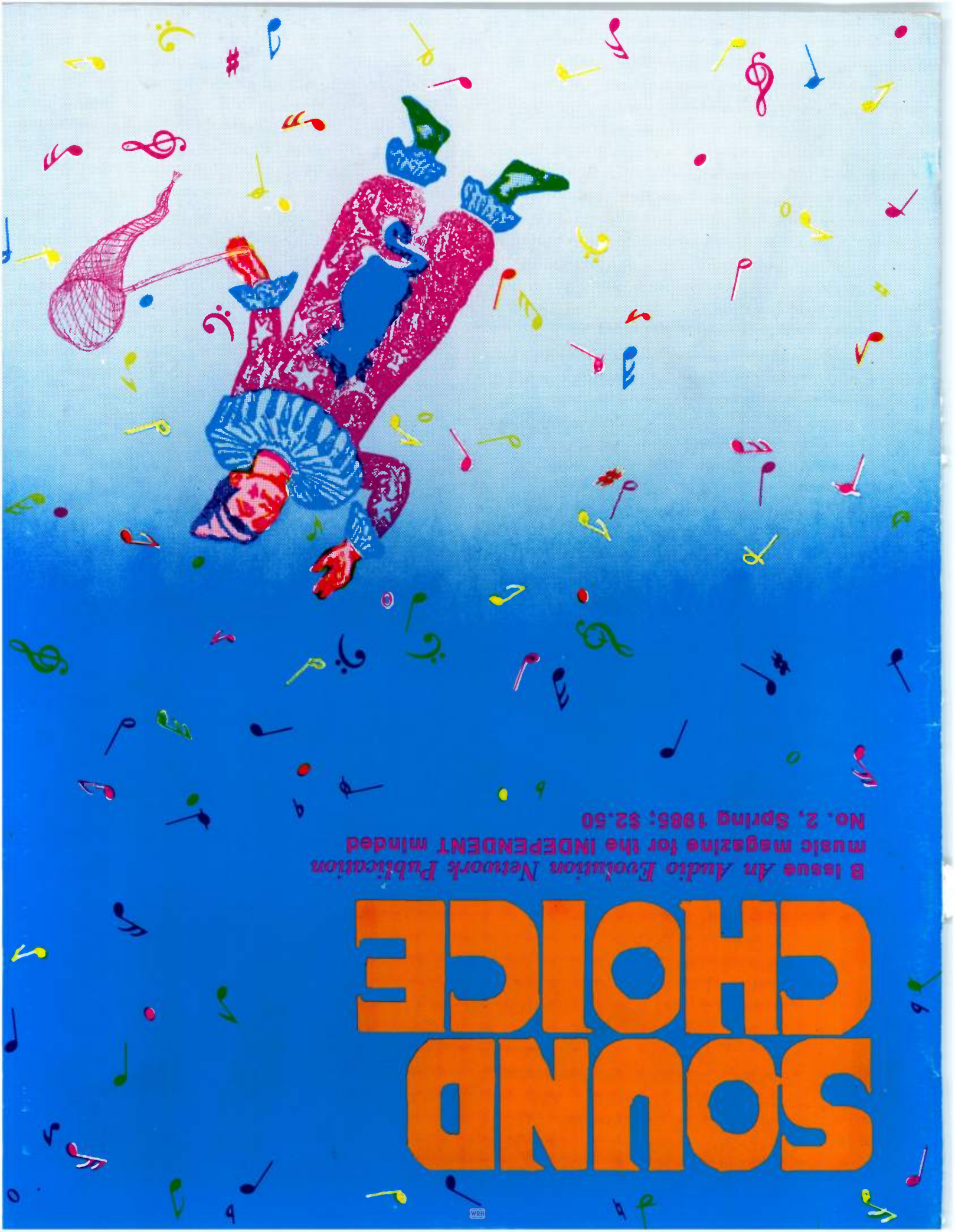


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No. 2, Spring 1985: \$2.50



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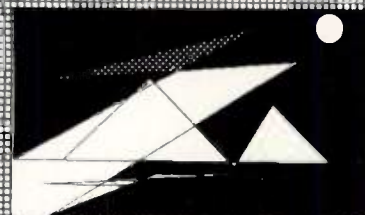


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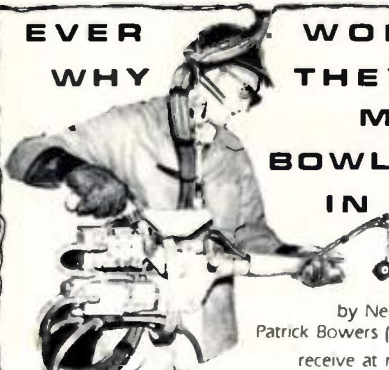
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Number 2, B issue, Spring 1985

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

Sound Choice is published approximately six times per year. A.E.N. members are encouraged to contribute information and ideas for inclusion in Sound Choice. (Articles for print should be typed and double-spaced.) Sound Choice editors reserve the right to edit all submissions and publish any letters sent in unless requested not to.

Five thousand copies of the previous issue of Sound Choice were printed. More than 4,000 of those were sold to: subscribers, direct to retail outlets (mostly independent oriented record stores) and to distribution companies who distribute them to retail outlets throughout the country and beyond. Approximately 800 were given away or destroyed (retail or distributor copies that did not sell) and approximately 200 remain available as back issues, the majority of which will be archived for public access libraries and micro-film copying.

Subscriptions to Sound Choice are \$12 for six issues within the U.S., \$18 for non-U.S.; \$30 for overseas airmail. U.S. first class subscriptions are \$18. Advertising rates: eighth page, \$25; quarter page, \$50; half page, \$85, full page, \$150. Ads on the inside covers and outside back cover cost more. Ads should be delivered camera-ready. Call (805) 646-6814 for details.

The A.E.N. president is David Ciaffardini, the vice-president is William O. Hubby III. The Sound Choice staff (grunt-workers) is David Ciaffardini, Editor-in-Chief, optimist; William O. Hubby III, Managing Editor, pessimist; Sali Owens, Wonder Woman, Zane Valentino, Art Director.

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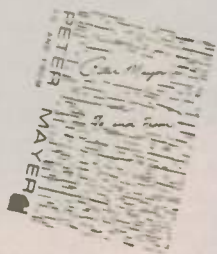
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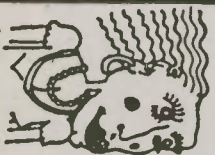
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Clever packaging

Dear Sound Choice:

I am pleased to see Sound Choice get off the ground so swiftly. It's obvious an important gap in alternative music journalism will be filled.

I am a child of OP and live each day in the glorious quest for creative indies. This personal Holy War has a prominent effect on the programming of WXYC in Chapel Hill, North Carolina where I am music director. Although my personal philosophy regarding independent releases parallels the attitudes espoused in Sound Choice, your RADIO column editorial on the "sad shape" of college radio lacks a broader grasp of the many forces that affect programming decisions.

I agree with Sound Choice that some stations are lazy. I agree that MTV exerts a terrible negative pressure on college radio to conform. I agree that so-called college "Top 40" charts have value only to the record business and should not dictate programming. I agree the educational potential of non-commercial radio could stand some serious growth. The reasons for anti-progressive programming abound and they should be vigorously resisted. But Utopia is one thing, Reality is another.

John Foster said "non-commercial radio should be playing non-commercial music" and Sound Choice takes the same tack. Floating in this Megahertz paradise are sta-

be integrated into one colorful experiment. WXYC programmed recent releases by REM, Peter Gabriel and UZ. Non-commercial? No. Trendy? Perhaps. Good Music? Certainly. We have no desire to insulate ourselves from the flow of public taste. We also realize that John Doe stands a far better chance of being converted to the Cocteau Twins, Son Seals, Dead Can Dance, Monsoon, Shockabilly and Mark Isham if their music is presented in an attractive melting pot with more established acts. Selling out? Not at all. Clever packaging of creative music? Yes. WXYC influences local market tastes and buying habits judging by indie and import sales and request line activity. Anyone who brandishes purity of programming above all and denounces the quest for larger audiences to proselytize is doing both the music and his listeners a major disservice.

Ken Friedman
Durham, NC

programmers with integrity shouldn't give a shit about influencing "buying habits." Ken, you're a nice guy and all but you are selling out the integrity of your station's non-commercial broadcasting license. A commercial music programmer should expose music and audio art that is not usually exposed, not in order to help it sell, but simply to expose it to people.

Look at the words you use to defend your practices: You talk about "clever packaging" of music. Again, you're trying to sell



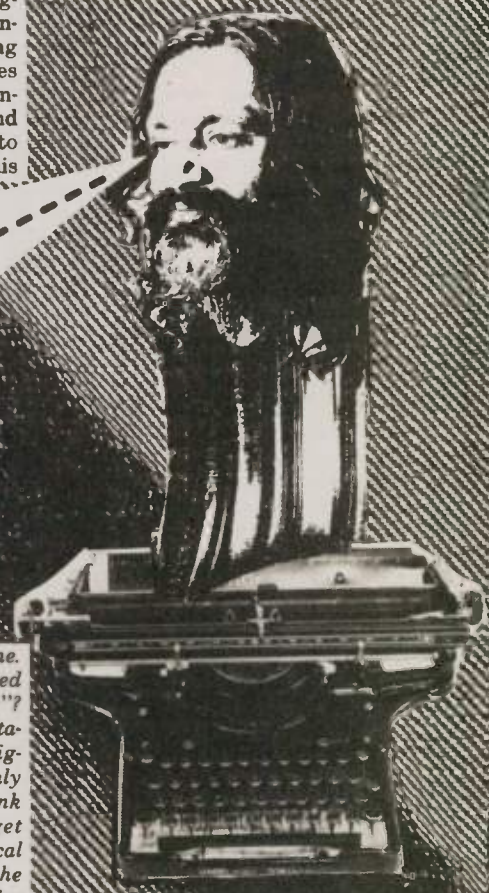
tions steeped in the heady traditions of pure alternative eclecticism. "IF IT SELLS, IT SMELLS" is inscribed on the studio wall. They're playing "dangerous" music and patting themselves on the back for it, but what is accomplished? Except in the largest metropolitan areas such a format plays to a diminutive local cognoscenti with well-thumbed copies of OP, and the cult forever remains a cult. How can you share the good word of alternative music if no one is listening? It's too easy (and lazy) to "elite" yourself right into the Twilight Zone.

WXYC takes the attitude that all good music, popular and unknown, white and black, hardcore, jazz, what-have-you, can

Good try Ken, but you don't convince me. You have sold out. Why are you so worried that a cult band ~~never~~ remains a cult? You act like it is your (non-commercial) station's role to help break cult bands into big-time commercial success. You're certainly not alone on this point but why people think this way I'm not sure. Is it because they get ego satisfaction thinking that their musical programming has helped influence the public to buy more records of a particular band? Or is it because they like to kiss the asses of record company people so they continue to receive promo records and free concert tickets? Or is it because they have bought the idea that being successful means having a larger audience and helping sell more product than the station next door?

What is wrong with "stations steeped in the heady traditions of pure alternative eclecticism"? Non-commercial radio stations should play non-commercial programming. You brag that your station "influences local market tastes and buying habits." I say that non-commercial radio

something to someone when in fact all you should be doing is trying to share something with people that they wouldn't otherwise learn about. If you want to package music and influence local market taste and buying habits, you should be doing it on a commercial station. It is not your job to sell records. Radio does help sell records and non-commercial radio stations help sell independent recordings but these commercial concerns should not influence programming on a non-commercial station. In your letter you say that the educational potential of non-commercial radio could



LETTERS

stand some serious growth. True, but the only solution you offer is to play more commercial music - "music that sells."

Attitudes like yours are what is ruining non-commercial radio. It might be making your station more money or more friends in the indie record business but by doing this you are not living up to the responsibility assigned you with the granting of your station's license. Why don't you take your desire to promote the commercial success of independent bands to a commercial station? The time has come when commercial oriented independent labels should quit being given free reign to exploit non-commercial stations. You and other programmers at non-commercial stations should be telling these record promo-people to take their commercial goals (which are valid) to commercial stations. It is time that commercial stations start playing more independent releases and well-meaning guys like you should start becoming program directors at these stations and create successful, independent-oriented commercial radio stations. It can be done. But as long as there are programmers with attitudes like yours at non-commercial stations, the commercially-oriented independent labels will continue to use non-commercial airwaves as a primary marketing tool to sell their records.

And remember, every time a commercial record is played on your station, it means one less slot for non-commercial programming which your station is supposed to provide exclusively. You're blowing it, Ken. - D.C.

Almost thrown off the air

Dear Sound Choice,

Greetings! In regards to your article about radio stations taking independent music seriously: radio will probably not take it seriously until the general public accepts it.

I am a D.J. over at WRPW, and hope to be elected Program Director next year. As a little experiment, I decided to bring some of my own records and cassettes over to the station for airplay. I played the following: "Selection" by Borbetomagus, "Washington" by Fred Frith and Chris Cutler, "Envoise" by Merzbow, "I Hate America" by The Work, "Adrenalin" by Throbbing Gristle, "Face Of An Angel" by Scram Ju Ju.

With an audience of about 4500, the responses were as follows:

1. Two students came into the station, and asked me to play music that was more conducive for their studying.

2. A person called me up telling me to play "real music" or else.

3. The vice president of the station came to the station and threatened to throw me off the air if I didn't play more "commercial" music.

Now, I realize that my listening audience is pretty small, and the music I played was really "alternative," but I feel that this experiment tells a lot about what type of music college students want to listen to. They would rather listen to It George, than Psychic TV. Perhaps things are different in other parts of the world, but as for this part of Westchester, that is the way it is.

Sincerely,
Paul Rafanello,
22A Heritage Hills
Somers, NY 10589; or
WRPW
861 Bedford Road
Pleasantville, NY 10570

Editor:

Heavens - who wrote that marvelous essay on college radio in Issue 1? Give this astute human being a by-line. Better - give him/her 10,000 watts and a microphone. (Send remuneration to David Ciaffardini - D.C.)

What this writer articulated was nothing less than the most essential flaw in college (non-commercial) radio today: that it lacks a unique voice, that college radio programmers have subordinated their medium to the music industry. Consequently, in the public mind, RADIO = MUSIC (RECORDS). Radio as a creative force below-92 FM is virtually extinct. What's surprising is that such an obvious defect is never discussed, rarely even mentioned at all those so-called intercollegiate radio conventions and symposia. The issues usually discussed at such picnics are service from record companies, what's hot on the "alternative" charts, what new product is imminent from which band, and other adolescent preoccupations.

I've been doing a Free-Form program at WFMU (E. Orange, NJ) for ten years, and the contempt I have for most record company reps is exceeded only by the loathing I

reserve for my non-commercial colleagues at other stations. Where is it mandated that college radio must mindlessly adhere to the format of Music Set, Playlist, PSA & ID (repeat ad nauseum)? Where is it written that radio is supposed to sell records and hype bands? For all its corporate veneer and slickness, National Public Radio programs are, by contrast, the only intelligent presentations in the non-commercial spectrum. Local originality and, above all, a sense of humor about the medium are absent. And where are all the journalists who cover radio? Why is an intelligent assessment of radio in print as rare as an intelligent radio program? Because most writers know an awful lot about writing, and some know a bit about music, but few understand anything about the art of radio. The very idea of juxtaposing "art" and "radio" in the same sentence would startle these dumb animals.

I would like to clarify one point in your article. Playlists at most college stations do not accurately represent the totality of a station's programming. They merely represent a quasi-statistical breakdown of airplay accorded new records and tapes. A station could be programming predominantly Muppet soundtracks and old Burl Ives records, but these wouldn't appear on that station's playlist.

Incidentally, for the edification of most contemporary college music directors - No, Burl Ives was not with Ultravox. Ever.

Irwin Chusid
WFMU
Upsala College
East Orange, NJ 07019

Dear Dave,

Recently, I read a brief mention of Pirate Radio Stations based in and around Saigon during the Vietnam War. I wonder if any of our readers have any knowledge of these. I, for one, would be interested in reading something about these.

In addition, what is the status of Pirate Radio in North America?

Regards,
Kevin Martin
Larkspur, CA

Anybody have any answers? If so, send them to SOUND CHOICE. - D.C.



LETTERS



Dear David:

I was hoping, really hoping things would be different in Sound Choice. I felt like when reading OP like Hal McGee in the letters column in S.C. #1 regarding the one line reviews of cassettes and was dismayed to see again the nonreviews OP style of my magazine The Closest Penguins, my partner's Lobster Tendencies East and a few of the other non/music magazines. You praise magazines about music most of whom write almost the same stuff yet you can't find any words or stretch your brain a little to describe magazines of stories that are full of feelings and confusion and hope and that are truly independent in style and content and that in true network fashion all the names are on the back so the work stands as a whole with all the contributors succeeding or failing together not competing with each other.

It's reviews like yours that keep people from taking a chance on our magazines and not discovering that there is good exciting reading that's relevant around that means something to people of all ages and is alive and vital not the dead sort of shit taught in colleges and schools. People need to know what's going on in this virtually ignored area. There's a whole lot of exciting writing by people under 30 in almost every state. Not everyone with something to say is in a band and it seems anymore that not too many people in bands have anything to say. Sometimes it seems magazines like yours(?) I HOPE NOT!) and OP seem to think they're the only people worth mentioning.

I think you could use a series of articles on people putting out these magazines and what they're trying to do and why we should care. I would be happy to write some for you.

There's a whole world with a lot of different people on these pages that a lot of kids who feel alienated and who are treated like hell at clubs by people who find them not cool enough would understand.

There's a lot of excitement and energy among those of us interested in changing the accepted idea of what writing is and what it should be about.

Everyone is welcome who has something to say that has heart and a soul in them. We are not "literary magazines." They are full of stylized things that are usually boring, uninnovative and imitations of what people think WRITING is. Just the description sounds stiff and exclusionist. We find room in our magazines for people with stories to

tell. The style isn't important the content is.

It's time to dump meaningless labels to describe peoples hard work and efforts. Please get someone who can write reviews that understands or there's a lot of stuff that is going to go unnoticed and ignored and that will be a real loss for anyone who prides themselves on being a nonconformist and wants to understand all kinds of people beyond/behind exteriors. Every music has had writers tied in with it and I think it should happen again in your magazine.

Thank you for listening,
Denise Dee
The Closest Penguins,
Lobster Tendencies East,
and Lobster Tendencies Press



'fuck you, Charley'

Dear Soundchoosers:

I'm sad to say I was disappointed overall with issue A. Admittedly, it has a lot to do with personal taste. Your first issue was HEAVY on the "alternative rock" scene, something I've lost interest in. To me, this is like taking the most boring aspect of OP (really, their foundation, too-reader and submission-wise) and concentrating on that.

I'm not interested in "alternative rock" because I don't think it's a real alternative. Anytime you take a mass-media-supported-and-reported phenomenon like rock music, which surely must represent the status quo or "establishment", and attempt to subvert it while retaining recognizable elements (chords, riffs, mama-heartbeat, power trio lineups, neo-beat poetry, etc.), you do not offer any kind of alternative to that status quo. No, what you offer (no matter how strong it may be) is a comment on that status quo—a snide remark, a "fuck you, Charley." What you're doing is poin-

ting your finger at that establishment. You call attention to it. You subvert it, maybe. But in calling attention to it, you also end up supporting it. "As they say on *Entertainment Tonight*, 'there's no such thing as bad publicity.'" (Andrew Kopkind)

That's no alternative. It's a sideshow. You may not be in the spotlight or the center ring, but you're under the same tent. Show Biz.

Now, I know already I'll be attacked for being a purist or something of that nature. "If we took your criteria to the limit, no music—no thing is alternative! Where do you draw the line?" Well, perhaps by my criteria there isn't any "real" alternative to this culture. Capitalism has a beautiful way of assimilating everything and putting it to its own use. (That's another way of putting the quote above.) But the point is not to take things to their limits, or to draw lines of any kind. I hate categories—they inevitably lead to argumentative cul-de-sacs such as this one. I'm the farthest thing from a purist. I simply want to say that this music that calls itself "alternative" is fooling itself. It might be subversive, but it is not alternative.

I realize that you good folks at Sound Choice may be limited in your choice(!) of submitted material to print, at this stage. Unfortunately, there's this feeling in the air out here, among the musicians I know, of "Wait-and-see." Let's wait until we see one of these mags before we decide which one is the good one!

It was a tactical mistake, I feel, for you to have identified your mag with the "phoenix rising out of the ashes of OP" concept. (And you are probably sick already of the comparisons with OP.) Well, that's just the way things are, you set yourself up for such comparisons and feelings. It is my hope you'll survive and somehow pass over these limitations and holdings-on, to become a publication of wider scope and blurred categories.

Much of it depends on your readers and would-be contributors like myself. If I can find the time off from job-hunting, maybe I'll write up a piece on COMPANY (The Music Improvisation Company) for your C issue. Or something else.

Thanks, and keep listening.

Tom Djill
San Francisco



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Sorry, Harley

Tom, you're right on most counts. All I can say is we welcome and encourage people with viewpoints like yours to plug into this publication as much as possible and try to make it the kind of publication they would like it to be. Writing letters is one good way. (Thanks.) Writing articles and sending in information is another good way. (I look forward to receiving more of your writing.) Sending in recordings for review is another good way. (I enjoyed your "Cook Slowly, Not To Burn Cheese" cassette - the piece "galactogoque buss" should be played by non-commercial stations everywhere.)

Sound Choice is supposed to be a magazine that is open to discussion/writing about all aspects of independent music. That means that your ideas must compete for space/attention with people who have different ideas about independent music. The competition is not too tough at this point. The people with the best ideas/opinions and the ability to write about them are going to have the most influence on the content of this magazine. I was not satisfied with the content of the last issue and I'm not anymore satisfied with this one. I welcome and encourage your help. But if you are going to complain, walk way toward what may look like greener pastures (possibly Astroturf) and not try to build on what I think is a very good ground work we have here, then I don't have much sympathy. We need alternatives much more than we need complaints. So plug in, tell your friends to plug in and may the people with the best minds and those with the most good in their hearts dominate the pages of Sound Choice.

The ball's back in your court, Tom. -D.C.

Lame reviewer

Dear SOUND CHOICE,

Enclosed find \$12 for a subscription to your magazine. Although our first release (WILD AMERICA by Wild America-Casino Records 101) was called lame by one of the lamest writers we've read, we still think your mag is a good one. But how about giving WILD AMERICA to Charles P. Lamey or Mykel Board to review instead of to Tracy Steven Peal, who hated all that he listened to?? Give us a fair shake-indies should be encouraged, regardless of whether or not their music is AOR or hard-core punk. All music is needed; the world has a lot of different ears that need to be pleased, and WILD AMERICA will please some regardless of Tracy Steven Peal's narrow-mindedness.

Sincerely,
David Wygal
CASINO RECORDS

David:

Thanks for the review in the new Sound Choice.

If you mention me in the future, please try to spell my name correct. Kubernik. Not Kubernick.

Also, I did not take tape recorder in hand to visit friends. Ninety-nine percent of these recordings were done in full studio situations. Check out some of the echo on the tracks. The artists came into a studio environment. Bukowski is never a token visitor on my albums. The album set was done geographical, so he talked about his neighborhood in the South Bay where he lives, near the Black Flag guys, etc., and this was the track that fit the audio text.

I didn't create the Freeway label for the Spoken Word Trilogy. I have worked a Freeway logotype since 1971, and in 1978 Freeway Records was trademarked. I have produced sessions on Allen Ginsberg, Charles Bukowski, Frazer Smith, The Surf Punks, Sheiks of Shake and dozens of other music/poetry/comedy artists under the Freeway D.B.A. before 1981 when the "Voices of the Angels" album was issued.

Also, Michael Steel's name was spelled wrong. Steele.

Anyway, I'm not a jerk who wants the information corrected. Just want to set the record in case others pick up on your review. You made some very good insights into my catalogue.

In February I will be doing a live album with Wanda Coleman and Exene Cervenka. I'm also working with Ivan E. Roth and Jill Fraser. Also Henry Rollins. I expect other word scenes and communities to copy/steal and/or be influenced by my word/neighborhood concept(s). I'm currently touring with Henry Rollins on a spoken word tour, and if we make it to your neck of the woods, stop by and say hello.

And, the "NR" set is translating well over the U.S.. Rollins is doing well all over the place, and he's getting more money out of town for his gigs, mail order is doing well, etc.

Regards,
Harvey Kubernik
RHINO RECORDS

'I pray to God in heaven...'

Hello David & William.

I take my hat off to you for your vital and important role in the creation of this vital and important magazine, Sound Choice! Both of you are involved in this Audio Evolution Network with seemingly enough integrity to have accomplished your goal of publishing Sound Choice on time and in a professional manner.

The weakest link and ultimate success of the Audio Evolution Network Publication rests in the hands of the INDEPENDENT minded!! I pray to God in heaven above that this first issue of Sound Choice isn't a sample of what we can expect from it in the

future. To start off with, I can't begin to say how absolutely boring it is to hear about the pathetic music scenes described in the Regional Reports section. YUCK!!! That space could be better used by plastering the senior high school graduation pictures of those involved, or for that matter not involved in the independent music scene, on the two or three pages used up by the Regional Reports section.

As soon as everyone realizes there is NO MONEY to be made in this network, and that basically no one gives a fuck about what anyone else is up to, then at that point there might be a chance of seeing a magazine that is worth paying for and reading. The only half-ass humorous things that I read in Sound Choice were the two ads from TCAB Studio and Mohammed Chike Ihenacho. Isn't anyone funny out there?

It appears that there are more people shook up about this ABCD bullshit than actually motivated to write some crud worth reading. So, to spell it out for those with writing skills, I have outlined a few things for ya'll to keep in mind. First of all, stop wasting everyone's time by submitting ego motivated crap telling us all about how great and talented this and that person may be and the far reaching impact they are having on the independent music scene. YUCK!! YUCK!!! Keep in mind that if you can't write something that doesn't contain at least a thread of humor in it, it ain't worth writing and it sure as fuck not worth reading!! This is not a scientific journal. David and William are giving all of us an opportunity to have some fun and meet some interesting folk. I would like to point out how nauseating the article written by Tracy Hunker about how WE CAN SURVIVE is. Triple YUCK!!!! What is the god damn point in publishing an article like that? ITS SIC! (sic?)

In order for Sound Choice to survive, some of the more vital and focussed people on the network trail are going to have to become involved and provide David and William with some good writing. POINT FINAL!!!!!!!!!!

Yours Truly,
Stavrou Oreltny

Dear Sound Choice,

I don't know if I have written a letter to you, so here's one. I hope you understand my letter, because my English is very, very bad!!

I can read your Sound Choice publication and I like very much: Instead we want readers to read an article and say "Wow, what those guys are doing is great, I'm going to go out and do something great also. We want Sound Choice to inspire action, not passivity." Well, you can say: Red Rat Recordings is to inspire action, not passivity, because my non-profit cassette label is looking for sounds like: music, poetry, poems, try out, radio drama, jazz, noise,

spoken words, experiments, classical, electronic, concrete, pop, rock...every sound will be distributed in the Netherlands!

Everyone can send us C60 (only C60) tapes with his own sounds! There is not a limitation! We distribute the tapes in Holland and sell them for f10. - (ten guilders) a very low price for a C60 chrome tape including postrates. The reason that we sell the tapes is that we mail a lot for promotion in Holland, so it covers the postage rates.

Name and title will be in our Red Rat catalogue, and in the Dutch Tape label Catalogue, (a big one) and in the computer from the Dutch Popmusic Foundation, so everyone in Holland can buy the tapes. We want information about; instrumentation, personnel, date of record, tape title, titles, composers...

I hope that you understand this! Everyone can make sounds, music, stories...put them on a C60, and share your experience with other people and inspire them to action too. Your name and address will be on the black/white cover. That's it!

We are working in common with several tape labels like Magisch Theater (Belgium) Slang Tapes, Uddersounds, (U.S.A.)... If you don't understand me, please write to: Magisch Theatre Productions, Jul. Dillenstraat 22B 2018 - Antwerpen, Belgium. They understand me very well, and they are writing your language better,

perhaps, they give you information that's clear...?...or write to me. Red Rat Recordings, Postbus 11041, 3505 BA Utrecht, The Netherlands.

Keep in touch!
yours.

Otto J.E. Grunbauer

Dear David and Sound Choice:

First off a hearty congrats on the first issue. Everything I hoped for, both qualitatively and quantitatively; the spirit of OP liveth on.

Tell John Foster we'll miss him and that if he wants to sell *Son Of Biohazard* over in Africa, I'll give him dealer rates. Great interview.

Oddly enough, my favorite section always seems to be the letters. I know, I know--I'm hooked on *The Offense Newsletter*...but I've always felt that some of the most valuable exchanges of information take place in the letters section of a magazine, both between reader and editor and among readers who continually rebut or add to previous letters. I guess sometimes it's just easier to dash off a few lucid insights (oops...) in a letter than in a formal article; it's also a fresh and candid way to get things off your chest. I encourage you to reserve as many pages as possible each issue for the reader's forum, and I encourage everyone out there to start some

provocative discussions.

With that in mind, I'd like to open a can of worms and bring up the subject of bootleg albums and live tapes. I'm a record collector and a tape trader. It is absolutely thrilling to hear studio demos and live performances by a favorite group; with a little time and effort (plus the cost of hundreds of blank tapes) I keep myself pretty darn thrilled between legitimate vinyl releases, especially when listening to a high quality tape I recorded myself at a gig. However, I never sell tapes and do not swap tapes with anyone I suspect of selling tapes. And while I must confess to buying an occasional bootleg album, I have no respect whatsoever for the parasites who manufacture and distribute unauthorized products.

The record companies' stance is clear, although at times some of the legalities get blurry. (Is it legal, for example, to tape a live show off the radio then make a copy for a friend?) My experience with tape traders leaves me with the impression that most are highly ethical and are simply fanatical fans and collectors of music, even given some of the possible contradictions involved. (A bootleg album, for example, must of necessity originate from somebody's tape...)

I'm curious what the readers, collectors and musicians out there think of this subject. Lawyers...?

Fred Mills
Charlotte, NC

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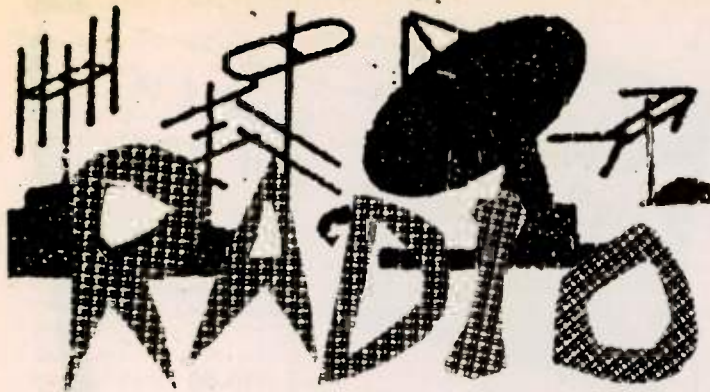
Are you involved in a working capacity with any professional or semi-professional musicians? ☐ yes ☐ no

Do you own any musical instruments? ☐ yes ☐ no If yes, how many? _____

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Do you own any tape recorders? ☐ yes ☐ no If yes, how many? _____

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sticker



On the following list, for the most part we have not repeated any of the stations listed in the last issue of Sound Choice. Combine this with last issue's list for a more comprehensive alternative radio data base. In future issues we will expand and update this information. Radio stations, already listed or not, should continue to keep us posted. Stations in the U.S. are listed in zip code order (roughly east to west.)

Codes: X plays all types of music, J - jazz, C - classical, R - rock, reggae and hardcore.

WCUW-FM91.3, 910 Main St., Worcester, MA 01610. (617) 753-1012. J, claims to play as many Indies as they can get their hands on. Attn: Michael Boudreau.

WJUL-FM91.5, Univ. of Lowell, 1 Univ. Ave., Lowell, MA 01854, (617) 459-0579. R, about 60% Indies, with electronic, avant-garde, reggae, jazz, blues, folk, R&B, and bluegrass shows. Attn: Chris Porter.

WMFO-FM91.5, P.O. Box 65, Medford, MA 02153, (617) 625-0800. X, about 60% Indies, the show 'Cassetteria' features audio work found exclusively on cassette. Submissions encouraged. Attn: Greg Butensky.

WRPR-RM90.3, P.O. Box 441, Mahwah, NJ 07430, (201) 825-1234. R, about 70% indie.

WHRW-FM90.5, SUNY-Binghamton, Binghamton, NY 13901, (?) 798-2139. X, mostly indie.

WRUR-RM88.5, Box 29068, Rochester, NY 14627, (716) 461-1450. R, J, folk Blues, ethnic. R is about 60% Indies.

WCSD-FM89.3, Box 2012, Warminster, PA 18974, (215) 672-3278. R, about 70% Indies. The show "Rebellious Jukebox" welcomes submissions of adventurous stuff, apparently rock-oriented.

Mort Christian's HOUR OF EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT, broadcast over WQFS, 905 Englewood St., Greensboro NC 27403, plays the likes of Chrome, Swans, D. Galas, Death Piggy. Welcomes submissions. All formats acceptable. Attn: Nip Kaese, (919) 282-3877.

WQSR-FM99.9, 1849 Cannon Dr., Columbus, OH 43210, (614) 422-9656. R, about 75% indie.

WLRH-FM89.3, 222 Holmes Ave., Huntsville, AL 35801, "Primarily non-pop & non-rock" Indies welcome. Attn: Dan Hays.

WOBC-FM91.5, Wilder Hall, Oberlin, OH 44074, (216) 775-8107. X, 90% Indies.

COVERT OPERATIONS, (316 S. Rogers, Bloomington, IN 47401 (812) 333-7931. Heard on WQAX, seeks music (tapes) of the experimental/avant-garde/tribal/noise/industrial kind to air on their program. Attn: Ray Maxwell.

KRUI-FM89.7, 897 South Quad, Iowa City, Iowa 52242 (319) 353-5500. R, with jazz and soul, about 75% Indies.

WBSO-FM89.1, 225 Robert St., Burlington, WI 53105, (414) 763-6532. R, about 30% indie (mostly the "safe" kind).

WCCX-FM104.5, 221 N. East Ave., Waukesha, WI 53186, (414) 544-4577. R, 75% Indies.

WCTR-UW Center Fond du Lac, Campus Drive, Fond du Lac, WI 54935. Operates on the audio portion of a cable tv station. "The Infected Ear" plays punk/rap/soul/funk/folk/noise--everything they receive (at least once). Attn: Jamie Rake.

WLFM-FM91.1, 113 S. Lawe St., Appleton, WI 54911. "Contra-band" (written about in the last SC) plays mostly punk/hardcore with occasional spoken word/folk/blues with a humorous and/or socially provocative flavor. Attn: Lon Ponschock.

KFAI-FM90.3, 3104 16th Avenue So., Minneapolis, MN 55407, (612) 721-5011. X. Attn: Everett Forte.

KABL-FM CABLE, 1501 University Ave. SE, Suite #301, Minneapolis, MN 55414, (612) 378-1861. X, Attn: Carl Ashford.

WHPK-FM88.3, 5706 University Ave., Chicago, IL 60637, (312) 962-8289. X, Attn: Jeff Brill.

KZUM-FM89.5, 244 N. 10th St., Lincoln, NE 68508, (402) 474-5086. R, J, soul/urban, blues, folk, women's, reggae, R, J. Playlist indicates that the underground hasn't reached Lincoln yet. Help them out.

KPFT-FM90.1, 419 Lovett Blvd., Houston, TX 77006, (713) 526-4000. X, about 80% indie. Attn: Randy Wynne.

KGNU-FM88.5, P.O. Box 1076, Boulder, CO 80306, (303) 449-4885. X, including Little Fyodor who plays (and seeks) anything weird/extreme/different/cassettes for his "Under the Floorboards" show. Many A.E.N. associates listed. Also, "Smash it Up" plays punk/hc/oi/political Indies.

KXLU-FM88.9, 7101 W. 80th St., Los Angeles, CA 90045, (213) 642-2886. R, with X shows.

KSPC-FM88.7, Thatcher Music Bldg., Poma College, Claremont, CA 91711, (714) 621-8157. R, some experimental, about 80% Indies.

KALX-FM, 2311 Bowditch St., Berkely, CA 94704. Marshall Stax hosts the Demo Tape Show, which is not limited to demos, only to cassette-only releases, and is actively looking for stuff to play. YOUR stuff.

KTUH-FM90, Hemenway 202, 2445 Campus Road, Honolulu, HI 96822, (808) 948-7431. X (except no experimental/electronic). Appear to play it very safe.

"Another Green World" and "New Dreamers", P.O. Box 3219, Eugene, OR 97403, both aired on KLCC-FM, play electronic and experimental music and would love to receive yours to play. All formats welcome. Attn: Nathan Griffith.

KTOY-FM91.7, 1101 S. Yakima Ave., Tacoma, WA 98405, (206) 597-7234. This is a commercial urban 'contemptible' and R&B (Madonna to Melle-mel) station that sends us a weekly playlist (99.9% MAJORS) Whether they'd play, say, Mutilated Penis I don't know.

Radio Bellevue-94.9FM, Association Loi 1901, BP 49, Lyon, Guillotiere, Cedex 7, France. Avant-garde-experimental/electronic/noise...

FM Brussels-107.3, Louizalaan 203 Bus 8, 1050 Brussels, Belgium. HP2 produces a show of "heavy and/or heady mixes and wicked and/or wild soundscapes, and would love to hear from people making sounds that could fit, or from similar shows for air-play exchange via cassette." Send c/o HP2.

Radio Banquise-100.4, 102 Rue de Guarbecque, Berguette, F-62330 Isbergues, France. "Bris-collage" presents "indie labels, noise, homemade mail-music, tapes, poetry, avant-rock, anti-news and more." Contact: Lucien Suel.

Daziobao Audiozine/99.20
c/o Phillipe Soussens
72, rue des Menuts
33000 Bordeaux France
100% Indies R welcomes cassettes
tel: (56) 92.91.09.

Pierre Veillet
12 Avenue de Villares
63 407 Charmalienes, Cedex France
100% Indies R
Repulsions/Radio Cote D' Argent 103.2
Attn: Andre Lombardo
1, rue des As
33600 Pessac France
tel. (56) 07.05.54

Nicolas Ledoux
"Radio Aligre"
55, rue Albert
75013 Paris, France

Monsieur Stephan Patrick/Fan Radio
8 Rue F Buisson appt. 32
77100 Meaux, France
Radio Sol Attn: P-H Luppi (is also a distributor)
Chemin de blaезieu
69360 Chaponnay France

Fernando Llorente/Radio Estudio 89.7
PPE. Vergara
266 Madrid 2816 Spain
100% Indies R electronic and ambient

Radio Art Foundation (Cora)
Alexander Boersstraat 30
1071 KZ Amsterdam, Holland.
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Contacts A

SEND YOUR RECORDINGS TO:

Materials and Processes, 3 Belvedere Blvd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M8X 1J9. M&P ask for three or four songs on tape for possible inclusion on the second Materials and Processes compilation to be released in Summer '85. Deadline is in May.

International Electronic Music Association, c/o James Finch, P.O. Box 176, Salamanca, NY 14779, U.S.A. Paying members (\$12 North American, \$20 others) may submit recordings for possible inclusion on the I.E.M.A. Collective Music Project cassette anthology. Write for details.

Justin Saragoza, 4855 W. Warm Springs, Las Vegas, NV 89118, U.S.A. Justin is creating the "Magnetic Sound Sculptures 1" performance series in which "Magnetic Tape Music" is played. No tapes will be returned. No fees will be charged.

Ed and Diane Zincavage at Art Test Tapes, P.O. Box 95916, Seattle, WA, 98145-2916, U.S.A. are accepting tapes of experimental music, spoken word, and audio collage for release on their label. Foreign submissions are especially encouraged. They are also looking for tapes of Northwest bands for a compilation to be released in summer 1985. (For a bit of background on Diane, see her article on Album Art in the Sound Choice A issue.)

MISCELLANEOUS:

Paul Lemos, 54 Locust St., Massapequa, New York, 11758, U.S.A. "I play a lot of experimental stuff on New York radio, and write for a number of publications."

Bill Asp of Endless Weekend promotion services writes: "In terms of networking, I have probably one of the finest privately held databases in the country." Can anyone dispute this? Contact Bill at 843 N. Jefferson St., Arlington, VA 22205, U.S.A.; phone (703) 528-7953.

Electronic Music Contacts: CLEM and Synthetic Pleasure are two outstanding contact list publications. See publication section, this issue for details.

Jeff Greinke and Rob Angus, 612 1/2 N. 43rd, Seattle, WA, 98103, U.S.A.; phone (206) 547-1350. These guys run Intrepid, "a sound and visual production, concert promotion and networking company who have produced shows for Skeleton Crew, Elliot Sharp, Tom Guralnick, and Wayne Horvitz among others."

Marginal Distribution, 53 Niagara St., Toronto, Ontario M5V 1C3 Canada, is creating a catalog of "artist books, cultural theory, magazines and new music." They are interested in distributing independent cassettes and records.

Tracy Hunker seeks submissions for his soon to be published "new culture" directory. Every listing submitted entitles the submitter to one chance on a drawing for prizes. Write: Testube, P.O. Box 89, Bascom, OH 44809, U.S.A.

Archie Patterson (of Eurock), P.O. Box 13718, Portland, OR 97213, U.S.A.; phone (503) 281-0247, is offering a nine week series of 90 minute "listening sessions and discussions of new music from around the world." These Portland based classes run from April 9 through June 4.

The Cassette Factory, an "independent hometape label" in Belgium has released three cassettes and "tries to promote hometape and small budget music." Write: The Cassette Factory, Zwemdoklei 67, 2130 Brasschaat, Belgium.

The Guitar Foundation of America: GFA Festival 1985, a six day event for classical guitarists, takes place at the California State University at Fullerton, June 25-30. Contact David Grimes, 8701 Bellmead Dr., Huntington Beach, CA 92646, U.S.A.

The folks at SPEK are seeking submission of articles, interviews, scores, photos, art, and reviews of live and recorded events. They also seek 30 second soundspots recorded on cassette (Dolby) for an 8 min. flexi-disc. Deadline is June 1985. Write SPEK, 1341 Williamson, Madison, WI 53703, U.S.A.

contacts & sources

The International Association for the Study of Popular Music (IASPM) is an international and interdisciplinary organization devoted to promoting the serious study of popular music. Founded in 1981, IASPM is an independent, non-profit organization chartered in Sweden. IASPM encourages the study of all forms of popular music, from diverse disciplinary and interdisciplinary perspectives. IASPM's activities include the publication of a newsletter; it is currently founding its own press; and it organizes both national and international conferences. For membership information in the United States, contact Dr. Charles Hamm, Department of Music, Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire 03755. The third international IASPM conference will be held in Montreal, July 15-20, 1985. The theme of this meeting is "Popular Music Today." It will feature papers and panels on such topics as technology, video, history, national cultures, semiology, the politics of popular music, music-making, and musicians on music. It will also feature exhibits and live music. For further information about this meeting or about IASPM, contact Dr. John Shepherd, Department of Music, Carleton University, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 5B6.

