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Audio Evolution Network

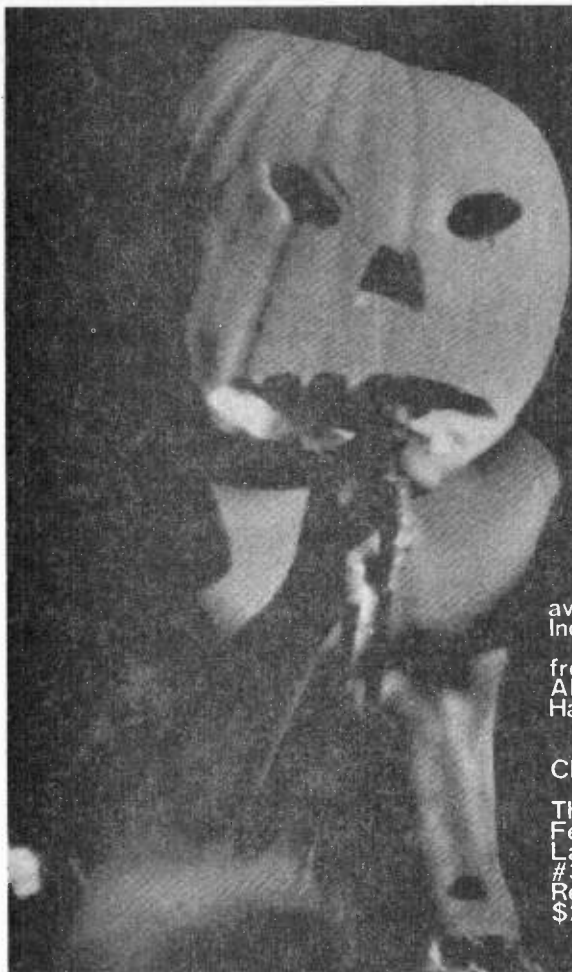
No. 7, April 1987

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Elliott Sharp in Vancouver, B. C., Summer, 1986

Ciaffardini Photo

SOUND CHOICE

Issue No. 7 March/April 1987
An Audio Evolution Network Publication
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SOUND CHOICE welcomes all unsolicited contributions and thanks all who contributed to this issue.

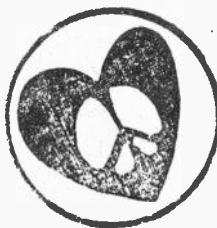
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With this issue, Sound Choice subscribers receive a Blitzoids flexi-disc containing two tracks from their upcoming album, *Stealing From Helpless Children*, due out in April. If you are not a Sound Choice subscriber and would like a Blitzoids flexi-disc, send \$1 (\$2 outside USA) to the Blitzoids at P O Box 1421, Lisle, IL 60532.

Cover—Eugene Chadbourne at Thatcher School, Ojai, CA, 1/87. Ciaffardini photo.

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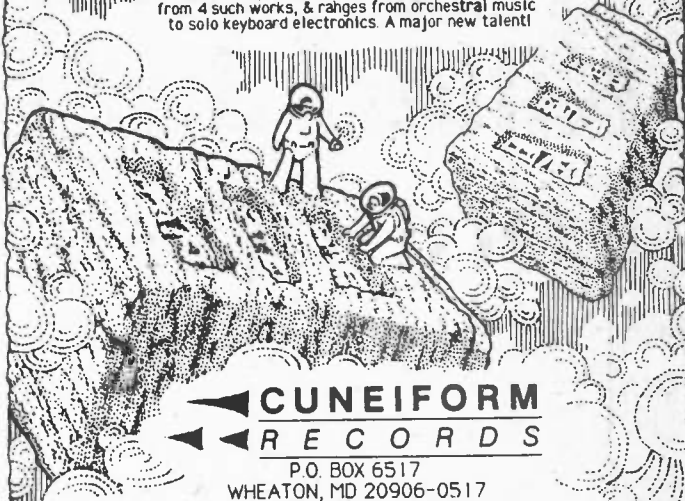
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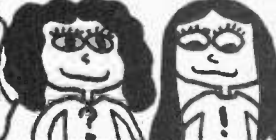
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STATE OF THE NETWORK:

Who Really Killed John Lennon?

Chadbourne says that nobody in the underground scene wants anyone else to have any success. "There's a lot of backstabbing, a lot of infighting," he tells me over a cup of coffee while waiting at LAX for a flight back to a snowed-in North Carolina, a state where property values are low enough so he can support his wife Emmy and the two kids, and The D (family dog) on his take home pay as a musician--as an *independent* musician.

Chadbourne, at this point is a bit of a success story. A musician's dream--a dozen years after he decided to throw caution to the wind and JUST GO FOR IT, he can finally support himself as a musician. He's not getting rich. He lives modestly, but eats well on the road and wires dollars home so Emmy can keep the bills paid. A recent photo shows Eugene counting his take home pay--\$1600--after ten days on the road gigging each night and hawking records and tapes after each show--his own version of the Dr. Feelgood traveling medicine show.

Everything seems to be going well for Chadbourne--product is selling good, gigs are easier to get, and there's lots of exciting projects happening. There's little doubt--barring any Buddy Holly, or Jim

Croce horror story--that Chadbourne has yet to reach his artistic or financial peak.

But Chadbourne isn't a saint. As of last summer he was still telling people he'd sign with a major if he was asked and things looked promising enough. "Some of the greatest music ever has come out on major labels, he rationalized, "Duke Ellington, Dylan...."

But where Chadbourne errs in his logic is not realizing the distinction--Duke Ellington and Dylan, and Hendrix, etc. etc. as great as their legacies are, are not happening NOW, Chadbourne IS happening NOW.

By this time even he realizes much of his success is due to the way he has organized his business, the way it is so closely controlled and personalized. But the temptation of a big advance from a major label would be mighty enticing, in fact "might be hard to turn down". After all, he does have great plans and visions--without those kind of bucks how will he ever finance his fantasies for a 30 piece Spike Jones style big band to carry out his wildest Chadbourmized arrangements?

So far he has stayed clear of temptation--dealing with Rough Trade who he claims asked Shockabilly to change their sound to something a bit more commercial, a bit more trendy (they didn't) is the closest he's got.

Chadbourne's savior, you see, is his



music. He has remained true to his unique musical vision and the music, perhaps more pure than the musician himself (the miracle of art!), has been of such a quality that it has actually repulsed the narrow minded, scared and greedy mindset of corporate America. Chadbourne's music is what has kept him on his higher, more evolutionary independent path.

But with more success comes more temptation. When the word gets out that Chadbourne is making money, corporation lackey's will sit up and start listening with big shirt eating grins, and how-do-you-do handshakes. After all, if Chadbourne can support Emmy, the two kids and Mr. D, why can't he also start supporting RCA or CBS or how about the nice folks at Warners--you don't like those labels? They don't sound "underground" enough for your style. Well how 'bout this little number over here, I.R.S. records, it's a subsidiary of a major but it has kind of an underground name, never mind that the proprietors operated another little label "Faulty Products" that went bankrupt robbing thousands of dollars from numerous punk bands and helping diffuse a potentially explosive punk scene a few years ago. But who cares, punk is dead anyway, right? And heck, the proprietor of Faulty,

Continued On Page 27

Into the network you sow, from the network you shall reap.

Sound Choice and the Audio Evolution Network are happy to offer you
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It is through the tremendous generosity of the network that we are able to offer you the following mind blowing audio adventures when you join the Audio Evolution Network. Within these cassettes are sounds that will rattle or roll your mindset, notes and voices that will expand your consciousness, take you to new heights of awareness. There are tapes among these that sound NOTHING like any record or cassette you have ever heard.

These are the sounds of the Audio Evolution Network, not all of the sounds, but certainly representing the leading edges of various facets of contemporary cassette culture.

Every tape here has been created by an artist or group of artists who have taken control of their audio explorations from start to finish preserving the unique, interesting, provocative or idiosyncratic nature of their art as expressed through the cassette medium.

Through an informal survey of Audio Evolution Network members we compiled a list of "the most historically significant and evolutionary artists, bands or labels affecting cassette culture of 1986.". It was on this basis that the following artists were invited to share small quantities of their recorded work with Audio Evolution Network members. In fact, several of the cassettes are extremely limited editions of works that were compiled or recorded specifically and exclusively for this Audio Evolution Network promotion.

If you are unfamiliar with the reputations of any of the following cassette artists, look through the pages of past issues of Sound Choice. Most of their names are there.

We believe this to be the most historically significant, evolutionary music magazine subscription promotion in history. If someone can prove us wrong, we'd like to hear about it.

So subscribe or renew and choose two evolutionary cassettes. But don't thank us. Thank the artists. Their contact addresses are in the contact address index on pages 79-81.

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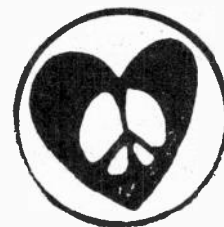
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- M-144 BIG CITY ORCHESTRA: *(to be announced)*
- M-105 BORDERLESS COUNTRIES TAPES: *"Grab bag selection"* (BCT)
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- M-135 LADONNA SMITH AND DAVEY WILLIAMS: *(as yet untitled)*
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- M-137 DON SLEPIAN: *(Rhythm of Life)*
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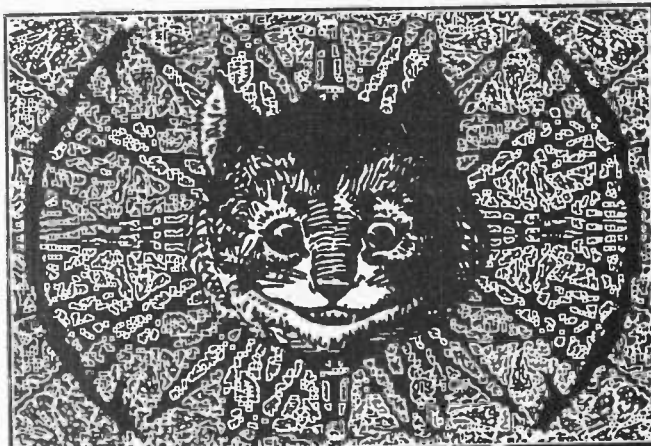
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We love letters...

Too Much, Too Soon Dept.

Dear David:

I just wanted to let you know that I got the new issue the Monday before Christmas and it looks great. The only criticism that comes to mind is that I miss the Radio update. Maybe next time. (*We're planning on it.--DC*)

I've also sent you two more Daniel Johnston tapes just to be sure somebody has review copies. You should be receiving a Daniel Johnston article during the next week or ten days. I hope you'll find it interesting.

As I write this Daniel is residing at the State Hospital. He has a history of emotional problems but had been doing pretty well since moving to Austin two years ago. Unfortunately some idiot groupie gave him some acid last week and it completely screwed him up. He had a nervous breakdown and was in pretty bad shape for a couple of days but is starting to do much better. He can now receive visitors anytime and this Sunday night we're taking a TV so he can see his new video on MTV's Cutting Edge show. The doctor treating him told me that when the police first brought him in he was having two illusions that he kept repeating over and over again: 1) that there was going to be a military takeover on Christmas Day and 2) that he had to be home by Sunday night so he could see himself on MTV.

On that note I'll wish you a happy New Year.

Sincerely,

Jeff Tartakov, Stress Records, Austin, TX

Questionable practices are so obvious they don't need to be mentioned

David,

Your simplistic revolutionary rhetoric which assumes that there are obvious and clearcut right and wrong ways of doing things is getting pretty tiresome.

The underground network that you hail also means dealing with distributors (who you probably consider major corporations?) like Systematic and Rough Trade who after six months to a year and numerous phone calls and letters may finally pay fanzines and indie labels who've sent them material on consignment. Myself and countless others have had trouble with them for years, yet you never discuss them, preferring only to attack the major label corporate beast. Kevin of 7 Seconds, a so-called "positive attitude punk" ain't no corporation, but he never paid me for *Thrillseekers* which I sent to him on a consignment basis for his store, despite several follow-up letters. These are sides of the "alternative system" that need to be acknowledged along with the favorable inspirational we're-all-in-this-together statements you enjoy making.

I find your criticism of *Forced Exposure* and *Option* pretty

amusing. I would guess that the real reason *Forced Exposure* doesn't criticize *Spin*, is because Byron and Jimmy realize that the "questionable practices and philosophies of that magazine" are so obvious that they don't need to be mentioned. I don't consider their writing for *Spin* questionable as you do. I see their efforts for that publication as a means of exposing "underground" music to an audience that may not frequent the specialty record stores where *Sound Choice* is sold. Sure *Spin* has its detriments, but Byron and Jimmy refusing to write for *Spin* won't purify the magazine and the capitalistic system, and their meager contributions to *Spin* hardly make them an "integral supportive part of the corporate music business" as you attest. As for Byron being on a CMJ panel along with other fanzine editors, big deal! Even if every fanzine editor in the country turned down the offer to be on a CMJ panel, I hardly think that would cause the magazine to change its stance or to fold. No, all it would accomplish would be putting a bunch of morons on the panel who would feed the impressionable college radio masses pabulum; as opposed to Byron and company's more clever ideas and views. (*Such as?--DC*) In 1981 I went to the New Music Seminar where a seminar organizer, Mark Josephson of *Rockpool*, dismissed a question asked by my brother in regards to the lack of mention of punk at the seminar, with the curt answer of "punk rock's dead, next question." I proceeded to make a stink about it there, and later in letters and fanzines, and I swore never to pay money to any *Rockpool* associated enterprises again. I also subsequently as music director at University of Maryland's WMUC criticized both the New Music Seminar and CMJ convention on our playlist, and let our subscription to *CMJ* lapse. I knew at the time that my steps wouldn't have much effect, and that the best answer would be to organize a convention that would more appropriately address and answer the problems affecting the radio and record industry. But unfortunately I had neither the time, money or resources to accomplish that undertaking. So six years later despite criticism from many quarters, both conventions have quadrupled in attendance size and cost of entry with only a slight improvement in quality. For better or worse, like the I.B.S. (Intercollegiate Broadcasting Seminar) conventions (*Readers unfamiliar with the workings of I.B.S., CMJ or similar college radio conventions may wish to check out my scathing, lengthy report on the subject in the March 1986 issue of Maximum Rock N Roll--DC*) these two won't be going away, and the stereotypical predictable college radio masses will keep attending whether top-notch fanzine and indie label folks are there or not. Of course no one's organized a convention as an alternative to these existing flawed efforts, undoubtedly for reasons similar to mine.

According to you, *Option* magazine puts corporate artists on its covers. Can you explain to me by what standards Fela and Debbie Spinelli are considered corporate artists? As for their pursuit of "yuppie-ism", I think if their ideals were really pointed in that direction they'd become Reagan supporting investment bankers not editors of a magazine whose most well known subjects despite their underground star status probably sell no more than 30,000 records in this country. You also bitch about *Option's* treatment of your magazine, though their so-called policy of pretending that *Sound Choice* doesn't exist.

Did you ever think that they might not be reviewing your publication because you review their publication in a subjective juvenile manner in comparison to your generally more objective reviews of other publications. In *Sound Choice* #2 you called *Option* a magazine published by yuppies for yuppies, and in issue #3 you made implied criticisms of the zine by reviewing *OPTic* as "another ripoff deception from West L.A. which is into MTV and corporate record companies and worships the all-mighty dollar," and you listed the address of sex mag *Options*, not to review it but to make more criticisms of *Option*. After this, you now have the gall to criticize THEM for not "cooperating and helping to strengthen the independent network."!!! There are several people who contribute to both *Option* and *Sound Choice*, and undoubtably people who read both publications, so quit whining that *Option's* out to get you and get on with your own magazine.

Finally I must object to your comments in your review of *Most Things Suck* fanzine. You suggest that middle class kids saying give up anarchy, go to college and get a job with power like the singer in Midnight Oil (a lawyer) is a youthfully naive statement, and that it's also an implied criticism of poor working class people. I think you missed their point entirely. They're not saying get rich and tough luck to anyone who can't, they're just suggesting that activist lawyers like the singer in Midnight Oil may have more power to change things in a positive direction than anarchist drop-outs. That doesn't sound naive to me. You seemed to prefer to use that review as an opportunity to make simplistic statements about fascist rich capitalists than as an opportunity to deal with the complex subtle issues involved in educating oneself, trying to pay the rent, trying to be happy, and trying to change the world for the better. Dealing with gray areas rather than just black and white ones, isn't as eye-catching and attention-grabbing, but I'd argue that it's more truthful, and in the long run more beneficial and helpful.

Sincerely,

Steve Kiviat, Bowie, MD

Explains why Sound Choice is last word among music magazines

Dear David,

On page 15 of your last issue, under publications, you get to *Option* and slam the hell out of it. I don't even want to debate whether the points you raise and your criticisms of *Option* are right or wrong, that's beside the point entirely. What it comes down to is this: if you claim that they slander, bad-mouth or ignore you, you sink to the level you criticize by writing an obviously lopsided evaluation of *Option* policies. If you feel that strongly about *Option*, why not write a few lines or none at all instead of a diatribe four times longer than reviews of other publications? If you really feel so slighted, so intentionally ignored by *Option*, why not just ignore them too and spare the readers your spleen venting, because, frankly, it sounds childish. Which brings me to a major-criticism of *Sound Choice*. Too often, your long replies to letters to the

editor come off as kind of paranoid. It turns into a ridiculous ping pong game: you publish something, someone writes debating it, YOU counter their counter,...is there a great point to it? It smacks of someone who MUST get the last word in at all costs. If you are secure in your editorial stances and opinions, print them and be done with it. If someone criticizes your stance or takes issue with you, let them and be done with THAT. Unless there's some sort of glaring error or a letter written from misinformation, why the debate? You get a chance every issue to sound off to your heart's content--is it so hard to let people do a bit of sounding off themselves without incurring the wrath of your pen? Specifically--as an example--I see no value in the answers printed to letters by Chris Cutler, (page 7), or Chris Carey (page 12) even though he says "comments welcome." Now it should be noted that I am no longer writing for *Option*, and it should be noted that the reasons for this move are the same reasons I am finding it increasingly difficult to align myself with the independent music scene in general. Amateurism is being elevated to style, too much in-fighting and not enough of that supposed unity, too many factions non-supportive of each other. In short, an alarmingly miniature version of major record labels and their attendant scene. Andy Warhol said everybody would be famous for 15 minutes in the future, and it sure looks like they're trying. Please, if you print this, don't tack your verbiage onto the end. You're an editor, your neck goes out on the block when the issues go into the mail. If you can't take your medicine, don't run this letter. I don't care anyway, since I'm not writing to see my name in print and I'm only writing to tell you something. Which I've done.

C.W. Vrtacek, New Milford, CT

Majors are out of control--Buy OUR stuff instead

To the editor--

Howdy! I'd like to throw in my 2 cents worth, as I've been inspired by the letter from Nathan Griffith printed in #6. He comments that the major labels--among other offenses--have unjustifiably raised their list prices to \$9.98 on certain products. As a general partner in an independent label, I'd like to inform your readers that many other indie labels, like us, wholesale our product for \$4 per lp. We in fact sell direct to stores at this same low price. And amazingly enough, we turn a profit, without selling a *fraction* of the product the majors sell. Major labels are institutions that are out of control--similar to the government, hospitals, TV--Oh Wow! They exist to feed their greed and do a good job of it. There is no awareness of any noble motives such as art for arts sake or even pleasing the public's quest for *quality* products. Just another problem in a fucked up world. But lets not be cynical--alternatives do exist. Buy OUR stuff and be happy!]

Laura Croteau, Rabid Cat Records, Austin, TX

CONTACTS AND SOURCES:

UPDATES

The contact address listed at the end of the Bayaka Pygmy article in SC #6 has been updated to: Anachron Foundation, Elizabeth Wolfstraat 3, 1052 RN Amsterdam, Netherlands

CALLS TO ACTION

Border Patrol laws look bad for independent musicians: Rory Lions at *Bravear* has alerted us to legislation in the works that creates further U.S. visa restrictions for international performing artists. The new legislation will give the Immigration service even greater power to prevent underground artists from crossing U.S. borders. Rory has lots of information for zine editors including petitions and names of targeted legislators. Contact him c/o *Bravear*, P.O. Box 3877, Berkeley, CA 94703; tel. 415-658-9601.

RADIO

Art Radio presents *Massive Art Phone-In #5* on March 25, 1987, from 8 pm to 10 pm (west coast time) broadcast live on the airwaves of KCSS FM 92 in Turlock, CA. All audio artists are invited to phone in their audio art pieces on 209-632-4544. "We can handle only one call at a time, so if it's busy, try again. We will be taking your name, address, and title of work at the beginning of each call to further document the event." Radio Art c/o Randy Magnus, 307 H St., Modesto, CA 95351.

French DJ P. Veillet wants to exchange radio programs with American indie radio: via 12 Av De Villars, 63407 Chamaliere, France; tel. 16-73-37-75-04

Polish DJ Jacek Lichon wants to exchange recordings with Americans. Stuff like *Tuxedo Moon*, *Negativeland*, *Residents*, *Mnemonist*, *Birthday Party*, *DKs*, etc. Write him via UL Kasztanowa 11, 30-227 Krakow, Poland.

Swedish Connection John Cloud of KSSB-San Bernardino is the international Promotions Director for Student Radio Forenignren 99 fm in Uppsala, Sweden and is offering to anyone interested a free list of record stores, record distributors, music publications, radio programs and live showcase clubs in Sweden. Send an SASE to John Cloud, The Swedish Connection, 16656 Arabian Ave., Riverside, CA 92504.

Panaxis Productions, P.O. Box 130, Paradise, CA 95969; tel. 916-534-0417 offers low power AM, FM equipment and related books.

PERFORMANCE SPACES

The Lab. Artists should submit a 1-2 page event or exhibition description; including contact information, artist bio, technical considerations and optimum date of event. Please include SASE and suitable envelope for return of slide, tape or other materials. Write: The art.re.group, 1805 Divisadero, San Francisco, CA 94115.

EVENTS

New Directions '87: Saturday, May 30, 1987, 35 in-

ternationally known artists will gather at the Pierpont Village, Rockland County, New York for an 8-hour event beginning at 2:30 PM. Borbetomagus is producing this event. Admission is \$7. For more information call 914-358-6372.

CONSIDER SENDING YOUR RECORDINGS TO

Heavy Metal Ladies: Sylvia Massy is looking for all-female heavy metal bands. Originals only. Interested groups should send tape and photo to Sylvia at 1230 Grant St., #531, San Francisco, CA 94133; or call Sylvia at 415-285-3348.

Silent Records is accepting proposals in the following formats: Experimental, electronic, musique concrete, computer music, noise, soundtracks, improvisation and ethnic. Submit a cassette and project biography. No masters or real to real. Contact Silent Records, 540 Alabama #310, San Francisco, CA 94110

TapeWorm: The mid-summer issue of the zine *TimeWorm* will be issued on a 90 minute cassette. You are invited to send material for it. Subject matter can be anything and music will not play a prominent role. If you send your choice sound on an otherwise blank 90 min. tape, you will get a copy even if it isn't included. Deadline June 5, 1987. Sean Wolf Hill, 37 E. Hudson, Dayton, OH 45405.

Heartsong Review, (edited by Wahaba Heartsun) a resource guide to New Age music, is "now accepting tapes for review that are independently published, that have well done production and content, a contemporary New Age flavor, a positive, open-minded spiritual orientation, and that preferably include vocals in some form." Heartsong Review, P.O. Box 1084, Cottage Grove, OR 97424.

Distraught Records is looking for hardcore, punk, garage and thrash music for series of compilation tapes. Contact Rodney, 11602 Poplarwood, Houston, TX 77089; tel. 713-481-1484.

MISCELLANEOUS

Relix Magazine announces "The Relix Hotline", 718-692-1986, a 24 hour a day recording with latest tour information, news flashes about artists that are of interest to *Relix* readers.

EDUCATION

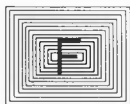
Memphis State University offers M.A. and Ph. D. degrees in Musicology (Regional Studies.) Ethnomusicology (folk and popular music of the southern United States). On-campus 24 track studio and a University owned record company and an FM radio station are available. For more info contact Professor David Evans, Music Department, Memphis State University, Memphis, TN 38152, USA; te. 901-454-3317.



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AUDION Magazine is a quarterly publication,
 dedicated to promoting and discussing
 experimental, new age, synthesizer, avant-garde
 and rock musics. Issue #4 is due out in April
 1987. All back-issues are still available.

Articles/features have included...
 GAVIN BRYARS, CELESTIAL HARMONIES, ECM, BRIAN &
 ROGER ENO, PETER FROHMADER, MICHEL HUYGEN,
 KUCKUCK, GYORGY LIGETI, STEPHAN MICUS, MUSEA, NEW
 7TH MUSIC, KEVIN O'NEILL, RECOMMENDED RECORDS,
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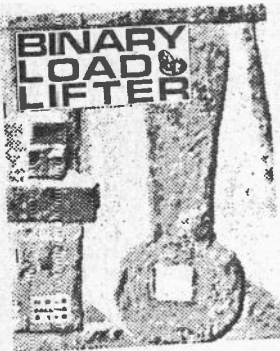
\$1 or 2 IRC's will secure copies of our catalogue,
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Publications

Here's another big long list of unusual publications and nary a repeat from our huge list in SC #6. Most of the following are periodicals, though the frequencies of publication varies and some have very irregular publishing schedules, or short life spans. Almost all are available by mail. (See addresses in our index section) Send an SASE for ordering information. When a price is included in the review, that is a post-paid price for a single issue. In some cases we've included the subscription price, e.g. \$15/6 means \$15 for six consecutive issues.

Some loose definitions of terms that are thrown about below: 'Rock-type': rock and other stuff, but primarily rooted in rock lineage. 'The usuals': interviews and reviews of recordings and publications in the fields of interest. 'Zines and fanzines': usually are small circulation publications, created by people more in love with the subject they publish about than any possible financial returns they may or may not gain from it. The majority of these are created via photocopy machines. 'Tabloid style': newspaper style large pages, typesetting.

A nice way to break the ice when writing to these folks is to begin by letting them know where you first heard of their work. (But don't tell them you heard about them from Sound Choice if you are one of those people who writes to everyone requesting a 'free sample'.)

If you create or know of an unusual publication that we haven't written about, send us a copy and include your own review of it if you want. We're always interested in expanding our outlook. We would especially like to see more foreign, English language publications.

The following reviews were written by David Ciaffardini except where noted otherwise.

AFM: A big envelope full of 'art'-most of it pulled from an art teacher's elementary school art class.

APAEROS: A reader-written, unedited forum about sex, erotica and relationships. For sharing feelings, knowledge, questions, problems, stories, drawings and fantasies. Send for a sample and state that you are over 18. If all sex magazines were more like this, the world would surely be a more healthy place.

BETTER THAN NOTHING: This is a promising new zine for the Urbana,

IL 'popular' music scene. The usuals plus some 'exploring an issue' pieces. (A bit of optimistic naivete showing in their indie vs. major label piece.) But as the title says...

BEWARE: Each issue is eight pages of photocopy art reminding us of who and what to 'BEWARE' of.

BIG YEAH: Rock type zine, the usuals, plus clean layout and teenage vitriol edited by successful graduates of the Byron and Jimmy (*Forced Exposure*) Fanzine Editing Correspondence Course. Contents copyrighted. \$1.

BINARY LOAD LIFTER: A handy little info jobby. Full of neat-o stuff like indie record and publication reviews as well as some thoughtful columns. 'Mr. Ned's World of Nature' is a witty, honest number on terrorism. Patrick Rael has succeeded in pulling together a cohesive zine built on an uncompromising indie philosophy.--Ted Labbe

BIRTH OF TRAGEDY: Tabloid style music and fringe culture zine. More literary and literate than most. No. 4 had interviews with Nick Cave, Anton La Vey, Lydia Lunch, V.O. Real, Henry Rollins, and Whipping Boy (the editor's band.)

BITCH: This is one of the most important rock fanzines ever because it fills in the gap that no other magazine touches, i.e., it covers women in rock--hard rock, punk rock, folk rock, etc. Forget men. This is about women, and thankfully its not the pin-up oriented stuff that you might expect. This is actually written and edited by women. If you're a woman in rock, by all means get familiar with this zine. If you're a guy, you're gonna like this for the fresh female perspective. Monthly and with lots of big tabloid style pages. Staff is considering a name change in hope of better distribution, but the title as it now stands seems appropo. (Switching to saddle stitch binding would probably do more for rack distribution than a name change.)

BLANK EXPRESSION: Sharp monthly giveaway rock type zine. December issue has interviews with Chadbourne, Robyn Hitchcock, and Steve Wynn. 6/\$6.

BLATCH: Alternative rock zine. The usuals plus good paper plus (and this is what makes this zine special) several pages devoted to sophisticated comic type graphics. \$2.

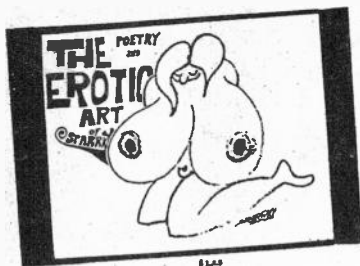
BRAVEAR: Bravear is back, big and glossy, nice layout, with all the usual fanzine stuff. The sometimes gushing star struck writing of some of the contributors is offset a bit by the lengthy political articles and essays.

BROADSIDE: Old guard liberal folk music fans write about guys like Tom Paxton, Richard Farina and Bruce Cockburn. Includes music and lyrics for topical folk songs.

CALENDAR MAGAZINE: Giveaway monthly art and entertainment tabloid for the San Francisco Bay Area. Names and addresses of clubs, etc. \$2.

CANCER: Non-conformist punk zine/collage. Anti-vivisection, anti-draft and other concerns.

CASSETTE MYTHOS AUDIO DIGEST: If you believe in the cassette revolution, or evolution or devolution and you want to research the worldwide ramifications of said concepts, if you've ever put out or fell in love



with a weird cassette from some far away place and you lust for more active involvement in said cassette culture, you should get in contact with these people. Robin James is the main man behind this project—which will eventually produce an encyclopedic, internationally researched book on cassette culture. In the mean time there is the *Audio Digest*, irregularly published but wonderful nonetheless because it contains lots of info you want to know and is a postal handshake welcoming your further involvement with the book project and who can guess what else. Send and SASE or a buck or two with a note about your interests, wait a while for a response, get impatient, wait some more, and not long after that expect some sort of fascinating artifact of contemporary cassette culture.

CHICOHELL: Chico is a college town in the boonies of Northern California, a place where, despite (or because of) throngs of beer drinking, party-time young people, original rock bands have a hard time getting local gigs. This is the zine for those original, gutful, but gigless bands.. No. 5 had the most accurate Caroliner (from SF) interview yet.

THE COMMUNITY DIALOGUE: A sharp community-minded publication that attempts to unite a New Orleans 'scene' based around community needs. A 'think globally, act locally' attitude prevails. The perceptive essays are relevant to communities everywhere.

COMPUTER MUSIC JOURNAL: Thick academic style journal from MIT. Heavy on the scientific/theoretical approach. \$7.

CONFLICT: This is a zine where jaded independent rock label mogul Gerard Cosloy vents his anger and frustration, and gets a few laughs by saying whatever he wants to about indie rock bands and records and the related scene. He knows that no matter what rude B.S. he says, people are still going to try to kiss his ass in the hope that he might sign their band to Homestead or help them get better distribution through Dutch East India. Cosloy, when he cranks up the typewriter, is the Don Rickles of rock fanzine editors. \$1.

CONTRAST: Safe and sane, glossy covered rock zine with the usuals. Premiered recently with an R.E.M. cover story.

COOL ART: As far as I can tell, this is something that a bunch of Kent Stater's are putting together every week. Reviews, art contests, and some great quotes: 'Everybody raves about Picasso's blue period—Shit, that's nothing. My girlfriend has one every month!' Unfortunately their spontaneity sometimes leads to a lack of depth and quality. Good for the Illinoian looking for events in the area but not much more.—Ted Labbe

CRASH COURSE FANZINE: Short, shy interviews of thrash metal hybrid bands: Corrosion of Conformity, Die Kreuzen, Excel, Accused, others. The usuals. \$2.

CULTURAL DEMOCRACY: 'Cultural Democracy means that culture is an essential human need and that each person and community has their right to a culture or cultures of their choice; that all communities should have equitable access to the material resources of the commonwealth for their cultural expression; that cultural value and policies should be decided in public debate with the guaranteed participation of all communities; that the government does not have the right to favor one culture over another.' Quarterly newsletter. Ron Sakolsky is on the editorial board. \$15/4.

DAILY BARBARIAN: The title is a misnomer for this quarterly anarchist/anti-authoritarian newspaper.

DEADBEAT: Good literature and comix celebrating the lifestyles and ideals of deadbeats and bums. Tabloid. Free in San Francisco area. \$2 beyond.

DEAD MILKMEN NEWSLETTER: Dead Milkmen fan news from the boys in the band.

DEJA VOODOO TRAIN: Deja Voodoo is a swamp rock band and this is their tabloid style newsletter.

THE DILLINGER RELIC: Science fiction fanzine that has a breadth of interest and topics that could interest even non-SF fans.

DISORDER: There's a tremendous amount of progressive thought and energy in Vancouver, Canada and radio station CITR is ONE of the stations in the area that is part of the scene. This is the station magazine and program guide. The usuals and a few controversial issues in the letter section.

DISSIDENT NEWS: Views and reprints from the international underground, anti-authoritarian press. Tabloid format.

DUMB: Letters and personal stories and drawings from various contributors. No. 2 contains a good true life story by Denise Dee about her interest, active involvement and finally, disillusionment with a punk/rock scene in Pittsburgh a few years back.

EAT MY SHIT: Anti-authoritarian zine with great drawings by Dennis Draughton. When writing, address everything to EMS, rather than the full title. Postal officials are refusing to deliver mail with the full title and are currently threatening legal proceedings against the publishers for deploying mail with such a title.

ECHO DU PIN-PON: Bilingual (French and English versions of each article) zine focusing on 'open' music. Premier issue has interviews with Daniel Legault, Rene Lussier, Andre Duchesne, more.

ECOMEDIA-TORONTO BULLETIN: Activist/anti-authoritarian/anarchist newsletter.

FACADE: Newspaper style rock fanzine. The usuals. Professional approach. Articles on The Fall, Diamanda Galas, Matt Johnson, others.

FALSE POSITIVE: Anti-authoritarians and Sub Genius humorists share their thoughts in the consciousness expanding zine. Donna Kossey's social commentary photocopy collages are a consistent highlight.

FRONT LINE NEWS: Animal Liberation Front newspaper. Some of the contributors would kill a man before letting that man kill or torture an animal. *The hamburger is biting back.*

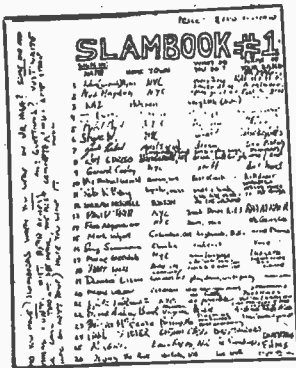
FULL DISCLOSURE: Agents of the F.B.I., the C.I.A. and other government organizations are doing a lot of nasty, unconstitutional things to U.S. citizens—wiretapping and mail seizure being two of the lesser, most common evils. Glen Roberts and Lynn Johnston are devoting themselves to exposing and combatting these illegal and immoral practices. This is their publication. Their organization and knowledge, as expressed in these pages, is astounding. One wonders how long such an organization will survive. God forbid another Karen Quinlan scenario. Then again, how do we know this publication isn't part of a C.I.A. scheme to make people think something is being done to confront these evils? Actually, this publication seems too well put together, too vital, to darn useful in exposing and combatting government manipulation and privacy invasions for it to be a product of a government agency. Definitely worth checking out, and besides, if you put this on a coffee table it's bound to be a provocative conversation piece. \$15/12.

HEADROT: Thrash music zine that ranks with the best of the genre.

INTERCHANGE: A professional style giveaway entertainment zine attempting to crack the Long Beach, Calif. yuppie scene with TV Guide style features on MTV's (former) vj Martha Quinn (as vacuous as you would expect), Long Ryder's Sid Griffin, and Shriekback. Their 'Underground' column focuses on mainstream crapola that is forced down your throat with a smile.

JAM RAG: If there really is such a thing as a Detroit rock scene, then this is its zine. Gets better each time. Better graphics would help.

JIM #3: He's got everything in here! From Jim's kitchen there's Hot Lobster, Avocado and Popcorn Salad. Turn the page and The Hour of the Kitten is upon us. Striking images of a social realistic faith decorate the pages



accompanied by some might weird prose. Jim's strange thought processes are exhibited in this publication from Jimland. Stream of Consciousness? I can't make comparisons or draw conclusions with this stuff. It's just Jim and I like it a whole lot.--Ted Labbe

KALX PROGRAM GUIDE: Sharp music zine type program guide from the radio station at Univ. of Calif., Berkeley.

K.P. INC.: One person's four pages of hand-written opinions on rock shows and records. Not bad.

LITTLE FREE PRESS: Provocative, well-written and rational Utopian political and economic essays by Ernest Free Mann, a person who hopes to one day live in a 'Priceless Economy.' Free if you promise to make at least two copies of each and pass on.

LOVE AND ROCKETS: A variety of on-going comix stories penned by the Hernandez brothers from Oxnard, Calif. Professionally published and issued b-monthly. The 'Locas' series of L&R seems to have roots in the Archie comics but updates and raises the I.Q. and reality level to outstanding new heights. Look to 'Locas' for the most realistic portrayal of a contemporary punk 'scene' based loosely on the brothers true life observations in Oxnard (home of bands including Dr. Know, Aggression, Stalag 13, etc.) The 'Heartbreak Soup' series is another masterpiece, tracing the lives of an inter-related group of Mexican-Americans as they search for meaning both above and below the border. Throughout L&R surrealism pops up here and there adding to the intrigue. These are comix where one can actually fall in love with the characters due both to the complexity and sincerity of the characters and and story lines, and the superb renderings of their various emotional states. (Yes, I've fallen for Maggie, never mind her recent weight gain.) Of cultural importance.

MAXIMUM ROCK AND RAOUL: Punk zine that is a satire of other punk zines.

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE PEOPLE: The avant-garde counter culture comes together with well-heeled yuppies in this publication that operates as both a 'Personals' advertising service and unedited, reader-written cultural zine. The publishers occasionally sponsor provocative salon-type get-togethers where, if you believe the P.R., the yuppies come away with their minds blown. One issue so far, the second on the way. A yuppie price tag of \$12 (!) per issue ppd. Lots of pages, nice paper and graphics and it looks like the concept could really work without being a total sell out. This is published by friends of Willem deRidder (see SC #3) so that might give you some idea of what to expect. Open to submissions and various forms of involvement.

MS. ANTI-SOCIAL: This is a new, smaller variation from the *Anti-Social* comix folks. (*Anti-Social* being one of the best of its genre.) A lot of sardonic, black humor and fine pen and ink work. Not as good as the regular AS's but pretty great anyway. Nice Mary Fleener cover.

MY LIFE DEPENDS ON YOU!: This pamphlet blew me away. A friend of mine who is generally considered in the community to be a little bit crazy was telling me that some evil people had been 'zapping' her with jolts of electricity from remote locations. She told me about numerous physical maladies that this 'zapping' had led to including headaches, disorientation, bowel problems, etc. She also told me about authorities in mental hospitals who put tiny transmitters and receivers into people's heads as a way of control and observation, etc.; etc. Now along comes this very detailed, typeset pamphlet from Martti Koski, a man in Finland, who makes the very same claims. To top it off, I read in a British publication about a town in England where several women are complaining about headaches, disorientation, bowel problems, etc. due to being 'zapped' by mysterious forces. Koski claims that while he was living in Canada, his mind was experimented upon by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He talks about

'brain transmitters', microwave mind control, and draws correlations to the C.I.A. LSD mind control experiments that we have all heard about. Koski claims he was chosen as a victim because he had no close friends or relatives, was a foreigner--basically there was nobody he could trust to go to for help. Koski claims he is at his wits end and has exhausted all his money creating this pamphlet as a last ditch effort to save himself and others who are currently or will become victims of the same sort of government mind control experiments. Koski wants to hear from others who may have similar experiences or who have more information on the subject. As the title says...

NOISE, NOISE, NOISE: Premier issue of this punky, cut and paste fanzine had pretty good articles on Johnny Thunders (with discography) and Jesus and Mary Chain, plus the usuals.

NOMADIC UNDERGROUND: Punk music zine with the usuals plus some political, peace-oriented concerns. Better than most.

NOTES: A truckload of very funny stuff crammed into a zesty little type-written pamphlet. Notes has sought out humor, thrown in a couple of neat-o stories and come together with a zine which is incredibly responsive to its readers. Where too many people are throwing together any old shit they find lying around, I sensed *Notes* to be a product of a tightly woven networking system, 'Antinotes'--a column of letters, comments and opinion--serves as the best of the mag. Each correspondent was allowed a generous amount of space upon their soapbox. Anyone seriously interested in the excitement of networking or just a few laughs should check this one out.--Ted Labbe

OFFICIAL UNDERGROUND AND NEW WAVE COMIX PRICE GUIDE

by Jay Kennedy: More than 250 pages (including 16 full color glossies). I've always been skeptical regarding this stuff about 'collectors' price' and who decides what something is worth. But even ignoring all that kind of info, we're still left with an excellent, exhaustive guide to underground comix; a valuable reference guide. Includes a good index plus photos of many of the most respected underground comix artists. Any comix artists who have been omitted from this 1982 directory but want in on an upcoming, updated edition (which incidently will omit comix price speculation) should write these people as soon as possible, requesting a Data Submission Form. Any comix artist or collector would be foolish not to get in touch with these people. The book is available direct from the author at the more-than-fair, more-than-half-off price of \$4 each ppd.

PEYOTE PICAYUNE: New zine with a long article about a guy picking his nose. A few record reviews too. Seeks help. Stamp or written contribution.

PIGS PLOT: Troubled minds attempt to find salvation with a few pages of angst ridden, perhaps stream of consciousness, writings of alienation and schizophrenia, with a taste of Gerry Reith and Church of Subgenius thrown in.

THE POETRY AND EROTIC ART OF SPARKY: Street person Sparky uses inkblots, drawings and sublimated sexual desires and throws it together in this photocopy publication that is a step or two above bathroom wall art. It didn't turn me on.

POISON PENN'S: Music zine. No. 2 features interviews with Mike Watt, Peach of Immortality and cult film actor Marty Nation. Active interest in underground rock, and death and sex cinema.

POSTWAR: Mail-art type pamphlets and handouts of anti-war, anti-authoritarian focus.

THE PURIENT INTEREST: Premier issue of this zine features articles on 'Mass Murder and Rock and Roll', 'In Defense of Terrorism', and 'The History of Handguns and Sex.'

RAGSHEET FANZINE: Devoted to 'punk, hardcore and anything else

that thrashes.' The usuals. 10 pages.

REALITY NOW. Radical anti-authoritarian tabloid with lots of info on oppressed people. (Recent issue had lots of stuff on Native American concerns.) The organization believes in radical direct action including armed assaults and bombings. They promote vandalism of high schools and offer tips and tactics. Much of this seems counterproductive (though fun.) Perhaps there are a few government agents in their ranks who are attempting to disrupt things and discredit anti-authoritarian organizations by always advocating this kind of unsuccessful 'revolutionary' tactics. For instance, what is the point of vandalizing public schools? Wouldn't that energy be more productively used by creating alternative schooling situations or giving rational arguments why there should be no government sponsored educational systems? Will the *Sound Choice* offices be bombed for questioning *Reality Now's* tactics? Or will the C.I.A. firebomb SC headquarters and make it look like it was the efforts of *Reality Now* organizers? What would Ghandi have to say about this?

REVOLUTION: A 'propaganda organ of the Central Committee of the Revolutionary Communist Party' which seeks to voice that Marxian philosophy incorporated into our times. Issue #54 is an interview with Bob Arakian concerning the ethics of the party's thought. A hefty sixty pages in its entirety and a nice way to become aware of up-to-date Communist thought.--Ted Labbe

SACA NEWS: Published by Student Action Corps for Animals, this anti-vivisection newsletter promotes more of a 'networking' approach to solving problems rather than the more violent or militant approaches stressed by several other publications in the field. The direct actions suggested in *SACA News* operate towards a psychological, rather than blunt physical approach to animal liberation.

SCR RADIOFLYER: Newsletter for those interested in Sacramento, Calif. community radio.

SCRAP: Social commentary photocopy collage art, published periodically. Plenty of anti-Reagan humor and related themes. \$1 or trade.

SECONDS: Premier issue is a substantial typeset tabloid fanzine with pieces on Metallica, Butthole Surfers, Damned, Big Joe Turner, Culturcide, and Beastie Boys. The new *Spin*?

SHOE POLISH WEEK: Pretty funny music zine satire zine with a great letters section and articles like 'My Date With Holly Near.' \$1.

SHRED-A-SLIME: Music zine coming on strong with the usuals. Recent issue had Chadbourne and Happy Flowers interviews. More knowledgeable than most. \$1.

SIDEWALKS: Premier issue of this regional skateboarding zine is mighty impressive. Tabloid style, typeset with intelligent interviews of skaters and bands. Could be of interest to non-skaters as well. Interesting discussions about anti-skateboarding laws and other topics as well. Even a big glossy skate zine like *Thrasher* could learn something by checking out the grass roots, non-commercial, non-starmaking, but professional approach of *Sidewalks*. (News flash: *Sidewalks* editor recently got a job managing a radio station and doesn't have time to continue with *Sidewalks*. She has the logo, business license and *advertisers* that she is willing to turn over to anyone who thinks they can make a go of it.)

SING OUT! They say it's a folk song magazine but its got more including R&B, blues, and a sprinkling of jazz. A lot of fine professionalism obviously went into the production of *Sing Out!* Calendars, songs, reviews of books and records are all carefully arranged in this informative little puppy. 'Jazz and the Folk Process' in the Winter 1986 issue illustrates these people's thoroughness and wide-ranging interests.--Ted Labbe

SISUBEAT: This is a very high quality rock zine from Finland. Glossy cover, typeset and written in clear English. This premier issue includes a cassette compilation on Finnish rock. However, the zine covers rock music from all countries.

SLAMBOOK: Slambooks are a school kid game where a handmade book is passed around where everyone signs in and fills in answers to questions like 'Who do you hate the most', 'What's your favorite record,' etc., etc. Issues one and two got passed around to a variety of people, including noteworthy underground musicians, music writers, and artists. Compiled by Ted Gottfried, owner of See Hear, a New York store that offers what must be the best selection of music zines in the world. *Slambook* is a fresh, fun, and silly idea that helps people get a handle on the personalities behind the bylines. Issues one and two are bound together. \$3.

THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER: An always interesting

collection of news clips and snippets of info pointing out the idiocy of many government actions and laws, among other things. \$3/6.

SWELLSVILLE: This music zine really stands out because the primary writer takes a critical, analytical approach much farther and more clearly than most other zine writers. Interesting analysis of current rock is sadly lacking among current music journalism. These guys are adventurous (comparing Metallica to Philip Glass) and the approach is refreshing and filling a big void where most zines fear to tread. \$1.

TRANET: Published by the Transnational Network for Appropriate/Alternative Technologies, this is a 'quarterly newsletter-directory of, by and for people who are participating in transformation--people who are changing the world by changing their own lives--people who are adopting alternative technologies.' 16 pages.

TRISTER KEANE'S SLIMETIME: Subtitled 'A Guide to Sleazy, Mindless Entertainment, this zine features entertaining, interesting reviews of trashy movies and other cultural phenomena. Trade.

TWISTED IMAGE: Ace Backward's irregularly published zine. Most recent issue featured interviews with Henry Rollins, Jack Stevenson, Kwik Way, and a John 'Baboon Dooley' Crawford essay where among other things he gives new insights into Jello Biafra's marital problems, suggests the whole Biafra censorship indictment was a slick career move, and gives yet another sexual slur against the staff of *Maximum Rock N Roll*. (*Sound Choice* hopes to eventually publish a three way interview/discussion involving Crawford, Biafra and Tim Yohanon--stay tuned for details.)

THE UPRIGHT OSTRICH: An awareness publication for tax protestors printing beaucoup juicy info on how f'd up the IRS and all government agencies are. There is an excellent article in #6 on propaganda in national television and how every day our grand ol' US of A moves closer to endorsing the ethics of an Orwellian autocracy. Pseudo-Thoreau's take note.--Ted Labbe

VOICE OF REALITY: New age type 'metaphysical' giveaway tabloid. Articles on channeling and group therapy.

VULGAR BULGAR DANZINE: Anti-vivisection, straight-edge concerns and ecology stuff get most of the space in this slim punk zine which also includes the usuals. No. 5 included a naive and uninformed reactionary essay titled (appropriately) 'In Defense of the Sellouts' supporting bands that move onto major labels and follow a very commercial approach to music making. The essay puts down people who suggest it might be better for all concerned if more bands would follow an independent path. And according to an editorial note on page 9, most of the *VBD* staff wish to censor pornography as well. 75 cents.

WORLD WAR 3 ILLUSTRATED: Glossy covered, anti-authoritarian comic anthology. Lots of black humor, anti-Reagan, and anti-church stuff. Humorous writing too. A variety of artists and approaches. No. 7 includes a flexi-disc by the band !Dog!. \$2.

YOUR FLESH: This is one of the more impressive punk and thrash zines. The large, thick, newsprint format, clean layout, photos and lots of comic are what makes it stand out. Published irregularly, #11 had features on Anthrax, Big Stick, Doctors Mob, Faith No More, Samhain, Mentors, U-men and more. \$2.

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Chris Cutler Interview Pt.2

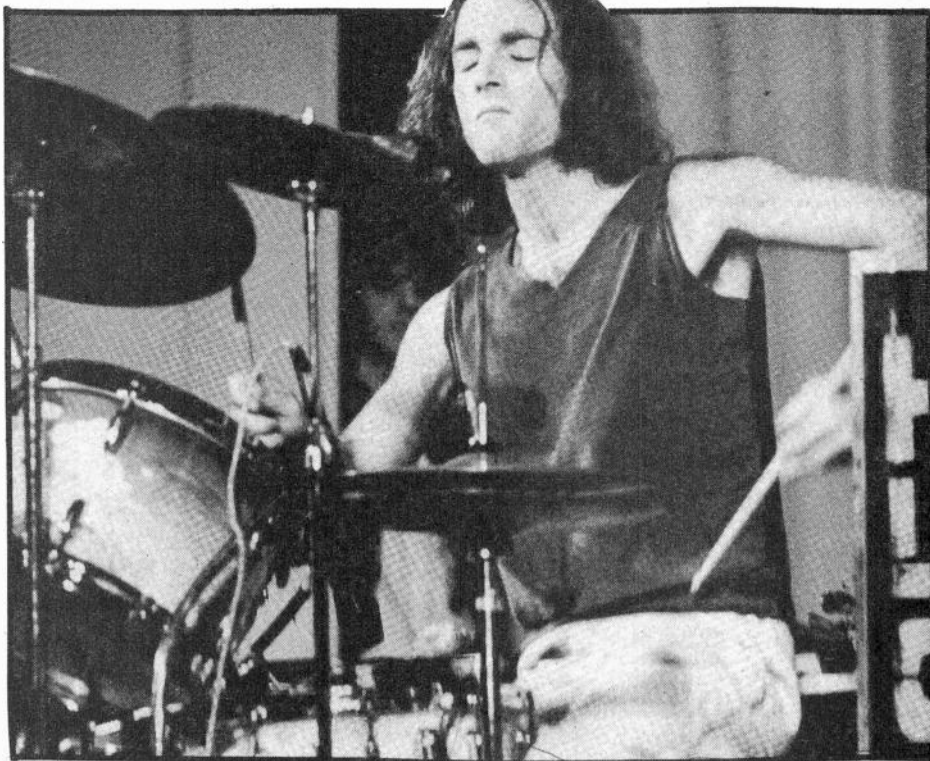
In Part Two of this mind-expanding interview, Ron Sakolsky continues to explore the theories of Chris Cutler, who, as the words below bear out, is one of the world's most articulate popular music *aestheticians*. But his sharpness of thought and perception is not purely cerebral or theoretical, it is drawn from the sweat of actually *playing* music, of commanding a drum kit. There have been other, popular music aestheticians--Richard Neville, Paul Williams, Lester Bangs, Richard Meltzer, the latter two at least having dabbled with actually constructing musics--but none has had the command and discipline to tie the whole thing up so nicely and securely--covering his act coming and going, with rationality and sophistication. From lugging his drum kit from gig to gig, to silk screening record jacket covers, to stocking his product on record store racks, he does it all. In addition to being a well-respected musician and recording artist, he writes and publishes his own books, edits and publishes his own magazine, operates his own record label, and owns his own retail record store. Nothing big. No chain of stores, no huge budgets. But it's all there and it all seems to be working; providing him a 360 degree, start-to-finish, experiential overview of what it takes to create music as both an aesthetic *and* consumer product.

For those of you who didn't catch the vital stats in Part One of this interview in SC #6, here's a few notes from his current resume: Chris Cutler is a British drummer (Henry Cow, Art Bears and currently: Cassiber, News From Babel, Duck & Cover, Lindsay Cooper's Film Music Orchestra, David Thomas and the Pedestrians/Wooden Birds, and Les Quatre Guitarists de L'apocalypso Bar), author (most recently *File Under Popular: Theoretical and Critical Writings on Music*; November Books); record company proprietor (Recommended and Re Records, and editor/publisher of the *R: Records Quarterly* (a combination record and magazine package.) He lives in England.

Ron Sakolsky: *It seems to me that you have to be aware of the tradition within which you operate without just rehashing that tradition. I think this rehashing happens very often in pop music. There's this cyclical thing--now it might be rockabilly. So there's some need to not just do cover versions of old tunes or adopt the trappings of a former style without the substance that made it exciting in the first place.*

Chris Cutler: Well, revivals are fundamentally reactionary even if they might be important, as you say, for reestablishing something that was lost. A lot of folk music is fundamentally museum work, because not only are the words meaningless today (because we don't understand them) but because they describe a society and a reality which we no longer recognize. It's like reading mystical Christian writing. Since we don't live in a world where God exists in every object and item, where Providence exists, how can we understand the concept of Providence? We can't is the answer.

To regurgitate has only an interest in a narrow historical sense, but to



carry historical strands forward, however, is very important. Actually, you can't avoid it. There is no way that you can not draw on the past.

That's what's so important about Beefheart. Beefheart's really possibly the most contemporary thing that ever happened to the blues. He didn't revive the blues. He kicked it forward. This doesn't mean the other

kinds of blues are more reactionary, that his is somehow superior, it's just that his is contemporary and others are not; they're left behind, because the blues, as known from the records of the Thirties, is not a living tradition anymore.

Black music is very often in the vanguard because black people have got a lot of battles they've got to

fight. They're always trying to slip away from the grip of revivalist white culture which is trying to overtake them. You couldn't possibly pretend revivalist New Orleans jazz has anything to do with modern life. You'd have to admit that, as played today, it's entertainment music. Amateurs are trying to keep that music alive, but that's not the same thing as trying to make contemporary music for now, with meaning for now.

If I'm reading your book correctly, pop music is by definition a commodity, but not all commodities are necessarily popular. So, would you say then that recordings from Recommended Records, for example, are a commodity in the sense that people purchase records, but it's not a popular one for certain reasons that are political by nature as well as aesthetic?

All records are commodities. It just means they're put on sale and you buy them. The record is a perfect commodity. With a record, the public and performer never meet, and things are *produced* in the absence of an audience.

If you mean that our records are not popular in the sense that they don't sell large numbers, in terms of volume of sales, that's true. If you ask me why, it's a very difficult question to answer. It could be that we're just wrong about it. It could be because most people are not very interested in music except as something to relax to or cool out by, in which case they use it in a very commodified way like a cigarette or a glass of beer: a record to calm you down, something in the background not really to be listened to; not being engaged.

Music like ours which requires engagement and sacrifice of time and emotional energy is not listened to by people who do not want to make that commitment. And why should they? There's not just one kind of music. There's great music for dancing to, not listening to, and there's great music for having on in the background, as well as rotten music for having on in the background, and

ghastly music in the airport. Then there is music which resembles our type in that it demands engagement which is also rotten, because it makes demands but it doesn't give you anything back.

What do you mean by that statement? How is it different than yours?

When I listen to it, I find it mostly unmusical, undeveloped, un-self-critical. This is not true, however, of a group like the Mnemonist Orchestra. Here's a group working in the so-called "noise music" area, no tunes, a dense sound; that kind of thing, but it gives you something back. Now, if you're not engaged in that kind of music, it can just sound like a lot of unfocused noise, not very attractive, not very enticing. You can't do anything with it. You can't put it on at a party or dance. It's very demanding. Yet I think the Mnemonists music repays your sacrifices and attention if you sit down and engage with it.

However, to produce music which superficially sounds like the Mnemonists--in other words, a lot of noise--can be very easy to do, and there are a large number of young bands who want to do that. They hear that sort of thing, and they like it. They don't really engage in it very critically, but they like it and want to do it and think it's contemporary. So, they make a lot of noise, but it's unaesthetic, unshaped. If you sit down and give your time to it, it doesn't really give you anything, because there really hasn't been aesthetic effort put in at the other end. It's uncritical, and to be rewarding music, *especially* "noise" music, it has got to be very conscious of what it's doing. It's one of the hardest media to work in, because it's so easy to fake it.

There's so much inexpertise around that a lot of people just can't tell the difference. You only learn to tell the differences when you actually do get *engaged* with that musical form, when you *learn* it.

We live in a culture that is filled with a basic lack of expertise, and I don't mean that in an elitist "You have to be an expert" way. Rather, I use expertise here as meaning *being able*

to understand what's going on or how to do something in the sense that a lot of old black blues guitarists did not play like Segovia, but they had fantastic expertise. In other words, they had technique, and they knew what they were doing rather than just hitting notes at random.

The new technology makes it possible for lots of young musicians, in a kind of consuming way, to put their music together. They're not actually producing, they're consuming, because they're only making consumer choices. It creates a lot of confusion in this whole area of musical culture. A lot of people are identifying with this kind of music and producing it in a superficial way.

It's not allowed in the present ideological climate to say this. You mustn't say that these young hopeful musicians with no skill are actually turning out music of no value. Saying this is viewed as oppressive, and you mustn't do it. It's a free world and everybody must have their chance to make music. It was very positive in 1976-1977 with punk and all the new wave of groups who said, "to hell with musical training, the rock and rollers never did that, three chords and away you go." Yet that's making a fundamental mistake.

It's true, three chords and away you go, but if you look at the old blues players, they really knew what they were doing. They weren't just playing the first three chords. I even used to notice this problem with early Skeleton Crew.

This is from when they were just a twosome.

When they were a twosome, right. When they were playing all their instruments and playing drums at the same time. Because neither of them were drummers, the effect of the drumming was without quality, except as theatre. Hitting a cymbal isn't just a matter of clouting it with a stick. There is an infinite number of places to hit it which each produce a particular kind of sound.

There's a lot of *will* involved in playing an instrument. It's not just you do this and that happens. There's a million subtleties for exactly

how you do it. It's only when you know how to play, and you've played for a long time that you intuitively know that when you hit a drum just over there, in that part two thirds of the way down, you hit it and hold the stick down just a tiny moment with a particular force; that is, if you make the thing resonate more or less, you'll produce the desired sound.

There are all these variables and after a while you just know what to do. Jimi Hendrix knew what to do to make the guitar go (Cutler squeals and dares me to write that down.) It's not a thing you could ever formally learn. He just knew in the middle of playing if he was suddenly going to run his fingernails up the strings like that, bash the bottom of the guitar with his elbow, turn around so it would feedback a little bit and so on, it would sound a certain way. He did those things not because he was randomly hitting the guitar, but because he knew what it would sound like, because he knew that much about the guitar. That's what I mean by expertise.

I think it's a crucial element in all kinds of music, and it doesn't mean the expertise of being like a snappy jazz-rock guitar player where you get your fingers to run those licks. In fact, that can be a kind of inexpertise, because it simply means that facility and technique saves you from the trouble of actually having to get engaged with the business of *making* music. You're just *reproducing* music. The people who've got finger diarrhea and just produce endless licks to a certain extent don't present themselves with the problem of actually engaging in the communication that's involved with the other players and with the audience. So, it's a special kind of expertise that I'm talking about. It's about giving yourself over to the music and taking on things that you can't quite do.

Well, I'm wondering in terms of that sense of expertise how you would see, let's say, the trio that I heard recently with yourself and Frith and Hodgkinson? Would that be an example of artists trying to

create in that kind of way that you just outlined, and how does that kind of creative process relate to free jazz improvisation?

A whole generation, maybe generations, of rock musicians have been deeply affected by jazz and free jazz. Certainly I listened to lots of it. We were all influenced by what they were doing, not just because of the musical genre, but because of the way that they made it clear that you could have a new kind of personal relations inside the group. The group could create music by the people interacting in a way that wasn't determined by written parts or simply by getting everything perfect, but by a spontaneous reaction, a lot of listening and split second decision-making, and a lot of offering of ideas, some of which were taken up and some of which were not.

The fact of seven or five people who had to come to instant agreement every minute of the time in order to construct the music between them was inspiring. It was music which belonged to no one, but was produced by all, and represented a particular kind of improvising ideology.

There is another approach to improvisation which says that people should be able to express themselves as long as they don't get in anybody else's way: so that they're sort of moving apart. Then there's one which involves a more compositional idea of trying to collectively produce a structure which makes sense but is made up of parts which don't individually make much sense. The whole is greater than the sum of the parts, not by default but by intention. There is some kind of shape deliberately imparted.

What the musicians are struggling for is not self-expression but a resulting piece of music that has a strong emotional content, one which is not reducible to notation and subsequent analysis but which is intentional.

As to the concert you saw, in terms of our expertise, I suppose that we are all in our way competent on our

instruments, and we engage with each other. We're all trying to find new sounds, new ideas, and that means learning to control the process. In that particular concert, obviously we have a lot of history. I've done a lot of concerts with Fred and Tim. We have a kind of vocabulary which is a further kind of expertise beyond anything we do individually. When we all get together, there are certain ways we influence each other's musical behavior which wouldn't apply with other people.

A certain kind of chemistry...

Yeah, you can say that. Obviously that is something you could say for any band that plays together, but ours has a longish history and, therefore, has developed a certain amount of sophistication.

So was that performance an extension of Henry Cow in a way?

No, not really, no. It only has to do with Henry Cow because we were all in that group and we all owe eight years of our musical history and development to that period of our lives. Some of that will inevitably get reanimated whenever any of us get together, which is the kind of thing that happens when old friends meet; but, no, I think Henry Cow's something that's definitely finished its work. The work that the members of the group have done since, although it can never be independent of that history, is no longer part of that entity. I know lots of members of the group are peeved to always be dragged back to it when they've done so many things subsequently.

Certainly Henry Cow had a certain charisma, and that's what people know about and want to talk about--as if the things that have happened since are not equally as important. Maybe they're not. Maybe we're wrong about that, but it feels like we've actually done a lot since then. We've all carried on the same basic work we were doing in Henry Cow. It wasn't Henry Cow's work, but our work. Henry Cow was just the most well known formation where certain things were done by the people who made up that group, but they were

really pursuing, as we all do, their own goals and have continued to do so.

Talking historically now, what did Henry Cow accomplish?

Henry Cow was in a strange position--too late for the late sixties when all that experimenting was going on. We couldn't adjust to the early seventies which was super high-tech. We were in the peculiar position of having learned everything from the sixties, but no longer being part of the kind of movement that characterized that period. What we did was to take a radical approach to our instruments and to electric instruments and popular music forms in general, both of which we pushed as far forward as possible.

We incorporated strongly elements from twentieth century European classical music, not nineteenth century, and jazz, plus the experimentalism of the late sixties with song form. These are things that more or less went together, and then we developed each of them along radical lines so that probably our most complex compositions were more complex than any other rock compositions had ever been. As for our improvising, it was totally unstructured, undecided and unperformed, so that really we were very diffuse and quite radical.

When you do all that, it binds the music in a very special way. What you learn by experimenting with your instruments gets incorporated into compositions and what you learn in compositions that are so complex that it takes you months just to do them because they're so difficult, all comes out in your improvisations. So, you've got the two things feeding each other all the time, and you build up a very special and quite unique musical vocabulary which can be quite inspiring if you listen to it, because you're being presented with lots of ideas and affecting music. It's quite nice to go to a concert and see the musicians thinking and grappling with the material.

Smiling even.

Yeah, smiling. The other thing Henry Cow did I think is that we were a very

cooperative kind of group. We all had particular responsibilities, but we all shared tasks as well, from moving the equipment to the final mix. We lived in a bus, so we could travel abroad without having to go to hotels and restaurants. This way we traveled all over Europe and, just as menage, were a minor sensation: I think much of our mythic reputation was based on the fact that we were *organized* in a radical way; that we were *organisationally* alternative.

At the time you came together to make your music, there was no longer a movement to support this kind of work. Did you then seek to help create such a movement with Rock In Opposition (RIO)?

I don't know. We were just the most "famous" group. We put it together because we were in a position to. We were English and, therefore, "real," so we could go 'round all the countries of Europe. We were in a *position* to put it all together, and we did it. We certainly didn't create RIO around us since the members were all separate parts whose common historical background is European; also Henry Cow was in the process of winding itself up when we started the organisation: we'd already decided to disband ourselves.

This music already constituted an emerging movement; it just hadn't been given an organizational face, and most people were unaware of it as a movement.

Yes, organizationally I think we certainly helped, even to the point of distributing records. We acted as a conduit for the movement, perhaps since RIO was a concrete entity which organized various festivals with different people in their respective countries. It was very specific--much too specific really for the name RIO, but the name and the idea was so historically valid and necessary that it *had to exist*, since, de facto, it already did.

The name, RIO, is still used by all kinds of people all over in order to express the existence of a thing which they feel must exist *in opposi-*

tion. Today it's mostly an *idea*--that there exists this body of stuff associated all together. Yet there's still a lot of self-help and mutual support that goes on among such groups. I personally think we miss the *organization*. It would be very good if there were some great umbrella now for all such groups and initiatives: I hope the *Quarterly* might become some kind of focus or forum for this.

In terms of RIO and the interest that you expressed earlier in always including some Eastern European music in Re Records Quarterly, where does Eastern Europe fit into your analysis of the music industry? A lot of what you've written in File Under Popular has to do with music as commodity, and that's particularly connected to capitalistic production and distribution. Yet while in Eastern European countries you have a form of state socialism, your kind of music still doesn't receive wide attention. Is it your intention to support oppositional music in Eastern Europe and what is the nature of that music?

We're not supporting oppositional music in Eastern Europe in the sense that it's oppositional to particular Eastern European states or to the politics of Eastern Europe. We just share an aesthetic community with those people and not in contradiction with their governments or with socialism.

The difference between here and there is that we have the so-called free enterprise system. Yet, while we get to release our own records, nobody pays any attention to them. In Eastern Europe, that situation doesn't exist in the same way. It's very hard to even make records, and it's harder for them to get their music circulated. They're not fighting major industries as such, because that's not how they experience things there. They're just trying to do what they want to do. They'd like to reach a wider public than they can reach. It's a voice which is speaking for our

kind of music. It's not a voice which is particularly speaking against socialism *per se*.

Obviously, a lot of the music that we support in Western Europe also isn't pointedly speaking in opposition, but is trying to build something positive as an alternative. It's quite an important distinction. You're conditioned by the thing you hate or the thing that oppresses you even when you reject that thing, because the thing that you reject conditions the form your rejection takes. In some cases, that can use up a lot of energy, that might have been better used trying to create something else.

I think there's a certain positive element in all the kinds of music that we deal with wherever it comes from, and the criticisms about the things that it's against and the things it's not like are often *implied* rather than directly stated or aimed for.

If you ask people here about it, yes, they'll say, our music exists against this or that, as an alternative to, in opposition. Now, if you asked groups in the East to be concrete about what they're against, they would just say that they want to do this thing that expresses who they are as artists, and it's hard to do it.

While we're on the subject of Eastern Europe, you call yourself a Marxist: what does that mean to you and how does it affect the kind of music that you make and distribute and how you go about it?

I don't know whether a lot of other Marxists would call me a Marxist. As Karl Marx himself said, "I am not a Marxist." I basically accept his political and economic analysis. It's the only kind of analysis that really works and gives you reasons for why things are the way they are, especially in context of alienation. Why are people unable to communicate and engage with one another? Marxism does give you a reason.

I find it a most valuable tool to use. Just as in Galileo's time, science works whether or not God exists. For me, it helps explain how one thing can become another thing. Dialectical materialism is a method which can actually account for changes and the unity of opposites. It's not a perfect system. It's old. A lot of things have changed since then, but it still can be used as a basic analysis. I don't particularly care for institutional capitalism and the social relations it engenders. I don't like it. I don't like constant violent confrontations. We produce enough to feed the world, and yet starva-

tion is endemic to the global economic system; positively enforced by capitalist interests in the rich countries who control all the world's resources and bleed their own wealth from labor.

Seems to be a very different analysis of world events than that associated with "Live Aid," but what about how a Marxist analysis relates to your music? In your book, you say that "music is a battleground of class forces." Could you say more about that?

Just as in the material world, class struggle exists, in the world of the affective, the emotional, the cultural; people want to express their solidarity with other peoples and their opposition to what they see as oppressive. In some ways, it even has more importance than day to day struggles which often take a back seat when there's nothing immediate happening. These two worlds can't really be separated. Some people want them to be spiritually reinforcing. Some people want their culture, the music that they listen to, the things they read, to give them strength or to give them a way of seeing the world that makes sense. All this reinforcement binds them to other people in an historical way. One can choose to be bound by that or one can choose to be bound to the television. When you're going against the status quo, culture becomes even more important, because it's the only nourishment you get. So, the people doing this producing are aware that there's a weight that it has to carry.

Getting back to your book, you mention that rock music can partly be seen, especially in the mainstream, as a kind of safety valve for turning incipient revolt into mere rebellion. Does that explain what's happened to "punk" since 1976? How would you understand that phenomenon?

Punk was always mostly fashion, but most people encountered it in the music press and the music press defined it. It really defined it as something it actually wasn't. But the consumers redefined the product too: it was complicated.

There definitely was an element of rejecting the enormous and absurd scale that rock music had reached; Yes being one classic example of how decadent and awful things had become. It was very oppressive to go to a Yes concert. In reaction to this sort of thing, you had, first of all, the "back to rock and roll"

movement in bars and pubs, and that really came parallel to rebelling against their moms and dads and generally having something that was their's. At the same time, there was an extraordinary element of fashion. The record companies were all in bad trouble at that time, and they needed something fashionable to sell their products.

What about the independent companies like Rough Trade that picked up on some of the more interesting bands. How would you see Rough Trade in relation to Recommended Records?

The difference between Rough Trade and Recommended is that generally speaking they are broad, and we're narrow. Rough Trade said they would distribute anything that was alternatively produced as a way of nourishing the alternative scene. It's great that Rough Trade was actually around to do this work. They were concerned with distribution. You could make a record, but could you get it out? Our program is much more narrow in the sense that we weren't going to distribute anything *just* because it was alternative. We support a particular genre of music, a type and approach to music. It ranges from Harry Patch to...

The Beachboys.

Well, *Smiley Smiles* anyway. But our releases all have got something in common, a particular approach to musical material. Rough Trade were fashionable. We weren't and still aren't.

What do you see as the future of Recommended Records and the Quarterly?

I've got lots of plans. I'd like to do much more than we're doing at Recommended. Recommended is very poor, and we have to move very slowly, because we can't afford to move any faster. Especially recently we've had lots of financial problems which means that we have to slow down even further in order not to let our problems get out of hand. If you're an alternative, first thing you've got to do is live within your means. The *Quarterly* has actually been quite encouraging. This is the fourth issue coming up, and that was the point at which I was to assess whether or not it would continue. I think it will. It's getting more interesting all the time.

Chris and Recommended can be reached via 387 Wandsworth Road, London, England SW8. Many Recommended titles and copies of the Recommended Quarterly are available in the United States from Wayside Music and Eurock.



Daniel Johnston

By Bill Anderson

He was smiling through his own personal hell
lost his last dime in a wishing well
but he was hoping too close
and then he fell
now he's Casper the friendly ghost.

--Daniel Johnston

He has been described as a cross between Neil Young and Mister Rogers. His songs are being recorded by Mike Watt, Sonic Youth, Jad Fair, Zeitgeist, and many others. In fact, he may travel to Europe with the Butthole Surfers to open up their shows in May. And he's a good buddy of Roky Erikson.

So who the heck is Daniel Johnston anyway?

Daniel is the kind of a guy that looks more appropriate wearing a McDonald's uniform than a guitar (his sole source of income is a part-time job under the Golden Arches.) He plays piano real well, guitar ok, the drums like a gorilla, and the toy chord organ like a Supreme World Master. He is very humble but at the same time he is a tireless agent of shameless self-promotion.

"Tell them I'm an interpreter of dreams," he says. A long time ago, in his homeland of West Virginia, the same state that spawned another reclusive twisted musical genius, Hasil Adkins, Daniel fell in love with a girl who dumped him and married an undertaker. If you know that, then you know the basis for most of his songs: songs like "My Baby Cares for the Dead," "Grievances," "Walking the Cow", etc. There's a short poem called "I'll Never Marry" which goes:

"I'll never marry, I'll never wed/
Nobody wants to kiss you when you're dead/
Nobody wants to lie in bed with you/
when your flesh is rotting..."

Jonathan Richman played in Austin one night in 1985, just before Daniel stopped playing live shows. Somehow,

Daniel managed to show up at the last minute and worm his way onto the bill. Later, Richman told him backstage, "You remind me of myself when I was 20, only I wasn't scared."

Well, it is true that Daniel Johnston is scared, but not so much of the audience as of his own demons. /But more about that later...

"Everything's big in Texas/
you know it is/I think I might of
made a big mistake/uh oh oh
chord organ blues..."

Four years ago, Daniel left his hometown, where there "were no jobs, so I could just sit around the house and play piano all day." He moved to Texas, staying with various family members, and for a while he worked as the tour guide for the "River of No Return" at AstroWorld in Houston, that featured a huge likeness of one of his true heroes, King Kong. For one reason or another, he later ran away, or maybe walked away, with the carnival, where he had a brief but intense flirtation with marijuana (which he claims is responsible for his stuttering.)

"The things I saw with that carnival were so real," he says. "Those people were really tough." Daniel got beat up pretty bad one time but was able to get along by being a clown. "When I was on the happy smokes, people thought I was crazy. They would just laugh at me."

After six months of traveling all through the Southwest, Daniel found himself in Austin and decided to stay. It was the fall of 1984.

He started haunting the clubs and bars, wherever live music was played--the Beach, the Continental Club, Hole in the Wall. He couldn't believe it. All of a sudden, for only a few dollars, he could see real bands playing loud live music like nothing he had ever seen before! The Hickoids, Scratch Acid, the True Believers, and his favorite, Glass Eye. He would stand off to the side or in the back at these shows, awestruck. Eventually, he screwed up his courage and approached members of the bands, stammering words

Photo by Bruce Mallon

of praise and making them take his tape that he had recorded a year ago, "when I was having a nervous breakdown."

Chris Gates, who played bass for Poison 13 at the time, told me one day, "Hey, this weird guy that always comes to our shows gave me this tape and it's really great." The tape was called *Hi, How Are You?* Recorded on cheap tape using bottom-of-the-heap tape recorders, a toy chord organ, and a plastic Roy Rogers guitar, it was one of the funniest, scariest and most brilliant things I had ever heard. A few others agreed, so that by the time Daniel felt ready to play for an audience, he already had a small legion of true fans.

The Beach is closed now, but at the time it was the best place to hang out in Austin. There was a little rock waterfall outside, it was close to campus, the beer was relatively cheap, and virtually any band in town could get a show there. And, for a long time, the bands split 100 percent of the door. The night of Daniel's first show (he was opening for Glass Eye), there was a fair-sized crowd, though only a few of us knew who he was. He had only been playing guitar for about six months and he was a nervous wreck.

Sweaty and jittery, he begins to sing in a shaky voice, his guitar playing awkward and tentative. A girl standing by the bar stops talking to her friend and looks baffled. "Who is this retard they've got playing?" Many people are embarrassed but some begin to pull for him, like you would root for an overwhelming underdog in a boxing ring. He sings:

Drove the demons/out of my head/
with an organ and a pencil full of lead/
and when I'm dead/I'd like to have it said/
'He drove the demons out of his head.'
I'm a loner, I'm a Sorry Entertainer...

By the time he has finished his four or five songs, Daniel has completely won over most of his audience. The applause is explosive, people are cheering and laughing in relief--he actually made it

without breaking down! Sure, he can't play that well, but his songs are painful and funny, and, like George Jones, he sings like he's paid a high price for every word.

The applause got louder. In a few months, bands were asking Daniel to play on the bill with them. He became somewhat of a sensation, and when he was on stage, doing his five-song set, he commanded his audience's attention more than any band could hope to.

In the summer of '85, I.R.S. Records sent the Cutting Edge crew to Austin to film an hour-long segment on the music scene for their Sunday night MTV program. Concentrating on the so-called "New Sincerity" bands like Zeitgeist and the True Believers, they also taped segments by a few more obscure acts, like Timbuk 3 (ever heard of them?). Members of Glass Eye and Poison 13 convinced the crew to include Daniel Johnston in their plans. (A year later, host Peter Dinklage said that Daniel's segment generated more mail than all the other bands put together.)

A month later, on a Sunday afternoon, Daniel rode around in the back of a friend's car screaming at all passersby, especially young female passersby, "Hey, I'm gonna be on MTV tonight! That's right, me, on MTV! My name is Daniel Johnston and I'm gonna be on MTV tonight, so watch it! Wooooo!" That night, he wouldn't watch the show with his friends, mysteriously insisting that he had to be somewhere else. He went to Players, a greasy hamburger joint near his tiny apartment, and made them change the channel to MTV. "This one old man was kind of mad, he was trying to watch a movie," says Daniel. "I think the people in there recognized me as the guy on TV, but nobody said anything to me."

The final cut ended up with as much Daniel Johnston as anyone else. There was Daniel singing a song to a huge audience, Daniel hawking his tape, *Hi, How Are You?* and Daniel at a barbecue with some friends, saying sheepishly into the camera, "We're having a casual conversation on national television." His appearance led to an offer by producer Kim Fowley (the Runaways, Joan Jett, etc.) to produce an album, but Daniel refused; he felt he would not have enough

control over the project.

A couple months later, Daniel played his last show as of this writing. His unusually long set consisted of all the songs that he had played live over the last six months, and also an old song from West Virginia that he had never played before. People in the front of the audience saw that there were tears in Daniel's eyes when he sang,

I'm chained to the wall/ I have nothing at all/ except all these people who want me to do tricks for them/ like a monkey in a zoo/ throw me a peanut/ laugh and make jokes/ but I'm tired of peanuts and I'm ready to choke/ like a monkey in zoo.

"I can't believe I ever played in front of people," he said shortly afterward. "It was all like some dream."

Daniel tried to lay low for a while; he wrote songs, drew cartoons, and tried to arrange a compilation album of various artists playing his songs. But his demons were troubling him. His devoutly religious upbringing cast a long shadow over his grab for "worldly" success. He wanted to be as big as his idols, the Beatles, but he also wanted to be good, to look toward "the light."

As 1986 wore on, Daniel felt the pressures becoming stronger and stronger. Various record labels had expressed interest in him, but he still had no money and no promises. It seemed to him that his business affairs were getting out of control, that too many people were trying to run his life. His music and his art had always been very personal and he was unaccustomed to having other people involved.

Daniel's behavior became increasingly erratic, and finally, just before Christmas, something snapped. At a Butthole Surfers show, somebody foolishly gave Daniel his first hit of acid. There was a disastrous trip to Abilene to visit family, and more disturbances in Austin--as a result, Daniel found himself incarcerated in the Austin State Hospital, the same institution where his friend Roky Erikson had spent some time trying to beat a possession rap years ago.

On the morning of December 25, he recorded a song on his tapebox--"Christmas

in the Looney Bin." It is subdued, depressing, and in the background can be heard sounds of strange voices echoing through hallways. "This place is full of fear and hopelessness," he said. Terrified that he would not get out, Daniel begged his visitors to do what they could for him, and a week later, with the help of a lawyer and convincing testimony by Daniel, the judge set him free. Still on medication, Daniel stayed with friends for a while. His new songs were filled with references to God and Satan--

"Don't play cards with Satan, he'll deal you a losing hand."

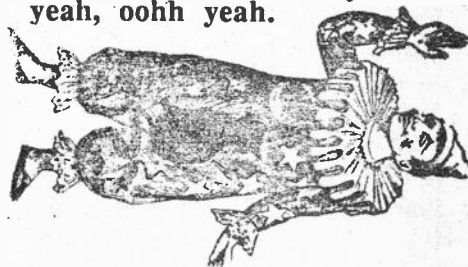
He is off his medication now and no longer looks like the walking dead. His sense of humor has returned and he plans to begin playing live again. He is busy getting a passport for Europe, I.R.S. has expressed interest in releasing a 50-minute cassette he recorded a few years back, *Yip Jump Music* as an album, so Daniel has every reason to look forward to an eventful future.

Now the curtain/ parts the stage/ it's the dawning of a new and exciting age/ and I'm free/free at last/ like a monkey out of his cage/ I'm a loner, I'm a sorry entertainer...

But those of us who know Daniel well and care about him can see a new look in his eyes; there is something different about him, and he can't ever go back. As one of his friends says, "Let's just say Daniel has some uh, peculiar ideas."

I'll warn you about Daniel Johnston's music: Once you discover it, you may be desperate to hear more. When you enter his strange, beautiful and terrifying world, it's hard to return to your own world. I guess that sounds pretty cosmic, but so what?

Rarely, rarely/barely if ever/ I rarely get my own way.../ bury me deeply/bury me deeply in your heart/ and there I'll stay/ I never will decay/ Oh yeah, oohh yeah.



STATE OF THE NETWORK

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he's still a millionaire, so no big loss anyway, right? Wrong!

The other factor that has kept Chadbourne leary of signing with a major is fear. Simple fear that the minute he signs, boom, his stock drops like a rock. After being an independent, underground success story, suddenly he is reshuffled and comes out as a struggling corporate artist, graded each week like a school boy on the basis of the latest Billboard chart.

Chadbourne's seen some frightening things happen when bands sign with a major label. He tells the story of standing in shock by the counter of a record store during the first week of the release of Husker Du's major label debut. He watched with fascination as the record store clerk went through the motions of wiping his ass with each Warner's Husker Du album that he bagged for his eager customers.

"He was wiping his ass with them," Chadbourne says with amazement in his eyes. Was it because Husker signed to a major or did the clerk just not like the music? Which came first, the chicken or the egg? No one knows for sure.

The bottom line is that major labels won't sign any band or artist that they can't control. So what if Miles Davis is allowed to turn his back on the audience, and The Replacements get to go on stage drunk, and The Beastie Boys get to say dirty words while making rap safe for white people--big fkn deal.

Rock and roll and jazz are about being free, and uncontrolled by anything except the artist's personal vision. Real rock and roll, real jazz is the closest legal thing to anarchy as you will find in this society. If music is not stretching boundaries, if it is not going beyond rules then it cannot be great rock and it cannot be great jazz. It will only be palid imitations.

The major labels have burnt too many people for too long. Time after time idealistic hopes of rock and jazz fans have been dashed. Somebody cool comes along, we like their music, we like their style--there's something about this artist that seems evolutionary, like this is music that is somehow curative for the ills of the world,--so we want them to succeed, we want them to continue having a comfortable place in this world to work on their art, art that we will all be enriched from.

So we start paying--we buy the records, buy the concert tickets, buy the T-shirts--using money we can't afford, rationalizing with ourselves that if anything, at least the money is going to a good cause, is going to support art and artists. And so, our favorite artists sign to a major labels and if they are lucky they become richer, more successful. But ironically even though they become more successful, the fan has to start paying more for records, more for concerts, more for T-shirts than they had to pay when the artists was less successful.

No matter how successful the major label artist becomes, we are asked to pay more to receive back a share of the art. It doesn't take all that many fans--5,000 fans donating \$5 per year--to support an artist (and gosh knows that most of us spend much more than that on our favorite artists), so where does all that other money go?

And then it dawns on us: all that extra money is being spent to counteract everything that good rock and roll and jazz is all about. That money is spent on controlling people. The money is spent on monopolizing all major sources of mass media--America's most effective controlling tool.

And we realize that it is not you and I who decide who becomes stars in our society, it is just a few people, whose bottom line motive is profit at the expense of anything else, that decide who will be the big (but easily leashed) stars, who will be the symbolic rock and roll success stories overshadowing the other 99 percent of artists who are systematically being screwed over everytime they turn on their radio or TV and see all the crap that passes as contemporary culture while all the real art is pushed into dark cubbyholes, basements and loft spaces, if it is allowed to exist at all.

The top forty becomes the top thirty, becomes top twenty and we are all the losers. Something has got to change. Artists are realising that they should be able to take back more control of their lives and the life of society. Since the industrial revolution, business motives have had too much control over culture and they've run culture, the environment and the spirit of society right into the ground. There isn't anything they can't control and corrupt if they are given the chance.

The Sex Pistols were the last symbolic nail in the coffin for anyone who had hope that the major labels could be changed from within. It was all a clever

sham. As we learn time and again, the majors will only react to outward pressure, the pressure of exclusion. When we want into their system, they control us. However, if somebody else has something good going then they want in on it and the control structure changes. In the past all they've had to do is buy their way in and they were in. And they corrupted us, because we let them.

There was a hell of a lot of great experimental music and ideas happening in the late Sixties. There was a lot of hope, a lot of idealism and it looked like some long needed changes were right around the corner. Is it just mere coincidence that that idealism and hope peaked and came crashing down about the same time that all the major labels came to places like San Francisco waving dollars and free drugs to anyone who would sign a five year contract? And the contracts were signed, and the great freeform FM radio stations that were breaking down boundary after boundary in radio history--really fueling the excitement--were all bought up by the major labels and suddenly there was only enough money, only enough concert halls, only enough radio airtime for those bands and artists who had signed contracts, the ones who could be controlled. And real rock and roll and jazz ceased to exist for many people. It became dormant.

But the word is out now. You don't have to have corporate America backing you if you want to put a record or cassette out. A few hundred bucks and you're on your way. For under a thousand bucks an artist can record and produce their own album and buy or build their own radio transmitter to broadcast it to the world. Of course it is not quite so easy as it should be. The majors still have a stranglehold on culture because of their illegal and immoral monopoly they have created in regards to broadcasting and record distribution.

Radio and TV broadcasting is one of the most significant technologies to have emerged in man's history, yet artists, who many people consider to be the shamans or medicine men or healers of a culture--are not allowed to put their hands on it unless they are under the supervision and control of business people. I'm not talking about your average little guy business, I'm talking huge corporations whose sole existence, whose charters, whose stockholders, demand nothing but profit. If it makes money it is considered

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successful, nevermind that we are strangling the artistic lifeblood, perhaps the very soul itself, out of our culture.

So Chadbourne wants to know why there is so much antagonism among the scene toward anyone who becomes too successful, too fast. At least some of it is because we have been burnt once too often, woken from our psychedelic reveries, and seen all our plans and hopes vaporized as we buy records from RCA and MCA and learn that both of these companies directly financed the election of Ronald Reagan and the former company at least, funnels record company profits into its other branch, General Electric, which is one of the world's leading government sponsored weapons contractors.

Would Ronald Reagan-supporting companies like RCA or MCA sign up a guy like Chadbourne, a guy that uses his art to openly criticize Reagan and his cronies for the evil fools they are? Sure they would, because as Chadbourne himself says, using Bob Dylan as an example, "protest sells."

But people are waking up to the reality. They are finally absorbing the message we have been hearing since John Lennon

told Rolling Stone's Jann Wenner, in December of 1970, when asked about the Beatle's impact on history. Lennon said: "I don't know about the history. The people who are in control and in power and the class system and the whole bullshit bourgeois scene, is exactly the same except that there is a lot of middle-class kids with long hair walking around in trendy cloths and Kenneth Tynan's making a fortune out of the word "fuck" But apart from that nothing happened except that we all dressed up. The same bastards are in control, the same people are running everything, it's exactly the same.

They hyped the kids and the generation." And he goes on....

So it's the same old story, except maybe some of us are learning the lesson, finally.

I sure won't be buying Chadbourne's latest anti-Reagan or protest album if it earns money for a label that I know will spend a significant portion of their profit from that record on projects that will directly counter any impact his musical message might convey. The music, even though it will be the same note, the same words, will have changed. The purity will be gone. Each note will reverberate with

hypocrisy and contradictions that the mu-

sic was free of in its independent environment.

We can all hear the corporate boardroom discussion now: "Sure boss, of course we don't like Chadbourne's message, but dig this, for every dollar in royalties we pay him from our earnings off his music, we will send one dollar of our earnings to the Contras--just to get in good with the administration--and another dollar will go toward buying up new radio stations and lobbying the FCC to keep the little guys out. You know, just like we did with Dylan, and Springsteen and U2... And to top it off, if Chadbourne records really start selling, we'll use the profits to finance the next Sammy Hagar video."

The bottom line is that by following an independent path, musicians are in fact going "on strike" against the major labels who have grossly overcharged their customers and underpaid and lied to their artists for years. The only difference between this and a regular strike is that the musicians are finding that they don't have to go back to work for people they have no respect for. They can, like Chadbourne, follow their own path and let the devil go begging. And that's what the Audio Evolution Network is about. Stay tuned.—DC

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9 VIEWS

BY LARRY RUHL

Atmospheric collection of salon pieces that veer from Satiesque multitracked Casio reminiscent of Cluster and ZNR to gamely sloppy keyboard-guitar-synth drum jaunts a la Zamla or Heldon sans Strat.

Imagine THE SUNKEN CATHEDRAL MEETS ORANGE BLOSSOM SPECIAL on a acid-casualty shopping-mall organ and you might have it.—Bayard Brewin —SOUND CHOICE

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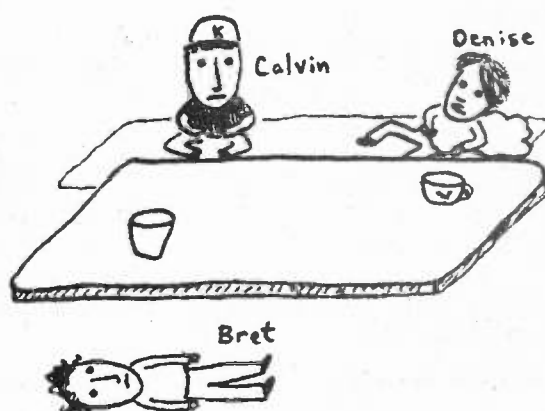
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BEAT HAPPENING

Interview

by Bill Mueller (M)

Beat Happening, Olympia, WA's legendary gyrating presence, made a swing through NC recently for a show at the Turning Point in Chapel Hill. The next morning, over cold pizza and iced coffee, we conducted this interview. Beat Happening are Calvin (C), Bret (B), and Denise (D) (Heather stayed home).



M: Where does the band name come from?

C: Well, we made this movie - some friends of mine. We were incorporating all these things we like into the movie. It never really had a name, it was just this home movie. But about a year later...

B: After it was released in local cinemas... (laughter)

C: The woman who made it referred to it as "The Beatnik Happening"; that's what she'd titled it. When she said that I thought she said "Beat Happening", and I thought: "Beat Happening - wow!". That stuck in my head. So, after that, when we were getting this band together, it seemed like that's what it should be called.

M: So you never really thought about beatniks...

C: Well, yeah, there was another thing. There's this great old song by Rod

McKuen called "The Beat Generation" that we listened to a lot.

B: It's written by Rod McKuen, but it's done by...

C: Bob McFadden. Rod McKuen's in there doing this background vocal stuff like: "crazy man!", "Put a beatnik in the White House." stuff like that. It's a really great song. That was a big inspiration, I think.

M: Tell me what you do outside the band.

B: All of us, all three of us, have been working on this project in downtown Olympia where we got funding from Evergreen College to open a performance space. It's kind of based on some things that have happened in Olympia before. It's a lot like the Turning Point in Chapel Hill in that it's (cont.)

just a place where we try and do as many different things there — like art, or films, or music, or lectures — and not have the main point of it be profit oriented. People are invited to come participate in their community.

M: What's this place called?

B: GESCCO (Greater Evergreen Students Community Cooperation Organization).

C: It's quite a bit larger than the Turning Point.

D: It's a huge place with big windows.

C: It's a very large space. That can be a problem sometimes for certain kinds of more intimate events; but it certainly has made things more versatile.

M: Tell me about some of the things you've had there.

