with this set it's that some of the pieces are basic ideas looking for someplace to go. That fact doesn't make them uninteresting and they might just as easily serve as segues between the developed tunes. (Uncensored Music)--Mick Mathers

DAVID LINTON: *Orchesography LP*

David's a drummer and he's part of what's be-

come known as New York's noisy 'Downtown Jazz-Funk-No Wave Rock-Industrial' scene. He's been involved with various projects in this area including a good deal of work with Elliot Sharp. Recently however, Linton has been performing solo drum shows and this record is intended to be a studio variation on that theme. On his extended drum kit, David plays pounding, well-paced and danceable rhythmic patterns over which are layered various midi samplings of keyboards, guitars, violin, found sounds etc., some with harmonic/melodic value and some with purely noise/sound value. Casually heard from another room, this stuff almost sounds like funky commercial dance music at times, but on a closer listening there's enough time skips and odd sound ideas to keep this music from being any kind of '80s disco waste. In the No Wave tradition perhaps, this music is as danceable as it is interesting to listen to; as commercial as it is avant garde. (Neutral Recordings)--Rev. Bryan Sale

LORDS OF NOTHING: *ID Under LP*

The sad fact is that the quality of this reproduction causes this record to suffer. Not only that, but combined with weak vocals, nondescript musicianship and virtually no style worth commenting on, The Lords of Nothing turns out to be prophetic. There is the usual song titles like 'Police State' (almost obligatory at this point). There's a song called 'Bela Lugosi's Not dead (You Are)'. Musically I wish it were a lot more convincing. Overall, not much depth here. (Underdog Records)--Lena Dixon

LUMINARIA: *Fabric of a Dream C*

Poetic, magical, gentle acoustic music. Guitar, violin, vibes and flutes weave together in elegant, simple tunes with natural ambient sounds mixed in and close-miked, breathy vocal. This will please new age purists who prefer music in a genteel positive vein. One text is from D. H. Lawrence, other lyrics are about peace, nature, love etc. The music succeeds in following melodic lines without simple repetition or aimless wandering, and the vibes add a warm timbre to the strings. (Golden Mare Records)--DC.Maryon

LUSTMORD: *Paradise Disowned LP*

Medieval industrial? Gothic noise? Whatever you might wish to call it, Lustmord's music is a powerful and unique blend of the raw gut-wrenching noise associated with industrial music, and occasional pseudo-Gregorian chant, with its reverent tone, solemnity and severity, along with other more lofty sounds; a forceful and dramatic union of the sacred and profane. This seemingly unlikely mixture works surprisingly, even exceedingly well. Though the effect and sound is quite different, one might liken the aesthetic to that of Diamanda Galas, who likewise goes for the jugular in the treatment of spiritual themes and ideas fused with unrestrained, if not gloomy music. Powerful stuff. (Side Effects Records)--Dean Suzuki

ABNER MALATY: *Mutant Hiss and Hilda C*

A ghostly organ refrain, soft and sweet, introduces the extraordinary world explored by Abner Malaty. Voices and electronics enter and build gradually into a tour-de-force of atmospheric construction. There's melody, too (!) and some insubstantial but pleasant lyrics about a walk on the moon. At its best, this is reminiscent of early Nurse With Wound and Current 93, but without the occult preoccupations they bring to mind. On side two, however, Malaty loses focus and begins noodling, falling prey to some of the less successful conventions of the 'power electronics' school. Yes, its all been done before, but rarely with the care and subtlety this tape's best cuts exhibit. A welcome and refreshing voice in electronic music. (A. Creamer)--Brook Hinton

REVEREND MALOK: *Management of Acute Psychosis C*

This cassette begins with a tape collage of various voices and one liners (i.e., 'I'm going to die!') before leading the listener into a hypnotic world of religion and terror. Drones of feedback, humming machines, people fighting, short wave radio broad-

casts, found music, guitar, drum and a saxophone have all been layered over each other--somewhere in the mix a manic monologue discusses death and God-hate ('Fuck the first sins', 'I am dying of breath'). Nothing ever lets up, sounds get thicker and thicker until you hope for an end. If this man is a real reverend we're all damned to hell. (Reverend Malok)--R.Wire

MANIFEST DESTINY: *Indian Rope Burn C*

A trio from Ohio with seven songs and about 40 minutes worth of percussion and dark noise. One track is seven minutes of found percussion and is a real snooze; if they think it's avant or challenging then guess again. However, in places they achieve a kind of understated intensity that gets under your skin, most notably on the slow, gothic ooze of 'Why Are We Going This Way?' which resembles vintage Factory or 4AD music (albeit taken at a Swans-dirge pace). The title track also features some unsettling electric guitar squawk in a similar setting; reminded me of side two of Bowie's *Low* album. Vocally, they prefer a dramatic spoken mode, and indeed, the last track on side A consists of several interesting poems, including a tribute to the Bonzos. (GGE Records)--Fred Mills

FRED MARCIN: *When The Quiet Comes C*

Vangelis and Brian Eno relaxing in Harold Budd's living room and there just happens to be a full set of electronic gear all set up and ready to go. Get it? Ambient music. With all the strengths and weaknesses of the genre. Not for the hyper-kinetic type to say the least. Ethereal, lush, meditative, atmospheric etc. With just enough melody to keep things interesting. This is actually two completely separate works with the above title on Side B. 'Fine Miniatures For Keyboard' graces side A, seeming a bit more haunting/gothic than it's lighter companion piece. Nice work. (Fred Marcin)--Brad Bradberry

MARIO MARZIDOVSEK: *Marburg C*

This sounds like the kind of music you would meditate to if you woke up one morning and discovered you had become a toaster oven: Great if you're wired for it, but not necessarily for human consumption. To my ears at least, the electro-industrial vignettes featured here are a bit too much to take. There certainly is a lot of noise going on, but not nearly enough to be worth bothering the neighbors, yet too much to leave in the background. This could be overlooked if there were some compelling rhythmic or sonic elements to tide the tape through, but these are the exception, not the rule. What the tape did provide me with was a sense of disillusionment with the overly technological mechanized society that contributes to the inception of these types of works. This is perhaps the intention of the tape, but what do I know? Go ask your appliances. (Mario Marzidovsek)--Eric Iverson

RAY MASON: *Break My Soul C*

Ray has a really good voice. It rises above the occasionally trite lyrics. The style is mainly based upon the better pop tunes of the mid-seventies, with standard stops and starts, some nice use of rhythms. Ray makes reference to NRBQ in his liner notes and the influence is clear. These 'normal' tunes are interspersed with some contemplative solo guitar work that makes a good contrast with the rest. The tunes get better towards the end. Ray admits that he likes Brian Wilson songs. Deep. No doubt the best is 'As The Room Spins', something we can all relate to. Clever use of lyrics and backup vocals make this one special. A lot of walk-in rhythm music, fairly well recorded, a little muddy, but that's part of the package. The liner notes say this is Ray's fourth cassette; I for one would like to hear the others too. (Captivating Music)--Ghose Torrey

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are mostly unintelligible. Also, she doesn't sing, she declaims, often alternating between a ghostly nagging whine and a portentous, theatrical growl. Subtle, she ain't. And when words are unintelligible, they seem too one dimensional and self-consciously naughty and/or violent ("When my fingers ache from having them too long in your asshole..."; "swallowing the stringy, stinking, fucking mess into oblivion"; "he stabbed her again and again"; etc.). My first thought is that if I had this much trouble with sex, I'd give it up. My second thought, more to the point, is that Jaffe's perspective undoubtedly has artistic possibilities, but it's going to take more than echo effects and dirty words to get it across convincingly. (Sound of Pig)--Bill Tilland

MASTERS OF THE OBVIOUS: *Motoerectus C*

Johnny Verm and his M.O.T.O. release 17 slices of a wacky brand of humor from New Orleans. Johnny's a funny guy, and he steamrolls the listener with his dark jokes, parodying modern idols from "One Good Dose of Nyquil" to "The Queen's Dick" which had "landed up the asshole of the public" Unfortunately, all the music here is also parody, whether M.O.T.O. is aping punk or country ballads or mainstream rock, it's all tongue and cheek. The banal quality of the music wears thin in short order, but it can't hide the comic brilliance that keeps surfacing in the lyrics. "Like the Pepsi Generation, in the arm pit of the whale." Rave on, Johnny. (Masters of the Obvious)--Jim Hagen

STEPHEN MAY: *Between Reality C*


With its creepy minimal synthesized melodies and ambiguously horrific lyrics, this tape reminds me very much of Robin Crutchfield's late '70s band Dark Day. And like Dark Day's "Exterminating Angel", its intriguing at first but soon becomes acutely soporific. Even while sleeping, however, I imagine we will somehow react to a voice chanting "It's coming through the garden and up the wall...It's in me, I need it, I am it now..." I imagine that the main motive behind this sort of music is to make us fall asleep and have nightmares. (Steven May)--Richard Singer

MAZELTONES: *Odessa, Washington C*

The Mazeltones are a klezmer band from, of all places, the state of Washington. For those not in the know, klezmer is a style of music played and enjoyed primarily by Eastern European Jews. Until recently, klezmer's last stand had been in the Yiddish theatres and homes of Manhattan's lower east side (or its most recent appellation, the east village) during the early part of this century. There are currently quite a few bands playing this lively dance music and the Mazeltones are a good representative. The music here ranges in influence from polka to Turkish to smatterings of Arabic. All of the tunes are oldies from either the shtetls (small towns) of Russia, the traditional Yiddish theatre, or large areas of Jewish population, such as Israel. The vocals are all in Yiddish and tell tales of small town yearnings for the fast life in the cities as well as longing for a universal peace and an end to wandering. The instrumentation includes violins (a mainstay), trombone, clarinet, accordion, percussion and bass. Wendy Marcus sings with strong conviction and a surprising good swing feel. The bass player is a rabbi! Well worth seeking out for something different if you enjoy a good swing band. (Global Village)--Brian White

MARK McCOIN: *A Circus of Lights C*

Effective blending of acoustic sound sources (percussion, hammered dulcimer?) with synths and samplers creating a haunting music evocative of the folk music from some long extinct civilization. Percolating rhythms, shimmering drones, and modal melodies merge into one of the most memorable home studio projects I've been exposed to in a long time. All except for the closing cut, "Underwater Music", which is merely an extended wash of synth chording with no real direction...I suspect this was filler. (Endemic Music)--Allen Green



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CHRIS McELANEY: *Slave To Fashion C*

This is a decent demo tape from a good songwriter. "Poor Boy": Well-arranged melodious folk-rock with a solid piano-chord backing. No showing off, and the words are pretty good. Unfortunately, the vocal delivery isn't quite up to the possible power of the song. "Nasty": A tasteful Stones-ish taunt-rocker, well played but not nearly nasty enough, to live up to its considerable promise. Again the voice is a bit too polite for the mood desired. Too bad, it's a good song. "Ha! Lies": Too portentous, really, for what it is--a tale of the threat of getting back together when you've just broken up. A first-novel mistake of emphasis. The music, though, could easily be plugged into a weightier theme. "Confession": The best one here, though all these songs are very well structured. There are hints ("Have you ever been to confession? Have you ever been down on your knees? Have you ever talked to a priest through a screen? Did he tell you what a bad boy you've been?") that if McElaney would tap into his perverse streak he could go places. If he learned, like Lou Reed, how to relax into exploring the nuances of a not-great voice, he could also learn how to spit a little nastiness into the delivery. (Chris McElaney)--Thomas Frick

MCH BAND: *198fourwell? C*

Industrial/trance rockers under of leadership of Mikolas Chadima who, if the liner notes are to be believed, have been a major influence on the Czechoslovakia underground scene. Quite a variety of material here with hypnotic dirges, grinding gears and saxophone improv part of the stew. Particularly ominous is the title track with its spare drone, spiky guitars and ritual intonation of some Czech text. The music arrives via Italy due to political prohibitions in the homeland. Ninety solid minutes of music. (Old Europa Cafe)--Steve Hahn

MEARTH: *Mearth C*

Songwriter Gordon Piland and Jon Healey have created 45 minutes of music with guitar, dulcimer, perc, synth, sax and vocals. The melodies, reminiscent of droning British Isle folk music, are sung in a whispery voice (didn't want to wake the neighbors?) and backed by traditional instruments sweetened with synth. Lyrics? "Love's the only thing there is" and "Make love, not war" exemplify the lame bill of fare. An extended instrumental chant with a nice dulcimer line is the most successful piece. Sincere pitfalls of home recording are encountered here: lack of dynamics and drama, unimaginative melody lines, and a somewhat muddy mix with an irritating low ring to the drums. Hopefully the producers will hone their techniques and project more ease with their next creative outing. (Mearth)--Gary Joyner

WIM MERTENS: *Instrumental Songs: Musique a une voix LP*

Since the dissolution of Soft Verdict, the Belgian Minimalist composer Wim Mertens has released two very different albums for solo performer. The

second of these is this, his newest release which offers seven compositions for solo soprano saxophone. The sound of the saxophone has been subtly altered through studio processing, enriching the sound and giving it a slight metallic edge. Several of the works are arrangements or adaptations of earlier compositions from the Soft Verdict days. I recognized "Multiple 12", re-named "Exitium", "Salerno" in "Pernicies", and "Inergys" in "Non Datur". Amazingly, Mertens has pulled off a very convincing and truly musical transformation of works initially intended for mixed ensemble into single melodic lines on the saxophone. Some of the arrangements are nearly identical to the originals, while other adaptations are substantially different. The new compositions are very much in Merten's idiosyncratic and immediately recognizable style, rounding out this seemingly unified and pleasurable suite. (Lome Arne, dist. by Himalaya)--Dean Suzuki

LUIS MESA: *El Sueno C*

Two electronic music compositions ("El Sueno": 11:40, "Piel": 14:30) limited in instrumentation to electronics--perhaps a Serge synthesizer--so it has a classical alien synthesizer sound, we are deep in outerspace, the view is really amazing, not a non-electronic sound to be found, just oscillators that steer the spaceship through these frozen silver and black holes, dynamic weird gigantic color formations, far from anything you can find back on earth. (Sound of Pig or Luis Mesa)--Robin James

RON MILES TRIO: *Distance For Safety C*

Max together a harmolodic drummer, a la Shannon Jackson or Calvin Weston (Mark Fuller), a solid, full-sounding bassist (Mark Sinton), and a trumpeter equally adept with both clear bell-like tones and a raunchy growl, reminiscent of Lester Bowie (the leader, Ron Miles), and you'd come up with this excellent tape. Miles wrote all the tunes, and they are mostly attractive blowing vehicles, especially the folk-song-like "Whoring With My Pants On". The arrangements, also by the leader, vary within the limitations of the trio format, sometimes with the bass and trumpet in unison with the drums as commentary, sometimes with the drums becoming the focal point. All the settings, however, reveal the depth of communication among these players, who so often seem to be picking up an idea that has just been stated by one of the others. A little over 5 minutes of the 45 minutes of music on this tape is taken up by a Miles composition performed by the Boulder Creative Ensemble, a septet of three reeds, three brass and pedal steel guitar, at least on this outing. The tune, "Sexual Sonata", with its '60s styled honks and screeches, I found the least successful. But the trio material is on a very high creative level, as is the engineering and the digital mastering on these 8/86 performances. Highly recommended! (Endemic Music)--Stuart Kremsky

MINOY: *Obscure Medicines C*

Have you ever screwed up something so bad or got caught doing something so embarrassing that the

memory of it, even years later, is physically painful? Well, MinoY has just composed a sound collage for you if you have. The opening track, "Naked Came The Memory" begins with mechanical chattering, industrial pounding, a stringed instrument suffering rape and torture, and a haunting drone that sounds like a far off air raid siren stuck on a middle tone. All this builds up, ebbs away and then comes back full in your face just like the raked truths we all must face from time to time. On the title track we have what sounds like every stringed instrument in Torrance, California tuning up in MinoY's living room until the sounds swirl and rotate about each other like some discordant tornado. Five more equally disturbing or masochistically pleasing tunes follow. Perfect background music when your Uncle Bob overstays his welcome, drinks the last shot of Old Thompson and still won't go home. (MinoY)--Mick Mather

MINOY: *Plain Wrap Purgatory C*

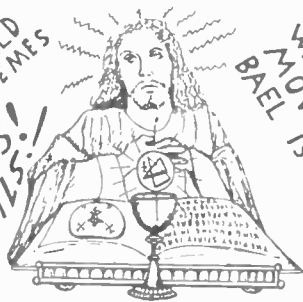
An acknowledged master of sound collage offers two sidelong pieces, the title cut and "Flying Overhead". For the uninitiated, this is the guy who lives under your bed and creates soundtracks for your worst nightmares. "Purgatory" greets the listener with disembodied voices, moans, groans, demonic howling, clanging, industrial drones and a stringed instrument tinkling like wind chimes from hell, er, purgatory. These sounds are layered, bent, treated and kicked in and out of the mix, a MinoY trademark. On side two, it appears that our sins have been purged. We're treated to an airy, uplifting blend of sound, giving the impression that you might be flying and raking that last connection out of purgatory. Then, en route to some higher place the tone begins to tune brooding and ominous once more, like ice forming on the wings...Mary. Mother of GOD, full of grace... (Sound of Pig)--Mick Mather

MINOY: *Pretty Young Negro Man C*

More kooky, psychotic, and truly hellish sounds from this prolific sound composer. The first side introduces a pattern, followed immediately by loud, high-pitched machine interruptions. Groans, drones, and warps loop in and out of sequence. Found sounds lifted from many sources are woven into the irregular rhythm of the piece. A severely distorted string instrument is beaten to death and gives out horrific, inhuman cries. There's also some of the strangest vocal manipulations I've ever heard. On side two MinoY plays with the radio dial, turning it slowly to catch extended bits of random speech and Mexican music, and turning it quickly to get clicks and honks. It's as if several radios are shot through a tremendous p.a. system. A peaceful, yet oddly disturbing synth is laid on top. The overall mood is alarming, playful, and determined. (Sound of Pig)--Christopher Carstens

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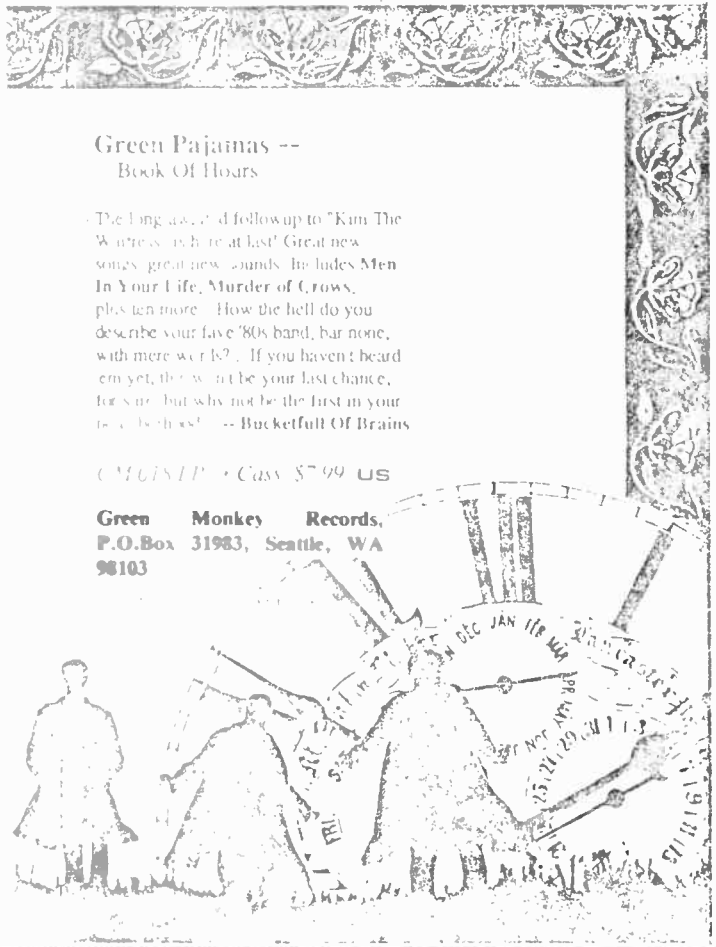
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MOONDOG: *Fog On The Hudson*
HARRY PARCH: *Ring Around The Moon C*

Recent release of excellent tape of unreleased Moondog and very rare Harry Parch recordings, all from the '50s. Both sides feature fifties-style beat poetry and avant garde muzick, mostly percussive. Most of the Moondog side is instrumental, much recorded on the streets, with traffic noises, very appropriate for a "street musician." The in-concert instrumentals are quite good, too--but the best thing on the tape's the piece where Moondog recites his own poetry over his avant-beat muzick. Real gone stuff, man-like Marc Bolan sez: "Moondog, just a prophet to the end." The Parch side features some sort of beat-theater piece, about the Santa Mistiana (?) dam bursting: "The end of the world as we know it/Gone, man, gone!" the ensemble chants. "The deluge is coming""oneintones."LIKE...MAN...IT'S...HERE!" screams another. "Toooo...much!" the ensemble answers. The conclusion? "The highest goodness is like water/It seeks the low place." Some other interesting material, too, some instrumentals in what I would figure to be just intonation, with emphasis again on (tuned) percussion and oriental instruments. Not totally awesome sound, but overall enjoyable experimental muzick. (Lonely Whistle)--Dan Fioretti

R. STEVIE MOORE: *All Well And Good C*

Another entertaining hour-and-a-half with the Boy Who Cannot Stop Taping features many different aspects of R.'s creative psyche, from the folkie title cut, to the bouncy, electric "Alecia" to some tape loops, manipulations and other experiments, some sixties-ish muzick, some rockers, and even some Gregorian chant. "Baby On Board" takes a couple jabs as those little yellow signs on the backs of cars, "Let's Rest Together" is a great song with a really good hook, "The Whereabouts" is a nice acoustic tune with ironic lyrics. Come to think of it, that just about describes most toonz on the tape: lotsa really good hooks, ironic lyrics, but not like that mongoloid pop on radio. To paraphrase a previous RSM tape title, "R. Stevie Moore Is Worth It". This is tape #171. (R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club)--Dan Fioretti

R. STEVIE MOORE: *Games & Groceries C*

R. Stevie's 26th tape (obviously, one o' his real early ones--by now he's well into the 200's) is a real tour-de-force for R.'s pop-rock (not meaning that as an insult), rockin' toonz! R. Stevie's lyrical reflective side is present too--"I Go Into Your Mind" is a pretty ballad. Basically it's just one really good song after another. As usual, the playing's tight, the songwriting's excellent, the singing's OK. There's even a funny spoken-word piece w/R. Stevie and himself, double tracked, talking in English accents. An excellent tape, indeed. (R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club)--Dan Fioretti

R. STEVIE MOORE: *No Reason C*

Imagine a 90 minute tape with one "good" song? From the great R. Stevie Moore? An apotheosis of self-indulgence from the Doyen of the cassette culture? Well, yeah, but it's not so bad. After awhile, the spoken word sections start to seem like they're supposed to be "funny". Mostly they're deadpan double talk ("It's easier for me to talk for the dead. I mean, screams and a painful reunion with Jack and his depression...") with found tapes of conversation, sounds, a radio DJ playlist (Cavanaugh from WFMU-FM)--most of this stuff isn't very interesting. Some neat stuff, tho--"Shop, Lift Her Here" is one of R.'s best/worst, "Eveal Ot Emit" is haunting backwards tape

effects. Unfortunately, however, there's NO REASON to recommend "No Reason". And I'm sure that suits R. Stevie just fine. (R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club)--Dan Fioretti

MORPHOGENESIS: *Morphogenesis C*

Now, here is a set by a sextet (includes a sound projectionist [?]) that really has a handle on how to compose noise! This is the sort of discovery that makes reviewing (and discovering) new music sheer pleasure. A fantastic squall of springs (literally), strings and cacophonous things, this would probably be termed "industrial", but it is to industrial what Philip Glass is to minimal (i.e., it puts a whole new definition to the term and brings a grace and elegance that has been sadly lacking in too much of the oeuvre). Morphogenesis has the free-compositional strengths of Exiles, the mutant adventurousness of John Wiggins, the restrained daring of Braxton and Teitelbaum and the dimensional ability (and vision) of Scott Fraser. One cut, "Improvisation 42", is off Stockhausen's "Set Sail For The Sun" and it will no doubt set ol' Karlheinz on his Teutonic ear. Aficionados of this rare music are always ravenous for new fodder: well, boys, here is enough to sate the most demanding. Unearily rasps, insectal chittering, space echoes and a potpourri of experimental sounds not ventured since Pink Floyd got out of their *Ummagumma* period and Edgar Froese got away from *Phaedra*. Outre strains for those maddened for NEW

music that is solid, alien and instantly classic (move over, Xenakis). Impossible to say enough about it...monstrously good and intelligent beyond belief. Righteous liner painting, too. (Sound of Pig)--Marc Tucker

MRS. WHITEHEAD: *4 Song Demo C*

This tape doesn't really look to be for sale, but they'd probably sell you one, and it's certainly a nice commodity to have around the house. Typical, but good, New York Lower East Side gloomy instrumental sound, a little like Mofungo, but the center of attention is the words, which are slightly surreal spoken vignettes that aren't overly literary. Insect references always make me think of Robyn Hitchcock, and while that mad Brit's sensibility is in evidence, there's also something distinctly American about it, like the Velvet Underground's "The Gift", which I'll bet they listened to a lot when they were young. None of this tape will come right out and grab you like any of the above comparisons, but it certainly repays a few listens. (Mrs. Whitehead)--Bob Bannister

THE MUFFINS: *Open City LP*

The Muffins' collection of rare live and studio tracks, with guest Fred Frith is reminiscent of middle period Soft Machine, mixed in with the Henry Cow lineage of groups. That is to say, what we have here is thinking man's fusion. The emphasis is not on virtuosic display and histrionics, rather it is on

ensemble playing and exploring rather oblique musical turf, in what are apparently tight structures. While there is a lot of freedom in their playing, the Muffins' music is not inaccessible, though neither is it simply catchy or full of hooks and riffs. It is music that challenges the listener without alienating her/him. (Cuneiform Records)--Dean Suzuki

ERIC MUHS: *Alligator Wrestling C*

This tape really runs the gamut from dark, brooding, pulsing electronic pieces to spacey bell sounds to some electronic trance music with a strong beat. There is one track, "Disobedience" in which the voice of Billy Graham is twisted and manipulated over a musical background. I found his voice an obnoxious intrusion into an otherwise very satisfying blend of musical styles, but perhaps that was the intended effect. Except for the aforementioned track, this holds up well over repeated listenings. (Sound of Pig)--Sally Idasswey

ERIC MUHS: *Boy In Wuhan Reads While Tending Family Buffalo C*

What more praise can be heaped upon the ever-diverse E. Muhs that has not already been heaped? Very apt guitar multi-tracking and tape loop excursions ("Sinking In Your Eyes", "Sweat & Smooth As Sand"). Strangely atmospheric and dangerous romps through silk crates and microscopic locations teeming with ugly things ("Jupiter Winds", "Fires"), clever and cleanly executed examples of bands he has been associated with (Flavor People doing "We Like To Go To Bed And Sleep", VXT doing "Nightmare", Invisible Wilbur doing "Life Is Calling"). Eric does amphetamine guitars, bass, lyrics synth, drum programming, sampling and just about everything else with verve. (Invisible Music)--Bret Hart

