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the music networking magazine

No. 14 SPRING 1990

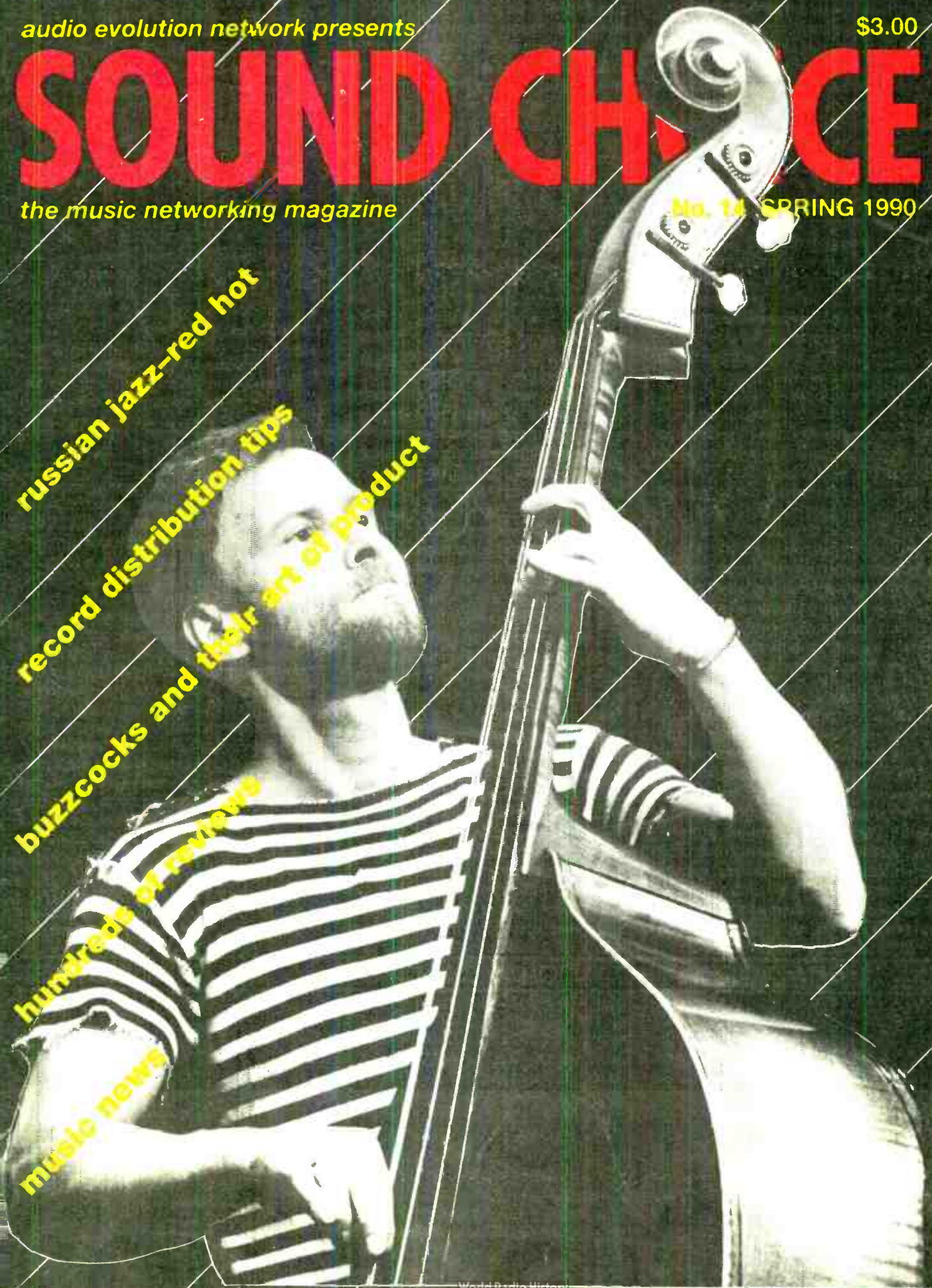
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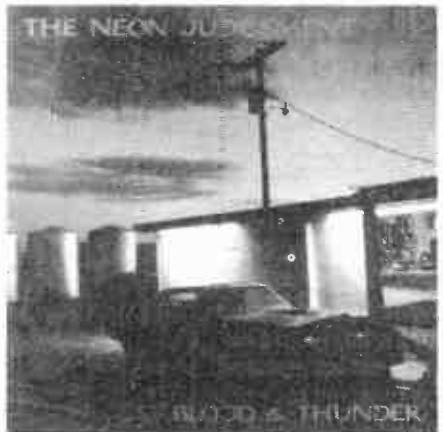
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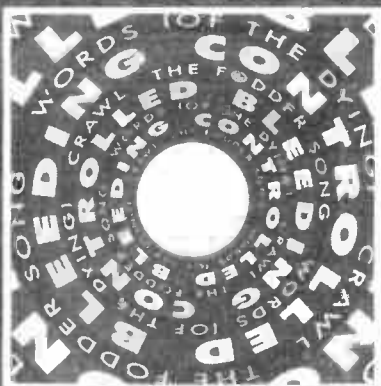
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"In place of the practice of art, people can spend time on the numerous historical, aesthetic and social issues facing art. It will be necessary to construct more equitable forms for marketing, exhibiting and publicizing art in the future.

As the twentieth century has progressed, capitalism has smothered art--the deep surgery of the years without art will give art a new chance."

----Gustav Metzger on the Art Strike.

Destroy
this Artwork



during the
Art Strike 1990-93

Preserve
this Artwork



during the
Art Strike 1990-93

This issue of Sound Choice honors Art Strikers around the globe. Even if we do not always agree with their tactics, we sympathize with their intent and uphold their right to use all peaceful means to carry out their mission. Art Strike updates and commentary will appear in forthcoming editions of Sound Choice. Stay tuned!

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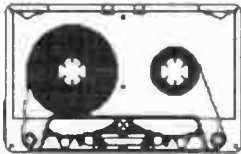
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SOUND CHOICE is published by The Audio Evolution Network, a global community of volunteers dedicated to the positive evolution of music, audio art and related phenomena, craft and technology. SOUND CHOICE is an information touchstone and roundtable exchange for this diverse, free-form network. SOUND CHOICE is available to the public throughout the world by subscription and newsstand sales. Contributor guidelines and advertising information is available by request. Editor: David Ciaffardini Advertising and Circulation Director: Venus Marie Louviere SOUND CHOICE, P.O. Box 1251 Ojai, CA 93023, USA; Phone 805-646-6814.

ON THE COVER: Nikolai Klislin of Arkhangelsk. Photo by Henryk Walkowski



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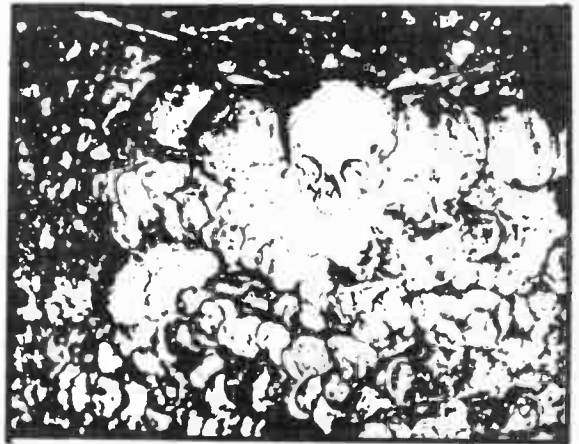
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Self-Out Productions, 221 S. 4th St., Brooklyn, NY 11211

Andrew, Dennis: *Sojourn C*

Daylight Music, P.O. Box 284, Metuchen, NJ 08840

Art School: *5 Song EP 12"EP*

Major Label Prods., 453 S. Prospect, Ste. B., Bowling Green, OH 43402

Baby Faze Recs. Comp.: *Everybody's Famous, Vol. 3 C*

Baby Faze Records & Tapes, Steppingstone, P.O. B. 4264, SF CA 94101

The Breathers: *Normal, Illinois LP, C*

Sheisterfest Records, 129 Lindsey Ct., Franklin Park, NJ 08823

Brown, Greg: *One Big Town LP, C, CD*

Red House Records, P.O.B. 4044, St. Paul, MN 55104

Cadell, Meryn: *Talking Like Crazy C*

T.E.C. Tapes, Box 285 253 College St., Toronto, Ont. Canada M5T 1R5

Choda: *Charona C*

James/Choda, P.O. B. 8124, Moscow, ID 83843-0624

Concrete: *Armed and Dangerous, Vol. 1 C*

Boyd Nutting, 117 Charles Ct., Buchanan, MI 49107

Cyclic Amp: *Happy Ending C*

Tumult, P.O.B. 3092, Orange, CA 92665

D-Day: *Square One C*

D-Day, 347 Oak Terrace, St. Davids, PA 19087

Decker, Don: *Bottom Feeder C*

Swill Radio, 121 Leverett Rd., Amherst, MA 01002

Diesel Cats: *History Club Minutes C*

131 Central #2, San Francisco, CA 94117

Dresden Danse: *Acid LP*

Harvard Square Recs, P.O. B. 1926 Harvard Sq. Sta., Cambridge, MA 02238

Guralnick, Tom: *Sonistruction C*

Ubik Sound, P.O.B. 4771, Albuquerque, NM 87196

Hermanos Guzanos: *Rejects C*

P.O.B. 1425, Bakersfield, CA 93307

Illinois Red & The Sagebrush Aliens: *Swing Low C*

Cassels, 511 Highland Ave. Middletown, CT 06457

Jandek: *The Living End LP*

Corwood Industries, P.O. Box 15375, Houston, TX 77020

Jugglers & Thieves: *Jugglers & Thieves LP, C*

P.O. Box 2221, Livonia, MI 48151

Kablamachunk!: *Well There It Is LP, C*

STF Records, P.O. Box 20696 London Terrace Station, New York, NY 10011

Little Dougie and the New Sensations: *May Cause Drowsiness or Dizziness C*

D.S. Brown, P.O. B. 411013, Chicago, IL 60641-1013

Mr. Curt: *Trial By Fire C*

Comraderie Music, P.O. B. 403 Kenmore Sta., Boston, MA 02215

Nerell, Loren: *Book of Alchemy C*

P.O.B. 8398, Long Beach, CA 90808-0398

Ostroushko, Peter: *Blue Mesa C, CD*

Red House Records, P.O.B. 4044, St. Paul, MN 55104

Person to Person: *Sez C*

Raymond Bally, 496A Hudson St. F34, NY, NY 10014

Point No Point: *Point No Point C*

Optional Art Records & Tapes, P.O. B. 22691, Seattle, WA 98122

Recurring Cave Thing: *On the Way To Hematite C*

Art Fag Industries, 2042 East 115th St., Cleveland, OH 44106

Remainders: *Remainders C*

P.O.B. 267923, Chicago, IL 60626

Research Defense Squad: *Kiss The Goat C*

RDS, P.O.B. 411013, Chicago, IL 60641-1013

Rin Tin Horn: *Sunburst, Starchild, and Moondog C*

Comfort, P.O.B. 3522, Memphis, TN 38103

Sampson, Don Michael: *Crimson Winds C, CD*

Red Horse Productions, P.O.B. 158304, Nashville, TN 37215

Shrinkwrap: *Smear C*

Audio-Sadism Records, P.O. B. 11831, Pittsburgh, PA 15228

Society Gone Madd: *What Do You Care? LP, C*

Viable Utterance Records, P.O.B. 4191, Burbank, CA 91503

ST 37: *From Space w/ Love C*

Scott ST37, 1205 Georgian St., Austin, TX 78756

Stedman, Russ: *Hi Honey...Drop Dead C*

311 1/2 North Main No. 301, Mitchell, SD 57301

Submedia: *Submedia C*

Bumt Toast Prods, 11288 Ventura Blvd. #437, Studio City, CA 91604

Suburban Sprawl: *Ice CD*

Lott Records, P.O. B. 8564, Norfolk, VA 23503

Swinging Erudites: *Pretentious Crapola LP, C*

1-Dimensional Records, POB 1926 Harvard Sq. Sta., Cambridge, MA 02238

Symptoms: *West C*

What Hiss Music Co. P.O. B. 24255, Winston-Salem, NC 27114-4155

Thru Black Holes Band: *Early Live C*

Michael Roden, 2018 Big Indian Rd., Moscow, OH 45153

Various Artists: *Antebellum Vol. One C*

Peter/ Antebellum, 2745 W. Okeechobee Rd., #69, Hialeah, FL 33010

Various Artists: *WCSB CassetteFest C*

WCSB, Rt 956, Cleveland State Univ., Cleveland, OH 44115

Various Artists: *Gargoyle #36 C*

Gargoyle, P.O. Box 30906, Bethesda, MD 20814, USA

Vibrating Egg: *The Castle of Dr. Eggmorbulon C*

Box 18685, Rochester, NY 14618

Woodall, E.: *Dirty Water C, DAT*

E. Woodall Prods., 7 Maplewood Road, Huntington Station, NY 11746

Wasyliw, Garry: *Mannu-Altinal C*

Clear Light Sound, 18 Haultain Cres., Regina, Sask. Canada S4S 4B5

Younger, Richard: *Dance of Shiva C*

Rebel Toy Records, Box 625, New York, NY 10002

Zol: *The Cosmic Soul C*

Swill Radio, 121 Leverett Rd., Amherst, MA 01002

THE LISTING OF RECORD FOR THE INDEPENDENT MUSIC COMMUNITY

On file at the Library of Congress and other public archives. Copies are sent free, upon request, to record labels and retail and wholesale buyers everywhere.

Artists/labels: To include your latest releases on the next Quarterly Listing see the Review Request Form in Sound Choice Magazine (pg. 6) or call 805-646-6814.

Sound Choice Review Request Form

Important !: Please fill out this form, or copy, and submit with items to be reviewed. One form should be included with each item submitted.

This procedure insures that Sound Choice reviews contain accurate information. It also aids in the timely review of submitted material. Only submit material that is in its completed form and available to the general public.

To obtain confirmation that Sound Choice received your item, include a stamped, self-addressed envelope, or postcard

with your submission. To obtain published copies of your reviews see information regarding subscriptions and single copy sales elsewhere in Sound Choice. We do not return submitted items. We cannot guarantee that all items submitted will be reviewed. See information below about guaranteed new release data listings.

Please complete the following:

Date: _____

Creator (band, musician, author) _____ Title of item: _____

Contact name, address where readers may obtain more information or obtain item: _____

Phone number--important--in case Sound Choice staff has any questions: _____

Type of item being submitted (please circle one): 1. Record (7", 10" or 12" ?) 2. Cassette 3. Compact Disc (3" or 5"?) 4. DAT 5. Video Tape 6. Book 7. Periodical 8. Other (please describe) _____

In the case of an audio recording, which formats is it available in? (Circle all that apply) Record; Cassette; CD; DAT; other: _____

What genre does the recording most closely relate? (Circle one only): Avant-garde; Bluegrass; Blues; Classical; Country; Jazz; Electronic; Ethnic; Experimental, Folk; Industrial, Neo-Classical; New Age; Regional; Rock; Spoken-Word; Other _____

For recordings, what is the total playing time? _____. Books and periodicals, how many pages? _____

Postpaid price for submitted item (the total price, including shipping and handling that a person in the U.S. needs to pay to obtain one): _____

Brief (20 words or less) description of item: _____

Item submission check-list: 1. Did you include a completed Review Request Form with your submission? 2. Is there a contact address attached in a permanent manner to the item submitted? 3. In the case of cassettes, is the title of the cassette on the cassette as well as the cassette case? (This is very important in preventing lost cassettes!)

Guaranteed Network Listing

If you want this item listed (guaranteed) in the next Audio Evolution Network Quarterly Release List of new independent releases --included in a prominent position in each issue of Sound Choice--please send this form in with \$10 for one issue listing or \$20 for listing in two consecutive issues. (Two issue max.) Your brief description of the item (up to 20 words max.) will be included with your listing upon request for a additional fee of 25 cents per word, per issue.

Sound Choice subscribers may take a 50% discount on the entire listing fee. Subscription orders may be made simultaneously. Your listing will

begin with the next available issue of Sound Choice.

Number of issues you want to be listed in: _____. Include item description? ___yes ___no. Include phone #? ___yes ___no. Are you a subscriber? ___yes ___no. Amount enclosed: \$ _____ U S funds, (cash, check, money order)

Note: The Sound Choice Quarterly New Release Listing is a data listing only, based on the information submitted above. It is not a review!

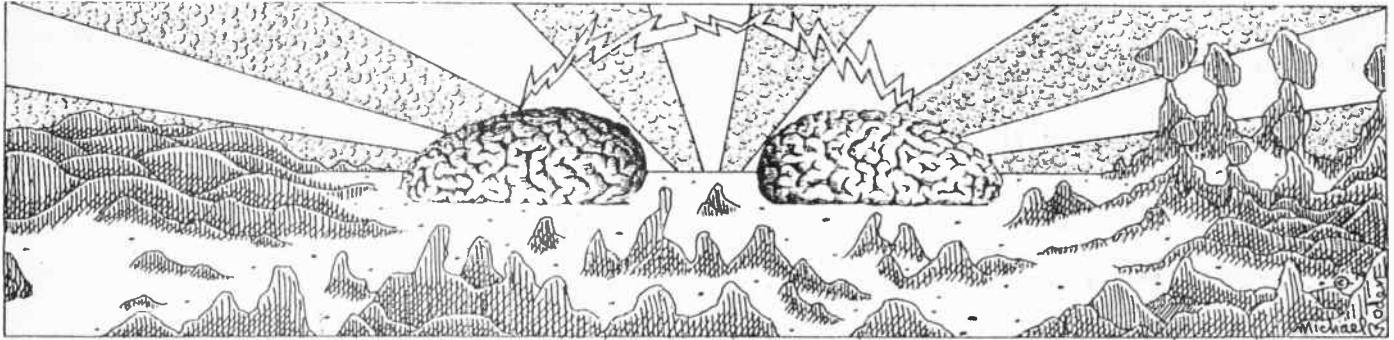
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BACK ISSUES

SOUND CHOICE

Understand The History Of
Audio Evolution!

- No. 2** Interviews with: Chet Baker, Les Blank, Mykel Board. Features on: Tibetan Music, Belize travelog, Logos Foundation, Belgium, Burundi, Frank Kogan, Broken Flag, Cable TV/Radio. 100s of reviews.
- No. 3** Cassette Culture and History Issue, including essays by William Levy, Willem De Ridder, Robin James and A Produce. Plus features on Wanda Coleman, Bret Hart, James Hill, Dar Es Salaam. Much more!
- No. 4** "Memories of the Jazz Age" by Eugene Chadbourne is the literary highlight of this issue. Also included is a complete Pirate Radio Manual! Plus features on Black House, Tom Furgas, mail art. Much more!
- No. 5** With this issue SC was the first magazine in the U.S. to report on the Jello Biafra/ Alternative Tentacles censorship bust. Plus interviews with Lydia Lunch, Martin Bisi, David Thomas, Paul Lemos. More!
- No. 6** Features on Bayaka Pygmies, Mozart and the Occult, WOMAD festival, lengthy Chris Cutler int., Iceland, and Crass in their own words. Radical cover, 100s of reviews and lots, lots more!
- No. 7** Major interview with Eugene Chadbourne with more than 50 action photos! Plus the first nation-wide article on Daniel Johnston, and an early cuter-than-cute Beat Happening Interview. Way more!
- No. 8** Major features on Audio Theatre, plus Culturcide, Annea Lockwood's River Archive, Jack Wright essay, interviews with Nicholas Collins and Debbie Jaffe. + Shane Williams' rock/dope fiend confession.
- No. 9** Phil Ochs remembered, Audio Answer Man, Radio Art, and a fascinating account of the Altamont Concert disaster from a front row witness. Plus the Daniel Johnston review that echoed 'round the world.
- No. 10** John Trubee on cassette culture, Bix Larda on Industrial Noise, Alex McFee on the problem of volume, Peters and Jensen on Broadcasting. Plus features on Dan Fioretti, and LSD celebration in SF.
- No. 11** Super limited supply! Find out what goes on in the mind of SST Records founder Greg Ginn. This interview is awesome! Andrew White on Jazz Is Dead. Mind-blasting Mary Fleener cover. A Masterpiece!
- No. 12** This issue has made the bulletin boards of record companies around the world with the uproarious, insightful, "HowTo Succeed in the Record Business" by The Fatman, withdrawals by Daniel Johnston.
- No. 13** World Music Directory, WOMAD report, Robert Anton Wilson on Brain Machines, Mark Kramer/ Shimmy Disc Interview, GG Allin arrest, Audio Answerman on four track, Hundreds of Reviews, more!

Check off the issues you want!

OP MAGAZINE

The original music-networking
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- No. I** Articles on Charles Ives, Gregory Isaacs, Indiana scene, and extremely interesting reviews of 1982 independent vinyl. Plus index for earlier issues. Tabloid style.
- No. O** Articles on Pauline Oliveros, David Ocker, Orthotonics, On U Sound, Olivia Records, Ohio scene, Necros, writing by Fred Frith on an Italian music collective, Peter Garland on Oaxaca and Oceania. More.
- No. V** Articles on Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Virgin Prunes, Dave Van Ronk, George Van Eps, Velvet Monkeys, David Van Tieghem, and Glen Velez. 100s of reviews and much more! 92 pages. Boss cover.
- No. Y** Fred Frith interviews Warner A&R rep Karin Berg; David Hykes and Greg Taylor discuss sacred music; La Monte Young is profiled, roots reggae artist Yabby You is profiled. Gabriel Yacoub is interviewed.
- No. Z** The final issue. Featuring long interview with John Zorn and Z'ev in his own words. Plus features on Zager & Evans, Richard Zvonar, and the music of Zaire, Zimbabwe, and Zurich. Much more. 108 pgs.

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NEWS AND NOTES

Compiled by Audio Evolution Network Agents Around the Globe

New Music Distribution Hit by Complaints Firm's practices anger Europe's finest independent labels

Five European record companies have published an international open letter complaining that shoddy financial practices of New Music Distribution Services of New York may put them out of business.

The letter, signed by the founders of Leo Records, Recommended Records, Moers Music, Coppens/Osmosis, and Leo Records France, was published and distributed through the mail to key figures in the independent music community in Europe and North America.

The letter, titled "Open Letter to New Music Distribution System and the New Music Community" complains that the NMDS owes them so much money that it has created a "catastrophic" problem for European independent labels.

"For several years NMDS has not

paid us and no longer even sends us sales reports," the letter states. "We are owed, by our standards, an enormous amount of money--the lack of which seriously undermines our day to day functioning, the production of new records and our efforts to promote the livelihoods of our musicians," the letter says.

Record company officials said they hesitated taking a dramatic approach to publicize their plight but finally had to, "Because the situation has now become catastrophic."

Analysts believe that the European uprising is a likely signal that America independent labels are also suffering and that U.S.'s self-produced new music community will be hit hardest.

The European record company officials feel that they were led astray by New Music Distribution Service, a non-profit organization which actively stresses its commitment of service to indepen-

dent recording artists.

"NMDS started life with the highly commendable desire to gather together and distribute the work of small independent labels, promoting in the process the free flow and exchange of New Music between Europe and America," the letter states. "However, in the last few years NMDS, far from helping, has actively hindered us in our work, through its chronic failure both to function efficiently and to behave responsibly towards the people who supply it."

The letter is signed by Leo Feigin, Leo Records; Chris Cutler, Recommended Records; George Coppens, Coppens/Osmosis; Burkhard Hennen, Moers Music; and Didier Petit, Leo Records, France.

Record Labels Trade Travel For Airplay 'Let's Make A Deal' attitude prevails despite payola laws

They don't call it payola, they call it promotion. It's no secret among radio station personnel that record company promoters provide very valuable persuasion when trying to convince program directors to play particular songs on the airwaves.

When it comes to cash and drugs slipped directly to programmers, mums the word, but promoters are loud and lively when they offer trips to Europe, the Super Bowl, the World Series, and fancy dinners to stations that play the right records on the air.

In the normal scenario, radio stations are supposed to offer these promotional gifts to their listeners through contests, which in turn draws in more listeners and raises the station in the ratings. Many people believe that many of the promotion gifts are

being used by station personnel.

Many people feel the level of promotion has gone too far.

In an article titled "Let's Make A Deal" in the Nov. 24 issue of radio trade publication Radio and Records, journalist Joel Denver states that the level of record promotion among the major labels has escalated to the point that compensation is being offered nearly everytime a station decides to add a new song to its rotation.

According to Denver, "Tales of labels telling radio to 'add two or three of my records this week and I'll give you a trip' are running rampant--trips to Australia, Mazatlan, Sweden, England, Los Angeles, New York, and anywhere else there's an airport."

In an accompanying article titled "Radio Just Says 'No'" several radio station program directors recount outrageous promotion deals they have been offered and

how they summoned up the guts to turn them down.

Cassette, CD Sales Rise; LP Sales Drop

The U.S. Commerce Department reports that compact discs--which yield a higher profit margin per sale compared to LPs-- accounted for the rising profits of major record corporations in 1989.

According to the report, 12-16% of US households contain CD players. In 1989 210 million Compact Discs were sold, accounting for \$2.7 billion in revenue, approximately a 40% increase over 1988 sales.

Cassettes sales were up 10% over 1988, bringing in \$3.7 billion in revenue on unit sales of 495.1 million. LP sales in 1989 fell 35% to 47 million units with revenue of \$346 million.

Future File

Audio Evolution Network

Radios will get smarter--even if DJs stay dumb

Get ready for the introduction of the "super-smart radio" sometime this decade.

The move is underway to introduce inaudible identifying codes into radio broadcasts that will allow people to set their radio receivers to automatically scan and lock into specific programs or types of programs as specified by the listener.

For instance, the radio can be set to scan only for rock music, or for classical, or for talk radio, etc. In addition, the system is being set up so that listeners can program their car radios to turn on automatically or interrupt a cassette or compact disk in order to tune into traffic and emergency broadcasts that would be of interest the driver. When the broadcast is ended, the radio returns to the original program or switches itself off.

RDS equipped radios will be able to display identification numbers that tell the listener what program they are listening to. For phone-in radio shows, the radio can display a telephone number. Likewise, advertisers may be able to use the feature to display address and product names.

RDS will allow people to easily set their radio to turn on and record specific programs as they come on during the day. RDS will automatically adjust clock radios, taking into account local time differences when traveling across time zones.

RDS was presented for the first time in the United States last year during the Sixth World Conference of Broadcasting in Washington D.C. Twenty European, Japanese and American manufacturers have developed prototype receiver for the car and home. They are expected to be introduced at a consumer price of about \$600.

Send us Future File News and if we use it we'll send you a free Audio Evolution Network Mystery Cassette!

German Courts Uphold CD Rental and Return Policies

The German division of Polygram Records was rebuffed in its efforts to quash a compact disc return policy offered to consumers by some retail outlets.

Polygram had sued a music store that sold records with an offer to take them back at a lower price within three days. When the discs were returned, the stores then offered the disks for sale as second-hand goods at reduced prices.

According to the lawsuit filed by Polygram Hamburg, the record company con-

siders the right of return as equivalent to renting compact discs. The company contends that stores have no right to rent its product.

The German Constitutional Court however, ruled that record companies cannot forbid their prerecorded product to be rented commercially and are not entitled to claim remuneration for rental.

The court dismissed the case on the grounds that once a manufacturer has sold a record, it relinquishes its rights to further control its use.

Record Industry Studies Tape Recorder Debit Card System

Consumers pay each time they record

Record industry representatives are considering lobbying to enact federal laws that will require that digital tape recorders be made with a debit card device that will allow record companies to collect a fee everytime a consumer duplicates a copyrighted recording.

With the proposed debit card system, consumers would purchase an encoded card at a retail outlet in order to make copies of prerecorded product. Consumers would insert the card into their home recorders allowing the record feature to work.

The card would allow for a specific amount of recording, depending upon the fee paid.

The debit card system was part of the discussion surrounding the recent Athens, Greece music industry summit meeting in which record companies, hardware manufacturers and representatives for publishers and songwriters attempted to forge a world wide agreement on the creation of a system that would allow parties to profit each time a consumer digitally duplicates a copy-

righted recording.

Jay Berman, president of the Recording Industry Association of America said he believes further discussion of the debit card system is worthwhile. "We would have to develop it, find out what information would be on the card, and whether the public would accept it," he said.

High level sources in the record industry say the debit card system has to be set up quickly, otherwise adverse consumer reaction could bring it to a quick halt in congress.

"If people realize too quickly that this type of legislation would pave the way for debit card systems to be placed on other recording devices including analog recorders and video recorders, then the system could be in big trouble," one high level record company executive said.

So far there has been reluctance by members of Congress to propose legislation on home taping. A recent government report suggested that the music industry has not been able to prove it has been significantly harmed by home taping.

Cocaine, Payola--As Usual

Payola payments in the form of cash and cocaine were sent to various radio DJ personnel in California and Texas, according to a Federal Indictment against record promoter Joseph Isgro of Glendale California, former Columbia Records executive Raymond Anderson, of Pacific Palisades, Calif, and Isgro's

business associate, Jeffrey Monka, of Agoura Hills, Calif.

Packages of cocaine were sent via Federal Express to radio station programmers, according to the Indictment.

The charges are "unfounded" according to Isgro's attorney Donald M. Re.

Radio Activist Defies FCC

Concerns of housing project residents broadcast with \$600 transmitter

The founder of an unlicensed single-watt FM radio station broadcasting daily in Springfield, Ill., vows his station will continue broadcasting despite prosecution from the United States government.

Dewayne Readus and a small staff of volunteers have been using a \$600 radio transmitter to broadcast music, news and social commentary to a mile wide area encompassing the federal housing project neighborhood he lives in.

Readus' station, begun in 1987, goes by the call letters WTRA and can be found at 107.1 on an FM dial if you are in the neighborhood.

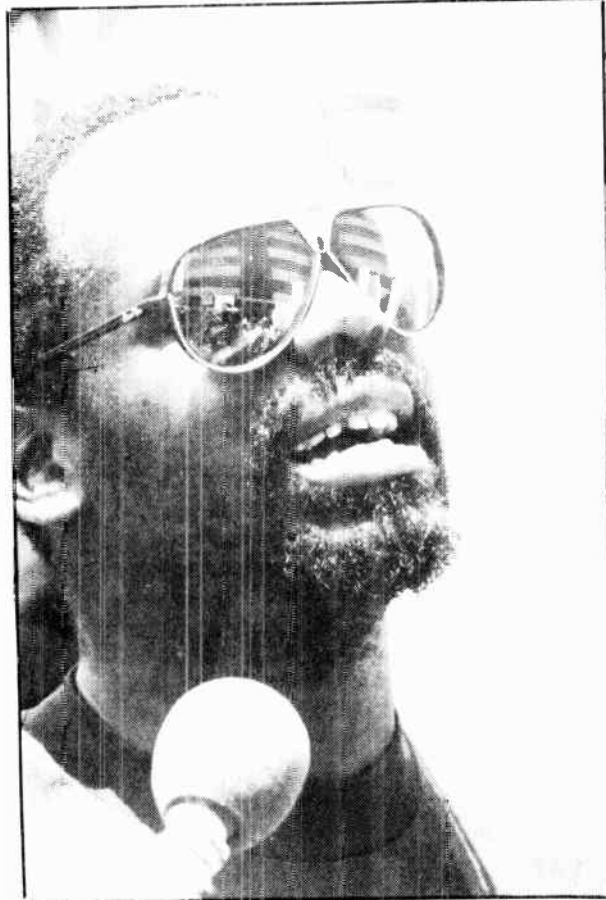
Last year the Federal Communications Commission ordered that WTRA be shut down. Flying in the face of federal opposition, Readus, a blind, black man, vowed to carry on broadcasting as an act of civil disobedience. Since Sept. 14, WTRA has broadcast between 8 and twelve hours each day.

Readus has been ordered to appear in Federal District court on April 9. Readus said he doesn't plan to show up at the hearing, having decided to not comply with any court proceedings unless he is offered a court appointed attorney, which he has been denied.

"We cut off communication with the government in December," Readus told Sound Choice. "We're not going to take part in the process. It will help them justify what they ultimately want to do--shut us down."

"We'd be more than happy to take part in the procedure if they supply an attorney and we go straight to court," Readus said. "The FCC has the entire Justice Department. We'd be fools to do it without an attorney."

Agents from the FCC claim that WTRA is breaking federal law because it is not licensed to broadcast. However, Readus points out, as of 1978 there is



Savior of American Grassroots Radio?
Radio Activist DeWayne Readus addresses a rally on police brutality in Springfield, Ill. Photo by Ken Burnette

no licensing procedure for FM radio stations that broadcast less than 100 watts.

Readus said he believes his station is being singled out for prosecution because of station broadcasts that have been critical of local police and expressed views of poor black members of the community.

According to one report, Springfield police were annoyed when WTRA broadcast stories on police killings of Blacks in Springfield.

Readus said that he knows of at least 4,000 other low-watt stations operating

without licenses in the United States, most of which are being used for commercial purposes.

Although Readus' defiant stance of civil disobedience on the airwaves has been largely passed over by Springfield media--especially radio news programs--WTRA's plight has brought out sympathy from many members of the Springfield community, as well as others around the country.

A report in the Illinois Times editorialized about centralization of mass media and declared that "a grass-roots movement modeled after WTRA might be the salvation of our free press and of our first amendment rights."

According to Mike Townsend, a professor at Sangamon State University in Springfield, WTRA has been singled out by the government because of its "militant criticism of police brutality" and for expressing the view that blacks in America live in a state of "conditional genocide."

In a letter to the press, Townsend declared that if Readus is jailed for his refusal to go to court, Townsend and other WTRA supporters will ask Amnesty International to declare Readus a political prisoner.

Readus believes his fight to keep WTRA on the air is a matter of constitutional right of free speech and equality for blacks, who, he believes, are criminally underrepresented in the mass media.

If the government takes the WTRA transmitter away, "we'll get another one," he said.

Audio Evolution Agents interested in contacting Readus may reach him c/o 333 North 12th St., Springfield, IL 62702, USA; ph. 217-527-1283.

--David Ciaffardini

False Airplay Reports Put Radio Stations In Hot Water

Warning to radio station personnel who compile radio station playlists and reports to trade magazines: if you attempt to appease a record company by reporting a record as having received more airplay than it actually received at your station, you may be breaking the law.

In November, music promoter Howard Goodman was indicted by a Memphis grand jury and charged with payola, conspiracy, and unlawful use of the U.S. mails for bribing program directors at radio stations to falsely manipulate the airplay reports they made to the trade magazine *Radio and Records*. The charges stem from actions alleged to have taken place between 1982 and 1985 at three commercial radio stations.

Three radio station program directors were named as co-conspirators in the case: Kirk Clyatt formerly of KDON; Floyd Coulter formerly of WQID; and Jim Chick formerly of WTYX. Each of program directors are no longer at these stations.

Favorable airplay reports in trade magazine charts are highly prized by record company personnel who use them to try to convince other radio stations to "follow the lead" and add a record for heavy airplay.

Although the chart manipulation charges were leveled at commercial radio station operations, theoretically the same rules apply to non-commercial and college stations as well, where, just like at

commercial stations, it is common to find record company personnel pressuring or offering gifts to station personnel who report heavy airplay for particular recordings.

Those familiar with the operation of college radio stations know that it is not unheard of for station personnel to be "creative," "estimate", or completely make-up airplay figures when compiling playlists or reports for college radio trade magazines such as *Rockpool*, *CMJ*, and *Gavin*. Such conduct, as the case above suggests, could potentially land someone in jail.

The Rapping Toilet and Other Radio Tales

Residents of the Silver Lake and Echo Park towns in Southern California say they are sick and tired of listening to the rap music programming of radio station KDAY-AM.

The problem is, the residents can't escape the broadcasts, whether they have a radio or not.

According to residents who have filed complaints with the Federal Communications Commission, the powerful 50,000 watt commercial station has a signal that is so strong it is being picked up on such unlikely devices as telephones, televisions, cassette players, chain link fences, and bathroom plumbing.

KDAY officials blame part of the problem on the proliferation of poor

quality telephones and other electronic devices that do not contain shielding that keeps electronic parts and wiring from serving as a receiver for stray radio signals. They address complaints by offering to send an engineer over to install free interference filters on people's electronic equipment. So far the station has spent more than \$10,000 on filters for the area.

Although some residents can hear

KDAY's signal resonating from non-filterable devices such as toilets and metal fences, FCC officials say KDAY fully complies with all regulations.

Particularly irritating for some residents is the habit of KDAY to frequently broadcast promotional announcements that boasts that radio is everywhere--"in cars, at the beach, in living rooms, even in the shower. It reaches more people than you might imagine."

There's Music in Your Genes

A genetic researchers at the University of California, Davis, has teamed up with a music synthesist and created a cassette of music based on DNA patterns found in humans and animals.

Molecular cell biologist David Deamer is among a group of scientists who have discovered that a portion of DNA is composed of repeating sequences. Deamer and his colleagues then developed a system to translate those sequences into music by assigning musical notes to the sequences, then choosing the time, tempo and direction of play along the DNA sequence.

Working with synthesist Riley McLaughlin, they created a lilting, 23 note melody based on cow DNA; a simple five base repeating riff from bacterial clones, and based on human DNA sequences, a distinctive waltz-like melody.

The tape "DNA Music" sells for \$12. and is available from Science and The Arts, 144 Mayhew Way, Walnut Creek, CA 94596

Canadian Radio Drops P'Gram Boycott

The National Campus/Community Radio Association of Canada has dropped its boycott of Polygram records.

The nationwide boycott was imposed last year after Polygram Canada announced it would begin charging service fees for sending promotional copies of records to campus stations in Canada.

The boycott consisted of a nationwide refusal to pay any record service fees, play Polygram recordings on the air, or host concerts of Polygram artists.

The boycott was dropped after Poly-

gram officials began contacting Canadian stations and saying that they will send promotional records, even if service fees are not paid.

Jukin' Around U.S.

The Amusement and Music Operators Association estimates there were 225,000 jukeboxes in the U.S. last year.

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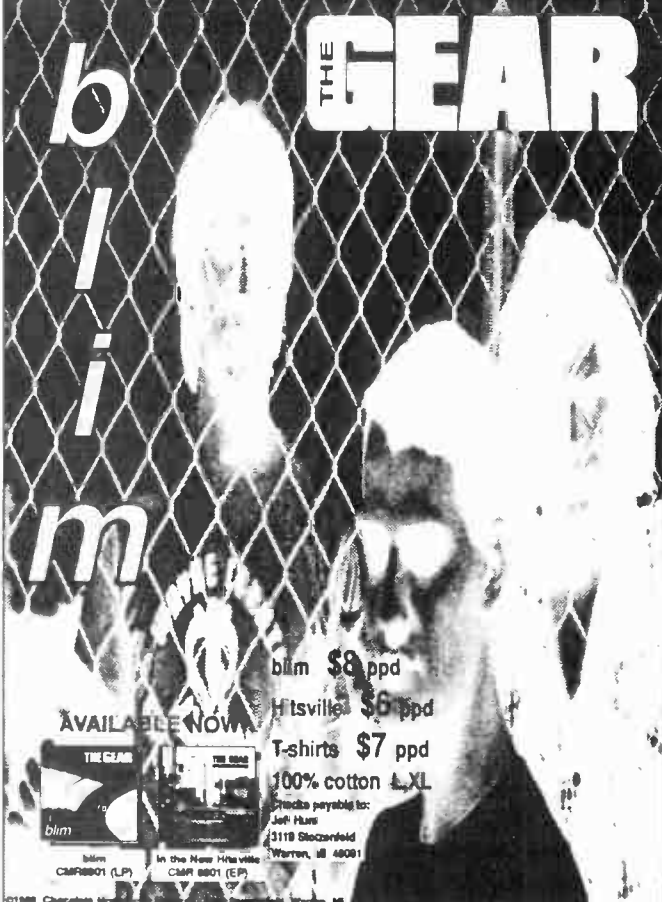
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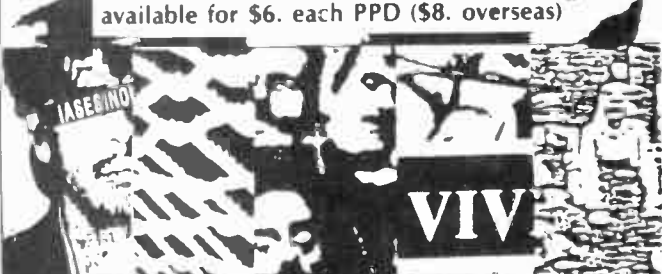
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Software Companies Need Sound Designers

Computer game manufacturers and software publishers have become increasingly interested in upgrading the audio aspects of their products. In an effort to upgrade their product's sonic characteristics beyond squeaky beeps and honks, they are beginning to recruit composers to add musical pizzazz to their products.

"We feel music has been greatly overlooked in this industry," says Robert Williams, co-founder of Sierra Online, a major software publisher.

The increased use of CD-ROM in-

stead of diskettes in software applications will allow manufactures more space in their programs to accommodate sophisticated soundtracks.

The group Devo recently composed and performed an original soundtrack for Interplay's game *Neuromancer*.

Jon Rami, a musician who has worked with Stevie Wonder, recently composed *Sonix Soundtrax Volumes One and Two* on computer disk. The \$20 product, published by Aegis Development of Santa Monica, Calif., is made up of interactive songs that allow un-

skilled musicians to perform flawlessly.

Even at this point the line between albums and software has blurred to the point that there is a CD entirely made up of computer game soundtracks. *Game Play: Top Scores from Computer Action/Adventures* is filled with 15 selections of computer-generated sound from a variety of popular computer games. The \$15 CD can be obtained by calling National Compact Disc at 818-505-0343.

Be Concerned About Drugs For \$50 A Minute

For \$50 a minute tell the public you are concerned with drugs! That's the essence of the sales pitch being offered by KGO radio in Long Beach, California.

For \$250 KGO, a licensee of United Broadcasting, will have one of their professional announcers each day for five consecutive days say you or your company is joining together with other members of the community to say they are "concerned" with the drug problem.

The ads are being sold as sponsored

public service announcements. According to KGO ad salesperson Rosaline Brown, businesses that sign up to sponsor the drug messages could potentially be people who take or sell illegal drugs and wish to garner a better reputation in the community.

Businesses that take the ads are not screened; potential sponsors are picked out of regional telephone directories.

Brown said that she believes that the drug concern messages will help the

drug problem, even though the sponsors don't have to do anything other than say they are "concerned" about the problem.

All of the proceeds from the sponsorships will stay with the station to create more of the drug concern messages. No sponsorship money will be donated to any person or individual that is actually "doing" something about the drug problem, Brown said.

Frank Zappa Loses \$400,000 But is Still Rich Plans to share capitalist secrets of success with Russians

Frank Zappa estimates he spent \$1.6 million in order to successfully sue Warner Bros. Records.

The suit, filed in 1983, alleged that Warner Bros. ripped him off on record royalties and misled him about the number of his records that were sold.

The suit was settled out of court in an agreement that gave Zappa sole own-

ership of many of the mastertapes of Warner Bros. Zappa and Mother's of Invention mastertapes.

He now makes big bucks re-releasing the recordings through the independent label Rykodisc and his own Barking Pumpkin label that is distributed by Capitol Records.

Zappa's self-financed 1988 tour, however, was a financial flop. The four-

month tour, despite being 90% sold out, lost \$400,000. The 43-piece touring crew, including the 12-piece band, all got paid though. "Everyone got paid but me," he said.

Zappa is currently working on starting a satellite-linked television show that would feature Soviet and American business and legal experts exchanging ideas and information.

Florida Independent Music Scene Gets Organized

Musicians in Melbourne, Florida have banded together to form Melbourne Original Musicians (M.O.M.), a musicians support organization dedicated to "fostering, nurturing and promoting local original music and artist development."

The group, spear-headed by Rory

Pastorius, expects to be releasing a compilation CD "Putting Melbourne on the Map" which will document what is claimed to be a hotbed of original music talent.

M.O.M. will be holding a day-long music festival, M.O.M. Fest II in May.

For more information on the festival and organization, write M.O.M. at P.O. Box 2611, Melbourne, FL 32902-2611 or phone 407-768-1529.

Rounder Distributes 30 Vol. World Music Video Set

Victor Company of Japan, known in the United States as JVC, has signed an agreement with Smithsonian/Folkways Records and Rounder Records for preparation and distribution of the 30 volume JVC Video Anthology of World Music and Dance.

JVC, a manufacturer of audio and video equipment and the developer of the VHS video format, has asked Smithsonian/Folkways Records to appoint an

editorial board of prominent ethnomusicologists and anthropologists to prepare the English-language version of this 30 video cassette collection. Rounder Records, an independent record label and the worldwide distributor for Smithsonian/Folkways Records, has been asked to provide U.S. and Canadian distribution.

The original Japanese-language version of the series was produced in coop-

eration with Japan's National Museum of Ethnology. It took a team of scholars and producers five years to complete, and has been on the Japanese market for the last two years. It has been awarded the AVA-Audio Visual Grand Prix Golden Prize.

It is the world's first video anthology of folk and classical music and dance, and covers performances from as far afield as dance in front of Ankor Wat in Cambodia (Kampuchea), songs from the Don Cossack in the Soviet Union, puppetry from Vietnam, pan flutes from Bolivia, drum songs from the Arctic Circle, and a children's dance from Chad. The entire anthology covers more than 100 countries and regions, and includes more than 500 performances.

The anthology will come with extensive written material that will describe each sequence in detail, and which will include historical, cultural, and ethnomusicological background essays on the music, dance, musical instruments, costumes, religious ritual, and much more.

The video will be released in spring of 1990.

JVC is also working on "Video Anthology of Japanese Music and Traditional Performing Arts."

Station Busted For Airing 'Penis Envy'

Radio Station WZTA is facing a potential \$2,000 fine from the FCC for airing the song "Penis Envy" by the folk trio Uncle Bonzai, a group, now broken up, that released several albums on Freckle Records of Seattle Wash.

Guy Gannett Publishing, which

owns the station, told the FCC that while the song violated the stations own indecency guidelines, it is too "silly, puerile, and humorous in intent" to be considered indecent. "Song lyrics much more lewd, explicit, and pandering may be heard any day in any major market," the station stated.

Bob Z Poster Fines Lowered on Technicality

Underground publisher, artist, and musician Bob Z of New York, who was fined \$3,700 for putting up posters for rock gigs on public property, had his fine knocked down to \$300 on a technicality.

Z pledges he will continue to carry on a campaign to eliminate New York's anti-postering law. He is also trying to

get the support to set up public kiosks where the public would be free to post community notices.

He is currently trying to keep track of anti-postering laws in other communities and welcomes input on the subject. He can be reached c/o 125 East 23rd St., #300, New York, NY 10010.

Former MCA Executive May 'Rape and Pillage'--Again

New label will try to make stars out of music industries' 'rejects and discards'

Former MCA executive Irving Azoff, who resigned from his post as MCA music entertainment group chairman in September, is starting up a new record company that will focus on signing up the "discards, rejects and second-stringers" cut loose by other record companies.