D: Timothy Leary came. That was pretty funny. The place was packed. He sold his new computer software line.

C: An experimental film series that was free. That was really good. What was the name of that guy who came that had all the microphones that he made set up all over?

B: Richard...

D: Lermann (?-M)

B: Yeah!

C: This guy, he made a lot of films but that wasn't what he was doing now. He was doing these really strange kinds of recordings where he basically has a big piece of metal that he turns into a microphone and records all kinds of strange sounds. He has albums out of bicycle races and, um, just sounds of bicycles. That was a really interesting thing, I thought.

D: One main focus of doing the place was for students to have a place downtown where they could open up events to community members. A lot of people wouldn't go out to the college.

C: What's good about it is it's not just a student thing. I see it more as a service the college provides to Olympia in that it pays the rent on the space so all kinds of events can happen. Before,

if someone had an idea: "Hey, wouldn't it be great to do this kind of event," there was nowhere to do it. Now there's this place. Bands play there. The Wipers just played there. And the great thing is that a lot of the people coming to things there are like high school students. I prefer that. People in high school seem a lot more enthusiastic and interested than college people are — at least in what we're doing.

M: Can you describe what you guys sound like for someone reading this? I had a hard time with that when I was telling people about the show.

C: Punk rock.

M: But then people are going to think you're a hardcore band.

B: That's their problem.

C: They soon learn different.

M: How are you different from a hardcore band, then?

C: I like to think of punk rock the way I thought of it, like, 8 years ago. It's music that's accessible to anyone as far as the making of it and the listening to it.

B: There aren't any strict codes about what exactly it is — certain hairstyles, certain clothes.

C: Yeah.

B: Or certain sounds.

C: Back in 1978 what was considered punk rock was so many different kinds of music. Now if you say punk rock people think of some really generic hardcore band.

M: But you do have a certain sound. People aren't going to know what that is if you just say punk rock.

C: But then when they do hear us they'll say "Hmmm, this is punk rock? Maybe there's something more to it."

M: Yeah, but if you wanted to describe...

D: (getting angry) Well, you keep saying "this certain sound." Everybody kept asking us before the show. All they can do is compare us to other bands: you're kind of like this, and you're (cont.)

kind of like this. What can we say?

C: Guitar-oriented rock. (laughter)

M: OK.

M: What kind of things do you like to write about?

C: Well, I don't know. I'll think like here are two words that fit together really nicely. If I had a song called that, that would be really great. So then I'll try and write a song. There's no really one way a song gets written.

M: You seem to have a lot of songs that are these simple, trusting love songs that are kind of unique.

C: I guess that's just what comes out. I guess I am in kind of a rut. (laughter) I write other songs but I just think this song isn't really something I want to sing.

M: What about "Bad Seeds"? That's kind of a different one.

B: I don't think it is!

M: Oh. You don't?

B: It's just a flip side.

C: You mean to the same theme?

B: Yeah. Part of it's just wordplay. I don't understand it so much as a theme as just singing about what's important to the singer of the song and doing it in a way that makes sense to them.

M: Well, what about "Bad Seeds"?

C: I guess the idea was that people could relate to the idea of being a rebel or something...

B: What makes you ask the question as though it were two different things? Why do you separate that from the standard Beat Happening fare?

M: I guess I can see how it's close. A lot of your songs seem to be about being outsiders somehow. Like you want to keep away from stupid, or bad, things. Especially these love songs, where these simple romances keep bad things away...

B: Not escapism, though. It's overthrow.

D: Yeah.

B: Get in there and do it right. "This time we'll do it right." There's not really a whole lot of difference in my

mind between a song like "Bad Seeds" and a song like "That Girl," which is a new song. It's like, just because the world's fucked up doesn't mean you give up on it. Trust yourself. Take chances. I think those things are in there. If they're not, I'm quitting the band. (laughter)

M: You say let's do things right. What things would you like to see done right?

C: You mean in other bands, or in the world?

M: In the world; in general.

C: There are so many things that are wrong with the world; but people don't relate them together. People see this is wrong, this is wrong, this is wrong; instead of a big picture where those things are all wrong for the same reasons.

B: Like this whole stupid drug push. They isolate it from alcoholism, they isolate it from this whole need to be anesthetized.

D: Yeah. They're not going into the reason people do drugs other than peer pressure, or there's some pusher, which is so stupid.

C: A lot of people don't have a world view that I would consider rational. They rationalize things away, and don't see the big picture. In doing Beat Happening, we do things certain ways that are different from other bands. People don't always understand why we do this one thing rather than another thing...

B: For instance, although we love our instruments, we don't put technology before the song itself. Along this whole tour it's like, well, if we can't get a P.A. or drums we'll make do. That's not the important thing.

C: And we play all-ages shows or we don't play. A lot of people, they just don't understand. We'll say: "We'd like to play in your town," and they'll go: "OK, there's this bar where they always have shows." We say: "No, we want to play in a non-bar atmosphere." And they go: "Oh. Well, there isn't anywhere." But then if we say: "What about this kind of place, or that kind of place?" And they go "Oh yeah. Well I guess there is this one place." A lot of people assume we're going to want a lot of money or that we're going to want certain things that we don't want. Not us. I kind of see Beat Happening as showing people who want to be in a band but aren't in a band: "Well look, it's not that hard." You don't have to do things the way other people do them. There are other ways. (cont.)

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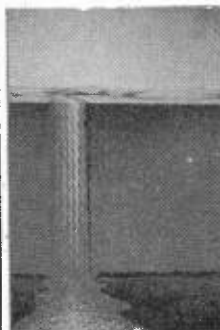
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B: Tour by drive-away car...

C: We're basically paying for our food + gas on this trip and we're gonna kinda break even. We're not paying our rent while we're away, but we're gonna pay for the trip, and that's pretty good I think. Lots of bands talk about how they lose hundreds of dollars, but that's probably because they rent big cars or fly in planes; do all sorts of stuff that doesn't make any sense to me.

M: You all seem politically interested; and yet, unlike a lot of other punk bands, you never write any songs that are overtly political.

C: Well, I think the way we do the band is political. I'm very conservative, too, in the way that I can only sing songs that I feel. Not that I'm a sensitive artist or anything. I just couldn't go out and sing a song like that. Which is kind of like something Black Flag said once: they couldn't go out and sing a song "Fuck Reagan"; but they feel their personal politics, in their songs, reflect that kind of attitude. And we're often compared to them...

(laughter)

D: The main belief I have about changing things, about political action, is not to focus on the negative and speak out against things. You can speak out about anything; but to try and do something different is the hard thing. I think it's important to try and figure out the things you'd rather see, and work toward that.

C: Yeah, direct action. I mean, speaking out about something is fine...

D: Yeah.

C: ... but at the same time so many people you might call politically active are concentrating their efforts on educating the public, which I think is not necessarily the best way to change things. So you have a rally, you hand out leaflets, people read them, they read about it in the papers, they know people in Nicaragua are getting killed with our government's money. That doesn't change the fact. I think a lot of people who are politically active spend a lot of time organizing each other, organizing people, yet that

action isn't going into anything that would directly change what it is they're organizing around. So why are they doing it? Maybe it's more just a basic need to organize. Look at some of the methods they use. Say, for instance, a rally. In the 60's that may have been a good way to get attention. Now it's exactly the opposite — you do a rally no one cares anymore. It doesn't mean anything.

B: Yeah. There's a real void in terms of radical concepts of political action today. In terms of the band, the fact that we only play all-ages places is a kind of political action.

C: We just like to be accessible. Then people say: "Well, nobody under that age is going to show up anyway!" (laughter). We say: "Well, that's not what we're talking about." We want people of all ages to have a chance to see us — not just under 21, but older people too. And, like last night, and certainly in Olympia, it seems that it's younger people that are really interested in us. Most interest in us is people in high school.

M: You had that old black guy last night tell you he liked your drumming. He was there for the whole show.

D: Right! And it was wonderful. I liked playing for the little kids. It happened in Philadelphia, too. To have a child sit there and be enthralled felt really good. I think it's real important we try and mix people of different ages. Try to break the barriers of: this kind of person, this kind of person, this kind of person. You can have music, or anything, that all different people can enjoy.

B: Soooo. Is that a wrap? Let's hit the thrift stores.

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Dr. Eugene Chadbourne

Interview and Photos by David Ciaffardini

The Politics

Many of the songs you've written and performed the last couple of years have been very critical and antagonistic toward the government. What brought about this anti-authoritarian stance?

It's come and gone. When I was first playing in high school I did a lot of really political stuff. I used to play in coffee houses and stuff like that, especially Bob Dylan songs. The song "Vietnam" is one I used to play in Junior High. I remember even trying out for the folk club. I went in and played "Vietnam" by John Lee Hooker and they didn't put me in the folk club, unfortunately. I got into it again. The first one I wrote was "National Bummer" with Shockabilly. It was a little bit later that I got into writing *funny* political lyrics.

We (Shockabilly) tried to make more of a political album with *Vietnam* but it wasn't really a very political album. I tried to get more political material on it but I got voted down. Around the time *Vietnam* came out, by then I wanted to make an all political album. *The President: He Is Insane*, the idea was to make an all political album. I did half of it on a demo tape and I put some other stuff on the other half. I sent the demo to Michael Shepherd and he liked it so much he was ready to press it right off the cassette.

I went more and more political on the solo tour I did right when Reagan was re-elected. Shockabilly was still together at that point but I got an invitation to play solo in San Francisco at New Langdon Arts and I played in Seattle, Olympia, Vancouver--that was when I did the *People Want Everything* piece for the CBC.

Since the election was going on I played a lot of political material. I wrote "Ten Most Wanted List", I had some new songs, a lot of Phil Ochs stuff. I just tried to write down as many political songs as I could play. And I did a lot of political humor. I had the Reagan Dildo, the Vice-President Bush Balloon and all this kind of stuff. One reason I went more and more into it was that I got such a great reaction and I really liked it. Another rea-

son I went solo was because I started bringing more political songs into the band and it was like, well, "Women Against Pornography" Kramer said "I won't touch that with a ten foot poll" because he was too worried about the controversy. So I started thinking, hey, I gotta do my own thing.

Guitar style

Your world-class guitar talent has so far been relatively unrecognized or unacknowledged by music journalists. How do you think your guitar playing compares to the axe wielders whose faces grace the covers of *Guitar Player* magazine and the like?

I'm way beyond a lot of them. I think a lot of guitar celebrities are really pathetic players. There are a lot of really great guitar players but I don't think they're necessarily the ones that are famous. A lot of guitar players really slack off and do a lot of bullshit when they get really famous. It's really disappointing to see sometimes.

I don't go around blowing my horn all the time but I do think I'm really good in the sense that I have my own style. That's one thing a lot of people would really like to have is their own style. And it's never bothered me that I can't play slick licks like so and so because whatever I can't play is usually some sort of stuff I'm not particularly interested in playing anyway. Most of the stuff I like to play I can play and I play it in a way I enjoy which is the most important thing.

So you think you're a better player than most guitar celebrities?

It's totally a personal aesthetic decision. I just think I'm better than they are. I enjoy my stuff more than Eric Clapton for instance or Jerry Garcia or Carlos Santana or Yngway Malstream (sic).

I like Eddie Van Halen pretty much. He gets an incredible tone and he just burns. He's like Coltrane or something. Everytime I've seen him play he's just *burning*. He throws in a lot of great little licks. Lots and lots of people try to imi-

tate him but they don't come anywhere near. It doesn't sound good. His playing transcends the genre he plays in. Obviously for it to be any good its going to have to transcend a genre like that. It's gotta be something that will stand up. I think my stuff really stands up to repeated listenings over the years.

You have one of the most idiosyncratic and adventurous guitar styles I know of. The things you do with a guitar, especially when you're improvising--playing below the bridge, or above the nut, picking out harmonics above the sound hole, playing the sound board with your fingers--few guitarists even attempt these things let alone do it with the finesse and musicality that you achieve. Does anyone else do what you do?

It's hard to imitate my style. To imitate my stuff you have to go beyond just imitating the sound. I've tried to make it kind of undesirable to imitate my stuff. Undesirable and impossible. You sort of have to assume my personality and I think I try to make it look like "Why would anyone want to do *that*?"

The Equipment

Why do you seem to have so little concern for what kind of equipment you use, always borrowing local amplifiers and even guitars of varying quality?

Maybe some musicians have to have such and such an instrument in order to play well, but that's not the case with me. I enjoy playing other people's guitars--it's fun. Sometimes the guitar really sucks, it's true. Sometimes your own guitar really sucks especially when you are schlepping it around dropping it down stairs and stuff.

It was a conscious decision. The first time Shockabilly went to Europe, Kramer insisted we take all our own equipment so we would have our own sound. It was the biggest fiasco I ever heard of. Half the time we had to borrow equipment anyway because something was broken

or they didn't have a transformer and in the end I was using borrowed equipment anyway. God help me if I need *that* amp in order to play well. (Since early 1986 Chadbourne has been traveling with just one guitar, an acoustic Ovation with built in pickups, which he runs through a fuzz box and a note bender. He supplements this with a banjo, and various homemade instruments, including (new for 1987) a "lap steel rake.") Now I just borrow the amp and I really don't care about amps that much. Most of them have more power than you're going to need anyway.

I know which amps I like better than others. It's not like I don't have preferences but I'm not going to devote my life to schlepping some amp around the world or sitting around watching people squirm trying to borrow that same amp from me everywhere in the world. I like to be loose. I don't like a lot of hassles.

Why Shockabilly broke up

You seem uncomfortable talking about the break-up of Shockabilly.

It's uncomfortable because you can only go so far in describing the problems before you're sort of talking behind people's backs. The band for years had been struggling just to keep going and pump a little money into people's pockets and we really weren't getting anywhere quickly enough to make the life we had to live any easier.

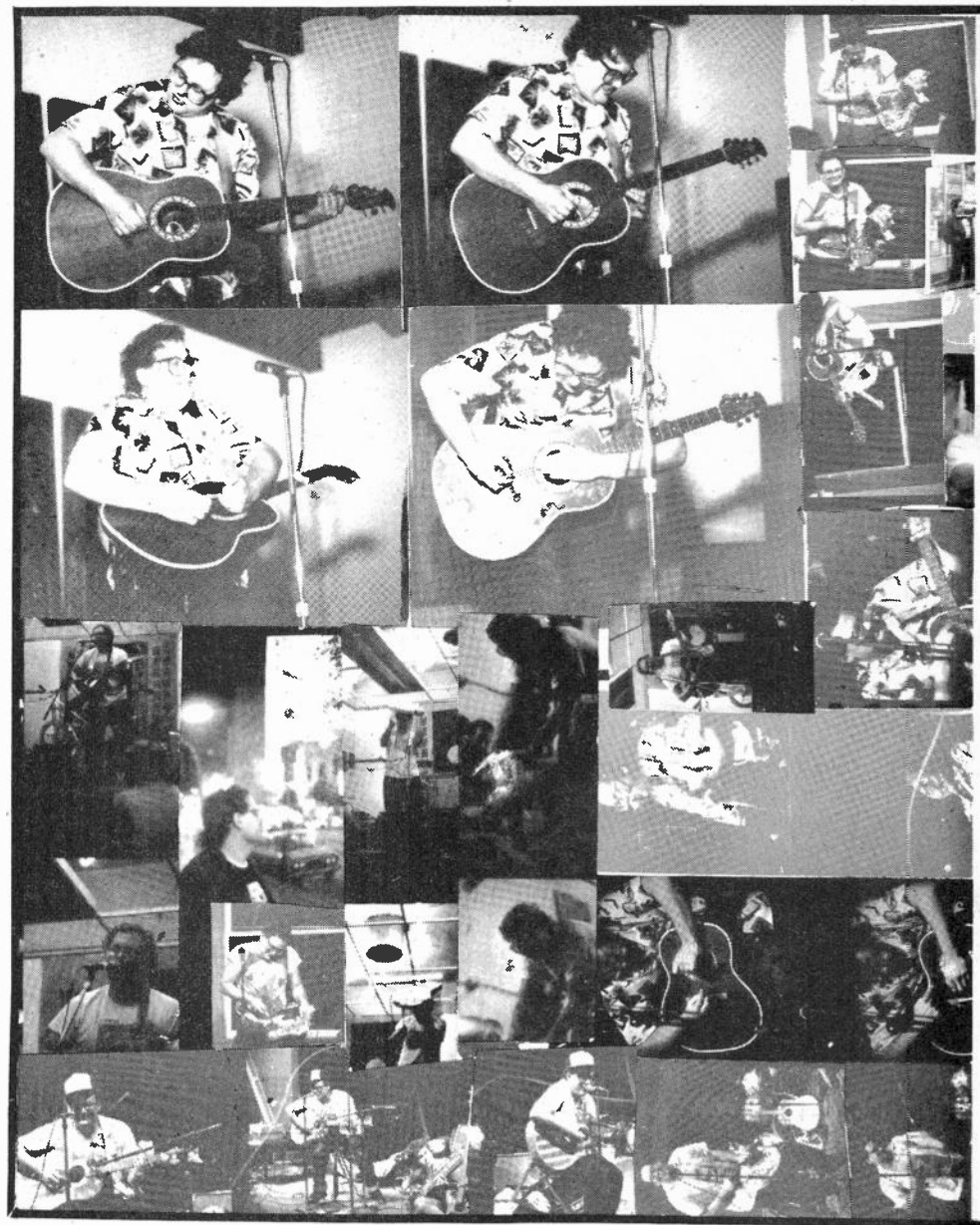
The life we had to live to do the band was so hard. For some people the dream of it getting better might be enough to keep it going but to me the reality that I could do better on my own--and I'm more interested in what I can do on my own--makes being in the band kind of irrelevant. Why would I want to struggle like that if I don't really care that much about the result?

Nevertheless, what were some of the things about Shockabilly that you are especially proud of?

I think it was a really good live band. I think we always did good shows even though the shows didn't always reflect what I wanted exactly to be playing at that point. But I think we performed pretty well and had a pretty wild and crazy thing going on on stage.

Influences and beginnings

Who are the guitarists you have



really been excited by, past, present or future?

I think Hendrix was the first one that really affected me strongly. I liked Brian Jones too a lot. I liked all the weird instruments he played. Those were my earliest influences. Then I really got into Chuck Berry and all the blues guitarists--Lightning Hopkins, Bukka White, Sunhouse, Mississippi Fred McDowell, Muddy Waters. The next phase of influence on the guitar was Derek Bailey.

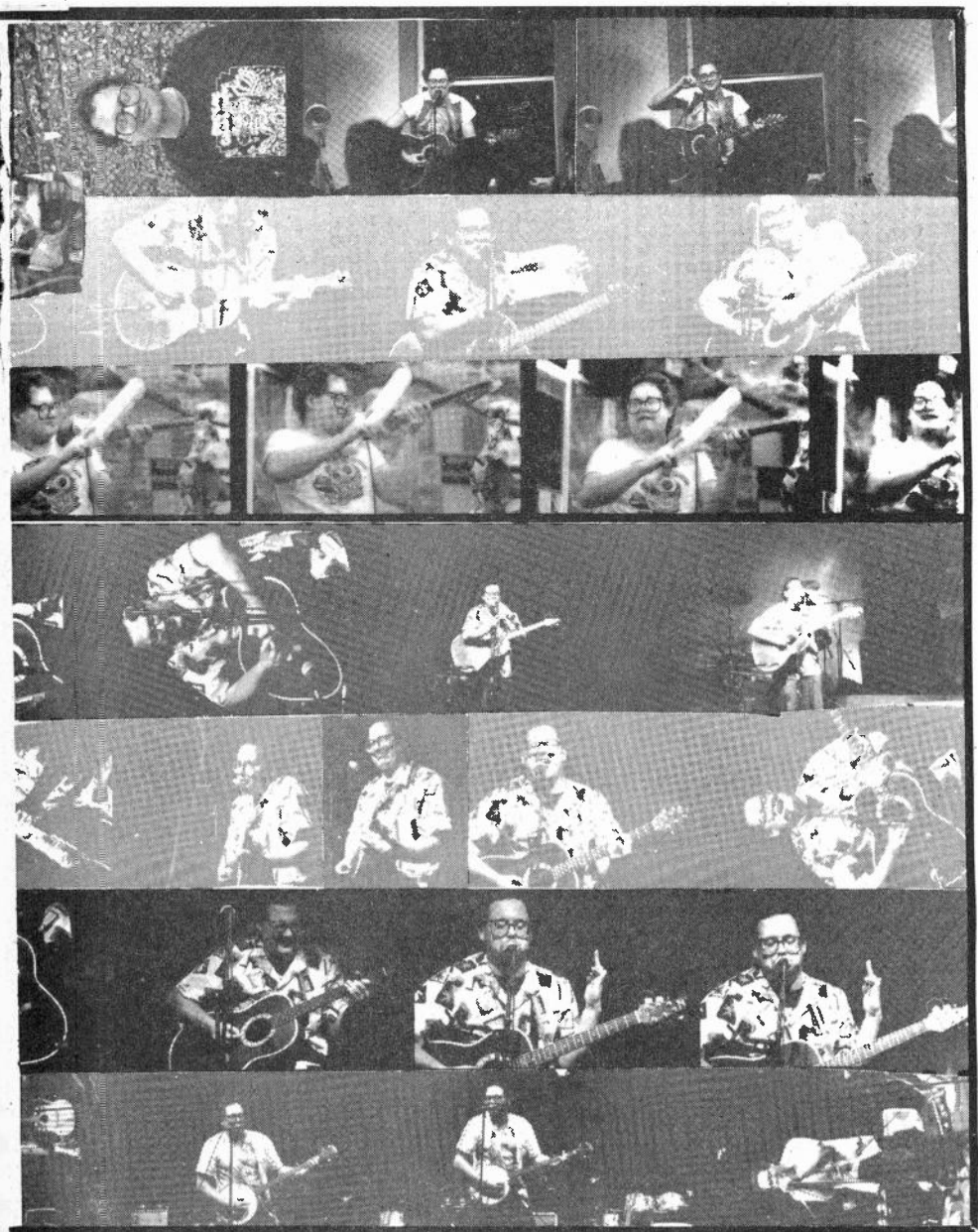
Up until I heard Derek Bailey, I had really lost interest in guitar players. I didn't like rock anymore. Hendrix was like the ultimate for me. No one could touch him. Nobody could come anywhere near Hendrix. I started listening to a lot of jazz musicians, saxophone players, trumpet

players. Finally when I heard Derek Bailey I got back into guitar again.

Then there are my contemporaries, those people who started recording and performing about the same time as me like Davey Williams and Henry Kaiser--really getting into a lot of free improvising players like that.

I've gotten into a lot of country and western guitar players. A lot of them are sort of anonymous to me. Even when their names are listed you don't know who's playing what. That was a stage of just being influenced by the overall sound and techniques of all kinds of people in music rather than just singling out one person as an innovator or something.

What was it about Hendrix that got you so excited?



He was just totally great. His sound was amazing. He improvised. He seemed to play things differently every time. It was so hard for people to emulate. It took a long time and even then they did these silly little imitations. He was also a good songwriter. A lot of his songs really hold up to being interpreted in a lot of different ways. They're fun to play. He was just a great musician. It's too bad what happened to him, that's all I have to say.

What was it about American hardcore that inspired you? Politics, enthusiasm, noise, energy. Also they didn't give a fuck. It was like somebody makes a hardcore record and they weren't talking about "Hey, let's get a really clean sound." That was really a stimulating thing. People cringed at

noise when we were playing all this improvisation. It was constantly like "Oooohh, that's a bunch of noise." Or if you're playing electric guitar, "Ooooh, that's too loud." Eventually it was like I'll go play for this hardcore audience. They're certainly not going to tell me "that's too loud." And when I started doing that I enjoyed that too because a lot of stuff I did really antagonized them. Like playing really quietly would drive a crowd like that nuts. It was always sort of fun to come on after three hardcore bands and go into a Willie Nelson ballad. It was sort of like, "Okay, scream at me if you want to, I'm not going anywhere."

Cassette Culture

You've recorded on more than 30 albums and have released at least 45 Eugene Chadbourne

cassette-only recordings. Some of the recordings have what could be considered atrocious recording quality. On top of that, some of your stuff is so experimental or off-the-wall that many people would find no enjoyment upon a first listening, if ever at all. It seems most recording artists are afraid to release anything that isn't pristine and perfectly polished for fear of somehow harming their reputation or turning off potential fans. How come you're more free about what you release than most musicians?

Because I'm way ahead of those people you're talking about. Maybe if it's your first and only record, well okay, maybe you want to go for a pristine, clean studio sound. But maybe that nice clean record will turn people off too. You can't worry about who you are going to turn off. You have to think more in terms of who you are turning on with stuff like that. *That's* the important thing.

Tell us more about your interest in homemade cassette releases. You duplicate and hand decorate your cassettes at your house.

Cassettes offer a change in how people are able to communicate their ideas. If you remove the cassette format someone has to put out a record which means he has to enter a whole industry with pressing plants, cover printers—people who are making money off the music who don't give a shit about the music. They're able to make money off it while the musicians aren't. It's sort of annoying.

I put out cassettes that I don't think anyone is going to release on record or I'm practical and I realize that convincing someone to release a specific thing is going to take a year, maybe two years before somebody finally gets it together and decides this is worth releasing. In the meantime why should people wait to hear it? In the mean time I make it available on cassette for people who are really following the developments of music and want to hear everything that comes out.

Or the cassette means I can go on the road and I can have my latest material I've written and recorded available to fans who come to the concerts.

Didn't the Shockabilly album *Vietnam* come out months after you had hoped it would?

Exactly. That's another thing that made me really lose interest in the group; going

through the channels with Shockabilly and the rock band thing and everything. The *Heaven* album had stuff on that was recorded three years before the record was released. I mean, give me a break. I'm not saying a song loses its vitality if it doesn't come out immediately but one of the things I'm interested in as a writer is to get stuff out right away and not wait forever. I think everybody is like that. It's a big frustration. It's one thing to decide, "Oh, I've got this song I wrote four years ago, I'm going to put it on a record. That's one thing. But to be *forced* to have to wait that long all the time is not fun.

Record Business Blues

When you deal with a record company you're at the mercy of their business practices. A lot of times the artist really gets burned. You had some problems when you released *The President: He Is Insane* on Michael Shepherd's Irridescence label didn't you?

Irridescence is an example of what can happen to a record company when someone really doesn't have the control over their business. A lot of record companies are run by businessmen and some are run just by music enthusiasts. Just because it's a record company gives you no idea of what the people are like who run it. There are certain things that are great about dealing with business people, there are other things that are great about dealing with people who really have the creative thing on tap but don't really know how to run a business.

I'd say Michael Shepherd is completely inept running a business and that has resulted in a lot of problems for *The President* album. Since it's come out it's really not been in his control. The distribution has been controlled by the pressing plant. It's a nightmare. It's like being bootlegged.

Effectively what's happened is that record has been bootlegged. It's not in the control of the record company anymore because the record company is in debt to the pressing plant. He is so far in debt to the pressing plant that they press his records and distribute them themselves in lieu of payment. Even if you get a written statement from the pressing plant indicating how many they say they pressed, how can you really trust that? How do you really know how many copies a pressing plant has

pressed of a record? The guy owns the plant. He can go in there at three in the morning and press whatever the heck he wants. He can be in there pressing Paul McCartney records, and some of them do.

The bottom line is that when you completely remove the aspect of the record company, whether it's someone who is really sensitive to the music or it's a businessman, when you remove all that and put the artist totally in control of what comes out you'll get better results.

Bands Eugene would like to record with

Who would you like to record with?

Camper Van Beethoven, Corrosion of Conformity, Sun City Girls, Frightwig—I'd love to get together with Frightwig. I think that would be fun, to do an album of love songs. Some of these are actually things I might get off the ground. I've got something come up that I'm doing with Half Japanese.

You said you're interested in making music with Jello Biafra. I think that would be interesting. I like doing things with other vocalists—the whole Waylon and Willie syndrome. I think that's one of the great things about country music is these duet vocals with the conversations people have—you don't hear very much of that in other styles of music.

Are you sympathetic to Biafra's court case? (Biafra and five associates face criminal charges for distributing "offensive material to a minor" due to a sexually explicit poster packaged with a Dead Kennedy's album.)

Oh yeah, I really am. I can't believe anyone wouldn't be. It just shows you how lame the scene is. People in the scene really don't want anybody to be successful. Whether it's the major label controversy or the controversy of independent labels acting like major labels or whatever they want to call it, nobody wants anybody to have any success. People are really cynical about the plight Jello Biafra is in despite what's been going on in the country for years with this ultra-right wing. Even if the thing was done purposely like "Okay, I bet they'll bust us for this, it's great publicity." I think that's like the stuff Ghandi did. Either way, whatever the motivation is, whatever you think of the poster, the guy

is in trouble because of stupid things going on in this country. You can get in trouble for distributing a picture of a penis?

Making the Scene with Eugene

Everyone tosses around this word "Scene." What do you mean?

It's sort of a mutually supportive network of people—the underground audience. It's the sense I have of it. Certain cities have it, certain cities don't. The potential is there everywhere. It's like a group of people who come together for events. It's always kind of a shifting group of people. There's maybe a nucleus that stays the same. People come and go. People go from one city to another and become part of a scene in another city. Cities have certain scenes for certain things.

For instance, Santa Cruz, California has a really good jazz scene. There are a lot of jazz musicians there. If you like to play jazz you might want to go there for instance as opposed to some place where there are no jazz musicians. It's that kind of thing. Scenes nurture a lot of artists, even the way it is now. In some ways it gives an impression of being really positive. In other ways, you look at it again and you see so much little infighting, people stabbing each other in the back. You think, when you look at this very closely, it's not that desirable a thing to be part of anyway. But it's all there is.

A scene boils down to people having an appreciation of music and art and a lot of weird things that are going on. People are recording on little independent labels or maybe not recording on any label at all. People talk about music a lot. When someone comes to perform, they check it out. People are not ignorant in the community. They know the history of music. These things go hand-in-hand. There's usually some pretty good record stores, sometimes a radio station. Sometimes somebody opens a record store and it all starts there. Sometimes it starts with a radio station.

It doesn't necessarily mean that anything of value is going on in the community. In a lot of cities a lot of people come out to the concerts because it's a great place to get laid and score dope, and "who's playing?" "Uh, I don't know. It's disappointing this week, it's not a hard-core band, it's some weirdo with a rake."

Doesn't it take some sort of supreme effort by a few key individuals to make any kind of scene happen? And don't most people get discouraged before accomplishing much?

I've had a lot of revelations about that. When I was living up in Canada I really wanted to see certain types of music happen and the only way they would happen is if I put them together, if I paid to have them. I finally got it together to do it and one night I found myself sitting at this concert and the turnout had been very low so I knew I would have to pay most of the guarantee out of my pocket. The performer was doing a brilliant performance, it was absolutely incredible. It was Leo Smith. I enjoyed the concert but I was really distracted by thinking about the pressures and how much money I had lost, frustration with the community. This whole thing of "Oh yeah, I'm going to come to that show." People don't come and then the next day, "How was it?" That used to always infuriate me. I remember screaming once to somebody "If you want to know how it was, go to it!"

It was different in New York. There it didn't matter if nobody went to anything. Whether or not anybody ever goes to anything ever in New York, there would still be 60,000 things going on every night. But it was a real matter of life and death up in Calgary.

If these things weren't supported they completely died out. If the people doing it weren't supported they died out. And I know what I'm talking about because there's nothing up there now. The people that were doing it are gone. My friends up there say you don't even see any important records anymore. You need these people in the community but it's really hard to be one of them. You become one of them because you enjoy music but once you do it you don't really enjoy the music anymore. It's too frustrating. I guess the message is to always try to stay a fan in some ways.

The Village Voice and the Nazi Connection

You were a full-time music critic and entertainment writer for a daily newspaper in Canada. What are your views about music criticism?

I think a lot of it is really bad. I think Robert Cristgau for instance is really terrible. I remember living in New York and

watching *The Village Voice* and who they portray what's going on in music. I remember their whole slant on Black Flag and the Dead Kennedy's being Nazi's and what a misrepresentation that was.

The most usual use of an occupation like that is the power trip. What happens with critics is that a lot of them are very good when they start out but when they get some power, by then they are also very jaded. They get tired of going to shows, they get tired of writing about stuff. It's a very dangerous occupation for the music lover. And I know what I'm talking about. I've been there.

Narcs and DAs agree with Chadbourne

You have opinions and a playing style that likely infuriates conservatives like Robert Cristgau. Tell us about your attitude toward drugs for instance.

I think all drugs should be legalized. I wrote a column about that in *Maximum Rock N Roll* and a couple of weeks later the former head of narcotics in Los Angeles County and a former district attorney both wrote editorials in the *Los Angeles Times* with the exact same point of view and they said they never would have been able to express it while they were working but now that they are retired they can come out and say that the whole law enforcement effort is helping not one iota the problem of people using drugs.

You wrote that column for *Maximum Rock N Roll* but it seems that a lot of people involved with that magazine advocate being straight, or "Straight Edge", not doing drugs, etc.

Yeah, so those people get really riled up about stuff like that. There's no simple solution for life. You can't say we're all going to be straight-edge and be fine and everybody that isn't straight-edge is a fool. That's just stupid. There are a lot of people who are making really great contributions that use drugs, or drink, or smoke. There are a lot of straight-edge people who are contributing nothing at all except a lot of invective.

First the Book, Then the Movie

What are some of your long term goals?

The last couple of years I've been obsessed with trying to finish this book. Al-

so the video I'm working on is practically the length of a full-length movie. Those are pretty big things and I haven't been able to look beyond that. I've been making a series of albums involving a lot of different groups and that's something I'm continuing to do.

Tell us about your book.

I describe it as "a life in music" which is about as accurate as you can get.

When we printed an advance chapter in Sound Choice #4 there was some confusion among some readers as to whether the book is fiction or non-fiction.

I hope they enjoy the confusion is all I have to say. A lot of it is fiction and a lot of it is non-fiction. I guess you could categorize it as an autobiographical novel, but not everything that happens in it is true. People who are obsessed with who this really is and what really happened are missing the point. It's not to provide a news report or something.

Between gigging constantly, your wife and two children, and recording dozens of things each year, how do you have time to write a book also?

It is something I've been driven to do. I started writing that stuff for nobody but myself but when I saw that people enjoyed it and were learning something from it, it made me want to put it together as something. It's a cleansing. You're taking something that was maybe horrifying or unpleasant at the time and you're turning it into something amusing for everybody. I guess it's coming to terms with the past and making something positive out of it.

Some people can look at the Eddie Chatterbox segment and go "Well maybe that's racist, or maybe it's this or it's that. To me the important thing was it happened, it's there. It's a story to tell. People can interpret it anyway they want. But just because some of the interpretations may be negative is not a reason to censor it or never let it out.



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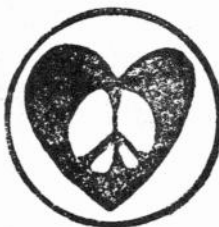
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THE A-BONES: *Tempo Tantrum* EP

The A-Bones are a fun rock-a-billy band with a hard, rock edge. Strong female vocals on 'Gonna Be Loved' set the tone of the album as lighthearted and upbeat. But the highlight of this four-song EP is a great version of the children's song 'Froggy went A-Courtin'.' (Exile Records) --Ross Mohn

ABSOLUTELY GREY: *What Remains* LP

Second LP from this quartet continuing in the moody folk-rock style of their first. Production seems improved and less muddy this time. Singer Beth has a warm tone that is the most distinctive part of their sound. I don't think music of this genre is dull by definition but unfortunately I find this album to be. (Midnight Records) --Pam Kirk

ACID RANCH: *1 1/2* C-60

OK, Let's give these boys a piss test, I'm pretty

'Let's give these boys a piss test, I'm pretty damned sure that they are on drugs'

damned sure that they are on drugs. Quirky guitars on top of a crunching funk beat makes for a good time for all. This tape was recorded live at two different clubs in the Mile High City in 1985. A band with a future? (Ranch Bull Music) --Brian S. Curley

MAHMOUD AHMED: *Era Mela Mela* LP

While Western pop music of late has focused on Ethiopians as hapless victims, here's a refreshing change - modern music from Ethiopia, circa 1975-1978. At 45, Mahmoud Ahmed, who is quite famous in his native land, has been a star who is capable of filling stadiums with his fans for 20 years. He is considered a master at unleashing the 'Eskuesta' (that ecstatic shivering of the shoulders that takes hold of the Ethiopians on the dance floor). In this set, he supplies the emotionally-charged Arabic-tinged vocals while Fekade Ammdemeske and Theodoros Metuku surround him with their sultry and bewitching model saxophone lines as the rest of the band

underpins the proceedings with a rolling rhythm that contributes to the mesmerising bluesy atmosphere. His new album will be recorded in Brussels and will soon be released by Crammed disks. Haiale recommended. (Crammed Disks) --Ron Sakolsky

ALIEN FARM: *Sometime, Always* C-60

A real homemade production by a not so dynamic duo of guitar and 'vocals/assorted amateur percussion. The guitar plays an accompaniment to the braying of the vocalist whose lyrics remind me of some of the stuff I used to scrawl out during a study hall back in junior high. Still, there's a smattering of song settings from all over here--we got 50's beat poetry next to an Arabian phrased clunker which tears into blaring guitar. Another annoying thing on this tape is the shoddy recording of vocals--he could have at least borrowed a better mike, don't you think? It may have helped him a little. Perhaps if this were offered in smaller doses, say redo some of the better songs and put together a four song tape, it might be more tolerable. As it is, though, it isn't a fun job listening to the whole she-bang. (Alien Farm) --Jim Hofmann

ALIEN PLANETSCAPES: *Target Earth and Martian Inventories* C-90

I must not have the concentration I used to, because somehow a ninety-minute tape of directionless, poorly recorded instrument noise doesn't hold my attention for more than three minutes at a time. I must admit the potential concept of these two tapes intrigued me...extended ambient instrumentals invoking an alien environment. Alas, the only image invoked was that of two or three self-proclaimed misfits taking an arbitrary stab at experimental recording, with no real objective in mind nor even overall concern for sound quality. They just don't seem to care much about what they do which, while expressing an attitude, doesn't suit the pretense of 'alien planets' they have chosen to label these recordings with, there are eleven available in the series), and is certainly not worth the five bucks a tape when you could just as easily (and hopefully better) produce your own.

'A prime example of why a lot of people look down on experimental and outside music'

A prime example of why a lot of people look down on experimental and outside music, unfortunately but justifiably. (Alien Planetscapes) --Michael P. Goodspeed

ALHAMBRA: C

This trio plays 'Judeo-Spanish' music on traditional instruments: Dumbek, Oud, Lyre, etc. The songs originate from many countries: Greece, Spain, Israel, Bulgaria, Turkey and elsewhere. Mezzo-soprano, Isabelle Ganz sings all the songs very beautifully. George Mgrdichian rocks out on the oud--I mean he's proficient, And Rosamund Morley on the vielle--something like the violin, I take it--is always there. This is very traditional music--much of it religious in tone and content. All of it refreshing, spritely, and well-performed. Also well produced by Global Village. (Global Village) -- Bill Borneman

MAARTEN ALTENA QUARTET: *Rondedans* LP

An odd lineup (alto sax, oboe, trombone and bass) playing a very odd assortment of free jazz, Dixie, waltz, Film Noir, cartoon Music, and not above throwing in a dissonant burst in the middle of anything just to let you know (wink, nudge) that it's all in good modernist fun. Many moments of lyrical beauty as well as some highly charged and abstract passages. Overall intense and linear, even with the abrupt mood changes. (Claxon Records) --Tom Furgas

AMBIENCE II FUSION: *Colours in Spaces* LP

This jacket states that this album is dedicated to 'Almighty God (Ifa) and his Delegates the Orisa' who assisted in the 'culmination of this Project.' [sic] Notwithstanding the intercession of the diety, however, we have here fairly standard fusion jazz of the quieter, easy listening variety. The musicianship is quite good, notable Daoud Abubakar Balewa's soprano saxophone and the fine rhythm section consisting of Dan Potruch on drums, Koichi Numarija on bass and Matt Nathan on keyboards. Most of the numbers were composed by bandmembers and are generally well executed, danceable ditties except for the title track which is in the ambient vein--ocean waves and swirling flute. This is not a terribly original collection but the compositions are coherent, skillfully played and produced here without alot of condescending sickness. (Da-Mon records) --Sam Mental

LENNY ANDERSON: *Hot Off the Press* LP

Like so many individuals who choose the folk label, Lenny Anderson traces his political and musical roots to the 1960s. Here Anderson's 10 songs argue against racism, homophobia, nuclear arms, imperialism, and economic exploitation in favor of peace, economic equality and social justice. Clearly, Anderson pitches his ideological tent in the Woody Guthrie-Tom Paxon-Si Kahn camp. What's more, his songwriting talents sometimes equal and even exceed his mentors and many others in his circle. However, what established Anderson as more than a second-or even first-rate Paxton clone isn't so much the songs as the general sound he achieved in the studio. The sparse instrumentation of guitar, drums, piano, and double bass on most of the songs recalls the 1950's C&W. And that sound makes this an enjoyable if not exactly exciting album. Anderson could pursue this line of musical thought even further and his listeners would reap even greater benefits. He has obviously learned his lessons from Woody Guthrie and done a competent job of passing them on in his own way. Anderson would now do well to listen to the C & W music lessons of Woody's cousin, Jack Guthrie, as well as Hank Snow, Hank Williams, Floyd Kramer, and Patsy Cline. (Lion's Roar) --Bucky Halker

JERRY ANDREWS: *The Child* C-46

Alternatively severe and dark tales of Christian joy and despair against powerpop with just the right taste of psychedelia.

'...severe and dark takes of Christian joy and despair against powerpop with just the right taste of psychedelia.'

There are so many hooks here you could take it fishing. Side one starts out all joyful and ebullient, getting darker

all the time until side two comes along with Burundi beats, drones and even sitar-like sounds. Finally, things get peaceful once more by tape's end. Andrews has a keen awareness of the pure pop aesthetic and his Eric Carmen/Phil Seymour-ish voice helps carry it across. The only upsetting thing here is how Andrews sometimes turned off his reel-to-reel before the end notes of songs could fully decay. Other than that, and if strong spiritual commitments (not preaching) don't turn you off, this is classic stuff. (Jerry Andrews)--Jamie Rake

ANGST: *Mending Wall* LP

Second LP by this crisp, spare guitar/bass/drums trio who fill in their sound by excellent playing. Angst reminds me of the Minutemen in this respect and also by having a style that incorporates many influences (including punk) yet sounds unique to themselves. These guys have a great sense of humor which came out the times I've seen them live and isn't really apparent in the relatively serious lyrics on this album. Twelve songs here and not a bad one among them. (SST)--Pam Kirk

ANTIETAM: *Music From Elba* LP

The cacophonous sounds of Antietam have been refined on this, their second release. And, crisp, clear dissonance is an improvement from murky dissonance. It is still just as dense as ever. This blitzkrieg does bop at times, especially 'Until Now', which is one solid onslaught. Tara Key's vocals, which alternate between a snooze and a shriek, are rather stilted, however. And, this noise could benefit from the use of sturdier tunes, any tune. I have nothing against the ensemble approach Antietam utilizes, and I think they may just knock some socks off, yet. To this end, Danna Pentes (of Fetchin Bones) on violin is invaluable. (Homestead Records)--Scott Jackson

A.O.A./OI POLLOI: *Unlimited Genocide* LP

Hardcore from Scotland. I know bands are popping up all over the world but I'm for some reason always turned around by hearing a group from a country I hadn't thought of before. I've also been intrigued by how the problems bands sing about are so similar from society to society. This album features a side by each group. A.O.A. passionately rages about among other things: the U.K.'s love and tradition of bloodsport (foxhunting) and the government's self proclaimed right to withhold information from the public that elected them to power. We here in the U.S. know all about the last issue, don't we? Oi Polloi concentrates on topics like big business selling things like slow death through tobacco and supporting apartheid. They're also none too pleased about their homeland being used as a U.S. navel base and nuclear dump sight for England's nuclear industries. Both bands are loud and forceful. A.O.A. are a bit more frenzied and out of control sounding. Oi Polloi are more focused in their playing and lyrics but also very high impact. I can see a relationship in attitude and manner with many political hardcore bands in England--both bands are painfully to the point and uncompromising. Not much humor here either. Given the concerns these people have, what can you expect? (Cor Records)--Bryan Sale

AOLIAN QOM: *Prosthetic Enclosures* C

Barely perceptible laughter and the message, 'You bought this tape, so now you gotta listen to it'.