MUHS /BONNER/LAUREL: *Invisible Wilbur/Infinite Invisibility C*

A great sampling of simple electronic sounds mixed with rhythm patterns that don't get caught in the way. Upon first listen, I found this tape to be too much to comprehend because of the many layers of sounds--there is so much to listen for. It takes a few plays of this tape to hear all its parts, and then you can piece together the whole picture. Muhs' use of the synthesizer is adult, professional and anything but stale. (Eric Muhs)--Michael J. Laszuk

MUMBLES: *Devil Box of the Gods C*

This is gut bucket, sleazy rock and roll of a most sublime nature. Pounding, ponderous ready to kick your pale ass out the club door (then haul it back in again) if you aren't ready to get down and dirty and grovel and sweat and stink with all the rest of us slimey jerk offs. Fuck style, fuck originality, fuck professionalism, Rock and Roll is just a euphemism for fucking--how could we forget! And any fucker worth a fuck knows that style, originality and professionalism don't have anything to do with good fucking. It's passion, it is getting down and dirty, diving right in and not stopping until everyone is through, gone, exhausted and words useless. The Mumbles know rock and roll

but they don't know or care about hairstyles, or "tasty riffs" or finesse or even flamboyance. Dreams of rock stardom, even in the most limited sense, would be a wasted effort. Besides, what real rock and roller ever met a rock star he didn't want to piss on? But the Mumbles know how to go for it, wailing jagged saxophone, crunching guitar, a drummer who will be pounding on trash cans if he has to--to hell with the pawnbroker! And singing, what's that? This is rock and roll man! We don't call it singing, but you, you better not call it anything else! (Just kidding, we're all really nice

guys.) Sex and drugs, love and pain, anger and joy--sure the Mumbles write about it, but ain't nobody advocating it. The Mumbles songs simply remind us that we're all victims of it! Isn't that what rock 'n roll is all about? How easily we forget! (Mumbles)--David Ciaffardini

MURPHY'S LAW: *Murphy's Law LP*
 This band's a gang of partyin' New York metal-core punk rockers. There's a lot of humor at work on this album. The jokes and the occasional blast of hardcore I like a lot. For what it's worth the heavy metal stuff is well done but I'm not really a fan of metal cuz it bores me, ya know? All that volume and noise but no real kick of energy to give the music spunk. But that's just my opinion. So, if you like Motley Crue more than I do and all you really care about are things like "drinking beer, smoking pot, eating burgers, just plain fun" and an Iggy Pop cover, then you'll have fun with this I suppose. Hey, my copy even came pressed on green vinyl. What a groove! (Profile Records)--Rev. Bryan Sale

MUSICAL MOOSE: *Moose On A Hot Tin Roof C*
 Over an insistently modern-funk rhythm section, Musical Moose graft a tense and occasionally satisfying brand of pop. In general, the vocals straddle the fence between Ian Dury's and Robyn Hitchcock's musical backyards. On "Sugar Cake" the Hitchcock aspect is fleshed out by its particular neuroticism juxtaposed with careful drumming, sparkling Sgt. Pepper guitar and lilting DX7 keyboard lines. The most interesting song is "Razor Head", its manic guitar stings and hyper-zombie vocals coming off like Devo covering Lennon's "Cold Turkey". I was prepared for a sort of odd pathos on "Burger Girl" but was instead schmaltzed by "Sell me some fries.../Tell me some lies". Ugh. My suggestion--flesh out the song structures some more, rather than relying on the jumpy rhythms to prop them up. (Courter Bros.)--Kristofer Thompson

MUSIC BEYOND CULTURE: *The Dream Tape C*
 Vocals, Caucasians going tribal, grunts and chants, intoning, powerful voice toneforces, no real words except for utterances like "hey, hey, hey" also some percussion, clicking rocks together perhaps. The combination of the title, the graphics, and the sonic contents makes for a satisfying primitive and unusual feel. Sounds like it was recorded in the field during some sort of bizarre Californian ceremony. Takes place at night (just a guess), chanting and thumping on stuff, groaning and invoking of spirits in the trees or the dead or just fooling around being rootmen on the equinox maybe. They are having a good time--outright silly for a while--within the context of an overall serious primitive ritual. (Music Beyond Culture)--Robin James

DAVID MYERS: *7X7X4 C*
 A while back Myers put out an amazing release that featured his ability to manipulate the electric guitar. With this collection of sound vignettes, the instrument of choice is synthesizer, and with it he proves to be as capable at the keyboards as he is at the strings. Side one features studio recordings from 1987, done mostly on digital equipment giving each piece a clarity that is only furthered by the magnificent production job. Most of these pieces are built upon complex sequential interactions, and the patterns are generally upbeat. Myers has done a lot of thinking about tonal qualities and has spent a lot of time programming some fairly unique sounds. Though side one is intense, side two is even better. The combination of live performance (which this side is), and his use of synthesizer systems and electronic guitars makes for some profound improvisations. Synthesizers often set up complex patterns of repetition over which Myers fills the space with treated guitar. The method is somewhat akin to Frippertronic. However, through Myers extensive treatments of the guitar elements and its addition to other multiple patterns, the effect is very lush, sensuous and powerful. (Presence Sound Production)--Nathan Griffith

MYSTERY HEARSAY: *Imminent Warning C*
 Art-damaged noise cassette. Noize, sounds, strange stuff, sounds last for a few seconds and abruptly shift. Electronic sounds, spacey sounds, clanky, crashy sounds, hums, buzzes, absolutely no compositional structure. Real neat stuff! (Sound of Pig/Mystery Hearsay)--Dan Fioretti

NAILS OV CHRIST: *Dark Night Of The Soul C*
 I'm sure a lone sailor out at sea might be apprehensive about listening to this all synthesized spooky ocean sounds galore tape--especially on a dark foggy night. It surely would give the sailor an intense case of the creeps--considering the foghorn sounds and an electric pulsebeat sounding like a sea monster. With this tape playing anything could happen in that sea fog. (Sound of Pig)--Carrie

NAKED ARMADILLO: *Heavy Waters C*
 A curious mixture of rock and roll and more unorthodox pretensions, the 45 minutes or so of music on this tape are provocative emotionally rather than intellectually. While the lyrical references to materialism, the emptiness of the American Dream and its plastic facade, and the industrial wasteland are fairly standard, the music itself is moving. Each side ends with somber synthesizer intonations, thrusting the listener into an ethereal mood reminiscent of a Bergman film from the mid-60s. Although the instrumental pieces are the best, the vocal delivery is stylistically varied but always sincere. Pack this with your Walkman if you're going to spend an afternoon brooding on the moors. (Naked Armadillo)--Richard Gilbert

MARK NAUSEEF: *Wun-Wun LP*
 Percussionist and synthesist Nauseef manifests the influence of Indonesian music on this recording. "Colotomix" is primarily gamelan instruments tuned to the pelog system. On this, and other pieces, he is joined by Jack Bruce. Bruce's vocal overlays are entirely wordless, mixed and balanced such that they fit neatly into the musical fabric.

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"Language" pays homage to drumming as communication. The work also includes some interesting vocal parts provided by Bruce and Trilock Gurtu which sound like a synthesis of Indonesian monkey chants and the grunting Eddie Gomez makes when he takes a solo. The title "Quilts" leaves the unsuspecting listener unaware, as the work opens with a savagery and sinister aura in the dark-hued harmonies and jagged rhythms which finally give way to a hypnotic pulse in this passionate piece. "Quilts" is juxtaposed with "Jones", with its lilting marimba ostinato and mournful vocalese sung by Bruce. Nauseef proves himself to be an innovative composer and a very fine percussionist with an ear for color. (CMP Records)--Dean Suzuki

THE NEW AGE MOVEMENT: *The Army of God C*

Not new age but poorly recorded trash/junk percussion, scrunge electronics, and a few monotone vocals. Of 20 noise sculptures, none really progress or entrance the listener. Many others have done the same thing much more interestingly. (Sound of Pig)--Lawrence Crane

NICK: *Retreat House Revival C*

With the Shroud of Turin on its cover comes this alternately strange and laid back cassette. The stop/start metric delivery of the vocal immediately brought Syd Barrett and ("Sunshine Superman" era) Donovan to mind, which works to good effect on "When The Angels Came to Play" an easygoing, strummed ballad with deep snarly organ chords down in its bowels, and a tinkling melodic synth phrase giggling in the foreground. "Symptoms of Love" (...sweating, vomiting, coma...) is ultimately ineffective, possibly because what Nick describes as symptoms of love, I find senseless and ridiculous. "Preflight Buzz" seems to have been recorded as an opportunity for Nick to engage in a convoluted guitar jam on top of a slow repeating melody played (largely in unison) by bass and organ. "Can't Say I'm A Hippie" describes the transition from long-haired '60s radical to an '80s New Republican who listens specifically to country and western music (we find out that this song is about Neil Young in the post-song banter). Overall, not a bad collection of tunes, but I suggest Nick broaden his instrumentation, if only through creative signal processing, which would both separate and strengthen his good ideas. (Luck Baby Retreat House)--Bret Hart

NIGHTCRAWLERS: *Particle Mist C*

Each side of this cassette is a 30 minute trek into the far reaches of outer space. As far as synthetic mood music goes, this isn't a bad outing, it's just not a very accessible one. The music is neither relaxing nor energizing. It has an eerie quality to it that leaves the listener with the vague but persistent feeling that something horrible is about to happen--complete with the sweaty palms and racing heart. It would fit right into a Charles Manson movie--especially the scene where Charlie is giving his pals directions to Sharon Tate's house. The monotony of the underlying riffs quickly began to wear on me. (Peter D. Gulch)--Nancy Hoffman

NO MEANS NO: *Sex Mad LP*

Second vinyl effort from Victoria, Canada's No Means No and hot damn, I think we've got a winner here. Heavy on the guitar, REALLY heavy on the bass, and an ability to put the two together on top of frenzied drumming to create a blissful racket. Sure, the Minutemen influence is there, but five of these tunes clock in around 5 minutes. "Dad" is a chillier about somebody's father we all know, hopefully not our own, and "Dead Bob" is about who knows what, but I do know that it, like the rest of the album, hits hard enough to knock one back a step or two and that's good enough by me. (Alternative Tentacles)--Jay Hinman

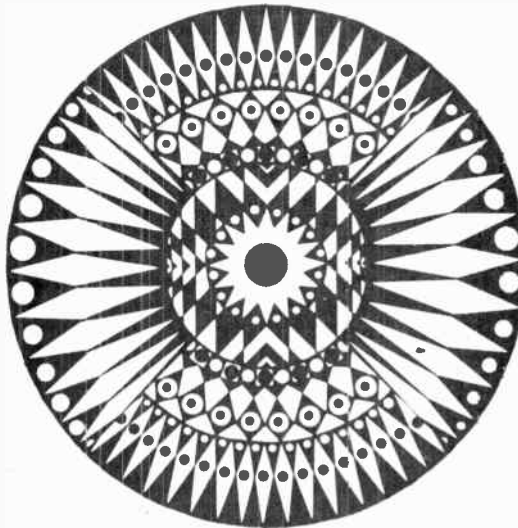
NOMUSIC: *Bum C*

This, I believe, is the fourth release by Attitude/Audiofile editor Carl Howard's solo project. He

describes it, rather generally, as "ambient synthpopnoise". This stuff is really too active in structure and blistering in content to please either New Age or pop music crowds. That leaves those noise aficionados that prefer a bit of subtlety and rhythmic thrust in their music. Parallels can be made to a similar sensibility in Chris Carter's solo work. While the frequent use of found voices and conversation seemed over-used, the essential textural and rhythmic variety helped hold one's attention. I especially liked the subdued coupling of found sound and vocals in "Creatures of Will", one of the cuts where synth patterns take over rhythmic chores, instead of a plodding drum machine. One of the most cohesive pieces, "Miss De-meanor" is unfortunately cut short at the end of side one. Overall, a varied collection of pieces that take full advantage of a limited musical language. (Sound of Pig)--Arthur Potter

DAVE NORDIN: *Animal Spirit C*

Dave Nordin has put some psychedelic music on this tape, and since he did it in Omaha in 1986 I'm wondering if Omaha might not be an OK place to hang out. Most of the instrumentation is synth and drum machine, with some guitar, sitar and strange vocals. Generally interesting--sometimes bordering on paisley cliché, occasionally catchy, unquestionably trippy. Favorite cuts: "The Distant One", "Girl With A Crystal", "The Ultimate Pepsi Cola Dream". (Dave Nordin)--Ed Blomquist



NO SUCH ANIMAL: *Boil that Dustspeck C*

Few listeners will consider this a great band after hearing these six songs. However, after ten or fifteen spins I'm starting to enjoy them. The band's execution sometimes misses the mark, their level of musicianship doesn't rate high, and the recording's mix won't win friends. Some listeners, like those who come to my house, will think the lead vocalist may have listened to too many British singers, particularly Billy Bragg. But on a song like "A Sewer Grate Will Keep You Warm" the band wins you over. They show they can turn musical and lyrical irony into uptempo, danceable exercises in social criticism. They're successful with that formula on "DOWtown" and "Big, Big World" too. On the former, the band sets the stage by beginning the song with a verse from that campy Association hit "Windy" and then proceeds to lambast DOW chemical. On "Big, Big World" they effectively mingle simple pop sounds, purposefully out-of-tune background vocals, and caustic criticism of the American-consumer lifestyle. I hope this band writes more songs, does another season of live gigs and then puts out a full-length recording. (No Such Animal)--Bucky Halker

NOW: *Everything Is Different Now C*

Now is a band in the '70s progressive rock mode. You know, King Crimson, Yes and a little bit of It's A Beautiful Day thrown in for good measure.

Nice synth, pretty music. I have a soft spot for this type of stuff. Music for a nice, breezy summer afternoon. Break out the incense. None of you usual side one and side two with these folks, they offer "Zide Chooch" and "Zide moon". OK. Cool. I must confess that my mind started wandering towards the end of "Zide Chooch" until the very end when the fella said "How was that?" I'm sorry, how was what? (Yoronkel's Records)--Chris McElaney

O.C. LAST: *Retreat C*

Appropriately titled, this recording provides a rewarding, pretty, melancholy retreat from postpunk and all that strictly structured, revivalist American "roots" rock. Not that this tape is without its own revivalist instincts as it often calls to mind Pink Floyd and The Beatles in their spaciest, quietest moments of 68-69. But it has been a long, long time since I heard this sort of ethereal quasi-folk played so effectively. The best songs are "28 Stories" and "Just Because I Live In France Doesn't Mean I Smoke American Cigarettes"; both are mighty catchy in their understated way (Luck Baby Retreat House)--Richard Singer

ONE BIG SQUARE FOOT OF SOD: *One Big Square Foot of Sod C*

O.B.S.F.O.S. demonstrates the downside to the democratic impulse inherent in home taping. Anyone can do it--but should they? These weekend hobbyists lack even that certain mitigating naive charm that makes some amateur music funny. Instead, this trio specializes in tedious, meandering jams that suffer most from a complete absence of rhythmic interest. (ONSFOS)--Steve Hahn

ONE DEATH TWO: *Cellar Jams III C*

Boom box type recordings (live) of a band that sounds like they'd be at home on SST. They're a hard-edged sound, improvisation/wanking and bring to mind a retarded Grateful Dead, early Meat Puppets and Zappa-funk. Besides the over-length of some songs, the sound quality and mix bring this down a bit. A bit of trimming down and a studio would be way nice; let's hear it again. (One Death Two)--Lawrence Crane

OPAL: *Happy Nightmare Baby LP*

This album is a triumph for Opal vocalist Kendra Smith and a revelation for Dream Syndicate fans who stand back in bewilderment as that once almighty rock band, one of L.A.'s most promising, slides from the dark mystery and playful adventurousness, into just another pop FM rock band. Who would have believed that it was Kendra, original bassist, for the Dream Syndicate that held such an important key to that band's allure? Kendra, along with guitarist Karl Precoda, walked from the Dream Syndicate in the midst of that band's rocket to success and a major label contract. Why would she do such a thing? Especially when Dream Syndicate leader Steve Wynn begged her to stay? To follow her own dream, a vision that surely went against so much better judgement. Perhaps it had something to do with love, maybe she was sick of commercial pressure that arose in that band, or maybe she just wanted more opportunity to sing, a desire that brought her into a band in the first place. So she split to form a band with her boyfriend David Roback who had made his own split with another promising band, The Rain Parade. First they called themselves Clay Alison and kept things simple and countrified with Kendra doing the singing, cutting a few tracks including a charming EP released by Rough Trade. Now, they call themselves Opal and it is with this debut album that we find the sensual, psychedelic, dreamy undertones that disappeared from the Dream Syndicate (And I thought Karl Precoda had taken them!). Influences are not hidden. "Rocket Machine" is straight from T-Rex,

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the title track seems cut directly from the cloth of the blues tune "Merry Christmas Baby", and there are so many other echoes from my record collection, though I can't recall exact titles at the moment, they are the ones with ethereal, hallucinatory haze floating through them, a touch of farfisa, and lots of weeping, hollow-toned, electrified blues. But derivative or not, Opal is mining a vein few others are, a simple, delicate incision into the soul; a sonic search for a spirit-healing magic potion. And it's clear that Opal was attempting to create something to be judged on the simple pleasure that the music brings instead of according to what the music "industry" would say about it. (SST)--David Ciuffardini

THE ORDER OF FLESH AND BLOOD: *Slightly Mutated C*

High-tech Alpha vomit of the first order. It's definitely a case of imagination over musical ability, but with this music it is a manumitting experience. Very electronic, rhythmic and well recorded. It could not exist without some form of hallucinogen. While some may find this type of music aggravating and monotonous, many will find it very stimulating. I kept expecting to hear "Number Nine" iterated during the cut "Men Who Laugh". Makes for an interesting car ride, though I would take along a buddy. (Audiofile Tapes)--Michael Courter

OUTER LIMITS: *Off The Wall With Abandon C*

This fun tape consists of about 30 short guitar, bass and drum improvs, nicely edited, complete with unusual comic artwork. The pieces are very structured, rhythmic and generally melodic, with elements of psychedelia, hardcore and spacey Barrett-era Pink Floyd. Other comparisons might be Bauhaus's more lively stuff, without the vocals. Wholesome tunes for us aging surfers. (Uncensored musics)--William Storage

O YUKI CONJUGATE: *Into Dark Water LP*
This album of ambient music works best when it

focuses on exotic percussion and interesting poly-rhythms. Some of the instruments include "tongue drums", baking tray, cardboard box, wind chimes, mbira (thumb piano), augmented by electronic synthesizers, tapes and digital sampling devices. The tenor of the record is quite similar to that of Jon Hassell or Michael Brook, though never as busy or complex. Nor are there any sounds which move dramatically in the foreground, as does the trumpet in Hassell's work. The mix tends to place most of the instruments in a middle ground with gentle droning sound to create a mysterious atmosphere. (Final Image)--Dean Suzuki

THE OZZFISH EXPERIENCE: *Liberty & Justice For All C*

Ozzfish will probably hate this review--sorry guys. Two and a half listens and I can't tell you whether this is serious hardcore or a sarcastic hardcore send up. If it's serious, it's seriously terrible. If it's a send up, it would be funnier shorter. In either case, it's funny. I assume it's home recorded (sound quality). Don't trade your Dead Kennedy's in for this. (And, yes, I do like and listen to hardcore, guys!) (Ozzfish)--C. Newman

LAURI PAISLEY: *Channels C*

Paisley proficiently creates an orchestral structure through the use of electronics. This is not to say she pilfers and destroys acoustic sound via digital technology. Paisley works with analog synthesis. She combines the unique sounds into layers of complex sequential patterns to create a string of melodies and countermelodies that form luxurious compositions. Side one is a series of short sound vignettes, while side two, "Ohmega 5585", is one piece of extended length. The extended format allows her to move this piece into several rhythmic, melodic and dramatic realms, and "Ohmega 5585" is easily one of her most successful compositions. Throughout this tape a combination of pleasurable sound colors and lively rhythmic patterns, impart a feeling to Paisley's work that is consistently uplifting. Forget the new age, Paisley

is a joy to listen to, and this is one of her best. (Lauri Paisley)--Nathan Griffith

LAURI PAISLEY: *Skywords C*

Lauri Paisley has tremendous command of the analog synthesizer. She takes the instrument beyond that of a mere keyboard and creates an incredible variety of sound colors. The music is bright and upbeat, dare I say happy, but not heaven forbid, sickeningly sweet. Throughout, the structure is based on sequential progressions that in themselves are not complex, but when combined (as they are) several in each piece, they create intricate and interesting rhythmic patterns. Atop these patterns are melodies and countermelodies that create marvelous electric symphonies. (Methylunna Music)--Nathan Griffith

GRAHAM PALMER: *If The Face Fits C*

Simply stated this is spoken word with sound effects. But what spoken word? What sound effects? This tape is an excellent example of British agit-prop protest in the tradition of Attila the Stockbroker and American onomatopoeics of e.e. cummings. The listener is served the gospel according to Graham. Frightening descriptions of the mundane transcending itself and becoming life threatening ("Down Where The Children Play", "Suburban Nightmare", "The Anvil"). Or humorous renditions of everyday life filled with advertising concepts that leave nothing unmarketable ("Identi-kit People's Revolt" and "Two-faced"). There are musical interludes, as well as musical or soundscape accompaniment punctuating, or adding flesh, to Parker's poetic descriptions. Palmer is an inventively original composer who has mastered several forms and combined them successfully. (Stride)--Bix Larda

PARADE OF SINNERS: *Parade of Sinners C*

I've always felt that the sale of drum machines, digital sound processors and synthesizers, like the sale of handguns, should be strictly controlled. Lord only knows what musical mayhem has been

BIG BLACK

OF THE TRUCKER RESTS IN HIS TRUCK
 HE'S ABOUT TRUCKS IN HIS TRUCK
 HE'S THE TRUCKER GENERAL
 HE'S HOLDING MY HAND WHILE I RIDE IN MY TRUCK
 YOU'RE MY BOYFRIEND
 ON WALKING AND AVOIDING THEM
 I KEEP ON TALKING I'LL SEAL MY DISGRACE
 TRUCK LOVE

BIG BLACK SONGS ABOUT FUCKING

HE'S A WHORE

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wrought by no-talent ninnies who only think in terms of beats per minute. Happily though, there's at least one guy out there who not only uses these devices thoughtfully and tastefully, but actually lays down a solid dance groove in the process. Andrew Szava-Kovats is the brains behind this very tasty collection of electronic tunes. From a snazzy cover of the Human League's "Seconds" to almost the end of side two, this tape cooks. What separates it from most electric/dance recordings is the variety of rhythms employed in each track "Death Doesn't Liberate" possesses the rhythmic chatter of Pink Floyd's "Several Species Of Small Furry Animals in a Cave Grooving With A Pict". "That's The Way Out" reminds me of Captain Beefheart's "Mirror Man"; "Inferno" is a flurry of sound underlined by a very complex Ginger Baker-like rhythm track. "What A World" is sonically very abstract but quite danceable. Almost all cuts contain some "found" vocals, some whose pitch has been altered, some in sync with the rhythm line, others appearing almost at random. The effect is similar to the vocal treatments on David Byrne and Brian Eno's *My Life In the Bush Of Ghosts* LP. My only gripe is about the last cut on side two, "I want My Money's Worth". In this, Andrew constructs a "Laughing" sound effect out of a single phrase. If only he'd chopped off two minutes or so of this repetitive piece, it might not be so irritating. But, hey, we all make mistakes, right? Lastly, we are treated to a philosophical rap between each tune. Like for example, "We also share the heartache and pain of those who relationships are frustrating and hurtful", so altered in pitch that it sounds like the robot on "Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy". All told, this tape is proof positive that art needn't be boring and that danceable music needn't be totally mindless. (K. O. City Studio)--Paul Goldschmidt

PEAK: Ebonazzar C

Mid-seventies progressive jamming, with guitars, synthesizers and pulsing drums akin to 801 and Utopia. There are also quieter pieces with synth in the forefront. Lots of note bending ala Jan Hammer. The quieter pieces are almost inactive enough to be background music. Some titles are "Encounter", "Agent's Lunch" and "Ocean of Dreams". It's futuristic in an industrial film sort of way. (Suite Beat Music Group)--Christopher Carstens

RAY PEARSON AND THE INSIDERS:

Ray Pearson and the Insiders C
The lettering on the cover of this tape suggests 60s style garage pop. Well, that's half correct. The music on this tape sounds like what garage or bar bands of the 1970s might have produced. The sound is full and heavy, whereas a lot of 60s garage bands tended to sound thin. Drums are very prominent in the mix. There's lots of organ with lots of Leslie (a rotary vibrato loudspeaker for electronic organs, popular in the 60s and 70s), much like early Sugarloaf or Three Dog Night. Lead guitar is gutsy and distorted, but not fuzzed-out as in a lot of psychedelic rock. These guys borrow heavily "No Where To Go" on side two sounds strikingly like Bruce Springsteen's E-Street Band, complete with the Clarence Clemons-style saxophone solo. The guitar-organ interplay on "Subtitles" comes off like the Allman Brothers' instrumentals. "Love Can't Quit You" mimics Dire Straits' "Sultans Of Swing" practically beat for beat. And speaking of Sugarloaf, the Leslie-soaked "Turn Around To See Who's There" could have easily been the B side of that group's top 40 hit, "Green Eyed Lady". Some guitar solos remind me of "Jump" vintage Van Halen. Certain tracks even sport crude synthesizer breaks, ala Weather Report or Emerson Lake and Palmer. If there is going to be a 70s revival soon, it'll probably sound a lot

like this, but easy on the copycat stuff next time, okay guys? (Dynamic Records)--Paul Goldschmidt

PEET/FUMO DUO: Bolted Down Collar C

Wayne Peet (keyboards, drum computer) and John Fumo (trumpet) deliver a very engaging helping of avant jazz funk, with links, perhaps, to the Miles Davis sound of the *Bitches Brew* era. This is much more extension than imitation, though; Peet and Fumo are jazz pros who have worked extensively with Vinny Golia's large and small groups (Peet

talking (in French) to a dog, ocean sounds over Hawaiian guitar and someone laughs, steel drums merge into a sort of chant over jungle sounds, some spacy female vocalizing. The end result is highly tranquil and relaxing, in addition to being highly creative. Even an African (?) chant over tribal percussion seems laid-back and mellow. The "usual" backwards tapes 'n cutups are heard, too. (Lonely Whistle Music)--Dan Fioretti

BLAIR PETRIE: Interference C

Creative synthesizer space music. Every now and then some quirky electronic sound will come darting in and out of the picture. That's what he means by "interference" maybe. A little too predictable at times, but that is what gives minimalistic music it's meditative feel. The first cut was recorded in 1971 while the last cut was completed in 1983, so it spans quite a period of this Vancouver artist's work in 65 minutes. It worked great combined with voice tape-loops and other sound effects in a recent live-mix radio show I did. More elements are needed for repeated listening, unless you like quirky space music. (Obfuscate Perimeter)--Randy Magnus

BLAIR PETRIE: Requested Music C

I hate to say this but I'm just not thrilled with this tape. Blair Petrie plays synth music with some interesting percussion use. "La Femme (Michele)" is the choice cut off this tape. It sounds quite a bit like Kommunity FK-an LA band. But other than that one song the rest of this tape is just too tedious--especially a song called "Fucking Dead Babies"--although interesting sounding it quickly grows repetitive and boring (but it certainly would make a good one minute long song!) (Obfuscate Perimeter)--Carrie

