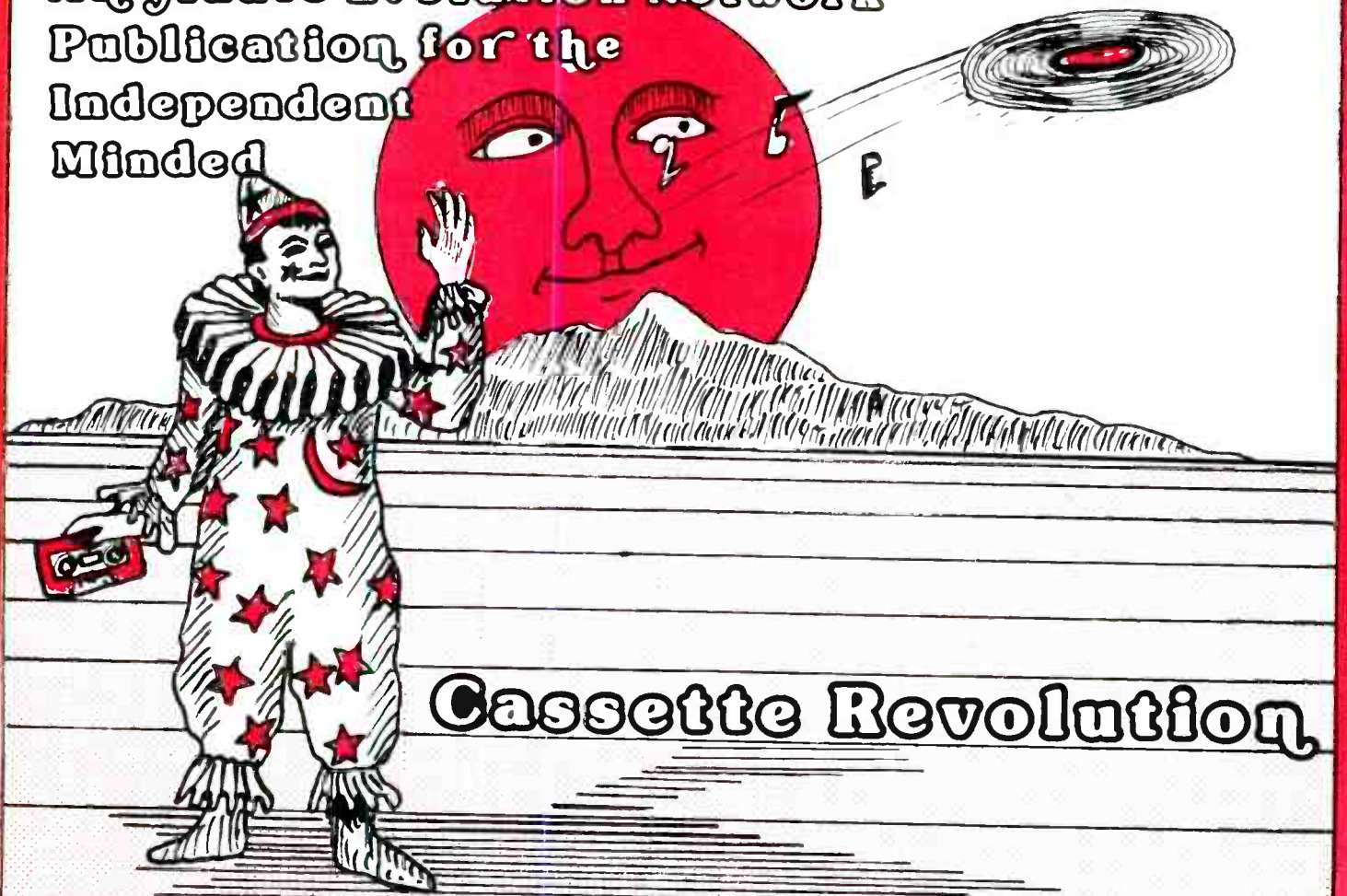


No.3 Fall 1985
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SOUND CHOICE

An Audio Evolution Network
Publication for the
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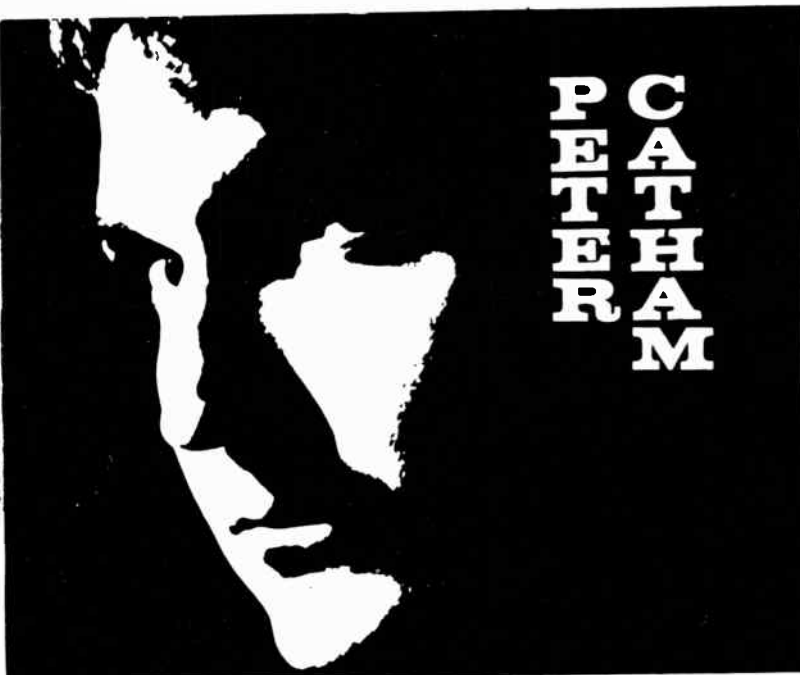
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SOUND CHOICE

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No. 3

Sound Choice, (ISSN 8756-6176), is published by the Audio Evolution Network, an organization dedicated to the positive evolution of independent music, audio art and experimentation, and related ideas. Sound Choice is the official newsletter of the Audio Evolution Network, designed to be a communication link and inspiration created by and for all who are interested in A.E.N. matters.

Sound Choice is published at least four times per year (expected to be bi-monthly in 1986.) We welcome contributions of articles, information and ideas. Articles should be typed or neatly printed but in all cases double-spaced. Never write or type in all capital letters. We reserve the right to edit all submissions and publish any letters unless requested not to.

Subscriptions are \$12 for six issues within the U.S., \$18 for non-U.S., \$30 for overseas airmail. Within the U.S. issues are sent third class. Third class mail is NEVER forwarded. You must notify us of address changes. We will not reimburse for copies not delivered because we were not notified of an address change.

Advertising rates are: \$25 for eighth page; \$50 for a quarter page; \$85 for half page; \$150 for full page. Ads on the cover, and ads with color cost more. Ads should be delivered camera-ready.

The Sound Choice core staff for this round is David Ciaffardini, editor-in-chief; William "Bill" Hubby, managing editor; Eileen Sterling, events editor and party girl; and Randy Fauchier, distribution coordinator. Audio Evolution Network/Sound Choice address is P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA. Telephone (805) 646-6814.

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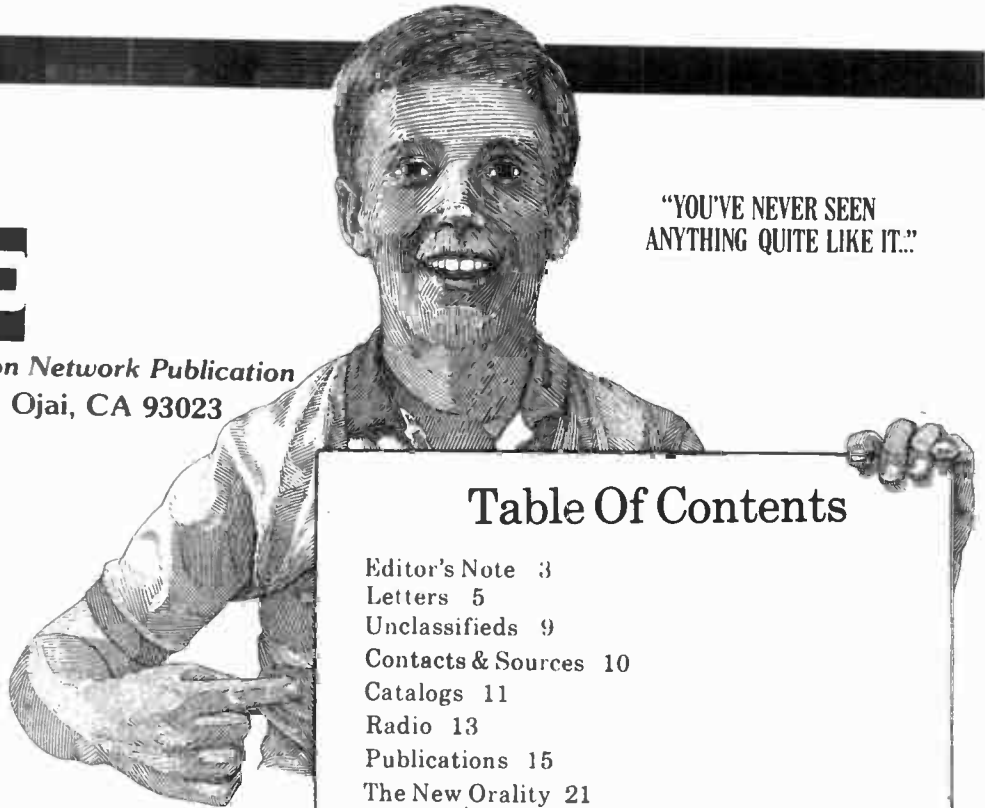


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Breathers!

Rick Harper and The Breathers
The Sunshine Rockers
Hi Variety/Jax Pax (German import)

Despite popular belief, and my own, there is musical life in Florida, in the form of The Breathers. Led by Rick Harper, and featuring former NRBQ drummer Tom Staley, The Breathers have released a mini-LP of great merit. It's a strange state of affairs when a rockin' band like this has to have their record released by a German label. Shades of The Slickee Boys in this story, and perhaps The Breathers will also achieve some recognition through this project.

The prevalent style is pure American pop, with influences ranging from NRBQ and Little Feat, to The Byrds, The Band, The Beach Boys and The Beatles, a band that played American pop better than most American bands. The Breathers can handle many styles, some of which are not included on this particular record.

Side one is bassist and vocalist Rick Harper's baby. The first three cuts are culled from an independent EP released in 1983. Harper is an innocent romantic who still loves love despite the cruel punishments inherent in same. "Did You Think" is picture-perfect as it encapsulates McCartney and McGuinn into a catchy and memorable classic. Harper again borrows from McCartney on "Don't it Make You Feel," this time a riff from "My Love." It's a pretty, heart-rendering melody, is carried by the flowing organ. Erich Overhultz's piano work is consistently tasteful, providing a beautifully sad backdrop to most of the songs. Love is a painful affliction making Harper delirious on the sweet "Fallen in Love Again." The nostalgically sentimental "Coffee Table" slowly rocks into high gear.

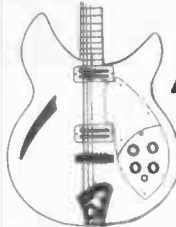
The other side of the band is featured on the other side of the record. Staley and guitarist Bob Zohn sound more jaded and realistic about this thing called love. They're more angry than sad.

Zohn's "Doktor! Help Me" (German spelling) is funky rhythmic boogie, and "So Blue" has Overhultz's soulful organ. Ending the record is one of the most incredibly moving pieces of music I've ever heard, Staley's "Gotta Get Out." This is a sincere and scathing testament to the shattered dreams of forever playing music in the small town bar scene with no recognition, set to a repeating, wildly contagious organ riff. Staley doesn't mince words as he sings about being a musical whore. It's a frightening description of the seamier side of a supposedly glamorous profession. While the LP contains a short version of the song, the original recording gets real nasty at the end, driving home the point with noise. This rough gem needs to be heard.

If you're in the mood for some good honest listening, send five dollars (postage paid) to:

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Michael Salkind
Uniform Times
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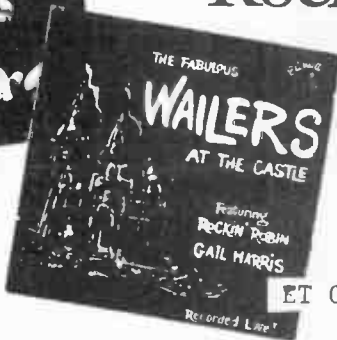
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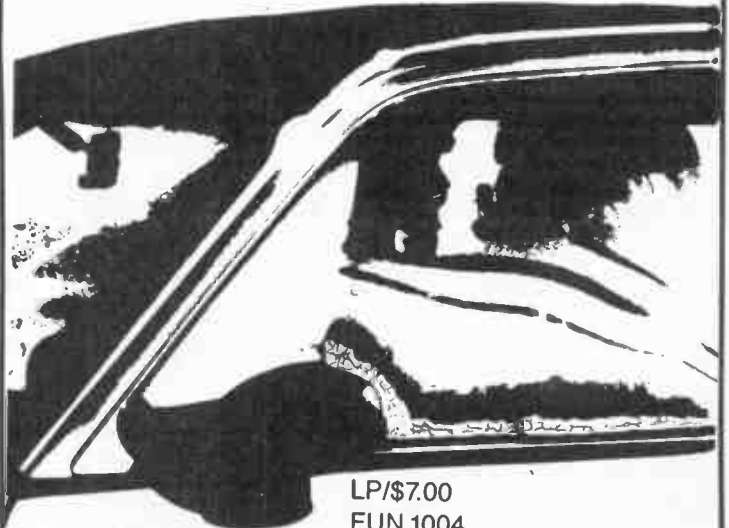
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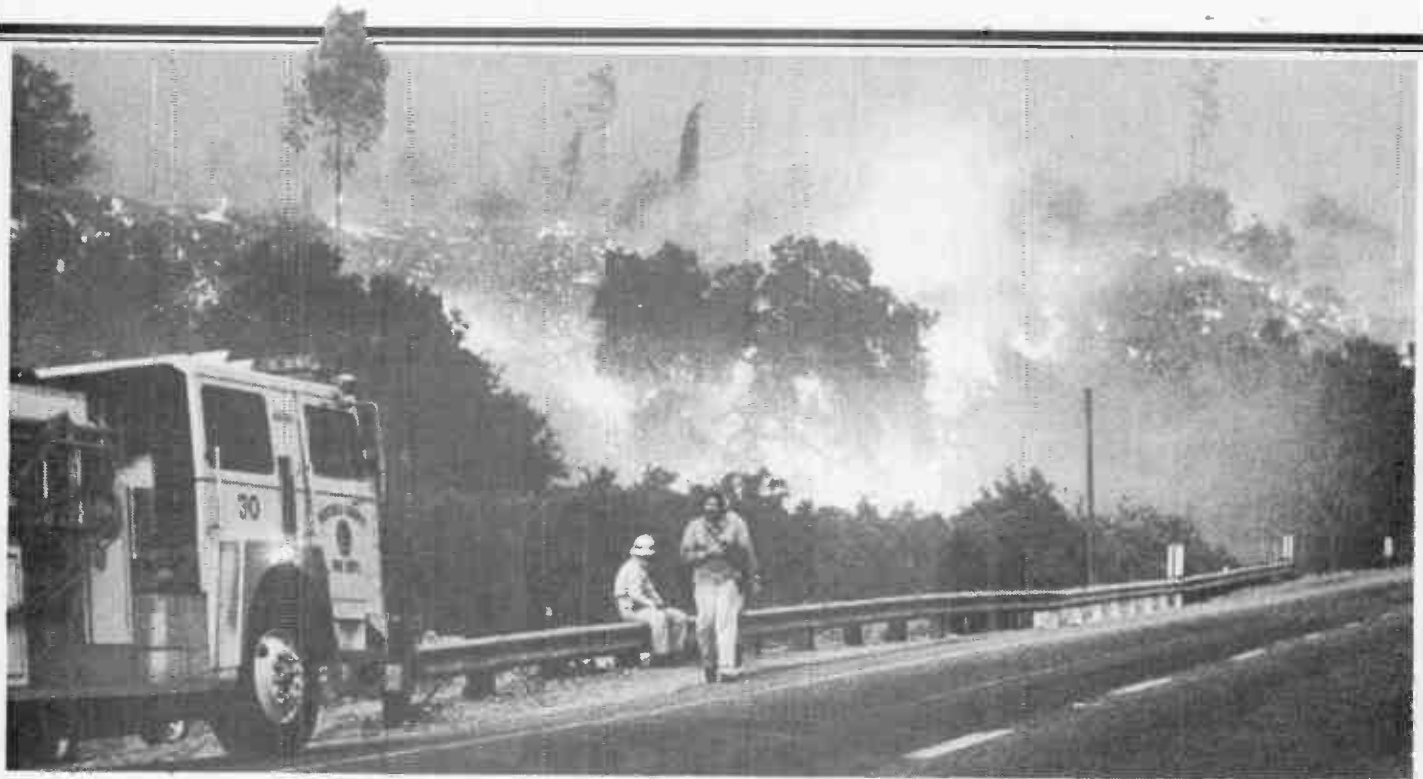
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A note from the editor

Ojai, Summer '85

Timothy Teague photo.

How I spent my summer...

Sound Choice is a forum for the members of the Audio Evolution Network to share their ideas, creations and activities. To be an Audio Evolution Network member, all one needs to do is subscribe to Sound Choice (although the more actively one PARTICIPATES in the Sound Choice project the better).

So why isn't Sound Choice coming out bimonthly like we said (and hoped) it would back in January? I can name a hundred reasons ranging from inexperience and inefficiency, to an overwhelming response that we weren't set up to handle (we're better set up now), to possibly being, as one of our readers put it, "self-righteous and self-destructive".

Actually, I don't think we really are self-destructive, it is just that we have been forthright about doing things a little different than most magazines, things that we think are important but that might not be in the best interest of making money (like not putting the picture of an established artist on our covers). The cover of this issue is an example - it will alienate some of our less secure record company advertisers, but that is not why we chose that image. We chose it because there IS a cassette revolution.

The number of audio artists creating and distributing their own independent cassette releases has grown phenomenally (in quantity and quality) in the last three years but there has been proportionally little written about it in the press, underground or otherwise. We can only guess that it is because of ignorance and/or fear of losing record company advertising. So we chose a cover that would draw attention to the cassette movement in order to generate more dialog about this phenomena and to let people who have the desire, but not the money to press a record, be aware that there is an alternative.

The bottom line is that we are proud of the magazine you are now reading. It is a unique magazine filling in some gaps that no other magazine seems interested in. If it takes a slightly sporadic publishing schedule to achieve this, so be it. That was the compromise we had to make to publish a magazine that we think offers something you won't find anywhere else. With your help each issue will get better and better.

Because many people have inquired, I'll tell you: One of our most colorful contributions to this issue's tardiness was the great Ojai fire that scorched 118 thousand acres of our surroundings during the week of July 4th. Talk about fireworks. An entire mountain, the foot of which is a quarter mile from Sound Choice headquarters was engulfed, one hundred foot flames flowing down the steep ravines like lava from a volcano. At one point flames were threatening to completely surround our small valley. Those who didn't evacuate to the coast 10 miles away were treated to a spectacle that was sometimes exhilarating, and at other times exasperating, and nearly always frightening.

The worst days were when the heat, smoke and ash were oppressive, making a walk through downtown Ojai comparable to driving a compact car through Death Valley, with the windows rolled up, air conditioner broken, the heater on, and a

two-pack-a-day chainsmoker puffing away in the passenger seat. The most exciting moments were found in the middle of the night while sneaking past firefighting lines, to check on friends and friends' properties that were most immediately threatened by the huge flames that cracked and cackled, illuminating the night with its orange-red glow. All and all, a very memorable Fourth of July. We can hardly wait for the ensuing floods expected in November.

Aside from the fire, one

irritating factor that certainly doesn't make things easier for us is the business practices of several of the distributors that carry Sound Choice. The bottom line is that it is very difficult, time consuming and expensive to get them to pay their bills. We won't name names (this time) but several of the most visible independent record distributors (who told us that Sound Choice has been selling well for them) have yet to pay for Sound Choice No. 1. These people ignore our letters, force us to telephone them (very expensive), promise us that they will "write out a check as soon as I hang up" but never come through with the money. AEN members who sell recordings through these companies tell us that this situation is nothing new. The word is that some of these companies try to hold on to the money as long as possible in order to finance the recording and production of their own company's record projects.

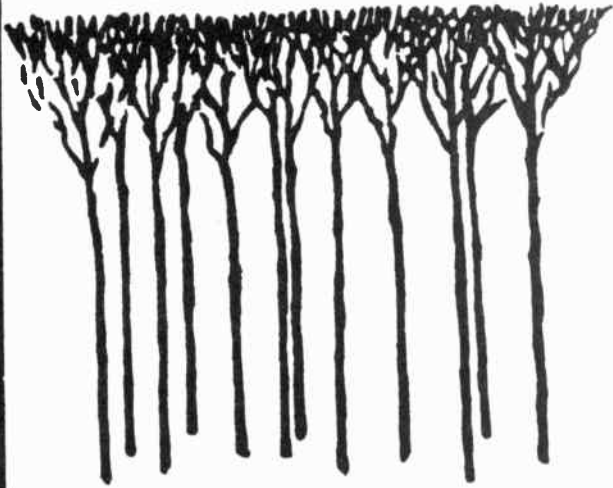
It has been our nature to give pretty much slack to people we do business with since we know first-hand the difficulties of independent entrepreneurship (after all, Sound Choice hasn't been published as frequently as we had planned) but our patience begins to run out when we are lied to, put on hold, told that the person we need to talk with is busy and will call back (and never does), told that the check is in the mail, etc.

What we are asking for is a little more honesty and straight-forward communication from these people. Interestingly, it is the larger, more visible distribution companies that we seem to have trouble with. All the little guys throughout the country who help us sell Sound Choice have come through beautifully and we thank them wholeheartedly and enjoy recommending them to others. To the others: if you like Sound Choice please ease our burden by paying your bills promptly; if you don't like Sound Choice, please don't ask us to send it to you.

One very vital way in which to cut down on unnecessary work, save money and expedite publishing and distributing Sound Choice is to encourage people to SUBSCRIBE to the magazine. We urge all those who do subscribe to encourage a friend to subscribe. If every subscriber would turn on just one other person to Sound Choice we would double the network and we would all benefit. (Not that indefinite growth would be beneficial. There comes a point where too great a growth - too large a readership - would prevent us from offering the personal involvement and individual responsiveness to Sound Choice subscribers that we

(cont. on next page)

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Editor's Note (cont.)

wish to create and maintain, feeling that it is one of the things that makes Sound Choice special and gratifying to work on.)

Of course, now, at our struggling, learning-to-walk stage we are at the other side of the spectrum, being a bit too small to have the energy to respond and reach out as much as we'd like to. Fortunately though, we are still at the point where about 75% of all our phone calls are answered by me personally and in most cases I take the time to talk to the caller as long as that caller wishes (if it's on their phone bill) and I enjoy this and learn much from it.

For those who, for some reason we haven't been as responsive to, I apologize and ask that they be patient as we are running as fast as we can, trying to play catch-up. We do have good memories and guilty consciences about these matters and hope to one day, in some way, make up for our oversights. Remember, Sound Choice is not a typical magazine and is not run like a typical magazine. This has its good points and its bad, but we feel confident that the balance leans toward the good. But be sure, we do want, need and appreciate your input. Correspondence, both written and over the telephone, is extremely important for the success of this project.

Back to the point I started on: Tell your friends about the benefits of subscribing to Sound Choice. So far, for issues one and two (and it looks like this one as well) we included flexi-discs and hand painted envelopes for all those who subscribed. It is only through subscriptions that we can offer such "goodies." We will continue to offer "subscriber only privileges" in order that the subscribers share in the time and money we save by encouraging subscriptions. **Other ways you can help AEN and Sound Choice:** Tell people (when its true) that you heard about them from Sound Choice and AEN; if you come across a store that you think should carry Sound Choice, but doesn't, tell someone at the store and then let us know the name and address of the store; advertise; write articles for us on subjects and opinions that aren't being written about in other publications; fill in the blank

About advertising: By banding together and creating Sound Choice, members of the Audio Evolution Network have created a (sometimes) efficient, cost-effective way to share printed (even recorded) information with thousands of people. By sharing the cost of producing the magazine with subscribers and advertisers certain kinds of information are passed along very, very inexpensively. Even our advertisers, the people who pay the most to have their info passed along, are getting incredible bargains. As of this issue \$150 gets a full page of information printed on 6,000 pieces of paper distributed throughout the US and in 15 foreign countries. (Next issue's print run is expected to increase at

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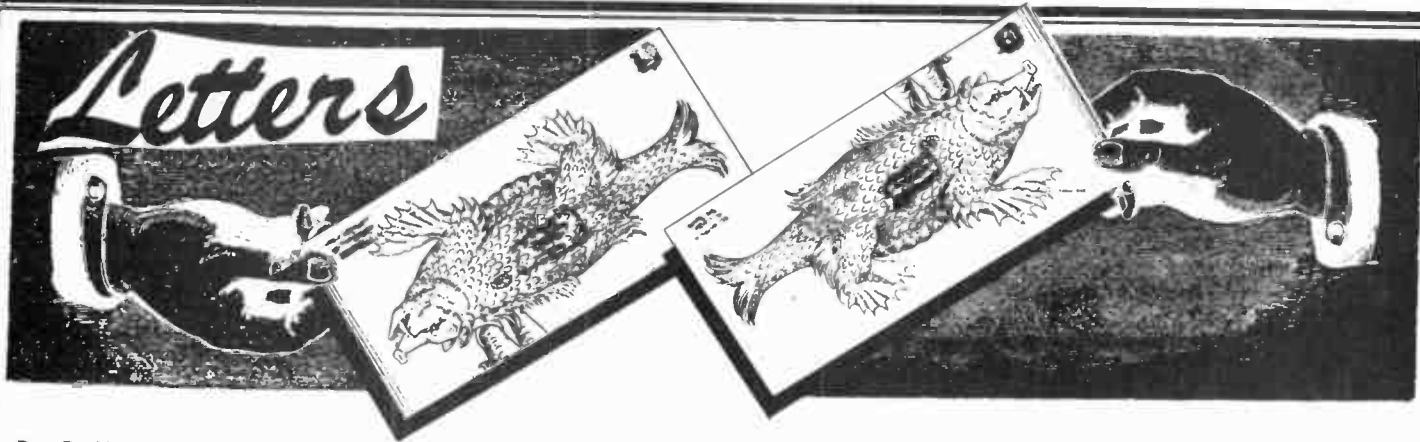
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least 15 percent.) Half-page ads are \$85, quarter-pages are \$50, eighth-pages are \$25. We need camera-ready ad copy.

For an individual to print 6,000 pieces of paper and distribute them, the cost would be many, many times more expensive than \$150. The printing alone would cost well over \$150. Add in postage costs and...you get the idea.

So far Sound Choice has been published approximately quarterly. We hope to have issue No. 4 in the mail before the end of 1985. At that point we may be up to bi-monthly speed. In any case, our subscriptions are for a certain number of issues and we promise to give everyone their money's worth.

Remember: The idea behind Sound Choice and the Audio Evolution Network is to share information and help people who have the desire to become actively involved with alternative sounds and ideas. Sound Choice and AEN is supposed to be more than a magazine. Please do not let your perception of what any individual issue of Sound Choice IS determine what ELSE Sound Choice could be. Sound Choice is supposed to change and evolve with each issue. We have very few strict guidelines as to what Sound Choice is supposed to be. It is here to fill gaps and to reflect and share ideas and creations that other publications ignore or sidestep for commercial reasons, or editorial insecurity. We look forward to and thank you for any positive effort you put forth to help Sound Choice and the Audio Evolution Network. Be active, speak out when no one else will but should, be aware of who and what you are supporting when you buy products - keep on learning, and promote peace and love. Tell a friend. - David Ciuffardini



Dear David:

Issue #1 was fine in my book, but #2 contained some (I think) inaccurate perceptions which can't be allowed to go uncontested. Most irritating was your silly optimism about small publications. Certainly, photocopy machines are abundant, but postage rates and production costs are soaring while the income and/or time available to most of the people who are artistic-minded enough to conceive such publications is plummeting. And what good are a bunch of copy machines if no one has the money or resources to get their magazines out to other people? As someone who has been submitting fiction and nonfiction to alternative publications for a few years, I know that these magazines are folding faster than you can read them. The only rags that aren't struggling are the mass-circulation corporate slickzines and the basement jobs that look like horseshit smeared on carbon paper. And believe me, there is nothing wrong with wanting a little pay for your writing or, at the very least, a decent format in which to present it. Do you think that even the most esoteric musicians are indifferent to whether they crank out noise in their basements or play to appreciative crowds at nice, little \$5-a-head clubs? Not on your life.

And what's this nonsense that noncommercial stations should strictly avoid playing any commercial music? Even the wacky far-left WFMU plays snippets of Michael Jackson, Frank Sinatra, Steely Dan, The Grateful Dead, Curtis Blow and Blondie. What's more, it wouldn't be as innovative if it didn't. The most important thing about good college radio is that it allows DJ's and programmers to be open-minded and creative. The blindly exclusive, anti-commercial policies that you and John Foster advocate would make college radio as dull as Top 40.

Richard Singer

Richard:

My "optimism" wasn't in regards to making money from writing. My point was that people with something important to say who can write it down reasonably well can find a small periodical to publish it or else they can publish it and distribute it THEMSELVES for a relatively small amount of money - the money an average person would spend on typical hobbies or diversions such as record collecting, sports, drinking, drugs, etc. If people find value in your work you can obtain donations and ad payments to offset costs. This IS happening. And believe me, even publications with tiny - I'm talking under 500 - circulations can have substantial influence in the world if they are delivered to the right people. Unfortunately, I think the time has come when people must be willing to go through the agony of writing for little or no money precisely because the things that most need to be written about today (environmental issues, government corruption, peace, love, etc.) don't compete well commercially right now. (But this can change.)

As for your second point, I did make a mistake using the ambiguous terms "commercial music" and "non-commercial music." (Any music can be commercialized by the way it is presented and marketed.) - DC

Dear Bill Hubby;

Just a footnote to our lengthy interview of May 21st; I thought you'd enjoy it.

I just got back from accompanying my mother to her high school reunion in a town so small it has only one stoplight - Hennessey, Oklahoma. Monday, we drove north to Wichita, Kansas to visit a great aunt - the last of her generation - a 93 yr. old woman. During the conversation, Aunt Lizzy asked my mother about her "former employer" - meaning President Reagan. Again, mama started talking about what a good and moral man he was. One of the best employers she'd ever had. And then she added, "I quit because he wouldn't give me a raise."

Very indicative of the current economic climate, ain't it? I laughed. I guess we can't blame it all on Nancy. Hahahaha!

Wanda Coleman

P.S. Remember what I told you about ex-mayor Rizzo. I was right. I got confirmation yesterday at KPFFK - an article on a woman who'd done a film on M.O.V.E. in 1978. Sorry I don't have more details. But "mad dog" Rizzo had his fine political hand in that burn-up - believe me. I've been watching Philly's dog fights long-distance for yrs.

Later -

Dear David,

I'm unfortunately compelled to write bad news: the feature on FM Bruxel I sent you is now outdated info. The "board of directors" announced yesterday that the station's broadcasting license (which was granted to only 3 Flemish stations in the Brussels area and will be useful after the imminent legalization of un-official radio) has been sold to a commercial "trust" that intends to make lots of money out of publicity on FM Bxl; there is no possibility whatsoever for the present d.j.'s to do a show on the "new" station that will emerge.

FM Bruxel had been struggling with financial problems for a while now, I didn't think it would go this far! Once again, Money was triumphant over Creativity!

Do not send any mail or other material to the address mentioned on pages 9 & 42 of Sound Choice 2 (I'd appreciate if you'd get this short message through to the readers and potential senders of such correspondence and material).

And, just by the way, I enjoyed SC2 a lot, yes indeed.

Yours extremely,

HP2 & Co.
F. Neuray 71
1060 Brussels
Belgium

Dear Sound Choice,

Since the beginning of recorded history and, most likely, prior to, mankind has bitched about each other. Your letters section has proved the fact that nothing has changed much. One tries to help society, and he becomes a target for abuse.

I have nothing but gratitude for what you are doing for the indie art situation. Yes, there are a few things about Sound Choice that I would like to see changed for the better, and in this respect I'm no different than the average reader. However, I choose to use Sound Choice as a bridge to contact artists, NOT as a means of entertainment or enlightenment, although many of the articles do just this. Your good points far outweigh the bad, and for this I would like to thank you for your publication. It really has helped me make many friends worldwide, and this is priceless. Thanks again for a job well done!

Sincerely,
Mark Hanley

Reply: Thanks for the kind words. Actually, the positive response to Sound Choice has far outweighed the negative. The complimentary cards and letters we receive are not published unless they speak to some particular issue of interest to the readers. In any case, I welcome critical letters for at least two reasons: 1) inside all criticism is usually a kernel of truth; 2) I think it is healthy for the Audio Evolution Network as a whole for people to share their complaints rather than sit disgruntled, talking behind people's back, limiting the chance of any constructive thoughts or actions to materialize.

I hope more people will utilize Sound Choice to make friends worldwide. From this they will gain in spirit something many times more valuable than the money spent for a subscription. - DC

David,

Any publicity is good publicity but "head-up-his-ass outspoken music writer" is hardly accurate - I write about a lot more than music. There is more than one view in the world (thank God) and I'm well known in this area for being arrogant and opinionated; I also have a sense of humor and if the interview in Thrasher's Low-Life had been printed as it was recorded it would have been made clear. Anyway I'm not making excuses, but you didn't refer to Harvey Pekar as a sexist (which he isn't but you wouldn't know that unless you'd read something he'd written - have you ever seen any of my writing???) [After I read OF it.-D.C.] I will continue to be a supporter of independent music (which buy the way Mr. Thrasher is not) and your magazine.

Sincerely,
David T. Lindsay

Dear Sound Choice,

I'd like to clarify a few misleading points about public access television that I found to be wrong (at least as it applies to my experiences with access in NY) in the article 'TV TAKEOVER', by Sunn Thomas.

Me and Scott Lewis have been producing a show for access TV in NY, which features garage, underground and original bands performing their music live, since Jan. '84. The program is The Scott & Gary Show.

Guess what we've discovered? There is NOT one single studio provided by Manhattan Cable TV in NYC which offers free equipment and training, which Mr. Thomas claims to be available in every city. They sure don't call New York City the Communications Capitol of the World for nothing, do they now? Until now, we've been producing the show at studio's not adequately equipped, and with money from our own pockets. This arrangement has been workable so far because with lots of imagination, a dedicated crew of friends helping out and lending equipment, and our desire to present dynamite music (ie-Shockabilly, Butthole Surfers, 1/2 Japanese) we have survived.

You're correct on the point that access systems can't interfere with programming. That hasn't stopped such problems as not being listed in the cable guide and not even being aired at all. Sure, we scream afterwards, but by that point our press releases and advertising have been mailed.

And why should we give a damn about avoiding problems with the community? If the intelligent N.Y. community is offended by alternative music, that's their problem, not ours.

All this does not cost next to nothing. Studio time, post production facilities, backdrops, props, beer, coffee, crew compensation, stamps, etc. all cost \$\$\$\$. Again, Manhattan Cable TV provides none of this.

This lack of adequate facilities weeds out quality, alternative programming in NYC (yes, a few excellent shows do get proper funding and are quite good, such as Paper Tiger TV, but these are few and far between), and access ends up with an overload of psychic wizard morons and egotists. And New York is so much the worse for it. But this is great for Manhattan Cable. When they're up for license renewal, and are asked if they fund public access, all they have to say is Hey, look at the garbage on access, why should we fund this crap? Clever, no?

Why should anyone fund public access? Because it's the only avenue for someone with a point of view, be it an artist, filmmaker, community group or rock band, to present an alternative voice on TV!

Thanks.

Sincerely,

Gary Winter 3420 Kings Hwy. Brooklyn, NY 11234

Reply: You're right. Not all cable TV systems have to offer public access facilities as they did ten years ago when all but the very smallest cable systems were required by federal law to offer public access. Since then that federal requirement was rescinded. Offering public access facilities is an option that cable companies may or may not offer when working out a cable contract with the governing body of the region they plan to serve. When cable contracts come up for renewal (most are 15-year contracts) cable companies try to save money and hassle by cutting back on their public access facilities unless a strong voice in the community speaks out about the benefits of public access and urges the local governing body (usually the city council) to only award the contract to a company if it offers high caliber public access facilities and accessibility.

The one point in Sunn's article that I think you missed is that Sunn is able to do his show for little or no money and not much time by using a static image for the video portion of the broadcast. More and more people will be doing this in the near future, utilizing the many extra channels on most cable systems as a radio system. You can already buy stereophonic television sets.

As far as what you call the "crap" on public access, do you really think it is worse than the crap the networks spew? Worse than Family Feud? Who is to decide what is good cable TV and what is bad? I happen to prefer the public access shows that are the least "professional." I don't want cable companies deciding what is appropriate for public access and what is not. I don't want politicians or bureaucrats deciding what is appropriate. Since almost every cable system has channels that are not being used - and expanding the number of channels is relatively easy - I'm willing to let the person who spends the time to create the show have complete artistic freedom. If I don't like it I can always change the channel and more importantly, create my own show if freeform public access continues. - OC

Dear Sir,

I would like to hear from those readers, who with good technical background have successfully modified their keyboards. I would like to exchange info with other technofreaks regarding a Juno 6 and a Casio PT 30, and Boss DR-110. I want to synchronize the rhythm patterns between the PT-30 and DR-110, also, using the Juno 6's ADRS circuitry to accept external signal sources, like guitar, etc.

I have contacted Roland's and Casio's Canadian and U.S. representatives without any result. If there's anybody out there who wants to chat about above subjects, please write to me.

Yours truly,

Mr. Csaba L. Jaszberenyi Box 157 Station "V" Toronto, Canada M6R-2V5

Dear Sound Choice,

In contemplating the letter "C" as it relates to music of an independent nature, three inter-related words came to mind. These words are "Critical", "Cosmic", and "Comic". It seems to me that there is a strong link between these three potential functions of music in our society.

The "Critical" function of music, as in any art, is that which allows the musician to comment on the conditions of life in a world gone mad. This criticizing of social and personal situations has most recently been carried out by "punk" music, at least in some of its forms. The protest songs of the 60's and some earlier folk musics also fulfilled this critical function.

The "Cosmic" function is that which attempts to relate people to the greater continuum around us. This could be in a "spiritual" or environmental sense. Such a role has been performed by ambient, new-age, and religious musics. This function of cosmic tuning was the basis of almost all early western music, as well as of much traditional non-western musics.

The "Comic" function is the bridge between the "Critical" and the "Cosmic". The beauty of humor is that it is able to simultaneously depict people as insignificant members of a fucked-up society and also as members of a universal family, the family of life, which is much greater than our little human stupidity.

Ideally, a piece of music should contain all three of these elements, but that is imposing an external standard onto what is inherently not possible or desirable to standardize.

Ed Blomquist

Dear Friends,

I would like to gently take issue with Mark Dickson's review of "The Last Nightengale"/Striking Miner's lp by Chris Cutler, Lindsey Cooper, Robert Wyatt, Tim Hodgkinson, etc. which appeared on page 56 of the B issue. First, let me say that while I am personally acquainted with Chris, and have some ties to Recommended Records (my newest lp being released by them) I am not prompted to write this letter out of self righteous defense for 'my buddies' but rather from the point of questioning some of Dickson's phraseology and attitude in influencing the readers of the review.

First he states "Be warned...if you buy this record, you've joined the conflict." Yes, the proceeds from the first pressing went to aid the striking miners. Is that such a terrible thing? Go past the page three capsule version of the British Miner's Strike and ask some of the Brits themselves about political conditions over there. Maggie Thatcher used the strike as a springboard to her complete control of the working class and the economy. While I am certainly not coming out in blind defense of the working classes of the world, I do think that this strike represents more than just a "gimmie gimmie" more work for less pay issue. It seems to be some sort of unfashionable, old hat thing to stand up for a cause these days. Admittedly, the anti-nuke movement has become something of a pop protest movement, but that's only one issue. The fact is that is NOT corny or silly to me at least, to care about the quality of life and want to do something to change it. Anyone looking at the track record of Chris Cutler, Henry Cow and Recommended Records will easily see that these are people who have taken control of their own affairs and stood up for what they believed, even if it's not what you believe. Personally, I admire this much more than the way Boy George changes his hair color weekly, or the way so many others spout rhetoric without basing it on real actions.

Second, Dickson refers to the album's "anger". I think its more like outrage, Mark. Its outrageous to me that racism is allowed to flourish in South Africa, that Fela Kuti sits in a Nigerian jail on trumped up charges, that Ronald Reagan smiles benignly while puttering casually with the fate of the country. Maybe I sound like a silly old hippie, but I DO know that these events affect us all, one way or another, whether we choose to believe that fact or not. Perhaps most odd are Dickson's closing remarks, "Is their anger your anger? Think about it." It sounds rather like the warning on a poison bottle. Joni Mitchell's views on love aren't necessarily mine, but I enjoy some of her music. John Coltrane's approach to writing music isn't mine, but that doesn't stop me from listening to what he has to say. I think a far better way of putting it would be "Perhaps their convictions are not yours, perhaps they are. Listen and decide." Maybe I'm over-reacting, but this final 'warning' sounds as though Mark Dickson is rather offended by the record and wants to save the souls of unsuspecting buyers.

A person's reactions are tempered by what they are reacting against. If this record seems angry, perhaps it is because the artists are responding to a government that is unfeeling, unsympathetic, and self destructive. Its rather a shame that governments can be as stupid as they want to and their critics get branded as boring radicals these days.

Again, let me stress that I am writing this letter on my own, not because of anyone's prompting. Indeed, I may well take it on the chin from Chris or Tim because they are certainly more than capable of defending themselves. My point is simply this: don't scare buyers away because a record takes a particular stand. Lets be more objective and let people make up their own minds. They just might enjoy the experience.

Your friendly,

C.W. Vrtacek

Dear Mr. Ciaffardini:

On behalf of John Marshall High School's student body and faculty, I would like to express our sincere appreciation for your participation in our Annual Career Day. We realize that many demands are made on your time and for that reason, we appreciate your cooperation all the more.

Our purpose is to motivate young people to set realistic goals for their future and to help them succeed by exposing them to jobs that are available and to get positive feedback from the people actually doing these jobs.

Thank you for sharing your expertise with our students. We hope that you will be willing to participate in future Career Days here at Marshall High.

Sincerely,

Margaret Evans

Career Advisor

John Marshall High School

3939 Tracy St.

Los Angeles, CA 90027, U.S.A.

(213) 660-1440

Sound Choice,

I for one am extremely glad to see that an interesting and admittedly cogent publication dedicated to covering what is going on in the small studios, basements, bathrooms and garages of Amerika and a Broad (whatever her name is), but really U guise must keep a tighter reign on the mental fidelirty of yr writing staph. Furst, 2 my ken it is patently absurd for your writer to assert (Bill Hubby 8 sic) this useless comparison between David Meyers and Pink Floyd. I happen to like both but the comparison does nothing to illuminate the works of Floyd or Meyers, but it does serve to take up three lines in an already encapsulated format.

Second, if you are going to review the tape of some mediocre jazz cats playing a loungelist of humbrumity then why not write a capsule review of some truly interesting music that is available to the masses but is unmercifully ignored. I am referring to George Clinton and his recent single Double - Uh Oh. available from Capital records as an anomaly of the highest water. Or consider reviewing, or perhaps even trying to interview the master hisself, his forthcoming L.P. sked for release on July 1. It is entitled "some of my best jokes are friends". If that not an alternative outlook than Kafka took the Dale Carenegie course. The Parliafunkadelicament Empire has perpetrating stretched out neuro neo psychedlicized transmissions since 1970 on album and yes even earlier on 45 format. Aside from the lean years of 80-81, the Maggot Overlord has consintently produced some of the most arcane and explosive Black music of this or any other eon. For your magazine to waste its time and space continuum on some pre-pubescent clone band from Whitetown, USA is sheer stpidity. Realistically, howzabout reviewing some of the intense indie dance stuff on such small labels as Def Jams out of NYC. All I'm saying is that if you see fit to review blues re-issues then Why knot Sun Ra and his outstanding Saturn Label? You got something against reviewing real black people making good music in 1985/? Maybe i am being unfair but I really don't think so. Look, if the only problem is that you can't find anyone interested in cobvering this aspect of Alternative Music than I would be more than happy to write the stuff myself and send it in. maybe I'll even enclose a copy of my own jam co-written and performed by Adam Guth and Andy Lutheringer on guitar. its caled Life In The Diaspora. Check it out.! Anyway, regardless of my criticism I still feel as though yo are well on the way to producing the Best music magazine in the Free World. Hope to hear from you soon.

Bipedally yours

Aaron L. ben Levi

Reply: Only in a very unusual circumstance would we include an article on George Clinton in Sound Choice, the reason being his music is recorded on major label records which we ignore to give space to people on independent labels who don't have a multi-national corporation bankrolling their project. We definitely DO want more input FROM and about non-white artists. If you can help us with this, please do. - DC



Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of the complimentary copy sent to us of the Spring, 1985 edition (#2) of Sound Choice magazine.

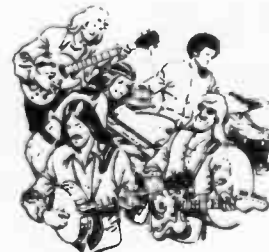
Regarding your comments about Blitz on page 14 of that issue: When I composed the editorial in the January-February, 1985 issue of Blitz that you refer to in your review, I had never heard of Sound Choice magazine. A specific publication did come to mind at that time, but it most assuredly was not Sound Choice.

However, judging by your reaction to that editorial, one gets the impression that you feel victimized and/or threatened by those comments in Blitz. Why so? Because you adapt a defensive posture, referring to Blitz as, "another new wave magazine" and implying that those artists covered in Blitz are no different from those chronicled in a number of other publications. Granted, Blitz does devote occasional space to the likes of the Ramones, the Go-Go's, R.E.M. and others of similar intent. But (as a quick perusal of the list of available back issues published in every copy of Blitz will readily attest to), the vast majority of the interviews in Blitz are with such diverse rock and roll pioneers as Jan And Dean, Herman's Hermits, Sam And Dave, Hank Williams Jr., Frankie Ford, Del Shannon, the Royal Guardsmen, Mary Wells, the Monkees, the Yardbirds, the Belmonts and Billy J. Kramer (to name but a few), all of whom would no doubt find being referred to as "new wave" an amusing prospect, to say the least.

Blitz magazine has survived for ten years (our first issue was released in August, 1975) on a shoestring budget, thanks to a devoted readership who appreciates a well-written story on subject matter like the aforementioned pioneers of rock and roll's founding days, most of whom are not exactly standard fodder in other publications. As such, one cannot help but question the journalistic qualifications of a writer who would dismiss such an endeavor as "no alternative"; the writer apparently does not believe in researching his subject matter.

Under the circumstances, I cannot help but find it ironic that you would ask Blitz Magazine to devote a portion of its meager budget towards advertising space in Sound Choice magazine. Your journalistic incompetence is outweighed only by your naieveite.

Regretfully,
Mike McDowell
Editor/Publisher
(213) 851-9384
P.O. Box 48124
Los Angeles, CA 90048



Dear David:

I'll be the first to admit that its all been done before, the music on 'Garage Sale' is no exception. But musical cycles occur - sometimes within 20 to 30 years from the original explosion. For a larger audience a rockabilly song sounded original coming from the Stray Cats but they barely cracked the fire of the masters. Another example is what I see as the evolution of hardcore; attitudes, stage antics and over all sound can be found with the MC5, Blue Cheer and James Williamson (Raw Power era Stooges), Iggy Pop to name a few.

The Ramones in 1975 borrowed and developed from some of these and England in turn saw the Ramones and set about in their own musical edge. These days the overflow from hardcore to the Ramones isn't difficult to imagine. Hardcore takes politics/youth angst, powerhouse musics and delivers what they do for what is now. But none of these elements are original, and like I said, its been done before; just as the Stray Cats didn't give birth to rockabilly in 1982 for America at large.

The key point to remember is that bands, such as Circle Jerks, Ramones, Stray Cats, whoever-borrowed from the past while keeping in sight their own degree of self involvement, whether that be lyrics, musical interpretation, use of instruments or stage image. Yes, a band who strictly plays the mimic or clone to a previous decade has a self limiting scope, if nothing else recreating exact sounds, attitudes, fashions and introduces music in a setting new to a present day audience. Is that such a bad ambition? They serve a purpose and do not take their craft as "novelty". A major example is The Chesterfield Kings who use as a base 60's R&B/garage music. As much as I like them the world doesn't need too many more copies of The Chesterfield Kings,

(cont. on next page.)

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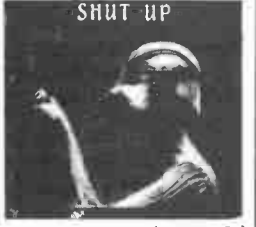
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Your review of 'Garage Sale' has pigeon holed these bands and musicians as strict clones of 60's garage music. I beg to differ on a number of points brought out in your review.

Certainly, a number of these bands sound like 60's B sides because the tracks by The Vipers, The Shoutless, and The Fuzztones are covers. You mention The Pandoras track as pathetic retreading of 20 year old music, exclaiming themselves as "the new generation." This song is also a cover written by The Sunsets from Australia. But even if The Pandoras were embracing the song as an old theme for a new generation, so what!!! The song 'Louis, Louie' by The Kingsmen has faired worse for longer, I believe that both Motorhead and Black Flag have also thrashed this chestnut out on vinyl.

The period of music covered on 'Garage Sale' is pretty much 1964 to 1967, a reaction to the British Invasion of Beatlepop and the R&B of the Yardbirds/Stones, and later English psychedelia. What came out in America, but not limited to us, is the short haired, teenaged angst-filled garage band. They played and sang what they felt, nothing more and nothing less. Does being influenced by a previous style mean that the lyric content of the remaining 15 bands doing originals on 'Garage Sale' are less relevant? I see little difference in matching content from yesterday and today without musical prejudices involved.

Some of the bands on 'Garage Sale' are fashion conscious, but considering that was mainly evident in bands like The Pink Floyd, The Naz, Iron Butterfly or The Who, its beyond the scope (musically and professionally) of teenage garage and not an accurate copycat image, if that is the intent of the bands and musicians on 'Garage Sale'. No, the adaptation of clothes/hairstyles is from big names and filtered down to The Standells, Chocolate Watchband, The Remains who look like stars compared to some band photos I've seen on the covers of the 'Back from the Grave' compilation series. Sure, cities such as London, Paris, L.A. and N.Y.C. developed into fashion centers of paisley, ruffles, boots, shades, whatever - but not everybody dressed that way. It took alot longer for hip clothes to penetrate; most teens hadn't the time or money. By the time that stuff caught on commercially in Woolco's, garage bands of

the '60s' variety had moved on. Remember that some of the most frantic garage sounds came from the most out of the way places, on the small independent labels of the time.

As for your comment about picking up on the social consciousness of 60's music, I'd tend to point out that switching hats to coffee house folk "name this week's cause," isn't any better than the mimicry you perceive...but that's not what you meant. The marriage of electric protest didn't occur till the Jefferson Airplane on a widespread level and that is beyond the timeframe chosen by the bands on 'Garage Sale'. Dylan at the Newport Jazz Festival in July of 1965 caused protesting because of his electric band, etc., but to label him just a protestor with a guitar would limit his work. There are other songs, in the '60s garage vein, which come to mind as expressing social consciousness. In 1967 The Standells sang 'All Fall Down', while in Australia in 1966 The Masters Apprentices wrote 'Wars or Hands of Time' both of these examples of anti-war themes. There are others in various themes but I felt these would suffice.

If any of these bands on 'Garage Sale' go beyond the norm of present teenaged/adult pressures to social consciousness, then fine. The same goes for any other element which can transcend the original form to an '80s standpoint without living in the past. Still, this can only come out of a desire to change along with the audiences openness to accept subtle change, because, garage music by its very form isn't meant to be anything else but danceable and energetic.

Still that doesn't mean you can single out one single project as a reflection for social decay, cultural suicide of youth "Reminds me of Allen Ginsburg and his 'Howl' poem when he rants about the best minds of his generation being wasted" to quote your review. Music has often stepped back, in reaction to present trends that are unsatisfying to others. Whether it be hardcore, garage, experimental: Mass appeal isn't as important in relation to the gap that it fills.

P.S. One review, whether I agree with it or not, doesn't merit a blanket approval or dislike of 'Sound Choice'. I happen to like your format as a whole, good luck.

Joe Guidone
P.O. Box 2363
Enfield, CT 06082, U.S.A.

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Sound Choice back-issues: \$2.50 each for Sound Choice subscribers; \$3 each otherwise. Sound Choice, P.O.B. 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA.

OP back-issues available: Learn more about this legendary independent music publication. Available issues include A, B, I, O, P, Q, R, T, U, V, W, Y and Z. \$3 each. Sound Choice subscribers only: for orders of five issues or more, the price drops to \$2 each and for the whole set of 13 remaining issues, pay just \$20. Prices are for North America only. For other countries add \$1 per issue. U.S. funds or I.M.O. only. Write to Sound Choice, P.O.B. 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA.

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Contacts & Sources



David Ciarfardini/Photo

Eugene Chadbourne reaching for contact.

GIGGING

The Cleveland Music and Arts Collective (CleMAC) is interested in networking with other musicians/artists interested in arranging performances in the Cleveland area. Contact CleMAC c/o Tim Gilbride, 11508 Mayfield Rd., Cleveland, OH 44108, USA; or leave phone message at 216-791-7286.

Allen Green, AEN member and reviewer, is "interested in helping out any forward-thinking band or artist traveling in the Southeast." Contact him at 3829 East Ridge Dr., Nashville, TN 37211, USA; tel.: 615-833-3093.

Sunn Thomas, who penned the "TV Takeover" article in SC #2, sent us the following two contact names for people interested in gigging in the San Antonio, Texas area: Jason, 534 W. Summit, San Antonio, TX 78212, USA; tel.: 512-732-9953; and Brad Perkins, tel.: 512-696-7569. Sunn's address is 123 Claremont #4, San Antonio, TX 78209.

Steve Rubin at Home Recordings can help out in the Bloomington, Indiana area. See "Send Recordings To" listing below for contact info.

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Chris Willging, AEN member and reviewer, also writes a cassette column for Artitude magazine and will "appreciate and review" any cassette sent. Write to 5912 Rossmore Dr., Bethesda, MD 20814, USA.

Ghostseekers! "TRAX is tired of releasing records and cassettes of the same old living human beings.... Try and record on a virgin cassette in complete silence, play back and if any message materialized (spooky words or sounds from beyond) send the tape to: Vittore Baroni - TRAX, Via Raffaelli 2, 55042 Forte dei Marmi, Italy. An international compilation will be published (if enough material is collected) and a free copy will be sent to each contributor. Deadline for submitting tapes is September 31, 1985."

Home Recordings is a small label "seeking musical submissions for a compilation album/tape of alternative Indie music. [off-the-wall, experimental, humorous or magical]. So far there are live and studio songs recorded specially for this compilation by: Skeleton Crew, Shockabilly, That Hope, The Dits, the Sediments, Spill Drink, Big Hair and others." Deadline for submissions is Nov. 1, 1985. Contact Steve Rubin - Home Recordings, P.O.B. 4071, Bloomington, IL 61702, USA; tel.: 309-828-6726.

Mr. Yuk is looking for thrash band music and strange sounding underground garage bands for two cassette compilations titled, respectively, "Thrash Bash" and "Somewhat Bizzare." Contact Mr. Yuk at Yuk Inc., 507 Aten Ave., Wellsville, OH 43968, USA; tel.: 216-532-9298.

RADIO

Modern Music Alliance (MMA) is a group of people who are pissed off at the MOR (Middle Of Road) programming that dominates commercial radio broadcasting in the USA. They want to change things through, "a number of ways and means such as street literature, petitions, post card mailings and other aggressive ideas to both educate the listening public and give commercial program directors a straight forward message as to what real people really want." They want to help others set up local chapters of MMA in their communities. Comments, criticism or suggestions are welcome. Contact: Midwest Musicians Referral, P.O.B. 1623, Evanston, IL 60204, USA; tel.: 312-465-4050; or Persistent Productions, P.O.B. 777, Evanston, IL 60204, USA; tel.: 312-743-8429.

Composers' Forum has hundreds of tapes of concerts and discussions with modern classical composers including Otto Luening, George Antheil, Milton Babbitt, Lukas Foss, Julia Perry, Vladamir Ussachevsky, Chou-Wen-Chung, George Crumb and more, dating back to 1951. Radio programmers who wish to air these tapes should contact B.C. Vermeersch, Director; Composers Forum, One Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10003, USA; tel.: 212-673-8794.

Trade-A-Show Radio Network: "Captain Media will broadcast one to two hours of your unique radio show on KUSP-Santa Cruz or KKUP - San Jose. Trade-A-Show is designed to spread your creative madness to listeners in the San Francisco/Monterey Bay areas." Send your cassette tape and program description to: Futurethink, 2100 Moorpark Ave., San Jose, CA 95128, USA.

MISCELLANEOUS

An information exchange center (leaflets, zines, etc.) has been started by Hapunkt Fix, Wilhelmshavener Str. 2, 1 Berlin 20, BRD. For one IRC you'll receive 100 grams of material put together by Hapunkt.

Good Comic Strips (original) are wanted for long planned zine Family Entertainment. Write to Timo Kangasmaa, Varbrodsgatan 4, S-41711 Goteborg, Sweden.

Marijuana Legalization: We've been getting some interesting literature and great posters sent to us from the people who organized the July Fourth White House Smoke-In. Interested parties should contact Smoke-in Central, P.O.B. 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10012, USA; tel.: 212-533-5028.

John Oswald has assembled four "casual and informative, illustrated and discussable talks" pertaining to "creative music and related activities from a present day perspective." The titles of the talks are Atillery and Instrumentality; Piracy and Origination; Ear Media; and Audiomotion. For booking info contact John at Box 727, Station P, Toronto, M5S 2Z1, Canada; tel.: 416-925-6060.

The Libertarian Book Club distributes anarchist and related books and periodicals. For a free catalog or info write: LBC, 339 Lafayette St., Rm. 202, New York, NY 10012, USA.

International Green Communication Network: Those interested in the Green political/social/environmental movement can link up by computer through the Delphi system. For more info call Dave at 617-862-1139 or 617-864-4144; or Stan at 215-922-0227; or Brian or Ben at 608-257-5517.

Trace Porter will be reviewing "zines for Tower Records' PULSE magazine and the West German 'zine H'ARTBEAT. Contact Trace at P.O.B. 1877, Ferndale, WA 98248, USA.

Envelope art: Aaron, editor of "Free The Cometbus 5000" zine is trying to put together an exhibit of artistically enhanced envelopes that are sent to fanzines. He needs more envelopes and ideas on how and where to put on such an exhibit. Write to Aaron, P.O.B. 4726, Berkeley, CA 94704, USA.

Need more info? Maybe we can help.
Call Sound Choice/A.E.N. at (805) 646-6814.

Catalogs

Most of the following catalogs (ranging from single sheets to hundreds of pages) represent independent label products available through mailorder unless noted otherwise. MOST of the catalogs are free, unless noted otherwise, although we suggest sending stamps to cover postage. Happy exploring!

Alcazar (Box 429, Waterbury, VT 05676, U.S.A.) No descriptions, just listings of thousands of recordings from hundreds of labels. Folk, country, blues, jazz, classical, new age, electronic, much more. 64 pages.

Alternative Tentacles Records (P.O.B. 11458, San Francisco, CA 94101, USA) More than 40 records from the Dead Kennedy's label (acts include D.O.A., Butthole Surfers, M.I.A., Tragic Mulatto, T.S.O.L., and many others.) Lots of T-shirts, stickers and buttons, too.

American Gramophone (9130 Mormon Bridge Rd., Omaha, Nebraska USA); tel: 402-457-4341 Audiophile recordings (available in LP, cassette or CD formats) from Fresh Aire, Mannheim Steamroller, others. About 15 A.G. releases so far.

Arhoolie (10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530, USA); Tel: 415-525-7471 Hundreds of records and cassettes. Blues, Jazz, Religious, Gospel, Zydeco, Cajun, Ethnic, Tex-Mex, Chicano, country, western swing, old timey, bluegrass and contemporary folk. Album cover photos for almost all releases listed. 60 pages.

Bad Compilation Tapes (P.O. Box 16205, San Diego, CA 92116, USA) Hardcore/punk/thrash compilations with music from around the world. About 25 releases.

Bear Family Records (Eduard-Grunow-Str. 12, 2800 Bremen, West Germany) Thousands upon thousands of recordings in this 193-page catalog written in English. Country, Western Swing, bluegrass, cajun, Tex-Mex, Hawaii, Folk, rhythm 'n blues, Rock 'n Roll, Oldies, picture discs.

Calypso Now (Postfach 12, CH 2500 Biel 3, Switzerland Tel.: 032-220-897) Cassette releases of "avant-garde, experimental, obscure, trash- and garage-pop" from various countries. About 60 releases available.

Canadian Folk Music Society Catalog (P.O.B. 4232, Station C, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2T 5N1) 250 records, cassettes and books of Canadian folk music. 60 pages. \$2.

Catazine (Rock Market, 8033 Sunset Blvd., #565, Los Angeles, CA 90046, USA);

A couple hundred mostly rock oriented independent recordings, most from labels/individuals from the Los Angeles area. Also contains articles and reviews on artists and recordings listed in the catalog. Plus comics, fiction, and a list of music oriented contacts. According to Catazine publisher Kathie Bender, "We are actively seeking more indie music to carry in our catalog section. Homemade tapes are as welcome at Catazine as multi-track vinyl, and we will accept nearly anything on consignment as long as the audio quality is in line with the price." Bi-monthly. \$1 each.

Cause and Effect (5015 1/2 N. Winthrop, Indianapolis, IN 46205, USA) An impressive collection of over 150 cassette releases, of "experimental, industrial, pop-rock, avant garde, underground music" some on the Cause and Effect label, others from around the world. Descriptions of every recording. 32 pages.

CLAS (CLEM, P.O. Box 86010, North Vancouver, BC, Canada V7L 4J5) Electronic music mail order list from Alex Douglas, the compiler of the great Contact List For Electronic Musicians (CLEM). CLAS is depleting its stock and closing up shop (CLAS is going, CLEM will stay) but there are still plenty of cassettes and records available here gathered from artists from North America and Europe. About 50 listings.

Club Moral (Kattenberg 122, 2200 Borgerhout, Antwerpen, Belgium) Cassettes, records and books from the North European underground. No descriptive information, just titles. More than 100 items.

Down Home Music (10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530, USA); tel: 415-525-1494 A regularly issued, free newsletter/catalog featuring a variety of music: Blues, gospel, bluegrass, country, American folk, vintage jazz, ethnic, British, Irish and European folk and vintage rock and roll. Hundreds of titles with descriptions. Books and magazines too. 20 pages.

Etiquette (2442 NW Market St., Suite 273, Seattle, WA 98107, USA); tel: .206-783-3552 About ten recordings of rock bands from the '60s (The Sonics and The Wailers) and the '80s (Jr. Cadillac, Mark Shaffer Band, Neil Rush Band).

Eugene Electronic Music Collective (P.O.B. 3219, Eugene, OR 97403, USA) Eight cassette releases individually and collectively from Peter Thomas, Derryl Parsons, Phyllyp Vernacular, Nathan Griffith, Carl Juarez, and Peter Nothnagle.

Eurock Distribution (P.O. Box 13718, Portland, OR 97213, USA) Electronic music releases along the T-Dream, progressive "floating" "space music" school of sounds. More than 100 releases. Books and magazines too. Eurock Magazine (\$8/4 issues) serves as a combination magazine and recording catalog. Special supplements are also mailed out.

Face The Music (P.O. Box 163142, Sacramento, CA 95816, USA); Tel: 916-428-8050 Thousands of new and "nearly new" records and videos and books. Rock, progressive, space, soul, blues, folk, soundtracks, more.

Flower Films (10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerito, CA 94530, USA); tel: 415-525-0942 This is Les Blank's film company. (See S.C. #2 for feature on Blank). About

30 films, many of them documentary/celebrations of American roots musics. Available for sale or rent in 16 mm and video formats. Great stuff. Rent one and show it at your school or club, or... Send \$1 for catalog.

Fraction Studio (c/o Mandrange Michel, 13 Rue Maurice Creuset 77240 Cesson, France; Tel: (6) 063-22-88 Le Soir) Written in French, includes about 50 mostly French cassette releases and fanzines. New wave, industrial, free jazz, punk, "crazy music".

Fresh Sounds Video 85 (P.O. Box 36, Lawrence, KS 66044, USA); Tel: 913-841-6772 Eight video releases from S.P.K., Nocturnal Emissions, Psychic TV, Gerechtigkeits Liga, plus a compilation. Enough blood, guts and sex to require a

signed "adults only/customer release" from anyone ordering the videos.

Gut Level Music (83 Intervale St., Brockton, MA 02402, USA) Hundreds of hard to find independent recordings (and some deleted major label stuff) of contemporary musicians reacting to western, post-industrial environment. From the ambient escapism of Eno and Harold Budd, to the abrasive improvisation of Borbetomagus, to the suburban California angst of the Circle Jerks and Dead Kennedys, to the electronic explorers/composers like David Borden, to the idiosyncratic personal reactions of cassette artist Peter Catham, etc., etc. A subtle but definite cohesion makes this (not fancy) catalog of diverse, non-mainstream music stand out. Gut Level's own label, with three excellent cassette releases so far, is icing on the cake.

Insane Music Contact (c/o Alain Neffe, 2 Grand Rue, B-6190 Trazegnies, Belgium) Mostly cassettes (a few discs) of experimental, industrial and "insane" music. Many international compilations. About 25 releases.

Jettisoundz (P.O. Box 30, Lytham St. Annes, Lancashire, England FY8 3UH) A catalog of music videos. Lots of punk: Chelsea, Black Flag, D.O.A., G.B.H., U.K. Subs. Also Hawkwind videos. About 25 releases.

K (Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507, USA) A unique selection of downhome records and cassettes by musicians and non-musicians. A different kind of punk/a different kind of pop. A Cappella releases too. About 15 releases.

Ladyslipper (P.O. box 3124, Durham, NC 27705, USA; Tel: 919-683-1570) Thousands of recordings by women. All styles. Nice publication. If a woman has recorded it, and its available, you can probably get it through these people.

Mystery Tapes (Box 727, Station P, Toronto M5S 2Z1 Canada) Newsletter with about a dozen cassette releases including a \$2 sampler that helps solve the mystery. Mystery Tape releases include Henry Kaiser, Larry Dubin and John Oswald.

ME Tapes (3826 McGee, Apt. 2, Kansas City, MO 64111, USA) About 15 cassette releases from this catalog put out by Mark G.E.. Tapes by Xposed 4heads, Beja Koala, Desiree Cove, Electric Faces, Short Term Memory, Duchamp, others. Interested in tape trades also.

Orange Records West (P.O.B. 2430, Santa Clara, CA 95055, USA) About 20 records and cassettes on this label, most by seminal punk and John Lennon/Yoko Ono pal David Peel. Also Lennon/Ono picture discs and interview tapes. Other artists in this catalog are GG Allin and Western Front.

Original Music (R.D. 1, Box 190, Lasher Rd., Tivoli, NY 12583, USA) Lots of African, Caribbean, and Latin music LPs. Plus lots of books on music in those areas plus, blues, jazz, rock and more.