VIDEO AND FILM:

Mark G. Eberhage and R. Gavin seek video material for their "Joy Farm" program on ACKC TV-20 in Kansas City. "Joy Farm" is a half-hour program of "alternative arts and entertainment." They play videos of music, spoken word, comedy, performance art and more. They are also very interested in hearing from others who are doing similar TV programming. Contact: Joy Farm, 3826 McGee #2, Kansas City, MO 64111, U.S.A.

Real George Guarino is looking for "underground music/art videos" for "Real George's Backroom", a monthly TV program in New York. Send an S.A.S.E. for a copy of the "Backroom Buzz", his monthly newsletter. Write: Real George's Backroom, P.O. Box 724, C.P., NY 12065.

Rhapsody Films sells a variety of jazz and blues videos. Write 30 Charlton St., New York, NY 10014, U.S.A.; phone (212) 243-0152.

contacts & sources cont.

Here's some exciting information (in his own words and spellings) from Robin James:

"Here are some notes about the project I'm now working on.

Presenting CASSETTE MYTHOS a book about audio cassette culture, home made tapes, independent distribution, networking and underground audio arts.

The aim is to promote the creative uses of the audio cassette medium with a friendly blend of usefull information and humorous broohaha about many different individual's unique approaches to the culinary audio arts. Backwoods bar-b-que geniuses and city slicker studio chefs. The cassette as we know it has been around since the early sixties, not a long time, but think of the changes it's gone through: small mono units that accomplished the miracle of recording for anyone with the ability to push the buttons and insert the plastic chips of flat spaghetti into the proper apparatus. Stereo home systems for the serious aficionado, 8-track car systems, enter Dolby and chrome tapes. Blasters got really hot and then dinky. Home recording studios became more affordable, 2 port dubbing decks recently arrived, video systems added very sophisticated audio capabilities, already all this has all been outdated by Compact Discs.

So, what does this book offer to you, a hard critic of contemporary culture, you might ask. Well bub, let me just tell ya: For the Casual Peruser: Big fun! Entertaining reading and color pictures of cassette cover art. For the Lively Archivist: Priceless extended documentation, many times by the artists themselves. For the Audio Artist: Yet another opportunity to become known, and loads of new ideas and contacts. For the Rabid Fan: Another step on the long road to unraveling the mysteries of this bizarre art form.

At this point the forseen table of contents (this means stuff that is most visible at this time) includes a history of amateur audio recording, the development of cassettes and accompanying apparatus (trends and milestones in the evolution of blasters, home studios, etc.), legalities of copyrights and various insights into the home taping controversy, techniques, packaging, postal exchanges, networking (vast underground conspiracies), bloodcurdling tales of audio alchemy, home collector's lists from their libraries and various interpretations of "audio treasure", a gala color festival of cassette cover art, tons of Reviews unhampered by magazine format limitations (we're talking extended expositions), addresses (true this is dated information, but relevant in documenting the general scene right now) and various appendixes (consumer info, networking experiments, catalogs, things like CLEM reproduced maybe...)

It is important to be able to present many different points of view (in my opinion) and to be usefull. I see myself as editor rather than main author. I see myself eating in restaurants. I see...

So far responcees have been pretty good, heard from David Cifardini of the AUDIO EVOLUTIONARY NETWORK, Hal McGee of CAUSE AND EFFECT, Tom Furgas (famous cassette expert and trader), Eugene Chadborne of SHOCKABILLY and PARACHUTE RECORDS & TAPES, Leslie Singer of GIRLS ON FIRE, John Oswald of MYSTERY TAPES, Matt Love of FARMER JOHN, Calvin Johnson and Rich Jensen of K CASSETTES, Jason Renard of ARTS RESOURCE CENTER, Alex Douglas of CLEM (excellent world listing of electronic musics), Jonathan Scheuer of CASSETTERA, Richie Unterberger of SONIC OPTIONS NETWORK, Elaine Neffe of INSANE MUSIC CONTACT, also recently something from TOUCH, IDIOSYNCRATICS, ZAMIZDAT TRADE JOURNAL, FLOATING WORLD, WALLS OF GENIUS, the list is climbing everyday.

So what CASSETTE MYTHOS is looking for is writing about your life in cassettes, something you have a special point of view about. Extended reviews of favorite tapes, the development of your library, catalog, band, studio, or your friends outfits. Or the scene in you're area. Any ideas are most welcome at this point. The deadline is May 18, 1985, and if you are interested, we need to hear from you soon.

Robin James, for CASSETTE MYTHOS PO Box 2391, Olympia WA 98507.



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About the publications listings: Here's a completely new list—no repeats from last issue. We will repeat listings in future issues (with updated information) so publishers and editors should continue sending us their creations even if they have already been mentioned. What to do with these listings: Send away for some of these publications. Send your recordings to some of the music oriented magazines for a review. Write or create graphics for some of these publications. Be inspired to create your own publication.

I don't care what you write about or draw about, there is a magazine out there that will publish your stuff if you don't care about getting paid for it. This is the age of the photocopy machine. Never has the print media been so accessible. I won't tolerate any griping. If you have something you want to say, you can get it published. All it takes is a little effort, a little research, a little getting off your ass and doing it. I'm sick of so many people I know walking around like Joe Critic all the time, putting their noses in the air, looking at everything and complaining about it and acting like they could do better. They find fault with everything but doing nothing about it as if their complaining is the end all to doing something about the messes they see. The point was made two decades ago that so much of this world is fucked up. Everybody knows that. Now it's time to create an alternative. The tools are here. For \$500 you can buy a photocopy machine and turn all that griping into something more positive. Also, when you actually do try to create an alternative to what you've complained about for so long, you run into reality with all its roadblocks and you gain a greater understanding about why things are the way they are. You gain compassion.

One thing I find very exciting is that there are a lot of high school kids out there creating little magazines and networking them throughout the U.S. and beyond. Most of these publications center around music or fiction writing, but I'm hoping that people will take this "publish it yourself" attitude into other areas like investigative journalism and write about stuff like their neighborhood toxic waste dump, corrupt politicians, greedy land developers, polluters, sadistic prison guards, the plight of the poor and elderly, etc. (Did you know that most of the tap water in California—I'm sure it's the same in other states as well—is to some degree polluted with hazardous chemicals? These kind of slow, insidious disasters are rarely talked about in the media and not much is being done about it.)

We're at a point in history (and don't count on it lasting for long) where the tools of communication are more accessible than they have ever been. Let's use them to cultivate a higher degree of social awareness and responsibility.—David Claffardini

Aborted Images (Joanna Rogers, 420 London St., Peterborough, Ontario, K9H 3A3, CANADA; \$2 or swap) About 30 black and white photocopied collages with most of the images cut from slick Madison Avenue style magazines and cut and rearranged to make

photocopy art. Publisher Joanna Rogers welcomes unsolicited artwork for possible inclusion in future editions. Nine issues so far.

AHA! 3 (c/o John d'Beers, suite 651, 1850 Rhodes Rd., Kent, OH 44240, U.S.A.; \$5.80 each, including postage) Described as "The Bagazine of the cultural vacuum," AHA! 3 is like a Christmas stocking full of surprises. AHA! 3 is a Ziploc plastic bag filled with 49% art, 30% interviews, 10% stories and poems, 7% information, 3% psychic, 1% undecided (percentages supplied by AHA! editor). Specifically the bagazine contains a myriad of pamphlets, postcards, pins, fun ads, a great analysis of why English bands start styles that Americans copy, a compilation cassette and other stuff. So much stuff that it's nearly impossible to fit it all back into the bag. Worth it for the sheer novelty. Would make a good gift.

Airtight (CJSR, University of Alberta, Room 224 Student's Union Building, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, T6G 2J7; monthly. \$7 per year) Airtight is the program guide for station CJSR-FM. Issues are about 24 pages, typeset on newsprint. Issues contain recording reviews, columns, feature articles and advertisements. One of the more ambitious alternative radio station program guides (along with Discorder from station CTR) I've seen. Could serve as a model for other stations interested in turning their program guide into a self-supporting, interesting magazine.

American Living (P.O. Box 901, Allston, MA 02134; quarterly, \$6 per year U.S., \$12 overseas) Black and white photocopy art based on cutting and pasting found images into collages. Color cover.

American Splendor (c/o Harvey Pekar, Box 18471, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118, U.S.A.) Nine volumes of cartoon realism (Vol. 1 out of print) by story teller Harvey Pekar. He writes the words and then gets master underground comic artists to illustrate his tales about his "just a regular guy" (sort of) life that centers around Cleveland, Ohio. Pekar used to be a maniacal jazz record collector

and Downbeat reviewer so those subjects pop up occasionally in his work. His work is worthy of being called literature. A cartoon from American Splendor #4 was reprinted in Sound Choice #1. (Thanks Harvey!) You can order American Splendor direct. Prices are as follows: Number 2, \$1.15; number 3, \$1.50; number 4 and 5, \$2 each; number 6, \$2.25; number 7, \$2.50; number 8 and 9, \$2.75 each. Add \$1 postage for 1-4 copies, \$1.75 for 5-8.

Backstreets (P.O. Box 51225, Seattle, WA 98115, U.S.A.; quarterly, \$10 per year) This is a magazine all about Bruce Springsteen. Glossy cover and very slick layout. Twenty-eight pages of B.S.

Bang! (77 Newbern Ave., Medford, MA 02155 U.S.A., (617) 391-5542; five issue sub \$5) Sixth Issue: newsprint magazine (32 pages) with articles on Flestones, Human Switchboard, Replacements, True West, Circle Jerks, Prime Movers and Red.

Blast Off (940 S. 10th St., Lincoln, NE 68502 U.S.A.; \$4 for six months) Blast Off is the publication of the Blues of Lincoln and Sur-



rounding Territories organization. Vol. 2, No. 4 had 14 pages including articles on Wynton Marsalis, Sleepy La Beef, Mose Allison and reggae group The Gladiators.

Blitz (P.O. Box 48124, Los Angeles, CA 90048-0124, U.S.A.; bi-monthly, \$1.50 each, \$8.50 for six issues) Another new wave magazine. This one has nice typesetting and paper. With 28 pages and only three pages of ads the publisher is either losing great gobs of money or someone is bankrolling the thing in order to get publicity for the bands that are covered. In the Jan./Feb. 1985 issue editor/publisher Mike McDowell writes an editorial condemning the quality of alternative music journalism these days. Unfortunately Blitz itself offers no alternative — the same old interviews, record reviews, and gossip about what new wave band is breaking up or getting together, etc.

Blow It Off (c/o Gravelvoice Records, P.O. Box 2271, Bloomington, IN 47402; 50 cents) Photocopied punk rock fanzine. Issue #3 had an interview with Circle Jerks' Keith Morris and a list of about 30 fanzines, most of which I never heard of.

Blues & Soul (Napfield Limited, 153 Praed St., London W2, England; or (American representative) John Abbey, P.O. Box 724677, Atlanta, GA 30339, U.S.A. (404) 971-6730; fortnightly) This English journal shows up with about 50 pages each issue. Glossy cover with newsprint guts. Reviews and features on soul music.

The Bob (P.O. Box 897, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023 U.S.A.; bi-monthly, \$1.50 each, 10 issues for \$8.50) New Wave tabloid with the usual interviews (Mitch Easter, TSOL), features, reviews and zine reports.

Boys and Girls Grow Up (P.O. Box 5718, Richmond, VA 23220, U.S.A.; \$2.50 each plus postage) Issue number 4 of this underground comic compilation is called "Dreams, Secrets, and Getting Away with Murder." 30 pages of humor wrapped in a glossy cover. All artists in this issue (15 in all) either now live or have lived in Richmond, Virginia.

The Chord (P.O. Box 40708, Rochester, NY 14604, U.S.A.; monthly) An eight-page zine with a hodge-podge of music related ramblings including the dominatrix style verbal barrages by Mona Blake, the Chord's editor. Also includes guitar lesson titled "Fingerboard Fundamentals." Musicians get free classifieds. The Chord says it's "Free" on the cover and I couldn't find any info about subscription prices.

Christian Booking and Program Directory (P.O. Box 3340, Laguna Hills, CA 92654, U.S.A.; \$9 postpaid) An 82 page book of names, addresses and phone numbers of performers, songwriters, radio stations, publishers, agents, clubs, festivals, etc. It is implied that all those listed are Christians although I doubt there is anyway to verify this. To be listed in the directory it costs \$5 for the first listing, \$2 for each additional listing.

CLEM—The Contact List for Electronic Music (c/o Alex Douglas, P.O. Box 86010, North Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada V7L 4J5; \$6 each for Canada and U.S., \$8 overseas; three issue subscription prices also available) This is the most impressive publication of its kind that I have come across. 82 pages of contact listings including (and this I've found very useful) an index. Included are publication, radio station, organization, musician and recording listings from around the world (although most are North America and Europe) CLEM is more than just names and addresses. Each listing has at least a paragraph description of each

contact listed. Although electronic music oriented, CLEM includes information that could be useful for people into all kinds of music. CLEM is an outstanding achievement.

The Crucible (P.O. Box 2206, Napa, CA 94558, U.S.A.; Bi-monthly, \$1.75 each; 6 issues, \$10) This 48-page heavy metal mag features a color cover and is printed very well. It's a good source of information on both the underground and major label metal scene. Issue #3 features Raven, Anthrax, Metallica, Y & T, Manowar plus many concert and record reviews. All heavy metallers will enjoy this magazine. — Dmitry Owens

Discorder (c/o CTR Radio, 6138 S.U.B. Blvd., Vancouver, B.C. V6T 2A5, Canada; monthly, \$9 year within Canada, \$12 outside) This is a radio station program guide that has grown into a 40 page music magazine with columns, features, interviews, record reviews, and ads.

The Duplex Planet (c/o David Greenberger, P.O. Box 1230, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866, U.S.A.; \$1 per issue, 6 issue minimum) Each issue has about 15 pages of comments culled from the residents of the Duplex Nursing Home. Wit and wisdom, eccentricity and senility. Charming and I hope inspiring to others. There are so many people in nursing homes who have so much experience and wisdom to share but are ignored and forgotten.

Eurock (P.O. Box 13718, Portland, OR 97213 U.S.A.; 4 issue subscription \$8) The economic realities of alternative magazine publishing have turned the once glossy covered, fairly thick, outspoken journal into not much more than a recording distribution catalog, albeit a good catalog. It is hard to say what will be the future of Eurock. The last issue I received, No. 25, Dec. 1984, had a total of 16 pages, 10 of which were descriptions of the music available through Eurock distribution. The other six pages included interesting and provocative letters and an editorial. Will editor Archie Patterson be able to expand this section of the publication and once again create a publication with as much editorial content as the former Eurock? There is no doubt he would want to if he could afford it as it seems clear that Eurock was created in order to pass along progressive ideas about music and not so much for profit making.

Fanzine Editor's Collective Zine (c/o T. Porter, P.O. Box 1877, Ferndale, WA 98248 U.S.A.) This one is still in the works as far as I know. Here's how T. Porter describes the project: "Every interested zine writer or editor sends in one 8½x11" page that is representative of what their mag is about. Then I put the whole thing together and mail it out at cost. An index/sampler of today's zines! If you're hip to the trip, send your page and S.A.S.E."

Hello Happy Taxpayers (c/o J.M. Colomb, B06, 33036 Bordeaux Cedex, France) This is a very handsome alternative music magazine written in French. I can't read much of it, but it sure looks good. Issue number three from December 1984 included a Boston scene report, articles on Theatre of Hate, Severed Heads, Etant Donnes, a 12 page rundown on the recordings available through the Subterranean catalog, a poster of Lydia Lunch, record, cassette and publication reviews and more. What does this magazine cost? Here's how they put it: Le numero: 15 Fr (+6,50 Frs port). Also "Available for trade or usual (L.O.C., and so on)."

The Improvisor—The Magazine Journal of Freeimprovisation (1311 18th Ave. South, Birmingham, Alabama 35205, U.S.A.; \$5 each, postpaid in U.S., \$6 overseas) I'm not sure how often this journal is



published. Volume 4 Summer 1984 issue was sent to me in late December and I haven't seen a new issue yet. Vol. 4 consisted of 40 photocopied pages with a thrown together style one might expect from free improvisors. Essays, reviews, a couple poems and a few odds and ends. Also included was this notice: There has been some talk about a needed 1984-85 "Improvisors' Information Supplement", but as of press time insufficient substantial informations have been collected or received. Anyone with addresses or numbers of performance spaces, distributors, organizers, radio station, or anything else sympathetic to free improvisation is invited to contact the Improvisor at their earliest convenience." In other words, you're invited to plug in.

Jazziz (P.O. Box 8309, Gainseville, FL 32605-8309 U.S.A., phone (904) 375-3705; bi-monthly, \$5 per year.) A nice, glossy jazz magazine, somewhere along the lines of Downbeat, before Downbeat started covering rock. The last issue I received had 30 slick, professional pages with interviews with Miles Davis, Toshiko Akiyoshi.

Journal of Erickson's Stage 6½ (328 Catherine, Ann Arbor, MI 48104, U.S.A.; S.A.S.E.) February 1985 issue had eight pages of photocopied writing about music, philosophy, the local ice cream parlor, and tropical fish. The highlight of this issue however was a charmingly naive and unpretentious article on an unexpected encounter with musician Jonathan Richman while strolling the streets of Ann Arbor. Judging from Richman's music, with its concern for honesty and sincerity, I wouldn't be surprised that of all the articles ever written about him, Richman himself would find this to be one of his favorites.

Kick Ass Monthly (815 Kings Parkway, Baldwin, New York, 11510, U.S.A.; Phone: 516-868-8334; Monthly, \$1.75 each; 12 issues: \$12) This fanzine has been around for a few years. The feature mostly independent hardcore metal and death metal bands such as Slayer, Motorhead and Voi Vod. Issue #28 features Motorhead, Raven, Slayer, Nasty Savage, Destruction and much more. The 36 pages are filled with lots of information on the independent metal scene. This mag is great for hardcore headbangers. — Dmitry Owens

Living Blues (Center for Study of Southern Culture, The University of Mississippi, Univeristy, MS 38677 U.S.A., phone (601) 232-5993; quarterly, \$3 per issue postpaid; year subscription including 12 monthly newsletters is \$18) A nice, big, thick, glossy, scholarly journal of the blues. Articles on performers, bands, concerts, festivals, blues clubs and more. B.B. King recommends Living Blues to people. What more needs to be said?

Low Life Press (c/o G.T., 645 N. Highland #3, Atlanta, GA 30306, U.S.A.; monthly, 4 issue sub, \$2.50 in stamps--no cash) The title to this new zine changes with each issue. This issue is called "The World Looks Red" and contains an article against homophobia and an interview with a stupid, bigot, head-up-his-ass outspoken music writer named David T. Lindsay. (A real fool. I was going to suggest he be booted off his job writing for whatever rag he does write for until I realized that if that happened he might be picked up for a job with the Reagan administration. He kind of reminds me of what I think a dumber, younger brother of James Watt would be like.) No music written about in this issue (how refreshing!) but the editor is asking for people to contribute

writing about music (no major label stuff though.)

Meal of Bait (P.O. Box 8594, Minneapolis, MN 55408, bi-monthly, \$1 each) Three photocopy sheets of stuff that is supposed to be "entertaining and intellectually stimulating." It didn't work with me but it made Bill H. laugh and anything that does that is worth something.

Metal Forces (17 Livingston Link, Chells, Stevenage, Herts SG2 OEP, England, Phone: 0438-720-797; Bi-monthly, 80 Pence each; 6 issues British Pound 12.00, 12 issues, British Pound 23.00) This is a high quality English heavy metal mag with a color cover and glossy paper. This mainly features information on the independent metal scene all over the world, and occasionally features major bands. It's packed with metal news, interviews, and demo and record reviews. Issue #7 features interviews with The Rods, Iron Maiden, Warlock, Savage and Witchfynde. Heavy metallers should definitely pick this up if they can find it. Bands that want to have their demos reviewed should send tape, photo and full band biography to the above address. — Dmitry Owens

Minimum Vital (6, Rue Waldeck Rousseau, 56100 Lorient, France) Written in French, this good looking little zine includes articles on Eurock, Pete Hammill and Australian rock. I wish I could tell you more. If anyone out there can read French and wants to review this (or other French zines) let us know.

Mumbles (Mumbles Publications, P.O. Box 7243, Wichita, KS 67218, U.S.A.; \$3 each, postpaid) An underground comix compilation. Issue number 4 had an excellent interview with comix artist Jim Ryan whose comments about the work and plight of underground cartoonists draws striking parallels to the work and plight of those dealing with independent music. The issue also contained two pages of names and addresses of cartoonists. Do people realize that a lot of these people will contribute their art to worthwhile publications and projects just for the asking? As soon as I find the time I'm going to start soliciting some of these people (In case any of you artists are reading this, consider this an invitation to submit your work. Music oriented stuff is especially encouraged.)

Musicworks--The Canadian Journal of Music Explorations (1087 Queen Street West, 4th floor, Toronto, Canada, M6J 1H3; quarterly, \$10 per year for journal only, \$20 year for journal and cassette with each issue) Issue 28 had 20 handsomely typeset, tabloid-size pages including the following articles: "The New Violin," "Computed Music," "Audience-Sensitive Sound Installation," "Electroacoustic Methods," "The Hi-Fi and the Lo-Fi Soundscape, Schizophonia," and more. Scientifically intellectual.

ND (P.O. Box 33131, Austin, TX 78764 U.S.A.; \$2 each, 3 issue sub is \$5) Small alternative magazine. Issue #4 had articles on artist Gunter Brus, the New Music America Festival (where author Elizabeth Was lets us know about the Festival's B.S. and hypocrisy), Unovidual (Hank Wallays' experimental tape project) and more. Also independent recording reviews and contact listings.

No Commercial Potential (P.O. Box 3531, Omaha, NE 68103 U.S.A., phone (402) 556-4916; \$3 a copy postpaid, \$5 for 3 issue subscription) A great magazine focusing on truly alternative music from Pierre Boulez to Hunting Lodge to Pauline Oliveros to Whitehouse. (no punk though--these people seem to hate punk.)

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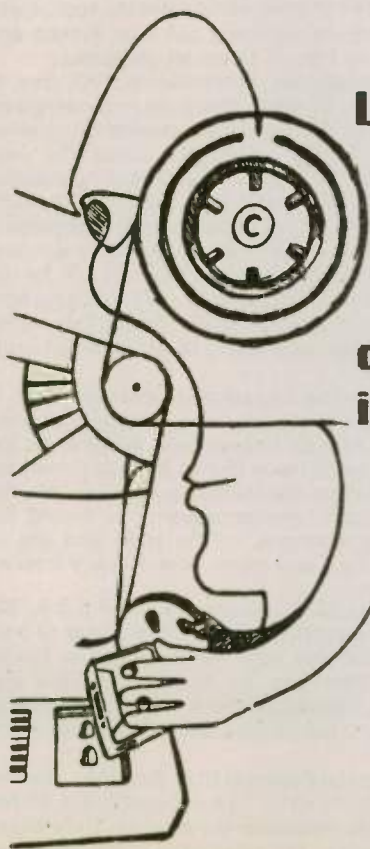
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Lots of contact addresses, reviews and a radical tone that one usually finds only in European underground music publications.

On-Slaught (Idiosyncratics c/o Audio Evolution Network, P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023; sample issue \$6, 3 issue/one year sub \$17) Edited by Idiosyncratics' Mark Lane, On-Slaught is both a cassette compilation and a magazine. The magazine (glossy cover, typeset, on high quality paper) contains artwork and brief descriptions of each band or musician included on the cassette, along with independent cassette, record and publication reviews, ads, and an article or two. Music on the cassette ranges from post punk, to experimental to electronic. A classy package offering a good sampling from the music underground.

Option (P.O. Box 491034, Los Angeles, CA 90049 U.S.A.; bi-monthly, \$12 per year) The first issue of this West L.A. based music zine has a glossy cover and lots of nicely typeset pages. Lots of record and cassette reviews and contact list formatted very similar to those in Sound Choice. Cover featured E.C.M. recording artists Art Ensemble of Chicago. Published by a Yuppie for Yuppies. Everyone involved deserves an A for their effort.

Page Five (P.O. Box 19012, Minneapolis, MN 55419 U.S.A.; sample issue for a stamp, six issues for \$2) Two photocopied sheets of juvenile humor, anarchism and record reviews.

Phiz (Typo Press, 2230 Huron Dr., Concord, CA 94519) This 16 page photocopy just came through the mail slot and I've found it to be funny--and it's supposed to be funny. Well-written straightforward, and not duds or surrealist like so many of the humor zines. The editor enjoys humorous, personal anecdotes. Included an essay on household monsters, a guide to eating out (in restaurants, food) and some great excerpts from readers' letters. I can't find any info on the cost of this, but a dollar might do, or a trade.

Pollution Control Newsletter (1725 E. 115 St., Cleveland, OH 44106, U.S.A.; phone (216) 791-7286) Pollution Control is an organization (Pennie Stask and Mark Edwards) that distributes promotional recordings on independent labels to indie-oriented radio stations. I'm not sure of all the details, but judging from this newsletter (their fourth) they seem to have their act together. Aside from info about their distribution service, the newsletter contains recording and publication reviews and a "Gig Swap/Cooperative Promotion" feature that could really aid gig networking as it expands. Let these people know why you're interested and they'll send you a copy of their newsletter.

Public Enemy (c/o Edward Marshall, 240 North Oak St., Statesville, NC 28677) First issue of a new bi-monthly photocopy punk zine. Find out what kind of skateboards the guys in Ill Repute ride! **Realities** (2745 Monterey Hwy. #76, San Jose, CA 95111-3129; \$5 for 12 issues) The first two issues of this new publication consisted of an 11x17" sheet with typeset poems. Submissions are welcome.

Rebel Rouser, (c/o John Seminerlo, Box 125, 2067 Broadway, Room 41, New York, NY 10023 U.S.A., phone (212) 724-7400; S.A.S.E.) Four-page monthly rockabilly fanzine concentrating on rockabilly happenings in the New York, New Jersey area. Classifieds and gig listings.

Riding the Blinds (P.O. Box 1441, Cambridge, MA 02238 U.S.A.; 75 cents each, write for sub info) Fanzine comprised of thick stack of photocopied pages. Issue #4 had features on Husker Du, Dogmatics, Tex and the Horseheads, The Proletariat and LeRoi Brothers. Also show and recording reviews and publication listings.

The Rocket (The Rocket Towers, 2322 2nd Ave., Seattle, WA 98121 U.S.A., phone (206) 587-4001; monthly, \$11 per year) Regional new wave entertainment tabloid distributed free in Seattle area. A member of the Bam network of regional tabloids but better than most of its brethren. Some people (not many) go into journalism with the intent of making the world a bet-

ter place. It seems like the journalists working for the Bam network are more interested in being able to interview/associate with the latest new wave of yuppie entertainment stars, obtain press passes to the hottest movies and concerts and in general just be a step-ahead in following the latest lowest common denominator trends. I think the problem is that there is something inherently decadent about a strictly "entertainment" magazine.

Isn't it ironic that the most affecting part of The Rocket is its cartoons (by Linda Barry, Matt Groening, and Raymond Pettibon).

Schmock (c/o Armin Hofman, Bulerstr. 5, 7277 Wildberg 1, West Germany; \$1 each) Self-described as "The first German fanzine in English." Issue number 3 had about 30 digest-size photocopy pages written by people into punk/hardcore. This issue had humorous account of a trip to the U.S. by two German punks. Just about anyone can benefit from reading Schmock, if only to learn about the perception of people from another culture. This type of cross-cultural pollination is worthwhile to support. The more people learn and understand other cultures the better the chance for worldwide peace. Be warned (or enticed): Issue 3 had on the cover a graphic photo of a woman giving a man a blow job. Underneath was the following quote: "Deep inside every man knows he's a worthless dung-heap. He's randy like a beast and therefore he's deeply ashamed of himself." Issue #4 is scheduled to be ready by April.

Sing Out! (Box 1071, Easton, PA 18044 U.S.A., phone (215) 253-8105; quarterly, \$11 per year) Subtitled "The Folk Song Magazine" Sing Out! has been around for 35 years. The latest issue I received had 114 digest-size pages. Each issue contains interviews, reviews, features, letters, contacts, ads and lots of pages of folk song lyrics and tablature. A bargain.

Start (131 West Passaic Street, Maywood, New Jersey 07607 U.S.A.; monthly, 4 issues for \$1) Twelve page fanzine for Mod revivalists. Issue I received included reviews and an article about what accessories to add to a motor scooter to make it both functional and modly cool at the same time. This mod revivalism fad is ironic. . . in the sixties when Mod blossomed, the word

mod was short for modernism. Mod in the sixties represented a break with the past. Nowadays people are calling themselves mods and are . . . into nostalgia, even embracing the most stupid aspects of modism--clothing style snobism. Nostalgia may be fun but it is certainly not very important or innovative like these people seem to think it is. I think it is really possible to be mod in the 1980s--The Jam was a true mod band--but there is a difference between modism and sixties revivalism and I don't think the people at Start (including editor Mick London who is the band Mod Fun) understand the difference.

Starving Artists (2172 Front St., San Diego, CA 92101 U.S.A.; S.A.S.E. for two ounce weight) The first issue of this fanzine came out in January. Digest size with a photocopy color cover. Neat and clean, Issue #1 had interviews/features on Desparate Edge, Let's Active, Swimming Pool Q's, Everything But the Girl and Holly Beth Vincent. Included a reprint of an interesting letter that one young man (a bass player) had written to his Mom and Dad explaining what inspired him to make a pilgrimage to Athens, Georgia where he and his friends hope to "have a shot at being sort of the new poets or minstrels or jesters for 'our generation'--or whatever it was Bobby Dylan and the Beatles and the Doors were to yours--If there really is such a thing." I say, go for it, buddy!

Subcharge (410 5th Ave., South, Seattle, WA 98104 U.S.A., phone (206) 622-3388; monthly) A new photocopied zine from Seattle. Just a few pages at present. They're looking for input. The staff has connections with the Omni Room/Gorilla Gardens, a Seattle venue for new/alternative music. If you're looking for a gig in that area you should get in contact.

Synthetic Pleasure (WFMU, c/o Upsala College, East Orange, NJ 07019 U.S.A.; 3 issue (tax deductible) subscriptions are \$10) A very neat, clean and sturdy contact list and information source for

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electronic music. Nice cover, good paper. The most recent issue (March 1985) included articles on "Listening to Electronic Music" by Don Slepian (which includes info on how to get the most audio enjoyment from a telephone busy signal) and "Tips for Buying Records." If you are an electronic-oriented musician, this is a good place to get listed. Editor Richard Ginsburg DJs a radio program on WFMU every Monday from 6 pm to 9 pm. You are welcome to call him there at that time. Phone number is (201) 266-7900, although I'm told they've been having some phone problems there lately. Keep trying.

Terminal (P.O. Box 2165, Philadelphia, PA 19103 U.S.A., phone (215) 985-1124); bi-monthly, \$1.50 for a sample, \$7.50 for six issue sub.) Big tabloid-size music magazine with lots of interviews and reviews and, at least last issue, flexi-discs. This is a regional magazine with sites on a national audience. ALL kinds of music. It is refreshing to see a magazine that is aimed at the mainstream but features such a wide variety of music (and a few other things) covered. The most recent issue had articles on The Blasters, Glenn Branca, Saccharine Trust, Henry Rollins, X-Mal Deutschland, J.G. Ballard, Experimental Products and much more. (I found the interview of writer J.G. Ballard to be a particular highlight) Terminal staffers take their tape recorders out into the world and return to publish interview transcripts. Simple and effective way for bands to get their words recorded for posterity. Publisher Steve Fritz and editor Carol Schutzbank seem to be easy people to work with. If I were a musician who wanted to be interviewed, I would let these people know about it. Come to think of it, it is about time I start letting people interview me. I mean, just to see

what it's like sitting on the other side of the fence, ya know. You hear me Steve and Carol. Steve...? Carol...?

Trepidacion (P.O. Box 48, Terrassa, Barcelona, Spain; \$1 U.S. for airmail delivery) Oh, why, oh why didn't I spend more time on my Spanish language lessons when I was in high school? (I was probably wasting time smoking pot or something.) If I had studied more, then maybe I could read this photocopied publication with articles on Falx Cerebri, Die Form, Algebra Suicide, Nocturnal Emissions, Univers Zero and more. Also includes a good list of publications which in addition to listing U.S. magazines, has a bunch of European and Australian mags that I was unaware of. If you publish, this would be a good place to exchange with if you're looking for more worldwide contacts. Trepidacion editor is especially eager to exchange with fanzines from all over the world. There was one article written in English about writer J.G. Ballard who I was just made aware of through Terminal magazine. Oh, wait, here in the fine print is more English--a translation of the Nocturnal Emissions article. Does this mean that once again I can go back to smoking pot and forgetting my Spanish lessons?

Unsound (801-22nd St., San Francisco, CA 94107 U.S.A.; \$2 each, no sub info listed) A very good magazine on non-commercial music and audio art. Glossy cover, good quality paper, typeset and very clean layout. Volume 2, number one had 84 pages including articles on Psychodrama, Christian Marclay, Culturcide, Trance Port Tapes, Leslie Thornton, Tim Yohannan, Sleep Chamber, Borbetomagus, 3-day Stubble and Philip Perkins. Also recording reviews and contacts.

Vas Deferens (c/o Ulex Xane, P.O. Box 2627x G.P.O. Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia) A 24 page volume of poetry by Ulex Xane. The following excerpt from his introduction gives a pretty good idea of where the poet is coming from/going toward: "The true function of poetry is emancipation. The poetic aim is to subvert conventional associations and regulated modes of thought by liberating images of desire, fused with the struggle for freedom in other areas of human activism, to ultimately create a situation in which poetry is realized in life itself--the re-integration of dream and reality. This volume is offered as an individual contribution to the kollektiv deviance of the anti-authoritarian offensive; to each according to his own desire. We extend fraternal greetings to all free spirits. Stop at nothing."


Video Manager (Knowledge Industry Publications, Inc., 701 Westchester Ave., White Plains, NY 10604, U.S.A., phone (914) 328-9157; monthly, \$24 per year) Big and glossy in the same style as Billboard. Self-described as "The Newsmonthly for Organizational Television." Basically an industry trade journal for those heavy into serious, professional video work. Primarily for video managers who have to deal with the business/marketing end of the field.

Words and Musik (c/o WCBN-FM, 530 Student Activities Bldg., Ann Arbor, MI 48109 U.S.A.; S.A.S.E.) Issue number 5 of this student radio station newsletter had four photocopied sheets of humor, reviews and program information.

Zamizdat Trade Journal (550 College Ave., Boulder, CO 80302 U.S.A.) In January I received a big brown envelope with several colored sheets of paper with various things printed on them including notices about some art/music performances in Colorado, an article on Aeon distributing, an article on Architects Office, some things in foreign languages I couldn't understand and a few other odds and ends. I think there was supposed to be a cassette along with it but I couldn't find it. I get the feeling they forgot to include the instruction sheet also. They plan to put another of these together in the near future and seek contributors. Oh yeah, there was included info on one project I thought was pretty neat. The Zamizdat Trade Network had set up a phone number which could be called anytime before March 15. People could leave any kind of message they wanted and they would be put onto a cassette released with the next issue of the journal. I got excited, came up with a message, called the number, was referred to another number and was then told by somebody's brother that the message recording machine was broken. Oh, well.

*SOME CALL IT TRASH
WE CALL IT ART*

NOTES FROM THE TRASH BIN



There's a new sound rising up angry in the sky. There's a new voice crying, they're not afraid to try! Problem is that you ain't gonna hear about it on your MTV or in those fancy color trade papers. Don't be spoon fed to like that crap. Join the underground! Listen to the cool tunes, and become one of the TRASH BEAT!!!!

Yes, so it's 1984 & you might not have everything under the sun, but at least you still have the freedom of choice. Don't be wary, take it out for a spin every once in a while. There's just so much of that center all one can take!!!

If you don't like the idea of Ronnie Raygun and his Lockheed buddies juzzling snakes over your head, just don't vote for him. If ya don't want to die of a Nitra Sweet overdose, just don't buy it. Now, I'm not talking assassinations or bloody coups de state (Even though they aren't bad ideas), I'm talking about choice. You should choose what's good for you, not what's good for the rest of the seamy establishment. (NOW, LIKE REAL SIXTIES TALK!!)

This choice goes for mosh too! If you're sick of Ray George forever gracing your MTV channel, just don't watch it. If you're tired of hearing Baby Ray Lewis constantly spin on the radio, just snap it off. If you're sick of Duran Duran always making the headlines, just switch to a new magazine. Ray, crap is everywhere, but like any good New York pedagogue, you should know how to dodge it. There are alternatives like college radio, semi-albino, independent records, and small fanzines like TRASH BEAT.

A line is a perfect way of setting your views across! You may not be in a band or able to play the guitar, but ya can still deliver your message to the masses with just a typewriter and the old Xerox machine at work. It's that easy kids! My band the HOUSE PETS, broke up a few weeks ago with out making a single dent in the musical consciousness of the masses (WHAT A MOUTHFUL), but Rock a roll ain't out of my blood yet. This line is my new way of communicating to you. Dik, it's easy to spread the word. If a band you like is unjustly ignored by the big guys, you can do something about it. Pick up a pen and use your freedom of speech. Without press, that little hand ya love is gonna die in oblivion. IT'S YOUR CHOICE.

TRASH BEAT
c/o Mike Stark
35 fifth ave
NY, NY 10003

TRASH BEAT #1 Sept 84
all written by Mike Stark
except where noted. Reprint
anything! I'm that kinda guy.



Broken Flag

by Paul Lemos

Broken Flag is a tiny independent record label in the U.K but despite its size, several very powerful cassettes and records have been released since its origin in 1982.

Created by arch anarchist Gary Mundy, Broken Flag has remained fiercely uncommercial and thus disassociated with all distributors. Despite this fact, Broken Flag is widely recognized throughout the European and the American underground as one of the premier labels for truly extreme music. How is this possible, without major distribution? Basically the Broken Flag reputation is due to Mundy's incredibly

diligent work through the mail; he maintains correspondence with listeners, mailorder houses and creative artists throughout the world and thus has networked his product to the sources that count.

Certainly most Broken Flag releases are far too uncompromising for mass acceptance, thus one must find them either through Aeon or through Broken Flag itself. In a recent conversation Gary elaborated on the label, his own musical works with the brilliant Ramleh and Toll and his personal perspectives on art, music and the world:

PL: Discuss the origins of Broken Flag and the labels concept.

GM: Well, Broken Flag began in May, 1982 when I started it with two friends. It was an overall title for releasing tapes/records/magazines and promoting shows and any other projects we cared to participate in. With our first cassette release, a musical direction was born, one of violent and passionate electronics, which became our trademark at the time. We decided that violent music and imagery had to go hand in hand. Now, however, we see greater powers of harrowing through more

subtle methods. The whole Broken Flag became the unacceptable face of life, taboo subjects and deliberate contradictions. We also still believed in the punk ethic, that music and the production should be in the hands of the musicians, not businessmen. The original Broken Flag lasted from May to December of 1982 when the actual record label began.

PL: Has the concept changed through time?

GM: At first Broken Flag was a mailorder company involved in violent imagery and sending hate mail to people who deserved it. It was a time of getting ourselves established and off the ground. At that point we were totally arrogant and ran a very amateurish set up. By 1983, we were joined by Jerome Clegg, who had brought in ideas of packaging and presentation and this began our professional period. I decided it was time for live appearances and we took our music to English audiences, to varying responses. We released two lps and an ep in this period and were slammed for our use of controversial imagery, a process which we modified on the sleeve of "Statement." Jerome left in July, 1984 and Broken Flag virtually shut down in September, but only for a couple of months. Operations resumed in December with a new look. The new look includes new helpers, new ideas, new packaging. Certainly B.F. followers of old will probably dislike parts of the new B.F., which is more music-related. Seemingly less electronic violence characterizes the new music. We are also considering the video market soon and our main aim now is to widen the potential audience for original music in an ever more predictable world.

PL: Many of the graphics and titles are very violent in nature. Why do you use such imagery and what has public reaction been?

GM: As I stated, it did seem that violent music demanded violent imagery to complete the concept, which related to our main interests and fascinations at the time. For the most part public reaction was good, although distributors did not accept the product packaging and a couple of items were banned.

PL: Generally, Broken Flag seems to be a one man operation - How many copies of lps are made per master?

GM: All records are usually limited to 500 copies. This is sufficient to regain initial costs. Broken flag is non-profit making, overall. We are now a two or three man operation, although I still carry out the largest part myself.

PL: Do you make a living solely from the label, or do you work at other employment?

GM: As I say, B.F. makes no profit really, and I have to work for a living. I work for the government as a legal aid officer which is dull, uninspiring and frustrating, but it's easy and it pays the bills and allows B.F. to survive.

PL: You, personally were involved with the group RAMLEH. How would you describe that music and what was the purpose behind the group?

GM: The actual sound of RAMLEH came about when myself and a friend were mucking about in a bedroom with a casio/keyboard, a synth, two microphones and some effects. Suddenly we hit this amazing sound and taped it, overdubbed

20.

more vocal, realized the potential and proceeded to record more and more. A style developed quickly and lyrics were altered to suit the tracks better. Ramleh was a sparse sounding group, but incredibly violent sounding, initially mesmeric and aggressive. Later it became desperate and manic. We strived for original vocal effects and sounds which are best heard on "A Return to Slavery." Many called this vocal sound revolutionary. The rawness and simplicity is the beauty of this and all good music. Our aim was at opening up ears and minds to the possibility that normality was only traditional. Who decides what is right and wrong? We constantly ask people to define morality in hope we may get a conclusive answer. So, the graphics, music and image were deliberately ambiguous, so as to say - "Here we are - Decide what we are doing for yourself; then decide why you love it or hate it! Think about it and always reserve the right to change your mind."

PL: Why did you break up and what new projects are in the works?

GM: Ramleh broke up for two reasons. We wanted to work in vastly different areas and thus changed personnel, and the band

'At first Broken Flag was a mailorder company involved in violent imagery and sending hate mail to people...'

name. Basically, we had achieved as much of what we set out to do as we were ever likely to. The attitude toward electronic music in London has turned from anger to trendiness. Live performances were too hard to find and recording was leading in new directions. It was overplayed and time for change. The new group, Toll, is drastically different, mixing harsh soundscapes with musical flavoring. Each track on the debut lp is vastly different from either of its neighbors and the overall effect is crushing. The variety is the main thing here. Myself and Tim Soar are the nucleus of Toll with various helpers, mainly Matthew Frith, Unkommunity, P231, and Controlled Bleeding. The main reason for Toll is to prove that great lps are still easy and cheap to make and that spontaneity is the answer. All tracks were written and recorded in the studio, with no pre-planning at all.

PL: Many people lump Ramleh into the Whitehouse/sutcliffe jegen school of noise. How is Ramleh different and how do you feel about the Whitehouse comparison?

