

SOUND CHOICE

\$3⁰⁰

FOR THE INDEPENDENT MINDED

#11



INTERVIEW:
GREG GINN

CO-OWNER SST RECORDS & FOUNDER OF
BLACK FLAG

HIGHEST

QUALITY

DUPLICATION

Chrome Stereo

C-10

100- \$ 1.76 ea.

500- \$.92 ea.

C-40

100- \$ 2.34 ea.

500- \$ 1.29 ea.

Package includes: Stereo duplication on BASF Pure Chrome tape, custom printed labels and insert with photo, packaged in a norelco box and shrinkwrapped. Price includes mastering, typesetting, etc. Four-color inserts available at extra charge.



STUDIO SUPPLIES

Table listing studio supplies with columns for item, price, and quantity. Includes items like AMPEX 456 reels, TDK cassettes, and cassette imprints.

call or write for free catalog

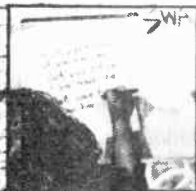
SWA

OUT NOW

WINTER

NEW LP, CASSETTE AND CD

ALSO AVAILABLE ON SST



YOUR FUTURE IF YOU HAVE ONE (LP/CA \$7.50) SST 053



SEX DOCTOR (LP/CA \$7.50) SST 073



XIII (LP/CA \$7.50) SST 093



Winter. The forecast is fantastic. The discordant elements of winter gel, and mighty SWA-flakes descend from the heavens to rock supreme. Guitarist Phil Van Duyn joins Greg, Chuck, and Merrill on SWA's fourth, Mess Confusion, and Monster will melt glaciers, with nice more scorchers on the LP; CA & CD include The Man -Upstairs plus two more. SST 238 (LP/CA \$7.50; CD \$13.00)

ARROYO (12" 45 \$4.50) SST 153
EVOLUTION (CD only \$13.00) SST 157 (Includes selected tracks from SST 053, 073 and 093)

Make check or money order payable in U.S. funds to SST Records P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260. VISA, MasterCard & C.O.D. For merchandise call SST Mail Order (213) 835-9810. For your add general info call the SST Hotline: (213) 835-4955.



Sound Choice

No. 11

An Audio Evolution Network Publication

Summer Solstice, 1989



Is Jazz Dead? See page 18.



Greg Ginn. See page 25.

Features

Jazz is Dead in the Black Community 18
Essential essay by Andrew White

Greg Ginn Interview 25
One of the decade's most influential and independent musician/entrepreneurs is more alternative than you. Interview by David Ciaffardini

Mail Order Alternative 37
When Mr. Retailer is too lame to stock the essential tomes, artifacts and high-tech equipment you need to maintain peak effectiveness as an evolution agent, mail order purchasing becomes essential. Here is your guide.

Reviews

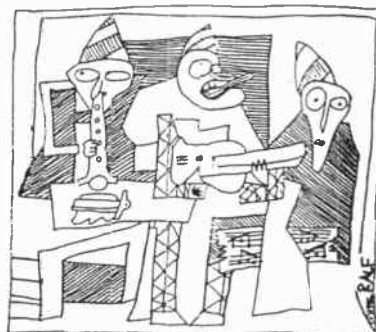
Publications	43
Audio Recordings:	
Avant-garde/Experimental	51
Classical/Neo-Classical	63
Electronic/Ambient/Industrial	65
Ethnic/Industrial	69
Folk/Country	73
Jazz/Blues	75
Rock	79
Spoken Word/Audio Drama/Other	91

Departments

How to participate in the Network	4
State of the Network	7
Letters	9
Classified Ads	94

Sound Choice (ISSN 8756-8176) is published by the Audio Evolution Network, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai CA 93023, USA; phone 805-646-6814. Street address for courier deliveries only: 323 E. Matilija St., No. 112, Ojai CA 93023. Subscriptions are \$10 for four issues. Single issues are \$3.

The following people were essential to the successful and timely completion of this issue. Send your compliments to Darrell Jonsson, Richard Handley, Eileen Sterling, Jon Booth, Jeff Grimes, Mary Fleener, John E. Jay Hinman, Lorreta Wiese and all the reviewers named elsewhere. Send any complaints to David Ciaffardini, the big mean guy who orders everyone around. Cover illustration by Mary Fleener.



THREE DINNY MUSICIANS PAB PERARLO

Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, U.S.A.; Phone 805-646-6814.

Unlock Minds with the Audio Evolution Network

Start with the Five R's

Problems created by centralized information dissemination and mass media monopoly have been painfully obvious for too long. But the era of complaining disguised as protesting is over. Now--not tomorrow, not next week-- is the crucial time to push the evolution forward with absolute vigor, intensity, and style.

Reading Sound Choice is the most basic way to get involved with the Audio Evolution Network. Within the pages are guideposts to new realms of audio experience and ideas not found in other music magazines. Sound Choicereaders are encouraged to glean ideas and inspiration from the pages and transform the energy into evolutionary activity. When this happens they become agents for the Audio Evolution Network. No fanfare, no ceremonies, no rules.

Whenever possible, network agents fill their appetite for the printed word from outside the mainstream reading racks. They take the extra effort to track down information sources not tainted and homogenized to conform to Madison Avenue sales demographics. Their understanding of reality constantly expands.

AEN agents don't believe everything they read in Sound Choice or anywhere else. They use the contact addresses, go to the source, find out for themselves. They don't want to substitute vicarious pleasures and understandings for the real thing.



Writing can be a powerful tool of enlightenment or a horrible weapon of deception and convolution. The network seeks good writing, inspired reporting, and evolutionary analysis.

Network writers put words to paper not for personal glory, not to further the careers of friends in bands, but because they have an essential story to tell that has not or will not come to light in the mainstream press--stories that do not die with the dissolution of a musician's recording contract or a drop from the charts.

As a check and balance system, agents are encouraged to send thoughtful letters to Sound Choice editors voicing their opinions and criticisms, making them known to the network and beyond.

Recording--Audio Evolution Networkers have fondness and reverential feelings of responsibility toward the audio spectrum. Many are constantly creating audio recordings, for both personal and public enjoyment. Many of those recordings are reviewed in Sound Choice. They include their addresses so that others may contact them directly.

Radio--Commercial interests have strangled AM and FM radio, going so far as to turn many non-commercial and college radio stations into stagnant, homogenized marketing tools for the large record companies.

The solution is to get as many Audio Evolution Network agents as possible on the air or in programming positions at radio stations throughout the country. The Audio Evolution Network maintains a database of non-commercial stations and will help network members find and get actively involved in a station in their area.

Reaction--The network welcome response to any aspect of Sound Choice or the Audio Evolution Network. You are encouraged to tell others about Sound Choice and help the network grow and flourish so as to achieve the network goal of creating and maintaining an environment conducive to the highest degree of audio creativity, pleasure and evolutionary accomplishment. Really.

Sound Choice advertising rates for every budget

\$10 Classified ad of 40 words or less for Sound Choice subscribers only. Additional words are 25 cents each.

\$30 Business card or horizontal one-eighth page ad. 3 1/2 inches wide by 2 3/8 tall maximum.

\$150 Half-page horizontal display ad. 7 1/4 inches wide by 4 7/8 inches tall maximum.

\$15 Classified ad of 40 words or less for those who don't subscribe to Sound Choice. Extra words, 25 cents each.

\$75 Quarter page vertical display ad. 3 1/2 inches wide by 4 7/8 inches tall maximum.

\$300 Full page vertical display ad. 7 1/4 inches wide by 10 inches tall maximum.

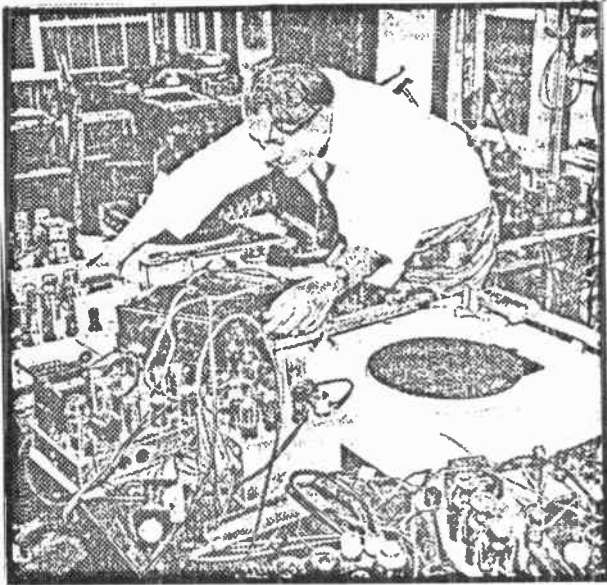
Ad deadline for Sound Choice No. 12 is June 1, 1989

Display ad rates apply to pre-paid, camera-ready ads only. Inquire about odd sizes, colors, or guaranteed position.

Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA

Street address for U.P.S./Federal Express only: Sound Choice, 323 E. Matilija St., No. 112, Ojai, CA 93023, USA. Ph. 805-646-6814

SUBSCRIBE



Are you plugged-in?

Sound Choice is a publication of the Audio Evolution Network, dedicated to the positive evolution and liberation of music, audio art, radio and related matters.

When you subscribe, we hope you will consider yourself an agent of the evolution, free to use information gleaned from the pages to create an environment where creativity and enjoyment can thrive to its highest degree.

Issues of Sound Choice will include reviews of hundreds of independent recordings, small press publications, videos and other artifacts, tomes and equipment to keep agents tuned to the heartbeat of the evolution and equipped to blaze new trails of evolutionary thought and activity.

Sound Choice

Each issue will provide provocative and inspiring articles, interviews, and opinions from those at the leading and fringe edges of international independent recording, performing and publishing. And there will always be surprises thrown in.

Contact addresses are included throughout the pages to encourage direct communication between artists and audience, creators and appreciators, movers and shakers. Many collaborations, even among people living thousands of miles apart, have been spawned through the

pages of Sound Choice.

Reading Sound Choice will benefit anyone on the lookout for unusual, stimulating recordings, good reading, and other evolutionary communication from way beyond mainstream.

Subscribing to Sound Choice strengthens the network as well as provides the most efficient, cost-effective way to obtain each new issue.

If not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund the unused part of your subscription anytime without delay. Guaranteed!

A four issue subscription is only \$10!

YES I want the next four issues of Sound Choice mailed to me.

YES I have enclosed cash, check or money order for \$10 to send it inside U.S.A., or \$15 to send it outside U.S.A. U.S. funds only

Here's \$3 for (circle one) 1. next 2. current single issue. (Orders outside U.S. add \$1, U.S. funds only.)

Name: _____

Street or box number: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Postal Code: _____

Country: _____

(Optional) Phone: _____ Age: _____ Occupation: _____

Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023 USA; Ph. 805-646-6814

THE NEW ALBUM FROM

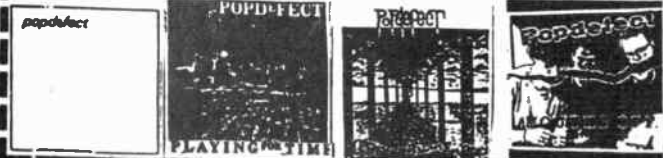
POPDEFECT LIVE WITH THIS



**TWELVE SONGS.
A FEW BUCKS.**

Available at Record stores or 7\$ postpaid
california residents add 6.5% sales tax

1st single E.P. & 10" 4-song 7"
\$1.50 \$5.00 each \$2.50



Heart Murrur Records P.O. Box 42602 Los Angeles, CA 90042
Dis. by Rough Trade Kaleidoscope Semaphore

enrock

PRODUCTIONS (EURLP & EDCassettes)

- EURLP 1: THE AMERICAN MUSIC COMPILATION (\$7)
- EDC 1: PLASTIC PEOPLE: HUNDRED POINTS (\$6)
- EDC 2: JOHN LIVERGOOD: BALAJJIN (\$6)
- EDC 3: FONDATION: SAMS ETIQUETTE (\$6)
- EDC 4: ILITCH: PTH WORKS (\$6)
- EDC 5: ESKATON: 4 VISIONS (\$6)
- EDC 6: PASCAL COMELADE: SLOW MUSICS (\$6)
- EDC 7-12: CYRILLE VERDEAUX: KUNDALINI OPERA (60C-60 \$45 or \$8 Each)
- EDC 7: CYRILLE VERDEAUX: IMPOSSIBLE SYMPHONY
- EDC 8: CYRILLE VERDEAUX: CRYSTAL CITY
- EDC 9: CYRILLE VERDEAUX: WIND & FIRE
- EDC 10: CYRILLE VERDEAUX: HEART VISIONS
- EDC 11: CYRILLE VERDEAUX: SHAMBALA
- EDC 12: CYRILLE VERDEAUX: PIANO...THIRD EAR
- EDC 13: JOEL DUGRENOT: SEC (\$7)
- EDC 14-21: HISTORY OF PROGRESSIVE WORLD MUSIC (81C-90 \$45 or \$6 Each)
- EDC 14: ROOTS OF GERMAN ROCK
- EDC 15: GERMAN ELECTRONICS
- EDC 16: FRENCH ROCK PIONEERS
- EDC 17: FRENCH UNDERGROUND
- EDC 18: ITALIAN ROCK RENAISSANCE
- EDC 19: EASTERN EUROPEAN PROGRESSIVES
- EDC 20: SOUTH AMERICAN FUSIONS
- EDC 21: JAPANESE ZEN ELECTRONICS
- EDC 22: DON ROBERTSON: DAWN (\$7)

MAGAZINES (\$3 Each, Except *)

- *5 COSMOS STORY, ORME, T.S.S., KRAAM
- *12 ROCK IN ITALY, SPAIN, JAPAN, ULI TREPTE, PLASTIC PEOPLE
- *13 CHROME, SWEDISH SCENE, ART ZOYO UNIVERS ZERO, C. SCHNITZLER
- *14 ETRON FOU, Z.N.R., GERMAN ELECTRONICS GROBSCHNITZ, ART ZOYO
- *16 C. SCHNITZLER, SUPERSTISER, ILITCH FINNISH ROCK, SPACEBOX
- *17 R. PINNAS, URBAN SAX, O.D.A.A., YLEM OTOIER BOUQUET, SAVAGE ROSE
- *18 B.J. STIPPS, HILGER CZUKAY, PEKKA POKHOLA, JIM PEMROKE, BAIN TOTAL
- *19 PETER MICHAEL HAMEL, PASCAL COMELADE R. PINNAS, MAGNA, Y. SEFFER
- *20 K. SCHULZE, XOLDTL, ARIEL KALMA NEURONIUM, GERMAN ELECTRONICS ??



DON ROBERTSON - DAWN

- *21 LARS HOLLNER, HAROLD BUDD, EDGAR FROESE, MUSIC FROM SPAIN, L.P.O.'S
- *22 MALCOLM MOONEY, JAPAN SCENE, ART ZOYO, VEHEZUELAN ROCK
- *23/24 XOLDTL, URBAN SAX, CARLOS GUIRRAO FONDATION, SVEN GRUNBERG, REAGAN (\$4)
- *25 CYRILLE VERDEAUX, ULI TREPTE (\$1)
- *26 ESKATON, DON ROBERTSON, L.I.E. LABEL JOEL DUGRENOT (\$1)
- *27 HENRY TORQUE, EN-TRANCE, O.D.A.A. (\$1)
- *28 CHRISTIAN VAMDER, SYNDIESTRA DOMINIQUE LAVALLEE (\$1)
- *29 L.P.O.'S, SHUB NIGURATH, INTENCE (\$1)
- *30 KLAUS DINGER, PULSAR (\$1)

POSTAGE
FIRST CLASS/AIR: \$1 Per Item USA
\$2 Per Item Foreign (AIR)

ADDRESS
EUROCK: P.O. B. 33718
PORTLAND, OR. 97213 USA

SUBSCRIPTIONS: 4 Issues/\$8 - USA
4 Issues/\$12 - Foreign (AIR)



VICTIMS FAMILY

"Things I Hate to Admit"

2nd Album on LP and Cassette
\$7.00 postpaid



VICTIMS FAMILY 7"

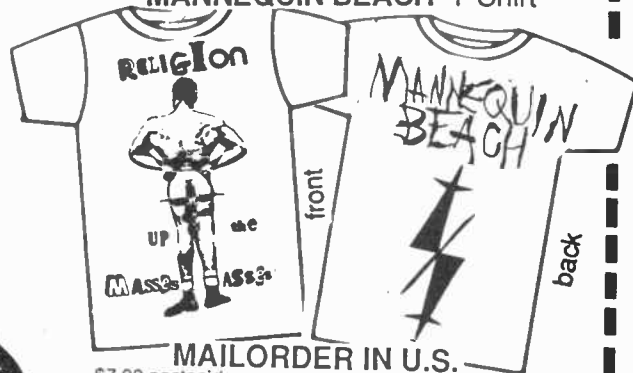
Son of Church Card's Quivering Lip \$2.50pp

~Two wacky songs that couldn't be squeezed on the LP~

**STRAIGHT
TO YOUR
SKULL**



MANNEQUIN BEACH T-Shirt



MAILORDER IN U.S.

\$7.00 postpaid:

- FAITH NO MORE-We Care A Lot (the original) LP,CASS
- RHYTHM PIGS - Rhythm Pigs LP
- NEGAZIONE - Lo Spirito Continua LP
- VICTIMS FAMILY - Voltage and Violets LP
- VIVA UMKHONTO - Benefit compilation LP
- RHYTHM PIGS - Choke On This LP
- RHYTHM PIGS - I'm Not Crazy, I'm an Airplane
- Live in Europe LP-

MANNEQUIN BEACH-Don't Laugh, You're Next LP,CASS

VICTIMS FAMILY - Things I Hate to Admit LP/CASS

\$2.50 pp:

VICTIMS FAMILY - Quivering Lip/Son of Church Card 7"

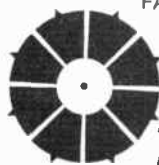
\$10.00 pp:

THE EX - Too Many Cowboys double LP

T-SHIRTS \$8.00 pp:

FAITH NO MORE, RHYTHM PIGS, VICTIMS FAMILY
MANNEQUIN BEACH

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG



MORDAM RECORDS

PO Box 988 San Francisco, CA 94101

State of the Network

Lost cassettes: A box of 50 cassettes intended to be reviewed by a most reliable and knowledgeable reviewer was lost by U.P.S. courriers earlier this year. This was a major blow because reviews of the cassettes in the box were particularly overdue and deserving of review. The \$100 U.P.S. insurance pay-off for the tragedy was of little consolation. Because the cassettes were sent to one of our most reliable reviewers, we did not keep accurate record of the names and contact addresses of the cassettes.

This is one situation that illustrates why we cannot guarantee a recording will be reviewed, even if especially deserving. With many more than a thousand recordings arriving at Sound Choice headquarters each year, it is not possible to contact every person who submits a recording and notify them whether or not their piece will be reviewed.

When a recording isn't reviewed, it doesn't necessarily mean someone judged it unworthy or it is being ignored purposely. A variety of problems can detour a recording from the reviewing channels. If at first you don't succeed, you are welcome to try again.

Advertising: Part of the philosophy behind having ads in Sound Choice, besides the obvious economic advantages, is to provide people a reasonably priced forum for sharing information or viewpoints that for one reason or another do not make it into our editorial pages. For between \$10 and \$300 you can try to tell people what to buy, what to do, what to think. You can even rebut a slagging review in huge bold letters.

We have only refused one ad for publication and we did it without ever seeing the ad, being told by the advertiser over the phone that the ad would be "definitely racist." Not having to judge the ad ourselves made our decision to decline relatively easy. The advertiser kindly offered to send the ad copy anyway and yes, lo and behold it was the most offensive and derogatory anti-black ad ever seen by Sound Choice staff members. A severely tamed down version of the ad has appeared in at least one other publication, however.

Some reactionary journalists among zinedom have labeled our move as "censorship," not understanding the difference between choosing to not run some-

thing in one's own publication and real censorship when efforts are made to stop someone else from publishing something of their own. Editors of all publications are always making decisions of what will run and what will not. This is not censorship.

Despite vows to never increase Sound Choice advertising rates, they were raised last year anyway. However, anticipated circulation increases throughout this year are expected to more than offset the increase, actually lowering the cost per reader for delivering your message.

The increase was necessary to allow the budget to pay office help minimum wages for their valuable work. Unlike some other zines that operate completely on volunteer work, our intention is to compensate people wherever possible. Our current rates will allow us to continue on this trend and hopefully allow us to consistently pay for editorial and graphic contributions in the future.

Computers: We operate a MacIntosh Plus system for database, subscription, word processing and page layout. Reviewers and writers with assignments with access to MacIntosh systems are encouraged to send their submissions on disc with a hard copy attached.

Last year, during the interval between Sound Choice No. 9 and No. 10, hundreds of hours were spent programming our database system to allow more efficient and accurate tracking of network affairs. The system, about 90 percent complete, is up and running and definitely speeds up processes and helps us with things like sending out detailed billing to delinquent distributors and responding more quickly to the myriad of inquiries we receive.

Because of the improvements, expect to see Sound Choice published more frequently on a quarterly-like schedule.

Independent recording library: We have discontinued this half-hearted effort. The amount of storage space and clerical time needed to maintain a useful and comprehensive recording library makes it impractical for us to do this and operate a magazine at the same time. We figure that it is more important and beneficial to use Sound Choice to help people keep track of where they

can obtain recordings direct from the artists. As we enter into the digital age there seems to be less and less reason to tie access to art or information to a centralized source. We envision a day when Sound Choice readers can read a review of a recording, dial up the musician directly via computer modem, and the musician can then download a digital copy of the original recording over the phone lines.

Reviewing: Sound Choice subscribers are welcome to give reviewing a try, especially if they can match the fine reviewing that has become our trademark. (I truly think Sound Choice on average has the most knowledgeable, useful, honest and comprehensive recording reviews section of any magazine in existence. Take a bow reviewers.)

However, there are areas we are a bit weak in. With our reviews now divided into categories it should be easier for readers to identify and fill those gaps. The best way to get involved in reviewing is to send a sample review of an independent recording, video, publication, equipment or software. From there we will send you more information about continuing to review. Remember, we are not looking for reviews of mainstream stuff that most of our readers will know about and/or could care less about.

Recording categories: Faced with information overload, we feel it beneficial to divide up the review section into loosely defined genres. Our improved computer system now makes this practical. The categorization system is not perfect or rigid. It is nearly impossible (thank goodness) to perfectly categorize everything. You are bound to come across recordings that don't exactly fit the category they've been placed under. In some cases this will be due to a mistake; other times it will be intentional. The idea is to help turn on people to music they might like. In other words, in the jazz category there might be a recording reviewed that is not strictly jazz but has been placed there because we think a reader who likes jazz might find it of interest and enjoyment.

Your comments and ideas: They are most welcome. Many thanks to everyone who's written. Stay tuned!--DC

Run Westy Run



Run Westy Run. The return of them cantankerous kids from Minneapolis who hang out in the alley behind the drug store and don't come home for dinner. Gettin' grounded was never this much fun. 12 tunes: from the boppin' Holy Cow to Bad News Wagon. CD includes three bonus tunes, including the out-of-print Dizzy Road single. SST 199 (LP/CA \$7.50; CD \$13.00)

Make check or money order payable in U.S. funds to SST Records P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260. VISA, MasterCard & C.O.D. For merchandise call SST Mall Order (213) 835-5810. For tour and general info call the SST Hotline (213) 835-4955

New Releases From The Cassette Only Label

ROIR

THE 3 JOHNS "Deathrocker Scrapbook" "We're the 3 Johns, from Leeds, U.K. We'll give you more sex than the Sex Pistols, more joy than Joy Division, more wrecks than T. Rex." Pandemonium rules. "My favorite new Brits in years"—Chris'gau, Village Voice 7/30/85.

BUZZCOCKS "Lest We Forget" 60 minutes of live off-the-board super recordings selected by Pete Shelley from the Buzzcock's '79-'80 USA tour. Includes: Autonomy, Ever Fallen In Love, Noise Annoys, What Do I Get and many more. A very HOT release!

BROTHER VERNARD JOHNSON "Rocking The Gospel" Very, very hot gospel, almost rhythm & blues, backed by a tight funky five-piece rhythm section. Soulful, kick-ass and ultradynamic. "A hard-rocking attack and a joyous vitality"—Robert Palmer, New York Times.

THE END OF MUSIC AS WE KNOW IT This collection of 11 bands includes: Honeymoon Killers, Prong, Jad Fair, Of Cabbages And Kings, Thurston Moore, Bank Of Sodom (with Jello Biafra and two members of Shockabilly), Black Snakes, Krack House, Phantom Tollbooth, and more. 60 minutes.

THE MEKONS "Mekons New York" Recorded in 86/87 during the band's cross-country tours, this is a very hot band with fans, critics and radio. Compiled and edited by Jon Langford. 60 minutes.

DURUTTI COLUMN "Live At The Bottom Line" Recorded live at the Bottom Line in New York City, October, 1986. Almost 60 minutes of superb Durutti Column with Vini Reilly, Bruce Mitchell and John Metcalfe. "Breathtaking and superbly enthralling music."

PETER GORDON "Otello" Peter Gordon, international musician and art-rock composer with a strong downtown NYC "avant-garde" base, won both the Obie and the Bessie Awards for his original score for Falso Movimento's "Otello"—a new wave, quirky approach, in the vein of Talking Heads, to Verdi's opera.

JONATHAN BOROFSKY/ED TOMNEY "The Radical Songbirds Of Islam" The lack of continuous drum rhythms, suggesting a timeless time, and the spiritual sound of the single chanting voice have led Ed Tomney and Jonathan Borofsky to this unique form of music for voice.

JOHNNY THUNDERS "Stations Of The Cross" Over 60 minutes, recorded at New York City's packed Mudd Club. 21 songs including: Creature From ET Rap, I Don't Mind, Mr. Kowalski, Seven Day Weekend, Chinese Rocks, Just Because I'm White and more.

SUICIDE "Ghost Riders" A superb recording of the famous Tenth Anniversary Concert at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis in 1981. Running time: 42 minutes.

POLYROCK "No Love Lost" Polyrock was one of the most popular "new wave" NYC club bands in the late '70s. This is almost 50 minutes of demos from 1981-84 that were never mastered, early live performances and experimental works in progress. 15 songs.

LOUNGE LIZARDS "Live '79-'81" The original Lounge Lizards culled from early performances in Berlin, London, Cleveland and New York including their very first gig!

Only \$8.00 each (including postage and handling) from: ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, New York NY 10012. NY residents please add sales tax. Write for our free catalogue of all ROIR Cassettes. (Tel: 212-477-0563)



Letters

Music became cancerous growth

Dear David,

I thank you for your time, effort and care in writing to me. I wished I could have gotten through to you personally over the phone rather than leave a 30-second-or-less message.

In August I bought a tape-dubber with which I had intended to copy cassettes to send in to Sound Choice and other open publications; but the day after I bought it I became heavily discouraged. I had five years'-worth of over 100 recordings, with artwork, lyric-sheets, etc., some of it unfinished and pretty much unfinishable. My tapes had become an emotional, financial, and effort-wise burden. I threw almost all of them away, and a few I gave away.

It was for awhile like a cancerous growth had been removed, and I started putting my new energy into writing science-fiction and painting, my other interests. Some people I know were upset that I threw my tapes away, but I felt like that Joni Mitchell song says, "don't it always seem to go that you don't know what you've got 'til it's gone?"

But later on I did regret throwing out a great deal of beauty, poetry and heavily personal material with which I had bedecked the dark, nihilistic world ash-tree of my musical being. Sadder and wiser, I had had my wish fulfilled for better as well as worse. I did some re-recording but my final decision has been not to release it.

I have not had a good year, suffering hallucinations and anxiety-attacks and poor emotional health. I have extreme difficulty coping with everyday life. When that newest issue of Sound Choice came, I tried to read it but I only felt anxiety and pressures and bad memories. I'm sorry, but it came back like a very bad trip. I have nothing against Sound Choice, it is a good decent magazine doing its job. I feel it is best for me to stay away from music-kulture and people in general. I am just truly sorrowed it happened this way.

I no longer care what Maximum Rock'N'Roll buys or becomes. I agree I have felt jealousy and anger and in some ways still do. I intend someday to write a novel about music and it will be part fantasy-wish fulfillment and part commentary on certain situations in music-kulture.

For much of my life, I have been asked to lighten up, but I am by nature intense and somewhat negative. Try as I'd like, I cannot change myself. And I agree you cannot change the world because nobody ever really changes to begin with, we are pretty much programmed in early childhood by both nature and environment and this is why so many rebellions and revolutions have failed utterly. I still believe in love and peace but hate, ignorance, bureaucracy and other negativities are still a heavier gravity to live with. I also doubt having a computer around is going to be a panacea for those assorted "fuck-ups and foul-ups and flakiness", considering who is running that computer, and it could be anybody.....

I will close now. Thank you for wishing better for me. You said what you had to and I accept it. No, I have not read Krishnamurti. May you find happiness and fulfillment. Goodbye, I'm sorry.

Kr James
2826 Valencia Way, San Pablo, CA 98406-3013



ART: M.FLEENER ©88

NMDS operation is a big mess

Dear David:

While attempting to clear my desk I came across your letter of December 11, 1987 (!), your informative and delightful response to a letter I'd written you. There was no indication of my answering your letter, though I recall reading it and thinking of all the news I wanted to pass along to you.

To get right to the point, the NMDS (New Music Distribution Service) situation is a big mess. Over the years I'd tried to create some rapport. It seems logical for us to work together. No interest for over 6 years. Then finally Yale started to wake up and we included their supplement in the October '86 issue of EAR. I also gave them a page in every issue to use in any editorial capacity they saw fit. We were both happy with the concept, but from the beginning nothing went right. The people at NMDS don't know how to communicate and at this point I think they don't know how to run a business. We did the New Music Annual as a collaboration. It looks good, but they treated us very poorly and continue to do so.

I share your sentiments. It's to everyone's benefit to work together.

If I weren't so bogged down with just keeping the mag going with a bunch of volunteers, I'd be out every day finding ways of improving relations between various sectors of the new music community. I like making deals and seeing collaborative ventures materialize. If there's anything you'd like to do with EAR please let me know. And next time you're in New York be sure to give me a call and I'll take you to lunch at the Ear Inn.

Thank you again for writing and I will find a way to cover your publication in Ear. If you have a promotional packet, please send it my way.

With best regards,

Carol Tuynman

Ear Magazine,

325 Spring St., #208, NY, NY 10013

Zoogz' Reviewer's Guidelines

Sound Choice:

(Dadagram from Zoogz Rift)

The new ZR album, *Nonentity* (former working title: Water Iii: Fan Black Dada), comes out in a few weeks, so we thought we'd give you rock journalists a helping hand in composing and structuring your review of it, of course, not implying that you're stupid, short-sighted, or lazy to do it right yourself. You can even keep the most important element: your by-line. Here we go:

1. Whatever you do, don't forget to compare it to Captain Beefheart and Frank Zappa, regardless of what it sounds like, regardless of the hundreds of other artists to whom it might resemble, or who I may enjoy listening to or have been influenced by. Don't forget to credit the word "quirky" to Kristine McKenna. Ignore the obvious difference in budget.

2. Make sure to perform some moronic amateur psychoanalysis of my personality, intellect, and motivations. Assume that the stupidity on my records is not intellectual satire meant to reflect the idiocy of the sick world we live in, but the mere obnoxious joking around of some fat, repulsive slob who must have played the class clown when he was in high school, belching and hanging pencils out of his nose and such. I'll tell you what--half of you can refer to me as a "genius" (the word

"brilliant" is always nice to see in there), and the other half can write me off as pathetic. That way the reader (who?) can get a clear understanding.

3. There is an accordion on this upcoming album. Accordion = Tom Waits. Need I say more?

4. Rather than acknowledging that this record has a pleasant, refreshing, relaxed, change-of-pace feel to it, you should merely conclude that I'm selling out by not including the usual doses of screaming, profanities, and dissonance. Most of you might choose to be flippant and condescending about the way you'll put it, as in: "My, my, what have we here. Can this be the same Zoogz Rift who enjoys lighting his farts at parties?"

5. Make sure to keep up the usual routine of not really saying anything. Keep your wording colorful, and your phrasing stylish. Keep the reader guessing. Try not to draw any conclusions that will make you look bad. You've got a big career ahead of you as a whoristic charlatan, if you don't blow it with honesty and legitimate writing.

I hope you can use these friendly helpful hints. They'll make you look good, which, after all, is what it's all about.

Don't forget to sell your free promo copy afterwards (assuming that you listen to it at all before writing the review). Go to it, kids!

Zoogz Rift,

The Liquid Moamo, P.O. Box 3304, Canoga Park, CA 91306

Casio and the dirt floor villagers

Dear David--

Hi--Remember me? An old friend teacher of mine recently sent me a box of assorted independent, mostly libertarian and anarchist, magazines including Sound Choice #5, but I know through The Printer's Devil that you've got at least eight issues floating around the world. Hard work, isn't it? I egocentrically think of both Sound Choice and your sibling rival Option as OP's children so I'm glad you both have kept your own identities. From my limited exposure (there is no local newsstand to sell either) Sound Choice seems homier, homelier, and less compromising. Which is probably rewarded with fewer and more loyal readers. If true, more power to you...you'll need it!

I haven't been in much of a position to follow music for the last few years, which is just as well as I was obviously really burnt out, though I'm looking forward to catching up a bit after we get back to the states late this year. I don't even have a tape player anymore and I miss it too.

The traditional music here in the Solomons is dying out, and even the pseudo-Polynesian (think Hawaiian) string band pop music is being replaced by bland Christian soft rock brought by SoCal evangelical missionaries. Oh, it's sad! Casio organ synthesizers are a major contributor to the sound, showing the effects new cheap technology can have on a culture. It's funny--the women are cooking with hot rocks on a dirt floor--and the men are noodling around with the Casio. There are good Solomon Island cassettes, but the stores (run by Chinese) are filled with pirated tapes of the latest mainstream raves courtesy of non-copyright countries while one searches in vain for the S.I. tapes heard on the radio.

What a world! All the best,

John Foster,

Marau, E. Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, SW Pacific

John Foster was the editor and founder of the now defunct OP magazine, a major inspiration for the creation of

HOW TO HAVE A NO-HANDS ORGASM



Sound Choice and other publications. Back issues of the late, great OP are advertised for sale elsewhere in this issue. Don't bother writing John at the above address. Word has it that he and his wife Dana are back in the Seattle area and at present offer only grimaces when the subject of independent music is mentioned. DC

Time to exploit Nairobi market

Dear Sir/Madam,

As a fan of Pop Music I want to subscribe to magazines covering articles and pictures of famous pop stars. Unfortunately these magazines are not available here in Nairobi.

A friend of mine from the States has recommended your magazine to me. As I have not seen this magazine I shall be most grateful if you send me a recent copy with subscription form.

Looking forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,

Anil Shah,

P.O.Box 42785, Nairobi, Kenya

If letters like this keep pouring in, I expect Eugene Chadbourne, The Buthole Surfers, James Hill, Dan Fioretti, Jello Biafra, Al Margolis, Don Campau, Dino Dimuro, and Greg Ginn will one day sell more records and book more gigs in downtown Nairobi than they can in L.A. or New York City today. D.C.

No-good editor should be fired

David:

Uh, thanks for the kind words about WFMU in your Dan Fioretti profile (SC #10). I know fact-checkers demand outrageous fees upwards of \$6-\$7/hr., so I'll provide the service here for free:

1) WFMU is based at "Upsala" (one "l") College in East Orange, New Jersey, not Upsalla, New York. I located this particular fact on the page opposite the Fioretti story, where the correct address, zip code and phone number are listed under the "RADIO" section. (By the way, in that listing, we appreciate Ye Olde Colonial spelling of "Upsala Colleffe"--the "f" is silent.)

A glance through my Rand-McNally World Atlas ("Imperial (?) Edition") discloses no Upsalla in New York, but there is an Upsalla in Sweden, from whence migrated the Lutherans who founded the college in the 19th century. Legend has it these rugged pioneers designed the world's first "Free-Form Radio Transmitter," which automatically filters out musical categories and radiates an integrated frequency. (Alas, the historical details of this remarkable invention cannot be authenticated.)

2) WFMU does not "earn its keep from tens of thousands of dollars donated...in support of the four hours of Jewish programming...each day." the 2-1/2 hour Jewish music show ("JM in the AM") raises approximately 1/3 of the station's pledges during our annual 9-day fund-raiser. Out of \$135,000 pledged last year, \$90,000 was raised during our free-form broadcasting day. That's a lot of gelt. In addition, JM in the AM incurs substantial operating expenses, which lessens the ratio of its proportional contribution to the overall station financial scheme.

3) Station manager Ken Freedman would like to point out that he earned his "Masterful Shaman's" degree at the University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor. Upsalla phased Shamanism out of their Liberal Arts curriculum several years ago, and no longer offers this course of study on the graduate level.

4) The rest of the story was basically sound, and we appreciate the recognition. All the best to Mr. Fioretti, with whom our staff is well-acquainted.

Sincerely,

(Ol' Pal) Irwin Chusid

WFMU, Upsala College, East Orange, NJ 07019

I hate to admit it Irwin, but people like you should be given a medal, perhaps even a holiday in their honor. You are the only one among thousands of readers who pointed out those horrible misstatements of fact in that decrepid article that would have gotten any editor fired, and rightly so. But what disturbs me even more than the incompetence that allowed that shoddy piece of journalism to be printed in these pages, is that either nobody but you noticed the errors, or worse yet, nobody bothered to criticize or correct it.

Could it be that even Sound Choice readers, among the most active and participatory readerships in publishing, are succumbing to the passive acceptance of shoddy communication and craftsmanship that infects our society. Irwin, you seem like a bright, perceptive world-wise person; what do you

*suggest we do, short of getting you a government grant to study the problem. How can we wake people up out there?
I welcome your free service anytime. Thank you. D.C.*

Phil Ochs slept here

Editor:

Please send me the issue that has an essay on Phil Ochs. (S.C. No. 9) I had the pleasure of meeting him on three occasions--twice in Austin and once in California--and the good fortune for him to stay at my house one night after he performed in Austin.

I cannot tell you how often I have wished he were still with us. Never more so than during the past two years. Dan Quayle and George Bush would have provided Phil with a lifetime of material. These two clowns represent everything in this twisted world that Phil despised.

Phil's life--the conflicts he faced as an artist and as a human being in an increasingly shallow and materialistic society--are the challenges facing every American. There can be no question that the savage beating he suffered contributed to his depression and suicide. But while he was living, Phil fought as long and as hard and with as much courage and daring as anyone I have ever seen. He remains a great inspiration to countless Americans that have had the pleasure of discovering his wonderful music or the even greater pleasure of knowing him. It is a tragedy that his work remains largely unknown to those most in need of hearing it.

Sincerely,
Steve Speir

Ochs' life a lesson of evolution

Hey y'all:

Me again. I guess on second synthesis number nine is not so light after all. Reviewing the Phil Ochs article finally gave me the feel of what the latest perspective seems to be: we must be aware of the mistakes and weaknesses of the last round so that we can get a little further on this one.

I still don't believe that control is a central part of a successful movement, and the bittersweet story of one such as Ochs' only serves to affirm that belief. If we are to get anywhere with this Audio Evolution thing we must let it evolve by itself and delegate ourselves to be a part of the whole, which will evolve whether we "change the world" or not.

Not only do our egos have to get out of the way, but our intellects must go also. The mere act of forming a political opinion separates the thinker from the flow of possibility that contains the seed of new expression needed to reform the situation that so many of us find so "wrong". As Jake Berry so nicely put it out; "can't say i take a definite stand on anything anymore, to take a stand would be to cut myself off from all other possibilities. The world continually converts itself every time a seed opens, a baby's born, an electron dances, not much I can do except watch it all in wonder and let it glow/flow/be through me, the self to the self...you know how impossible it is to say what everyone lives."

Amen.

Until now then,
afm

18 NW 100th St., Miami, FL 33150

Ochs' article sources revealed

Comrade,

Greetings! I saw SC #10 today and your comment about me ripping off Cutlers' article. Well I guess I should of included sources, but I feel it didn't matter. Yes, the Cutler article did influence and inspire me, hence the article. Yet, that was not my only source, as I researched the Ochs' case quite thoroughly before writing it.

Here are my sources:

*"Phil Ochs & Elvis Presley," Chris Cutler, November Books, London, 1985.

*"Phil Ochs' FBI File", Vic Sadot, reprinted from the Delaware , Alternative Press, 1982.

*"Phil Ochs, Part 1", Gorden Friesen, Broadside Magazine, issue date unknown.

*"Interview with Phil Ochs, Part 2", Gorden Friesen, Broadside Magazine, issue date unknown. (both sources above I had sent to me by Sis Cunningham at Broadside, the former from an actual issue but no date, the latter a photocopy from an issue but also with no date) (I'm guessing because there is a mention of the Woodie Guthrie memorial concert that Phil was not invited to perform at.)

*"Phil Ochs Back From Chicago", interview with Izzy Young for Broadside Magazine, Volume 11; "Footnotes" to the interview with Izzy Young from the same issue by Gorden Friesen, 1976 (Included with Folkways FH 5321).

*"Interviews with Phil Ochs" by Izzy Young, Broadside Vol. 11, Folkways Records FH 5321, 1976.

*"Phil Ochs Sings for Broadside", Broadside No. 10, Folkways FD 5320: insert, Broadside #36.

*Liner notes by Ed Sanders from "Phil Ochs: Chords of Fame", A&M SP-6511, 1976.

I hope this clears some things up on your end. I should have stated my sources originally but I didn't, so here they are, eight sources.

In all honesty,

Puke Pagan,

3417 Dunnica, St. Louis, MO 63118-4221

P.S. Write back, if you want, I'd be happy to hear from you; but either way print this so that I may be heard.

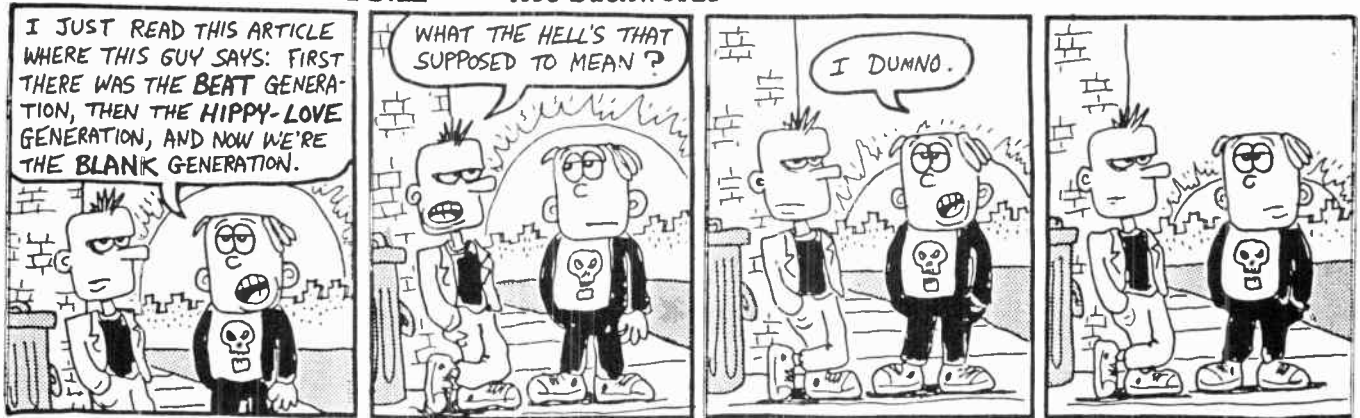
Fearful writer hides real identity

Greetings.

Thanx for writing back. You wonder why the pseudonym Puke Pagan? Well, if you had studied Phil Ochs' life as much as I have, music, goals, and all the rest, you would find that he was a "child of fate", determined to bring Peace, Love, and Revolution to the masses and the CIA/FBI knew this, that is why they watched him, fucked with him and eventually directly or indirectly killed him--hence, in my case, I have a fear and a suspicion that my real name would be used against me, in his way--call it instinct/intuition.

Also, more importantly than this, the underlying consequential fact is that there are political prisoners in the U.S., 'citizens' like you and I, being persecuted at this very moment, i.e. anarchists, anti-statists, revolutionary communists and autonomists and I am hesitant to have that happen to me--in the movement you commit the act and go back within the movement/masses--anonymously--to prove to others anyone can do the same--in this case, the action of words.

TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwords © 1988



Venceremos/Anarchy/Solidarity/Fraternity/Love/Light
 Puke Pagan,
 see address above

Puke:

Do you think Phil Ochs would have been treated better if he called himself Barf Savage? Using repulsive fake names is just what "Big Brother" or whoever would like radicals to do. It limits their power. There is no real person behind the words on the page. No back up. Just words on paper. Could be from the C.I.A. or the Ayatollah for all anyone knows.

Calling yourself Puke couldn't keep the FBI or whoever from tracking you down if they set their mind to it.

Too often I see writers use a pseudonym to cover their tracks and preserve thier "real" reputation while under their aka they embark on irresponsible journalism and/or sloppy writing. DC

Sixties 'Revolution' a false labor

To the Editor:

This package contains the residue of a process known as AFM. We truly do not wish to profit from this, rather we are recycling our personal resources to communicate our found freedom.

The downfall of the "sixties revolution" was its commercial assimilation into mainstream society. Caught up in the very system they wished to overcome, the bearers of the new torch allowed Corporate America to steal the light, and the open access to freedom quickly clamped shut, betrayed by the resale of its gifts. As soon as the message was exchanged for profit its power dissipated and it became an impotent plastic shell of the living being which had sought new birth on earth.

Perhaps the sixties was a kind of false labor. Perhaps we have learned to control our urge to push too soon. Perhaps this time we can spurn the socially imprinted desire for popularity and profit. Perhaps now we can truly exchange out insights with no other motive but uplifting communication. Perhaps we will be able to keep the most important and evolutionary forms of expression out of the hands of anyone who will seek to diffuse their explosive world-expanding energy by using them for personal fame and fortune. Perhaps.

afm,
 18 NW 100th St., Miami, FL 33150

Payola and musical Auschwitz

To the Editor:

... I was looking at some slides from a trip to Florida that I took with my parents and brother in 1965. Waves of nostalgia washed over me to see pictures of streets lined with vintage Cadillacs and Chevys, and people acting like nothing at all unusual was afoot. I remembered an occasion on that trip when my mother, my grandma, my brother and I were sitting in an ice cream shop.

As we prattled and slurped our cones, a jukebox in the corner played a great song called "Everyone's Gone To The Moon". I heard it many times during that trip, as well as a lot of Bobby Vinton's "Clinging Vine". Two songs that are indelibly linked in my mind to that place and time. I got to thinking "Damn, it's been a long time since I've heard either of those". I called the request line of our local "oldies" station, 69-XTRA Gold, and requested to hear "Everyone's Gone To The Moon" by Jonathan King. They said "We'll try to get it on for ya".

I waited for what seemed like hours. I heard "Ventura Highway", "Monday Monday", "California Girls", "Jive Talk-in", and so on and so on...but no "Moon". I began to realize that a curious phenomenon has taken place in the world of pop music over the last decade or so. An insidious Orwellian phenomenon that has gone virtually unnoticed. And that is this: There seems to exist a kind of musical Auschwitz to which all popular music is sent, once it has done its gig on the top-40. An unseen and unheard "Dr. Mengele" figure appraises the fitness of each and every tune for continued life and points to the left for some songs, to the right for others. To the left means oblivion. It means being forever jettisoned from the airwaves, and forgotten. To the right means to be endlessly recycled in oldies compilation albums, constantly repackaged and sold again and again with different cover art (a practice perfected by Capitol Records, Inc.), and repeated endlessly on so-called oldies stations...repeated so often that any nostalgia value is destroyed. There seems to be a rather small group of pop songs from the last three decades that have been sent to the right, so to speak. About 250 songs, I would say...which is nothing, considering the amount of great music that came out of these years.

The songs I hear on most so-called "oldies" stations today have all the nostalgia value of a Big Mac. Perhaps it's just laziness on the part of the radio stations. Perhaps they get all

their music from re-issue LP's sent to them for free by the major labels and none of the station personnel has any originals of their own.

Perhaps it's "payola" rearing its ugly head...the bribing of the radio stations by the major labels to play only their "product" which is currently in print. Perhaps it's just complacency...the common act of delivering mediocrity where mediocrity is expected and rewarded. And that phenomenon is certainly not limited to radio, or even to the entertainment industry, although that industry has consistently been the most eloquent manifestation of it. Apparently there is no limit to the number of times Mr. and Mrs. Public can hear "All Out Of Love" by Air Supply and never tire of it.

It is a sad fact, but a fact nevertheless, that if one wants to hear all of those "lost" oldies...the ones that have been virtually dissolved into the atmosphere by this unseen "Dr. Mengele" in this "musical Auschwitz" somewhere in space, one must hunt them down at thrift shops and garage sales. I still have not found "Everyone's Gone To The Moon". I don't think I've heard it for over twenty years.

Sally Idasswey

P.O. Box 111, Encinitas, CA 92024

Sally, I hate to shred your romantic notion that commercial radio programmers base what they play on matters of esthetics. It is all a matter of money.

The reason you will hear the same handful of oldies being played year after year on stations all over the country is because someone is paying for it. Individuals and companies that have the publishing rights to oldies will use payola to make sure that their songs are being played on the radio, thus earning themselves airplay royalty fees as well as keep the records selling on the retail level.

There are people who can be hired for large amounts of money whose job it is to get records played on the air. With the stakes so large, they do whatever they can to make sure station programmers play their music.

In many cases the radio stations themselves have financial interests in the old records they continue to play over and over, year after year. For instance, in Los Angeles, top rock FM station KLOS plays more old Led Zeppelin music than any other station in the state and probably the world. Does it surprise you that KLOS is owned by the ABC network, which includes, as one of its subsidiaries the record company that controls rights to all the Led Zeppelin Records.

If you were an entrepreneur and had no qualms about entering into the popular, relatively risk free crime of payola, you could gather some investors, buy the rights to one of those old favorite songs that don't get played on the radio anymore, and you could hire a record promoter to push the record to radio programmers across the country. True, some songs are easier to push than others, but the bottom line comes down to money and whether you can out payola the other big rollers of the industry.

But if all you are interested in is hearing the songs, then a much easier and cheaper plan would be to buy the original records from a good used record store or mail-order outfit. Or you could be a crusader and try to take the record industry and FCC to court to be judged for their crimes.

If you really want to find out why some songs become "oldies" and are constantly played on the radio, track down who owns the publishing rights to those songs.

While we're on the subject, please read the next letter.--

DC

Payola deal intercepted!

Dear Radio Programmer:

This gift is to say...Thank you!! In advance for helping Vesta's new single "Sweet, Sweet Love" become number one in R&R Billboard.

Thanks again,

David Gray

R&B Promotion Manager, A&M Records

1416 N. La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, CA 90028

Big scale payola is so prevalent in the radio and the record industry that promotion people don't even bat an eye or attempt to conceal the millions of dollars in "small" gifts that they send radio programmers to thank them "in advance" for playing their records.

In the case of the above letter, it was accompanied by a very nice, very expensive and stylish sweater that had the band's name tastefully embroidered on a small patch near the bottom hem. About a \$35-\$50 retail value. The package was apparently miss-delivered, intended for personnel at an Ojai radio station.

Payola is delivered in many forms. Most college radio music directors sell-out cheap, accepting stacks of promo records (which artists are not paid royalties for), a few concert tickets and a chance to interview rock stars in exchange for giving airplay and listing particular bands on radio playlists.

In commercial radio and at certain industry magazines, exchanging drugs has been a traditional way of moving "higher" on the charts.

But no matter what form of transaction occurs, radio in most cases is a pay-for-play operation. It's too bad people aren't more honest about it. It is legal to buy airtime to have your records played on a commercial radio band, the only condition being that listeners must be informed at some point during the program that the music they have been hearing was paid to be played. But the major label music industry is so intent on maintaining the illusion of "natural selection" that they won't even make that little compromise and instead choose to flaunt the law, deceive the public and monopolize the airwaves for financial gain.-- DC

Thank you for Andrade article

Dave and Co:

As much as I've enjoyed your magazine since its inception, I'm not in the habit of writing letters to publications as I'm more interested in the uninformed opinions of others as opposed to my own uninformed opinions.

I feel I have to thank you for the excellent article by Patrick Andrade; Exploring the Black-Indian Connection (Sound Choice No. 10). I was unaware of any affiliation between the two cultures beyond the obvious historical fact of their mutual oppression by the Aryan races. It is very heartening to see at least a small hint of cultural interaction and recuperation from the divide-and-conquer method of enforcing "progress" that has been the white European trademark. I can only hope that similar seeds of this kind of sympathetic cultural exchange promote more of this type of rapport. The sad fact is that most cultures have reacted in a (justifiably) paranoid and defensive

manner that has let to much unfortunate divisiveness and prejudice between minorities that could benefit from interactions both culturally and politically.

The "gifts" that the European Caucasoid races have thrust upon the world, Materialism, Industrialization, Christian dogma and non-spirituality, etc., have been little more than a disastrous blight upon the earth, a failure that our own self-righteousness and megalomania constantly seeks to hide from ourselves.

In addition I must offer my support for your decision not to run the ad for the racist band "Psychodrama". Artistic freedom is a lame excuse for the promotion of attitudes that advocate the oppression of other human beings. I value my own freedom of expression in my own music and writing, but I don't feel that artistic freedom transcends all and everything in its importance, we have a stronger and deeper obligation to each other as parts of humanity in general. I will also suggest that Mr. Kerby and his rather shitty little band never come to Detroit or he will end up in the form of tallow candles and lampshades.

Oh, by the way, here's ten bucks for the next four issues. Fraternally yours,
Tim Eldair
HardPeace Records, P.O. Box 592, Birmingham, MI 48012

Tim, I suppose you mean well when in your letter you threaten to kill Bret Kerby, but to me you are just demonstrating one of the things that Kerby and Psychodrama have succeeded in: spotlighting hypocrisy and man's tendency to resort to violence and hate when confronted by ideas it does not like. In my opinion, threatening to make a lampshade out of someone is not the most evolved or effective way to stand against racism--DC

Steve Albini is dead...almost

Dear Sound-Choice,

Hi, thanks for letting me know you still exist. Steve Albini in an interview said you guys stopped publishing. Glad to see he was wrong.

Anyway, here is my subscription. Looking forward to it. Take care,
Joseph B. Raimond
Galerie Leer/eMpTy Records, Muggenhoferstr. 39
8500 Nurnberg, West Germany

That's funny. Steve Albini, told us that you stopped releasing records and cassettes, but judging by the great one's you just sent, that isn't true either. One thing is true, we did stop publishing Steve Albini. Wait, we never did publish Steve Albini. Wait! Who is Steve Albini?

Just kidding, Steve. Actually Steve is a really good friend of ours who helps us on weekends with proofreading and fact-checking. Although we have asked him not to, whenever he travels he continually spreads misinformation about Sound Choice's existence. He insists that it is necessary for him to do that in order for Sound Choice to maintain what he calls "its coveted 'underground' status among the world's top music magazines." We know he means well, but we advise people not to believe a word he says, ever. He's known throughout the world to be an incorrigible liar.

For you readers who aren't familiar with Steve Albini, he's a former toxic waste disposal truck maintenance man who two years ago quit his job, and started writing record reviews and founded the now disbanded noise/rock trio Big

Black immediately after learning that he had been exposed to a massive and slowly debilitating dose of radiation when he accidentally swallowed a uranium laced hamster pellet while washing out the back of an animal lab waste disposal van on the grounds of a state university that has strong ties with the military.

With his health, both mentally and physically, degenerating at an alarming rate he has chosen to squander his insurance settlement by spending his final wheezing days propped against a microphone stand gagging out anguished lyrics as the singer of Rapeman, a band he named after the leader of an Illinois outlaw motorcycle gang that led the 35-rider train that rode into Steve's small hometown exactly nine months to the day before Steve was pulled butt first from the birth canal of the woman he now calls Mom.

Although we are all praying for the best, he seems to be on his last legs these days, and with tears in our eyes and pain in our heart, we all must face the reality that Steve may not be with us by the time this is published. May it serve as an elegy. Amen. --DC



Steve "Rapeman Baby" Albini

Johnny Potseed has dopey idea

To the Editor:

Attention all who smoke cannabinoids: Remember the days when bags of "tobacco" were going for \$35? That's \$35 an ounce, not some measly 6 gram quarter. Well folks, I --Johnny Potseed, a direct descendant of the famous Mr. Appleseed--have the answer. My profession is planting pot seeds, my vocation is smoking the results, and my mission is spreading the word, to all other smokers, the solution to the high price of you know what.

Each pot smoker--there's about 20-40 million of us--throws away at least 100 to 1000 pot seeds a year. That's anywhere from 2 billion to 40 billion seeds a year. Imagine what would happen if all of these seeds were planted in the woods, fields, and back yards? Imagine if only 1% of those seeds sprouted and grew... that's anywhere from 20 million to 400 million plants spread all over the country. Think about it.

Done thinking? Time to get serious. Is this guy just bullshitting, you might ask. No! This could work, if people just gave it a chance. Pot is a very hardy plant. Once it establishes itself, it grows like a weed. Once pot infests an area, it takes over for years. One female pot plant will leave behind thousands of seeds, enough to guarantee a whole new generation next year. Already there are huge patches in the Midwest that the government can't wipe out. Granted, it's only low quality "hemp", but it's still strong enough to cause cows who eat it to go loco.

Okay, you think, if everybody did it, it just might work.

But you'll never get everybody, especially lazy pot smokers, to plant their seeds. Wrong. First, this letter is just one of many efforts going on right now to alert the public to my new theory. Planting pot seeds is like recycling--granted a lot of people don't do it, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't do your share or that your share doesn't count.

Besides, we don't need every single pot smoker planting seeds anyway.

If enough of us do it, enough pot patches will appear to spread themselves. Birds love pot seeds (commercial birdseed contains sterile "hemp" seeds) and will shit them all over the country. The most convincing argument for planting pot seeds is that only you know where you planted them. You can go back in the fall and see what's there.

Granted, some of these pot patches will be found and smoked. That's the whole point! The cops will find some, but enough will survive. In a decade or two, pot would be growing in so many places that it would become indigenous to this great country. No more \$35 a quarter ounce. Just go out and pick your own.

This would also help our national debt. Official values for the national debt omit black market trade, but nevertheless billions of dollars a year head straight to foreign drug growers. Do your part to combat this outrage! Plant your seeds!

I urge everyone to please save all their pot seeds and put them in a little film canister. Keep this canister in your coat. Spring is upon us, so every time you go for a walk or just happen to find yourself in the woods, plant those seeds! Plant them in fields, next to roads, in your back woods, in your neighbor's garden, everywhere! We shall overcome!

Plant seeds about 1/8 of an inch deep in lightly packed soil. Administer water if possible. Choose an area that receives lots of light. Finally, plant seeds before surrounding vegetation gets too high or they will crowd out the small pot seedling. A little weeding never hurts.

If all this sounds too complicated, you can always just throw your seeds on the ground as you're walking through the woods. A few seeds, out of natural luck, will grow. If everyone did it...

Homegrown's alright for me. Plant that bell and let it ring.--
Neil Young

Thou shalt not waste thy seed.--The Bible
Johnny Potseed

Bizarre Mozart theory recanted

Dear Mr. Ciaffardini,

I appreciated your offer to run a mention of my brand new book *Aura Paradigm* in *Sound Choice*.