Popzamelwerk (c/o Jos Stikvoort, Postbus 117, 2250 AC Voorschoten, Holland; \$7 IMD) Covers pop and rock records from U.S., England, Holland, Belgium, Germany and France. Lists records and the tracks on them. This is a reference work. The records cannot be ordered through Popzamelwerk. Published annually. About 4,000 records listed. No singles. Costs \$7 by IMD.

Recommended Records (387 Wandsworth Rd., London SW 8, U.K.; Tel: 01-622-8834) About 150 records of an experimental, avant garde, or non-trendy nature from various countries, various labels. Recommended's own labels include releases by Faust, Slapp Happy, David Thomas, the Art Bears, Mnemonists, After Dinner, Sun Ra, Univers Zero, others. Recommended's policy is to "NEVER consider the commercial potential of anything...we do what we damn well like and do it properly."

Record Roundup (P.O. Box 154, N. Cambridge, MA 02140, USA) A bi-monthly, descriptive catalog of recordings from a myriad of labels touching upon most musical genres (though nothing very "extreme" in any area.) \$4/6 issues. 26 pages. From the same address as Rounder Records.

Rec Rec Music (Magnusstrasse 5, 8004 Zurich, Switzerland; Tel: 01-241-5055) Contemporary, non-trendy records along the lines of the selection offered by its sister company Recommended Records of London (although Rec Rec offers a distinct collection of its own releases.) About 20 releases in this catalog written in Swiss and English. No mention about mail order.

Red Rat Recordings (Postbus 11041, 3505 BA Utrecht, Netherlands) Forty cassette releases on the Red Rat label. Mostly electronic, experimental or improvisation. Written in Dutch.

RRRRecords (151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852, USA) Electronic, avant-garde and experimental new music from various labels/individuals. Unique selection akin to the mood and cohesiveness of the Gut Level catalog, (see above) but not as many releases (so far) but catalog is printed better. "The more extreme - the better!!" says head honcho Ron Lessard, who will be releasing material (any minute now) on the brand new RRRRecords label.

Scanam Music (2 Lincoln Square, New York, NY 10023, USA; Tel: 212-362-1689) About 75 Records from Sweden, Germany, and Finland. Everything from rock, to folk, salsa and jazz-rock and assorted combinations and fusions.

(cont. on next page)

SteepleChase

SCS-1000 series

- MC LP
- SCS-1001 Live At Montmartre/Jackie McLean
 - SCS-1002 Duo/Kenny Drew & Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
 - SCS-1003 Birdtown Birds/Joe Albany
 - SCS-1004 Blues For Harvey/Johnny Griffin
 - SCS-1005 Paul Bley/RHØP/Paul Bley & Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
 - SCS-1006 The Meeting/Jackie McLean
 - SCS-1007 Everything I Love/Kenny Drew
 - SCS-1008 My Man/Ben Webster
 - SCS-1009 Ode To Super/Jackie McLean
 - SCS-1010 Duo 2/Kenny Drew & Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
 - SCS-1011 Flight To Denmark/Duke Jordan
 - SCS-1012 Arrival/Horace Parlan
 - SCS-1013 A Ghetto Lullaby/Jackie McLean
 - SCS-1014 Hindsight/Ken McIntyre
 - SCS-1015 In The Tradition Vol. 1/Anthony Braxton
 - SCS-1016 Dark Beauty/Kenny Drew
 - SCS-1017 Catalonian Fire/Teke Montoliu
 - SCS-1018 I Concentrate On You/Lee Konitz & Red Mitchell
 - SCS-1019 Two's Company/Joe Albany & Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
 - SCS-1020 The Source/Jackie McLean
 - SCS-1021 Music For Perla/Teke Montoliu
 - SCS-1022 Perception/Conne Crothers
 - SCS-1023 New York Calling/Jackie McLean
 - SCS-1024 Two Loves/Duke Jordan
 - SCS-1025 The Apartment/Dexter Gordon
 - SCS-1026 Invitation/Andrew Hill
 - SCS-1027 When Destiny Calls/Billy Gault
 - SCS-1028 Antiquity/Jackie McLean & Michael Carvin
 - SCS-1029 Teke/Teke Montoliu
 - SCS-1030 More Than You Know/Dexter Gordon
 - SCS-1031 Duo Live In Concert/Kenny Drew & Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
 - SCS-1032 Visitor/Coronarias Dans
 - SCS-1033 Firm Roots/Cilford Jordan
 - SCS-1034 If You Could See Me Now/Kenny Drew
 - SCS-1035 Love-Lee/Lee Konitz
 - SCS-1036 Piano Man/Hilton Ruiz
 - SCS-1037 Watch Out!/Rané McLean
 - SCS-1038 The Camel/Michael Carvin
 - SCS-1039 Home/Ken McIntyre
 - SCS-1040 Stable Mable/Dexter Gordon
 - SCS-1041 Jaywalkin'/Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
 - SCS-1042 Peace/Walt Dickerson
 - SCS-1043 Free Spirits/Mary Lou Williams
 - SCS-1044 Divine Revelation/Andrew Hill
 - SCS-1045 In The Tradition Vol. 2/Anthony Braxton
 - SCS-1046 Duke's Delight/Duke Jordan
 - SCS-1047 The Highest Mountain/Cilford Jordan
 - SCS-1048 Morning/Kenny Drew
 - SCS-1049 Open Horizon/Ken McIntyre
 - SCS-1050 Swiss Nights Vol. 1/Dexter Gordon
 - SCS-1051 Call For The Fiddler/Claude Williams
 - SCS-1052 Now Is The Time/drees Sulieman
 - SCS-1053 Misty Thursday/Duke Jordan
 - SCS-1054 Tete à Tete/Teke Montoliu
 - SCS-1055 Double Bass/Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen & Sam Jones
 - SCS-1056 No Blues/Horace Parlan
 - SCS-1057 Windows/Lee Konitz & Hal Galper
 - SCS-1058 Swingin' Till The Girls Come Home/Eddie Lockjaw Davis
 - SCS-1059 Don't Look Back/Nat Adderley
 - SCS-1060 Bouncin' With Dex/Dexter Gordon
 - SCS-1061 Cunningbird/Jimmy Knepper
 - SCS-1062 Time For A Change/Monnette Sudler
 - SCS-1063/64 Live In Japan/Duke Jordan
 - SCS-1065 Introducing The Vibrations/Ken McIntyre
 - SCS-1066 Remember Me/Frank Strazier
 - SCS-1067 Reach Out/Hal Galper
 - SCS-1068 Pictures/Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen & Kenneth Knudsen
 - SCS-1069 Onaje/Onaje Allan Gumbs
 - SCS-1070 Serendipity/Walt Dickerson
 - SCS-1071 On Stage Vol. 1/Cilford Jordan
 - SCS-1072 Jazz & Juan/Lee Konitz
 - SCS-1073/74 Live At Montmartre/Stan Getz
 - SCS-1075 Real Tchical/John Tchical
 - SCS-1076 Frankly Speaking/Horace Parlan
 - SCS-1077 Lite Filte/Kenny Drew
 - SCS-1078 Excitation/Hilton Ruiz
 - SCS-1079 Goin' Home/Archie Shepp & Horace Parlan
 - SCS-1080 Biting The Apple/Dexter Gordon
 - SCS-1081 Sheila/Sheila Jordan & Arid Andersen
 - SCS-1082 Introducing Doug Raney/Doug Raney
 - SCS-1083 Trio 1/Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
 - SCS-1084 Words Of Love/Teke Montoliu
 - SCS-1085 First Set/Cedar Walton
 - SCS-1086 Another World/Andy LaVerne
 - SCS-1087 Brighter Days For You/Monnette Sudler
 - SCS-1088 Flight To Japan/Duke Jordan
 - SCS-1089 Divine Gemini/Walt Dickerson & Richard Davis
 - SCS-1090 Swiss Nights Vol. 2/Dexter Gordon
 - SCS-1091 Witches, Goblins, etc./Sadik Hakim
 - SCS-1092 On Stage Vol. 2/Cilford Jordan
 - SCS-1093 Trio 2/Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
 - SCS-1094 New York Hilton/Hilton Ruiz
 - SCS-1095 This Is Buck Hill/Buck Hill
 - SCS-1096 Just Friends/Louis Smith
 - SCS-1097 Visitation/Sam Jones
 - SCS-1098 Witchdoctor's Son/Johnny Dyan
 - SCS-1099 Embarkation/John McNeil
 - SCS-1101 For Us/Mike Richmond & Andy LaVerne
 - SCS-1102 Live In Europe/Monnette Sudler
 - SCS-1103 Duke's Artistry/Duke Jordan
 - SCS-1104 On Stage Vol. 3/Cilford Jordan
 - SCS-1105 Cuttin' Loose/Doug Raney
 - SCS-1106 In Concert/Kenny Drew
 - SCS-1107 That Old Feeling/Albert Dailey
 - SCS-1108 Tootle's Tempo/Teke Montoliu
 - SCS-1109 Song For Biko/Johnny Dyan
 - SCS-1110 Swiss Nights Vol. 3/Dexter Gordon
 - SCS-1111 A Lazy Afternoon/Shirley Horn
 - SCS-1112 To My Queen Revisited/Walt Dickerson
 - SCS-1113 Second Set/Cedar Walton
 - SCS-1114 Chasing The Sun/Ken McIntyre
 - SCS-1115 Landscape With Open Door/Pierre Derge & Walt Dickerson
 - SCS-1116 Parade/Joe Bonner
 - SCS-1117 Faun/John McNeil
 - SCS-1118 Stolen Moments/Jimmy Raney & Doug Raney
 - SCS-1119 Yes, Yes, None/Lee Konitz
 - SCS-1120 Pour Django/Boulou Ferré & Elios Ferré
 - SCS-1121 Franklin/Louis Smith
 - SCS-1122 The Touch Of Your Lips/Chet Baker
 - SCS-1123 Scope/Buck Hill

MC LP

- SCS-1131 No Problem/Chet Baker
- SCS-1132 Balled Round The Left Corner/Pierre Derge
- SCS-1133 The Glass Room/John McNeil
- SCS-1134 Duets/Jimmy Raney & Doug Raney
- SCS-1135 Change A Pace/Duke Jordan
- SCS-1136 Something Different/Dexter Gordon
- SCS-1137 I Wanna Talk About You/Teke Montoliu
- SCS-1138 Paths Beyond Tracing/David Friesen
- SCS-1139 Trouble In Mind/Archie Shepp & Horace Parlan
- SCS-1140 Gypsy Dreams/Boulou Ferré & Elios Ferré
- SCS-1141 Musically Yours/Horace Parlan
- SCS-1142 Daybreak/Chet Baker
- SCS-1143 Midnight Moonlight/Duke Jordan
- SCS-1144 Listen/Doug Raney
- SCS-1145 Strings & Things/Dexter Gordon
- SCS-1146 I Hear You John/Walt Dickerson & Jimmi Johnson
- SCS-1147 Out Of This World/Teddy Edwards
- SCS-1148 Catalonian Nights Vol. 1/Teke Montoliu
- SCS-1149 Looking At Bird/Archie Shepp & Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
- SCS-1150 The Great Seesaw/Duke Jordan
- SCS-1151 Steps Up/Eddie Harris
- SCS-1152/53 Boston Concert/Teke Montoliu
- SCS-1154 Clean Sweep/John McNeil
- SCS-1155 Permutations/Chuck Marohnic
- SCS-1156 Lullaby For A Monster/Dexter Gordon
- SCS-1157 All Night Long/Shirley Horn
- SCS-1158 Steppin' Into Beauty/Hilton Ruiz
- SCS-1159 My One And Only Love/Michal Urbaniak
- SCS-1160 Easy To Love/Buck Hill
- SCS-1161 Chocolate Cadillac/Red Mitchell
- SCS-1162 The New Jungle Orchestra/Pierre Derge
- SCS-1163 Mbizo/Johnny Dyan
- SCS-1164 Violets For Your Furs/Shirley Horn
- SCS-1165 Thinking Of You/Duke Jordan
- SCS-1166 I'll Close My Eyes/Doug Raney
- SCS-1167 The Maestro/Horace Parlan
- SCS-1168 This Is Always/Chet Baker
- SCS-1169 Mama Rosa/Archie Shepp & Jasper van't Hof
- SCS-1170 The House That Love Built/Frank Foster
- SCS-1171 Trinity/Boulou Ferré
- SCS-1172 In Europe/Jack Walrath
- SCS-1173 Impressions/Buck Hill
- SCS-1174 Ball At Louisiana/John Tchical & Pierre Derge
- SCS-1175 Truth/Duke Jordan
- SCS-1176 Suburban Fantasies/Joe Bonner & Johnny Dyan
- SCS-1177 Surprise Party/Bernt Rosengren
- SCS-1178 Like Someone In Love/Horace Parlan
- SCS-1179 Third Set/Cedar Walton
- SCS-1180 Someday My Prince Will Come/Chet Baker
- SCS-1181 All Of Me/Eddie Lockjaw Davis
- SCS-1182 Devotion/Joe Bonner
- SCS-1183 I've Got The World On A String/John McNeil
- SCS-1184 Nardis/Jimmy Raney & Doug Raney
- SCS-1185 Face To Face/Teke Montoliu & Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
- SCS-1186 Afrika/Johnny Dyan
- SCS-1187 A Quiet Day In Spring/Larry Coryell & Michal Urbaniak
- SCS-1188 Brikama/Pierre Derge & New Jungle Orchestra
- SCS-1189 Tivoli One/Duke Jordan
- SCS-1190 Montreux/Ernie Wilkins
- SCS-1191 Black & White/Doug Raney
- SCS-1192 Nica's Dream/Red Holloway
- SCS-1193 Tivoli Two/Duke Jordan
- SCS-1194 Glad I Found You/Horace Parlan
- SCS-1195 Take Good Care Of My Heart/Michal Urbaniak & Horace Parlan
- SCS-1196 Dark Warrior/Khan Jamal
- SCS-1197 Three And One/Thad Jones
- SCS-1198 Hall Note/Cilford Jordan
- SCS-1199 That's All/Teke Montoliu
- SCS-1200 Lazy Bird/Doug Raney
- SCS-1201 Three/Jamal/Dyan/Derge
- SCS-1202 Bird's Grass/drees Sulieman
- SCS-1203 Garden of the Blues/Shirley Horn
- SCS-1204 Just Be There/Howard McGhee

SCC-6000 series

- SCC-6001 At The Golden Circle, vol. 1/Bud Powell
- SCC-6002 At The Golden Circle, vol. 2/Bud Powell
- SCC-6003 Axon/Bent Axen
- SCC-6004 Cry Me A River/Dexter Gordon & Alti Bjørn
- SCC-6005 Dr. Jackie/Jackie McLean
- SCC-6006/7 Copenhagen Concert/Buck Clayton
- SCC-6008 Cheese Cake/Dexter Gordon
- SCC-6009 At The Golden Circle, vol. 3/Bud Powell
- SCC-6010 Short Story/Kenny Dorham
- SCC-6011 Scandia Skies/Kenny Dorham
- SCC-6012 King Neptune/Dexter Gordon
- SCC-6013 The House I Live In/Archie Shepp
- SCC-6014 At The Golden Circle, vol. 4/Bud Powell
- SCC-6015 I Want More/Dexter Gordon
- SCC-6016 If I Had You/Brew Moore
- SCC-6017 At The Golden Circle, vol. 5/Bud Powell
- SCC-6018 Love For Sale/Dexter Gordon
- SCC-6019 I Should Care/Brew Moore
- SCC-6020/21 For Europeans Only/Don Redman
- SCC-6022 It's You Or No One/Dexter Gordon
- SCC-6023 Billie's Bounce/Dexter Gordon

MAIL ORDER INFORMATION

SteepleChase records are available by mail order. Single LP's are \$9.00. Double LP's are \$14.00. Price includes shipping in the US. Orders from Canada should include \$2.00 for shipping. Please send a check or money order (no cash or credit cards please) with your order for the appropriate amount. Thank you for the interest you have shown for SteepleChase.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Send to:
**SteepleChase Productions, Inc., 3943 W. Lawrence Ave.,
 Chicago, Illinois 60625 — Phone (312) 463-6147**

Catalogs (continued)

Sonic Atmospheres [14755 Ventura Blvd., Suite 1776, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403, USA] Eleven digital recordings from the Sonic Atmospheres label [available in LP, cassette, or CD format] with more to come. New jazz, classical, meditative, World jazz, soundtracks and flamenco.

The Sound of Pig Music [c/o Al Margolis, 33-2B 148th St., Flushing, NY 11354, USA] Eight SOP cassette releases so far and more on their way from New York's most progressive/regressive label masterminded by underground maestro Al Margolis. Improv, electronic and noise exploration. Three compilations, plus cassettes by Billy Club Puppet (Gregor Jamroski), If Bwana, and Sombrero Galaxy. All cassettes reasonably priced, but Margolis prefers trading instead.

Starving Missile [c/o Mike Just, Therese-Giehse-Allee 30/VI, B000 Munchen B3, West Germany; Tel: 089-670-6897] Hardcore, "fun/pogo" and extreme music releases, most from West Germany and USA. More than 100 items.

Subterranean Records [577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94110, USA] At last count Subterranean had 46 records on its own label in addition to distributing recordings from Thermidor, Alternative Tentacles, and several other labels; about 100 releases in all. A fascinating selection of punk, avant garde, garage pop, and a few other things hard to categorize. When communicating with Subterranean be sure to let them know you heard about them from Sound Choice.

Stichting Stopcontact [P.O. Box 71243, 100B BE Amsterdam, Netherlands] About 50 record and tape releases of mostly electronic and/or experimental

music. Also the home of the "Contactdisc" -- pay a fee and get your music on a compilation album.

Toxic Shock [Box 242, Pomona, CA 91769, USA; Tel: 714-620-6252] Catalog of independent punk/hardcore/experimental records, video, t-shirts, stickers and more. Send \$1.

Trance Port Tapes [P.O. Box B5/436, Los Angeles, CA 90072, USA] The Trance Port label has about 10 cassette releases of L.A. audio artists ranging from ambient/drone electronics, to grungy post-punk, to poetry to a lecture tape by head-tripper Timothy Leary. LP's from Jim Fox's Cold Blue label are also available here.

235 [Spichernstr. 61, 5000 Koln 1, West Germany] Has two catalogs (written in German): a 70 page video catalog with about a hundred "cutting edge" art, music and [documentary?] videos; and a smaller catalog with an international selection of records, cassettes, videos, magazines, books and posters. Leans toward the experimental, harsher side of things.

Wayside Music [P.O. Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906-0517, USA] Lots of hard to find records at very reasonable prices. Stuff like Univers Zero, Fred Frith, Gong, Dimthings, Philip Perkins, David Borden, Ra Can Row, Orthotronics, Shockability, much more.

Walls of Genius [P.O. Box 1093, Boulder, CO 80306, USA] With more than 20 cassette releases, those crazy audio artists Walls of Genius have their own catalog of their own works plus a couple of compilation tapes; and recordings by Architects Office.

Widemouth Cassettes [Box 3B2, Baltimore, MD, 21203, USA] Taking the cassette medium where most fear to tread. Telephone answering machine projects, poetry, garbled messages, found language... About 15 releases.



Our knowledge about most of these stations comes from the mail, by way of playlists, program guides, and once in a while, personal correspondence. The listing is primarily to let creators of independent records and tapes know of radio stations that MIGHT air those recordings. All of the following stations have contacted Sound Choice, many are subscribers, and at least some of the members of the stations are more aware and more open to innovative, adventurous, and productive radio programming than most people. People with recordings should not blindly send copies out to all the stations listed here (Unless you have lots of money for postage, pressing and duplicating fees). Be selective, make contact, try to find allies at radio stations. [One way of increasing the possibility of getting airplay and reducing above mentioned costs is to take out an inexpensive ad in Sound Choice and persuade radio stations to contact YOU by inviting qualified radio programmers to write for a free radio-airplay copy. The most eager and adventurous programmers will read the ad, respond and -- hopefully -- play your creation on the air.]

The numbers (from 1 to 10) after each listing are subjective evaluations based on meager information. Nevertheless, they are there to try and give an idea how much of an "alternative" (both in music and otherwise) these stations provide listeners and how likely they are to air the kinds of recordings reviewed in Sound Choice. A "5" indicates "an average" music-oriented, non-commercial station where the music programming is 50 to 75 percent indies. As things go, a "6" is a pretty high score, indicating a station that is slightly above average in adventurousness. Also, as far as overall station quality, music programming alone does not tell the whole story (or at least shouldn't.) What about public affairs, news, talk shows, etc? A truly great station should break ground in all areas.

Most of the stations here are rock-oriented although most have "specialty shows" featuring non-rock music. In future listings we hope to include more specific information as AEN members send us such information. Also, all AEN members [Sound Choice subscribers] who have radio shows can send us a postcard giving us your station's name and address and tell us what kinds of recordings you're interested in and we'll try to get that info into the listings. An "X" in the listing denotes a station that plays many genre's of music each week. An "R" means rock, "J" jazz, "F" folk, etc. K7 means plays cassettes (A lack of a "K7" notation does not mean a station does not play cassettes, just that we don't KNOW for sure.), "CD" means plays compact discs. STATIONS: PLEASE LET US KNOW IF YOU BROADCAST CASSETTES. We will include this vital info in upcoming listings.

U.S. stations are listed in zip code order, roughly east to west. Comments and evaluations, except where others are quoted, were made by David Ciuffardini. Please let us know of any mistakes or errors in judgement.

WICN-FM90.5, 75 Grove St., Worcester, MA 01605; tel.:617-752-7517. R. 4

WCUW-FM91.3, 910 Main St., Worcester, MA 01610; tel.:617-753-1012. J 20 hrs per week. 7

WJUL-FM91.5, Univ. of Lowell, One Univ. Ave., Lowell, MA 01854; tel.: 617-459-0579. X. 6

WMWM, Salem State College, 352 Lafayette St., Salem, MA 01970; tel.: 617-745-9401. X. 6 **WHRB-95.3FM**, [Harvard] 45 Quincy St., Cambridge, MA 02138; Tel.: 617-495-4818. X. Sells ads, \$20 per minute. 6

WMBR-FM88.1, 3 Ames St., Cambridge, MA 02142; tel.: 617-253-4000. X. 7 Wants more indie soul/dance/R&B.

WMFO-FM91.5, P.O. B. 65, Medford, MA 02153; tel.:617-625-0800. R, J. 5

WRIU-FM90.3, P.O.B. 791, West Kingston, RI 02892. X.

WHNU-FM88.7, Univ. of New Haven, 300 Orange, Ave., West Haven, CT 06516; tel.: 203-934-9298. Rock oriented. 5

WKCR-FM89.9, Columbia Univ., 208 Ferris Booth Hall, New York, NY 10027; tel.: 212-280-5223. Lots of jazz, "new music" and ethnic and world music of all kinds. Bluegrass, blues, more. "New Music" programming appears to be a free-form category where ambient, avant-garde, hardcore, etc. come together on the same show. 8

WRPW-AM630, Pace Univ., Pleasantville, NY 10570; tel.:212-769-3200, ext. 3203. Includes an "all cassettes" show, and "Gut Level Music" program for "ambient and harsh avant-garde and electronic" music. 6

WHBI-FM106.477 B2nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11209; tel.:212-745-2537. Commercial station playing a top forty mix of progressive dance club music [Velvet Monkeys, SPK, Acrylix, Death Comet Crew, Two Ton Machine, etc.] 75% indies.

WRPI FM91.5 Room 113, Communications Ctr., Troy, NY 12180; Tel.: 518-266-6248. X. CDs 6

WPLT-FM94, PSUC College Center, Plattsburgh, NY 12901; tel.: 518-564-2727. R, J. 5

WHRW-FM90.5, SUNY-Binghamton, Vestal Parkway East, Binghamton, NY 13790. X. AEN member Paul Goldschmidt holds down a show here and plays "anything that's within the range of human hearing." You can contact him direct c/o Bartlemuzik Ltd., P.O.B. 222, Johnson City, NY 13790, USA.

WCVF-FM89, Gregory Hall, State Univ. College at Fredonia, NY 14063; Tel: 716-673-3420. X. 5.

WRUR-FM88.5 and AM640, Univ. of Rochester, Box 2906B, Rochester, NY 14627; tel.: 716-461-1450. R, J, F. 5

WRCT-FM88.3, 5020 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213; Tel: 412-621-9728. X. A personal note with the playlist indicates the station has "a good sized group of DJ's interested in truly non-commercial radio and unusual music" and wants "more contact with really small indie labels and artists putting out their own records."

WMUC-FM88.1, Box 99, Univ. of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742. X.

WTJU-FM91.3, 711 Newcomb Hall Station, Charlottesville, VA 22901; tel.: 804-924-3418. X. 5

WREK-FM91.1, Georgia Tech Student Radio, 165 Eighth St. N.W., Box 32743, Atlanta, GA 30332; tel.:404-894-2468. X. No "jazz slots" or "rock slots"; it just [supposed to] all melds together. Weird or harsh hometape cassettes do get

(cont. on next page)



More RADIO

airplay! We've received several calls and letters from people who got turned on to non-commercial radio from WREK, then moved to another city and couldn't believe how poor the music programming was at their new local non-commercial station. They thought all non-commercial stations would have the same adventurous alternative spirit as WREK. B

WLRN-FM91.3, 172 Northeast 15th St., Miami, FL 33132, 90% indie rock. 6
WOBC-FM91.5, Oberlin College, Wilder Hall, Oberlin, OH 44074; tel.: 216-775-8107. X. Has a sincere interest in playing more independent releases including cassette only releases. Help them out. 7

WRUV-FM91.1, Case Western Reserve Univ., 11220 Bellflower Rd, Cleveland, OH 44106; tel.: 216-368-2208. X. 5

WCSB-FM89.3, Cleveland State Univ., Suite 956, Rhodes Tower, Cleveland, OH 44115; tel.: 216-687-3523. X. The alternative music and networking spirit is strong here. 7

WECI-FM91.5, Box 1239, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374; tel.: 317-962-3541. R, J, F. 5

KRUI-FM89.7, Student Broadcasters, Inc., 897 South Quad, Iowa City, IA 52242; tel.: 319-353-5500. R, J, B. This station has hit new programming lows since a new music director took over during the summer. More than half of its top fifty are major label acts and there appears to be no spirit of adventure left whatsoever. The music director, Chris Werner, used to be an intern at Polydor. Who's he working for now? Somebody please shake this guy. 3

WCCX-FM104.5, 221 N. East Ave., Waukesha, WI 53186; tel.: 414-544-4577. R. 4

WORT-FM, P.O.B. 3219, Madison, WI 53704. Bill Milosz has a weekly program of electronic and experimental music. Some hardcore and indie rock can be found here also.

WLPM-FM91.1, 113 S. Lawe St., Appleton, WI 54911; tel.: 735-6566.

WZRD-FM88.3, Northeastern Illinois Univ., 5500 North St. Louis Ave., Chicago, IL 60625; tel.: 312-583-4780. X. "We are dedicated to experimental music, art, and politics. Our musical emphasis is on Fringe rock, industrial, avant-garde, jazz and classical, acoustic, hardcore, and other music/sound of this nature...we present seminars, debates, interviews...we sponsor concerts of avant rock and industrial music...no one at WZRD uses their name on the air...send us your records, tapes, literature, philosophies, etc....contact Bill Meeham or Station Manager Paul Glaven." 99% indies. B

KJHK-FM91, 200 Flint Hall, Lawrence, KS 66044; tel.: 913-864-3283. R, J, B. 5

KNTU-FM88.1, P.O.B. 13585, N.T. Station, Denton, TX 76201. X. Lloyd Sitkoff is the person to contact here. He hosts "...and seldom is heard" featuring "unjustly neglected recordings" from "obscure composers from all times and a healthy dose of traditional non-western music..." No matter what kind of sound you have created, send it to Lloyd and he and his friends will try to get it to the right DJ and "do our best to stretch the 'format' and give credit where credit is due."

KPFT-FM90.1, 419 Lovett Blvd., Houston, TX 77006; tel.: 713-526-4000. X. 100,000 watts broadcasting sounds "from the biggest labels to the smallest independent home recording." 7

KTRU-FM91.7, Rice Univ., P.O.B. 1892, Houston, TX 77251; tel.: 527-4088. X. 5.

KRCL-FM91, 208 West 800 South, Salt Lake City, UT 84102. X.

KXCI-FM91.7, 145 E. Congress St., Tucson, AZ 85701; tel.: 602-622-1472. X. K7.

KXLU-FM88.9, 7101 W. 80th St., Los Angeles, CA 90045; tel.: 213-642-2866. X. 5.5. Some music industry businessmen named KXLU "best college station in the country." The problem is, the station's management believes it and considers it a compliment.

KCSN-FM88.5, 18111 Nordhoff St., Northridge, CA 91330; tel.: 818-885-3089. This station's music director, Howard Schlossberg, apparently spent the

last six months using his station's playlist trying to drum up a paying job in the corporate music business. He went so far as to (in his April 30 playlist) to ENCOURAGE college radio programmers to play the new Prince album saying among other things "we have an equal chance, as college programmers, to help determine this album's fate." Does he actually think that his dumb ass station or college radio in general can have anything to do with determining the "success" or "failure" of an artist who has multi-million dollar corporate backing? Wake up! KCSN is one of college radio's biggest embarrassments. 3

KPFK-FM90.7 Andrea 'Enthal produces "12 O'Clock Rock", six hours per week of on-the-edge recordings promised to have been "released or imported into the U.S. within the last 30 days...most within seven days." Her address is P.O.B. 4904, Panorama City, CA 91412.

KSPC-FM88.7, Pomona College, Thatcher Music Bldg., Claremont, CA 91711; tel.: 714-621-8157. X. 5

KUOR-FM89.1, Univ. of Redlands, Redlands, CA 92374. X. 5

KSSB-FM, Calif. State Univ., Dept. of Communication, 5500 Univ. Pkwy, San Bernardino, CA 92407-2397; tel.: 714-887-7685. This is a new station, tentatively scheduled to go on the air in Fall of 1985. John Cloud, former music director at KUOR is helping get this started. Hopefully it will set a higher standard than KUOR.

KCBX-FM90, 4100 Vachell Lane, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401; tel.: 805-544-5229. Everything but rock and harsh electronics at this NPR station.

KFJC-FM88.7, 12345 El Monte Rd., Los Altos Hills, CA 94022; tel.: 415-948-8819, ext. 260. AEN member Paul Luchter has an alternative rock show here.

KUSP-FM88.9 and 90.3, P.O.B. 423, Santa Cruz, CA 95061; tel.: 408-476-2800. X. Leans toward the "roots" side of things. 6

KDVS-FM90.3, 14 Lower Freeborn, Davis, CA 95616; tel.: 916-752-0728. X. 5.

KMUN-FM, 1129 Commercial St., P.O.B. 269, Astoria, OR 97103; tel.: 503-325-0010. X. Rock programming is only 40% indies. 4.

KBOO-FM90.7, 20 SE 8th, Portland, OR 97214. Pat Baum of Quality Tape Lab has had a show here for seven years and is especially interested in "women in punk-hardcore vein and any independent cassette or record."

KBVR-88.7, Memorial Union East, Oregon State Univ., Corvallis, OR 97331; tel.: 503-754-2008. 5

KAOS-FM89.3, The Evergreen State College, CAB 305A, Olympia, WA 98505; tel.: 206-866-5267. X. Pretty many cassettes on the playlist. Frank Gunderson has an "all-cassettes" show here. Station wants more reggae and classical recordings. 7

KTUH-FM90.3, Hemenway 202, 2445 Campus Rd., Honolulu, HI 96822; tel.: 808-948-7431. X. 5

CKLN-FM88.1, 380 Victoria St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5B 1W7; tel.: 416-595-1477. R, J. K7. 6

CFUO-FM cable99.3, 85 Hasteley, Suite 227, Ottawa, Canada K1N 6N5; tel.: 613-231-2903 R. 20% indies. 2

CJSR-FM88.5, Room 224, Students' Union Bldg., Univ. of Alberta, Edmonton, Canada T6G 2J7; tel.: 403-432-5244. X. 5.

CKUL-AM560, 4401 University Dr., Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada T1K 3M4; tel.: 403-329-2335. R. 4.

CITR-FM102, UBC Radio, 6138 Sub Blvd., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6T 2A5; tel.: 228-3017. On-the-edge rock. Lots and lots of "demo tapes" aired. 8

CFUV-FM105.1, Student Union Bldg, Univ. of Victoria, P.O.B. 1700, Victoria, B.C., Canada V8W 2Y2; tel.: 604-721-8607. X. Pretty many rock "demos" aired. 6

Rudi of Calypso Now hosts a weekly radio show of adventurous independent music and audio art. Lots of cassettes. Send materials to Rudi c/o Calypso Now, P.O. Box 12, ch-2500 Biel 3, Switzerland.

Dazibao Audio Magazine broadcasts mostly U.S. on-the-edge indie rock. Write c/o Philippe Soussens, 72, rue des Menuts, 33000-Bordeaux, France.

4ZZZ-FM, P.O.B. 509, Toowong, Q.4066, Australia. X. "Leans heavily towards non-mainstream, independent rock, has a loose policy of playing a minimum of 25% womens' music, and runs specialist programs on blues, jazz, African and reggae...produces features and interviews with a particular attention to womens' rights, gay rights, the anti-nuclear movement and Aboriginal land rights...very receptive to demo- tapes and indie records and cassettes."

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Publications



Here's the latest list of publications. Many are eager for more input and welcome unsolicited articles, letters, artwork and advertising. Since things change fast and furiously in the world of small publications it is a good idea to send a contact letter before sending money, manuscripts, etc.. Be sure to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope or postcard. The publications here range from single typewritten mimeographed sheets to typeset, glossy covered journals of more than 100 pages. Don't expect to get this stuff for free. In most cases we've included price information in these listings (U.S. prices only). If there is no price listed, write for the price and be sure to include an S.A.S.E.. Let them know where you heard about their publication.

Publishers of non-mainstream, alternative-type publications who want their creations mentioned in Sound Choice should send them to the Sound Choice address. PLEASE INCLUDE PRICE INFORMATION. This publication list contains few repeats from the lists in the last two issues of Sound Choice. In future issues we will review publications mentioned in the past (if new issues are sent to us). We treat publications with great respect and rarely, if ever, throw any away, preferring to keep them on file or pass them on to people who appreciate them. Sending a good publication to Sound Choice is never a wasted effort, whether or not a particular issue gets reviewed or not.

Reviews are by David Ciuffardini, except where noted otherwise.

The Absolute Sound (Box L, Sea Cliff, NY 11579, U.S.A.; [516]671-6342; \$20/four issues) For the maniacal audiophile. More than 200 pages (digest size) of research and opinion on high quality audio playback equipment and audiophile recordings. Unlike most equipment oriented music mags, the editorial content doesn't appear compromised by the whims of the magazine's advertisers. Interestingly, the editor of TAS has a strong bias against compact discs.

The ACE (Association of Clandestine Radio Enthusiasts, P.O.B. 46139, Baton Rouge, LA 70895-6139, USA; monthly, \$11/12 issues) A great organization and publication for those interested in pirate radio.

Akwekon #1 (P.O. Box 196, Mohawk Nation via Roosevelt, NY 13683-0196, U.S.A.; \$7) Subtitled "Taking It Back," this is a high quality journal of contemporary Native (North) American culture and activities. This first issue included art, poetry, articles, opinions, lots of contact and source info, a music section and a column on Native American radio broadcasting. 74 pages.

Another Room Magazine (2216 Fifth St., Berkeley, CA 94710, U.S.A.; 415-548-2426; quarterly, \$10 year) Vol. 3, #7 has interviews with Malcolm McLaren, Philip Glass, Leonard Cohen, Wallace Berman and Chris Isaak. Plus ads and reviews.

Atticus Review (720 Heber Ave., Calexico, CA 92231, U.S.A.; \$10/4 issues) "A journal of poetry, fiction, graphics and criticism."

Autistic Chainsaw Gazette (107 E. John #302, Champaign, IL 61820, U.S.A.) Editor Katherine Nichols explains: "Autistic Chainsaw Gazette exists to provide a voice for those who refuse to follow the flock. It exists to provide solace for those who search for a magazine that publishes art (both visual and verbal) and commentary that 'nice' arts magazines for the 'sheep' will not print..."

Bag of Wire Expose (P.O. Box 441230, W. Somerville, MA 02144, U.S.A.; quarterly, \$4 per year) Photocopy art and writing. "A virtual message in a bottle thrown into a consumer ocean."

The Beat (8 Glenville Ave., Suite A, Allston, MA 02134, U.S.A.; \$7.50/13 issues.) A (rock) music magazine put out by commercial radio station WBCN. Keeps abreast of the local contenders, the Boston scene, local club directories, etc.

Be-Bop and Beyond (P.O. Box 54337, Los Angeles, CA 90054, U.S.A.; \$10/six issues) A good, glossy, down-to-earth jazz magazine. Emphasis on "African-American creative music." 32 pages.

Birth of Tragedy (Box 6271, Stanford, CA 94305, U.S.A.; \$1.50) Recent editions of this tabloid had articles on/by Allen Ginsberg, Jello Biafra, Henry Rollins, Rene Girard, Gregory Corso, Charles Manson, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and V.O. Real.

The Black Sheep Review (One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140, U.S.A.; \$10/five issues.) The subtitle tells the story: "Folk and acoustic music in New England and the Northeast." Would likely appeal to folk/acoustic fans anywhere.

Bloody Mess Publications (5523 Montello Dr., Peoria, IL 61614, U.S.A.) A guy who calls himself Bloody F. Mess creates punk/hardcore/metal zines, each issue having a different title. The latest is Frenzied Bloodshed. Includes sophomoric interviews with Doormat Culture, The Cattle, Happy World, The Exploited and Corrosion of Conformity. Eight pages with reviews and lots of swear words.

Cassettera (Box 393, 89 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, MA 02115, USA; tel.: 617-437-1256; \$2.50) Premier issue (April) was mostly ads for cassette recordings. 36 pages. I'm not sure if Cassettera is continuing or not. I've called the phone number many times but it just keeps ringing.

Catazine (P.O.B. 2933, Beverly Hills, CA 90213, USA; tel.: 818-349-1243) See listing in the "Catalogs" section. However, this is the new, true, address and phone number.

Casual Casual (c/o Peter Dako, 536 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 1Y4; \$1) Digest-sized anthology comik regularly featuring Canadian art-

ists and cartoonists branching out internationally. Editor Peter Dako's character "Big Boy" figures prominently in each issue and humorously so. Issue #14 features a nice review section. - John E.

The Closest Penguins (333 Tenth St., San Francisco, CA 94103, U.S.A.; \$1) Editor Denise Dee got upset when in a past issue I described The Closest Penguins as a "literary" magazine. It seems she hates the word "literature" when applied to her work, just the way she seems opposed to punctuation in her writing. But whatever you call it, the very personal writing that Denise and her contributors put forth is good in a very down to earth, unpretentious manner. They are very sensitive to alienation and are acutely aware of living in a world where feelings and thoughts are not easily shared. I read it and am a better person for it.

Coda (Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8, Canada; \$15/six issues) Subtitled "The Journal of Jazz and Improvised Music." Issue #200, a special piano issue, had articles on Bill Evans, Kenny Drew, Kirk Lightsey, Joanne Brackeen.

Cometbus (P.O. Box 4726, Berkeley, CA 94704, U.S.A.) Hardcore zine (6 pages). The editors want submissions but "No record or zine reviews or scene reports (except Santa Cruz and a few other places). Interviews and articles on only local bands and the Butthole Surfers."

Comix and Drawings Burning to You Straight From Hell (c/o Tom Brinkman, 3707 Manchaca Rd., #264, Austin, TX 78704, U.S.A.; \$5) One of the most interesting comix to come from anywhere, not to mention Hell! Full size with an all black cover. Close to 50 pages, inscribed with subject matter from necrophilia to intense portraits of personal demons and inner visions. Not for the squeamish. Signed in the artist's blood! - John E.

Comix Wave (c/o Clay Geerdes, Box 7083, Berkeley, CA 94707, U.S.A.; \$6/12 issues.) Comix artist Clay Geerdes edits this sheet of "mini and newwave comix" news, contacts and art. Send two copies of your comix publication and he'll plug you.

Computer Music Journal (The MIT Press, 2B Carleton St., Cambridge, MA 02142, U.S.A.; quarterly/\$5 each) Articles, letters, reviews, new product news, and ads put together in a clean, scholarly fashion. Especially recommended for the "hands on" computer music enthusiast.

Distant Violins (P.O.B. 142 Nth Carlton, Vic 3054, Australia) Garage rock zine from friendly folks down under. No. 18 has 20 big pages.

D.D.V.E. (c/o Polly Vinyl, P.O.B. 4-1698, Anchorage, AK 99509, USA) HC oriented zine. #2 had 32 pages.

Earsnot (P.O. Box 85851, Seattle, WA 98145-2858, U.S.A.) A jazz oriented newsletter especially recommended for musicians gigging (or hoping to) in the great Northwest. **East Village Eye** (611 Broadway, Rm. 609, New York, NY 10012, U.S.A.; [212]777-6157; \$13.75/11 issues) What's hot and who's cool in Manhattan. Art, entertainment and local news issues. Trendy. Bargain priced classified ads.

Ecolibrium Interviews (517 Canon View Trail, Topanga, CA 90290, U.S.A.; [213]455-3504) "A forum for prominent people (artists, activists, scientists) to voice their thoughts and feelings on the many threats to Planetary Survival."

Fanzine (c/o Dena, 4 Morna Rd., Camberwell, London SE5, England; \$1) This cool zine (#2) is dated Dec. '84 but the folks at Flipside just sent it to us, so I think it is still happening. Basically a punk zine that tries to give equal time to women in bands (though men are not excluded.) Includes pieces on Brigandage, Rubella Ballet, Toxicwaste, Decadent Few and Penelope Houston of the Avengers. The latter being an insightful interview with a woman who stepped out of the musical spotlight (Avengers are no more) and can discuss things from an objective perspective. Interestingly, she says she plans to sue C.D. Presents, the record label that released the post mortem Avengers album and other Avengers items. Penelope says she has never received a cent from the record and that C.D. folks ignore her and won't respond to her inquiries. Hmmm...

Flanders' Tape-ology (The Cassette Factory, P.O. Box 84, 2070 Ekeren 1, Belgium) Zine of home tape cassette culture, written mostly in Belgian (?) with some English articles. Includes lots of international contact addresses.

Forced Exposure (719 Washington St., Apt. #172, Newtonville, MA 02160, USA; quarterly, \$8/4 issues) Issue #7/8, Summer 1985: Independent music fanzine including articles on and/or by assholes and shiteaters (literally), plus Swans, Nick Cave, Sonic Youth, Big Black, Lydia Lunch, Chris D., others. Good layout. 82 pages.

Free Radio Handbook (DVS Communication Specialists, Box 5074, Hilo, HI 96720, USA; \$2 cash or make checks out to John T. Arthur) A 20 page booklet of information to help people set up and maintain pirate (not government authorized) radio broadcasts. Technical info, contact and source addresses and more. It is not quite "all the basic information you need to set up and operate a Free Radio station" as the introduction says (at least not for a complete technical layman like me) but it certainly points you in the right direction and should be considered essential reading for anyone interested in the subject. A new, updated edition is due out soon.

(cont. on next page)

More Publications

Get (227 Westridge Dr., Tallahassee, FL 32304, U.S.A.; \$6/3issues) Newsprint tabloid (16 pages) of computer prepared graphics. Is it art or is it a joke? I don't know. Probably both.

Glimmer (c/o Distant Violins, P.O.B. 143 Nth Carlton, Vic 3054 Australia) Handwritten poetry and fiction. High-schoolish. Contributions must be handwritten (no typing).

The Gray Matter Gutter (c/o Jamie Rake, 201 Howard St., Waupun, WI 53983, U.S.A.; 67 cents each) Here's an innovative fanzine: No interviews, no scene reports and no photographs. Instead the zine (#2) includes the following articles: Getting Blacks to Like Polka, The Big Deal about Being Gay and Musical: Is Country Underground?, and Is Mr. T the New Elvis Presley? **Gray/Green** (Greyscale, P.O. Box 55502 Tucson, AZ 85703-5502, U.S.A.) A good looking zine focussing on extreme audio recordings, contacts, etc. The latest had interviews with Kerry Kugelmann of Black Iron Prison and David Oliphant of Maybe Mental.

Guide To North American Pirate (Radio) Activity, 1984 Edition Just what the name says. Contact The ACE (see listing above) for info on latest edition of this high quality publication.

Happy Birthday Bach (Doubleday/Dolphin, 245 Park Ave., New York, NY, 10167, U.S.A.; \$12.95) Full color trade paperBach with humorous drawings/paintings of Johann Sebastian Bach. Commemorating the 300th anniversary of his birth.

Incognito (c/o Larry Grogan, 28 Oxford Rd., Englishtown, NJ 07726, U.S.A.; \$1) The fanzine that claims "Every Page: A Trip." A mixture of writing on sixties bands and the current crop of revivalists.

Index on Censorship (c/o Fund for Free Expression, 36 West 44th St., New York, NY 10036, U.S.A.; (212) 840-9460; \$25/6 issues, \$16 for students) Reports from around the world on censorship and repression. The April 1985 issue had two music related articles: Politics and Punk in Hungary; and an interview with Yolocamba L'ta, an El Salvadoran music group in support of that country's rebel forces.

International Graffiti Times (Box 299, Prince St., Station, New York, NY 10012, U.S.A.; \$1) A radical zine about graffiti and related ideas. One poster size sheet with photos and color.

Jersey Beat (418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ 07087, USA; \$1) Rock fanzine edited by Jim Testa covering mostly east coast musicians.

Jim (c/o Jim Woodring, P.O.B. 10075, Glendale, CA 91202, U.S.A.; \$1.50) Wild, weird, surrealistic zine with drawings and writing done in an enigmatic style sometimes impenetrable but always hilarious and complete. Includes a mail order page, "Jimland Novelties" offering such irresistible items as a "Bonsai Snuff Party" and the "Snail and Slug Call" that works every time, unless you think of a horse." - John E.

JND (JND/Thruput, 18653 Ventura Blvd., Suite 518, Tarzana, CA 91356, USA; \$1) Electronic music zine. 22 pages. Interview with Nightcrawler's "A History of Electronic Music" and "Why Did God Create Whitehouse?" The latter being a misleading title for an opinion piece complaining that most industrial noise bands have become generic clones.

Kicks #4 (P.O.B. 646, Cooper Sta., New York, NY 10003, USA, \$4) I have read through hundreds of independent music magazines and there is nothing (except Sound Choice?) as satisfying as good 'ole Kicks. Issue #4 is 74 big, fat pages of bliss. This is my bible. The in-depth articles on Hasil Adkins and Wanda Jackson alone should have your check in the mail, but wait...there's more. There are also spicy swipes at many of today's "stars" like Madonna ("A VD-ridden harlot") that are frequently interjected in the many articles. With the addition of stories on TV, White Castle burgers, and a Nick Tosches article on Hillary Brooke's legs, it soon becomes apparent that Kicks serves as a paragon of truth in the often distasteful world of recorded music. Oh yeah, the dozens of rare photos are amazing. - Rex Doane

Killer (84 Eldridge St., New York, NY 10002, U.S.A.; \$1) Killer #7 is a zine of mostly indistinguishable photocopies of band and solo musician photographs. Rhys Chatham, Christmas, Gutbank, Todliche Doris, The Clap, Matador, Spades and others. 24 pages.

Kingfisher (119 Sunset Dr., LaGrange, KY 40031, U.S.A.; 50 cents) This young persons' zine is too cutesy and soft for me although the diversity is refreshing but anemic. Record and movie reviews along with articles on boxer shorts, a man who knows (but not very well) Richard Hell's sister, and the band Squirrel Bait.

Komakino (Marcello Parzial, V.V. Veneto 7, 20033 Cerro Maggiore (MI), Italy; \$2) Small size fanzine, 20 pages, written in Italian and covering mainly U.S. and British rock music. \$40 for full-page ads. - Piero Scaruffi

The Letter Exchange (P.O.B. 6218, Albany, CA 94706, USA; \$2.50 or \$6/3 issues) Listings, in the form of classified ads, of people who want to correspond with like-minded others. A clean and classy publication.

Little Free Press (Rt. 2, Box 136A, Cushing, MN 56443, U.S.A.; free) Thought provoking newsletter that poses rational, utopian alternatives to the capitalist system mindset. Written and published by Ernest Free Mann.

Live Squid (P.O. Box 3364, Charlottesville, VA 22903, U.S.A.; \$1.25) Mike Corley of the band MIA makes the cover of #4 of this zine that tries to prove that there is a supportive local music scene happening in Squidville (aka Charlottesville). Reviews, interviews, letters, etc. 26 pages.

Living Free (c/o Jim Stumm, Bo 29, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223, U.S.A.; \$7/6 issues) Subtitled "A Personal Journal of Self Liberation." Issue #30 contained detailed info about how to live free and undetected in National forests; info on pirate radio, publication listings, letters, and more. 10 pages.

Love & Laughter (1143 Cherokee Road #7, Louisville, KY 40204, U.S.A.; 50 cents) Issue #1 of this music zine contains writing quality several notches above that of most fanzines - more mature and intelligent. #1 contains lengthy article

on NRBO, an excellent review of Ian Whitcomb's book *Rock Odyssey*, a live Alex Chilton Review, record reviews, a Louisville scene report and more.

Loud 3D (5841 Geary Blvd., San Francisco, CA 94121, U.S.A.; \$12.95) A trade paperback of 3D photos of various hardcore/punk musicians in action. Whether you care for the subject matter or not, the novelty of the 3D viewing experience (complete with the funny looking glasses necessary for viewing) and the superior quality of the effect (the best I've seen) makes this a good conversation piece and coffee table adornment. 64 pages, glasses included.

Lust For Life (c/o James Barber, 180 N. Bellaire Ave., Louisville, KY 40206, U.S.A.; \$ A S E) A slim zine for kids into the Louisville music scene.

The Making of Cajun Music (by Barry Jean Ancelet and Elemore Morgan, Univ. of Texas Press, Austin, TX, USA) Beautiful book with gorgeous color photos and written in both English and French. Ancelet prefaces the main portion of the text with a history of the migration of the French from Acadia when the British took over the land now known as Nova Scotia, and a brief account of the recording evolution of cajun music. But the meat of the book deals with biography/interviews with all the living (though some now deceased) purveyors of cajun music and the newly found pride in their Francophone culture. Everyone from Clifton Chenier, Nathan Abshire, the Fontenots, the Ardoin to Zachary Richard is covered. Discography and bibliography included. - Keith Wilson **Malice** (P.O. Box 241022, Memphis, TN 38124, U.S.A.; \$1) Music fanzine with a hardcore edge. All the usual stuff: reviews, scene reports, addresses, interviews, good comix, more. 32 half-size pages.

Mangled Efforts (P.O. Box 1365, Madison, WI 53701, USA) Latest issue of this zine included rock/hardcore music articles and reviews and important and interesting articles such as "When The F.B.I. Comes..." (to hassle you about not registering for the draft), "Student Activism" and a lengthy interview with Lisa Baumgardner of Bikini Girl magazine. 42 pages.

Meat Signals; Paranoia Psychoomix; Ooppelganger (Jim Ryan, 102 South Lake Ave., Albany, NY 12208, U.S.A.; \$ 50 each) Each title represents an eight page mini-comix printed well on nice paper. With subject matter ranging from intense personal introspection to one liner gags, Ryan incorporates his singular drawing style with collage techniques to produce thought provoking, often tongue in cheek one page masterpieces. - John E.

Million Selling Records (Arco Publishing, Inc., New York, \$35) A hardcover reference book, penned in Britain, giving details of all million selling records from 1903 to 1980. Skimming through the pages I caught several factual errors, i.e., this line about the 1976 "Welcome Back Kottler" themesong (a comeback hit for former Lovin' Spoonful leader John Sebastian): "The first Million seller for newcomer John Sebastian." Many other name and songtitle misspellings/mixups. See how many you can find!

My Wife (P.O. Bo 19012, Minneapolis, MN 55419, U.S.A.; \$ A S E.) Issue #3 was a sheet of mostly shitty (as in scatological) humor. In issue #2 editor Burl Gilyard reveals "I am obsessed with buttocks, anus, assholes, and hindquarters of all sorts."

Near The Edge Editions (Via Raffaelli, 2 - 55042 Forte Del Marmi (Lu) Italy) "S.I.N.E.W.S IV" is the title of a compendium of mail art from various countries that found its way, via Near The Edge Editions, to Sound Choice headquarters. With mail art projects like this each participant sends a specified number of "artifacts" to a central address, it is gathered together, collated and packaged with the works of the other participants and sent back to the participants and others who (hopefully) thrill to the delight of receiving a limited edition package of art from artists from various regions. This particular package didn't come with any explanation about participating in future projects (or if it did, it was in a language I couldn't read.)

NON (XEX Graphix, P.O.B. 240611, Memphis, TN 38124, U.S.A.; \$1.50) Techno-primitivism at its best from artists XNO and Bob "X". Jams, mazes, shrunken heads, and mutant Rat Finks populate the pages of this amazing comix. Eyeball kicks galore here, folk! - John E.

Non-Stop Banter (c/o Debbie Novak, 94th Ave & 16th St., Orland Park, IL 60462, USA; \$1) Rock fanzine. Recent issue (#2) had interviews with Del Fuegos, Lyres, and X's Billy Zoom. 16 pages.

Not Yet Decided (c/o Brian Walsby, 3036 N. Arlington Ave., Simi Valley, CA 93063; U.S.A.) Underground Metal and hardcore music is the focus of this photocopy newsletter from scenester/cartoonist Brian Walsby.

Nu-Artist Comix (Warning Fanzine, P.O. Box 102993, Anchorage, AK 99510, U.S.A.; \$2.50) Comix of urban angst, despair, violence and punk philosophizing compiled by the creators of Warning Fanzine.

The Offense Newsletter (P.O. Box 12614, Columbus, OH 43212, U.S.A.) Lots of letters from people from around the country discussing the ups and downs, ins and outs of pop, rock and underground music. Interviews and reviews also. Rational and mostly intelligent.

1/1 [Other Music, Inc., 535 Stevenson St., San Francisco, CA 94103, U.S.A.; \$15/4 issues.] Subtitled "The Quarterly Journal of the Just Innovation Network," this publication promotes the use of Just Intonation (an alternative musical tuning system) for instruments and musical compositions.

Open System Project (c/o Alain Crochien, rue de l'École, 11, 4001 Gilly, Belgium) Haven't seen this one yet but sources say it's a periodical covering non-conventional music of all kinds.

Optic Music (P.O. Box 67 D 46, Los Angeles, CA 90057, U.S.A.; \$26/8 issues.) Another West Los Angeles publication trying to ride on the name/age legacy of the late/great OP magazine. Another ripoff deception, this magazine, focusing on commercial music videos, is slick, glossy and in total support of MTV, corporate record companies, etc. One more in a long list of music publications that worship the almighty dollar, at the expense of any type of integrity.

Options (P.O.B. 470, Port Chester, NY 10573, USA; \$17/6 issues.) Latest issue contains "Confessions of a Bisexual Rock Groupie." No independent label info in this issue at all. Warning: despite the name, this publication, like the one mentioned above it, has no relation to OP magazine.

The Other Sound (Inner-X, Box 1060, Allston, MA, 02134, U.S.A.; \$10/8 issues.) Fanzine that mostly functions as a promotio/propaganda tool for the Innersleeve label that sells recordings of most of the bands/musicians featured in the publication; i.e., Psychic TV, Sleep Chamber, others. The last two issues featured Psychic TV's leader and chief penis piercer Genesis P. Orridge on the cover. (Piercing ones penis or vagina with a metal ring is a prerequisite for being a member of Psychic TV's club Psychic Youth. Does the musicians know about this?)

Outer Shell (Oyster Promotions, P.O.B. 7053, St. Petersburg, FL 33734, USA; \$ASE) Reviews and opinions on rock. 2 pages.

Own the Whole World (812 Stadelman Ave., Akron, OH 44320, U.S.A.) A zine and cassette combination. Worthwhile. Write to them for more info.

The Phoenix (306 N. Brooks St., Madison, WI 53715, USA; monthly, \$10/12 issues.) An alternative newspaper like in the old days before most of them got rid of social/political/environmental reporting and turned into either sex tabloids or upper-middle class art and entertainment rags. The Phoenix, begun last March, has picked up the torch and put out some very interesting, rational, and much needed info, opinions and analysis on things like child care, acid rain, military recruitment in high schools, income taxes, pornography, racism, war, homosexuality, family farming, etc., etc. Distributed free in the Madison area. Some of those involved in this cooperative venture have mentioned an interest in reviewing independent recordings.

Platonic Death (c/o Salt Walther, 6715A Gunston Lane, Prospect, KY 40059, U.S.A.; S.A.S.E.) Salt Walther is insecure, angry, homophobic, foul mouthed, mixed up and likes to put people down in his photocopy zine by a pissed off adolescent who prefers swearing to thinking, and believes that penis, love and nipples are for "fags." The world needs more zines with a no-kiss-ass, talk-to-me-it-is approach, but Salt needs to grow up (mentally) before I take him seriously or give a shit. Reviews and childish ranting and lots of "it sucks/you suck" commentary. 7 pages.

Popular Communications (76 North Broadway, Hicksville, NY 11801, U.S.A.; \$16/\$81-2922; \$14/12 issues.) A great, glossy magazine for radio broadcasting enthusiasts. Practical, hands-on information for helping people send and receive radio broadcasts (AM, FM, Shortwave, etc.) around the world. Includes "Pirate's Den" a monthly column on Pirate Radio.

Power For Living (2521 Irving Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN, 55405, U.S.A.; \$1) Punk zine with articles on Dark Carnival, Fatal Myth, and Iron Fist.

Queen of Hairy Files (Michael Roden, 611 Garfield Ave., Milford, OH 45150, U.S.A.; \$2) Very interesting comik that utilizes the talents of several different artists around a central theme involving the occult and neo-psychedelia. Includes work by '60s underground luminaries S. Clay Wilson, Leroy Hayes (r.i.p.), and Spain. — John E Reader (Los Angeles) (8471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90069, U.S.A.; \$10/51 issues) This free L.A. "alternative" weekly newspaper has (usually) great writing and (always) great cartoons with less style-conscious, trendy attitude of its rival "The L.A. Weekly." Feature articles, plus L.A. art and entertainment listings and reviews. Subscriptions are an incredible bargain. (Flash! There has just been a big turnover in staff here. What will happen?)

Real Fun (Constant Cause P.O. Box 15243, Philadelphia, PA 19125, U.S.A.; \$1) Humor, comix, info, and ads. Funny.

Reasons for Living (74 Beach Street, Jersey City, NJ 07307, U.S.A.; [20] 656-3479) Issue #1 of this music zine includes a Lester Bangs interview conducted two weeks before his death, articles on Wire, The Creation, Dumptruck, power pop, Gut Bank, Spiral Jetty, Tiny Lights, Mod Fun and more. 26 pages.

Recordings of Experimental Music (104 Fern Ave., Collingswood, NJ 08108, U.S.A.; \$1.50) Reviews and contact and source information. A wide variety of music covered in each issue. Intellegently written, carefully constructed.

Remember That Song (c/o Lois Cordrey, 5623 North 64th Ave., Glendale, AZ 85301, U.S.A.; [602]937-2553; \$7/6 issues) Zine for sheet music collectors.

Rockerilla (Claudio Sorge, v. Folperti 44/D, 27100 Pavia, Italy; \$3) Glossy music mag, written in Italian, covering mostly British and U.S. New wave, punk, and avantgarde. 66 pages. Full page ads. \$330 — Piero Scaruffi.

Rock Garage (Marco Pandin, V. Del Gaggian 1, 3D170 Mestre (VE), Italy; \$2) Rock fanzine, written in Italian, covering mainly U.S. and British artists. 20 pages. Full page ads. \$30 — Piero Scaruffi.

Henry Rollins: 20 (SST Pubs., P.O.B. 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA; \$2, 24 pages) **Two Thirteen Sixty One** (Rollins, P.O.B. 2461, Redondo Beach, CA

90278, USA; \$5, 126 pages) Within the last year, Henry Rollins has produced two books of his writings which are basically journal entries, real or imagined. The first, "20", includes three illustrations by Raymond Pettibon. Included are 20 short-story style prose poems that are by turns powerful, disturbing, insightful, brutal, and derivative. There just isn't enough substance to give a clear understanding of the writer's individual voice. Comparisons to Charles Bukowski come to mind. The problems I had with "20" were solved by the appearance of **TWO THIRTEEN SIXTY ONE**. The writing is done in the same style as "20", with most of the entries being a paragraph to a page in length, often dated and placed in a geographical reference. This is very powerful stuff; it possesses honesty, emotion, humor, intense introspection, highly developed observational skills. In places the author writes with the detachment of a seasoned reporter as in "Katherine Arnold": "On the day of October 1, 1984 Katherine Arnold bought a single gauge shotgun at a K-Mart in Lincoln, Nebraska. Katherine, 28, mother of a son took the shotgun into the parking lot of the K-Mart, sat down against a retaining wall, and blew her brains out." The tone later turns subjective: "Katherine, I hope you are not angry with me. I kept part of your blasted brain. I wrapped it up in a piece of tin foil and put it in my back pack. I think about you from time to time." Rollins illustrates how man's attempts at absolute, ideal beauty always fall short, since we are, after all, only human. — John E

Schism (11537 102 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta Canada T5K 0R2; \$1) Ahhhh...this is the kind of punk zine I love to see, one in which political awareness, activism, and contempt for the mainstream mindset is considered more important than loud guitars, new haircuts, and swear words in defining a punk philosophy/aesthetic. Co-editor Louis Schism shreds the status quo with his pointed, insightful (and inciteful) diatribes attempting to shake us out of our sheep-like complacency and escapist tendencies. Issue #4 has articles on apartheid (a social condition, not a band), animal slaughter, beginning guitar lessons, activist poetry, music, philosophy, commentary, and more. No music reviews. 24 pages.

Scratchez (Bob Lewis, P.O.B. 27854, Richmond, VA 23261, U.S.A.; \$1.75) Issue #6 showcases the new, standard comic book size for this anthology comik. With full color cover and newsprint insides, you could mistake this for just about any other "underground" comic popular in the late 1960s until you read the interior. No old familiar names here, but there is a lot of robust new talent. You owe it to yourself to check it out. — John E

Silent Screem (c/o J. Pat Casey, 3140 East 47th, Tulsa, OK 74105, USA; \$1 or trade) Hardcore and speed metal zine. "If you wish to put an ad in this zine, send a talk or something to trade." Issue #2 had 14 good looking pages.

Silly Talk From Behind The Iron Curtain (c/o K. Kudla, P.O. Box 161, 64-920 Pita 1, Polska (Poland)) Nurse With Wound fanzine from Poland with both English and Polish writing. Slim, produced on a low quality photocopy machine.

SLUR — Machine Gun of God (Dennis Worden, P.O.B. 192 San Juan Capistrano, CA 92693, U.S.A.; \$2) Fascinating comix magazine. You'll laugh your buns off. My favorite here is the story "Fetus of Nazareth" but then I'm a bit twisted and have a thing about clipping toenails. — John E

Songsters and Saints: Vocal Traditions On Race Records (by Paul Oliver, Cambridge Univ. Press) Blues scholar Paul Oliver writes a book that includes lots of information on early elements of American Black music that has often been ignored or slighted in other black/blues music literature — Gospel, Song-sermons, Medicine show songs, and comedy. This is a much needed book which hopefully will pave the way to further work in this area. — Keith Wilson

Sounds So Good To Me: The Bluesman's Story (by Barry Lee Pearson, Univ. of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, PA, USA) Pearson's book deals with a somewhat novel idea — the bluesman's interview situation and the products of it. In the majority of blues musician interviews common topics are covered which when explored by Pearson, reveal a myriad of underlying themes and motifs which call upon numerous stereotypes of the hard drinking, hard living, down-and-out bluesman. Pearson shows that these characteristics don't always apply and that by their repetition from interview to interview affect the bluesman's awareness and control of the interview situation. While not solely concerned with music, the book covers an area which bears unique fruit aiding in deeper understanding of the modern bluesman's art and his coming to grips with the world around him. — Keith Wilson

Southern Lifestyle (P.O. Box 10932, Raleigh, NC 27605, U.S.A.; \$1) A multi-faceted zine of fiction and non-fiction writing. Some music, some literary topics, essays. Topical, intelligent. No.9 included peace activist contacts. 28 neat, colorful pages.

Starhead Comics #9 (Michael Dowers, 3615 Phinney N., Seattle, WA 98103, U.S.A.; \$2) Fine swan song edition of this anthology comik. 27 artists and more pages than I care to count. A really good mix of styles and approaches to cartooning and story-telling. This one will be missed by this reviewer. — John E

Stop Magazine (J.D. King, P.O.B. 529, Old Chelsea Sta., New York, NY 10113, U.S.A. \$1.85) Incredibly funny mag from a roster of underground greats from the Beeg Apple. You'll find most of these guys in other mags like Heavy Metal, Weirdo, and even National Lampoon off and on, but Stop is the one they self-produce with loving care for themselves, by themselves. Unfortunately #9 is to be the last issue, but it is full of great comics, a wrestling review, a novelty records review, and tips on "How to Throw a Party." Don't miss it. Numbers 1-8 are already classics. — John E

OH MY GOD!

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- **NATURAL JEWBOY** by William Levy (Amsterdam 1981). This book, if properly understood, could even cure cancer! "An annual straight out of Discordia... an underground cult classic". - *Home Grown* (London) - One hundred and twenty pages of stories and persuasions, with drawings by Peter Pontiac. \$10 paperback; \$25 hardboard in burlap and goat's skin
- **RADIO ART: A Print Culture Transmission** (Amsterdam 1981). Includes "Careers in Radio Art" by William Levy; *The End of the Graven Image: A Rart Manifesto*; and an annotated checklist of first radio works by Willem de Ridder. "Une nouvelle forme d'art!" - *Charlie Hebdo* (Paris) \$5.
- **RAG: Radio Art Guide** (Utrecht 1981). Documents the history and development of Radio Art of Willem de Ridder, transmissions together with items of effect research. Written and made up by the artist in cooperation with William Levy. Sixty four pages, fully illustrated. \$10
- **JEREMIAD CHANTS** by William Levy (Amsterdam-Genoa 1979). A small, funny book of ranting poetic froth. "I show it to everybody" - Ken Kesey. \$5
- **THE FANATIC: A Paper of Passion** (Amsterdam 1976). *Suicide Notes, The Best of Anti-Semitism* (previously unpublished work of L.F. Céline and Ezra Pound), *Sexual Jealousy, Keys to Ring and Why phanatic?* "Strange" - *Star* (Barcelona); "Revolutionary" - *Screw* (New York). \$5
- **OFFICIAL LYNCHING OF MICHAEL ABDUL MALIK: Souvenir programme** (London - Cambridge 1973). "A writer of considerable distinction". - William Burroughs. Edited & with biographical notes by William Levy and John Michell. Rare, \$10.

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Stormy Weather: The Music and Lives of a Century of Jazzwomen (by Linda Dehl, Pantheon Books, New York, NY, USA) A fine book with capsule biographies of all well known jazzwomen and many lesser knowns. Also includes extensive interviews/biographies of six jazzwomen: Sheile Jordan, Carla Bley and Melba Liston among them. Includes extensive bibliography, discography and index. — Keith Wilson

Suburban Relapse (P.O. Box 610906, N. Miami, FL 33261, U.S.A.; \$1.50) Latest issue features interviews with both Pandoras bands, Russ Meyer, The Cramps, and Maureen Tucker. Record reviews too. 40 pages

Suburban Voice (c/o Al Quint, 13 Portland St., Apt. 7, Lynn, MA 01901, U.S.A.; \$1.50) Hardcore music zine. #15 features Dr. Know, Dfenders, Psycho, Dead Kennedys and more.