GM: Initially Ramleh played live with Whitehouse and in fact Broken Flag released material by both bands you mention, hence the comparisons. Musically, however, Ramleh was never very similar to Come Org. bands and each Ramleh record is totally removed from this. And now with Toll, there is absolutely no similarity at all.

PL: Although Broken Flag is a small English label, it is known throughout Europe and many areas of the U.S. Where is support greatest?

GM: The U.S.A. is the biggest market for B.F. It seems as adventurous today as England was until the British bands discovered the cancer of white funk in 1981-1982. England is dying musically. Italy seems to have a good market, and some very talented artists, like Ginacarlo Toniutti, but for the most part, Europe is unadventurous.

PL: Do you plan to venture to the U.S.A to perform or promote Broken Flag? Also, what are your perceptions about America?

GM: We have no plans to come to America. No live performances or promotion is planned for this year, but this may change if opportunities arise.

I would like to visit and perform in the U.S., despite finding most Americans I've met impossible to communicate with. Although my correspondence is very good, the actual personal contact seems to fail somewhat and I think I need to see Americans on their home turf.

PL: Where do you see B.F. going? Will you try to tap into the Commercial marketplace eventually? Has difficult music a future in the marketplace?

GM: We will continue to release product whenever we see fit. If commercial success comes, I will be pleased, but I don't strive for this and will not compromise for it! "Difficult Music" does not really exist. Once people accept it, it is no longer difficult, but commercial.

PL: There were rumors that Broken Flag was out of business - Can you clarify and set the record straight? Also please give us some info on new Broken Flag artists and releases.

GM: B.F. ceased trading as I mentioned at the beginning, only for a few months, from Sept., 1984 to Jan., 1985. We are definitely back! At present we are promoting the Ramleh ep, "Hand of Glory," a 20 minute 7" ep. Also strong is the "Statement" lp featuring the last works of Ramleh and music from the now defunct PURE. The newest B.F. lp is by Toniutti, called "La Mutazione." He is a highly original Italian soundworker who creates layers of music-sound building to almost trance-like climaxes. The Toll lp will appear in April, details are still sketchy as of now. Broken Flag work also with New York's Controlled Bleeding. Their "Distress Signals" cassette was released recently to healthy reception, with an elaborate package. They are the most violent sounding band on B.F. at this point. All Ramleh material is out as a 6 tape package, featuring everything we recorded.

Our most immediate project is the Morality tape (BF41), a final word on the subject. Everyone is invited to define Morality in sounds of up to 6 minutes duration. The most interesting results will be issued in April.

We also still distribute work with Pacific 231, New Blockaders, Organum, P16D4 and hope to expand our services throughout 1985. This will be a very good year if plans become actions!

Contact: Gary Mundy, 59 Chapelview, South Croydon, Surrey, England, C52 7LJ.

PSEUDACRAEA STRIATA

65f

EUPHAEORA IMPERIALIS

65f

PSEUDACRAEA STRIATA

65f

République du Burundi

République du Burundi

République du Burundi

Music of Burundi

Music from the Heart of Africa: Burundi. Nonesuch Explorer Series H-72057. (Nonesuch Records, 15 Columbus Circle, New York, NY 10023) (r).

Burundi: Musiques Traditionnelles. Ocora 55851. (Available from Down Home Music, Inc., 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530) (r).

Les Maîtres - Tambours du Burundi. Arion 33682. (Available from Down Home Music, see above) (r).

Burundi Black. Barclay/Cachelot. (Available from Jem Records, Inc., South Plainfield, NJ 07080, or Ipanema, Box 49452, Austin, TX 78165) (r).

The tiny country of Burundi, sandwiched between Zaire on the east and Tanzania on

30f

EQUUS BURCHELLI



the west, is the home of a rich and varied musical heritage. Like the Nile which has its source in one of the highest of Burundi's mountain peaks, the music of Burundi flows out of its mountainous interior region creating many tributaries along the way. These tributaries range from the flute music of the shepherds to a cappella women's greeting songs; from the legendary power of the rhythms of the master drummers of Burundi to the sweet, whispered vocals of the "kuvuga mu-vyongoshwi" style of singing with "inanga" (an eight-string wooden trough zither) accompaniment; from the stark simplicity of the "indingiti" (one-stringed fiddle) and "umuduli" (musical bow) to the vocal dexterity of the "ubuhuha" (blowing) songs formerly performed by women during wakes and the delicate melodies and rhythms of the "ikembe" (or "sanza," thumb piano). Throughout a turbulent recent history of tribal rivalry between the Hutu majority and the Tutsi (or Watusi)

HIPPOPOTAMUS AMPHIBIUS

25f



minority which was exacerbated by colonialism (first the Germans and then the Belgians), traditional Burundian music has continued to hang on in the interior, although in the capital city of Bujumbura you now hear the more cosmopolitan "kinshasha sound" of Zaire.

The music which is included in the records under review is primarily traditional music so that it doesn't reflect the current political situation directly, although several praise songs on the Nonesuch Explorer record of field recordings by Italian ethnomusicologist, Giuseppe Coter, reflect political allegiance to Burundi's first president after independence, Michel Micumbero. Micumbero came to power in a military coup by the predominantly Tutsi army which overthrew the monarchy in 1966. However, even here the form of the praise songs for Micumbero is taken from the former praise songs for the "muwami" (king). This album provides an excellent sampling of the wide variety of Burundian



music, and, especially nice, is that it's available at budget prices, as are all of the records in the Nonesuch Explorer Series.

When I first encountered a used copy of this record in St. Louis, it had a mysteriously inviting sticker affixed to it by the store management which said "Essence of Rhythm." After listening to it for many years, that essence is certainly there, particularly in the ceremonial pieces by the Hutu "warriors of the drum," but so is the watchful and wistful mood created by the shepherd's flute piece and the pleading mood of the "indingiti" fiddle songs sung by the impoverished alms beggars of the countryside. The single-stringed "indingiti" is played with a fiber bow. It rests on the chest and is held by the right

LOXODONTA AFRICANA

20f



hand while the left produces a variety of sounds by touching the string. Then there's the dreamlike "Take Me Back to Mabayi," in which an old man accompanies himself on "inanga" and sings longingly in the whispering style about returning to the places of his happy youth. It is noted in the album's liner notes that pieces like this are usually sung in the moonlight, and many musicians have been annoyed when asked to perform by day in order to allow for tapping.

Another record of field recordings which reflects the wide breadth of Burundian music is the one on Ocora. As is usual for the French Ocora label, the sound quality and liner notes (in French and English) for this record are superlative. If I had to choose just one record of Burundian music to have in my record library, this would be it. In addition to offering examples of flute, indingiti, and inanga that are comparable to that of the Nonesuch Explorer compilation, this record offers a special treat for

those interested in either vocal music and/or women's music.

As well as the whispered vocals with inanga accompaniment which are the Burundian trademark, here we have the vocal precision of the "chant de femmes;" two tunes in sequence by a female choir of thirty voices with a lead vocalist. These tunes are extracts from a suite of short pieces sung and danced by women during a ceremony of rejoicing. The rhythm is maintained by hand-clapping. This piece is then followed by the extraordinary sounds of "Ubuhuha." In these tunes, the old women singing one after the other use their lips like reeds to set in motion the volume of air contained in the cavity formed by cupping both hands against the mouth. The resultant buzzing sounds vary in pitch, timbre and volume according to the position of each's hands and the tension of her lips. The two greeting songs by young girls are equally memorable, the first for the vocal technique in which chest and head voice alternate (something mainly encountered among the rain forest pygmies), and the second for the joyous polyphonic interplay of the two voices.

The last track features a drum ensemble from Bukirasazi. The tubular "ngoma" drums are made from the scooped-out trunk of a large tree. These drums have symbolized power and national unity since the days of the ancient kingdom. Prior to independence they were traditionally played by the master drummers who would accompany the king on his travels into the interior, soliciting patronage from persons in authority with their commanding rhythms. Now, these drums herald the coming of the president and major political figures. The privilege of playing the drums and learning the traditional rhythms has been passed from father to son for generations, though the drummers have con-



tinued to make their living from subsistence farming.

For those listeners who are especially interested in "les maitres - tambours du Burundi," the French Arion album is entirely devoted to live recordings of traditional drumming. While this is not a field recording, but rather more of a staged folkloric recreation of a traditional event, it is still a powerful musical experience. In this sense, I disagree with the Down Home Records reviewer who, last year, called the record boring. Hypnotic, yes, boring never. Then again, perhaps he was only listening and not dancing to it.

Talking about dancing, the *Burundi Black* album on Barclay is one that will delight some listeners and infuriate others. Using traditional music first recorded in the sixties, the original record took the last drum ensemble track from the Ocora field recording album previously discussed and added a modern arrangement for piano and guitar over the drumming.

This "modern" version was released in the U.K. in the early seventies, and even made the English record charts with sales of over 125,000 copies. In 1981, it was revived by Barclay. Using the original rhythm track, Visage drummer, Rusy Egan, went into a London studio with French producer Jean-Philippe Iliesco, and

together they added a new piano and percussion arrangement to the original Burundian drums. This version quickly became a "fav" with the dance crowd, who in the interceding years had become increasingly familiar with the Afro-pop sound.

The key question, of course, is whether the resulting record is a desecration of another culture. My answer to that is mixed. The cover photograph by Peter Asworth is ridiculous, if not racist, but the "modernizing" does work at the dance-floor level. I do not know what the royalty arrangements are like, but I assume that the Burundian drummers probably get "McLaranized" in "neocolonial style." As to whether it will get people more curious about traditional Burundian and/or African music, I am not sure. While the cultural context is certainly gone, the rhythmic power of this record might be enough to get some people interested in exploring further.

Another, more respectful, approach to popularizing Burundian traditional music was taken by the producers of the W.O.M.A.D. (World of Music, Artists and Dance) Festival in England. As the first cut on their benefit lp (PVC 201), the record, *Music and Rhythm*, features the Drums of Makebuko, Burundi; a recording made in the open air by La Radiodiffusion Nationale du Burundi with the cooperation of the Minister of Youth, Sport, and Culture for the government of Burundi. This cut is then followed by some well-chosen examples of Third World-Euro-pop fusion interspersed with examples of other traditional Third World musics without Western additives. To me, this approach seems to preserve the cultural integrity of traditional music without falling into the "moldy fig" trap of purism for purism's sake.

Ron Sakolsky

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Photo by Chris Strachwitz

Les Blank interview

Interview by David Claffardini

Les Blank is a master filmmaker who has taken his movie camera where few people have -- into the world of ethnic and regional American music. His films are documentary gems chronicling American musicians and cultures that the mass media generally ignores -- Blues, Cajun, Polka, Tex-Mex, even an acid-laced, beautifully high-spirited Love-In in a city park in 1967. Blank is a master of the low-hype film documentary. He rarely has narration in his films, crafting them so his subjects, their art and their surrounding world speak for themselves in a pure form that is the closest thing to actually being there.

Blank is an independent filmmaker. He chooses film projects that major film studios would never bankroll. He goes from film to film scrounging capital wherever he can -- from grants, music aficionados, friends, even his film assistants. And his efforts are paying off. He has a catalog of 27 films, about half of them focusing on music. (The others include a tour into the gastronomical world of garlic and its aficionados and Blank's most widely known film "Burden of Dreams" documenting director Werner Herzog's disaster plagued struggle to create his film "Fitzcarraldo" in the Amazon Jungle.) Blank is currently working on films about Serbian-American music, Afro-Cuban music, a Cajun chef, gap-toothed women and his first fiction film he will direct which deals with a New Orleans musician.

Blank is an accessible artist who can often be found at the screenings of his films answering questions and selling T-shirts and posters to support his art. His films are available for sale and rental on both 16 mm film and ¾ inch Beta and VHS video. More information and a catalog of his films are available from his company, Flower Films, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530, U.S.A.; phone number is (415) 525-0942.

DAVID: How does it come about that so many of your films have to do with music, and more specifically, why is it always music of a non-commercial nature?

LES: Well, it is the music I've always tended to like when I came upon it. When I was looking around for something to sink my teeth into film-wise, having not really persevered in trying to go into fiction films, I tried one of these films with the music track and it seemed to work so I went from one to another. I found a certain amount of gratification in making these films and I liked being around the people who made that kind of music.

DAVID: How old were you when you made your first music film, the one on Dizzy Gillespie?

LES: Probably around 26 or so. (Blank is now 49.)

DAVID: How did you end up choosing that subject?

LES: I had gone to film school at USC after finishing a Master's in playwriting. I got out of there and the only work I could find was occasional freelance work as an assistant editor or an assistant cameraman for the Airforce, industrial companies and educational film companies and it wasn't that thrilling. Then I learned about people making independent films on one thing or another and I was greatly interested in what they were doing so I volunteered to help them. At one point there was a guy in L.A. producing a series of films for the educational station there, KCET. One of the films was on Dizzy Gillespie and they had started shooting but they screwed up. The cameraman had botched it and the sound was bad and these friends of mine who were sort of in this circle of people who were doing independent films were doing a couple of films in the series and they asked me if I wanted to take over the Gillespie movie for 200 bucks. I took the job because I wanted to do something in films. I hadn't known much about Gillespie before but I had liked jazz so I grew to like Gillespie's music and I worked real hard to try to make



something out of the footage. Gillespie came back to town and I asked for additional money for shooting some more film. I didn't get paid anymore but I spent a day with Gillespie then threw together what you see the film as.

DAVID: When I watch your films I'm impressed by how unobtrusive you as a cameraman seem to be. The camera seems to be right there up close, sometimes right in people's faces but it seems as if the subjects have no notice that you are there. What is the secret to this unobtrusiveness?

LES: I don't really know the answer. I get involved with what I'm shooting and I stop worrying whether people mind me looking at them. I don't turn the camera on until I'm getting that kind of image.

DAVID: When watching "God Respects Us When We Work But Loves Us When We Dance" (documenting a 1967 Love-in in Griffith Park, Los Angeles which included footage of someone parachuting into the crowd and throwing out LSD samples to eager participants) I wondered whether you were on acid at the time you were filming. The feeling of a true, super-high, psychedelic happening comes across so strong.

LES: No, actually I had never had acid when I shot this film. I had not smoked dope that day. I was so energized by all the people's energy around me. Sort of what they used to call a contact high. I got very loose with the way I shot them.

DAVID: You've taken an independent path in film making. Is this by choice or did you just fall into it?

LES: I went to USC strictly to do theatric films because I was inspired by people like Ingmar Bergman, Fellini, John Ford. When I finished film school I had a baby and had to do something to try and support it. I couldn't afford to sit around producers' steps. I did have one interview with Otto Preminger as a reader and I convinced him to read one of my scripts. I could have had the job without him reading anything I had written. But I went too far and insisted he read what I'd written and after he did he didn't think we could work together.

DAVID: What was it in your script that made him go from wanting to hire you to deciding not to?

LES: I guess he just thought it was different from the way he thought.

DAVID: Did that have an effect on the rest of your life?

LES: I felt a little rejected. I thought maybe I had unclear thoughts or something.

DAVID: Do you have any particular mission with your films, your art?

LES: No.

DAVID: Are you just trying to pass along information? How do you view what you are doing?

LES: I'm very aware of mortality — my own mortality and that of others around me and also cultures. For instance, the kind of jazz Dizzy Gillespie plays won't be around forever, at least not the way he plays it, so I feel it's an important contribution to grab a little bit of it and pass it down to future generations and same with all the other people I've filmed. On top of that I see

myself as a kind of artist who is arranging things in a palpable way so that people can absorb them. I think my films may have a certain flavor to them, like meals by a certain chef always have a certain taste to them. My films have a certain taste. I hope it is a pleasurable experience, sticks around for a while, sometimes even changing people's awareness of themselves and the world around them.

DAVID: What is your favorite film accomplishment?

LES: I imagine one would be having made "Chulas Fronteras" (about Tex-Mex music and its culture) and showing it to the farm workers back in 1975 or so in Delano. They were all highly enthusiastic to see the way I portrayed the Mexican-Americans on film.

DAVID: Did you have any apprehension about how they would react?

LES: Yeah, I was told that if they didn't like the film they would walk out. And there were about 400 people packed into this room, it was literally like sardines, you couldn't budge it was so packed and not a single person left. They stood like that for over an hour and a half, yelling and cheering when they saw scenes they liked.

DAVID: I imagine some documentary filmmakers don't care so much about the subjects of the film enjoying the film. When you edit a film do you edit out things that might not be flattering to the subjects?

LES: I find myself tidying things up. I'm always aware of the people seeing the film, taking the film back to the people. I wouldn't want them to think I was being condescending.

DAVID: Do you sing or play any instruments?

LES: No. When I was in grammar school and junior high school I played the trumpet. When I went to high school I gave it up because band practice was the same time as football. Then later on I saw someone in high school who picked up a trumpet and started playing by ear and I could never quite master that so I figured I wasn't meant to be a musician — as much as I would have liked to have been.

DAVID: Do you have any opinions about MTV and music videos?

LES: Well, it's a tremendous opportunity but the stuff they play seems awfully geeky to me, real high-tech, high sensational... I get kind of bored watching them after a while. It's like watching TV commercials. Everything is movement and shock and not a whole lot of feeling in them.

DAVID: Do you have any ambition or desire to do your own MTV thing in the Les Blank style?

LES: I would like to but I don't think they would have much use for me. I have just finished a five minute music piece that could pass as an MTV thing almost. It's an anti-smoking blues film. It's about a blues singer performing in an Oakland nightclub. It's a song about a girlfriend of his who has died of lung cancer from smoking cigarettes. There's a scene of a white woman dancing alone in a red dress smoking while he's singing and there's an introduction of a scene of a pile of cigarette butts that have been sculpted into a work of art by an artist while he's dying of lung



cancer. These are the cigarettes he's smoked in the last year. It's explained what it is and then it goes into this song, a blues song.

DAVID: Who was that film done for?

LES: The Dallas Museum of Art was doing a series of films on Texas blues singers to complement a show on the history of blues in Texas. A friend of mine was coordinating it and he came out to California and we both went to see Sonny Rhodes, a Texas musician who lives in Oakland. A favorite song of his that he did was this smoking song so we decided to make a film around him as one of the three Texas blues artists. I'd like to interest the American Cancer Society and get them to buy time for it on TV or get TV to show it as a public service. It could sneak in sideways on one of these MTV type programs.

DAVID: Many of your films have been shown on television but most often on European television.

LES: Basically, they (U.S. TV programmers) don't really know how to program them. The films don't fit any kind of standard format. There's no narration and most TV programmers like to program something around a hardcore delivery of information.

"Burden of Dreams" did well (in the U.S.) because it told a story from beginning to end and it's easy to comprehend and grasp and talk about what it's about.

DAVID: What was your biggest film failure or disappointment?

LES: A big one would be when I finished the Dizzy Gillespie film and they didn't air it on TV. That was one of my first early disappointments. Stan Kenton was in it and his orchestra are all union musicians and I believe the TV station insisted he be paid union wages in order for it to be aired. It meant paying each musician \$80 and there were about 60 people. And they said the quality was bad. That was disappointing. And I started to make a film on motorcycle people who assemble once a year out in Death Valley. They all dress up in funny costumes and they have customized Harley-Davidsons and elaborate doghouses on them. I started this film and I just sort of petered out. I couldn't get a hold of it. I lost interest in it after awhile and lost all the money I saved. That was a blow. I lost a lot of my nerve for just going out and shooting a film just because I felt like doing it. The next big disappointment would be a film I shot on outlaw motorcycle gangs for another producer but he never got around to finishing it.

DAVID: When was that?

LES: Around 1966 or so. The Hell's Angels had gotten a contract with New World or one of those people to work for them and blew off the producer that I was working with. They actually threatened to kill him if he released any of the footage he'd shot of them. Then he went to another biker gang and that's where I came in and did a lot of work. But it was a result of having shot for him that I was able to borrow the equipment to go shoot the Lightning Hopkins film.

DAVID: So there is no way to salvage the footage you had shot?

LES: I lost touch with the guy. He was going to try to change it to a fiction film and use what I'd shot as background material but I never heard from him again. The other big disappointment was the Leon Russell film that I spent two years working on and after



it got finished it was never released. They wanted a film made with him or around him or something and they had liked the films of mine that they had seen. It was because of the two films he had made that he had become so successful: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" and "The Concert For Bangladesh." So I come on to the scene broke, having shot a film on Clifton Chenier in Louisiana, and had no money to edit it and I propositioned them saying if they gave me a place to edit the Louisiana film, I would shoot their film over a period of time, if they gave me a small salary and a place to live, and food. I spent two years at Russell's recording studio he built out in the Ozarks north of Tulsa. They would never tell me what they wanted in the film so I would sort of scratch and struggle to come up with something. It included his tour to L.A. and recording sessions in Nashville and he was doing a record called "Leon is Back." There was a lot of general material around Oklahoma that I saw going on around me -- different kinds of music, people, oddities.

DAVID: So what happened to the film?

LES: When it was finished they said it was perfect and that it was just the kind of film they wanted. And with that I went off to Guatemala to lose myself down there and recover from the very exhausting experience of trying to capture the world of rock and roll in that period and the people who surrounded it. When I came back the film was not released and no one would ever answer my questions as to why it was not. I have a copy for my own personal use that I'm entitled by contract to show at institutions or schools or benefits if I'm there with the film in person. He's tried to stop me on a couple of situations and actually began a law suit against me but I managed to still retain the rights to do that.

DAVID: Do you like to show that film?

LES: Just to keep the film from dying and give me a sense that

those two years of work was not lost forever. I show it every now and then. It is not a very uplifting film like my others are.

DAVID: What year was that film made?

LES: Between '72 and '74.

DAVID: Why do you think they sat on it?

LES: The word that filtered down was that he (Russell) didn't feel it was so good for his personal image.

DAVID: How can we show it in Ojai?

LES: I'd have to be there with it and it would have to be a benefit.

DAVID: How many people do you have to draw to make it worth it for you to make a personal appearance?

LES: Maybe a hundred if they all pay three or four dollars apiece.

DAVID: I notice Arhoolie Records is located at the same address as Flower Films. What's the connection?

LES: Chris Strachwitz who owns the outfit became interested in my work back in 1967 when he saw what I did with Lightning Hopkins and Mance Lipscomb, both of whom are artists he started his company with. We became friends and he's kept up with my work ever since. When I did the film on Clifton Chenier he was real interested in what I was doing because he (Chenier) is his main artist. Then he got the bug to do a film on Tex-Mex Nortena music and he asked me to shoot it and I agreed to. After shooting it I came up here to edit it because he wanted to be around for the editing and he had space for an editing room and I've stayed ever since.

DAVID: With each of your film projects you are gambling with your money and time with no guarantees that you'll succeed financially. Do you ever feel like just getting a real job?

LES: I have had real jobs and I found I don't like them. I like everything I do to have some kind of ultimate purpose or function that I like. I used to make industrial films glorifying certain kinds of nuts and bolts or some company's sales techniques. All these things seem like false production for me. It's not part of the ideal world.

DAVID: What kind of advice would you give someone who is struggling with whether to go the nine to five route or strike out

on their own independent path?

LES: I think it's hard to give advice because some people are suited to be advertising executives or have a nice steady factory job or maybe selling real estate. People have to ask themselves a question and ask it deeply: "Am I satisfied and gratified with what I'm doing, does it gel with my sense of the meaning of life and my purpose in it?" And if it doesn't maybe they should do something that's closer to it even if that means sacrificing some of the niceties of life or comforts. One can be more at ease with one's own soul by doing something that is more personal, that is really coming from one's self.

DAVID: So much of your art revolves around music. What does this interest in music stem from?

LES: I like creating the fusion of music and visuals that happens. Also usually where music is being played there are generally nice situations to be in like feasts, dances, parties. Music is usually part of ceremonies and rituals. Usually the highlights of people's lives or events is where music is. Music always had a lot of meaning for me. I used to get carried off to church and I used to like listening to the organ and I was a complete radio fanatic. I used to listen to the music coming from Havana late at night and I used to listen to the music from the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. We had a maid who had a boyfriend who was a blues trumpet player from Tampa and I was fascinated with the sounds he got out of his trumpet.

DAVID: If you could show someone only one film from your catalog what would it be?

LES: Probably the Lightning Hopkins film. It's short and sweet. It's a film I can watch over and over. I can watch all my films over and over. That one is probably more pure than some of the others, I guess. I really don't know.

DAVID: Thinking about the Sound Choice readers, most of whom are to some degree involved with independent music, do you have anything you'd like to say to them?

LES: Keep on truckin', I guess.

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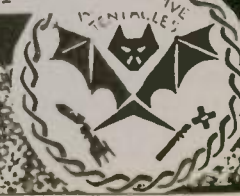
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Tibetan music

by Tony Pizzini



With the largely recent popularity of African pop, juju, and high life musics and India's raga system which during the '60's yielded for many Western ears possibly some of the best "experimental music," one overlooked musical culture worth hearing is Tibet's. I own a few Nonesuch, Lyrichord, and Folkways discs that never fail to leave me with distinct impressions of snow-capped mountains and monasteries. And, after reading the ample liner notes, sometimes even feeling not so distant from this nomadic people.

I have encountered basically three types of music: *folk*, including shepherd and agricultural songs, and general-subject singing and dancing; *minstrel*, groups of musicians who play at festivals and on social occasions - almost like our rock groups; and *ritual* music played in the monasteries as invocations to certain deities and in the case of chanting, to produce certain physical and mental conditions by means of repeated lines or words (mantras), that lead to enlightenment. Tibetan ritual music can rival some of this century's most avant-garde and esoteric composers such as Stockhausen and Scelsi to name two.

Tibet, its southern neighbor Sikkim, and Ladakh to the west have produced most of what is to be found on record. The predominant religion is Buddhism and its ritual orchestra includes handbells, drums, cymbals, human thighbone trumpets, conch shells, a pair of shawms (oboes), and a pair of five-foot-long horns. The sound produced is intense and more than one writer in an altered state of consciousness has stated that the sound duplicates that which is heard in silence when in deep meditation or on LSD as a natural result of "tuning in" to the body's sounds.

The folk music is occasionally sung a cappella; shepherd songs are accompanied or played solo on the glingbu (flute) which has seven finger holes and a thumb hole. Agricultural songs tend mainly to be vocal.

Minstrel groups also play ancient songs, but lately have started introducing their own compositions, some of which bear resemblance to some of the late Incredible String Band's music. Song material ranges from broken romances to "patriotic consciousness-raising." One of my favorite albums, *Ladakh: Songs and Dances*, begins with a short song called "Ston gyi lu" (Autumn); it poetically covers the cold beauty of autumn in the Himalayas and has as its instrumentation an autoharp, damnyan - a kind of 6-stringed banjo, and danjang - a small barrel-shaped drum. The drum sound comes close to sounding electronic! With English lyrics this could hit the Top 10 tomorrow! Another frequently heard instrument is the surna - a double-reed shawm.

Melodies range from simple to complex, much like Indian vocal music with considerable tonal variation and rhythmic freedom. Occasional long-held notes and ornaments at the ends of melodies can be anything from jolting to soothing.

A list follows that is by no means complete. However, you need only consult a Phonolog at your Public Library or record store and order direct or place your order with the store. Go ahead, put some adventure into your record collection!

Lakakh: Songs and Dances from the Highlands of Western Tibet -Nonesuch H - 72075.

Tibetan Buddhism: Tantras of Gyuto; Nonesuch H - 72064.

Tibetan Buddhism: Ritual Orchestra and Chants; Nonesuch H -72071.

Shedur: A Ghost Exorcism Ritual; Nonesuch H - 72081.

(Nonesuch Records, 15 Columbus Circle, New York, NY 10023)

Tibetan Mystic Songs; Lyrichord LLST 7290.

Songs of Gods and Demons; Lyrichord LLST 7291.

Tibetan Folk and Minstrel Music; Lyrichord LLST 7196.

Tibetan Ritual Music; Lyrichord LLST 7181.

Lyrichord Discs Inc., 141 Perry St., NY, NY 10014.

Songs and Music of Tibet; Folkways FE 4486, Folkways Records and Service Corp., 43 W. 61st St., NY, NY.



RA CAN ROW

"RA CAN ROW" — Acid Rock for the '80's. 4 thru composed efforts on LP by Schott, Sailer, Biszantz, Haneberg — Their music won't bring Jimi Hendrix back from the dead, but it won't make him roll over in his grave either. Bravo. Encore." — The Cincinnati Sunday Enquirer.
LP — EYE 8107 — \$6.50 + .50
Reviewed on "P" Issue, page 54.
Also available on cassette.

"THE RAISINS" — Hopkin' Rockin' contemporary dance music produced by "The Hot Guitarist" Adrian Belew. Hot numbers like "Fear is Never Boring."
LP — STB 3228 — \$6.50 + .50

BARFIELD-HOLLAND-TABBA TRIO — "Trans Dimensional Space Window" — beautiful direction in contemporary jazz by Detroit's legends in jazz. "The musicians will come to be viewed as extremely important for what it will do (and pose) for the next cycle of creative music" — Anthony Braxton.
LP — TAR001 — \$6.00 + .50

PHILIP PERKINS — neighborhood with a sky — a restful compilation of compositions for synthesizer, music concrete and environmental sounds of the neighborhood and trombone. A lavish collage of experimental sound.
LP — FUN 1002 — \$5.00 + .50

PHILIP PERKINS — King of the World — This music generates a truly childlike sense of wonder and fascination — with organ & synthesizer — highly imaginative.
LP — FUN 1003 — \$6.00 + .50

BACKLIGHT BRAILLE — The Zauzomank Album — Poetry and sound very rich in timbre and texture — a beautiful album of experimental organized sounds — outside or fringerock.
LP — VET 710 — \$6.00 + .50

THE MODULATORS — "No Slave To Fashion" — ska, rhythm and blues original dance music in tradition of Bowie & Talking Heads — wild child sound for dancing.
LP — MOD 002 — \$6.00 + .50

DON SLEPIAN — "Computer Don't Break Down" — Masterful collection of electronic compositions. Also using acoustic guitar, drums, piano, etc. A variety of styles.
LP — DON 001 — \$6.00 + .50

WEINGARTEN/ORMISTON — Windfalls — an exceptionally beautiful and many textured organization of synthetic sounds. Excellent orchestration in the ambient music category worthy of many, many plays.
LP — MPH 8303 — \$6.00 + .50

THE SUBMERGINGS ALBUM — A study in sonic ambience.
MPH 8101 — \$6.00 + .50



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A-Side

1. Baby Doe

2. Hero of Fear

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4. Transil Cop Kicks Bum off the BMT

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6. Linda Lu Pleased on Hitler's Knee

7. Pillows

8. Stars Vomit Coffee Shop

B-Side

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Mykel Board Interview

BY DAVID CINFEKOLSKI

I admit that my interviewing style is pretty wimpy in the following piece. I didn't put forth many challenging questions which in retrospect I think I should have. After all, here is Mykel Board, 30 years old, living a pretty comfortable middle class life, fueled by credit cards and a desire to be rich and famous, who has created an image of himself through his records and acerbic column in *Maximum Rock N Roll* as a "Fuck off and die, tear down the castle" punk philosopher. In reality he is a new breed of entrepreneur who is scratching around in the lower echelons of capitalist America trying to carve out his own piece of the great American dream and he's using the world of independent music to help him do it. I believe he really does want to "tear down the castle" but only so that he can build his own upon its wreckage.

But the reason I can't fault him too much, and probably the reason I didn't stick the knife to him a bit harder, is that through his

business he actually goes out of his way to foster dialog with people no matter if they like or despise his viewpoints. I think that's a positive thing. We have all grown up in a world of one-way communication nurtured by television, radio stations, record companies, and huge impersonal companies that handle print media. Write a letter to these people, tell them what you think of their service, and you'll be lucky to get a form letter signed by some flunky "communication coordinator." Board on the other hand, because his company Seidboard World Enterprises is essentially a one-man show, survives because of his communication and accessibility. Write him a personal letter and he swears he'll write a letter back to you. He may wear an angry young punk image for attention or notoriety (when I first met him he was wearing a t-shirt that said "My fun begins when your fun ends."), but it is an image that he lets people, even encourages people, to lift up and look behind. Board impressed me because he

seems to have his act together - he writes for national magazines, puts out records, helps others get on record or into magazines, is willing to listen as well as give his opinion, and follows through on projects. I think he tries to be straightforward and that is certainly something that is lacking in most business people these days. I believe he is open-minded and willing to help out good causes. I think he is a good contact, someone people can use. He is a hustler in the classic New Yorker "I scratch your back, you scratch my back" fashion but he seems like a very easy person to work with and someone who will most likely do the world more good than bad. Of course I may be wrong. If I am wrong, I encourage you to write him letters telling him to fuck off, throw rocks through his Bleeker Street apartment windows and write to this magazine and tell people what an asshole he is and how nobody should support anything connected with Seidboard World Enterprises. At this point I'm

'You can get away with anything as long as you don't make a lot of money...'

willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. A few background facts about Mykel Board: He's short. He writes a column called "You're Wrong" for Maximum Rock N Roll. He's been the driving force behind creating several punk records and cassettes, the most recent being "World Class Punk" a cassette on ROIR label that includes songs and contact addresses for 27 punk bands from around the world. Board's address is 75 Bleecker Street, New York, NY 10012, U.S.A.

DAVID: I understand that you drive a taxicab for a living.

MYKEL: Well, I do like 45 different things. I drive a taxicab when everything else fails.

DAVID: What all do you do to make a living?

MYKEL: I hustle around a lot. I produce records and tapes and sell them and I sell subscriptions to magazines and post them (subscription coupons) up on bulletin boards. I work for NYU sometimes, I play in a band and drive a taxi.

DAVID: You were telling me you were in a band called the Rolling Stones.

MYKEL: Yeah, the Rolling Stones were my last band.

DAVID: Did you do many gigs?

MYKEL: I think we did a total of four, then the singer got married to a Norwegian and she went to Norway with the other singer. She's back now but things are on hold and I'm putting together my second band. We're going to put out a 12 inch and then tour to support it and then I'm going to try to get the Rolling Stones back together.

DAVID: Tell me about the Rolling Stones. How did you come up with that name?

MYKEL: I just figured it was a good name to get lots of people into the clubs.

DAVID: Did it work?

MYKEL: Well, it would have worked except the clubs were afraid to advertise it.

DAVID: Were there any legal problems with the name?

MYKEL: No. I sort of hoped we'd get sued. The publicity...I mean what can they do, sue me for my debts?

DAVID: No angry letters from Mick Jagger?

MYKEL: No, I didn't get any. They're probably too smart to sue for something like that. Somebody told me that there is a music business cliché that says you can get away with anything as long as you don't make a lot of money and that's probably the case.

DAVID: Would you consider yourself a musician or an entrepreneur or what?

MYKEL: I'm more of an entrepreneur than a musician. I never studied music. I've been a vocalist in all these bands. I wrote the music to one song. Other than that the music has been written by other members

of the band or stolen. I took accordion when I was in elementary school for about five years so I know what the different notes are in the scale and stuff but I'm not really a musician.

DAVID: How did you get involved in this? What was your first band?

MYKEL: My first band was "Art, The Only Band In the World" and that was in 1980. I just had a bunch of songs that no one else would dare do except for me. I wrote a bunch of stuff. I had been hanging around the rock scene for so long. Since 1968 maybe, or even before. And I said ok, its time to either eat or get off the pot.

DAVID: What were some of those songs that you thought no one else would do?

MYKEL: Oh, songs like "I Don't Want to Hold Your Hand, I Just Want to Beat You Up." That was probably one of the first I ever wrote.

DAVID: What about some others?

MYKEL: Well, mean cover versions of songs like "If You're Going To San Francisco Be Sure To Wear Flowers in Your Hair."

DAVID: What's your philosophy behind a song like "I Don't Want to Hold Your Hand, I Just Want to Beat You Up?"

MYKEL: I guess its just general hostility, finger pointing. Stuff like that. The overriding philosophy of most of the stuff I've done is "don't be smug."

DAVID: Couldn't it come off that you're being smug when you sing these songs?

MYKEL: I guess so. Some people say it's smug and some of the reviews say that it's done by people who think they are better than you. And they're right, that's exactly what it is. I think that the average person is pretty much a dolt. The popularity of MTV and Ronald Reagan shows what the average mentality is. So I wrote music to comment, parody, make fun of, and anger that average mentality. And most people are angered by it or respond to it in a dumb way but every once in a while you catch one or two people who say, 'Ahh ha, I get it.' Even if they hate it, if they get it, it's a success. That kind of stuff makes it worthwhile for me.

DAVID: Are you a punk?

MYKEL: That's an interesting question. I guess I consider myself closer to that than anything else...in the original aspect. The original aspect was simply like in this Groucho Marx movie where he sings this song and says "Whatever it is, I'm against it." That was sort of the original punk idea, not the British political anarchist thing. It was "reject your past and whatever it is tear it down." And maybe in the process of tearing it down you can discover what's wrong with it and next time you do it you won't do it again. There are builders and wreckers. Punks are sort of the wreckers. And both are valid jobs and I guess I'm

pretty much associated with the wrecker side.

DAVID: Tell me about Seidboard World Enterprises. What is it?

MYKEL: Seidboard World Enterprises is anything I can get away with. I originally had a partner, Mark Seidman. He has since moved away, he's still a good friend but he's not involved in the business anymore. I picked the name to be a "world enterprise" so it could be anything and any little thing I wanted to add I could add to it, any little adventure. I do some publishing. I publish some music for Live Production including City Beat which is a dance band, a high school kids dance band, something very unusual for me to do. I'm interested to try new projects. If I'm getting paid to produce a record by a band that I think is pretty good then I'm going to go ahead and do it and that becomes part of Seidboard World Enterprises.

DAVID: How many records have you put out and how have you funded them?

MYKEL: Well, my label, "The Only Label In the World," has the Art record, the You'll Hate This Record record, Art Live At Carnegie Hall, You Suck; there's one cassette, one album and three seven-inch records. The first seven-inch record was funded by my dead grandmother who left me some money and the rest of the stuff was just sort of scrounged, borrowed. I live pretty decently but I'm always in debt. I owe credit card companies and bands about \$10,000.

DAVID: Do you make any money from the records on your label?

MYKEL: The Art record and the You'll Hate This Record record and the Art cassette have all made money. The You Suck record and the Artless record, which are the latest ones, have not broken even yet but they are relatively new. I expect them to at least break even.

DAVID: What kind of numbers are we talking about here?

MYKEL: I guess The Only Record In The World, which is the Art record, I guess that is the one that has sold the most and that has sold about 4,000 and the You'll Hate This Record record, which I'm proud to say I paid royalties on, sold about 2,000 or so. Not a whole lot but I don't operate on that big a scale. The ROIR cassette I expect to sell maybe 3 or 4,000 but of course that's not on my label. Maybe that will go up to 5,000.

DAVID: What was your connection with the ROIR Cassette (World Class Punk)?

MYKEL: I produced the whole cassette. What Neil Cooper (ROIR president) did was he bought a finished tape and put it out on the ROIR label. I wrote the liner notes, I said what the cover should be. The cover design was done by this genius who works for Marvel comics, Ned Sonntag. It was a

'The Rolling Stones were my last band.' 'I sort of hoped we'd get sued.'



take off on sort of my basic idea. Neil came up to me after reading some of the Maximum Rock N Roll columns and said, "Do you want to make a world class punk cassette of bands all over the world?" I said "Yeah, sure, it sounds great. Let me put out the word and see what I can get together." And that's what happened. He just bought the finished tape, the liner notes, the whole package.

DAVID: How did you gather all the music, music from all over the world, everything from Yugoslavia to Japan...

MYKEL: Unfortunately, there is no Japan. There's only one band that I knew of from Japan and they were on the Maximum Rock N Roll compilation which I didn't want to duplicate. I had traveled a lot and had contacts who knew people who knew people. I put a small ad in Flipside that drew some response and spread the word in a lot of fanzines. Punk has sort of an international network like the hippies had. It used to be if you go into one town anywhere in the world and wore flowered bell bottoms and had long hair, you would instantly meet people and get in with the in-crowd. And now if you go to any town in the world and you have on a black leather jacket and have a Cross badge on or something you will instantly meet people and you get in with the in-crowd anywhere in the world in just the same way. Making international contacts isn't that hard, you just have to write a lot of letters, keep up correspondence and move around a bit.

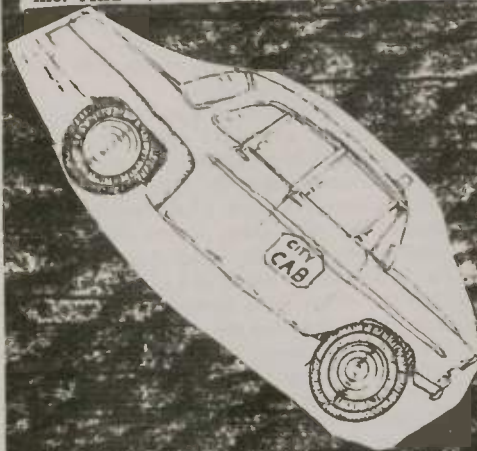
DAVID: What did you tell these people and bands to get them on the cassette?

MYKEL: I said, "Send me a tape and if it's good, we'll put it on the compilation and we'll pay you 50 bucks in advance and if the tape makes money, we'll pay more royalties." Most of the bands said, "Yeah, great." Some of the bands I never heard from and I put on the tape anyway and that caused some minor problems. A Hungarian band that Jello Biafra sent me the tape for I still haven't physically gotten in contact with and I think I saddled poor Jellow with all the letters written to the band. I paid the royalties to him. He hasn't cashed the check but I don't know if the band ever got it. The Dutch band, I talked to in San Francisco and asked if they wanted to be on it and they said, "Yes, send me the contract." I sent them the contract and it came back "addressee unknown" and then when the tape came out they wrote me complaining that they never gave me permission to put it on. So there's all these little things. I mean you're dealing with 27 bands and so there's all these little things but I'm pretty pleased with the tape myself. There's conflicts and problems that have to be taken care of and I guess I'll do that.

DAVID: What kind of royalties did you say

you'll give these bands?

MYKEL: Like I said, they get 50 bucks in advance. I'm getting a dollar a tape, or at least I'm promised a dollar a tape royalties. That money includes all my expenses: editing the tape, studio time, getting the final version, transferring cassettes and dealing with whatever these people gave me. And out that dollar, I'm paying the



bands 30 cents. The dollar is in effect divided three ways: one way to my expenses, the second way to my royalty, and a third way to band. So its just about 30 cents each. I guess I get about 9 cents extra for my effort.

DAVID: Theoretically you can pull in money from the cassette for years.

MYKEL: Neil Cooper has this idea of continually releasing stuff on ROIR cassettes and what it does is each time a new release comes out it helps sell the whole back catalog. So his earliest stuff, with The Contortions and Lydia Lunch is still selling.

DAVID: Being a producer of this dance band, what does that mean you'll be doing?

