

The All-Original Music Networking Magazine

SOUND CHOICE

No. 16, Winter 1991

An Audio Evolution Network Publication

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Timothy Leary

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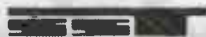
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SOUND CHOICE

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The psychedelic trips of the near future will be electronic strap-on audio/visual environments -- variable realities at the flip of a switch. Psychedelic proselytizer Dr. Timothy Leary, Ph. D. has been there and wants to bring you along. Exclusive Sound Choice interview by Faustin Bray of Sound Photosynthesis.



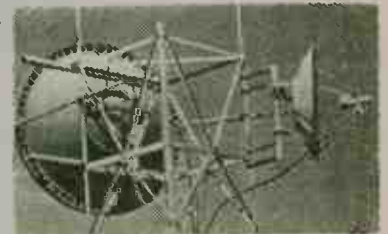
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Music affects the mind and body in powerful and subtle ways. Sounds can kill and sounds can heal. Read about the hidden influence of Sound and contemplate the sonic theories presented by the authors of sound consciousness books.



47 Take Over

The radio airwaves are a vital communication resource that is often wasted. It's high time for the network to take over the airwaves. We'll tell you how.



Network Services

Membership in the Audio Evolution Network is automatically extended to all Sound Choice Magazine subscribers. Membership privileges include access to Audio Evolution Network information services and network projects, activities, link-ups. Subscriptions are available as follows: \$10 for four issues delivered within the United States; \$15 (U.S. funds only) for four issues delivered outside U.S. Single copies of current issue are available for \$3 ppd; \$5 for airmail. Visa/Mastercard Display Advertising is available at low-cost "network" rates: full page, \$300; half page \$150; quarter, \$75; sixth, \$50; eighth, \$30. A detailed ad rate card and display specification guide is available on request. Reviews: If you have an item you would like reviewed in Sound Choice, please read and fill out the Review Request Form on page 6.

SOUND CHOICE Magazine (ISSN 8756-8176) is published by the Audio Evolution Network, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA; telephone 805-646-6814.

The magazine office staff and global desktop publishing crew: David Ciaffardini, Bob Hewitt, Matt Bell. Special teams: Jeff SanMarchi, Mayo Morley, Margo Eiser, Jody James, Laurette Weise, Bill, Daniel, Joe Bob, Brian Wallace, and Faustin Bray. Special outrageous thanks go to fine artists MICHAEL RODEN and DUNCAN H. whose pen and ink work expands our visual consciousness throughout this issue. Everlasting thanks to subscribers, reviewers, letter writers, advertisers, distributors, and all those who've been patient and understanding (and persistent) in dealing with our under-staffed communication system: If you want to chat, got something on your mind, have a great idea, need music networking info, want to straighten something out, etc., call us at 805-646-6814! **Subscribers:** (We love you) The last two digits at the top right hand corner of your mailing label indicates the number of the final issue of your current subscription. For your convenience, and to insure uninterrupted service, you may send your renewal any time prior to your subscription expiration. If you are moving, or if any of the information on your mailing label is incorrect, please send us your new address and your old address so that we may update our records and prevent lost magazines. **Reviewers/Writers/ Information Agents/Artists:** Your contributions are needed, encouraged, and greatly appreciated. Get in touch, tell us what you know, what you need, be a part of it, just do it. **Advertisers:** just do it! **Retailers and Wholesalers:** Make \$ by stocking Sound Choice! Call!

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Adams, Brook; Doug Eagle: *Private Language, C*

Spider House Music, P.O. Box 172, Durango, CO 81302. (303) 247-3707.
10 Instrumental pieces built around guitar & keyboards. Influenced by 70's art-rock, celtic, classical.

Alcorn Quartet: *Strange New World, C*

Jim Alcorn, 12030 Sharpcrest, Houston, Texas 77072. (713) 530-7934.
Pedal steel guitar, flute, bass, drums, original music influenced by free jazz, world music, 20th century classical tonalities.

Bare Bones: *Bare Bones, C*

C/O Suzanne Nuttall, 953 Melrose, Montreal, Quebec H4A 2R3, CANADA
A duo playing essential, sultry R&B with a touch of twang.

Billy Goat: *Bukie, C*

Billy Goat, 5802 Richmond, Dallas, TX 75206.
Exploding Silly Putty groove coated with a collage of garlic.

Bonomo, Paul: *Songs from my Right Hand, C*

Eine Kleine Totenmusik, P.O. Box 10410, Arlington, VA 22210. (202) 234-3258.
Groovey, funky, fast, sexy, aggressive, masturbatory, homoerotic cock-n-roll.

Brave New Tribe: ... for those who see EP

Gregory L. Young c/o Booming Bass Records, 330 Avenida Del La Vista, Indianalantic, FL 32903.
(407) 723-2271.

Buxinrut: *The Criminal Elephant C*

Buxinrut c/o Ken Glanden, Rd. 1, Box 49, Frederica, DE 19946, ph. 302-335-4297
"Strange little tunes to 'Bob' up and down to. Mucho testosterone."

Cardillo, Joe: *Free Will- Power Perfect, 12" Single*

Melodia Productions, P.O. Box 11359, Albany, NY 12211-0359. (518) 482-2453.
Industrial dance, focussed on censorship.

Clark, Dave; Walter Drake: *The Mesmerization of Water C*

2805 E. 16th Ave. #5, Denver, CO 80206.
Features textural - multi-rhythmic sound washes that evolve and can bring you to a hypnagogic state. Some very evocative distortions.

Common Language: *Scar, CD*

Big Flaming Ego, P.O. Box 718, Seattle, WA 98111.
7 Song CD. Cocteau Twins meet Big Black, you decide.

Ditto: *Texas Electric LP, C*

P.O. Box 49124, Austin, TX 78765, USA
"Moody, quirky, strange, and unique electronic tone poems--a 'hole 'nother thang'"

Eleven Shadows: *Eleven Shadows, C*

Eleven Shadows, P.O. Box 17283, Encino, CA 91416.
Haunting eastern melodies, sensual textures, unrelenting tension, brutal rhythms, ethereal soundscapes.

Ellis, Leonard: *Starlight Sonata C*

Leonard Ellis Productions, P.O. Box 66002, Los Angeles, CA 90066, USA
"Joyful, lively and romantic music for piano and chamber ensemble based on the ethnic dance traditions of Europe and America."

Ellis, Leonard: *Circle of Dreams C*

Leonard Ellis Productions, P.O. Box 66002, Los Angeles, CA 90066
Romantic, haunting melodies for solo piano evocative of the ethnic dance rhythms of Europe and America. Relaxing, hypnotic and sensuous.

The Funkless Wonders: *Neither the Look Nor the Attitude, C, DAT*

Lifelike Music, 2-12 Seaman Ave. #5B, New York, NY 10034. (212) 589-7750.
Songs across the spectrum.

Greater Than One: *Trust, LP*

We Never Sleep, P.O. Box 92, Denver, CO 80201.
Limited numbered edition- 1000 copies clear aquavynyl, early recordings.

Hernia Retraction Accordion: *Infectious Damage, C*

C/O Peter Petrisko Jr., P.O. Box 56942, Phoenix, AZ 85079.

Kubist Tier: *20th Letter of the Alphabet, LP*

Go-Dot, 5609 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90016.
Improvisational, more of an experimental chamber group than a jazz quartet.

Larynx Zillion's Novelty Shop: *Southpaws Unite!, Single*

Lawrence Bond Miller/ Farfetched Records, P.O. Box 7045, Ann Arbor, MI 48107.
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Lucas, Robert: *Across the River, C*

Delta Man Music, Box 8874, Newport Beach, CA 92658
Big variety of original and traditional delta blues- digitally recorded.

MacLeod, Marlee: *Marlee MacLeod, C*

Lauribelle Records, 610 13th Street #15, Tuscaloosa, AL 35401. (205) 768-9505.
Rowdy female w/ attitude sings mood-altering folk rock. Astonishing.

Methods of Dance: *A Million Miles of Green, C*

P.O. Box 3633, Boise, ID 83703-3633.

Ordinary Boys: *Southwestern Suburbia, C*

West Records, P.O. Box 55011, Phoenix, AZ 85078-5011.
Orgasmic rock from the depths of hell.

Puchalski, Gregg: *8 Houses, C*

C/O Powder French, 1216 Trevanion Ave, Pittsburgh, PA 15218.
Music based on the I Ching, using 8 notes per house to create the mood of each.

Ricketts: *Orange Demo C*

Ricketts, P.O. Box 256, Streetsville, Ontario, Canada L5M 2B8.

Rosengarden, Neil: *The Plaid Album, C*

Banana Uggie Records, 1537 N. Laurel Ave. #106, Los Angeles, CA 90046. (213) 654-7429.
A musical sketchpad written over a 3 1/2 year period, encompassing many diverse styles including pop, electronic, salsa, classical, and funk.

Schlosser, Art Paul: *My Cat Was Taking A Bath, C*

Art Paul Schlosser, 214 Dunning, Madison, WI 53704.
8 songs done on guitar and some have kazoo, weird lyrics, and interesting voice.

Shepard, Mark: *Feather on the Wind, C, CD*

Benjamin Lewis, Scarecrow Records, 212 Nelson Ave., Peekskill, NY 10566. (914) 739-2694.
Acoustic rock by singer/songwriter, Mark Shepard touches heart, mind, spirit.

Snakesquirt: *Songs for Casualties, C*

Snakeflesh Recordings, P.O. Box 1849, Dayton, OH 45401.
Amazing multi-track free improvisations, free catalog includes other artists.

Sohmer, Charlie: *Some Shadows Lead You On, C*

Snowy River Records, Box 4655, Station E, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 5H8, Canada.

Telescope Bowmen: *Acquire the Earth, CD*

Tim Grant, 3832 E. Sycamore Ave., Orange, CA 92669. (714) 744-2543.
Post-modern, psychedelic, pure pop.

Tilbury, Hank: *Defective Recording, C*

Hank Tilbury, P.O. Box 523, Heber Springs, AR 72543.

Triangle Mallet Apron: *America's King, C*

P.O. Box 49108, Austin, TX 78765. (512) 476-9397.
Truly unique combo with impassioned vocal, gritty tradition, surreal melodies.

Trombla, Lisabeth: *Simply Lisabeth, C*

Vibration Records, P.O. Box 7640 Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163. (516) 759-3161.
Piano, vocals, adult contemporary music. Universal themes of love, personal change and introspection. Uplifting music!

Various Artists: *Durangatwangs, C*

Spider House Music, P.O. Box 172, Durango, CO 81302. (303) 247-3707.
Collection of songs by musicians in Durango, Colorado. Jazz, Rock, Country, other-

Various Artists: *Put Down Your Pencil, C*

Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center, 700 Main Street, Buffalo, NY 14202 (716) 854-5828.
A compilation of work by home tapers using appropriated educational materials and/or simulated appropriations.

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.

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

To obtain a free, published review of your material, please fill out this form, or copy, and submit with item to be reviewed. One form per item. Thanks.

Our intention is to review as much material as possible, however, we cannot and do not guarantee that all items submitted will be reviewed. See information below about guaranteed "new release" listings available elsewhere in this magazine. We do not return submitted items.

Only submit material that is in its completed form and

available to the general public. No "demos."

To confirm that Sound Choice received your item, you may include a stamped, self-addressed envelope, or postcard with this form. We will return it upon arrival. Also, when a review is completed and slated for publication, we will notify you by mail -- at our expense -- before publication date.

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 (10 words max.) description of item: _____

Item submission check-list: 1. Include a completed Review Request Form with your submission. 2. Make sure there is a contact address attached in a permanent manner to each item submitted? 3. In the case of cassettes, make sure the title of the cassette is on the cassette as well as the cassette case. (This prevents lost cassettes!) 4. If you want to confirm that your item arrived safely, include an SASE or postcard.

Guaranteed Network Listing

If you want this item listed (guaranteed) in the next Audio Evolution Network Quarterly Release List of new independent releases (See page 5 for example), 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 (10 words maximum) will be included with your listing upon request for an additional fee of \$5 per issue.

Sound Choice subscribers may take a 25% 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!

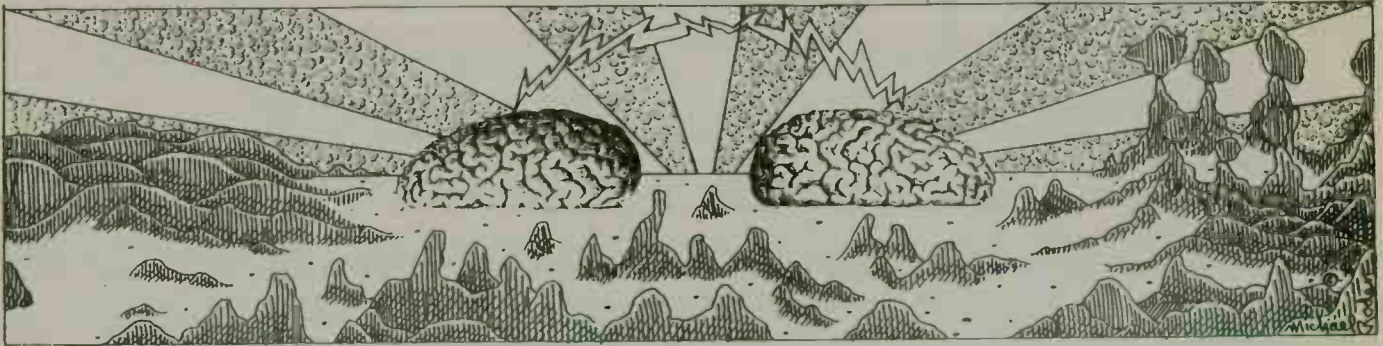
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Sound Choice tunes you into stimulating recordings, vital music community news, crucial interviews, and reviews of all manner of clever audio literature, software and hardware you want to know about.

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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!
- No. 14** Russian Jazz, Leo Feigin of Leo Records; Andrew White offers Distribution Tips; Buzzcocks interview. Pirate Radio Activist Dewayne Readus, WFMU-FM legal problems, Distribution and Payola News
- No. 15** GG Allin's definitive jailhouse interview, Genesis P-Orridge, Psychic TV/T.O.P.Y., Ace Backwards, Ian MacKaye of Fugazi; Radio Station Address List, World Music Guide, Mail-Order Catalogs Reviewed

Check off the issues you want

OP MAGAZINE

The original music-networking
magazine.

- 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. Z** The final issue. Featuring long interview with John Zorn and Zev 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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LETTERS

Scrawlings From Prison

David,

Here's a piece of poetry that I recently wrote. It sums up my feelings on a page..

Later, GG Allin, Adrian Correction Facility

Self Absorbed

As I walk the blood soiled path of my cosmopolitan existence, I abscond to the inner fractions of my internal, external, opened up and bleeding lacerations. Walking alone I conjoin my death and dangerous desire ablaze my ultimate consummation. I conducere the collision of life and suicide through confrontational dogmatic rituals of my burning underflesh. We are all dogmeat on the bones of ashes. I am introverted first and utmost. I discard gregarious behavior. The one man bullet from within shoots out from the descending elevators of my ever expanding brain map. I shall proceed to arbitrate the ways in which I shower the fragments of my corpse with lead, further puking the phlegm through conduit intestines on the rusted edge of an instant plunge. Deep digging, tearing to explore new openings of our interior depths of punctured skin spiders. Digress with me as I have become the trail of mutilation towards destruction and evil for all. Follow closely the depths of my empathy. We the arbitrary souls of our own temple need nobody. Our self structured minds will take course our passions to the battlefield of elasticated hands, reaching out to suffocate the closing air passages of passers by.

GG Allin, prison, 1990

Don't Feed The Animal

Dear David and Everyone at Sound Choice:

....Did you really have to give so much space to such a total asshole as GG Allin? If he wants to cut himself up, why should I give a shit? Any publicity for this moron just feeds his own feeling of self-righteousness.

Mr. Stu,
San Francisco, CA

Inspiring Ish, Dude

Dear Dave:

Thanks for sending the latest *Sound Choice*. It was by far the most useful, entertaining, informative and inspiring ish I've seen (and I've seen most of them). The Ian MacKaye piece was especially inspiring. I don't know if I'd like Fugazi's music but like Henry Rollins and the early SST concept (the Greg Ginn interview of several issues ago was another inspiration), the very fact of their existence and stalwart D.I.Y. ideology transcends the "product" they pump out. Inspiration is one of the few non-commodifiable things that exists (I think).

Also, thanks for the review of my Blips cassette. Hopefully my terribly obscure band and misc. activities will benefit from the jolt of MacKaye's words (and G.G.'s).

Keep up the good work. You're a real fucking scrapper and a credit to the underground.

Adam Quest
Box 3291, New York, NY 10185

Sound Choice Saves Woman's Life

SC:

So I'm the basic be-breasted broad seeking signs of intelligent life...or not so be-breasted as be-fuddled as to where and how to seek it.

Item A--a small plug in some obscure "free-the-weed" rag I'd liberated from a be-blacked-be-in; a black hair, black walls, black clothes joint...there it was: *Sound Choice!*

Instant enlightenment, presto chango, black hair dye be-gone--an alternative to the alternative (although Floyd of Skin Trade will always be a fleshy first love.)

Sign me up. Turn me on.

I was a chick destroyed by fashion, saved by complete sentences and current on-target commentary.

Rhonda K.
Dover, FL

P.S. Through in an in-depth "Do we want to fuck her or what?" Kim Gordon of S.Y. story and I'll up it to 8 issues--Easy!
I know heroine worship is so passe'....

Tuned In, Turned On

David:

...You'd be surprised how much I get out of *Sound Choice*, in way of finding relatively unknown people and playing them on my (radio) show. (Beth Williams, who I heard of from S.C. recently played live on the station.

I guess you know this, but all the NY stores are ceasing to sell GG Allin records, and the rights to them all were sold to---Stewart Brodian. Life is strange. Great move, how you did that whole piece.

Compliment--the Psychic TV piece turned me on and excited me so much to want to see them, and I've always thought of them as silly. Maybe I'll still thing so, but the non-cynical turned-on tone you wrote in made me so anxious to find out. Good job.

With love and affection,
Andy Waltzer, NY

Enthusiastic Coum On

Dear Bob and David,

GREEEEET piece ov stuff. If only thee pseudo journalists in Britain could study their subject & have an open mind like you.

As we travel furthur to re-MIND ourselves you give me faith & TRUST that all can be as it should.

Would L-ov-E another 5 copies IF you have them. Did ya get thee records from WAX TRAX?

Thee CD's have lotsa extra MOOSick so insist you do. Was FUN being with you, watching your caring ways. We hope to coum back soonest, maybe November, do coum more. America seems to have ENTHUSIASM.

cari saluti,

genesis

T.O.P.Y. UK, c/o Rapid Eye, P.O.Box 23, Brighton, Sussex
BN2 4AU, England



Hungary For Capitalist Music

Dear Dave:

My name is Tamas Levay. I live in Hungary, Eastern Europe. You know, it's the former communist area. The countries over here look forward to feel the cold hand of Western Capitalism.

At long last we can freely publish independent papers as result of major changes have happened to Hungary. Please find enclosed a copy of our underground music magazine *Alterrock*. It's a monthly alternative paper with a circulation approaching 10,000. I have no idea what you will think of *Alterrock* but perhaps you will find it of interest.

I am very interested in seeing your magazine, *Sound Choice*. I have looking for it for over a year. Can you send me one of the latest copies, please. Or, I would really appreciate if you could review *Alterrock* in your zine and send the issue to us. Thank you.

I would be very glad to check out *Sound Choice* because I was told it's a real alternative music magazine, made by people who love independent sounds and know how to write. I would like to keep in touch with you to find out what is there on the underground music scene of the States. I would put you on the mailing list of *Alterrock* if you could manage to do that, too.

Well, I hope to hear from you soon.

Kind regards

Tamas Levay

Alterrock, Varju u. 4, Budapest 1181, HUNGARY

P.S. Let me know if I could be of help in sending you some Hungarian "dissident" music.

Digital: A Dangerous Choice?

Dear Sound Choice,

Greetings from Vibration Records! Thank you for publishing such a great magazine! As an Independent Label it is so refreshing to find a source that dares to state the "unstateable." I found your article on the merits of analog quite helpful. I have often wondered from an intuitive place about the effects of digital recording. I would welcome any additional information that you might have concerning the research data on the effects of analog verses digital.

Folkways is considering releasing its library on digital; a dangerous decision in the light that much of the music it has control over has what I would call "healing potential." I have released my debut cassette-only recording that was DAT mastered and was a bit alarmed to read the findings of such research because I specifically write music to be of a healing nature. I will give serious consideration to my next release that it be analog for the reasons your article mentioned. I was unaware of such information at the time of recording my first cassette. Thank you again.

Sincerely,

Lisabeth Trombla,

Vibration Records, P.O. Box 7640 Grand Central Station, NYC, NY 10163

Lisabeth, It is my feeling that digital and analog audio each have different properties, and different ideal uses. But at this point our understanding of these differences is extremely poor. Certainly more research is needed to find out how different sound sources are perceived and they effect they have on psychology and physiology.

If you want to find a lot of excellent information that tends to favor analog and point out the problems with digital, contact the Digital Defamation League, 23 Stillings St., Boston, MA 02210. --D.C.



Intonation Investigation

Dear Sound Choice,

I was recently referred to you by a friend who mentioned the magazine's networking role and it's appeal to people who are into making and listening to independently produced music. He thought that the readers of *Sound Choice* would be fascinated, as he was, by the work that I'm doing.

I'm a guitar player who was dissatisfied with the intonation delivered by the equal-tempered frets on guitars. I realized that the frets could be laid out to deliver the acoustically perfect scale known as Just intonation and that the music played on such a guitar would sound more perfectly in tune--the problem was that the guitar would only work in one key signature, the particular key for which the frets were laid out.

Later, I thought of developing some kind of interchangeable fretboards and making them for Just Intonation--a different fretboard for each key. This was a natural solution to this universal problem. I wasn't the only person to conceive of such a solution--a Canadian, a Frenchman, and another American all thought of it independently. I was in South America at the time, and I planned to build myself an interchangeable fretboard guitar in Just Intonation as soon as I got back to the states.

Three weeks after I returned I discovered that Tom Stone, the other American, had already developed and patented the idea. He was selling new Takamine classical guitars which he adapted to interchangeable fretboards. Though I prefer to play steel-string guitar, I went ahead and purchased one of his classicals, which I still have.

His company, called Intonation Systems, went out of business within 18 months--the world wasn't ready for such a radical step. Not only could these guitars play in untempered Just Intonation, but fretboards could be made for authentic Japanese Koto scales, authentic Arabic scales, Indonesian Gamelan scales, and any experimental scale imaginable. An engineer in Texas divided the octave into ten equal parts so that he could hear what 'decimal' music sounded like--yuck!

A couple years later Tom Stone was back, this time doing retrofits: adapting musician's existing instruments to interchangeable fretboards. I had him adapt my 5-string banjo, the only banjo ever done this way. It sounds great.

Unfortunately, the world still wasn't ready for unlimited choice in intonation. A year later, I arrived at his factory in Iowa with my newly purchased steel-string Martin in hand for adaptation, only to find that his second company, called Novatone, had flamed-out just two weeks earlier. He was kind enough to give me the materials to make my own interchangeable fretboards, and I paid one of his laid-off employees to adapt my guitar's neck, and that eventually led me to an idea: Why not make a Do-it-Yourself Kit of Interchangeable Fretboards to sell to the visionary musicians who wanted Just Intonation, microtonal tunings and scales? The market might be too small to support the overhead of a major operation, but I figured I could travel around and distribute Interchangeable Fretboard Kits from the trunk of my old car. Tom agreed, and gave me license to do it. Although I eventually lost his patent in the bankruptcy settlement, I managed to negotiate a similar agreement with the patent's new owner, and I have organized a small network of guitar builders and repairmen who now have experience in adapting guitar necks. I have also developed a computer program which allows me to print fretting templates for any type of scale for any type and size of fretted instrument.

The world is starting to become aware of the virtues of Just Intonation, other untempered scales, unequal temperaments and non-twelve equal temperaments. The Yamaha

DX-7 Model 2 synthesiser, the Ensoniq Performance Sampler, and other keyboards now provide micro-tunings which include these scales. The New York City band called The Microtones and sacred music maker David Hykes have already made use of my kits. I expect that there will eventually be a wide interest in improved and different intonations. The standard intonation, equal temperament, was developed two hundred years ago as a compromise tuning which allowed one to play in all of the key signatures. Today we can change keys and intonations by pressing a button or slipping on a different fretboard. We are no longer limited to a single, fixed, compromise intonation.

It would be difficult to exaggerate how radical these innovations are. They literally go to the root of music, to the perceptual qualities of the steps of the scales and harmonies on which music is built. It would likewise be difficult to exaggerate how little-realized this remarkable invention remains: There are over fifty million guitars in the United States alone, but there are fewer than sixty guitars with interchangeable fretboards in the whole world. For the past five years I have been the only source for them on planet number three.

If any Sound Choice reader is interested, he or she can write anytime c/o my permanent mailing address:

Mark Rankin

c/o U.S. Post Office, Greenbackville, VA 23356, USA

(Editor's Note: Rankin sells his fretboard kits for between \$225 and \$350 each)

Performer for 'The Wrong Reasons'

Sound Choice

Got the issues you sent. The interview was very representative of who I am. Great to see someone with the fucking balls to print it.

Here's a quick update on my situation: I was denied parole and giving a 6 month extension to my already unlawful time putting my out date to May 21, 1991. The parole board said, and I quote, "Mr. Allin, you are a performer for all the wrong reasons."

Maybe for all their lame boring reasons, but not mine. Who the fuck are they to try and analyze me. That how it stands. I still plan on filing a lawsuit against the state for discrimination. Fuck all of these motherfuckers.

Send along the next issue when it comes out. I'll still be here.

Later

GG Allin--206045, D-4, P.O. Box 1900, Adrian, MI 49221

P.S. Enigma LP will definitely be out in mid. Sept. "Anti Social Personality Disorder". I'll make sure you get one when it's out.

GG: It looks like you're getting screwed by Enigma. (Join the crowd) We called Enigma to inquire about your record and were told they know nothing about it. We were going to suggest they do a co-promotion and tour with you and their new recording artist David Cassidy. --D.C.

G G's Political Statement

"This thing called Censorship"

What is all this hype lately about censorship? This is nothing new. So what's the big deal? We in the underground have been fighting this battle for many years. I myself have put out records ten years ago that would make 2 Live Crew welcome in any home. Our society would like you to believe that they are as nasty as it gets. But what it all comes down to is a game for the media, set up by our lame, stagnating society to divert your attention away from the real corruption that



is going on against people like myself in the American system--we who are not afraid to challenge their boring morals and values and get blood on our hands in the process. The American public being the robots that they are, like suckers, fall into this trap. Meanwhile the true non-conformists in the underground get railroaded to the point of breakup, financial decline or jailed unjustly as I have been. Not that anyone doesn't have a right to sing about or say whatever they want, because censorship in any form is out of the question. The law has no right to decide that for us. But let's not turn it into commercialism to the point of forgetting what is really happening to us in the real underground of rock 'n' roll. I have already spent time in jails for what all of these people are now crying about.

When I get out of prison I face four more charges (that I know of) in three other states. One is for threatening the life of my audience. Jails and hospitals are just part of a G.G. Allin tour. But because my shows are so brutally real, it scares the shit out of people. But reality is not a pretty sight. So as you can see, these others get rich off the media and I rot in prison because of the cover up.

But rock 'n' roll today is nothing but political ass-kissing anyway. If I was Jello Biafra, the Red Hot Chili Peppers or whoever, I would have the backing of all the music press behind me. But I am the dagger in everyone's back. I am rock 'n' roll's embarrassment because I refuse to play by the rules. I create my own. I'm uncool, unclean and unacceptable to the always cool music biz folks and the law alike. So as it stands, I fight my war alone. But fight I will because I am the only hope and future of what the underground of rock 'n' roll is all about. I am the commanding leader whether anyone likes it or not.

So for all you people who are so worried about being banned or having your record pulled from stores, well I have no pity for you. I've been down that road my whole life. Try spending some time in prison for your rock 'n' roll.

GG Allin-206045, Adrian, MI Prison Facility.

Most Spoken Word Art is Illegal

Sound Choice,

I've attempted to concentrate on reviewing mostly "Spoken Word" tapes during the last few months. Many of the more effective tapes and records also include music and sound-art accompaniment. Regardless, a majority of the contents are dub, spoken, rapped or told.

While trying to compile a playlist for a KMUD radio program, I had to eliminate recordings that are currently "ILLEGAL" for radio airplay due to use of certain blacklisted words--words without a latin etymology sometimes used to describe sexual acts, body parts, or secretions. It was frustrating as I had to exclude Karen Finley, Patti Smith, James Joyce, Michele Clinton, William Blake and other inventive literary figures from the stack. Even with my thorough screening there were still a few expressions that made the radio engineers flinch.

Darrell Jonsson, Myers Flat, CA

GG Allin: Elvis of the Eighties

Dear Sound Choice:

Even if GG Allin didn't go out in a trumpeting bloodspill of glory like he'd apparently foreseen, his arrest does in a way signify the end of an era. In a sense, GG was the only true "eighties rock" performer. I was certainly the circumstance of that era that molded him into what he was, that made his brand of rebellion viable. His whole attitude is a reaction against the superficial vanities of the eighties where status symbols like spiked hair-dos and leather jackets told

more about a person than what he or she was actually thinking.

With GG, one never had to guess what he was thinking, what he believed in, which is just another way of saying that he has conviction. And since conviction is the result of desire and desire is the over-ruling force of art, then GG's music, in the end, is a lot more valid than much of the other so called "rock and roll" released during the previous decade.

For all his faults, GG at least realized his own potential, which most people never do. He accepted the range of his limitations and set his sights no much further beyond them. Within that framework, however, he has been able to invent his own private revolution which, if not as dramatic in terms of impact, really wasn't that far off from what Elvis or James Dean or Iggy did in their own less-confused, less-jaded, less-weary times. Meaning, I guess, that to be controversial anymore a performer really must kill himself, shit himself, etc. There you have it--the history of rock 'n' roll in a nutshell: Elvis moved his hips, GG moved his bowels.

What his really says something about is the culture that supports it. I think its' been well-known since the days of Alice Cooper, that some day someone would sell tickets to his own suicide. Did you ever doubt for a moment that folks would line up to watch?

The sad thing is, GG doesn't have to do this. A few of his early records are quite good, and considering the bulk of his output--a dozen albums and twice as many singles--plus the fact that he was constantly touring, rock 'n' roll was clearly the only thing he lives for. There's an enthusiasm to a song like the anthem "New York City tonight" that is very real, of a wide-eyed hick kid from New Hampshire unleashed in the big city for the first time, marvelling the skyline and feeling his oats, realizing that at that moment in life all he ever wanted was attainable: "Come on baby lets get goin'/We've got lotsa things to do/There's one thing that I know n'/ We're gonna raise hell in New York City tonight..."

It's pure innocence when it comes down to it and of course innocence was the one thing the hipper-than-thou hordes of the post-punk eighties were at constant war against.

The real GG was the kind who can be heard on one of his many albums pleading to an audience in Texas: "Look, I'm a 20 year old guy who just wants to get high or drunk before the nights' over."

Although I'm not condoning what he did, considering some of the horror pulled by our own government or the ignorance of people towards the plight of the less-privileged or the way some people treat their kids, etc., I don't think GG was all that much worse than the rest of us.

Now that GG's in jail, the cult will start. I saw GG's homemade first album in a record store near the Berkeley School of Music. It was selling for twenty-five bucks and I almost bought it myself. But I just couldn't. Now, after his arrest, I bet if I went back there it would be gone.

If people are smart they'll get onto the records before they're all gone. The "Public Animal No. 1" EP, for example, is an excellent artifact, made in cahoots with three-fifths of the MC5 (Thompson, Kramer, Davis) and contains "New York City Tonight" among other equally ferocious musings. The secret of a good GG record anyway is the band behind him (and where GG is concerned, its better to be behind him than have him behind you), but since no-one could stand to work with him for any length of time, this inevitably varies.

These days, we create heroes seemingly to destroy them. That's why the eighties will be remembers as the era of fallen idols. But you got to hand it to GG--he didn't need the culture or the social climate to bring him down. Hewas quite capable of doing it on his own.

Joe S. Harrington, Boston, MA

Travels and Travails of Bob Z

David,

In case you haven't heard, I've relocated to the west coast.

In June, July and August I had the mixed blessing of touring the U.S. (by myself) on my way out here, played about 20 gigs in various cities, the highlights being Carbondale, Illinois, Chicago, Minneapolis and Rapid City South Dakota.

I've written up some crinkly strange notes based on road experiences which should be appearing in some underground publications soon. It was mostly a lot of fun, some places really sucked to play at largely due to greedy show promoters, like Club Shamrock in L.A. Stayed with some highly cool people while traveling, which was really what made the whole thing fun and successful. Some people were those I had correspond with for months or years and never met before, so it was interesting to finally meet. Inspiration.

Here in S.F. I'm looking around for a bass player and drummer who can commit to a band so I can do a record this winter and tour again across the U.S. next summer. One thing I learned from this last tour is that its better to have label backing, management, or preferably a band behind you before going out on the road to play gigs. Alternative, all-ages shows were no problem and usually the most fun to play...bars were usually the most difficult and run by idiots who could care less about music.

I've been in San Francisco a month now and am finding it helps my music writing to be here. It is hard to find work though, at least so far. At least I've got a good flat and am no longer living out of a van, although that was sorta fun for awhile, actually.

The new *Bad Newz* is out (#14), stuff for #15 is in the can but I can't even start putting it together yet--need a new typing ribbon or a functional typewriter, people to do reviews here, and money to print the thing. So it may be a while before #15 is out. I'm more interested in making music now anyway, but I do intend to get #15 out.

Oh yeah, living in S.F. is a helluva lot easier and healthier than living in NYC. As for my postering war in NYC, I still haven't heard anything from my lawyers in NY, so the appeal I assume is still in the courts. I never did pay the authorities a penny, though my legal fees were pretty costly. Thanks to the tremendous help I had from the underground press and music community on that one, it may yet turn out to be a success. Sanitation Commissioner Brendan Sexton has been fired, he was the turkey who imposed my fines. Ha ha.

I've been running a van--moving service around artown here to make \$. So if you know anyone in S.F. who needs moving or hauling--hey, tell em to call me.

Well that's it til later.

Better living thru heresy,

Bob Z

POB 28, 2336 Market St., SF CA 94115

Soviets Love Sound Choice

Dear David!

I had a great pleasure reading your *Sound Choice* No. 14 which I had got from Vladimir Rezitsky, a leader of Jazz Group Arkhangelsk (one of the article in this edition was dedicated to him). I find your *Sound Choice* to be whole to my taste and musical preferences, although for me 3/4 of musicians here are totally unknown.

We, in Russia, are generally oriented towards the European supply. On the page of back issues, for example, I came across the names of my favourites (Lydia Lunch, David



Thomas, John Zorn, etc.)

My interest to your magazine is explained by the fact that for the last three years I have been editing an independent 'zine *TIF*, oriented towards the same sort of music. We write about Russian and West European jazz and rock musicians and generally about underground and avant garde. We have produced 13 issues, almost as you have. All the articles in *TIF* are in Russian, typed with Xerox and PC.

I suppose that you would be interested to have your own correspondent in the Soviet Union. I'll be able to supply you with varied information concerning developments of Soviet rock and jazz scene and also review your materials which may include mags, LP, CD, tapes.

I agree working for you even for free.

I can although send to you some musical material produced in the S. U. such as LP, CD, tapes of independent musicians, musical magazines.

By the way, in our town in October this year (as usually) the international jazz festival will take place. Participation of some of Leo Records' heroes is expected.

Best of luck with all of your projects!

Grigory S. Valov,
Divizii Str-3, kw. 93, 23-Gward, Arkhangelsk USSR 163060

F...ing with the Wrong Guy

David C.

Send me the next issue when it comes out. I just started my hunger strike Friday and am prepared for battle against these fucking pig authorities. It's been in all the papers here and the TV news. So they now know just how fucking serious I am. I'm getting a lot of support from around the country as well as Europe.

Neil Cooper from ROIR has been helping out a great deal in getting the word out. The outside support will put more pressure on these bastards. They can not get away with this discrimination. For the parole board to tell me I am a performer for all the wrong reasons and add more time to my already unlawful sentencing is out of the fucking question.

I'm no longer in here for the so called crime they say I committed. I'm in here because of who I am. That's discrimination in the first degree. The reason they can get away with it is because everyone is afraid to challenge them. But now they are fucking with the wrong guy. I filed a 3 million dollar lawsuit against the state of Michigan as well. I hope to have your support in this rally.

Later,
GG Allin

Also another quick note: Performance Records in NJ has just bought all of the rights to my recordings and master tapes from Homestead Records and plans on re-releasing them again real soon.

Help Save Leo Records

Dear David:

Enclosed is my open letter to the new music community:

I started Leo Records in 1980 and since that time I have been working day and night to develop the label. All these years I had a full-time job with the BBC saving every penny of my salary and investing it into Leo Records. During these 10 years I managed to release almost 100 recordings, many of which received highest critical acclaim.

All these years my main distributor in the USA was New Music Distribution Service, which had a stock of my records worth over \$100,000 at shop prices. In 1987/88 alone I shipped to NMDS almost 10,000 LPs and CDs, which was

worth over \$30,000 valued at distribution/wholesale prices. On top of everything I paid for delivery of these recordings to NMDS myself.

However, I have received a small fraction of this money from NMDS. My efforts to get the payment from NMDS through a debt collector failed, and as a result Leo Records was sinking into debt. The interest on the bank loan continues to accumulate with every month and the bank, which gave me the overdraft against the value of my flat, is ready to take possession of the flat. Now, at 52 years of age, I am in danger of becoming homeless.

During 1990 I could not release any records except Document: New Music From Russia, although I have on my shelf outstanding recordings of Anthony Braxton, Cecil Taylor, Marilyn Crispell, Slava Ganelin, and dozens of tapes from the USSR.

Ten years of hard work has been destroyed. NMDS inflicted tremendous personal hardship on me, but what is more important is that the musical careers of many brilliant musicians have been crippled, their livelihood threatened. Documentation of the whole new music movement in the USSR stopped and the future of this music hangs in the air. How ironic that these musicians, who were the victims of the most totalitarian system, now have become the victims of a few irresponsible people operating in a democratic society.

My efforts to find a sponsor for non-commercial, non-conformist music did not bring results. So, my last resort is new music fans, who are the most sensitive, most educated, and most conscientious audience in the world. I am not begging for money. I am appealing to new music fans to buy one LP from Leo Records' catalog from my distributor in the USA who pays: Northcountry, Cadence Building, Redwood, NY 13679, tel: 315-287-2852.

I need only five thousand volunteers to buy one LP each. And Leo Records will be back in business releasing all those marvelous records which not only please but change the course of music history as well.

Leo Feigin,
Producer, Leo Records, 7 Clare Ct., Judd St., London WC1H, UK.
ph. 071-833-4117

Leo and Sound Choice Readers:

I really hope lots of SC readers will get off their butt and order up a Leo Record. In case anyone needs reassurance, Leo Records are uniformly fine releases and I feel certain that most of our readers will easily find something in the Leo Records catalog they will find interesting and impressive. Not to mention, with their limited production runs, Leo Records are certainly collectible. Wouldn't it be great if our small effort of buying a Leo Record or two each, would save the life of this fine record company and prevent a great record producer from losing his home? It certainly is possible. We'll keep you posted. For a list of many of the Leo Record releases still available, see page 52 of Sound Choice No. 14 or write to Northcountry of Leo. Tell 'em Sound Choice sent ya.--D.C.

Distributor Read My Letter!

Dave, Bob...

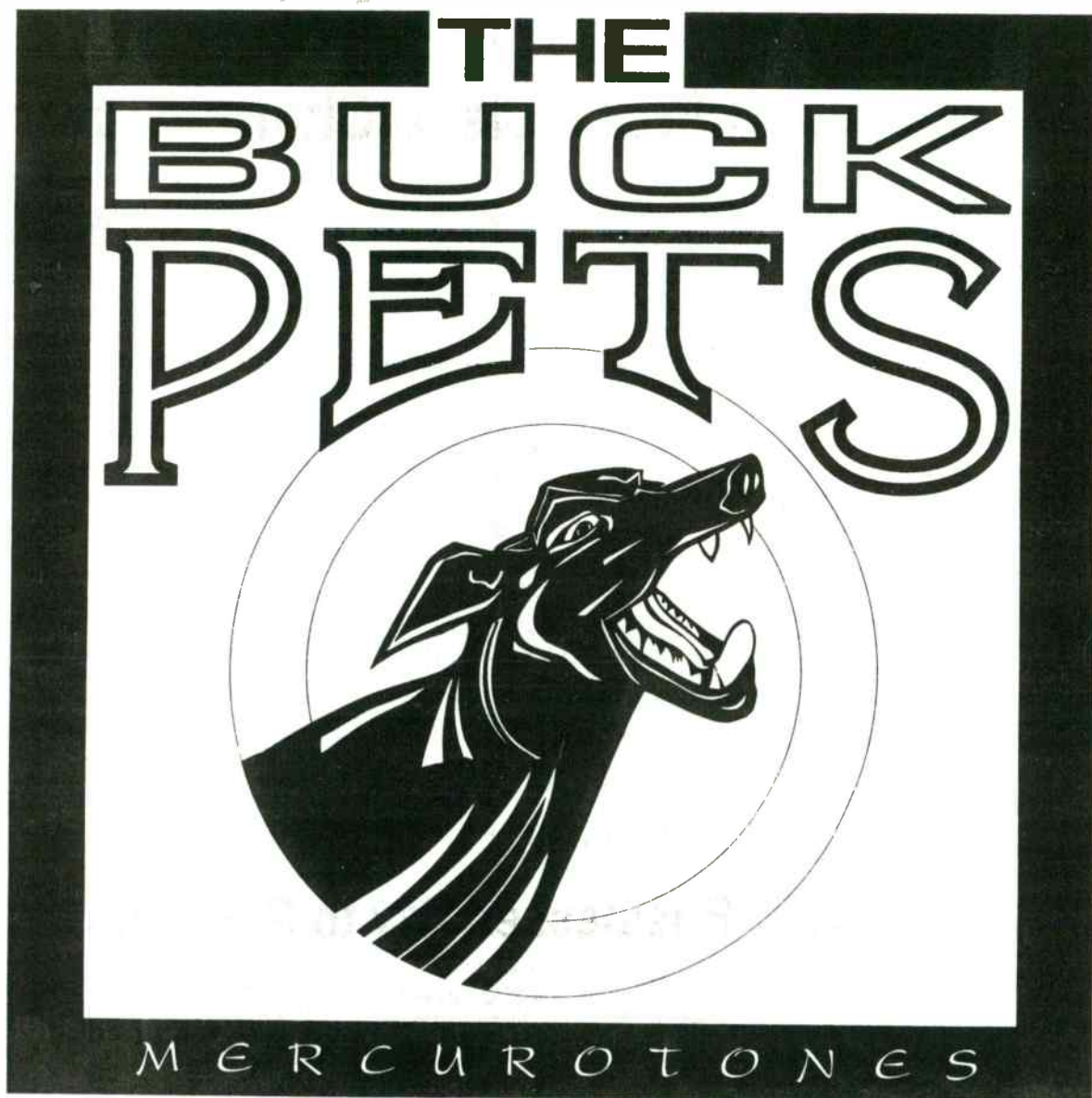
...New Music Distribution Service must have read that short note of mine you published in last issue of S.C., 'cause they sent back any records of mine they had lying around!!

WOW!!

Best till next,
Dim Things Shine, Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy,
Miramar, FL 33023



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NEWS AND NOTES

Compiled by Audio Evolution Network Agents Around the Globe

Ville Platte Won't Press Sleep Chamber Album

by Malcolm Howard

The leader of the Boston-based band Sleep Chamber enjoyed an eight year business relationship with a record pressing plant until October when he received a "Dear John" letter from the plant's owner. The message was simple: Dear John, we have to stop pressing records like this.

J. Floyd Soileau, owner of Ville Platte Records, returned tapes to Sleep Chamber leader John McSweeney, aka John Ze-Wizz, and explained in a letter that Sleep Chamber recordings were no longer welcome at his plant. This came as a shock to McSweeney, who has been using Ville Platte's services for eight years for various record projects on his Inner-X label.

"We're sorry that we must return this job to you but we cannot continue to do this type of job anymore," Soileau told McSweeney in his letter. "We have had complaints from some of our customers walking in and seeing the graphics that we have been printing. Also, the mastering lab has complained about the type of music we've received. It is at best interest to

return this to you."

The job Soileau returned was an all instrumental album tentatively dubbed XXX 12.

McSweeney said Ville Platte's notification amounts to little than "a weird kind of censorship."

"I think Soileau is looking at the 2 Live Crew case, where the record store owner is picking up most of the blame, and also the Jello Biafra case, where the pressing plant was also brought into court," said McSweeney. To date, Inner X has printed 8 LPs, two singles, and two 12-inch records at Ville Platte.

"The truth is," Soileau told Sound Choice, "we're winding down our (record) pressing operations here and I thought I was doing [McSweeney] a favor by letting him know now." When asked why he didn't mention this in his letter and instead focused on objections to album content, Soileau told this reporter: "Look, I told you. I don't want to discuss this with you and that's it."

"He [Soileau] told me that some of the

Gospel groups who were coming into the plant got offended," McSweeney said. "I can buy that to some degree. But I don't buy the part about the people in the mastering lab not liking the music. I don't think they need to listen to the music; they can [monitor the levels] by looking at the meters."

While XXX 12's cover has yet to be designed, past albums featured covers, lyrics, and liner notes with sexually provocative imagery. Although McSweeney contends that his records have few obscenities even by pop standards, sexual themes are prevalent and often extreme.

The cover of Sleep Chamber's most successful album, *Submit to Desire*, which sold roughly 10,000 copies total, depicts two naked women embracing. *Sleep or Forever Hold Your Piece*, the project most recently completed by Ville Platte, shows a woman in a body stocking hanging from the ceiling with her knees tucked under her breasts. Many of Sleep Chamber's lyrics revolve around a variety of sexual themes of dominance and submission, and pagan symbology.

BMI Demands That Businesses Pay to Play Music

BMI, a music licensing and royalty collection agency, is hoping to convince the owners of every private business in America that they must buy a BMI license in order to play recordings or the radio for employees or customers of the business.

That's a message being sent out in a three part direct mail campaign addressed to business's across the country.

Because of intimidating language in the mailings, direct marketing experts predict that a significant percentage of recipients will volunteer to pay the annual fees without understanding the law or knowing for sure whether they are really required by law to pay the fee.

Annual fees for small businesses such as restaurants can be as much as several hundred dollars.

In order to raise the licensing revenue and response rate, BMI's marketing campaign stresses that business owners may be breaking "The Unknown law."

The easiest way to comply with "The Unknown Law" is by paying annual fees to BMI, the direct mail literature stresses.

BMI's plan calls for three separate mailings to be sent to targeted business's. The first mailing is "an educational piece that explains the copyright law and solicits the owners to respond by signing the music performance agreement and paying the license fee.

The second and third mailings are more threatening and intimidating, stating emphatically that all "music users" must comply with the U.S. Copyright law and that sending BMI money is the easiest way to comply with the law.

BMI is also planning a large telemarketing campaign as well.

Radio station personnel report that BMI is monitoring station broadcasts, especially call in contests, where listeners might mention they are listening to the radio at their workplace. BMI agents are then sent to the business to request licens-

ing payments.

Some radio personnel have suggested that some radio stations are working in collusion with BMI by holding contests where listeners are requested to submit postcards listing the workplace from where they listen to the station. In these cases, employees become unwitting spies, alerting BMI to unlicensed radio use.

The copyright act which BMI refers to as The Unknown law, is a complex, little understood piece of legislation, intended to compensate copyright owners of music for the public presentation of their work.

BMI Vice President of General licensing Tom Annastas intends to have every business owner in America believe they owe BMI money every time they play the radio or stereo at work.

"Our goal to educate every music user in America as to their need for a BMI license is a challenging one," he said, adding, "Our plan is definitely working!"

Rockers Combat Deafness With Education, Earplugs

A woman who blames her hearing loss on playing in a punk rock band, has started a campaign to help save the hearing of fellow musicians.

Kathy Peck, a bass player from San Francisco, has founded H.E.A.R. (Hearing Awareness for Rockers), a non-profit organization that is publicizing the debilitating effects of overexposure to loud music.

Peck, a former member of the now defunct all-female band, The Contractions, suffers a 40% hearing loss attributed to her involvement in that band.

Since her loss, she has learned to lip-read and uses a hearing aid and has continued her music career.

"H.E.A.R. firmly advocates education, not regulation," Peck said, explaining that her organization wants to help rockers

and others involved with loud music.

H.E.A.R. provides information, assistance and hearing screening appointments for those with hearing difficulties. Other H.E.A.R. programs include distribution of ear plugs to club and concert goers, musicians, and music industry personnel, school talks, live events, and operation of a hearing screening clinic.

H.E.A.R. has produced a series of public service videos by well-known musical performers, including Ray Charles, Lars Ulrich of Metallica, Todd Rundgren and others.

A comprehensive packet of hearing loss and prevention information, is available from H.E.A.R. for \$7 ppd. The packet including a 50 page publication and pamphlets on custom and designer ear-

plugs some designed especially for musicians and audio engineers, and others that look like fancy earrings.

For more information contact Hearing Education and Awareness for Rockers (HEAR), P.O. Box 460847, San Francisco, CA 94146

A 24 hour information hotline can be reached at 415-773-9590.

Kathy Peck can be reached directly at 415-441-9081.

(Editors Note: We urge people to contact Kathy Peck and H.E.A.R. for information, interviews and to pass along this information to others through zines and radio programs. Hearing loss is increasing and this organizations of music supporters has a sensible, freedom of choice approach to solving the problem.--D.C.)

Expensive Laser Turntable Is Better But Too Late

Jacques Robinson, president of Carillon Technology of Sunnyvale, Calif., thought he had a product that would revolutionize the way people play LPs: a turntable that tracks an LP's grooves with a laser instead of a needle.

With only a beam of light hitting the grooves, he turntable eliminates the wear and tear records usually receive from the traditional diamond or ruby stylus used in most turntables.

The problem that he didn't count on while his company was spending eight years and about \$10 million researching and developing the product was how fast the consumer market for turntables would dry up.

As Compact Discs and players quickly replace vinyl records and turntables, Carillon's "Finial LT-1 laser turntable, introduced this year, has a limited market and as such will not be manufactured in large

enough quantities to be priced affordable to most audio consumers.

The laser turntables current list price: \$32,000.

Robinson said his company plans to market the turntable to broadcasters and extremely wealthy audiophiles who want to preserve their record collections from the scratches and wear and tear of stylus needles.

Experimental Music Gallery Goes Out of Business

Generator, an experimental music gallery in New York City that operated for about a year as a performance space and retail outlet for experimental recordings, has shut down.

"Due to financial stress and the preservation of my own enthusiasm for new music, decided to close Generator," said Generator proprietor Gen Ken Montgomery. However, Montgomery said he hopes to carry on with the Generator name, using it for other projects.

"For the moment I'm trying to recover from being exhausted, worse than broke and a bit dazed," Montgomery said. "The mailbox is overflowing with unanswered mail and the collection of music is in storage. I will make the collection available to anyone interested by post or by appointment. I'm working on a self-made book documenting all the live shows and people involved in Generator over the last year."

Montgomery has produced a "Live at Generator" Cassette series and a video of the final Generator concert "which destroyed and transformed what people will remember of the way Generator looked.

People interested in contacting Montgomery can reach him via 151 First Ave., #201, NY, NY 10003, ph. 212-260-1039.

"There were certainly more people attracted to Generator with music to sell or perform than people wanting to spend money on a new sound experience," Montgomery said.

"If good wished paid rent, Generator would be open today," Montgomery said.

Cassette-Only Exhibition Planned

Daniel Plunkett of Austin, Texas reports that with his help, the Austin Gallery Mexico-Arte will be sponsoring a three week exhibition of cassette-only music in March of 1991.

The event will include a three day session of performances and talks by cassette artists. Among the cassette arts expected to be included are Das (Big City Orchestra), G.X. Jupitter-Larsen, Dave Prescott, Zan Hoffman and others.

"I will try to at least give the public a view of the activity that has occurred for the past 10 years," Plunkett said.

For more information, contact Plunkett c/o P.O. Box 4144, Austin, TX 78765, or phone 512-440-7609.

Send your News and Notes to Sound Choice, News and Notes, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023. Include your name and phone #.

Micro Radio Movement Challenges F.C.C.

A nationwide movement to get low watt radio broadcasting rights into the hands of minorities is getting louder each day.

Dewayne Readus, aka Mbanna Kantako is spearheading the "Micro-Radio Movement" from his home in a housing project in a black neighborhood of Springfield, IL.

Using equipment purchased for less than \$600 through a mail order outfit, Kantako, a blind, black man, has been sending out a 1-watt FM radio signal broadcasting "Zoom Black Magic Liberation Radio." Started four years ago, as of early November, Kantako has broadcast 415 consecutive nights of broadcasting, despite orders from a federal court that he take his program off the air.

A sister station operated by a young black man, Napoleon Williams, went on the air August 22 in Decatur, IL. Other affiliated "Micro Radio" stations are expected to be coming on air in the next six months in Chicago, Richmond, VA, and Birmingham, AL, according to Kantako.

Zoom Black Magic Radio in Springfield broadcasts a radical mix of rap and reggae music; discussion and commentary on local and national events affecting the Black Community; interviews with victims of police misconduct and abuse; interviews with scholars and activists concerned with Black genocide; criticism of the NAACP and Urban League for being co-opted and irrelevant to current conditions in Black America; anti-drug messages; severe criticisms of U.S. foreign policy

in the Middle East; rebroadcasts of speeches by Malcolm X, Minister Louis Farrakhan, Stokely Carmichael, Huey Newton, Angela Davis and other Black activists.

In defying the federal government by continuing to broadcast, Kantako lists several reasons for his acts:

"Blacks (and other minorities) are underrepresented in the ownership and operation of radio stations in the U.S. by 600%.

"F.C.C. regulations are blatantly discriminatory against minorities and low-income people.

"It takes a minimum of \$50,000 to start the smallest licensed F.M. station (100 watts). This fact means that 70 million low- and moderate-income minorities and whites are excluded from the airwaves.

"The establishment media does not represent the interests and concerns of this excluded population.

"Exclusion from the media is a form of social control that is undemocratic and a violation of the 1st and 14th amendments to the U.S. Constitution.

"Micro-Radio is a way of beginning to empower low-income citizens, it is the voice of the excluded."

In attempting to develop a "Micro-Radio" movement, Kantako stated two goals:

1. To establish Micro-Radio stations operated by Blacks, Latinos, Indians, Asians, and other minority groups in low-income neighborhoods all over the country.

2. To challenge the constitutionality of

the F.C.C. rules and regulations that exclude some 70 million low-and moderate-income citizens from the airwaves.

There are several ways interested people can assist the micro-radio movement, Kantako stated in a recent press release"

"The easiest and most important thing you can do is to write a brief letter to the National Lawyers Guild urging them to represent Kantako (they have his case under consideration.) If the guild hears from people around the country, it improves the chance that they will accept Kantako's case challenging the F.C.C. Write to National Lawyers Guild, c/o Attorney Peter Franck, 3032 Bateman St., Berkeley, CA 94705.

"Other ways you can help the movement:

"Send donations to Kantako.

"Recruit potential station operators by sharing information about Micro-Radio with minority groups--including low-income whites--and urge them to contact Kantako.

"Ask talk-show radio hosts in your area to interview Kantako.

"Urge newspapers and magazines to do articles on Zoom Black Magic Radio.

"Get college groups of faculty and/or students to invite Kantako to the campus for presentations and discussions.