He made that comment to a Los Angeles Times reporter, who quoted him as saying that he estimates it will require between \$75 million and \$100 million to launch the new company.

Upon Azoff's resignation from the top spot at the MCA records division, he sent a letter to MCA Records employees thanking associated for helping him to "rape and pillage" competitors.

MCA President Sidney Sheinberg

said he hopes that MCA will be able to "continue to be involved with Irving in exciting new music entertainment undertakings."

Azoff's new label, as yet unnamed, will be distributed by WEA.

Chuck Berry's Ding-A-Ling On Display

The January 1990 issue of adults-only skin magazine, High Society, published photos of Rock n Roll legend Chuck Berry posing nude, with his arms round the waists of various nude women.

Eight photos were published, with a different woman in each photo.

High Society is not revealing the source of these photos. Berry's wife was not available for comment.

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Vinyl Niches Emerge As Market Shrivels

Although vinyl LPs are now nearly extinct in the environs of the United States' large audio recording retailers as well as many mom-and-pop operations--having been replaced by the compact disc--there are some audio entrepreneurs who are reaffirming their commitment to vinyl by launching vinyl-only record stores and vinyl-only record labels.

The hope of these entrepreneurs is that vinyl-loving record collectors will keep the market alive and provide them with a market niche with relatively little competition now that the major labels and major chains are abandoning vinyl. But these entrepreneurs may only be in it for the short term.

With vinyl sales shrivelling faster than most in the business imagined, the future of vinyl is shrouded in speculation. The fact that there are estimated to be 60 million operable turntables within the U.S., 4.5 million of them purchased last year, strengthens some people's belief that vinyl recordings, although an endangered species, will not see extinction for at least a few years and that a significant collector's market may survive through the end of the century or beyond.

The last quarter of 1989 saw the emergence of several vinyl-only record stores around the country.

And, although, the 7-inch single is considered a nearly "dead" format by major labels and chain retailers--A&M and WEA, for instance, no longer accept retailer returns of 7-inchers--several 7-inch singles oriented projects have been spawned. This is at a time when many retailers-- have stopped stocking vinyl singles and major labels are retaining the format primarily for jukebox sales.

In addition to Sub-Pop's mail-order subscription "singles club", Bob Mould has launched S.O.L. (Singles Only Label), and Ajax Records has also veered toward the singles only format.

Other independent rock-oriented labels such as Touch N' Go have also stood by the seven inch, releasing picture sleeve singles in lots of between 500 and a few thousand that are being retailed for between \$3.95 and \$4.95 each and are being purchased by a fer-

vent contingent of collectors around the country, many of whom grew up listening to college radio and find the see-me, feel-me, hear-me ethics of a rock picture sleeve 7-incher to have qualities that outshine other collector pursuits such as baseball card collecting.

Adding fuel to the small but intense independent label singles market are reports that at record swap meets, such as the one sponsored by Maximum Rock-N-Roll, rare punk and new wave singles from the late 1970's are being sold for as much as \$50 each, with \$15 and \$20 prices being fairly common.

Last Chance Records, operating in the affluent Lincoln Park neighborhood of Chicago, opened Dec. 1 as a "vinyl-only" record store. Owner Jim Mayhercy says the vinyl market is relatively small, but in his area its enough to generate "very good" sales at this time. Mayhercy, who also owns a five unit chain store, 2nd Hand Tunes, which sells used recordings in all formats, says he tends to think he can keep his all vinyl store profitable for one or two more years, but won't predict if there will be enough of a market beyond that. "Younger people getting seriously involved in music now buy CD players," he said. But for now, older customers who are looking for

non-mainstream recordings from the past--recordings that don't have much of a chance of being reissued in CD--will have their "last chance" to find those kinds of things at a vinyl-only store. Standard rock and soul also does well at Last Chance, because, in many cases only "best of" collections are available in CD.

Kevin Kopec, a record collector who turned his hobby into a full time job and now owns the three-store Music Vault chain in New Jersey, specializes in selling used recordings in all formats including CD. He believes that as mainstream record dealers turn to CD, there will be new opportunities for dealers who specialize in vintage LPs.

Kopec is hoping to induce others to delve into the vintage recording market and is now offering a limited licensing arrangement whereby others can operate their own Music Vault dealerships. For a one-time fee of \$995 he will allow a prospective dealer to use the Music Vault name, and will provide instruction manuals and other assistance, including access to an on-line wholesale music network and a computer bulletin board where information on record needs and availability can be shared.

Soviet Radio Tunes to U.S. Corporate Pop Totalitarianism

Corporate America is moving in fast hoping to infect Soviet radio with the same totalitarian dictates that has strangled creative radio in America--and built up the fortunes of a few large U.S. radio businesses and record corporations.

USA Top 20, produced and distributed by Westwood One, will be broadcast twice a month, hosted by a 26-year-old Chicagoan who now lives in Moscow

and speaks fluent Russian. Like its widely aired, syndicated U.S. version, the show will play a small number of major label recordings, each being promoted as among the 20 most popular records in America.

"American Top 40," a competing syndicated show produced in America by ABC Radio, is also expected to land a spot on the U.S.S.R. government controlled airwaves later this year.

Label Gets The Led Out--Again

Mad Rover Records, is planning to release its second compilation album of Led Zeppelin cover songs, *The Song Retains The Name II*.

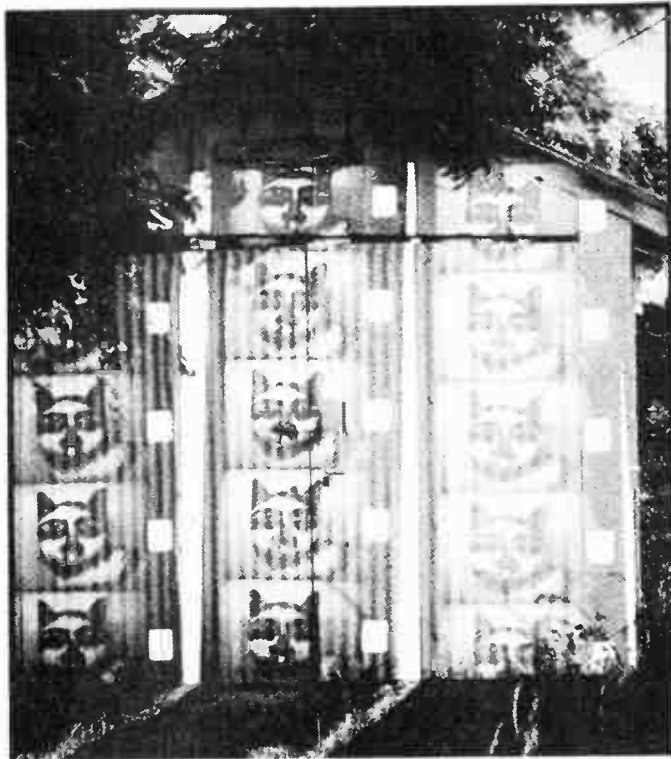
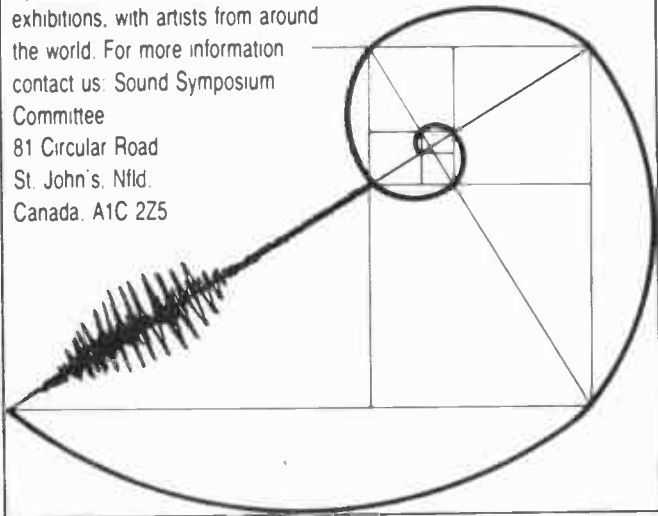
Musicians interested in contributing cuts to the album should contact Mad Rover, c/o Independent Label Alliance, Box 594M, Bay Shore, NY 11706.

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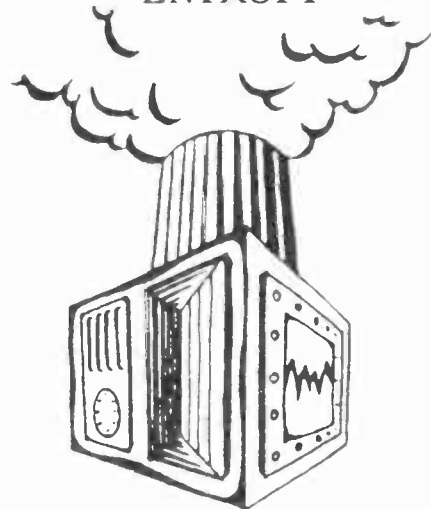
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'Best' College Radio Station Targeted By Colleagues

Free-form WFMU is threatened by power cutback because of an RCA technical error

WFMU FM, of East Orange, New Jersey, considered to be one of the best free-form college radio stations in the United States, is facing a legal threat that could force the station to severely cut back its broadcasting power virtually curtailing its reception by a large percentage of listeners in very highly populated areas of New York.

Three public radio stations have filed complaints with the Federal Communications Commission, objecting to a technical discrepancy on WFMU's license application which was approved by the FCC in 1965.

Communications Technologies Incorporated, an engineering firm representing the three complaining stations, has asked the FCC to disapprove renewal of WFMU's broadcasting license, unless the station accepts cutting back its license broadcasting power more than half to 650 watts.

The stations filing the complaint are WKTW, 10,000 watts, owned by Per-

forming Arts Network of New Jersey; WSHU, 20,000 watts, owned by Sacred Heart University; and WFUV, 50,000 watts, owned by Fordham University.

WFMU, is an innovative, pioneering college radio station from Upsala College. It was one of the first free form FM stations embarking on the eclectic, anything-goes approach to broadcasting in 1968. The programming style, retained to this day with a mostly volunteer staff, has reached new heights of popularity at WFMU. Although located in New Jersey, WFMU's lively, popular broadcasts can be picked up in burroughs of New York City. A cover story in the Village Voice in 1987 called WFMU "The Best Station in New York City" and readers of College Media Journal (CMJ) voted the station "Best College Station in the U.S." in 1987 and 1988.

A statement filed by WFMU acknowledged the error in their license and stated that they have filed an application in an attempt to "correct an ancient and

inadvertent technical error made in the infancy of FM broadcasting by a reputable technical advisor (RCA) on whom Upsala College reasonably relied."

WFMU stated that "the other stations' proposal is contrary to the public interest, since it would cut 2.2 million people off from a unique service that has existed for 25 years, and which many of them have come to rely on."

A grass-roots campaign to rally support for the station is underway. The station reports receiving 500 letters of support each week. Listeners have been distributing flyers throughout metropolitan area of New York. Dozens of clubs and musicians have offered to hold benefit concerts to defray the station's legal expenses.

"If WFMU's power is reduced, countless radio listeners will lose a unique service, so that three already-enormous stations can expand even further", stated station General Manager Ken Freedman.

Q & A with WFMU-FM General Manager Ken Freedman

Defends his station's broadcasting rights--in the face of concerted opposition

Is WFMU being sued?

Freedman: No. WFMU has submitted an application to correct a discrepancy (dating from 1962) on its license. WKTW, WFUV, and WSHU are urging the FCC to deny our application, and force us to lower power to 650 watts immediately.

Why to 650 watts? Is WFMU operating above its licensed power?

We are not exceeding our licensed power of 1440 watts, our tower is not too high, and our antenna is the exact height above sea level as specified in our license. The problem concerns incorrect elevation figures for the land surrounding our transmitter ("average terrain"), which were provided incorrectly by RCA surveyors in 1962. These figures are inconsistent with three other elevation measurements on our license. The FCC approved our license despite this discrepancy in 1965, and has re-approved it many times since.

How are the complaining stations arriving at the "650 watts" figure?

The engineering firm for the three oppos-

ing stations says this wattage would eliminate all amounts of overlap. However, much of that overlap is interference caused to WFMU. We are willing to accept this small amount of interference, having lived with it for decades.

Is WFMU interfering with other stations?

Yes, to a very slight degree, but not as much as other stations are interfering with us. We have asked the FCC to waive its interference rules to permit these slight amounts of mutual interference, rather than destroying WFMU by cutting its power in half. The FCC considers interference of 1 percent or less to be *de minimus*, or negligible, but they must still rule on it. The amounts of interference suffered by WKTW and WSHU fall far below this 1 percent benchmark, and affect fewer than 3,000 people. To eliminate this problem, they propose cutting WFMU off from a population of over 2.2 million.

Why are these public stations challenging WFMU's license?

For different reasons. WKTW was forced

by the FCC to broadcast in a less than ideal fashion because they were causing interference to a TV station in Philadelphia. WKTW claims to be receiving interference from WFMU in excess of the one-tenth of one percent that they have proven on paper. If this is true, it is due more to their method of transmission than to WFMU. WKTW, like the other two stations, has made no secret of their intention to increase their coverage area at WFMU's expense. WFUV and WSHU are attempting to expand their already-huge coverage areas, and are citing miniscule amounts of interference as a pretext for doing so. This overlap has existed for 25 years--and neither station has ever notified WFMU or the FCC about it. If the discrepancy in WFMU's license is corrected, and/or present operation is authorized, WFUV and WSHU (50,000 and 20,000 watts, respectively) fear they will have to cancel plans for even greater expansion.

Who will decide WFMU's fate? The FCC, who say it will take 4 to 18 months to render an initial decision.

G G Allin Goes to Prison--Suicide and Mayhem Postponed

Scum-rocker G G Allin has been sentenced to 18 months in prison for allegedly beating and burning a 25-year-old woman in Ann Arbor, Mich. last year during a drunken orgy

Allin is reportedly upset by the sentence because it will thwart his previously announced plans to commit suicide on stage on Oct. 31, of this year. Rumors are rampant that he planned to kill half the members of his audience before dousing his own lights.

In New Haven, Connecticut, charges are also pending against Allin for in-

decent exposure to minors stemming from a performance in August 1989.

Homestead Records, which has released some G G Allin records, has been advised by an attorney to no longer stock Allin records, Allin said. Stores that carry his records have been raided and his records impounded, he adds.

"Who is the law to decide my rock and roll lifestyle?" Allin said following his conviction. "We must fight and do it now to stop these public authorities of this fucking censorship.

"This definitely fucks up my plans.

But not for good. I will get out one day. When I do, I will proceed with my plans. I will not be broken. The Scumfuc tradition will live on. When I get done with my time I am going out on one of the hardest road trips known to man. I will show the world the most chaos and destruction it has ever seen."

People who would like to get in contact with Allin can write to him c/o P.O.B. 704, Oak Lawn, IL 60454 and mail will be forwarded his current prison address.

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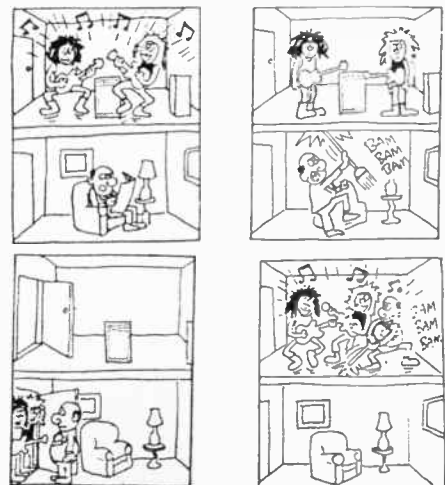
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SOP 223 ILLUSION OF SAFETY - "Repairs" -C60 \$4.50 Fresh from their lp, IOS lays a tape on SOP--a song tape that represents the band's live sound--and a damn good sound it is too--the beat goes on.

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Please make checks/money orders payable to Al Margolis. US and Canada PPD. Europe add \$1 per tape. All others \$2 per tape.

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Inside Eye on Consumer Electronics Show

By Venus Marie Louviere,
Consumer Reporter

This winter's Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, Nev. was the biggest ever. It had approximately 1,400 exhibitors in a 800,788 square foot area, ("A Big One"). There were 95 product categories.

For the first time audio and video products had their own exclusive exhibit area (at the Mirage Hotel). There were exciting demonstrations of Surround Sound and video editing and projection systems.

I enjoyed the Casio keyboard demonstration the best. (Keyboard capabilities are expanding, prices are going down.)

There were many electronic industry representatives from the U.S., Soviet Union, the People's Republic of China, and 78 other countries.

Forums such as "Audio Overview" and "Video Overview" were led by consumer electronics experts, sharing marketing information and industry forecasts.

Industry sources predict that consumer digital audio tape (DAT) recorders will be for sale to the public no later than Christmas, possibly sooner. Other sources predicted that within five years DAT will be widely accepted and replace the cassette, as the CD has replaced the LP.

A group called The Home Recording Rights Coalition (HRRRC) were in full force at the show. The HRRRC is a coalition of consumers, retailers and manufacturers of audio and video products dedicated to "preserving rights to use these products free from taxes or government interference." The organization is lobbying for the passage of a federal law that is seen as a compromise between the record industry and the equipment manufacturers. The bill, introduced in Congress on Feb 27 states that no consumer model DAT recorder will be introduced into the U.S. without a "serial copy management system." This system makes it possible to make first-generation, digital copies of compact discs, but prevents making copies of the copies.

For more information on this DAT bill, contact the HRRRC at 1145 19th St NW, P.O. Box 33576, Washington, DC 20033; or phone 1-800-282-TAPE.

Here are a few statistics released by HRRRC regarding home taping that might interest some of you home tapers out there. Figures were compiled from a survey of 1,500 people.

1. Most home tapers record 81% of their music from the taper's own record collection.
2. 86% of these people tape for use in a walkman or in their cars.
3. Nearly 74% of all home taping "occasions" do not involve prerecorded music at



all, but include answering machine taping, family members voices and home musical performances.

4. Home taping does not displace prerecorded music purchases. The survey concluded that "Taping for other people is a marginal activity for most tapers."

5. The overwhelming majority agreed that "current home taping practices should be left unchanged" while another 25% were not sure or had no opinion. (Where do you fit in?)

Although there were no new blockbuster consumer electronic products unveiled this winter, there were many improvements introduced for current popular products. They introduced some futuristic new technology, including:

"Home Automation" that lets you design and control your own home environment. From a centralized control panel you can control, lighting, temperature, sound systems, and most other appliances in the home. (It's time to get out your Jetson's outfits and fly.)

Here are a few of the products that caught my eye. (Watch out twenty first Century!!!!).

Walk 'N' Talk is a cordless telephone headset with an FM radio. You can answer or make calls up to 1,000 feet away from the base unit. It includes reedial. It is made by WICOM Inc. the price is \$229.95.

NN-9859 & NN-9809 are combination microwave and conventional ovens from Dementions Inc. They broil, bake, microwave and combination cook all in one. What's really neat about it is that you don't tell it how long to cook, it tells you. It includes a feature called "Genius," (You got that right) an auto-sensor control. Push the *memory recipe key* and it remembers just how you like your favorite meal cooked. I want it in Eurostyle black (it also comes in white) to match my espresso machine. It will be available in the spring of 1990, and with all the accessories, the price is \$499. The name sucks.

A/V Pocket Watch

(Another thing that will be on my own 1990 Christmas list) is a VHS VCR player/recorder with a 4" screen that weighs less than 5 pounds. It's portable so you can take it anywhere and make and play your own videos. (That's neat). One model has a bigger 7" screen, and slow motion playback. You can even use it as a alarm clock with it's 30/60/90- minute sleep timer. It's the 1990's, WAKE UP!!!!!!!

Videosonics, PV-M429 \$1399.00, PV-M749 \$1099.00.

A portable air conditioner from

Panasonic, has as much cooling power as a big bulky one (5,000 BTU's), but it's only 10" deep. It has two speeds and is quiet. Like many of Panasonic's new products, it also has the sleek Eurostyle look that I like. No more pushing and shoving in front of the air conditioner on a hot day, just strap it on and away you go! It will also be available this Spring. It will cost \$349.95.

Serious Listeners are a new listening enhancement tool, (they are definitely not beauty enhancement tools). They are kind of like a hearing aid but for people who have normal hearing. They are comparable to binoculars, but for the ears. They are made of leather and resemble large animal ears, (*Are you sure you want to wear them to your next concert?*). The exaggerated ear size increases focus on a sound source and an ability to gather more sonic information--like cupping your hands around your ears. Could be good for sound engineers. This new funny looking product is priced at \$24.95. You can order direct from the company by calling 1-800-326-1201 or write to them at P.O. Box 565, Burlingame, CA 94011.

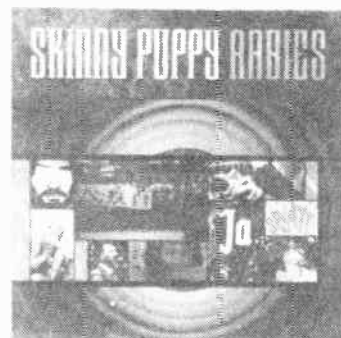
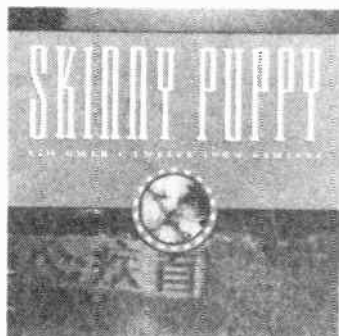
Hands Free Video Game Controller is a great new product from Nintendo. It gives the physically impaired child or adult the ability to operate video games without using one's hands. The device is worn on the chest and fitted with an adjustable collar strap and chin-activated joystick. It lights up to let you know what buttons have been activated. The device works with a "Sip and Puff" tube. By sipping and puffing you activate the select and start buttons. Only slight movement of the head and jaw is needed. This is a great new product for the handicapped.

Gourmet Blank Tapes. TDK MA-XG dual layer pure-metal audio cassette boasts "the lowest noise ever for metal audio tape". Ultra-high-quality, ultra-high priced at \$15-\$18 a piece. Sony's new "Metal Master" tape is available in 90 and 100 minute lengths, at around the same price. Several other companies are expected to come out with similar super high quality, high price tapes in 1990.

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Cassettes On Top in Format Wars

Perspectives on Audio Evolution by Sound Choice Editor David Ciaffardini

Many operators of independent record labels hope the public will retain its affection for vinyl LPs. However, the prevailing sentiment at the major labels is to encourage the public to stop buying vinyl and switch to compact discs (CDs) as fast as possible.

Both segments of the recording industry have economic reasons for their positions. However, the major labels, through organization and cooperation among themselves, are making their dream come true--and fast!

For the major labels, Compact Disc players are a goose that lays golden eggs. The public now has more reason to buy more new recordings, in many cases, such as when buying CD versions of recordings they already have in their collection, recordings that they wouldn't be purchasing otherwise. In addition compact disc sales yield a much higher profit margin than vinyl albums, because, when produced in large quantities, Compact Discs are less costly to manufacture than vinyl albums.

Many independent labels though, have refrained or, at least, have been slow to join the CD evolution. In many cases--questions of CD audio quality aside--independent labels have been reluctant to spend the extra money it takes to release CDs in the small quantities the independent market requires.

For an independent label that wants to release a recording on CD in conjunction with vinyl, it will mean a significant increase in capitalization costs. If a company or artist decides to release CD only, the capitalization costs are still greater than with vinyl, plus there is the additional problem of losing sales to otherwise loyal customers who don't own compact disc players.

More compact disc players are being

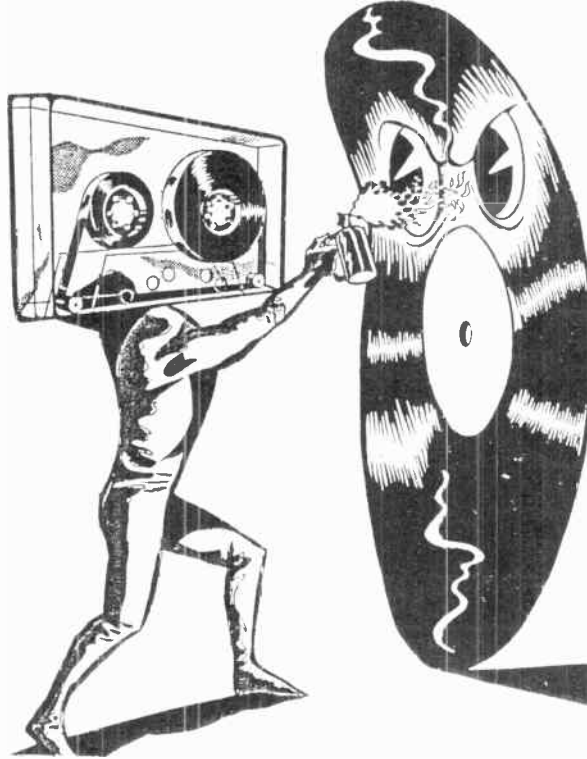


Illustration courtesy of Big City Orchestra

Vinyl LPs are dying as major labels push them out of the way of more profitable compact discs.

The cassette, however, is still by far the most popular recording format in the world.

purchased each day, to be sure, but the overall percentage of people who own CDs is still low enough--about 12-16 percent of households in the U.S.--that a CD-only release is bound to alienate many potential buyers.

An interesting case of an independent label that has successfully mined the CD-only approach is the U.S. independent label Rykodisc.

Rykodisc, which began in 1985 as a CD only label (they have since released a few selected titles on vinyl and cassette) made a clever marketing move by managing to release selected items from the

Jimi Hendrix, Frank Zappa and David Bowie catalogs. In most of these instances, the recordings that Rykodisc released on CD only were re-releases of popular recordings that for one reason or another were not available new anywhere in the U.S. in vinyl or cassette versions. Thus the fans of these artists--among the most fanatical and devoted fans around-- would have great incentive to buy the CDs whether they already owned CD players or not. The Rykodisc releases obviously spawned the sales of many compact disc players.

But Rykodisc is an exception, if only because its marketing effort was well-funded, by independent standards, from its inception.

Most independent labels and self-producing artists have been caught off guard by the rapid proliferation of compact discs and consequent dismissal of vinyl. Even executives of major labels who ushered in CDs express their amazement over how rapidly and efficiently CDs have replaced LPs.

Many self-producers and independent labels--and their distributors-- have found themselves trying to sell their latest vinyl slices to record stores that no longer stock vinyl LPs--they don't even have the store fixtures to display the albums. Likewise there are the record collectors who no longer will buy vinyl now that they have invested in a CD player.

The challenge of releasing a CD version will be difficult to face for any artist or small label that has placed all its capital into a huge stack of records that cannot be sold to formerly receptive markets.

To be sure, there are some independent labels that currently release only vinyl and are doing fairly well with it. But it seems inevitable that vinyl-oriented labels face increasing hardships.

Already the younger segment of music buyers are purchasing compact disc players instead of turntables.

Thus, a portion of the market that could have become enamored with independent label product--the group that fueled the fervent independent market of the late '70s and early '80s--will completely bypass independent recordings if they are marketed on vinyl. Notice I say "marketed." Some indie labels release cassette version of recordings, but they remain primarily vinyl-oriented pushing vinyl in their ads and other promotion, giving only small notice of "cassette versions also available".

Many independent labels may have already been hit hard by the CD blues, but don't know it yet. The news will sink in in about 18-months when they learn that their distributors never did sell those huge orders of vinyl recordings they took. Distributor payments will never arrive and huge returns will be made or, increasingly likely, the distributor files for bankruptcy and is not obligated to pay or make returns.

It's a different story for the major labels. They were on top of CDs from the beginning. They orchestrated this format shell game that leaves consumers and small entrepreneurs guessing. The compact disc, with its shiny silver coating and digital technology gave record companies a convenient excuse for raising their prices and profit margins, even though the discs and their packaging, when manufactured in large quantities (more than 5,000) don't cost any more than vinyl LPs to produce. (The elaborate CD packaging with a "jewel case" and plastic long-box display package represents about 70% of the total cost of CD manufacturing and was used as a marketing ploy to make the discs seem more valuable than they are.)

Revenues for the major record labels rose about 12.5 percent in 1989 and are expected to rise another 14 percent this year according to the U.S. Commerce Department. Most of these increases are due to the Compact Disc, the government reports. During this same period LP sales dropped 35 percent

This is not to say that the vinyl market is extinct. Certain vinyl recordings may become highly sought after, especially by serious collectors who realize that vinyl versions of some classic recordings may never be released in compact disc versions, or if they do, the digital technology will literally never be able to retain and reproduce all music

and sound "essence" of the original analog versions. And of course, LPs with their large format and covers, offer visual aesthetic pleasures missing from their dinky CD counterparts.

Still, one doubts that there will be many upstart vinyl oriented labels springing forth as we get deeper into the 1990s.

There will undoubtedly be companies that offer analog recordings (as opposed to CDs digital output) but they will likely be offered in cassette tape formats. Analog cassettes, recorded with improved noise reduction techniques, may be the format of choice by many audiophiles, and, perhaps especially, people who are working with "healing music."

Scientific tests have shown, that remarkable consciousness and physiological altering properties of music that is recorded in analog are lost when they are played via a digital format.

Flute recordings by Paul Horn, done in the Taj Mahal, were shown to alter, in a slight but beneficial way, the consciousness and body functions of listeners who experience the analog recordings of the performance. Digitally remastered versions of the same performance did not have the same effect. In addition some audio engineers, after conducting scientific tests, claim that digital recordings have been shown to create stress in listeners, stress that is not created by analog versions of the same sounds.

Recording companies that want to market toward the high end spectrum of audio connoisseurs--those that currently buy the Sheffield Lab discs and other "gourmet" vinyl, may very likely, side-step compact discs altogether and focus on super high quality cassette releases instead. A new generation of Dolby noise suppression is already on its way, and super-high quality blank cassettes, now retailing for \$15 to \$18 each have been introduced by the major manufactures.

The analog cassette is the one format that has continued to gain popularity despite the emergence of Compact Discs.

In 1989 more pre-recorded cassettes were sold in the US than LPs and CDs combined--495.1 million cassettes compared to 210 million CDs and 47 million LPs. And yet, except among the lowest echelons of recording marketing--tiny cassette-only labels and non-profit cassette networkers--cassettes are currently treated as if they were an awkward

half-brother of CDs and LPs. In marketing campaigns, cassettes always seem to stand quietly in the background while CDs and LPs are pushed into the spotlight.

Record companies, both independents and majors, have always seemed a bit suspicious of cassettes, as if, because of their inherently erasable and recordable nature, they can't be completely trusted in the hands of the public. As if the full capabilities and charms of cassettes shouldn't be promoted for fear that the public might realize that they, with their portable cassette recorders, might infringe upon the territory established giants of the recorded music industry. Every cassette recorder is, after all, a low-budget recording plant.

There are now CD-only stores, and vinyl only stores, but why, in America, are there no cassette-only stores?

It's a shame there are no cassette-only stores, for if there were, I believe, the independent music scene would be far stronger than it is today and would not be as hard hit by the emergence of compact discs.

CDs, are not replacing cassettes. Digital Audio Tape (DAT) is not likely to replace analog cassettes, at least in the next few years, as manufacturers, law makers and major labels wrangle over the technology while even more advanced formats wait in the wings. Before 1995 we are likely to see several new fledgling recorded music formats emerge, but they are more likely to replace compact discs, and not analog cassettes.

It's no exaggeration to say that nearly everyone in the world either owns or has access to a cassette machine.

Self-producers and small recording companies that are pondering the format war and want to release recordings that retain high end audio fidelity in a format that will be commercially viable for a relatively long time should give due respect and consideration to the often overlooked audio mighty-mite, the common analog cassette.

The potential of cassette-only marketing appears to be stronger than ever.

Don't be surprised when, as we hit the millennium, it is reported that among the most autonomous and successful independent recording companies of the 1990s, many gained their position through the marketing and sales of analog cassettes.

LETTERS

Shockabilly Legend was Distorted

Dear Sir:

You know a group is a legend when, like a legend, their history changes each time it is told. Such is the case with Shockabilly, and as a Shockabilly archivist it means my work is cut out for me just correcting the errors!

So although your Kramer interview was pretty good, please print these corrections for those interested in the band's history. I ought to know because I was at every Shockabilly show. I even attended the Son of Shockabilly shows without Kramer, as well as the legendary Shockabilly shows Kramer produced in New York with his high school chum Randy Hudson substituting for Chadbourne, and guitarist Randy Hutton substituting for Hudson when he became ill.

First, you claim Chadbourne and his family "cleared out" of New York when Shockabilly broke up. Actually, they left New York almost a year before Shockabilly was even formed! The entire history of the group consisted of Chadbourne and David Licht living in Greensboro, Kramer living in New York. And then, as a postscript, David Licht "cleared out" of Greensboro and moved to New York when Shockabilly broke up. I mention this because it is one of the most moving parts of the band's history. Also, exciting. Imagine all the run-ins with New Jersey traffic cops!

Kramer himself makes some glaring errors. He says the group The Chadbournes played its music in art galleries, and this made him weep. Well I was also at every Chadbournes gig, and only one was held in an art gallery. And this happened to have the largest attendance--and payment--in the group's history! All the remaining Chadbournes gigs were held in sleazy bars and colleges. For more information, read "Playing in Sleazy Bars," printed in the English magazine Collusion.

Kramer refuses to give the Chadbourne activity on Parachute records any credit for Chadbourne's following, but in reality the small audience the Shockabilly crowd started with was made up of fans of these albums, particularly *There'll Be No Tears Tonight*, which has outsold all the Shockabilly albums with the exception of *Vietnam*. Where would Shockabilly have been without this crowd, especially the people that slunk up to the stage afterwards to ask Chadbourne penetrating questions about his former involvement with guitarist, composer, New Music Honcho, and ex-Hell's Angel Fred Frith?

Kramer claims Shockabilly never used set lists! This is bullshit. I have a collection of them. Most of them were made up by Kramer himself! David Licht used to rip them to tiny shreds once most of the show was over.

Your praise for Shockabilly *Heaven*, although justified, omits critical facts that only a true archivist could possess: (1) although you say there was material around for three albums, Kramer still placed three

songs on the album that are basically him solo, were never played by the band and thus can't be considered Shockabilly songs; (2) likewise, "How Can You Kill Me I'm Already Dead" was recorded on a broken 1/4 track recorder in Chadbourne's basement and also has nothing to do with Shockabilly.

Also in an interview of this depth it seems surprising you do not mention Kramer's relationship with Ed Sanders, the Fug and great American poet. Simultaneously during the development of Shockabilly Kramer organized, rehearsed and put into motion what would become the official revival of the Fugs. And it was his actions bringing Chadbourne and Sanders together to record the song "Nicaragua"--co-written by Sanders and Kramer--for which Kramer is most fondly remembered by his ex-associates.

Best wishes,

Hank Gonzalez, President, The Shockabilly Institute
(*Hank Gonzalez aka Eugene Chadbourne--ed.*)

Birdcage Liner Musings

David C.

All true agents tuned to the heartbeat of the evolution and equipped to blaze new trails of evolutionary thought and activity create "birdcage liners" proudly and trade it freely. Since when is business and slick presentation more important than encouraging anyone to have a voice?

Rrian Fike, AFM, 18 NW 100 St., Miami, FL 33150

We all have a voice--not to mention access to photocopy machines, tape recorders, radio phone in shows, magazine letters sections, computer bulletin boards, bullhorns, etc. The point I was making when I reviewed Mike Gunderloy's work in Sound Choice No. 12, is that we should try to refine and clarify our "voice" so that our communications are worth more than "birdcage liners." To do otherwise devalues the concept of communication.

There should be a distinction made between "dumping" and "delivering" information and expression. The creation and exchange of some shoddy publications, recordings, videos etc, seems to be the "creative" equivalent of throwing dirty diapers along the highway--it's a very personal act, it attracts attention, but the stink obscures the fragrance of the roadside flowers.

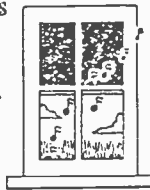
There's a place in the world for shit and flowers, but when the shit starts burying the flowers, I've got a problem with it. We can all try to do better.--David

Electronic Evolution or Mind Control?

Sound Choice:

In Robert Wilson's article "Brain Machines Can Turn You On" in the Winter 1989 issue of Sound Choice there are a number of misconceptions and missing pieces of information that give a slanted view of electronic stimulation of the brain.

According to Wilson, electronic brain stimulation research conducted by a handful of low-budget visionaries will guide humanity into a new stage of evolution. This is the general theme of much of his writing, and the main reason I quit reading his work a couple of years



ago. I have two main faults with this idea, and a suggestion for how to remedy them.

First, technology isn't going to save us. There is no invisible hand guiding technology towards benevolent (or malicious) ends any more than there is some unseen force that guides a culture or religion to serve (or enslave) humanity. At present, the main force in technology is profit.

And it is perhaps here that Wilson makes his second mistake. Perhaps he too realizes that profit influences technology, and therefore we should look to the lone visionaries for our salvation. Surely we can trust those mon-and-pop brain control devices, right? I too would rather experiment with an independently made stimulator, or one I made myself, just as I'd rather listen to independently made music or music I've made myself. But Wilson's article makes no mention at all of government and corporate research into electronic stimulation of the brain., as if it's just not happening. And this big-time research is guided by profit, control, and power. This glaring omission of the possibilities of electronic stimulation of the brain reminds me too much of how the government used to claim nuclear energy was going to be the clean, safe, free energy of the future.

I suggest that anyone interested in electronic stimulation of the brain attempt to get the whole picture by doing a little research in their local library. Edward Rosenfeld's *The Book of Highs* contains many reference sources for study (such as Perry London's "Behavior Control").

There are positive how-to experiment books such as The Temple of Psychic Youth's *Dreamachine* book (\$3 from T.O.P.Y., Box 18223, Denver, CO 80218) and horrific accounts of unwilling experimentation such as Martti Koski's "My Life Depends On You" (\$1 from Mike Gunderloy, 6 Arizona, Renselaer, NY 12144-4502). A more objective report on electronic stimulation of the brain would have presented a more accurate picture of this subject.

I am also disappointed that rather than use the work of any one of the many, many talented artists who contribute to Sound Choice you decided to use a graphic taken directly from an ad that appeared inside that same issue for the MC2 Dreamachine. This smacks of a kind of endorsement of products I believe Sound Choice should stand firmly against (although I make no judgement on the MC2 Dreamachine). If I saw a literary magazine with a feature article on staplers, an ad for Swingline inside and a picture of a Swingline Model 11079 on the cover I would suspect a pay off. *(There was no payoff. We just liked the picture.--DC)*

While the brain stimulator article was interesting, I feel it has only a limited connection with the theme of the magazine to date, independently produced music. However, something with much more of a connection, your always informative publication reviews, was missing this issue. I hope they return with issue No. 14.

And one final gripe: you should have your classified ads proof-read more thoroughly. Sound Choice is the only magazine in which I read every single ad so I notice these things.

I hope all this doesn't come across as entirely negative. I write because I know Wilson as a writer and you as editors are capable of great works, as I have seen and know I will see in the future. Best of luck with all of your projects.

Trevor Blake, Knoxville, TN

A report on machines that use sounds to create a change in people's brainwaves and emotions has more



than a "limited connection" with independently produced music. If more independent musicians had a better understanding of this field, perhaps there would be some interesting new strides in the evolution of music.--DC

Know Thyself Robert Anton Wilson

Sound Choice:

As you know I have been a supporter of Sound Choice since it was merely an "ad attack" in the old OP magazine. Although I no longer publish my art damage (everyone must move on--that is evolution), and have taken my work under the underground, I continue to support and read Sound Choice hoping to see if the independent sound scene evolves to the unpredictable or devolves to the predictable (e.g. a money making music industry).

I was not prepared to see the article by Robert Anton Wilson in issue No. 13. I had the chance about 6 or 7 years ago to try out a computer program for the Commodore 64 which gave a reading on the video screen of my "altered state." If memory serves me, the purpose of the thing was to get into a frame of mind in which you find yourself continually lowering a moving horizontal ictus. The lower the ictus went the "quieter" the mind would become. It was an interesting device.

Regarding Wilson's report, I only have one problem and that is the religious overtones to the article. Any attempts at achieving an altered state by any means requires, I think, knowing yourself. (to hope you don't end up like Jim Baker and Tammy, i.e. finding the answer, spreading the word, and conning everyone out of their dollars.) With his (Wilson's) several references to Zen he may be forgetting the words of his guru Mumon: "A dunce once searched for a fire with a lighted lantern. Had he known what fire was, he could have cooked his rice much sooner."

What does this have to do with music, sound and evolution? It apparently occurs at 7.5 hertz!! He should take up playing electric guitar.

Evolve,

Justin Saragoza, 6530 Annie Oakley Dr. #514, Henderson, NV 89014

World Cultures Packaged for Global Shopping Mall

Dear David:

I was glad to see Ron Sakolsky's article in # 13 on World Music. It said things that need to be said, and in many ways was only the beginning. This issue of musical tourism isn't one that many people seem willing to address, preferring instead to get all gushy about the "global village," "cross-cultural exchange" and other euphemisms for what is more and more looking like a (bother) case of privileged white people plundering other cultures for the sake of novelty and vicarious exoticism, not to mention profits.

The spontaneous exchange of ideas between artists is to be expected and encouraged, but when these exchanges occur within the context of the marketplace then the motives of those producing the goods, as well as those consuming them, must be examined. Let's face it, there is much more going on here than genuine interest in the

expressions of other cultures. The marketplace is always looking for something "new" with which to tempt consumers who are by now bored with the "last big thing." I've heard the argument that this sort of thing builds interest in the source material, but I wonder just how many people who liked Linda Ronstadt's Mexican album went out and bought albums by Lydia Mendoza or Lola Beltran? How many who bought David Byrne's latest travesty will bother to check out Celia Cruz, Machito, Willi Colon, or any of the hundreds of other great salsa or meregeue artists? (And--perhaps of more interest--vice-versa?) Hell, how many Elvis fans knew who Muddy Waters was?

As always, we consumers can't count on companies--or artists--to do our thinking for us. We can't count on their motives to be ethical and assume that our consumption will be likewise by virtue of some wonderful trickle-down global consciousness. If we can approach the expressions of other cultures with sincerity (define it for yourself); if we are willing to put time into learning the histories of these musics and their function in the context of their original cultures; if we support the people whose music it is and not just those who (often) so glibly "borrow" to suit their purposes; if we are willing to go to the source as well as mindlessly boogie to whatever "fusion" groove happens to be hip this week; if we can begin to envision ourselves as "the other"; if we are willing to take the slow, meandering and less convenient path of the traveler rather than the "one price--no tipping necessary" guided tour--then there is much understanding and enjoyment to be gained by all involved. Otherwise, we'll soon have a global shopping mall, and a lot of boarded-up store fronts in the villages.

Steve Peters, What Next Recordings, Box 15118, Santa Fe, NM 87506

Woman Abused by Form Letter

Sound Choice:

Don't pretend to be a grass-roots organization that cares about people. You're a bunch of shameless gossiping old cows and since we didn't solicit your stupidity we don't expect to be bothered by it again.

You've never seen our work and if you knew our reputation then you'd know better that we are human beings; and form letters do not treat us as such. We haven't the time for your snotty nosed insincere pseudo-indie gossip distribution. Maybe if there were less people willing to buy your toilet zine and call it "alternative" there would be less need for a magazine like ours. Why don't you take a good long look in the mirror and see you symbolize everything you claim to hate. Sound Choice is about as alternative as a painted whore in leather Reeboks.

I didn't mean for this to degenerate into a personal attack but I guess it has. May be I symbolize everything that I hate.

Peace, Love and Anarchy,
Charlene, The Pleasure That Abideth" zine.

You publish a 'zine. Is a page in a zine anymore personal than a tailored form letter sent to a hand-picked list of addresses? Is a whore in Reeboks less virtuous than a slut with a Circle-A medallion? Peace, Love and Anarchy to you too.--DC



World Music Anxiety

Dear Sound Choice,
Greetings from the Planet Earth and many thanks for the fascinating report by Extra-Terrestrial Ron Sakolsky (Sound-Choice No. 13), giving his views on the music of our world. To tell you the truth, I was not even aware

Psycodrama is Ignorent (sic)

Dear Sound Choice:

Psycodrama has changed it's name to Ignorent, 'cause that's what everyone else calls us. A friend told me about some spiteful letters written about me in your magazine, but I live 200 miles from the nearest Sound Choice, so I ain't ever going to read them. He said I should respond, but after the job at the plant, chopping firewood, raising a Christian family, and lots of drinking with my buddies, I don't have time for nonsense like that.

Brett Kerby, Ignorent, P.O. Box 3300, Fairfax, VA 22038,

Scamming the Lithuanian Scene

The Fatman's cop on A Life In Music (Sound Choice No. 12) was right on, right on, right on. Why don't they teach this in school goddammit? I'm in my studio trying to get this out so I can go do some music, Dammit.

You know, there was a time when I dreamt of limousines and drooling respect, but now...hey! My mom is a musician, my, dad an artist--they always warned me it wasn't a cakewalk but did I listen? No way! Ha! Well, I'm finally doing IT--making my living as a musician--not by dint of the Ultimate Pop Concept, but rather through steady work and dumb luck and doing anything that kept me around music. What a drag.

Seems like I'm always a dollar away from the street, my gear is a year (or 10) out of date, I'm pursuing blind leads, paying out money for stuff. You know, I thought I'd be able to just be a musician-- creating all the time. Turns out in this biz you have to be a better businessman than most businessmen. What's worse is you have to be creative about it! Grr.

I'm lucky. I kept collaborating with people and working in whatever came up (worked hard on not compromising my values, either), and now I'm doing some cool stuff and making some money, too, specifically by contracting as a musician/sound designer for Atari's Lynx microcomputer.

I'm keeping my hand in the experimental side of things, too. I've been working with folks like Naut Humon of Rhythm n' Noise, Negativeland, New American Radio, and Antennae Theatre.

In addition, I kinda wiggled out about continuing to release experimental music (high expense/low return, no interest from distributors or labels--glutted market in other words) and did a cassette of Lithuanian Folkdance Music. I started advertising exclusively in Lithuanian/American magazines--trust me, there's a few. Lithuanians started buying the darn thing. Weird gig, though. Ad rates in these sorts of publications are real low, and it's easy to get on a Lithuanian radio show--trust me, there's a few.

Lx Rudis, San Francisco, CA

until now that North America and Western Europe were a separate planet...silly me! It's nice to hear that our music is entertaining your consumers, perhaps in time they'll be able to make even finer distinctions between the cultures this World has to offer than being able to "distinguish World Music from World Beat."

Maybe soon Planet North America and western Europe-dwellers will be able to distinguish between Bangladesh and Brazil, between the classical, folk and pop musics of India. But in the meantime, let's call it all World Music...whatever, it hardly matters, since the main thing is to clarify the fact that it's not US --read that as "us" or "U.S."--same difference.