Syne (International Electronic Music Association, P.O.B. 176, Salamanca, NY 14779, U.S.A.; (716) 945-1630; \$15/4 issues plus membership.) Full-service, high-quality zine for electronic music enthusiasts. Tech talk, interviews, reviews, opinions, radio info, contacts and sources and more. Neat, professional production. Recent (new larger page size) issue was 51 pages.

Taproot (Burning Press, 3345 Desota, #3, Cleveland Hts., OH 44118, USA; quarterly, \$2.50 each) Poems, stories, collages, info. 44 pages.

T.B.S. Publications (P.O. Box 3263, Kent, OH, 44240, U.S.A.) Another publishing endeavor (see T.B.S. colleagues Zip-a-di-do-dada listed below) that utilizes quick print and photocopy methods to turn out inspiring publications at reasonable prices. In their own words "T.B.S. Publications was formed to try to gain wider exposure for a small group of people's independent and underground magazines, fanzines, fiction, poetry, comics, cut-up collage art, etc. Each editor is able to exercise total artistic control and editorial freedom." Randy Russell's T.B.S. book "The Mind Ride or Fifteen Days That Changed Me Slightly" a cut-and-paste (with photos!) account of a cross country road trip is a good example of the kind of energetic, unpretentious, on-the-edge, D.I.Y. spirit that T.B.S. represents and inspires. Send for more info.

Thrasher (P.O. Box 884570, San Francisco, CA 94188-4570, U.S.A.; (415) 822-3083; \$10/12 issues) The skateboard magazine that helped create the "skatepunk" concept when the magazine started writing about punk bands to help spice up the publication and create an impression of unity, purpose and "scenism" among skateboarders/punks. Most of the letters to the editor in the latest issue were from kids across the country complaining about the lack of a skate "scene" in their town; all of the letter writers seeming to believe that there are a multitude of OTHER towns that do have thriving skateboard "scenes" (an illusion that the magazine likes to perpetuate.)

Thrillseeker (c/o Steve Kiviat, 12009 Meychack Ln., Bowie, MD 20715, U.S.A.) This fanzine with its roots in the Washington D.C. punk scene is now defunct but editor Steve Kiviat still has a few copies of the final issue (about a year old) available for \$2 each. 72 pages with articles on Marginal Man, D.O.A., Minutemen, Motorhead, Berrance Whitfield and more. A good publication for all you potential zine makers with traces of punk/hardcore spirit to study and learn from.

Tragedy of Morty: Prince of Denmark...Acts 1-5; \$10 (Steve Willis, 385 1/2 Irving, Pullman, WA 99163, U.S.A.; \$10) A seriously funny, intelligent send up of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" featuring Willis' immensely popular Morty Dog character. Each Act represents a separate book, so individually Acts 1-5 can be purchased for \$2 each. A satirical first in comic publishing. — John E

Trance Music Directory, Vol. 1 (Trance Port Tapes, P.O. Box 85/436, Los Angeles, CA 90072, U.S.A.; \$4) A well-written, interesting and informative directory to and explanations/summaries/discographies of the musical legacies of 50 bands/solo artists that the author(s) categorize somewhat ambiguously under the term of "trance music" artists. Musicians discussed include Can, Cabaret Voltaire, Captain Beefheart, Yoko Ono, Chrome, John Cage, Eno, Glenn Branca, Television, Comsat Angels, Crispy Ambulance, Miles Davis, Faust, Gang of Four, Jon Gibson, Alvin Lucier, Sex Pistols, Stockhausen, and many more. 43 pages.

Tribal Cabaret (Romano Pasquini, Via Colli Portuensi 242, Roma, Italy; \$2) Stylish fanzine, written in Italian, covering mainly U.S. and British rock. Compilation tapes available. Full page ads \$30. 24 pages.

Truly Needy (P.O. Box 50440, Washington D.C., 20004-0440, U.S.A.; \$1.50) A hefty zine. The closest thing the east coast has to offer along the lines of Flipside Fanzine, although Truly Needy is not really "hardcore music" oriented. #9 included articles on Husker Du, Meat Puppets, Clay Allison, Lasie Singer, Einsturzende Neubauten and Nick Cave. Plus letters, opinions, reviews, zine reports and more.

Ultimo Buscadero (Paolo Caru, CP 503, Pze Garibaldi 6, 21013 Gallarate (VA), Italy; \$3) Glossy magazine (circ. 10,000), written in Italian and covering new and old rock, blues and country music from the U.S. and Britain. Full page ads, \$300. 60 pages. — Piero Scaruffi

U.S. Rock (1318 Beacon St., Suite 7, Brookline, MA 02146, USA; \$2.50) Magazine that acts as the poor man's version of Billboard, pushing "chart action," major label signings, and the corruption of college radio as a way for "alternative rock" musicians to break into the big time. Although the magazine pretends to offer an alternative path for budding musical entrepreneurs, in reality U.S. Rock promotes the same status quo, corporate rock sensibilities held (and foisted on the masses) by the major record labels. The magazine is published by a record store chain owner who is known to trade U.S. Rock advertising space to record labels for copies of that label's records which are in turn sold/promoted in his stores and written about in his magazine.



U2/U.S.A. (c/o Fred Mills, 1211-G Green Oaks Lane, Charlotte, NC 28205; \$3) Fanzine for the band U2 that among other things urges the band's hysterical fans to quit screaming at every note played and to enjoy the music "with grace and dignity." Dkay. Latest issue, #4, has 42 pages.

Waste Paper (Wax Trex Records, 638 E. 13th Ave., Denver, CO, 80203; S.A.S.E.) Rock record and show reviews published by a good record store.

W.D.C. Period (Chow Chow Productions, P.O. Box #43311-9-311, Washington D.C., U.S.A.; \$1) Energetic music zine with its roots in the hardcore/punk scene. #8 had an interview with The Minutemen, comic and reviews. 30 pages.

Weirdo (Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, 2180 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94110, U.S.A.; \$2.50) The great comic anthology periodical founded by R. Crumb, now edited by Peter Bagge (Box 34, Kirkland, WA 98033, U.S.A.) Where comic geniuses come to play. Weird, nasty and funny. "Adults Only." 13 issues so far and more on the way, thank goodness.

The Whole Again Resource Guide (SourceNet, P.D. Box 6767, Santa Barbara, CA 93111, U.S.A.; \$15 ppaid) A 300+ page trade paperback of contact and source information for alternative and/or whole earth type publications and organizations. Well done and extremely useful...in the right hands. Thousands of listings. Updated annually.

Wild Planet Fanzine (P.O.B. 46, Wausa, NE 68786, USA; \$1.25) Premier issue contained 27 cassette reviews (all styles), five press release style band profiles (Beat Happening, Z-Axis, Absolute Grey, Algebra Suicide, and Theatre of Ice), and a contacts/networking list. 20 pages, glossy cover.

XEX Graphix Newsletter (P.O. Box 240611, Memphis, TN 38124, U.S.A.; S.A.S.E) Comic world news, updates and contact and source information from comic artists Bob X and XND.

Your Flesh (Box 3107, Minneapolis, MN 55403, U.S.A.) Hardcore and metal music come together in this fanzine punctuated with lots of photos, comic and horror graphics. Issue reviewed was double issue #8 & 9 which included a flexi-disc by Bludgeon. Articles feature Motorhead, Husker Du, Butthole Surfers, Armored Saint, more.

Zip-a-di-do-dada Publications (413 Estep Place SW, Canton, OH 44707, U.S.A.) A variety of magazines, anthologies, fanzines and story books put together with photocopy machines and the do-it-yourself spirit and "sold to the public at just barely printing cost." Good contemporary literature straight from the source. Realism. Send for more info

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Cassette Mythos is a sourcebook in construction. The Audio Alchemy Digest is the newsletter being circulated amongst all interested contributors. AAD part one is finished, part two will be ready sometime this fall, and the book itself will follow. This is a time of intense idea breeding, information is flooding in from around the world, concerning networking, trades, equipment use and abuse, philosophies, packaging and decoration, walkman theater, ALL kinds of music including poetry, eccentric home-made noise, new age meditation music, hc punkrock, all kinds of ideas and graphics pertaining to K7's. Send S.A.S.E. for more info, to receive the Audio Alchemy Digest #2 send \$3 to Robin James, Cassette Mythos, PO Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507 USA

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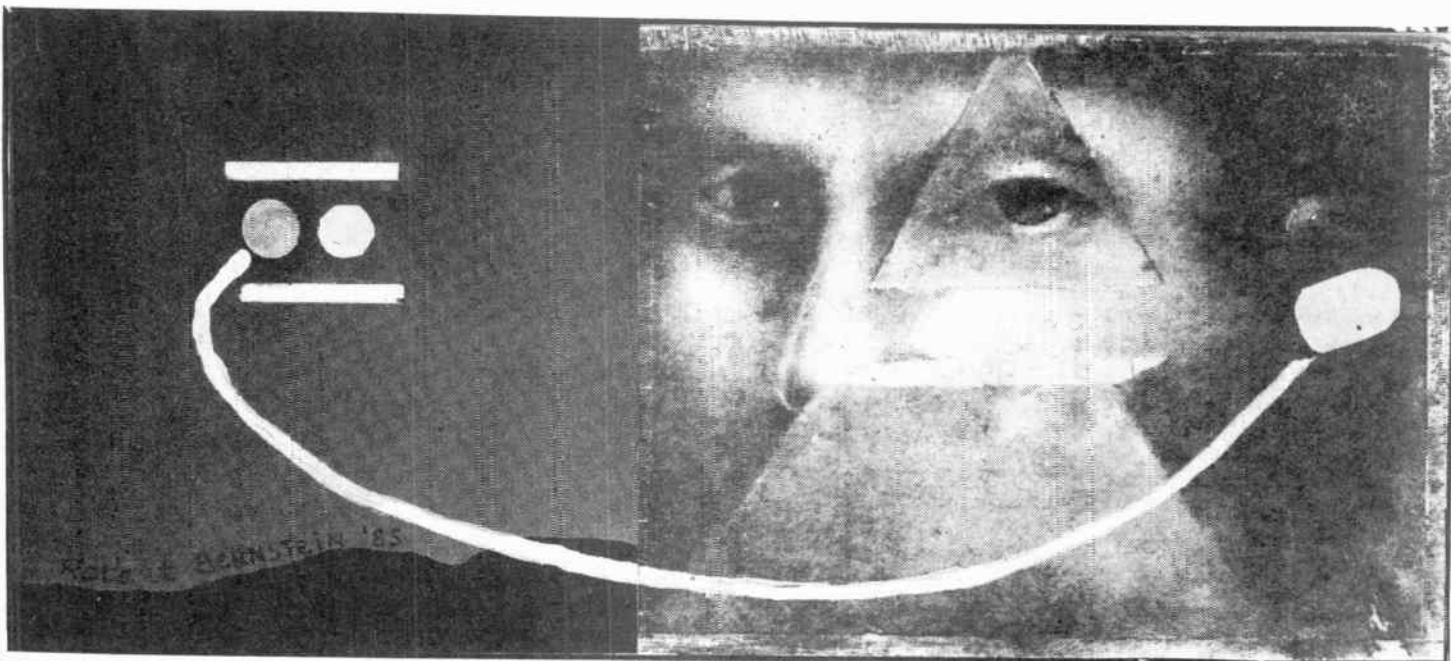
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The New Orality

Does the cassette offer 'old wine in new bottles' or is it 'an instrument for effecting visible historical change?'



by William Levy

Like 100 million other people listening to the BBC World Service I heard their broadcast about the oral tradition, a special feature of their arts program *Meridian*. Some chap with a double name covered the folk song, the fireside chat and the recently published *Oxford Book of Narrative Verse*, edited by those wondrous Opies, Peter and Iona. All good, as far as it went. Unfortunately they ignored the startling post-literate technological developments, accelerated now by the rapid advancement in the miniaturization of sound reproduction. It is no exaggeration to say -- From oral text to oral sex, orality is on everyone's lips.

Always avant-garde William Burroughs investigated the uses of the then newly invented portable Philips cassette recorder. That was in the mid-Sixties when he was living in London. Burroughs considered this machine as a way to turn words into weapons, ploughshares into swords. In *Electronic Revolution* (Bonn: Expanded Media Editions, 1982) these theories and the results of his experiments are collected. We see he wanted to use pre-recorded Cut/up tapes to spread rumors, to discredit opponents, and as a front line tactic to produce and escalate riots. For example, if demonstrators played recorded police whistles -- it would draw police. Pre-recorded gunshots would draw fire. Burroughs suggested the creative effect would be to scramble and nullify associational lines put down by the media.

Not much was made of this start; or, rather it served only Nechaevian political and hallucinatory personal fantasies. The idea of the artist using the cassette as a color on their palette was there, but the proper machine wasn't. The transistor had made sound reproduction portable; it took the chip to make it pocketable.

By the end of the Seventies, Sony produced a miniature cassette player; it could be carried around almost like a piece of costume jewelry. Better yet, it came with headphones so small one could walk on the street without embarrassment and with total mobility.

Awkward as this Japanese-made English word sounds, the Walkman and its clones have become a worldwide phenomena. At last one could easily fit the equipment into a pocket and stroll through the city listening to the high quality sounds previously available only in the living room from specialized speakers, amps and turntables many times its size. The way *the State* has recognized this revolution somewhat defines national character.

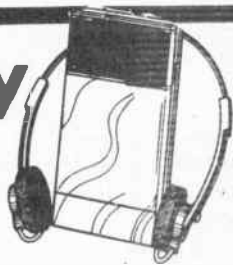
In America they have banned the more radical expressions. By the summer of '83 New York City made it illegal to drive a car, or ride a bicycle, under the influence of a Walkman. In Germany they have tried to absorb it, through Marcusean "repressive tolerance," by listing cassettes in the official books-in-print catalogues. In Holland the materialistic Dutch have sought a money making scheme. The post office offers a kind of spoken letter, a five minute cassette together with a mailing envelope for only \$1.50.

The Walkman, however, is a prime example of the successful introduction of a new type of hardware for which no specific software exists. This has always been the case: people need machines, but machines desire people. When a new material is invented the first impulse is to imitate what it was created to replace. Early plastic objects were merely copies of wood, metal, glass, etc. When the station wagon automobiles first appeared, they had wood paneling along the sides to give them the appearance of a farm cart. Then plastic was introduced -- grained to look like wood.

It is not surprising that the Walkman + cassette is misallocated to imitate and reproduce the experience of other arts, other machines. According to Shu Ueyama, Deputy General Manager of Sony Advertising Division, the musical genres utilized through the Walkman are as follows: Pop 52.5%; Jazz 18.3%; Classical 16.4%; Miscellaneous 12.8%. The occasions for use are over 75% outside the home. Of those using the Walkman, 80% are between fifteen and thirty-five years old. Also not surprisingly for a machine called

(cont. on next page)

New Orality (cont.)



Walkman – rather than *Walkmate* – 93% of the users are male. In other words, young men are listening to the same thing they could on the radio or on their home stereos, but now outside the home, in the street and in parks.

Of course it is pathetic to hear Vivaldi being played by a computer, to see 18th Century ballet via satellite, 19th Century soap opera on electronic monitors, and a seemingly never-ending stream of vaudeville – that is, Italian baroque illusion theatre – as films or plays, with a number of sports spectaculars and other circuses thrown in – the same stuff, but now on video cassettes as big as a match box, or television projection as big as a living room wall. It is almost forgotten now, but offset printing was around for a long time before underground newspapers demonstrated its unique characteristics, non-linearity and underprinting.

To be sure, all new media developments have a profound effect on societal developments, and individual consciousness. Elizabeth Eisenstein's *The Printing Press as an Agent of Change: Communication and Cultural Transformation in Early Modern Europe*, 2 vols. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979) reminds us of this emphatically. But it is worth reflecting on the enormity of Gutenberg's achievement because directly or indirectly, it transformed the world. It broke, for example, the stranglehold of the Medieval Church, paved the way for the Reformation, instigated the process of dissemination and codification of knowledge from which modern science and rationalism evolved, hastened the rise of individualism and its grotesque alter ego, capitalism, and segregated the world into two classes: those who could read and those who could not.

The much earlier shift from oral to literate societies was equally dramatic. Early and late stages of consciousness which Julian Jaynes in *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1977) describes and relates to neuro-physiological changes in the two-chambered mind would also appear to lend themselves to much simpler and more verifiable description in terms of the shift from orality to literacy. Or so says the great Jesuit scholar Walter J. Ong, who, like Francis Yates, Mircea Eliade and Gershom Scholem, is an academic whose work has touched a popular nerve: he doesn't merely correlate data, he thinks about his subject.

Ong calls an historical synchronicity to our attention. In *Orality and Literacy: The Technologizing of the Word* (London and New York: Methuen, 1982) he writes: "Jaynes discerns a primitive stage of consciousness in which the brain was strongly 'bicameral,' with the right hemisphere producing uncontrollable 'voices' attributed to the gods which the left hemisphere processed into speech. The voices began to lose their effectiveness with the invention of the alphabet around 1500 B.C., and Jaynes indeed believes that writing helped bring about the breakdown of the original bicamerality."

Likewise, in our own time, post-typography developments, i.e., telephone and radio and television have created an acoustical ecology, or a new orality, a secondary orality, different than anything predicted. Yet if Eisenstein, Ong and Jaynes are right, with the mobile cassette player, there should be a holism with maximum inner differentiation. Even though in Europe pirate radio has become the communication network formerly fulfilled by alternative newspapers and cassettes have taken the place of slim volumes of verse, current attempts to issue poetry, new wave music or audio magazines, however worthwhile, ignore the basic difference between sound and print; they are merely old wine in new bottles. Recent studies on pocket electronics suggest this to be the case.

Shuhei Hosokawa has published two works exploring the impact of the Walkman. In *Walkman no shujigaku – The Rhetoric of the Walkman* (Tokyo: Asahi Shuppan, 1981) he considered this machine mainly as a concrete instance of a new tension between Production/Consumption of music. Indeed, it is: cassettes are killing the music business and it's so easy. In a later publication Hosokawa examines "The Walkman as Urban Strategy" (*Pop and Folk Music: Stocktaking of New Trends*, Trento, 1982), and concludes: "The Walkman makes the walk act more poetic and more dramatic... We listen to what we don't see, and we see what we don't listen to... if it is pertinent to the speech act it will make the ordinary strange... It will transform the street into an open theatre."

Here! Here! We need something that would once again take art out of the galleries, politics out of the parliaments.

Even more to the point was the inquiry made by the semiotic philosopher Philippe Sollers ("Seul contre tous...!" *Magazine littéraire*, Paris: April 1981). He interviewed young people – eighteen to twenty-two years old – who were using the Walkman on the street. His questions were: Are you losing contact with reality by listening to programs codified in advance? Are you schizophrenic or psychotic? Is the relationship between your eyes and ears changing drastically?

One of the interviewees responded – Your questions are old. All these problems of communication and incommunicability are of the Sixties and Seventies. The Eighties, he continued, are not the same at all: They are the years of "autonomy" – of an intersection of singularities in the way of creating discourses, whether or not. Screaming Jay Hawkins was prophetic or not in proclaiming "I Hear Voices" this boy marvellously broke up the typical interrogation about the Walkman. Literal, I mean literate, people presuppose that most of us are the lonely crowd in our alienated society; and the Walkman, according to this view, should be a sign, an ikon, for self-enclosure. Instead, it's an instrument for effecting visible historical change, an absolute collective, for the simple reason that sound unifies. Sight isolates, sound incorporates. Whereas sight situates the observer outside what he views, at a distance, sounds pour into the hearer. By contrast with vision, the dissecting sense, the auditory ideal is harmony, a putting together.

Although time-based, the cassette is also a medium of the plastic arts because it plays with space, and non-space. It is the artist's job, the poet's, to revivify this new dialectic. Like owls we must hunt by sound, not sight. *Viva con Cassettes.*



For over twenty years, William Levy (b. 1939) has been important as a chronicler and initiator of innovative movement and thought. While still at university in America, he co-founded the seminal literary magazine *The Insect Trust Gazette*, and later was editor-in-chief of London's *International Times* – Europe's largest alternative tabloid of the psychedelic era, and co-founder and chief editor of the internationally famous sex paper *Suck*. He has authored and edited an even dozen books including *The Virgin Sperm Dancer*, *Wet Dreams*, *Natural Jewboy* (in English, German and Dutch editions) and *Certain Radio Speeches of Ezra Pound*, about which Yale professor Leonard W. Dobbs wrote: "The most accurate reflection of Pound's themes and referents is contained in Levy's edition." One of his recent books is a volume of art texts, *Voicings and Transmissions*, published by the Groningen Museum; another is a book of poems, *Blood*, published in Paris. Since 1982 he has been European Correspondent for, and a major contributor to, *High Times*. He lives in Amsterdam with the translator Susan Janssen and their daughter *Swaan*.

Cassette History



by A. Produce

The "compact cassette" as it was originally called was patented in 1964 by the Phillips Company. Despite that, most of the world did not really become aware of this new revolutionary item until a few years later. Originally created for the sake of convenience over reel to reel tape recorders, early cassette tape formulations were primitive lo-fi by today's audio quality standards. Norelco (the electric shaver company) was an early licensee of the patent (as was Sony), thus the now conventional plastic case that virtually all cassettes are sold in was dubbed the "Norelco case."

Record companies were slow to accept the new audio format as one which could be commercially viable. Early on, the tape buying public in general was considered a fringe market. For years, record companies had been releasing LP releases in reel to reel format, mostly for those who were roughly the equivalent of today's audiophiles. When releases were made available in tape format, either reel to reel or cassette, it was usually months after its disc counterpart had been released. Such tactics made one company chortle on their dust jacket, "Remember, it always happens on records first."

About the same time the cassette was beginning to make some modest inroads into the marketplace, another format effectively stymied the cassette's development and acceptance for several years. With big bucks behind it, the 8-track cartridge was foisted upon the American public as the new way to take your music with you in the car or to the beach. Essentially a bastard form of the broadcast radio cartridge which is still used in radio work today, there were immediate problems with pre-recorded ready-for-mass-consumption 8-track cartridges. For one, it was essentially a long tape loop with a piece of sensing foil at which point the program head would switch programs with a loud click, oftentimes in mid-songs. Programming the loop so that all the tunes would somehow fit often led to re-sequencing the order of the songs from the original LP which led to, in one extreme case, of "A Day in the Life" being heard before the rest of *Sgt. Pepper*. Another big problem was the inability to record your own tapes on most 8-track players. The majority of units were essentially players, not recorders. Despite all these shortcomings (which the cassette had none of) in the late '60s-early '70s, the 8-track tape player was the favored mode of portable music by non-discerning music consumers.

It was not until 8-tracks were exposed for what they were (junk) and a new wave of technology began to affect the tape industry that the cassette tape began to emerge to the place it holds today. Improved tape formulations, Dolby noise reduction circuitry as well as more sophisticated tape decks began to hit the market and some outright competition began between rivaling companies which in effect acted as its own promotion device. Despite the fact that big companies like 3M, Ampex and Sony had been making cassette tapes for years, it wasn't until Maxell of Japan entered the cassette blank tape market in the early '70s, providing a quantum leap in tape quality that momentum increased for the cassette. Another Japanese company, TDK, was short to follow and the race was on to see who would prevail. In the meantime, consumer awareness about the virtues of cassettes rose dramatically.

Maxell was the first to make a super premium cassette tape, unleashing its UDXL formulation on the market in late 1975. It pro-

ved that consumers were now sophisticated enough to appreciate the quality difference and willing to pay the extra money for it. In 1977, they followed with a UDXL-II chrome formulation which was similarly successful. By the end of the '70s, Maxell and TDK had become household words in the cassette blank tape market. All sorts of incentive promotions hit the cassette market, "buy two - get one free" deals, plastic cassette cases if you bought five tapes at once, etc. In 1980, super expensive metal tape was introduced, supposedly providing the ultimate in cassette tape technology.

The major record companies had come a long way in releasing practically everything they released on disc on pre-recorded cassette tapes at the same time. Sensing the home taping market was depriving them of dollars which were rightfully theirs, the record companies embraced the cassette medium totally (having discontinued releasing 8-tracks) and record store owners found themselves opening entire cassette tape departments.

The final shot in the arm that effectively made cassettes a part of world audio culture was the development of two new battery-run cassette machines -- the Sony Walkman and the so-called "ghetto blaster," both of which became available in the late '70s. Both served the same purpose essentially, although one was intrinsic and the other, extrinsic access to high quality portable music. For many who had never experienced the enjoyment of music under headphones, the Sony Walkman was a new audio experience. Small, high quality headphone sets were developed, making the Walkman the ideal jogger/sidewalk surfer companion. It effectively shut out the outside world (which most people found hard to deal with anyway) and like the ghetto blaster, allowed people to create their own real life soundtracks. Later Walkman models had AM/FM stereo radio components giving even more diversity to what a user could program under the phones.

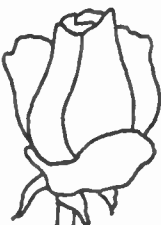
Whereas the compactness of Walkman-type cassette units was facilitated by the lack of any external speakers, the ghetto blaster variety of cassette unit thrived on that aspect. A rule of thumb was quickly developed -- the bigger the speakers, the louder they were played, the hipper it was to walk down the street with this mass of technology on one's shoulder. (In some cases, the truly massive GB's came equipped with thick leather shoulder straps.) Black people were quick to pick up on this new form of diversion (what with breakdancing becoming a phenomenon on its own) but other music cultures quickly followed when a scaled down version became available.

Today, practically everyone owns some kind of cassette unit, cheap or expensive, big or small. Many people own more than one, having a deck for their own stereo system, a cassette player in the car and possibly even an inexpensive Walkman or ghetto blaster unit. The competition between companies making blank cassette tapes has only gotten more fierce, resulting in even higher quality tape formulations -- so improved that the difference between tape and source has been narrowed to almost nil.

Cassettes have so saturated the present culture that they are now in the process of becoming a medium in their own right -- that is, cassette-only releases by musicians and artists for whom the cost of making a record is prohibitive. TEAC and Fostex have developed "portastudios" which contain in one unit, a miniature set of controls found in most conventional recording studios.

Clearly, the Age of the Cassette has arrived. It is an Everyman's medium that allows anyone with a small budget and a lot of imagination to achieve worthwhile results and express himself or herself in their chosen medium: music/prose/sound. In addition, the compactness of the actual cassette has lent itself to being packaged in nonconventional ways in an attempt to individualize homemade products and get away from the traditional plastic cases that most cassettes are still sold in.

Given the cassette's versatility and uniqueness, one can only guess what future applications cassette tapes will be used for. Clearly, though, they have become an integral part of world audio culture as an incredibly viable communications instrument.



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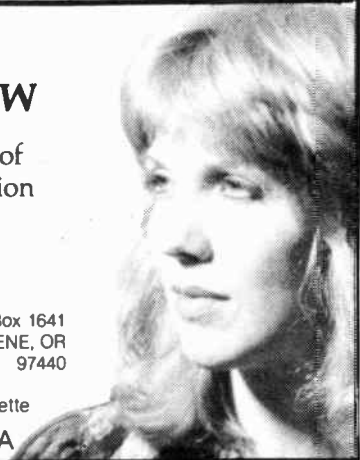
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HOW TO GET ON RADIOLA



How to get on the radio? How to get your sounds on those airwaves, that is the big question of most audio artists, self tapers and cassette composers. If the radio does not play them, you rarely hear their sounds. No record company is going to release them, the concert hall presents only live music and no cassettes. There are not even scores. In fact, there is nowhere to go, except to the radio. This first Radiola Report is about that important question and of course about the answer. This booklet is a request, a proposal to most radio stations and our success story. How to get on the radio is easy nowadays.....

Sometimes a radio station plays some audio artists. They realize that something is happening in the art world with sound. When they ask for taped art works, the director in charge decides which works are good enough.

An editor for Swedish Radio went as far as to compare himself with a tough dictator. Like video art, the work of audio artists (even the 'famous' ones) is seldom heard. Audio art programs on a regular basis are mostly short

CASSETTES

art artwork by Peter Pontiac



formal musical education, but they are making extravagant sounds anyway, mostly just for themselves or their close friends and family. All that music, all those sounds happen outside the official circuit. My name is Willem de Ridder and I work for Dutch Radio. The station is called VPRO and can be received all over the country. It has the best New Music program in Holland, made by Han Reiziger. About five years ago I sat down with him to propose a special show for Audio Artists and Self Tapers in which we should play ALL the cassettes and tapes submitted. We should guarantee airplay for all..

lived. Not only audio artists have that problem. More and more people have very sophisticated audio equipment in their homes. Synthesizers and other complex electronic instruments are selling like hot cakes. Many of the people who use them, have no



Han Reiziger liked the idea, but had problems with the end of our roles as editors and judges. How about quality? I tried to explain the principle of a 'clearing house' show for self tapers:...most of them are shy and would never dream of sending their weird sounds to a radio station. It is difficult to get on the radio remember! Some even think that you have to pay off the disc jockeys. At least you have to be very good or successful to be played by them. So as long as we continued to excersize our uh. 'good taste' that's what we would get. If we used the 'clearing house' idea, we might even learn something from the course of unpredictable events that automatically would follow if we played everything. Didn't John Cage write that if you want to improve the world you only make matters worse?



After some more subtle persuasion Han decided to accept the new formula and the RADIOLA SALON was born... Soon the first tapes started to come in and with trembling hands the mail was opened. We broke out in cold sweat when we listened to them. My God! Not only was the technical quality gruesome, but the artistic level..the musical value..uh..was, to say the least, bad.. Han started to worry about his reputation and I wasn't so sure anymore



if those home tapers needed a special show. We played all the cassettes anyway and our colleagues started to look funny at us. We got letters complaining about the atrocious quality of our new show. The future of the RADIOLA SALON looked bleak. After a few months of torture some complaint letters also had cassettes in them:...."Dear Han and Willem, the music on this cassette is not good, I don't know much about music, but at least it's better than all the crap

you have been playing in the Salon. I guess it's



not your fault, since you play everything." From that moment more and more cassettes came in, the quality became better and the listeners seemed to realize that we were not responsible for the show. Some interesting mechanics developed. First of all we discovered why record companies print a cassette/skull on their inner album sleeves with the warning that 'home taping kills music'. Many of the cassette composers had been

working for years in isolation. Once they got to hear what the other home tapers were doing, they started to influence each other. Before that, the inspiration came from the commercial repertoire, available through records and broadcast. The RADIOLA system is very simple. It's live and direct. It starts when you decide to send a cassette

with your own sound on it. It can be music, spoken word, radio drama, noise, try outs or weird experiments with free form audio. Don't forget to write your name and address on the cassette itself and on the box. On a sturdy envelope you write:
RADIOLA SALON
VPRO RADIO
c/o Willem de Ridder
POSTBOX 11
HILVERSUM
THE NETHERLANDS
 In the broadcasting studio

a cassette deck is next to the microphone. A box with all the mail is placed on top of the deck. Your cassette is in one of the packages. As soon as the Radiola Salon starts, I open the first envelope, try to read the name, address and title and insert the cassette in the deck. The listeners and me hear your sounds for the first time. There is of course a limitation. Not more than five minutes can be broadcasted. So put the piece you want on the air in the beginning of the cassette. Once your cassette is in our hands, you don't get it back anymore. It will be part of the ever expanding Radiola Archives

so we can play some more of you later. So you don't have to limit your contribution to 5 minutes but fill up the rest of the tape with a selection of your favorite sounds. In the archives you will be in the hands of the Radio Art Foundation and they will take good care of you. Because RADIOLA exists for more than five years now and has grown into a full fledged movement. More and more home tapers want to exchange tapes with each other. There are Radiola Concerts, there is even a Radiola cassette label and promotion dept. just for you. Radiola has been a Dutch institution, with audio artists and self tapers from many countries joining in, but also other radio stations are becoming interested to give a voice to the fast growing army of home composers.



It took some home tapers several years of listening to the program before they got the courage to send their own cassette. When the results of hard work in small rooms full of equipment was played on the radio, letters and phonecalls started to come in, asking for more or far complete cassettes

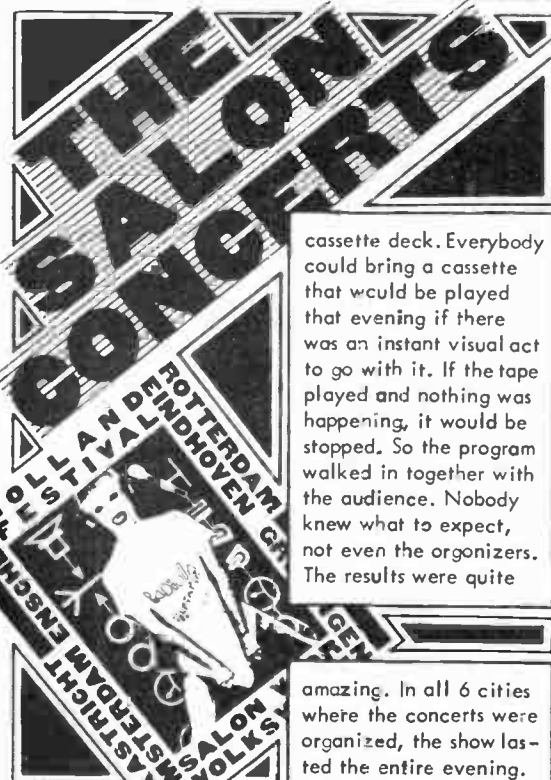
for sale. A regular newsletter was distributed to bring all contributors in contact with each other. VPRO moved the show to the more popular 3rd channel, a new music foundation offered us their splendid mansion for live broadcasts from a 18th century salon..it became a success story.

THE RADIOLA LABEL

Once the Dutch Press caught on and the Amsterdam Museum of Modern Art invited us to give the first Radiola Concert there, the cassettes poured in. Our archives are extensive now and they are in the hands of the Radio Art Foundation. Every two months a C90 cassette is published by them on the RADIOLA LABEL. Every contributor gets 15 minutes, so each tape has 6 self tapers. So if you sent a cassette to



Radiola, then one day we will ask you permission for 15 minutes of your sounds from the archives on the Radiola Cassettes. They will be mailed to other Radiola Salons in the world for exchange and are for sale. Each high quality cassette will cost you 7 dollars (postage and handling included).

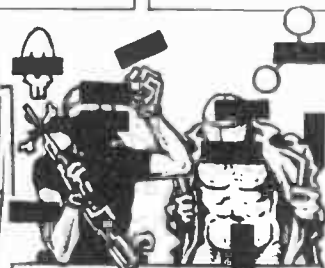


cassette deck. Everybody could bring a cassette that would be played that evening if there was an instant visual act to go with it. If the tape played and nothing was happening, it would be stopped. So the program walked in together with the audience. Nobody knew what to expect, not even the organizers. The results were quite

amazing. In all 6 cities where the concerts were organized, the show lasted the entire evening. In some cases until early into the morning. There was a general feeling of great excitement in the air and most of the acts highly original. In 1984 VPRO TV is thinking of presenting the concerts. A new tradition?

The Holland Festival (a yearly international art event) invited Radiola to set up a series of concerts. Halls were rented and dates announced, but no program set. On the stage a table with a

USED CASSETTES FOR SALE



From all over the country people came to that splendid estate, where I was sitting in a 18th century salon next to the cassette recorder. All submitted cassettes were broadcasted live. From that place we gave out several phone number to the listeners, so they could phone in any sound they wanted and we mixed them into a National Symphony. A director of West German Radio was shocked when he saw that we did not listen to the cassettes before. "That would never be possible in our country. Imagine that there would be terrorist messages or obscene language on them..." We explained that censorship does not exist in Holland. It still does in some other countries. What if radio stations want to start a similar program there? Is it still possible to broadcast everything that comes in?

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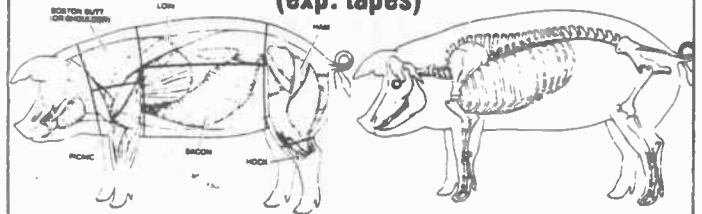
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Cassette Mythos



REPORT

by Rich Jensen and Robin James

Not until the past few years have cassettes been used very much by the popular, general, mall-going public. And of those people only a small handful go beyond the realm of "albums on cassette", the common face of the devil.

We know better. We have control. We push the RECORD button. We design the future. A Thing that is not a thing. A design for the future that is no design. A memory ready to go off. A volume that a stranger will live inside. The cover: the single visual structure, a doorway, a ticket, a simple curve through time space.

What this world needs...is people who live imaginative lifestyles that can bring about fulfillment, an end to boredom, some read on to live besides crummy scuffles. People that are living answers to all our worries about destiny and all that. What to do about the devil. Of course there's no devil, really. Right? No hot one waiting for us at the end of a tube? This is a scientific era.

Home sciences and independent creations are always cooking in

our world, under the surface. In the basement. Plural points of view and open minded exploration of important things like music and culture is part of civilization's method. And with modern art techniques there is little apparatus cluttering up our cultural storage spaces. Civilization has continued to evolve but some things never change: the real museums are in our garages.

Cassettes are a whole new kind of garage sale, old sounds often very carefully produced and elaborately displayed. Cassettes are variously scrapbooks, operas, entertaining companions, books, manifestos, noise experiments, all kinds of rock and roll, lots of eccentricity, practice tapes and finely lacquered years-in-the-making treasures. Audio wild cards. They can be almost anything.

CASSETTE MYTHOS is going to be a book about home-made audio cassettes, independent networking and distribution, and underground audio phenomena. What *CASSETTE MYTHOS* will accomplish is to promote the creative uses and exchanges of audio cassettes by collecting ideas and information from as many participants as possible. A collection of useful and (especially) fun writings about cassette culture.

Think about possible contributions, things you'd like to say about the cassette medium. This is an attempt to lure you and some of our contemporaries into this project and make a thick 5x8 paperback book with cool color pictures of cassette cover art and humorous instructions for getting started or getting ahead. Folklore about modern technological living.

Hearing from you could mean being included in a *totally awesome* book, details (such as actual publishers and possible funding sources) are currently being researched. It could be rewarding to make a *totally cool* major work about independent audio work and cassette arts.

To allow for material to come from overseas and to properly develop material for the book a newsletter is being circulated with this theme. To find out more send a SASE to Cassette Mythos, P.O. Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507, USA. If you have a computer and a modem, Mythos is our name on the Delphi system.

HERE'S
A

GREAT IDEA



The following are ideas, offered by Robin James and Rich Jensen, to help inspire creative use of the cassette medium:

- Imagine a place where people sing songs together while they work, songs about their family history and situations, songs about good fortune and about hard times. Through the course of time they keep in contact with each other by sending cassettes of their songs about family news.

- There was a 17-minute performance I arranged that involved getting members of the audience to bring their blaster-type tape players, nine units altogether. For sounds I used tape manipulated guitar noises and textures, thick harmonic humming, abrupt explosions, silences and hisses, lots of sustained sounds; all synchronized with various periods of similar sounds, some with different pitches, some tricky rhythms in places. For the finale, all off the tapes came to a section of linearly (not chopped up) recorded music, sort of an ascension, in which we added some impossible percussion right there, live. It climaxed when this kid spontaneously emerged from the audience and whalloped the gong.

- Lots of people sing. Maybe everyone, I don't know. It is a dangerous thing to do, singing in front of people, without any accompaniment, well, maybe a drum or something. There was a series of dangerous tapes started, featuring ordinary folks, all

ages, singing into a variety of recording devices, mostly cheap ones. They must be crazy. The boxes are often hand painted.

- Imagine walking into a room in which a group of people are wearing walkman tape recorders, eyes closed, moving in unison with their hands in the air, taking big steps and often abruptly laughing. I think I'll close the door.

- Now we are high above a stage, looking down. Below is one person with a walkman on, sitting on a lawnchair for a time, walking around, through a stage door into a little room, opening a box, all with narration and instructions from the cassette player, all acted or experienced alone in a specially prepared setting.

- There was a political event in our town in which all the local bands were invited to play and speakers spoke. Several tape recorders were circulated through the crowd and comments were collected. That evening there was a two-hour radio show featuring the collected material. How's that for utilization of inexpensive resources, and community radio, to communicate ideas from a large group of people to each other.

- Novels are often written using tape recorders, either collecting narration or sounds of events (recordings of a crowd, etc.). Hunter Thompson utilized a technique called "gonzo journalism" in which the material is handled very minimally from rough field notes to finished book, to capture vividly the feeling of the moment in the midst of the action. Perhaps there will be a step further, a novel contained entirely on cassettes. A new form of literature, beyond the illusion of theater and into reality.

- Tom Furgas mentioned a project that would involve 24 sixty-minute cassettes called "A Day of Music." Extended works. Various moods would be represented, lots of room for experimentation.

(cont. on next page)



Ideas (cont.)

• Annea Lockwood has been collecting tape recordings made of rivers around the world. A library of rivers. The possibilities are truly amazing. I would like to know more about her and this project, her address, etc.

• Cassettes to the telephone, kinda like an answering machine. Folks call in stories and music, or turn it around and the recorder keeps track of calls out.

• Cassettes in the mail, costs less than a dollar to send the thing to any populated point on the planet. With current 4-track technology each track can be recorded on separate continents.

• Complex game puzzles for multiple cassettes. Imagine a murder mystery drama where the story and clues for participant sleuths are hidden on 10-minute cassettes, with one clue leading to the next, or a gameboard cube with color coded cassettes in which a musical suite, epic poem or treasure is arranged onto several cassettes.

• So small, portable and cheap... use cassettes to record things that have never been recorded before. Just what does a bowling alley sound like? Do Shriners have a good time in their secret lodges and silly hats? What did your kid sound like when she got born? What happens outside your window while you are at work? What was happening in 1975? 1965? Were you making tapes? Well, get to it!

• When something funny happens, like a friend sees a UFO or goes to Nicaragua, or Olympia, invite them over for a cup o' tea and a little chat. Don't forget the C-90's. Get it on tape. Your grandkids will probably bless you for it. Don't forget to save something to play it on, too.

• The Ayatollah ran his revolution on cassette, mumbling orders to the faithful onto the little jewels in Paris, sending them to Iran. Sudden strikes and rallies were announced on pirate radio. The Shah just wasn't hip enough to hang on. What do they do with cassettes there now? Not much, too new-fangled evidently.

• Unlike text, sound can be comprehended by almost every

human being. A human voice is always recognizable as a human voice. Excitement sounds like excitement. A car crash always sounds like a terrible mess. Unlike visual media, sound completely fills a space, creates a kind of mood/place.

Here are a couple of other ideas gleaned from the incoming mail Cassette Mythos:

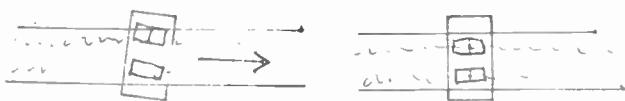
• My favorite idea for using cassettes is setting up a recorder on a busy sidewalk in a park (where there is little traffic, y'see) and taping people's conversations as they walk by, fade in and out. (Perhaps I like this because of the voyeur in me. But I find it intriguing and relaxing.) -Steve Jones, of *The Arms of Someone New*.

• How interesting it would be to be able sonically to play back some kind of condensed versions of people's lifetimes, to have access to a library containing "life compositions" of thousands of individuals around the world and throughout history. Imagine the difference there would be in the separate pieces. The life-composition would vary according to culture, environment, date, activities, etc. And there would be unifying elements, too, establishing a sense of reference for the whole. All pieces would be continually punctuated by the person's voice, high-pitched and abstract during infancy, gradually lowering in frequency while growing more articulate and phonetically active, finally resolving into complex measured bursts of relatively stable tone. The places would all be metered by the sound-rhythms of day and night, and within this time-signature would lie the counter-point and syn-copations of repetitive daily events. Throughout would be the dominant frequencies and harmonics of the immediate surroundings, seasonal phenomena sounding the slower pulse of years. -Qubais Ghazala, *The Sound Theater*.

So what does this have to do with independent music? What is music!?!
* * *

What is next -- Entertainment in the future (shelters or spaceships): Analog sound technology is being overwhelmed by digital technology. It will only be a matter of time before cassettes will be fully outdated. But with any medium, it takes lots of time to fully explore all of the possibilities.

FIGURE 1



OUT OF AZIMUTH
RIGHT CHANNEL MUSIC
CROSSES GAP AHEAD OF
LEFT

FIGURE 2



#1 - RECORDED
WITH AZIMUTH
PROBLEM

#2 - TILTING HEAD
MATCHES ORIGINAL
AZIMUTH

IF AZIMUTH IS PERFECT ON
RECORDING #2, THE TAPE WILL
STILL SOUND OUT OF AZIMUTH
BECAUSE IT WAS RECORDED
WRONG!

by Craig O'Donnel

No matter what vintage your cassette deck is, or how much it cost, there's one procedure that will really help your recordings sound great... "azimuth alignment." This can be done inexpensively at an audio service center, and will improve the high end and stereo image your cassettes have.

Azimuth refers to the "tilt" of the record/play head with respect to the moving tape. Unlike ordinary tape decks, the cassette's head moves to meet the tape (on reel-to-reel deck the tape moves on and off the fixed head stacks). Azimuth is usually incorrect by just enough to matter, even when the deck is new from the box. See FIGURE 1.

Professional studios often readjust the azimuth on playback reel-to-reel deck to suit each tape that comes from some other studio -- if the tape was cut with misaligned azimuth, it will play back best

with a similar misalignment on the second recorder. You can see that if your deck is misaligned *this* much, and Tom's is misaligned *that* much, the result will be poor sound. FIGURE 2.

Azimuth checks are especially recommended for people using mini-four track cassette units.

SONARIA

IF YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE HOME TAPERS, THE RECORD INDUSTRY WARNS US AGAINST. IF YOU PRODUCE YOUR OWN WEIRD SOUND ON CASSETTES AND IF YOU WOULD LIKE OTHERS TO LISTEN TO YOUR FINE CREATION, IF YOU WANT TO GET IN CONTACT WITH AN INTERNATIONAL NETWORK OF PEOPLE LIKE YOU, IF YOU WANT TO SET UP YOUR OWN LABEL AND DISTRIBUTE YOUR CASSETTES ABROAD, IF YOU WANT TO BE PLAYED ON NATIONAL DUTCH RADIO OR MANY OTHER LEGAL AND ILLEGAL RADIO STATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD, IF YOU WANT TO ADVERTISE YOUR GREAT ART/NOISE PRODUCTS THROUGH YOUR OWN PUBLICITY JINGLES, IF YOU ARE BORED WITH YOUR LOCAL NEIGHBOURHOOD RECORD STORE AND WANT TO LAY YOUR HANDS ON SOMETHING DIFFERENT, IF YOU PRODUCE A NEW TYPE OF RADIO SHOW AND YOU WANT INCREDIBLE SOUNDS FROM OUTSIDE THE OFFICIAL CHANNELS, IF YOU WANT TO PURCHASE YOUR MUSIC DIRECTLY FROM THE ARTIST INSTEAD OF A SHOPKEEPER, IF YOU THINK YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO BE HEARD. IF YOU PRODUCE ALL THOSE STRANGE SOUNDS JUST FOR YOURSELF AND NOBODY IN THE WORLD HAS HEARD THEM YET. THEN SONARIA IS FOR YOU.

FIVE YEARS AGO WILLEM DE RIDDER (RADIO ART FOUNDATION) STARTED AN EXTRAORDINARY SHOW ON DUTCH NATIONAL RADIO. ALL CASSETTES SENT TO VPRO-RADIO WERE PLAYED ON THE AIR, REGARDLESS THEIR CONTENT!!! SINCE THEN HOLLAND HAS BECOME A WORLD CENTER OF HOME TAPING. CASSETTES FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE ARE SENT TO THE R.A.F.

HOW IT WORKS

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IF YOU WANT TO ANNOUNCE YOURSELF, PLEASE DO, IF YOU WANT TO INCLUDE A SOUND CLIP/JINGLE ADVERTISEMENT FOR YOUR LABEL, PLEASE DO NOT MAKE IT LONGER THEN 2 MINUTES. SONARIA WILL MENTION YOUR COMPLETE NAME AND ADDRESS IN THE SHOW. 5 MINUTES OF YOUR CASSETTE WILL BE PLAYED ON DUTCH NATIONAL RADIO. THE SONARIA SHOW WILL BE MAILED TO MANY RADIO STATIONS FOR FREE. YOU WILL GET A MESSAGE IF YOU ARE IN ONE. IF YOU KNOW A RADIO STATION THAT WANTS ONE TOO, LET US KNOW. IF YOU WANT A SUBSCRIPTION, LET US KNOW TOO. IF YOU WANT TO TAKE PART IN THE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MEDIA FESTIVAL WRITE US. SONARIA IS MADE BY PETER, WILLEM, RAY & WILLEM. IF YOU WANT YOUR TAPE TO BE SOLD IN STAALPLAAT, LET US KNOW. CONTINENTS MOVE SLOWLY TO EACH OTHER. SEE YOU SOON!!

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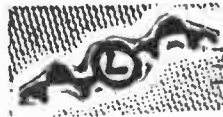
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Bret Hart

DEAN Sound Chaire.

I would like to submit the following piece for publication. The artist it concerns is a person who I've worked closely with in an other-than-musical series of formats since 1979 (including film, illustration and modern dance). He has recorded an impressively prolific number of pieces of his kind of music, nearly 600 in 1984, and I believe that it deserves exposure to the discerning ears out there on the islands of integrity, many of whom read your publication. In sorry this is untyped. I do not have a typewriter. I'm sure it's legible.

M. UMBRA

Bret Hart is almost 26 years old. He was awarded a semester of Studio Art 101 at Syracuse University when he was 10 years old. He attended a university in Northern New York as an Art, then Psychology, then Education, finally Literature and Sculpture as a means of graduating. He is presently working in Korea as a translator trying to make money enough to pay off his college loans so as to be "financially unencumbered".

Hart once told me that the most formative event in his musical development was abandoning formal musical training. As I recall, he had been playing trombone for four years in public school and was fond of the instrument. While in Junior High School, the Concert Band Director asked him to "temporarily" assume the sousaphone chair for an upcoming performance which required a sousaphone, which Hart obliged to do.

Following the concert, the band director refused to let him return to trombone (in order to have a steady sousaphone in his band). Hart became enraged and quit. He was probably 13 years old.

I don't know what happened between then and 1979 when I first encountered him performing on acoustic guitar in the coffeehouse at the Potsdam College of Arts and Sciences, but something obviously had. The music defied conventional stylings and

had a harmonic depth and complexity that was stunning. Equally impressive were the disturbingly frank, though oblique lyrics of his songs.

Hart returned to the university after a years absence in 1980 with a new view and approach to music making. The acoustic guitar was gone, in it's place an electric guitar, a flanger and a borrowed amplifier. I remember him wrestling with feedback, and the sounds produced by overloading the flanger and wandering where the acoustic music had gone to. This new noise was primal and he spoke of "trying to approach the instrument in the same way that I approach a canvas, or look at a pile of scrap metal that will become a piece of sculpture. I want to compose non-metodically, to approach music from a non-musical direction, perhaps numerical or geometric..." When I asked him to explain his abandoning the acoustic format, he said it had something to do with "...a miscarriage... love lost..."

Several months ago I received a tape from Bret which was a cross-section of works since March. He records on a 4-track utilizing electric guitars, a Casio keyboard, a digital drum machine, found-percussion, and homemade instruments. One track included an instrument called a Kai-Dau-Nguyet, "A Vietnamese lute". He has collaborated with several people including Jerry Ford (from indie station KAZU in Pacific Grove, CA), flautist Dan Kiely, Rob Craigmyle, drummer Mark McGee (from Boston band Piece De Resistance) and others.

His recent work exhibits a depth and perverse compositional bent that would make Warner Bros. shift themselves. Hart is very versed in polyrhythm, and described his melodies as more often than not being "the most quirky thing that pops out of improvisation, then given support with an odd harmony, the rest is less

systematic." Although some elements of the new music harken back to the mood of his late-70's acoustic music, he often shifts into an athletically harsh mode that brings to mind MASSACRE or The Work in its momentum and inertia.

One of his extended pieces, a 40 minute theme entitled Southern Sea Otter (available through KAMSA TAPES, 9 Gull Path, Liverpool, N.Y. 13088) is a fine example of extended theme and variation. The central riff rises and descends in audibility throughout the work. A very aquatic work, at one point the cheesy rhythm unit of the CASIO is processed in such a way as to sound like bubbles bursting on the surface of thick liquid.

The collection of recent works The Last Gasp of Boy Motown (also available through KAMSA TAPES) is a collection of 20 mutant variations on modern pop sensibility. It seems that Hart takes equal pleasure in the naming of his tunes, as in the

actual composing of them! Of note, "Death March On A Volcano", in which a digital handclap is processed so as to sound like applauding throngs over a gloomy baroque dirge punctuated by the kind of sounds one associates with bombs dropping and screaming through the air.

"More Wine!" brings to mind Prince Valiant comics with drunken knights and whores raising horns of mead around wooden tables, burping and farting with the joys of digestion.

Hart's music will appeal to Faith, Penguin Cafe, early Material, Suicide, etc.. listeners. The following BASF chrome tapes are available through the KAMSA TAPES U.S. LIASON
c/o BRET HART
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Blazing The Network Trail

With James Hill



Now is the time for me to come out from behind the taperecorder and the cotton swabs and greet you independent minded people one on one. It had to happen sooner or later. Perhaps after reading this crud, the six or seven people asking themselves the question, "What in the hell does the TCAB in TCAB STUDIO stand for," will realize some satisfaction.

After 21 years of involvement in the field of sonic vibrations and the participation in the 1968 Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena, my destiny leaves me no choice but to experience deeper and deeper planes of musical consciousness by way of my recorded works. For those who long for information pertaining to my roots and musical evolution, here is the data:

At the age of nine, the Burbank Police Boy's Band gave me the privilege of occupying the last chair in the trumpet section. A lot of my time was spent trying to avoid stepping in the horseshit and wondering why there weren't any girls in the band.

In 1968 my father decided to open up a restaurant in Detroit Fishigan called the Nugget. Maybe some of you folks have eaten there. After two more years of marching band and club sandwiches, a fellow by the name of Ali The Chosen And Beloved came into my life. He played the oud, the Black Madonna. The first time we met he told me to give him all my money. When he talked of Bird, the thought of some high flying feathered creature, living in trees, came to my mind. Ali loved me and likened me to the comic strip character, Billy Batson. Ali informed me about the sanctity of ancestral music and the science of sonic vibrations. To this day he remains the chosen and beloved to me as well as many others.

Then this guy named Mickey Stein came into my life. This guy is literally the world's greatest musician. Bartok has nothing on Mickey. If it weren't for Mickey Stein my universe sure as fuck would not be spinning the way it has for the last 13 years.

Oh yeah, just for those of you who would like to know how much money has been made by my musical involvement in the last 21 years, it now stands at \$867. That's counting all eight tapes that have been sold to you independent minded people out there somewhere. Thanks Kelly for the soiled panties. You sure know what is funny. If some of you are reading Sound Choice for the first time, please note that any tape from TCAB STUDIO is acquirable for \$7 or something funny. Kelly knows what's funny.



By now some of you must be getting the drift that this hasn't been written to drum up business for TCAB STUDIO products. As a matter of fact, research shows that my music is not something that many of you would like. It is not punk. Nor is it rock or hardcore or new wave or jazz or anything else that has been heard by myself. A friend of mine at work seemed to be interested in my music until he received a tape from me. Now he doesn't talk to me anymore. Oh well, watzs a guy to douche?

My mother even hates my music, except for my version of "The Way We Were." There is actually no reason why anyone should like this music of mine. This is being written for the same reason that my music gets recorded. What else is there to do? It keeps me off the streets and it's fun. Besides all that, nothing brings me more pleasure than mailing things. If you want to have a good time, mail a pair of your socks to the Pope or to a complete stranger. Better yet, mail them to me. Thats Funny!!!

Currently TCAB STUDIO has over 100 recorded works on file and nearly the same amount of Mickey Stein's. Mickey doesn't give a shit about all this networking and independent mindedness. He just sits around these days playing Bach inventions and programming robots. My song and dance has been a little different.

In the two years of being on the network trail and the giving away of nearly 700 tapes to points throughout the world, I can say in all honesty that I will never get off this trail. Many wonderful people have found their way into my mailbox. Some of these people record music and some are involved in mail-art. If you don't know what mail-art is, let me tell you. Mail-art=Love plus Freedom.

A few of my network friends are Zan The Man, Ed Special, Henning Mittendorf, Grudun Albasser, Rud Janssen, Nort B.C., Barry Edgar Pilcher, Alex Igloo & Dislokate Cramer, and it goes on and on and grows with each day.

Believe it or not you are on the network trail if you find yourself reading this magazine. If what you truly want out of life is love and freedom then prove it by mailing your jock-strap to a complete stranger with your return address. Don't sit there trying to think of how you can become a rich and famous asshole.

Stay tuned, Stay healthy, Think Funny, Be smart, GO JOLLY!!!!

James Hill, c/o TCAB Studio,
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DAR ES SALAAM

by Ron Sakolsky

"Karibuni" (welcome) to the thriving music scene of Dar Es Salaam. As a port city on the Indian Ocean in East Africa, and until recently the capital of Tanzania, Dar has always had its share of diverse musical influences.

In terms of traditional music, there is the lilting sound of Swahili coastal music ("Tarabu" or "Taraab;" some of which has been collected on the excellent *Songs the Swahilis Sing* album, Original Music OMA 103). This music is sort of a cross between Arabic, Indian and African forms. On a less grand scale, Dar is also a place where you can find many itinerant street musicians playing for shillings at public gathering places. One band of blind musicians that I kept seeing all around town consisted of drums, several thumb pianos, a home-made three-stringed instrument with a tin can resonator and the percussive sounds of Fanta bottles (scratched on the notched glass part with a spoon).

"Tarabu," on the other hand, was harder to find. Since I was in town during the month of Ramadhan, the "Tarabu" groups, in keeping with Koranic scripture, were in hiding. This is a holiday of fasting and general abstinence (including not only music, but lovemaking as well). Depending on how strict a Muslim you are, you act accordingly, but it is accepted practice to gorge yourself with food during the night before each day of sunup to sundown fasting. In fact, the only traditional Muslim music heard on the coast during Ramadhan is that made for fasters by children, particularly in small villages. The music is used to wake up their elders in the middle of the night so that they can eat another meal before the fast begins again the next waking day. I got to hear some of this type of music on the east coast of Zanzibar in a small fishing village named Bwejuu. While the music is very simple (drums, singing and dancing), it is very much a part of the intricate fabric of community that binds young and old together. The children, who have no school during Ramadhan, get special treats and small sums of money from the adults of the village at the end of the holiday. This tradition exists in Dar as well, but urban secularism has somewhat eroded it, and the radio plays a mixture of both traditional and pop music which, as a Muslim, one can listen to even during Ramadhan. When Ramadhan ends, four days of feasting and merriment begins. One of the best places to be for the breaking of the fast is Zanzibar Town which becomes transformed from its stark Ramadhan appearance into a joyous riot of music, dancing and food delights.

Getting back to Dar, however, I'd like to focus on the various African bands that play popular music around the city. These bands are either not Muslim or are secular enough not to let Ramadhan get in the way of their music, and so they could be heard any day of the week (except Monday) at the many clubs that exist all over town. These bands play in the Zairean style of Rochereau and Franco, but, while the beat is Congolese, the melodies are Tanzanian, and the lyrics are often in Swahili rather than the more Zairean Lingala.

A problem for non-Africans who like, or might like, this kind of music is that it has been difficult to hear it outside of East Africa. While Mzee Makassay, originally from Zaire and the leader of the pivotal Tanzanian band, Orchestra Makassay, left Tanzania for an extended stay in Europe, Tanzanian music has been neglected in the Afro-Pop explosion of recent years. After all, it's not easy to find that obscure Orchestra Makassay 45 on the Editions Makassay label or that Remmy Ongala single on Ujamaa records unless you happen to be in East Africa. Talking about Remmy, only this lack of outreach can account for the fact that such a major talent and spokesperson for his people could remain virtually



unknown outside of East Africa. Sure, I know he sings in Swahili, but many now world-famous Congolese musicians sing in Lingala, the language of the Zairean masses. Another explanation is that maybe his lack of world-wide acclaim is due to his music being political, but that doesn't seem to have hurt Fela's world-wide status (although it has, of course, hurt him personally, as evidenced by his recent imprisonment in Nigeria by the military "zombies" presently in control of the government there).

If you've not yet made his musical acquaintance, let me introduce you to Remmy Ongala. A Zairean by birth, upon coming to Dar, he started his musical career there as a drummer and guitarist with his uncle, Mzee Makassay. However, there was soon a falling out between the two with Remmy accusing Makassay of under-paying him and even taking composer credits on his tunes. This split led Remmy to hook up with Fan Fan Matimila's band Matimila. Soon, however, Fan Fan left Dar to start another band in Nairobi, and Matimila became Remmy's band. By this time, Remmy was well-known in his own right as "Dr. Remmy" (Doctor of Music, natch!), and as a spokesperson for the poor (particularly the youth) of Dar Es Salaam; or, as the title of his biography puts it, the "Bob Marley of Tanzania." Unfortunately for many Sound Choice readers, this biography is written in Swahili. However, if any of you know Swahili out there, you'll find this slim volume to be a very informative little book (*Remmy Ongala: Bob Marley wa*

(cont. on next page)

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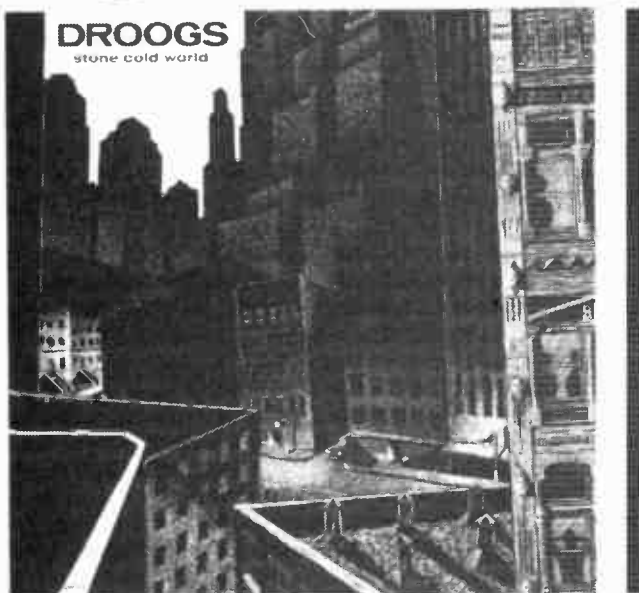
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Dar Es Salaam (cont.)

Tanzania by Ben R. Mtobwa, African Publications Limited, Dar Es Salaam). I got my copy in the Kariakoo market in Dar but would be willing to reproduce it in return for photocopying costs for anyone interested if you contact me through *Sound Choice*.

Unlike the other bands that play live or can be heard on the radio in Dar, and who play either love songs or songs uncritically praising the Nyerere government, Remmy's music frequently ventures into social commentary. While he generally supports the socialist principles of Nyerere (who, as he now steps down from the post as head of state that he has held since independence, is still personally revered by even the severest critics of the government), Remmy sings of the struggles and injustices of daily life in Tanzania. He attacks the continuing inequalities between rich and poor and champions the virtues of the diverse traditional cultures that make up the Tanzanian state less they be washed away by a process of modernization that either regards them as signs of backwardness or tries to co-opt their forms but not their substance.

In keeping with his interest in tradition, Remmy has toured all over this his adopted country and has tried to become familiar with the languages of the various tribes that make it up. Because he wears his hair in "dreads," many people mistake him for a Rasta, but, in fact, the natural look of his hair is explained by him as being connected to tradition. As a baby, he became very ill and was in danger of dying, but his parents were advised by a local healer to let his hair grow naturally as a cure. Shortly thereafter, he recovered to be the first son of three not to die soon after birth.

While not a Rasta, like many Africans, Remmy is very much attracted to the musical vision of Bob Marley. While the rhythmic style of Remmy's music is not at all like Reggae, its "roots and culture" feeling and content is the real connection to Marley. In fact, in order to get his message across, he often shifts from singing to spoken raps that touch a responsive chord with his audience. Aside from Marley, the other musicians that he identifies as his chief influences are the Camerounian, Manu Dibango (who is best known to Euro-American audiences by his Top Ten hit, "Soul Makossa," but who has always been popular with Zairean audiences and who has recently played a key role in getting African musicians together for Ethiopian famine relief), and (you guessed it) Bob Dylan.

After several false leads, I got to hear Remmy at Waru Waru, a local "bush" bar on a dirt road off of the airport road on the outskirts of Dar. He had just played an afternoon gig at another club a little further down the road, but here he was, seeming to be as fresh as could be, playing under a full moon and a palm tree hovering over a concrete dance floor where the all-African audience alternately danced to the music and laughed or gave cries of recognition at his political raps.

The next step was to try to get some records by him to take home. This was not easy. While in the early seventies, Dar boasted such thriving record labels as "Sindimba," "Uta Stars," "Kivetu," "TFC," and "Azimio," for the last four years no recordings have been pressed in Tanzania. In June of 1985, it was still possible to get used 45 records on the street for 50 shillings each (about \$3 at the official rate or about 50 cents on the black market) but the quality was not always very good, and it was not always easy to find the ones you wanted. Actually, I had better luck finding Remmy's records in the used record establishments that dot the streets of Nairobi. This is not too surprising in that Kenya has often been the place for pressing Tanzanian records (such as Ken-Tanza records) when relations between the two countries have been good (and the recent reopening of the borders between the two countries bodes well for years to come). In Tanzania at present, there is only one small recording studio 80 KM from Dar on the Bagamoyo Road, but tapes must be brought to Zambia's Teal Records for pressing.

However, according to Gad Mkemwa, a public relations officer at the parastatal Tanzania Film Company that I interviewed, things are looking up for the future and, hopefully, record production will begin again in Dar by the end of the year. By the way, Mkemwa is particularly interested in distributing these records in the States and Europe and can be contacted by interested parties at the Tanzanian Film Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 9341, Dar Es Salaam, Tanzania, or by cable TANFICO Telex 413 60 or by telephone in Dar at 22176, 24219 or 29861. When asked about some of the bands playing in Dar that I had seen during my visit, Mkemwa assured me that they all would be recording soon and some would appear in an upcoming film about music in Tanzania, presently being directed by Martin Mhando and featuring both traditional and pop music.

One of these bands, Orchestra Makassay, was, of course, a "must see" for me. Makassay is now back from Europe. Remmy Ongala even rejoined his uncles' new band again (under reportedly heavy family pressure for reconciliation) in 1984, but has since split again to lead Matimila on his own. Unfortunately, the night I saw Makassay at the outdoor Vijana Social Hall in the Kinondoni district, the sound system was poor, but his combination of Zairean rhythms and Lingala lyrics was pleasing nonetheless, and couples shuffled along the dance floor at an easy pace or kicked up their heels accordingly.

Two nights previous I had also been to the Vijana Social Hall to hear King Kiki and Double "O." Kiki is a local legend who attracts many old timers as well as younger fans. His music bears the mark of the more skeletal Zairean sound of twenty years ago with a combination of tenor and alto sax, bass guitar, lead guitar, and traps. Kiki is a vocalist who takes immediate command of his kingdom by greeting familiar friends by name as they come in, graciously accepting the money the local men stick in his shirt pocket and the songs requests made by the women, or temporarily giving up some of the stage for the couples from the crowd who want to have their moment to dance in the limelight while the rest of the dancers let the music move them across the open air floor with bottles of warm Safari lager in their hands.