"Send additional ideas to Kantako."

Mbanna Kantako and Zoom Black Magic Radio can be reached c/o 333 N. 12th St., Springfield, IL 62702, USA; telephone: 217-527-1298

Turn Up The Volume In Your Car, Pay A Fine in Court

Laws are springing up throughout the US. making it illegal to crank up the volume of a car sound system. Fines of between \$32 and \$500 are being levied in various states against car owners who operate a sound system that can be heard 50 feet or more from the vehicle.

California and Hawaii have enacted state laws to this effect already. Other states where similar statewide legislation is expected to be enacted in the next six months include Arizona, Illinois, Florida, Louisiana, and New York.

Prior to the legal crackdown, car stereo manufacturers had been sponsoring

car stereo contests in which points were awarded to cars and trucks based on the Sound pressure levels (SPL) car systems were able to put out, as measured from outside of the vehicle.

Recently both the International Auto-sound Challenge Association (IASCA) and the USA Crank It Up Association (USAC) have revised their contest score-sheets to assign less weight to volume and more weight to sound quality and installation. Nevertheless, the International Auto Sound Challenge Association will be sanctioning separate unlimited-SPL contests to appeal to hard-core

crankers. "Strict safety guidelines" will be followed, according to the organization.

The USAC of Dallas, Texas can be reached at 214-340-3130, and the IASCA of Riverside, Calif. can be reached at 714-688-8051.

INFORMATION LIBERATION

To honor the concept of free-flow of information, all articles in this Winter 1991 edition of Sound Choice may be reprinted by anyone for any reason.

Black Journalist on Death Row!



Mumia Abu-Jamal, 1980

Mumia Abu-Jamal, death row political prisoner, has been denied his appeal to have his death sentence overturned by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. Mumia's appeal had also demanded a new trial. The March 6, 1989 high court decision ignored a multitude of fair trial violations and refused to consider the political basis central in prosecuting Mumia and sentencing him to death.

As a former Black Panther Party spokesman and an outspoken MOVE supporter, Abu-Jamal has been in the cross hairs of Philadelphia's racist killer cops for over 20 years. At the time of his arrest, Abu-Jamal was president of the Association of Black Journalists in Philadelphia. He earned the cops' undying hatred especially for his sympathetic interviews with imprisoned MOVE members after the 1978 cop siege. It is this history which made him the target of a deadly state vendetta.

Mumia was framed up for the killing of a Philadelphia policeman in 1981. At the 1982 sentencing hearing, the prosecutor argued for the death sentence by claiming that Abu-Jamal's prior membership in the Black Panther Party proved he was a committed cop-killer. The jury was assured that the death penalty would never be carried out, that Abu-Jamal would have "appeal after appeal." For years the Pennsylvania Supreme Court had held in other cases that this obviously false argument mandated automatic reversal of the death sentence upon review. But in its March 6 decision the court ignored its own precedent in its push to silence Mumia by execution.

The case of Mumia Abu-Jamal is what the death penalty is all about. It exposes not only the arbitrary cruelty of this ultimate form of state terror, but also the inherent racism of its application. Mumia was targeted because of what he wrote

and said, because of who he is: a radical black man who became known as "the voice of the voiceless." At his trial Mumia was denied counsel of his own choice. To get a hanging jury of eleven whites, the court permitted the seating of a white juror who admitted he could not be impartial, while excluding 11 prospective black jurors simply on the prosecution's request.

Jamal's appeal was supported by an *amici curiae* (friend of the court) brief from the ACLU and National Conference of Black Lawyers. Ron Dellums, now chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus, appealed to Pennsylvania's Governor Robert Casey "to remove the cloud of death from Mr. Abu-Jamal." Thousands of people around the nation have petitioned the governor to demand "Mumia Abu-Jamal Must Not Die," as part of the campaign initiated by the Partisan Defense Committee. This campaign now takes on even greater urgency. Telegrams and letters should be sent to the governor at: Main Capitol Building, Room 225, Harrisburg, PA 17120.

YOU CAN HELP!

The campaign to save Mumia's life will cost a lot of money. We are up against the entire legal machinery and unlimited financial resources of the racist capitalist state. Our chances of success rest on the justice of our cause and determination and support of all those who believe Mumia Abu-Jamal must not die. We must get the word out. Publicity and printing costs are massive. We need your help now. Make checks payable to: "Save Mumia Abu-Jamal" c/o Partisan Defense Committee, P.O. Box 99, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013.

Join the campaign to save Mumia's life. Send your letters of protest to Pennsylvania governor Casey. Organize protest. Take Mumia's case to your unions, civil rights, campus and community organizations and mobilize them to join in the fight to save Mumia. Contact the PDC for speakers, tapes of Mumia speaking, stacks of the campaign issue of the PDC newsletter, *Class-Struggle Defense Notes*. Write us or call (212) 406-4252 for petitions and other ways to help.

The Partisan Defense Committee is a class-struggle, non-sectarian legal and social defense organization which champions cases and causes in the interest of the whole of the working people. This purpose is in accordance with the political views of the Spartacist League.

Remember the story of Emperor Nero? He was the Roman head of state in the first century AD who is said to have been caught fiddling while his city burned.

It's an interesting image--predating MTV pyrotechnics by centuries--this important, toga-clad dude standing in his cool marble bedroom, blissfully jamming away at a violin, while outside his window a city-wide inferno colored the skies crimson and orange, while men, women and children ran half-naked through the smoke filled streets.

Was Nero oblivious to what was going on around him; so self-absorbed and ego-centric that he did not know or care that the great city he ruled was crumbling in soot and ash?

Some historians believe that great fire was lit on Nero's order. Maybe Nero was symbolically fanning the fire, hoping the flames would dance to his devilish tunes.

Or perhaps Nero was the original punk, tearing madly and violently at the gut strings of his instrument--a symbolic gesture acknowledging the decay of his society and telling the world he didn't give a flying f---k because it was too late to do anything about it anyway.

Sometimes I wonder if we, in the alternative music community, are echoing Emperor Nero, fiddling --with Marshals, Fenders, and Peavys--while our society is on the verge of cataclysm.

How does music fit in our modern world? Is the pursuit of music important or frivolous? Is music a way for us to deal with problems or escape them?

Is the best music political or should good music transcend such earthly sociological concerns?

These questions, while simply stated, are complex.

Not only is it difficult to gauge the ultimate value of a given music in our modern, eclectic musical world--with a spectrum of sounds ranging from thrash rock, to industrial, to new age, to classical-- it is increasingly difficult to come to a consensus whether certain audio stimuli is music at all.

When G G Allin drunkenly croons degradations to a 4/4 beat, is he presenting a musical experience, performance art, or a freak-show of deviant social behavior?

When singer/songwriter Eugene Chadbourne plucks notes on his electric toilet plunger, we wonder whether he is summoning the heavenly muse, or if he is exorcising his personal Freudian demons in an exhibition of aurally veiled auto-eroticism.

Is John Cage's symphony of silence an enlightening zen koan reminding us of the thin dividing lines between music, noise and silence, or is it testimony that the composer hit a creative roadblock and tried to cover it up with clever avant-garde rationalizations?

When internationally acclaimed compos-



Fiddling While Rome Burns?

by David Ciaffardini

er Piere Boulez conducts a \$50,000- a-day orchestra presenting a symphony of minimalism and dissonance, we wonder why he is so much more famous and well-paid than the folks who are creating similar music in their bedrooms with moderately priced electronic keyboards and tape decks.

Let's assume it is all music. Does any of it have any lasting importance? Is music therapeutic? Can music help save the world?

Recall the popular Coca-Cola commercial that suggested that if someone could teach the world to sing in perfect harmony, our world would be a more healthy and enjoyable place to live.

Most of us in this music community put a high value on music and audio art--it is a significant part of our lives. Many precious hours of our lives are spent pondering and absorbing composed and free-form sounds.

Most of us have an extraordinarily high level of faith and allegiance toward music--faith that music is a vital part of our world without which our sun would seem to shine less bright each day, and our nights would feel darker and colder.

Good music, we know, is worth seeking and nurturing. We believe that music is a field worthy of a lifetime of study.

Increasingly, we realize music can be used as a tool and different musics can be used to aid different tasks.

We use music to help us relax or make us upbeat. Music can be a therapy or a way to blot out distracting, unpleasant noises and thoughts. Music can help vent strong emo-

tions by being a catalyst for catharsis. Some music is said to harm people, other music has healing properties.

But let's not forget the story of Emperor Nero and his fiddling legacy, a story of arrogant self-interest and disregard for the public that has not been forgotten for nearly 2,000 years. Nero's fiddle playing, as the story goes, seemed completely inappropriate for the time and place.

If Nero had been of a higher consciousness, perhaps his story would have been different, his critics more kind.

Perhaps if he had had a greater understanding and respect for the potential of music and its relation to the well-being of himself and his nation, he could have turned to music as a source of solace, perhaps a form of meditation or inspiration where he could have found a solution to his society's problems.

Nero's Roman inferno is nothing compared to the holocausts that humanity has unleashed in the ensuing centuries. Nuclear weapons, choking air pollution, toxic waters, civil wars, germ warfare, the list of worldly horrors grows longer each day.

We also have our share of crazed and evil political leaders; leaders who, although they may not be fiddling while their civilization gets ready to burn, act as if they are preparing for a Saturday afternoon weenie roast!

As musicians and music fans we must understand and share with others a conviction that music is a vital, sacred component of a healthy society and that the ramifications of musical actions may be more far reaching and important than we can currently imagine.

The beautiful, life-enhancing principals of rhythm, melody and harmony seem to be universal. Maybe one day everyone in the world could be taught to play beautiful music together.

As musicians and music lovers, we have a choice to make when we create our art or patronize musicians and artists. We can devote ourselves to uncovering and cultivating music for a life enhancing, liberating purpose, or we can use music to serve as an anthem and soundtrack for the greed, insensitivity, brutality, and wastefulness that is destroying our world. Or we can make music simply for our own self-glorification.

Our culture is in transition; holocaust may be on the horizon, and we've all got a hand on the cosmic fiddle. Whether we use that instrument heroically or horribly will determine our fate. The time will arrive when we must all face the music. The sounds we will hear then will be determined by the understandings and actions that we take now. We must not miss the right beat.

Say No To Censorship

by David Ciaffardini

Music censorship is nothing new. It's been happening for centuries. In ancient Greece and China, a man could be executed simply for playing a musical instrument tuned to a scale not officially approved by the state.

People take music seriously, as well they should. It is a powerful force.

In the United States it's illegal to possess or sell 2 Live Crew's recording, *Nasty As They Wanna Be*. The record has been declared officially obscene by a Federal judge and thus legally off limits for all U.S. adults, as well as children. This precedent setting judgement should not be underestimated. The ruling leaves open the potential that anyone--adult or child-- in the United States who possesses a copy of that recording could be arrested, forced to go to trial with the possibility of being severely fined or going to prison.

The fact that the millions of people who bought the record are not being prosecuted for their crime does not lessen the significance of the court's ruling. Arrests or not, the court's action-- in a single ruling-- made millions of Americans outlaws.

Imagine driving down a street and being pulled over by a police car for exceeding the speed limit. If the police officer, while writing you a ticket, notices a copy of *Nasty As They Wanna Be* in your car stereo, he could proceed to order you out of your car, handcuff you, and take you into the station, while confiscating your cassettes and booking them as evidence of your possessing obscene material.

In Florida, a man has been successfully prosecuted for selling a copy of *Nasty As They Wanna Be* to an undercover police officer. In Texas, another man is currently facing similar charges. Another arrest could happen anytime, in any state.

Whether or not government agents in every state choose to prosecute people for this newly created crime is of secondary importance to the fact that they now hold the threat of being able to do it, any time, or any place.

It's greatest impact is psychological. There is now one more reason why good people in America must be fearful of and act subservient to government authority.

Laws like this are psychological warfare by Americans, against Americans. It is

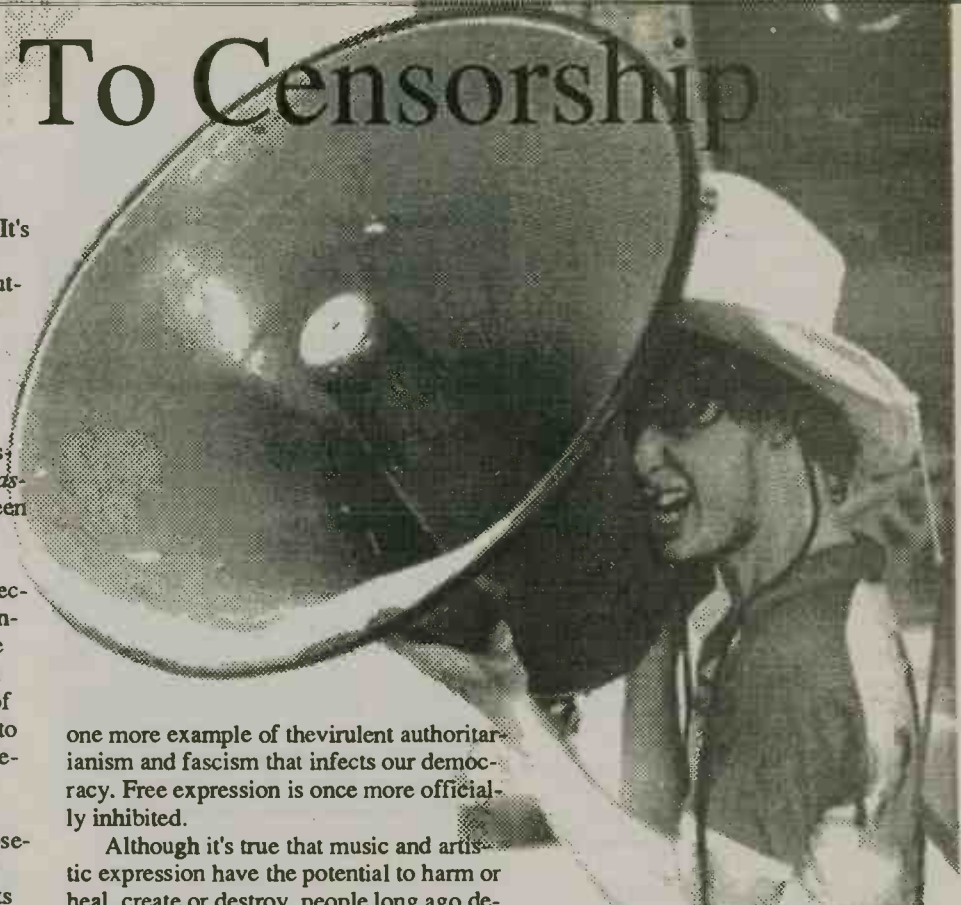
one more example of the virulent authoritarianism and fascism that infects our democracy. Free expression is once more officially inhibited.

Although it's true that music and artistic expression have the potential to harm or heal, create or destroy, people long ago decided that there should be at least one country in the world where decisions about what people can say and hear are made by individuals for themselves and themselves only.

While it may be true that Plato, Aristotle, or Pythagoras might have been appalled if people of their culture were given such individual authority, the United States, a relatively new nation, has evolved from a political foundation of freedom that was engineered by people who came to this country fleeing governments that imposed unjust, unproductive, and cruel limits on individual expression and dissemination of information.

When the founders of this country signed their names to the United States Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they foresaw a new world, a more adventurous world, and a freer world. The United States was a new frontier where truth, knowledge, wisdom and common sense would take the place of the heavy-handed rule of government and laws that censor, repress and punish those that challenge the status quo.

The United States is a grand experiment in freedom. It is an experiment that puts tremendous faith in the American people. Our system asks, in fact demands,



Grux of Caroliner speaks his mind. Ciaffardini photo

that people express themselves, make their own decisions, and have access to all that society has to offer.

But today we are told that we do not have the freedom to choose rap music by blacks who use swear words and talk about uncouth sex.

We should not let ourselves be pacified knowing that we can still listen to a white man rap swear words and talk about uncouth sex (Andrew Dice Clay, among others.) This should only increase our outrage and fury as we see the hypocrisy and rascism presented so clearly!

This is truly unAmerican. The enemy is within our borders, and may be within ourselves.

We must now go to battle for our right to swear and talk about, even engage in uncouth sex (with any and all races), and play any record we want. That is the essence of our Constitution, Bill of Rights and Declaration of Independence. That is the American way.

Tune In The People's Radio Movement

We all must start tuning in with each other--the people--and start tuning out the various big brothers on our TV sets and network radio shows.

As I write these words, political pundits are predicting that America may be at war in the Middle East before the next full moon.

Before the ink dries on this page, people could be dying by the thousands in the time it takes to fix the morning coffee.

Each day our world's well-being is steadily destroyed by the greedy, uncaring, or unenlightened. We face wars, famines, pollution, man-made diseases--things that could be prevented if only enough of the right people had enough of the right information at the right time.

Ironically, as our technology has blossomed so as to theoretically allow greater ease of world-wide communication and understanding, the level of miscommunication and disinformation has increased to catastrophic proportions.

You'll read about global problems in the papers, see them on TV, and hear about them on your local AM and FM radio stations. Unfortunately, much of the information will be carefully composed and orchestrated lies and misrepresentations.

Recall deposed Panamanian leader General Manuel Noriega. U.S. troops destroyed a portion of Panama City and killed innocent civilians in order to capture Noriega and bring him to America to try him on drug charges.

U.S. broadcasters told America that about 200 Panamanians were killed in the attack, figures quoted straight from the mouths of U.S. Pentagon officials. In Panama however, people on the streets say that as many as 5,000 Panamanians--men, women and children living in a poor ghetto--died in that attack, their bodies quickly cremated, and other remains interred in unmarked mass burial grounds.

Uncontested is the fact that the remains of the shelled ghetto neighborhood--and possible evidence of the magnitude of the horror-- were bulldozed away within a week of the attack. A shopping center and business office complex are being built on the site.

We were told by network media that at Noriega's home U.S. Marines discovered animal entrails and two pounds of cocaine, apparent evidence that Noriega participated in drug-sodden, satanic voodoo ceremonies. Later this was disproved, the so-called evidence was actually chicken bones and a couple of bags of tamales and tamale powder.

In another round of propaganda, U.S. military officials got the networks to report

that troops discovered sex manuals and a picture of Adolf Hitler in one of Noriega's homes. However, as Time Magazine later reported, these items were planted by U.S. Marines in an effort to rally the American public into accepting and condoning the

We must instigate in a global way, a Radio Movement of proportions great enough to offset the heavy-handed and corrupt disinformation services that infest our airwaves.

Panama attack.

These facts of subterfuge and propaganda are presented, not to vindicate a Panamanian general, but to point out that during times of U.S. military aggression, our government uses deception against U.S. citizens in order to build a perception of public support to justify their actions.

Now that our attention is drawn to the problems in the Middle East, are we to assume that we really understand why our troops are there, poised to kill or die on the sands of a merciless desert?

The real reasons for war are never explained, the horrifying scenes of agonizing death, destruction and mutilation are buffered through carefully controlled sound bites and military stock footage.

This elaborate charade is psychological warfare-- a deadly game our government uses against its own people. We are lied to, misled, propagandized, threatened, cajoled, weaseled, bamboozled--every trick in the book is used in the mind war against the American people.

The absurdities we hear each broadcast day are becoming more and more obvious.

So who should we believe? Where can we get access to truth? And how can we combat all the lies that are foisted upon us?

One answer is by turning the tables and using radio tools to spread truth and understanding.

Radio is a marvelous, potentially liberating communication resource that can be run inexpensively and effectively. But for radio to play its most beneficial role in our world, each of us must do more than just save a spare pair of batteries in order to tune in the local AM or FM when the power goes down and emergency sirens start howling. We must use our radio technology to wage peace. Radio activity opposed to radio passivity.

We must instigate in a global way--in a fast way--a people's radio movement of proportions great enough to counterbalance the heavy-handed, festering, corrupt, and precarious, disinformation services that in-

fest our airwaves.

The People's Radio Movement is unlimited in potential and scope. Shortwave radios, CBs, scanners, ham radios, microwave broadcasting and reception, computerized "packet radio", these are just a few of the methods we must master to tune in and turn on our global, peace-loving village.

We must commandeer every airwave within our grasp. If you listen to mainstream radio talk shows, listening to various meatheads spouting gobs of stupid rhetoric and deceit, call up the show yourself and get on the air. Set the record straight. Tell the world that there are a lot more of us rational, peace-loving, freedom fighters out there than anyone could have possibly imagined--especially anybody brought up with the programming fed us under license from the FCC.

It's time to call their bluff.

It is time to tune into new channels. Get a shortwave radio or a ham receiver and find out what people in other countries are talking about, and what kinds of music they listen to. Get a radio scanner and tune in the local two-way broadcasts and find out what the police, fire department and other government agencies are up to. Get a fresh perspective.

It's also time to get our voices on the airwaves whether it be on commercial or non-commercial AM or FM radio, CB, shortwave, ham radio, or experimental broadcasts.

People must communicate with each other more directly than ever before. We must bypass government information funnels and filters.

The People's Radio Movement is a movement of free, unbridled communication, dedicated to truth and understanding among all beings, regardless of race, origin or religion.

Timothy Leary, quoting Marshal MacLuhan, once told the idealistic, peace and love oriented people of this world to "Turn on, tune in and drop out."

Since the first time that fateful slogan was unleashed into our cosmic memory, we as a global people have evolved.

As we approach the millennium, it is now time for all the brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, mothers and fathers of this planet to turn on, tune in, and TAKE OVER!

We have our own voice. It is vibrant, beautiful, and it needs to be heard.

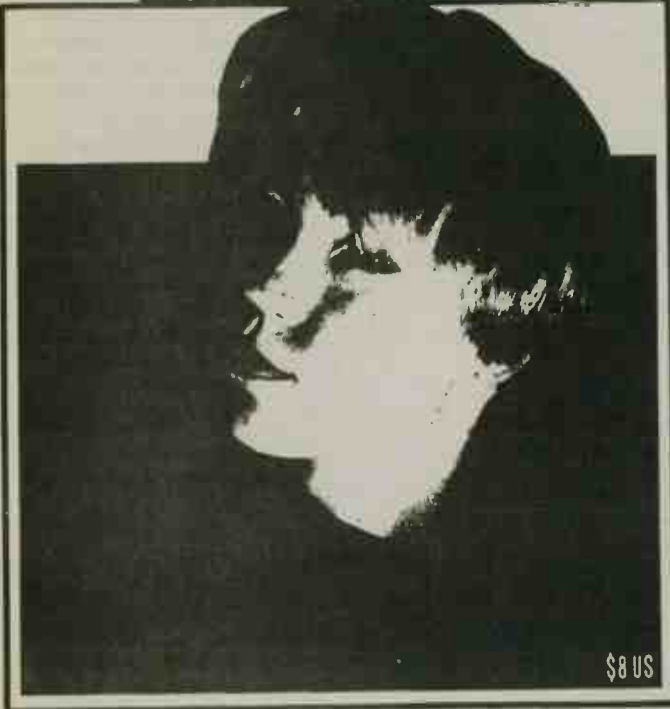
Please tune in and turn on the People's Radio Movement.

--David Ciaffardini

JULIE FRITH

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In the us vs. them scenario (us vs. fascist government, us vs. police state, us vs. evil corporations destroying our environment and making us wage slaves) I hope that someone on the us side has the knowledge and skill to phone hack, i.e., using telephones in ways that the phone company doesn't want you to know about, much less carry out, e.g. making free phone calls, tapping into off-limits computer networks. Most of this is very illegal of course, but there might be instances where legal bounds must be broken to obtain a higher justice. When that time comes, folks who've been studying the quarterly issues of 2600 Magazine, will know how to do it. In the meantime, they could also get themselves involved in all kinds of malicious, unproductive mischief. 2600 presents phone hacking information with such clarity, precision, and specifics it's surprising a government agency has not had the publisher arrested, despite freedom of the press doctrines. Sooner or later, the network will definitely need agents with these skills. And not all of it is illegal either. But, as a word of caution, 2600 also writes about hackers who have been arrested for their deeds. Knowledge can be a very dangerous thing. Proceed with caution and integrity. \$5.00 (2600, POB 752, Middle Island, NY 11953-0752 516-751-2600, fax 751-2608)—David Ciaffardini

BACKWOODS HOME MAGAZINE

The masthead description sums up this magazine pretty well: "It offers how-to articles on owner-built housing, alternate energy, organic gardening, health, self-employment, and other topics related to a self-reliant, environmentally sound lifestyle." Like if you don't have much money, and you want to buy some cheap acreage out in the boonies to live on without much money, you're going to find some valuable info here. Even if you're stuck in the city or suburbs, you'll probably find that the articles on solar power, gardening, and other topics give you new motivation and/or instruction on how to change your life to a more environmentally conscious, and self-reliant way. Downhome and funky. \$2.50 (Backwoods Home Magazine, POB 3487, Ashland, OR 97520)—David Ciaffardini

BEHIND THE WALLS

Here's a prisoners right's newsletter designed to spread convicts and ex-cons' views outside the prison walls. Outrage, allegations, prison statistics, and news fire up these pages. According to Behind The Walls, prisoners in Marion, Illinois are being forced to bathe in and drink "poison water" polluted with massive amounts of toxic chemical wastes that contaminate the prison's sole water supply. Also, did you know that Susan M. Williams was convicted by a jury of "popping" her gum too loudly in the hallway of Fresno Superior Court, and was fined \$150 and put on two years probation? Jay Martin Jones was sentenced to 25 years in prison for selling one marijuana cigarette. Terry F. Dorsey was sentenced to 11 years, 8 months in prison for shooting a police dog that attacked him. These kind of "Behind The Walls" prison facts are part of what makes this prison newsletter interesting. \$1.50 (Behind The Walls, POB 4167, Halfmoon, NY 12065)—David Ciaffardini

CLIPPHILIA

Quarterly compendium of oddball, ironic, or unusual newspaper clippings. Could be a goldmine of inspiration for writers and commentators. \$1.00 (Clipophilia, POB 5671, Portland, OR 97228)—David Ciaffardini

CONFLICT

Being hipper-than-thou indie music dude is a full-time job for Conflict zine editor Gerard Cosloy. Fortunately, unlike most hipper-than-thou commentators who are simply frustrated dilettantes, Cosloy knows what he writes about and has a modicum of taste, intelligence, and style that tempers his arrogance and jaded sexuality. His vicious slams against the latest college radio fave bands are welcome and will hopefully shake some sense into the pumpkin-heads who line up like cattle going to slaughter to feed this pseudo-underground rock community/scene/scam/business (take your pick). Underneath the sarcasm and insider lingo, there lurks a genuine slobbering indie rock fan dickhead who's not too embarrassed to admit he's a wimp for The Chills. What bugs me though, are his references to drug use. He pretends he could drop massive mics of acid and handle the psychedelic experience without soiling his underpants. Don't believe it. Did I tell you Conflict contains reviews, news and interviews? Same shit, superior marketing. A classic of the genre. \$2.75 (Conflict, POB 264, New York, NY 10009)—David Ciaffardini

DRAFT COUNSELOR'S MANUAL

Worried about the return of the draft? Think you'll just move to Canada? Or do you think the draft is something that will never happen again? Well, regardless, you might do well to check out this volume. Keep it just in case the unthinkable happens, like storing food and water in the basement. The life you save may be your own. This is no guide to draft "evasion"; instead it is a guide to the conscription system that gives those who don't belong in the military, i.e., anyone who feels strongly enough about not participating in war, or the millions who are physically or otherwise "unfit" for service, a chance to avoid being wrongly forced to serve. It gives as detailed instructions as possible on how to successfully navigate a system loaded against potential draftees. Get it and be prepared. (NIBSCO, 1601 Connecticut, NW, ste 750, Washington, DC 20009 202-483-4510)—Sunn Thomas

ELECTRONIC COTTAGE

This journal focuses upon the independent tape network with a special emphasis on electronic and experimental music. It is edited and published by Hal McGee and is chock full of contributions from many prominent home tapers including Carl Howard, DAS, David Prescott, and Michael Chocholak. The scope is international and materials cover many aspects of any home taper's situation including: how to do it, where to send it (radio and distribution), who is doing it and where. There is also included a nice bulletin board with much news about projects, sources, stations, and other publications. It is finely packaged, nice and thick, very heavy with information. (Electronic Cottage, POB 3637, Apollo Beach, FL 33570)—Nathan Griffith

EXPERIMENTAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

This is a marvelous and fascinating little bi-monthly journal which deals exclusively with new instruments, sound sculptures, and audio art, with interviews and articles on and by Stephen Scott, Glenn Branca, the Glass Orchestra, and others. Some of the articles are of a technical nature dealing with tuning systems, acoustics, diagrams for instrument building, etc., while others are of more general interest. Included are reviews, listings of concerts, exhibitions, articles appearing in other periodicals, as well as special columns such as an excellent discography in Vol. III, No. 2. Also available are 4 cassettes featuring Ivor Darreg, the Nihilist Spasm Band, Robert Rutman, and many others. (Experimental Musical Inst, POB 784, Nicasio, CA 94946 415-662-2182)—Dean Suzuki

FILE 13

Indie fanzine, dudel Rock, Industrial, Rap, and Dance. Clean design, nice paper. No problems with this one. \$1.00 (File 13, POB 175, Concord, MA 01742)—David Ciaffardini

HOME POWER

From the totally mundane to the highly technical, this publication covers every aspect of almost every conceivable way to produce your own power. Now you can make your own way in the world rather than be a slave to the corporate power parasites. Number 18 (Aug/Sept 1990) has a report on the Energy Park at the 1990 Oregon Country Fair, 2 reports on Electric/Solar electric cars, calendar of upcoming renewable energy events, and lots of other goodies. Get off the Grid! Six issues per year at \$6. (Home Power, POB 130, Hombrook, CA 96044-0130)—M.

HOMOCORE

Is there REAL music after "coming out"? Yes, Virginia, there is, and it's in your face and this is the zine that covers it! Good news for all gay, lesbian, and bi fans of Hardcore/Punk/Etc. music who thought that acknowledging their sexuality meant being condemned to a life of disco and partying with clones and/or the "politically correct." Instead there seems to be an increasingly thriving homophile alternative music scene to feel at home in. Homocore has the usual mix of reviews/interviews plus political and historical content relevant to this scene, not to mention wild photos of some pretty outrageous people having major fun! The large letters section seems to be something of a lifeline for some of their readers stuck in less hospitable areas of the country and/or world. In addition to the zine, the Homocore crew also put on shows in San Francisco. Photos and reports then get published in the zine. (Homocore, POB 77731, San Francisco, CA 94107)—M.

LA DISCOGRAPHIE ROCK FRANCAIS

All too many are unaware of the progressive rock tradition in France with its innovative musical developments and considerable cult following, and this book serves to correct that situation. There are two crucially important French groups, Magma and Ange, the former an aston-

ishly inventive, and tremendously influential, group whose thunderous music is a hybrid of progressive rock and jazz fusion, absolutely unique, essentially defining a new musical style, while the latter is perhaps the French analog of Genesis (the early Peter Gabriel version), with its own singular and distinctive French twist. Each of these groups spawned entire, and quite substantial, musical movements in Europe, which are herein pored over in great detail. The book, in both English and French throughout, opens with a history of French from 1969 to the present. Capsule descriptions accompany each entry, along with complete discographic information: a listing of all records by each artist or group (LPs, EPs, singles), labels, record numbers and date of issue, yielding a total of 550 groups and musicians and 2,000 records, with photographs of 300 record jackets. A small table near the end lists names and addresses of record companies and distributors for those who wish to investigate further and hear for themselves. In addition, La Discographie covers genres within rock other than progressive: folk-rock, jazz-rock; in fact, all styles except commercial pop, hard rock, punk, and new wave. Yearly supplemental updates are planned. La Discographie Rock Francais is an indispensable, must-have item for the record collector and a real eye opener for the uninitiated. (Musea, 68 La Tinchotte, 57117 Retonfey, France)—Dean Suzuki

LOWLIFE

Enthusiastically noisy and/or extremely adventurous recordings and performers get the good word in this compendium of underground music intellectualizing, presented in an enthusiastically noisy and/or extremely adventurous tone. A cream-of-the-crop/crap farzine that

should not be ignored. Always worth the money. Quality and integrity. Educate thyself now. \$4.00 (Lowlife, POB 8213, Atlanta, GA 30306-0213)—David Ciaffardini

MARQUEE

Sub-titled, "Belle Musique d'aujourd'hui," is a beautifully produced and smartly edited slick quarterly (or thereabouts) magazine which covers new and progressive music from Japan and around the world. Marquee features profiles of progressive rock groups, labels, and national movements, with complete discographies and color shots of album covers. The most recent issue, No. 33, looks at progressive rock from down under, Italy, and a survey of Japanese progressive bands from the '80s, plus profiles of the groups Soft Machine, Steve Hillage, New Trolls, Taurus, interviews with Atoll, Arti e Mestieri, and much more. Though written mostly in Japanese, it is an excellent source of information (much of it, including titles, labels, record numbers, addresses, etc., is in English) for those who wish to find out about obscure, but excellent recordings. (Marquee, 404 SY Bldg 3-15-18 Shimo-chia, Shinjuku-ku Tokyo 161, Japan)—Dean Suzuki

MUSICWORKS MAGAZINE

Billed as the Canadian Journal of Sound Exploration, this magazine covers the endeavors of the best of Canada's music avant-garde (with a limited coverage of non-Canadian artists as well). The issue I received primarily explored movement (dance) and its relation to music. For the most part, the journal is composed of both interviews of, and theoretical tracts by performers, as well as an occasional score. The text is, at times, pedantic, but topics discussed are of interest particularly

for their understanding of the state of sound exploration in its theoretical and social forms. (Musicworks, 1087 Queen St West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M16 1H3)—Nathan Griffith

ND 13

This wonderful magazine comes from the heart of Austin, Texas. Though dealing largely with experimental and difficult music, it also makes connections to performance and mail art. Happily enough, it covers not only those who create the art and music, but those who are responsible for its dissemination. There are stories and interviews with and about artists and musicians, gallery owners, networkers, and other publishers. There is a large listing of current and future mail art projects, zillions of short magazine and recording reviews, and good contact addresses for all kinds of projects. This issue contains informative interviews with La Sonorite Jaune and PGR as well as great cover art. (ND, POB 4144, Austin, TX 78765 (512) 440-7609)—Nathan Griffith

PATTERN POETRY: GUIDE TO AN UNKNOWN LITERATURE

Higgins, poet, composer, theoretician, academician, founding member of Fluxus, humorist, a Renaissance man if there ever was one, has written a stunning tome on the subject of pattern poetry, a genre of poetry in which the physical form of the text as it is laid out on the paper is an integral part of the work. Some examples exhibit a tremendous degree of invention, including those which are virtual puzzles, while others are simply beautiful to behold. All are wonders of the creative spirit. To be certain, pattern poetry is an area of literary es-



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terica, but one which has a surprisingly long history, cutting across all cultural barriers, with examples appearing throughout the West, as well as the Orient, India, Islamic nations, and elsewhere. Pattern poetry proves to be a literary genre of incredible invention and tremendous beauty. Many of the works can be likened to a kind of visual music, sparking a sense of wonder and awe. This coffee table size book belongs in the collection of all those who love unusual poetic forms, and those who have an interest in the unusual and experimental arts. Ever the thorough scholar, Higgins has prepared an errata sheet available for the asking. (State Univ. of NY Press, State University Plaza, Albany, NY 12246)—Dean Suzuki

PEACEMAKER

A down-home-personal Pacifist tabloid that prints correspondence and short essays on matters of current import. Gandhi is mentioned frequently and there seems to be some Quaker influences as well. Volume 43, Number 3 (Sept 21 1990) addresses the current War For Oil, War On Drugs, War Against Trees, and other matters. Also letters/reports from American Peace Movement political prisoners, and just plain folks. With all these Wars going on it's a good thing that there are people like these around; we need many more. Subscriptions \$10 per year suggested, but they appear to have a sliding-scale policy. (Peacemaker, POB 627, Garberville, CA 95440)—M.

PUNCTURE

Eclectic music fanzine with punk roots and a higher than average literary value. Art, intellectuality, and a lot of pseudonyms for a small group of writers. Imagine finding out your local, bespeckled socialist librarian lady digs the Butthole Surfers and goes to underground clubs and knows the scene way better than you! Cool! \$2.50 (Puncture, 1592 Union St., No. 431, San Francisco, CA 94123)—David Ciaffardini

RETROFUTURISM

Retrofuturism is a quarterly magazine edited by the Tape-Beatles, who are based in Iowa. This is a special issue with a 5 track e.p. enclosed. The magazine deals with such topics as Neoism, The Art Strike, Macintosh Computers as Capitalist Machines, Censorship and The Tape-Beatles. Audio reviews slant toward Industrial/Avant Garde releases. The print reviews cover a wide range of publications with addresses and descriptions. The articles are interesting, but seem to be leveled at fellow artists. After reading them I kept asking myself "What does this lead to?" and "What exactly are they trying to say?" The e.p. is a joint effort with RRRRecords. Musicians are: Mystery Lab, Fleeing Villagers, X.Y. Zedd and the Tape-beatles. The Tape-beatles track is by far the best. They remind me of an upbeat Negiiveland. The magazine is nicely laid out and easy to read. Subscription rate is \$10 for 4 issues. (PhotoStatic Magazine, 911 N. Dodge St., Iowa City, IA 52240 319-351-8423)—Joe Kolb

SALON (A JOURNAL OF AESTHETICS)

Not content to merely talk about works of art, this issue (No.11, Fall 1990) has become one—it's a numbered, limited edition, signed on the back by all the local contributors. This time out the core theme is censorship and First Amendment issues, and the quality is high throughout, both artistically and intellectually. It's particularly refreshing to read artists condemning the tax-

funded government sponsorship of art from an unrelenting pro-freedom standpoint, while blasting censorship with the same breath. As they state repeatedly: "Artists, let go of that sugaritt!" You'll also find a satirical "Tips For the Artistic;" "Around the World with Censorship;" great cartoons and graphics; Lenny Bruce, an interview with the author of *Raised by Wolves* and *True Tales*; 2 Live Crew review; Cheap Art; 1st Amendment networking; "Great Ignominious Moments in the History of Censorship;" an Artistic License for your wall; and even a cameo mention of G.G. Allin. All this for only \$5.00 (get it while it's still available and/or before it's CENSORED!) Send cash, stamps, or "something made out to the editor." (Pat Hartman, 305 W. Magnolia #386, Fort Collins, CO 80521)—M.

THANG!

Rock! Yo, Touch N' Go, Sub-Poppin, besquawking interviews, reviews fanzine. No. 10 features Mudhoney, Flour, and Jesus Lizard. Steve Albini insults Debbie Jaffe big-time. \$1.00 (Thang!, 157 Murdock St. #3, Boston, MA 02135-2309)—David Ciaffardini

THE KVINDE HADER KLUB

Rock zine, small print, small-time, personal, friendly, no bad attitudes, lots of indie recording and zine reviews. Humor, enthusiasm. I like. \$1.00 (Kvinde Hader Klub, 144 Hester St #8, New York, NY 10013)—David Ciaffardini

UGLY AMERICAN

Underground rock angst and loud-mouth putdowns. Pages of typewritten reviews of indie recordings and shows that, according to the authors, mostly "suck." No. 5 highlights include editorial contributions from Lisa Suckdog. Chatty interviews with Cop Shoot Cop, Dust Devils, Lubricated Goat, and Peach of Immortality. Bathroom scale: .75 \$3.00 (Ugly American, POB 8433, Red Bank, NJ 07701)—David Ciaffardini

UNBROKEN CHAIN

Grateful Dead fanzine. Read about busts, deaths, drugs, scalpers and other thrills one encounters on tour with the Dead. Not that these topics are the focus, but they are worth discussing, as many of the contributors do, despite editor Laura Paul Smith's suggestion to her readers: "Okay, enough focus on the negative you guys. Your points are well-taken, but lets have more positive letters next time!" And there is good news too, such as the "deaf desk" to be set up at some concerts "where deaf Deadheads can go to put their hands in a "vibe" box and "feel the music." If you are into the Dead, you'll definitely groove with this zine. I did. \$1.50 (Unbroken Chain, POB 8726, Richmond, VA 23226)—David Ciaffardini

UNDERGROUND BEAT

This new zine has a bold graphic style that really jumps at you, and the content isn't slack either. In the premier issue (Summer 1990) you'll find an Introductory Editorial which includes the proposition, "I Think, Therefore I Subvert;" letter from a Grateful Dead tour; publication reviews; report on the new American concentration camps; Eco-guerrillas (including the FBI's war on Earth First!); practical herbal medicine; cultural genocide and the War on Drugs; music reviews; and comix, art, and poetry. I really like the mix and I think this is a zine to watch. Recommended. Four issues/year for \$5.00, check or M.O. (Beat Club Productions,

1718 M Street NW, Suite 154, Washington D.C., 20036)—M.

VOICE OF NEW MUSIC: NEW YORK CITY 1972-1982

Tom Johnson was the music critic for the *Village Voice* for over a decade—from the early '70s to the early '80s—a time in which new music came into its own, some of which became the first art music to reach a large audience since the nineteenth century. Johnson, himself a composer, as well as an excellent writer and critic, chronicled the rise of new music, particularly minimalism, and the scene in New York with acuity, insight, and a great deal of love. This tome (some 540 pages) is a collection of Johnson's reviews. He covers a multitude of aspects of minimal music as found in the many performances in downtown Manhattan, ranging from the "big four": Glass, Reich, Riley and Young, to the myriad of lesser known composers such as Charlemagne Palestine, Phil Niblock, Yoshi Wada, Philip Corner, Petr Kotik and Michael Galasso, among many others. To put things in their proper perspective, Johnson also critiques works by Cage and Feldman, the latter his teacher and mentor, as well as other non-minimal experimentalists, including Evan Parker, Akio Suzuki, Harry Bertoia, Giacinto Scelsi and John Zorn. It all makes for excellent reading and allows the reader the opportunity to watch the unfolding, rise and development of some of the most important music of the century at a time of great upheaval. (Het Apollohuis, Tongelreestraat 81, 5613 DB Eindhoven, Netherlands)—Dean Suzuki

ZENGER

This tabloid, which bills itself as "the Nation's Underground Newspaper" is full of those essential bits of information that never seem to get proper coverage (if indeed they get any coverage at all) on the pages and picture-tubes of America's Government/Corporate propaganda machine. They don't waste precious space on pointless preaching-to-the-already-converted editorializing, or any of the embarrassing isms and schisms that stain the pages of so many allegedly "radical" publications, either. This one is definitely worth a try. Stories from recent issues have included: [Vol.4 No.1 Jan 1990] CIA Fakery in El Salvador; Law Enforcement Television Network; FBI, Police, and Corporate Suppression of Rock and Rap music. [Vol.4 No.3 April 1990] State Defense Forces - secret paramilitary groups chartered by Fed. and state governments to "prevent or suppress subversive activity" by spying on citizens and enforcing martial law. They are made up of KKK, Neo-Nazis, and Christian fanatics and carry military weapons increasingly prohibited to normal civilians. Also how the CIA stole billions from the S & L's. [Vol.4 No.5 July/Aug 1990]. How radiowaves can crash jets, fire missiles, and detonate nuclear warheads; police terrorism against environmentalists; the Fed's assault on computer nets, bulletin boards, and hackers; the cults, kooks, and fascists behind the PMRC. They also run frequent pull-out sections on the "War on Drugs," and international affairs. Subscriptions are \$10.00 for 12 issues. (Zenger, pob 3481, Madison, WI 53704)—M.

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Interview with an Evolution Agent

Dr. Timothy Leary, Ph.D

by Faustin Bray



Virtual Reality! Tim and Barbara Leary peer into a heavy soundspace in this computer generated composite of photos by Faustin Bray and graphics by Brumbar. An era where cyberpunk musicians create sound tracks for 3-Dimensional "mind movies" is starting to unfold!

Dr. Timothy Leary is a founding father of our new nation of infinite possibilities.

Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and Tom Paine rolled into one heavy number; a loud-mouth voice of human liberation and equal rights. This doctor has flown his kite in the vastness of inner space, his lightning rod mind stoked by flashes of genius sent from beyond mortality.

Leary has authored more than

40 published volumes on philosophy, science and politics professing his doctrines of consciousness expansion and evolution awareness. His work has defined him, his close colleagues, and his students as this century's greatest hope fiends, charting out a cyber-political doctrine of ecstasy for everyone in the here and now.

This bright-eyed septuagenarian is the quintessential, optimistic, hyperspace explorer, blazing trails into exciting danger zones where normal men and women fear to tread.

Leary is a Mark Twain style story teller for the children of the new age. His wild, wild west is the frontier of advanced thought

and human potential, his rough and tumble compatriots are mining the elusive riches of cyberspace from underground computer dens, chemical labs, and exotic botanical gardens.

River-panned gold is base metal compared to the intellectual treasures that can accumulate at the bottom of a carefully swirled brain pan.

If Leary hears a good idea, he wraps it up in his Celtic Bard/Leprechaun oratory and philosophizes about it to the global-town folks.

L.S.D. was one of those ideas and his open, enthusiastic discussion of it made him infamous in the sixties. The decade of the

seventies then brought five years of life in prison stemming from a minor marijuana charge. He spent two years as a hunted international fugitive following his daring, intricately planned escape where the then 50-year-old academic crossed a security fence by pulling himself along while hanging upside down within easy shooting range of prison security towners.

Today this 70-year-old altered statesman is still happy to talk about psychedelic drugs, but more often you can find him developing interactive, educational computer software or on the lecture circuit proselytizing about computers, electronic environments, and the ramifications of our quickly expanding information age.

Space migration, intelligence increase, and life extension: these are the new territories that must be opened to the masses and mined to their fullest, Leary has told us again and again.

If there has been a constant theme in Leary's odyssey, it has been his unswerving dedication to empowering individuals--regular folks--by sharing with them cutting edge information that has been previously circulated only in small circles of academics, government bureaucrats, or military insiders. He has a Robin Hood-like zeal toward the liberation of information.

It seems imperative that in this year 45 A.H. (After Hiroshima), musicians and audio artists gain a greater understanding of the cyber-tech, new realities that our computerized information age has in store for us.

Devices just being developed allow us to further re-create the awesome capabilities of our minds and produce self-contained environments that stroke all of the known human senses simultaneously or discretely. Machines let us create our own realities, our own multi-dimensional universes that can be our secret hiding places, or places to share with others. Portable amusement parks for the mind will be bought and sold over department store counters and through mail order catalogs.

Audio artists of the new millennium will be composing soundtracks for new worlds and new consciousnesses.

Leary also reminds us that our greatest audio processing equipment is all in our heads. Our human bio-computers transmit, receive, amplify, codify and modify audio and visual signals right between our ears. Psychedelicized thinkers like Leary are helping us create an owner's manual for this mechanically mysterious graymatter of which we uti-

lize only a small fraction during an average lifetime.

Great achievements in the audio art community have and will undoubtedly always be made by those who tap into the psychedelic, i.e., "mind-manifesting" nature of sound.

If we extrapolate Leary's rap, we might conclude that the importance of new developments in art and science should be measured in relation to how they prepare the people of earth to carry out or cope with three vital and inevitable tasks of humanity--space migration, intelligence increase, and life extension. In the near future, everything else might be considered little more than mindless entertainment. --D.C.

Set and Setting:

Interviewing for Sound Choice is Faustin Bray, with Brian Wallace on tape recorder and vibes. An audio version of the entire interview is available from Sound Photosynthesis.

The Beverly Hills neighborhood is sedate. Who would guess that behind those sober ferns, running barefoot through the neurons, is one of this century's most influential minds. The man William Burroughs called Johnny Acidseed.

When we arrive, recording equipment at hand, to interview this notorious character, it is a bright sunny morning at his modern, open, light, art-filled home overlooking the city.

These days, Timothy Leary and his wife Barbara appear as the exemplary householders. They could be mistaken for the Joneses everyone would like to keep up with. They are slim and stylish, in the social fast lane, with an on-site teenage son. The high-overhead environs let you know they are successes on the fickle front line of blame and fortune.

At first acclaimed, then later defamed, Dr. Leary has led the kind of life that social psychologists, novel-writing historians and gossip columnists relish. He has smiled through decades of bountiful double edged adjectives flowing forth from all sides describing him as: brilliant, dapper, humorous, irresponsible, clever, eclectic, egalitarian, cheerleader, pioneer, cop-out, space case, dangerous, and evolutionary, to name a few.

We found him, as always, to be a very charming, gracious, effervescent gentleman.

Faustin: What do you see happening with the future of music? What exemplifies the futuristic sound?

Tim: The obvious answer to that is; there is a globalization tendency happening.

The wonderful thing about the cybernetic, electronic world we are going into is that the barriers of language and culture and geography are crumbling and a new breed is emerging. I call it, "the brain child".

The brain child is the young person today who is out growing the values of nationality and language. We saw that when the Berlin Wall went down and it's certainly happening in Japan. David Byrne is a good example. I love what he is doing; mixing up Brazilian and Reggae and Black Rhythm and Blues.

Faustin: Tell me about your view of the Avant-garde.

Tim: Avant Garde is always the place where the future happens. I think the most important aspect of any culture is often found on the frontier edge. I'm fascinated and like to keep up with what's going on; although there's so much going on these days that you have to run full speed just to fall behind.

William Burroughs is one of my dear friends and one that I've admired for years. We just came back from Japan, where Barbara and I went to an opening of a night club in Burrough's honor. Burroughs is BIG in Japan.

The young Japanese and the Avant Garde Japanese are absolutely obsessed and fascinated with the futurist part of American Culture.

Faustin: When you are talking on stage, do you have a pace or rhythm you are following? You carry on at a pretty fast clip.

Tim: Well, I'm very Celtic and the older I get the more Celtic I realize I am. Any corny text book will tell you the Celts are very strong on declamation, the oral tradition, bardic story telling, exaggeration, and typically with attitudes against the empire, against the church. They are often involved with certain states of intoxication. The bardic transformation of information--which is one of the most powerful and oldest--apparently comes natural to me, so that's what I do in public.

Faustin: Some of your rap was recently taped during a club performance. What happened with that?

Tim: Well, as we all know a very powerful music in England today is Acid House music and one of the groups asked me to tape a few pages of words and they would put sounds behind it. Phil Bailey was the producer on that. When I go to London, I'll probably do a live one. They

have an idea of what I do and they can build the sound around it.

Faustin : Lately you've been communicating a lot about Virtual Reality devices. I understand you prefer to call the field "Variable Realities."

Tim: Very few people understand what "virtual reality" means. Why do they call it "virtual?" people ask. Many of us don't like the concept of "virtual reality" because, number one, you should never say reality in the singular, that's an oxymoron.

Reality by definition--the very fact that it is singular--means that it is plural. In other words, everyone has her own singular reality, therefore it has always got to be plural. The word realities is like the word gods. When somebody uses the word God in the singular you know you are in trouble because that God is going to have a pistol to your head in a minute.

The new electronic environments generated by computers--you know, "electronic environments" which we can walk through--I like to call them "variable realities" or "reversible realities". As a matter of fact I think you should have many different terms for it. Reality is such a pluralistic thing.

Nowadays with the use of electrons we can communicate with other people and create other environments which two or more people can inhabit. The telephone, for example, when you are having a conversation with someone else, that's a virtual reality, because the person is not there, may not even be there, it may be a canned voice, a machine. The telephone is the first electronic, interpersonal device and has the wonderful advantage of enabling one to talk to some one in Paris, London or Tokyo. My brain can travel along that wire, even though my body remains here. That is the wonderful thing about electrons.

Electrons have one function. Information. Electrons can't break your bones. No sticks or stones. No sir. Only one function, to interact with other electrons and act as receivers. What we have here is the brain. molecules and electrons sending our brains around. Every time I call you, I'm sending little parts of my brain, a narrow auditory part. Now with the eye phones and the data suits, I can

call you up and we can agree on what kind of electronic reality we want: we can be walking on a beach in Hawaii or we can be sitting on the top of Mt. Everest or we can be in your living room, dining room, or bedroom..

Faustin : But first there has to be a programmer to program this into the computer.



The man that launched a thousand trips, has helped develop lots of innovative inter-active computer software for the nineties including his latest, Flashbacks. Photo by Faustin Bray.

Tim: Yeeess! Well, in the very near future, almost everything that exists will have been photographed and digitized so you can pull it up. I'll just go through my file: "What do you got? I've got Honolulu. How about you? What do you got?"

Electronic realities have the advantage of being very inexpensive, because electrons cost almost nothing and they can be very easily stored and they can be transported almost freely and with an infinite number of permutations. We can have an electronic reality of Waikiki Beach but, "let's move that palm tree over and ..and, ah, oh, you're from New England, we'll put a pine tree there to make you feel at home."

What we are doing is not only inter-personally communicating, our brains are, but our bodies may be three thousand miles away. We are mutually creating these environments.

Right now the average American spends seven hours a day being a slug watching television; peering in at realities that are being fabricated by ABC, NBC, which are the very lowest common denominator and really quite scary realities.

We create the electronic environments. We do it. I don't impose them on you and sell them to you. I'm not a big expert developer, sending out product that you buy. We do it together, and that's always been the key to everything I've done. Interaction, interpersonal exchange. Finally, after seventy years the equipment has come along.

Faustin : Yes, you've been ahead of your time.

Tim: It's of interest that all this was predicted over two thousand years ago by Plato. Plato talked about the ideals that you have in your head which can never be perfectly reproduced in the gross matter, but which can exist in platonic forms. And the little concept of final perfect, I can put my perfect up there and you come along and say, "Well, let's put a bikini on her", or "lets have a little more blue in the sky."

Faustin : So it's a joint effort?

Tim: That's right. Jaron Lanier, one of the many gifted prophets of this incredible new electronic movement., talks about RB2. Realities built for

two. He continually comes back to the point that the primary function for a computer is to help people communicate more clearly, and more effectively, and certainly with more richness.

Faustin : Lanier is a musician. He does a lot of his own effects.

Tim: Yes! And boy is he a collector of musical instruments. He has probably one of the largest private collections of ethnic musical instruments. From different tribes and islands.

Faustin : Have you experienced all of the different set ups of variable realities that are available now in the milieu?

Tim: I've experienced most of them. Eric Gullichsen said that the Air Force showed them flight simulation, virtual reality of sitting in the cockpit of a plane. It senses as you're turning your head around. You feel as though you're going 600 miles an hour, and that's EXACTLY the way it looks. That is what is fascinating.

The military is always way ahead of civilians. It's always the military that has

vilians. It's always the military that has the money and the power to say we need to do this research for security. And that's how television was developed--by military sonar radar. Even LSD was developed by the CIA and the military. These developments always leak over, spill over, and are taken over by the civilians and then it comes down to the hands of the individuals. That's what I'm interested in: getting all this knowledge and information equipment--the appliances--into the hands of the individual.

Faustin : You know, that brings up a question that I've had in my mind since I reread *Flashbacks*. In your question to Charles Manson, you asked, "Charles, have you ever been interviewed by psychologists or experts about how you did it?" Did you ever finish that conversation with him? Did he ever tell you how he got the people to do his will?

Tim : Well, I think it's been well described in books by Ed Sanders and by Bugliosi. It is the way every wife-beating male controls his family. With just pure fear. Coercion, will, domination. Particularly where there was a high percentage of prisoners coming from deprived backgrounds or lower working-class families or where there was total domination by the male. Anybody can do it. It's the same as child abuse and wife abuse.

There's a great lesson I think every middle-class person has to learn. Think about why Manson would want to use LSD to control people. Gosh, you spend some time in a prison and you realize that 50 or 60 percent of the people out there in America are really not very far from the cave.

Faustin : You said that you didn't think the government had it so together that they could control as many things as people assume they are controlling. Had you had any other thoughts about that since our last conversation?