But one thing confuses me a little. Isn't Sound Choice supposed to be one of the good guys, speaking out against injustice and exploitation? Isn't Sound Choice supposed to be fair? Why, then, do you allow on your otherwise intelligent and enlightened pages the mashing together of "Mozambique's Eyu-phuro to Chinese Folk Artists of Shalanxi, from Guinea's Fata-la to India's Prahlad Natak" neatly scalped off from (fellow extra-terrestrial?) Billy Bragg, who is the only one of these artists given a mouthpiece in the article?

WOMAD certainly doesn't do that. WCMAD tries to give a balanced global perspective on music, (as evidenced by their use of the Peters Projection world map which puts the equator, rather than Europe, in the centre and comes up with a more realistic picture of the relative sizes of the continents.) WOMAD doesn't talk about lone musician "delivering his audience to these international musicians." WOMAD bills each musician equally and fairly and gives copious information about each artists/style, irrespective of where s/he comes from. WOMAD is about the world's music, not World Music.

Randy Grass of Shanachie Records may be proud of coming up with the "concept" of World Beat, but I curse him for it. Today I told a record shop owner in Norway that the Indian record he had placed under the "World Music" label was not World Music, but classical. "It's World Music to Us" he replied. There See what you've done mister smarty pants Randy Grass of Shanachie Records? You and you clever-dick fellow labellers? Of all the smug, arrogant stereotyping that has ever been done, this must be the biggest, most blind and most insulting--you've actually managed to label the whole fucking world (excluding yourself, of course)! Just like the bookshops who put all the Christian books under "Religion" and other religions under "Occult". The tendency to wave vaguely and dismissively towards some unspecified horizon to indicate the rest of the world, the not US, was bad enough; and now you've offered them a great big, painless, plastic label to stick over the whole nasty mess. Congratulations. Well done.

What is the point in paying lip service to the very serious objection that the term World Music is ethnocentric, and then totally ignoring it in the rest of the article?

ET Ron admits that the term "World Music is still problematic in that its connotation continues to situate the rest of the world in relation to the West," and then goes merrily on to talk about it being a good trend if it makes "Americans" appreciate "other cultures." It's not the term World Music that causes this segregating off, it's the people who use the term, however well-meaning they may be. A kind of subconscious apartheid.

Because, when you face facts, you have to admit that what you really mean when you try to use terms like "World Music", "Third World", "the West" etc. is "Them" and "Us." Otherwise, why would an all embracing, non-political, non-religious term like "World"

makes you think of "other people's music?"

"What should we call it then?" people often ask, but the whole point is that we are not dealing with an IT. We're dealing with "them"--hundreds and hundreds of different cultures with their own unique musics developed through their own individual cultural histories. And they remain unique even when there are cross-cultural influences (which there have been since the beginning of human history, so there's no need to wonder if "an exciting new cross-pollination will emerge," it's happened hundreds of times, it's an ongoing process) but each culture maintains its identity nevertheless. Elvis Presley didn't become a member of Black society by singing it's music. On the contrary, he made their music part of White society.

We, Norwegian music journalist Arild Bergh and I, are starting a magazine called Worldbeat, (a horribly ironic coincidence). It will promote the musics of all the countries of the world in a balanced, fair manner, rather than mentioning lists of "international musicians" like an exotic menu in a curry house--don't know what it all means, but I guess it's spicy, comes from out there somewhere and gives you diarrhea the next day.

Best wishes,
Sabita Banerji Bergh, Norway

Look forward to Part 2 of Ron Sakolsky's World Music Directory in Sound Choice No. 15. --DC



That's me, sitting in front of the new Target Video. As you can see...in the middle of the wilderness.--Pebe Rees

Earthquake tragedy

...We had some bad luck October 17th, '89. The earthquake took our complete building and almost everything we had--but at least we survived.

We manage to get most of our 2,000 master-tapes out of this mess--Yeah!!

Well, our equipment is pretty much (about 70%) gone and all of our personal belongings are somewhere buried between second and third floor.

Meanwhile we live close to Tahoe in a trailer. The office and a small dubbing facility is set up in a big U-Haul moving truck we managed to buy right after the quake. Forget any support from the government--it sucks!

But the weather is nice--we are in good health and still have faith in what we're doing!!!

Please put the ad in your magazine anyway--our mail is forwarded to our new address.

We wish you the very best for 1990 and please keep in touch with us.

Greetings from Target Video.
Pebe B. Rees, Target Video





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Remarkable Publications



Albert Hofmann, early years

Albert Hofmann Foundation Newsletter

In 1938, while working as a scientific researcher at Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Switzerland, Albert Hofmann became the first person to synthesize LSD. A few years later by chance he discovered LSD's powerful consciousness altering properties, accidentally ingesting a minute quantity of the substance--probably through his skin--and thus unknowingly embarking on the world's first known LSD trip. He enjoyed it. Later, he would return to his laboratory and voluntarily ingest a much larger dose of the strange concoction in the name of science. At one point he thought he was going crazy. The world would never be the same. Many people equate the evolutionary significance of the discovery of LSD to another major scientific discovery that was happening about the same time--the harnessing of atomic power. LSD was for the mind what atomic power was to the world of energy. Both discoveries would lead the world to incredible new potentials --both beneficial and extremely dangerous. Some believe that it was not just evolutionary coincidence that the two discoveries were made about the same time. Perhaps, they surmise, LSD was necessary to alter the collective psyche of the world in order to be able to handle the awesome consequences of atomic power. The Albert Hofmann Foundation, was established in 1988 by numerous credentialed scientists who believe that LSD is a substance of great

value to humanity and that more research on it and other psychedelic substances is desperately needed. The foundation now publishes a quarterly newsletter, distributes cassettes and literature, and hosts events with the intent of preserving and advancing the fruits of the legacy of Hofmann and all those who've traversed the psychedelic tightrope. The newsletter, which runs 8 pages so far, is sent to Foundation members. Basic membership fee is \$30. (132 West Channel Road, Suite 324, Santa Monica, CA 90402)

Alternative

A thick, colorful, punk 'zine, written in English, that covers a large portion of the worldwide scene. Read a punk scene report from the Philippines, a gig review from Czechoslovakia, plus interviews with bands, and more. According to the Philippino report 20,000 Philipinos held a march protesting U.S. military presence in their country. \$2 U.S. funds ppd. (Resistance Prod., Postfach 426, 8026 Zurich, Switzerland)

Always Jukin'

Here is the Sound Choice record collector tip of the month: start checking out juke boxes. What better way to showcase your bulging punk rock singles collection than to have them set up and ready to play in a juke box! Here is the monthly publication that will help you tune in to the world of juke box collectors. Spin through these pages and you will find juke box articles, photos, ads and plenty of other info on the subject. But start saving your money--these coin-swallowing disc-spinners ain't cheap! \$3 (5136-26th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105)

Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed

First off, you'll probably enjoy checking out this periodical if only because it shows a feisty, rebellious anti-authoritarian attitude--a salve for the myopic party line spouted by the Times and Newsweeks of the world. However, a problem with this socio-political journal is that editor Lev Chernyi loves to wallow in self-aggrandizement, exclu-

sionism, and anachronism. "Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed" does a disservice to all those who believe concepts of anarchism can erase barriers that divide our global community. With "Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed," editor Chernyi builds steel walls of separatism, and sets up his own fascist standards of political correctness.

He condemns new -agers, social democrats and Greens for their lack of conviction for radical change. However, he fails to see those movements' strength: inclusiveness--a willingness to step out and greet the world with open invitations.

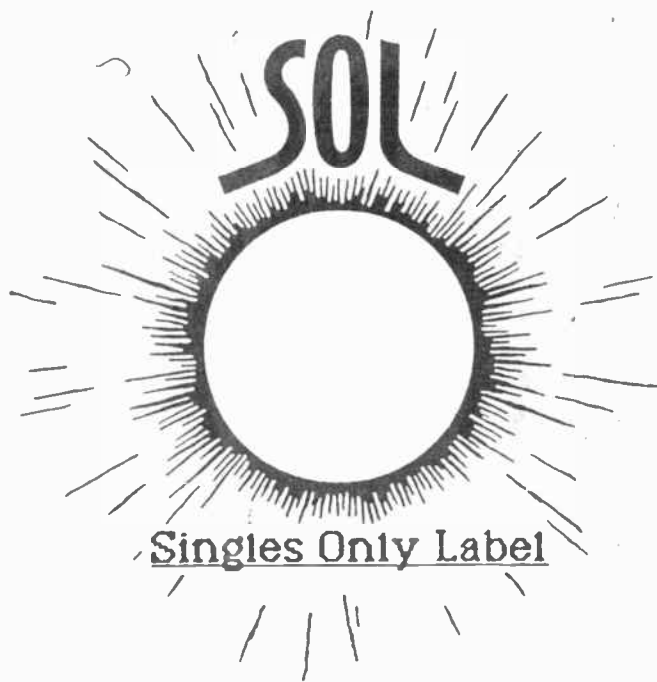
Chernyi takes an exclusionist attitude--society scrutinized through a peephole and invited inside only if they give the correct hand signals and code words.

Chernyi's message of Anarchism is akin to Hitler's vision of Naziism: identify those with divergent philosophies and systematically exclude or ridicule them. Chernyi's values show impending bankruptcy: Love and tolerance are in short supply to be doled out only to those that vow allegiance to a set of unwritten rules that can be read between the lines of each paragraph he writes.

The double standard infects his periodical's masthead: The publisher's notice allows reprinting permission only if the reprints will be used for non-profit purposes. Who does he expect to enforce this rule? The U.S. government? Himself?

"Anarchy: A Journal of Desire Armed" gives Anarchism a bad name and fuels the egos of Saturday night vandals who need illusions of international camaraderie and worldly purpose as they banner their frustrations and inner turmoil with cans of spray paint and home-made explosives.

Writing about an ill-conceived Anarchist action last summer in Berkeley--, Chernyi writes, "I can only consider the Coca Cola truck demolition--and the bombardment of riot cops with hundreds of Coke cans--as a highly poetic act." Chernyi doesn't dwell on the fact that the Anarchist mob, on their way to being injured and arrested by police, threw rocks at a church that feeds the homeless and trashed Shakespeare books, a used



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SOL 801-7

WARM JETS

NY-based noise, punk & dirge-meisters debut single, "Wacked", dishes up a heapin' helpin' of frenzied feedback.

SOL 802-7

DAVID POSTELTHWAITE

With a well-rounded background in the Twin Cities rock, folk & sacred music scenes, Postelthwaite offers 3 solo-acoustic charmers, "Truly, Truly False" b/w "G.E. Moon" & "Change of Heart."

SOL 903-7

ANGEL DEAN

Angel's performing & recording credits run the gamut from country swing with The Last Roundup to experimental vocal pieces with Julia Heyward. Her first solo release, is a collaoration with Pere Ubu's Tony Maimone, & represents a new pop & soul departure. (Walkin' Talkin' b/w Spiders Web).

SOL 904-7

THE ZEPHYRS

A healthy gumbo of pedal-steel, accordion, stand-up bass & primal drums. Two fine songs, "Happens All The Time" & "Juliet" featuring former members of the Raybeats & Indoor Life.

SOL 905-7

FRICTION WHEEL

This young New Jersey band plays rock & roll for the same reasons we started this label. Produced by Bob Mould, "Something Tells Me" b/w "Won't Fall Down" is simply a great rock single.

SOL 906-7

THE SHAMS

Fine songwriting & beautiful harmonies from a trio of charming ladies, & there ain't nothin' sham about it. This debut single, "Only A Dream," stands out as the real lyrical gem in SOL's diadem thus far.

Words that sing.
Music that speaks.

del Amitri

Their new album
Waking Hours



Finally—cathay songs
you can admit you like.

del Amitri waking hours

Produced by Mark Freedland except "Empire," "You're
Gone" and "Nothing Ever Happens" produced by
Christopher and "Dance Like" produced by Gil Norton.



book store.

Chernyi's blinders prevent him from mentioning the more poignant chapter of poetic justice that was happening during the streetside Coca-Cola wars: Riot police quenching their thirsts from those liberated Coke cans as the police were joined by Berkeley's street people, shopkeeper's and tourists who threw debris and insults back at the Anarchists. Even the homeless were seen hurling violent epithets at the Anarchist mob that was upsetting the normally peaceful, bustling and decidedly liberal atmosphere of the Berkeley streets.

This event, which received little media attention outside of the Bay Area, was an historic low point in Anarchist evolution and public relations. Chernyi's dubious, vengeful propaganda is another low point.

The FBI and CIA would reasonably have a vested interest in making sure that Chernyi and folks like him continue with their self-appointed roles as whiney voices for Anarchists throughout the world. 32 pages: \$1.50 ppd. (Anarchy c/o C.A.L., P.O. Box 1446, Columbia, MO 65205-1446.)

Bad Seed

Editor Miriam Linna cuts through the literary world with a switchblade wit, jabbing her blade hilt-deep into belly of one of the great sub genre's of American exploitation publishing: the juvenile delinquent pulp paperbacks that were popular in the 1950s. Lurid covered novels such as "Gutter Girl" which promised "For the first time--telling the whole story of the wild and wanton girls who run with the street packs and throng the cellar clubs!" Don't expect some lame Sunday book review borefest either. This is written with flair and humor. The atti-



tude seems to be that if America's juvenile delinquents were really as wildly and openly lusty and drug craving as portrayed in these novels, well, America might not have been such a boring place to be in the 1950s. Ironically, such novels actually were reflective of the deep repression that was so prevalent at the time. \$2 (c/o Kicks, P.O. Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003)

Bananafish

Each issue of Bananafish takes its readers into a world of its own: a world tinged with insanity, gross anatomy, sick humor, perverse honesty, flat-out lies, all to the tune of underground music. The latest issue is the Karen Carpenter tribute issue, complete with a 7 inch EP with demented cover versions of Carpenters songs from bands including World of Pooh, Piglatin, Thinking Fellers Union Local 282, and others. Relevant and irrelevant interviews, reviews, and bananafish literature fill out the 72 page 'zine. \$3 ppd. (c/o Seymour Glass, P.O. Box 11463, San Francisco, CA 94101-7463)

Bayou La Rose

This is an anarchist newspaper that doesn't waste a lot of time on theory or analysis, or breast-beating. It describes specific problems, what's causing the problems, and what some people are trying to do to stop the problems. Issue No. 31 included fact-filled articles concerning the rampant destruction of vital forests and a lengthy detailed how-to piece on protecting yourself from the prying tentacles of government agents. One very interesting article, written by a boat worker, described horribly dangerous conditions that lie beneath the passenger decks of luxury cruise ships.



Among the many unhealthy atrocities he claims to have encountered on the Princess Cruise lines "The Love Boat", he reports that the proliferation of oil and fuel leaks would, should a fire break out, create a rampant firestorm so severe that passengers could never make it to the life-boats. Many other articles describe various people's struggles. \$2 ppd. (302 N. "J" St., Apt. 3, Tacoma, WA 98403)

Ben is Dead

Feisty but optimistic fanzine that covers the Los Angeles underground music scene in a clear, forthright, sincere style. Lots of live show reviews with photos. Editor Darby is always championing a cause, the latest being an effort to put an end to pay-to-play booking policies at local clubs. With the latest issue, Ben Is Dead has begun a series of how-to articles on producing "underground music/art performance special events." The focus is how to get something interesting happening without getting arrested, sued or losing too much money. Tip No. 1: The person producing an event shouldn't stand near the door, otherwise everyone wanting to get in will ask to be on the guest list thus putting the producer in an awkward position or cutting down on admission income. According to the article, firm yet courteous gay women ("devil door dykes") are best at handling the door/admission duties according to one person who has been putting on events for eight years. \$1.50 ppd. (P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028)

Blotter

Artist Roy Tompkins gets his drawing talent from the gods and his subject matter from the sewers. Throw in a few recognizable comic characters from the Sunday funnies (doing things that would get them booted from any family news-

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paper) and you get this black and white visual assault like an acid etch on your eyes. Joining Tompkins in these pages are many other underground comic artists joining into the spirit. (Roy Tompkins, Box 16022, Austin, TX 7 8761)

Burning Bush

The underground Christian music scene is alive and diverse. Punk, heavy metal, new wave, avant garde--just about every genre you can think of apparently has its "Christian" counterpart and indie-label releases. This 'zine is where you can find out more about what's happening with the God rockers. 24 pages. \$1 ppd. (Justin Julian, 213 S. Jeffreys, Pleasant Hill, MO 64080)

Demolition Derby

I quote from the introduction: "Demolition Derby is a journal of revolutionary theory and analysis which will be publishing on an irregular basis, whenever it comes together. Although advocating the abolition of the state, the patriarchy, money, cities and industrialism (among other things), Demolition Derby does not call itself anarchist, communist, situationist or anything else. Having discarded certain labels, it has yet to appear necessary to take on others." The premier issue is impressive: a 32-page tabloid with thought-inducing articles challenging widely held concepts about music, ecology, and social structures. To obtain a copy the anonymous editor (s) suggest you write and if possible include some cash for postage. (C.P. 1554, Cucc. B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H3B 3L2)

Filth

This photocopy punkoid 'zine distinguishes it self in issue no. 3 with interviews of Sociedad Violenta, a punk band from Medellin, Columbia, and avant-garde cello player Fred Lonberg-Holm, along with a scene report from Poland, words from Rats of Unusual Size, and the by now standard, self-described "self-righteous, preachy diatribe" against meat eating. What's it like being a punk band in the drug capital of Columbia? "We all fear to disappear or to be killed or tortured," the members of Sociedad Violenta write. "Here, the police have dissolved some concerts. One time they came shooting with assault guns...the punks tried to hide, but the cops started to shoot right to the bodies not the air. Some of the

punks got to hide and some went to the jail. They were beat and kicked and some of them are dead... but if you really believe in what you are and what you are doing this in not enough to stop you." (c/o Sanford, Box 2444, 715 Stadium Dr., San Antonio, TX 78284)

Gigging: The Musician's Underground Touring Directory

by Michael Dorf and Robert Appel. Addresses are a buy-sell-trade commodity, like Soybeans and Porkbellies. And like such goods, addresses can go stale so its best to make use of them fast, especially if they deal with the music community. This book, published in Nov. 1989, is essentially a selective list of about 2,000 North American names and addresses of music venues, record stores, radio stations, and periodicals that could be of assistance to gig and publicity hungry musicians of the "alternative" variety. Some of the addresses are already out of date, and others--such as those for commercial radio stations--are mixed in with little apparent reason and could leave people wasting time contacting people who could care less. But as address lists go, this is reasonably priced and could be valuable and useful in the right hands. \$14.95 (Writers Digest Books, 1507 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45207; ph. 513-531-2222)

InterRadio

Published by the World Association of Community Radio Broadcasters, this newsletter will tune you into information about what's happening with community (non-commercial) radic stations throughout the world. Don't expect to read much about music in these pages, because unlike the U.S., community radio in foreign countries are more geared to broadcasting local political and social issue programming, as compared to non-commercial stations in the U.S. that either subscribe to a national news service (NPR) or broadcast either religious programs or, in the case of college stations, primarily music. Read reports of stations being taken over by rebel or government soldiers, find out what happens when student broadcasters are imprisoned because the government didn't like what was being broadcast. Read about broadcasting issues from: Yugoslavia, Algiers, Haiti, Spain and other parts of the world. Reading this makes

one realize that people in other countries are willing to put their life on the line to insure that there will be non-commercial radio broadcasts that reflect the needs and concerns of local citizens and is free from government interference. In America, it seems, most non-commercial broadcasters seem to care only about broadcasting either religious diatribes or this weeks alternative music hip picks. InteRadio helps put the importance of non-commercial radio in a proper worldwide perspective. InterRadio is published in three editions: English, French, and Spanish. \$10 for 3 issue subscription. (AMARC, C.P. 250, Succursale De Lorimier, Montreal, QC Canada H2H 2N6)

Lil' Rhino Gazette

An always enjoyable, highly informative music oriented fanzine, issue No. 14 features a whamo cool article on comic artists with mini bio/profiles and question and answer sessions with some of the grooviest underground pen-and-inkers--Dennis Worden, Mary Fleener, Wayne Honath, Brad Foster, Matt Feazell, Roy Tompkins, Ace Backwards, Collin Upton, Carrie, Matt Levin, Chuck Speta and John E. (Underground Publications, P.O. Box 14139, Arlington, TX 76094-1139)

Mandocrucian's Digest

Anyone who plays a mandolin would be remiss to not check out this fine mandolin enthusiast periodical. Each issue contains solid interviews with masters of the instrument, plus lots of how-to information, sheet music, and reviews of fresh mandolin recordings. (Niles Hokkanen, P.O. Box 1935, Martinsburg, WV 25401; ph. 304-263-6546)

Now What

One of the better fanzines covering an eclectic mix of roc-oriented underground music. Vol. 2, No. 2 includes interviews with Fang Records head-cheese Chris Rael--who recently got back from a Tibetan sojourn--Dog Bowl, Adrian Belew, Yo La Tengo, Big Stick, Falling Stairs, and more. (201 Evergreen St, Suite 2-2A, Vestal, NY 13850-2761)



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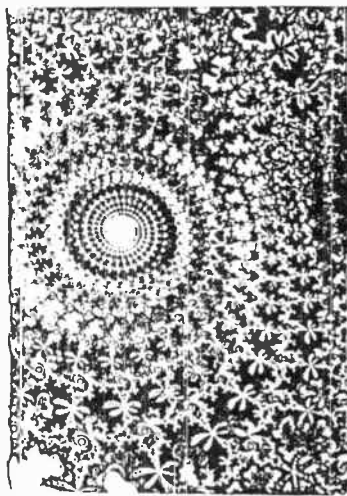
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Open Up and Bleed to Death by Torky Koenings

Torky Koenings is a sincere young man with mental problems. He also is a pretty good writer who makes keen insights into contemporary underground music culture. The trouble is he also has severe bouts of paranoid delusions, severe depression, and suicidal behavior. You can read about it here. In the past couple years Koenings has corresponded with many alternative music magazines, usually chastising the publications for perpetuating what he sees as great faults with the alternative scene. In this 52 page book he fills the pages with essays and journal writings regarding his involvement with the scene and his feelings about all sorts of scenesters including Byron Coley, Lydia Lunch, John "Baboon Dooley" Crawford, and Exene Cervenka. It's a strange but interesting mixture of truth and delusion. For instance, at the time of this writing Koenings believed that scenesters had bugged his home with microphones, mini-cam video recorders, and hidden amplifiers. The following brief excerpt will give you some idea of what you will find in this classic piece of underground literature: "There is no denying that I am nuts, and that I was hearing audio-hallucinations, but this situation became so complicated that I had to make a distinction between the amped voices, and my own self-manufactured, hallucinated versions of the voices that were being amped. The amped voices were much different in kind, and did not follow me everywhere. Stuff that I discussed with the 'voices', as well as a lot of other related garbage began showing up in some of the fanzines I had written to, and in the lyrics of some of the bands I had attacked. The people who I am sure are involved with this thing are, or are associated with Forced Exposure, Conflict, Chemical Imbalance, Big Black, Butthole Surfers, Sonic Youth, Lydia Lunch, John Crawford, as well as a few others. The motives for them having done this are myriad, and all of them are very bad." \$2 ppd (Torky Koenings, P.O. Box 4016, Big Bear Lake, CA 92315)

OVO: Information

Trevor Blake edited this special edition of his always interesting, evolution-oriented periodical. 84-pages of info and art gleaned from a variety of sources, sorted out and photocopied up. In this is-



Cover of *Psychedelic Monographs and Essays*

sue read about Muzak, how to build a "Sound Cannon", opinions on "anti-copyright", "meta-networking", how to build a light machine that alters consciousness, and much more. The whole package has a psychedelic tone based on the harried juxtaposition of diverse ideas and concepts that somehow fit together with good purpose in this context. \$5 or trade. (Trevor Blake, P.O.B. 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061)

Psychotronic Video

This is an excellent periodical exploring the world of B-Movies and strange videos and related matters. Altogether well-written and packed with info. The recent issue, Number 4, has a great interview with David "Kung Fu" Carradine who now happens to be one of the busiest actors in Hollywood, and has quite an interesting background (beatniks, psychedelia, and the first person director Martin Scorsese ever had crucified in a movie.) 56 pgs. \$3 (Michael J. Weldon, 151 First Ave., New York, NY 10003; ph. 212-673-3823)

Psychedelic Monographs and Essays

Here is a nicely edited, high quality annual publication reporting from the front lines of underground psychedelic research. At 257 pages, the latest issue is a book unto itself. Topics include the mass media and FDA portrayal of MDMA (Ecstasy); a letter of explanation from the person who claims to have

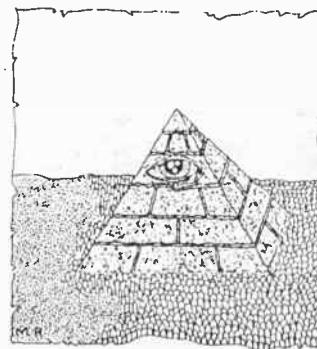
invented the new 12-hour mind drug U4Euh (publicized by law enforcement agencies as "Ice"); a reevaluation of the writings of Carlos Castaneda; harvesting and storing psychedelic mushrooms; physiological effects of meditation; and much more. According to one writer "LSD and other suppressed psychedelics may yet overcome their initial bad press. But the new generation of mind drugs represented by MDMA hold too much demonstrated promise for dramatically improving mental health to allow them to languish in similar fashion for so many years." \$13.95 ppd. (PM&E Publishing Group, P.O.B. 740, Boca Raton, FL 33429)

Space Tab

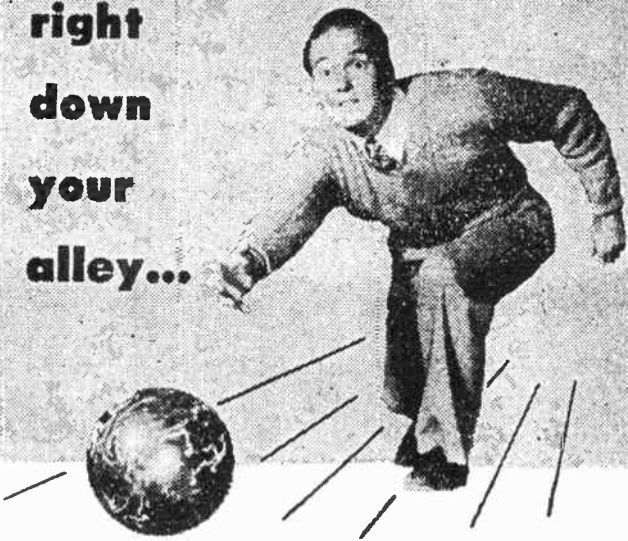
Obviously influenced by psychedelia, this is a groovy zine of clearly stated information and opinion on a variety of pressing social concerns including, nuclear weapons, the war on drugs, food irradiation, health care, and U.S. government threats against individual rights. Nice use of graphics and socially conscious comix. Available by "trade for underground articles, comics, art, zines, \$, information, ideas, letters, tapes, videos, or anything that will help the progressive cause." (c/o Flash Tabloid, POB 645, Silver Springs MD 32688)

Twisted Image Newsletter

Underground underdog comix artist Ace Backwards has begun this monthly newsletter as a way of distributing his latest comix, and writing to his expanding audience of fans. Ace's comix, drawn from the pigments of sex, drugs, and rock n roll, call out for warmth and tolerance, by helping readers understand the ironies and injustices that insult our souls from the better world that stands outside our self-centered lives. And he makes us laugh at the same time. In addition to comix, expect music columns, interviews and more. \$1 ppd/\$12 year. (Twisted Image, 1630 University Ave., Apt. 26, Berkeley, CA 94703)



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Beware of Distributors

Invaluable tips for self-marketing records, cassettes, CDs

By Andrew
N. White III

CONTROL YOUR INVENTORY!

Distribution is the most difficult part of the record business. Especially for self-producers, among which I am the most voluminous, the area of record distribution offers the most headaches because nobody really trusts us. Not because we're dishonest, that's not the issue. Distributors in general don't trust our ability to generate enough interest or sales to warrant their investment in us. This "investment" means the handling, book keeping, collections and payments that they must make on our behalf.

Can they make enough money from our accounts to justify taking us on as clients? Usually, universally and almost unequivocally the answer is NO, but they take us on anyway. Why? I don't know and your answer is probably as good as mine. But, in the meantime, try this one: The revenue we generate is probably just enough to garner a third rate belly laugh as they count commissions from the latest rock hit.

Opps! Golden rule that's hard to do: Don't go into business with anybody unless he's got more to lose than you have.

Through my company, Andrews Music, since September 1971 I have released 42 records as of this writing. They've all done well for me. What does "well" mean? It means I've sold at least one of each record.

As an artist doing business I've been happy with my first sale of everything. It means I've completed the creative cycle of my idea. I conceived it, executed it,



**Would you buy a record from this man?
Or would you rip him off?**

Andrew White photo courtesy of Andrew White.

produced it, marketed it and sold it. That's it. As a self-produced artist that is the extent of my creative ambition. As an artist I do it for the work, not the money... But, send the money anyway... Once fulfilled, I move on to my next creative project.

Although I have made my point artistically, I've found that my work for the most part has been greeted with casual to hostile indifference. Just the idea of "doing it myself" has been perceived as unconscionable and threatening to the tradition that most of my contemporaries believe in. After all, I have successfully bypassed the entire system that represents the very essence of most people's lives, therefore nullifying their existence in the presence of my work. I've put my-

self in their meager positions and I've been better able to comprehend their reaction to my effort. To these people, to challenge bwana is to thumb your nose at life itself. "It's just not done", that's all.

Now, as a business man involved in the sale of "units of my product" I've done very well also, but I won't quote figures here. As of today my records are still available primarily through my fail order service. I am still listed with New Music Distribution Service in New York, but my principle outlet is my mail order service. This has been done by design.

Hand-to-Hand Sales Are Most Effective

I'd always known that the ultimate sale was hand to hand. So I set out to make an example of the ineffectiveness of the traditional route of record distribution, but also to make a decent living as well. As soon as I had made my point with "distribution" then I pulled out. I've been "clean" for more than ten years.

Most of what I know about the record distribution network today is what I knew in 1971 before I started making my own records. I did not come into this business blind. I knew I might or would not be paid on time if at all, would not receive my overstock inventory on time, or receive regular financial statements, and I'd be ripped off for promotional copies. I knew I would be approached to pay for display space pay gratuities for air play, give records away for smiles, and kick back certain percentages for future projects.

As bleak as it all sounds, over the past several years I have successfully circumvented the very system of distribution that many of my contemporaries have succumbed to. I put myself into a few vulnerable positions in order to be able to write articles like this one from a

"front line" perspective.

There was one distributor who didn't pay me or return my unsold inventory even after I sent him two official form notices and a certified letter of request that he signed for, thus proving receipt of the letter. I could have legally taken him to court armed with his signature and he knew that. But, he even defied me on that level knowing full well that I couldn't afford to do it on a matter of principle. Many of these people don't have any "principles", so watch your self..... Enough scare tactics?

I did well during the years I was "connected". I made a lot of money, (relatively speaking). At one time I had upward of twelve small or independent distributors. I kept them all at arm's length and we did good business together thanks for the most part to my ingenuity. How?- First, I had and still have a unique product (or package, "me" so to speak) to

sell. But, second and most important is that I controlled my inventory. Let me say that again! I CONTROLLED MY INVENTORY.

Getting The Call

This is how it works! Typically, I was approached by all of my distributors. How did this happen? Simply put, the magic figure is three. One person goes into a store and asks for an Andrew White record. The store doesn't have it. A second person goes into the same store and asks for the same record. The clerk's ears perk up half-heartedly because he's heard the name Andrew White before, but he still doesn't have the record. A third person goes into the same store and asks for the same Andrew White record. **SHORT CIRCUIT.** The store and the clerk realize: "We're losing money from this Andrew White record. We'd better get it."

The store calls its distributor and requests my record. The distributor does not have my record nor does he know who Andrew White is for that matter. Then the same thing happens with the distributor three times. They search me out and I GET THE CALL.

The distributor, Sammy, and I talk business. He's a nice fellow and asks me to start him with 100 copies of ten of my best sellers. Lesson: He probably can't sell 1000 records over a 90 day period. I know this so I offer to give him 10 copies of 5 titles totalling 50 records (two hits and three lesser hits). If he runs out he can reorder.

It's important to *control your inventory* because even though it may be good for your ego to have 1000 records going out of the house it's bad for your business not to have all of your money coming back into your house. Sammy probably can't sell all

of your records anyway. Again, *I know this.* He has an ego too, you know? He gets as much of a kick out of receiving brown boxes as you do sending them.

But, the issue is can he sell that many records in 90 days? Unlikely, and you need to keep as many records as you can on hand for your mail order and hand-to-hand sales.

Better for your distributor to run out of records than you. If he runs out he can reorder from you. If you run out you can make some more. But, the point is that if you run out of records and he still has some, there could be a problem in getting your records back. For whatever reason he can't get your records back to you in time for your needs (they're in the stores, they've been defaced, the delivery is too slow so you miss your deadline), you'll be losing money, especially if you're doing mail order and hand-to-hand sales. In short, don't let them tie up your inventory.

You make your most per unit revenue from hand-to-hand sales. Sale prices to distributors, stores or other outlets are substantially lower than your hand-to-hand price. The trade off for the price differential is "supposed" to be made up in exposure and volume sales. This is rarely the case.

Between administrative costs and just plain waiting for your money, the price differential index rarely justifies your investment in record distribution. Really, unless you have major success with your record the most you can hope to get is a "turntable hit". That's the one everybody hears and talks about on the radio, but nobody really buys.

Don't forget market competition. "Everybody's got a record out, now."-- Oh Mother!

As for getting paid in "90 Days", you're probably thinking, "Why 90 days?" Because that's usually the shelf life of a new record. After 90 days it becomes a catalogue item of lesser importance to the stores, therefore it may be ill treated or misplaced. Whatever, it's still saleable, but not handled with any particular care.

Of all the things that can go wrong in the record distribution chain it is *your control of your inventory* that can best remedy everything.

The less stock you release, the less you can be ripped off. They'll try to weasel you out of as many records as possible, but don't let them push you into a corner with fast talk. Especially in the case of saxophone players, because there are so many of us, the market is flooded and you have a slim if



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any chance of selling your record via the traditional distribution route. They won't tell you that, but I will.

Now here is a story that will dramatize how rough things can get. This happened to me some years back, but don't worry. I survived to tell the tale simply because my company is diversified and I can afford to do a bit of "wild catting" every now and then, but in general you shouldn't try to follow in my footsteps on this one. Here we go!

It was around January 1975 when I released a six record set of live recordings. Sammy, jazz fan and record distributor, asked for 200 of each. He had been doing good business for me, but not that good so I gave him 50 of each of the six titles totalling 300 records. We had a 90 day agreement so after 90 days I expected to hear from him No hearing....

This didn't phase me too much because in this business you automatically give a 30 to 60 day grace period with good clients if you can afford it, as I could. So in April of 1975 I started getting calls from a neighboring distributor who wanted to do business with me serving the same territory as Sammy. I thought about it, but declined because of the conflict of interest it might create. I thought I'd check with Sammy anyway, but no such luck. For 90 days, all through April, May and June of 1975 I was trying to call Sammy. No answer.

The other distributor, Roger, had been hounding me for three months with more and more pressure and calls because he was losing money on me and my records. He had a hot market for 500 of my records and was willing to pay me a 50% deposit on the shipment. This would have been a good deal, but I would be loyal to Sammy at least until I had heard from him.... But by June 1975 my loyalty was really beginning to be tested because Roger wanted to give me all of the money up front. Oh Dear!

Next Chapter! In July 1975 my Swiss distributor, Hans, placed an order for 600 records which included 300 of the live six record set that had come out in January 1975 and 100 of my newest release (at that time) that had come out in May 1975.

Hans and I had always done good business together. He paid me up front, had a good air freight deal and took good care of me on one of my Scandinavian concert tours. While I was in his town he was selling my records at the concerts, paid me in US dollars, invited me to stay over a couple of days, put me in a chic hotel, wined and dined me

in exclusive restaurants and sent a couple of fine ladies to my room, on successive nights, that is. Now that's the way you treat a star, yall. Anyway, it's easier to sell jazz records in non-domestic markets.

But Hans was different. He was a real good record distributor. Don't ever

The less stock you release, the less you can be ripped off!

depend on these people to service your concert audiences, even with their own stock of your records. You always see me with records for sale with me. Even when I haven't had a sales person to help me, I've gone directly from the stage to the lobby to take care of that business. Ain't too slick, but neither is poverty. The Captive Audience: They just heard you play. Nobody is more ripe to buy than they are, all glassy-eyed and grin-nin' with glee.. GITTEM! Anyway, back to the original story.

Here is the catch! The 300 live six record sets were all gone from my inventory. They had all been sold except for the ones Sammy had. I tried religiously to get him on the phone hoping I could buy "some" of the six records sets back from him. No answer. Where was this cat?

Summary to this point: 1) Within three days Roger had offered me cash for his deal, 2) Hans had placed a more than sizable cash order, 3) I had discovered I didn't have anymore of the live record sets and 4) Sammy was nowhere to be found. What's a mother to do? I had to sit down and take a real hard look at myself and my "loyalty". THUS: I called Roger, took his deal and his cash. I had Hans' cash. I called my record presser and told him of my emergency. I paid him cash to stop that hillbilly music he was pressing and throw my music back on the press. While I was at it I re-recorded a sizable quantity of the live six record set, but I wasn't happy about shelling out that cash. Besides, I had just bought some new top soil and an excavation job for my garden: Collard greens and bell peppers.

My presser rushed off the 300 records to Switzerland and 300 others to Roger. After all had been taken care of and I was out of more dollars than I'd like to remember, you can guess who called me, right? Sammy.

Now get this sad lesson and don't you ever forget it. Sammy had been out of town spreading his wings trying unsuccessfully to produce and record a rock'n roll band. How's that for a jazz fan, right?

He apologized for his bad business and neglect, told me I was right to take the deal with Roger (in the same territory). He had gone out of the record distribution business and would bring all of my unsold stock back to me with a check for what he had sold over the past six months. I figured, well at least I'll have enough money to take my wife to that fine French restaurant downtown one time, right? Fat chance. Sammy came by the house the next day. He had to use his hand truck to make three trips full of brown boxes totalling twenty-four including, you guessed it, all twelve of the new *Live Six Record Set*, 294 records. He had sold six out of 300, one of each, probably to himself (jazz fan). I has lost six months of sales in that geographical region of a brand new *Live Six Record Set*. This also helped my next album (may 1975) plummet. So, I missed seven records going into that market. Thanks to "historical context" I made up the sales over the next six years, but Oh! What a time. Yes! I was sick to my stomach. But, another day, another thousand dollars (lost), right! Oh Yeah! As for the check to pay for the records Sammy had sold during that last six month period? Well, I took my wife to McDonalds instead of Maison Blanche. Viva la France! I recovered the loss (in cash disbursements) over the next six months due to some wheeling, dealing, advertising and a reorder from Hans in Switzerland. But, lemme tellya! I hope you've learned a lesson from this story. As I mentioned earlier, my company is diversified and I know how to make and "move" money. But, for those of you who don't have cash under your belts, watch yourselves and don't forget the golden rule in dealing with record distribution: If you can't get your money up front, at least you can CONTROL YOUR INVENTORY. Later, Andrew.

At last count, Andrew White was offering 1330 self-produced, music-related items of his own creation, (his transcriptions of John Coltrane's work are unequalled) as listed in his monster mail-order catalog available--for \$4 each-- from Andrew's Music, 4830 South Dakota Ave., NE, Washington, DC 20017

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BUZZCOCKS

The Art of Product

words and photos by David Ciaffardini

PRODUCT [L. *productus*, past participle of *producere*.] 1. Anything produced, as by generation, growth, labor, or thought. 2. The amount quantity, or total produced. 3. *Chemistry*. A substance produced from one or more other substances as a result of chemical change; distinguished from *educt*.

Leave it to those clever Buzzcocks to use such precision in choosing a name for their new 3 CD retrospective box set. *Product*, indeed. Three hours plus of Buzzcocks' legendary super-sonic love laments, and lysergic lightning bolts of lyrical licentiousness, wrapped up with chainsaw guitars and redline, heart-attack rhythms. A music on fire. Souls on ice. An aural meltdown raised to the boiling point. A steam release valve for burning hearts and sizzled modern minds.

To grasp Buzzcocks is to take hold of all that is essential in rock 'n' roll, compressed so tight as to be unstable. A sonic pipe bomb skidding across a dance floor. The shuddering brink of explosion. An adrenalin rush down the dragstrip of life. All this and more can be found in nearly every quick and tasty slice of Buzzcocks jagged pop rock product.

Product, a succinct title that stands for all the complications and ironies of rock 'n' roll that the Buzzcocks lived with, and were prematurely buried by. *Product*, that which is deemed all-important in today's world of corporate rock 'n' roll. *Product*, it's what the Buzzcocks were born to deliver. And deliver they did, back in those heady days of English punk rock conflagration of the late '70s. A string of singles that had the underground of England twitching. Buzzcocks were making rock ripples that spread across the Atlantic and broke upon the New World as the New Wave.

And so Buzzcocks, as astute observers of the business of life and rock 'n' roll, have resurfaced with exactly what the world asked of them: *Product!* One big hunking carton of *Product*. A

rock 'n' roll career in a box. As spiff and tidy as a two-and-a-half minute, three-chord, juke box love song. All four of their long out of print studio LPs--*Another Music In A Different Kitchen*; *Love Bites*; *A Different Kind of Tension*; and *Singles Going Steady*., plus a side of live cuts, thrown together with a 16 page glossy book with photos and notes. (Though I prefer the sound of the LPs.)

After nearly a decade of silence, Buzzcocks pulled it together on the spur of the moment this past winter and did what neither the Rolling Stones, The Beatles, or The Who, could do: Buzzcocks proved that it is possible for a split-up English rock 'n' roll band to reunite and unleash musical performances that surpass glories of yesteryear.

With *Product* on the way, last November, on what seemed like a wing and a prayer, Buzzcocks reunited and flew in from Manchester England, embarking on a coast to coast tour of the United States where, in a most powerful but humble way, they staked their claim to the title of the Greatest living English Rock 'N' Roll band. (Brian

Jones, Keith Moon, and John Lennon rest in peace.)

Buzzcocks circa 1990 are not skeletons pulled from the rock closet and propped up by nostalgia. Buzzcocks proved themselves to be alive! Although they relied completely on songs nearly a decade or more old, Buzzcocks blasted forth from American stages and proved the timelessness of their guitar driven catalog of hyper-kinetic rockers. The band proved vital, robust, astute and keenly in touch with the hectic, frenzied zeitgeist of our times. They sang of a generation's frustrations, disillusionment and angst. They accompanied it with brilliantly simple, hyperactive, guitar slashing, and infectious, high horse power rhythms on the bottom end. They played and people rocked! If you didn't catch a piece of the the tour, you missed a high point in rock history.

These words of praise and admiration do not stand alone. East Coast rock journalist Jack Rabid, was so enamored with the band's performances he traversed a dozen or more states in eleven days following a leg of the Buzzcocks tour he reported on in an 8 page spread in *The Big Takeover*. He described certain shows on the tour as being "otherworldly" and proclaimed that performanc-



Buzzcocks reunited at Ventura Theatre, Ventura, Calif. From left, Steve Diggle, John Maher, Steve Garvey, and Pete Shelley: four people from Manchester who make music.

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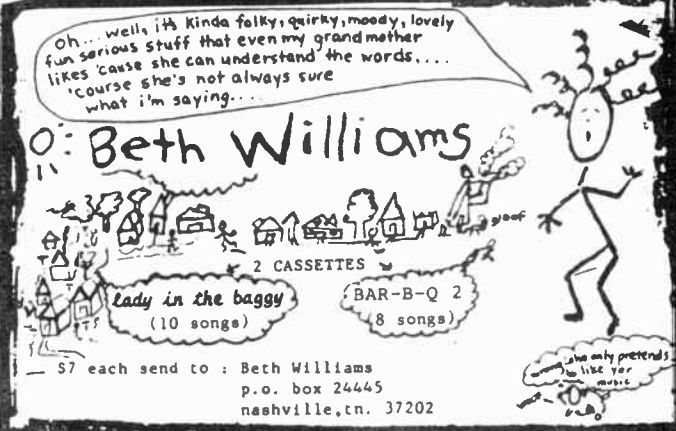
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es hit an "excitement level that has not been reached at any other show out of the hundreds and hundreds I've seen."

Reporters from L.A.'s infamous *Flipside Fanzine*, flipped over Buzzcocks. One gushing writer proclaimed that the Southern California leg of this Buzzcocks tour provided "the closest thing to religion that I have ever experienced." The writer went on to urge the public to get on their knees and "pay homage" to "these great glorious gods of music-dom."

But what is it about the band and the songs, that leave, these normally callous, cynical, arrogant music reviewer going gah-gah, and sounding like a slimey tongued Public Relations hacks?

It is the songs--bouncy and brash. A voice of the alienated post-modern romantic. Words of humble precision. Unsentimental love lyrics as true and sharp as a kick in the balls. Audiences get off on the dynamite, straightforward, high-powered harmonies and frenetic pace of the band. Buzzcocks is pop rock of a most potent, intense variety. A chance to sing along, as three thousand concertgoers chant those immortal, weighty chorus lines: "There is no love in this world any---more! There is no love in this world anymore!!!" Or: "So wh..wh...why can't I touch it?!!"

Oh, gosh, this is embarrassing. But without a doubt, the world, more than ever, is ready for Buzzcocks.

Generic Buzzcocks Interview

Buzzcocks talked to Sound Choice following the Nov. 26, performance at the Ventura Theatre in Ventura Calif., five weeks after the Buzzcocks line up reformed. Buzzcocks line up: Steve Diggle, Pete Shelley, John Maher, Steve Garvey. We sat with Steve, Pete, and John. John let Pete and Steve do the talking.

Sound Choice: How did you end up getting back together?

Pete Shelley: Rumors went around that we all got back together. All sorts of rumors so I was getting contacted to book us to play. Our old agency called us and made us an offer we talked about it and said yeah, lets do it. *(Editor's note: I believe Pete is being diplomatic. The Buzzcocks name started circulating last year when Diggle's band, Flag of Convenience were being advertised as F.O.C. Buzzcocks.)*

Did you ever think you'd get back together.

Steve Diggle: Even six months ago we didn't...

Pete: Three months ago.

Steve: Even three months ago we all were doing different things. We thought the boat had gone too far out to sea and would never come back.

Have you been enjoying America and the tour.

Pete: It's been far better than we thought it would be. We thought it would be complete chaos.

Steve: When we got back together it was hard to know what to expect. We couldn't start planning out the next five years until we took this tour and could see what kind of reaction we'd get and see how people felt about it. Its been working great! Are you ready to get back into this for five more years.

Pete: Five more years makes it sound like a prison sentence. We're hoping to get time off for good behavior. (laughs)

Steve: The catch phrase for this tour is "go with the flow."

Tell me about the problems that lead to you breaking up

Pete: We had problems with the record company. The personnel

changed. They were looking at us as being only as good as the last single we did. Things just weren't working out. Everything gets compounded then. Misunderstanding, disappointments. The whole climate changed.