MYKEL: That means first I go and get an engineer that I think is real good, that's the first thing. I'm working with this guy named Gorin Anderson, he used to own Silence Records in Sweden. He's an extremely good engineer, especially for dance things. Second, I sit with a band, arrange them, try to find out what kind of sound they want to get. It's just a question of going in and listening to records and "ok, make us sound like that, make us sound like this, this, this." Second, I try and build a structure. I've worked in the studio so I structure studio time. You say this is what we gotta do, you want to work with electronic drums, okay let's get a hold of an electronic drum, let's rent it, let's program it outside the studio, let's do this, and this. Basically it's structuring time, getting together outside musicians, engineers, putting it together, trying to arrange for the record package, making connections with labels, possibly seeing if we can sell it to someone else. That's production.

DAVID: Do you make money from Seidboard World Enterprises?

MYKEL: Yeah, I do. Unfortunately I just did my taxes and I made more money than I thought I did and I owe the government

some bucks. Last year Seidboard World Enterprises made about \$4,000.

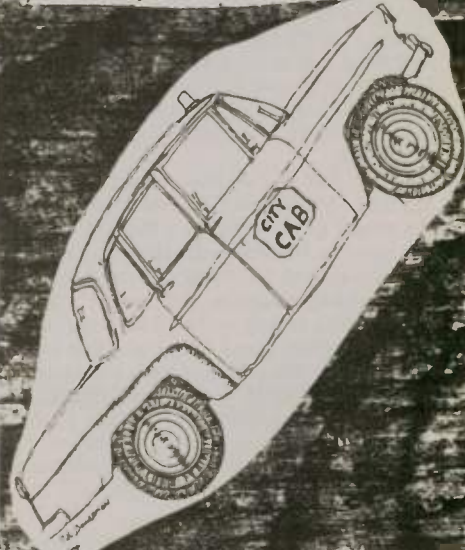
DAVID: What specific areas does that money come from? I see you as an independent music entrepreneur. Is that what Seidboard World Enterprises does?

MYKEL: Yeah, that's pretty much but there are other little aspects like posting magazine subscription cards on college bulletin boards. Those commission checks go to Seidboard World also.

DAVID: What about distributing records? How involved are you with that?

MYKEL: I used to do a lot more. Now it's a lot less simply because I can't compete with Important and Dutch East India and those people. Most of the things I distribute are on my own label. There's a couple things I like and are involved with in some way or another like City Beat, like John Trubee, that I'm distributing, but it's mainly production, not distribution.

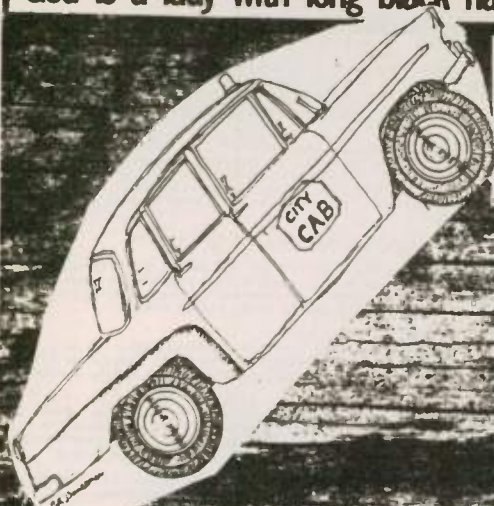
DAVID: It seems you're quite a hustler. Your name pops up often in music zines, here and there. The reviews you sent in for the last issue of Sound Choice found their way to a computer information network. The reviews you sent in for this issue we found that you are hustling them around to



other music magazines around the country.

MYKEL: Well, no actually...well, I'm working on syndicating now. Like Evans and Novack or Ann Landers, something like that. I'm writing two columns, an opinion column and a reviews column and I'm trying to get around money. Advertising is expensive and fanzines can't afford people to write for them so I'm interested in getting my ideas and reviews out and trade, trade for copies of the magazine and trade for advertising space and things like that. Also, I get a lot of pleasure about causing trouble, being controversial. My opinion column is similar to the one in Maximum Rock N Roll but they have an exclusive on that. It's just sort of an extension to what my bands are, they're going to rile up people. That's a hobby. To me there isn't any real distinction between work and pleasure unless its working driving a taxi.

'God is a lady with long black hair, black leather bikini, high heeled spike shoes and a whip...'



DAVID: Okay, lets rile people up. Let's hear a controversial opinion.

MYKEL: Well, the first of my syndicated opinion column is going to deal with the question 'Is it better to be a burnt out, barely functioning mental case rock star that can play well or is it better to be a healthy, vibrant, best-selling rock star that is completely boring and used up?' Of course, I think it's better to be a burnt out vegetable and can still play well like Roky Erickson than it is to be on MTV, health star worthless person like Lou Reed is.

DAVID: Sometimes, from reading your Maximum Rock N Roll column, I think you make your controversial opinions to just get attention. Do you have more of a goal than that?

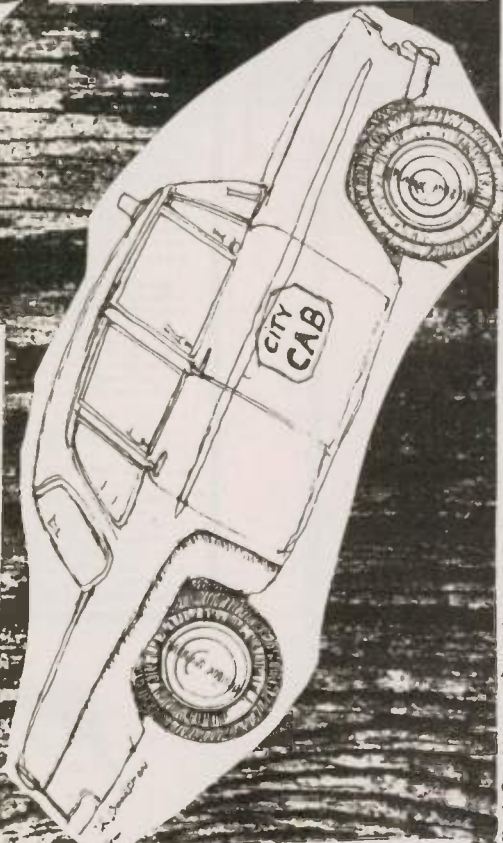
MYKEL: Yeah, basically I think I'm right. The name of the column is "You're Wrong." So I think I'm right and most of the people who read it aren't right. The way that I start a dialogue is by starting to yell at people and people yell back. If you read the letters column to any issue, there is at least one, sometimes half a dozen letters yelling about how horrible I am. Well, I usually write back to those people and sometimes after the smoke clears, there is really a dialogue that develops that is quite useful.

DAVID: When I saw you up at the OP conference in Olympia, Washington, you were wearing a black leather jacket and t-shirt underneath with the words on it that said "My Fun Begins When Your Fun Ends." Is that just a joke or do you mean something more by that?

MYKEL: Uhhh, that's sort of my stage persona. That's all I can say. It's an image I work with, it's what I like being known by. During the sixties there was this disgusting Peanuts cartoon with Charlie Brown yelling "I Love Humanity, It's People I can't stand." For me, it's just the opposite. Individual people are just fine, I get along with them, but humanity, the human race as a whole I really hate and I just sort of wear that.

DAVID: What do you consider your greatest independent music related accomplishment?

MYKEL: Playing Carnegie Hall. We had a manager once who used to book classical bands and he knew some people at Carnegie Hall and he told them he had a modern music quartet who wanted to play there and they fell for it. That was the last thing he ever booked at Carnegie Hall but it was



a treat to play. There are two halls, there is a recital hall and a large hall. Frank Sinatra was in the large hall that night and we were in the recital hall and we got some of the spillover crowd.

DAVID: Do you want to be on MTV?

MYKEL: I have been on MTV. The Huey Lewis and the News video, "The Heart of Rock 'n' Roll." Huey Lewis and the News walk into a club in New York and there's this band on stage and they look at the band they are just open mouthed, and the band is so weird they go to Los Angeles.

DAVID: Would you like to be the headliner on MTV?

MYKEL: Yeah, I think MTV is disgusting and if I had a chance to have my own video

tape on it, I would definitely do it. It is the same thing as Art playing Carnegie Hall. That's the kind of place where you reach the people you couldn't reach otherwise. That's how you avoid preaching to the converted. That's the big problem with punk, especially hardcore punk right now, you're preaching to the already converted.

DAVID: Do you have any independent music related goals for the near future?

MYKEL: Yep. The next thing is the Artless, twelve-inch 45. And then I'd like to tour to support that. I've never done a national

tour, I've done a barely East Coast tour. Then I'd like to put the Rolling Stones together and release something by them here and tour to support that.

DAVID: So you're really looking to get sued.

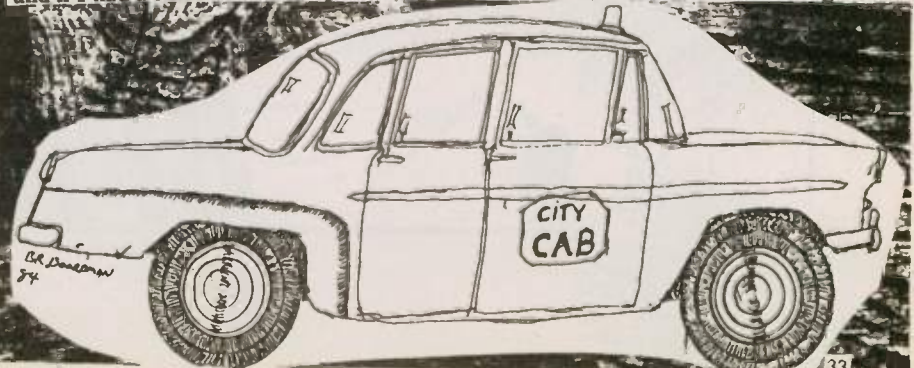
MYKEL: Well, I don't know. The Rolling Stones is the most musical thing I've ever done. I would almost be willing to sell out and change the name to TRS or one of those three initial syndrome things that nobody knows what it stands for. I don't care if I'm sued but I do care if that's going to prevent the distributors from carrying it. I sort of learned my lesson from the You Suck record. Some distributors and a lot of stores just wouldn't handle it because of the pornographic cover. I'd love to sell out but I just never get the chance.

DAVID: Is there really an independent music network and if there is, how can people use it?

MYKEL: Yes, there really is a network. PAN is a very good way of centralizing it. I really hope that works. Another way I've been connecting with it is through an aural chain letter. I've made lots of contacts that way. It works like a mail chain letter. You send a cassette, record or fanzine to the top person on the list, make ten copies, give them to your friends, put your name on the bottom and pretty soon your mailbox gets filled with this stuff.

DAVID: Your name has gotten around more than your music has. People have heard of you but they don't have any idea of who you are. What would you suggest to other people who are trying to get their name out?

MYKEL: There are two routes to go. You can be extremely commercial, kiss a lot of ass, buy a lot of people cocaine and you'll get your name out. That's a route I obviously haven't taken. Another way is to be loud in saying things people don't want to hear and say them over and over again in a



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lot of different places and write a lot of letters and answer letters you get and then the connections will start being made. If it's a musician who simply wants to get his music out and get it heard, he's got to just send it out. One out of every five records I make goes to promo. You've got to invest, put in the time and money. You don't need the money to start out with. It's a myth. People think "Oh, he travels all around the world, he's got a home computer, he's got a record label, he must have a lot of money." My net worth is at least negative \$10,000 or \$11,000. There are ways of hustling. You borrow from one to pay the other. You get lots of credit cards. You form your own little company like Seidboard World Enterprises and make yourself president and then you have banks writing to you asking you if they can lend you money.

DAVID: You make it sound easy.

MYKEL: It is easy.

DAVID: Do you believe in God?

MYKEL: Do I believe in God? Yep. I think God is a lady with long black hair, black leather bikini, high heeled spike shoes and a whip and it's her job to make you kill yourself. That's why things go wrong so bad. If you just fight it and go through and die a natural death then you win. If she gets you to be so depressed and angry at life and you kill yourself, then she wins.

DAVID: Do you think the drug laws in this country are fair and just?

MYKEL: No. I'm not a drug addict myself. I don't take drugs except for aspirin and stuff like that. No, I don't believe there should be any restrictions on the use of drugs except warning labels so people will

know what they are getting into. Other than that, I think anyone should be able to take whatever they want.

DAVID: Do you want to be a rock star?

MYKEL: Do I want to be a rock star? Among other things, yes. I think being a rock star would be very nice for a little while. I don't expect it but I wouldn't turn

down the chance.

DAVID: Are you working toward it?

MYKEL: Yeah, but not extremely hard. Like I want to be real rich but I'm not willing to join a brokerage firm to do it.

DAVID: What's it like driving a taxi cab?

New York taxi cab drivers have an image. Is New York taxicab driving an occupation or an art?

MYKEL: It starts out being an adventure and then it gets really boring and annoying. The best thing about cab driving is that it continually reaffirms my opinion of humanity. All I can say is that is not a very pleasant job and I do it as little as possible.

DAVID: How will being written up in

Sound Choice help your career, your goals?

MYKEL: The only way it will help my goals is if I get contracts. If you put my address with the article, let people write to me, tell me what they think, send me their music, anything like that, then it will help. The main thing is to make connections.

DAVID: Why should anyone bother getting in touch with you, spend time, money, stamps, records, etc.?

MYKEL: Well, first, their records will get reviewed someplace or another. Second, just to make another contact in the network and also because I'd like to hear what they have to say and they will get a chance, if they are interested, to hear what I have to say.

DAVID: Are you honest, straightforward, and come through with things or do you flake out?

MYKEL: I'm slow, but I come through. If I say I'm going to review something, there will be a review that will appear someplace. If people write me, they will get an answer. It may take a while but they will get an answer.

DAVID: Any last things you want to tell people?

MYKEL: Just that they should keep on doing what they're doing even though it's probably wrong.

DAVID: Why should they keep on doing something if they're wrong?

MYKEL: What I mean is to not give up completely. It's better that they are working hard doing something even if it's not going to accomplish anything, rather than just give up and hang around and live day to day like a cab driver or something.

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TV

takeover

by Sunn Thomas

All around the country people are turning out garage tapes, singles, ep's and magazines. All this costs a lot of money but people are doing it to help out the scene. But there is another way to help the scene and to bring music to new people as well as ourselves that costs next to nothing except effort, understanding and trust. This way is public access TV on you local cable TV system. Here's what you need:

EFFORT because you have to work your way through the maze of your local cable system bureaucracy and push for your rights.

UNDERSTANDING because you have to avoid commenting on the band's music and play the records the way you would want your own record played: all the way through without any commentary or interpretive video.

TRUST because bands and labels have to trust you not to do a hatchet job on their music.

Public Access TV is the weird station on your cable box. Sometimes you see preachers on it. Sometimes you see boring, bad interview shows. Sometimes you see some guy's idea or art on it, but mostly what you see is an electronic message board that says that this is access TV for use of the public. It really is. Theoretically, every citizen has a right to TV time. The cable company cannot censor it or take it off the air. They cannot interfere with what you want to put on. They give you technical help and loan you equipment without charge.

FIRST STEPS TO TURNING YOUR TV INTO A RADIO

These steps must all be done at the same time. It can take a while to get them done but you will get past them if you try.

A) Call your cable company and tell them you want to do public access. Don't tell them initially what you intend to do. It is none of their business. Find out what you need to do, what procedures they have. Be pushy. They will probably have a

class you need to take. (In S.A. the class lasts a total of 45 minutes) It may be simple. It may be complicated. Their job is to try to make it sound difficult in order to discourage you from trying.

B) Follow their procedures.

C) Write or contact local bands and national labels. Explain what you will be doing. You need some form of written release from every band or label you play. It is easier than it sounds.

D) Find out what kind of video is possible with the kind of equipment your cable system has. Remember, they cannot interfere with what you want to do creatively, but they will probably try. Ignore them and do what you want.





Music rocks cablevision wrong way

Punk and hard-core records causing flap

By DWIGHT SILVERMAN
Staff Writer

Sunn Thomas says he simply is "a guy playing records." But that is not the way UA-Columbia Cablevision's management sees it.

The music Thomas is airing features punk or "hard-core" rock laced with radical politics and profanity.

It has raised eyebrows and even hackles of UA-Columbia officials.

But they are required to put the show on the air on a public access channel under the provisions of their franchise.

And since the company is bound by law to not censor political material, Thomas can spin his controversial records while a potential 165,000 San Antonio homes listen in.

Titled "A Guy Playing Records," Thomas' twice-weekly, hour-long program consists almost exclusively of selections from his record collection.

The bands whose music Thomas airs have names such as Really Red, MDC, Pre-Natal Lust, the Flesh Eaters, Acid Scratch, the Mystery Dates and the Smart Dads.

UACC's programming director, Missy Goerner, said said UACC "pulled the program for a while so our attorneys could review it."

"And we do preview each one of his shows," she added.

So far, Goerner said, there have been no complaints from the public about the content.

"For a while we had him on in the mornings, but we moved him to when children wouldn't be up watching television," Goerner said.

SECTION
SAN ANTONIO LIGHT
WEDNESDAY
JULY 20, 1983

B

"I play everything I have permission to play," Thomas said. "I make no judgment on whether this is good stuff."

While his music makes up the audio, a simple message appears on the screen when viewers turn to Channel 21.

"A GUY PLAYING RECORDS," it reads. "Constitutionally protected free speech. This is BIG BOYS (or whatever band is playing at the time) speaking."

Thomas' home phone number is given, along with a statement that he is not allowed to list song titles.

"That's just what it is," he said, "a guy playing records, just like you'd play in your home."

"A Guy Playing Records" has been on the air since March 7, though Thomas said his first show was ready in January.

"UACC gets a lot of people coming to them with big ideas who never follow through," he said. "They thought I was going to go away."

He persisted beyond UACC's reluctance.

"The first guy there who heard it thought it was terrible," Thomas said. "He wasn't sure you can say those kinds of things on TV."

Goerner said UACC's main concern now is that "A Guy Playing Records" has no video other than Thomas' simple message, but he believes that would only detract from his purpose.

"If I want to be creative, there are other ways I can do it," he said. "I made promises to these bands that I would do nothing to take away from their music."

An mailroom clerk for an insurance firm, Thomas insists on keeping as low a profile as possible: He does not talk between records and would not allow his face to be shown.

Thomas said he will continue playing records on TV "forever."

"Public access television is the last free speech form in the U.S.A.," he said.

His show airs from 11 p.m. to midnight Mondays and Thursdays on Channel 21, UACC's public access outlet.

NEXT STEPS TO TURNING YOUR TV INTO A RADIO

1. Try to do a show.
2. Discover what your cable company's policies really are. You do this by trying stuff and having it rejected for various technical and bureaucratic reasons. Remember to keep pushing when things go wrong. The more they delay you the more right you have to be on. They must help you. They must put you on eventually. Go over people's heads. Find a way that works.

3. Fight them at every turn. They will have all kinds of reasons you can't go on the air:

- a) It isn't TV - There isn't any video.

It isn't any of their business what style of video you choose to use. Video distracts from music. We've all listened to tiny radio and enjoyed it, but put that sound on a TV with pictures and all you notice is how bad it sounds. Pictures aren't needed to play records.

- b) To play records on TV is to promote records and that is a prohibited commercial use of access. If you aren't making any money and you aren't

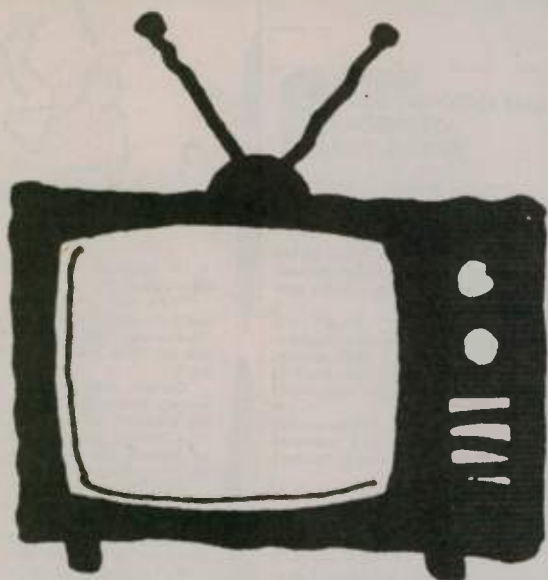
financially connected with the bands. And the bands aren't making any money and you aren't commenting on the music and telling people to buy the records then what you are doing is communicating with people using music as the medium which is definitely allowed.

- c) To put the name of the band and their songs on the screen is an unallowable commercial endorsement.

It is not commercial endorsement. It is communication. When trying to communicate with someone the most important thing to find out is who you are talking to. There can be no communication if the audience doesn't know who they are listening to.

- d) Your show is obscene because songs include 4-letter words.

This is a tougher nut to crack. You may avoid it for a while or it may show up immediately. Access TV is a free-speech forum. The freedom of speech includes the freedom to communicate using



4-letter words. The 4-letter words in the songs are not used as in a pornographic novel but in an attempt to communicate feelings. "Gosh Darn authority" doesn't say the same thing as the 4-letter word alternative. Then there's the matter of community standards. If your cable system has HBO or Showtime, and more than a small percentage of homes subscribe to them, then community standards are clearly established even though other people might still object to that kind of programming. The cable company cannot reserve the right to sell pornography and then deny you the right to use words in a sincere attempt to communicate. They will argue that HBO is different because people have to pay for it. But everybody pays for the other channels as well. No one gets cable TV without requesting and paying for it. In San Antonio where we have HBO and Showtime the cable company's lawyers have decided they could make the show be shown after 7 pm which is the HBO standard. Elsewhere they might want you to put a warning on the screen. Remember that regardless of how entertaining the music is, to these people it should be presented as political statements that are protected by the constitution. You don't have to tell the cable people you intend to put 4-letter words on. Assume it is your right and make them try to stop you. After you have gone through all the appeals at the station you can turn to the American Civil Liberties Union (in your phone book) for help.

TIPS FOR MAKING THIS THING WORK OUT:

A) Put your records onto reel-to-reel tape. Put together a 55 minute tape and then figure out a way to dub it onto video tape along with some sort of

video. Every access station has a reel-to-reel. It is the way they are set up to use music. You can try to use records direct. If it doesn't work out, use a reel-to-reel. If you don't have one, you can rent one for a day and put together five or ten 55 minute tapes. In SA, mono's cost about \$20 to \$30 a day.

B) Try to keep the video simple. Doing art sounds like fun but editing is just one more complication. See if your station has some sort of character generator or some other device for putting video on the screen without using a camera. In SA all I do is put on my reel-to-reel, type in the letters I want on the screen and one hour later I have a completed show.

C) Avoid problems with the community. On my early shows I squelched opposition with the notice on the screen that the show was "a constitutionally protected form of free-speech." On my first show I didn't have such a notice and powerful idiots in the community called the cable people to try to get the show off the air. This notice makes them realize they can't stop it.

D) Avoid the DeeJay syndrome. It's easy to get carried away and start giving your opinions on everything. The title of my show "a guy playing records" tries to avoid this. I'm not any one to follow. My show is just one guy playing the records he happens to have. If anybody else does a show, they won't be competition, they'll just be someone else playing the records he happens to have.

E) If you get your show together and you can use it, I'll send you a reel-to-reel I've made for San Antonio and maybe we can get some sort of exchange going that will save us both money and effort.

Come on! Go for it. It really isn't a lot of work compared to how much it can help your scene. It's easier, cheaper and a lot more fun to listen to than a fanzine. Contact me, Sunn Thomas, 123 Claremont #4, San Antonio, TX 78209; (512)826-3857. Let me help you get started.

These bands and labels have granted me permission. They would do the same for you: Slash/Ruby Records: 7381 Beverly Blvd., L.A., CA 90036. Posh Boy/Records: PO Box 38861, L.A., CA 90038. Smoke 7: 7230 DeSoto Ave. #104, Canoga Park, CA 91303. Toxic Shock Records: Box 242, Pomona, CA 91769. Frontier Records: PO Box 22, Sun Valley, CA 91352. Dischord Records: 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington D.C. 20007. Really Red, My Dolls: 9851 N. 28th Way, Phoenix, AZ 85028. Angry Samoans: 11020 Ventura Blv. Suite 218, Studio City, CA 91604. Bang Gang: 3506 Speedway #204, Austin, TX 78705. Big Boys: c/o Wasted Talent Records, 2111 Cedar, Pearland, TX 77581. M.D.C.: 2440 16th Drive, Dallas, TX 75229. Hates - Christian Arnheighter: 4200 W. 34th Box 132, Houston, TX 77092. Mystery Dates: c/o Beehive Records, 5927 Sundance Lane, San Antonio, TX 78238.

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Belgium

Belgium Music Scene by Sandy Nys

Belgium is a small country in Europe, divided into three parts. A Flemish part (language similar to the Netherlands), a French part (language similar to France), and a German part (language similar to Germany). The Flemish and French parts have their own government and are quarreling all the time. We have also a king. Theoretically he rules the country, but in practice we use him only to shake hands with important people. Since the punk boom of the 70s the music scene has gone through a lot of changes.

The official radio broadcasts most of the time American and English import hit-music (The Boy George stuff, Wham, Bruce Springsteen, Rolling Stones, Disco, etc.) Some programs on the official radio like Domino on Saturday bring the better music. Sometimes even independents.

But the important radio are the so-called local radio's. Independent city radio's. Every city has more than one of them covering a small broadcast area. Most of them are playing junk-Disco music but the real good ones like "Toestel" at Gent and "Gentraal" at Antwerpen play the good music. Punk/rock/new wave/avant garde/independents - name it, they broadcast it. Those radio's are still not officially accepted by government. When the official legalization for the city radio's is coming, many of the stations will disappear because our government is asking a lot of money to buy broadcasting time. This means, those local radio's will become in the near future commercial stations, financially backed up by a political party. We really hope there will be some real independent radio stations who will continue like they do now.

The Belgium rock scene has got his own well-known bands backed up by big record companies: T.C. MATIC-NACHT UND NEBEL, LUC VAN ACKER-ARBEID ADELTE. Because they are backed up by record companies they can make hits. It is so sorry that England and America are

very chauvinistic concerning music. They don't like music coming out of a little country.

In Belgium you are not real if you don't release a record. Belgium people don't like cassettes.

The independent scene at Belgium has his own big labels. Hymalaya is a big distribution company who brings the good music from other countries to Belgium. MASK, the record label from FRONT 242, one of the world's best hard-core electronic dance music. In '84 they did a gig at Chicago, U.S.A. One of their records is released by WAX TRAXX REC. INC., 2249 N. Lincoln Ave. Chicago, IL 60614. U.S.A. Mask promotes only Belgium electronic bands like Polyphonic Size, New Concept etc.

Other independent record labels are: NO BIG BUSINESS and V.Z.W. ETIQUETTE. They release compilation records with Belgium's better rock-electronic bands. Lot's of bands release their record themself. Neon Judgement, Mensen Blaffen, La Muerte.

There are also a lot of cassette labels: Insane Music, c/o Alain Neffe, 2 Grand rue 6190, Trazegnies covers a great collection of cassette releases. Magazines like "Open System Project" c/o Alain Croibien, 11 rue de l'ecole, 4051 Strivay Belgium, gives lots of info about independent releases.

But most of the cassettes are released by individuals or bands themselves. Most of those tapes are demotracks in the hope to get the possibility to make a record. Groups like the ONDERBRONDERS and SECRET LIFE are worth to be backed up by a record release and better distribution. Then of course there is the independent, making "difficult music."

Free Music, Avant Garde, experimental. Some of these are really enjoyable. Guy de Bievre, Paul Van Develen, and many more brings their strange music on cassette.

Of course there are more groups in Belgium than I mentioned. I just took my favorites. Otherwise I would have to fill up a total issue of Sound Choice with them.

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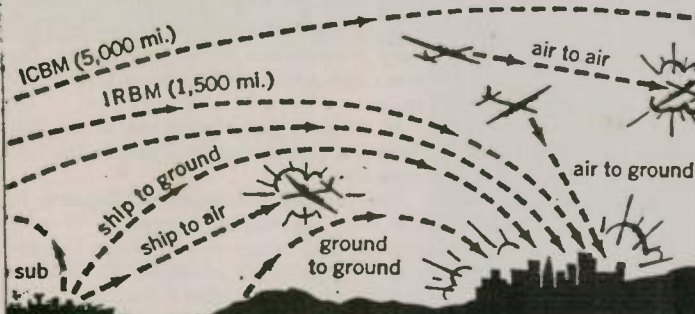
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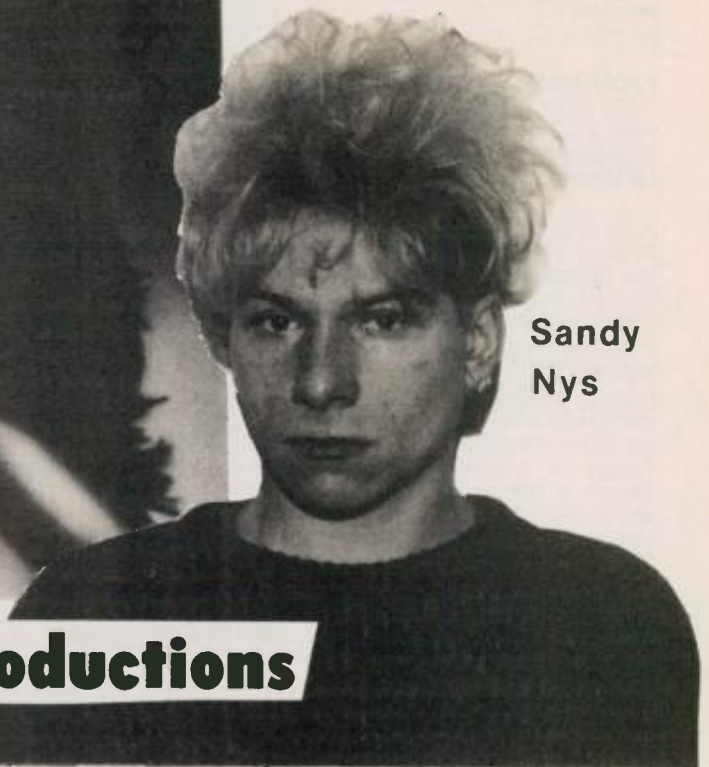


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**Sandy
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Magisch Theater Productions

by Sandy Nys

What is Magisch Theater Productions?

It is a one man's concept from Sandy Nys (30/07/1959). I've done five years of artschool (Royal Institute of Art-Antwerpen and Gent). I felt in love with the airbrush. A tool that was not appreciated at artschool. Teachers told me it was a tool to make advertisements, not art.

Considering that the art teachers at Royal Insitute of Art were very old fashioned, I stopped school and decided to learn it all by myself in my atelier at home. My airbrush paintings (I consider them all still as an exercise) covers two different styles:

1) The commercial "poster style" images concerning most of the time erotic work.

2) Airbrush Graffiti's. Huge, freehand sprayed paintings (2 meter/1 meter) concerning anti-politics, anti-religion and punk-new wave portraits from people.

Being in touch with a lot of people who make music I found out, airbrush was not enough to express myself. I am fascinated at sound-color not songs. So I bought myself a synthesizer and followed one year electronic music at the conservatorium at Antwerp with Joris De Laet. Buying more synthezizers and getting in touch with the independent scene I started 3Riotapes in 1983. 3Riotapes was first a collaboration between absolute Body control, Magisch Theater and Unovidual. But Unovidual (Hank Wallays) stopped after a while because he wants to do other things. So actually I run 3Riotapes all by myself.

3Riotapes works on slightly different way than most of the others. We don't sell much tapes but rather exchange them. I think the important part is to distribute. Let as many people hear the music, as possible.

By now I havemorethan 500 tapes and independent records in exchange and we distributed more than 100 musicbands. The tapes I get are broadcasted at my radioshow on the local city radio "Centraal" at Antwerp. Every Wednesday 10 am-12. The name of my radioshow: Network.

1984 was a quiet year for me and paintings. 3Riotapes was almost a fulltime job. Too many people to send tapes to. Too much money. Too expensive.

Everybody wanted to be on 3Riotapes contactlist. People who moved asked to change the address in 3Riozine. Everybody wanted a free copy. How many I have mailed to radio's where they were played once and then dissappeared in the private collections from the D.J. It became all to expensive to stay non-profit. So I had to stop

the audio comm. comp. But Andy, (154 Alexandra Rd., Peterborough - Cambridgeshire, Pei 3DL England) is taking over with his International Sound Communication. So if you want your music heard everywhere, mail him your mastertapes. Another mailfriend, Otto Brunbauer from the Netherlands, is doing almost the same with his Red Rat Recordings (P.O. Box 11041, 3505 BA. Utrecht, Netherlands.)

Otto doesn't make compilations, he just distributes a complete C-60 tape from your group. You don't earn money, but your music will be heard by many.

Doing the audio comm. comp serie I got many interesting contacts. So in the near future there will be other musical projects from Magisch Theater.

About my music. The first tapes were soundscapes music without beginning nor end. Only sound colour was important for me. They are made to express my feeling of despair, of the icy desolation of existence in a world gone wrong. I did live gigs in '83, in co-operation with Belgium poets, (one is released by 3Riotapes: ART-CONFRONTATION 2.)

Another important music style are the MANIACS. The MANIACS is not a group. It is my project concerning music I make with several other people. Most of the Maniacs' music is a collaboration with J.R. Smets, a musician, well-known from the audio communication releases. One of our songs will appear on the second compilation record from V.Z.W. Etiquette.

I've stopped the audio communication comp. to reorganize. I will have very soon a porta-studio, so my next musical projects will increase in quality.

All our tapes are distributed by Cause and Effect, 5015 1/2 N. Winthrop - Indianapolis, Indiana 46205 U.S.A., and some of them also by Aeon.

BODY RECORDS is the label from ABSOLUTE BODY CONTROL. Dirk Ivens and Erik Van Wouterghem are the musicians from this electronic dansband. Dirk also helps me with connections for 3Riotapes.

They released by now one single and five tapes. It is a nice collection with a marvellous evolution. They started as a nice poppy electronic band but are growing more and more harsh. You can hear them on many 3Rio compilations, but their tapes can be ordered at: Stationstraat 116, 2750 Bornem, Belgium. Magisch Theater Production will soon release a tape with live gigs from them.

Brussels
by HP2 & Co.

FROM BRUSSELS WITH LOVE

We by no means claim this article to be definitive, merely illustrative of some interesting things happening in Brussels. **La Muerte.**

La Muerte, in their own words "the missing link between Salvador Dali and the Stooges," conglomerated in '83 and derived their name from a poem by Federico Garcia Lorca ("Viva La Muerte").

The recently released 12" (the Surrealist Mystery EP) and a string of concerts left no one indifferent: they were given six months by a famous journalist to become an international legend. Birthday Party, Troggs (a demented version of "Wild Thing" is featured on the 12"), Stooges and lots of other trash came to mind upon hearing La Muerte, but add the tortured, impassioned, deep-throated voice and you end up with something really particular.

The following excerpts from the encyclopedic and eclectic press-release, that accompanied the 12", are more "explicit": "Move off La Muerte because its breath is a poisonous smog; no one has seen the green wrinkles or protruding bones of their faces. La Muerte, ill-fated and dispossessed gravediggers, Homeric

loads, warriors of a schizophrenic crusade in Evil Land. La Muerte and its deliquescent vinyl, born from the visionary delirium of 5 "atmospheric heads sodomising a grand piano", five faces reminding us of Lautreamont's "Chants de Maldoror", five dribbling and grinning faces preparing their evil spell, their surrealist and mysterious 12" EP that will invade spirits memories brains globules, force them into attention and respect, turn them into slaves...soon we will wander, with dark and empty orbits, like ghosts, like blind and screaming skeletons, it will be..."

La Muerte, definitely worth checking out: c/o Himalaya, Rue de la Fourche 4, 1000 Brussels, Belgium (The Surrealist Mystery 12" is available from the above address, \$5 ppd.)

Radio

Un-official radio is still illegal (but "tolerated", provided you don't broadcast too powerfully) in Belgium and the only station in this mini-megalopolis that's worth mentioning (FM Brussels, presently 107.3 megaswing) has twice been confronted with material and transmitter confiscations by the Almighty Authorities. The station was set up in 1980, could be heard all over the country in those days, and played almost 100% indies (with the most "snobscore" getting top priority). But it proved to be a financial flop and too big a thorn in the eye of the national stations, and it was agreed to adopt a more "advertisable" format during day-time, the evenings still being filled with eccentric specialized programs.

Everything is done strictly volunteer and although evening d.j.'s are addicted music buyers, there's a lot of stuff not readily available here; record & cassette labels should consider sending promos, addressed to lou or hp2 for distribution and guaranteed airplay. FM Brussels, Louizalaan 203 Bus 8, 1050 Brussels.

Other Brussels Stuff.

I would have loved to tell you about Himalaya, Laylah Records, Manneken-Pis, Lambik, Front 242, DNA, La Strada, etc... but, sorry, no more time: The Sound Choice printing deadline is dead ahead!

Try more in the next B issue, July 1989...
hp2 & co.





The Logos Foundation

the logos duo

The **Logos Group** was founded in 1968 as the international group for performing avant-garde music, improvisation and music-performance. Much of our activity involves mixed-media performance: we're using film, video, slides, environments, color, mime, theatre, performance and happening; mostly based on collectively composed macro-structures.

The actual **Logos Duo** is composed of **Moniek Darge**, violin, viola, voice & multi-media, and **Godfried-Willem Raes**, clarinets, electronical and electro-acoustical self-built instruments etc. . .

The **Logos Duo** program consists of:

- multi-media performances using super-8 film and/or slides, together with own composed avant-garde, experimental music
 - multi-media performance combining music-theatre and own composed avant-garde, experimental music
 - compositions
 - lettrism, verbosonics, text-sound-compositions
 - interaction-improvisation on extended traditional and self-built instruments (both acoustic and electronic)
 - video-events and filmsonorisation
 - radio-events
 - workshops and lectures on improvised music and soundsculpture instrument-building
 - street performances, events, happenings, soundscapes
 - exhibitions of scores, pictures, soundsculptures and self built instruments
- In our improvisation we stress the importance of interaction between the players. For us, making music entails expressive communication and creative self-emancipation. Therefore we see our work as a model opposed to a society that bans and ravishes personal

creativity and that becomes dominated by the imperialism of mass-culture and mass-consumption.

We see creativity as a part of every human being and not as a privilege of the artist or musician/performer. We attempt to restore creative possibilities in order to encourage people to use all their ability to express themselves and control their lives.

Throughout the years the **Logos Duo** became an internationally acclaimed ensemble for multi-media performance and experimental avant-garde music, travelling abroad with the support of the Flemish Ministry for Cultural Affairs. Ever since 1968 we've been performing and touring all over Europe, North-America, Australia and New-Zealand.

Up to date program proposals, technical and financial requirements, as well as music samples, will be sent on request.

Logos Foundation exists to intensely contribute to creative music culture in order to broaden the current re-creative, re-consuming, interpretation oriented atmosphere.

Logos Foundation tries, through its education programs and concerts, to expand the possibilities for human expression through nonverbal sound communication. Here the personal way is emphasized rather than identification with stereotypes.

Logos Foundation began in 1977 as an 'Organisation of Public Welfare' to provide a legal framework for all the activities generated by the **Logos Group** since its formation in 1968:

- international concert series in Gent and elsewhere
- concert tours by the Logos-group
- electronic music studio

- music instrument building workshop
 - sound and documentation archive
 - multi-media productions
 - publications in audio, print, video, film, software
 - international information exchange
- Currently **Logos Foundation** maintains a fulltime staff of 6 at its facility in Gent to serve the 100 visiting artists each year.

As a matter of fact, we believe that a genuine music-culture develops best when spread over small areas, in small-scale high-quality musical events, rather than in a few artificially blown-up concerts, exclusively in big centers.

New Music is no 'extraordinary' phenomenon, but it is a part of the 'everyday' life of a modern culture; thus its productions need regular confrontation with the public. Only such permanent interaction and constant opportunity can provide real enrichment.

The concert programming of the **Logos Foundation** is based on its arts directors firsthand information and personal research. We avoid taking over packaged programs, while always trying to make a selection of the real cutting-edge of the international new-music culture.

Thus it isn't amazing that for many of today's most famed New-Music composers and musicians, our concert-studio has been the first gate to Europe and European audiences.

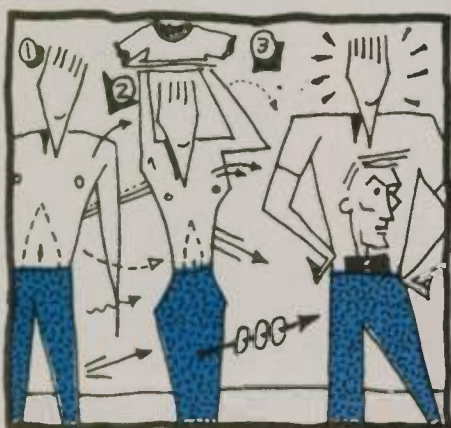
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HOLOSOUND

HOLOSOUND

The project is a Logos realisation of ultrasonic-operated motion holograms, where by movement in three dimensions is translated into relevant sound. At the same time, Holo-sound attempts to be a possible realisation of a dynamic multi-dimensional oscillating system, real-time controllable by means of direct and aesthetically relevant body-movement of a performer.

An Ultrasonic-transducer in a circuit allowing frequency modulation of the radiated sound-waves is placed in a space and directed towards three Ultrasonic receivers that are placed on the four corners of an imaginary tetrahedron. (All angles 60°) As soon as a body, in the case of this piece, a performer, starts moving in the space circumscribed by the outer sphere around the tetrahedron, each of the three receivers will receive and detect a different difference signal, within the audible range. The moving body provokes a Doppler-shift of the original ultrasonic sound, giving rise to different signals between the carrier and the reflected wave from the moving body.

In the Holo-sound set-up, these three signals are subsequently added according to mutually controlled intensity proportions and then this sum-signal is used as a frequency modulation signal for the ultrasonic transducer. This way, a first three-dimensional oscillating system is created, a system that is taking apart the very crucial problems related to the adjustments of the different vectorial signal levels which have been solved in this piece by using methods of both analogue and digital computing, entirely movement controlled and consequently, a realisation of a relevant motion-soundhologram. This in contrast to the many long existing systems, designed to 'translate' visuals and movement into sound, and that are mostly proximity devices, depending on reflected light or other electromagnetic waves, and which we consider non-relevant, since placement and proximity are in no way relevant musical parameters. Our system translates only behavioral energy, along the principle of 'no move - no sound - no change'.