PLIN ROSE: Alicia II: Time & Taro C

Pleasant music. Interesting synthesizer work. Middle tempo ballads. Vocalist has a smooth voice, but the tempo is unexciting and the words unstimulating. Without vocals I guess this is called New Age, which (to me) is pleasant, environmental, background music/sounds. The vocals bore me. My favorites on this tape are the instrumentals. The voice might be just another instrument, but it disturbs me. (Endemic Music)--Paul S. Luchter

PLINY THE ELDER: Compound Lobster Maintenance C-90

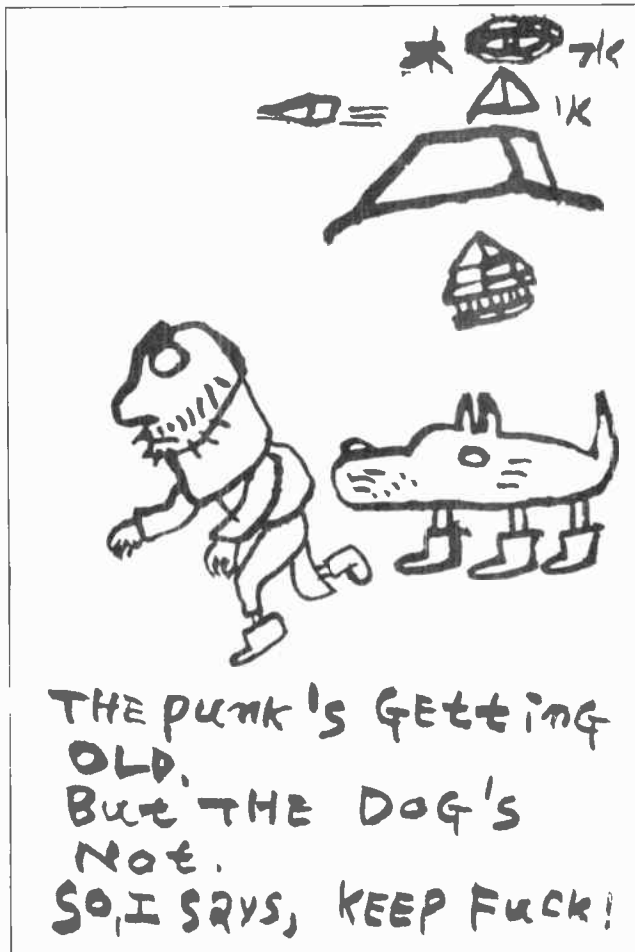
A collection of noisy little songs about insects, brain damage, mightily sucking corpuscles, etc., that's kinda derivative of the Residents and, at times, the Mothers of Invention. There's some interesting vocal manipulation, though most of the vocals are screamed. Lots of tinny percussion and discordant little synth bleeps. It's got that generally new way feel. Although they can be annoying as hell, they seem to be at their best when they use their full ensemble of cacophonous sounds rather than bits and pieces. (Pliny the Elder)--Christopher Carstens

POLYROCK: No Love Lost C

Another of ROIR's trademarked collections of live performances, demos and rarities, this is an uneven introduction to an uneven band. In 1980, Polyrock tried to meld pop and minimalism, even enlisting Philip Glass as a producer. The second side is almost all live material from this era and is much more passionate, innovative and funny than their records. On the basis of this, Polyrock was a great, neglected band. Unfortunately, the first side, from three and four years later, shows why they were neglected. The music is slick and shallow, almost as if it was a different band. Polyrock called it quits soon after. (ROIR)--Lang Thompson

POP ART: Snap Crackle Pop Art LP

What a delight it is to find this unpretentious pop rock LP. Dave Steinhart is a vocalist adept at lyri-



has even recorded a duo album with Golia) and there is nothing recycled about their sound. Fumo's casually dissonant muted trumpet wanders freely around, over and through Peet's electronic keyboards, occasionally locking into a finger-popping funk groove. As for Peet, he coaxes an impressive variety of sound from his equipment, including percussive chimes, and a bass growl that is somewhere between a conventional electric bass and a bass trumpet or tuba. Whatever he's doing, it seems natural and comfortable. His drum programming is also a revelation: it is not only imaginative, but it is genuinely interactive with the keyboards and trumpet, providing far more rewards than the standard, simple-minded computer drum rhythms. This cassette is a winner from beginning to end. (Killzone Music)--Bill Tilland

PIERRE PERRET: Gaia, La Terre C

A peaceful collage of environmental and natural sounds (birds, leaves rustling, etc.) combined with some subtle sampling tricks. The effect is truly ambient in that the sounds seem to integrate themselves. Perfect for those times when solitude is your only avenue of escape...just put on your headphones and get back to nature--so to speak (Lonely Whistle Music)--Allen Green (Second Opinion): Sonic diversions from France, Pierre Perret's tape features a collage of sounds and effects with emphasis on nature--birds and water sounds are heard frequently, as are lawn mowing, a girl

cal poignancy without relying on clichés or repetition ("Her voice is deeper than my thickest line", and we understand). With "Light Blue Picture" and "Roomares" Pop Art recaptures the objective correlative from literature: show don't tell; trust your audiences' intelligence. Add athletic phrasing on par with Difford and Tillbrook (Squeeze) and this becomes positively endearing. And yes, the instrument players, both light and precise easily blend folk, country and jazz influences into that hybrid of pop. Very hard to stop listening to. (Stonegarden Records)--Kim Knowles

POPOL VUH: *In the Gardens of Pharaoh/Aguirre CD*

Popol Vuh's set of music for films and ambient music is an inconsistent affair. Popol Vuh's main creative force, Florian Fricke, writes and plays mediocre keyboard music, thus "Pharao" for solo piano is the album's weakest material. "Vuh" for pipe organ, chanting voices and percussion is considerably better with its impressive power, sonorities and textures. However, it can be lugubrious, a work whose rambling seems pointless. Fricke is far better off when he is concerned with the larger forces of Popol Vuh, and it is not at all difficult to see why Werner Herzog engaged them for his film scores. The music can be highly evocative, as in "Aguirre". If you've seen the film, this music will immediately bring Herzog's stunning cinematic visions back to mind. "In the Gardens of Pharaoh" is likewise illusory, with mysterious and wavering synthesizer lines mixed with environmental sounds and exotic percussion. Not only does Popol Vuh's music invoke specific visions, it is also beautiful, yielding the perfect synthesis of marriage of visual and aural media. (Celestial Harmonies)--Dean Suzuki

POWDER FRENCH: *The Holy Terror of Christianity C*

This cassette covers quite a bit of ground. Say--Throbbing Gristle to Tangerine Dream. But the harsh isn't harsh enough, the pretty not pretty

enough. Not for my tastes. Yet there is nothing badly done here. Had Powder French gone further--in any or all directions--this would be one hell of a cassette. They got close on "Holy Terror" opening side B. (Powder French)--C. Newman

PEKKA POYRY: *Happy Peter LP*

This retrospective in honor of the late jazz saxophonist Poyry, is a strange collection of diverse and unrelated musical styles. He was a member of the early "underground" band from Finland, Tasavalan Presidentti and has also recorded with ex-TP guitarist, Jukka Tolonen. Poyry was a fan of salsa and other Latin styles, but his performances are stiff, and the players in the ensemble are sloppy. He also played more avant-garde styles, playing music of Teppo Hauta-Aho, Mike Koskinen, Reino Helismaa and others. The freer jazz forms are clearly most suited to Poyry's mettle and where he shines best. (Finnish Music Information Centre)--Dean Suzuki

DAVE PRESCOTT: *Active Resistors C*

The technique that seems to prevail here, is the use of either tape loops, or sample-and-hold circuits, or some combination thereof. Sounds and musical phrases are introduced, superimposed over one another, repeated, combined, altered, faded out and replaced with different ones. One could call this "trance music" but for the fact that it becomes screamingly intense at times. The instrumentation is basically various electronics, with an occasional electronically altered human voice thrown in from the BBC or Radio Moscow. (Sound of Pig)--Sally Klossway

PROBLEMIST: *Live 1881-85 C*

These guys are pissed at something but the object of that anger is not often evident. Singer Bill Davenport is one passionate individual, and the group provides him with a nasty playground to flail around in, but the muddy, and sometimes indecipherable recording loses too much of the group's presence and clarity (although, considering the oft-times purposely obfuscatory nature of their theme, clarity may not be that important to them). The punk-art equivalent of free jazz, "Live" falls flat on its face at times but also has the ability to reach out and stun you. Definitely for people with seasoned ears. Billed as "important" and "essential", it is not: strange and insistent, it is. The instrumentalists, mostly subordinated to Davenport's histrionic ravings, are allowed a few moments stretch out here and there and they threaten to take the sessions in different directions (ala Wire); a threat they should have manifested (to everyone's good). Comes with a funny little xeroxed booklet that's supposedly arty-nihilist. (Cause and Effect)--Marc Tucker

P.S. BINGO: *Sludge Mtn. C*

Using a shit and refuse heap in San Diego as their metaphor. P.S. Bingo have collected and created sounds which seemed appropriate to the theme of oozing sludge. What you get is a crazed industrial collage of metal clanging out odd tonalities, indecipherable vocals bubbling all over the place, cheesy organs, radio dialing and other computer generated sound. The way-out distorted guitar loops in and out along with short wave radio frequencies. At times it can be altogether painful for the ear, but they usually keep it interesting. This abrasive mess of sound, the kind that chokes satellites in orbit, is some of the ugliest shit you'll hear for a while. As P.S. Bingo has moved on to bigger things, this tape shows how adept they are at tying so many loose elements into one hugely ridiculous and misanthropic whole. (Sound of Pig)--Christopher Carstens

PSYCHIC TV: *Descending CD*

This CD has the unfortunate distinction of being the worst work by any Throbbing Gristle splinter group I've heard. The only possible explanation for its release (when tapes of better performances undoubtedly exist) is that they didn't want to waste a costly, already-extant digital recording. *Descending* lacks the drama, symphonic beauty and aura of menace that made studio LPs such as *Mouth of the Night* exhilarating explorations of shadowy state of

mind. Instead we get interminable, static rhythm track thinly layered with grating electronic noise and occasional vocals. Towards the end they briefly attempt one of their pop/disco parodies, but it falls flat without the slick sound and tight performance of Psychic TV's studio work. The lyrics are fragmentary and incoherent, and Genesis P Orridge's singing is strained and half-hearted. Orridge's pose as a apocalyptic visionary (underscored by an enclosed essay by Jean-Pierre Turlnel) only emphasizes the failure of this music to evoke any mood of darkness or mystery. A limited edition of 5000 numbered copies, attractively packaged with images from Jung's *Man and His Symbols* and photographs of Orridge's pierced genitals, for those who are impressed by that sort of thing. (Sordide Sentimental)--Michael Draine

PUSHBUTTON PLEASURE: *The Penal Colada Effect LP*

Pushbutton Pleasure is the 1 man band of Terry Burrows, who writes 'n plays all of this LP. Actually, it's really two different concepts in one LP! Side 1 is called "the Penal Colada Effect" and features synthesized muzickal weirdness. The cheese-aid rhythm boxes and (deliberately?) bad singing surround the listener with a massive miasma muzickal mess which threatens to disorient all but the most hardy listener. In a word, wonderful. Side 2 features much more diverse muzickal styles such as avant-fusion ("A Transplant-\$ ACT"), reggae ("Nagyasagos"), and Art Damage ("Another Side of the Same Side"). I also liked his use of loops and backwards tapes on this side. A really cool LP. (Hamster Records & Tapes)--Dan Fioretti

PUSSY GALORE: *Exile On Main Street C*

A good idea: the greatest rock and roll band in the world covering the magnum opus of their ex-namesake. At the same time they get the upper hand on their contemporary contenders for the title. Most of this is great and every bit of it is still fun after repeated listenings. What could have been parody is just Pussy Galore abusing and/or wallowing in this music they hate and love so much. (Shove)--Glen Thrasher

PUSSY GALORE: *1 Yr. Live C*

This band might seem too good to be true, but don't worry about it. I suggest you enjoy them while you can in case they turn out not to be, because with each release they only look better and better. This is the real **HARDCORE**. This is rock and roll. As bands that taught Pussy almost everything they know enter into their 15th year of senility, it is a surprising feat to play this music without sounding like warmed over death. On this in-concert tape Pussy performs most of the best songs from the records plus some previously unheard including a cover of "Get Off My Cloud" The sound quality is not always the best, but it doesn't matter. This music would have sounded good coming out of tiny radio speakers in the car your dad borrowed from his dad in 1957, but your stupid dad changed to the next station that was playing Fabian. I hope you are not making the same mistake. (Shove)--Glen Thrasher

PUSSY GALORE : *Pussy Muzick 5000 EP*

Currently enjoying their 15 minutes of fame (even in VANITY FAIR, no less) and quite deservedly so. *Groovy Hate Fuck*, the previous EP, was, well, "groovy"; but I'll have to call this groovier. "Spin Out" is one mother of a glorious din, with singer/guitarist Julia Cafritz screeching the words like her throat's about to be slashed by ginsu knives, and the rest of the hate rock makes you wonder what The Cramps might sound like if The Fall and E. Neubauten backed 'em up. Look ye no further, kids, it has risen.(BUY OUR RECORDS)--Jay Hiqman

QWA DIGS NEVER PARISH: *The Wakests C*

About half of this tape is the soundtrack to a multimedia performance piece called "Voyage 1984 Greta Garbo Limbo Flick". About 25 short improvs are separated by rather abstract text. The improvs are sparse, mainly keyboard electronics, with little continuity. Perhaps the visual material drew the sounds together, but as a listening experi-

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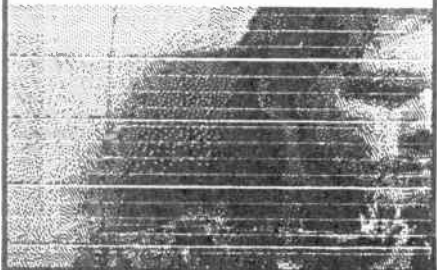
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ence alone, it falls apart. A few pieces develop into a pleasant din, roaring like late 60s AMM of MEV. Unfortunately they are too short to allow any development. The remainder of the tape is similarly uneven; and suffers from abuse of delay devices, rapidly inducing listener fatigue. The components of quality noise are here. What's lacking is the integration and fine pacing that turns the noise of AMM or the Mnemonists into music. (Sound of Pig)--William Storage

RA: Visions LP

You would never guess that the waif-like, almost wimpy Asian on the belly band of this record could put together such ebullient avant/techno-pop that burns and cooks like this. One might cast Ra in the same category as Ryuichi Sakamoto or Haroumi Hosono in their more outside moments, but he has a harder edge, as well as his own distinctive traits and sounds. The record kicks off with "Intro", a furiously paced number that literally forces your body to move to its lively rhythms and irregular accentuations. "Visions of the City", the first piece on the second side is the most abstract; a kind of organized hodge-podge of unusual timbres, both electronic and sampled sounds, juxtaposed one against the other, held together by steady electronic percussives. It is balanced by "Muttoni", a smokin' example of Ra's more pop side. (Moon Child)--Dean Suzuki

RADIO ROBOTNIK :TV. C

Interesting abstract industrial/post-industrial fare: electronic synth loops alternate with grinding/clanking factory sounds; sometimes wound like the ghost of industry treading through your kitchen; sometimes vocals enter into the loop with speeded-up gurgles or synthetically altered belches (seeping playfully into factory smokestack belches); good background music/life soundtrack for the muted at heart. It would be more listenable at one-third the length/repetition factor, but the monotony's part of the concept. (Radio Robotnik)--Richard Singer

RAINING HOUSE: Raining House C

Evocations of the Old West to these ears, least-ways; might be unintentional through the aural looking glass of folksy psychedelia and visions of imminent doom. Though I tire of band-to-band comparison, I'm reminded of Saccharine Trust without the berserker attitude. There are sad and regal trumpet and acoustic guitar parts, one of those never failingly heartfelt and earnest voices. Five songs and one instrumental, all proclaiming a lost sorrow that exists between prophesy and bitterness. Good start. (Jay Curkendall)--Jamie Rake

REICHEL-KNISPEL DUO: Erdmannchen LP

This album by Hans Reichel and Schim Knispel, two guitarists who specialize in extended techniques (tapping the strings is at the core of their technique), is somewhat uneven. "Yeti" with its oom-pah ostinato and polka-like character, and "Rainy-Day-Waltz", an untraditional waltz in triple meter, are kind of dumb. However, their inventive techniques make even the worst pieces something worth listening to. Many of the pieces are more highly structured than one has come to expect from FMP artists (not a criticism, by the way, just an observation). They tend to be based on regular, if not a little strange chord progressions, arpeggios, or ostinati. The unrelenting ostinati, the driving pulse and the dizzying pace of "Something Like What" and especially "Geruel und Geknispel" are hypnotic, mesmerizing. The musical content also tends to be more readily digestible or accessible. There are pieces, such as the title track, which feature some of the more experimental scratching, scraping, instrumental preparations, et al., and frenetic playing to balance things out. Not quite up to par when considering Reichel and Knispel's other efforts, but still way ahead of the pack. (Free Music Productions)--Dean Suzuki

RHYTHM PIGS: Choke on This! LP

These boys are sincere, dedicated, hard working and hard rocking. The youth of tomorrow today. Socially conscious, clean cut, raised on thrash, they're coming to your town, gonna rally the kids

around sounds of a crunching guitar, thumping bass, pounding drums, tight as a fist as it pounds on the teacher's steel gray desk, knocking the apple to the floor as the kids thunder out the doors; schools out early, today's lesson: Contemporary Hardcore 1A, the doors open at eight, don't be late, do your own thing but do your drugs before you get to the show, because we're not gonna mess it up this time, not this generation, we're on the move, we're rockin', and we're gonna tell you where it's at, and we're not taking any censorship, and our message is your message, because we're the youth of today and we're all in this together, and there's something happening here but you don't know what it is do you, Mr. Jones? Rock on! (Mordam Records)--David Ciaffardini

RHYTHM PLAGUE: Dressed for the Apocalypse C

The first thing that comes to mind upon the hearing of these tunes is Massacre:Killing time. Like them, this three man band plays some of the most bent and funk'd up heavy metal jazz improvisation imaginable. There is a proliferation of harsh tones by bass and guitar passed back and forth, to be given body by a manic drum computer. The music at times is as mentioned before, full of driving energy. At other times the pace lessens and the band takes a stab at ethereal space, one in which the sound is a little less harsh, and relies more on the atmospherics of sustained tones of organs and pulsing echoed guitars. Definitely, a fine west coast addition to the New York loft sound. (Killzone Records)--Nathan Griffith

RISCONTEI MENASITRANEV:Risconti Menasitranev C

A beautiful cleanly recorded collection of a wide range of tape manipulations by these Fayetteville, New York folks. There's one track with actual rhyming lyrics, others are complete multi-track multi-source multi-rhythm noise, still others feature live and altered bits of telephone harassment fun and games. It's all very active, not wallpaper or trance inducing at all. Unpretentious, funny and creative. (Rat Lab Steamworks)--Sunn Thomas

STEVE ROACH: Structures From Silence CD

This is, without question, one of Roach's finest efforts and it is a pleasure to have it on CD. It is also one of the very few truly successful examples of ambient music that manages to transcend the tripe that makes up the bulk of the genre. Whereas ambient music cranked out by others is marred by weak, if not utterly lame musical ideas and inept execution, Roach's music is peaceful, ravishingly beautiful (especially the title track), and intelligently engaging. It does not insult the listener with sweet, smarmy washes of pointless sound and a virtual absence of content. Rather, it is layered and complex without sounding complicated or intricate: in other words, the effect belies the true nature of the music. The timbres that Roach chooses are perfectly suited to the music. When all is said and done, Roach aspires to and achieves a depth and beauty in his music that simply eludes most other composers of New Age and ambient music (Celestial Harmonies)--Dean Suzuki

STEVE ROACH, KEVIN BRAHENY & RICHARD BURMER: Western Spaces CD

This CD contains several works which are collaborations among the three composers, as well as solo ventures. Steve Roach, who continues to prove himself as one of America's finest synthesists, is the centerpiece of the recording. His evocative, highly charged composition, "The Breathing Stone," is one of his best works yet. With layer upon layer of musical ideas: inventive percussion, bell-like ostinati, and surging chords. Burmer proves to be at his best when he employs more percussive sonorities and a more aggressive stance, as in "Desert Walkabout," as opposed to the lyrical and routine "Across the View." I didn't care for the timbre of the Steiner EWI (Electronic Woodwind Instrument) employed by Kevin Braheny which sounds like a cross between a lyricoon and an electric violin. As a bonus, this CD contains an extended version (over 22 minutes) of "In the Heat of Venus" by Roach and Thom Brennan

which appears in a much shorter guise on the record. (Innovative Communication)--Dean Suzuki

ROOM 291: The Pink World C

This is a four song tape-and each song stands out in its own special way. "big Guns" is an extremely groovy danceable tune--and some of it is industrial synth-like music as in the instrumental "The White Salamander"--which reminds me of a psycho midnite speed drive to San Francisco. The music has a dark/dreamy feel to it and there's a lot of potential in this band that I hope of hear more of (Redux Records)--Carrie

RUDE BUDDHA: Lion Claws LP

Combining elements of Souxsie & The Banshees, Romeo Void and The Tubes, Rude Buddha does carve out its own little groove; call it Smart-Ass Rock. It's a form of bratty, techno rock. The playfulness is commendable, but the cleverness cannot cover up the soullessness of this project. "Cannibal Salad" is such a bore, cute where it means to be outrageous. It's like an eleven year old's concept of avant garde. These guys and gal are not so much rude as they are tedious. (Green Triangle Records)--Scott Jackson

LARRY RUHL: Get Unique C

The title of this alone should disqualify it from serious consideration, huh? It's actually fairly good computer-generated electronics, with not enough timbral variation, but unusual harmonic and melodic ideas. This kind of music works best when the composer allows the limitations of the instruments to dictate the results to a certain extent i.e., to let form follow function. What that means here is that the attempts to fake "rock" music are least good, like the state analog synthesizers were in 15 years ago (remember Tonto's Expanding Headband?), while the best stuff defines its own territory. One of the best pieces reminds me on Conlon Nancarrow the way Switched-On Bach resembles the original. Six short pieces is just the right length for my post-punk attention span. (Larry Ruhl)--Bob Bannister

LARRY RUHL: Mirrors C

Side one begins with an uninteresting, simplistic ditty for flute, acoustic guitar and rhythm, but the tape does get better. The remaining material ranges widely, from free improvisation to ambient electronic pieces and tape manipulations. Most of Ruhl's music is highly derivative and has trouble transcending what seems to be commonplace home studio stuff these days, but there is an excellent sequenced vocal piece which makes this collection promising. (Larry Ruhl)--John Baxter

LAWRENCE SALVATORE: Albeit Marred By Obvious Tensions C

Salvatore's ear for melodies isn't half bad, but it would be nice if, when singing, he were able to stay on a note once he hits it. No, I don't think all that vocal sliding around is intentional. There is lots of piano that sometimes gets Barry Manilowesque, then zippy space sounds from Casioland. A lot of desperately corny lyrics that sound Broadway-bound start hanging around. Is this for real? The promising title of this tape is the best thing, and not the least bit descriptive of this sentimental off-key mishmash. Side two is more enjoyable due to the more experimental vocals that stop trying to sing pretty ballads and the original use of audio effects including the spinning of a tuner knob for musical white noise, on one song. Where it works, this tape is okay. (Lawrence Salvatore)--Lena Dixon

LAWRENCE SALVATORE: My Leg Loves Your Leg C

Salvatore is a 1 man synth band, and he also does vocals on about half the tracks. He has assembled a quirky mixture of Broadway show tunes, top 40 hits, jazz standards, rock obscurities and originals.