Steve: It's difficult if you don't want to play the record company game--doing everything they suggested. It stopped before it got that far. If we went a certain direction we probably would have been more successful.

Pete: They were saying "We can't hear any hits."

What's it like playing these old songs? You looked like you were really enjoying it.

Pete: Its just an unconscious manifestation of what's going on inside us. When we play old stuff you discover things new about it. It's a process of discovery. We're discovering things that work, things that we enjoy doing.

Steve: When we play them now, we've had new influences and new experiences over the last 10 years. It's not like a nostalgic look back at the songs. They're still as fresh as when we first recorded them. I think they have more depth to them. They are quite fancy compared to the way we played them 10 years ago. There are greater things going on inside of them. There's a new spirit to them. We're all approaching it slightly different than we did then.

Do you consider your songs more than just entertainment.?

Steve: Things like "Harmony In My Head." That's Kafka, James Joyce. Going through a shopping mall, consumerism and stuff. Having your thoughts chosen for you. Being controlled. The "1984" nightmare.

Pete: A thing about "Harmony in My Head," it's got more relevance now, especially in Britain, than it did in 1979. It's come back around.

If a record company approached you and said, "Lets get a new Buzzcocks record out in the next three months", could you do it?

Steve: I suppose we could do it tomorrow.

Pete: The thing with Buzzcocks was a spontaneous thing. We did singles about every two or three months.



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Reviewed by EAR OF CORN zine, Stow Ohio

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Yelena Chashchina of Orkestrion. Photo by Henryk Walkowski

Russian Jazz

Once upon a time Jazz in Russia was little more than guys with facial hair and beatnik clothes, hanging out in clandestine lofts, awkwardly copping riffs from scratchy, smuggled copies of U.S. bebop records.

But something amazing happened.

Russian players learned their jazz so well they became masters and now they have some incredible--100% Russian-- new music to teach the west.

Roll over Coltrane, Russian Jazz is:

Red&Hot

By
David
Ciaffardini

New Music

**When jazz is outlawed,
only outlaws play jazz.**

Jazz has always been a matter of life and liberty for Russians. To be a jazz fan or player in the USSR at one time was akin to being a dope addict--getting a musical fix meant breaking the law, being noticed by the authorities could bring a prison sentence dangling above one's head.

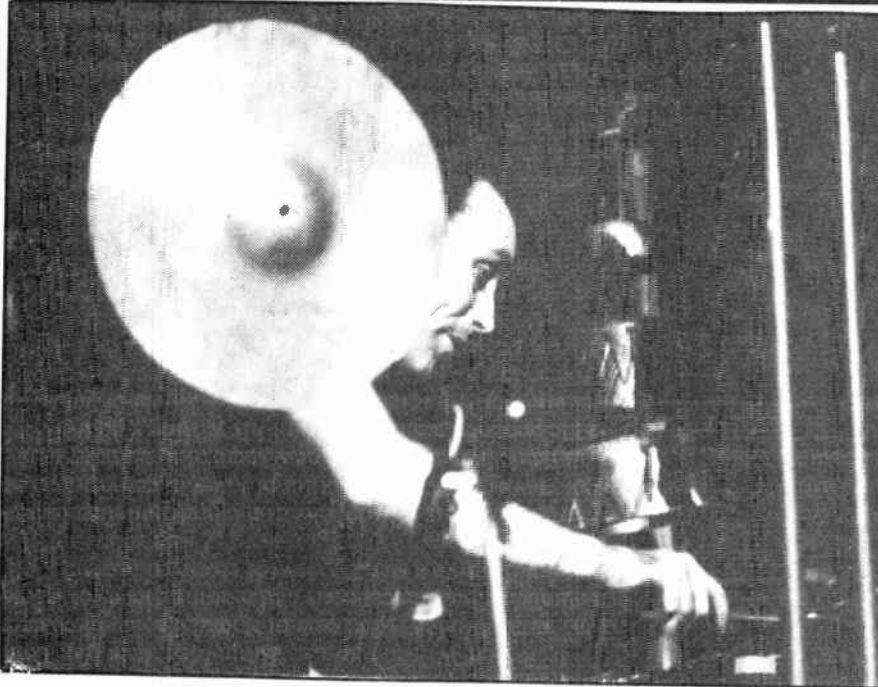
Underground concerts were staged for small standing room only audiences of enthusiastic fans who grooved to the tunes. But the threat of government persecution cast a peculiar tension on the proceedings.

But increasingly, unbridled, non-traditional new jazz is being accepted by the Soviet government.

As a result of the obstacles mu-



Russian Group "Arkhangelsk". Vladimir Turov, trumpet; and group leader Vladimir Rezitsky, sax. Photo by Alexander Zabrin



'The only thing that separates Russian art from any other art is total madness'

Sergey Karsaev, left, of Russian group "Orkestrlon." Photo by Henryk Walkowski

sicians have had to overcome in the Soviet Union, indigenous Russian jazz has been forged into an amazing new music alloy, a Russian musical language, unique to itself, but so advanced in form to be considered a step ahead of its western counterparts.

To be sure, not all jazz and new music coming from the Soviet Union deserves such praise. Most of the above-ground, government-sponsored musical outfits, although highly skilled and trained, take their musical cues from the west and offer more mimicry than originality.

But during the last decade a new, vibrant, original strain of music emerged from the Soviet underground. Groups such as The Ganelin Trio, The Vladimir Chekasin Quartet, Homo Liber, and Arkhangelsk have taken the classical training that most serious Russian musicians possess, and combined it with the spirit of free jazz and experimental theater. The result has been a wild, complex avant-garde music that has been embraced by a growing cognoscenti of fans in the Soviet Union and elsewhere.



Russian group "Tri-O" featuring A. Shilkloper, A. Kirichenko, and S. Leton. Photo by Alexander Zabrin

Because of popular demand, some of this new music has been released recently by the Soviet Union's only legal record company, the State controlled Melodiya label. But the government label has been slow to react to the new music and has only released limited quantities of a few releases by the most well-known new jazz musicians. But the Soviet government's belated acknowledgment and reluctant acceptance of the new Russian jazz may not have come at all if it were not for the pioneering efforts of Leo Feigin. Feigin, a Soviet emigre and jazz fan, who, after being asked to leave the Soviet Union by Soviet authorities, settled in London and began a record company whose specialty was releasing lavish records mastered from underground tapes smuggled from the Soviet Union.

For most of the 1980s it was only through Leo Records that the west was able to learn of the impressive musical strides that had occurred on the cutting edge of the Russian music scene.

Contemporary Russian Jazz, as documented by Leo Records, is an advanced musical language--a discourse of complexity and outside thinking that is not easily or immediately understood or appreciated by many American jazz aficionados. It is jazz to be sure--a music of freedom, wild expression, and mastery of instrument--but in the hands of the Russians the jazz story becomes epic in space age proportions-- a music combining elegant, enormous structures and fluent spontaneous improvisation with a seemingly endless spectrum of tones and timbres.

These Russian jazz masters--a relatively small coterie of about 40 artists who've been documented by Leo Records--share the Russian musicians' trait of having a solid music education including plenty of classical training.

The training, rather than restricting musical vision to hindsight and rote exercises, has provided the confidence and skills to build complex, striking performances.

America may have set the pace in the space race, triumphed on economic prosperity, but in jazz, while American are pondering how high the moon, Russian jazz musicians are charting new frontiers of the galaxy.

More than a decade ago, Leo Feigin was exposed to this new music and soon embarked on his record producing career as if he were on a mission from God. So impressed was he with the new Russian music, that he felt sure that his efforts to liberate the music marked a turning point in the course of jazz history. Nearly a decade after his first Russian music release, *Live in East Germany*, by the Ganelin Trio, we must acknowledge that such a grand prediction has become a reality.

Writing in 1985, in the book *Russian Jazz, New Identity*, Feigin explained the seriousness of his record producing task which began in the pre-Glasnost era:

"The full story of Leo Records will never be told, especially its cloak-and-dagger activity. We shall have to take to the grave certain secrets and names for fear that some people, who are still living in the Soviet Union, might be punished or persecuted for their courageous actions in preserving and smuggling out to the West works of art which would otherwise have been, inevitably lost.

From the very first moment I got hold of the first Ganelin Trio tape I was confronted by legal, moral, ethical and aesthetic issues. I am continually obliged to question myself. If I release this tape what will be the consequences for the musicians? Will I endanger their lives, or ruin their musical careers? Will they be thrown in prison, or kicked out of the Soviet Union? Will they be allowed to perform again? Will they be allowed to travel abroad?

Do I have the moral right to release their tape?

On the other hand, it was obvious to me that the first re-



lease of tapes from the USSR in the West would be a tremendous morale booster for the musicians in the Soviet Union. Since the Soviet State-owned Melodiya label could not care less about the new music, such a release could change the whole atmosphere of free music inside the Soviet Union. It could help the musicians overcome feelings of total isolation and doom. It could revitalize the jazz scene and give Soviet musicians new hope and incentive to live, play and create.

From my very first hearing of the Ganelin Trio recording Live in East Germany I realized I was holding a masterpiece which would make jazz history. Did I have the right not to release it?"



Photos this page. At left, Russian group Arkhangelsk gets theatrical. Above, Arkhangelsk leader Vladimir Rezitsky provides music by the bucketful. At right, the man who brought Russian jazz and new music to the West, Leo Feigin of Leo Records.



Leo Feigin Interview

How is the Soviet Union different now than 10 years ago?
I haven't met a Soviet person who is very happy about what is going on in the Soviet Union. The overall mood is very sinister. Now they have a chance to speak their mind, but this freedom of speech, it's good only after dinner. I mean, if you are hungry, you are running around trying to find some food. You don't give a damn about this freedom of speech. What is the point of freedom of speech with 250 million people running around trying to feed themselves?

For musicians at least there is a chance to travel freer to the West, but you don't know whether it should be attributed to Glasnost or whether it should be attributed to the fight which I have been leading for ten years. You don't know how to attribute it. After all, I released 60 records from the Soviet underground and invited comments. These Soviet musicians, there was a constant demand for them in the West, in the festivals and concerts and so on. In the beginning very few of them got the chance to travel. It was only the Ganelin Trio and maybe one or two musicians. So you don't really know. Maybe both kind of lines of developments nourished each other. Glasnost on the one side, this musical development on the other side. There is one label, the state run Melodiya label. Now things are a little bit better because they are freer to produce more jazz records. And they do produce more records but still it is not enough. Still, one person in the West with a bit of imagination can beat a state owned company with its huge resources.

What are the musicians doing?

Their music is terribly theatrical. Recently Sergey Kuroykhin was interviewed and he was asked about Russian art in general and he came up with this brilliant idea. He said that the only thing that separates Russian art from any other art is total madness. Russian art is complete, total and universal madness. He said, for example, what is the difference between Verdi and Moussorgsky, there is none except that Moussorgsky is mad! As soon as a person is mad, he automatically becomes a part of our heritage. This is part of Russian culture.

What inspired you to begin Leo Records?

This is a special story. I can tell it. I started the label for one reason only. I got a tape of the Ganelin Trio. The record is called *Catalogue, Live In East Germany*. I realized that this was a masterpiece. I realized it at the time. I work for the BBC and I broadcast jazz to the Soviet Union. So I know quite a few people around so when I started telling them "This is Russian jazz. This is fantastic. This is phenomenal. This is great." These people, they looked at me as if I had ran from a lunatic asylum. The attitude was nice and polite. They were tapping me on the shoulder. They were trying to get me quiet. They say, "Yeah, yeah, Leo." You know, the way they treat a guy who runs away from an asylum. They say, "Yeah, Russian jazz. Don't worry, Leo. We understand." And then I realized that if I don't release it it will be lost. The attitude of the people around me gave me the understanding that if I just release one record or two Soviet records it will be completely lost in the sense that it will be totally unnoticed because it won't be credible. So that's why I went to New York and that's why I recorded Amina Claudine Myers, Keshavan Maslak. This is how I started the label.

There were two first releases, Amina Myers, *Song for Mother E* and Keshavan Maslak, *Humanplexity*. And then the third and fourth releases were The Ganelin Trio and then the second album by Amina Claudine Myers. The first releases were in 1980. This is how it started. Although my assumption was absolutely correct, still people did not believe.

Now its ten years later and you put on the disk, *Catalogue, Live in East Germany* by The Ganelin Trio and you realize that this is one of the greatest records in the history of jazz. I am telling you this as a producer of Cecil Taylor, Anthony Braxton, Marilyn Crispell, Reggie Workman, and I can continue to name names!

To what extent are these avant-garde jazz musicians you produce appreciated by Soviet citizens?

The Soviet Union is the best country for this music. It has largest number of students, the best understanding in the world. No where else do they have such a big audience and such enthusiasm and such great understanding of what they are doing.

The new Soviet music is rarely, if ever, mentioned by American music critics. How come?

I attribute it to one thing: Ignorance. The west is very ignorant. The jazz publications, the press and the media, they are very ignorant. It happened to Ornette Coleman. It happened to Charlie Parker. It happened to Art Ensemble of Chicago who had to go to France to survive. Jazz critics don't review music. They review names.

What is so special about Philip Glass records except that they send you to sleep? He has tremendously bad taste. No imagination whatsoever. What is so good about it? Yet all the magazines, they consider it an honor to write a huge feature about Philip Glass. This is a phenomena of the media. It is very strange about how this mechanism works, but you see it is all big-money. We are being brainwashed first and foremost by Columbia. They pick the artists up, they start investing money, you see big advertisements everywhere, they make big performances for them, and everybody writes and writes and writes. There are a hundred examples like this. Take Kronos Quartet. I saw several of their performances. It's below average to be honest. They can't even swing. They learn these theatrical kind of poses. They are always very picturesque. But they can't play. But it doesn't matter. So everybody writes about it, because of Nonesuch, because there is so much money behind them.

At one point you almost stopped releasing Russian music.

I realized that the label was finished. Nobody was interested in the Soviet Jazz. And the reason was simple: because the Soviet musicians did not perform in the West. A record in the West is secondary. It is a supplement to the performance. It's only the performance that does it.

There is another very interesting thing that a lot of very good critics told me. They say, "We can't write about them until we see them on stage." They are critics with big names. They have to see them perform, maybe talk with them. Nobody wants to discredit themselves. Critics cannot afford to discredit themselves by writing about something they haven't seen. What happened was that the music that emerged from the Soviet Union had certain, very definite, very original features. But the West was not reporting it. The critics didn't understand. The audience understood because I have more than a

thousand letters from people. They were shattered by the records of Anatoly Vapirov, Valentina Ponomareva, Ganelin Trio, Arhangelsk.

My theory is very simple. The jazz, or call it Afro-American music, it originated in America. But while this music was traveling across our planet it was changing. It was changing slightly everywhere. It was changing in England, that is why there is a very definite English school of improvising. It was slightly different in Holland. It was slightly different in Germany, and it is slightly different in the Soviet Union. But because nobody has been to the Soviet Union, very few people saw the Soviet musicians on the stage, so their music and the features of their music were misunderstood. It's as simple as that.

How do you distinguish between a good records and bad?
The most important thing for me, what I look for in music first and foremost is originality. Because this is the only true sign of art. Originality! That is something that nobody else does. That for me is the sign of art, and this is what I'm looking for. So I look at my label, yes there are lots of names there, dozens and dozens of names of people who are very original. Some of them got the chance to develop; some of them didn't. But I did my best. I detected this originality, I discovered them, I gave them a chance and the rest is up to them.

What are the characteristics of Russian jazz.

The Ganelin Trio for instance, they play suites. They don't play jams. Huge works, huge compositions. They've never played free jazz per se, because it is not in the Russian character. And Russian music, although we call it new music or free jazz, it's not free. It has never been free. There is no person in the Soviet Union who would be playing free. Because of many reasons. First, overall general culture. In the Soviet Union, as opposed the United States, there are very few self-taught musicians. I would say none. In America, I would say that the majority of musicians were self-taught. In the Soviet Union the set-up is entirely different. You can't be self-taught. You go to a music school, then you go to a conservatory. So when you start playing jazz, or even if you play it from childhood, you grow as a musician in terms of your academic knowledge. Soviet jazz musicians, as musicians, they are much, much better trained. They are taught by the best professors and the most qualified teachers. There is nothing in the world they cannot play.

So the Ganelin Trio would play these huge suites. The frame of each suite is composed with one basic idea. And every suite of The Ganelin Trio has a core, a basic idea on which the suite stands up. For instance, take the record *Baltic Triangle*. It starts with one chord on the piano, C major, and it finishes with this chord. What they do during this 35 minutes, they let this chord through all possible arhythmic, tonal, atonal, and harmonious permutations. This chord, C major, is there all the time. It lives, it vibrates, it swings. It moves through all sorts of tonal, rhythmic permutations.

For example if you take *Anacora da Capo*, what you see there is a jigsaw puzzle. You start combining the jigsaw puzzle. As you go along you put together this thing that on the face of it means nothing, but as you begin to build the picture, the picture becomes more and more clear, and when you drop the last piece of the jigsaw puzzle you have the complete picture. This

is where you have the theme, and when you hear the theme you realize, "My God, its 'Argentinian Tango.' They've been playing it from the very beginning!"

All Ganelin Trio suites have this. For example, their record *Strictly For Our Friends*, this record is based on the suite which is called *Poco-a-Poco* which in Spanish means Step by Step. So if you listen to the performance you see how they progress with their beautiful themes. Step by step. They take it through all beautiful permutations, through the bebops, the ballads, through classical stuff. But this was not understood because the West wasn't ready for this kind of original thinking.

Do people pick up on this music in England?

It's the worst country in the world. This is the country that pays the price for The Beatles. The Beatles put the curse on this country. They put the blinkers on the eyes of the nation. After The Beatles this country had a euphoria. The Beatles were great, you can't deny it, nobody can. But this was the group, the only group in the history of music that elevated pop culture to the level of art. And the country was in a state of euphoria. But since that time the people cannot appreciate anything else. Their minds are closed.

I hear you lost tens of thousands of dollars because U.S. distributors sell your records but never pay you.

I am walking the tightrope of total bankruptcy. My house is mortgaged and re-mortgaged to the bank. Anytime the bank can take away my house. I can't even pay off the interest. My debt to the bank is growing. This is just a shitty business. It doesn't mean that I don't have to release records. With me it's a need. Its just a need to release good music as long as I can do it.

So Leo Records are difficult to find in the United States?

Of course. I'm not sending records there anymore. There are no distributors and no publicity so what can you do? But the question to you is where have you been? Why don't you give publicity to this guy who produces records from the Soviet underground. At least there should be some credit for the effort. And as an editor it's your obligation to find a *good* reviewer, not a shitty reviewer.

Tell me about your history.

I left the Soviet Union in 1973. I was born in Leningrad in 1938. I was a professional high jumper. Then when I gave it up I went to the university and I became a lexicographer, a specialist in compiling dictionaries. Then I came to the west and I got a job with the BBC and since 1974 I have a permanent job with the BBC. All this Leos Records activity is, how shall I put it, part time, freelance-parttime. It's where the salary goes. I am a parasite because I am living at the expense of a woman. She feeds me. She works. She gives me her house to use as a warehouse. If not for her I wouldn't have a label.

How did you leave the Soviet Union?

They helped me to leave. That means you are taken to the KGB and they say, "Mr. Feigin. The time has come for us to talk to you. You know too many foreigners. You read a lot of this literature. You are a nuisance so you have to choose. You either leave the country or we shall send you somewhere else."

What were you doing that got you noticed by the KGB?

Nothing! You meet foreigners. You want to know about what's happening in the world. You want a bit of freedom. You want to read foreign books. You want to wear foreign clothes. You want to listen to Jazz! So you meet foreigners. And then with your friends you exchange this literature. This how you get involved with the KGB.

Did you want to leave?

Of course!

So, releasing more than 150 historic, finely produced jazz and new music records has left you broke and ignored? Unfortunately we are dealing with a kind of music that doesn't bring in any money. We are dealing with art. We are dealing with music which is ahead of our times by maybe 20, 30 or 40 years. It is my conviction that music of this kind should be subsidized heavily. When I think of New Music I always have this picture of this train, this long, long train and only the locomotive works. All other carriages on this train, they are parasites. They are being carried. And the locomotive is this creative music, its creativity. All the rest of this rock-country-shmuck-pop-bebop-jazz, they are parasites. They are being nourished by this creativity. All they do is they adopt and popularize. This is their task, and to produce money. And they

produce money at the expense of this creative music. But nobody thinks of paying it back.

Do you think the new Russian music will get the respect in the West that it deserves?

From one point of view the new Soviet, Russian music was very unlucky, very unfortunate. But now there have been great demands in Europe. They are beginning to travel. So things are getting better. It took only ten years! (Laughs) The trouble is that The Ganelin Trio does not exist anymore! (Members now record individually)

Will your work with Russian Music continue?

I am releasing this box of 8 CDs. Ten hours of music. It is a masterpiece. It's my life. It's a huge monument. Musically it is head and shoulders above anything that happened in the '80s. There will be a fantastic book coming with it, full color with beautiful design and everything. You must find a person to review it! It shouldn't be an ordinary review. It should be a spread. It is not just 8 CDs, it's ten years of music. A decade. Music from all regions of the Soviet Union. Armenia, Moscow, Leningrad, Lithuania, Arhangelsk, Siberia. It's all there. It's breathtaking. Big Bands, small bands, everything!

Sound Choice's Almost Complete Leo Records Discography

Collector's tip: Of the more than 150 Leo Records LP releases, most are one time pressings of 500 and 1,000 copies. Some of these limited pressings are still available from Leo. As we slip into the CD age, these original analog LPs with their generally exquisite,

notated album covers will never be pressed again and will become highly sought after collectors items. Information on availability and price may be obtained by contacting Leo Records, 35 Cascade Ave., London N10 3PT, England; phone: 01-883-9910.

- LR100 Amina Claudine Myers: *Song for Mother E*
 LR101 Keshavan Maslak: *Humanplexity*
 LR102 The Ganelin Trio: *Catalogue, Live in East Germany*
 LR103 Amina Claudine Myers: *Salutes Bessie Smith*
 LR104 John Lindberg: *Comin' & Goin'*
 LR105 Keshavan Maslak: *Loved By Millions*
 LR106 The Ganelin Trio: *Con Fuoco*
 LR107 Sergey Kuryokhin: *The Ways of Freedom*
 LR108 The Ganelin Trio: *Ancora da Capo, Part 1*
 LR109
 LR110 Anatoly Vapirov/Sergey Kuryokhin: *Sentenced to Silence*
 LR111 Sakis Papadimitriou: *Piano Plays*
 LR112 The Ganelin Trio: *New Wine*
 LR113 Borbetomagus and Friends: *Industrial Strength*
 LR114 Homo Liber: *Siberian 4*
 LR115 Vladamir Chekasin: *Exercises*
 LR116 Phil Minton/Roger Turner: *Ammo*
 LR117 The Ganelin Trio: *Vide*
 LR118 Marilyn Crispell: *Rhythms Hung in Undrawn Sky*
 LR119 The Vladimir Chekasin Quartet
 LR120 The Ganelin Trio: *Strictly For Our Friends*
 LR121 The Anatoly Vapirov Quartet: *Invocations*
 LR122 Hans Kumpf: *On a Baltic Trip*
 LR123 Durman/Posejpal/Kodym: *Hidden Voices*
 LR124 Harry Tavitian & Creativ: *Horizons*
 LR125 The Ganelin Trio: *Baltic Triangle*
 LR126 Marilyn Crispell: *And Your Ivory Voice Sings*
 LR127 Maggie Nicols/Pete Nu: *Nicols 'n' Nu*
 LR128 Sakis Papadimitriou: *First Move*
 LR29 Homo Liber: *Untitled*
 LR130 Anatoly Vapirov: *Macbeth*
 LR131 The Reggie Workman Ensemble: *Synthesis*
 LR132 Harry Tavitian/Comeliu Stroe: *Transylvanian Suite*
 LR133 Jaki Byard/Howard Riley: *Live at the Royal Festival Hall*
 LR134 The Giancarlo Nicolai Trio
 LR135 Arkhangelsk: *Arkhangelsk*
 LR136 Valentina Ponomareva: *Fortune-teller*
 LR137 The Ganelin Trio: *Con Affetto*
 LR138 The Ferals
 LR139 The Giancarlo Nicolai Trio: *Goccie*
 LR140 Ganelin/Vishnyauskas/Talas: *Inverso*
 LR141: The Misha Lobko Sextet: *Rituals*
 LR142: The Vladimir Chekasin Big-band: *New Vitality*
 LR143: Kuniyoshi-Kuhn/Maitos/Prevost: *Handscapes*
 LR144: Marilyn Crispell: *Quartet Improvisations--Paris 1986*
 LR145 Maggie Nicols/Pete Nu: *Don't Assume*
 LR146 Sergey Kuryokhin: *Introduction in Pop Mechanics*
 LR147 Vyacheslav Ganelin: *Con Amore*
 LR148: Sergey Kuroykhin: *Popular Zoological Elements*
 LR149 Le Sun Ra and his Cosmo Discipline Orchestra: *A Night in East Berlin*
 LR150 Keshavan Kenny: *Millions Better and Better*
 LR151 Tibor Szemzo: *Snapshot from the Island*
 LR152 Marilyn Crispell with Reggie Workman and Doug James: *Gaia*
 LR153 Cecil Taylor: *Chinampas*
 LR154: Sun Ra: *Love in Outer Space*
 LR155 Akemi Kunyuoshi-Kuhn: *Motion-E-Motion*
 LR156: Valentina Ponomareva: *Intrusion*
 LR157 Sandor Szabo: *Ritual of a Spiritual Communion*
 LR158 Sergey Kuryokhin: *Pop Mechanics N 17*
 LR159: Anatoly Vapirov: *De Profundis*
 LR160 Tarasov/Chekasin: *1+1 = 3*
 LR161 Keshavan Maslak: *Get the Money Whatever It Takes*
 LR162 Cecil Taylor: *Tzotzil/Mummers/Tzotzil*
 LR163 Sakis Papadimitriou: *Piano Oracles*
 LR164 Giancarlo Nicolai Trio with John Tchicai
 LR165 Viadimir Chekasin Quartet: *Anti-Show*
 LR166 Carlos Ward Quartet Featuring Woodie Shaw: *Lito*
 LR167 Sergey Kuryokhin/Boris Grebenschikov: *Mad Nightingales of the Russian Forest*
 LR168 Vyacheslav Ganelin: *Jerusalem, February, Cantabile*
 LR169 Anthony Braxton: *Composition 96*
 LR170 Rouge, Frise et Acide
 LR171 Art Fahrt Trio: *Joe de Swimmer Double Albums*
 LR 400/401 The Ganelin Trio: *Tiaango...In Nickelsdorf*
 LR 402/403 Sergey Kuryokhin/Boris Grebenschikov: *Subway Culture*
 LR404/405 Cecil Taylor: *Live In Bologna*
 LR406/407 Giancarlo Nicolai: *Vis-Music*
 LR408/409 Cecil Taylor: *Live in Vienna*
 LR410/411 Ganelin's Duos: *3 - 1 = 3*
 LR412/413 Jazz Group Arkhangelsk: *Pilgrims*
 LR414/415/416 Anthony Braxton: *Quartet (London) 1985*

Avant-garde/Experimental

BERTONCINI, MARIO:

Cifre/Four Systems/Cartridge Music LP

Presented here are several trail-blazing compositions arranged and performed by Mario Bertoncini, a former member of Gruppo di Improvvisazione Nuova Consonanza (one of the few improvisational ensembles employing electronics based in Rome during the '60s; the other one of note being Musica Elettronica Viva.) The pieces are related by the desire to draw together and reconcile freedom and form in performance-oriented music. The Bertoncini and Brown compositions are concerned with expanding the potential of acoustic instrumentation (mainly piano), while the Cage piece may be seen as a headlong dive into live electronic music. All employ scores that are non-traditional in their graphic representation of the parameters of process and sound production. In both "Four Systems" (1952-54) and "Cifre" (1964-67), the grand piano is used for a multiplicity of purpose: as keyboard, percussion, and stringed instrument, or simply as a resonating body. "Cartridge Music" (1960), with its embrace of sounds not usually associated with classical or electronic music, uses the simplest of means: standard phonograph cartridges with objects like piano wire or a Slinky inserted into them. The irony of this piece lies in its use of phono cartridges as instruments of sonic subversion and emancipation, instead of mere trackers of an established repertoire. It must be said that these are fresh, energetic, and thoughtful performances that excite and instruct. Required listening. (Edition RZ, Leibnizstr. 33, D-1000 Berlin 12, W.Germany)—Arthur Potter

CLAERIC RED F:

Nobody To Blame But Themselves C

Nine runaway group improvisational compositions with human emotional theater in mind rather than rock entertainment. Four humans with a lot of instruments that they play sparingly at times, plus one more human with a tape recorder, dedicating their efforts to people working against all forms of prejudice. The humans: Claudia Truesdell, Fredrick Lonberg-Holm, Matthew Burnett, E. Bergkvist and Kristina Perry (who recorded the performances). The instruments: Tenor and soprano saxophones, electric cello, coronet, piano, electronics, bass trombone, plus: birnbau, concertina, didjeridu, E-wu (2), slide and penny whistles, percussion battery including walls, typewriter, tennis balls, snap balls, rubber balls, plastic sheets, lids, floors, chairs, chains. I couldn't make out many words but the vocals seem to rely more on tonality than word value much of the time. Some titles: "It was ten o'clock in the morning," "We didn't know it had happened until

we were through," "Hello Bill," "Flurn," "bouncing balls" (exponential acceleration study). (Collision Cassettes, 811 W. 8th St., Wilmington, DE 19801)—Robin James

COBURN, BRIAN: *Product C*

Collages of media clips set against 4/4 synth/drum machine music of the TV news intro variety. Coburn calls this "dance music you can think to...politics with a beat...experimental, thought-provoking music that is accessible and easy to enjoy on several levels." The problem is that the sound clips merely reflect each piece's topic. Some of the subjects are loaded with potential and inherent conflict, but Coburn fails to create any feeling in the listener other than the notion that the topic exists. The editing is for the most part clean, but there is no sense of musical context—the fragments are mixed and cut cleanly but ineffectively. Simply throwing together topically related media clips over some music, however cleanly done, is not thought-provoking, let alone "experimental" or "easy to enjoy." There is a great deal of political material, but it never goes beyond easily digested (for us left-wingers) and familiar clips which don't provoke any real thinking or feeling. It does have a beat, so you can dance to it if you choose, though it's kind of like dancing to the theme from Eyewitness News. (Brian Coburn, P.O.B. 460412, San Francisco, CA 94146)—Brook Hinton

COLLINS, NICOLAS: *100 of the World's Most Beautiful Melodies C D*

More of Collins' real time electronic processing, but unlike his previous recording which shattered radio signals ("Devil's Music"), this series of 42 duets with 15 downtown luminaries exposes an active engagement with both live electronics and improvisation. Collins takes on such diverse talents as Tom Cora, Elliott Sharp, Shelly Hirsch, Ben Neill, and others with subtlety, grace, and spurts of abandon. His instrument, gizmo, or receptacle of choice is a specially-equipped slide trombone/microcomputer unit that is capable of sampling, looping, and modifying sample length, pitch, and loudness, as well as triggering found-sound snippets, simulating reverb, and performing a wide range of timbral modifications of incoming sounds. As he states in the program notes, this contraption has helped him to think like a player for the first time. Yes, it certainly seems that it's Collins' rigorous processing that gives these miniatures a structural continuity and an emotional expansiveness, while at the same time allowing individual players to display signature sonic quirks. Ironically enough, Peter Cusack's mild-mannered

acoustic guitar and whistling provide the only obvious melodic material, and act as the calm introduction and ending to this lively collection. (Trace Elements Records, 172 E. 4th St #11D, New York, NY 10009)—Arthur Potter

EXILES: *The Wrong Planet C*

Kalimba/Mallet Keyboard/Percussion music. Unique use of these instruments—the pieces sound like undersea concertos played at breakneck speed. This is difficult music to analyze—just as something begins to sound like pointless, rhythmically sloppy noodling, something happens and you're swept up in it, hearing incredible synchronization between entirely disparate lines. A unique, worthwhile recording. (Esfoma, P.O.B. 4692, St. Louis, MO 63108)—Brook Hinton

GROUP 180: *Group 180 CD*

Group 180, or 180-As Csoport as they are named in their native Hungary, is a new music ensemble that specializes in minimal music. On this CD, they perform works by two of the foremost American minimalists, Steve Reich and Frederic Rzewski, as well as compositions by two Hungarian composers, Tibor Szemzo and Laszlo Melis. Reich's "Music for Pieces of Wood" is an outstanding composition manifesting the composer's mastery of rhythmic invention, building complex structures out of relatively simple rhythmic units, repetition and canonic devices. "Coming Together" by Rzewski is one of that composer's finest works and given a superb performance by the ensemble. Szemzo, one of the members of Group 180, contributes "Vizicsoda" (Water-Wonder) for flute and tape system. It has the spare, repetitive characteristics of early minimal music and utilizes a real-time tape system in a live performance situation from which are born highly complex rhythmic structures, not unlike those of Reich's early phase pieces. The spunky and lively "Etude ha:rom takorre" (Etude for Three Mirrors) by Melis, another member of Group 180, sounds much like Reich's early mixed ensemble pieces, such as "Music for Mallet Instruments, Voices and Organ." Though quite derivative, it is very well done and succeeds on its own merits. (Hungaroton, 24-02 40th Ave., Long Island City, NY 11101)—Dean Suzuki

HAIL: *Gypsy Cat and Gypsy Bird LP*

There is a night-time-by-the-graveyard grey element to this, but this record rises far above what would be labeled "gothic". Almost resembling a Master/Slave/Relationship/Cocteau Twins hybrid, there's a lot to get a handle on here. Most of it is suitably creepy with a sexual/clostraphic feel. Some

of the songs are disarmingly pretty, some noisy, and the crazed hyena vocals of "Night Long" are truly demented. Tape loops, distorted voices, and guitars abound and Susanne Lewis's lyrics and vocal are particularly worthwhile. (Prolific Records, P.O.B. 1154, Denver, CO 80201)—Andy Waltzer

HART, BRET:

Korean Chaos #3—Ugly Blanket C
Noisy noisy noisy guitars-and-bass four tracker. No vocals. From the liner notes: "All compositions are extended modifications upon other people's songs." Lots of processing and strange tunings. Side two is "The Booger Tea Medley" - all MG's covers. Sloppy and silly, but also unpretentious and fun. (Bret Hart, USAFS-K, NSGA Box 48, APO San Francisco, CA 96271-0134)—Brook Hinton

KAORU: Tanta Hasha LP

I usually don't care much for this sort of thing: a Japanese woman singing bent, twisted avant-pop tunes with spartan accompaniment of drums, bass, keyboards, guitar and the occasional sax. Somehow Kaoru has struck a resonant chord and hit the nail on the head. At least it strikes me this way. For one thing, her voice is not the thin, high pitched whine that afflicts so many Japanese singers. While not full and rich, her voice has body and character. Kaoru's Japanese accent comes through clearly on the songs sung in English, but instead of being a source irritation, it adds charm. Another attractive feature is the song-writing. Rather than leaning towards spartan, garage-pop, she veers towards the outside, experimental realm. Some songs are tuneful, but many are just plain weird, but I find kaoru's curious, off-center, thoroughly bent and avant-pop songs fascinating. (Hamster Records, 25 Avenue Gardens, London W3 8HB, England)—Dean Suzuki

KELLER, HERMANN:

Schwabungen Brechungen LP
Keller's has produced a fine album of music for prepared piano. Some passages are marked by nervous, almost frantic energy, as opposed to the more contained and lyrical works by Cage. Other portions are more restrained, yet with the full spectrum of color. Keller has also expanded the range of sonorities. One recognizes the gamelan inspired sounds created by Cage, along with several new ones, included timbres which make allusions to bells, mandolins and zithers; plus unique sounds, including some truly remarkable sonorities in the low register of the piano. In addition, Keller rubs, strokes and strikes the strings inside of the piano, adding to the already multitudinous tone colors. Keller augments his piano playing with performances on recorder and occasional singing.

Additionally, Keller appears to approach music both as a composer and an improviser. Thus one finds music that is absolutely free, with Keller creating a terrific din, while other passages are structured and contained. (Edition RZ, Leibnizstr. 33, D-1000 Berlin 12, W.Germany)—Dean Suzuki

LOCKETT, MARK, JANET SHERBOURNE: Walk Abroad C

This is one of the most eclectic recordings yet by Sherbourne, featuring her collaborator Lockett, this time around. The harmonic vocabulary is part Debussy, part jazz, part pop, and pure invention. The chordal palette is rich and you can never be sure which direction they will take you as the harmonies slip and slide in unexpected yet perfectly logical ways. Their post-modern vision of traditional Latin dances such as the tango, samba and cha-cha swing are utterly engaging. Other pieces include a couple of nice repetitive pieces with a definite French twist performed on the new music instrument of the 80s, the accordion, plus other lovely keyboard instrumentals. As per usual, Sherbourne does some fine sultry singing with bent and oblique slants on lounge lizard jazz. Odd and challenging enough to be interesting, yet the dimly lit, smoke filled room ambience remains in tact. (Practical Music, 11 St. Mary's Gate, Wirksworth, Derbyshire DE4 4DQ, England)—Dean Suzuki

MFC. BRUIRE:

Le Barman a Tort de Sourire LP
Bruire is a loose aggregation of French Canadian players centered around percussionist and sonic adventurer Michel F. Cote. Its loosely structured aural excursions betray quick minds and even quicker hands, with fingers in a multitude of pies: improvisation, free jazz, cabaret, progressive rock, dada, found-sound, and electronics. In as much as my French is essentially nonexistent, Monsieur Cote's intentions are still felt to the degree that textural nuance, vocal articulation, instrumental timbre, and rhythmic variation evoke emotions and ideas. Concerns are both serious ("Saigon") and silly ("A Bit Noisy"), with satire occupying much of the middle ground. That most of the pieces hold together so well is a testament to the flexible grace of their peripatetic creators. With respect to this record's title, the bartender actually should smile. Wonderful all around! (Ambiances Magnetiques, C P 263, Station E, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2T 3A7)—Arthur Potter

ONLY A MOTHER:

Riding White Alligators LP
Guitar, violin, mandolin, euphonium and other acoustic instruments are taken to unprecedented extremes in the service of these simultaneously tuneful and twisted songs by

Frank Pahl. Lyrical themes such as obesity, penis envy, divine revelation, Catholic guilt and clerical transvestism are effectively mined for their surreal qualities with a tragicomic sensibility. Not all of this sounds like folk music from Neptune; "The Romantic Side fo Brutus Lee" is a delicate instrumental for guitar, double bass, harmonium and piano of entrancing clarity and simplicity. Pahl shares a mutated melodic sense and flair for weird sonorities with the Residents, but Only A Mother is in no way derivative or imitative of America's favorite eyeball-heads. In fact, this work is startling in its sheer creativity and originality. (Private Studio, P.O.B. 531, Wyandotte, MI 48192 313-281-0795)—Michael Draine

RASCAL REPORTERS:*Happy Accidents LP*

Rascal Reporters is a duo consisting multi-instrumentalists Steve Gore and Steve Kretzmer from Michigan, assisted by members of Univers Zero, the Muffins, Dr. Nerve, the Motor Totemist Guild, the 5 UU's, Wayside's Steve Feigenbaum, and others. Rascal Reporters are inspired by middle period Soft Machine (especially Mike Ratledge's idiomatic keyboard style and sound), though updated with more contemporary sensibilities and sometimes sweeter compositions. They can also be placed in the same basic category as groups and artists such as Dr. Nerve, the Ordinaires, Virgil Moorefield, much of the Canterbury scene of English progressive jazz rock, as well as European RIO bands. Melodies are barbed and oblique, set with unusual harmonic progressions. "Trucks" by Ketzmer features the Rascal Reporters alone. It is a stirring and complicated side-long composition, in two parts, and is a bit closer to straight-ahead Soft Machine somewhere between the albums "Third" and "Six." Gore's "Weigh in on the Way-Out" is another side-long suite, in three parts with recurrent themes (one based on a pop song by the Carpenters no less!), and features all of the guest artists. Gore delights in contrasting dulcet, but complex melodies with frenetic with nearly free-form, yet controlled sections. The first movement, "Pilgrim's Pride" is curious, with its sweet, progressive tone and interludes which demarcate sections which sound like free, outside improvisations and very intricate arrangements. In fact, there is absolutely no improvisation on the album, which makes it all the more remarkable. Who says the progressive scene in the U.S. is dead? (Hebbardesque Records, P.O.B. 37286, Oak Park, MI 48237)—Dean Suzuki

RIFT, ZOOZGZ: Son of Puke C

A cassette only "sanctioned bootleg" of atypical Rift music. Separated into two distinct parts: side A "If We Meat You, We Will Eat

You!" is a long musique-concrete sonic collage of early, pre-Shitheads recording experiments, voice snippets, rampaging percussion, organ and synths goin' every which way, drum machines, and Zoogz ranting and raving over the top in his own inimitable way. Bizarre toots/tweets/pops and whistles, and down below, almost buried in the foaming goo, the steady beep-beep-beep of a cheesy Casio's rhythm unit being the one constant element in the hubbub. Impossible to digest in a single sitting. Side B "The Transients Bootleg" is a whole 'nother bag, with Zoogz strumming away on an acoustic guitar doing every Beatles tune ever written. Your collective Rift consciousness is incomplete until you've sat through this challenging cassette. (SST, P.O.B. One, Lawndale, CA 90260 213-835-8977)—B.H. Hart

RUDY SCHWARTZ PROJECT: *Salmon*

Dave C

Yowie! This is one intense tape! A whirlwind tour-de-force muzickal trip through some goofy/strange/intense sounds! A 50's doo-wop take on "Every Breath You Take" juxtaposed against rants against Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker, cartoon muzick, spacey synthscapes, an Italian folk song, a Butthole Surfers cover ("BBQ Pope"), and even a live cut (from a bookstore!) Fave picks are "The Pincushion Man", which is also one o' my fave cartoons—it was even excerpted on "Pee Wee's Playhouse"! The quirky-eccentric-angular manic rhythms and dense muzickal counterpoint continues on this tape, which again invites comparison to Zappa. But as Joe Newman—oh, by the way this guy's name is really Joe Newmann—as well as Dino DiMuro and I'm sure many others continue to mine this particular harbor (Zappa in-joke-see "Does Humor Belong In Music" video) these artists will be pigeonholed less as Zappa-imitators. Maybe. (Rudy Schwartz Project, 5404 Ave F, Austin, TX 78751)—Dan Fioretti

SOUL BROTHERS: *Three Hour Tour C*

What sick pups. Great tape—a real audio feast o' amateurish but likeable class sicks. Kudos for rap version o' "Sam I Am"—but since when does Sam I. not like green eggs and ham, as this version suggests? A Sam I Am for the 90's? A kinder, gentler Sam I Am, now vegetarian? One o' those highly eclectic tapes—spanish vocalizing electronic blips and tape cutups, share space with (relatively) normal songs, as well as phone-tapes. Luv that phoned-in version o' "I Left My Heart In San Francisco"! These Soul Bros' really, like, know how t'do an exciting tape! The variety boggles the mind—the assemblage of just the right elements at just the right time shows they know a thing or two about successful tape collage-makin', their

audio cuisinart cooks up some tasty sounds. And includin' a tribute to Snakefinger was a nice touch. (Scheming Intelligensia So, 3025 Plaza Blvd., National City, CA 92050 619-584-1501)—Dan Fioretti

SZENTENDRE: *Szentendre LP*

Several tracks on this single-sided LP are reminiscent of Massacre, particularly the rude, snapping, Laswellian bass lines, along with the noisy, oblique guitar, jagged rhythms, and overall crude sound. Other tracks emphasize synthesizers more, such as the first track, "Un tour gratuit," which augments the Massacre sound with what sounds like Zappa's Jazz from Hell or The Perfect Stranger, only far more bent, plus an intentionally cheesy drum machine. The song, "La Bergerie" with its half sung, half spoke French text has an electric piano accompaniment that sounds like much ambient music, perhaps coming closest to recent Dominique Lawalree. Szentendre covers a lot of musical ground, but everything can be located in that vast RIO/Recommended category. (AYAA Disques, 121 rue de Courlancy, 51100 Reims, FRANCE)—Dean Suzuki

TIEMKO: *Espace Fini LP*

Tiemko is an outstanding new trio of multi-instrumentalists, focusing on keyboards, guitar and percussion, which pumps out a potent, fiery mixture of new music, fusion jazz, and progressive rock, with sophistication and complexity, yet devoid of high-minded artsy pretense and posturing. Each of the group's members is a fine composer and an exceptional performer. Percussionist Eric Delaunay's "Bulgarian Dance" is a tightly composed and executed work, with a slight Bartokian flair manifested in spasmodic dance rhythms and weird, spikey chords. The title track by keyboardist J. Jacques Tousseint has a strange but wonderful harmonic language and lurching rhythms, yielding a bizarre, but captivating work. The march-like effect, slightly reminiscent of Holst's "Mars-The Bringer of War" from *The Planets*, and guitarist Remy Chauvidan's stinging, spitfire improvisations make sections of this number a virtual firestorm. Tiemko is unquestionably one of the best new groups from Musea's fine roster. (Musea, 68 La Tinchotte, 57117 Retonfey, France)—Dean Suzuki

VAN RIPER, PETER: *Direct Contact C*

Peter Van Riper is a new music composer who has ties with Fluxus; in fact, he might be considered a second generation Fluxus artist. His recent tapes consist of unusual and beautiful percussion music, using unorthodox instruments. Included on *Direct Contact* is a work for a musical toy: a child's rattle or ball in which are enclosed metal rods which are

sounded by loose objects within the toy's casing. You all know the sound, and Van Riper makes an exceptional case for their purely musical content. Also, Van Riper performs on cut and tuned aluminum baseball bats which are suspended and struck with mallets. The bell-like sonority is extraordinarily beautiful and can be likened to some of the timbres which one hears on Henry Wolff and Nancy Hennings Tibetan Bells series of recordings. Other unusual sounds abound in this most inventive release. (Peter Van Riper, 73 Calyer St, Brooklyn, NY 11222)—Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Collective Folst LP*