The feel of the scene is amazingly (perhaps not so amazingly) like a Southern "juke joint" on the U.S. "chitlin circuit" where blues is dished out in sumptuous helpings to those who come to sample the fare in spite of the "bad reputation" of the place. In fact, the cab driver who took me there warned me that I might "get ravaged" there, but, after explaining to him why I don't like Michael Jackson, he admitted that it's in clubs like these where the "real African music" can be found. I found the people there to be very warm and friendly. By the way, Dar cab drivers are excellent sources of information about local bands, as is *Uhuru*, the Swahili daily which lists local bands and clubs each day.

The other band that I heard which I thought highly of (and I didn't get to hear them all) was Orchestra Safari Sound. The club they played at was called DDC, located in the heart of the Kariakoo Market area. Approaching the club at night, you trace a path along dark streets lit by occasional fires. Once you get there, the stench of urine is a little overpowering, but if you head out from under the roof into the open air area where the band plays, it helps. Safari Sound played a very lively set in the Zairean style with lyrics mostly in Swahili. This band, like Makassay, is very popular all along the coast, and they will play Mombassa and sometimes even Nairobi when they're on tour (although Kenya has recently placed restrictions on resident Zairean bands). Unlike Makassay, though, Safari Sound had a much brassier quality with three trumpets and, in addition to the two saxes, guitars, and traps, it had a conga drummer who seemed to know something about the Cuban rumba roots of contemporary Zairean music. Oh yeah, as if heralding future crossovers, the only other white person there seemed to be intent on copping the Zairean guitar stylings of the lead guitarist, trying to master the exact fingering in the empty air.



Wanda

Last February 1st, in Los Angeles, I was fortunate to attend the spoken word performances of Wanda Coleman and Exene Cervenka, which were recorded and released as the 60-minute album "Twin Sisters" on Freeway Records (FRWY 1057).

Though it was my admiration for Exene's musical work (with the group X) that drew me there, it was Wanda's commanding presence and riveting, electric performance artistry that had my head humming long after the smoke had cleared. I know now that Wanda (b. 1946) has: three books of poetry published (Black Sparrow Press, Santa Barbara, CA); been on all three albums in the Freeway Records "Spoken Word Trilogy;" been honored with the prestigious Guggenheim Fellowship in poetry (1984); won an Emmy writing for the soap opera, "Days of Our Lives" in 1976; currently co-hosts a program on public radio in L.A.; and is the mother of three: two sons and one daughter.

Despite her many accomplishments and honors, and the importance and excellence of her work, she is still scuffling, still struggling to stay afloat -- "'cuz poetry doesn't pay."

For this interview, we traveled to L.A. and spent ½ hours talking with Wanda in her home (which she called "squalor"). This woman radiates a strength and conviction that awes and inspires me. A person of great depth and knowledge.

BH: How and when did your interest in writing and poetry begin?

WC: I was five when I fell in love with poetry. Teacher brought in some poems to school, mimeographed copies of poems. I was just learning how to read and write. I couldn't do it, but I could understand what it was and wanted to do it. I was always the kind of kid who was writing the Father's Day card, and my card would be the most elaborate verse in the class. Stuff like that.

BH: Early on, who were your favorite authors?

WC: At nine or ten, Shakespeare. I read the plays of Shakespeare then. My favorite one is Julius Caesar, I like the play about power the best, laughs James Weldon Johnson, "The Creation", "A Negro Speaks of Rivers" by Langston Hughes. Paul Robeson was a big influence in the black community. My father

used to sing ala Paul Robeson. Where he worked there was a theatre, and the employees would put on performances on Sundays and whatnot. He would get on stage and sing, and I would be there, barely tall enough to see over the chairs. That had an influence. Because to me, music is language. In the black community that's always been true. I think that's still true in the Third World.

BH: Was your childhood happy?

WC: No, it was hell. Couldn't wait to get out of it. (laughs)

BH: Family turmoil?

WC: No. Societal turmoil. 'Cuz I felt like anti-matter. There was nothing I encountered that wasn't putting crap on me. Negative imagery. Not being able to fit. Always a negative. A big girl. I was dark-skinned, and at that time, black was *not* beautiful, baby. Even among black people it was not beautiful. So I had a very hard time. And my hair wouldn't hold a press, it wouldn't stay straight. So I was an embarrassment to my classmates, particularly the females, most of the time. Because most white people didn't know what black hair looked like au naturel. Until Maya Angelou had the guts to wear her hair au naturel on television. Most whites didn't know what your hair looked like when it got wet or washed, unless they ran across you by accident. And not all blacks have kinky hair, but I did.

Some of my earliest memories are of people wondering why my hair was the way it was. Touching my head and recoiling, looking at it with disgust. So my strongest, earliest images are of rejection, in a very basic sense. So that's why I don't sweat it anymore. Most artists are so sensitive. You know, rejection hurts. But man, after you've been cut so many times, pretty soon the pain ain't that intense anymore. In a sense that's liberating.

BH: Did you finish high school?

WC: Yeah, I finished high school and started college. I dropped out of college for a number of reasons. One, I didn't have the money. I got married early, 3 months out of high school, got pregnant and started having kids. The civil rights movement was going on. There was a lot of political turmoil. So I went to the political underground; I was a part of it. Also, I felt like I was wasting my time in school.



'How come every time
black people start raisin'
Cain in this country---
they're dead?'

Coleman interview

by Bill Hubley

I don't have any sort of love affair with the educational system. Not in terms of how it has dealt with minorities. I have absolutely no respect for it at all.

BH: Have you written any poems about that?

WC: Yeah. I mean, I mention it, in the substance of poems. I don't write to issues. Because, I've been a walkin', talkin' issue all my life. And I don't write to fads. Like, reggae became a fad. I can say "dems" and "dees" and "does" as good as the next guy, and I can assume a rasta posture. But unless it's functional in some way for me, I don't have any reason to do it, so I don't. I don't write to a cause. I don't set out deliberately to write, say, an "anti-apartheid poem," or a "love poem". It has to find its way through me, organically. Usually, a line will come to me, you just feel it, and say "yeah, there's something there," and then it just starts to come. And after it's finished, then you can decide what category it belongs in or if it addresses an issue. Some people can force it. I can't. It just has to come.

BH: Is the material you read for the album representative, thematically, of your published work?

WC: Yeah, it's representative. The poems on there are a good balance of what I do, I think.

BH: Has that material been previously published, in print that is?

WC: Most of them, yes, have been either published in a book or magazine somewhere. Now, "Nigger Rhythm Rhymes" has never been published and may never be, 'cuz most people don't consider that valid as poetry, per se. Not only because of my choice of words and the four letter words in it, but because of the structure. It's very rhyme-y and very sing-song, and deliberately so, because they're jump rope rhythms. I read it usually towards the beginning of the reading, because it suggests childhood. Children jump rope. Especially in south central (LA). In the black community jumpin' rope was a thing. So, that's a fun poem for me. Even though the subject matter is deadly serious I'm still having fun, at least presenting it. Because even I gotta laugh sometimes man, or else I'm just gonna shatter. Just gonna shatter.

BH: It's difficult to laugh, sometimes, at the tragic, sad things.

WC: Yeah, but humor saves. It saves. And it's very hard, the

most difficult, to do. It's pretty easy to be outrageously funny, to be silly. But it's very hard to extract humor out of circumstances that are ostensibly tragic.

BH: So your mom worked for Ronald Reagan as a maid?

WC: Yeah. My mother, during the (WWII) war years, worked for Ronald Reagan when he was married to Jane Wyman. She was maid and cook for Ronnie baby. She used to make macaroni and cheese -- that was his favorite dish.

BH: And she's a staunch supporter of Reagan now?

WC: No, not staunch. She voted for him because of the way, as an employer, he had treated her. She thought he was a moral man and a man of integrity. She's recalling him from those days. You know, like "things have changed Mama" but, ya know. (sighs)

BH: Nigger Rhythm Rhymes is an obvious example, but all of your reading has rhythms one can easily follow. I like that, and find that aspect missing from the "musician-poets" connected with the Freeway projects.

WC: Maybe that's because we're moving in opposite directions. They're trying to move toward what they think is poetry as different from music. Whereas I'm trying to move towards music as similar to poetry.

BH: Are the "musician-poets" (Exene, Rollins, etc.) attempting to validate themselves as poets by being grouped with you, on records and in live performances? I mean, to me, you are much more accomplished, uh, better at it.

WC: Well, I think it's mutual validation. In other words, I have appeal to a certain kind of audience that Exene will be introduced to, and vice-versa. Because of the album, I'll be reaching an audience that has, I think, pretty much given up on poetry -- if they were ever interested in the first place. I think most people don't see it in a contemporary context. It doesn't do anything for most people except maybe give them an aesthetic pleasure, because most poetry in America isn't designed to do anything but that. But there are people for whom poetry is healing. I've known it to be like a life raft for people who are, in a sense, drowning. Something to get strength from.

BH: How far have civil rights come? Human rights?

WC: Well, one of the things that's nice is when people see your

head now, thanks to the rasta movement and wearin' naturals, white people don't stare you down anymore. And there was a stage where you'd go to shake someone's hand, and they'd wanna slap it, instead of shake it. There's been graduations, in terms of, -- people don't stare at you as much. That's nice.

BH: *That's not really what I meant. I think people take it for granted, and it is reinforced by media, that this society as a whole has become tolerant, progressed beyond racial prejudice. Like it's not an issue anymore.*

WC: It hasn't changed.

BH: *I feel like I'm surrounded by would-be Nazi's wherever I go.*

WC: One of the things that tickles me -- as soon as the fight over apartheid is over with, then the real war is gonna start.

No, things essentially haven't changed. What has happened is the methodology has become more sophisticated. The way racism functions in this society has been forced to become more sophisticated.

One of the failures of the civil rights movement is that an awful lot of nice black people under-estimated their enemy, the man that they was goin' after. I think they thought that they were dealing, essentially, with a moral entity. Just wasn't so.

BH: *Were there black characters on the soap opera you wrote for?*

WC: There was a black family. And there was an interracial relationship which just about blew the tubes, and got a lot of hate mail.



BH: *Pretty risque for those days?*

WC: That was just ten years ago, man. It still is, c'mon! When you turn on television you don't see no serious black shit. All you see is comedy, honey, and humanistic comedy ala Cosby. Warm. Human. But not reflecting black reality. Ain't no way. Not the way I experience it.

BH: *TV doesn't reflect white reality, either.*

WC: No, it doesn't. But it offers you more alternatives. You have a choice of fantasies. You get humor and drama. Variety. A choice. We don't have none of that. All we still gettin' is "Ol' Zip Coon is a mightah fine fellah."

BH: *What are you doing this for? Why do you write and perform? Is it just personal catharsis, getting stuff out of your system? Do you want to affect other people's lives? Do you want them to feel what you're feeling?*

WC: All of that. I want as much of it as I can get, and if --

BH: *Do you want to change the world?*

WC: That, too. 'Cuz I don't like it, man. Nah, I don't like the world at all. And if I can effect any change whatsoever, no matter how great or how minute, I'm out for effecting it. And if anyone of like mind to me, and there's plenty of them, if they can benefit by it, that's cool.

BH: *In your poetry you tell the story -- paint a vivid picture -- but don't really point the finger directly, lay the blame, NAME THE VILLIAN. The perpetrators of...*

WC: What, I'd don't say "Hate Whitey"? I don't jump up and down and say "Hate Whitey" or anything like that? Or call the white man "devil", something like that?

BH: *Or anybody --*

WC: Because that's too easy to do. That's too easy and it makes it easy for people to dismiss you, see? 'Cuz that's a game. I've been in situations where that's what people want. "Flog me, beat me, whip me. Oh, I love it." That's what they want. Then you're playin' into their game. That's a trick, too. Nah. I'm too sophisticated for that game. That's old, that's dead, that's too easy.

BH: *So, no blaming. You just lay the story out and --*

WC: Everybody knows where the blame is. I don't have to tell nobody. If they don't know man, somethin's wrong.

BH: *Something is wrong though. I think a lot of people don't get it, unless you spell it out.*

WC: I'm filling in the gap where I feel it needs to be filled in. I don't know how I can get any more nitty or gritty-er than the poem "They'll Starve You", which is the last poem I read at McCabe's when we were there. I don't know how I can say it any better. If I can say it any better, then I will. But I don't know how I can articulate it any more than when I say "They will starve you until your cunt rusts/Until you collapse over the office typewriter/etc. etc. etc./ Until your children betray you to the gestapo." "The gestapo" taking on the metaphor of any kind of oppressive force -- the LAPD, a police force where a grown man will blow away a 6-year-old black child just because of his social conditioning. Because he doesn't understand the kind of circumstances that poor black people have to live in, to really appreciate the problem that was evolving, that most people could have hipped him to very easily. So therefore, his life is destroyed as a result of it, the child is dead, the mother's gone. It wasn't really his fault, in a sense. If he is not the source, why should I focus on him? I wanna go after the...it's sort of like...there's some tactics that revolutionaries use that are safe. See it's easy, man, to blow up a motherfuckin' car. You might get who you were aimin' for, but there's a whole lot of innocent people, who might even be your allies, who could possibly be killed. It's hard man, to go to the source, to go to the heart of it. To go to the brain, to go to the motherfucker that's actually doin' it. It's hard to sniff that son of a bitch out and get him. That takes some work. That takes some effort. That takes some sweat. That takes some risk. And, the

possibility is immense that you may fail. That what I'm interested in. The rest is cosmetic.

BH: (I ask Wanda about her days as editor of a couple of soft-core skin mags, and since I had read a press release describing her as a "feminist", I asked whether there was some conflict here. She says it was just a job and she did not find it adverse to her moral principles: "It was hilarious, a joke...most of it was faked. Very soft-core... 'feminist' is a label that's been put on me.")

WC: What I consider pornography in this society, doesn't have to do with sexuality. To me, what's most obscene is like what happened to MOVE. (In Spring of 1985 members of MOVE, a group opposed to twentieth century technology-oriented lifestyles, were asked by government health department officials to vacate their Philadelphia home because of health code violations. When they refused to leave, local police, with the aid of helicopter, bombed the house, killing those inside and igniting a fire that swept through the neighborhood completely destroying 60 other homes.)

That they can bar-b-que eleven people - only one of those people was a man - that's an obscenity. That a whole black community can be destroyed. That's an obscenity. That's pornography to me. That I can sit here and watch, on television, a peaceful demonstration in South Africa turn into murder and mayhem - and these are kids, these are children I'm looking at, these are people under twenty - and their heads are being beaten in. And then Ronald

Reagan comes on and all of a sudden linguistically, these people go from being peaceful demonstrators to rioters. Then he turns around and justifies it by saying, it was all right for those children to be beat up because some of the people beating them up were also black. For that son of a bitch to get up there and...that is the ultimate obscenity and I'm sorry nothin' else compares to it.

Racism is the ultimate obscenity. It is the basic. When that one's taken care of, honey, then we can work our way down the scale. Then we can start dealing with the other issues, like the man/woman thing, the class thing, the animal rights thing, the nuclear thing. But to me, racism is the ultimate obscenity. The ultimate pornography. It is number one. Because when the bomb was dropped, honey, it was dropped on them *yellow people*, it wasn't dropped on no white people, honey. See? That is the overwhelming obscenity. And everything else next to it is dwarfed, baby. We can start arguing biology later. Later for that. We gotta take care of racism first. That's numero uno. And it overlaps into everything else. No matter what issue you can come up with, it overlaps.

Racism is part of the world we live in now. It's a dynamic. It takes lives. It chews people up. And it affects the perpetrator as much as the people he's doin' it to. And the fucker is too stupid to see it. That's what I'm about. That's the ultimate. 'Cuz how come every time black people start raising Cain in this country - they're dead. That's still happenin', that hasn't changed. So, the feminist thing, yeah okay, there's some points made, alright. But hey! We still ain't got economic parity as women, have we? Because who stands to benefit by it the most? *Black females*, that's why. Black females have always been "liberated", for the most part, in the sense that white women never have been. White women are comin' into this thing new. We've always had the kind of "liberation" that most of them are talking about. And, when the feminist thing evolved, the first thing it set out to do was to alienate women who are housewives and who are working women, and who are minority women. What you got was the rich bitch syndrome. And instead of getting a melding of 'yeah we're all in this together,' you started getting factionalism, with gay women going this way, rich bitches goin' that way, etc.

BH: Do you think that the South African apartheid issue diverts attention from racism in the U.S. or will it help create an awareness of it?

WC: It makes those white people who are afraid to go down to

Watts (a black ghetto in Los Angeles), or who are afraid to make a revolution, within the corporate structure of America, it makes them feel better. Because there's a distance there. It's always easier to deal with something that's way over there, than if it's right in your own backyard.

BH: What do you mean, "white people who won't go down to Watts"?

WC: It's very dangerous. It's much more dangerous to go down there than it is to picket a school.

BH: Well why should they?

WC: To see what changes need to be made, or to see if you can affect any changes there. Or, you don't even have to go down there. You might be able to go down to the city council and effect some legislation. You might be able to affect the school board. You might be able to make changes that might benefit some of those down there who ain't doin' so good.

But that takes some serious committment, that means you're gonna have to go up against them barriers. You're gonna have to beat *your* head against the wall. And not many people are willing to make that committment. Remember the legacy of Kent State? (Four peaceful anti-war demonstrators shot and killed by the National Guard.) I mean, how militant did young whites get after Kent State, baby? Kent State took *all* the wind out of the white liberal sail. All of it. I mean it *dropped*, dramatically. All of a sudden we ended up in the ME Generation. Because, people did not



Wanda with Exene

believe that their little fair-haired children might be wasted by somebody's National Guard. "They wouldn't dare do it to us." They'll bar-b-que niggers, lesbian chicks and those real nasty radicals but they won't do that to US. Us nice middle class folks who were just expressing our moral point of view. Bullshit.

Problems can exist and fester in the black community for years and years. Until it spills over into the dominant culture, nobody's interested in doing anything about it. For instance, "latch-key children." That's been a problem in the black community from day one. But until white women decided they were gonna raise children alone and become single mothers, get into it, latch-key kids wasn't an issue.

If I was going to get active politically right now, if I had the time and energy to devote, uh, I don't hear anyone talking about the kind of economic red-lining that's going on in the community. They talk about it superficially, when they're talking about auto insurance premiums and that stuff, but it's much more serious than that. It's serious to the extent that it's causing racial tensions right now between the "new" minorities that are comin' over here, the Asians, the Koreans and the black community. All of a sudden in the black community every business you go into, you never see any black faces, you see Asian faces. In the heart of Watts! And these people do not employ anyone in the community. They're coming in, without knowing any of our history, and repeating the same shit that we just got finished tellin' white folks that we did not want to happen in our community. These people are comin' in because they're able to get the loans that black people can't get to make their businesses run. These people are able to function because they aren't as much of a visible threat as we are. Nobody's dealing with that issue, and nobody's talking about it.

BH: Well, you're talking about it right now...

WC: Yeah I'm talking about it.

BH: But why did I have to wait till now to hear it? As powerful as your poetry is, I didn't get that...

WC: That was in there!

BH: Still, it's somewhat abstracted, it's situations - and someone as muddled and thick as myself can miss...

WC: But that isn't the only thing I write. There's short stories, and I do journalistic pieces now and then. I've written plays. Poetry isn't the only arena I function in. But all these things [we've discussed] concern me, and they're all in my work. They're all there. In my work. MY work. Not in the job I'm doing for somebody. In my work. It's there. For anybody to see, if they can get access to it. When and if it's made available and as much as I can produce of it as I produce. Now, I can't do that through the Writer's Guild. When I sent my script over to Richard Pryor's group, or, when I went to interview for this show or that show, they weren't buying black on black material. Which is what they will tell you now. You can't sell black on black material. No one wants it, because it won't make money. How many big budget black pictures do you see being made?

BH: Why aren't more black superstar millionaires putting money into such projects?

WC: Because this society allows you as a black person to accumulate as much money as you want, but money is not synonymous with power. And you're making a mistake when you equate the two. It's not that simple.

And, remember, again - Mayor Goode in Philadelphia. They had a black mayor, but that didn't prevent, that didn't help them eleven blacks who were burned up.

BH: He condoned the action, as far as I've heard.

WC: That's the front we see, man. We don't know what's behind that front. I wouldn't be too quick to sit in judgement of him. I know what we saw on the tube, but what led up to that? What was behind that? See, that's easy, man, that's the easy way out!

BH: What? Nol He's a public figure; he's not supposed to keep his mouth shut!

WC: Do you know the city? Because if you know the city, who

was there before that, if you know the politics of the city, what's entrenched...I have to have more information before I start sittin'...see, I know how hard it was for us to start gettin' in those kinds of positions and what prices, what was extracted from Goode in order for Goode to get the position he was in.

BH: So now you have to make the compromise.

WC: No. I'm not talkin' about compromise, I'm talkin' about my assessment of the situation. Whatever the price was that he had to pay, he was willing to pay it, whatever that was. I'm not makin' snap judgements about that situation, 1.) because it's insufficient information, and 2.) I know my people. I know what kind of prices they have to pay.

BH: C'mon, if it woulda been Mayor Daley in Chicago we could say then...

WC: No! No! No! No! Because Mayor Daley was runnin' it! Goode ain't runnin' it, that's what the difference is. Goode is not runnin' it! He ain't never run it! And he ain't gonna never run it! Daley was runnin' it. Goode ain't runnin' nothin'! He ain't got no power!

BH: Then why doesn't he come out and say that?

WC: He ain't a fool either!

BH: He'd be a hero.

WC: See, you're demanding what you ain't gonna get.

BH: For somebody to 'fess up? When you get to a certain level, and you've made a big accomplishment for your people you have to keep your mouth shut?

WC: No. No, because life just ain't like that.

BH: Nah, to me that's when heroic things...that you can say, 'Look, this guy put it on the line.' I see that inspiring more good than making excuses for him, "it's amazing he even got to be mayor, blah, blah, blah."

WC: I'm not saying that either. Listen to what I'm saying very carefully. I'm saying that I know a certain complexity of givens. In other words, in order for him to get from point A to point B that a certain process has to take place. That one has to go through a certain number of changes being black in this society. Because I know these things I do not make snap judgements when anything goes down in this society that has racial overtones to it because I know the complexities and I know the ideological pitfalls that are there for you when you make those kinds of snap judgements. The way I handle it is to listen, and to look, and when I get enough information that I can see clearly, then I make my judgement.

BH: If you found yourself on a national TV show, or your own show, "The Wanda Coleman Show," would you "tone it down" at all? (In fact Wanda was on MTV's "The Cutting Edge" show a few weeks after this interview. The poem I saw her read was, for her, very mild.)

WC: (Chuckles) Look, if I ever got to that point I wouldn't have to. In order for that to happen, some sort of dynamic would have to be at work in this society. So I wouldn't have to. When they start putting people like me on talk shows, honey, something is happening in society that's very positive. That's how I'm coming. I'm coming hard. So when it does happen for me, I know it will be genuine. And I know that it will not extract that kind of demand from me, because I'm coming so hard. And that's why I'm coming so hard, I don't want to be compromised. If I showed up on a talk show, it would mean one of two things. One, a fluke. Or two, that dynamic in the society has taken place that would bring me to that point. Or three, I'd have to be on underground TV, like Fela on E2TV.

I know my turf. I know my country; I love it and I hate it.

BH: What do you love about it?

WC: I love the possibilities of it, more than anything else. I love the wealth of it, the diversity of it, I love...*(tape runs out)*

Contact Wanda through Freeway Records

P.O.B. 67930, Los Angeles, CA 90067, U.S.A.

Revolution Rock!

by Glenn Thrasher

Miller Francis hosts *Revolution Rock*, Monday nights at 8 o'clock on WRFG, in Atlanta, Georgia. Miller's show is a very eclectic two hours of jazz, reggae, rap, punk, and new wave. He plays music as diverse as Springsteen, Ornette Coleman, and the Minutemen. Miller is also associated with the Revolutionary Communist Party, but he didn't feel comfortable talking about his association since he doesn't consider himself a RCP spokesman. Yet, he is a revolutionary and has something valid to say about matters that relate to revolutionary change.

Q: How did you get involved in the music scene?

Miller: In the early period of the *Great Speckled Bird*, that was '67, '68, up through about 1969, I would write one to three reviews a week. I went through a period in the '70s when there wasn't much to listen to. It was sort of a depressing period. When the whole punk-rock-thing developed and a lot of things along with that, I became inspired. I've always been interested in progressive music, rebel music, revolutionary music. Someone here at the station who had read my reviews in the *Bird* asked if I had ever thought of doing a radio show. I had never thought about doing that. I put the concept together of playing all these different kinds of music, and I've been doing it for three years.

Q: What is your definition of Revolutionary Music?

M: If you listen to the song by the Clash that I used to use as my theme song they are talking "it's a brand new beat, smash your seat and everything's going to be all right." It's not some heavy political statement. It's more the spirit of rebellion. I almost used Bob Marley's "Rebel Music," as my theme song. But people pointed out that this being the south there could be real confusion if you called your show Rebel Music. You might get a lot of fans of the Confederacy. There are bands that do what I call agitprop. They use their music as a vehicle to preach political messages. Then there is the bigger picture in music of people who express how they feel about the world. To me that divides artists who uphold the traditional values in the status quo and artists who oppose that. "My Way" by Frank Sinatra is no less political than "With God On My Side" by Bob Dylan because there is a point of view in it that upholds the traditional look out for #1, self point of view that Sinatra represents. If you look at any song it has a point of view. Either it says things are great and keep them that way or it says things are not great. Maybe the artist doesn't have an idea of what should replace this, but it's never stopped artists from railing against the status quo. You don't have to have a whole worked out way of changing things to know things are wrong. That is what I mean by Revolution Rock. I've never limited the show to artists who are for Revolution.

Q: Do you try to relate the show to your ideas about Revolution or is it just this general feeling of rebellion?

M: It covers a span from your basic youth rebellion all the way to artists that I think represent a real revolutionary view.

Q: Do you think you might confuse people by presenting people with such a large array of ideas?

M: Well, obviously people can think for themselves.

Q: But a lot of revolutionaries try to educate and direct the way people think.

M: That's a stage a lot of people go through. A lot of these punk rockers, the first music they create they are standing on a roof top shouting out what they think about life. But then if they stay together as a band they find that that is not enough artistically.

They learn how to do it better. There are a lot of problems and contradictions that you face. You meet companies, record distribution people, journalists, critics, and dee-jays.

Q: If you play major label musicians like Bruce Springsteen aren't you supporting the interest of corporate America? How can that be revolutionary?

M: It's only a problem if you think artists are responsible for leading the struggle for political change. I don't think they are.

Q: If they are working within the corporate system they are a corporate product and don't have anything to do with change or rebellion.

M: This is a burning question for people who are interested in these things. When you're talking about art you are going to create art of a certain quality that can be appreciated by people and inspire people. It's like how can you have life without art. I think that's true for most people. As far as the oppressed are concerned, they will not see their ideas expressed. You're left up to the system; you are facing a problem, either you don't get out there in the arena and don't get on television, and don't get on the radio, you don't get in the magazines, you don't reach anybody and keep your purity - your revolutionary ideas or whatever. Or you get out there and struggle. To me everybody has to work and you work for the same kind of companies record companies are a part of. Everybody buys things, everybody buys food, cars, transportation. If your vision of change is individuals or large segments of the population opting out of the system and living to themselves then I think what you are saying makes sense. But if your vision of change is that we are all in this together and we better change the whole thing, I think you've got to look at it a little differently. If you are an artist and you want to express the ideas of people who are on the bottom, that's a big group that is divided up. If you are going to do that you've got to make records and sell records. You've got to do interviews, you've got to be on the radio. For example in the '60s people like Bob Dylan and Jimi Hendrix, they changed my life, and I could care less about the corporation that made the records. The point is the ideas in the songs and the style of the songs and all of that was part of what inspired me to change the world. The fact that Warner Brothers or whatever might be involved in other things that you might be opposed to is something the artist can't change.

Q: The artist no longer needs to be a part of that. There is an alternative now. Look at bands like Crass, they are very popular in England: they have their own label. They are part of a growing alternative media.

M: But I don't think Crass represent very much, I don't think they've had hardly any impact on people's lives in the sense I'm talking about. There is a very small circle of people who are into what Crass are into. If you for example compare the Clash, who Crass has attacked on many occasions, I don't think there is any comparison.

Q: I don't know if you realize how popular bands like Crass and Conflict are becoming in England. It could happen in this country too. But in the past so many bands have sold out as soon as they get a chance at a contract.

M: I don't agree that they sell out. Of course some bands sell out, but you are defining selling out as signing with a label. I think that is absurd. To me you are selling out if you don't sign with a label, if you don't think in terms of reaching millions of people and going for it. What you're saying is that you are going to leave the arena to bands that don't represent anything.

(cont. on next page)

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Diatribes!

by Louis Schism



"Fight war not wars," "Protest and survive" and "Rise above" are all extremely powerful sentiments in a condensed, memorable statement. They are slogans. And they are effective.

The above quotes (by CRASS, DISCHARGE and BLACK FLAG respectively) are examples of slogans which have emerged from the punk movement. Punk always was the "do it yourself" attitude, and reflected that musically, but also to a large extent in posters and band literature.

The early days ('76-'78) featured printed material which went out of its way to offend and shock the sensibilities of straight laced -- basically lobotomized -- members of "normal" society. As interest in political awareness was raised, so was artwork reflecting progressive ideas. Bands like CRASS found that by using posters it was possible to get their message across, as well as poke fun at the point of view they disagreed with. And by being intelligent and knowledgeable they were able to expand upon their slogans rather than repeat them mindlessly. (Note to bands and writers: please don't say something you are incapable of backing up with facts. If you don't understand an issue, read about it! You can only destroy your's, and other's, credibility by speaking about things you don't fully understand. Like anarchism, eh?)

Anyways, CRASS and others made posters and slogans very popular...and very powerful. In fact, posters are the most effective tool we have. To the average individual, they are mindfucks: a point of view delivered in a unique and creative -- INTERESTING -- manner. If properly conceived, they can act as a thorn stabbed deep inside the observers' sense of morality and ethics. In other words: you've got to be sincere with what you're saying, and you've got to say it effectively. It's identical to slapping someone in the face with reality. It's got to be quick, otherwise many might perceive it to be "unpleasant" and discontinue reading it. Make it clever, and subtle.

Realize, we are fighting a war of information. The average Josephine in the street simply doesn't think about foreign policy,

vivisection or the politics or starvation. They don't think about those issues because it's so easy not to. Once a person does become aware of a few of the lies though, one of two things happen: 1. They try to find out more information (approx. 5%). 2. They try to blot those words from their memory, convince themselves all is well and that Mulroney really does care about us (approx. 95% of observers).

The secret to opening people's eyes is obvious. Educate them early. As people get older they become more entwined in the system, each lie presented to them by business, church and state is added to the foundation of happiness and SECURITY. If you've been fed bullshit for 30 years, you become part of it. The feeling of being used -- and even worse -- the thought of so many wasted years, is enough for most suburbanites to slam shut any openings to their conscience. Consequently, you have a much better chance of working with jr. and high school students: the people who see bullshit everywhere. These people are as pissed off as we are, but they mischannel their hate. If we could educate these kids to be self-aware INDIVIDUALS, instead of insecure, peer-led factory fodder, we would find a hell of a lot better possibilities for visible dissatisfaction with political insanity. (If not actually kicking it out of the way.)

I appear to have drifted somewhat from my original statements. Maybe not. The fact is, you have to understand that spraying "Peace Now," while admirable, is stupid. The words have to make people think. THINK!

Some ideas for spraying on a school for example... "Innocence dies here," "Step inside our mold," "Normality is our business."

I hope no one decides to copy these sayings. It took me all of five minutes to think them up, and you can do the same thing. If you aren't willing to do a bit of thinking to get things changed, you may as well quit now.

Know what you are saying; phrase it perfectly; spray, paste and scream it everywhere; repeat until dead.

The above is reprinted from SCHISM #4. See address in the "publications" section of this issue.

Revolution Rock! (continued 45)

Q: But I think it's possible to take the arena away from them. Bands like Crass and Conflict and many others in the USA and elsewhere are trying to do this without joining the system.

M: It's ironic that you would uphold Crass to me. They put themselves forward as political leadership. They use their music as a preaching tool which is why I think it is poor quality art.

Q: You don't think didactic art is good?

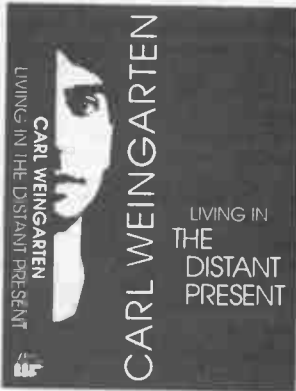
M: Generally speaking I think it is poor art. If your goal is to create revolutionary art that is a very different thing from leading a revolution and I'm using this in the broadest sense. Crass are not revolutionaries, but they certainly have a program and agenda for social change. And they put themselves forward as leading that. Their music is boring.

Miller's point deserves facing. I don't see how we can ever come to an agreement on what is good art, considering the fact that I think Crass is great and Bruce Springsteen very boring. But revolutionaries need to come to some sort of point of agreement on society; economically, culturally, and otherwise. Some things are

more important than art. My point is that if revolution can not invade the cultural "arena" how can change take place, but similarly how can revolutionaries support the system. I have a certain amount of faith in the underground music scene that has been the core of Miller's lauded punk rock scene since its early days. Today bands have the opportunity to change the entire music business and make their own by shunning the system. What I am talking about is reaching millions of people without going over to the majors. It is ironic to me that Miller attacks Crass as being political leaders. In the first place I don't believe Crass believe in leaders. In the second place Miller's own RCP does and I can't ask him about that. Since we cannot ever agree on art, maybe we should exclude from consideration art that is corrupted by the circumstances of its release. If Miller believes in the music system, if he wants to play pop music he should have a show on Z-93, because surely he is not in the arena on little WRFG.

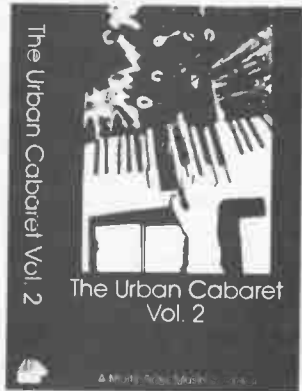
The above interview is reprinted from and what f i told you to fuck off, a publication of LowLife Press, c/o G.T., 1095 Blueridge Ave., #2 Atlanta, GA 30306, USA; (available for 60 cents in postage stamps.)

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REVIEWS

Here is the latest batch of recording reviews — three times as many as in last issue. Response by independent record and tape creators has been staggering. We have a backlog of a few hundred records and tapes that have yet to be reviewed. We will continue to process these although we may reach a point where we will not be able to review all recordings sent to us. If this should happen, we will give preference to reviewing recordings sent to us by Audio Evolution Network members (Sound Choice subscribers). So far, very few of the many 7" records we have received

have been reviewed. We hope to correct this with our next issue.

Those who send us recordings for review should make sure there is a contact address on all cassettes or their cases, and on all records or their jackets. Mailorder price (or barter) information should be noted here if it is to be included in the review. We only review records and tapes NDT manufactured or distributed by the six major record companies — CBS, WEA, MCA, RCA/A&M, EMI and Polygram.

We suggest, although it is not mandatory, that people

send us two copies of all recordings, one for the reviewer and one for deposit in the Audio Evolution Independent Recording Library and for potential airplay on the AEN radio program we expect to begin airing sometime in 1986. The library, just a box of records and tapes at this point, is intended to be a permanent archive of which Sound Choice subscribers, and eventually the public in general, will have access for legitimate research and documentary purposes.

A "C" in the first line of a review denotes a cassette. Subscribers who are interested in reviewing recordings should let us know.

The most commonly used phrases (often deleted by the editor) by this issue's reviewers went something like this: "I look forward to hearing more in the future," "Stands up to repeated listenings," "Had me humming the tunes hours after I took it off the turntable," "A fun sound," "lots of memorable hooks," "not enough memorable hooks," "Buy it, you won't be disappointed" and "Maybe LSD would help."

One last note: We want more recordings by women and non-white males for review. Sound Choice reviews ALL genres of music, although we are least interested in shallow, mainstream rock.

Absolute Grey: Greenhouse (LP; Earring Records, P.O.B. 40313, Rochester, NY 14604, USA) A pop/rock quartet with clean, jangly guitar, a folkie female singer, subdued bass and drums and moody/neopsychedelic atmosphere. Seven originals here, plus a Velvet's cover ("Beginning To See The Light") recorded live. — Pam Kirk

ACRYLIX: Good Times (EP; Landslide Records, 450 14th St., NW, Ste. 201, Atlanta, GA 30318, USA) Quirky, energetic blend of musical styles creating pure dance-pop of the best kind. — C. Schutzbank

AGITPOP: Feast of the Sunfish (LP; Community 3 Recordings, 11-09 30th Dr., Astoria, NY 11102, USA) Agitpop is a trio — guitar, bass and drums — from Poughkeepsie, New York who show creativity, imagination and good inspiration though it seems limited by weak musicianship. The music is almost all rhythm. The melodic lines are sparse and the harmony is almost nonexistent. The lyrics have to carry a lot of weight to keep the songs interesting and the burden is often too much. Sometimes the simple use of an acoustic guitar to add color and harmony is enough to bring it all together nicely, as in "Eskimo Kiss". **FEAST OF THE SUNFISH** has bright moments and one gets the feeling that Agitpop will offer many more in the future. — Sam Mental

AKUTT INNLEGGELSE: Synd/Karlens/Soppel/Si Godnatt/Klasse (C; c/o T. Seltzer, Dalbovej 12, 1458 Fjellstrand, Norway) Punk music from a young Norwegian group. The vocals are in Norwegian, but you can't hear them anyway. Some of the guitar work is almost heavy metal — but played at 110 mph. It's hard to believe anyone's fingers can move that fast! — Mykel Board

TERRY ALLEN AND THE PANHANDLE MYSTERY BAND: Bloodlines (LP; Fate Records, 215 W. Superior St., Chicago, IL 60610, USA) Terry Allen appears to have his heart in the right place, but somehow seems to miss on this one. Allen features a good variety of styles and some intriguing instrumentation (slide guitar, penny whistle, and a cello to name a few), but more often than not his compositions are plagued with predictability. Allen's limited vocal range recalls (for better or worse) the tiresome Jimmy Buffet and, consequently, it has the bitter taste of country rock. This album could be desirable for those who can endure a Marshall Tucker album. — Rex Doane

AMBER ROUTE: Snail Headed (Corrolis Records, Box 3528, Orange, CA 92665, USA) Walter Holland and Richard Watson present an ambitious blend of cosmic sounds. Their work is based on layers of digitally delayed guitar, synthesizers, and woodwinds over which gentle voices flow. The blend is soothingly melodic and hypnotic. The sound compares to a stripped-down latter day Pink Floyd — airy, spacial and elaborate. Amber Route will appeal to those interested in cosmic sounds and new age music. It vividly recalls the mid-seventies' school of progressive space

rock with its repetitive, Tangerine Dream-like keyboards and sequencers, searing fuzzed-out guitars and absence of recognizable percussives. — Paul Lemos

ANCIENT FUTURE: Natural Rhythms (LP; Philo Records, The Barn, N. Ferrisburg, VT 05473, USA) Definitely on the mellow side. Being all instrumental, it's another example, a la Windham Hill, of the many attempts made in the last 15 years or so to bridge Eastern and Western modes of music. In some places this succeeds well, creating genuinely inspiring moments when the fusion of guitar, tablas, sitar, violin and even Balinese frogs all work together to create a powerful interplay of Eastern and Western elements. At other times, however, the cohesion falls apart and leaves in its place a form of New Age Muzak best suited to being background music for morning meditation. — Scott Engel

ASBESTOS ROCKPYLE: Festival of Fun, Vol. 1 (C; Warpt Records, P.O.B. 1172, Suidland, MD 20746, USA) Low-tech but funny production on some humorous songs. The enjoyment comes from listening to the lyrics. If you like out of tune guitars and out of beat songs, there's lots here! "Pastaman Vibrations" lets you know what you're in for just from its title. Each song, like "Save The Whales" or "Life With Sheep" pokes fun at a certain sub-population or theme, i.e., country, reggae, psychedelic, etc. Exploitation in a humorous vein. Good for a few laughs. Definite social messages. — Mark G.E. 5

APPLIANCES: SFB (LP; Box 55423, Madison, WI 53705-9043, USA) Cross the Sex Pistols, Lords of the New Church and a rockabilly band and what do you get? An angry man's rock and roll with a be-bop bass line, a little chaotic lead guitar and hard driving lyrics to satisfy even the most politically minded. Pleasant listening? Not exactly, but it makes you want to boogie your way up the White House lawn. This 11-song LP says message with a capital M, and has lots of fun percussion syncopation, and tight, jumpy guitar licks. Another distinguishing characteristic of this neo-punk band is lyrics you can understand. — Jim Butcherfield

ARCHITECTS OFFICE: Dispensation (C-90; Walls of Genius, P.O.B. 1093, Boulder, CO 80306, USA) Live music for the new primitive. Bits of it brought to mind Bohack, Negativland, Elliott Sharpe, even W. Carlos' "Timesteps". Lots of electronics, drones, fuzz, keyboard patterns, percussion (both clumsy and competent) tapes, and instruments played by 10 performers in an echoing space forming changing atmospheres. Sometimes dark, ethnic, industrial, even pastoral, with slide whistles and cellos playing birdcalls and Polly squawking, "Good Morning." Another distorted voice confesses, "I feel very moved." Well, me too. Good flow of instruments in and out, changing dynamics, shifting moods on side one. Side two, another live session from '84 with seven musicians, is

much too repetitious. A keyboard figure cycles endlessly, some pretty irritating sounds rip forth, and much of the rest is low key noodling with a few bad edits. It does have its moments, but in the end it got taped over, unlike side one, which is recommended. — CDinA2

ARMS OF SOMEONE NEW: Burying The Carnival (6 song 12"; Invisible Hand, Box 2081, Station A, Champaign, IL 61820-2081, USA) A slightly dismal atmosphere pervades this EP of romantic psychedelia. Drum machine, bass, swirling guitar and keyboards in minor keys, and distant vocals are all combined with neat production touches and recorded with an appropriately dreamy mix. Take off from work on a rainy day, put this on and lay down on the couch with the lights off. A hauntingly evocative disc. — Tom Furgas 7.5

ARTICHOKE: I Live By The Freeway (C; Dranj Productions, 243 Lincoln Way, San Francisco, CA 94122, USA) Although the two groups are not all that similar, a couple of the weirder numbers here give me an impression of what Katrina and the Waves might have sounded like had Robin Hitchcock joined ex-Soft Boy Kimberly Rew in that band. There's a cartoonish sort of psychedelia to the images in those pieces and with a strong hint of the sinister. A more accurate comparison can be made to the silly progressive pop antics of groups like the Waitresses and T'n Huey, however. This is 20 or so minutes of tightly played and well produced silliness. The ubiquitous brass section and scatty vocals lend a light jazz touch. — Diah Hodowanec

ART ZOYD: Le Mariage Du Ciel Et De L'Enfer (LP; Cryonic Inc., avail. from Wayside Music, Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906, USA) This band just keeps getting better. Admittedly, if you played this album back to back with an early Zoyd disc, you'd know you were listening to the same band. But where the early material frequently went straight for the throat, today's Art Zoyd have settled more into mystery, taking time to develop moods as well as themes. There are the Magma-isms here and there, some Drff and Stravinsky and medieval touches, and it all blends into a fine album. This particular batch of music was written for a ballet choreographed by Roland Petit and performed in Europe in '84 and '85. One noticeable thing: While Art Zoyd remain a drummerless band, various percussion instruments are used (one at a time) throughout the record to create some interesting syncopated bits, giving this record far more of a direct rhythm than other A.Z. albums. A must for fans. And what are the rest of you waiting for anyway? — C.W. Vrtacek

ATOMIC THINKERS: Atonal (C-30, c/o John Kane 639-A Knowles, Southampton, PA 18966, USA) The pieces here, almost wholly instrumental, are based on synthesizer textures and rhythms. Often, there is enough friction between the rhythms that the

sound becomes dissonant; occasionally, it is slower and calmer. This is music based on patterns and their coincidences; consequently, there is much repetition. While this is generally well-crafted and often intellectually interesting, it is also often uninvolved and dull. — Chris Willging

ATTRITION: The Voice Of God (4-song, 12"; Terminal Kaleidoscope, 42 Station Rd., Walthamstow, London E17 8AA; Tel: 01-521-6755) A combination of dark imagery, catchy vocals, and finely-tuned dance structures. The anonymous female vocals are chilling and well delivered (reminiscent of Annie Lennox, with cool passages and well placed yelps); while Martin's vocals are rough, almost threatening. The music is intense/dark yet nearly always danceable; with crisp synthesizers, pumping drums, and rhythms that set a sure-fire path for your feet. — Sam Rosenthal

AUTOMATIC SHOCK (3 song C; c/o Erick Lowe, 2405 Eastdowne Rd., Victoria B.C. Canada V8R-5P7) The first song, "Evolution", consists of a tribal drum pattern overlaid with various swoops and chirps and half-chanted/half-sung vocals about man's connection to the lower species. The effect is haunting and surreal. "Monkey See, Monkey Do", the second cut, sets the evolution theme to a bouncy guitar riff and pseudo-thrash bass and drums. Slightly corny lyrics ("eat that co-co-nut", "eat that big boo-nana") and squeaky sax round out the effect and we're left with an oddly appealing ditty that keeps on going round in your head long after it's over. The last cut, "Mushrooms", is the weakest. It's basically a medium tempo rocker with seventies-style lyrics about doing too many mushrooms (what else?). — Allen Green

BABY 63: Butcher Life (C-90, \$4; K. Fletcher, 4317 Adrienne Dr., Alexandria, VA 22309, USA) Baby 63 is Karin Fletcher with help from Rob and Mark, and they've put out a curious tape. Most of it is dark electro-rhythms with drones, drums, and guitar, but occasionally they launch into terrible covers of "Young Americans", and "Me and Bobby McGee." I yelled aloud "GDNG HER!" Sorry baby, most of your songs are better without vocals: bad range, not much gusto, strange mix. We get gruff low vocals, nonsense, sing-song, gregorian chants, even German. There's a song with out of tune guitar, some extremely slow hardcore, and a pretty echoing guitar pattern, even a bit of tape revealing what liars 3 year-olds are. — CDinA2

BANISH MISFORTUNE: Through The Hourglass (LP or C, \$9; Shoestring Records, P.O.B. 6921, Anchorage, AK 99502, USA) This eclectic folk-jazz group from Alaska has become increasingly "progressive" with each album. They have taken basically traditional material (as well as some originals) and added delightfully unorthodox instrumentation (synthesizer, electric guitar, krummhorn, psaltery, etc.) Some of their improvisation arrangements are so tightly woven and complex that one thinks of great masters of the fugue such as J.S. Bach...but the next minute, Banish Misfortune breaks into the closest thing to Latin jazz I've ever heard from a group that considers itself basically a "folk" group. The old chestnut "Mathey Groves" that every other folk group has done receives a vital transfiguration in the hands of Banish Misfortune. There are unexpected shifts in tonality and harmony, and different instruments entering and exiting all the time. Part of the album's magic lies in the band's masterful blending of musical styles not usually mixed (i.e., Renaissance music and jazz). Fine vocal arrangements also. Their press kit says "We feel that both musically and visually, it is the most exciting album we have yet produced." I couldn't have said it better. — Sally Idasswey 10

BAY OF PIGS (EP; Tar Pit Music, P.O.B. 5113, Culver City, CA 90230, USA) Propulsive rock with jazz/funk influences. Very competently performed. Then in comes this deep, heavy, psycho-vocal singing I've got a strange feeling/We're not in Kansas/Anymore." Not by a longshot. — Steve Jones

BEAN CHURCH: The Best Of... (C-60; c/o Breakfast Without Meat, 639 Steiner #D, San Francisco, CA 94117, USA) The style in which this cassette was recorded forces one to listen to it intently. Most of it is VERY quiet and distant, as if it were recorded through a towel. While the music, if it were well-

recorded, might not be unusual, here it is quietly bizarre. The sounds are very flat and seem to have little connection to each other, coming across as more of a commentary on music than actual music. The main tone is a muffled drone, with the same out-of-tune guitar pattern repeating throughout a whole song. The vocals that are audible are off-key and whiny. Almost none of the lyrics are discernable, though the only non-music piece here, "Happenin' Reunion", is a ridiculous conversation that is mostly intelligible. It is difficult to guess why the manner of recording here is so unusual. It's possible that it was a mistake, though I doubt it. In any case, this is truly something rare...music that makes no sense at all. — Chris Willging

Steve Bell: Memory (C-60, \$10; Mullet Records, P.O.B. 25722, Colorado Springs, CO 80936, USA) If I had to pin a label on this, maybe I'd call it jazz techno-funk. But Bell varies his material widely, so the listener is treated to everything from languid, electronic free jazz to electronic boogie. The package is rounded out with two wordless vocals (one by Bell's wife, in a Laurie Andersen manner), and a strange recitation to music, "Little Brown Hands." Bell also demonstrates an impressive command of his musical instruments (synthesizers, guitars, percussion), and sometimes a quirky sense of humor. He stretches and bends notes and employs feedback and distortion. The electronic rhythm tracks are among the best I've heard; they are complex and lively, and distinctive without dominating. Sometimes Bell plays against the stiffness of the electronic rhythm with consciously ragged keyboard and guitar lines; the contrast is appealing. Initially, I had reservations about the \$10 price tag on MEMORY, which is considerably more than the average indie cassette. But if you like intelligent, sometimes funky electronic jazz, the money will be well spent. This is an accomplished piece of work, and compares favorably with the best commercial releases of its kind. — Bill Tilland

BIG CITY ORCHESTRA 1984 (C-60; 602 Chestnut #1, Santa Cruz, CA 95060, USA) I liked the extended rhythmic loop stuff on the end of side two the best. These folks have established a precedent of excellent audio strangeness and continue to maintain it, out-standing in their field. I didn't like the child molestation parts. The media voice collage material is very well done, some tax advice from our leader in Washington DC there. Which reminds me, the best of all is "Wolf Boy Eyes", a little narrative of an apparent yuppie being menaced by a bored gang of pre-pubescent boys on a remote part of some California beach. Chilling. Really chilling. — Robin James

BIG HAIR: Big Deal (C; Home Recordings, Box 4071, Bloomington, IL 61702, USA) This is basically a pop band, but one that doesn't strictly adhere to a formula. The songs vary from slow, spacy melody with tape manipulations to melodic, guitar-oriented pop songs to rhythm-heavy ditties. Though there is enough variation to keep this from being boring, it tends to stick to the same range of sounds and song styles. Fortunately, it sounds as if the people who made this were having fun doing it. It is well-executed and achieves most of what it tries to. — Chris Willging

THE BIG IF: Funny Music (C-60; BreathingSponge Music, 17 S. Grant St., Denver, CO 80209, USA) Three musicians using such things as wire postcard display racks and a 20 foot-long metal bus station bench along with traditional instruments to create a series of experimental soundsculptures. All the pieces are relatively short. They do not dwell long on any one idea, they keep things moving, evolving, making this a varied and fairly interesting tape. Word is they may press onto vinyl. — Ron Lessard

KARL BISCUIT: Regrets Eternels (six song 12"; Crammed Discs) This is "post-Tuxedomoon" pop with Gilles Martin production and standard Brussels cameoes (Reininger, Tong, Hollander). The production carries the record. There's one europop dance tune, four drum-box/synth songs that sound like Karl imitating Winston Tong's (of Tuxedomoon) imitation of David Bowie, and one moody instrumental. The keyboards are used well and Marc Hollander's sax and clarinet are a strength. It must be the superbly designed record sleeve that led me to hope for more in the music. — D. Maryon

BLACK FLAG: Live In Aarhus (C; No Aarhus, Postbox 3, DK-8381 Mudnelstrup, Denmark) This tape was released by famous Danish punk Johnny Concrete on his own label. It is not a bootleg, but was released with the band's permission, provided it was not sold outside of Denmark. It contains a very powerful live concert recorded in Denmark's second largest city. Since it is a soundboard recording, the quality is very good. I don't know how you'll ever find out though — unless you go to Denmark and buy one. — Mykel Board

BLACKHOUSE: Hope Like A Candle (C; Ladd-Frith, P.O.B. 967, Eureka, CA 95502, USA) This second cassette from the enigmatic trio of Christian power electronics players is more comprehensible than the first with more easily understood lyrics and vocals (some of it veering toward Residential whiney singing) and lyrics that make more Christian/Biblical sense. Their lyrics may belie it, but I get the impression that they are not so supremacist about their faith. Hey, I could be wrong but why else would they be banging on things no one on The 700 Club would call instruments and making sounds ranging from electronically amplified insect flights to a collision between my humidifier and washing machine if they did not want to attract more attention from non-Christians than believers? Honestly, this is great praise music that might scare the pants off you (for the right reasons) and/or actually have you believing in the Lord if not already. — Jamie Rake



BLACK IRON PRISON: Nothing Exists (C-45; 5316 N. 21st Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85015, USA) Harsh electronic sounds, treated vocals and looped noises in a rhythmic, almost but not quite danceable structure. Their music confronts you with seemingly relentless repetitions, then it'll go through a series of abrupt stops, starts, and 180 degree rhythm changes. Comparable to Portion Control, Hula, and especially Severed Heads. (Yeah, they're that good.) — Jon Small

BOILED IN LEAD: Boiled in Lead (The Crack, P.O.B. 7514, Minneapolis, MN 55407, USA) Celtic musicians often have two extremes: either the music is treated as an embalmed museum piece, or it's just thrown into the great melting pot as another avenue for virtuosity. Boiled in Lead suffers from neither. Electric guitar, rock drum kit instead of bodhran, and sax instead of tin whistle are used here. By taking traditional tunes and songs and giving them a modern treatment, they actually stay closer to a living folk tradition than any number of fiddlers arguing over bowing style. The music ranges from the opening rave-up through a wonderful version of "Byker Hill" to a version of "Twa Corbies" that is (finally) as chilling as the song deserves (The Pentangle meets Nurse With Wound, perhaps?) All this and terrific cover and sleeve art, too. If anyone you know "can't stand folk," this might change their minds. — Christopher Pettus 9

GEORGE BOUTZ: Silver Eagle (C; Synthesizer Music Records, 930 Palm Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90069, USA) One of the finest examples of ambient electronic music I've heard. Gentle, ethereal swells mesh with fluid melody lines and subtle-yet-persistent

sequences to create overall tranquility...yet with a somber undercurrent. An interesting note about this cassette: it was recorded in one take with no overdubs. Bearing this in mind, the sonic density and richness of this cassette speaks well of Mr. Boutz' mastery of the electronic music medium. — Allen Green

BOY DIRT CAR: Catalyst (C; Artweather Communications, P.O.B. 921B1, Milwaukee, WI 53202, USA) Ah, these true Midwestern offspring of Throbbing Gristle provide a good dose of noise. The machinery and taped outdoor noises in this abstract industrial collage are well coordinated. They're alternately frightening and hilarious, but always hypnotic, oppressive and mind-numbing — classic apocalyptic sludge. Some personal favorites are "Symptom Diagnosis Rite," a riotous piece of comic horror; "Catalyze," which successfully utilizes a bridge and propane tank explosion as sources of "sound"; and "Catalyst," their only semi-musical piece (think of Throbbing Gristle's "Zyklon B Zombies") in which the lead vocalist sounds — for probably the first and last time — like a profoundly more pop-oriented singer named Mark E. Smith. — Richard Singer B

BPA [By-Products of America]: Moving and Storage (Hospital Records, 5904 Ridge Ave. #1, Cincinnati, OH 45213, USA) When I read this album's lyrics ("Bored huh?/Why don't you buy this?") and song titles ("Thorazine Cheerleader") I thought it was a hardcore punk album. But when I put the needle on, it sounded more like Pere Ubu with a little Police or Blot-

stations. Sweet acoustic guitars, earthy yodels, a pure folk harmonica — this can bring you back to the land! — Richard Singer

STEWART BRODIAN: Piano or Guitar (7" EP or 15 min. C; Mountain Records, P.O.B. 1231, Mountain-side, NJ 07092, USA) Most of the pieces on this recording (as the title states, either for solo piano or guitar) present the listener with some firm, rich sounds, pleasant to the ear, though not continuously. The mood in Brodian's songs is positive and up-beat in a naive way. However, Brodian's compositions and his performing ability need improvement. Yes, there are strong, rich sounds here, but they are confined to very simple, pedestrian rhythms and chords, i.e. relentless major and minor triads in 4/4 time. Most of his ventures out of this realm are fumbling and stumbling. Problems in technique aside, there are moments of beauty here and there that could be developed. — Bud T. Rumbler

BURGERLAND: Hot Cha Cha (C-60; 130B W. 4th Ave., Olympia, WA 98502, USA) Classical and Latin dance compositions by Tim Brock with violin arrangements for that strangely agreeable flying object appeal. On the first song ("Tenderly") his lovely wife sings with a voice to soothe the savaged nerves, refresh the ears and mellow your system. The musicians form three different ensembles with a core of three violinists: Steve Tada, Gregg Rice and David Beck. Also heard are Beth Chandler, Michael Thompson, Alicia Garrison, Daniel Beck, Paul Carlson and Tom Cyr. Not just another quick meal. — Robin James

BUTTHOLE SURFERS:

Psychic...Powerless...Another Man's Sac (LP; Touch And Go, P.O.B. 433, Dearborn, MI 48121, USA) I still get sick when I hear "Ladysniff." I knew there was something coming, but I never knew it would be like THIS. Gross, crazy, with a vengeance, with a new haindo (if that's what you call them things). Chains of guitar-noise and an unbeatable rhythm team. Godawful screaming, bleeding singers with my vote for President anyway. "Concubine" is sorta catchy, like a handshake with an electrified vampire. My total fave is "Cherub." Megaphones of doom. Horror rock. — Robin James

RAY BUTTIGIE: Etere (Cykxtapes, P.O.B. 299, Lenox Hill Station, New York, NY 10021, USA) This is a nicely packaged cassette with some colorful artwork by the solo electronic musician, Ray Buttigieg. Side one is one long piece. It opens with a recording of noises from a crowd watching fireworks, but soon a synthetic organ and backwards tapes of this organ sound dominate the piece. Either an electronic organ or digital synth slowly marches through a progression of church chords with 100 percent vibrato and choral effects. The second movement opens with these double-speeded Alvin and the Chipmunks voices calling up evil spirits. The organ returns. It lingers many minutes. A running stream briefly appears to introduce a third statement of the organ theme. Side two has more organ swells. The second half is more dynamic, developed and diverse. It has interesting tape and electronic effects. But it is too dense, dirty, and abruptly mixed. Some editing would render success. It goes four ways at once with "organ", sweeping oscillators, prepared piano, and percussives. The last part also has prepared guitars, congas and toy casio rhythms. Too much again. Hopefully someone has harnessed the high energy that Ray possesses on his new album, also on Cykx. — George Ottinger

CARGO OF DESPAIR: 4 Headaches (4 song, 7", \$3; Dumb Artists Collective, 172 Chestnut St., Rm. 209, Springfield, MA 01103, USA) Songs about that famous fish Flipper and his decadent appetites off screen; a covering god of stupidity who hides in a small dark room at the Hotel Charles in Springfield, Massachusetts; a "cadillac girl" performed in scratch and spit; and a song built around the ambiguous sentiment: "One night with you is like a week with someone else." In style and spirit somewhat like the Residents' DUCK STAB/BUSTER AND GLEN LP. And like that effort, Cargo of Despair feel this to be uncharacteristically accessible/commercial. Doesn't matter; what they have here stands up very well on

its own. A nifty little earful. There's a John Trubee styled crank phone call that I find a bit offensive, though. — Oleh Hodowanec

DENNIS CARLETON: In With The Duttakes (7 song C;) This comes with a booklet which explains the man's uncle as a great 19th century poet. I was disappointed to read the first song's lyrics: "One and one is two, two and one is three, I love you and you know you hate me." [Wow!] Anyway, there's a '70s Kinks feel here — guitar leads and all. A number of the songs gave me the Beatles' White album Honky Tonk feel. All poppy cute songs with heartfelt emotion. I feel this tape could've been around in the early '70s — much more a trip through memory lane than breaking new ground. — Mark G.E. 5

CASIOPEA: Zoom (LP; Milestone Records) A band from Japan blending jazz elements with instrumental funk. Most every cut ends up falling into a weak disco/funk vein like the opening theme from a cheesy prime time television show. If you enjoy the Spyro Gyra school of "Yuppie Jazz" this LP may appeal to you. — Bryan Sale

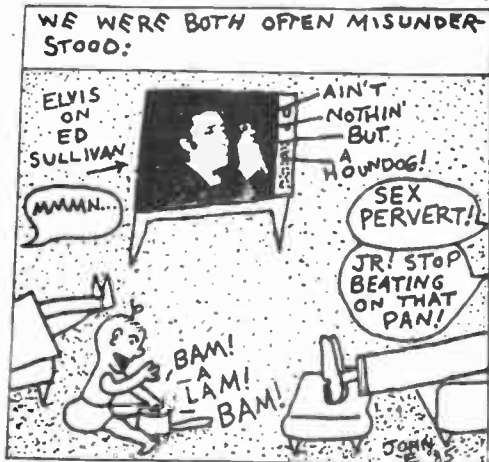
CELL BLOCK (C-90; Pedestrian Tapes, P.O.B. 213, Pymont 2009, Sydney, Australia) Some pretty strange things come from Australia. What do you picture? Kiwis romping in the grassland? Perhaps some hungry aboriginals boomeranging and roasting kangaroos, or maybe mohawked savages thirsting for gasoline? Anyway, at least they play guitars there like we do here, really loud extended feedback, metallic scrapings, audio sparks and scratches. More growling and shivering industrial gleams. Very extended. "Recorded in an old Woman's Prison." — Robin James

EUGENE CHADBOURNE: Chicken On The Way (full length cassette with chicken menu insert; c/o Shockability, c/o Kramer, 10 Spring St. #2, New York, NY 10012, USA) Faster than a hardcore punk. More powerful than a Heavy Metaler. Able to wear a birdcage on his head.... Chadbourne is the only one of those guitarists that people drool at (you know, Frapp, Henry Kaiser, and lots of others) with a sense of humor. Not only does he play guitar, but also garden rake and bathroom plunger. Here he wrecks Psychotic Reaction, The Beatles, Folsom Prison Blues, and a completely psychotic version of "Stand By Your Man." Also include are some originals with TV and radio tapes and sound effects. The trouble with listening to Chadbourne is that you can never again listen to the originals with a straight face. — Mvkel Board

EUGENE CHADBOURNE/ROVA SAX QUARTET: Fake Fight (C; Parachute Tapes, 2306 Sherwood St., Greensboro, NC 27403, USA) Here's what happened: Eugene got some live tapes from Rova's visit to the Soviet Union and put them on his phone answering machine for fun, but he got wrong numbers all day, so he taped the tapes on fast forward, and rewind, and while they were taping, he refinished his floors or did some body work on his car and taped that, along with the wrong numbers (one was Ron Reagan). Then he taped himself, watching late night TV, partying heavily, listening to the playback — at least it sounds that way. Not much recognizable sax, and about as much added guitar. Lots of abrupt changes and cheap electronics. This bears little resemblance to the Rova/Henry Kaiser collaboration, "Daredevils." It owes more to Stockhausen than to Shockability (Chadbourne's band) but the more I listen, the less chance I have of ever leaving this psychedelic basement. — CDinA2

DENNY CHERICONE: Do The... (C; Quality Tape Laboratories, 2265 NW Kearney, Portland, OR 97210, USA) Following in the bubbly Chick Corea style, this collection of piano pieces ranges from pop to jazz. Chericone uses sweeping sustained arpeggios to thicken his sound and perky chordal progressions to give excitement. Unfortunately, he often substitutes pyrotechnics for a lack of compositional direction. His best showcase is during the three non-originals "Secret Love", "G Thing", and "Naima." The originals are all young music with good melodic and harmonic sense but marred by a need for greater compositional focus. — Mark Dickson

★ Denotes cassette-only release



to thrown in trying to sound like Talking Heads. The music is very professional-sounding and the electronic and tape-loop effects were interesting, but these guys sound more like a marketing concept than a band. Many of the lyrics are too artsy (or just plain silly) to be believed. Much of the music sounds contrived, lacking energy and sincerity. Those few tracks that start off really hot never go anywhere; the same opening riffs get repeated over and over. Production and sound quality are excellent, but I'd rather listen to something a less well-produced that has more substance. — Paul Goldschmidt

BILLY BRAGG: Brewing Up With... (LP; CD Presents, Ltd., 1230 Grant Ave., Ste. 531, San Francisco, CA 94133, USA) Bragg is probably too good to be true. Coming off with the freshness, vitality, and HONESTY of early Clash, E. Costello, and Springsteen, he delivers a raw musical punch and a lyrical articulation that leaves me believing he cares about communicating. As if to assert his sincerity, he performs solo — just his deep, thick Cockney voice and his gritty, trumpet-like guitar. This vulnerable position, against heavy odds, attests to the intimacy and penetration of his work. — Mark Dickson

"UNCLE RUFUS" BREWSTER: My Carolina Home (7" 45; Country Boy Records, Box 12, New Kensington, PA 1506B, USA) This is real folksy, homey music, the kind that Hank Williams probably grew up on, the kind that Woody Guthrie sang before (or maybe even while) people called him folk, the kind that many esoteric-minded country fans are turning to to escape the glitter that clutters the big-time country radio

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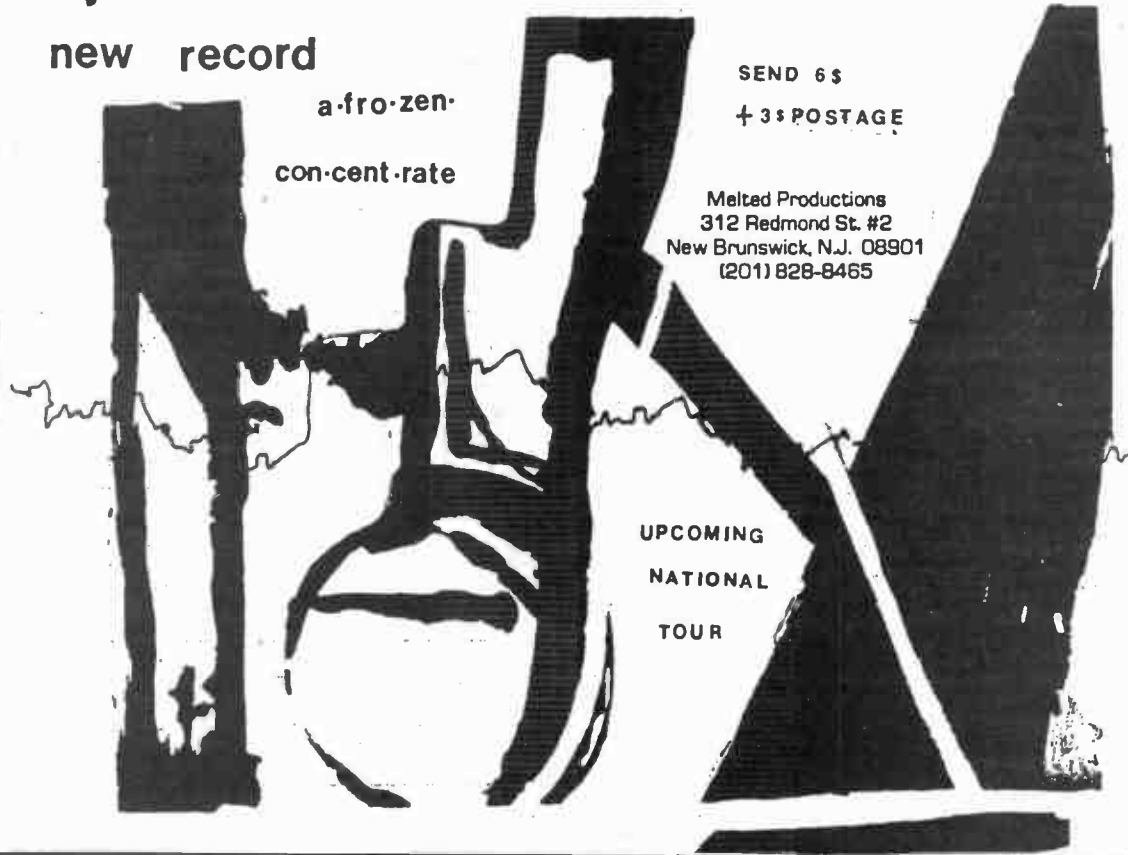
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THE CHIEFTAINS: The Chieftains in China (LP; Shanachie Records, Dalebrook Park, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423, USA) The Chieftains are, without a doubt, the best known and most popular Irish traditional group in the world. This record was made during their recent Chinese tour; it combines material from their standard traditional repertoire with Chinese tunes, and the Chieftains' characteristic tight playing, side-by-side with Chinese bands. The recording quality is excellent, the performances are wonderful, and everyone seems to be having a great time. Occasionally the juxtaposition of Irish and Chinese material makes the Chinese bands, not tuned to a Western chromatic scale, sound out of tune, but no matter. The music is great, the album package is a slick gatefold with lots of tour photos, and Derek Bell (The Chieftains' harpist) looks great in a Mao suit. This is a VERY cross-cultural experience. — Christopher Pettus