Tim : Well, I've put in my time. I spent five years in the military, including two years at West Point, and five years in the educational indoctrination factory, and five years in prison observing the law enforcement side of government. And I'll say again, the people in the government are the last people who know what's going on. Behind the Berlin Wall they realized that governments can do nothing but fuck up. Ninety percent of the problems that we have are caused by governments. Like the starvation in Ethiopia. That's the most

obvious example.

Faustin : Do you see all of these computer innovations and the communication developments helping the human condition?

Tim : Well, the most astonishing and wonderful thing to happen since we invented the zipper and face-to-face lovemaking is the emergence of electronic information equipment, which is getting more and more powerful and less and less expensive.

Pretty soon the average inner-city deprived kid will have a little wrist watch which will have a billion transistors, which will allow her to store and process acres of information. We'll have the optic disc which will send information, including graphic information and sound--the most complex --cheaper than by telephone now. Certainly much cheaper than pushing signals through the airwaves.

Faustin : How will that improve life?

Tim : The great, exciting thing is that the individual human being is going to be empowered with all this information and communication technology. It's all geared to encourage action and interaction, not passive watching of television or passive reading of someone else's books.

The Nintendo, which costs seventy dollars, and every kid has it, they're doing funny little jumping around things now. But give them ten years and they're going to be using that inexpensive equipment to do things we haven't even thought of. The average seventy dollar toy has got more power than a Commodore 64 did a few years ago.

My son Zach, who's sixteen years old and a Grateful Dead head, has got electronic processing equipment in his room that would have cost \$20 million, 20 years ago. And then he would have had to have a warehouse to hold it all.

I consider this to be very hopeful in an evolutionary sense, because the brain wants to be fed. The brain wants electronic information. The brain can process information at the rate of one hundred-fifty, two hundred million signals a second.

The brain is bored and starved with the alphabet soups that we've been feeding our brains. And this is a big force on our side, that the brain wants it. The eyes like it any time you get to fine tune it. Video games, things like that. So, that's a genetic, mutational thing and what it means is that the brain is going to become the cen-

ter of human life.

Faustin : What about the over-population situation? The concept of the birthing out of this planet and going into space has taken a back seat in your talks these days.

Tim : That's because the military took over space. However, the civilian space movement is moving very powerfully. It's happening in Tucson, Arizona, where the Biosphere II people are building the first true self-sustaining habitat. Although it's attached to the ground, it's an enormous dome world in which eight people will live two years without any material contact with planet Earth. And that's a spaceship the military doesn't even know about.

Faustin : They haven't even gotten involved?

Tim : The Russian space team was much more interested in it than ours. NASA, for many obvious reasons, wasn't happy about it.

Faustin : Some people say we should fix Earth before we start putting energy into outer space.

Tim : There's a certain rhythm and timing to this. Yeah, we obviously have to get our act together here before we can start sending space colonies out. Now that virtual reality equipment has come along, it's not as necessary to move bodies around. You can be in Houston control and put on your goggles and you're right there walking around on the moon. If you can walk around on the moon, you can walk around your friend's house in Tokyo without leaving home.

The body becomes unnecessary, thank God, as an instrument of work. The idea that you would use your body to perform acts that can be done better by machine or by automated equipment is a form of slavery. The body will become liberated! The body will be the source of grace, of interpersonal communication, of aesthetics, sport. You will not use your body as a beast of burden!

With variable realities, air pollution problems will decrease almost overnight, because you won't have to jump in your car to drive to work. You won't have to lug your heavy body out to the car and strap it in and drive three miles, three hours through the traffic, and get into an elevator and you finally get there to meet someone.

Since most of our work is mental, you

won't have to do that. Which means the only reason we'll be using automobiles will be for sport or for hobby or for pleasure. If that seems strange, think of 200 years ago when the horse was the major means of conveyance, of transportation. Now the horse is only used for sport, and aesthetics, and exercise. That will happen with cars. Sure it's fun to drive. The mechanical part of our nature is very important and it's a stage you have to go through, learn how to feel comfortable with a machine. You don't have to carry it to the extreme of Tom Cruise, in "Days of Thunder."

FaustIn : Have you seen "Total Recall"?

Tim: I saw that. I went to the preview of that. I couldn't stand it. I had to walk out. I was literally, physically overwhelmed by the violence. And I was shocked by the callousness of the American public right now that it could sit through 90 minutes.

The LA Times, which is a very pro-film industry paper, said that the body count in "Total Recall", just Schwarzenegger's body count alone, was greater than that of that great war movie The Longest Day. The day of D-Day.

This is over-violence. I was interviewed by the press, and I told them that this was going to double the sale of automatic weapons. And, just watch, there's going to be ten times more drive-by shootings, 'cause if you watch Schwarzenegger just firing indiscriminately at several thousand people in this movie. It was a great night for the NRA.

FaustIn: What about the violent nature of Blue Velvet, a movie you said you liked?

Tim: There are movies which glorify violence, and there are movies that use violence to turn you against violence. And there's a great difference there.

I read in a magazine about 13 year-old kids in Afghanistan being trained as warriors, and 13 year-old kids in Burma are being trained as warriors. They have to cut the muzzle of the guns off because they can hardly carry them. They show them Rambo as a training film, to get them ready. Clearly, "Rambo" is a movie that wants a poor young guy to stagger around and shoot people down.

Now Dennis Hopper (In Blue Velvet), that's different. I don't think any kid, any sexually frustrated kid, would want to grow up and be like Dennis Hopper with a mask on and doing that weird rape scene.

How Virtual Reality Works



Graphic by Doug Arellanes

It's obvious he's half impotent and there's no real sense of brutal penetration. Nobody wants to be that. That's why I can watch the violence in that. Because there is violence in the world, and to show it, show it in such a way that, my God, we'll never invite him to dinner.

FaustIn : As a psychologist, you invented that test, which was and still is used, the Interpersonal Checklist?

Tim: Well, it's not a test. The Interpersonal Questionnaires were communication devices that the so called patient would check things about herself or himself, her husband or his wife, and whatever. Then the doctor and other people check it. It's simply a way of coordinating and calibrating perceptions and seeing where people see things differently. It's not a test at all, there's no right or wrong.

We call it mind mirroring, because it simply reflects what you have chosen. It's simply a device to clarify the thoughts

that people have about things so they can communicate more clearly with each other. The computer allows us to take a communications device like that and speed it up so quickly that you could actually have conversations where instantly we could be scoring how we are responding to each other. Just like in a baseball game, after every play you see a scoreboard--strike one, ball two and that sort of thing.

FaustIn : At the psychedelic conference this past winter, it was very nice, the way you opened up the whole conference acknowledging all of the important historical people that have been involved in the consciousness expanding society. The event as a whole, was kind of a little cheering section and pep-rally for the movement.

Tim: Well, first we should probably describe for the reader, the conference itself was held at a very conservative, stuffy hotel in Berkeley. The management was

shocked and amazed, the other patrons were complaining to the manager about the members of the conference. On the other hand, all of the valets, waiters, and bellboys, who are all UC students, were the happiest clams running around cheery and shiny. So it was amusing. I think there were approximately 600 people, who paid sixty or seventy dollars, jammed into the ballroom. They had to turn people away. Fire marshals had to come. That was a sign of the interest and commitment to consciousness expansion.

Faustin : And it was an orderly group too. It wasn't wild, you know.

Tim: Too orderly, if the truth were known.

Faustin : What do you think about events like that? Do you think they're going to actually help the situation? A lot of other people were saying, "It's going to be the same as it was in the '60's, you draw attention to it, we're going to have the same problems." And it's going to get oppressive, and all that sort of thing. It's pretty oppressive as it is, already. What do you think about those kinds of gatherings?

Tim: I think they're pleasant, and I think they're irrelevant. It's nice for people to come out and cheer for old times sake.

I think electrons expand consciousness. You look at a television tube and suddenly you're seeing things there that you've never seen before. You're seeing fabrications and fictions and you're seeing special effects. By definition, even television--the worst television--expands consciousness. It may emphasize propaganda and negative emotions, but there's no question that it effects consciousness. I think that the variable realities, electronic environments, that are being developed will.....there's just no way you can argue, and say it doesn't expand consciousness. We can imagine sitting in a sidewalk cafe on the moon, and we're going to drink enormous glasses of starjuice, and like that. And you can have free belly-dancers, and a bullfighter, and like that [snaps his fingers] we can have them there. We can even be playing the parts ourselves, so that's certainly psychedelic.

Faustin : I see an advantage of psychedelics or mind expansion, to have the individual somehow incorporate different ways of being. Maybe they can experience not being afraid of death or what it is like not to do something they have been doing habitually.

Do you think that the electronic environments will have that kind of impact?

Tim: Well, the great thing about using computers and electronics is, it lends itself to simulation. If you have metal and you're making a car, it takes you a long time to make a car, and it's just one car. Vrooom, with electrons you can make a car. Vrooom, you can make it big, small. You can put on nine tires as fast as you can. Faster than you can think about changing that car, you can have that car run through all the permutations and combinations.

Faustin : Well, I spend a lot of time on computers. And I don't know that it necessarily helps me to get along, any better, than when I am operating one on one with another person.

Tim: I agree that computers as they are used in the year 1990, are simply extensions of typewriters or calculating machines, or files situations. But there is going to be a big change in the immediate future, and electronic communications are going to get much more rich and involving.

Faustin : One of the rumors about psilocybin is that it increases visual acuity. That's one of Terence McKenna's raps. And, one of the theories about MDMA is that it helps people to empathize with each other. Or that LSD lets you look at patterns and how things are formulated that you may have not been willing to look at before. Is there an analogous electronic situation that you can see that will take the place of those substances, or do you see it as an augmentation?

Tim: I think that there will be a most exact replication of these different psychedelic drug reactions. You're experiencing the walls breathing. Well, we'll give you walls breathing easy as can be. The thing about empathy, where you look at the other person and you see through the mask and you see through the guards and you see the basic humanity there, we could look at each other with electronic gear and flash each other through those phases. Or if we're having an argument, and you're being frowny at me, and I can suddenly start making you smile, see? Or if you start coming onto me strong, I just press a button and make you three feet tall, so there I am talking to you, looking down at you.

Most human problems are caused because we get locked into situations, and

we won't let each other move. This way, vrooom, we can spin through twenty roles in a few seconds, and I think that's got to increase empathy in a very profound, philosophical sense. Why get hammered into a sado/masochistic or dominant/submission or master/slave thing that's going to be, you know, cast in leather and iron, when we can try anything. Change your leather into angel's wings, if you played around.

Faustin : How do you see these variable realities relating with music?

Tim: One of the great things about music is that involves harmony and it brings four or five people together, and suddenly, magically, they are responding to each other in a very complicated way, which is wonderful. And the second thing about music is that every generation, every ten years they have to have a new style to sort out the courting, mating, and hormonal triggers which are hooked into different signals. So you know who you're supposed to fuck by the cut of the hair and the style of the music. So that there will always be that.

I noticed that Newsweek magazine, devoted an issue to teenagers. They had an assortment of six typical teenagers, and each one of them have their style of music. The more "hip" like David Byrne and U2, and others like rap. Six groups are defined very clearly, by style of hair and the kind of movies they like, their interests, their food, but very specifically in part, by the music they like.

Faustin : Are you still working on mind movies?

Tim: I've been working for many years with Joe Johansen developing something which we call Head Coach. This presents a way you can take any book and you can perform it. It becomes an intricate communication gadget so that you can, instead of just passively reading the book, you respond to questions about it and you can discuss and actually match wits with the author, or with the person who's tutoring.

The key to everything we're doing is perestroika, which means they're top down, very open. It's interactive, there's no teacher or student, and there is also quick feedback. That's the key to any system. Quick feedback. And no authoritarian system wants quick feedback. They want the message to go down, and they don't want to hear anything return. But the key to all of the work we've been doing is immediate response. Quick feedback and small groups.

Duo Records Thoughts and Feelings About Psychedelics, Computers, and Consciousness



Virtual Reality! This three frame computer composite photo recreates eight great thinkers together on one stage for the first time! Rick Doblin, Tim Leary, Mark Kleiman, Andrew Weil, Emerson Jackson, Robert Zanger, Ralph Metzner, and Terence McKenna. Photo and computer work by Faustin Bray of Sound Photosynthesis.

For more than a decade musicians Faustin Bray and Brian Wallace have been meeting with and recording some of the most interesting, innovative, influential and exciting people directly involved with the human potential, neuro-technological and consciousness expansion movements. People who have a mind for minds and can talk about it. From their meetings with great men and women, Bray and Wallace have pulled together more than 1000 of their favorite recordings---video and audio--- and now offer them through their company, Sound Photosynthesis. Their 56-page audio/video catalog is available "for \$1, trade, or compelling request for a freebie from Sound Choice readers, retailers, and wholesalers" by contacting Sound Photosynthesis at P.O. Box 2111, Mill Valley, CA 94942, USA; or phone 415-383-6712. Here are some descriptions of interesting, provocative recordings with an evolution/consciousness theme. --D.C

WILLIAM BURROUGHS

At San Francisco's Kabuki Theatre

Wry, elegant, and eloquent pieces from "The Place of Dead Roads." A 18-83 \$9.00

STEPHEN GASKIN:

Amazing Dope Tales-Flashbacks to the Height Ashbury Days.

A talking book read by the author, with music and effects appropriate to the times and places. Hundreds of people grooved to their first hits of acid while attending Stephen's historic "Monday Night Classes" in the sixties. Then he packed up the buses and founded The Farm in Tennessee, one of America's greatest experiments in communal living. If you want to know what the best of the '60s was really like, and where the scene is heading in the nineties, try this adventure in listening from one of America's greatest rappers. Six audio cassettes in a padded album. \$60.

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At San Jose New Age Renaissance Faire Stephen at his most intense. This time with some very welcomed topical political messages. Audio A 736-90 \$9.00; Video V 264-90 \$35

TIMOTHY LEARY:

American Culture, History (and Everything) 1960-1999

Leary is always an engaging speaker, infused with insight, vision, and humor. Video-178-89,\$35.00. Audio-A0391-89, \$9.

Deck Discussion at Brooktree - I: Psychology & Cyber-punk

The good doctor gets jazzed by William Gibson's "Neuromancer" sci-fi novel and proceeds to define Cyber-punk and its relation to possible realities of the future. Leary, as always, is an optimistic cheerleader, envisioning opportunities for the little guy--the free agent--to gain important victories in the war for information and liberation. Leary answers questions from an informal discussion group of psychologists and researchers.

Video-V9-87, \$35. Audio-A63-87, \$9.00.

Deck Conversation at Brooktree - II

A small relaxed gathering of psychologists and researchers allow Tim to express thoughts and answer candid questions rarely ventured. The subject of psychedelic drugs is brought up. Video-V10-87,\$35.00. Audio-A64-87, \$18.00.

JOHN LILLY:

A Day With Two Scientific Consciousness Explorers

John Lilly is a legend in his own time--a scientist who has charted new territories of the brain through systematic ingestion of a variety of common and exotic hallucinogenic drugs, and isolation and sensory deprivation techniques. His pioneering dolphin research is another facet of this adventurous, multi-faceted, world-reknown man of science. On this tape, Lilly joins psychologist Claudio Naranjo. They trace their illustrious histories apart and together, each seeker and sought. Big minded men.(2)Videos-V11-87, \$54. (3) Audios-A65-87,\$27.00.

From Here to Altrernity Workshop

Up-to-date, fresh and pithy at the L.A. Whole Life Expo. Talks about dolphins, isolation tanks, and psychedelic research. Audio A184-89 \$10 V 166-

89

Frontrunner

His future amid the galaxies. An intimate observation of altered consciousness. Audio 66-83

John Lilly on Isolation Tanks

A fascinating compilation of the inventor's varied approaches to the tank. A304-88 \$10

LUIS EDUARDO LUNA:

Songs the Plants Taught Us

Luna records an unidentified shaman singing Ayahuasca icaros. A123-84 \$9

TERENCE McKENNA:

Beyond Psychology

Alexander Shulgin, the well-known chemist (MDMA), is also on the tape, recorded at the Psychedelic Conference. Audio-84-83, \$9.00.

True Hallucinations

A complete "talking book"--an audially illuminated manuscript unlike any, before or after. This is a fascinating, true adventure story. Its' scientific and philosophic reverberations, and the outstanding, music-augmented production make this an absolute masterpiece of post-war literature and audio art. Hear a voice that launched a thousand trips. During this audio journey you will venture deep into the Amazon, experience scenes of intense sensory overload, and find out what goes on in the minds of men and women that teeter on the brink of psilocybin induced insanity and heavenly inspired genius. A must for the outrageous sound effects! Authentic sounds from the Far South and East! Eclectic music! A monumental, underground masterpiece of enduring importance and

fascination. Should be stocked in every good library. 9 1/2 hours of listening in sanity! Eaudio eight cassettes in a padded album. -A81-84,\$80.00.

Psychedelics Before and After History
A rousing intro to an ethnobotanical and philosophical approach to life through Terence's eyes. Interest in this tape is mushrooming. Video-V37-87,\$35. Audio-A227-87,\$9.00.

The Psychedelic Society

This altered statesman pontificates among the Big Sur coastline at Esalen. Video-V35-87,\$35.00.

The Vertigo at History's Edge

One of the best of Terence's compilations of his version of history up 'til now. You can bet that the magic subject of psychedelics will be mentioned. (3) Videos-V111-88, \$105.00. (4)Audios-A366-88,\$36.00

Shamanism, Symbiosis and The Psychedelic Experience Workshop

A two hour wowie-zowie workshop to transport you to McKenna land, taped at the Whole Life Expo. Video-V176-89,

Mind and Time, Spirit and Matter

The McKenna Friday night rag, done at its finest in Santa Fe. This lecture preceding the two day workshop. Video-206-90, \$35. (2) Audios-608-90, \$18.

Mind and Time and Spirit and Matter: Workshop

Carmen Blue, of Blue Moon Vintage Books & Video, publicized the weekend with the following: "Author and explorer, shamanologist and philosopher, Terence McKenna brings a unique perspective to the idea of a spiritual path for each of us and an impending total transformation of the human world. We will examine human attitudes toward the Other, discuss time and its mysteries, the nature of language, and the techniques of ecstasy that have developed in non-Western societies to navigate to and from invisible worlds. The role of hallucinogenic plants will be discussed in depth." (4)Videos-V207-90,\$140.00. (7)Audios-A609-90, \$63

Understanding And The Imagination In The Light Of Nature, No. 2

Recorded at the Philosophical Research Society. Lots about DMT, theories about time and origin of the species. A231-87 \$9 V41-87 \$35

TERENCE AND KATHLEEN HARRISON MCKENNA

Victorian Tales of Cannibals

With sound effects and music, this is a fully-orchestrated production by Sound Photosynthesis of stories by Bayard Taylor, Louisa May Alcott, Sir Richard Burton, and Fitz Hugh Ludlow read by this adventurous duo. Audio A 462-89 \$20

TERENCE MCKENNA & RUPERT SHELDRAKE

Forms and Mysteries: Morphogenic Fields and Psychedelic Experiences

With Terence's inspiration, this is Dr. Shel Drake at his very best with some stimulating theories about science. Video-V101-88, \$35.00. (2) Audios-A327-88

RALPH METZNER:

Hallucinogens and Contemporary North American Shamanic Practices

Metzner has been on the psychedelic scene since his early days in academia with Tim Leary and Richard Alpert. He's written numerous books and knows well what he speaks. Tom Pinkson is also on this tape from ICSS 1987. Audio-A212-

87,\$9.00.

ALEXANDER SHULGIN **Varieties of Hallucinogenic Drugs**

Very fast-paced and information dense, from THE reliable source. Professor of Psychopharmacology at UC Berkeley. Video-V16-87,\$35. (2)Audios-A132-87, \$18.00.

JAY STEVENS:

Interview With the Author of "Storming Heaven: LSD and The American Dream"

Stevens has written one of the finest histories of the modern, North American psychedelic movement. He shares his insights for Sound Photosynthesis. Audio-A245-87, \$9.00.

PSYCHEDELIC CONFERENCE II - 1983:

Entheogens: The Spiritual Psychedelics.

Albert Hoffman, Walter Houston Clark, Alexander Shulgin, Ralph Metzner, Carl Ruck, Terence McKenna, Andrew Weil, Jonathan Ott, Humphrey Osmond all appear in this great set. (6) Audios in a padded album, A250-83, \$54.00

PSYCHEDELICS IN THE 1990'S **The Complete Conference**

This is where you will hear the latest public thoughts about psychedelics from leading authorities in the ongoing investigation and discussion of same. (4)Videos-V200-90, \$120.00. (8)Audios-A600-90, \$75.00.

Psychedelics: Plants & Native Cultures

A fascinating discussion with Terence McKenna, Ralph Metzner, Andrew Weil, and Emerson Jackson. Video-V182-90, \$35.00. (2)Audios-A560-90, \$20.

Psychedelics: Legal & Practical Challenges to Research

Another winner from the Psychedelics in the 90's Conference..... featuring Ram Dass, Mark Kleiman, Timothy Leary, Robert Zanger, & Rick Doblin. Through contrast information is generated. Not everyone is "On The Bus." The government viewpoint is discussed. Hear Tim Leary remind us of our friends, listen to his subtle and not-so-subtle suggestions, play fully, cheer lead, and evoke true heartfelt expressions of comradeship within historic relationships such as with Ram Dass, who speaks beautifully. The video shows it nicely but the words will grab you without the visuals. A heart warmer, especially if you are familiar with the events of the "golden age of psychedelics." Terence ended the session with the audience in an uproar of appreciation for his outrageousness. Video-V183-90,\$35.00. (2) Audios-A570-90, \$20.

MDMA: Facts and Fantasies

"Adam", "Ecstasy", "MDM", are other names referring to the substance MDMA, during this talk. Dr. Dennis McKenna has the definitive word on this subject. Here is the most scientific and informative talk given at the Psychedelic Conference 1990. The audio cassette version is sufficient to understand the material, but the slides on the video rendition of this talk are helpful to explain it to someone else. Dennis gave rational, explicit information with comparisons between a common appetite suppressants, flourolin, and MDMA, using basic chemistry. With Bruce Eisner, Jeff Beck & Rick Doblin. Video-V185-90,\$35. Audio-A571-90, \$10.00.

Evening Symposium on Entheogens

This last panel discussion from the Psychedelics in the 90's Conference features Ram Dass, Laura

Huxley, Terence McKenna, Tim Leary, Ralph Metzner, Andrew Weil, Mark Kleiman, Robert Zanger, Rick Doblin, & Emerson Jackson. Each speaker spoke in his/her field of expertise, describing goals and strategies for the future of psychedelics. Geist (a skilled instrumental combo of harp, Chapman stick and percussion) segued during afternoon and evening session. Also included is Laura Huxley and Ram Dass reading from her book, *This Timeless Moment*, about the last moments with Aldous Huxley. Video-V186-90, \$35.00. Audio-A573-90, \$20.

ANDREW WEIL:

Psycho-active Drugs in Human History

Long term researcher and author shares his seasoned vision on the use of fascinating drugs throughout history. Audio-A150-83, \$9.00.

PSYCHOLOGY

ELI JAXON BEAR & JERRY PERKINS: **Enneagrams Workshop**

Interest in Enneagrams is building! Symbols to work with and categorize personalities. Eli teaches Neurolinguistics Programming and Jerry is a Rolf-er. (5)Audios-A11-87,\$45.00.

JEAN SHINODA BOLEN:

Feminist Spirituality: Deepest & Most Significant Expression of the Women's Movement

She is very convincing, and this one fills a short time with much information from the heart of the matter. Video-V184-89,\$35.00.

JAMES F. T. BUGENTAL:

A Part of, Yet Apart From: The Eternal Human Paradox

A famous elder of psychology discusses the facets of personality. Audio-A341-88, \$9.00.

RAM DASS:

Commencement Address at The California Institute for Integral Studies.

Ram Dass, introduced by Ralph Metzner, offers a warm address about maintaining humanitarian feelings within an academic environment. Audio A 0445-89, \$9, video, V0163-89, \$35.

DEATH: THE LAST TABOO CONFERENCE

The Foundation for Human Development, in cooperation with the Institute of Noetic Sciences, and Home Hospice of Sonoma County present an all-day affair aimed at bringing a better understanding of a much-avoided, taboo topic: Death. Speakers such as Jean Millay, Tom Pinkson, Cheri Quincy, Paul Brenner, and many others discuss the social, political, biological, historical, philosophical, psychological, and practical aspects of an experience that, once an accepted part of living, has now become enshrouded in fear. Includes: music, comic relief. Packaged in a padded album. (3)Videos-V235-90,\$105.00. (5)Audios-A713-90, \$45.00. Tapes also available separately.

VICTOR FRANKL:

Existential Psychology.

Famous psychologist discusses the psychology movement he founded. (2) Audios-317-87, \$18.00.

INA MAY GASKIN

In The Mysteries of the Female Body: Midwifery in the Twenty-First Century.
Her story telling and dedication to her craft is an inspiring eye-opener. Gaskin explains the far-reaching benefits for a society that accepts and encourages the practice of midwifery. Audio 636-90, \$18, Video V 77-90

STAN GROF:

Beyond The Brain: Birth, Death, and Transcendence.

Psychedelic researcher discusses the process of life. (2) Audios-A32-89, \$18.00.

KEITH HARARY:

The Structure of Psychic Impressions.
Remote viewing, a psychic process available to all of us. The process will surprise you with its effectiveness. A mind-blower. Audio-A33-86, \$9.00.
At Institute for the Study of Consciousness Remote Viewing...

A psychic endeavor available to everyone. Audio-A34-86, \$9.00.

JAMES HILLMAN:

Art and The Soul

Psychiatrist looks at painting, at the Embodying the Spiritual in the Art of the Future Conference. Audio-A333-88, \$9.00.

SAM KEEN & OFER ZUR:

The Intimacy of Conflict

You have to be tight to fight is the concept Sam and Ofer are arguing about, so put up yer dukes, partner. Video-V426-89, \$35. Audio-A426-89, \$9.00.

JON KLIMO:

Overcoming Cosmological Dissociation.

Navigating whitewater stream of consciousness. A fast talker with a good spiritual scientific approach to life. (2) Audio-360-89, \$18.00.

STANLEY KRIPPNER & DAVID FEINSTEIN:

Personal Mythology

A nice combo: Krippner is an internationally respected psychologist and head of the Saybrook Institute. Video-V161-89, \$9.00. Audio-A425-89, \$9.00.

GAY LUCE:

Death and Dying

People are comforted, strengthened, and guided in a calm, reassuring way from a transpersonal Tibetan Buddhist mystical perspective. Video-V179-89, \$35.00. (2) Audios-A451-89, \$18.00.

MICHAEL MAYER:

Ancient and Modern Psychopathology

A discussion of "labeling" in psychopathology compared with the "name-giving" insights of ancient cosmologies and myths; and exploration of the imaginative alternatives to understanding pathology through symbolic unfolding. Video-V218-90, \$35.00. (2) Audios-694-90, \$18.00.

CLAUDIO NARANJO:

Cognitive Core of Character Introduction Lecture

Psychologist looks at aspects of personalities. Au-

dio-A337-89, \$9.00.

OLE NYDAHL

Death and Rebirth: The Bardo Teachings.

Hear the yogi with direct blessing of the Karmapa. Offers a detailed scenario of the continuum of existence from form to form in the context of open, clear, limitless space. A 624-90 \$18, Video V 212-90, \$35

PETER REDGROVE:

The Black Sphinx To The Wise Wound
Faustin interviews. Redgrove energetically discusses his Jungian, poetic, mythological approach to pragmatic issues and the phenomena of nature. Peter, and his partner and wife Penelope, have researched and defined a field of relating to the menstrual cycle of the female in partnership that should have a significant impact on the psychology of relationships. Audio-A627-90, \$9.00.

RUPERT SHELDRAKE

Morphic Resonance and the Collective Unconscious

Dr. Sheldrake proposes that memory is inherent in nature and that nature is not governed by changeless laws, but rather by habits. He points toward a new understanding of ourselves and of the world. He discusses rituals and archetypal patterns which pervade the religious, cultural, economic and political realm. A 656-90 \$18, Video V 5-90 \$35

GARY SNYDER AND THICH NHAT HANH AND ROBERT CREELEY

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A touching occasion. A benefit for Thich Nhat Hanh, the Vietnamese poet, put on by the San Francisco zen center. Audio A 30-83 \$9.00

RUSSELL TARG:

U.S. and Soviet Psychic Research.

Audio-A141-86, \$9.00.

Psychic Abilities - Dreams and Physics

Audio-A142-86, \$9.00.

CHARLES TART:

Mindlessness, Mindfulness, Meditation And The Psychopathology Of Everyday Life.

A fascinating look at possibilities of release from cultural hypnotism. Audio A 275-88, #18 Video V 80-88 \$35

VIVIENNE VERDON-ROE

Healing Ourselves, Healing Our Planet

This dynamic woman takes an honest and sometimes frightening look at the world today from both a personal and political standpoint. Audio A 703-90 \$9.00

CARL WHITAKER:

Re-empowering the Family

The eminent therapist offers a full workshop which includes in-depth work with a distraught family. Work with the world-renowned family therapist. (2) Edited Videos-V172-88, \$70.00. (8) Audios in a padded album of the entire weekend, -A368-88, \$80.00.

COLIN WILSON:

Integrity of Intention

Author of over 70 books, Colin Wilson inspires his audience to get the most out of every minute of life. Video-V0126-88, \$35.00.

The Discoveries of Colin Wilson

A good, white knuckled composite of how a person can stay so productive, creative, and interesting so long. Presented at Shared Visions in Berkeley. Video-V0114-88, \$35.00. (2) Audio-A0369-88, \$18.00

ROBERT ANTON WILSON:

Religion For The Hell of It

Live at a San Francisco Comedy Club, R.A.W. tears apart established religions and establishes some new ones in a confetti of jokes and information. Audio A 263-87 \$18, Video V 75-87 \$35
Vatican/Cocaine /CIA Connection
Intriguing, fast-paced, informative, shocking, and funny. This is the ultimate conspiracy lexicon. Audio A 397-88, \$18, Video V 123-88 \$35

RABBI ZALMAN SCHACHTER:

Aging To Saging

A teacher of jewish mysticism describes new and traditional ways of enjoying and being empowered by the aging process. Video-V0203-90 \$35.00. Audio-A0615-90, \$9.00



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Music has charms to sooth a savage breast, To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.--William Congreve, 1697

Music must take rank as the highest of the fine arts--as the one which, more than any other, ministers to human welfare.--Herbert Spencer, 1861

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

*The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms.*

The soft complaining flute, In dying notes, discovers

The woes of hapless lovers.

The trumpet shall be heard on high

The dead shall live, the living die, And Music shall untune the sky!--

John Dryden, 1687



Music oft hath such a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.--William Shakespeare, 1604

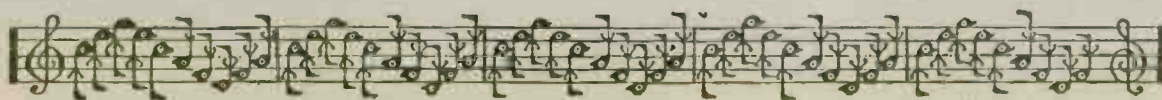
There are these certain low frequencies that will make people lose control of their bowels. That's the sound I'm after.-

-Thadeous Doyle, 1990

Playing rock 'n' roll has driven me deaf.--Pete Townshend, 1990

Nobody can prove that my music made anyone off themselves.--Ozzy Osborne, 1990

It's ironic that Mickey Hart collects so many drums. The damn things made him deaf years ago.-- DeadHead, 1990



Music and Sound Have Hidden Influences

Few of us will deny the great influence music has upon the soul of our society. The invisible force of composed sound colors our world with an aural tapestry of infinite magnitude, emotion, and beauty.

But because music is such an integral part of our society--surrounding us as much as water is the environment of fish--we tend to take for granted its effects and potentials.

Everywhere we turn, sounds beckon us, lull us, or excite us. Music on a TV advertisement draws our attention and makes us receptive to sales pitches. Music piped in the background of a factory draws attention away from harsh, bone jarring noises and lulls the minds of assembly line workers into feelings of complacency and well-being.

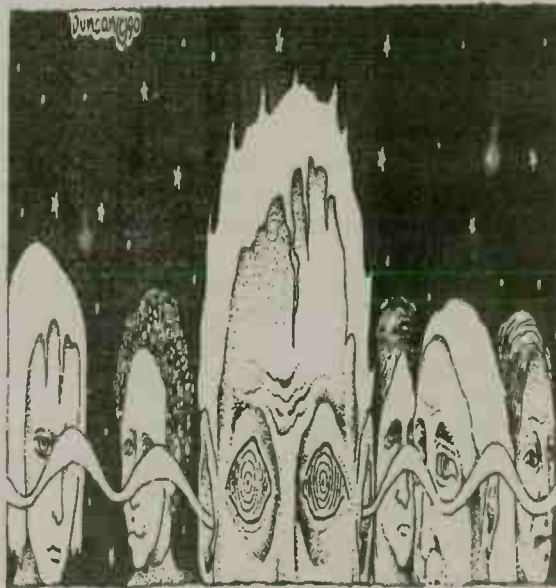
Fast rhythms of a four piece bar band quicken the pulses of a Friday night crowd, inducing them to fidget, dance and drink greater amounts of alcohol than they would if left in a quiet room.

And most of us are at least peripherally aware of the concept behind Muzak, a scientifically designed music that is programmed into public and private gathering places. Different forms of Muzak are piped into offices, malls and hallway, the musical selections offered in accordance with the kind of behavior that controlling parties wish to induce.

In secretarial offices where in the early afternoon following lunch hour, workers tend to become drowsy and job motivation decreases, a fast paced version of Muzak is prescribed. According to Muzak studies, worker production increases.

For as long as there has been recorded history, there have been reports of phenomenal power of music--power to heal, and power to destroy.

Technology allowing people to create,



amplify and broadcast sound has grown tremendously in the past three decades, but the public's understanding of the "inner" nature of sound has remained static.

It is as if we are infants, thrilled to be banging on pots and pans, entertaining ourselves and attracting attention, but oblivious to the scientific, spiritual, and mythological factors that compel our interest.

Some esoteric philosophers surmise that audio artists of the 20th century are working in the dark; that great knowledge about the secret powers of music and sound has been purposely obscured by forces that do not trust modern humanity's ability to safely handle itself should it learn to control all the potential powers of music and sound.

Many people are realizing that within the science of sound are forces potentially as destructive as nuclear power, but, as with nuclear power, if harnessed can be put to beneficial, even magnificent healing tasks.

Within the myriad interpretations of the legend of the lost city of Atlantis, it is said that the nation of Atlanteans rose to worldwide power by combining knowledge of crystal conductivity with the science of sound and vibration.

It is said that in Atlantis sound was used for what today would be considered miraculous feats of healing of the human body. Ironically, the Atlanteans are said to have developed overpowering, world conquering weapons that relied on harnessing and directing audio vibrations and targeting them to overpower rival civilizations.

The sinking of this legendary lost continent is said to have been caused when these powers got out of hand and proved self-destructive-- much the same way we imagine a nuclear power plant could wipe out a culture should its awesome power be harnessed to human carelessness and ill conceived self-interest.

Within the music community there is much to be learned about the nature of music and sound. Fascinating reports of both the healing and destructive powers of sound and music are beginning to see the light of day in music magazines and books. After surrounding ourselves with so much recorded music, our instincts tell us that such reports are based on fundamental, incredibly powerful, but little understood truths.

We have seen the music community divided over issues that reflect the inherent power of music. There are those that stand at podiums, pound the tomes of religious dogma, and declare that certain music be banned from our society because of alleged evil and corrupting powers contained within the sound frequencies.

There are others who uphold the right to, without prerequisites or punishments, create and disseminate all forms of music,



regardless of its influences.

It is this latter group I traditionally sympathize with, sharing their concern that any authoritative body should pick and choose, or effectively censor the audio art of another.

But, unlike other defenders of the free unencumbered flow of music, I acknowledge that some of those who favor censoring music may be basing their cultural fascism on a fact that we, after much thought and research, find hard to deny: certain audio signals, perhaps even those we consider music, can have a negative, possibly life threatening, mentally debilitating influence in certain circumstances.

Although I whole-heartedly oppose censorship of music in any form, I do not find myself completely agreeing with such music community spokespeople as Frank Zappa, and Bob Guccione Jr., who, under national media spotlight, have gone on record denying that recorded music has the power to harm its listenership.

I am not sure that listening to Ozzy Osborne or Judas Priest make music about suicide will induce someone to end their life, but I cannot say conclusively that it will not.

To say that music cannot possibly have such power, denies, even deprecates, the overwhelming fascination and influence that music infuses in our lives.

It is time for individuals within the music community to take it upon themselves to delve beneath the surface of music and sound, to learn more about it, to attempt to understand the role it plays in our universe and the specific effects it has on plants and animals, our bodies, and our minds.

Some say that it is sound--the sympathetic vibrations within our universe--that maintains the planets of our solar system in their present rotations and orbits.

Many scientists and philosophers have stated that all life is but a series of vibrations. An object's frequency or vibration is said to determine its visibility or invisibility, just as an airplane propeller becomes virtually invisible when spinning at top speed.

Would it not also be possible that a force could be set up that would get the human body vibrating at such a frequency that it too can become invisible?

Knowing that the human body is made up of an overwhelming percentage of water, we should reflect upon the image of a stone dropped into a glassy pond. The complacency of that pond is immediately shattered, ripples spreading from shore to shore.

Can we, in all honesty, say that we are sure that our bodies and minds remain completely unscathed and unaffected after standing for an hour or more within spitting distance of a ten foot tall stack of loudspeakers, blasting out guitar chords of a decibel level approaching the roar of a jet engine?

New reports are coming in almost daily of rock musicians who have permanently damaged their hearing with their own music.

Is it not possible that a band of audio terrorists could, take hostage a theater full of rock and roll fans, threatening that should anyone try to escape, the band will issue forth such a shrill, incredibly loud barrage of sound that the crowd would fall to their knees, clutching their ears as they are mercilessly driven to painful, ear shattering deafness?

This and much more subtle forms of audio destruction and manipulation are certainly possible and undoubtedly already realities in military labs of many nations.

A French scientist in the 1950s took it upon himself to research the powers of sound. Having experienced first hand the attention grabbing shrill sound of a French policeman's whistle, he decided to find out if there were sounds emanating from the device that could only be felt subconsciously. He built a giant size replica of one of the whistles and connected an air compressor to it as a way of re-creating, amplifying, and studying the whistle's effects. According to at least one report, the experiment produced immediate and deadly results. The scientist's assistant, whose job it was to turn on the compressor, was killed when the whistle issued its piercing cry. The sound caused intense vibrations and burst the assistant's liver.

This horrific result of the experiment did not quell the scientist's quest for experiential evidence of the powers of sound. Documents allege that in the course of his research several other assistants died during lab work, killed by short blasts of sound.

But, let us make clear, it is not the destructive forces of music that we hope to cultivate within our audio community. There is equal evidence that sound can heal, cause social harmony, and lead to greater levels of individual awareness and wisdom. Although we are aware of such phenomena, we are but naive infants in our knowledge and understanding of the true nature and potential of music and audio art.

We offer no prescriptions. What we do offer is a challenge and a hope. We wish that more people in our audio network will learn about and discuss the nature of music and sound to a depth and seriousness unprecedented in our nuclear new age society.

To this end we offer a reading list that can serve as a point of departure for all those who wish to uncover esoteric theories and philosophies regarding the powers of music and sound.

We do not stand behind, endorse, or necessarily believe in all the opinions and observations made by the authors of the books we list for you.

In some cases, we do not know what to think. Did Ludwig Van Beethoven actually change the psychological make-up of human kind, opening up humanity's capacity to feel depths of complex emotion, hitherto unknown, through the release of his great symphonies? This is one of the many amazing and stimulating hypotheses presented among the books we list.

We hope this article will stimulate dialog and further research. So far we stand, ear to the wind, with not much more than provocative questions. Perhaps through the combined forces of the network--the whole being greater than the sum of its parts--we will find exciting answers, answers that we hope will help music composers and audio artists to better understand what it is they do, and help them shape their sounds in ways that will be to the greatest benefit to mankind.

Likewise we hope there arises a greater understanding and appreciation of sound and music among those who may not compose sounds, but nevertheless are awash in their influences.

The potential sounds like it's here. It is time, more than ever, to tune in. --

David Ciaffardini



Music And Your Mind:

Listening With A New Consciousness

by Helen L. Bonny and Louls M. Savary
1973, Harper and Row, New York, ISBN 06-067067-3

To insure a successful listening experience in an altered state, it is important that you be relaxed in the sense that the muscles are in equilibrium, neither tense nor flaccid.

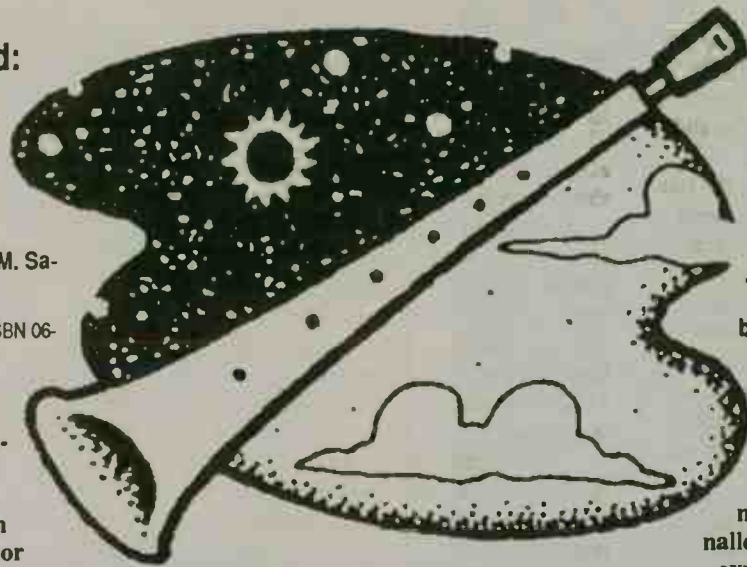
As you become accustomed to entering different levels of consciousness, your body will require less and less immediate preparations for listening in this way. The pathways from normal to altered states of consciousness will become increasingly familiar and open. -- Helen Bonny/Louis Savary

There is no need for hallucinogenic substances when an altered state of consciousness is desired. By following the simple steps they describe, the authors explain that individuals, alone or in small or large groups, can use music listening exercises to easily enter altered states of consciousness.

Once the altered state is achieved, guided imagery is used with specific musical selections to explore levels of consciousness in the "many storied sky-scraper" of the human mind. This "new way of listening" becomes the "elevator" to these various levels. Suggestions are offered as what to do when you "step off the elevator".

The ultimate aim of these exercises is to "help listeners develop self-awareness, clarify personal values, release blocked-up psychic energy sources, enrich group spirit, bring about deep relaxation and foster religious experiences."

Many highlighted quotations of famous people about the mind altering effects of music add an interesting dimension to this book. --Margot Eiser



Sound Consciousness Reading List

Silence

by John Cage
1961, The M.I.T. Press, Cambridge, MA

"I have nothing to say and I am saying it and that is poetry."- John Cage.

Silence is a collection of poems, lectures, and performance scenarios by avant-garde composer John Cage. The selections date back as far as the 1930s. The tone throughout is a blend of surrealism, Zen, and Taoism.

Lovers of the avant-garde should own this book. Cage's insights, always witty, run the gamut from brilliant to irrelevant. Cage delves deeply into the commonplace to find the profound.

Have you ever stopped to think about the amazingly complicated concepts involved with understanding the meaning of the word "something" or more complicated still, "nothing"? Cage has, and he lectures for nearly 20 pages about it.

One of his lectures was actually four separate lectures to be given simultaneously through the miracle of the tape recorder.

Other lectures come along with stage directions such as "blow nose" or "lean on elbow", etc.

This book should be considered the avant-garde's Post-Modern Bible.--Bob Hewitt

Self-Transformation Through Music

by Joan Crandall
Quest/Theosophical Publishing House,
306 W. Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL,
60187; ISBN 0-8356-0608-2

"The starting point for some musicians on this journey of consciousness may be signaled by a decreasing joy in the experience of composing or performing

"Of all earthly occupations, music may have the closest relationship to reality and therefore to joy.

"When joy in music diminishes or disappears it is time to move within to discover the origin of our being in vibration, sound, music. Without connection to that source, our music loses life and beauty and even meaning."--

Joanne Crandall

The author, a jazz pianist, whose totally improvised music is constantly varied and engaging, was burned out on entertaining and decided to become a music therapist. In the process, she discovered that, "healing can take place anywhere, with anyone, through conscious, loving use of music".

According to Crandall, both the performer and the listener must become finely tuned instruments in order to share the "heart to heart" communication which leads to transformation.

Crandall offers music consciousness exercises with the choice of specific music left to the individual, with only suggestions of types of music given.

Beginning from the simplest concept of vibration, Crandall leads the reader toward more and more complex experiences.

Crandall explains that by letting go of preconceived ideas, new dimensions of the mind and of life itself can be discovered through music, and changes and healing can occur.--Margot Eiser



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"This album is just wonderful, a veritable playground of quickstep saxophones, tangled guitars, and daredevil polytonality...brilliant is what it is, strong contender for album of the year."

-Boston Rock

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-Option

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"Johnston's songs are never less than straight-ahead pop, with lyrics that range from charming, to touching, to downright brilliant" --Bay Guardian

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Music, Mysticism, And Magic: A Source- book

by Joscelyn Godwin

1987, Arkana, c/o Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd., 11 New Fetter Lane, London, EC4P 4EE, England, ISBN 1-85063-040-2

"At the higher levels of music little changes: it is always the same vehicle for voyages to another world, the same revelation of divine and cosmic laws, the same powerful tool for self-transformation, as it was in ancient and even in prehistoric times. Only the soul of humanity does develop through time, as the individual's does, enabling ever new aspects of this wisdom to make themselves known."--Joscelyn Godwin

This volume is a sort of abbreviated encyclopedia of writings by various persons both well-known and relatively obscure on the subject of music and the "mystical" and "magical" aspects thereof.

The writings of 61 composers, philosophers, poets, academics, and religious, metaphysical, and occult practitioners are presented here, along with short introductory sketches by Godwin.

The selections are predominantly in a Greco-Roman, Middle Eastern, and European cultural context and provide some balance to the focus on Eastern musical and philosophical traditions that is common in other books about music consciousness and mysticism.

The book is divided into five sections arranged by historical periods: classical, Medieval, Renaissance, Romantic, and twentieth century. A sixth section of Judaic and Islamic selections extends from the first century BC to the early 1900s, although it concentrates on the 10th to 13th centuries.--M.

The Music of Life,

by Hazrat Inayat Khan,

1988, Omega Press, RD1, Box 1030E, New Lebanon, NY 12125-9706; ISBN 0-930872-38-X

"We find that our gain and our loss, our success and our failure, have much



to do with the rhythm with which we pursue our motive in life.

"It will always prove to be true that when a person takes no heed of rhythm, whether he does right or wrong, good or evil, in either case a wrong rhythm will make him fail....

Rhythm is a great mystery, and a sense which one should develop more than anything else in life. But if one were to explain what the right rhythm of work and rest is, the whole western way of life would be in question, for when we look at it from the point of view of rhythm and balance, there is far too much activity in the life of the west. It would make any person abnormal...And what has caused it? This life of competition: the whole misery is caused by competition. People do things not for their own pleasure or for the pleasure of God, but in order to compete with one another.

--Hazrat Inayat Khan

When we read poetic prose in this marvelous book about the metaphysics of sound, the vibrating aspect of atoms, and the principals of nature that guide our universe, it is difficult to accept that these flowing words of wisdom were written at the turn of the century and that the author

has been dead since 1926.

Hazrat Inayat Khan was a Sufi master musician and founder of the Sufi Order in the West. Born in 1882, he was a master of classical Indian music by the age of 20. His special instrument was the vina, the stringed instrument, similar to a sitar, which he considered the most spiritual of instruments.

Khan's premise is that humans, in fact all worldly forms, are manifestations of vibrations and that all of man's different moods, inclinations, affairs, successes and failures, and all conditions of life depend upon the activities of vibrations. This is a theory ratified by contemporary scientific study of atomic particles.

From this base, Khan explains the importance of sound vibration and music in relation to a myriad of sub-

jects.

Titles of the 50 chapters include: "The Law of Rhythm," "Mysticism of Tone and Pitch," "Music of the Spheres," "Tuning Oneself to a Desired Rhythm (Relaxation)," "The Psychological Influence of Music," "Healing With Sound," "The Secret of Breath," "Music East and West," and more.

This is a very spiritual, worldly book, that teaches musicians and non-musicians about the musical facts of life that govern our existence and determine our well-being.--David Ciaffardini

Music

by Sufi Inayat Khan

1977, Samuel Weiser, Inc., 740 Broadway, NY, NY 10003; ISBN 0-900217-049

"Music is behind the working of the whole universe. Music is not only life's greatest object, but it is life itself." - Sufi Inayat Khan.

Khan explains the Sufi philosophy of music and traces the history and development of Eastern music throughout the ages. We learn that Music has been used as a tool for healing and spiritual enlightenment for as long as man has recorded history.

Eastern theories of music are based on the idea of Music of the Spheres: the en-



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ture universe is moving and vibrating in precise harmony, like a giant instrument or a song. Khan explains the mystical eastern philosophies of music based on this idea.

The majority of the book is concerned with the effect, mental and physiological, that music has on the listener.

It is fascinating to read the accounts of music used to heal physical and spiritual ailments for thousands of years. While decidedly less technical than some western sources, *Music* gives a common sense explanation for some intriguing concepts which I doubt you'll find explained elsewhere.--Bob Hewitt

Sound Health; The Music And Sounds That Make Us Whole

by Steven Halpern with Louis Savary

1985, Harper and Row, NY; ISBN 0-06-063671-8

"There is growing evidence that noise need not be loud to be troublesome.

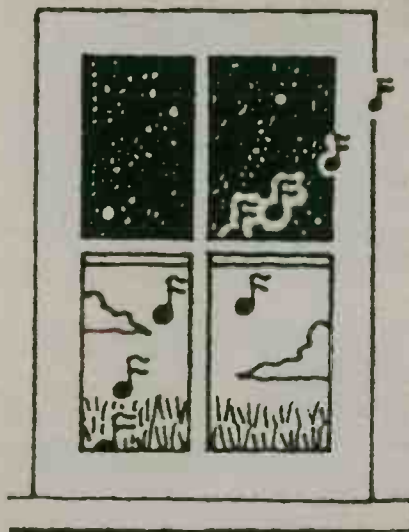
Once such common sound is the low rumble of the refrigerator. Isn't it interesting that low-frequency sound resonates in your stomach area and stimulates a hunger response? Is it possible that the refrigerator's drone sound tends to produce a certain hypnotic, trance-like effect? This may account for the zombie-like behavior that many people exhibit when they walk to the refrigerator, open it up, look inside, and then close it, without even being hungry."-- Steven Halpern/ Louis Savary

Danger! The sounds around you may be harming your mental and physical health.

The theory that the whole universe, including our bodies, vibrates and creates either harmony or disharmony, leads to the premise of this book: We need to create an environment of healthful sounds while guarding against sounds and vibrations that are injurious.

The authors strive to teach us how to heal ourselves if damage has already occurred, and to prevent further damage to our psyches and physical bodies. There are warnings about the misuse of technology, such as head phones and amplifiers, as well as noisy refrigerators and dishwashers. We are told that the wrong music in aerobics classes leads to physical dysfunction rather than health.

The authors discuss the use of music to



enhance teaching, as well as its use in marketing.

Performers are given techniques for enhancing their skills and safeguarding the well being of themselves and their audiences.

There is a listing of various healthful musical selections, including some New Age offerings, which are said to offset negative sounds of our homes and the world, such as motors of all kinds.

Cultivating and appreciating silence is also recommended.

The authors point out that, "One of the best ways to have the sound that you want around is to produce it yourself--with your voice, with a musical instrument, or both." Even groaning and sighing are felt to be therapeutic. We can all make "sound choices" everyday and everywhere!--Margot Eiser

The Healing Forces of Music: History, Theory, and Practice

by Randall McClellan, Ph.D.

A1988, Amity House, 18 High St., Warwick, NY 10990. ISBN 0-916349-34-9

"The therapeutic application of frequencies is based on two principles: that sound is a vibratory energy that interacts with the vibratory energy of body structures through resonance, which is defined as the interaction of two bodies vibrating at about the same frequency; and that each structure of the body has its own natural resonating frequency.

"Illness results when this natural frequency is altered by frequencies that are foreign to it...

"After determining the natural frequency of the structure in question, that frequency can be introduced to the body structure and, through resonance, cause it to return to its natural frequency.

Thus the body structure is restored to healthfulness and harmony. In cases where the injury is severe, cells can be regenerated."--Randall McClellan

The author examines the physical, psychological, and spiritual effects and uses of music from the viewpoints of orthodox science, fringe research, and traditional metaphysics.

Despite the irritating excess of misspellings and the occasional presentation of possibly erroneous information gleaned from sources of questionable reliability, this book can be recommended as both a starting point and a continuing reference.

McClellan is a musician and approaches his subject on both a theoretical and practical level. Included are discussions of the physics of sound, the processes of hearing, physiological resonances of the human body and organs, the therapeutic application of pure tones, voice, and music, and characteristics of healing music, among others.

Suitable exercises are scattered throughout and are straightforward and readily repeated. The material is presented in an even-handed and non-dogmatic fashion and much of it is immediately testable by the reader to see if it really works for him/her. Anyone willing to proceed through this book with the necessary degree of slow, careful attention and discernment, should find their efforts well rewarded.--M.

Emotion And Meaning In Music

by Leonard B. Meyer

1956, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, IL; LCCN 56-9130

"Thus it is that music, mirroring the essential shape and substance of human experience, from time to time contains sudden, shocking clashes with unpredictable chance.

"Lesser composers tend to eschew such harsh encounters with the unexpected, avoiding them by employing a single-minded sameness of musical materials or minimizing them by making a fetish of well-oiled, smooth transitions. But the great masters have faced fate



boldly, and capricious clashes with chance are present in much of their finest music."--Leonard Meyer

Meyer uses psychological theories of learning and behavior and specific examples of music notation to analyze causes of emotions and how they can be triggered by certain types of music.

Attempts by composers and musicians to purposely produce them are also described.

By not limiting his examples to Western music alone, the author offers a rich field for listening and testing his theories. Comparisons of Be-bop and jazz to certain music from India in rhythm patterns and tonal repetition and variation are made. African music with its complex cross rhythms is said to produce the urge to move all parts of the body, and is not considered primitive.

This book could be used as a textbook for a class in musicology, or by an individual who would like to explore the theoretical aspects of music. Either would benefit by playing the pieces listed and by finding other examples and noting their effects.--Margot Eiser

Mind, Music, and Imagery

by Stephanle Merritt

1990, Penguin Books, 375 Hudson St., New York, NY 10014.; ISBN 0-452-26497-9

"Living in a mechanized world, we have forgotten how to resonate with beauty.

"Rather than experience and feel the beautiful things in our environment, we tend to analyze them, take them apart, and focus only on the details."- Stephanie Merritt.

In this book, Merritt gives 40 exercises that use music to unlock the creative potential.

Each exercise is well designed and laid out step-by-step, including suitable music selections.

Unfortunately, the author finds little of value in modern music. All of the music suggested is classical, with the possible exception of New Age which gets a grudging "okay" for imagery.

Merritt takes pains to explain that Rock music (or music with a strong beat) is damaging to short term memory and concentration. At any rate, the classical selections that she recommends are beautiful and evocative.

Merritt takes a very medicinal view of the use of music and compiles lists of selections to cure what ails you. "Music to Calm You" and "Music to Stimulate You" are among the lists scattered throughout the book (it would be nice to have them all in a handy appendix) and they can prove valuable for matching to your mood or changing your mood to a desired mood using music.--Bob Hewitt

The Magic of Tone and the Art of Music

by Dane Rudhyar

1982, Shambhala Publications, Inc., 1920 13th St., Boulder, CO 80302; ISBN 0-87773-220-5

"Truly transformative energies cannot be released through procedures imitating sacramental rituals but using instrumental means whose nature is fundamentally profane and commonplace.