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It's an interesting program, but Salvatore's vocal technical limitations ultimately get in the way. Arrangements and instrumental timbres are consistently above average, but pieces like "Take five", "round Midnight", "My Funny Valentine", Zappa's "Peaches En Regalia" and Tim Hardin's "Misty Roses" inevitable suffer in comparison with the more definitive versions. The jazz pieces are stiff and synth tracks don't always seem quite in synch. Another piece, Mike Heron's "Cousin Caterpillar" comes across as an overlong, dated excursion into '60s flower power (even if the sentiments are valid). The most successful tracks are Salvatore's jazz funk originals and three rather obscure ballads written by Todd Rungren, John Cale and Robert Wyatt. This material suggests several promising directions for Salvatore, who could definitely be a contender if he keeps developing. (Lawrence Salvatore)--Bill Tilland

SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE : Sandy Duncan's Eye C

Hey, hey what can I say? I like it. And my taste is above reproach. The singer has one of those non-distinct voices but looky here, it brings home the bacon. Only trouble is I'm a vegetarian. This all kinda sounds like Iggy on ludes, man but hey, that's no insult. This tape is a winner of sorts. I suggest listening to it whilst dancing naked with your girlfriend with the lights out in the attic under a full moon. Yow. (Hormen Entertainment)--Chris McElaney

SAQQARA DOGS: World Crunch EP

The first commercially available release from the Saqqara Dogs is almost a secondary note to one of the most vital live performances that I have witnessed in a long, long time. It is not to say that the EP is lacking in any way, shape or form, but live, this band is waiting to explode. The EP contains a sound that could be likened to the thought of Pink Floyd (era: *Careful With That Axe*) meet King Crimson in Casablanca, and jam Moroccan style. The mideastern flavor of the music drives

"Greenwich Mean Time" and "Across the Sky" into wild frenzy through an amazingly intricate interweaving of polyrhythms between the stick and dumbek. Gaddbois, the percussionist, has a rhythmic accuracy and sensitivity to the moment that is seldom seen. The precision is shared by stick player, Sync66. The sheer amount of music that he can generate on any given moment is stifling, and the tones he is capable of are comparable to Tony Levin's work. Bergland's role (on guitar) provides an atmospheric grounding to this rhythmic precision through his inclusion of very spacious melodic interludes. He moves back to the sixties and plugs in the fuzz box providing a psychedelic/mystical quality. This is one of the most technically proficient and emotionally vibrant bands to come along in quite awhile. (Pathfinder Records)--Nathan Griffith

JUSTIN SARAGOZA: Art Damage For Orchestra C

About as interesting as peeping through a window at a seventy five year old man clipping his toenails. The tape begins with the sound of a piano being attacked for about five minutes, then segues into a stereo buzz, then into what sounds like someone playing with all the toys in his room on a rainy afternoon--a typewriter, TV, guitar, Casio keyboard and maybe a bolo paddle. More of the same on side two with a few more buzzes. If you like this sort of thins, give a tape recorder to any five year old. (Justin Saragoza)--Michael Courter

JUSTIN SARAGOZA: Plasma People C

As a voice says about halfway through the first side: "We have to make the most of what we have in town..." And that's precisely what one-man band Justin Saragoza (with Mark Paszke on occasional bass) does. Radio and TV broadcasts, propulsive guitar/bass/drum work (suggesting early Minutemen), sax and piano noodlings threatening to break into boogie woogie, melancholy guitar and bass improvisation, and somber synth drones are all prominently featured. His collaged improvi-

sational approach is rarely cohesive, yet the steady flux of musical ideas is as fun to scan as an artist's sketchbook. The other long track, "Ode To Sammy Davis Jr." starts promisingly with a nicely recorded synth undertow, but soon degenerates into an long, fragmented guitar solo. I kept wondering what it would have sounded like had electronics, guitar, and stray percussion sought a more fully delineated structure, and what it then could have meant to Sammy? (Floating World)--Arthur Potter

DANIEL SCHELL & KARO: If Window they Have LP

Very good repetitive music for an ensemble of Chapman stick, violin, cello, clarinet, keyboards, "short waves" and percussion. The first side is slightly sweeter than the second, though the entire album is imbued with a somewhat somber melancholy mixed with the percolating rhythms tapped out on Schell's Chapman stick. Much of this album, including "3 moustiquaires" and especially "Tapi la nuit" and "Binja zomer en ik loop altijd" from the second side, strike me as what one would expect from a collaboration between early Univers Zero and Wim Mertens & Soft Verdict. A notable factor is Dirk Descheemaeker, the reedman for both UZ and the now defunct SV, though he has continued to play Merten's music on several records since the demise of Merten's ensemble. Schell gets the oblique harmonies and angular lines of Univers Zero, and even manages a striking similarity between Robert Trigaux' guitar lines and his own Chapman stick, combined with the euphony, steady pulse and lighter, more accessible sonorities and textures of Soft Verdict, both complementing and restraining the excesses of each other. (Crammed Discs)--Dean Suzuki

CONRAD SCHNITZLER & MICHAEL OTTO: Micon in Italia LP

Of all the Tangerine Dream alumni, Conrad Schnitzler has not succumbed to commercialism, an obsession with sequences, or pat formulas. Instead, he continues to explore unusual and experi-

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mental musical avenues, unlike his former brethren. Coming from a rock background, these musicians offer some unorthodox instrumentation. These include bassoon, glass, glockenspiel and electric violin, in addition to various electronics. Otto's contributions (the violin and bassoon) give the music character and flesh out Schnitzler's ideas very well. For example, the violin in "Sono Finite" sounds like a medieval fidel or rebec, which along with the male chanting voices and *col legno* techniques, give the piece a curious and timeless quality. There are also a couple weaker pieces: more innocuous than bad, but these are definitely in the minority. (Auf Dem Nil)--Dean Suzuki

SCREAMING DUKDUKS: *Fuck The Dog C*

Amidst the clammering din of metal and manic loops of unidentifiable configuration there is the pulse of a complex musical machinery beating its time in polyrhythms of great expedience. These are not industrial groans but frightful modern dances for new tribal activity. Radically driven effects are produced through the manipulation of percussive mediums. These include electronic rhythm generators, manual metallic drumming and the incorporation of short loops obtained from sources including vocals, guitars and random industrial outputs. The structure is rhythmic and almost without melody. The rhythms tend to remain deceptively static as major components mark musical progression within each piece. In addition to these subtleties there is the occasional intrusion of incongruent non-rhythmic elements in the form of sparse guitars or unintelligible voices. Within the entire release is the containment of controlled violence through a building of these walls of density. (Swinging Axe Productions)--Nathan Griffith

SENSATION: *Sensation C*

Five song tape by slick MOR styled band with guitar, keyboards, sax, drums and guy and gal singers. Technically proficient but dull. Holiday Inn lounge music. (Ashley Birtwell)--Pam Kirk

SEX CLARK FIVE: *Strum and Drum LP*

It's easy sometimes to ignore stuff like this because of the slime-dog college radio people that drool over anything that even remotely resembles jangly guitar-pop, R.E.M. style, but putting on blinders to this would be a shameful crime. This Alabama three guy and a gal combo's debut LP is definitely one of the best honest-to-gosh Pop records I've heard in a great while. Twenty (!) tunes varying from the standard short 'n sweet acoustic pop rave-up to the slightly off-kilter (the cordian/gregorian "Girls of Somalia" and the death rock/feedback "Get Back Yoko") The main singer (electric guitarist/songwriter James Butler, I believe) has a voice that belongs on top of this type of strum and drum, kinda like Mikey's from the Three O'Clock but without the word W-I-M-P imprinted on it. Most LP's of this nature would throw on another refrain or two in each song to keep it nice and boring, but Sex Clark Five know when and where to stop, hence each tune clocks in at an average of a minute and a half. Like someone said in "The Decline...", "the songs are short 'cause that's how long the inspiration lasts...". A great approach for pop. (Records to Russia)--Jay Hinman

MIKE SHANNON: *Baptism of Solitude C*

Post-industrial nightmare landscape. Electronics roar over a soundtrack of tapes, severely distorted and synthesized guitars and an array of vocal tracks lifted from various media. The din occasionally lets up and one can detect flute, harmonium and vocals. The tonal music is represented with these instruments and a chording and riffing guitar. This wears out after half the tape is finished. (Joy Street Studios)--Christopher Carstens

SHAVED PIGS: *Breakfast is Served LP*

Thrashing, high speed, satiric, antisocial, anti-yuppie rock from a post-teen band. Reverberations of the Dead Kennedy's abound, both musically and lyrically. Titles include "Bureaucrat," "She's Pop," "Wild Sex Killed Jenny," "Too Fat to Flirt," "I Fucking Quit", and "Dying in The Year 2,000". Everything is tight and professional, almost theatrical in its presentation. Punk rock treated as a theatrical concept as opposed to blind gut-level emotion. And the band has its act down pat. (Porcine)--David Ciaffardini



Justin Saragoza

IAO SHELTON: *The Revelation Is The Revolution C*

Threatening is the best way to describe this tape. The A side is labelled "Cocaine Blues". The B side "Peace Is A Star". Included is a sheet of red printing containing religious, marxist and mystical mumbo jumbo. Starting with "Cocaine Blues", I got a feel for the experience of environmental asynchrony associated with day-after drug abuse blues. Rough, fingernail-across-the-chalk-board sounds prevail. Starting off with a tape loop snippet from a Tellus spoken word composition about extreme behavior, and continuing through a series of cacophonous, rhythmic and obnoxious sounds, Shelton creates a nightmare audio environment. It does not let up and is very chilling! Side B is not as dramatic; the impact diluted by flat sound. However, the chanting (maybe the rhetoric contained on the sheet of red printing?) over street congas throughout invites attention. Also the spoken word over dirge/drone is quite effective. Finally, the Chadbourne-like guitar, with its out-of-tune playing and discordant renditions of familiar tunes, works well. (IAO Shelton)--Bix Larda

SHORT DOGS GROW: *Short Dogs Grow LP*

Exactly the way it should be--short, tight, mid to fast straight-ahead rock and roll. With this formula San Francisco's Short Dogs Grow have come up with one of the year's most exciting LP's on their first try--probably what Soul Asylum must've sounded like live in their early years. I can't say enough good about the 17 blasts of crisp double-guitar, bass, drums, and voice. It's not going to stop AIDS or slow ageing but it's gonna make you feel better so cheer up and dig it. (Rough Trade)--Jay Hinman

SHOW AND TELL: *Show and Tell C*

Heavy Metal band with a singer whose voice is so high pitched it sounds speeded up electronically.

These songs aren't good enough to be decent pop metal and not fast and raw enough to be speed metal. No lyrics invoking Satan either. Pretty lame stuff. Four songs total. (Show and Tell)--Pam Kirk

ART SIMON: *The Din and the Throng C*

Simon deserves praise for his imaginative programming of the unfairly maligned and misunderstood DX7. As a composer he shows potential but has a way to go before his pieces can stand up to the beautiful sounds he uses in them. The three electronic opuses lack of focus. Simon doesn't let the sounds build or lead us anywhere, but instead wanders around the keyboard as though intimidated by it. The result is more like a programming demo than a set of compositions. The fourth piece, a tribute to Miles Davis, is a refreshing exception. Though still marred by noodling, its juxtaposition of jazz guitar and non-imitative synthesis is charming. (Swinging Axe)--Brook Hinton

RICCARDO SINIGAGLIA: *Riflessi LP*

Italian Sinigaglia is a young composer whose music is informed by minimal and ambient music, though it also has guts and fortitude. The title track begins with the gentle strains of a babbling brook and chirping birds. These give way to delicate washes of synthesized sounds. Just the kind of stuff to put New Agers in a blissful trance. What about guts and fortitude you might ask? "Dies irae" enunciated by carillons in the introduction, portends of more ominous things to come. The track builds, with a roiling, seething intensity just below the surface, just enough to ruin your trance. The remainder of the album will bring those space music aficionados from the ozone directly back to terra firma. "Seizioni" is no pusillanimous trip,

rather is surges with aggressive pulsation, hearty chords and almost nasty instrumental colors, while the irregular, percolating, bouncy rhythms; continual metamorphosis of tone, from gentle to threatening; and jazzy inflections of "Attraverso" will grab your attention. A fine release by a very promising composer. (Auf Dem Nil/Wayside/Time Based Arts)--Dean Suzuki

RICCARDO SINIGAGLIA: *Scorrevole 3 C*

This is a collection of musique concrete pieces by the Italian sound sculptor. Natural sounds were recorded and then modified with reverberation, echo, tape loops, etc. Mixed with these were vocal sounds and Western instruments like flute, piano and various percussive devices. Prepared analog sounds were overlaid with natural sounds (bird songs and water, for instance). Sinigaglia also used analog synthesizers whose timbres more closely matched those of the outdoor sounds he recorded. Obvious in the percussion parts are Latin and Arabic influences. Some compositions recall the structure of a gamelan piece. Sinigaglia and company (Ahmed Fakrun and Ruggero Taje') utilize space very well, and the tape shows a unifying structure in the rhythms. Even at its most cacophonous, the tape conveys a quietness difficult to describe. The blend between synthesized and natural sounds is seamless and the dynamic range is good, although not dramatic (which adds to the serene feel). Darker passages are not striking or chilling; they are insidious and insinuating.--(Ladd-Frith Productions)--Brian White

SLAG: *Slag C*

Slag is mainly Kevin Higgins and Natalie McDonald with Mitch Call. Inside their laminated packaging are 18 songs of alienation, death and confusion. "H-Path" sounds like the Residents covering

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"Television's "Little Johnny Jewel"; "Mean Meaning" is a scary folk duet. Every track (including two instrumentals) shines with extreme talent twisted through several mood swings—one piece features heavy bass textures filling the room, a guitar screaming in the gaps while a vocalist cries out on the edge; next track, a slightly eastern texture flowing from a drum machine and synth in almost beautiful closeness. Horns, woodwinds, harmonica and piano all fall into the mix. Eclectic and personal music and poetry. (Slag Productions)--R.Wire

SLAP: Songs From The Cross LP

Stephen Nester, AKA Slap, continues to evolve and grow, yielding his best effort yet. The music seethes, surges and thrusts with thick slabs and slashing shards of synthesized sound that cuts like a knife. At times, these sounds are augmented by a brilliantly percussive piano. His music has little in common with cowardly New Age treacle or sequencer ridden Teutonic synth-rock. The dark anger that characterizes much of Slap's music, is not malevolent, rather it supplies energy and passion to the music. The music isn't always boiling with energy. Sometimes the attitude is melancholy, nearly reverent at others. Very strong music. (Duotone/James Reynolds)--Dean Suzuki

SLAVECRAFT: Slavecraft C

There's not enough treble in this recording. I had to turn my bass all the way down on the first song to hear the lyrics, which, with titles like "Sister Suck" and "Creamy Queen", as you might imagine, are the most promising part. The Velvet Underground is where this band is coming from, though this music is more modern and minimalist. "Spiral" sounds like somebody trying to tune a violin to a drum machine. Most of the rest is more danceable and easier to listen to, if not less repetitious. Sex, I suppose, is the big theme but it's a little more subtle than some of the titles might suggest. The lyrics aren't exactly poetic but neither will they bring on Tipper Gore's wrath.

(Convent Cassettes)--Sam Mental

SNAKEFINGER'S VESTAL VIRGINS:

Live In Chicago C

Philip "Snakefinger" Lithman is clearly in his element on stage. This performance is a lot more fluid and spontaneous than many of his studio performances I've listened to, either solo or with the Residents. He does three Residents' numbers here ("Eve'a Warning", "Trashing All The Loves Of History", "Kill The Great Raven"). "Trashing..." has a rapid, David Allen-ish pace to it, and acid lyric wit. "Kill The Great Raven" sounds a lot hotter and tighter than the studio version. His version of Kraftwerk's "The Model" sounding flimsy and incomplete in the studio, comes across crisp and solid here. "Beatnik Party", as the name suggests, is bebop with Lambert Hendricks and Ross style vocal harmonies. Sadly, this cuts fades out in the middle of a wonderful guitar jam. Snakefinger obviously knows his Hendrix too. The very last cut, "Climbing The Ladder" could have easily come from *Rainbow Bridge*. The chord progressions are all there. The lyrics, in fact his vocals, sound strikingly like Hendrix, but with a liberal dose of humor. Snakefinger isn't ripping off Hendrix. He's just paying an honest, ingenious tribute. If you've never listened to Snakefinger before, this is an excellent place to start. (Ralph Records)--Paul Goldschmidt

SOFT HEAP: Soft Heap LP

Are you pining for middle period Soft Machine, the era just before they went into their fusion mode? Two of the primary movers behind Soft Machine, bassist Hugh Hopper and reedman extraordinaire, Elton Dean, have put together a group that also includes Alan Gowen on keyboards and Pip Pyle (the membership represents participation in Hatfield, Gong, and Gilgamesh in addition to SM) bringing back the glory days of a forward looking band (especially in the reeds and keyboards) that never got half the recognition that it deserved. As ever, Dean's soprano sax playing

in sinuous with a cutting edge. The music is at once contemporary and nostalgic (Charly Records/Wayside Music)--Dean Suzuki

SOFTWARE: Electronic Universe C

Electronic Universe is subtitled "Computer Soundscapes". This is "new age" music, but one can't exactly meditate to it. It's a bit too bubbly (as in underwater) and varied. The music thrust me entirely into a contemplative mood--contemplating the stars, the universe and whether or not mushrooms are really considered illegal. This is a two-cassette voyage through the universe. It is a mood-swinging, but slow moving odyssey. Software's liner notes describe this as "original and moving compositions...the musical glow of fascinating phantasies". Dual-income yuppies can play this at cocktail parties, and it won't even wake the baby. As for my personal fill of computer music, I'll stick to old Kraftwerk, for now. (Suite Beat Music Group)--Lena Dixon

SONS OF BITCHES: Death to Music C

Loony humor of the Barnes and Barnes/Dr. Demento school, played against guitars, Commodore-64 computer keyboards, and various gamelan instruments. Most of it falls short of being funny and ends up just being weird, though some of the lyrics stray into the realm of the mentally retarded. The borrowed rantings of Lyndon La Rouche fit in well. (Homegrown Apocalypse)--Christopher Carstens

SOUP: Soup C

This is pretty basic club-punk. The kind of music you expect to hear if you went to the local bar: good straightforward rock with punk sentiments, simple rhythms, quick animated bass, nice slightly twisted guitar, yelled vocals. (Soup) Shell Runar

SPONGE: Born Under A Bad Sponge C

Gimmicky. Alternates between down-home R&R and a would-be punk band. Otherwise, this is pretty boring and straightforward stuff. Their album



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cover describes them as a "sponge absorbing every strange musical influence in its path, leaving behind a trail of indiscernible ooze". That about says it. (Underdog Records)--Lena Dixon

Spot: Artless Entanglements LP

The curiosity level was high. Here is an album from Spot, the credited "producer" of some of the most striking, raw, ear-expanding, rock albums of the '80s including Husker Du's *Zen Arcade* and *New Day Rising* and the Meat Puppets' *Up On The Sun*. (Never mind that the Husker Du boys later ingratiously said that they had little use for Spot during the *New Day Rising* sessions--we all know that that album, their last with Spot producing, marked the peak of that band's raw, aggressive, no studio bullshit, kick-out-the-jams power they've since slid from as they glide down the slick path of pop formula.) Which brings us to this recording--with Spot singing (we use the term loosely), playing the guitar and bass, rounded out with assorted friends backing him up. Most of the tracks were recorded from '79-'81 and capture Spot dicking around in his studio, shouting about the "Killer Bees are comin', Killer Bees!" and "Dildos Bondage and Toys" with assorted raps and instrumental splurtings. Playful goofs, of interest if you have to know what Spot was like before he became an unknown underground legend. Fortunately we have the liner notes, written by Spot, his words matching the characteristic raw, jagged honesty of his production work:

"It's merely a collection of trash created from a series of bouts with a rare indigestion...., but it's my trash, godamit!" Truer words were never written. But then, right when we're about to permanently banish Spot to the engineer's booth, he pulls out two final tracks recorded in 1986, where, especially in "Where I Sleep" he blows the doors out of his studio nearly single-handedly (Janet Housden on drums), with a multi-tracked bass, guitars and viola instrumental, with raw-edged, noisy, barely-in-control hard driving rock and roll; lead guitar, searing like a blowtorch through the speaker cabinets. And although Spot's too much of a gentleman to say it, this awesome sonic spectacle is a flying "Fuck You!" to Bob Mould and the Husker Du boys whose "Spotty" past is a mark of distinction they no longer see a use to living up to. The moral of the story is that Spot, as a musician and producer, doesn't like taking out the trash, his or anyone else's, knowing, as some of us forget, one man's trash is another man's garage sale. (No Auditions)--David Ciaffardini

SPY VS. SPY: Guerilla Live C

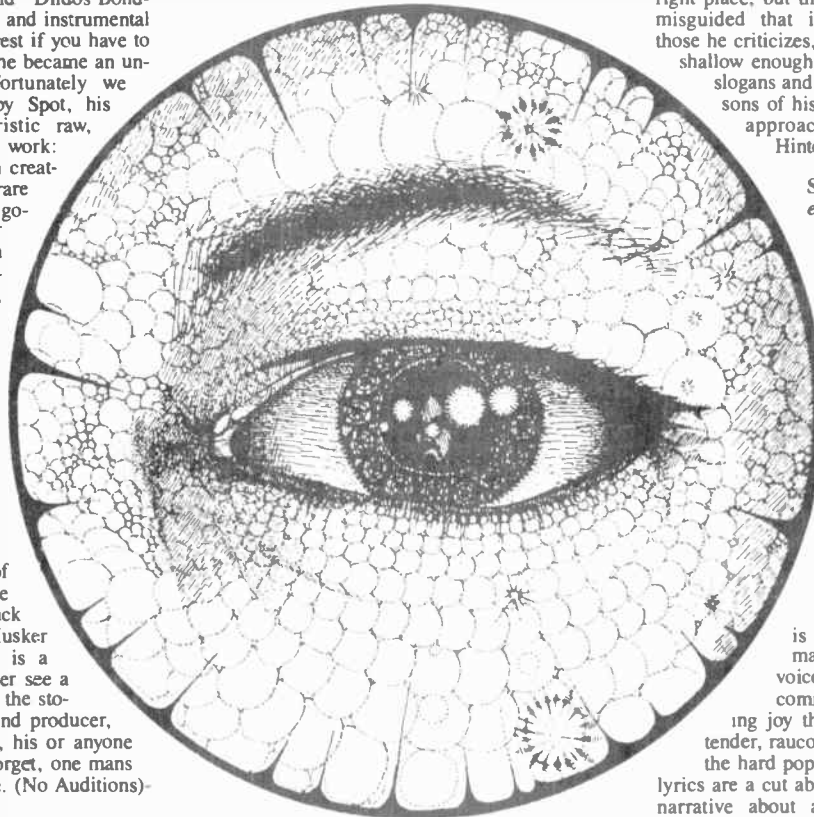
Group of bohunks from Kentucky was originally known as The Johnsons. they've put out about six of these sound-board/audience tapes and are completing an LP. An accompanying letter suggests this band revolves around the gtr-playing/singing/songwriting talents of one Paul Kopasy, a novelist and hanger-on who says he's played with Jorma, Jaco Pastorius and Rashied Ali (ex-Coltrane drummer). On this tape, Spy Vs. Spy jump styles from song to song so easily you wonder if this isn't a compilation of completely diverse bands. The thing that ties everything together is the air of desperation so maddening that things have become surreal. In "The Big Score", Paul sings and plays like a viper who feels his venom is gonna destroy the world (reminds me of Live Skull's "Pusherman" cover). The rest of the tape features some guitar playing and songs derivative of Dylan ("Tale of False-face" has "Subterranean Homesick Blues" scrawled all over it), SF acid rock, Hendrix, Velvet Underground, Ramones and most of the bands on the Touch and Go label (Buttholes, Die Kreuzen--apparently pals of theirs, Killdozer and Laughing Hyenas) though not as moribund in it's delivery. (Paul Kopasy)--James Hofmann

SPY VS. SPY: Patriot C

This poorly recorded, loosely performed, casually put together tape is most notable for its one, strange cover; a thrash version of Alex Chilton/Big Star's "You Can't Have Me". At least I think what they're doing is thrash. The rest of the tape combine; spoken word/rap with post-punk influenced folk-rock, experimental/prog. rock often laced with drums/percussion. Many of these go on way too long, seemingly rambling on in an unfocused, ad libbed fashion. The "real" songs however are nice, rough efforts. Songs like, "(too many) Yacking Passengers", "Landfill Blues" and "New Orleans to NYC" are promising, if still embryonic offerings. (Shrunken Stomach Records)--Brad Bradberry

NUDGE SQUIDFISH: 2000 AD C

Mr. Squidfish is another one of those crazy and eclectic cassette underground types, only more accessible about it. He vacillates between electropop and skewed rockabilly and other oddities. The



cause of man's problems and on and on and on... I know it's true, because NUDGE said it is! This is such a personal (embarrassingly so) tape that I feel terrible criticizing it but...well, it's just awful. Mr. Squidfish makes the worst mistake a social critic can make--he substitutes slogans for statements and repetition for analysis. Apparently he's a disillusioned Christian attempting to reconcile his faith with the hypocrisy of organized religion, throwing in some eastern philosophy for good measure. Musically, Nudge is best when he sticks to standard rock forms. He's a competent player and knows his way around home studio techniques. His attempts at experimentation are disastrous, particularly his Falwell tape cut-up (a technique alone doth not substance make, Nudge) and the synth based meditations on divine love, which could be the examples Todd Rundgren used to learn what NOT to do on his *Healing* LP. The grand finale ("I am Nudge Squidfish"), in which Nudge informs us that he is more than just his body, mind and spirit (done through a harmonizer for some inexplicable reason) can sadly be described as a camp classic. Nudge's heart is in the right place, but this cassette is so pretentious and misguided that it's downright offensive. Like those he criticizes, Nudge seems to think we're all shallow enough to become enlightened by mere slogans and evidence of conviction. The lessons of history teach us to beware of such approaches. (N. S. Records)--Brook Hinton

SQUIRREL BAIT: skag heaven LP

This is a rather mainstream hard-rock effort in concept, but the performances are fired-up and on the edge, throughout. This is also sort of a one-shot, since the band has now broken-up. "Kick the Cat", alone, generates enough electrical charge to start several fleets of vespas. Every track, except for the too predictable "Too Close to the Fire," scores. Each one flails along. The desperation and energy that drives these songs finds its mark time after time mostly because of the vocals of Peter Searcy. The band is great, but Searcy's voice is the one element that really makes this record matter. Searcy's voice carries all the pain, desire, commitment, desperation and fucking joy that rock music can deliver. The tender, raucous vocals are a perfect match for the hard pop inferno the band delivers. Their lyrics are a cut above most, including a wonderful narrative about a working stiff ("Virgil's Return") and lines like "living black days under white light." The best track, however, is a cover of Phil Ochs' "Tape from California." The rave-up treatment given to Ochs' song is simply mesmerizing. A hard pop classic. This is the quintessential "Homestead Sound". (Homestead Records)--Scott Jackson

RUSS STEDMAN: Innovator of Nothing C

This is apparently a totally home produced tape, something worthy of the label "independent". He plays mutant disjointed blues, slashing punk, really weird heavy-metalish, and just strange guitar. And he does it with skill--this guy has been practicing. He also sings, and his singing is as eclectic as his guitar (assuming it's the same person). Sometimes its bluesy folkish, occasionally punk bellowing, always interesting. His lyrics, what there are of them, are great. They are very simple, almost sophomoric, but done with real style. With titles like "Nazi, Fascist, Bitch" and "My Leg Hurts" they have got to be funny, and they are (Russ Stedman)--Shell Runar

message, however, is a sometimes didactically-stated mosh of evangelical Christianity, anti-technocratic doomsaying and pacifism, with the occasional anti-homosexuality ditty and tormented love song thrown in for good measure. The man's mystique is a little more fascinating than the tuneage assembled, though. Having my druthers, will say the second side's more fun (?) and diverse, with boogieing in "Twisting in the USA", the catchy "It Was War" and the synthy-preaching of "How Sin Can Be Turned Into righteousness". It's refreshing to see a Christian not aiming musical wares at the incestuous Christian marketplace. Once he overcomes some of his overlong song titles (how does "The Whole Of Creation is Suffering-Groaning For A Better Order OF Existence" grab you?), a few cliched hooks and that aforementioned spot of homophobia, Nudge Squidfish may make music equal to his name in interest. (Nudge Squidfish)--Jamie Reke

NUDGE SQUIDFISH: I'm Cocky For Love C
Jeepers! Golly! What an enlightened being! I've just found out that there is sunshine in this man's soul and that love is the answer and ego is the

PETER STENSHOEL: Manifest Ecstasy C
Peter Stenshoel has an excellent concept for his improvisational instrumental and "found sounds"

music--that art can be created in a state of ecstasy. In this recording the artist's ideas are thought provoking but the performances are too ambiguous and do not really communicate Stenmschoel's earnest ideology. "Ethnic Beatnik Music/Walking On thin Rice" featuring double recorders, acoustic guitar and accordion at high speed, comes the closest to a realized piece. His best work is still inside him. (GGE Records)--Michael Courter

THE STICKERS: *The Stickers C*

These guys are pretty good. Recalling many "college air-play" pop-rock types; Dumtruck, Replacements, Hoodoo Gurus and many more, they pump out finely crafted, light-hearted ditties with hooks aplenty. "Shape Up (or ship out)" was an immediate favorite with its great country guitar picking set against a post Dream Syndicate cum Windbreakers verse-chorus. (New Light)--Brad Bradberry

STICKS AND STONES: *A Collection of Spontaneous Improvisations C*

Nice cover art, to start with, a well-packaged album. It was half the first side before I found something that didn't sound like it could maybe have been written by one of those "modern" sound poets of the late '50s. The styles vary widely here, and with good effect. Then the tape loops and digital delays begin! These guys have practised for what you call a long time. It's produced virtually live by two guys. Howard plays the sax in a magical way. Was is good for you, too? Of course that means that the killer guitar work belongs to Reynold. I found "Dinosaur" particularly interesting, with it's industrialized sound, digitalized processing, and wide stereo separation. Sometimes I found cutting the separation made it easier to listen to, and because of this and the occasionally noisy hisses, this would play better without the headphones. There are occasional clumsy movements, this is live improv. Otherwise it would soar on up to heaven and we'd have to die to hear it. (Sticks and Stones)--Ghose Torrey

STIG: *Look At Me! C*

Pop music, but not the kind you'll hear on commercial radio. *Look At Me!* contains bent pop (do I sense a *Buster and Glen* era Residents influence?) about working-class slob getting drunk at the "Local Bar", trying to pick up the teen beauty queen ("Don't Rush Me"), getting drunk at home ("Another Glass Of Wine"). This isn't slick, gaga or party-oriented enough to replace your early B-52 albums for repeated "funny" listening, but worth trying if you want a sarcastic look at working class culture and rituals. (Monkeydish Records)--Helen Block