CHILDRENS CRUSADE: A Duty Dance With Death (C-30; 1269 Nash Ave., Elyria, OH 44035, USA) Childrens Crusade is a two man band out of Ohio, with Fraser Sims handling the mostly spoken vocals and Doug Gillard the music (guitar, drums, bass.) As one might perceive from the titles like: "Bleak Outpost" and "Betrayal In Three Acts", these guys take a rather dark outlook on life in their music. However, they avoid the Joy Division/Psychedelic Furs type of sound by mostly eschewing the use of synthesizers and going for a raw guitar based sound. Side one is interesting, although not exactly captivating, while side two is more immediately gratifying, especially the Pere Ubu-esque "Operate/Art Student". Definitely worth checking out for the "angst in my pants" crowd. — Tom Oyer

BILLY CIOFFI: Dangerous Type (6 song, 12"; GAL Records, 6519 Hayes Dr., Los Angeles, CA 90048, USA) Another entry in the Rick Springfield/Survivor/etc., pretty-boy-rock sweepstakes. Cioffi is sincere, a fine vocalist, and the production is flawless, but I can live without the cute, baby-baby lyrics. My 15-year-old niece loved it, though. — Tom Fyrcos 4

CITYBEAT: Late At The Office/Rocking Mesopotamia (7" 45; Dance-ability Records, 110 Blecker St. #19 E, New York, NY 10012, USA) Now what can three 16-year-old boys do together? (Hey, I'm not talking about THAT!) They can make fun dance music. It's toe-tapping music that reminds me of Madness, The Specials, Elvis Costello and all those other upbeat bands. The D.I.Y. production (I cannot tell a lie, I helped) aspect makes the record that much more personal, and not just another dance record. Fun to make. Fun to listen to. — Mykel Boak

CLYNG-ONZ: Hide Your Eskimos (C, \$8; P.O.B. 253, 205 E. Fourth Ave., Anchorage, AK 99501, USA) What's it like to live in Alaska? This first cassette release from Anchorage's Clyng-Onz is evidence that all your worst imaginings may be true. Cooped up all winter swilling beer, TV re-runs passing for cultural events, surrounded by a population trying to escape the rest of the country, it's not hard to imagine four guys in Alaska forming a band out of sheer boredom. The Clyng-Onz, unfortunately react to their situation with only the basest harangues. Though I looked hard for irony in their constant revilement of "faggots," "Commies," and women characterized as everything from "bitches" to "trim," I finally gave up. If this is satire it never turns the screws, it just reiterates the mindless rantings of morons. Twenty-four songs, all one to two minutes long, driven more by shit-eating grins than desperation (there's no loud-fast conviction here) this is aspiring hardcore that never comes close. It isn't "fun", it's the kind of mentality you get fed-up with instantly, that you get all too much of everyday, and that the best hardcore has always fought against. — W. Mueller

WANDA COLEMAN, EXENE CERVENKA: Twin Sisters (LP, Freeway Records, P.O.B. 67930, Los Angeles, CA 90067, USA) I bought this because I like the band X (Exene is the singer) and because I enjoy poetry. I was pleasantly surprised. This is a live poetry

reading at McCabe's Guitar Shop from Feb. 1, 1985. Wanda's side is streetwise, angry, and hopeful. Exene's side (which includes her sister's poetry) is both humorous and downright depressing. Wanda's "I Live For My Car" sums up the fix she calls a "struggle-buggy." Exene's description of new-wavers with poodles on their heads at the local club is right on target. Both readers elicit laughter and applause from their audience. This is rhythm with no music and it gives me a feeling of intimacy with both poets. Produced by Harvey Kubernik. — Tony Pizzini

DAVID COLLINS AND MARK WEISS (4 song C; David Collins, Tel: 201-481-8132) This cassette keeps you moving from its first rocker "Oh So Vein" to the belted "Seaworthy." "The City Is A Mirror" sounds like the Blasters dropped by for the afternoon (but given my dealings with the Blasters, I'm sure these guys are much cooler.) Anyway, the vocals are all interestingly strong and non-pretentious. This is good time rock n' roll with a number of meaningful social statements. — Mark G.E. 6

BURL COMPTON (12" EP; Hottrex Records, P.O.B. 13584, Atlanta, GA 30324, USA) Country/pop has always been a bad phrase around me and this 12" EP is country/pop in every derogatory sense of the phrase. Over-produced with a back-up chorus, Compton carries country/E-Z listening to even lower depths with his cover version of the Guess Who's immortal schlock hit, "These Eyes." Of the two other selections on the EP, little integrity or compassion can be found in Compton's maudlin voice. This stuff is for Veges night clubs and not for those even vaguely concerned with music. — Rex Doane

CONCERTO: Short Stories (C-45, CrO2; Csaba Jaszberenyi, Box 157, Station V, Toronto, Canada M6R 3A5) This is an 18 minute recording (which only takes up one side of the cassette) comprised of a half-dozen or so distinct sections. Given that the opening section is a recording of an orchestra tuning up, I rolled my eyes skyward and pleaded for mercy. It was Csaba himself who attempted to come to my rescue with a number of short pieces which seemed to my ears to be built around four-track technology (since there's never more than four things going on at a given moment) featuring a modal, droning base embroidered by an occasionally dissonant melody that struck my ears a little like, say, Bartok or Scriabin. These interludes are interleaved with bits of treated percussion sounds. The recordings are extremely dry, and there is a discontinuity about them because only one single acoustic creature raised its head during an entire piece. Still, it's difficult to find a synthesist nowadays who doesn't either worship cosmic consonance or industrial racket, and those few holdouts deserve all the encouragement we can muster. — Gregory Taylor

THE CONGO EELS: 13 (5 song EP; Jim's Records, 4526 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15224, USA) This is classic; sides one and two have the same five songs, because, as the note on the back of the cover explains, "...you can have one side to play and the other side to save!" I say get the Play side good and scratchy, 'cos this is down-to-earth '80s Detroit-influenced garage rock. Music to charter a fun-loving fraternity by. It just sounds better somehow when it's scratchy. Keep the Save side to play for people who rant and rave about their compact discs. — Steve Jones

CONTROLLED BLEEDING: Knees and Bones (LP; Psychout Productions, Kalligatan 3, 731-41 Koping, Sweden) There has been a lot of hype about these guys within the past year, and a prolific output of cassette material. Now we are presented with an import LP that is one of the most exciting, enraged records I've heard. The LP consists of a continuous onslaught of sound, ranging from screeching electronic mania to morose, somber ambience. Since there are no titles, it is almost impossible to pinpoint specific tracks, but this is an album that was obviously meant to be digested as a whole. Although rough in spots, the sheer intensity and sledgehammer dynamics will appeal to hardcore industrialists. There is no concession to commercialism here; the sound is relentlessly brutal. The use of layered feedback, industrial machinery, noise generators and processed acoustic instru-

ments, melded into a dense, unyielding wall of terror is, to say the least, unsettling. This is a group that is still developing. **KNEES AND BONES** was supposedly recorded more than a year ago, and in fact is far more primal than their newly recorded cassette releases (check out their new one on Ladd/Fritch for a real surprise) which display a real sense of musicality. — Anthony Bouje 9.5

L.L. COOL J: I Need A Beat and I Want You/Dangerous (12" singles; Def Jam, 5 University Place, #712, New York, NY 10003, USA) Sure, the guy has bravado comin' out of his gick but he is one of the most passionate rappers to come down the pike since Run OMC or UTFO (beats me why all these nifty rap guys use their initials all the time). "Beat" is braggadocio with substance. He wants to see his face and hear his voice everywhere, wants you to do so too, and KNOWS he will. The accompaniment is just beatbox and either scratching or a weird string synth. On the other single, he reveals again in how great he is but on the other side he shows his fault — unrequited love. Again, his backdrop is skimpy but punchy. If this guy is as young as he says he is, Run, UTFO, Kurtis B. and all rest will have heavy competition for a long while. — Jamie Rake

LARRY CORYELL and BRIAN KEANE: Just Like Being Born (LP; Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, USA) This album is an antithesis (antidote?) to some of the acoustic "jazz" guitar albums currently out, because the energy level is so high. That's not to say that Coryell and Keane don't exploit the variety of aural qualities their guitars can produce in order to create some lovely sounds. But in general this LP is extroverted improvisation on fairly structured albeit original, song forms. However, Coryell seems less concerned with technique than in the past, which means there's still more than enough blisteringly fast playing for anybody. While Coryell dances around the bar lines, his partner is more deliberate, even thoughtful. Keane has speed as well, but uses it more sparingly and thus we hear and digest more of what he is saying. — Bart Grooms

CRANKCALL LOVEAFFAIR: Haunted Ground (11 song C; 103 W. 77th St., 2C, New York, NY 10024, USA) This fine tape is primarily the work of one person, Lin Esser. He plays guitar, bass, keyboard, drums, and sings, as well as writes all the material. He is aided by E.S. Stevenson, guitar; O. Thomas, drums; and J. Vonfaldt, bass. The sound is very clean and well mixed, (although the drums could have been less thin in places), and the vocals are intelligible and intelligent. There is a good balance of ambiance, funk, and hard-edged rock. The arrangements are well conceived and utilize sound treatments effectively. Esser's voice sounds like a mix of John Kay and Jim Morrison, and the lyrics are also reminiscent of Morrison's dreamstate poetics, yet not at all imitative or pretentious. — E. Blomquist

THE CRAP DETECTORS: Cut The Crap (LP; By The Skin Of Our Teeth Records, P.O.B. 215137, Dallas, TX 75221, USA) The Crap Detectors have their hearts in the right place. This 16(!) song LP is firmly rooted in rock and roll tradition while stretching beyond it with imagination and nerve. The musicianship (guitars, bass, drums, vocals) is inspired; the arrangements are dense and lively. The songs remind us of the absurdities of our time, the defiance of those who feel disenfranchised, and the sanctity of rock and roll. Production is artful and well-balanced; though the recording is thin and the vocals seem disembodied at times, the music retains its clarity and bite. The weakness of this record resides in its lyrics. Most seem cute and/or too eager to rhyme; therefore, they come off as jive: "They'll put you in jail if you light a butt/They'll put you in jail if you itched your nuts", or "They looked in the cupboard, looked in the rug? They looked and looked and looked until they looked like thugs." I suppose you could say that these lines reflect a child-like playfulness, but, let's face it, there's nothing playful about unemployment lines, police states and psychotic boyfriends; the subjects addressed in



several of these songs. And, if the tone here is meant to be satirical, someone needs to sharpen his/her ear for irony. A pot luck of rough-hewn styles, rangey characters, and discomforting topics. — G. Speca

CRAWLING WITH TARTS #3 (C ASP 312 Old Covered Bridge Rd. South, Felton, CA 95018, USA) Wrapped with a color photocopy of an old photograph taken in Japan. The package is held together with twigs — very delicate. Upon opening we have a cassette with a curious design airbrushed on each side. There is a little card with the names of the songs. The music is "art" more than, say, "rock" or "jazz": refreshingly simple repeated little phrases, unpretentious instrumentation and arrangement, odd and wonderful. Bass, echoey chimes, organ, drums, cymbals, shakers, singing, noise guitar, a little gamelan music in the background, a typewriter, mystery. This is *Crawling With Tarts* third cassette release. The others are equally as magnificent with elaborate packaging and sounds. — Robin James

CRAZY B'S: Law and Order (LP, Hed Hum Records, P.O.B. 1084, Beaverton, OR 97075, USA) Perhaps I'm over-reacting to this obnoxiously new-wave cut "Jump Rock," but it seems I've heard this reggae/new wave stuff too many times. The Crazy B's not only explore the sometimes dangerous territory of being a totally dance-oriented band, but they also try their hand at the ever-popular political lyrics. Unfortunately, the end result offers their "heavy" lyrics ("Now our paychecks gettin' bigger and the tax man pays a call. You just want to pull the trigger blow your brains against the wall") set against a backdrop of rock-of-the-eighties music, resulting in a contrived album. My roommate put it best by calling the Crazy B's a "poppy, non threatening" version of the Clash. — Rex Doane

PHIL CUNNINGHAM, TRIONA NI DHOMHNAILL, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, MICHAEL O DOMHNAILL: Relativity (LP: Green Linnet, 70 Turner Hill Rd., New Canaan, Conn. 06840, USA) A wonderful idea for an album: bringing together two of the foremost pairs of siblings in traditional music, one Scottish (the Cunninghams, previously of Silly Wizard), one Irish (Triona and Michael, of Bothy Band fame.) The playing is excellent, Triona's singing is exquisite (as always), and the production and package are up to Green Linnet's high standards. The problem is that the album feels as though it could have been cut by mail: There is a Phil track, a Triona track, etc. The interplay and chemistry which could have made this a landmark album didn't happen. Only on one track, "An Seandúine Doite", does it all work... the results then are so extraordinary that it shows what might have been. Not so be too negative: this is a very, very good album, worth the price just for the individual tracks and the one stand-out. — Christopher Pettus 7

THE C*NTS: It Came From Out Of The Garage (LP, Disturbing Records, Chicago, IL) The 1985 truth in advertising award has to go to Chicago's C*nts. Long before L.A.'s paisley underground were experiencing their first tremelos, these "second city" pioneers created the D.I.Y. attitude. Just picture a head on collision between ? and the Mysterians and Iggy Pop at 100 mph. Raw energy, haunting vocals, and an attitude that's honest and fun. If there were any justice in the world The C*nts would be nationwide. A must for maniacs! — Bob-O Walesa

BRIAN S CURLEY: Alone In The Back Bedroom (C Live Wire Records, 1442 Diolinda, Santa Fe, NM 87501, USA) From out of the woodwork comes Brian S. Curley, former bass player for Roky Erickson and the Resurrectionists, as well as for Roky Erickson and Evilhook Wildlife ET. Now head of Santa Fe's Psycho Desert Rangers, Brian's latest solo adventure showcases a brand of psychedelia with numerous '60s influences as well as '80s overtones, that unfortunately, keep it from having an authentic garage feel. Lyrically the songs range from fair to good, with an occasionally tried and true message thrown in for good measure. Curley plays all the instruments on this tape, with the exception of organ and electric piano, played by Melinda Curley. A little more raw energy could turn an otherwise mediocre effort into something that could set the house on fire. — Mike Troughon 5

ROB DAME: November (LP, \$7; P.O.B. 7254, Columbus, GA 31908, USA) An interesting LP by guitarist Dame. It's not a knockout album and Dame isn't an ultra-flashy guitarist but with repeated listenings certain moments stand out. The title cut began to insinuate its way into my consciousness and I found myself whistling it during the workday. The album closes with four brief solo guitar pieces which seem to be related forming a little haiku-like suite ending the album nicely. Stylistically, Dame seems to take his cues from early Larry Coryell and John McLaughlin (ca. "Extrapolations.") We're not subjected to the flashy, empty improvisations of the fusion guitarists of the seventies. Perhaps this release, along with recent releases by Joe Morris and Rory Stuart, signals a trend away from that style and into something more meaningful. The sound quality on this album is not good. The drums should have been pushed more up front, and at times the trombone sounds incredibly thin. Also, my pressing is pretty noisy. — R. Jannapala

DATA BANK A: The Citadel (LP, K.O. City Studio, 262 Mammoth Rd., Lowell, MA 01854, USA) Synth and electric guitar duo influenced by early Devo, Ultravox, and the like, but they've neglected to use their influences to create anything of interest. Each song is based on simplistic riffs in simple A/B/A/B form and include affected, over-serious vocals singing the dumbest lyrics since Iggy Pop, though these are supposed to be spacey and meaningfully poetic. — Tom Furlong 1

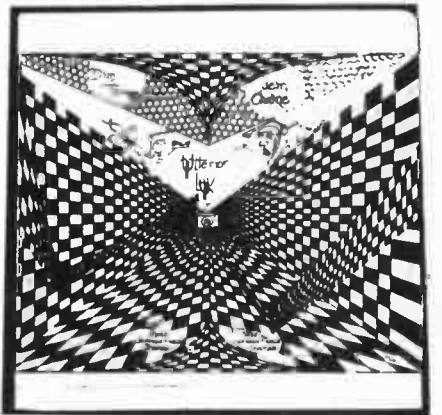
DEFICIT DES ANNEES ANTERIEURES: Les Ambulants (LP: Illusion Production, 15 rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France) D.D.A.A. is a prolific French band who seem to be on every European new music compilation I've seen. They have released mostly cassettes, and this LP sounds tape-oriented. Side A is a succession of pieces that are ominous, confusing, noisy, or calm. The vocals are incomprehensible even with a lyric sheet, and noises are made with keyboards, guitars and a range of odd effects and crashing percussion. Tape manipulation and electronics are essential to the D.D.A.A. sound. They avoid industrial-strength noise levels, but at loud volumes this LP might appeal to noise fans. While side A is a collage of different sounds and styles, side B is a long piece that builds from simple percussion to a big mix of music, noises and voices. The repetition is carefully altered to make the piece interesting throughout. D.D.A.A.'s music is pleasant when compared to other noisy bands that use the same techniques. This LP is a good introduction to this innovative French band. — O. Marvon

DE MENSEN BLAFFEN (4 song EP, Nothing But Productions, Vlietstraat, 24, 3030 Heverlee, Belgium) They are one of the few Belgian bands singing most of the time in Flemish. The female vocalist Sylvie is also the writer of the lyrics. Strange, surrealistic word-associations. The music is very rhythmic with a lot of strange rhythm breaks. Small parts of funk, jazz, rock, avant-garde are mixed with a strange but danceable beat. The power of this music comes from the amazing drummer and the voice of Sylvie. Her voice follows the rhythmical breaks — very intense. "Braziliëans Woud" takes us to the heat of the jungle. If it should exist, this is Belgium voodoo rhythm. The synthesizer and saxophone color the rhythm. Comparing the record with their live gigs, I think the record is a bit too cleanly produced. Live they have a stronger presence. They smell, they sweat. There is more power in their sound. They plan to release a new record and are looking for overseas distribution. — Sandy Nvs

THE DEPROGRAMMERS: Fear of Success (5 song EP, Cryptovision Records, P.O.B. 1812, New York, NY 10009, USA) The Deprogrammers are a basic four-person rock band (guitar, keyboards, bass, drums) that push against the limitations of the genre. The five songs here are diverse, focused, and extremely well-played. Subtle rhythmic and textural shifts abound; every lick seems undeniably appropriate. The musicianship is arresting without being self-consciously virtuosic. The lyrics do not hold up well on their own, (I get nervous when people write about "satanic catharsis" and "cleaving the atomic pie") but they interlock handsomely with the perky melodies

and driving rhythms of the songs. All five cuts straddle rock idioms, yet no two are alike. "America" invokes Little Richard; "Dead People" embraces a loping jazz fusion, fueled by Kim Beggs' bleating saxophone; "Time Will Tell" puts on country airs with its tight, thick vocal harmonies. The recording is sharp-focused and smooth, but its polish owes more to careful execution than it does to technological wizardry.

JAKE DILLON: Electric Football Game (C; P.O.B. 441275, Somerville, MA 02144, USA) When this guy plays a little electric football he brings amplifiers and, evidently, a tape recorder. I wonder who keeps score? The crowd goes wild. The tape consists of buzzes, grating noises and little bits of silence. The crowd goes WILD. After listening to this for a few hours (turning it over several times) this reporter has achieved a whole new way of experiencing enthusiasm about indoor electronic sports. THE CROWD GOES WILD. Really there is no crowd. And I wouldn't dare put this little headache on without the right precautions, such as taping up all the glass, rounding up a few fire extinguishers, maybe obtaining some sand, maybe a helmet and pads, just in case. Maybe a radio to listen to also. — Robin James



DIM THINGS / JEAN CHAINE: Those Unforgettable Shaman (LP, Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy., Miramar, FL 33023, USA) A fantastic collaboration of love by two dynamos: magnificent electric bass virtuoso Jean Chaine, and Mr. Everything Else, DimThings. This is my favorite Thingsflux release so far. Chaine's link with the more readily identifiable musical elements (hot jazz) brings D.T.'s exploration of the further reaches of the musical universe, not really down to earth, but at least into an orbit that us mere (myopic?) mortals can relate to. Chaine burns with the intensity and proficiency of a Jaco P or Stanley C. (when they're smokin') — he's a monster player! And DimThings; this fellow can (and does) play anything. I don't just mean any style, or any instrument; I mean any THING! Any OBJECT, any SUBSTANCE! And make great music. On this record he plays drums, miscellaneous percussion, vibes, voice, violin, synth, trumpet, harmonica, TV happenings, crowds, and when he lists "summer breeze" as an instrument, he ain't just whistlin' dixie. These cats swing, bop, rock, groove and percolate, changing directions on a dime. Some cuts here owe a debt early burnin' Mahavishnu Orchestra and the best of Return To Forever (especially when guitarist Ron Brown joins in, sounding like Allan Holdsworth and Bill Connors). Add a massive dose of humor, free-form freakiness, and D.T.'s personal encyclopedia of sound, and you end up with a potent pharma-. I mean, musicalogical brew that will transport you to some wonderful, rarely charted places. 10 — Bill Hubby

DIM THINGS: A World Of Segregation/Tunes From The Garbage (LP, Thingsflux Music, 7829 Miramar Pkwy., Miramar, FL 33023, USA) I knew when I saw the cheap paste-on cover with scribbled artwork and scrawled lettering, that I would either hate this record or love it. Fortunately I love it. This is playful, free-form music with roots in the "plink, plunk, ploink" school of new music. With crude electronics and what sounds like a whole assortment of home-made instru-

ments, (in addition to piano, bass, and drums) they stretch the music into weird new shapes; like The Residents meet The Art Ensemble of Chicago. If your collection includes stuff like Negativland, Walls Of Genius, and releases from the L.A.F.M.S. then this is for you. — Jonathan Small

THE DITS: The Wonderful World of the Dits (C-60, \$5 Home Recordings, P.O.B. 4071, Bloomington, IL 61702-4071, USA) There's fun and loads of good ideas on this tape. Besides a great off-key Sinatra impression, there's a comically perceptive appreciation of good ol' dad's car as a type of clean, well lighted place with that handy roll of electrical tape in the glove compartment. And then there's "Bozo's Wife" who "kinda looks like him." Musically, these Dits make a mighty fine din, but I don't think this tape captures their ambitious attempt at complex noise adequately. In the energetic, rawly recorded interplay of synths, drums, voice, and the occasional oddball musical source, too many good and diverse ideas jump out at once and with equal force. A clean enjoyable recording, but a more ambitious application of lo-tech strategies might give it more subtlety and depth. — Oleh Hodowanec

THE DIED PRETTY: The Died Pretty (3 song, '2"; What Goes On Records, avail. from Dutch East India) M.A. says that this Australian band reminds her of the Blues Magoos; and M.A. is usually right. The approach here is pure '60s; the production is clean and calculated: fat, spongy drums, oozing bass, slithery guitar, nasal combo organ, heavily reverbed vocals. The arrangements are simple and unswerving. Unfortunately, there seems to be no palpable depth, punch, or drama to the songs. "Mirror Blues" illustrates several basic problems. Its Doors-derived, blues-favored overworked device that does little to revitalize our interest; in fact, its inclusion seems condescending. Of the three cuts, the ballad, "Worm Without" with its haunting vocal treatment, fares best. Yet, it too meanders and ends up diminishing the power of its own emotional impact. Perhaps a little blotter acid would make the flatness of these performances seem labyrinthine and provocative. (Why don't you try it and let us know. — DC) Give these folks credit for making a carefully produced, listenable record; but next time I'd ask that they loosen up enough to make a striking musical, as well as stylistic, statement. — G. Speca

TDM DJLL: Cook Slowly Not To Burn Cheese (C-60, 1907 18th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94116, USA) You could call this "jazz fusion" because it's mostly improvised and it has elements of rock and jazz, but above all, it's twisted. There's disjointed "jazz", sloppy farting trumpet solos Lester Bowie style, Elliott Sharpe-type rhythms and drone, home doodles on Serge synthesizer, tapes, and cassette loope system (where the pause button is used to create a less "regular" repeating vocal "loop"). We hear hostage news reports, radio interference, McCarthy, Harry "Sounds like the same old phonograph record" Truman, and our Ron Reagan. Tom's trumpet solo at 15 minutes plus is a bit overlong and the club song isn't very exciting, but two songs really make this tape: "Liebest #5", a vocal loop — "Do whatever needs to be done", with quiet classical music, opera layers, and commercials; and "Gila Monster #3", a take-off on Herbie Hancock's "Chameleon", with filtered trumpet, synth sequences, pots 'n' pans percussion, and a vocal chant: "You may get diarrhea from Corea but you're gonna get herpes from Hancock." Bad taste maybe, but a pretty tasty tape. — CDinA2

DDGGY STYLE: Work As One (7 song, 7"; Mystic Records, 6277 Selma Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028, USA) These guys are okay. This is poppy, unslick, two-guitar thrash. It is slower and sparser than lightspeed HC and the band writes capturable tunes with clear melodies. The focus is on the words and singer and they are supported by decent playing. Brad "X", the vocalist, sounds heavily influenced by Mike Muir, Jello Biafra, and Ian Mackaye. The song topics are either very serious or real fun. "Nymphomaniac" leans towards misogyny or at least fear of women and seems immature. "Donut Shop Rock" and "Doggy Style Hop" are whimsical, the former suggesting Jonathan Richman-like inanity. Their serious songs comment on scene unity, fights at gigs, or are generally supportive, as in the catchy "Be Strong." — Jeff Wechter 7

DDGMATICS: Thayer St. (B song 12" EP; Homestead Records) These guys are young but obviously have a number of influences. The song "Hardcore Rules" spells out one of those influences and the heavy handed guitar in every song proves that. But the songs aren't fast enough to be hardcore and there is a nice clean element that brings a more accessible feel. The first song, "Sister Serena", about a mean Nun/Teacher, incorporates a horn section that complicates the guitar nicely. There is even a bit of C&W, even a rockabilly feel, spattered here and there. While the songs aren't musically complicated and the lyrics are at the best, cute, they work. There are enough hooks to make them memorable and hummable and they are fairly original sounding. The band doesn't wear its influences out for all to see. They have created a sound and I happen to like it. There is obvious good energy and fun here. — Doug Haegen B

DDN'T NO: The Real World (7 song, 7"; Mystic Records) This band plays hard, fast and well, two guitars in a five man line-up cranking out some heavy, powerful, metalcore. Listeners who enjoy adrenalin fueled, domestic, metal/thrash hybrids (e.g. NOTA) probably won't be disappointed with this release. No overwhelming hooks, but the songs are all distinct and there is very little filler (one slow intro is a couple seconds too long for my tastes.) — Jeff Wechter 6.5

DRDWINN PDDL: Muted Streak (3 song C, 144 Sd. Kenmore Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90004, USA) Drowning Pool is a four person band producing haunting, moody trance music in the same vein as New Order and The Cure. The sound is very pleasant, not harsh, and it seems they spent a lot of time getting this right. "Muted Streak" has forlorn vocals while "The Game Room" is an energetic instrumental. "Uncork The Mind" on the flip-side incorporates a telephone call and more hypnotic music. This is well produced music and I only want to hear more. — Lawrence Crane

EARTHSHINE: One (Earthshine Records, 7131 Owensmouth Ave., Suite 64-D, Canoga Park, CA 91303, USA) This is a competent but derivative jazz-rock EP, by a California trio (guitar, bass, drums, with vocals). They know their instruments, but are not good enough yet, as writers or players, to distinguish themselves as an instrumental group. The guitarist, who takes most of the solos, has his moments, but he bounces from one technique and style to another without much regard for development. The vocal compositions (three out of six) are interesting, but the vocalist is working within a jazz idiom which requires more polish than he presents. The song lyrics offer literature but dated cliches about being free, setting someone free, reaching out, taking a stand, and seeing eye to eye. I know that I'm damning with faint praise, but right now I see this group as a good lounge act that needs to break away from stale traditions and take some chances. — Bill Tilland

EARTHSHINE: Symbiosis...? (Earthshine Records see address above.) Late-sixties psychedelia addicts may go for this guitar-bass-drums trio, even though Love is the only band from that period they remind me of and even that similarity isn't particularly strong. Wah-wah guitar solos, lyrics like "I have always struggled/Struggled to be free/I'm doing my best to look inside/so I know what it's like to be free/yeah I know to be free is to be." The vocals stay at the same emotional level throughout the album, and since none of the tunes have very memorable melodies, there is a sense of sameness from one track to the next. Bits of "New Age" philosophy scattered here and there might increase the appeal for some, but it just didn't turn me on (or so the saying went.) — Bart Grooms **And a second opinion:** This is a muddied recording of uninspired pop-jazz-rock songs featuring self-indulgent, psychedelic guitar solos; incompetent singing; leaden drumming; prosaic, humorless, vapid lyrics and absolutely no redeeming social value. — Sam Mental

THE EMBARRASSMENT: Retrospective (C; Fresh Sounds Inc., P.O.B. 36, Lawrence, KS 66044, USA) There's a live side including covers of The Seeds' "Pushing Too Hard," and The Chambers Bros.' "The Time Has Come" among some originals and a studio side with all original material. The band plays '60s tinted garage punk with the vocals mixed way up front.

The cassette is well produced, managing to keep a raw edge without sounding like it was recorded in a phone booth. A synthesizer would ruin these guys. The organ they DO use fits in perfectly. Mykel Board

EMERALD WEB: Lights of the Ivory Plains (LP or C, \$8.98; Bob Stohl and Kate Epple, P.O.B. 5503, Berkeley, CA 94705, USA) Contrary to claims on the record jacket ("a dramatic departure from... previous work"), this LP continues in the thoughtful new age tradition established by Emerald Web's seven previous cassettes. The big difference here is that the production is more lavish, and the two flautists who make up the group are more imaginative and generous in their use of synthesizer accompaniment — which they provide themselves. In fact, synthesizers and flutes often seem to have equal weight. There are several outstanding pieces on this album. "Diamond Head" uses a repeated, cello-like pattern, over which is added a lively flute and synthesizer waltz, accompanied by gentle synth percussion. "Dew Point" is more jazz-tinged with a latin feel and some lovely orchestral arrangements for the synthesizers. Other pieces are almost as good; texture and atmosphere sometimes dominate melody, but the music is always intricate enough to sustain active listening. The only exception, to my ears, is "Refraction," the last cut on side two of the album, which is five minutes of mostly simple, up-tempo riffs and bouncy but predictable electronic percussion. This piece sounds too much like the soundtrack for a cola commercial. — Bill Tilland

ENDORPHINS: Swank Bar Live '85 (C-60, 4606 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19143 USA) Reminiscent at times of Lou Reed, (in fact they do a cover of his "Waiting For The Man"), this live recording left me luke-warm due to the poor sound quality. Also, many of the lyrics that I could pick out of the muddied mix dealt with sex in a way that seemed insincere and trendy. The liner notes credit most songs to Paul Albert. The lead guitar outshines the arrangements and compositions, which are predominantly medium-tempo punk/nuwave. The material could be much more effective with a cleaner production. Favorites: "Weird Love", "Life Of Research", and a cover of Sonny and Cher's "The Beat Goes On" with great squirming distorted guitar all through it. The second side almost sounds like a different band. — E. Blomquist

ENDORPHINS: European Delimit (C-60) This tape is almost schizophrenic. Paul Albert is the main songwriter here, and the material ranges from garage rock to electronic noodling. Some of the songs like "Another Time," "EXBRKDOWN," and "Warm Blooded Woman" are really great songs in a traditional rock format. "IKYL..." and "Bound for Glory" are electronic works quite different from the rock stuff and there's even a song with atonal guitars called "Night of Desire." The sound quality varies drastically on some of the material but it's done with heart and is fun to listen to. — Lawrence Crane

END MOEBIUS ROEDELIUS PLANK: Begegnungen II (LP, Sky Records) Begegnungen II is the latest in a series of collaborative efforts by Brian Eno, Hans-Joachim Roedelius, Dieter Moebius and Konrad Plank. Eno, Moebius and Roedelius (the latter two musicians also known as Cluster) first recorded together in 1977; Plank joined later in 1984. Collectively, they have produced at least four records of grace, style and great beauty. The album features another of Michael Weisser's beautiful covers and is extremely well recorded. The musicians work in various combinations; interestingly, on no cut do all four musicians contribute. The music is diverse but the pieces share common characteristics. Repetition is expertly used. On many tracks, a soothing, hypnotic effect is created although one song has a very straight rock base and several others have complex polyrhythmic cores. Over these frameworks, layers of largely synthetic sound are woven creating static pieces that are aural equivalents of impressionist paintings. Fans of any of these artists will especially enjoy this work. To the uninitiated, points of reference would include other solo works of these artists as well as the music of Tangerine Dream and its offshoots; Heldon; Nightcrawlers and Kitano. In comparison to their previous works, this album is more diverse musically. Two of the eight tracks have been previously released. — Robert F. Dot 9.5

EXECUTIVE SLACKS: You Can't Hum When You're Dead (Fundamental Music, P.O.B. 2309, Covington, GA 30209, USA) Heavy metal new age hardcore? Or how about angry, meditative industrial dance-funk? This record's got inescapably infectious acoustic/electronic rhythm lines and discordant (yet mesmerizing) guitars and electronics, which make me think of rose gardens one minute and Saturday afternoon horror movies the next. Snarling, rabid vocals and hallucinatory background patter add to the music's overall eeriness and spaciness. Sounds a lot like what you'd expect to hear from home-tapers when they get access to a good studio. Wonderfully produced and recorded. Reminds me of Public Image Ltd., MX-80 Sound, and The Residents. — Paul Goldschmidt

FASTBACKS: Everyday Is Saturday (4 song 12"; No Threes Records, P.O.B. 95940, Seattle, WA 98105, USA; Tel: 206-524-0491) I'll call this hard rock. Fairly predictable chord progressions that happen to work as far as listenability goes. Some nice breaks and accents, though nothing out of the ordinary. The vocal melody lines are not interesting. They sound like they are slaves to the music and often have too many syllables to fit the song. The all female vocals are a bit strained and off-key. The EP starts out with a cover of the Grass Roots' "Midnight Confessions" that has not been changed much at all. I don't understand why the flip side has the exact same songs as side one — what a waste of vinyl! — Doug Hagen 4

BILL FERREIRA TRIO: 'Round Midnight (4 song, 7"; Ivory Interlude Records, P.O.B. 111585, Nashville, TN 37222, USA) Side one contains two trio tracks (piano/bass/drums) which don't generate any excitement. Side two is Ferreira's solo piano. I think the choice of Monk's "Round Midnight" was a poor one. It's been recorded by so many pianists down through the years, and any new version should try to do something new, but Ferreira's version just sits there. It's the final track which piqued my interest. An original by Ferreira entitled "Baltic Stomp", it's a bright theme accompanied by a walking left hand pattern which recalls South African pianist Dollar Brand (oddly enough). Too bad more of the music wasn't like this. I question the wisdom of issuing a 7" jazz record anyway. All tracks clock in around three minutes and don't give the pianist much time to dig in. As it is, it's hard to discern much of a personality from these tracks. — R. Iannapolo

FIGURES: In a Chalk Circle (Twin/Tone, 2541 Nicollet Ave., So. Minneapolis, MN 55404, USA) Dual guitar rock/pop quartet with a depressed sounding singer and moody mid-tempo songs. The guitar intro promises much more than its monochromatic melody delivers. What's worse, neither the lyrics nor the musical performance offer any sense of direction. The shift to half-time in the middle of the song is an (some acoustic) sound is generally clean yet dense and multilayered. The overall sound quality is a bit muddy though. I liked singer Jeff's voice and parts of almost all of the songs, but some seemed too long with too many guitar solos. My fave tracks are "Your Autumn Days" and "A Mystery To Me." — Pam Kirk

FINGERS NUCLEUS: Napalm Baby (C-45, \$3.50; Ritual Productions, 257B Germain St., Maplewood, MN 55109, USA) This is the second release from Fingers Nucleus, as far as I know. The trio consists of Pual Czerwinski, guitar, Commodore 64, voice and sundry sounds; Marty Kearney, bass; and Russ Payne, drums. This was recorded on a Yamaha four-track cassette deck, and the quality is impressive. "Memories Of You" and "Flowers" have a Resident's feel. Moments of peaceful guitar and/or electronics alternate with strange songs such as "The Jazz Trio" and "Got To Be A Reason." The guitar work is sophisticated throughout and at times reminiscent of Steve Tibbetts. (also a Minnesotan — is there a conspiracy here?). "Holiday" is a Stratocaster on vacation in the islands with a syndrum. I don't know if it's intentional, but the vocals are mixed too low to make out a lot of the content. These people have a good sense of humor and are accomplished players. — E. Blomquist

SUE FINK: Big Promise (LP; Ladyslipper, Inc., P.O.B. 3124, Durham, NC 27705, USA) Although this is her first solo LP, Sue Fink is no new-comer to the professional music business. Since taking a music degree from UCLA, Beverly Hills-born Fink has written, ar-

anged, conducted, played session keyboards, and sang on several other artists' recordings (Meg Christian and Diane Lindsay among others.) She has also given vocal training to the likes of Brian Wilson (Beach Boys) and the background singers of artists like Aretha Franklin, Marvin Gaye, and Eddie Rabbitt. The material ranges from techno-pop ("Boys Are Thugs" and "Big Promise"), to the soulful ("Love Won't Let Go"), to the jazzy ("Stay Awhile"), to the out-and-out rocker ("Caught Between Two Worlds"). The production and arrangements are crisp, but a slap of the knuckles all around for burying her voice under so much "studio enhancement." Fink is a heartbeat away from being a "breaker." This LP should give her a good push. — Mark Dickson

TOM FOGERTY AND RUBY: Precious Gems (LP; Fantasy Records) The "long-awaited" American release of a compilation of cuts from two LPs cut in the late '70s. It's your basic Southern-rock of the type which made the Allman Bros. so popular, though it's not as slick and therefore sounds much more sincere. (Dear reviewer: You must not have listened to Duane Allman era Allman Bros. If Duane's slide guitar on "Live At The Fillmore East" is not sincere, I don't know what is. — OC) For all that, I'm afraid it sounds dated, and any resemblance Tom may have to his brother John is purely biological. — Tom Furgas 6

FOREIGN WORLD: Trying To Escape (Robert Vigneault, 5155 Langelier, Montreal, PQ, H1M 2A3, Canada) A very obscure, brilliantly creative release from one of the few purveyors of industrial music in Canada. Two side-long compositions take us into the murky depths of despair and darkness, and at times reminds me of a conglomeration of M.B. (? — OC) early Cabaret Voltaire, and the Eraser Head soundtrack, while remaining unique. TRYING TO ESCAPE seems to represent an aural vision of an industrial wasteland. Soundscapes of mechanical rumblings, pained, distant cries, radio interference, static and screeching metal hinges are fascinating and unpredictable, and are accompanied by a portfolio of black and white art that seems to directly relate to these nameless record tracks of textured sound and non-abrasive difficult music. TRYING TO ESCAPE was recorded at home on a four track machine and there are a few rough edges. — Paul Lemos

FRANCO AND HIS ALL POWERFUL OK JAZZ: Sorcerer of the Guitar (LP; Makossa Records, Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11225, USA) Franco, a pioneer of the Congolese guitar style dance music that presently dominates not only Zairean, but all of African popular music, turns in another bright and bubbly set here, but his music is starting to sound, shall we say, a little too "polite." In fact, the feature tune, called "Very Impolite," provides six stanzas of admonishments to the "ill bred." The new prosperous Franco promotes respectability and questions why proper etiquette and deference to authority can't be maintained. For example, "Why do you do so?/You go to see people with tousled hair/And you ask them their comb./Why are you so ill bred?/Why do you do so?/Your childhood friend has become a responsible,/and you are asking him money during a procession!" Other forms of uncouth behavior which Franco preaches against are: indiscretion, open sexuality, bad breath, wearing a hat in an office, smelly socks, putting one's feet on the table, and so on. This is a far cry from the Franco of the late Fifties who went to prison twice for joyriding on a motorcycle without a license. Musically speaking, during those days, his early OK Jazz sides were different, too, in that they were more heavily steeped in Afro-Cuban rumba rhythms [see "OK Jazz Authenticite," African Records 360.070, Distributed in the States by Down Home Music]. So here's Franco, who as late as 1978, was thrown into prison for "immoral" songs, extolling the virtues of the petit Bourgeois: and, in one verse, asking, "Why are you so lewd?" Either the sorcerer of the guitar has decided to become the Emily Post of Kinshasha or there is some satirical edge to the proceedings that is over my Western head — Ron Sakolsky

NICOLA FRANGIONE: Italic Environments (LP, \$15; Edizione Armadio Officina, Via Ortigara 17, 20052 Monza, Italy) Nicola Frangione's last vinyl effort, "Mail Music" consisted of 47 short pieces recorded by correspondents from all over the world who

sent their works in. These pieces were extremely diverse in content, from snippets of chipmunk-like singing to electronic noise and imbecilic babbling. The effect was like a journey through the dreams of psychiatric patients. ITALIC ENVIRONMENTS is, to my surprise and delight, completely different. My fave is "Nembo Verso Nord", a seven minute jam session for celtic harp, tabla, tibetan bells, tampura and thunderstorm. Some of the other tracks feature vocoder speech electronic rhythms, chanting, and some free-form jazz pieces for electric guitar, bass, piano and drums. The tracks are all extremely well executed, and because of the wild swings in atmosphere from one cut to the next, it's anything but boring. Frangione is indeed an artist of the highest order. Incidentally, ITALIC ENVIRONMENTS is a 1000 copy limited edition, so what are you waiting for? — Sally Idassway 10

LEN D. FRANZA: Atomic Lathe (C-90; Duck Tapes, c/o Franze, P.O.B. 441275, Somerville, MA 02144, USA) When I shake the cassette I can hear all of the little sound effects machines sliding around inside. One of the major characteristics of actually playing the cassette is the sensation of being in a hall of mirrors, haunted by nuclear missiles, media characters, lots of repetitive and hard to understand sounds, cries of "Gabbabba we accept you, we accept you" abrupt surprises, Military Advisors and housewives. At night it seems to eat things. Hides in the chimney. The liner notes are a folded up page with graphics that turn up on the cover as a cool black and white photo collage. — Robin James

THE FRINGE: Fringe Benefits (C; Tom Furgas, 1840 Paisley Rd. 3, Youngstown, OH 44511, USA) The guys gettin' together for a little beer and loudboy fun. We got Rick Arkwright on guitars, bass, synthesizer, and voice; Bill Lehman's voice and harmonica playing; Tom Furgas with the bass, guitar, synthesizer, rhythm and percussion, and voice. Listen to "Jump When I Say Jump", "(Please Convince Me) I'm Going To Be O.K.", "Schlamozzle", "Please Honey Don't Hurt Me," "Happy Anniversary", "Life Line (I Survived The Sixties)", "Lust Over Logic", "Postions Of Power", "I Party Alone", "A Japanese Pope", "We Are Real Men", and more, with lots of commentary by the artists themselves thrown in. Some candid remarks which have the special spontaneity of leaving the tape recorder on and not telling anyone (sorta like the FBI or Alan Funt does on TV, etc.). Has a painfully hand-printed and easy to read lyric sheet. — Robin James

THE FUNDAMENTALISTS: Armageddon on 8 Track (C; AT Productions, c/o Bob Forward, B12 Stadelman Ave., Akron, OH 44320, USA) Side A: The theory here is overhearing — sounds from the next room, somebody's radio, the neighbor's punk band practicing on your own head. On this side are longish, very idiomatic collage fragments arbitrarily chosen and mixed with spare droning garage punk, lots of radios, and maybe a voice. Side B: More of the same without the hardcore but instead a different radio in each channel. Came with a personal letter and no packaging. — Miekal And

GENERAL STRIKE: Trouble In Paradise (C; Touch, P.O.B. 139, London SW1B 2EW, U.K.; or P.O.B. 3140B Seattle, WA 98103, USA) The kind of thing you'd put on while having 13 close friends, who happen to be librarians, over for a potluck. Interesting accompaniment to quiet and friendly conversation. Relaxed. David Toop and Steve Beresford made the music on this tape. Lots of geography listed as composition sites, from England to Venezuela. There are two Sun Ra covers, "Interplanetary Music" with some very fine soprano saxophone work by Lol Coxhill, who also plays tenor on "Guided Missiles." The packaging is spectacular, as usual: plastic pouch with a slick paper booklet containing photos and drawings and more. It has a different approach from the others in the Touch series (here featuring two artists, rather than being a compilation) all with the same interesting and risky sound, smoothly flowing along. — Robin James

⊙ Denotes cassette-only release

JACK GOLDSTEIN: Planets (box set of six 10" Eps; Neutral Records, 325 Spring St., Rm. 331, New York, NY 10013, USA) This box is coated with some sort of plaster or cement painted rust red with no writing on it at all. The labels on all six records are black with no writing. The music is all new age meditative synthesizer music. I found it impossible to differentiate between the 12 sides. In no way is this box worth the high price being asked for it. — Ron Lessard

GONGS OF VIOLENCE (C-60; Dash Productions, Box 2B, New Kent, VA 23124, USA) Six tracks emphasizing percussion rhythms—both acoustic and synthetic. Two pieces are ritualistic "trance dance" with treated vocals, the other four are atmospheric soundscapes with heavy use of tape effects, loops, found sounds, etc. — Ron Lessard

SEABURY GOULD AND FRIENDS: Sacred Destiny (C) This cassette of low-key inspirational music has an instrumental side and a vocal side. I have, at this point, listened to the instrumental side a but five times, the vocal side once. That's not to say it's bad...it's nice, easy-going music with lots of gently carressing guitar, flute, and synthesizer which nicely underscore the vocals, but it just doesn't stand up to the all-instrumental side. The latter is a wonderful blend of "spacemusic", "new age" and traditional Indian sounds (provided by masterful use of tamboura and vina). Those familiar with National Public Radio's "Music From The Hearts of Space" program already know the genre. The music is extremely relaxing, even healing, and as ignorable as it is interesting. The vocal side has lyrics which, though spiritual in nature, are not preachy but quite sincere, though I find Gould's voice slightly strained more or less overpowering the music, but I'm nitpicking. Overall, a very well done end pleasant recording. — Sally Idassway 7

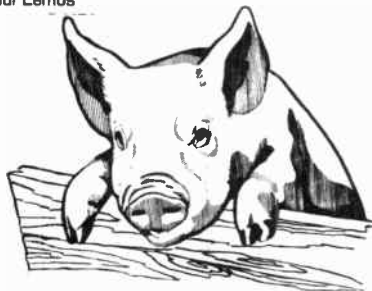
JOEL GRAHAM: Across A Frozen Sound (C-60, \$7; Lions Mein Music Productions, P.O.B. 1542, San Francisco, CA 94101-1542, USA) A very well recorded end engaging set of electronic pieces recorded in live performance direct to two-track with no multitracking or overdubs. The mood is reflective; at times hypnotic. A reel nice piece on side two called "Push-Pull" has several of the most corny/charming sonorities I've ever heard. These come straight out of department store elevator music, but in this piece combine delightfully. Imagine Vangelis gigging at the Penguin Cafe. — Leland Seinty B

GRAPES OF WRATH: Grapes of Wrath (12" EP; Netzwerk Productions, P.O.B. 330, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6G 1C9) Reminds me of the Reverbs, if they would of had a darker side to them. Another comparison that comes to mind is the Church, mainly because of the tight bass and drums and reverbed (but comprehensible) vocals. The jangly guitar is what puts the whole thing in another light, making the four songs here more bittersweet than gloomy. — Steve Jones

SKIP GRAVES: Spirit of Texas/The Colorado Waltz (7" 45; Hornet Records, 8933 Washington St., Denver, CO 80229, USA) Despite the electric guitar and deep vocals that might indeed embody some spirit of Texas if they were surrounded by a big beat or honky-tonk vitality, this song sounds more like the spirit of Kentucky thrice removed. The weeping guitar and melancholy intonations are at least partially inherited from Hank Williams and his deeper-South ilk. Unfortunately, the electric elements simply polish rather than enliven, and the vocal personality—a very important factor in quieter country—does little more than, well, relax. — Richard Singer

GERRI GRIBI: Womensong (LP; Lilyfern, P.O.B. 8021, Green Bay, WI 54308, USA) A female folksinger reminiscent of Joan Baez gives a 13-song introduction to and capsule history of women's folk music. The music's a pleasant mix of acoustic guitar, mandolin, bass, fiddle, and dulcimer, some provided by members of Wisconsin folk group Northern Light. The theme of the LP has a feminist bent, not militant but persistent. Though nothing here is innovative in the extreme, this is a sincere, well-produced outing for all involved. — Jamie Reke

RANDY GRIEF/ALVA SVABODA: Easy Green Proof (C-60; Swinging Axe, P.O.B. 3741, Northridge, CA 91323, USA) The works I have heard by Randy Grief represent some of the most sophisticated, finely crafted and recorded independent cassettes available and EASY GREEN PROOF is no exception. This tape is a collaboration with poet/vocalist Alva Svaboda. At points Grief masterfully builds textural soundscapes through disciplined, innovative use of electronics and tape manipulation over which Svaboda's oblique narratives are spoken. Other pieces treat Alva's voice, smashing it into multi-toned fragments. This complex 60 minute cassette has a unified sense of concept and great variety in rhythm and atmosphere. EASY GREEN PROOF is subtle and highly musical, packaged and presented with time and care. The richness of rhythms and electronics give the music almost tribal quality. This combined with intelligent arrangements and thoughtful poetic lyrics creates an entirely pleasurable listening experience. — Paul Lemos



GRISEN SKRIKER: Prog aer Pterveligt (7" 33; c/o Goran Andersson, 266 West 11 St., New York, NY 10014, USA) The name of the band is Swedish for "Pig Fucker." They were one of the first punk bands in the country. (Remember when punk was fun?) Although the text is in Swedish, the oinks and the general fun are universal. The tunes range from punk (not trash) speed to almost folksy. There's even a really long guitar solo or two. Lot's of nice pictures on the sleeve too. I wish I could've seen them live! — Mykel Board

GRUFS (C-30, \$3 or trade; 317 Milroy, Olympia, WA 98506, USA) Home-based band with a friendly combination of Grateful Dead and John Coltrane influences. Relaxing jams, good smokin' music, wonkin bass, busy guitar, drums, everything needed. Tom makes homebrew beer and ales, plays a lot of music, has a skateboard. — Robin James

OBERT HAIGH: Juliet of the Spirits (12" EP; Laylah, 6B Rue J Bassem, 1160 BXL, Belgium) A beautiful, yet disturbing pastiche of classical, ambient, jazz and avant-garde elements bound together by stunning transitions and somber piano interludes. It is a lush musical combination of acoustic and electronic music, reminding me of Eno's darker worlds on the ONLAND LP, combined with the compositional sense of Harry Partch. Haigh, also known as Sema, presents two extended pieces of pure brilliance. The opening dissonant solo piano of "Juliet..." is suddenly smashed by clanging hammered metal, quickly cutting to a quiet electronic rumble, distant soprano voice, only to dissolve into quaking bass harmonics, churning metal fragments...and so it continues. The mood of the disc is dream-like, hauntingly dark, gently surreal. Despite the jarring changes and mood shifts, both pieces are eloquently structured revealing strong technical ability and unsettling vision. Haigh's music will appeal to those interested in the works of George Crumb and Harry Partch as well as Nurse With Wound and Current 93. — Paul Lemos

SUE ANN HARKEY: I Tell You Everything, Just Not Out Loud (C; P.O.B. 2026, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159, USA) Tenth release from Sue Ann and friends' Petio Table/Citizens for Non-Linear Futures. Very different from the last one, IN THE GREEN LIGHT. This features 13 songs, a wide ranging spectrum of sounds, plenty of acoustic instruments (guitar, harp, tenor guitar, mandolin, odd per-

cussion and embellishing instruments) as well as prepared 12 string electric guitar. "Loch Ness" has the beautiful familiar charms of Arabian influenced whales — Sue Ann on swarmandel and Chinese Peasant instrument, Elliott Sharp on soprano saxophone and soprano clarinet. "Kinetic Harmony" shivers with delicate prepared guitar decorating serious expressions of love — almost a folksong sound. Some duo improvisations with friends Zeena Perkins, Robert Hinrix, Chris Cochrane, and Fred Chalenor. "Om Mobile" is with Sharon Gannon operating echo effects of her voice and bells, with two strange guitars. "West Walk, Waiting" is another arabic sounding piece, a dancing syllabic chant. "Time Is Not 3 Things But 1" has a wonderful swirling feeling, layers of vocals and mandolin. Lots of harmonic effects on "Approaches", prepared guitar and bass. "Cause and Effect" is a narrative balanced on feedback sounds, talking about civilization and compassion and the attributes of a cause not in retrospect of it's effect. — Robin James

RICK HARPER AND THE BREATHERS: The Sunshine Rockers (mini-LP; Fame Records, Julius-Ludwig-Str., 6/B D-2100, Hamburg 90, West Germany) Golly! Side one contains some of the prettiest pop I've heard since PET SOUNDS and very much in that same vein. Rick Harper's sweet vocals are an interesting blend of Mike Love's chirpy summer wang and John Lennon's brittle/rich croon. His compositions reveal an amazing fluidity not easily found on independent label pop records. The melodies float right into the heart, lighter than oxygen, but just as much a breath of fresh air. Side two is stocked with sturdy boogie-rock that is too well-meeting to offend but pales next to the glimmer of Harper's strong pop. The funky songs were written by two other band members that don't seem to have the same melodic interest or talent, and they subtract from the quality of the disc. Democratic bands often dilute themselves. Nonetheless, side one is recommended for fans of beautiful, sunny pop-rock — Jordan Oekes 7

HARTE 10: 1st Album (Moers Music, P.O.B. 4061, Rochester, NY 14610, USA) Harte 10 is a diamond in the rough. It translates to Hardness 10. A German trio with a unique sense of musical humor. They're not pretentious yet they are technically able to satirize the pompous cliches of jazz, rock, classics, and electronics. Unlike the overly "clever" antics of artists like Zappa, their music is spontaneous and subtle. Another European group with similar humor was the Dutch band Superster. All of the trio can sing in two languages and creatively use percussion and electronics. One member excels on piano — mostly rhythms and jazz licks. Their harmonies can be hilarious; their percussion is crisp and punctuated, their electronics are moody and powerful at times. The cover is covered with silly German puns about hard times, hard-boiled eggs, hard sausages, and severed noses. A little knowledge of German helps one appreciate these cartoons and the humor of the lyrics. Although the comic mood of the album grows with your German vocabulary, this music can lift anyone's spirit. It can be used as a party novelty or for serious listening. For the free of spirit. It defies labels. — G. Ottinger

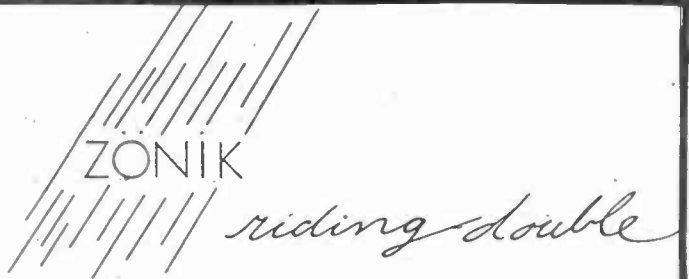
EVA HERON AND JANET MCBRIDE: The Mild Side of Life/Silver Moon on the Golden Gate (7" 45; Brookhurst Records, Mesquite Opry, 214 West Davis, Mesquite, TX 75149, USA) The B side is a curious item because of the interesting and interestingly placed (that is, popping up in slightly unexpected places) yodels. Side A, however, is definitely the hit. Heron and McBride both have endearing voices and the song character makes a pretty smooth transition from yearning for wildness to yearning for mildness. But if these were the only elements to the song I would say, "So what — there's nothing new about this bogus repentance crap, especially in such a socially conservative musical genre." What is new, however, is Bob Ingram's deadpan narrative interludes, which render the song wry if not down right delightfully hilarious. (P.S. Upon scanning the press release I noticed that co-writer Eva Heron often doubles as a comedian — eha! — Richard Singer

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JAMES HILL AND MICKEY STEIN: Little Men Don't Lie (C; TCAB Studio, P.O.B. 884763, San Francisco, CA 94188, USA; \$7 or something funny) Hill calls Mickey Stein a genius, and after I heard this tape, my skepticism for such an overused superlative was blown out the door. I'm not exactly sure how these things are measured, but Stein's musical sensibility, ear, compositional ability, and sense of satire approaches other generally acknowledged "musical genius" such as Spike Jones, Martin Mull, Bonzo Dog Band, Tom Lehrer and far surpasses the pedestrian, mimicry of Weird Al Yankovic whose copycat parodies lack the musical sophistication and biting, hilarious satire that Stein seems to reel off as if God were dictating the notes from over his shoulder. Stein satirizes Reggae musicians, Shriners, white middle class adolescents, ("We really are good kids/all we need are a couple lids") alcoholics—American culture in general—through sidesplitting original lyrics and tunes accomplished, for the most part solo through the wonders of homotape multi-tracking and his own, exceptional ability to play seemingly any kind of instrument with journeyman skill. Interspersed with his satirical songs are excellent instrumental pieces showing Stein's guitar virtuosity reminiscent of Django Reinhardt and Larry Coryell. According to Hill, Stein doesn't have much interest or faith in "networking" his music working on it as a hobby away from his day job as a robot programmer. But that's where Hill comes in, packaging Stein's works along side Hill's own high-quality modern jazz compositions, and sending them out to interested listeners around the world. As for Hill, he is an accomplished and disciplined composer and hot trumpet player (with a tone that reminds me of Miles Davis) who is defining his own idiosyncratic, learned style through the absolute freedom (and excesses) allowed through his TCAB studio and his D.I.Y. resourcefulness. Like Stein, Hill's compositions are all original, and primarily solo efforts, using electronic instruments over which Hill blows his pocket trumpet creating sounds comparable to Weather Report and Miles Davis from the early 70s. With **LITTLE MEN DON'T LIE** Hill offers some of his most accessible (but not compromised) compositions yet. There are a few versions of this cassette going around—each great—but if you're inclined, ask for the version with Hill's composition "Pussy Patrol" (with Hill vocals and hilariously appropriate trumpet-ing) which has incited many who have listened to it to literally slide off the couch convulsing with laughter, even though some will find the lyrics offensive and/or embarrassing ("I'm on the pussy patrol/I'm looking for a girl to fuck"). Hill will send a copy of this tape free to anyone who sends him something he thinks is "funny" (so far he has received items including a woman's soiled panties, an old fish and a dead bat, each of which he deemed funny enough, though the bat scared him at first.) But send him money too, it's well worth it, he deserves and needs it and with just a little bit more cash to upgrade their home studios and their spirits (they have received very little recognition) they will continue to explore, create and return with tapes that will astound, amuse and offend in the finest style. These guys are exceptional—awesome, hard-working **MUSICIANS** with a sense of humor. — David Ciuffardini

JOHN HINDS: '85 (C-90; Omni Sonic, P.D.B. 786, Millbrae, CA 94030, USA) This is largely a solo project by John Hinds who plays nearly all instruments and is credited with composition and arrangement. He is an accomplished musician who plays guitar, synthesizer, organ, tenor sax, bass and is joined on percussion by Peter Hinds. The nine pieces are quite diverse. Several are progressive/free jazz structures. One piece "Space Bridge" is pure electronics, a music concrete aural storm. There is a considerably more euphonious synthesizer work aptly entitled "Floating." One composition, "The Face of Infinity" is a modal drone that displays a strong Eastern (Indian) influence. The remaining compositions are based on repetitive figures that often contain mildly dissonant components. Over these frameworks, John plays strong, well structured solos on guitar, sax and synthesizer. This tape is a significant and sophisticated accomplishment, especially when viewed as a solo endeavor.