"To ancient musicians, instruments like the vina, the Tibetan trumpet, or the great Javanese gongs were the bodies of gods. They were made with intense concentration and dedication to a religious or sacramental purpose. Their makers poured into them the psychism ensouling their cultures.

"Now, however, the sacred and magical are merely intellectual concepts and their expression commonplace and vulgar. Sources of sound are chosen for the unusual effects their sonic vibrations will produce, for convenience, or for the sake of following a social fashion, lest one be thought of as an uncreative non-entity...

"A process of disintegrations is at work in the music of the second half of the twentieth century; and it, too, may be a necessary phase of deconditioning, of learning to approach music radically differently and to hear sounds in a different way. Such a process may require profoundly revealing intercultural contacts and the ability to experience reality in new ways--perhaps through the use of psychedelic drugs or non-European methods of self-transformation...

"Unfortunately a number of avant-garde composers have been greatly affected by the iconoclastic, Dadaist spirit, which of course, is a part of the decondi-

tioning process.

"Irony, sarcasm, and spoofing have long been used to attack the stolid rigidity and inertia of middle-class society. The French composer Erik Satie pioneered this type of music early this century, and it was adopted by many painters and writers. When such catabolic turns of mind become fashionable, the culture applauding them is indeed in a state of disintegration and vulgarization...Yet disintegration can polarize and provide the necessary background for the vision and efforts of creative individuals who, having personally experienced the death-rebirth process, are able to bring into at least partial focus the evolutionary potential of a culture."--Dane Rudhyar

Dane Rudhyar, a friend of pioneering musicians Edgar Varese and Henry Cowell, earned acclaim as a composer, philosopher, poet, painter, aesthetic theoretician, in addition to being a world-famous astrologer and author of several books.

This book, completed in the late 1970s when Rudhyar was in his eighties, is a treasure chest of theories and observations developed over a long life of deep, hands-on involvement with music.

He discusses tone, harmonics, and scales and their historic development and use, as well as their philosophical and cosmological meanings.

He discusses music's role in various cultures as well as its relationship to the planets in our universe.

Rudhyar, like Cyril Scott, Corinne He-line, and other music-inspired metaphysical authors, believes that music is a fundamental and essential element of our world and a key to human evolution.--David Ciaffardini

Music: Its Secret Influence Throughout The Ages

by Cyril Scott

DeVorss and Co., P.O. Box 550, Marina Del Rey, CA 90294-0530; phone 800-331-4719

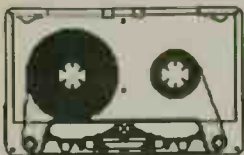
"Within comparatively recent years certain of the Masters who specialize in the arts have deemed it expedient to inspire a type of music calculated to augment spirituality by means of knowledge.

"Through music, Man should at last





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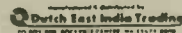


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come to sense that other world with its millions of incorporeal denizens existing concurrently with the physical. We refer of course to the *Deva Evolution*, those spiritual intelligences ranging from smallest nature-spirits to loftiest cosmic archangel. Since the generality of mankind are not sufficiently evolved to perceive these Devas, the power of music was brought into service.

"As the melodious utterance of a poet will often convince a sceptic of some truth when no amount of dry argument is of avail, so the melodious sounds of music can achieve a similar, nay, even greater, result.--Cyril Scott

Written in the 1920s, this seminal work about the spiritual and occult aspects of music was first published in book form in 1933, and has since been printed in various editions by various publishers over the years, including the 1980s, but is still difficult to find in book stores.

Cyril Scott-- himself an eminent composer during his lifetime--offers beautiful theories suggesting that higher spirits in our cosmos use music to fine tune the spiritual evolution of humanity. This spiritual music is channeled through certain gifted composers, passing ideas and inspiration in a sort of evolutionary relay race.

For instance, according to Scott, George Frederick Handel's music helped bring a spiritual awakening to the world, but when that spirituality turned to fundamentalism and repression in the Victorian Age, Beethoven stepped in with his highly emotional, passionate--some called it erotic--music and helped loosen things up. Such evolutionary influences of various classical composers are discussed in detail.

Of particular interest in our modern musical world of rock, rap and industrial music, is Scott's discussions about discordant music.

Unlike many authors who write about the spiritual influence of music, Scott does not automatically dismiss discordant music as debilitating to the spirit, although ultimately he says that such music is a temporary but necessary evolutionary phase that humanity will eventually move away from.

In the chapter "The Ultra-Discordants and Their Effects" Scott explains that discordant music has been necessary in the twentieth century to destroy "low plane thought forms"--the result of "mob emotions" that have been in our mortal world



for centuries and have manifested historically in such horrors as the cruel torture chambers of the middle ages, the Spanish Inquisition, and the bloodshed of the French Revolution.

One might ask why discordant music was not used to a greater extent before the twentieth century to help destroy these evil thought forms? "The answer to this," Scott writes, "Is that mere discord in itself will not produce the desired result--it must perforce be a special type of discord, which can only be engendered by the musical material at our disposal in this the twentieth century...."

"Only dissonances possess the power to alter the hard outlines of the mental bodies of pharisaical or conventional people, and so render them more pliant and receptive to new ideas."

Looking toward the future of music, Scott notes that, "The Hierarchy has intimated that the ultra-dissonant phase of music will not endure, and it was never intended that it should."--David Ciaffardini

Music and the Elemental Psyche: A Practical Guide to Music and Changing Consciousness

by R.J. Stewart

1987, Destiny Books, One Park St., Rochester, VT 05767; ISBN 0-89281-162-5

"Much of our current impoverished musical state is due to a fallacy. The viewpoint that music has evolved over a number of centuries, and that it will continue to progress into the future.

This fallacy is tantamount to equating music with technology rather than with humanity, as if better machines will enable us to be better occupants of the planet Earth....

"We may find that the music of the future is a new cycle of the music of the past, a higher octave upon the spiral of time consciousness and sound."--R.J. Stewart

Stewart, a musician and instrument designer, approaches his subject from an essentially hermetic, metaphysical perspective that has refreshing dashes of irreverence (there is much castigating of occultist elitism and deliberate mystification) and even occasional subtle humor.

The core of the book and several of the appendices contain exercises and supporting material which permit the reader to directly test, utilize, and experience the concepts being discussed. It is necessary to pay careful attention however, as his writing in these sections is not always simple, clear, or complete. In contrast, the balance of the book is straightforward and the chapter on the Four Ages of Music, as well as portions of the chapter on Primal Music especially are positive delights and should not be missed.

Here is the beginning of a real and rational critique of modern musics and their effects, done almost in passing on the way to the core exercises.

In a calm, even-handed manner, Stewart discusses the impoverishment of much of contemporary music, but also reminds us of the rich heritage of "primal" and folk (or "environmental" as he calls it) music which is so often ignored in Western metaphysics. He returns it to its rightful place of importance. For this alone, both he and his book deserve acclaim.--M.

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Never has any country in the world had a greater propaganda machine than the United States.

The U.S. government conducts illegal and morally repugnant activities world wide and lies to American citizens and the rest of the world.

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Much of the propaganda that helps perpetuate these problems is delivered through broadcasting systems that are licensed, monitored, often times even owned, by branches of the U.S. government; branches including the F.C.C. and the C.I.A. that do not have to answer directly to the public for their actions.

Although their manipulation of public information has been effective at diverting the public's attention from the truth, increasingly more and more people are realizing that they are being lied to and led astray in subtle and not so subtle ways. Unfortunately, despite this growing awareness and concern, many of us feel helpless in combatting this disinformation network.

Even worse, people—even cynics and skeptics—are led to believe falsely that most Americans condone these lies and the acts of killing, poisoning, polluting, racism and other injustices that they support.

Forces of evil have had a field day in

the twentieth century, commandeering and strictly regulating the most powerful and instantaneous form of mass communication known to man—broadcasting.

In America, when the technology for broadcasting first became available, a few big business and government interests seized the opportunity to take control of the air waves and centralize this great communication power in the hands of a relative few.

In the decades immediately following 1930s when the US government started the Federal Communications Commission, not only was there cumbersome and discriminatory licensing procedures limiting access to broadcasting to the rich and politically connected, equipment for broadcasting was expensive and cumbersome further contributing to a centralization

of broadcasting power.

Fortunately, despite the efforts of government and business lobbyists, human nature and the evolution of technology has a way of trying to balance out the communication needs of our society.

New technology and channels for communication—for combatting the lies—have become accessible for the masses. Unfortunately not enough of us are yet utilizing these channels.

Now, more than ever it is necessary for we, the people, to get involved with broadcasting.

In the following pages we have put together information to give direction and encourage people to get actively involved in radio, either as a listener that gives feedback and searches for new channels to tune into, or a programmer who strives to create better radio programs that will improve world communication and understanding and promote peace and freedom—and good music!

WAYS TO GET ON THE AIR

Call up Radio Talk Shows—Tell 'em What America Really Knows

Go ahead, call up one of those opinionated radio talk shows. Give your viewpoints and don't be afraid to refute or challenge the host or any guests.

It is time that the world learns there are much more of us free thinkers out there than anyone, including ourselves, imagine. The problem is it is usually the couch potatoes and other less enlightened people that take the time to spout off on these shows. We must change this.

It's a fact that one smart, enlightened caller will draw in other callers and listeners of similar persuasions.

Don't be afraid to call and stand up for environmental topics such as drug legalization, anti-war sentiments, ecological concerns, anti-corporatism whatever. As long



Local radio station in the mining town of Poura, Burkina Faso. Photo from the community broadcaster's newsletter *InteRadio*.

as your statements contain a degree of rationality, truth and sincerity, and you don't swear or libel private individuals or local businesses, station management will be glad to have you on the air. They **NEED** conflicting opinions in order to give their shows drama.

State your opinions, and in order to make your self more convincing, offer a few facts or personal observations or experiences.

Before calling, it's a good idea to jot down a few notes, including the names of the show host and the guests. Using these names in the initial on-air greeting will add to your credibility and help put you on the same footing as those you are calling.

Your best bet is to call up a local, non-syndicated talk show. (Syndicated, nationwide network shows are much more difficult to get onto). Local shows however, usually need more callers and the phone lines are less likely to be busy.

You needn't wait until the talk show host "opens up the phone lines." Call as soon as you are inspired--a show producer will usually answer your call and get you set to go on air. Talk show hosts usually wait to open up the lines after a call is waiting, for fear that they will open up the lines and not receive a call.

If you're planning on making your first talk show phone in, you may want to call and make a short comment on a rather innocuous subject as practice.

If you are nervous, try yawning or having a single glass of wine or a beer before calling to help you overcome some of the initial jitters.

And don't worry if you think you sound nervous on the air, it will most likely increase the perception of your honesty and sincerity among the listeners. Besides, talk

show hosts usually only ask for your first name, so your identity will remain confidential if you want it that way.

Don't be afraid to raise heaven or hell...and a little fun!

Be A Radio Talk Show Guest

Any of your involvements, hobbies, affiliations, or activities can be valid pretenses for landing a guest spot on a radio talk show.

Radio show producers need interesting people to put on the air. They're always on the lookout for spokesmen or spokeswomen for various movements, causes, concerns or activities. The weirder, more outrageous, or controversial, the better.

And you needn't already be an "official" spokesperson until you are ready to sell yourself to a talk show producer. For example, suppose there is a political movement afoot to put a toxic dump in your neighborhood. All you need to do is get together you and a couple friends and call yourselves The Anti-Dump Coalition. Then phone up radio show producers at the local stations and tell them in a very formal, professional demeanor that you have some very interesting, even-controversial, information you would like to present in an open forum such as a talk show.

You needn't actually visit the radio station to get on the air. Most "on-air guests" are usually interviewed over the phone from their homes.

The degree that you develop your "community action group" is up to you, but it could be done simply as a way to get on the air a single time at a particular station to discuss an important problem.

Suppose you are a member of rock band that has been banned from the stages of local clubs. You can use this to your advantage by creating a "music access coalition" in order to get on the radio and discuss censorship.

Radio hosts want grass-roots organizations, loud mouths, and controversial folks. They thrive on this. Simply maintain a rational, sincere tone, don't swear and don't try to sell products.

All you need is a little pertinent information and with a little diligence you can get it on the radio and end up fielding calls from people who either back your ideas or wish to shoot holes in them. Either way, you are on the air in a commanding, powerful position with your hand inside the propaganda machine!

Start a People's Radio Station

Equipment for broadcasting on open frequencies on the FM radio band is smaller, easier to use, and cheaper than ever.

Nowadays, for a few hundred dollars it's possible to put together a broadcasting system that can easily blanket several square miles of airwaves--perhaps much more--with equipment compact enough to fit inside a suitcase. The legality of such broadcasting, if done without the licensing of the Federal Communications Commission is questionable, and not recommended unless you've researched the vagaries of communication law.

Currently there are no licensing procedures available for those who wish to broadcast on the band with signals of under 100 watts. However, more and more people are experimenting with such broadcasting set ups and some have vowed to fight the Federal Communications Commission to guarantee their right to do so without harassment.

Mobile broadcasting stations that can move from location to location, even while broadcasting, are also possible. Music, news, views--you name it--can be broadcast in this manner and if done right and with care, would not need to interfere with the broadcasts of other, government sanctioned broadcasters.

Extremely low power broadcasts of under 1 watt are legal in many circumstances, and could be used to communicate within a housing complex or neighborhood.

ARAGONE'S₈₅

There's lots of room for experiment and potential for fun!

Sell Yourself to Non-Commercial Radio

Opportunities to get hands-on/voice-over radio experience is often available at community "non-profit" radio stations. Many communities have non-commercial radio stations broadcasting within their area.

These stations are usually affiliated with either a religious organization (nearly half of all non-commercial broadcasting licenses have been awarded to church groups), or they are affiliated with a school or university, or a non-profit community organization set up specifically to serve interests and needs of the public that are not being provided by commercial "for profit" radio stations.

At the church affiliated stations stations, your chances of getting on the air, other than as a phone in, are slim. These stations have a tight programming formats geared to promote church doctrine, sell (on a "donation" basis) books, pamphlets, and religious paraphernalia. If you are not part of the church, or hold closely similar beliefs, or otherwise insure that your radio efforts will bring in a significant amount of new donations, you can count yourself shut off the air.

University and community stations, however, offer more hopeful prospects. At these stations you might make it on air as a guest, a call in, a news or public affairs host or coordinator, or a music programmer.

Community stations usually employ a mix of volunteer and paid workers. Getting actively involved is usually a matter of persistence and a willingness to make yourself useful in whatever way might be needed in order to get your foot in the door. Nearly every one of these stations needs volunteer help at one time or another, from stuffing envelopes to filing record albums. It is usually from the pool of volunteers that the stations draw their programmers and management personnel.

Radio stations affiliated with educational institutions differ in the manner they are set up and fill their positions.

Some educational stations are run very much like commercial stations, with paid staff, strict, narrow programming guidelines, and a minimum of student or volunteer help. Others, especially outside metropolitan areas, are highly dependent on volunteers and will welcome involvement by diligent, creative, and responsible newcomers.

Other school affiliated stations are run by faculty members with the station being a hands-on broadcasting lab for student training.

Other school stations may have no di-

rect faculty involvement, and may or may not have a significant percentage of non-students involved with station affairs.

Even college stations that seem tightly controlled by faculty and have policies limiting non-student participation can be swayed toward getting more community members involved in internal station affairs. Non-student personnel play important roles on-air and behind the scenes at many of the most progressive, adventurous and stable college affiliated radio stations in the United States.

Because of the naturally high turnover of students at these stations, non-students provide a level of continuum and provide guidance and examples to students who usually have little or no experience with non-commercial radio.

The bottom line in getting involved with non-commercial radio stations, either as on-air music DJs, newscasters, or public affairs hosts, or in the many behind the scenes roles, is to contact a station and be persistent in your efforts to get involved.

There will undoubtedly be some hoops to jump over and some bureaucratic red tape to untangle, but the effort to overcome these obstacles will be well worth it in your quest to have a positive influence over how that station serves your community.

Let Sound Choice Help You Tune In And Take Over!

The staff at Sound Choice is making every effort to assist readers in getting involved in radio.

Sound Choice No. 15 included a nation-wide roster of non-commercial, non-church affiliated radio stations. The list contains stations call letters, addresses, and in many cases phone numbers. The list is arranged in zip code order to help readers find a station in their area.

In addition, to help this nationwide radio networking effort, Sound Choice staff will field phone calls from people who are looking to get involved with non-commercial radio, but for one reason or another have come across stumbling blocks in their efforts to get involved.

Based on our staff's hands-on experience with non-commercial radio, we will provide advice and direction and contacts to help people get involved.

To receive this help, call Sound Choice at 805-646-6814 and ask for David Ciaffardini.

Don't be shy. Sharing radio information is one kind of radio activity that we will all welcome!

Infiltrate Big Radio

Even though most commercial radio is lame, and commercial disc jockeys are simply air-head corporate puppets with deep voices, you might consider hidden possibilities for innovative, adventurous radio on the commercial airwaves.

The odds of breaking onto the commercial airwaves are steep, especially if your ambitions don't include being corporate puppet mouth. But as in all gambles, where the odds are steep, the payoffs can be substantial.

Here's the scam:

Commercial radio stations live and die according to listenership. A company called Arbitron routinely tallies listenership figures and reports which stations are doing well in an area, and which stations few people bother listening to.

If you can find a station that is consistently at the very bottom of the Arbitron ratings, you may find an opportunity await-

ing inside a dark cloud. Timing, though, will be all important

The station owners or management will be desperate to try to do something to boost the station's ratings. This usually results in a total change of programming format, and firing of current station personnel. However, there may be a point somewhere in this transition period where station management will feel they are in a "we have nothing to lose" situation. At this point if you approached station management with a unique idea for a radio show, perhaps one that could be broadcast late at night during the "dead hours", they might be receptive to giving it a try.

The show could involve call-ins, or unique music, public affairs, or news, but ultimately should be something that will bring in new listeners to the station without driving away listeners that the station is trying to attract.

One example of an unusual, seemingly uncommercial radio show on commercial radio is the Rodney on the ROQ show on KROQ FM in Los Angeles. This weekly show, hosted by Rodney Bingenheimer has beat all odds and has survived in its weekly, sunday night time slot for more than a decade.

By all professional standards, Rodney is a terrible DJ. His voice is high pitched and squeaky, he stumbles over words, and every sentence is punctuated by numerous uhs, and ahs. But he has succeeded in a highly competitive radio market, playing punk and new wave music, and having sleezy bands as his in station, on-air guests.

How did he do it? Enthusiasm, heavy involvement in the scene he is covering, and having been in the right place at the right time, getting his shot on the air at a time when KROQ was having severe ratings problems. Now KROQ is top rated and the Rodney on the Roq show is legendary. If Rodney can do it, there is hope for the rest of us.

The show you propose could be offered as a live deal, or you could use your audio efficiency and good quality tape equipment to produce a show in your studio that could be broadcast at a later time. In any case, you will want to prepare a demo tape to help you pitch your proposal.

The more people that propose such things-- trying to break the tight little boxes of programming that our world of commercial broadcasting has degenerated to--

the more likely that stations will start giving in and trying new things and the factors will come together to generate some really creative, evolutionary radio programs that will attract large numbers of listeners and the radio gridlock will start to be disassembled.

People's Radio Periodicals

Monitoring Times

This is an excellent magazine dedicated to helping people listen in on the myriad of broadcast transmissions --other than household radio and TV--that can be tuned into day and night throughout the world.

Information on equipment and techniques for listening to shortwave broadcasts from around the world, police, fire and other governmental communications in your own neighborhood, aircraft communications, even cellular and cordless phones, are covered in *Monitoring Times*.

You'll also read, on occasion, about the mysterious, cryptic, "spy" broadcasts that have puzzled and intrigued radio hobbyists for years.

Monitoring Times lists frequencies to tune to, reviews a wide range of professional and amateur radio receivers, and otherwise tunes you into the world-wide network of people who learn about local and world wide events and concerns by tuning in broadcasts that you won't find on your typical walkman radio.

Monitoring Times, P.O. Box 98, 140 Dog Branch Road, Brasstown, NC 28902; phone 704-837-9200. \$18 for 12 issues.

Electronics and Radio Hobbyist's Newsletter

This used to be called the Experimental Broadcaster's Newsletter. It's for people interested in low-power broadcasting, both legal and illegal. Includes field reports, photos, and circuit diagrams and tutorials.

Editor Ernie Wilson also operates Panaxis, a mail-order outfit that sells high-grade broadcasting equipment for low power stations, usually in kit form.

The bottom line: if you're thinking about "experimental broadcasting", awareness of this journal is a must!

Electronics and Radio Hobbyists Newsletter, c/o Panaxis Productions, P.O.

Box 130, Paradise, CA 95967-0130. Six issues for \$14.

InteRadio-The Newsletter of AMARC The World Association of Community Radio Broadcasters.

This is a worldwide newsletter, available in English, French and Spanish editions, offering news and notes about community (non-commercial) radio stations and programmers from around the world.

Find out about about folks who are running or attempting to set up People's Radio stations in small towns, rural villages, and various locales throughout the globe.

This newsletter is an outgrowth of the AMARC organization. Every three years AMARC organizes a Community Radio Conference (in a different country each time) where community broadcasters from around the world converge and discuss ideas and problems confronting community radio activists.

This is a vital well-structured organization that can help you link up with people that can help you with virtually all aspects of community radio, including technical, legal, and political considerations.

Write:

AMARC, C.p. succursale De Lormier, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2H 2N6; Telephone: 514-982-0351; Fax 514-843-5681; Telex 066270997

SWL

A publication of the American Short Wave Listeners Club (ASWLC), published bi-monthly.

In SWL you'll find 'round-the-world listings giving the times and frequencies of shortwave broadcast programs, plus news and notes regarding shortwave listening.

Publisher Stewart MacKenzie recently

wrote Sound Choice and noted, "With glasnost in full swing, the international broadcasters are taking full advantage of it by filling the air waves with all kinds of sounds that have not been heard of in the last 40 years or so.

Even more recently Stewart sent out updates on the short wave frequencies where you can listen to news and perspectives about the U.S.'s Operation Desert Shield as reported by mid-east countries.

Annual Club dues including a subscription to SWL are \$12 in the US, \$13 Canada. Write: ASWLC, 16182 Ballard Lane, Huntington Beach, CA 92649-2204; ph. 714-846-1685

ACE

This is an excellent publication for all those wanting to get details and make contacts regarding clandestine broadcasting.

The publication masthead sums up the publication well: "The ACE is an association of individuals who find pirate, clandestine and covert communications an interesting part of their radio listening hobby. The primary existence of the club revolves around the publication of a monthly bulletin, The ACE. The bulletin reports on pirate, clandestine, covert and other unexplained broadcasts. Also, the readers are provided with other available material concerning motives, explanations and theories behind these various broadcasts and broadcasters."

Annual dues, including a one year (monthly) subscription the The ACE are \$18 US; \$19 Canada/Mexico, \$23 world airmail.

ACE, P.O. Box 11201, Shawnee Mission, KS 66207-0201

Umbra et Lux

A monthly newsletter devoted to "signals intelligence" and covert shortwave communications. Sample issue \$2. From DX/SWL Press, 10606-8 Camino Ruiz, Ste 174, San Diego, CA 92126.

The Pirate Radio Directory
by George Zeller

Updated annually, this directory gives brief sketches of more than 100 pirate radio stations heard on the shortwave band in the last year. Plus general information about when and where to listen, and how to contact radio pirates.

Zeller's publishing company, Tiare Publications, puts out several other radio related publications.

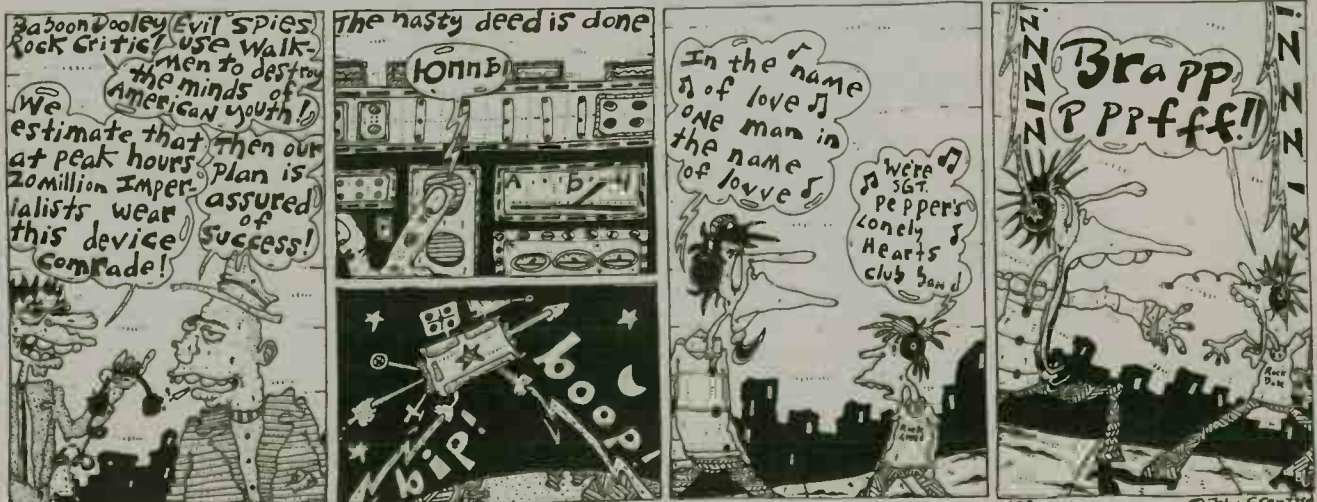
\$9.95 from Tiare Publications, P.O. Box 493, Lake Geneva, WI 53147

Compilation of the Communications Act of 1934 and Related Provisions of Law: Committee Print 101-1, House Committee on Energy and Commerce (1989, 397 pp)

This is official Federal verbiage on the laws that govern the legalities of transmitting as well as receiving broadcasts within U.S. borders.

(\$12 ppd, from Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, DC 20402-9371; phone 202-783-3238.)

Radio Fact Although there are about 25,000 major media outlets in the U.S. (including daily newspapers, magazines, radio and television stations, book publishers and movie studios), a mere twenty-nine corporations control a vast majority of them, and of those corporations, nearly all are headed by conservative Republicans. From *The Media Monopoly*, (Beacon Press, 1987) by Ben H. Bagdikian



AND ALSO THE TREES

Farewell to the Shade

Including a remix of "The Pear Tree" by Robert Smith of The Cure and five bonus tracks.

Tales of love and death offered from a different perspective. — The Gavin Report

BREATHLESS

Chasing Promises

Featuring unreleased bonus tracks.

Breathless tear up their contracts with this world and withdraw into the infatuation of sound itself. Just listen to a band that is in a state of grace. — Melody Maker UK

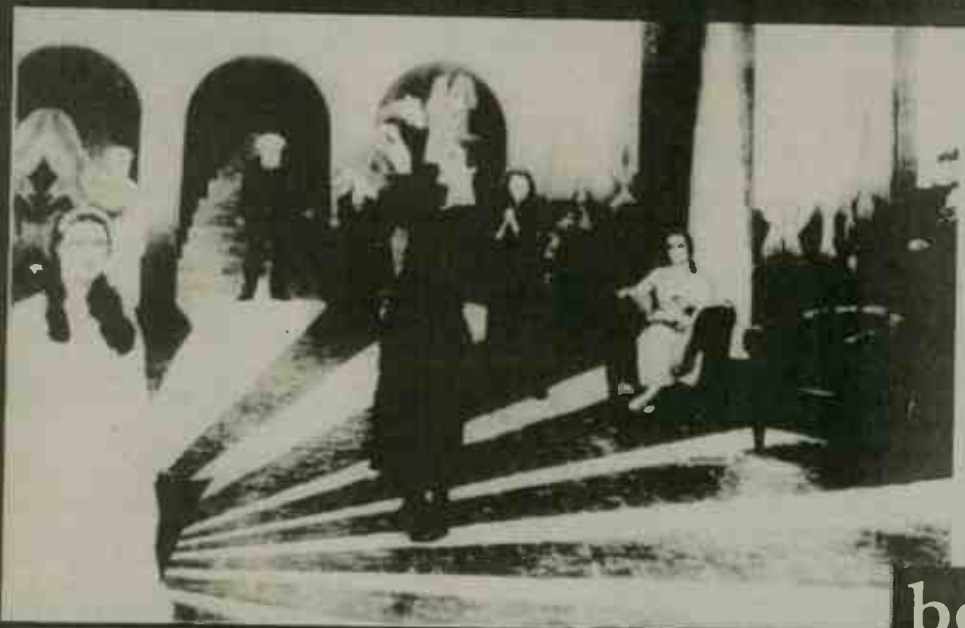


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World Radio History

Avant-garde/Experimental

BACKYARD MECHANICS FOR LANGUAGE:

2 Live 4 Words C

This is an interesting document of BYMFL live performances from '88 and '89. Side 1 is basically a collection of poetry, some set to minimal guitar, some spoken without accompaniment. Side 2 is the True Sound of Anarchy, free improvisation with various sound resources. A single piece continues for the duration of the side, creating a kind of junkyard ambience. My gut feeling is that the BYMFL are strongest when working in a studio setting; their studio recordings are poised and calculated, while their live performances, though no less effectual, are somewhat lacking in wholeness.

Some of the spoken pieces on side 1 remind me of Algebra Suicide, only without the musical rhythm. Their poetry ranges from movingly introspective to deliriously hilarious. In short, the Backyard Mechanics always seem to make me react, and this is no exception. (Burning Press, POB 18817, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118)—John Collegio

BOTANICA: A Garden of Earthly Delights CD

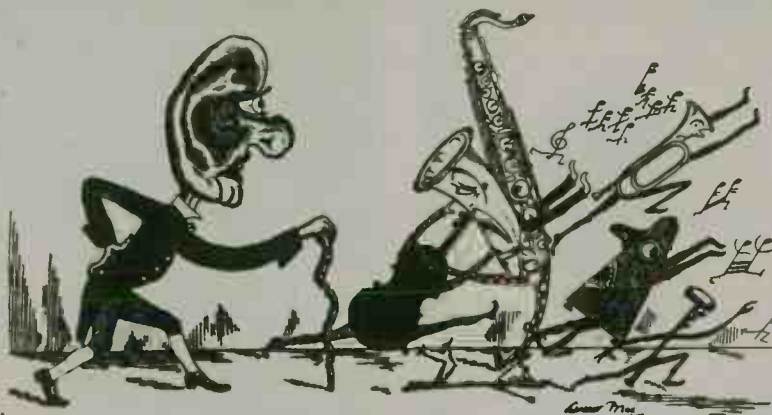
When Benoit Mandelbrot published his theories on fractals, most notably the Mandelbrot set, back in the early to mid 80's, it sent scientists and hobbyists running to their computer terminals to reproduce the enigmatic images that lay hidden within his equations. Botanica have taken the mathematical relationships found in fractals related to the Mandelbrot set, known as "Julia Sets" and used them as the foundation for their new computer music. Like the graphic images of fractals, *A Garden of Earthly Delights* is at the same time random and coherent. The self-symmetry within the Julia Sets holds this music together. There is neither beginning, middle, nor end—rather the music slowly evolves in flowing organic curves that could be extended indefinitely. *A Garden of Earthly Delights* is ideal for relaxation or meditation because it flows so smoothly from beginning to end. (Sanford Ponder, 757 S. Spring St. 13th Fl West, Los Angeles, CA 90014)—Bob Hewitt

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND: Shiny Beast CD

What makes *Shiny Beast* a classic is not a litany of meta-lysergic ramblings or incendiary Venusian delta blues (though both are present in measured quantities), but the profound personal conviction and individual spirit that pervades the work. The poignant "Harry Irene" or "Love Lies" are often overlooked in favor of Don van Vliet's more comic, outrageous, or technically spectacular compositions, but these tracks reveal him as a soulful, humanistic songwriter. This rereleased 1978 comeback album finds him at the peak of his powers, integrating his signature chopped rhythms and molten modern blues with accessible song-forms. My only disappointment is that Enigma failed to acquire the alternate takes from the unreleased, Zappa financed *Bal Chain Puller* LP; the rights were tied up when Zappa split with Warner, and the re-recorded versions became *Shiny Beast* with the original title in parentheses. (Enigma, POB 3628, Culver City, CA 90231)—Michael Draine

COLLINS, NICOLAS:

100 of the World's Most Beautiful Melodies CD
Electronics and sound manipulator and composer Collins



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has gathered around him a stellar array of supporting musicians, including Elliott Sharp, John Zorn, Christian Marclay, George Lewis, Tom Cora, Zeena Parkins, Shelley Hirsch, Ned Rohenberg, and others. The format is a collection of duets featuring one of the guest musicians who improvises a brief number (mostly under 2 minutes), and Collins who, with his retro-fitted "trombone propelled electronics," processes, loops, transposes, fragments, and otherwise alters the sounds, live and on-the-spot. Occasionally, other bits of extraneous sound—shortwave radio broadcasts and various recordings—are layered into the musical fabric. In the Cageian manner, the 42 brief "movements" may be rearranged with the CD player's random access mode, or in any manner the listener chooses. Those who love the new free improvisation of the guest artists will certainly want to hear how very musically Collins treats the material. You won't be disappointed. (Trace Elements Records, 172 E. 4th St #11D, New York, NY 10009)—Dean Suzuki

CONTEXT: More Structures C

This tape by the West German Stefan Schwab is the third in a series called *Structures* published by Sound of Pig, Harsh Reality and now XKurzhen Sound. We have a collection of short blurbs of a variety of atmospheres created by loops of electronic source-sounds processed and layered. Each is individually intriguing and carefully rendered. The structures are multifunctional and stand alone quite well and would also blend smoothly into other works you might endeavor yourself, such as multi-party sound collaging a la Due Process or P16.D4, or radio noise serenades, or any other uses a resourceful individual might muster. Thus, I would call this music reactive/interactive sound. These compositions are very minimal, devoid for the most part of progression, as if Stefan intended to focus on the present instant no matter how immediate or urgent the past or future might be. This calls to mind the arrow paradox, whereby if you photograph an arrow in flight, it appears to be motionless for the instant, yet we know that if this were true the arrow could not have completed its trajectory. Listen to these noise components and piece them into a flighted whole for yourself. Then go do something else creative with it. (XKurzhen Sound, 26 Linden Ave., Asheville, NC 28801)—John Collegio

COULDRY, NICK: Mouths of Pearl C

If Nick Couldry's piano were human, one might suspect Mr. Couldry of having slipped it a few hits of ecstasy between the keys: "Everything is wonderful! This chaos is heavenly! My God, Nick, I love you!" Nick seems to have actually established a responsive coherent dialogue with an insistent collection of wooden blocks, metal wire and bits of ivory and glue. These six solo piano pieces seem to be compositions but have a distinct interactive quality that would deem them improvisations equally comfortably. They blend

seamlessly and poetically, yet swing from a sweaty neurosis of chaos to a blissful rush of ambience, often from one heartbeat to the next. The chaos in each piece will suddenly gel into a moment of clarity and revert back just as quickly, almost like the instant of "truth" we may realize at those rare times when the various aspects of our lives instantly come into phase for a moment and then roll back out of control. This music crosses many genres. I feel a proclivity to modern classical composition, but the looseness and the progression of most of this smack of free improvisation. There are moments when you'd swear he is about to break into a coffee house jazz standard, and then he'll jump head first into a passage so minimal and still that you begin to breath with every note. This is cathartic, enriching, depletive and fulfilling; listening to this is emotional aerobics. (Nick Couldry, 108 Englefield Rd, London N1 3LQ, England)—John Collegio

COWTOWN: Does Dylan C

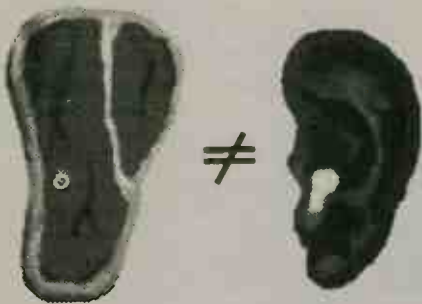
Altho' it might sound like the title of a new porno movie, "Cowtown Does Dylan" is actually the epitome of Cowtown-chic. Peter Tonks and Little Fyodor seem to have a healthy disregard for rok iconography which, in this age o' Klassik-rok rehearsed leftovers, is more than slightly refreshing. Parodying, or really, decimating, yuppie-oid lifestyles and stereotypes, using Dylan's muzick as a frame of reference, but changing all the lyrics for some scathing satirical diatribes. Toonz such as "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall," with its free-association asides about Tracy Chapman, Dan Quayle, and designer jeans, reach heights of brilliance and genius. The cheap harmonica playing and space-gun sounds in "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll" leads up to the startling revelation that William Zanzinger's real name is Gary Hart. Samples and loops of the original Dylan recordings are used as background for some of the cover versions. And Dylan himself appears in a brief phone interview segment with a hostile muzick critick. (Cowtown, POB 10221, Denver,, CO 80210)—Dan Fioretti

DEAD CAN DANCE: Aion CD

I first heard Dean Can Dance's music as a soundtrack to an amazing computer animation film, and I was totally blown away by their unique sound. Dead Can Dance appears to be Brendan Perry and Lisa Gerrard, with some help from friends playing bagpipes and viols on a few cuts. These two are truly inspired madfolk. The music on this disc is both authentic medieval and renaissance music and well-done imitations and variations thereupon. This disc has certain affinities with other bands on the 4AD label, such as Cocteau Twins, in terms of haunting atmospheres and suggestive yet-unintelligible lyrics, although in the case of D/C/D, I sus

art zoyd cassiber dark faust sim's ben neill
 david fulton luredomoon jad fair skeleton crew
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 christian marclay elliot sharp nicolas coffins musci & venosta curlew

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pect the lyrics are unintelligible because they're in old Italian and Catalan, rather than merely mumbled like the Cocoteau's. The mood is like being in a temple — this is very spiritual music, as is suggested by the cover art being a detail of Hieronymus Bosch's Garden of Earthly Delights. In fact, I can't put it any better than to say that this is what you might hear if you were dropped into that visionary landscape. At times, D/C/D gracefully reveal their modernity, using tasteful synths, drum machines and processing to forge a synthetic antique mystique. This should appeal to the new age crowd as well as folkies and experimental/classical fans. Extremely highly recommended. (4 AD US, 611 Broadway #311, New York, NY 10012)—Ed Blomquist

DENLEY, JIM; KIMMO VENNON: Time of Non Duration CD

Denley's bright, whispery flute and alto sax are combined with Vennon's manipulations and field recordings to create an impressionistic musique concrete. Denley's flute blows like a hot wind amidst a shimmering aural landscape of sampled insect sounds and grainy electronic textures. The discontinuous, arhythmic character of these compositions is generative of the states of altered time-consciousness alluded to in the title. Though demanding, Denley and Vennon's work is striking in its originality. (Split Records, POB 213, Pyrmont 2009, Sydney, Australia)—Michael Draine

DINO DIMURO: Sunday at the Airport C

After a multitude of tapes, Dino, like countless others in the now post- incestuous continuum of K7Kulture, has found a niche here and continues to release tape after tape after...oh, you know the story by now. In "Sunday At The Airport," Dino puts out a collection of tunes at once too quirky for your average pop fan, too involved and complex for the novelty market and too much good clean fun for the hippest among us. So kiss goodbye the IRS, K-Tel or Wax Trax! dream deals, pal, you're in for the long haul. The reality, as I see it (though Dino tells us that "anyone who thinks his sight is clear surely must be blind...") is that Dino kicks the shit out of his chosen genre by exercising his songwriting skills, performance finesse and apparent classical training to their ultragamaxima potency. He intrepidly mounts the retreat wheels of tired pop sensibilities onto his pop vehicle and manages to wear the treads out long before they would peel off in the high speed lane. His songs are original, hilarious, demented, disjointed and delirious, and they often depict the way life is now for sexpeople in the golden age of latex. That is, he seems to have a proclivity for phone titillation, between his wacky answering machine voyeurism and oh! those 1-900 numbers. What I'd like to hear more of is what fell on the editing room floor from those conversations. (The female voice, beguiled by a dozen years of coffee and cigarettes: "Dino, I know we'll end up making love! I just know it!") Anyway, if Liberace were alive, and if he were ever to hallucinate, even only once, and then if Erik Lindgren were to sign him to Ar! Ar!, but only to let him play a Casio and an answering machine, then fed him linguine with methedrine sauce before the sessions, and only allowed him to wear normal clothes, the result might not be a Dino DiMuro tape, but it might be close. O-bla-Dee, O-bla-Da. (DiMuroTapes, 578 N. Gower, Los Angeles, CA 90004)—John Collegio

DOUGZIG: Dougzig C

This 90-minute tape is very peculiar. Dougzig doodles through 30 short tracks on his synthesizer. The music is simple but varies enough not to become too redundant. There are some people who play the synthesizer while others play with them. Dougzig does the latter. Sounds like his experience is limited yet original. There are some vocal and spoken tracks. The one I like is called "Change the Record."

This person repeats over and over "change the record" while there is minimal programmed music in the background. The most amateur track is "TV for Me" a poor spoken word reading a la Jello Biafra. It needs more conviction and force to be effective. If you like weird home-made tapes, check this out. (Flying Bomb Cassettes, 277 Lake Ave, Worcester, MA 01604)—Joe Kolb

DUE PROCESS: RRRadio 26-30 C

This is yet another of those tape collage things. This one has its moments, as do they all. I particularly liked the guy on side 2 talking about trying to buy some pot. There's also the requisite helping of bips, bleeps, and slowed-down or speeded-up voices. This was a live radio performance, and everyone is invited to contribute. "Just send a good backing tape which can be incorporated into the show—you'll get a copy." Oh, that's what this is, a souvenir. Sure beats bootleg Bart Simpson T-shirts. And I loved the cover art take on an old Monkees cover. I mean, it's OK while it lasts, but really, how many tapes like this can anyone listen to? (RRRRecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852)—Stuart Kremsky

DUE PROCESS (VARIOUS): RRRadio 23-25 C

This tape is a radio performance from WZBC Boston. It is basically a collage of a number of bands (Human Head Transplant, Esplendor Geometrico, Human Flesh, Bunker Club Project, Martyr V2101, P16.D4.). The over-positioning of the textures provided by these bands create a hypertexture to which some six "participants" go sick, and even discourage patronage of establishments. Definitely not for people with heart disorders. It is loud and should be played louder. It is good but I have heard better. (RRRRecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852)—Alex Godoy

GEORGE, GREGORIAN: In Phase Shift Reality C

Looped voices and sampled sounds that, at least on the first two cuts, reminded me of the McCarthy era paranoia about the "red peril" that I grew up around/with; nicely done, and not so harsh that it'll break yo' ears. I like the clarity of the many voices and the broadly shifting panoramas of sound. I hesitate to play the whole tape for momma as the left/right shifts and sample interspersals would probably drive her nuts... but I liked it! Certainly breaks up the monotony found on so many AM/FM stations these days. Gregorian George would serve as a fine intro to any and all wishing to expand their musical perspective beyond "easy listening" horizons. (Violet Glass Oracle Tapes, 6230 Lewis Ave Lot # 105, Temperance, MI 48182)—Richard Metcalf

IF, BWANA: Wah Yu Wan LP

What I really like about Al Margolis' works is that they are always creative and very different from each other. The same goes for Generation Unlimited Records. They provide quality experimental music that does not follow the latest trends or limits of artistic expression. If, Bwana are six musicians playing a variety of instruments including synthesizer, sax, oboe, cello and voices. Sparse, dreamy electronics done a la early Morton Subotnick. A quiet piece with scattered sounds. "What do you do?" is one of my favorite tracks. Fast saxophone played against slow synthesizer sounds that hypnotically move back and forth between octaves. It is haunting and dense. "We are not a musee" is another sparse piece using oboe, cello, french horn, violin and voices. It is amazing how If, Bwana uses a full array of instrumentation to create such sparse music. This is very atmospheric music that does not depend upon using the spectrum of sound to grab one's attention. It's very sparseness places one in other dimensions. There are several tracks that are definitely more on the industrial/noisy side. A wild array of

samples and sounds to assault one's senses. (Generations Unlimited, POB 540, Marlborough, MA 01752)—Joe Kolb

JANUARY, JOHN: The Unfinished World C

I found Unfinished World to be a wonderfully quirky example of modern alternative pop at its eccentric, experimental best. A plethora of tunes ranging from the loony to the sublime. (Scheming Intelligensia So, 3025 Plaza Blvd., National City, CA 92050)—Lori Higa

KEELER: The Present Link CD

Each track on this disc is an impressionistic electronic portrayal of a cryptozoological subject such as Bigfoot or Yeti, supplemented with photographs from the Fortean Picture Library. Corny devices are employed to denote the locale each of the critters is purportedly indigenous to: synthesized bagpipes for the Loch Ness Monster, fake koto for a Japanese lake creature, etc. While Keeler's sonic palette is lush and highly varied, these pieces lack emotional resonance. (Great Orm Productions, 498-A Hudson St. Suite D-35, New York, NY 10014)—Michael Draine

LACHENMANN, HELMUT: Guero/Pression/Gran Torso LP

In 1976 I had the pleasure of hearing Lachenmann's orchestral work *Fassade* performed at the World Music Days Festival held in Boston. At the time I was amazed that this German composer was not better known, as he seemed to have brought the intricacies of extended instrumental technique and chance composition to a very sophisticated level of refinement. This recording bears my feelings out. While Cage was the first to use the piano as a percussion instrument, here Lachenmann exploits that idea in a more subtle and intense way. The solo cello piece "Pression" is presented in two versions by different performers which allows us to hear the variations that two different realizations provide. In this piece, as well as in *Gran Torso* (for string quartet) Lachenmann gets right to the heart of actual sound production. In his words; "Instead of using sound itself as a point of departure, structural and formal hierarchies are derived from the mechanical and physical conditions present during the process of sound production." The sound of these works is amazingly contradictory; both primitive and ultra-modern at the same time. And there's no middle ground; you'll find these pieces either monstrously ugly or exquisitely beautiful. But they are beautiful; Lachenmann wants us to fall in love with sound itself, and for this he certainly deserves a wider audience. The recording itself is beautiful; a flawlessly recorded, pressed and packaged production, very handsomely presented. (Edition RZ, Leibnizstr. 33, D-1000 Berlin 12, W.Germany)—Tom Furgas

LINDBLAD, RUNE:

Death of the Moon and Other Early Works LP

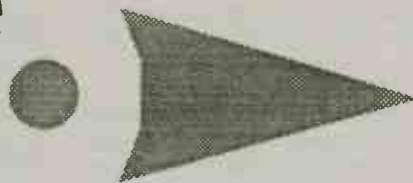
Lindblad was the first Swedish composer to work with *Musique Concret* and electronics (1953) but his work has remained unknown due to his refusal to align himself strictly with either the French (pure *Musique-Concret*) or Cologne (electronics) school. He has also avoided the political jockeying (and hence the support) of a major university in Stockholm. But Dave Prescott and Al Margolis are only concerned with the music, not politics, and have made a selection of Lindblad's early pieces available on LP. The historical significance of this release is obvious; most important is the music itself. While these early examples of tape music (1954-56) may sound tame and technically primitive today, there is a subtle and lyrical quality that was often missing from the French, German, even American schools with their occasional shock effects and grand, dramatic gestures. Lindblad's use of delicate sounds (flute, marimba, subtly

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modulated white noise) does not sound a bit dated. In fact, composers today can learn a thing or two about pacing and compositional shape from these modestly potent works. (Pogus Productions, 151 First Ave. #201, New York, NY 10003)—Tom Furgas

MAHLER, DAVID: The King of Angels C

Two of the three songs on this cassette EP use the cut-up technique (where bits and pieces are edited and remixed into something else) and while the title cut seems to be an experiment for Mahler, the opening track, "Cup of Coffee", is a delight. The entire track is formed from the simple phrase, "I could use a cup of coffee, heh!" and if you wonder how much mileage a cut-up artist could possibly get from such an economy of the language I recommend an immediate investigation n'kay? The real mystery here is Mahler's nod and a wink to Tin Pan Alley crossed with Nashville Pop and 50's Folk called "Every Song You Sang". The music is a paradigm of these styles while the vocal is delivered with the Country-Pop-Twang of a Willie Nelson trying to sound like Burl Ives so he can sell another hit to Julio Iglesias. My confusion over Mahler's intentions with this cut arise from the fact that it's a traditionally structured song tossed in the drunk tank with his experimental pieces and the sudden jolt 'twixt styles could be harmful to young 'uns. (Frog Peak Music, POB 9911 Mills College Sta, Oakland, CA 94613)—Mick Mather

MATHES, ARNOLD: Recreation of the Humanoids C

Another entry from Arnold, this time his tribute to the 1962 sci-fier "Creation of the Humanoids," which dealt sympathetically with machines being mistreated by humans. These 'oids have feelings, y'see, and want more equality with the remaining humans in the post-apocalyptic world. Mathes treats this environment sympathetically also, with his bank of synths and peripherals relating this ethos in many short to mid-length pieces alternating irregularly with ten excerpts of dialogue from the film. The music is up to Mathes' usual standards, and forces him to condense his musical language within the confines of shorter pieces, and he generally succeeds, though several are too short to serve as anything other than filler. (Arnold Mathes, 2750 Homestead Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11235)—Jack Jordan

MINOZIN-V: Attachments C

Minozin-V stands for "minimal noise environment," a duo who use "motors, currents, and environmental sounds." These Attachments are a series of 14 pieces using these sounds, but they're used straightforwardly; not much in the way of development, contrast of formal structure. This I would not mind so much if the fidelity of the recording were better. There is an unfortunately narrow frequency response; perhaps better microphones would help. Better tape certainly would; my copy was on a truly low-bias formulation. (SSS Productions, 5891 Darlington, Pittsburgh, PA 15217)—Tom Furgas

O W T: Good as Gold LP

Zeena Parkins and David Linton use improvised performances on drums, tapes, percussion, harps and keyboards to create a fascinating blend of immediate music. The seven cuts offer a surprising variety of sounds and textures, from the intensive driving force of the multi-layered "Angel Food" to the comparative playfulness of the track "Swing Time." This album is a challenging work that forces the listener to pay attention, and for this alone it is to be admired. (Homestead Records, POB 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571)—Perry Glorioso

POWDER FRENCH: What Sort of Fish Is That? C

This band has become one of my favorites in this genre: post-punk, post-industrial, big-city electronic music. Though typically, I cringe at even my own use of drum machines, I found myself actually looking forward to what Powder French was going to do next with theirs. At points they tend to overuse the unintelligible distorted "found" vocal resplendent with breathy reverb, but this is a minor point relative to the atmosphere they build from song to song. They manage a fresh sound by juxtaposing incongruous musical styles in a montage so different from the sources to be a separate style altogether. Combining swampy alien-planet electronics over jazzy-marchy real-drum chops—a mix that sounds like it would fall flat on its moons—they conjure a new musical image. There are several pieces focusing on atmosphere and devoid of beat, and these work remarkably well as a diversion from the beat and for their diverse mood and textural elements. I enjoy the urban environment they create with their reverb unit and other effects, if you're a die-hard fan of early-80's post-industrial muzik or if you're a new-beat noise hound, you should really get off on this. (Gregory Puchalski, 1216 Trevanion Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15218)—John Collegic

ROBERTS, GUITAR: Blues: The Dark Paintings of Mark Rothko LP

Guitar Roberts' (a.k.a. Loren Mazzacane) blues are wound up tight in a package that is at once serene and vexing. While his music moves along at a slow pace, lingering over lazy blues phrases and slowing shifting chord changes, the timbre of his guitar slices into your nervous system like pain from a bad tooth. These seven pieces were inspired by an exhibit of Rothko painting, and each comes off as if you were viewing the blues through a microscope, tiny fragments of blues ideas here and there pinned on a backdrop of, basically, silence. But I'd be hard pressed to say that I hear anything approaching the monolithic presence of a Rothko painting. (St. Joan, POB 390, New Haven, CT 06502)—John Baxter

SCHWARTZ, DEBORAH: Sonorities C-45

A series of four compositions specifically designed to explore and expand the capabilities of the marimba. Featuring compositions by Byong-kon Kim, Orlando Garcia, Alfred Carlson, and Barbara Bennette. Students and aficionados of contemporary marimba playing and composition will find the two solo marimba works worthy of immediate contemplation. A rich world of wooden sonorities is further developed in the multi-instrumental compositions contained on the album. Barbara Bennet joins Schwartz on Garcia's "Four Migrations" and Bennet's own "Carilynae". Bennette's presence as both a composer and accompanist is deepened by her thorough familiarity of the marimba and its possibilities. One gets the sense that these people are not simply acting as human tape recorders reading notes off a page. In fact, on "Four Individual Migrations" the combination of Christie Lundquist's clarinet, Bennet's piano and Robert Fernandez and Schwartz on percussion remind me a bit of intuitive improvisational jazz works like Marion Brown's "Afternoon of a Georgian Fawn" or more mellow moments in the works of the Art Ensemble of Chicago. (CRS, 724 Winchester Road, Broomall, PA 19008)—Darrell Jonsson

SCRATCHPAD: Accidents of Brilliance C

Not exactly sure where this one is coming from; it says on the inside coverleaf that it's for tongue in cheek productions, and offers "sincere apologies to all jazz, new age, classical and serious music lovers ... Well, they are accepted (and needed). Sounds like someone took a 4-track tape that already had a Rhodes, some synth sounds and a drum ma-

chine and played the speed control up and down through the whole thing. If you have a jazz or new age music lover that you just hate, and want to fracture their ears, put this on. The pieces on here sound like they would have been pleasant enough to listen to, tho' average for the genre, but that speed variation ruined it for me. I wasn't impressed. You remember "an accident looking for a place to happen"? This one already has a place, right here on this cassette! (Presence Records, POB 2502, Houston, TX 77252)—Richard Metcalf

SIMON, ART; ALVIN SVOBODA: The Delicate Prayer C

This tape is excellent. It is superbly recorded, impeccably packaged and presented and highly representative of the talent contained on the tape. The music is purely electronic, but the programming and selection of sounds simulates closely the experience of listening to recorded acoustic percussion. Art Simon's music is inviting and enslaving, serving as a backdrop for the engaging computer-recited text of Al Svoboda. The talking computer is an intelligible and interesting feature. Pounding, slamming and metallic abrasion all tied together with washes and ambient chord progressions push this treatment of computer vocals in a new direction. (Art Simon, 3127 A Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94110)—John Collegic

STATIC EFFECT: Slamese Twin Reflex C

You oughta see the packaging on this thing- deluxe oversized box with plastic window/protector, with beautiful color cover graphic by Damian Bisciglia. Instantly collectible. Now about the music... S.E. is Mikhail Bohonus and Randy Greif, so you know there's some respected talent here. There's no left channel on all of Side A, at least on my copy, so I prefer to refrain from, er... half-commenting. On the flip side, there are some dark synth drone/moan sections with rhythmic clunkings. Nice for another descent into the maelstrom, but no new ground dug into here. Kind of rambling and formless (improvised?), but there are superior sections with middle-eastern horn sounds, chanting, some jazz motifs, cool atmospheres. Some disjointed epithet voiceover too. It's also time for me to vent a general bitch- untitled pieces/songs. Lady and gentlemen composers, even if it's improvised, you must think enough of your work to give it a title, no? Certainly you have a frame of reference you wish to convey? (Swinging Axe Productions, POB 199, Northridge, CA 91328)—Jack Jordan