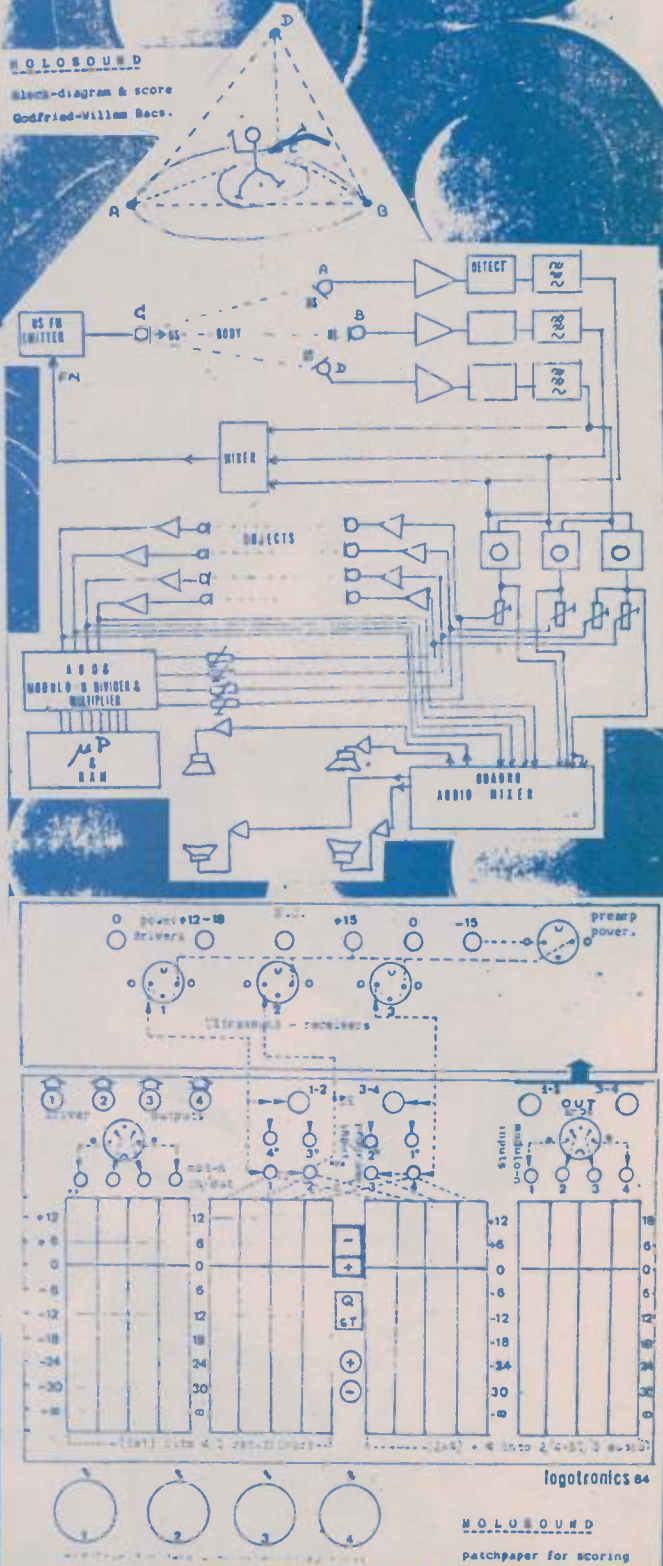
The system described so far, covers only half of the set-up used for the piece. A second three-dimensional and quadrophonic oscillating system is used in the second part of the Holo-sound piece. The three signals from the ultrasound receiver after detection and some 'cleaning-up', and before their mix for the purpose of the first frequency-modulation loop, are amplified and send, each apart, in special magnetic transducers, or piezoelectric transducers --depending on the characteristics of the further used vibrating materials --that set different kinds of changeable objects (e.g. springs, razorblades, steel-ribbon, plastics... at the end, even a sandwich would do the job...) and materials into vibration. At another spot on these objects, a pressure transducer (we use here piezoelectric discs) is fastened, and the signal generated here is amplified and converted in a digital format where it can be threaded in a computer-controlled modulo-N divider/multiplier. After this programmable processing the signal is fed back into the vibration-transducer together with the original signal derived from the ultrasound-receivers. This way four three-dimensional and controllable oscillating systems are created that are triggerable only through the original movement.

The audience finally gets to here an always changing and scored mix from different sound and vibration forms happening in the whole system. The form of the piece is music-theatre and the visuals and movements although essentially musical, are created by Moniek Darge. The electronics have been developed and built in the Logos-foundation labs by Godfried-Willem Raes. The form of the score is the realised equipment itself.

-- Godfried-Willem RAES

HOLOSOUND

Schematic-diagram & score
Godfried-Willem Raes.



CHET BAKER

Interview by Bill Hubby III



CHET BAKER

Whether singing, trumpet playing, or conversing on or offstage,

his tone is

gentle, warm, vulnerable,

and genuine.

I thought I was crawling from a sickbed to travel down into the bowels of the dreaded, fetid wasteland (L.A.), I felt confident that my act of valor would be rewarded with a scintillating slice o' the jazz life. I figured that since my uncle Carson had played (bass) with Chet in Gerry Mulligan's famed "pianoless" quartet, and later in Chet's own quartet, I'd have an easy "in" - "in" to the club (saving mucho ducats), "in" to the dressing room (sving mucho groveling), and "in" to the sphere of Confidence instead of the tropic of Trepidation (saving face).

During the drive down I envisioned a tiny, run-down dive and Baker playing with a pick-up group of young, inexperienced players. After the gig he is more than eager to pour his guts out and reveal the truth about... "Oh Shit! We were supposed to phone the club 30 minutes ago to set up the interview."

We pull over to a pay phone in Malibu and Dave hands me the torn-out advertisement with the phone number on it. "My God! He's playing with Charlie Haden, Billy Higgins and Alan Broadbent! A fucking Summit Meeting!" I stagger to the phone. An impatient woman says that the sound check is long over and the band goes on in ten minutes.

"Could you please ring backstage? It's very important."

"Who's calling?" she asks.

"Tell him it's CARSON SMITH's nephew." I said the "s nephew" part very softly, after she'd left the phone.

Suddenly a happily surprised, hopeful-sounding voice says, "Carson?" I became nauseous and felt my face turn crimson. "Uh, well, no, er, this is his nephew and I happened to be coming down to L.A. and saw you were doing a gig so we decided to go to the gig and since I work for this music magazine I thought maybe you could give me a little time to do an interview..."

I expected him to hang up, but he said, "Well, if you're coming down ANYWAY we can talk about it."

I got back in the car. "Did he get us on the guest list?" Dave said in between puffs on his pipe and throwing his car into gear.

"Uh, I didn't get around to that."

"Shit."

Twenty dollars (plus a two-drink minimum) later we glided into the club, about fifteen minutes into the first set. Chet seemed happy and relaxed, chatting with the audience and pointing out some jazz luminaries present in the house. He sang on about a dozen tunes, which was a special treat. A highlight of the show was when an unnamed gentleman joined Chet for some scatting.

Chet's singing is very moving and romantic. He doesn't amaze you with vast range and flawless technique, but rather, wins you over with a soothing, easy-going but serious style free of affectation and pretense. As for Chet's trumpet playing, well, if you don't already KNOW, then you're missin' out on one of the finer things in life. His tone is warm, smooth and never harsh or strained whether he's blowin' rapid, long and seamless lines or wringing buckets of feeling from a single, plaintive note.

Chet is adapting to false choppers now, a potentially devastating circumstance to horn players and singers alike. He muffed a couple notes (something I'm told he once NEVER did) but he has so much talent and charm that those imperfections just make you feel closer to the man and his music. What most impresses me about Chet Baker is his consistency of character. Whether singing, trumpet playing, or conversing on or offstage, his tone is gentle, warm, vulnerable, and genuine. Very real and very human. He has the uncommon ability to coax buried emotions from us desensitized slugs.

I bird-dogged Chet between sets and after the gig, but the time seemed wrong. Luckily, it was a two-night stand. I came back the next night and even then nearly didn't get to speak to him. He was visibly exhausted and only lingering there to get paid. Naturally, that took ages.

The scene backstage was crowded with autograph hounds, bimbos, "independent record producers" and various other hangers-on like me, all of us competing for Chet's time.

Someone offered Chet a swig from a bottle of cough syrup which he declined as he looked at the pharmacy label, saying "Dextromethorphan. How the hell do they expect you to get high on that?"



CHET BAKER

Dick Collins, "old friend and playin' partner" of Chet's and a fine trumpeter in his own right, came in and captured Chet's attention. It was a reunion between two alumni from the school of jazz cool of the fifties; their words, punctuated with jazz slang, flowing lazily from their lips.

"Chester!"

"Hey, Dick."

"What's happenin' man? Good to hear you man."

"I'm tired."

"You're tired?"

"Yeah."

Introductions are made. Dick -- effusive, dark-haired and dapper, in a slick black suit -- stood in contrast to the reserved, world-weary Chet whose non-descript attire and mild manner belied his eminence that evening.

"I tried to get Dick to play on the second set, to go out and get his horn," Chet says to his lady, the lovely Diane.

"Oh man, you had to coax me better than that!"

"Aw, shit."

"Otherwise I'd have looked like I was comin' in like King Kong, ya know."

"We had a valve trombone player sit in last night, and in New York an Italian tenor player played every night."

"It's beautiful to hear you man, Ha, ha, ha! That one soul comes back again." Dick says, then turns to Diane. "There's nobody else like him."

"There's nobody like you!" Chet says.

"Well, I don't wanna think about that now."

"You're still here, still playin'."

"Your singin's improved, too, I mean, what you did that last set was just BIT-CHIN', you know?!! Beautiful. Kinda like blowin'."

"Yeah, it is. If I could just hear myself well --"

"If you can feel it and hear it back..."

"Yeah."

"You didn't have a monitor up there, did you?"

"Not really. It made so damn much noise -- sounded like an angry bumblebee. Bzzzzzz -- so we asked them to turn it off."

"I hear you got hyped at the last gig, which I didn't get over to see."

"Incredible...that crazy little mutha," Chet says, shaking his head.

"Really, man? Does this have to happen -- in our later years? Like there's always someone out there to hype yer ass, for a few bills."

At this point, a nerd walks over and forces his way into the conversation, baring Chet with inane jazz trivia for the next 10 minutes. Chet is a kind man, and listens patiently. I glare at the intruder. Finally, he pauses to take a breath and I get a word in.

I ask Chet how he picks up his rhythm sections for his stateside gigs and what he meant when he told the audience that he doesn't often get a chance to play with "the likes of these people." (Higgins, Haden and Broadbent.)

"When I'm in Europe, I have a steady band. There's two or three piano players I can use, some good bass players. What I meant was, these guys in Europe play WELL, they just don't have the recognition. Their names are not known like Billy Higgins, Charlie Haden and Alan Broadbent's are."

"Higgins and Haden do, and certainly Alan Broadbent!" says Dick, startled.

"What? Have names, yeah. He asked me about musicians in Europe. I've been using European musicians -- well, not all the time, sometimes I took a band from New York."

"Miles does that too. 'Cept lately he probably doesn't."

"He makes so much money that it doesn't matter."

Dick leans forward and launches into a story: "I went to sit in with him (Miles) in Atlanta, Georgia one night, and the cab driver wouldn't take me down there. He said, 'That's niggertown, man. I ain't goin' there.' I said, just take me there, drop me off and split. I'll get a way back."

Chet is outraged. "What! He can't refuse to take you there!"

"I know, but he didn't wanna go there, you dig? I said, 'That's cool, just let me off,' and I walked. I get there and Miles says (imitating the gravel-voiced, hoarse-sounding Davis) 'Heyyy-rabadaba-blabb-lab!' He put me up on the stand and split to the telephone, called his chick and left the joint! So I had to finish the gig for him."

"No!"

"Can you believe that? But he had two pick-up guys from Atlanta, two white guys. This was before the march of King, when they had all that segregation stuff. They had 'white' and 'colored' drinking fountains -- you know, all that B.S."

The nerd begins to recite trivia again, but is cut off by a gushing female autograph seeker. She fusses over the ever-patient, ever-polite Baker for what seems like an eternity then is finally whisked away by her jealous husband.

I get another chance to throw in a question: "I grew up hearing tales of Chet Baker exploits, some dealt with driving. Legend has it that you possessed phenomenal driving ability, and have been known to have outrun the cops a few times, even to drive at high speeds on the SIDEWALKS when necessary! Care to comment?"

"Well...I've spent about as much time driving as I have playing. And I've had some nice cars..." he says reluctantly, seeming eager to change the subject.

My question, however, gets Dick revved up. He slaps his knee and says to Chet, "Remember that time in D.C.? You scared the devil outta me!"

"Was that in the Jag roadster?" Chet says with a sly smile.

"Yeah, we FLEW through town! NOBODY caught us!"

"Yeah, but you know, you can't drive like that HERE anymore," Chet says. "In Europe though, you can DRIVE."

I get a chance to pitch some more questions: "I heard a rumor that you might be moving back to the states, to northern California."

"Yeah, I think so. Diane and I'd like to have a home base for awhile, for a change."

"Is there a chance you'll put a steady band together here in the states?"

"I don't know. It's so hard to make any money if you play around the area where you live. And taking a band on the road is so expensive."

"What about going out with these guys?" (Haden, Higgins and Broadbent.)

"What, THESE people? It would take so much money. It would be impossible."

"This would be such a dream band! But I guess there could be lots of dream bands if..."

"Yeah, this would be a good one. Especially if we had a chance to rehearse or somethin'. And play some original material instead of just playing standards and jazz 'heads'."

"Did you guys rehearse or anything for this gig?"

"We played for an hour last night, from seven to eight, just played through some tunes to see what it felt like. But it was not a rehearsal."

"Do you get the chance to do original stuff in Europe?"

"Yeah. I have a lot of tunes. Some Brazilian tunes -- I made an album with some Brazilian guys. Very nice tunes. There's so many albums that I've made that you've probably never heard of because they're not distributed over here."

"What's your most recent album?"

"Well, there's a new one out on Timeless called 'Mr. B'. It's a trio record. Very nice. French piano player, Italian bass player."

"Where you headed to next?" Dick asks.


"Out of this cesspool and back up to Ojai."

"I was speaking to Chet!"

"I'm doing one night in Las Vegas at the Four Queens day after tomorrow. Carson Smith's gonna play."

"Carson Smith?!! Oh, wow!" Dick says. At this point Charlie Haden walks over to Chet and says, as if he's about to wrestle a bear, "It's time to do it -- to get paid, and I don't want to do it alone."

As I make my exit I see Chet and his partners talking to the steel-faced club owner, who is flanked by two gargantuan bouncers. As the musicians negotiate their wages, the expression on Chet's tired face echoes the comment that Dick made earlier: "Does this have to happen -- in our later years?"



A guide to tuning in to this Central American country.

BELIZE

by Drew Robertson

Belize, formerly British Honduras, is about the size of New Jersey. The similarities stop there. For one thing, Belize is in the tropics and New Jersey is not. Another thing different is their respective music scenes. The following is a loose guide to Belize and its musical world.

If you visit Belize and are interested in music you should bring a small radio and listen to Radio Belize. You'll hear soka, calypso, reggae, disco, country and western, classical, jazz, rock 'n' roll, music in Spanish of different styles, old R&B (very popular), soul, maybe Mayan music, the national anthem and blah, blah, blah. They broadcast in Spanish and the King's English. There is also some Mayan programming. You'll hear soccer, rugby, basketball games and "the news." There's a "Funtime" program for children and farm reports early in the morning. Other radio stations drift in from surrounding countries and islands (as far away as Arkansas). I am told that Radio Belize broadcasts in shortwave and has recently added an FM frequency.

All the Belizean people I've spoken to speak favorably of Radio Belize. You'll probably enjoy the station too unless you're particular about the style of music you listen to as the programming is quite varied. You'll hear few, if any of the titles in last month's *Sound Choice* magazine.

If you can, bring a portable AM/FM radio/cassette recorder to Belize. If your unit handles two cassettes at once, that's even better. This way you can record off the radio and make and trade cassettes with the people down there. You also might be able to record live music. Record the dudes at the Belize City market trying to hustle you.

Live music can be heard on weekends in the larger towns. Bands play calypso, reggae, R&B, funk, disco, pop songs and soka. Soka, if anything, is the national music of Belize. It's something like calypso but has a freer bass line. There are horn sections often and a lot of percussion. The music is generally quick and it's wonderful to dance to. The west and north of Belize is more latin influenced so a lot of the songs in those areas will be in Spanish. Sometimes you'll go to a club and have to pay admission and then a price for a table, if you want one, and then a price for each chair. If the place charges admission, there will be a bunch of people outside in the night who can't afford to get in.

The most popular bands are The Lord Rhaborn Combo and Bambiki Bandula. The Lord has been entertaining Belize for 20 years. Bambiki Bandula plays a great deal of reggae. Some other popular bands are The Professionals, The Glen Boot Combo, the Gil Harris Seven (from Corozal), The Avengers, The New Messengers, The Children of the Forest and The Survivors.

Many things that North Americans and Europeans can't imagine being without are luxuries to the people of Belize. Money doesn't exactly flow freely down there and imported goods, especially appliances, machinery, stereo and musical equipment have high prices. Often someone "owns" a particular band by virtue of owning the equipment. Players might come and go but the amplifiers, P.A.'s, and guitars stay. Lord Rhaborn, for instance, owns his band and the father of one member of Bambiki Bandula owns that band. When new or different musical equipment is needed someone usually has to fly up to the states to bring it home.

The following is a partial list of places where you can catch live music in Belize. In Belize City you have the Continental, Bayview, Ft. George, and the Crossroads Hotels. Also the Cocacabana, The Fountain Bleau, Studio One-O-Two, Chateau Caribbean, and the Playboy Club. The biggest places to see music are Bird Island Stadium and the Coliseum where you'll catch Belizean acts as well as international acts such as James Brown, Gregory Issac, Baron Lee, Calypso Rose, Sparrow, and a number of other musicians from the Caribbean and U.S.

While visiting Belize City keep in mind that foreign tourists are obvious and frequent targets for rip offs. Most people of Belize City are cool though and it's advised to have some of these cool people show you the night life. Stay in a good hotel, where the proprietor doesn't stand for people sneaking in and stealing your stuff. Belize City thieves are infamous for their stealth.

Outside of Belize City, in Ladyville, you have The Grass Hut. In Cayo there is the Blue Angel and in Orange Walk there's the Crystal Palace. There's the South Side Club in Punta Gorda and Ed's in Roaring Creek. Eden Rose in Dangriga Town (Stan Creek). On the Cays Caulker and Ambergris you'll find some places with live music and in Corozal, Tony's Capri Hotel is recommended. Any town of any size in Belize will at sometime or another offer live music.

Finding a mellow musical high is as easy as turning on the transistor radio



Dell and The Sensations

From Belize City down the coast to Guatemala you'll find Garfuna people. Also known as Caribs, they're a mixture of African and the indigenous Carib people who through some caprice of the colonial system, were taken from St. Vincent Island and deposited in Belize in 1801. They have their own language, interpretation of Christianity, and styles of music and dance. They're big on drums. Visit Dangriga on Garifuna Settlement Day in November for the festivities.

Juke boxes are easy to find as are record stores. In Dangriga there is a small 12x6 foot shop on the main street. In Belize City there is Jerry Lee Records, Barton's on Buckingham St. and Music World on the north side. Inside the Playboy Club on 19 King St. you have Martin's Record Shop. In many record shops you'll find incense and cigarette papers. There are blank and pre-recorded cassettes.

Belize bands usually record in Mexico or Guatemala and then bring the master tapes up to the U.S. for the pressing and packaging of the discs. A few of the bands come to the states and record. One label that has a lot of Belizian titles out is the C.E.S. label out of New York City. The records are marketed in Belize and other Caribbean countries. In some of the larger U.S. cities such as New York and L.A. there are large Belizian communities where these records are available. "Bootleg" cassettes for sale are abundant in Belize.

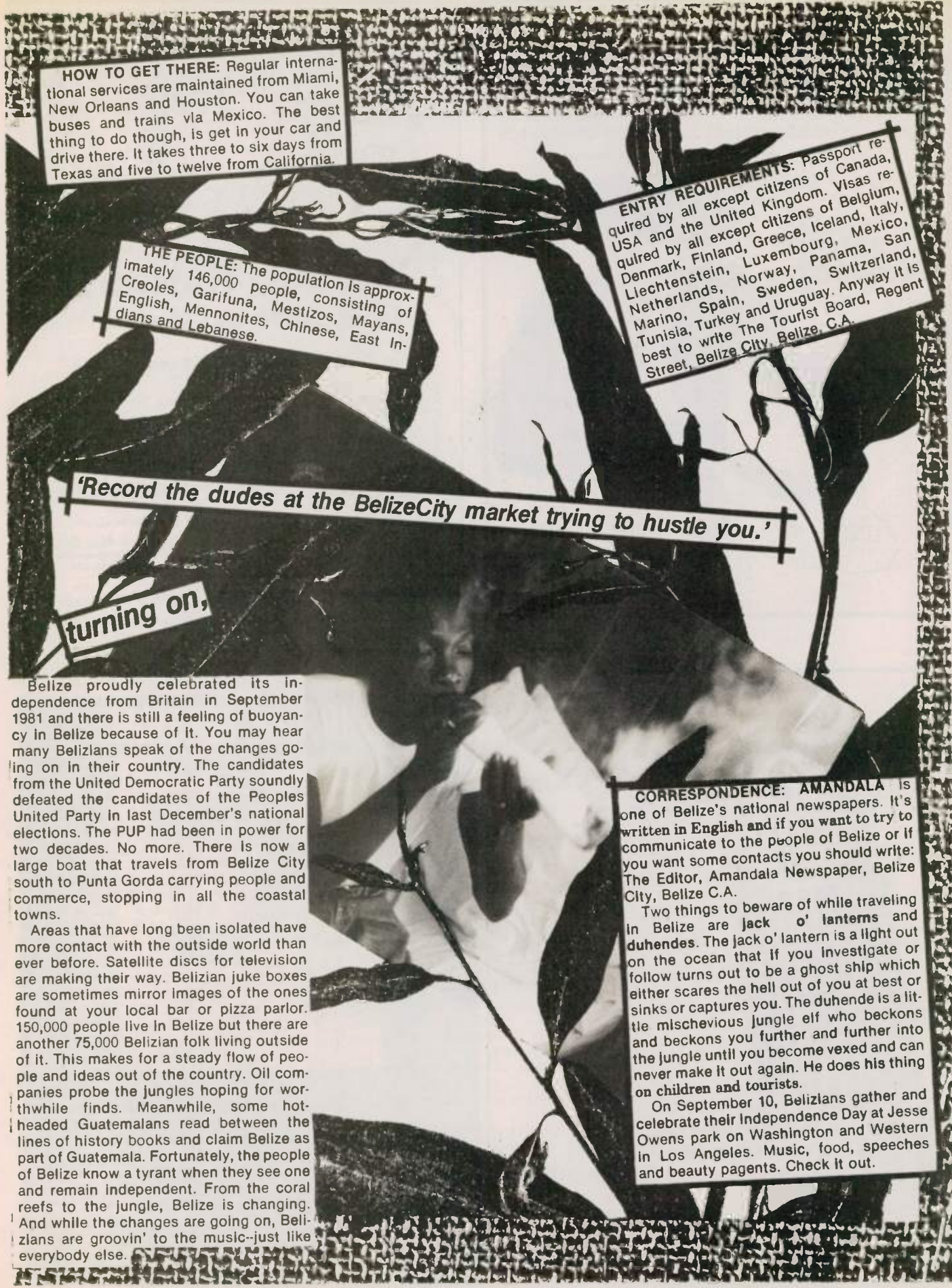
Occasionally you'll find bands made up of mostly Belizians in the United States. The group Unity was a reggae band that toured around the U.S. for a while. The band that I am most familiar with whose members are from Belize is Dell and The Sensations, a group consisting of six brothers. The lead singer, Dell, has been vocalizing to various American and Caribbean rhythms for 20 years in and around Los Angeles. They have put out a few records in their time (none of which Dell has a copy of) and have a number of tunes in the can which have never made it onto vinyl. At least one of their songs, Dell claims, was brazenly ripped off by a major L.A. songwriter and recorded by Three Dog Night.

They've put out some titles on Smart Records and Grassroots Records. I've heard Roger Steffens play their song "Rastaman" on his show. On the flip side of "Rastaman" is the soka number "Ruby." These guys aren't Ras Tafarians and sometimes they say they are treated shabbily in reggae music circles because of it.

Currently they are in the studio working on their second lp. Dell sounds a great deal like Jimmy Cliff but his voice isn't as sweet and for me it is somehow more credible. On this new release they'll have one soka number called "Sugar Daddy-O." The rest are all reggae songs. A couple of the highlights is their cover of Timmy Thomas's "What Can I Tell Her" and their show stopper "Freedom Fighter" which will be the title of their new album. For more information about Dell and The Sensations write them at their new label: N.N. International 4000, Suite 3000, MacArthur Blvd., Newport Beach, CA 92660.

When you visit Belize, try and keep cool. Basically all of Belize is a jungle except for where humans have taken it out. The heat and humidity that lets the jungle flourish makes for extra hot and sticky afternoons. It's important for the people of the northern climates to remember to relax when down in Belize and not to fight the heat. If you do—you'll lose. Not everything will be as clock work and don't worry about it. If you push yourself or others to help complete some sort of outing or undertaking, you'll just become an irritant to everyone involved.

If you want to get high for instance, just wait—you will. I've seen travellers get off the bus and in their first foray into town be given a joint by some friendly man on the street and immediately afterwards get accosted by some snake-eyed plainclothes police detective and brought "downtown." No one is necessarily "set up." It's more that a lot of men in Belize just hang out on the street and a few of them are affiliated with the police. Sometimes they notice the wrong thing. They don't try to bust each other too much because Belize is small and they have to face each other day after day. Besides, smoking marijuana in Belize is commonplace and everybody knows it. If they catch you with the herb, it usually means a small fine and a little while in jail. One of the worst parts about getting busted for a small amount of marijuana is your day in court when under slowly turning fans you are ridiculed by the police prosecutor and given a stern lecture by the judge. All this in front of a fair sized gallery of spectators who are there to be either entertained or prosecuted themselves. Anyway, just take your time if you want to get high and you'll meet someone you can trust and then you'll have it.



HOW TO GET THERE: Regular international services are maintained from Miami, New Orleans and Houston. You can take buses and trains via Mexico. The best thing to do though, is get in your car and drive there. It takes three to six days from Texas and five to twelve from California.

THE PEOPLE: The population is approximately 146,000 people, consisting of Creoles, Garifuna, Mestizos, Mayans, English, Mennonites, Chinese, East Indians and Lebanese.

ENTRY REQUIREMENTS: Passport required by all except citizens of Canada, USA and the United Kingdom. Visas required by all except citizens of Belgium, Denmark, Finland, Greece, Iceland, Italy, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Mexico, Netherlands, Norway, Panama, San Marino, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Tunisia, Turkey and Uruguay. Anyway it is best to write The Tourist Board, Regent Street, Belize City, Belize, C.A.

'Record the dudes at the BelizeCity market trying to hustle you.'

turning on,

Belize proudly celebrated its independence from Britain in September 1981 and there is still a feeling of buoyancy in Belize because of it. You may hear many Belizeans speak of the changes going on in their country. The candidates from the United Democratic Party soundly defeated the candidates of the Peoples United Party in last December's national elections. The PUP had been in power for two decades. No more. There is now a large boat that travels from Belize City south to Punta Gorda carrying people and commerce, stopping in all the coastal towns.

Areas that have long been isolated have more contact with the outside world than ever before. Satellite discs for television are making their way. Belizean juke boxes are sometimes mirror images of the ones found at your local bar or pizza parlor. 150,000 people live in Belize but there are another 75,000 Belizean folk living outside of it. This makes for a steady flow of people and ideas out of the country. Oil companies probe the jungles hoping for worthwhile finds. Meanwhile, some hot-headed Guatemalans read between the lines of history books and claim Belize as part of Guatemala. Fortunately, the people of Belize know a tyrant when they see one and remain independent. From the coral reefs to the jungle, Belize is changing. And while the changes are going on, Belizeans are groovin' to the music—just like everybody else.

CORRESPONDENCE: AMANDALA is one of Belize's national newspapers. It's written in English and if you want to try to communicate to the people of Belize or if you want some contacts you should write: The Editor, Amandala Newspaper, Belize City, Belize C.A.

Two things to beware of while traveling in Belize are Jack o' lanterns and duhendes. The Jack o' lantern is a light out on the ocean that if you investigate or follow turns out to be a ghost ship which either scares the hell out of you at best or sinks or captures you. The duhende is a little mischievous jungle elf who beckons and beckons you further and further into the jungle until you become vexed and can never make it out again. He does his thing on children and tourists.

On September 10, Belizeans gather and celebrate their Independence Day at Jesse Owens park on Washington and Western in Los Angeles. Music, food, speeches and beauty pageants. Check it out.



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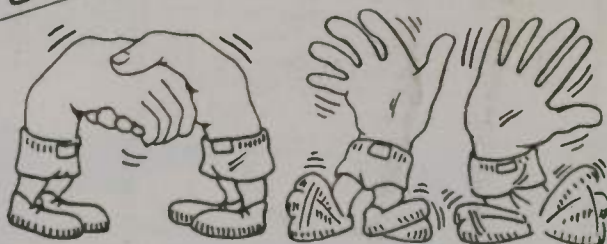


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reviews

SOUND
CHOICE

NOTE TO REVIEWERS: All reviews should be typed or printed extremely neatly. Never type or print in all capital letters. Always double-space your lines when typing or printing. Avoid overused phrases and salesmanship like "well worth the purchase price." and "buy it!" Avoid ambiguous qualifiers like "rather good", "quite impressive", "somewhat better" and "kind of like" and "arguably the best." Understand the meaning of words. For instance, there is no such thing as a record that is "MORE unique" than another record. Always indicate the style or genre of the recording. Avoid using "ishes" and "esques" that are unsupported as in "This album has a great Zappaesque feel." Be very specific when comparing the work of one band or artist to another. In what specific way are they similar. Backup general statements such as "the worst vocals I've ever heard" (in what way?) or "has deep lyrics" (in what way? Such as?). Be truthful and constructive. Don't be flippant. Always include a contact address—and phone numbers when possible—at the beginning of each review (formatted as in the reviews printed here.)

NOTE TO RECORDING COMPANIES AND HOMETAPERS: It is recommended that vital information—especially addresses, and prices—always be an integral part of a recording package. Loose letters and flyers accompanying recordings usually don't get passed on to reviewers. (Because they are snatched for coffee break reading, filed for future reference or used for scratch paper.) Sound Choice attempts to review all independent recordings that are received (send to P.O. Box 1251, Ojai, CA 93023, U.S.A.). Be aware however, that even though we try hard we don't always come through with a review of every recording we are sent as we are at the mercy of the postal system, flakey reviewers, insanity, death and illness, etc. With this warning as a prelude, Sound Choice announces plans for an Audio Evolution Network Independents Only radio show beginning in 1986 that will be broadcast in Ventura and Santa Barbara counties (Calif.). Because most recordings we receive are sent out to our network of reviewers and never seen again in Sound Choice/Audio Evolution Network headquarters, we encourage recording companies and hometapers to send us two copies of their recordings allowing us to file one copy in the Audio Evolution Network Independent Recording Library for future reference and possible airplay. More information about the A.E.N. Independent Recording Library will be included in future issues of Sound Choice.



AFTER DINNER: After Dinner (LP, Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Rd., London, SW 8, UK) Although very little explanatory information is included with this LP, I am told After Dinner is a Japanese addition to Recommended's Contemporary series. However, their music leans toward the European rather than the oriental music tradition. Translated: they fall somewhere between Art Bears and Coss. The vocalist has a beguiling, clear soprano, supported by numerous manipulated sounds. The texture pits natural against the synthetic—an effect explored by several other artists, notably pianist Richard Teitelbaum. One person told me this disc seemed almost "pop" by Recommended's standards. It occasionally has that flavor but it would be a disservice to call it a pop record. There are too many smarts here to dismiss this as pop even in the context of Recommended's stable of avant garde musicians. The silk-screened red and gold album cover is stunning. Gorgeous work.—Mark Dickson.

ALBION DANCE BAND: Under the Rose (LP, Spindrift Records, dist. by Making Waves Ltd. 6/8 Alie St., London E4 8DE, UK; phone 01-481-9917) This record is a mixed bag with rock and roll, country and progressive rock all riding on top of this group's singular British

folk style. No Morris dances or recitations about Elizabethan ghosts here. Singer Cathy Lesurf, late of Oyster Band/Fiddler's Dram, is one of the most delicate, articulate singers I have heard. "Woodlands of England" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow" are beautiful, powerful, and eerie. The traditional concertina is replaced here by synthesizer played by guest Matt Clifford who adds a Kitaro-(!)-like texture. No Dave Mattacks or Simon Nicol, but the new players are equally as sensitive to this kind of music.—Tony Pizzini

ANTENA: Be-Pop/Mummy's Not at Home Tonight (12" 45, Les Disques du Crepuscule, dist. by Rough Trade and Dutch East India) Antena's mini-LP CAMINO DEL SOL is a classic bit of light-weight pseudo-bossa jazz/pop. This single is classic European lightweight disco with slick production. Catchy music with throwaway lyrics. Won't make them friends in America, but it is really good. Put away your prejudice about that flat 4/4 beat and enjoy.—D. Maryon

ANTENA: Life is Too Short/Behind the Door (12" 45, New Dance Records, 23 rue du Gouvernement Provisoire, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium) Two five-minute disco tunes that are bland but charming. This is a record that defines kitsch. Antena does everything with tongue in cheek and their mock-innocence is both cute and hard to believe. This is probably their worst record. Anybody found a copy of "Boy from Ipanema" lately?—D. Maryon

ASEXUALS: New World/B.F.D./Where's the Bus/Stand Up (7" EP, OG Music. P.O. Box 182, Station "F", Montreal, Canada H3J 2L1) Semi-hardcore with some fairly interesting instrumental ideas from time to time. But the tempos aren't up to the Dead Kennedy's speed and the venom isn't there. This is competent music, in it's genre, but it lacks the innocent commitment of the '60s garage/punk bands as well as the cynicism of John Lydon. There is nothing wrong with this record but there is no fire, no new idea.—Charlie Newman

JOSEPH ASHTON: A Hundred Camels (cassette, Rif Productions, 461 Anderson St., San Francisco, CA 94110) Ashton has traveled extensively and absorbed a healthy dose of Middle Eastern, and to a lesser extent, African and Indian influences. These pieces are percussion-based mood grooves, linear in construction, using little or no melodic/harmonic

development but lots of enhancement. Ashton plays a variety of ethnic percussion instruments, tuned and otherwise, and colors things with subtle keyboard sounds, guitar and flute. Good sound, too, unlike so many homemade tapes. This tape does a good job of transporting you to someplace else, while reminding you you're still in the twentieth century. A true meeting of East and West, with nobody coming out on top, just merging for a while in the middle. A nice tape worth a listen if you dig Third World music.—C.W. Vrtacek

THE BANDABLES: Cynicism b/w Love Lies Down (7" 45; Galt Records, 209-80 18th Ave., #5F, Bayside, NY 11360) Pretty good boy/girl bubblegum pop with a smidgeon of folk-rock and trebly guitars. Comparable to medium Monkees, especially the flip with its Davey Jones' inflected lead vocal. Cute 1960s hooks.—Jordan Oakes 6

GERARDO BATIZ: Arlequin (LP; Discos Alebrije, colina 73, ampliacion las quilas, Mexico 01710, D.F.) An exceptional recording of Mexican jazz. From the Spanish liner notes I gather that Batiz is an active performer who's previously released two or three albums. Many of these 10 pieces call to mind Chick Corea's Return to Forever in their Latin LIGHT AS A FEATHER era. The basic ensemble is Batiz on piano and overdubbed flute with electric bass, percussion and soprano voice. The voice is frequently the main melodic instrument but because almost all of the singing is wordless there is no language barrier for those who don't understand Spanish. It's a pleasure to hear Latin jazz so well played. Besides his Latin background Batiz has other influences as well: "Para las Cebollas" is Zappa-esque, with abrupt shifts and some crazed vocals; "Magineate Mascara" is a short Steve Reich-like steel drum solo; and "Amaraillo" is a spacey ECM-style piece based around a kalimba part. He makes all of this diverse music work; the record would be right at home on ECM both for its musical approach and the high level of talent displayed throughout in the composing and playing. Good recording and pressing, too.—Mark Sullivan

BEAT TEMPTATION (4 song 7"; Big Monkey Records, 1297C Rock Springs Rd., Atlanta, GA 30306, U.S.A.) Lead Plimsoul Peter Case fronting the Feelies? No, it's the Beat Temptation! This combo reveals subtle shadings of the Individuals, R.E.M. and the Bongos with its occasional fractured rhythms, ringing strings and dark, inconclusive atmosphere. Also, a strong aura of the deep South clings to these songs like static from Sunday laundry in Jackson, Mississippi. Somewhere in between the flair of folk-induced power pop and the space-filling minimalism of the Velvet Underground, Beat Temptation inspires a solemn, introspective mood, but not forcefully, which is good. This is melodic music but not condescending, well thought-out but not overly-studied; intense but not ear-slugging. Play it as a soundtrack for those irrepressible bouts of south central rain.—Jordan Oakes

THE BEST: I Am The Best (LP; for individual orders—Inteam, An der Lake 2, D-3100 CELLE-Scheuen, West Germany; phone

(5086) 1558; for large orders—Deutsche Austrophon, Postbox 1160, D-2840 Diepholz 1, West Germany; phone (5441) 2081) A Frank Zappa sound-alike album. Everything's there—the xylophone arrangements, the saxophones, the buzz-saw lead guitar riffs and the lyrics, which deal with things like life in suburban America—"Silicon Valley"—or unrequited lust—"Shiek and NTOTB" ("naked titties on the beach"). Lead vocalist Michael Reitzke does a credible job of mimicking the voice of his supposed musical idol. Even the female vocal break-ins sound strikingly like the girl who played the role of "Suzy Creamcheese" on early Mothers of Invention albums. Being a devoted Zappaphile myself, I was interested and quite amused at first. But after a few listenings the novelty wore off.—Paul Goldschmidt

BELAIRS: Need Me A Car (LP; Blind Pig

Records, dist. by Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, U.S.A.) There are moments on this record that remind me of the Nighthawks. But the Belairs are far from clones. NEED ME A CAR is a hot blend of blues standards and originals penned by the Pruitt brothers. Michael Henderson's slide guitar stands out on the Elmore James classic "Sunnyland," and their version of Howlin' Wolf's "Keep What You Got" smokes. "Thunder and Lightning" and "Too Hot to Handle" shows that their writing is as good as their playing. I'm a sucker for a good harp player and Henderson shines here also.—Dale Knuth 9

BILLY CLUB PUPPET: Almost Dread Inna Belltown (Al Margolis, 33-28 148th St., Flushing, NY 11354) Billy Club Puppet's music is hard to describe since it falls into the industrial vein and can't be easily pigeon-holed like most of today's pop crap. While not sporting the aural assault of fellow noise-makers The Swans or Hunting Lodge, B.C.P. has more drive and energy than the blatantly minimalistic Psychic TV. This cassette starts out harsh but simple. However, after a few minutes more instrumentation is added—including what sound like noisemakers of the rarefied kitchen utensil stratum—and an incredible wall of sound is built. On the title track it sounds like the band used a recording of a caged animal having sex as yet another example of artistic expression (I think the Butthole Surfers were the first to try this with their puppy, Mark Farner.) Billy Club Puppet's music is easy to digest and I can't think of a better way of spending a half-hour than listening to ALMOST DREAD INNA BELLTOWN. I do have one question though. Is processed voice just a euphemism for speaking into a bullhorn?—Mike Troughon 8

BISANTZ-EVANS: Mister Spats (LP; Track Records, 67 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn, NY 11217 U.S.A.) Steve Evans is a pianist, composer of all titles and arranger of the large group used on this LP. Some of the recognizable names include trumpeter Lew Soloff, bassist Steve Swallow and drummer Bobby Moses. Swallow and Moses are a great rhythm section and are in part responsible for the success of the LP. If anyone can make the electric bass swing in a

jazz contest, it's Swallow. The co-leader of the group is vocalist June Bisantz. She has a strong and flexible voice and this allows her to effortlessly maneuver the leaps in the melody of the title cut. She sings with a sensitivity that gives an edge to potentially maudlin tracks like "Quiet Love" and "Love Finds You." The disappointing thing about this LP is that she sings on only four cuts. The five remaining instrumental tracks are diverse, ranging in style from Latin ("South Bronx Cheer") to African ("African Piece") to straight ahead big band ("Motivation.") There is nothing terribly wrong with these pieces but there's nothing terribly exciting either. The soloists are adequate in a studio player way and the arrangements are a little generic. This seems less so on the tracks with Bisantz, so the solution is obvious. Let's hear more of her. The album is worth checking out for her tracks. And she also designed the great looking cover for the LP.—R. Iannapolo

BLACK FLAG: Live '84 (cassette; SST Records, Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, U.S.A.) RAGE! Nobody does it more convincingly (or more often) than Black Flag. They are the standard-bearers, the benchmark, the fuckin' essence of the rock known as hardcore punk. No fashion show. No "act." Just raw nerves. Captain Catharsis to the rescue. You have to have felt real torture to play like this, maybe even to appreciate this, judging by the people who tell me they "can't relate." Have you ever been driven to scream at the top of your lungs until your voice was no more? Why not? Does Captain Composure rule your existence, stifling your natural reaction/revulsion to what you know is killing you? Or are you a member of the elite? Sheltered from or always on the giving end of frustration, pain, poverty, longing, enslavement and confusion? Or are you the new Mahatma Gandhi? Black Flag is ever-evolving, refusing to stay within the limits of style defined by narrow-minded followers and journalists. This cassette only release from a live performance last summer shows the band's evolution. Their approach remains savagely brutal, intense and raw but the songs' structures are now more complex and diverse rhythmically and harmonically. Contrary to what many critics say, Black Flag's unique fusion of sound has more in common with jazz than heavy metal. Guitarist Greg Ginn is phenomenal in his ability to communicate with guitar the depth of feeling, the agonizing emotional torture, which vocalist Henry Rollins epitomizes with his ranting and raving style. This tape presents older songs such as "Six-Pack" and "Nervous Breakdown" along with mostly newer material from MY WAR and SLIP IT IN. The songs here are presented sloppy compared to the studio versions, but the live performance makes up for it with an extra bit of desperation.—Bill Hubby 9

REVIEWS

RAINER BLOSS: *Ampsy: A Mythodigital Fairytale of a Kinky Computer* (LP; Inteam, An der Lake 2, D-3100 CELLE-Scheuen, West Germany) From the liner notes of this album: "This LP presents a collection of songs from the extensive stage production AMPSY. In the stage realization these songs will be joined by music for ballet and by environmental sounds from the Inteam Klaus Schulze and Rainer Bloss...One of the oldest 'Love Stories' is the basis for the computer-opera AMPSY: Amor and Psyche." As might be expected, this is a predominantly electronic effort with occasional guitar and "live drum effects" added. The vocal numbers sound new-wavish and the voice of Amor has been heavily processed (to represent the kinky computer I suppose.) I found the inventive use of percussion to be the most attractive feature of these arrangements. As the production is by Klaus Schultz, this is quite comparable to projects done on his Sky label. The recording is immaculate. Based on these songs, I'm sure a night at this opera would prove to be an interesting evening.—Ken Watson