STOLEN GOVERNMENT BINDER

CLIP: *Stolen Government Binder Clip C*

An hour of schizophrenia bringing to mind the feel (though not generally the sound) of the early Chrome albums. Lots of tape manipulation, noise, found madness and weird vocals push you to the brink of sanity. Welcome synth/drum machine passages ease you back and then...it starts all over again. SGCB is no random collection of noise--it's clear that these guys put a lot of thought into it. That's nice, since so often music this far off the edge is written and recorded in the time it takes to play it back. Good cover and recording, too. They called Side B "You Wasted Your Time And Your Money". Not so. (Meglomania)--Craig Gleason

THE STRANGE RANGERS: *The Strange Rangers C*

This tape is full of light toe-tapping country rockers. These guys (and one girl) play tightly and harmonize flawlessly. The tape itself is slick production-wise, but not enough to make you vomit. Killer list of song titles: "I'd Rather Curl A Few Twelve Ouncers", "My Back Only Itches (When I

Know I Can't Get It Scratched" and "Let's Cud". Imagine a group that could play at your family reunion and everyone, including you, would like 'em. (Carl Henry Music)--T. Burris

STUDENT NURSE: *Student Nurse C*

This 90 minute retrospective of Seattle's punk-wave Student Nurse spans 1981-1984. Keyboards, bass, guitar and drums are well played showing the influence of many styles and genres; funk, techno-ambient, rock perhaps even jazz as well as Fripp-like progressive-experimental. The male vocals betray a David Byrne flavor. The female voc-

THE SWANS: *A Screw/Time is Money C*

Big thumping drums, trumpets (sampled) and nasty guitar starts this tape out. The lyrics are quite pornographic, sounds like a rape going on. The title is "A Screw (Holy Money)". The Swans are known for screw with grinding guitars and growled yelled vocals. The sound of this short tape isn't quite what they have been doing, the guitar has been more toned down, the sound is less dense, the rhythms are more like rap, but it still is clearly derivative. The second song, "Blackmail" starts with a nice, melancholy piano. Into this pas-

toral piece wafts the voice of a siren female voice (the Greek kind). Very evocative. She tells the listener to "close your eyes". I'm tempted. Then the pounding drums intrude with a male chorus chanting "Holy Money, Holy Love". Side two begins with the really furious industrial drumming that fans of "Test Dept." would be right at home with. This song is "Time Is Money Bastard"/Great anti-capitalistic lyrics. The next piece "Sealed in Skin" is much slower with simple piano chords and drums, then slashing guitars and death dirge voice. The third piece is a remix of the first. (Some Bizarre Records)--Shell Runar

JOHNNY SWITCHBLADE: *The Detachable Prostitute C*

When they said to reach out and touch someone, these guys took it seriously. This tape is the result of a mail collaboration of noisemakers, including among the three, Minoy, a veteran purveyor of difficult sounds. The first side is an extended monolog of vocal utterances mostly in the form of telephone conversation, advertisements and operator messages. They are often mixed and treated to the point of unrecognizability and become rhythmic and unnerving drones sometimes interrupted by a decipherable bit of information. Side two, quite different in feel but no less intense, combines the repetition of several droning patterns. The compelling inward psychic draw created here is equal to the amusing anxiety of side one. (Sound of Pig)--Nathan Griffith

SWSW THRGT: *Reagan's Rapture/Space Junk C*

Reagan cutup from Down Under makes for a very funny spoken-word piece. SWSW THRGT took a speech by the Gipper and cut it up, taking things out of context to make The Great Communi-

cator sound even funnier than he does. Examples: "I believe that a leader should be spending time in the Oval Office deciding who is going to be playing tennis on the White House court..."; "And now, in the position I hold in the world in which we live, I/pose a threat to several hundred million people...". Side two of the cassette single features cut-up dialog and sound effects from the old "Lost In Space" TV show. (SWSW THRGT)--Dan Fioretti

HAJIME TACHIBANA: *Beauty, Modern Things EP*

This one sided EP features a new song by Tachibana; "Beauty" with its robotic dotted rhythms. Tachibana offers his avant pop, rather than his more experimental side. He also gives us a very different arrangement of "Modern Things" which appeared on his last and very excellent album *Taiyo-sun*. Here, rather than an up tempo techno-pop number, it has been transformed into a very attractive and gentle ballad for acoustic nylon string guitar and voice. The flip side is a work of graphic art with cartoon figures in relief, like a wood-cut and embossed with gold. (School, midi)--Dean Suzuki

LAURENS TAN: *Bass Recorder LP*

This Dutch performer and composer offers a very



alist is reminiscent of Siouxsie's earlier near monotone punk stylings. (Invisible Music)--Brad Bradberry

SUN CITY GIRLS: *Horse Cock Phepner LP*

Jeez louise, these boys (not girls, sorry) are some foul-mouthed, demented bunch of monsters that have definitely been in the long hot Arizona sun, much too long. They totally defile Nancy Reagan, with stories of her sucking off Mr. T, taking it up the bum, disease running rampant through her body and the final plea: "Fuck me Nancy Won't you please?" And that's just the beginning. We get the lowdown, first person perspective from the man who mops the floors at the porno shop; then there's the poignant story of a young boys ascent into manhood titled "An Eyeball In a Quart Jar of Snot." Then there's the politics: "Fuckin A man, it's the C.I.A. man" they chant in a catchy ditty with words by Tuli Kupferberg, and few tracks later they saddle up the horses and ride down the hill in "Kill The Klansmen." And all the music is eclectic, and fucked-up--country, bluegrass, chanting, bells and droning, nursery rhyme rhythms--not much of what could be called rock, and a lot of music that just can't be called anything but Sun City Girls. And all the lyrics are sung clear, clear clear. They wouldn't want you to miss a drop. Perfect for airplay. (Placebo)--David Ciaffardini

fine set of contemporary works for the bass recorder with its unique and subtle colors and sonorities. Tan is young and reflects the Dutch fascination with Minimalist repetition of small cells, though like many of his compatriots, his work does not eschew dissonance and tart melodies. He also is a formidable virtuoso, executing rapid and rhythmically precise tonguings, as well as some extended techniques, including multiphonics. He also embraces the Rahsaan Roland Kirk technique of vocalizing and playing simultaneously for an exciting effect. All in all, a wonderful album. (Claxon/Time Based Arts)--Dean Suzuki

TAXI GANG featuring SLY AND ROBBIE: *The Sting LP*

Sly and Robbie are great. You know it and I know it. But, don't jump to any conclusions about this record until you give it a spin. This one's pretty lame. Why they decided to put together a collection of movie and TV theme songs is beyond me. The idea is old (Hell, even "Peter Gunn" is a drag.) Wallpaper music. (Moving Target Records, dist. by Celluloid)--Scott Jackson

TENATIVELY, A CONVENIENCE & THE BOOED USICIANS: *Six Fingers Crossed Country Tore/Tour C*

This is the record of a tour. The band seems to love Bob Dobbs and pays reverence to his holy slackness through a mass of free improvisations created from whatever is available at the time, including a wide variety of radio and tape manipulation, saxes, violins, lyres, synthesis and wild percussion. Musical moments range from manic tribal barrage, to '50s sci-fi nightmare. Instrumentality is at a premium, with some amusing interterrestrial travel on the synthesizer, and some very nasty violin assaults, particularly in the opening moments of the tape. These people could be downright annoying, but its so hard not to love them. (Demo Tapes)--Nathan Griffith

THICK SLIMY WHISPERS & QWA DIGS NEVER PARISH: *Teenage Pop Songs C*

Here two groups improvise together as a five piece band. The songs are all interesting and diverse. Equipment includes: a DX100, Korg Poly-800, saxophones, oboe, clarinet, violin and a variety of percussion instruments. The sweaty, nervous human element lifts this combo out of the rut of machine sound. The music here is a driving, rhythmic near-funk, near-jazz that doesn't resemble much. Ted Milton's Blurt comes to mind sometimes but does anybody know what they sound like? (Sound of Pig)--Glen Thrasher.

THOM: *Dis Dat An De Udder Ting C*

Through a simple twist of irony, Thom creates an admirable collection of rock type songs. He complicates matters through the use of sampling. It is fine indeed to see such an intelligent use of the medium to create something other than industrial mayhem, or as fill for some inane pop chart nightmare. The samples seem to derive from the sounds of life around the mechanized wasteland. The best thing about this work is Thom's ability to create a coherent song structure through such sound technology. Especially clever are "Miss K's Science Class" where we can learn about the stars, and "Untucked Shirt", a march for the slow at heart. (Noiseland Cassettes)--Nathan Griffith

ASMUS TIETCHENS: *Zwingburgen des Hedonismus LP*

This one sided 12" record contains an impressive single movement composition by Tietchens. The music is repetitive with a multi-faceted musical fabric consisting of layer upon layer of timbre and sonority. The synthesized or sampled wordless male choir intoning a pseudo-Gregorian chant

lends a solemn, almost religious aura. The swarthy, sullen, harmonies and musty dark hued tone colors--which bring to mind ensembles and artists such as Art Zoyd, Unifers Zero and Peter Frohmader, though Tietchens' music has none of the throbbing and jagged rhythms, nor the sharp edged textures--sustain the gravity and severity of this strange but compelling piece. The evocation of "Zwingburgen des Hedonismus" verges at once on the sordid and fantastic. The record has been issued in a limited and numbered edition of 500 copies. (Multi-mood/Eurock)--Dean Suzuki

TONE POETS: *Treble C*

From the depths of Flatbush comes--The Tone Poets. David Mandl, Zinester (New Art For A Dangerous Age, Shoe Polish Week) and regular DJ on WFMU (you can hear him cough through a station ID at the end of the first side) recorded this opus at home on an 8 track between 1983-1986. The music (all instrumentals) alternates between dadaesque noisescapes (one tune features what sounds like sputtering toilet flushes and accompanying groans), space drones and other aural raft floats, toy recorder improvisations (gee whizz) and chunk-unk fragments (just to name a few of the many approaches to sound on this tape). If your idea of subversive music is Holly Near, this may not be for you, but these are poets working to subvert reality with tones not tones. (Tone Poets)--Ron Sakolsky

TOURNIQUET BLUE: *Turn Blue... C*

Interestingly delivered outraged vocals highlight this 8 song release from Hastings, England. Otherwise there's a guitar with lots of effects, bass lines seemingly based entirely on Open E and a drum machine that's mostly used as a high hat. The tempo is bluesy slow and the recording is first rate for a cassette. (Dead Happy)--Sunn Thomas

TROUBLE PICNIC: *Songs From Trouble Picnic C*

This is a very exciting and interesting tape. The music covers an enormous range: folkly and classical instruments, vocal and guitar songs, musique concrete, all done with skill and intelligence. The lead singers can sing and the songwriter(s) can write songs (in a very elliptical, poetic mode that is both very hard to do right and rarely done these days), no small achievement for a new band. Their eclecticism, vocal styles (little melody, all ornament) and blend of traditional and modern instruments bring to mind the better works of the Incredible String Band. The tape has its weak spots, but is definitely a work of people with daunting talent. I hope that they can find a wide audience without sacrificing their exciting diversity of styles. (Trouble Picnic)--Christopher Pettus

MARC TUCKER: *II Construccions C*

Marc Tucker is a synthesist from California whose work reflects equal parts classicism, German school pulse/trance music and a healthy dose of atonality. This tape is distinguished by its professional production and excellent dynamics (Tucker was aided in production and percussion by Chris Simmons). Some of the pieces are pure sound; no melodic structure is present. Others range from ominous space music to tonal washes with "found" sounds brushed over them. Tucker's forte is stylistic variety yet there is a sameness that spans this tape. Much of this sameness can be blamed on Tucker's use of one synthesizer on all the cuts (he is probably afflicted with the same virus as most; a lack of free cash). To his credit, he finds some of the more obnoxious sounds that a Jupiter Six is capable of producing ("On The Shop Floor", indeed...). (Camera Obscura)--Brian White

TWO ZILLION FLYING POTATOES: *Two Zillion Flying Potatoes C*

Low-brow vocal Eno in short-format songs. John Labovitz, who is TZFP, possesses a dark sense of humor and prefers drone backgrounds, to boost a sense of monotony, with slidey ornamentation. In



TON DE LEEUW: *Car Nos Vigne Sont En Fleur LP*

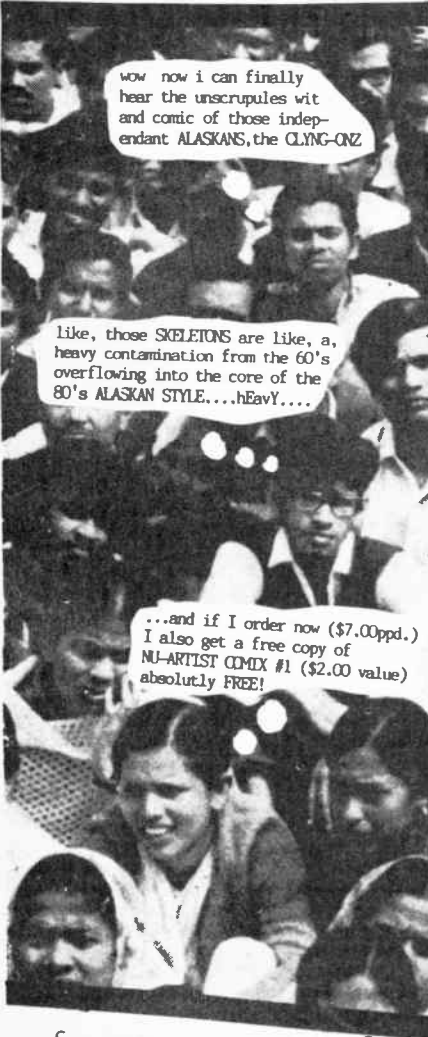
"Car Nos Vigne Sont En Fleur" begins as an intonation, a tuning warm up for twelve-voice choir, with the choral forces gently and ever crescendoing around a single pitch. The opening functions much like the early baroque prelude, allowing the performer to warm up and get the intonation correct. However, the tenor of the work is completely modern in its heavenly ethereal textures and sonorities. The remainder of the work is equally beautiful. "And They Shall Reign" is a dated bit of atonality, with the requisite pointillism, spartan textures, rapidly changing timbres and disjunct, angular lines. It's boring. "Invocation" has a choral part that intones and chants in a style that is certainly influenced by Gregorian chant, with its solemn reverence, yet it is no imitative of the medieval source. The instrumental accompaniment is often characterized by a stuttering pulse, simple polyphony, various ostinati and hocketing (syncopated call and response) techniques. There is a tonal center, but the melodic lines are piquant and often filled with dissonance. The work is undeniably influenced by Stravinsky from his neo-classical period, ca. 1920s-40s. Still, the work is effective, sure and satisfying. (Composers' Voice/Records International)--Dean Suzuki

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a group format, with allowances for the energies outside contributions bring, songs like "Go Back To Your Hostel" (a xenophobic ditty) would be smashing--very John Cale/Kevin Ayers-ish. As it is, the Beefheart instrumentality is interesting and the phasing vocals are ominous, but it lacks zing. Labovich handles everything on the tape and the Peter Langy guitar instrumental ("I Fell in a Lake in Wisconsin") give a baseline indication as to the odd camp he throws in with. From there, he builds up to Guts-period Cale and, given the group format, could easily revive an avid interest in it. As is, TZFP is still embryonic (and don't switch on the dolby or you'll lose everything). (Big Records)--Marc Tucker

JOAN ULLOM: *Demo Tape C*

Ullom's voice immediately recalls Phoebe Snow. Though more sedate in delivery, her slightly smokey voice with a clear high range and resonant low-mid delivery is attention getting. Yes, "she could sing the phone book" quote applies here. This is essentially a six-song demo tape of all originals. Label it modern-folk with pop undertones. She's no enigmatic, mysterious pop-star, just an honest, perhaps innocent woman who's not afraid to pour out her heart for all the world to see. (Joan Ullom)--Brad Bradberry

KEITH ULLRIEH/CHARLES ANDERSON: *From The Pole To The Equator C*

This is not music to drive home late with after a long day. It'll put you out faster than Dr. McCoy could. It was made as the soundtrack to the movie "From The Pole To The Equator". According to the liner notes it was made in Milan, Italy and "it's a film about travelling, money, about the desire for exotic spectacle as the form for an ideological dream of conquest and cultural pillage". It's a surreal montage of a much older film, rephotographed and hand-tinted. The music is slow, deep, sonorous. Long electronic notes fade in and out. Simple piano sounds hang. The synthetic sounds are muted, heavy filtered. New age stuff Brian Eno would feel comfortable with. (Little Sun)--Shell Runar

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT: *Dancing On the Edge C*

A sextet from Australia armed with guitar, keyboard, bass and drums, UNM produces dumb love songs and pity bits of sage philosophy that reminds one of Rod McKuen. It's all very innocuous stuff, but might make a good sound track for eating Jell-o. Side B is a live set recorded at a high school--undoubtedly they found a receptive audience of ninth graders playing air guitar. (Windforce Music)--Richard Gilbert

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT: *Simple As ABC C*

Six song cassette recorded live at Africa Benefit Concert, The Gap High School, 1985. Very good fidelity for a live recording. Bright pop rock. Vocals exhibit a quirkiness similar to Elvis Costello. Some songs are influenced by reggae ala the Police. (Under New Management)--Brent Godfrey

UN-FILM: *3-D Effect C*

From the steamy depths of the Land of Lincoln, Un-Film delivers sound collages full of dark, brooding stormscapes and layers of pounding industrial noise relieved periodically by "put your finger up my ass" ersatz sexual frenzy and pop angst vocals. If the juxtaposition of the shattering sounds of breaking glass and moans of sexual passion are your cup of sleaze, then this is for you. (Ladd-Frith/Un-Film)--Ron Sakolsky

UZIMA: *Omniumgatherum C*

Uzima is a six member synthesizer and instrumental group. This tape (whose title presumably means "all gathered together") contains instrumental compositions with evocative titles ("March of the Doomdrummers", "The Potato Bug Freshens Up") that I couldn't relate directly to the music (although "Pet Shop" did do interesting things with sampled, sung or synthesized animal noises). I suspect that the artists involved would not object to being classed as new age. The compositions

range from the now almost-cliche sustained melodic textures to up-tempo pieces that would make pretty good dance music. The production values on the tape and its packaging are very high, and the musicians involved are clearly very talented. It's a pleasant work, and I'm making it seem less interesting than it actually is, but it is to be hoped that this is really what the musicians involved are interested in, rather than a subversion of their talents in order to generate another new age sale. (Uzima)--Christopher Pettus

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The 20th Anniversary of the Summer of Love LP*

Kramer is back, literally almost from the dead, having been run over last year in the streets of New York City. Kramer, musical child prodigy, was in the late '70s handpicked from myriads of loft scrounging NYC "players" to be bass player in the Chadbourne's, later to become Shockabilly, for which his stunning sonic (and album art direction) accomplishments as official "Producer" for the Shockabilly albums, has been underappreciated, eclipsed by the awesome shadow and competing ego of Shockabilly co-conspirator Eugene Chadbourne whose musical output kicked into high gear following the Shockabilly breakup, while Kramer's stalled. A stint as bass player for the Butthole Surfers derailed into the hospital, where Kramer recovered from tour food poisoning while the rest of the band moved on. So now he's back, armed with his Noise New York studio, his Shimmy Disc label and a pledge to release something like an album a month for the next year at least, and produce and engineer who knows how many other projects. This is the first part of that promise, a taste of what's to come from Noise New York. Twenty-three cuts from 23 groups ranging from Half Japanese and Fred Frith, to the Shaved Pigs, Men and Volts, Kramer's own band Bongwater, Tuli Kupferberg, Mykel Board's Artless, and much more. Despite the album's title, it's not a cohesive concept album as much as a sampler of what a bunch of mostly east coast underground musicians are up to 20 years later. Nor does it sound like there are any future Grateful Dead or even Velvet Underground phenomena lurking in the grooves. Things are dark, less focused, cynical, alienated--even drugs and sex are no longer issues musicians and audiences can rally around. Things are confusing and out of grasp these days. But all is not lost however, these tracks, if so vaguely at-tent. Somewhere, twisted sideways or subconsciously backward masked into the grooves some sort of optimism and hope remains. Twenty-three groups of people getting to package up their work into one of the grooviest album covers of the year--with that oh so historic heavy-weight title--and no one really seemed to have to think much about the "commercial" purposes of their sounds. They're just doing what comes natural (or unnatural) and this guy Kramer is going to help the world hear all about it. And no big corporation is going to say they can't do it. And just the fact that Kramer--and not CBS, or Capitol or Warner Brothers--managed to cop the title before some corporate assholes sullied the whole thing with an anniversary package of the latest bunch of corporate manufactured Paisley pop or neo-psychedelic made-up phenomena means something. Means something very inspirational. It means we're catching up on them. It means we're even beating them to the punch. It means the 20th Anniversary of the Summer of Love is ours! Even if it doesn't mean shit, its ours, and that means a lot. We got it, they missed it, and its too late for them to buy it back. The Twentieth Anniversary of the Summer of Love only comes around once, and thank god we don't have to buy it from The Suits. So play it proud and play it LOUD because Kramer made to sound best that way. (Shimmy Disc)--David Ciafardini

JACQUES VAN ERVEN: *Today's Week LP*
Van Erven, who has been the drummer of several European bands, strikes out on his own on this mostly solo album, performing on all manner of instruments, devices and objects, both electronic and acoustic. With occasional support from multi-instrumentalist Hans de Wit and other Dutch mu-

sicians, Van Erven has put together some unusual, even strange and definitely uncategorizable music. European critics have cited influences ranging from Beefheart and Zappa to the Residents and even Fellini. With influences such as these, it's not hard to imagine that he explores some far-flung areas, but pegging his personal style is a different matter. Melodies are angular and oblique, instrumentation is quirky (including metronome, foot-steps, money, cutlery and broken cymbal, in addition to more traditional fare), and the harmonies tart. Erven also has a penchant for poetry, as he has chosen texts by Emily Dickenson and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on three of his songs. This collection of songs and instrumentals is provocative to say the least. (Eksakt)--Dean Suzuki

VARIANT CAUSE: *Various Cause* C

Theoretically, I could be going nuts over these five Seattle guys. They can have poetic lyrics with ironic twists when the mood suits them, wear kinda fashionable/kinda silly clothes, have diverse enough musical influences and rock hard at the right times. What then, beloved, troubles me? Their sense of humor, for starters. They mean well in trying to get some guffaws, like in "You Put Me in the Hospital" or "I Faced The Insomnia Squad", but the comedic aspects seem forced. Too bad. Then I've the sneaking feeling that they want to be AOR stars. There's nothing wrong with that per se; after all, I still like Cheap Trick. Problem is that they seem to be aiming for it rather than being found to fit it, know what I mean? For all the dashes of psychedelia here, big-sounding, quasi-African drums there and sense of calculated looniness, I can still imagine them fitting in a tad too well between Led Zeppelin and Tom Petty. But, V. C. still has potential I admire, some kooky lyrics that give me reason to anticipate more and maybe a classic in them somewhere. Here's hoping so. (K D T)--Jamie Rake

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Abnormal Growth, Tape #1* C

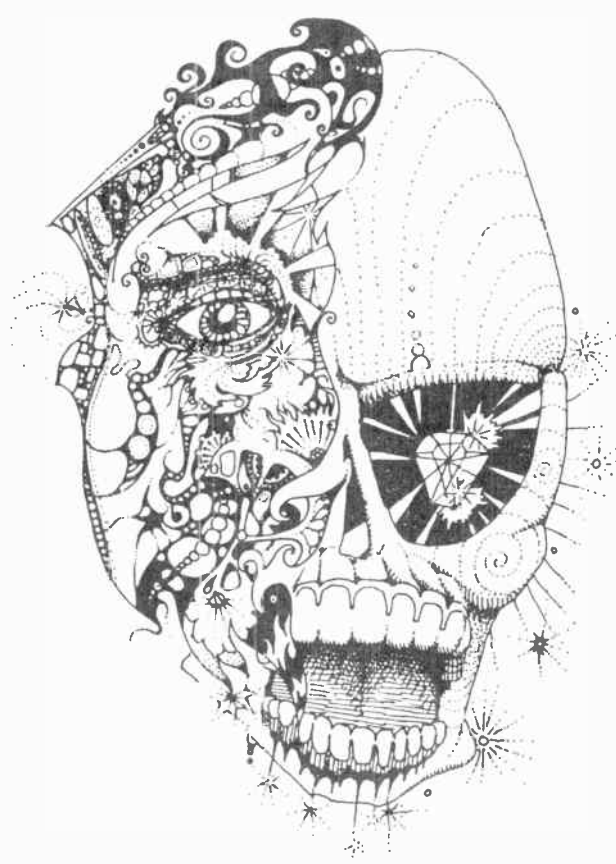
Interesting packaging, sincere effort, but the only thing worse than hardcore is "experimental" hardcore. After a couple of cuts of typical pap that sounds like it was recorded in someone's living room, we get an acoustic blues about yuppies that was so bad that I could almost listen no further. I persevered, however, and got more of same. Someone put all these bands in a playpen and let them waste each other's time. (Clay Butler)--Bob Bannister

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Angels in the Architecture* CD

Long before the term "new age" was coined, before Glass and Reich attained their massive cult followings, Editions E.G. was putting unusual and wonderful music on vinyl and developing a small but dedicated cadre of followers. Now, with the advent of the digital age, they have culled some of the best tracks from their archives and made them available on this budget priced CD. Among the artists are Robert Fripp, Harold Budd, Budd with Brian Eno, Hans-Joachim Roedelius, Jon Hassell (also with Eno), Penguin Cafe Orchestra, Phil Manzanera and others. The only glaring omission (and it is almost unforgivable) is the absence of a solo Eno track. Editions E.G. is to be commended for their dedication and unwavering support of artists whose commercial appeal has been limited (though by no means small) and applauded for releasing this reasonably priced collection of ambient and related musics. (Editions E.G.)--Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Artfully Beatles, Vol. 1* LP

New Age variations on The Beatles. Like, far out, man. If you don't like new age, this 'un may be reminiscent of the Pickwick Orchestra or Hollyridge Strings Fab Four tributes. This on the heels of the 25th anniversary of the Beatles: "A quarter century after The Beatles invaded our senses and positively altered our lives," says the liner notes, and of course, this is highly inaccurate, as The Beatles never came to these shores until '64, this tribute's c. 1986! In '61, The Fab Four were still playing the Kaiser-Keller in Hamburg! But what of that, anyway? Actually, most of this stuff is highly



predictable--I knew "Michelle" would be a guitar solo and "Yesterday" a piano solo. And those arrangements, such as the egregious "funk" on "Get Back" or music box tinkling "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds"--and I guess the diminished chords and sudden shift in tempo on "Yesterday" are supposed to be "poignant". But there are some surprises: Tommy Emmanuel's "Lady Madonna" is an excellent acoustic guitar workout, Randy Warren's piano cadenzas shine on "She Loves You" and "Here There And Everywhere". Also, Henry Robinett's "Ticket To Ride", which excels as (an unintentional?) parody of Jan Hammer's "Miami Vice" background music, and Joe Gillman's jazz waltz on "Norwegian Wood" is exciting, too. So the album's, well, OK! Just hope Vol 2 is better. (Artful Balance)--Dan Fioretti