Musical points of reference are widely diverse and range from Stockhausen to Sun Ra to Cluster but these various influences are melded into a very effective whole. When I played this tape in the background over dinner a few days back, it proved at times to be a bit too intense and inaccessible for the casual listener. I expect that fans of serious contemporary and progressive music of all forms would enjoy this product. — Robert Oat B.5

RED HOLLOWAY QUARTET: Nica's Dream (LP; SteepleChase Productions, Inc., 3943 West Lawrence, Chicago, IL 60625, USA) Mementoes of musical expression as found in this album slake my thirst for real jazz like a bottle of white port fits the needs of a Skid Row denizen. Red Holloway, thank you for enduring and existing as a viable musical talent in this age of trivia, gimmickry, electronic mumble-jumbo all misnamed as "jazz". Holloway's big, fat sound on alto and tenor sax permeates this session, which was digitally recorded in Copenhagen for a Danish label and features Danish as well as American musicians of great note and moment. This is swinging, cooking jazz at its mainstream best, with no-nonsense first rate solo work by all concerned, a driving, pulsating rhythm generated and maintained by Aage Tanggaard on drums and an overall determination by the ensemble to express to all who would listen the lesson of what is jazz and what is its meaning. In a sense, the Deity speaks and holds out the promise of salvation through the medium of sonic jazz. Obtain this album, listen to it with someone you love or would love to love, and then go out into the world and do good. If you can make a contribution equal to that perpetrated by this ensemble, then you have accomplished a great deal. — Norman Lederer

HOME AND GARDEN: History and Geography (mini LP; AfterHours Records, 300 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, OH 44115, USA) You may recognize some famous names on this record: Jim Jones, guitar; J. Morrison, lyrics and vocals; and it was recorded by none other than Charlie Watts. Of course, the names are all that are famous—this seems to be a case of underconfidence relying on a cheap gimmick for appeal. What makes it twice as bad is the way J. Morrison emulates—you guessed it—Jim Morrison. It makes this whole affair pitifully obvious and the additional mediocrity of the music renders Home and Garden a self-righteous waste of time. There are occasional variances in influences (Pere Ubu, Human Switchboard) and flashes of lyrical assuredness but nothing that justifies an eight-song time span. They do have an interesting if ill-defined name, and here's hoping that if another band out there ever adapts it, we'll have Better Homes and Gardens. — Jordan Dakes 3
And another opinion: I bought this because I liked the

group name, album title, and cover photo. I should know better by now. The four member group produces uninteresting music, but at least it isn't standard guitar bombast; it sounds more like a lounge act covering Talking Heads. The lyrics are like a high school sophomore trying to be David Byrne (whose voice and vocal style the lead singer tries to copy, without much success.) The group is not without talent, but completely without an identity. It's not embarrassing, but not recommended. — Christopher Pettus

HONOR ROLE: Judgement Day/Anonymous Cave (7" 45, \$2.50; Eskimo Records, c/o Plan 9 Records, 3002 W. Cary St., Richmond, VA 23221, USA) Both sides are well-written and very well recorded. Lyrics to each song are written on the record's center. Lyrics are hardcore; music has more than a touch of the new metal; Metallica keeps coming to mind. Both songs are unusually catchy. Vocals are up front, and lyrics come through loud and clear. — Tony Pizzini

HOSE:Hose (Def Jam Recordings, 5 University Pl., #712, New York, NY 10003, USA) The basis behind the formation of Def Jam, say the owners, is to release the music that combines their two favorite interests, heavy metal and rap. Hose fits that criteria to a "T". Their chentey originals and covers of recent soul/funk classics (by Rick James, the Ohio Players and Hot Chocolate) give them the aura of being what Flipper would be if they wanted to be a soul review with guitars. Tis dirgey, yet dancable and silly without being stupid. Deep? You decide that one yourself. — Jamie Hake

PAUL ROSKINS (C-60, \$ or trade; P.O.B. 14359, International Station, Seattle, WA 98113, USA) Lots of great sounds from baritone saxophones and clarinets, energy playing, improvisations, wild patterns, breathing, growls, insect sounds. The line between electronic and real noises. On some selections there are appearances by Rob Angus and Jeff Greinke (Intrepid Productions) bringing us the sounds of the earth rippling and heaving, vast expanses of ghostly water and air. All are performances recorded live at "Here Today" and "Moringtown Pizza." — Robin James

HOWEVER: Calling (LP; Cuneiform Records, P.D.B. 6517, Wheaton, MD, 20906, USA) It's been over four and a half years since the release of However's first LP called **SUDDEN OUSK**. They showed a lot of promise and presented some very inventive ideas. However fall into the genre of music that was called progressive years ago. Lots of classical rock and jazz influence here. You could put this band in the neighborhood of groups like Happy The Man or more recently Cartoon. This LP doesn't quite have the experimental, cutting edge feel of **SUDDEN OUSK**. There are more vocals and song-form structure to the pieces here. Side one is mellow, featuring mostly acoustic guitars, vocals, keyboards and reeds. However's past material being more instrumentally oriented. I was taken back by the more vocal oriented approach of the first side. But on second listening, I found their songs to be well done and containing very thought provoking lyrics. Then, on side two However turns in 20 minutes of sharp-edged, dynamic music that is the best I've heard them do. Sudden tempo and time signature changes, very imaginative writing and inspired playing. I might have reprogrammed the tracks in order to give the whole LP a more balanced feel. The production and pressing are both superb. A well done effort that should appeal to a wide range of tastes. — Bryan Sale

HULA: Murrum (LP; Red Rhino Records, The Coach House, Fetter Lane, York, YO1 1EH, U.K.) Hula from Sheffield, the northern British city that spawned Cabaret Voltaire, comes Hula. The similarities go beyond mere geography. On this, their second LP, Hula delve into the same sort of shattered rhythms, tape cut-ups, and cold electronics that the Cabs do so well, and their drummer, Nort, used to play with Cabaret Voltaire. Yeah, this may be dance music, but like the Cabs, 23 Skidoo, 400 Blows, and Severed Heads, there's a lot more to Hula than dancing. — Jonathan Small

BOBBY HUTCHERSON: Good Bait (LP; Landmark, dist. by Fantasy) It's a lot harder to make good small group jazz "blowing" sessions than it was in the fifties or sixties when more musicians had more in common with each other stylistically than now. That vibra-

phonist Hutcherson's new LP is as cohesive and enjoyable as is his qualities as a leader as well as Orrin Keepnews's as producer. Drummer Philly Joe Jones is almost 40 years older than tenor/soprano saxophonist Branford Marsalis, but they, along with pianist Geroge Cables and bassist Ray Drummond, interact empathically in this exceptionally well-integrated ensemble. As they perform interpretations of such diverse composers as Tadd Dameron, Richard Rodgers, Thelonious Monk, and McCoy Tyner, as well as Hutcherson, the playing remains convincing and emotionally satisfying. This is especially true of Hutcherson's ballad feature, "Spring Is Here", where he successfully sustains the moody atmosphere for over six minutes by creating and releasing tension. Marsalis lives up to his reputation, but he needed to be recorded with more resonance. I consider it the finest of Hutcherson's that I have heard. — Bart Grossman

IDIDT SAVANT: The Rest On Down (6 song 12" EP; Blackberry Way Records, 606 13th Ave., S.E., Minneapolis, MN 55414, USA) Another band of popsters, this Minneapolis quartet demonstrates a fine melodic touch laced with a wee-too cute sense of humor. Influences that stand out include Graham Parker and U-2's Edge. There's too much reliance on harmonics and an overall twerpish tone to the lyrics ("show me yours/I'll show you mine"). Still, at least half of the six songs are inventive flashes of pop. From the sweet charm of "Throw It Away" to the rave-up of the title track, Brian Drak and Kent Millitzer show a strong gift for songwriting. Word has it that they are considerably wilder in concert. Let's hope so. — Scott Jackson

THE IDLE STRAND: Cut And Run (LP, Blackberry Way Records, see address above) A modern '60s-rooted psychedelic combo with some interesting melodies, pretentious meanderings, and harmonies that hark back to the Softboys. This trio seems to lose track of their acidic sound like some people do their sanity on a bad trip. The lapses in tunefulness are barely redeemed by microdot hooks that are cut with poor street-styled jamming. An odd platter that '60s fanatics will nonetheless need, providing that they don't mind their flashbacks in random excerpts. — Jordan Oakes 4

IF BWANA: Sex, Insanity, Death (C-60; Sound of Pig Music c/o Al Margolis, 33-28 148th St., Flushing, NY 11354, USA) I was told this is an industrial noise tape. I hear a lot of humanity within these noises, which texturally resemble oppressive machines drowning in waves over metallic clanks and screeches. Beneath these masses of aural chaos emerge obscured rhythms and maybe even a despairing voice crying out, as in "Nuclear Winter." This stuff makes me want to leave the lights on. The unreal images are so skillfully intense that this music could bring the listener as close to insanity as one would care to be. The despair and terror of alienation seems to be the prevailing element in this disturbing collection, as suggested by one of the titles, "Autoerotic Asphyxiation." This tape is good, but hard to recommend to those who prefer not to look too obsessively at their darker nature. — Michael P. Goodspeed

IKS: Absolutely Obsolete (LP; Fever Records, Box 87610, Chicago, IL 60680-0610, USA) From the catchy beat of the first song all the way through, this band is tight, together and totally with it. IKS feature funky beats jabbing through infectious rock melodies, creating an album that makes it hard to sit still for. There's a kinetic energy that lifts the somewhat mundane lyrics to a higher level. — C. Schutzbank

ILL REPUTE: Halloween Live (7 song 7"); Mystic Records, 6277 Selma Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028, USA) Live with a bad sound; the vocals are constantly distorted. Overall it's pretty much a blur with a vox up front and occasional beats from the drums. The EP seems to be a token for their fans. "New LP coming out" John says and they go into "Stop And Think" (which is also on the 7" Mystic sampler, and is the strongest cut here). Generally, the tempo leans towards the slow end of the HC spectrum. It features two covers: Neil Diamond's "Cherry Cherry" and the novelty "Monster Mash." I guess you had to be there. — Jeff Wechter 4.5

IMDRAL ROBERTS: No Accident (C-30; K Cassettes, P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98607, USA) What is a metal-thrash band doing on cute lil' K Cassettes, home of peachfuzz folk-punk? Buy 'em beer and find out. Some say this guy's voice is troublesome. I find it makes the generally dissatisfied attitude much more explicit. A previous release by the same vocalist with a different band is worth mentioning here: "Have Faith" by Idol Worship, more of a political attack there. Ripping the President's arm off, beating the President with the bloody stump. The new tape has lots of FUCK YDU songs plus a heck of a sex life. What fun? Also a smashing cover of "I Heard It Through The Grapevine." — Robin James



THE INVERTEBRATES: Let's Have Fun (LP; Spineless Records, 3305 20th St., San Francisco, CA 94110, USA) I like this LP much better than their earlier release, *EAT 'EM WHILE THEY'RE YOUNG*. Basically because here there seems to be a much more clear cut goal than the lost meandering of strange instruments on the previous EP. These people still use a lot of great nutty instruments but on this release these weird noises lead to a funny and intriguing recording. "Spank That Honky To Death", "He's Back", and others have a scary deadly sound. The whole LP says don't go in there; but if you do, it's a funhouse filled with laughs as well as horror. — Mark G.E. 6

KHAN JAMAL/JOHNNY DYANI/PIERRE DORGE: Three (LP, SteepleChase Productions, 3943 West Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA) World music fans, gather round. This trio recording by American vibist Khan Jamal, South African bassist Johnny Dyani, and Danish guitarist Pierre Dorge shows us how well a basically American form of music can travel. Not that we necessarily need more proof. We already have Don Cherry's world travels and Charlie Haden's *MAGICD* sessions as evidence. The world can always use more beauty, though, and *THREE* is a small gem. Jorgen Frigard's liner notes express his surprise at "the three-of-a-kind feel that pervades their music..." For once, the notes are not mere hype. There is a seamless, almost telepathic quality to the music. The excellent digital recording reveals all the subtleties of the performance. Jamal tells of having "immediate rapport" with Dorge, and when a recording was suggested, they both thought of Johnny Dyani. This rapport and enthusiasm carried over to the recording creating this fine document. One of the best of this year, so far. — Stuart Kremsky

LANE JAMES: Takin' the Happy Road Home (LP; Freckle Records, P.O. Box 4005, Seattle, WA 98104, USA) This is a throwback sounding just like something out of the early '70s. Does that make it bad? No. But does that make it good? Definitely not. I still enjoy lis-

tening to music from the '70s, but I was sure surprised listening to this and then seeing the date "1984" on it. Apart from the anachronistic, most of the album would be popularly considered "O.K." with a couple of cuts even rating "pretty nice". Probably every cut could be aired on any pop station, or even many country stations, and not cause any listeners to reach for the dial or for the phone. A couple of cuts ("That's My Baby" and "Side By Side") are given a bit of reggae spice, but most everything else has a strong "Good ol' Boy/Allman Bros. Band" flavor. — Bud T. Rumbler

GREGOR JAMROSKI: Vagabondage (Sound of Pig Music, 33-28 148th St., Flushing, NY 11354, USA) More goodness from talented Gregor Jamroski (a.k.a. Billy Club Puppet.) This solo artist's latest endeavor seems to take a new formalist's approach, (I wonder what Phillip Glass would sound like on LSD?) (Mike: Please find out and let Sound Choice readers know. — DC) to what some would call "industrial" music. *VAGABONDAGE*'s driving rhythm, articulate saxophone and interesting vocal commentary create a very accessible brand of music. I find it amazing that one person, a handful of traditional instruments, and a lexicon digital delay, (thanks for setting me straight on that one, Gregor) can produce such a pleasing, full-bodied cacophony, yet that's exactly what's captured on this cassette. I feel some sort of logical progression has taken place from Billy Club Puppet's *ALMOST DREAD INNA BELLTOWN*; whether or not other people are able to find the latter's musical continuity more tangible than the former's punctuated diatribes is a question yet unanswered. Perhaps the only way to answer this query is to take a listen for yourself, something I'm sure you'll be happy you did. — Mike Trougher 9

BBBY JIMMY AND THE CRITTERS: Ugly Knuckle Butt (12" EP; Rapsur Records, 6209 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90038, USA) The newly crowned king of comedy rap (if you don't count the Fat Boys, who I consider semi-comedic) put out a mini-LP of a couple of their singles and other tracks, including a beauty of a medley. The best stuff here is the funniest. Funniest are "Knuckle Draggers," a tune about ugly men (probably meant as a response to the feminists who bitched over "We Like Ugly Women") the remix of "Big Butt" which sounds like it includes fart sounds and "And the Fly Girls Scream", an almost typical brag piece. "You're My Woman" is O.K. for his first try at a ballad. "Just 4 The Hell of It" sounds like filler, though. If you neglected the singles, start here. — Jamie Rake

LUTHER "GUITAR JUNIOR" JOHNSON AND THE MAGIC ROCKERS: Doing the Sugar Too (LP; Rooster blues Records, dist. by Flying Fish) Johnson has recorded an impressive debut album as a band leader. Johnson has been around the blues scene since the early sixties working with luminaries such as Magic Sam, and as the guitarist in Muddy Waters' band for most of the seventies. Luther has paid his dues and the results are an exciting album covering many styles. In recent years artists have been adding more soul and funk to their blues and "Get On The Floor" and "Doing The Sugar Too" are excellent examples. Johnson also injects some funk to Willie Dixon's "I'm Ready", and gives it the personal touch lacking in many cover versions. Luther also shows talent in songwriting from the acoustic "Early in the Morning Blues" to the rockin' "Flippin' and Floppin'". The Magic Rockers are a solid back-up band with Ron Levy's piano work standing out. The Roomful of Blues horn section guests on four cuts, and their appearance is, as always, a plus. Luther's guitar playing is beautiful and the album contains some of the best blues I've heard in 1985. — Dale Knuth

SALLY JOHNSON: Dark Moon/Heart, Soul and Mind (7" 45; Judo Records, 38 Music Square East, Ste. 219, Nashville, TN, USA) This is a whopper. Ms. Johnson has a unique, deep voice full of blues and gusto, and the B-side — her own composition — jumps and swings with an exhilarating bass beat and inimitable off-beat style. The A side, Ned Miller's "Dark Moon", is a fine tune to waltz to or use as background for your own laments. Traditional country devotees and pop country groupies alike are advised to stay away. — Richard Singer

★ Denotes cassette-only release

THAD JONES: Three And One (LP; SteepleChase Records, 3943 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA) Thad Jones is so well known for his big band arranging that his trumpet playing has taken a back seat. Jones describes himself as "...not an overwhelming type of player...but a competent player with some moments of greatness," which is a modest but perceptive self-evaluation. Some of his great moments are found on this album in the two ballads, "My One And Only Love" and "My Romance." The opening moments of the latter is scored for piano and trumpet only. It's played with sensitivity and warmth and demonstrates (as Miles Davis has) why one doesn't need the fireworks of a Hubbard or Dizzy to be a great trumpet player. This quartet LP is as good as the one he did for Artist's House in the late '70s. Let's hope we don't have to wait as long for the next quartet LP. — R. Iannapolo

CLIFFORD JORDAN QUARTET: Half Note (LP; SteepleChase Records, see above for address) Recorded live at New York's "Half Note" in April 1975, this release is a valuable addition to Jordan's discography. Jordan is heard in his natural element, the nightclub, with some of his regular partners, pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Sam Jones, and drummer Albert "Tootsie" Heath. Heath, Walton, and Jordan played together back in the late 1950s in trombonist J.J. Johnson's band, which helps explain the ease of this band's interactions. This is not to say this is easy or "laid back" music, but it burns at a different level than a more typical frontman/sideman session. The leader's melodic yet angular tenor sax sound is just right for Walton's full piano style. Sometimes, though, the piano can get a little too busy, notably on Monk's "Rhythm-a-ning." But that's the music, too; not everything works. Jones is his usual dependable self, with his fat, round tone, and Heath sounds good, although the recording is noticeably drum-shy. The rest of the program includes two originals one each from Jordan and Walton. "St. Thomas," usually attributed to Sonny Rollins, here is labeled traditional. By the end of the generous 49-minute playing time, your living room should be smokey and a little dim, a good place for hard pop to thrive. — Stuart Kremley

SI KAHN: Unfinished Portraits (Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, USA) Si Kahn is one of those names you run across all the time because so many people are singing his songs. And this record lives up to that endorsement. Not only has Kahn put together a collection of great original songs, he's backed up by John McCutcheon, Claudia Schmidt and the Red Clay Remblers to boot. It's a combination that just can't miss. — John Baxter

KALAHARI SURFERS: Own Affairs (LP; grass National Product, P.O.B. 27513, Bertsam 2013, Suth Africa; Dist. by Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Rd., London SW6, U.K.) In the space of 10 tracks, this group of white South African musicians have created a listenable and chilling statement on the human cost of apartheid. Using both African pop and modern European "protest" music as a starting point, KS weave a musical identity that becomes uniquely theirs. Images of other artists associated with Recommended such as This Heat and Henry Cow surface in the vocal harmonies and song arrangements; and awareness of such groups as the Residents surface in the way they musically illustrate the cultural abrasion that results from apartheid. This record-as-document should be required listening for anyone outraged by apartheid and more so for those as yet uncommitted. Simply put: the most important record I've heard this year. Another jewel in Recommended's crown. — Merk Dickson

OOLORES KEANE AND JOHN FAULKNER: Sail Og Rua (LP; Green Linnet Records, 70 Turner Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840) There is Irish music and then there is Irish music. There is, what I mean to say, the kind of music associated with St. Patrick's Day and also that connected with the long bloody battle for Irish Catholic freedom from the domination of British Protestantism. Then there exists, and to a considerable extent flourishes, the type of Irish music on this disc, namely the expression of the folk ethnic articulating the commonplace yet never mundane happenings of the Gaelic speaking people of the "aoid sud." Despite the scanty liner notes, it appears that Keane and

Faulkner and their main associates on this album are Irish to the core. They handle in most able fashion the English language and Gaelic selections with vocal renditions accompanied by a wide variety of traditional instruments and also by something called the Fairlight Computer Musical Instrument as played by Paul Barrett. Since despite a very clear recording, many of the English lyrics are almost as incomprehensible as those in Gaelic, the lack of a lyric sheet is of dire consequences. The music on the album will be tough going for the folk music novice but it should be most rewarding to listeners willing to pay attention and to put up with a folk musical expression that is sometimes almost painful to the ears. — Norman Lederer



SUSAN KENNEDY: Lantern In The Window (LP or C; Teddy Bear Records, P.O.B. 1641, Eugene, OR 97440, USA) I'm always a sucker for solo piano LP's and this is an exceptionally fine one. Kennedy's style is lyrical and poetic, with lots of warmth. Her compositions are alternately reflective, questioning, passionate, and vibrant with life. I hasten to point out that they are indeed actual compositions with real melodies...something that I've been hearing less and less of from piano soloists. Many of the pieces (i.e. the title track, "Sunday Afternoon", "Daydream") have a nostalgic atmosphere, as if recalling affectionately good times long ago. Some of these tracks sound as if they started out as improvisations and later were developed and crafted into the little gems they are. The effect of this LP is like that of looking through an old family photo album — smiling, remembering, perhaps wiping away a tear, laughing, and being thankful for every moment. — Selly Idasswey 10

ROCKET KIRCHNER: Stalking Salcons (LP, Splinter Records, 341 Rosedale, Ste. B, St. Louis, MO, USA) This album has one and one half of the requirements to rise above bar-band status. (1) Kirchner's guitar work is for the most part above average Boogie-rock, especially on "Blues Till Four" and "Sweet Cindy." (2) Half of the songs are somewhat original but there are a few ("Ice Cold Beer" and "Lust Rust") that are silly throw aways. (3) The vocals on this record are just terrible and makes this album a disappointment. The vocalist has a half octave range and it is painfully thin. If the band ever gets a vocalist it has potential, but until that happens I don't expect much else from the Rocket Kirchner band. — Dale Knuth 4

KNIGHTKLUB: Mixed Emotions (LP; P.O.B. 6016, Evanston, IL 60204, USA) Keyboard (synth and piano) dominated, slow to mid-tempo M.O.R. pop with a singer who reminded me of the guy in Sparks. Some songs have boring rock guitar solos, horns or drum machines. None of them have enjoyable melodies or memorable hooks. All of them have dumb lyrics, e.g. "Love/is e shell/that you put to your ear." — Pam Kirk

FRANK KOGAN: Stars Vomit Coffee Shop (C; 223 Mott St. #15, New York, NY 10012, USA) Sounding like Lou Reed as an adolescent, both in actual sound and style, but ultimately winning with his own incomparable brand of "junior high meanness", Kogan (b. 1-15-54) is a natural, if raw, talent. This tape documents most of the developments of Frank's five-year "show business" career. (See Sound Choice #2, p. 29 for the whole story.) Recorded on equipment ranging from a cassette 4-track to a dictaphone, it makes up in personality, charm, and honesty what it occasionally lacks in fidelity. And actually, on the five cuts which feature Frank accompanying himself with either guitar or bass, the sound quality is fine. For me, these work much better than most of the ensemble settings [the experimental, noisy ones with out of time drumming and off-key singing] though a few are dynamite, driving hard rock. Basically, his approach is to repeat a simple, effective guitar or bass riff over and over while singing and/or speaking his usually interesting, disarming Frank, and often irreverent lyrics. He also cuts loose on a couple of convincing original blues tunes. In fact, an affinity for the blues is running through most of Kogan's music, perhaps this accounts for the down-to-earth kinda-guy impression that manages to prevail over his sometimes detached, mocking and cynical vocal delivery. B — Bill Hubby **And now some words from our editor-in-chief:** New York City blues from a white person's perspective. Songs that should be shouted from under lampposts by guitar wielding street musicians. Reminds me of the rough-hewn naivety of Jonathan Richman in the old days ("Roadrunner" era Modern Lovers) before he took the chip off his shoulder and turned sweet on us. Kogan's personal lyrics are of a people watcher growing up with angst and frustration. He is cynical but insightful ("He thinks he's better than me because he's sick all the time/ not like I get sick or you get sick/ but REAL sick") and his forget-the-polish, do-it-yourself spirit turns the whole thing into a very inspiring cassette (at least half of it anyway) that proves that a man with the most minimal recording equipment and low-tech voice and musical chops can rise head and shoulders above more naturally gifted colleagues through the power of his sincerity and passion voiced through music cut straight from the soul. Great liner notes too (which we plagiarized in the last issue.) — David Ciaffardini

KORNOG: Premiere, Music From Brittany (LP; Green Linnet Records, 70 Turner Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840, USA) Kornog are three Breton instrumentalists and one Scottish singer (Jamie McMenemy, ex-Battlefield Band) who plays bouzouki and mandolin. The Bretons play flute, guitar, fiddle and bombarde. They play them quite well, too. There are four Scottish songs on typically grim subjects (the devil, child murder, battlefield carnage and a dying lover) The rest of the tracks are traditional Breton airs and dance tunes. If you're unfamiliar with Breton music, the tunes have a darker, more eerie sound than their cousin tunes in Scotland or Ireland. Combine that quality with the Scottish grimness and you have music that has a serious air about it. A delightful, if slightly sinister sounding album. This is high quality, intriguing listening. — Scott Adair

KRANK: Extended Play (4 song EP; Ruff Productions, P.O.B. 24371, Richmond, VA 23224, USA) This record flirts with a couple of commercial styles. At various times you can hear traces of jazz-rock fusion, progressive arena rock, AOR anthem, and mid-'70s funk. The playing throughout is accomplished, yet not outstanding. Vocals are a weak point. Nothing terrible, mind you, just not memorable. The songs seem formulaic, as if assembled from a pile of random radio riffs. The playing is fine, the production slick, the cover art kinda neat, and the record is pleasant enough, perhaps even better than the music on your average FM radio station, but there's nothing exciting about it. Perhaps Krank can move in a funkier direction, as that's where their talent seems to lie. — Scott Siegal

RON KUIVILA AND NICOLAS COLLINS: Going Out with Slow Smoke (LP; Lovely Music, 325 Spring St., New York, NY 10013, USA) This recording, a document of the experiments of two researchers in electronic music, raises questions of aesthetics. The

tracks don't succeed on their own as music, but does that matter? Is it sufficient that the sounds were generated in interesting ways (ultrasonic fields disrupted by a fan, radio announcer voice inflections and tiny mechanical drumming bears driving an electric guitar were used to create some of these recordings), even if no one can tell? Which is more important: the end result or the methods used to produce it? In this case, the question, its answer, and the recording, will be mainly of interest to computer and electronic music researchers. Of course, if you've always wanted to hear a musical elaboration of the word "alphabet," here it is, although some of the tracks may make you think there's something wrong with your stereo. — Christopher Pettus

LA MUERTE: The Surrealist Mystery (5 song 12", \$5 by IMD; Sound Works Products, 27 rue de la Justice, 1070 Bruxelles, Belgium; dist. by Himalaya, 4 Rue De La Fourche, 1000 Brussels, Belgium) If this is Belgium, I am glad to live there. Seeing these guys live just makes you forget all the foreign groups. They are crazy. They are unbelievably good. New Order, The Cramps, Foetus, Bauhaus, Killing Joke — just forget them. This is it. La Muerte plays on the edge of life and death. If you hear their version of "Wild Thing" you will never be able to listen to The Troggs anymore. Their music cuts your heart in little pieces and makes your feet move until you die of exhaustion. This is pain, this is music. Real music for the brain and body. Music that will knock you down if you play it loud. — Sandy Nys

And a second opinion: Good title. Definitely surrealistic. I think it's played at 33 rpm. Hell, it's good at any speed. Frantic, heavy handed, distorted guitar providing lots of drive. Pounding, pounding drumming pushing the guitar on further. Raunchy, gritty, rough vocals that scream a little more than sing. Reminds me of Chrome. The bass pushes everything by simply being there. It's fairly nondescript but very essential. Side one is pure power and movement with song titles like "Evil Land" and "I Put The Blame On You" and I believe him! Side two starts with the classic "Wild Thing" but I don't know why they do it. It's La Muerte's sound but I'm sure it's been done before. "Surrealistic Mystery" winds down and rounds out the side. It reminds me of old Alice Cooper with the evil sounding bass, tinkering drums and sparse, disjointed, atonal guitar. These guys sound very German to me with a great sense of experimentation without sounding pretentiously trendy. This record is well worth having but not for the faint hearted. — Doug Hagen 8

MARK LANE: Misselijkheid Is Niet Intellectueel (6 song 7"; De Fabriek Records and Tapes, Molenweg 90, 8012 WN, Zwolle, Holland) The title translates to "Nausea Is Not Intellectualistic." Looks like this limited edition EP is Lane's "Hands Across The Water" deal with the Dutch duo De Fabriek's recording company. Unlike DF's itchy, formally rigorous Post-Industrial slabs of found recordings and shredded voices, Lane stays a little closer to the strident, angst-ridden delivery that marked his own WHO'S REALLY LISTENING 12" EP from last year. (Two of the tracks "White Glove" and "Iceberg" on this 7" are live versions of tracks from the 12") Side one features a cover of a Ptose recording sung in French prepared for a Christmas cassette (Lane's accent is, uh...noticeable. Maybe he should have tried it in Dutch, where the vowels aren't so crucial to the delivery.), a short spliced "found broadcast" piece that reminds me somewhat of Die Fabriek — no surprise, eh? — and one studio recording, which features a little guitar by David Ciffardini. For people who are familiar with Lane's work, there's no really radical new ground being broken here: the air is still thick with doom and poetry, and Lane still isn't happy. For the rest of you, it is a decent introduction to what Lane is up to at a reasonable price. The European market should love it. — Gregory Taylor

LARD: Ball Of Lard (C; Manor Multimedia, P.D.B. 19152, Kansas City, MD 64141, USA) Here's yet another amalgam of recorded noises from yet another anonymous "industrial" coalition. Lard has done a fine job compiling the various sounds on this tape, putting some serious effort into producing logical transitions from one musical motif to the next. This type of ambient cerebral continuity is lacking in most of the anti-

tunage floating around these days. Lard has all but abandoned the idea of using traditional instruments, instead opting to piece together noise with noise and record sound on sound. The upshot of the whole endeavor is a nice cassette containing no songs, no lyrics proper, and best of all, no pretense whatsoever. Perhaps BALL OF LARD is best described as difficult music for difficult times. — Mike Troughon 8 **And a second opinion:** LO-HI minimal industrial sound collage with random guitar and woodwind noodlings. VERY BORING. — Nathan Griffith

LARD: Dog Of Lard (C; Manor Multimedia, P.D.B. 19152, Kansas City, MD 64141, USA) Imagine what would happen if a teenage garage band left all of their amps on, and all of their instruments laying around while they went down to the corner store for beer and munchies, and two or three preschoolers slipped into their rehearsal room and started messing around. Well, the resulting cacophony would probably sound a lot like this tape (in fact, it may sound better than this tape.) There may be "art" hidden in this somewhere, but I, for one, have no idea where it is. — Allen Green



YUSEF LATEEF: Yusef Lateef in Nigeria (LP; Fantasy/Landmark Records) When tenorman Sonny Rollins penned "Aerigin" (Nigeria backwards) for the Miles Davis band, he was being more metaphorical than musical. Dr. Lateef, on the other hand, has been a Research Fellow at the Centre for Nigerian Cultural Studies at Ahmadu Bello University in Zaria, Nigeria, since 1982. He has used his experience of creative interaction with the Modern Music Group there to attempt a fusion of traditional Nigerian music and the music of the African diaspora, typically called jazz. While Klook's drumming in back of Rollins on "Aerigin" is as always just right for the occasion, it is musically an Afro-American hybrid rather than a pure African approach. Lateef, by recording in Lagos with local percussionists, allows much more of a Nigerian context for his excursions back to the roots. Lateef, now in his sixties, was one of the early pioneers of "world music." He has always been interested in Nigerian music and played with Diatunji in the early Sixties. Similarly, he has previously experimented with Eastern sounds during his Riverside years by learning such "exotic" instruments as the Indian "argol" (a short wooden double-reed instrument). His concurrent religious search led him to the Muslim faith. The Nigerian set reviewed here features Lateef on Tenor: C flute; various native flutes constructed of wood, gourd, bamboo and rubber; the Hausa "algaita" (a singing horn), and occasional vocals. He is backed by a group of five "serious" Nigerian percussionists. Not all musical reunions turn out to be seamless blends of fresh music, and this is no exception. Yet it works more often than not, and provides some magical interludes along the way. — Ron Sakolsky

DIXIE LEE: Daddy Put The Big Hurt On Mama/Until The Hurt Is Gone (7" 45; Alta, Div. of Midway, box 148, Hurricane, WV 25526, USA) Regarding the first side: So? He's done it before, he'll do it again, I've heard it all before; you can let that guitar moan, I'm not listening to this again. Side Two is distinct among

the country records I've reviewed in this issue f only because, with its sweet, catchy piano, it's got by far the strongest pop overtones. It's not exactly urban

AM material either, but it's not far from the Stone Ponies. — Richard Singer

LEGENDARY PINK DOTS: The Tower (LP; In-Phase, Top Floor, 737 Eastern Ave., Ilford, Essex, England) The Legendary Pink Dots strike again with their latest collection of visions from a time out of time: ancient, modern and maybe futuristic. The L.P.D.'s spin their weird tales and mood poems like Chris and Cosy setting Mervyn Peake's imagery to music. Almost minimalist electronic experi-pop with vivid, dark, kinda creepy lyrics; toss in a dash of Nino Rota's hauntingly childlike sense of melody and the Television Personalities' lost-in-the-woods vocalese; and you start to get the picture. This one is a bit of a concept LP, but you'll have to work out for yourself just exactly what "the Tower" is. — Geo Parsons

LE SYNDICAT: Hammerbones/Putrefied Brains (C-60; Le Syndicat, c/o J.M. Onni, 90 Rue Leon Frot, 75011 Paris, France; or Ladd-Fritch, P.O.B. 967, Eureka, CA 95502, USA) What we have here is what is normally known as "noise." The emphasis is on machine rhythms and loops overlaid with all mannerisms of screeching electronics, radio static, distorted vocals, feedback, etc. To be considered harsh, abrasive, extreme. There are lots of artists working in this field of supposed music and Le Syndicat stand out because of their ability to keep things moving and ever-changing; there is a continuous development of sounds and ideas. Nope, it's not generic noise, it's far better than most. — Ron Lessard

MARK LEVY: Live And Nuclear Free (LP; New Clear Records, P.O.B. 559, Felton, CA 95018, USA) This cheeky hippie folkie tells the world of the dangers of nukes, Reagan, and racial violence on this half-live/half-studio set. The best here are the more talky songs like "Talkin' Raw Deal" and "Who Builds the H-Bomb?", though "Arms Race or Human Race" and the old Quaker hymn, "Only Remembered" stand out too. However, this album contains the most tedious pro-peace/anti-war tune this reviewer has ever heard: "Fast For Life", a nearly 10-minute, too obvious epic about Ghandi, Martin Luther King, et al. Pretty dismal. He has the good sense to follow it up with "The Ghost of Arthur McDuffie" a tale of Florida racial violence where both sides took the blame. If it weren't for the mini-epic, this would be a nearly great LP. — Jamie Reke **And a second opinion:** A shaggy headed peace-nik from California, Levy sings with an azure honesty and commitment that outweighs the unevenness of some of his performances. This LP shows the range of his influences while demonstrating against nuclear energy, nuclear war, world hunger, and racism. Images of Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Don McLean, and Bob Dylan all surface from time to time. He may not yet command the enormous craft of his influences, but he does demand their heart and commitment. Standout tracks include "Ghost of Arthur McDuffie", "Arms Race Or Human Race", and "Blond Soleil." Levy should be required listening when hopes for the future seem dark. — Mark Dickson

LITTLE GENTLEMEN: Another Wasted Day (LP; i.e. Records Inc., P.O.B. 724, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004, USA) This, the group's second vinyl effort, is a musical endeavor these lads from the liberty state can be proud to call their very own. Musically, the album is not all that different for early T.S.D.L. (circa DANCE WITH ME): fast, hard-driving, and melodic. However, let it be known that this LP can stand on its own merit with the music's '77 roots and '80s texture. Besides, Little Gentlemen are more musically adept than the latter group and can write better lyrics to boot. Songwise, the standouts on this LP are the title track, with a very interesting piano solo prelude titled "To The Unremembered, and the Unforgotten", "Reflections", "Willing Mob", "General Hospital", and a killer cover of The Damned's "New Rose". I hope these guys continue to release vinyl, although I have my doubts since the back of their lyric sheet reads more like an epitaph than a band biography. I'll be keeping my fingers crossed. — Mike Troughon 7

THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS (12" single; Jacobs and Associates, P.O.B. 2276, Garden Grove, CA 92642,

USA) The A side of this two song release is lush and full, throbbing with a beat that moves not just the feet but the rest of the body as well. It's a piece that will keep you humming long after you've taken it off the turntable. The B side is a total antithesis (the same track pressed backwards) of the other side. This song is jarring, danceable in weird way but disconcerting to the ears — a sort of Cure castoff from what might have been on the Beatle's White Album. — C. Schutzbank

DAVID NIGEL LLOYD: Dark Ages (LP; Silk Purse Records, P.O.B. 481124, Los Angeles, CA 90048, USA) I have listened to this record five times over the past 10 days and try as I might I cannot find a good thing to say about it. I even played it for a few friends and the verdict was unanimous. Lloyd describes himself as a singer/songwriter in the "new wave folk" genre. I would describe him as boring and bad. The lyrics are the low point, and include some of the most contrived and sophomoric lines in recent memory. For instance: "The early summer sun rose like a bicentennial quarter" or "You can't wipe away this heartache like that tear in your eye/ You're drunk out on the freeway/Why not smash up and die?" It is somewhat humorous, but I'm not laughing with him. — Dale Knuth

THE LONERAGER: Metal Rap (12" single; Megaforce Records, 80 York St., Old Bridge, NJ 08857, USA) Absolutely ridiculous and endearing heavy metal rap, not like Run DMC's fusion of the two genres, but making no concessions to hip hop whatsoever; like the HM equivalent to Whodini's "Magic's Wand" for its little history of heavy metal, its defense of it and stylistic centrism. Contained a chorus of children singing "metal music" after each verse. Inspiring, in some offhand way. — Jamie Rake

LARRY LONG: Run For Freedom (LP; Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, USA) Long writes a lot of songs about American Indians and the northern plains. His best songs are like Woody Guthrie's best songs: the melodies are borrowed or derived, but the lyrics are full-strength. Unfortunately, this record includes some silly stuff ("Do you want to go to the zoo/when the evening sky turns blue") along with the good. Silliness is ok, but in this country you don't have to pay for it. At any rate, the instrumentation here is mostly acoustic, and Peter Ostrouchko and Claudia Schmidt make significant contributions. — John Baxter

THE LONGSHOREMAN: Grr Huh Yeah (LP; Subterranean Records, 577 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94110, USA) The Longshoreman are Matthew Heckart, Judy Gittelson and Carol Detweiler, all formerly of Pink Section, and "Dog" a cabbie, car salesman, underground filmmaker, and lead vocalist. In some ways this album is 25 years behind the times. No electronic string sections, not much studio trickery, just honest-to-goodness rhythm, with random, entrancing vocals. Lyrics seem to be chosen for the way they fit the music rather than literal meaning. Very jazz-influenced, owing much to the sound of the late '50s. This is furthered by the presence of drummer Carlos Gomez (listed as "Solrac Zemoq" in the liner notes), trumpeter Lewis Olds, and woodwind player Norbert Stachel. The recording has an unpolished, low-tech quality which adds to the overall looseness and informality. Mind you though, this is a very well put together musical document. Let me give you some examples of what to expect: "Grr Huh Yeah" — some feedback at the beginning, but the rest of this track proceeds without incident. Catchy rhythm and street-talk lyrics. Sounds like what might happen if you got enough musically-inclined people around a campfire with some Latin/Indian style percussion and ultra-reverbed female vocals behind them. The 8-52's on vacation. "The Cab" — A dud piece. Caribbean-flavored drumming, lovely bass line, and live recordings of taxicab dispatch radios, reverb and all. "Putra, Car of the Future" — originally released with a different mix and title on the CLUBFOOT sampler. Classic '50s-style jazz-rap. — Paul Goldschmidt

KEITH MACDONALD: This Is Keith MacDonald (LP; Landmark Records) A well recorded and well played set of piano solos. The liner notes to this LP makes a lot of MacDonald's connections to Bill Evans (went to the same high school, shared the same manager; he

even looks like he could be his brother) but the connection is misleading. MacDonald is a more down to earth stylist, drawing on earlier players such as Teddy Wilson and Erroll Garner for his inspiration. He shares some of the interest that Evans had in harmonic complexity, but doesn't seem as concerned with the outer reaches as Evans was (and this is what produced some of Evans' best playing). The program consists mostly of standards, a bluesy "Georgia On My Mind" being one of the standouts. The only original, "Alice's Palaces", is an attractive waltz and bodes well for MacDonald's composing abilities. I'd like to hear this arranged for a quintet. All in all, a belated but auspicious recording debut. — R. Iannapolo

LONNIE MACK: Strike Like Lightning (LP; Alligator, P.O.B. 60234, Chicago, IL 60660, USA) Like Link Wray, Mack didn't have a string of chart topping smashes, but the hits he did have inspired legions of youngsters to become guitar pickers. One of those lads who scraped together the bucks to buy Mack's singles on Fraternity is present day guitar hero Stevie Ray Vaughn, who dragged Mack into the studio to cut this remarkable comeback album. This is an honest effort that works because of the pure, emotional playing of Mack and Vaughn. Mack unleashes one incredible solo after another and his vocals naturally fit this collection of bluesy rockers. Hopefully, Alligator will have another release from Mack and Vaughn before too long and that they'll try to reissue those early records. This is a dandy of an album and followers of American roots music would be foolish to pass it by. — Charles P. Lamey

SCOTT MACKENZIE: Ballad of John Hinckley, Jr./Untitled (C single, \$2; P.O.B. 193, Jackson, MI 49204, USA) An observation on the two-edged sword of criminal-as-victim by an angry young man and his acoustic guitar. The second piece, neither titled nor mentioned in the credits, could have been called "The Ballad of Winston Smith." Beginning with a taped voice lecturing "...we become what we think about...", MacKenzie launches into an assurance that, despite living in a nation of superficial symbols, he "know(s) what to think about." Total time for both pieces is about seven minutes. Uneven and indulgent, but probably cathartic...at least for MacKenzie. — Mark Dickson

MAGMA: Merci (LP; JARO Records, Alexanderstr. 9A; D-2800 Bremen 1, West Germany) A contact in England told me that Christian Vander had difficulty getting this album pressed. Surprising. Magma's 10 successful albums include one that received a Grand Prix award from the Academie du disque Francais. Magma has always been the leading force in alternative music in France, spawning or influencing countless bands. However, MERCI is an inconsistent album. Vander's decision to hire an English lyricist for half of the album was disastrous. The English lyrics are trite and repetitious: "Ooh, ooh baby, o give me the moon now baby, ooh ooh baby..." A flashback to the heyday of American Bandstand. Is this Vander's goal? French-fried soul? Parisian funk? It's ancient echoes of my tone-deaf cornermates attempting to out-croon the latest top single. Vander should stick to scat singing in Kobaian, the language of his imagined planet. At least no one knew the lyrics in Kobaian were trite. Side two is closer to Magma's usually complex fusion of thundering drums, jazz, rock, and choir. But I could never locate Vander's promised reproduction of McCoy Tyner's piano solo from Coltrane's "My Favorite Things." Three different distributors warned me about this record. I cry mercy. — G. Ottinger

MAGTHEA: Nothing Left To Believe In (C-60; Magisic Theater Productions, Juliana Dillensstraat 228, 2081 Antwerpen, Belgium) Synthesizers and drum machines with guitar form an electrodance pulse that's not really meant for dancing — there's not much more drive than the beat. The layers of electronics don't go anywhere. A pattern is set up and continues throughout. Over all are tapes: a jazzy TV soundtrack, Walter Cronkite talks about international trouble, government as Big Brother, Nixon says: "No white-wash in the White House", and the Rosenbergs's executions are described in detail. A female sings a rather active lullaby and Magthea talks through a few: "Left, Right, Wrong, Let me out, Everythings is the same" A bit too true — CDinA2

ALEX MALHEIROS: Atlantic Forest (LP; Milestone Records) Malheiros is the bassist for the group Azymuth and the sound of this, his first LP is not so different. It's commercial sounding with a touch of Latin flavor. This disc is too much like the wallpaper kind of "easy listening" jazz you here so much on bad radio. The album is dedicated to the great forest in Brazil which is being destroyed by man. An important issue that should be brought out to the forefront. Unfortunately it is also the best point about this album. — Bryan Sale

MANFRED: Opus I (C; Sound Sculptures, c/o M. Schonauer, 501 Washington Ave., Turtle Lake, WI 54889, USA; Tel: 715-986-4348) Side One is a credible tribute to Klaus Schulze who Manfred describes as "the eminent synthesist and fallow countryman." While "Cosmic Caravan" has a melody that never develops, "Phaethons Highway" has a melody that moves. It's a short work with a written score, full of inversions and transpositions. A sequencer and flanger provide background. But the "Pipedreams" which fill side two stagnate. This longer piece has an insistent sequence which is rarely lifted or lowered in pitch. The tempo and timbre do not develop much. Overall the work is too long. Even fans of minimalistic music might lose interest. Still, this first tape from 1983 by Manfred is an excellent foundation for later tapes which are more creative and less imitative of the Berlin School of electronic music circa 1970s. — G. Ottinger

MANFRED: Opus II (C; see address above) Slow chords build to the sudden release of twinkling and popping sequencers. The chords drone as the sequences dance. Finally the tightly filtered melody of a synthetic horn emerges. Step by step, the tempo increases, pitches rise, and timbres sharpen. Everything holds and a frantic rush of keys and sequences blur into a fading echo. This is the formula used by Manfred. "Silver Silence" uses this structure exactly. "7th Heaven" is more cheerful with a bouncy, steady back rhythm. It's short and hypnotic. A melody that you can whistle. Side Two is the opus "SN 1006" dedicated to a 3000 year-old supernova. A great star-storm of white noises explodes and throbs for minutes. A bank of A-notes establish the key of the piece. The formula is then masterly mapped layer by layer for 20 minutes. Although derivative, it's a well developed "sound sculpture" as Manfred calls them. He moved from Germany in 1979 and specialized in live musical journeys with "a small theme and uncommon harmonic changes." — G. Ottinger

MANFRED: Opus III (C; see address above) This third annual cassette of electronic soundscapes by Manfred is similar to the others. Side two has a middle eastern flavor with minor keys and shimmering timbres. It is missing the passion predicted by its title "Passion Dance." Its peak is slowly and gradually conquered with little intensity. At least it won't anesthetize you like most of that "new age" music. Manfred's greatest growth as an artist occurred between Opus I and Opus II. — G. Ottinger

MAN SIZED ACTION: Five Story Garage (8 song EP; Reflex Records, P.O.B. 8646, Minneapolis, MN 55408, USA) With a great throbbing beat, switchblade guitars and the voice of alienation desperately fighting to the top of this exploding, fuzzed-out glory, Man Sized Action's muscle-groove connects. Like that other Minneapolis band, Husker Du, this builds off from hardcore, weaving in a touch of psychedelia, a strong melodic sense and a crushing beat. Someone spent a lot of time listening to the first two Psychedelic Furs discs. Hints of Joy Division. Every track is strong. Good use of the studio, enhancing the band's sound, rather than burying it. Take note, Spot. Sadly, sources indicate Man Sized Action no longer exists. — Scott Jackson

AL MARGOLIS: Sombrero Galaxy (C; 33-28 148th St., Flushing, NY 11354, USA) Margolis is one of this country's leading purveyors of industrial noise music via the home-brewed cassette. I was expecting more of the same when I first played this tape but what I heard was a diverse assortment of music, often bringing to mind early '70s space rock with liberal doses of '80s electronics. Side B even contains an acoustic ballad. There are a few of Margolis' standard trade-

marks, i.e. dissonant guitar feedback, poorly played brass instruments, a whole plethora of sound effects; but overall this is a more conventional approach to music than we have come to expect from Margolis and company. One complaint however, the whole recording sounds like it was done on someone's pocket-sized dictation recorder, and the arrangements sound almost incomplete, like this was intended to be a working tape for band members to learn the songs by, and not a finished product. — Allen Green

MASAKI: Vy (C; Stratosphere, 12-12 Unoki Sayama-Shi Saitama-Ken, Japan) Regional studio madness has no claim to styles anymore than anywhere else. Masaki at times makes me think that we are listening to an airplane pilot's faceless chit-chat (I don't speak Japanese) or maybe some kind of tranquil "Gong Show" with cool electronics and some odd hand-played instruments. Maybe this airplane is going to Japan. Like I said, I can't speak Japanese so we'll just go where we are taken. With this tape (trust me) the mix of sounds, with and cool graphics (catalog and assorted goodies, including a photo) brings international happiness and world peace. — Robin James

RAY MASON: It's Time To Captivate A Planet; Who's Minding The Score (C; Captivating Music, 235 South St., Northampton, MA 01060, USA) High quality recording of two full length LPs on one long cassette. Most songs rely on guitar and voice. Very poppy, catchy, pretty, melancholy songs. Caught somewhere between John Lennon, Marshall Crenshaw, and Paul Simon. Honest, heart-felt lyrics that make an afternoons drive a lot of fun. Some of my favorites are: "Broken World", "Catherine", "Good For Me", and "Don't Hurry Me" which bring about nostalgia while remaining modern. I would like to hear Mason experiment with some different moods and more diverse chord structures. — Mark G.E. 6

MAYBE MENTAL: Animism Part 2 (C; Maybe Mental, 5316 N. 21st Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85015, USA) The electronic/vocal duo of Dave and Donna Cliphant have put together a collection of their finest works to date. It is a dark and brooding nightmare landscape of screaming babies, maniacs and military maneuvers. The electronics are thick and overpowering. Beneath them, the eerie vocals creep in and takeover. Conceptually, it is not a pleasant work, but it's power makes it an important work. Some of the best industrial electronics I've heard. — Nathan Griffin **And a second opinion:** Well recorded pretty poison. Instruments used are processed voice, untrained voice, drum computer, synths, tape manipulations and effects. "Animism" is the doctrine that all life is produced by a spiritual force, all natural objects and phenomena have souls and belief in the existence of spirits, demons, etc. Every tune takes a different road, every road is dark and sinister or painful. Outright organized madness. Could easily be a scary film sound track. Don't put this on at a party (unless you wanna break it up) or for a little rest/relaxation or to impress your new girl/boy friend. The sonic abrasions will keep you on edge. Guess you could categorize under the same section as Laurie Anderson. This stuff is reminiscent of dance and vocal parts of League of Gentleman and The Residents. It's a hand labeled, chrome cassette, with Dolby NR. There is good artwork on photocopied triptych sleeve which includes pretentious, cosmic poetry. This is fun to listen to. Has many ideas and sounds of the age of nuclear fear. — Don Schott **And a third opinion:** Captures the horrors of psychological self-cannibalism with their savage drum and synth rhythms overlapped with Donna's gripping vocals and David's bizarre tape manipulations. This tape is very exciting in the same way Throbbing Gristle were when they grabbed their listeners by the throat. — Ed Zin

CELIA MCREE: Back From Under (LP; Mother Records, 181 So. Mendenhall, Memphis, TN 38117, USA) McRee has a nice voice: she sounds a little like Ann Wilson of Heart. The band is fine, though unexceptional. The biggest weakness is in the material. The songs remind me of typical mid-'70s metal, with heavy bass and layered guitars, as in a slow Robin Trower song. The lyrics sound forced and uninspired. McRee writes of gypsy kings and snow white horses. A typical verse is, "You were born a Child of Fire/Fathered by



night, mothered by desire." The strongest song is "All In The Name", probably because it's the most personal. — Kenneth Marth

MEAT PUPPETS: Up On the Sun (LP; SST, P.O.B. 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, USA) The Meat Puppets continue to evolve like some shiny beast. This latest release relies on the mutant country and western bass of MEAT PUPPETS II and then adds hybrid jazz funk touches on several cuts — "AWAY", "Buckethead", "Enchanted Pork Fist", "Seal Whales", "Creator" — that make the whole LP jump and swing. Makes you feel good all over, like a morning dip in a lake. More great cover art by Curt Kirkwood, and anyone who doesn't think SPOT can do a nice clean job have got to check this one. — John E

O.L. MENARO: Cajun Saturday Night (LP; Rounder Records) **O.L. Menard's "The Back Door" and His other Cajun Hits** (LP; Swallow Records, P.O.B. 10, Ville Platte, LA 70586, USA) Two albums from the Cajun Hank Williams. One recorded recently with Ricky Skaggs and friends and one recorded mainly in the early '60s (with four songs from the mid-'70s), with the Louisiana Aces and released several years ago. The sound quality is better on the Rounder release. It's cleaner, crisper and brighter but the Swallow record is more than adequate sonically (and who buys records just for the production values anyway?)

The main difference in these two records is that one is a Cajun record and one is a country record. You could dance all night to THE BACK ODDOR (in fact you'd be hard pressed not to.) Lots of fiddle and accordion and every song is either a two-step or a waltz. (Cajun music is dance music pure and simple.) Plus every song is sung in French. The Rounder disc sounds like an early Ricky Skaggs album (high praise in itself) with O.L.'s soulful wail replacing Skaggs' country croon. Still, how can you call an album CAJUN SATURDAY NIGHT when there is nary an accordion in sight and only one waltz and one two-step? Overall I prefer THE BACK ODDOR because it is unabashed Cajun music. Still, the Rounder album is first rate and it sure is good hearing O.L. sing with such a stellar group of musicians. Hopefully next time Rounder will record O.L. backed by a Cajun band and while they're at it how about recording Walter Mouton and The Scott Playboys or Don Montoucet and The Wandering Aces or...? — Jim Sauer

LARRY JOE MILLER: Rub A Bucket (C; Jeterboy, 226 N.E. Fifth Ave., Oania, FL 33004, USA) Down to the itch of his voice and the way he slurs his words, Miller reminds me of Jerry Lee Lewis, although he sometimes gets out of control like Lux Interior and there are also traces of Warren Smith and early Roy Orbison. This tape doesn't give us any new outlooks on rockability, but it provides a refreshingly authentic, acoustic-rich sound, as opposed to the calculated production and tattoo flashing of so many patent leather Elvies and Genes. This is also quite danceable although the tempo gets a little monotonous on the "...lots of fun. Recorded mostly in living room" side. Miller's music deserves more than this cheap, hissing tape. — Richard Singer 7

MINOY: Spontaneous Generation (C-60, \$6; Mino, 923 W. 232nd St., Torrance, CA 90502, USA) Three extended pieces form audio-industrial sewage, thickly overdubbed and processed with abundant echo. The title track is ten minutes or so of roaring and hissing, with the remainder of the side left annoyingly blank (I had to sit and listen for what might happen, you see.) "October" opens up gradually with some recognizable synth tonalities oozing out of the thick mix, but the inclusion of cheesy Casio rhythm-box is a definite mark against it. "Eskalith" has grade "B" horror-film synth moaning and hissing white-noise, and is the only piece there with any sense of development, though very minimal development at that. I thought this guy was into new age music when I heard an excerpt from his CHINESE REFLECTING POOL cassette, but apparently he's also trying his hand at other sub-styles within the "ambient" genre. — Tom Furgas 5

ROSCOE MITCHELL AND THE SOUND AND SPACE ENSEMBLES (LP; Black Saint Records, 810 7th Ave., 12th Fl., New York, NY 10019, USA) Mitchell's ensembles are among the finest new music groups working today. I say new music because of the range of styles they cover. First there are pieces like "words" for tenor voice, alto and baritone saxophones which have an angular, searching quality that sounds more like 20th century avant-garde classical music than jazz. Then, speaking of jazz, there are tunes like "Linefine Lyon Seve" that are hot, straight ahead (for these guys, anyway) pieces that are similar to some of the things the Art Ensemble of Chicago might do when they choose to come in from the out. You just can't listen to stuff like this and keep from poppin' yo fingers and tappin' yo feet! Then there's the free improvisations like "Views A,B, and C". Then comes a tune like "You Wastin' My Tyme" which is a full-fledged funk cut, complete with rap vocals by Roscoe his own bad self! This is real fun time with Gerald Oshita's contrabass saxophone being a hilarious high point, as it was hearing it live. Throughout all these different styles of playing is the underlying strength and sincerity of Roscoe's compositions. There's none of the dryness or academic chill that so much modern music has. Music that cares in a world that oft times doesn't. — Bryan Sale 9

MNEMONISTS: Mnemonists Orchestra/Some Attributes Of A Living System (LP; Aeon, 604 Princeton, Fort Collins, CO 80525, USA) This beautifully packaged, finely pressed double LP is the reissue of Mnemonists' first two LPs, dating from 1979 and 1980. For those only familiar with their later work, (HOROE, BIOTA, and GYROMANCY) the material here will come as a surprise. Like later discs, both of these recordings are created using mostly acoustic instruments and much of the material is improvised. The outstanding differences are in textural and dynamic complexity as well as density of sound. MNEMONISTS ORCHESTRA consists of live, free improvisation driven by jazzy trumpets, saxes and trombones; offset by chaotic guitar experimentation, feedback and plucked string bass. Each of the four pieces is based on rapid, jangling instrumental interplay similar to that found in Henry Cow's spontaneous works. The sound is very straight forward, with little studio enhancement. Rarely does the use of electronics invade the mix. ATTRIBUTES progresses toward the present sophistication of works like GYROMANCY. Here the group employs tape manipulation and electronic processing in a montage of prepared guitar, horns, voices and electronics, spliced, fragmented and molded into a very dark, vigorously unpredictable soundscape. This LP is an essential historical document of a group that was very much ahead of its time. — Paul Lemos

MODEL CITIZEN: Model Citizen (4 song 12"; Plane Records, P.O.B. 2412, Los Angeles, CA, 90078, USA) A very skillfully produced, tightly arranged, and interestingly packaged debut disc by Rick Manzoni, a.k.a. Model Citizen. The drums, guitars, percussion, etc. are all played zestfully and competently. The lyrics (i.e. "Wake up in the morning, roll up my sleeves and say...wontcha help me bay-beh...") are a little less than profound but it's great dance music with the drums and bass mixed prominently up front. — Sally Dlassway 5

MOEV: Allis (4 song 12"; Nettwerk, P.O.B. 330, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver B.C., Canada V6G 1C9) This 12" gives us whopping dance music for the '80s; a heavy synthesizer-orientation mixed with slightly sub-par (i.e., purposely left low in the mix and not that grabbing) male vocals...but it is good. This Canadian trio might turn out to be tomorrow's New Order; zooming their way to the American heartland/radio by way of our discos. This music sounds great pumped out at maximum volume. — Sam Rosenthal

MATT MOLLOY, SEAN KEANE: Contentment Is Wealth (LP; Green Linnet, see address on review below) Molloy and Keane are flutist and fiddler respectively for The Chieftains. They are joined here by guitarist Arty McGlynn. This is all instrumental Irish folk music. Beautifully performed jigs and reels, including "The Limestone Rock" from the first Chieftains album. This and the others are all uptempo. Side Two's "The Merquis of Huntly/The Mathematician" features some of the fastest fiddle/flute duetting I've ever heard. No electronic funny business on the recording end either. — Tony Pizzini

MICK MOLONEY, JIMMY KEANE, ROBBIE O'CONNELL WITH LIZ CARROL: There Were Roses (LP; Green Linnet, 70 Turner Hill Rd, New Canaan, CT 06840, USA) A very satisfying LP. There's plenty of variety within the Celtic folk genre: slow marches, fast jigs, romantic ballads, even songs commenting on the contemporary political situation in Ireland. Moloney and friends sound like The Bothy Band at times, particularly in the Gaelic vocals and in the slow romantic ballads. ("Almost Every Circumstance" is of such simple beauty, it brought tears to my eyes.) The fast instrumentals recall The Chieftains, though without as dense a sound and less slickly produced. The only thing that spoiled my enjoyment of an otherwise excellent disc, was the off-center pressing of my copy, causing every sustained note to "wow". — Sally Idesswey 8

MICK MOLONEY AND EUGENE O'DONNELL: Uncommon Bonds (LP; Green Linnet, see address above) A fine album by traditional singer and guitarist Moloney and fiddler O'Donnell. Moloney has done far more investigation into the Irish music tradition than most of his contemporaries, and his choice of material reflects this: modern ballads, dance hall songs, and traditional tunes, are all combined on the record. O'Donnell's fiddling is excellent although a bit far back in the mix, and the numerous supporting musicians live up to their lavish billings on the record jacket. As should be done with every folk album, but usually isn't, complete notes and lyrics are provided. — Christopher Pettus

STEVEN MONTAGUE: Slow Dance On A Burial Ground (LP; Lovely Music, Ltd., 325 Spring St., New York, NY 10013, USA) The music on this LP is great. The title cut is a beautiful gradual transition work with sped up log percussion that sounds like water, along with flutes and sleighbells. It all blends well and is great to relax to. "Paramell I" is muted trombone and muted piano that somehow almost sounds electronic. It is repetitious music and sounds like it would fit in a movie chase scene. "Paramell VA" is all piano, sometimes soft and sometimes loud. It all works around a repeated pattern and is classical sounding. Basically, I like this record, especially the title cut. If you want new experimental music that isn't harsh, try this. — Lawrence Crane

TETE MONTOLIU: That's All (Staeplechase Records, 3943 West Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA) This solo piano session was recorded September 25, 1971 in Munich and has already produced two album's worth of material. One would think this LP would sound like they were scraping the bottom of the barrel. However, this is not the case. Montoliu is a Spanish pianist who came into prominence in the '60s backing expatriate jazzmen like Don Byas, Johnny Griffin and Dexter Gordon. His style is drawn from the lineage of Art Tatum and Bud Powell. And he's harmonically adventurous as a listen to his interpretation of "Round Midnight" on this LP demonstrates. There's obviously a reason masters like Byas chose to have him in their groups and it's amply shown on this album. This is a good solid set of solo piano. — R. Iannopollo



MOOD SIX: The Difference Is... (LP; Psycho, 24 Cecil Square, Margate, Kent, England) One of the first wave of England's neo-psychedelic groups, Mood Six broke up shortly after their debut single. Recently reformed, this is their debut album. For the most part, compared to what's going on in the States, the British psychedelic scene is dull, insipid, and always on the verge of crumbling, which is why this effort is a pleasant surprise. Mood Six have come up with a surprisingly entertaining album that bodes well for their future. The band shines because they write infectious pop tunes and then soak them in acid-tinged coloring. The result is often akin to latter day Herd. Maybe Mood Six aren't as inventive as the late, lamented Soft Boys, but they're still worth a listen. — Charles P. Lamey

ENNIO MORRICONE: Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (LP; Cerberus Records, Ennio Morricone Film Score Society, P.O.B. 4591, North Hollywood, CA 91607, USA) Scored for chamber ensemble (heavy on the Jew's harp), texturally thin, melodically economical, this is a music that staggers and reels against Elio Petri's Academy Award winning film. As is the case with many effective film scores, the music suffers considerably from its divorce from the screen. As always, Morricone is Morricone — quirky to the point of outrageousness. — J. Stacey Bishop

ENNIO MORRICONE: La Cage aux Folles II (LP; see above for address) Rather a case of Morricone undergoing a Mancini transformation. Competent writing in a questionable genre. Little, eccentric, orchestration non-sequiturs never allow the listener to mistake this music for that of anyone other than E.M. — often not very engaging E.M. Morricone's rich, romantic melodic sense is, of course, also in evidence, producing a music that is at times entrancing, at times hackneyed. — J. Stacey Bishop

JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON: To Be Essence And Not Heard (C-30; P.O.B. 7567, Olympia, WA 98507, USA) Harsh, unseeking struggles with Moolach. Spoken/sung poetic accounts of life on this brutal and merciful earth. Back from the dead. Some harmonica solos. My favorite songs are "Rain House blues", a grim ballad: "Come in to the Rain House, boss man's gone insane/Looks like there's been a hurricane-nah..." "Punches hard at this crazy life. The other song, "Eyes Of Glass" is about lost love, broken and painful. This stuff is very powerful. — Robin James

MICHAEL MORRONGIELLO: Travels and Places (C-60; 6505 20th Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11204, USA) TRAVELS AND PLACES is the exact opposite of many cassette culture products that show up in a fancy package festooned with color Xeroxes or razor blades and convince you upon hearing that the package was much more interesting than the contents.