STIPES & PATIBULUM: Vestal C

A very amateur vanity release. White noise, record scratching, distorted radio stations and spoken word. The industrial/experimental sounds are a complete bore; the few pieces that are listenable could fill about ten minutes of tape. "Woman (Hole Lotta Love)" is interesting using a bit of Zep as a collage and other sounds/moans. (Sonic Delights, POB 332, South Orange, NJ 07079)—Joe Kolb

SUCKDOG: Little Flowers Dying C

Like the tenth time you light the filter on your cigarette, a mis-asmic chuckle gut gurgles out... the utter encapsulated Absurdity Cloud descends. In the form of this endearingly psychotic blast of aural ecstasy-extremities. Icy and sweet melodic grunging thru the ranges of primal scream, Tomlin-ish gooberishes, monotone epiphany ("All the flowers are gray & there's too many teeth in my mouth."), screeching implorations ("I want to die.") and tinkling, thudding inter-ludes of assaulting, caressing noise and whatever. I feel inadequate in descriptive agenda to describe the ineffable bliss this work has wrought on my already paranoid-schizo condition. I will kiss her (Lisa Carver's) toes forever. (Lisa Carver, POB 1491, Dover, NH 03820)—Malok

UNDERCURRENT: Functionally Illegitimate C

The ever-mysterious Y and Z team's new release, and this may be my favorite to date, though all four tapes are excellent (the first two were with X and Y). Except for one short percussive piece, the other five works here score high in the school of industrial hums, drones, and thick, sometimes fluttering textures. The track titles are 3- and 4-digit numbers which are fun to decode using the U-cube, but thematically we're talkin' mellifluous pieces with slow percussive effects and occasional, nonintrusive voice treatments. "Sounds for Subconscience Awakening" is the Undercurrent motto, and if you take Mr. Bill's advice and listen to this tape directly before retiring, who knows what devils, demons, or truths may confront you... In any event, "the flora, the fauna, their array of floating debris" do await the receptive listener. Most highly recommended. (Bill Jaeger, POB 234, Concho, AZ 85924)—Jack Jordan

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Nlok6 (Audio Alchemy) C

Another offering from a staple in the diet of cassette networkers, this collaborative effort between Robin James and Big City Orchestra's Das pulls together twenty-odd artists into an audio documentary which for the moment sets aside the art produced by the artists and elevates the act of networking itself to an art form. Almost a history lesson in audio networking, this tape combines snippets of monologues from the likes of Daniel Plunkett of ND Magazine talking about his zine and Steve Rubin describing the loss of his audio virginity to a portable reel-to-reel. This is really fun listening, and serves many purposes. I see it as a sort of aural welcome mat for those new to networking, yet another networking tool to veterans, a source of found vocals/sounds, as well as a valuable and informative social and cultural document. Some twisted picks to pick your zits to: Daniel Johnston's excerpt from Hip Jump is a hilarious popchop remotely about Casper the Friendly ghost, and in one of the several SubGenius appearances, the Most Reverend gives a run-on rave of the roots of the SubGenii. Plus there are brief interviews with Kim Cascone, Joel Haertling, GX Jupiter Larsen, AMK, Eiden M. (Allegory Chapel), Mark Hosler (Negativland) and more for a total of 36 "cuts." Every selection is backed by some form of sound, whether musical or ambient, which further extends the dynamic of listenability of this. My favorite backdrop is the vocal loop manipulations of Brook Hinton. For all the fun, usefulness, and value, this is somewhat limited in that many of the artists involved did not include contact addresses. But I'm sure the resourceful networker would just write to Cassette Mythos. You'll be glad you did. (Cassette Mythos, POB 2391, Olympia, WA 98507)—John Collegio

VARIOUS ARTISTS:**Winnie's Reputation/ Winnie's Hemispheres C**

Some EXCELLENT pieces on this compilation; many folks on this one, including Rudy Schwartz Project, Nick, Our Beloved Martyrs, Dino DiMuro, Charlie Roby, Ai Perry, Don Campau, Reflector and Nomuzic. If you read the mags at all, you can see that this one would serve as a great introduction to the many talents of all these folks. The styles vary from slow/easy ("As Temperature Falls", Charly Roby) to very contemporary and up (Magick Television, Nick). Lots of guitarz, some looped/found sounds, too hard to describe all of the various methods used to capture your attention. Suffice it to say that if you've wondered what all these folks are doing (from magazine reviews, ads, etc.) this tape puts it all together for you to hear. If you're looking for raw punk or old standard jazz/folk, don't buy this one; but if you're in to well crafted sounds with a dash of odd, get it! (Kitti Tapes, 312 N. 3rd Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904)—Richard Metcalf

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tellus #24: Flux Tellus C

More than a rehash of Dada, the Fluxus Orchestra of the 1960s-'70s was, according to its founder, George Maciunas, "a fusion of Spike Jones, gags, games, Vaudeville, Cage, and Duchamp." Today it would no doubt be called "conceptual performance art." Whatever it's called, it broke so many boundaries (including its own) that it made Cage himself seem quaint and Neoclassical by comparison. All the old masters of the orchestra are here on this historically important tape (LaMonte Young, Jackson MacLow, Alison Knowles, Takehisa Kosugi, George Brecht, Dick Higgins, and, of course, Maciunas himself) and some of their most important pieces are presented, many in newly recorded versions, and all ingeniously interspaced with precisely-timed excerpts from Tomas Schmit's No. 13. Ranging from emotionally gut-wrenching to wildly humorous, these theatrical-anti-musical compositions may very well change your mind about just what the definition of music is. (Tellus, 596 Broadway #602, New York, NY 10012)—Tom Furgas

VARIOUS ARTISTS:**Sinapole Twilight in Catal Huyuk CD**

This sampler includes extended contributions by Coil, Current 93, Cheb Mami, plus the always mysterious, if not mystical, overtones from "Les Archives sonores Sub Rosa." I, for one, have not been caught up in the world beat pop movement, so it is difficult for me to be objective about Cheb Mami's North African ditties. Coil's "Another Brown World" is a play on Eno's title, Another Green World, and is similarly ambient and repetitive. It even has some Frippian guitar eruptions, along with some other strange electronic and found sounds which periodically intrude on the keyboard goings on. Quite nice. "Some Morning When the Moon Was Blood" by Current 93 is also an ambient piece, but much more enigmatic and obscure. Strange electronic sounds weave in and out of the musical fabric and the whole affair is bound together by a hammering, dirge-like drum tattoo. Great stuff. The archival recording, "Dervish Ceremonial" is based on a field recording made in Turkey. The chants have been processed and it appears that new voices have been layered over the original recording. The results are what Sub Rosa appropriately dubs a "subjective aural vision of a ritual." (Sub Rosa, POB 808, CM 1000 Brussels, BELGIUM)—Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Objekt No. 4 CD

Another of Ladd-Frith's compilations of work by various international sound artists, including Smersh, Psyclones, Illusion of Safety and Randy Grief. Each of these pieces is introduced by the artist(s), too. While much of this can be loosely classified as belonging to the industrial "school" (for those of you working on your dissertations), this collection is actually much more diverse. Grief's and Illusion of Safety's contributions are typically foreboding; but there's humor, too, like John Trubee's outrageous "Call to Idiots (excerpt)," a kind of comedy-verite where a deranged caller harasses an unsuspecting phone operator. Zoviet-France's contribution, "Voice Print Identification" is more of a sound-text piece, a twisted journey through language done in the style of a PBS documentary. Which is to say that this collection is diverse, perverse, challenging, and never dull. Grab it! (Ladd-Frith, POB 967, Eureka, CA 95502)—John Baxter

VARIOUS ARTISTS: New Computer Music CD

Six of the seven pieces on this disk, a commemoration of Computer Music Journal's tenth anniversary, indicate that computer music is moving out of its squeak/bonk phase and into something more interactive and—dare I say—more human. Two standouts are "Idle Chatter" by Paul Lansky and "Relationships for Melody Instruments" by Clarence Barlow, both of which are aggressively rhythmic—a rare

quality in the older computer music vocabulary. Lansky works with the human voice, mixing and blending vocal sounds with and without "rhythmic masks." The result is an extremely-intricate, coherent and hypnotic piece of music. Barlow, who has an East Indian background, works with computer-driven pitch and pulse modes, but uses a live percussionist who clarifies the pulse cycle "by means of improvised rhythms." A bass clarinet also improvises against the pulse and pitch modes according to pre-arranged instructions. This is vital, vibrant music. Another piece, Dashow's "Sequence Symbols," may be superficially closer to squeak/bonk, but it demonstrates a gradual development in computer music toward truly organic programs approximating human compositional forms. "Sequence Symbols" is certainly difficult, but it sounds composed, and hence sounds "alive." Two other pieces worth noting are sections from "The Hands," with electronic instruments fitted under the hands transmitting movements of fingers, hands and arms to digital synthesizers. The music has a strong, rich presence. (Wergo Schallplatten, Mainz, W. GERMANY)—Bill Tiland

VELJET, SIELUN:**Softwood Music Under Slow Pillars CD**

This is a very odd, quirky collection of songs by a very odd, quirky and eclectic Finnish band. Most of the instrumental parts are acoustic, with the occasional electric guitar (some of it severely distorted) and synthesizer, as well as some strings and other orchestral accompaniment. If Arto Lindsay were to play acoustic music, it might come off something like this. The vocals, both stylistically and lyrically, are of a peculiar sort, manifesting the influence of Captain Beefheart, Tom Waits and Robin Hitchcock. Titles are little non-sequiturs and odd ditties such as "Mushroom Moon," "I Wanna Be A Frog," "Hey-Ho, Red Banana!" and "Life Is A Cobra." If you are looking for the new, unusual, weird and fascinating, here it is. (Poko/Unitor Oy, 33101 Tampere, FINLAND.)—Dean Suzuki

VIBRATING EGG:**Castle of Dr. Eggmorbulon C**

Side 1 - Bride of Frankenstein. Side 2 - Godzilla Mon Amour. The most interesting thing about this recording is the packaging. Cassette cover art sports Elsie Lanchester and Frankie Babe in a still from the movie. Special thanks go to everyone from Screamin' Jay Hawkins to Rodgers & Hammerstein, Edgar Varese, Zappa, Wagner, Jerry Lewis, Nico and John Williams—all, immortal icons of post-modern muzak kulture. Seems like the folks over at Vibrating Egg thought it would be fun to put out a tape of soundbytes from gothic horror films and hope some of us dumb, hard-up-for-spatial-filler suckers would buy it. No way, but it's an interesting idea. Is this supposed to inseminate our minds with the sperm of something profound? If anyone figures it out, let me know. (Vibrating Egg, POB 18685, Rochester, NY 14618)—Lori Higa

ZZAJ-ART: Volume One C

Mail-collabs between Dick Metcalf and Brett Hart comprised of a mainly kitchen-sink approach. And it works. Half-speed guitars and all sorts of guitar improv and cheap Casio surround Dick Metcalf's beyond tongue-in-cheek poetic explorations. Too many fave lines to quote them all. No, wait—the entire text is one big fave line! Titles refer to Zappa—seemingly gratuitously, FZ is never recalled in any real way. Scathing, sarcastic, and ironic asides abound, and Bret Hart matches wits perfectly on the guitar—some o' the solos are almost as funny as the lyrics. The tape includes 1 side of toonz by Metcalf, and 1 side o' Hart compositions, so as to be democratic, I guess. I especially liked the double-speed keyboard and Korean instruments on Side 2. (Bret Hart, 3104 Village Rd West, Norwood, MA 02062)—Dan Fioretti

CLASSICAL/NEO-CLASSICAL

Redefinition:

Classical: Anything that sounds old, with pianos, violins, orchestras, symphonies and stuff.
Neo-Classical: Anything that sounds new with the same stuff.

DUBROVAY, LASLO: Streichquartett No. 3 LP

The Arditti String Quartet perform Hungarian composer Dubrovay's "Streichquartett No. 3" with incredible nuance and precision, executing long passages of high-pitched glissandi with breathtaking fluidity. The Weberian sudden attacks interrupting these shimmering planes remind me of Jerry Goldsmith's moment-of-revelation music for the original Twilight Zone Series, a reference that would perhaps be lost on the Hungarian academe. "Solo No. 5 fur Basslote" is a dreary 11 minutes of breathy tones accompanied by idle humming, occasionally broken up by some wet sputtering. "Solo No. 4 fur Violinoello" takes similarly atonal attack, but the unconventional timbral possibilities of the instrument are exploited in a less monotonous fashion. Very difficult listening throughout. (DAAD, Steinplatz 2, 1000 Berlin 12, GERMANY)—Michael Draine

MAHLER, DAVID: The Voice of the Poet C

Three compositions by David Mahler, dating from the mid-1970s through the early 1980s. The first, "Illinois Sleep" is a

long, meditative work for organ, performed here by the composer. "Illinois Sleep" lingers over long, sustained chords, allowing the organ to breathe and concentrate on the oscillations of the notes. Minimalist in the true sense, this composition allows the listener to meditate on each chord as it builds, and actually seems to use sound to enforce a kind of serene silence, sort of aural equivalent of a Rothko painting. "The Voice of the Poet" is an extended piece for electronics and tape loops, which uses a radio interview as raw material. The voice part is looped, and deconstructed with a variety of effects, at times acting as its own chorus in a call-and-response, as electronic patterns revolve in the background. The third composition, "Radio Rain," is an environmental composition recorded at KRAB-FM in Seattle, using the station's leaky roof as an instrument. Like "Illinois Sleep," the effect is serene and meditative. Mahler has a keen sense for the essential purity of sound, and this tape is both adventurous and beautiful. (Frog Peak Music, PO BOX 9911 Mills College Sta, Oakland, CA 94613)—John Baxter

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

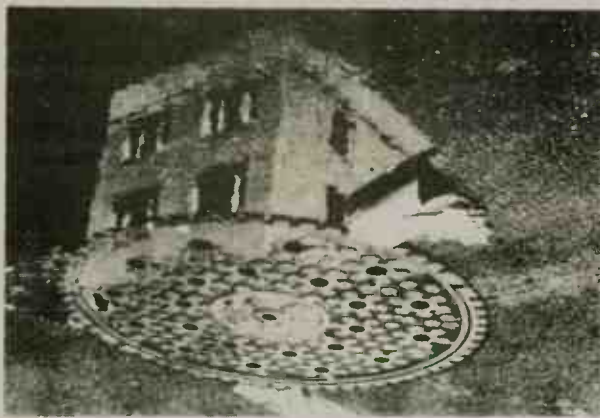
Japan Composers 1988, Vol. 16 CD

In its continuing series of recordings of new works by Japanese composers, the Japan Federation of Composers offers up three works by three young artists. Kazuko Hayakawa's "Ho (Fluctuation)" for flute and cello is simply more rehearsed academic dissonance that is of little interest. "Rusen" for shinobue, a traditional Japanese transverse flute, and piano is a curious wedding of radically different cultures and orthodoxies. The part for the shinobue is characterized by the tra-

ditional wide vibrato, bent notes and other expressive trails. The piano part has a very traditional European twentieth century sound, like the tonal, yet dissonant works of Bartok. The result is a rather quirky, yet hard hitting work. Shigeru Miyazaki literally pulls out all of the stops in "Scena for Organ". The work is a textural powerhouse, with dense clusters and a tremendous presence, rather like Ligeti's "Volu-mina". (Japan Federation of Compo, Shinanomachi, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo 160, JAPAN)—Dean Suzuki

WENDY REID: Tree Pieces LP

Four Tree Pieces (#s 34, 10, 8, 21) which, for our day, keep the ethos and sound of '60s avant-garde alive and well. Percussion, oboe, violin, piano, mandolin in various combinations make a very quiet "academic"-sounding record (the "Fibonacci" numerical summation sequence is used in the composition's structures). One piece creates a landscape with performers playing against a background of two taped ostinati of croaking frogs, and is quite arresting: cell-like units of sound growing into seemingly endless phrases. One piece is a model vocal utterance/instrument interplay showpiece; another a likewise traditional dialogue of sparse and delicate timbres of William Wynant's solo percussion, and the final piece is a 19-minute score of bird-like motifs played against a recording of the "songs" of the Pacific Parrotlet. This whole record mirrors Reid's professionalism, substantiates her deserved recognition, and succeeds in her objective to "reflect nature's manner of operation." (Frog Recordings, 1326 Shattuck Ave., #2, Berkeley, CA 94709)—Jack Jordan



MARIANO AIRALDI

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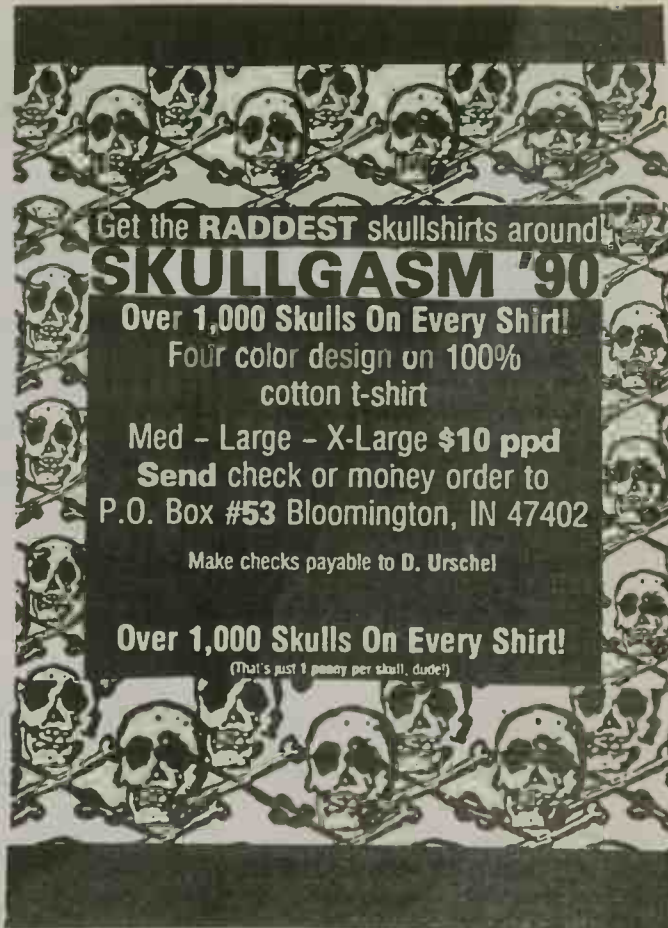
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BUTTHOLE SURFERS THE HURDY GURDY MAN

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The Butthole Surfers put a mind-blowing edge on Donovan's dreamy world of pastoral psychedelia.

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ELECTRONIC/AMBIENT/INDUSTRIAL/NEW AGE**AJAX: One World EP**

The sounds of world music meet the high-tech electronics of contemporary dance music on this wonderfully produced EP. I took this one to a dance club just to hear it LOUD. There are four very different versions of the title track here, three of which provide a hypnotic dance experience, and the last which is more contemplative. Ajax incorporates many great samples, some of dialogue and some of excerpts from world radio broadcasts, to give the songs a multi-layered, almost industrial feel. Clever and unique. (Wax Trax)—Perry Glorioso

AJAX: Ajax LP

NYC's Ajax, on their first full-length LP, give us a selection of fine dance songs, proving that Belgium is not the only source of good electronic house music. I specifically mention Belgium because Ajax's sound most definitely falls into the new beat category, but without suffering the "rappification" and general deterioration that has beset this once-strong genre. Ajax is composed of keyboardist Michael Roy, mixer/manipulator/DJ Michael Hornburg, and vocalist Mitchell. Mitchell does not appear on every song, but when she does she is generally successful, sounding like a cross between a female Johnny Lydon and Laurie Anderson. The combined work of Roy and Hornburg create a full and dense wall of electronic rhythms, sampled instruments and noises, and a pervasive and ultimately hypnotic dance beat. The bottom line is that most of their material works in the way that good dance music should. It appeals to both body and mind. (Wax Trax)—Michael Mahan

ALGEBRA SUICIDE: Alpha Cue LP

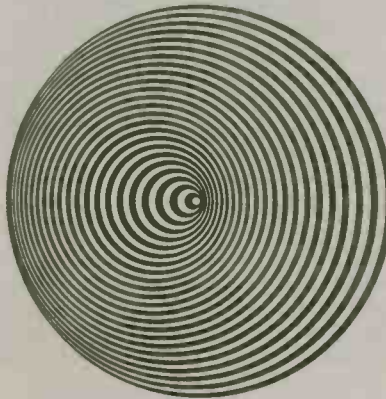
This is a two member band doing a musical conglomeration of spoken word and yer pretty basic rock. Reminds me quite a bit of the territory, in the respect of sound and nasally female vocals, explored by early 80's new wave bands such as the Waitresses and Romeo Void. Lydia Tomkin is a poet and she performs the vocals. Don Hedeker does the rest. My personal beef with Algebra Suicide is the vocals, or rather, the spoken word and the music, don't mix or reach. I felt as if my neighbor on one side of me was reading poetry and the neighbor on the other side was playing a record. I can't hear any obvious integration between the music and spoken word which, unfortunately, made this album hard to listen to. (Body Records, Stationsstraat 116, 2750 Beveren, BELGIUM 32)—Carrie McNinch

AVALON: Avalon CD

An essentially forgettable experience. Typical new age keyboard and guitar wanderings. Simplistic and trite, mostly vacuous. Pure and cold, lacking but a small degree of soul. But, I guess I would say that it is pleasant. (Vantage Records, 9034 Alto Cedro Dr., Beverly Hills, CA 90210)—Nathan Griffith

BLACKHOUSE: We Will Fight Back LP

Christian electronic/industrial music from California! Really! This is great stuff, powerful electronic songs that, although primarily instrumental, are often highlighted by some great vocal work. The standout track has to be the too-weird, too-much fun "Totally Gohe," a bizarre song featuring an organ that sounds more funereal than church-like. Ivo Culler and Sterling Cross, who comprise Blackhouse, utilize lots of noise and samples to create their unique counter-attack on "negative" industrial music. In so doing, they actually have created some of the best music of its kind, Christian or not. Hardly tame by any standards (the album cover features the

**Redefinition:****Electronic/Ambient/Industrial/
New Age:**

Sonic environments designed to alter consciousness in relation to any or all of the following: mind, body, and spirit.

image of a "crucified" rabbit), Blackhouse provides power electronics for the industrial and experimental-minded listener. This highly recommended LP is available domestically from many distributors. (Staalplaat, POB 11453, 1001 GL Amsterdam, NETHERLANDS)—Perry Glorioso

CASSANDRA COMPLEX: Cyberpunk LP

Heavy electronic dance rhythms and occasional screeching guitars combine to create a pleasing, if angst-ridden, collection of "electronic body music" (i.e., industrial disco). Most of the songs here deal with futuristic and technological themes, which explains the album's title, a take-off on the science fiction term "Cyberpunk." Highlights are provided by danceable songs with deep, moody vocals, such as in "Nightfall (Over EC)." Much more polished and varied than their earlier releases, the album's variety could be considered its weakest element: at one moment you hear what could be loosely called a ballad and the next moment a punk track. While this in itself is not a problem, the slower songs just aren't as interesting. Overall, the fine production on this LP make it well worth a listen. Funky and fun dance music for the techno-freak. (Wax Trax Records Label, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Perry Glorioso

DREAMACHINE: Live at Kirby's C

New age orientation, live, with some crowd sound mixed in; lots of strings, sax and other sounds woven in to keep the interest levels up... created a very spacey feel, not at all unpleasant, and the artists know how to build on layers so that it does indeed seem like a dream sequence, not an attack of screeches and whistles, rather a floating weave with old ghosts and new arrivals all there to greet you; but not so much float that it puts you to sleep, either. All in all a very well-done show; wish I could've been there. This will

provide an EXCELLENT alternative to the crap on the air-plane back to Korea! (Sound of Pig, POB 150022 Van Brunt Sta, Brooklyn, NY 11215)—Richard Metcal

EVENSON, DEAN: Ocean Dreams CD

Ambient/atmospheric albums are a dime a dozen these days and most of them sound that way. Flautist Evenson seems to care about his music, and it shows. He weaves lyrical, listenable melodies to the accompaniment of D'Rachael's harp, ocean sounds (mostly used as interludes), subtle synth backgrounds (I didn't become aware of them until after a few listens) and, here and there, his wife Dudley's autoharp. I have enjoyed this as pleasant background music and for gearing down at the end of the day, but if I choose to just listen to it, it doesn't seem shallow, predictable, or boring, which is more than you can say for lots of ambient stuff these days. And it's supposed to be good for meditation, since mixed in is "the resonant frequency of the earth which is known to increase alpha state." Eminently worth checking out. (Soundings of the Planet, POB 43512, Tucson, AZ 85733)—Bart Grooms

FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY: State of Mind C

For those in the know, this is the second FLA disc (recorded in 1987 & 1988) from head Assembler Bill Leeb and Michael Balch. A tip of the hat to ROIR for licensing and rereleasing this hard to find document of an industrial, electro-tech outfit in its early days. Since the industrial genre is a broad one, this cassette might be a good introduction to those who think this style begins and ends with harsh percussives, dissonant instrumentations, grating experimental effects and free-for-all collections of found-sounds as punctuation. At the other end of that spectrum you may recall groups such as Art of Noise, neighbors of Frontline Assembly on this musical block, who compose with the same elements in a more melodic way. Where harsh percussion is made repetitive, hypnotic and irresistible; where dissonance is replaced with sweeter electronic voices and catch eludes; where grating experimental effects are cashed in for mixtures of ambience to harmonize with the whole. As I've already said, for those in the know, this is a welcome reissue; and for those of you who've been timid about joining the industrial fray, well, this one's recommended. (Roir, 611 Broadway # 411, New York, NY 10012)—Mick Mather

JEFF GREINKE: Timbral Planes LP

These ten instrumentals fall somewhere between the cool, muted industrial landscapes of Dome and the twilight territory of Eno's *On Land*. Tracks constructed around percussion loops alternate with haunting, cloudy drone pieces. The piano-based "Upon Reflection" could pass for a lost Budd/Eno collaboration, while "In Cages" might be a stylistic homage to Jon Hassell. One important distinction between Greinke and other contemporary electronic artists is that his work is free of the sterile, formica-like texture typical of digital synthesis. While the ambient mode Greinke is exploring may not be his own creation, he approaches it with a freshness, sensitivity, and invention that its originators no longer seem capable of. (Dossier Records, Prinzenallee 47B, D-1000 Berlin 65, W. GERMANY)—Michael Draine

KARL REHN: Electroponic C

Eight light jazz 'n' funk tracks, between four and six minutes in length, which again showcase how one person can sound like a whole closely knit quartet or more through the magic of modern technology. All compositions were created by recording the parts into a sequencer in real time and playing

them back through electronic keyboards and drum machines... though it all sounds acoustic, no such instruments were used. (OK, it saves having to buy all those expensive acoustic instruments and needing the room to lay 'em out, and it shows how one person can be super-creative; still, I have a problem with the whole concept of acoustics-via-electronics; when will we master the simulation of sex, [gawdsakes?]) Nevertheless, the sonic result is smooth and professional, quite enjoyable on these four originals/four covers; they fairly sparkle in their easygoing verve, and create a perfect unobtrusive Saturday-morning soundscape for doing the housecleaning or any other undesirable chore which needs a psychological prompt or diversion to accomplish. (Karl Rehn, 4159 Steck Ave. #212, Austin, TX 78759)—Jack Jordan

KINDLER, STEVE: *Across a Rainbow Sea* CD

Kindler has played with some of the finest contemporary jazz musicians today including John McLaughlin, Jeff Beck, and Kitaro. He also studied with Leonard Bernstein and Seiji Ozawa. But for all his training and tremendous ability (he is actually a fine musician) all he does here is deliver 47 minutes of pleasantries. Each tune is crafted with the utmost care and precision. Each musician responds to the arrangements with impeccable virtuosity and zeal. But essentially the end result is bland and not unlike much of what proliferates upon the airwaves from Muzak's successor, New Age adult contemporary radio. Kindler's violin is sweet, in fact it sings through the entirety of this recording but it is not enough to counter the relative monotony of shimmering guitars, luscious synthesizers, and Latin rhythms which drone on endlessly from song to song. (Global Pacific Records, POB 2001, Sonoma, CA 95476)—Nathan Griffith

LEGENDARY PINK DOTS:

Crushed Velvet Apocalypse LP

By now, the Legendary Pink Dots should be huge. Almost ten years, as many LPs, countless cassettes and compilation appearances have catapulted them to relative huge-ness in cult and alternative circles, but this isn't really enough. It is my opinion that LP Dots are a kiosk of musical dignity, a buoy in the primordial sea of a "democratic" musical network washing ashore such dreck at times that the real challenge is simply finding music from bands like LP Dots. Dots leader Edward Ka-Spel should be a ubiquitous icon of a modern-day musical sensibility that was once promising but was so raped and perverted by the mass music markets to spur the revolt of punk rock. Ka-Spel's lyrics are inspiring, emotive and heartfelt and the band's performance is virtuoso. Their music is certainly accessible and catchy, even singable in places. This new LP finds a reversion to the band's earlier style and more experimental nature, which thankfully and miraculously remains unspoiled by the higher technology and smoother production values availed to them. Sometimes to an indie rock rat, the term "experimental" becomes a euphemism for "unlistenable," but I doubt that even the most stubborn sixteen-bar bigot would have problems listening to this. The LP Dots' experimental styles have always augmented their rock 'n roll attitude, and Ka-Spel's lyrics always seem to have a movingly human realism to them, a man perhaps greatly in touch with his own perceptions of life and who possesses a keen ability to express them in a superior manner. *The Crushed Velvet Apocalypse* is a triumph of arrangement as well, combining various eastern influences, modern electronic sensibilities and acoustic warmth and charm with flawless poetics into a seamless, ultimately rewarding use of your time and wear'n'tear on your equipment. (Wax Trax, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—John Collegio

METCALF, THOMAS: *One* CD

Here is yet another fine example of an American synthesist carving out a unique and special niche for himself in a scene that is glutted with clones, rip-off artists and cliches. The compositional techniques are quite varied, from a funky beat, to misterioso encounters, to complex and dissonant harmonies a la Art Zoyd or Peter Frohmader. "C" features an excellent synthesized female a cappella choir singing a strange, oblique, but beautiful melody, while "E" features rhythmic build-ups and vibrancy similar to that of Reich's *Drumming*. All of Metcalf's music is driven by a dynamism and potency that is quite invigorating. While one can hear shades of the best moment of *Zoolook* by Jean-Michel Jarre and some of Ryuichi Sakamoto's mid-80s releases, Metcalf puts his own stamp on each sound and on each composition. His music is darker, more bizarre and challenging than either of the two aforementioned composers. In fact, much of Metcalf's music is quite unique and all of it fascinating. (Clockwork Recs, POB 68, Paili, PA 19301)—Dean Suzuki

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT:

Confessions of a Knife LP

Out of the murky bowels of darkness comes *My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult*. Their music is dark, techno-mechanical, acidic and danceable. Most of the musical vocals are almost identical to Skinny Puppy. This is their fifth record release for Wax Trax and their experience in the studio is very polished. Sampling galore — with a solid beat. Although there are many bands that either do collages or dance, it is hard to top this one in terms of combining the bizarre, dark side of industry to the tight rhythms for the feet. As mentioned, Skinny Puppy is the closest to what TTK sound like, but I would not say they are copy cats — they are just as good and intriguing. Of the ten tunes on this LP, only a couple I do not like and mainly because they are a little too funky for my taste. TTK are a very talented group of individuals. Their dark sophisticated music should appeal to anyone interested in twisted humor and sinister sounds. Even if you do not like to dance, this LP is a good one to pick up. (Wax Trax Records Label, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Joe Kolb

NUTTING, BOYD; ANDREW LERSTEN:

Concrete Vol. 2 C

At the beginning of this cassette, either Nutting or Lersten asks his mother for a critical assessment of his efforts. She hesitates, then offers that the cassette is "interesting...creative...but I don't like it very much." Well, I don't like it much either, and not being Boyd or Andrew's parent, I don't even have to say it's interesting or creative. Cuz it's not. The only noteworthy thing about this cassette is its interminable length. It goes on and on and on, through boring industrial sludge to pointless sampled voices prattling about nothing at all to boring luzz guitar riffs with very rudimentary electronic percussion. The "music" isn't ugly, or menacing or perverse. It just sits there, like a sodden lump of goo. Back to the woodshed, guys. (Concrete, Rt 2 Box 21, South Haven, MI 49090)—Bill Tilland

OTHER SKIES: *Vistas* C

Other Skies is a two man band featuring Keith Keeler Walsh on synthesizers, electronic keyboards and drums, xylophone, percussion, voice effects and treatments; and Anton Tibbe on guitar, synthesizers, electronic drums, sequencer and treatments. *Vistas* is their debut cassette as Other Skies, although both gentlemen have been active as group and solo musicians in various projects in the past. The music of Other Skies is pleasantly hypnotic, meandering synthesizer and guitar blend in landscapes of sound suitable for any meditative environment. Any of the ten tracks here

could be used as a soundtrack for film or an ambient video project. New age with bite. (Arcanum, 496 A Hudson Street Ste. K-41, New York, NY 10014)—John E

PERRY, FRANK: *Zodiac* CD

It has been six long years since Perry's last outing of solo music for metal percussion. For those who are unaware of Perry's musical art, he performs on a wide range of percussion instruments, from various Oriental bells, cymbals, gongs, and Tibetan singing bowls, to instruments of his own making. Many of the timbres sound almost synthesized, though they are too harmonically rich and complex to be artificial. The sounds range from the most delicate, evanescent wisps of sound, to the tinkling of numerous high pitched bells, to full-bodied, reverberant bells, to the deep, resonant sounds and sometimes low rumble of ritual gongs. Also, Perry incorporates xhoomij or overtone singing, as well as a four-foot bamboo flute, in addition to the percussion instruments. Rather than designing a single long tone poem as he did on *New Atlantis*, his previous recording, Perry has composed and improvised a set of twelve character pieces for each sign in the Zodiac — corny and dated, I know, but this gentle, mystical and luscious music transcends the tired, sorry New-Ageisms. (Celestial Harmonies, POB 30122, Tucson, AZ 85751)—Dean Suzuki

PETER HAMMILL: *Out of Water* CD

Hammill's solo albums began to wear out their welcome on my turntable about six years ago, and *Out of Water* has not rekindled the spark of interest that died out after *PH7* or *Sitting Targets*. Even then his despair-ridden singer/songwriter persona could be hard to take, but was redeemed by the innovative, streamlined progressive rock he set his melancholy musings in. This overwrought delivery and insistent sincerity strike me as overbearing and the widescreen drama of the synth-heavy arrangements rings hollow. Maybe I've heard too much of his stuff to be objective, but for me this is one Peter Hammill outing too many. (Enigma, POB 3628, Culver City, CA 90231)—Michael Draine

PEYTON, CRAIG; BEN VERDERY:

Emotional Velocity CD

Through an eloquent approach to the combination of guitar and electronic instrumentation this duo weaves a tapestry of rich sounds, together with a small array of other instruments and other musicians Verdery and Peyton move effectively through a wide variety of musical modes and emotional states. Their penchant for musical styles include fine renditions of world beat and a taste for 70s electronic guitar stylings a la Ash Ra Tempel tinged with a jazz sensibility. These two have an excellent sense of rhythm and a genuine feel for melodic structure. Some of the best songs here are composed primarily of quirky polyrhythms which generate en masse the remnants of a melody. To this the guitar responds with a wandering cascade of notes and sustained tones which harmonize beautifully with a random oboe or flute which emerge from the periphery of the mix. Instead of the pristine effects which usually result from such a heavy reliance upon computer-generated sound and digital technology (aside from the somewhat clunky electronic percussion) what comes through is very soulful and moving from song to song as the mood shifts from joyful to melancholic in a down beat. (Sona Gaia Productions, 1845 N Farwell Ave, Milwaukee, WI 53202)—Nathan Griffith

REPETITION, REPETITION: *Lakeland* C

Reuben Garcia. Repetition, Repetition's main man, is apparently pissed off about his lack of success in attracting any major label interest in his music. Just sour grapes? Well, maybe not, judging from this cassette. Garcia is obviously

operating under a strong Harold Budd influence (Budd provides an endorsement, and played on an earlier Garcia cassette), but the music is more an extension of Budd than a copy, and *Lakeland* is excellent indeed. The title piece has the classic Budd/Eno sound, although Garcia's keyboards sound less murky (less treated?) than Budd's. Both artists have a talent for stretching and even dissolving time in compositions like these. "The Men Are Fighting" uses electronic percussion treatments, fuzz guitar ostinatos, drones, and occasional Spanish narrative to create an atmosphere of brooding menace. It is certainly more aggressive than anything I've heard from Budd, and is strong evidence, in itself, that Garcia is his own man. Side two is entirely given over to "The Whales Are Crying," a lovely but pensive excursion featuring a simple repeated keyboard figure which is variously inflected, disassembled and reconstructed throughout the piece. Added mournful drones and bent guitar moans provide a loose approximation of whale sounds and perhaps suggest *Abandoned Cities*, Budd's darkest and, to my ear, most powerful work. If I owned a record company, I'd sign Garcia to a contract. But hey, what do I know? (Third Stone Music, 7357 Loma Verde, Conoga Park, CA 91303)—Bill Tilland

REPTILICUS: Temperature of Blood C

Reptilicus is a 4 piece group that has been around since 1988. They are an experimental cyberpunk band. Three of the six selections are "beat songs" in that they have a danceable rhythm to them. The other three are experimental noise collages. Well made tape produced by ex-Psychic TV HoH. From the very beginning one knows that this tape carries some intensity in the performance. "Skippy Dog" has a percussion section that rivals Laibach. The vocals of this track and "Mosca" are fierce and direct. Like a strong political leader shouting over the throngs of cheering voices. The three industrial tracks are very well mixed. It is done in a way that compliments all the diverse sounds and noises. The collages are not as harsh as they could be if handled improperly. An interesting tape. A must for Psychic TV fans. (HEL, POB 9192,129, Reykjavik, ICELAND)—Joe Kolb

SLEEP CHAMBER:

Sleep, or Forever Hold Your Piece LP

This new Sleep Chamber release from the prolific John Zewitz and company is a primarily dance oriented outing, but that shouldn't frighten off long-time fans of the band's unique brand of power electronics. Now releasing their sixth LP (in addition to countless tapes) the band's notorious S&M, violent and sexual imagery remains intact, from the song lyrics to the haunting cover art. This is sophisticated, dark and moody music— with vocals that are sometimes whispered and sometimes electronically manipulated. (Jonathan Briley provides guest vocals on two pieces.) The lyrics and vocals demand attention on all of the songs, right down to the cover version of Magazine's "The Light Pours Out of Me." This track is also one of the many that feature guitars in addition to the lineup of keyboards, synthesizers, drums and electronic percussion. Between each of the eight unpredictable and disturbing tracks here, Sleep Chamber has included brief passages (called "verbum sapient" on the album jacket) of electronic droning, often utilizing voice and tape manipulation. The effect is to mesmerize and at times confront the listener. Without a doubt, Sleep Chamber holds its own in the crowded field of underground electronic releases. (Inner-X, POB 1060, Alston, MA 02134)—Perry Gloriosio

ASMUS TIETCHENS: Marches Funebres CD

Tietchens is a prolific artist whose dark and intense music takes a rather different track this go 'round. "Linea 5" takes

its cue from early Glass, a la "Music in Fifths" or early Reich, ca. "Piano Phase". The music is quite austere with incessant reiterations of small musical cells which change very gradually over time. One even encounters bouncing, stuttering rhythms which result from Reich's "phase process." It is rather gratifying to hear once again music which is this single-minded and effective. The harmonic language, however, is angrier, more defiant, typical of Tietchens' more recent work. Other Points of reference might be Peter Frohmader or even Art Zoyd. On the other hand, "Grunschaliger Nachmittag" is a virtual symphonic poem for synthesizers, with a mixture of ambient music and hyper-romanticism, a modal quality akin to that of Vaughn Williams, and the colors and sonorities of Holst's "The Planets," but with a sense of suspended time, all processed through Tietchens' peculiar musical personality. It's not one of Tietchens' more experimental works, but it's lovely. (Multimood Records, Sodra Allegatan 3, 413 01 Goteborg, Sweden)—Dean Suzuki

THEATRE OF ICE: Murder the Dawn LP

This is a peculiar blend of metal and British-influenced punk from Phoenix, AZ. I'm sure they think that they are being wicked and decadent by mentioning blood and corpses in practically every song, and maybe they are considered that daring in Arizona, but out in the big world, guys, this has all been done before. And better. Raleigh Planty has a great over-the-top guitar sound, reminiscent of a hundred other guys, of course, but still worth hearing. The problem is that there aren't any songs, just pointless ravings that you need the lyric sheet to understand, and then you're sorry that you looked. Only the last track, the eponymous "Theatre of Ice", with a great mix of television voices over a steady backbeat, was really worth the listen. The rest was just dull. These guys are very prolific, churning out records, videos, and T-shirts. Hey! Go write some songs first! (Orphanage Records, 1702 W. Camelback, Box 315, Phoenix, AZ 85015.)—Stuart Kremsky

THRU BLACK HOLES BAND: Early Live C

Just a fine collection of tunes to wrap my ears with on the way back from Ojai, through the desert/mountains of Southern California...tastefully exciting original comps featuring guitar, synth, and drums with a strong emphasis on the guitar of Michael Roden, Sug Franklin and Jerry Rieger; also includes the guitar of Boltex and drums of Steve Elam. For some reason, "Haunted House" reminded me of the theme music in "A Few Dollars More" — horsehooves, majestic entrances behind a very appealing interplay of the aforementioned instruments — maybe the desert heat causing some kind of hallucination, but it sure was a pleasant one! Skillfully mixed synth sounds, with the guitars staving right out front where they belonged. The overall mood/feeling was psychedelic, with power. I felt like Clint Eastwood, looking for the bad guys at every twist and turn. Came with two nice inserts (b/w), one for the tunes, and one for the players; cover was intriguing too. This one will spin over and over on my cassette player. Recommended! (Mike Roden, 2018 Big Indian Road, Moscow, OH 45153)—Richard Metcalf

TRI ATMA: Essential Tri Atma CD

Tri Atma is essentially the duo consisting of Asim Saha performing on tablas and other exotic percussion and Jens Fischer, guitarist and keyboardist, joined, on this "best of" anthology, by Kalus Netzle and Achim Gieseler who make contributions with keyboards and computers. As you might gather, their music is a fusion of East and West, rather similar in style to Oregon, though with more new age leanings and a greater emphasis on non-Western instruments and musical language, and less on jazz. Saha is a fine tabla player, fleshing out the musical textures with snappy and

precise rhythms. (Higher Octave Music, 8033 Sunset Blvd #41, Los Angeles, CA 90046)—Dean Suzuki

TRUST OBEY: The Veil C

Open my eyes with a hot screwdriver...this tape is one deep ride into the swirling darkness of distortion and pain...but rather beautiful pain all the same. Trust Obey is the most recent musical work from artist/writer John Bergen (check out his current works "Ashes" — published by Caliber Press, and his own "Brain Dead"). The sounds found on this tape closely parallel his art — dark, sharp-edged, yet somehow inviting. There is an amazing mass of sounds churning about through this tape, I found it quite interesting, almost introspective... imagine new age/noise-damage. Lots of delay treatment, filtered sounds, sometimes brutal and painful. This is the sort of stuff I like to listen to in the morning...early in the morning...before coffee. (John Bergen, POB 45182, Kansas City, MO 64111)—Kevin Slick

VAN ZYL, CHUCK: Callisto C

"Callisto is one of Jupiter's 16 moons. Valhalla is its crater, the largest impact feature in the solar system." This message from the J-Card should give you a clue as to what you can expect from this cassette. Callisto, the latest tape from Pennsylvania synthesist Chuck Van Zyl, contains 36 minutes of beautiful cosmic music in the best tradition of early to middle period Tangerine Dream and Klaus Schulze. Callisto consists of two works: Valhalla (17:56) on side one and Callisto (18:52) on side two. Valhalla begins the cosmic journey with slowly reverberating and shifting chords as the first rays of sunlight crest the rim of the crater. Driving sequences, eerie sound effects, and a classically inspired ethereal organ solo take you on the first expedition to explore Valhalla. Callisto opens with a crystalline sequence that suggests stargazing. The sequence and ensuing melody take you on an interplanetary voyage to Callisto. Tasteful orchestration, sound effects, and a judicious use of bass guide you into orbit and the end of your journey, the first close up view of Valhalla. A VERY relaxing cosmic suite. What is truly amazing is that this tape is a solo effort. The music, stunning graphics and slick packaging make for a first class presentation of an excellent piece of music. (Chuck Van Zyl, 322 Margate Rd, Upper Darby, PA 19082)—Henry Schneider

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Arcana Coelestia LP

A compilation of primarily electronic music characterized by haunting and atmospheric soundscapes. From the opening moments of Terry Burrows' brief "Loop No. 5" to the closing title track by Paul Lemos and Joe Papa, this compilation is one of the most exquisite collections of international tracks available. At turns dark and delicate, the music is easily accessible and every selection is a winner. Peter Bryngelsson's acoustic guitar piece "Synthesis" and the exotic flair of Robert Rich's "Nesting Ground" both contribute high points to this package. Other contributors include Asmus Tietchens, Controlled Bleeding, O Yuki Conjugate, Twice a Man, Peter Frohmader and Jeff Greinke. Unfortunately, there are no liner notes or contact addresses on the album, which is the only frustrating thing about this otherwise perfect compilation. (Multimood Records, Sodra Allegatan 3, 413 01 Goteborg, SWEDEN)—Perry Gloriosio

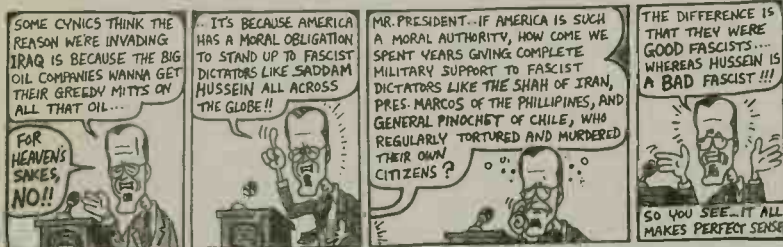
WALLACE, JOHN BRUCE:

Plumbing the Depths of Reason C

From the impossibly pretentious title, the copious notes on retrograde methodologies, explanations of clean-blooded finger-fluts and studied randomness (On the Beach variety), flicks and plucks, a very serious picture of the "artiste" with his machine and the list of gods-peoples thanked, plus blah-blah redundancies stating these pieces (4) are "entirely im-

provisational," well...dink-doodling in the basement, eh! Mayhap improvising entails a certain amount of aimless noodling and elanic ramble, but without some degree of energy that separates the quirks from the "norms," well, wake me when the shooting starts, eh. Maybe my receptors and aural capac-

ities are limited to CroMagnon levels, but these bland and "brother's in the bathroom" pickings basically bite and bind my boredom factors. Cute City, here we come! (Waving Bye Records, POB 66083, Washington, DC 20035-6083)—Malok



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WOO: Woo LP

Recordings on the Independent Project label don't ever seem to include any information about who does what on the record (I guess they're trying to get away from the cult of the artist and "let the music speak for itself"). On this LP, an unspecified number of people combine nylon string guitar, woodwinds, and various electronics, including sequencers and percussion to create 13 short instrumental pieces (one with vocals) that are a sort of synthetic, ambient tribal music which is unobjectionable, unexceptional and a step more interesting than New Age. (Independent Project Records, 544 Mateo, Los Angeles, CA 90013)—Bob Bannister

YOUNG GODS: L'Eau Rouge LP

"La Fille De La Mort" starts out innocently enough, but goes seriously wrong, as nightmarish violins and violent percussion rear their ugly heads. From here we stay in a hellish netherworld in which sampled metal guitar gets added to the already heady symphonic brew with stunning effect. Side one ends with "Charlotte," a demented cabaret tune which sounds like it's being performed on a merry-go-round populated with satyrs and three-headed dogs. Side two picks up with "Longue Route" which keeps the mood intact with driving metal percussion coupled with howling guttural vocals that leave me feeling like I've been through a baptism of fire. As a whole, the album sets a consistent (if ominous) tone, while at the same time making good use of instrumental and stylistic contrasts in order to keep the songs from sounding the same. This should appeal to fans of Iggy Pop as well as those of Iggy Stravinsky. (Wax Trax records label, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Eric Iverson



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FOLK/COUNTRY/BUEGRASS**Redefinition:**

Folk, Country, Bluegrass: Anything with a banjo, hollow guitar, a holler, a cry, or a wish.