Perhaps you're already aware that I had an article in *Sound Choice* (No. 6) dealing with the unusual circumstances surrounding the death of Mozart. I proposed a theory that not only were there occult overtones to the last phases of the composer's life, but that it was quite possible that these peculiar stories meant that Mozart could have been revived in view of the equally peculiar disappearance of his casket in a freak storm.

I think I'll take the liberty of telling you about an experience I had around the time I submitted the article. It was a psychic experience in which an entity manifested itself which gave me the impression that it was recollecting musical, compositional, experiences. The entity however seemed totally unlike any incarnate (physical entity that we experience in daily life) but rather had quite a different ethereal sense, a presence without any "thrust" whatever. I don't know what anyone else would say about this kind of story, but to me, I knew then and there that the final conclusion of my *Sound Choice* article was wrong; Mozart was actually disincarnate, i.e., had not been revived and permanently rejuvenated.

I don't welcome psychic experiences but at least they demonstrate one thing to me beyond a shadow of doubt: the PSI world is for real, and orthodox physics ought to be paying at least some attention to it.

Not long ago, reports appeared concerning some experiments in which ultra-particles were tracked for considerable distances after being split from a common source; it was found that no matter how far apart they were, or what kind of barriers (lead shields, or whatever) were interposed between them, particles having an analogous origin responded to outside forces as though there were no separation whatsoever. But then instead of using this observation as a springboard to explaining paranormal phenomena like telepathy, the physicists said "this doesn't make sense in light of our pre-existing paradigms; we will shelve the observation for now." Instead of saying, "well this shows there must be a world of energy transmissions governed by infinite inductance and other similar ideal properties, unlike anything we deal with in everyday life and ordinary science," they preferred to ignore it.

I believe *Aura Paradigm* potentially can make the experts dialogue about something other than their one-track conservatism.

I think sound waves resemble auric energy waves qualitatively, although there obviously has to be quite a quantitative difference; sound waves, being mediated by air molecules, have an incomparably larger field of action than energy ultraparticles do. One indication of the analogy is in medicine, where ultra sound is a much used diagnostic modality, but magnetic resonance imaging, a much newer modality, is considered more precise for diagnostic purposes.

When you run the mention of my book, your readers would need to know that "Aura Paradigm" can be ordered from: Authentic Marketing, 545 Wisconsin St., San Francisco, CA 94107, at \$9.50 postpaid. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Michael Baran
479 North Cary St., Brockton, MA 02402

Reviewers shouldn't be critics

Dear Editor:

What should the function of the reviewer be in *Sound Choice*? I have an opinion.

Sound Choice is different, it caters to musicians and listeners who are different from the mainstream. I think the reviewers have to be different too.

A reviewer for *Sound Choice* shouldn't be a critic, he/she should not pass judgment on the artistic or stylistic value of a work. A reviewer should perform the service of helping musicians find their audience, and helping listeners find the music that appeals to them. A reviewer should try to give us an idea of what the music sounds like, rather than a subjective, flippant, egotistical criticism. Statements like: "About as interesting as peeping through a window at a seventy-five year old man clipping his toenails" or "If you like this sort of thing give a tape recorder to any 5 year old" only serve to alienate audience and musicians from one another.

It is acceptable to criticize elements of production and sound quality; He/she can tell us if the vocals are off key or if the bass drowns everything out. But our reviewers should put their artistic sensibilities and egos into their own music where it belongs.

People don't send in tapes to find out if a critic likes it or not, they want to find their audience. *Sound Choice* is one of the only ways people have to find their audience; let's work together in a spirit of cooperation, to give listeners and musicians a real freedom of sound choice.

Charles Laurel
Specific Ocean Music, 6116 Hwy. 9 Apt. B, Felton, CA 95018



Give up aesthetic brain-washing

Editor:

Finally a little feedback from these parts about the notion of audio networking and the style of journalism used in the contact reviews.

My feeling is that when I'm reading for information, to find out about musicians and musics which I haven't been in contact with previously I wanta know the guts of what that recording is like,...Post-modern criticism has demonstrated that it is possible to be original and creative in discussion about art and music without relying on aesthetic brain-washing.

I very rarely care whether a review likes or dislikes a tape, what he ate for breakfast, what mundane associations the music has inspired in his head or who his favorite rock star is. Or my favorite one; what famous bands does this music sound like. Instead I'm interested in knowing the concepts of the particular music, what instruments, how it feels, in other words a verbal reconstruction.

Gonzo journalism is for high school newspapers and skate-zines. Of the reviewers in your mag, I guess I trust and respond to Dean Suzuki's writing the most, feeling that the vision behind his words is constant and authentic. Of course we both understand this is a criticism that applies to all mags, (including my own) but I rather expect that a tool such as yours could have a more weighty impact if it serves its artists for what they are..

Best for the holidays

Miekal and Liz &

1341 Williamson, ,Madison, WI 53703

Oh no, not another one

Greetings concerned friends,

Since earlier this year when i was first exposed to both the concept of audio networking and your impressive magazine, have wondered whether (i cannot spell) i would ever break out of the stagnantly repetitive realm of sociocreative/hierarchical atrophy in which most of humanity (that is, our nation's citizenry, as well as western industrialists and those unfortunate enough to aspire to the consumption ideals...your sagging boot straps are showing, etc.) seems to fester these days, or if i would take the economic initiative to subscribe to your magazine and thus vote positively for the future of music, in particular, and mankind, in general...someday hoping to actually allow my guitar-playing to catapult me out of my monotonous existence and into my new-

found dream of "after i pay the rent and utilities and get some fodder, maybe buy a new pair of shoes to replace these soleless, tattered 'swiss cheese' animal hides that i've been wearing three and a half years now so that i won't always be slipping and falling while i'm washing maximum dish for minimum pay...then i'll save up and buy...no rent a four-track recorder and set the world ablaze with my mediocre ability, near emotionless delivery, but unflagging desire to elicit positive response and thus attain instant underground fame and recognition."

In other words, here's twelve bucks.

Joseph Pezzillo,

2 Vance Lane, Morgantown, WV 26505

Audio Network needs criticism

Dear David,

...You showed your openness and bravery by printing so many critiques of your editorial methods last issue (SC No.9). We all have a lot to learn, but please don't stop responding to your critics. While I understand the feelings of those who feel you "have to have the last word" on everything, it's vital that you have your say when you feel it's appropriate.

One of the outstanding things about Sound Choice has been its willingness to argue points and take a stand on issues. I may not agree with every stand you take, but unless you take that stand then dialog on a subject ceases. The network needs more self-criticism if it is to be a real force and voice. We must learn to criticize and accept criticism if we are to survive and if our work is to improve.

There's an alarmingly common attitude of "oh isn't it neat we do this mail-art and home taping and trading--just because we do it it's good and let's not look too closely at any of it" in the network these days. If the medium is the message (not that it has to be) then the medium has to be subject to even more analysis and questioning than it otherwise would need to be effective.

Fraternity and sorority are fine if people interact, exchange and grow in a forward direction. If we don't, we are merely hobbyists, putting on Shriner's hats to make us feel important and stagnating in the safety of convention and etiquette.

OK, I'm done now. Keep up the great work.

Sincerely,

Brook Hinton

SEI, 475 21st Ave., San Francisco, CA 94121

Jazz is Dead... in the Black Community

By Andrew White

Introduction:

The following article by musician and writer Andrew White will cause consternation among some people because it will remind them, even rub their nose in the sad fact that black jazz musicians have lost control of their music to white people who hold the reins of the business aspects of the jazz scene. White concludes that without business and marketing control in the hands of blacks, the music suffers and blacks lose their traditional form of entertainment as whites take it away and proclaim it "art" for white people and rake in all the profits as well.

Some readers may view the piece as unnecessarily racist, believing that making a distinction between black and white musicians and audiences is a subtle form of musical segregation. But the purpose of running this article in *Sound Choice* is not to anger blacks or whites, but instead to help people see similarities and understand problems and dilemmas that befall musicians of all races.

For the most part, musicians from all races suffer when they have little or no control over the business end of their music making activities. When that control is lost, as when a band signs a long-term recording contract with a major record label, the music almost always changes and so does the audience. A similar-toned article could have been written by a white musician at the end of the 1960s called "Hippie Music is Dead in the Hippie Community." In 1982 we could have published an article called "Punk Music is Dead in the



Jazz trumpeter Wynton Marsalis steps under the wing of kiddie show host Mister Fred Rogers who is more than happy to introduce the musician to his audience, who unlike most blacks, might find Marsalis' music enjoyable and relevant to their lives. Marsalis, 26, says he grew up watching Mister Rogers' Neighborhood.

Punk Community. White's article deals with a recurring problem.

For some musicians such as Greg Ginn, profiled elsewhere in this issue, a solution to this problem that befalls musicians and their audience is to go the independent route and create their own record company where musicians who create the music can exercise control and not face as much pressure to conform their artistic approach to the wishes of non-musicians who control the marketing and business end. Among black musicians,

surprisingly few have chosen to follow an independent route. Even rap music and its offshoots, which began among black street kids, are for the most part being controlled--and the profits collected-- by white businessmen.

One hopes that this article will not be taken as a message that blacks or punks or whoever, should grab hold of the music business reins and follow along on the same, lowest-common-denominator, maximize-profits at the expense of the music mentality.

White, a saxophonist and publish-

er, claims to be the most voluminously self-produced independent artist in the history of jazz. Among his 1,200 self-produced products, he has released 42 records of his music, along with dozens of publications.

To contact White, write to: Andrew's Music, 4830 South Dakota Ave., N.E., Washington, DC 20017, USA.

The photos and captions accompanying White's article were chosen by the editors.--David Ciaffardini

By Andrew White

Yes...And it's been dead ever since the early 1940's. ("1940's" not to be confused with 1945-1955, the "period of jazz common practice" as noted in my publication, *A Treatise On Jazz Composition*)

Any "art form" dies when it ceases to serve its function. This is what happened to kill jazz in the black community. *It simply ceased to serve its function.* Jazz used to be the music you could go to the neighborhood bar and listen to, have some drinks, food, chit chat and maybe meet someone. When it moved out of the community and went into the concert hall, that's when it lost its function of entertaining blacks. *Jazz wasn't art, it was entertainment.* Blacks weren't going to pay double or triple the price to go downtown to see the same music they had been seeing uptown for years.

"Who did those cats think they were going down there, anyway? Art? What is art? I just want to get down with the music. I don't need any of that cultural enrichment crap. Just give me a beer and let me feel good. I don't need nobody tellin' me 'the proper way' to listen to my brother play that jazz music."

The "cats" weren't making that much money uptown anyway, so when white folks came up and asked them, "Come on down here and play in my concert. I'll pay you \$100 for it," the cats said "Yeah! OK!" They probably weren't making but \$30 for the whole week uptown, anyway. So, I really don't need to stretch your imagination about that aspect of the business, do I?

With the migration of the jazz cats to the more money-making situations such as concerts, records, movies and tours, there was very little incentive to stay in the neighborhood bar, so there went the function of the "entertainment music" called jazz.

"JAZZ"... The word had a commercial ring to it, but white folks knew they couldn't make but so much money off of it like it was, so they turned it into something they could control and profit from... ART. They molded it, repackaged it and sold it back to blacks as ART. They took the black jazz players and created "legends" out of them. They paid the cats, but at the same time they told the cats what to spend the money on in order to protect and control the global profits they (whites) would earn from the "Jazz Industry." "Give 'em dope, booze, cars, broads and don't teach them how to read. That's the way to make money, Mr Charlie!... Start the record companies, the radio, the press and the historians and set



Jimmy McGriff and Hank Crawford



Frank Morgan

this thing up and sell it back to blacks as *something special for the bloods*. They don't want it anymore, anyway, it costs too much and plus, they ain't comin' downtown to hear it. It's ours, now."



Miles Davis--According to Jack Chambers' book *Milestones II*, Davis has tried giving tickets away in the black community because he was bothered by the lack of black attendance at his concerts



Donald Byrd

"So now wait for about ten years and you'll see that we'll have us another kind of black folk who'll buy this stuff 'cause they'll believe it's art and if it's art you know they've just gotta have some, right? 'Cause Mr. Charlie got some in the big house. . . It'd be different if Charlies didn't have any, then I wouldn't have to listen to it, but since he got some, if I wanna be cool, I gotta have some, too. . . Yeah! Even that Louis Armstrong with that darn handkerchief and that smilin'. I can't stand that man up there looking like Uncle Tom. I don't care how good he plays, he just makes me think about things I wannà forget. Makes me think I need to tuck in my lips when I go to the concert hall to hear my brother play that jazz music. . . WHAT! . . . The nigger ain't even sweatin' no more. That white boy done paid him not to sweat. The music don't mean nothin' if he ain't sweatin' . . . WHAT! . . . Ain't nobody nodded off yet! The cat look like he be in a symphony or somethin' . . . Ain't no chicken grease on his shirt, ain't no pie on his fingers, ain't no cotton balls in his hair, no body odor, no bad breath! This cat is clean! His music is clean, too! . . . I don't like the music no more. *I MISS SOMETHIN'*. Something is gone from the music. I wonder what it is. It ain't the same music cats used to be playin' uptown. . . White folks done refined it, redefined it, polished it and antisepticized it. It sounds like lettuce. . . Or maybe somethin' be wrong with me! . . . Let's see. . . He's dressed all sharp, making good money, working less time 'cause the concert ain't but two hours long, uptown he had to work five hours, they giving him food, drinks, dope, broads, he'd have to pay for all of that uptown! . . . Um! . . . No wonder he come down here! . . . Ain't nothin' for him to go uptown for. . . Uptown he was one of the cats; downtown, he's an "artist" . . . I guess if I want to keep up with him now, I'm gonna have to go back downtown with him! . . . That's why jazz is dead in the black community.

Now I know by this time you're trying to figure out how I came up with the early "1940's," right? I know that jazz was dying before then and that it continued to thrive on certain levels of the business horizon, but I prefer to think of the early 1940's because that period is when the actual crystalization of the "small group jazz" actually took hold, if in no other way, just by replacing the big bands. So all within a period of ten years (1940-1950) the jazz business saw its roots firmly planted "downtown."

So you youngsters under "fifty" will tell me about the Howard Theatre, The Apollo, The Regal, etc. and how blacks were buying records and going to the shows. You're right, but the crux of the matter is—who was *selling you the music*? It's the selling that I'm dealing with here. The control mechanism. Who was making the records? I don't mean the artists, I mean the *PRODUCERS!* Who was *sending you the artists*? Sure you saw all of the "black" cats, but who was sending them to work and getting the agent's fees? Who said when and/or if you'd get those acts? That's the control mechanism I'm talking about. White Folks. When the cats left from uptown nobody tried to keep them from leaving. Jazz was not included in the priorities of blacks. Neither the NAACP nor the Urban League offered any support to deter the jazz migration

downtown. The music didn't symbolize anything positive to the "Bourgies" until whites started buying it. By then it was too late. Whitey controlled it and was *selling it back to blacks*. It was OK for blacks to dig it then because whites had "rubber stamped" it "FIT FOR DARKIES" so the "bourgies" started to take "some" note of it, but what the heck, the music was dead by then... Oh! That plantation mentality...

Blacks took their music for granted, like they did other things, until they looked up and saw white people enjoying it, using it and making money from it. Blacks never created a business network to offset the white business structures which created the jazz "art form." Blacks are masters of the bad "rap." Later for Roberts Rules and Parliamentary Procedures. After they see whites "doing it" then they call a meeting to huff and puff, get mad at whitey and fight over who gets the best seat, at the chicken dinner... *That's why jazz is dead in the black community.*

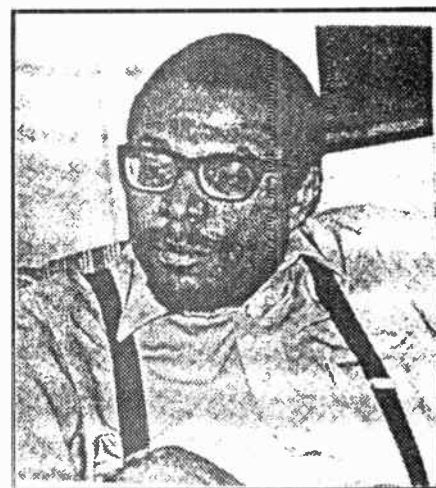
*How many major black jazz record companies are there? (For that matter, how many are there on any level of business?) How many major black jazz publishing houses are there? Major black managers, agents, etc.? I ain't talkin' 'bout one here, one there, I'm talkin' 'bout here, there and everywhere? All of your jazz heroes are controlled by white business... Betcha didn't know that, didja?... Miles, Bird, Trane, Duke, Count, Ella, Dex, Monk, Mingus, Diz, you name 'em. All of 'em... Of course, there are the second strain, minor league and independent artists, but the bulk of them are with white business concerns, too... Sure, you'll find a black lawyer, manager or agent around somewhere, but the life stem of the jazz industry is ONLY AND DIRECTLY tied to the WHITE RECORD BUSINESS and ALL of those major jazz record companies or record companies that carry jazz, ARE WHITE. There are some self-producers who try to speak for themselves, but at most they have limited success. They make a few records and disappear. But, even most of their support comes from the white community. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BROTHERS? But I guess you could expect that kind of action from a group who'd send their spiritual leaders off to the government. Now what white boy you know is going to try and get his minister to be the president? No, they'll keep their moral leaders in the community and send their crooks to politics. We oughta be tryin' to recruit Iceberg Slim or Richard Pryor for a job like that. You've either got to have a pimp or a comedian to do politics, right? But, a minister? Come on, man! Now if you're not really into the jazz business, it's best you just take my word for all of this mess I'm talkin' here 'cause if you look too hard at the whole picture you'll get depressed at my "understatement" of this farce... *That's why jazz is dead in the black community.**

How many blacks can read this kind of talk without getting mad at me and calling me a bunch of "you know whats?", rather than acknowledge that I "could be right"? That's our trouble. We talk ABOUT each other. White folk talk TO each other. Getting things done starts with an exchange of ideas, but we have to hear them first. We have to talk TO one another rather than ABOUT one another.

You say whitey done raped and stolen the music? Naw man! Over the past fifty years you've all put given it to him on a silver platter... YOU GAVE IT AWAY!... *That's why jazz is dead in THE BLACK COMMUNITY.*



Art Farmer, Benny Golson and Curtis Fuller



Andrew White

**YOU CAN'T BELIEVE
EVERYTHING YOU HEAR . . .
Especially on WFMU.**



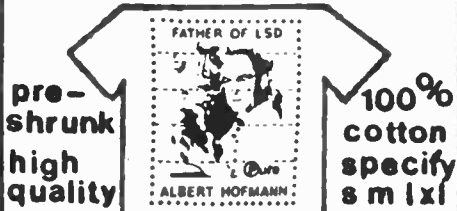
TO HEAR IT:
In the NYC-NJ area, tune in
91.1 FM and hit the mono
switch. Send for our free
program guide/magazine, LCD:

SEND IT ALL TO:

TO BE HEARD ON IT:
If you have unusual recordings
that you want played on New
York radio, we accept any-
thing on cassette, record, or
CD.

WFMU, Attn: Fred W.
UPSALA COLLEGE
East Orange, NJ 07109

**A TASTY DESIGN
TO UNHINGE YOUR MIND**



**\$11.50 postpaid
2 for \$21.**

**CHECK OR
M/O TO:
L. GREENFIELD**

14041 VANOWEN * 270 VAN NUYS CA 91405

**PANIC
RECORDS & TAPES**
P.O.B. 1696 • SKOKIE, IL • 60076-8696 • USA

WHAT IS TRUTH? VOL. 2

A numbered limited edition of 1000 LPs, featuring individually hand-fabricated collage cover art & new material from these internationally known artists:

GERMAN SHEPHERDS, EUGENE CHADBOURNE, VIOLENCE & the SACRED,
RANDY GREIF, PROOF of UTAH, FURRY COUCH, BLITZIDS
MUSICA MENTA, HATERS, GARY MARKS, ELIZABETH HARPER, SCOTT MARSHALL

Only 300 copies left as of December '88. . . Order soon!

\$6.00 postpaid 1st class USA, **\$8.00** surface rate 1st class overseas
(Buyer pays for overseas Airmail)

Int'l Money Orders & Checks payable to: **SCOTT MARSHALL**
Send for a complete **PANIC** Catalog Sheet
& watch for new '89 releases!



AUDIO ALCHEMY DIGEST tape \$10

Contact Listings
& Information
send 9" by 11" SASE
Cassette Mythos
PO Box 2391
Olympia, WA 98507



Audio
Adventure



What about jazz education? Cats always talkin' about the white schools teaching stolen music. Well, where is the "National Association Of BLACK Jazz Educators"? Cut out all of that negative rap about white people. It don't mean nothin'. Say something constructive. Do something constructive.

Why not try to think of ways to get your black music hack into your own community rather than trying to talk somebody down who's probably your biggest ally? YES! ALLY! While you're doing the bad rap, it's the "GREAT WHITE FATHER" who's keeping the thing (Jazz) alive for you until you feel that it is important enough for you to support and bring it back to your own community. Too much bad rappin'? What's happenin' in the black schools concerning jazz education? Black kids out here now don't know nothin' 'bout, ain't learnin' 'bout and really don't care about jazz. So much for the students; who's teaching the teachers? What do they care about the music? What about the black jazz historians? Why do they have to go to the whites to get some play? Ain't there no play for them in the black community? What's happenin' with readin' and writin'? Stop depending on that oral tradition crap. You gotta learn how to read in order to survive out here in this world, words and music... In 1973 I published 421 transcriptions of John Coltrane improvised saxophone solos. How many black schools got any? NONE!... Oh! I'm sorry!—One... Yeah! One... But that one really doesn't count 'cause it really hasn't made them accessible to its students. How do I know that? Because year after year after year students from that school ask me why that school doesn't have any of my transcriptions. But, the white schools have them. Yeah! Students all over the world are studying my transcriptions in white schools... See what I'm talkin' 'bout? While we wait to reclaim the "stolen music" the "GREAT WHITE FATHERS" are taking care of it for us. Now how about that in 1987?... That's why jazz is dead in the black community...

What about the union? What about it? Leave them alone. The primary purpose of the union isn't to provide a hall for socializing and hanging out! It's to provide a forum for helping cats get better working conditions and better pay, jazz musicians, too. But none of that can come about without some effective input from the black cats. And don't be complaining blindly about inequities in the system without thoroughly thinking out the whole picture. I've been on jobs with white cats who could have lynched me right there. They hated me so bad because a white boy couldn't make it. But, try to imagine John Coltrane coming to town without Elvin Jones. Think about it... How would you like to hear Trane, McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Garrison and somebody sounding like Buddy Rich? Some of the same prejudices can happen in reverse. Get my drift?

You want to know why I don't play much anymore? Well, I'll tell you one of the biggest reasons. Out of everything I do, from running my company to playing music, getting a band together is the hardest thing to do—not to mention personalities, conflicting schedules, low literacy rates and attitudes, but how do you think I feel when I pick up a union paper and see ninety-nine percent of the cats I would call for a gig listed as suspended or expelled for non-payment of dues? Hey man! I'm a member of the creative community and I've busted my balls for forty-three years trying to hang in there and you gonna let your union membership expire 'cause you don't have any concept of business? Hey man! Your concept of business rivals your music literacy rate—low. Yet, you want white folk to give you a gig 'cause they brought you over here on a boat two hundred years ago?... What kind of thinking is that? Now I don't want no Buddy Rich-sounding drummer in my band and I'm in the position to not work if I don't feel like it. But, what about those black bandleaders who have to work! How do you think they feel when they have to go the white way 'cause the brothers' dues ain't cool?... Think about it!... That's another way of redefining the music—by default. If you ain't part of the solution, you is the problem. What bandleader you know needs that kind of frustration?... NOBODY!!... That's why you've got so many blacks

who don't even want to be bothered with jazz anymore. Bad black business. The "music is gone" because of that. You oughta interview some black and white bandleaders to understand the difference in what they want out of a band. You'd probably find out, as I have, that the blacks want personality and the whites want punctuality. The blacks want the music to swing, be creative, generate interest and "mean" something, at any cost. The whites want the music to be there on time regardless of whether it "means" anything or not. That's why the whites will always be around. With them it's business first. That's why blacks are losing out. With them it's business last. I mean, after all, I'm sure that Coltrane wasn't after the same thing Benny Goodman was looking for. All of this isn't to say that racism and racial differences don't

exist, mind you, but we have to look at some of these "special" areas that many of us never really think about.

There has always been a "romance" that has surrounded jazz like in no other area of the music business that I know of—glitter, glamour, drugs, chicks, crime and personalities—but I personally prefer a cat who can read first. I mean, you can wear your dashiki, Afro, boots, shades, necklace, get high, screw all night and buy a round of drinks for the whole club, but please, Please, PLEASE, PLEASE... READ. This rarely, if ever, happens. The cats with the most esoteric rhetoric are the cats with the least reading ability and knowledge of music. Talkin' 'bout Tomonic, Sub-Dominant and Dominican... Melonphones and String Accomplishments... What kind of crap is that?

I've even had a cat, from New York no less, scuffle through a rehearsal, mess up the first set, get high on the break, totally ruin the second and third sets and ask me for a raise. Now, I ask you! How can a cat play the music better if he's high when he can't even see it when he's straight?... But, he's cool, right?...

On the other hand, here's a band where all of the cats can read, all of the cats are dressed the same way, all of the cats are sober, on time, nondescript, sound like Sousa and smell like lettuce. They'll get the action every time 'cause they'll show up on time everytime with no sweat... Naw! Don't ball your fist up at me! I know white cats who are junkies, don't pay their union dues and can't read, too. I also know blacks who are straight, paid up at the union and show up on time for the gig. There is some of everybody, everywhere, no sweat... Plus, in my case I probably make more money opening my mail on a Tuesday morning than half of the cats out here working the whole weekend and I don't have any personnel problems either, so why bother? Several cats have asked me about my business from that perspective and I've always respectfully declined to answer. But, as one cat said after getting a glimpse of the amount of work I have to do in order to keep Andrew's Music going, "Ain't nobody gonna work that hard for money OR love." Don't worry, I'm still in full swing. I "play" when it's alright and the business is cool, but as for that "band mess," I'll leave it to the cats until things are better, if they ever get better. Are they gonna get better? I don't know, but for the time being let's just say that bad business is the reason *Jazz Is Dead In The Black Community*.

Where is the interest in the black community to restore jazz to itself? Are you still waiting for whiteness to come up to your neighborhood and produce your music for you? He ain't comin'. He's probably too scared of getting his bead bashed in to come up there.

These are just a few reasons why jazz is dead in the black community. You'll probably hate me for writing all of this stuff, but somebody's gotta say something, otherwise the worst of the worst will happen, if there is such a thing. It's like history. They say those who forget it are doomed to experience it again. Well, here it is some forty years later and nobody's revived the music in its own community yet. So, we're doomed for another forty years of the same thing if the situation doesn't turn around QUICK!

As my wife, Jocelyne, says in one of her poems on my record *Who Got De Funk?*, "Hey Girl! Look At Your Own Garden. It's not at the neighbor's. It's yours."

You can't solve problems in the future if you're too embarrassed

to acknowledge the negligence that created them in the past. *NEGLECT is why jazz is dead in the black community.*

You're probably wondering why I'd write something like this in a joke mode, right? Because a travesty this sad has to be laughed at. You have to laugh to keep from crying... Oh! By the Way! I publish 308 Charlie Parker transcriptions, 11 Eric Dolphy transcriptions and 74 Andrew White transcriptions. Again, only one black school has any. So it ain't just Trane, they don't care about none of us! Why? Because *Jazz Is Dead In The Black Community*. Like the general said: "We done found the enemy... it's us."

FOOTNOTE** This piece is in no way designed to answer all of the reasons why jazz is dead in the black community; I fully acknowledge, but accept no responsibility for, those jazz musicians who have "sold out," watered down their music for global (white) consumption, disguised themselves as classical musicians who play jazz, disguised themselves as jazz musicians who play classical music in order to "cross over" cultural barriers and/or just plain create the "avant garde" in order to confuse "the brothers" in a community which could make anybody abandon an "art form" simply from lack of comprehension. It is my sole purpose to make an abstract statement in order to provoke a realistic awareness of the idea that *jazz is dead in the black community.*

Op Magazine

Op was the original music networking magazine. Of the 26 evolutionary issues published, just nine back issues are still available. Each one is a piece of history so far ahead of its time it is still fresh, inspiring reading. Published from 1978 to 1984.



Op "A" issue

True collectors item. Lots of reviews of 1979 independent vinyl, a small article on Laurie Anderson, Alabama scene report. Big bold tabloid. 24 pgs.



Op "I" issue

Charles Ives, Gregory Isaacs, index for earlier issues, Indiana report, extremely interesting reviews of 1982 indy vinyl. Striking graphics. Big tabloid. 32 pgs.



Op "O" issue

Pauline Oliveros, David Ocker, Orthotronics, On U Sound, Olivia Records, Necros, Owl Records, writing by Fred Frith. Magazine style. 92 pgs.



Op "R" issue

Residents, Replacements, Rhino Records, Jonathan Richman, Raincoats, Rank & File, Russian Jazz, Rova, Rap, great letters, much more. 84 pgs.



Op "U" issue

Vladimir Ussachevsky, ukelele, Icelandic music, uilleann pipes, David Rosenboom, world music, USSR composers in U.S., U-Brown, More. 84 pgs.



Op "V" issue

Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Virgin Prunes, Dave Van Ronk, George Van Eps, Velvet Monkeys, Glen Velez, David Van Tieghem. Much more. 92 pgs.



Op "W" issue

Katie Webster, Mal Waldron, Wipers, Wild Weeds, Robert Wyatt, Bert Wilson, Randy Weston, Kathy Wordsworth, Jack Wright. 92 pgs.



Op "Y" issue

Isang Yun, Yabby You, Kathleen Yearwood, Karin Berg and Fred Frith, La Monte Young, Gabriel Yacoub, David Hykes, more. Very few left. 100 pgs.



Op "Z" issue

The final issue. John Zorn, Zev, Zager & Evans, Richard Zvonar, Zaire, Zimbabwe, Zurich, lots of networking info. Ads for upstart Sound Choice. 108 pgs.

Issues are \$3 each postpaid. Foreign orders add \$1 per issue, U.S. funds only.

Cash, check or money order to Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA.

Special offer: Order any combination of 9 or more Op or Sound Choice back issues (see back cover) and pay just \$2.25 each.

Greg Ginn Interview

By David Ciaffardini

The importance and extreme impact Greg Ginn has had and continues to have on contemporary music is so vast it would be difficult to over-estimate or exaggerate. It will take at least another decade or two to even come close to accounting for his long-range influence as new generations of rock fans are sure to gravitate to Ginn's recorded legacy just as sixties' hippies dug into obscure blues discs from the '30s and today's hair-do bands mine the record troughs for sixties and early seventies records that were ridiculed by many music listeners and critics at the time of their release.

Others, who might not feel akin to Ginn's own music, will still have to look to the output of SST Records, Ginn's record company that is among the most prolific and diverse independent labels in the world.

Not even a 10 page article can account for more than a small part of the Greg Ginn phenomena. His life is an incredible rock and roll story that spans a decade of throbbing ear drums, rattled nerves, mini riots, police intervention, as he criss-crossed two continents with Black Flag, the fiercest ball-breaking rock quartet of history. Through multiple line-up changes, Ginn has been the one constant, drilling wide-bore into the lives of a countless numbers of people who found themselves blown off their feet from the monstrous megaton multi-blast of raging rock fury that Ginn and his chosen ones detonated through hundreds of cities in the U.S. and Europe with the band he founded.

And the story continues to grow each day as Ginn, with sweat, raw nerve and incredible perseverance, has beat million-to-one odds making a phenomenally successful transition from being the explosive master mind and stalwart guts of the most influential band of its time to building piece by piece a financially successful record company that has been unsurpassed in the history of music in releasing and gaining wide-spread distribution of uncompromising music with little mass appeal from an astoundingly wide spec-

trum of musical genres.

Although Black Flag retired in 1986 after a decade, Ginn has been anything but laid back. Despite his quiet demeanor or off stage, the intensity still burns as he finishes up work on a hotly anticipated solo album while at the same time presiding over SST Records, while still pushing forward and establishing a sole proprietorship, Cruz Records to release his own music and in his words, "trying to experiment with different things that you can't necessarily do with a larger company." --DC



THE MUSIC

During the final months of Black Flag and following the band's dissolution in August 1986, Ginn led Gone, an instrumental trio that released two albums and performing in 200 record stores across the United States following the demise of Black Flag.

During Black Flag's final tour Ginn and the rest of the band was on the road every day for more than half a year playing one night stands across the U.S. with less than a dozen nights off. Gone

was the opening act throughout the tour allowing Ginn to get more hours playing, something he relishes.

Ginn's drive to perform is astonishing. He is known to perform multiple gigs a day, perhaps setting a world record when he played eight gigs in one day in Southern California. These feats are especially astounding, knowing that when Ginn plays guitar, he is a maniac, a constant twisting, snarling, blur of motion from the first beat to the final note.

During the past year Ginn has not been performing live, having broken his finger while playing basketball, his other love. With his finger finally back to its former strength and dexterity, Ginn has recently been in the studio finishing up work on tracks that were begun before the accident.

The upcoming album from these sessions is expected to be a solo venture because, he says, he has been unable to find musicians that can understand or adapt to his musical ideas which he readily admits he has great difficulty putting into words. He said he hopes the album will show people what kind of music he is going after and attract band members that want "to dedicate a substantial portion of their lives to doing something great" and stick together as a band for a long time.

This would be in contrast to Black Flag, which in its decade of existence has at least four different bass players, three different drummers, an extra guitar player here and there, and five different singers with Henry Rollins being the most long lasting, joining the band in summer of

1981 and lasting until the end.)

Gone "wasn't able to groove real well," Ginn said. His new work will have a "more powerful groove," he predicts.

People assume that if you're not putting out product you're not interested in music. I'm enjoying music very much. I love to play. But I don't have a lot of motivation to put out and deal with that mechanism until I get what I feel is

comfortable support around me.

With its been a matter of trying to create an environment which would motivate me to get involved in doing , in putting out more music. It's not like I've stopped playing music. I feel like my music has progressed incredibly since the last time I've recorded anything.

I love to play. But I don't have a lot of motivation to put out and deal with that mechanism until I get what I feel is comfortable support around me. And that involved really starting over because I felt like the last aspects with the business surrounding Black Flag and Gone that I was doing had to be-- just a turnover--start having different people around me because the people had built up these natural kind of expectations around me.

Avoids art music ghetto

There's a group of people that is very reactionary that say you don't deal with all that and kind of take an art music angle. But I don't enjoy that either. Because to me that is like this little ghetto and I'm not particular interested in grooving out with a lot of other people.

I don't want to sound egotistical or anything, but a lot of people want to jam with me and think well, maybe we can put out a record. I'm just not interested in that. I'm interested in hooking up with people who want to dedicate a substantial portion of their life to do something great. Otherwise I'd rather just play for myself and I enjoy that.

Visceral power of music

The visceral nature I think is very important for rock music. I think that's the biggest thing that's lost, particularly with critics because there's not a lot to say about that, not a lot to analyze and talk about. It's an element of music, that rock is best at but it gets swept under the rug or discounted too often.

The sound--that can be way more valuable. If there is something to intellectualize about, write, write a book, write a magazine, write for Sound Choice or something.

It is hard to communicate a lot of extended logic in songs. It is not a good forum. With a book you can really do a lot and say a lot. People shouldn't expect the same thing out of music. I think its best on a real emotional, communicating/emotional thing, using that visceral impact.

I see a lot of bands not really using that fully because they get caught up in the more superficial aspects of the music. Like to me, I consider drummers extremely important, or bass players. But I

understand that the general public is going to look for a certain image or something and they will not even notice the drummer. Whereas to me, that is just as important as anything else that goes on in the music.

The purely physical aspect I think is very healthy. People tend to over intellectualize, in western society particularly. Puritanism, a certain uptight kind of thing, is very predominant and that makes it that much more necessary. I think it is extremely positive.

As far as damaging, no, I think it helps me. To keep playing with a band for me was always a very physical thing, not just on stage but when we practice it would be four to six hours a day and very physically draining.

I do a lot of physical activity every day, at least a couple hours, and that keeps my mind together. I wouldn't have to do as much of that if I was playing in a band how I like to play music, very physical, very much of a release there. I think it's incredibly healthy.

Ginn's remarks above and his interest in instrumental music may mislead people into discounting his lyric contribution to Black Flag--lyrics that, while true to the rebellious nature of rock 'n' roll history in their angry-young-man stance, set a new standard of power, directness and reality that literally thousands of bands have been trying to emulate since.

The music category "hardcore" was invented for Black Flag, though the genre has been severely devalued because of those thousands of bands that followed, few could come close to matching Ginn's lyrical or instrumental standard. Ginn wrote the music and words to the vast majority of Black Flag songs, although it is a common misperception that singer Henry Rollin's was the primary wordsmith of the group, although in reality Rollin's contributions, as effective as they were, pale in comparison to Ginn's in both quantity and quality. Check out the Black Flag early years retrospective album Everything Went Black and you will see that 10 years later Ginn's words are as powerful and relevant as ever. And contrary to the mass-media's presentation of "punk" Ginn's lyrics give a basically positive message, effectively mimicking and ridiculing many of society's worst habits: Drug, alcohol and television addiction and mindless conformity.

Dividing lines of music

As far as how much music is listened to and how much impact it has on people

and how it is involved in people's lives, there is surprisingly little studying done. I think it's because most people get siphoned off into a particular genre or something and they are not really looking at music as sound. They are looking at the separateness of the music: "Okay this is my genre, this is the kind of people I like to hang out with."

That's why you can get in trouble by having the wrong influences. I've been very unpopular with critics for large periods of time because they are trying to think that there is some other thing, that you have these heavy metal or funk influences because you're trying to get more commercial. They can't realize that you actually like what you're doing. All that cultural baggage gets carried along with it.

Most people are extremely opinionated and biased in music. So there's very few people that want to deal with that essence. They don't want to think that classical music has anything at all in common with this rude rock they are hearing , or vice-versa. They aren't thinking in terms of music operating from more of an essence of sound.

People, particularly nowadays, are more interested in what music separates them out from other people rather than joins them up with other people.

As far as music, you end up promoting to segments. The way around that is very slow and gradual. You have to chip away at that. People seem to be using music as "this is my thing and that's your thing and we are at odds."

I see a lot more in common with different kinds of music that people in general take as polar opposites. I think its valuable to throw things together. That's really aside to the real reason, that it feels good, but it tends to make people look at similarities and say "Oh, maybe these guys aren't so bad. There is a contribution here."

Mutiny by the Roadie

I'm just getting into different stuff. Instrumental stuff. I was doing electronic stuff. On the last tour I was going to do some stuff with a rhythm machine, you know, just do ten minutes of different kind of stuff. The person who was working with us as far as a roadie and stuff wouldn't help me carry my equipment because he didn't like it. He was like "Oh, you're going to sound like Madonna now that you've got this drum machine."

I'm just using it for my music. It sounds less commercial and that is what they're really afraid of--that people at Sound Choice or whatever will hear a

drum machine and go "Oh, Greg has sold out. He had a drum machine."

That's the kind of fear. So I had trouble. I couldn't do what I wanted because the equipment was too heavy to carry myself and there I go without support and you're on this nine month tour. There's no alternative. You're kind of locked into it and so I couldn't do that based on starting to get propagandized from people in the band and extending it to the crew and everybody.



Trouble follows Black Flag

Daily Breeze/News-Pilot—Fri., Jan. 15, 1982

Black Flag, which claims to have been run out of Hermosa Beach and Torrance, is now based in Hollywood.



Music incites the savage beast at Polliwog Park Sunday. More than 1000 people attended the evening of punk rock. Photo by Spot

Editor's Note: Whether anyone likes it or not, punk rock is making a major impact on today's youth. In the first installment of a two-part series, rock critic Lee Branst examines the problems one local group, Black Flag, had in trying to establish itself.
By Lee Branst

Never before have so few been misunderstood by so many.
At least that seems to be the claim of Black Flag, the now infamous punk rockers from the South Bay.
The quintet has occupied a prominent position in several magazines and television stories decrying punk rock violence. Additionally, there have been a number of encounters with the police departments of Hermosa Beach and Torrance.
According to band members, it was never their intention to become symbols of any kind. Black Flag members are black sheep to some and rebellious anti-heroes to worshipful fans. Yet all the band ever really wanted was just to play its music, members claim.

The group consists of Greg Ginn, 27, guitar; Chuck

The fans maintained that it was the police who often overreacted and actually caused the problem. But it was too late for Black Flag. They were already tarred and feathered.
"When we moved in here," said Dukowski, "100 people signed a petition to get us out just because of the media attention. They figure we're making waves so we must be wrong. We don't want to move, but eventually we're going to have to. We've already been to court on it twice."
"When we first started the band," said Ginn, "we never thought about getting in trouble with the police. We just wanted to play our music and do what we

Dukowski, 27, bass; Robo, 27, drums; Dex Cadena, 20, guitar and vocals; and Henry Rollins, 20, vocals. The band members were reared in the South Bay with the exception of Rollins who met and joined the band a few months ago after a tour stop in his hometown of Washington, D.C.

"The band formed about four-and-a-half years ago," said Ginn. "We were all friends. When we first started out, we weren't playing the kind of music that was acceptable to very many people. Now people come and see us."

"We pounded people over their heads enough so that their brains are soft," joked Dukowski. "We live in Hollywood now," Ginn said, "but really by choice. We got run out of Torrance, and before that we got run out of Hermosa Beach twice."

The band feels that many of its local problems derive from not fitting a "proper" image.

Upon leaving Torrance in June, the band members couldn't afford to set up again immediately. So they holed up with friends and relatives until September, when they moved to Hollywood where they would

do. But I learned you can't do that. You have to look sound and act just right."
"People want to give us the aluminum can treatment," added Cadena. "They put us down and screw. Then they turn us in for two cents."
"Some people think that what we're doing is an act of defiance," said vocal Rollins. "I don't think it is. I don't think it's over," said Dukowski. "As long as we stand for what we stand for — just being ourselves and the ability to do what we want — then somebody's going to step in it. It always seems to be like that."

It is better. They thought their troubles were over. Unfortunately for Black Flag, that was not the case. While they were gaining wider exposure, crowd violence occurred at some of their gigs. The media jumped right in. *Ram Magazine* ran an article saying "Stop Black Flag Violence." *Rolling Stone* had an article on punk rock violence. Most of the local television stations had stories about punk violence, stories which often had Black Flag at the center of the controversy.

By the time Black Flag took the stage at midnight, the area at the lip of the stage was a swirling mass of young men bobbing and hitting against each other. This has become such a common sight at L.A. punk shows that you can become injured to it, and assume that no one on the dance-floor who shoved around g: there were 10 Olympic for ants. But the Angeles punk. It's for real or and cheerfully ds — is truly ressing."
sw album, Dam-rn, suggests in ys why kids do these shows; the rattle rane and

Manhattan meets punks

by Kerry Welsh

Manhattan Beach unexpectedly got its first — and definitely its last — taste of punk rock music Sunday at Polliwog Park.

The caustic new wave/punk sounds of The Tourists and Big Wow had caused many of the families in attendance to leave even before the featured act, a group called Black Flag, took the stage. As it turned out, the first two acts were like the Vienna Boys' Choir in comparison to the Hermosa-based Black Flag.

Their ardent fans, with hair in every conceivable (and inconceivable) color, jumped up and down in the traditional punk "pogo," pelting the band and the nearby crowd with oranges, tomatoes, watermelons, cans, rocks, and bottles as the band played their brand of frenetic, anarchistic rock.

Lead singer Keith, meanwhile, spewed obscenities while challenging many of the crowd to fight. Parents quickly collected their children and fled the park.

A punk rock concert at the Fleet-

wood Club in Redondo Beach in June had a similar result, ending with considerable plumbing, furniture, and structural damage to the club. "Never again," said Fleetwood owners Svend Holm and Craig Lindstrom.

The organizers of the Polliwog Park concert expressed a similar sentiment.

"The recreation department was as angered and embarrassed as the audience," said Ric Morton, special events supervisor who organized the concert. "We plan to screen and audition every act from now on that wants to perform at Polliwog Park, so nothing like this will ever happen again."

According to a statement released by parks and recreation director James Stecklein, Black Flag was "erroneously scheduled to perform."

Stecklein further noted, "With the exception of this last concert, the 22 concerts held thus far have been extremely successful and enjoyed by over 20,000 people."

Ginn was disturbed by several newspaper reports which painted a picture of an "outside force" coming into Manhattan Beach and inciting a small riot. The distorted accounts had a general "blame it on the punks" attitude, rather than noticing that many of the people throwing things were followers of Black Flag.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

POPEYE

BLACK FLAG FEUD JUST WARMING UP

When most rock bands are their record companies put stickers on their new albums bragging about how many hits are on their record, Los Angeles' punk standard bearers, Black Flag, have a Top-10 record yet, but they do have a sticker saying "As a parent, I found it an anti-parent record," which is what MCA's Al Bergamo told Calendar when he turned down the album. The record is going into the stores anyway, on the group's SST label and handled by independent record distributors. The controversy doesn't end there. Tower Records, which had a long-standing credit dispute with MCA, got into the act. Happy to get in a dig at its old enemy, the California-based chain sent out copies of Pop Eye's original article about the dispute to all its stores, which are putting the piece on display on the premises.

Bands and the work ethic.

When bands do something different they have to work harder. Bands now expect it to be easier because they tend to look at the successes and they don't look at the hard work that bands put in. They look at when they saw them with 1,000 other people there. But they weren't there for the 20 gigs when only five people were there.

It's not like the bands are being underpaid. They're not owed a living just because they're a band. There's too many bands. How do you select if you have a thousand groups a year that just I feel are pretty worthy? They're not owed a living. It's too difficult.

It's such a competitive field. There is a band on every block and there are only 100 slots on the CMJ chart and the CMJ chart doesn't mean a whole lot. And the Billboard chart, only the top 30 or so are selling quantities that are making the companies money and everyone else is in trouble. Bands don't realize how competitive it is.

Most bands, I feel, are just lucky to get something out. I know when I started making music it took having to just do it, go into stores with singles and try to sell them on consignment.

Husker Du

The rock 'n' roll trio Husker Du released several ground-breaking records on Ginn's SST label before jumping ship to sign with a major record deal. By most accounts, the decision to leave SST was a disaster.

Their sales level on their Warner Brothers records I would say was a failure for Warner Brothers because they weren't able to move it ahead. In my opinion, we could have done it just as well and maybe better and the band would be very well-off financially and it wouldn't have cost them so much and they would have gotten a much greater return.

But that's the difference. For us, 100,000 sales is great. With major labels all the expenses go up and they tend to be a lot more wasteful and a lot more things get charged to the bands because the labels have to. Because they are doing a lot more. If they are paying off some radio station they are going to charge it to the band.

With SST the band was very prolific releasing records every six months. But it takes a long time to get paid and for it to work its way through. We were doing the next record while not fully paid for the last one.

When Husker signed with Warner Brothers we didn't argue with them. At

that point I took it as, "Well, I don't know. They are getting a good advance."

Husker had a good bargaining position. Whereas the typical band signs from their garage or from a club that hasn't got a whole touring and label mechanism built up and so they don't have an alternative.

Husker had a better bargaining position but still it didn't work. It was the most ideal situation. Their contract was supposed to give them complete artistic freedom.

In the long run right now they would have been much better off if they had held their ground.

They worked a lot harder with Warner Brothers I feel, because they had something to prove. They were completely diligent about doing every interview because they wanted to prove that this was the right move. And we never gave them shit. I don't believe in that. We had a really good relationship with them. It's really back stabbing for the company to go out and make some kind of a moral judgements in the press or something just because they are leaving SST. I think that's really bad. I leave that to other people independent from the business to give them that kind of feedback.

So we are always supportive saying, "I hope it works for you guys. Good luck." Yes, we were disappointed but on the other hand we very glad with how things had worked 'til that point. And in a way we felt like, "Hey, they gave us one more album while these majors were all after them."

Major Breakdowns

When these major label things break down the biggest problem is they waste people's time. Labels will put people on hold and say, "Wait a second, for the next record we want a demo."

Like Husker, its been pretty long ago since *Warehouse* and now the people are just recovering to do the next thing. And that's very typical.

So they had the ideal in terms of dealing with a major that most bands don't. Of having that bargaining power. Saying, "We're happy with this SST thing so you've got to lure me. We had total artistic freedom here."

So the major finally breaks down and says, "We'll give you artistic freedom." But of course in the contract-- it doesn't matter what's in a contract anyway. I learned that a long time ago. They can just assert that something is in the contract and you are held up for three years. It doesn't matter if it is or not. They can

hold you up to where you have to go to them.

But bands like to simplify things. They think, "If this doesn't work we'll do this." But its never that simple. The contracts tie people up.

You're dealing with accounting people and they don't care. And the person that signed you, well they are moving around every year. Those A&R people are always at different labels promising great things to the next band for a new label and they'll be off to somebody else

To me a band signing to Warner Brothers is like somebody working for any big public corporation. No better or worse. Just emotionally ISST at that time was eight people living and working in a room, sleeping there.

The judgement has to be complex because a lot of times the first major label album can be, there will be a buzz on a band and the label will try to follow and go with that and they'll feel like the band knows more. But after the first one only sells so much and the second one only sells so much, then that's when they move in. That's why you find so many first albums that are pretty good on majors, then it almost always deteriorates from there. It is the process. These are gigantic multi-national corporations. They have stockholders. They can't take risks.

But you still can't tell a band, "This will happen to you." They will look at that one-in-a-hundred that breaks a single. You can't tell them 100 percent sure it will end up like Husker Du. You can say 99 percent sure, but they go, "We're much better than that 99 percent. We're the one."

The Struggle

I didn't start liking music until I was 19, then I started playing the guitar a year or two later, and it was three or four years later when Black Flag started.

I wasn't a kid. I went to college and got a degree in economics. So it wasn't like naive kids, saying, "Oh, we're gonna release this record." I had a lot of experience in business from building and designing electronics which I had done all my life.

I basically always worked for myself going through High School and college I always had a business of building electronics equipment which I still did when the band started. That's how I lived basically.

But when we started to tour there was a turning point in my life as far as gradually getting out of the electronics business because my time was more taken

up with playing. When I made that decision, I became poor.

That was my whole life for a while. Basically no personal life to speak of and just living and working in the same place and just all my time tied up with one thing.

It's hard to talk about it because you don't want to go, "Okay, I suffered." I hate that too because I have a feeling that people don't really believe it or they just go, "Yeah, sure."

A lot of people don't understand because now they see SST and there's like 30 people working there. But up until a couple years ago this was very much of an underground type of situation.

Up until a couple years ago some of us went about ten years without living in a place with a shower. We'd rent a place and we all lived there and worked there so the overhead was really low. That is what made us so resilient because we were dedicated to what we were doing and pretty much everything else in our lives we were poor.

It was two years before Black Flag got its own gig. We played in a rehearsal studio every night for two years and then we put together a gig where we were fourth on the bill. There were only a few people there but it was just great.

I've given up so much in my life to do it my way. But I can't expect... I'm 34 year old, its only the last couple of years that I have been living in a place with a shower. I can't say this is what you should do.

Most people by the time they are my age they want something and they have a wife or something like this. I pretty much out of necessity had to direct myself completely to be able to do music.

In terms of normal, "lets go out on a date kind of thing" it is a very alternative lifestyle when you are living with eight people in the same room. You can't interface with the regular world very easily.

I gave up a lot of stuff. I gave up electronics. I don't regret anything. It's just that I can see someone else saying I don't want to do things like you did. I want to sign with this major label so when I'm 30 years old I'm not living like a bum. I didn't feel like I was living like a bum but in our society I guess it would be defined like that.

I had given up something, but that is nothing compared to people who have given up food. I'm not going to say I'm on this big high moral ground when I could be doing a lot more. I could be doing something for people who are starving or something. Its relative.

Light Weights vs. Heavy Weights
I could see in the beginning, I felt the music that I was writing, my direction would be something that if we worked hard at it, that it was different but there was nothing particularly at that time...I would say we're coming around to that cycle again, there was nobody doing something that whatever it is, heavy or... I felt yes, there was no doubt that we would find an audience. It was just a matter of keeping a band together to work at it.

If you do something different, the way I take it, I figure this is harder than the easier way so I'm going to have to work that much harder at it. Just like when Black Flag started. There was Van Halen and all this light-weight stuff happening and we were quite shocking for the average person to get hit with.

It would take a lot of effort and we'd have to put up with a lot of bullshit and negativism and just stand our ground and then people would pick up on it because they'd start feeling the empty kind of feeling from the music that was happening at the time.

Black Flag songs are positive; U2's songs are blood-sucking.
I think they are positive in a real sense. In other words, I don't take U2 as a positive group. Generally critics do. They define that as, "Okay, that's a positive group." I take U2 as a very negative blood-sucking kind of a group, which is normal for most rock groups. But that to me is not positive. Doing an Amnesty International tour and making spots on MTV doesn't define positive action in my sense.

Black Flag gig violence distorted
If you talk to the bulk of promoters that did our music, in reality they had and have a lot more problems on things like heavy metal shows. Rap now has way more problems with audiences.

In L.A. or certain cities with a media center, you find that and you get a distortion of things. But you've got to remember with Black Flag we played just as much in DeMoine as we would in L.A.. We'd tour all these small cities because we'd tour about six month of the year, mainly in the U.S. On the balance it's very non-violent, a lot less violent than they would get at other shows, at heavy metal that really isn't heavy.

We played all the time across the country, many times with very little security, mainly self-policing crowds. There were very rare instances of problems. In L.A. it gets distorted with the media. Sometimes when it gets into the

media attention it attracts people who aren't really tuned into it what we are doing, but they tend to go away.

Right now rap and heavy metal are faced with that kind of thing. But with us it was just way over-publicized. In the bulk of the reality they were very positive experiences. And where bad things happened, that hurt the audience next time around because the bulk of the audience is not into that. Even if it might look all wild, the bulk of the audience is very tuned in and they're getting their release. Its just the one asshole...

Younger people are going to be wilder no matter what circumstance they are in. Okay, you can say, "We're going to play 21 and older clubs so we don't have to deal with all this wildness of the younger crowd that is causing problems for us." But that is copping out.

SST
SST Records is co-owned by Chuck Dukowski, bass player for Black Flag in the early years. The SST monicker was taken from Ginn's electronics business begun with Ginn was twelve years old when he began marketing an antennae he designed that was popular among amateur radio hobbieists. Viewed as a "hardcore label" just a few years ago, the company has branched out considerably releasing ev'rything from rock to jazz, to funk, reggae, electronic and free-improvisation.

Chuck and I, its kind of weird, its kind of opposite of the way most companies think. We always try to reinforce taking more risks and doing different kinds of music that doesn't fit in.

The only problem is in people assuming that we're trying to be corporate or something like this. To us, its a means to an end. I see it as putting out this record and then being able to put out this record and then take this money and do another one.

I really have a problem with that mentality of, "Oh you're trying to do more to try to upscale it or something." If people look very specifically at what we've done, we keep doing the new groups and new exciting things that are very difficult to get started.

It would be very easy for us to say, "We have these groups and a good relationship with college radio so we'll get a bunch of bands that fit into that." That would be extremely easy. What we've done is try to get better at promoting different kinds of music and taking on some very difficult music to try to promote, stuff that we knew is difficult.

Some people think, "Oh, well you're

just stupid. You thought Cruel Fredrick was going to take off or something." No, we knew it was going to be hard and we knew it would be a long term thing and we knew that we would probably lose some money on some of the records we do.

It's a means to an end. That's how we view it. It's not this big corporate mentality. I don't have any use for that. We put ourself in a position of not having to do things we don't want to do.

Responsibility to the scene

We feel a lot of responsibility. A lot of people depend on us to distribute their records and bring in the money for them. There is a lot of responsibility there. We don't want to risk that. In terms of over-extending ourselves, no we've never. We've always capitalized ourself.

We operated very conservatively financially. In a way, then when you have problems you don't have credit built up. But we had always just stayed out of that. We always dealt with things on a very comfortable basis.

I started in business when I was twelve years old. So I hit a lot of these realities at a very early age. Also I had education.

I didn't really want to get into the music business. As for just business, I prefer electronics or something a lot better. It's just a lot straighter, a lot more honest. And you're not dealing with all these unrealistic aspirations.

We would never do a major kind of deal. It bothers me with some of the other independents where they hooked up with majors and they say they're doing it for money and it isn't really going to change things but it always does. Once you start those kind of interactions it just changes everything. The fact is it's always worked that way and nobody has been able to get around it.

We want to keep doing new groups. We enjoy that a lot. Of course we want to work with groups over a period of time too. We could sign a lot of groups that are already established. That would be the easy thing to do. As far as doing new groups all the time, we're going to maintain that. I think that is necessary to keep music healthy. We don't want to get into a thing were we want to do this record and we have to expect a certain level of sales, or even though we like this music, they don't fit in.

We're not naive

We're not naive at all in terms of business. We know it's going to be difficult but we're prepared for that. What sets

aside SST and Cruz and what I'm involved in and what Chuck is involved in and what makes it unusual are that the goals are to accomplish these certain things rather than just maximize profits. In that sense its not a real business or its an unusual business. That's a factor.

Obviously you need profits to grow and if you have profits you can put that into something else. But the goal is to release good music and then second to worry about how to sell it. Ideals come in when you think, "If we really like this this much there has got to be some people who feel as strongly or halfway as strongly, or at least strongly enough to buy the record."

That may be a somewhat naive notion but on the other hand it maintains your motivation as far as Chuck and I. I think that's important, because potentially, yes, it could be very successful and could grow faster if we did things that we really weren't that behind musically. But maybe it wouldn't be profitable because Chuck and I would lose interest and we wouldn't put as much into it because it would be like, "Oh we have to do this."

With SST it is very much the artists do the art and we take it from that point. It is a gigantic difference between how we operate and a lot of other companies.

We end up dealing with a lot of people who are comfortable with that thing, that don't want to be told what to do, that enjoy making their own music.

Even on the independent scene you find the Malcolm McLaren complex is very common and that can be worse than a major label. To have a Malcolm McLaren type to say, "I want at least two alternative pop songs on your next album"-- when you hear that kind of stuff coming in an area that is supposed to be wild and underground that's very bothersome.

When I buy a record I like to know that these people are communicating this, not that it's through the filter of this company and this company got them to include these kinds of songs. I'm not particularly interested in that expression.

As weird as it may sound there are a lot of people who just want to play in bands, and they don't have any particular direction and they are very susceptible to management or record company types saying, "Well, if you do a little bit more of this or cut down on this lead guitar there, add this," and "I like this song, why don't you write more like this?"

I think we've done a very good job at

staying away from that kind of stuff but that makes it less of a business because you can't go "Okay, we have this band with this name built up and make sure they produce the right product and the product that you can market the best." The record company has a lot of feedback and information about what will sell and it is very easy to start manipulating the band a little bit. And that's what all the major labels do and too many of the independents

With SST we tend not to have any big signing parties or glorious things. When a band signs up its, "Okay, lets get down to work." We deal with the practical aspects. You do this, and we'll do this." It's not a big mysterious thing. We try to bypass that so people don't go, "I'm on SST and everything just happens."

We try to have a real practical attitude, so its like the work begins when you hook up with a label that can do these, these and these things.