'Barely perceptible laughter and the message, 'You bought this tape, so now you gotta listen to it'

opens up this collection of songs by AOLIAN QOM. Most of the songs contain a repetitious rhythm machine background with tape loops of saxophone or clarinet, violin, voice, and a collection of other electronic and percussive noises layered on top. It's not a disjointed din though, and the musical consistency of the songs makes the tape flow well from piece to piece. The sound engineer did a respectable job too, producing a sound that sometimes renders the speakers transparent, like the sound is coming out holes in the room. Some very strong comparisons can be made here to some of Ralph Records releases of The Residents or Renaldo And The Loaf, especially in the processing and reworking of the vocal tracks. (E. H. Harlequin Productions)--Rich Crist

THE ARMS OF SOMEONE NEW: *Love, Power & Justice* C Great swirling washes of echo and reverb applied to everything but the drum machine--this is great headphone music. It is also great music for listening to while

lying in a darkened room (black light and incense optional). Bass, guitar, tasteful and unobtrusive keyboards, digital drums, vocals, and background tapes are the elements of this atmospheric compound. Forget Windham Hill, this is mood music with brains. Nicely packaged, and recorded on chrome tape, as well. (Office Records)--K.Crothers

THE ARTFUL BALANCE COLLECTION VOL. 1 C46

A very slick collection of what used to be called 'light jazz' and 'pop electronic' and now would be classified as New Age. Randy Waldman plays elevator music on piano and synthesizers, Vince DiCola is the resident sensitive solo pianist, Dreamstreet plays fusion with surprisingly hot saxophone, and Jeremy Lubbock is a synthesist. Lubbock turns in a remarkable string section imitation on one of his pieces, but that's the only thing here that really attracted attention. Also available on LP and Compact Disc. (JCI)--Mark Sullivan

ART INTERFACE: *Great Big World of Noise and Shit* LP

Douglas Vasey is the main force behind this rock band--handling the bulk of the songwriting, keyboards, bass, vocals and production. Claes Roswall and Roger Deason play drums and guitar respectively. Their single 'Secretaries from Heaven' is included in this LP. Side one is mostly vocal oriented, with side two being chiefly instrumental or dub versions of songs. The music reminds me of many forgettable home recordings I've heard, with the lyrics expressing Vasey's disgusted view of the world condition. 'Chinese Take Away' and 'This Day in History', though, are two pretty instrumentals which stand out from the rest of the material. (Art Interface)--Ed Zincaze

ATROCITY EXHIBIT: *A.E. C Industrial*; but to my ears this is music. Not that there are any melodies or songs or anything remotely 'popular'. The thing is, with groups like this, all of which rely on dramatic, repetitive builds of clang and throb and crash and static, it comes down to how much you like the noises. I like this. It puts me in a strange mood. A mood that's calm (really), yet aware. I've found it's great for getting the dishes done. (Tim Ray)--W. Mueller

BABY OPAQUE: *Fugue in Cow Minor* LP

This is a very moody, true melting pot of cowpunk, hardcore, R&B and bluesy rock 'n roll that doesn't always mesh but when a moment works the result is very satisfying and stands up to replay. Filled with lyrics that veer and ponder and reach for the surreal--Baby Opaque seems to be trying awfully hard to be an 'intellectual' band. I only wish the arrangements and musicianship were as accomplished as the band is ambitious. (Catch Trout Records)--Lena Dixon

THE BACKBONES: *The Backbones* LP

These guys want to be John Cougar Mellencamp so bad they can taste it. This album is full of hard rocking, seventies-style biker bar music. From the promo material enclosed, they supposedly have New Wave influences, but it sure doesn't sound like that--if anything they sound like a cross between George Thorogood and the Destroyers and John Cougar. The album is well produced and if you're into this kind of music, a good buy. (Midnight International Records)--H. Luce

BAD BRAINS: *I Against J* LP

Okay. This kicks out at you. A jaunty, contortionist guitar weaves in between and around a controlling bass and kick-ass drums. But with Ron Saint Germain producing we have to expect an above-ground mix and we get one. This is not to the record's detriment. Bad Brains are too much the black sheep (no pun intended) to lose their soul in a 'bright' mix. The term 'crossover' has been used to describe this band's sound in more ways than one. The term is an insult to them since 'crossover' implies that one is entering a realm within which one is formally unfamiliar until the present. But the Bad Brains have been playing too long with too much talent to be regimented within a context that society can accept. Yes, this is a great album. Did I mention their musical category at the moment? Flagrant hardcore with wicked funk/reggae undertones. Okay, okay, I admit it. I'm biased. (SST Records)--Lena Dixon

CHET BAKER/CHRISTOPHER MASON: *Silent Nights* LP

Silent Nights is a collection of Xmas tunes as played by a bop quintet that features trumpeteer Baker and altoist Mason. The selections are given tasteful and melodic treatment with half of the tunes only explored briefly.

'Amazing Grace' (similar chords to 'The Saints March') gets exciting and there are occasional encounters between Chet's melancholy trumpet and Mason's joyful alto along with some looser moments. Xmas jazz albums are becoming more common because many of the traditional themes have excellent chord patterns for jamming. *Silent Nights* is one of the best in this genre. (GRS Inc)--Scott Yanow

CHET BAKER: *Candy* LP

This laid back set of standards features the mellow trumpet of Chet Baker, who is assisted by Frenchman Michel Graillier on piano and bassist Jean Louis Rassinfosse (from Belgium). All of the tunes are taken at relaxed tempos with only 'Tempus Fugit' generating much heat. Chet makes every note count on this wistful and often introspective date. Not one of Baker's most essential albums, *Candy* is nevertheless quite worthwhile. (Gazell Productions)--Scott Yanow

BARNACLE CHOIR: *Trendy Candy For Happy Tourists* C

The Choirs' tape is an eclectic grabbag of unrelentingly abrasive short takes, trippy repetitive gloom epics, and mock country/funk satires on the middle class. All these songs share: snarling nasal vocals backed by fuzzily chiming guitars, muted rhythm, and the occasional spooky organ. While the band for the most part is convincing musically, the lyrics can sometimes degenerate into simple-minded diatribes that don't inspire. More successful are songs like 'Picking Daisies' with their sparse, moody arrangements and stark words. There are enough numbers like that to prove that they can make a tape of truly provocative music without resorting to filler. (Warpt West Music)--James Hopkins

MARC BARRECA: *The Sleeper Wakes* C

It has been a very long time since Marc Barreca has been heard from, and this cassette is a welcome treat. On each of his three recordings he has presented a different face and musical personality. His current release is in the ambient/industrial mode. If you like J. Greinke (producer of Intrepid recordings), as I do, you will probably enjoy *The Sleeper Wakes*. This is not to say that Barreca's music is derivative, it is not. Barreca has a distinctive identity and sound. Rather, it is in a similar vein. Barreca's music has a cleaner, less muted sound, with almost crisp edges, though his music is equally forboding and dark. This cassette offers a glimpse into the diversity of Barreca's musical area. By the way, try to track down his previous release, the excellent *Music Works for Industry* on the Palace of Lights label. (Intrepid)--Dean Suzuki

MARC BARRECA: *The Sleeper Wakes* C

Barreca serves up a series of short, discrete sketches in sound, using sampler and analog treatments. Most pieces fit into the 'near-music' category, hinting at melody and pattern, and gently slipping in and out of musical focus. The sound components themselves often have intrinsic interest; many cannot be associated with any specific musical instrument, but have strong referential qualities, suggesting various instruments (usually percussive), ritual observances, and emotional states. Most of the sketches are much too short, however, and are never given time to work the magic that they surely could. It's not that development is required; music of this sort doesn't really need development. But the listener needs sufficient duration to orient himself and acquire a feeling for the territory. (Intrepid)--Bill Tilland

LES BATTERIES: *Noisy Champs* LP

This is a collection of 3 drummer/song writers/etc., Rick Brown ('the V-Effect' and 'Fish and Roses'), Guigou Chenevier ('Etron Fou Leloubian') and Charles Hayward ('This Heat' and 'The Camberwell Now'). Through the course of this LP, the players various stylistic and instrumental interests and capacities are mixed and matched to make for very diverse listening. The main purpose is obviously to make music using the unique tonal, structural and textural capabilities of the drumset and percussion. But for much of the album, other instruments, including organ, sax, whistles, telex (and other machines) and the soaring vocals of Hayward, are presented along side or up front. There is also some of the (acoustic) industrial noise approach as applied to drums (scraping etc.) punctuating or dominating the music in places. Included is a Harry Partch song 'The Letter' sung by Brown, accompanied on tomtoms. Another notable piece in 'Flintstone', in which percussion mimics rhythms that might be made by multiple tapes wobbling faster and slower all at different speeds. Some influences are the disjointed rhythmic structures of Partch and car-

rival street drumming. One thing that is present throughout is an acoustic/reverb sound, probably from ambient riling. Anyway, this is a very good effort, but it only scrapes the surface. Hopefully they'll get together and record more of this music. (AYAA Disques)—Joe Merten
FEAT TEMPTATION: Concerned About Rock Music LP

Quartet with Tim Lee (also in the Windbreakers) on guitar and vocals. This doesn't sound much like the Windbreakers (except on 'Bad Sermonette'). Beat Temptation are going for a more frantic rock sound than the poppier style associated with the W.B.'s. You get some screaming guitar leads, loud bass and drums and honking sax in most of these songs. Nine songs including a Velvets/Scooges medley ('What Goes On?/1969') (Homestead)—Pam Kirk

EMIL BEAULIEU: That Velvet Touch 4-track 7"

A real treat for all you noise buffs. This former mayor of a New Hampshire city was inspired by that job to make some

'This former mayor of a New Hampshire city was inspired by that job to make some aggressive, extreme music.'

aggressive, extreme music. On this special vinyl release, he fills one side with fairly controlled hisses and poundings and on the other unleashes a torrent of sonic blasts. Both the record and the nice hand-decorated covers illustrate Emil's statement that 'noise needn't be frightening; in fact, it's your friend.' (RRRecords)—Lang Thompson
BELLAPHON: Labyrinth Flexi-disc

This single sided flexi-disc has one tune by the Japanese ar-rock trio, Bellaphon. Their style can be likened to 70's English bands like Genesis, Camel etc. Structurally, their composition is rather complex, with jazzy section juxtaposed against more rock oriented passages. This instrumental is heavy on the keyboards with solid guitar playing alongside. Definitely a throwback to a bygone era. This is in a very limited edition, so hurry if you want it. (Monolith distributed by Eurock)—Dean Suzuki
JOHN BENNET: Ax Tongue C-45

Poetry and music from the man whom the liner notes say 'takes 3 hours to get from the kitchen to the bathroom. Beat-like ravings and 'word-examining'. Manic synthesizer accompaniment. Paranoid sensory overloaded one liner situation descriptions that are sometimes humorous and sometimes grate enormously. 'I was talking slow as I levered my hammer under the pillow I was talking slow as I slowed my speech to the sticky door...' etc. Comes with a great booklet telling his story. (Lana Bisonte Prod.)—Frank Gunderson
WILLIAM BENT: Sirius Lullabye C-90

A well-crafted 'space music' tape which, unfortunately, trots all the standard synth cliches, e. g., percussive hisses and crashes, beeps, bleeps, swoops, reverb, sleazy vibratos, simple drum programs and melodramatic themes. A little birdsong is even thrown in at one point, for good measure. Many of the effects seem dated, and their heavy use also becomes mind-numbing after a time. Bent has obvious talent, but he needs to put his influences behind him, and both develop and refine his own musical vocabulary. However, if you're a hardcore space music enthusiast, you'll probably love this one. (Bent Sounds)—Bill Tilland

BIG BASH: Wild Calling LP

Definitely punk, but headed in a pop direction. Singer-songwriter Catlin Barnes combines many styles (Benatar, Patti Smith, Hynde) on the eight originals here, aided by a melodic rhythm/lead Stratocaster in these powerful, pop-punk tunes. An irrelevant reading of Michael Nesmith's 'Different Drum' is cute, but most everything else is a bit more serious—but not too. File this one under very promising. (Pinhead)—Brad Bradberry

BIG CITY ORCHESTRA: Big City Orchestra C-60

Post apocalyptic sounds from the fire-ravaged urban environment. Radio static nightmares, preachers from hell, subway cars careen out of control. Old women are boiled alive in cauldrons of oil. Death-scratch monsters shake loose from glacial tombs. They must be stopped before it is too late. (Sound of Pig)—Frank Gunderson

BIG BLACK: Big Black 12" EP

This is a rare item for Big Black fans. While 'Big Money' and the live 'Cables' are available on their Atomizer

LP, the other two live cuts here, 'RIP' and 'Pigeon Kill' are unavailable anywhere. 'Il Duce' was a B-side to a 7" single with 'Big Money' (whew!). Anyway, all the songs, whether you've heard them or not, are an intensely butt-beating experience. Drum machine punches, soldering gun blocks of chords, and Sieve Albini vocals echoing in and out of the mix (sometimes too far out). The live side 2 is breakneck drum beats, a bottomy bass, abrasion-effect guitar and Albini's yells. It's all very fast and intense and it ends too quickly. Homestead Records told me it was promotional though, so maybe you should request it as a gift when ordering other Homestead Records. (Homestead)—C. Carstens

BIG CITY ORCHESTRA: Tunnel C

Sounds from a percussion jam (little bitty hand-held instruments) recorded in a railroad tunnel. Nothing is impossible for the wizard(s) of Ubuibi, but my attention span wanders a bit while the technicians are doing their percussion thing here. Moments are sort of Indonesian inspired, moments are less busy and supplemented with flute-like sounds (Shakuhachi?), moments are unmistakable Elves-Workin'-On-The-Railroad sounding. Is it a tape of people just messin' around or is this some sacred music from another world? No answer yet? (Ubuibi)—Robin James

PAUL BLACK AND THE FLIP KINGS: How How LP

Solid blues and R&B-tinged songs from Wisconsin guitarist/singer Paul Black and his sax and piano laden band The Flip Kings. Not as pyrotechnical as Stevie Ray Vaughn nor as self-absorbed as George Thorogood, Paul Black's more heartfelt and funky version of this music is truer to the original Chicago blues feeling of Muddy Walters and Co. A sweeping houserocker, the self-penned 'Rockabye My Baby' opens the album, demonstrating the power of the Flip King's horn arrangements and Black's writing talent. As a matter of fact, the Flip Kings give Black sharp, thoughtfully textured backing throughout the album, helping to strengthen some of Black's less-than-inspiring writing later in the LP. The tight feel of this record is one of the nicest things about it, setting it apart from many of the ego-parade blues records of the last couple years. Black shows a diversity of taste and talent as he energetically tackles songs like 'Wee Wee Hours' by Chuck Berry and 'Red Rooster' by Willie Dixon and makes them his own. He glides from sharp clean guitar licks to a shriek distortion and back so confidently and unobtrusively you'd think he'd invented blues guitar. (Paradise Records)—John Grooms
BLESSING IN DISGUISE: Blessing In Disguise 5-song cassette

These guys are very fine musicians who splatter more influences on the canvas than I can even think of, turning the result into something completely unique. The recording is very well-done and the variety is immense. Dandy tunes and a wild clash of instruments make this music tasty to the ears; however, too many solos mar a few of the songs. Promising, but as the (sick) saying goes, too

much wanking off can spoil the stew. (Blessing in Disguise, \$5)—Tom Burris

THE BLIND TEETH VICTORY BAND: Preston Moineaux C

Let's not forget that the Residents come from Louisiana and that you may know hip people who still listen to the Grateful Dead. Now we can put the BTVB in perspective. Christian Texan hippies who flirt with noise (four versions of the title track), rockabilly, hard rock, disco and country polkas. That's just one cassette! The wacky musical approach works just dandy, especially with Delbert Nave's ultra-Southern singing. They may be strong about the Holy Trinity but a sense of humor is just around the corner: a girlfriend sick of Del's evangelism turns out to be a 'Minister's Daughter' and the singsongy fireman's picnic atmosphere of 'We All Love the Lord'. The only time I'd call them into question is on 'I Wanna Dance', where Del says he cares not about world's injustices because 'vengeance is mine sayeth the Lord'. May be true, BUT...Theology aside, this is fun nuttiness. Blind Teeth Victory Band)—Jamie Rake
THE BLITZBOIDS: Sampler C

This mini-cassette comes with no information whatsoever as to personnel but this reviewer was inspired enough to dig around in the police files. The Blitzoids are three; all of them work what are considered stupid day jobs, retreating to a room—be it in a basement, the back of an office, a cranny in the sewer—where they proceed to make recordings, and superbly produced ones at that. The music on this cassette is both a product of the superior recording technology available to the home neophyte now and the superior mind and taste such a person may have after years of listening to vintage Zappa, Soft Machine, John Zorn, Derek Bailey, Spike Jones, Monty Python or many of the other reference points here. 'Lobotomy' is the standout track, a popular choice for radio, especially in the Santa Barbara area when Nancy and Ronnie Reagan are resting up at their ranch. A seamless flow of musical jokes winding up with a nerve-grating soprano sax/guitar duel, the sort of playing that's been going on for 20 years but still sounds modern. There isn't that much use of vocals but research led to the discovery of other Blitzoid material in more rock, folk and country veins. (Mook Records)—Lawrence Talbot

BLUE TRAPEZE: Mask and Marquee 6-song 12" EP

This band just keeps improving with each release. On this, their third 12", we find six original pop rock songs of high quality. Often dissonant, bittersweet yet melodic in a mercurial fashion. A strong guitar alternatively jangles and chops its way along the melody lines as melodic bass and artfully restrained/driven percussion shape the arrangement for singer-songwriter Dan Koenig's whimsical and mystical lyrics. (Fullspeak)—Brad Bradberry

BORBETOMAGUS: Borbeto Jam LP

Borbetomagus, the double sax and guitar trio of Jim Sauter, Don Dietrich and Donald Miller are joined by

The Girl I Met At The Lords Of The New Church Concert

by Dan Fioretti



four other musicians playing trumpet, bass, cello, prepared piano, clarinet and drums. This is a condensed recording of a 3-hour studio jam of experimental improvisation. Many satisfying sounds are created: bowing, untuning, scratching, and rumbling from Miller's electronic guitar as he 'disturbs its magnetic field'; beer is poured into the bells of reed instruments, producing electric gurgling effect; and perhaps the most interesting is

'Many satisfying sounds are created...beer is poured into the bells of reed instruments, producing electronic gurgling effects...'

the clarinet mouthpiece played into a piece of sheet metal over a pickup as it switches from the reed's vibration to metallic distortion. Tension is built up and an internal rhythm is kept in motion, with rests provided for each instrument. The highly involved moments are contrasted by quieter, less frenetic ones. The liner notes are very helpful in clarifying the action as it takes place. Wonderful, mind-blowing noise. (Cadence Jazz Records)--C. Carstens

BRAND X: *Xraxis* LP

Brand X, a British progressive rock group, was popular enough to produce six albums between 1976 and 1982--although they never made much of a dent in the North American market. *Xraxis* is a retrospective of sorts, and it reveals a thoroughly professional group of musicians who have a nice touch with fusion, but who also rock much harder than the average North American fusion band. Two pop-oriented vocals are included as well, and here Brand X, comes off as a hipper, hard-edged Crosby, Stills and Nash. There's not a bad track on this album, but my favorites are several of the rock numbers ('Cambodia', 'Hate Zone') and a fusion piece ('Nightmare Patrol')--all of which have a menacing intensity. John Goodsall, who appears to be the group's guiding light, deserves special mention; his work on electric guitar is never less than excellent. (Passport Records)--Bill Tilland

BRAVE NEW WORLD: *Initiation* LP

Sounds like someone has dreams of Sid...Unfortunately, hardcore has to have an edge, an aural heart attack, instilled fear! Earaches! All in all an adequate showing. With that game, I wanted more. And with lyrics like 'I wanna start a revolution in you', 'I wanna be initiated', should I have expected less? (Fartblossom Enterprises)--Lena Dixon

RANDY BRECKER & ELIANE ELIAS: *Amanda* LP
Slick, smooth dance/background music a la Sergio Mendez plus synthesizer for your Brazilian cocktail parties or just to wash dishes to. Elias does most of the arranging, plays the keyboards and sings somnambulant like Flora Purim. Brecker and his brother Michael along with Sadeo Watanabe supply the tasteful and forgettable solos while Danny Gottlieb and Mark Egan work very nicely together in the rhythm section amid the droning synthesizer. It's all very nice and clean, as perfect as Miss Eli's impeccably shaved arm pit which she so confidently displays on the front of the jacket. (Passport Records)--Sam Mental

THE BRIGADE: *The Dividing Line* LP

Youth Brigade is the Brigade! It's still potent, there's still some sing along spirit, but the boys have cleaned up a bit; they have developed. This is energetic guitar rock with occasional horns, piano and even violins. Shan Stern has a fine, upper range voice that is never forced and the diverse selection of styles on this LP gives him room to use it to full capacity. Some of the appealing roughness is sacrificed in the transition from Y-Brigade to the Brigade, but the song writing is top notch. They sing about angst, war and inner turmoil in a digestible, even hopeful way. What a happy record. 'The Story' is a charming barroom sing-along telling their story. 'We needed one more member, cause we lost our brother/One mother said, 'Hey guys, you've got a long lost brother! Several years before he had served a prison term/So we searched ever 'rat hole 'till we found Bob Gnarky Stern: Lots of ideas and lots of energy--one record isn't big enough. (Better Youth Organization)--C. Carstens

DAVID BROMBERG: *Long Way From Here* LP

This collection of mostly live recordings from the mid to late 1970's showcases Bromberg's musical eclecticism. He's prospected in most traditional American musical

territories, and it's all here: blues, rock, western swing, C&W and folk. Bromberg fans will probably love this record, because it represents a good cross-section of his career. The problem I've always had with Bromberg is that he never seems to be completely comfortable in any idiom: it's like he's always doing covers. But the guy is a great guitarist and always has a top-flight band. That's probably enough to recommend this record to most people. (Fantasy)--John Baxter

EMIL BRUH: *Klezmer Violinist & Instrumental Ensemble* C-30

Another Klezmer release from Global Village, following on the heels of their landmark LP *Jackie Jazz 'Em Up* and their equally important (but less well known) cassette of Italian-American music in the 1920's, *Rimpaio*.

Brüh is an extraordinary violinist, and is worth listening to purely for matters of technique--like his high register fireworks, artificial harmonics, and wonderful sense of intonation and time. Although this cassette sounds like it consists of older recordings, there are no liner notes at all (unusual for Global Village), and one doesn't know if these recordings were made in the 1930's or the 1980's! I plan to learn more about this violinist, and I highly recommend this cassette for Klezmer fans, since it represents a nice, more classically oriented alternative to the more jazz influenced Klezmer one usually hears. However, I think that the lack of documentation on this cassette, from a company that specializes in world music, is a serious flaw. (Global Village Music)--Larry Polansky

BURDEN OF FRIENDSHIP: *Dr. Faustroll Chadbourne vs. Fartwell the Evil* C-60

Lots of sound a la cut-up collage featuring late-night TV

'...cut-up collage featuring late-night tv, discussions concerning the lost symphonies of Dr. Chadbourne, the execution of Rocky and Bullwinkle, guitar snippets, the obligatory Reagan speech and I could go on...Comes inside a melted Barry White record.'

discussions concerning the lost symphonies of Dr. Chadbourne, the execution of Rocky and Bullwinkle, guitar snippets, the obligatory Reagan speech, farts and I could go on but what would be the point? Pause button paradise. Believe only what you hear cuz what you see is wholly illusory. Comes inside a melted Barry White record. (SM BOB)--Frank Gunderson

CRAIG BURK: *The History of Decency/Out To The Various Edges* LP

Here's a right nifty set of atonal Dada rock songs that will shift you 60 degrees away from reality. Whimsical stream-of-consciousness lyrics sung in a half-singing, half-sneaking manner with unpredictable twists and turns (nothing is repeated even once) accompanied by equally unpredictable bursts of instrumental gestures (guitar, synths, bass, percussion, trumpet). A radical and innovative (and wholly original) collection of tunes. (Illusion Productions)--Tom Furgas

BY: *Norfolk* C-61

Fairly good satiric songs and radio spoofs, sounding deceptively mainstream. The concept, limited as it is, centers sorta around these guys doing songs and idiotic antics, such as a man for a movie called *The Exterminator* ('by day he develops pesticides for Orkin...'). 'Ethiopia (Damnit)' and 'Money' (No relation to other song by that title.) possess jammmin' bass lines are lyrically undeveloped. Better as songs are the killer reggae of 'Remember When' and 'Killer in disguise' and the fairly faithful hardcore of 'Amerika pseudo-Mexicanisms of 'Spanish Guitar' come way too offensive but things end well enough with an instrumental ('The Buddy System-Short Version'). The id liner notes are worth half the price. A good she the most part. (BVI)--Jamie Rake

JOHN CALE: *Artificial Intelligence* LP

This song cycle puts together the variously repentant/unrepentant musings of a rogue in the style of Bryan Ferry or Brecht's Baal. Cale collaborates with N. Y. literary type Larry Sloman aka 'Ratos' and British producer Dave Young (Cucumbers). The results are thematically consistent with what Cale's been doing for the past

eight years, but they suffer from an excess of the kind of preprogrammed synthesizer sounds that everyone's overdoing these days. Basically, the first four songs on here would have made a killer EP, but some of the rest border on embarrassing. (PVC/Beggar's Banquet)--Bob Banister

CARDBOARDS: *Greatest Hits Volume Two* EP

Cheesy keyboards, percussion and robotic vocals, dated 1981, and recorded and packaged in such gritty verite' that you'll remember the color of the linoleum in the dive where you saw a hundred such bands. The first Devo record, *Scientific Americans* and maybe Suicide encompass the lineage of the Cardboards and their five song EP. This is one of purely historic interest, the high point is 'Gravity's Still Working' which achieves a Cluster and Eno type of drone effect. Low point is a rap of the sort which many people (myself included) are embarrassed to admit that they tried to pull off at the time. (Mom's Records)--Bob Banister

CARGO CULT: *Strange Men Bearing Gifts* LP

Randy 'Biscuit' Turner (of post-funk Big Boys) gets to really sing here! But his raspy melodies can get annoying after a while. Turner, a poet, fronts this group of accomplished musicians as they plow through pop, psych-rock, tribal funk and speedmetal-thrash. They seem to want to touch so many places that they meander to find a 'right' style. The technical elements are there for the material to be played well, but the material itself is a little weak. But this is not a slam, they successfully pull off songs with lyrics like, 'Reveal the butterfly within you/we ask you in this song,' and it doesn't sound stupid. Turner's words can be very on-target, like in 'Cargo Cult', about the third world's neodependency on the US: 'I love you America, my beautiful America/ who came to me from a big silver bird in the sky/and I, a lowly native here in the jungle/who had never had the miracle of bith hats, linoleum, cottage cheese...' (Touch and Go)--C. Carstens

CAROLINER RAINBOW HERNIA MILKQUEEN: *The Rear End Puppet Show* C

Here at last is a full length tape by the West Coast's dumpster consciousness raising society. Grux and his assortment of lunatic/geniuses are rewriting world history with their music and mail art/trash. Hideous and unprecedented, the sound of Caroliner is like rock and roll mutants that never owned a radio or record player. Their sound will make you laugh and dance and run screaming at the same time or maybe just scratch your head and ask, 'What the fuck is that shit?' It is music from a ga-

'Here at last is a full length tape by the West Coast's dumpster consciousness raising society.'

rage unlike any other garage. Each copy of this tape comes with a different trash prize. Mine came in a box with a printed lyric sheet, some Wells Fargo bank envelopes with cellophane windows, larger manila Wells Fargo Bank envelopes without windows, a spool of yellow stickless tape, some red string, a crushed flower, a toothpick, a puzzle piece and a worm-like cut-out six inch fragment of Grux art. (Subterranean)--Glen Thrasher

CASSELLBERRY-DUPREE: *City Down* LP

These two women have been bouncing around advocating social change for years and employing music in their efforts. After hearing this a lot of people will want to join them. Here we find Casselberry-Dupree lyrically confronting racism, classism, sexism, imperialism and militarism, while also playing crafty music and having a lot of fun. They borrow from blues, rock, country, gospel, reggae and folk for their desired sound--a sound made doubly attractive by a vanguard of studio musicians who seem to know instinctively what each song needs. And they go through vocal maneuvers that play each voice's best qualities against the other. Every song they do, whether it be the opening invocation to African deities, an interpretation of Dory Previn's 'Did Jesus Have a Baby Sister?' or Toshie Reagan's 'South Africa', has qualities worth recommending. I give this album my vote for one of the best of the year. These sisters have made me a believer. Kick up your heels brothers and sisters (Iceberg)--Bucky Halker

CATHARSIS: *Death Comes Slowly* 6-song C

This cassette release contains six rockin' tunes. Pure, grinding sludge rock & roll, like shooting mud into your veins. This is the real thing, baby! On the edge vocals,

throbbing rhythm section, distorted guitars, all the essentials. These guys would probably be Elvis' back-up band had he not died on the crapper. The first song on this tape 'Story' features kind of moody lyrics, 'How Can I continue To Be Psychologically Dead, Running Through this Living Hell!!' Great stuff just full of pain and an-

'Pure, grinding sludge rock & roll, like shooting mud in your veins. This is the real thing, baby!... Great stuff full of pain and anguish.'

guish. Overall a very enjoyable tape, not bad for four guys from Jersey! (Cathartic Records)--Brian S. Curley
NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS: Kicking Against The Pricks LP

This is a very fine record but one would hesitate to call it a masterpiece despite some divine moments simply because other choices that are made on the LP show a total lack of taste and make it easy for the albums' detractors (of which there are also very many) to lambast it for being lame. I mean, another cover version of 'Hey, Joe?' G:rrrrrre a break. Maybe the idea was to try to breathe new life into stuff like this, but there's a big difference between a song such as 'By The Time I Get To Phoenix', which actually has really deep emotions in it, and something like 'Hey Joe?' which people get sick of no matter who is doing the version. A phony singer with no heart would go the satire route with something like 'Phoenix' because to a person like this Albuquerque isn't even a real place--then there is Nick's version which is awesome and even outdoes the original for emotion. Simply with this song Nick has made a great contribution to these genres of music he is celebrating--there are lots of other good cuts on this LP as well, a few suckers such as 'Hey Joe?' and 'Long Black Veil', and a few styles he has less flair with such as Velvet Underground's 'All Tomorrow's Parties'--Lawrence Talbot

THE CAVEMEN: ...yeah

These young 'uns are punk rock, the way it used to be before saturation set in. The Cavemen have a back beat and originality. They're musically different and the mixing and producing does not do this album justice. It sounds like the tone was too low or they recorded the record in their closet. Good job, boys, a valiant attempt, but try a different engineer next time or something. (Midnight Records)--Eric Sontag

CELIBATE RIFLES: Mina Mina Mina LP

An excellent compilation of tracks from the 1984 Aussie LP *Celibate Rifles*, 1983's *Sideroxylon* (no track duplication from the *Quintessentially Yours* mini), and an early single 'Wild Desire'. So, by definition, what we have here is hard-driving, ringing-guitar, lyrically serious, stylistically innovative art-punk that slashes musically and stimulates intellectually. Can't go wrong. (What Goes On?)--Jack Jordan

C3PHALIC INDEX: Untitled C

Super-sonic-heavy metal, grating, screeching aural abuse. This is not music you would play at a wedding. A pretty well produced cacophony of electronic and acoustic noise consciousness which makes real clear it's intentions when played at high volume. Throbbing Gristle and early S.P.K. come to mind when listening to this tape. An exhaustive statement which clearly represents a musical style rapidly growing in popularity, probably due to the increasing accessibility of sophisticated electronic instruments and recording equipment (ex.--Tascam 244 4-track recorder/Akai AX 80 synthesizer/Roland Sh-101 synthesizer/Pioneer Reverberation Amplifier SR-9/Sears Rotomatic II Razor and many others). I played this at a party and received several obscene finger gestures when I rejected the proposal to turn it off 'and put The Psychedelic Furs on'. Fuck 'em, who cares? (X-Kurzhen Music)--Rich Crist

A CERTAIN RATIO: Force LP

The first worm-fed peeps of Brit-funk from the likes of the Thompson Twins, Spandau Ballet and even Duran Duran had enough character to justify calling it a movement, but many years and LPs down the road, country cousins ACR are just another in the queue for US pop crossover. The first three tunes on this LP are moderate-ly danceable and catchy, with unusual melodies, post

Andy McKay sax lines and unself-conscious arrangements to commend them. The other five, including the single, 'Mickey Way', I find less compelling. The production is very sculptural; every sound is obviously carefully thought out and placed in the mix. Fans of the band should know that song-writer Simon Topping has been replaced by bassist Jeremy Kerr. (Factory)--Bob Bannister

EUGENE CHADBOURNE: Country Protest LP

Chadbourne's working at naughty tricks on this self-proclaimed 'country protest'. The cover gives ample indication of the vinyl interior. You get a bathroom photo with a patriotic Americana plastered to the toilet interior, a hammer and sickle cover on the toilet tank, toy soldiers lying in the kitty litter box, and so on. What's inside? Eugene working with long-popular bluegrass band, the Red Clay Ramblers, plus an arsenal of wacky sounds from 'the fart ensemble'. The boys and girls take us through a handful of Gene's originals, including 'New Car Song', 'Perverts on Northridge', and 'Choppin' Down Weeds'. They also do an eleven-minute medley with snippets of 'Whiter Shade of Pale', 'Imagine', 'Ain't Misbehavin'', 'TV Party' and countless others. Adds up to seriously silly stuff. Could this be undergraduate art majors thinking they're the shock troops of the cultural revolution? Or, is this the Three Stooges, Abby Hoffman, and Eugene Debs drinking Point beer? (Did you know this is the 100th anniversary of the hanging of the Haymarket anarchists Eugene?) (Fundamental Music)--Bucky Halter

CHECKFIELD: Water Wind and Stone LP

A high quality production of Windham Hill like music. Checkfield's background is in successful advertising promotions developed into concert and recording work. The first cut, *Crystal Water*, is a relaxing blend of guitars over percussion, voices, and water sounds. Natural sounds are used again on *The Good Brown Earth* which was by Checkfield. The overall mood matches the album's dedication to the spirit of peace. (American Gramophone Records)--John Kaplan

CHEEPSKATES: Second and Last LP

As the title suggests, this is the second and last release from this New York City band. That is, this is the last release from the original line-up, as two members will still continue with the Cheepsksates' pursuit of tunneling their way back to 1965. These guys brag about their repertoire being exclusively originals, but there is precious little that is truly original about the Cheepsksates. The concept is garageband 1965, with not even a hint of the 80's. Thing is, at times these guys are very convincing. The country rock of 'The Good Life' is refreshingly straightforward, and it doesn't sound as if it was copied from anyone. The instrumental 'Reel Dreams' is appropriately image-inducing. And take note, this garage band has definite pop aspirations. (Midnight International Records)--Scott Jackson

VLADIMIR CHEKASIN BIG BAND: New Vitality LP

Chekasin's Russian orchestra, whose personnel is unfortunately not listed, covers a great deal of ground during its continuous 51 minute performance. Among the highlights: The full orchestra swinging hard in an early-1930's style that alternates with fiery free-form interludes, a 3-bar repeated 'broken record' pattern that launches the reeds into a crazy atonal pattern, a few moody ballads, the humorous and unexpected changing of styles and a Dixielandish 'C Jam Blues' at the conclusion. The willingness to use older styles to create futuristic music, if adopted more widely, could give a 'new vitality' to jazz. This album is not flawless (it takes many chances) but is consistently fascinating. Recommended (Leo Records)--Scott Yanow

CHODA: 1984-1986 C-45

Even though there appears to be a backlash among Joe Art School types over what NMDS, for instance, has called 'low-fi garage industrial types', these bands persist at doing what they do. Choda is a good example. Hailing from a town famous for nothing offhand, they operate fairly freely, it appears, with little regard to a market or other commercial constraints. That's not to say this tape contains a lot of 'earth-breaking' discoveries or sounds but occasionally Choda mines a right decent gem that could hold its ground with their contemporaries. All the tracks remain unnamed but if you listen far enough into the 'yellow' side, track 2, you'll be dealt a treat akin to the Minutemen had they followed their brief flirtation with spoken word with a noise-rock background. The other tracks are all quite different, so it's hard to

pin a 'style' on Choda...they do, however, have a 'sound': clobbering, dissonant instrumentals (mostly guitars and cheapo Casio) backed with somewhat unsuccessful vocal distortions and alien sounds derived, I'm told, from such diverse items as plastic wrap and wheat all linked together with judicious use of tapes. I have a feeling these guys have listened to Flipper and Pere Ubu and Chrome at least once in their lives. (James)--Jim Hoffman

CHYNA: There's Rock and Roll in Chyna C

The music in this release is melodious and appealing. Chyna plays a tightly knit forceful brand of powerpop that is very enjoyable to the ears. What's not so enjoyable, however, are the vocals, which are high-pitched and at times almost whiny in their presentation, detracting from much of the pleasure one might get from listening to this. (Music Week)

DEE CLARK: The Best of Dee Clark LP

It's hard to believe that Dee Clark once fronted Little Richard's band, the Upsetters, while Georgia Peach had a fling at the ministry. The songs on this greatest hits album are heavily sanitized pop confections from the late 50's and early 60's, hopelessly dated now, and clearly aimed at the not-very-hip MOR white teen sensibility of the time. A pity, too, because Clark did have soul (it shines through somehow), and an attractive high tenor voice that brings to mind Clyde McPhatter and Jackie Wilson. Clark's best stuff--'Hey Little Girl', 'Raindrops', 'Your Friends', rises above the schlock accompaniment, and several other pieces, although not as successful, display Clark's impressive vocal abilities, hinting at a potential that was never realized. (Vee Jay Records)--Bill Tilland

THE CLEAN: Yet Another Clean 12"EP

One is tempted to say the Clean grew up listening to the Velvet, Television, The Fall, and the Bunnymen, but whatever overt influences crop up quickly recede as the now-defunct trio weaves them into a multicoloured crazy-quilt of schizophrenic pop ecstasy. The 'easy listening, laid back side' includes the clanging guitar maelstrom 'Fish' (which also appeared on the popular New Zealand compilation 'Tuatara'); a similar, but slower and droning track entitled 'Flowers' follows and it sets a pleasant melody in motion while a wifful vocal and a part-clatter-distorto/part jangle/part feedback guitar pattern bustles about noisily. From there things get dizzy: through a martial stomp w/semi-acoustic guitars and an organ-clarinet encounter, straight into the 'uneasy, crazy, paranoid, schizophrenic, frantic heavy side' in which a 'Beatnik' brandishing an organ and clavinet finger-pops out a childlike sing-songy melody, past an acoustic twelve-string and tambourine pastoral party, finally to wind up in 'On Again, Off Again' land, where all the children and loonies dance happily into the night. Yeah, it's that kind of record, 7 songs in all, the type you really can't pin down and will instead play when you're feeling low and need a friend. (Flying Nun)--Fred Mills

BARRY CLEVELAND: Mythos LP

On one side of this album, the languid drones, multi-tracked flutes, simple romantic/heroic melodies, and synthesized marimba/vibraphone patterns, all add up to something very close to Emerald Web. Which is not a bad thing, of course, and also not surprising, because Bob Stohl and Kat Epple of Emerald Web are guitarist Cleveland's guests on the album. However, the title piece, which occupies side two, is the real triumph, and it doesn't sound like Emerald Web or anyone else. It's a moody free-floating 19-minute improvisation on a simple minor theme, where participants, including Michael Maslet on cymbalom and xylophone, explore various textural and contrapuntal possibilities. The result has a satisfying emotional power and depth. (Audion Records)--Bill Tilland

COMMANDER CODY: Let's Rock LP

That slick, fast-wheeling Commander has been stamping out his swinging country rock and deep southern bar band rock n' roll since the sixties and doesn't seem to have lost an ounce of gusto or wit. Here we have songs like 'Let's Rock' (and does it ever!) or 'Truck Stop At The End of the World', with its low-down social commentary, or 'Transfusion', a great choice of a cover that's almost as funny as the obscure original. Would I go crying 'Classic' over this? Not quite, because the Commander is campy and crass in ways that grate on me: I'm not surprised at all that he's appeared on 'Police Woman' and 'Midnight Special', and I only wonder why he never was on 'CHIP'. And then there are songs

here like 'Do You Mind?', which is uninspired and commercial albeit in a 12-years-too-late way, and 'Rockabilly Funeral', a dumb, slipshod cover (and wherever did they dig that up?)...But by 80's standards, the Commander is amazingly real! (Bling Pig Records)--Richard Slinger

CONJUNTO de ARPA LOS CAMPESINOS de MICHOCAN de SALVADOR BALDOVINOS: *Music of Mexico*

Vol. 3 C

By now, accordian-based 'Norteno' music is a familiar sound to certain Anglo ears, but Arhoolie's excellent *Music of Mexico* series provides us with a new (old) twist on 'conjunto' with a cassette of 'conjunto de arpa' (that's a stringed harp rather than a harmonica, Jack). The band also includes a 'viñuela' which is a guitar-like instrument dating back to the European Renaissance. The music played is mostly 'rancheras' (ie, romantic evocations of campesino life) with a occasional 'son' thrown in for good measure, but this is no revivalist band--they are part of a living nationalist tradition. (Arhoolie)--Ron Sakolsky

CONTROLLED BLEEDING: *Headcrack LP*

Headcrack marks another departure in form for Controlled Bleeding, fast becoming one of the more prolific and diverse groups around today. Some of the harsh, abrasive emotional content of early 1985's *Knees and Bones* LP is still evident on a few tracks, but these elements primarily balance rather than dominate, and blend well with subtle, quiet, meditative passages that swirl around delicate string and percussion arrangements. Repetitive use of horns and operatic vocalizations lend a majesty and grandeur to certain selections that is simply breathtaking. Tape work and layering is so dense and complex it is nearly impossible to identify the sources of some of the sounds though they often seem deceptively familiar. There are even some jazzy nods to early Controlled Bleeding circa *Body Sink's* 'Lung Ties' (1980) buried in guitar/bass riffs on some tracks. In short, the present group consisting of Paul Lemos and Joe Papa have successfully honed their many styles and influences into a sophistication all their own. Their effect of *Headcrack* is mantra-like; one of calm and wonder. The cover is a photograph of a beautiful Headstone rose taken by Michael Tetrault. (Paul Lemos)--John E

COTTAGE INDUSTRY: *The Winter's Tale* 6 song EP

Craig Bryson (Former Brides of Frankenstein), Jason Davis, Billy Prouten, Tom Patterson. The first track on this EP sounded to me a bit like Human League of a few years ago, when they were adventuresome. Danceable, a bit quirky. I figured no big deal, a good song, a single, a video. But, then came 'The Urge to Merge', an instrumental, 'new-age' in a way, but I loved it. Lots of glass, I thought of 'Glass Orchestra', an obscure Canadian band I love, and of later Gong. Cottage Industry Pop with Pierre Moerlin-esque overtones. This is not synthesizer music, the dance pop has real guitars, bells, sax, xylophone, lots of inventive back-up. What am I saying? That this is good British-ish 'disco' with searching, meaningful lyrics and clever accompaniment. If you liked Soft Cell and Human League, and especially Haircut 100, and the more 'political bands then', you'll like this a lot. (Cottage Club)--Paul S. Luchter

COUGHING FISH: *Illegal Assembly C*

The Fish create a trio sound like the Minutemen with their driving twangy guitars, thudding bass, and pounding beat. While their music is tight and fairly catchy their lyrics are divided between tired 'come on baby' rock sentiments and a more original earnest paranoia over modern times. Since the Fish can't give a needed edge to the derivative hard rock numbers, let's hope they let their true individual quirks take over the next tape. (Coughing Fish)--James Hopkins

COWBOY MOUTH: *Cowboys And Indians LP*

Cowboy only in their twangin' western accents and some skitter-pluck guitar, Cowboy Mouth are new wave pop rendered flat and unemotional by the kind of technogeneric recording that plagues many a listener these days.