CHESNUTT, VIC: Little LP

Here's 'nother one of those acoustic guitar toting, singer-songwriters. Gets his self hep from some big name dude. I Simple, one-song-fits-all production by Michael Stipe and John Keane. The album reminds me of Michelle Shocked's "Texas Campfire Tapes" but I didn't like that either. If you liked that album, and you don't care much about melody, creativity, or interesting lyrics, you should like this one too. (Texas Hotel, 712 Wilshire Blvd #151, Santa Monica, CA 90401)—Ira Rosen

ELMAN, PETER: Durango Saloon CD

In the tradition of new bluegrass explorers such as David Grisman, the music on this release melds a very strong country/bluegrass style with a funky jazz sensibility. The result is eminently pleasurable and musically admirable. Elman has assembled a first rate band including Darol Anger, Pete Grant, Flaco Jimenez, and Todd Phillips. Elman himself wrote the music and performs on piano and guitar. All performers are equally competent and each gets a chance to shine through. Elman's achievement is most notably a high degree of compositional ability and stylistic versatility. The recording moves through a variety of song types from melancholy waltzes to swing routines, from trail songs to wordless ballads, and each is constructed around the clever interactions of melody and counter melody in a jazz-like modality. It strikes me very positively as the ultimate soundtrack to a cross-country drive. (Acorn Music, 323 Marine Street #5, Santa Monica, CA 90405)—Nathan Griffith

HARTFORD, JOHN:**Me Oh My, How the Time Does Fly LP**

Mississippi steamboat pilot, author, singer-songwriter, fiddle and banjo player extraordinaire, media star (of the Smothers and Glen Campbell '60s TV variety shows)... or do I even need to make an introduction? I used to listen to Hartford a lot back a couple of decades ago, the same period during which I was going to the perennial bluegrass and fiddlers' conventions in the South and having "pig pickins'" with a bunch of long-haired buddies. But I lost touch, and this is like a nice postcard from an old friend. The 10 cuts (18 on CD) are culled from seven albums spanning Hartford's '76-'87 career which was decidedly low-profile yet gave him a Grammy for Best Traditional Record (1976's Mark Twang). Hartford has an unorthodox approach to folk music: he'll pick out a crude banjo melody (I like to call it "fractured blues") then stop to sing the verse, percussive continuity courtesy of one tapping foot or even what some might call "dancing." Hell, you want unorthodox? Imagine Tom Waits moaning out his plans for the evening's impending bout of lust, answered by occasional musings from fiddle and mandolin ("Boogie"). Further, his BIG HIT, "Gentle on my Mind," is given not the expected folk twang treatment, but a full-band, fleshed-out arrangement that is pretty doggone close to Glen Campbell's initial flash of radio notoriety, just a bit more bluegrass in tone. That's what attracted me to Hartford originally: he rarely does the same thing twice, and in doing so, he not only perpetuates a strain of rural Americana, he adds his own twisted, moonshiny variations with his reliable fingers, whether on fiddle or banjo, and his warm, friendly, son-of-a-bitch vocals. (Flying Fish Records, 1304 West Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614)—Fred Mills III

LAVIN, CHRISTINE: Attainable Love CD

Lavin's musical style occupies a place akin to that of the best artists in the contemporary folk scene today, including Loudon Wainwright III, The Roches, and the McGarrigle sisters. She does not quite possess the wit of Wainwright or the silliness of the Roches, but in her comedic mood she comes close. And in her more serious moods she carries herself with the best of them. Her voice can be compared to that of Jane Siberry in its high pitched ethereal wanderings. Lavin is a wonderful singer/songwriter. Her arrangements are usually minimal, solo guitar or a small combo and the vocals are mostly carried by her alone. The music itself is very moody, relying on harmonics and an occasional minor chord. Her vocal style is somewhat terse and articulate; words translate into rhythms which mimic the structure of the guitar line. Her keen sense of rhyme is combined with this rhythmic structure, and together they create a fine lyric whole. The music is a bit ironic and a bit sad, but an excellent tonic for those of us who suffer a bad case of urban neurotic tension. (Rounder Records, POB 154, Cambridge, MA 02140)—Nathan Griffith

MORTON, PETE: One Big Joke CD

Morton brings passion—in copious quantities—to his rough-edged folk music. Unlike his Green Linnet label-mates, Morton eschews traditional fiddle tunes in favor of originals, sung in a declamatory, unpretty voice with traditional accompaniment (acoustic guitar, accordion, violin). Morton's lyrics and melodies are often impressive; a frequent theme of the former is the soullessness in the pursuit of business success. Another song, "Lucy," deals with a young girl learning the horrors of the nuclear threat; its cappella rendering intensifies its punch. These topical songs are good, but other songs numbers like "Simple Love" and "Another Train" have more replay potential for me. (Green Linnet Records, 43 Beaver Brook Rd, Danbury, CT 06810)—Bart Grooms

RALPH BLIZARD AND THE NEW SOUTHERN RAMBLERS: Blizzard Train LP

Ralph Blizzard is a fiddle player from east Tennessee who plays the more traditional "long bow" technique, which is closer to the old country style than to the flashy style of many contemporary bluegrass players. The music on this record should instantly remind you of the sound of old Carter Family or Jimmie Rodgers records (they all came from the same part of the country as Blizzard), and it reminds me of the great old-time gospel stuff I used to hear at night on AM radio on shows like the Mull Singing Convention. Blizzard also has a habit of hovering around the tonal center of each song, never quite right on, and it gives his music a mournful and almost exotic quality. The songs are, with the exception of the title track, which was composed by Blizzard, classic old-time country tunes, from sources like Jimmie Rodgers, Vernon Dalhart, and Mainer's Mountaineers. And there're some great tunes, like "House of David Blues," "Hell Among the Yearlings" and "When Zephyrs of Heaven Shall Fan Me To Sleep." Blizzard's playing represents a tradition of American music that many of us have ignored. Too bad, because when it's played right, as it is here, this music cuts right to the soul. June Appal does its usual outstanding job of documentation, and they include an extensive and well-written history of Blizzard's career and the musical tradition he represents. (June Appal Recordings, 306 Madison St., Whitesburg, KY 41858)—John Baxter

RENO, DON: Family and Friends LP

Most people, if asked to name a bluegrass banjo player,

would come up with Earl Scruggs. Yet the late Don Reno (he died in 1984) was a stylistic innovator at least as important as the more famous Scruggs. Perhaps just the strange breezes blowing in the music industry, or perhaps Reno's equal facility for flat picking guitar kept him from attaining Scruggs' notoriety. This set, some of Reno's last recordings, provides ample evidence of his enormous talent. Joining him are several of his family members, as well as bluegrass giants Byron Berline and Tony Rice. The session is easy and footloose, with some bluegrass standards, a couple of gospel numbers, and several more swinging, countryified tunes like "Freight Train Boogie" (which has back-to-back flat picking solos from Reno and Rice) and "Lonesome Wind Blues." And lest you think that Reno couldn't fire up his banjo, check out his virtuosic display on "Chokin' the Strings." During his lifetime Reno made some of the best bluegrass records on the planet, and this ranks with the best I've heard. (Kaleidoscope Records, POB 0, El Cerrito, CA 94530)—John Baxter

RUSKIN, RICK: Turn the Page CD

Ruskin is an acoustic guitar player and this recording was obviously designed to conspicuously convey all aspects of his talent. The music is very jazzy and builds quite a bit from Latin and Caribbean styles. There are various instrumental combinations involved and for the most part Ruskin plays all the parts. His abilities on anything but the guitar are rudimentary, and so weighs down the success of this album. His guitar playing, on the other hand, is slick and precise, but rather cold. The arrangements themselves are clever but methodical. This is competent and listenable but fairly soulless. (Beachwood Records, 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Ste. 810, Los Angeles, CA 90028)—Nathan Griffith

SEXTON, LEE: Whoa Mule LP

Well, there's folk music and then there's folk music. Sexton ain't no college-educated revivalist; he's a good ol' boy from Lincolnton, Kentucky, who has played far more Saturday night country dances than he'd care (or be able to) remember. And, of course, his dad and gran' dad played banjo, and most of his Lincolnton cousins, and even his mother (although she would never play in public). At the age 62, Sexton is still playing square dances throughout Eastern Kentucky with his longtime sidekick, fiddler Marion Sumner. (Sexton and Sumner appeared as musicians in the movie "Coal Miner's Daughter.") Sexton also worked in the area coal mines for 20 years, until he contracted black lung disease, and his dad's banjo-playing was ended by a mining accident which blew off most of both hands. The 20 pieces on Whoa Mule combine expertly played traditional solo banjo instrumentals with some rousing ensemble work featuring Sumner's splendid violin. Plenty of standards are present — "Charmin' Betsy," "Shady Grove," "John Henry," "Cumberland Gap" — given more or less familiar treatments depending upon where Sexton learned them, and he obviously picked up material like a sponge. Nothing on this album is self-consciously fancy or artsy; this is working man's music, and you won't hear old-time country played any better. A detailed, nicely-written biography and annotated list of selections is included. (June Appal Recordings, 306 Madison St., Whitesburg, KY 41858)—Bill Tilland

SEXTON, MORGAN: Rock Dust LP

The banjo style with which most of us are familiar is the three-fingered style, which has been popularized by bluegrass musicians like Earl Scruggs. This is the style most responsible for the banjo's emergence as a solo instrument, rather than one used primarily to accompany a singer. This

recording, featuring the 77-year-old Morgan Sexton, highlights the more traditional, two-fingered style. Sexton is primarily a balladeer, and his songs come from the Kentucky coal mining country, and a culture both shaped and ravaged by over a century of corporate exploitation of both the land and its people. In fact, Sexton's voice is clearly hampered by silicosis, which he contracted over the years working the coal mines. The songs are mostly well known traditional ballads, like "John Henry" and "Little Frankie," but if you know these songs from grade school music classes or the squeaky-clean New Christy Minstrels (sorry for dredging them up), you're in for a revelation. Just a few minutes with this record will place those songs into their cultural context. What's further striking is the accompanying booklet, which quotes Sexton's thoughts and reminiscences about each song, placing these folk warhorses into the shapes of real human lives. Sexton's banjo playing sparkles, and the recording quality is beautiful. An important document of a way of life all but gone. (June Appal Recordings, 306 Madison St., Whitesburg, KY 41858)—John Baxter

SIMPSON, MARTIN: Leaves of Life LP

This is part of Shanachie's excellent "Guitar Artistry" series (which includes an excellent LP by Stefan Grossman w/ guest John Renbourn); each record contains a booklet with comments from the artist on specific tunings, origins, etc., plus separate transcriptions for the tunes in case the listener feels inclined to pick up a guitar and join in. Here, Simpson performs original compositions solo, joined occasionally by Eric Aceto on electro-acoustic instruments violad and mandocello, (quite interesting sounds at that). Twelve tunes in all, based, as Simpson explains in the liner notes, "on the melodies of traditional ballads and songs from England, Ireland, Scotland and Australia." As one might expect, reflections of Renbourn, June Tabor, Robin Williamson, Fairports et al are heard. Most enjoyable are the slower tunes during which Simpson's fingers flow with a startling dexterity, shifting easily from one discernible and vivid mood to the next—say, a country-ish mournful twang one minute and a rippling, images-of-flowing-fields strum the next. Standout track: "Greenfields of America," conveying both cynicism and hope (without words—this is an instrumental album) via earthy picking and eerie delta-style bottleneck, plus Aceto's haunting violad shimmering in the background like a distant breeze. Don't expect high energy stuff, but do expect some mighty pleasurable melodies and aural salves. (Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Fred Mills III

SKYLARK: All of It CD

Although there are a goodly number of groups revamping the Irish folk tradition, there are also plenty who see no reason to fix what wasn't broken in the first place. Skylark is one of the latter, and in this collection of dance medleys, ballads, and other songs you won't hear much beyond the numbers themselves that's new (assuming you don't already know the songs — I didn't). You will hear everything done well by a trio who, judging from their photo, have probably been at this for a decade or two. The six lively instrumentals are spearheaded by Gerry O'Connor on fiddle and Garry O'Brian on guitar and mandocello; other players add accordian, flute, whistle, and second fiddle and backing vocals. Lead vocalist Len Graham has a warm, classically Celtic voice, a bit like Christy Moore's but deeper and with a more noticeable burr. As folk music generally, and Irish in particular, goes, this is quality stuff, and it gets better with repeated listenings. (Green Linnet Records, 43 Beaver Brook Rd, Danbury, CT 06810)—Bart Grooms

TRAFFIC IN OCEANS: Live Sampler C

A duo exploring folk, new acoustic and related tuneage. Coffee houses of the nineties take note. Sort of a "It's A Beautiful

Day" for our modern times. Here we have three tracks recorded at DeAngelo's Cafe in Mountain View, CA. Vocals are beautiful, and they don't rely strictly on the acoustic guitar here, either. Percussion and violin are found in the texture. Songs are well written and introspective. Recommended. (Si Productions, POB 817, Palo Alto, CA 94302)—Mark Casner

TRAPEZOID: Moon Run CD

Now in their 15th year, Trapezoid is a fine folk-oriented group that has expanded its horizons recently. Founder Paul Reisler has gathered together four new members, all multi-instrumentalists who sing and perform on a plethora of instruments including keyboards, guitars, hammered dulcimer, mandolin, dobro, bass, autoharp, woodwinds, violin, and percussion. The group embraces traditional and neo-folk styles of American, European, and non-Western cultures. This, coupled with a contemporary sound which includes keyboard synthesizers, may not please the purists, but the music is very pleasant indeed. In their songs and instrumentals one can hear strains of Clannad (before the overt attempts at commercial success), Suzanne Vega, Oregon, and Richard Stolzman, among others. Excellent arrangements, especially in the vocal harmonies, solid writing, and superb musicianship help set Trapezoid apart. (Narada, 1845 N. Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53202)—Dean Suzuki

WOLF, KATE: An Evening in Austin CD

This remastered recording of her performance on Austin City Limits in 1985 serves as a memorial to the late Kate Wolf. She was a remarkable singer/songwriter in the Northern Californian folk and bluegrass traditions. This classic

recording contains 75 minutes of songs mostly written by her and performed by herself and her long time accompanists Nina Gerber and Ford James along with Randy Sabien. Wolf has a deep, smooth, clear voice which flutters and soars on occasion and always packs a wallopp. She sings with heart and alicionados will not remain unaffected. Happy or sad though the songs may be, they are always sweet. California country pickin' guitars shine through melancholic fiddle strains. Mandolins play fervent melodies driven by a thumping bass. Sweet songs about love lost and found, friends and the wonders of nature. Kate Wolf was one of the best and this is one of her best. (Kaleidoscope Records, POB 0, El Cerrito, CA 94530)—Nathan Griffith

WRIGHT, JOHN LINCOLN: That Old Mill CD

Wright comes from a long tradition of country Balladeers. His sound is for the most part steeped in the sounds of New England folk stylings. He is not so much a songwriter as a storyteller. And he is a wonderful storyteller. Each song weaves a vivid tapestry of people, places, and sounds. He speaks of his home and family and with the conviction of his words he gives us a clear vision of aspects of America that few of us ever experience. The structures of society are embedded in the history that can be culled from the depths of his lyrics. The craft of his lyrics is not lost in the construction of the music either. He is equally as skillful at relying upon traditional song structuring to convey the total essence of the music. Proficiency in many regional styles such as Cajun, Appalachian bluegrass, and Texas ballads is apparent and reinforces the historic and authentic feeling that Wright so carefully conveys. (Northeastern Records, POB 3589, Saxonville, MA 01701-0605)—Nathan Griffith

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ANDREWS, INEZ:**The Two Sides of Inez Andrews LP**

It's inspiring to hear someone in her 70's still belting it out with as powerful a voice as she had in her youth. Andrews came up through black gospel's golden age to dominate in groups like the Caravans and the Andrewettes. Having seen a share of quartets, I know how a group can impel a soloist on to a more intense, fiery testimony/song. All Andrews has here is a band, so the quality isn't so pleading when she sings/shouts as she has no one to chime in antiphonally. This isn't to say she isn't impassioned, though. It just comes out in a more intimate communion with her Creator, like she and God are lovers (in a sense, that's right). Even the most modern cut here, "New Name," swings like it's coming from a lady half her age. If the sex/spirit metaphor isn't enough of an irony, the blues feel of some of Andrews' gospel should hit similarly, though numbers like "Stand by Me" and "Lord I've Tried" likewise express her own subverting of the blues' cathartic power by turning them into prayer. (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Jamie Rake

BALL, TOM; AND KENNY SULTAN:**Too Much Fun LP**

From the opening track to number 12, "A Dollar Down," it's obvious that you are encountering something very special. I don't really like others comparing them to Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee because they are very much into their own unique styling. Sure it's acoustic guitar, harmonica and vocals!!!! These guys are dynamite! I had the pleasure, no, make that the honor, of appearing on the same bill recently and it really cemented my view that they are the best acoustic blues act going, bar none! Their original material on this release, "Long Legged Woman" and "Your Mind is in the Gutter" are the standouts! Let's hear more of your own on the next one! You want a lesson in acoustic blues guitar pickin'? Try "American Medley!" Every song on this release is a superb gem! They've reworked one of my all time favorites in "It Should've Been Me," the old Ray Charles side. I'm a sucker for old Ray Charles!! With this, their latest release, my two favorite "down home" boys have arrived. (Flying Fish Records, 1304 West Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614)—Dan Pollock

BERTRAM TURETZKY, VINNY GOLIA:**Intersections CD**

Turetzky is well known as a performer of avant-garde music for double bass and has written a book on modern bass techniques. Golia is a fine woodwind performer and composer. Intersections is a set of 11 pieces for bass or sometimes 2 basses and wind(s). This is especially good for the hot bass playing but Golia shines as well. (Nine Winds Records, PO BOX 10082, Beverly Hills, CA 90213)—Bruce Christensen

BIGARD, BARNEY; ART HODES:**Bucket's Got a Hole In It LP**

The original liner notes call this a "modern vinylite record," and the sound is certainly vintage, though it was originally released in 1968 at the height of the free jazz/avant garde scene. Veteran Chicago pianist Hodes and New Orleans clarinetist Bigard team up for a blues drenched set that can be alternately rowdy, warm or delicately rendered. They are joined by the All Star Stompers (Nap Trottier on trumpet, George Brunis on trombone, Ray Wilson on bass and Barrett Deems on drums) and even render an uncredited vocal on the title cut (hey, Ricky and Hank weren't the only ones

**Redefinition:**

Jazz and Blues: uncontrollable emotions in control-- just barely

to do this chestnut). Reissued as part of the Art Hodes Notebook Series with excellent liner notes provided as usual by label owner, Bob Koester, whose Delmark Records became justly famous for Chicago blues, but whose first love was trad jazz. (Delmark, 4243 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60618)—Ron Sakolsky

BLUESARAMA:**Live at Tipitinas, New Orleans, Vol. 1 and 2 LP**

If you like your blues live and direct, you're gonna hop on these two recordings. Vol. 1 is for Anson Funderburgh fans. He gets the entire first side, with Sam Myers vocals and harp backing for authenticity. But it's the Texas tenor pyrotechnics of Grady Gaines on Side 2 that bring a smile to the lips of them that likes the honk and scream approach. Vol. 2 features some fine rhythm and blues vocalizing by Nappy Brown (sounding much more in his element live than in his recent studio comeback recording or even on his classic Savoy sides). Former Duke recording artist, James "Thunderbird" Davis gets almost an entire side to stretch out his vocal chords in a Bobby Bland-BB King-inflected set. New Orleans' own Earl King gets only one shot, but it's a dandy tribute to his mentor, the late Guitar Slim. Other artists fronting their own bands are Black Top session piano man Ron Levy and guitarist Ronnie Earl of Roomful of Blues. All in all, these recordings offer kind of a retake on Fathers and Sons, only their soul is planted more in the South than on the Southside. (Black Top, PO BOX 56691, New Orleans, LA 70156)—Ron Sakolsky

BLUESIANA TRIANGLE:**Bluesiana Triangle CD**

This is a one-shot all-star band with Dr. John (Mac Rebennman, and the great Art Blakey on drums (& piano, his first instrument, on one track), with current Jazz Messenger Essiet Okon Essiet on bass and percussionist Joe Bonadio. I think I expected too much from this combination of favorites, and the first time around I didn't get behind the late-night, relaxed, bluesy ambience of this session. But try it late at night, with the lights down, and it works just fine. Of particular note is the ghostly, minor-blues version of "When The Saints Go Marchin' In," which Dr. John, in a Downbeat article, says is the way the tune is performed in the New Orleans Spiritual Church. Then there's Art Blakey's poignant

feature, "For All We Know," an old standard that features his piano and voice. I've heard him perform this song at Messengers shows, and its good to have a version on record. "Fathead" Newman, on a range of saxophones plus flute, fits right in, having worked on Dr. John's hit LP of last year, *In A Sentimental Mood*. It never would have occurred to me in a thousand years to pair the Night Tripper, "Fathead," and Buhaina, but here it is, 45 minutes worth. (By the way, although the package doesn't say so, the article in Downbeat mentions that proceeds from this release go to the National Coalition for the Homeless.) A fine, low-key affair. (Windham Hill, 1416 N. La Brea, Hollywood, CA 90028)—Stuart Kremsky

BROWN, CLARENCE "GATEMOUTH":**Standing My Ground LP**

Maybe recording in Louisiana created the warm, loose feel infusing Standing My Ground or maybe it's just "Gatemouth" Brown's woolly version of blues blended with jazz and country. Opening with a vibrant version of the standard "Got My Mojo Working" that almost convinces you he just finished writing the song, Brown drives each song with his powerful, rough-edged guitar, occasional fiddle playing and confident vocals. He's comfortable playing slow tempos or fast ones (including one raveup zydeco number) and has deployed a horn section to give him plenty of room to show his talents. Its definitely Brown's album but he's not grandstanding: the horns add punch without smothering the songs and the rest of the band doesn't get lost. They're not doing anything new but as Brown shows, sometimes you just have to stand your ground and play for all you're worth. (Alligator Records, PO BOX 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)—Lang Thompson

CONSPIRACY; The Beaufort Scale C

Conspiracy is Adam Bohman (strings and stuff), Nick Couldry (piano), Andy Hammond (electric guitars) and the estimable Barry Edgar Pilcher on sax and clarinet. Comfortably dark and textured pieces evoking a "Georgia Faun", Marion Brown feel, a somewhat ominous weave and not-just-totally improvised meshing of respective instrumental stations. Mr. Pilcher's sax and clarinet are like the bliss-factor easings of pleasure tendrilled sirens, cascading the overall mix into contemplative head jazzies, somewhat daring and not experimentally catatonic. Strong stuff and highly recommended. (Conspiracy, 86 Hendon Lane, Finchley, London N3, England UK)—Malok

CRISS, SONNY: This is Criss CD

Ornette Coleman called him "the fastest man alive," but alto sax man Criss (1927-1977) was much more than a virtuoso technician. Heavily influenced by Charlie Parker and Benny Carter, Criss went beyond being their imitator to forge a soulful, gloriously expressive style of his own, and was a peer of Cannonball Adderley and Frank Morgan. This album is one of Criss' best, and like a lot of his work, has been out of print a long time (Crisscraft on Muse is great, too — if you can find it). The reissue adds an extra cut, bringing the playing time up to 40 minutes — LPs were short in 1968. But this is all meat; mostly standards, with a few blues (including a terrific "Black Coffee"), worthy accompaniment from pianist Walter Davis, who isn't in a flashy mood here but nonetheless shines on the uptempo "Steve's Blues." The ever-dependable Paul Chambers is on bass, and drummer Alan Dawson, adds color and freshness throughout with his tap dance figures and subtle accents. But the spotlight stays on Criss who is a joy to listen to, his elegant lines shining with no note out of place or extraneous. As his improvised melodies ring out, it's hard to believe how undersung this man

has been. A first-rate album. (Prestige Records, Tenth and Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Bart Grooms

DEFUNKT: Avoid the Funk LP

Ever read Ben Sidran's *Black Talk*, his book about how all developments in jazz can be explained in the context of politics of the Afro-American community at any given time? In the light of what Mr. NPR Jazz Guy says therein, Defunkt could have been viewed as nostalgic, revolutionary and conciliatory all at once. Nostalgic because they brought back the idea that jazz was originally a party and dancing music. Defunkt takes modern jazz elements and spruces them up with the elements of intelligent disco (by the early '80s, when their debut was released, this wasn't so great a contradiction), all while keeping the horns sounding fiery and the bass lines all over the place. Revolutionary for being a kind of jazz fusion without most, if not all, of the less-than-noble connotations the term would accrue under dreckmeisters like Spyro Gyra and Bob James. Defunkt enacted a kind of revolt. The stuff smoulders with booty-grooving steadfastness-bordering-on-chaos, just held together by tightness of groove. Makes you happy they're getting back together. (Carthage Records, PO BOX 667, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553)—Jamie Rake

DONALD BYRD SEXTET: Getting Down to Business LP

Trumpeter/flugelhornist Dr. Donald Byrd, after many years away from the acoustic jazz scene (first playing electric music and later becoming a prominent music educator) has returned to the genre of his early success with small group albums. This teams him up for the first time with stellar tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson. Byrd and Henderson both seem to have mellowed with the years, and consequently the pleasures of this recording are more subtle than many of their respective Blue Note dates of the 1960's. The rewarding programming avoids familiar tunes in favor of originals from the band (two from the leader, one from Joe Henderson, and one from pianist Donald Brown) plus Bobby Hutcherson's "Pomponio" and a tune from another pianist, James Williams. Byrd sounds very confident throughout, with his flugelhorn work on Williams' "A Certain Attitude" particularly notable. Joe Henderson just gets better and better, as this October 1989 recording proves. The band is rounded out by alto saxophonist Kenny Garrett, who is particularly fine on Henderson's "Around the Corner," and drummer Al Foster. A recommended 45 minutes of modern hard bop. (Landmark Records, 2600 10th St, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Stuart Kremsky

EDWARDS, TEDDY/HOWARD MCGHEE: Together Again CD

Two of my candidates for the most undersung bop hornmen, tenor saxist Edwards and trumpeter McGhee wax eloquent on this 1961 session, one of the best albums I've heard by either. McGhee was a colleague of Charlie Parker and an influence on Fats Navarro. While not quite the virtuoso Dizzy Gillespie or Clifford Brown were, McGhee still sounds terrifically elegant here. His wry tone and occasional understatement are a good foil for Edwards' extroverted, all-over-the-horn cries of joy. Edwards, whose early career got a boost in McGhee's 1945-47 group, also sounds good on his ballad feature "Misty." There are some above-average original tunes and "Perhaps," a Bird blues that here changes keys twice during each man's solo. Ray Brown (bass) and Ed Thigpen (drums), at the time a working unit with Oscar Peterson, are top-drawer rhythm mates, and pianist Phineas Newborn, Jr. makes a rare appearance as a sideman. Solid, satisfying stuff marked by a freshness that would probably be hard to duplicate today. (Contemporary Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Bart

Grooms

FIREWORKS JAZZ ENSEMBLE: Implosion CD

Hey, you, don't you try to steal that name! It's a registered trademark! And don't imitate those neo-psychedelic Abstract Expressionist drip shirts the whole band is wearing (Starburst Designwear). Another trademarked product. Not that you want to steal anything from this release. Fireworks Jazz is bland New Age fusion, lit only, I suppose, for dinner background music in the kind of places I never eat at. Even with compositions from four of the six musicians, a certain sameness prevails. This is an andy project all the way, with band member Keith Hooper (oboe) acting as executive producer and synth player Bob Long producing, and released on their own Fireworks Music label (yup, another trademark), so they can't say this was forced on them. Dull yuppie music from Chicago. Take it away. (Fireworks Music, 400 S. Green Street #310, Chicago, IL 60607)—Stuart Kremsky

GIBBS, TERRY; BUDDY DE FRANCO: Air Mail Special LP

Recorded live at Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks, CA in October of 1981, this material was previously issued on two different LP's: *Now's The Time* (Tall Trees) and *Jazz Party-First Time Together* (Palo Alto Jazz). If you missed this infectiously swinging music the first time around, now's a good time to check it out. The extremely sympathetic rhythm section of Frank Collett on piano, Andy Simpkins on bass, and Jimmie Smith on drums, lays down just the right cushion for the vibes and clarinet in the front line. Gibbs and DeFranco sound like they had been playing together for years when this was made, so closely do they anticipate each other, yet this was, in fact, their first recording together. The program of mostly jazz standards includes the title track, a jumping version of a Benny Goodman tune, and a pair of Ellington titles, as well as three functional Gibbs originals. A fine 50 minutes of music, a little old-fashioned in its emphasis on pre-bop swing, but also timeless, since quality never goes out of style. (Contemporary Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Stuart Kremsky

GRIFFIN, BESSIE: Even Me LP

Because she never made a lot of schlocky, orchestra-burdened black gospel of dubious artistic integrity, Bessie Griffin has never achieved the vaunted status of Mahalia Jackson in the hearts and minds of audiences outside gospel's core following. I, frankly, have heard more of the groups she has been with, like the Caravans, than her solo work. My loss, especially since she's still living, and the '80s-recorded material on side one holds up to '40s and '50s cuts on the flip. Griffin's alto soars: bellying upward to the Lord she sings of in obsessively impassioned, yet sometimes oddly conversational, tones and earthward to convey that life still isn't easy and that faith sometimes is the only thing to keep her and her listeners from giving it all up. To express the same dichotomy, there are times on the record in which it sounds like she's actively suppressing a groove laid down by her minimal accompaniment (no more than piano, organ and guitar in any given track) by strength of her voice forcing soulfulness onto the listener where the music might not be enough. Here she sings old hymns, Thomas Dorsey, and songs later made popular by her rival, Jackson. Kicking it all together—the faith, the music, the grieving, the hope, is an a capella "Old-Time Moan." How people can't be moved by this on any level I dunno. (Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Jamie Rake

GROSS, JOHN;PUTTER SMITH, LARRY KOONSE: Three Play CD

Three Play are John Gross on tenor sax and flute, Putter

Smith on bass and Larry Koonse on guitar. For the most part this record works quite well. It is mostly a very mellow "adult" jazz record. This is especially true when Gross plays the flute. When he plays the tenor it sounds like Jim Hall and Ron Carter practicing in a room next to Archie Shepp. (Nine Winds Records, PO BOX 10082, Beverly Hills., CA 90213)—Bruce Christensen

GUITAR ROBERTS: Bluesmaster 2 LP

Introspective guitar improvisations that are concerned with plumbing the depths of the blues feeling rather than just hammering out another 12 bar blues. Guitar Roberts (ne Loren Mazzacane) is not simply a white boy imitating his black blues idols. He is doing something new with the blues that is about mood not guitar heroics. Blue notes are stretched to resonate creating a music that breathes, cries and moans. Sometimes melancholy, sometimes meditative, sometimes dreamy and otherworldly, this is heady stuff. Suzanne Langelle's vocals provide the perfect blend merging uncannily with the guitar in a way that is seamless in execution and at the same time deeply emotional. Though the album contains (in addition to Mazzacane originals and traditional numbers) compositions by Jimmy Rodgers, Chuck Berry and BB King, she doesn't sing covers, but weaves spells. Berry's "In the Wee Wee Hours" is transformed into a song of desperate longing; BB's "The Thrill is Gone" into a dark lament, and Rodgers "TB Blues" from blue yodel to death rattle. File under avant blues. (St. Joan, PO BOX 390, New Haven, CT 06502)—Ron Sakolsky

JIM STEELE TRIO: The Jim Steele Trio CD

Jazz as unpretentious as the title/cover made it seem; tho' a quick glance at the titles is what caught my eye - "Loading Mercury with a Pitchfork", "Jesus Christ and John Coltrane" and "Spiderwalk", just to name a couple or three... Jim's excellent piano chops (smooth but loaded with the same kind of energy I used to listen to in the after-hours joints in Frankfurt back in the mid-sixties - when folks like Oscar Peterson and Horace Silver would stop in to jam with the locals) are very well balanced by the acoustic bass of Geo Connor and the drums of Todd Harold! These guys sound not only like they know what they're doing, but like they enjoy it; no canned and tired "standard" fare for the masses from the big studio moguls here. For the baby boomers yearning for what they "used to" hear, as well as the new aficionado thirsty for original jazz energy, this is just the ticket. (Splendid Units, 9930 Lake Ave., Ft. Wayne, IN 46805)—Richard Metcalf

JOE SELLERS JAZZ AGGREGATION: Something for Nothing CD

This CD is a real showcase for Seller's compositional and arranging skills both of which are prodigious. He has written arrangements for the Tonight Show Orchestra and these pieces have that kind of brassy showmanship. The pieces are all well played and the soloists are fine. Bruce Fowler plays in the band but unfortunately was allowed only one solo. One high point of the group is the fine playing of Kei Akagi on piano. (Nine Winds Records, PO BOX 10082, Beverly Hills., CA 90213)—Bruce Christensen

KIRKLAND, EDDIE: Have Mercy LP

Kirkland has a rough, seasoned voice that can start with a shout and trail off appealingly at the end of a phrase — a contrast to his crisp and clean guitar style. A storyteller whose tales of hard times ("Young Man Young Woman Blues") and hope ("Tomorrow May Bring A Better Day") are his own compositions. Kirkland does an interesting turn on "Golden Sun" which is a roots tune of longing for the land of his birth, Jamaica, complete with "Day-O" choruses by the Iketts. Produced by Kirkland with the help of St. Louis' Oli-

ver Sain. (Pulsar Records, Bogey Hills Plaza #1880, Ste11, St. Charles, MO 63302)—Ron Sakolsky

LAN DOKY, NIELS: Dreams LP

Danish native Niels Lan Doky is only 27, yet he has serious jazz credentials including a stint with the Thad Jones band at the age of 15. A pianist/composer, he has made four previous LPs for the Danish label Storyville, but this is his first US release. For this session, he has enlisted some stellar sidemen in trumpeter Randy Brecker, saxophonist Bob Berg, drummer Adam Nussbaum, and guitarist John Scofield. The bass work is supplied by Doky's brother, Christian Minh Doky. With such fine credits, I wish I had a more positive report, but the album never rises above a sort of anonymous mainstream sound. Scofield, who really gets to cut loose, is the most consistently interesting soloist; his playing pushes the band closer to the fusion end of things. There are no problems in the rhythm section. Nussbaum keeps things rolling along. And solid bass playing seems to be second-nature in Denmark. Unfortunately Doky's compositions are not very memorable. Essentially they are functional vehicles for the soloists, and they succeed or fail depending on the inspiration level of the players. Brecker is OK, sounding a bit like Miles Davis circa 1964, but Bob Berg just seems to go "out" to no particular effect. And the leader, with his Herbie Hancock/Bill Evans (i.e., thoroughly modern) style, never generates much heat. In sum, a noble effort, but watch out for jazz albums with a wardrobe credit. (Milestone, Tenth and Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Stuart Kremsky

LEWIS, GEORGE; DON EWELL: Reunion LP

Traditional New Orleans jazz by four masters who are gone now, recorded in 1966. Clarinetist Lewis, pianist Ewell, and trombonist Jim Robinson were all members of Bunk Johnson's landmark New Orleans revival band in the 1940s, and Robinson and drummer Cie Frazier were regulars in the Preservation Hall bands of the '60s and '70s. They sure were in good form for this date, which features standards not usually thought of as New Orleans fare — no "Saints" or "Basin Street" here. The pared-down ensemble is interesting, too; without a trumpet, banjo, or bass instrument, the ensemble is more intimate, the solos slightly more involved. All the playing is superb. In the words of annotator Paige Van Vorst, "There isn't a chance of recording music like this now." Probably not; this cuts the P. Hall records I've heard in terms of sheer sustained elegance and lack of grandstanding. For those who haven't heard good Nwollins trad, this is it. (Delmark, 4243 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60618)—Bart Grooms

LIL' ED AND THE BLUES IMPERIALS: Chicken, Gravy and Biscuits LP

Lil' Ed Williams plays raw house-rock'n' slide guitar in the tradition of Hound Dog Taylor and his (and bass player "Pookie" Young's) uncle, J.B. Hutto. Recordings always pale next to his live show, but if you like blues that makes you wanna shake your booty rather than cry in your beer, this is it. Uptempo rave-ups like the title tune and "Can't Let These Blues Go" are expected, but the expressive slow drag of "Blues for Jeanette," catches you off guard. As to the rest, mostly Lil' Ed originals here, with the exception of a sizzling version of Albert Collins' "Master Charge" and the Hutto classic "20% Alcohol" (no doubt a reference to the alcohol problem mentioned later on "Got My Mind Made Up" that almost ended Ed's musical career and sent him back to the Red Carpet Car Wash on Chicago's West Side). (Alligator Records, PO BOX 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)—Ron Sakolsky

LITTLE MILTON: Too Much Pain LP

You know "Little" Milton Campbell has said that "age ain't nothin' but a number." I'm sittin' here tellin' ya that what he says is the gospel truth! He probably doesn't remember, but I used to open shows for him in Huntsville, Alabama, at a place called "Bigger N C's" on Church Street, way back in 1964. Little Milton was as good then as he is now. You just don't get any better than Little Milton. He's one of the very few to keep a big band and full review going all these years and we are indebted to him for it. His latest release at last brings him back to full blown blues, which is his forte, whether he likes it or not. That big husky voice, crying out at you and that fat sound and superb technique on his Gibson Stereo guitar, make him so far a cut above other artists of his genre that it's shameful! Although they are now on the same label, do not, I repeat, do not compare this man with Bobby "Blue" Bland. That has been an error down through the years. You've got to put Little Milton on your machine and see and hear what it was all about when there were only a handful of greats that toured all through the South and tore it up. Little Milton! One of a kind!!! (Malaco Records, 3023 W. Northside Dr, Jackson, MS 39213)—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 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 pigeonholed and all the better for that. Llabador's future looks bright. (Oxymoron, 9532 Quakerstown Ave., Chatsworth, CA 91311-5521)—Bart Grooms

LUNAR ADVENTURES: Alive In Seattle CD

Sub-titled "Electro-Acoustic Tribal Sounds in the Tradition of the Twenty-First Century." Right from the get-go, these folks come right at you with a musical force that either knocks you over or sweeps you up and carries you along for an hour long ride of "sonic excursions." Equipped with string bass, drums, electric guitar and saxophone, the sound they create is full of surprises. Each member delivers a unique exhibition of their abilities, but what is great about this group is the way they romp together. It sounds like they have a great time and it's a pleasure to hear intelligent players communicate their talent. To describe the music, terms like "global" or "world" and even "avant garde" do come up, but so does about 20 years worth of American modern jazz. The kind of jazz that builds on tradition and keeps on looking for new ways of getting played. (Nine Winds Records, PO BOX 10082, Beverly Hills, CA 90213)—Michael Courter

MANN, ED: Get Up LP

Ethnic-tinged fusion is perhaps an *overworked* genre, and *Get Up* offers few revelations, but percussionist Mann and his six-piece ensemble serve up a pleasant and profession-

al LP of mixed mood pieces and uptempo cookers. The latter utilize some catchy start/stop rhythms and (naturally) a strong percussive quality, with Mann's marimbas and vibes reinforced by acoustic and electronic drums. Mann's original compositions are attractive, if not terribly distinctive, and he makes a conscious decision to write for the ensemble rather than for solo voices. His own work is featured somewhat, but for my tastes, a little more solo freedom for the trumpet and trombone, especially, would create some additional interest. (CMP Records (USA), 115 W. 72nd St. Ste. 706, New York, NY 10023)—Bill Tilland

MAYNARD FERGUSON: Big Bop Nouveau CD

After a long sojourn in explicitly rock-based glitz jazz, the big M.F. returns to swinging and (naturally) hard-driving big band jazz. About 3/4 of this album is really enjoyable stuff: the band is tight, the arrangements uncluttered, the soloists hot (alto sax prodigy Chris Hollyday gets an uptempo feature) and Maynard even plays some lyrical lines that aren't in screech range. Ferguson has stated that he got tired of electronics and wanted to get back to "the real thing." And it sounds good—that is, until the last track, a 12-minute "M.F. Hit Medley," which harkens back to his more commercial days with Herbie Hancock's "Chameleon" then gets maudlin with "Maria" and downright embarrassing with "McArthur's Park." Not a good way to end an otherwise respectable and exciting album. (Intima Records, PO BOX 3628, Culver City, CA 90231-3628)—Bart Grooms

MIKE MORGAN AND THE CRAWL: Raw and Ready LP

Yet another hard-driving blues-based band cut from the same cloth as the Fabulous Thunderbirds. This Dallas group is more than just a pale imitation of the "Birds. First, lead guitarist Morgan delivers bright, slicing solos. Second, vocalist and harp player Lee McBee has an absolutely sizzling voice, which is probably this band's most memorable feature. Third, they're backed up by former Johnny Winter sideman Uncle John Turner on drums. The sum is nothing fancy, just blues and R & B played straight and hard, which is, of course, the hallmark of Texas blues bands. Most of the tunes here are originals, but there are some obscure treasures like "Nothing's Gonna Be Alright" and "Flatfoot Sam." Anson Funderburgh sits in on three tracks, too. So if you're into the "Birds or Stevie Ray Vaughan, this band ought to feel at home on your shelf. (Black Top, PO BOX 56691, New Orleans, LA 70156)—John Baxter

NEE TUMI: More Than Life Itself LP

They call their music "power cabaret," but it sounds like I'm at a play but I'm standing in the back with someone talking to me and I'm trying to follow the play and listen to this person at the same time so I don't catch all of what is happening on stage. This record makes me feel that maybe I'm missing something, that I'm not quite catching all that they are trying to say, a soundtrack to a play I don't know anything about. Lots of songs about unsure relationships, throwing around phrases like "tableaus mundane," and attempts at dry humor in titles like "You Make Me Feel Like a Beached Crappie," and "In Praise Of A Burlesque Queen." The music is competent cabaret-ish jazz but the lyrics strike me as leftovers from creative writing class. Maybe they should listen to Tanita Tikaram or The Roches to hear how lyrics with intelligence and humor can be done. (Bathos Co. Records, 529 S. Seventh St., Suite 510, Minneapolis, MN 55408)—John Krinov

NEW ORCHESTRA WORKSHOP: The Future is Now CD

The five ensembles on this CD consist of members of the New Orchestra Workshop as well as various Vancouver im-

provisors. The NOW was organized in 1977 by a small group of Vancouver musicians, inspired mostly by the Chicago AACM and the Woodstock Creative Music Studio. NOW now consists of nine musician/composers including some original members. One thing does stand out about all of the compositions displayed on this disk. There is definite structure as well as communication within each piece. These two elements keep the listening interesting and entertaining. I believe this release will serve its purpose in creating demand for more. (Nine Winds Records, PO BOX 10082, Beverly Hills, CA 90213)—Michael Courter

OTIS AND THE ALLIGATORS: Blue Vision CD

Central Wisconsin has never been a key part of the nation's blues or R&B scene and never will be. Nevertheless, it's heartening to know that musicians from the area are knowledgeable of the styles and do their best to keep them alive in the papermill belt of America. Otis and the Alligators won't put Son Seals or Otis Clay out of business, but they do some workmanlike blues covers and originals on this recording. Otis McLennon's singing stands out as being particularly strong on some cuts. To his credit, McLennon manages to avoid coming off like a white bar-band singer trying to sound black. The country overtones in his singing are a real plus. In addition, Kevin Stellman's guitar playing deserves praise as well. Stellman delivers well-conceived, deftly executed solos throughout the tape. (By the way, the engineer should have mixed Stellman more up front on some cuts.) The rhythm section plays with less verve, but they do provide a solid foundation behind Stellman and McLennon. Put it this way: anyone who lives from Pittsville to Cornucopia, Wisconsin would enjoy hearing this band in a bar and would find the tape a fun selection for a night with a case of Point beer. (False Dog Records, 1675 Greenfield Ave, Wisconsin Rapids, WI)—Bucky Halker

PLIMLEY, PAUL; LISLE ELLIS: Both Sides of the Same Mirror CD

Paul Plimley on piano and marimba and Lisle Ellis on bass sparkle on this digitally recorded CD with nearly 60 minutes of superb free jazz playing. These two men interact with the tremendous responsiveness that comes from improvising together for over 15 years. Hailing from Vancouver, which, according to the informative liner notes, has a sparsely documented jazz scene, these two have managed to get around quite a bit, playing with the likes of Steve Lacy, Cecil Taylor and Kenny Wheeler. Major inspirations for the duo come from Taylor and Jimmy Lyons, Mingus, Monk and Miles, as well as Debussy and Glenn Gould. Eight of the nine cuts are originals, with the one cover being a highly abstracted version of Hendrix's "Third Stone From The Sun", which proves that acoustic piano and bass are psychedelic tools in the right hands. This is no "easy listening" jazz — this is strange and challengingly deep music that should help to put Vancouver on the musical map. (Nine Winds Records, PO BOX 10082, Beverly Hills, CA 90213)—Ed Blomquist

RENNOCK, LIZ; DR. BLUES: Blue Illusion CD

At first, I thought this was some sort of "put-on", a parody of some sort but as the disc progressed, I realized that these people were serious! Personally, I have never heard anything this bad since Bo Diddley tried to do Hip Hop Rap music. Somebody's got to tell this chick that there is no way she can sing! She's gotta be a looker, a knockout to have absolutely nil talent but alas, they didn't even throw in a photo of this lady! God forbid that she's ugly too! The musicianship is not bad and Dr. Blues plays a decent guitar and Rennock does a pretty good imitation of some barrelhouse piano. Big suggestion Liz: find yourself a good singer and you just might have something. If you break even on this one, consider yourself LUCKY!! (Upright Records, Rt. 1,

Box 202, Beverly, OH 45715)—Dan Pollock

RICHIE COLE/ HANK CRAWFORD QUINTET: Bossa International LP

Pick this one up for Hank Crawford's beautiful ballad feature, "All The Things You Are." This is not to take anything away from the balance of this live date, recorded in France in 1987. The rhythm section of guitarist Emily Remler, bassist Marshall Hawkins, and Victor Jones on drums is buoyantly supportive of the two main soloists, and they get a fine feature as a trio in the obscure Claude Thornhill composition "Snowfall." Alto saxophonist Richie Cole, who organized the band for a European jazz festival tour and produced this album, sounds great, especially on the faster tempos. But it is Hank Crawford's sound on alto sax that stays with me after this record is over. Besides his feature, he burns on Charlie Parker's "Confirmation," which kicks off the LP, as well as on the 9-minute "Fantasy Blues," which he co-wrote with Cole. A most enjoyable session. (Milestone, Tenth and Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Stuart Kremsky

ROLLINS, SONNY: Falling in Love with Jazz LP

Those of us who regard tenor saxophonist Rollins not only as probably the greatest improviser in jazz, but perhaps one of the greatest living musicians, period, have reason to do so. He's made some remarkable albums, and those who have seen him on a good night know him to be a soloist without peer. A lot of us have also been frustrated with most of Rollins' recordings since 1972's Next Album. I'm not ready to call this his best since then, but it is refreshing to hear almost an entire album of actual jazz tunes; only the closing "Sister" has electric funk passages. The numbers are mostly standards and Rollins plays intricate, commanding lines all through them—some of his playing is so virtuosic, in fact, that one wonders if Rollins isn't trying to defend his "greatest tenor player" title. Judging from some of the extended melismas heard here, he may be thinking George Adams is the challenger. Hey, Sonny, don't worry. Rollins' less pretty, more piercing tone of late has taken some getting used to. You can really hear the contrast on the two tracks where Branford Marsalis (a fan of Sonny's) joins in; Branford's sound is smooth, Rollins' arresting, like a bassoon in heat. The great Tommy Flanagan joins in on these cuts (how about a whole album with him next time?), and the rest of the album features drummer Jack De Johnette with Rollins regulars Jerome Harris (guitar), Mark Soskin (piano), Bob Cranshaw (bass), and Clifton Anderson (trombone). Harris gets several solos and really shines. Don't write off Rollins' recent efforts until you hear this, and please, Milestone, start recording this giant regularly in concert so you can make his best album in years. (Milestone, Tenth and Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Bart Grooms

SERAH: Flight of the Stork CD

Lush, dreamy song cycle from vocalist/songwriter Serah, accompanied here by a mostly German ensemble with a pop New Age sound. Heavy on the synths, everything carefully orchestrated and extremely well produced. Serah has a clear, sweet voice that recalls Judy Collins; in combination with the acoustic guitar/synth/ percussion ensemble, I was also reminded of Sally Oldfield and Singh Kaur in places. While I appreciate the craft of this music and didn't actively dislike any of it, neither was I moved, nor hooked by repeated listenings. Comes with a pretty lyric booklet. (Great Northern Arts, 114 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10016)—Bart Grooms

THE UNIVERSAL CONGRESS OF: This Is Meeclodics LP

Universal Congress Of can be credited the genius of being able to expertly reference the more electrifying jazz masters without ever sacrificing the integrity of their own '70s and '80s hardcore roots. They explore two balanced directions on this LP — Cool Jazz and Cruel Jazz. Cool is not necessarily mellow as Joe Biazza's compositions "Joey" and "Ninos de la Terra" indicate. Instead the Cool direction in its best form emotes an attentive-relaxed-intensity, an artistic mood this band has mastered. With a little help from their friends, West Coast Cruel masters Lynn Johnston (tenor sax/bass clarinet) and Guy Bennet (trombone), they do splendid justice to Albert Ayler's spiritual/humorous scintillations on "Happy Birthday" and Ornette Coleman's "Law Years." Cruel in this sense is best defined by Antonin Artaud "...Cruelty proposed to resort to a mass spectacle; to seek in agitation of tremendous masses, convulsed and hurled against each other, a little of the poetry of festivals and crowds when, all too rarely nowadays, the people pour into the streets." The last time I saw Universal Congress Of was at Al's Bar in downtown L.A. My date was a young lady from Madrid who had grown up under Franco's fascist regime. We were having a great time drinking beer out of paper cups, dancing and joking, as the rest of the audience also grooved to the infectious Meco-beat. Halfway through the set, the bar was busted by the Fire Department. As the audience reluctantly flowed into the curbside flashing red lights and police lines, my Spanish guest gasped in disbelief, "Is this really America?" Somewhat embarrassed, while simultaneously wanting to apologize for the situation, all I could say was, "Yeah, baby, but this is a dangerous band." (SST, PO BOX One, Lawndale, CA 90260)—Darrell Johnson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Jazz Guitar Classics LP

This is one album that is easily judged just by looking at the cover. One look at the names across the top of the jacket and you'll be heading for the cash register, provided, of course, you are the type of person who wants to be thrilled by 13 of jazz's greatest guitarists. From Kenny Burrell to Wes Montgomery to Tal Farlow to Herb Ellis to name a few. The record contains exceptional performances from the '50s, '60s, and '70s. This was pre-fusion, while the guitar was still taking secondary billing to the horn. Some cuts are more familiar than others, a couple are fairly rare, but what you'll hear throughout, is an instrument capable of many things in the hands of many masters. The album begins aptly with a bluesy "Salute to Charlie Christian" with Barney Kessel featured. We hear Burrell and Jimmy Raney trading riffs in a fierce "Dead Heat." My favorite is the Jim Hall, Ron Carter interpretation of "Autumn Leaves." Hall's almost classical approach to chording is his signature, but when the time changes from a two-beat to a four-beat walk, you can feel the wind blowing from Carter's thick bass lines, right through the melodic solo...brilliant! (Prestige Records, Tenth and Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Michael Courter

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Chicago Gospel Pioneers LP

This recording features 5 vocalists, in their sixties, who are products of the first generation raised in the gospel ballad sound of the Thirties which was pioneered in Chicago by the likes of Thomas A. Dorsey, Mahalia Jackson, and the Soul Stirrers. With the exception of Delois Barrett Campbell (who appeared in the groundbreaking gospel film, Say Amen Somebody), none of them has recorded in decades and in the case of diva Irma Gwynn, her "cultured voice" is heard for the first time on recordings here. Other featured vocalists are soprano Little Lucy Smith, the legendary Robert Anderson, who Mahalia Jackson referred to as her "idol"

and who was the former leader of the Gospel Caravan, and Gladys Beaman Gregory whose performance of "God's Amazing Grace" rearranges the hymn to excellent effect. Liner notes by Tony Heilbut whose book *The Gospel Sound: Good News and Bad Times* is essential reading for an understanding of the scope of this music. (Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Ron Sakolsky

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Big Band Jazz: Tulsa to Harlem LP

"Big Band Rhythm & Blues" would describe most of this set more accurately. Five cuts are from a 1950 Cab Calloway band full of fine musicians who don't get to do much behind the singer. Cab sings well technically, but his self-consciously melodramatic or ironic colorings rob a potentially good version of "One More for My Baby" of an emotional impact it might have had. His R & B number "Shotgun Boogie" works pretty well, though. Emie Fields never had a big name, but was popular with black audiences in the mid- and southwest in the 30s and 40s. By the time of these seven cuts in 1949, his was pretty much an R & B band. Amidst the vocal numbers are two good instrumental cuts; the vocals are pretty nice as well—entertaining and soulful, with good solo work. The best thing on the album is the briefest: two cuts by longtime Ellington reed man Jimmy Hamilton, heard here on tenor sax instead of his customary clarinet on two gorgeous original ballads. Would that there was more of this to be heard! (Delmark, 4243 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60618)—Bart Grooms

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Violin Connection CD

France has a long standing love affair with great jazz violinists. They have produced strings of great virtuosos starting

with Stephane Grapelli, continuing through Jean-Luc Ponty and beyond. This sampler offers works by twelve very fine violinists from France and Germany, covering a wide range of musical styles from hot jazz to fusion to progressive to quasi-classical/modernist to the uncategorizable. The sinuous strains of the violin variously swing, sing, rock, and burn. One of the most unusual and intriguing works is Mic Oechsner's "Polyspheres," a strange but marvelous invention for two violins that borders on "contemporary classical" music, with its angular, fiery and vicious melodic lines and rhythms. Patric Tilleman rocks hard with his electric violin and electric tenor violin on "The Legend of the Red Bird." Debora Seffer, assisted by a trio which includes one of France's most unique musicians, her father Yochk'o Seffer, performs a seductive, sultry swing tune. "Yougos," an atmospheric piece by Christian Zagaria, begins with a floating impressionistic prelude which gives way to oblique lines, quasi-contrapuntal voices enunciated by violin, piano, bass and drums. Lots of variety and fine music herein. (Musea, 68 La Trinchotte, 57117 Retonfey, France)—Dean Suzuki

WILLIAMSON, SONNY BOY:
Keep It To Ourselves CD

Light, limber and energetic, Sonny Boy swings atop deep roots at sixty-six in '63 when these just released bows were taken. His smokey voice shovels a colorful fire out of the rolling hills onto the sidewalks Sweet Home Chicago. With rhythmic accuracy and tonal dexterity Sonny Boy sustains a groove all his own (albeit with Guitar Murphy's companionship) —bojangling intricate intervals without leaving a note, just in the grain of his impish drawl or of the echoing soul ventriloquy of his harp. The voice and harmonica convergence on "When the Lights Went Out" says "I want you to

hold me, to keep me from goin' wrong" with such a confident whimpering that you feel like you do have that responsibility. Like Taj Mahal echoes Mississippi John Hurt so Junior Wells, Howling Wolf, Jesh White, and now Tom Waits, all echo Sonny Boy Williamson—but why not enjoy the casual original when it's available, especially in such a tasty collection. (Alligator Records, PO BOX 60234, Chicago, IL 60660)—Brian Wallace

WOODS, CHRIS:

Somebody Done Stole My Blues LP

A solid blues and ballad set on these hi fi United sides from the early Fifties featuring the precision alto sax stylings of Chris Woods accompanied by pianist Tommy Dean's Gloom Chasers. This LP, first produced by Bob Koester in 1976 for Delmark, is now reissued here, but it was then a combination of reissued and unissued United sides. Actually, United, the nation's first successful black-owned record company, had issued only a third of their masters prior to the widespread rise of the LP format and so they didn't see the light of day until the '76 Delmark issue reprised here. Uncredited male vocals appear on "You Got To Move" and "Raining," and female vocalist Jewel Belle is heard on "Lonely Monday" and "Foolish." All are backed by Woods to good, if predictable, effect. Yet the fact that Woods is not simply a bluesman is evidenced here by his bright and bouncy take on "Brazil" on this session, and his later recording date with Carla Bley and the Jazz Composers Orchestra of America (J.C.D.A.) playing baritone with the Hotel Lobby Band and Orchestra on her classic 1971 "Escalator Over The Hill" opus or his live sets which range from bebop to freebop. (Delmark, 4243 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60618)—Ron Sakolsky

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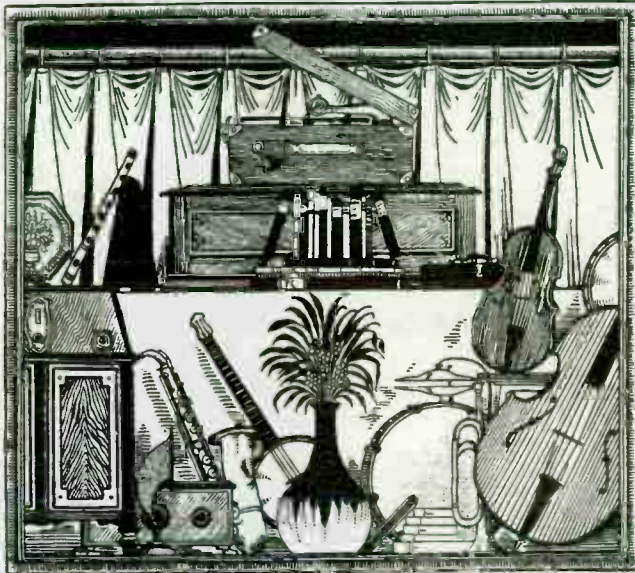
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Other/Everything Else

ALGEBRA SUICIDE: Alpha Cue LP

This is a two member band doing a musical conglomeration of spoken word and yer pretty basic rock. Reminds me quite a bit of the territory, in the respect of sound and nasally female vocals, explored by early '80's new wave bands such as the Waitresses and Romeo Void. Lydia Tomkin is a poet and she performs the vocals. Don Hedeker does the rest. My personal beef with Algebra Suicide is the vocals, or rather...the spoken word and the music just don't mix and match. It's like two separate entities. I felt as if my neighbor on one side of me was reading poetry and the neighbor on the other side was playing a record. This album just doesn't blend well together and I can't hear any integration between the music and spoken word which, unfortunately, made this album hard to listen to. (Body Records, Stationsstraat 116, 2750 Beveren, BELGIUM)—Carrie McNinch



ANSSI TIKANMAKI

FILMORCHESTRA: Greed LP

Finnish composer, pianist Tikanmaki wrote this music for a live accompaniment to Erich von Stroheim's silent film classic, *Greed*. Tikanmaki has assembled a little big band consisting of keyboards (piano, organ, synthesizers, and accordion), a rhythm section, horns, strings, and voices. Their music runs the gamut from big band sound, to full-on rock with burning Terje Rypdal inspired guitar work, to Scandinavian folk flavored numbers, and much more. "Introduction" is a little experimental post-modern ditty, featuring an oscillating ostinato on prepared piano and a gentle tune that sounds like a perversion of "O Suzanna" with miscellaneous percussion. "Joy" features a pipe organ and synthesizer in an impressive, if not spectacular gothic display. Scriabin and Debussy were models and the source of inspiration for the piano piece entitled "Farewell." The second half features a wordless male choir that is simply gorgeous. Despite the variety of musical styles, this is uniformly good music. (Eu-rock, POB 13718, Portland, OR 97213)—Dean Suzuki

BOWLES, PAUL:

The Voices of Paul Bowles C60

There is a master story teller among us in this century. Or should I say an artist who has left us to live in Tangier where the daily confrontation of the forces of life and death are unavoidable. Paul Bowles has much to merit his six odd decades of life on this planet. As for 21st century literature, he is bound to be remembered with Jorge Borges, Anais Nin and Albert Camus as a writer of western civilization's finest continuum of wordsmiths. His recordings and essays of and about Moroccan music that began in the late 1950's played no small part in the following Rock and Jazz communities cyclic flirtations with North African forms. Abandoning his own writing for a brief while, he worked at transcribing novel length prose works memorized by illiterate Moroccan peasants. If you want to experience florid ancient arabic story-telling craft mixed with modern day third world street wisdom, Bowles's transcription and translation of "The Lemon" is highly recommended. He is also a contributor to the neglected field of modern day American composers of "serious" music. Whether you find a story of Paul Bowles in a City Lights paperback or an Ellery Queen Mystery magazine, from the first paragraph you are launched into a brave lucid

Redefinition:

Other: That which is not with all the rest. **Everything else:** All the rest.

vision of a world where nuance and sublime timeless poetry laugh from every edge. To further propel you into this realm the ever-searching eclectic producers of the Tellus tape series have combined the musical compositions and field recordings of Bowles with his jewel-like stories. The result is the thin line above daily simple joy and evil hysteria in a stage cast with colors and characters from, to quote Stephan Frailey, an "enigmatic culture that subverts the security of comprehension". (Tellus, 596 Broadway #602, New York, NY 10012)—Darrell Jonsson

BRANCA, GLENN: Symphony No. 6 (Devil Choirs at the Gates of Heaven) LP

In the past, Branca's compositional slabs of sound have drawn mixed critical reactions, to say the least. Branca has been equally critical of his own work, but he should be pleased with this latest contribution, because it presents his rather extreme vision with perfect clarity. What Branca offers here is an almost excruciatingly dense rock and roll minimalism, where an eight piece electric guitar ensemble plays simple, often single-chord riffs, with some guitars doubling and others playing almost imperceptibly different variations. Confronted with music which is numbingly uniform and yet never quite uniform, the listener can easily become lost in Branca's organized maelstroms. This is intentionally disorienting music, especially when played loud, and it should be played loud for maximum effect. Part one, with a simple rock drum beat and massed guitars, is perhaps the most rock-oriented section of the "symphony"—it sounds like a collection of basic Chuck Berry riffs multi-tracked to infinity, with some hardcore thrash elements added. In contrast, the second movement starts with slow, bowed strings gradually rising in pitch—a little like Ligetti, perhaps, solemn and dangerous. A drum pulse is added, but the massed strings maintain their tension, and never break into riffing. Section four is surprising in its sophisticated use of counterpoint: it combines a compelling ostinato figure with drones and primal drums, sounding for all the world like a craggy, unsynthesized Klaus Schulze, and indicating that Branca

may have a number of tricks up his sleeve. Branca is definitely someone to watch, and if you want to check him out right now, this LP is a great place to start. (Blast First, 262 Mott St., Room 324, New York, NY 10012)—Bill Tilland

CADELL, MERYN: Talking Like Crazy C-30

Can an ex-Dairy Queen worker run circles around Laurie Anderson as a performance artist/poet? No problem. Meryn shows you how in a dozen tracks which cut to the quick, and leave less daring artists in a wake of shame. She is accompanied by a variety of sound artists/musicians. She describes "women's relationships with the world around them and the stories they would tell if they had a chance." Confusion, fear, ecstasy, the absurdity of organized religion and education, desire, and depression are some of the emotions evoked and described. Always clearly echoing the strength to transcend the morass. Meryn's voice remains convincing with accompaniment ranging from lounge jazz to industrial metallic percussion. Cadell is a direct, intelligent and forward thinking communicator. We hope to be hearing more from her soon. (T.E.C. Tapes, POB #285, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M5T 1R5)—Darrell Jonsson