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Baby M Trial* C

This cassette comes from the NYC school of kitchen music--free form jazz improvisations that often include found sounds. It's a compilation of recordings made in the NYC area between 1975 and 1985. All 5 lineups, ranging from duos to sextets, feature Doug Walker playing winds, keyboards and vibes. It contains rambling, directionless jams where everyone or no one leads the way. Sometimes guitars squawk; other times reeds squeak; synths burp and hiss. Flutes flutter eternally through endless echo chambers. The tape's signal level is too low, and the only editing that occurs involves abrupt fadeouts. One cut by a sextet called "Third Sun" shines with moments of brilliance during the interplay of the two saxes. I enjoy this

genre of music. But most of this is cacophony full of nervous tension. (Sound of Pig)--G.O.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Beauty of the Warning* C

This is the first compilation to appear from the recently formed Epitapes label, who specialize in handling and distributing experimental music from the world over. This is a very satisfying compilation that features obscure original recordings from a variety of individuals, pairings and groups you've likely never run across elsewhere. The compositions range from fully developed montages of sounds that layer familiar electronic (and otherwise) instrumentation and found sounds, speeches, and unidentifiable sources; the extremely minimal approach, music boxes, water dripping, heavy breathing, birds singing. It's not entirely all experimental, either, in fact traditional structures are used quite frequently in the songwriting. The strength of the tape lies in the editing and placement of the pieces by Mike Tetrault, who appears to have a talent for assemblages of this type. (Epitapes)--John E

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Buy Or Die #14* EP

Seven inch promo EP. Oddly, the most interesting piece here is the only thing unavailable elsewhere as such: "Mashed Potatoe" (sic) is a collage of tracks from that Ralph LP comp of folk music, *Potatoes*--they are here edited together by Mark Hosler of Negativland (the LP features Negativland, The Residents, Mark Motherbaugh, etc.)--kinda makes you wonder what the LP's like. The Residents turn Hank Williams' "Jambalaya" from *Stars and Hank Forever* LP into a minor key dirge--this cut's real interesting, altho' it doesn't really go anywhere. Snakefinger's "Bless Me For I Have Sinned" is a very paranoid view of salvation which abruptly seques into the a capella "Jesus Gave Me Water" w/the Snake doing awesome four part harmony on the traditional gospel number. I never noticed before, but Snakefinger, in addition to being an excellent guitarist, is also a really good singer. Renaldo and the Loaf's "Boule" is a neat strangemuzick, altho' not as angular (i.e., not as interesting) as "Honest Joe's Indian Gets The Goat On The Way To The Cowboy's Conga" from the 81 "Buy Or Die" EP. On the whole, this 7 incher's a very worthwhile disc. (Ralph Records)--Dan Fioretti

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Calle Strada Strasse* C

A program of nine hit tunes performed attentively and flawlessly (to my ears) by Bill Knapp, English Concert (sort of a concertina type squeeze-box or harmonica mojo); Barry Mitterhoff, Mandolin; and Martha Siegel, Cello. Very pleasing to the ear, compositions by Hans-Peter Linde, Johann S. Bach, Bela Bartok, Francisco A., Bonporti, Santi Tafarella, Paul Peverl, Franz J. Haydn, as well as some traditional polkas, marches and folksongs. Well suited for listeners of all ages and boring to the non-acoustically inclined (let 'em go off so we can enjoy this). The production on this cassette is standard professional type--color J-sheet and printing right on the cassette with the titles and logo, etc. (Global Village Music)--Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Camera Obscura Sampler Vol 1* C90

With detailed 8 page booklet, from the music magazine of the same name. Free jazz, avant percussive noise, dreamy electronic and sonic terrorism from

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familiar names including Lauri Paisley, Schlafengarten, Conveniens; 11 artists and 21 tracks in all. The magazine's founders have succeeded in challenging the norms, both of the endlessly-subgenre'd independent music world and the endlessly tut-tutting music press. That is, this tape is for listening and absorbing, whether on headphones (a real treat) or with a non-verbose friend who appreciates those who choose their words carefully. It is not for dissection--because you miss too much of what's going on. Alternately pleasant and soothing or intense and unsettling, the gamut is run but the possibilities just start to open up. (Camera Obscura)--Fred Mills

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Clyng-Onz/ Psychedelic Skeletons LP

Stupid beerfart punk rock from two reeking Alaskan bands. The Psychedelic Skeletons have nothing to do with psychedelia, but plenty to do with a nauseating blend of downers, pot, beer and speed. What else could inspire such classic choruses as in their dick-whacking anthem "Want Some" where they chant "Fuck me, fuck me, Secrete all over me. Fuck me, Fuck me, Fuck all the life force out of me." The Clyng-Onz rank a notch better powered by hard edged socio-political awareness such as in their gutter rocker "Bum": "Razor stubble, scabby knee, sleep on pavement, take a pee/ Have to vomit, blow a fart, push around a shopping cart!" There is only one place for these bands--composing background music for Alaska Tourist Board commercials! (No-Budget Productions)--David Ciaffardini

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Concordia Discordia C

This compilation represents to me, a new pinnacle of achievement for a new school of American musicians, an area for which no proper "isms" exist to categorize them. All of the artists are closely associated with "cassette culture" all strictly Do-it-Yourself ventures, taking advantage of the concept of "independent networking" to scout out a small but geographically diverse audience as well

as discover other "likeminded" audio artists if only to establish and validate their position in the larger musical picture--"Yes, you are not alone, there are other aberrations like yourself occurring all over the country, and it is something new and you are truly part of it, a primary player in a new version of this game of music." But to call these folks "cassette artists" would be too narrow, too limiting at this point, for why can't their music be put on vinyl, or CDs or whatever new configuration will be introduced next. The recording quality here is certainly up to it. Nevertheless, it was through the home studio, cassette-only releases that all but one of the contributors here found their musical voice and audience to hang it on. The exception is Paul Lemos of Controlled Bleeding, who fears the stigma of being known and limited as a "cassette artist" that he has rarely released his material on cassette even if it means practically giving away his music in order to get it released on vinyl. But so much for the history. In addition to Controlled Bleeding, the tape includes Randy Greif, John Wiggins, Arthur Potter, Maybe Mental, Croiners, Jeff Greinke and Tim Story. Controlled Bleeding offers a minimalist, orchestral mode on three majestic tracks, complete with the sounds (real or electronic?) of a chorus of classically trained vocalists. You're not going to pigeonhole Paul Lemos, no way. He's got what sounds like a Philharmonic string section at his command, but understanding his financial limitations (he works as an English teacher during the day) I presume it is just an outstanding manipulation of electronic instruments. Though disguised through processing, Lemos lightning fast fluidity on the guitar, is displayed here as well. There doesn't seem to be a style of music Lemos can't master if he puts his mind to it, and this is just more evidence of his incredible musical growth and his demand for excellence in the projects he's associated with. Greif and Greinke offer tense, low key mood pieces or "soundscapes" as some call it. Grief leans toward aboriginal sounds with tribal drums and other sounds of ritual. Wiggins takes juxtapo-

sition to an extreme. Smash, crash, sizzle, pound, slip, slide, drip, drop, biff, bang, pow--sampled sounds, one after the other. Calling this "music" demands that we rethink the definition. But is anyone calling it music? Does it matter? Croiners, excellent "untitled" pieces offer a bright, friendly respite, full of humor, curiosity and serendipity. The sounds are heavy, but the touch is light on these short lively, electronic pieces culled from Croiners' appropriately titled *Ear Candy* cassette. Maybe Mental offers the closest to what might be called "industrial music", grating, intense, dark and forboding, but like Lemos, he transcends such a narrow categorization, branching into full orchestral arrangements that are both an intellectual and sonic match for compositions and performances by such "respected" new music conductors such as Pierre Boulez, who also uses plenty of "noise" and dissonance in his high-brow avant-garde work. In fact, Maybe Mentals work here is freer, tighter, more adventurous, equally as emotional and I'd say more complex than much modern avant-garde classical. Tim Story is the "new ager" of the bunch offering a relaxing as well as emotionally compelling track, much more intriguing and multidimensional than so much of the relaxation, meditation-accompaniment music marketed these days. This tape was compiled by Arthur Potter who obviously has a good ear for excellence and a dedication to fine audio craftsmanship. (Potter)--David Ciaffardini

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Cymbiosis C/Mag

A magazine and cassette featuring six performers (11 tunes) of jazz (electric, mostly, jazz-rock really). The magazine has a two page editorial ("Tides") on the problem of the commercialization and lack of spark in much of today's music. Thought provoking, if a bit biased towards (what they call) jazz, and a bit strange (or unaware) in praising such as Peter Gabriel, Jethro Tull, Rush, Yes, Van Halen for saving pop from destruction. If they feature independent and little known jazz artists, couldn't they note similar pop ones, or are

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they unaware that they exist? The magazine also has record reviews and extensive article/interviews on the musicians featured on the cassette. The performers are--UZEB, a Canadian band with a jazz rock feel, the "horns" coming through a synthesizer. Scott Henderson, a jazz guitarist. His band is heavy in flute and mallets with a pronounced piano. Jeff Berlin, plays "Crossroads", doing Clapton's solo on his bass! Buddy Miles sings the song! This is a very good, interesting version of this Robert Johnson song--Frank Gambale, from Australia, he transcribes sax and piano onto his guitar. Pocket Change do "Before The Shot" which spurts and funks with a fine sax and a jumpy melody. "Macumba Morning" is latiny and unpretentious. Nice group. T Lavitz, originally in Dixie Dregs, the keyboard is upfront. OK. The highlights are Berlin's "Crossroads", Gambale's unscale-like guitar played as if a sax or piano and Pocket Change with its non-stereotypical stylings and melodies. The magazine is thorough, well written and well edited and typeset. (Cymbiosis)--Paul Goldschmidt

VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Element That Defies Description C

This is an excellent collaboration by 21 artists from eight countries globally networking to create four compositions of seemingly designed as wuites with sevXl movments, with no single dominant sound. Dynamic tension develops as many ideas converge. The four compositions vary from soundscapes ("Joel's Long March" and "A Little Bit of Mary") to rhythmic cacophony ("Shoot Me (The Rapture)"). The second composition on side one, "Uber den tod und sein verhaltnis zer Unsestorbarkheit uneres Wesens an sich" is by far the best. Complete with spoken word, tape loops of disembodied voices, shrieks and yowls and found noise, we are presented an unpleasant "flashback". Good cover art. (Sound of Pig)- Bix Larda

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Empty Shadows C

A mesmerizing and horrifying compilation of noise bands from around the world. For the most part it's well recorded and reproduced. Every track sends you to a different tier of your hellish subconscious. Most pieces develop a pattern with instruments or tape loops, and then adorn it with fragments and shards of sound. Master/Slave Relationship screams down your spine with synthesized vocal shrieking and electronic accompaniment. Joseph Nechvalat cuts and splices pop radio, television commercials, opera and news, and then adds his own warped music to form a media fragmentation bomb called "Bung Jusie". Others on this tape are the tone Poets, 1348, Urbain Autopsy, Jarboe and Shut Up. This is another great tape from Sound of Pig music from their wonderful world of discordant sound, patterned chaos and white noise. (Sound of Pig)--Christopher Carstens

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Endemic Music Sampler Vol. 1 C

Endemic Music specializes in nothing. The styles combined together on this release seem at first listen, oddly incompatible. There is death rock, polka, mall music, jazz and contemporary electronic all within this strange conglomerate. A glance at the credits reveals, however, that these songs, the death rock, the polka and all the rest are a result of

the grouping and regroupings of a relatively small number of musicians. The surprising thing is that every single cut on the whole damn thing is great. Some of the best work here is done by Thinking Plague, who moderately resemble the Dave Stewart/Pip Pyle school of composition and improvisation. Mark McCain's minimal electronic dirge is reminiscent of some of the newer of the EM composers, particularly Sanford Ponder, with his deliverance of such an ambience of quietude. On the flipside, B.F.D serves up a helping of dementia, while the Legion of Sorrow attempts to make 3/4 time respectable again. (Endemic Music)--Nathan Griffith

with his magazine. Four cheerful bands, and not a wet pair of pants! Yo La Tengo's "Dreams" (oh, no! not another Art Damage cover!) (but this un's cool, tho!) sounds like Velvet Underground performing that Fleetwood Mac hit--especially Ita Kaplan's Reedesque jokes and Dave Rickey's six string fuzzmonger. Big Black's "Burning Indian Wife" is neat too featuring machine gun guitar assault. Kilslug's cheery ditty, "Warlocks, Witches & Demons" is one of the long, slow, droney toonz w/skanky guitars. Lotta fun! And Moving Targets thrash tune, "Squares and Circles" is derivative hardcore of Minutemen genre, altho' not as good. (I'd hate to think that this's what Husker Du's next Warners LP'll be like.) (Chemical Imbalance)--Dan Fioretti

Ventura County Fairgrounds, June 1987.



VARIOUS ARTISTS: From The Pages of Experimental Musical Instruments C

Eleven alternative artists compiled from features in "Experimental Musical Instruments" a bimonthly newsletter that looks at unusual acoustic and electro-acoustic sources of music. Accompanying this tape is a tiny booklet describing the instruments or the method of playing. (For example, it tells you how the Puget Sound Wind Harp is constructed in visual terms plus what happens when the wind strikes it.) High points include the Wind Harp, built by Robert Rutman; Sharon Rowell's triple and quadruple ocarina improvisations (plus a Bach number!); Tom Horn's Varion, an odd little series of percussion boards plucked, scraped or bowed to achieve pleasing tones; and the Car Horn Organ, built by Ted Sledzinski and played by Wendy Chambers, doing (what else) "New York, New York". Lots to smile about, and be fascinated by. Don't miss the appropriately-named Disorderly Tumbling Furth (Experimental Musical Instruments)--Fred Mills

VARIOUS: Happiness is Dry Pants EP

What is happiness anyway?! Country Joe McDonald sez it's a porpoise mouth, Mike McGonigal, publisher/editor of Chemical Imbalance, seems to think otherwise, hence this 7" EP given away free

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Here's Your Meat (Vol. 1) C

Compilation of independent releases, mostly noisy and energetic guitar/bass/drum bands. The overall mix is diverse: Slap's artsy, moody synths, the Silos' minimal, light pop, odd covers (Out of Order's Batman theme, a wired "Communication Breakdown" by CJSS, Birdland's rockabilly "I Fought The Law"), threatening singing and edgy music from Ritual Tension, a quirky "88 Lines about 44 Women" rap (the Nails). Plus frantic noise from Sand In the Face and TMA, Live Skull's wiped out "Mr. Evil", and techno pop from Redmath. (Independent Label Alliance)--D.C. Maryon

VARIOUS: Let Your Fingers Do The Talking C

I'm not sure how much of a compilation this really is since the eight "bands" seem to share not only the same inexpensive drum machine and minimal MIDI patches, but personnel as well. The most rewarding listening is on the opening track "Eastern Suicide", a luscious instrumental (sans percussion) by Marie-Christine that sounds like Tangerine Dream being invaded by controlled Adrian Belew guitar and "Together Tonight" by The Area of Fat, a pleasant Sade-type song with nicely processed soprano vocals. On "Skin" by Floating World, a

song bemoaning our innate racial preconceptions, hi-tech keyboards sound out of place with the primitive auto-percussion. The tape suffers from predictable guitar solos, a sense of anonymity and an overall lack of variety. (Z-Beat)--Kristofer Thompson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: M.A.E. Live '85 LP

Examples of muzick by, I guess, New Jersey artists, recorded at such diverse venues as "Alice's party" and "Noiseathon I". Lead cut "Civilization" by LaRae, John Garretson is exciting--a duo performing on synth and table, the cut's an interesting blend of acoustic and electronic musics. Tokyo Pink's "Video" is very nice noo wave rok, XEX is worthless electro-disco, "Twisco" by Science the same, "Save me" by Panther is bar band Zeppelin, fun but unexceptional. Imaginary Boys' "Why Me" is passable semi-punk, played at 45 RPM, this cut almost recalls a hardcore band with an 8-year-old vocalist per

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forming music of The Minutemen. Last cut is by LaRue, John Garretson and is "Civilization Reprise", almost as fun as the original. All in all, it's, well, an album of music. (Modern Artiste Enterprise)--Dan Fioretti

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Micrart Group--Live Compilation C

From the European school of Ultravox derivatives. This tape reeks of technical proficiency and polished luster. The songs are so similar in style and execution that it is hard to believe that more than one band created them. As a collection of techno-pop, it holds, song after song, all the attributes of its forerunners, over-indulgent drum machines, regimented bass sequences, clever staccato rhythm fills and machine like vocals, all combined to present a danceable but vacuous whole. Nothing overwhelmingly original, but an acceptable addition to the genre it represent. Too bad it is about five years too late. (Micart Group)--Nathan Griffith

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Mineral Composition LP
This beautiful picture disc contains a collection of experimental, avant pop, ambient, electronic and other outside works featuring an international roster of artists, both well know and obscure, compiled in Japan. On the more extreme end, one finds the like of Z'ev and Johanna Went, along with the more subtle minimalist sound of Y Yoshikawa. In between are Fetus Productions, Die Form, De Fabriek, Legendary Pink Dots, D.D.A.A., Stabat Sable and others, offering works that are, for the most part, available nowhere else. An artsy booklet accompanies this package, with names and addresses of periodicals, radio stations, records and cassettes specializing in experimental music. It's not as industrial as the title implies, but that's OK as producer Masaki Eguti has put together a terrific anthology. (Stratosphere Music/Wayside)--Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS: Music for Muzak's Sake C

Homey compilation of 22 groups with spectrum spanning home-tapers to garage rockers. Contributors include Don Campau, Amor Fati, Dan Fioretti, Heavy Mental, Lawrence Salvatore, Twilight Ritual, BBC, Sly Garbage and the Cryptones, Dot 3 and others. A simple 24 page zine is included with one page, including a contact address, from each group. Nothing fancy, but a nice cross-section introduction to various networking oriented, unique audio artists. (Laughing Tapes)--David Ciaffardini

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Musicworks 33 C

Pieces by Pauline Oliveros, Andrew Culver, David Dunn and David Rokeby are collected on this cassette, which accompanies a Canadian magazine of the same name, not examined. (See *Publication Reviews in this issue*--ed.) Oliveros: For a little while I thought my speakers weren't hooked up correctly, but then I realized this was a fairly soft piece, considering all the instruments listed--trombone, cello, clarinet, accordion, percussion, flute, electronics. All these things are mixed together to little effect, overlapping single tones and quick blips, all in the distance. At its worst it sounds like "electronic music" of the late 50s. At its best? Like you've stumbled into a long and serious oriental paean to strange gods. Culver: Slowly plucking, hitting, rubbing gigantic strings in a large dark room? Randomly grabbing the echoes? A wavering, moody and spacious piece, refusing to become fixed into identifiable notes. It has richness of timbre and a total lack of thematic constraint. Dunn: Staccato assemblage of syllables and whistles, smoothly done. Humans imitating bird calls from a handbook? All laid against a background drone. Pleasantly relaxing without being lulling. Though there's no development as such, it maintains the slight urgency of sounding like it's about to burst into sense. Rokeby: A "demonstration" piece of electronic roars, gurgles and thumps. With audience response. Inconclusive. Mr. Wizard Maybe? "A lot of people don't figure out what's going on till they leave," says the nar-

rator. I can't figure out if this is profound of just an unjustified complaint. (Musicworks)--Thomas Frick

VARIOUS ARTISTS: A Nestful of Startlings C
Compilations are hard to get a handle on, even under the best of circumstances, and this one presents additional obstacles, because roughly half of the selections were soundtrack music for a film called "Here's Relief", by "Rumpo Reels". So a piece like "I Feel Love" by Les Filles, seems like an incredibly sappy bad joke until you realize that it is a joke. And then it's funny. In general the pop material on this cassette works best, from the Chicago-style jazz/rock of Les Filles "Storm The Reality Asylum" to the jazz/funk groove of the Silent Raid's "Dreams of Living" and the relentless but effective rock nonsense of "the Spider Song", a song/chant by Exit Girls. (This last selection reminds me of T. Rex power rockers like "Bang A Gong.") "the Gap", a piece of slick techno-pop by Marble Dance, is also interesting, but other, more experimental selections by Laughing Gravy, Gestalt and Renegade Raspberry Retaliations, are relatively aimless and forgettable. (Northampton Musician's Collective)--Bill Tilland

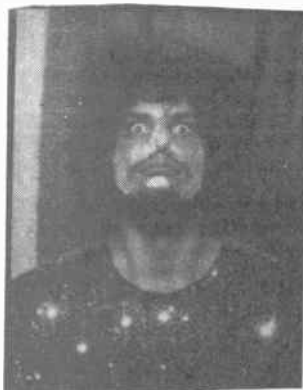
VARIOUS ARTISTS: No Pigeons Vol 5 C

What transpires?!? Such home-taping excesses! Including the reggae sounds (sort of) of Unknown Eyes, the guitar muzick of Roabert Duskis, neat contributions by Quiet Ones (really like that female vocalist!), Tom Burris, Swingin' Live Corpses, John Box, the sub-genius stylings of Dr. Philo Drummond, also Dan Fioretti. What is it--some all star tupperware party no one was invited to? No, it's vol. 5 o' Don Campau's "No Pigeonholes" via KKUP, Cupertino, CA--not everyone can tune in Sundays 3:30-6 PM! Thus these tapes! I remember (speaking of Tupperware) my mom's first tupperware party, she was so excited! I thought it was very silly indeed--"yeah, you had a party and you bought PLACTIC BOWLS!" This is to be thrilled about? Anyway, Don plays exciting

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tapes of Audio Evolution Artists. Send him your tape, today! Or tomorrow, if you're busy today! (Don Campau)--Dan Fioretti

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Objekt No. 3 C

A "diverse and unique international compilation in which 28 independent artists introduce and showcase their own audio art." So goes the liner notes. Some of the better known names include--Master/Slave Relationship, Negativland, Brian Ladd, Julie Frith and Vox Populi. This tape is saved mainly by the fact that the next tune is by someone different than to whom you are now listening. There were a couple of pleasant surprises. Scientific American's tune "Weird Streams" is successful and reminds me of some of Tones On Tail's work using suspended harmonics and chant like vocals. Riccardo Sinigaglia's "Piramide" is also quite nice but it didn't seem quite in place on this tape. His piece concentrates on simple oriental melodies that intertwine, perhaps the least self-conscious effort on the tape. My favorite is "Egin" by Vox Populi. Imagine the heavily reverberated sound of Cocteau Twins crossed with the dense harmonics of Ligeti. (Ladd-Frith)--Bruce Christenson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Obstacle Couch C

On this tape low-tech electronic experimentation gets a good presentation. Although there seems to be quite a bit of inbreeding between the various bands and artists here, this is a pretty exciting, eclectic sampler of modern minimalism. For those that still dig repetition in the music this will be a pleasant find. Every cut offers something of its own. (Noiseland)--Glen Thrasher

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Outward/Inward # 2 C

Seven artist compilation featuring Tom Furgas, Penderewski's Children, F/i, Bored Young Men, Haters, Boy Dirt Car and Wintermute. All of the selections are synth and noise compositions with the exception of the electronic pop song by Wintermute. Haters' lengthy piece sounds like someone running w=their finger over a phonograph needle. The cut to recommended is Penderewski's Children's "E.O." It creates a decadent mood with layers of agonizing strings and horns. (SSS Productions)--Brent Godfrey

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Panic On 13th C

Features nine groups from Dunhill Cassettes. Mostly hard core stuff with some gloom rock (i.e. Mind Garage) and folk rock (i.e. Sain Huck). A good cross section of sounds. Real stand-outs are "Can't Afford It" by Johnson Unit and "Courage" by Cargo Cult. You can write Dunhill for more info on their output. (Dunhill)--Michael Courter

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Passed Normal 2C

Six years ago in the hometown of Col. Henry Blake, Bloomington, Illinois, Scott Lucas and Brian Keys stole a cassette recorder, a tape and some headphones to serve as a microphone and using household items recorded a version of "A Lamb Lies Down On Broadway" (Genesis). They called themselves The Dits and went on to record hundreds of hours of noise and in the process made believers out of friend who eventually formed their own groups (Pink Bob's Stereo, Shmaz, Moisty Gecko, Blood Brain Barrier). A company in the tradition of Ralph Records was formed to market recordings. These two tapes include cuts from the Bloomington crew plus stuff from friends they've made over the last few years (Sarcastic Orgasm, Your Mom). Scott's "buttplug" has become a local college radio favorite with such classic stupid lines as "can't stop screamin' cause I'm creamin'

from the reamin' of the buttplug". Other cuts are much like that Culturcide record: people singing out of tune lyrics to Beatles tunes over the musak versions or subverting Led Zeppelin's Black Dog through tape manipulation. A Passed Normal compilation LP, also available, with live Skeleton Crew, Snakefinger, Shockabilly and Kixx (a German turntable outfit) plus the regular home-boy stuff might make it worth writing these guys for catalog info. (Passed Normal/FOT)--Jim Hofmann

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Poets. Painters. Composers. The Tape Issue No. 4 LP Poets. Painters. Composers.

is a unique and daring art journal that changes its format with each issue. This cassette is a collection of sound poetry, audio art and new music featuring two of the finest exponents of text-sound composition, Henri Chopin and Bernard Heidsieck, along with Jean-Paul Curtay, Richard Kostelanetz and others. Chopin's works, such as "Le Pailais Enchante des Annees 80" are often far removed from conventional poetry. In it he uses sounds of the mouth and vocal cavity (tongue clacking, glottal counts, etc.) but not the voice, processes them electronically and arranges them in a concrete structure, yielding both simple and complex rhythmic patterns. Heidsieck's "Derviche/Le Robert Letter F" is a more orthodox sound poem, sternly proclaimed, with polyphonic tape overlay, plus an extra layer of electronic and found sounds. "Gene

Machine" by Curtay is a collage of bizarre diminutive sounds; evocative, but non-specific. The other works are equally provocative in this limited edition of 300. (Poets. Painters. Composers.)--Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Promises Promises. The Compilation C

No one has ever accused Ron Lessard, head honcho of RRRrecords, of having tame tastes. He has signed the brilliant, the odd, the enigmatic and, sometimes, the not-so-hot to his label. This compilation reflects that penchant. A nonstop non-apologetic collage of industrial (mainly) musics, it contains some very good stuff and some material that would make me prefer The Archies. The lead cut is a mutant bit of Baltic twisted folk synth, by History of Unheard Music, and it leads into a Henry Cow meets monsters composition by Violence & The Sacred. From there, we get into heavy self-masturbatory meat fetishism (dear John Bennett: please go back and read DeSade), then flip to lewd industrial disco from Venus, by Dangling Ganglion. The tone being set, the tape proceeds to hit Clustery space electronics (Grief/Lemos/Levine), instrumental Devo cut with bizarre incidents (Violence & The Sacred again) and screaming spaceships (LAKstramauncio). But, there's also some pretty poor musical pedantry ("Katharsis"), nondescript thrash-industrial (LAKstramauncio again), meandering thrashy pop-industrial (IDF) and a

bevy of other engaging or repellent artists. For the adventurous. (RRRrecords)--Marc Tucker