NAPPY BROWN: *Tore Up* (LP; Landslide Records, Inc., 450 14th St., Suite 201, Atlanta, GA 30318, U.S.A.) Born in Charlotte, North Carolina in 1929, Napoleon "Nappy" Brown's earliest musical influences were gospel and blues, but in the fluid music world of Savoy Records in the mid-Fifties Brown turned R&B popster. It was his vocal gymnastics (he really liked to play with the letter "L") and wild stage persona (performances would often find him jumping into the audience to dance with willing women) that briefly catapulted Brown onto the R&B charts and into the limelight. By carefully selecting his material for mainstream appeal Savoy owner Herman Lubinsky ended up choosing tunes for him that instantly attracted white cover records; from the Crew Cuts' version of "Don't Be Angry" to Hugo and Luigi's production of Patty Page's "Piddily Patter Patter." (For the Brown originals see Savoy SJL 1149—Nappy Brown DON'T BE ANGRY.) On the album reviewed here, Michael Rothschild of Landslide Records seems to be trying to market the aging Brown to a white audience by establishing his R&B credentials, backing him with an all-white Georgia blues band called the Heartfixers, and getting blues biographer/novelist Peter Guralnick to declare Brown's R&B authenticity in the liner notes. Rothschild has allowed Brown to finally record his own "down in the alley" blues composition "Lemon Squeezing Daddy" (although the better known of his tunes "Night Time is the Right Time" is mysteriously absent from this set.) The rest of the album finds Brown doing a mixture of numbers written by blues and R&B luminaries Willie Dixon ("Hidden Charms"), Charles Calhoun ("Losing Hand"), Roy Brown ("Hardluck Blues"), and Hank Ballard ("Tore Up"), supplemented by more contemporary tunes such as Bob Dylan's "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You." After all, Nappy Brown was never a purist, and he still has undeniable talents as an entertainer.—Ron Sakolsky

BUNNYDRUMS: *Holy Moly* (LP; Fundamental Music, P.O. Box 2309, Covington, GA

30209 U.S.A.) Ever since I received a Bunnydrums flexi-disc in Terminal Magazine about two years ago I have had my eyes and ears on this band. On the I'D RATHER BE IN PHILADELPHIA compilation LP from Burn Potential Records (P.O. Box 756 Cooper Station, NYC 10276 U.S.A.) Bunnydrums set forth a powerful, postwave track called "Sleeping." It captured that "Clock Work Orangish" feeling that Chrome often creates. Abrasive guitar work with finesse. With their ON THE SURFACE 12" EP from Red Records (810 Longfield Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19118) the band began to develop and stretch their musical boundaries. Their spaciness began to take on



elements of new psychedelia much like the regions of Bauhaus. Almost heavy-metal at times. And with HOLY MOLY the band continues to explore these areas. On HOLY MOLY the band has incorporated additional electronic effects (along with the usual guitar arsenal) and is using them in a minimalistic fashion much like Joy Division did before they became New Order. It is safe to assume that if you enjoy the music of the previous references, you will enjoy this record. Don't expect a lot of rehash either. This is good, original material—very emotional and very powerful. HOLY MOLY's theme is Western (as in cowboy) but the feelings I got from it were more like the dark and futile feelings of the exploited Indians. Definitely not a happy hoedown. Bunnydrums might be the best post-punk band in the U.S.—Mark Lane

CRAIG BURK: *Codes of Abstract Conduct* (12" EP; 345 East 80th St., 33E, New York, NY 10021 U.S.A.) This 14-song, 12" EP, Burk's fourth public release, presents short manic poem/songs. Each composition is based on Burk's written text, supported by a dynamic,

energetic ensemble. The poems are not sung but rather delivered in hysterical bursting streams of consciousness. The key here is in the sensitive, rapid-fire interaction of musicians. Jangling, fragmented acoustic, electric and prepared guitars bounce off short maelstroms of electronics and cacophonous percussion. Although Burk's material often appears random and rooted in the free music tradition, there is an unexplainable structure underlying it. Often, a particular piece will seem on the verge of collapse when a sudden change breaks the chaos and leads into a 20 second bop rhythm ending on the dime. CODES is a fun record that will appeal to anyone with a sense of humor and adventure who is interested in the avant-garde.—Paul Lemos

RAY BUTTIGIEG: *Nearing the Millenium, Symphonic Poem No. 3* (LP; cykxincorp, P.O. Box 299, Lenox Hill Station, New York, NY 10021, U.S.A.) Beautiful, electronic transcendental compositions without repetitive percussion. Spacey symphonies. Moody, modern, pensive and poetic. Put on the headphones and try to find new dimensions of your mind.—David Ciaffardini 9

CAMERATA PUNTA DEL ESTE: *Camara-teando* (LP; Discos Foton) Progressive rock/fusion from Mexico scored for acoustic and electronic keyboards, drums and string section. There are few surprises in this music. Although there are occasional nods in the direction of Brazil and the Caribbean, the group's influences are Western European rather than Latin American. At times the music calls to mind early European progressive bands such as PFM. The record contains a bewildering multiplicity of styles, including lounge jazz, impressionism, and soundtrack music; the net result falling short of being unified. The music is sincere if unadventurous and the musicianship is sound, although the drumming is often a distraction.—Dennis Rea

BUDDY CHARLES: *Jive's Alive* (LP; Red Beans Records, 2240 N. Magnolia, Chicago, IL 60614, U.S.A.) Jive's alive? Well, at least it is in the universe of Buddy Charles. What can you say about a record like this? It doesn't take itself seriously and doesn't ask that the listener do so either. But really, do we need a record that contains such consummately stupid songs like "What's The Use of Getting Sober (when you're gonna get drunk again)" or "Rank Chick". The songs are performed capably and Charles' piano playing is okay. From my perspective the record isn't funny at all. Maybe it would go over big with a bunch of drunks at the local VFW or country club. If you want to buy a record in the jive style something by Louis Jordan or Cab Calloway or Slim and Slam would be more worthwhile. One other complaint: they should have bothered to find out the spelling of Neil Hefti (not Hefte), Florenz Ziegfeld (not Florence Ziegfield) and Jim Croce (not Croche) before they sent the record jacket off to the printers.—R. Iannapolo

PETER CATHAM: *Pinched Awake* (cassette, C-30, \$3.50; Permission Cassettes, P.O. Box 73, Pasadena, CA 91102, U.S.A.) This is a delightful third cassette from Peter Catham of creative, funny and warmly direct compositions. Catham's poise lends these little, oddly shaped "songs" a powerfully intimate and multi-dimensional character. Whether he's playfully teasing "Plastic Irene" (the girl afraid of plastic),

sharing some insular pleasures in riding Chicago's public transportation, or advertising an Orwellian detergent called "Genewash," there's a quick jab of carefully focused humor in each of the brief and looney compositions. The sound is an effective mixture of vocal textures, sparse instrumentation, tape manipulation and studio effects. There is not much singing here but instead there is quirky narration. Experiencing these 13 pieces is like coming across a handsome little case containing a mysterious, orderly array of semi-precious stones and intriguing objects. Simple, attractive packaging also.—Oleh Hodowanec

ANNE CLARK: Joined Up Writing (LP; Ink Records, division of Red Flame) Here is a poet reading over disco beat; and yet these six pieces are intense and worth listening to. Anger seems to be the dominant emotion expressed in a lot of ranting about how false relationships and sex are. The feelings are powerful; the music ranges from listless, depressing stuff to compelling, jumpy background music. Music for two of the songs is by Virginia Astley (similar to her **PROMISE NOTHING LP** but better production.) The others are by David Harrows—drumbox and synth sounds that almost stifle the angry lyrics. This record sounds mechanical but is still interesting. "Our Darkness" was released as a 12" dance single. It has a driving beat with condemning words. I like this LP, more for its gut-level poetry than its music.—D. Maryon

NICOLAS COLLINS: Let The State Make The Selection (LP, Lovely Music, 325 Spring St., New York, NY 10013 U.S.A.) This fascinating and highly original disc in which "the genetic material of speech, song, and popular music is exploded, fragmented and recombined into new music" is of a rare breed of avant-garde or experimental records that command repeated listenings. And the listener is rewarded with new experiences each time. The stand-out track here, clocking in at 13:23, is "Vaya Con Dios" in which "the voice of Ronald Reagan, popular music, and cheap rhythm generators form an anticaricature of the United States' foreign policy in, and cultural stereotyping of Central America." This, and Malvina Reynolds' "Man in the Mask" should have been performed at Reagan's inauguration! (But tell us why?—DC) Highly recommended for the adventurous.—Sally Idasswey 8

CONTROLLED BLEEDING: Psychout 60 Minute Cassette (cassette; Psychout Productions, Mariebergsgat 20, jB, 731 34 Koping, Sweden or 54 Locust St., Massapequa, NY, 11758 U.S.A.) The artists recommend that this cassette be played at maximum volume with bass and treble levels boosted. So I followed the suggestion and the closest comparison to this experience that I can imagine, is hammering a sharpened No. 2 pencil through each ear, boring little holes into the old gray matter. Not for the timid. I don't wish to give anyone the wrong idea—if you're into aural assault then buy this tape and enjoy. For those of you who seek some sense of melody and restraint, you won't find it here. Controlled Bleeding, unlike many purveyors of power electronics, presents an energy and relentless intensity that will blow your socks off. The movement from dense electronic

chaos to Cluster-like ambience to Test Department percussive hammering will attract some and alienate others. For me, this is the best industrial tape of many months.—Richard Choen

COOPER, COW, GILONIS, HODGKINSON, MITCHELL, STEADMAN, AND WYATT: The Last Nightingale (12" EP; Recommended Records, 387 Wandsworth Rd., London, SW 8 UK) Initiated by Chris Cutler (ex-Henry Cow), this collaborative effort joins ex-members of Henry Cow and the Work, an artist, a poet, and vocalist Robert Wyatt in a project to assist the striking miners in England. Be warned: you may know little of, or indeed nothing about this strike, but if you buy this record you've joined the conflict, even if passively. All proceeds from the first pressing of this recording have already been donated to the strikers' fund. The strike is fundamental to this record in more ways than just proceeds. It is at the very heart of each piece performed as the written information included testifies. The EP (to be played at 45 rpm) begins side one with "Moments of Delight" written by Lindsey Cooper and Chris Cutler and ends with a Cutler/Tim Hodgkinson composition "In the Year Dark." The cohesive beauty of the two pieces owes to the years of previous collaboration of the performers. Cutler and Hodgkinson's legendary outrage is especially evident on "In the Year Dark." Side two allows an unaccompanied Adrian Mitchell to romp and ponder through two of his poems "Back in the Playhouse Blues" and "On the Beach at Cambridge." A brief intermission is injected with Henry Cow's "Bittern Storm Revisited", a re-mixed, re-titled version of their oddly cheerful "Bittern Storm over Ulm" from the **UNREST LP**. Ralph Steadman's appropriately gruesome ink sketch cover art completes the effort. It is a bitter and desperate package. The strike has apparently served as a useful vehicle for the group's anger. Is their anger your anger? Think about it.—Mark Dickson

JAMES COTTON: High Compression (LP; Alligator, P.O. Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660 U.S.A.) Nice, relaxed blues session with Cotton's harmonica playing and singing in fine form. Cotton has some of the best blues performers giving him a hand here and it's to his credit that he remains in control and doesn't take it easy. Maybe it's the hot performances by guitarist Magic Slim and pianist Pinetop Perkins that stimulated Cotton into making his best record in years.—Charles P. Lamey

MIKE CRAVER: Fishing For Amour (LP; Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert St., Chicago, IL 60614, U.S.A.) The Red Clay Ramblers' Mike Craver has an affinity for popular songs of the intimate, witty variety. And this LP includes songs from the Renaissance composer John Dowland to Gilbert and Sullivan to Cole Porter, as well as a handful of Craver originals. Fans of the Red Clays' more bluegrass-oriented material may not find much here for them, but a good song is a good song. This record finds its way to my turntable most at lunch time on a hectic day—it has a soothing, familiar quality.—John Baxter

CURRENT 93: Dogs Blood Rising (LP; LAYLAH, 68 Rue J. Bassem, 1160 BXL, Belgium) Some of the most interesting music presently available comes to us from United Dairies and LAYLAH. This, the third LP from Current 93 confirms this. Certainly **DOGS BLOOD** is not for the timid. It chills to the bone. Like its predecessor, the brilliant **NATURE UNVEILED**, this new album is based on highly processed, mangled narrations dealing with the blood of Jesus Christ, behind which all manner of tape manipulation rhymes, counter narrations, razor sharp electronics and echoing, percussive rumblings exist. The atmosphere created is powerful and dangerous, like the sound track that howls in the souls of those rotting in hell.—Paul Lemos

DAIRYLAND JUBILEE: Baby 999 b/w Witchcraft (7" 45; Foundations of the Universe Records, P.O. Box 624, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009, U.S.A.) I'm willing to bet that Dairyland Jubilee prides itself on being hardcore, but they're semi-hardcore to me. The A side is lacking power badly. The B side is more interesting, with a neat little rhythm, but at 3:34 it's toooooo loooooong. I keep asking myself if bands like this are the new garage/punks? And if they are, are they the best of that genre right now? I hope not, because garage/punk should be less competent and more compelling.—Charlie Newman

DANGLING GANGLION: Monsters From The ID (cassette, C-60; Silent But Deadly, P.O. Box 7713, Ann Arbor, MI 48104, U.S.A.) This is a mind jogging, psychedelic fermentation of popular culture that pokes, pinches, tickles, strips, ogles and screws the she-male god that mindfucks our society with television and radio station broadcasts that are beamed every second of every day through every being on this planet and focused and amplified on TVs and radios. This is a fun fuck where the listener comes out on top for a change. Dangling Ganglion puts popular culture where it wants it—in the studio where it can be taped, spun, looped, costumed, sped up, slowed down, and spliced into submission. Even the most crass, lowly, stupid aspects of popular culture (many TV sitcoms for instance) have something that is seductive and mesmerizing. With **MONSTERS FROM THE ID** Dangling Ganglion is isolating and playing with the idiosyncratic aspects of popular culture that D.G. gets turned on by. By isolating audio tracks from their visual context the cassette shows how important sound is in this subliminal seduction. Right off the bat, the first track on the cassette takes us into the id of television culture, jogging our minds to Deja Vu feelings with bizarre but oddly familiar sounds. Checking the title of the cut enlightens the mind to memories of sitting in front of the television watching three comical clods beat the daylight out of each other. It's called "Curly's Trauma" and consists of out of context tape loops of sound effects from Three Stooges programs—you know, the sound of a baseball bat bouncing off Curly's head, the victim's squealing, etc. It helped me realize that much of the appeal of the Three Stooges programs was in the hands of the sound effects crew—the people responsible for the orchestra of pops, bops, squeals, whacks, and yelps that kept audiences bright-eyed and laughing as the

Stooges beat the shit out of each other with hammers, pliers, scissors, branding irons, butcher knives, and ten pound mallets. This is the first of 32 unique audio collages on this tape—some culled from TV, some taken from X-rated videos—taken out of context, altered with original music added. There are several artists working with this sort of thing but this is the best tape of the genre I have come across. It is a giggling, sometimes hilarious, thought provoking and inspiring creation that represents hours and hours of work by the audio artist responsible. Many of the cuts here were created live over the air on non-commercial radio broadcasts making this tape historically significant as it points outward to new awe-inspiring dimensions of radio programming that are being pioneered by radio D.J.s and engineers who have had the conviction, courage and vision to act as artists and search for and explore convention shattering potentials of radio broadcasting that have been around for decades but been obscured by commercial interests and ideologies that monopolized radio in its infancy and have only begrudgingly allowed any of the airwaves to be used for non-commercial purposes. This tape won't appeal to everyone, at least not immediately. One friend, after hearing 30 seconds worth said "What is that? It sounds like a broken record." This description on the colorful cassette packaging is accurate: "Guaranteed to break the ice at parties. Hour of fun for the entire family. Removes unwanted guests." A pop art milestone.—David Ciaffardini

DATA-BANK-A: Spiritus Sanctus (cassette, C-30) Here, Andy Szava-Kovats, whom I presume is Data-Bank-A, comes up with some very likeable, though flawed electropop instrumentals. I'd be tempted to call this energetic, basically upbeat effort passionate if it weren't for something restrained at the heart of some of these proud compositions. Each builds up a momentum, seems to try, but doesn't always convincingly respond to or resolve the given tension. For me, this usually impairs my enjoyment of a work, but here I find myself diverted by the active, dramatic, and richly layered atmospheres on this tape. I think I'll be returning to this one again. Lots of Spiritus Sanctus in this little tape.—Oleh Hodowanc

DATA-BANK-A: Dance-Machine/Intervention/Psychodrama/Group-Six (7" EP; K.O. City Studio, 262 Mammoth Rd., Lowell, MA 01854 U.S.A.) A mechano-man entry from the new garageland, styled after John Foxx/Gary Numan/Fad Gadget/etc. Not bad, but there is nothing new here. The sound is not new. The production is not new. Gary Numan failed because his stuff was old before it's time (John Foxx had done it earlier and better) and these guys have simply continued in poor old Gary's shoddy shoes.—Charlie Newman

ANTHONY DAVIS: Middle Passage (LP; Gramavison, Inc. 260 West Broadway, New York, NY 10013) Avant-garde/new music types will, no doubt, gravitate towards the polished, yet probing improvisations heard on this album. Forsaking his newly created permanent ensemble, Episteme, for a finely-crafted solo outing here, Davis kicks off with "Behind The Rock," a moody rendering of a post-crucifixion scene, combining drones and piano strings

manipulations. This piece, while previously recorded with a quartet on his India Navigation **SONG FOR THE OLD WORLD** album in 1978, still remains fresh. The album reflects the various sources of Davis's inspiration: his European classical chops are very apparent and the Afro-American tradition of which he is part is heard throughout the album in subtle ways which elude the usual jazz categorization. His global influences (having studied African, Indian and, most recently, Balinese musics) while in evidence, are less apparent on this album than on such albums as **EPISTEME** (Gramavison 101.) The title piece is inspired by the poem "Middle Passage," by Robert Hayden, giving us an eerie sense of that "voyage through death to life upon these shores." All compositions are by Davis, except for "Particle W," written by Earl Howard for piano and electronic tape.—Ron Sakolsky

SIMON DE HAAN AND JON ROSE: Kicking As Art Form (LP; Fringe Benefit Records, 172 Riverview Ave., Dangar Island, NSW 2253, Australia) Improvised dueling between trombone (De Haan) and cello or violin (Rose). Rose appeared on Metalanguage with Greg Goodman a few years ago and last year on FBR and Hot doing violin improvisations. Side one consists of improvised duets with no processing or overdubbing. The dialogue, although well performed, is choppy, frustrating and emotionless. Side two is different, involving occasional, extreme electronic torturing of the instruments reminiscent of what is done to Diamanda Galas's voice on her last record. On the 9-minute last piece the processed sounds are well integrated. Nice legs on the cover.—Bill Storage

THE PAUL deLAY BAND: American Voodoo (LP; Criminal, P.O. Box 25542, Portland, OR 97225, U.S.A.) Paul deLay's long awaited second album is finally in the stores and the wait was worth it. These guys have been the Northwest's best kept R&B secret and maybe this album will give them the recognition they deserve. The rhythm section is solid, Dave Stewart's piano is barrelhouse boogie at its best, Jim Mesi's guitar smokes and Paul deLay's harp work is fantastic. **AMERICAN VOODOO** totals 13 songs, from beautiful soul ballads like "This Old Life" and "Get Yourself Another Fool," to the bluesy rockers like "Harpoon Man" and "Sho'Miss you Baby." Paul handles the majority of vocals but Stewart and bassist Don Campbell contribute sterling efforts also. I'm talking good stuff. The Paul deLay Band is the Northwest's premiere goodtime party R&B band. **AMERICAN VOODOO** is the vinyl version and helps me through those weekends when I can't see them live. Buy the album and then see the band next time they roll into town.—Dale Knuth 10

FEDERICO ALVAREZ DEL TORO: Gneiss This LP includes extensive liner notes which apparently explain the concept behind each of the two pieces here, but unfortunately they're printed in Spanish and I can't read Spanish. Both pieces are orchestral choral arrangements

with a touch of electronics on "Ozomatli." The vocals, while operatic, have a feeling of modern industrial minimalism. The music is stark and ethereal on both pieces. "Gneiss" is somewhat linear in structure, seldom deviating from the original mood; "Pzomatli" is more disjointed, abrupt and dramatic.—Allen Green

THE DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND: My Feet Can't Fail Me Now (The George Wein Collection, Concord Jazz) The key to all New Orleans music is the beat—that syncopated second line sound that can be found in music from Louis Armstrong to the Neville Brothers to Wynton Marsalis. The Dirty Dozen Brass Band is important because they have melded traditional New Orleans brass band music with Modern Jazz (Bird and Monk) and the black high school marching bands that promenade in our innumerable Mardi Gras parades while never losing that second line beat. From the traditional ("St. James Infirmary," "I'll Liza Jane") to BeBop ("Bongo Beep," "Blue Monk") to their own numbers ("Do It Fluid," "My Feet Can't Fail Me Now") the Dozen's eight members provide a rhythmic propulsion guaranteed to start your feet dancing and ensemble horn work to take your breath away. Hearing this album at home is not as fun as experiencing the Dozen at the Glass House on Monday nights (the album doesn't come with free red beans and rice) but it does allow one to savour a musical masterpiece eight days a week in the comfort of your own home.—Jim Sauer

DK: The Sexual Fix (cassette; DK, 53 Niagara St., Toronto Ontario, M5V 1C3, Canada) DK produces "outside" music. Reference points are Nihilist Spasm Band, 23 Skidoo, Whitehouse, a hint of TG and a little bit of Eno. Not that these are overwhelming voices that dominate the sound DK makes. DK's sound is a synthesis of all these artists and more. And although DK is somewhat less "outside" than Nihilist Spasm Band or Whitehouse it is more "outside" than SPK and that ilk. If you have a fondness for industrial music that pretty much goes nowhere, that is not for dancing, that works to an over-all effect and then pounds it into your skull with unremitting singularity then this is for you. And while some of it wears thin on me, I like the cassette a lot overall. Recommended to those with adventurous tastes.—Charlie Newman

DOCTOR NERVE: Out To Bomb Fresh Kings (LP; Punos Music, RR2 Box 383, Sherman, CT 06784, U.S.A.) Those who enjoy Frank Zappa's **UNCLE MEAT** should welcome this album. Didkovsky, Doctor Nerve's leader/composer/guitarist/ visionary, has put together a sturdy collection of colorful, offbeat jazz tunes. There are lots of horn outbursts recalling Ian Underwood when he would walk the fine line between avant-garde noise and conventional pop. Also, like Zappa's early arrangements, Didkovsky gives us liberal doses of vibes and absurd bits of dialogue, some treated electronically. The performances are

tight and the writing consistently interesting with Didkovsky injecting humor into his melodies. Doctor Nerve are working to take jazz/rock away from tepid fusion and onto a new, more adventurous plateau.—Charles P. Lamey

ANDRE DUCHESNE: Le Temps Des Bombes (LP with translations; c.p. 2151, Succ. DeLorimier, Montreal, P. Que. Canada H2H 2R8; available from Wayside) Andre was a main writer for Conventum, whose albums are long out of print and on lots of people's want-lists. Most of the Conventum players are on this album. This outstanding music is very intricate and the arrangements are incredibly precise without being predictable. The strange lyrics are often political but not preachy, and sung by Duchesne with variety and style. This reminds me of a lot of things—Aqsak Mahoul (instrumentation and composition), Etron Fou (humor and killer sax), Art Zoyd (tight, haunting strings). Duchesne will probably disagree with all of this. Attempting to categorize this for review purposes brings to mind his lyrics to "Case Ta Case": "When they ask me in which box I am/I say I'm a no-box man."—Bill Storage

ECLPSE: Eclipse (TruLuv) (LP; Eclipse

Records, 8237 Quincy St., Ventura, CA 93004, U.S.A.) Well recorded melodic hard rock/blues album. Tracy Longo, lead guitarist for this four-piece group, lays down the musical foundation. Rick Snider on vocals, writes all lyrics. Snider's vocals are clean and clear with superb range and power. Longo's guitar solos have a classical quality and his virtuosity is exquisite. The singing on "Another Squeeze" is reminiscent of Led Zeppelin. Bassist/keyboardist Bruce Corney demonstrates the importance of the bass in the Tolkien-inspired rock song "Eriador." A mystical/psychedelic quality pervades "The Mushroom Song." The unobtrusive, but steady drumming of Mark Sauer holds the music together.—Sali Jubinville

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN: 2 X 4 (cassette; ROIR, 811 Broadway, NYC, NY 10012, U.S.A.) One of the best of the post-punk junkyard outfits. Einsturzende Neubauten make pure, unrelenting noise that is beautiful...assuming you like that kind of thing. I do. They develop a heavy, rhythmic tribal feel that makes some of their stuff almost dance-worthy. The lyrics are in German. I don't understand German and even if I could I'd probably have trouble understanding the vocal squal here. But understanding the lyrics is unimportant and beside the point because E.N. make their point with sheer sound—the sound of a culture caving in on itself. There are better E.N. releases but this one is definitely worth owning as either an introduction to the band or as an extension of your existing collection.—Charlie Newman

ALTON ELLIS: Earth Needs Love (four-song 12", Sonic Boom Records, 2012 Graham Ave., Redondo Beach, CA 90278) One of the long-time forces in the Jamaican music scene performs two of the sanest protest songs in reggae's history. Rasta rhetoric is bypassed in favor of a more broadly human and humane message. "I can't take no more diverse doctrine" the B side says perfectly and flows into an elegant dub. On target backing by Studio One regulars make this

another important chapter in the career of an unusually intelligent vocalist whose conscience and craft add greater dimension to reggae.—Norman Weinstein

ALEXANDER ILLITCH EPPLER: Barinya (The Russian Dance, "The Lady") (LP; Flying Fish Records, 1304 West Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, U.S.A.) This album features excellent performances etched in a superior recording and stylishly packaged. The liner notes are in English and in a Cyrillic alphabet I assume to be Russian. Eppler, a Bulgarian immigrant currently living in Seattle, is a very accomplished performer on the balalaika, an instrument related to the mandolin and tamburitz which enjoys concert hall status in Russia and several other East European countries. In this country, at least until the appearance on the scene of Eppler, the balalaika has been commonly found in ensembles playing in out of the way urban ethnic alcohol dispensing enclaves where the spirit of the music entices overweight, elderly men to arise in the course of the evening, set aside their suit coats, pull out their handkerchiefs and dance away, solo or ensemble. Eppler's playing, if it finds the large audience it merits, may very well change all that. (Let's hope not!—DC) Eppler is a musician of taste, discretion and marvelous technique. His musicianship transcends the sometimes hackneyed nature of his material, which by and large consists of Russian folk songs and a classical transcription or two.—Norman Lederer

JOEL ERWIN: Guesswork (LP; RedBud Records, 611 Empire Mill Road, Bloomington, IN 47401, U.S.A.) Mellow rock. It might be accurate to call it a cross between Fleetwood Mac and Stephen Bishop. There are a couple of Manhattan Transfer type "shoo-wop-doo-bop" swingers. Interesting production techniques, fine musicianship, good vocals and harmonies, good lyrics and great artwork.—Jason Peri 5

ETERNAL WIND: Eternal Wind (LP; Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, U.S.A.) There have been many recent attempts to produce a kind of World Music where musical forms from many countries form a seamless whole. ETERNAL WIND is another attempt, although there is a string jazz basis here. Much of this instrumental album has a vaguely Eastern flavor and doesn't have much variety. Except for some sparks coming from Charles Moore's trumpet, the music tends to be pleasant instead of pulsing. For now, still give me the real thing—the native musics of the world.—Steve Moffic

FINGERS NUCLEUS: Samurai (cassette, C-46, \$3.50; Ritual Productions, 2578 Germain St., Maplewood, MN 55109, U.S.A.) Here's a fine, craftsman-like art-rock group. Guitar, bass, drums, keyboards and vocals blend in a satisfying meld of mainstream rock idioms, jazz voicings and some eccentric touches. Mostly on the less-harsh side, but not exactly mellow. Nicely recorded on a Yamaha 4-track. A good, clean production.—Tom Furgas 7

FIRESIGN THEATRE: The Three Faces Of Al (LP; Rhino Records, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404, U.S.A.) Nick Danger

again. Roccoco and Bradshaw have Von Pederazzi apparently kill himself with Danger's gun to get him behind bars so Roccoco can sell his anchovy opium-flavored gum unhindered. Nancy now lives in Gumm Heights along with the Dentynes and the Pepes where "Manny and Moe keep cars Jacked up on the lawn." Hilarious with every kind of word-play, a digital mix, but no David Ossman.—Tony Pizzini

FLEETWOOD MAC: Live in Boston (LP, Shanghai Records, 27 Aylmer Road, London W12 9LG, UK) This is not the wimpy Fleetwood Mac that your 15-year-old sister hums along to. This is the raucous, blues-rock Mac of the late sixties. The triple threat guitar team of Danny Kirwan, Jeremy Spencer, and the immortal Peter Green were capable of setting things on fire far more imaginatively than multiple-guitar bands like Lynard Skynard (to whom they bear NO resemblance). Due in large part to Green's abilities as vocalist/writer/guitar wiz, this version of Fleetwood Mac was one of the few young white blues bands that was not embarrassing to listen to. This album opens with the classic "OH Well"—a hot short version. Next comes a Kirwan vocal "Like It This Way," followed by a guitar instrumental "World In Harmony," which shifts between a folky, melodic mood and some raunchy, quasi-psychedelic raga rave-ups. Side two kicks off with "Black Magic Woman" (Green did write this one, y'know) which boogies out at the end. Next comes a slow, edgy reading by Green of the Duster Bennett tune, "Jumpin At Shadows," which, given the events of Green's life since this recording makes the tune seem prophetic. The set closes with a rousing version of Elmore James' "Can't Hold On" featuring Spencer on bottleneck and vocals. If I had to

select a Mac album from this period to go into a museum's permanent collection, I'd pick ENGLISH ROSE or THEN PLAY ON over this, but then, this is the only live document from this particular line-up that I know of, and it's certainly above average with many fine moments.—C.W. Vrtacek

THE FUZZTONES: Leave Your Mind At Home (LP; Midnight, P.O. Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011, U.S.A.) No matter what you think of their visual image of trying to recreate the spirit of the swinging sixties, one would be wrong to deny The Fuzztones are a highly professional and exciting live band. This live mini-album is the result of touring as opening act for The Lords Of The New Church and they responded to the hard task well with a crowd winning explosion of pure, raw Music Machine-style garage punk. Superb trashy graphics spice up the jacket, too.—Charles P. Lamey

GAME THEORY: Dead Center (LP; Lolita, F.G.L., 80, Ave. du Maine, 75014, Paris, France) Northern California's Game Theory is heavily indebted to the stunning, complex pop of Big Star, yet their talent and enthusiasm allow them to succeed on their own merits. The guitar/keyboard blend is often mesmerizing and Scott Miller is a more than capable singer and writer. This is a band that deserves to be heard now. Four of the ten tunes were produced by The Three O'Clock's Michael Querico.—Charles P. Lamey

BRUCE GILBERT: This Way (LP; Mute Records) The majority of this LP is work for choreography by Michael Clark called "Do You Me? I Did." The music consists primarily of mellow, atonal, slightly industrial electronic textures. Some parts are built on unwavering drones while others are based on gentle rhythmic throbs and scrapes. On first listening this record didn't do much for me but the following day I listened to it again through headphones while I was working some mathematical problems and the music came alive. I then realized this music wasn't intended for simply listening to but was designed to evoke moods and images in the subconscious and at that it succeeds admirably.—Allen Green

GOD KNOWS WHO: Live, Perspire, and Phosphorous (cassette; Silent But Deadly, P.O. Box 7713, Ann Arbor, MI 48107, U.S.A.) Innovative experimental pieces using synths, guitars, bass, drums, rhythm machines, found-sound loops, voices, sax, etc. Different line-up for each two to three minute piece, making each unique in sound and texture. At times these pieces approach "serious" classical avant-garde electronic/composition, but always relieved by honesty and humor. Comes with a wonderful sleeve with full annotation.—Tom Furgas 8 1/2

MANUEL GOTTSCHING: E2-E4 (LP; Inteam.) E2-E4 is the latest solo effort of Ash Ra guitarist Manuel Gottsching. He plays all instruments and is credited with composition and production. This record is layered, electronic trance music. At its core is an uptempo, euphonious framework of synthetic percussion and keyboard. On side one Gottsching relies on repetitive guitar and synthesizer figures, embellishing the sound with various electronic effects. Side two is based on a series of extended, distinctive guitar solos. The album is strongly reminiscent of the work of Robert Schroder, Klaus Sculze and Tangerine Dream. In comparison with his earlier classic work **INVENTIONS FOR ELECTRIC GUITAR**, this album has less rhythmic variation and a narrower dynamic range. My only serious criticism of this work addresses the sameness of its sonic backdrop. Used as background music, it has a pleasant and relaxing sound that is easy to enjoy. It also stands up to more careful scrutiny, displaying intelligent conception and meticulous execution.—Robert Oot 7.5

THE GRAVEDIGGER V: All Black and Hairy (Voxx, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510 U.S.A.) Man, it's hard to believe this is from '84 and not a 1965 reissue. Those who love Rolling Stones/Pretty Things inspired garage rock will have to check out this album by San Diego's The Gravedigger V's (now defunct.) Strong originals and brilliant covers, especially the remake of Screamin' Lord Sutch's "All Black And Hairy." The Gravedigger V had an honest feel for their music. I only wish there could be more.—Charles P. Lamey

HA: Hello (cassette; Soft n' Moist Music, P.O. Box 32312, Kansas City, MO 64111, U.S.A.) The cassette has just over 12 minutes of music written and performed by two Kansas City

musicians, David Alan Maxey and Devin Peel. The three songs are simple electronic-based rock/pop with Ian Anderson-like vocals. The lyrics even echo of Ian Anderson but do not match his depth or imagery.—John Cheney

RICHARD HELL: R.I.P. (cassette; ROIR, 611 Broadway, New York, NY, 10012, U.S.A.) New York punk in the 1970s meant T-shirts, denim and leather, dark hair, electric guitars, a reverence for back alley poetry, and close encounters with the euphoric lethargy of heroin and jangled nerve-shaking rushes of irrational methedrine energy. Somewhere in the spectrum of New York punk history, lying between the lethargic aggression, and social cynicism of the Velvet Underground and the kick out the jams, flip-them-the-finger-and-run, juvenile energy of the Ramones lies singer/songwriter

Richard Hell. His lyrics were no where near as biting, concrete and literate as the Velvet Undergrounds and his music lacked the vigor and machinegun-paced direction of the Ramones. With this tape of songs (many sounding as if they were recorded for demos and soundchecks; two of the tracks with tape warp distortion) tracing Hells music career from 1975 to 1984 one must listen between the lines to understand why Hell is often mentioned as an influential figure in music history. It has to do with his style as he projects street smart charisma and authoritative hipness as he sings slow ballads and fast rockers, his nasal voice in full monotonal whine with the essence of punk—rawness and passion—always intact. The tape begins with tracks from the brief period in 1977 when Hell was vocalist and bassist for the hard-rocking Heartbreakers (with Johnny Thunders, Jerry Nolan and Walter Lure), goes onto songs from 1977 through 1983 with the Voidoids, and finishes with bluesy ballads recorded in New Orleans in 1984 with local musicians. Reflecting Hell's career, this tape is like a diamond in the rough, but unlike a diamond there is nothing we can do to bring out more of the brilliance that lies just under the surface. But although it is rough and flawed, it is nevertheless a semi-precious piece of rock.—David Ciaffardini

JOE HEUKEROTT: Bittersweet (LP; Sleepy Morning Records, P.O. Box 393, Scarsdale, NY 10583, U.S.A.) This acoustic singer/songwriter's first album brings us songs about real people in real life situations. My favorite is "Hungry" which starts out talking about cravings for cigarettes and ends up dealing with world hunger. Many of these songs are written from a woman's point of view. "Mary Elizabeth" is narrated by a young woman whose best friend gets pregnant in a Catholic college in the sixties. Heukerott mixes his dark themes with a rye sense of humor—a mark of great songwriting. The artists accompanying him include Fred Hellerman, Frank Christian and Lydia Davis. This is a must for people who enjoy well-crafted songs.—Billie Aul

JAMES HILL: Music Recordings (cassette, C-90; TCAB Studio, 403 Banks St., San Francisco, CA 94110, U.S.A.) Hill and his friends Mickey Stein and Ed Special continue their humorous exploration of urban paranoia on this compilation of some of the better moments recorded at TCAB Studio. The vocal numbers have nifty and snappy electro-pop backings to entertaining and provocative lyrics and the synth/rhythm/trumpet explorations by Hill are enjoyable electronic be-bop. We're even treated to a section of Art Linkletter spewing obscenities at a Hollywood roast. What more could you ask for?—Tom Furgas 9

JOHN HINDS: John Hinds 84; Open Door (cassette; Omni-Sonic, P.O. Box 786, Millbrae, CA 94030, U.S.A.) This apparently is a compilation onto one cassette of two distinct issues which are available separately. These are basically solo efforts, featuring Hinds overdubbing guitar, bass, organ, synthesizer, soprano sax, flute, bass clarinet and percussion. Peter Hinds plays percussion on some of the cuts. **JOHN HINDS 84** offers a variety of pieces ranging from rock riffs under free improvisation to noise guitar solos and pure electronic sound effects with tape echo. **OPEN DOOR** has two long pieces, the first of which "Timekeeper" is a bass clarinet improv over organ and rhythm tracks sound at times like early '70s Miles Davis. "Open Door," the second cut is a standard electronic music composition, circa 1968. The cassette packaging is colorful and high-quality, although a little hard to read in places.—Richard Lainhart

JOHN H. HLIS: Chopped Liver (cassette; J. Hlis, 5427 SW Terrace, Gainesville, FL 32608, U.S.A.) This neurotic 60-minute cassette seems





hell-bent on proving that Hlis can play everything from Beatle-esque pop to rockabilly to jazz. Sorry to say it misses the mark. To his credit, Hlis has made a good stab at decent production, varying the tunes with a background vocal here, a casual harmonic there, etc., though most of this revolves around Hlis' voice and guitar play and a rhythm box. The lyrics don't invite you into a private life or give you the feeling of eavesdropping on secret emotion the way most of my favorite lyrics do. The vocals are not particularly distinctive, nor is the guitar work (though neither are embarrassing.) This rates a C- plus as home recordings go—above average but a long way from world class.—C.W. Vrtacek

HOLY TOY: Panzer and Rabbits (LP; SONET, Marcus Thranes, GT. 2, 0473 Oslo 4, Norway) This is the second LP by Norwegian band Holy Toy and it is their best so far. With exiled Pole Andrej Nebb (bass/vocals), Bjorn Sorknes (guitar/synth), Bernt-Age Nyborg (trombone) and Lars Pedersen (percussion) this band creates some of the most powerful and original music to come out of Norway. This album has more unity than their first and it has an overall feeling that is dark and sometimes depressed. The group says that they are describing social anxiety and on this record it's very much the fear of war that's in the foreground. Like in "Armageddon": "London, Tokyo—Boom, Boom; Stockholm, Buenos Aires—Boom, Boom." But they don't really need the lyrics because the music speaks for itself. Their style is minimalistic with sparse instrumentation and lots of repetitive sounds with Nebb's mighty vocals in Polish and English. It is monumental in its simplicity—you can't be careless about this record, it is too strong for that. I will not emphasize any special tracks, this album must be heard in absolute unity. This is a MUST for everyone interested in new music that borders between rock and experimental music.—Arild Bergh

FREDDIE HUBBARD: Classics (LP; Fantasy, Tenth and Parker, Berkely, CA 94710) Freddie Hubbard escaped from the disco—maybe not forever, but at least long enough to make this fine recording live at the Keystone Corner in San Francisco. In good form, Hubbard performs two of his own tunes, "Red Clay" and "First Light." In good company too with Joe Henderson on tenor sax; Bobby Hutcherson on vibraphone; Billy Childs, piano; Larry Klein, bass; Steve Houghton, drums. A breathing, clapping, cheering audience sounds like it's having fun and the performance seems inspired by all this.—Betty Huck

HUSKER DU: New Day Rising (LP; SST Records, Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260, U.S.A.) Well-crafted, catchy songs delivered with raw

passion and intensity and POWERED by excellent, inspired musicianship make this LP a must for people who appreciate gut-level rock 'n roll. This sounds like they just "set up and went for it," using the first takes and capturing the spontaneity of newly-inspired songs. Some highlights: The title track, which reminds me of PIL's "Public Image" sped up to 45 rpm. Bob Mould's raging flanged and super-distorted guitar sounds like a million hornets buzzing in chorus. This awesome guitar sound (sometimes sans flange) is prominent on every song. "Perfect Example," the mellowest song here, features droning guitar and soothing vocals. Really nice. "59 Times The Pain," (my favorite) has a terrific passage where the tempo builds faster and faster, finally exploding into the chorus. The effect is exhilarating and feels like a jet taking off. "Books About UFO's" is bouncy, '50s, cool-cat rock 'n roll with rollicking piano. "How To Skin A Cat" (not listed on jacket or lyric sheet) tells how to do it logically and profitably.) "Plans I Make" ends the album and if a song were more intense than this, it would cause an instant aneurism in both the player and listener. Wow. This album would be a "10" but someone did a poor job mixing the vocals (too low) on several tracks, lessening their impact.—Bill Hubby 9.5

IF BWANA: Freudian Slip (cassette; Al Margolis, 33-28 148th St., Flushing, NY 11354, U.S.A.) The nifty little cut and paste insert of dear old Sigmund in feminine lingerie gives no hint of the nature of the music contained on this cassette, the bulk of which is annoying guitar feedback superimposed aimlessly over various electronic rumbles, whistles and booms. From time to time a cheesy drum box shows up and occasionally we're subjected to things like a poorly played acoustic piano, an out-of-tune clarinet, etc. Not a pleasant listening experience, but then I wonder if it was intended to be. This release does have good moments though, and when it's good, it's really good. "Pursuit Of Happiness" sets a random typewriter rhythm against a repeating three-note wobbly synth pattern, the ever-present scratchy guitar, and a recitation of the Declaration Of Independence to create an intriguing effect. "Hip, No" and "Sole Mate" (sic) both utilize unique synth sounds and textures (and found voices on "Sole Mate") to set an eerie, dream-like mood.—Allen Green

RONALD SHANNON JACKSON: Pulse (LP; OAO Celluloid, 155 W. 29th St., New York, NY 10001, U.S.A.; phone 212-714-0033) Jackson's first drum solo record. Hard to describe. The playing is intense and thick with polyrhythm. Inventive like Stockhausen is inventive; you never know what's going to happen next. Both sides are clean digital mixes.