We've grown not to get bigger but to have more efforts here, have someone call retail. You have to be a certain size to have someone on it.

The reality of it is we're still a couple of guys putting out records but people tend to assume it's getting easier or something. We still think, "Well, if we are going to do the kind of music we are doing it is real tough and we better keep realizing that." But there is a mood with people who work with labels and the groups that it can be a little bit easier. In most cases that is not true.

As independent labels have developed further they have also been able to do more and so they can be more effective but everyone else has gotten more competitive. The majors are parading with pseudo-alternative bands and siphoning off some of the audience there.

We have a couple records that year by year are inching closer to selling 100,000 copies. Warner Brothers several years ago dropped several artists that were guaranteed at the 300,000 level-- people like Bonnie Raitt. They didn't have to do anything and with all her touring and stuff she could sell 300,000 records. They just got frustrated because they couldn't move it up.

Big turning point

A big turning point in SST was when I decided to leave Black Flag and Husker went to Warner Brothers and those catalogs sell very well. So that enabled us to catch up on all the money we owed as far as legal expenses and we were able to put a lot of resources into new groups and we also had the

time because of Black Flag not being on tour.

In 1986 I was on tour for nine months of that year. That was the last year I did that. Since then I've been concentrating on SST work and also getting Cruz started so I would have a label for my music in the future and to just do different stuff and learn different things about how to promote music from a different company. Trying to experiment with different things with Cruz that you can't necessarily do with a larger company.

The thing with Cruz, the real reason for it-- I realize the type of music I tend to do is really extreme. I just like so many different kinds of music and a lot of unacceptable ones. I like heavy metal and it's not because I'm a macho asshole or anything. I just like it. I really and truly like it. People on the alternative scene or whatever can't understand that. It doesn't mean I like every heavy metal band anymore than I like every college rock band.

:Losses and Lawsuits

The first Black Flag album was to be released by MCA Records but was dropped when one MCA executive spent a weekend listening to the recording and publicly declared the music to be "anti-parent." Uni Records then negotiated a distribution agreement for the record and then filed bankruptcy.

This is among the many legal hassles the operation has had to face. According to an SST brochure "A series of setbacks, causing the company to have to move numerous times in its first few years of existence, seemed destined to crush the burgeoning operation out of existence. The series of moves, instigated by suburban police and outraged members of the staid south bay communities that SST maintained offices/warehouse/rehearsal/living space in, was disastrous to the continuing operation.

"Often returning from tours to find business records destroyed, places of business locked up and warehouse stock scattered between friends and parents, Greg and Chuck were literally recreating their company from scratch each time they came home."

The people who were going to distribute it (*Damaged*) at first went bankrupt so we got tied up in all that--suing them, and they trying to hold us up which they didn't have any legal right.

We learned a lot about the legal system. They had really good lawyers that were involved in the company and you learn that the legal system is purely

money. Who's got the most money to delay the longest.

If you're an artist or a label you don't have time, you can't wait. You can't be on hold for a year very easily without it really affecting what you are doing. You can't afford that.

They didn't have any legal right to hold us but they tried and they did for a while and then we had to go through all this legal motion and most of it delayed things for us. And of course we lost some money because they went bankrupt. They didn't have any money. It just cost us. They just tried to hold us up thinking that they were going to get back on their feet and we knew they weren't going to.

There were pretty high powered lawyers involved because they invested in the company.

We didn't (have a long range contract) but that was what they were asserting. There hope was that we would just want to get going, record and get our next record out and, "Okay, we will settle with you."

The end result was it just cost us a lot of money in legal fees. That was the real thing. It took until after Black Flag broke up to pay it off. We had a good lawyer that allowed us time to pay him off. I will always be thankful for him because he really got behind us on an ethical kind of basis rather than a money thing and did so many hours of work that we didn't get charged for. It still ended up being a lot, but that's what really helped us.

Screwed by Jem

Jem, a record distribution and manufacturing company, went bankrupt last year leaving millions of dollars of debts owed to the independent record community. Jem was to be the primary U.S. distributor for Cruz Records, Ginn's new label. (He still co-owns SST.)

We lost over \$100,000 last year. Systematic also went under last year and they owed SST pretty substantial amounts. It made life difficult.

I think Jem owed something like 5 million dollars. The three owners all had limos. I don't even have a car. It's kind of like a whole 'nother world.

It's further and further behind us. We just had to slow down some recordings. We've always operated very conservatively financially. Knowing the history of the music business, you have to be prepared for this kind of thing. When it happens with two or three distributors at one time, it catches you off balance. You have to be prepared for it if you

are making records.

There are so many ups and downs. Companies tend to come and go but at SST our perspective is a lot more long term and building off our catalog and not following that kind of gambling mentality that a lot of people take in the music business.

There is no long term problems. There wasn't any danger of us having to go out of business.

International efforts

We've started to do a lot more international. SST is opening an office in London.

Husker Du is by far our biggest success in Europe. We've had success there in the past but problems in business as far as licensing stuff and bad masterings and bad quality control, that kind of thing. But now we've released enough records to where its difficult for the distributors over there to take advantage because they have to keep up to get the next record.

In the last couple years we've had several tours in Europe--about seven or eight groups a year the past couple of years. For about three or four years we did not have a group go over. It's really picked up the last couple of years. A lot of interest in our groups in Europe. It's still substantially less (than what sells in the U.S.) because for most of our groups the biggest factor in terms of them selling records is touring. A lot of them are just getting started in Europe.

It's a lot easier to tour here. For some groups it isn't, they can actually go to Europe more efficiently. It depends on the particular group. Some groups do well in L.A. and draw five people in DeMoine. Groups draw 500 people in DeMoine and they play at the Anti-Club in L.A. and 20 people show up.

The U.S. is still by far where we do most of our activity but it is swelling real quick in Europe, Australia and other parts of the world.

The Attitude

I just try to do everything, try to find different ways to do everything just for more experience. I still feel like I'm learning a lot and still trying to learn how to do things better. But that's really a secondary reason for Cruz starting. Primary is I wanted to get my music out of where so much of my business is. Because my music tends to be very extreme and at times that can alienate other artists and I also felt like, just with Black Flag, why I got out of it, I felt that things were changing from something that's totally dedicated to music

STOP THE RUMOR! NOBODY HAS EVER BEEN KILLED AT 40 DOG SHOW

IN THE PAST YEAR A GROUP OF DICKHEADS HAVE BEEN SPREADING A RUMOR AMONG THE ALTERNATIVE AND UNDERGROUND MUSIC COMMUNITY THAT A PERSON WAS KILLED AT A 40 DOG SHOW. NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO TRACE THE SOURCE OF THE STORY. DON'T BUY THE BULLSHIT!



40 DOG "YEH RIGHT" CASSETTE \$3.00
(OR WHATEVER YOU CAN AFFORD)
40 DOG T-SHIRT ALSO AVAILABLE \$9.00
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO: ROSEBUD PRODUCTIONS
APT. 4BN
44 NORTH B-WAY
WHITE PLAINS
NEW YORK 10603

RETAILERS WE DEAL DIRECT CALL (914) 285-9734 OR SEE YOUR FAVORITE DISTRIBUTOR
MAIL ANY 40 DOG CORRESPONDENCE LETTERS ECT... TO ROSEBUD PRODUCTIONS

DANIEL JOHNSTON

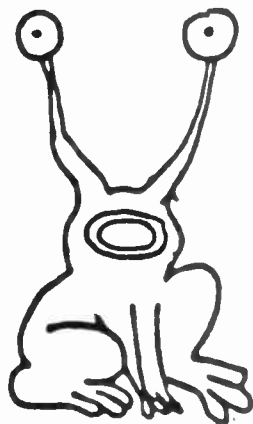
"the most gut-wrenchingly honest singer/songwriter of the decade" — *Sound Choice*

"the purest, sweetest cry from the heart of a musician that you are ever likely to hear" — *Cashbox*

"the best songwriter of the past decade" — *Chemical Imbalance*

"Johnston's a rockin' dude, better than U2"
— *College Music Journal*

"backwoods America's most poignant singer/songwriter"
— *Sounds (UK)*



Homemade Cassettes FROM A LEGENDARY SONGWRITER:

Songs of Pain	\$4.00
More Songs of Pain	\$4.00
The What of Whom	\$4.00
Yip/Jump Music	\$4.00
Hi, How Are You	\$3.50
Retired Boxer	\$3.50
Respect	\$3.50
Continued Story	\$3.50
<i>Coming this summer</i>	
Don't Be Scared	\$4.00

Send check or money order payable to
STRESS RECORDS 4716 DEPEW AUSTIN, TX 78751

JANDEK on Corwood

Corwood Industries
Box 15375
Houston, TX 77020

and with no mind to whatever lifestyle, anything aside from those particular goals.

The goals are very directed and I like stuff like that. I tend to like to be involved with people that are very driven. I guess I'm somewhat of an obsessive person. I enjoy that. And while being away from playing music I feel I've grown a lot by getting into a few other things. Because that was my whole life for a while. Basically no personal life to speak of and just living and working in the same place and just all my time tied up with one thing.

In the past couple of years I've wanted to get into some different things and get a different perspective. Like basketball. It's something I'm doing a lot of now and I notice in getting into it and seeing how I've gotten into it is that it parallels very closely my approach to anything that I seem to get into in music. Usually, Saturday and Sunday I will spend five hours playing basketball, five hours each day--get up in the morning and start doing stretches to get ready for it and then go out in the park ahead of time to practice some shooting and then get into some pickup games and just keep playing until I can't even walk and I end up kind of walking home on

my last legs. And I enjoy that. I enjoy that kind of directedness. I find a lot of parallels in what I am doing there with what I enjoy in music only it doesn't have a lot of the attachments that begin to come along with the music that I didn't like.

Right now with basketball I go out to the park and people don't know who I am. They don't have any expectations of me. It's just what I do right there. That's how they relate to me. I like the fact that money is not the factor. I am just striving for excellence. I'll never be a professional basketball player. I'm just trying to improve and get as good as I can for no other reason except for doing it. I like the fact that there are not people around me going "Oh, why don't you shoot this kind of shot because then you can sign up with this and get this money and I'll go along with you." None of that crap. I get up and I'm out in the park and I'm just another guy and I like that.

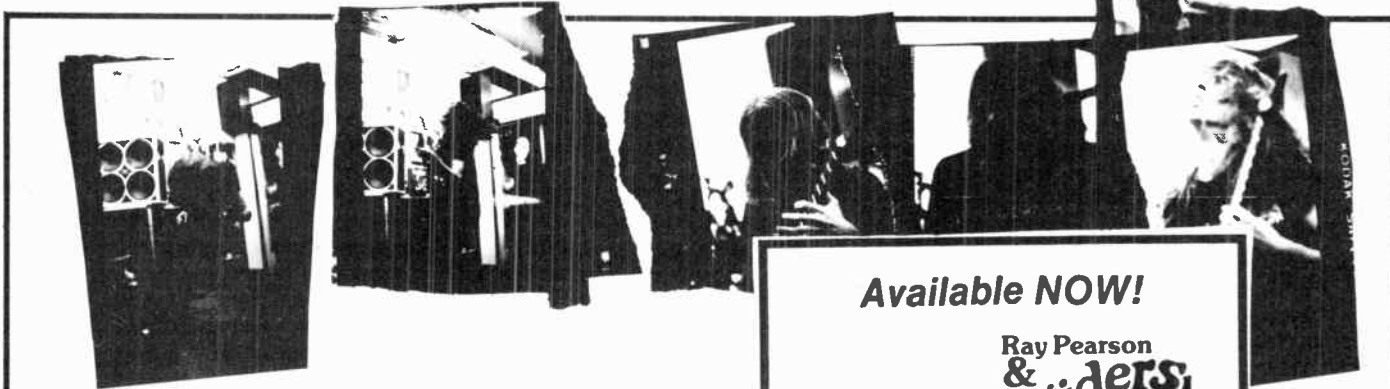
The unexplainable pressures
It's hard to explain because people tend not to understand it and I don't know how to explain it that good but Ill try using Black Flag as an example of it. It happens with any entity like we were

talking about Jem and how that really changed. They had people there that were really into things but then it ended up with limos. It started as people trying to do something cool and bringing good records, and being music oriented and it ends up here, and that's what I want to avoid at all costs.

With Black Flag we toured and we built up an organization, a support organization, management, sound people, a roadie or whatever, the label, etcetera. When it started out it was like me calling me: "We're going to blast the world, we're gonna force people to hear this music or whatever, we're just going to go out and whatever." And people would go, "Sure, yeah I'd like to see that."

So there were no expectations. I like that. But after a while it got to a point... just the last tour there was a turning point in maybe people getting a little bit older in their life. Usually when people get older... when they're 19 or something they are up for anything and money isn't a factor because their parents aren't pressurizing them and their girlfriends aren't pressing them, "Hey, where's your career" and all this.


You can go out and tour for six months and come back and sleep on the



Available NOW!

Ray Pearson & The Insiders

Cassette Albums Only



Running in the Red Zone

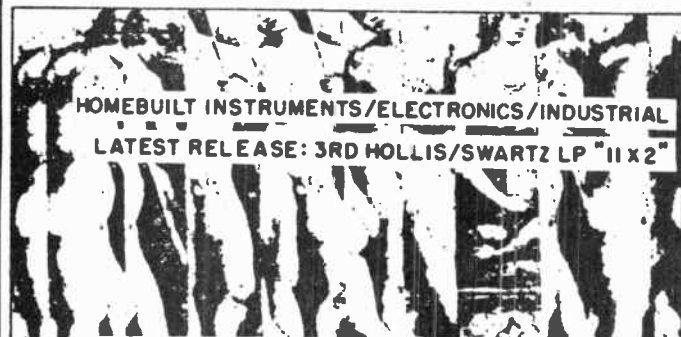
\$5.00 postpaid from:
RAY PEARSON DYNAMIC TAPES
1000 Clover Dr., Sioux Falls, SD 57103

Also available:

- Ray Pearson & The Insiders "First Album" \$5.00
- Ray Pearson & The Insiders "Inside Out" \$5.00
- Ray Pearson & The Insiders "The Insiders" \$5.00

HOMEBUILT INSTRUMENTS/ELECTRONICS/INDUSTRIAL

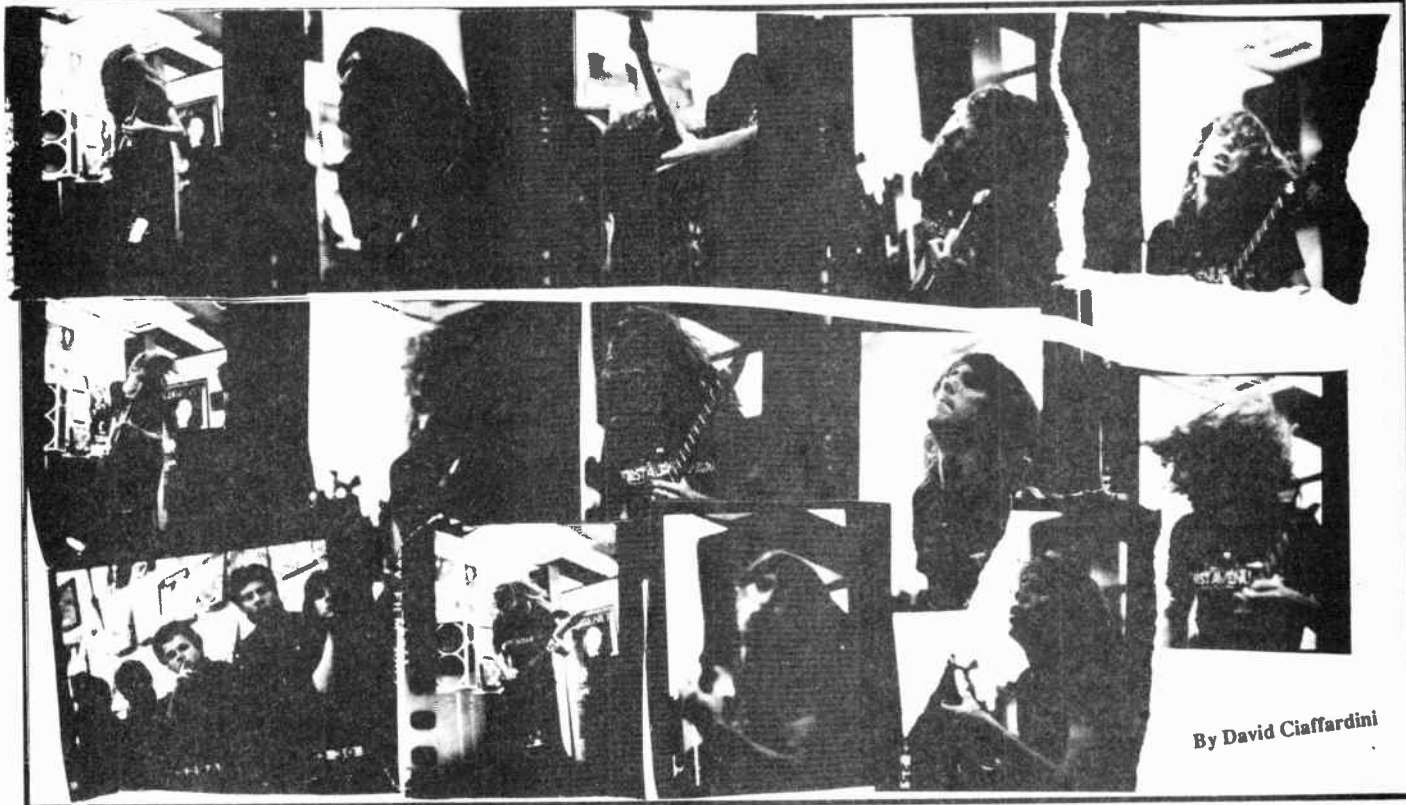
LATEST RELEASE: JRD HOLLIS/SWARTZ LP "11 X 2"



WRITE FOR LP/CASSETTE DESCRIPTIONS/PRICELIST

PERIMETER RECORDS/P.O. BOX 28882

ATLANTA/GEORGIA/ 30358



By David Ciaffardini

floor and basically not have anything and that's fine. You're really enjoying it, but people tend to want more out of it as they get older. It's understandable in certain respects but it's not something I want to participate in.

They tend to not want you to take the risk you have been taking all along. That's what I really found on the last tour. Just pressure. I feel like I've always had a real wild, intuitive approach to music not, "Okay we're going to play in this market in this genre."

That's caused a lot of problems for me because I cross over into areas that are very unpopular at times and the audience takes a while to catch up on. That has been my past. But once the organization got developed I started feeling pressure with people wanting to say "Okay, we have something good. Why fuck it up?"

They would be afraid of what kind of music I would want to do next because I would be so unconcerned about the career. I'd be going, "Well this is because I like this. But I don't know, maybe everyone will hate us for doing this."

I felt a lot of pressure. I was moving, as I feel like I always do, into different musical areas and there was a lot of pressure with the group and everybody around to stay the same and to say "For once let's make an album that people are going to expect instead of always

people going, 'Oh, what are they turning into now?'"

Every time we do a new album it is like taking all this shit from people. Then a year later people finally go, "Oh, that was a good album."

Some of the stuff we took the most shit for ended up being the more popular stuff three or four years down the line. But three or four years in the meantime you are getting bottles thrown at you because you are playing too long a solo. Just a bunch of shit.

For a while that's exciting with people and it still is with me now. I prefer that to a careerist kind of thing. I refuse to take a careerist kind of attitude toward music. I'd rather wash dishes or something. I'd rather play for myself like I am now.

Music scene is too comfortable
In a way it's moved into a more comfortable phase that I find kind of bothersome. I've done a lot of thinking on the reasons for this. I can look back on the differences of how I started and Chuck started. Maybe it's a different time? We are both 34 years old and we're kind of at the end of the Vietnam war.

When I was in college I was concerned about being drafted and they eliminated the college deferment. My attitudes at that age in college and my attitudes toward politics were very seri-

ous because you are faced with real issues.

I didn't get drafted. I wouldn't have gone in the military even if I did. But I didn't know what I was going to do. Am I gonna go to Canada, or do this or do that? Definitely military life wouldn't work for me and I wouldn't work for it. Maybe there's something to that that the younger people getting into bands-- there are not as serious things going on.

The Biz

There are legitimate problems that some of the import distributors have had. A lot of them had to adjust because they were not able to import as many records so they had to get stronger with the domestic labels. Some like Jem and stuff were just living off their past glories. They just got further removed from the actual music scene. Things were really profitable for a while so they built up these lifestyles that they don't want to let go of. I did not know about them at the time. Now I hear all these stories.

What I'm concerned about is people losing faith in independent distribution. It's very rare and it's very difficult to get good music through the major distribution system. And those are just the empirical facts. How many times have you heard bands signing to majors and they say, "Well, we have artistic control and two years later it is not as successful as



Black Flag's LP - A Good Taste of Punk
by Spot

Black Flag, whose performances around town frequently ended up as a report on the police blotter, once seemed better at making headlines than making music.

By the time of the group's concert last June at the Santa Monica Civic, however, one could sense that the band, which already had a strong emotional hold on its audience, was taking significant strides.

hard-core punks dove kaml...
...it was hard to tell
...see see BLACK, Page 7

Black Flag, at you may already know, is a first punk quartet from Los Angeles. Their raucous collection of fast, most of whom you will call skinhead-punks and whom appear to rage to whom are given to...
...At the Star...
...musical Dead

Black Flag flyer war

Continued from This Page
Whether the group's concerts were simply a healthy phase of tension or yet another disturbing example of violence in society, Black Flag did little on stage to clarify things, though the group's guitarist-songwriter, Greg Ginn did suggest in interviews that he hopes the group's music inspires people to think about their lives in a positive way.

By opening the new album with "Rise Above" Black Flag spouts the instructional qualities in its music. The song exhibits an optimism and determination that serve as something of a counter to "Pretty Vacant," the Sex Pistols' lament about the apathy of young people. Elsewhere, the group mixes all the way from the

Robert Hill
Black Flag's "Damned" (the album that Nonesuch Records refused to distribute on the grounds that it was "not the most serious of rock LPs") was the most recent of Greg Ginn's "I'm a local punk band and since X-records are not quite early last year" era-records

December 6, 1979

Court stomps Black Flag
by Spot

Black Flag, a Hermosa base punk-rock group, will be required to pay the cost of removing promotional posters for their group from public property in Redondo, as a result of a decision in Torrance Municipal Court Monday.

The action against the group was brought by the city of Redondo which claimed it spent \$236.96 to have the posters removed.

Greg Ginn of Black Flag's modern Dead End Kid.

...was I...
...We may live...
...not my idea of an...
...ture to guess it isn't you...
...Initially, I didn't want to...
...piece because Black Flag's circle jerks—if not the band itself—stand to reap some publicity value from it, thus advancing their "cause." But this sort of thing should be documented somewhere because unsuspecting people may be risking personal harm at a

everyone intended and then you find out there isn't any artistic control.

Major labels can't compete with SST
I don't think the major distribution can compete with the independents in the level that we operate with SST or Cruz. And with these other companies going out of business it will make the others stronger. It will be a gradual thing.

You can't say that all independents are good, because, like I was saying, there will be the Malcolm McLaren types asking for two pop songs on your next record. They are way worse than working for Warner Brothers. But I think you can make the statement that all the majors are unhealthy for music. I think that has been proven over and over again by their track records.

The failure rate is something like 99 percent. I think a one percent success rate is poor performance. So basically I think major labels are extremely awful. I think that generalization can be very well supported.

College radio impact exaggerated
A year ago Rolling Stone had a big article on college market and how all these

record labels are dealing with college reps again and moving in on that. It'll backfire on the majors. They'll find that very unprofitable. I can tell them from experience.

The hype goes well beyond the size of the market. They'd be better off just investing in more Bon Jovi's. I think they don't know yet how little is there but they will find out in the next couple of years and a lot of bands will be dropped. I think I know enough about the market that I think there is no question. They tend to be trend oriented.

These companies will find out. They'll take big falls. They are signing a lot of these bands and so far they've been able to move very few of them in the kinds of numbers that I know they need. The public doesn't realize it because they don't know the sales figures. They realize Soul Asylum are getting all this publicity, but I know it's not acceptable sales for A&M. It is one-tenth the acceptable sales for A&M.

Changes
With Black Flag I think its amazing that we were able to maintain it that long. And I felt like it didn't deteriorate and

when I saw it beginning to, that's when I got out of there.

I felt like all the music we had done to that point was very good and something I felt was very much myself totally, as far as my input.

I could be myself but I could see that was no longer a possibility because people can just not carry your equipment if they don't like the particular equipment you are using. And also Henry wanting to, I guess feeling like he was getting older and wanting to have a more direct career but it's not career oriented music. It's really the normal thing. I don't want to leave you with the impression that there's a whole lot out there that is better than that. I really don't want to appear super critical of the people involved. Its very normal and my way of living is abnormal. I can't tell somebody well you should give up ten years of your life and sleep on the floor and not have a shower and not have money. I can't tell somebody they should do that.

It's just for myself there is one way I want to do things. Just like the way I approach basketball. I really like going for it all day and at the end of the day I'm drained and that's it.

MIDNIGHT

P.O. BOX 390, OLD CHELSEA STATION, NEW YORK, NY 10011

ORDER BY PHONE! (212) 675-2768 OPEN 12 NOON - 8 PM / TUE. - SAT. (CLOSED SUN. & MON.)

RETAIL - WHOLESALE - DISTRIBUTION - MAIL ORDER



Request Our Catalogue #24
Over 15,000 Record & CD titles!
The latest in U.S. & Import Indies
plus 50's, 60's, R&B - \$1.



Out Now on Midnight!

SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS *At Home With S.J.*, solo, live with his piano. A bowl of fun. \$6.99
THE IGUANAS *Hungry & Horny* - The sequel. Caution: raw meat! A Raunchy R&R feast. \$6.99
THE RAUNCHETTES - *Scrapbook* Rochester's raunch gals! Prev. unre. & rare trax. \$6.99
THE VIPERS *How About Somewhere?* - 1st pressing deluxe collector edition of 1800, all autographed! Plus bonus 3 cut EP \$9.99
THE VIPERS *Not So Pretty, Not So New* - 20 cut cassette only release. All previously unre. cuts from '81-'85 in stereo! Ltd. Ed. of 2000! \$7.99

WHOLESALE
Stores: Call For Our
Catalogue Today!
Largest Selection Of
The Latest In Independent
U.S. & Imported 7's & LP's
Plus, 50's & 60's Rock - R&B

When In New York Visit Our Store!
263 West 23rd St. (Betw. 7th & 8th Ave.)
Open Tue - Sat / 12 Noon - 8 PM
(Closed Sun. & Mon)

YOU CAN GET MOST OF THE RECORDS REVIEWED IN SOUND CHOICE + THOUSANDS MORE THRU THE MIDNIGHT MAIL ORDER SERVICE!! HERE IS A SMALL SAMPLE!!

CD'S	
Avengers: Avengers-(16 Cuts CD Comp. 2 Trax Non LP)	12.99
Blues Project-Best Of-(CD With 5 Extra Trax Than LP)	12.99
Burton, Eric-Stormratt-(Great Comp. 4 Double CD-67/69)	32.99
Buzzcocks-Singles Going Steady-(UK CD All The Single Trax)	17.99
Chills-Brave Words-(CD-2 Non LP Tracks)	12.99
Church-Hindsight-(Aussie Only Double Pack CD-1980/87)	25.99
Damned-But Not Forgotten-(Unre./Rare) Another Great(Best Of)Ea	17.99
Dr. Feelgood-Mad Man Blues-(Euro CD)	22.99
Erickson, Roky-Evil One-(CD)	13.99
Giant Sand-Love Songs-(CD With 4 Non LP Trax)	12.99
Hall, Richard-Destiny St.-(Euro. CD)	10.99
It's A Beautiful Day-(-)(Very Ltd CD Of 1st LP)	29.99
Lime Spiders-Volatile-(CD+3 extra Trax)	12.99
Live Skull-Dusted-(CD + 1 Non LP Track)	10.99
Lowe, Nick-Rose Of England/Nick's Knack/All Time(UK CDs)Ea	18.99
MCS-Live Uitarian Church#68-(CD Pic. Disc. Ltd Ed. 1000)	19.99
Mission Of Burma-Forget-(12 Cuts CD)	11.99
Psychic TV-Listen Today-(French Ltd Ed CD Only Release)	17.99
Salem 66-Your Soul Fork It-(CD Only Best Of/Unre. Cuts)	10.99
Stooges-Best-(22 Cuts+Booklet-CD)	12.99
Shoes-Present Tense-Tongue Twister-(Both On 1 CD)	12.99
Smithereens-Live-(CD)	3.99
Soft Machine-Turns On-(CD Only Live '69)	18.99
Spongstones-Where Ever Land-(CD-Latest Effort-Great N.C. Pop)	12.99
Stooges-Live At Whiskey-(Ltd Ed Of 1000 Live CD Pic Disc)	19.99
Stranglers-Ranties-(19 Cuts UK CD-6 Extra Cuts Than LP)	17.99
Zeltgeist(Now Retired)-Translate Slowly-(CD-15 Trax)	12.99

Hitchcock, Robyn-Soft(Boy No More) Ltd Ed Live Atlanta(85!!!)	14.99
Horny Toads-Con Arma-(Aussie Mini LP-New Artists Type)	10.99
It's Bigger Than(2LP #12 Singles 79/82 Chile, Tail/Dwartz...)	19.99
Joy Division-Ideal For Living/Warsaw (Re Of Master LPs)Ea	12.99
Legendary Pink Dots-Golden-Age-(Belgium 1988 LP)	1.99
Moffs-Entomology-(Aussie Dec 88 LP-Very Best Of)	1.99
My Bloody Valentine-Isn't Anything-(UK-Creation)	1.99
N.Y. Dolls-Looking 4 Kiss/Pers./Cnsis(12"ers-Tre Merc.)Ea	7.99
Neprunes-Hydrophobia-(CLOSED SOUNCY PsychPop+3 Eds)	10.99
Not So Lucky Country-(2 LP-Aussie V.A. 33 Thrash & Grunge)	
Cosmic Psychos, Hard Ons, Filthy Scumbags & McRe!!!	19.99
Pastels-Suck On-(UK-Fire Trax 1983/85)	11.99
Pop Will Eat Itself-Now For A Feast-(UK-89LP)	10.99
Porcelain Bus-Talking To God-(Cool Aussie REM Type)	11.99
Pussy Galore-This Friday Night(Jap. Only Superb Ltd Ed !!!)	19.99
R.E.M.-Byrds Fly South-(Great Live 88 Ltd Ed W/R. Mc Gunn)	14.99
R.E.M.-Do You Remember?-(Great Ltd Ed-All 60's Covers)	14.99
R.E.M.-Mumble-(Ltd Ed-Outtakes & Live-Excellent Sound!)	14.99
Radio Birdman-RAR Soldiers(Where Action Cuts-Deluxe Cover)	17.99
Radio Birdman-RAR War-(76/78 Prev. Unre. Studio & Live-Great)	17.99
Ramones-Blitzkrieg 76-It(Ed Live Mass. 76-Excl. I)	14.99
Ramones' Psychotherapy-(2LP-Live Hammersmith 1988-Ltd Ed)	29.99
Sister Ray-No Way To Express-(Dutch-Great US Band-2nd LP)	9.99
Slicks-Fifth-Weep Woman Weep(New Zland Great Rockin' Raunch)	11.99
Test Dept.-Beating Retreat-(UK)	10.99
U2-Angel Of Harlem-(UK-3 Cuts 12-1 Cut Live In London '88)	9.99
Ups & Downs-Underneath The Watchful (Aussie-Dec 83 LP)	18.99
Wolfsounds-Essential(Excl. UK Band Buzzcocks Type)	10.99

NEW US LP'S

3D Inevitable-Vampires A GoGo-(2nd LP-Midwest Ghoul Rock!)	6.99
Bad Brains-Live-(Winter 88/89 Release)	7.99
Boom Boom G.I.-Slide A Little Closer-(Seattle Garage Pop)	5.99
Broad-Inspire Of It All-(The Female Chesterfield Kings)	4.99
Chadbourne, E.-Eddie Chatterbox-(88 LP W/ Camper Van B Gang)	7.99
Cicccone Youth-Whiskey Album-(Sonic Youth+Minutemen Gang)	3.99
Dog Soldier-Name Your Poison-(Ex. Destroy All Monsters)	7.99
Flesh Eaters-Live-(88 LP-1 Line Up X, Blasters Members)	6.99
Fugazi-(-)(Ex. Minor Threat-7 Cuts Mini LP)	5.99
Giant Sand-Love Song-(Jan '89 LP)	7.99
Half Japanese-Charmed Life-(December '88 LP)	6.99
Hawkins, Screamin' Jay-At Home In WeeWee Hours(Live/Prev. Unre. The Maestro Is Wild!!!)	6.99
Iguanas-Hungry & Horny-(2nd LP-Kansas Raunch Rock!)	6.99
Jet Black-Berries-Animal Necessity-(4th LP)	7.99
Lyres-Live '83-(13 tracks Live In Studio Blow Out!)	6.99
Mamou-Mamou-(Great Rooty & Rockin' Cajun Band On Jungle!)	6.99
Marginal Man-(-)(DC Power Punk-Dec 88 LP)	7.45
Measmen-You Still Suck!(Recorded Live-Tour Of Feb. 1988)	7.99
Mighty Caesars-J. Lennon Corpse-(Jan '89 LP/All Nu Tunes!)	6.99
Mission Of Burma-Forget-(12 Unre. Classics)(Green Wax \$8.99)	6.99
Murphy's Law-Back With A Bong-(2nd LP-Ltd Ed Clear Wax)	7.99
My Dad Is Dead-Best Defense-(New LP Of Lovers From '87)	6.99
Nine Pound Hammer-Mud Blood Beer-(Excl. Midwest Roots Grunge)	6.99
Raging Slab-Tue Death-(Ass Slapping Punk Metal-Mini LP)	5.99
Raunch Hands-Payday!-(1989 LP/Mare Raunchy R&R Rolla!)	6.99
Rauchettes-Scrapbook-(Raunchy Rochester NY Gals(Great LP)	6.99
Scream-Sil Screamin'/Amsterdam Live-Each LP	6.99
Service-In Nonsense Is Strength-(Dec '88 LP-Their Best Yet!)	6.99
Social Club-Flogging Peasants-(Good Replacements Type)	6.99
Spongstones-Where Ever Land-(Latest Effort/Cassette Only)	7.99
Sub Pop 200-3 EP Box-Book, Unre. Beat Happening, Green River, Flad, Screaming Trees, Walkabouts, Sound Garden, Etc. Ltd Ed!	15.99
Teardrop Explodes-Widow/Milmanaro-(J. Copie 1st Band)Each	6.99
Victims Family-Things I Hate-(HC Fusion)	6.99
Vipers-How About Some More?-(Ltd. Deluxe Ed. w/Bonus 7" EP Autographed/Their Brand New 2nd LP!)	9.99
Vipers-Not So Pretty Not So New-(Cassette Only Ltd. Ed-All Unre 20 Demo Trax '81/85-Great & Raw Garage Rockers!)	6.99
Wishniks-Nauseous & Cranky-(Phila Big Star/Plimsoul Type)	5.45
Wolverton Bros.-(Mid West Gibson Bros. Cousins-Rockin!)	6.99

60'S, 50'S & R&B LP'S

Animals-EP Collection-RJK-20 Cuts 1964/65-Great LP!	10.99
Austin Landing-(Rare 1 1/2 Hr. Fl. Speeds, Lost & Found B. Puppy, Etc)	11.99
Barrett, Syd-Mek, Weep-Unre. Studio 68/70-Ltd Ed. Pic. Disc	19.99
Barrett, Syd-Sill Laughing-(Rare Records & Outtakes-Ltd)	14.99
Hawkins, Screamin' Jay-At Home In WeeWee Hours(Live/Prev. Unre. The Maestro Is Wild!!!)	6.99
Las Vegas Grind #2-3-(Sleazy Strip Joint Cuts)Each	7.99
Looney Dooney-(V.A. 20 Hit 50's R&B Honkers!)	7.99
MCS-High Time-(Exact Re. W/Catford Covers)	14.99
MCS-Live Detroit 68/69-(Ltd Ed. +Great Pix On Cover!)	10.99
Stooges-Live At Whiskey A GoGo '73-(Ltd Ed. +Great Art!)	10.99
Stooges-Live St. Louis 1971-(Ltd Ed. -Great Cover!)	10.99
Them-Angry Young Them/Again-(Reissues Of Classic LPs!)Each	10.99
Thirteenth Floor Elev. Original Sound Of(Unexpurgated Versions & Alternate Takes From 1st LP+Prev. Unre Live 60's-Great!)	7.99
Velvet Underground-Legend-(Prev. Unre Live 68/72-O.O.P.)	14.98
Wavy Gravy 1, 2, 3-(V.A. 65's Exploitation Rock from Fucks)Ea	8.99

NEW US & OVERSEAS 7" S

Beast Of Bourbon-Hard Working-(Aussie-Dec 88-Non LP Cuts)Ea	4.99
Burthole Surfurs-Dick Gas-(Ltd Ed 2 Live Cuts)	11.99
Cave, Nick-Mercy Seat-(Aussie Only-Genetic PS-Non LP B Side)	4.99
Church-Reptile-(Aussie-Non LP B-Ltd Ed Color Wax)	5.99
Cramps-From L.A.-(Ltd Ed-Unre From New LP+Interview)	9.99
Cramps-Rip Off Box-(Last 4 French 7"+Deluxe Ltd Ed Box)	11.99
Dubrovniks-My Cool-(OZ-Ex. Scientists+Prod By Ex Birdman)	4.99
Enemies In Grass-Day After Day-(Ex Mad Victims-Folk Psych)	2.00
Fear-Beginning & End-(Ltd Ed '78-'85 5 Cuts EP)	11.98
Green-REM-(The Coolest Band Return The Compliment!!!)	2.99
KooDoo Gurus-Generation Gap-(Aussie Dec 88)	4.99
Pastels-Just Another Wisconsin Psych Prod. w/Pastelamity	2.50
Pitiles-More Peel Sessions-(Very Ltd Ed. 4 Cuts Color Wax)	11.99
Pop [ggy] Everybody Needs Sild. +Hassles-(Ltd Ed. Euro Only)	9.99
Ramones-10th Ann.-(Ltd Ed Double 7" Red Wax Live L.A. '84)	18.99
Slick, Rose-Double Shot-(Italian Psych-Double 7"-Ltd Ed!)	9.99
Sunnyboys-Too Young To Despair-(Aussie-88/89 Release)	4.99
Urinals-1&2-(2x7"-All Their Cutz)3 Live Prev Unre-Very Ltd)	19.99
Wreckery-Good To Be Gone-(New Oz-Ex. Cnms & City Solution)	4.99

HELP WANTED

Midnight needs a few people in
Sales • Management • Wholesale • Stocks
Must have previous experience and
knowledge of 50's, 60's, 70's & 80's Rock.
Do NOT call. Send a brief resume by mail.

ORDERING PROCEDURES - All parcels in the US are fully insured. Give street address for UPS delivery. Orders paid by Postal Money Orders are shipped out THE NEXT DAY. Checks are held 3 weeks for clearance. C.O.D. orders add \$3. American Express, Mastercard, Visa accepted!
SHIPPING & INSURANCE: USA - \$4. per order. CANADA - \$3. for 1st LP, \$1. ea add. \$2. for 1st 45. 50¢ for ea. add. OVERSEAS - \$3.25 per LP (air), 1 LP orders \$4.50, \$2. for 1st 45, 75¢ for each add. 45. Overseas insurance \$3. extra. Please list alternate selections when possible. Credit or refund for out-of-stock titles. All records are factory fresh & stocked in quantities. (Note: many imports do not come sealed) Prices are subject to change without notice.

THE LARGEST ROCK MAIL ORDER SERVICE IN THE WORLD!

Mail Order

3RIORECORDINGS

Alternative tape label, into networking, trading and radio. A good English speaking Belgian contact, especially if you're into electronic experimental music. (3riorecordings, Juliaandillensstr. 22B, 2018 Antwerpen, Belgium)—J.B.

ACE RECORDS LTD.

Company specializing in reissues of U.S. blues and jazz and even some rock records including discs by B.B. King, Furry Lewis, The Trampms, Homesick James, The Penguins, Walter Horton, Holy Modal Rounders, 13th Floor Elevators. (Ac Records Ltd., 48-50 Steele Road, London NW, England 107AS 014531311)—David Ciafardini

AMOK

Radical/underground books and reading matter of all sorts. First catalog lists non-fiction, the second covers fiction and literature. Loads of graphics and info, well worth the \$1 cover price. (Amok, P.O. Box 875112, Los Angeles, CA 90087)—J.B.

AMOK RECORDS

Adventurous, avant cross-cultural pop records with a high standard of quality. Acts include Dissidenten, Whitenoise, Look People, Upack Am. (Amok Records, 68 Broadview Ave. St, Toronto, Ont., Canada M4M 2E6 416-461-2930)—David Ciafardini

ARBEIT GROUP

Publications from here and abroad, plus tapes on their own label. The music is power electronics, the subject matter is, lets say...not always pretty. (Arbeit Group, P.O. Box 268436, Chicago, IL 60626)—J.B.

ARHOOLIE

World-class roots music label offering blues, jazz, folk, ethnic and more. Big detailed catalog. (Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave, El Cerrito, CA 94530 415-525-7471)—J.B.

Tapes, 209-25 18th Avenue, Bayside, NY 11360)—J.B.

AUDION

Lp's and tapes of experimental and progressive music. (Audion, 2nd Fl, 10 St., Stephens Rd., Leicester, UK LE2 1DQ)—J.B.

The mail order alternative

As rents rise, retail shelf space becomes more expensive and store owners become increasingly reluctant to stock or special order the kinds of special interest recordings, books, and paraphenalia that do not sell in mega-mass quantities. Mail order organizations with less overhead attempt to fill in the gaps.

Mail order is not without faults. Orders can arrive late, contain wrong or defective merchandise, or money can be sent never to be seen again. On the other hand, most good mail order outfits are extremely conscientious, realizing they are filling in another area where retailers are increasingly falling short: customer service. Good mail order outfits bend over backward to satisfy their customers so they will order again and again.

We cannot vouch for the service record of every organization mentioned here because we have not ordered from all of them. However, we know for certain that outfits such as Eurock, Wayside, Kicking Mule and many others have long-standing great reputations for service and fine lines of product and a friendly knowledgeable manner. If you are nervous about sending money to strangers, you may prefer to order COD where available.

When requesting a catalog you may wish to mention that you heard of them through Sound Choice. If you discover a great mail order catalog service, send us a review!

Reviews in this section are by Jcn Booth, except where noted.

AUDIO VILLAGE

A long list of used recording and audio gear. (Audio Village, P.O. Box 4692, Palm Springs, CA 92263 619-320-0728)—J.B.

AUDIOFILE TAPES

Highly regarded cassette label with more than 40 titles of mostly space/electro/industrial sounds. (Audiofile

(MD), 3314 Farthing Dr., Silver Spring, MD 20906)—J.B.

BLACKLIST MAILORDER

Started with a loan from the accounts of Maximum RocknRoll, Blacklist Mailorder is "a non-profit independent organization created to make available independently produced records,

B C TAPES

Hardcore punk international style. Low prices, trades and compilations galore. (B C Tapes, P.O. Box 16205, San Diego, CA 92116)—J.B.

BACKBONE

Independent labels and imports. Rock, reggae, etc. Fair prices. (Backbone, HCR Box 432, Chelan, WA 98816)—J.B.

BACKROADS

Slick, detailed catalog of new age, space, meditation and environmental sounds to de-stress your worried mind. Lps, tapes, CDs and videos. (Backroads Dist, 200 Tamal Vista Blvd #409, Corte Madera, CA 94925 800-825-4848)—J.B.

BANNED PRODUCTION

Industrial and other extreme music/racket on chrome cassettes with unusual packaging. Haters, Abstract Belief, AMK and others. (Banned Production, P.O. Box 323, Fremont, CA 94537)—J.B.

BIG RECORDS

No records here, just a short list of tapes by people with funny names. New age, punk and synth-rock. (Big Records

publications, books, tapes, etc. from around the world." We have not seen the current issue of the catalog, but we know it contains hundreds of items rarely stocked in most shopping malls. (Blacklist Mailorder, 181 Shipley St., San Francisco, CA 94107 415-957 9390)—David Ciaffardini

CALYPSO NOW

Lots of experimental sounds on cassette from Europe, US, and beyond. Artists like; Throbbing Gristle, P16 D4, Cleaners From Venus and plenty more. (Calypso Now, P.O. Box 12/CH-2500, Biel 3, Switzerland 032-220-897)—J.B.

CAMARADERIE MUSIC CASSETTES

A small tape label that releases works by Boston area musicians. Mr. Curt, Laughing Academy, others. Home town experimental pop. (Camaraderie Music, P.O. Box 403-Kenmore, Boston, MA 02215)—J.B.

CARTHAGE RECORDS

The greatest names in English (and elsewhere) folk-rock can be found here. Fairport Convention, Richard and Linda Thompson, the late Sandy Denny and also the late folk-jazz artist Nick Drake. (Carthage Records, P.O. Box 667, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553 800-367-8699, 609-466-9320)—J.B.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Home of fine electro-noise since 1983. Viscera, Dog as Master, Master/Slave Relationship and related projects. (Cause and Effect, P.O. Box 30383, Indianapolis, IN 46230)—J.B.

CHURCH OF SUBGENIUS

America's fastest growing cult offers its followers eternal SLACK, and who couldn't use some of that? Lots of stuff that only money can buy is listed in this brilliantly weird catalog. Stickers, propaganda tracts, video, "media barrage" tapes and the essential Book of the Sub-Genius. Praise "Bob!" (Church of Subgenius, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214)—J.B.

CORIOLIS

New electronic music by Walter Holland, Storm Signal, Amber Route and other artists on record, tape and video. (Coriolis, PO Box 3528, Orange, CA 92665)—J.B.

CRAMMED DISCS US

Mining the international new music scene, this birngs you recordings from Tuxedomoon, Minimal Compact, Colin

Newman and others. (Crammed Discs, P.O. Box 1702 Canal, New York, NY 10013 212-477-0547)—J.B.

DAK INDUSTRIES INC.

All sorts of audio, video, computer and electronic equipment and gadgets. Colorful, informative catalog. (DAK Industries Inc., 8200 Remmet Ave., Canoga Park, CA 91304 800-423-2866, 818-888-8220)—J.B.

DEAD MAN'S CURVE

Features the work of many fine experimental rock bands and artists. (Dead Man's Curve, 55 Sutton Road, London, England N10 1HH)—J.B.

DECAY INTERNATIONAL

A small catalog of improvisation, avant-garde and electronic music on cassette. (Decay Int., P.O. Box 2127, 3000 CC Rotterdam, Netherlands 010-4767471)—J.B.

DELUXE

A healthy selection of punk and hardcore records and tapes. Skateboard equipment too. (Deluxe, P.O. Box 883311, San Francisco, CA 94188)—J.B.

DISCOS ESPLENDOR GEOMETRICO

Lps and cassettes by Mr. Geometrico, Conrad Schnitzler, Asmus Tietchens and other electronic musicians. (Discos Esplendor Geometri, Apartado 14325, 28080 Madrid, Spain)—J.B.

DOWN HOME MUSIC

This newsletter/catalog lists in great detail tons of music from all over. Old-time rock n roll, country, gospel, folk, blues and ethnic. (Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave, El Cerrito, CA 94530 415-525-7471)—J.B.

DUNGHILL RECORDS

A small catalog of mostly rock tapes and records from "the upper left hand corner" of this continent. Low prices. (Dunghill, P.O. Box 3766, Eugene, OR 97403 503-344-5987)—J.B.

DUTCH EAST INDIA TRADING

Manufactures and distributes records from these alternative rock labels: Homestead, Fountain of Youth, Ruthless, Napalm and What Goes On. (Dutch East India, 81 N. Forest, Rockville Center, NY 11570 516-764-6200)—J.B.

E.P.I.A. SOCIETY DIGEST

E.P.I.A. stands for End Poverty In America and offers info on many anti-establishment concerns. Offers reprints of suppressed news and articles in exchange for donations. \$3.00 (E.P.I.A. Society, P.O. Box 6163, San Bernadino, CA 92412)—J.B.

ELDERLY INSTRUMENTS

Publishes separate catalogs for the various things they sell. New and used instruments (mostly stringed and/or acoustic), records and stuff, music books and other accessories. Leans toward the traditional. (Elderly Instruments, P.O. Box 14210, Lansing, MI 48901 517-372-7890)—J.B.

ELFIN MUSIC CO.

A small selection of mainly new age music on tape by Synchestra and other artists. (Elfin Music Co, P.O. Box 915, Camden, ME 04843)—J.B.

EMBRYO ARTS

International Christian new music offerings. (Embryo Arts, Nonnentaplaan 52, B-3800 Sint-Truiden, Belgium 011-68-13-55)—J.B.

EUGENE ELECTRONIC MUSIC COLLECTIVE

A small, dedicated cassette label offering electronic sounds "from new age to industrial." (Eugene Electronic Music C, P.O. Box 3219, Eugene, OR 97403)—J.B.

EUROCK

Progressive and experimental rock from around the world. Some rare stuff is available at competitive prices. Catalog usually features interviews with Europe's cutting edge electronic musicians. (Eurock, P.O. Box 13718, Portland, OR 97213 503-281-0247)—J.B.

EXTINCT PRODUCTIONS

Handles zines and other publications only. Pretty good list of punk and underground oriented periodicals. Art and comix too. (Extinct Productions, 2301 Prairie, Aurora, IL 60506 312-896-4451)—J.B.

FALLOUT

Punk and alternative rock lps and tapes, skateboards and skate gear. (Fallout, 1506 E. Olive Way, Seattle, WA 98122)—J.B.

FLATLAND DISTRIBUTION

Books, journals and periodicals that won't be found at the mall. Many different aspects of alternative press are presented here. Fiction, feminism, technology, anarchy, etc. (Flatland Distribution, 1844 Foothill blvd, Oakland, CA 94606 415-532-3865)—J.B.

FLOATING WORLD

This independent underground audio networking and distribution organization has folded "due to lack of interest." Catalog inquiries will not be answered. Send condolences and gifts only to: (Floating World, 804 N Cherokee, Hollywood, CA 90038)—David Ciaffardini

FLYING NUN RECORDS

Aussie and New Zealand rock from The Clean, Verlaines, Tall Dwarfs, Chills and many more. (Flying Nun Records, P.O. Box 3000, Christchurch, New Zealand 03-791-172)—J.B.

FRESH SOUNDS

From the people that brought us the "Fresh Sounds From Middle America" compilation albums. The label is small but the sounds are diverse: The Embarrassment and Micronotz to SPK and W.S. Burroughs. (Fresh Sounds, P.O. Box 36, Lawrence, KS 66044 913-841-6772)—J.B.

FROG PEAK MUSIC

Texts and music scores from Mills College composers. (Frog Peak Music, P.O. Box 9911 Mills College Sta, Oakland, CA 94613)—J.B.

FRONT DE L'EST

Extensive selection of mainly industrial and extreme music from all across this weird planet. Better brush up on your French though if you want to read this. (Front de L'est, 13 Rue Verrier Lebel, 80000 Amiens, France 22.44.83.62)—J.B.

FRY'S

Tabloid catalog of books, reports and self-help tapes. Conspiracy exposes, "new age" concerns and unusual information. Also video and esoteric technology like "telepathic tuners." (Fry's, 9237 Craver, Morongo Valley, CA 92256)—J.B.

FUN MUSIC

Lps and cassettes by Philip Perkins, David Ocker, "Blue" Gene Tyranny and Scott Fraser. (Fun Music, 45 Wright ST. #A, San Francisco, CA 94110 415-543-6661)—J.B.



Michael McFadden photo

GGE RECORDS

A small low-price cassette label with releases by Ice Cream Blisters, Plato's Nightclub, and others. (GGE Records, P.O. Box 5088, Kent, OH 44240 216-673-6196)—J.B.

GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS

Recordings of music and poetry from John Giorno, William Burroughs, Glen Branca, Lenny Kaye and others. (Giorno Poetry Systems, 222 Bowery, New York, NY 10012)—Darrell Jonsson

GLOBAL VILLAGE MUSIC

Recordings of ethnic music from America and Europe. (Global Village Music, Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025)—J.B.

GRAVELVOICE RECORDS

A small but loud punk/industrial recording label. (Gravelvoice Records, P.O. Box 6924, Chicago, IL 60680)—J.B.

GREEN LINNET RECORDS

An outstanding collection of British Isles folk records, including the Bothy Band, Sileas, Silly Wizard Patrick Street, Christy Moore, much more. A classy, professional operation with a catalog to match. (Green Linnet Records, 70 Turner Hill Road, New Canaan, CT 06840 203-966-0864)—David Ciaffardini

GREEN MONKEY RECORDS

Power pop records and cassettes from Northwest bands: Green Pajamas, Prudence Dredge, Bombadiers, Jeff Kelley, Me Three, Tom Dyer, others. (Green Monkey Records, P.O. Box 31983, Seattle, WA 98103 284-2399)—David Ciaffardini

GROVE ENTERPRISES INC.

A reputable dealer and manufacturer of Shortwave radio receivers and antennas. The catalog includes a brief introduc-

tion to Shortwave listening providing guidelines for purchasing shortwave equipment. They specialize in high quality and good value and have liberal warranty and return merchandise policies. (Grove Enterprises, P.O. Box 98, 140 Dog Branch Rd, Brasstown, NC 28902 704-837-9200)—Darrell Jonsson

HARDWAY

A good source for punk and hardcore recordings. All the big names are here. (Hardway Records, P. O. Box 629, Newark, CA 94560 415-796-1318)—J.B.

HARSH REALITY MUSIC

A cassette label that experimental noise-rock fans should know about. Mental Anguish, Konstruktivits, Victimized Karcass and other fun folks. (Harsh Reality Music, P.O. Box 241661, Memphis, TN 38124 901-963-2827)—J.B.

HEARTSONG REVIEW

More a magazine than a catalog. Reviews, classified, etc. Strictly new age music, books and publications. \$3.00 (Heartsong Review, P.O. Box 1084, Cottage Grove, OR 97424)—J.B.

HOPE ORGANIZATION

Music and spoken word cassettes including Charles Manson interviews, Aleister Crowley BBC specials, Charles Bukowski readings, Psychic TV interviews and more things that may lead listeners to hell via walkman. (Better Awareness Through Fear, P.O. Box 151, Shadyside, OH 43947)—David Ciaffardini

JAZZ RECORD MART

All kinds of jazz and blues from the top indie and major labels. Lots of classic stuff. (Jazz Record Mart, 11 W. Grand, Chicago, IL 60610 312-222-1467)—J.B.

JAZZICAL RECORDS

Neo-classical/synth-jazz music by Bill Rhodes on vinyl and tape. (Jazzical Records, 1 Wyndmere Rd, Piscataway, NJ 08854)—J.B.

JUNE APPAL RECORDINGS

Folk, bluegrass, gospel, celtic and other traditional musics. Books, video and hammer dulcimers too. (June Appal Recordings, P.O. Box 743, Whitesburg, KY 41858 800-545-SHOP, 606-633-0108)—J.B.

JUST INTONATION STORE

Essential resource for those interested in

alternative tunings and notations. Listed cassette and records include Lou Harrison, Harry Partch, Lamonte Young, Terry Riley, David Hykes etc. Books include the works of Partch, Harrison, Ernest G. McClain and others. They also distribute low cost microtonal software for a variety of computers and synthesizers. (Just Intonation Network, 535 Stevenson St, San Francisco, CA 94103)—Darrell Jonsson

K

Underground pop/rock from all over. Much variety. The original home of Beat Happening. (K Cassettes, P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507)—J.B.

KEN BROWN DESIGNS

Nothing to do with music, just goofy artwork by Mr. Brown on postcards, t-shirts, mugs, etc. (Ken Brown Designs, 25 A School St., Somerville, MA 02143)—J.B.

KICKING MULE

Lots of acoustic traditional style music and instructional books and tapes for banjo, guitar, fiddle, etc. (Kicking Mule, PO Box 158, Alderpoint, CA 95411 707-926-5312)—J.B.

KLUTZ

Harmonicas and lessons for the "hopeless" are about all the music related items you'll find in this "Flying Apparatus Catalogue." The rest consists of unicycles, hacky sacks, things to juggle and other stuff for amusing and/or annoying people at parties. (Klutz, 2170 Staunton Ct., Palo Alto, CA 94306 415-424-0739)—J.B.

LADD-FRITH

Home of the Psychones. Brian Ladd and Julie Frith are among the pioneers of international cassette culture and their catalog includes the work of many familiar names in the D.I.Y. underground. A broad spectrum of sounds are available here. (Ladd-Frith, P.O. Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502)—J.B.

LADYSLIPPER

Big, detailed catalog of music recordings by women. Just about every style of music imaginable, old and new. Mainstream, ethnic, spoken word, kid stuff, CDs and video. Not for women only. (Ladyslipper Music, P.O. Box 3124, Durham, NC 27705 800-634-6044, 919-683-1570)—J.B.

LAND-O-NEWTs

Homemade music tapes by Heather Perkins and friends. She loves to trade and

sell so drop her a line. (Land-O-Newts, 3851 Hilyard, Eugene, OR 97405 503-345-1662)—J.B.

LEO RECORDS

A fine modern jazz-improv label specializing in recordings from the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries, as well as English and U.S. artists. Reggie Workman, Ganelin Trio, Marilyn Crispell. (Leo Records, 35 Cascade Ave, London, England N10 3PT 01-883-9910)—J.B.

LONELY WHISTLE MUSIC

The cassette lable of veteran home-taper Donald Campau and friends. Lots of compilations. Trades OK. (Lonely Whistle Music, PO Box 23952, San Jose, CA 95153 408-578-4151)—J.B.

MACWAREHOUSE

All kinds of Macintosh computer products. Slick catalog, huge selection. \$3.00 (MacWarehouse, P.O. Box 1579, Lakewood, NJ 08701-1579 800-255-6227, 201-367-0440)—J.B.

MATHES, ARNOLD

Electro-space music on cassette. Solo and group projects with Alien Planetscapes, Order of Flesh & Blood, others. (Arnold Mathes, 2750 Homecrest Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11235 718-646-3214)—J.B.

MIDNIGHT TYMES

A tabloid catalog full of news, reviews and mail order listings of mostly punkadelic garage rock new and old. Huge selection. \$1.00 (Midnight Records, 255 W. 23rd St, New York, NY 10011 212-741-7230)—J.B.

MISSING LINK MUSIC

Missing Link's catalog sets the groundwork for "a national, cassette distribution service exclusively for small labels, independent cassette artists, and home recording artists." Last year's catalog was handsomely printed, professional like, followed by a free supplement, with all told about 70 offerings with brief reviews or descriptions of the cassette contents. (Missing Link Music, 6920 Roosevelt Way NE # 328, Seattle, WA 98115 206-633-2258)—D. Ciaffardini

MIX BOOKSHELF

Books, video and audio cassettes, software and other resources on audio and video recording technology. An informative and impressive catalog. (Mix Publications, 2608 9th St., Berkeley, CA 94710 800-233-9604)—J.B.