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Radio COCA LP

Radio COCA was the brainchild of Seattle's Center on Contemporary Art. It consists of a number of one minute radio works commissioned by COCA. Originally, the works were to be broadcast unannounced and according to a random schedule. Among the participants were Michael Peppe (unquestionably one of the most dynamic and inventive performance artists on the planet), John Zorn, David Mahler, Jerri Allyn, Karen Finley and others; 15 artists total. Two pieces, both of them humorous if not hilarious, are participatory, encouraging the radio audience to complete the works. These pieces are variously political, poetic, funny, musical and metaphysical, always thought provoking, and due to their brevity, inherently digestible. Radio should always be this intelligent and fun. (COCA/Art In Form)--Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Ring Bells and Blow Whistles C

The scenario is a familiar one: start a cassette only radio show in your local area and provide a medium for would-be tape managers to compete and show off their wares and voila!--enough material for a compilation tape to make ya rich and famous! This recording, put together by WOSR Columbus, Ohio radio host Greg Hernandez, consists solely of tape loops; big ones, little ones, fat ones, skinny ones--you name it, it's here. Liner notes say "Between the 20 'bands' listed are 18 perpetrators, one unwilling", you figure it out. The three most frequently found perpetrators here are David Lewis, Dan Williams and Hernandez himself. This 90 minute musical (ahem) experience can be summed up with one word--Halucinogenic. (Let My Puppets Come)--Frank Gunderson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Someone Said C

Poetry recited at a reading. Ranges from friendly personal humor to high powered emotional chunks, lots of, you know, poetry. Thirteen of the coolest poets in Olympia making it happen, Giacomo's "Riders on the Storm Memoirs" is a short selection of a gigantic work, "Being eaten" is about fear and is funny, "Boy Hare Song" scorches and burns. Recording poetry is easy to do and creates a new kind of community archive and inspirational resource. (Make Toast Not War)--Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Sounds of San Antonio LP

Here's an approximation of a Saturday night barhop through the jook joints of San Antonio. Thirteen contemporary bands of divergent styles from the "Alamo City." Jazz, rockabilly, blues, reggae, garage-band rock to conjunto--the album is "a great sampling of San Antonio's melting pot style," declares producer Kevin Kosub who rocks his own way through his composition "Neutral Waters." Nothing fancy in the way of recording quality, just basic documentation of a place and time. My favorite contributions come from Toby Torres Y Su Conjunto offering a traditional but spirited conjunto instrumental "Mexico" and Augie Meyers "The Joint is Jumping." Other bands include Two Hoots and a Holler, Painted

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Pony, Roxx, Electric Teeth, Regency Jazz Band, Infidels, Jimmy Spacek and Fever, Ticket, Anarchist Convention (noting especially anarchistic about their version of "The Rose"), and Henry O. Anyone homesick for San Antonio will likely find this will help ease the pain. (Kevin Kat Records)--David Ciaffardini

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Spy C*

An international compilation, noteworthy in that it is being distributed in Czechoslovakia and features some Polish and Czech contributions, with the exception of three wonderful cuts by HIENA, a Polish avant-jazz ensemble. "The Spy" is anxious for contributions for future comps and for its Radio Nuova Musica/Pordenone radio broadcasts. (Old Europa Cafe)--Brook Hinton

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Swamp C*

A compilation of exploratory/ industrial music featuring six bands; one French, one Dutch and four American. In order, we have: X-Ray Pop--sparse programmed percussion, synths, electric guitar and female vocals, a discernable ethnic flavor, a couple of popish tunes, a few tuneful, almost childlike passages, echoey electronic, the most memorable group here. Louisiana Chili--extensive tape manipulations over synths and neo-funk rhythms. I340--some very thirdworldly vocals (Arab) and percussion (India), one cut is drone and reflective without being ambient or new age, the rest are echoey and noisy. Shmuzon for--extreme white noise industrial heavy on the electronic treatments and manipulations. Zan Hoffman--tone generators and tapework, over dance rhythm on one track. New Carrollton--first cut was the most fun here, an electronically treated voice rants and raves about various matters over bouncy but monstrous electronics, the last piece is acoustic and a tribal, African influenced drum ensemble. I can't say I'm gonna be listening to this everyday, but it is a nice tape that's more diverse than many I've heard and benefits from very good sound quality. (Water Gate Tapes)--Rev. Bryan Sale

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Tellus #16 Tango C*

Frank Zappa called it "a dance of unbridled passion". When it came to the United States, outrage was the general reaction of those with any moral fibre. Well, mourn no more for those days before the crash. At least the music of the era has returned (hmm, maybe more than just the music...). *Tellus*, the audio magazine for folks of musical distinction (that must be you if you read this publication), has released samples of tangos both modern and traditional. The tango is similar to the habanera (a Spanish dance associated with flamenco), but is slightly faster and more syncopated. On this collection, the tango form has been deconstructed by various artists into unrecognizable forms. The first selection on each side is an original recording; included on the second side is a modern recording in the traditional style for reference. A quick tour: a South Bronx confrontation with excellent exposition by baritone Chris DeBlasio and piano by Chris Berg; David Garland, Cinnie Coles and Zee-na Parkins use unusual instrumentation to illustrate their concept; Brenda Hutchinson and Gerald Lindahl use an altered recording of a karate class, combined with synths, to imply rhythmic structure of a tango; a live recording by "Blue" Gene Tyranny on piano with taped synth parts stretches the metaphor--is this a tango? in parts yes...in updated form. In sum, this collection demonstrates what can be done with an old and forgotten art form when it is drawn into the current moment and resurrected. (Tellus)--Brian White

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Third Generation Serious Music C*

Compilation out of Yugoslavia that runs the range from introspective to industrial (not to say that industrial can't be introspective) and features such artists as Vox Populi, Pacific 231 and Action Room. Most of the cuts tend towards the ambient/new age side of things while managing to avoid sounding like they're all wearing identical "Kiss me if you dig Kitaro" T-shirts. Between these are cuts that make good use of tape manipulation, treatment and noise techniques including "The In-

fluence of Smoke on My Xylophone and My Health" by Hags and "Zyklus" by VOX nihil. The sound quality of the tape is excellent and maintains a good cohesive feel throughout. Just the thing to have in your deck as you and your loved ones huddle around it during the cold winter months to come. (Mario Marzidovsek)--Eric Iverson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Tu Quoque, Fili Me C*

This 80 minute compilation is loosely based on the death of the Roman emperor, Julius Caesar, as interpreted by 16 different identities from West Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England and the USA. This tells the story in modern electronics, starting with Hypnobeat, a German band with a tune sounding like Kraftwerk electronics set to a Residents-like march beat. It's quite good. This is followed with a series of theatre-voice/tape-looped sound collages. Basically the entire cassette consists of these two genres of sounds. I had a hard time figuring out which artist or group was which, so it works as a concept, complete with a 20 page booklet. (Cauchy Productions)--Randy Magnus

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Viva Umkhonto! LP*

Tight, hard-hitting rhythms of poignant, powerful, youthful outrage. Thirteen bands from the U.S. and Europe are brought together to create an album from which the profits will be donated to *Umkhonto We Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation), an "armed offensive" anti-apartheid organization in South Africa. Here is loud, fast, often abrasive guitar and drum-driven rock, with plenty of equally strident, angst-ridden vocals. The cohesion and raw energy throughout the album belies the fact that these are studio tracks, not necessarily about anti-apartheid, recorded at various locations. One could believe this is from an outstanding board tape recorded at an international punk gathering at a northern European anarchist squat. The packaging, including two publications of inciteful graphics and informative propaganda about the atrocities of the South African regime, add to the illusion. And so united under the flag of hardcore rock, the single-minded purpose and volition of the bands come across as honest and powerful, cheerleading us to join in active--and violent when necessary--opposition to the South African Government and its supporters. The bands are among the heaviest and brightest of socially and politically concerned hardcore bands: Scream, Challenger Crew, Morzelpronk, Social Unrest, The Ex, Depraved, Victims Family, B.G.K., Rhythm Pigs, Everything Falls Apart, Kafka Prozess, S.C.A. and 76% Uncertain. But I nevertheless wonder if all the musicians involved fully understand the dilemma they're setting up when they rally themselves and their listeners to support organizations that announce (as printed in big bold letters in the album literature): "For Decades White Supremacy has maintained by the gun; now freedom shall be achieved by the gun!" (Mordam Records)--David Ciaffardini

VOMIT LAUNCH/LAWRENCE CRANE:

Rat Box/Pink Noise Sampler C
Vomit Launch occupies side A of this tape with an all-too-familiar rock and roll sound that would normally get lost in all the other music of this genre were it not for Patricia De Rowland's vocals and Lindsey Thrasher guitar/vocals that keep the Rat Box sound fresh. De Rowland's voice is strong and she knows how it use it well. Thrasher's guitar is hard-edged and cutting without being overpowering. Together with a very tight band, Rat Box stands alone on the rock pile. Side B of this tape features Lawrence Crane, bass player from Rat Box, who experiments with short snippets of sounds that go nowhere. (Rat Box Records)--Michael J. Laszuka

ROBERT WIRE: *Wired For Sound C*

Anthology culled from Wire's old LA punk groups John Dunn's Clergy and Durkeim's Suicide, as well as singles, flexi's and video he has done on his own. There's a manic version of the Velvet's "Rock & Roll". Wire is amusing by himself and his Casio-tone singing "We Took The Silverware From Denny's" ("because anarchy

rules!"). The vocal overdubbing in "Holy Melt-down" is reminiscent of the Mothers of Invention's "It Can't Happen Here". There's an absolutely magical recording of Fred Rodger's singing "Mr. Rodger's Neighborhood", in which the bass track has been taken out, so it just warps in and out on an echo that comes to you as the last dreams of your sleep are fading away. Wire is a performance/installation artist living up to a self-important "Life As Art" manifesto. Ask him to send you his grandiose mock press release. (Robert Wire Production)--Christopher Carstens

YOSHI WADA: *Off the Wall LP*

Wada, sound sculptor, instrument maker and composer, makes a dense, almost tangible music with his homemade pipe organs, altered bagpipes and percussion. As one might expect considering the instrumentation, there are lots of droning passages, but his music is so vibrant, energetic and alive, that it is never in danger of becoming passive or boring. The composer, performing on bagpipes, is joined by three others playing bagpipes, organ and timpani. It would appear that live performances would be exciting events, with the immediacy and high dynamics issued forth by Wada's instruments and the sights of his fantastic organs with its array of hoses snaking from the keyboard to the several ranks of pipes scattered throughout the performance space. In lieu of such performances, this record is a fine substitute. (Free Music Production/Wayside)--Dean Suzuki

WALKING WOUNDED: *Walking Wounded LP*

Imagine, on some rainy lonely night, floating through your TV dial, looking for diversion, and you come across some little-known talk show. A guest musical group is performing: four full-bodied male voices in humble plaid shirts and medium long hair, earnestly singing about saving the planet from U.S. fucked up foreign policy, love, saving the planet, and being all too "green." Anyway, this image is what Walking Wounded sounds like, (if images can have sound). This album even has a song called "Raging Winds of Time." Though a little monotonous, I know they mean well. Also I feel bad giving a mediocre review since they are obviously on the political good (read left) side. The folksy acoustic guitar is very neoclassic and it made me think about planting and rolling in some dewy dirt for awhile. But after a spell there's just too much whimper whimper, moan moan for me. Some nice melodies though. Earnest hippies in 1987? Maybe I've been in New York too long. (Stonegarden Records)--Lena Dixon

WARWORLD: *End Of The Wild Frontier C*

Warworld is the work of one person. There are many musical approaches on this tape. One is a tape collage which uses very rhythmic loops of sound and possibly synthesized sounds. It is very well constructed and maintains interest throughout. Another is thrash guitar oriented songs with screeching vocals. Yet another is short repeating synthesizer riffs and guitar with an aggressive minimalist quality. though eclectic, this tape maintains an aggressive consistency throughout. (Toxic Shock)--DK

H. G. WELLS: *Before The Abyss, this/Pop Hits C*

H. G. Wells, along with related projects Enstruction and the new age mvment, have released a number of cassettes that mix the queasy, often brutal sounds of generic "industrial music" with a sardonic sense of humor. The result is a controlled cacophony that manages, amazingly enough, not to outstay its welcome. "Before The Abyss, This" (recorded in 1984) consists of overwhelming noise pulses, found voice snippets, and disembodied distortion vocals. Vocal shards are often accompanied by waves of static and looped sounds that add variety and help maintain interest. Topics include alienation, media manipulation, murder and paranoia; hardly new subjects to this genre. The "Pop Hits" side (85-86) offers a quirky industrial pop mixture, thus some slight relief from ear-shattering electronics. Simple casio patterns, badly played records and top 40 music appropriated from the radio are

in ample evidence here. Much of this is a bit too long and fragmented, but its playfulness ultimately wins out. One cut, "Love/Hate" effectively parodies commercial pop's twin abilities to both anesthetize and annoy. Two other titles, "Kindergarten" and "I don't Care" give you an idea of the sensibility at work here. (Sound of Pig)--Arthur Potter

WHITE LUNCH: Death At An Early Age C

Driving fuzz thrash guitar! Snide punkish vocals belted out very effectively by the female singer in this group. Jerky fast drums and simplistic bass lines combine to make a total sound that borders on annoying but stays within acceptable boundaries, if that makes any sense. If not, it doesn't matter, it makes me wanna get up and spazz out to the music at three billion decibels! Maybe no new ground is broken here, but that don't matter cuz it does the job. I enjoyed the cassette insert very much with salt on it for dinner. Themes are carried over from tune to tune, another way the album is tied together into a total statement of rebellion and despair. Interesting use of sound effects, answering machines and power tools to accentuate the themes may give this that little extra something above the others. Sound quality is good, though a little uneven at times. The title song has a heart-tearing mixture of wistful girl-voice and heavy echo discordant spoken words that seem to describe the last few hours of someone's life. The song is poignant despite, or perhaps because of, the driving riffs and heavy drums. A well-structured work. (Pink dog Productions)--Ghose Torrey

CHEL WHITE: The Key of Dreams C

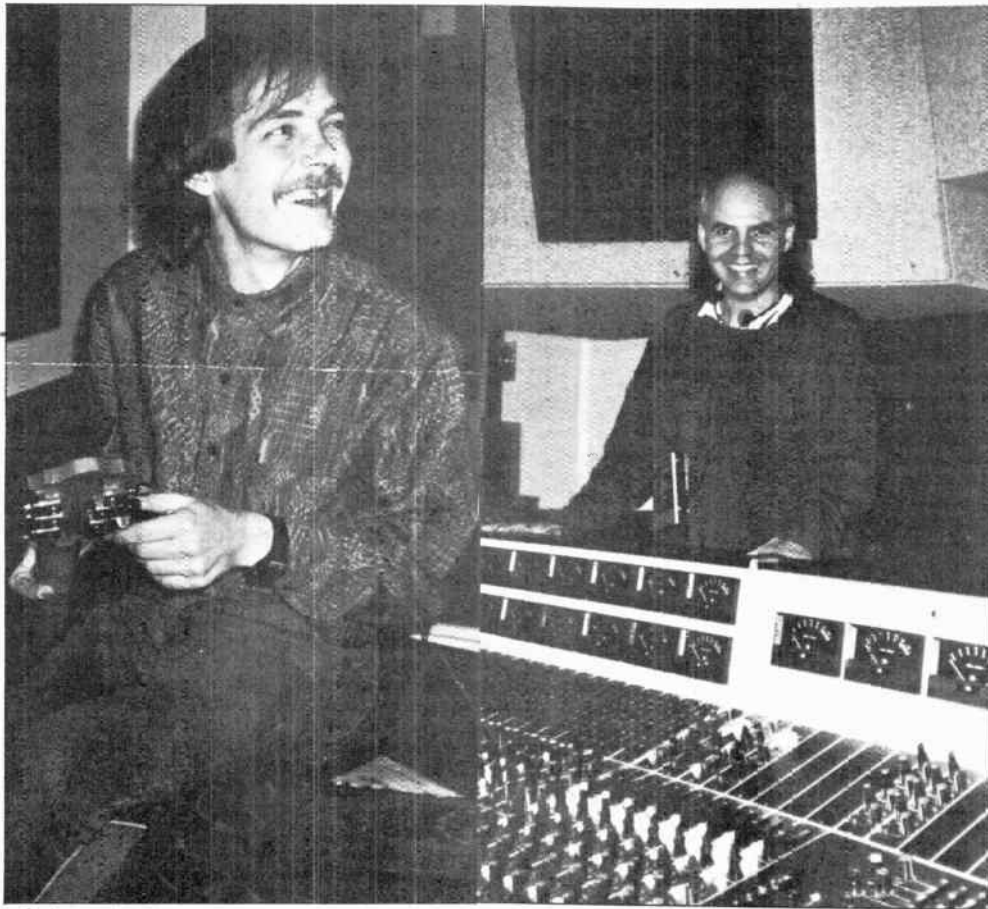
Catchy little melodies and rhythms with an excellent recording quality done by this Oregon filmmaker/audio artist. This selection of nine tunes are mostly beginning of pieces without endings; soundtracks for his films and videos, instrumentals done on a 4 track cassette machine with overdubs. Programmable electronics with slight variations. Song "Day of Consequences" has some nice polyrhythmic drumming with eery space music over the top. A nice chanting/ percussive piece also. Just wish he had something on side 2. It's definitely worth rewinding and listening to again. Catchy and non-aggressive. (Chel White Films)--Randy Magnus

JOHN WIGGINS: All the Truth At Once LP

RRRecords, purveyors of musical noise and klang, bring us John Wiggins who has done the audio for Max Headroom. While by no means gentle or docile, Wiggins investigates rather small sounds on side two. They are put under an aural microscope, amplified and giving us a different perspective on sound. The first side, particularly "Concrete/Combine" has more clamor and clatter, with occa-

sional violent outbursts, along side the more quiescent sounds. Using percussion, found sounds, including those instrumental and electronic, tapes and digital sampling devices (I think), Wiggins assembles sound collages or pastiches. This is the type of music one might find on INA-GRM, the French electronic music label, and bears a strong resemblance to the work of Bernard Parmegiani. Kudos to RRRecords who have taken the risks and

about being rock stars or anything like that, they just want to hear their music on the radio, smile in quiet modest self-admiration from behind the lifestyle section of the local newspaper as they sip coffee and break toast at the local diner and eye the waitress putting on another pot, as she sways, yes damn, she really is swaying! to the synthesized mood music with a heart-a Wilfed N tune. cracklin' through the cheap transistors under the counter.



Jaime Philp (left) and Wilfred Kozub of Wilfred N and The Grown Men

shown the willingness to produce and market experimental music such as this. (RRRecords)--Dean Suzuki

WILFRED N AND THE GROWN MEN: Thunder On The Tundra LP

Wilfred Kozub and Jamie Philp have a dream--and life isn't worth living if you don't have a dream, right?--and the dream is to have their music become an FM hit. And why shouldn't they dream of such things? And why shouldn't they rub and buff, and massage every track so it will slip and slide right into that adult contemporary, warm and oily, mellow-with-a-bounce, FM radio groove--the one that everybody--I mean everybody--listens to once in a while, whether they want to or not because who, who? is ever very far away from a pair of speakers hanging from a shopping mall beam or tucked behind a secretary's desk, perpetually tuned straight to the middle of the dial, short-circuited into the cheaper-than-Muzak, FCC approved, safe-as-milk-two-days-before-it-goes-sour, rock of the '80s, high tech, new and improved, odorless sonic patchouli oil, digitally enhanced to roll in big invisible clouds from the loose flabby bowels of your woofers and tweeters, guaranteed not, not! to yellow the old ladies blue hair, harden the nipples of the local meter maid, sandpaper the bosses enlarged prostate, pinch his wife's hemorrhoids, cause clerk typists to break their \$75 porcelain, ruby red nails, or give erections to the bag boys at the local shop and drop. And Kozub and Philp are really nice guys, absolutely, no doubt about it, and they don't, really! don't care

ter. And she doesn't in the least have any idea that she's brewing up that pot for the very musicians that she's swaying to. A scene like that would sure make hitting the mid-life crisis a tad softer, and would sure as heck give the students (Kozub and Philp are both school teachers) the word that they were being instructed by some guys that are a lot more hip for school teachers than one might have expected. And the title track, the pick to click, "Thunder on the Tundra", it's a terrible rhyme with a big old electro-discoid rubber hook. Thunder on the Tundra? Are they kidding? But wait, play that thing again. Are they kidding? Wait, I know, I know, but, hey, play that thing again, would ya?. Are they serious? But, wait, let me hear that again. Hey, there's that song again. I wonder if they're going to play that song again? But wait, hey, there's that song again...(Zonik Music)--David Ciaffardini

THE WINDBREAKERS: I'll Be Back EP

More southern folk pop art (not the DBs, the WBs!). Fun fun. "I'll Be Back", the single from "Run", is a twangy Indian fringed guitar gem spiced with an assured vocal. The Windbreakers are like Athens without the mystery. Distinct and heartfelt, these southerners are so good because they respect their country influences. This is not the contagious, spiteful fun of labelmates Fetchin' Bones (buy, buy "Cabin Flounder"), but these fellows yearn in all the right places. Too bad they split. No doubt amicably. (DB Recs)--Kim Knowles

WIPERS: Over The Edge LP

This is a re-release by Restless of an LP that was originally on Eater about five years back. What I'm trying to figure out is, exactly what is it about The Wipers that excites people so much? This has been said to be the best Wipers LP, and heck, there's some pretty great tunes here (especially "Romeo" and "This Time"), and Greg Sage is playing some, uh...nice guitar, but Christ, I mean, he's not the Messiah. To me, The Wipers are the Dire Straits of punk rock--you've got a guitarist/singer/songwriter/producer who carries virtually the entire weight of the band on his shoulders, and a back-up that are all-too-willing to oblige. And they sound like Dire Straits. It's by no means at all a bad record, just not the sort of thing legends are made of. (Restless)--Jay Hinman

WREN BOYS: *Bandits C*

I imagine you can get a copy of this by sending a cassette with return postage cause that's the extent of the packaging. These guys play hip, groovin kinda-wavo/kinda-ska sax oriented barroom pop with definite commercial potential. All this is occasionally punctuated with tapes playing short snippets of dialogue from Jack Nicholson movies (inspirational example: "these ain't no pork chops--these are US Priiime!") and JFK speeches. There are only two songs less than ten minutes here so maybe this was originally planned as a single. Though I dig the undercurreing pro-Indian, lefty themes in the songs, this is much less intense than some of the early 80s UK pop (XTC, Beat, J. Jackson) it mimics. (Wren boys)--James Hofmann

HIROSHI YOSHIMURA: *Green CD*

At long last, a domestic release by Hiroshi Yoshimura. This domestic CD version of *Green* is different from the Japanese vinyl release in that environmental sounds (birds, running water, insects, etc.) are added to the music, thus extending the running time of each track. Originally, Yoshimura's gentle, rapturous music for electronic keyboards with the environmental sounds was created for a museum installation, but Yoshimura decided to use only the musical tracks for the record. Sona Gaia opted to use the original version. My preference is for the purely instrumental version, though the sounds are subtly mixed and appear only at the beginning and end of a piece, also occasionally within to demarcate structural points. For the most part, these sounds are unobtrusive, creating a subtly different ambience. The music, subtle and repetitive, ranges from the percolating rhythms and running patterns of "Greek" to the effervescence of "Feel" to the crystalline brilliance of "Sheep" to the minimal ambience of "Sleep", are all marked by Yoshimura's splendid faculty for color. Environmental sound or no, this is music not to be missed. (Sona Gaia)--Dean Suzuki

SUMIRE YOSHIHARA: *Sound Space of Per-*

ussion, Vol 5 LP

Yoshihara is an incredible percussionist virtuoso who performs three works by Japanese composers. "Horoscope" by Takashi Kato is a sectional work which focuses alternatively on metal and wooden or drum sounds. It begins with a spritely section for steel drum. A bridge with unidentifiable metal sounds leads to a drum section which climaxes in a virtuosic tatum which features a lot of snare work. Despite the technical bravura, this is probably more interesting to watch than to listen to. The best writing comes in the mysterious metallic interludes which begin as mere evocations, building to clangorous epiphanies which lead to the next section. Hinoharu Matsumoto's "Vanishing Point-Archiphase VII" is a display piece which gives Yoshihara a chance to exhibit her technical prowess, shifting from one instrument to the next at lightening speed, making sudden and radical changes in dynamics with ease, thundering at one moment and tenderly urging the most delicate sounds from her instruments the next. It's not all technical either, as Matsumoto's music is captivating. "Echo From South" by Masaru Tanaka is the longest piece, and the best work on the album. It contains quasi-minimalist permutations of a steady eighth-note melody on mallet instruments, later there is a gently pulsating metal struck gong set against other metal and gong sounds. The work concludes with a hard-hitting passage for tuned bongo and other drums featuring poly-rhythmic, poly-metric writing over a steady beat. It is inventive, yet not overly complicated; written such that you can almost visualize the layerings of the different rhythmic figures. (Camerate)--Dean Suzuki

YU: *Songs of Science C*

This tape, like their first, is very slick sounding pop electronics. I am not a very sympathetic listener but I can say that there is a certain cleverness here that should appeal to fans of this genre. I find the music predictable and the synthesized sound resembles factory presets. (Yu Productions)--DK

ZANSTONES ZEST: *Fried Godwinkle C*

The music contained within appears to be generated from a collection of analog synthesizers, spoken text and a variety of unexplainable aural nastiness. Side to side, it moves from slowly changing drones to outright sonic attacks. The unpredictability of this is disconcerting, and the nature of the text is such that it only increases the confusion, giving the overall feeling of an anxiousness to the listening experience. The construction of the sound is done in a subliminal fashion that gives the music an overriding texture that only an intense concentration begins to break down into its component parts. The theme seems to be tension, and tension it delivers. (Sound of Pig)--Nathan Griffith

ZIMROS: *Eclectic Klez C*

With a title like that, klezmer traditionalists can consider themselves warned; but as the copious liner notes indicate, klezmer has always borrowed freely from other cultures. Half of these pieces were written by violinist/producer Yale Strom in traditional forms, but with occasional influences (like Argentina); the rest originate from various Eastern European locales. Since all the music is interesting and sounds well together on the same cassette, I'd judge the eclecticism successful. I could do without vocalist Beth Faber's tight, nervous vibrato and dubious pitch, but she sings only two of the twelve selections. Avant garde specialist Bertram Turetzsky plays bass on three selections and fits right in. One parting comment--why make a digital master and then duplicate it on normal bias tape with no Dolby? (Global Village)--Mark Sullivan

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A Day In The Life On The Road
By Gary Pig Gold

9:30 AM--Awaken after three-and-a-half hours 'sleep' to shower, pack, breakfast (M&M's Peanuts), and bus to meet band van by 11 AM at pre-arranged rendezvous spot.
1:30 PM--Band van arrives at pre-arranged rendezvous spot. Drive to show.
3:00 PM--Make first wrong turn (should've turned LEFT at flag-pole!)
5:15 PM--Lost.
5:45 PM--STILL lost.
6:30 PM--Lost...in the dark!
7:15 PM--Arrive at club a mere two-and-a-half hours late.