CLINTON, MICHELLE T.; WANDA COLEMAN: Black Angeles LP

Most of the time when Coleman's or Clinton's verses make us laugh it is to ring home a socio-economic injustice or absurdity. Through their use of satirical relief, autobiography and historical reference they provide the listener with more than just superficial litesome ranting. Harry Parich once said, "Print is the sarcophagus of the poem, the voice is its soul." Those who like to hear truth directly from the voices of poetesses should buy this record. There is plenty of inspiration and insight to be gathered from repeated listenings to the words of Clinton and Coleman. (New Alliance Records, POB 1389, Lawndale, CA 90260)—Darrell Jonsson

COWTOWN: Cow Pies C

Best-of by the only Denver band that matters, featuring the lyric genius and wit of Peter Tonks, aided and abetted by some friends (no musicians listed here!)—waxing prophetic about yuppies, politicians, Denver, and similar targets. Styles change from all-out rok o' "Positively 4th Street" to country-blues o' "The Stone Woman." Lyrics of irony, contradiction, frustration, and resignation are buffeted by Tonks' pointed sense of satire, which is reflected in everything in any given piece, from the arrangement to Tonks' own vocal inflections and tone of voice, making this much more than some guy talking over pre-recorded muzick. This representative selection of Cowtown material is as good an introduction as any, featuring, as it does, an hour of great music. (Cowtown, POB 10221, Denver, CO 80210)—Dan Fioretti

CROWLEY, RICHARD D.O.D.: Warhol Machine 12"EP

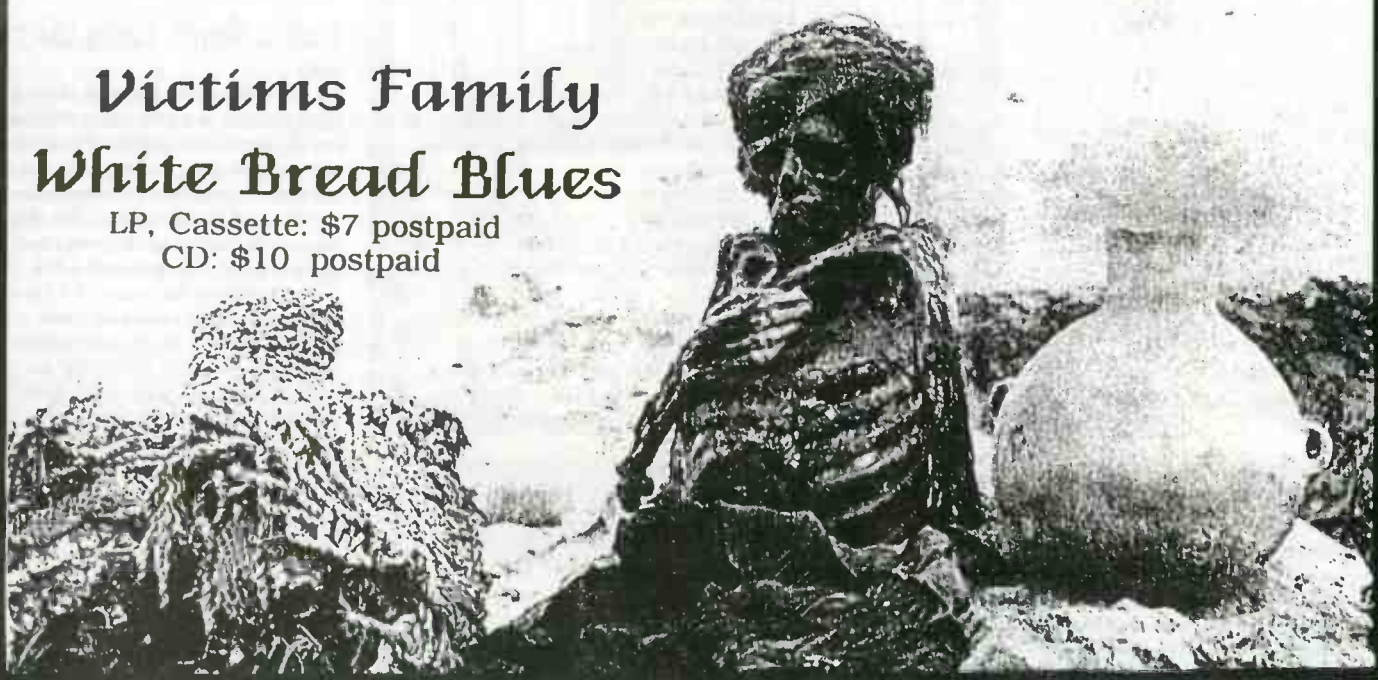
A tribute to late artist Warhol, this is formulated in two styles, House and Rap. The house groove is definitely lysergic. The rap, with a sample of "Papa Don't Take No Mess" by James Brown, is a bit more loose, perhaps too busy and has rather weak lyrics. There are five mixes. The heavy house groove, with a corrugated industrial grind, makes this



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record a must. Certainly it deserves to be mixed in. (Lime Skull Records, POB 461657, LA, CA 90046)—Alex Godoy

EXVOCO: ProViva LP

EXVOCO, the EXpanded VOice COmpany of Stuttgart is a vocal trio which "exists on the border between music, language and theatre." They perform musical compositions, sound-text compositions, Futurist and Dadaist poetry, phonetic improvisations, radio pieces, and more. They take full advantage of the spectrum of techniques available in the vocal instrument: whispering, speaking, shouting, Sprechstimme, and even singing. They perform here, four works by European composers, three German, the other Swiss. Dieter Mack's "CINA" is for vocal trio and percussion, played by the vocalists. The emphasis is on sonority with the vocalists engaging some extremely wide vibratos, peculiar vocal timbres, including some Diamanda Galas-like wailing by Hanna Aurbacher, amid and juxtaposed against the wide array of percussive sounds. "Vice-Versa" by Werner Heider is a kind of theater piece featuring lingual polyphony, with the female voice in the center and an overlay of pre-recorded sounds, including zithers, applause and a melange of other sounds. The results are rather chaotic, but provocative. (ProViva, Scheibinger Str. 10, D-8000 Munich 80, W. Germ.)—Dean Suzuki

HINDS, JOHN: Blue Intensity C

Manic guitar frenzy from John Hinds, playing in a wide variety of styles, from straightforward guitar heroics to artistic guitar impressionism. The sheer diversity of styles makes this here K7 interesting, but the blending of those styles—from all-out rockin' toonz to free-improv—keeps the muzick consistently exciting. Performances by Peter Hinds on drums, Bill Brady on bass and James Hill on trumpet and keyboards are noteworthy and exciting, too—guitar/drums duet with Mike X is one o' my fave points—some awesome jammin'! Excellent tape, indeed. (Omni Sonic, POB 786, Millbrae, CA 94030)—Dan Fioretti

KEMP, PENN(Y): Ear Rings C

A 90-minute collection of vignette word plays averaging about 3 minutes each and often strung together in a stream of improvisatory consciousness. There is both humor and poignancy here. It's a jam of ideas and phonics that blends a childlike playfulness with certain litigious aspects of tribal chant. At times the utterances come across as instrumental or animalistic rather than verbal. It makes you realize what a fine and delicate edge language walks. Penny's voice is a pleasure to listen to—sounding soft, melodious and graceful even when engaged in assertive verbal acrobatics. It blends well with the frequent accompaniment of David Prentice's complimentary violin work. (Underwhich Editions, POB 2162, Adelaide St, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5C 2J4)—Michael Chocholak

LUNCH, LYDIA: Oralfixation LP

I see rifles ricocheting off the bellies of pregnant women, I laugh, baby, at shopping mall murders. I see polluted cities crumbling beyond recognition. I see animals, men, women and children burning burning burning burning. I see so many fucking burnt buildings on my way over here today, I thought there was a war going on. I thought I was in the Middle East. I was just in the middle of Detroit. Lydia does Detroit, what more needs to be said? The road to nowhere is covered with shit, baby. (Widowspeak Productions, POB 1085 Canal St Station, NY, NY 10013-1085)—R. Wire

MATA RATA: Comet Kansas C

Two excellent storytellin' cassettes of Mata Rata—devotees of Linda Birch will note how they have a lot in

common and a lot to say to us. *Comet Kansas* is about how a comet is about to land on Earth, and how life will change, and all like that there—lots of references to cosmic and metaphysical things, what with the Intergalactic Cross-Time Mind Control God Patrol going up against the Right Reverend Thomas McBane, and the Eternal Sol 3 Congress around for... well, whatever they do. The story's too complicated for me to follow, although the music is excellent; the singing and instrumental arrangements are entertaining and engaging, on both this and "Howling," and previous Mata Rata tapes. Highly creative drum programming and synths and guitars and basses form eccentric and uncanny rhythmic and melodic twists and turns, over which members of Mata Rata relate these tales, usually populated by eccentric characters. "Kansas" features Big Lester B. Snurg, owner of a general store, and some tourists from Perth. "The Howling Truth" is a slightly more straightforward saga, relating the adventures of someone only known as "a bibliophile" (as per liner notes) whose daily library habit leads him to information which he uses to denounce a local politician, interrupting his speech, and, eventually, ruining his career. Some use is made of writings by Richard Nixon and Hunter Thompson, obviously in keeping with the theme of library reference material as essential information for future generations. *Comet Kansas* also features two guest vocal appearances by Don Campau, which I certainly appreciated. (Invisible Music, 118 Mattison Lane, Aptos, CA 95003)—Dan Fioretti

MUHS, ERIC: Swooploop C

Tape-loop pieces built on repetitive drones and/or simplistic melodic fragments. They are at first hypnotic as they seductively draw the listener in, and then seem to become the focal point of some strange alien universe. I pictured a futuristic world with strange looking buildings and all sorts of futuristic-looking aircraft overhead. The simplistic nature of the basic material actually helps the looping process—the different elements work surprisingly well when combined, and seem to suggest, after awhile, some sort of looping symphony orchestra. Oh, and I also appreciated the variations on the "Andy Griffith Show" theme. (Invisible Music, 118 Mattison Lane, Aptos, CA 95003)—Dan Fioretti

SERAH: Flight of the Stork CD

Lush, dreamy song cycle from vocalist/songwriter Serah, accompanied here by a mostly German ensemble with a pop New Age sound. Heavy on the synths, everything carefully orchestrated and extremely well produced. Serah has a clear, sweet voice that recalls Judy Collins; in combination with the acoustic guitar/synth/ percussion ensemble, I was also reminded of Sally Oldfield and Singh Kaur in places. While I appreciate the craft of this music and didn't actively dislike any of it, neither was I moved, nor hooked by repeated listenings. Comes with a pretty lyric booklet. (Great Northern Arts, 114 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10016)—Bart Grooms

TINKLERS: Casserole LP

I wonder if Woody Guthrie ever dropped acid? If he had, and then sat down in front of a tape recorder, the result might have sounded a lot like this—post nuclear folk songs for an electric campfire. The Tinklers are two guys sitting around with minimal instrumentation singing in an often chant-like style. The songs range from the most painful, poignant social commentary like "Eleanor Bumpers" to the most silly and logical children's song you can imagine: "Don't Put Your Fingers in the Fan." This is one full album of total genius. There's not a lame tune in the bunch...and there are a bunch of songs here...maybe twenty per side. Tinklers have taken music apart from the ground level and

reconstructed it at its most simple and logical level. Only the essential is left on the record; you could compare this to a folk version of the early Minutemen records. These guys seem to have everything, and it makes perfect sense. The album is brilliant...listen to it...everything will become clear. (Shimmy-Disc, JAF Box 1187, NY, NY 10116)—Kevin Slick

VAGUE ATMOSPHERE: Electric Poetry C

Vague Atmosphere is a trio of Brett Simpson on guitars and drum machine, KC Pocius on voice, lead pipe and maraca, and Scott Thompson taking care of lights and staging. The sound consists of distorted guitar and cheesy drum patterns over which M. Pocius recites the "poetry". I quote from said poetry: "I strangely know that whether/ This speeding bus approaching me/ Smashes me to pulp or not/ Makes absolutely no difference." No kidding. Maybe Scott Thompson should turn off the lights and have our earnest young men exit stage right. (Blue Cube Music, 129 West Warren, South Bend, IN 46637)—Bruce Christensen

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Your Silence Will Not Protect You C60

Rastafarians, American Natives, Afro-Americans and an Ethiopian singer have a feast of native song, scratch, rap, jazz-rock dub and world beat thought-provoking prose. Using expertly crafted chaotic gloom rock as a vehicle, the Beatnigs declare "Television drug of the Nation, creating ignorance and feeding radiation". Their spiels on the song "Suffering" echo historic rants by the MC5. Tooth and Nail accompanies Celest Corner as she asks "ask not what you can DO for your country, but what your country is doing TO you". American Indian singing mixes with psychedelic rap on Conspiracy Circle A Crews' "Black Man Once Again". Poetry reading and a cappella singing is followed by shaman drumming and panpiped storytelling. The poignancy never ends, as the poets tear at a mound of common nonsense and rewrite history, pulling out superstitions by their roots and replacing them with functional myths and metaphors. The descendants of cultures who have seen the rise and fall of several urban civilizations from Timbuktu to Tulsa reflect that, "we have lost our reason for being." Chuck D of Public Enemy reminds "The power of the mind is the thing that keeps you from submitting and eliminating yourself right now... we have got to think!" Jeanette Armstrong speaks of the two 500 year-old riots posing as civilization "Out of the belly of Christopher Columbus' ship a mob burst, running in all directions, pulling the furs off of animals, shooting buffalo... shooting each other". (Maya Music Group, 341 Military Trail, West Hill, Ont. M1E 4E4, Canada)—Darrell Jonsson

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Words Made Flesh/ Rebel Poets C60

Jazz and poetry mix on this cassette, launching a multifaceted assault on the mass media's mainstream description of reality. With demands and observations the poets here throb to the constant wail of cross-ethnic rhythms. Asking for 24 hour theatres, equitable world views and singing to hopes of the blooming sprouts of cosmo American music. Beneath the stoked voices of John Sinclair, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Boadiba, Maureen Owen, Elizabeth McKim... cooks a musical ire kindled by Henry Kaiser, John Karr, R.J. Spangler, Michelle McKinney, David Blood, Henry Flood and others. Congas, guitars, timbales, saxophones, and pianos churn while poets seek within their complex American linguistic personas powerful phrases to describe homelessness, sensuality, the grisly fates of the outspoken in our time, and the search for sanity in an insane world. Here neo-bop and post-beat poetry face each other and dance hard. (Revolutionary Records, POB 1821, San Francisco, CA 94101)—Darrell Jonsson

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VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Trash Will Eat Big Culture '89 LP

Compilation of bands in a German indieground festival proves there's no shortage of influences transplanted from across the Atlantic and through to the Continent and that Teutonic reinterpretation of them is in no dry spell, either. Some people are better at assimilating their given Yankee idioms than others, naturally. Kingsize Terror is a rapper who would dearly like to be a bad motherfucking gangsta but ain't got the beats nor articulation to do it. The Omsk gives ska a metal edge while the Real Scorpions might have recorded themselves to be played faster than 33 1/3 as their art-head dub reggae comes off so warped (literally). With the cultural hodgepodge Europe is, it's easy to understand how most styles can be found there, but the neo-surf of Tristan and the Rosewood gives pause to wonder how long things stick around in the sonic landscape. Elsewhere, a wide gamut is covered, though it's tough to figure whether every track is representative of its given group. That the set begins with sludge heavy metal and ends with speedcore (Blue Manner Haze and Zapata) might be telling something of roots and the future, too. Probably a good buy, especially if you're heading for the land of kraut 'n' beer any time soon. (Musical Tragedies, Muggenhoferstr. 39, 8500 Nurnberg, W. GERMANY)—Jamie Rake

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Soundviews C90

An essential compilation of Audio-Art produced by Jeffery Bartone. The tape features the works of 45 artists including Annea Lockwood, Karen McPherson, Richard Lerman, Pauline Oliveros, Bart Hopkins, Carl Stone, Ellen Fullman and others. The tape, as a whole, is an aggregate montage of brilliant audio moments. Whether the artists are composing sound producing kinetic sculpture, putting sound sensors on Voyager II space craft, producing sound from the waves in the San Francisco harbor, or performing Mozart on "prepared music boxes beyond repair"—the pieces, although unique in departure, are presented with a continuity of vision. The tape comes with a colorful booklet containing brief descriptions/portraits of the artists who contributed to the tape. Brief excerpts from interviews with John Cage, Annea Lockwood, Doug Hollis, Richard Lerman, Brigitta Bertola, Hildegard Westerkamp, Liz Phillips, Ron Konzak, further place us in tune with the techniques and thought that propel audio art. The combined package is both an accessible introduction to audio art as well as a crucial documentary about the state of this art. The enclosed booklet requests submissions and suggests more editions of SoundViews may be on their way. This is a project that deserves attention and support as the movers behind SoundViews continue working hard to deliver the futuristic and the beautiful. (Nonsequitur Foundation, POB 15118, Santa Fe, NM 87506)—Darrell Jonsson

ZIEGLER, HARALD "SACK": Sack Hell LP

This is a most unusual and intriguing record. Compiling tracks from an apparent wealth of cassettes by Sack, the music is of the most eclectic sort imaginable. Most of the tracks are quite brief, juxtaposing the most disparate sorts of music. A rich, majestic sonority of a church pipe organ is followed by a strange little post-punk number; a vignette consisting of sampled scratchy records overdrubbed with distorted, angst-ridden vocals and thrash drumming is set off against white boy reggae with German lyrics. Also included is one of the weirdest, shortest drunken cappella pieces you will ever hear. To say that Sack Hell is modern, weird and fascinating is about as close as one can get to describing this unategorizable release. (Home Produkt, rue de Joie 112, B-4000 Liege, BELGIUM)—Dean Suzuki

REGIONAL/ETHNIC/WORLD

ACKAH, JEWEL: Oh Jesus LP

Jewel in a Christian spiritual mode with very little trace of the Ghanaian highlife sound with which he is most closely associated. Instead we get an abundance of swelling church organ and backing by the Tema Anglican Church Choir. If your spirit turns more to the dancefloor, try his most recent Highlife World album, "Me Dear." (Highlife World Records, PO BOX 1123, Station F., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2T8)—Ron Sakolsky

ALPHA BLONDY: The Best of Alpha Blondy LP

Though Ivory Coast reggae star Alpha Blondy packs stadiums across Africa and sells gold all over Europe, he's still relatively unknown in the U.S. Except for two tracks, "Rasta Poue," a rare single recorded with the Wailers and "Brigadier Sabari," a song protesting police brutality taken from his breakthrough album *Jah Glory* (not released in the U.S.), the record is a straightforward review of Blondy's recording career to date. The material, pulled from his four U.S. releases, bounces from political tunes to spiritual anthems to a few less serious, giddy tracks. It's easy to see why Blondy has become the most celebrated reggae star since Bob Marley. His unique style combines the Jamaican rhythm with a distinct African sensibility and a genuinely internationalist sentiment. (Blondy employs English, French, Hebrew, Arabic and his native Dioula in various songs). Perhaps Blondy and his record company hope this record will turn on new fans in the U.S., but to me it creates a sense of incomplete closure, making it much less satisfying than any original recording he's done so far. (Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Jason Fine

BEAUSOLEIL: Allons a Lafayette & More CD

The famous Louisiana smoothie—the Creole violin—assures deep expression in these traditional Cajun songs. Beausoleil lets you feel comfortable within the relaxed intricacy and goodhumoredness of this music. It's a sunny day attitude with a touch of defiance that perpetuates this music—perfect for dancing with the minds eye over wood floors, past kind faces, in the environs of fields and marshes of Southern Louisiana. This French language of these lyrics provides a welcome ambiguity of content for jaded American ears. And that helps to release a satisfyingly inquisitive feeling toward a musical environment which is initially familiar—in this case a relaxed bluegrassly litting country folk music. The cultural integrity produces an edge that is touching and inspiring, whether it's the poignant *La Valse Du Vacher* (Cowboy Waltz) or the comfortably rollicking Canray's *Breakdown* with its unusual intonations. (Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave, El Cerrito, CA 94530)—Brian Wallace

CRAWLING WITH TARTS: The Tudor Tapes C

Stark, haunting, ethereal, and mesmerizing toonz played on a variety of ethnic musical instruments. Minimalist, repetitive, but very melodic, with beautiful female vocals on several cuts. The music suggests the countryside of England, with wandering minstrels and such, as you might see in some renaissance fair. Even the titles of some pieces suggest this same imagery: "By the Crest Carrying Plums," "Need to the Thrown Coast," etc. Excellent packaging, too, a hand-decorated cardboard envelope with lyric inserts. (ASP, 633 Cleveland St. #4, Oakland, CA 94606-1006)—Dan Fioretti

DIBLO: Super Soukous LP

Set your chin and shake your bottom then stop short then strut tall. What discern squandered and falsified is richly developed here, from Zaire. Dblo is moving up there into electric



Redefinition:

Regional, Ethnic, World:
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rhythmland with the even quicker than Caribbean feel that we've grown to love from *Kanda Bongo Man*. But this group has even more of the tribal singing and enlivens Dibo's lyrical repetitive electric guitar circles which handsomely modulate keys letting the strictly pulsating rhythms take flight. With tastefully restrained synthesized comets streaking in as if over swaying villagers, naked in a neon circle of moonlight. This music refreshes rather than perverts ancient musical traditions. (Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Brian Wallace

DILLIS, BO; & THE WILD MAGNOLIAS: I'm Back at Carnival Time! CD

These guys are the street pros, the happy heartbeat of that rhythmic core of New Orleans black society that has felt fraternal bonds—deeply and playfully—with American Indian culture while blending African, Afro-cuban, Caribbean, Southern blues, Jazz and Rock & Roll into a dance music that leaps to its feet in carnival celebration. More basic street voice than the Neville Brothers offer these days, Bo plays a lyrical mumbly peg in gravel and the chorus keeps the blade quivering on its point through sheer tribal stone force. This is mardi gras rumba style rhythm and blues for revellers. It sets the fully straight-ahead and familiar "Iko Iko" and "Meet De Boys on the Battlefield" next to the lurching bumpbump of Professor Longhair's "Tipitina" and the call and response of "Jockamo Jockamo". No insidious drum machines here, and no fancy production, just tambourine driven rock n' roll to play, sing, dance and groove with. (Rounder Records, PO BOX 154, Cambridge, MA 02140)—Brian Wallace

DOUCET, MICHAEL: Beau Solo CD

Twenty-two tracks of pure Cajun from fiddler/accordionist/vocalist/archivist Doucet, best known as the leader of Beausoleil. The twelve fiddle tunes were previously released on a limited edition cassette, Cajun Fiddle. Doucet's brother accompanies him on guitar on these numbers. The CD is rounded out with nine accordion solos and an a cappella ballad for a lengthy program. There's lots of energy throughout—this is music for dancing, primarily—Doucet wails away on his fiddle and pumps hard on his deep-voiced accordion. There's plenty of passion in his hoarse singing (on nine cuts) as well. The words are all in Cajunized French, but Doucet provides translations with the texts in his detailed liner notes. It's obvious that he loves this music and knows it backwards and forwards, and this may be as fine a collection of waltzes, blues, and two-steps as can be had these days. (Arhoolie

Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave, El Cerrito, CA 94530)—Bart Grooms

I GIULLARI DI PIAZZA: Dea Fortuna LP

A wonderful album of recreated Southern Italian folk pieces (15th century villanellas and several tarantellas) plus adaptations from Italian *Commedia dell'Arte* folk opera. This music is played and sung by a very professional New York troupe which, to my ears, has captured not only the substance, but the soul of the source material. Principal vocalist Alessandra Belloni is nothing short of magnificent; singing in clearly articulated Italian. Her voice is a perfect blend of beauty and passion. She can be elegant and sweet on a ballad, but on "Tarantella Di Ogliaistro" she almost spits out the words, capturing perfectly the frenzied quality of this traditional exorcism music. Ample praise should also be given to John La Barbera, lead guitarist and group musical director, whose arrangements of the folk opera selections on side two are very attractive indeed. The ensemble consists of 13 individuals altogether, singing and playing a variety of traditional instruments, including violins, violoncello, recorders, flute, oboe, percussion, and so on (plus an unobtrusive DX7 synthesizer). And while it might be a bit far-fetched, one could say that the presence of the synthesizer, however discrete, indicates the group's commitment to entertainment as well as authenticity, because the music is vibrant and alive from the first track to the last. *Dea Fortuna* is a must for any decent ethnic music collection. (Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Bill Tilland

KING, BEN TAVERA: Coyote Moon CD

The sounds of this recording are best characterized by King's own description of his music as "Southwestern Hispanic Jazz." King's forte is the nylon string guitar. With it he strings together flamenco melodies which reside in the midst of a rich musical accompaniment. King is an accomplished guitarist. His style is precise and extremely sensuous. In fact, the whole of the recording is incredibly lush. The mood of the recording moves from soulful wandering to the upbeat and danceable. Ethnic styles range from flamenco and rumba to Caribbean movers and Native American meditations. They are, however, all infused with a thorough dose of pop jazziness. Though King clearly holds center stage, he is backed by a splendid array of resourceful musicians, most noteworthy of them all being David Travers on tenor sax. My only complaint with this recording is with King's indulgence of synthesizers. They do not appear throughout, but when they appear they are slightly distracting. Rather than compliment the luscious textures woven by the rest of the ensemble, they sound artificial and forced. (Global Pacific Records, PO BOX 2001, Sonoma, CA 95476)—Nathan Griffith

L'APPUNTAMENTO: Italian Folksongs, Mazurkas, Polkas and Waltzes C

This is orchestral mandolin music from the vaults, lifted from old 78's recorded primarily in the 1910s and 1920s. Pieces are a mixture of vocals and instrumentals, but always with plenty of speedy, virtuoso mandolin. All of the selections were recorded in the U.S., and played by Italian emigrants, but the native Italian opera tradition is dominant. To the average Italian of the time, opera was a popular art form and the mandolin was a legitimate concert instrument. This may be folk music, but it is folk music with sophistication and a substantial musical tradition behind it. Were it not for the poor condition of the source materials (lots of surface noise), this would be a thoroughly delightful recording. As it is, the tape hovers somewhere between a musical experi-

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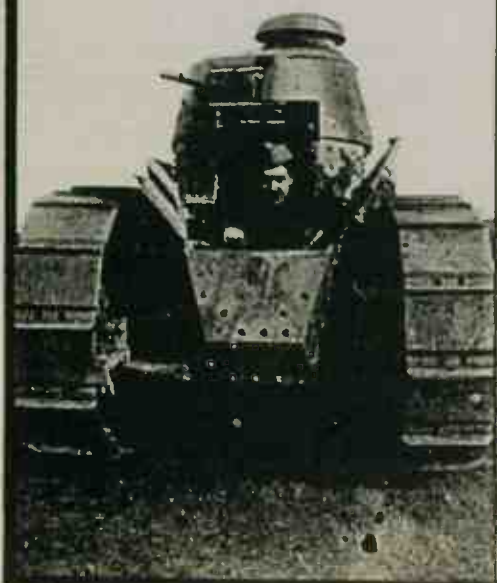
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ence and a cultural artifact. (Global Village Music, PO BOX 2051, Cathedral St., New York, NY 10025)—Bill Tilland

LOKETO: Soukous Trouble C

Right up there with Kanda Bongo Man...Makes the parrots sing, brings the sun into the room, with a steady guitar and everybody in the groove — you can see the bottoms swing. It's a buy if you want to get up and dance, or just get up. Wait until the aerobics classes get a hold of this one. Each tune plays a genetic memory chakra rag. This one is particularly good for staying awake during the long late hours on the straight highways. (Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Faustin Bray

MAD PROFESSOR & PULS DER ZEIT:

The Mad Professor Meets Puls Der Zeit at Checkpoint Charlie C

The Mad Professor has worked with Pulse der Zeit (Pulse of the Time) singer Soer La Blanche (white sister) off and on since the two recorded an obscure album called *Reggae Ron* in 1983. Here the Mad Professor mixes down Puls' German brand of reggae with a rough and choppy style that blends German lyrics (according to press materials, Soer was the first reggae singer to sing in German) with sparse, industrial rock 'n' roll, reggae and African rhythms. The best track, "Flower on the Slope," begins with a foghorn blast and weaves in and out of a thick groove full of guitar clangs, machine sounds, Soer's chants and a quiet spoken word piece running underneath. Despite the intricate mixes, most of the tracks are funnelled into minimalist grooves that achieve a casual, spontaneous and loose multi-cultural feel. (Roir, 611 Broadway # 411, New York, NY 10012)—Jason Fine

THE MIGHTY SPARROW: Party Classics CD

Increasingly lewd, yes, as the dancing accelerates, but that's part of the Calypsonian charm, and the Mighty Sparrow is still the foremost of those rascally charmers. Since the fifties, he has been Trinidad's most successful Calypso Tent competitor and has expanded the genre globally. This collection gratifyingly includes many of his major hits, however some are annoyingly attenuated within medleys, while his ad for Stag Beer occupies luxuriant space (perhaps they financed the recording). And, strange for Sparrow, there is too much uniformity in pace and rhythm throughout — unfortunate because one of his major contributions has been a dexterity with many rhythmic variations, stretching the calypso mold to embrace other Caribbean rhythms and new calypso inventions. But the groove is still a good one and problems are surmounted by Sparrow's even more impressive contribution to Trinidadian music, his melodic invention, which remains here well displayed. "Good Morning Mr. Walker" rises like a sly smile and were it not for the rollicking call and response of "Ten to One Is Murder" one might get unbearably stuck whistling its horn motif. "Ten To One" is a tightly knit story expressed in the Road March street parade style called Kallinda (which is derived from stick fighting). It became Sparrow's public self defense in an actual incident: "They take off in mih skin with big stick and boulder/ ten to one is murder." There is plenty here of the almost embarrassingly outrageous, huge Trinidadian hit, "I Envy the Congo Man", replete with Fred Flintstone walk in, which is a romp and a wicked fest. And try not singing "Bag O' Sugar" for weeks after one hearing. This song couples a characteristically pretty and elaborate melody with equally characteristic lyrics of insultingly colorful locker room advice. These are, as advertised, party classics. (Gutu Corporation, PO BOX 9206, St. Thomas, Virgin Isl 00801)—Brian Wallace

SIDE F-X: What Makes Me Want to Shout b/w

Rock the House 12" Single

Miami rap that isn't strictly "Bass". "Shout" in the remix (leads off the 12" side) has the paroled-and-ubiquitous James Brown sampled against a medium-weight funk riff and generic hip-hop beat that doesn't gel as well as the "Original Soul Mix," which takes liberally from Lyn Collins' "Think" to make out of it something as fresh as the Real Roxanne or Rob Base would have done with it. Those horn motifs help the diplomatic blend of uplift and boast in the rhymes. "Rock the House" has nada to do with the Pressure Drop classic of the same name, but a (premature?) salute to the rap and house music fusion that's been sweeping club charts. (Nastymix, 7th & Olive, Seattle, WA 98101)—Jamie Rake

THE JOHN VARTAN ENSEMBLE: Mid East Mosaic C

I'm not sure about the legitimacy of this "ensemble," since Vartan is listed as playing virtually every instrument on the cassette, assisted only by additional percussion and vocals on several tracks. Either Vartan has eight hands, or a whole lot of multi-tracking is happening here. (Or maybe the credits are just deficient?) At any rate, the music is just fine, regardless of who is responsible for it — it's good, vigorous Middle Eastern folkdance music (Armenian, Anatolian and Arabic, according to the cassette sub-title), with a slightly ragged edge which reinforces authenticity. At times, especially when music and vocals combine on certain up-tempo pieces, there is a quality to the music which comes very close to Disseidenten's Arabic trance-rock, although Vartan's ensemble is strictly acoustic, and he would probably be amused at the idea of being placed in the worldbeat ethnopop camp. Nonetheless, the Mid East "folk" clearly know how to get down, and this is lively, soulful stuff, with Vartan performing on traditional stringed instruments such as oud, saz, tahr and kemeneche, plus several Mid East flutes (kaval, sring), a double reed horn called a zurna, and unspecified percussion. As is typical with Global Village recordings, the liner notes are detailed and user-friendly. (Global Village Music, PO BOX 2051, Cathedral St., New York, NY 10025)—Bill Tilland

3 MUSTAPHAS 3: Heart of Uncle CD

This London-based group has evidently researched a plethora of musical styles from all over the globe, then chosen to assemble various strains in new configurations. Every cut seems to be coming from a different place (or several places), and a variety of exotic instrumentals (kaval, gajde, dumbek, Bulgarian tambura, Hawaiian guitar) and languages (Hindi, Kiswahili, Macedonian) pass by in surprising, and sometimes bewildering settings. So we go from an opener right out of an Indian movie to what sounds like a salsa/merengue dance number complete with a snappy horn section (but the lyrics are in French!); then there's an instrumental that sounds authentically Middle Eastern until a string trio breaks in about halfway through. And that's just the beginning. I've listened to this a lot, and I discover something new each time; the attention to detail and the sophistication is truly amazing. In fact, if there's a weakness here, it's that 3M3 are so clever that they risk smugness. But their humor and the sheer beauty of the instrumentals and female vocalist Lavra's singing make me enjoy this enormously. An hour of music that doesn't drag anywhere. (Rykodisc, Pickering Wharf #G-3, Salem, MA 01970)—Bart Grooms

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Brazil: Forro- Music for Maids and Taxi Drivers CD

Forro (pronounced "faw 'HAW") is the accordion-based dance music of northeastern Brazil, and this is an excellent sampling of four representatives of the style. I've heard lots of comparisons of forro with zydeco, and the similarities are the instrumentation and the fact that both are essentially ru-

ral styles with a mixture of African, European, and Native American influences. But they don't really sound much alike, primarily because of the intricate, subdivided rhythms (heard in both the instruments and vocals) in forro that are so typical of Brazilian music in general. On Toinho de Alagoas' six cuts, for example, he sings so many highly rhythmic syllables each measure that his voice becomes part of the band. Jose Orlando is the only one of the artists who's made any money (he has his own truck for gigs)—his five cuts are fancier only in that he uses backup singers. Duda da Passira and Heleno de Oito Baixos get four and two cuts respectively, all instrumentals full of energy and good vibes. Good, honest, rootsy dance music that's not bad just for listening either. At 37 1/2 minutes, a tad short for a CD, particularly vis-a-vis producer Gerald Seligman's forro anthology *Asa Branca* on Ryko, but there he used previously released material, whereas this appears to be all new stuff by artists who probably haven't been recorded before. (Rounder Records, PO BOX 154, Cambridge, MA 02140)—Bart Grooms

WAILER, BUNNY: Time Will Tell LP

If anyone is qualified to record an album of Bob Marley songs, it's Marley's childhood friend and Wailers co-founder Bunny Wailer. For all their apparent difference—as Marley became Jamaica's most celebrated public figure and an international pop star Bunny quit the band and fled to the hills to continue his Rasta studies—the two set the agenda for politically motivated reggae. Unlike many artists associated with Marley, Bunny has avoided exploiting the reggae leader's image and this album comes less as gimmick than heartfelt tribute. Bunny's vocal style is not as fluid as Marley's and he sings each song with serious, upright conviction, adding contemporary arrangements fueled by the rhythms of Sly and Robbie and a stellar Jamaican session band. Standout tracks are "War," the lyrics to which Marley borrowed from a speech by Ethiopian leader and Rastafarian god, Haile Salassie, the roots-driven "Crazy Bald Head" and the warm anthem "Redemption Song." Wailer doesn't shed any new light on the material, but his faithful interpretations are a welcome addition to the legacy of Bob Marley. (Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Jason Fine

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ROCK

ACORNS: Acorns 7" EP

I don't know what the music scene is like in Omaha, Nebraska, but the Acorns' press release implies that they're trying to inject a little cheer into a sea of gloomy Sonic Youth wannabes. Whatever the truth may be, the Acorns music has a gentleness that without being lightweight or wimpy is decidedly non-urban. The band is guitar, bass and drums with occasional keyboard and the recording is no-nonsense. The songwriting is not always memorable, but Jeannette Morgan's voice with its slightly ragged country twang and modal harmonies with guitarist/co-songwriter Alex McManus really carries the group. (Post-Ambient Motion, 5402 Camden Avenue, Omaha, NE 68104 402-455-9575)—Bob Bannister

ALIAS RON KAVANA: Think Like A Hero LP

This album is a peculiar mixture of British folk, American pop and social protest, almost as if the Chieftains were going after The Pogues' audience. Whatever they're really after, Alias Ron Kavana (headed by somebody named Ron Kavana who must not have liked the name "Ron Kavana Band") can't avoid the preachiness that mars American "folk" music; knocking U.S. arrogance and South Africa is common among even portfolio-seeking yuppies nowadays. Still, you can't accuse Think Like A Hero of being solemn. The band occasionally goes in for pomp and stateliness but they're not against kicking up their heels on a few tracks of pseudo-acoustic dance music. It's slick for sure—proficiency generally substitutes here for innovation—but then authenticity was never an issue for a bunch like this (a blurb on that back tells us "Ron Kavana is a Casio sponsored artist using a PG380 Guitar Synth"). Generally, though, the whole thing seems a little pointless. (Chiswick, 48-50 Steele Road, London, NW10 7AS England)—Lang Thompson

ALL SYSTEMS GONE:**You Think You've Got Problems C30**

This five song cassette EP is straight ahead hardcore with enough kinks in it to keep me awake. The usual expected issues are presented: animal rights, apartheid, racism, Native American repression, hippies and nuclear war, U.S. involvement in Central America, and, my very favorite, the irony and hypocrisy of organized religion. Each topic is encapsulated into either a fleeting speedmetalcore tune or an equally brief punked-out xerolage visual image. ASG's music is full of an anger of weaponry caliber, but aimed at targets so numerous and volatile as to render the band outgunned. Yet, blistered but unbowed, they wrangle ferociously with splintered fretboards, if occasionally landing on the wrong fret or at the wrong time, and bulemically vomit out the bile of rage into a speeding fan aimed at everyone responsible for everything. But within each slice of attitude is really only enough information to define the band's position, to perhaps provide a basis for alliance with a particular audience. The music is not proficiently performed or produced, with the singular and perhaps most important exception of the success the band achieves in conveying their emotion; again, this seems to me to be more about getting thoughts across than getting music into my ears. The tape is punctuated by bits of media samples which vary from hilarious to boring, and seem to put the tape into a coherent display of ideas, energy and pure emotion. (All Systems Gone, POB 1741, La Mirada, CA 90637)—John Collegio

ANNE BE DAVIS: Scouts Deposit LP

This young band's debut album is quite a straightforward approach to college rock and roll. Melodic. Twangy. Anne Be Davis sounds just like what I expect of college music. It's fine to have "influences" and to use them as a starting and/

**Redefinition:**

Rock: Anything with big drums, big beat, big hair or big attitude.

or reference point. but this band hasn't yet created anything "new." Let me just say "Replacements," and that's all I need to say. (Picnic Horn Records, POB 452, Chelsea, MI 48118 313-475-0269)—Carrie McNinch

ARMS & LEGS & FEET:**Arms & Legs & Feet CD**

A Milwaukee band that falls squarely into the overcrowded (and frequently maligned) "college pop" category. Briskly strummed guitars nudge into jangledom at times; others, powerchord garage barrages. Plus the obligatory harmonizing. If this sounds like I'm a bit underwhelmed, well, so be it. There are simply too many tunes that have that rushed "sound-alike" quality tailor-made to keep the band a local favorite at the alternative rock bars but won't necessarily bring the major label A&R types jetting in. However, there are several tunes containing the essence of uncompromised inspiration, enough to warrant checking into the band. Despite a certain preciousness to the disc, the band does show promise — the recording itself is full-bodied, quite well-produced — so it's only a provisional thumbs-down for now. (Spoo Records, POB 93560, Milwaukee, WI 53203)—Fred Mills III

ARSON GARDEN: Under Towers LP

Indiana's Arson Garden are a bit of a departure from Comm 3's usual roster of all boy, no image trios playing disjointed songs. This band has two guitarists and a female singer whose looks are part of the package. The guitar playing is consistently good, ranging from intertwined arpeggiations to vigorous strumming and controlled feedback. People are going to compare this band to Throwing Muses and they'll be right on the level of song structure and use of dynamics. Fortunately that distinctive Throwing Muses warbling vocal style is nowhere in evidence - April Combs' voice is far better (she's also less affected than Natalie Merchant, another likely comparison). The weakest link is the lyric writing. I wouldn't mind that the words don't appear to mean much (the singing can be appreciated in purely timbral terms), but the repetition of certain phrases in every song like they're supposed to be really significant gets a little wearing. (Community 3 Recordings, 438 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211)—Bob Bannister

BASTARDS: Monticello LP

Warning: Contains explicit lyrics and subject matter descrip-

tive of or advocating one or more of the following: nudity; sadism; sexism ("You're my hole"); sodomy; bestiality; sadomasochism; scary rubber suited transvestites; morbid violence ("stick a knife in your hole"); growling vocals; big bass and drum sound not unlike Drunks With Guns; plodding dirge tempos; illegal use of drugs, alcohol, lithium, razor blades; parental advisory! (Treehouse, POB 80037, Minneapolis, MN 55408)—Christopher Carstens

BEVIS FROND: Inner Marshland LP

While most of the sixties psychedelic legends restricted their deep-space forays to brief interludes between straightforward pop or blues, British acid rock guitarist Nick Saloman (Bevis Frond) pushes the effects pedals to the floor on every track on this release. A neat balance is struck between loopy strumming and expansive, stroboscopic solos that hold together far longer than seems possible. In addition to his instrumental virtuosity, the 36-year-old Bevis evinces a personal affinity for the hallucinogenic that lesser revivalists and Hendrix emulators lack. (Reckless Records, 1401 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117)—Michael Draine

BIG TROUBLE HOUSE: Afghanistan LP

An interesting mix of hard edged psychedelia and 70's rock that ends up being confused in purpose. They go for a progressive mysticism on songs such as "Afghanistan (A Romance of Asia)" that hearkens back to Blue Oyster Cult or Utopia, but doesn't sound quite right with a garage band lineup. Still, inventive guitar interludes and intricate chord progressions twist all over the place in front of a solid rhythm section. Better moments come when they jump into an up-tempo C&W beat or a Minutemen-like groove. And there are some cool wah-wah guitar fills that poke out of a mix that is for the most part subdued. (Horse Latitudes Records, POB 300021, Minneapolis, MN 55403)—Christopher Carstens

BLACK CLOTHES, POINTY SHOES:**Black Clothes, Pointy Shoes C**

Huh? Oh, one o'dem Funny bands! You can hear the red-necks heckle now (in B.C.P.S. — the theme). Five disillusioned Irish-folk purists puree Tex-mex polkas, jigs, waltzes, tangos and filter the whole mess through the Middle East. Air-lift this demo to Hussein and watch 'em run! A spoof on the Pogues or Poi Dog with humor, BCPS forge unique ditties that are equal measure entertaining and annoying. Diversity is a plus (mandola, button accordion), but the nasal drawl and sophomoric lyrics are fatiguing over seven songs. Still, "Chicken Boy" is a strong finish that makes me hit rewind. Buy and be entertained. (B.C.P.S., POB 2053, Isla Vista, CA 93118)—Peter Leavitt

BLACK SUN ENSEMBLE: Lament Flame LP

I don't want to scare anyone away from this LP, because at its best, it's definitely heavy duty. The combination of Bridget Keating's soaring violin, Jesus Acedo's brilliantly psychedelic, sometimes Hendrix-like guitars, and an effective rhythm section, weaving in and out of modal, Middle Eastern motifs, is capable of transporting the listener into other realms and dimensions altogether. However, as one piece succeeds another and the album begins to take shape as an entity, the group's original compositions are revealed as the weakest part of the package. Simply put, the material doesn't give the Ensemble a whole lot to work with, and they are apparently not willing (or able) to turn the limitation into a virtue by taking their material into more hypnotic trance/drone territory. Instead, guitars and violin sometimes exhibit a tendency to "noodle" as they run up and down modal scales, toss off

little fragmented riffs, and generally try to extend something that doesn't want to be extended. A good homework assignment for Black Sun might be a session with some Popul Vuh LPs, because they're definitely into the same quasi-mystical territory as Popul Vuh, and with a little focus, could be every bit as effective. (A little time spent with traditional ethnic sources might also be profitable.) However, Black Sun already have a highly original sound, and though they're not always quite sure what to do with it, their near-misses are still a lot better than the tame, predictable successes of more conventional rock groups. (Reckless Records, 1401 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117)—Bill Tilland

BLUE HEARTS: The Blue Hearts CD

When I first listened to this 17-minute disc, I didn't know what to make of it. The Blue Hearts are four Japanese guys, who look kinda cute in the cover photographs. The instrumentation is standard rock — guitar, bass, drums, and vocals. The first song has a kind of pop-50's sound to it, that deceived me into thinking that their music was all going to be doo-wop style posings. However, as I listened to the rest of the disc, I realized that these guys really sound a lot like the Jam, only singing in Japanese, which is both weird and cool at the same time. The high energy is the same as on the upbeat Jam material, but the lyric sheet shows the words to be rather disappointing in translation. I look forward to a full length disc from this promising band. (Juggler Company Ltd, 1101 SW Washington # 134, Portland, OR 97205 503-223-9419)—Ed Blomquist

BOB'S YOUR UNCLE: Tale of Two Legs LP

Bob's Your Uncle is an old British saying that means everything will turn out fine. In the case of this Vancouver quintet, the saying is appropriate. BYU has the foundations of a basic garage pop band. Their sound is that of early Blondie and Talking Heads, with occasional forays into old psychedelia in the vein of the Doors and the Airplane. Commercially viable, nothing overly challenging, and fairly well in line with everything else that is selling. What sets BYU above the rest is vocalist Sook-Yin Lee and harmonica player Peter Lizotte. Lee sounds like Debbie Harry, but with a marvelous range that Blondie could only dream of. She is a rare find, often carrying songs to success that would have failed with most singers. Lizotte brings a blues feel to every song on the LP, resulting in the Blondie/Head sound being spiced with the flavor of Hot Tuna. He is a superb musician. More than anything else, it is the talent of these two individuals that make this band and this LP work. This is not to downplay the remaining members: guitarist James Junger, bassist Bernie Radellinger, and drummer John Rule. They create a good consistent base over which the other two work their wonders. The songs are all high quality, with two that merit special mention. "AWOL", although instrumentally identical to Roxy Music's "In Every Dream House a Heartache", features some of Lee's most impressive singing, stunning the listener with her range and depth of emotion. The joint harmonica/vocal work in "Marians" is tremendous, especially in the finale in which Lee soars like a trumpet hitting the envied high-C. (Doctor Dream Records, 60 Plaza Square, Orange, CA 92666)—Michael Mahan

BONE OF CONTENTION: 48 Points of View LP

The band comes on like a punked-up Jefferson Airplane and proceeds to blast through 13 tunes that are variously raw, sloppy, disjointed (I mean those as compliments) funny and beautiful. The instrumentation is fairly standard (drums, bass, guitar, keyboards) and the lyrics, shunning overt poetry, grab fragments of ordinary language and squeeze a few truths out of them. The band splits up the

songwriting chores although they really excel when they collaborate, as on "Saving Grace". (Igor Records, 605 E. 16th Avenue, Munhall, PA 15120)—Bob Bannister

BOREDOMS: Soul Discharge LP

Noise. That is all this four man, one woman group from Japan can dish out. All they do is bang on their instruments and yell. There are a few moments where they try to turn out a punk song, but it just disintegrates into more noise. It's not even slightly funny like Shockability was or disgusting like Carcass is, it's just boring noise. (Shimmy-Disc, JAF Box 1187, New York, NY 10116)—John Krinov

CAMPAU, DONALD: One-Sided Story C

The latest by prolific home-taper Don Campau presents some of his most heartfelt and sincere material. Don grapples with all of life's difficulties in the opening cut, "Mockingbird's Nest," with sparse instrumentation of electric keyboards and acoustic guitar. He follows this up with a more rocked-up piece, the title track, where he puts things in perspective as relating life and art. The next cuts feature sampled rhythm tracks—does Don know what distinguished company he is in with this strategy? Consider Janet Jackson's latest, amongst lots more. Campau's muzickal pilfering pays off and the sampled bits take on new life of their own. "Wiggin' and Winkin' and Walchin'" features Don's moody vocalizin' and a real clever hook and a toe-tappin' an' hummable melody. "Both Hands On It" is a hilarious collage o' sampled rhythms, guitar bits, and effects, with Campau's own guitar soloing over it. This leads to a much quieter moment, the poignant "Don't Worry, You'll Make It," with multi-tracked guitars over electric piano. James Hill shows up for "Clone" playing keyboards and trumpet, altho' Don plays all the rest of the instruments himself. As usual, it's a highly enjoyable tape by a talented artist. (Lonely Whistle Music, POB 23952, San Jose, CA 95153)—Dan Fiorelli

CELEBRITY SKIN: Celebrity Skin EP

Glam-Heavy metal melodrama with a keen sense of humor. This is pure thrift store trash with a very clean sound on pink marble vinyl. They turn ABBA's "S.O.S." into a tortuous HM ballad (the singer even intones in a Swedish accent). On "Clown Scene" and "Monster" they attempt a hyper goofiness akin to the Dickies or even John Zorn. (Triple X Records, 6715 Hollywood Blvd #284, Hollywood, CA 90028)—Christopher Carstens

CHEER-ACCIDENT: Vasectomy C

Fairly effective presentation overall—band and voices a lot like Robert Wyatt's solo efforts. Sorta jazz-rock based, with lots of key and tempo changes, and usually a pretty good "fit" between the music and the philosophical fragments which serve as lyrics. Ah yes, the lyrics. Little of Wyatt's gentle, mocking whimsy here. Too much heavy, preachy gloom, from a very detached, intellectual viewpoint. Lyrics like "What is happening to our world? It seems like we're not even part of it" are bloodless and not very persuasive. The most successful lyrics include several which are inscrutable enough, either by accident or by design, to call for a little thought. A surreal prose poem, "Art," is the best of this group; it makes its point about the absurdities of modern civilization, but with specific imagery, and with humor. (Complacency Productions, POB 1452, Palatine, IL 60078)—Bill Tilland

CLANG: Lovey-Dovey CD

The first song on this disc, "Love Canal," almost makes me want to cry. It's a beautiful ode to the stupidity and lies behind that environmental disaster. And it just keeps going along, each song as good as the one before. The members

of Clang are all classically trained musicians, and graduates from Rochester's Eastman School of Music. The founder of the group has a Ph.D in computer music. Clang is their excuse to play rock, and boy, do they ever! There is nothing on this disc that's not played by human hands — no midi, synths or computers. The compositions are of extremely high quality, as is the playing and recording. There's a strong influence of Talking Heads and XTC, although Clang does not come off as derivative at all. There's even a female voice in there, although no credits are listed as to who's doing what... Highly recommended! (Circulaphie Records, 42 Margaret St., Rochester, NY 14619-2113)—Ed Blomquist

CLICK CLICK: Bent Massive LP

A nicely uncomfortable blend of dark electronics, dance beats and haunting instrumental soundscapes. The album does not adhere to any particular format: one piece may possess the beat and sound of Neon Judgement or the Clan of Xymox, while another may feature the slow rhythmic beauty of early Tangerine Dream. Click Click is composed of keyboardist Adrian Smith and percussion/keyboardist Derek Smith, with Graham Stronach playing guitar on half of the songs. The upbeat pieces all fare best when augmented by Stronach, whose guitar fills in the spaces left vacant by the electronic rhythms and tides. The spacey pieces are the ones most commonly overlooked, which in this case would be very unfortunate. These are the ones that best highlight the group's diversity, and have the strongest potential for future development. They are at once softly reassuring, yet convey a sense of uneasiness. Some are performed solely on synthesizers, utilizing gentle scales and polyrhythms, tainted with harsh sampled voices and raspy percussive screeches. The album stand-out fits in neither category: the vocal piece, "Room," a slow motion tango that sounds like Peter Murphy fronting for the Residents. This is an album that successfully demonstrates opposite directions for a darkly shrouded synthesizer to travel: atmospheric or dance, and it does so in a way that should entice fans of one to appreciate the other. (Wax Trax Records Label, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Michael C. Mahan

COFFIN BREAK: Rupture LP

Boy, I was ready to hate this one. Gibson SG on the front, "Play this record loud" on back, Endino production... can you spell bandwagon? Well, don't bother. Sure, it's got the Mudhoney-Soundgarden-Sub Pop axis down pat, but hard-core-like razor-edged dynamics meld with a better pop sensibility to distinguish this trio. So it's not surprising that Husker Du gets name-dropped ("World," "Just Say No") as well as quoted directly ("Diane"). The ultra-light rhythm section gives ballast to all cuts, allowing Peter Litwin's guitar to affect the musical equivalent of deforestation. Unfortunately, while variety is a spice, too much can kill a dish and these guys still are groping for an individualistic style. Given their talent, I expect a more focused effort next time out. 'Til then, this will definitely do. (C/Z Records, 1407 E. Madison #41, Seattle, WA 98122 206 323 4569)—Peter Leavitt

COWPOKES: Hey Judy CD

These three intelligent, individualistic guys play yer basic instruments — bass, drums, and guitar, although the guitar is said to be only acoustic on the liner notes... but damn if this band don't kick ass even without an electric guitar. The songs have the best elements of pop music, great melodies, killer hooks, and a bent sense of humor that doesn't trumpet its presence, but just raves away in the corner. I play this one loud when I'm alone, and the cats dance around, no kidding... My favorite cut is called "Bald," which asks whether the listener is also losing hair, like the singer is. I love

"Song For Ed" — do they know me or what? There's also a cookin' cover of "If I Had A Hammer." Come to think of it, there's a bit of overtone of Minutemen in here somewhere, but they're not imitative at all. Recommended. (Circularphile Records, 42 Margaret St., Rochester, NY 14619-2113 716 271 4209)—Ed Blomquist

DANNY SORENTINO AND THE SINNERS:

Danny Sorrentino and the Sinners LP

Over the past five years, Danny Sorrentino has built a Bay-area following, playing straight rock and roll in the Cougar/Petty vein. This record nicely blends acoustic and electric guitars, over a strong, basic rhythm section. Nothing fancy. What the album lacks in imagination (Song titles like "Your Desire," "Walk on the Water" and "Blood from a Stone"), it compensates with fine arrangements and excellent production by Sorrentino and Norman Kerner. Sorrentino sings convincingly on standout cuts like "Your Desire" and "Hide Your Heart," as the Sinners rock behind him. Sounds like John Hiatt, after a kick in the ass. (Industrial Management, 3450 3rd St. Bldg. 2a Ste. 300, San Francisco, CA 94124)—John Lewis

DOS: Numero Dos EP

Minutemen/FIREHOSE bass player Mike Watt and wife, former Black Flag bassist Kira formed DOS a few years ago as a medium to explore avant-punk/ jazz territory. The songs here couldn't be more suitably diverse, from Billie Holiday's "Don't Explain" to Sonic Youth's "PCH" and four challenging originals. Kira's spare, unornamented vocals lend a perfectly understated charm to "Don't Explain" and her own tunes "I Worry, My Son" and "Silence," while Watt's "Heartbeat" fuses dreamy melodies with thick rhythmic slabs. It's not a record for everyone, but die-hard Watt fans as well as anyone interested in do-it-yourself musical innovation shouldn't pass it up. (New Alliance Records, POB 1389, Lawndale, CA 90260 213-835-3522 835-4267)—Jason Fine