Eleven Rochester, NY groups/artists are represented on this regional collection. Dinosaur plus Boysenberry = Choo Choo's ".6 - Mucus Membrane = Morning Glory" is a 3-minute trip through a gaseous and heavy environment (maybe 100 miles into Jupiter's atmosphere), similar to some of Jeff Grienke's older recordings. M.L. Qubed's "Dictionary of Symbols" is a clever dub/montage of a plethora of sounds and spoken word fragments. Matt Messinger's "Bad Rythem" sounds like the world on crystal meth...all spidery, fibrous and high register buzzing over a convulsive spazo-beat. Deco's "Vocal Percussion II: Nominals" verbally re-enacts dopey drum machine pre-set rhythms (at first), "kick-snare-kick-snare-tom-clap...", but really kicks in and spreads out when the "brass" harmonies roll in. What makes this recording so interesting is that it is VERBAL, with the voices using the words for the instruments they represent. Very nice. Peter Landers' "Vocalese" is very much like the mouth-Dada that artist Kurt Schwitters experimented with years ago (last ref: Eno's "Kurt's Rejoinder"). Lilacs contribute a 5-minute percussive tape-loop spam, replete with twinkling random synth splatteration and voice samples. Vingt Doigts, a multi-instrumental duo (plus 3 guest musicians adding drums, cornet, digital hi-hat) play a structured R.I.O.-like improv/organised rock that recalls Univers Zero, mid-period H. Cow and the 2nd Aksak Maboul LP. If you liked Chrome back around "3rd From The Sun", Then you'll get excited when you hear "OL' Walt" by the Stripminers. Rough, urban, grim and *that sound* in the guitars. Deerpark's "Mmm, Perestroika" moans, slides, thuds and rumbles wif a low voice ind'back an' soundz like birdz an' sumbody tappin' a coke bottle wif a chopstick. Health & Beauty contribute 2 songs. "Afro-Vaginum" pairs a pots 'n pans pseudo-juju rhythm with a vocal reverbed 'hymn'. "I'd Rather Be in Rochester" takes me straight back to the "No New York" lp and relives that free-anarchic rock spirit. Finally, Jim Denault's "Trucker"...reversed bells, harmonica, synth warbles, and a sorry-ass driver rambling about

CLASSICAL/NEO-CLASSICAL

PORTAL, MICHEL: *Turbulence* CD
French composer, improviser and reedman Portal is equally at home in the arenas of contemporary classical music, jazz, and a kind of progressive music that is akin to the French Magma school. There are undeniable similarities with Yochk'o Seffer's last album, *Adama*, (Seffer was a member of Magma) and Portal even has electric bassist Jannick Top, one of the key figures from Magma in days of yore, on board for this recording. Portal's music and his bass clarinet and saxophones have been electronically processed by fellow French composer and electronics specialist Jean Schwarz. Others in Portal's ensemble include Mino Cinelu, formerly of Weather Report. The melodies are oblique and spicy, and the harmonies stretched out, often moving in unexpected ways. Though some of Portal's music is much more outside, his music can be likened to John Surman's with a similar ECMish patina and may appeal to the same audience. As an added surprise, the disc concludes with a hot and lively trio for bandoneon (played by Portal), accordion, and percussion. This estimable recording delivers some unusual, but very excellent music. (Harmonia Mundi U.S.A., 3364 Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90034 213-559-0802)—Dean Suzuki

TEN HOLT, SIMEON:

Natalon in E. Cyclus aan de waanzin LP

Simeon ten Holt is a Dutch composer of wide ranging abilities, a true eclectic. His most famous works include "Canto Ostinato" (1979) and "Lemniscaat" (1983), open-ended works

for multiple keyboards in the minimalist vein which may last for hours on end. Interestingly, ten Holt was born in 1923, a generation or two ahead of Glass and Reich. The solo piano works on this record are quite different. The ingratiating "Natalon in E" is tonal, and while it has some repetitive passages, it is not really associated with minimal music. Rather, one can detect the sweet lyricism of 19th century music, particularly like that of Robert Schumann, an odd, curious harmonic motion and unusual chords, somewhere between Scriabin and Satie's "Gnossiennes," with deceptive simplicity or at least naivete associated with the latter. "Cyclus aan de waanzin" is a more aggressive work, with discordant harmonies, restless rhythms, and ostinatos which provide the work with an incessant flow of energy. (Clarison, Donemus Paulus Potterstr. 14, 1071 CZ Amsterdam, Netherland)—Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Montreal Postmoderne LP

The term "post moderne" is the title is rather misleading. All four works by Canadian composers would appear to fall quite comfortably in the realm of the modernist tradition; either post-Stravinsky or post-Schoenberg, characterized by biting dissonance, angular lines, unusual instrumentation, and the like. Not to say that the music is bad, rather the terminology may lead to misunderstanding. John Rea's "Trappenmusik" is for a choir of clarinets and saxophones, plus four strings. There are some swirling, virtuosic scalar passages that are slightly reminiscent of the "Space-ship" from Einstein on the Beach, though the

harmonic language and polyphonic textures are quite unlike Glass's. Later, Rea quotes a passage from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," so it is quite an eclectic piece. The piquant modality (though mixed with healthy doses of dissonance) and the emphasis on nearly monodic textures among the several instruments and percussive sounds of piano, mallet instruments and plucked strings lend Jose Evangelista's "Clos de vie" a pronounced Indonesian flavor. Perhaps this work comes closest to a post-modern aesthetic. Also included is a work by the late Claude Vivier, one of Canada's finest composers, a spartan duo for violin and clarinet with expanses of silence, as well as a piece by Denis Gougeon. (Centrediscs, 20 St. Joseph St., Toronto, Ont. M4Y 1J9, Canada)—Dean Suzuki

ZAJACZEK, ROMAN-W: *Missa In Annuntiatione Beatae Mariae Virginis* LP

The Polish composer Zajacek's opulent mass for chorus and orchestra is a blending and mixing of styles including some splendid Stravinskian harmonies—Stravinsky's own Mass comes to mind—perhaps Poulenc as well, with numerous references to medieval liturgical chant, and the richness and sweetness of post-romanticism. Zajacek's instrumentation is positively resplendent with the full gamut of colors. The brilliance and lushness of the orchestration brings the likes of Ravel and Respighi. While by no means does Zajacek's music chart any new territory, it is gloriously beautiful. (Inter-sound, GmbH, Schleibinger Str. 10, 8000 Munich 80, W.Germany)—Dean Suzuki

Avant-garde/Experimental continued from Pg. 54

the road. I lived on Meigs St. and sold waterbeds for 6 mos in Rochester back in '79. Great town, great art community, great LP here. (Foist Magazine, 287 Averill Ave., Rochester, NY 14607)—B.H. Hart

WIDEMOUTH: #8625 *Accumulation* LP

Highest marks for most interesting use of recording arts and telephones, interactive and uncontrolled. Widemouth is a very prolific source of multi-media art experiments including paper publications, graffiti, tattoo art, au-

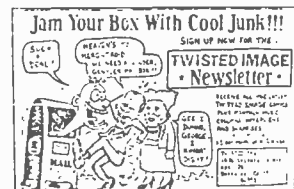
dio tape, sound performance, visual performance, you get the idea. A bonafied Subgenius Saint. Said tentatively, a convenience: "john ellsberry taught me that if an obstacle (in this case a taped piece of paper) was placed between the record head and the tape: sound on sound can result. So, that tape was made using that technique. Most of the sounds were accumulated thru (301) 962-0210 (see and hear widemouth #8623) which was the name and telephone number of a thing that will be called "4 various interactive possibilities". It was a continuation of

and an extrapolation beyond it's predecessor" vd-radio (widemouth #'s 8617-18) ...this accumulation functioned both as a tape which received input and the tape from which answering machine output (i.e. the "message") was culled - it served this function for several months with almost no interruption." This is poetic construction at a very fine development, it will bore the heck out of the most wimpy "listeners" no doubt, it could really mean getting something going to active persons though. (Widemouth Tapes, P.O.B. 382, Baltimore, MD 21203)—Robin James

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ELECTRONIC/AMBIENT/INDUSTRIAL/NEW AGE

ARCANE DEVICE: *Engines of Myth LP*
If you haven't heard the latest buzz in cutting edge electronic music, I'll try to keep it short and simple. David Myer's Arcane Device is not a band, it's more like an instrument, well not an instrument exactly... With this wonderful device Myers can create and manipulate digital feedback in various strange yet musical ways. The result is called, you guessed it, Feedback Music and it's all feedback and it really is music. The eleven improvisations here display a dizzying array of sonic possibilities. One after another, Myers pulls sounds out of his machine like so many technicolor bunnies out of a single hat. An album of this sort wouldn't gel if it weren't for the keen composers sense that went into the performance. What's in the future for Feedback Music? I can't wait to find out. (Recommended Records (UK), 387 Wandsworth Road, London SW8, England)—Jon Booth

BERBEL NOBODIUS:
Wanton But Windblown LP

Cleanly recorded, heavily keyboard oriented, alternately serene in one composition, then disturbing and industrial in the next. About half of the compositions would have Shirley MacLaine rubbin' her crystals, while the other half would have Al Margolis climbing all over himself to snap it up. Yeah, "Brushwood Epitaph" was tailor-made for Sound of Pig. Sweeping washes of analog wind over heavily modulated cyber-birdcalls and traffic sounds. Whomever these people are (no listing), they undoubtedly spent a few weeks in a closet with Eno's *Music For Films*. Excellent synthesizer driving from beginning to end, lots of non-stock voices being created, exploited, and dished up in gobs. The clever and unconventional signal processing really beefs up the thinness of the synths. Berbel Nobodius require less patience than T. Dream, are less "affected" than Eno, and have enough exposed sharp edges to keep your brain grinning. (Hamster Records, 25 Avenue Gardens, London W3 8HB, England)—B.H. Hart

BERRY, JAKE:
Diaspora-Four Sonic Movements C
Looped samples. A handful on each of the first two pieces. Some of the samples are of the pleasantly noisy variety, others are pitch shifted voices. Berry probably should have presented each on its own, as they are thrown together in a fairly senseless pattern. The threads of these pieces have nothing to do with each other, and fail to build any tension or even an interesting atmosphere. Since the loops are short, the gradual linear variations which, in the best chance operations music of

this sort, can affect the listener, don't occur. The remaining two "movements", which consist of a few people apparently having a good time playing around with various noise-makers, a piano, and a radio, almost work in spite of themselves, but ironically suffer from too much control from the participants: each person's ideas and decisions can be heard a little too clearly through the din. Such self-consciousness is death to a form which is to some extent dependent on the players' spontaneity and sense of the whole. Berry has a nice ear for evocative tones, which will hopefully propel him toward some good work. Almost everyone has re-recorded stuff with these problems, but most don't release it. Dubbed onto TDK "D" tape. (Plutonium Press, P.O.B. 61564, Phoenix, AZ 85082)—Brook Hinton

BLACK TAPE FOR A BLUE GIRL:
Mesmerized by the Sirens LP

Just as those silken-throated lovelies of ancient mythology lured sailors to their watery graves, Black Tape for a Blue Girl produces warmly evocative music for the world-worn romantic to crash into the rocks by. Yes, obsession, despair, and loss are the main themes here, and are presented as unremitting realities. Fortunately, this LP avoids both the funereal and the hysterical by presenting inventive song structures coupled with organic (albeit stricken) aural textures. Once beyond the rather pretentious lyrics, acoustic instruments, electronics, and especially voice (male and female) are used to great effect. I don't mind admitting that these sirens were far more alluring than dangerous. (Projekt, P.O.B. 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642)—Arthur Potter

BREGGER, DOUGLAS:
Crystal Arcade LP
The record is one of self indulgence—a vanity release. The recordings on this album were done in a four year period between 1984-88. Bregger lists his influences as Amon Duul II, Tangerine Dream, Laurie Anderson Carla Bley, Klaus Schultz, Zoviet France, etc. etc. Bregger's synthesizer brings us the Dream's mid-1970's form, but that is where the comparisons should stop. The music is simplistic. Bregger plays Realistic Moog, Casio CZ 101 and flute and records on a four track cassette deck. There are talking/singing vocals throughout this record. His readings are weak and sound like they are being read for a high school play. The "readings" are on dreams he has had over the years, "spoof" commercials and radio broadcasts. Bregger's singing is flat and off key. This album is embarrassing—it lacks direction and continuity. Just because one can play an instrument does

not necessarily follow that there should be record releases. Bregger needs to practice more, write more and mature as a musician. (Douglas Bregger, 700 Malibu Dr, Silver Springs, MD 20901 2)—Joe Kolb

CARNEY, JEFF:
Imperfect Space Journeys C

Live (meaning no overdubs, no midi, and no post-mix) synthesizer performances (one w/ drum accompaniment), heavy on repeating sequencer lines and filter sweeps, very much in the spirit of older Tangerine Dream but distinguished by the composer/performer's skill at pulling the listener past the hypnotic eighth-note lines through harmonic structures and timbral manipulations that are rarely predictable and always interesting. One of the best recordings in this field I've come across. If the very thought of those old monophonic sequencers chug chugging away makes you reach for the latest Suckdog album, this is not for you. For my part, I'm glad someone is still doing this well and exploring new avenues with it. (Audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18th Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)—Brook Hinton

CHINMOY, SRI:
Heart-Power-Victory CD

Guru/renaissance man Sri Chinmoy chose two of the world's biggest pipe organs as his vehicles for these two 30-minute improvisations. The result is not beatific new age noodling, but intense, thunderous explorations of the instruments' possibilities. There doesn't seem to be any adherence to specific scale or time signature; he basically just goes apeshit on the ivories. As a result, there's a certain lack of direction to these pieces, but the artist's passion and sincerity are in evidence, despite his apparent lack of musical technique. (Aum Music, c/o Ufāsana Young, 84-43 164 St., Jamaica, NY 11432)—Michael Draine

DAVID: *Textures LP*
This is David Parker on piano, melodica, and metal bowl of water, joined occasionally by Darrell Mixon's bass and Peter Cohen's readings. On the whole, this record is a rather stark and sometimes thin conglomeration of New Age sustain pedal airiness, nocturnal keyboard extrapolations on a T. Monk chestnut, piano percussive preparations ala Cage, and deadpan verbal observations. "Suite: 'Round Midnight and Environs" dominates the proceedings with its dark and moody journey through various urban settings and styles. The crawling pace is broken only by the rhythmic scrapes and buzzes of a prepared piano ("Sleazy #59), whose descent into the maelstrom is a welcome series of

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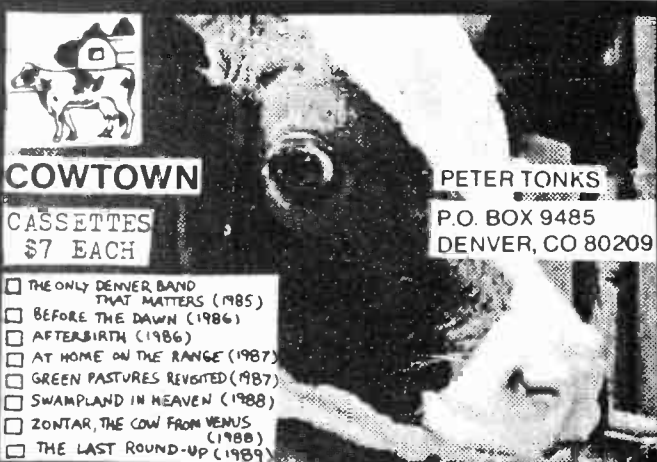
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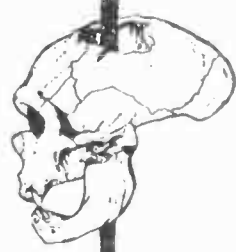
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musical events. The suite's return to the "Round Midnight" melody line helps end the journey on a note of familiarity and resignation, like a convenient stumble in the dark. The odd piece out, "500 Years Ago, Yesterday" makes effective use of Peter Cohen's objective observations and poetic detail, with jazz-tinged piano ruminations acting as appropriate frames. While I found most of "Textures" to be quietly engaging, repeated listenings exposed an artistry more mannered than inventive. (David Parker, P.O.B. 4651, St. Louis, MO 63108)—Arthur Potter

DIGGS, DAVID:*Nothing But The Truth LP*

On this recording, New Age keyboardist David Diggs serves up a servicable and workman-like set of program music. Anything and everything herein is easily avant-garde as, say, the theme music to "Thirty Something." It's real pretty stuff, not a single note out of place. Highly monochromatic at times. Nothing to disturb the casual mood. Perfect tofu-eatin' toonz, keyboards 'n saxes lullin' the listener into a yuppified trance, or muzick to ignore. Muzick as mindless background. Not a single note calls attention to itself. Ya can listen for hours and hours and forget it's even on. It's way beyond "ambient" or even 'environmental.' It's just "there" in the room, the same way a painting or statue is. Every so often you notice it. (Artful Balance, 5308 Derry Ave., Agoura Hills, CA 91301)—Dan Fioretti

DISCO SPLENDOR:*Poverty Is for Fools C*

PKB and Minoy mail-collabs are some of the most treacherously noize-ridden and emotionally disconcerting tape-sounds these olde ears have had the pleasure to receive this year. At least as far as the ambient/industrial/noize/loud/torture-terror genre. Muzick to scare your neighbors. Scare your kids. Scare your neighbor's kids! Two walls of sound...er, no.. two entire planets or noize..Minoy's, and PBK's...collide! The entire universe being torn apart at the seams! Both PBK and Minoy are wonderful noize-mongers, PBK for brute force, Minoy for his slow and methodical compositional development. This collab reflects both of those influences, and it's real LOUD!!!! The soundtrack for a humongous 50-foot robot destroying a small town in Japan. And I don't mean a movie about same.. I mean that actual thing happening! (Are we having fun yet?) (Disco Splendor, P.O.B. 938-292, Moreno Valley, CA 92337)—Dan Fioretti

DJAM KARET:*Reflections from the Firepool C*

Very colorful packaging, fish and shapes, the j-sheet is a big long collage. Long rock voyage songs, guitars and synths with dreamy ef-

fects, glossy production sonics. Gayle Ellett (electric guitar, steel guitar, keyboards, taped effects, mic stand percussion) Mike Hener-son (electric and acoustic six and twelve string guitars, effects, percussion), Chuck Oken, Jr. (drums, synth programming and sequencing, electronic percussion), Henry J. Osborne (electric bass, bottled bass, keyboards, chain, percussion) performing "The sky opens twice," "fall of the monkeywalk," "run cerberus run," "scenes from the electric circus," "animal origin," "all doors look like this," "the red monk," "reflections from the firepool." Sizzling world rock new age music. (HC Productions, P.O.B. 883, Claremont, CA 91711)—Robin James

ELGGREN, LEIF:*Flown Over By An Old King LP*

Recorded in part in an old machinery hall in a Stockholm industrial area, this is musique concrete comprised of the looped sounds of distant heavy machinery and the echoey, unintelligible voices of six performers who took part in a live rendition of this piece, described as "a lecture with prerecorded tape, objects and choir." The title suggest some programmatic content to the performance not conveyed by this recording. More interesting is the B side ("to be played at infinite RPM") which has strange flying machines etched into the vinyl. (Radium 226.05 Records, Sodra Allegatan 3, S-41301 Goteberg, Sweden)—Michael Draine

GILBERT, MICHAEL WILLIAM:*Point of Views CD*

Gilbert's second self-produced, CD only release is as good, if not better than the previous one. His electronic music is characterized by brilliant, often bell-like sonorities and full, yet transparent textures. The total sound is most appealing, with just the right added ornamental colors and touches, never overdone or over-produced. Gilbert's writing is very attractive, ingratiating and rhythmically stimulating. Gilbert's compositional style is often quite reminiscent of Laurie Anderson's, as well as Haruomi Hosono's, with a wee touch of Ryuichi Sakamoto, so he's in very good company. At times, Gilbert adds a bit of exoticism, with mbira-like tones, percussive sounds and rhythms that imply an African influence, or non-Western scales and modes. If you're looking for some good electronic music, look no further. (Gibex, 73 Spaulding St., Amherst, MA 01002)—Dean Suzuki

GRIPPE, RAGNAR:*Ten Temperaments LP*

Grippe is a young Swedish composer whose work *Ten Temperaments* for synthesizers, voices, piano, percussion, and radio, splits the difference between academic electronic

music and the so-called Teutonic school of synth-rock characterized by early Klaus Schulze, Cluster, Tangerine Dream, et al. The work has its spacey moments, its noisy passages, and more abstract sounds, yet it remains mostly accessible to the uninitiated listener. A couple of movements are particularly notable. The third, fourth, and fifth movements provide the kind of music that you would expect to accompany your worst nightmare. It is not really horrific, but subtle as the tension builds relentlessly, with some obstinate rhythmic figures, ominous washes of sound, and sinister melodic contours. Strange taped voice also appear in the third movement, adding another harrowing dimension. The Prelude and Postlude are a bit New Agey, but quite lovely. This is a good vehicle for those who have heard only ambient, New Age and Teutonic synthesizer music, but wish to begin the exploration of more experimental and far-reaching forms of electronic music. (BIS, 24002 40th Ave., Crescent St., Long Island City, NY 11101)—Dean Suzuki

HAYOON LIMIT: (p)33 C

European creepy/erotic electronic entertainment, rock format, generous kinky sex references, more dark and implicit than explicit about anything but night/war/brutality and electronic sounds. Some lyrics are in English, some in French, other languages, some titles are in German. Lots of sound effects. Some titles: "(In the dark) Anyway," "Nuremberg Virgin," "Tod Macht Frei," "Cold Metal Erection," "Final." Elaborate mylar j-sheet, more like a u-sheet, it has a hole cut for the pegs in the box. Exotic art with a penchant for danger. (Independent Record Label, 51 Rue Dareau, 75014 Paris, France)—Robin James

HURWITZ, JACK: *In The Undertow/ Music From Distant Days C*

Hurwitz goes for a big synthesizer sound on this release, alternating between a sort of new-age/jazz fusion reminiscent of Group 87 and some more adventurous non-harmonic pieces. The latter work best, especially when Hurwitz touches on the expressive capabilities of his synth patches without over-"playing" them, a major problem in his more rhythmic pieces, which don't communicate much to the listener other than technique. If Hurwitz integrated some of the freshness of his more experimental side, particularly as regards programming, with his more familiar-sounding music, it might sound a bit more human and alive. (Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Pl., Rockville, MD 20854 301-984-1433)—Brook Hinton

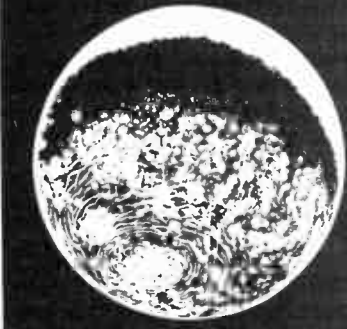
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ROBERTA EKLUND: *Process of Recognition* (P.O. Box 30066, Indpls, IN 46230)

DINO DiMURO: *Statement 1983-89* (578 N. Gower, L.A., CA 90004)

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an emphasis on brooding, disquieting soundscapes rather than on abrasive noise and shock effects (though they're in there too). Rapidly changing, shimmering planes of electronic sound are layered with treated piano, sampled strings, and gruesome newscasts achieve an engrossing atmosphere both poignant and threatening. Brief melodic touches and appropriate use of loops induce the hypnotic states often pursued but rarely achieved by industrialists. A high level of studio craft also separates IOS from the herd, an invaluable asset in the unification of diverse elements. Proof (if you need it) that there's still room for creativity in the industrial genre. (RRRecords; 151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852 508-454-8002)—Michael Draine

KEELER: Autofocus CD

Light synth music with greater dynamics and rhythmic development than you'd expect from titles like "The Ecstasy of Being" and "A God's-Eye View," but still rather dainty, precious, and predictable in melodic construction. Keith Keeler is somewhat daring in his use of timbre, using wiggly strains worthy of the Residents on these tepid, pop-derived instrumentals. (Great Orm Productions, 496-A Hudson St. Suite D-35, New York, NY 10014 201-434-0595)—Michael Draine

LLAMA: Llama and Friends C

Casios, Mirage and Serge electronics with a guitar you pretty much keeps out of the way. David Cook, Walter Wright, Boyd Nutting, Michael Gallelli go on for most of both sides of a 90 minute tape. An ever-changing landscape of electronic sounds that group like frogs sometimes; sometimes they sound like a procession, little repeating themes interweave and lead smoothly along to more little repeating themes. A very prolific way of making recordings, rather detailed work with improvisational electronics. (Walter Wright, 5347 N. College, #301, Indianapolis, IN 46220 317-257-8650)—Robin James

LYNCH, RAY: No Blue Thing CD

Gold-record-selling synthesist Ray Lynch eschews the usual diluted world music and minimalist elements common to new age electronics and instead turns to pop and classical influences to produce what sounds like an instrumental version of ELO. The keyboard melodies smack of skating rink organ, while the strings could be the soundtrack to a Lassie movie. (Music West, 2200 Larkspur Landing Cir #100, Larkspur, CA 94939 415-925-9800)—Michael Draine

MARS EVERYWHERE: Visitor Parking C

O.K., now that all o' you readin' this have the Mars Everywhere LP with the edited version of "Attack Of The Giant Squid," which

I'm sure you do (ha!)...anyway, this here is definitely one of the magnum opus electronic space-muzick tapes of all time. Including, as it does, the entire 60-plus minutes of "Calling Bats," so-called because at the concert this tape comes from, the very animals were indeed attracted to the stage. Ernie Falcone, Tom Fanwick, and Barney Jones play the most spaced-out electronic muzick ever. It's also some of the most hauntingly beautiful and creative muzick ever, too. Electric, ambient and unpredictable. M.E. make use of synths, guitars, test equipment, lotsa Tesla coils and some theremin...surprisingly, no sequencers! Take that, you thousands of T.Dream clones! Totally improvised, although parts of the tape could easily be used as background muzick for any number of space films. What else is new. For EM fans, this is highly recommended. (Audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18th Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)—Dan Fioretti

PHAUSS: Audiodrome LP

Sound collage work that straddles the fence between audio-verite and cross-cultural ambience. Its intentions are suggested by its two side long tracks, both titled (modestly enough) "The State of the World". The listener is treated to sounds collected in major American cities, Europe, South America, India, and various Third World countries, all admittedly recorded and edited in a random manner. To my ears, the sense of locale is all but extinguished in the hum of mundane realities, such as street sounds, traffic, and small-talk. That this record is an abbreviated soundtrack for a three hour videoc presentation explains why these "pieces" are essentially limited to documentary status or homage to societal entropy. Interesting, but ultimately un compelling. (Radium 226.05 Records, Sodra Allegatan 3, S-41301 Goteborg, Sweden)—Arthur Potter

PRESCOTT, DAVID:

From Chance to Probability LP

These two pieces for non-keyboard electronics fall closer to a '60s avant-garde aesthetic than to that of the German space music that has also influenced much of Prescott's work. Modified square and sawtooth waves rise and fall in frequency, eerie, quavering sheets of sound hang suspended in time, twittering electro-chirps ricochet around the listening space in incredible stereo. (Prescott sometimes performs live in quad.) There's not even the slightest concession to conventional intonation or notions of progression, but this music never grows difficult or tedious; I couldn't help but capitulate to its alternative time-sense of history and an unusual radical-retro appreciation of the potentials of analog synthesis. (Generations Unlimited, P.O.B. 540, Marlborough, MA 01752)—Michael Draine

ROBERTSON, KIM:

Windshadows Vol.2 C

Beautiful harp music. Eighteen selections, each with a British Isles flavor, using only the palate of the instrument and the creative powers of her fingers to paint picture-story after picture-story. Some titles: "Arise and Get Dressed," "Minstrel Boy - Banish Misfortune", "Foggy-dew Butterfly Jig," "Star of the Country Down," "Castle of Dromore," "My Thousand Treasures-Jig," "Lark on the Strand." Playful like breezes in the forest. (Invincible Recordings, P.O.B. 13054, Phoenix, AZ 85002)—Robin James

SHRIEVE, MICHAEL/DAVID BEAL:

The Big Picture LP

Using electronic drums as triggers for a multitude of samples, Beal and Shrieve synthesize jazz, rock, and world music elements into eight surprisingly melodic and varied instrumentals. The general tenor is slightly dark and dramatic (like much current electronic soundtrack music) but always with an uplifting backbeat, and an absence of real menace. This music has a slightly superficial character to it (in the manner of many fusion efforts) but the drummers' technical proficiency is more than sufficient to sustain interest. (Fortuna, P.O.B. 32016, Tucson, AZ 85751)—Michael Draine

SLAP: Bed of Nails CD

This compilation of both released and unreleased tracks from synthesist Stephen Nestor and a handful of guest players is aptly described by its subtitle, "An Index of Abstract Electronics". It's a nicely varied collection, indeed. His compositions range from hyper-rhythmic assaults ("Iguana", "Brutal"), to pseudo-ethnic romps ("She Makes Love Her Jail"), to soundtrack noir with alto sax ("Hand With Gun"), to a beautifully somber setting for electric violin ("Elegy"). While some of the tracks display a real flair for assertive dance rhythms, the overall feeling here is one of human intervention through subtle touches such as tabla, hand drums, and the previously mentioned saxophone. Evocative without heavy debts to the "industrial" trance dance—in other words, an excellent overview of an intriguing artist. (Duotone Records, 22 Jones St #40, New York, NY 10014)—Arthur Potter

SUCKDOG: Drugs Are Nice LP

Something like having sex with an egg beater and discovering that it doesn't feel so bad, this here LP is inspiring in it's original and unrelentless noise barrage. If the GTO's were retarded GG Allin groupies, they might come out sounding half as sweet as this. Mostly this consists of feedback guitar, layered voices, tape loops, and Lisa's

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by the modern journalist who writes
The r. was because they had jobs
societies which became bankrupt, or
only r. for making a change in the
is because the prostitute has an am-
ance value. But there is obvious
tautological overlap between r.
because: the young ladies' so spend
their time, the work's lying in
direction, their joining those socie-
and the prostitute's having an annoy-
value are the reasons, and they can
paraphrased into the noun clauses
the young ladies spend etc., but not
the adverbial clauses because the yo-
ladies spend etc. And so, although
r. is because often occurs in print.
reason. 1. Have r. = be in the rig-
and give one r. = admit that he is
the right, are GALLICISMS.
2. It stands to r. is a formula that
gives its user the unfair advantage
at once invoking r. and refusing
listen to it; or rather he expects
do that for him, but is disappointed
few of us being ignorant now
that it is the prelude to an arbit-
judgement that we are not permit-
to question.
3. The r. is because etc. The R. is
so few Marriages are Happy is be-
cause: the young ladies spend their time in mak-
Nets not in making Cages. | The
Adam was walking along the lanes
this time was because his work for
rest of the day lay at a country he
about three miles off. Swift and Geo-
Eliot could be called for the defec-
by the modern journalist who writes
The r. was because they had jobs
societies which became bankrupt, or
only r. for making a change in the
is because the prostitute has an am-
ance value. But there is obvious
tautological overlap between r.
because: the young ladies' so spend
their time, the work's lying in
direction, their joining those socie-
and the prostitute's having an annoy-
value are the reasons, and they can
paraphrased into the noun clauses
the young ladies spend etc., but not
the adverbial clauses because the yo-
ladies spend etc. And so, although
r. is because often occurs in print
oftener in speech, the r. is that is
correct and no more trouble.
analogous overlaps see HAZARD
Forms nearly as common as this are
r. it due to, and the r. it on account
as in: My only r. for asking your
mission to comment upon his remar-

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screams sounding like a horse on heavy narcotics reaching orgasm after screwing ten stablehands. All those who moan of nothing different being put out should take the challenge of sitting through this—you might feel repulsed, or you might feel turned on but I doubt you'll feel bored. As honest as anything I've ever heard, this 40 minute rapefest is a truly beautiful thing. (Lisa Carver, P.O.B. 1491, Dover, NH 03820)—Andy Waltzer

TISCHLER, STEPHAN:

In Florette's Room LP

It looks like a movie soundtrack, it sounds like a movie soundtrack, but the film itself exists solely in the listener's mind. There are 15 pleasantly strange cuts that lead the way into a twilight world of spys, intrigue and whatever else the imagination might conjure up, in an exotic Oriental setting. Using synths more or less exclusively, Tischler has created an impressively well-crafted Far East mystery for the ears that employs none of the hokey movie-music cliches that many well-paid composers can't seem to resist. If only Hitchcock were alive today. (Generations Unlimited, P.O.B. 540, Marlborough, MA 01752)—Jon Booth

UNDERCURRENT: *Trig P. Toma C*

The latest tape by Undercurrent, consisting solely of two artists named Y and Z. Oh, you remember them—the charming and charismatic Y, and that swell guy Z! Well, they're back! They've got some spacey new sounds, with snazzy titles such as "WOF68645", "552IHM30," etc. Yeah, I can just imagine Casey Kasem intro-ing this 'un: "And now, here's the number one song in the land. It's by Undercurrent, the duo from Arizona, and it's held steadily in the #1 position for three weeks now! Here it is, "EJQ9348!" But, no! Pop muzick ain't ready for this kinda thing—well, basically, that's the point! No conventional song titles, artists names, to go with the complete lack of traditional tonality or consonant musical qualities. And the titles? Clearly they are parameters of the functional origins of the pieces. Anthony Braxton uses chess moves in his compositions, John Cage studies star charts. These look like compass points, license plates, and chemical formulas—all at once. Beyond-spacey ambient-industrial drones, hums, buzzes, clicks, all done up nice 'n spacey 'n noizey with found voice loops. As such, it's a heckuva lot better than most in this genre—it actually seems thought-out and composed, rather than just thrown together. (Bill Jaeger, 506 West Johnson Drive, Payson, AZ 85541)—Dan Fioretti

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Son-C-Cassette Fest C

This is the coolest thing since home-made cassettes ever got any airplay, the most natural evolution. These are the winners of the second cassette fest which received over 400 entries from over 150 musicians, over 20 hours of continuous original local music. This cassette has 15 selections in it from Papo '57 (The Haunting), Plastic Eye Miracle (Pcw! Out go the lights!), Germ Free Adolescents (severe Pop Damage), Sockeye (Cancer), John Hanson (Suzi), Lowdown (Sybil), Jordan Davis (We Are Not Safe!), Mark Schaaf (DeeLite), Tim Gilbride (Bullet Surprise), Fido Spike (Control), Zandy Wolport (Synclavieraga), Douglas Arena (Agua u Luz). Mostly very strange collages, some rock music, generally entertaining, worth hearing again and again. (WCSB FM 89.3, Room 956, Rhodes Tow., Cleveland, OH 44115 216-687-3721)—Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Clones and Friends: Fresh Approach C*

A compilation of 28 works from many USA artists. These are mostly electronic collages with rhythm. There are some very strange ones here, mostly though, the mood is often funny or at least perky. Some titles and contributors: Yamma zamma, Qubais Ghazala, Alas dies laughing, Crisis in American Music, Wild Bill Curtis, If, Bwana, Cool and the Clones, Dan mage, Mike Vargas, The Sick Brothers, BaBodooBoBoop, Lawyers are People who don't understand the color blue, Minoy, Flatery, Tara Cross & Sismoid, Alien Planetscapes, Night Images. A long strange compilation that offers plenty of alien sonic situations and nightmare landscapes, none too long. (EJAZ, Eric Ziarko, 6511 81st St., Cabin John, MD 20818)—Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Zamizdat Trade Journal: Six C

An all-tape edition of ZTJ which has been collecting and publishing elaborate hand editions of essays and artwork of mostly intellectual politics and poetics, mostly intended for exchange amongst the contributors and for finding more contributors. This edition contains lots of very strange audio sound from some highly-evolved artists. The contributors: Jello Biafra, Victor Nubia, Tasaday, Croiners, Asmus Tietchens, Mystery Tape Laboratories, Problemist, Attrition, La Sororite Juane, Bruno Degazic, Negativland, Tomografia Assiale Computerizzata, Human Head Transplant, Crawling with Tarts, P16,D4, The Healers, Kings House & Hinton-Templar, Hirsche Nicht Auf's Sofa, We Never Sleep, PGR. There are some excellent audio poetics here, from all over the world: San Francisco, Barcelona, Hamburg, Italy, Toronto, Paris, Denver. (Zamizdat Trade

Journal, 550 College Ave., Boulder, CO 80302)—Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Nvremberga In Vertebris LP

Various artists from the music scene in Nurnberg Germany. There is a mixed batch here. Most of the bands sing in German, some in English, some instrumentals. Thirteen different bands do punk/industrial music. DER 7 VERSUCH are a German Doo Wap/Beach Boys with a cheesy organ. They are really bad. Perhaps this is supposed to be tongue-in-cheek. KOPFSCHMERZTABLETTE and DIE RACHE are electronic bands. Their styles remind me of early French electronics done by Pole. PCR do industrial music with voice manipulation and rhythm machines. THUMPER is one of the English bands. The title "Useless is Useless" pretty much says it all for this tune. Except the guitar work is real good. DOC WOR MIRAN is the strangest of the lot. Nice acoustic guitar quickly disintegrates into distorted guitar and vocals. GLATZE DES WILLENS are doom & gloom. LeVOLKSBURO is a good rock band. Lots of wah wah, good bass. Lousy lyrics though. "I make you so happy," "Now you have no money." DIE WEISSE ROSE is a good German punk band. The recording quality is not very good though. The rest of the bands are standard fare. What surprises me is on the electronic/industrial front. The musical influences seem to fall outside the traditional Berlin school and even what has been offered from SKY Records. If you have some interest in the German music scene, I am sure you will find a band or two worth pursuing. (Empty Records, Muggenhoferstr. 39, 8500 Nurnberg, W.Germany 0911-328356)—Joe Kolb

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Poison Plant: Music Electronic 1989 C

Music from six artists/groups who share nothing in common musically except that they all use keyboards or electronics as part of their instrumentation. George Fox contributes some uninteresting but inoffensive new age music, but the rest of the tape defies easy categorization. Triptic of a Pastel Fern's four pieces are rock-based but adventurous in their arrangements, bringing to mind Sleepers and Dementia Precox at their best. Dan Joseph's "N E Parts 1-4" is an excellent tone poem which builds a nice sense of tension. The real standout is Rob Lippert's "Tear Us Down", a brooding and moving song built on an eerie arpeggiated synth line, with great use of digital effects and a grand, passionate vocal. Jack Hurwitz and Todd Fletcher also contribute. A nicely varied compilation with some outstanding music and superb production. (Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Pl., Rockville, MD 20854)—Brook Hinton

DJAM KARET. Reflections from the Firepool.

Djam Karet is an instrumental quartet hailing from Southern California but conducting its business way out in deep space, inhabiting a unique sector where Floydian dreamscapes intersect with the jagged complexity of King Crimson and the improv-guitar happenstance of the Grateful Dead and Quicksilver Messenger Service. ... (They) allow themselves plenty of room to expand your mind on *Reflections From the Firepool*... the eight tracks average eight minutes apiece, more than enough time for the spell to take effect..." - **David Fricke-Rolling Stone** "An exceptional ensemble whose music is a hybrid of open improvisation, progressive rock, fusion jazz, new music, tape manipulations, and electronics. The emphasis is on electric guitar improvisations and should satisfy guitar fanatics of all stripes. Each track includes a wealth of musical invention, not only in the improvisational forays, but also in terms of arrangements. All in all, a very strong and splendid effort." - **Dean Suzuki-Opton Magazine** "This CD contains 65 minutes of fine, stimulating music." - **Mick Skidmore-Rellix Magazine** "The music is generally very intense: guitars on the edge of feedback, drums churning like a pool of piranha." "Djam Karet sound a lot like nobody else... the greatest undiscovered band in the world." - **Robert Carlberg-Electronic Musician Magazine**

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WARWORLD: Warworld LP

Warworld is a one-man industrial band from Hollywood but don't expect any show-biz glitter or glamour here. All 10 cuts are hard, hammering, dense and relentless. Mechanical rhythm tracks are fattened up with fuzzy layers of synth, samples, tapes, hiss, static and an occasional vocal. While it's not a totally original approach, the music manages to be forceful and interesting and even entertaining throughout. Far more consistent than most records of its kind, Warworld is a strong vinyl debut. (RRRecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852 508-454-8002)—Jon Booth

WEIDER, JOHN: Essence CD

Former Animals and Family guitarist Weider mellows out in southern California and takes a shot at penetrating the new age market with this instrumental disc. Major chord arpeggios on acoustic guitar backed by syrupy strings are only occasionally interrupted by a corny attempt at flamenco and professional but uninspired electric leads copped from Dark Side of the Moon. Weider's technical proficiency cannot compensate for his utter creative vacuity. (Gold Castle Records, 3575 Cahuenga Blvd. W. #435, Los Angeles, CA 90068 213-850-3321)—Michael Draine

WOLFF, HENRY/NANCY HENNINGS:

Tibetan Bells III: The Empty Mirror LP
 I found the final volume of this trilogy of contemporary works for ancient instruments the most satisfying of the three, as Wolff and Hennings seemed to have progressed beyond primary fascination with the overt harmonic characteristics of the bells and honed their composition and performance skills. The artists may also realize that innovations they introduced in 1971 are now cliches, and that the new age territory they pioneered has become fraught with creative blind alleys. This is much the same sort of continually unfolding array of pure, prolonged singing tones as before, but with more precise control over subtle nuances of timbre, as well as a more assured direction in the compositions. There's more of a heightened sense of mystery and drama than before, and the overall effect is more provocative than soothing. (Celestial Harmonies, P.O.B. 30122, Tucson, AZ 85751)—Michael Draine



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FOLK/COUNTRY/BUEGRASS**COURAGE OF LASSIE:***Sing or Die LP*

Lovely folk songs filled out with tastefully-arranged strings, mandolin, light percussion, accordian, and possibly even a touch of synth. The male vocalist brings to mind Nick Drake, and the general tenor is at least as melancholy as that great balladeer's. The female vocals are most alluring, especially in harmony with the male singer on "Ami Dans Cette Vie." Traditionalists might find *Sing or Die's* production (by Eyeless In Gaza's Martyn Bates) overly opulent, but I find it a highly palatable marriage of the potentials of the modern studio with a simple, soulful approach to songwriting and performance. (Amok Records (Canada), 10715 Guelph Line, Campbellville ONTARIO, CANADA LOP 1B0 416-854-0826/Fax 416-854-0825)—Michael Draine

HICKEY, CHRIS: *Looking for Anything LP*

Ringin' steel-string guitars, some bs & dms, great harmonies...and these WORDS! Tell 'em Chris! Talkin' what's a matter wif our nation an' its hosed-up gov't? "Hey man, git off my land", "...freedom to choose which two bars to stick our hands through..", yeah, Hickey's pointin' at the right things, and the spirit of Phil Ochs is alive and well. Not a single superfluous syllable. Messages with bona fide meaning, a gentle call to arms, the sound of a slowly clenching fist. Pretty with a blade. I'll be listening to this record a lot. (CNC Records, P.O.B. 1374, Venice, CA 90294)—B.H. Hart

MABUS, JOEL: *In Concert—The Naked Truth LP*

Acoustic guitar and voice live in a coffee-house on Michigan State U., with a receptive audience and a full house, it seems (if the ol' delay on the microphone trick wasn't used—doubt it was). According to Mabus, Lightmin' Hopkins once said that you should never perform a blues tune that doesn't have an anchor in your personal experience. Mabus does a tune called "Duct Tape Blues". Yeah. We're talkin' good-natured, good-humored original songs here, with a voice that brings Jimmy Buffett to mind. Mabus' guitar playing, while not having any new creative furrows, is a competent and confident combination of fingerpicking, bluesy riffing, and whole chord strummin'. His rapport with the audience is relaxed and upbeat and he keeps his set interesting by varying styles and song topics. The stand-out song is "Touch A Name On The Wall", a beautiful and moving tribute to the men our government sent to

their deaths in Vietnam. I'd like to hear Mabus get together with a large acoustic ensemble and thicken up his fine music. Good stuff. (Fossil Records, P.O.B. 4754, East Lansing, MI 48826-4754)—B.H. Hart

SKID ROPER & THE WHIRLIN' SPURS:*Trails Plowed Under C*

Well, this here band is Skid Roper's country-rock, or really, country-pop. I could see how this could fit into M Tee Vee's tight playlist. Straightforward top 40 pop meets 4/4 thump o' rock, tuneful ruminations o' country, the occasional blooz influence. Featured vocalist Jayne Robson is excellent, her sweet crooning is the perfect foil fer Skid's down-home vocalizing. I found parts o' the recording dull as dishwater, and I could live without the cover o' "Paint It Black" (credited to "Mick & Keith") but an occasional hook goes by ("oooo-on the farm") that catches the ol' ears. (Triple X Records, 6715 Hollywood Blvd #284, Hollywood, CA 90028 213-871-2395 Fax 213-4628880)—Dan Fioretti

SLEIGH, RICHARD: *Steppin' Out C*

Sleigh is known primarily as a harmonica player—no surprise when you see the harmonica dancing around on the cover of this tape. Because he has played with the likes of Taj Mahal and Bo Diddley, it is obvious he knows how to handle one. What Sleigh also knows is how to craft a fine tape. The music here is blues and folk, swinging a bit on "I'm an old Cowhand". The song "She's Tuff" has been covered by too many people already—but you will never hear a funnier laugh on any of the other versions (I guess you have to know the song to appreciate the importance of the laugh, and it would take too long to explain it here.) Sleigh reaches some fine ground on his subtle treatments of songs like "Girl from the North Country", "Buddy can you spare a Dime" and "Terms of your Surrender". Many of these songs have been covered to death and that's what makes this tape all the more impressive — if someone can breathe new life into old chesnuts there must be something there worth listening to, and that's the case here. If you ever wondered what Jimi Hendrix would have been like playing the harmonica don't miss "My Babe" Sleigh's harmonica/vocal tour de force where he manages to create sounds you'd swear came from some other planet, *Steppin' Out* is an easy casual tape from a great singer and musician—highly recommended for folk fans and blues types as well. (Filmspace Studios, 615 Clay Lane, State College, PA 16803)—Kevin Slick

WILLIAMS, BETH: *Bar-B-Q-2 C*

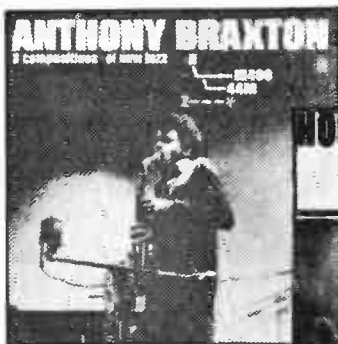
Williams is a rare songwriter: she has the observation abilities of David Byrne or Laurie Anderson, i.e. the ability to notice the smallest item, the most average things and make them into great subjects for songs (for instance two people talking about curtains, or bar-b-q's in the neighborhood.) Williams takes these sometime obscure ideas and presents them in the most sing-able, memorable tunes I've heard in quite a long time. The music is at once silly, catchy, subtle, serious and fun. Of course a good deal of the appeal is because Williams has a fantastic voice. She is able to completely floor an audience just by singing a few notes. So if by now you're imagining someone who writes unique clever songs, has a range that shifts from subtle to outrageous you're starting to get the picture. On this tape, produced by folk legend Jim Rooney, Williams fronts a band of fine musicians who deliver the songs with a smooth style. One of the best tapes you'll hear. (Beth Williams, P.O.B. 24445, Nashville, TN 37202)—Kevin Slick

WILLIAMS, BETH: *Lady In The Baggy C*

As a follow-up to her first tape (*Bar-B-Q-2*) Williams has managed to combine some of the smooth sound of the first tape while adding more of her own unique style. This tape, also recorded in Nashville works with a more sparse sound, the instrumentation and the background vocals work exceptionally well because they're mostly unexpected which is a prime ingredient of Williams music—the unexpected phrase, the unexpected idea or chord change. Those looking for labels might choose to apply new-folk to this one, (if you need those sort of things to enjoy music.) The instruments are mostly acoustic. "The Freeway Song" is a typical Williams song about a mundane topic (driving) that somehow comes out funny, creative and then slips a message under the door while you're not looking. These songs work so well because they are subtle, it's possible to draw some ecological message from the song, and it's also possible to just check out the melody and vocals. The treatment of the vocals on this tape goes in some new directions, making use of the studio a bit more—creating some great atmospheres for the songs to exist in. Well worth your time to listen to this one, this could stand along side Lucinda Williams, Michelle Shocked, Syd Straw and a host of others and manage to shine above and around those with ease. (Beth Williams, P.O.B. 24445, Nashville, TN 37202)—Kevin Slick