MR. STU

This is the place to find jazz discography books from European publishers. Run by Mr. Stu, a long-time Audio Evolution Networker. (Stuart Kremsky, 1716 Ocean #9-L, San Francisco, CA 94112 415-661-7138)—D.C

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

Thirty-six unusual items are available here ranging from 96-page, full color pictorial history of miniature golf, to hand-painted umbrellas, miniature garden tools, papier mache pigs, black rubber jeweler, and a book of recipes for mud pies written by John Cage. The catalog is printed on a big poster size sheet, the one side with an artistic display of the items, so fine that it really is suitable for framing and display. Wild. (Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E. Ontario, Chicago, IL 60611 312-280-2685)—David Ciaffardini

MUSICADE

Page after page of pop-related T-shirts, posters, buttons and other artifacts of rock-star idolatry. (Musicade, 11199 Sorrento Valley Rd. #J, San Diego, CA 92121)—J.B.

NEW MUSIC DISTRIBUTION SERVICE

A whoppin' big selection of all kinds of "New Music" recordings. Jazz, neo-classical, world music, electro/industrial, improv, avant-rock and more. Fun to read. (New Music Distribution, 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012 212-925-2121)—J.B.

PACIFICA RADIO ARCHIVE

Historical radio documentaries on cassette. Wide variety of subjects, from 1949 to present. (Pacifica Radio Archive, 5316 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90019 213-931-1625)—J.B.

PAN-COM INTERNATIONAL

Radio related kits, plans and devices. Everything you need to start your own radio station, legit or otherwise, and more. (Panaxis Productions, P.O. Box 130, Paradise, CA 95969; 916-534-0417)—J.B.

PANIC

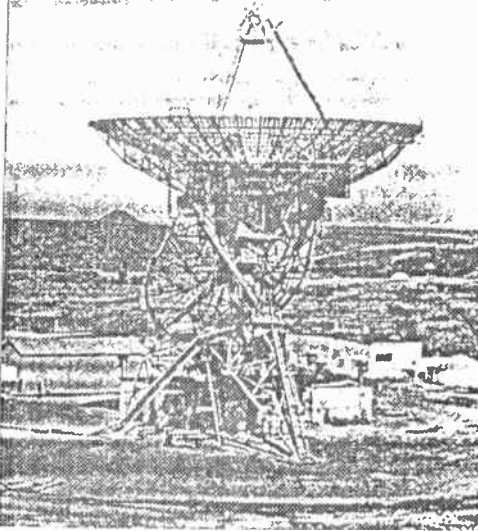
Interesting list of extreme sounds on cassette and a compilation LP as well. Scott Marshall, Burden of Friendship, Devil Bell Hippies and other "Noise-

icians." (Panic Records, P.O. Box 1696, Skokie, IL 60076 312-583-3861)—J.B.

PAUL TRACEY

Distributors of quality African musical instruments (Kalimbas and Marimbas) and digitally re-mastered African music cassettes. (Paul Tracey, 340 Las Casas, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272)—Darrell Jonsson

PAN-COM INTERNATIONAL



A Division Of:
PANAXIS PRODUCTIONS
 P.O. BOX 130
 PARADISE, CA 95969

Deep Space Instrumentation Facility (DSIF), Island Lagoon, Woomera, Southern Australia
 86' Diameter, 300 tons, 10 stories high

PLACEBO RECORDS

Record label that began with punk/hardcore records (skatepunk band JFA releases most of their material here) but is now breaking into other experimental areas, including the *Dry Lungs* industrial compilations and a record by Eugene Chadbourne. (Placebo Records, P.O. Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063 602-245-467, 931-6888)—J.B.

POPULAR REALITY

This anarcho/existential tabloid has published its final issue but you can still get the PopReal "adventure Catalog" of books and zines for people who can read, think and laugh. Bob Black, Jack Saunders, Baboon Dooley, and others. (Popular Reality, P.O. Box 3402, Ann Arbor, MI 48106)—JB

PROJEKT

Electronic music recordings by Black Tape for A Blue Girl, P.E.A., Doppler shift and others. LPs, tapes and videos.

(Projekt, 8951 SW 53rd St., Cooper City, FL 33328)—J.B.

RALPH RECORDS: BUY OR DIE

Fifteen years old and still looking (and sounding) good. The most interesting development in Buy Or Die No. 15 is the reduced prices. Fine music by the Residents, Voice Farm, Fred Frith, the late, great Snakefinger and the usual assortment of oddballs. (Ralph Records, 109 Minna St. #391, San Francisco, CA 94105)—J.B.

RAS

This company claims to have the most extensive reggae catalog anywhere and I wouldn't argue. Nicely done and informative, encompassing dub, ska, African, calypso and more. (RAS Records, PO Box 42517, Washington DC, 20015 301-564-1295)—J.B.

REBIRTH INC.

Non-profit jazz organization that presents workshops, performances and records by Wendell Harrison and others. (Rebirth Inc., 81 Chandler, Detroit, MI 48202 313-875-0289)—J.B.

REC REC MUSIC

Fine progressive new music from the Swiss branch of the Recommended family tree. Unkownmix, Camberwell Now, Nimal, others. (Rec/Rec Music, Postfach 717, 8026 Zurich, Switzerland 01-241-5055)—J.B.

ROI R

America's best known cassette-only label just keeps on cranking them out. Big names, punk, reggae, industrial and classic New York sounds. (Roir, 611 Broadway #725, New York, NY 10012 212-477-0563)—J.B.

ROUNDER RECORDS

One hundred titles of blues, folk, jazz, rock, reggae and more. (Rounder, 1 Camp St, Cambridge, MA 02140; 617-354-0700)—J.B.

RRRECORDS

One of the most adventurous record labels going and a superb source for extreme experimental sound. Good prices and service but not for the musically timid. (RRRecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852; 508-454-8002)—J.B.

SACRED SPIRIT

"Sacred Music" from various cultures offered on cassette in dolby stereo. Gregorian chants, sufic songs, dervish ceremonies, slaavic liturgies, American Indian chants, Tibetan chants, much more.

(Sacred Spirit, Shaker Road, New Lebanon, NY 12125 518-794-7860)—David Ciaffardini

SEE HEAR

Mostly music books and zines from the retail store that has the most extensive selection of zines in the world. T-Shirts, video, cassettes and other stuff as well. Everything but records. \$1.00 (See Hear Mags, 59 E. 7th St., New York, NY 10003 212-505-9781)—J.B.

SHANACHIE RECORDS

A huge inventory of countless titles of Celtic, Third World and other world musics. Shanachie has a standing offer where you may select two free records for every five purchased. (Shanachie, 37 East Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860 201 579 7763 579 7083)—David Ciaffardini

SHUNKEN STOMACH RECORDS

Cassette releases by the Johnsons, Paul K, others. (Shrunken Stomach Records, Route 1, Box 2, Stanford, KY 40484)—J.B.

SMALL PRESS ALLIANCE

Visually appealing showcase for 12 Massachusetts independent publications. Poetry, fiction, art, opinion, etc. (Small Press Alliance, P.O. Box 471, Cambridge, MA 02142)—J.B.

SOUND OF PIG MUSIC

Almost anybody who's anybody in the cassette underground has a tape out on the Sound of Pig label. The most prolific label I know of with more than 200 titles to date and growing. Wide variety and low prices too. (Sound of Pig Music, 28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023)—J.B.

SOUNDARTS PRESS EDITIONS

Publishers of music scores and performance texts by modern composers. That's right, music on paper, just like the old days. (Soundarts Press Editions, P.O. Box 2463, Springfield, MA 01101-2463 413-783-7548)—J.B.

SOUNDINGS PRESS

Publishes and distributes selected scores by modern composers. Among the composers represented in the catalog; Paul Bowles, Colon Nancarrow, Henry Cowell, Paul Dresher, Larry Polansky, James Tenney, Peter Garland, Dane Rudhyar etc.. Compilations of sheet music also often include written works by composers. (Soundings Press, P.O. Box 8319, Sante Fe, NM 87504-8319)—

Darrell Jonsson

SST RECORDS

No longer strictly a hardcore record label. Folk, jazz, new music, funk, reggae, much more can be found in the SST catalog. (SST, P.O. Box 1, Lawn-dale, CA 90260)—David Ciaffardini

STARKMAN CONCERN

A real good outlet for mostly U.S. indie rock records with the emphasis on west coast sounds. Many titles you don't see everyday and lots of bargains. (Starkman Concern, P.O. Box 875251, Los Angeles, CA 90087)—J.B.

SUBELECKTRICK INSTITUTE

Electro and experimental music on inexpensive cassettes for inquiring minds like yours. Four Track Mind, King's House, Brook Hinton and others. (SEI, PO Box 137, New York, NY 10012)—J.B.

SUBTERRANEAN RECORDS

An American institution for punk and fringe rock fans. Lots of records and tapes on their own label and many others. Selection, low prices, video, good reading, free postage in the U.S. Need I say more? (Subterranean Records, P.O. Box 2350, Berkeley, CA 94702 415-821-5880)—J.B.

SWINGING AXE PRODUCTIONS

A far-flung listing of sound and music: outer-space electronics to jungle chants and lots of improvisation, industrial and other weird fun in between. (Swinging Axe Productions, P.O. Box 199, Northridge, CA 91328)—J.B.

TAPES FOR DYING

Bold graphic design and interesting reading make this catalog well worth seeing. Mostly electronic music and strange audio and video art for open-minded people. (Tapes for Dying, P.O. Box 390, 1970 AJ, Ijmuiden, Holland)—J.B.

THRU BLACK HOLES COMIX

A batch of well-drawn screwy comix with titles like "Crazy Men Deluxe" and "Queen of the Hairy Flies." (Thru Black Holes Comix, 2018 Big Indian Road, Moscow, OH 45153)—J.B.

TRIANGLE PLANET

A handful of cassettes of music from the triangle planet. Friendly living room music. (New Hat Music, 252 W Nees

#208, Fresno, CA 93711)—J.B.

UNDERWHICH EDITIONS

Sound poetry and new music on tape as well as many books of art, fiction, poetry and related stuff. (Underwhich Editions, PO BOX 2162, Adelaide Stn, Toronto, Ontario, Canada Canada M5C 2J4)—J.B.

UPHEAVAL RECORDS

This label is home to Eskatology, David Nikias and Chuck. Mostly cassettes so far. Loony toon sound collages and other tom-foolery. (Upheaval Records, 1003 Glenwood Ave., Greensboro, NC 27403 919-282-3307)—J.B.

VIDEO SIG

The "Video Software Interest Group" offers a big catalog of TV and film classics and all kinds of documentary and informative type stuff. (Video Sig, 1030 E. Duane Ave., Ste. C, Sunnyvale, CA 94086 800-245-6717, 800-222-2996)—J.B.

WAYSIDE MUSIC

They've been doing it for years and I hope they never stop. A neat, detailed catalog that's got lots of bargains, hard-to-find imports and domestics plus some interesting releases on their own Cunciform label. Jazz, improvisation, space, art and progressive rock, experimental and much more. A good read to boot. (Wayside, PO Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906 301-587-5780)—J.B.

WORLD MUSIC

MESSENGER SERVICE

Mostly progressive rock and related music from around the world. (World Music Messenger Ser, Neisseweg 3, D-3445 Waldkappel 3, W. Germany)—J.B.

XKURZHEN SOUND

"Sounds that pelt the third ear" and "listener-intoxicating loops and treatments that are vigorous and unique" are included in this list of cassettes available by Cephalic Index, Swine Bolt 45, Ice Cream Blisters, many others. (Xkurzhen Sound, State House P.O. Box 207, Boston, MA 02133)—David Ciaffardini

If you know of a good mail order catalog and service, send Sound Choice a copy of the catalog or a review of it.

If you write to one of these companies listed here, let them know you heard about them in Sound Choice. Spread the word!

Publications

4 ALARM CHARM #3

Free Minneapolis 4-pager almost exactly like Conflict, Disaster, and other like-minded/similarly styled/one-man-writes-everything 'zines. Absolutely nothing but reviews--Naked Raygun, White Zombie, Rapeman, etc. (4 Alarm Charm, P.O. Box 10578, Minneapolis, MN 55440)--Jay Hinman

AMERICAN EXTREMES

A book of photos and text about things that might be extreme to middle America, but rather tame to someone living a little closer to the edge...tattoos, body building, phone sex, Elvis impersonators. I worked in a book store when this book first came out it seemed everyone had to stop and have a look at it. Most stayed with it for awhile, but none of them ever bought it. It's fun for a quick browse, but there isn't enough here to keep my interest. The text adds little to the photos. On the front of the book the author is billed as a humorist and social critic and although he establishes a certain camaraderie with the reader, I'll tell you right now, Samuel Clemens he ain't. --208 pgs. Taylor Publishing Company. (They're soliciting for info and photos for "Son of American Extremes". They use very visible photo credits with each picture). (American Extremes II, P.O. Box 568125, Dallas, TX 75356)--Jeff Grimes

BAYOU LA ROSE

Anarchist/human rights tabloid with articles on the displacement of American Indians from their ancestral lands and its Down Under mirror, the treatment of Australian natives by the white majority. Contact lists for activist networks, publications and related info. No. 27, quarterly, \$5 yearly. (Survival Network Info Cen, P.O. Box 2576, San Diego, CA 92112)--Ray Maloney

BITCH

Bitch is one of the best fanzines in the world. Contributors and editors of every music publication in existence would better themselves by tuning into the vibe that Bitch grooves on. Bitch has focus, direction, a positive sense of it-

self, a purpose, and lots of enthusiasm. Bitch is warm and freindly as a picnic in the park, and as sparkling as evening fireworks. Subtitled "The Women's Rock Mag With Bite", Bitch is published by women for anyone who wants to read about women in music. Anti-male feminism is minimized. A good sense of humor, seriousness where it matters, and a lot in-between. Bitch makes me jealous. These women seem to be having a lot of fun. And they have some great writers contributing. Not slick, but down-to-earth and honest. Blemishes, sure, but basically very together. And published as regularly as PMS. \$1.75 (San Jose Face, 478 W. Hamilton Ave., Ste 164, Campbell, CA 95008)--David Ciaffardini

BONE DANCE

Talks with White Zombie and Didjits. Mail interview with Eugene Chadbourne. Reviews. No. 2, 18 pgs. Number 3 is now out with interviews with Firehose and Eugene Chadbourne. Chadbourne is pressed to explain his "Fuck the Audio Evolution Network" album. \$0.50 (Bone Dance, 630 Stoddard, East Lansing, MI 48823 517-351-9382)--Jeff Grimes

BOX OF WATER

This is an annual magazine of "send-in-your-own" visual artistry and 'zine/ catalogue reviews. A great deal of the art focuses on the sexual as well as subliminal political images, but there's indeed more to be seen. The review section has been expanded, and they say there is also "a different use of images with less emphasis on individual authorship and more on recombination and recycling". Yep, it's true. Submissions are always welcome. (\$5 for 2 issues) (Box of Water, 135 Cole St., San Francisco, CA 94117)--Jay Hinman

BUZZ

Buzz is a good frequently published guide to the club level rock scene in upper New York. Pretentions are kept to a minimum and the writers sound like true fans. If you are looking for publicity, a place to play, crash or go out and

see a fun band in the area, Buzz would be a great place to start. Occasionally some good interviews grace the pages. Publisher Real George is as real as they get and seems to be a very nice, network-sensitive guy. Don't go to Albany without a Buzz. (Real George Prods. P.O. Box 3111, Albany, NY 12203 518 489 0658)--David Ciaffardini

CANCER

A copy of a letter from the Zodiac killer, a thank you from a smiling Pastor Jim Jones and photos of animal testing victims make for a socially conscious blend of ugly and absurd visions designed to remind the reader about a part of the world we'd like to forget. There are reviews and other short articles, but the strength of these xeroxed black and white pages are in their visual impact. Includes a GG Allin centerfold unsuitable for framing. Should be required reading in all shopping malls. No. 6, 36 pgs. \$? (Cancer, 4222 Naugle Dr., Fair Lawn, NJ 07410)--Jeff Grimes

CONTRAGATE ALERT

This is an organization that continues to dog the politicians and detail crimes that are being committed by U.S. government officials who continue spending tax money in their pursuits to overthrow the government of Nicaragua. Read all about it in Contragate Alert. (Christic Institute, 1324 N. Capitol St. NW, Washington, DC 20002 202-797-8106)--David Ciaffardini

CROW

A ton and a half of reviews and articles on just about everything: movies, zines, books, video, music, politics, comics, TV. Many of the reviewers dig deep and make you think about things you might not have thought about before: was the film "Blue Velvet" an AIDS movie? Was Capt. Kirk just kidding when he grabbed all those women by the shoulders, just to cover up the fact that he was getting it on with Mr. Spock? Why isn't anybody paying attention to the music of the Mekons? Is "The Cosby Show" so screwed up it

shows "the way blacks think whites act and talk"? All things worth thinking about plus a lot that's just good empty fun. Book quality. No. 25, 130 pgs., \$4.50. (Crow Magazine, P.O. Box A, Wharton, NJ 07885)--Ray Maloney

CULT COMIX 10

A collection of satirical comics and short writings by a number of artists, including Dennis Worden, John Eberly and Mary Fleener, selected from Cult #1 through #11. Much of the parody is directed toward religion. No. 10, 42 pgs. (Mumbles Publications, P.O. Box 8312, Wichita, KS 67208)--Jeff Grimes

DIALOGUE

A community-minded anarchism oriented periodical for the New Orleans area that discusses local social and political issues of various kinds. (Dialogue, 916 Euterpe, Nola, LA 70130 504 524 3356)--David Ciaffardini

EARSHOT JAZZ

A nice jazz newsletter focusing on events and people of the Pacific Northwest, but includes record reviews from musicians of all areas. If you're into jazz and you're going to be anywhere near Washington state, you should get a hold of the latest issue. (Earshot Jazz, P.O. Box 85851, Seattle, WA 98145-2858 206-285-8893)--David Ciaffardini

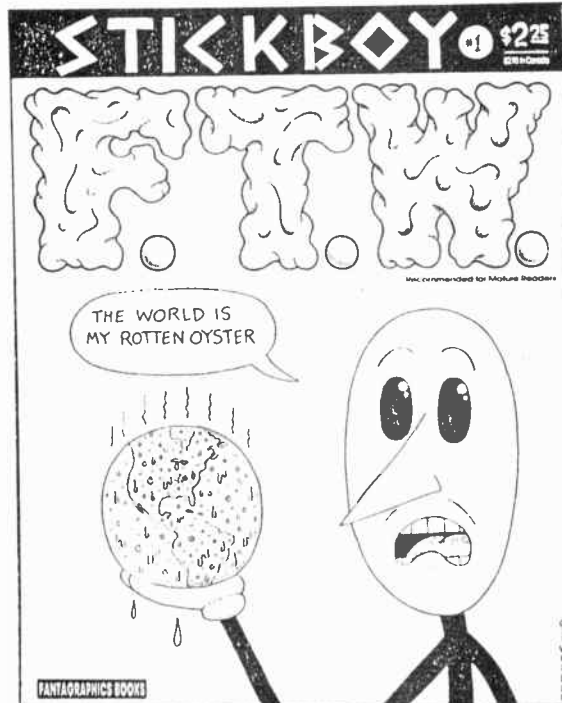
EXPERIMENTAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Their guiding purpose is to inform on "the design, construction and enjoyment of new sound sources" and they do an outstanding job of it. This issue has features on the Gravikord, alternative tuning on fretted instruments, and special sections on unique instruments, books and recordings. Includes a long detailed article on how to refret a guitar for microtonal tunings. A high standard of quality, consistency, and a networking attitude make this a remarkable publication. (Experimental Musical Inst, P.O. Box 784, Nicasio, CA 94946 415-662-2182)--Jay Hinman

F.T.W. NO.1

I've been seeing Dennis Worden's Stickboy comix appear on the pages of magazines like Weirdo for quite some time now. It was usually good stuff, but nothing would have prepared me for the high caliber satire in this comic. Stickboy loses his job, goes on an employment hunt, gives up and drops out, runs

into Guro Shmu, meets a girl, dies and is born again. Jonathan Swift would have loved it. Worden takes the futility and frustrations of our insignificant human lives, bares them to the world and makes us laugh about it. No. 1, 32 pgs. \$3. (Dennis Worden, P.O. Box 192, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92693)--Jeff Grimes



FACTSHEET FIVE

Probably the best source for reviews of independent periodicals available. I don't know how he does it, but Michael Gunderloy makes his magazine better with each new issue. You have to see it to believe what a comprehensive job he does in documenting everything from the smallest, one page photocopied zine to the more established rags. There is a section on poetry publications, book, and recording reviews, including a good amount of ink going toward cassette reviews. Columns and other features as well. If you have any interest at all in independent publications, this is the place to go. (Factsheet Five, 6 Arizona Ave., Rensselaer, NY 12144, 518-479-3707)--Jeff Grimes

FALSE POSITIVE

A fun zine with collages and articles relating to a common theme by Donna Kossy and others. This issue about cars is by people who don't have any particular fondness for the automobile, which makes it even more fun. The color col-

lages on the front and back covers are great. No. 10, 26 pgs., \$3 (Out-Of-Kontrol Data Korp., P.O. Box 953, Allston, MA 02134)--Jeff Grimes

FESSENDEN REVIEW

If I had only five dollars and had to choose what to buy out of all the things I've reviewed for this issue there's no question that I'd buy the Fessenden Review. The fact that they run photos by Larry Clark, my all-time favorite photographer, is enough to make me an instant fan. That this magazine exists and I didn't already know about it proves to me that we are all being overwhelmed by information, but that's another matter. Book reviews you won't see elsewhere, photography that really is, an overview of the dog as food, black and white artwork, a manic Mexican travel story by Carlos Amantea and a clean, crisp layout. Check it out yourself. Vo. 12, No. 4. \$5.00 (Fessenden Review, P.O. Box 7272, San Diego, CA 92107)--Ray Maloney

FLIPSIDE FANZINE

One of the best magazines about music ever. Issue after issue Flipside makes reading about music as satisfying and fun as listening to it. Gwar, Sham 69, Pussy Galore, Social Distortion, Sonic Youth, Undead, Miracle Workers, more. No. 58, 80 pgs., \$1.50 (Flipside Fanzine, P.O. Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608)--Jeff Grimes

FORCED EXPOSURE

FE was reviewed in this column last time but I want to call your attention to Byron Coley's outstanding interview of artist Robert Williams in the most recent issue. Williams, one of the original Zap! comix artists, covers growing up white in hispanic New Mexico, the origins of the word "felch", psychedelic art in the '60s, working for Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, and what to look forward to in art as the Reagan years wheeze to a merciful close. By the time I'd finished reading this interview I was sorry to see it end. You may love his art or hate it, but Williams comes off as intelligent, hip and keenly observant. I just wish I could afford to buy one of his paintings. As a bonus, Tom Givan's article on Jim Thompson and other Black Lizard Books writers is also excellent. No. 14, Fall 1988, 130 pgs. (One thing that bugs me about Forced Exposure and makes me question the publisher's motives, is that they ignore business letters and

have declined to give out advertising rates to editors of publications that could be considered their competition. An arrogant, self-protective and selfish tone resounds throughout the FE operation. Why this is, I don't know.--(DC) \$3.00 (Forced Exposure, P.O. Box 1611, Waltham, MA 02245)--Ray Maloney

GOLDMINE

Known as "the record collector's bible" for its pages upon pages of ads and auctions, discographies of sought-after artists, and plenty of helpful info for collectors. Focuses much more on mainstream and 50's-60's artists than on alternative music, but there's enough here for anybody who has a thick wallet. Obtain a free sample by writing to: (Krause Publications, 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990 715 445 2214)--Jay Hinman

HEDONIST, THE

Comic book satire starring The Sex Men and others. Reads like an unrestrained, Xeroxed version of Mad Magazine. No. 4, 20 pgs., \$1.75. (Mongos View, 3232 185th St., Torrance, CA 90504)--Jeff Grimes

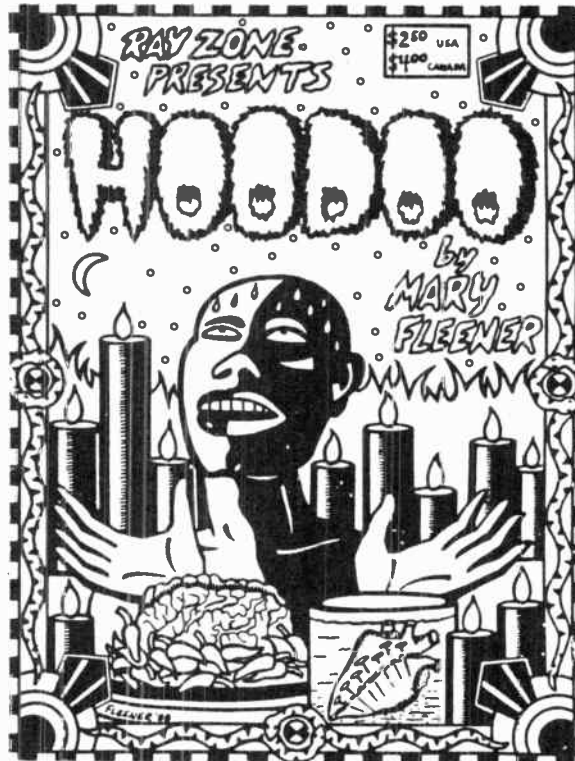
HOODOO

One of my favorite comics to come out in awhile. The stories here are taken from the writings of Zora Neale Hurston, a novelist/anthropologist, who after graduating from Barnard College, traveled the south from 1928 to 1930 in a Chevy coupe collecting folklore and documenting her travels. Along the way she researched HooDoo (American VooDoo). Mary Fleener has taken material from Hurston's work and illustrated it. Her art work and choice of material is first rate. For most of the book she uses a style that suggests wood cuts or engravings and it lends itself perfectly to the primitive and scary nature of the stories. The color cover is great. 26 pgs. \$3.50 for a signed copy. (Mary Fleener, 309 Oceanview, Encinitis, CA 92024)--Jeff Grimes

IMPROVISATION

A user-friendly primer on improvisational music subtitled "Music From the Inside Out". It is a useful guide for beginners, composers, instructors -- in fact anyone who plays or ever thought of playing an instrument. It can serve as a reprogramming guide for those who don't think they're capable of improvising or have been otherwise retarded mu-

sically by the formal music educational system. If you want to enjoy music and expand your musical vocabulary without being able to sight-read, no problem. Chase's effective exercises will allow anyone to further enjoy playing and progress with music regardless of approach. Mildred Chase has also written "At the Piano" which emphasises the "mental, emotional and sensory experi-



ence of playing rather than technique". Even though Chase's books emphasis piano, with some mention given to voice, the exercises and concepts are easily transposed to any instrument. A drink of fresh spring water in the bland polluted seas of books on musical technique. Somebody should canonize this woman. Both of her books are highly recommended. \$7.95 (Creative Arts Book Co., 833 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, CA 94710)--Darrell Jonsson

INDEPENDENT

For those who are interested in producing their own films and videos The Independent can be an invaluable source. Although much of the magazine seems to be oriented for documentary-makers, anyone who works in any motion picture format will find articles of interest. A calender of international film and video festivals is included in every issue. Also classified ads for equipment, gigs, publications, software, and funding possibilities etc.. Often there are articles by or about grass-roots organizations and

co-ops. The articles discuss how these people organize their projects on a shoe-string and search for an audience. The current issue has an article on finding and refurbishing second-hand Super 8mm film equipment. It is published monthly by the Association of Independent Video and Film Makers. The functions and services of AIVF include equipment/health insurance, and political advocacy for issues related to artistic expression. (AIVF, 625 Broadway 9th Floor, New York, NY 10012 212 473 3400)--Darrell Jonsson

KICK IT OVER

Anarchist tabloid that is less reactionary and more practical than most. Issue No. 22 has an article about the "Green River Murders," the largest serial murder case in the history of the United States. Some believe the murderer has killed as many as 100 people. The case is still unresolved and many believe the murderer, who specializes in killing black prostitutes, has moved from the Green River area of Washington state and is continuing to kill in other areas. This article alleges that the reason the case has gotten relatively little publicity outside of Washington is because the culprit may be a policeman and there has been a cover-up. Other articles are on bio-regionalism/ecology. An article on the Anarchist "Unconvention" held in Toronto last year debates whether violent protests, as happened on the fourth day of the convention, help the cause or turn off potential sympathizers. \$2.00 (Kick It Over Collective, P.O. Box 5811 Station A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W 1P2)--David Ciaffardini

LIL' RHINO GAZETTE

A zine fanatic's kind of zine complete with sideways pasteups, a couple of barely readable dot matrix pages and a good ol' fashioned pissing contest in the letters section. Overall, an enthusiastic and knowing look at the scene, not only in Texas, but nationally. Music and zine reviews, poetry, interviews, artwork, news and a sense of community that's missing from a lot of other mags. My favorite lines from the latest issue: "We're out here sporting peace signs and we can't even get along with each other. We've become an apathetic lot and our movement divided." Jeez, does that ever sound familiar...No. 11, 48 pgs., \$1.50. (P.O. Box 14139, Arlington, TX 76094-1139)--Ray Maloney

LITTLE FREE PRESS

Ernest Mann is up to number 64 in his continuing series of brilliant down-to-earth pamphlets that lay the groundwork for his dream of a "free economy"; i.e. where everyone works for free and all goods and services are available without cost. He makes surprisingly rational and clearly written arguments in support of his theory of how it would work. How to make it happen, though, is what he hasn't quite worked out, but these pamphlets are a start. In the pamphlets he relates his own experiences and ways of living. In No. 63 he tells the story of being jailed while trying to pass out his literature at a protest rally in Minnesota. In No. 64 he tells of his experiences in court. Mann is an excellent writer and very practical philosopher and observer of economics as it affects us on a day-to-day, face-to-face basis. Mann is one of those brilliant people, much like Thoreau, whose ideas and observations are right on, but because of the time and place in history he resides, is destined to be considered a crack-pot dreamer by short-sighted people of the world. Should be required reading by any economics student. An unused postage stamp will get you a copy of his latest. (Little Free Press, P.O. Box 1087, Minneapolis, MN 55458)--David Ciaffardini

LIVELY ARTS

Consistent rock zine from an editor who is a big fan of the Damned. Nice attention to graphic presentation, plenty of enthusiasm, and open-minded writers make this stand out from many publications of similar persuasion. Could be a good contact for tapping into the San Diego scene. (P.O. Box 4906, San Diego, CA 92104)--David Ciaffardini

LIVING BLUES

The premier blues magazine, published on a non-profit basis through the University of Mississippi. Lots of indepth interviews and reviews of contemporary and historical blues musicians. Simply the best blues magazine being published. \$4.00 (Living Blues, Study of Southern Culture Ctr., University, MS 38677 610 232 5993)--David Ciaffardini

LIVING FREE

Self-liberation journal with strategies for those who want a true alternative lifestyle. Tips and stories on how to live on \$120 a year, live in your van or car, find cheap land, grow your own food and basically cash out of the system. Letters and answers, unclassified ads,

and reprinted articles. Bi-Monthly. \$1.50 (Jim Stumm, P.O. Box 29, Buffalo, NY 14223)--Ray Maloney

LOGOS-BLAD

Although most of this publication is usually printed in Belgian, it is nevertheless a vital source for those interested in experimental, avant-garde music of Europe. Folks from the Logos Foundation can speak and write in English and are interested in helping other improvisors and experimental music makers make their way successfully through Europe. These people have a lot of projects going and resources to make things happen. Don't leave for Belgium without first seeing a copy of Logos-Blad. (Logos Foundation, Kongostraat 35, 9000 Gent, Belgium 091/23 80 89)--David Ciaffardini

LOWLIFE

This zine has a lot of the usual stuff--reviews and interviews, but separates itself from the rest of the pack with the caliber of its contents, a healthy irreverence and honest editorial stance. The reviews are thoughtful, without being boring or condescending and make a good reference. The interviews are interesting and give the impression that there is much more happening in Atlanta than Dominique Wilkins. There's more--like "Vectors", a troubling, gutsy story by Dee Anne Martin alluding to sex with rats and "The Puppy Burning Hoax", an explanation of a political act by David Read of the Nihilist Workers Party written by Drake Scott. No. 14, 62 pgs. \$2 6/\$10. (Lowlife, P.O. Box 8213, Atlanta, GA 30306-0213)--Jeff Grimes

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

This is essentially a monthly international newspaper for the underground rock and roll global village. The closest thing to 1960s era Rolling Stone there is, although there is no chance that these folks will sell out their soul for a chance to move to New York City for wine and cheese parties. Run as an international cooperative volunteer venture, profits accrued by the large circulation and heavy advertising are channeled back to aid the global community, providing free do-it-yourself coverage of bands, fanzines and others dedicated to doing something positive with their energy. As circulation and revenue have increased steadily, MaximumRockNRoll has lowered its advertising rates while expanding their coverage, including a recent emphasis on non-music journalism and advocacy reporting of various political and social issues of national

and international relevance. If World War III broke out tomorrow and the fanzine community were restricted to operating only one printing press to try to save the world with, I'd vote for the MaximumRockNRoll crew to take the reins because through their astounding organizational achievements they have shown the most consistency, perseverance and publishing success while steadfastly maintaining its counter-culture, community service ideals and actions. \$2.50 (Maximum Rock'N'Roll, P.O. Box 288, Berkeley, CA 94701)--David Ciaffardini

MIDI FOR MUSICIANS

If ever there was a model writer of handbooks for home-recording independent music-makers it would be Craig Anderton. Reading a Craig Anderton book is like talking to a encouraging friend who combines his own experience with a keen ear to the grapevine. He also doesn't want to see you go into debt in order to get your feet wet in a new field. He won't get you to mortgage the rest of your life for a Fairlight synthesizer, when all you really need is a Commodore 64 and a Casio. The components he reviews and discusses range from garage sale items to state-of-the-art electronics. His books are carefully structured and well written, avoiding confusion in a world full of industry and sales-floor hyperbole.

Anderton is patient enough to clarify and review music and electronic and acoustic basics before delving into more complex descriptions. Uncluttered and direct diagrams illustrate Midi Basics. All the common Midi components and features are carefully defined. Brand name sequencers, computers, keyboards etc. are reviewed in a non-nonsense manner. The historical and speculative chapters on Midi give the reader a chance to gain perspective on a rapidly changing technology so one isn't left holding a non-upgradable bargain bound for 24-hour obsolescence. The technical chapters will serve also to get those who are not quite ready to invest in Midi equipment sufficient knowledge so they may begin visualizing and thinking about Midi's possibilities and limitations. Anderton's other books; Home Recording for Musicians (soon to be revised), Electronic Projects for Musicians (do-it-yourself music electronics), Guitar Gadgets, The Digital Delay Handbook (69 applications), The Complete HR-16 and MMT-8 (covers aspects of Alesis drum machines and sequencers), are bound to save everyone who dabbles in home recording some

money and tedious hours of trial and error. \$14.95 (Music Sales Corporation, 24 East 22nd Street, New York, NY 10010)--Darrell Jonsson

MONITORING TIMES

Yes, it is possible with an appliance that costs less than \$100 to listen to at least half of the world from wherever you are. That's the beauty of shortwave radio and Monitoring Times helps you explore the basics and the nuances of the technology and its uses and pleasures.

Two of my favorite programs are John Peel's half hour and Multitrack 3 on the BBC, both featuring independent music mostly from London's progressive edges. Another good thing to do is to listen to the different news broadcasts over a course of several hours from Britain, The Netherlands, U.S.S.R., Australia, Cuba, Japan, Canada, Voice of America, Taiwan etc., observing how the different nations interpret daily events. This can be revealing, for example: V.O.A. Africa Service seems to be hinting anti-apartheid sympathies these days. V.O.A. Africa Service music programming includes R&B, Reggae and African Rock. Radio Havana often features some of the best salsa to be heard anywhere. Much of F.M. public radio seems to be modeled after the BBC and with good reason. The BBC has refined the radio documentary, news reports, radio drama/storytelling and other forms into a fine art. From my experience, the BBC is listenable throughout the South-west U.S., Scandinavia, Southern Europe and Mexico. The sun never sets on the BBC and for anglophiles offers a chance to tune in to their international intelligence network. On the West Coast many Asian Broadcasts can be heard. It is not unusual to be able to hear modern or traditional Asian music. Korea has English broadcasts that include documentaries on Korean culture and folklore. The list goes on; one person can't listen to everything.

I wish that I would have known about Monitoring Times when I started listening to shortwave. The recent issue contains articles on how to tune in to Zaire, and on the U.S. Military. Also articles on how to build no-cost antennas; how to convert cheap surplus aviation radios into high performance S.W. radios; where the real bargains are in bargain-basement shortwaves (without being afraid to call a rip-off a rip-off), how to start a FM radio station; status

of pirate radio stations currently on the air and how to turn children away from the T.V. and onto radio. Monitoring Times has a S.W. radio guide section, sort of like a Universal T.V. Guide, that includes Australian (their New Guinea Service broadcasts in Pigdin are a real treat), British, Netherlands, Taiwanese and other S.W. radio stations.

This is a friendly magazine free of hi-



fi snobism that would intimidate the entry level or casual radio enthusiast. It manages to do this while also including plenty of practical information for the high end S.W. Listener, Ham Operator, T.V. Satellite amateur etc.. Also, remember the shortwave radio is an endless source of interesting noise, oscillations, exotic languages etc. for music concrete/noise compositions. \$2.00 (Monitoring Times, P.O. Box, St Paul, MN 28902)--Darrell Jonsson

MOTORBOOTY #3

One of the best reads around--too bad their Robert Williams interview came out after Forced Exposure's massive all-encompassing chat w/ him did, but valuable Halo of Flies and Ramones (!) discussions make it quite worth your while. Also Barry Hensler's macho-man description of the amazing Mudhoney and loads of comics, etc. Get. (Motorbooty, P.O. Box 7944, Ann Arbor, MI 48107)--Jay Hinman

MURDER CAN BE FUN

This month's cover girl is a smiling Karen Carpenter. Inside is the story of her rise and demise, a guide to crime books and of course much more. No. 10, 30 pgs., \$1. (Johnny Marr, P.O. Box 640111, San Francisco, CA 94109)--Jeff Grimes

OFFBEAT

Radio station program guide with articles and record reviews. In Vol. 3, No. 12, members of Tangerine Dream reveal that 70 percent of the music presented at their live performances is pre-recorded. (CFUV FM 105.1, P.O. Box 1700, Victoria, B.C., Canada V8W 2Y2 604-721-8702)--David Ciaffardini

OFFENSE NEWSLETTER

Head honcho at an independent record label recently remarked to me that even after about a decade in the business he couldn't figure out what elements it took to make an independent record label be considered hip and happening among the independent alternative rock music buyers and promoholics. His label had been riding high some years back, but has declined in popularity and sales in recent years. I didn't offer an answer, but I imagine the contributors to this age-old fanzine could spout off theories and cheers and relate concert experiences for hours explaining what separates hip from trendy and what it takes for a band to be relegated to the top of the Offense's annual readers' poll. Top four albums for 1988 the readers chose records by Dinosaur Jr., Big Dipper, Sonic Youth and Beat Happening. If this sounds hip to you, send a dollar and read all about it and tune into the my-favorite-band-is-better-than-your-favorite-band mentality. (Offense Newsletter, The, P.O. Box 12614, Columbus, OH 43212)--David Ciaffardini

ON SITE

A straight-forward, easy-reading rock zine with its ear to the New York scene. No. 6 features an interview with Live Skull's Tom Paine, where, among other things, he says he may have to bring a lawsuit against Homestead Records/Dutch East India to extract money he alleges is owed to his band. (Bob Bannister, 230 W. 105th St. #5C, New York, NY 10027)--David Ciaffardini

OVO CASSETTE ENGINE

This is a package of collage art, postcards, stickers and a cassette. The visu-

al stuff here is good, particularly the collages, and has an edge to it that distinguishes it from similar material. Fine visual ideas and a kind of purposeful electronic experimentation, repetitive rhythms with some layered vocals. The artist prefers participation in his projects and this would be a good place for newcomers to start, as most of the text is an explanation of his goals and synopsis of past projects. 24 pgs \$6 cash/postal MO. (Other publications are also available here.) (Trevor, P.O. Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061)--Jeff Grimes

POCKETFUL OF MIRRORS

A collection of art, prose and poetry on heavy stock by a group of talented folks. 74 pgs. \$4.00 (Pocketful of Mirrors, P.O. Box 3680, Minneapolis, MN 55403)--Jeff Grimes

PRINTER'S DEVIL

A grassroots how-to for lovers of the printed word in all its forms. Valuable graphic arts tips on everything from letterpress and screen printing to desktop publishing on IBM and Macintosh computers. If you're a complete printing novice it might be tough to understand how grinding your own press rollers can rival the kick of making your own fine wines, but that's love of craft for you. Reviews, arcanum, and helpful odds and ends. Definitely good stuff. No. 5, 22 pages, stapled, free on request. (Printer's Devil, P.O. Box 135, Harrison, ID 83833-0135)--R. Maloney

PUNCTURE

An intelligently written/laid out magazine of music and the arts. The Fall 1988 issue covers a lot of ground, from features on David Thomas of Pere Ubu and the Northwest music scene to interviews with Michelle Shocked and Billy Bragg to a review of "Libra," Don DeLillio's new novel about the life and major mistakes of Lee Harvey Oswald. Reviews and more, all well researched and with a wealth of good background info. No. 16, 64 pgs.. \$2.25 (Puncture, 1556 Filbert #3, San Francisco, CA 94123)--Ray Maloney

RAP ATTACK

A description of the Rap and Hip Hop scene in it's full historic context. Rap's relation to the African Griot (Epic Poets), Afro-american poetry, R&B, Electro-Funk, Scratch, Reggae, Go Go etc.. A fascinating insight into the development and contribution of a populist urban cultural form that became one of the most influential styles of the '80s.

(Pluto Press, P.O. Box 199, Leichhardt N.S.W., Australia 2040)--Darrell Jons-son

REALITY HACKERS

When you are ready to expand your consciousness, blow your mind, trip out, fry, or try any combination of methods to hack away at consensus reality, this magazine is here to aid and abet. Be it magic mushrooms, LSD, the latest designer vitamins, electronic brain stimulators, or sacred music, you'll find it discussed in these slick, glossy pages. A friend who knows chemistry much better than I says that much of the information and designer drug cheerleading contained in the pages is irresponsible and could lead to dangers and side effects that Reality Hackers writers tend to ignore or are unaware of. This cavalier attitude in the "Just Say No" era is both exciting and bothersome--kind of like drugs. The latest, Issue No. 6, is the "special music and consciousness issue" where you can join the editors as they contemplate psychedelic aspects spanning the realm from David Hykes Harmonic Choir, to Sun Ra to Blue Oyster Cult and Judas Priest. Editors seem oblivious to the fact that much of today's most psychedelic music is happening in the cassette underground. \$5.00 (High Frontiers, P.O. Box 40271, Berkeley, CA 94704 415-845-9018 995 2606)--David Ciaffardini

REPEAL OF DECORUM

A thrice yearly program guide for radio station WRPI, this includes articles, reviews and news. Vol. 3, No. 3 includes features on Cassette Culture, improviser Bobby Previte, and acoustics of Troy Music Hall. Subscriptions are free and back issues are available for two postage stamps each. (WRPI FM 91.5, 1 WRPI Plaza, Troy, NY 12180-3590 518-266-6248)--David Ciaffardini

ROCKET

Great looking 'zine covering American/Australian/English etc. rock and roll like Cosmic Psychos, Soul Asylum etc. I'd like it even more if I could read Belgian, for that is the language Rocket speaks. No one at Sound Choice headquarters can either, so that is all, thank you. (Goldfish, P.O. Box 1, Hoboken, Belgium 2710)--Jay Hinman

SAFE COMIX

Despite my cynicism--believing that the editors of this Christian publication are conscious of the fact that old iconoclast Robert Crumb's name on the cover would lure some comic book heathens

to investigate a mag they would normally pass by, I liked this mag more than I thought I would. There is the usual material on lost souls being saved, but more--like a visually wild interpretation of the crucifixion by Chris Yambar and a satirical strip by Joel Kauffman. Using the Crumb piece and other challenging comix shows that they aren't afraid to laugh at themselves, which separates them from similar publications. My biggest complaint is that most of the material is old, aren't there any new things happening in the world of divine comic art? 1, 64 pgs. \$2.50 + \$1 postage. (Graphic Graphix, 3833 1/2 Mahoning Ave., Youngstown, OH 44515)--Jeff Grimes

SCHISM

Janet Janet's anagrammatic shorts make a valid comment about the yin and yang of it all. Nos. 19 and 20, \$.25 stamp per copy. (Schism, 2813 Folsom, San Francisco, CA 94110)--Ray Maloney

SECONDS

Coverage of bands in this newspaper-style New York 'zine ranges from The Mentors to Public Enemy to Nikki Sudden. They seem to be trying to reach out to the lowest common denominator in the reading audience: lots of major-label metal band interviews; questions like "What's the best way to drug a chick?" and "Is long hair still a statement?" and an inane hype piece on the equally inane Serial Killers. Pretty sad when the best thing in here is Baboon Dooley. \$1.75 (Seconds, P.O. Box 2553, Stuyvesant Sta., New York, NY 10009 212 260 0481)--Jay Hinman

SEMIOTEXT[E] USA

"We are amazed. We are not bored." It would take pages to describe the contents of this book and it deserves the space. It's a huge collection of American ideas, musings and ravings from a diverse group of intellectuals, artists and madmen. This is high octane for your brain's internal combustion engine. Out of favoritism, I turned immediately to William S. Burroughs' piece called Sects and Death, here is the first sentence--"I postulate that the function of art and all creative thought is to make us aware of what we know and don't know that we know." It was a good place to start. Special mention goes to Sue Ann Harkey the design editor. 352 pgs., \$16 per volume (3 issues) \$14 for students with current ID, \$32 for institutions, add \$4 per volume outside U.S. and Canada. (First printing has sold out, and the second printing, delayed for

several months is about to be released.--DC) (Semiotext[e], 522 Philosophy Hall, New York, NY 10027 812-824-2400)--Jeff Grimes

SHARK FETISH

If the thought of sharks gets you excited and stories of shark attacks hold a strange fascination or if you just plain think sharks are frighteningly groovy creatures that you are in awe of, this is a place to link up with like-minded folks who welcome the submission of shark related clippings, anecdotes, and related info that they are very likely to include in future issues of this low budget sporadic newsletter with teeth. 32 pgs. 75 cents. (P.O. Box 782, Venice, CA 90291)--David Ciaffardini

SHATTERED WIG REVIEW

A twisted collection of short prose, poetry and collage art. Number 2 opens with, "Why I Like Baltimore" by Jack Rice, a scary and telling journey to a Baltimore donut shop that would make John Waters wax nostalgic for his bizarre hometown. What follows is a collection of work that sees the modern world through a pair of glasses that you'd like to take off, but you're afraid you might miss something. No. 2, 69 pgs., \$2. (Shattered Wig Prod., 3322 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, MD 21218)--Jeff Grimes

SLIMETIME

Get the scoop on slimy movies from a guy who knows, Steve Puchalski. In his eight page newsletter, Steve reviews the movies that Rex Reed forgot to. He's like the friend whose opinion about movies you always trust. Faster Pussycat Kill! Kill!, Blood of Ghastly Horror, World Gone Wild, The Black Six, 200 Motels. No. 21, 8 pgs. \$.50. \$0.50 (Slimetime, 1108 E. Genesee St. #103, Syracuse, NY 13210)--Jeff Grimes

SONGTALK

"The songwriter's newspaper." OK, this is geared towards songwriting, but if you're interested in music or musicians in any way, forget Rolling Stone and get a copy of this. To be frank, I'm not that interested in Brian Wilson's music, but there is an interview in here with him that I couldn't put down. It gave an insightful view into a creative and troubled artist. In general, the dialogue with the artists in this paper is head and shoulders above the rest. There seems to be a compelling quest here, to get at the bottom of the elusive creative force. Paul Zollo, a songwriter/musician, is the editor and driving force behind Song

Talk and I couldn't think of anyone better to be behind the wheel. Other interviews featured in this issue include Exene Cervenka, Eugene Landy, Hank Ballard, Janis Ian, Judy Collins and Yma Sumac. Other issues have included Joey Ramone, Willie Dixon and Pete Seeger. Vol 2, Issue 9, 39 pgs. (Academy of Songwriters, P.O. Box 6381, Hollywood, CA 90028)--Jeff Grimes

STICK DETERMINATION

A "jam" of various artists illustrating their different versions of a "Circus of Sin". It says on the cover--"for adult scumbags only" and I agree. Interesting art though, reminds me of the early Snatch comics that Crumb, S. Clay and the rest of the boys were putting out in an undisguised attempt to subvert our American morals. 16 pgs., \$2. (Dolphin-Moon Press, P.O. Box 22262, Baltimore, MD 21203)--Jeff Grimes

STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPENING

Another case of a magazine that has a lot of effort put into it, but doesn't seem to have a focus. Perhaps it should be called "Strange Things Happened", as almost the entire magazine consists of dredging up the past: mostly sixties stuff (Little Feat, Tiny Tim, Nirvana.) This would be alright if they had something new to add, but they usually don't. For instance the cover story on Barbarella, despite nice shots of a young Jane Fonda, is just a plot summary of the movie. The reviews are good, but the world has enough of those already. There is an interesting article by deceased folk singer Phil Ochs about deceased martial arts star Bruce Lee and another on the history of country rock. In the middle of all this exhuming, is an article on the very contemporary author Kathy Acker where she explains her technique of plagiarism. Strange things are happening. Vol 1, No 3, 48 pgs. 1 pound 50. (Strange Things Are Happening, P.O. Box 263, St. Albans Herts, U.K. AL13NG)--Jeff Grimes

TRANSNATIONAL PERSPECTIVES

This is an international periodical, published three times a year, written in English, that upholds the philosophy that we can solve the world's problems by taking a global, rather than national perspective on things. The editorial board is made up of scholars and intellectuals from various parts of the world. Every few issues they run reviews of cassettes of various genres including the kinds of things covered in Sound

Choice. Cassette networker Robin James is a frequent contributor. (Transnational Perspective, Case Postale 161, 1211 Geneve 16, Switzerland)--David Ciaffardini

WEST VIRGINIA SURF REPORT

Get's this issue's Most Misleading Title Award but also provided some of the biggest laughs. The surf is never mentioned but there are sick jokes about new unreported diseases (Creeping Bisquit Clots, for example), a brief and twisted history of the mag, and a lunatic short story called "If Hell Had A Bake Sale." Funny stuff from a zine that bills itself as "More Popular Than Jesus Alou." It'd be great if there were more of it, but being genuinely entertaining is hard work so I'll just be thankful for this double-sided puke green sheet of insanity. Send the editor, Jeff, a stamp (and maybe a bar of coconut Sex Wax) for a copy. (West Virginia Surf Report, P.O. Box 77027, Greensboro, NC 27417-7027)--Ray Maloney

WHY MUCUS SLACKS #4

Ego exercise for the frustrated and bored armchair "rock critic" or a relevant discussion about the whys and hows of music? I think I'll go with the former-- Why Mucus Slacks is the 4th edition of Why Music Sucks, a roundtable discussion about everything musical. People just like you and me, i.e., anyone can participate by sending in their comments. But I don't see that you'd accomplish a single thing by doing so. Its only use is to help find out which "critics" not to trust (Chuck Eddy, gawd), and to see that no, we still haven't reached agreement about what's good and what's bad. So why bother? (Frank Kogan, 3352 A 26th St., San Francisco, CA 94110)--Jay Hinman

YOUR FLESH #14

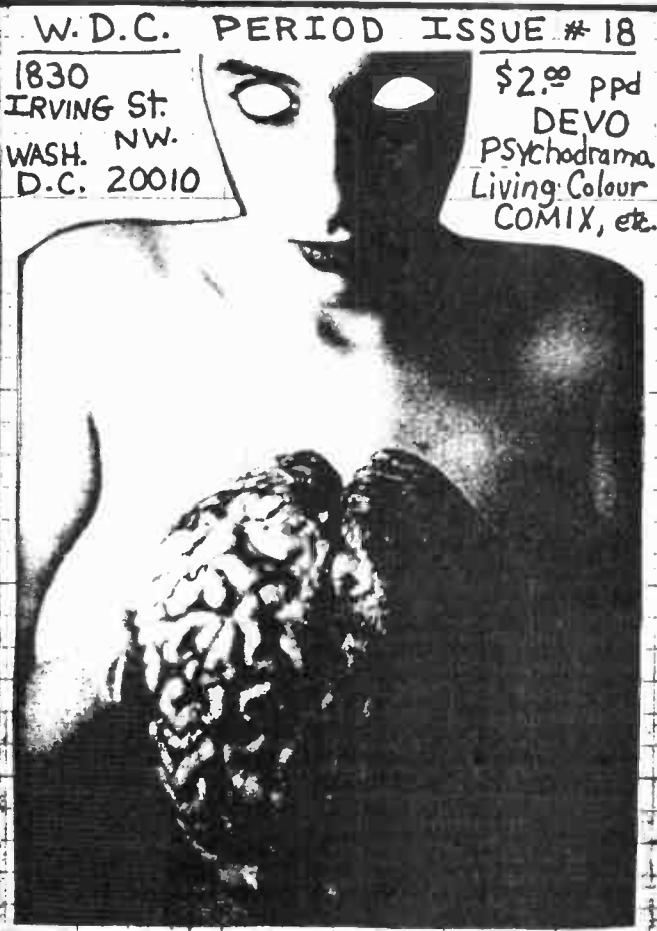
This 'zine is so much better than I ever remember it being that I checked to see if there was a new editor--nope, Peter Davis is still there. Lots of pictures, good graphics, interview w/ Jeff Dahl, Killdozer European tour diary, Husker Du retrospective and some bonafied all-star writers like Coley, Stigliano and more. New hard, glossy cover too--I think you'd approve. (Your Flesh, P.O. Box 2683, Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402)--Jay Hinman

Where are you coming from? If you contact one of the publications listed here, let them know you heard about them from Sound Choice. Thanks!

3900G 7" EP
ONLY \$3.00 CASH PLEASE
 SEND TO: **WALKY**
 ADMIN. 7711 LISA LN
 TALES N. SYRACUSE
 ONLY \$3.00 N.Y. 13212
 T-Shirts \$6.00 DEAD
 ASK FOR CATALOG! **JUVY**



W.D.C. PERIOD ISSUE #18
 1830 IRVING ST. NW.
 WASH. D.C. 20010
 \$2.00 ppd
 DEVO
 PSYCHODRAMA
 Living Colour
 COMIX, etc.




\$7.99 LP or Cassette

Warning

This record contains
 vulgarity that some
 people might find
 offensive.

Not for sale to
 persons under 18.