'The songs of Dave Laredo are good though and made me think of October (the month, that is), but need to have arrangements thought up and their sound re-thunk. (Throbbing Lobster)--Gage Kenady

COWTOWN: *Before the Dawn C-45*

Scathing social commentary from poet Peter Tonks. Acoustic, electric guitars, bass, and drums punch along under Tonks' terrific poems, but aren't just background transportation for the words (like some John Giorno grooves) Tonks has great rhythmic sense as he intones like a rejuvenated Dylan, occasionally adding single-note harmonica blasts for emphasis. His ranting subject matter includes the media distortion of the 'right-wing hired hand', Mark David Chapman ('Can you see beyond your noses/Dig deeper than official information or entertainment for proof/What do you think John Lennon was talkin' about anyway/when he said, 'Just give me some truth.'), Reagan commie paranoia, and U.S. religious figures ('I see the senile architects of holocaust...crack whips of terror and call it 'divine will.''). He even takes a cowpoke shot at 'These Boots Are Made for Walkin'.' (Peter Tonks)--C.Carstens

HANK CRAWFORD & JIMMY McGRUFF: *Soul Survivors LP*

Hank Crawford has been making a series of soulful, funky records for this label for several years, this one with veteran organist Jimmy McGriff. The jazz organ has been in eclipse with the recent explosion in electronics, and players like McGriff, Jimmy Smith and Groove Holmes are becoming rare. McGriff himself plays the synthesizer on this release, although with less than spectacular results. These musicians are at their best with straight blues-based material, which fortunately dominates the repertoire. An added treat is the appearance on side one of George Benson who, despite the irrelevance of most of his records in the last decade, still is the greatest jazz guitarist alive. (Milestone)--John Baxter

CRAZED BUNNIES: *Achtung: Musik Klirraktor C30*

Another weird West Coast Christian band. They have since replaced their drum machine and renamed themselves Johnny Quest These 10 songs here display influences ranging from Metal Urbain and John Foxx-era Ultravox to the hardest of 'core. Subjects cover UFO's in toilets, the ephemeral nature of politics, apathetic churches and media brainwashing among others. Particularly hooky are 'UFO', 'Physical Distortion' and 'Church of the Living Dead'. Singer lyricist Mike Futch also is working on a conceptual series similar to Daniel Amos' *Alarma!* Chronicles. Grab this first. (Crazed Bunnies)--Jamie Rake

CRO-MAGS: *The Age of Quarrel LP*

Play this record for someone who claims not to like the metal side of hardcore. They'll catch on. Cro-Mags offer non-cliche lyrics, powerful chords, plus tight snappy drums and great production. They, along with the likes of Agnostic Front, Crumbsuckers, Whiplash and Stormtroopers of Death are forging a distinct 'New York' sound, a mixture of the best elements of hardcore and speedmetal--drive for originality with clean playing and production. In many cities metal and hardcore are no longer distinct and separate music styles or lifestyles for that matter. The Cro-Mags are powerful and fresh as the best hardcore but with quality production and extremely tight musicianship of 80's metal underground. (Profile Records)--Sunn Thomas

TARA CROSS: *Limelight C*

The pleasure of Tara Cross' recordings has a lot to do with what is called the Economics of Scale. Her simple recordings use modest equipment--monophonic synthesizers, analog drum machines, Casio-like keyboards, a sparing guest list (she's joined on this cassette by George Mathewson)--in a creative and sparing way, don't make any promises they can't keep and succeed very well as a

'Everything on Limelight is exactly the right size, and done to exactly the right scale--something you won't find often in the cassette format.'

result. If you haven't run into her work on any number of compilation cassettes, this is a great place to start catching up. Everything on *Limelight* is exactly the right size, and done to exactly the right scale--something you

don't often find in cassette format work (which often aspires to Big Vinyl rather than being the best version of itself possible). The cassette is a collection of simple (often mournful) melodies and dry synthetic rhythms with an occasional bit of lyrics ('I Won't Cut It Away' and 'Desperate' and the hilarious count/alphabetic/rap of 'Alphabetic Numbers') or guitar. In this respect, she has much in common with outfits like the Young Marble Giants or Vox Populi in her ability to rescue the notion of charm from the realms of the terminally cute. This cassette is a textbook case of the truism less is more. Bravo (Vita Nova Association or Tara Cross) Greg Taylor

CRUMBSUCKERS: *Life of Dreams LP*

This is the finest thrash debut since Fear's. Crumbsuckers keep ears on their toes with paroxysmal tempo changes, sometimes varying the speed with almost every lyrical line in the case of the title track. The production and musicianship are polished throughout. Periodic flash-metal guitar solos (check out 'Brainwashed') contrast with acoustic Zepplinesque intro on 'Mr. Hyde'. This puts Crumbsuckers into whatever void still exists between speedmetal and punk. The lyrics are rhythmical but mostly unintelligible without the lyric sheet. They cover conventional punk (or is it contemporary metal?) dogma: anti-Ronnie, Christianity; pro-beer, bongs, bloters, anarchy (how fast can you say, 'It's a bullshit society?'). This record is such a winner that Crumbsuckers should consider an aerobics video as an encore. An hour of their music exercises more muscles thoroughly than the whole Jane Fonda video library. (Relativity)--Tom Mar

CRUMMY FAGS: *Rilly Loz Dinda Mire O'Nazism C*

The Crummy Fags are a band that looks to the I'm-so-bored vocals and distorted guitars of the no-wave era, with a touch of squawking clarinet for flavoring But on this live tape the Fags show only occasional gleams of passably exciting licks and humor in their 17 tunes, and although some real energy builds up by the second side their music is neither unique nor unrelenting enough to be more than formula punk. Better production and more commitment to finding a style of their own would help. (Whitewall Tapes)--James Hopkins

BRIAN S. CURLEY & JAMIE BIGELOW: *There's a Clown in the Refrigerator C*

Guitar-oriented minimal melodies and rhythms, accompanied, variously, by drums, synthesizer and electronic effects. There are some real psychedelic possibilities here, and sometimes these things almost come together. The problems come from a lousy mix, some half-bakes and directionless sounds on certain numbers and occasionally clumsy execution. There are, though, plenty of pretty moments and good ideas, and lots of potential. The guitar playing, which is, after all, most of this, is mostly quite nice. Pared of the excesses, it would be even nicer. (Livewire)--W. Mueller

THE CUTTHROATS: *Eugene C-60*

Side 1, recorded live at The Spot, is rough country rock, blues and even some gospel. John E croons, growls and yodels over tight guitar, bass and drums. 'Crawlin' Kingsnake's Back In Town' has some frantic guitar and bass licks. The title song, written for the show's headliner Eugene Chadbourne, is a cover of 'Lucille'. They quickly run through versions of 'Henry the VIII' (by request), 'Prout Mary' and 'Born On The Bayou'. The live bar atmosphere, with its vocal, bottle clankin' audience, makes up for the lackluster sound quality. Side 2 contains stolen music from Philip Glass, Swans, movie soundtracks and TV shows. John E talks nonsense, plays piano, guitar, electric pencil sharpener, 'nosebleed'--imagine flipping through the channels when there's nothing on TV. (Mumbles Production)--C. Carstens

DALLOL: *Land of the Genesis LP*

An enjoyable album of African pop that suffers only from an over-abundance of synthesizer and a sound too heavily saturated with a cliché commercial soul feel. Perhaps this is an effort to gain a wider audience, but I got lost and bored with all the electronic showmanship. Of course, I said the same thing about the New Steel Pulse and Black Uhuru albums so what do I know? However, the title track is worthwhile even to the most hypercritical reggae/African pop fans and I encourage you to lend a more sympathetic ear to this release. (Meadow Lark Records)--Rex Doane

DAMASCUS: *Will I find You There? C*

Long-haired progressive Christian art metal. They probably still listen to their ELP, King Crimson and Yes records like they were the latest thing. Lots of baroque

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contact addresses

keyboards, high-range vocals, only one song under four minutes and actually pretty alright evangelical poetry. The best number here is 'The Lost Prayer', one of those near-descent-into-heck-and-rebirth pieces, only this time turned epic by its sheer length (9:20) and eclecticism. They promise that their next tape will kick even more butt. I'm waiting with curiosity, if not rabid enthusiasm. (Damascus)—Jamie Rake

THE DANCING HOODS: *12 Jealous Roses LP*

The D. Hoods are a rowdy, but well in control, bunch with tons of assets apparent on their first full lp. There's ability to burn all over the place; memorable songwriting ('Build A House', 'Pleasure', 'Surfing All Over The World') muscular, flexible vocals that adapt to the hard pop and R&B arrangements and enough relentless guitar and drum firepower to reduce their native Long Island to ashes. They've even resurrected the lowly tambourine to its rightful place enough to make the Beau Brummels proud. Their original songs, including a couple of pretentious ballads are strong enough to make the Left Banke cover sound like a mistake. There's lots of variation here that runs together well, but one or two records down the line, when they're better focused (if that's what they choose) they could be dangerous. (Relativity)—Justin Kaminski

DANNA & CLEMENT: *Summerland C*

This latest 51 minute opus from Canadian composers/synthesists Mychael Danna and Tim Clement offers more serence, luscious, harmonic and vibrant space music. In addition to synthesizers, the sounds of guitar, autoharp, waves, birds and children's laughter are heard. This latter scurd effect, heard in only one cut, turned the beautiful ethereal atmosphere somewhat earthy. Fortunately, it was used sparingly. This cassette is a real-time dub, and the sound is marvelous (Fortuna)—Sally Idasswey

DARK DAY: *Beyond The Pale C*

Dark Day is a Gothic band—dark, moody, sombre and brooding. Using unusual instrumentation—bowed psaltry, bells, recorder, amplified cello, percussion and 'Spirit guitars'—they weave a web on sonic strangeness. The titles describe the feeling of their music—'Letters to the Dead', 'the Haunted Child', 'Shod With Boots of Ether'. At times they sound like a medieval Penguin Cafe Orchestra. Very highly recommended. (Nigh Eve Cassettes)—Ed Blomquist

HEAD TECH C-90

This is industrial product, from the cover photo of the self-immolating Vietnamese monk to the titles of the pieces—'Feel The Steel', 'Sludge in My Semen', 'Hot Fox of Genocide' and 'Pit of Darkness'. The music is grating, pulsating and extreme. Not being an aficionado of industrial music culture, I can't say who this is like, although there are some echoes of Throbbing Gristle and Sleep Chamber. No names or instruments listed. Lots of distorted rhythm machines, sickening synths and echo-garbled voices. 'Where's God' features a ranting Southern evangelist. This is pretty scary and a sure hit with the death crowd. (Complacency Productions)—Ed Blomquist

DECADENT: *Butt Heaven/Been Drinkin*

A man, the beach, the butts. Decadent's chunky rock n' roll guitars and whiney Redd Kross vocals capture it all in one goey wad. (Likewise Productions)—Sunn Thomas

THE DEL-PHAROS C45

Basically a one-joke band: classic rock reinterpreted in light of an Egypt fixation. The Coasters' 'Down In Mexico', for example, is revamped as 'Down In Alexandria'. It works more than it should because the band doesn't rely on the joke to carry the music. The keyboard and sax form a nice blend helped along by the occasional Jonathan Richman vocalizing. (Calypso Now)—Lang Thompson

SANDY DENNY: *Rendezvous LP*

Not having been a particular devotee of Denny, I am not sure how this reissue stacks up against the rest of her oeuvre, but its haunting beauty and musical integrity are impressive. There are six originals, including 'Gold Dust', on which Denny phrases and harmonizes like a zealous Joni Mitchell, the gospelly 3/4 'Take Me Away', and 'All Our Days', on which the only accompaniment is a full orchestra—so few things like that actually work out that it's a pleasure to listen to this unusual song. The other accompaniment is solid mainstream Brit rock, with Richard Thompson, Steve Winwood and a couple of Fairports in the vague credits (names only, no instruments or clues as to who plays where). They are augmented by a brass band for an unusual slow waltz of

'Silver Threads and Golden Needle'. The other covers are a tremendous, moving version of Thompson's 'For Shame Of Doing Wrong' (retitled 'I Wish I Was A Fool For You') and Elton John's 'Candle In The Wind', which takes on an unintended poignancy when one considers the untimely death of Denny herself I will be listening to this LP many times, it has quickly grown on me. (Carthage)—Bart Grooms

JEAN DEROME, RENE LUSSIER:

Get Hurt Vol. 1 LP

The musicians here are basically the brief 1982 Convention that was featured on the Recommended sampler. This music combines that sound, the surprises of Lussier's previous *Fin Du Travail*, and a few heavy saxes with humor ala *Poumons Conflits* era Etron Fou. These people are compulsive musicians who, in dedication, remind me of the early days of Rock In Opposition. Refreshingly, while similarities to RIO sound are present, they conceptually head out toward ground untrod by RIO. I hope the distinction continues. The term 'urban folk' has been used on Derome and Lussier. There are frequent folk references mixed with mechanical, found sounds and well applied tape work. As with the previous Ambiances Magnetiques releases, the accent is strongly on winds and guitar but *Stay Alert* has a fuller band sound. Well educated and rehearsed performers capable of intelligent improvisation, not bound by orthodoxy. (Ambiances Magnetiques)—William Storage

VIC DICKENSON: *Just Friends LP*

Dickenson, who died in 1984 at 78, was one of those few distinctive players whose sound was instantly recognizable. A superb swing trombonist, Vic emphasized personality over technique and humor over speed. On this trio date with two old friends (pianist Red Richards and bassist John Williams), Dickenson in 1981 explores a variety of mostly lesser known tunes. When was the last time 'Me and My Shadow' and 'Bye Bye Baby' were recorded in a Jazz setting? There are a few charming vocals by Vic and Red but this album is primarily valuable for the laconic and personable trombone solos. A pair of Red Richards piano solos from 1985 round out this highly enjoyable LP. (Sackville Recordings)—Scott Yanow

THE DOUG DILLARD BAND: *What's That? LP*

Eleven tracks, some covers, some originals, an instrumental. This is traditional country bluegrass by veteran banjo virtuoso Dillard and his great band (bass, acoustic guitars). Everything is well done here. Especially interesting is an uptempo 'grassy version' of Arthur Alexander's 'Every Day I Have To Cry Some'. If you're looking for innovation or originality, you won't find it here, though. Just flawless picking and singing by a guy that's been around for years. (Flying Fish)—Brad Bradberry

DINO DIMURO: *Trouble At The Mutual Admiration Society C-60*

Young, mostly sophomoric, but occasionally unusual 'portastudio rock, with DiMuro doing all the performing and singing. As a keyboard player, he is most interesting, often enlivening the rather banal material with rapid chromatic ostinati, some unusual rhythmic turns, and a better than would be expected sense of phrase. However, the rest of the music (heavy on bad drum machines here) is discardable, as are most of the lyrics and tunes. What can one say about lines like 'I believe that apartments have souls, just like people do...' And I won't even mention the inter-cut narratives by Suzanne Larson. On the bright side, it seems that this artist is capable of some unusual turns of mind and art evidenced in his deliberately overbearing but engaging Farfisa-like keyboard sounds and in the stranger cuts on the tape like 'Soll Deo Gloria', which is a kind of minimal and slightly slick one-movement mass. I really didn't like this tape much, but I think that I will like this artist's work more and more as he continues to grow and experiment. (Phantom Soll Recordings)—Larry Polansky

DIVINE HORSEMEN: *Devil's River LP*

Features Chris D. of Flesh Eaters fame singing catchy country punk duets with his wife Julie Christensen. Occasional sprinkles of harmonica and violin reinforce the country western flavor of the vocals, but 'The wild west isn't what it used to be/A ghost town was Devil River's destiny.' The lyrics tend to be heavy and dark while the music bounces ahead with a joyful energy. Fun and danceable. (SST)—Brent Godfrey

DOG AS MASTER: *Brash Pussy C*

Harsh layered electronics reminiscent of the English sonic assault outfit Whitehouse. The side labeled *Brash Pussy*, is built on buried, rumbling music distorted to the

point of being unrecognizable over which a demanding male voice repeats a phrase, 'I'm gonna stick my cock in your ass, I'm gonna fuck your brash pussy', with some variation (it doesn't seem to be looped) through the entire piece. The effect is rather one-dimensional, a brutal inescapable forced entry into the sub/conscious with rape as a physical counterpart. On the other side, the rumbling, out of focus roar persists, without vocals, but is skillfully modulated, introducing other sound elements that provide nuance and subtle dynamics that emerge and fade keeping the interest level high. (Dog As Master or 3AP)—John E

DOGMAN & THE SHEPARDS: *Lonesome Man LP*

Records like this tend to find their way into my hip pocket real fast. This is the stuff—a compact, bad-sounding East Texas bar band, led by another great Omar (& The Howlers) Dykes knockoff. You get the Willie Dixon and Chuck Berry covers along with the band originals that deal with bein' lonesome, nights in jail and gettin' treated all around mean. Neal Walden, aka Dogman, has a ferocious growl of a voice that would be indistinguishable from his guitar if he weren't yowling out human words. Overall, it recalls Freddy King playing Texas boogie in a packed roadhouse. Great bull terrier on the cover and everything. Dogman & The Shepards...predictable, rockin', funny and loud, and I'll never get tired of it. (Kevin Kat Records)—Justin Kaminski



Steve 'Mr. Optimism' Tupper, proprietor of Subterranean Records.

Clifford photo

DOLE: *The Speed of Hope LP*

Six Belgium lads named after a French town playing bright, upbeat pop tunes that draw on bands like the Smiths, Echo and the Bunnymen, the Cure and the Psychedelic Furs, although they don't have the moods or energy that these bands have. What you have left is a nice sound (produced by Adrian Borland of The Sound) and a slight mood but no real bite or new ground covered. (Play It Again Sam)—Lawrence Crane

ERIC DOLPHY: *Conversations LP*

Here's a complex and challenging release from perhaps the most talented multi-reed man in the field of modern jazz. Dolphy's real gift of course was stretching jazz to its limits and the four tunes on the album ('Jitterbug Waltz', 'Music Matador', 'Love Me', and 'Alone Together') give him plenty of room for his extended solos. Notable sidemen Richard Davis, Bobby Hutcherson, Clifford Jordan and Sonny Simmons all contribute to this music that is anything but casual listening. However, the lack of liner notes leaves the neophyte like myself wondering when this was recorded and what's going on. Again, I'm sure Dolphy fans will gladly snatch-up this disc while the rest of us can only lend a willing ear to the perplexing and sophisticated artistry of Dolphy's pioneering 'outside' approach to jazz. (Celloid Records)—Rex Doane

DOPPLER SHIFT: *Live At The Guggenheim C45*

No, not that Guggenheim; this one is at Chapman College in Orange, California. A collaboration between Wal

fine effort, with hooks and grins a-plenty to go 'round. ter Hotland (synthesizer, guitar and sequencer) and Sam Rosenthal (synthesizer), this moves from spacey sounds to rhythmic sequencer parts to lush orchestral textures. It's in the familiar territory of German synthesizer music, but well done. Holland's lyrical guitar playing on the B side is a welcome departure as is guest Richard Watson's clarinet on 'Abyss of the Birds'. (Projekt)--Mark Sullivan

Double Fantasy' Universal Ave C

This is the per you don't care much what's on the stereo because you're retention to it anyway. No, that's not completely accurate. That's the function of ambient music, and this is neat What it ends up sounding like is an overly repetitive fonovative Muzak that uses hackneyed studio effects and skills to create a tape of monumentally bland propriety in the case, Double Fantasy puts in some good to excellences. Unfortunately, the tape as a whole comes off as all form and no substance and ends up being nothing but a bunch of non-threatening pretty sounds. (Suite Beat Music Group)--Eric Iverson

THE DOWNSIDERS: The Downsidars C-30

Heartfelt rock n' roll from California. The first couple of times I played this it didn't strike me as being anything special. Mom, I was wrong. Trust me: this is a great tape. Crunchy guitars grind on top of crashing drums in a sanctuary-like echo that lets you know you're seeing a light at the end of the tunnel. And that's only the first few tracks. Later they abandon sanctuary and let you see the light close up. Better bring yer shades 'cuz when the feedback wails and the cymbals crash, you're gonna need 'em. Then right on time, they hit the dimmer switch for a couple of acoustic tunes. A religious experience? Of course not, but God knows I love this stuff. (D.I.W.)--Tom Burris

DR. JOHN: Dr. John's Gumbo LP

This record came out back in 1972 on Atlantic, and is being reissued by Alligator as part of its 'Rockback' series. Mac'Rebennack, aka Dr. John, explores the roots of New Orleans R&B, blues and rock on this records, with a lot of tunes by Professor Longhair, Huey 'Piano' Smith, and Earl King. No messing around, here: just Dr. John and a roomful of New Orleans talent going at it with some great material, including classics like 'Iko Iko', Longhair's 'Tipitina' and 'Stack-a-Lee'. Ronnie Baron's organ riff in 'Big Chief' alone makes this

record a must. But every cut wears well: this is classic music. (Alligator Records)--John Baxter

SVART HRITUR DRAUMER: Itch C

This tape was recorded in a rehearsal studio on a portable cassette recorder judging from the poor sound. Luckily all of the instruments can be heard but the vocals are distorted and indiscernable. It is hard, guitar oriented rock that ranges from medium to fast tempos. The drummer rarely plays a straight beat opting for snare and tom action ala Keith Moon but without the effect. Instead of enhancing the songs rhythmically it tends to make them disjointed and quirky. The vocals lack melody and are mostly droning screams. A forgetful musical endeavor. (Warpt West Music)--Doug Hagen

BILL DRUMMOND: The Man LP

Bill Drummond achieved a certain kind of legendary status as the driving force behind Liverpool's Zoo Records and as the energetic (some would say scheming) manager of Teardrop Explodes and Echo & The Bunnymen. The album treads close to Richard Thompson territory in that several of the songs have that English countryside feel, in places pastoral and elsewhere Fairport folkrock. Graham Lee's pedal steel adds a decisive country sound as well, as in the confessional 'I Believe In Rock & Roll'. Drummond's thick Scottish brogue is given an emotional foil by the steel, and Robert McComb's twangy guitar solo and Khiem Luu's closing sax solo add a brilliant richness to the song. The album doesn't dwell too much on negativity, either in the lyrics or the music, and thus the Thompson comparison is only partial, given that R.T. frequently dwells on the darker side. Indeed, 'Married Man' is good-timey pickin' n' grinnin', and 'I'm The King of Joy' has a gospellish flavor to it's positive affirmations. The countryfied cover of 'Going Back' seems to beam with a forward-looking optimism rather than a blatant lament for the past. 'I Want That Girl' has a sunny arrangement of organ, trumpet and harmony choruses--with its pop-anthem Springsteenian affectations it could be a natural Top 40 hit.

And the closing track is oddly compelling, leaving a calming effect behind long after the disc is over. Drummond's father, Rev. Jack Drummond, contributes a spoken reading of 'Such A Parcel of Rogues In A Nation' (a traditional tune once electrified by Steeleye Span) that

gives way to a lone banjo plucking the doleful melody amidst a windswept atmospheric echo. Lovely and moving. (Creation)--Fred Mills

EGG HUNT: Me And You 7" EP

At last, Ian McKaye has put out another record. He's joined here by ex-Teen Idle and Minor Threat drummer, Jeff Nelson. Ian gets better with age. He had a hell of a lot to say in some earlier songs and had one of the most energetic and powerful musical, lyrical and vocal styles I have ever seen and heard, and this 7" didn't let me down at all. He's abandoned the stagnant So-Cal hardcore sound and sort of picked up where the B-side of *Salad Days* left off. The real hard edge might be gone, but the lyrics still hit hard, 'I guess in our own minds we're never wrong/and I swear to you this is the last time I'll write this song/I'm sure you're sick and tired of hearing from this child/I'm feeling kind of lonely, I won't be dying for a while.' A nice pressing, recorded in London in late March of 1986. Ian MacKaye/guitar, bass, vocals & Jeff Nelson/drums, gum & vocals. (Dischord Records)--Rich Crist

ELEVENTH HOUR: Eleventh Hour C

Whatever there was to compel someone to preserve this band's music is very much lost in this exceptionally poor quality recording. This is garage band, mysterious persona music with the requisite slightly affected droning, out of date, vocal style. Trying to sound nasty and ominous just isn't interesting anymore--the angst no longer sounds genuine. Things get better on side two with some politically direct lyrics ('Watching Pretoria...wretched of the Earth...'), followed by the uplifting bells on 'Can't Stop', but this is too meager to prompt listening to the tape again. These fellows are probably a great local band to get drunk with and drown in those temporary sorrows, but on tape the effect hardly seems real or vital. (Mom's Records)--Kim Knowles

ELMER AND THE RUSSIANS: The Eternal Elmer and the Russians C

No one in the band is named Elmer and the names don't sound Russian so I guess they're a bunch of liars that make great music. It's heavily guitar oriented with some very understated but hot and tasteful, country influenced guitar playing. There are a lot of catchy melodies and the songs are varied showing the wide writing skills of bass player, J. Leland Braddock. Four of the eleven

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IMAGAPHIX

songs are instrumentals and stand out as superior but mainly due to the non-credited singer's style. His voice is somewhat weak, lacks character and the vocal phrasing is awkward and jerky although the lyrics are very catchy and often funny. Admittedly, after many listenings I've become used to, occasionally even pleased, by the straightforwardness of the vocal style and the music throughout the tape is so fun that I overlook the vocal weakness. (State Capital Records)--Doug Hagen

EMERALD WEB: *Catspaw LP*

Catspaw is the eighth album for Bob Stohl and Kat Eppe who play a variety of electronic keyboards and woodwinds, most frequently flute. This was my first introduction to their work. This recording is far from bad, as the music is proficiently executed and the overall sound quality is quite good. The sound is new age and unfortunately at times approaches muzak. Side one is rather commercial sounding. Musical ideas are, at times, underdeveloped though played using different keyboard settings. Side two is considerably more satisfying. Here, the music is generally more progressive and the interplay between the various components more sophisticated. Overall, not an outstanding effort although it does have a few occasionally, rather good moments. (Audion Recording)--Robert Oot

MARGIE EVANS: *Another Blues Day LP*

Here's a concept album which musically relives a day in the life of a woman born in the blues. Margie Evans, an exquisite shouter from the musical lineage of Bessie Smith, Mahalia Jackson and Big Maybelle, sings a song of survival in the face of hate, prejudice and oppression. These blues are personal experiences sung from the female perspective. The singer has lived the blues. So has her mother and her mother's mother. This music was handed down from generation to generation in the oral tradition. Margie's interpretation is authentic, yet contemporary. While standing firm in the blues, her vocal artistry embraces elements of gospel, jazz and soul. *Another Blues Day* offers a varied program of songs ranging from standard 12 bar blues to original compositions with more of an R&B structure and even an accapella: gospel piece.

EXECUTIVE SLACKS: *Fire and Ice LP*

Beginning with such whimsy and promise, the pursuant decline is extra hard to take. Derivative psycho-computer mush and gloom takes over and the only decent moments left include some cute drum machine work. Nice, but certainly not original. Too much attention to clothes and image make Jack a very dull boy. (Landslide Records)--Lena Dixon

EXILES: *Dangerous Music C-40*

Multi-instrumentalists Greg Mills and Jay Zelenka continue their free form excursions with a cassette cut from the same cloth as their previous *The Only Cure* (reviewed in SC #6). The only major difference between *Cure* and *Dangerous* is that Mills focuses more on piano and Zelenka on alto sax on the latter, though they also use flute, melodica, vibes, kalimbs, percussion, etc. in various places. A flier I got with the cassette says the music is 'neither improvised or written' but rather 'precisely composed'. Well, okay, but I'll bet those who enjoy the less structured things that people like Roscoe Mitchell, Cecil Taylor, Marion Brown and Anthony Braxton do will be the same ones (maybe the only ones) who get off on this. (Esfoma)--Bart Grooms

EXPANDO BRAIN: *Mother Of God! It's... LP*

Inventive, spare garage rock from Boston, where they must have a school for effective, good natured rock n' roll bands. Songs are fast tempo and seem centered around Steve Smith's guitar hooks and full chord progressions, well supported by straight bass lines and tight drumming. It's recorded like a hardcore LP (every sound pushed to the limit) and there's an evenness of sound throughout, although the vocals get lost sometimes. Reminiscent of earlier NY nerve-grinding pop bands like Polyrhythm and Dirty Looks. Other times, they have a Minute-man approach--crazily jamming instruments somehow held together, controlled. This is possibly a posthumous release (so they announce in the press release). If so, this is a fresh attempt from a cooperative, tight unit. (Vacant Lot Records)--C. Carstens

FAIRPORT CONVENTION: *House Full LP*

Play it LOUD! This documents Fairport at their height, as far as playing as a band. The riveting performances of 'Matty Groves' and 'Sloth' are as grand and exhilarating as English folk-rock gets. 'Mason's Apron' goes from wild to wilder as the band comes oh-so-close to jettison-

ing itself off the stage and into orbit. This is the essence of Rogue music. This tour of 1970 was the last with Richard Thompson, and came on the heels of their Full House album, a personal favorite. In a way, this is a re-release of *Fairport Live In L.A.*, but the song selection has been altered, songs have been remixed, and the take of 'Sloth' is from a different night. The only thing that keeps this from being perfection itself is the vocals. Sandy Denny had left the band a year before, and rather than attempt the difficult (impossible?) task of replacing her, they opted to take care of the business of singing themselves. Dave Swarbrick's voice is pleasant enough, but Richard Thompson's voice had not developed into the fine vehicle it is now (or in fact what it would be just a year later on his first solo album). Thompson sounds very uncomfortable with his position as singer and this cuts against the power of the band's performances. The singing may be only serviceable, but the music soars, nonetheless. (Hannibal Records)--Scott Jackson

THE ART FARMER-BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET: *Back To The City LP*

The original Jazztet lasted for 6 LPs and 3 years before disbanding in 1962. Twenty years later, the co-leaders, flugelhornist Art Farmer and tenor saxophonist Benny Golson, decided it was time to try again. With Curtis Fuller on trombone, the front line was complete, and now, after a few years of gigs, there's a solid rhythm section, with Mickey Tucker (piano), Ray Drummond (bass) and Marvin 'Smitty' Smith (drums). This is their latest recording, made over 2 nights live at Sweet Basil in New York City. Invigorating performances, some fine originals (mostly by Golson), expansive running time (45+ minutes) and excellent sound combine to make this highly recommended, not only to the hard bop fans that snapped this up fast, but to anyone who enjoys spirited music. (Contemporary Records)--Stuart Kremsky

FEARLESS IRANIANS FROM HELL 4 song 7"

The music is blistering punk rock but that's not important. Any record with an Iranian resident of the USA

'Any record with an Iranian resident of the USA shouting about killing a marine is all right by me.'

shouting about killing a marine ('Blow Up The Embassy') is all right by me. Fearless' attitude toward the Ayatollah is not exactly clear but they sure do hate them Americans. This is a record for all Americans who feel likewise. (Boner Records)--Sunn Thomas

FEEDERZ: *Teachers In Space LP*

This records has been out for months, I'd never heard it but I still thought it was great. In my hometown several local publications featured photos of the album cover along with adjectives like 'crude' and 'tasteless'. Frank Discussion must have an inborn talent for pissing people off. *Teachers In Space* contains a wide range of sound-spoken word, epic wester arrangements, blues-like stompers, a Lewis Carol ditty ('Lobster Quadrille') and Duane Eddy secret-agent riffs galore. The kind of record that messes with your mind. 12 inches of entertainment of subversion. (Flaming Banker Records)--Sunn Thomas

BILL FERREIRA: *Improvised Impressions Of The Sixties LP*

What can be said about this record? Solo piano renditions of the sixties greatest hits including 'Surfer Girl', 'Tuesday Afternoon', 'Hooked On A Feeling' and (of course) 'Yesterday'. They are rendered in the most laid-back lounge piano style imaginable. All the tricks of the trade are observed including that all time favorite, the neo-baroque counterpoint invention ('Can't Help Falling In Love'). Ferreira should set his goals a little higher if he plans on releasing any more LPs. This one's forgettable. (Ivory Interlude Records)--R. Iannapolo

FINGERS NUCLEUS: *Aardvark C*

A six piece group explores various styles, from pop rock to jazz fusion to tape composition. Very competent playing, yet the music left me wondering what the true identity of this band really is. Each piece seems designed to demonstrate competence in a completely different predefined genre, with little or no contribution to the form. As a result, most pieces sound riskless and too 'correct' while the band's own position remains elusive. (Fingers Nucleus)--Nick Didkovsky

DAN FIORETTI: *Why play with your nose, why not try*

salads C

Aural sculpture much like a 'Revolution Number 9'. Weird pulling and shooting space gun sounds, doodling guitar leads, one chord played all day long, rain, some idiots talking about some irrelevant events that they think are funny. Somebody singing Phil Collins and other nasty things. Some chick who can't stop talking about inane things in an obnoxious accent. People talking, organs playing, people never attempting to show any musical talent. (Kitti Tapes)--Mark G.E.

THE FLAMING LIPS: *Hear It Is*

From this Enigma psychedelic offshot comes a well-produced, carefully thought-out album that has been compared by some to old Rolling Stones albums in that there are acoustic guitars thrown in. But no, this goes farther in that some of the electric jams sound more like Sonny Sharrock and Arto Lindsey than Keith and Ron (or Mick and Brian or Bozo). The opening track, 'With You', reminded one listener of the Moody Blues with its almost manic acoustic guitar entrances. Nonetheless, song titles such as Jesus Shooting Heroin and Charles Manson Blues put this Oklahoma City trio more on track with the heartfelt concerns of so many rock bands. (And nobody else.) It's a little pretentious in places, but all in all this album lives up to the group's reputation. (Pink Dust)--Lawrence Talbot

FLAVOR PEOPLE C

This seven song tape comes across as more of a recording project (4 track cassette?) than a band. Eric Muhs plays many of the instruments with Gene Olson (female) on vocals and Tom Herring on guitar. The music is light, dreamy pop tunes, some with drum machine, some with real drums. The vocals are pretty and soft, lyrics are hard to decipher but seem as dreamy as the music. The songs tend to be a bit on the long side but the melodic mood of this tape is rather pleasant and unobtrusive. (Flavor People)--Lawrence Crane

FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS: *Live from Europe LP*

This is not nearly as uninspired as one might imagine. Led by original member Sneaky Pete Kleinow and ex-Byrd Skip Battin, this quartet performs a sturdy, swinging version of country rock. These Burrito Brothers do not fly near as high as the original collection, but their lack of pretensions and solid musicianship is engaging, if not altogether inspiring. 'Streets of Baltimore', 'Christine's Tune' and 'Blue Eyes' are the Burrito chestnuts featured here, and though Gram Parsons gave these songs considerably more life than this amalgam, they have the feel of a comfortable pair of faded blue jeans. Greg Harris, formerly of Manassas and C.S.N. & Y, handles most of the lead vocals for this quartet. His gruff voice, with its tendency to waiver as it goes for the sweet and high notes, does serve the music well. (Relix Records)--Scott Jackson

MICHAEL C. FORD: *Language Commando LP*

Given that poetry has never been a passion for me...this is pretty cool stuff, and I wouldn't mind hearing more. It was produced by Harvey Kubernik so you should know not to expect McKuen. Superficial comparisons might mention Rollins as a contemporary but Ford's material cuts much deeper, perhaps due to his age and experience--he was a peer and friend of The Doors and assorted '50s and '60s jazz greats. (There's actually a funny and biting 'message' to Henry on the album, too.) Indeed, among Ford's musings are various historical references, such as Kennedy and St. George, Utah, and assorted tributes to personalities such as Thelonus Monk, Art Pepper, Gene Krupa, Jim Morrison and D. Boon. There are far too many tracks to comment on individually (most are under two minutes); sources include live recitals, radio appearances and material presumably done specifically for the disc. Only a few suffer from low fidelity. In fact, one of the surprises, for me, was receiving pleasure from the actual sound of Ford's voice. A soothing tone, occasionally a gravelly buzz, sometimes a basic conversational-confessional lilt, several times lapsing into formalist/Beat rhythms, never boring or grating in the least. Some tracks are given strict intros, while other have no discernible structure. A couple feature gentle jazz piano backing. Eclectic and fascinating are my spot praises--remember I'm a non-afficionado--and to that I should add that Ford provoked tangential memories and multiple smiles from me. The album is a success, and it should hold up to repeated listens. (New Alliance)--Fred Mills

TIMOTHY ANDRE FORKES: *Puzzles C*

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membrane of the heyday of European art rock and its American derivatives. The mode of composition brings to mind bands such as Camel, Happy the Man, and ELP in their good days. The sound is heavily orchestrated, and very lush, with abundant emulation of breathy flutes, and floating strings. Each side is a singular composition, and in the style of the aforementioned bands, each is a continuously uplifting journey, punctuated throughout by melodic vignettes. Compliments also go to Ed Van Fleet and the Synchestra studio for a production that is vibrant and powerful. (Elfin Music)--Nathan Griffith

FOURWAYCROSS: *Home LP*

This third album by Fourwaycross contains a stripped-down sound of guitar, bass and drums punctuated by synthesizer and echoey percussion. Beth Thompson and one of the male members of the band share the vocals. The band tries hard to be forceful, moody and mysterious in the post-punk vein, but the songwriting is undeveloped and interesting. The material alternates between vaporous, pensive instrumentals and those songs containing vocals. The instrumental/sound collages are soothing, though not breaking any new ground as it seems was intended. In the songs containing vocals however, the singing is aggravating and unconvincing and the arrangements are conventional to the point of being hackneyed. For a band who touts themselves as exciting and experimental, this album misses the mark and more work is sorely needed. Caveat emptor! (Motiv)--Ed Zincavage

ANDREW FRANCK & CHARLIE MENDOZA: *One Breath Bardo C46*

Franck and Mendoza use synthesizer, guitar, drum machine, loops, and treatments to create this New Music/rock/funk amalgam. Although the sound isn't new, one thing sets this apart from many similar recordings--the musicians did their experimenting BEFORE they recorded the tape. All of this music works, and with wit and sophistication. The selections range from 'Staircase Effect,' a twisted funk/dance piece, to 'Dream of the Perfect Father,' a beautiful string synth ballad, to a song that sounds like a lounge organist on drugs. (Paralux Productions)--Mark Sullivan

BOB FRANKE: *For Real LP*

Born again Christians on tv are boring and irritating but one can turn off the sucker and I am a better person for it. When I hear born again folk singers I get the urge to see the effect of my fireplace on vinyl. SMUG is the word that best describes this album. Now the music is fine. Nothing too original, but some of the tunes including the title cut are catchy melodies, but the smugness of the lyrics anger me. I mean one is really taking a controversial stand to be against drunk driving, yet Bob in his pre smug, now I have the way, family is more important than 'things' life, probably indulged in mind-altering substances, and maybe even sinned on occasion. Lucky for the potential buyer of this album the lyrics are printed on the back and the degree of smug can be easily discovered. Bob please make a smugless album next time, with more songs like 'Fuji Blues' and 'That's Okay Baby'. Until then...look at that record melt. (Flying Fish Records)--Dale Knuth

FRIGHTWIG: *Faster, Frightwig, Kill! Kill! LP*

Like some George Romero nightmare version of Fowley's Runaways 15 years on, California's Frightwig invades your libido and assaults your sensibilities with volume and slaver intensity. I have nothing for or

'I have nothing for or against any lesbian or feminist politics; all I care about is the fact these women rock like crazy.'

against any lesbian or feminist politics; all I care about is the fact that these women rock like crazy. Some of it doesn't exactly work, like the too-predictable 'Punk Rock Jailbait' and the anthem/gospelish 'Freedom'. (These two cuts are great!--Editor) But tracks like the metaladelia phasing feedback-drenched 'Big Bang' or the crunch-er-head-against-the-garage-wall stomp that is 'American Xpress' affirm the band as bearers of the banner--with plenty of witty irony thrown in for free. (Caroline)--Fred Mills

PETER FROHMADER: *Ritual LP*

The music on this record sounds like the background

score to a science-fiction movie. Just too many electronic music cliches here--the twittering, bleeping electronics and the sound effects which mimic giant bats or dentists' drills. While there is some fusion jazz influence in places, and some Tangerine Dream-style bounciness, the repetitive rhythms and themes on this record seem more irritating than entrancing. (Multimood Records)--Paul Goldschmidt

TINA FULKER: *Tender Hooks C*

Spoken word with electronic music (guitar, keys and drums), poetry pronounced by the poet herself. Interesting sort of English accent, good use of washes behind the words. Some titles: Outdoor Girl, Cosmic City, We Have Danced Together, & Now We Dance Alone, Snowstorm (parts one and two). Introspective (but pleasant) and often more musical than narrative. (Paycock Press)--Robin James

FUN W/ATOMS: *Main Street LP*

Real clean production of a set of songs which adhere to standard rock-n-roll type structures and sounds and...really nothing new, sounds like mainstream music I can hear on commercial rock stations, like some hideous mix of Huey Lewis and Bruce Springsteen. I can almost see videos in my head for these songs! Why can't major labels sign these kind of people before they put out records on their own? Why? (Boat)--Lawrence Crane

FUNGUS BRAINS: *Fungus Brains LP*

From Australia comes this six man band of noisemakers in the Birthday Party style of tortured guitars and grating vocals. Besides the wall of fuzz chords and thudding beat that makes up most tunes the Brains also write songs in a more traditional heavy punk format and throw in fragments featuring trumpets moaning over mellower distortions. When they work in these two formats the band creates songs of offbeat sound combinations and tough power guitar, but too many songs prove that harshness can become just another formula. A shorter LP would've sounded stronger. (Crash Records)--James Hopkin

GANELIN TRIO: *Con Affetto LP*

Although a great deal has been written about the Ganelin trio, the leading avant-garde jazz group in the Soviet Union, the many words do not prepare one for the diversity and strength of their music. Most surprising is the strong sense of swing, evident even during the freer improvisations. Ganelin's powerful piano, Chekasin's reeds (sometimes riffing on two saxes at once) and Tarasov's drums form the basic trio although they sometimes switch to percussion and flutes. The 28-minute 'Sample' is quite episodic, featuring some fairly simple chord patterns, a bit of military drumming, a charming waltz and, unless Ganelin has learned to play piano and bass simultaneously, a bit of overdubbing. Three briefer encores (including a very abstract 'Mack the Knife') round out this often-exciting performance. The Ganelin Trio has successfully recaptured the spirit of 1960s jazz (when truly new music was being created) without copying the past. (Leo Records)--Scott Yanow

GENUFLEX: *Condition One C*

A wide assortment of intriguing if somewhat disjointed musical collages. Primarily acoustic, but with tasty electronics thrown in from time to time. Nice experimentation with unusual sound sources, especially the glass harp. Some piano-based cuts remind me of Birdsongs Of the Mesozoic in their peaceful ambience, while other electric guitar-based cuts add an edge...though these cuts are in need of bass and drum backup. A cryptic note on the tape box hints that the 'guitarist from: Data Bank A...' was involved in, if not responsible for, the production of this tape. (RRR Records)--Allen Green

GET SMART: *Swimming with Sharks LP*

Thoroughly mediocre new wave bar band from Chicago, who probably play too loud. X-like vocals together and apart (Lisa Wertman is no worse than Exene, tho). The best thing that can be said about the songwriting is that it's forgettable. Probably good for dancing. (Fever Records)--Gage Kennedy

GHOSTS BEFORE BREAKFAST: *Knapsack Daydreams C-60*

This is a tape of live recordings from a band who wear their quirky weirdness like a badge of honor. This does come off as a bit pretentious, but that's okay 'cause their spacey charm wins in the end. Kinda like the Velvet Underground crashing cars with the B-52s. (There are three V.U. covers here.) And any band with a sarcastic love anthem like 'I Like You' is alright with me. I can't imagine this band in any other setting than this live recording. The audience jabbers, ignoring the band, politely

applauding at the end of each track. Perfect concept. Strange, sloppy, and tastefully tasteless. (Whitewall Tapes)--Tom Burris

RONNIE GILBERT AND HOLLY NEAR: *Singing With You LP*

Ronnie Gilbert's career has enjoyed a much-deserved resurgence in the last few years. Teaming up with Holly Near and others, she's barnstormed the country earning the critical acclaim she

'Listeners will feel little sense of emotional intensity or political inspiration from either the studio or live cuts despite their social activist messages.'

never received as the only woman in the not so pro-woman 1950s folk group, the Weavers. She always had a strong, sensitive voice that held its own in that group. Judging from this most recent effort with Near, Gilbert's voice retains its resonant character. However, this record will be found lacking on most other counts. Listeners will feel little sense of emotional intensity or political inspiration from either the studio or live cuts despite their social activist messages. In large part, the problem exists in Near. Gilbert holds her own vocally, but Near rarely meets the challenge. Likewise, while Near demonstrates competence at the piano, she remains locked within the parameters of a style half showtune and half Windham Hill that becomes less effective with each song. Finally, Near's recent compositions emerge a bit flat with cliched lyric phrases offering little more content than mainstream pop. (Redwood)--Bucky Halker

DOUG GILLARD: *Cover Songs With Big Heads C*

Doug dishes up a fairly straightforward interpretation of songs from four prominent pop and rock composers. What distinguishes this from a typical collegiate cover band is the stellar recording and production and Doug's clean guitar playing. The choice of pieces spans quite a spectrum from Eno to the Beach Boys. This is the kind of tape you would pop into the stereo when you're having friends over who don't have, generally, weird tastes like yourself. (Four Song Cassette)--?

GOVERNMENT ISSUE LP

Fifth release from this best exponent of Washington's 'hardcore' scene. Easy to see why they've lasted since 1980--their music is from the intelligent, melodic division of this oftly, often justifiably, maligned genre. There are some welcome and well-done innovations on this one--some sitar, a short psychedelic instrumental, a moody evocative nonthrasher. Quoting from the close-out psych track, 'some trips last forever.' (Dutch East India)--Jack Jordan

GRANOLA FIELDS: *Music of Boulder Colorado C-60*

A little something for everyone here, however mostly in the 'Electronic Noodling' vein. Berreowwww putter, beep. Some industrial, some poetry-noise too. 'Slap some U.N. gruel in their mouths and dismantle the institution'. Comes with a neat booklet. Some would call this art. (Small Tools Tradition)--Frank Gunderson

GREAT PLAINS: *Naked at the Buy, Sell and Trade LP*

A friend can't understand why anybody would be excited about a 'sloppy' band. Needless to say, rock'n'roll is a mystery to him and so would be Great Plains. They'll take off on a riff-laden jam for one track and then follow that with a churning hunk of aggression. Plus they write songs with titles like 'Origin of My Silly Grin,' 'Letter to a Fanzine' and 'Time to Name the Dog.' This is sloppy, alright, and it's also passionate rock'n'roll. Given another chance, I'll bet even my friend could appreciate that. (Homestead)--Lang Thompson

MICHAEL GREEN AND BOB GUIDA: *Settlin' Up the Score C*

A blues revival set with (Otis Brother) Bob Guida on Fender bass and Texan Michael Green on 1920s Steinway Model A Grand Piano. The cassette features an assortment of enjoyable tunes by the likes of Jr. Parker, Doc Pomus, and both Sonny Boy Williams, as well as an original by Guida and the title tune by Green. Between them, these guys have played with such blues and R & B stars as J. B. Hutto, Otis Rush, Big Walter, Left Hand Frank, Charles Brown, Brownie McGee, Sonny Terry, Larry Johnson, Buster Brown, Ernie K-Doe, and

Laverne Baker. Yet like all revivalist bands, their set is essentially a museum piece (with additional racial overtones for those white boys singin' the blues). But perhaps you like your figs moldy... (Global Village Music)--Ron Sakolsky

NANCI GRIFFITH: *Last of the True Believers* LP

Just when I'd given up on country music, this crosses my path. Possibly the most moving singer-songwriter I've heard in recent memory, Griffith writes traditional (but never hokey) country, light on the string section, heavy on the 5, 6 and 8 string (banjo, guitar, mandolin). Her singing style is similar to Emmy Lou Harris, but sounds more innocently natural. Arrangements are tasteful, never overblown. There's no 'crossover mentality' present, keeping her country vision 'pure'. (Philo)--Brad Bradberry

TINY GRIMES: *Rockin' and Sockin'* LP

Another master guitarist unjustly ignored in this country has been treated well in this European re-issue (familiar story, eh?). The album features the smooth yet stinging guitar of Grimes at his best--prime Grimes you might say. The remastering of these rare 78's is impeccable and helps illustrate what some of the best R&B and boogie-woogie really sounds like. This is the real stuff gang--yep, eighteen cuts of ridiculously exciting jazz-drenched R&B. If you can't find this disc in your record store then burn it down. (Oldie Blues)--Rex Doane

GUNNI: *Nunnurusi/Nunjunk* C

Imagine Tom Verlaine, Syd Barrett, Throbbing Gristle and the Walls of Genius, all unaware of each others' music, jamming together after getting stoned somewhere and finding that they DUG it. This poorly recorded, at times unbearable but in the end utterly charming cassette resembles what such a session might produce. Ranging from noise to minimalist punk in style, Gunni's music is the sort that is easily overlooked when listened to casually--repeated listenings, however, generate special rewards. The dissonant instrumentals are the most rewarding, while the silly covers ('Heart of Gold' could send you to the bathroom) and carelessly played jams that serve as song transitions should have been left out. Verdict: Derivative, damaged, and delightful. (Verdanumusk)--Brook Hinton

PEPE HABICHUELA: *A Mandeli* LP

Pepe Habichuela, recording name for Jose Antonio Carmona, is a leading guitarist in Spain and a virtuoso of the Flamenco style. This album contains eight Flamenco

'When I first put this record on the turntable, I accidentally listened to it at 45 rpm and loved it. When I listened the second time at 33 rpm, I was equally pleased.'

guitar instrumentals with minimal percussion on a few of the tracks. When I first put this record on the turntable, I accidentally listened to it at 45 rpm and loved it. When I listened the second time at 33 rpm, I was equally pleased with the record. At 33 it is provocative, intriguing, contemplative, and exciting; while at 45 it is more festive, but equally as intriguing. This is an outstanding recording for fans of the Flamenco style, or any fan of acoustic guitar work. (Hannibal Records)--Ross Mohn

RICH HALLEY: *Song Of The Backlands* LP

Halley is a tenor sax man from Portland, Oregon. We are told by the liner notes that this is 'Northwestern jazz': because the band is from that region and because the music 'impressionistically conveys something of what is unique to where we live.' But this is mainstream jazz, make no mistake. You will find no Oregonian pastoral oboes and twelve-string acoustic guitars on this record. I don't know what's so 'Northwestern' about this music though; two of the numbers have a Latin sound but other than that there is no discernible regionalism here. Halley is a fine musician with a rich, lyrical style and the band is better than competent too but there is a certain timidity in their playing. The music seems overly composed. Halley, who has obviously listened to and learned from the greats, often sounds a little like Coltrane sitting in with Chuck Mangione's band. Only in 'The Excuse' do they excuse themselves from the rigidity of their charts which were written by Halley and are not very interesting

or attractive in themselves. Perhaps Halley and his band are too worried about balancing their own roots in the Northwest with the music's roots in the East. Here they fail to capture either Northwesternness or the free spirit of contemporary jazz. Instead, they go anxiously tiptoeing in the footsteps of Coltrane and Rollins as if afraid of the consequences. Oregon, if not always unpretentiously, did 'impressionistically convey' their environment in their music. Halley does not. That's fine. I can't think why he should have to. (Avocet Records)--Sam Mental

ROBERT HAIGH: *Music from the Ante Chamber*

Quite different from most of L.A.Y.L.A.H.'s catalog, Haigh writes gentle Minimal music primarily for keyboards. He is no latecomer to the genre, having recorded a couple of obscure but excellent albums under the moniker Sema a few years back and he should not be confused with the George Winston school of pianistic wallpaper. The compositional method tends to be rigorous, yet euphonious, resembling the work of Wim Mertens of Soft Verdict fame. Like Mertens, Haigh appears to have a solid education as a composer. He mixes up the keyboard timbres, using a standard concert grand as well as what sounds like an old, slightly out of tune upright; off just enough to produce a ringing, almost echoing sonority. To these he subtly adds 'strings' (electric guitar), glockenspiel, and on one piece, voices. Perhaps not profound, but still very nice. (L.A.Y.L.A.H.)--Dean Suzuki

HARIPRASAD CHAURASIA: *Charm of the Bamboo Flute* LP

One of the more unsavory aspects of Western cultural imperialism involves how certain instruments are categorized as 'primitive.' Take the bamboo flute as a case in point. Can you really imagine Rampal playing exacting Bach flute on one? The mention of Rampal might seem absurd in reviewing an Indian bamboo flute record--but that comparison is made on the liner notes to this recording. It is rather amazing to admit that such a comparison is apt. Chaurasia is one of the most gifted flutists I've ever heard on ANY variation of that instrument.