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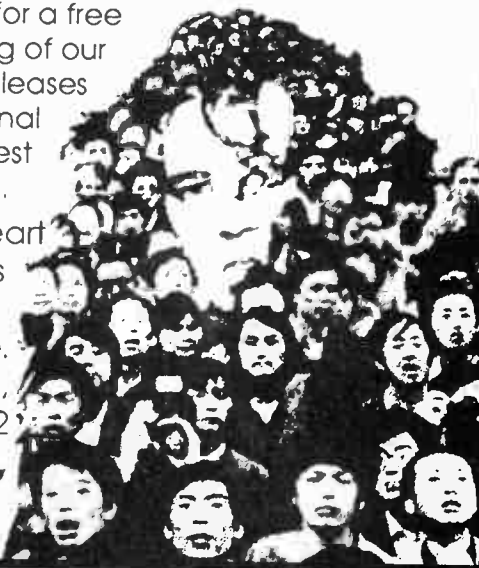
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JAZZ/BLUES

BARKER, DANNY: *Save The Bones LP*
Imagine yourself on a hot southern night sitting on the front porch with an old black man and his guitar. You're grabbing at fireflies, while this old timer tells you tales through his songs, always introducing each one with fond memories of when it was first written and why and by whom. Some of the best musicology departments at the biggest universities should be booking this guy! I think Danny Barker is in his eighties or, at least, pretty close to it and what a treat it was when I placed this disc on my turntable. He has a warm soothing, southern plantation sort of voice, with big bold chording coming from his big Gibson Super 400 guitar. As the first sounds of "Don't you hear that alarm clock? It's time to get outta dat bed and wash your simple head. I said, don't you hear that alarm clock? It's time to get prepared to go to work!" Barker exudes a mellow charm that captivates and holds you throughout the album. The late Mississippi Fred McDowell had that same charm with, "I don't Play No Rock and Roll, Y'All" and the similarities are evident but Barker is more a jazz stylist than an untrained blues musician. Barker goes way back in the musical history of New Orleans and has played with them all including the legendary Louis Armstrong, Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, Lena Horne, Ethel Waters, Billie Holiday and his wife Blue Lu Barker. (Orleans Records, 828 Royal St #536, New Orleans, LA 70116)—Dan Pollock

CHEVALIER, JEAN-LUC:*Zantic le Jazzman LP*

Chevalier is a French guitarist whose style is between straight-ahead jazz and fusion. He has a very liquid, mercurial, and attractive style and sound. Among influences, one can count Pat Metheny (though Chevalier is not so highly stylized, rather he has a more varied approach), perhaps a bit of Alan Holdsworth in some of the harmonic progressions, and especially Wayne Johnson from an album such as *Grasshopper*. Chevalier is able to mix things up, with a distorted, rock-like lead line in "Triades," (which is one of the best compositions on the album) to lyrical amplified nylon string guitar work in "Ballade pour France," to his more mainstream clean electric guitar sounds on "Dallas" and "Cafe de la Plage." Not a killer album perhaps, but very pleasant indeed. (Musea, 68 La Tinchotte, 57117 Retonfey, France)—Dean Suzuki

DARK: *Tamma Voda LP*

Fusion quartet Dark are the brain-child and vehicle for drummer Mark Nauseef's musical muse. His deft, powerful and inventive

skin-whapping is joined here by the vast all-comers-of-the-globe percussion arsenal of Leonice Shirmeman, the solid anchor of Mark London Simms' bass-work, and the extraordinary guitar excursions of new member Miroslav Vadic. Their take of Hendrix's "Drifting", -w- L. Shankar's dbl violin adding an eerie, outworldly edge, is a delight. Additional guest (ex-Everyman Band) guitarist David Torn lays down some of his distinctive Plasticman rubbery licks on three of the cuts. Dark are bringing the many musics of a turbulent world together into one place to play cards, smoke big stogies, tell jokes and find common ground. Fusion doesn't get much better than this. (CMP Records (USA), 115 W. 72nd ST. Ste. 706, New York, NY 10023)—B.H. Hart

FABULOUS HEAVYWEIGHTS:*Rock the House LP*

I don't know where the "Heavyweight" axiom came from. There's a band photo on the back of the album and there's only one fat guy in the group and I didn't see any boxing gloves in the photo, so I have to assume that they are implying that they are some sort of blues heavyweights. They also use another axiom in "Fabulous". I didn't find that in this release, either. I do have to say that they are competent musicians and are probably a good bar band. But when you have a following on a bar circuit, does that mean that you're ready to release an album? Some decent slide guitar and the bass player has some bottom, thanks to some good engineering but who told the lead vocalist he could sing? Hey, I've got a great idea! Let's play just a little bit out of tune and really make the vocals sound shitty and we'll get over like fat rats! Sorry guys, you didn't originate that one either! Better hang on to the factory gigs! (Cranus Records, 185D Pleasant St., Northampton, MA 01060)—Dan Pollock

JONES, LLOYD: *Small Potatoes LP*

My hat is off to Robert Cray for being so talented that he was able to unplug the dike and allow the outstanding talent to flow forth from the Pacific Northwest. Lloyd Jones and the Lloyd Jones Struggle, from around Portland, Oregon, exemplify this rich virtually untapped pool of superb artists. Guitarist/vocalist Jones penned all of the tunes on this album, save one. Willie Dixon's "Jump Sister Bessie" and every tune on this release is a gem. "Toughen Up" is my favorite. His guitar work is impressive, while maintaining a constant awareness of the overall arrangement. He doesn't fall prey to "fretboard pyrotechnics" as most blues guitarists seem to do. Thanks for the lesson Lloyd! He is a refresh-

ing vocalist with first rate production and a stand-out band. (Criminal Records, P.O.B. 25542, Portland, OR 97225)—Dan Pollock

KELLY, WYNTON, PAUL CHAMBERS:
Last Trio Session LP

This album will only appeal to diehard fans of these three. The LP was recorded in 1968 and as the title says, it is their last session together. To name all the people this rhythm section played for would be lengthy. They all played for Miles Davis during the years '58-63. Kelly started this trio after touring with Davis in 1963. This is not an album that showcases Kelly's, Chamber's or Cobb's talents. When you see the same cut twice (Castilian Waltz takes 1 & 12) on the album you know that there was some deep digging for material to present. "Kelly's Blues" is the finest tune. It displays Kelly's leadership abilities as a pianist and how tight and in tune the others play with him. The rest of the album, sad to say, is bad news. This is not a criticism of the trio's ability either. I really doubt if they wanted to do cover versions of "Say a Little Prayer for Me" and "Light My Fire." Obviously they had to market themselves in less than ideal ways. It makes me sad and angry that this lp and lp's like this have to be released. The liner notes even allude to the substandard playing and selection. What we have here is corporate greed. The liner notes also say that it is important that this music exists. I totally disagree. Time and time again after an artist dies, people think it is their right to release recordings for "historical" reasons. The only history being repeated is the record company trying to milk out a few extra bucks. This record in no way displays the talent that these people have. Records like this only hurt and make us reminisce of their time with Davis, Coltrane, Lester Young, et al. If this company had any integrity, it would recall this release and let this talented group of individuals, whether living or not, rest in peace. (Delmark, 4243 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60618 312-528-8834)—Joe Kolb

LESTER, LAZY: *Harp and Soul LP*

If you like your blues rough and ragged, you came to the right place. Sporting a hat with a Louisiana Yard Dog (read Alligator) emblem (a darn sight better than the Coors hat he wore on his last King Snake release recorded in the UK), Lester digs in and makes himself right at home on his new label (actually Alligator distributes King Snake). Along for the ride is labelmate Kenny Neal, the son of Lester's ole partner and fellow harpman Raul Neal. Lester goes back a ways, and his classic '50s Jay Miller sessions on Excello were still being reissued both in the States

and in Britain when Bob Greenlee of King Snake Records in Florida caught up with him, released the 1981 British LP domestically, and took him to the King Snake Studios to record this one. Lester does some fine turns here on his old Excello labelmate Slim Harpo's big regional swamp blues hit "Rainin' in My Heart," tries his hand (somewhat less convincingly) at some James Carr soul ("Dark End of the Street"), swaggers his way through Bo Diddley's "I'm a Man," and generally mixes it up with solid versions of such blues perennials as "Five Long Years" and "I Done Got Over It" before showcasing the band on a nice instrumental shuffle ("Alligator Blues"). The obvious influence is Jimmy Reed, not just in terms of the soulful instrumental style (with Lester getting more of a chance to really stretch out here than Jimmy ever got on his records), but the relaxed yet gritty authenticity of the vocals. (Alligator Records, P.O.B. 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)—Ron Sakolsky

LITTLE CHARLIE AND NIGHTCATS:

The Big Break LP

I've heard a lot of talk and read some reviews that are generally in the negative about Alligator Records. Something about how Bruce Iglaur doesn't produce enough true blues and some releases are lightweight. Nothing could be further from the truth! I've never been disappointed in anything that I've received or bought from Alligator and Little Charlie Baty's new release is no exception. The Nightcats have a very refreshing approach to blues and jump, always maintaining a slightly off-the-wall sense of humor. "Dump that Chump," penned by Rick Estrin, the band's harp player, is testament to their unique styling and the highlight of the album. "The Big Break," another non-mainstream tune, took me all the way back to "Stranded in the Jungle," if any of you can remember that one! While still remaining in the blues idiom, Little Charlie and the Nightcats don't fall prey to being just another "Harp Band." If you get a chance to catch this act live, don't miss 'em! (Alligator Records)—Dan Pollock

LLABADOR, JEAN-PIERRE: *French Guitar Connection CD*

Jazz guitarist Llabador got conservatory training in his hometown of Montpellier, France and studied in L.A. as well. Here he's playing mostly straight-ahead jazz with some rock vocabulary, but unlike most "jazz rock," which is about 80 percent rock, Llabador's is 80 percent jazz and thus, for me at least, much more interesting. On most of the cuts, the instrumentation includes the leader's hollow-body electric, an acoustic piano and an electric keyboard, an electric or acoustic bass (sometimes both), drums and occasionally percussion. The doubling of instruments adds

a fresh touch and makes for flexibility and varied textures. As a player, Llabador is very accomplished, and unlike many guitarists of his generation, seems more concerned about clarity and elegance in his soloing than with flashy technique. He's also written 16 distinctive numbers that give the group a wide variety of directions to explore, from bebop to Miles Davis' modalisms to Pat Metheny's early open-air style. Llabador loves waltzes; seven numbers here use 3/4 or 6/8 time, and there are several other odd meters elsewhere. The result is 70 minutes of jazz that isn't easily pigeon-holed and all the better for that. Llabador's future looks bright. (Breakthru Records, 25 Lafayette Dr., Woodmere, NY 11598 212-362-1689)—Bart Grooms

MAGGIE NICOLS: *Don't Assume LP*

Maggie Nicols, with her spoken word approach and high vocal range, reminds me of a British Sheila Jordan/Anne Waldman/Meredith Monk/Diamanda Galas all rolled into one. Peter Nu provides the musical background for Nicols' poetry, scat, blues and high pitched wails. His piano playing is excellent. Nicols' vocals and Nu's music accompany each other superbly. Nicols lays down some real fine, get down, dirty scat. Nu hardly looks up, playing the notes where Nichol's vocals leave off. "Don't Assume" is a fabulous album—fresh and innovative. It offers a range of jazz singing that will appeal to everyone. Poetry, wordless vocals, high pitched sounds. Nichols does it all, sometime all in the same song! Nu's piano is precise and well disciplined. There is no overbearing or underdog in his role. Side one has three songs listed. Depending on how one looks at it, there could be a lot more considering the tempo and style changes, or it could well be one long piece as we have on side two. "Don't Assume" takes up the second side. Here we have Nichols drawing out those long tones and high-pitched wails. Her voice is natural and does not depend on electronics. This is a great album, the best of its kind I have heard in years. (Leo Records, 35 Cascade Ave, London, England N10 3PT phone: 01-883-9910)—Joe Kolb

MAZZACANE, LOREN:

Guitar Roberts—Bluesmaster LP

Live radio broadcast from February '88 with Suzanne Langille heapin' some throaty vox intermittently. This is my first exposure to Loren Mazzacane, of whom I've read much over the past few years. On this release, one gets simplistic folk fingerpicking (possibly pre-recorded), Langille's full bluesy voice, and Mazzacane's guitar stylings heaped on top. Mazzacane's style presents some of the most laid-back riffing I've ever heard. I get the feeling, as with Neil Young's playing, that *were it necessary*, a lot more notes would be getting plucked. Fact is, and this

may be the essence of the beauty of his playing, *they're not required*. A case of "less is more". Mazzacane's tone is mid-range and down, with enough reverb to liquify and humanize the electricity into something almost alive and sentient. Yer biorhythms are gonna slip into a whole 'nother groove with this stuff. So relaxing that I'm watching my glass of lemonade slip out of my hand, and could care less. (St. Joan, P.O.B. 390, New Haven, CT 06502)—B.H. Hart

MCCLINTON, DELBERT:

Live from Austin LP

How consistently does a record company live up to its promise? Alligator Record's motto is "Genuine House Rockin' Music" and this is the epitome of that motto's promise. A rollicking good time with tight arrangements and McClinton is in fine voice. Other horn bands of this genre only dream about sounding this good. McClinton has been around for a long time, playing just about every roadhouse and greasy chicken honky tonk in the U.S. Up until now he was always better known and admired by musicians more than the general public and I'm sure that this release, taken from "Public Broadcasting System's "Austin City Limits" will garner him a much wider audience and acclaim. It's obvious, from the opening track, that the only way to effectively capture McClinton and his band is by live recording. It seems impossible to attain this exciting sound in the studio. I'm not usually fond of live recording but this release is an exception. (Alligator Records, P.O.B. 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)—Dan Pollock

MILLER, MULGREW: *The Countdown LP*

Pianist Miller manages to be mainstream while avoiding the dead end of neo-classicism. A much in demand side man, on this date he features four of his own compositions and has assembled a stellar crew, including such seasoned veterans as Joe Henderson, Ron Carter, and his sometimes boss Tony Williams. His style, while very much his own, builds on the power and clarity of vision of McCoy Tyner and the quick-witted grace and Tatum-esque techniques of the late Phineas Newborn (who he used to check out when a student at Memphis State in the '70s). Now only in his early thirties, Miller is already the equal of any of his session mates on this record, and that's saying a whole lot. (Fantasy Records)—Ron Sakolsky

MITCH WOODS AND HIS ROCKET 88S:

Mr. Boogie's Back In Town LP

Lets go back to the decade of the '50s, the era of Rhythm and Blues, the birth of Rock and Roll. At the Hop, when it was all simple and unassuming. A pumping piano. Upright bass. Double note guitar riffs. Two or three

saxophones. Three chord changes and some "doo wops" to round it out. That was all that was needed and it worked. It worked then and believe it or not, it works just as well today. For those of you that came up during the sixties and seventies, after REAL Rock and Roll had died, should listen to this. The boogie's back in town! A real history lesson is involved here and it's going to show you how the music you like today has evolved. It made me think of the "sock hops" after the game. Hunter Hancock and "Harlem Matinee". The old Johnny Otis show and the Al Jarvis "Dance Party" on T.V. Mind you, pre-American Bandstand. If you are into the welcome revival of truly dancing with your partner, the post World War Two "Jitterbug", then welcome *MISTER BOOGIE* into your home. You'll be glad you did! (Blind Pig Records, P.O.B. 2344, San Francisco, CA 94126)—Dan Pollock

MORGAN, FRANK: *Reflections LP*

Frank Morgan leads on this outing with a stellar cast of sidemen, all of which have headlined their own albums in the past. Mr. Morgan definitely proves the old adage that "Bird Lives". His absence and long stay in prison, due to drugs, has already been well documented and his time away from public appearances and recording has not diminished his lyricism and attack. These are first rate musicians, make no mistake about it, with state of the art recording and production. Aside from Morgan, the line-up includes the great Joe Henderson on tenor sax, and Bobby Hutcherson on vibes. Excellent solo efforts by all with a superb rhythm section with Ron Carter on bass. The only problem that I have with this release is that it's too reminiscent of all my Blue Note albums of the early sixties. If you don't have access to those albums you'd be well advised to start your collection here. While maintaining his own voice on the alto, it's reassuring to know that the greatest alto player that ever lived, Charlie "Yardbird" Parker will live on and remain an inspiration to generations of musicians and fans to come. (Fantasy Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Dan Pollock

NEAL, KENNY: *Devil Child LP*

Kenny Neal, the son of the legendary Louisiana blues harp player, Raful Neal, puts forth a superb effort on his second album for Alligator Records. A multi-talented performer on harp, bass and especially guitar, Kenny has absorbed his father's tutelage well and has paid his dues as a sideman to a myriad of stalwart performers. He says he took up the guitar because there were a lot of guys playing it that weren't that good and he thought he might as well give it a try. Well, it's a good thing he did for us aficionados of great blues guitar. All he needs to do is get a little

stronger in the vocal department and he will undoubtedly become the consummate bluesman. (Alligator Records, P.O.B. 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)—Dan Pollock

PONTIAX: *100 Miles To Go LP*

It seems that the West Coast is brimming with top notch talent of late and The Pontiax give definite credence to that. This first release is a gem and shows what a great band this is. I want to remain as objective as I can, having followed this great blues band almost from it's inception in Santa Barbara, California some 10 years back. It's always been their motto, fortunately, to play nothing but straight ahead, jumpin blues and not try to imitate or attempt a commercial approach to their music. It's obvious from the first moment you see or hear this band, that each member has a definite love for the music that they play. About 80 percent of the songs here are original and just like they play onstage. The arrangements are well thought out and very tight. No "throw-away" tunes on this release! The stand-outs for me are the title track and Mitch Kashmar's excellent "Walkin' Downtown". William Clarke guests on the one instrumental "Horn Of Plenty" with Kashmar on second harp. This is no ordinary harp band! Excellent guitar work from Bill Flores and the newcomer, Jon Lawton. The best bassist around in Jack Kennedy and the searing vocals and harp from Mitch Kashmar! A message to James Harmon and William Clarke...Eat your heart out! (Airborne Talent, P.O.B. 442, Cedar Rapids, IA 52406)—Dan Pollock

ROBINS, CAROL JOY:

Joy Sings The Blues C

When I hear a really great female vocalist in Jazz or Blues, I get goosebumps all over! When I first slid this cassette into my machine and had heard only half of the first cut, "It's a Mean Old Man's World", I looked like a freshly plucked Christmas Goose! There's so few of the really good female singers around anymore that can convey a feeling like this lady can! For downright, low-down blues to the most sophisticated jazz ballad, Robins has definitely got some pipes. I hear several influences in her voice and style, namely; Dinah Washington, and the swirling and bending of notes on the turn-around, ala Nancy Wilson. However, Robins, I'm here to tell ya' has her own voice and style. From Helen Hume's humorous "Million Dollar Secret" to one of Bonnie Raitt's favorite songwriters, Chris Smither's "Love Me Like a Man" I just leave my player in auto-reverse mode. Standout back-up in Dwayne Smith on keyboards and some of the best guitar I've heard in sometime from Art Johnson. (Optimism Incorporated, 6355 Topanga Cyn Blvd, Woodland Hills, CA 91367)—Dan Pollock

ROOT BOY SLIM AND THE SEX

CHANGE BAND : Left for Dead LP

If you ever get an opportunity to see these guys play, risk dismemberment to do so! Yeah, they're THAT good. They put on a show that'll tickle every bone in your skeleton, and have you laffin', dancin', and spraying beer out'cher nose. The players in the SCB are as tight as a rat's ass and have electric blues right in their sweaty pocket...which brings us to this brand new ho-lee shit dis iz great LP. Duh boyz: Root: vox/face-harp, Ernie Lancaaster & Stewart Smith: gtr (Oh, bend that note and HOLD IT!), Bob Greenlee: swamp gas, part'cher hair bass, Albert Bashor: d-d-d-drums, and Winston Kelly: key ticklin'...what'd dey do? Soundz like they got a good nites rest, huffed into an unsuspectin studio, and jest about blew the poof off'n thuh place. "This album is a spontaneous Blues Jam recorded in one session, unwritten and unrehearsed." New songs include: "Livin' In The Ghetto", "Kinky Karma", "When My Jones Come Down", "Eviction Blues", "Snake Bit & Can't Shit", plus 6 more smokers. Hotter and thicker than a morning hard-on. (Kingsnake Records, 205 Lake Blvd, Sanford, FL 32771)—B.H. Hart

ROTCOD ZZAJ: *Sdrawkcab Zzaj C*

Rotcod Zzaj is poet/keyboardist Dick Metcalf, a musician who (like myself) lives and works in Korea. He tracked me down through the *Sound Choice* contact address listing after reading the last issue and we got together to rap and plan a possible collaboration. Dick gave me this cassette as an introduction to his own personal musical bent, and I must say, that I feel damn lucky to have made his acquaintance. Metcalf plays improvisational piano/Rhodes and accompanies it with his own, sometimes ascerbic writings. He's able to deftly shift from laid-back bluesy chuggin' to schizophrenic pounding, then grabbin' at the inside of the thang, and you can almost hear his butt-cheeks slapping counterpoint on the pianer bench. The improvisations on the tape are pretty evenly divided between duos with free-form guitarist extraordinaire Davey Williams (ref: "Guitar Solos III, duets with E. Chadbourne, the live Curlew LP), and an incendiary improvisational ensemble context with Williams: guitar, LaDonna Smith: violin/horns, John Thompson: drums/percussion, and Wally Shoup: sax. Pointillistic at times. Buildings being demolished at others. Rotcod Zzaj is refreshing and challenging music that'll give your gray matter a warm and fuzzy feeling. (Dick Metcalf, P.O.B. 2879, APO San Francisco, CA 96218)—B.H. Hart

THOMPSON, MALACHI: *Spirit LP*

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South African blacks." The work consists of Thompson on trumpet, Carter Jefferson tenor sax, Albert Daily piano, James King bass, Nasar Abedey drms, Randy Abbott congas, Arnae Burton and Leon Thomas on vocals for two tracks. This band is a real tight unit. Thompson an accomplished trumpeter, used to be a sideman for such greats as Sam Rivers, Joe Henderson and Jackie McLean. His playing is sharp, crisp and sophisticated. Ex-Jazz Messenger Carter Jefferson is an excellent match for Thompson's style, as though these two played together for years. His solos are direct, clean and to the point. The rhythm section is equally as strong. The late Albert Daily's piano accompaniment is also well done. Side one moves with great fluency. All three tracks have an upbeat/fast tempo. All three tracks are great. "Back to One" is one of the two vocal tracks and is sung by Arnae Burton. She has a great voice and sings off the tempo changes impressively. Side two starts off a little slower with "Dhyia Malika" and it is very nice. The music sways like branches of a tree in a gentle wind. "I Remember Clifford" is a slower blues tune with Thompson in the spot light. I love trumpet with just bass and drums as background. Thompsons sound is so clear and sharp. When Jefferson's sax comes in it also has that clean sound. This is a real nice blues set. "No More Hard Times" is the only other tune with vocals. This time we are treated to Leon Thomas's singing. A kind of blues/swing tune. A person will definitely be tapping a foot throughout this one. This is a five-star album. There is not a weak spot on the whole thing. Great accompaniment, plenty of solos, one fast, one slow side. Not much more one could ask for. (Delmark, 4243 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60618)—Joe Kolb

TOM PRINCIPATO BAND:

I Know What You're Thinkin' LP

Another great effort from the East Coast! I'm getting to like the East end blues a lot. They love those horns! This is primarily a three piece unit with some of the best augmentation I've heard in some time. It's just great to hear a real Hammond B3 instead of some micro chip! Several original tunes are contained herein by Principato and bassist, Steve Wolf. These two have a lot going for them in the songwriting category. The album standout is Six Hooper (Crusaders) and Will Jennings venerable "Never make your move to soon". The arrangements by Principato and Dave Brink are superb. They went all the way with this one, using five horns and three back-up singers. You can get into real deep water attempting to bring off a massive undertaking as this one and Principato pulls it off admirably. I hope he doesn't stop here. (Powerhouse Records, P.O.B. 2455, Falls Church, VA 22042)—Dan Pollock

Other/Everything Else

ALKINS/MORGAN/VALE/

STONECIPHER: *Complex Continents C*
Eight fascinating compositions for guitars, drums, synths, and cornet that defy my every effort to in any way categorize. "Decumene" is a swirling atmospheric arrangement which is, in some ways, reminiscent of early (*Man-na/Mirage*) Muffins, in others, like a shadowy reflection of a Miles Davis nightmare. Excellent futuristic drumming by Mark Vale which brings to mind urban menace, coupled with processed and mutated screaming/explosive sputtering on cornet by Jeffery Morgan, which punctuates the dense aural architecture sprawling out underneath consisting of John Alkins' double synth-work and the well-integrated, mysterious guitar tapestries of Jim Stonecipher. The songs are described as "collective compositions", leading me to guess that this contains elements of improvisation, but the music is so together—the musicians so clearly conscious of one another—that one would almost swear there were charts in front of them. A powerful melding of a variety of sources: snatches of 3rd World musics, nods to trad-jazz, occasional whiffs of T. Dream/Cluster, etc... Other compositions include: "The Torrid Zone", "Perioeci", "Antoeci", "Antipodes", "Dance of the Bells", "Vacuum Cleaner Desert", "Land of Leave Behind". (John Alkins, PO BOX 10181, Olympia, WA 98502)—B.H. Hart

DOGBOWL: *Titi (An Opera) LP*

I don't think this qualifies as a real opera and I only have a vague idea of what tits have to do with it, but this album is a fine showcase of the many talents of a man we call Dog-bowl. He writes and sings all 16 songs and his rhythmic guitar strumming provides the center and the drive of the arrangements. There is no lead guitar or guitar solos other than a brief rhythm guitar break. Drums are often absent and not prominent elsewhere. The melodic content is mostly carried by clarinet, cheesy organ and Dogbowl's pleasant and mostly tuneful voice. The lyrics range from surreal to merely silly and subjects alternate between personal confession/observation and love songs for women (persons with tits...follow?). Kramer's hazy production works fine with the off-beat instrumentation and dreamy words most of the time, but proves to be a little distracting at other times when the instruments tend to float around in the mix, never quite coming into focus. Minor quibbles aside, *Titi!* is a swell album for lazy afternoon listening. (Shimmy-Disc, JAF Box 1187, New York, NY 10116)—Jon Booth



GREATER THAN ONE: *London LP*

Greater Than One are two. Lee Newman and Michael Wells, to be precise. From these two emerge one great wall of sound generated through the art of computer programming and sound sampling. This is a harsh, unnerving record. Rhythms are achieved through cycling sampled voices and computer bass, generally driven by a somewhat erratic dance floor beat. Solo leads are created through a mixture of voices and the occasional synthetic melody. This is a daring record. Music created without the use of what some are unable to regard as "real musical instruments" can be very difficult for many people to appreciate. Greater Than One uses this method of music creation to present very harsh songs, often with very anxious subject matter. Even its dance club potential is limited because of the sudden tempo breaks that punctuate many of the songs. Many pieces are centered around social issues. "Now is the Time" uses Martin Luther King's stirring sermons as its lyrical source, placed over a rhythmic backdrop created by operatic voices and chorales, both classical and minimalist, hip-hop scratching and tribal chants, driven by a computerized beat that ranges from a dull bass thumping to a harsh metallic crashing. "Peace" cycles Lennon's "Give Peace a Chance" with gospel songs, Hare Krishna chants, and radio reports indicating test missile speeds. "Slave", a very angry piece, features sampled voices arguing "I am a useful instrument...You're a slave". The record is not perfect. Greater Than One suffers from over-use of certain samples throughout the record, especially with the African chants. The result is that the record becomes tedious when listened to in one complete sitting. However, when sampled a few tracks at a time, the album is challenging and exciting. (Wax Trax Records label, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Michael Mahan

HUNT, KEN: *Grey Like Fighter Planes C*

The initial signs are ominous...barely musical vocals, everything out of tune and out of whack, a vague sense of cynicism in the lyrics, and horrible sound quality. But by the second song you realize Hunt has the thing that you can't define but shines through whatever medium or production or whatever is involved. He gets silly, he gets soppy, he waxes profound, he does some awful comedy bits. He cannot sing, barely gets by on guitar, does every godawful first-time-with-the-four-track trick in the book, including covering famous pop songs (Anarchy in the UK, Obsession) with inappropriate instrumentation, but it all works because he's good. The songs are strong. Even when he ventures into why-our-relationship-failed ter-

ritory he can be moving. This is one of those rare occasions where sincerity and genuine talent transcend an otherwise banal genre. I look forward to more. (Ken Hunt, 1112 McMahon Hall, Univ. of WA, Seattle, WA 98195 206-532-2178)—Brook Hinton

KENNY AND THE CLUNG-TONES:

Tales from Tape Land C

Ken Clinger narrates, in an incredibly expressionless monotone, six stories over an unbearable low-fi synth-noodling background. The primary story here (taking up all of side one and part of side two) deals with a royal family journeying to Mars. The whole thing is presented as though it is a funny, irreverent children's story for adults. Picture Frank Zappa narrating a stock market report on qualudes, and you'll get a good idea what the real effect is, though the story comes close to so-bad-its-good status. The finale, "Tales from Tape-Land", is a shameless name-dropping story in which Dino DiMuro, Don Campau, Tom Furgas, Doug Walker and others cassette network stalwarts must start their lives over after a pig's squeal erases all tapes and "all memories of tapes". One story, "Hollywood Cows," is very funny. The rest is torture. Which is not, in this context, necessarily bad. (Kitti Tapes, 312 N. 3rd Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904)—Brook Hinton

LITTLE FYODOR:

Beneath the Uber-Putz LP

Song titles: "I Don't Care," "Small Talk," "Nobody Loves Me," "Nobody Wants To Play With Me," "Pity Me," "You Give Me A Hard-On," and nine more. Remember the two kids who saved their snot on a window in the old Mothers of Invention tune "Let's Make The Water Turn Black"? Well, one of them grew up and he's still fascinated by the gross-out. Not only that, but I'm afraid to say anything that might push the rock-bottom self-image of this broken person off the roof. He's complaining about what a complete loser he is, the musicians clearly agree and complement the overall negativism with sloppy, garage raunch. It's an inside joke that escapes me. (Small Tools Tradition, PO BOX 8005 #239, Boulder, CO 80306 303-440-3841)—B.H. Hart

PAVLETICH,AIDA/NORMA TANEGA:

Saturday Dancer C

This muzickal theater concept piece is very visual—Aida Pavletich's lyrics paint word-pictures in a moving and dramatic way, not so much relating a linear story as constructing angular word-sculptures, character novellas, and poignant vignettes. Her stream-

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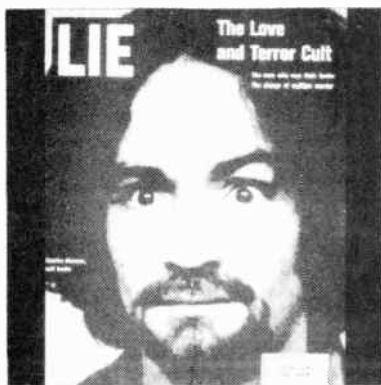
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OTHER/EVERYTHING ELSE

of-consciousness verbal associations stream past the listener—some cute, some cloying, some downright painful. "Hips do dips with slips of fleshed river. Zippers rise and fall. The quiet crowd entranced—behold the dance..." Phew! This whole tape is rife with such lyric imagery. Basically, it's the story of Saturday Dancer, a mysterious character who goes out every Saturday to the club and, well, dances. The very concept lends itself to this kind of muzickal theater, brought to life by Pavletich's lyrics and cool, detached narrative, backed with Norma Tanega's colorful keyboard soundscapes. Tanega's muzickal backings are astute counterpoint to Pavletich's dramatic storytelling, being in turns, playful, energetic, bouncy, moody, and mysterious. Well, it doesn't always work. Some parts are a teensy bit too cute. Such as the motif of "Danse macabre/Abra cadabra" which didn't make it the first time, it gets real annoying at the eighth or ninth time that line comes up. On the contrary, some parts are hugely successful. I particularly enjoyed the episode about "Why I Don't Sleep With 20 Cats." (Tanega Studios, 4111 Mt. Baldy Rd., Claremont, CA 91711)—Dan Fioretti

RADIO ARTS FOUNDATION:

Secrety/ Snuff C

You are the director, your factory is burning, you look out the window and see the incredible black clouds. We find you at the bus station trying to leave town, and ask you to explain what has happened. The next story layer begins with the director explaining his position, and so on. There are many twists

and turns in the proceeding events. There is another story on the other side called "Snuff" which features Willem DeRidder in a breathy character seducing us with a story within a story (etc.) accompanied by the sound of the surf in the background the whole time. He tells us a story with tons of sustained tension, involving a film of the famous Sharon Tate murders which is just vaguely mentioned at one point. (Radio Art Foundation, Alexander Boersstraat 30, Amsterdam 1071 KZ, Netherlands, ph. 0-20-792620)—Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Lautpoesie LP

The titles of this German spoken-word compilation translates as "sound poetry," suggesting that one should be able to set aside one's ignorance of the poets's respective languages and appreciate these pieces for their abstract phonic qualities. I found the most listenable piece to be Berard Heidsieck's "Derviche/Le Robert: Lettre 'H'" which uses a series of French words recited in alternation with frightening gasps to create a suspenseful narrative independent of the actual meaning of the text. The tracks by Elke Erb, Oskar Pastior, and Arrigo Lora-Totino are not as successful at transcending the language barrier, and leave me wishing for a translation of the texts, however non-literal they may be. Other tracks are not tied to any language at all, but are instead comprised of various cooing, belching, and gargling vocalizations. While work this recondite is usually praised as cutting edge experimentation, phonetic poetry was done at least as well over 50 years ago by Hugo Ball and Kurt Schwitters, and non-linguistic vocal performance is currently being explored with much greater sophistication by artists as diverse as Phil Minton and Christian Vander. (Soundarts Press Editions, PO BOX 2463, Springfield, MA 01101-2463 413-783-7548)—Michael Draine

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WILD BOYS: I Thought U Knew! 12'S

This is a dope jam! More hype music from Oakland, CA. This song adds that right touch to your funky dance cassette. Like many other dance-rap tracks it comes right out, grabs you, and doesn't let you go until it's over. Some cuts from Public Enemy and James Brown are used but not abused like some jams I know you have heard in the past. This one was very well thought out, not just thrown together in the studio with a basic beat and a couple of samples. An interesting aspect of the song is the use of the S.W.A.T. Theme. I could have done without it, but judge for yourself. The flipside ("Supa Badd") offers more danceable rap for you. Some cuts and scratches include James Brown, Richard Pryor, M.C. Hammer, The Time, Vanity 6, Soul-Sonic Force, and Bomb the Bass. (Fantasy Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Jason Pollock

REGIONAL/ETHNIC/WORLD

BISI, MARTIN: Creole Mass LP

"Creole" in this case refers not to the Louisiana ethnic group, but to those of European descent born in Spanish America. Engineer/drummer/vocalist Martin Bisi has filtered elements of South American Spanish and Indian music through an avant-rock sensibility with invention and sensitivity to tradition. The result is a vibrant synthesis of South American guitar and voice with programmed percussion, sampling, and a variety of electronic textures. Covers of Pink Floyd's "Money" with Lee Renaldo on guitar and Hank Williams' "Kaw Liga" with Fred Frith on guitar and fiddle don't hold up as well as Bisi's own compositions, as they lack the passion and conviction of his originals. Despite the geographic and stylistic disparity of sources, this record transcends the level of musical collage or pastiche. (New Alliance Records, P.O.B. 1389, Lawndale, CA 90260)—Michael Draine

BROWN, DENNIS: Visions LP

Brown, one of the most popular and enduring artists in Jamaican reggae, has never really received his due in the States. Perhaps this recording will remedy that situation. Reissued and released for the first time in the U.S., "Visions" showcases Brown's more "conscious" tunes from 1978. All are classic Joe Gibbs rockers with Sly on drums, and range from a rare reggae homage to "Malcolm X" to Rastacolor visions of the land of "Milk and Honey" awaiting the children of Jah. No frills here, just roots-rock-reggae at its finest. (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Ron Sakolsky

CULTURE: Nuff Crisis! LP

Joseph Hill's patois vocals just get better with age. From the band's classic "Two Sevens Clash" in 1976, his style has grown bolder, richer and stronger than ever. On top of Kenneth Dayes' and Albert Walker's sweet harmonies, Hill experiments with clipped off melodies, grinding intonations, groovin' chuckles and spontaneous spoken phrases. On "Revolution Time" he observes starvation in Ethiopia, struggle in South Africa and political upheaval in Jamaica. Each song, from the anthemic "Peace Love and Harmony" to the hopeful "Don't Cry Sufferer," offers bits of Hill's personal vision, which transcends protest and finds spiritual affirmation. The Roots Radics band, led by Sly and Robbie's rhythms, Dwight Peckeny on lead guitar and a raging horn section, keeps the music lively without drowning out any of the vocal flavor. The whole album demonstrates the power of reggae done right—an affirmation of hope in times of trouble. (Shanachie Records)—Jason Fine

DIBLO: Super Soukous LP

Hotter than hot guitar licks from the new enfant terrible of Zairean Soukous. With the recent death of Franco, Diblo Dibala is Zairean music's most audacious young star. Still only in his twenties, he has converted dancefloor fanatics the world over. He began to draw the attention of international soukous fans during his Parisian tenure with Kanda Bongo Man. Still based in Paris, since 1986 he has fronted his own band, the Lokoto Band. Their music is rooted in Cuban rumba rhythms which are combined with Zairean pop and placed in a high tech setting that pushes the music into high gear and doesn't let up. A knockout solo debut! (Shanachie)—Ron Sakolsky

DUBE, LUCKY: Slave LP

Contrary to popular belief, Dube (pronounced "Dubay") is not a reggae musician, at least not exclusively. This 1988 record (originally released as Melodie 66834-1) has reached platinum status, but he has had four other platinum records in other South African pop genres, including 5 "Zulu soul" LPs. Personally I prefer the mbaqanga stuff, and find this album a little wooden and heavy handed at times in both production and lyric content, yet it's got its virtues, not the least of which is that it's the long-awaited reggae album by a South African. The title cut and "Back To My Roots" are standouts, but is Rasta simply a convenient marketing device another disposable style, or does he really mean it? (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Ron Sakolsky

EK A MOUSE: Eek-A-Nomics LP

This is a disappointing outing for the Mouse, who seems cornered with nowhere to go. He tries unsuccessfully to incorporate a rap attack ("The Freak") into the "singjay" style that brought him fame, and even resorts to some tasteless rock guitar ("Oh Me O": My) which doesn't so much cross over as cross wires. The riddems are often too mechanical to sink your teeth into and overpower the fragile charms of his voice. Next time.... (Ras Records, P.O.B. 42517, Washington DC, 20015)—Ron Sakolsky

ENDORPHINS: Endorphins C

I really like this 3-song cassette. "Music from a Celtic tradition with urban sensibilities" it says. That does not mean rocked-up electric guitars and drums. All that means in this case is, a more contemporary approach to song structures. "Alcoholic Avenue," for instance: consider the Celtic-folk-song-meets-Lou-Reed sometime in the mid-70's. The stream-of-consciousness lyrics (c.f.

"Andy's Chest") mingle with traditional and modern (sax solo) song structures. "Woman Of Avalon" starts out like a traditional madrigal, and ends up slightly modern, altho' the drum kit and (heavens forbid!) synths are very low in the mix. Luv that mandolin rave-up ending! "Zen Bones" is a neat tune, too. (Paul Albert, P.O.B. 37, Site 80, Outer Cove, Newfoundland, A1C 5H4, Canada)—Fioretti

FRESH, DOUG E.:**D.E.F. = Doug E. Fresh 12" EP**

What it is is a hot remix of "D.E.F.", Doug's dancehall brag on his own name and two remixed versions of "I'm Gettin' Ready." Both tunes originally appeared on Doug's The World's Greatest Entertainer set. Actually on "D.E.F.," I prefer the lp version (included here) with its clever use of scratching over a bluesy keyboard vamp. On "Ready," check the "On The Strength" remix with its punchy James Brown sampling, its stripped down beats and in-your-face vocals. Disposable fun. (Fantasy Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Ron Sakolsky

JORDAN, STEVE:**The Return of El Parche LP**

Having lived in Arizona for years, I thought I'd had enough accordion music for a lifetime. That was until I heard this recording. I was struck by his use of phasers and echo to get a warm swooping sound. After the novelty wore off I started listening to the chord progressions which hint of blues. As with most Mexican music, the accompaniment is basic, but the unusual rhythms kept my interest. Jordan is a virtuoso—but with a strong sense of humor. I strongly suggest this LP to anyone, and for accordionists it is a must. (Rounder Records, Dept LB P.O. Box 154, Cambridge, MA 02140)—Sean Hart

KETAMA/TOUMANI DIABATE/DANNY THOMPSON: Songhai LP

Songhai is the name of the ancient African kingdom that sent its "adventurers" to Spain centuries ago. This time around, Toumani Diabate, with virtuoso kora playing skills steeped in Malian tradition with flavorings of jazz and flamenco, communes with Ketama (the Carmona cousins, Juan on guitar, Antonio and Jose Miquel on percussion and vocals and Jose Soto, vocals and guitar,) who have experimented with flamenco, rumba and Latino rhythms tossed with their original material, and bassist Danny Thompson, an explorer of the styles from complex '60s jazz/rock to Indian classical music. The outcome is pleasing, in part due to the engaging tonal qualities of the individual acoustic instruments, and also because the collaboration

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evokes more than the sum of its parts. The album runs approximately 34 minutes of lavish string fingerings. One hears: Kora dancing above and alternating with flamenco riffs, with castanets accenting a steady rumba; flamenco vocals and guitars with a Kora compliment, and African chorus; and a bit of bowed bass and a taste of electric bass. (Carthage Records, P.O.B. 667, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553)—D.L. Gaither

LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO:

Umthombo Wamanzi LP

Coming to prominence here in the States on the coattails of Paul Simon (in a more just world, it would have been the reverse), Ladysmith's "mbube" or more properly "isicathamaya" sound, with its combination of intricate acappella male choral harmonies and rhythmic punctuation, has delighted audiences around the globe. This particular Ladysmith recording consists exclusively of songs that reflect a Christian spirituality. Of course, there is double entendre here, but the choir is polished and resistance is restricted to allegory. Perhaps this subtlety and grace is the secret of Ladysmith's remarkable success. (Shanachie Records)—Ron Sakolsky

MAMI, CHEB: *Prince of Rai* LP

Rai music is the offspring of the union of traditional Arabic rhythms and melodies with modern electronic instrumentation. Rai's prominent exponent, Cheb Mami elicits with ease the hauntingly intense passion that is the trait of traditional Arabic vocal music. The electric violin compliments flawlessly Mami's exuberant utterances. The first track on side B "Lella Rani Ensaaf El Mektoub," a devotional song, embodies the essential elements of bass and percussion driven rhythms topped with alternating, searing electric violin and intense, soulful, guttural vocals. The first cut on side A, with a greater electronic component (hand claps, funky electric bass, synth drum and synthesizer) doesn't rock as dynamically nor soar as majestically, and with the first track on side B, form the parameters of this U.S. debut album. It's exhilarating to witness the outcome of the blending of various music forms. It indicates an openness and adaptability which is essential to our continued survival with this glorious planet. (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—D.L. Gaither

MARTINEZ, NARCISCO:

Father of Tex-Mex Conjunto LP

Once an ethnic form achieves wider popularity, its pioneers sometimes receive belated critical attention. In some cases, such as this one, there are early recordings available for repackaging. Martinez began recording in the 1930s, and was active throughout the 40s and 50s, doing his part to popularize Tex-Mex

conjunto music. Conjunto simply means "group," and is customarily played by lead accordion, bajo sexto (a type of guitar), string bass and drums, often accompanying a solo singer or duet. The 18 pieces on this LP, first recorded for Folklyric in the late 1940s and throughout the 1950s, display Martinez' straightforward but very dexterous accordion. For the most part, this is honest dance music, with polkas predominating, and if you close your eyes, you won't have much trouble imagining it drifting out the door of a small cantina on a hot, dusty night somewhere in a timeless Southwest. (Although, strangely enough, in its day, Martinez' music was equally popular with immigrant Basques in California and with Chicago's Polish community.) Several vocal tracks on the album, two by the legendary Lydia Mendoza, are a bonus. (Folklyric, c/o Arhoolie, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530)—Bill Tiland

MICHAEL, RAS: *Know Now* LP

Too bad one song drags this whole album into the muck of fundamentalist religious hypocrisy; Ras Michael's scurrilous attack on gays and lesbians in "Warmongers" destroys the power of his otherwise potent expression of hope and human dignity. "Trying to mess up the people head/Everywhere you go germs and aids you spread," he sings. Not exactly the stuff of liberation. From a base of intricate akete (three drum) percussion, he adds chanted lyrics, guitars, keyboards and a great horn section to create uncompromising but accessible roots reggae. The master nya-binghi drummer picked up his warm, inviting rhythms from rasta elders in the hills outside Kingston as a teenager. It's just unfortunate he also picked up the strict moral vision and voice of condemnation that often accompany religious zealotry. (Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Jason Fine

PABLO, AUGUSTUS:

Rockers Comes East LP

Horace Swaby (aka Augustus Pablo) almost single-handedly elevated the humble melodica into the reggae pantheon in the '70s when he combined it with synthesizer to create his patented "Far Eastern" dub sound. Here he continues to experiment with synthesizers and adds drum machines to the haunting sound of his melodica. This set percolates more than some of his laid-back space dubs, but, as reggae's reigning dub minimalist, his vocals are scant and airy. In terms of talkover possibilities, it's got a regular rotation slot on my reggae show. (Shanachie Records, 201 579 7763 579 7083)—Ron Sakolsky

SIR MIX-A-LOT: *Seminar* LP

This is the second album coming to you from the innovative "Sir Mix-A-Lot", out of Seattle, Washington. Believe me, if you liked the

first LP, *Swass*, you will definitely like this new release. He's the master of blending high-tech sounds with basic drum beats to create a very funky, danceable track. The title track, "Seminar", is one hype song that will get you on the floor. The first single released from the album, "Beeepers", is a slower tempo song that you can hump in your car while cruising the "Boulevard". My personal favorite on the album is "I Got Game" and this is one cool tune! There are many cuts on the album that will get your party jumpin'. This release is definitely worth checking out. The Seattle scene is getting better all the time. The production, mix and packaging are first rate and shows that great care and concern for quality and originality went into this release. (Nasty Mix Records, 7th & Olive, Seattle WA 98101)—Jason Pollock