Black & Blue Records

Send For Catalog

Black & Blue Records

Suite 152

400D Putnam Pike

Smithfield, RI 02917

G G ALLIN

Always Was, Is and Always Shall Be
 Reissue of 1st LP with

6 Extra Cuts Previously Available Only on Singles
 Includes "Gimme Some Head"

Huge Bastards
 1st Cassette
 46min - \$6
 2nd Cassette
 60min - \$8
 Send Cash;
 I.V.E.R.S.
 520 Jefferson St #8
 Hoboken NJ 07030



WOLFCAMIONS



SUNS

FARCED


Farced. Peter Prescott and his fabled Volcano Suns bring their piledriving, juggernaut of sound to Lawndale Rock City...with a sound as thick as a single volume encyclopedia and hooks that catch well more than the limit allows. Listen as Brother Superior, Laff Riot and 11 more blinding tracks let the Suns shine in. SST 210 (LP/CA \$7.50; CD \$13.00)

Make check or money order payable in U.S. funds to SST Records P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260
 Visa, Mastercard, & C.O.D. can call SST mail order (213) 835-5810
 Call the SST Hotline (213) 835-4955 for gen info

baby sue

MAGAZINE OF VIOLENT, SADISTIC HUMOR
 4 issue subscription \$8.00
 T-shirt \$8.00

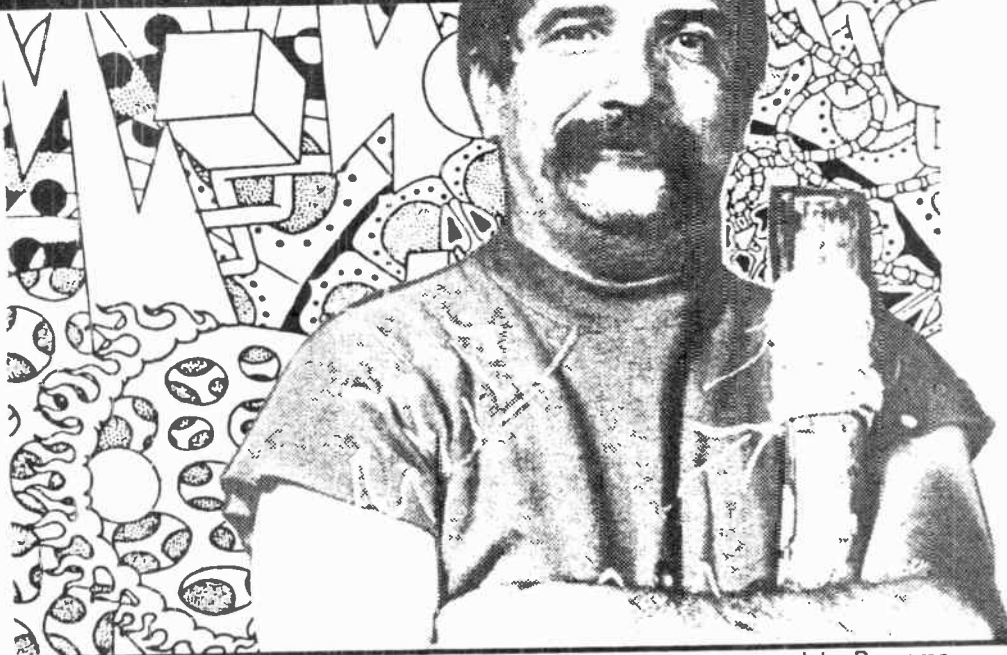
Cash or Check made to "Cash" to:
 BABY SUE
 P.O. BOX 1111
 DECATUR, GA 30031-1111
 (404) 288-2073
 SEND STAMP FOR FREE SAMPLE ISSUE



Avant-garde/Experimental

AGOG: *Sketches C*

Wonderful scrambled and looped source fades in and out "The statue of liberty is putting on a coat." Followed by something trying to get out of the speaker, twisting and wrenching the speakers, this turns sort of wet then gurgles, [bang!] we are in a rowdy French crowd at a parade, there is a stringed music box being twanged, someone is bowing something. Then it's on a gravel road, all alone dragging through pebbles. Fade in the radio, short wave and single sideband, this is supplemented with (maybe) Bugs Bunny's voice from a cartoon, just a hint. Gee this is deep space now, and then we fade to the sound of a long long wire being twacked and shaken. This is just the first few minutes, it gets more. Great cover, in color, recorded at home. (Damon Bisciglia, 19241 Kenya St., Northridge, CA 91326)—Robin James



John Bergamo

Photo by Steve Gunther

AMADINDA PERCUSSION

GROUP: *Amadinda Percussion Group*
CD

Amadinda is Hungary's first professional percussion ensemble and their debut recording includes a fine and eclectic program of contemporary music including John Cage's "Second Construction," the first recording of Reich's version of "Piano Phase" for two marimbas, works by two very fine young Hungarian composers, Istvan Marta and Laszlo Sary, plus three ragtime numbers and two traditional African pieces. Their version of "Piano Phase" is quite revealing with the more mellow, velvety timbre of the marimbas standing in contrast to the more strident, brilliant, even more percussive sounds of the piano. Unfortunately, Amadinda plows through "Piano Phase" in mere 12 minutes, when the work should actually last nearly twice that long. More time is required to linger and absorb each module and relish the gradual phase process. Marta's "Doll's House Story" is a highly energized fantasia for percussion and synthesizer. Though some repetitive techniques are employed, more important are the tremendous flurries of vitriolic, barely contained energy. "Pebble Playing in a Pot" for mallet percussion by Sary is close in spirit and tenor to Reich's work, though even more mellow and euphonious. Cage's piece serves as a contrast, with its irregular rhythms and unusual timbres, including

prepared piano. The African pieces with their polyrhythms and marvelous sonorities are simply delightful, full of verve and vitality, though I found G.H. Green's rags rather like the music one would hear in an old-fashioned arcade, a rather incongruous inclusion. (Qualiton, 39-28 Crescent St., Long Island City, NY 11101)—Dean Suzuki

ANDRIESEN, LOUIS: *Golven* LP
Andriessen provided the score to the film "Golven (Waves) by Annette Apon. Being music for film, Andriessen wrote in a traditional, conservative manner. There are unmistakable allusions to one of Stravinsky's best works from the '60s, *Requiem Canticles*, in the flute and harp writing. However, things are quite eclectic. When the piano enters, its music has an affinity with pop music, and finally, the two, Stravinsky and pop, are layered one over the other in a very convincing way. "De Oude Schoole" is a very brief number that saunters along casually with very clear allusions to Chuck Berry style rock and roll. This is probably as close to "Memphis" as Andriessen will ever get. Other pieces have dance rhythm, such as "Kleren Passen" which is a mournful tango performed by a full ensemble. (Attacca Records, Oudezijds Voorburgwal 225-227, 1012 EX Amsterdam, Holland)—Dean Suzuki

BERGAMO, JOHN: *On The Edge* CD/LP

An eclectic set of percussion based works by one of Southern California's maestros of the avant-garde. The pieces generally have a jazz throb often being played on a variety of obscure oriental and invented percussion. Bergamo's approach to percussion stretches beyond creating beautiful and complex rhythms. The added efforts yield techniques and sounds that expand the melodic vocabulary of the instruments used. The end results are surprising lyrical. Some of the pieces i.e., "The Sirene of..." and "Whatever" include the direct participation of the sound engineer as co-improviser/electronic musician. This recording represents a wide spectrum of musical and artistic vocabulary. It runs a full gamut of meditative, danceable, modern/abstract and fourth world modes while remaining enjoyably integrated. The recording, whose instrumentation includes jew's harps, chopsticks, bamboo skewers, tympani, gongs, pieces of metal etc., will likely be of most interest to those with interests in the extended use of percussion and expertly executed modern 4th world musics. (CMP Records (USA), 115 W. 72nd St. Ste. 706, New York, NY 10023)—Darrell Jonsson

BOBS, THE: *My I'm Large LP*

The Bobs are an ingenious, very hip a cappella quartet with one female and three males. This album is terrific. Their bizarre and off-the-wall sense of humor is very much in tact. The melodies and harmonies by Richard "Bob" Green and Gunnar "Bob" Madsen are very clever. The singing is wonderful, though never slick, which coupled with their brand of avant pop makes this record not to be missed. Several cuts were recorded live in concert or (nearly) live in the studio, capturing dynamism, immediacy and intimacy. (Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, CA 94109 414-885-5006)—Dean Suzuki

BUILDING BALANCED**CHILDREN: *Sampler C***

Live radio show with lots o' tapes, records, etc. mixed live during broadcast and mixed by Paul Hawkins and Wayne Morris. This being a "best of" tape featuring dense and surreal audio tapestry and sonic sculpture. Lots of obscure audio source material as well as sound effects and TV/radio evangelists are looped, multi-tracked, and played on top of each other. Highly intriguing—especially since they seem to make little or no "original" material but make the whole thing seem original. Real neat stuff. (Current Address Needed, Address Needed)—Dan Fioretti

CAGE, JOHN: *Etudes Astrales LP*

Wergo, along with labels including Mode and others, has made a strong commitment to music of our century, and that of John Cage in particular in their new "Edition John Cage," despite some real financial risks. They present here, for the first time, the complete *Etudes Astrales* for piano as performed by Grete Sultan. Wergo has obtained the rights to the idealistic and now defunct Tomato Records catalog of works by Cage and is re-issuing them. However, *Etudes Astrales*, as recorded by Tomato, consisted only of Books 1 and 2. Sultan went back into the studio and recorded Books 3 and 4 which complete the set and all are now available in this monumental four-record set. With a score derived from star maps and the I Ching, *Etudes Astrales* is a quintessentially Cageian work. The effect is much like Stockhausen's *Klavierstücke*, with pointillistic textures and ever changing dynamics demanding the utmost in pianistic precision and incisiveness, though Cage's work tends to be less busy. No easy listening this, one must muster a certain mettle to make his/her way through an entire attentive listening of

this grand opus, but the rewards can be liberating. (Wergo, 3364 Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90034)—Dean Suzuki

CAHEN, FRANCOIS "FATON":***Tendre Piano Solo LP***

From a former member of Magma and Zao, groups that really stretched out and explored the outer reaches of music, we find unexpectedly, an album of lovely solo piano (Yamaha electric grand). Cahen manages to rise above the flood of New Age cliché ridden, smarmy crud by employing a rich harmonic palette and a more aggressive, sometimes tough, and rhythmically activated stance, manifesting the impact of his tenure with the aforementioned groups, not to mention Stravinsky. In this regard, Cahen balances the sweetness of the music. Perhaps not a great album, but an undeniably listenable and enjoyable one. (Wayside Music, P.O. Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906 301 587-6047)—Dean Suzuki

CAMPAU, NICOLE:***Old Guard, The C***

Fun solo debut from Nicole Campau, who, at 12, seems to be the world's youngest home taper. Altho' the tape is short (about 10 minutes) it is a promising debut, presenting Nicole in a number of different styles, including rap, folk, electronic, and multi-tracked spoken word pieces. At times, this all sounds like one o' the candidates for the "Cute Tape of The Year" award, other times are more avant-garde. Nicole's pretty and pleasant vocalizing is one thing that makes this tape enjoyable to listen to, another thing is her songwriting, especially the Daniel Johnston-influenced "I Hope You Listen Well." (Lonely Whistle Music, P.O. Box 23952, San Jose, CA 95153 408-578-4151)—Dan Fioretti

CATHAM, PETER: *A Man's Mouth LP*

Catham is a vocal stylist of interesting range and great originality. I suppose some forebears might be: Captain Beefheart, for deranged rhythmic vitality; and Brian Wilson, for insouciant playfulness with the commonplace. Here all lyrics are delivered with an accelerated and repetitive campiness that disconnects them from any real tradition. The percussive distortions and synth-drums, the jerks and swoops of the vocal lines, all undermine the potential Tom Wait seriousness of a lot of the material, yet without substituting for it a one-dimensional humor. Every song, though

bizarrely performed, remains mysterious, emotionally unresolved. It's as if Catham's loopy, engaging style placed multiple quotation marks around most of the lyrics. Even lines that would be funny if delivered straight are made enigmatic. All the words are printed on a cardboard enclosure. Although you'd be hard-pressed to understand a large proportion of the words by simply listening, it's also true that not all of these songs benefit from familiarity with their lyric content. At first guess, I'd say that the "normal" lines that make the most "sense" in print go into the less successful songs. From one of my favorites: "Why, here it's pushy/ one exerting event/After another/A fast 52 days/ Make a year/But meanwhile.../ The guh-the-the's are drinking/Sour milk, and digging it." An unusual, intriguing, energetic effort. (Permission, P.O. Box 73, Pasadena, CA 91102)—Thomas Frick

CHADBOURNE, EUGENE:***My New Life C***

Here's the concept: gonzo audio journalism, mostly taping live shows, but then heck, it's all cut up between events, some acoustic guitar, some electrified. Hear "God Made Country Music," "Funny How Time Slips Away," "The Parade," "Secret of the Cooler," "Ghosts," "Big Boys With Little Balls" "Ballad of Eugene," "Minimonk Medley," "Stardust," "TV Party" "Ten Most Wanted List," "Dang Me," lots more. Yes, the rake too is on this. Certainly entertaining, not anything more technical than some cassette recorder kinda near the stage or the p.a. speaker, it's all audible, but it's not all greased up in the multitrack fancy pants recording style. Just talent. Unusual packaging, the whole thing looks like a giant foot and a half long joint. (Eugene Chadbourne, 2306 Sherwood St., Greensboro, NC 27403)—Robin James

CHOCOLAK, MICHAEL: *Latest Models, The C*

Odd sounds to hear made using some musical instruments and actual high-tech, muscle-board sampler work. There is no beat, no rhythm machine sounds, none. More like wordless poems rather than songs. Nice recording palate, from kitchen noises to light jazz/acoustic space music with something going on in the foreground, like a theatrical sequence of unclear implied activity, opening doors, ice cubes in a glass, daily life noises. Some dry warm flute presence on two songs, lots of interesting sounds assembled into songs: Al-

chera, Omens of Departure, Mechanical Beach, RUNESEquence, 1 to 999, Rm 264, Fossils of the Future, The Red Shoes, "smooth the dying pillow". (M & M Music, Rt 1, Box 55, Cove, OR 97824)—Robin James

CHUCK:

Eskatology-Pgs/Renovation C

This is a fine example of combining music and just sounds with voices from movies and barnyards to make a mystery (what the heck is going on?) thriller (it's sort of scary and sinister). It's the horror story with no blood that keeps you guessing, the pigs sorta add comic relief. It's told in bits and pieces by using clips from movies, very short word sequences, imbedded with moody collages of looped old music and the beasts, breathing and grunting. (Upheaval, P.O. Box 4326, Greensboro, NC 27404)—Robin James

tures a mutated variation from the "Dance Of the Sugar Plum Fairies" from "The Nutcracker." Elsewhere, deadpan narratives "The Mind" and "Computer" are set to post-modern musical landscapes, the former is particularly surrealistic. But are they supposed to be "funny"? Real neat stuff, nonetheless. Clinger is a really neat cassette artist. You must write him about his tapes, soonest! (Bovine Productions, 1012 E Carson St #3, Pittsburgh, PA 15203)—Dan Fioretti

DE BROS, VICTOR: *Kulu Hatha Mamnu* LP

Swiss composer de Bros creates an unusual, if not unique alternative musical vision. His very strange musical brew partakes of contemporary classical elements, experimentalism, jazz, pseudo-third world exoticism, and a bit of RIO, though, in toto, it sounds like nothing

I've heard before. There are odd bleatings doppler effects, rumblings, treated percussion, and other unidentifiable sounds in "Nuit Blanche;" distant tribal chants and colorful percussion in "Homo Sapience;" and a meeting of East and West, with spicy, modal clarinet melodies, gypsy-like violins, blurring trombones, hand drums, unusual metal percussion, and ethereal women's voices in the title track.

In addition to original material, there are idiosyncratic cover versions of works by Lars Homler, Marc Hollander, and even Beethoven. Though the album sounds as if there is an abundance of digital sampling and electronically generated sounds, the fact is that most of the music is acoustic. Rather than employing electronics, de Bros has used various hunter's bird and animal calls, kitchen utensils (played as percussion by a real chef in "Cuisine"), and other even more unorthodox sound producing media with very clever tape manipulations.

Definitely worth investigating. Limited edition of 300, so hurry. (Studio Mensch, Poste 2, CH-2013 Colombier (NE), Switzerland)—Dean Suzuki

DE MAREZ, CAS: *A Lay-Out For Desire C*

This tape is the soundtrack to a video featuring a single work by vocalist Cas de Marez utilizing a wide array of vocal techniques that bring the work of Cathy Berberian to mind. In turn, the music sounds somewhat dated (a statement of observation rather than criticism). Marez' are not quite extended vocal techniques, but they are right at the cusp. There is plenty of wailing, moaning, grumbling, and stuttering, deftly executed by Marez, though there are none of the oral gymnastics or glottal tricks that one associates with the extended vocal repertoire. (Time Based Arts, Bloemgracht 121, 1016 KK Amsterdam, Holland)—Dean Suzuki

DIMURO, DINO: *High School Football Game C*

Excellent six-song cassette mini-album from Dimuro whose compositional skills have matured considerably since his excellent debut *Trouble At The Mutual Admirations Society*. His work on Steven Spielberg's "Batteries Not Included" and the Judge Rhinehold film "Vice Versa" have kept him too busy to make a full-length tape, but so what. Dimuro's new polyphonic synth sounds great on such ditties as "When the Quality Drops (apologies to Eno)" and "High School Football Game." As a reviewer noted in an egregious review of *Mutual Admiration Society*, this tape features "rapid Chromatic ostenati" as well as fast bits on the synth. "The March of Howard's Deli" is particularly awesome, featuring sharp keyboard assaults punctuated by bright percussion accents, constantly shifting melodic themes and dense but playful rhythmic structures. Definitely worth owning. (Dimurotapes, 578 N. Gower, Los Angeles, CA 90004 213-464-1928)—Dan Fioretti

DIMURO, DINO: *Rivalry Insanity C30*

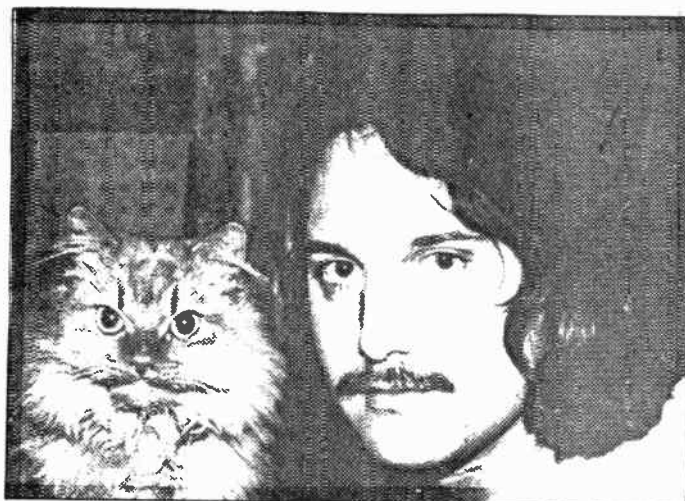
DiMuro is a highly enjoyable artist who does excellent music with keyboards and guitars, both of which he plays excellently. Tunes such as "Spooky Stuff Your Head Can't Comprehend" and "On Friday Night In Westwood The Assholes Come Out" are excellently crafted ditties featuring austere lyrical and instrumental twists. As far as muzickal influences go, the instrumen-



Eugene Chadbourne relaxes at home.

CLINGER, KEN: *KC I C*

Early works by weird-storyteller Ken Clinger. Not as "polished" (or semi-polished) as later tapes, and without any help from Catfish, Belinda Subraman or Mike Tetrault, in fact it's mostly instrumental—more accurately, mostly textural: spacey soundscapes and odd instrumentation abound. "Octopus's Garden," for instance, set the Beatles' tune to modal flutes (synthesized) and minimal percussive effects and an oddly menacing bass line over which Clinger intones the lyrics. Similarly, "Liberation" fea-



Dino DiMuro

tal "Laundromat," with its multiple guitar leads and dissonant, stop-time melody line sounds more than a little like Captain Beefheart. "Santa Clause Lives in '84" has vocals and witty asides recalling the Residents. The Chipmunks are directly parodied, but no Zappa influences are heard, at least by this reporter. An excellent tape. (DiMuro-Tapes, 578 N. Gower, Los Angeles, CA 90004 213-464-1928)—Dan Fioretti

DOLDEN, PAUL: *Sonarchy C90*
This is truly amazing electroacoustic music with a staggering intensity and density achieved through digital recording techniques and a strong reliance upon acoustic sounds that one would not suspect from the final product. Nuances meld or contrast and evolve into dynamic textures that stake out new sonic territories. Although he uses computer generated sounds it is his manipulation of acoustic sounds that is stunning. Dolden uses techniques like close miking in a dead acoustical space, microtonal tunings, and very extensive multi-tracking of up to 280 tracks of a given instrument at a certain point to create a sonic palette that almost defies the laws of physics it is built upon. The gleaming razor of the cutting edge. This was released as a very limited edition so don't wait around to make your move. \$11.75 (Underwhich Editions, P.O. Box 2162, Adelaide Stn, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5C 2J4)—Michael Chocholak

FIORETTI, DAN:
Re-Inventing the Cube C
Elektrik keyboards, tapes, with side one crammed with lots of songs, two crammed with one song. Some titles: "Alien Intervention Theme," "Agatha

Christie Gets Trapped in a Haunted House" "The Toxic Waste Family At Lunch," "Bela Lugosi Lives," "Night of the Living Infirmid," "Test of Wills," "Cole Slaw as Post-Nasal Drip of the Beltway." Hand-colored program notes, drawings of cubes in the form of dice, rubix, people's heads, houses, spaceships, buildings. Lots of collage interruptions, some melodic episodes, lots of sounds soaked in effects. (Dan Fioretti, 312 Third Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904 201-249-0761)—Robin James

FIORETTI, DAN:
Jane Fonda's Cookout C
Long involved complicated collage fun, all sorts of things come out of the speakers, like organ drones, voices from the TV, rambling instrumentals, "mutant pop for post modernists who can't wait." Some titles: Show Me Where Your Clothes Are, The Anti-Tuna, The Unlisted Number of the Beast, Remember, The Water Turns Purple, More Mayonaise. (Dan Fioretti, 312 Third Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904 201-249-0761)—Robin James

FLUE: Vista LP
An eclectic avant pop band whose music incorporates elements of the third world, Peter Gordon and the Love of Life Orchestra type downtown sax, occasional string writing that one might expect from a Kronos Quartet album, and a lot of David Sylvian. For the most part, the music is slightly more lean, direct and pop oriented than Sylvian's, but when they want, Flue can stretch out and give him a run for his money. Though very rich and full, Flue veers away from overly lush, overblown arrangements and textures. Most of the music has an exotic flavor, mixed and balanced by more urbane elements. Exoticism and world music elements can be very much in the forefront, as in "Sometimes (In Arabia)" or further in the background. There are a couple of caveats; one very schlocky instrumental (mercifully short) and string playing that is not always in tune. (Torso Records, De Ruyterkade 41-43, 1012

AA Amsterdam, Netherlands)—Dean Suzuki

GROUP 180: Group 180 CD
Group 180, or 180-As Csoport as they are named in their native Hungary, is a new music ensemble that specializes in minimal music. On this CD, they perform works by two of the foremost American minimalists, Steve Reich and Frederic Rzewski, as well as compositions by two Hungarian composers, Tibor Szemzo and Laszlo Melis. Reich's "Music for Pieces of Wood" is an outstanding composition showing the composer's mastery of rhythmic invention, building complex structures out of relatively simple rhythmic units, repetition and canonic devices. "Coming Together" by Rzewski is one of that composer's finest works and given a superb performance by the ensemble. Szemzo, one of the members of Group 180, contributes Vizicsoda (Water-Wonder) for flute and tape system. It has the spare, repetitive characteristics of early minimal music and utilizes a real-time tape system in a live performance situation from which are born highly complex rhythmic structures, not unlike those of Reich's early phase pieces. The spunky and lively "Étude harom tukorre (Etude for Three Mirrors)" by Melis, another member of Group 180, sounds much like Reich's early mixed ensemble pieces. Though quite derivative, it is very well done and succeeds on its own merits. (Hungaroton, 39-28 Crescent St., Long Island City, NY 11101)—Dean Suzuki

HARKEY, SUE ANN: I Tell You Everything, Just No C
New York artist Harkey has taken part in that band's long-distance collaborations with England's Attrition, among other projects. (see "Collaboration Tapes" in Sound Choice No. 8 for more info.) For this solo outing, Harkey, along with several recruited compatriots, offers us a collection of quiet, mostly improvised (and dubbed-upon) pieces played on Oriental and Occidental instruments, producing music of a dissonant, though not at all unpleasant, character. One gets the impression from the fascinating, meditative textures and techniques utilized on the tape that Harkey really could tell us everything without saying a word, like the title implies, but instead she has decided to employ some of the most heavy-handed delivery and lyrics that this particular reviewer has heard in some time; "Through our eyes we sink—the pupils calibrate/ telepathic phrases expressing

the experience in sharing of another being/ the profoundness of the statement/ came at me from an ark" is one of the more down-to-earth slices to be found in Harkey's lyrics, and her aloof vocal stylings don't help. (I'm probably missing something, ain't I?) From time to time she raises valid and interesting points, but these are communicated much better in the booklet furnished with the tape rather than in the form in which she integrates them into her musical pieces, which invariably work better when left as instrumentals. (Sue Ann Harkey, P.O. Box 2026, Madison SQ. Sta., New York, NY 10159 212-533-3819)—Stewart Odum



most metallic tone that he puts to good use, especially when his playing is aggressive, attacking each note with a vengeance. The piano's unique timbre is underscored in "No" which also includes some judicious use of a delay device near the end, yeilding a slightly metallic reverb that enhances the piece beyond what it might be in a purely acoustic rendition. (CMP Records (FDR), Oststr-be 37, 4000 Dusseldorf 1, W. Germany)—Dean Suzuki

LAUREL, CHARLES:

Out of Nowhere C

Laurel does really neat music, in a minimalist-rock sorta way. This 'un and the Chaz Mataz cassette on Invisible Music have nine—count 'em—cuts in common. Fortunately, most o' the best toonz are on both tapes. Subtle yet effective melodies feature intriguing variations and permutations. Recorded at his home on his own eight-track equipment, with Laurel playing most—often all—instruments. "Fe-5-Fo-Fum" is an odd instrumental with slightly wierd instrumental and rhythmic fills—a la David Van Tiegham? Peter Gordon? "Should We Call This A Love Affair" is a really funny look at modern romance. Throughout the entrie tape, odd percussion accents abound. Laurel's minimalist structure is more tuneful and toe-tapping than, say, La Monte Young or Philip Glass, and relies more on typical song form a la Poly-rock. He writes really good muzick and lyrics. Highly impressive. (Specific Ocean Music, 6116 Hwy 9 Apt. B, Felton, CA 95018 408-335-3288)—Dan Fioretti

LIGETI, GYORGY: *Gyorgy Ligeti* 5LP

Music in this stunning five record set of major works from Ligeti's oeuvre has been released on individual discs by Wergo in the past. Three of the five discs have been digitally reprocessed. During the early 1960s, Ligeti, along with Penderecki, developed a truly visionary approach to music. Rather than working with complex manipulations of pitch and rhythmic elements, after the manner of the post-Webern, total serial composers, Stockhausen, Boulez, Nono, et al., Ligeti explored the realm of timbre, sonority and texture. His works, along with those of Penderecki, were thick, rich, colorful, and strikingly new. Works such as "Atmospheres," and

"Requiem" had a visceral and startling impact. Both of these pieces, and many more, are found in this incredible set. Ligeti, unlike Penderecki, composed and wrote out every single note in most of his scores. However, the densely scored works have a very free sound, full of thick chromatic clusters. As with the drip painting masterpieces by Jackson Pollock, there is never a sense of his music being clotted or heavy. The highlights of this set are those pieces on which Ligeti established his reputation. There are pieces from the early to late 60's and include "Atmospheres", "Lux aeterna", and "Requiem", which were made famous in the score to Stanley Kubrick's film 2001: A Space Odyssey, along with "Continuum," "Lontano," "Ramifications," "Concerto for Cello and Orchestra," and "Etuden fur Orgel." "Atmospheres" is for orchestra, "Lux aeterna" is for small a cappella choir, and "Requiem" is for soprano, mezzo-soprano, two choirs and orchestra. All loom as masterpieces in the twentieth century, each addressing the issues of texture and color as the basis for compositional materials. "The Requiem" might be known to readers in the excerpted version on the 2001 soundtrack, but it is found here in its full 26 minute plus splendor. This stunning piece is almost worth the price of this set alone. Other outstanding works include Continuum for harpsichord, a kind of process piece in which nervous, chromatic, prestissimo motives unfold, creating a flurried sheet of sound. This brief work (just three and a half minutes) is the bane of many a harpsichordist, so physically demanding is it, but it is also one of the major pieces in the modern harpsichord repertoire. "Lontano" and the "Concerto for Cello" are among the more mysterious works of Ligeti. Though most of his works have some gentle passages, the restrained quality of these works is more pronounced, giving them an ethereal and evasive quality that is most effective. These are very fine works that are perhaps not as well known as those mentioned above. Included here are two very early electronic compositions, Artikulation and Glissandi. They are of greater historical or musicological significance than of musical interest, as they portend of Ligeti's future interest and success in exploring color and texture. However, as electronic compositions, they sound a bit crude, owing in large part to their early date of composition and realization, 1958 and 1957 respectively. The studies for organ, of which there are two, "Harmonies" and "Coulees," along with Voumina, ex-

HART, BRET: *Diced Fish C*

This tape starts: odd psychotic beeps and guitar and Casio. A warning: "You may turn back now." A strange welcome to a strange tape: improv, speeded-up tapes, primitive but endearing multi-track tape experiments, improvisations with "found" objects. This 'un's a real toe-tapper! "Corn-Fed Fisherman" is an extremely odd tune, which tells a weird story. "Excessive Secrecy" and "Itching In Color" are both really exciting live group improvs. The "1983 Poverty Multi-Track Experiments" are fun, too. "Sean's House" is "a series of improvisations in Sean Morresey's house near Syracuse, NY" featuring "everything in the house." Totally strange fun. Not very melodic, but some neat rhythms. Overall, this K7 is really angular, but not too far from obtuse. Fun tape, indeed! (Bret Hart, Korea—Box 48, APO San Francisco, CA 96271-0134)—Dan Fioretti

KUHN, JOACHIM: *Wandlungen-Transformation CD*

Kuhn's playing has an unmistakable European slant that owes much to both jazz and the Second Viennese School of composition. The work is freely improvisatory with both lyrical and gratingly dissonant passages. Kuhn's technical chops are absolutely remarkable with a speed that rivals that of Nancarrow's Player Piano Studies. Well, to be honest, playing at the tempo of most of Nancarrow's pieces is humanly impossible, but Kuhn is incredibly fast on "Portal". The piano that Kuhn plays is a Bechstein, with a hard edged, biting, al-

plore the myriad of stops available on the pipe organ. They range from delicate flutterings and cluster drones, to the majestic thunderings the instrument is capable of. The second etude, Coulee, consists of rapid, chromatic clusters like Continuum, though it is not quite as successful as the harpsichord piece. At times these works can be a little heavy handed, if not bombastic, but by and large, they are strong, powerful pieces. The works of the very late 60's and 70's continue in the textural vein, though he also explores more linear writing. Though works such as the "Double Concerto for Flute, Oboe and Orchestra" and "San Francisco Polyphony" are fine compositions, Ligeti appears to be searching for a new direction and seems, at times, a little unsure. The two pieces, "Aventures" and "Nouvelles Aventures" for three singers and seven instrumentalists stand as aberrations in Ligeti's output. Ligeti works with an invented language and rather dry, though appropriate instrumental accompaniment. This is perhaps the next logical step after Pirotto Lunaire. If you are familiar and enjoy Extended Voices on the Odyssey label, Joan La Barbara, Sing Circle and other performances with extended vocal techniques, this will be of interest. Works such as the String Quartets, No. 1 and 2; Ten Pieces for Wind Quintet tend to be less satisfying, as Ligeti seems to be less facile with small chamber ensembles. Without the wide-ranging textures of the orchestra or chorus at his disposal, he appears to struggle within the self-imposed parameters. This is a magnificent set. While it may set you back a few shekels, it is definitely a must. The surfaces were silent and the production values were fine, even on the live performances of Lontano and San Francisco Polyphony. (Wergo, 3364 Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90034)—Dean Suzuki

LLAMA: *Alpaca Lips Now C*

The music flows along without pauses, one continuous experience made with Mirage, Casio and vocals. There are two main musicians plus three guests playing tape reorder, sax, more Casios, vocals and appliances. The feeling is an easy pace, little processions with little themes that pass along. I guess this music is sort of a walk through a variety of places, sound worlds created by the synths and effects. The Mirage is one hekova mixer looper dicer chopper, a groover of short sounds. There are no melodies, only tone fragments made by the Casios, things that fit into loops

well, short choppy phrases, sustained tones, irregular percussion, textures and colors. Beeps and swirls. (Llama, P.O. Box 204, Walkerton, VA 23177)—Robin James

MAARTEN ALTENA OCTET: *Rif* CD

Altena consistently puts together some of the best avant-jazz little big bands in Europe. His players are among the finest and include Guus Janssen (piano and synthesizer), Walter Wierbos (trombone), Maartje ten Hoor (violin), and Altena on contra bass, among others. There are plenty of free and nearly reckless improvisations, with some very wild and exciting moments. However, Altena's compositions, along with a few others by band members, tend to be very well structured, sometimes with tight arrangements demanding rhythmic precisions, proper intonation, and responsive and sensitive ensemble playing. Seldom do the proceedings sound as hectic and chaotic as one might expect. One can easily detect the academic training required to put together such music, with some Stravinskian melodies, 20th century harmonies, and the like, but the jazz and improvisatory inclinations tend to act as a counterweight, giving the music vitality and immediacy. (Claxon Records, Alexander Boersstraat 16, Amsterdam, Netherlands 1071 KX)—Dean Suzuki

MANTLER, MICHAEL/EDWARD GOREY: *Hapless Child, The* CD

Mantler's long-ignored 1976 treatment of Edward Gorey's darkly comic poetry, performed by a stellar ensemble featuring Robert Wyatt on vocals, Carla Bley on keyboards, Terje Rypdal on guitar, Steve Swallow on bass, and Jack DeJohnette on drums. Wyatt's thick British accent rings of the macabre, his airy, high-register wail suddenly shifting into a chilling tremelo previously unheard in his work. Bley wrests a rich palette of fearful atmospheres from the now seldom-heard string synthesizer, while Rypdal's reptilian guitar lines seethe with encroaching doom. The settings, though intricately arranged, are not as jazzy as one might expect of Mantler—imagine a marriage of Matching Mole and Universe Zero and you'll have some idea of where this lies in the jazz/rock spectrum. The power of these renditions is such that a perusal of "Amphigorey", the book where these tales first appeared, reveals that Gorey's illustrations for these texts convey only a fraction of the sense of dread that Mantler's musical interpretations generate.

(WATT/ECM, Gleichmannstrabe 10, Munchen 60 8000, W. Germany)—Michael Draine

MATA RATA: *Don't Think of Me C*
Anyone who does a cover o' a Dr. Seuss story has got to be cool. On the other hand, Charles Laurel, Eric Muhs, and R. Michael Torrey are cool anyway. Following up on *Out of Nowhere* (Laurel) and *Ant and Bee* (Muhs, Torrey), with the best of each, this is a memorable melange of warped and twisted pop-muzick. Taking the improvisational and eclectic sides of the latter and coupling it with the rhythmic lyricism of the former, the trio play exotic and primitive muzick, recalling at times early '70s "progressive rock". Soon-to-be classics include a Steppenwolf parody "Porn To Be Dialed," a tribute to phone sex, also "Magic Popping Ball." (Specific Ocean Music, 6116 Hwy 9 Apt. B, Felton, CA 95018 408-335-3288)—Dan Fiorette

MATA RATA: *King of Panama C*
An awesome concept: A rock opera about the Iran-Contra conspiracy! Very funny stuff, especially the Fawn Hall character, the musical twists on the story actually make the story funnier than it originally was when it interrupted all the soaps and game shows. Complete libretto, and info on who's who and what's what, so's you can enjoy all the subtleties even if you forgot who, say, Richard Secord is. The use of many different musical styles (folk rock, avant-jazz, country-western, rock, etc.) and highly satiric lyrics recall Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Weber of "Evita", and "Jesus Christ, Superstar." Totally neat. (Invisible Music, 118 Mattison Lane, Aptos, CA 95003 408-688-4979)—Dan Fiorette

MCGEE, MARK: *Arte's Dirty Mixes* C45

This collection of new compositions picks up where McGee's last effort ('Arte's Big Lips Sampler') left off, and that's a good place to start. "Sampler" was a varied collection of selections from various (expired) bands that McGee drummed and wrote with in the late '70s/early '80s + 17 solo experimental pieces. 'Arte's Dirty Mixes' is entirely of and by McGee and, as a whole, constitutes a real creative opus. The fact that he is primarily a percussionist parades itself with verve and peculiarity on "She filled Me Full Of Lead" and "The Past Sure Is Tense" (not the Beefheart tune), in which improvised and synthetic drumming, metals, Latin percussion and breathing are

joined with Lovecraftian geometric precision. "Six Ways to Sunday" is a sparse, smoky urban environment which brings to mind J. Greinke (with richer percussion) and Mark Isham (though darker and more threatening). The most beautiful (and atypical) piece is "Lylla Up A Tree", with its organic, though crystalline, warbling synth. Great melodic abstraction and even better rhythm. Looking forward to more of this. (Mark McGee, 95 Beckett St., #3, Portland, ME 04101)—Bret Hart

MEZA, ARTURO; NIRGAL VALLIS: *In Principio; Y Murio LP*
Each side of this disc is devoted to the work of Mexican new music artists Arturo Meza and Nirgal Vallis. Meza, joined by multi-instrumentalist Maja Rustige, provides the best material. In *In Principio* he has created a large sectional work that is rather like a synthesis of Frank Perry and Popol Vuh. There is an extended section which is characterized by the gentle sounding of various metal percussion: Tibetan bells, gongs, cymbals, and the like. Other sections feature mysterious chanting voices, kalimbas, and other droning sounds that are exotic and enigmatic. The final portion features the delicate strains of some manner of dulcimer. Nirgal Vallis, on the other hand, is a kind of Mexican version of Renaissance, with a pretty, but non-descript female vocalist who is supported by electric piano, synthesizer, classical guitar, sometimes in tune violin, and percussion. Harmless treatise. (Genet de Mexico, P.O. Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906)—Dean Suzuki

MOTOR TOTEMIST GUILD:
Shapuno Zoo LP
M.T.G. are kind of like a "serious" chamber music ensemble who have descended into a fine madness after listening to and fully digesting all sorts of ethnic third world music, old Albert Ayler records and Dr. Demento radio shows. The fusion of these very disparate musical elements with kooky, whimsical lyrics and the extra added plus of the band's superb musicianship make for a rather inscrutable yet very enjoyable album. Much credit goes to composer and multi-instrumentalist James Grigsby, whose sweeping vision made it all possible. Not forgetting of course, the other Guild members who made it all happen; Eric Strauss, David Kerman, Emily Hay, Becky Heninger and Lynn Johnston (who leads free-jazz hepcats Cruel Frederick). This is real, progressive New Music in the best sense. The audio evolution marches on! Who sez

Californians got no culture? (Rotary Totem Records, 3726 Iroquois, Long Beach, CA 90808 213-421-0175)—Jon Booth

NICK: *Not Quite Right C*
The choppy guitars, synths, and drum machines of the murky-depicted Nick skronch along in a manner reminiscent of ancient Tuxedomoon or Tubeway Army, but Nick consistently steers well away from the grim veneers and pretensions of such bands. In truth, Nick gives us a glimpse of what techno-pop once upon a time could have been, but apparently never really wanted to be. Nick's lyrics bemusedly take on good 'ol fashioned themes of the artificiality and other assorted weirdnesses of our modern culture, almost never leaving behind a sense of whimsicality about the whole mess. The mood of it all is further supported by his upbeat, off-kilter, and (yes, dammit) fun musical arrangements, particularly evident in pieces like "Bald Poodle Stomp" and "All Those Crazy People (Belong to Me)". Nick also takes time out to get atmospheric (but never sombre or oppressive) in "Halloween" Parts One and Three, and "Amazingly Graceful," an impossible distortion of the spiritual of approximately the same name. (Lucky Baby Retreat House, RR 2 Box 654, Linton, IN 47441)—Stuart Odom

P16.D4: *Tionchor LP*
Over the past seven years tracks by P16.D4 have appeared on at least 32

compilation albums, and this LP is a chronological "best of" with most all of the cuts touched up in some way. The touch-ups include extending, editing, adding, and restructuring. Two tracks are presented at original speed for the first time as the compilation *Devastate to Liberate* had them twice as fast as intended. Thus, even if you have a lot of the compilation LP's, this is something different enough to be worthwhile. P16.D4 utilizes standard/busted/a altered rock instruments, orchestral instruments, piano, percussion, voice, organ, sax, etc., and various real world sounds made by objects, radios, etc., etc. These sound sources are electronically altered in any number of ways and/or degrees to produce some of the best sound collage extant. Early works had a lot of heavy electronic noise but the group has been using electronics, sound alteration, and studio technique in ever more subtle ways, while composing with greater rigor. The use of sound creates very involving, provocative experiences that I can only characterize as emotionally complete. (Selektion, Monchstrasse 25, 6500 Mainz, W. Germany)—Tom Grove

PANHUYSEN, PAUL & GOEDHART, JOHANN: *Long String Installations: 198 3 LP*

Long String Installations is a gorgeous, sumptuous three-record set documenting the audio art of Dutch sculptors and audio artists Panhuysen and Goedhart. Working with various lengths of wire, cable, string, rope and other long, thin and pliable filaments, they have created a number of museum, outdoor, and other sound installations. The "strings" of each piece are stretched, sometimes over great distances and sounded by bowing, plucking, striking, hammering and otherwise causing them to vibrate. Wooden boxes, pianos, guitars, walls, floors, and entire buildings were used as resonating chambers. As one might imagine, the sonic possibilities cover an expansive spectrum, from the most delicate sounds to thundering explosions. I did not care much for Panhuysen's singing, which accompanies several works, but most of the pieces are purely instrumental. The records are accompanied by a thick booklet with many photographs of the often beautiful and striking devices, as well as diagrams of the various sculptures and copious notes (in English) detailing the design, structure, location, and performance of each piece. If you enjoy and follow the works of Terry Fox, Rely Tarlo, Ellen Fullman, the Baschets, Harry Bertola,

Serpentine Shower



A real surprise for any party. The shower is made up of a wooden box 4 ft. long, 11" wide and 3" high. This box has 4 compartments in which are set 4 pieces of a special giant serpentine, each 1000 ft. long, 1/2" wide. This shower is attached to the ceiling. When guide cord is pulled, bottom trap opens and serpentine flows downward in whirling streams. A real sensation. A sample order will prove it.
No. 34926. Shower Only.....\$5.00
No. 34926. Serpentine, Dozen Rolls... 2.50

Circa 1937

and even Z'ev, or if you simply enjoy strange and mysterious sounds, this record is an absolute must. (Apollo, Tongelresestraat 81, 5613 DB, Eindhoven, Holland)—Dean Suzuki

PERKINS, HEATHER: *Living Room C*

Living Room, The Hamster Wheel, Steel Tribe, Binky's Revenge/Why I Did It. Four excellent tapes from Perkins, one o' my fave muzickal artistes. She plays all kind o' stuff, such as vacuum cleaner, silverware, air hose, but usually sticks to guitars and keyboards. All four o' these were recorded in 1988, and feature exciting and adventurous muzickal merriment. "Living Room," subtitled "improv/collab," is just that. Improvised guitar and keyboard jams, fun voice/noize sounds, much fun, weirdness, spacey muzck, humourous spoken word segments. "Why I Did It/Binky's Revenge" features more traditional song structure on side one, with instrumentals and tape cut-ups on Side 2. The sparse muzickal arrangements on side one highlight Perkins' aloof yet sensuous vocalizing, in songs of despair and frustration which are enigmatically appealing, not to mention appealingly enigmatic. The Hamster Wheel is slightly less dark in tone, with some social commentary, even. "Amurkins" parodies the way foreigners look at U.S. citizens. Other toonz invite us to go "Somewhere Green" and speak of being "Mugged By Reality." Similarly sparse muzickal arrangements once again bring out Heather's unforgettable voice, especially when she sings lines like "What did you sayyyyy....." "Steel Tribe is an exciting electronic adventure on various keyboards. Subtitled "Sound-track To An Imaginary Movie," the muzick is very ambient, at times cinematic, moody, ethereal. No singing on this 'un but enjoyable compositions. (Land-O-Newts, 3851 Hilyard, Eugene, OR 97405 503-345-1662)—Dan Fioretti

PERKINS, PHILIP: *Hall of Flowers; Flame of Ambition LP*

This takes large extracts from Perkins' last two cassette releases and together they make a very nice program. The Bay Area composer, sound manipulator, instrumentalist and former Resident works with found sounds, mostly voices, musique concrete techniques, and assembled into a collage with the keyboards and other electronics to create some very lovely and pleasant soundscapes. Hall of Flowers is a 3-part, 32 minute work composed for a radio broadcast. The first part (21 minutes in

length), is presented here and contains a plethora of fascinating musical constructions. One fine passage begins with a contrapuntal choir of voices (synthesized? sampled voices?). The tail end of the choral passage is overlapped with what sounds like a battery of processed tambourines which devolves into a complex rhythmic texture. This is just a small portion of this excellent work. The Flame of Ambition is a collection of character pieces which range in temperament from light, lyrical synthesizer numbers to dark, brooding, and rhythmically complex works which touch on industrial ambience, to a strange fast-cut collage of taped and treated voices. A very nice set of music. (Fun Music, 45 Wright St. #A, San Francisco, CA 94110 415-543-6661)—Dean Suzuki

PLATEAU/ROBERT HORTON: *Anthology of Repetica, Vol. 1 C*

What is "repetica"? Erotica for reptiles? This K7, featuring mostly Robert Horton—solo and as leader of Plateau—features mostly repetitive instrumental passages. Oh, repetitive stuff—I get it. Actually, this is very interesting. Usually one or two instruments will set up a repetitive melodic signature, and the rest of the band will play around it—arabesques, melodic counterpoint, sometimes just noise. The minimalist compositions are made to sound interesting by the inventive arrangements. One really fun cut is "Hong Kong Cha Cha," with cacophonous percussion and weird (honking) horns. Lots of Eastern influences, some African, some Oriental, too. Horton's solo stuff's more esoteric, playing such diverse things as electric razor and boot. The electric razor piece is "The Light Of Your Eyes", a three-part suite which, although it doesn't really "go" anywhere, deserves a big gold star for ingenuity. Horton's solo stuff features interminable and mindless drones that do absolutely nothing and sound as though they're supposed to be "arty" or something. Actually, they're just boring. But the Plateau cuts are intriguing. (Robert Horton, 7 Coso Ave., San Francisco, CA 94110)—Dan Fioretti

POYSDEN, MARK, MARTYN VALKEMA: *Thalassa C*

Poydsen and Valkema are joined by Ernst Reijseger, an experimental cellist of some reknown. Both pieces, "Thalassa" (Greek for the sea), the title track, and "An Alternate Route" are side-long droning pieces which make use of whale calls in a manner that manages to

avoid the trite cliches and pretentious posturing that has marred similar efforts by others. The whale calls seem to be just one element, though a very integral one, in the music fabric, yet a definite extra-musical statement is made clear. In addition to Reijseger's cello improvisations and effects, the work also includes some nice repetitive guitar work that focuses on natural harmonics, as well as a softly droning synthesized underpinning. It adds up to something very lovely which summons up slow moving images of the sea without being heavy-handed. (4MDA Productions, Bloemgracht 121, 1016 KK Amsterdam, Holland)—Dean Suzuki

PRESCOTT, DAVE:

Thin Veils: Heaven In Hell C

The title of this tape is about as good a description of the music within as you could ask for. It's a spine-tingling electro-gothic trip that contrasts a heavenly choir (taped) against Prescott's hellish electronics (improvised). At times this reminds me of early Current 93 but is not especially derivative of anyone. I recommend it. (Sound of Pig, 26 Belingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023)—Jon Booth

PSYCHIC TV: *Live In Tokyo LP*

This is the first record in a project where the band releases an album on the 23rd of each month for 23 months. The expanded line-up finds the band moving the closest to traditional rock 'n' roll that PTV has ever been. Most of these songs sound almost like extended dance tracks though there is a short sound collage about Satanists and a song about Japanese pornography. It's not mindless disco; Genesis' yowlings and "inept" singing alone would see to that. This is a nice change from their pain-of-the-tortured grindfests. (Psychic TV, BM TOPY, London, England WC1 3XX)—Lang Thompson

REVELL, GRAEME:

Insect Musicians LP

Revell (half of SPK) has recorded a variety of insect sounds and, through digital sampling/manipulation, produced a remarkable collection of music. Only the sounds of the insects are used. As noted on the LP, the sounds do indeed have unusual, complex timbres unlike basic computer music. He sampled moths, beetles, bees, flies, cicada, grasshoppers, etc. in various states of arousal to create something 1000 times more interesting than your last entomology class. His inspiration came from the Japanese haiku tradition, the ancient

oriental practice of caging insects that "sing", and the potential of digital technology to produce a "micro-musique". The result is very musical with exotic Oriental rhythms and meditative effects; somewhat similar to the last SPK album. An enclosed booklet details some historical information and explains the variety of methods insects have for creating sound. An original and beautiful work in all respects. (Musique Brut, BCM Mythos, London, England 3XX)—Tom Grove

ROSE, JON: *Devils and Angels* LP
Australian musician Jon Rose is kind of the Hans Reichel of the bowed string. Like Reichel, Rose re-builds and reconstructs his instruments, yielding double violins with double bows (you have to see them to understand how they work), 19-string violins, twin neck violins, megaphone violins, and more. On this recording, Rose engages in a frenetic, freely improvised workout for amplified cello and violin. He adds extra strings to his instruments, yielding a 5-string violin and a 19-string cello. Spatial placement of the sound is important, as he uses a revolving speaker for the extended violin solo and "stereophonic sound projection" for the four cello pieces. Being amplified and altered by the addition of strings, the timbres of the instruments are altered, however these are not the only means by which Rose changes tone colors. He employs extended techniques to expand and multiply the sonorities that can be obtained from his instruments. The result is a crazy-quilt of bowed, plucked and scraped sounds, enough to satisfy the most diehard fans of free improvisation. (Time Based Arts, Bloemgracht 121, 1016 KK Amsterdam, Holland)—Dean Suzuki

SEMANTICS: *Bone of Contention* LP
Those familiar with the occasionally martial, always biting drumming of Samm Bennett; the fluid complexity and precision of Ned Rothenberg's saxophone; or the ever-dilating guitar magic of Elliott Sharp, must not miss this superb instrumental outing by Semantics. Dense, but comprehensible slabs of polyphony and polyrhythm. More akin to Rothenberg's and Sharp's most recent solo releases than, say...Mofungo; these 10 pieces remain loosely anchored in rock (owing largely to the sheer locomotive quality of Bennett's percussion), with a large emphasis on the word 'loosely'. Sometimes Rothenberg's sax sounds like it is being doubled with a pained baritone human voice. I keep

thinking of fluids moving through an anatomy as I listen to this. (SST, P.O. Box One, Lawndale, CA 90260 213-835-8977)—Bret Hart

SINIGAGLIA, RICCARDO: *Watertube, Ringspiel C*

The young Italian composer has come up with a couple of very interesting minimalist works. *Watertube* had a very interesting effect on me. It begins with spartan, gently droning synthesizer

tones. The music continues relentlessly, without change. Right around the time that I found that it was going on too long and becoming irritating, Sinigaglia added another layer of sound (piano), slightly more percussive and less ambient. The process was then engaged again. The timing was always perfect, supplying new materials and sonorities just when interest begins to wane. The new material is almost totally percussive, a dramatic transformation nearly



WE NEED A CAPTION for this picture of Sun Ra and John Cage. Send your suggestion to Sound Choice by June 21. Best caption sent wins surprise!

obliterating the original material. Ring-spiel is a simple, but engaging piece consisting entirely of an electronic drone, which slowly undulates and oscillates, over which is placed points of sound; a sample of a single bell-like harmonic plucked on a steel string guitar. The sampled guitar yields a whole constellation of pitches and timbres that imply not only the guitar, but also an acoustic bass guitar, and perhaps a mandolin, played over the drone with irregular rhythms. (ADN, via Colletta 73, 20137 Milan, Italy)—Dean Suzuki

SMITH, CHRISTOPHER:

Paisley-Hued Eucalyptus ... C-90
Experimental compositions using an unusual array of instruments and noise makers. The instruments include recorders, ukuleles, harmonicas, drums, electric guitar etc.. The impressive thing about this tape is the unusual and inventive methods in which the instruments are being played combined with the composer putting them into an enjoyable form. The playfulness of the music on this tape separates it from much experimental work which tends often to be gloomy and dissonant. Overblown glass bottles and baseball game out-takes mix with sound text and poetry, while gong sounds are gracefully hammered out of guitars and other less easily identifiable instruments. This is lively-imaginative 20th century music with a complete sense of humor demonstrating a profound level of compositional skill. (Sound of Pig, 26 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023)—Darrell Jons-son

STATIK ACTION: *Electric City C*
Postmodern singer-songwriter stuff—perfect for a lounge in a casino of Venus. Also perfectly listenable 150 years before it turns into a cliché—around 1982, I'd say. Standard synth moves, derivative lyrics, horrible drum programs. But it's fun to see the androids dance and shake their chips to this 'un. Statik Action is R. Michael Torrey, who is much more interesting on the *Ant and Bee* tape. At least he's a good vocalist. (Invisible Music, 118 Mattison Lane, Aptos, CA 95003 408-688-4979)—Dan Fioretti

SUN RA AND HIS SOLAR ARKES-TRA: *Other Planes of There, The LP*
Speaking of seeing Sun Ra live, when you go you may also have the opportunity to sample some of his records on his own El Saturn label. Recently, Ra had a few of his long out-of-print classics repressed for distribution and this is

one of those. This recording has been next to impossible to find for many many years and for collectors is an event of sorts. The music dates from 1964 when Ra was, as the title suggests exploring the outer ranges of sound, big band arrangement and collective free sounding improvisation (as Sun Ra would tell you, there's no real freedom in this world). This type of approach is now utilized in the side long title cut. Probing open-ended solo and ensemble passages flow by at a usually relaxed pace. There are a few full force blasts of sound but the overall feel of this side is not as intense as say Coltrane's *Ascension* or Sun Ra's own *Magic City* from 1965. If you're familiar with Ra's ESP disk's from the '60s you'll know what to expect. Side two is a contrast of styles. Spacey percussion work gives way to a swinging solo feature for tenor man John Gilmore. Further on there's a more sedate, composed ballad and finally a frantic sounding piece for the band, with lots of percussion work and an eastern flavor provided by Marshall Allen's oboe solo. With so many records having been issued (at last count it was over 130) by Sun Ra, it's hard to know where to start. If you're not very familiar with Ra, the above mentioned cassette or LP may be better for you. Either way, this is a fine example of the Arkestra's mid-60's period and comes highly recommended. (El Saturn Research, P.O. Box 48121 Vernon Park Sta, Philadelphia, PA 19144)—Rev. Bryan Sale

TASADAY: *L'Animale Profondo LP*
Some time ago ADN released a very good cassette of this collaboration between Die Form and Nulla Iperreale. This is a much more recent work and differs a lot in demeanor. This is more the "nightmare in your stereo" variety. Screaming, scraping, moaning, destruction, delirium, agony, anxiety, etc., etc. A very unsettling work, although not particularly an assault. Voice, chimes, percussion, electronics, etc. are mixed in a variety of ways. Some cuts are very machine-like, others a hall-of-mirrors chaos of sound, a few very simple and haunting, and so on. "Un Falso Destino" and "La Sacralita Senza Tempo" are excellent cuts that demonstrate the considerable potential of this collaboration. They are at their best when they step out of performing art and get into making music. It's a 50/50 mix here so the cassette stands supreme—hopefully only for the time being. (Azteco Records, Via Verdi 6, 43100 Parma, Italia)—Tom Grove

TEMPERATIVELY A CONVENIENCE: *Quadruple Speed C*

Same address as *WIDEMOUTH* tapes, but don't make the obvious mistake. What you will hear is a compressed collection of piano works. There is an imaginative freedom contained in the melodies and melody fragments, crazy/wise counterpoints. Undiscovered musical giant in humble underground lifestyle. Whips by quickly, makes one's temporal reference points tingle in confusion after listening for a few hours, but can also cause shock. (Widemouth Tapes, P.O. Box 382, Baltimore, MD 21203)—Robin James

THICK SLIMY WHISPER/QWA *DIGS: Teenage Pop Songs C*

A live recording with two bands "Thick Slimy Whisper" and "Qwa Digs Never Parish". As usual the title "Teenage Pop Songs" is sorta misleading. It's not pop (except it could make things blow up) and the players are not making this for teenagers (maybe dead ones) and well, ok, so they do have actual songs, with silences between them. The mood is sort of chaotic, intrumentated using DX100, Korb Poly-800, soprano, alto and baritone saxophones, oboe, clarinet, violin, talking drum, assorted hand percussions and voice. Some titles: "Carl Sagan Explains it All For You," "Call of the Qwa," "Children Devour Their Parents," "Dialectic Gerbils," "Take the D Train," "Fish People," "Bleed Blue Silence," more. Pioneers and blazers of trails through alien landscapes and the new arts. (Sound of Pig, 26 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023)—Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Freedom in A Vacuum LP

If you've heard as many experimental music compilations as I have, you know that really consistent albums are pretty unusual. This one is no exception but the good news is that only one cut really falls flat. Power electronics and trippy sound collage are the prevailing styles here with one mildly "conventional" piece by Duka Bass Band to help bring the listener back to Earth. Not surprisingly, it's the better known names among this international cast that offer the most interesting and well-developed selections. Electro-music veteran Asmus Tietchens fires the imagination with a dark yet glowing cut on the A side and the lengthy "Nurse With Wound" "song" that begins side B recalls the tone and mood of their brilliant *Spiral Insana* album. Other contributors

include Tibetan Red, Unkommuniti, Psyclones/Schlafengarten, H.N.A.S., Lorelei N. Schmidt and The Sodality who may be the weakest link here. Although their track is worth a chuckle, humor was probably not intended. Most of the music here is subtle, all of it is rather strange and none of it should be dismissed after only one hearing because it will grow on you if you have any interest in the music of the irrational mind. (Robert Olver, 1 Claude Ave. #203, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6R 2T5)—Jon Booth

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Ecstasy By Current LP

There are more compilations of sound collagists, noise mongers and industrial ambience engineers than most sane people want to know about. Most of them are fairly interesting, some dreadfully unimaginative and a rare few, like this one, are consistently inventive and challenging. The nine bands offer numerous styles from media voice orgies to electro-percussion and howls, to meditative metallics, and some approaches that exhaust my descriptive powers. Whatever they're doing, these musicians aren't copycats. Pushing forward the parameters of music may be a thankless task but somebody has to do it. Jeff Greinke, Randy Greig and Katharsis are the best known here at least to American listeners. The packaging puts almost all big-budget labels to shame and includes informative bios of each musician, though unfortunately there are no contact addresses. Still, a record like this would be worth while even dressed in a white cardboard jacket. (Schizophonia, Grossbeerenstr. 90, 1000 Berlin 61, W.Germany)—Lang Thompson

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Destroy All Music LP

If you lived in Atlanta you could hear the radio program of this same title every Wednesday night on WREK. Or you could attend one of the area's Destroy All Music Festivals, of which there have been three. This tape collects material from about two years ago and is much noisier and more anarchic than the previous Perimeter Atlanta compilation *Nine/Underground*, of which this is a companion. There are "names" of sorts here: Tinnitus, Available Resources Band, Easturn Stars, Medicine Suite, all of which turn in good to excellent performances. A common style or attitude doesn't exist. Pieces range from wail-of-noise to hit-anything-within-reach improvs to actual, though twisted, songs. This and the generally short duration of most pieces are definite pluses. Other highlights include E.K. Huckaby's now-you-hear-it, now-you-don't sound col-

lage; a powerful improv from Blade Emotion; a media-megamix from Swarthy Lads; as well as Tcast, DQE and Immobile Soil. The weakest pieces are generally those with vocals (Easturn Stars the major exception) which too often seem superfluous. But that's a small point since there aren't that many annoying vocals. Hope we don't have to wait another two years for *Destroy All Music Again*. (Perimeter Records, P.O. Box 28882, Atlanta, GA 30358 404-252-1252)—Lang Thompson

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Lautpoesie / Folge 1 C46

Artaud, and the futurists havn't left us much in terms of durable material culture to be hung in a museum somewhere. But artists like those on this tape reflect early 20th century visionary speculations as ripe and workable points of departure. Here is a collection of audio art by artists coming to their senses, exploring their capabilities, and stretching voices across time into the futuristic and beautiful. Although electronics and other sounds are used on parts of this tape, the overall effect of the combined elements evokes the fluidity of vocal poetry. These exquisite compositions should allow most listeners to enjoy the musicality of German and Italian without having to comprehend them. Syllabic and animal sounds also help these space age European shamans perform their futuristic spectacles for the ears. The artists include Pietro Porta, Sergio Cena, Bert Papenfuss, Carla Bertola, Alberto Vitacchio, Karl Riha, H.G. Adler, and Henri Chopin. Influences/peer department; Stockhausen, Cage, Artaud's Taramara period poetry, PIL etc.. \$14.00 (Soundarts Press Editions, P.O. Box 2463, Springfield, MA 01101-2463 413-783-7548)—Darrell Jonsson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Enneade LP*

The working title of this compilation was "Children of Magma," as it features otherwise unavailable tracks by Magma, Magma alumni, and groups whose main source of inspiration and influence was, you guessed it, Magma. The idiosyncratic musical style is characterized by disjunct melodies that move in very unusual ways, an extended harmonic vocabulary, and a highly idiosyncratic scating vocal style, cast in jazz fusion sonorities and technical virtuosity, though the sound and effect has little to do with most jazz fusion. Among the contributing alums are reedman Yochk'o Seffer, keyboardist Francois "Faton" Cahen, both jazzy affairs, and the snarling sounds of bassist Bernard Paganotti. The various Magma offshoots, and bands modeled thereafter, include Troll, a burmin' trio with heavy percussion, keyboards, viola, and bass, Eider Stellaire, a superb band, and Shub Niggurath, whose firey hot, harrowing music is the most intense and extreme, as well as Xalph and Eskaton. Oddly enough, Magma's own contribution is not one of the best. This terrific record affords listeners the opportunity to sample some of France's best progressive rock and jazz. (Musea, 72 rue du General Patton, 54110 Dombasle, France)—Dean Suzuki

VORTEX: *Danube Album LP*

Vortex is Ralph Blauvelt and Brad Graves. They work with generally rhythmic, somewhat melodic improvisations, elements of jazz, playing piano, prepared pianos, percussion, trumpet, winds, and toys. No lack of performance talent. They have obviously aimed at a wide spectrum of textures and succeeded. On a few pieces this goal seems a bit academic, and overdriven as if natural movement were sacrificed at the expense of tactile consistency. John Cage ("A Room" or "The Earth Shall Bear Again") comes to mind on the prepared piano pieces, which are the albums strongest points. Others resemble a sparse Borbetomagus or Music Improvisation Co. (Soundscape Presents, 500 West 52nd St., New York, NY 10019 212-242-3374)—William Storage

WALLMEN: *Mr. Happy Man C*

These guys (Jethro Deluxe, Stormin Omar Nowhere, Yom Tucker, and occasional guests) have a very funny casual style, mixing, playing music, tripping, making up songs (22 songs here), this is my favorite so far of all their releases. The plot of the program flows along, sort of like Dino DiMuro's tapes, from predominantly narrative song to well crafted instrumentals: guitars, real drums, keyboards, effects, bass. Some ti-



les: Side one is titled Sometimes Nothing Ever Happens, side two is called This Is Your Brain, Any Questions?, and some individual song titles are "Cookie's Theme," "I Got Something For You," "Some Call It Art," "Mr. Sunshine Squeeze," "Rayon Love Suit," "Magic Rugburn." Easy-going beat, good rocking sounds, generous effects, interesting voice, humorous stories interwoven using the music, a garage and Sgt. Pepper. (Wallmen, 7711 Lisa Lane, North Syracuse, NY 13212)—Robin James

YOUR MOM TOO: *England's Newest Hitmakers C*

An unbeatable duo, Leslie Singer (of Girl's on Fire fame) and Frank Kogan (Stars Vomit Coffee Shop) teaming up to sing off key with drone guitar work and a very original sound in general. Plenty surreal and just plain wierd, they work up a sweat sometimes too. Overall the sound is closer to Leslie's annoying art style than Frank's countrified folk-rock, but I can see his influences in the song constructions and lyrics. The vocals are mostly done by Leslie, she's lead twanger too. The songs are about all kinds of stuff, like "My Couch," "Hot Dog Fat"

"Underwear with No Holes," side two has some solo work by each of our hosts, including "Boy Shoots Mom," "Morris The Cat," "Brian Eno is Such a Commercial Bitch," "The Fire in the Brain of Jesus," all by Leslie, and by Frank, "Scene of the Crime," "Real Psychedelic song," "There's No Vincent Here," "The Alcohol of Fame", and more. (Frank Kogan, 3352 A 26th Street, San Francisco, CA 94110 415 285 0539)—Robin James

ZUT EN FEU ROUGE:

Who's Afreud? LP
Strong Rock in Opposition influences (Henry Cow, Etron Fou, etc.) mark the music of the Swedish group, Zut en Feu Rouge. There are no histrionics or virtuosic flights of fancy, rather the music is characterized by slightly bent arrangements with an instrumentation that includes violin, brass, winds and a standard rhythm section, with oblique melodies with unexpected twists and turns, and piquant, often unlikely harmonies, especially in the understated guitar work. Unusual time signatures, irregular accentuation or unexpected syncopation, and splayed writing for the horn section give the music a nicely skewed tenor.