On side one Jackson paraphrases from Richard III and The Raven; his voice reminds me of David Thomas or Capt. Beefheart. There's a lyric sheet included otherwise you'd never get it. Side two: four songs, four solos, one piano solo. Words by poets Sterling A. Brown, Michael S. Harper and Robert Haydn. Harper's voice on "Last Affair" and "Those Winter Sundays" presents direct, clear readings (the direct opposite of Jackson's vocals) accompanied by low drums.—Tony Pizzini

JYL: Jyl (LP; Inteam, An der Lake 2, D-3100 CELLE-Scheuen, West Germany) A record of synth/space pop featuring vocalist/lyricist Jyl Porch, composer/keyboardist Ingo Werner, and others from Klaus Schulze's Inteam label. Well-crafted, if not especially distinguished, electronic dance-pop songs, sometimes sounding like an overstated Kraftwerk with disco production. The English vocals, usually processed to achieve a mechanical, disembodied effect, reflect a preoccupation with played-out sci-fi themes she sings of in songs such as "Computer Love," "Electric Lady," and "I'm A Machine." With lyrics like "love in outer space" the songs border on the embarrassing. It is not clear whether Jyl is celebrating or decrying the unchecked advance of technology. Still, the music is more dynamic than usual in this genre, and at its strongest, as in "Mechanic Ballerina," deserves international attention. Fans of Klaus Schulze, Kraftwerk, and Gary Numan will find this record worthy of investigation.—Dennis Rea

HENRY KAISER: Mah Jongg Hell (cassette, C-85, \$11; Mystery Tapes Etc., Box 727, Station "P", Toronto, Ontario M5S 2Z1 Canada) These pieces were put together by Kaiser with a TEAC 4-track as practice in the use of a LinnDrumm machine but show no trace of being merely practice sessions. Pieces hold up well as dynamic experimental rock jams and other pieces are in Kaiser's more well-known space-noise guitar idiom. The combination of styles makes for more accessible listening than is usual with Kaiser, but there's no hint of compromise or lack of sincerity. John Oswald has assembled these cuts with occasional additions of spoken word segments between or during them lending touches of humor to this fine collection.—Tom Furgas 9

CONNIE KALDOR: Moonlight Grocery (LP; Festival Records, 3271 Main St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V5V 3M6) Good variety here.

Some Benatar types, Eagles types, and Ronstadt types. A couple of pretty country ballads too. The production is excellent, as is the musicianship and vocals. This album isn't unique, but it's very commercial and I think

He sings both wild and engaging. The first song on side one is "I'm Gonna Rock New York" and he gives it a good shot. The whole first side

that's what it wants to be. With enough promotion it could be successful.—Jason Peri 7

KATRINA AND THE WAVES: *Katrina and the Waves II* (LP; Attic Records, 624 King St. West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada MV5 1M7) Kimberly Rew's old band, the insultingly under-rated Softboys, played detached, graphically-humorous pop-psychelia. Rew's new band, the Waves, are a criminally talented, zesty bunch who've invented a tremendous power-pop/hot-soul hybrid without a seam in sight. Admittedly, for myself and others who immensely dug Rew's voice and dB's-ish pop on *THE BIBLE OF BOP* the switch to Katrina with her classy yet no-frills retreat back to the days of passionate R&B and Motown may be a jarring transition. But the songs are still pop—REAL pop but they're injected with the spirit of a classic generation of soul stylists that I'm too young to remember first-hand. It's given me a chance to appreciate these old forms while worshipping at the feet of this Katrina girl and what she does with Rew's struttin', pop tunes. I dare you not to hum "Red Wine And Whisky" in your sleep. A brilliant, catchy follow-up to last year's *WALKING ON SUNSHINE*.—Jordan Oakes 9

KEELER: *Planet of Lovers* (cassette; Keeler, 132 W. 24 St., New York, NY 10011, U.S.A.) Keeler is half of the recording duo Port Said, and this is his first solo outing. Well recorded synthesizers, sequencers, and not run of the mill drum machines. A strong influence from the Klaus Schulze/T. Dream/Cluster school of contemporary German electronics. Unpretentious, straightforward, well produced, well arranged and to the point. To quote the press release, "It may be adventurous from time to time, but it's not difficult music." True. Good soundtrack-type stuff. Thank God there's none of the self conscious metaphysical posing or heavy handed sonic dramatics that seem to be inherent to this genre.—C.W. Vrtacek

TOMMY KEENE: *Places That Are Gone* (LP; Dolphin, P.O. Box 8977, Durham, NC 27707, U.S.A.) If you like the Beatles, U2, R.E.M., Badfinger or the early Byrds, Tommy Keene may just be the missing piece your finicky musical puzzle needs. Capable of combining a lush, heart-swaying melody with Beatlesque harmonies at the "Nowhere Man"-ish best, all framed within a modern production thick with guitars, Keene is probably matched only by the dB's in the 80s power-pop Olympics.—Jordan Oakes 9.5

DAVE KELLY AND BOB HALL: *Survivors* (LP; Appaloosa, c/o Irec SrL, Via San G.B. de la Salle 4, 20132 Milan, Italy) This is a nice, pleasant set of acoustic piano and guitar duets from two of Britain's most durable blues veterans. Bob Hall's piano playing is bright and cheerful and it's nicely offset by Kelly's country-blues guitar style. Not exceptional or essential, but certainly entertaining.—Charles P. Lamey

DEVIN KIDD: *Changeling* (LP; Devidd Records, Inc., P.O. Box 11158, Albany, NY 12211, U.S.A.) Kidd wrote and sings all the songs and he's a very good rock n' roll singer.

FOR DEVIN



cooks with great guitar work by Joe Wasial and tasty horn breaks by Rick Rourke. The notable songs on side one are "Prancin Pony" and "Devil Doll" in which he sounds a hell of a lot like Jim Morrison and the Doors except the lyrics aren't as rich. Side two starts off with "Dancing Ladies" which has a semi-tropical beat. He then gets into a mellower mood which I found aimless. He winds up the record with "It's Not Strange At All" which has a nice hook in the chorus and the band sounds a bit like the old Kinks. The production, playing, singing and music on this record are generally top notch. The lyrics are this record's major flaw because Kidd comes off like he's trying to make sure that we're sure that he's some sort of rock n' roll stud. Lyrics aside, it's a good 1980s rock n' roll record. The energy is certainly there.—Drew Robertson

TOURE KUNDA: *Live In Paris—Ziguinchor* (LP; OAO Celuloid) This modern yet traditionally true African pop group is caught live in Ziguinchor in front of the enthusiastic audiences of Paris, currently a hot spot for contemporary African music. A very cosmopolitan band, Toure Kunda plays dance music in various styles from the African continent and even infused the reggae beat into a few of the songs. This is a very balanced album with a perfect communion between skin drums and electronics, traditional and outside influences. Some of the songs on the album can be found on Celluloid's *NEW AFRICA* sampler in either shortened or studio form. But aspects of African music like call and response are not lost in this live recording and this album is more exciting and has more depth than *NEW AFRICA*, at least as far as Toure Kunda's tracks are concerned. This is good African pop.—Julia Kilgore

LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO: *Induku Zethu* (LP; Shenachie Records, Dalebrook Park, NJ 07423, U.S.A.) "Zulu Vocals" the album cover modestly and cryptically proclaims. No other English words on the album jacket explain this recording. This eight man vocal group from South Africa could be viewed as that country's version of the Persuasions, the sole difference being that this group is a hundred times more musically complex and emotionally daring. I make this assertion not being able to interpret one word of any song. Yet the truth and reality of these songs can be found in the intricate webs of counterpointed vocals, in

perfect pitch, harmony and rhythm. The most hypnotic recording of African music I've heard in years, a fact all the more startling when one realizes no percussion is heard on this recording. Just the clash of blood and bone.—Norman Weinstein

FRANKIE LEE: *The Ladies And The Babies* (LP; Hightone Records, P.O. Box 8064, Emeryville, CA 94662, U.S.A.) This is the real deal—soulful blues for a contemporary audience with Lee in top vocal form. A smoother and more ebullient vocalist than his cousin, Johnny "Guitar" Watson (who joins him for some "chicken scratchin'" guitar on "Stoned, Cold, and Blue.") Lee sweet-talks and pleads his way through this album aided and abetted by a tight horn section, the rock solid lead guitar of Bobby "Mr. Goodfingers" Murray, and female back-up vocalists on some tracks. Whether he's playing dumbfounded before a judge in a child support case while advising his brothers not to "play" unless they can pay ("The Ladies and the Babies") or rappin' to his woman as she's walking out the door telling her she's gonna miss his good lovin' ("Nasty Stuff"); he is entirely convincing. The album closer, "It's Cold Out Here," Lee's message about the social consequences of Reaganomics, is right on the money too.—Ron Sakolsky

ROBERT LEPAGE AND RENE LUSSIER: *Chants Et Danss Du Monde Inanime* (LP; Ambiances Magnetiques, c.p. 263 Station E, Montreal, Quebec H2T 3A7 Canada) Clarinet and sax (Lepage), electric guitar and percussion (Lussier.) A well conceived and executed album. The meaty guitar, more percussive than on Lussier's last, is strongly reminiscent of Cora, Frith and Kaiser. Lepage's dynamic reeds resemble Alfred Harth's in the days of Von Springen Des Gartes and Indeaner Fur Morgen. Together they provide nicely paced duets, often with solid and complex rock beats, that range from introspective to funny. The range of sounds they produce with their instruments range from wailing sirens to machine gun attacks. All this is done without being self-indulgent or sounding experimental.—Bill Storage

LE SYNDICATE: *Audiostatik* (cassette; J.M. Onni, 90 R. Leon Frot, 7501 Paris, France) A fascinating cassette from the French avant garde, in the style of Boyd Rice, M.B. and P231. Industrial rhythm is the core of Le Syndicate's work—distorted and relentless. Most of the material is made up of interacting electronic pulses emanating from drum machines, record skips, controlled feedback, and various tape manipulations. The sound is often arresting and unpredictable, at moments quite ambient, and at others, harsh and grueling. Never do we experience the electronic mayhem of artists like Ramleh and New Blockaders, or the sadistic fury of Whitehouse. Although Le Syndicate's material is purely electronic and firmly rooted in the "difficult" school, it is structured and controlled. The emphasis here is on atmosphere, and like M.B., J.M. Onni and his group create bleak soundscapes depicting technological suicide. This work is an excellent representation of the French movement, strongly

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recommended to those interested in challenging sounds.—Paul Lemos

BENJAMIN LEW/STEVEN BROWN: *Twelfth Day: Speech, Adornment, Love* (LP; Original Music, R.D. 1, Box 190, Lasher Rd., Tivoli, NY 121583, U.S.A.) Layerings of diverse, generally slow moving, cycling and repeating motifs create a shrouded (perhaps inverted), lugubrious music. Individual cuts do not progress in the conventional sense, but tend to maintain something resembling stasis, a suspended state. Lew and Brown borrow extensively from an array of Western and non-Western musical cultures (they seem particularly fond of pseudo-Indian licks) and barring a few obviously flawed (and boring) pitch choices, turn out an interesting collage. Scored for synthesizers, reeds, percussion, and tape and appropriately tagged with enigmatic titles: "The Island, the Hotel," "She Moved Forward," "The Others, All of Them," etc.—J. Stacey Bishop

LOIS: *Macaroni and Cheese* (cassette; c/o The Dave, 2269 Market St. # 241, San Francisco, CA 94114, U.S.A.) What's this? Folk-tribal-nursery tunes? Yes! Direct, friendly, open. Mostly acoustic instrumentation (guitar, percussion, cello, etc.) supporting unaffected lead female voice singing simple and wryly amusing little songs. Precious. Refreshing. Fun.—Tom Furgas 7

LOUIE LOUIE AND THE LOST HOMBRES: *Louie Louie and the Lost Hombres* (LP; Rebel Riot Records, P.O. Box 2793, Elizabeth, NJ 07028, U.S.A.) I don't know anything about Louie Louie and the Lost Hombres, but I picture them as a tight, experienced bar band trying to break away from covers. Louie Louie has a nice, relaxed voice, sometimes sounding like the guy who sings for R.E.M. Everything about the record—the singing, the playing (two guitars, bass and drums), the production, and the cover—is sharp and professional, but the overall sound is uninspired, lacking the freshness and rawness of its influences (old and new rockabilly, garage, bar bands that play Chuck Berry songs, and jangly early-80s new wave pop.) A nice version of the Bar-Kays' "Soul Finger."—Ken Marth

LYDIA LUNCH, MICHAEL GIRA: *Hard Rock* (cassette; Ecstatic Peace, 84 Eldridge St. #5, New York, NY 10002, U.S.A.) The tape has two spoken word pieces, one by Lydia Lunch and one by Michael Gira (of the Swans) which were recorded in Gira's bedroom in February 1984. Lunch's "Wet Me On A Dead Night" is a violent, explicit, omniscient narration of a man and woman's quick mutual seduction. Gira's "I'm An Infant; I Worship Him" is a repulsive, first person tale of an obese man, obsessed by his boss, who, as well as other things, kills a wino and masturbates while eating his entrails. Gira's detailed descriptions of the man's fantasies and actions are more disturbing than any of Swan's music, to say the least.—John Cheney

EBLEN MACARI: *Glacares/Cuatro Canciones* (LP; dist. by Intermusica F.M., A. Postal 21-301, 04000 Mexico D.F.) Mexican composer/performer Macari offers a truly two-faced disc—one side developing along quite different lines (both conceptually and aestheti-

cally) than the other. Side A, "Glacares," presents a dialogue played out between synthesizers and classical guitar (Maracari laying down the tracks on both instruments.) Short synthesizer movements that might fittingly adorn your average horror film are intercut between engaging and delicate movements of modern, well-played solo guitar. Side B features the composer as vocalist in four over-produced songs that strongly call to mind the vocal inflections and phrasing, the melodic contours and the underlying guitar configurations of songwriter Leonard Cohen.—J. Stacey Bishop

SCOTT MacDONALD: *Solitude* (LP; Digital to Disc Records, Box 1102 Burbank, CA 91507, U.S.A.) Scott MacDonald plays very good piano. On this solo record his performance is generally impressionistic; something like Debussy but at times like Keith Jarrett and at other times like George Winston. He plays both subtle and stupendous licks. It's noteworthy that he doesn't read music. It's wonderful that a human can learn to play a piano with such proficiency with no formal training. He just listened and practiced. There's a flash to his music as well as more contemplative aspects. Of the six cuts, two have vocals. The record doesn't really need them, but they are well sung and in no way bad songs. It's all recorded superbly. On a good stereo it sounds like he's playing the piano right in your room, but this time the piano is in tune. The recording was produced without any electronic effects or editing except an EMT plate was used to add reverberation on the vocals. It's a well done record and recommended if you appreciate piano music and/or are interested in stereo recordings of the highest fidelity.—Drew Robertson

TEO MACERO: *Fusion* (LP; Europa Records, 611 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, U.S.A.) TEO Macero conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra, featuring the Lounge Lizards. Macero's efforts to combine various musical forms, e.g. jazz and contemporary classical, in these pieces ranging in length from three to almost 16 minutes and in date of composition from the early 1950s to 1981, by and large fall flat on my ears. Some of the works start out well and seem to proceed with a certain musical logic for a time and then "fusion" enters in and "confusion" results, with a tonal, atonal, jazzy and downright noisy achieved effect. "Fusion," the longest piece on the album, has its moments of musical insight and even a fragment or two of revelation, but as it proceeds it seems to degenerate into mere banging away without purpose. The London Philharmonic, a high class "orchestra for hire," plays well under Macero's definitive direction. The Lounge Lizards, a jazz group previously unknown to me, carry their share of the musical load with aplomb and a touch of élan.—Norman Lederer

GREGORY MILLS: *Esfoma* (LP; Gregory Mills, P.O. Box 4692, St. Louis, MO 63108, U.S.A.) Solo piano music by Mills, a young chap from the "show me" state. Mills is a very talented fellow, able to zip to the end of a keyboard with his right hand for a little skirmish at the top end while maintaining a solid base with the other. He's got a nice touch, and expresses himself well, and the LP is well recorded and pressed. Good, simple cover, too. The trouble.

for me, comes with the compositions, which leave me cool. "One For Ives," for example, shows that he's certainly nailed ol' Charles on the head. Couldn't sound more like him. The thing is, with all the Ives material there is, why more? While the other pieces are more original, they don't break any new ground. I think these pieces, done with at least one other musician and arranged more extensively, might sound pretty good. As they are, they strike me as the groundwork for what's to come. Still, far more professional and advanced than a good deal of what I've heard lately.—C.W. Vrtacek 8

THE MOJO MEN: *Dance With Me* (LP; Eva, F.G.L., 80, Ave. du Maine, 75014 Paris, France) The Mojo Men are best remembered for their moderate hit cover of The Buffalo Springfield's folk-rock gem "Sit Down I Think I Love You." But they were equally capable of some solid fuzzed garage punk as well as some Turtleish bubblegum. Maybe it was this lack of identity that prevented them from grabbing the gold ring.—Charles P. Lamey

PABLO MOSES: *Tension* (LP; Alligator Records, Box 60234, Chicago, IL 60660, U.S.A.) A radical departure from Mose's cool futuristic sound of *IN THE FUTURE*. This release has a bounding feel. Rasta politics are presented in simple (rarely simplistic) lyrics which Moses delivers with fierce intensity. His high and thin vocal has never sounded more menacing as on "Outlaw." "Open" takes what sounds like a children's game chant and reshapes it into a cryptic sounding Rasta koan (as if to ask: What is the sound of one spliff burning?). Flashy use of synthesizers (shades of Oliver Lake's *Jump Up* sound here) and horns (Dean Fraser is to reggae sax what Jack deJohnette is to ECM jazz) Very uptempo, very bold, very revolutionary—yet with a grounding in rock and roots.—Norman Weinstein

MUSICANTE LA OTRA MUSICA DE CAMARA: *Buscando un Tesoro* (LP; Disco Pueblo, dist. by Fonarte Latino, Mexico) This album contains musical excursions for a chamber ensemble consisting of flute, oboe, guitar, cello, percussion and double bass. Half of the

eight compositions presented were penned by the ensemble's guitarist and director Guillermo Diego. There is a strong Brazilian folk influence in this music, not unlike Villa-Lobos. Stravinski's influence is felt through occasional use of odd meter accents. Some of the melodies betray a salon flavor almost bordering on pop. The arrangements are decent except for the percussion, which sometimes becomes excess baggage. While the musicianship is fairly competent, there is a slight intonation problem in spots. The lack of spark and originality in performances and composition makes this record bland.—Ken Watson

DAVID MYERS: *Gravitation And It's Discontents* (cassettes; Presence, 228 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10014, U.S.A.) This takes me back—way back—when I was 13, really stoned, twizzled in fact, in the back seat of a '67 Mustang hearing Pink Floyd's "Dark Side Of The Moon" for the first time and reaching nirvana during the trippy electronic effects. In Arthur Douglas's "Contact List For Electronic Music (C.L.E.M.)" Meyers gives an accurate description of his music: "It is listenable, not

academic, and uses electronics, guitar and processed voice (no words though). Influences are minimalism, ethnic music and German EM...." Meyers invents and constructs "electronic devices" helping create the great variety

of generally warm and rich sounds throughout this recording. The pleasing variety of vibrant and imaginative compositions make this an impressive debut.—Bill Hubby 8

ORTHOTONICS: Wake Up You Must Remember (LP; P.O. Box 13, Richmond, VA 23201, U.S.A.) Orthotonics have been working for quite awhile producing some superb material on cassette. Thus this new LP has been anxiously anticipated. And let me say right off, **WAKE UP YOU MUST REMEMBER** is very good indeed and certainly worth the wait. Although Fred Frith had a hand in the mix, the LP retains a strong sense of melody and danceability, yet possesses a progressive, occasionally improvisational quality. The combination of strong melodies, delightful rhythms, and off-the-wall, enigmatic lyrics create a listening experience that is at once fun and thoughtful. Songs like "In A Numbered Way" are catchy, sensitive and thought provoking. The lyrics read like poetry, full of cacophony, and wonderful imagery, never obvious, but always concrete. Orthotonics balance lyrical sophistication with a dynamic, quirky sense of arrangement and timing. The band moves from break neck dance music into light jumpy funk then to breathy, fractured, progressive "fake jazz/rock," while always maintaining a sound of their own. If you could blend the sounds of Suburban Lawns, Muffins, and early Talking Heads, the results might be similar to Orthotonics. (Although not nearly as technical and unpredictable as Muffins, nor as charmingly melodic as Talking Heads.) One small criticism: Orthotonics writing skill along with the rhythmic and poetic color of their songs would benefit greatly by a cleaner, more dynamic production.—Paul Lemos

THE OTHERMOTHERS: Party Topics/ traveling in Circles (7" 45; Chad Records, P.O. Box 10437, Greensboro, NC 27404, U.S.A.) The A-side sounds like a warped Joy Division record if you play it at 33 1/3. If you play it at 45 rpm, as it is meant to be played, it is mercifully shorter and sounds like '80s frat-rock. The B-side is a clear winner, though, slower (but only slightly), more melodic (greatly), less clever and more heartfelt. "I'm traveling in circles/but they're different circles every time." At least they're traveling and not standing still.—Steve Jones

PACIFIC 231: Berlinerluft (cassette; VP. 231, 11 Allee du Prunier Hardy, 92220 Bagneux, France) One of the most unnerving recordings I have heard in a long time by a group who's work has been getting a great deal of well-deserved recognition during the past year. **BERLINERLUFT** is based on Nazi Berlin during the Second World War and consists of actual recordings of various political speeches, war songs from the German Army, battle sounds depicting the destruction of Dresden and the ravages of war. Because of my inability to understand either German or French, I can only provide minimal insight into the intended meaning behind the work, but one thing is obvious, this is very threatening material—ugly and frightening. The foreboding of **BERLINERLUFT** stems from the relentless



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attack of cutting electronics and abrasively brutal montage of voice and sound; there simply is no relief for the first half hour. The second side of the tape is easier to deal with, not nearly as gripping, but equally creative and at times almost danceable. Although the material here is more rhythmic and musical than on the A side, it still possesses a violent undercurrent dealing with the war theme. This is, to say the least, a superb cassette that must be heard—my description only touches the surface of the work.—Paul Lemos

THE PARADISE STREET BAND: Summer Seas and Golden Dreams (cassette; PSB, 4530 32nd St., San Diego, CA 92116, U.S.A.) Two celtic duos, The Two Magicians and The Hintons, combine their forces to produce this, one of the finest independent releases I've heard. Their harmonies are wonderful and tight. Their skillful playing of guitars, pennywhistles, bodhran, harps and recorders is a joy to hear. Most of their material is original with a delightful celtic lilt. The production is superb. Some folk purists might scoff at the use of electronic drum tracks though these are used sparingly. For celtic music buffs, this is a must.—Sally Idasswey 9

PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA: Broadcast-ing From Home (LP; Jem, 3619 Kennedy Road, S. Plainfield, NJ 07080, U.S.A.) The first adjectives that come to mind are warm, gentle, beautiful, and extraordinary. Each of the 12 pieces are elegantly crafted and produced. The rich acoustic combination of violins, ukuleles, nylon strung guitars and light, lilting piano progressions, interacting delicately over sensitive percussion make this an aural delight. Many of the rhythms are based on traditional folk forms. However, this music, although ethnically rooted, falls into no particular category; there are traces of jazz and classical and occasionally rock. This is world music in its truest sense.—Paul Lemos

JIM PETRARCA, EDDIE GUTHMAN, KEN DIXON: Live At The Biltmore (cassette, C-45, \$8; Acoustic Medicine Productions, 2462 Matilija Canyon, Ojai, CA 93023, U.S.A.) The Biltmore in question is the Marriot Hotel in Santa Barbara, Calif., where the above named perform on piano, bass, and drums, respectively. Given the limitations of the setting, the group delivers some well-played mainstream jazz, avoiding the cocktail cliches one might expect. In a trio like this the piano tends to dominate, and in Petrarca's playing I hear echoes of Red Garland, Dave Brubeck, and Ray Brant. Guthman contributes some melodic, clearly articulated solos, and Dixon adds what fire he can under the somewhat laid-back circumstances. The choice of material strikes me as conservative: oft-performed standards—a bossa nova, two blues, a couple of pop tunes. I get the feeling these guys can play this stuff with one hand tied. I'm looking forward to hearing

them **WAIL** next time.—Bart Grooms

PRIMITIVE ROMANCE: The Spirit's Still There/Missionary Plan Failed (33 1/3 single; Primitive Romance, 1619 Commonwealth Ave. Apt. 16, Brighton, MA 02135, U.S.A.) This single has a dreary feeling to it, like that of The Cure's **PORNOGRAPHY** LP, or The Chameleons' **SCRIPT OF THE BRIDGE** LP or even Maryland band Here Today's **EP WHISTLE IN THE YARD**. It is angry but not violent music. The slow depressing vocals may have too much bass so it takes a few plays to catch what the lead singer is saying. The rawness of the recording actually adds and makes the recording more mysterious and, possibly, better.—Eric Sonntag

PROBLEMIST: 9 Times Sanity (Sordide Sentimental, B.P. 534, 76005 Rouen Cedex, France) The most prominent feature of this group is the strident voice of its vocalist William Davenport. His is a voice of morality having suffered horribly from the twentieth century, violated too many times and now demands retribution. This is an accusing voice that has no focus for its accusations and so accuses everything that surrounds it conscious of the wrongs done to it, believing in its moral outrage, but knowing that it has no control and can effect no change. This is the voice of frustration that can do nothing but repeat its exhortations ("You only think about yourself"). Repetition becomes cliché, the voice of outrage dulls on repeated hearings and we become bored with it, we no longer feel the need to do anything about the wrongs done. We stop listening, lose interest and forget about this voice which demands our moral attention. We become jaded, but that voice is still there—repressed but present. Problemist gives us the music of the unconscious through the use of bass, percussion and tapes. Beneath the glossy veneer of the modern world is the machinery that runs it, cold plastic and metal rhythms, and it is here that Davenport's voice finds a home, making us look beneath the veneer to the primal, undifferentiated energy that runs under our technological society. But Problemist is not merely acting as a guide, leading us to experience the anarchy of the id. This is not the music of an industrial Bacchanal, but a music that recalls us to ourselves and make us conscious of all that we have repressed and thought we had forgotten. This is the music of guilt and necessity. We too easily let things

slide; yet a healthy, aware existence requires that nothing slide, neither friends nor lovers nor nuclear war. Problemist is the voice of the super ego that ended up in the id. What kind of society could allow these opposing forces to come together like this? Whoever heard of the id being moral? Perhaps we can say that this is a political band that has been forced to discover that political action can only take place outside of the realm of politics.—Scott Pollard

◀ **PROOF OF UTAH: A Dog, A Dodo, and a Fool** (LP; Smiley Turtle Records, 228 Clough St., Bowling Green, OH 43402 U.S.A.) This is the sort of LP that I love to hear! It is a diverse, interesting and fun record surrounded by a fold-out cover with words and funny art. There are so many themes that it's best to list them by songs: "Mrs. Delicious" is a humorous funky groove with slow, affected vocals. "Betty's Pleasure" is a funny little story of Betty who is out of touch with reality. Repetitive talking dubs and similar to Eno/Byrnes MY LIFE IN THE BUSH OF GHOSTS. "What Ever Happened to Protocol?" is like Eno's "Here Come The Warm Jets." The title cut is also like BUSH OF GHOSTS with interesting, frustrating guitar that scratches along. "Amber Mitchell" has a tuba! This is funny! Southern twanging about eating pies made out of Rabbit eyes. "Beverly" is an ambient Eno-ish piano piece. "She's A Fish" has wild rough vocals with pointy high-pitched guitar plucks backed by fuzzy garage guitar. "Pronto Bill Gets Born" is farfisa and funny bird calls. Zappa meets Residents? "Bomb Me Babe" is a dub tape song with found audio of nuclear topics that fades to a Dylanish sound. Overall, this LP is Eno meets Residents during different parts of Eno's career. Off-beat, nutty and one of the better independent releases I've heard this year.—Mark G.E. 9

◀ **THE QUEEN ANNES: I Thought Of You b/w This Is That** (7" 45; Queen Annes Records, 23033 N.E. 77th St., Redmond, WA 98502, U.S.A.) I like this seven inch 45 which combines merseybeat beat with the paisley underground. The Bangles would feel at home here. Tom O'Connell's vocals are clear, young and straight from the mid- 60s. Kip Phillips's guitar mixes well with Joe Meering's harmonica on "I Thought Of You," causing a bluesy-psychedelic effect. It has all the psychedelic pop la-la-la's making for melodic upbeat vocals that made those days great. The sleeve is very nicely done with a cover reminiscent of the 60s or a Beatle- type look.—Mark G.E. 8

◀ **RADIO PIECE III: Radio Piece III** (LP; Radio City Records, 167 Crane St., Fairfield, CT 06430, U.S.A.) Their writing and arrangements reveal that as youths they probably idolized ELP, Rick Wakeman and Zappa. Much of this hints at Zappa's STUDIO TAN in its quirky little keyboard segments punctuating short recitations in a voice like Frank's. The keyboard and guitar- oriented tunes are friendly and full of changes in tempo but lack depth of composition. I tire of hearing a demonstration of how many different voices a synthesizer has. This is adequate rock music (ignoring the embarrassingly trite lyrics) but contains nothing truly progressive.—Bill Storage

RASCAL REPORTERS: Ridin' On A Bummer (LP; Hebardesque Records, P.O. Box 37286, Oak Park, MI 48237, U.S.A.) This is the first album by the Rascal Reporters (Steven Gore and Steven Kretzmer.) Quite simply, this is a wonderful LP. It is well recorded and produced and includes contributions from a number of other musicians including Fred Frith, Tim Hodgkinson and Dave Newhouse. While musical references abound in this work, the sound is uniquely theirs. On first listening one will be struck by the strangeness of parts of this record—the RRs utilize sound in unusual ways, are very eclectic and have a twisted sense of humor. For example, the record begins with a few seconds of processed vocal sounds, followed by a majestic synthesizer and drum figure that has an unexpected rhythmic twist or two. This is followed by a quick synthesizer run (a sound somewhat akin to rapidly spinning your radio dial) which leads into a gentle, melodious bridge that modulates into a Phillip Glass inspired rhythmic keyboard segment. And so on... Somehow these disparate components are melded into a beautiful whole. There are an enormous number of good ideas and creative sounds on this record. At times the RRs invoke a variety of sources including the Residents, Soft Machine, Faust and the Muffins, to

name a few. Both musicians play a variety of keyboards, percussion, guitar, clarinet and sing. Gore is credited with the composition of Side

one, much of which is occupied by an extended tone poem, in part co-authored by Fred Frith. Kretzmer takes credit for Side two which is jazzier and features some beautiful saxophone work by Dave Newhouse. Fans of progressive music of all varieties will especially delight in this work.—Robert Oot 10

◀ **REEL WORLD: In Good Time** (LP; Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, U.S.A.) Reel World is four women from Kentucky who play mountain music—banjo, guitar, stand-up bass and fiddle. Their musicianship is superb as they perform brisk reels hard to stand still for. Their voices are on the mark every time, whether taking lead or blending for beautiful harmonies. Strong and clear, their voices have Appalachian flavor that is real, sincere, and powerful. There are a lot of bands on the folk circuit that play this type of music but what makes Reel World special is that the band writes most of its top-notch material. Their style is a timeless one as they perform music that could have been created 30 or 40 years ago. They sing songs of protest and getting together and standing up for rights.

They sing of the concerns of people from their Kentucky region—the plight of coal miners, capitalist greed that kills workers for a few dollars of profit, and people's dreams and the reality they face. These are old concerns, but Reel World writes new songs about them, keeping the concerns alive in a way that repeating old songs won't. These women are inspirational. The lyrics (most written by Beverly Futrell) are packed with wisdom, concrete images and compassion— excellent poetry. I can't find fault anywhere.—David Ciaffardini

◀ **DIANNE REEVES: For Every Heart** (LP; TBA Records, 755 Page Mill Road, Palo Alto, CA 94304, U.S.A.) This is a nice soul-tinged vocal album. One exception though is a powerful update of a chain-gang blues dirge "Be My Husband." On this cut, backed by a female choir and percussive accents, Reeves indicates that her guts understand the age-old joys and problems of an intimate relationship.—Steven Moffic

◀ **THE RHYTHM BANDITS: The Ultimate Sin** (cassette, 3-song C-60; T. Gould, Box 419, Huntington, NY 11743 U.S.A.) The Rhythm Bandits, despite their nerdy name, are a talented, obviously commercially oriented outfit. "Let Me Out" is a bluesy, drawling tune reminiscent of Tom Petty's "Breakdown." The female vocalist is pretty good, but here she assumes a purring, throaty vocal style I find annoying. Less sexy than it is dated and twee. (Twee?—DC) "Hold On Till Then" is a lovely ballad, and for me the strongest offering here. It is more original and sensitive than the other two more solidly commercial rockers. Tom Gould's Andy Williams-esque vocals combine nicely with Cynthia Post's very soft and early morning vocals. "I'm Being Used" sounds forced and consequently arthritic, as if they're really not used to playing this fast. The lyrics are of the moon in June, boy meets girl, boy loses girl variety—a pity since a fresh approach to lyrics might make this band more distinct in the commercial music arena.—Oleh Hodowanec

◀ **BOYD RICE AND FRANK TOVEY: Easy Listening For The Hard Of Hearing** (Mute Records, 16 Decoy Ave., London NW11, England) Mute Records, best known for having discovered such commercial entities as Depeche Mode, Yaz (Yazoo), The The, Fad Gadget, The Normal, Nick Cave, and others, show they have a good ear for the avant garde as well. Boyd Rice, best known for his industrial/noise epics under the name NON, collaborates with Frank Tovey (whose past is unknown to me.) Using collected sounds and non-musical appliances they create a stunning LP of rhythm and noise. This music is for the very patient as it subtly winds its way through 12 "extractions" (compositions) delivering a full spectrum of sounds and textures. Certainly not the danceable new wave Mute usually associates with, but rather a low-key affair that one has to make a conscious effort to take in. Constantly fresh and very clever. Should be a treat for industrial music fans who also enjoy a bit of finesse. And it may be able to open a few new ears to experimental music.—Mark Lane

THE RIGHT PROFILE: Let's Pretend/Junior Miss/Little A (7" 45, 857 Granville Dr., Winston-Salem, NC 27101, U.S.A.) This music has a fast beat but don't listen to this if you're having girl problems, it's liable to make them worse since all the songs deal with girls. This three man band puts out a lot of musical noise for just being three men. They do a better job than many popular five-man bands with expensive equipment. My complaint is with the vocalist. It seems he isn't giving it his all. However, it's worth a chance for Alarm and Bluebells fans—Eric Sonntag

JODY RODERICK: Judy Roderick and the Forbears (90 minute cassette; Raw Deal Music, Benton Rd., Sardinia, NY 14134, U.S.A.) Roderick's albums of the '60s were masterpieces of black soul. This is her first recording released since the '60s. Roderick has taken on a jazzier tone; she's backed here by some very hard playing musicians. The horns have particular sass and bite. A gutsy and uptempo spirit informs Roderick's vocals on Memphis Minnie's "I'm So Glad" and Arthur Crudup's "Shout Sister Shout." The Roderick originals vary from the maudlin "Surprises" to the acerbic "Money Blues." While I miss the quiet and introspective intensity found on her slower numbers on her Vanguard album of 20 years ago, I do treasure hearing her powerhouse vocals that inspired Bonnie Raitt and heaven knows who else. Perfect phrasing (learned from Billie Holiday, who else?) plus wild west gusto. A welcome new chapter in the Roderick saga.—Norman Weinstein

CALI ROSE: Greatest Hits Vol. 20 (cassette; Ronice Rose Music Company, P.O. Box 4775, Culver City, CA 90231, U.S.A.) From her tape it seems Cali Rose is a young lounge singer who gets a kick out of getting a sexual rise out of gray flannel suit, middle-age crisis business executives who stop by for a drink on their way home to mom and the kids. She's got a pleasant, breathy, sensuous voice and draws inspiration for her stage persona from Mae West. (She ends one cut doing an obvious impression of Mae West.) Rose sings about her "Once-A-Week-Lover" who can't keep her satisfied; wanting to make love with Darth Vader who she sings is probably "hung like a horse" and playing "doctor" with the little boys in her neighborhood. This is a silly/cutesy lounge act, embarrassingly corny at times, that nevertheless sparkles with charm and humor through the charisma of Cali Rose who seems poised and comfortable in her role as an independent gal who has a sweet innocent heart but can't seem to get her mind off of boys and their exciting toys. All songs are written and arranged by Rose. The musicianship and recording is tight and professional.—David Ciaffardini

JON ROSE/MARTIN WESLEY-SMITH: Tango (LP; Hot Records, 314-316 Victoria St., Darlinghurst, Sydney NSW 2010 Australia) Duo improvisations by Australians Rose (violin) and Wesley-Smith (Fairlight Computer Musical Instrument), sandwiched between an unlikely pair of tangos. As improvisation the record succeeds beautifully; the two musicians have a natural rapport, and Rose displays his command of extended violin techniques to full advantage. But what is especially striking about this recording is the use of the Fairlight in the context of free improvisation. Sampling instruments such as the Fairlight, with their ability to



place any sound at the performers fingertips, present staggering possibilities even in conventional musical applications; their use in "free" music may represent a minor musical revolution. On this record the Fairlight (of Australian design by the way) has been programmed entirely with sounds from Rose's violin. Flighty excursions and an encyclopedic array of violin textures/timbres results. A wide range to tempos and dynamics are explored with wit and drama. Exhaustive liner notes.—Dennis Rea

ROSENBLOOM ELECTRIC CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA: Souls of Chaos (LP; Neutral Records, dist. by ROIR, 611 Broadway, Room 214, New York, NY 10012, U.S.A.) The title cut, which covers all of side one, does something that few pieces of experimental music have done to date—it makes me want to get up and dance! This stuff COOKS. It's so full of life—the rhythm line just won't quit. It also has a psychedelic feel to it. Like many "concept" pieces of the 1960s (especially the less mainstream ones,) the music and lyrics seem calculated to stimulate images in the listener's mind. It's threaded through with changing musical themes—rock, middle eastern style wind arrangements, traditional English folk and medieval music. There are also hovering, rhythmic, Branca-esque monotonal passages, haunting, atonal movements which sound almost like the score to a mystery movie, and simultaneous readings of different poems (like on the Velvet Underground's "Murder Mystery"). Side two is more meditative. The middle-eastern theme (complete with chanting) and the medieval influence are much more in evidence here. SOULS OF CHAOS proves that you can innovate without putting people to sleep and entertain without lapsing into dance-pop clichés.—Paul Goldschmidt

MIKEL ROUSE: Quorum (LP; Club Soda Music, 405 W. 45th St., New York, NY) Rouse sets the clock ticking and out come a multiplicity of simple, varying percussion layers. Sunny Murray he's not. Realized for this recording on a LinnDrum machine, QUORUM is pleasant and harmless—a lengthy, occasionally interesting electro-trap solo. It seems hastily conceived, flawlessly executed.—J. Stacey Bishop

BRIAN RURYK: The Sound of Music (cassette; Portable Productions, 470 Clinton St., Toronto, Canada) Judging from the first side of this cassette, Brian Ruryk is a beginning guitarist trying his hand at songwriting—at least that's what it sounds like. The lyrics revel in alienation and disillusionment and have more than a few disturbing moments, but the music

doesn't hold up. Simple guitar chords and clichéd lead licks and echo noises back up monotone melodies. In "The Sounds Of The Words Don't Fit The Music" (an apt title), a mildly pleasant guitar figure fills in the spaces between the verses, but this doesn't make up for the overall weakness of side A. In "The End They Stand" on side B, Ruryk's music takes a nosedive. Rumbling, aimless guitar backs up tinny, unintelligible vocal sounds for six minutes, 38 seconds of cacophonous din. But side B's other cut "Walking On Wooden Floors" left me stunned. After all that had gone before I wasn't expecting music this interesting and rich. This instrumental cut features a bouncy drum machine backing up lush, processed guitars alternating between a symphonic chord progression and smooth picked arpeggios. This tape is worth looking into if only for this track.—Allen Green

NORMAN SALANT: Sax Talk (CD Presents, 1230 Grant Ave., Suite 531, San Francisco, CA 94133, U.S.A.) It's nice to have something to play when grandma comes over that won't send her into cardiac arrest and (worse) disinherit you before she hits the floor. But you don't want something so saccharine as to rot your little sister's teeth either. Salant has a strong, smooth tone and shows how powerful and beautiful a well-recorded saxophone can sound. The mainly instrumental material is simple and rich with catchy melodies. People call this pop music, but it's definitely not schlock. Lot's of beauty here; high-spirited, solemn and in between. Somebody should make a spaghetti western just to showcase "Asphalt Prairie." Immaculate recording and production. However, the electronically programmed drumming cheapens the effect of some of these tunes, while the tracks without percussion retain a majestic and sincere feeling. Hire a human.—Bill Hubby 8

THE PHIL SALAZAR BAND: California Bound (LP; Filzar Records, P.O. Box 1774, Ventura, CA 93002, U.S.A.) This is a real foot-stomping good ol' boys album from of all places, California. It's serious bluegrass with the usual accompaniment of fiddle, banjo, mandolin, guitar and bass featuring a nice mix of traditional, standard and original material. "Turkey In The Chicken" and "Sally Goodin"—two traditional rounds essential to any self-respecting barn dance band repertoire—are offered here with high energy and great proficiency. The Salazar Band's own songs aren't overshadowed by the traditional and standard tunes—instead they deserve rigid comparison, particularly the instrumental title tune. With so much going for the record it's a shame the performance is marred by several Bill Monroe-esque vocal treatments, salvaged only by some brilliant harmonizing, particularly on the standard "I Know You Rider."—William Ponsot 8

SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE: Steel Town (LP; Flying Fish, 1304 West Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, U.S.A.) SFMT claim to be America's oldest and best-known political theater. Drawing talent from various ethnic performers, they play every summer in San Fran's Bay area and tour the rest of the year throughout the U.S.A., Canada, Latin America, and Europe. STEEL TOWN is a musical comedy that focuses on the hopes and expectations of post-WWII steel worker's whose lives are being

threatened with the plant closings sweeping the nation. As an album it falls flat. This is theater and to live it needs a live performance. With the constraints of a record the performances are lacking in context and momentum. Two tracks can stand independently, however. "National Defense Boogie" brisks along with an Andrews Sisters' effervesence, while "Standin' With the Union" succeeds with a thick gospel arousal. But to live, this two act drama needs the third dimension of a stage and audience. To contact the SFMT about their performance schedule, write: SFMT, 855 Treat St., San Francisco, CA 94110 or call (415) 285-1717.—Mark Dickson

THE SCHEMERS: The Schemers (5-song cassette; The Living Room, 273 Promenade St., Providence, RI 02908, U.S.A.) Recorded at Boston's Synchro Sound studio, the production is superb. The songs themselves are good Tom Petty-like, straightforward, goodtime Rock and Roll. I think it's the vocalist that makes me think of Tom Petty. A very fine set of tunes which left me wanting to hear more.—Tom Furgas 8