DUOPHONY: The Hyperactive Duophony C

This is cosmic post-surf cyborg music, somewhere between Devo, Dolby and the B-52's, but floating on an entirely different astral plane. It is almost purely electronic with occasional guitar licks, but terribly recorded. The recording quality is of note here, because the hissy high-handedness of this actually creates a frenzied, high-stress environ, and, although I would have preferred its absence, the presence of this screechy noise adds a funky homespun folk-art feel to this typically sterile genre. The songs are all choppy cheap-synth/rhythm master excursions into weird niches of the pop-psyche culture. This neurotic tunage is the stuff that sends people wild in the streets in search of support groups. The song writing is expectedly uneven with all of the songs falling somewhere in the great lyrics/lousy music-great music/lousy lyrics continuum. Some of the oddest lyrics jump out of "(There's a) Hole (in my Wife)", about a man who contemplates his dead wife lying on the floor. (There's a) hole/ in my wife/and I'm glad/that its there) and ponders the fruitful trees of a new, single life awaiting him somewhere out there. But the music is cheezy 4-4 casio-auto-bass-chord shock that's kinda funny but kinda boring too. I really wiggled out to the wiggly vibrato refrain of "Wiggle;" it inspired in me that ticklish, nervous, chainsmoking laughter that usually overwhelms me at the most inopportune moment — say at Great Aunt Millie's wake, for instance. This neat keeno pasteurized process sound — suitable for midnight snacks of Velveeta and satines — comes at a time when itchy-kitschy homebrew tapes are a prime commodity. (Basement Occurrence Trans, 3934 Ashland Dr., Box 9, Huntsville, AL 35805)—John Collegio

EGGPLANT: Monkeybars LP

Calculated to be childlike and infectious; comes off as inconsistent but playful. A clean rock sound with touches of folk harmonies. Jeff Beals writes about everything from "Goin' to Maine" to "The People From Venus," while bandmate Jon Melderson takes on the more serious topics. This duality of styles may be the root of the album's unevenness, or perhaps the band just needs a chance to mature. Their cover of Lou Reed's "Vicious" lacks depth and simply does not work. (Doctor Dream Records, 60 Plaza Square, Orange, CA 92666 (714) 997-9387)—Robert Wire

EHART, DAN: Re Coil C

Ehart aims towards a stripped down sound, relying less on drum machines and other electronics. The result is his finest work to this point. Ehart's strong suit is easily singable melodies: deceptively simple, yet undeniably strange. Fans of Robyn Hitchcock's solo efforts "I Often Dream of Trains" and "Eye" should enjoy this. As a whole, this recording comes across as a more honest statement than most home-recordings you hear; the simple recordings and unpretentious delivery go a long way toward making this a fine work. Listen to this tape as if it were a postcard — one in a series of notes — from the road from a friend. (Dan Ehart, 540 Manor Drive, Pacifica, CA 94044)—Kevin Slick

ESCAPE ASYLUM:

Nothing Will Be the Same C

This San Francisco area band offers a few nice tunes on this live recording. The sound quality is exceptionally good; the songs, on the other hand, are a mixed bag ranging from excellent to okay. On bass and vocals Dan Ehart provides the most interesting songwriting, bringing a solid melodic style combined with a good understanding of early-psyche/early Pink Floyd sounds. This shows up nicely on "The King In Yellow" and "Dancin' In The Dirt." Most other songs fall into the good-time-groovin'-kind of like the Grateful Dead-rockin'-blues type band sound. Over all, the tape sounds like a variety of songs from different bands. (Dan Ehart, 540 Manor Drive, Pacifica, CA 94044)—Kevin Slick

FLOPHOUSE: Flophouse CD

Flophouse is worth listening to more than once. Their music works on a subtle level that might be missed by a casual listener. Flophouse, a San Francisco four piece band, takes the melodic simplicity of folk music and adds a fair amount of Velvet Underground transmuted through acoustic guitars' energy to the sound. The result is that Flophouse is really a fusion band, letting you hear their roots clearly. Instead of covering their tracks, they sail down the paths of country, folk and punk while creating new roads, taking the listener along for the ride. Flophouse seems to have taken some time growing up with their music, and spent some time absorbing their influences — so the influences become a part of music rather than an obvious nod to one genre or the other. The resulting recording is honest, pure and intriguing. This is the folk-process at work, alive and well. — Kevin Slick
Second Opinion: Ten nicely crafted, highly melodic and pleasantly executed folk rock toonz, many of which conjure up glimpses of Gram Parsons-era Byrds, long panoramic shots of Jesse Colin Young riding a llama, and Donovan looking under moist rocks for his Vaseline. Kim Osterwalder's cello adds a nice droning quality at times and a better-than-electric bass sound at others. Producer Peter Case steps in for some strummin' and face-harp on a cuppla tunes. One of the cool characteristics of Flophouse is their ability to avoid playing "country" so slightly... Retaining the hot licks, vocal harmonies and root-canal bass fat notes that characterize ktsa country, but inflecting enuff other stuff, enough personal muse to make the songs into much more

than Rodney Crowell's ever waved his chaps at, on a scale of A-Z, Flophouse rates a solid T.5. (Heyday Records, POB 411332, San Francisco, CA 94141)—B.H. Hart

FRANCO, M.; J. CHAINE, T. REID:

Hazzard Profile C

Every item I check with DimThingShine on it is HOT!! These pieces were recorded in 81-82 from live performances. Franco on guitar, DimThingsShine on drums, Chaîne plays bass, and T. Reid does 2nd Guitar/vox. The sound quality is a little rough, but the sheer energy here will knock yer sock-zoff... I wouldn't have minded being at the shows these were played for. Some background cheering on occasion shows that whoever was there was havin' a great time! The live aspect (as always) makes it much more attractive, as in spontaneous. Strong interplay between bass/drums on the slower tunes, and the solo runs by Franco are, in places, scorching. If I had this kind of show in my hometown, I'd make sure I was there, but since I don't, the next best thing is this tape. Some real heartfelt playing here. (Thingstux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy, Miramar, FL 33023 305-962-3721)—Richard Metcalf

FRANKHAUSER, MERRELL; COTTON, JEFF:

Mu LP

At once exotic, earthy, mystical and soulful, this re-released 1971 recording marked the reunion of guitarist-songwriter Merrell Frankhauser with Magic Band slide guitarist Jeff Cotton, a.k.a. Antennae Jimmy Semens. The smooth vocal harmonies and life-affirming spirit of this intricate blues-rock place it closer to late sixties Dead or Airplane than to Beel-heart, but Cotton's euphonious sax solos disclose progressive leanings beyond his San Francisco contemporaries. There are a few weak points: the five-minute drum solo on "Eternal Thirst" has dated badly, and the CSN-like "Nobody Wants to Shine" may present a problem to those hankering for hard-edged psychedelia. However, this isn't just for the Reix crowd; I thoroughly enjoyed it despite my violent aversion to the Grateful Dead and their kin. (Reckless Records)—Michael Draine

GODISH, J.; J. DAVIS & J. PRICE:

Chemical Cat C

Tastefully produced straight-ahead rock trio. Lyrically proficient, tho' I heard nothing there that would make me change the world. Feels like a demo tape, with a slightly commercial tinge. I'd pay a cover charge to hear 'em, now. (Third Story Recording, 5120 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19139)—Richard Metcalf

GRANEY, DAVE; WITH THE WHITE BUFFALOES: My Life on the Plains LP

While there may be a lot of folks who'll enjoy this particular batch of Aussie down-under compositions following the tracks of American country-rock, my needs require that Graney take a real run with the longhorns out there on the dusty trail. Let him move those ill' doggies along one time, feel the surging power of a sweaty horse beneath 'im mixed with the smell of the stampeding herd and the ozone blast of a cracking whip. When the dust settles, wear a little of it into the studio, have a cup o' chuck wagon coffee and let it rock some more. (Homestead Records, POB 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571 516-764-6200)—Mick Mather

HETCH HETCHY: Swollen LP

Produced by ex-Hugo Largo member Tim Sommer, I'm led to believe that Tim wasn't exactly the brains behind his old group. This sounds like it was recorded under water, all meshed and blurry. There are some non-Hugo Largo, if not

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evolutionary music By: **DAVE CLARK / WALTER DRAKE**



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entirely original, ideas: some artsy rambling fast yelp like pieces, and a waltz/march type piece reminiscent of early Cocteau Twins. The arrangements are rock-like, with lots of upfront drums and electric guitars swamping it up with electric violin and indecipherable mumble vocals. There are pretty melodies near the start of side two, but fleeting pleasures aside, this is the sort of overly artsy pop music that, unlike Hugo Largo, is hollow inside. (Texas Hotel, 712 Wilshire Blvd #151, Santa Monica, CA 90401)—Andy Waltzer

HORNY GENIUS: Burn Your Sister LP

Precision garage rock. Tight grunge. Should be played loud. Best tunes for my buck are "Montana Stomp," "Cha Cha With Hal," and "A Long Way To Rewind," although admittedly I don't know what they're singin' about. I hear echoes of early B.T.O. Definitely worth hearing. (Community 3 Recordings, 438 Bedford Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11211)—Mark Casner

INDIAN BINGO: Scatological LP

On first listen I got the impression of more droney pale and weak gothic depressed dress in black music. Upon a few more listens, though, I became aware of the subtle, growing melodies, interesting sections in songs that keep things from becoming comatose, and lyrics that are worth the effort of deciphering. Also, the tape loop ending side one and the movie blurb ending side two are fine touches. This can sort of be described as a Smiths meets Birthday Party meets Four Way Cross kind of sound. It's worth looking into. (Independent Project Records, 544 Mateo, Los Angeles, CA 90013 213-617-3294)—Andy Waltzer

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE EXPERIENCE:

Size of Food LP

Second U.S. release for this criminally under-known New Zealand quartet took two years to get here. In a sense the typical Flying Nun release, JPSE incorporate all the best elements of Oz/N.Z. pop-rock including trippy Church, hypnotic Bats, and Blue Aeroplanes or the Chills. Not as unrelentingly upbeat as the Clean, *Size of Food* fuses the accessible angst of the Cure to crunchy guitar pop producing both sublime ballads and powerful, moody, brooding tracks. This who's-who approach does have its problems — JPSE seem copyists in a sea of originals and it takes 3 or 4 spins to really dig in. Then again, if you like any of these other bands, this LP will be essential, not existential. (Communion Label, POB 95265, Atlanta, GA 30347)—Peter Leavitt

JOHNSTON, FREEDY: The Trouble Tree LP

Triumphantly ordinary. The simple three and four chord songwriting and high reedy voice may evoke thoughts of Jad Fair and Jonathan Richman; he's not really weird enough nor is he sophisticated enough to be Elvis Costello. Although the music may not compel you, the lyrics are good — an articulate chronicle of the quotidian hopes and fears of small town Kansas, presented without cliché. If, for some reason, you were spending a night in this guy's small town and stopped in the local bar where he was playing, you'd be impressed. Whether you'd drag him back to New Jersey to make a nationally distributed record is another question. (Bar None Records, POB 1704, Hoboken, NJ 07030 201-795-9424)—Bob Bannister

KAISER, HENRY: Heart's Desire LP

This double live album shows guitarist Kaiser at his most accessible, backed by a tight band and tackling familiar as well as original songs. Some of the material ("Dark Star," "The Fishin' Hole," "Ode to Billy Joe") was on his recent *Those Who Know History Are Doomed to Repeat It*. The versions here are warmer and less self-conscious. Other

pieces range from blues to free improvisation and include Stockhausen's "Nr. 2 Klavierstück III," Captain Beefheart's "Flavor Bud Living," Neil Young's "The Loner" and Dionne Warwick's hit "Anyone Who Had a Heart." The band's originals fit this eclectic mix quite well, especially guitarist/vocalist Bruce Anderson's stunning "River's Edge." The CD is 21 minutes shorter than the LP. A solid addition to the work of a wide-ranging, intriguing musician. (Reckless Records, 1401 Haight Street, San Francisco, CA 94117)—Lang Thompson

LEAD INTO GOLD: Age of Reason LP

Paul Barker, (a.k.a. the other half of Ministry) demonstrates on his first full length LP that Jourgensen is the talent and Barker the session man. Judging by the plodding nature of this LP, it is highly suggested that Mr. Barker not quit his job as Ministry's bassist. The album consists of four industrial dance numbers and four sombre electronic dirges. The common factors that downgrade all the pieces on this recording are mundane arrangements and a singing voice so remarkably off-key that not even the distortion treatment it has received can conceal the fact. The one song that is well conceived is, not surprisingly, the only one co-written by Jourgensen, "A Giant on Earth." Its driving dance rhythms, steady bass line and synthetic horn section create a very effective sense of suspense. One can even overlook the singing. The remainder, however, are not salvageable. (Wax Trax Records Label, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Michael Mahan

LIQUID JESUS: Live CD

Banal? "Take my advice don't think twice." (Liquid) Jesus! 70's-based twin guitar overkill of West Coast sextet sours under the glam-metal vocal inflections and turgid melodies. To be fair, the band packs a sonic punch that rivals NW counterparts, but I can't get over the feeling this is a mutant cross of Rush and Poison. Histrionic as most live albums, sympathetic studio production might trim the excesses and produce a killer. Then again, it might not. (Triple X Records, 6715 Hollywood Blvd #284, Hollywood, CA 90028)—Peter Leavitt

LORD LITTER: Another Dark Night C

This time, Lord L. applies his bright, jovial pop sounds to some bright and bouncy covers— including two Status Quo covers, one version of "In The Hut Of The Backyard Lord" (sic) by Edvard Grieg, and a rewritten "Morning Has Broken"— the liner notes mention "poor old Cat Stevens— another religious victim." Original tunes, such as "Why Is The World So Grey" and "Another Dark Night" show a lyrical and melodic side to Lord Litter's oeuvre. In stark contrast to a liner note on his "No More Rock & Roll" K7 where he said he didn't care about proper tunings and "just kept on vomiting," this tape has some decidedly folk influenced moments. Mostly, it's mid-tempo rock, great fun-time tunes by a talented muzickal artist. (Out of the Blue, Pariser Str. 63A, 1000 Berlin 15, W. GERMANY)—Dan Fioretti

LUSH: Mad Love LP

Currently, U.K. guitar bands are dominated by three flavors: 'baggy'-dance (Stone Roses, Inspiral Carpets, Happy Mondays), 'Raggle-Taggle' (Hothouse Flowers, Power of Dreams), and oil-on-sandpaper melodicism (Valentines, Ride, Telescopes). Lush virtually defines the last category. Less wah-wah laden than other groups, Lush's Mad Love shears fat slabs off sock with shards of aseptic guitar noise while leaving room for their submerged Abba tendencies. The fact that both guitarists Miki Berenyi and Emma Anderson write one song in each style suggests Lush will have staying power. This EP is ripe with promise but it's over too

soon, with just 3 new tunes. Be astounded. (4 AD US, 611 Broadway #311, New York, NY 10012)—Peter Leavitt

MARSHMALLOW OVERCOAT:

Beverly Pepper LP

Choosing the Strawberry Alarm Clock as a stylistic model may not seem like an auspicious point of departure, but glittering raga rock guitar and sharp hooks lend the Marshmallow Overcoat greater appeal than you'd expect of a psychedelic bubblegum band. The problem is that Tim Gassen's limited vocal range doesn't approach the technical standards associated with sixties pop singing, and his portentous mutterings tend to blow the raspberry incense-tinged atmosphere generated by the bright, catchy instrumentation. (Skyklad Records, Inc., 6 Valleybrook Dr., Middlesex, NJ 08846)—Michael Draine

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO: Dog Star Man EP

Meat Beat Manifesto is an angst-laden white rap group whose harsh instrumentation goes far beyond almost anything else in this genre. Their music is dense, with more rhythms and percussion lines than most ears or speakers can digest. They utilize distortion as a musical method, to the point where it appears that one of the keyboard solos on this release is composed of sampled radio static. Elsewhere, sampled guitars, percussions, and electronic rhythms literally rage against each other: a terrorizing onslaught set to a relentless hip-hop dance beat. As with most rap, the weakness is in the vocal style. The chants here are generally screamed rather than "rapped" in the conventional singsong method. Any hopes at understanding what is being said are instantly lost. If you can overlook the vocals, the instrumentation on this EP is technically fascinating and gratifying, and fortunately constitutes the majority of the time each piece lasts. This aspect of the recording is well worth enduring the rap sequences for. (Wax Trax Records Label, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Michael C. Mahan

MINIMUM VITAL: Les Saisons Marines CD

There appears to be a rebirth in the genre of progressive rock in Europe, and Musea is the label at the forefront. Minimum Vital is a French band whose music recalls the glory days of progressive art/classical rock, with complex arrangements, lyrical guitar solos, full-bodied synthesizer textures, powerhouse drumming and solid bass lines. Their music falls between the likes of Genesis and fusion jazz. The vocals are an area of weakness of which Minimum Vital must be aware, as they resort to singing on only a couple of occasions. One exception is a vocalised passage wherein the guitarist sings, doubling his own solo; very nicely done. (Musea, 68 La Tinchotte, 57117 Retonfey, France)—Dean Suzuki

MUSSOLINI HEADKICK:

Themes for Violent Retribution LP

Belgium's music scene has offered the world an amazing array of new artists, and must be recognized as one of the world's hottest spots for new sounds and talent. Out of this creative cauldron comes the dark music of Mussolini Headkick, light-heartedly named after the public mutilation of Il Duce's corpse. Headkick owes a great deal to Ministry, whose danceable electronic and slash guitar mutations appear to have been the inspiration for a large portion of this band's music. The Headkick do a very good job in this area, presenting six pieces of doom and dance that effectively combine suspense and movement. They rely upon electronics for their beat and rhythm, but two bass guitars form their bottom and their guitar's wailing has a distinct "Hendrix in Hell" appeal. Singer John Butcher has a low threatening

voice, which he prefers to electronically distort to varying degrees. Other pieces feature voices sampled from radio or television to complement the singer or as solo instruments themselves. (Wax Trax Records Label, 1659 N. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60647)—Michael C. Mahan

NEIGHBORHOOD TEXTURE

JAM: Funeral Mountain CD

These guys are way cool. The opening song, "Borax Factory," is an ode to romance that tears out your jugular and spits it back in your face for laughs. One of the great things about this thrashing bunch is that besides the mandatory bass, drums, couple guitars and singer, they have several people credited with playing "texture," which sounds something like what Allen Ravenstein does for Pere Ubu, and something like musique concrete, and a bit like Einstürzende Neubauten. Is that clear? Anyway, there's a psychotic energy here that's a little reminiscent of *Fresh Fruit* period Dead Kennedy's. It's sick, funny, twisted, and it's even recorded completely digitally, although there's a bit of nasty distortion in places which is either sloppy engineering or my brain dissolving from ecstasy overload. My favorite lyric is "The Big Johnson," about being a cellmate with a gentleman who's smashed out your teeth to make a nice smooth ride for his...well, if you don't know, I'm not gonna spoil it for ya! As an extra bonus, the disc sleeve has some very bizarre photographic embellishments. I highly recommend these maniacs for your mind-melting leisure consumption. (Feral-ette Records, 2012 West End Avenue, Nashville, TN 37203)—Ed Blomquist

NO ALTERNATIVE/ LIFELINE EP

No Alternative's early punk style ages very well (they've been around since 1977). This San Francisco trio plays basic three chord rave-ups reminiscent of the Ramones, Dead-boys and X. Even though so many bands have played these very same chord progressions, No Alternative still makes songs like "Meathouse" (grunge rock with horror movie scenario) sound fresh. Lifeline plays a kind of Motley Halen style of punk-n-roll, with metal guitar licks, clean production, and an emphasis on leather. This is brought to you by Paul Rat. (Beach Recordings, 237 Page St., San Francisco, CA 94102 415-553-8633)—Christopher Carstens

NOMEANSNO: Wrong LP

Working under the guise of a hardcore band, this Vancouver trio has produced the equivalent of a "Rubber Soul" in their scheme of development. They've got all the speed, abrasion, and angst of the best punk bands, but they continue to go beyond HC without degenerating into one of its miserable offshoots. Some have even termed them "progressive punk." The hyper funk beats and disjointed rhythms call to mind other "progressive" bands like Gang of Four, Wire, and the Minutemen. The alternating tempos of each song and an ominous sense of dread contribute to the album's feeling of completeness. Very tight, superior playing — this one smokes. "Be strong, be wrong!" (Alternative Tentacles, POB 11458, San Francisco, CA 94101 415 541 5305)—Christopher Carstens

NYLON, JUDY: Pal Judy C

Once upon a time, back in high school, I heard this really cool version of "Jailhouse Rock" on the "Rodney on the Roq" show and, unfortunately, Rodney never announced who the band was. I was bummed. Oh, well. Until now...about 8 years later and hey! here is that song on this *Pal Judy* cassette. I'm amazed. *Pal Judy*...Judy Nylon with her cool deep vocals and producer Adrian Sherwood. It's this sorta new wave—stripped down—at times minimalist dub. Even though recorded in 1980 it doesn't sound out of

date. *Pal Judy* sounds refreshing, different, danceable and simply layered with sound. This tape is also a reissue of an album released in 1982 and yep, it's darned cool music! (Roir, 611 Broadway # 411, New York, NY 10012 212-477-0563)—Carrie McNinch

PSY 231: Art Decade C

You know, when I snapped open the case of this colorful package, I never expected the wildly varying tunage contained on this tape to escape forever unchecked into my living space. Every time I go home now, I have to scrape a wild guitar string off the ceiling or sweep up a pile of broken synth keys scattered about the place. Ever since I played this damn tape, I keep seeing the speaker elements make faces at me from the corner of my eye, only to have them freeze into normalcy when I look them in the tweeter. There is this opening song, which I kind of grooved to, called "Rock Till We Shock" that sounds like the Sunshine Band finally got fed up and is now strapping KC to the disco electric chair for crimes against humanity. (WHERE is the video?) I mean, Gawd, if only disco sounded like this in the first place! "Man Without a Face" has some mildly insipid lyrics, set to some wonderfully minimal rhythmic electronics which might better have been left instrumental. PSY 231 also have attained the dubious achievement of outweirding Devo with "(Are we not) PSY 231!" Are we not chimps? PSY2-3-11 Incredible Chadbourne-esque closure to that one, Yowl Oh, there it goes, it changes rhythm dramatically, but those synth lines stick around, those noxious fumes-like notes that float like plasma, and look beautiful til you get too close and it's too late. This "Space Lullabye" causes Sleep Apnia, so turn it off before you turn in. New here it is; I've been waiting for almost an hour to see what they've done with Virgin Prunes; "Sweet Home Under White Clouds". A noble and moderately successful attempt, but messing with perfection is a rough trade (ahem)... I mean, jeez-louise, Gavin himself doesn't sound like he could pull that one off anymore. Yes, there is a lot of intrepidity in the cover tunes on this tape, but PSY 231's version of "Paint It Black" is possibly the most creative adaptation of anything I've ever heard. The melody line is arranged a la Brahms violin concerto, and the sitar/guitar arrangement is sacked altogether. This is the most refreshing version of the tune since the Stones' "stereo" remix came out and I tried listening to it through alternate single channels. OK, OK, their original tunes are key, too. Hmmm, it says that this is the fourth release of PSY 231, mail collaborations between Psychones and Pierre Jolivet of Pacific 231. Time to search out I, II, and III. But for now, I think I'll use "Chaos in Hometown" for a radio spot—my ultimate compliment—"don't think and drive", maybe. Perfect. (Ladd-Friith, POB 967, Eureka, CA 95502)—John Collegio

PURE JOY: Carnivore LP

Hard rockin' pop sensibilities that threaten to go bland but never do. The fact that this record improves with repeated listenings gives credit to a trio that is tight, but not pretentious, and some excellent production by Chris Hanzsek, Ross Harney and the band. Rusty Willoughby's guitar and voice should become a trademark. If this band is as young as their cover photo looks, Pure Joy has a long career of good music ahead. (Poploma Products, POB 95364, Seattle, WA 98145)—Robert Wire

RAUNCH HANDS: Have a Swlg LP

The Raunch Hands are the Bar Band to end all Bar Bands; they can drag themselves through a gutter full of blues grunge, or they can rock hard on up to the bar for the next round o'hooch. So's they can play the last set, but what's this, the asshole that owns the place is tellin' 'em to turn it

down. As he walks back to his office they just shoot him the finger. Turn it up and rock like fuck! (Crypt Records, POB 9151, Morristown, NJ 07960)—Brian Curley

REPTILE: Fame and Fossils LP

Iceland's Reptile, on their debut LP, present us with a fine selection of folk rock songs with strong jazz overtones. The folk, in this case, are not the bland contemporary styles, but are the Scandinavian and eastern melodies that rarely make their way to American shores. Reptile sounds like a cross between Finland's jazz/rock/folk fusion masters, Pär-pauke, and America's favorite pop crazies, the B-52s. Throw in an occasional taste of the avant-garde and melody/time signature changes that are so frequent that a three minute song sounds like seven rolled into one, and you've a rough idea of what this quirky quintet sound like. Bizarre, with one hell of a sense of humor. Reptile, as you can imagine, defies easy classification. Even within a single song they step wildly amongst the genres. Their constant use of sax gives most songs a pervasive jazz feel (although they occasionally use this instrument's silly side to yield a Bonzo Dog Band sound), and their violin/guitar and occasional banjo work bounces them continually between folk and pop. Their frequent instrumental breaks take off from the original songs, warping their way through hard rock and free-form jazz, then smashing their way across the rough terrain of the avant-garde. It would not be totally correct to place them in the fusion Rock-in- Opposition camp, but they are close to it, in their own light-hearted way. (Bad Taste Ltd., 660 Bryant St, San Francisco, CA 94107 415-243-9184)—Michael Mahan

RIPCORDZ: Ripcordz Are Go! LP

Uptempo garage music from the editor of Canada's Rear Grade magazine. Pretty much the sloppy mix of fuzz-guitars and vocal growls one would expect from a trio that cranks through 14 tracks including "Elvis Death Cult", "Punk Rock'll Change the World" and a cover of "Some Enchanted Evening". (OG Records, POB 182 Station F, Montreal, Quebec, CANADA H3J 2L1)—Robert Wire

RUDER THAN YOU: Take This! C

Rude boys indeed! Ruder Than You has made their mark as a bunch of ska rockin' guys with more energy than the average nuclear reactor. A typical show is funky, fun and features tight playing along with catchy originals, and their first tape captures that energy. Production is crisp, and features a nice fat horn sound along with driving bass and sharp drums. There is some studio trickery—delay, panning solos etc., but it seems to all be in fun, and doesn't distract from the overall sound. If you like your ska with a tougher edge, a little more fuzz on the guitar, a little nastier horn sound, and a bit more balls to the vocals take this tape from Ruder Than You. (Ruder Than You, 243 E. Prospect Ave., State College, PA 16801)—Kevin Slick

SAMIAM: Samiam LP

Pop neo-punkcore music from the shores of the East Bay, Samiam presents a pastiche of time-worn and time-tested, but still hooky, guitar-dominant cliches, interwoven with garage-thrash phrases ranging from the sophisticated to the sophomoric. In other words, not too deep, but occasionally entertaining. (New Red Archives, 802 Colusa, Berkeley, CA 94707)—Lori Higa

SCORN: Scorn '88 C

Beat box Brit-punk on some tracks, Beastie Boys-style white rap on others. Other styles as well. Consistent throughout is a left wing, autonomist, British anarchist perspective like Chumbawamba used to exhibit. "Radical Drum

Machines" is a great track, though little more than the title suggests. Another track, "Kronstadt Levelled To Make Way For Chainstore Fashion" is in an English folk style, while "We Don't Have To Take It" is strictly garage punk in the mold of other British bands. "Hop 'Till Ya Hip" is great for those of us who love rap but don't go for the sexism you often find in the genre. If you find Hip-Hop and other new urban diseases exciting, but also like the stuff that came out on Crass Records and other similar labels in the UK a few years ago, go for this one! (Scorn, Top Flat, 5 Wingate Rd., Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, ENGLAND NE4 9BP)—Mark Casner

SHAKERS: Songs From Beneath the Lake LP

Fluffy, soft and sweet with creamy whipped filling. The Shakers, however, rise above your average Twinkie music — influences range from bluegrass, folk, medieval chants, and melodies that remind me of church hymns. This gentle music, made all the more lulling by the generous use of mandolin, acoustic guitars, and fiddle is guided by a sigh-like female voice. There also are elements which I can't verbally identify that would put this in a 'new music' category. One surprising high point is the cover of Led Zeppelin's "The Rain Song" — seems like an obvious, gimmicky ploy to pretty up that, but this version works wonders — capturing the haunting qualities of the original while weaving it into an entirely original arrangement of breathtaking beauty. Granted, this is dreamy head in the clouds music, and if you're the type who looks for bones in your angel food cake this isn't for you, but if the word nice doesn't make you squirm, try this on. (Caryl Records, 1217 16th Ave So, Nashville, TN 37212 615-327-8129)—Andy Waltzer

SHEEHAN, STEPHEN:

Eyes of the Wilderness LP

This founding member of the group Digital Sex has come out with an LP full of progressive, often dark, sometimes gothic and distinctly European-flavored rock. At times, I can almost hear the guiding hands of such popular acts as, Yes, King Crimson, with a nod toward Depeche Mode, Flock of Seagulls and other acts of that ilk. Everything here is polished and squeaky-clean. I'm sure there are many who'll welcome a fresh batch of this sort of music and, if so, this will fit the bill. (New Rose, 7 rue Pierre Sarrazin 75006, Paris, France)—Mick Mather

SNOWBUD AND THE FLOWER PEOPLE:

Complete Works C-90

When I first started listening to this I thought, "Come on give me a break, a double concept album about marijuana!" I mean, a good song or two about the wonders of herbs will usually suffice anyone for a week or two. But no, some freaks up in Portland find it necessary to sing, for an hour and a half, anthems to mild psychotropic experiences and related folklore. I had to give the dual-length cassette a closer listen being as SnowBud and the Flower People are composed of a few members from Napalm Beach, one of my all time quintessential hard rockin' party bands. Stripped of the lyrical content, Snowbud's Complete Works is essential 60's style psychedelic hard rock. Breaking no new ground, but doing full original justice to the more convincing musical archetypes catalyzed in the late sixties, including Mountain and Jeff Beck. They juxtapose hard racing rock against occasional hypnotic and lyrical pieces. Now and again Snowbud references more recent rock history with thrusts of punk and heavy metal. It's easy to imagine a groups like Snowbud and Napalm Beach churning out nothing but trashy nostalgia. But these cats are very sincere, the portraits of human existence they paint in their lyrics are anything but uncommon in the present day. Songs like "Speed Freak"

"Mainline", and "Hitchin' in the Nude" reflect the down side of living in the chemical age, while "Bong Hit", "Black Congo", "Blue Hawaiian" howl with humor about the blue collar joys of getting high. It is curious that Snowbud, in these days of "just pretend to be stupid" mustered the audacity to illustrate the lifestyle and dreams of the marijuana subculture in song. This in itself is a poetic act but one that might gain more credence if the music made it certain that this cause isn't a nostalgia trip. (Flying Heart, 4026 NE 12th Ave., Portland, OR 97212 503-287-8045)—Darrell Jonsson

SOCIETY GONE MADDI:

What Do You Care? LP

Society has gone mad! Visions of NOTA, old Social Distortion, MDC! Uncorrupted early eighties hardcore No metal influenced Snarling, spike-headed punks on the cover! Tight playing! The ubiquitous crunch guitar! Introspective lyrics revealing adolescent alienation ("Age & Experience")! Anger directed at prejudice, religious fundamentalists, the status quo! Confused politics ("Desegregate, but don't overdo it/so it ends up in reverse discrimination")! Social studies ("Different ways of living/which way is right?")! Metaphysics ("A Supreme being/is there such a thing?")! Cryptic punk acronyms (VIABLE UTTERANCE?)! "What do you fucking care?!" (VIABLE UTTERANCE RECORDS, POB 4191, BURBANK, CA 91503 818-566-8772)—Christopher Carstens

STAINED GLASS: Stained Glass C

Stained Glass is the solo project of Cheryl Leonard who does all the vocals as well as plays guitar, bass, percussion, flute, recorder, laundry basket (!) and other odds and ends. The one-woman approach, especially the buried-in-the-mix vocals, recall a more unpolished and primitive Debbie Jaffe, though with Stained Glass the instrumentation relies more on the electric guitar than the processed keyboards of MSR/Debbie Jaffe. This is moody, dreamy jam-rock; lyrics sung/spoken while the guitar solos over everything. The sound of the guitar rarely varies, making each track which otherwise might be entirely unique, sound similar. Leonard will no doubt overcome such a minor problem on subsequent releases. (Stained Glass Music, POB 1490 Hampshire Col., Amherst, MA 01002)—John E

STEWART, DAVE; BARBARA GASKIN:

The Big Idea CD

Lavish sounds, rich production...found sounds, voices, ambient weaving their way through the music. This could be a film score — for a good film, that is. It features a rap version of Dylan's "Subterranean Homesick Blues"—which ranks as one of the greatest Dylan covers ever. In fact, the radio programmers who subscribe to the "classic rock" way of life, should be locked in a room with this tune playing over and over. The Big Idea is packed with keyboard samples, drum samples, guitar samples...all the sounds you might hear on a top-40 song, except none of these songs are heading for top 40...there are too many interesting sounds, too many interesting words for top-40 radio. This is what pop music could be. The music is well-crafted and has a fresh feeling, slightly improv. This is music for an open-minded listener...if you are turned off by the thought of a drum machine of synth...stay clear...if you can appreciate a wide range of sounds creatively and playfully assembled on to one recording, you get *The Big Idea*. (Broken Records, POB 2556, Chino, CA 91708)—Kevin Slick

STRAWBERRY ZOTS:

Cars Flowers Telephones CD

Psychedelic? With a name like Strawberry Zots, what do you think? While the spirit is undeniably paisley, the sound

has been filtered nicely through the 1980's. I hear a touch of Iron Butterfly or maybe *Head-era* Monkees... But then, weren't Iron Butterfly and the Monkees the same band? Or is Strawberry Zots the same band as the Monkees and Iron Butterfly used to be? (Acid Test Records, POB 21788, Albuquerque, NM 87154)—Kevin Slick

SWAMP ZOMBIES:

Scratch and Sniff Car Crash CD

I know these guys are going to hate me for saying this, but they sound like the Dead Milkmen with some early Talking Heads and Mojo Nixon thrown in. They have one basic formula they use for almost every song; harmonize folk-singer style for a few lines and then shout a few lines and then back to folk. It works for a few songs like "Creeps" and "Love Crash" but it gets tiresome after 14 songs. They are good at what they call "post-punk-modern-alternative-folk-rock", but it all ends up sounding the same. I'll give them credit for doing a cover of Public Enemy's "Fight the Power", but I think somebody's wasting their time and money with a scratch and sniff cover (it smells like rubber and fumes). (Doctor Dream Records, 60 Plaza Square, Orange, CA 92666 (714) 997-9387)—John Krinow

TANGLE EDGE: In Search for a New Dawn LP

This record, will satisfy those questing to discover new psychedelic, progressive and/or space rock. Based around the core duo of Hasse Horrigmoe (bass, acoustic 12-string, keyboards) and Ronald Nygard (guitars, keyboards), this Norwegian group presents a complete package, with a colorful gatefold cover, replete with spacey, psychedelic art featuring an Egyptian birdman playing a guitar whose body is an extinct pre-historic life form. There's a mystical photomontage on the back blending antiquity and the cosmos. The music combines the aforementioned rock styles, with some wild guitar histrionics, including wah-wah chords and solos, backwards solos, heavy fuzz on tracks including the 15-minute magnum opus, "Solorgy." More than enough to appease the most obsessive guitar fanatic. One can detect the influence of Robert Fripp in the sustained guitar tones of "The Centipede's Tune." Some of the acoustic numbers, with their Middle Easternisms, invoke Popol Vuh and the host of '60s and early '70s raga rock bands. One can detect a plethora of influences ranging from Hawkwind and Amon Duul II, to the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane, to Pink Floyd and much more. (Mushroom Productions, Seibanesgate 19A, 8500 Narvik, NORWAY)—Dean Suzuki

THE DEATH FOLK: Deathfolk LP

This here album is comprised of folk/acoustic (okay...and an electric number or two) ditties by a guy from Celebrity Skin (Gary Jacoby) and a guy that was in L.A.'s punk rock legends The Germs (Pat Ruthensmear). I don't know. The sound is similar to the folk records my dad listened to when I was a kid and also has a strong dose of Bowie and Queen ('39' is covered on this LP). The sound is predominately acoustic guitar with both guys singing. I suppose one needs to be a big fan of the folk genre or of these guys Gary and Pat to really get into this. Although this isn't bad, and it's listenable, it just doesn't grip me. (New Alliance Records, POB 1389, Lawndale, CA 90260)—Carrie McNinch

THE FAITH DEALERS: Big Busty Beauties LP

"My Gerbil's Dead" and "Hot Rod" are the standout tracks for me on this one — not that the jokes don't wear a little thin after a few spins. Basically, it's a post-hardcore (relatively) high-energy college rock style that they're playing here, but the main thrust seems to be in the lyrical content (well, maybe not, because vocals are not always right up front or 100% intelligible). "Who Taught You To Talk Like



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That?" should go down well at the frat house with its goofy thumpa-thumpa style. Nothing new here, but that's OK, Captain. So check it out, maybe your town can be "Terror Town" someday, just don't expect any subtlety, cause you won't get it. On the other hand, it's all quite listenable, so if I was doing a radio show, I'd reach for one of these tracks, for sure. (Limited Potential Records, POB 268586, Chicago, IL 60626)—Mark Casner

THOMAS, PAT:

It's a Long, Long Way to Omaha, Nebraska LP

This collection of ten songs relies mostly on folksy, minor key acoustic guitar strumming, fleshed out with very nice arrangements including banjo, piano, violin, harmonica, accordion and electric guitar. Pat's singing is very loosely in the Dylan/Lou Reed tradition (i.e., more reliant on expressive quality than actually hitting notes.) I find his most effective moments are on the bluesy "Dear Miss Richards" and the countrified "Hard Boozing Woman" as opposed to the more straight-ahead plaintive folk stuff. Barbara Manning's guest vocal on one song makes me wish we'd heard a lot from her. The presence of both her and Chris Cacavas plus the fact that Pat was in Absolute Grey gave me higher hopes for this. If either the singing or the words were a little stronger, one could have earned the other. (Heyday Records, POB 411332, San Francisco, CA 94141)—Bob Bannister

THUNDERBOX: This Rainy Season C

According to the notes, this is the second cassette release from brothers Steve and Puppy Rogers. The Brothers Rogers handle all the instruments, and they produce a superb pop sound from their four-track. The guitars and basses are played competently, but unobtrusively, so that the overall moodiness of the three songs is the key feature here. The brothers' voices blend nicely on their visually oriented ("the sky lights up with silent silver flare.") lyrics. These two guys are "always looking for gigs anywhere" with their tape machine. They've put a lot of thought into their arrangements and direction, and this very accessible tape, sounding as great as it does, should help them reach the wider audience they're after. I'd like to hear more. (Pummel Productions, The Basement, 14 Belgrave Pl., Brighton, BN2 1EL ENGLAND)—Eric Muhs

TRANCE: The Beaten Track C

This is not only music, this is an attitude, a motif, a culture. Expect poor fidelity and perhaps simple musicianship, but a few good ideas, themes and variations, some more developed than others. Most of this is highly stylized in the Laibach/In The Nursery school, with wash synth tracks, and marches, rituals and commanding vocals, while Skinny Puppy drop in to influence a track or two. I also hear an influence from the Sleep Chamber contingency in their use of hypnotic rhythm structures and eerie synth lines. Their use of rhythms, sampled or otherwise rendered, remains the most interesting feature of this tape, sticking true to the bourgeois late 80's interpretation of "industrial music". The Sleep Chamber similarity rings true most markedly in the track "Desire", where the vocalist, my mind's eye envisioning a leather-clad, incense burning leviathan-with-a-guitar, coos "I must possess you" in a style strikingly similar to McSweeney's undulations on the "Synthetic Woman" EP from years ago. There is some decent guitar work strewn about here and there, but too frequently the magic gets buried by cliché and a distinct lack of direction, particularly in "Crash", where they traverse the thick, nebulous border zone from "good" chaos into "bad". Although this tape is certainly fun, well performed and pleasing to look at with a package well complementing the music, the problem is that there seems to be too much influence at work and not

enough original application of them. (Chamel House Productions, 135 Divisadero, San Francisco, CA 94117)—John Collegio

TWO SMALL BODIES: North 421 LP

I was just thinking not too long ago that there doesn't seem to be any powerpop bands with an edge anymore. Well, here's one with enough roughness to break away from the pack. I really like this. (Hit a Note Records, POB 25834, Lexington, KY 40524-5834)—John Krinov

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tantrum Compilation LP

A wild and current cross-section of garage bands including Celebrity Skin, Pigmy Love Circus, and Spiderbaby. L7's hard rocking and Tony Gilkyson's country-flavored "Wedding Day" keep the album from frying into complete psychedelia. Instigators and Frighthwig both turn in manic punk performances bringing to mind the late 1970's (for better or for worse). Overall a safe bet and a good compilation, but nothing too new. (Cocktail Records, 842 Folsom St #101, San Francisco, CA 94107 818-810-2954)—Robert Wirt

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Stimme Des Volkes LP

A surprisingly good compilation of European bands on what looks to be a promising label. Heavy hitters here are the English industrial dubmasters Bourbonese Qualk and the eerie musics of France's Human Flesh. Everyone else is from the underground scene in Dusseldorf, Germany, and you get a fairly diverse sampling. Performance poetess Dino Oon, with a voice like Cosey Fanni Tutti and quirky synth backup like Tara Cross, is just the beginning. There are Big City Orchestral samples/tapes by Seventh Day, Neubauten industrialists Mynox Layh, and the a:Grumh-ish synthbeat of Konrad Kraft. Dark rock makes appearances in the form of Deux Baleines Blanches (reminiscent of Crime & the City Solution) and the Sons of Care, who cop a bit too much off early Cure. Sensitive Nick Cave-meets-They Might Be Giants songwriters Red Ant Feet round things off with some plucky guitar. All in all, a satisfying sampler that makes me want to hear more from almost all of the bands. (SDV Tontrager, Zimmerstr. 5, 4000 Dusseldorf, W. GERMANY)—Manny Theiner

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Another Pyrrhic Victory: The Only Compilation of Dead Seattle God Bands LP

This is a Sub Pop record in everything but name and label. Two of the five defunct bands featured on this compilation eventually splintered into Sub Pop outfits; the legendary Green River begat Mudhoney (and major label dudes Mother Love Bone) while H-Hour featured drummer Tad Doyle, who later picked up the guitar, formed TAD in his own image and became Seattle's psycho-metal answer to Leslie West. In addition, the other three combos here—Malfunkshun, My Eye and 64 Spiders—are all up to their earlobes in the new amphetamine-fuzz shriek that has become Sub Pop's and post-punk Seattle's, trademark. Of the two Green River tracks, "Bazaar" is a killer variation on futurist Zeppelin a la Presence dosed with naked Stooges aggro. (The other one is simply dopey, the traditional Christmas carol "Away in a Manger" treated with drunken punk scorn.) H-Hour's "Medley" is the closest thing here to "classic" Seventies heavy metal, arty riff-o-rama that sounds like a smarter Black Sabbath. Although Malfunkshun and 64 Spiders both simulate guitar apocalypse with impressive results, the best of the rest is the mysterious and short-lived My Eye, whose two tracks "Harder Trust" and "Gets That Way" ripple with a dark hypnotic tension that would have made them Sub Pop heroes if they'd stuck around a little longer. (C/Z Records, 1407 E. Madison #41, Seattle, WA 98122)—David Fricke

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Badger-A-Go-Go Compilation LP

I agonized for several minutes in a local store about whether to buy this LP. After all, it has unreleased goodies from F/i, Boy Dirt Car, and Couch Flambeau. Unfortunately, I opted for something more immediately gratifying, like the new Les Thugs. Now that it's come to my door, I can see why Wisconsin cheese-biters might want this LP, but it's mainly for completists as far as the rest of the human race. The tracks by the above mentioned fave bands are prime, but Die Kreuzen's original version of "Season's Wither" isn't as dense as the one on their "Gone Away" EP. The album also features a decent Chadbourne send-up of "Blood on the Saddle" by Brian Ritchie and the Ghostly Trio (in lieu of a Femmes appearance) and some throbbin' punky bursts from Appliances SFB, whose vocalist sounds a tad like H.R. I sure hope the dude who put this out comes through on his promise for a Badger Vol. 2, 'cause he missed Tar Babies, Killdozer, Liz & Miekal, Poopshovel, and other Wisconsin legends I'd like to be reminded about. (Atomic Records, 1813 E. Locust, Milwaukee, WI 53208)—Manny Theiner

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Charlie Manson Street Compilation LP

Listening to this Austin comp, it's easy to understand how that city can produce a Butthole Surfers or a Nice Strong Arm. However, the groups on this LP don't quite measure up to those high standards. Most Successful are the noisy, throbbing tracks from Ed Hall. Some songs from their Albert LP are here, but with vocals from original singer Andrew Colvin. IV Culture do some enjoyable funny/artsy spoken word and guitar/drumbox ditties. On the down side, Queen Penis and Squal Thrust do second-rate Butthole impressions. But if you're an Ed Hall fan, this record is worth it for their tunes. (MD Records, 737 33rd Ave., Seattle, WA 98122)—Manny Theiner

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Distant Purple Majesty, Vol. 1 C

Archival selections from all over, from a lot of different years, covering surprising territory and giving us highly obscure musics. Devo from 1974?!? Yes! A rare demo, "I.O. of 37," plus a later live cut from Feb. '77 of "Hu-Boon Stomp" from The Crypt, Akron. Also included is a rare 45 by Poli Styrene Jass Band from Mustard Records c.1975, Peter Laughner live in '76, and radio concert in '75. Personally, I appreciated the Pere Ubu toonz from 1977—surprisingly good quality, too. Also Tin Huey's "The 59th Street Desert Clowns" from 1973, plus another demo c.74, as well as an untitled Keith Busch piece from 1974 were particularly exciting, too. Overall, the selection, sequencing and all like that there make this an excellent comp, especially with inclusion of such unlikely archival candidates as Human Switchboard and Rocket From The Tombs! All this for sending a blank C90 plus 65 cents?!? (four tapes per address limit.) (Incredible Backlog, POB 7606, Akron, OH 44306)—Dan Fioretti

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Requiem for the Americas CD

I hate to bust on a release whose profits are allocated toward Save the Children, but this big budget production featuring the voices of Jon Anderson, Toni Childs, John Waite, Grace Jones, and famous corpse Jim Morrison rests so snugly within the conventions of mainstream rock that I can't imagine many Sound Choice readers finding it of interest. The sound alternates between a slick variation on Peter Gabriel's tribal electronic stylings and Alan Parsons Project-type softrock. There's almost no point in raising aesthetic

criticisms in reference to this vague but evocative homage to Native American culture, as any major non-commercial decisions would have imperiled its fund-raising function. (Enigma, POB 3628, Culver City, CA 90231)—Michael Draine

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Squares Blot Out the Sun LP

This is a miscellany of independent single B-sides, live recordings and out-takes, some dating as far back as 1979, but all from artists associated over the years with the DB label: groups like the Brains, the Swimming Pool Qs, the Fans and Pylon. But these are far from castoffs and leftovers: there're some true gems here, such as Jack Heard's techno-cover (with Thomas Dolby and David Gamble) of "Sex Machine;" Tim Lee's folksy "Talked About It;" and Pylon's Link Wray-ish instrumental beer keg anthem "Party Zone." And that's just on side one. Side two has the Skeeters doing the theme from "High Noon"—at least what it would've sounded like had the film starred Dennis Hopper—and Jack Heard's wacky "Burnin' Love." This could be re-titled "Greatest Unknown Hits of the '80s" if it were marketed by K-tel. Buy it: it's pure fun. (DB Recs, 432 Moreland Ave N.E., Atlanta, GA 30307 404-521-3008)—John Baxter

WALDO THE DOG FACED BOY:

Gifts of Finest Wheat LP

Waldo the Dog Faced Boy engage in rock-jazz-new music genre hopping sort of like Universal Congress Of, but more like when those guys were in Saccharine Trust and more still like a merger of Saccharine Trust and Fourwaycross (female voice and occasional flute are the "motif" for that comparison). There's a wealth of non-cliched good ideas here and a really unique sensibility. It makes me hope there's a whole slew of cool L.A. groups awaiting wider recognition,

but I doubt it - bands this good just don't come along that often. Over various percussion, bass and freaked out guitar, Mary Ellen Mason's voice keens like Grace Slick in some psychedelic banshee 4 a.m. Fillmore jam that never happened with trombone, sax, violin and piano added to create a timbral kaleidoscope. (Waldo Int. Network, POB 26811, Los Angeles, CA 90026)—Bob Bannister

WHERE I BELONG: Where I Belong C

Eccentric guitar-oriented toonz, mostly instrumental, some with sampling, some vocal pieces. Most are under 1 1/2 minutes, 21 pieces are less than a minute—there are a lot of toonz here. Toonz written and performed by Timothy Noe, G. Don Trubey and Michael Citlin, usually based on some eccentric and repetitive fundamental, over "hich some eccentric and incongruent vocal sample is added. "I wear a bra every day," an obviously teenage female voice says. And she still has it on! "That's saying a lot for me, for me to have it on." Thanks for sharing that. The tape's a fun bit o' muzickal merriment and whimsy, with slightly unusual rhythmic structures pitted against odd instrumental lead parts, in a minimalist/deconstructivist pop vein, with a heavy dose of irony. Imagine if Rembrandt or Van Gogh had learned to play guitar and fronted a band with Pee Wee Herman. There are some "serious" guitar pieces, which is a nice touch. (Interim Music, POB 1301 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)—Dan Fioretti

WIG: Lying Next To You LP

To Wig or not to Wig... this is the kind of music that makes you want to vomit or do heroin. At very least, it provides a reasonable facsimile of the experience. No fuss, no muss. A band with a history that illuminates its enigmatic origins, Wig's two founding members met in an insane asylum in

West Virginia and met up with the other two at the Holy Light Church of Deliverance in Rodman, OK. Sound good so far? Now working out of Ann Arbor and affiliated with the Laughing Hyenas, Wig puts pedal to metal making records that meet my minimum daily requirement for dreamy, anhedonic, Dostoevskian incantations full of swirling sturm and drang angst. Thoughts that come to mind: hallucinogenic, gloomy, doomy, moldy, moody, black, dark, cemetery. Who needs music that makes you want to slit your wrists? But when given a chance, Wig, like good lovemaking, therapy or a religious experience, works to save your soul. Wig's aural atonal onslaught is delivered with a certain sledgehammer charm, underscored by the sustained severity of acid-washed guitars, and agonizing indecipherable vocals that evoke pictures of Edvard Munch's *The Scream*. (Nocturnal Records, POB 19550, Detroit, MI 48219)—Reiko Higa

YO LA TENGO: Fakebook CD

I love this disc. Yo La Tengo is four good folks from Hoboken, three men and a lady, and they play wonderfully strange songs culled from a wide range of sources, many original. The instrumentation (double bass, steel guitar) and the choice of material puts them in the folk/country end of the rock spectrum, and they sometimes bring to mind Cowboy Junkies, Lou Reed or the Byrds. The playing is top-rate, although not flashy or pretentious. I just can't say enough for this band, the disc has been on my player a lot... Some of my favorite cuts are the haunting "Can't Forget," and covers of The Scene Is Now's "Yellow Sarong" (incredible!), NRBO's "What Can I say?", and Flaming Groovies' "You Tore Me Down." This is highly recommended for anyone who likes passionate and melodic rockin' music with a touch of whimsy and gentle psychedelia. (Bar None Records, POB 1704, Hoboken, NJ 07030)—Ed Blomquist

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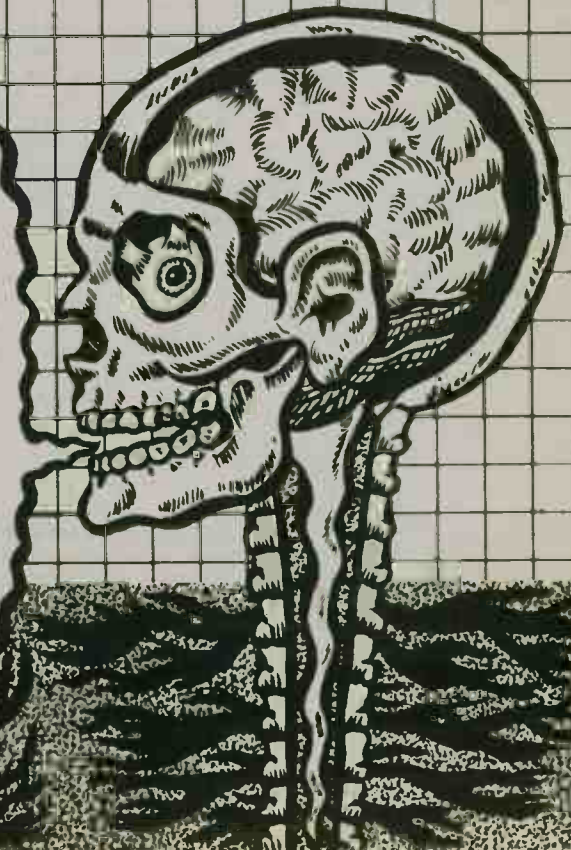
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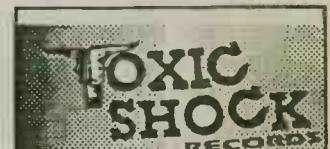
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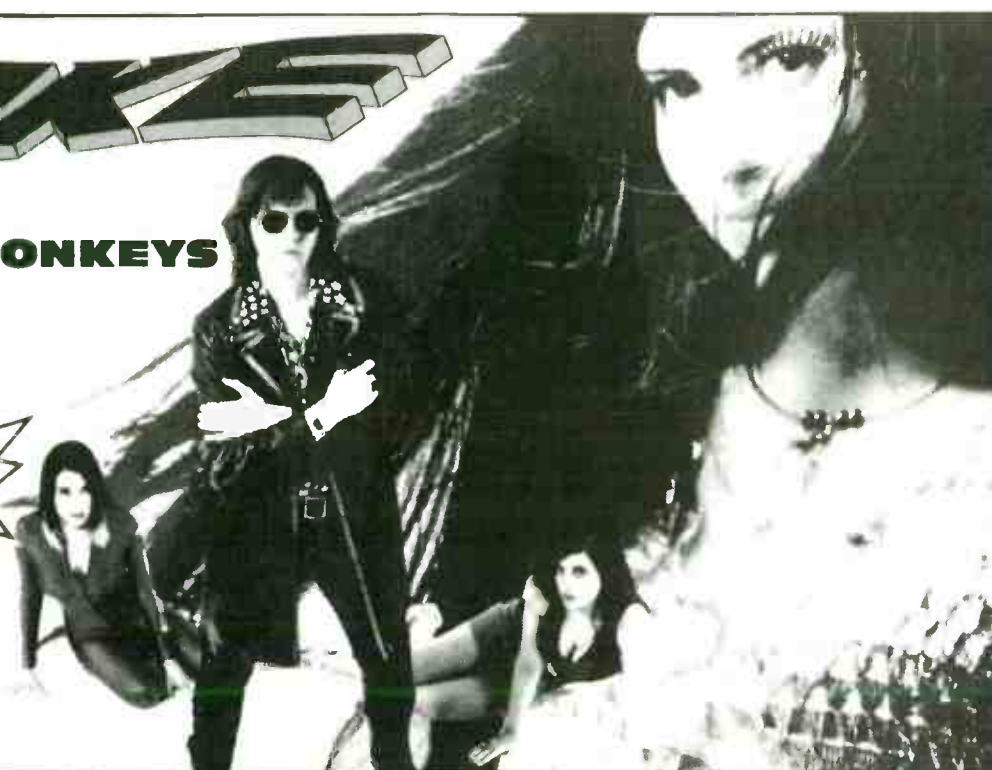
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