Those who enjoy the genre will want to check out Zut en Feu Rouge. (Bauta Records, P.O. Box 163, S-581 02 Linkoping, Sweden)—Dean Suzuki

ZUT EN FOU ROUGE:
Sweet Zutrospectacles C

Fifteen pieces of utterly delightful music by the nutty crew that brought us the great 1985 release 'Who's Afreud?' Imagine a giddy Henry Cow... Very similar in kind to the Swiss group Debile Menthol, but closer to the garage (you can smell the carbon monoxide...it's probably a Saab). Tight syncopation and difficult time-signatures combined with improvisation, half-sung/half-chanted voices, squawking reeds and sawing violin, alternately melodic (then snarling) guitar, and a snappy rhythm section. Composed, but never anal-retentive. A liberal sort of musical sarcasm that will have you grinning and sneering too. This retrospective spans 1980-86 and is a must-have for all fans of the R.I.O.-groups. (Bauta Records, P.O. Box 163, S-581 02 Linkoping, Sweden)—Bret Hart

HEAR THIS...

MARTIN BISI
CREOLE MASS

Sonic Youth, John Zorn and Last Exit producer arrives with a unique debut album. Rock instruments applied to South American folk songs and covers of Pink Floyd's "Money" and Hank Williams' "Kaw Liga" make this album intriguing and indescribable.

new alliance
records
P.O. BOX 1389
Lawndale, CA 90260

MARTIN BISI
CREOLE MASS

TRIPTIC OF A PASTEL FERN
2nd JEFFERSON BLYTHE

cassette (p.p)

A Smooth Stream of Emphasis Curling in and out of Earshot Follow as it Slides Through Constructions of Binary Sound and Curls Past Itself into Free Stasis Shimmering Duplicates WHAT A GREAT BARGAIN!

send 5\$ to:
ETERNAL EQUINOX VIS-AUDco.
2515 N. 16th st.
ARLINGTON VA.
22201
chk.pybl. to: Scott Reynolds

34 34 34 81
70 71 76 86

Classical/Neo-Classical



JOHN E. '96

BON, MAARTEN: *Le Sacre du Printemps* LP

What makes this recording of Stravinsky's famous ballet score, *The Rite of Spring*, unique is that it is arranged for four pianos. Whereas Stravinsky wrote a rehearsal score for two pianos, which has been recorded by others, this arrangement by Dutch composer and pianist Maarten Bon includes many of the notes left out, of necessity, in the two piano version. Though the effect is quite different from the orchestral score, the impact of four pianists pounding away with such abandon, intensity, fire, and vivacity is a thrilling, even glorious new perspective on the notes and passages which have become, for many, familiar ground. While the purists may scoff at the idea of such an arrangement, many will be convinced upon hearing this devastating and awesome record. (Composers' Voice, P.O. Box 1140, Golea,

cality. Pulling off the incredible contrapuntal complexities of a fugue on a violin is no mean feat and only a few are up to the challenge. On the other hand, capturing the intense emotion of the free slow movements such as open each of the three sonatas, without resorting to 19th century romanticism, and a smarmy, cloying sweetness is equally demanding. Kantorow, a young French violinist of Russian descent, handily performs these works with a true understanding of Bach's profound musical genius and all of the technical requirements and then some. As expected, this has Denon's crystal clear sound and high production values. (Denon, Current Address Needed,)—Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Min-On Contemporary Music Festival* LP

The second from the series of recordings taken from the Japanese Min-On

CA 93116)—
Dean Suzuki

KANTOROW, JEAN-JACQUES: *J.S. Bach: 3 Sonatas & 3 Partitas* CD

Bach's six sonatas and partitas for solo violin, which include the justly famous Chaconne in D minor, considered by many to be Bach's greatest achievement, constitute the zenith of music for violin, and some of Bach's finest music ever. The music, along with the solo cello suites, are among Bach's most impassioned and soulful, presenting monumental challenges to the performer in terms of technique and musi-

cality. Pulling off the incredible contrapuntal complexities of a fugue on a violin is no mean feat and only a few are up to the challenge. On the other hand, capturing the intense emotion of the free slow movements such as open each of the three sonatas, without resorting to 19th century romanticism, and a smarmy, cloying sweetness is equally demanding. Kantorow, a young French violinist of Russian descent, handily performs these works with a true understanding of Bach's profound musical genius and all of the technical requirements and then some. As expected, this has Denon's crystal clear sound and high production values. (Denon, Current Address Needed,)—Dean Suzuki

Contemporary Music Festival is even better than the first. The compositions are of a higher caliber, more varied and showcased by some fine performances. Norio Fukushi's spirited Chromosphere is a tour-de-force for percussion and orchestra which features Sumire Yoshihara, a virtuoso of the highest order whose playing breathes life and excitement into this fine work. She attacks the cadenzas with a thundering ferocity that is awe-inspiring. In addition to some marvelous percussion writing, the orchestration is colorful and splashy. Equally prismatic is Maki Ishii's Translucent Vision, though the timbres are more crystalline and luminescent as the title infers. The work builds in intensity as the inexorable energy builds to a mighty zenith. On the other end of the scale, Scenes from Basho by Joji Yuasa is a restrained, even delicate composition. Dynamics are quite soft and the sounds of the orchestra are veiled with bright colors bursting forth from time to time as Yuasa takes a few steps beyond Debussy's Impressionism. Other works include Image by Atsutada Odaka and Hioharu Mastumoto's Les Leonides. (Camerata, 5-50-6 Jiongu., Shib, Tokyo 150, Japan)—Dean Suzuki

WEAVER, JAMES: *J.S. Bach: Six Partitas for Solo Piano* LP

The Smithsonian Collection has produced this magnificent 3-record set which contains Six Partitas expertly performed by James Weaver, associate curator of musical instruments at the National Museum of History and Technology and director of the Smithsonian Chamber Players on a lovely 2-manual harpsichord dating from 1745. The timbre of the instrument is pristine, delicate and crystal clear. According to period practice, Weaver employs a tuning system first developed in 1960 that is a hybrid of equal temperament and just intonation and usable in all keys. The music is, of course, absolutely glorious. In addition to the records, the set includes copious and thoroughly researched notes and a beautiful facsimile of the first edition of Bach's *Clavierübung I* which dates from 1731 and contains the Six Partitas. I cannot imagine a better way to become acquainted with this timeless, enduring music. (Smithsonian Recordings, P.O. Box 10230, Des Moines, IA 50381)—Dean Suzuki

MIRIODOR "Miriodor"
(Cuneiform Rune 14) [LP]

This Montreal trio (keyboards, sax, & drums) present world class instrumental progressive music. Superb musicianship & stunningly graceful musical navigation through challenging compositional waters are what Miriodor do best.

UNIVERS ZERO "UZED"
(Cuneiform Rune 15) [LP & CD]

Cuneiform is proud to present the worldwide reissue of Univers Zero's classic 4th lp. Newly remastered for superior sound, & available on CD for the 1st time, it presents five awesome compositions for reeds, cello, keyboards, bass, & drums.

DAVID BORDEN/MOTHER MALLARD
"The Continuing Story Of Counterpoint, Parts 9-12"
(Cuneiform Rune 16) [CD]

This CD is the 1st of a three part CD collection devoted to Borden's acclaimed magnum opus. Over 60 minutes of intricate & skillful electronic music for multiple keyboards, reeds, & voice.

CUNEIFORM RECORDS
PO BOX 6517
WHEATON, MD 20906-0517

Wholesale distribution via many independent distributors.

Our initial releases by David Borden, Curlew, Dr. Nerve, However, Piero Milesi, Phil Miller, R. Stevie Moore, The Muffins, PFS, Present, Mikel Rouse, and Univers Zero are still available. If you are unable to find these records in your store, please write for more information.

FREE..

catalog of electronic music containing a wide range of styles, not just space music. Send your name and address to:

Eugene Electronic Music Collective
PO Box 3219
Eugene, OR 97403
USA

GENERATIONS UNLIMITED PROMOTES CHALLENGING, NEW, DRAMATIC ELECTRONIC MUSIC AND THE ARTISTS THAT CREATE THIS MUSIC. WE ARE ACTIVELY DECREASING THE SPACES BETWEEN THE ARTIST AND THE LISTENER. WRITE TO US FOR A CATALOG OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY CASSETTES & RECORDS

GENERATIONS UNLIMITED
199 Strathmore #5
Brighton, MA. 02135-5210

POISON PLANT

ELECTRONIC MUSIC FOR AN ALIEN CULTURE

- COMP. TAPE \$4.00
- WRITE FOR INFO

124078
HICKORY TREE WAY
GERMANTOWN MD
20874

SEEN THE

CREVICE TOOL

VIDEOS

50 MILES

GRAB THIS SLEEVE

BANFF

COME OUTSIDE

BANFF

new and healthy -creativity and rascality -striking music
aggressive rocking -obvious talents- MIDWEST RECORD RECAP
precise posters -adventurous -refreshing- BUZZ MAGAZINE

contact- 2842 W. 34th. Ave.,
Vancouver, B. C.,
V6W 2J6, Canada.
(604) 261-9552-ph. Fax.

Electronic/Ambient/Industrial

BANABILA, MICHEL: *Des Traces Retrouvees* EP

The music of Harold Budd appears to be a major source of inspiration for Banabila, though his slow and languid music is clearly distinguishable from Budd's. This record consists of five compositions, numbered I through V, including one side long piece and four vignettes, brief bits of musical ephemera that are lovely though fleeting. The side long track, "I," is the most like Budd; equally evocative, resembling most the more heavily treated works from the collaboration with Eno, *The Plateaux of Mirror*. The piano serves as a core around which are layered rich bands of processed and synthesized sounds. Banabila adds a gentle, continuous stream of female voice (à la Eno's *Music for Airports*), plus other tender droning sounds to a spartan piano part on "IV." "II" is a more Satie-esque piece, while "III" is a kind of ambient organ prelude. Banabila's music stands head above most of the ambient twaddle that is being pushed on record buyers. It's a shame that, in all likelihood, his music will languish in obscurity, available only to those willing to take the time and effort to seek it out. (Trichord, Bloemgracht 121, 1016 KK Amsterdam, Holland)—Dean Suzuki

BIOTA: *Bellowing Room* LP

An exemplary specimen of noise music which even in its abrasions finds a graceful context. Perhaps there is bound to be a further surge of noise-oriented recordings coinciding with the recent reprinting of Luigi Russolo's *The Art of Noise*. This is an art where more people should join in. For would-be industrial noise composers in search of models to emulate, inspire and enjoy, this is a good place to begin. (Recommended Records (UK), 387 Wandsworth Road, London, England SW8)—Darrell Johnson

BUTLER, DAVE: *Sand & Gravel* C60

I had been intrigued by Dave's 'sonic aggregations' and 'electroacoustic experimentations' (as this tape is subtitled) ever since hearing his "Limbic Rotatory" on the Ontario Electronic Music Tape Project, a compilation he produced as a limited edition in 1985. I had been anxiously awaiting a more lengthy solo effort and the wait was well worth it. 'Sand & Gravel' combines soothing

ambience and abstract textural approaches achieving the best of both worlds without the usual compromises. Calm soundscapes expand and unfold revealing new terrain constructed of rhythmic utterances, blending sequences, disembodied monologues and floating arpeggios. Listening to this music is like looking into a pond on a sunny day. You see the reflection of the sky, the surface of the water, down through the body of the water, and the bottom, all at once. And then you begin to notice the interweaving of movement on all those levels. A great first release. (Cedar Creek Sound, P.O. Box 1296, Woodstock, Ontario, Canada N4S 8R2)—Michael Chocholak

DE LEEUW, TON: *Litany of Our Time; Clair Obscure* LP

Clair Obscure (Obscure Light) is a lovely work which, as the title implies, is neo-Impressionistic with hazy, non-specific evocations and a dreamy aura. The title also refers to the dark, muted, subtle play of light and shadow, the amber and sepia tones of Rembrandt's paintings which deLeeuw accurately captures. He does include some hard-edged sounds so as to avoid a weak-kneed composition, lacking fortitude. The work is marred briefly when the composer succumbs to some '60s electronic music clichés: beeps and squeaks which sound dated and tired. Otherwise, *Clair Obscure* is a fine example of electronic music. *Litany of Our Time* for voices, instrumental ensemble, live electronics, and tape of 1969-70 is very much a product of its time. The non-narrative text, drawn from fragments of a newspaper, with their obvious political and social implications, the pervasive dissonance, ever changing timbres, and mosaic of sounds now come off as éry and predictable. Perhaps a strong work in its day, it has not held its own with the passage of time. (Composers' Voice, P.O. Box 1140, Goleta, CA 93116)—Dean Suzuki

DOG AS MASTER: *Splendor, The C* Tape starts with annoying treated vocals screaming "The Splendor" and other things over drones and cinematic Hollywood-orchestra tapes (all at once) and then starts to get obnoxious. And this is the "crowd-pleaser side"! Mostly it's annoying drones, screamed vocals, some found tapes, and it's really LOUD

(!) with such cheery sentiments as "Fuck you, I'd like to beat you black and blue" repeated over and over. Not exactly romantic mood muzick, although it might make a great soundtrack for the next Texas Chainsaw Massacre. Not the movie, but an actual chainsaw massacre. (SSS Productions, 5881 Darlington Rd., Pittsburgh, PA 15217 412-521-8278)—Dan Fioretti

F.A.R.: *Da Consumarsi con Grazia* LP

This is the quintessential ADN album, embodying the very spirit of their small but informative magazine. The Italian journal (in English and available from Wayside) focuses on experimental music; primarily industrial, ambient/minimal and avant garde rock (Magma, Art Zoyd, etc.). F.A.R.'s album is a mixture of industrial strength noise, musique concrete, and gentle ambient sounds. The noisier parts include anguished screams of terror and angst, and nasty, distorted electronic sounds. There are various applications of musique concrete, including extracts from Holst's *The Planets*—specifically the obstinate Mars: *The Bringer of War*—as well as some bizarre voices and other unidentified sounds. There are soothing electronics, sequencers, agitated reed playing, plus a whole gamut of sounds that are evocative, dream-like, even nightmarish. The total effect is mind numbing by virtue of the sonic assault and quiescent seduction. (ADN, via Colletta 73, 20137 Milan, Italy)—Dean Suzuki

GILBERT, B.C. /G. LEWIS: *8 Time* CD

Compiles 71 minutes of electronic music Bruce Gilbert and Graham Lewis of Wire recorded and released as *Dome* in 1980 and '81. With *Dome*'s recordings out-of-print for years, this is a welcome retrospective. "Kluba Cupol," "3.4," and "R7" (each in the 20 minute range) are the centerpieces of the disc, with five serving as slightly fragmentary, occasionally melodic interludes. There are almost no recognizable instruments here—these pieces are sculpted out of shuttling machine sounds, cloudy electronic drones, white noise, and what sounds like found-object percussion. Looped sounds mingle and interact to produce strangely hypnotic rhythms before receding into the dense mix, only to re-emerge in different combinations. These compositions could be appraised

as cold, difficult, formal and remote, but persistent listening discloses obliquely seductive rhythmic intricacy and textural richness. One must be in a highly receptive state to appreciate this music—a dreamy mood in which one can be entranced by the hum of a refrigerator, or the lulling drone of a washing machine. Too low-key and original to be industrial, too unsettling to be ambient. (4AD, 17-19 Alma Rd, London, England SW18)—Michael Draine

HUDAK, JOHN: *Flat Surface C*
Sonic extrapolations from rearranged sound. "Four Saints (To A. Tarkovsky)" features tinkles, clinks, washes, and phlanged sounds, with absolutely no thematic development. Might be interesting as generic background sounds for meditation. Postmodern sonic wallpaper. "Was After All" has echoey sounds, and the same two notes going over and over. Not very interesting stuff, really. (John Hudak, P.O. Box 7784, Philadelphia, PA 19101-7784)—Dan Fioretti

IVORY PLAYGROUND: *Scattered Clouds CD*
Ivory Playground is a trio performing on keyboard synthesizers and percussion. Their CD consists of two suites, one named after the group and the other titled "Connections and Epilogue". Ivory Playground is a sweet and innocuous work primarily for synthesizers. It goes nowhere. Much better is "Connections and Epilogue", a six-movement work that fully integrates the percussion in with the synthesizers. Using a wide array of percussion including plenty of third world instruments, and even toys, Ivory Playground show invention in terms of color and texture. Several of the movements are stunningly beautiful, but even a couple of movements from Connections never rises above mediocre. (Wergo, 3364 Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90034)—Dean Suzuki

JOHNNY SWITCHBLADE: *Detachable Prostitute, The C*
This is Electronic Noise, there is a lot of voice stuff, from telephones and the radio, all kinds of spoken stuff, lots of echo effects and non-stop surprises. Low intonations, cascading sustained chords, effects turned up too much, harsh impossible to understand sequences of groaning and some short bizarre telephone male homosexual dial-a-pervert stuff, mostly mindbusting strangeness, seriously weird entertainment. Obscene cover. (Christopher Smith, 5420 Veloz Ave, Tarzana, CA

91356)—Robin James

LUNDE, ERIC: *Scramble C*
Boy Dirt Car leader Lunde has much on his mind and says it in a way to irk as many as possible. Themes include the Challenger disaster, Statue of Liberty weekend baloney and the cult of celebrity, as represented by Robin Leech's Life Styles of the Rich and Famous. Lunde advances the theory that the en masse reactions to such hype appear in a series of predicated codes of behavior. It's his job to rid himself of that cultural/sociological baggage. These mightily horrific drones, hisses and bouts of static and tape manipulation are personal weaponry in his battle against "the dominant spectacle." It doesn't capture the feeling of living damage and catharsis a Boy Dirt Car show or tape does. Rather, it projects the impression of a more premeditated counter-attack upon the offenders. Sure not pleasant, but is conspiracy theory ever? Listen. (Artweather Communications, P.O. Box 92181, Milwaukee, WI 53202 414-347-0710)—Jamie Rake

MANDOLINI, RICARDO: *Electro Akustische-Musik LP*
It is hard to imagine a more lean, highly focused electronic music than Mandolini's. Each work employs very few sonorities, and is very quiet. Estallido Breve is a gradual crescendo, but even at its zenith, it is not a roaring mass of sound, rather a brilliant, metallic din with an undeniable transparency. A more mainstream electronic piece, representative of the aesthetic of the 1960's, is El Cuaderno del Alquimista. Like his other works, it contains plenty of open spaces; stretches of silence punctuated by sounds both small and explosive. The sonorities may be a little dated by today's standards. One can find timbral similarities with the concrete work of Parmegiani in Mandolini's Cancion de Madera y Agua. The high pitched sounds of Juego de Marianetas were too spacey for my tastes. (Edition RZ, Leibnizstr. 33, D-1000 Berlin 12, W. Ger.)—Dean Suzuki

MATHES, ARNOLD: *Censored for Various Reasons W C90*
A collection of synthesizer noodlings, all with titles (and some musical elements) which reflect sci-fi, horror, and espionage motifs. A lot of effort obviously went into this tape (the sound is excellent), but unfortunately, the pieces succeed on a very hit-and-miss basis. The simple, all-electronic arrangements and slightly unorthodox percussion at

times show an uncanny resemblance to Mark of the Mole-era Residents work, but with none of the focus or humor. Pieces drag on (e.g. the 20-minute opening track), and seldom succeed in deeply involving the listener. In places, Mathes is excellent at weaving moods of tension and trepidation, but the most prevalent mood for the listener is one of fatigue. Mathes needs to regroup until his list of fleshed-out ideas turns out longer than his gratuitously enclosed list of name-brand instruments and effects boxes he used. (Arnold Mathes, 2750 Homecrest Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11235 718-646-3214)—Steward Odom

MYERS, DAVID: *White Rushes Underneath C*
Clearly Myers has been listening to, absorbing, appropriating, and re-thinking the electronic and more experimental music of Ryuichi Sakamoto and Harumi Hosono. He has borrowed liberally from their styles and the sonorities that the two techno masters prefer, and made them his own. Other influences include Robert Fripp's guitar style and Frippertronics-like tape system, early Terry Riley, and Zoolook era Jarre. However Myers is a very fine composer in his own right whose mostly electronic music is colorful and engaging. Also notable are the high production values that surround you with a three dimensional matrix of sound. (Presence Sound, 228 Bleeker St #8, New York, NY 10014 212-989-5260)—Dean Suzuki

PRESCOTT, DAVE: *Red Shift, Part 5 C*
Pure synth, nothing else except maybe a little radio. Thick beams of colorbars, crunching heaving star explosions, patterns, very little keyboard action, plenty of outer space textures and vistas. This tape is a section of a composition intended to be heard from four independent tape players. Each time it is played the listeners are able to hear different parts by varying the volumes and locations of the four tape players, together they make a new world, and separately they also work as synth compositions. This is art music, not new age, it has no beat, no logical progression, it is pure science fiction landscaping, spelunking astronauts on the third moon of Jupiter. Maneuvers over hidden newcolored planet. It opens the way for more multiple sound source program architectures to explore. (Generations Unlimited, 199 Strathmore #5, Brighton, MA 02135)—Robin James

RICH, ROBERT: *Numena C*

This is a nice change of pace from Rich's previous cassette releases. As per usual, Rich creates lovely droning swathes of electronic sound; this is unabashed trance music or ambient music, but of a quality that far exceeds most of the junk that floods the market. In addition, exotic third world elements have been added to the electronic fabric. "Numen" makes allusions to Jon Hassell and Jeff Greinke, with what sounds like African percussion and a simple flute. However, Rich's music is slower, less assertive, yet every bit as evocative and moody. Other similarities can be cited. "The Walled Garden" is in the vein of Paul Horn's recordings in large, reverberant spaces, though again, Rich's music is less activated, more ambient, and to this writer, much more effective. At other times, one can draw comparisons with Harold Budd and Brian Eno, but Rich always emerges with a personal and very effective statement. Though a system of just intonation is employed, the music does not have that quirky out-of-tune quality due to the luxuriant textures and thick webs of sound. With this release *Multimood* continues to prove itself as one of the finest experimental record labels. (*Multimood*, Kristenelundsvage 2A, S-731 51 Koping, Sweden)—Dean Suzuki

SCHNITZLER, CONRAD: *Congratulation LP*

The ever prolific electronic music composer Schnitzler has yet another record out. Schnitzler is one of few German synth composers to have come out of and transcended the German Teutonic Synth Rock syndrome, with its penchant for sequencers and spacey effects. Each piece on this most recent release is like an etude, highlighting a core of tone colors, rhythms, and/or musical figures. The music is variously sweet and virulent, easy going and relentless. One piece has the irrepressible drive and thrust of "Mars" from Holst's *The Planets*, while a couple of others bring the sound and character of Mark Mothersbaugh's release, *Musik for Insomniaks* to mind. Some pieces are more rhythmically oriented while others key in on timbre and harmony. Certainly one of Schnitzler's most varied, yet consistent records that this writer has heard. (*Esplendor Geometrico*, Apartado 14.325, 28080 Madrid, Spain)—Dean Suzuki

SMERSH: *Beat From 20,000 Fathoms LP*

Latest release on RRR Records so ya

just know it's gonna grind like a trip to the dentist. I mean, Merzbow, Boy Dirt Car, Eugene Chadbourne and Blackhouse albums don't exactly perch on the e-z listening charts, right? Anyway, the LP cover's great with a photo of some geek in a real cheap gorilla suit and lotta little drawings of monsters like you used to find on fad bubblegum cards before pap like Garbage Pail Kids and Nerds took over. Score a point right off. Then the titles themselves pick up points—"Fish Still Bite", "Harpichord Heart", "The Man Who Ate Steam", "Make Me a Sergeant (an' Gimme The Booze)", etc. Eleven tunes in all. Did I say tunes? Umm, yeah, even though this'll probably have to be classified, and it's pretty unclassifiable, the basic thrust is in the direction of electro-industrial. Rhythm boxes keep fairly regular beats and assorted keyboard-electronic treatments provide occasional melodies and a sense of progression. That's the electro part. Then throw in assorted effects, clangs, clatter, metallic thwumps, etc., and ya got the industrial part. Oh yeah, there's some rapping going on too, real distorted vocalizing originating in harsh shouts and processed into some sort of mutant Yosemite Sam effect. Chants and moans from time to time. So hey, far be it for me to pass judgment on stuff that is deliberately aimed much further left than 95% of the records sent to me. If it matters, I purchased this one. Something tells me that Smersh could have a disco/dub/cut-up dancefloor hit with a bigshit producer like Jellybean for the remix. Roll over New Order and tell CabVolt the news. (RRRecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852 508-454-8002)—Fred Mills

STORY, TIM: *Three Feet From The Moon LP*

Story's third album has a gentle, lilting, and lyrical character. There is a uniformity of texture and style which indicates that he is exploring and refining a single, specific musical realm, rather than applying the eclectic approach. Timbres are varied the most, yet it remains a rather small sound world; mostly piano augmented by various electronics and synthesizers, plus electric guitar and vibraphone. Despite the self-imposed limitations, Story is able to create a very attractive collection of character pieces. The works which place the piano in the foreground may stray a little to close to George Winston et al. for some. However, the purely electronic works are more muscular and are among his finest to date. Story tends

to stretch out melodically and rhythmically in these numbers, allowing him room to exercise more imagination and inventiveness. Overall, a very nice effort. (Teichiku Records, 21-17, 1 Chome, Toranomom, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan)—Dean Suzuki

UN-FILM: *3D Effect C*

Diverse industrial and noisy guitar types make tape full of danceability, anger, nihilism, and other fun feelings and textures. First side is the less beat-oriented of the two but features a groover in "Neuropathic Halo" and sound collages and samples that say something, esp. the "Bed of Spikes" remix (original version found on RRR's out-of-print and excellent *God Bless America* box), which utilizes what sounds to be a lesbian porn flexidisc, an Indian chanting and assorted clanks. The sex dementia continues on the flipside's "Experiments in Pain", where some woman moans ecstatically while glass shatters about her. There's more rockin' too on "Vertigo" and the last two cuts, where the vocalist sounds like a dazed cross-pollination of Ozzie Osbourne and Genesis P. Orridge. More weirdness where that came from, too. (Ladd-Frith, P.O. Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502)—Jamie Rake

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Nightlands LP*
A collection of electronic compositions which share a cinemagraphic hypnotism steaming of mystery and intrigue. The synthesizers and electronic processors are complemented with dreamy instrumentals and ambient acoustic sounds. Side one features the groups Muslim Gauze, Pump, Biting Tounge, Gush and Bourbonese Qualk. Side two includes works by John Avery, Tim Story, Mute Calm, Human Flesh and O Yuki Conjugate. For those who are looking for music that contains some of the elements of the new age sound while retaining some substance, this record is a sample of various electronic artists breaking out of the mold. (Red Rhino, Fetter Lane, York, ENGLAND YO1 1EH)—Darrell Jonsson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Flayed/Crux LP*
Eddie Prevost/Organum. A side long piece by Prevost involves some restrained but high tension percussion. This is not a self-indulgent drum solo. It is highly disciplined improvisation with David Jackman on bowed cymbals. Prevost really shines at incorporating random elements and intelligent dialogue with other improvisors. Probably the best example of this was "Ordinary Day in Pueblo, Colorado" (still available

from Matchless Recordings) by AMM (Prevost and Keith Rowe), one of improvisations finest achievements.

"Flayed" aims in a slightly different direction. Prevost leads this powerful piece with Jackman in a supportive role. Strong ideas, but Prevost barely gets a chance to show his ability to respond to, work with, and move around diverse inputs. Impressive, still. On side two, Jackman, Steve Stapleton (Nurse with Wound), and others continue in the direction of previous Organum records, but even less raw. The machinery is larger and runs more smoothly, heaving, churning and swaying slowly. They use bowed guitar and cymbals, drone, flute, some electronics, metal chairs. Nice deep rumble in the background. This stuff is hypnotizing, and you wonder where the 20 minutes went. It is also refreshingly non-electronic sounding—like Popol Vuh's "Aguirre." Other comparisons—late '60s restrained MEV, a better paced early Einsturzende Neubauten. Gets my highest recommendation. (Silent Records, 540 Alabama St #310, San Francisco, CA 94110)—William Storage

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Collectif Et Cie C90*

Collectif Et Cie is an organization that provides performances and instruction in avant-garde music, artificial intelligence and "sound-image fusions". The music on this tape combines a strong Stockhausen and Cage influence with punk exuberance. It is refreshing to hear electronic music that doesn't sound like someone left the refrigerator motor triggering a sequence of phase shifted plastic penny whistles. Here the electronic instruments meld with marimbas, gongs, bells, and theatrical recitations to congeal organic tonal narratives. There is a sense of drama to these works and they express an effort towards what Harry Partch referred to as corporeality, the symbiotic use of words and music. I find this music shares many a sense of corporeality along with such works as Stockhausen's *Stimmung*, Musica de Antiqua de Madrid's *Music of Ancient Greece*, Harry Partch etc.. Collectif Et Cie does move into the field slightly more unabashedly. The artful result is a modern work that defies popular genres (minimalism, industrialism, serialism etc.) and provides a synergistic expression of what Rimbaud called "sounds and vision". (Collectif Et Cie, 11 Avenue des Vieux Moulins, Annecy, France 74000 50 45 09 76)—Darrell Jonsson



Z'ev

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Insomnia 2C*
Yeah, yeah, hear one cassette compilation and you've heard them all: that's a familiar feeling. Except this work is way above average. The music is unified. It's the mood that ties together contradictory approaches of contributors such as Savage Republic, Blackhumour, Architects Office, Haters, Maybe Mental, Monochrome Bleu and Banned Production. It is a mood of dreamy peacefulness, razor sharp perceptions and directionless edginess. *Insomnia!* It is consistently inventive and thoughtful. Packaged in a videobox with handprinted graphics. An impressive achievement. (We Never Sleep, P.O. Box 92, Denver, CO 80201)—Lang Thompson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Tellus 17: Video Arts Music C*

A yummy compilation (as usual, mostly) from the folks at Tellus. The theme brings in lots of territory, some visual music, some ambiguous and colorful music, mostly electronic. "Unnecessary Music from Love in Space", "Sort of," "Writing Degree Z," "Recyclings", "Animal", "Migrations (and why they don't get lost)", "Bug in the Wilderness", "Night Flame Ritual." The view (ohmygod) is spectacular and has the variety of a festival of just the best stuff, all great and usually different from piece to piece. (Tellus, 596 Broadway #602, New York, NY 10012)—Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *We Know Time 2C90*

This compilation for sound lovers brings together an international variety of independent sonic artists for 30 selections—three hours of audio exploration

and stimulation. Samples, loops, walls of sound, all in multiple variations and incarnations. Often very intense, this music is not for those that cringe at the thought of 'noise' as a compositional tool. Those with more open minds will be well rewarded. Deaf Lions turns slivers of urban media into Blade Runner-like palimpsests. SWSw Thrght brings us our fearless leader in his final role as only he could play it. Our host, Jimmy Levine, joins us with solo cascades of ambience and collaborative asphyxiations with Richard Franecki, the short circuits of Architects Office to the unemployed ruminations of Ken Clinger with plenty of crocodile chords and dancing boulders in between. The attractive booklet asks, "Just what is noise?" and the accompanying tapes go a long way to putting that question into a whole new perspective. \$10.00 (Jim Tapes, 66 Edna Ave, Levittown, NY 11756)—Michael Chocholak

Z'EV: *Hottest Night, The C*

This is a live performance in San Francisco from 1981 that Z'ev himself claims is one of his best. Here we find the artist doing what he is famous for—clobbering the hell out of various handmade metal objects in a mesmerizing yet intense manner. I'm not yet familiar enough with his work to say if this is a typical Z'ev effort but I know that patient listeners will find this rewarding. Not just senseless hammering, there is a sense of flow and tonal complexity that draws me in every time I put it on. Not easy, but worth the effort. (Decay Int., P.O. Box 2127, 3000 CC Rotterdam, Netherlands 010-4767471)—Jon Booth

Ethnic/Regional

AFRICAN HEAD CHARGE:

Off The Beaten Track LP

If you had to stick this in a category, "dub" would probably fit best. However, African Head Charge is moving into some uncharted territory. The music is grounded in heavy bass and drums with sound cut-ups more familiar to fans of industrial music. There are other unpredictable elements: bells, dog barks, a violin. The supple groove is a far cry from the lifeless drum machines of many industrial bands and the variety of influences—a little Arabic, a touch of hip hop—avoids the sound-a-like nature of dub. This album, their fourth, effectively captures a political mood despite being almost all instrumental. It's almost a parody of ennui, a chuckle at claims of powerlessness, but fueled by anger not resignation. (On U Sound, 8 St. Bernards Road, London England E6 1PG)—Lang Thompson

BAMBAATA, AFRICA: *Beware (the funk is everywhere)* JLP

If hip hop is a music of the streets, 'Bam lives on some avenue that cuts through his native South Bronx, works its way through Manhattan for some studio sheen, and Queens for some heavy metal cruch'n'screech. Yeah, the man largely responsible for ushering in the '80s most dynamic urban sounds finally makes the promised LP five years after the seminal "Planet Rock" with his Soul Sonic Force. As for that long, winding avenue, it's temporarily populated by folks with surnames such as LeBlanc, Worrell, Jonzun, Laswell, and too many rappers and DJs to mention, all lending hands and heads. Standouts on a record this all-out smokin' include a sweaty remake of the MC5's "Kick Out the Jams", "Funk You" (title says it all) and a rappers' jam extraordinaire, "What Time Is It". Even the more mundanely-inspired numbers, like a lyrically hokey "Rock America" and the George Clinton "Atomic Dog" take-off, "Bionic Kats" work like a charm, in such deft control. Thank God Af' got rid of Johnny Rotten, and long live the Zulu Nation! (Tommy Boy, 1747 First Ave., New York, NY 10128)—Jamie Rake

BAYAKA PYGMIES:

Life Among the Bayakas C90

Louis Sarno, New Jersey housepainter sells all he owns and wanders into the African tropical rain forest. A sound is calling him and it is not an evil siren,

but the collective complex symphonic laughter of improvised tribal song. Louis has been in and out (mostly in) the jungle since 1986. He loves it there and they love him. He's making a wholistic sound document of a culture as fragile and as immediately threatened as the rain forest itself. He is trying to record as many musical events as possible, which among the Pygmies is just about every event. Interpersonal conversations drift into sing-song exchanges that burst into full village chorales. Because of his persistence and lack of any credentials beside being authentically human, the Bayaka's have allowed Louis to tape previously unrecorded ceremonies and celebrations. The tape comes with a descriptive booklet. The Bayaka's songs are as much a part of the forest as cricket chirps and dripping rain. (Gondwana Music, Elizabeth Wolffstraat 3, Amsterdam, Netherlands 1052 RN)—Darrell Jonsson

BEAUSOLEIL: *Hot Chili Mama* LP

Now that Paul Simon likes to dance all night on the bayou to the music of Clifton Chenier, what the hell are the rest of us waiting for? Beausoleil (French for "Beautiful Sunshine") was formed in the mid-seventies by Louisiana fiddler Michael Doucet, a well-rooted musician with five aunts who sing traditional ballads, a clarinetist mother, and a fiddler uncle who gave young Doucet a banjo. But Doucet also has a degree in English literature from L.S.U. and the texture of his band presents a more tempered blending than the raw discordant erectionism that infuses much Cajun music with its joy. No doubt the majority of contemporary listeners will be more comfortable with Beausoleil's slightly-sanded veneer, in which the various instruments do not sound like an assortment of cats in different rooms all simultaneously losing their virginities to demons from Hell's suburbs. But Beausoleil is still swamp music with all its happiness intact, and enough rough edges to make Marie Laveau hear that long snake moan. Why should music, still fresh with its original imprints of the Houma Indians, the tribes of the Ashanti and Congo, the Celtic lay and Spanish deep song and French minuet—why should such a choice blend of native and imported beans fear the addition of a little of today's chicory? Personnel: Michael Doucet, David Doucet, Pat Breaux, Tommy Alesi, Billy Ware, and

Beth Weil. These are the folks that sounded so good on Prairie Home Companion. (Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave, El Cerrito, CA 94530 415-525-7471)—Cary Sterling

BONGOMAN, KANDA: *Amour Fou* LP

Congolese and Zairean Aoukous music, very popular throughout Africa, is for dancing. It's quick tempo regimented drumming, everpresent three-part guitars, and lyrics often about romance make for instrumentally sparse but effective, uplifting, body rocking catalysts. Kenda Bongo Man's "Amour Fou" (Crazy Love) is true to the soul-stirring intent of Soukous. Compiled from two short LPs Kanda issued on his own label in France, "Amour Fou" features Diblo on lead guitar, competently playing those single note lines characteristic of the style that features rhythm notes and melody notes through a three guitar interplay. All six tunes, averaging seven minutes each, are similar in form, differing mainly in vocal and bass patterns and the occasional use of electronic hand clap. (Carthage Records, P.O. Box 667, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553 800-367-8699, 609-466-9320)—Derek Gaither

DEIHIM, SUSAN/RICHARD HOROWITZ: *Desert Equations/Azax Attra* LP

Haunting fourth world music with strong pan-arabic influences, that takes off where similar experiments by Byrne, Eno, Hassel and others have left off. Deihim and Horowitz seem to have complete control and lucid focus on their vision being dexterious with state-of-the-art synthesizers, and ethnic instruments including Bali gongs, Congas, Moroccan Ney flute, Darbouka, etc.. "Azax Attra" is the name of the theater performance piece that the music of this album is based on. The most burning criticism about this record is that it isn't accompanied by a video that allows us to view the visual component of this interesting music. (Crammed Discs, P.O. Box 1702 Canal St. Sta., New York, NY 10013 212-477-0547)—Darrell Jonsson

DISSIDENTEN: *Sahara Elektrik* LP Sahara Elektrik, (along with Dissidenten's previous LP *Life at the Pyramids*) is the on going work of a fusion of Berlin electro-rock artists and skilled Mor-

rocan musicians. Unlike other cross cultural releases that I've heard recently, Dissidenten rides closest to both a rock and traditional axis. It effectively mixes Moroccan tribal music with what Roger McGuinn has called "the folk music of the electric age"—rock and roll. That these two musics blend so well is evidence of both the musical skill and enthusiastic spirit of Dissidenten. As a vocabulary the music of what we call Pan Arabic (or Pan Islam) is far more developed, expansive, and cross-pollinated than the western traditions. From a broad-reaching cosmopolitan culture, that predates any documented European art-form. There was a popular Lebanese song in the sixties that claimed Arabic music the mother of rock and roll. For many years now the sustains of distorted electric guitars accompanied with rhythms of clay tom toms have been echoing on the walls of Fez, Marrakech and other North African cities. The music of Dissidenten is only the tip of a musical iceberg of which we should have more access to. For those who are interested in international music who yet haven't found a way to groove to the sounds of the Middle East Dissidenten's records are a good place to start. (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860 201 579 7763 579 7083)—Darrell Jonsson

HAZA, OFRA: *Fifty Gates of Wisdom* LP

Haza is an extremely popular singer in Israel and recently used that clout to record this album of 17th Century songs from her ancestral homeland Yemen which makes it a Jewish equivalent of Linda Ronstadt's Mexican excursion. But this jumps into areas where Ronstadt fears to tread. Realizing that notions of authenticity are a trap, Haza and producer Bezalel Aloni have adapted the songs to modern instruments and attitudes. There are no synthesizers but the French horns and strings are quite a heritage for music originally performed solely to the banging of spare cans and trays. "Im Nin'alu," starts with Haza's unaccompanied singing before the music—perky bass, swiping strings, weird percussion—enters pushing a hook that most pop bands would kill to have written. Haza's pure, precise voice is amazing. Singing a strange mix of Hebrew, Aramaic and Arabic, it is still much more than exotica. It is a stunning album that comes complete with translations but minus the neat photo of Haza in sunglasses that graces the import version. (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860)—Lang Thompson



Ini Kamoze

KAMOZE, INI: *Shocking Out* LP
Rollin', groovin' rebel reggae with get-off-my-back-babylon vocals sung sweet and powerful. No Saturday night dance hall jive, this calls out for us to rise above, set a new course, and walk tall and direct. But oh, so sweetly, those words flow telling boss man to back off, Russians and Americans to cool out, and would-be soldiers to step out of line. As slick and sharp as a knife. The rhythm section cuts a subtle but strong groove—all out muscle-power restrained but bulging and flexing through the tracks. Kamoze has a line on the crucial riddim's and precision voicings that could shake down the walls of Babylon and have the brethren dancin' through the rubble. This is a cool head with a burning soul. The knife is sheathed this outing—musical politeness in the cause of diplomacy. But a specter of rudeness hovers, threatening to floor any and all not nimble enough to dance their way to a higher consciousness as Kamoze puts a flame to the torch of rebellion and celebration that has been but a glowing coal for a jaded post-Marley generation. (RAS Records, P.O. Box 42517, Washington DC, 20015 301-564-1295)—David Ciaffardini

NAJMA: *Qareeb* LP

Ethnic rock that combines tasteful elements of pop, jazz, and the music of India. The rhythm section is primarily Indian instruments, with tabla, dholak, madhal and a soft touch of fretless bass. The melodies are carried by Najma's expressive lead vocals and dubbed harmonies combining with the delicious interplay of soprano saxophone, violin, and santoor. These songs are based on a

form of poetry "Ghazal" that has its origins in 16th century Persia. Since the 16th century Ghazal, a form of poetry and song, has made its impression on the Indian sub-continent. All the lyrics are in Urdu or Hindi. The liner notes come with translations. Najma brings the ancient form of Ghazal song into the 20th century with style and sincerity while combining the best elements of traditional poetry and modern pop. (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860 201 579 7763 579 7083)—Darrell Jonsson

OAKAFOR, BEN: *Downpressor Man* 12"EP

Christian reggae's a true rarity. Why aren't U.S. X-ans more in tune with Jamaican riddims? Beats me. There's Yabby You, but it could be both that the Amy Grant and DA camps find dreadlocks off-putting. No matter, here's Okafor, a short-haired, black Briton laying down right solid mainstream rootsiness, minus most dubbiness. The title track's a Peter Tosh oldie, and though Okafor doesn't have Tosh's foreboding bass, he imbues the tune with an Ecclesiastical edge with his warm, haunting tenor. The rest are originals, the best being "20th Century Wailing" and "Jah Love". "Pray Children" (for peace) has the grasp-at-a-crossover strain of recent Bunny Wailer and Jimmy Cliff, but Ok's not so crass as either. Nothing musically radical here, but not everybody need be Creation Rebel or Lee Perry to be kickin', right? (Crimson Flame, 12 Bell Barn Shop Ctr, Cregoe, Birmingham, England B15 2DZ)—Jamie Rake

RIOS, ORLANDO "PUNTILLA":

Cuban and Puerto Rican Music C
Cuban and Puerto Rican music from the African and Hispanic Traditions A Latin roots tape that will knock you out. Side one alone is worth the price of admission: Puntilla Rios y Nuevo Generacion playing the music of "santeria" (known in Brazil as "condomble," in Haiti as "vodoun" and originating in the "lucumi" religion of the Yoruba slaves brought to the New World from Nigeria and Dahomey). Rios is the Cuban master bata drummer who arrived in Nueva York in 1981. Bata drums are used to evoke the "orishas" (spirits) who then possess the devotees. Side one is an excursion into the musical richness of these ritual ceremonies in clean and crisp digital stereo recorded live in New York. The first half of side two features the classic secular earthiness of "musica jibara" by guitarist Ismael Berrios y su Sexteto Criollo. The tape ends with hot

African-derived Puerto Rican "plenas" and "bombas" as played by Los Plenos de la 21, who take their name from La Parada 21 (bus stop 21) a gathering place in the black neighborhood in the Santurce sector of San Juan. The tape is 85 minutes with informative liner notes. (Music of the World, P.O. Box 258, Brooklyn, NY 11209)—Ron Sakolsky

TRACEY, ANDREW AND PAUL:
Always Something New Out of Africa
C46

It was people like Hugh Tracey, and not the Talking Heads that first brought the magnificent phenomena of African polyrhythms in recorded form to the ears of Europe and the West. Starting in the 1930's Hugh Tracey began his life work of recording African music. This work spanned the course of 40 years. His 212 record compilations are distributed internationally. Hugh was very busy, besides being the foremost European Modern African ethnomusicologist, he introduced the Kalimba (handheld metalphone or "thumb piano" also known by dozens of African names) to the Western World also indicating that he did not intend African music to be a spectator sport for novelty seekers. The instrument that he and his family produced and still produces is no mere imitation, but an ingenious cross cultural tool with a spark of sociological brilliance. Knowing that it was unlikely that Europeans would go full tilt into Kalimba jam sessions of tribal melodies, Tracey distributed a product that appealed to European aesthetics and tonal sense without sacrificing African elegance. This was done by using the most resonant wood to be found in Africa and the loudest ringing metal to be found from English steel mills. The Tracey Kalimbas were marketed in both African and European scales. The beauty of his innovation borrows from the most poetic specimen of African democratic musical culture and placing it into homes in every major European city. It is a musical Trojan horse of sorts, because African genius cannot be easily denied while one is holding an instrument that virtually anyone can produce pleasant music on. An instrument that also can be easily used to produce the most complex and tantalizing polyrhythms humanly possible when played by skillful ensembles. I bring all this up because effective cross cultural subversion (for the better or the worse) involves a certain amount of semantic slight of hand. The appeal of the object or idea when presented in an attractive form minimizes cultural shock, and sub-



Bunny Wailer

sequent progress-retarding cultural trauma. Before the receptor recognizes (if ever) the object as being foreign it has already become commonplace and at least tacitly accepted. From that role it can eventually complete its full potential as a tool of durable change and influence. Hugh Tracey's sons have managed with the help of composer Jeremy Taylor to produce a mild mannered introduction to African music which is pleasant for both aficionados of African music as well as those who might not normally enjoy or consider themselves capable of enjoying African music. The collection of songs manages this by moving gracefully back and forth from the familiar (Anglo-American acoustical folk rock and '60s pop) to the unfamiliar (African tribal music). Before the initiate can jump out of the cozy Western lilt of ballad melodies she/he is launched into the equally charming world of African music. For those who wish to focus closer on the wealth of African traditional musics, Tracey's ten cassette series features individual digitally re-mastered collections classified by region and instrument groups i.e. metalphones, xylophones, lyres etc.. Kalimbas and xylophones are also available from the Traceys for those who wish to play along. \$8.50 (Paul Tracey, 340 Las Casas, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272)—Darrell Jonsson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: A Cappella Gospel Singing LP

At its best, emotionally charged gospel singing is a transcendental experience where soul-stirring utterances convey the rapture of a godhead fixation. It is at once distressed and hopeful—null re-

sponses to a myopic view of reality. Although gospel music is goal-oriented, the passion often seems of the moment and sincere. Such bonafide exaltations predominate in this exceptional compilation of acappella, community-based quartets. They celebrate the tight four-part harmonies and intricate arrangements and display outstanding and emotional delivery in a variety of singing styles. These selections, from 78 rpm discs, include "Jesus Hits Like The Atom Bomb," by the Charming Bells and "Lord Jesus," by the Spirit of Memphis Quartet. The latter, recorded at the Mason's Temple in Memphis, captures a charged singer/audience interchange. The cuts were made in the mid-30s to early '50s period with acceptable sound quality. The final song on side 2, "Before This Time Another Year," by the Jubalaires is a spirit rousing finale to an album packed with fervent renditions of traditional gospel songs. (Arhoolie Records, 10341 San Pablo Ave, El Cerrito, CA 94530 415-525-7471)—D.L. Gaither

WAILER, BUNNY: Liberation LP

After a couple of fluff albums, Bunny, the sole surviving member of The Wailers, cranks out what his record company calls a "major statement." Yes, this is Wailer's social and political album. Better late than never and good fodder to accompany a full-fledged tour of the U.S., but I have a hard time swallowing it whole. A few months ago he was proclaiming himself king of the dance halls, and wearing enough fancy cloth and gold chains to sink an air craft carrier. This month he's posing sincere and leading the liberation of oppressed people everywhere. He's a journeyman professional rasta guy and you have to give a chunk of credit for that. The lyrics are solid and cover the bases—apartheid, hunger, religious hypocrisy, drugs, and war. But the flame burns weak in comparison to such up-and-coming fiery reggae singers Alpha Blondy and Ini Kamooze. Wailer and his musical accompaniment sound a little tired and complacent. The groove is flabby. No big thing really, and I probably wouldn't be so down on the package if it weren't accompanied by "Bunny is the greatest" press release fanfare. Doesn't Jah say anything about being humble? If Bunny is now the reggae king, if only through default by untimely violent deaths of colleagues, it may be time for a dethroning. (Shanachie, 37 E. Clinton St., Newton, NJ 07860; 201 579 7763)—David Ciaffardini

**ETHIOPIA • ZIMBABWE
SENEGAL • AFRO-CARIBBEAN**

Journey Through Africa

Take a journey through Africa with Music of the World and discover traditional and contemporary music like you've never heard before.

Seleshe Damessae - vocals and strings from Ethiopia
Djimo Kouyate - West African kora Music
Dumisanl Maraire - mbira and marimba from Zimbabwe
Puntilla Rios - sacred Yoruba singing and drumming

Upcoming releases feature music from the Iggede of Nigeria, the Bushmen of the Kalahari, and various African music samplers. And if you can spend even *more* time on the road, check out our music from the rest of the globe.

So, pack your bags, and write for a free catalog.



MUSIC OF THE WORLD
P.O. BOX 258, Dept. S
BROOKLYN, NY 11209-0005

**MUSIC
OF THE
WORLD**

ELLIOTT SHARP CARBON



Monster Curve. The Monster Curve is a CD only compilation/history of Carbon, a revolving pool of musicians fronted by Elliott, which debuted in 1983. Compiled from Carbon, Six Songs/Marco Polo's Argali, and Fractal LPs, all periods of the group are represented up to, but not including this year's Larynx LP. Most of this material is available in the U.S. for the first time. 72 minutes of music. SST 208 (CD only \$13.00)

ELLIOTT SHARP ALSO APPEARS ON THESE GREAT RELEASES:

SST 128 Elliott Sharp "In the Land of Yahoos" (LP/CA \$7.50; CD \$13.00)
SST 129 Elliott Sharp/Soldier String Quartet "Tessalation Row" (LP/CA \$7.50)
SST 167 Semantics "Bone Of Contention" (LP/CA \$7.50; CD \$13.00)
SST 194 Elliott Sharp/Carbon "Larynx" (LP/CA \$7.50; CD \$13.00)

Make check or money order payable in U.S. funds to SST Records P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260.
VISA, MasterCard & C.O.D. — For merchandise call SST Mail Order (213) 835-8810.
For tour and general info call the SST Hotline (213) 835-4955.

for the world's most complete
free

**CATALOG OF RECORDS ★ TAPES ★
CD'S ★ VIDEOS BY WOMEN**

write

LADYSLIPPER!

P.O. Box 3124 • Durham, NC 27705
(919) 683-1570



Are you buying your music from huge
Multinational Conglomerates?!

HOW DO YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT?!

Over a hundred independent artists...
Diverse and Fresh to you!
Send c25 to M.Link @ 6920 Roosevelt
Way N.E. #328, Seattle, Wa. 98115



The Unnameable
Zanathustra's Breakfast
A Forty Minute Cassette

Available for \$4.00 Post Paid

Grapefruit Records

79 President Street

Brooklyn, NY 11231

Write For Free Catalogue

copyright 1989 EGM Music Pub.

Folk/Country

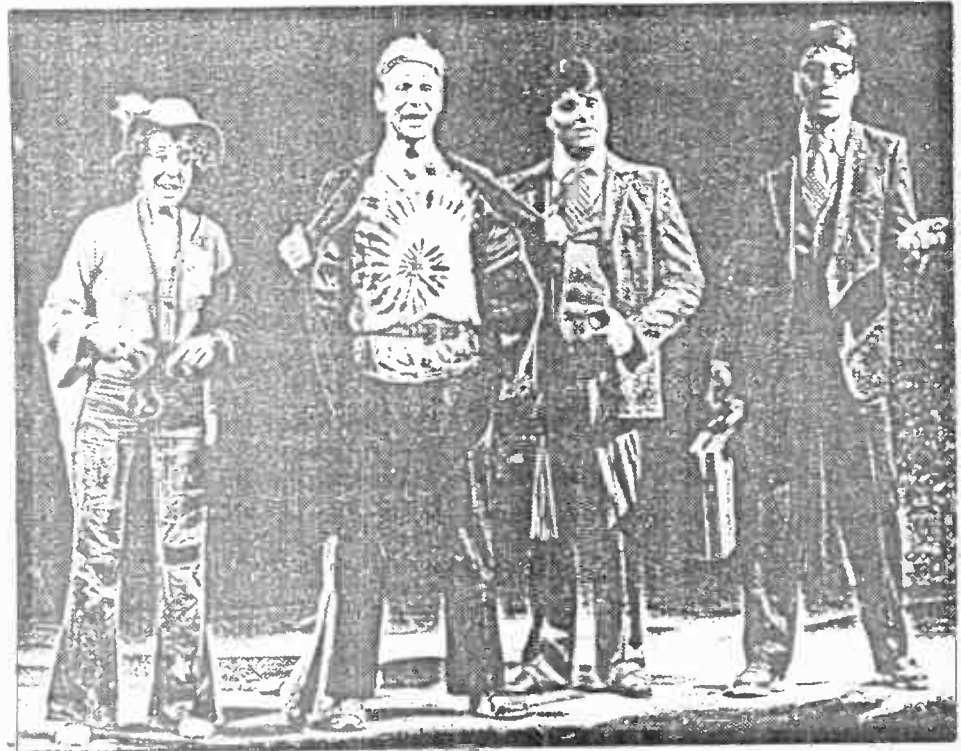
BOBS, THE: *Bobs Compact Disc, The CD*

It's been about four years since the release of the first album by The Bobs—a truly unique a cappella group and one of my favorite acts of all time—and I've been waiting eagerly for their next release ever since. The Bobs are clever in every way; musically, lyrically, and in performance. While this is a re-issue of that first album on CD, it does contain four tracks not found on the vinyl release, including their smashing rendition of Talking Heads' "Psycho Killer," demonstrating their incredible arranging skills, and transcended only by their highly imaginative version of "Helter Skelter" which is nothing short of amazing. "Democratic Process" is a typically bent and hysterical vision by The Bobs dealing with our elective process, and the song commissioned by Pacifica as the theme song for their coverage of the '84 Democratic Convention. "Eddie the Jinx" is a fine early number recorded "before The Bobs transcended musical instruments." While their current a cappella version is better, it is still a treat to hear any previously unreleased material by this very special group. (Kaleidoscope Records, P.O. Box 0, El Cerrito, CA 94530 415-845-9200)—

Dean Suzuki

DENNY, SANDY: *The North Star Grassman... LP*

Sandy Denny's voice should find some corner in most serious folk-rock collections. I found her voice most powerful on ballads and tunes that have their foundation in British traditional music. The interpretations here of American rock and country tunes, that comprises 3/5ths of the album leaves me cold. Having grown up listening to Johnny Cash, Elvis, Motown etc. has perhaps spoiled me moving my threshold for the enjoyment of rock beyond direct earshot of the Mississippi delta to the other side of exotica, romantica, and the full cranked diode driven blast of the space age. Those who enjoy well crafted fireside folk-rock, woven with occasional traditional interpretations, may find this record satisfying. Those seeking spine chilling peak moments of electric interpretations of English traditional folk music might check out Fairport Chronicles, Fotheringay or elsewhere. (Carthage Records, P.O. Box 667, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553)—Darrell Jonsson



The Bobs, left to right: Janie Bob Scott, Gunnar Bob Madsen, Matthew Bob Stull, Richard Bob Green

Photo by Tom Copi

ECCLESIASTES III: *A Closer Walk With Thee LP*

If my hometown, Waupun, WI, ever finds musical fame, these ladies will provide it. On their third album this trio of teachers treads a step or two closer to hokum than they ought (no matter how pristine the voices singing it, does the world really need another version of "Footprints in the Sand"?). For the most part, they succeed at adding elements of light classical and their crisp and classy three-part harmonies to traditional, Southern and '60s/'70s folk gospel and creating something fresh. The Gaithers' "It's a Miracle" should be left to its cloyingly cute itself, but when they want, they can be heavenly. Their "Patriotic Medley" can almost cause a surge of flag-flyin' mania (almost). Only thing left they could do is try some Mahalia-style belting out. That'll happen, and watch; they'll quit their day jobs, get signed to Word Records and dethrone Tammy Faye, Sandi and the rest as the reigning queens of trad gos-

pel. All good things in time. (End of the Trail, 201 Welch, Waupun, WI 53963)—Jamie Rake

FAIRPORT CONVENTION: *Heyday & What We Did On Our Holidays LP* Carthage/Hannibal has thoughtfully been rescuing Fairport Convention, Richard Thompson and related musicians from record limbo. The real surprise is *Heyday*, a compilation of 12 previously unreleased radio performances from 1968 and 1969. Recorded right after Sandy Denny replaced the original vocalist Judy Dyble, this is Fairport at their most fertile, here testing their abilities and paying tribute to their American inspirations. Joni Mitchell, Bob Dylan. The Everly Brothers and Johnny Cash are represented along with stunning versions of Leonard Cohen's "Suzanne" and Richard Farina's "Reno, Nevada." *What We Did On Our Holidays* dates from the same period. *Holidays* finds the band in high spirits before death and ambition moved them into a

bleaker sound. Denny's haunting vocals are displayed on "Fotheringay" and "She Moves Through the Fair" while elsewhere the band rocks through "No Man's Land" and "Mr. Lacey." Today, Fairport is only a wavy shadow of its former self. These albums show exactly what a great band is capable of. (Carthage Records, P.O. Box 667, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553)—Lang Thompson

FRENCH, FRITH, KAISER, THOMPSON: *Live Love Larf & Loaf LP*

I'd like to avoid using words like "supergroup" but it's too late now so let's take a closer look shall we? In case you don't know or just can't believe the names above, here's a quick rundown; John French drummed for Capt. Beefheart in the legendary Magic Band, Fred Frith you all know from Henry Cow, Art Bears, Massacre and his many superb solo projects. Henry Kaiser is the famed guitarist who is only just visiting this planet, and then there's Richard Thompson, singer-songwriter/guitarist; a man so skilled at his crafts that Bob Dylan just gave up and retired. As for the album itself, it's a fairly low-key affair with Frith playing bass, some fiddle and only one guitar solo. Everybody writes a bit, everyone but Kaiser sings and the guitar work (fantastic of course) takes a backseat to the songs themselves. There are some neat little surprises throughout the album that I won't give away but I will tell you that Thompson's material is generally the best (no big surprise there), and the others are not too shabby in the least. In fact, the only weak cut I could find was their version of Surfin' USA, which aside from the silly vocalizing is played pretty straight. It doesn't hurt the record, however, cause it's all in the spirit of fun. The whole thing is fun and friendly and casual and it made me smile. (Rhino Records, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA. 90404)—Jon Booth

FRONTIER THEORY: *Atlantic LP*
Consisting of four Kelley boys—brothers?—and based in D.C., Frontier Theory play folk rock that seems to conjure a purer model or spirit than folk pop-rockers. That is, their lyrics concern themselves with a deep longing for what is pure and good in life rather than just one-man-relating to circumstances. Politics are frequently the backdrop both blatantly ("The Wild Bourgeoisie"—"I wonder who is simpler/Since our revolution.") and indirectly ("Frenzy"—"by the sea children built/

their fortresses of sand..."). Love and loss are fair topics, too, yet they are still couched in restless terms. Musically they hint at jangle but the guitars have more of a muted echoey sound that darts around the midtempo rather than drenching. And the vocals: all four sing, with maximum benefits. This is most obvious on the delirious beauty of "Summer's Over," in which I'd swear they hauled in Peter Paul & Mary to do the harmonizing and intertwining, so precise are the way they offer alternate melodies. Just like they used to sing 'em, and this is very good. (Top, P.O. Box 6332, Washington, DC 20015-0332)—Fred Mills

JOHNSTON, DANIEL: *Respect C*
Some later works from the master of crude recording and passionate songcraft, its even more introspective and depressing than the first tapes; his clear angelic and hurtful voice buried in lo-fi hiss singing long ballads and searching, preaching, whining, not as fun as the earlier cassette-album releases, but it has the essential range of stuff (some happy puppy music but mostly sad songs). Guitar and piano and some electronic keyboard work: "No Love in Town," "An Angel Cry," "Have Respect," "Dream," "Good Morning You," "Go, Fast Go 4 Car Crash," more, including some covers: "Heartbreak Hotel," "A Little Bit of Soap." (Stress Worldwide Communic, 4716 Depew, Austin, TX 78751)—Robin James

KAHN — SAPP — SEEGER: *Carry It On LP*

Where does Pete Seeger get the sustaining power for his vision of an international union of all common people cake-walking arm in arm over the faces of fallen fascists into the sunny, unpolluted

future of universal employment, racial understanding and soprano blockflute for every child at birth? Listening to the Weavers with Seeger in the early '60s gave me the courage to extend two teen-aged middle fingers in the general direction of the Orange County establishment at a time when school was let out early on Fridays so everyone could attend the John Birch rallies at La Palma stadium in Anaheim (everyone I knew went to the beach instead). I got a Bobby Kennedy non-haircut, a Fidel Castro fatigue jacket, and a five-string Sears Roebuck banjo. Since then, I've watched the '60s organizers "collapse under the weight of their own rhetoric" while all their followers partied as unions encourage worker security-blanketism until American productivity is about the lowest in the Western World, the various races' spokespeople said their race was the best, environmentalists had appropriated by both the cheese-dip- white-wine set and sullen feminists dressed like Ellis Island refugees. And Pete Seeger is still telling me that all I have to do is reach out for the hands of my brothers and sisters and a new and better world shall be born. How can he say that? Why the fuck do I still believe him? This album is a textbook anthology of American protest classics. Janet Sapp and Si Kahn sing beautifully. (Flying Fish Records, 1304 West Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614 312-528-5455)—Cary Sterling

WAUHOB FAMILY: *Country Style Revival LP*

Iowan family makes country-western gospel the likes of which has never been heard, I swear. Two middle-aged brothers and their parents, all with predilections for Dick and Reba Rambo and Pentecostal hymns lay it down in such a candidly sincere, albeit unconsciously on verge of self-parody-style as to 1) overcome their obvious technical limitations and 2) become quaintly avant-garde. Hear the steel guitar and harmonica, both provided by session players, wiggle their way around the pancake flat drumming of Thomas Wauhob, who's busy attempting a groove with the hired bassist. Ted Wauhob, lead singer and spokesman, heartfeels his way through the ditties in his inimitably corn-bred manner as Grandma Grace provides harmonies like a flipped-out banshee. All the while, Grandpa Robert Sr. seems positively inconspicuous on lead guitar. Some call them bad, others kitsch. How about lovable? Yeah. (Wauhob Family, 1420 6th St., Sioux City, IA 51104)—Jamie Rake



No. 31B5. Wood Horn Assortment

Brightly colored wooden party whistles, 40 cents a dozen, circa 1937.