This one showed up with a cassette card lettered in ball-point pen and little fanfare. It's the sort of thing that one of your reticent friends who "makes tapes now and then" might slip you at a party. The nice surprise here is that Michael has done his listening and research well, and really knows how to make a lovely recording. The note he enclosed with the cassette refers to the work as being "economically recorded and composed," and there is every indication that he remains unseduced by the lure of expensive, high-tech gadgetry. Not much here but a monophonic synthesizer, a digital delay, and the occasional bass, guitar, or voice, but TIMES AND PLACES gets a lot of mileage from this humble equipment. It isn't at all difficult to hear slow block chording and the insect-like effects of ON LAND period Eno, and the gentle reedy textures reminiscent of ANOTHER GREEN WORLD. The short pieces unfold a bit more rapidly, and are mostly built around simple I-V and I-IV chordal progressions. Morrongiello's recordings are also strongly reminiscent of Cluster in their simple and straightforward construction. What this cassette is missing seems almost silly: a little packaging that makes Michael's recording seem less tentative. — Gregory Taylor

THE MUMBLES: Live In The Shed (C, \$5; P.O.B. 7243, Wichita, KS 67218, USA) From a technical standpoint, this cassette sounds like what its title implies — a bunch of guys bashing around in someone's shed. While they were bashing around they found the time to flip a cheap recorder on to capture 15 songs, seven of them originals. The covers include works by Iggy Pop, Joy Division, David Bowie, Black Flag, and others. The originals on the whole rate higher than the covers, with the exception of "Pork Salad Annie", which rates a nine based on its use of kazoo to cover the horn riff. Subjects of the other songs include such fun topics as suicide, betrayal and cannibalism. The best cut is an original titled "Wrapped Too Tight" which concludes with a hilarious James Brown parody. Averaging the numerical ratings for each song yields a figure of 6.3 (on a 10 scale) but the overall impression of the tape is much higher. — K. Crothers

MUSIC WERKS: Intersketches (LP, River Music Werks, 4826 52nd Ave., Moline, IL 61265, USA) An album of beauty and simplicity created by a duo of electronic musicians who have been working with synthesized music since 1976. The album, created entirely with various keyboards and effects, consists of six richly textured, delicately melodic pieces which range from the litting beauty of "Rolling" to the ominous undulation of "Piece for Polymoog." Often times melodic synthesizer music is either syrupy mush or bombastic bullshit. Music Werks however, maintains a sense of vitality and delicacy that helps to make INTERSKETCHES a beautifully satisfying aural experience. — Paul Lemos

NAKED PREY: Naked Prey (EP; Down There; dist. by Enigma) This set of seven tunes is on Steve (Dream Syndicate) Wynn's record label, and is produced by Green on Red's Dan Stuart. If you're familiar with the work of those bands, then you have a good idea what this sounds like: kind of modern folksy, heavy metal that sounds loud even when played at low volume. Vocalist Van Christian sounds like he swallowed Jim Carroll whole. Unfortunately he missed the mind, vocabulary and the subtlety. I'm sure Naked Prey think of their work as extreme and wild; I just wish it were, 'cause a little wildness is just what these guys need. This is all too safe and depressingly familiar. They get points for potential and the fact that this probably sounds great when you're very drunk. — Geo Parsons

NATIVE SUN: Number One (C; Handed Dwon Music, P.O.B. 335, Ojai, CA 93023, USA) A nice-sounding production of eight original tunes. Their flute, saxes, and Latin percussion provide a full instrumental sound which works well with the group vocals. Contrasting the overall fusion feel is "Like Running Waters", gently Latin, featuring lead vocalist Betty de Jesus on flute. At the other extreme, in "Funky Feet", bassist Bill McDonald sets a solid foundation for some nice sax and guitar work. Native Sun's versatility results in full, varied sound. — John Keplani 7

HOLLY NEAR, ARLO GUTHRIE, RONNIE GILBERT AND PETE SEEGER: HARP (LP; \$7.98; Redwood Records, 476 W MacArthur Blvd., Oakland, CA 94609, USA) What a great idea for a quartet! This concert recording contains some old favorites like "City Of New Orleans" and "Jacob's Ladder". It also has some new songs, most notably Arlo's "All Over The World" and Holly's "Fine Time". The highlight is "Wimoweh" with Pete singing the high part, Holly and Ronnie in the middle and Arlo singing bass. A sure bet. Incidentally, the credits on this album demonstrate how good the women's song movement has been not only for women musicians but also for women interested in music technology. Almost all the recording and production on this album was done by women. — Billie Aul

NEVER MIND THE OOG: Python Flute/Gerry (C; no address avail.) "Python Flute" is a Tolkienesque tale of a thief in search of the magic Python Flute who encounters a young girl in need of the flute's healing powers for her dying father. The thief naturally gives up the flute but claims to have "gained something greater in return." This tale is nicely sung over a pseudo-ska and neo-'60s rhythm track with prominent organ that shifts into a New Orleans bump-and-grind for the big finale. The flip side has louder rock guitar and piano to support the fairly standard girl-wants-boy pop song. The first notes of the chorus reminded me of the Beatles' "Where Were You When I Needed You," particularly in the vocal harmonies. A very fine effort. — K. Crothers

NIFE JUNGER: Gallows of Lust (C-60; Extreme, P.O.B. 2627X, G.P.O. Melbourne, Victoria, 3001, Australia) This is the first release from Australia's Extreme label. The A side is called "Submarine Arson" which makes sense because there's lots of drippy synthesizer sounds, electronic wash and crackling noises. The B side is called "The Lethal Waxworks" and sounds a lot like the A side except it's a bit more dense. The recording sound quality is excellent but they should change the name of their label because it is not extreme at all. — Ron Lessard

THE NIGHTCRAWLERS: Nightwalk (C-4B, \$4; Peter D. Gulch, 1493 Greenwood Ave., Camden, NJ 08103, USA) The Nightcrawlers are a synthesizer trio. This is their 23rd independent cassette since 1980, so these guys must enjoy making music together. And while I can't speak for the other cassettes, this one is very good indeed. It's an entertaining blend of environmental, minimal, new age, classical avant-garde, and fourth world/ethnic. There are lots of reference points, including Brian Eno's ON LAND and perhaps Klaus Schulze's MIRAGE, but NIGHTWALK is not an imitation of anything. It's a mature and distinctive recording. Side one begins as an effective but standard environmental sound collage, but gradually evolves into sounds of electronic animals in a not-quite-real forest. This gives way to melodic fragments played over a high chime tone, but the chimes have a dissonant element which give the piece a nice edge. The side ends with a short piece of "free" electronics — a neat contrast to the more structured material which has come before. Side two begins with a lovely simulated gamelan piece, and eventually winds its way into a muted but very catchy nocturnal march. The listener is instructed to play the cassette "softly at night-time", but it works for me anytime I'm in a thoughtful mood. An exceptional value. — Bill Tilland

THE NIHILIST SPASM BAND: 1984 (C-90; Chimix Communications, P.O.B. 1415, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3G 2W4) The Nihilist Spasm Band have performed every Monday night at the Forest City Gallery in London, Ontario for the past 15 years. All their music is completely freely improvised using a variety of hand-made and modified stock instruments (guitars, electric kazoo, etc.) with all sorts of compressors, equalizers, ring modulators, wah-wahs, etc. This tape consists of seven separate Monday nights recorded in 1984. Sound quality varies from night to night. Each performance achieves a sustained, yet ever changing, rhythmic propulsion with all mannerisms of active noisy sounds flying around. A very inspired outfit — they remind me of a cross between Massacre and Borbetomagus. — Ron Lessard

THE NOMADS: Outburst (LP; Homestead Records) Mixing a garage sound with heavy metal, this vinyl

should be renamed "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly." The standout tunes grab you and stand out, however more than half of the songs are filler dirge that brings it all down. I love the remake of the Standell's "Sometimes God Guys Don't Wear White" and "Where The Wolf Bane Blooms", classic '60s feel with a hard edge. — Bob-O Walesa

KEN NOROINE: Triple Talk (C; Snail Records, 6106 N. Kenmore Ave., Chicago, IL 60660, USA) If you ever suspected that those Madison Avenue types in the grey flannel suits might ever begin to rap, you'd be partly right. Nordine is a multimedia millionaire producer-announcer. I have many fond memories of his '60s "Word Jazz" records on the late night airwaves of Philadelphia underground FM. Twilight Zone vignettes over cool jamming.... Here are 12 outstanding tracks featuring three Kens conversing in a variety of milieux. Ken's son produces and provides the electronic and acoustic music backgrounds. — Craig O'Donnell

DOYE, O'DELL: Diesel Smoke, Dangerous Curves/Cheers To Ya Baby (7" 45; Longhorn Records, P.O.B. 1995, Studio City, CA 91604, USA) Here are two classic themes in country music: A rollicking road song and a drinking to forget blues number both delivered with very smooth singing, a style reminiscent of Oac Watson with a touch of bluegrass. The lyrics are not anything spectacular, riddled with cliches compounded by an air horn blowing its way through each chorus of "Diesel Smoke..." but they are fun and easy to listen to. — William Ponsot

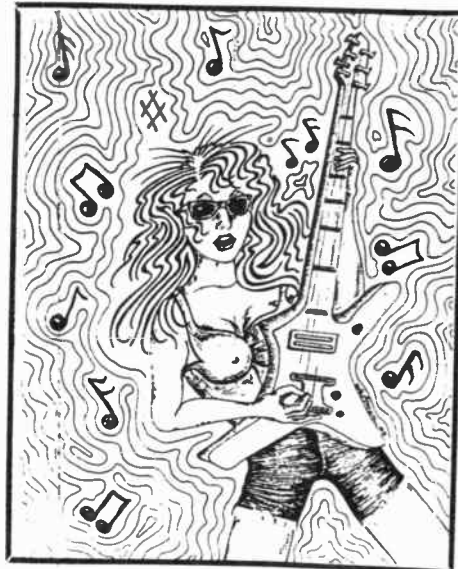
OFFENDERS: Endless Struggle (LP; Rabid Cat Records, P.O.B. 49263, Austin, TX 78765, USA; \$7) Under the rumble of guitars, the Offenders deliver hardcore intensity with striking coherence and intelligence. Most hardcore lyrics are content with pushing anger. These go from running scared to defiance to hope for the golden future. Sample: "Side by side/ We've got to organize/ Together if we're to survive/ In this fight for our lives." All of the lyrics match those for power; they remind me of Joe Hill's poems. The music churns along with the same raw power; their drummer, Pat Doyle, is especially good. As for the songs, the only poor number is the grunge-out of "You Keep Me Hanging On", which isn't really bad, only out of place. Everything else on the record shows up well, especially "On The Crooked Edge", "Impact", "Get Mad", "Inside The Middle", and "Endless Struggle." The last, by far the best hardcore I've ever heard, starts with a smokey organ, explodes with the best lyrics on the record, and fades away with the organ all in five minutes. — John Barrett

THE OFFS: First Record (LP; CO Presents Ltd., 1320 Grant Ave., Ste. 531, San Francisco, CA 94133, USA) It's more than my affinity for puns that makes me declare, "This record is off-all!" Seven or eight years ago The Offs came out with an exciting rendition of "Johnny Too Bad," but that scorching, punky twist on a reggae classic was not nearly matched by later Offs recordings. Instead, what we've gotten from this peculiarly anachronistic band is dull take after take on the never- quite-satisfying punk/reggae/soul blend that was popular among part-time punks in '78 or '79. Maybe these poor fellows should branch out a little in their listening habits, and put away the old Clash records. — Richard Singer

And a second opinion: Ooohhh but this is goood. Bluesy, smokey, the music crackles with a distinct energy that owes much of its spark to the mean pop of a good bass. A couple of songs nod towards reggae, but this band is at its hottest when zinging along in a gravelly style that makes you want to see them in a smoke-filled coffeehouse with a cold beer in front of you. — C. Schatzbank

OHAMA: I Fear What I Might Hear (LP; Ohama Records, box 90, Rainer, Alberta, Canada T0J 2M0) I really enjoyed this electronic beat oriented moody LP. Each song has a definite mood ranging from the constant machine-like "Of Whales" to the somber "Part in Piece". Each flows into the other by the way of environmental noises between. "Where Do You Call Home?" has a great groove with funny lyrics. "Body of Vagrant Waves" is a scary crunch with spooky spiraling synth layered on top. I find this work more rhythmically and melodically interesting than Ohama's

previous EP. Ohama's vocals are very reminiscent of England's new romantic days (or maybe it's just Bryan Ferry — what was the difference anyway?) The recording is exceptional and perfect for loud play. — Mark G.E.R



OH LA LA AND THE GREASERS: Good Old Rock N' Roll (3 song 45; Eye Records, P.O.B. 1934, Cincinnati, OH 45201, USA) The record comes with a black comb and a juke box label. The band is recorded well and sounds very tight as they cover "Pretty Woman", "Little Sister" and "Lies" in the usual way. — Drew Robertson

100 FLOWERS: Drawing Fire (5 song EP; Happy Squid Records, P.O.B. 84184, Los Angeles, CA 90084, USA) A dark, industrial ambience pours from these tracks as John Talley-Jones frets away with fragments like "I duplicate your keys, and live parts of your life." An effective drone enhances "Contributions" and "Bunkers." With just a tinge of psychedelia, these songs conjure up images of open spaces, night sky and soaring pest abandoned cityscapes. "Long Arm Of The Social Sciences" is a rolling, surf/punk instrumental that glides by, reminiscent of Pell Mell. The remaining songs are short vignettes, not comparing well with their apparent influence, The Minutemen. Promising, but not compelling. — Scott Jackson

ORIGINAL RIVER ROAD BOYS: I Do All My Cryin' At Night/Houston Bounce (7" 45; Longhorn Records, P.O.B. 1995, Studio City, CA 91604, USA) The A side is a fine sample of a bluegrass lament. Featured vocalist Jim Johnson gives the lyrics a George Jones treatment (a little wail once in a while) and its over before you know it (and too soon). The players handle their end just as well on both sides of the record. "Houston Bounce", which is a real hopping country-swing number that Bob Wills would have been

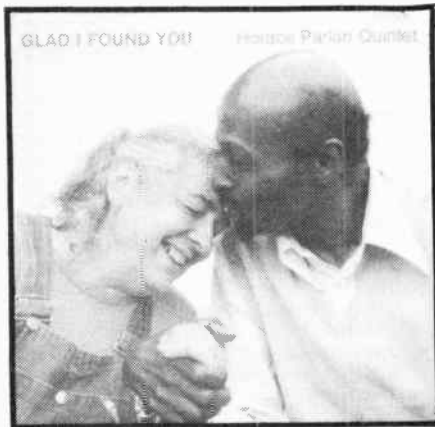
proud to have in his repertoire, is an instrumental which gives the boys a chance to stretch their legs. Sure would love to hear an album from these folks. — William Ponsot

OUT OF BOLIVIA (C; Quenda Productions, 2926 S. St. Paul St., Denver, CO 80210, USA) If you like world folk music, obtaining this is a must. If you can, please help these wonderful people, singing Bolivian folk songs and originals, playing guitars and big hand-held drums, exuberant and sincere. They are seeking to bring their music to the U.S.A. and would like some help from interested promoters or agents. — Robin James

LAURI PAISLEY: Continuity's Changes (C; Methylluna Music, 116 1/2 E. Herman St., #3, East Syracuse, NY 13057, USA) Paisley is a synthesist with much promise. The cassette contains about 45 minutes of moody electronic music. The melodies are smooth and peaceful, the harmonies are rich and flowing, the arrangements and sequencer lines are fluid and interesting. One problem: With all the effort she

put into the melodies, harmonies, arrangements, re-recording, etc., one would think she would've spent more time trying to develop interesting tone colors. Most of the sounds are standard, run-of-the-mill synth sounds that everyone who has ever touched a synthesizer knows how to produce. Particularly annoying is the "helicopter" sound that came as a factory preset on her Poly 800 synth. When Paisley's synthesizing abilities catch up with her composing abilities, we can expect to hear some very good things. — Allen Green

THE PARADISE STREET BANO: Summer Seas And Golden Dreams (C; 4530 32nd St., San Diego, CA 92116, USA) Two Celtic duos, The Two Magicians and The Hintons combine forces to produce one of the finest independent releases I've heard. Their harmonies are wonderfully tight, their skillful playing of guitars, pennywhistles, bodhran, harps and recorders is a joy to hear. Most of their material is original, but with a delightful Celtic lilt. The production is superb, though some folk purists might scoff at the use of electronic drum tracks, though these are used very sparingly. The first side opens with "Come To The Bower", a delightful invitation to the listener to accompany the band to Old Ireland. "I Remember Erin" is a nostalgic ballad which smacks of past-lives memories, and "The Brass Ring", a dreamy, ethereal and folksy harp solo by Catherine Espinoza. — Sally Idesswey 9



HORACE PARLAN: Glad I Found You (LP; SteepleChase Records, 3943 West Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA) Pianist Parlan has been sadly underrated. This is surprising considering the consistently good albums he's recorded for the Danish SteepleChase label. That includes a pair of highly regarded LPs recorded in duet with Archie Shep. And his consistently good playing extends back to the early recordings he made as a member of Charles Mingus' ensemble. And it extends to this LP which documents a relaxed blowing session recorded with a quintet including fellow expatriate, trumpeter Thad Jones and saxophonist Eddie Harris. There's nothing startling here, just good solid playing. The Danish rhythm section (Jesper Lundgaard on bass and Aage Tanggaard on drums) holds things together and cooks along nicely. If there is a weak link in this session, it's Eddie Harris' saxophone playing. His tone is surprisingly weak (I had to double check to make sure he was playing tenor) and his solos are unexciting. Throughout, Parlan is the star of the session with well developed solos and a couple of good compositions. "Something For Silver" is reminiscent of "Blue Train". This album probably isn't going to change things as far as recognition for Parlan goes, but it's another fine addition to his discography. — R. Iannapolo

PASTICHE: Past Tense! 1977-1983 and (HALF-) PASTICHE: Sweat/Silent Flame (C; Camraderie Music Cassettes, P.O.B. 403, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215, USA) It seems sensible to take these first two releases from Camraderie as a whole, since they provide a post-mortem for the highly successful and influential Boston band, Pastiche, and offer some notion as to where Mr. Curt, the band's leader, producer, and chief songwriter might be head-

ing on future projects (For more clues, check out the third CMC release SHAKE HANDS AND CDME DUT DANCIN'). PAST TENSE is a chronology of recordings that chart Pastiche's growth, success, and demise. The 17 cuts represent all the material previously available on vinyl, as well as a handful of never-before-released performances. In addition, Mr. Curt has included a booklet of photographs, handwritten commentary, and a Pastiche genealogy. The music itself is guitar-driven rock (with letter day forays into synthesized electronic pop) that is energetic and sincere if not always profound. The sound quality is fine even though two of the live cuts threatened to eat my speakers and another one seemed compressed to the point of flatness. In all, the cassette offers many tantalizing moments, among them "Flesh of the Moment", a 1977 punk/indy fave; 1981's superb "Lock It Up," my choice for best Pastiche song ever; the quirky "Talk Show" ("We just talk, talk, talk, talk about it"); an urgent "Write Down Your Number" and a bustin' live version of Den Foley's "Air Raid". Half-Pastiche is really Mr. Curt and Randy Forte playing out the last gasp of the Pastiche era. Side one belongs to Mr. Curt's "Sweat", a solid dance groove that features a stand-out bass solo by Adventure Set's Steve Monahan, background abrasions by The Sweaters, and more information about perspiration than you'd ever need to know. These two cassettes should appeal to a wider audience than just Pastiche fans. They represent quality music, carefully produced and affectionately presented. — G. Speca

DAVE PEGG: The Cocktail Cowboy Goes It Alone (LP; Woodworm, P.O.B. 37, Banbury, Oxon, England) This is an extremely nice solo effort from Fairport Convention bassist Dave Pegg that varies from traditional folk to more contemporary folk-rock. Pegg, who handles all the instruments, is a tasteful musician who never overplays to the point of ruining the song. Unlike most folkies, he's not scared of the modern world, hence the subtle use of synthesizers and drum machines. As a vocalist he makes up for his lack of power with a heavy dose of sincerity. This is the type of record that should give Fairport fans plenty to smile about. — Charles P. Lamey

PHILIP PERKINS: King Of The World and Drive Time (LP; Fun Music, 171 South Park, San Francisco, CA 94107, USA) Perkins is a talented west coast composer who, as these two very different records attest, is an explorer and chance taker as well as craftsman. Each are finely polished concept albums. KING OF THE WORLD presents subdued, but dramatic aural portraits of three ancient kings whose lives and cultures he has studied. DRIVE TIME presents an eclectic set of short pieces, strung together and composed "as an alternative to early morning 'drive time' am radio...and targeted for commuters." Perkins uses primarily electronic instruments to achieve his ends, but as KING OF THE WORLD proves, he infuses in them a remarkable warmth and understatement. He creates these aural impressions of an ancient world with draftsman-like definition. Perkins' description of the record is accurate: "A fusion of classical and oriental styles with modern sounds." It is a soothing, expansive records paying debts to minimalism without resorting to repetitiveness. DRIVE TIME works in a completely different and more limited way. Each side of the disc is a jumbled selection various moods, sounds and voices. Compactness is substituted for expansiveness. Transitions are attention grabbing rather than seamless as on the other disc. DRIVE TIME again demonstrates Perkin's strong composing control in that the record works best just as it was intended — for radio airplay. Playing an entire side of this disc straight through over the radio gives the listener an intriguing mix of music and suggests that the DJ is running himself ragged to create remarkably smooth and creative seques between various tapes and records. — David Cieffardini

PHANTOM TOLLBOTH (3 song C, \$1.50; Jerry Smith, 1 Vernon St., Plainview, NY 11803, USA) Garage power-thrash with good guitar, fair bass playing, decent vocals, but slipshod drumming. Obvious influences include early Rush and generic hardcore. The drummer needs to tune his kit and stick to the basic

pulse instead of flailing around so much. The high-power fuzz-distortion guitar is the best element here. — Tom Furgas 6

PEROMONES: The Peromones (C, \$10.50; EC Records, P.O.B. 5765, Bethesda, MD 20814, USA) These guys are good...REALLY good. Everything that was relevant and meaningful about the folk/country fusion of the 1960s has been successfully translated to the '80s by the Peromones. Armed with only acoustic guitars, cleverly crafted vocal harmony, and pregnant wit, Alvis and Jimmy Peromone (!?) take on politics, the video craze, social foibles, and yuppies in a good natured mix of country harmony and "down-home" insight. They could fit, not uncomfortably, in the same arena as The Roches. In fact, that would be some double bill! Somebody book these guys on "Prairie Home Companion." Standout tracks include "Video Pirates", "Yuppie Drone" and "The Galactic Funny Farm." — Mark Dickson

PIANOSAURUS: Recorded Live At Speakeasy, NYC (C-60; 62 Morton St., New York, NY 10014, USA) A basic, hooky sort of pop played solely on toy instruments. It has very poor sound (for one thing, it was recorded almost completely in the left channel). It is interesting to hear songs that are so incongruent with the sounds within them; the plinking piano, in particular, is unexpected. However, perhaps due to this novelty quality, this music isn't satisfying. The musicians seem infatuated with their own cleverness in playing the instruments that they do. The tongue-in-cheek attitude robs the music of depth. This is not much more than gimmicky pop music, though less conventional than most. — Chris Willing

PINKY BLACK AND THE EXCESSIVES: Oogum Boogum! (7 song 12"; Real Gone Records, 2724 Summer St., Lincoln, NE 68502, USA) A fair blend of rockabilly, soul, boogie-woogie, and other goodtime rock styles of the '50s and '60s, played with verve and a genuine love of the genre. They seem to be a good lounge act who've decided to press a record of originals along with a cover of "Gimmie A Little Sign". Not on the same level as such bands as Los Lobos or The Blasters (who are more aggressive), but a craftsman like endeavor nonetheless. — Tom Furgas 7

PIN ROSE: Alicia 1-Love and the Hard Times (C-90, \$5; Separate Life Productions, Denver, CO 80203, USA) Electronic drums, synth washes and melodies, treated guitar, and male vocals are the main elements of these moody, personal songs. Minimal instrumentation is used on most tracks and the sound quality is very good. The sparseness is pleasing and gives a cold, otherworldly feeling to the music. A beautiful B&W photo insert complements the music. There is only about 30 minutes of music on this 90 minute tape. A note says "please make copies for your friends." I will. — Lawrence Crane

POINTLESS (C, \$4; P.D.B. 1624, Tempe, AZ, 85281, USA) Of the 20 songs on this chrome cassette, more than half fall into what I would call a trance/drone category. Tribal drums (mostly, if not entirely electronic), feedback, synth noises, scratchy guitar and voice tapes establish a "groove" and maintain it for varying lengths of time. Five of the other nine songs are excellent quirky-pop/rock with intelligent lyrics, nice vocals and harmonies, and interesting instrumental touches. The remaining songs reflect a combination of the previous approaches. Any piece on this tape would sound good on non-commercial (or even commercial!) radio. Some of the more interesting titles include "Dumb But Happy" (a put-down of suburban commuters), "Too Bad About Walter" (could be about Walter Mondale), "Keep it Simple" (lives up to its title), "Experts Have Been Wrong", and "Beat The Whites With the Red Wedge." I can't be any more enthusiastic about this tape without sounding like I've been paid off, so you'll have to find out for yourself. — K. Crothers 9.5

JIMMY PONOER: So Many Stars (LP; Milestone) Ponder is a veteran jazz guitarist who mixes in straight ahead swinging on this mostly fusion-oriented set. As fusion goes, this is an exceptionally enjoyable LP; no strings or unnecessary background vocals, emphasis on acoustic piano especially in the solos, and some fine blowing. The one all-out funk

track with synthesizers and such is so danceable and has such good guitar work it avoids being irritating, like so many in this vein. Stevie Wonder's "Higher Ground" is done as a blues shuffle and comes off beautifully, as does Billy Ocean's "Caribbean Queen", where the refrain is used as cadenzas preceding and following the verse, which becomes, appropriately, reggae. Throughout, Ponder's hollow body guitar lends a warm sound far removed from the metallics of so many fusion guitar players. This LP is a more successful mix of jazz with rock and R&B than most in that overcommercialized field. — Bart Grooms

POORGIRLS: The Poorgirls (LP; P.O.B. 4944, Louisville, KY 40204, USA) Prime exponents of "tribal sex dance music", Poorgirls use thick, densely layered arrangements of guitar, bass, and drums to give motion to their lyric poetry. Set against primitive cadences, vocalist Kenny-O reflects on several themes; mostly the ponderings on life and love. Standout tracks include "Mommy Doesn't Understand", "Collision of Thots", and "Future Is So Far Away." Dense, primitive, sexual, and with strong emotional imagery. — Mark Dickson

POPEFACT: Playing For Time (12" EP; Heart Murrur Records, P.O.B. 42602, Los Angeles, CA 90042, USA) A clean "new wavy" sound with snappy percussion and tight, tense, strained vocals. Good listening, but at times the three piece band left me wanting more depth. Especially worth a second spin is "Speak Your Mind" on side one; a definite toe tapper of a dance tune with lyrics worth listening to. The nameless instrumental at the end of side two is not up to the caliber of the rest of the EP. It sounds like filler in a garage band. — Jim Butterfield

THE POPULAR SEX: Powers Of Suggestion (LP; Wild Carbon Productions, 1710 Homestead Ave. NE, Atlanta, GA 30306, USA) A slick, major-label-looking album of dark synth-pop. The music ranges from gloomy European sounding synth-dirges to hook-laden, melodic technopop with a guest female vocalist that sounds alarmingly similar to Berlin's Terri Nunn. The lyrics, for the most part, are trite boy/girl stuff. This duo, Wayne Gunn and Mice Laveatan, along with their guest players, obviously see themselves as the next big thing...they've invited us to join the "Popular Sex Fen Club" for \$5. Whether they've got what it takes to make it in the major-label world of The Fixx/Thompson Twins/etc. is up to you. I don't think they do. — Allen Green

PORT SAID: Travellers Companion (C; Port Said, 132 W. 24th St., New York, NY 10011, USA) The sound is derivative of music from the Arabian Gulf. It glides from one song to the next with soothing musical patterns. It is a relaxing sound, but the integrity of execution and continual change keeps it from being mushy, boring and ethereal. Especially good is "Are-by". Its repetitive structure and warm tones brings to mind "Evening Star" era Fripp and Eno. The only problem with the cassette is the overabundance of "Cesio" sound. The production and musicianship is strong creating pleasurable listening. — Nathan Griffith

PREACHER JACK: 3000 Barrooms Later (LP; Rounder, One Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140, USA) Preacher Jack was bitten by the Jerry Lee Lewis bug at an early age and today his piano bashing technique and loose, country-tough vocals reflect the feel of his mentor. Normally, such an obvious imprint would detract, but Preacher Jack's amiable approach overcomes his few drawbacks. His voice can handle rock, country, blues, and especially, rockabilly, making each song a fun, uplifting event. This music might be better suited in a smokey, crowded club, but it sounds damn fine blasting out of the home stereo. — Charles P. Lamey

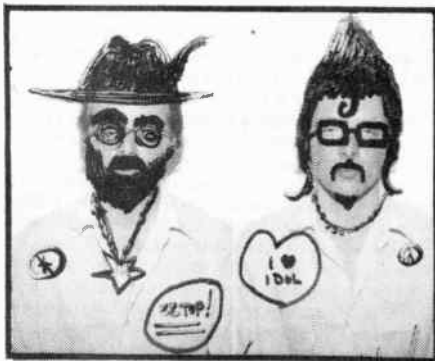
PREVICATORS: Snubculture (LP, \$8.50; Disrupted Records, P.O.B. 14742, Richmond, VA 23221, USA) Standard hardcore. It's a very clean recording, so the power of the band comes through nicely. Unfortunately, they don't have much to say, lyrically or musically. Songs tend to adhere to a heavy metal/hardcore approach with chord patterns rarely varying from standard blues-derived '70s metal ala Aerosmith. The lyrics deal, for the most part, with tired pseudo-hostility of petulant malcontents. These include putdowns of the handicapped, famous peoples' genitals, and most human sexuality in gener-

al. If played loud, there's no denying the driving power of the band, but the lack of imagination renders this record pointless. — Scott Siegel 4

MADDY PRIOR AND THE ANSWERS: Going For Glory (LP; Spindrift Records, Making Waves Ltd., 6 Alie St., London E1, U.K.) I've often said I'd spend good money for a recording of Maddy Prior singing the London telephone directory. Listening to this, I get the feeling I just have. Her voice is lovely and expressive, as always, and the "Answers" (including Rick Kemp, of Steeleye Span) provide polished back-up. Unfortunately, no one involved in the project seems to have any pop sensibility; the result is an amateurish attempt at commercial music by people who should know better. Prior and Kemp need a songwriter and producer worthy of their talents or else they should return to traditional material. — Christopher Pettus

PROJEKT ELECTRONIC AMERIKA: The Old Lake (C-30; Sam Rosenthal, B951 SW 53rd St., Cooper City, FL 33328, USA) This ambient cassette by synthesist Sam Rosenthal contains some of the most soothing and peaceful textures I've heard in awhile, alongside some of the most haunting and disturbing textures I've heard. Side A is a 15 minute piece called "The Old Lake." Soft and meditative tones intertwine in a constantly shifting tapestry of sound. A quite enjoyable experience. Side B consists of three works: "Spotlight Marsh" has an eerie, nightmarish feel; "Reagan Song" and "Last November" do an admirable job of capturing audibly the blackness that was in the hearts of the 37,000,000 Americans who went to the polls and voted against R.R. last November. — Allen Green

PROJEKT ELECTRONIC AMERIKA: Tanzmusik (LP; see above for address) Sam Rosenthal, the sole force behind Projekt, apparently believes himself to be quite talented. In his liner notes, he goes out of his way to cite comparisons of his earlier cassette releases to "Vangelis, Tangerine Dream, O.M.D. and Brian Eno" and his acknowledgments cite Larry Fast (Synergy), Edgar Froese, et. al. Unfortunately, he's not that good. His melodies and harmonies are generally pleasant, his arrangements show a good degree of sophistication, and his rhythms, while basically 4/4 pulses, are interesting. The main problem with this work, as with so many other amateur synthesists works, is that seldom do the tones and timbres deviate from the standard library of synth-strings, resonant farts, brassy fanfares, and warbling lead lines that synthesists have been using since the first Minimoogs were sold. This album would be a supreme example of '80s electronic mood-music if (1) the cheesy analog drum-box were mixed a little lower; (2) the liner notes didn't boast so brazenly of whatever ability Rosenthal possesses; and (3) Rosenthal had sat down with his synths and learned how to coax out the multitude of interesting sounds synths are able to produce, rather than relying on the aforementioned farts and fanfares. — Allen Green



PSYCLONES: Between Space (C-40, \$8.50; Ladd-Frith, P.O.B. 967, Eureka, CA 95502, USA) The latest effort by Brian Ladd and Julie Frith is a further refinement of their delightful music-cum-noise. Recorded live in the studio, this is one seamless piece

with electronic drones, tones, and noises, plus looped sounds as well as radio broadcasts all floating or popping in and out of the mix. If Jon Hassell collaborated with Holger Hiller (of Der Plan) their music might sound something like this. — Jon Small

PSYCLONES/SCHALEFENGARTEN: Interrogation (C; Ladd-Frith, P.O.B. 967, Eureka, CA 95502, USA) Same people, two bends, Ladd, Frith, and Micheal Karo make a lot of noise with one guitar, a bass, and some electronics. Side one brings back the live sound of bands like Throbbing Gristle, lots of tape and vocal manipulation, processed instruments and electronics. Largely rhythmic structures and eerie vocals. Side two can be summed up thusly: the Psychlones as an '80s psycho-garage surf trio. This side consists of nasty minor chord guitar jams, fuzz bass, and extraneous electronics kept moving by drum machine riffs. A noisy but intriguing confrontation that turns into a fullscale barrage on "Extraditon." This tape is loud and end a lot of fun. — Nathan Griffith

CHRIS RAE: The Game Of Music (LP; B04 Dryden St., Silver Spring, MD 20901, USA) This funky dance oriented LP is filled with a lot of bizarre noises and sarcasm. Though all the vocals are affected, it seems to fit in with the disjointed guitars and rhythms. Sometimes sounding like a Frenk Zeppa study in who can throw in the weirdest changes. Most of the songs never stay on any one groove long enough to get boring. "Hard Black Glass" has intrigued me from my first listen. It sounds just like a Prince parody — but then knowing this guy it might be totally serious, since it ends up like Be Bop Deluxe. This work is slowly growing on me. — Mark G.E. 6

DOUG RANEY QUINTET: Lazy Bird (LP; Steeple-Chase Productions, 3943 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA) This session looks better on paper than it sounds. The musicians are certainly compatible, with leader Raney on guitar, Bernt Rosengren on tenor sax, Ben Besiekov on piano, Jesper Lundgaard on bass, and Ole-Jacob Hansen on drums. The tunes are first-rate, including "Trane's "Lazy Bird", Sam Rivers' "Beetrice", and Benny Golson's "Reggie of Chester". SteepleChase has provided a superb digital recording. But to my ears, this date never takes off. Except for pianist Besiekov, a Danish fusion band veteran with an energetic left hand, everyone plays it safe. Writing about Besiekov in the liner notes, Jorgen Frigard describes his playing as "more percussive, more dissonant and unpredictable than the balanced, carefully thought-out lines of Raney and Rosengren." Maybe the front line should take a cue from the piano player and loosen up. — Stuart Kremsky

RARE AIR: Mad Plaid (LP; Flying Fish Records, Inc., 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, USA) Bagpipes. No, don't start moaning yet. This isn't more of that dry kilts and marching stuff, nor is it that super fast, inane dance stuff either. This is a stunning quartet (generally two bagpipers, acoustic guitar and drum) who take a lot of liberties with traditional British and Breton tunes. There are things like the bombarde, synthesizer and bass thrown in, too. Imaginative. The tracks, all instrumentals, are incredible workouts (each of the five cuts is at least seven minutes long) with sturdy, percussive guitar work, palpating drum work and pip or bombarde lines that range from ethereal to hard-driving. These fellows are always in control. Rare Air are the masters because these unique tunes are theirs. There's a strong melody beneath improvisational prowess any jazz musician would admire. — Scott Adeir

THE RAVES: Color Of Tears (LP; P.D.B. 550011, Atlanta, GA 30305, USA) This is alright power-pop that drills in with toothy energy like a lot of the more competent purveyors. Unfortunately the vocals are squiggly and anonymous. The record isn't bad, but it's undistinguished and technically, the Knack were much better. — Jordan Oakes 4

RAW EDGE BAND: For Everything There Is A Beginning (LP; Hound Dogma Records, 190 6th Ave., Ste 2FS, New York, NY 10013, USA) Really awful mainstream pop-schlock totally lacking conviction or songwriting talent. Boring, borrowed stock chord progressions support a mannered, self-conscious vocalist singing trite and unconvincing "Oh yeah, baby"

lyrics. Nothing "raw" about this band and it also has one of the ugliest album covers I've ever seen. — Tom Furgas 0.5

RAW POWER: Screams From The Gutter (LP; Toxic Shock, Box 242, Pomona, CA 91769, USA) These five flailing commandos hail from Italy and play a fine and furious fusion of hardcore and speedmetal. You get the best of both worlds here: the power-pounding double-bass drumming, precise and lightning-fast guitar leads, over-all tight musicianship and sheer velocity of good speedmetal (with NO cartoon demons, black magick and macho crap) combined with the raging, raving vocal delivery of lyrics directing revolt-against-the-fascist-regime-and-culture. While the lyrics are not exactly poetic ("Joe's a fucker/ Joe's a sucker"), they are to the point ("Politicians, you are shit.../You will die, yes, Die.") Though there is not a lot of variation in the 17 cuts here, they are consistently convincing in their assault on "the bastards, the motherfuckers..." responsible for "State Oppression", through the vehicle of loud, fast, and hot action. The recording quality is good and Davide's solo in "Hate" ranks with the all-time great ones! — Bill Hubby B

REBIRTH JAZZ BAND: Here To Stay (LP; Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530, USA) Chris "Godhead" Strachwitz has done it again! Armed with a tape recorder, Strachwitz has gone to the land of spicy gumbo and returned with the rawest and funkier traditional New Orleans brass jazz I've ever heard on vinyl. The entire album features seven high school kids blowing their hearts out and doing their thing even gutsier [to my ears] than the noted Dirty Dozen Brass Band. With trombones and trumpets blasting strong (occasionally missing a note or two), the band marches on with the constant beat laid down by the drums and tuba. This album is irresistible and infectious and simply out-classes 95 percent of the new music being put out today. Timeless, hip, essential. — Rex Doane

RED LORRY, YELLOW LORRY: Hollow Eyes (3 song 12"; Red Rhino Records, 9 Gillygate, York, U.K.) For a group with such a colorful name, this is a disappointingly drab piece of vinyl. The title track's repetitive rhythm calls to mind the B-52's but lacks their humor. "Feel A Piece" strains to be macho and anti-melodic; not real pretty. It was irritating listening to the young guy trying to sound "manly". The most interesting of the three tracks was the ominous "Russia" which, I suppose, would have sounded much like the other tracks except that guitars, bass, drums, vocals are presented backwards. Considering the theme of the piece, this works well. RLYL's style is negative, low, and dark. The sonic quality is very good, but, no hum, all of this has been done before, many, many times over. — Sally Idassway 3

THE RESIDENTS: The Census Taker (LP; Episode Records, 1452 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, CA 90210, USA) I haven't seen "The Census Taker" movie for which this album is the soundtrack, but the music stands on its own. Mostly Emulators and drum machines but there are no rules of course! A few pieces from THE MOLE TRILOGY and COMMERCIAL ALBUM turn up with a new lease on life and a couple of new things like "Where Is She" with Mr. Clem's only vocal on the record (I think). Seems that The Residents have "sonics-wise" gotten steadily better. This has searing highs and deep full bass and ought to give both your stereo and your ears a workout. — Tony Pizzini

THE RHYTHM BANDITS (4 song C; T. Gould, Box 419, Huntington, NY 11743, USA) This is extremely well recorded, producing raised eyebrows from people I played it for. Cyn Post's vocals are an intriguing mixture of little girl breathiness, ballsy tough-chick throatiness, and a bit of Ricky Lee Jones. Daniel Wilensky's sax on "Let Me Out" gives this song a passionate grind while moving to Tom Gould's precise and gutsy bass. But Tom, seriously, your vocals on "Hold On Till Then" certainly tests the Phil Donahue in all of us. (?? — DC) I would prefer a little less crooning like on "I'm Being Used", which is a rockin' southern tune. "Let Me Out" is one of the better songs I've heard in a while. — Mark G.E. 7

VITO RICCI: Say No More (C-60, \$5; Creation Production Company, 127 Greene St., New York, NY

10012, USA) Vito Ricci is a New York based composer of music for theater and dance. Four of the five pieces on this cassette were written for Matthew Maguire's theatrical work, "Fun City." A guitarist, synthesist, and percussionist, Ricci is joined here by jazz notables Rashied Ali, Youssef Yancy, and Kenny Aaronson, giving the music a jazz sensibility, although it owes more to late '60s acid-rock jamming than to jazz. One senses that the other musicians are confined by the limitations of the leader's style — his bluesy meanderings on the guitar lack personality, and although he is unafraid to take chances, they seldom pay off. Although the other players do their best to salvage the session, the energy level ebbs and flows as they grope unsuccessfully toward common musical ground. "Joy Ride", with its racing locomotive pulse and loopy ostinato bass line, has more momentum than the other selections, but is marred by aimless noodling on an out of tune synthesizer. Otherwise, the pieces are mostly overlong and undistinguished. Ricci numbers Ornette Coleman, Glenn Branca, and Brian Eno among his mentors and collaborators, but judging by the evidence here, little has rubbed off. — Dennis Rea

RKL: It's A Beautiful Feeling! (7-song 7"; Mystic Records, 6277 Selma Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028, USA) I like this band. Three cuts on this EP tear it up. "Why", "Beautiful Feeling", and "I'm Locked Up" shred. But the rest of the record left me cold. When they're not wailing, they're playing generic metalcore. I imagine them thinking "we need a change here to break it up" when they were writing the weaker songs. The tunes feature some leads and a lot of noise for one guitar in a four piece format. They play very well and with a lot of spirit. There's some Discharge/GBH influences (drum beats and vocal rhythms) and some Minor Threat chops (especially in "I'm Locked Up"). RKL shows a sensitivity to song structures and HC idioms, and displays song writing ability. If this outfit stays together I'm sure they'll be able to produce impressive vinyl in the future. — Jeff Wechter 6

ROACH EGG INVASION: Nuevos Roacheros (LP; Windblown Sounds, 2812 W. 21st., Wichita, KS 67213, USA) A fine debut LP from this Wichita based four piece (bass, drums, guitar, vocals) band. The jangly, atonal, guitar/bass interplay stands out and complements singer Charlotte's raspy vocals on original tunes like the hypnotic "Subliminal Sex Criminal" and desperate "Meatless Stew". The rhythm heavy approach reminds me of early Bush Tetras. — John E.

ROOM NINE (C, \$3.50; Oust Bonnie Music, P.O.B. 10263, Pike Pl. Station, Seattle, WA 98101, USA) Six songs by an interesting, moody postpunk guitar, bass and drum trio with piano and synthesizer included on some cuts. Convincing vocals by two of the members. Their music is accessible without pandering to commerciality. For just a trio, these lads put out a full sound. The live cut, "Red Oog" is recorded well as is the entire production. The cover art is well executed and features an interesting time-lapsed photo. Highly recommended for those interested in modern Northwest underground bands. — Ed Zin

MIKEL ROUSE AND BLAINE REININGER: Colorado Suite — Music For A Western (LP; Crammed Discs, dist. by Important, Rough Trade, Dutch East) Volume 3 of the "Made To Measure" series, there are three cuts by Mikel Rouse that bear comparisons to Philip Glass; plus a cowboy parody by Reininger. Rouse's tunes are repetitive, multi-layered keyboard music overlaid by Reininger's violin, cutting in and out with some bright bits of melody. "Sun Study" and "Side Wind" are very much alike, light and cheerful. "West End" is more dense. "Windy Outside" is a sort of "Tuxedomoon meets Gunsmoke" i.e., all the best cliches from old cowboy songs sung to a drum-box dirge, with Rouse's keyboards lost in the mix. — D. Maryon

RYVALS: 20,000 Tambourines (6 song C; Eric Lowe, Random Thought Productions, P.O.B. 5341 Station B, Victoria B.C., Canada) The Ryvals are a trio out of Victoria, British Columbia made up of Tim Chan, guitar; Mike Gower, bass; and Eric Lowe, drums; with Steve Winn listed as playing "other instruments." The sound on this tape is o.k. — the mix is a bit muddy, and the stereo imaging is weird. The band gets a pretty full sound for only three folks, with a few wacky guitar

leads and tight ensemble arrangements, but the voice sounds like so many other non-descript nu-wavers. The cover art by Marcela Hlavac is good. Favorites: "I Will Be A Good Worker" in which the meter switches between 5/4 and 4/4 and the chord progression is disturbingly chromatic and illogical, and "Two Worlds" and "Time Of Restraint", which remind me of XTC. Side one is called "Normal", side two is "Abnormal." I preferred abnormal. — E. Blomquist

JUSTIN SARAGOZA: Sonata For Orchestra, No. 2 (C; 4855 W. Warm Springs, Las Vegas, NV 89118, USA) This is a symphony of "quotations of numerous composers"; therefore, arrangement and not creation, is the main aspect. It often moves slowly, that is, there is nearly as much silence as music. The sound tends to come in bursts, entering, staying at a constant volume, leaving. The juxtaposition of slow and quick, soft and loud, light and ponderous, is a frequent factor. While the sound can build upon itself interestingly, and while sometimes a strange, driving rhythm develops, much of this is dry and un compelling. This may be because the pieces, though fine by themselves, never fit as a coherent whole. As a result, the listener may feel detached. Because of the long silences and lack of tension in the music, this is overwhelmingly cerebral and has a little emotional or visceral impact. — Chris Willging

SARCASTIC ORGASM: Sarcastic Orgasm (C-30, \$3; 3210 17th St. NW, Washington DC, 20010, USA; tel: 202-232-3440) This is basically rock music with the standard guitar/bass/drum/vocal augmented by synthesizers and an occasional violin. The name of the group/cassette says quite a bit about the music, since much of the humor centers around sex as in "Forum Letter", a brief, mildly amusing tale of a sadistic prank played on a "macho" sort guy. The music varies: the soft, repetitive droney melodicism of "Two Is One Number" and "I Didn't Write It Down"; the upbeat tunelessness of "Vatican BOP"; (their version of "At The Hop" and the most conventional "rock 'n roll" thing here); and the dissonant repeating rhythms of "Forum Letter". While the music is often clever and generally sounds good, there is a lack of depth to this project. "Vatican BOP" is sophomoric, the main lyrics being "Let's go fuck the Pope." Other songs use catchphrases which, for lack of embellishment, have little meaning and seem flippant. The title may be too fitting; sarcasm takes the place of real purpose here, which only tends to arouse feelings of apathy and distance in the listener. — Chris Willging

SASHA: Sasha (C-90, trade only; 660 Cole, San Francisco, CA 94117, USA) A charming little mess here, folks. Mr. Sasha, by way of the back door, wanders into this thing called home-taping and prepares not to take it or himself too seriously. Attaboy! This leisurely stroll, this goofing around, produces a certain amount of tedium, but in its better moments sounds like a "beat happening". Maybe a dark kiddie show for lapsed adults? Anyway, a friend helps out with the occasional music (keyboards mostly) as Sasha mugs his way through poetry, lifted soporific dialogue, etc. Oh, and he defends the artistic integrity of screen goddess, Hayley Mills and shares the work of a Chinese Billie Holiday. But the violent gay porno excerpt is just a bad idea. — Oleh Hodowanec

SCARTAGLEN: Scartaglen (LP, Kicking Mule Records, P.O.B. 158, Alderpoint, CA 95411, USA) This debut album by a large collection of Midwestern traditional musicians is a well-executed collection of traditional material (mostly Celtic, with a good assortment of other nations), with one original composition ("Starshell" a good modern ballad). Just about every traditional Celtic instrument is represented. Somehow, with up to seven musicians per track, the arrangements sound spare and sedate, yet skillfully played. I highly recommend this record to any fancier of Celtic or American Celtic music. My only reservations are the limited material (with 11 musicians contributing, couldn't they have found something to end the album other than the tune it started with?), and some pointless additions to "Will Ye Go To Flanders?" but, in the new cold war, even this diluted anti-war song is much better than none at all. — Christopher Pettus

• Denotes cassette-only release



STEVEN SCHOENBERG: PianoWorks (LP; Quabbin Records, P.O.B. 102, New Salem, MA 01355, USA)

During the nineteenth century piano performers had to be improvisors as well as virtuosos. Giants of improvisation such as Franz Liszt stalked the concert halls, aided and abetted by imitators and emulators. As the twentieth century loomed, improvisation in classical piano was replaced by its counterpart in jazz, as witness the contributions of Art Tatum, Lennie Tristano, Fats Waller, et. al. Today, we have... Steven Schoenberg. What he is trying to accomplish is beyond me. In this album recorded "live" at a concert at Amherst College in 1982, Schoenberg titillates his audience with over 40 minutes of spontaneously improvised music; music which emerges from his creative consciousness much as Venus emerged from the shell in the Shell Oil Company advertisement. I cannot make any musical sense out of what Schoenberg is playing. Notes follow notes, in fact they positively gush from the keyboard, but what is expressed does not articulate any thought to me. Schoenberg's music sounds "nice" and it certainly moves right along, but it is neither the fish of classical expression, nor the fowl of inventive jazz. It is in fact, inspired "wallpaper music," well played and accurately recorded. Perhaps ingestion of certain substances aids in the understanding. (How 'bout trying it and letting us know, Norman. — DC) — Norman Lederer

DRAKE SCOTT: Proper Yearning (C-30; Audio Muzixa Get, 1341 Williamson, Madison, WI 53703, USA) Gut-level progressive rock returns to thrill and provoke Crimson and Van Der Graaf die-hards across the nation. The vocals remind me of Peter Hammill in places, although the emphasis is more on the radically structured music. Chock full of unpredictable metre changes, angrily thrashing dissonance and a marvelous sound production that makes it all comprehensible, this is a logical next step for that music of the seventies that everyone turns their noses up at today. The material conveys a sense of discipline born of chaos. It's hard to tell where the spontaneity leaves off and structure picks up. My only complaint is that all but seven minutes of the "B" side is blank. Why can't these guys fill a whole tape, goddammit? They certainly put enough loving effort into the packaging, what with a striking multi-colored cover and a 12-page illustrated mini-booklet which includes lyrics and info on every title. The instrumentation is bass/drums/guitar colored by sax, trombone, analog synth and lysol spray. A lot of work and focused passion went into this bogging, high-energy outing — sort of a Beefheart-goes-mutation — and if you're into fun seriousness, looking for something that's one of a kind, look no further. — Michael Goodspeed.

SECOND WIND: Security (LP; R&B Records, P.O.B. 25054, Washington, DC, 20007, USA) Played this three times with max concentration to give it a fair chance, but it still comes out as shouted-halfway-in-tune generic hardcore. At least the lyrics are honorable, being about the usual punk concerns. Hope that there will be a next time — a "Second Wind" that will blow in more melody and hooks to make the group click. — Jack Jordan

SIGMUND UNO SEINE FREUND: Sigmund Und Seine Freund (C-60; Karel van Manderstraat 42, 8860 Meulebeke, Belgium) Two side-long pieces (one live in the studio, the other in concert) of aggressive Electropulse that is danceable at times and machine-like later. Some keyboard sequences brought Richard Pinhas and the drone rock of Heldon to mind. Synths and drum machines are the foundation for guitar, trumpet, shouted vocals with lots of echo, effects, and tapes. A wild pop no soundtrack starts off side one. Then come the driving rhythms. Recommended. — CDinA2

ELAINE SILVER: Wandering Woman (LP, \$8.50; Silver Stream Music, 20 W Ave. Stanhope, NJ 07874, USA) Along with this record came a formidable package of press clippings, promo sheets, quoted in an (undated) press release announcing this album's release: it shows that Ms Silver has a tremendous number of coffee house gigs to her name. Her music is in the guitar-ballad tradition (although she herself plays banjo); protest ballads, uplifting ballads, angry ballads. Interestingly, her best music is paired with the most hackneyed ballads, and vice versa. This artistic form is just about played out; I hope someone revitalizes it before Woody Guthrie's heritage goes the way of barber shop quartets. Nothing is really bad on this album, although one attempt at an English-style song comes close ("plough" rhyming with "flu?"). I'm sure this material works better in a coffee house than it does upon careful listening on vinyl — Christopher Pettus

SKINNY PUPPY: Skinny Puppy (12" EP; Network Productions, P.O.B. 330, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6G 1C9) At 45 rpm, the speed I think it should be played at, it sounds like a delightful mixture of Bauhaus and New Order. At 33 rpm the drum sound becomes H-U-G-E and brain synapses are in danger of melting. Suit your mood. Great either way. — Steve Jones

SKOPTZIES: Working My Hand Thru The Wheel (C; Harsh Reality Music, P.O.B. 2416661, Memphis, TN 38124-1661, USA) This sounds like it was recorded in a basement on a blaster but it was recorded live at the Antenna Club on 11/4/84. The muddy sound quality and indescribable vocals made this hard to sit through. It includes hallucinations of Hawkwind as teens in 1984 — ostinato bass lines with garbled singing/shouting and alternately bubbling or droning synths fading in and out. There are some good ideas buried in the wall of noise. — E. Blomquist

RON SLABE: Zapadka (C-60, \$5; 26351 Lakeshore Blvd., Euclid, OH 44132, USA) This is a very listenable presentation of synthesizer "trance music" (the composer's term.) Most of the 11 pieces use a layering technique which skillfully weaves together various repetitive rhythms, melodies and drones, while maintaining an overall hypnotic effect. Some pieces are quite spare — almost minimalist — while others are rich and complex and even have a suggestion of baroque counterpoint, especially when a harp-sichord sound is approximated. A thumb piano is used effectively on several cuts, and one of the best pieces employs a strange, sustained vocal muttering as a drone. The dominant ambience of the cassette is not exactly gloomy, but there is an appealing aura of distance and mystery. The last cuts on each side of the cassette ("Known But To God I & II") are more linear and ponderous. — Bill Tillard

THE SLAMHOUND HUNTERS: 4/1 Mind (LP; Satin Records, Box 632, Snohomish, WA, 98290, USA) From the howls on the opening cut, "The Slamhound Hunter", to the last riffs of "Sweet Fallen Angel", the Slamhounds have created their own niche in music. I've heard it called swamp music, dance music, and the new sounds of the Blues. But forget the labels; this music is just good. Veterans of the music scenes on

both coasts, the Slamhounds include Louis X. Erlanger, ex-guitarist of Mink deVille, Kim Field on harmonica, and the best rhythm section in the Northwest, Mark Dalton on bass, and Leslie "Star Drums" Milton on drums. All the music is composed by Field and Erlanger and there isn't one song that fails to satisfy. Standouts include the band's theme song, "Blue Smoke" which includes some of the best wailinn harp I've heard, and "Sweet Fallen Angel". 4/1 MIND is already a regional hit getting air-play on a variety of radio formats. I've been howling at the moon ever since I heard it. — Dale Knuth

SLAP: Slap (LP; Duotone Records, P.O.B. 116B, Miami, FL 33243, USA) SLAP is the concept of synthesist Stephen Nester, who plays his instrument more like a percussion battery than a keyboard. The effects are almost exclusively rhythmic, with tonality serving as textural variance. The non-rhythmic pieces are dark, urbanistic studies in raw mood which Nester enhances sometimes with found sounds. (He credits TV as one of his instruments). Not exactly noise, not really ambience, but bordering on visceral musical obscurity. I can best describe this as pulsating, deeply textured murals in sound, flavored with dark colors and a slight funk-rock sensibility — which keeps this excellently recorded album from getting too serious on you. — Michael Goodspeed

SLAP: Pratique (LP; see address above) A second outing for primal synth wiz Stephen Nester, who refers to himself as a lush minimalist. Like Phillip Glass, Nester creates pieces that pulse and cycle with only slight development, and little or no variation. Unlike Glass, he does not resort to any chordal structure (melody is nonexistent, any hint of "key" barely hinted at) and in a strange way this works to better advantage. Imagine jungle drums, tribal dances, a mystical rhythmic environment, barely visible clouds and edges of melodic tones drifting through, and you have the visceral yet unobtrusive magic of Slap. The inclusion of acoustic percussion and occasional sax helps bring this mesmerizing material out of a solely synth realm, and the album's excellent recording allows for maximum listener involvement. — Michael Goodspeed B

DON SLEPIAN: New Liberty (C-60; P.O.B. 836, Edison, NJ 08818, USA) The problem with so many new synth composer-virtuosos is that they channel all their technical abilities into recordings of inconsequential, nondirected noodling over simplistic electro-pulsations, providing the listener with little else than more techno-background-muzak for one's collection. Happily, this is not the case here. Slepian composes inspired melodic pieces, richly colored with a spirit of fantasy and wonder. His approach falls somewhere between Wendy Carlos and Vangelis, with just a hint of Debussy-like lushness. The shorter pieces are solidly arranged, laced with diversions not usually found in the computer-synth medium. In the selection "Life", for example, sparkling arpeggiated melodies give way to a slower, melancholy variation in cello-like voices. "Stasis", with its relentless racing percussive framework, recalls Genesis' "Los Endos" in energy and structure. The 20-minute-plus "Nightwatch" is a lilting, rippling nocturne which comes closest to freeform of all the material, and makes for tranquil yet stimulating evening listening. Slepian is obviously a happy person. The good-natured, non-disonant music on this tape suggests a high spirited artist with a youthful enthusiasm that I found inspiring. — Michael Goodspeed

THE SLICKEE BOYS: Uh Oh...No Breaks! (LP; Twin/Tone Records) This is The Slickee Boys second album on Twin/Tone after a bunch of singles and LPs on assorted indie labels, and its a consistently rocking, if slightly schizophrenic affair. The Slickee Boys have a hard driving, garage rock sound, with solid riffing guitars and strong bass/drum interplay. Lead singer Mark Noone has a throaty, but somewhat limited yelp. On songs like "Dream Boys", "Teenage Romance", and "Going All The Way", they show their '60s garage punk roots, with "Dream Boys" a particular standout with reverb guitar by lead guitarist Marshall Keith, cheesy harmonies, and a great hook chorus. "The Brain That Wouldn't Die" is a jungle rocker reminiscent of the Cramps, but not as swampy. There are

other songs which seem to be more ACR in orientation and these songs suffer from cloned hooks and underproduction. If you're gonna go AOR, it's gotta be slicker than this. The Slicker Boys have some good hooks, and can really rock out, but need to get beyond the formulaic nature of their approach. A fine record, but I think better is yet to come. — Scott Siegal 7

SONICS: Full Force! (LP; Etiquette, 2442 NW Market St., Ste. 273, Seattle, WA 98107, USA; tel: 206-789-3658) A hot compilation of their best stuff, all from '65/'66, on the reborn Etiquette label. (A call to Buck Ormsby, Executive Producer of this LP, one of the two original producers of The Sonics, a member of the Waiters and creator of the original Etiquette label as well as the current incarnation, reveals that the label is alive and well with future releases planned. There is a God.) The Sonics were an archetypal exponent of early rave-up beyond-the-barrier hot rock — an early form of punk, before the word applied to a musical style. Jerry Roslie screams and spits out their anthems ("The Witch", "He's Waitin'", "Psycho", "Boss Hoss", "Strychnine", "Louie, Louie", etc.) with the supreme confidence of a man in control of his art, one who appreciated an early large audience who appreciated him and the music of The Sonics. Join in. Reputation deserved. — Jack Jordan

SOUND EFFECTS OF GODZILLA VOL. 2 (LP; Toshiba Records, avail. through RRRecords, 51 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852, USA) Twenty-nine cuts with one to 15 sound effects per cut and a filmstriotype "beep beep" between each. We hear synths, organ, mellotron, scarey sounds, drones, zaps, pulses, water, boulders falling, jet engines, lab sounds, big machines, space ships, and a wide variety of monsters: Rodar, Gidra, giant crabs, strange birds and others, screaming, laughing, growls, footsteps, even Godzilla's heartbeat. The last cut on side two is fantastic! Monsters battle it out, planes drop bombs, ray guns blast, and the amazing Godzilla roars triumphant. Like odd noises? You'll love this! A limited edition picture disc is also available.

THE SOURCE: Another Look (EP; Wasp Records, 848 N. Jefferson St., Arlington, VA 22205, USA) Excellent commercial "new wave" rock. The production is very clean. They even do a Yoko Ono song! ("Give Me Something") The last cut on side two is a pleasant pop song called "Something In The Air." — John L. Basall

EDDIE SOUTH (LP; DRG, 157 W. 57th St., New York, NY 10019, USA) This compilation is only one of several unbelievably great and budget-priced swing albums called "disques Swing." Featured on this volume is the fantastic, and relatively unknown black violinist Eddie South. With accompaniment of Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli, one can only imagine how flawless the music must be. And it is! Every cut features hard driving gypsy swing along with the incredibly beautiful swing interpretation of the "First Movement of the Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor." The sound quality of these 35-plus year old cuts is amazingly good. This very album could be the reason that musical instruments were invented. In short, this is a must. — Rex Doane

S'POOL: Sonnet Lumiere (C-60; P.O.B. 441275 Somerville, MA 02144, USA) First off, you got your cool hand-painted black with yellow lettering (sneazy script) of just the title, nothing else, and a little window with a booklet of pictures inside that's got lots of interesting pictures to put in that window. The long edge of the box has a bit of super-B film glued onto it. Mine has some pictures of trees or something. And perhaps the sound, too, is worth mentioning. It sounds confusing. Maybe like rain if magnetic tapes were made of tissue paper. No, like the old Hall of Mirrors regenerative tape loop trick again. And the stuff they chuck into that gear, repeating and lingering before slowly fading out, new stuff piling up. The telephone sounds are as if we are waiting for about five lines to answer (none do) the tones are pleasant buzzing, relaxing and have that long distance wire sound to them that long distance calls have. Previous releases from the same folks (a gang of renegade hippies at WMFU) include EMERGENCY MUSIC and SMPLETONELECTRONICS, both also audio collages. — Robin James

SPOONER: Wildest Dreams (LP; Boat Records, P.O.B. 3362, Madison, WI 53704, USA) This record ranks right up there with the best of U-2 and The Cars, and beats theirs sounds better than either of them. The tunes are finely crafted and superbly produced with fine use of tape manipulation and treated sounds. The main ingredient here is good, solid pop-rock with plenty of catchy hooks and memorable melodies. The instrument line up includes electric and acoustic guitars, drums, keyboards, bass, and synthesizer. Three of the five members of Spooner create some tightly woven and haunting vocal harmonies. — Sally Jassway 8

THE TAIL GATORS: Swamp Rock (Wrestler, 1900 East Side, Austin, TX 78704, USA) Former Fabulous Thunderbirds' bassist Keith Ferguson's new band is one sizzlin' combo blasting their way through a wild, bluesy rockin' set of originals and covers that perfectly suit Don Leady's raspy voice. Although recorded in the studio it sounds more like the result of a live set. They could have easily pulled one of the best sixties scams by oubbing in the sound of an audience. — Charles P. Lamey

STEVE TAYLOR: Meltdown (at Madame Tussaud's) (12" single; Sparrow Records, Canoga Park, CA 91304, USA) Is this the first Christian disco single? If not, tell me so. Anyway, this is stringent commentary on the idolatry of public figures, especially rockstars, and notably Bob Dylan (wonder why?). It is nicely catchy electropop that does not sound too trendy, and is (surprising for a Christian record) original sounding. You might not be able to tell this is Christian if you did not know better. My only question is: Where is the market for this? With little secular distribution, I doubt it got into the hands of many club D.J.s and those with the MELTDOWN album hardly need this. — Jamie Rake

37 PINK: La Temptation Brutal (C-60, \$4; Greyscale, P.O.B. 55502, Tucson, AZ 85703-5502, USA) Hypnotic industrial drone-oriented sounds and rhythms. This is a better recording with more variation in sound texture than their previous effort, CORRECTIVE JUSTICE, which had more white noise. Here they have added to their electronic arsenal noises with more of a bite plus found sounds and vocals. 37 Pink have quite a way to go before they realize their full potential, but they should provide some stimulating listening along the way. — Jon Small

DAVID THOMAS and THE PEDESTRIANS: More Places Forever (LP; Twin/Tone Records) David Thomas, Lindsay Cooper, Chris Cutler, Tony Maimone. Lyrics included. Happy, funny music. There should be more of this around. The lyrics are like Zen koans. Cartoon-like songs about grasshoppers, a new broom, and whale-headed storks to name a few. Thomas' voice is filtered in some songs and produces some unusual perspectives: falling into a basement; an ant; a happy, enthusiastic man. Lindsay Cooper plays saxes, bassoon, tubs, oboe, piano and organ. Maimone plays bass and piano. Cutler plays drums and percussion. The arrangements seem well-thought out but maybe they just happened that way. Engineered by Paul Hamann, clear and articulate. — Tony Pizzini 10

LINDA TILLERY: Secret (LP; 411 Records, P.O.B. 3336, Berkeley, CA 94703, USA) Tillery has been a well known and much appreciated figure on the San Francisco Bay Area musical scene since the 1960s. Blending jazz, gospel, rock and blues styles into her own personalized expression, Tillery is a pleasure to listen to in this assortment of fairly obscure (at least to me) selections from the popular repertoire. This album has a lot going for it: an accomplished singer backed up by skillful musicians playing tasteful, uncluttered and uncluttered arrangements. Add to all this, an excellent album production in layout and design, with inner sleeve annotations. Unfortunately, the songs are not memorable and are too much like too many others. Tillery's album is certainly more than high class Muzak but it does not grab you, hold you, and satisfy. It is all very nice but I wanted more. — Norman Lederer

GERALD TRIMBLE: Heartland Messenger (LP; Green Linnet, 70 Turner Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840, USA) This pleasant album consists of Scot-

tish, Irish and American tunes, arranged for the cittern, mandolin and guitar, played by Trimble and impressive supporting musicians, including John Cunningham and Michael O'Donnahill, with one vocal track ("The Battle of Pea Ridge"). Trimble's playing is technically excellent and nicely emotive, his use of his talented help appropriate, and his choice of material is good, with very few warhorse pieces that crowd the first releases of many American-Celtic folk musicians. He includes American reels and hornpipes, and forms sets with similar British Isles tunes; the result is educating and tuneful. My only complaint is that he seems unwilling to push his instrumental talents, staying instead with straight-forward arrangements; a good tactic for a first recording, perhaps, but not what masterpieces are made of. A promising first release; if he takes a few more chances in his arranging and composing, the results could be very impressive. — Christopher Pettus

TRIVISION/SLABE: Better Music Through Electronics (C; Ron Slabe, 26351 Lakeshore Blvd., Euclid, OH 44132, USA) Straight electronics mostly derivative of the German school with Tangerine Dream orchestration and Cluster-like rhythmic structures. Most of the pieces are built upon a straight forward major chord sequence and are not very daring. But good production and competent musicianship keep it interesting. The tapes best moments come when the duo takes some chances and crack the mold as in "Graverobbers II" and "Social Collapse and Ensuing Bedlam", that uses an interesting major/minor sequence structure that is slightly unnerving and creates the tapes most interesting song. — Nathar Griffith

TUPELO CHAIN SEX: Spot The Difference (LP; Selma Record Co., 6657 Yucca St., Hollywood, CA 90028, USA) These Hollywood hucksters are an odd lot. Combining one part "gangster/ska" (a la early Madness), one part "lounge jazz" (a la Zappa and the Mothers, Flo and Eddie period), and one part diesel-fueled Californian hardcore, they deliver a hybrid that is kooky, kinetic, and fun. Old-timer Sugarcane Harris (violin) joins overdrivers Limey Dave [vocals], Tupelo Joe [guitar], Kevin Eleven [bass], and Willie Dred [drums] in a merry romp. Moments of sobriety surface lyrically, however, when anti-capital punishment and anti-Central America involvement themes appear. And in one cathartic discharge ("America Today"), American success metaphors, social injustice and ignorance, avarice, media and government are all dealt with demonstrating the eclectic directions that are always open to modern pop. That is the band's greatest strength. — Mark Dickson

TUXEDOMOON: Holy Wars (LP; Crammed Discs, Box 20-B, 70 Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011, USA) "Tuxedomoon are back in action" says the press release. HOLY WARS is part of a stage show, "Revisionaries" and I have the feeling it's more complete in a stage setting. One instrumental and eight vocal songs that are more or less successful, and it all sounds theatrical in its breadth of sound and orchestration. This "new style" is lighter than older Tuxedomoon, but no less interesting. A horn section adds an edge to some of the songs, but gives other ones a cabaret sound that isn't consistent with the rest of the music. The sound quality is superb, the music is energetic, and with four strong musicians the mix of instruments and styles is stunning. Fans of old Tuxedomoon may not like this pop style, but the music is self-assured and balanced and represents an interesting change for this group. This is the second release on CramBoy records which will re-release all the Tuxedomoon back catalog, and plans are made for a double-LP rare/unreleased/live compilation. — D. Maryon

TWA DIGS UNDER PARIS: i shin ohn (C-30; Xerox Sutra Editions, 1341 Williamson St., Madison, WI 53703, USA) A collective group of artists from Madison working in a variety of media (improvisational music, film, writing, performance, etc.) have put out an intriguing tape of hard-to-classify music. Side one (labeled "chamber industrial", although I don't hear much of the industrial) has a series of arhythmic, atonal pieces with sounds derived from a number of mostly acoustic sources together with assorted vo-

cals recited from texts which are included in a booklet. I'm reminded of Subotnick, Partch, Cage, only more fun and playful. On side two (the "electric industrial" side) things get a lot more frenzied and exciting. Imagine Cage meets Half Japanese. — Jon Small

UNCLE BONSAI: Lonely Grain of Corn (LP: Freckle Records, P.D.B. 4005, Seattle, WA 98104, USA) The two women in this trio, sing about men with uncanny insight. They fall in love or are touched by sympathetic n'er-do-wells — man with good intentions but no backbone. They yearn for fat boys to take them away from having to deal with vain Adonis's. They muse about having penis' and the ridiculous (sic) and bold things they'd do with them. It's interesting that a man, Andrew Ratahin, the trio's third party, writes almost all the songs. He's a great songwriter. The better songs are clever with good melodies and have the depth of short novels or stories. Ratahin is a solid guitarist and accompanies the voices and percussion of Arni Adler and Ashley Eichrodt. This record includes a horn or two, electric and bass guitars, a drum machine and vigorous and well-played strings. Nevertheless the instrumentation throughout this record is sparse as it was Uncle Bonsai's desire to make this record not too phantasmagoric when compared to their live acoustic show. The vocal arrangements are tight too but the voices occasionally seem very thin. The first song is called "Suzy" which is catchy and about a "modern" now type of woman who is still into some very old ideas. Then there are three songs that are slow and pretty about love affairs with men who are far from perfect. However, their imperfections seem expected and an attempt is made to understand them. There are a couple of songs directed toward general American superficiality and a "Day-D" song called "Day Did Whale" which was too contrived for me. I think the best song is "Fat Boys". There's a good melody here and some exciting dynamics when the chorus breaks in. Great lyrics also about the virtues of loving a fat boy. The last song is called "Penis Envy" and it is a ditty in which the women sing "If I had a penis I'd..." do these wonderful, strange and surely painful things with it. They are either lying or lucky they don't have one, let me tell you. This song is funny to hear a few times. The music is a folk to light rock vein. — Drew Robertson B

UN DEPARTMENT: Le Album (LP: Illusion Production, 15 rue Pierre Curie, 14120 Mondeville, France) Marcel Kanche and Philippe Gas are Un Department, and this is the first LP I've heard by them (they had one cut on the AAA DDUZE PDUR UN sampler.) They play melodic "songs" in an avant-pop style, and like other similar French groups (Ptose, GHA, Alesia Cosmos, etc.) there is a wide variety of sounds: old rhythms with synth and guitar, noisy drums with loud guitars, lounge-jazz parodies, and slow moody songs. The spoken vocals are tortured and a little pretentious, but fit the lyrics. The lyrics ARE a little odd (songs about pigs, sax, zoos and hypnosis) but are poetic and expressive (and untranslatable!). What I like best about this LP is the variety of moods; the noise is not gratuitous, and electronics are not the center of the music. Nice packaging and production by Illusion Production; this is MUSICAL avant-garde pop, and is fun to listen to. — D. Maryon

UNOERJOROISKA LYXORKESTERN: Prairie Romancer (c/o Silencia Records, Naved, S-67041, Koppom, Sweden) Remember when all that dark Bauhaus type music was all the rage. In Sweden the king of this type of music was a guy named Henrik Vanant who sang with a band called TT Rautar. This is Henrik's new band. While it's not quite as dark as the first, it's still got that brooding quiet quality along with the darkness of the topic: The Master, jealousy, etc. A female singer softens things a bit, but the same kind of tingling TT Rauter guitar comes through here. Text in Swedish. — Mykal Board

UR: Organic Soundscape Music (C-90: Bauta Records, skog Skattegard, 590 54 Sturefors, Sweden; dist. in USA by Wayside) This is a recording which demonstrates the advantage of the cassette...the ability to capture a full-scale performance in its entirety without changing discs every twenty minutes. In this case, the performance is a continuous, nearly 90-minute improvisation — an accumulative soundstructure that is highly listenable. UR creates delightfully strange and dreamy near-music with the use of winds, strings, tapes, synth, organ, bass and percussion. Equally significant is the recording environment, the colonade of a water tower on a Septamber evening. This is the most unusual live recording

I've heard since UMMAGUMMA, perhaps even more so because this is no festival or concert, but rather the experience of the musicians themselves, a very personal communication to the listener. — Michael Goodspeed

MICHAEL URBIANI WITH HORACE PARLAN TRIO: Take Good Care Of My Heart (LP: Steeple-Chase, 3943 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, IL 60625, USA) Expatriate Polish violinist Urbiani joined expatriate Yank pianist Parlan in Copenhagen for this straight ahead jazz date. The remainder of the trio are two fine, swinging Danes: Jesper Lundgaard (bass) and Aage Tanggaard (drums.) A far cry from Urbiani's usual fusion, this music is solid late-fifties-style post-bop with some early Coltrane and such here and there. Urbiani's tunes are alright and Parlan plays well, although I've heard him play better. What doesn't work is Urbiani's use of electric violin and some accompanying gadgets like wah-wah throughout the record. This sounds incongruous in the context and limits his nuance and dynamics. The more fusion-oriented might love the juxtaposition, but for me it's like Count Basie playing synthesizer. — Bart Grooms

URBAN ENTERTAINMENT SERVICE: Project 85002 (C-90; U.E.S. c/o J. John Belgrado, Stw. op Brussel 1B box 1, 1B10 Wwmmel, Belgium) A strange but humorous cassette. Lots of found vocals, tape manipulations, loops, low whispered voice croakings, casio doodlings, out-of-tune guitar, harmonica, and, of course, electronics, delays, echo, effects, etc. Some titles include "Scandinavian Blues", "Npn-Toxic and Harmless", "Proles To The Poles", "Sex And Religion (Hedes Mix)", etc. Tedious in some spots, fabulous in others. Overall, very interesting. An edition of 100 numbered copies so act fast. — Ron Lessard

MIKE VARGAS: Saccharin Quilt (C; 608 E. 9th St. #14, New York, NY 10009, USA) Keyboards and percussion. Very rich and varying solo improvisations and a couple of pieces with Chris Cochrane (guitar) and Dave Mandl (bass). Electric organ played in a cocktail lounge of a hotel in East Kalimantan, Indonesia; some cuts recorded in Limb Lounge (NYC). "Chain Dave Up" (A tribute to Dave Holland) is my favorite title, the best sounds are "New York Terminal With Birds" — the birds keep coming in the window through the processing gear. — Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Anatomy of Coincidence (C; Clendestine, P.D.B. 1122, Bloomington, IN 47402, USA) As I'm not one of those people who bow religiously to electronic muzak gurus, I find most of this tape too soporific. Yet throughout the 10 compositions in this compilation, there are a few intriguing moments: Deca-Dense's "Judgement Falling" subverts dream-state music with evangelical messages, simulating subconscious religious conditioning. (Cabaret Voltaire did a similar thing with less subtlety a few years back.) Innerface's "Human Factor" acknowledges that we might be sleeping or meditating to this music, by synthetically simulating deep-sleep breathing and/or snoring. Machine Language's "The Waka" evokes nightmare-like sensations by lacing the electronic pulses with creepy church mass singing. Grey Area give us some interesting acoustic breaks, though the overall rhythm is a hypnotic, machine-like drone. The most flawed thing about the tape is its packaging. The groups and songs are listed in such a way that you cannot tell which is which until you've heard the lyrics (And who knows — I may have made a big mistake.) Furthermore, we are not told on the outside of the cassette that this is a compilation. The really disturbing thing is that it doesn't sound like one, either. Perhaps if there were more variety it wouldn't be so tempting to call this "Anatomy of Sleep". — Richard Singer 5.5.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Art Confrontation 2 — Audioperformances 1983 (C-60; Magisch Theater Productions, Juliaendillensstraat 22 B, 201B Antwerpen, Belgium). This is a document of the four day Art Confrontation held at Sirkus-D in Daurne, Belgium. These are live recordings, and sound it, in terms of both immediacy and fidelity. Side one is dominated by a lengthy piano improvisation by noted European free improviser Fred van Hove and is the highlight of the cassette. Van Hove is a major-league improviser in the tradition of Cecil Taylor, and here unleashes a furious rush of spiralling atonality which is a model of precision and abandon and astonishing energy. A second piano improvisation by "someone unknown" follows, a Jarret-like minor key rumination around a lazy pulse that doesn't go anywhere. The

music is anti-climactic following van Hove's piece, and its abrupt fade suggests that it was chosen as filler material to complete the side. Side two features several speakers reciting poetry accompanied by improvised music. As no translation is provided, this seriously diminishes interest for anyone unfamiliar with the native language, and the music is singularly unremarkable — a lexicon of hokey electronic music cliches, followed by a murky jam session that occasionally brings to mind a Middle-Eastern bazaar. Regardless, van Hove's improvisation alone is worth the price of admission. — Dennis Rea