SOUL JAHs: *Our Time Is Now* LP

In an age of soulless and formulaic reggae, there is no superfluous technological gimmickry here; just solid reggae with a soulful twist. If these be the Soul Jahs, then Rastafari will surely conquer Babylon. Recorded in New York, these tracks provide vital nourishment for the heart and the head in these times. The title cut is nothing short of a soul-reggae anthem comparable in its inspirational, power and perfect simplicity to "People Get Ready." While most of the tunes here are in this "truth and rights" vein, "I Do Believe You Ought To Be Dancing," will make you a believer in the dancehall power of Jah riddems too. (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Ron Sakolsky

SOUL VIBRATIONS:

Rock Down Central America C

Afro-Nicaraguan roots music from the Atlantic Coast. Recorded at the Sandinista's Enigra Studios in Managua, this music is a fresh and vital mix of two of Nicaragua's main musical heritages—Latin and Reggae. As bass guitarist Arjuna Leo Flores put it in a recent interview with me at WOMAD in Toronto, "Our project is to recover the culture of our black forbearers...To wake up the people so they can revive their consciousness and not only live to eat and sleep like animals." Tunes like "Black Culture" and "Our Destiny" keep that promise, but the tape is killer at a musical as well as political level. Such crossover material as "Reggae del Coco" explores the African roots of both musics (reggae riddems sparked by timbales and tres), and never falls into the trap of an ersatz folk blend. For the tape send \$10 US currency to: Arjuna Leo-Flores PO Box SV #5 Citristau Perez Managua, Nicaragua (Arjuna Leo-Flores, P.O.B. SV #5, Citristau Perez, Managua, Nicaragua)—Ron Sakolsky

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TALKING DRUMS: Some Day Catch Some Day Down LP

The problem with a lot of contemporary highlife is once you get over the novelty to its African feel, it has little to offer you can't find on Top 40 radio. The melodies contain sugary hooks and a casual fusion of too many styles that usually fails to satisfy. Some bands have tried to reinvigorate the sound, which in Nigeria and Ghana has been losing out to juju since the '70s, by adding synthesizers and other sophisticated recording equipment. Instead, Talking Drums—with members from both Ghana and the United States—stick to traditional Ghanaian rhythms and add the melodic substance of improvisational jazz to the mix. The guitar, bass and sax solos aren't earth shattering, but they flow warmly over the textured percussion and chanted vocals, creating not only feel-good dance music, but an album full of very listenable songs. (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Jason Fine

VARIOUS ARTISTS: MP Reggae from Around the World LP

By carefully avoiding a "We Are The World" sentimentality, this record moves more than just your heartstrings. Provided herein are a series of fascinating snapshots of reggae gone international that avoid the world music meltdown approach and offer instead different interpretations of reggae by artists who incorporate it into their own cultural heritage. Not just the expected connection to the motherland (the Ethiopian reggae of Dallol and Alpha Blondy's Ivory Coast stylee), but Aotearoa, a roots band from New Zealand who do South Pacific reggae in the Maori language; an Italian reggae band (with accordion) called Different Stylee; Gedeon Jerubbaal, a band of young Polish dreadlocks with production by English dub master Adrian Sherwood; Avi Matos, an Israeli reggae musician who grew up in Ethiopia (with vocals in Hebrew); Uruguayan "candombe-based" riddems from Ruina de Moda, who mix Latin, jazz and reggae; the Japanese reggae of Sandii and the Sunsetz, who recently played to 30,000 people in Kingston; the Soviet band, Kino, and much more. The album's title (pronounced "mir",) which means peace, community and world in Russian) is an apt one. (RAS Records, POB 42517, Washington DC, 20015 301-564-1295/301-588-9641)—Ron Sakolsky

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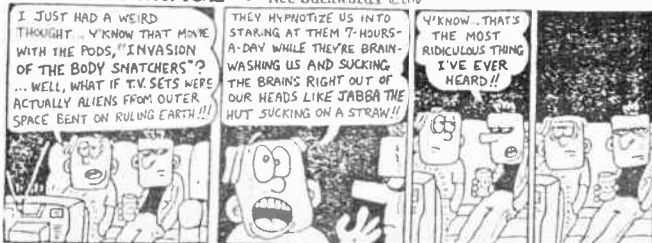
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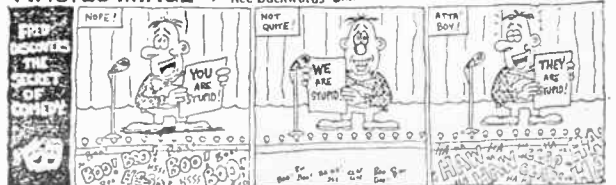
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ROCK

ALL: *Allroy's Revenge LP*

The musicianship on this record beats the piss outta the last All record, *Allroy Sez*. Lots of tight turns with Bill Stevenson (ex-Black Flag) pounding the snot outta his drums, slashing guitar throughout, superb bass-playing that combines every note Entwistle ever played, with every note McCartney wished he was fast enough to play and plunks a big stinking dollop of punk velocity on dere. Yeah, they're aiming for FM airplay in a big obvious way. But, I'd far prefer to have ALL comin' out of my car radio than the shit that does. (Cruz Records, P.O.B. 7756, Long Beach, CA 90807)—B.H. Hart

ATWELL, BILLY:***Ferret In A China Shop LP***

Multi-instrumentalist Atwell dishes out an eclectic menu of sounds traversing a primarily pretty, gentle audio spectrum on these eleven tracks... but there are a few rocking numbers and even a piano ballad. Most tracks are instrumentals. He has help from friends on samples, bass, and feedback. A few of these pieces would make good soundtrack music for a pensive day. It's a totally different sound from his days with West Virginia's infamous The Inbred. He has "forsaken punk" and now creates "New Age music with an edge of anger." Atwell is obviously talented and has a bright musical future if he wants it. (Babok Ltd., P.O.B. 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733)—Jack Jordan

BACKWARDS DAY:***While There's Still Time 7"EP***

Underground local heroes are often national zeroes. Not so with these guys. From the side one send-up of newage flower children in "Deadhead Blues" to the romping good time of "Crazy Frat House Party," Backwards Day covers all the bases. The "Political" (heh heh) side of the record features the grunge-populist fingerpointing of "Hey Little Fascist" and the tongue-in-cheek "revolution as consumer fantasy" rave-up of "Revolution." There's also an earlier tape ("Conflict of Interest") and a new CD available. (Rickety Racket Records, 60 Danbury Dr., Springfield, IL 62704)—Ron Sakolsky

BI KYO RAN: *Fairy Tale LP*

If you were one of those who were awestruck by Red-era King Crimson, this is a must. Once again, Bi Kyo Ran is found churning out some heavy, hard-hitting, at times furious progressive rock on this live recording. Guitarist and composer Kunio Suma gives Bi Kyo Ran its sound and direction. While not exactly a Fripp clone, he comes close. Suma has undeniably been listening and learning

from his mentor, spitting out wild angular runs and frenetic solos which suit the music perfectly. Violinist Takako Sugita, while no virtuoso, lends a certain air to the music which helps establish the mood and tenor. A nice mellotron foundation is the base on which the music is built. "Chaos" and "Kokuzo" are incredibly intense, extended jams that would do KC proud. Like Crimson, Bi Kyo Ran's area of weakness is vocals. A couple of gentle ballads are marred by unsteady singing. However, things get cranked up as one ballad, "Prediction," turns into an extended, fiery instrumental jam that cooks. The production values are on the weak side, but they are more than compensated by and the white hot intensity of the music and playing. (Belle Antique, 404 SY Bldg 3-15-18 Shimo-Ocha, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 161, JAPAN)—Dean Suzuki

BLANKS: *The Blanks LP*

Yeah, that's right, "regional band with a civic conscience." If every town had a band unafraid to address local problems like this, more people would be getting out to the polls to vote greedy shiiteheads out of office, environmentally dangerous industries would be forced to bend over for the Big Legal Buttplug, and a constructive positivism might one day replace the tendency for most Americans to sit back and bitch about things without lifting a finger to help. Bass, drums, guitars, voices. The Blanks are looking at their neighborhoods, reading the papers, and lyrically getting it down and out in an easily digestible form. Address the problem. Suggest possible alternatives. Simple! "Pure pop for now people." (Falsified Records, P.O.B. 1010, Birmingham, MI 48012)—B.H. Hart

BLUE FOR TWO: *Songs From a Pale and Bitter Moon LP*

Baby! (Just a second...I've gotta turn this record up A LOT.) This is fuggin' wild! The drums sound like some futuristic version of a Native American rain-dance. Nava-HC! Tom-toms by the hundreds, and RIGHT IN YOUR FACE. Got heaped on/hepped up synths that give a strange impression of SIZE...as though each key were as big as a 2 x 4. Eig weighty blocks of guitar standing around like buildings, digital honks an' bleeps percolating through, and what seems like an attempt to create the next sonic boom. Goo-cann, the first cut just about threw me off my chair with that pile-driver speed beat. Dynamite bass-work throughout. Arthur Drown-esque organ fills, a snare drum that sounds big enough to park yer truck in, and vocals (in English) by Swedes (slurred S's). The production is a real contributor to the overall appeal of this LP. Powerful and bound to get lotsa spins on my turntable.

(Radium 226.05 Records, Sodra Allegatan 3, S-41301 Goteborg, Sweden)—B.H. Hart

BUTTHOLE SURFERS:***Widowmaker 12"EP***

What can I say about these bong-breath Buttholes that hasn't been said before? Like the others before it, this record is wild, funny, sick, demented and leaning towards the goofy side of genius. They may be the most popular indie-label rock band going and by the time you read this, they may be signed to a major. It remains to be seen whether this will be a step into the really Big Time or a dive into the cut-out bins of mainstream chainstores across America. I can tell you this, neither Time Warner nor SonyCBS, or any other entertainment conglomerate would score a big hit with this record (cool tho' it is). Maybe they're saving the commercial stuff for later, I don't know. Knowing recent history, I can't help thinking that we should enjoy this wonderful mess before our boys learn to suck Big Time! I hope my feeling is wrong. (Touch N' Go, P.O.B. 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)—Jon Booth

CANCEL:***Music From Another Dimension C***

Excellent live tape o' toonz by Cancel, who are a great rock band. Rockin' toonz, decidedly not metal or punk, but with a hard edge. Guitar-driven but with a prevalent synth backing. Cancel plays fairly straight-forward rock toonz, but are none too afraid to venture into more progressive territory, such as the polyrhythmic title track, plus an extended instrumental suite recorded in the band's studio (the rest are live cuts.) Vocalist Charley is at once playful, dramatic, energetic, and menacing, and his on-stage rapport with the audience is striking. Toonz such as "London Fog F.X.", "Eyeballs For Dinner," and "The Invisible Man", are great rockin' little ditties, brought to life by the energetic and vivacious ensemble playing of Ben on guitars, Mark on keyboards, and Marleen on drums. "Kevin In Wonderland" is one o' the best cuts, the different sections flow together nicely—on the whole, it recalls early '70's Pink Floyd - especially *Meddle*. Too many great cuts to mention them all — this is a really good tape. (Brains For Breakfast, PB 1386 8001 BJ, Zwollie, Holland)—Dan Fioretti

CAPTAIN CRUNCH & LET'S DO LUNCH: *More Baroque Post-Industrial Hillbilly Lounge Music LP*

Uptempo grungoid hardy-hars from the band sporting the most inclusive title I've ever seen. Gtrs/bss/dms/lotsa shoutin'. Got dat "sitting on the floor blowin' doobs and talkin' Kerouac" kinda feel all over the place. Very

"college" sounding. Y'know...beer blasts, frat parties, mebbe second place in the local Battle of the Bands at the War Memorial. Gotta cover of "The Letter" (m'baby sent me uh...), a cupple of folksy numberz, some Exene Cervenka sounding femme vox, scattered Roky-esque beehive fuzz-gtr action, and some (buried) dissonances down in the bowels. Sort of a cheezy version of Pearl Harbor & The Explosions. Small doses. (Crunch Lunch Music, P.O.B. 5693, Station B, Montreal H3B 4T1, Canada)—B.H. Hart

CONDITION: *Swamp Walk LP*

Julia Gilmore: combo organ/deliciously slutty vocals; Slim Lanthier: Ennio Morricone-esque arid desert guitar evaporation; Vinnie Vezina: sparse ghost-town bonepile trap drum smackin'. 'Member Lydia Lunch's *Queen of Siam LP* a few years back?...y'know, with that sleazy "I'll do it any way y'want" cabaret feel? Well, itz back. Gilmore's got the organ pumpin' and throbbin'...poking strutting bass lines outta there while wrenching all manner of verbal mayhem outta her vox-box on top. She's got a vocal range that goes from here to there, and stylistic variations by the armful. They've got a couple of cover toonz here - Del Shannon's "Runaway" (best version I've ever heard, too), and a stripped-down, cheeks-up bare-bone take on Ellington's "Caravan" that I'm gonna listen to again right fuckin' now! Oh yeah, this is nice. Condition are a unique sounding band, got bits 'n' pieces of surf, no-wave deconstruction, Liza Minelli on mushroomz, and a nude raft-ride down the Colorado River. Ah lahks dat cheezy organ. (Amok Records (Canada), 10715 Guelph Line, Campbellville Ontario, Canada LOP 1B0)—B.H. Hart

CONTROLLED BLEEDING:

Songs From the Grinding Wall 12" EP

Industrial purists may call this a sell-out to the college radio tastemakers but others will see it as a confident step towards a more musical, rock-oriented sound. I can't say that it breaks much new ground but is sure kicks Laibach's ass without missing a beat. It took a couple of spins, but I was won over by the power and finesse of the musicians. The songs themselves range from good to OK with the sole instrumental, "The Groan, coming out as the clear winner for me. Controlled Bleeding can go far in this direction and I'll be keeping an open mind as long as they don't "go disco" for real. (Wax Trax Records, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Jon Booth

CRYSTALIZED MOVEMENTS:

Dog Tree Satellite Seers LP

Take 4 lbs of lean Ramones, two cups of *The Who-Live at Leeds*, a pinch of 1966 Byrds, a

handful of Joe Cocker's vocal cords, several teaspoons of The Seeds, and a dumptruck fulla Steppenwolf. Marinate in equal quantities of Jim Beam and (1978) "Green Dragon". Cook with a propane torch until charred. The Crystallized Movements encapsulate everything I like about 60's raunch into one tidy package. Why buy all of those *Nuggets/Pebbles LP's* when you can get a brand spankin' new dirt-fix right here for a fraction of the price? If your mother-in-law's voice was a band, it would be this band. (Forced Exposure, P.O.B. 1611, Waltham, MA 02245)—B.H. Hart

DESSAU: *Exercise In Tension LP*

Technobeat doom-rock reminiscent of early Killing Joke. Catchy, melodic bass lines stand in welcome contrast to the metallic din of sinuous, fuzz-drenched (sampled?) guitar and thunderous percussion. The blasting opener, "Never Change", is a formidable exercise in tension indeed, but after a few tracks the shouted vocals, house-type drum machine effects, and lack of variety from the guitarist grow tedious. Their credibility bottoms out with their turgid, overwrought cover of Joy Division's "Isolation," an unfortunate case of wearing one's influences on one's sleeve. (Carlyle Records, 1217 16th Ave So, Nashville, TN 37212)—Michael Draine

DEVIL DOGS: *Devil Dogs LP*

Iggy Lives!—yet again. OK? Guitar-bass-drums-harp trio (with some additional help) smashes through 16 punk ditties in stylistic homage to their apparent hero, but they leave room for some respectable originality. Titles "Hosebag", "Suck the Dog", and "Pussy-whipped" tell most of the sonic story here, and any sloppiness is decidedly calculated. I think more variety would've made a better album, but I'm sure these boys would tell me to go to Hell, so there. Good luck anyway to Crypt in attempting to broaden their base. (Crypt Records, P.O.B. 9151, Morristown, NJ 07960)—Jack Jordan

DIDDLEY, BO:

Break Through the B.S. CD

I was literally weaned on Bo Diddley in the fifties. When Hunter Hancock on the old KGFJ AM radio put Bo on, he was the greatest thing since sliced bread. He is a legend in his own time, having helped the evolution of blues into rock 'n' roll. He is a well deserved inductee into rock 'n' roll's Hall of Fame. All he ever needed to accomplish all of that was his trio with maracas to enhance his patented beat. That's why this release is so disappointing. There's an old adage that says, "if it don't need fixin, don't fix it!" So when you're stuck in your own legend and have to do the same tunes and beat over and over and

over, I'm sure any artist wants to stretch out and do something different. I really can't figure out what he's trying to do here. A cross of Rap/Hip Hop and electronic effects perhaps? I'm assuming he's trying to reach a new younger audience but my teenage son asked "What in the world is that"? If you want to hear the real legendary Bo Diddley, Get a Chess label re-issue or Bo Diddley's *Greatest Hits!* Sorry Bo but all this boils down to, is pure trash. (Triple X Records, 6715 Hollywood Blvd #284, Hollywood, CA 90028)—Dan Pollock

DIMENTIA 13: *Disturb The Air LP*

If the new psychedelia (new only in the sense of release date) appeals to you at all, this new LP mostly delivers. The sound is a nice mix of hazy layered guitars with piercing clear notes placed on top, and the female background vocals are so soft they seem to become another instrument. If the word "trippy" offends you, you might want to stay away—but this is non-wimpy, and some of the songs (my favorites being "Samantha," "Yesterday Will Never Tell," the blues-oriented psyche of "Flies," and the all out trip of the title track) can surely get under your skin. Not bad at all, and I didn't even have to take any drugs! (Midnight Records, 255 W. 23rd St, New York, NY 10011)—Andy Waltzer

DIMTHINGS:

Popular Poles/Worthy Opponents C

Definitely an amazingly amazing tape from a really talented muzickal artiste. One o' the best tapes this year, perhaps of the last decade (read: '80s). Dimthings plays lotsa different toonz in lotsa different styles. Straight-ahead rock and funk segue in and out of fusion-ish pieces, pieces for tuned percussion, dense and intricate instrumental sections, a heavy metal suite, and one rap number. All professionally produced and recorded by Dimthings himself. Everything about this tape is totally awesome. Dimthings is also a highly skilled composer and arranger. The different muzickal styles make this 'un difficult, if not impossible, to pigeonhole. So what! I could listen to this 'un forever! Fave section: progressive/fusion opening section o' side two! (Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy, Miramar, FL 33023 305-962-3721)—Dan Fioretti

DOCTOR BOMBAY:

Car Crash Rage LP

Hot rock this side of punk...but it's got that snotty attitude in spades, and delivered well. Crooner Rob Windfelder glides over, under, and around the controlled instrumental maelstrom with style and skill, and the quartet's guitars, bass, keyboards and real drums repay the favor, resulting in a nice package of rebellious and powerful rock'n'roll that's been

shakin' up Philly-area clubs for awhile now. They're also dues-payers in that they've been slugging away at it for about four years, and have a single and some compo tracks to their credit. Diversity of style is not a prime objective or practice here, but there is some variety. So, if you like serious rock with an edge, intelligent lyrics, and enough melody to hold your interest, you won't be disappointed. (Skyklad Records, Inc., 6 Valleybrook Dr., Middlesex, NJ 08846)—Jack Jordan

DYMOND, KEVIN/MARK SHAFER:

Play Something Else C

Rock compositions, fun vocals, relaxed feeling but high-quality production, guitars and real drums, occasional brass, all original songs, sorta country-jazz-progressive rock. Excellent mix of talents, 24 songs from about 15 seconds to three minutes and forty seconds or so. Comes with small 24 page libretto and personnel list, teeny print, lots of commentary from the artists, some graphics. An impressive collaboration of talents. (Guaranteed Cleveland Records, 1375 Lincoln Ave., Arcata, CA 95521)—Robin James

EDHEL: *Oriental Christmas CD*

This is the first record by Edhels, a progressive group from Monaco of all places, released here on CD for the first time and with an added track. Their purely instrumental, guitar-dominated music bears the influence of King Crimson, but also has healthy doses of the French progressive tradition. Yet another point of reference would be America's own neo-progressive band, Djarm Karet, who also share a love for guitar drenched instrumentals, though Edhels' music tends to be more lyrical and less aggressive. Edhels' arrangements are complex, yet quite accessible, and their musicianship is of the highest order. The textures are rich and resonant, yet never ostentatiously grandiose or pompous. One of the most attractive tracks is the previously unreleased "Non Madoi" a brief but mighty tone poem with some nice understated guitar work, full, brilliant orchestration, and excellent production values. In the lyrical "Souvenir 76" as well as the title cut, the sustained guitar tone and general style is inspired by Robert Fripp, yet it is not merely derivative. On the other hand, "Ca...Li...Vi...Sco" and "Ragtag Baby" are more fiery and potent guitar workouts which stand apart from the Fripp mold. Lots of exciting music here. (Musea, 68 La Tinchotte, 57117 Retonfey, France)—Dean Suzuki

EHART, DAN: *Sorry I'm Late C*

Ehart wears his influences on his sleeve—Syd Barrett transmuted through R.E.M. with a healthy blast of swirling sounds plus a nod or two to Talking Heads era new wave/punk. The tape features several stand-out tunes.

"Song for the Dead" works a simple chant-melody through a spacey atmosphere with eerie vocals drifting past. While tunes like "Rock House" and "Guess" are more biting gritty bits of music. Ehart is perhaps most at home with the early Pink Floyd sound on songs like "King in Yellow" which also brings Magical Mystery Tour-era Beatles to mind as well. Ehart can be heard in the San Francisco areas with his band Escape Asylum doing many of these songs in a more raw and rockin' manner. (Dan Ehart, 540 Manor Drive, Pacifica, CA 94044)—Kevin Slick

EX, THE: *Aural Guerrilla LP*

Since 1980 the Dutch band The Ex have been putting out politically influenced rock music. Musically, their style is like Big Black, Butthole Surfers and Mekons. The album comes with four very large double sided posters which deal with political issues. For example, one has two pictures juxtaposed. One photo was taken of some prisoners in Germany (circa 1944), the other of prisoners in Israel (1988). A lyric sheet is also enclosed. In the middle of it there is a note saying the record is available in cassette but home taping saves money. They even provide the jacket design for one to cut out for the cassette box. This band definitely wants to be heard. As far as the music goes, they play with great conviction and force. Their music is raw power. The bass player shows the most talent with his drive and versatility. Every song has a message. Whether it deals with over population, fashion, medical miracles, South Africa or hunting of animals. The Ex call out loud and clear. "Meanwhile at McDonna's" is about a spoilt rich kid who plays rock 'n' roll and pretends he is a star. The record companies encourage his outrageous behavior because it sells records. "Evolution (?)" has a strong statement about nature: "The time has come to make a choice, stop being deaf to nature's voice." Peter Hamill's "A Motor Bike in Afrika" provides the strongest music for The Ex. If you are into political/sociological punk rock, this is a good album to have. There is plenty to look at with the packaging. Plus plenty to listen and think about musically. (Homestead Records, P.O.B. 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571)—Joe Kolb

FISH AND ROSES: *We Are Happy to Serve You LP*

Pretty excellent debut LP (they released an EP in 1987) from this NY combo. Here the production is stripped down and best resembles how they sound live—this is music of quickly changing time signatures, swirling organs, and the country-natured voice of Sue Garner. You can spot elements of so many different styles but what comes out is something I can not imagine hearing anyplace

else. Covers of "A Year with No Head" (Blue Orchids, later done by Slovenly), "Badges" (Minutemen), and one song by Mike Sappol (Krackhouse) are an added treat, but this whole record is a succession of strong points. (Homestead Records, P.O.B. 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571)—Andy Walter

FRENCH TV: *After a Lengthy Silence LP*

French TV is that unusual phenomenon, an American progressive band. Their music is inspired by middle and late period King Crimson, though they are far less artsy (read: pretentious) as well as the Canterbury school of progressive rock and fusion, which included Soft Machine, National Health, Hatfield and the North, etc., but French TV's sound is somehow much more American. They might also be likened to some of the New York artists groups such as Jules Baptiste's Red Decade or Virgil Moorefield from his EP *Transformation* who write and perform quirky, hard-hitting post-modern, progressive, avant jazz rock fusion. French TV's compositions are excellent, the arrangements inventive, and the playing tight, but not slick; thus a sense of spontaneity and vitality remains. Melodies tend to be angular and slightly pungent, and the rhythms are punchy and driving. When the various members take solos, they are well thought out and smartly executed. No flashy, empty displays or histrionics here, just solid music making. French TV is one hot band. (Y Records, Current Address Needed)—Dean Suzuki

GOREHOUNDS: *Semtex LP*

One of life's sweetest moments comes when ya come across a group like this with a stupid retro name, and even more stupid image, and discover to yer ear-delight the hot sounds in the grooves...and, as memorialized on the ol' Gordy Records logo, "that's what counts." This slab constitutes their two previous EP's with four new tracks of this Irish group's hot-pumpin' punky buzzsaw rock which also successfully straddles the metal and peripheral psych boundaries in its trash-rock, twin-drummed primary attack—and without melody being sacrificed! In fact, wait'll ya hear what they do with Kenny Rogers' "Ruby." Interesting lyrics throughout laconically drive their point home. Good use of feedback. No sloppiness. Songs. This group is worthy of the widespread acclaim they have received since their emergence in 1987. (Big Chief, 54 W 16th St, New York, NY 10011)—Jack Jordan

GOTHIC HUT: *Show Me Yer Belly LP*

Really cool and head-stretching acid-pop by ex-members of Human Hands, Party Boys, Le Forte Four, and a stripper-bar "jiggle band". Lotsa ingredients goin' into this consistently interesting writhing bag. Besides

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yer basic bs/dms/gtr/vox, y'get organ, "pan", fiddle, trombone, violin, asst. percussives, saw, tape manipulation, piano, "bamboo clackers from Bali", and, yes.. a kitchen sink. There's an exotic, sorta slutty feel to the whole affair. Got some extended psychedelic taffy pullz here in dis "Undermatter" toon, and the song that follows lifts that ascending piano riff right outta the Stones' "Brown Sugar" and plops it down into a mutant pseudo-samba where it fits like a glove. Pulsing like a big blue-veiner, Gothic Hut wanna make some skin shake! Gotta funky lil' shuffle here about a Siamese twin doing the side-show circuit and making good. Odd? Betcher ass. These people probably laff at things most people run away from. (Show Me Records, P.O.B. 71862, Los Angeles, CA 90071)—B.H. Hart

GOVERNMENT CHEESE:

Live! Three Chords, No Waiting LP

Some of this LP's song titles deserve listing: "Bathtub, He Asked", "Mammaw Drives The Bus", "Yellow Cling Peaches", "Camping On Acid", "The Shrubbery's Dead (Where Danny Used To Fall)", "Fish-Stick Day". Yeah! Sense of humor and everything. Recorded live in a studio with beer-drinking pals hooting, hollering and creating that club feel pretty effectively. No shit, "3 chords". But who cares? These guys play with a refreshing optimism that transcends the simplicity and, uhhh..elevates the music to higher ground. "Camping On Acid" is FM-bound (my hunch). "The tent's getting bigger, the lake's getting brighter." Which way to the Rathskeller, frosh? (Reptile Records, P.O.B. 121231, Nashville, TN 37212)—B.H. Hart

GRAVEDIGGERS: *Move It!* LP

Here's Crypt again with another worthy entry of modern-day throwback basic '50s-'60s screamin' raunch-rock with no apologies. Writing credit is given to the group on six of these 15 tracks, and the standout covers include "The Witch," "Ramblin' Ubagi Stomp," and "Slippin' In." "Say Goodbye Libby" is a hot-instrumental with background whoops and wails. Jason Goodman sleazes-out the vocals with confident aplomb and the band grooves along with perfect sloppiness. No keyboards within 20 miles. Dues have been paid, too—they've been rockin' Southern California since 1984. (Crypt Records, P.O.B. 9151, Morristown, NJ 07960)—Jack Jordan

HOLDER, MYRA: *Four Mile Road LP*

Bland, mostly mellow "rock," some tracks folksy, from a nice person with a sweet but indistinct voice. A good part of this disc would sound quite at home on a "contemporary rock" station. Her basic-combo accompaniment is only adequate. Another problem is

the lack of any really good, energizing melodies, though several are "pretty." The title track is a paean to a wooded country road near her North Carolina birthplace. Gees, I wish I had something better to say about this. (Coyote Records, P.O.B. 3112, Hoboken, NJ 07030)—Jack Jordan

HOLLYROCK: *Hollyrock II LP*

Big-sound fuzz-rock and blues-rock from an excellent power trio, proving once again that a guitar/bass/drums lineup can burn, especially with a talented singer like Mr. Honey Davis at the mike. On the down side, the first two tracks, "Tag Along" and "I Might Run Away," are killer material and most of the rest of the disc therefore seems to pale a bit by comparison. But not too big a bit. Strangeloves' "I Want Candy" gets a respectable extended hard-rock workout. Interesting images here—Davis a "cute" Alice Cooper long-hair, with companion band members a modish urban cowboy and athletic black guy respectively. The synthesis works. In summary, these grooves jump out of the speakers at ya, so stand back and catch 'em. (Life & Death Records, P.O.B. 3654, Hollywood, CA 90078)—Jack Jordan

HONOR ROLE: *Rictus LP*

BS/dms/gtr/vox. Lyrics? Lotsa, lotsa words crammed into concise chugging turbo-pop. Fine drumming, like someone beating a mattress with softball bats...interesting decisions being made by Chip Jones on bass (chunky and angular), an' gotcha dem gtr riffs that worm up an' down a single string but sound just fine to these big ears. Vocalist Bob Schick has what sounds like a dandy case of throat polyps that rasp perfectly and drive the words home. Richmond, VA bro-band Alter-Natives make an appearance on one tune and add a whole 'nother element of jag to Honor Roll's already charging sound. Yeah! I'd like to see that merger "live". Next time, why not get Always August on board and really get incestuous? Horsing around with some really fun time-signatures and never letting the wheel slip. Honor Roll are like a sonic running back, slicing through a mean and ugly line of silence. (Homestead Records, P.O.B. 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571)—B.H. Hart

INSULIN REACTION:

What's The Point LP

There's so many Joy Division influenced bands—well, here's one that mixes in a little New Order too. Initially, the idea of two basses and no guitars perked my interest, but the accent is on keyboards and the whole result is a barely fathomable techno-pop record. The voice is kind of whiny and unhappy and the music plods along in a gloomy way—sure, you can dance, but you'd probably feel better if you just took a nap. I mean,

what's the point? (Bobok, Ltd., P.O.B. 43787, Tucson, AZ 85733)—Andy Waltzer

JOHNSTON, DANIEL:

Yip/Jump Music LP

I'd like to thank Dave Ciaffardini personally for inspirin' Daniel Johnston to continue his career in muzick. That epic review in Sound Choice No. 9 informed the SC readers, and the world in general, what an outstanding muzickal talent Daniel is. Pure, simple, honest, with absolutely no pretensions of grandeur. (*Actually Johnston has said he wants to be more popular than the Beatles—editor*). He's really good, if ya listen. I mean, if ya! Superficially, he has none o' the significant trappings o' modern muzick. You know what I mean. Listen to yr power-hit station, MTV, whatever. It's the same digital drums and synth. You know it before you hear it. Well, you have to *listen* to Daniel Johnston to appreciate, say, his story about "Casper the Ghost," "King Kong," and more, both rendered here in excruciatingly honest detail. Johnston has a wonderfully astute knowledge of pop songwriting—witness the quotes from Paul McCartney in "Worried Shoes" and the reference to "Leaving, On a Jet Plane" by John Denver in "Rocket Ship." Johnston's artistic muse is so pure that even the brief take of "Dead Lover's Twisted Heart" contains much more gut-wrenching irony in less than two minutes than hours and hours of adult-contemporary miasma designed to soothe and anaesthetize the ol' nerves. Johnston waxes eloquent over subjects as "God" and "Love Defined" each with as much emotional impact and clarity as—dare I say it—some Biblical passages. A heartfelt tribute to the late Danny Rapp of Danny and The Juniors showcases Daniel's lyric twists and turns. "Danny was young when he sung that song but Danny got old and something got cold/ No more doo-wop at the hop, the cop said/Danny was dead, bullet through his head." OK, so I'm sure you realize I'm a big Daniel Johnston fan. He has a cult following. He even has an imitator! Jesus Himself said that people do not imitate what is not valuable. But even so, do we need even one...or worse, several Daniel-imitators? Do we really need, say, *Hey, Who Are You - The Unfinanced Album* by Most Assuredly Definitely Not Even Remotely Daniel Johnston? Well, never mind. Just get this LP. And LISTEN!!! (Homestead Records, P.O.B. 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571)—Dan Fioretti

JONES, KEN AND PEACE CORPS:

Pastures of Plenty LP

Start wif what is essentially Texas Swing, add nitrous oxide and about ten cases of Corona, stir. Gotta modern technology (no synths), a thread of punk 'runnin' thru the rit-section, ah lahk dat sax!, some gen-you-whine gee-tar strangeness peekin' around the



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corner, and now ("Bourgeois Blue") got a fine lil' dirty shuffle with images of hookers and faceless cigar smokerz playin' cards under a green lamp. About 1/2 of the tunes slam on worth-slammin' social conventions ("Dress Code"), the rest are a mixed-bag of rave-upz and ballads. Ah like. (Mansion on the Hill Records, 2504 Huntwick #1601, Austin, TX 78741)—B.H. Hart

KING SNAKE ROOST: *From Barbarism to Christian Manhood LP*

Oh yeah! I'm hearing a combination. I'm hearing a blend of *Punchline* era Minutemen, early Aerosmith, and the tang of the licks Bob Quine was playing around 1979. Got face-harp and a kinda 3 AM smoky piss-smelling bar with a sweaty bartender, a dart board and everything...and you can betcher left femur that some dude is out there on the dirty dancefloor sloshin' draft beer on everybody! Yeah. This guitarist is giving me the shivers the way he conjurs up the spirit of D. Boon. Wheww! Skull-crushing power-thud for those late nites when all y'wanna do is lock the door, put on some old Warner Bro cartoons with the sound off, slide a big greasy pizza in the oven, and slam all 24 of those cool ones in the icebox. Let the land-lord pound on the door til his knuckles bleed. "No! I ain't turmin' it down!" (Rough Trade New York, 611 Broadway #311, New York, NY 10012)—B.H. Hart

KINGS OF WYOMING:

Kings of Wyoming 12"EP

Eight songs, 20 minutes. Trio from around LaGrange, NY, with folk-rock vocals shared by Cathy Crane and Albert Garzon. Instrumentation - guitars, bass, piano, drums, guitar loop. Some nice sounds here, but they won't pierce your heart. A few catchy riffs. But, wouldn't ya know it, the whole thing starts to plod after awhile. Sorry but I'm gonna have to pass... (Community 3 Recordings, 438 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211)—Jack Jordan

LAIBACH: *Nova Acropola LP*

Mechanistic, ugly, hopeless, goose-stepping, gaseous, stiff, threateningly focussed, robotic, sharply angular, martial, cold and dynamic. "Bloody Ground = Fertile Land". This music is bringing me Way Down, and I can think of not one reason for ever putting it near my turntable ever again. (Wax Trax Records, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—B.H. Hart

LAUGHING ACADEMY:

Laughing Academy C

Four-song cassette o' HC toonz definitely is worth listening to and/or owning even if just because the songs are so darn good! Fairly

straight forward but energetic, Laughing Academy features the trademark elements o' classic HC—screaming vocals, threatening guitars, booming bass, pounding drums, lyrics of sleaze, treachery, and assorted and sundry icky things. The cassette insert sez, if ya like the tape, see 'em LIVE! Well, I like this 'un just fine—I'm sure they're wonderful live! Remember early Rough Trade? Enigma? The kinda hard-edge sleaze pop they useta—and still—do best? Well, here's another for ya! (Camaraderie Music, P.O.B. 403-Kenmore, Boston, MA 02215)—Dan Fioretti

LLWYBR LLAETHOG: *Da! LP*

Infectious Welsh funk/reggae(?!). The sound is stripped-down yet full because of the heavy, somewhat ominous bass and sparse but interesting tape-effects and scratching. Despite the obvious debt to North American black music. Llwybr Llaethog generally doesn't try to imitate it too slavishly, so it manages to not sound too derivative. In fact, this reggae-ish music is, ironically, a vehicle for Welsh nationalism. The words are all in Welsh. So are the notes on back, though they are also translated into English, French and German. The meaning of the groups name is a secret closely guarded from the non non-Welsh-speaking world. I wish I knew what they were singing about—they get pretty emotional about it, whatever it is. (Side Effects Records, BCM Mythos, London, England WC1N 3XX)—Scott Lewis

LORD LITTER: *The Space Age C*

Recently, it seems, Lord Litter has gone into space. Not the 'space' usually associated with psychedelic muzick—here's one space cowboy who doesn't seem to rely on hallucinogenic substances. Rather, he plays his space-rockin' toonz fairly straightforward. Guitar-driven rock 'n' roll songs about being "Frozen In Space," he encounters "Unfriendly Beings" and has to "Escape From Exxon"—oh, no! Guitar-jammin' toonz, "Starting Up" is classic instrumental guitar-rock. And the extended instrumental "Journey Through The Black Hole" takes us through some strange uncharted territory—altho' based on an elemental rock riff, it also wanders through the cosmos, as seen through Lord Litter's guitar and synth space-scapes. This is a wonderful epic adventure. Lord L.'s guitar playin' is good as ever, as is his song writin', altho' the depths of space may have influenced his lyrics—"can you—can you—can you see the real me?", he asks in "Future Land". He gets rhapsodic over "The Green Species"—has the solitude of space put our Lord Litter in an introspective mood? Well, you know—bein' all alone in the space pac n' all. Basically, a highly entertaining hour o' excitin' rock n roll. If you can only take one tape into space with you, this'd be it!

(Audiofile Tapes, 209-25 18th Avenue, Bay-side, NY 11360)—Dan Fioretti

LORD LITTER: *Tales of Death, Destruction, and Everyday Fascism C*

Competent wall-of-guitar rock, not nearly as hip as it seems to think it is. The songs sound tailor-made for MTV (despite the presence of an anti-MTV anthem on side two), everything played correctly and nothing more. The lyrics choose easy targets and say little about them. Hyper-produced and hyper-compressed - its easy to picture this on the college radio alternative Top 40. Good technical musicianship and undeniable craftsmanship in the arrangements might win this a few converts. (Lord Litter, Dittmar Pariser Str. 63 A, 1000 Berlin 15; W Germany 0309Berlin) 883-68-54)—Brook Hinton

MEAT PUPPETS: *Monsters LP*

It took me this goddamn long to think a clear thought about the new Meat Puppets record. I've listened to it over and over, seen them perform live twice in the last month and talked to all my friends—then suddenly I realized it just ain't that hard. The record starts out with this hard driving, boxy guitar lick that sounds like ZZ Top on speed and the same lick runs through until the end. There are moments when it's traded for the smoother, waterfall delicacy of "Up on the Sun" or "Mirage", but most of it is heavy—a little too heavy. The rhythms aren't all that interesting either; Bostrom's banging harder than ever and Cris's bass lines are beefy but predictable. None of the songs contain the great, sloppy changes that made the Puppets so special and the vocals are toneless as ever. Somehow this album exposes, rather than conceals, the band's faults. As many would agree however, it's still got way more heart than most of the shit around. (SST, P.O.B. One, Lawndale, CA 90260)—Jason Fine

MILLER, ROGER: *Win! Instantly! LP*

If keyboards could be given caffeine injections, they might sound like Miller's "maximum electric piano." This is busy, nervous music with a tense style that just sinks in a little differently than the guitar feedback many gripe about missing on this. There are so many things going on here. Even if not all of them work perfectly, at least there is something original going on. When the walls feels too close, and you're hand is shaking that coffee cup, here is an OK soundtrack. (SST, P.O.B. One, Lawndale, CA 90260)—Andy Waltzer

MILLER, ROGER: *Oh LP*

Ex-Mission of Burma? Birdsongs of the Mesozoic din meister Miller on his own. Not doing the "maximum electric piano" thang this time either. Guitars, guitars, and more gui-

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tars! In a word: "YUM"! In all, 11 compositions that vary so widely that they very well could have been done by 11 different people. "Space Is The Place" is a sustain/distortion piece that recalls the "Frippertronics" stuf Robert Fripp was doing a while back. "The Forest" is a feedback manifesto. Long buzzing tones interface and writhe...the sound of ghosts fucking. Very organic and aquatic with whale-like noises and rusty screeches and distant bagpipes through a short-wave radio. "Kalgastak" sounds like some sort of Viking war-chant, with its martial drumming, droning mandolin, and a big wheeled catapult being squeekingly hauled across a field of hacked corpses. "We Grind Open (In)" has that "Venus In Furs" hypnotic quality and that hand whackin' on the hollow guitar body would do Mo Tucker proud. "Melt-down Man" combines scritch-scratchy Derek Bailey-isms with the atmospheric fat-note style of such guitarists as Sonny Sharrock and Bill Frisell. "Chinatown Samba", with its child-like toy piano, recalls "Not Available"-era Residents. "Firetruck" vacillates between a stuttering Middle Eastern modal riff, and a charging strum/drone staccato dealy not unlike DNA. The 3 song medley "The Cosmic Battle/You Son of a Bitch/ War-Bolts" is like waking up to a hangover and liking it. Finally, "The Fun World Reductions", in which an approximately 40 second-long (already sped-up) flurry of notes is repeatedly halved (further sped-up) until it is reduced to a buzz, then a hum, then a mere dot of sound. One of the most satisfying records I've endured in months. (Forced Exposure, P.O.B. 1611, Waltham, MA 02245)—B.H. Hart

NOFX: *S&M Airlines C*

Definitely my "pick to click" in this ish! NOFX are an excellent-soundin' band. They already sound MTV-bound. But wait...don't run away just yet. They're a REAL loud rock band. I mean REALLY loud! They actually have really good lyrics! "Professional crastination" is all about service workers who, well Pro Crastinate! Get it? "Vanilla Sex" is all about porno mags, "Life O'Riley" is all about laziness. But don't run away just yet—these guys are actually very likeable. Really great guys. Really! Heck, they can look me up whenever they come to Highland Park! Real fun guitars-bass-drums rockin'! Party toonz! Specially the shout-along chorus on the title cut: "I'll never fly S&M Airlines agaaaain!!!" But wait—don't run away just yet. These guys are just about the rockinist party-animal no-holds-barred get-down wild-and-crazy good time band in the entire universe! That's for sure! Really!! OK, you can run away now! Just don't say I didn't warn ya! (NOFX, 225 N. Irving, Los Angeles, CA 90004)—Dan Fioretti

NONCE: *Roadie for the Kinks LP*

Tight quartet plays socially conscious, crisp, basic rock with a view toward, and sound of, a simpler yesteryear. Phrases and riffs lovingly borrowed from (and tribute paid to) such icons as Buddy Holly and The Kinks, woven seamlessly into freshly original songs. A "fun" aura permeates the disc. "Murphy's Law" is a novelty number with neat effects which memorializes the bad luck syndrome. "Rockie Phenom," the lead singer, wails it all out with upbeat tone and good cheer. (Rear View Recordings, 3666 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94110)—Jack Jordan

OF A MESH: *Broken LP*

The dress in black gothic set should have a field day with this one—perfect for your next graveyard soiree. Vocals deeper than that guy from Sisters of Mercy, a gloomy bass oriented sound, and even an occasional violin flourish make this pretty decent if it's your bag. The Martin Bisi production is good, especially on "New Song" with it's variation of constant monotone so common in this type of music. I don't find this whole style to include much that is innovative or original, but if the effect is to be depressing and grey they succeed. (109 Records, 109 St Mark's Place, New York, NY 10009)—Andy Waltzer

PAUL, DON: *Against the City, We Can Have Everything LP*

Described within as "songs from a play about homeless in San Francisco's tenderloin", Don Paul has assembled a gigantic ensemble of myriad players to flesh out his already meaty poetics. Henri Flood and Babatunde: congas/perc., John Baker: piano/keyboards, Dave Chavez and Marty Holland: bass, James Schaeffer: drums, Claudia Gomez/Henry Kaiser/Joie Mastroka'os and Chuck Prophet: guitars, and background vocalists. Paul's voice sounds like either J. Morrison (The Doors, or Home & Garden)...having that maniacal angry possessed edge that convinces. His lyrics are stark and direct, like road signs, filling in only what you don't already know. He addresses poverty, drug abuse, love for his child, the military, loss, love, ethnic understanding, and pushes toward progressive social involvement. He'll lift you up, make you a question your sincerity and re-evaluate your losses. Heartfelt and current, alternately bluesy, tribal, then folksy. Another Woody Guthrie? Cool. (Maya Music Group, P.O.B. 33 0173, San Francisco, CA 94133)—B.H. Hart

PRESIDENT'S BREAKFAST:

President's Breakfast LP

The last LP I remember hearing that truly breathed new life into funk's tired, beaten corpse was Material's *Memory Serves* back in...god', was it eight years ago? Thank

goodness for President's Breakfast! When it comes to combining fearless creativity with a skeleton-shattering beat, they're on the fucking one. Bone-rattling and highly idiosyncratic bass-work. (Bill Laswell, stand back!) by Nate "world's biggest thumb" Pitts providing an earth's core rooting for the angular and shifting mania up-top. Check out the creative meshing of trad-funk digital drum programming/dub elements/sampling-w-scratcha-chunka-thumpa nuthouse percussives, post-Chic Niles Rodgeresque cheez-grater rhythm guitar stylings, a garage fulla things that go "toot" in the night, and media excerpts a la Kalahari Surfers horsin' wif yo political stance. The brain-child of someone calld Click Dark, his percussives glue the whole 10-person ball'a spunk together. Gotcha a Mothers of Invention sense of humor sweepin' laffs from under the carpet, some acorn-ripping guitar wipeout-solos, and plenty of unknown honkz, brapz'n clonkz that Just plain sound cool! Wait'll y'hear their cover of Ornette Coleman's "Lonely Woman"! Easily, the most satisfying slab I've shaken my ass-cheeks to in years. (Bill Langton, 739 Myra Way, San Francisco, CA 94127)—B.H. Hart

RAUNCH HANDS: *Payday LP*

Yeah, it rocks from start to finish, but for some reason this one doesn't quite inspire me to Patty Duke dance naked, as Thee Mighty Ceasers new record might. I've always suspected a bad joke quality to The Raunch Hands, and while it doesn't quite come out here, none of the tunes are wild or captivating enough that I don't think of the lyrics. One does not listen to garage trash rock for lyrics, because the basic statement is drink and fuck. I can imagine this sounding a lot better if I was drunk, and I do like the bluesy growlers lots, but I could live without a punked up "I Live For the Sun". For garbage and trash fanatics mostly. (Crypt Records, P.O.B. 9151, Morristown, NJ 07960)—Andy Waltzer

RIFLE SPORT:

Live at the Entry—Dead at the Exit LP

Vocals/guitar/bass/drums - your basic rockin' lineup with an '80s punk-fuzz brew of mostly pedestrian songs. J. Christopher's hoarse shout-sing vocals turn me off. Instrumentally, it's tight, with great drumming and tricky tempo changes handled with care. Considerably more complex than the 1-2-3-4 punk genre. This platter captures two live gigs from December 1988 and the energy level was high. Wish I liked this more, but guess what—color me a minority group—these guys have a lot of raver reviews from the likes of "Melody Maker," "CMJ," "Forced Exposure," etc. I dunno...let's see what '90s punk will be like. (Ruthless Records, P.O.B. 1458, Evanston, IL 60204)—Jack Jordan

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FETCH!