Jazz/Blues

BOFFO, JEAN-PASCAL: *Carillons* LP

France has a thriving progressive rock and jazz fusion scene that is virtually unknown abroad. Guitarist Boffo is part of that scene and his music is a hybrid of progressive rock, including the whole of '70s English style including Genesis, Yes—a tip of the hat to Steve Howe on occasion plus a hint of Keith Emerson in some of the keyboard lines—et al., and jazz fusion somewhere between Metheny, particularly on "A Cordes imaginaires," and Holdsworth, tending towards the more lyrical end of the spectrum. While Boffo is not as distinctive a guitar stylist as Howe, Metheny, or Holdsworth (how many are?), his compositions are solid. There is a great emphasis on the whole of compositions with tuneful guitar solos, and rich, full-bodied, even orchestral arrangements through banks of synthesizers, rather than on virtuosity and histrionics, though Boffo can be a mean fret shredder when he wants. (Musea, 72 rue du General Patton, 54110 Dombasle, France)—Dean Suzuki



Joshua Breakstone
Photo by Cindy Lewis

BREAKSTONE, JOSHUA: *Echoes* LP

This is dead jazz. With deft but souless fret board aerobics Breakstone single-handedly provides a tremendous exam-

ple of what is wrong with mainstream jazz. This stream runs wide and flat, the waters shallow and dull. A mucky bother for anyone looking for excitement or surprise. Jazz guitarists like Breakstone epitomize the worst in modern jazz, and on this record he's assisted by Pepper Adams and Kenny Barron. They sound like they think cocktail lounge swizzle stick accompanists like Joe Pass are the pinnacle of the spirit and soul of jazz. So yes, the music mixes pleasantly with swirling ice cubes and slurred mutterings from five o'clock shadow patrons recovering from their mind-drowning nine-to-five ball and chain. A couple of doubles on the rocks and fifteen minutes of these hollow-toned plucks on the electrified six string may be the the best solution when the doctor cuts the sacred valium prescription. In fact it may be much better, because those who haven't been drained of all their passion for life could never get addicted to this catnip and near-beer high. This background music for a boring life is pure look-back, copycat stuff.

If there really was a healthy jazz scene today this would be considered nothing more than a sincere but meaningless nostalgia tribute for a bygone era. If this embalmed sound is jazz, Les Paul could be considered the genre's Jimi Hendrix, Derek Bailey and Greg Ginn all wrapped into one person. (Fantasy Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—David Ciaffardini

BROOKS, LONNIE:

Live From Chicago LP

There's something uncanny, something just a little different and infectious about the musicians just outside the Delta and mainstream of the bayous from Mobile to New Orleans. From Jabbo to Fats. From Toussaint to the Doctor Man, it's that beat! That feeling!! That rhythm!!! It'll getcha everytime. Guaranteed. Lonnie Brooks and Bay-

ou Lightning is no exception. His vocals will grate on you a little. Not quite fingernails on the blackboard mind you (re; In the Dark) but his guitar and rhythm make up for any shortcomings

in the vocal department. The tightness of the band and the rhythms will soon have your foot tapping, then your fingers popping and soon you won't be able to resist moving your whole body to this man and his band from the bayou. Hey, you know what else?? I think Joe Walsh has been copping licks from Lonnie Brooks for years!!!! (Alligator Records, P.O. Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660 312-973-7736)—Dan Pollock

CRAWFORD, HANK / JIMMY MCGRUFF: *Steppin' Out* LP

For their second encounter this pair of soul/jazz lifers have opted for an entirely new cast, with Billy Preston guesting on three numbers in a strictly instrumental capacity on piano. While certainly no threat to the other players, the former child prodigy lends extra coloration to "Steppin' Out," "Lift Every Voice and Sing" and takes a tolerable ride on Percy Mayfield's "Rivers Invitation." Guitarist Jimmy Ponder performs more consistently than on any of his own albums and Vance James' traps lock tightly onto McGriff's organ bass-lines. Things mellow down for "The Real Thing" and the lush "Be Anything, But Be Mine" with scads of Crawford's singing sax while all hands collectively cook on the shuffling "Vicki," a swing-inflected "Tippin' In" and the fast title tune with Preston wisely declining any solo space. Less jazzy than their previous meeting but satisfying all the same. (Milestone) (Fantasy Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Larry Hollis

DUCKWORTH, WILLIAM: *Thirty-One Days* CD

Composer Duckworth took some chances when he wrote *Thirty-One Days*. Whereas all of his previous compositions were fully notated, he wanted to take advantage of alto saxophonist Michael Swartz's impressive improvisational skills. His score includes seven sections with notated melodies as well as graphic notation. Though each section is repeated, they are similar, but not identical, as they are reinterpreted. Swartz gives a very colorful and thoughtful reading in a solo version. Over 17 minutes long, it presents a challenge to the listener as the solo saxophone wends its way through this difficult work. Though musically quite different, one can't help but think of art-

ists such as Sonny Rollins and Ned Rothenberg. An ensemble version with 7 overdubbed tracks makes perfectly clear both the formal structure and the freedom which manage to co-exist in this work which is ultimately a collaboration of equal partners. (Lovely Music, 325 Spring St., New York, NY 10013 212-243-6153)—Dean Suzuki

GRAPPELLI, STEPHAN, BADEN

POWEL: *La Grande Reunion* CD

An intriguing notion; coupling "le jazz hot" swing violinist Grappelli with a finger-style guitarist. Not the long dead Django, of course, rather Brazilian bossa nova master, Powell. Both musicians are geniuses on their instruments—Baden is in top form—but the music, most of it Brazilian or at least with a Brazilian twist, does not quite work, as Grappelli, unfortunately, does not have any feeling for or empathy with Latin American music. Even French drummer Pierre-Alain Dahan sounds a little ill-at-ease in his attempt to find the right groove. Also included are several pop throw-aways ("Michelle," "Yesterday," "You Are the Sunshine of My Life") featuring Grappelli and an overly romantic/easy music orchestra. (Wergo, 3364 Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90034)—Dean Suzuki

JARMAN, JOSEPH:

As If It Were The Seasons LP

It is easy to see why many people might be intimidated or alienated by Jazz. Unfortunately the side of Jazz that the popular media often displays is the duller parasitical edge of a wonderful, raving musical movement. In the (pre-Art Ensemble of Chicago) Delmark recordings of Joseph Jarman the best qualities of Jazz can be found. On "If It Were The Seasons" Jarman organizes a crew of improvisors/composers that includes (among others) Richard Abrams on oboe, Sherri Scott providing soaring operatic vocals, Charles Clark on Koto, Thurman Barker on all kinds of Drums, and "Everybody on bells, gongs, harps etc.". Here one can hear a delightful, surreal meditative blend with inner city abandon. Too seldom elsewhere are international influences far ranging as American Indian; Oriental, African, Classical European performed with the sense of subtle theatre as can be heard on these sides. It is in many ways a garage band approach with contrasting naive and impressionistic passages. The naive here is sweet, but never extended so far in context that it gets sickly. The pastoral passages are adorned in their beauty by the multi-hued pyrotech-

nic of rich choruses of free riffing multi-instrumentalists. This music references the idyll river bank at dawn and the street with equal intensity and sensitivity. For those who want to hear one of America's most vital musical movements at its best, this record will be of great interest. This record is also recommended for those who want a sample of eclectic impressionistic free jazz played for the sake of sheer beauty. (Delmark, 4243 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, IL 60618)—Darrell Jonsson

KILHETS: *Kilhets* C60

Plain but well composed cassette package arrived in the mail. The contents of its abstractly enameled cassette case made me wonder about a popular "Jazz" form. Fusion Jazz, is one of the most watered down disasters of musical history, having arrived after two decades of post war jazz and rock and roll full of exciting elements of stomping improvisations, extrapolations of brass, drums, congas, soaring electric guitars, limit stretching vocals, cool lyricism etc.. Then the late sixties and early seventies with music daring overt political relevancies. Suddenly we were jammed with disk after disk of burned out superstars trying to make payments on their mansions. And even worse was a coffee, and often cocaine, generation of slickoids with electric metronomes parasitically diluting the low moments of two powerful musical genres into a weakling hybrid called Jazz-Rock, a syrupy concoction for those who do their most serious music listening in the elevator. So we get Herman Hermits meeting 101 Strings, Coltrane with marketable blotches of Mantovani, late Elvis influenced spasmodic tangos, and Miles Davis influences recycled through culinart electrical processing propelled with all the balls of a Carpenters ballad. And of course performed by people with \$75 hair-dos expecting us to take them seriously and buy their tunes. Meanwhile January 1980 pre-glasnost Checkoslavakia; five masked musicians walk into a chilled dance hall, fuck all Beethovens wives, muses and concubines, roll Elvis over in his grave, give Coltrane and Albert Ayler justice, pogo echoing electrified voices around the walls, brighten the frozen winter moon with all ears to the sky and ground, and give smug tonal uptightness hell. Hear prepared guitars, electric double bass, cellos, saxophones, drums and other instruments breathe the human spirit with bodies that have been listening without shirking intensity or subtlety. And yes, they were banned.

\$5 (Rachot, P.O. Box NR. 516, Jagvej 70, Kobenhavn 2200, Denmark)—Darrell Jonsson

KING, ALBERT: *Live At Montreaux* LP

It states in the liner notes that it has been four years since Albert King has released anything new on vinyl and it has been eagerly anticipated by blues afficianados everywhere. What isn't said is the reason the Big Man with the "Flying V" hasn't been in the studio of late is because Albert alleges that he's been "ripped off" by every studio and record company he's recorded for and he can't get a contract that suits him. Business before art?? what a pity!! So anything new from Albert King is always welcome!!! This LP, just released on the revamped STAX label is culled from a 1973 performance at Montreaux. Although "Live" recording doesn't take the effort and exactness of the studio, Albert, as always, coaxes a soulful and sustained effort out of his guitar, while most of his vocals are somewhat routine and uninspired. For King, that is unusual. Vintage Ray Charles' "I Believe for My Soul" is an exceptional standout. Look for some early career second guitar in Donald Kinsey of the up-and-coming Kinsey Report band out of the Midwest. (Fantasy Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Dan Pollock

LANDE, ART: *Hardball* LP

In a marathon studio session, Lande recorded four LP's of the piano solos, of which this was the first to appear. Loosely organized around the theme of Americana, the tunes range from "Ain't Misbehavin'" to "Stompin' at the Savoy," with a few originals thrown in. The playing is passionate, melodic, and adventurous, or as producer Tom Bradshaw characterized in his liner notes, "Curvaceous and rickshayin' folksy raucous up and bluesy down." However you describe it, the music is honest and imaginative, and benefits from the crisp digital recording. I'm looking forward to other LPs from the same weekend, and all the piano fans out there should be also. (Great American Music Hall, 859 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, CA 94109 414-885-5006)—Stuart Kremsky

McCANDLESS, PAUL: *Navigator* LP
McCandless is known mostly, if not exclusively (alas) to most as the reed player for Oregon. A virtuoso on the oboe, as well as bass clarinet, English horn and soprano sax, his fleet and nimble fingers lay out the most achingly

beautiful melodies imaginable. His compositions often have a joyous, elfin quality, while others have a tinge of melancholy. He is joined by David Samuels on mallet percussion, who has collaborated with McCandless often. Samuels' lovely vibes accompaniments and solos prove to be the perfect foil for McCandless's arching melodies. Also on board are Ross Traut whose electric guitar style is rather like early Pat Metheny, and Steve Rodgy, now Metheny's bassist. Vocalist Jay Clayton, a long-time member of Steve Reich and Musicians, sings a jazzy vocalise, that is not scat, but improvised and well informed. It's hard to imagine how McCandless could have improved on this beautiful album. (Landslide Records, 450 14th ST NW, Atlanta, GA 30318)—Dean Suzuki

MCDUFF, JACK/GENE AMMONS:

Brother Jack Meets The Boss LP

Long before gravel-throated singer Ammons got his nick-name "The Boss", he was admired by soul-searching tenor sax players for his string of minor jukebox hits in small black clubs that formed a mini-chitlin' circuit for organ-dominated combos. This 1962 session places McDuff with the late Harold Vick in the frontline of Brother Jack's working quartet of that era, a formula that proved so potent McDuff later duplicated it with Vick and Red Holloway with a young George Benson on board. Don't expect any of Ammons famous ballad work (a la "Angel Eyes") in this program of a half-dozen finger popping slow (Mellow Gravy/Buzzin Around) to moderately swinging and kickass stompers. Eddie Diehl's throbbing guitar breaks up the gutsy sax solos and McDuff's pumping B-3 keys over the steady timekeeping of Joe Dukes. If you've never experienced this almost extinct genre of jazzified original funk, here's a good place to start and one of the finest examples in the 15 album Prestige Soul Masterpieces series. (Fantasy Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Larry Hollis

PETERSON, OSCAR: *With Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson LP*

This is Cleanhead's date in spirit if not in name. With his shining pate, Vinson is best known for his declamatory half-shouted blues singing spanning a half-century. Producer Norman Granz showcases his Buster Smith-into-Charlie Parker alto playing on this issue waxed in '86. Teamed with Harry Edison's mellow, often muted trumpet, Joe Pass's masterful guitar and Peterson's

trio (Dave Young, bass; Martin Drew, drums) for a blowing session on blues riffs, ballads and swinging standards, Cleanhead proves none of his saxophonic authority has been lost over the years. He employs the exact vibrato used for balladic vocal interpretations on "What's New," lays back into half-time phrasing on the speedy "Broadway" and keeps the low flame lit during the long "Slow Drag." Pass and Seets are featured on "Everything Happens To Me" in a duet setting. There's plenty of piano pyrotechnics from Peterson who starts his "Snuffy" solo with a "Bunny Hop" quote while the bass and drum two-some lays down solid time. These relaxed sound offer a more microscopic listen to a seldom exposed dimension of the multi-talented Cleanhead Vinson. (Pablo) (Fantasy Records, Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710)—Larry Hollis

STUBBLEFIELD, JOHN:

Countin' On The Blues LP

At 43-plus, Stubblefield is still consigned to that underpraised group of redmen, including Frank Strozier, James Spaulding, and George Coleman, that musicians speak admiringly of among themselves but are hardly known outside the scene. Indicative of this young vets' range and depth is a track record that runs from Jr. Parker and the Drifters to Miles Davis and the AACM. But greater recognition has evaded him partly due to his quiet and serious bandstand demeanor and most of his recorded work laid down on foreign labels. Matched with multi-woodwind master Hamiet Bluiett on baritone sax for three tracks, Stubblefield and a stellar threesome of Mulgrew Miller, the impressive contabassist Charnett Moffett and drum-

mer Victor Lewis, they survey six blues-hued titles with unmitigated verve. The standard "My Ideal" is a smooth duet with the leader's B-flat horn gliding through Miller's deft chord voicings while the Lewis penned "For Those Who Didn't Know" is an authoritative quartet outing. The hornman switches to soprano for the other four-piece configuration "Montauk." The full-band numbers make one pine for more; Miller's "Remembrance" sports full-fisted piano and manic bari-barks, flutter-tonguing growls, split note squeals and altissimo jumps into series of salvos from the traps. A healthy blend of modal freebop and change-based bluebop and a marked improvement over his last date, the more commercially-slanted Bushman' Song. (Enja) (Muse Records, 160 W. 71 St., New York, NY 10023)—Larry Hollis

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Finnish Jazz LP*

This sampler of jazz composed and performed by Finnish artists covers the gamut of styles, from traditional to swing to straight ahead bop to fusion by the best musicians in the country; ensembles ranging from small combos to big bands. Performers include Riku Nieminen and Severi Pyysal, a couple of amazing mallet instrument virtuoso still in their teens; Ippe Katka, a hot jazz rock drummer after the style of Tony Williams; and burnin' saxophonist Pentti Lahti. A fine collection of jazz. (Finnish Music Information, Runeberginkatu 15 A, 00100 Helsinki 10, Finland)—Dean Suzuki

VINNY GOLIA LARGE ENSEMBLE: *Facts of Their Own Lives LP*

On this 2-record set, Golia's big band, featuring some of Los Angeles' finest, including percussionist Alex Cline, bassists Roberto Miranda and Eric von Esen, pianist Wayne Peet, John Fumo on trumpet, Time Berne on woodwinds, and others, does some serious and hard blowing, stretching out their chops and their listeners' ears and minds. The music can be likened, at least in concept, to the Willem Breuker Kollektief, early Carla Bley, and other more free-wheeling big bands. Golia synthesizes traditional forms and well-organized and beautifully orchestrated charts with open form and free improvisation. Moods range from gentle lilting lyricism, to fiery, burnin' solos, to contained orchestral chaos. (Nine Winds Records, P.O. Box 10082, Beverly Hills, CA 90213 213-858-8072)—Dean Suzuki





**"THE BEST ROCK BAND
FROM DETROIT
IN 20 YEARS"**

**DOG SOLDIER
NAME YOUR POISON**

SEND \$7.95 CHECK/M.O. PPD PER L.P./CASS. TO
THIRD COAST RECORDS INC
PO BOX 10242, ATLANTA, GA 30319
404-875-4528

DISTRIBUTED BY IMPORTANT, CAROLINE
& KALEIDOSCOPE

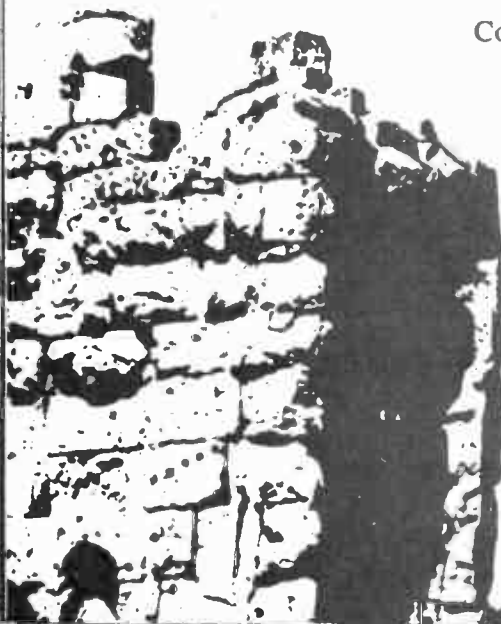
©1988 THIRD COAST RECORDS INC

**THIRD COAST
RECORDS**

A FLAVOR THE SHELTERED NEVER KNOW

BRIAN RITCHIE

SONIC TEMPLE & COURT OF BABYLON



Come in. Gather 'round for Violent Femme Ritchie's geopolitical rock 'n rave: Lo, shalt thou laud Sun Ra and dis the American dream.

Catch Brian as songwriter/guitarist here on his second solo show for SST. Get the global lowdown on America and No Resistin', and dig the space-jazz-funk

Sun Ra- Man From Outer Space, the title track plus eight others. SST 202



(LP/CA \$7.50, CD \$13.00)

Make Check or Money Order Payable in U.S. Funds To
SST Records P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260
VISA, Mastercard, & C.O.D. Can call
SST Mail Order (213) 835-5810.
Call the SST Hotline (213) 835-4955 For Gen. Info.



Rock

ADKINS, HASIL: *Out To Hunch* LP Take a big hump of rockabilly. Add several doses of The Cramps. Next add a portion of the Velvet Underground. Then add a hint of the Butthole Surfers. Stir this mess up good, and form it into a single performer playing all the music himself with the help overdubbing. Sounds wonderful. Now bear in mind that this stuff was recorded between the late 50's and early 60's. "WHAT?!" And there you have it—a rock and roll fanatic's worst nightmare come true. Hasil Adkis has been living in a shack in West Virginia for more than 30 years churning out maniacally wild rockabilly music. Original singles of his can fetch \$200 or more. But at last his music is being made available to the general public. And your attitudes about '50s music may never be the same again. "She Said" is all about a night of drinkin' and little girls' heads. "Rockin' Robin" is the best version of that song I have ever heard. "Chicken Walk" features proto-fuzz guitar. "Can't Help It Blues" has some truly awesome guitar playing. "We Got a Date" is very bizarre. What probably started out as a Big Bopper parody ("Hello baaaaby!/ We got a date!") turns into another song about cutting a girl's head off. The music to it is nothing more than a slow drone. "High School Confidential" and "Memphis" are terrific covers. "The Hunch" is a new dance of Hasil's invention. "Do It To Me Tonight" is sexually explicit for the 1950s. (Actually a lot of these songs are). And "I Need Your Head (...This Ain't No Rock & Roll Show)" is similar to "We Got a Date" but just as good. There are 16 songs in total, all of them good. If you have any interest in the roots of punk, or rock in general, then you should buy this record! (Norton Records, P.O. Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003)—Douglas Bregger

ADRENALIN O.D.: *Cruisin' with Elvis in Bigfoot's UFOLP* Any halfwit knows that most self-professed "humorcore", "funnypunk", whatever, is usually among the most insipid and vomit-inducing spew out there, but I've always forgiven Adrenalin O.D. for their lyrical crimes because their music has consistently been some of the most exceptional, hard-driving tight p-rock/hardcore around, especially

in a live setting. On their third LP the misses unfortunately come more often than the hits, but numbers like "If It's Tuesday...It Must be Walla Walla" (ny:k) and the cover of the Avengers' "Second to None" still rage like their earlier best moments. They shouldn't really be tagged as hardcore anyway 'cause the pace has been slowed down considerably, making it more of a '77 type document. Too bad it looks like whatever "best days" they may or may not have had have upped and left them. One mere step shorter and this LP would easily be a laughing matter of another sort. (Buy Our Records, P.O. Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07080 201-688-0842;—Jay Hinman

ALLIN, GG: *Freaks, Faggots, Drunks and Junkies* LP GG's growing popularity reminds me of the many who slow down to check out traffic accidents on the other side of the freeway—sure, I do it too, but I don't have to plunk down \$7.98 for it either. After all the initial "But is it for real?" hoopla wore off, it came time to evaluate GG's music on its own terms. I mean, music is why we're all paying attention, right? The production on his second Homestead record totally sucks, but as the man himself puts it, "If parts of this record sound fucked up, that's because we were. If you want perfection, go buy someone else's record". Yeah! 19 songs is rather generous, especially seeing how the subject matter has taken a 180-degree turn: "Outlaw Scum-fuc" as opposed to his previous "Scum-fuc Tradition" and "I Wanna Kill You" juxtaposed with the much simpler "I Wanna Piss on You", and the sound is a bit more metallic than on past efforts. I'm sure the Stooges and Ramones are quite proud of the legacy they've passed on to GG's backing band "Bulge"—I dunno, something's probably wrong with me, but I thought that the "Expose Yourself to the Kids" 45 that Homestead put out several months ago really rocked, but with very few exceptions this is formula black leather jacket crap. Geez, what's he gonna do next? Can't wait. (Since this review was written Allin announced in an ad in *Maximum-RocknRoll* and elsewhere that he will commit suicide on October 31, 1989. Whether he has a gig booked for that night is not known.—DC) (Homestead Records, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Cen-



GG Allin: Has scheduled his suicide for October 31

ter, NY 11571 516-764-6200)—Jay Hinman

AREA: *Radio Caroline* LP Song oriented rock, that at it's best shatters with echoing guitar duos and Lynn Canfield's haunting voice. It's a wintery sound, at once sad and beautiful. On some of the tracks a more understated, rhythm section could allow for the organic relationship between voice and other instruments to evolve and sparkle. Temporarily the problem could easily be fixed with a ten band equalizer. A slightly wider dynamic vocabulary from the drummer would permanently help. These are not fatal flaws, the album has it's charms. Gem like melodies, whose melancholy-moves-towards-monotony is so sweet that nobody will mind its shortcomings. (Invisible Hand Music, P.O. Box 1792, Eau Claire, WI 54701)—Darrell Jonsson

AVERELLS: *Averells C* Strange semi-Mersey, inept instrumentals, horrible vocals. A very cheap stab at British invasion-era Beatles. "Here Sleeps My Foot" copies "Yesterday" chord changes with uptempo bass n' drums, wierd lyrics. "I should Have Gone Better" is that "Fab Four" tune, up to a point. Not an out-and-out parody, more like they forgot the lyrics on purpose and made up new 'uns. "I Killed My Girl's Friend" is neat too. Several weird toonz are sung in German. This is real gone stuff, man. (Calypso Now, P.O. Box 12/CH-2500, Biel 3, Switzerland 032-220-897)—Dan Ficaretti

BEAT HAPPENING: *Jamboree* LP Fans of new-primitive back-to-basics rock'n'roll are not going to want to miss out on this one. Bret, Calvin and Heath-

er have made one of the most nakedly honest albums in recent memory with just a drum kit, guitar and microphone. On these eleven short ditties most of life's major concerns are submitted for the listener's consideration; cars, girls, life, death, love, jealousy, fruits and berries. The studio tracks that make up the bulk of the set sound as clear as glass and the live bits are warm and intimate. This LP has a pretty short running time but it's all there in all the ways that count. (Rough Trade, 326 6th St, San Francisco, CA 94103 415-621-4307 800-272-8170)—Jon Booth

BIG DIPPER: *Craps* LP

If there were any justice in this sad and frightening world these dudes would be one of the biggest top 40 radio teen dream sensations going. An altogether impressive album from an unassuming but super-talented rock combo. All the tunes are catchy, the playing solid and the singing is appealing. It's probably not the best record I ever heard but hell, who's got time to create masterpieces in this day and age? I'm sorry if this review isn't terribly deep or weighty, it's a damn good record and I like it, that's all. (Homestead Records, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571 516-764-6200)—Jon Booth

BLAST: *It's In My Blood* LP

Longish 3 to 5 minutes-a-song medium speed moshing HC yelled lyrics, which are high in the mix but not so high as to dominate the sound completely, are in the vein of the questioning of life, fate, authority, often times using death imagery. "I know tomorrow's black and I fear it!" Nothing humorous. The serious loud HC the boys in the pit come to hear. (SST, P.O. Box One, Lawndale, CA 90260 213-835-8977)—Sunn Thomas

BLOWGUN: *Fishlip's First... C*

Blowgun is the duo of Gary Gurney ("I don't wanna sound like a coupla art students") and Peter Arsenault ("Yeah"). Basically, it's loud, art-damaged noise and mindless wall-of-sound anthems. It's not pretty, and it doesn't "sound like a coupla art students." The "songs" include "Nancy", a love song to Nancy Reagan ("Oh, Nancy, I want your crack..."), and "Liquor Store" which makes good use of vocal tape loops. Loud, screaming guitars and pounding, crashy drums punctuate each cut. The tape also features industrial drones such as on "I Hate," which almost recalls a room full of power tools having a nervous breakdown. Not as sedate as, say,

a nuclear disaster, but really sick fun nonetheless. (Gary Gurney, 349 West 123rd. St., New York, NY 10027)—Dan Fioretti

BOLAN, MARC: *Futuristic Dragon; Zinc Alloy and the Hidden Riders of Tomorrow; Zip Gun; Dandy In The Underworld* CD & LP

Finally, the influential rock and roll of the late Marc Bolan is available in this country via the re-release of these, his final four albums from the mid-'70s. Bolan and his group T-Rex often far surpassed the imagination and testosterone of most British Rock groups of the late '60s and early '70s. Regardless of influencing everyone from Led Zeppelin to David Bowie (and more lately Power Station and Prince) T. Rex and Bolan have remained in relative obscurity in the U.S. Later some rock critics would name Marc Bolan the grandfather of punk rock. T. Rex was originally founded by Bolan, a self-educated 60's London street punk. The first two records were, due to limited finances, done on acoustic instruments. Regardless, the non-amplified instruments sacrificed none of the hard core dynamics of rock and roll and proved that throbbing scintillating rock could be done on tablas, bongos, acoustic guitars, and harmoniums. Bolan's street-wise interpretation of mythic themes of ancient literature were never trite. In general, the lyrics of Bolan even though touching on themes like "Metal Guru", "I Love to Boogie" never lapse into embarrassing triviality and always maintain an intelligent coherence. When T. Rex finally got a hold of electric instruments the results were historic. This was a musicians' band, a band's band that indelibly impressed the popular rock scene to follow. Heavy Metal, Glitter, Punk Rock, Techno Rock, Hard Rock, (especially on the British scene), quietly borrowed from Bolan's musical explorations. Marc Bolan took the risks while others unbrazenly flaunted and collected the glory. Twenty years ago enjoying the music of Marc Bolan was considered an acquired taste. Since then his influence has permeated all forms of rock music. By now Bolan's music sounds strangely familiar to most rock listeners. Even though you may have heard the watered down influences of Bolan elsewhere now you have a chance to hear them from the source. An historical rock and roll well that is still far from dry. Following this quartet of albums, the final four of 13, he was killed in 1977 in an auto crash while riding as a passenger. He was 30. (Relativity Records,

187-07 Henderson Ave, Hollis, NY 11423)—Darrell Jonsson

COMMON BOND:

Anger Into Passion LP

Christian guitar pop trio shows surprising maturity on their latest LP. Ken Samuels no longer has the Geddy Lee vocal affectations that marred *Heaven's Calling*, the grooves and beats are more varied, and the poetry of their lyrics has grown by a few leaps, too. Some have accused CB of an earnestness leaving no room for humor. Maybe a tad, though the only place it becomes a problem is on their cover of the DA oldie, "Walls of Doubt", where the tenderheartedness of the original isn't in evidence. No matter, a band who can evoke the Zombies, the Archies (check "Face to Face"), and the best gamut of jangly power-pop, with slight brushstrokes of funk (as on "The Great Divide"), all while stirring my soul is not going to get yawns from me. Would suggest a chuckle or two next go-round, though, laddies. (Frontline, P.O. Box 28450, Santa Ana, CA 92799)—Jamie Rake

CRANE, LAWRENCE:

Solo Jerk Off/Wank Shit C

Lots of songs, mostly guitars, electropercussion and some vocals. One of the major effects in this collection is overdrive, it sounds cool, like something is going to blow up or disintegrate. Some song titles: "Discohell" "Rip Apart," "Good Thump", "Test," "Sketch," "Blueprint," "Grind," "Malls," "Icarus," "Arawattz," "Interlude," more. Twenty-one tunes altogether. There is a beat and guitar, so it's got a niche in the rock area; it's got some accordion so that means folk-art, it's got overdriven vocals which bridges the rock and noise groupings. (Lawrence Crane, P.O. Box 4527, Chico, CA 95927)—Robin James

CRUCIFIED: *Take Up Your Cross C*

Hard to think of there being such a thing as "traditional" hardcore only six or seven years after the inception of the style, but that's what these four Californian Christians excel at. Something like the early-to-mid '80s Dischord/D.C. sound, throw in a little Posh Boy Cal-punk influence and much of what has sonically gone down since, save horn charts, industrialism and speedmetal. It's punchy stuff. The lyrics are pained, fed-up calls to half-hearted believers and those who have yet to join the ranks. Especially jumpin' are "Seal Number Four," "Directed Youth", "This Howl" (the most convincing of the slow

of "you're in hell, buddy" numbers these ears have stood test to) and "Freedom." One theological quibble, though, is the presumption of "Be Warned" that those who've never heard about Christianity are to be judged by its standards upon death. God's not such a hard guy, now is he, guys? That aside, this is a familiar and fiery workout. (Jim Chaffin, 37248 Manon Ave., Madera, CA 93637)—Jaime Rake

DAN SCHAFF ENSEMBLE:

Subterranean Homesick Bearbags C
The concept is pretentious: New Form Music: The elusive dreams of different sounds. Actually, it's a high-tech version of Paul Smith's "Liquid Sounds" from the '50s. Does anyone remember that 'un? Bits of classical, jazz, popular music mixed together in a unified diversion of musics is nothing "new" or "elusive". This time it's computer generated sounds playing computerized muzick of Dan Schaff—as if Zappa's Jazz From Hell had never existed. This is "New Form?" Nevertheless, it's excellent compositionally and texturally. The well-placed chromatic ostinati merge well with surprising rhythmic and melodic changes, the orchestrations are surprisingly clever. The themes tend toward the cinematic and overly dramatic at times, although the innovative turns of melodic phrasing keep it from ever becoming Hollywood tripe. I especially like his sparse but effective use of synthesized percussion. And "Nightmare On Elm"—tribute to one o' my fave horror movies! Come to think of it, Dan Schaff's original compositional style is so different, it sort of does make it as a New Form. (Cricket Forum Recordings, 319 Derby, Michigan City, IN 46360 219-872-6779)—Dan Fioretti

DOCTORS' CHILDREN:

King Buffalo LP

Hats off to Down There Records for this package compiling the British group's "Rose's Cottage" EP and the "King Buffalo" EP. Produced by John Leckie, the Docs have a familiar sound that will inevitably be tagged "psychedelic," and in truth there are comparisons to be drawn to Brit outfits such as Soft Boys, Television Personalities, and Teardrop Explodes. The main emphasis, however, is on total guitar bliss with as many textures as an armadillo in a cotton mill, as many freakouts as an army of Yardbirds and Television disciples conventionceering. Melodic and poppy, and boasting a brilliant singer in Paul Smith who enunciates with a witty grace, the band is definitely non-wimpy, as the bicuspid

guitars will testify. I am reminded, increasingly, of True West (and isn't ex-Westman Russ Tolman part of Down There?) thanks to the sheer emotional depth the guitars plumb. "Rock and Roll Jesus" is a joyous celebration full of lyrical and melodic hooks—but it's Smith's solid chomping and neck wrangling that pushes the tune over the line between good and classic. Similarly, the earlier track "Rose Cottage," imposed limits by keen ears trained to the dynamics and a multitude of guitar niceties (simple picking one-note solo here, blast of fuzz and distortion there) while never losing sight of the melody. That's the key—Doctor's Children are plying their trade in simple, non-nonsense rock 'n' roll but they instinctively know how to make each tune special. (Down There Records, 6301 Sunset Blvd., NO. 103, Hollywood, CA 90028 213-462-4436)—Fred Mills

DOMINO, ANNA: *This Time LP*

Her first American release, Domino comes up with an album that can't be ignored. Her almost obsessive subject is romance but you won't find "true love" here. In Domino's world, like the one most of us inhabit, people are only human and nothing ever works out quite as expected. "She Walked" is the story of a woman finally summoning the courage to end a dead-end romance. The story slowly twists from a would-be anthem to a song of uncertainty and second guessing. Ironically, "She Walked," like most of *This Time*, is graced with fresh, upbeat pop music. It's sparse but never formless, appealing but not mindless. For once, we aren't getting ironic detachment by pairing downbeat lyrics with peppy music as, say, Steely Dan and Bruce Springsteen have done. Domino prefers to be direct, both more analytic and more emotional, making this a rich entertaining work. (Giant, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Center, NY 11571)—Lang Thompson

DONNER PARTY, THE:

The Donner Party, TLP

Let me preface this review by stating the fact: this record is a fantastic, fun, loud, non-wimpy rock 'n' roll effort, with influences from psychedelia to folk to surf music. The 15 songs breeze by without once sounding stale or boring. Unlike many of the new rock bands,



Anna Domino

The Donner Party sounds fresh and not once like they are attempting to rehash a past style. The lyrics are clever, too—like naming an acoustic folk ballad "When You Die Your Eyes Pop Out". And, though "Halo" and "Spiders" sound incredibly similar, that's fine since they're both brilliant songs. The fact is, this is a non-pretentious, non-overbearing amusing, young sounding, guitar-driven exciting record. (Cryptovision Records, P.O. Box 1812, New York, NY 10009 212-420-4794)—Andy Waltzer

DURUTTI COLUMN:

Live at the Bottom Line N.Y. C60

It's 1978 — the punk rock music scene is well on it's way to becoming more formalized than the minuet, with rigid rules of behavior, dress and social delimitations. Other edges of the movement are washed in vapid electronic synthesizers and sterilized in a choking ozone blast of New Wave hair spray. A creative edge, or hearty core is dearly lacking. Members of Durutti Column took a gutsy challenge and forged a sound/image that was uncannily politically correct despite it's odd instrumentation. A minimalist approach of percussion, strings and miscellani that doesn't hide a lack of imagination, sincerity, or conviction in walls of distorted volume. Along with Joy Division, Durutti Column courted the full poetry of the so-called "gloom rock" making it fresh in cool, jazzy trances blended with the human condition of this decade. 1986 finds Du-

rutti Column performing before a small audience in N.Y. City. Their sound uncannily compares to the most compelling and inspiring music of both the minimalist "serious" composers and post-punk rockers. Ingenious musical moments performed here live as vivaciously as on their studio records. \$8.00 (Roir, 611 Broadway #725, New York, NY 10012 212-477-0563)—Darrell Jonsson

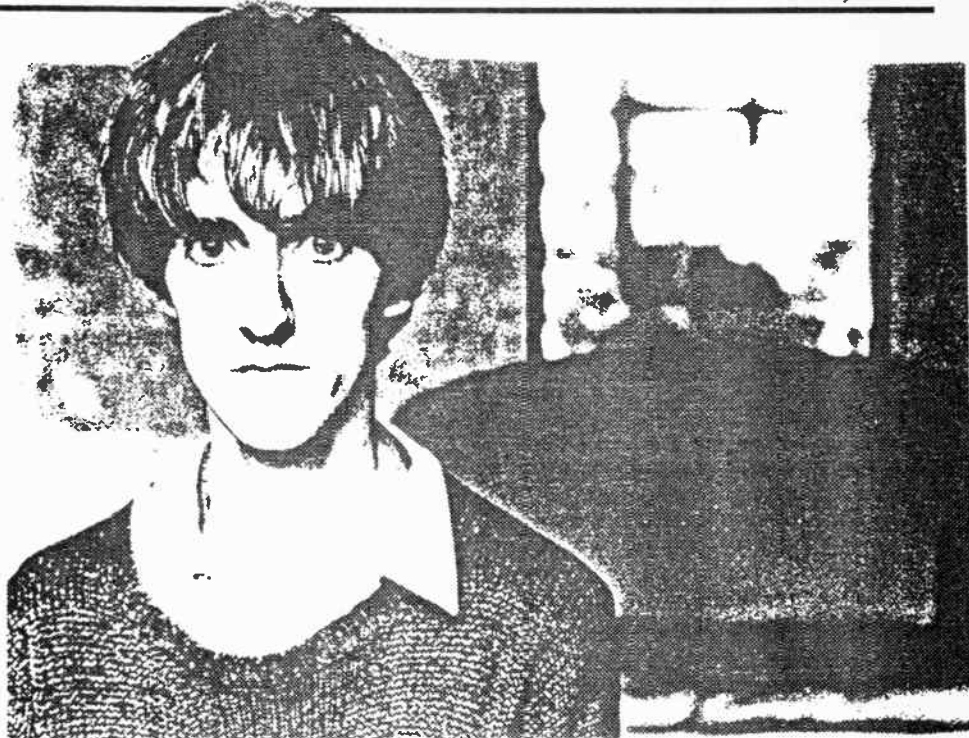
ELECTRIC LOVE MUFFIN:

Playdoh Meathook LP

Some bands play for Hardcore audiences while playing a wider variety of music than most HC bands. This lends their music a rough realism that bands that play in safe bars for preppies can never attain. I think these guys would consider themselves part of the Philly HC scene. This record has a big sound but maintains a raw feeling with feedback, subliminal backing vocals and such. Some songs are fresh clean fun. They're great non-metallic HC. Other songs are nice sincere pop tunes about love and commitment. The production keeps them compatible with the HC tunes. Their version of the Beatles' "Norwegian Wood" is a psychotic beauty. An excellent record appealing to both HC and indie pop listeners. (Buy Our Records, P.O. Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07080 201-688-0842)—Sunn Thomas

ELLIS, RON: *Open My Eyes C60*

University of Wisconsin English professor Ellis uses his Chamber Rock Ensemble as a background over which to let fly his work: poetry of a modernistic—but not unromantic—and academic—though not emotionally unconcerned—nature. And let it fly he does, ecstatically and indulgently, all the while carrying wordplay and alliteration to new heights of astonishment (or irritation, for the less adventurous). The Chamber Rock Ensemble—a group deserving of a catchier name—are not to be overlooked either. Characterized more than anything else by their interesting use of woodwinds and synthesizers, the Ensemble not only give texture to Ellis' verbal meanderings, but provide them with well-placed and essential punctuations, as well. They can jam, too, as evidenced on "Golgonooza" and the ever-accelerating "Wind Gauge". . . At times, the oft-processed vocals, laden with references to things technological and mathematical, cause the whole thing to narrowly escape sounding like week-old Laurie Anderson, but Ellis's personality and inherent sense of silli-



Vini Reilly of The Durutti Column

ness usually pull it through. Comes with an indispensable academically-bound notebook containing explanations and transcriptions of Ron's sprawling discourses. (Ron Ellis, Route 3, Box 616, Ft. Atkinson, WI 53538)—Stewart Odom

FEATHERS, CHARLIE: *New Jungle Fever 12" EP*

He does indeed "baby talks, chirps, hiccups, moans and gasps his way through a song." His talkin' hillbilly blues take of "Roll Over Beethoven" has gotta be heard. Ditto the edgy rocking of "He'll Have To Go," as unique a reading as you're gonna get. The original "Jungle Fever" is cool and swampy with a bizarre funk midsection; original "You Believe Everyone But Me" has a rubbery '50s feel. Feathers, who produced this disc (no band info), is original, arresting and unusual. You want to find out what real psychobilly is all about then look no further. He's been around long enough to be Tav Falco's or Alex Chilton's pappy, yet he remains criminally ignored. (New Rose, 7 rue Pierre Sarrazin 75006, Paris, France)—Fred Mills

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY:

Shatter Your Day LP

Great non-metallic thrash. It's funny, obnoxious, stupid and at times self-ef-

facing. It's all about the stuff you'd put in your own personal fanzine—growing up fucked-up, parents, etc. The vocals are wonderfully garbled. The band goes 90 miles a minute with no time for guitar solos. That the drummer sneaks in a lot of variety at this high speed is an added bonus. (Buy Our Records, P.O. Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07080 201-688-0842)—Sunn Thomas

FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY:

Corrosion LP

Post-industrial dance attack from Canadians Bill Leeb and Michael Balch. A not unfamiliar blend of dance beats and gloomy, evocative imagery in such titles as "Concussion" and "Right Hand of Heaven". The layering of sounds over the seductive rhythms adds dimension to an otherwise stale rehash of drum machine programming. "On The Cross," a gloomy atmospheric piece, offers respite from a side of driving, pulsing beat while "Thewrack III" serves up a slice of man's greatest folly with tape loops from Klan hate campaign speeches. (Wax Trax Records, 2445 N. Lincoln Ave, Chicago, IL 60614 312-528-8753)—Sean Gillihan

GIBSON BROTHERS: *Big Pine Boogie LP*

What could come off as terribly hokey country slide blues feedback rock succeeds in a great way, thanks in no small

part to a loose adherence to the so-called basics. 3 guitars, a standup drummer, and whiskey-fueled numbers such as "Bo Diddley Pulled a Boner", "Sugar-tail Rock" and the tacked-on bonus of the 45 "My Young Life" make for a jamboree that oughta bring an ear-ear grin and a tap to your foot. The latter-years' Gun Club wish they could have put forth tuneage this clever, or that they had a singer 1/4 as interesting as any of the three singing Gibson "Brothers". The one song drummer Ellen Howard croons on—"Skull and Crossbones"—is enough to bring any Misfits fiend to tears and she's also responsible for the cool graphic design of the sleeve. Don't let 'em languish as a "critical's band" (what a horrible thought). (Homestead Records, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571 516-764-6200)—Jay Hinman

GIRA, MICHAEL AND JARBOE:

World of Skin 2-LP

Maybe these guys could boogie a little more on their next album or maybe they could do a spoken word album and got it out of their system. The string arrangements ooze on and on in a tortured blues. Unlike the slow spiritual based blues of Nick Cave though, the songs stick to the tracks rather than soar. The words moan on an on about possession, repossession, transgression — let's get gloomy. Two hours is too much without any sense of hope, release or relief. They have managed to cover the fundamentals but would do well to dare some overtones with melodic and verbal improvisation. I mean if you're going to let it all out— let it rip. Otherwise if you're going to keep it all in 4/4 tight time for four sides without a hint of howl—let it slide. (Caroline Records, 5 Crosby St., New York, NY 10013)—Darrell Jonsson

GLEEMEN: *Extender C*

Dire and dreary gothic rock by Brett Bennett and Montgomery Smith who play most instruments recalling British new wave art-rock, especially the spacey pretensions of Bauhaus who are recalled by Bennett's Lugosi-is-dead vocal stylings. The sound creeps around dark hallways, down dusty stairways into dimly lit basements—it's really scary stuff. Toonz about the "Weeping Room" and "Vampire Midnite" proceed at a dirge-like pace while relatively up-tempo numbers like "Communion" creep along with an eerie skank. Spaced-out guitar playing by Smit and Jeph Jerman, too. Real fun stuff—this could easily be one o' Herman Mun-



Jarboe
Photo by Todd Eberlee

ster's fave bands. (Current Address Needed)—Dan Fioretti

GREEN RIVER: *Rehab Doli 12"EP*

Green River's final studio recording is the closest thing to an album these guys from Seattle have produced to date. Catchy punkrockized blues with loads of wailing and bawling amidst the reflections on having to live amongst life's unpleasanties. Great track about a macho shithead called "Porkfist!" New versions of "Swallow My Pride" and "Together We'll Never" are not improved by the souped-up productions but anything on this slab will squash anything else out there claiming to be influenced in any way by (yawn) metal. Go the extra mile and get the cassette with its extra track: Bowie's "Queen Bitch." The instrumentalists in Green River are carrying on as Mother Love Bone but for the true continuation of this emerald sound look to vocalist Mark Arm's and original Green River guitarist Steve Turner's band "Mudhoney." (Sub Pop, P.O. Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102)—Doug Miller

HALO OF FLIES: *Headburn EP*

Five 45's and two 12" EP's and I'm still not sure if Halo of Flies can produce a bad or even mediocre song. This might be their crowning achievement—guitarist/singer/ex-Marine Tom Hazel-meyer combines prime elements of Hendrix, Asheton and Ramones to come up with a slash and burn guitar

noise that puts him near the top of the game. Instead of releasing yet another instant collector-scum item on his own Amphetamine Reptile Records, Haze and the other 2 Halos have released this three-song effort on Twin/Tone (second EP in the contract, I guess). "My hand is caught in a meat grinder and it feels so good" kind of writing, but understand that Halo of Flies craft tunes that show utmost dedication to classic loud R&R, kinda like Sonics meet Blue Cheer meet Pagans, but oh so much more. (Twin/Tone Records, 2541 Nicollet Ave S, Minneapolis, MN 55404)—Jay Hinman

HEADLESS HORSEMAN:

Can't Help But Shake LP

Ex-Fuzztones guitarist Elan Portnoy's new band here with more of the same psycho regressive-mod-pop-a-delicious stuff that made him semi-famous. Musically good for this kinda thing, but like most in this genre it was done better the first time so why bother? (Semaphore, P.O. Box 213, 1740 AE Schagen, Netherlands)—Brian Curley

JOHN EAGAN: *Industry C45*

Full textured set of electric rock, with hooks of Celtic and Pink Floydian substance. The title might indicate more of a noise or industrial direction for the work. Instead the pace evokes an industrial energy without direct quotation from the landscape. If there is a trance in this music it is a dancing one. A ineludible dance in the city sunset hour on the roof of a gliding car, safe but exhilarated in the warm dry wind. The vocals are languid progressive rock. \$6.00 (Covert Music, P.O. Box 5868, Toledo, OH 43613)—Darrell Jonsson

JOHNSTON, DANIEL:

Continued Story C

Slightly different Daniel Johnston song collection this time—recording in a professional studio with professional musicians. Purists be damned! Johnston goes electric—shades of Bob Dylan! Fortunately, the full band arrangements do not detract from the tuneful qualities of Johnston's tunes, and for those who insist on the original, unaltered state of Daniel Johnston music, there's still some solo, unaccompanied pieces. "I Saw Her Standing There" is given a straight reading on piano, while the sound of Johnston turning the page completes the minimalist ambience of the tune. Conversely, the immensely hummable "Ghost of Our Love" and Texas blues "Her Blues" and others are both recorded with a full band—Texas



Instruments—and both feature the trademark Daniel Johnston wit, charm, and humor. “Ghost” also features Yoko Ono type vocalese and shouted asides from Johnston. The mostly instrumental “A Walk In The Wind” features only double-tracked toy guitar by Daniel and is augmented by nice chord structure. “Girls” (with Texas Instruments’ Bill Anderson) is Johnston’s most professional sounding recording to date—it even features rhythm changes and a studio fade! Highly entertaining cassette of songs. (Stress Worldwide Communic, 4716 Depew, Austin, TX 78751)—Dan Fioretti

JUNCOSA, SYLVIA: *Nature* LP
The morning after Valentine’s day I have Sylvia Juncosa to sing to me. How appropo, the record lost in the mail for months, delivered finally on February 14. Just in time. Because it’s a romantic record, its tracks cut with flaming arrows from a burning heart in a caged soul. Sylvia Juncosa knows the rage—and the desire. With her guitar turned to 10 she can tell the repressive assholes to flick off as she saunters away with a smile. “Lick My Pussy Eddie Van Hal-

en,” she proclaims. Her stoned siren voice will have them transfixed but too afraid to follow. She knows the chains and has scammed a way to break free, grabbing for the blazing electric guitar in the sky. She is the long-lost goddess of Electric Ladyland rising from the strangling spiny vines that reach from the cracks of the L.A. asphalt desert. Standing tall Sylvia Juncosa rocks outside the gates of guitar heaven longing for something to salve the age-old hurts and minister the forbidden desires. But, with the vision beckoning, she stares aghast at the slithering naked bodies of pale rock women who have been seduced to submission, their days left feather-dusting and spit-polishing the worn-out instruments of doped-up rock gods. On this record Juncosa’s spirit is on a rampage unleashing screaming, whining songs that echo from heaven to hell. Her guitar is her copacetic lover that channels the frightening vibrations and vents the wrenching upheavals that gnaw at the nerves, grind the teeth, twist the toes, and furrow the brow. Sylvia is raging, making up for all those days that end in silent pain and frustration. With *Nature* Juncosa grabs life by the soft skin and sings bitter-sweet lullabies

while writhing in ecstasy, her voice straining. She’s screamed her way to exhaustion and blistered her fingers. The veil lies shredded upon sweat soaked sheets. The moment has been captured. But her pulse still pounds. Her ego is still twitching. Waves of desire arise again. This is a record of catharsis, not as a cure, but as an addiction. (SST, P.O. Box One, Lawndale, CA 90260 213-835-8977)—David Ciaffardini

KALAHARI SURFERS: *Sleep Armed* LP

Topical surf music from the other down under. The music has little in common with the Beach Boys’ but instead harks from an interesting combination of modern jazz, industrial, found sounds, indigenous southern African music, and hard core punk. They pull no punches in expressing their angst about the situation in South Africa. They layer fascist speeches by South African leaders, and frightening innuendos reverberated by other media figures with rocking instrumentals. The trumpeting vocals remind one much of Robert Wyatt in their entrancing and edgy modalities. The Kalahari Surfers have been gigging in Berlin and Britain. With this record so explicit in their feelings, I wonder if they will soon be allowed to sing and ride the waves in South Africa again. (Recommended Records (UK), 387 Wandsworth Road, London, England SW8)—Darrell Jonsson

KING MISSILE (DOG FLY RELIGION): *Fluting On The Hump* LP

Fantastic! This disc presents an orgy of noise and poetry while keeping a tuneful, musical, untamed rock n roll edge. King Missile doesn’t hop on any musical trend, or pretend to be better than they are, but what they do is certainly refreshing and exciting. Through the 11 songs, they let loose a cacophony of wild percussion, harmonica, and guitar backing up the poems of New York performer John S. Hall. Hall’s subjects are never boring; ranging from being a teenage wuss to taking stuff from work. There’s absolutely no reason why you shouldn’t treat yourself to this record. (Shimmy-Disc, JAF Box 1187, New York, NY 10116 212-334-4134)—Andy Walzer

KLINE, JOEY: *Pomp and Circus* Pants LP

This has all the warning signs: some guy I’ve never heard of turns up with an album where he does almost everything, comes up with a really bad pun for a title and then dedicates the whole thing to

several famous rock stars. I wouldn't have bought this for a buck in a used bin. That's a shame because it's a sprightly enough piece of the rock and roll to make me wonder if maybe I should have heard of Joey Kline before, though the music is certainly not life-shaking enough to make me desperate for such knowledge. I figure that anybody who writes a satirical song about ex-Smith vocalist Morrissy ("Why must I love only myself/ I won't eat that meat so it's only myself") can't be all bad and Kline proves it over all 10 songs. Compared to the bludgeon approach of much rock humorists, Kline seems downright subtle. He even sounds fun when he seems to be serious: "The Dirt" sounds funny even if it's not. The more I review records the more I'm convinced that the only judgement worth making is purely pass or fail: Would I ever play this of my own free will? Kline passes even if he did dedicate his album to famous rock stars. (PopLlama Products, P.O. Box 95364, Seattle, WA 98145 206-682-2986)—Lang Thompson

LAST EXIT: *Last Exit* LP

Four of the most imposing figures in jazz-rock improvisation kick out the jams in typically enthusiastic and chops-intensive style. Bill Laswell, six-string bass; Ronald Shannon Jackson, fists-of-fury drumming; Peter Brotzman, way-gone saxes; and Sonny Sharrock, starship collision guitar, sound like no "fusion" band you've been bored by. Forget all that virtuoso masturbation and funk-lite riffing. This is full-assed intense with finesse. The tunes are free and open yet anchored and concise. Pure and potent with no fat, filler or artificial sweeteners. (Important Records, 187-07 Henderson Ave, Hollis, NY 11423 718-740-5700)—Jon Booth