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Ballots and Love Psalms (C-90, \$2; Dumb Artists Collective, 172 Chestnut St., Rm. 209, Springfield, MA 01103, USA) Features works by Cargo of Despair, Flying Musical Colostomy Bag, Foam Trend, and The Severed Skull of Vic Morrow. A collection of somewhat dark, somewhat oppressive and usually pretty smart and skillfully done sound experiments. Thankfully, inspired ideas and a sense of humor saves it from being lumped in with the ponderous "tension and fear" schools working in a similar idiom. Most of it works well, effectively using the language of drones, loops, trancey echoes, found sounds, and various tape manipulations. When it doesn't work it becomes a soulless exercise in self-indulgent use of effects for effects sake. — Dleh Hodowanec

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Thrasher Mag's Skate Rock Vol. 2 — Blazing Wheels and Barking Trucks (LP: Thrasher Magazine, c/o Skate Rock, P.D.B. 24592, San Francisco, CA 94124, USA) The follow up to the 1983 Skate Rock compilation. Once again we're presented with a definitive who's who of the skate rock genre in an LP's worth of music ranging from metal to raunchably to every style therein falling into the loose-fitting punk label. The noteworthy acts on this compilation include McRAD, T.S.D.L., Los Divados, and Borscht, with honorable mentions going to the metallic sounds of San Francisco's Anvil Chorus and the cowpunk/rockabilly mayhem of the Kingpins. This album also sports such legendary groups as J.F.A., Big Boys, and The Faction, but unfortunately their offerings are not up to par, with some of their tracks being lackluster live versions of previously released material. All in all, not a bad compilation, but you'd be best off if you took a listen to this one before spending your hard-earned green. — Mike Troughon 5

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Boston Rock And Roll Anthology, Vol. 4 (LP: VAR International Records, Box 2392, Woburn, MA 01888, USA) The songs on this album, all recorded in the early '80s, range from heavy metal to slow synthesized pop. Most of the songs can be classed as mainstream new wave pop, and most of the bands have been influenced (and some produced) by Joe Viglione, the Count of Boston rock and roll. I like the sound of most of the bands, but the songs themselves are weak. Another overall flaw is overproduction — the songs are dragged down by unnecessary background vocals and dubbed-in percussion. Bands include Sarius Fun, Body Politics, Cola, Mark Vanderwater Music, Jet Screamer, Thrust, dorian Grey, Wise Guise, and The Count. The Count's "Dh Frustrating Love" is my favorite song on the album — Viglione makes up in emotion what he lacks in voice. — Kenneth Marth

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Cause And Effect Sampler (C; Cause And Effect, 5015 1/2 N. Winthrop, Indianapolis, IN 46205, USA) Each listing in their excellent catalog is given their best 30 seconds in a mini-showcase. Many have an industrial intrigue. There is an appropriate bit of blank space between each episode, and the path through the catalog is quite clear if you begin at the beginning. If you don't, there are some good clues in the vivid descriptions provided by the good people there, but good help you. Part of the whole business is to make affective emotional art; this leaves us with some rather intense mood changes in 30 second packages. It's annoying and disruptive to listen to. It got played a lot at my house. — Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Chewing The Fat With The Northampton Musicians Collective (C; 74 Dalapra St., Far Cotton, Northampton, England) This tape presents a picture of a diverse musical scene. Since there are 10 bands represented on this tape but only 13 people pictured on the front photo, I assume that there are several one- or two-man bands involved (several drum machine and guitar duets.) Some of the stand-out "bands" include The Essential (Mattel drum machine and multiple guitars on "Said And Done" and "Nerva Wash"), Renegade Raspberry Retaliations

(avant-noise synth and sax on "Desperate Plumbing"), J.T. and the Soul Destroyers (Velvet Undergroundish blue-eyed soul on "Days" and "Na More Wasting My Time"), and The Tinsel Boys (with their theme song "Get Your Tinsel Out"). Overall, a fairly good and diverse sampler of an interesting scene and organization — K. Crothers

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Dangerous Business International (C-20; K Cassettes, P.O.B. 7154, Olympia, WA 98507, USA) Everybody sings, right? Somewhere, walkin' along or sittin' there in their house, everybody sings. So there was a tape made last year called DANGER IS THEIR BUSINESS and released by K. A song or so each from a bunch of people in Olympia. No accompaniment, all acapella. Usually cassette recordings on an ordinary blaster (technological democracy, almost anyone can find one easily, it doesn't take a studio to do it). Well, natch it was a big success, probably because it's sorta funny, maybe embarrassing. And best of all, nothing is more than two minutes or so in duration from any of the contributing hams. Each box is hand painted white with a home-made stamp with the title in the shape of a heart. Well, now comes D.B.I.! More than just a weird box of snapshots (with no pictures) that talks, the material presented here is from, yes, some of the same people (Jan, Heather, Ginnie, Rich, Lois, Casey, ME, Julie, Toney, Calvin) BUT also includes treasures from afar: Mari, Yasue, Chie, Yukari, Yukie, Baba, Marijo, Jad, Leslie, Alexey and Takaaki. Some things were recorded 20 years ago. Yes, home taping has been killing music for a long time now, and it's so easy! — Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Florida Explosion (C-90, \$6; 2234 N.E. 135 Terr., N. Miami Beach, FL 33161, USA) There's 18 bands on this tape, all recorded fairly well, most competently played, but nothing new or interesting. It's all hardcore or heavy metal, frequently somewhere in between, but most of it lacks the originality or tension that can make these types of music interesting or fun. Disorderly Conduct appears to be a band with promise as does Poison Pack, but if this is an example of the best of the Miami club scene then I'd rather hear the bands that didn't make it on the tape or even into the clubs. Also, there is a note saying that the bands will suffer if you copy this tape, I doubt they are making any money off this cassette so they must be doing it for exposure, which makes the above comment seem a bit odd. — Lawrence Crane

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Inspiration Series No. 2 (C; 235, Spichernstr. 61, 5000 Köln 1, West Germany) Features an international sampling of experimental bands including the Orthotonics from Virginia and the Riff-D-Matics from Bloomington, Indiana. Comes in a nice package with artwork from each band. Some instrumentals and stuff to prove that art can have a sense of humor and still be art. — Mykel Board

VARIOUS ARTISTS: It's A Crammed, Crammed, Crammed World (LP; Crammed Discs, dist. by Important, Rough Trade, Dutch East India) A nifty sampler from this Brussels/London record company, with a variety of styles and a lot of energetic pop sounds. The Honeymoon Killers have a good remix of "Decolage"; Band Apart and Minimal Compact play spirited new wave pop; Hermine does a loopy parody of sultry torch songs; People In Control sing unusual lyrics over a pseudo-African drum beat, followed by the essential Zazou/Bikaye/CY1 and their powerful electro-African beat; two understated (i.e. not terribly interesting) tunes by Benjamin Lew/Steven Brown (moody rhythm) and Des Airs (band attempt at a crooner parody). My favorite is "The Big Dig", Family Fodder's inspired mix of Satie and reggae. A budget sampler, this is captivating and very listenable, and is a good introduction to what is new in European pop these days. — D. Meryon

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Laughingstock (C-90; Widemouth Tapes, Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203, USA) This compilation documenting the Baltimore underground offers a mixed bag of music, sound text pieces, and found sound collages. Laughingstock's motto is "shot through the heart of comedy, torn in with the digital necessity of time." Many of the selections reflect this sense of whimsy. Industrial textures prevail, and sound quality is deliberately crude to reinforce the point. Speakers deliver cryptic recitations

to the accompaniment of hugely distorted roars and rumbings; unfortunately their words often disappear in the murk. One notable exception, "Compliments to Vesna," is a taped collection of compliments which humorously points up the inanity of praise. The most fully realized piece here is Impossible Theater's "Three Voice Ventriloquism," an ingenious examination of the relationship between ventriloquist, dummy, and audience, flawed only by a pedestrian score which fails to utilize the resources of the Synclavier digital synthesizer on which it is performed. Instrumental selections include a lugubrious saxophone rendition of the Woody Woodpecker theme and a tune which sounds like neo-Romper Room music. Although details about the artists are a bit sketchy, Laughingstock provides a good overview of a certain element of Baltimore's subculture.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Listening By The Door (LP; Alan Hall, c/o Hit A Note Records, P.O.B. 6694, Louisville, KY 40206, USA) This record is more than just a compilation, it's a damn fine resume for a creative lot struggling to create a local music identity for the Louisville area. Club and independent radio programmers take note: there are several viable selections per genre here. The bands/musicians are Bryan Hurst, The Holidays, Poorgirls, Folks On Fire, Nouveau Riche, Orange Orange, The Silent Majority, The Hot Heads, E.P.P., The sounds of these bands range from funk, polyrhythms, country-rock, rock and pop. All the selections represent active, working groups with several releases among them and more expected shortly. The musical variety and integrity contained herein make this a competitive and worthwhile investment. Louisville listeners should be proud. A second sampler is due soon pending response to this one. — Mark Dickson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Made To Measure, Vol. 1 (Crammed Discs, dist. by Important, Rough Trade, Dutch East) The first of a promising series of LPs featuring music written for specific performance works (movies, plays, ballets, even a fashion show.) Minimal Compact's four pieces are restrained with a great variety of sound images and vocal effects (I'm still wondering if they use a drinking straw for that slurping sound); they are showing better musicianship all the time. Benjamin Lew's interlude is lovely but too short. Aksak Maboul's "Scratch Holiday" is uneventful, but their suite for a play is melodic and fun in their unique tradition. Tuxedmoon contributes three cuts, pleasant to listen to and not as dark as a lot of their later work. This LP is very listenable — loud at times but not noisy — the music creates interest and atmosphere, not just rhythm and noise. Fine releases like this should introduce Crammed to a larger audience. — D. Meryon

VARIOUS ARTISTS: MATERIALS AND PROCESSES (C; 3 Belvedere Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada MBX 1J9) Snarling, churning, compelling punk, noise, and skewed pop from Canada. Ten different bands, all from Toronto except Boston's Volcano Guns. There isn't a bad number on this tape. Some are possible classics (the chanted chorus of Blibber and the Rat Crushers' "Nazi Punks Go Bowling" is hard to forget). Don't let the name of the compilation make you think this is all industrial dehumanization stuff. There's a good share of factory rhythms and controlled distortion, but about all these bands have in common is that they're all obviously committed to what they're doing. Matt Cohen's "Rap It Up" for example, is a seamless and smooth mix with a rap that dryly destroys the whole mass market breakdance phenomena. Then, on the other hand, there's something like Norda, a bunch of noisy punks who get all worked up and yell things off the top of their heads at the audience (caught here live). Great stuff. Makes you want to visit Toronto. Very nice packaging and graphics, top. I even got a five page book with pictures and lots to know and tell about each band. Well done. — W. Mueller

VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Montreux/Detroit Collection Vol. 3 — Motor City Modernists (MDR B43 c/o WEMU, 426 King Hill, Ypsilanti, MI 48197, USA) A "Best of" the Montreux/Detroit Kool Jazz performances by Detroit's new jazz collectives. Griot Galaxy, the Motor City's Art Ensemble, contribute the album's highpoint with one slow, low-down, nasty bump and grind. It's a laughing horn riff, smokey strip-

tease jazz, and three powerful saxes, that bring to mind Bird, Coltrane, father figure Roscoe Mitchell, and especially leader Faruq Z. Bey. Subtract two saxes and add guitar and you have the New Chamber Jazz Ensemble. Janbou Shahid and Tani Tabbal on bass and drums adapt to personnel and style changes, providing solid foundations for scoring. A Spencer Barefield brings to mind EXTRAPOLATION-period McLaughlin when he goes for it, and adds a Euro-jazz feel, in contrast to Griot's bushmen from space hop. The last cut is a reunion of the Contemporary Jazz Quintet, who recorded two albums for Blue Note in '67 and '71. The band split in '74 and unfortunately the reunion covers no new ground. The Alliance — Miles Davis fusion unison lines, vibrato-less trumpet, uptempo bass and drums with guitar and electric piano color. A good case of what's new from Detroit. — CDinAZ

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Mother's Night In A Turkish Bath (C-60, Sex On Sunday, KU Xclamar, 104 B-1000 Brussels, Belgium) A compilation for getting

your chickens to dance or staring out the window with. I go for the latter more often. Very different from the lush percussion layers of 24 LIVES PER SOUND, a previous release. This cassette has several very different pieces by English, German, Belgian and American sound artists. Rather light and pleasant in combination. The Germans are Melodramatic Records (Vor Dem Steintor 73, 2800 Bremen Deutschland), the Americans are from Cityzines for Non-Linear Futures (P.O.B. 2026 Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10059, USA, English are from Woof Records (51 Rossiter Rd, London SW12 9RZ, U.K.); and the maker of the cassette, Ludo Engels, who has some colorful chimes. It would be possible to play this at the office (since they all know you are a little strange about what you listen to anyway) and still come out looking legitimately educated, with a progressive ear for contemporary international art, and not so goofy after all. — Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Mystic Super Seven Sampler #1 (7 song 7", \$2, Mystic Records, 6277 Selma Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028) RKL and the bands on side two (False Confessions, Flower Leopards, and Manifest Destiny) were my faves but I couldn't get real excited about many of the cuts which are too generic — just pick three chords and write a song. All these bands have something going for them — spirit, technique, a supportive following, or a genuine song writing ability — but this comp seems geared towards expanding the local market rather than making an impact on a naive national audience. All of this goes down easily enough when I'm listening to it, but not a song sticks in my head later. Also caveat emptor. Judging from the EPs I've heard with cuts on this comp, the selections here aren't necessarily typical of their sources. The music varies pretty much in speed (fairly fast to moderate), production (way up front vocals to a live blur) and style (metalcore to nearly 77 punk). If you haven't heard these bands, it's a rockin' primer, probably worth the price, but not a classic either. — Jeff Wechter

VARIOUS ARTISTS: New Africa (LP, Celluloid Records, 155 West 29th St, New York NY 10001, USA) This compilation contains cuts from six different Celluloid releases, including cuts from Mandinga (Foday Musa Suso), Manu Dibango, Fela Anikulape Kuti and Toure Kunda. The African music was produced in the West and aimed at Western audiences. The Mandinga track was produced by Bill Laswell. Material and features some '70s DX-7 soiling from Herbie Hancock (Suso, a friend from Gambia is a regular in Hancock's Rockit band.) The music sounds half-African (melody, percussion) and the other half instruments that are do-nothing and do-nothing with its heavy, synthesized beat and funky keyboards. The fusion of styles doesn't create anything really new, but the styles coexist comfortably and the music really cooks. The Manu Dibango cut is a reduction from the 12" single "Abebe Dance" and with its "Oo-La-La-La-La" vocals vocoder chorus saxophone syn-copations and heavily processed percussion is my favorite track from the compilation. Dibango originally from Cameroon, has been producing music in Paris since the early seventies. His African sound is produced using mostly Western instruments. The Fela track is disappointing, perhaps too short to really con-

vey the power of his style. After Fela's imprisonment by the new Nigerian military government, his album **ARMY ARRANGEMENT** was overdubbed and remixed by Laswell/Material with musicians Sly Dunbar and Bernie Worrell. Toure Kunda is a band of three brothers from Senegal now in Paris. Their instrumentation is mostly Western, their sound quite Reggae/Rock influenced, the vocals being the most African aspect of their music, both in language, melodic shape, and choral singing. The album is melodious, pleasant, and almost easy listening. — Chris Brown

VARIOUS ARTISTS: The New Hope (LP; New Hope Records, c/o Tom E., 2729 Shelley Rd., Cleveland, OH 44122, USA) There are literally thousands of hardcore bands popping up all over the country (I guess Ronnie had better form another commission) and as a result the need has arisen for more and more compilation LPs to handle the flood. I used to not care for the idea but as of late I've gotten to really enjoy them because it's a fairly cheap way to keep up and they introduce you to a lot of bands so you can decide who to look for and who to look out for. This LP features groups from the Ohio area, a place with a well deserved reputation for giving new talent (whether local or not) a fair chance. A quick rundown of who is represented here: The Guns, just two guys, 14 and 15 years old, with drums and a guitar, very full sounding. /Positive Violence, sound a little thin, they don't really get the adrenalin flowing, good lyrics. /Spike In Vein, very dark songs about disease and death. Real cheery stuff. Not real impressed. /Agitated — high energy, fast as you can play, pretty hot. They say they hate M.D.C. Funny, they sound a lot like 'em! /No Parole — grating vocals, lyrics border on self-parody. A very tight band. /Zero Defex — singer is named Ground Zero, an incredible bawler, good lyrics, dark guitar sound, very good. /Outerwear — I'll use their own words, "loud, slow, bad rules" Not much of a band either. /Offbeats — I think I've heard of these guys. Great band, high energy, fast, tight, riffy, fine ideas. One of the best bands here. /PPG — Slow, chunga, change rock out, kinda stonel, kinda funny, ok. /Starvation Army — good energy, meaty guitar work, good playing. The sound quality is fairly good overall but a little flat. The LP comes with a booklet with the addresses and phone numbers of all the bands. Very well done. — Bryan Sale 7

VARIOUS ARTISTS: 1999 (LP; VZW Etiquette, Zuidhoendijk 2, Zomdriet 2040, Belgium; tel: 03-568-7956) Comes in a low budget cover, but gives a nice idea about Belgian groups that are having gigs in little places and creating homemade electromusic. Side one opens with a funky, pop electro-song from Linear Movement which is Petar Bone, who seems to be a wizard in homemade music. If he had a more expensive drum machine it sure would have hit me. Harbor City, a group from Antwerpen, offers junky drum patterns with sounds of different instruments joined to it. The strong vocals of the French female makes it very fascinating. Most Belgian groups (try to) sing in English. So does French Painter Dead in a soft and clean electro-pop song. Pink Fungus opens with a radio voice announcing the third world war to an Arabic kind of tune with a minimal drum pattern. Messi — live gigs from them impressed me more than this song here, but still you can hear the passion of rock and roll. Heavy slide guitar, a real drummer with guts and of course an English singer (Do Belgium groups really want to conquer the world?) Day After offers creeping guitar and a strong rock rhythm in a political song. "Low Class" is from Hank Wallays, an active homotaper who dreams of one day writing a hit song. He is trying to do it with nice clean electro-pop music to consume at McDonalds. But I am a real Big Mac hardcore freak, so... "W" has a very nice sound, kind of funky rock. General Faers offers a strong song with driving rhythms. Just good rock music. De Fabriek, the only Dutch band here, offers dark, strong and inventive electro music with a Dutch text about humans in the year 3001. — Sandy Nys

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Peeping You! (De Fabriek, Molenweg 90, 8012 WM Zwolla, Holland) The language barrier is no hindrance when it comes to this little mini-compilation disc from the Dutch label that grew out of the work of the duo De Fabriek (The Factory). This is a fairly relentless onslaught of man-

gled voices, twisted guitars, tape loops and found recordings mixed up in the post-industrial nihilist tradition found throughout the global village. Unless you're terribly good at record jacket semantics, you could honestly have decided that all of this is the work of a single group. The artists are The Lost Attic, De Fabriek, Soft Jake Productions, and Daen Maeester. The method is similar in each piece: an effort is made to strip the recorded source material — instruments, voices, found recordings — of anything that would make them "pretty." It's the old Brechtian device of trying to aggressively involve the audience by making the attack and message one. No one can accuse De Fabriek of attempting to become "the acceptable face of Industrial Music." — Gregory Taylor

VARIOUS ARTISTS: A Private Studio Compilation — Tape No. 1 (C-60; Private Studios, P.O.B. 531, Wyandotte, MI 48192, USA) A reel grab bag of musical styles, but some influences show: Residents, Material, Lounge Lizards, to name a few. We get to hear: a toy piano sonata, a long drum march with trains and birds, a real rocker about tiny Iranian hands that is anti-Khomeini and a bit dated, phased bass electropop, a streetlight sage that's supposed to have something to do with Robert Ashley, fusion jems, warped jazz, a Beefheart beat reading, strange jungle rock, sex fantasies, and tribal voodoo rock. The great cuts include "Obligatory Wallet Guilt", where a bored female bargoer rationalizes about stealing found money; two by the Goode Guys, "Take Me Back To Old Kentucky" where a Resident voice shrieks, "I love a carnival" while an Emerson on speed plays faster and faster, and "Throwing Up", a country ballad about seeing God while ill; "Never Lasts Forever", an cappella backward phased madrigal; and "The Roof Of Your Head (Holds Your Thoughts To Your Mouth)" featuring layers of voices and instruments in a swirling mix. This seems to be a musical collective, with Frank Pahl and Doug Gourlay somewhere near its center, and lots of others helping. Some highly recommended strangeness from Michigan. — CDinA2

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Projekt Electronic South Florida, Vol 2 (C-60; Projekt, 8951 SW 53rd St., Cooper City, FL 33328, USA) This is an artfully arranged electronic music collection of surprising quality with an excellent job done of collecting and sequencing. You get the sense of a very lively local scene that produces something for everyone, and seems in little danger of evaporating when the current trendiness of the synthesizer wears off. The recording technology ranges from the good old portastudio mix (with annoying amount of digital delay on the voice, since there's not plate reverb sound (Futurisk's "Change In The Tida") to some fairly glossy studio-sounding bits (Slap's Material-like "The Bondage Hour" and Magilla Guerilla's dubbed-out "Glamourizing"). Other bands/musicians included are Solvay Process, Bob Rupe, Westchester Bridge Club, Radio Berlin, Black Box Approach, The Happiness Boys, Edward Bobb, and Mike Kennedy. — Gregory Taylor

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Pushead Presents: Cleanse The Bacteria (LP, Pusmort, Pushead, P.O.B. 701, San Francisco, CA 94101, USA) This is a new international hardcore compilation created and produced by Maximum Rock N Roll stable artist/superlative meister Pushead, and its a monster...no, I'm not referring to the "man with half a head strolling through a swamp/stew of skulls and bones" cover, I mean it's an extra long player (i.e. lots more for your money) guaranteed to dice, slice, mangle and shred your head. Standout cuts include: 7 Seconds' "We're Gonna Fight", an anthemic rock n roller; Instigators' "53rd Stata" which sports a spoken word intro; Siege's "Walls", a superfast thrash n roller; Poison Idea's "Die On Your Knees" with gravelly vocals and a mid-tempo pace that speeds up; Inferno's "Freitod", an extremely fast thrash number, so fast it turns into another, slower rhythm at times (I like the way this band STOPS); Septic Death's (Pushead's band) "Terrorain", a sort of rock and roll song that builds to very fast, using lots of chord and speed changes and cool echoey vocals, and "Change", a super fast thrasher with interesting lyrics and chorus; Enola Gay's "Enola Gay", a fast one that utilizes echoey vocals and lots of good old noise and ends with a bang; Holy Dolls' "Beast Of The Apocalypse", a slower, death-

metalcore song with descending organ, chorus, real different approach; and Estrem's "Nazi Raus", that features chord changes all over the place, very fast trash that builds from a slow Alice Cooper like crescendo. I like all these cuts but I can recommend the whole LP (18 bends, 34 cuts) to fans of the genre who will find this collection essential. The album also lists all the bands' addresses for all us networking nuts. My only complaint is that the whole thing should have been recorded louder; I keep turning it up, and up, and up... — John E

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Rec Rec Sampler (C-60; Recommended Records/Switzerland, Magnstrasse 5, 8004 Zurich, Switzerland) Four bends, a couple solo/duo efforts, 17 tunes in all, held together by a minimal pen-ethnic aesthetic. There's six tunes from Debile Menthol which offers Tuxedomoon string dramatics and Glass/Reich simple layered evolving motifs combined with Etron Fou/Albert Marceaur fest-changing Francophone goofiness. There's a trio of tight, happily neurotic songs from Red Crayola, including a reprise of "V.I. Lenin" from KANGAROO?; three moody pieces from Ferdinand Richard's EN AVANT, each in a different language, revolving around small anecdotes of life in the petit bourgeoisie; a single, fairly typical Etron Fou tune from LES SILLONS DE LA TERRE; a couple Beefheart/Rota-style carnival contributions from Guigou Chenevier and Sophie Jausserand; and two (self-billed) fake folk songs from everybody's favorite politically-correct two-man-band, Skeleton Crew. — Bayard Brewin

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Shake Hands (and Come Out Dancin') (C; Camraderie Music Cassettes, P.O.B. 403, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215, USA) Now that his band Pastiche has gone defunct, Boston's Mr. Curt has taken to working on "solo projects, productions and sound ideas." I like SHAKE HANDS more for the audacity it exhibits in pulling together disparate elements than for the power of its individual tracks. All of the performances are competent and worth listening to, but only three or four ignite. In the end, it is the blend of tastes and sonorities that brings me back to this tape again and again. Six artists are represented over eight songs (approx. 45 min) Sex 5th Avenue leads off with "The Crossing", a catchy but stodgy jazz bossa that features some neat soprano and tenor saxophone. The Ironics are second up with "Nobody's Perfect", a punchy turnaround based on a vocal arrangement like madrigal singers on speed. Mr. Curt closes side one with two pieces: "News," an aural collage that strained my patience and "Swamp Talk," a huge swallow of gumbo/monster movie music that features members of the band Men & Volts, some sly guitar and a wailing harp. A bit overdone, but spicy and good. The second side begins with two live recordings by Bam Bam: "Paper Crane", a sparsely arranged, reggae-flavored ballad that is soulful and moving; and "Looking At Murder", whose lack of texture and hollow vocals sink it. Rick Lynch's discordant rhumba, "One True Real", awash in layered synthesizers and spiked by Mr. Curt's guest appearance on guitar, is an aural delight. Laughing Academy's "Insomnia", completes side two. Its dance/trance pulse and monotonic vocals put me off at first, but repeated listenings and Mike Damk's chattering congas have turned me into a believer. In addition to the music, you get mini-photographs of the artists and well-documented credits. Mr. Curt has produced an entertaining, if not always challenging, 45 minutes of good listenin' (and dancin'). — G. Specia

VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Sound Of Young Seattle (C-60, \$3.99; Dust Bunny Music, P.O.B. 10263, Pike Pl. Station, Seattle, WA 98101, USA) Nine bands from the greater Seattle area and it's suburbs contribute one song each to this sampler of dark modern postpunk styles. Most songs are recorded raw. Some of the better known local groups included are A Western Family, Life In General, Ministry Of Love, and my favorite, Room Nine. A good source to find out what's currently happening in this part of the Northwest. The remastering quality could be improved next time. — Ed Zin B

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Sound Cosmodel (LP; Skating Pears, Box 58, Yamashina, Kyoto 607, Japan) An international compilation of 45 experimental and avant-garde artists. Fifty separate pieces, each approxi-

mately one minute long. A large percentage work in the electronic and magnetic tape field, be it either rhythm box pop (Human Flesh, Bene Gesserit, etc.) or extreme musique concret (Nurse With Wound, I Scream, etc.). Z'ev gets to make five appearances by using different names! Also well represented here is the Recommended Records crowd (Fred Frith, Chris Cutler, Geoff Leigh, Art Zoyd, Goebbels & Harth, etc.) You also get fringe rock (Half Japanese), Spanish flamenco (Feliu Gasull), Sudanese tribal music (Hamza El Din) and many other esoteric tid-bits. Unfortunately, there is no spoken word or poetry. This is a high quality Japanese pressing and comes with a large booklet of original artwork in the form of post-cards. This album is highly recommended to those who like their music to be both challenging and entertaining. — Ron Lessard

➤ **VARIOUS ARTISTS: Spiral #3 - Audio Anthology** (C-60; Spiral, P.O.B. 5603, Pasadena, CA 91107, USA) A special audio issue of the independent/avant-garde film quarterly, Spiral, this compilation is purportedly the very first anthology of audio works produced exclusively by independent filmmakers. The 15 selections, ranging from one to seven minutes, include soundtracks, music and sound works by filmmakers, and excerpts from interviews. Musical selections run the gamut from modern calliope music to quasi-Andean folk music for wood flutes; not surprisingly, the influence of musique concrete is particularly in evidence, as well as the film music of Brian Eno — both idioms which lend themselves easily to cinematic applications. With the exception of one piece which showcases a computer's speech synthesis capabilities, most of these composers favor a low-tech approach, relying on tape splicing and amplifying everyday objects and sounds (including, in one case, a fetal heartbeats). Nearly half of the pieces feature spoken text, with or without musical accompaniment. One highlight is Peter Roses's "Prelude to Pleasures of the Text", a monologue that begins as a slow, deliberate elucidation in plain speech and steadily accelerates into a dizzying volley of highbrow gibberish that sounds like an auctioneer reciting a technical manual, ultimately ending in a display of wordless vocal gymnastics a la Meredith Monk. Except for one anonymous-sounding rock number and a piece of mock-Vangelis string-machine gush, this is a model independent cassette anthology, and further issues should be awaited with anticipation. Impeccable packaging. — Dennis Rea

➤ **VARIOUS ARTISTS: Stopcontact 3** (LP; Stichting Stopcontact, P.O.B. 71243, 100B BE Amsterdam, Holland) A cross-section of the art of electronics at the juncture of Kraftwerk and Psychic TV. There's a reliance on minimal technology: the lowly home computer, the Casio, and a few low-tech incarnations of the drumbox are deployed like armies on the hillside. Mark Lane, the only American in this ten band batch, (who seems fiercely committed to low-tech compared to some artists doing similar work) is positively SLICK compared to the instrumentation in general use here — he's also the only one who dares to do it live. The music on this record seems to be at its best when the players try to subvert the listener's expectations, or attempt to wring some sonic pop credibility and a little funk out of the boxes. The prize on this one goes to Tranquil Eyes' "Finding Out For Yourself," which mixes a sprightly strut with some guy with a Dutch accent and a low voice trying to croon his way into a nymphet's dungarees. In the vocal realm, Lane's live recording of "They Call It Game" shows the only real passion afoot anywhere on this record, boosted along by the presence of a couple of real sidemen. Other bands/musicians included here are Mystic In Eye Flight, Holst & Wouter, Era Ora, L'Eponge Synthetique, De Fabriek, Sive Ximes of Oust, Oiseno Corbusier, The Last Attic and Hirshe Nicht Auf. — Gregory Taylor

➤ **VARIOUS ARTISTS: Swiss Artists Collection** (C; Recommended Records of Switzerland.) Most of the material is highly experimental, very abstract and dreamlike at best, redundant and incomprehensible on the rest. These artists have a common avant-garde quality, whether the vein is pop or ambient. Some high points: Unknownmix, with its Hagen-like monkey chatter over a pulsating techno-jungle in "African

Beat" creates a surreal audio cartoon. Robert Zimmerman's "Zero Zero Dead Mickey" invokes an image of several dogs calling through urban twilight. Dressed Up Animals (my favorite) offers well-conceived songs with bizarre sensibility which sound, if not completely solid, like the most thought-out and intentional recordings here. Karl Lowenherz is represented by two instrumentals, one hauntingly melodic, the other a deeply textured exercise in raw sound. I wish I knew more French and German. There are few English lyrics. This should be a minor obstacle to the adventurous listener, who will find integrity and freshness among these young artists. — Michael Goodspeed

➤ **VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tellus #5/6, Special Double Audio Visual Issue** (C; 143 Ludlow St., New York, NY 10002, USA) Funny. Like the birdcalls made by Louise Lawler 13 years ago. Ten years fly by, Paul McMahan and Nancy Chun sing and play a folk song called "Flattering The Flatterers". Anne Turyn gets some interesting, talkative, surprised by not being cut off after a few minutes outrageous phone answering machine messages from the same guy. Heck, I'm not telling you about all the best stuff. But, true to the series, this tape is alive with art influences. Unlike the rest, this special cassette comes in a box meant for 5" reels with a booklet of photos corresponding to the songs (or whatever). — Robin James

➤ **VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Way Of The Sacred** (C; XXX, P.O.B. 1060, Allston, MA 02134, USA) This stirring 60 minute compilation presents four groups, all quite different in sound and concept: Sleep Chamber, Jan Briley, Merzbow, and my own project, Controlled Bleeding. The main body of work is that of Sleep Chamber, whose dark, mystical music quivers and howls through most of the first side. The tone is subtle, with whisps of echoing, chanted voices, twisted synthetic textures and mangled fragments of melody, with dissonant bursts of sound rising and falling. The overall effect of these pieces is foreboding and trance inducing, similar at points to Current 93 and Metzgerbombe. Another highlight here is the sheer mayhem of Japanese noise purveyor, Merzbow. His piece, "Egyptian Ghost" breaks the ambience of the cassette with densely layered tape loops, revolving around orgasmic groans, found percussion and screaming electronics. Briley's work is also worthwhile, built on atmospheric use of tapes, electronics and found sounds. His two pieces are similarly trance like to those of Sleep Chamber, yet there is less emphasis on ritualism and darkness. Lastly there is Controlled Bleeding. Our tracks are also fairly ambient. We were aiming for a slow, dirgey sound, and our desire was to aurally illustrate the nightmare zone, the rotten spot of the mind, whatever that means.... This is a very solid tape, produced with time and care. — Paul Lemos

➤ **VARIOUS ARTISTS: This Is Religion** (C-40; Shitting Elephant Tapes, c/o P. Henrickx, F. Neuray 71, B-1060 Brussels, Belgium.) This international compilation is organized around the theme of religion and features artists from the U.S., Canada, Australia, Belgium and England. Mark Lane's song "Tsar" showcases his electronic music and voice in his distinct style. Savant offer an instrumental polyrhythmic percussion workout with synth adding texture. Psi Com explore the dark-rock sound with desparata vocals and achoey drums. Asbestos Rockpile is some guy half-seriously reciting lyrics over a processed electronic drum machine and synth background. His talk is something about religions taking people's money. Mutant Cave Creatures are computer sounds and weird voices informing the listener on "Sax And Religion." John Oswald has a short, skillful collage of found voices and warped music. Both Pink Industry and Dreamflesh create rhythmic musical tracks with found voices blended in. Executive Slacks play "Man Of Christ" live with electronic drums, scratchy guitar, and angry vocals. They sound tribal. This tape is a high quality production and the artists all offer interesting and varied material. The main theme of religion is not heavily enforced, and some of the lyrics are hard to understand, but it is a very entertaining cassette. — Lawrence Crane

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tobacco A-Go-Go - North Carolina Rock 'n' Roll In The Sixties (LP; Blue Mold, 803-A Lancaster St., Durham, NC 27701, USA) Don't let the cheesy cover, the words "rock 'n' roll" or the fact that this is North Carolina stuff, put you off. This is predominantly an excellent '60s punk/psych sampler. With the release of this fine record, can an Idaho compilation be far behind? From the melodic, superb pop-punk of "If You Can" by The Cykle (get their cassette also!), to the prime psych of "Watch Out Mother" by The Si-Oells, there are few boring moments on this disc. Other highlights are one of the better versions of "Mister You're A Better Man Than I" that I've heard (The Sands), the sparkling pop of "Too Much Lovin'" (The Young Ones, who later evolved into The Cykle), and the punchy, punky-psych, organ-laced and trippy "Our Time To Try" by The Bondsmen. None of the 18 songs on this LP qualifies as "bad." With stuff like this being unearthed from North Carolina, hope springs eternal for, say, a "Pebbles Vol. 57." Let's hope for, at least, a second volume of '60's gems from The Tarheel State. — Jack Jordan

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Tommy Boy's Greatest Beats (LP; Tommy boy 1747 First Ave., New York, NY 10128, USA) This two-record compilation from the pioneering hip-hop/electrofunk label contains all the hits (Soul Sonic Force, Planet Patrol, Pressure Drop, Janzun Crew) some of the better misses (Beatmaster, Force M.O.'s, Whiz Kid, Malcolm X, Special Request), along with a megamix of most of those tunes strung together on side four. On some songs an almost industrial flavor dominates, like the legendary "Planet Rock" and Special Request's "Salsa Smurph". The only halfway lackluster cuts here are Afrika Bambaata & The Jazzy 5's "Jazzy Sensation", a pretty ordinary rap, and Special Request's "Take It To The Max." Still, this is a set for all rap, hip hop and electronics fans who did not pick up some of these in their first go-rounds. — Jamie Rake

75. **VARIOUS ARTISTS: Winnie's Escape** (C-90; Bovine Productions, 1553 Pine #2, San Francisco, CA 94109, USA) This haven for hometapers is an idea that's a little more than a year old. Too bad it's been such a well-kept secret. Each Winnie compilation is an inspired exercise — an impressive collection of a variety of home tape experiments by an impressive variety of home tape talent. Lots of quality stuff. This current installment features work from Belgium, Australia, England and the U.S.: Arron Winsor, Catfish McGregor, Oono Dimuro (excellent work in the R. Stevie Moore vein), Curtesy Patrol, Zan Stones, and 26 other performers appear. Ken Clinger, the man behind all this, loves what he's doing and does it all for its own sake. His open-minded approach keeps Winnie a friendly, special, and viable forum for all of us tape heads out there. Send an SASE for more information. — Oleh Hadowanec

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Womad Talking Book, Vol. 1; An Introduction (WOMAO Foundation, 3rd Fl., B5 Park St., Bristol BS1 5JN, England) An exceptionally fine World Music sampler, and the first offering from a projected series of six "talking books" (releases centering on Africa and Europe should be available by the time you read this; Asia, the Americas, the Far East and the Pacific to follow shortly). A WOMAO (World of Music Arts and Dance) "Talking Book" is a disc packaged with a 20-page, well-thought-out, informative booklet which touches on the recorded artists and the cultural and economic/political backgrounds of the nations they represent. Vol. One presents music from England, Gambia, Bali, Trinidad, Tanzania, Colombia, Australia, Ghana, Ireland and Pakistan. The selected music seems to represent the personal tastes of the producers (and very keen tastes they are). All of the music on this sampler is interesting, most of it exciting. Highlights for this reviewer were Explainer (Trinidad), Orchestre Super Matimila (Tanzania) and Nusrat Fateh Ali Kahn and Party (Pakistan). — J. Stacey Bishop

➤ **VARIOUS ARTISTS: Zip III** (C; 20 Sunrise St., Ashgrove Q. 4060 Australia) Modern electronic pop intrigue, a compilation feature around 12 musicians playing 13 songs, solos and duos mostly. Quite a few numbers with looped voices and odd electronics, with and without rhythm boxes. Tape comes in a bag with postcard and cover to cut out, stickers, poster, cata-

log, two booklets demonstrating the dislocation of wriggly surrealism of the unhinged mind. A good buy. — Robin James

MAURICE JOHN VAUGHN: Generic Blues Album (LP; Reecy Records, P.O.B. 368077, Chicago, IL 60636, USA) This is a good record. It has the same contemporary sound as many of the latest generation of blues players such as the Sons of Blues. The sound is a little more tinged with soul and funk than older, more traditional bands out of Chicago. Don't get me wrong, GENERIC BLUES gets down and dirty on Phil Guy's "Garbage Man Blues" and Vaughn originals "I Oone Told Ya" and "Without That Bread." The backing band isn't spectacular but lends solid support. "Computer Took My Job" is a classic song for this microchip world. — Dale Knuth 8

GLEN VELEZ: Frame Drum Music (C; Music Of The World, P.O.B. 258, Brooklyn, NY 11209, USA) Side one is called "Transit": Jangling bells, shakers, and a cabassa form broken time meters with the accompaniment of the drum. Moods of Arabian folklore drift through the mind and pictures of Indian maidens dancing to the time of the tabla. An interesting experiment with odd seven- and nine-count meters but lacks color and variety. There are moments when a 6/8 rhythm is approached and a strand of continuity begins, only to dissolve into a maze of fluttery rhythms struggling towards the end with a 4/4 feeling. It leaves you wishing Velez had started side one with what he ended it with. It would make dancing easier. Side two features four pieces. 1) "Pandereta": Frame drum playing tabla-like patterns — 12 beats over nine and seven beats over five counts, etc. 2) "Bendir": Cabassa plays along with a buzz rattle accenting the odd 9/8, 7/8, 6/8 turnarounds with drum muffs, thumb clicks, and rim staccatos. 3) "Sweet Season": This is one of the better flowing selections on this tape. It creates a zylophone (West African bylophone) effect with its repetitious melody. The sound is really more akin to the mbira or thumb piano with a rattle or buzzer rings attached to

the sounding board. The hand drum supports this mbira sound along with the various shekere (shakers) or bead rattles being used as timekeepers along with bells. Vocal dischords sung in monotones linger inside the thumb piano sounds and are an interesting approach to augmented minor chords. But in my opinion, this does not fit the mood that the artist creates from the introduction. Still, it is acceptable as a study in music cross-overs. 4) "Handdance": Creates a Brazilian samba feeling with its flowing tambour tiki tiki accents. The patterns are somewhat disconnected from the root rhythm leaving one to wonder when it's all going to come together so we can dance. This selection demonstrates interesting sound effects but is lacking in continuity. My overall opinion of this cassette is that small portions of its creations are interesting in concept, but the artist needs to ground his rhythms more into a flow rather than to continuously play erratically with disconnected rhythms that do not relate directly to his compositions. Velez is a talented artist, but he needs to woodshed more. — Sartuse

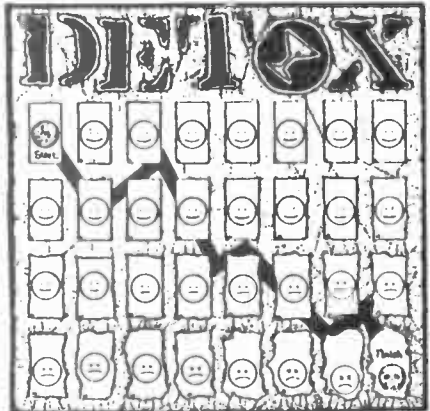
EDWARD VESALA: Mau-Mau Ensemble (LP; Johanna Records, Berhardin Katu 7 A 6, 00130 Helsinki 13, Finland) I guess its those long winters and many hours in the sauna that make the Finns such fans of weird jazz. Trumpets, drums, synthesizers, tubas, lot's of yelling, avant guitar, gun shots — this records has a bit of everything for the (wild) jazz lover. If your idea of jazz is Al Hirt, this isn't for you. [Although it does cool down a bit in spots.] But if free jazz and Eugene Chadbourne are the Christmas presents in your jazz stocking, get a hold of this piece of weirdness. Oh yeah, all the text is in Finnish. — Mykel Board

VORTEX: "C" Album (LP; Soundscape Records, 500 W. 52nd St., New York, NY 10019, USA) If there's a point at which the self-obsessed musician and the self-obsessed listener find a common ground, this may be it. Ralph Blauvelt's trumpet sounds at first as if it's less trying to play notes than to find a voice of its

own, and he helps it a great deal. Saxist/clarinetist Brad Graves joins Blauvelt in creating these "sound sculptures", a collection of six starkly textured improvisations. Production is nil, and the energy is tense, full of disturbing moods. Percussionist Daniel Ponce participates on two pieces with appropriate unconventionality, but the more fascinating aspect of the album is the introduction of the drumset (drum plus trumpet) and the Vortex Red Piano, an electronically altered grand piano minus keyboard. Outside music turned inward, Vortex conveys a sense of restrained energy dangerously close to eruption. The effect is successfully unsettling. Definitely for enthusiasts of scary jazz. Order through Bradford Graves, 799 Greenwich, New York, NY 10014. — Michael Goodspeed

RICHARD WAHNFRIED: Megatone (LP; Inteam) This is a Klaus Schulze group project, and the third LP under the Wahnfried name. In a 1981 interview, Schulze identified Wahnfried as his computer, and spoke at length about the astounding musical potential which Wahnfried offered. So with Schulze' long-established reputation as a techno-freak and synthesizer pioneer, one might expect this LP to be "leading edge" or at least interesting. Instead it ranges from disappointing to embarrassing. The chief embarrassment is the long vocal cut on side one "Angry Young Boys", which seems to be Schulze' attempt to invade the punk/new wave market. The vocalist groans and hisses his way through very silly lyrics: "Angry young boys on the run/ They have a lot of fun but no guns." The performance culminates with the vocalist repeating "Oh my love" and "taste me" in an orgasmic whine. Vocals are mercifully absent on the next cut, and on the long piece which occupies the entire second side of the record. But this merely reduces the embarrassment. Take away a few electronic effects, mainly at the beginning and end of the two cuts, and what is left are a couple of very ordinary rock jams. Perhaps the worst of it is the relentless, mind-numbing electronic percussion which, except for a few brief interruptions

FLIP SIDE

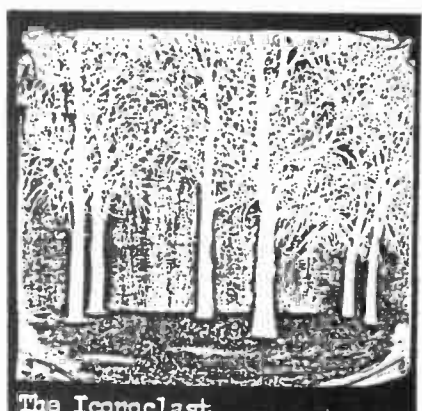


"Definitely the lp of the year so far" is what Joe Henderson St. (his Disa) is calling this 12 song lp. Includes: "Ick the Eern", "Season in the Sun", "Soul Boat", "Shoot the Kid", "Child of One", "Life On Calueng", "No Regain in Russia", "Radio Henry", "Placidyl Polka", "French People Suck", "Submerge" and "Henderson St."

RECORDS



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by Michael Shrieve, just hammers away without any variation or imagination. I don't know what Schulze was trying to accomplish with this LP but someone should tell him that a computer — even Wahfried — is only as good as its programmer/operator. — Bill Tilland

THE WALKABOUTS: 22 Disasters (5 song 12"; Necessity Records, 4710 University Way N.E., P.D.B. C-56789 #1000, Seattle, WA 98105, USA) Pop-rock quartet that plays slow to mid-tempo songs with clean sounding guitars (electric and acoustic), some organ and synth and male/female vocal harmonies. She reminds me of a less shrill Cyndi Lauper. He has a sort of breathy tenor. There's also one song with cello. The production is very nice with a real crisp guitar sound. I like some of this record instrumentally but none of the songs really stood out and I found the singers grating. — Pam Kirk

HUGO WERIS: Nouvelle Recette (C; La Fondation, Boite postale no. 52, 75462 Paris Cedex 10, France) Combines sounds like a real tea kettle whistling, maybe a movie soundtrack, an old record hissing away on the wind-off, with electronics. Maybe it's the other way around, electronics added to each of those things. Not exactly serious outer-space electronics, and not total industrial noise, somewhere between. It makes for an entertaining bon-bon. Cathedral with circuses. Breakfast with tea and oscillators. — Robin James

WESTERN EYES (LP; Trace Elements Records, P.D.B. 3483, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163, USA) Generally midtempo to slow rock with the usuals plus occasional drum machine, keyboards, harmonica and forgettable male vocalists. The lyric sheet reveals depression and paranoia induced by big city life as reoccurring themes but the vocals are emotionally unaffected. This record is fairly well produced but the songs are boring and not at all catchy. — Pam Kirk

THE WESTERN FRONT: Orygun/Clementine (7" single; Whizbang Records, 308 S.W. Washington, Portland, OR 97204, USA; tel: 503-226-0088) "Orygun" is a "yeah hometown" song given here with a lot of spirit, but not much else. Their singing comes across like some kids on the corner singing along to the radio: off key and simple-minded playing of their instruments. From a country hell raiser, the band drops back to a country folk ballad, "Clementine". Perhaps with rehearsals devoted to developing harmonies, Western Front can smooth their delivery and provide some listenable music. — William Ponsot

WHAT IF: It Be What It Be (LP; 606 13th Ave. SE, Minneapolis, MN 55414, USA) It almost, but not quite, could be labeled middle of the road pop, save for the fact that the music has a bit more kick to it. Still, you could probably play this for grandmom and she wouldn't mind. — C. Schutzbank

JOHN WIGGINS: Particle Music (C-15, \$3; 3 Woodhull Pl., Northport, NY 11768, USA) An assemblage of digitally processed found sounds, realized into collages of spiny raw texture. These sounds consist of struck percussives; pots, glasses, little wood blocks, piano or guitar strings, a ringing telephone that I keep wanting to answer. The recording is crystal clear. This short tape (the two sides are identical) recalls some of Zappa's early audio-collage exercises ala "Lumpy Gravy" or "Chrome-Plated Megaphone", but when it's over, one is left with the sense of having heard a demonstration more than a fully-realized concept. Enthusiasts of the technique may find this out-

ing a useful reference or conversation piece. — Michael Goodspeed

WILFRED N AND THE GROWN MEN: Riding Double (6 song 12"; Zonik, box 223, Sub. 11, Edmonton, Canada T6G 2E2) Slickly produced pop with a drum machine and other non-conventional techno instruments. Catchy melodies are the highlights of this record. Lennon and McCartney would be proud of the rendition of their 1964 tune "From A Window" which was first recorded by Billy J. Kramer with the Dakotas. The rest of the songs are originals. If you like your pop simple but modern, this record's for you. — Jim Butterfield

BOB WILLS AND HIS TEXAS PLAYBOYS: The Tiffany Transcriptions, Vol. 3 (LP; Kaleidoscope Records, P.D.B. D, El Cerrito, CA 94530, USA) Bob Wills was a musical genius. The issuance of his considerable recorded legacy on a variety of labels over the past decade and a half demonstrates he was no "cornpone fed" hillbilly trying to make a living off of tonal hogcalling, but rather a highly skilled, accomplished dance band musician who, with his equally skilled sidemen, played some of the hardest swinging jazz and blues found in the United States of the 1930s and 1940s. Wills took the basic country and western ensemble, including fiddle and steel guitar, and employed it to maximum effectiveness as a jazz dance band, and in one fell swoop opened the door to musical revelation for denizens of the South and West who might otherwise have remained convinced that Roy Acuff was the sine qua non of distinguished popular music expression. It is true that Wills included a bit of corn with his filet mignon, but the discerning diner can push his obnoxious "Ahhh...Hahhs" to the side of the plate in favor of more palatable sonic goodies. Wills and his extremely adept sidemen and especially with his superb vocalist Tommy Duncan, demonstrates on these transcriptions, originally designed for radio use, that he was a major figure on the American popular music scene in the first half of the twentieth century. The recordings are clear although somewhat dead in sound, with very little distortion or surface noise. — Norman Lederer

WOODROSE: Automatic There (6 song 12" EP; Attitude Records, 115 Mechanic St. Apt. #308, Marlboro, MA 01752, USA) Folk rock with the emphasis on rock. A nice clean sound with good, simple melodies. Nothing too extreme. — Doug Hagen 6

SHAKIN JAKE WOODS: On The Move (C-46, \$5; Silent But Deadly, P.D.B. 7713, Ann Arbor, MI 48107, USA) Jake Woods is often found on the streets of Ann Arbor, guitar in hand, decked out in raccoon coat and flowered hat. He is a permanent fixture at the Ann Arbor Art Fair, selling his posters, calendars and now, this fine tape. Way back in 1898, at four in the morning, Jake began putting together songs and "jokes" and took a solemn vow to entertain the world until he dies on stage. His songs are short, primitive, untuned chunks-chunk blues riffs with Jake's raspy but melodic voice. Comparisons could be made to great old bluesmen, but also to Jad Fair with a little Beefheart thrown in. The strings buzz and Jake croons — mostly about "my Baby", but also night trains in the rain, the Devil, and "The Fastest Guitar Player In The World", who makes flames leap from the strings. So does Jake. "Song-writer/Joketeller" gives us the history and philosophy of the man on the move. His "jokes" are a combination of biblical parable and jungle book images with a pinch of halloween. Jake bursts into laughter telling us of angels, snakes and crocodiles, meat down the drain, the werewolf and Simple Simon, and much

more. Jake's been around the world 63 times — he even spent 21 days in space. He saved 182 people from a volcano in California and is the first person in history to outrun the wind. He also knows what's going to happen on Judgement Day, but he's not telling. There's plenty of other stories here. — CDinA2

YOUNG WEASELS: Stupid Desire (C) I play this tape in my car a lot. It's good for driving. It's even better for drinking and driving. Like a couple of nights ago Dan and I were driving over to the Crystal Corner after a D.D.A. show and Dan was plowed on Augsburg. We were listening to this and Dan was looking real pained and he said "It's just too quirky!" Diverse, perhaps. Multi-directional, certainly. What I like most, though, is that it has a lot of pretty melodies which are bound to pop up whenever you're stopped at a long red. Don't worry about spinning into dreamland, though — by the time the light's green the song's off into some other direction. All through, too, this tape has a synth-beat that keeps you toe tappin' which is great in traffic, and keeps you rolling on the crosstown expressways. We were ready to sing along, but what we could understand of the lyrics we didn't really get. "All That Matters" is one song. We still don't know. "Blind Youth" seems to promise a tirade, but instead it's loaded with all these metaphors that, quite frankly, Dan and I couldn't fathom. "The Return of Mighty Mouse"...from where and more importantly, why? Dan sums up: "Nice, kinda funky, synth-guitar music. I just hope that by the time the double live LP comes out they're not so...weaselly! Dr so...young." Dan slumped down in his seat, I turned the tape back over to side A, and we tried hard to concentrate on staying inside the paint. (I'd let you all know how to get a Young Weasel's tape for your car, but the sleeve doesn't say — it just has a picture of a drunk stumbling down a time tunnel.) — W. Mueller

ZAMO: Jamming With Spoek (C; Zamo Enterprises, 10911 74th Ave., NW, Gig Harbor, WA 93335, USA) On top of everything else, these serious blasphemy-rock musicians have lots of nerve. Telling Jesus to go away. Serious blasphemy. Serious. Did I say serious? My friend Louiey told me to wash my ears and eyes out with soap. I'm tellin' ya, this is something slightly different than the first Zamo tape. For example, what ever happened to Rhoda? Is that her on the cover? What ever happened to the freshness of the smell of the beach with the clam song? All the problems are on the tape, not in your deck. I'm warning you. If you buy it you'll know what happens when Zamo goes surfing and falls helplessly, pathetically in love with a lesbian. — Robin James

HECTOR ZAZOU: Made To Measure, Vol. 5 — Geographies (LP, Crammed Discs, 52 Rue Paul Lauters, 1050 Brussels, Belgium) This new disc from Mr. Zazou was two years in the making and is the finest work he has done since his departure from the lovely ZNR. Here are eight beautiful movements of Zazou's glowing post modern chamber music. Twenty three musicians play a wide range of string woodwind, brass and percussive instruments at various points. Each piece presents an ensemble of anywhere from two to twelve players, and the results are light, and special. Delicate webs of strings will rise and fall over gossamer threads of woodwinds, marimbas, etc. The warm, tender melodies and colors which made ZNR's work so satisfying is present in GEOGRAPHIES and although Zazou is working with an elaborate array of instruments, the gentle, elegant simplicity of the compositions make it a unique, rich and beautiful recording. — Paul Lemos

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Guns, Drugs, Punks



by Tom Zarrilli

On April 18th Judge Luther Alverson sentenced Chris Wood to life in prison. This ended the case of the state vs. Christopher Michael Wood, a four day trial that I observed in its entirety. Chris Wood, lead singer of the Restraints was on trial for the shooting death of his friend Robin Peskin. This incident occurred last December. The state charged Wood with Malicious murder and felony murder, the latter being murder that occurs during a felony. The felony in this case was aggravated assault, i.e. pointing a weapon at the victim.

Chris Wood's defense was based on his claim that Peskin was holding the gun in her mouth making sexual gestures to Wood at the time of the slaying. Wood tried to take the gun away and it went off killing her. This was countered by David Morgan a.k.a. "Crow" who said he saw the whole thing and that Wood simply reached around for his gun when Peskin said, "Chris you know I'm Jewish" and the next thing he saw was blood that looked like "it was coming from a garden hose." Woods' defense was also shattered by lab evidence that showed the gun could not have been in Peskin's hand when the shot was fired.

As expected, Wood's punk lifestyle was discussed by the prosecution. His dress, guns, Nazi items and general behavior were all brought up to the jury.

When the judge charged the jury he asked them to also consider the plea of "reckless conduct manslaughter." Most who knew Wood in the past few years knew him to be reckless. Several people have told me of incidents where he drunkenly pointed his gun at them or even fired it towards them. People said he wanted at-

tention. Regardless, he was reckless. Peskin, who hung out with Wood, was reckless towards herself. People who knew her said she was suicidal and was one of Chris' "little junkie friends". In the trial the coroner reported finding needle marks on her body.

What has happened is tragic. Peskin is dead and Wood, with his poor health, may never see the outside of a prison again.

Chris Wood was a victim of his own image. An image that in the mid-eighties was self-parody. His attorney called him a "funny little man". A member of the original Restraints told me the day after the verdict was handed down that he was sorry he encouraged Chris to shave his head and adopt the punk image. Last year, with his band withering away, his image was all that was left. He was the only seemingly real punk left in a dying scene, perhaps this is what attracted suburban rebels like Robin Peskin to him.

I'm not at all sure if there's any moral or meaning to what happened. If Wood were a middle class suburban businessman who simply went crazy and shot off his gun and accidentally killed his wife I doubt he'd have gotten the same sentence. Wood was for the most part a nice guy; he was creative and a lot of people liked him. He just had a few problems. What he did was senseless. Like Mersault's crime in "The Stranger" the senselessness of the action does not matter. In the case of the State vs. Christopher Michael Wood the unrelated preceding events are what brought on the verdict.

The above true-life story is reprinted from and what if i told you to fuck off, a publication of LowLife Press, c/o G.T., 1095 Blueridge Ave., #2 Atlanta, GA 30306, USA; (available for 60 cents in postage stamps.)

The Critical Choice

by Steve Bell

Critics and reviewers have a tough job. Most have too much material to deal with, and not enough time to do the job they'd like. Sometimes it seems like nobody agrees with them. The artist thinks the critic is unfair, or the public can't understand why a certain critic hated/loved his favorite/worst thing. There is probably a perception in the general society that critics have too much power. I don't know. How many movies receive fantastic reviews then die a quick death at the box office, or vice versa? The audience out there ultimately decides the financial success of a given piece of creative work -- if the audience is given a fair chance to see or hear the work. Since that is the case, the question of whether criticism remains a valid part of the creative process is worth asking.

Sound Choice is definitely outside of the commercial mass-market mainstream. Most of the artists mentioned, and practically all of the tapes and records being reviewed, are certainly on the outside. In this particular realm represented by *Sound Choice*, criticism (or simply reviewing, if you have some objections to elevating such activity unnecessarily) serves a slightly different function than it does in the mass media. I believe that function is much more important here; that it is, in fact, vital, and one of the most important activities for the health and development of the independent music scene.

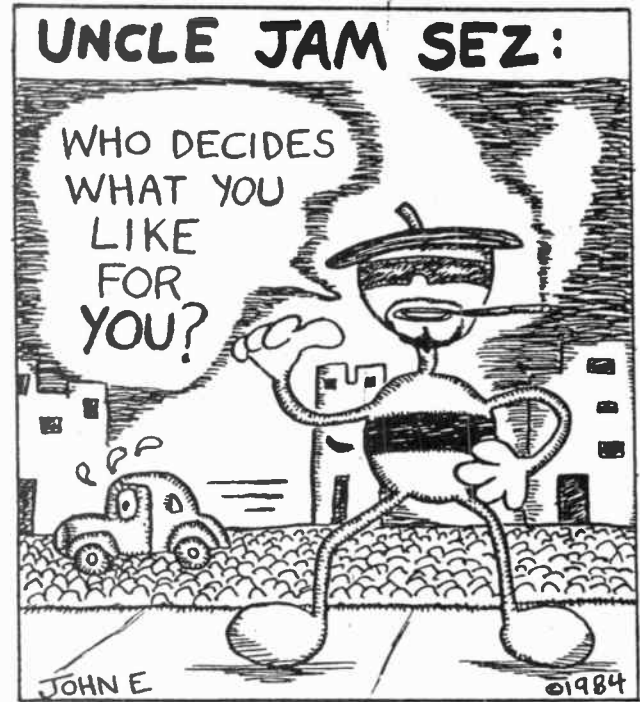
The problem for independent artists is finding an audience. Call it distribution, marketing, publicity, whatever. That's the problem. You can't go into a record store and find this stuff. You don't hear it on the radio. To complicate the dilemma, there are an awful lot of people doing independent recording, and much of what is done doesn't readily fall into the convenient categories people use to classify music. All of these factors make it extremely difficult for the independent recording artist to reach any but the smallest cult audience. Understand at this point my perception of this dilemma doesn't even touch the commercial dimension. I'm just talking about the fact that people doing worthwhile art have a real hard time communicating to anybody. For most of us, communication is the purpose for doing the work. Making money is a wet dream, but at least we want someone to hear what we're doing.

Under these circumstances, the role of critics and reviewers is central. The critic is the informed audience, the responsive ear and heart, who strives to communicate his/her responses in a clear, articulate and useful way. The critic strives to be the ideal listener, the ideal reader, the ideal audience that each creative person hopes for. A critic doesn't necessarily overemphasize the positive (most serious artists yearn for some good, honest criticism-positive or negative), but must have at least a basic love for the process and products of creativity. A critic should value the role of art in society; for the culture as a whole and for each individual.

If we accept the fact that the existing systems for distribution of art and music tend to gravitate toward the mass-market and so often exclude the person who may be doing interesting work, and that we are working together to create alternatives which offer opportunities for more people to know about the independent work being done, then we must understand that it is the critic who acts as a liaison between the artist and the potential audience.

A good critic doesn't have to be more informed than the "average" person, but the critic must be able to understand their own responses to creative work and be able to analyze the source of those reactions. The critic must then be able to transmit that information clearly through the written word. A critic, almost by definition, must also be a writer. In that way, if for no other reason, every critic is also an artist.

A critic writes for three audiences: for himself, for the artist he is responding to, and for the public-at-large. The critic has a respon-



sibility to each of these constituencies. A critic need not be gentle, nor cruel, but fair. It would be unfair to the public to be too easy on an artist whose work deserves an unfavorable review. At the same time, a critic must try to direct comments to the artist that might be helpful. Above all a critic must be true to his own responses -- good, bad, or indifferent.

The critic must limit and control the amount of work he undertakes to evaluate, so that he can devote a sufficient amount of time to each project. A hasty opinion based on limited exposure to a creative work is unfair to everyone, and only shows sloppiness and a lack of professionalism.

A critic does have important responsibilities. The critic tries to provide a useful and appropriate response to the artist, and the critic tries to provide a sort of screening service to the public. A critic's negative or positive, but invariably subjective, response must be presented in such a way that it doesn't mislead the potential audience for creative work. A critic must always try to provide an accurate and objective description of the work under consideration. It may be brief, but such a description at least provides the public with some more detail so that people can decide for themselves if they want to experience the work.

Certainly the toughest challenge to the critic is in trying to establish any kind of meaningful aesthetic criteria. This is even more difficult for work on the fringe, for the avant-garde. A critic can chronicle personal responses and can describe the work under review, but how does one judge it properly? Does it succeed or fail as a work of art? These are sticky questions, and I don't have any easy answers.

Some may disagree, but I think a critic must try to determine what the artist was trying to communicate in the work. It may not be easily explained verbally, it may not be one emotion or idea -- it could be anything. That's a place to start anyway. If the critic can articulate what he thinks the work communicated to him, and then try to determine whether or not that is consistent with the intent of the artist, then that is at least one standard of judgement.

A punk record really can't be evaluated in quite the same way as a record which contains original interpretations of traditional jazz tunes. But any work of art can be evaluated as to how well it communicates the supposed intent of the artist. It's kind of a guessing game, since the artist, the poet, and the musician, deal with metaphor, with the indirect and the suggested. Few artists would

(Cont. on next page)

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Critical Choice

from Pg. 79

deliberately create a one-dimensional and shallow piece, unless the surface shallowness was meant to suggest something else, in which case there *is* depth. Even if you hate punk or industrial electronics, you should be able to give a work in either category a fair review by judging if it communicates the intent adequately. If it's meant to be raucous, disconcerting noise, with an irritating rhythm to make you feel uncomfortable, and it succeeds, then it has succeeded on that level anyway, even if you can barely stand to listen to it.

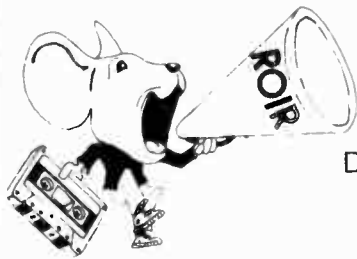
This brings up the next point, which is that after the critic has attempted to decipher what the artist is trying to say, and evaluated how effectively they've said it, some kind of judgement has to be made about the relative value of what they're trying to say. In other words, the artist may communicate their message extremely well, but the message itself is utterly trite, hackneyed, and completely inconsequential. For instance, a fairly common trait of low-budget independent musicians is that they have something worthwhile driving the work, but the execution is flawed. By that, I don't mean the musical chops are bad, but perhaps the mix is inappropriate to the material, or whatever. Perhaps the fidelity is so bad that it detracts from the overall effect. Maybe work which tends to be more effective with a spontaneous, raw presentation is treated too slickly. A valid observation about much "commercial" music is that it has very little to say, but it says very little very effectively with production values so overwhelming that it almost convinces you there's

something of real substance there.

The technical execution of any work of art can only be judged within the context of that work and on its own terms. You can't expect some guy with a Casio and a ghetto blaster to achieve the production values of Quincy Jones. But, you could fault that person for trying to do music which really required that kind of production value to be effective. In other words, the technical qualities of a work of art are "good" if they're appropriate to the material and if they communicate the intent effectively. Of course, we all work within financial limits. Sometimes one pushes the equipment and techniques available to the limit. But, that's part of any creative work. An artist must learn to use what is available. One's budget may have a very significant influence on the type of work one does. One's ideal style might have to be altered so that the final product is as powerful as possible. There is something to be said for any artist who stretches the materials to the limit and beyond, even if the final product is a little rough.

Finally, it should be mentioned again that criticism is vital to the health and growth of any artistic community. Artists need the feedback. The public needs the help to wade through the available material. The whole community needs people who provide the kind of dialogue essential to creative work. Critics can help to ensure that creative work is given the best possible chance to reach whatever audience might exist. And that's what this is all about.

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"If you've admired the work of ex-Mink DeVille guitarist Louis X. Erlanger, this new offering is definitely for you. All you'd expect and more. A record with a real smokey atmosphere for every smokey club, bar and hall in the land."

—**ROCKPOOL**

"The Slamhound Hunters are entrenched in the traditions of Delta blues, Southern fried boogie and creepin' swamp stomps reminiscent of John Lee Hooker, Johnny Winter and early ZZ Top. . .

The song's feature Louis X. Erlanger's grueling and growling axe work plus some noble harmonica playing."

—**THE COLLEGE MEDIA JOURNAL**

"Chops, professionalism, and original material with a classic sound from a quartet with impeccable taste. . . A great album that's fun to listen to. . . The Slamhound Hunters have got it. Yes. Indeed!"

—**THE ROCKET**, Seattle's Music Magazine

"The Hunters have it. . . a progressive sound that works. *4/1 Mind* is a spare, unusual album marked by often powerfully realized impact."

—**JIM KELTON**, Syndicated Columnist

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