This recording explores one long raga and the flute is accompanied by Anindo Chatterjee's tabla. The raga moves through mountains and valleys of exuberance and despair and finally concludes serenely. The rounded warmth and far-ranging mastery of Chaurasia makes this music available even to listeners unfamiliar or previously unappreciative of India's musical heritage. A further plus is how sensitively this digital recording captures every breathtaking nuance of Chaurasia's art. (Oriental Records)--Norman Weinstein

BRET HART: *(I Am) That Person/H.H. Stuckenschmidt* Sez C-60

The sound here consists mainly of heavily modulated guitar and synthesizer. Sometimes the sound is chordal but mostly one hears a wall of sound. The compositional approach is poly-rhythmic and it's in this aspect that the composer really lets us down. Formally the music is weak and the pieces haven't much point. I believe that Mr. Hart would benefit by purchasing an editing block. (Bret Hart)--Bruce Christensen

THE HAFLER TRIO: *Seven Hours Sleep* Double LP

What we have here is electronic sound collage music somewhat similar to the ERASERHEAD soundtrack. Definitely cinematic in style, the record comes with a booklet containing a very strange story I guess the music serves as a backdrop to. There are mostly short sections, some that flow into each other, some with short silences in between, and all with their own character to them. A friend of mine commented that some of it sounds like recordings of outdoor/indoor environments, and I agree. Other parts are more overtly electronic. Beautiful artwork on the cover and in the booklet. All in all, a very fine album for the electronic/industrial music fan. Mastered at 45 rpm. (Laylah)--Douglas Bregger

HATES: *5th EP* C

This is depressing. I mean it. Is this what punk has wrought? This band's got your 'punk'-type name. They got your 'punk'-type black clothes. They got your 'hardcore'-type guitars grinding out generic riffs. And it don't mean shit. Where's the angst that gets you up and slamming? Who are they trying to convince with lyrics like: 'Corporate corruption, fixed elections/ Ecological disruption/ A guru getting rich on our land.'? REAL glad they got in that slam about the guru on 'our' land; but how could they ignore the MADNESS of nuclear destruction? It's BEEN on the front page. I'm outraged! Huh? That's in the next line? Oh. Sorry. Guess they're mad about ALL the right 'punk' things. Somehow,

though, I always thought that if punkers were going to change the world, it would come by actually starting to think, seeing problems as an active opportunity for new solutions, and not by just mouthing some politician's rant. Guess I was wrong. Like I said: this is depressing. (Christian Arnheiter)--W. Mueller

THE HEARTFIXERS: *Cool on It* LP

The Georgia based Heartfixers have now recorded four albums. Three of them, including this one, by themselves and the fourth backing up Nappy Brown. For this album they have added Dave Cotton on sax giving the band a wider sound. Dave sings on Bo Diddley's 'Hong Kong Mississippi', one of the better songs on the album. Tinsley Ellis's guitar work is impeccable, especially the slide on 'Sailor's Grave on the Prairie'. To get to that song one must suffer through the trite 'Second Thoughts', an overly long piece of bad music. When the Heartfixers stray from the blues they fail to satisfy, which is the reason that the best stuff they have ever done is with Nappy Brown. Each album shows improvement, but there is still a ways to go before I can recommend that you buy their albums. (Landslide Records)--Dale Knuth

PERFECT HELLER: *Forgotten Whisperings in a Not So Forgotten Time* C-60

Humorous mix of electronic music and buzz-guitar punk. The styles vary with each track, influenced by Residents' synth compositions, Eno's early experimental pop, and some hardcore. Vocals are manipulated, time-warped, robotic. Much of it sounds like a Dr. Who soundtrack. There's a John Belushi tribute ('2,000 lb. Bee'), a lament for downtrodden coalminers ('Knock that Coal Out'), a slam against Poughkeepsie ('City of Sick'), and a mystical koan ('Quantum Leap'). The lyrics are drug-damaged and confused: 'The only interesting blade of grass/ is one that walks/ or talks/ one that denies its grassness'. Side 2 contains a 'bonus track' and a short poem, 'Dog Breath,' a la Henry Rollins. Overall, it's musically banal, but the vocals and words are consistently funny. (Oh My God Records)--C. Carstens

HELLMAN'S ANGELS: *Pop Go the Angels* LP

Hellman's Angels consists of electric guitar, upright bass, and harp. Ed Berg is exceptional on electric guitar; he evokes memories of various jazz guitar legends, and is one of those unknown musicians who could probably become a household name in jazz if he wanted to submit to the rigors of touring and promotional hype. But as good as Berg is, with his taste and technique, the trio is definitely Hellman's. She plays a gritty, energetic harp--definitely not in the Andreas Vollenweider mode--and her sound is often closer to a giant mandolin or lute than a traditional harp. The 'bite' of her slightly acidic, plucked harp contrasts nicely with Berg's smooth guitar lines. The song selection of pop and jazz standards (a Gershwin medley, 'Watermelon Man,' 'Honeysuckle Rose,' etc.) might not sound too adventurous, but Hellman's Angels seem hellbent on making even the most familiar material sound fresh and lively. There's no 'going through the motions' here. (Plug Records)--Bill Tiland

SCOTT HENDERSON AND TRIBAL TECH: *Spears* LP

Scott Henderson was an ex-guitarist with Jean-Luc Ponty and this is his first record. The music is very much in Ponty's genre as well as at times utilizing a lyrical Pat Metheny-like line. The problem with a lot of jazz fusion these days is that if you're not careful you'll end up sounding like the opening theme to some horrible prime-time television show, and occasionally this record does. I'm sorry but sometimes that kind of cheesy sludge just makes me squirm, you know? This record isn't all bad though. Some of the arrangements bear a resemblance in flavor and structure to Hatfield or perhaps closer to their more jazzy sister group Gilgamesh. The arrangements are well done, sometimes attention-getting and oh-so-well played. And at least the players are allowed to stretch out and improvise a bit. Perhaps the problem for me is that all these guys are 'L.A. studio musicians.' Technically it's great, very well played, but also very slick sounding. Some good compositions and arrangements notwithstanding, I'd happily give up some of the technique for a little more heart. (Passport Records)--Bryan Sale

HICKOIDS: *We're Only In It For The Corn* LP

What happens when you let 5 corn-fed cosmic cowboys in a studio and give one a whammy-bar guitar? The Hickoids are Roy Rogers and Dale Evans butt-naked on mescaline. Clever production job too. It sounds like it's pouring out of the AM radio on Jed Clampett's pickup

truck. The drunker you get, the better it sounds. This ain't no funny cowpunk. This is real country music from Texas. Where else? (Matako Mazuri Records)—**Sam Thomas**

JOHN HINDS: Continous Thread C-30

A 30-minute composition in seven parts. Mostly loose, asymmetrical percussive bits with squeaky-scratchy synth, organ, sax and voice lines and fragments overlaid. Sounds of fusion, improvisation, and a pastiche of postmodernism and (Hinds Productions)—**Tom Furgas**

HOSTAGE: Searching for Survivors C-46

Depeche Mode with Grand Funk leanings and Christian lyrics? Yeah, kinda and kinda good, too. This duo is best in their electro-setting, as on 'Angels Cry' and 'Precious in My Sight' (note: these are literally songs half about woman's love/ half God's love; the guy got jilted, dig?), though 'Chair' is a cool sort of static dirge and 'Playground' is the best developed in the '70s metal styling. 'Modern Man' is an alright anti-materialism rant and 'The Future Ain't What It Used to Be' is about regrets aplenty. The stylistic mishmash makes for some interesting experimentation but Hostage could do without the pseudoblues of 'My Leg's On Fire' (you guessed it; someone went to heck). Otherwise, they probably have a future (no pun intended). (Ransome Records)—**Jamie Rame**

HR: Keep out of Reach +2 12-in. single

Interesting reggae/hardcore fusion from Joseph I and Earl Hudson (both Bad Brains) and friends. Crunching drums and power chords push this reggae groove into overdrive, though nowhere near hardcore tempos. Joseph I works the vocals, growling and purring, and hits the mark in a hook-laden chorus. Clean production and wild guitars add to the allure here. OK dub and semi-hardcore dirty about religion complete the package. (Olive Tree Records)—**Scott Siegal**

HET ZWEET C-60

AI is ordnung. The horn of the devil is played (He will soon appear). Giant man-eating frogs gather 'round, but are kept at a safe distance by the Fire. The He-goat is summoned once again, but to no avail. It becomes clear that a sacrifice must be made. The voodoo machine begins its relentless, unnamed drive. Copsumation. More spirits are called by the din, they arrive, hissing and howling. A dance upon the hot coals will please them. (A delight). (Sound of Pig)—**Frank Gunderson**

HOLY SKINS C-60

Dull and repetitious. If this was a record you'd think it was skipping. A simple drum and bass rhythm section over which vocals are whispered, a piano is played and assorted other synthesizer zings and beeps. Once these songs start (there's ten of them) they don't go anywhere except for one song, 'The Cold Room'. This one does move around and slowly shifts through different timbres. It's similar to Jeff Greinke or Eno. Other than that, this tape is boring. Also included is a cover of American Woman that doesn't even compare to the Butthole Surfer version. (The Convent)—**Shawn A. Splane**

GARRY HUGHES: Sacred Cities LP

Miles above most of what passes for 'New Age,' this is the real thing. Sure, the current tactic of experimental atmospheric photos is embraced on the cover; however, in this case there is more than background music for the pictures. The music is atmospheric, weaving itself around rock rhythms like a more-than-novelty Art of Noise. Overall, a very satisfying album. Besides, anyone who samples a sledgehammer hitting a car is alright by me. (Audion)—**Tom Burris**

HUMAN FOLLY: Reactivation C

It's no wonder that Alan Porzio's production winds up scaddling a number of genres, and, at times, doing so less than convincingly; he's taken on what appears to be the Mind/Body dilemma, the fusion of ambient and post-German synthesizer music and allegory in one fell swoop. If there's any reason to be critical here, it's because this recording is merely good when it could be really excellent. The quality of the recording itself is extremely good and you certainly can't fault the technologists at work. At their best, the synthesis will remind you of those moments when Vangelis doesn't wallow in bombast mixed with a little Steve Roach and late period Tangerine Dream. Even the less than marvelous moments (the parts where there's ah...singing and lyrics) are possessed of a kind of polish you don't usually find in indie cassette productions. I think the problems in the cassette are twofold: the enterprise teeters on the edge of being dragged under by the sheer weight and portentousness

of the ideas (the solemnly intoned technical lectures by the Chinese-American speaker being a case in point). Cybernetics is a big propositional field and it may not be a great attack to set ideas that are bigger than your music (music that's inherently not propositional, but evocative)—it undermines what's really good and well-done here. There's also the notion of really trying to sonically integrate the site recordings into the recorded texture—working for fusion rather than pastiche. Too often, there's a problem of mesh—having a recording of a man walking down a hall and another recording of a synthesizer playing at the same time when their respective acoustic spaces are completely different. Still, I'd rather hear one slightly flawed work of real imagination like this one than 16 recordings where everything is boring and in perfect place. (Christopher Hoard)—**Greg Taylor**

HUNGRY FOR WHAT: The Shattered Dream LP

result, one that deals not so much with clever comments on popular culture as with more abstract (and I think more progressive) notions of sound and form itself. The music on this tape is very theatrical to me, and reminds me to some extent of the sound-design of James McKee, Barney Jones and others while with San Francisco's Antenna Theatre, in the way that rather dense but very cohesive mixes are achieved with difficult-to-identify sources. I recommend this cassette highly. (Complacency Productions)—**Larry Polansky**

ILLUSION OF SAFETY: It's a Dead Dog C

Weird echoey voices and electronics, mostly scary. Grisly cover. The main core is Dan Burke, Mitch Enderlem, Mark Sorenson, Mark Klein; others help out on some songs. The material goes from eerie voice loops and electronics to dance style with rhythm machine and wild electric guitar to serious detailed keyboard compositions,



Tara Cross Bruno Keusch photo

Hard-rockin' Swiss melodic punk group with socially relevant songs well-sung in English; musically reminiscent of early Clash. This is a 12-song 'best-of' compilation of their material, and is recommended without reservation...not sterling, but definitely solid. (Better Youth Organization)—**Jack Jordan**

STEVE HURL: Attitude Adjustment C

Mostly self-taught and influenced by such other guitarists as Mississippi John Hurt, the Reverend Gary Davis, Jorma Kaukonen, and John Fahey; Steve Hurl serves up a pleasant batch of tunes with a minimum of clichés that range from such blues classics as 'Baby, Please Don't Go' to the jazzy 'Transplant,' which he describes as 'an up-tempo tune about a guy who leaves his computer and finds love in some rustic setting.' If you are wondering if this is your cup of meat, the one record review included in the enclosed press release dutifully notes, 'College girls, here's your new fave!' Oh... (Boneless Records)—**Ron Sakolsky**

ILLUSIONS OF SAFETY: Ecstatic Crisis C-60

A very interesting group, doing very interesting things. This tape is a collection of collages, concrete pieces, and dynamic mixes of noise, text, and miscellaneous electronic material that is intriguing in its avoidance of cliché, and difficult to categorize in its aesthetic. The comparison to groups like Negativland is perhaps a bit too easy in this case, as Illusions of Safety (actually, I have no way of telling if that is the name of the group or the cassette!) seems to be attempting a less accessible

all very well done: not too busy all the time, not too spaced out, the music continually changes just enough to keep interest going in the mood even in the long sustained songs, and clever sound ideas are abundant. Great pacing. (Complacency Productions)—**Robin James**

IMAGINARY MAPS C

Thoughtful musical landscapes beautifully packaged and produced by Joseph Ashton. These tape compositions are confident, coherent, and image-laden. While still retaining a homemade quality, composer/performer Ashton commands a skillful use of tapes, synthesizers, drum machines, and live players. Some guest vocalists and lyricists appear along with live sax, bass, and stick, lending an otherwise solo project the advantages of collective decision-making and exploration. (RIF Recordings)—**Nick Didkovsky**

THE INTUITIVE BIKERS: It's Just Everything C-90

Big group songs and improvisations, casual, free association along with tautly structured and ultra-cool lounge lizard jazz-pop, so it's an interesting and varied mixed bag. Only problem is with the less-than-ideal acoustics of the live recordings, which is a shame as music this fine deserves better reproduction. I'll bet they're great fun live, if this tape is any indication. (Todd Harper)—**Tom Furgas**

INVISIBLE WILBUR: Infinite Invisibility C

This band would be cutting edge if this were 1979, since their sound can be roughly approximated by taking the first side of Pearl Harbour and the Explosions' debut al-



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bum, dubbing in out-take Kate Pierson type B-52's vocals, and occasionally adding annoying synthesizer sound effects. The resultant mix ends up sounding like neolatin/semi-danceable cliched club music for the bored post-punk masses. The musicianship on Infinite Invisibility is competent throughout, but is marred by erratic songwriting and a lead vocalist whose stylistic range goes from mediocre to ear-grating. The tape is further trivialized by banal lyrics that come across as mindless suburban posturing with an attitude. If I were Wilbur and had this band named after me, I'd stay invisible too. (Invisible Music)--Eric Iverson

GILBERT ISBIN: *Pure LP*

This is the debut LP by Belgian acoustic guitarist Isbin, and it reflects his influences: Ralph Towner, Bill Connors, and John Abercrombie. He limits the ensemble size to duets and trios, adding flute or soprano sax, electric guitar, trumpet, and percussion to his guitar. There are also four solo numbers. This is lovely music in an ECM vein, but more focused and engaging than numerous ECMs by bigger names. It helps that the numbers are

relatively brief (there are twelve cuts). Those who enjoy music where mood and improvisatory interaction are paramount (in this case, where they are more dominant than melody) will find this LP rewarding. (VZW Tern)--Bart Grooms

ETTA JAMES/EDDIE 'CLEANHEAD' VINSON: *Blues in the Night LP*

One of those live recordings that actually makes you wish you'd been there, this just shakes and shimmies from beginning to end. Blues belter Etta James and vocalist/alto sax player 'Cleanhead' Vinson front a band that includes Red Holloway, Brother Jack McDuff and Shuggie Otis. Side two is actually the real delight, with Etta doing a scorching cover of Wille Dixon's 'I Just Wanna Make Love to You,' then a duet with Cleanhead of 'Please Send Me Someone to Love,' and two standards, 'Lover Man,' and 'Misty.' Holloway, Cleanhead and Otis pull some hot solos, and a good time is had by all. This record is subtitled 'Volume One: The Early Show.' Since the late show is usually the better of the two, I look forward to the release of Volume Two.

(Fantasy Records)--John Baxter

FLACO JIMENEZ: *Ay Te Dejo En San Antonio LP*

Grab a cerveza, put up your feet, close your eyes, and slide into Saturday night in Brownsville, Texas! Flaco is the living master of the cheap accordion as played in the conjunto style (Tex-Mex, Norteno, call it what you will) and this disc is as good an entry point as any into this lively dance music. Polkas ('Texas Two Step'), boleros, rancheros and waltzes provide the basic rhythms for Flaco to pour his hot and spicy playing over. Assisted by Toby Torres on bajo sexto (an oversized twelve string guitar), Henry Ojeda on bass and Isaax Garcia on drums, Flaco wails away, his style much different than other, more traditional, players. His solos borrow from blues and other related musics and his rhythmic feel is closer to rock and blues. The title cut (written by Flaco's deceased father), has been covered by Los Lobos on their premier EP, giving this music a much needed visibility. The harmonized vocals by Flaco and Toby are raw, but pleasant. A guest shot by George Ramirez features his great fiddle (listen to that tone!). This stuff may be an acquired taste, but it won't take much with a reasonably open mind and ear to get you off your seat and movin'. (Arhoolie Records)--Brian White

JAMES P. JOHNSON *Ain'tcha Got Music LP*

James P. Johnson, known as the 'father of stride piano', bridged the gap between ragtime and swing. A dazzling virtuoso who was usually the star at Harlem rent parties (where he invariably outswung the competition), Johnson was better known in later years as the teacher of Fats Waller; few realized that he was the composer of the 'Charleston'. *Ain'tcha Got Music* consists of previously unissued James P. He is heard as a soloist and with all-star bands from 1944-7. Best of all are three privately recorded solos from 1949, his last recordings. The technical quality is not always flawless on these rare transcripts but Johnson is in splendid form. Joyful music from an innovator. (Pumpkin Productions)--Scott Yanow

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON: *In Concert with the Dub Band LP*
All these tunes appear elsewhere on other LKJ records, BUT for those who are not in possession of the complete works of the master of 'truth and rights' dub poetry; those who would like to hear him with his live (London 1984) band led by bassman Dennis Bovell (who also did the remix); those who would like to hear his unaccompanied recitations of 'Five Nights of Bleeding' and 'New Cross Massahkah'; and those who would like to ponder his thoughtful stage introductions to the music which fill in the political context in which the poems were originally written--this is it! (Shenachie Records)--Ron Sakolsky

JUNGLE STUDS LP

Members of Dead Kennedys, Flipper, Sluglords (plus two newcomers) branch out with an album that is solid rock 'n' roll rather than some punk-hardcore-metal fusion. Granted, there are some D.K.-styled scathing political indictments, as in 'My Beloved Infidels' (American imperialism skewered) or 'You Are The News' ('...nuclear blast! All this shit will kill you fast!'). But lyrical concerns also include a healthy dose of Prince-styled lust and good ol' pussy huntin', delivered sometimes crudely but frequently cleverly enough to raise a smile on most faces. I mean, whattaya expect from a bunch of musicians who dress up in loin cloths and call themselves Jungle Studs, anyway? The music? Well, there's quirky hi-tech guitar pop ('All The Girls In The World', not very original, tho). A few riff-heavy glam-rock crunchers work okay ('Can You Feel It', 'Stella', 'Delusion'). One track succeeds as a funky dancefloor twister and comes complete with a timbale/conga break ('I Want To Stop It Now'). But too many of the tunes are simply average metal fodder, with perhaps a jazzy guitar solo or rhythmic surprise to hook the listener but nothing that really sticks with you. A thousand spandex bands are doing similar stuff--admittedly, not without the Studs' great sense of humor--and it will take more than hip credentials and obvious talent to provoke a return visit on my part. And yeah, I bought my copy long before a promo arrived. (Alternative Tentacles)--Fred Mills

GARY KAHN: *Turn Around C-90*

This is a very well-recorded tape from 1985, containing songs that were written as early as 1976. Kahn's major influences seem to come from late sixties and early seventies pop, particularly John Lennon. Kahn is an extremely talented musician and has constructed an inviting cassette. The tape comes with a generous book of lyrics

and photos. The book itself is reminiscent of Lou Reed's *Berlin*, but the overall result is reassuring, not depressing. The music is nicely arranged and reaches for an optimism *Berlin* left uninvited. Some appropriate atmospheric pieces weave in and out of tracks, not as mere filler but as links of changing moods. A masterwork of sorts. (Human Bean Productions)--Tom Burris

KALAHARI SURFERS: *Living in the Heart of the Beast LP*

A very subliminal messages? I believe so. Warric Sony is a young man living in South Africa who has created an album of very visual music. 'Dance of the Young Fascists' a suite of pieces, starts in an afro-beat style with vocals a la Frank Zappa. Then, through a series of cleverly combined found sound collages and musical interludes, they march through the psychology of the turmoil which is South Africa. The music is sophisticated, complex Pop, with plenty of dance rhythms. It is almost attractive, except for the extreme ugliness of its persistent subject matter (hard to avoid if you live in Johannesburg). '...down the Golden Highway, too many stray bullets and stones breaking through the windscreens of lives, our segregated lives' (from 'Safety Seat'). Fascinating use of studio trickery and editing of found sound (i.e., excerpts from P. W. Botha speeches, dialogue from bad South African films, etc.), creating levels of meaning with the use of extremely rich source material. They present a white perspective of the scene, from the history of conquest, to the use of propaganda and censorship that exists today. In addition, two appropos covers are included: 'These Boots Are Made for Walking' and 'Bad Moon Rising'. (Recommended Records)--AO

THOMAS KARDAS: *Right Belief C-45*

Dreamy echo-laden sketches with a 'home' new age feel. Fancily-crafted Performance-Arty tape loops, ethereal voices, space guitar, honkin sax and Bongo. A warm, personable sound. --Frank Gunderson

KILKENNY CATS: *Hands Down LP*

Yes, the Kilkenny Cats are from Athens. Yes, the R.E.M. influence is evident. No, they're not clones. Supposedly they all got into Fairport Convention and Kiss, then decided to form a band. Athens would be the perfect place to balance that out, huh? The Cats' tunes are simultaneously happy and sad, with droning vocals uplifted by grinding guitar work and lively tempos. Actually it's the guitar work on this album that really shines. Good stuff. (Coyote Records)--Tom Burris

TROY KIMBER: *Are you Hendrixed? C-60*

Space-jam grunch guitar churns malevolently in overdrive through time and space sorta like a demon from hell. The drum bangs slowly. There is no place to hide. --Frank Gunderson

TROY KIMBER EXPERIENCE C

The concept here is an enthusiastic and wild electric guitar ride with max tripped out zoomed and phased effects, the song goes on and on. The recording quality is horrible (way too low) and the new added use of electronic rhythm devices and a bass doesn't rescue the overworked concept very often. There are no song titles, the flow consists of short bits that fade up then out after several minutes ornaments; the cover is original and hand colored. Just a guess, but perhaps every tape is different. I'd like to hear more of a variety of sounds here; but it's good to make tapes of jams for yourself. --Robin James

THE KINETICS: *'Hey La La Lee! Take a Train'*

The A side is a calypso-flavored ditty that is nice enough but would undoubtedly grate after a dozen listens. The flip is a rockabilly-flavored ditty that really cooks, even after a dozen listens. (Etiquette Records)--Lang Thompson

ALBERT KING: *The Lost Session LP*

More times than not when I see an album in the store that touts the discovery of long lost tapes I quickly drop the record and head to the next aisle. If they were lost all this time they probably deserve their fate; throwaway sessions where the jams are endless but without direction. But enough of that. THIS ALBUM IS THE EXCEPTION. Recorded in 1971 under the direction of John Mayall and one of the better horn sections to grace any Blues album, *Lost Session* is a must have for King fans in particular and Blues fans in general. We have Ernie Watts on tenor, Clifford Solomon on alto and tenor, and Blue Mitchell on trumpet. We have John Mayall on Hammond and harp. I have always enjoyed Mayall best for his organ playing. There isn't a clinker on the entire disc. I am glad the folks at Stax/Fantasy found this gem and made it available to us. It is fifteen years in the

making but well worth the wait. But I still hope to hear more of Albert King circa 1986 soon. (Stax Records)--Dale Knuth

B.B. KING: *The Unexpected...Instrumental B.B. King...Just Guitar LP*

In essence, the reputation of B.B. King was based on his great blues guitar playing, not his singing. His guitar even has a name, Lucille, and a song dedicated to it. His singing was more a hook for the audience, though over time it became quite expressive in its own right. This album is devoted exclusively to instrumentals and in that sense, showcases King's uniqueness. Yes, his guitar can carry an album by itself and is the epitome of blues feeling, with a jazzman's technical sophistication. Watch out, though, for the confusing, and perhaps deceptive, liner notes. First, they underline that these tracks have been 'never before released', then in small print below say that 'the album contains previously released material'. Unfortunately, no information is given on dates, personnel, and other useful facts. Nevertheless, the album is satisfying and makes one hungry for a real new one. (Kent Records)--Steven Moffic

KINGFISH: *Alive in '85 LP*

Since this isn't a concert recording, the title apparently refers to the fact that the band is still around and kicking. Only that would be hard to prove on the evidence of this album. Do we really need tedious covers of 'Dancing in the Streets', 'Holy Cow' and 'Statesboro Blues'? Surprisingly, the most effective track is also the only original, 'Rumor at the Honky Tonk'. This country-tinged ballad shows a little life and emotion; too bad it was a fluke. (Relix Records)--Lang Thompson

GUY KLUCEVSEK: *Blue Window C-45*

This solo accordion release lays to rest, once and for all, any argument over the instrument's ability to transcend its own stereotypes. In addition to his own composition's Klucevsek's choice of material ranges from Strauss' 'Blue Danube Waltz' (which receives an intentionally off-kilter reading) to John Zorn; also represented are

'...the vibratory tension created by the sustained tones of four overdubbed accordions becomes an absorbing demonstration of acoustical science.'

Lois V. Vierk and Pauline Oliveros, herself an enthusiastic advocate of new music for accordion. Zorn's 'Roadrunner' is a real workout for the performer, with its abrupt movement between dynamic extremes and sheer density of aural information, including snippets of TV themes and other musical Americana. To describe Klucevsek's 'Toronto (Sevenths)' as a drone piece is an oversimplification; the vibratory tension created by the sustained tones of four overdubbed accordions becomes an absorbing demonstration of acoustical science. Also scored for four accordions, Lois V. Vierk's 20-minute 'Manhattan Cascade,' a Klucevsek commission, reveals an impressive understanding of the instrument and its techniques, and is especially interesting for its attention to the spatial relationships between different musical elements. The possibilities suggested by Klucevsek's cassette are many; hopefully other composers will be encouraged by his example. (Zorn Records)--Dennis Rea

DAGMAR KRAUSE: *Supply & Demand; Songs by Brecht/Weill & Eisler LP*

Dagmar Krause, the former singer with Henry Cow and the Art Bears, presents traditional renditions of cabaret songs: lyrics by Bertolt Brecht, and music by Kurt Weill or Hans Eisler. Brecht worked from 1918 to 1956, creating pieces encompassing his 'Theory of Epic Theatre' (an objective, didactic theatre). Brecht's art was at the service of society--in particular, the dispossessed--producing strong statements about life's injustices. Not being a Brecht-ophile, I cannot say how this interpretation stacks up with a long line of others. I can say, however, that these are not museum pieces. Krause breathes life into these timeless pieces with every refrain. She is assisted by a small orchestra, including Richard Thompson on guitars and banjo, all under the musical direction of Jason Osborn. They do Brecht/Weill's most famous songs: 'Alabama Song' and 'Morit' ('Mack The Knife'). There are some 14 others, written between 1928 and 1942 that show off both composers to good advantage. Krause sends out the word: Brecht lives! (Hannibal

Records)--AO

JAROSLAV KRCEK: *Raab LP*

Czech composer Krcek offers us a sort of 'opera' that the liner notes refer to as a 'psychodramatic representation of an Old Testament theme' (loosely based on the Fall of Jericho--a story with obvious reverberations for the Czech people). It's a moody, at times histrionic and

'It's a moody, at times histrionic and angst-ridden, at times evocative work for nine voices--often employing extended vocal techniques alongside straight narration and sprechstimme (text in both Czech and a specially created artificial language)...

angst-ridden, at times evocative work for nine voices--often employing extended vocal techniques alongside straight narration and sprechstimme (text in both Czech and a specially created artificial language)--realizing a graphic notation score, accompanied by musique concrete assemblages. Though this 1970-71 work is well-structured and certainly seethes with undertated tensions, there is nothing here to surprise listeners who've been around the block once or twice. Zdenek Barborka provided the libretto. (Recommended Records)--J. Stacey Bishop

KRONOS QUARTET: *Music of Bill Evans LP*

The art set's favorite chamber group has ventured into the realm of jazz once again, with somewhat indifferent results. The first round had them interpreting the music of Thelonius Monk, to wide acclaim. What distinguished that effort were Tom Darter's angular arrangements that seemed to complement Monk's own rhythmic idiosyncrasies so well. The arrangements here (Darter again) take the already placid Evans and turn his music into wallpaper. The participation of long time Evans associates Eddie Gomez and Jim Hall adds some luster, especially Hall's improvisation on 'Turn Out the Stars', but their presence on the whole seems almost gratuitous, as if added to lend authority to the project. I have the feeling that Kronos made this recording in response to the urging of producer Orrin Keepnews and not out of their own need. The music is pleasant enough but never startling. So guys, who's next, Ornette? (Landmark Records)--Steve Hahn

AKEMI KUNIYOSHI-KUHN: *Handscapes LP*

Akemi Kuniyoshi-Kuhn and company have turned in one of the most exciting LPs of piano trio music I've heard

'She digs in, exploring the keyboard from top to bottom, from delicate pastel shadings to all-stops-out torrents.'

in some time. Although classically trained, her inventions are shorn of academic prissiness. She digs in, exploring the keyboard from top to bottom, from delicate pastel shadings to all-stops-out torrents. Helping her out are bassist Marcio Mattos and percussionist Eddie Provost. Mattos is a HARD bass player. He's all over the fretboard. But he's also a listening musician and doesn't try to dominate the proceedings. Drummer Prevost is one of

Make Contact!

Check out the address index toward the back of the magazine!

the pioneers of free improvisation in Britain. He was a founding member of AMM, the premier British improvising group, with roots back to 1965. He brings his subtle yet virtuosic technique to the music providing both coloring and propulsive drive. The three create open-ended improvisations that stand up with the best of post-1960 piano trio music. I hope there's a second installment. (Leo Records)--R. Iannopollo

LA MUERTE: *Peep Show* EP

Some phone-sex, three live songs and a studio cover of Pink Floyd's 'Lucifer Sam' from this interesting Belgium group. I read somebody's review of this band that referred to them as 'god'. Ummm...well, imagine a bastard child of Nick Cave fronting a Bauhaus/blues mutated band. Very good music, tons of energy and little boredom, and the Floyd cover really burns with crazy guitar but...the vocals become a bit too much after even a few songs. He always sings in a low hoarse scream and it begins to feel a bit forced at times. Not god...not my god. (Soundwork)--Lawrence Crane

THE LAST DRIVE: *Underworld Shakedown* LP

Thrashing, bashing garage sounds, with guttural, affected vocals moaning amongst the wall of noise, have been spewing forth from all over the globe, but it still came as quite a surprise to see this one surfacing from Greece. It is no better (or worse) than most of this genre, but the fascination for 60's American/British R&B-inspired rock that The Last Drive exhibit is somehow more endearing. It is great to hear them 'reclaim' the Mediterranean-influenced surf traditional 'Misirlou.' The real screamer is their version of 'Blue Moon,' which strolls along for seven-and-a-half minutes with a guitar-hook lifted from Television and a glory of fuzz and feedback. At least these guys had the inspiration to cover 'Blue Moon,' and not just another cut from the PEBBLES catalogue. (Hitch-Hyke Records)--Scott Jackson

LA'S WASTED YOUTH: *Get Out Of My Yard* EP

Faceless 'corporate rock' or faceless 'hardcore.' What's the difference? This EP's full of low energy 'core with metal tinges and poorly suited production and thoughtless bland lyrics. There's really no need for the underground scene to be as dull as the rest of the world. Wake up! (Editor's Note: A new remixed version of this LP was recently released.) (Open Circle)--Lawrence Crane

LAWNDALE: *Beyond Barbeque* LP

Junk culture presented in the guise of sonic, crystalline instrumentals. Three guitars and drums. The beat of the surf, the thrill of espionage double-features, and the spectacle of WHEEL OF FORTUNE. This may be a goof, but it is serious fun. The instrumentals are all polished chrome, shimmering in their clean, singular boldness. Still, this is junk after all. It makes good listening while you wash the car, but essentially this stuff is so disposable. As top 40 radio has so completely established, some junk culture is very addictive, and Lawn-dale does have one bit of fluff that begs to be played over and over again, called 'The Story of Vanna White.' Oh, yes, the cover is great. (SST)--Scott Jackson

THE LEAD: *Return Fire* C

WILD evangelical hardcore. They've the same melodicism as English '77 bands with the added speed of post-'81 punk. The two guys here, guitarist Julio Rey and drummer Robbie Christie, sing with frenzied intensity tantamount to caged bulldogs. Bassist Nina Llopis has Debbie Harry influence, only far tougher than the Blondie chanteuse will ever be. Songs are bluntly-worded praise and exhortation in most cases. Lengths range from under two to over four minutes, as in the epic 'Death of a Gunfighter' (also a couple of tapes by Rey's other band, the Visitors). There are a couple of political allusions here, mostly ambiguous enough to have you wondering whether they voted for Ronnie but otherwise, this gnarls TOUGH!

THE LEAVING TRAINS: *Kill Tunes* LP

At first, this didn't seem too impressive but as it turns out, that's certainly not the band's fault. After an endless stream of groups trying to win originality awards, somebody making no-frills rock can sound deceptively tame. Shows how simple-minded overworked critics can be for The Trains have this rock thing down to a rough, grinding art. Check out 'Black' or 'She's Looking at You' if you want snotty guitar blasts or 'Warning Track' or 'Light Rain' for softer but no less effective work. Proof that you shouldn't rely on first impressions. (SST)--Lang Thompson

LEFT AS IS: *Burden Of The Beat* LP

Independently produced Pop that sounds like so many

other things it leaves little impression. Naive and premature, a classic example of how technology can put people on vinyl before they are ready. The music is thin, most songs consisting of vocals, synthesizer and drum machine, occasionally containing guitar and sax. The sound is full of treble and weak-kneed, and the lack of full instrumentation does little to remedy the situation. The musicians are competent--and consistently bland. This two-record set revolves around a loose, stream of consciousness story told by Mark, a struggling rocker. From rehearsal to concert, we follow his band 'Left As Is', in a series of verbose narratives and transcribed dialogues with others. One irony is that the band in the story is so complete, with a drummer, three guitars and keyboards, yet, this lineup is so eminently lacking of the record. I hate to be so critical of something with obviously had so much work put into it. Nothing here moved me. (Thump Records)--AO

THE LEFT BANKE: *Strangers on a Train* LP

When the Left Banke regrouped in 1980 it was without the benefit of leader/mastermind Michael Brown. Considering how such 'comebacks' usually work out, that may not have made a difference but in light of this album's mediocrity The Left Banke needs any help they can get. The soft pop-rock harkens back, unsurprisingly, to the Sixties but is exactly the type of material that sustains many a MOR artist's career. Only next to this Christopher Cross and Air Supply sound like geniuses. (Relix Records)--Lang Thompson

LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES LP

If you thought you didn't like indigenous folk music of any kind, this may be the record that will change your mind. Folk music on 4AD you ask? This euphonious, luscious, haunting, sensuous and absolutely captivating music fits in perfectly with their profile. The songs are sung (mostly a cappella) by a chorus of young, untrained Bulgarian women. The vocal sonorities and stylizations invite comparisons with the Cocteau Twins' Elizabeth Fraser or Lisa Gerrard of Dead Can Deance, both 4AD artists. There is a piquant flavor to the Bulgarian musical heritage, though most of the arrangements are marmonically quite lush, rich and sophisticated. As one might expect from a song tradition, the melodies, when sung by a singular voice, are often embellished and ornamented in a manner that recalls music of the East, adding to the music's exotic flavor. However, there is enough in common with Western music that it is not alienating. Rather, it is a compelling music that will capture your heart. (4AD)--Dean Suzuki

L'EPONGE SYNTHETIQUE: *Neiges Et Amours Romantiques* C

Fourteen moody, hypnotic songs just to the left of the 4AD school of ambience. L'eponge have a clear musical vision behind these quietly nervous pieces, enabling them to transcend their genre. Instead of remaining within the borders of a groove, the instruments here function independently as well. On several pieces, the guitar plays what could pass as a separate piece of music (often in a different time signature), yet fits so seamlessly into the overall sound that its deviation remains unnoticed until a piece's end. Effects, however, are often used carelessly. The harmonized voice in particular seem so out of place and self-conscious. This is a very impressive cassette from a group with enormous potential for growth. (Illusion Production)--Brook Hinton

LERNEN FIVE: *Submusic* C

Tape #5 in a series. Says here 'The texts in this magazine bring a specific analysis of the activity of creation under the angle of the crevistic theory of the dispersion of reality.' Uh, yeah. Tape contains radio interviews in French with English translations explaining the Submusic defraction structure theory. Urban jungle sounds clanking, banging and howling in the background combine to create an altogether cryptic experience. (Illusion Productions)--Frank Gunderson

LE SYNDICAT: *Delikatessen* C

The cover photo of what looks like somebody's mouth being tortured, or at least operated on, and that's a good indication of what's on the tape--white hot industrial sounds. Four compositions make up the tape and they all basically sound the same. Sources used are radio noise, high-pitched electronic sound and vocal screams. The best moment comes at the end of the tape, with what sounds like a folk song being heavily distorted. There are some pops and crackles in the tape which shouldn't be there, and it is recorded rather quietly (which might well be a plus). (Le Syndicat)--Douglas Bregger

LE SYNDICAT: *L'Arme de Force* C-60

Forget music you play to get out of your lease, this tape can be used to rezone the entire neighborhood. This is primal screamin', hyper-distorted, body shaking machine

'I played this tape on Halloween night and found that several of the folks who stopped by wouldn't even allow their children to accept candy from me.'

noise without even the slightest intrusion of either melody or rhythm. Perhaps the most appropriate term for this would be music concrete, but only if you have in mind the kind of concrete you put around someone's shoes before sending them for a cold plunge into the East River. I played this tape on Halloween night and found that several of the folks who stopped by wouldn't even allow their children to accept candy from me. This is a welcome addition to any deviant's sound effects library, as well as a good way to rid yourself of that pesky high frequency hearing range. (Le Syndicat)--Eric Iverson

BERTRAM LEUV/PETER OSTROUSHKO: *First Generation* LP

Could the not-so-common squeeze box be the next 'hot' instrument? This recording features the concertina, a small version of the accordion, played by Bertram Levy. His is accompanied by Peter Ostroushko on mandolin and fiddle, Mark Rasmussen on guitar and Tom Carroll on upright bass. The group plays various folk tunes from different regions in Europe, as well as areas of the USA and Canada where transplanted musical styles have taken root and produced new variants. The overall sound is vaguely reminiscent of the groups led by Norman Blake, but the influences are different (Blake's is Southern and Anglo; Levy and Ostroushko's is Eastern European). The blend between regions of dissimilar musical style is successful due to the use of similar instrumentation from cut to cut, even these instruments may not be native to the area. This technique unifies the sound of the LP and eliminates the possibility of a forced eclecticism. The 'reedy' quality of the concertina makes it an familiar solo voice (like a clarinet or harmonica) that mixes well with a mandolin or fiddle. Unfortunately, the bass was not loud enough and the guitar was only used as a rhythm instrument, not a solo voice it would have been a welcome addition, even if only to state the melody of the tune). These are minor quibbles--this recording of 'ethnic chamber music' would be appreciated by many fans of the 'Windham Hill' school as well as folkies of any stripe. (Flying Fish Records)--Brian White

MEL LEWIS & FRIENDS: *Gettin' Together* LP

My Mel Lewis discography lists this session's date as 1958 and notes that its first release was 'unauthorized'. That may mean that the drummer didn't get paid, or it may refer to the less-than-optimal production--five of the nine tracks are under 3 minutes, meaning less extended soloing; playing time is 35 minutes; Philly Joe Jones is also listed as drummer but we have to guess which cuts; recording quality sounds more like early fifties than late. All that having been said, the music is just fine--energetic bebop with the rhythm section rounded out by Paul Moer (piano) and the great Paul Chambers (bass), and the main soloists being the double tenor saxes of Bill Perkins and J. R. Monterose. The contrast between Perkins' Lester Young (via Stan Getz and others) influence and Monterose's Sonny Rollins-inspired sound makes for interesting and enjoyable listening. (Vee Jay)--Bart Grooms

LEX: *We're All Ghosts From The Future* C46

Fred Mitchem is Lex, the composer of songs based around minimal, mid-tempo drum beats with sontrived, over-processed vocals and lots of guitars. The songs are okay, nothing innovative, but seem sterile, maybe if they were played by a real band they'd have more life. The downfall is the bad vocals and endless guitar solos (some songs are all guitar solos). 'Before The Thunder' is the best track, atmospheric echoed guitar work with a nice feel, but most of this tape just wanks too much. (Scartaris)--Lawrence Crane

LIL' ED & THE BLUES IMPERIALS: *Roughhousing LP*

Lil' Ed and the Blues Imperials have yet to establish themselves as a regular part of the Chicago blues scene. Recently, however, they've started to play more often and to attract some media attention. This recording features the band doing eleven songs (mostly original) recorded during one brief three hour session. For that reason it certainly reflects the brand and quality of blues this band does live. With Lil' Ed at the helm on slide guitar and vocals you'll hear the obvious influence of raw straight-ahead bluesmen such as Muddy Waters or Elmore James. The band has chosen an obviously unrefined style and intentionally steers clear of the more polished and clean-cut sound of recent work by Albert Collins, Son Seals and Buddy Guy. The songs won't grab you and keep you dancing all night long, but generally the album achieves some success. Ed proves himself competent at vocals and slide although he doesn't exactly shine at either. The rhythm section plays credible and solid backing. With a little effort you can have fun with this album. I'll be waiting for the next one and will keep listening until then. (Alligator)--B. Halker

LMNOP: *Elemen Opee Elpee LP*

Quirky, melodic, rhythmic pop-rock. Take one part early Feelies, then mix in equal parts of Three O'Clock, Tom Petty and the Clash. There's a lot to digest here--15 songs ranging from the majestic pop of 'Y?' to the psychedelic ambience of 'Kalidoscope' to the frenetic jumpiness of 'Sandwich Time For Smaller Children'. Strong vocals (often with harmony) and good musicianship, borderlining on innovation, make it hard to keep off the turntable. (Baby sue)--Brad Bradberry

MISHA LOBKA SEXTET: *Rituals LP*

This Paris based group led by Misha Lobka on various clarinets seems an outgrowth of AACM and New York loft jazz of the seventies. There is a sparse ensemble sound with a great deal of attention paid to contrasting string, horn and percussive textures. What distinguishes the sextet's music from these worthy contexts seems to be an allegiance to the melancholy early music of Arnold Schoenberg and Alban Berg. The group's lyricism harks more strongly back to Pierre Lunare than Joseph Jarman. Most haunting is 'Ritual III', a musical setting for an Anna Akhmatova poem declared in a strong voice by Lobka. The music swirls in and through this poem and does something magically more than merely provide a modernist and densely atmospheric setting. Lobka is an outstanding clarinetist with a broad stylistic range and percussionist Le Quan Ninh is also full of surprising tonal colors. My only complaint about the album is that the four original compositions maintain an unrelenting depressive attack making this ideal soundtrack music for a film about the last days of Van Gogh or Artaud. (Leo Records)--Norman Weinstein

LONE COWBOYS: *Voodoo Dolls and Cadillac Fins LP*

A heavy metal/pub rock band, with a trace of Gene Loves Jezebel's drama. Very live-sounding (almost bootleg quality) recording, very raw and very raunchy. There isn't a moment of respite, and the cover of 'You Light Up My Life' is delightful. They have quite a bit to say, and were it not for the marginal sound, they'd be getting their points across. (Caroline Records)--Steve Jones