Throw equipment on stage...no time for a sound check because club is already filled with (angry) diners.
7:45 PM--Leave club to find motel.
8:10 PM--Lost.
8:30 PM--STILL lost.
9:10--Return to club, unpacked, unshowered, unfed and unrested, having run out of time to find motel.
9:30 PM--Band onstage, while lighting equipment still being erected.
9:31 PM--VERY angry diners already complaining band too loud.
12:45 AM--Band off stage. Lighting equipment ALMOST erected.

12:46 AM--Try to find club owner in order to get paid.
1:30 AM--STILL trying to find club owner.
2:10 AM--Dishwasher tells us club owner left at 12:30 AM.
2:11 AM--Phone band manager (collect) to instigate another lawsuit.
2:15 AM--STILL can't find motel, but no matter...no money to pay for one anyways. Look for an open restaurant instead.
2:50 AM--STILL can't find an open restaurant.
3:10 AM--Dinner (M&M's Peanuts) at 7-11.
3:30 AM--Drive home.
4:20 AM--Turned wrong way at flag-pole. Again.

5:10 AM--Even more lost than before.
8:20 AM--Arrive home a mere three-and-a-half hours late.
9:30 AM--Awaken after three-and-a-half minutes 'sleep' to shower, re-pack, breakfast (leftover M&M's Peanuts), and bus to meet band van by 11 AM at pre-arranged rendezvous spot.
2:45 PM--Band van arrives at pre-arranged rendezvous spot. Drive to NEXT show...

Gary Pig Gold creates his very own publication Pigshit. Write Pig Productions, 70 Cotton Dr., Mississauga, Ont., Canada L5G 1Z9

CONSIDER SENDING RECORDINGS TO:

Noiseland Cassettes is looking for high quality recordings (cassette/Standards speed reel to reel) for a compilation to be released in early 1988. Free jazz, experimental, etc. Please include all credits. Send to Thom/Noiseland Cassettes 30 Richbell Rd, Groveville, NJ, 08620, USA or call 609-585-1384.

Ladd-Frith is looking for original alternative music for possible audio/video promotion. Send demos and information to Ladd-Frith, P.O. Box 987, Eureka, CA 95502, USA.

RRRecords is embarking on an 'audio/visual documentation series' to be called Testament. Each issue will be a portfolio of new/experimental forms of music, words and Art and will concentrate on the more extreme forms. They want essays, histories, biographies, verse, manifestos, black and white artwork and photos. They are not interested in reviews and scene reports. There is no deadline. Each issue will be published only when there is enough strong material to warrant release. Recordings of one to ten minutes in length should be sent to RRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852. Writings and artwork should be sent to Greg Cristman, 50 James St., Patchogue, NY 11772-2927, USA.

Home Recordings and **FOT Records** is compiling Passed Normal Vol. 3 and is accepting home recordings of 'Passed Normal' music for this international independent project. Chrome or metal tape with Dolby C noise reduction is preferred. Write to Home Recordings, P.O. Box 4225, Des Plaines, IL 60016, USA

Moon Records will be starting a cassette compilation series called 'The Rockin' Roots' documenting contemporary artists who per-

form 'essential rock and roll and rockabilly music as well as contemporary rockabilly.' For full details send an SASE to Moon Records, Rockin' Roots Series, 906 Wagar Rd, Cleveland, OH 44116, USA

Rat Lab Steamworks is soliciting music for an upcoming film 'PCB Spells I Love You.' The film will be written after the soundtrack has been completed and thus composers will help write the film. For more info contact Rat Lab Steamworks, P.O. Box 13088 Dinkytown Sta, Mpls, MN 55414, USA.

Dan Fioretti is assembling an audio magazine on cassette and is looking for articles and opinions on any subject, including scene reports, submitted on cassette. Write to Kiti Tapes

Audiocon is assembling audio and video compilations of a strange and difficult nature. Contact Audiocon, c/o Ron Clark, P.O. box 3361, Mpls, Mn 55403, USA; ph. 612-332-4025

Missing Link Music is attempting to set up a nationwide cassette distribution company for unknown artists and is seeking original, homemade or studio tapes to list in its upcoming catalog. Missing Link Music, 6920 Rossevelt Way N.E. #328, Seattle, WA 98115, USA

GGE Records is putting together an international compilation for an early '88 release. There are no limitations and submissions can be sent on cassette, reel or videotape. Deadline is Dec. 31, 1987. Write GGE Records, P.O. Box 5088, Kent, OH 44240, USA.

Mr. Menetrey, who describes himself as a French composer who does a lot of work with France's International Center of Music Therapy in Paris, recently bought an Emax EMU Synthesizer and is seeking certain sounds to program into it in order to compose a new age recording. He seeks 'cool sounds and cool strings, chorus and brass; several electronic special solo sounds; and cool, natural sounds and special effects.' He may be able to pay contributors. Write to Arcane Production, c/o Mr. Menetrey, Les Curtils, Dingy St. Clair, 74230 Thones, France.

Hayoon Limit?, a French non-commercial tape label, would like to hear tapes from foreign musicians for possible distribution in France and beyond. Hayoon Limit?, 51 Rue Dareau, 75014 Paris, France: ph. 331-43222939

Improv Music: Myke Dyer is compiling a release of international improv music. Pieces submitted should not exceed 15 minutes. Write him c/o John Doe Recordings, P.O. Box 664, Station F, Toronto, Ont., Canada M4Y 2N6

Immaculate Promotions is 'on the look-out for any new, exciting and innovative bands for promotion within Australia.' Send information and recordings to c/o Mr. J. Secreto, 113 Avenue Rd, Mosman 2088, Sydney, Australia; ph. 02-969-6676

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A. Creamer, 711 Ellerdale Rd, Chesterfield, IN 46017

A. T. S., 501 Cato St, Pittsburgh, PA 15213

Agog/Bisciglia--19241 Kenya St., Northridge, CA 91326

Alien Planetscapes/Space Station Studio--479 5th Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11215 718-965-0841

All the Madmen, 96 Brougham Road, London, England E8 4PB

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Artful Balance Records/JCI--5308 Derry Ave, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

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ATS, 501 Cato St, Pittsburg, PA 15213

Audiocon, P O Box 3361, Mpls, MN 55403

Audiofile Tapes, /Carl Howard--A/a 209-25 18th Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360

Auf Dem Nil, Pizza Segno 6/a, 20159 Milano, Italy

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Bad Brains /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

Big Daddy, Box 43 Sta. L, Toronto, Ont, Canada M6E 4Y4

Big Records/John Labovitz--Current Address Needed

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Bloody F. Mess, -5523 Montello Dr, Peoria, IL 61613

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Micrart Group, Antwerpsesteenweg 391, B-9110 Gent,
Belgium

Minoy, 923 W. 232 Street, Torrance, CA 90502

Miracle Music Unlimited, P O Box 99284, Seattle, WA
98199

Modern Artists Enterprise, Rahway, NJ,

Mom's Records, P O Box 2676, Pittsburgh, PA 15230

Monkeydish Records/Phil Sneedon--8600 S Course Dr
#1705, Houston, TX 77099

Moon Child/Alfa Moon Inc.--Chisei Bldg, 4F, 1-4-2-
Moto Akasaka, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan

Mordam Records, P O Box 988, San Francisco, CA
94101 415-863-7001

Mow 'Em Down Recordings/Kr James--2826 Valencia
Way, San Pablo, CA 94806-3013

Mrs. Whitehead/Long--343 E 5th St #8, New York, NY
10003

Multimood, Kallgatan 3, S-731 41 Koping, Sweden

Multimood Records, Kristinelundsvagen 2A, S-731 51
Koping, Sweden

Mumbles, P.O. Box 8312, Wichita, KS 67208

Music Beyond Culture--Current address needed

Music Works, 1087 Queen St West, Toronto, Ontario,
Canada

Musicworks, 1087 Queen St West, Toronto, Ontario,

Canada MJ6 IH3 416-533-0192

Myers, David/Presence--228 Bleeker St., New York, NY 10014

N. S. Records-Current Address Needed

Naked Armadillo/Siford--1107 W Grace St #12, Richmond, VA 23220

Nar/Bang Utot, 515 Hermitagewood Dr, Huntsville, AL 35806

Neutral Records, 415 Lafayette St, New York, NY 10003

New Alliance Records, P.O.B. 21, San Pedro, CA 90733
New Light, 2901 California St, Berkeley, CA 94703
415-653-2677

New World Records, 310 Jackson Ave, Manville, NJ 08835

Nightcrawlers/Pete D. Gulch--1493 Greenwood Ave., Camden, NJ 08103

No Auditions/Spot--P.O.Box 49767, Austin, TX 78765
Nordin, Dave--9320 Capital, Omaha, NE 68114 402-393-3780

No Such Animal, 26 Brewster St, Portsmouth, NH 03801
603-431-3247

No-Budget Productions/Frank Harlan--603 13th Ave. E. #4001, Seattle, WA 98102

Noiseland Cassettes, 30 Richbell Road, Groveville, NJ 08620

Normex Entertainment, 920 Silverlode Blvd. #1, Los Angeles, CA 90026 213-483-3465

Northampton Musician's Collective, 3-7 Hazlewood Road, Northampton, England NN1 1LG

Nothing Records, 144 Cyprus #3, Brookline, MA 02146

Numazu Studios, P O Box 19427, Minneapolis, MN 55419

Obfuscate Perimeter, P O Box 4963, VMPO, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Ocora--Current Address Needed

Office Records, P.O. Box 1792, Eau Claire, WI 54701

Old Europa Cafe/Rodolfo Protti--Via del Maglio, 8, 33170 Pordenone, Italy

Omnisonic Cassettes, P O Box 786, Millbrae, CA 94030

On Q Productions/Jerry Kehane III--P.O. Box 0614, Newark, DE 19715

One Big Square Foot of Sod, Box 1190, New York, NY 10009

One Death Two /John McDonald--7950 Boxford Rd, Clay, NY 13041

Optional Art, -206 31st Ave E, Seattle, WA 98112

Ozzfish, 16921 Langley, S Holland, IL 60473

Pathfinder Records, 175 Fifth Ave., Ste 3292, New York, NY 10010

Pedestrian Tapes, P O Box 213, Pyrmont 2009, Sydney, Australia

Perkins, Philip/Fun Music--171 South Park, San Francisco, CA 94107 415-543-6661

Phantom Soil Recordings/Dino Dimuro--578 N Gower St, Los Angeles, CA 90004 213-464-1928

Placebo Records, P O Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063
602-931-6888

Poets, Painters, Composers/Jospeh Keppler--10254 35th Ave SW, Seattle, WA 98146

Porcine Records, 225 Central Park West, Ste.914, New York, NY 10024

Potter, Arthur--51 Center St., Patchogue, NY 11772

Presence Sound Productions, 228 Bleeker St., New York, NY 10014

Problemist, -801 22nd St, San Francisco, CA 94107

Profile Records, 740 Broadway, New York, NY 10003

Puchalski, Gregory--312 S Braddock Ave, PGH, PA 15221 412-371-8738

Qualiton, 39-28 Crescent St., Long Island City., NY 11101

R. Stevie Moore Cassette Club, 429 Valley Rd, Upper Montclair, NJ 07042

Radio Rabotnik TV--Current Address Needed

Raining House, P O Box 1452, Santa Cruz, CA 95061
408-423-5915

Ralph Records, 109 Minna #391, San Francisco, CA 94105

Rat Box Records, P.O. Box 4527, Chico, CA 95927

Rat Box/Pink Noise/Lawrence Crane--P.O. Box 4527, Chico, CA 95927

Rat Lab Steamworks/Eric Iverson--P.O. Box 13088 Dinkytown Sta, Minneapolis, MN 55414

Records International, P.O. Box 1140, Goleta, CA 93116
Records to Russia, 1207 Big Cove Road, Huntsville, AL 35801

Redux Records, 1310 College Ave #1030, Boulder, CO 80302

Relativity, 149-03 Guy R. Brewer Blvd, Jamaica, NY 11434

Restless Records /Enigma Entertainment Corporation--1750 E. Holly Ave, El Segundo, CA 90245 213-640-3772

Reverend Malck, Box 41, Waukau, WI 54980

Robert Wire Productions, 15451 La Salle, Huntington Beach, CA 92647

Rock Hotel/Profile--740 Broadway, New York, NY 10003

Rodriguez, Mike--1880 Greenwich Tr, St Paul, MN
ROIR, 611 Broadway, New York, NY 10012

Rough Trade, 326 Sixth St, San Francisco, CA 94103
800-272-8170

Rouska Records, 39 Cookridge St, Leeds, Yorkshire, England LS2 3AW 0532-440343

RRRecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852

Ruhl, Larry--128 Alcott Dr., Windsor, CT 06095 203-688-5543

Russ Stedman, 216 West 11th, Mitchell, SD 57301

Salvatore, Lawrence--211 S. Hebbard, Joliet, IL 60433

Saragoza, Justin--4855 W. Warm Springs, Las Vegas, NV 89118

Saucier, Peter--P O Box 8005 #150, Boulder, CO 80306
303-447-2946

School, Midi, 301 Akasaka Heights--9-5-26 Akasaka, Minato-ku, Tokyo 107, Japan

SEI, 475 21st Ave, San Francisco, CA 94121

Seperate Life Productions, 107 Sherman St, Denver, CO 80203 303-733-6513

Shimmy-Disc, JAF Box 1187, New York, NY 10116

Show&Tell, 4919 226th St SW, Mt Lake Terrace, WA 98043

Shrinking Grandmother Music, 78 Kent Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4L 2X6 416-463-1847

Side Effects Records, BCM Mythos, London, England WC1N 3XX

Silent, But Deadly, P.O. Box 7713, Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Slag Productions, 584 East Lambert, Orem, UT 84057

Slepian, Don--F O Box 836, Edison, NJ 08818

Some Bizarre Records/JEM-- South Plainfield, NJ 07080

Sona Gaia, 1845 N Farwell Ave, Milwaukee, WI 53202
414-272-6700

Sordide Sentimental, BP 534, 76005 Rouen Dedex, France

Sound of Pig/Al Margolis--28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023 212-239-4210

Soup, 802 Colusa Ave, Berkeley, CA 94767

Squidfish, Nudge--POB 644, Westerville, OH 43218

SSS Productions, 5916 Beacon St, Pittsburgh, PA 15217

SST Records, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, California 90260
213-835-8977

Stafford, Tracy--100 South Kershaw Drive, Yakima, WA 98908

State Capital Records, P O box 436, Ripley, MS 38663

Stenshoel, Peter--4249 Pleasant Av. S., Minneapolis, MN 55409

Sticks and Stones, P.O. Box 3017, Charlottesville, VA 22903

Stonegarden Records, 12436 Marva Ave, Granada Hills, CA 91344 818-360-4331

Stress Worldwide Communication, 4716 Depew, Austin, TX 78751

Stride, 80 Lord St, Crewe Cheshire, England CW2 7DL

Sturm, Pau--720 W. Dixie, Bloomington, IN 47401

Suite Beat Music Group, 3355 W El Segundo Blvd, Hawthorne, CA 90250

Sun City Girls, P.O. Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063

Sweatbox Records, TAG, BCM Meontage, London, England WC1N 3XX

Swinging Axe Productions, P O Box 199, Northridge, CA 91328

SWSW Thrghrt, Box 338, King's Cross 2011, NSW Australia

Tcab Studios, San Francisco, CA 415-824-1006

Teichiku Records, Toranomon NN Bldg, #7F--1-21-17 Toranomon, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan

Tellus/Harvestworks--596 Broadway #602, New York, NY 10012

The Fixture/Otis Huddleson--4355 N Sepulveda Blvd #314, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403 818-789-9114

Time Based Arts, Bloemgracht 121, 1016 KK Amsterdam, Holland

Tone Poets--CURRENT ADDRESS NEEDED

Torque Recrdrs, Box 775, Sullivan's Island, SC 29482

Trouble Picnic--CURRENT ADDRESS NEEDED

Uddersounds/Richard Franekki--PO Box 27421, Milwaukee, WI 53227

Uncensored Musics /Duke Andrews--209 Wiliford Ct, High Point, NC 27260

Under New Management-Current address needed

Underdog Records, P O Box 182, Chicago, IL 60614
312-883-0631

Underwhich Editions, P O Box 2162, Adelaide Stn, Toronto, Ontario Canada M5C 214

UNITON RECORD/Tim Story--P.O. 415, Maumee, OH 43537

Upside Records, 285 Lafayette St #1109, New York, NY 10012

Uzima, P O box 162, Burbank, CA 91503

Veroupoulos, Nikos--Need New Address

Vox Man Records/Axel Kyrou--191 Av du Maine, 75014 Paris, France 45323721

Wagner, Karen--P O Box 5563, Gainesville, FL 32602
904-338-1781

Water Gate Tapes/Destructive Technologies--P.O. Box 200, Temple Hills, MD 20748

Wax Trax Records, 2445 N. Lincoln Ave, Chicago, IL 60614 312-528-8753

Wayside Music, P O Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906

Wells, H. G.--4120 1/2 Roosevelt Way N E, Seattle, WA 98105

What Goes On Records, Box 169, 151 First Ave., New York, NY 10003 212-529-1606

White Building Records/Del Amo Financial Center # 490-21515 Hawthorne Blvd, Torrance, CA 90503

Wiggins, John--3 Woodhull Place, Northport, NY 11768

Windforce Music, P O Box 7, Ashgrove, QLD, 4060 Australia

Worley, Kent -839 Lake Ave NE, Atlanta, GA 30307

Wren Boys, P O Box 419, Huntington, NY 11743

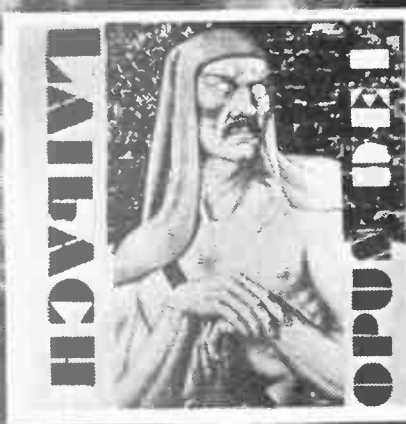
Yoronkel's Records, 5465 Pennsylvania Ave, Boulder, CO 80303

Your Mom, Too/Frank Kogan--625 Ashbury St. #11, San Francisco, CA 94117

Z-Bear, 402 E 78th St, New York, NY 10021

Zonik Music Productions, Box 223, Sub II, Edmonton, AB, Canada T6G 2E0 403-432-0430

WAX TRAX RECORDS



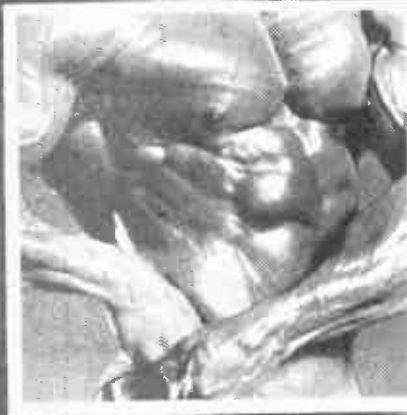
LAIBACH
OPUS DEI
LP + CASSETTE WAX 030



PAILHEAD
I WILL REFUSE
12" 45" WAX 031



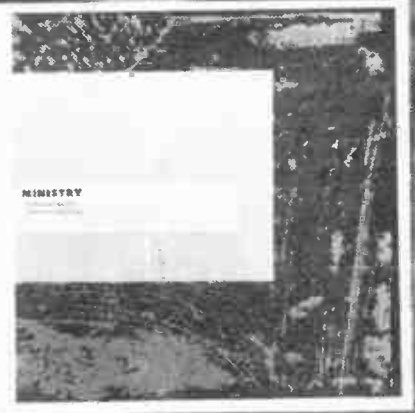
FRONT 242
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LP + CASSETTE WAX 026



FINI TRIBE
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EP WAX 027



LAIBACH
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12" 45" + 7" 45" WAX 031(7)



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HALLOWEEN REMIX
EP WAX 020

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Audio Recordings

SUBGENIUS radio propaganda collage/rants/doktormusic best-ofa...FREE BOOTLEGS of ear-ripping stereo SG Church radio Hate Ministry show (THE HOUR OF SLACK) only \$5/60-min. cassette. Most intense hour on Earth or yr \$ back. 'Bob' Dobbs, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

OMNI SONIC CASSETTES' latest release is John Hinds' 'Omni Sonic' featuring the guitars and keyboards of John Hinds. Send \$2 for Omni Sonic cassette, a catalogue and a poster! This special offer is good through Dec. 31, 1987. Omni Sonic, P.O. Box 786, Millbrae, CA 94030.

ART INTERFACE mailorder: 'Great Big World of Noise And Shit' LP, \$5 ppd. (includes 'Secretaris From Heaven' and lyric sheet/poster). 'Wardance/Raygun Assassins' 45, \$2. Checks payable to D. Vasey, 3520 S. DeWitt Rd., Lansing, MI 48906, USA. Retailers OK.

THERE'S NO REASON to believe music exists. Animals. Machines. Tides. Middle ear muscle activity. **MUSICWORKS.** Magazines and cassettes since 1978. Contact Musicworks, 1087 Queen St. West, Toronto, Canada, M6J 1H3. (416) 533-0192. **ATLANTA HOPE:** C-90 cassette of electronics and noise from Atlanta, Georgia featuring Flat-

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NO CHOICE, the Readers Digest sampler of banned production with excerpts from releases by PGR, Thessalonians, Haters, blackhumour, AMK/lab, AMK/gx, White Hand, Abstract Belief and more. Subscribe and get it, and then write for a free catalog. banned Production, Box 323, Fremont, CA 94537

WANT GREAT SAX?! Send \$8 for your 60'' chromium dioxide cassette copy of The Long Cool Burn from T. Gould and the Earthmen to Box 419, Huntington, NY 11743. 'Cool Music...That's Rock' Roll for sure!--Bruits, Cedex France.

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'K.P.R.A.I.S.E.' by Thomas Mrock and Kevin Campion--reviewed in this issue of Sound Choice. Groove with the most talented musicians and theologians on tape, those ministers of information--the Right Reverend Wright Winger and the Right Reverend Felipe' Habib. \$5 for c60 cassette, postage paid. Kevin Campion, 6519 Painter Ave., Whittier, CA 90601.

SLIMEFOLD 2 FISTERS wanna grab for more speaker sludge? Try Mechanical Sterility's slimey tapes. \$3 each pp c/o M. Schaffer, 75 Fairview Ave. #3B, NYC 10040. 'Black Label Bastard' or 'Band of 1000 Lunches' (Put your bile where your brunch is!)

KEEP PASSING THE OPEN WINDOWS by Brad Bradberry is a 9 song folk-rock tape (mostly acoustic). Eight originals plus a skewed reading of Tom Verlaine's 'Venus.' Reviewer Fred Mills called it, 'haunting folk-pop that subtly and slowly gets under your skin.' Available on chrome/real time tape, C-40, lyric folio included.. \$5 ppd. Cash/MO, checks to Brad Bradberry, 13392 Hwy 9, Boulder Creek, CA 95006 or call (408) 333-7103.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE SEMI-STRUCTURE, the new tape by Abner Malaty available from Sound of Pig Music. Other Malaty cassettes on chrome tape available from A. Creamer, 711 Ellerdale Rd., Chesterfield, IN 46017, USA. Write for catalog.

Pressing/ Duplication

CASSETTE DUPLICATION? We'll get you back to creating! We do REAL TIME DUPS on CHROME CASSETTES. No orders too small! Free info: K.O. City Studio, P.O. Box 255, Dracut, MA 01826, USA.

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LIVING FREE Newsletter promotes self-liberation, practical methods to increase personal freedom and provides a forum for discussions among freedom-seekers, libertarians, survivalists, anarchists, outlaws. Lively, unique. \$8 for 6 issues, sample \$1. Box 29-SC, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223, USA.

THE REAL OP! Of the original 26 issues of the late great independent music magazine OP,

only TEN are still available through Sound Choice and a few of them won't be available much longer. Each issue is a treasure trove of timeless information about 'lost music.' All except issue A contain between 80 and 104 pages each. We're selling them for \$2 each or all ten for \$10! (Add \$1 each (U.S. funds only!) for overseas surface delivery). The following issues (originally sequenced alphabetically) are available. A, I, O, Q, R, T, U, V, W, Z. Send your orders to Sound Choice, c/o Back Issues Dept.

OFF THE DEEP END. The house organ of the warren Belch Society? The only anarchist magazine that defies the law of gravity! \$1.50 from Tim Cridland, P.O. Box 85874, Seattle, WA 98145.

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WESN-FM 88.1 in Bloomington, IL needs your help in the constant battle against bland radio. Devoid of contacts and working with a tiny library, the station's new staff is looking for any albums and tapes to help break monotony. WESN, Box 2900, Bloomington, IL 61701. You send it--we'll play it!

AIRPLAY FOR RADIO DRAMA, especially continuing series and/or experimental, on KCSB-FM Santa Barbara audio show, **SOUNDART/SOUNDTXT**. Send non-return tapes to Sasha Newborn, KCSB FM, Box 13401, Santa Barbara, CA 93106, USA.

ARE YOU FED UP by sending free tapes to radio stations that play it only once? My 'Network' program on Radio Central (101.6 FM) will always send you a 3R10 tape in return! (No junk please) Write Sandy Nys, Juliaandillenstr. 22, 2018 Antwerpen, Belgium.

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AFM...it's my reason for creating. Do you still have yours? 18 NW 100 Street, Miami, FL 33150. Like a hatch of freedom.

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Tall, dark, handsome man, mid-twenties, would-like to correspond with free-thinking, female audio evolution agents from around the world. Send letter of interests, activities, desires (and photo if you're brave) to Personals, c/o Sound Choice P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA

Too Late To Classify

SEND COVERT CASSETTE Audio Activities to the 'Cassette Investigation Agency' to be broadcast on CKLN-FM Radio, Toronto. Emphasis on radio transmission art, collage/sampling, radio plays, experimental music and unusual noises. Contact D. W. Morris, P O Box 242, Station B, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5T 2W1

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To express your fundamental beliefs and dreams

Affirm to others the vision of the world you want

Network through thought
Network through action
Network through love
Network through the spirit
You are the center of a network
You are the center of the world

You are a free, immensely powerful source
of life and goodness
Affirm it
Spread it
Radiate it

Think day and night about it
And you will see a miracle happen:
the greatness of your own life.

In a world of big powers, media, and monopolies
But of four and a half billion individuals

Networking is the new freedom
the new democracy
a new form of happiness.

Robert Muller





Get Nasty.



NASTY HABITS

3 SONG 12" EP ON BIG CHIEF RECORDS/LA

BIG CHIEF RECORDS



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Take a New York-born singer-songwriter and a Texas-bred gutsy guitarist, and cook them together in a steaming rock 'n' roll stew. The end result is Nasty Habits, a group which follows in the footsteps of such glamorous yet streetwise legends as Ziggy, Iggy, Alice and Lou. With one listen, Nasty Habits will become your nasty habit. **POW!**



HE PROMISED IT WOULDN'T HURT!

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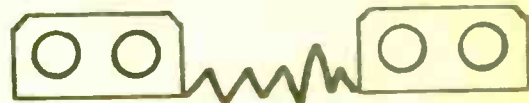
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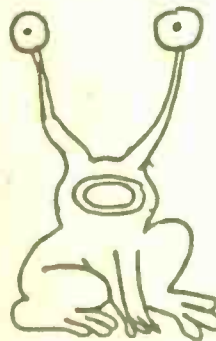
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