LAUGHING HYENAS: *Merry Go Round 12" EP*

This four piece out of Detroit has a manic, freewheeling edge, held together by a barrelling and persistent throb that is worthy of the same greatness that every other amazing rock-n-roll band has ever achieved (at least on vinyl, that is.) And can this guy scream or what? Check out "Gabriel" if you want to put your senses into a hysteric frenzy. These guys have got me hooked. It's as simple as that. (Touch and Go, P.O. Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625 312-463-8316)—Bruce Shinden

MIGHTY SPHINCTER: *In The King-*

dom of Heaven LP

Dramatic gothic rock with hokey neo-Satanic pretensions, frequently couched in the lyrical currency of inverses, i.e., invoking words like "God" and "heaven" and letting them ring as hollowly as possible. So what. Am I supposed to be offended, or scared, or amused, or intrigued? I choose none of the above since these bozos have no apparent working knowledge of the Trinity and its implications. Fortunately, the music is pretty good, and lots better than the bad metal Sab-shit of the last record. Sure, they unleash barrages of dramatic chords, heavily echoed vocals and aural visions of doom that'd make all the goths in England go nuts for; I'm sure they have their own batch of love slaves and deathhead monks that follow 'em around on tour. But anybody that'll cover Hendrix's "I Don't Live Today" and pull it off with such screeching psycho aplomb has got to be commended—this version is wild enough to drag you through the time tunnel raving and drooling, controls set for the heart of the sun and land you smack dab at the Fillmore circa '69. Worth it for that alone; and the originals pass inspection. Just don't listen to the lyrics or you'll go to hell for sure. Is this theatre or what!? (Placebo Records, P.O. Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063 602-245-0467, 931-6888)—Fred Mills

MIRACLE WORKERS: *Overdose* LP

Could this be the same Miracle Workers of several years ago, who hinted at a possible brighter future on their first LP but primarily seemed bogged down in '60s cliches and rather lightweight tunes? Well deliverance is thine, for that very same L.A.-by-way-of-Oregon four-some has unleashed this massive disc on a German label. They're still coming from a more or less '60s viewpoint but the guitar screams Stooges! Stooges! Stooges! on several of the more meaty tracks (like the leadoff "Rock and Roll Revolution in the Streets Pt. 2"), and a cover of said band's "Little Doll" is also included. I was completely unprepared to meet the band's mastery of the screeching wah-wah form head-on when I saw them at a tiny L.A. club, but after playing a mere five songs they had me a fervent believer, and "Overdose" is a testament to the kind of live fire-power they're capable of. More hotshit American stuff (see Lazy Cowgirls, Sister Ray) that can't find a decent American record label to put it out, but I guess the Europeans swallow this stuff whole...more power to 'em. (Love's Simple Dreams, Eisenacherstr. 73 1000,

Berlin 62, W. Germany)—Jay Hinman

MONKEES, THE: *Live 1967* C/LP

This recent Rhino release may (or not) finally answer the long-standing question: "Did the Monkees really play their own instruments?!" Legend has it, this set was recorded live with no overdubs and no sidemen, altho' the live "Step-pin' Stone" features a very Hendrix-esque guitar figure. Jimi Hendrix did, of course, open for the pre-fab four—draw your own conclusions. On this slab of polyvinyl chloride, the boys rock out a dozen Monkees faves. In fact, the live versions rock out much more than the studio versions—even on mid-tempo ballads such as "I Wanna Be Free," sung with verve by Davy. Sound quality's not totally awesome, but that only proves the LP's authenticity. On the other hand, some of the vocals aren't very strong, although that's understandable, as these are some of the first live performances by the pseudo-group, who previously could rely on studio enhancement tricks to clean up the vocals. Dolenz' reading of "Randy Scouse Git," for instance, is not as lively as in the studio recording, but not without its own endearing goofiness. (Is his exclamation of "Freak Out" during the song, a tribute to Zappa?? D'ya s'pose?) On the other hand, the between-song banter is very jocular and witty, assaulting the audience with such clever asides as "Man with the rayon acetate throat" and "My drums are disintegrating." Overall, however, the band sounds pretty darn good—yes, they really can play their instruments! Which is not to say they're virtuosos, by any stretch of the imagination—the "rave-up" ending of "Mary, Mary" falls completely flat. But on the whole, they come across as a very likeable garage band, meaning that as a compliment. So now that the Monkees Controversy is resolved, we can turn to more pressing issues. Specifically, did The Partridge Family really play their instruments? The Archies? The Chipmunks? (Rhino Records, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA. 90404)—Dan Fioretti

MUDHONEY: *Superfuzz Bigmuff* EP

I kind of figured this would be as great as it is—take ex-Green River voice and champion lyricist Mark Arm, throw in Green River's first EP guitarist Steve Turner, pick up Matt Lukin (ex-Melvins bassist) and Dan Peters on drums, and you've got Seattle's premiere all-star noisy-punk rock-sludge combo, in a city that's developing a deserved national renown for that sort of thing. Let's throw

any Green River comparisons aside—this and especially the 45 that preceded it are due to go down as benchmarks for the 80's latter half on their own terms. Mudhoney knows perfectly well how to bridge a double-guitar wall of fuzz with a 1-2-3 simple song structure and still make it come out sounding better than virtually anyone else trying to apply similar techniques. "If I Think" is such an example ("Our Grateful Dead song" says Turner)— what begins as their approximation of a laid-back love-type ballad soon explodes into a screamed-vocal, monster-riff pounding, reverts back and explodes again. Believe me, it's as cool as an icicle through the temple, and yes, they do use the distortion boxes from which the EP receives its title. (Sub Pop, P.O. Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102)—Jay Hinman

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL

KILL CULT: *My Life With The Thrill Kill Cult* 12" EP

Three song 12" from this unidentified band features the techno-tribal beats we've come to expect from Wax Trax releases. Vocals on the A side come from the very depth of the night and the band chants their name hauntingly to the accompaniment of sampled phrases. The two tracks on the 33 rpm B side are quite tasty, with more evangelical based samples of "Bow down and worship me" and awesome rhythms in "Shock of Point Six", destined to be a favorite on alternative dance floors, to the chilling piece "Resisting the Spirit", otherworldly in its tone, a perfect soundtrack for nightmares. (Wax Trax Records, 2445 N. Lincoln Ave, Chicago, IL 60614 312-528-8753)—Sean Gillihan

NAPALM BEACH: *Liquid Love* LP

Tired of rock stars high on eye liner? Wondering what kind of Faustian deal was cut with promising artists such as Eric Clapton, Mick Jagger and Robert Plant? Who castrated the Who? Where did the quick in Quicksilver go? Unfortunately most early hard rock bands died an early living death, many whom are still among us as somnambulists walking up and down the charts. Hard rock is a valid genre. Too bad the field got littered with a Las Vegas idea of heaven. Yet in all our home towns someone has given this fallen angel of music some redemption. Over the last few years it's been the punks mostly who have rung it home. Just when you thought hard rock was ready for another Liberaci (or Wayne Newton) a power duo comes along like Napalm Beach. They take their inspiration from the

peak hard core moments of bands like Blue Cheer, Iron Butterfly, Doors and the Stooges. They can play at my party anytime. (Flying Heart, 4026 NE 12th Ave. Portland, OR 97212)—Darrell Jonsson

NAPALM BEACH: *Moving to and Fro* LP

What with Iggy's and Patti Smith's latest albums being major disappointments and the death of Nico (may she rest in peace), there is a void in my listening pleasure. The new flood of major label

Mudhoney

Photo by Charles Peterson



neo-hard rock just doesn't have the sense of poetry and street wisdom that the best of hard rock is able to convey. Few are able to synergise the lyricism and the intensity—people like Nick Cave and Napalm Beach are the exceptions. Napalm Beach is not stopping at home to pick up some bucks, they are going directly to wail. Their lyrics are not some vague pretentious refried version of yesteryear, but as relevant and timeless as rock lyrics get. Songs about working overtime on the graveyard shift, friends surung out on speed and coke, good times at parties, and a meta-



Napalm Beach

phoric rush for gold. These are the literary/lyrical themes of our time, and if ignored in music and poetry will only make these last decades of the 20th century a joke for future centuries to come. Napalm Beach are a welcome respite — from the hyperventilation of powder puffed poseurs. A refreshing blast of rock and roll truth. (Love's Simple Dreams, Eisenacherstr. 73 1000, Berlin 62, W. Germany)—Darrell Jonsson

PERKINS, HEATHER: *Burning Through C*

This one I listen to a lot, it's Heather with synthesizer, guitar and drums, rock styles from kick butt metal energy rounds to acoustic guitars and vocals (mostly treated vocals), lots of interesting themes including love, madness, energy and life, well crafted singer-songwriter forms, great use of effects. Gee I like guitars. Some titles: "Can't Ignore it," "Died in the Wool," "Crying out of One Eye," "Electroshock," "Pink/Purple." Great stuff in a pop rather than art mode. (Land-O-Newts, 3851 Hilliard, Eugene, OR 97405 503-345-1662)—Robin James

PERRY, AL, AND THE CATTLE: *Escalator Stampede 7"EP*

Al Perry is fond of fuzz guitar, so much so that he plays it with crazed abandon in two Tucson bands, The Marshmallow Overcoat and his own Cattle. This EP is rawer, dirtier and, yes, fuzzier than the previous LP which had more of a cowpunk edge to it. He drives his two pals down a canyon in which

twangy thrash and surfin' trash are equals under a parched plain. Spaghetti garage, anyone? Great stuff. (Al Perry, P.O. Box 40421, Tucson, AZ 85717)—Fred Mills

PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH:

Power Toy LP

Here's a tough, tight, turbine-powered trio cranking out what could be called Progressive Hardcore. Kind of like a speed metal-influenced Minutemen with longer instrumental breaks. I won't try to pick out any standout cuts in particular cause keeping track of all the twists and turns within the tunes or even the songs themselves is kinda like changing fan belts with the engine running. High marks for lyrics, playing and overall intensity. The production, by Spot, could stand a bit more depth and dimension but the simple, uncluttered approach works well enough. I expect these guys are probably so much hotter live than any vinyl that there's no point bitching. I just wish they'd play my town. (Homestead Records, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571 516-764-6200)—Jon Booth

PSYCHIC TV: *Live En Suisse LP*

This is the 6th record in the much talked about series of live Psychic TV record series of 23 records, one of which will be released per month. And in my opinion, it is the best of these records to be released so far. It was recorded in Switzerland on February 28, 1986—Brian Jones' birthday. The circumstances behind the tour were rather unpleasant, ac-

ording to the liner notes. The band was cheated, lied to, and ripped off by tour officials. Worse, Paula P-Orridge had to stay home and take care of her kids, destroying a promise that she and Genesis would be together on her birthday. But amid this atmosphere they managed to create some great music. The club they played in was very cavernous, creating a thick, psychedelic haze of reverberation from which nothing can escape. Gen's vocals can only barely be discerned, and the instruments can't be made out that well either. On the one hand, the sound quality is horrible, but on the other it's perfect. The highlight of the record is covers of "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" backed by "Five to One(!)" The result bears little resemblance to the originals but is something totally different. It is easily the best version of that tune I have ever heard. All and all, this is a great live album. And guess what—Genesis has toned down his vocal rantings! (Temple Records, BM TOPY, London, England WCi 3XX)—Douglas Bregger

PSYCHIC TV: *Allegory and Self LP*

This record is self proclaimed as being inspired by Austin Osman Spare and Brian Jones. The song Godstar directly evokes the spirit of Brian Jones, that god of the rock pantheon who was allowed to tragically fade and destroy without sympathy, memory or grief. Whereas the rest of the record transposes the Psychic TV vision into it's most accessible manifestation ever. They manage this without any loss of image. I must confess that Psychick TV, and their roots (Throbbing Gristle) and off shoots, have never been very exciting or suprising for me. Their music is probably an aquired taste. Here the Brian Wilson (as well as Brian Jones) influences, and the dense dark magical madness that Psychic TV is mostly associated with — produce a curious gestalt. A rocking musical cosmology balanced in light and darkness. (Fundamental Music, 1466 University Dr. South, Atlanta, GA 30306 404-876-2907)—Darrell Jonsson

SALVATORE, LAWRENCE: *Hallucinogenic Disintegration C*

Bizarre sick weirdness from singer/songwriter Salvatore, who Don Campau once described as "Barry Manilow on ecstasy" altho' he more reminds me of middle period Queen, circa, *A Day At the Races*, especially on the extended lyric suite covering lots of side one where Salvatore comes across as some sort of avant-psychotic Hollywood

lounge singer who pours his guts all over the dance floor, and then forms some sort of demented rhumba line moaning about Garbo on Mars while tossing around such bizarre couplets as "She is the envy of every haridresser/ She will not cha-cha with me" in a cheesy uptempo and oddly hummable toe-tapper whose bright melodiies seem at odds with their manic-depressive themes. And after a while the strange tape effects and treated vocals do strange things to your mind. Its perverse. It's sick. It's cool! (Lawrence Salvatore, 211 S. Hebbard, Joliet, IL 60433)—Dan Fioretti



B-FORE/ AFTER

5987)—Dan Fioretti

STEVENS, LARRY: *Pantech-nicon C*

I don't usually review hometown talent, but this guy's too good to not receive a wider audience. Stevens is no introspective "angsted" out folkie, but he has got something to say and he's a high tech one-man band to boot. Formerly with the rock-and-politics group "Will To Dance," Stevens does a solo set on this eight song tape with characteristic conviction and integrity. Whether its the tongue-in-cheek levity of "Twist in the Wind", the "dis" on "friendly fascism USA-style" on "The Rite" and "Ideaphoria," or the urgency of "Resist Injustice";

Stevens offers compelling vocals (one in German), angular music and tight instrumentation. Available at the bookstore where Stevens can often be found hanging out on weekends. (Larry Stevens, 307 West Allen, Springfield, IL 62704)—Ron Sakolsky

SCREAMING TREES:

Invisible Lantern LP

Way groovy psyche-out from another of Washington State's finest. This record seems to have picked up a harder edge than their previous two LPs, getting down to a more moody, dreamy texture when it has to but always with an undercurrent of aggro that you know is going to leap right back out to the forefront when the next track comes. Their brand of heavy psyche-rock is usually filled with such pantywaists that they have no problem immediately stepping up to the head of the class, and could easily be approaching worldbeater status next album. (SST, P.O. Box One, Lawndale, CA 90260 213-835-8977)—Jay Hinman

7 SECONDS: *One Plus One LP*

This live-in-concert recording gives the band an opportunity to recap their career and make a "Best of" LP including their cover of "99 Red Balloons." 7 Seconds moves closer to the mainstream with each release. There's not a lot of throat-grabbing hardcore here. Top that off with a mix that timidly places the guitar in the background and the bass almost subliminal. It's barely above bootleg quality. Have they sold out? Not quite. Even if "Praise" sounds like wannabe U2, it's still too pointed a song for AOR outlets and the rest of the album follows suit. "Regress, No Way!" and "You Live and Die for Freedom" suggest they haven't wavered in their commitments. Archivists should especially enjoy the booklet of lyrics, photos, discography, and family tree. (Positive Force Records, P.O. Box 9184, Reno, NV 89507)—Lang Thompson

SEWER ZOMBIES:

Conquer the Universe LP

I couldn't believe this was a band. It is. I thought it had to be one guy manipulating tapes and overdubbing. It isn't. The sound is very thick. The information on the cover and the fact that this band does play live would indicate that these are mostly live musicians not samples and tapes but to my ears much of what I understand to be live, sounds tape-manipulated and sampled. The rhythms remind me of the strange beats that arise when you mix samples of different lengths. The melodies likewise remind me of the odd melodies sometimes produced by tape loops. I know I may be hearing things that are not there but I like it! This is a completely original and imaginative band-sound. They apply it in different ways on practically each cut, dong it to Heavy Metal on one, Haiti on another, Clint Eastwood spaghetti western music on another and to a tune by Jane Wiedlin of the Go-Go's on another. Tongue in cheek lyrics, and parody with fresh weirdness from Florida. (Subversive Records, P.O. Box 23305, Tucson, AZ 85734)—Sunn Thomas

SNAKEPIT: *From Vegas To Memphis C*

Seven-song cassette of '60s-type garage punk. Loud, fast, spartan arrangements, altho' the guitar is sometimes overdubbed with both lead and rhythm parts. Very simple bass and drums, altho' the toonz usually feature melodic twists and turns not usually associated with this genre. Songs are (not surprisingly) brief, but interesting. A live version of Iggy's "T.V. Eye" is particularly tortuous. A really neat K7. (Dunghill, P.O. Box 3766, Eugene, OR 97403 503-344-

SUN RHYTHM SECTION: *Old Time Rock and Roll LP*

These six guys are the back-up group for the rockabilly megastars. When the chaotic sensual expressionism of Elvis Presley and Jerry Lee Lewis needed a steady rollin' frame, The Sun Rhythm section provided it. If Carl Perkins or Johnny Cash wanted a little pepper in their salty dirges, that too was on hand at the tiny Sun recording studio in Memphis. There is a musical tip of the bluegrass Stetson to seminal blues recording artist Blind Lemon Jefferson in "Match Box." Other boisterous classics smoothly presented include "Tutti Frutti," and "(My gal is) Red Hot" and a Hank Williams' ballad and some Chuck Berry. This is good-timey, pre-hot licks rocky roll—no fog machines, strobes, existentialism or tight pants, although anyone in the Stones would pay in six digits to sing with Sonny Burgess's accent. Okay, it sounds like our parents studied their asses off a few years and retired to play rock all day on the porch together. Why aren't they? (Flying Fish Records, 1304 West Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614 312-528-5455)—Cary Sterling

TROX: *Trox C*

Impressive debut four-song cassette by New Jersey heavy metal band. Four original toonz, altho' there are strong echoes of Deep Purple, Judas Priest, etc. The band deserves credit for much bet-

ter lyrics than the drivell pained off by Kiss and (ugh!) Motley Crue. Trox lyrics are much more epic and prophetic: "So brave now in battle to die now on the sword/ Hero's (sic) live in battle within Valhalla's halls," sings Doug Keegan on "To Hell With Heroes." The guitar assault of Chuck Hansen and Rob Kruzik is intense, altho' they could have mixed the guitars a bit higher, especially the twin leads on "Phoenix Rising." "To Hell With Heroes" is classic start-slow-and-end-loud-and-climax- with-a-guitar-solo metal. It would be easy to dismiss some of this as heavy metal hero worship, but these guys are so earnest and sincere, that even the last cut's obvious bows to Black Sabbath, Judas Priest, and others is actually quite endearing. The cut called "Stormbringer" starts with a guitar intro which sounds like a distant cousin to "Paranoid" and includes mercifully brief electronically processed vocals that recall the "We Have Assumed Control" bit on a Rush LP, and Keegan belts out the title phrase like Rob Halford. Essentially beating Spinal Tap at their own game, and representing all that is Good and Holy in Heavy Metal (notice NO satanic or obscene lyrics!), Trox have created a four-song classic EP which will rock all of the ears of metal maniacs everywhere who hear it. (Dungeon Studios, 10 Shupin St., Spotswood, NJ 08884)—Dan Fioretti

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Beginner's Guide to C.O.M.A.* LP

Music from where the garden palace of Babylon has been turned into a tire factory. L.A.'s, ever resurrecting music cooperative, C.O.M.A., risked the freeway snipers a few years back and got together to do a compilation record. The results were twisted but timeless, recorded in the days when the Long Beach Police (comprised of mostly unemployable jocks) couldn't figure out why these people were listening to all the strange noises emanating late at night from abandoned art spaces.

C.O.M.A. (California Outside Music Association) has since expanded their geographical scope to include events throughout Southern California, (only to recently focus most of their activities to Long Beach). Regardless within all of the expansion/retraction the diversity of forms and mutations of musics that C.O.M.A. represents has grown. This collection represents the Art-rock faction of C.O.M.A. with The Underpeople, New Cross, 5UUS, Rhythm Plauge (ex blitz concert master), Mark Soden,

Tao Mao, Elma Mayer, Dogma Probe, Cartoon (currently incarnated as PFS "Pure Fucking Space"), and Motor Totemist Guild. Music that will wake up your grandmother if she is sleeping in the same building. And will get her dancing if she's ambulatory. This is electro-pop dance music that has been hammered, bent, warped, blasted, scorched, rolled at 85 mph, sun burned, chilled, re-fried and made beautiful.



\$8.00 (Rotary Totem Records, 3726 Iroquois, Long Beach, CA 90808 213-421-0175)—Darrell Jonsson

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Enchantment* LP

Musea's second sampler offers 9 tracks, all previously unreleased, by the best of France's progressive rock contingent. Though music such as this (i.e. like early Genesis, King Crimson, Yes, ELP, etc.) has fallen from favor in recent years, there is a sizable renaissance of the genre happening in Europe, with France definitely at the forefront. Included are tracks by Ange, the premiere progressive rock group of its kind from France and its contemporaries, the legendary Pulsar and Atoll—records by all three are now collectors' items—plus several newcomers, as well as the now defunct, but mythical group, Atmosphere. "Metamorphose," Atoll's contri-

bution, is one of the best tracks, with a kind of Yes and Michael Oldfield blend, with an inventive chorale setting that is simply gorgeous. Perhaps the most contemporary sounding track is Jean Pascal Boffo's excellent "Le retour des nains," which has a snappy Sakamoto-like arrangement, but rather more innocent. Edhels and Atmosphere manifest a King Crimson influence, the former with complex musical structures and a hint of Fripp guitar stylizations, the latter a typical minor/modal KC jam/workout. Surprisingly, one of the weakest cuts is by Ange. Still, plenty of fascinating music for those who love progressive rock. (Musea, 72 rue du General Patton, 54110 Dombasle, France)—Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Human Music* 2-LP

Most of you know by now what to expect from the world-famous Homestead label. Plenty of ok-to-excellent rock (and punk—what's the dif?) releases that make college radio jocks want to click their heels and drink some beer. That said, I shouldn't have to go into any great detail about the relative merits of this double album compilation. I found most of it very listenable and not boring or predictable. Very few of the cuts are available elsewhere except as B-sides, and some are old or live or demos or whatever. If that sounds like a lot of castoffs or throwaways, don't think of it as a garage sale, it's more like a hip curiosity shop. I could name a lot of bands and songs that are outstanding but chances are most listeners will pick their own faves without any help from me. It's that kind of album. (Homestead Records, P.O. Box 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571 516-764-6200)—Jon Booth

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Lonely As an Eyesore* LP

4AD has the integrity and smarts to put out a compilation such as this, with all new material by many from their fine roster of artists. Smart, in that it will introduce many to their idiosyncratic and unique artists—those who have to have every new item by the Cocteau Twins or Colourbox will then discover some different groups. Integrity, as this is not your typical sampler filled with previously released material. I know I enjoyed hearing new pieces by my favorites; the rococo filigree of the Cocteau Twins, the slashing, searing guitar work of Dif Juz, Dead Can Dance's neo-medievalisms and sacred rock, and the mysterious evocations of This Mortal

Coil. I also got to hear, for the first time, Throwing Muses, The Wolfgang Press, along with Colourbox and Clan of Xymox. Available in an elaborate deluxe boxed limited edition with a full color 24-page booklet with photographs taken from the video of *Lonely As an Eyesore*. (4AD, 17-19 Alma Rd, London, England SW18)—Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Newark New Wave II '81-'86 C*

Twenty nine or so rockin' thrashin' punk-edged new wave throat and smash guitar/drum stomps. A few good slam dancing tunes, plenty of pop appeal type songs too, raw recording truth, local color, never a dull moment. The material is gleaned from the collections of James Hovenec, Todd Werney, Al Duval, and was made by Jerry Lehane. You're going to hear (only two or so bands have more than one song) bands like The Zippers, Christian Snipers, Dad's New Dress, Honour Society, That Infernal Howling, Catherine the Great, Youth In Asia, The Commotions, The Maytags, Occam's Razor and The Moaners singing songs like "People Join the Freakout", "Hoe (Fun with Farming)", "Mustard Trucks," "She Said Believe" "Icywaters," "War Mad World," "I Don't Need You," "Feeling Groovy," "Suicide," "Evolution" "Faster and Louder." Every one of the songs is the kind of rock music you could dance to in a club (I've never been to a club). (On Q Productions, P.O. Box 0614, Newark, DE 19715)—Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *The Song Retains The Name LP*

This is Led Zeppelin at its best, and the greatest news is all of the original members have left the group. What we get is undulating interpretations by such imaginative rock spokesmen as Helen Keller Plaid, Twice Shy, I Love Ethyl, Fool Killers, Tent Poles, Headface, Earwigs, Dalai Lamas, Robert Kuhlmann and the Flying Boats, Rich Hardesty & The Del Reys, and The Royal Mixxers. Able and steady they take the rudder and steer through the best the ol' head bangers ever penned. "Black Dog," "No Quarter," "Houses of The Holy," "Immigrant Song"—it's a righteous and totally justified mutiny. The interpretations go beyond the loutish cliches of Heavy Metal, and are more inclined to be delightful postpunk, metal tempered in what fine stylings the last decade has to contribute. Elements of scratch, gloom, funk, rockabilly, and hard core punk. But how do these bands capture the magic of Led Zeppelin without being from the misty moors of Albion and the 60's? They are from the misty moors of Northern Cali-

fornia — the golden desert spaces of Arizona, places in the present with another shade of brilliant, beautiful rock and roll magic. (Independent Label Allianc, P.O. Box 594 M, Bayshore., NY 11706 516-242-4341)—Darrell Jonsson

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Tunes From Tucson C

Great, great, great sampler, 15 bands and 24 songs on a high-bias C90, of the coolest sun-baked iguanettes Arizona has to offer. Naturally Al Perry is present, solo and with his fuzz-raunch-cowboy band The Cattle. Ditto for the Giant Sand/Blacky Ranche/Rainer and Das Combo aggregation of psylocibe rockers and tequila pickers. Marshmallow Overcoat, Naked Prey and River Roses are also familiar names. Lesser-knowns (to me at least) are Deadbolts, Tonly Orlanda and Don (with Bruce), The Sidewinders, Jim Parks, Jeff Colt, Skull Taco and Thai Pink. I detected nary a duff cut on either side. Sound quality is stellar, even on the demos (some tracks have already appeared on vinyl) and I'd say this is one of the best buys around. Tucson may soon become a focal point for media attention, and I'd suggest you check it out beforehand, because for now these cosmic yahoos, popmeisters, garageheads and country twangers have a raw vitality that's pretty hard to match. \$5.75 (Sitting Duck Sound, P.O. Box 41724, Tucson, AZ 85719)—Fred Mills

YANOMAMOS: *Quizas 12" S*

This catches interest because on sticks its got Grant Hart, cry-baby drummer from the defunct Husker Du. It was Hart's songs that were always the let-down on Husker Du records—silly love-songs reaching for the hearts of millions of record buyers. Songs of neurotic angst of a teenager in love. Then there was the incident a couple years ago during SST's "The Tour" when the headlining Husker's playing to a 99 percent male audience of a thousand or two at UCLA, cut their set short when Hart, almost in tears, walked off the set after someone in the audience threw a beer bottle at him. He finished the song he was playing with some of the most fierce, angered, hateful, intense drumming that has ever shook the foundations of higher education, but then he gave the audience an angry pout and walked off the stage. Guitarist Bob Mould, the searing spark of vision, truth and guts of the band, stayed at his microphone, and in a tone that suggested he had witnessed Hart's temper tantrums many times before, told the audience, "See, what happens when you do that?." I don't think many there that night had sympathy for Hart and they had one thing confirmed, Hart is not

hardcore. It should all be on video; there was the complete camera station set-up with Henry Rollins hanging out like he didn't quite fit in with the darkly clad mass that pressed toward the stage. So, in the remaining days of Husker Du, Hart got to record more of his pop songs, got to give the interviews, got imaged, got the band on a major label, and the band broke up a year or so later empty-handed. So here is this record. A single. I guess it's marketed toward collectors. Has a little mystery: a record jacket that gives no indication of how many minutes or how many songs are on the disc you're about to plunk over you're hourly wage for. Buy it and see. Or get it payola style via a record sales promoter. Maybe you'll even find out who is "Miss Jane Mansfield": the bass player credited for the thudpucking strings? Anyone who's gone to college DJ classes could easily ace this pop quiz by simply knowing that the record label, New Alliance, distributed by SST, is operated by bassist Mike Watt of firehose and formerly of Minutemen. But jeez, what if it is not Watt, just a bass player that sounds like Watt! Or maybe it's Watt's wife Kira, former bass player of Black Flag? Jeez....! See, there's the mystery. Oh, what about the record? It's an instrumental single! Not even all that good. Really. It's got a sound, sure—even a bit of a plodden groove, I mean, not bad at all—just guitar, bass, drums, heavy on the bass. Stuff you can find on thousands of home-taped cassettes released in the last five years. And kind of mediocre among those! But kind of cool because there's a little sense of exploration and jazz meandering in this. But why put it out on a 12" single! Why put it out at all? "Mersh reasons, man! Promo, collector, college DJ stuff. The Game, man. Yeah, we know it sucks, but it's kind of fun and the kids like it. Even gets zine writers calling up wanting to do interviews. And it doesn't bust our budget either. You can pop out those 12-inch babies, gloss cover an all, for about a buck apiece. And because not many people will really want it, we don't print many, and before you know it you might even see it in one of those collector magazine record lists selling for 10 bucks! Promo, man. Sure, its a bit mersh, but that's the nature of promo." (New Alliance Records, P.O. Box 1389, Lawndale, CA 90260 213-835-3522 835-4267)—David Ciaffardini

Who sent you? When contacting the addresses listed in these pages, please tell them you heard about them in Sound Choice. It will help all of us. Thanks.

Spoken Word/Drama/Other

ALGEBRA SUICIDE: *Secret Like Crazy, The LP*

Rock music and poetry has managed to survive many awkward and ill-conceived marriages over the years due mainly to the wisdom and restraint of those artists who know how to keep it simple. Lydia Tomki and Don Hedeker, a.k.a. Algebra Suicide, know all too well that a voice and a guitar (respectively) will usually get the job done. Patti Smith and Lenny Kaye started out this way and that first indie single, "Piss Factory," was their finest moment before gradually falling victim to pop overkill. This fine LP compiles 20 choice cuts from several years of working together and each one shines with a clear-eyed purity of vision that is rare in this world of phony sentiment and cynical pretense. An unpolluted breath of air. (RRRecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852 508-454-8002)—Jon Booth



Algebra Suicide:
Lydia Tomki and Don Hedeker

BBC RECORDS: *Sound Effects: No. 13 Death an LP*

BBC Records has released an extended series of sound effects records. With luck and fortunate planning, No. 13 is "Death and Horror" sounds. And it's real exciting stuff, too: cuts such as "Neck Twisted and Broken," "Red Hot Poker Into Eye," and "Sawing Head Off" are real authentic sounding. The screams, creaks, and animal groans are all particularly spine-tingling. Fortunately for hi-fi enthusiasts and home tapers, the sounds are grouped thematically: "Execution and Torture," "Creaking Doors and Grave Digging," etc., altho' the sounds are not banded which makes them difficult to locate. The LP features some really awesome sounds for late-night listening, and is recommended because of the variations on some sounds. You get not one but two (count 'em) kinds of grave digging—in stoney and in wet ground. And two cuts feature the Hell-Hound "Growling and Snarling" as well as "Panting." It'd make great background noise for those home movies. (Gilette-Madison Co., P.O. Box 5087, FDR Station, New York, NY 10022)—Dan Fioretti

CHADBOURNE, EUGENE: *Hank Gonzales: Master of the Lap Steel Rake C*

From Chad the Bad comes last spring's latest thing, avant garde lap steel, played by Hank, by Eugene and by

some kids. Try and tell them apart. The voice is the give-away. Hear Hank's torture: experimental instruction methods with small kids, Ry Cooder's 147th Nightmare of Lost Contracts, Live Broadcast Across the Surf featuring Joee Conroy and Graham Connah, Ry Cooder's 175th Nightmare of Unanswered Phone Calls, Un soiree Musicale aveque Le Chadbourne's Familie Trio (this is a Chadbourne family treasure, Granpapa with his French accent, and the kids, presenting an afternoon party with songs, taking turns singing), Return to Hank's torture, Round About Midnight, and lots of long improv sessions with a pile of Joee's instruments: violin, tsugaru shamisen, koto, autoharp, modified koto, sanyean, psaltry, bazouiki, balalika, chenge pipa and sitar. Kinda cool, kinda long, mixed moods. (Eugene Chadbourne, 2306 Sherwood St., Greensboro, NC 27403)—Robin James

DEPOSITO DENTAL: *Deposito Dental LP*

Unmitigated weirdness from Spain; that's Deposito Dental, a duo of electronic and vocal music composed of Rosa Galindo and Pedro Garhel, both with visual arts backgrounds. Their performance installations are multi-media events that include video, projections,

music, and movement. Their music, as captured on this record, is somber and mournful, emphasizing the minor modes, often repetitive, droning and rhythmically enervating, though "Dodo" and "Krash" are quite excited, and played on electronic keyboards. On top of this musical foundation are spoken texts, bizarre chants and extended vocal techniques; perhaps not of the range of Joan LaBarbara or Diamanda Galas, but enough to imbue the work with bizarreness. As befitting their name, the opening track by Deposito Dental sounds like a very jagged instrument being scraped over teeth, using the mouth as a resonating chamber to alter pitch content. This is definitely outside music for the adventurous. (Grabaciones Accidentales, Bloemgracht 121, 1016 KK Amsterdam, Holland)—Dean Suzuki

FACE IN THE CROWD: *Family That Blows Up Buildings C*

Christian anarchist poet and painter Rupert Loydell and his buddy Russell Kirk getting bluesy, folky, and industrial. A duo as misunderstood and hated in their English homeland as Blackhouse are ever here, only not as openly Gospelizing as the Utah noisemongers and definitely more varied in assault. Loydell's words have a way of sadly showing mo-

ral decline, as in a recited poem on "Family" about renting a VCR. He can use allegory to curious effect, too, as exhibited in Disguise's "On the Plateau". It's not all heavy, killing-time stuff, though. For being (unjustly) labeled an "industrial" band, there's more humor here than shown in many. By now, it's said Loydell has a new aggregation to flail with, so these might be gone soon. Your loss to miss them, kids. (Stride, 14 Oxford Road, Exeter, Devon, England EX4-6QU)—Jamie Rake

FIBONACCIS:

Civilization and its Discotequ LP
The Fibonacci's first vinyl outing (save for a couple of comp appearances) in four years is their debut LP. Less frantic and more melancholy, it's typically, for the Fibs, unique sound with lotsa keyboards (piano!), some international folk influence and the flexible and frequently BEEutiful voice of Magie Song. You get the loping "March to Heaven" (truly a march) and "Crickets" an untitled Emily Dickinson poem set to a soothing melody. You get a couple of fake movie soundtrack numbers, "Stay Home" and "Rompe of the Meiji Sycophants" and "Leroy", the rantings of a youngster who finally shafts her tormenting brother, and "Medicine Waltz" which sounds like a cut from "My Fair Lady." Much to explore. (Blue Yonder Sounds, P.O. Box 64742-203, Los Angeles, CA 90064)—Doug Miller

FIORETTI, DAN:

There is Another Skywalker C
Whip out the little plastic keyboard, add generous amounts of odd sounds like voices from movies and kitchen sink stuff, include one cover of a Boz Scaggs song and go on melodiously for 90 minutes. Titles include "Kill All Nerds on Planet X," "Adventures in Puppetland," "Dinosaur Planet," a prepared guitar solo titled: "Building the Dream House." Side one has lots of bits, side two is more of a long instrumental. (Dan Fioretti, 312 Third Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904 201-249-0761)—Robin James

GOEBBELS, HEINER:

Werkommenes Ufer LP
Heiner Goebbels is 1/2 of Goebbels/Harth, a German improvising duo who have done work with Henry Cow alumni. This solo project is two "radio dramas," which won prizes for best radio plays in Germany. But these are not normal radio plays; rather, they resemble a German Firesign Theater. The first piece is called "Die Befreiung des Pro-

metheus," and is based on the Greek legend. Incredibly, it is 45 minutes long, and pressed on the first side of the record; even more incredibly, the recording quality is surprisingly good! The way it's presented is that there are various narrators telling the story, with musical backgrounds and electronic effects. Textures range from lush and pretty, to "space music" interrupted by crying babies, to heavy rock with an opera singer. "Verckommenes Ufer," the second piece, is less musical and more "industrial." According to the liner notes, it features the voices of 50 passers-by on the streets. It is only 17 minutes. I realize that I am not describing this record well, but that is because it cannot be described well—one just has to listen to it. This is a remarkable album, and lovers of spoken word/sound text music should give it a listen. Entirely in German, so get your translation books out! (Riskant, current address needed, W.Germany)—Doug Bregger

NADEEN: *Summer Day C*

Nadeen, a trio that performs on bowed strings (violin, viola, cello and bass), electric bass, balafon, synthesizer, female voice, and various percussion instruments plays gentle repetitive music. "Kalimba," as the title implies, is based on a pretty little pattern played on a thumb piano. The kalimba also appears prominently on "Summer Day," along with environmental sounds (crickets chirping), sinuous Indian sounding violin melodies, sparkling synthesizer touches and percussion. "Lovestream" has gently percolating synthesizer arpeggios and melodies with a wordless voice singing softly in the background accompanied by delicate tinkling metal percussion and dried poppy heads which simulate the constant patter of rain. It may not be profound or monumental music, but it is certainly pleasant enough. (Time Based Arts, Bloemgracht 121, 1016 KK Amsterdam, Holland)—Dean Suzuki

NEGATIVLAND: *Escape From Noise* LP

By the time this review sees light of day, this won't be a very new record. In fact it may be a legend in its own time already. I can't think of anything to compare it with but I can say that it is funny, clever, thought-provoking, satirical, insightful, cute, sexy, violent, sweet, meticulously crafted and did I say funny? It's a riot! The boys have cooked up a yummy casserole of found sound, music, dialog, rants, hiccups, sermons, propaganda, folksy sing-a-

longs and so much more that I refuse to confuse you further by making any more lists. I'm not even going to list the names of all the famous and should-be-famous guests that appear here because it's all on the back of the record jacket anyway and if you, the Sound Choice reader, are as smart as I think you are then you probably have this piece of quality audio entertainment already. So why go on? (SST, P.O. Box One, Lawndale, CA 90260 213-835-8977)—Jon Booth

PHAUSS: *Audiodrome* LP

This is a soundtrack for a short version of Phauss Videodrome (3 hrs.) for 100 VCR monitors. It is a collage of live tapes made in countries the world over (Algeria, Iran, Niger, India, Manila, USA, Switzerland, etc.). One hears sounds gathered from streets, businesses, jungles, places of worship, and who knows what else. These segments are sequenced and layered, but generally seem unaltered. Mild electronic noises infrequently accompany, augment, and bridge the live recordings. An interesting, ambient sort of record, although there were some periods where a constant sound of traffic became fatiguing. (Radium 226.05 Records, Sodra Allegatan 3, S-41301 Goteborg, SWEDEN)—Tom Grove

RADIO CYBERPUNK:

Men Who Reinvented Science Fic C
Readings and interviews with John Shirley, William Gibson, and Bruce Sterling. Background music The Variation Wave, Bic Wayne/R.P. Bird, Oka/Iko, Mike Curtis. This is an incredible resource, these young writers have created a style of science fiction literature that melds the journey into space with a hip bleak/spectacular vision, you hear them reading their work and you hear some interview bits, with spicy electronic embellishments. (R.P. Bird, P.O. Box 645, Wichita, KS 67201)—Robin James

SUMMERS, ROD:

Arid Like the Ocean C
This is a radio play concept, the script contains all of the story and the soundtrack provides lots of color to read the script by. There is a computer voice narrator that is the main character, and a wild science fiction windscape flows in the background, providing the set, with your eyes engaged in the science fiction story you are in the future, after the last bird has died (sorry) and English-sounding robot voices; waterfowl on the other side; well, the plots are for you to

encounter yourself, and the technique for telling the stories is a very clever combination of mediums, print and sound. Separately they are inadequate, the tape is kind of boring and subtle by itself, the printed story is complicated with passages of computer language command strings included frequently. Together they create a new kind of literature, a very colorful and intelligent synthesis, very different from either listening to music, or recorded narration, or reading a science fiction story. Your mind is triggered by the story described in the text and the tape provides the sonic landscape, you can pause to listen with your eyes closed during the reading, the pace is manageable. (Rod Summers, P.O. Box 1050, 6201 BB Masastricht, Netherlands)—Robin James

TAYLOR, TERRY SCOTT:

A Briefing on the Ascent LP

Even geniuses have their off days when their failures are at least as interesting as their successes. Such is the case with Taylor's second longplayer apart from Daniel Amos. As with his first solo, *Knowledge and Innocence*, this is based on death in the family, his grandmother's. Unlike the first album's celebration of life continuing from generation to generation, Uncle Terry now finds himself grappling with the reality of death in the context of his Christian faith. The struggle and confrontation (and subsequent rejoicing) is played against a scenario where a Mr. Borthwick tours an otherworldly art gallery dedicated to reminiscences about death-related thought. Unfortunately, some of Taylor's lyrical poetry here isn't among his most engaging, and much of the music lacks edge, though some pleasing mellow textures are present. The middle of the second side has the slight thunder of "Capture Me" and concludes with a Dvorak hymn interpretation, "Going Home", sounding like a quaint family chorus. The first has moments of solemnity and tranquility but not transcendently so. I'm not going to be a cynic and wish that Taylor experiences another family death in order to produce another, better solo record, but I know he can capture more depth the next time around. (Frontline, P.O. Box 28450, Santa Ana, CA 92799)—Jamie Rake

TRASH COMPACTORS:

Trash Compactors C

Ronald Reagan never said these things, never admitted to these crimes, never issued such a drum-beat. Excellent instrumentals and believable editing, changing the great communicator into a drug

fiend, coveting world power like a consumer covets a car. (Trash Compactors, P.O. Box 1222, Yelm, WA 98597)—Robin James

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Sound Garden C*

Sound Garden, curated by Hiroshi Yoshimura, is part of an ongoing series of exhibitions and concerts of sound sculpture and audio art created by Japanese artists at the Striped House Museum of Art in Tokyo. This stunning document is available variously as a catalog, cassette, and video, in any and all combinations. The catalog, with texts in Japanese and English, contains artists' statements, short bios, diagrams and photographs of the "instruments" and sculptures, which range from the most simple designs, to elaborate and beautiful sound sculptures. The video is rather lo-tech—more a documentation of the exhibition rather than an example of video art—showing the various pieces in action, being "played" by their creators, or operating by movement of air, small motors (after the manner of Fluxus instruments), and such. One of the most visually and aurally appealing works is a series of pieces referred to as "Fragments of Sound" in which steel plates of various shapes: circles, squares, etc., are cut with a torch and assembled like a jig-saw puzzle. The pieces are mounted on the floor on tiny stands and struck with mallets. Yoshimura's own "Ka-Ze-Na-Ri" are from a series of sound objects made from empty cans. The artist's innovative, imaginative bent has led to the creation of delightful, oft times unexpected sculptures that emit a wonderful array of sounds. Perhaps the most whimsical work is by Leo Tadagawa. His "Tinkololin on the Head" is a series of contraptions made of wire, various helmets, strings and noise-makers which are worn on the head and sounded by the wearer's movements. Lovers of sound sculpture, take note; there are some marvelous works here. (Leo Tadagawa, 1-12-24 Midorigaoka, Ageo, Saitama 362, Japan)—Dean Suzuki

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

Rietveld Audiovisueel LP

Dick Lucas, the producer of Data Records, is also an art teacher. He designed a course in which his students created audio works and then made individual designs for each of the 500 issues of this limited edition pressing. The music includes several musique concrete pieces, including "A dead capital" a convincing and rhythmically vi-

brant re-working of Stravinsky's Firebird. The "composers," coming from a visual arts perspective, bring a freshness to the genre that eludes most serious music composers. Several pieces contain some very unusual and intriguing sounds including very low reed-like tones coupled with a JFK speech in "Verzet;" what I can only liken to a very deep, low, electronic and musical imitation of pigs snorting and groveling in "Tandboor;" and some marvelous light percussive sounds in "Aloha from A." The jackets are all hand-made, each unique, designed by the art students who recorded this album. Mine is quite beautiful with thick, textured, painterly impasto on the back, a kind of gestural neo-Abstract Expressionism that brings to mind de Kooning and a bit of Philip Guston or Adolph Gottlieb. Even if you hated the music—and I found most of it quite interesting and refreshing—you would still have a fine piece of original art. (DATA Records, govert Flinckstraat 237, 1073 BW Amsterdam, Holland)—Dean Suzuki

WESTERKAMP, HILDEGARD, NORBERT:

CordilleraZone of Silence Story

This sounds as if it were a painting, the images are wilderness photographs and bits of audio journals, poetry and just sound pictures. Cordillera is a poetic work, narrated and illustrated with water and wind, the sound of the trees in the Western Canadian Mountain Wilderness. The title means a ridge or chain of mountains, possibly extending from Tierra Del Fuego to Alaska. There are 17 shorter components to the landscape poem, in the author's own voice. The Zone of Silence Story comes from a camping trip in north central Mexico, 15 artists from four cultures exploring the desert environment through their respective disciplines and making art. Environmental sounds, poems, stories, music, conversation, plant sounds, rocks and cricketsong. A very inspirational form for creative expression, excellent recording quality. Most important is the playful and inquisitive sound editing and approach in collecting sounds. The sun rises, a horn is blown, there are group singing and rhythmic musical jams in various combinations of languages. A letter from art-camp. It's fun, like being on Mars to see the earth. It's got descriptions, it's got play, it takes its time, not in real time, but in a progression of experiences. (Inside The Soundscape, 685 W. 19th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V5Z 1W9)—Robin James

Classified Ads

Recordings Available

TIRED OF TAMMY? Not Jazzed by Jimmy? For sellervangelist's K.P.R.A.I.S.E.! "Excellent tape", Dan Fioretti Sound Choice No. 9. For C-60 send \$5 postage paid to: T.K.O. Productions, Box 224, Whittier, CA 90601 More shuck for you money ministry buck!

THE AGE OF THE CASSETTE has arrived! No threat! Non-toxic! The true alternative! Discover some unique Boston talent (Mr. Curt, Urban Ambience, Laughing Academy, and more) releasing products via the tape culture. For a free catalogue/more info, write to: Camaraderie Music Cassettes, PO Box 403, Kenmore Sta., Boston, MA. 02215

ECSTASY BY CURRENT compilation Lp vol 1 with modern industrial/experimental music. Artists: Jeff Greinke, Katharsis, Randy Greif and lot others. Please see review in SC. Distribution by NMDS, RRRecords, Rough Trade(soon) Swinging Axe Prod., Blacklist Mailorder, Generations Unlimited, Marginal, Clas. Or send 9 US\$ or 12 \$CAN cash direct to: SCHIZOPHONIA Grossbeerstr. 90 1000 Berlin 61 West Germany. We also like to receive more professional powerful Industrial/Experimental for further record releases. Don't miss to write to Schizophrenia!

SIR DOUGLAS, AUGIE Meyers, Flaco. 3 compilation albums-40 bands \$15.00 Dogman-Anthology-\$6.00 all 5 albums-\$25.00 Sir Doug's new single-\$3.00 Kevin Kat Records 111 W. Sunset San Antonio Tejas 78209 Send sase for catalogue.

SPECIFIC OCEAN MUSIC-Invisible Wilbur, Carol Hunner, The Buzzers, Tony Sten-

ger, Mata Rata. Hear them all on a 60 min. Cro2 cassette for only \$3. payable to Charles Laurel, 6116 Hwy 9, Apt B.Felton, CA 95018

SSS PRODUCTIONS. Label releasing F/i, Haters, Katharsis, XRay Pop, Geins't Nait, P. Children, Due Process, etc. Distributes experimental music. Broadcasts all-cassette radio program. Promotes alternative music concerts in Pittsburgh. Send SASE for catalog. 5881 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15217.

SONGS OF SUMERIA 7" EP with music by EMG, Stillborn Terror & Flophouse. 333 numbered copies. \$2.50 ppd. or acquire via trade for 7" or cassette of your own music. Write Foundation-T.dieZ., 9501 Byrne Dr., Fox River Grove, IL 60021

ashes in the brittle air. black tape for a blue girl's third release of lyrical dreamscapes that set your mind adrift on an ocean of reflection. cd \$14. cassette \$8. projekt. postbox 1591. garden grove, california .92642. send for free catalog

FREE CASSETTE EP available with the purchase of Jason Peri's Nothing In Particular cassette. Varied musical taste required. Send \$5.99 to 11New Hat Music Co. 6751 N. Blackstone Ave. #108 Fresno, CA 93710. We'll pay the postage and tax. Thanks.

HEY YOU...Yeah You... Free catalog from GGE Records. Our latest collection, over 45 tapes and magazines including: Dog As Master, Mental Anguish, Big City Orchestra, Cephalic Index, Ice Cream Blisters and Indian Rope Burn. POB 5088, Kent, OH 44240.

Publications

JAZZ Discographies from around the world. We always have the latest titles. Send SASE for list to Mr. Stu, Suite 9-L, 1716 Ocean Ave., San Francisco, CA 94112

HARD-TO-FIND records and CDs, Independents...New Music. It's yours every two weeks in Goldmine. Also get articles, reviews and complete discographies. Free sample, or 13 issues for just \$22.(US only). Goldmine, Dept. BIX, 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990.

SOUND CHOICE BACK ISSUES. We will be running out of some issues before the end of the year. Order now, if you want a complete set. \$3 each ppd. Nine or more copies pay just \$2.25 each. Foreign orders, please add \$1 (U.S. funds only) per copy. Cash or check to Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai CA 93023, USA.

RARE OP MAGAZINE back issues available for sale or trade. OP, the original music networking magazine, published 26 issues, each themed after a letter of the alphabet. All but A, and I are at least 98 pages. Only the following issues are still available: A, I, O, R, U, V, W, Y, and Z. \$3 each ppd. Lots of nine or more, pay just \$2.25 each. Foreign orders add \$1 (U.S. funds only) per issue. Cash or check to Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA.

Radio

SMALL LABELS AND independent artists! The best, largest, and most affordable radio list you'll ever find! 600 current Alternative/Progressive stations, 380 report to CMJ, 120 report to Rockpool, all are tagged. \$60. brings you both a printed list and mailing labels all sorted

by zip code for instant bulk mailing application. Many with phone numbers listed. From HardPeace Records, PO Box 592, Birmingham, MI 48012

Video

SEND YOUR VIDEO-Community Cable Station needs your video for a weekly program in the Twin Cities. Any style accepted. Bizarre, outrageous industrial type videos appreciated VHS format only. Send to Billy, PO Box 606, Stillwater, MN 55082

MASTER/SLAVE RELATIONSHIP 1989 Update: For those of you full of desire, passion and hope-The first Master/Slave Relationship video will be released mid 1989! Also: 20"x 30" bondage poster, new LP and cassette. PO Box 30383, Indianapolis, IN 46230

Unclassified

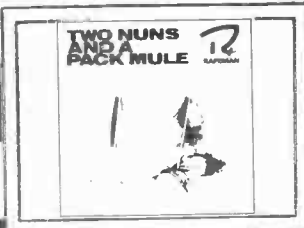
INTERNATIONAL PEN-FRIENDS WRITE to rock fans abroad. Make new friends-swap cassettes, etc. Two-year membership, with magazines, only \$6.99 No more to pay. Send remittance and personal details to Pen-friends Galore, Box 34, London, SE218HW, England.

Classified ads are \$15 for \$15 for 40 words or less; \$10 for Sound Choice subscribers. The first two three words will be capitalized. Additional words are 25 cents each. Cash or check to Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023

Come on in where the bargains are!



JESUS URGE
SUPERSTAR
LP/CASSETTE



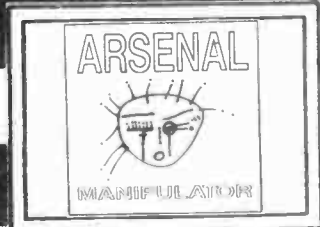
TWO NUNS
AND A
PACK MULE
LP/CASSETTE/CD



FLOUR
FLOUR
LP/CASSETTE

TOUCH...GO
P.O. BOX 2530 CHICAGO, IL 60625

TOUCH...GO
P.O. BOX 2530 CHICAGO, IL 60625



ARSENAL
MANIPULATOR
12" EP/CASSETTE EP



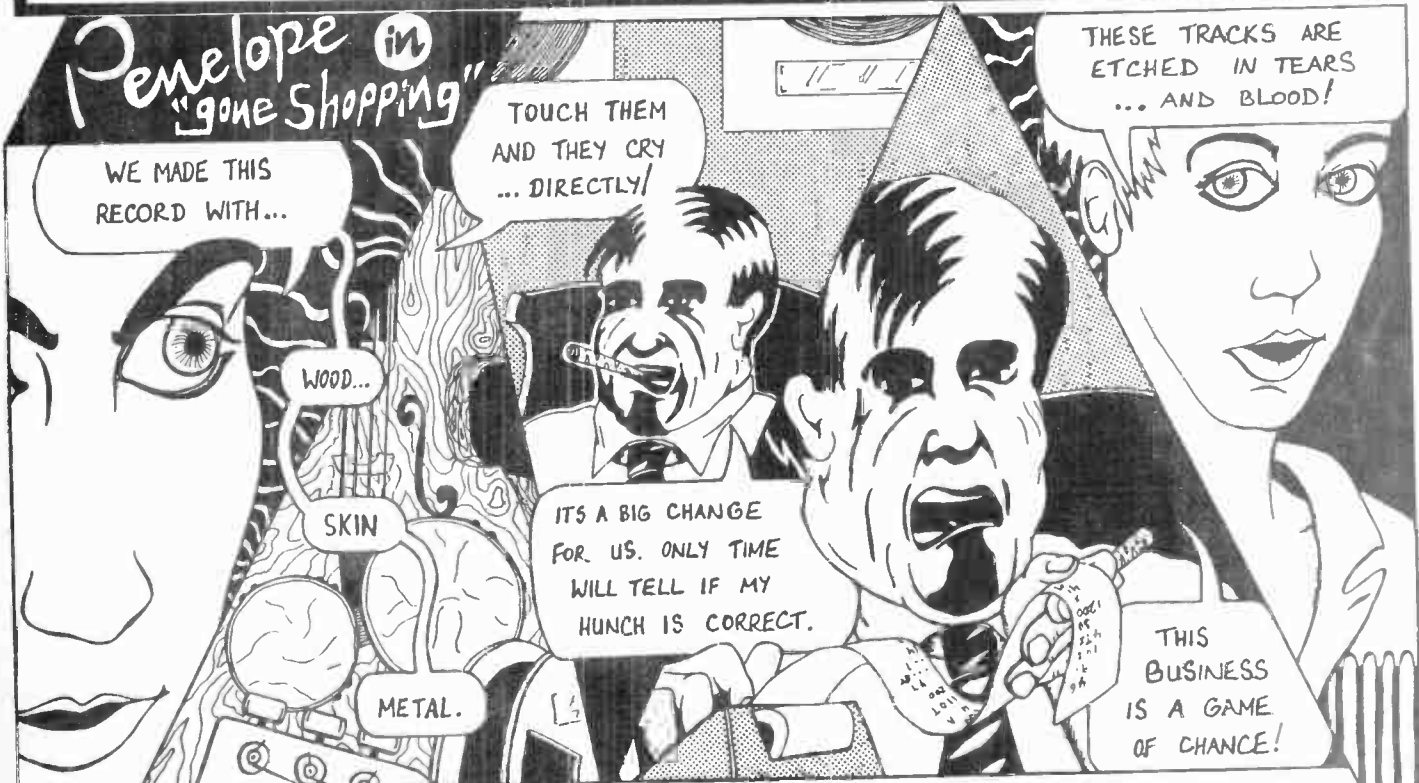
DIE KREUZEN
CENTURY DAYS
LP/CASSETTE/CD



BUTTHOLE SURFERS
HAIRWAY TO STEVEN
LP/CASSETTE/CD

COMING SOON
DIDJITS - LOVESICLE 7"
LAUGHING HYENAS - YOU CAN'T PRAY A LIE LP/CASSETTE

lp/chrome cassettes: \$6.00 p.p. (u.s.a.)... 12" ep/chrome cassette eps: \$5.00 p.p. (u.s.a.)
compact disc: \$12.00 p.p. (u.s.a.)... if ordering from overseas or canada add \$1.50 per
record/cassette/CD... u.s. funds only... send s.a.s.e. for catalog

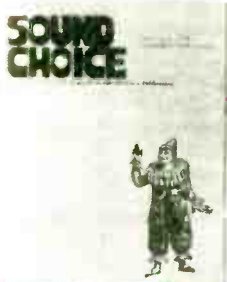


PENELOPE HOUSTON LP "BIRDBOYS" RELEASED BY
SUBTERRANEAN RECORDS P.O. Box 2530 Berkeley Ca. 94702
[SUB 63 M.O. \$6.50 P.P.] "A VOICE YOU COULD DIE FOR"

Sound Choice
P.O. Box 1251,
Ojai, CA 93023, USA
Address Correction Requested

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
PAID,
Ojai, CA
Permit No. 238

BACK ISSUES



Sound Choice No. 1

The Audio Evolution Network story begins. John Foster int., Harvey Pekar story, Afterimage, much more. 100s of reviews. Shocking pink cover. 76 pgs.



Sound Choice, No. 2

Articles on Chet Baker, Les Blank, Mykel Board, Belize, Burundi, F. Kogan, Tibetan music, Belgium, TV, much more. Trippy shiny color cover. 76 pgs.



Sound Choice, No. 3

Cassette revolution and history, radical radio, Bret Hart, James Hill, Dar Es Salaam, Wanda Coleman. Prophetic outer-space evolution cover. 84 pgs.



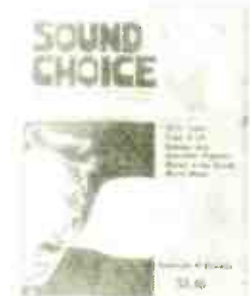
Sound Choice, No. 4

Berlin scene, creative mailing, Black-house, Easley Blackwood, pirate radio manual, great Eugene Chadbourne book excerpt. Memorial cover. 84pgs.



Sound Choice, No. 5

Lydia Lunch, Jello Biafra gets busted, Martin Bisi, Paul Lemos, just intonation, David Thomas, Sam Falcetti. Jello's-mouth-is-target cover. 92 pgs.



Sound Choice, No. 6

Byaka pygmies, Mozart and the occult, Crass, Chris Cutler, Ganelin Trio, Rimur. W.O.M.A.D. festival, much more. Way radical evolution cover. 82 pgs.



Sound Choice, No. 7

Dr. Eugene Chadbourne interview, backstage editorial, Chris Cutler, Daniel Johnston, Beat Happening. Historic E.C. at Thacher School cover. 90 pgs..



Sound Choice, No. 8

Audio theater, river archive, collaboration tapes, Jack Wright, Shane Williams, Nicolas Collins, Culturcide. Blurry Butthole Surfer cover. 98 pgs.
Sound Choice No. 10 is also available



Sound Choice, No. 9

Art radio, Phil Ochs, F.B.I. tactics, eye-opening front row account of Altamont concert disaster. Audio Answer Man. Audio Overdose cover. 96pgs.

Issues are \$3 each postpaid. Foreign orders add \$1 per issue. U.S. funds only.

Check, cash or money order to Sound Choice, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, USA

Special offer: Order any combination of nine or more Sound Choice or Op back issues (see page 24) and pay just \$2.25 each.