THE LYRES: *Lyres Lyres LP*

I have a feeling this is one Jeff Connolly's been thinking about making for at least ten years or so. With what is probably the longest-running, solidest Lyres line-up in history he's recorded and produced one of the great events of 1986. Lots of lead instruments here, mixed raw and dry. And the songs! Two covers originally by The (Swedish) Outsiders in addition to the Alarm Clock's great 'No Reason To Cry', combined with a ballad version of 'She Pays The Rent' that cuts the ep version and five other J.C. originals provide serious rockin' enjoyment. The old 'play at high volume' shtick applies here (as if you need to be told). The vocals are strong and expressive, the guitar, bass, drums and whatever Connolly chooses to pick up and rattle or pound create a sonic wall previous Lyres wax only hinted at. Yeah, its got that sixties feel and all, but this is a band that's always built on tradition, and never so much as on *Lyres Lyres*. (Ace Of Hearts)--Justin Kaminski

KEITH McDONALD: *Waiting LP*

MacDonald's second LP finds him leading a trio. His first was an LP of solo piano. While that LP was good, it lacked a certain drive. That situation is rectified here with the addition of bassist Michael Moore and drummer

Akira Tana. They tackle a wide variety of material including Ellington's 'I'm Gonna Go Fishing', two Monk classics, pop standards ('Come Saturday Morning') and, in tribute to his friend and stylistic mentor, Bill Evans, 'We Will Meet Again'. MacDonald seems more relaxed on this date and his humor comes across much more. Certain parts of 'All Of Me' feature barrelhouse-like turns of phrases. The Ellington blues is graced with an incongruous pentatonic motif. Mention should be made of the title track, the one original. It's a melancholy piece with a drifting, unusually harmonized line. This, coupled with the one original from the earlier solo LP ('Alice's Palaces') shows MacDonald to be an interesting composer. Too bad he isn't more prolific. (Landmark Records)--R. Iannapolo

MAHOTELLA QUEENS: *Izibani Zomgqashiyo LP*

This quartet consists of four South African women with various male vocalists (called 'groaners') who engage in a lively call-and-response with the women. Something of the punch of early R&B and zydeco influences this bounding and bouncy music, even a wry bit of Motown. Their voices possess a sophisticated yet never too slick lilt. Their backing musicians make you want to jump up and dance. No translations are provided so whatever these twelve brief numbers mean is anyone's guess. I'd like to imagine these songs are about keeping the joyous appreciation of simply being young and fully alive while facing an uncertain tomorrow. One of the best introductions to the rich world of South African pop available in the US. (Shanachie Records)--Norman Weinstein

DAVE MALLETT: *Vital Signs LP*

These simple songs are played with warmth and a light touch. There is charm in the simplicity, but the slightness of it all wears thin after repeated listens. The band and the production (Jim Rooney, who also produces Nanci Griffith and John Prine) are first-rate. Mallett has a warm voice that can be gruff or sweet, but it lacks fire and commitment. His songwriting is his strongest suit. He writes compact, incisive lyrics which cover the conventional subjects of country music. But, this is a confined and confining talent with little sense of outreach. (Flying Fish Records)--Scott Jackson

MALLIFE #10 C60

Excerpts from a fanzine about US and its preoccupation with enclosed shopping centers. On here there are only two real 'songs', the rockabilly 'At The Mall' by Rich Hardesty and 'mall Mall MALL' by Hardest and Al Perry. The rest are essays, monologues, poetry and rants not only about malls but nuclear paranoia, disillusionment of

'The 26 pieces here could very well represent American life in this decade, with its tales of hopeless woe, desperation and mental disease.'

the American Dream, rampant media-induced consumerism and other depressing subjects. Much of the accompanying music sounds as if it were produced on one of those cheesy spinet organs with built-in rhythm sections and harmonies. It works to good effect on much of the tape, where the organ become symbolic of the pre-packaged, junk culture that permeates malls. The 26 pieces here could very well represent American life in this decade, with its tales of hopeless woe, desperation and mental disease. There are instances of sick humor but there is no farce here. You may laugh but you'll definitely have a glum(mer) feeling about society by tape's end. Touching. (Bomb Shelter Propaganda)--Jamie Rake

MARIAN: *Ballad For The Unborn C*

For my money, the coolest anti-termination song around is the Warning's 'Abortion Is Murder' but this tape of 8 songs will do just fine for oldsters and those with a fondness for snazzy Mexi-Spanish horn. Marian Waesche says just about everything one can manage in the course of a side of a tape, and she strains the point a bit when she tells us to keep sending money to Africa but not to kill babes in the USA. Whether you agree with her on the issue or not, credit must be given to her for creating mellow music that's too depressing for the 'be happy, God loves you!' Christian MOR radio. Some guy who sounds like B. J. Thomas helps her out on a couple cuts, too (but B. J. its not). Blackhouse's 'Pro-Life' this ain't, but neither is it oozing of dreck like Melody Green's 'Fight The Right'. (My reaction to the issue is that we

ought to restructure the economics of the nation in order that fewer femmes will want to do away with their fetuses.) This may not change your mind but it makes for mellow music that doesn't nauseate. (Morningstar Music)--Jamie Rake

COLE MARQUIS: *Alone In A Room #1 C*

The title of this tape describes the music perfectly. Folk style guitar accompanies vocals sung in a near monotone. Included is a cover of Sonic Youth's 'I Love Her All The Time'. I don't know if the other songs are originals or not as there are no writing credits. (D.I.W.)--Brent Godfrey

WARNE MARSH & SUSAN CHEN LP

Veteran tenor Warne Marsh teams up in a set of duets with pianist Susan Chen, one of Lennie Tristano's last students. It's funny how all of Lennie's pupils ended up sounding like him although Chen has a lighter touch. The 15 relatively brief tracks (all but one is less than 4 minutes long) are themselves explorations of common chord changes, thinly disguised by the titles (for example 'Strike Out', 'Strike Up The Band' and 'Marvelous Words-Too Marvelous For Words'), with the composer credits somewhat dishonestly given to March & Chen. But there is nothing dishonest about the high quality of the boppish improvisations. My complaint is the lack of any solos (excepting Chen on 'Skylark') but the duets are consistently stimulating. (Interplay Records)--Scott Yanow

JAMES MARSHALL & ENSEMBLE: *Illuminations C46*

Despite the note 'all selections composed by James Marshall', this sounds like free improvisation to me. Marshall's saxes and flute are accompanied by drummer Frank Micheaux and percussionist Jay Zelenka. All three are competent players, but being the only pitched instrument places a burden on the leader, one which he is not able to carry. The music is meandering and unfocused. (Esfoma)--Mark Sullivan

MARZIDOVSEK: *Brutal/Minimal C46*

OK, let's look at both sides of the story. On one side, we have Mario Marzidovsek, creator of MML (Marzidovsek Minimal Systems), the only non-profit distributor of alternative music in Yugoslavia. He attempts to promote Yugoslavian music through compilations and releases. On the other hand, we have this tape, *Brutal/Minimal*, which is as typical harsh, electronic genericism as you can get. Grinding noise that roars through your speakers with no real sense of purpose, except to show you that your speakers are in stereo. The second side shows development with the feedback toned down and incidental sounds creeping inside but it's nothing great. This release dates back to 1983, so one can only hope that his music has grown in the past three years. (Mario Marzidovsek or X-Kurzhein Music)--AMK

ARNOLD MATHES: *Blindspot C*

In pseudo-literary style, we are taken, this time to the Blindspot. Arnold makes illusions to the need, I think, to look inside our minds and understand our ability to be less than we thought, all through self-imposed mental hibernation. This time Arnold sets the mass of equipment back to 1958 cinema (ie, *The Forbidden Planet*) for an ominous tone that is catchy, but a bit irritating. The selections sometimes employ multiple staccato sequential patterns combined into herky-jerky polyrhythmic structures that are interlaced with his always exceptional found vocals and sci-fi premonitions. Also present are the other moods in which we find a case of mid-paced dirges driven by an incessant pulse and ominous bass rumblings with additional color provided by the mingling of sporadic melodic drones. All in all, and as per Arnold's style, though not pleasant (that's beside the point) is the provision of intelligent and ponderous cryptograms that in this case manage to reach in and pull out a brain cell or two of concentration. (Arnold Mathes)--Nathan Griffith

ARNOLD MATHES: *Infinite Room C*

Synthesizers (approx. 20 synths including an electric guitar and gizmoids) used to create 90 minutes (13 songs) of electronic music. The mood is neon grey rather than either dark or light and moderate (not dominantly fast or slow) in pace. Metal pacing with hovering clock-craft leading the way. Flip it over to find conflicting little alien bands heard in a tube that sort of plays with loosing some of the beat in rever. Rare interruptions to the electronics include some discussion of drilling. Some titles: 'Megazoid', 'I Remember Earth', 'Slow Missiles', 'Did The Dig', 'Alinoid', 'Deadly Men', 'Steam', 'Stumble Into The Light'. It's a lot of interesting tones happening

at once often with an almost concealed rhythm. (Arnold Mather)--Robin James

MAYBE MENTAL: To Cease Burning C

In the anxiety of the darkness, your pace quickens, this is what you hear. Maybe Mental, almost better than any other band has the ability to approximate such a state of apprehension. The formula for this nervous state consists

'Manical electronics and elaborate tape manipulations, together with vocals, striking subliminals and sinister dialogues...'

of a balance of parts. Manical electronics and elaborate tape manipulations, together with vocals, striking subliminals and sinister dialogues--Wagner meets the Swans. Each piece is powerful like a shouting hammer. They are all incredibly lush (in a macabre way), and fully orchestrated with obviously painstaking construction that Maybe Mental manages to disassociate from the thought of identifiable instrumentation, which turns instead to a collection of disenfranchised sounds that congeal into obviously musical intelligence that place themselves in the chest like a failing heart. (Maybe Mental)--Nathan Griffith

THE MAZELTONES: Seattle, Romania C-30

Born again Jewish club-date music from Seattle, competently played and well recorded. Stylistically, this band seems to be caught between trying to stretch out a bit as a hot, musically interesting Klezmer group, and trying to satisfy a rather stereotypical notion of what 'Jewish music' sounds like. Personally, I hope that they can turn off their audiences and families long enough to evolve in the direction of the former--as they have the musical ability to be something more than a local Jewish wedding band. Mark Smason is an excellent trombonist (his mother wrote the liner notes), and some of the material is of more than local interest, like 'tu Madre Cunado Te Pario' and 'Sheyn Vi De Levone'. But on most of the other tunes I find the singing styles affected and the instrumental work replete with tired cliché. It's nice to see Global Village, one of my favorite companies, support-

ing local 'ethnic revival' groups (check out the fabulous work of Susan Norris and Fred Carlson on this same label for example). This kind of support will allow groups like the Mazeltones (can that name!) to grow musically in vital ways, since they will be forced to work to transcend the kind of immediate audience and commercial response that comes from being 'the only game in town'. There is excellent revivalist klezmer out there, the Klezmorim and Andy Statman's band are just two fine examples, and it would be good to see this group set their sights a bit higher. (Global Village Music)--Larry Polansky

DEBBY MCCLATCHY: Someday Cafe LP

Debby McClatchy delivers this set of mostly originals with a warm, steady voice to a live audience at the Coffeehouse Extempore in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Politics and social ills are the topics while the voice and music are gentle and soothing. The words seem to cry for change, but the music feels like all it wants to do is lay a comforting hand on your troubled brow. I like this very much, but it doesn't cut very deep. Someone should play the Minutemen's Three-Way Tie (For Last) for McClatchy. Well, it was just a thought. More practically, it would be good to see McClatchy give-up on such hokum as 'Don't Come Home a'Loving With Venison On Your Truck'. Highpoint: 'Mothers Of Ireland', a bitter-sweet lament that fits McClatchy's voice. The ache sounds real. And, for fun: 'Since I Met You Baby'. (Green Linnet Records)--Scott Jackson

DELBERT MCCLINTON: Honky Tonkin' (I Done Me Some) LP

It seems odd to reviewing a record by Delbert McClinton, a veteran of 25 years in music, for a magazine generally dedicated to new, independent bands, but he's on Alligator Records now, so I guess he qualifies. How long has McClinton been around? Well, it was his harmonica intro on Bruce Chane'l's 1962 classic 'Hey Baby' that inspired the young John Lennon to take up that instrument. The past 10 or 15 years, McClinton's been touring relentlessly and has earned a loyal following in blues and R&B oriented clubs around the country, particularly in his native South. This album, a personally-picked selection from his first 2 LP's for ABC recorded from 1974

to 1976, gives an accurate and exciting sampling of his

'...it was (McClinton's) harmonica intro on Bruce Chane'l's 1962 classic 'Hey Baby' that inspired young John Lennon to take up that instrument.'

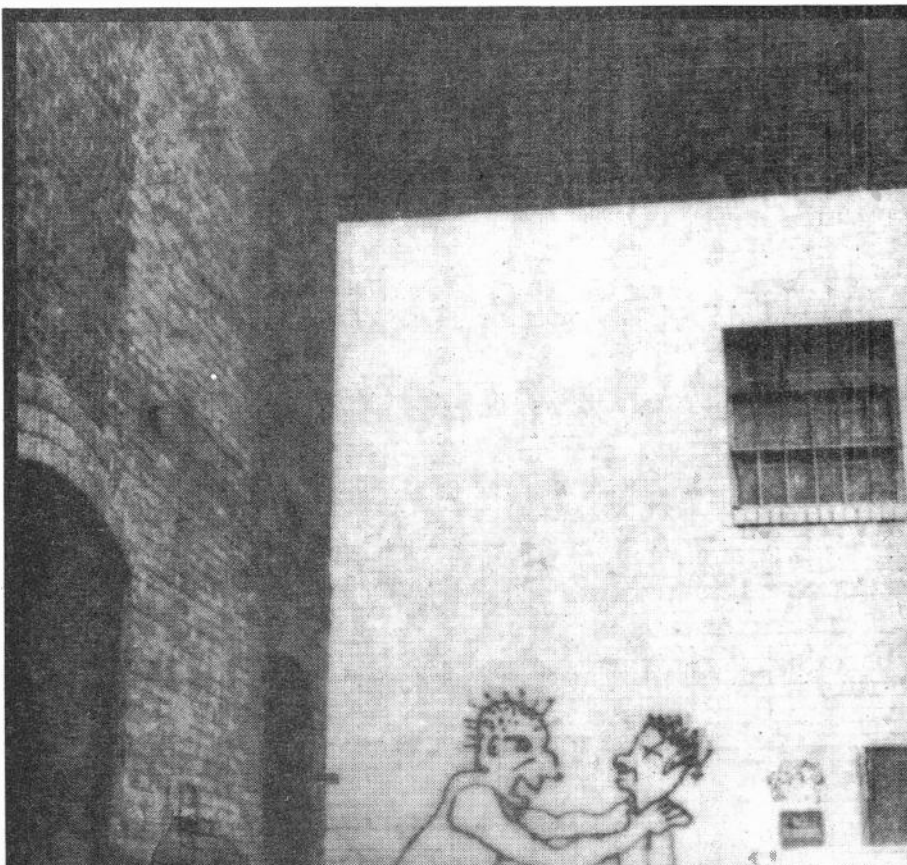
sound, which can be loosely described as Texas roadhouse country-inflected rhythm & blues. His tight, hard-rocking band propels McClinton's soulful singing about life and love's hard knocks and little pleasures, including two of his most well-known compositions, the title tune and 'Two More Bottles of Wine'. The feeling of this record is of a driven, widely experienced man having a hell of a good time with an intensely talented band of country/blues barroom rockers. (Alligator Records)--John Grooms

DANNY MCGINLEY: In Out Time LP

On this first LP McGinley poses an alternative to the Ireland of Yeats and the Irish Rovers. His choice of songs express anger not only at a history full of British betrayal but also anger at the rural poverty that drove immigrants to America. Avoiding the usual jigs and ballads McGinley's soft forceful voice slides through and decorates lyrics by Joyce and folk poets, accompanied by guitar and fiddle or uilleann pipes played with a raw passionate love of each note. Although the lyrics to his two original songs are wordy and lack directness his offbeat selection of traditional tunes and skillful vocals make this a strong debut album that highlights a different Irish tradition. (Bunnan Bui Records)--James Hopkins

JOHN MCLAUGHLIN: Adventures in Radioland LP

Imagine a fusion band that was an absolute delight to listen to, even when no one was soloing, because of the inventive, high quality writing and the collective esprit of the group members. Then imagine some fine, fierce soloing by Bill Evans on saxes and Mitchel Forman on Keyboards, with Danny Gottlieb's drums, sometimes electronically enhanced, kicking everything along exuberantly. Then, imagine John McLaughlin, at the top of his



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form--and that means virtually untouchable--whipping out economical solos (no self-indulgence here) on electric and acoustic guitars, solos that can leave you open mouthed with amazement. This McLaughlin group sounds somehow friendlier than the original, legendary Mahavishnu Orchestra, but it is every bit as satisfying as the original--and perhaps more so. Believe me, folks, it doesn't get much better than this. (Relativity Records)--Bill Tilland

PAUL MCMAHON LP

This is definitely the oddest album I've heard in awhile. McMahon, presumably from NYC, sings and plays guitar--he's joined by a handful of friends who contribute bass, tuba, cello, sax, vocals, percussion and piano. (Last two are by producer-arranger Mark Valenza.) His music's pop, for sure, but so unassuming and varied that pigeonholes are inappropriate. But of course I'll try. Lyrically, McMahon is a sensitive type with lots of musings on love: having it, being wrecked by it, losing it, existential implications of it, metaphors for it. He's got a sharp eye for irony as well, so we can forgive him his taste-lapse in displaying his Krishna (I think) t-shirt in one photo. Musically, expect to find a little bit of everything. Mexican cantina sound in 'Senorita' (with some operatic warbling by Stefanie Congiano as an intro). Hokey-jokey booze-blooze not that far removed from Jimmy Buffet in 'I Thought I Heard You On The Radio'. Fifties dance-hall shuffle-meets-Hank Williams in 'Because I'm A Fool'. Smooth melodic balladeer pop in 'Maybe'. Folk-countryish pop in 'Don't You Cry' (nice twangy guitar sounds in there). Heartrending pain/cello stylings in 'Diamonds'. And more, including the very strange yet soothing 'My Wish', which somehow reminded me of XTC. Not sure exactly how a record label could market McMahon, although he has a warm expressive voice. Maybe it's to his advantage that he can't be pinned down to one particular genre, because there really is a little for everyone on this album. (Neutral)--Fred Mills

MEAT CIRCUS: Sucking the Earth Tit C

Guitar/bass/drums noise jams, heavy on distortion and feedback, and sprinkled with a refreshing jazz twist. Mood music for angry moods. Noise and jazz have a lot to offer each other, and while Meat Circus isn't blazing any trails on this cassette, it's nice to see them working seriously in an area still ripe with unexplored territory. This is sincere, unpretentious and serious music, marred only by muddy sound. Better recording and tape stock could do wonders for it. (No address given)--Brook Hinton

MECHANICAL STERILITY: Black Label Bastard C

Horrible recording quality but this little sucker rocks pretty good. The songs are mostly wild grungy covers of titles like 'Wipe-Out', 'Strange Days', and 'Sex Bomb' with some strange hocus-pocus happening--like voices from tv or whatever mixed in with the singer's howling. Cool man, cool. The package (cover & notes) is hand scrawled with lots of characteristically strange sleazy paragraphs from some trashy tabloids woven into a confusing and usually humorous or shocking effect. (Michael Scafer)--Robin James

MELNE: Vocies and Streams C

Melne's voice is vaguely reminiscent of Patti Smith's throatiness, but far weaker; the vocals here are mixed so murky that it is a strain to listen for them. This creates a feeling of distance from the human element, indeed most of these songs sound like they were devised in the corner of someone's dark room, the composer wearing earphones, totally lost in the pulsing of the music and unable to tell just how boring and indulgent it all sounds. 'Steep Incline' plays with a nice bass run, but the compelling bits through out the tape are so few that they are lost on all but the patient listener. The drum programs and echoes push me over the deep end, though. (Fourth World Ltd)--Kim Knowles

PETER MERGENER/MICHAEL WEISSER: Beam-Scape C

At their worst, synth artists Mergener and Weisser do a credible but routine T. Dream imitation, with pulsing sequencers, tasteful spacey effects and key changes which serve as rudimentary melody lines. But at their best, as on side two, they become a thinking man's T. Dream with moody free-form opening, off-beat rhythmic patterns (a 4/5 pulse on one piece, for example) and some sophisticated melodic counterpoint and layering. 'Shooting Star', at close to 16 minutes, is the tape's standout, and it eloquently demonstrates that Mergener

and Weisser are capable of much more than generic space music. (Innovative Communication)--Bill Tilland

MERZBOW: Live Performance Feb. 86 C

Do you like industrial noise? Do you think society has decayed? Do you think music is for sentimental lightweights? Do you think that anything less than total

'Do you like industrial noise? Do you think society has decayed? Do you think music is for sentimental lightweights? Do you think anything less than total destruction in no commitment at all?'

destruction is no commitment at all? Then you'll thrill to this TOTALLY UNCOMPROMISING tape from the enigmatic Merzbow. Yes, it's an unrelenting recording of loud, uninterrupted static! Even your usual industrial clanks and scrapes are buried well below the noise. Listen closely, become hypnotized and repeat: EVERYTHING SUCKS! EVERYTHING SUCKS! (no further info)--W. Mueller

MERZBOW: With Memorial Gadgets LP

Throughout all four sides for this record this Japanese industrialist presents a wide range of aggressive electronic music. Nothing here sounds remarkably innovative or unusual in light of ten (or thirty) years of this sort of music. Yet, Merzbow's music displays intelligence and sense of composition and improvisational skill. Unlike many groups working in this genre in the West, Merzbow avoids lapses into boredom and self-indulgence. This is dense multi-layered music that demands repeated listening and rewards the open-minded with a fresh experimental approach to strategic noise. I regret that there is very little information about this interesting artist included with the record. (RRRecords)--Glen Thrasher

MIGHTY SAM: Your Perfect Companion EP

The aptly named Mighty Sam turns in some fine blues/R&B performances on his latest EP. A veteran of the Southern blues circuit now working out of New Orleans, Sam McClain knows how to put over a song. Big voiced and soulful, Mighty Sam does an emotional version of Sam Cooke's 'Change is Gonna Come' (love that Hammond B-3!), and rocks out with 'Backstreets' and three others. Good production, tight back-up, strong singing and solid tunes make this an EP to reckon with. Maybe next time we'll be lucky enough to get a full album. (Orleans Records)--Scott Siegal

MULGREW MILLER: Work! LP

Pianist Mulgrew Miller's second LP continues in the same vein as his first--hard driving and swinging piano trio music. The McCoy Tyner influence that permeated that first session is less pronounced and Miller's character comes through much more. The rhythm section of Charney Moffet on bass and Terri Lyne Carrington on drums is perfectly attuned to Miller's style. Carrington is a standout. At times, she can be overpowering as on her backing fills in the vamp section of 'The Sage' but, for the most part, she's a strong asset Miller shows his range from the powerful opener 'Sublimity' to the delicate solo rendition of 'My Man's Gone Now' that closes the LP. Miller delivers another astute selection of originals mixed with underplayed originals by the masters (the title track by Monk and 'Powell's Places' by Bud Powell) and always-worth-hearing standards. (Landmark Records)--R. Iannapolo

MINOY: Circles of Night C

Descriptions of the following aural sculptures: 'Distant Thoughts--spooky, eery, I'm looking over my shoulder, spirits out there in the darkness, calling, calling me. A sound of swirling spirits, swirling, moving, dancing, flowing, moaning, yawning, singing, haunting, calling. European accordion sound, African rhythm, lightly present, almost ambient.' 'Sonatina--surreal Fellini circus film score. The collipe, the clown, the deformed people, I pay to see them. Discordant, anxious, nervous, 'It's crazy, it's crazy!' He laughs and stabs you...in the world of noise and dark. 'Feet on Fire--Conrad Schnitzler's subway tube, bright stark, contrasts, a synthesis of mechanical and organic, hydraulic pumps, squeaky rusty rails of metal grinding machines. The world of Blade Runner. 'Circles of Night--Church organ, a crowd, sounds heard from above the basement of

the opera house. Maybe Hitler's people cheering, maybe the Romans. All moody, sometimes annoying, yet ambient. More intriguing than most work of this type I've heard. (Minoy)--Mark G.E.

MINOY: Taksim C60

This recording consists of two side-long electronic pieces. In Taksim orchestral music pops out of the thick electronic sludge every so often and is electronically treated until it becomes unrecognizable, which leads me to believe that this tape may consist entirely of transformed recordings. Whatever the means, the end result is a dense nearly unchanging, industrial mass of sound. 'Spirits Rising (for T. S.)' is less grating, but only slightly. (Minoy)--Mark Sullivan

MINOY & ZAN HOFFMANN: Sodomy in the Supreme Court Lobby C-60

This tape consists of two long pieces, each taking one side of the tape. Side one is called 'Sodomy in the Supreme Court Lobby'. Side two is called 'SUBDUBMINBLAST'. The basic sound resembles that produced by an unshielded spring reverb unit turned all the way up so that it receives and reverberates radio signals. On top of this 'continuum' of sound have alternating excerpts of jazz, other poorly tuned-in radio broadcasts, and what sounds like a tape of someone speaking. I'm led to believe that they used a stereo receiver as the mixer/edit machine because the excerpts of jazz and whatnot are not layered but rather suddenly interrupt each other accompanied by the sound of a switch. Side two starts out a little more interestingly but soon lapses into the kind of sound outlined above. All of this goes on much too long and one has to wonder why they bothered. (Minoy)--Bruce Christensen

VIN MITCHELL BAND: Out Of The Blue LP

Mitchell's last LP, Pounce, featured his unusual Guitar Madness band (review in Sounc Choice issue #4). While that six-guitar ensemble was a distinctively fresh idea, the same cannot be said for this group. The instrumentation (guitar/keyboards/bass/drums/reeds/vocal) is more conventional, but the music itself is so run-of-the-mill, it's hard to believe the leader is the same as on Pounce. 'Fusion' jazz-rock dominates, with its heavy straight 4/4 drums synth is a major color instrument but doesn't swing much except a little on the samba and bossa nova flavored numbers. The alto player sounds like he worships Dave Sanborn (remember when alto players copied Charlie Parker?). The singer has a nice voice and sure holds a note well but sound emotionally flat here. One gets the distinct impression that in another context (like real jazz, for instance) these guys would be much more interesting to listen to. (Blue Crescent)--Bart Grooms

GEORGE MGRDICHIAN: The Oud C-35

This is a reissue of 1958 recordings by the man the liner notes call 'The World's Foremost Oud Virtuoso'. That he may well be, but the tape is interesting even more for its excellent selection of folk and classical pieces from the Middle East, mostly from Anatolia (a part of Turkey). There are also two from Armenia and one from Greece. The oud is a popular stringed instrument in the Middle East and North Africa from which the European lute derived--it is a perfect vehicle for Mgrdichian's passionate interpretations of these gorgeous melodies which, while somewhat exotic to an American's ear, are not at all hard to listen to and appreciate. Accompaniment is by Robert Mgrdichian on dumbeg (an hour glass-shaped drum) and George's overdrubbed tambourine and occasional second oud. Transferred, apparently from disc, to

'The oud...is a perfect vehicle for Mgrdichian's passionate interpretations of these gorgeous melodies which, while somewhat exotic...are not at all hard to listen to and appreciate.'

Dolby chrome, and well done, too, only a very few pops and ticks come through. (Global Village)--Bart Grooms

THE MICRONOTZ: 40 Gigs LP

A good clean whack in the head from these speed rockers. Singer Jay Hauptli's straightforward, gravel vocals are elevated in this mix. The lyrics' main function is just to provide words to hurl at the listener, although at times they are inventive: 'Don't you know I've spent my time on a sucker-tested con man scheme/I'm a shiftless, lazy,

spark-eyed fool, blind to the lies of a sucker's dream.' There are other examples of angst, alienation, disillusionment etc. The songs are paced like Husker Du speed pop (it's in the frequent chord changes and excessive drum rolls within each measure and also how many melodies are laid on top). Although the production is crisp, the tone doesn't vary a whole lot. But the usual well meaning adjectives apply--Blistering, solid, white hot--yeah! (Homestead Records)--C. Carstens

GORDON MONAHAN: *Piano Mechanics/Large Piano Magnified*

Canadian composer and pianist, Gordon Monahan presents two lengthy pieces that explore the sonic properties of that instrument. 'Piano Mechanics' is a live performance that uses an unaltered (except for the human hand on strings) piano. He makes use of the contemporary pianist's arsenal--bass tremolos that build up in washes of sound, deft manipulation of the sustain and damper pedals, tone clusters etc. 'Large Piano Magnified' takes a recording of a piano and alters it by using two techniques--manipulating the tape speed and multi-tracking. This takes the piano into regions that have been little explored and creates a fascinating sound palette. It's all very impressive but its presentation is a little too bald-faced. The section titles well the story--'Trill With Hand Controlled Pitch Release', 'Abrupt Stops', 'Wave of a Single Harmonic'. Soul music it ain't. But Monahan's mastery of the instrument and tape techniques makes this a recording worth hearing for anyone who's interested in the directions of contemporary piano music. (Gm Records)--R. Iannapolo

MOONLOVE: *Make A Bootleg C60*

This is a compilation of mostly live recordings including three studio dates. The sound quality is understandably very raw. Moonlove have a guitar oriented folk sound quality with a rather low energy level. The only thing striking about this tape is Edda Blaine's voice, which gets its charm from a direct unaffected approach. (Whitewall of Sound)--DK

FRANK MORGAN: *Lament LP*

When he recorded *Introducing Frank Morgan* in 1955, the 22-year old altoist was being hailed as the 'new Bird' due to his similarity in style to Charlie Parker and

his limitless potential. Unfortunately Morgan also emulated Bird by becoming a heroin addict and the next 30 years were spent in and out of prison. In 1985 Morgan cut his second album as a leader, *Easy Living*, and happily his third record *Lament* follows only a year later. Despite the wasted years, Frank Morgan is still a potentially brilliant alto-saxophonist and though his sound is still similar to Bird's, he has developed a more original bop-oriented style. Assisted by the superior rhythm trio of pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Buster William and drummer Billy Higgins, Morgan explores six underpalmy standards ranging from 'Perdido' and Lee Morgan's 'Ceora' to Wayne Shorter's mysterious 'Ana Maria'. Welcome back Frank Morgan. Hope you stick around a while! (Contemporary Records)--Scott Yanow

MR. B: *Shining The Pearls*

Do you like the new Coke better than the Classic Coke? Or don't you like Coca Cola at all? The same question could apply to this album. If you like blues piano at all, you'll like this recording. How much depends on other factors. If you like the old, rough, original piano blues of black artists, this album by a young white pianist, may seem a little too sugary sweet. Others, though, may like it better for the same reasons. The piano playing is nicely done by Mr. B, aka Mark Lincoln Braun, but the vocals by Angela Brown are what sparks the music beyond the merely competent. (Blind Pig Records)--Steven Moffic

MARTIN MULVIHILL: *The Humors of Glin C40*

Long-time fiddler Martin Mulvihill is joined here by Donnie O'Sullivan on flute and Gabriel Fitzmaurice on guitar. Mulvihill's playing avoids the standard feeling of profundity or rowdiness commonly heard in Irish traditional music. Instead he plays like a man at peace with his world. Even his sparkler solo (the reels, 'Liam Donnelly's' and 'Mick Moloney's Rambles') has a strangely laid back feel to the fireworks. Flutist O'Sullivan seems to know the tunes but can't quite muster the technique to play all the notes. In the context of this recording, O'Sullivan's spirit is more important and his contribution is a positive one. Guitarist Fitzmaurice's style owes a lot to cowboy flatpicking. *The Humors of Glin* may not be a first choice for beginning to appreciate Irish music, but

the aficionado will find it a well-rounded offering with lots of spirit. (Global Village Music)--Mark Manning

THE MR. T EXPERIENCE: *Everybody's Entitled To Their Own Opinion LP*

Four happy-go-lucky guys playing punk songs about society, girls and pop stars. The music never gets real hectic, like hardcore, but seems more like early punk and the words can be totally silly or serious. Danny Partridge, Paula Pierce, the Monkees, science, Mozart...all fit together here. The recording quality is simple and raw, musicianship is competent for what's going down, and overall, this record is really fun. (Disorder)--Lawrence Crane

MYSTERY HEARSAY: *Apoplexy C*

Is an industrial ambience possible? Brian Eno meets Genesis P. Orridge. An intriguing blend of droning electronics clustered with guitar, violin and occasional percussion, creating a beautiful yet disarming sound. This would be the perfect soundtrack to a nightmarish underwater subway movie. There is no indication as to what instruments or device were used here, but there are some catchy sci-fi effects mixed in with the industro-ambience on the cassettes two songs, 'Sanity Comply' and 'Father Leisure', making for a gratifying listening experience. (Mystery Hearsay)--Rich Crist

THE MUDMEN: *The Unshaved Heart C*

The Mudmen sound like a metal band trying to 'avant'ify their sound. The result has a boogified daeth-rock feel, but is far less interesting than that indicates. Pedestrian riffs, stylized growling vocals and an overpowering bass drag through titles such as 'King Sloth' and 'Sin Eater'. To be fair, the sound quality is so poor that any strong points would be difficult to distinguish. This 'unshaved heart' is a plastic one, and poorly made at that. I hate to leave a tape without giving it some constructive comment, but I must give this a resounding zero. (No address given)--Brook Hinton

ERIC MUHS: *Alligator Wrestling C*

E.M. creates most of the sound on this 55 minute tape playing various devices, mostly electronic (guitars, synth-keyboard, percussion, other unascertained items). In three of the recordings he uses an 'original 4-track tape loop system' (all quotes are E. M.'s). He gets help on 9 of

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the 14 cuts by seven different people (one or two per recording) who add guitar, g. synths, bass, drums and voices (usually modified in multi-tracked, echo, one Billy Graham dub with varied speeds). About half of this tape has a beat (a lot of which has an outstanding new wave-type pop rhythm) with offsetting collages of unusual background sounds. The other half consists of ambient-type experiments, also with unusual and changing arrangements, which produce impressions of placidity and eeriness. E. M. has two other tapes out. One 'features the band Flavor People' who appear here on two tracks and another which is solo tape loop stuff. E. M. is 'actively seeking live tape loop performance opportunities on the West Coast'. (Eric Muhs or Sound of Pig)--James

MUTABARUKA: *The Mystery Unfolds* LP

Dub poet Mutabaruka packs several lifetimes worth of political rage in this 12 song collection. So musical is the delivery of his poems that the sole cut without reggae band backing, 'Dis Poem', is actually a peak moment in this recording. The topics covered in these numbers focus on the various faces of Western exploitation of the Third World. The weakest cut is the title cut in which Mutabaruka comes on like a demented fundamentalist preacher probing the Book of Revelations for hidden wisdom. The effort is further vulgarized by corny synthesizer playing by Third World's Ibo Cooper. The other song/poems are musically smooth and even challenging. Note the jazzy swing of 'Walking on Gravel' and the soaring wild dance of 'Famine Injection'. This is an outstanding affirmation of how Jamaican political poetry can keep the creative spirit of reggae in full bloom. (Shanachie Records)--Norman Weinstein

MY DAD IS DEAD: ...and he's not gonna take it anymore

Mark Edwards (1/2 of Pollution Control) is all of My Dad Is Dead (two tapes out) and he used to drum for some bands in Cleveland where he lives. Here he creates a moody, personal record of songs that seem to crawl out of an unhappy everyday life. There's all sorts of guitar sounds, feedback grunge to jangly, real and electronic drums, and his soft, bleak vocals that somehow sort of sound like Ian Curtis (I think due to the way they're recorded). Some stuff sounds like late Wire or Colin Newman (not the vocals) and it all has a unique sound and it feels very personal and unhappy. Cheer up Mark, you made a good record. (St. Valentine)--Lawrence Crane

NAILS V CHRIST: *Dark Night of the Souls* C

Soothing, ingratiating electronic textures with use of either occasional voice or a synth technique that resembles the bellowing of a sea lion. The first thing you hear is what sounds like muted electronic tympani. Its tattoo is then assisted by what could be incidental music for Doctor Who or Dark Shadows with the odd drone. That's the one with the sea lion in it. Then another rhythmic thang with by the end an effect not dissimilar to playing piano strings with the bare hand with a vegetable platter in the background. More high drones, a tuba in the 'wash' cycle, windchimes...it's all to spook or bug ya. It works. Slip it in when your parents want Ray Conniff and watch the blood curdle! (Sound of Pig)--Jamie Rake

NEIL NAPPE: *July* LP

July is an accomplished first release by Neil Nappe. Self produced and recorded (at home, using 4-track cassette format), Neil plays all instruments (synthesizer, MIDI and guitar) and is credited with all composition. The music consists of layers or electronic keyboard and drums with thematic material played on synthesizer or guitar. The music is generally pretty straight rock, at times invoking e.g. late period Genesis or the Alan Parsons Project. The music is almost always enjoyable, although it is a bit bombastic at times and occasionally tends toward MOR. There are several tracks that stand out. Casselberry, for example, begins with a moment of beautiful ambient electronic keyboard, leading into a more traditional rock song format. The Alternative and Pickupstix are both well crafted, more progressive numbers that occasionally invoke a Cluster-like feel. While not highly original, this represents a good start for Neil Nappe. (Audion Recording Co)--Robert F. Oot

NARAM SIN: *Obviously A Major Malfunction* C

'Industrial' is a misleading and over-used term, but in a generic sense it describes Naram Sin well. The two live performances contained here are improvisations using almost exclusively guitar and found (mostly metal) objects, evoking an atmosphere similar to Neufauten's earlier work. It's not derivative, though--by avoiding the flashy

listen-to-this-sound-isn't-it-shocking tendencies of their predecessors, Naram Sin achieves a flowing sound which embraces the listener. The resulting intimacy enables the music to make its points subtly and effectively. (Griffin)--Brook Hinton

NEGAZIONE: *Lo Spirito Continua* LP

The spirit of hardcore certainly does live on with a band like Negazione. Apparently they've been gaining a lot of recognition in their native Italy as well as in the rest of Europe and here in the US. I can see why, if this record is any indication. In it's best moments the music on this

'BIG wall of noise, power chord guitar work, and that good ol' thousand mile an hour tempo.'

record is incredibly intense and is amongst the best thrash I've heard in a while. BIG wall of noise, power chord guitar work, and that good ol' thousand mile an hour tempo that would no doubt send the bodies flying in a frenzy at a live show. A few other bits have more of a heavy metal feeling. That's not really my cuppa tea but while I personally don't go in much for metal these guys at least do it with more conviction and honesty than many popular bands in that genre. In other words they still blow people like Motorhead away I think. For the most part though Negazione are very much a hardcore band and their music works on the same level all good rock does--spirit!! (Negazione or Mordam Records)--Bryan Sale

NEON JUDGEMENT: *Mafu Cage* LP

This record has some interesting lyrics and a somewhat artsy lyric sheet, but the music is the same old European synth-pop--dull and uninteresting. No innovation, nothing new, just the mind-deadening beat of drum machines and sterile, plastic production. These people try to emulate Cabaret Voltaire, but they don't bring it off very well. Surprisingly, this band has had 8 previous releases (hopefully not the same lack of quality as this one). If you like to hear drum machines going whumpa-whumpadoosh-doosh-doosh, then buy this record, otherwise don't waste your money. (Play It Again Sam or IMPORTANT Records)--H. Luce

NANETTE NATAL: *Hi Fi Baby* LP

If you ever wondered what a great jazz singer (say, Ella Fitzgerald or Sarah Vaughan) would sound like fronting a fifties lounge-rock outfit, here's your answer. Nanette has soul and swing, and cannot be bothered with artificial mannerisms that can make this kind of pop singing a parody of itself. She has also penned five beautifully crafted songs here, along with doing original renditions of 'Be Bop A Lu La', 'Heartbreak Hotel' and 'Blue Suede Shoes'. The backing musicians are in top form, and the recording is clean and mixed near perfection. (Benyoi Music)--Tom Furgas

ALSTON NEAL: *Kinetic* C

Reported to be his first work (though I find that hard to believe). Kinetic finds Neal in truly amazing form. The music could loosely be fit into the synthetic symphonic productions ala Synergy, or the more energetic works of Vangelis. Yet this man has a taste for composition that takes him into other realms. In this vein, several of the productions have a wonderful blend of western and Japanese mentalities. Furthermore, Neal's tasteful choice of melodies and countermelodies, as well as some interesting use of counterpoint all build elaborate and incredible full constructions. The feeling is pleasant throughout, though never saccharin sweet, just pure enjoyment. And finally, if that is not enough, the production, by Ed Van fleet of Synchestra is crystal clear and incredibly atmospheric, a truly amazing production. (Elfin Music)--Nathan Griffith

NEU ELECTRO: *Shake Your Body 'Lectric* C

This cassette is extremely well recorded and packaged professionally. Though much of this high-tech synthesized dance-pop never reaches past elevator disco, a number of tunes are developed to grooves which prove to be originally funky. Maria Vaught's vocals on 'Someone New' deserve attention. Shake Your Body 'Lectric is fun and original. A lot of the sounds remind me of Vanity 6, or earlier Prince. However, the attempts at sexiness are pretty lame. Some of the songs sound like cliched disco music which had me turning down the stereo from embarrassment. A good cassette, but I can't help laughing at lines that are seriously sung like, 'The bodies move to the beat of modern music, muscles

stretch as pulsating rhythms play...we love to stretch our muscles oh so tight, we love to Sexercise'. This is one cassette in which you wonder whether this guy is spoofing or is he really a nerd? (Neu Electro)--Mark G.E.

THE NEW CREATURES: *Exhume The Lord* C

Another dense, effect-filled excursion from someone trapped in their basement studio. You know--all sorts of instrumentation, everything in sight a possible source of percussion, radio excerpts, weird, incomprehensible vocals and moans, all to aimless result. Normally my response to this kind of thing is to recommend that the indulgent party try to get some sun. And this tape, generally, is just another catalogue of someone's idiosyncracies. I have to admit, though, that a couple of numbers on the second side made me smile. One, called 'Bruce on Fire', features a slowed-down Springsteen singing his hit, sounding as a result, more than a little perverse and a high Mr. Bill voice heaping on the compliments all through. Another features a real nice caliope-sounding synth track. All of which makes you think that a few sunny walks to friend's houses, and some friendly outside criticism of the tape, might produce more consistently interesting results. (Jim Hoffman)--W. Mueller

NEWS FROM BABEL: *Letters Home* LP

This is the lightest, most optimistic music from this crew in many years. Oddly, Chris Cutler's lyrics barely hint at gloom and doom. These melodic songs actually hint at humor in places. The sparse nimble arrangements by Lindsey Cooper feature her winds and keyboards, Cutler's percussion and Zeena Parkins on accordion and a very lofty harp. Sparseness of the arrangements lets the vocals breathe. The singing is not up front, on top of the instrumentation, but is fitted nicely within. A possible weak spot is the use of less than precise vocal styling of Robert Wyatt on four of the songs. Not that anything is inherently wrong with Wyatt's singing, but by contrast the tight more classical styles of Phil Minton, Sally Potter and even Dagmar Krause, on the other cuts, seem much more fitting to these delicate songs. (ReRecords)--William Storage

JOHN KAIZAN NEPTUNE: *Dance For The One In Six* C

Neptune plays the shakuhachi, a Japanese bamboo flute, in an extended jazz group. Extended because of the addition of tabla, sitar and tambura to the basic piano, bass, guitar and drums. Some people might call this world music, others prefer new age. International Fusion is the term used in the liner notes written by Sheila D. Gerzoff. What I dislike about this kind of music in general and this tape in particular is that it lacks the rough edges of the various musics that it draws upon. It is very slick and very lifeless. (Fortuna Records)--Bruce Christensen

THE GIANCARLO NICOLAI TRIO LP

Well played, spacey fusion from a trio of guitar, bass and drums, recorded in Bern, Switzerland in 1985. The four originals, two by guitarist Nicolai, a by bassist Thomas Durst and a group collaboration, all move quickly through various styles; usually without establishing any one idea. Instead, the process and the fragmentation seem to be the primary elements. One title says it all--Some four four, some three in four, some three four, some four in three, and then it's free! Pretty good live recording, especially the sound of Uli Benoit Muller's drums. (Leo Records)--Stuart Kremsky

MAGGIE NICOLS & PETER NU: *Nicols 'n' Nu* LP

Voice/piano duets that seemed to be partly composed and partly improvised, with some elements of jazz, 20th century avant-garde, Oriental classical and folk, and some I can't place. Maybe the performers can't either. Pianist Nu and especially singer Nicols seem to follow what pops into their head, e.g. the aptly titled 'One Note Leads To Another'. Nicols makes up words as she goes and, failing that, resorts to nonsense syllables. She also occasionally uses such non-traditional devices as growls, squeaks and harmonics. The composed (?) sections start, develop and end unexpectedly, with the melodies taking direction that make sense once you hear them, but you

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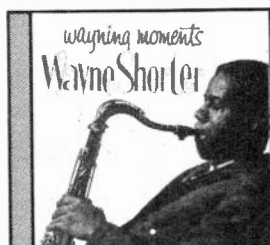
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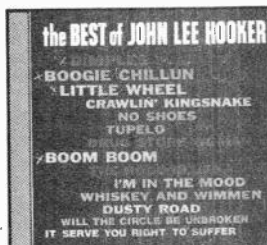
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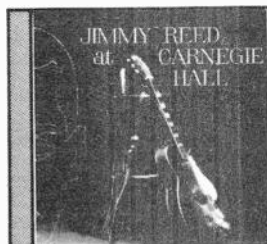
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melodies that weave themselves around each other, and in this case, around combinations of pulsating rhythms. The tape has to be admired for its content, as being performed live in the studio (a feat for electronics). And as it is interesting, proficiently performed and adventure-some, it attests to the trio's ability as performers in this difficult field in which to collaborate. (Peter Gulch)—Nathan Griffith

NOBLE GAS: *Love In Space* C

Goofy, yet scary Devo-like synth-pop. Primarily female vocals. 'Possibly Maybe' asks the big questions: 1) Should I have a baby, a career or a beer? 2) Where did you hide the brain cells? and 3) Should I sleep with Jack

'...asks the big questions: 1) Should I have a baby, a career or a beer? 2) Where did you hide the brain cells? and 3) Should I sleep with Jack or Jill?'