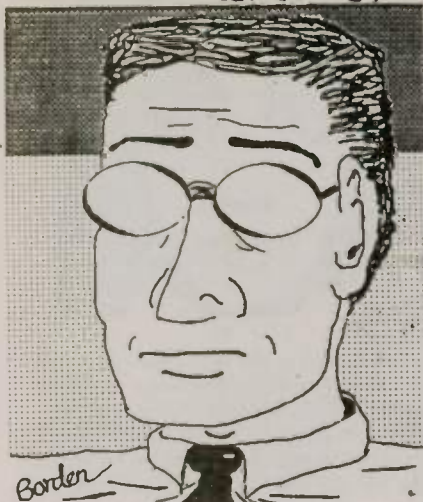
KLAUS SCHULZE: Drive Inn (LP; Inteam, An der Lake 2, D-3100 CELLE-Scheuen, West Germany) This is a concept album of sorts, with the first selection, "Drive Inn," and the reprise, "Drive Out," bracketing six other cuts with titles like "Sightseeing" and "Truckin'." The banality (and apparent commercialism) of the concept should serve as a warning. Typical Schulze compositions in the past have been a minimum of 18 to 20 minutes each and they are intended to involve the receptive listener through their trance-like intensity, creating a peculiar momentum as they slowly unfold. This doesn't happen much on DRIVE INN. The mainly short pieces are static and the musical themes are stated and repeated more often than developed. The best cut on this instrumental album, for me, is "Road Clear," which is 11 minutes plus and generates a little of the old "floating" magic. There is a recycled quality to DRIVE INN suggesting that Schulze's creative powers were not fully engaged.—Bill Tilland 5

SCOTT X: Scott X (Rockhouse Int'l, P.O. Box 1163, Stratford, CT 06497 U.S.A.) Trite pop for people that are desperate for goofy hooks and can't wait for Spark's next masterpiece. Scott X plays it pretty straight on this disc, his voice a predictable, serviceable combination of light Lou Reed and every bubblegum crooner cliché that's ever been done.—Jordan Oaks 5

SHOCKABILLY: Vietnam (LP; Fundamental Music, P.O. Box 2309, Covington, GA, 30209, U.S.A.) Putting this on the turntable gave me a headrush as if I had just hit off some strange sticky brown ceremonial herb stolen from the altar of an Amazon jungle tribe. Strong and disorienting, Shockabilly offers an exotic, commanding, and adventurous vinyl high, that although it is not sought after by the masses, is surprisingly accessible. With VIET-

TNAM Shockabilly presents an LP of originals and covers. They twist and pull and stretch cover songs and push them into their own molds. They toy with punk, heavy metal, country and western, folk, psychedelia, and good old rock 'n roll. Included is Creedences' "Born on the Bayou," in a shrieking version that John Fogerty may have had nightmares of during the eight years he caged himself in his home record-

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ing studio. The Shockabilly version of country honky tonk number "Georgia In A Jug" is corrupted into an explosive arrangement that, when performed live, could be used to charm an audience of country and western fans into submission then blast them into outrage as Shockabilly obliterates the loping C&W progression into a howling urban cowboy psychosis. Other covers include The Beatles' "Flying", Syd Barrett/Pink Floyd "Lucifer Sam," John Lee Hooker's "Vietnam" and Arthur Lee's (of Love) "Signed D.C." The five Shockabilly originals deserve to be covered by bar bands throughout the world. "Nicaragua" reinvigorates the faltering tradition of passionate, thoughtful, non-cliche, political protest rock music. But politics is just one aspect of a broader social protest inherent in these tracks. Shockabilly's interest in doing twisted versions of other people's songs is a way of shattering expectations and mind-sets. The Shockabilly style and approach to the music is often a stronger, more defined statement than the music itself. This is a radical, uncompromising album with a sense of humor, rage, passion, dementia and social consciousness. The marvelous Shockabilly tour diary by Eugene Chadbourne that is included with this LP is a literary treasure.—David Ciaffardini

SINGCIRCLE: Stockhausen's Stimmung (LP; Hyperion Records, Ltd., P.O. Box 25, London SE9 1AX England) Beautifully performed, direct-metal mastering, extremely quiet surface. Stockhausen's German lyrics and English translations plus a full explanation for the uninited are printed on the backcover. Stimmung (Tuning) is an hour-long vocal meditation for six voices. It uses the B chord's notes and harmonics. It is usually very quiet and flowing. The form goes like this: one voice sings a "Magic Name"; an ancient Aztec, Hindu, Chinese, etc. god-name. The others take up a rhythm and inflections until another is introduced. Occasionally a singer recites one of Stockhausen's erotic poems. The British vocal group Singcircle bring this piece to life. This music is performed best when its subtleties are made known to a performer who can communicate them. If you have never heard this man's music for fear that something strange might happen to your ears, you might start here and see what happens.—Tony Pizzini 10

CHRIS SMITHER: It Ain't Easy (LP; Adelphi, P.O. Box 7688, Silver Springs, MD 20907, U.S.A.) Chris Smither has long been a favorite on the Northeast folk circuit and it's nice to have him back on vinyl. Smither doesn't just strum simple chords. He freely borrows from the rural finger-picking bluesman he grew up listening to, while vocally he has a smoother, more commercial touch. The mixture can be pure nirvana for his loyal followers. This, his fourth album, is a festive blend of sharp originals and unusual covers that nicely showcase his talents as a singer and guitar player. The only drawback is the sound quality on my copy which is noisy in spots. Hopefully mine is an exception, but a few pops and hisses still can't detract from Chris Smither. Welcome back.—Charles P. Lamey

MARIO STERN, ENRIQUE SANTOS, LUIS SANDI, LEONARDO VELEQUEZ: Serie Compositores Mexicanos (LP; Discos Pueblo) Since I don't speak Spanish, it was difficult to decipher these liner notes (which are extensive.) However, I think I got the general idea. The Discos Pueblo label, based in Mexico, and apparently specializing in presenting Mexican culture on record, has initiated a "Mexican Composers' Series," of which this is the first volume. Without listing the various influences and teachers of these composers, let me just say they are well-schooled in the academic tradition. As such, the music easily falls into the neo-classic/romantic category. While Sandi's "Les Four Coronales De La Reina" reflects the post-romantic idiom. The music, when viewed in its own context, is generally well crafted, but no strong, distinctive personality emerges. In all fairness the music might be better than the performances suggest, as the orchestras used (a different one for each cut) sound sluggish and dull. This is due in part to a muddy recording which is especially noticeable in the lower strings and percussion. Furthermore, you might not appreciate the unscored percussion effects during Santo's oboe concerto (i.e., a microphone being knocked over, door slamming and feet shuffling).—Ken Watson

THE STICKERS: Party On The Streets b/w She Jilted Johnny (7" 45; Ouch Records, 2750A Adeline St., Berkeley, CA 94703, U.S.A.) This San Francisco Bay Area band has dedicated this record to Michael Stewart (the guy who was beaten to death in N.Y.C. for spray painting the subways.) Included is a band biography sheet which tells me things like their favorite car and that one of 'em likes to masturbate (who cares?) The music: rough, live, garage pop. The guitar crunches and leaves a good beat. Probably a fun club band with bouncy, smiley songs that don't drag and had me putting on the second side (which is sort of Patti Smith-ish.) Fun for a few listens.—Mark G.E. 6

TIM STORY: Untitled (LP; T. Story, P.O. Box 415, Maumee, OH 43537, U.S.A.) UNTITLED is an elegant, graceful work of beauty and sincerity. Consisting of 12 instrumental pieces, UNTITLED presents a textural simplicity that is haunting, melancholy and deeply moving. The tone is comparable to Cluster's recent work in its somber sense of melody and atmosphere. Pieces unfold slowly, delicately built on piano themes interwoven with gossamer strands of synthesizers, recorders and other wisps of melody. Some compare this to "new age music" and in some respects this is valid;

yet UNTITLED shares none of the blandness and saccharine insipidness common with that genre. The album is a unified body of consistently warm, reflective pieces that stir up memories and images of sadness and beauty. One of the best and most overlooked discs of last year.—Paul Lemos

STRANGER TO STRANGER: Casting Shadows (LP; Hopewell Records, P.O. Box 104, Hopewell, NJ, 08525, U.S.A.) This is an LP of exceptional production quality compared to many independent releases. The music sounds like Brian Ferry singing for New Order, Joy Division or maybe Minimal Man, but more sped up. Bands like this get labels like "moody art students" or "pretentious." However, this band mixes their influences in a manner that deserves repeated listenings although I found that the similar sounding songs from track to track became tedious despite their interesting rhythms.—Mark G.E. 7

TETES NOIRES: American Dream (LP; Rapunzel Records, Box 8332, Minneapolis, MN 55408, U.S.A.) With a violin and no drums this group of six women from Minneapolis has an interesting sound. What is surprising is that they manage to make coherent, enjoyable songs with such peculiar instrumentation. (British folk groups wouldn't find this so peculiar, John.—DC) Off-the-wall vocal arrangements and lyrics ala the Roches set this album further from the norm. The lyrics range from descriptions of male prostitution, family problems, and being a moonie to a celebration of bingo playing and accounts of grade-school boyfriends. **AMERICAN DREAM** is more accomplished than Tetes Noires' debut EP. This record may not be easy to find in your local record stores, but it is worth searching for.—John Cheney

37 PINK; Corrective Justice (cassette; Greyscale, P.O. Box 55502, Tucson, AZ 85703, U.S.A.) Here's some more neat industrial music to make love by, or at least listen to over the evening meal. 37 Pink sound like an inexperienced Current 93 or an early incarnation of Test Dept.. Lyrically, your guess is as good as mine, since 37 Pink doesn't rely heavily on vocals. When they do decide to speak their minds, 37 Pink are just as apt to speak in French or some middle eastern language as they are to speak in their native tongue. The band uses a wide array of unique electronic paraphernalia to come up with their interesting and enjoyable sound. They even get around sounding pretentious for pretentiousness' sake, something that many other bands of this genre have a hard time avoiding. Play it loud.—Mike Troughon 8

THIS MORTAL COIL: This Mortal Coil (LP; 4ad Records, 8 Hogarth Rd., SW5, England) This is an LP project conceived by an entity known as IVO. Many artists from the 4ad label are here, most prominently The Cocteau Twins. Howard Devoto sings one song also. Half of the songs are covers. All of the music is hauntingly beautiful and slow. It sounds like the Twins at their best with a baroque quartet thrown in. "Not Me" stands out as the radio pick but is also the song that fits the LP the least.—Lawrence Crane

ASMUS TIETCHENS: Formen Letzer Hausmusik (LP; United Daries, BM Wound, London, WC1N 3XX, England) After four

albums on the Sky label, all hinting at Tietchen's extraordinary approach to electronic music, **FORMEN LETZTER**, his first for United Daries, actualizes his potential and remains one of the essential, yet sadly unnoticed experimental discs of 1984. Tietchen's has moved from creating anemic electro-progressive synthesizer music into the realm of difficult sound organization. The melody, structural rigidity and synthetic, hypno-beat percussives are gone, replaced by stark, subtle sound sketches. All sense of convention has disappeared. The result presents an electroacoustic array of processed found sound dynamically woven with various electronic effects. There is an unpredictability to the record—it is gentle, yet dark ambience dissolves into chaotic discord. Fractured, twisted melodies seep through random tinkling percussives, then are overwhelmed by thunderous washes of sound. This is an LP bursting with ideas stemming from an artist with unique vision.—Paul Lemos

SOCKS



TINYTOWN: Living Out Of Living b/w Queue Up (7" 45; Elastic Music, 22 Hilgrove Rd., London NW6 4TN, U.K.) Tinytown seemed to have an idea—a blend of early Tuxedomoon/new wave/rock—but a combination of uninteresting vocals, dragging rhythms, and static composition killed the possibilities quickly. There is something wrong when people have a potentially good idea and go this far wrong. Maybe these folks are born producers. I don't think they're performers.—Charlie Newman

THE TWO TON MACHINE: Chinatown (LP; Dublab Records, 1537A 4th ST., Ste. 107, San Rafael, CA 94901, U.S.A.) The Two Ton Machine hit like a couple tons of bricks with smooth reggae and great mixing (especially on "Chinatown Dub.") The Two Ton Machine are essentially an instrumental unit, not unlike the better-known (but not necessarily better in general) Roots Radics. For the LP they've added several featured vocalists, among whom Danny Caine stands out, his voice as sweet as Gregory Isaacs' and as adept at lover's rock. It's good to hear a reggae group sound contemporary and traditional on the same record.—Steve Jones

UNIVERS ZERO: Uzed (LP; Cryonic, Inc., dist. by Wayside Music, Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906, U.S.A.) Unmistakably European in its deliberate rhythms and canon-blast downbeats, this is an eclectic parade of cliches from fusion jazz, rock and Western classical

music packaged in orchestratorially vivid arrangements that jump tempo, meter and color with a marvelous tenacity (occasionally tossing in a fine jump-in-your-seat shocker). Such a grab bag of musical thought—unfortunately, a bit worn and weary—rarely surfaces outside the realm of film music. **Univers Zero** (reeds, strings, synthesizers, rhythm section and a few oddities) is refreshing in its unusual and facile, rapid-fire juxtapositions of stratified ideas. Party to many styles, though perhaps at home with few, their work partakes equally of the through-composed and the improvisatory as they present moments of beauty, uninspired finger wiggling, and everything in between.—J. Stacey Bishop

UNIVERS ZERO: Uzed For me, this is the clearest, most articulate UZ LP yet. The first two were good, but this is something else again. No where near as dark and Magma-ish as **CEUX DU DEHORS**. The themes are melodic, catchy, and well stated, never being beaten into the ground. Great sense of dynamics, as things shift from intense moods to open spaces. Very good production, too, which enhances the music. This album, along with the work of Art Zoyd, points toward the viability of classical music as a rock influence. It's just that it's taken quite a while for skilled musicians like **Univers Zero** to bring the subtlety of classical technique to the muscle and bone of rock. Great manic noisy guitar solo at end of side one and hot cello work opens the same side. This is an inspired and well played album.—C.W. Vrtacek

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Audio Communication Compilation No. 6 (cassette; 3riotapes c/o Magisch Theater Productions, Juliaandillenstraat 22 B, 2018 Antwerpen, Belgium) By networking with artists from all over the globe, 3riotapes has built a reputation for compiling some of the most compelling underground artists compilations. No. 6 in this series is no exception. It includes tracks from Kliniek, Influenza Prod, Barry E. Pilcher, Viscera, Steve B. Grenade, K2, Solomonogg and Von Hoffmanstahl, Mike Commando Bruno, Moid, Room 101, Zan Hoffman, and Martin Howard Naylor. Most of the material here is experimental and some of it is quite innovative, but what makes this tape so enjoyable is its overall feeling. One can't help being mesmerized by the wide variety of styles and their juxtaposition with each other. Contact addresses for the participating artists are included in the liner notes. Truly in the "underground" spirit.—Mark Lane

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Blues From Big Bill's Copa Cabana (LP; Chess, 96 West ST., Englewood, NJ 07631, U.S.A.) As respected historian/producer/blues scholar Pete Welding point out in his liner notes, the blues is best experienced in a small club where the musicians feed off each other, coaxing the vocalist to take chances and scale new heights. It must have been a wild night when this was cut at Chicago's Big Bill's Copa Cobana and we should be thankful this reissue exists. The six featured performers—Buddy Guy, Otis Spann, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Willie Dixon—were essential cogs in the late sixties blues boom. As vocalists or instrumentalists they were the best and rigor mortis would have to have set in not to be moved by the enticing voice of Muddy Waters, the gruff moan of Howlin' Wolf, the stinging

guitar of Buddy Guy, the fluid piano of Otis Spann, the expressive harp of Williamson or the earthy singing by Dixon. The spirit of these legends performing together passionately lives in the grooves of this platter.—Charles P. Lamey

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Familiarity Breeds Contempt (LP; Big Monkey, 1297C, Rock Springs Rd., Atlanta, GA 30306, U.S.A.) An outstanding and diverse pop-rock compilation. Not the contrived pop-rock drivel that fouls commercial (and other) radio, but the inspired, genuine, ebullient music that still sounds fresh and vital after ten consecutive listens or after ten years. Here is a satisfying dose of baited hooks that don't sound fishy. There is nothing weird or innovative here but there are some great moments in pop, filled with memorable lead guitar, powerful, irresistible drumbeats, upbeat fun, and wistful moodiness. This is excellently recorded (especially the drums) with a good variety of high quality songs. A bunch of songs in the R.E.M., Let's Active vein and a few that rock a bit harder including a frantic Rockabilly number. The bands are Radio London, Windbreakers, Oral Sox, and Beat Temptation, each contributing two songs; the Germans, Used Goods, Division Now, Joe Bennet, Yardogs, Piccup, ARS Supernova and Bert Wallace each contribute one. Bill Hubby 8

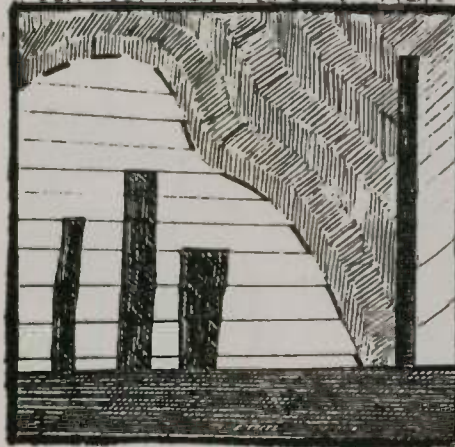
VARIOUS ARTISTS: Free Fall (cassette; Eugene Electronic Music Collective, P.O. Box 3219, Eugene, OR 97403, U.S.A.) Having never heard of any of the six artists on this cassette and not knowing of Eugene's Electronic Music Collective, FREE FALL comes as a surprise compilation of eclectic, experimental works. This is instrumental music composed with keyboards and various electronics with a serious and sometimes pensive disposition. A wide range of genres are covered (noise to new age), yet there is unity in style as it seems all the artists kept the "Free Fall" theme in mind. Music strange enough to engage your mind if you listen to it closely but mellow enough to melt into the background if that be your desire. But make no mistake, FREE FALL is well worth the effort to obtain.—Mark Lane

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Garage Sale (cassette; ROIR, 611 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, U.S.A.) A compilation of songs from 19 contemporary bands from various regions of the U.S. that have used sixties pop and garage bands for models. This is an interesting, but unfulfilling novelty tape of a bunch of copycat bands who have the sixties garage/punk sound down so exact that it would be easy to believe that this was a tape of reissued sixties B-sides. They have the Rickenbacker guitars, Vox amp, three-chord guitar riffs, and garage budget recording techniques. The music is energetic and danceable but the lyrics and regressive style are anemic. It is pathetic when one of these bands sings "We're the new generation" while retreading music from two decades ago. The various bands on this tape don't even update the lyrics; instead they offer us stale leftovers about chicks who lie, and losing your gal explained with the same "I-lost-you-girl-you're-always-on-my-mind-you-make-me-fee-ee-ee-so-gooooo" lyrics. There is something seriously wrong with a culture when young energetic people are at such a creative loss that it becomes hip to mimic, word for word, lick for lick, clothing style for clothing

style, music fashions from decades ago. Reminds me of Allen Ginsburg and his "Howl" poem when he rants about the best minds of his generation being wasted. The musicians in these bands echo the attitudes of a culture searching the past in vain for something it cannot find in the here and now. Even more bothersome is that these musicians try to sound hip and authoritative as they mimic the most shallow aspects of sixties' music. Why aren't they picking up on the powerful social consciousness of sixties' music? —David Ciaffardini

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Nuggets, Vol. 1, 3, 4 (LPs, Rhino Records, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404, U.S.A.) This is a new compilation series of music from the sixties. Volume 2 focusing on punk was reviewed last issue. Volume One is subtitled "Hits" and includes The Seeds "Pushin' Too Hard," The Standells' "Dirty Water" and Count Five's "Psychotic Reaction." Volume 3 and 4 are on "pop" and include less known songs from bands interested in becoming the next Beatles.

FOUR VERY DIFFERENT MEN



Clean, clear, and easy to relate to. Love and sunshine, happy day, me-and-my-baby type stuff. Also included are the flip sides of those type of songs—ones that lament something like, "Oh baby, you're the one for me, but our love, you know it could never be." A lot of the songs on these records are flimsy, vacuous, and not significant. But there are a few quirky things here and there, a few pleasant melodies and harmonies that some contemporary bands could mine for hooks and ideas for their own albums. All of the records in this series serve as memory jogging souvenirs of popular, hit radio oriented tunes from times gone by. Vol. 3 and 4 provides examples of the good and bad of sixties pop, sometimes both in the same song.—David Ciaffardini

VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Official New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Anniversary Album, Vol. One (LP; Dese Days Records, P.O. Box 1729, Kenner, LA 70063, U.S.A.) An album devoted to updated remakes of classic New Orleans R&B from the original performers. Enough to make you cringe just thinking about it—until you start listening and realize to your surprise that it worked. Well, not always (King Floyd's "Groove Me") but enough to keep this album on my turntable for extended periods. The key is that all the musicians are still working at least semi-regularly in the crescent city performing in a classic New Orleans R&B style. These artists are not only still in

their prime, many are even better than when they had hits. Listen to Lee Dorsey, The Dixie Cups, Ernie K. Doe or Bobby Mitchell and it's hard to believe these are the same people with smashes over 20 years ago. Throw in inspired performances by Johnny Adams, Earl King, Bobby Marchan and others and you wind up with one fun record.—Jim Sauer

VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Sounds of Papua New Guinea (cassette; Swinging Axe Productions, P.O. Box 3741, Northridge, CA 91323, U.S.A.) This is a cassette of recent field recordings of primitive Aborigine tribal music. No high-tech studio production here, but what you will find is authentic non-commercial tunes that is "roots" music at its most pure. I won't be playing this tape often but I want to have it in my collection as a reference work. Comes with a nice pamphlet explaining the background of each cut. People into creating primitive, from-the-heart sounds and live performances of same may find this to be an invaluable inspiration and lesson. One notable thing about this tape: some of the sounds are strikingly similar to what people into extreme music are doing with electronic sounds. In fact, take away electricity from power electronic/ industrial noise groups as on Gut Level's SWALLOWING SCRAP METAL compilation and you might end up with music very much like some of what is offered here.—David Ciaffardini

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Swallowing Scrap Metal (cassette; Gut Level Music, 83 Intervale St., #2, Brockton, MA 02402, U.S.A.) Angst, rage, frustration, and insecurity pulses through this tape as sound artists use the throbbing, primitive simplicity of metal against metal and untamed electronic shrieks and rumblings as a cathartic wail, bemoaning the grind of life with machine-age metaphors. Sounds of the city, sounds of the factory, sounds of suburbia; screeches, squeals, shrieks; real everyday sounds in their most oppressive modern world grandeur explode from the speakers putting the listener face to face with the ugly side-effects of human ambition and industry. These harsh, lonely, angry, bewildered soundscapes reflect the mental as well as the physical health of a culture. SWALLOWING SCRAP METAL puts society in the shoes and laboratory coat of Dr. Frankenstein as he is confronted by the result of his corruptions of the natural order and laments "I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster whom I had created." The artists on Swallowing Scrap Metal conjure up aural facsimiles of Frankenstein's monster which they use as a cultural metaphor which they play with, parade, flaunt and experiment with. If listeners are not immediately repulsed by this tapes' "monster sound" they will find, as it seems the artists here have, that the monster is not all bad, that underneath the ugly exterior there is a spark of humanity and warmth that can be cultivated, played with and learned from. Swallowing Scrap Metal represents the blossoming of a significant new direction for modern music. These bands create sounds that would be considered noise in their common context and work them through musical compositions. The concept has been around for decades and John Cage has done his share to validate it, but Swallowing Scrap Metal, because it is comprised of pieces from various artists who have each created a large body of similar work, represents the awakening of a much broader interest in this type of music.

The bands blast their sound with the primitive vigor of hardcore punk. There are all sorts of overtones floating through this tape: revolutionary overtones, anarchy overtones, demented overtones, self-indulgent overtones and cathartic overtones. It is primal and powerful. The artists/bands on this tape are Autopsia, Blackhouse, Instruction, Furry Couch, Falx Cerebri, White Hand, Pacific 231, Controlled Bleeding, The Final Solution, 3,14, H.G. Wells, Coup De Grace, Psyclones and Borbetomagus. This tape helps define the music genre labels "power electronics" and "industrial noise" and points to a significant new direction in popular music that is in its foetal stage of development. This cassette with its impressive packaging including info/manifestos from the artists involved is an underground classic.—David Ciaffardini

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Swinging Axe Sampler Vol. 1 (cassette, C-60; Swinging Axe Productions, P.O. Box 3741, Northridge, CA 91323, U.S.A.) Well, if you enjoy feeling like a big dull lump of protoplasm once the music's over, then side one of this odd compilation may be your cup of torpor. Disturbing, enervating—though not especially harsh or grating—electronics shape the atmospheric pieces here. The Screaming Dukduks, Randy Greif, Face Cancer, and Alva Svoboda serve up some interesting, dark textures even though the generally seamless, almost faceless quality of these compositions threatens to translate into something irritatingly ambiguous. But hey, maybe that's the idea. Anyway, all of this side leaves me wondering how and when to listen to it. Things seem a bit brighter (hah!) and better defined on side two. Max and Mel provide the fun conjuring up a sharp impression of noise merchant Foetus On Your Breath meeting the Legendary Stardust Cowboy; the Seizure Boys powerfully demonstrate what it is like to fall asleep on shards of glass (interesting); and the Love Stumps manage to be interesting in spite of their close stylistic resemblance to the Residents—darker too.—Oleh Hodowanec

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Under the Coconut Tree (LP; Original Music, RD 1, Box 190, Tivoli, NY 12583, U.S.A.) Here is music from the Caribbean Islands of Grand Cayman and Tortola. Hometown and folksy, these cuts are examples of what music is about when it is not created to make money so much as it is to entertain and communicate at family gatherings, festivals and parties. (These tracks were recorded by foreigners who brought tape recorders to the island to capture and share this music that might otherwise remain undocumented and lost to history.) **UNDER THE COCONUT TREE** reminds me that music was (and still is in small insulated cultures) used to pass down news, morals and culture to others. In many cases it was and still is the most effective means of mass communication in some cultures. The sounds on this record range from acappella ballads by old ladies, to fiddle and washtub-bass jams. The music, performed by blacks, is influenced more by Scottish-Irish folk music than African music.—David Ciaffardini

VARIOUS ARTISTS: World Class Punk (cassette; ROIR, 611 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, U.S.A.) Twenty-seven contemporary punk bands from 25 countries are brought together on this tape proving that youthful

angst, outrage expressed with grinding electric guitars and impassioned yells is a worldwide phenomena. Even if you can understand the various languages on this tape, don't expect to understand many of the lyrics as the punk style and recording techniques make things muddy. The tape features a "Core" side with bands that the compiler of the tape, Mykel Board, says represents the "essence and most international aspect" of punk i.e., "Shave you head, play loud, fast and noisy, yell (especially if you yell about politics), and you instantly become part of an international community." The "Fringe" side of the tape represents a more broad interpretation of punk, i.e., bands whose rock-oriented music is "generally unacceptable to the masses." The tape succeeds as an historic document proving the active international interest in punk style. It falls short of offering a repeatably enjoyable, multi-dimensional musical experience. The scope of ideas in the music, and production (and I assume the lyrics) for the most part is very narrow. I wish translations (or at least the lyrics in their original language) were included. Of special value is the list of contact addresses for each of the bands that is included.—David Ciaffardini

THE VIPERS: Outa The Nest (LP; PVC/Jem, 3619 Kennedy Rd., South Plainfield, NJ, 07080, U.S.A.) The Vipers have been wowing New York garage fans with their tight harmonies, chunky dance rhythms and honking sax riffs, Vox organ fills, and fuzzy leads for several years, but now, with an album out, the world can be knocked out by them. What sets The Vipers apart from other American garage bands is they haven't ignored the importance of the mid-sixties British invasion. The result takes a musical base of The Sonics, Wailers, and Raiders and gives it melodies and vocals that owe a debt to The Beatles, Searchers and early Kinks. It's hard to believe The Vipers have an album that's as explosive as their live show.—Charles P. Lamey

JOHNNY "BIG MOOSE" WALKER: Blue Love (LP; Red Beans Records, 2240 N. Magnolia, Chicago, IL 60614, U.S.A.) Walker, a blues piano player, has been a solid Chicago sessionman/sideman since the late '50s, touring and/or recording with Otis Rush, Jimmy Dawkins, Son Seals, and many other big names. Unaccompanied on **BLUE LOVE**, his second solo album (his first, **RAMBLIN' WOMAN**, was released on ABC/Bluesway in 1969), Walker plays and sings two originals, five covers (including "Halelujah I Just Love Her So" and "Tennessee Waltz") and the traditional "Losin' Game." I like **BLUE LOVE**, although to my ears it drags sometimes, probably because the tempo (medium to slow) doesn't vary much and because the average song length is more than five minute. Walker's piano playing is excellent—typical Chicago style, played with confidence and jazz polish. His voice is good—limited in range, but with a tender gruffness that's just right for the songs he plays.—Ken Marth

THE WILD SEEDS: Life Is Grand (LP; Seed Records, 406 W. 35th, Austin, TX 78705, U.S.A.) And the armadillo's go doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo as these Texas popsters mix humor, catchy hooks, and good clean fun. Ringing guitar, clever vocals, and strong har-

monies abound in infectious quantities. "Freedom Train" is the standout cut: "No brakes on a runaway train/sha-la-la-la down here in a world of pain."—Bob-O Walesa

ROBIN WILLIAMSON: Mabinogi—Music for the Cerddoriaeth Ar Gyfer y (LP; Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614, U.S.A.) There evidently exists a relatively large contingent of otherwise sane, rational people who groove on things medieval. With mock jousts, bucolic peasant dances in full costume resurrected on village greens, and the myriad doings of the Society for Creative Anachronism, it appears as though many folks don't realize that life in the Middle Ages was really "nasty, brutish, and short." This recording is of the music and spoken declamations in Welsh and English from Moving Beings' 1983 drama production of ancient Welsh legends, directed by Geoff Moore. It is quite ear catching. After the folderol of the typically involved, bloody and inane plot is placed aside, Williamson's creation emerges as an inventive, tuneful, multicolored and many faceted recording with considerable appeal. The composer effectively combines medieval and contemporary musical instruments in his ensembles: shawm and synthesizer and the like blend their sounds to convey the dramatic action of the play. The entire work is well paced, with few dull passages. The record and packaging are excellent. Liner notes are printed on the inside sleeve.—Norman Lederer

STEPHEN WINFIELD: In the Early Hours (cassette; Sona Gaia Productions, 1845 N. Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53202, U.S.A.) First, the bad news. The tape label says "C-120" yet this cassette plays for just about 35 minutes. Winfield plays solo flute in works imitative of Paul Horn (i.e. **INSIDE THE GREAT PYRAMID**). Early acoustic Kraftwerk ("Tongebirge") also comes to mind. About the only glimmer of originality here is the use of echo with the flute, but even that becomes cloying. However, the good news is that this music is very pleasant, extremely relaxing, and delightfully melodic. The engineering and packaging are top-notch.—Sally Idasswey 6

STEPHEN WINFIELD: Forest Flower (cassette, C-40; Sona Gaia Productions, 1845 N. Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53202, U.S.A.) What I don't understand is how "healing music" is supposed to work if it's only sonic wallpaper. Isn't it personal involvement that evokes internal change? And if people can pull this trick off, what's the difference between this and Muzak? Here's a cassette of pleasant, spacious, sincere, somewhat melancholy and ultimately uninvolved piano, reed and chime fern bar music in the Windham Hill vein. Except for some background forest sounds early on, everything's played straight; no exploration of the instruments, or playing space, or physical environment, or composition. The fact that so many sincere people devote so much of their time to making music that isn't supposed to be "distracting" is what's especially unsettling.—Bayard Brewin

ERIK WOLLO: Dreams of Pyramids (LP; Hot Club Records, Ostadalsvn. 62, 0753, Oslo, Norway) Wollo has released several albums before, both with a group and as a solo artist, but I must

admit this is my first meeting with his music. His previous records have been jazz but this one is hard to place. It can fit into electronic jazz, rock and ethnic categories but at the same time, none of these are accurate by themselves. The music is a true fusion of many musical styles. The two sides of the records are very different from each other. Side A is distinguished by repetitive/primitive rhythm patterns with lots of keyboards and xylophones on the top, reminding me of Jon Hassel. "Searching For Hidden Pictures" is more free floating. It begins as pure electronic music, glides into a jazz and ends up with a gamelan inspired piece. This is an LP that grows after every listening, especially if you like many different types of music and have a good imagination.—Arild Bergh

MITCH WOODS AND HIS ROCKET 88's: Mitch Woods And His Rocket 88's (LP; Blind Pig, a division of Whole Hog Inc., P.O. Box 2344, San Francisco, CA 94126, U.S.A.) I think I have found a new hero. If you aren't tapping your foot by the middle of "Short. Sweet and Tender", working up a good sweat by "Juke Box Drive" and flat out winded by the end of

side two, you are in a coma. Mitch Woods calls it rock-a-boogie. I call it ass-kicking aerobics. The band is solid and includes three members from David Bromberg's old band. Woods has mastered barrel house piano. There isn't a weak song on the whole record. I've been playing this album on my radio show for a month now and it never fails to light up the phone with requests for more. Woods has taken a combination of jump blues, boogie and rock and created one of the best party albums I have heard in years.—Dale Knuth 10

THE WOOFLES: A Recent Dance, A Decent Trance (cassette, C-60, \$4; Grapefruit Records, P.O. Box 961, Bronxville, NY 10708, U.S.A.) A good variety of upbeat eccentric pop combined with pieces of a more experimental/noisy nature. These guys are careful not to waste your time with overlong jam material. Songs are laid out in a sequence that provides maximum variety and enjoyment. The usual guitar/bass/drums/voice lineup is put to unusual uses and combinations. Good recorded quality.—Tom Furgas 7

THE WOOFLES: Gabrielle/Our Love Is Gone/Making Her My Home (7" 45; Grapefruit Records, P.O. Box 961, Bronxville, NY 10708, U.S.A.) The Woofles display about the worst vocals I've heard in a great deal of time. Period. However, they have some funny (cute?) ideas and they can play their various instruments some. Is there hope in Bronxville? I don't know that I'd go that far but I'd try them again. If they try again.—Charlie Newman

THE YARDAPES: Neurosis b/w Ghost Town (7" 45; Frish Sounds, Box 36, Lawrence, KS 66044, U.S.A.) The A side's frantic Kinks-meets-Talking Heads concept doesn't work at all because even truly annoying music needs a hook or two, at least a point of empathy, and the cut is lacking in both. The flip fares much better: a country-styled excursion, still arty but with a touch of early Flamin' Groovies.—Jordan Oakes 4

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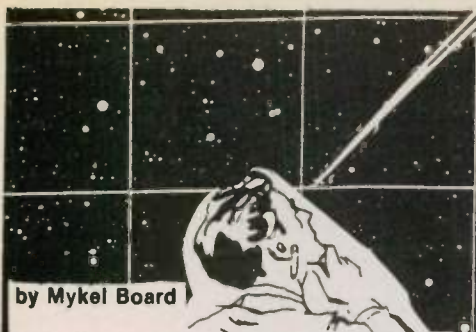
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by Mykel Board

The following are reviews of records and tapes that are not widely distributed. Some are available in esoteric record stores, some by mail order from wholesalers, some only from the record company itself, and some possibly not at all. If you are interested in any of these records, please write to me c/o SEIDBOARD WORLD ENTERPRISES, 75 Bleecker St., NYC 10012, or, if you have a computer leave E-Mail for SEIDBOARD on Delphi or BBG265 on THE SOURCE) and I'll try to find out where they are available.

NOTE: There are NO "bad" reviews. That's for two reasons. First, my taste may be different from yours and I don't want to discourage you from buying something because it doesn't suit me. Second, if you knew how hard it was to make a record, get it out and get it reviewed and bought, you wouldn't write bad reviews either. All reviews, however, are completely honest.

37. **TOKYO PARIS/PARIS TOKYO** (c/o Tago Mago, 52 rue de Sambre et Meuse, 75010 Paris, FRANCE) (Cassette approx. 40 min.) New music, experimental, some vocal oriented, mostly quiet from artists in Paris and Tokyo. Included famed electronic composer Richard Pinhas who here does what might be his first recorded acoustic piano piece.

38. **GUYETTES: Face/Gee I Jo/Diesel** (c/o Studio 4, 2000 Superior, Cleveland, OH 44114) (7" 33rpm flexi) No instruments, just female harmony vocals with a sense of humor and an almost childlike quality.

39. **GG ALLIN & THE SCUMFUCS: Eat My Fuc** (c/o Orange Records, 639 Broadway, NY, NY 10012) (LP) Nihilist hardcore with heavy metal guitar breaks. GG is the absolute master of the grungy, self-hatred/world-hatred lyrics. Here I'm going to leave my usual no-value judgement review and say this is the essence of REAL Rock and Roll. The Rebel Without A Cause. The Dead Boys had this potential, they sold out to a New Church. GG puts most of the recent hardcore crop to shame. He's a master.

40. **REARRANGEMENT IN PIECES: Look of Success/Pardon Us/Bad Advice** (c/o Champ Records, 609 East Nettleton, Independence, MO 64050) (7" 33 rpm) Funky saxophone with keyboards and traditional rock instruments. Funny lyrics and a voice that sort of reminds me of Frank Zappa. Minimal yet danceable.

41. **RAKKAUDELLA SINULLE: Aavikon Kone ja Moottori** (no information available) (1 sided 45, text Finnish) If Phillip Glass wrote gregorian chants they might sound like this. Finnish spoken over the chanting. This is weird! I only wish my Finnish were good enough to understand what's being said.

42. **MEAT JOY: Flesh & Blood** (c/o ESR Records, 3801 Tower View Ct., Austin, TX 78723) Okay here's a folk/punk/experimental/percussive band with a pacifist/lesbian/Christian/EST orientation. Each cover is different and hand done. What does that mean? Well, it's my favorite record of the moment! Unique and creative. Not like anything you're likely to hear anywhere else.

43. **MUTTIS MUNTERE MELODIE: LP sampler with The Rest, Toxo Plasma T.B.C., Beton Combo, Porno Patrol** (c/o Destiny Records, attn: David, Winerfeldstr. 36, 1000 Berlin 30 (West), GERMANY) A punk record, mostly hardcore. Some songs in English some German. The style ranges from pure 200 mph thrash, to slower dirge-punk, to Ramones style.

44. **PESTAUCH DES DSCHUNGLES:** (c/o Park-Platten, Spessartstr. 3, 5628 Heiligenhaus, Fed. Rep. Germany) This is apparently a sampler of experimental/new wavish bands, including some real tribal (German tribal?) stuff. Text in English and German. A variety of styles.

45. **BEAT HAPPENING: Our Secret/What's Important** (c/o K Records, Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507) Produced by The Wipers' Greg Sage. Extremely minimal. Each instrument stands on its own, without effects horns, strings, etc. One side reminds me of The Shaggs with a little more musical ability. The other side sounds like The Shaggs if they had a little more musical ability and a male singer.

46. **PERVERS/DEUTSCHER ABSCHAUM** (ep) (c/o SUFF RECORDS, Zweckfrei(?), Eichenstr. 2, 637 Oberursel, Fed. Rep. Germany) Is minimalism the future wave? These two bands (different names, same people) are also minimally produced. They sound like they recorded in a basement. Bands like this prove that the spirit of D.I.Y. at home, without fancy equipment is still alive and kicking in Germany. They look punkish, sometimes sound like they're beating on pots and pans. A translation of their poster-sleeve: "No greetings to you! You're always in the way, taking us for schizophrenics, or at least for idiots!"

47. **THE BANG GANG: Live from Gonzo** (cassette from Mataka Mazuri Records, P.O. Box 4084, Austin, TX 78765) It's amazing that these guys could ever get through a live performance without being mauled by most everybody. Their hardcore songs include: "Heavy Metal Momma," "Black Molly Blues," "She Ran...But We Ran Faster," "GWF," and a cover of "We Are Family" (you can guess what that sounds like).

48. **R.A.F. GIER/CHANNEL RATS** (LP with each band getting a side from Ralf Plaschke, Ritz-Maurice-Weg 28, 4400

Muenster, Fed. Rep. Germany) The R.A.F. GIER play really fast hardcore with a metal guitar edge, text in German and English. The Channel Rats are slower and play some fun-punk, including an ode to Micky Maus.

49. **PSYCHODRAMA: No Tape** (cassette from Psychodrama c/o Jon Betts, 1913 N. Ode St. (104), Arlington, VA 22209) Hate, Love, Fear/Hope, Joy. Nothing describes this tape.

50. **THE BAMBIS: Play Ramones Sweet** (c/o Swiss Wave, Box 496, CH-8026 Zuerich, Switzerland) Okay, picture The Chipmunks. Now picture them throwing away their toy guitars and buying cheap electronics. Now picture them playing cover versions of Ramones songs. You've just pictured this tape.

51. **KING OF CULTURE: Cut Shut/Know How** (Green Records c/o King of Culture, 256 E. 10 Street, Box 5F, New York, NY 10009) The SoHo sound, bass-heavy, eerie and well-produced. Slow dance-art music. Makes you want to close your eyes and nod your head in time to the beat.

52. **BLACKHOUSE: Pro-Life** (c/o Objekt Magazine, PO Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502) If a band can make you listen to them twice and still you can't figure out if they're for real, they've got to be doing something right! Blackhouse is either a Christian industrial noise band, or a parody of a Christian industrial noise band. I can't figure it out. The lyrics to their songs, "Born Again", "Love", "Jesus Loves You", "Pro-Life" are all but unintelligible with the screeching and grinding and white and pink noise foreground. Mmmm boy!

53. **BRIGITTE FONTAINE: Brigitte** (LP c/o Discodis, 32 rue Francois 1, Paris 8, FRANCE) This record is about 10 years old, but it could be Laurie Anderson (without the fancy electronics). Brigitte is a French performing artist who uses a variety of sounds, musical textures and words (all in French, of course) that include the story of a little boy going off to the butcher shop to be sliced up and eaten. I haven't heard her later albums, but this one is a classic.

54. **SUGALO: Das Maerchen Und Die Wirklichkeit** (c/o Mike Just, Therese-Geise Alle 30VI, 8000 Muenchen 83, Fed. Rep. GERMANY), Lot's of songs either acapella or accompanied by toy instruments. Girls vocals. Jonathan Richman would love this band!

55. **BINGO: Pinchinello/o** (cassette from Frederick Lonberg-Holm, no address, but phone: 718-783-7485) One side of this cassette is real spooky electric horror movie music. The other side is Resident-sish, including a cover version of "Bingo". (You know, "there was a farmer had a dog...")

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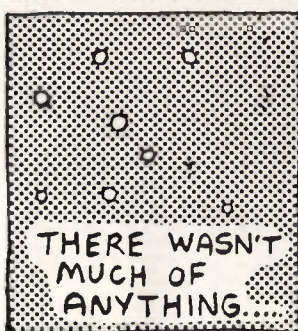
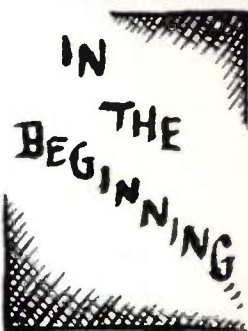
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