ZOOGZ RIFT AND HIS AMAZING SHIT-HEADS: *Live at the Anticlub-1989 C*

A fine documentation of a sadly under-recognized band. ZR has always, for some mysterious reason, been grossly neglected by the success he deserves, and I'm gonna try and do my part to remedy that right now. The Shitheads, through all of their personnel shifts over the years, have remained one of the tightest, most uncompromising American avant-rock outfits ever. A chameleonic ensemble that is as much at home with a gentle ballad ("When My Ship Comes In") as with a ripping polyrhythmic manifesto ("Puke Island Paradise"). Rift is constantly being compared to Beefheart/Zappa, which isn't too bad an albatross to have hanging from one's neck in and of itself, but does neglect to focus on the singularly distinct qualities which differentiate his music from theirs. Willie Lapin is a unique bass talent, alternately whacky, then meticulously precise and abstract. Tom Brown's drumming brings to mind fat ladies dancing on refrigerator boxes (Cool), and Jon "Mako" Sharkey's key-tickling serves as excellent counterpoint to Rift's maniacal guitar workouts. As a guitarist, Rift is at his best when he loses himself in the bowels of his wilder songs and goes straight to the moon wif dat whammy-bar. On this collection of live songs, the boys tear up "Art Band", making that 7-times-signature roar. Y'get blues, y'get odd-rock, y'get stuff that approaches jazz without pulling its pants all the way down. In keeping with my "Truth in Advertising Theorem", this tape is sure to convince you hardheads out there that it's not studio tricks that make all those Zoogz Rift records sound SO GOOD, it's the shit-hot combination of unique musicians who've taken the bizarre world of Zoogz Rift to bed long enuff to see through his muse. (Zoogz Rift, P.O.B. 3304, Canoga Park, CA 91306)—B.H. Hart

SAVAGE AURAL HOTBED:***Savage Aural Hotbed LP***

Percussion-laden industrio-funk-puzz thud-shout heiny-shakin' excellence! Three percussion assets blending traditional drumming, digital software, and non-traditional metals/plastics/etc...weave the construction-site sweater worn by the remainder of Savage Aural Hotbed. Often spoken lyrics addressing social concerns, personal muses, workplace problems and such clarinet stretching out in the smog up top, hopping from familiar phrasings to birdcalls and impatient moans. And the BEAT...oh, the beat! The poundin' here is as good as in the band Miracle Room, and that's a lot! Looking forward to a big fat LP full of more of this skeleton-breaking fineness. (Useless Records, 743 Superior St. SE, Minneapolis, MN 55414)—B.H. Hart

SILLY PILLOWS: *New Ears C*

Super-neato psych-pop of the most fun and merriment! Toe-tappin, fun and friendly. Hilary and Johnathan takes ya on a 80-minute excursion—a carnival, a picnic, and a party all at once! Laid-back pop-rock with cute boy-girl vocals recalling 60's AM pop! Perfect for crusin' the beach. It sounds awesome comin' outa tinny car stereo speakers! Drums 'n guitars 'n keyboards recall that classic garage-combo sound! Simple but poignant lyrics—"I'll be with you," "I'm listening with new ears, new ears...." etc. Some uttempo rockin' toonz, some mellow-psychedelic, all filled with fun and frolic. (Silly Pillows, RD 1, Box 132-E3, Friendsville, PA 18818)—Dan Fioretti

SLINT: *Tweez LP*

Slint is composed of Brian McMahan (ex-Squirrel Bait): gtr/vox, Britt Walford (ex-Squirrel Bait): dms, David Pajo: gr. and Ethan Buckler:bass, and goddamn! are they good! Drawing from my handy point 'o reference basket, I'm hearing Gong, late-K. Crimson, even nods to This Heat and Shock-abilly. Gonad-crushing prog-drum whappin', wild an' wobbly bass meanderin', and really impressive chorus/reverb-o/mondo-distort-o gittar interplay. Song titles are the first names of the band member's moms & dads... giving no clue as to what'cher about to hear. Grand manipulation of dynamics, lotsa variety from song-t-song, and a sustained high level of musicianship throughout. Some slow, Tuxedomoon-oid numberz, then...POW!, got'cher self squeelin' around a corner nna taxi driven by Jack Nicholson on acid, and there's blood all over the windshield. Song seques? Got mumblin' and swallerin' an' mebbe somebody gettin' head. As good (and quite similar musically) to Djam Karet, circa- *The Ritual Continues*. If Wayside isn't distributing this record yet, they ought to be. Looking forward to as much more of this as SLINT care to put out. Very gud stufh. (Jennifer Hartman, Current Address Needed)—B.H. Hart

SOL INVICTUS:***Against The Modern World LP***

From the album title to a poem on the inside info sheet (The law of the strong./ This is our law/ and the joy of the world/...the slaves shall serve), Sol Invictus initially comes across as reactionary. The actual music is highly-produced, eminently listenable, experimental British folk-rock, in the vein of recent Current 93. There is indeed disgust with the modern world in it, and a wistful longing for a simpler past, but not the outright anger one might expect (save for the magnificent "Untitled"). After hearing the album, I realized Sol Invictus was not reactionary, but a horrified eye wondering how Western civilization has gone so far astray, not

even pretending to have the answers. (Laylah Antirecords, BM Sol, London Wc1N 3XX, UK)—Scott Lewis

SOME VELVET SIDEWALK:***Earthbound/Land 7'S***

This is a one-sided record with two short songs and a hand decorated b-side. The first song, "Earthbound," really blew me away. It's just a teen love anthem about a guy wanting to take his girl by the hand and fly with the birds. It's a catchy two-minute masterpiece with a really raw vocal that gives the song tremendous power. My wife said the singing was terrible; I say it's fantastic. In a way, we're both right, you just have to hear it for yourself. The second song, "Land," is a radical remake of Patti Smith's radical remake of "Land of a Thousand Dances." Kind of a punk rock nostalgia novelty thing that has little to do with either of the originals. The band sound is stripped down spontaneous guitar and drums and away we go. The absolute opposite of slick. Anyway, a really great song and a pretty OK song at 45 rpm, that's what singles are all about. (K Casettes, P.O.B. 7154, Olympia, WA 98507)—Jon Booth

STAMPFEL, PETER/THE BOTTLECAPS:***People's Republic of RockNRoll LP***

Weakest Stampfel related disc ever, though it still has some pleasures. Mostly, this disc dives full flounder into the mainstream rock sound past LP's flirted with, and the major overdone production is none to appetizing. Which is a shame, since there are some swell songs here. Best bet is to see Stampfel live and avoid the frustration of this mixed bag. (Homestead Records, P.O.B. 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571)—Andy Waltzer

STEPPE:***Enquire Within LP***

The kind of new psychedelia that 60's garage rock enthusiasts want to avoid like the plague, and pretty good too. Imagine if one of those cheesy Summer Of Love psyche lp's made by hippies after too much drugs and meditation, actually had so many good points it was unavoidable. The Steppes are fruity as anything and some may say wimpy, but the tunes are too good to be ignored; especially the pretty "Time Goes By" and "If We'd But Care." Even some of the spacier bits are good, and I suppose if "cosmic" and "trippy" were real words, with positive and negative aspects, the positive ones would be exemplified here. (Vox Records, P.O.B. 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)—Andy Waltzer

STRIPES, ZEBRA: *Zebra Is Her Name LP*

OK, we can have some fun here. Who can forget this lady's rendition of Fowley's finest, "The Trip"? We're talkin' primo '60s

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SOUND CHOICE

ROCK

kitsch-psych here, amigos... 'n' hey, she did it in Spanish too! She was just a kid then. Now here she is again, 24 years later, still looking sweetly naive and deciding to croon again in that nasal, still childlike, often flat voice which somehow pulls it off on songs that match her style, as on old melodic chestnuts like "Hurtin' Kind," and "You Don't Love Me." Now, if the song ain't right, mind you, no way it works! But even on these tracks, yer ears can easily cope with the predominant delightful wackiness. All songs were sharply arranged by Lee Joseph. All-in-all, a smilin' novelty you should own. (Dionysus Records, P.O.B. 1975, Burbank, CA 91507)—Jack Jordan

STRIPMINERS: *Divorce Yourself LP*

Really good noise rock, sounding loud and pissed and at times. With "The Devil That Put the Girl Inside Me," the noise goes over the edge and sounds insane. Occasionally, there are slight lapses, and I feel this band is less suited to slower or quieter bits than the all out grunge they are so good at. Overall this is a winner and unless they couldn't come up with the \$\$\$, I have no idea why Kramer would drop this midway. For fans of tortured, ugly and loud young men that bear no resemblance to hardcore, and only a little to the NY guitar bands (Live Skull, etc), actually they sound a bit like Agitpop without the gimmicks and with giant hard-ons. (Community 3 Recordings, 438 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211)—Andy Waltzer

SUNDAY CANNONS:

Red to the Rind 12"EP

Respectable thinking-person's midtempo straight-ahead rock on these six tracks from this quartet. Lyrics of personal observances and reflections on life passing by, "Coping with Change." Melody in the "nice but not particularly memorable" category. Nothin' else to say. (Tastee Records, 13 Lockett Ct, Baltimore, MD 21221)—Jack Jordan

T.G.T. (THE GENETIC TERRORISTS):

Machine Gun LP

Do people really buy records like this? I have heard some lame, mindless, trendy, would-be disco tedium coming from the almighty Wax Trax label but this about takes the cake.

These people manage to make guys like Front Line Assembly and Click Click sound almost fresh and innovative by comparison. An utterly pointless exercise in sequencer rigor mortis. To say more would be a waste of paper. Blah. (Wax Trax Records label, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Jon Booth

T21: *Works LP*

For their tenth release Trisomie 21 have abbreviated their name and made the dubious transition from imitating Joy Division to ap-

ing New Order. It's all very slick and carefully constructed, but there's not a scintilla of originality in this disco mood music from France. Phillipe Lompez's voice is almost identical to that of Hardy Har Har, the whining hyena who used to hang out with Lippy the Lion. (Wax Trax Records, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Michael Draine

THEE MIGHTY CEASERS:

John Lennon's Corpse Revisited LP

Stupid, sick, funny, grungy, loud, raunchy-whatever; this is real rock n' roll. This is primo garage trash, some of the best of the new crop I've heard, complete with screams, loud guitars, no pretensions and some pretty swell tunes. This thing pounds from start to finish and if you like wild primitive rock, this doesn't let down. (Crypt Records, P.O.B. 9151, Morristown, NJ 07960)—Andy Waltzer

THREE BOXES: *Real India CD*

No raga rock here, just brisk, jangly garage pop. There's a certain smug, aren't-we-clever self-assuredness in these songs which I find grating in the extreme, but the playing is tight and the writing concise, if indistinctive. (Slidd Records, P.O.B. 40124, Rochester, NY 14604)—Michael Draine

TUPELO CHAIN SEX: *4! LP*

Turbo-Latino funkadelica "with a chili dog up yer ass". There's a non-stop smirk painted all over this LP, and a sleazy sorta "Holiday Inn" feel to the bass struttin', that pulls these tightly choreographed jazzoid pieces along forcefully. The singer (Limey Dave sounds like someone off the ol' Stiff label) and the hornz and rit-gtrz really conjur up a Lounge Lizards/I. Dury and the Blockheads image. Music for people who seek out ugly ties to wear to church. "...the Adams family has moved into the apartment next to mine and I think the Munsters have rented the house across the street..." You can bet that TCS have already invited both new neighbors over for a barbecue. (Cargo Records, 1180 Saint-Antoine St., West, Montreal H3C 1B4, Canada)—B.H. Hart

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS:

Unknown Soldiers LP

OK, this rocker-cum-punker is on the cook-in' side. Negative aspect is a strangely-voiced lead - kind of gruff, nasal and whiny all at once...echoes of Barry McGuire - nay, Sonic Son. Does take some getting used to. Anyway, things usually gel, and there's a pleasing '60s psychedelic weave that infuses some of the songs, and even a sub-Dylan folksy thing with harmonica and jangly guitars (they've forsaken keyboards now). Lotsa

credit due for being faithful to the true rock ethic of playing to please themselves first, and others incidentally. Superior social-consciousness lyrics conveying a message of sadness and despair with the way things are. Best song is a melodic and strong "Been Said Before." Overall, beautiful production and fidelity. This record comes, on balance, recommended. (Funhouse Records, P.O.B. 10509, Portland, OR 97210)—Jack Jordan

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

These Dogs Live In the Garage LP

This lp has 15 songs/14 bands doing sixties influenced music. Out of all the songs and bands, only one stands out. The problem with this album is that it is not so much influenced by the sixties, but outright "borrowed" licks and melodies. One can play trivia pursuit in figuring out what song this or that band borrowed from. It is one thing to play music inspired by an era but quite another to use the same materials. Plus, the music is not even from the more creative aspects from that time period. It is all Top 40 stuff. There are a few cover songs, including "A little bit of Soul," and "Talk Talk." They do absolutely nothing except make one want to hear the originals. But since they are played to death on those "classic" radio stations, one has to wonder why bother at all. The only good tune on the LP is "Don't Cry Wolf" by Willie Alexander and the Baboon Band. Middle Eastern melodies on organ, with good driving bass and drums make one want to listen to it over and over again. This album is a communal effort. All the members of the various bands play on each others tracks. Erick Lindgren's farfisa organ playing is heard throughout. He is the only person besides Willie Alexander who is worth listening to. If you like lots of farfisa organ, The Monkees or top 40, this might appeal. (Arf Arf Records, P.O.B. 954, East Dennis, MA 02641)—Joe Kolb

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Audiologie 5 et 6 C*

Compilation featuring primarily Vox Populi! "and friends". On the surface this is rock music, its essence is much more. Most of the pieces use a simple rhythm pattern as a device to hang atmospheric, sparse but focused instrumental textures. Acoustic and electronic instruments work with each other perfectly. Sensitive playing (no clinkers here), good dynamics and a sense of sounds trying to push out of the straight-forward rhythmic structures create a dark but enchanting atmosphere. Vox Populi! achieves the organic sonic whole that is so elusive in music that blends so many seemingly disparate elements. An honest, progressive in the best sense, and expertly executed excursion into a seductive sonic realm. (Ladd-Frith, P.O.B. 967, Eureka, CA 95502)—Brook Hinton

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Acid Visions, Vol. 2 LP

A latter-day entrant in the genre of '60s punk (with psych) compilations, Texas Division. About half of these tracks have not been previously released. Contributions by The Fanatics (standout tracks), Sherwoods, Thursday's Children (hot), BLC (movin'), Things, Space Cadets, Warlocks (great ballad-punk), and "Homer" (Byrds-school folk-psych). The net result is a quite worthwhile disc to add to the oeuvre, solidly recommended. Digital mastering from the original tapes ensures superior fidelity here, but shame about that shaky left channel on a Things track. (Vox Records, Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)—Jack Jordan

VELASCURGE: *Wiggly Snake CD*

Well-crafted, meticulously recorded art pop reminiscent of late Roxy Music and China Crisis. Yet unlike those bands, this quintet relies heavily on pop clichés ("she's a rose among the thorns to me..."), second hand sentiment, and some rather forced poetic introspection. In other words, don't dare read the lyric sheet. Given the chance though, fans of dramatically-rendered, colorfully synthetic, and melodically memorable pop will probably enjoy this. Others, with an aversion to slickness may be well advised to run the other way.—Arthur Potter (Esync Records, P.O.B. 380621, Miami, FL 33238-0621)

WHITFIELD, BARRENCE; & SAVAGES:

Live—Emulsified LP

What's there to say that you won't expect?

Yes, just another offering of outstanding rockin' rock that would be well at home in any bar or local venue; way too "personal" and "roots" for the big arena. Ten slabs o' raucous energy here: "Bloody Mary"; "Kickin' the Mule in Kansas"; "The Girl From Outer Space"; "Hi-Fi Baby." These boys still be havin' a great time wailin', honkin' them saxes, and generally kickin' ass. If you're into this type of basic, good-time wailin' rock, you couldn't do better than to get on down and snap this up. This is one big sextet. (Rounder Records, Dept LB P.O. Box 154, Cambridge, MA 02140)—Jack Jordan

WORLD STANDARD:

Double Happiness 12"EP

More intelligent techno-pop from those clever Japanese. World Standard distinguishes themselves from the pack with its unusual constitution; a female singer (who doesn't have that whiny soprano typical of so much Japanese pop music), a guitarist who also plays ukulele (not your typical techno instrument), mandolin, and percussion, and a keyboardist who also plays marimbas, plus a plethora of other musical instruments. One side has two songs, the other, two instrumentals. One of the guest artists adds a very nice violin part on one of the songs. With Haruomi Hosono at the helm as co-producer, things are always interesting and technically perfect. This stuff may be lightweight, but it has smarts. (Teichiku Records, 21-17, 1 Chome, Toranomon, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan)—Dean Suzuki



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ALPHAPACER II+ BRAIN MACHINE-- Electronically induces Alpha and Theta brain waves for deep relaxation and meditation enhancement. Uses pulsing lights, sounds, magnetic field, and direct electrical stimulation. These four modes of synchronized stimulation are not found together in any other brain machine, thus allowing the Alpha Pacer II to produce unsurpassed results. New ALPHAPACER II+ has cassette tape input and timer control. \$485. SASE for more information: AlphaPacers, P.O. Box 2385, Eugene, OR 97402. (503) 683-2108.

Clothes

1960'S CLOTHING and apparel. Lava lamps \$60, Kaleidoscopes \$6, Ponchos \$20. FREE catalog. Wholesale welcome. Gypsy Rose, Box 624-SC, Richboro, PA 18954

Distribution

SEARCHING FOR EUROPEAN distribution? Send finished product or demo's to: SEMAPHORE, Box 213, 1740 AE Schagen, Netherlands. If you're looking for an international label, send demo's to: RESONANCE, P.O. Box 549, Village Station, NY 10014.

Education

UNIQUE! PLAY IMMEDIATELY! Learn music through keyboard improvisation. Beginners, re-beginners and teachers. Sample lesson \$3. Modugno's, Box 1476, Laytonville, CA 95454, USA

BLACK GOSPEL MUSIC in print. Written for the pianist who cannot pick up black gospel by ear. Notated exactly the way it is played. "praise him with the gospel" by Charles F. Little, jr. Book #1, \$14.95, cassette \$10.95. book #2 \$12.95, cassette \$10.95. C.F.L. Music Publishing Co., Inc., Box 2028-SC, Lexington, KY 40594.

Employment

WANTED: Prime-time host for MTV. Extensive knowledge of current music scene. Relaxed, good looking, age 24-30, male or female, clever, but not a comedian. Send 3/4" or 1/2" video tape submissions only to: AUDITIONS, 1775 Broadway, 10th Fl., New York, NY 10019

Gigs

GALLERY X is interested in showcasing performance artists, experimental bands, and underground films. If you'll be passing through Phoenix (or are a filmmaker), please write to: Gallery X, c/o Peter Petrusko Jr., P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix AZ 85079. Include SASE. Or call 602-420-9390

Healing

CRIES OF THE INNER CHILD, Healing sounds by Hunter Campbell. Toning tape for emotional and energetic release. \$14 including shipping. Credit cards accepted. Sheridan Sounds, 826E Viejo Rastro, Santa Fe, NM 87505. (505) 988-2071.

Miscellaneous

SWEET GRASS, sage, flat cedar and other herbs. Rawhide and drum frames. Traditional Native American music. \$1.00 for catalog from: Jim Bond I.T., 34030 Totem Pole Road, Dept. MB, Lebanon, OR 97355. 503-258-3645

GIGS! GIGS! GIGS! West Coast Contacts would like to hear from private promoters or Club owners interested in booking bands for shows or setting up concerts on the west coast. Talented musicians available, will send demos, all genres. write: W.W.C., P.O. Box 682, Oakview, CA 93022.

ROAD CASES, unbelievable introductory prices. Keyboard \$72, racks \$65, DJ coffin \$129, many more. Write for brochure and nearest dealer. Isiano Cases. 112-1 Lincoln Ave., Holbrook, NY 11721; 516-563-0633

FREE CATALOG!!!! NAME brands: Fernandes guitars / basses, Fender Acoustics, effects, racks, cables, microphones, pickups, vestafire recorders, harmonicas and more! DISCOUNT MUSIC SUPPLY, Dept SC, 41 Vreeland Ave, Totowa, NJ 07512-1120.

HIGH SCHOOL ACTIVIST button. "High School Students' Rights! Freedom to print, freedom to speak, freedom to organize." Black on red, white, blue or lavender. \$1.00, .75 for H.S. students (list school); .50 ea. for 25+. Committee Opposed to Militarism and the Draft, P.O. Box 15135, San Diego, CA 92115.

CREATIVE LAND ACQUISITION! \$1 refundable. Ridgehaven, P.O. Box 849-SC, Glen Ellen, CA 95442

Personals

GROUP MARRIAGE: Lifestyle for the '90s. New book: send \$7.95 plus \$1.50 postage. Quarterly newsletter \$9/year. PEP, Box 5247-SC, Eugene, OR 97405, USA

TRADITIONAL ORIENTAL LADIES, living overseas, seeking correspondence, marriage. Dignified introductions by American husband, Filipina wife since 1984. Free details, photos, references. Our club has an extremely high rate of success! Asian Experience, Box 1214JR, Novato, CA 94948, phone (415)-897-2742

EXCITING NEW NATIONWIDE photo magazine for singles. Send your name, address and age. Send no money. Exchange Publishing, 1817 Welton Avenue, Suite 1580-3, Denver, CO 80202

WHERE IS HOLLYWOOD JOE? Anyone with any information please write to me, last time I saw him he was living in the hollywood hills and working at Guitar's R' Us. Important! Thanks, Marie, P.O. Box 682, Oakview, CA 93022.

WHERE IS LOUIS SARNO? Would like to get in contact with this former New Jersey house painter who went off to live and study music with pygmys. Help us get in contact. Write to Sound Choice, P.O. B. 1251, Ojai, CA 93023



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Publications

H23 MAGAZINE--cognitive and aesthetic nourishment via experimental music and art. The premier issue featuring Controlled Bleeding, Philip Perkins, Illusion of Safety, Arcane Device, ND and more is still available for \$2 (\$5 overseas). Number two features Boyd Rice, Randy Greif, Sleep Chamber, Floating Concrete Octopus, Arthur Potter, etc.--it includes a 7" EP record and costs \$4 (\$7 overseas). Subscriptions are \$12/3 issues (\$21 overseas). Send check or money order in US funds (payable to Ron Rice) to NOISING place, P.O. Box 592 Pullman, WA 99163, USA.

RECORD WORLD TRADE CENTER. Buy-sell-trade collectible and used records, CDs and memorabilia through "Discoveries Magazine." Fantastic features and reviews, the most complete discographies in print and hundreds of first-time published photos of your favorite recording stars. Request a FREE sample. Call toll FREE 1-800-666-DISC or write "Discoveries", P.O. Box 255-SC, Pt. Townsend, WA 98368

ATTENTION RECORD COLLECTORS. We have record pricing guides and the marketplace to Buy-Sell-Trade collectible records and memorabilia. For more info, contact Jellyroll Productions, P.O. Box 255-SC, Pt. Townsend, WA 98368 or call 1-800-666-DISC 8 AM -5 PM Pacific Time, Mon.-Fri.

JOHN ZORN AND Z'EV had a lot of interesting things to say about themselves back in 1984. You can find out yourself by getting the "Z" issue of OP, featuring prominent articles about both of these iconoclast musicians. and LOTS more. For this hard-to-find back issue, send \$5 to Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023. Outside of U.S. add \$1.

THE SECRET OF MATURITY. Extensive research GUARANTEED to change your life! How is it possible with all our means of communication that many fundamental concepts remain a secret to most people? Send \$5 to k Publishing, Box 3787H, Omaha, NE 68103, USA

BEN IS DEAD Magazine: doesn't have 8 full page ads in a row!!! ...won't try to impress their readers with their writer's lacking qualities!!! ...Won't pretend that guitar soloing long-hairs rock, just because there's money in it!!! (Can you believe we're from LA). \$10/6 issues. P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028.

UNBROKEN CHAIN A newsletter devoted to the Greatful Dead including letters from deaheads, reviews, photos, art-

work, tape trader / classified ads, and a S.A.S.E. for an issue or subscription for \$10 ? year (6 issues). Send check or money order to Unbeoken Chain, P.O. Box 8726, Richmond, VA 23226.

BY THE YEAR 2000, 2 Out of 3 americans could be illiterate. So why wait any longer? Join the hottest trend of the decade & grab an Illiterate Digest. For .75 ID#5 has no direction, Grog, Plus the poetry, comics, & socio-political ranting you love! 623 Culbertson, OKC, OK 73105.

UNDERGROUND SURREALIST MAGAZINE #5 Rock and Roll and all that Jazz". 28 pages of cartoons about rock, including: rock critics of the old west, Mick James, and Uncle Keith. Also features, Hippies from the U.S.S.R. Available by sending \$3.00 to Mick Cusimano, P.O. Box 2565, Cambridge, MA 02238, U.S.A.

YOUR TICKET TO instant hipness! The premiere issue of rear window has masonic secrets, David Greenberger, unreat, knifedance tour diary, stories, reviews, cartoons, and much more. A mere two dollars postpaid from cubist productions, 3408 Juliet St., Pittsburgh, PA 15213. Be the first on your block to get. This valuable art fact.

MEGAMIND ILLUMINATIONS- New movement networker contact zine. Over 50 listings in volume one, each with visuals and descriptions. Publications listed cover censorship, music, alternative energy, comix, politics, research, radiation, peace, obscure catalogs and other items of underground comix, or other type items in trade for a copy. Flash Tabloid, P.O. Box 645, Silver Springs, FL 32688.

EROSPIRIT IS A bi-monthly journal of personal, social and planetary transformation. Wide range of issues, including personal empowerment, addiction, men's and gay spirituality, homophobia, planetary changes. Links the many diverse individuals who choose to co-create with impact during the major transition in progress. Sample: \$2. Subscription: \$24 (6 issues), k Box 35160, Albuquerque, NM 87176.

GUIDE TO UNUSUAL HOW-TO SOURCES. Describes over 50 periodicals and handbooks on basement tech, far away places, gardening, low-cost shelters, travel, woodstore, etc. All addresses included. FREE for SASE. Light Living, POB 190-SC, Philomath, OR 97370, USA

THE INSIDER PUBLICATION edited by Teo Garcia is dedicated to local musi-

cians and bands everywhere! Send \$1 for a sample copy, or \$8 for a one year (12-issue) subscription to: The Insider, P.O. Box 4542, Arlington, VA 22204

HII MY NAME is Gary Pig Gold! I've been putting out my funzine the pig paper since 1975, and I'd like to send you a sample copy! send me some stamps and I will, O.K.? The pig paper, 70 cotton Dr., Mississauga, ontario, canada L5G 1Z9.

THE MANDOCRUCIAN'S DIGEST--The funkiest mandolin rag in the world! Coverage of all "roots" styles of music, lots of instructional columns, record reviews, and feature interviews (No. 12 had Dan Hicks and two ex-Lickettes). Quarterly--\$10/yr; \$14/foreign. Sample (Hicks issue)--\$3. Niles Hokkanen, P.O. Box 1935, Martinsburg, WV 25401

FILE 13 has limited quantities of issues #2-#5. Each available for 45 cents in stamps. Features have included Stripminers, Survival Research Labs. Killdozer, Cranioclast, Big Dipper, Fire Party, Audiofile Tapes, Too Far, Venus Fly Trap, Dog As Master. Art, music or written submissions accepted. Box 548, Lincroft, NJ 07738, USA

HOW TO SUCCEED IN THE RECORD BUSINESS. Get this special essential issue of Sound Choice (No. 12) for only \$5 ppd in U.S. Humorous but truthful words of music business wisdom written by George Alistair Sanger, aka The Fat Man. Essential for any musician on the way up. Cash, check or money order or VISA/Mastercharge! Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA ph. 805-646-6814 9 AM-5PM west coast time.

DUMARS REVIEWS: The new quarterly review magazine by Denise Dumars. Reviews of poetry books and periodicals, SF, horror, obscure videos, unusual magazines, occult subjects; special LA-area reviews of restaurants, occult shops, etc. \$1.50 for sample copy, \$6 for a 4-issue subscription. Make checks payable to: Terata Publications, P.O. Box 810, Hawthorne, CA 90251. Or send two stamps or an IRC for the Terata Catalogue, a treat in itself.

BLUE SUEDE NEWS: "House organ of the Church of Rock and Roll" concerns itself with the roots of rock and roll and contemporary groups displaying strong roots sounds. Reviews, interviews, photos, philosophical ramblings, etc. Full set of back issues (12) \$35. 4-issue subscription only \$5. Box 25, Duval, WA 98019

BVI-CENTRAL: "Intelligent and Bizarre"--Mike Gunderloy, Factsheet Five.

"An underground legend"--David Fisher. Get a free pen. Humans are suicidal. Bush Sucks. Fifty words are not enough to describe BVI-Central. For a sample issue send a personal letter to J. LeRoy, Box 4843, East Lansing, MI 48826-4843

ICE RIVER is an acclaimed, triannual magazine of speculative writing, fantastic art and contemporary music. Subscriptions are \$9 for three issues. Foreign orders please add \$3. Back issues/sample \$2.50. Send SASE for more information, or orders to: Ice River, 953 N. Gale, Union, OR 97883

SALON: A Journal of Aesthetics is an Omni for the creative arts: a publication that can be enjoyed equally by professionals and nonprofessionals. Sample copy \$2; one year (four issues) \$10. (Checks to Pat Hartman) Salon: A Journal of Aesthetics, 305 W. Magnolia, Ste. 386, Fort Collins, CO 80521

COUNTER CULTURE: "journal of diner appreciation": quarterly dedicated to historical and cultural importance of American Diner. Photos, essays, postcards, reviews, directory. \$3 single copy/ \$10 year. Payable to Sean Wolf Hill, ZA3D Publishing Foundation, 2730 Monroe-Concord Rd., Troy, OH 45373

ARTPAPER is an alternative journal on art and culture. Produced in Minnesota but with a national scope, Artpaper is irreverent, accessible, local, polyphonic and truly devoted to the fullness and fun of cultural life outside the mainstream. For survival, comprehensive national listings of grants and competitions for visual artists. Artpaper, 119 N. 4th St., #303, Minneapolis, MN 55401; phone 612-332-0093

THE AFFILIATE: Subscribe to The Affiliate and be part of an informative worldwide coalition: Writers, Musicians, travelers, free-thinkers, and more (even those set up in confinement). To get the credits you might deserve: composers, artists, visionaries, and more. \$25 membership. Monthly issue, \$3 ppd. c/o Peter Riden, 4322 Cleroux, Chomedey, Laval, CANADA H7T 2E3

THE ORIGINAL DONNA KOSSYS KOOKS MAGAZINE. "...was close to despair when Kooks arrived to fill my empty spirit..." "way rad." "I was amazed by page 14 on which a bowlig approach became indistinguishable from a man fleeing in terror." Sample \$4 ppd. Donna Kossy, P.O. Box 953, Alston, MA 02134

LOOKING FOR SOCIALLY and spiritually conscious music? Resource guide gives 100 + detailed reviews in each 56 page issue. Fall '89: music and med-

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itation. Spring'90: new age dance music. \$4 / copy. Heartsong Review, P.O. Box 1084 SC, Cottage Grove, OR 97424.

CUBIST POP MANIFESTO, a journal of infinite digression. Issue eight has baseball cards, eating establishments, anagrams, and lots of music, too. One dollar: postpaid from Cubist Productions, 3408 Juliet Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

WRITER'S BLOCK. Issue No. 5 now available, including Raincoats retrospective, Some Velvet Sidewalk, Two Nice Girls, Black Girls. \$1.50 postpaid. Back issues available: #4 (Young Marble Giants retrospective, Mekons, Linda Smith) \$1.50; #3 (Pixies, Speed the Plough) \$1. Checks/money orders payable to Mike Appelstein. Records, cassettes, publications welcome for review. P.O. Box 271, Spotswood, NJ 08884, USA.

ACTION TIME is a relatively new fanzine covering all sorts of new/independent music and thought. Issue seven out now with Soulside, RedLorry YellowLorry, Prong, Holy Rollers and more. Issue six still available w/ignition, Dinosaur, Fugazi and more. Only \$2 ppd each. Erik, P.O. Box 931, Dumfries, VA 22026

HORROR! FANTASY! SLEAZE! biker flicks! and related kooky junk! It's all in "They won't stay dead! The Bi-monthly fanzine of unusual video. \$6/yr to Brian Johnson, 11 werner Rd., Greenville, PA 16125

FOREFRONT Magazine: Interviews-- Live Skull, Walkabouts, Soundgarden, Caterwaul, American Music Club; tons of features/editorials. Send \$1.50 plus \$1 postage to Tom Clareson, 307 Crestview Road, OH 43202. Also: From the Black Swamp: The Northwest Ohio Compilation cassette (\$5); Deep Six-- debut LP from Toledo, Ohio's Trip 20 (\$6)

FREE THOUGHT #2 Interviews-- sick of it all, killing time, 4 walls falling, up front, A.R.A., and more! Also included are reviews, pages of color photos, poems, skating stuff, cartoons and editorials on various topics. \$ 2.25 ppd. to: Eric Smith, 5219 Wyoming Rd., Bethesda, MD 20816.

JOHN STARTED PUTTING his frustrations on paper. But that didn't help John. John wanted people to know he's pissed. But John didn't really want people to know it's John. So John changed his name and told the world. The Raven, POB 295, Schertz, TX 78154 /traveb No. 7, \$1.50 ppd.

DESTROYED MUSIC /NOISE. Chemical Castration issue #6 out now! Includes

reviews, articles, and interview with the Chicago Illinois power-electronics group Intrinsic Action. Issue #5 with Yerre Blanche still available. One dollar pp. per copy in U.S. (foreign orders send IRC's) Contact: Ben Gilbert, 40 Chase St, Newton, MA 02159.

SUBURBAN VOICE issue #28 available now for \$3 ppd/\$5 ppd overseas. Includes 7" EP with Haywire and Left Insane, plus interviews w/Stiff Little Fingers, Cro-Mags, No For An Answer, Sick of It All, Blast and Supertouch. A Quint, P.O. Box 1605, Lynn, MA 01903

CHADBOURNE DOESN'T SELL OUT. That's right, we still have more copies of Sound Choice No. 7, with Eugene Chadbourne on the cover and the best interview with the man ever. Contains the infamous editorial that had the dear Dr. Chadbourne fuming for months. (Inspired Chad's "Fuck The Audio Evolution Network" cassette album.) We're selling them for \$5 each postpaid. Includes Beat Happening and Daniel Johnston articles, too! (Foreign orders add \$1). Send to Sound Choice, POB 1251, Ojai, CA 93023

FREE- CHICKEN FANZINE #3. Interviews with Bent, pressurehead, and process of elimination reviews, art, more. Done with a sesame streetwise attitude. 2 stamps to: 3740 Stalker Rd., Macedon, NY. 14502 Send Zines and recordings for review and trade. Limited quantity of issue #2's still available.

ASK = GET real cool Broadside. Send S.A.S.E. plus .50 per issue for a sample or send \$2.00 for a year long subscription to: Rambin Willie P.O. Box 642, Winterville, GA 30683

THE RAG NEWS paper is looking for your poetry, artwork, comics, records/tapes for review and printing in central Illinois's largest alternative newspaper. Small press, record companies, bands, anyone with a product to sell please inquire about our low advertising rates. Call Tim Beeneey at 309-682-5551 or write P.O. Box 3038, Feoria, IL 61614.

TRIAL SIZE #3 is out now! Interviews with L.A. bands GEKO and Red temple spirits. Record and zine reviews. Ranting as usual. Other stuff. \$1.00 ppd. From: KXLU c/o Trial Size, 7101 W 80th St., Los Angeles, CA 90045.

STRANJER FANZINE (non profit) needs help in it's graphic department. If you can type in different point sizes and styles and are willing to help out please write. Also, if your able to reverse and screen photos with very little or no cost, please write and help a growing zine. It's needed!! Free copies / write: Stranjer c/o Erik Szantai, 15 Van Saun Dr., Trenton, NJ 08628.

CASSETTES! THAT'S what Gajob magazine is all about. Every tape sent us gets reviewed. That means guaranteed exposure for you! It's what cassette culture thinks-- through letters, interviews, profiles and more contacts than you can shake a pick at. \$2 for current issue, P.O. Box 3201, SLC, UT 84110.

STRESSED OUT \$1.00 pp (cash or stamps) issues 1-9 available. Issue #0 will be out soon. Chaos, comix, stores, punkrock band interviews, good medicine for stressed out people. You know you need it Write to: 151 Arlington Ave., Daytona Beach, FL 32114.

NUDIST / NATURIST JOURNAL: The event is the journal of clothes-optional living on the eastern seaboard. Nude beaches, resorts, clubs, events, travel, legal issues, and more. Many fine notes. Year's subscription \$ 16.00. Sample issue \$ 5.00. The Event, P.O. Box 203 S, Pequannock, NJ 07440.

INTRIGUE..HOCKEY SCORES..A.O.R. magnates in military uniforms... "Carharsis" tells all! Free in finer VA establishments, \$1.50 a copy for mailings: P.O. Box 3181, Suffolk, VA 23434. Issue #7 is out now with a house of freaks interview and the tons of esteras that have made "Carharsis" Tidewater's premier problem child.

JERSEY BEAT # 28 is out now, chockful of exciting and informative interviews with the Greater New York area's edgiest bands, lots of photos, tons of record and tape reviews. An informed and in-depth look at the local underground. Only \$2 postpaid to Jim Testa, 418 Gregory Avenue, Weehawken, NJ 07087, USA

Radio

RADIO STATION MUSIC directors and DJs who are interested in playing independent label recordings on their radio shows should let Sound Choice headquarters know and we'll pass on the information in future issues. Advertising your interests in our classified section also yields good results.

CALLING ALL COLLECTORS! and traders of Radio/TV station stickers, T-shirts, music lists, program guides, and recording & news. The Decalomania Club is for you!! Sample club newsletter \$1.25 (1.50 Canada/Mexico) Info available for an SASE----Enjoy! We've been around since 1982! Write to: The Promotions and Aircheck Collectors Club, Mark Strickert, 3852 N. Oconto, Chicago, IL 60634.

Recordings Available

NO TAPE, NO CD; lots of great music! Crystal Arcade, by Douglas Bregger, is unleashed on the public. Pop/ambient/spoken word/noise coming to you straight from the basement. Available only on arcaic vinyl! \$7. ppd. Dealer/record store inquires welcome Douglas Bregger, 700 Malibu Dr., Silver Spring, MD 20901

THRU BLACK HOLES music is space rock, psychedelic ethnic, cosmic old west... Combining synthesizers, guitars and percussions to form soundscapes from this world and others. Thru Black Holes Music and Art/Michael Roden, 2018 Big Indian Rd., Moscow, OH, 45153.

SEND SASE FOR short, but interesting list of out-of-print and rare records: David Parker, Box 4651, St. Louis, MO 63108.

PARTY AKIMBO-- 6 song cassette, "Somewhere East of L.A.", is now available from Primal Productions for only \$6. Also available live tape, \$5; Party Akimbo T-shirts \$10; stickers and much more. Primal Productions Box S, 408 Timber Branch Pkwy. Alexandria, VA 22302

SMALL TOOLS TRADITION announces the release of Naram Sin 4, the cassette follow up to their LP, Daisies. Also: LP's by Little Fyodor and Iceplants, compilation tapes, etc. Write for FREE catalog at: P.O. Box 8005, Suite 239, Boulder, CO 80306-8005

WEST BY THE symptoms. What Hiss Music Co.'s first child of artistic conception. Duration: 84 minutes Question: Prepare yourself. Answer: you can't. Synopsis: Hoffer is the one with the bas eye, you must hear this. Cassettes: \$7 postpaid, payable to What Hiss Music Co., P.O. Box 24155, Winston-Salem, NC 27114-4155. CD orders: 919-760-4438 - 24 hrs.

ART CONTROL: New 32 page auction/set sale. Progressive, electronic, industrial, experimental music world-wide. Mostly rare, near mint imports. Steven Del Nero, 10301 Lake Ave., Suite 825, Cleveland, OH 44102. Please mention Sound Choice!

PRIMITIVE EARTH is the new compact disc from Carl Weingarten and Walter Whitney (Delay Tactics). New frontiers for guitar and synthesizers. A full hour of exciting new music--enchanting and mysterious. \$12.50 postpaid, or \$14.50 for C.O.D. orders, call 314-772-2769. Cassette version included absolutely

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POINT NO POINT! Roots pop band. Catchy melodies, tight harmonies, bracing guitars, solid bass/backbeat show the days of good pop songs are not over. 11 songs, one tape, only \$5.95 ppd. from Optional Art, P.O. Box 22691, Seattle, WA 98122.

BLANKS DEBUT LP, \$7.00. Forthcoming LP, "If This Had Been An Actual Emergency," \$6.00. These and other vinyl gems from Detroit available through Bill B/Falsified Records, P.O. Box 1010, Birmingham, MI 48012.

THE AGE OF the cassette has arrived! No threat! Non-toxic! The true alternative! Discover some unique Boston talent (Mr. Curt, Urban Ambience, laughing academy, the EXTs and more) releasing products via the tape culture. For FREE catalogue/more info, write to: Camaraderie Music Cassettes P.O. Box 403, Kenmore Sta., Boston, MA 02215

JULIANA HOPP RECORDS, P.O. Box 23, 7152 Aspach, West Germany. Specializing in retail and wholesale of rare and hard to find rock, synthi, 60s progressive, jazz and obscure classics. Send \$3 or four IRCs for new catalog.

IMPORT, DOMESTIC, INDEPENDENT CD's, records, tapes, videos, T-shirts, posters and books. Send \$1 to get on mailing list. Magnolia Thunderpusy, Dept. SC, 1585 N. High St., Columbus, OH 43201, USA

SUBLIMINAL HYPNOSIS LEARNING cassette! Dramatically enhances technique within weeks, without extra reading / practice, or your money refunded!! Benefits all styles / Levels musicianship. Not a mail-order rip-off!! Specify:

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DJAM KARET: The Crimson, Floyd, Gong tradition brought to the '90s wholly unaplagiarized. Ripping guitars, surging rhythms, moving textures. "Reflections from the Firepool" CDs \$12; cassettes \$7 postpaid. Write Djam Karet, P.O. Box 883 Claremont, CA 91711 USA. Other releases and info available. Call 714-626-7533

THE COMPOSITE DRAWING LP of various artists, about which Ben is Dead Magazine says, "All in all, this is an excellent compilation for varied tastes in the underground world. Buy it!" Features Big City Orchestra, Angel of the Odd, and 16 more. \$6 (foreign orders add \$3). Deco Records, P.O. Box 57549, L.A., CA 90017

BRET HART'S KOREAN CHAOS Volumes I ("Bullwinkle Pond & The 5") and II ("Zounds!") now available. Uncompromising and strange instrumental guitar multi-track improvisations. \$5 ppd each. Bret Hart, NSGA Pyongtaek, Box 48, APO San Francisco, CA 96271-0134

PRAGUE SPRING. Real time cassette. Six dollars and fifty cents (American). No small milk frogs please. Braidwood Records, Box 4621, Metuchen, NJ 08840

"BELL BORN" by Michael Mantra. Featuring Tibetan Bells, Burmese Gongs with principles of Nada and Swara Yoga. Rejuvenating, centering, calming, grounding. Live digital recording. Real time duplicated audiophile cassette. Great for meditation, relaxation or stress management. \$9.95 and \$1.50 shipping per album, 6.5% Calif. sales tax. Send check or money order, Tranquil Technology Music, P.O. Box 20463, Oakland, CA 94620

EJAZ HAS 11 hi-bias C90's available, \$5.00 each featuring Cool and the Clones and other unique artists. Contact EJAZ at 6511-81st St, Cabin John, MD 20818. Also available through Wayside Music, Box 6517 Wheaton, MD 20906.

"ELYSIAN BEACHES" by Bhagavad-X. 48 minutes of digitally recorded music for meditation and massage. Real time duplicated audiophile cassette of soft, soothing, silken sound quality that creates an audio massage. \$9.95 and \$1.50 shipping per tape, Calif. sales tax where applicable. Send check or money, Tranquil Technology Music, P.O. Box 20463, Oakland, CA 94620. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

PHLEGM SLUGS. Five songs, \$3. With members of N.Y.C.'s Dog! and Vernon's Wards. Spine crunching fun! Also Groovy Daisies Noise Posse "Sweet China White" live cassette single \$2. Phlegmslug Internationale, P.O. Box 1204 Canal Street Station, NY, NY 10017

Recordings Wanted

Life Threatening Radio, WNEC: Seeks material to consider for airplay and monthly "Best of" compilations (Cassette distributed by subscription). Only musically new, groundbreaking, intelligently humorous, or weird need apply. Rich Lynch, Life Threatening Radio, WNEC, Box 943, Hellsboro, NH 03244.

ATTENTION AUDIO EVOLUTIONISTS. New cassette-oriented label is looking for interesting sounds. Electronic, experimental, improv, psychedelic or...? Compilation lp in the works. Send tapes to: Jon Booth, 540 San Clemente, Ventura, CA 93001.

Video

REAL GEORGE'S BACKROOM TV wants to play your music or art video. We've got a million possible viewers. New York! Send 3/4" or 1/2" VHS. Receive FREE Buzz Magazine too, just ask. P.O. Box 3111, Albany, NY 12203

FOREIGN NATURIST VIDEOS AND MAGAZINES, \$2, S.A.S.E., Natplus-SC, Box 9296, Newark, DE 19714-9296

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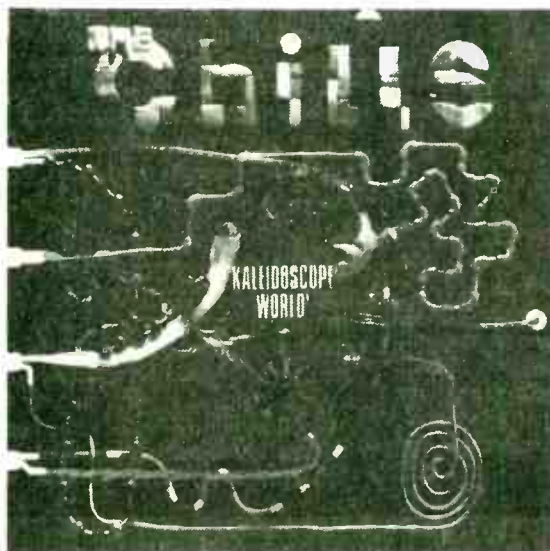
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