'Bananas' is a jungle dance tune with dark spooky jungle meetings with that silly Latin sound creating a weird loungey mood. 'Science Faction' is a space opus. Sparingly programmed drums, grandiose keyboards and lists of space related words. I'm looking forward to hearing more from this band. (Noble Gas)—Mark G.E.

THE NUNS: *Rumania LP*

Strangler-type riffs and beats are prominent throughout this album, but whether they're Strangler influenced is a different story. The tunes are well produced and mixed, with a 'funky' feeling. Several of the songs, sung by their female vocalist, sound strongly like Blondie, and the rest, sung by their male vocalist, sound like The Stranglers and Lou Reed in a blender, and it works, even! The result is a psychedelic funk album charged by an automotive battery charger—slow but it gets the job done, and done well so that everything works flowingly. (PVC)—Eric Sonntag

THE ORIGINAL WAILERS: *Music Lesson/Nice Time 12" 45*

Not just another Bob Marley and the Wailers outtake, but a reissue of two tunes by the original Wailers (which featured Bunny Wailer, Peter Tosh, Junior Braithwaite and Constantine 'Vision' Walker along with Bob). 'Nice Time' is a Marley composition which seems to be either the original or a revised version of producer Clancy Eccles obscure UK-released 'rock steady' single from 1967 on the Doctor Bird label. Instead of 'Hypocrite' on the flip side, the new record features 'Music Lesson', another Marley composition. This one seems to have been unavailable until now, and speaks to the power of music as a force for cultural education. Both come complete with dubs and are, of course, 'dreadier than dread'. (Shanachie)—Ron Sakolsky

OTIS BROTHERS: *Stick to the Promise C*

You've got to give these guys credit for trying to revive the authentic country blues and black stringband styles of yesteryear, but Pat Conte and Bob Guida (regardless of their blacked-up adopted persona of the Otis Brothers) end up mired despite some good musicianship and what were probably the best of intentions. (Global Village Music)—Ron Sakolsky

OUTCAST: *Far Out one sided C*

Enigmatic and stylistically diverse Christian trio sounding like everyone from Television to kitschy art rock. The latter is exemplified by a way-long dirge about eternity with Satan. That they follow with a folksy number reminiscent of 'Put Your Hand In The Hand'. There's one lame rap with a factory funk kind of groove and some nifty, catchy pop on the remainder. Recording is lousy (my copy has intermittent, electrical clicks) but the bass lines and use of drum machine are especially memorable. A promising start. (Outcast)—Jamie Rake

OUTCRY EP

At first listen, this sounds like just another hardcore band. Speed singing on top of guitar, bass and drums. But when the words sink into your head as ideas, the songs become powerful messages questioning such topics as materialism and the American way. (Positive Force Records)—Ross Mohn

OWEN SOUND: *Sign Language C*

Owen Sound is a sound-poetry ensemble out of Canada. This tape features tapes mostly from live club and gallery gigs around Canada, circa 1976-79. I hope these

would never have thought of them beforehand. The result is a rarity these days—avant garde music with no need to be harsh. The only LP remotely like this is Julie Tippet's *Sunset Glow* (1975), it is quietly, but firmly, unique. (Leo Records)—Bart Grooms

THE NIGHTCRAWLERS: *The Largo Tree C-90*

The Nightcrawlers are probably the best synthesizer trio in America and this might be their best work to date. The ethereal opening of each side of the cassette is purely electronic and rivals the early sounds pioneered by Morton Subotnik. My complaint is that the 5 pieces average about 15 minutes each and lack development. The throbbing theme of 'Return To Earth' is catchy but loses its appeal after 18 minutes. There is not even minimalist progress at times. Some editing would help perhaps. Satirically one might ask when did Tangerine Dream and

Klaus Schulze move to New Jersey? Although the work is derivative of the Berlin School of electronics, its percussives, atmospheres and modes are a pleasant replacement for the incessant sequencers of T-Dream. (Peter Gulch)—G. O.

THE NIGHTCRAWLERS: *The Largo Tree C*

This tape follows the release for the Nightcrawlers second album *Spacewalk*. The entire tape was recorded live in a semi-improvisational manner in the studio of the band. This trio, like Tangerine Dream, works within the difficult mechanics of the electronic music ensemble. And though the aforementioned band seems to have had a certain effect on the band, the Nightcrawlers definitely have their own direction. Being not so reliant on electronic constructions of sequential patterns, they instead often rely on the interplay of melodies and counter-

guys are still at it, because they're good. This is what poetry is all about, enlivening the language, improvising, mixing and mingling words and sounds and, essentially, stirring the air. These guys always get a good response from the audience, you can tell they're as fun to watch as they are to listen to. This is #22 of the Underwhich Audiographic Series and is, as far as I know, the most e

'This is what poetry is all about, enlivening the language, improvising, mixing and mingling words and sounds and, essentially, stirring the air.'

extensive and ambitious sound/text documentation being done currently on the continent. No collection of poetry and/or new music is complete without some samples of Underwhich work, and Owen Sound is as good a place to start as any. (Underwhich Editions)--W. R. Borneman
JIM PAGE: *Visions In My Life LP*

Page has something of an international reputation as a folksy streetsinger and social critic par excellence who shows up just about everywhere given enough time. Whatever your musical predilection you can't deny his superb acoustic guitar playing and songwriting. In fact you'd be hard pressed to find an album better than this one. His format is concise but not simplistic--solo guitar and vocals, minimal accompaniment and original songs with accessible but subtle lyrics and message. Page's songs demonstrate his ability as a social observer and critic with a keen poetic abhorrence for the destructiveness of modern civilization. But he's also humorous, compassionate and romantic. He shows a lyrical sensitivity and an ear for the rhythm of language and phrasing that rivals anything Dylan ever did but is a lot less self-indulgent. In short, Page exhibits genius at this craft. What's more, his primary support staff--Michael O Domhnail (producer, penny whistles, piano, harmonium) and Billy Oskay (engineer, violin, viola) display impeccable taste as well. Bob Dylan might just want to pick up a copy of this to remember what good songwriting is all about. (Flying Fish)--Bucky Halker

PAINTED WILLIE: *Live From Van Nuys 12" EP*

Six songs recorded live in March '86 from the forthcoming Painted Willie live video. It's free of the typically disarming studio mix that ruins most metal records. Decent vocals are lost under guitar and bass that barely stay in tune. Except for some jerk-off soloing, they play well and stay in time and write some exceptional rock songs like 'Kill It', 'Cover Girl' and 'Upside Down Town'. They even do a lackluster cover of 'Little Red Book'. SST and Black Flag have paved the way for this garage-metal stuff, so if you're interested in the former, this might be worth your while. (SST)--C. Carstens

PARIS REUNION BAND: *French Cooking LP*

The Paris Reunion Band is an octet consisting of American jazz musicians who during part of the 1960's lived in France. This all-star group features trumpeters Woody Shaw and Dizzy Reese, trombonist-arranger Slide Hampton and the tenors of Johnny Griffen and Nathan Davis (doubling on soprano) along with an excellent rhythm section led by pianist Kenny Drew. As can be expected, the results of this matchup are high quality performances of straight-ahead jazz. Each of the horn players contributed an original (ranging from a hot blues to a modal jazz waltz) and the arrangements help to frame and launch the many short solos. This band, with Benny Bailey filling in for Woody Shaw, has begun to receive publicity and will hopefully record many more albums. (Gazell Productions)--Scott Yanow

PAT 'N MIKE & JAMES: *Suzy Sparkles C*

Folky 70's-ish tunes, the kind of quiet music that is fine as laid-back background music, but which doesn't produce anything interesting upon close listening. Lots of clichés. Some of the instrumentals hint at the hauntingness of Richard Thompson, however, for the money, go for the one with the interesting lyrics. (Pat 'n Mike & James)--Kim Knowles

THE PATTERSONS: *Atoms in Motion 6-song 12"*

Lots of 60's blues/rock/pop clichés, mixed together in a relatively tasteful fashion. Not overwhelming, not unpleasant. There's some good guitar playing and good lyrics, but nothing to knock your socks off. The Pattersons could be to Memphis what Jason and the Scorchers are to Nashville. (Big Hand Records)--Steve Jones

Paul and Win: *A PLACE IN THE CHOIR C-30*

Some simple, often pretty, traditional and contemporary folk music from a Missouri band featuring Paul Fotsch on fiddle, mandolin, guitar and voice, and Win Horner on vocals, autoharp, and other instruments. The music here has a very deliberate, homespun kind of flavor, and though the playing, singing and arrangements are unexceptional, the music is probably a good representation of a local, working traditional music band, and it's certainly nice to see the cassette medium being exploited to document their work. Of the musicians, I would only single out Win Horner on autoharp as being of special interest. I bet this band would be fun to see in a bar or club on their home turf, as they seem personable, funny and to truly enjoy their music. However, their music, taken on its own, does not strike me as particularly noteworthy. (Wellspring Music)--Larry Polansky

CECIL PAYNE: *Casbah LP*

Cecil Payne, whose light-toned baritone is in striking contrast to the more muscular players, has been underrecorded throughout his 40-year career. Casbah is one of his best dates, a quiet but inventive quartet session with guitarist Joe Carter, pianist Richard Wyands and bassist Stafford James, all of whom solo with taste and fluidity. Payne, who doubles on flute, has rarely sounded better and everyone is in top form on this easy-listening 50's jazz session. (Empathy Records)--Scott Yanow

RUTH PELHAM: *Look to the People LP*

Ruth Pelham works primarily in the upstate New York region as folksinger and songwriter. She's generated local attention in recent years by plying her trade in nursing homes, schools, libraries, nurseries, parks and on street corners. She's a dedicated and energetic individual who's as much social steward as musician. Communities across the country would do well to have more like her. Here we find Pelham singing her own songs, most of which reflect her orientation toward peace, justice and equality for all the world's inhabitants. They employ a simple, singable, no nonsense unsophisticated formula with an equally practical utilitarian accompaniment. The albums and the songs are pleasant, but do little to challenge the audience. Pelham's basic 'pro people' theme evokes admiration, but she states that theme without much originality. Pelham's songs would be better served by a live recording. They gain nothing and lose whatever they might have had when recorded in studio. (Flying Fish)--Bucky Halker

PERRY MASON LOSES: *Perry Mason Loses C*

With a name like Perry Mason Loses you'd probably expect something slightly angry, slightly industrial, slightly punk...perhaps something slightly intellectual even. But nothing could be further from the thought. The music is amiable and pleasant pop that is unoffending to the ears, a harmless, friendly offering to the restless natives in musicland. (Maryanne Melloan)--Carol L. Schutzbank

BLAIR PETRIE: *NRBP 12" EP*

One preliminary quibble: my copy was pressed just slightly off-center and thus any sustained tones from the synths--and there are many--had an irritating waver to them. Anyway, Petrie is a keyboardist/synth/percussionist/vocalist who plays, naturally, synth music ranging from mid-70's progressive rock to icy Euro Teuton-rock to gentle shifting soundscapes; he is joined by drum programmer Ben Gaylie. Let me be honest and state that this is not my bag and I wouldn't buy it. However, there are a few things I can appreciate. One, his sense of humor--the enclosed insert presskit includes both positive and negative responses to media/radio solicitations; also the last track is an eerie, claustrophobic instrumental of assorted tones 'n drones entitled 'Penis Probe In Wax'. Hmmm. Two, in places I was reminded of the Ultravox/John Foxx school of electro pop--persistent rhythms, positive melodies, studied vocals--esp. on 'Eyes (shifting)'; and I still keep a passing fondness for my u-vox records. Finally, Petrie's voice betrays a somewhat manic edge that I find appealing; the narration about the Devil and the dance in 'The Cold and The Dark Part III' is loony, and with the interjection of assorted blips and blurts from the electronics a catchy underpinning is effected, making Petrie a kind of court jester in an otherwise oh-too-pompous genre. (Obscure Perimeter)--Fred Mills

THE PFISTER SISTERS: *The Pfister Sisters*

Like a lot of singing sister groups over the years (e.g. the Andrew Sisters), the kinship here is musical rather than biological. This is a group in the tradition of the recently rediscovered Boswell Sisters (who were really sis-

ters), the group without whom the Andrew Sisters would never have been possible. Both the Boswells and the Pfisters (real names: Suzie Malone, Holley Bendtsen and Yvette Voelker) hail from New Orleans. Like their inspirations, the Pfisters can smoothly interchange harmonies and have an amazing ability to sing rapid uptempo lyrics with seemingly effortless dexterity. While there are no nationally renowned jazz musicians on this record such as those who played with the Boswells (e.g. Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Eddie Lang, Bunny Berrigan and Joe Venuti), the band members certainly know how to accompany their 'sisters' with style and grace. Although the Sisters forte is material from the Boswell's songbook, this their debut album also includes finely honed version of current pop tunes, rhythm and blues, and jazz standards, as well as such sparkling originals by Holly and pianist/musical director Amasa Miller as 'Let's Kiss Not Do The Act'. While the Boswells used to park outside of black churches and listen to the gospel singing, or black bars like the Tumble Inn off Tchoupitoulas St. The Pfisters learned their style by listening to Boswell records, so their music represents twice removed Crescent City vocalizing to be sure, but all reet just the same. (Great Southern Records)--Ron Sakolsky

PG-13: *You Just Don't Get It song 12"*

PG-13 could really benefit from a fuller sound. The melodies are very good and the singing is okay; but there's too much drums and not enough anything else. They have potential in a kind of OMD pop vein. (PG-13)--Steve Jones

PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH: *LP*

Like most other bands, Phantom Toolbooth dislikes categorization. They say their music is from 'well-groomed guys' for 'smart, good-looking successful people'. If you've seen their publicity and still wanna invite them over for dinner, be my guest. Seriously, P.T.'s music is organized mayhem--like a 12-wrestler cage bout where

'...organized mayhem--like a 12-wrestler cage bout where bodies are flung all around but the eventual winner becomes apparent after the first few minutes.'

bodies are flung all around but the eventual winner becomes apparent after the first few minutes. In this case, all aggressive music aficionados are the winners from the moment needle touches vinyl. P.T. definitely has a multi-barbed hook with 'Jack of All Phobias', the opener. It begins with a chamber duet for distortion guitar and Harley-Davidson sound-alike. Suddenly, the vocals grab your throat and hurl you across the room. The rest of the record doesn't quite have the impact, but we'd need pacemakers if it did. The lyrics contain imaginative imagery, but the enclosed sheet is needed to decipher most of the tunes. Line du jour: '& then you die and get reassigned'. Aggressive throughout. (Homestead)--Tom Morr

PINK HOLES, LES BLACK'S AMAZING: *Breakfast With The Holes 6 song EP*

Another contestant in the 'I can be sleazier than you', Trash Rock category. The Ramones come to mind immediately, but who really cares? These four jokes are trying to be clever, but without any conviction. Their deliberate attempts at being coy are little more than feeble exercises in adolescent humor, (i.e. the very name Pink Holes and the use of ball game sound effects with the singer trying to egg the team on with a series of inane grunts and unintelligible mumbles). It seems that nothing is thought out, only superficially presented. Sure, there is an audience for this, but they will grow out of it as soon as they get pubic hair. They also perform two songs to be added to a long and growing list of horribly done cover tunes--'The Lion Sleeps Tonight' and 'Long Tall Texan'--the latter being the best thing the album has to offer, only elevating it to the lowest lows to which Ray Stevens ever sunk. To the following words of wisdom put forth by the Pink Holes. 'Life is living, like death is dying', let me interject, self mockery is like self mocking. (Eldo Farms Records)--AO

A PLACE TO PRAY: *Thelema C*

Somber, slow paced, creepy electronics and percussion with voices, mostly background choirs and evil sounding

'...evil sounding orations taken from evangelical broadcasts... some fire from Jim Jones at the end of the world.'

orations taken from evangelical broadcasts. Maybe some fire from Jim Jones at the end of the world. Frightening and entertaining, well worth the price for the bang. It's from Norway, all the voices are in English, all the screams are your own (mostly), all the weird light is in your imagination. (Gravel Voice Records)--Robin James
VALENTINA POMOMAREVA: *Fortune-Teller LP*

Leo's Soviet free jazz series continues with this anthology by Russian gypsy singer Ponomareva. Each track has a different line up. A swinging quartet spearheaded by sax whiz Vladimir Chekasin supports Ponomareva on Fats Waller's 'Ain't Misbehavin' laying out during her echoey free interludes. Next she does the Beatles' 'Michelle' as a wordless solo vocal, leaving the melody far behind in her improvisation. Soviet composer Sofia Gubaydulina's 'Sheptalki' has Ponomareva with a full symphony orchestra, although the percussion section is the main accompaniment for her ethereal, nonverbal tale spinning. Pianist Sergey Kuryokhin, a central figure in Soviet alternative music and subject of an episode of the PBS documentary *Comrades*, is present for both the extended imrovs on side two, the first of these also featuring tenor saxist Anatoly Vapirov. If anything, these cuts are freer than side one, as they have less form and no references to set melodies or harmonies. I find the resultant rattling hard to listen to in places, but freedom fans may have a great time with it. (Leo)--Bart Grooms

POPDeFECT: *Defective Cassette C*

Decent-enough garage-based-pop from this LA group. The opener 'Hey...S'Alright', is an uptempo pop-rock that is by far the standout track. With a few more of these experimental pop-rockers, POPDeFECT could produce some endearing music. (Heart Murmur Records)--K. Crothers

ROBERT POSS: *Sometimes C*

Robert is a member of Rhys Chatham's guitar ensemble and former leader of NY based Western Eyes. On this release he plays (almost) all instruments, does all lead singing and wrote all tunes. The tunes are well constructed, if not overly memorable, and Robert's singing is direct and effective. The guitar work is, as you might expect, tough, tuneful and the best thing here. 'Torch' is a red hot, noisy instrumental. It would be nice to hear these tunes fleshed out beyond these somewhat minimal arrangements. (Trace Elements Records)--Scott Siegal
DAVID PRESCOTT: *Tales From The Public Eye C*
Nine songs ranging from 4 to 15 minutes, layers of sound with mysterious crackling shortwave radio transmissions and swelling synthesizer enhancement. Some titles: 'Ragnarok', 'Opposition', 'Imago', 'Neologisms', 'New Polytheisms'. The tones here have a tighter weave than the Arnold Mathes tape (from the same Boston address), more sustained layers that are cemented together, also almost exclusively synthesizer sounds. (David Prescott)--Robin James

THE PROLETARIAT: *Indifference LP*

Compelling metal hardcore. The strength of The Proletariat is their lyrics: 'What kind of God could sanction this/I recoil in horror/to torment a soul to seek escape/ from a pain too great to suffer alone/Indifference'. The blazing guitar and driving drums unfold stories of injustice and indifference. This album makes you want to go out and right some wrongs. (Homestead)--Brent Godfrey
PSYCHODRAMA: *Hebe Fug C*

This band is trying very hard to be the most dispised band in the world, but everyone that comes near hates

them so much that not many people get the chance to see them and learn to hate them. Virtually every show they have done has been stopped short, and virtually every club that has booked them has banned them from ever returning. This cassette is the best way to find out about Psychodrama without getting bruised or dirty, although both copies I received broke before I played them through once, sending my box back to Sony for a

'Virtually every show they have done has been stopped short, and virtually every club that has booked them has banned them...'

month. Today the group consists of Brett (aka Bitch) and Motherfucker (who would not want to be called his real name which is James). Bitch and Motherfucker scream and shout about what amounts to pure KKK and/or neo-nazi doctrine over the top of a lot of found noises and sped-up/fucked-up records by popular bands old and new. In their video they torture, vomit on and (supposedly pretend to) dismember with a chainsaw a cat. In person, by phone and by mail band leader Brett seems completely pleasant and personable. He laughs

'He laughs about his 'Kill Queers' tattoo while admitting he is a homosexual.'

about his 'Kill Queers' tattoo while admitting he is homosexual. Brett says that Motherfucker only talks about killing people all the time because that is the way all heterosexual men talk. This is the truth about Psychodrama. (Brett Kerby--by trade only)--Glenn Thrasher
PSYCLONES C

When you first put this tape on, it sounds kinda like any local 'new wave' band jamming in someone's living room. As it goes on though, it gets spacier and more free-form. It sounds as if the group made the whole thing up as they went along. Although things do get a little chaotic at times, the non-stop performance never degenerates into total amorphousness like a lot of improvisational music does. Reminds me of Gong's extended space-outs. Bits of telephone conversations and television dialogue are thoughtfully sprinkled among the free-verse and semi-nonsense lyrics. Sound quality varies, but as the band themselves say on side B, 'It's experimental music. What do you expect?' (Ladd-Frith)--Paul Goldschmidt

THE PUSHTWANGERS: *Here We Go Again LP*

Like fellow Swedes, The Nomads, these guys spit out dense, uncompromising rock & roll. The bands also share a sense of (American) history in their high energy attack reminiscent of the classic motor cityified mobs of the late 60's. The Pushtwangers are a bigish group--six guys plus occasional horns and (gasp) a string section. While not diverting much from last year's mini-LP they sound fuller and more dramatic due to piano and organ fills that are moved up further in the mix. Unexpected bursts of effects and bridges between tracks might imply something in the way of uh, progress. But if anything, The Pushtwangers are actually more aggressive this time out. (There's an additional cover treat for all you red bloodied horny guys that are lucky enough to cop one of the first couple thousand or so.) (Relativity)--Justin Kaminski

QUEEN ANNES: *Something Quick C-60*

Sixties influenced garage pop with all the basics, ringing guitars, rockin rhythms, harp, nasally vocals, lyrics just full of teen angst. These guys probably think Alex Chilton is god, and ya know they just might be right. Why don't these guys have a record contract? Yes, this is a strange world we live in. (Green Monkey Records)--Brian S. Curley

QWA DIGS UNDER PARIS': *Amnesia Flashback Unwound C*

This is an unusually eclectic tape exploring several distinct directions toward experimentation. The results are as mixed as the means. The musicians (Liz Was, Miekal And, Cathy Change and Drake Scott) employ electronics (Yamaha DX-7, Fairlight Sampler and tone generator) and traditional instruments (autoharp, baby grand, saxes,

electric guitar and a cornetto). Studio tapes are mixed in with live improvisation. Hard edged feedback comes back to back with instrumental noodling and bits of spoken poetry. At times everything swells into feverous intensity then again there are lengthy boring segments. 'Against Dreams' is all backwards. (Swinging Aze)--Glen Thrasher

THE R&B CADETS: *Top Happy LP*

As their name makes clear, this is R&B--fairly light but well done. On 'Strong and Lasting Kind', the opening cut, vocalist Robyn Puer sounds a lot like Bonnie Raitt. When she sings, things go well, albeit commercial ala Motown or early 60's Phillie-sound. Unfortunately, this is only about half the time. The other half are just-fair tunes sung by a just-fair male vocalist. Awarded 'cool point' for quoting Captain Beefheart on the back cover (from which the album title comes). (Twin Tone)--Brad Bradberry

RANCID VAT: *Burger Belsen LP*

The cover of this album is one of the most disgusting ones I've seen--people in a Nazi concentration camp being ground up into hamburger and eaten. The songs sound like a bunch of adolescents who got together to try and shock everyone. Subjects include premature ejaculation, 'Big Johnny Wad/X-rated god', and 'Eating human waste but always doing it in good taste'. Despite the subject matter the musicianship and vocals are competent, and when the juvenile lyrics are finally abandoned in the last song, 'It Might Be Nice', it works. (Brillianty Prize Records)--Brent Godfrey

ALAN RANKINE: *The Sandman 4-song EP*

Generic Euro pop/disco. The Sandman, the hit-designate, has the deep voiced Rankine crooning about a vampiric relationship and a desire for eternal sleep. I thought this was supposed to be an avant-garde label and I guess setting these vaguely ominous and pseudo-poetic lyrics to such shallow music is supposed to be subversive. It'll probably be a hit in Europe. Side Two is three utterly forgettable instrumentals. (Les Disques du Crepuscule)--Bob Bannister

RAT AT RAT R: *Rock and Roll Is Dead Long Live LP*

Very, very intense. Stream of word poetry shouted, screamed, warbled and spoken over frantic loud music full of intricate rhythms and structures. These NY guitar-noise masters have been around for years and have finally come up with a record. The production is amazingly clear for all that is happening. Guitars scream and slash and play weird repeated bits and feedback while the drums tumble through hyper rhythms and the bass busily thunders and clanks. These people must destroy live. (Neutral)--Lawrence Crane

THE RAUNCH HANDS: *Learn To Whap-A-Dang LP*

All a fella needs to know about wimmen', drinkin' and the kind of good country livin' the squares in Mayberry never dreamed of is contained in this happily wasted, truly bent platter. For a bunch of New York boys the

'All a fella needs to know about wimmen', drinkin' and the kind of good country livin' the squares in Mayberry never dreamed of...'

Hands sure got life by the shorties, howling and scratching through 'Kangeroo Juice' (good drinkin'), 'Chicken Of The Sea' (mermaid 'tang) and the title cut, in which the loser from cell block #9 meet up with some real loose-livin' dames! This group is mining one of America's proudest musical traditions--the godawfully dirty R&B songs from the late 40's and early 50's and come up sounding as hot and humid as the real thing. The LP is divided about equally between originals and obscure blats from the past. The production is none too clean, capturing their live selves better than the previous wax. Not the most well-rounded bunch, but with the greatest group name going, and pro band attitudes firmly anchored in Tennessee mud, the Raunch Hands' new LP deserves to do lotsa time at your next record hop. Instructions for the basic whap-a-dang steps are included for the culturally deprived. (Relativity)--Justin Kaminski
THE REACTIONS: *Cracked Marbles 6-song EP*
Every couple of months, like clockwork, a record arrives in the mail that brings back fond memories of the Jam and the Only Ones. A few months back it was one by Green, then one by CH3. Now it's the Reactions. Like

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most such records, *Cracked Marbles* leaves few memories of its own. Of the few memorable moments, the Reactions, at their best, come across a bit like another Homestead band, the Outnumbered. Otherwise, mod nostalgia overwhelms. (Homestead)--Steve Jones

REDDOG: *Reddog LP*

This is bluesy, lounge room music. The band is a standard setup of guitar, vocals, bass and drums with a major emphasis on the guitar and vocals of Reddog. The band has potential, but there seems to be a lot of energy missing. There are a couple of songs that get up to speed, but most of the album is painfully slow. (Reddog)--Ross Mohn

JOHN RENBOURN: *The Nine Maidens*

Renbourn's career in the US is on the upswing. Windham Hill reissued his classic solo record from the 60's, *Sir John Alot Of*, and he's been touring extensively recently. This record is actually Renbourn's first solo release in many years, and worth the wait. Renbourn continues to utilize traditional music from the British Isles as well as songs and dances from the Renaissance and the Middle Ages, on which he bases flawless, exacting variations and improvisations. The focus of the record is Renbourn's guitar, although he adds recorders, pipes and miscellaneous percussion instruments at times. The title piece is actually a suite, named after a group of ancient stones in Cornwall. Flying Fish has supplied the cover with a suitably new age-ish photo (depicting the Nine Maidens, I presume, I guess, the intent of tying Renbourn into the burgeoning market for new age music, but his is music light years ahead of the mindless noodling of most new age solo guitarists (Flying Fish)--John Baxter

THE RESIDENTS: *Stars and Hank Forever*

The Residents are known, among other things, for their bizarre re-workings of existing material as on *Third Reich and Roll* or their recent tribute to James Brown and George Gershwin. In the liner notes to *Stars and Hank Forever*, they describe what they're doing as 'making music about music' much the same way a filmmaker might make a movie about filmmaking. 'Six More Miles To The Graveyard' sounds more like a medieval dirge than country or blues. Jambalaya features

'More hand-crafted weirdness from America's premier rock dadaists.'

Snakefinger's unmistakable fuzz-twang guitar work. The album's 'Sousaside' is even more bizarre. Standards like 'Semper Fidelis' come off just barely recognizable. 'El Capitan' starts off sounding more like a Greek dance than a march. The 'Liberty Bell' is a jazz-influenced sonic wipeout. All this comes complete with crowd noises, police sirens, bird calls, jet planes flying overhead and the bandmaster's whistle. More hand-crafted weirdness from America's premier rock dadaists. (Ralph Records)--Paul Goldschmidt

REVOLTING COCKS: *Revolting Cocks 12" 45 EP*

Industrial trance/dance post-punk music of a very high caliber. Equal parts Cabaret Voltaire (processed vocals, social concerns sound and production) and Portion Control (percussive, aggressive) with vocals that range from raw chants to The Residents on a mix of 'ludes and angel dust. Far better than average for this style of music...easily on a par with Cabaret Voltaire's recent work. (Wax Trax!)--CNEWMAN

RHYTHM SCHOOL: *Movement LP*

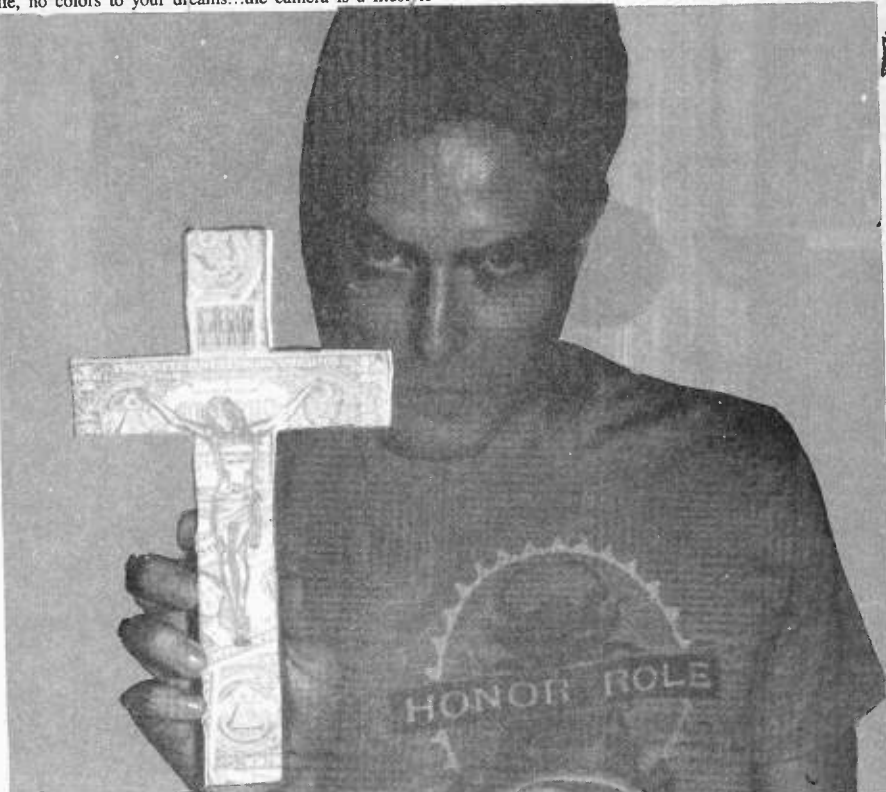
Dance music with lyrics that, at their best, remind me of John Giorno's weaker work--repetitive and aggressive. At their worst, the words are simply sophomoric. The instrumental work is competent, if not terribly inventive. The vocals range from weak to wimpy and don't fit the more aggressive percussive playing. I've heard far worse than this, but it isn't much to get excited about. (Enharmonik)--CNEWMAN

RICHARD H: *Hi-Fi Limbo 45 EP*

His full name is Richard Horton. From Wichita, I believe. First song on 'Pop' side--Music For Out Times' is a nice tribute to sorts to the Hamburg era Beatles to a modified calypso/cha cha beat. 'Love in a Duplex' is a catchy ditty about cheap sex, a one night stand. This EP has an interesting...

...WARNING: Unauthorized duplication prohibited UNLESS... you use good tape...

Just for this I'd recommend this EP. 'Bop Side' starts with an instrumental--'Iron Nails' I think there is a slight tribute to Lawrence Welk's hit instrumental ('Elephant Walk?') a happy, sprightly tune. The final song, 'No Colors' is the master piece. Richard H and Kelley Hunt sing about alienation--'No colors to your life, no colors to your dreams...the camera is a lifestyle



Jello Biafra--Legal attempts have failed to have the indictments against Biafra and associates thrown out of court, so the courtroom drama is still on the agenda, perhaps this Spring, if not sooner. (For indictment details, see SC #5.) The thought around A.E.N. headquarters is that Jello and Co. can win the case if they can maintain that the poster has socially redeeming value, in that as a piece of art it has provoked healthful discussion in the community, and if fact, the so-called victim and the community at large are now more educated, and aware because of the poster. (Ciaffardini Photo)

in your narrow tube of light'. Richard H has a fine voice and interesting visions. His voice reminds me of Richard Farina (or is it Ian of '& Sylvia' fame?) I think of this as modern folk/rock, but don't let this scare you--this is my definition of music like Jane Siberry and X. (Optional Records)--Paul Luchter

RIFLE SPORT: *Complex 12" 45 EP*

Really beautifully-performed industrial dance music. Or is it simply punk? Whatever it is, it's powerful and an

'...industrial dance music...powerful and angular. Terrific percussion, fuzzed guitar, stressed-chords.'

gular. Terrific percussion, fuzzed guitar, stressed-out vocals. If it's simply punk, it's on the Flipper side (slower and more deliberate). But I wouldn't hang any such simple label on it. Unless it was something like...Great Stuff! (Ruthless Records)--CNEWMAN

DJANGO REINHARDT: *1910-53 LP*

This reissue has lengthy liner notes by Leonard Feather that manages to leave out (and confuse) all of the essential information a potential purchaser needs--personnel and recording dates! How is a veteran collector to know whether he has the material on this LP? After a bit of research, I discovered that all eight of these selections derive from broadcasts. 'Apple Honey' is from 1945 with an American big band, 'How High The Moon' and 'Crazy Rhythm' match Django with violinist Stephan

Grappelli in 1947, a pair of tunes find Reinhardt in 1951 with altoist Hubert Fol and the remaining three cuts date from 1952-3 and feature the guitarist with French orchestras. Completists probably will want to pick up this relatively rare material but more general collectors are advised to instead check out the brilliant 20-volume French E.M.I. 'Djangology' series. 1910-53 has Reinhardt's electric guitar overrecorded in spots and although the solos are decent, the faulty recording quality and general lack of inspiration makes this album of only minimal interest. (Epitaph)--Scott Yanow

TERRY RILEY: *The Harp of New Albion 2-LP/2-CD*

This two-record/two-CD set is comprised of a single work for acoustic grand piano in just intonation. Of course, Riley was very much influenced by La Monte Young's major opus for piano in a similar tuning, *The Well-Tuned Piano*. Though Riley's piece is not an epic 5-hour musical excursion like Young's, it is still a large chunk of music that requires some serious listening. As one would expect, there are lots of repetitive motives and ostinati, quasi-tonal/modal writing, and a more or less steady eighth-note pulse. However, Riley stretches out and as has been his tendency lately, goes beyond the Minimalist mode at times. There are some nice chorale-like passages with block chords. One exquisite passage consists of a repeated running arpeggio in which the sustain pedal is kept down, creating a chordal wash that is remarkably free from the acoustical beats due to the just intonation. The resulting sound is at once blurred and crystal clear. In spite of the many redeeming qualities of this work, some may find the 'out-of-tune' sound of just intonation difficult to deal with. (Celestial Harmonies)--Dean Suzuki

RITUAL TENSION: *I Live Here EP*

A noisy drone blending the influences of hardcore and Joy Division, with angst-ridden rhythms and totally tuneless (often painful) vocals. This might appeal most to New Yorkers who still flock to The Pyramid to see Lydia Lunch. Having tired of such sounds long ago, I find it stale. (Independent Alliance)--Richard Singer

ROAD KILL: *Guns C*

This 16 song cassette tape is the work of George Smith who plays guitar, does vocals and writes most of the songs. Smith considers himself as one of the few artists

D.K.S. BROKE MY MATTRESS A GO

attempting to help heavy metal make the transition from its current moribund state to a more vital, and ultimately roots oriented stage. However, the chant-like singing and unoriginal guitar work is tiresome on all but a few compositions. 'Roadkill', 'Jealous', 'S.A.C.' and 'Guns Say Yeah' are the best rock and roll both for music and lyrics road Kill has to offer. The lyrics are typical male-female relationships and are misogynistically tinged. In tunes like 'Roadkill' and 'Jealous' the music sounds like Butthole Surfers. There is an effective use of vocal harmony (or double tracked voice). Great party tape for high school kids who want above average top 40 fare. (Rache Sound or Ladd-Frith)--Larda Bix

GARNET ROGERS: *The Outside Track LP*

This folk collection pulls together songs from Ralph McTell, Bill Caddick, Enoch Kent and several others (including two instrumentals composed by Rogers). Rogers has a rich, full voice and he can tell a tale very convincingly. On point, 'Ain't Goin' Home' gets inside of the aura of a warm summer night's fancy and stays there. Rogers' musicianship is his strong suit. He sounds at home on the guitar, any guitar, as well as on violins, violas and mandolins. The vocals, however, generally lack fire and urgency. As such, I find the instrumentals more engaging--at least there does seem to be a fire kindling at his fingertips. (Snow Goose Songs)--Scott Jackson

S. E. ROGIE: *The 60s Sounds of S. E. Rogie, Vol. 1 LP*

This album is a reissue of classic tunes by 'palm wine' guitarist Sooliman E. Rogie of Sierra Leone. 'Palm Wine guitar music,' says Rogie, 'is like folk music or blues. People sing heart to heart songs--what they feel. They drink a little to feel happy and what they drink is palm wine.' Included here are his biggest hits from the Sixties taken from original masters, 'My Lovely Elizabeth' and 'Please Go Easy With Me'. Rogie now lives in the US, but here his smooth baritone complements the infectious sweetness of these vintage West African melodies recorded in Sierra Leone and Liberia. 'Baby Lef Marah' and 'Easy Baby' are from the Liberian sessions and are sung in 'Krio' (Creole), a language which developed among repatriated slaves and spread throughout Sierra Leone and the west coast of Africa by musicians and expatriates. Something of a natural innovator (the percussion sound in 'My Lovely Elizabeth' was made by striking a calabash which was submerged upside down in a basin of water with his fist), Rogie continues to be active as a musician, currently fronting a high-life band called Songs and Creation in the Bay area. (R & G African Project)--Ron Sakolsky

THE ROMANS: *The Last Days At The Ranch LP*

Dream Syndicate meets Fairport Convention with a pinch of bluegrass. Lead singer Michael Uhlenkott often sings

'Dream Syndicate meets Fairport Convention with a pinch of bluegrass.'

and writes in a manner similar to his mentor Steve Wynn (of the aforementioned Dream Syndicate, who also produced this), but often adds a Celtic or country feel with mandolin and lilted harmonies. The result is a delightful hybrid of folk pop-rock with a down home country flavor not in the least bit contrived. (Restless)--Brad Bradberry

PETTER RONNEBERG: *Mental Pictures C*

Excellent ambient drone music. The four pieces on the tape vary somewhat in effect, but they all have a somber edge and dream-like quality. The opening piece, 'Birth', uses a high, three note synth pattern as the rhythm pulse, with some phase-shifting (?) applied which seems to keep it slightly out of sync with itself. This mesmerizing minimalist motif is joined by a languid violin line, a slowly building bass drone, and another reverb pattern, very much in the background initially and then beginning to dominate, together with the drone. 'Love'

sounds more like a funeral dirge, but is very beautiful and moving, with a classical organ-like pattern over a bass pulse resembling a slow heartbeat. The two other pieces, 'Life' and 'Dreams' also have an elusive charm, but like all good ambient music, *Mental Pictures* involves you as much as you want to be involved. It can take you away, or will keep its distance. (Sophisticated Artworks)--Bill Tilland

ROOM 291: *The Pink World 4-song C*

Now, at first this tape doesn't seem all that different. Very competent gloom synthesizer-laden rock, with a singer lamenting about his unknown fears, but after listening to this for awhile something really seems wrong. The musicians after awhile seem to get bored with all this despair and decide to play around with the equipment. So over a basic rhythm, you get looped radio phrases, incidental metal percussives, chanting and bursts of noise, all propelling the singer, forever atoning for the sins the world has yet to commit. (Redux Records)--AMK

ROOT BOY SLIM: *Don't Let This Happen To You LP*

Long before there was Mojo Nixon there was Root Boy Slim. D.C.'s madman of bars, skewering every political and social target in sight with his biting, cruel and often obscene wit. Plus a healthy dose of booze-blooze jazz

'D.C.'s madman of bars, skewering every political and social target in sight with his biting, cruel and often obscene wit...'

boogie 'n' roll from his Sex Change Band. The Root sounds a lot like Frank Zappa vocally, although he's capable, to my ears, of a much more expressive tone when he chooses to sing it straight. The new album is a hodgepodge of styles--smooth jazz w/'tasty' guitar licks and frantic sax on 'It's Only Murder', bar band shuffling blues on 'Evolution', numbskull metal stomping on 'House Band In Hell', quirky electrorock w/ squirrelly synth riffs on 'Health Spa Lady'. You get the idea. Competent backing, often innovative, but never that deeply compelling--this might be due to a slight lack of vision in the arrangements, for each band member does shine individually. For me, then, the fun begins when Root Boy Slim opens his mouth. He handles such diverse topics as mad scientist lust ('When You Date The Undead'), aerobics-obsessed wimmen ('Health Spa Lady'), the heyday of vocal groups and the death-knell from 'synthesizers and Casios' ('They Don't Sing On The Corner'), getting stoned, drunk or otherwise fucked-up ('I Fell Down'). The Reagan-drenched society and the money class--who needs Jesse Jackson anyway!--depicted in 'Rich, White & Republican' is absolutely hilarious in a deadpan way. And Root's stream-of-consciousness musings in 'It's Only Murder' border on brilliance. So I'll conditionally recommend this album to those of you who want a brief diversion. Seeing the man live in a club is a lot better, however. (Kingsnake)--Fred Mills

ARLEN ROTH: *Lonely Street LP*

Roth, a well-traveled studio guitarist, does all the singing, although his not unpleasant voice is inappropriate for some of the tunes (rawness is a necessity for rock and blues singing). The tunes are either covers or forgettable self-composed numbers, nothing really outstanding. Roth's fame (he is the author of a series of instruction tapes) derives from his ability as a wizard of the strings. Arlen's forte is his country style playing (he sounds at times like a pedal steel) and his slide work. All in all this is yet another studio musician's disc with all the usual symptoms--weak material, average backup arrangements and plenty of the star's particular talents. (Flying Fish Records)--Brian White

NED ROTHENBERG: *Trespass LP*

Rothenberg is the reigning master of extended techniques on the alto sax and bass clarinet. Many's the time you

'(he) is the reigning master of extended techniques of the alto sax and bass clarinet...(he) is musical to the core.'

would swear that there must be more than one person playing or that arcane and esoteric studio techniques

were employed. And it's not simply a matter of hot technical chops. Rothenberg is musical to the core. The album opens up with 'Strata' for solo bass clarinet. Appropriately titled, 'Stratifies' the upper and lower ranges of the instrument, yielding a musical dialogue. The solo line vacillates between upper and lower registers, emphasized multiphonics, and includes a throbbing, almost percussive like accompaniment, all coming out of a single instrument, played in a single take. What follows are six more equally inventive, virtuosic and eminently musical explorations by Rothenberg. Whereas so many other ventures into extended techniques come off as technical chops without any sense of musicality, Rothenberg manages to pull this off on both fronts. This record is a killer! (Lumina Records)--Dean Suzuki

RUIN: *Fiat Lux LP*

Savage, hardcore/metal/thrash/ hybrid with illusions of psychedelia (a creative version of Jefferson's Airplane's 'White Rabbit' for example). These guys seem a bit unfocused to me, but hit the mark on occasion. Good musicians though. If you like SST-type of loud, over the top 'heavy music' (Black Flag, Saccharine Trust, etc.), you may go for this. (Meta Meta)--Brad Bradberry

SANTO: *Music From The Street LP*

There is a certain mood that exists in the summer when you live in New York City. It's hard to describe verbally, but this record captures the atmosphere beautifully.

'There is a certain mood that exists in the summer...in New York City...this record captures the atmosphere beautifully.'

The album consists of Santo singing and playing acoustic guitar on six songs. A few of the tracks have keyboards and percussion, but, over all, this is just a good raw album. The lyrics are filled with wonderful observations about people. (Source Unltd Records & Tapes)--Ross Mohn

SKY 'SUNLIGHT' SAXON & FIREWALL: *Destiny's Children LP*

Sky surfaces from the underground (and Hawaiian jungles) to make a great LP with several luminaries of the

'Sky surfaces from the underground...'

Los Angeles neo-psych scene backing him as Firewall, and he hasn't sounded this upbeat and 'happy' since the days of The Seeds (GNP Crescendo period). Though songwriting credits are shared, the strong, melodic material here is pure Sky in spirit and sound--it's a musical tribute to flower-power 1967, by the man who allegedly coined that term, and sounds like a natural progression of that magical musical era. My bias will show here, but I've been following this guy's career for 20 years, and he's still the coolest dude breathin' air. (PVC)--Jack Jordan

KLAUS SCHONNING: *Cyclus C*

A good, if not ground-breaking, album of electronic space music. This release was first issued in Denmark in 1980. The work is supposed to be about seasons, but I can't really follow that--but that's alright. Analog and digital synths predominate, with some other instruments included. This has a bright joyous quality to it, despite the fact that almost all the selections are in minor keys. (Fortuna Records)--Douglas Bregger

SCRATCH ACID: *Just Keep Eating LP*

Lunatic music. Shreiking, snarling, screaming vocals 'sprinkled with moments of instrumental sanity. The musicians (predominately guitar, bass and drums) leap from

'Lunatic music. Shreiking, snarling, screaming...manages to both repulse and attract you with a strange beauty...'

mood to mood effortlessly. At the same time, the album manages to both repulse and attract you with a strange beauty; like death. (Rabid Cat Records)--Brent Godfrey
SCRUFFY THE CAT: *High Octane Revival LP*
Here's a right friendly record by a combo that may have

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addresses are listed in
index near the back

been born in a garage or a barn with equal ease. Scruffy's from Boston and manage to mix up whatever cheap electric instruments are lying around into some good time, countryish (i.e. they use banjo and accordion) frat rock with a hard wallop and intelligent writing to boot. An utter lack of pretension is what gets this band and this record off the ground. (Relativity)—Justin Kaminski

SECOND CHILDHOOD: *Figure Skating LP*

The vocals are so emotionless and weak, I really had to force myself to listen through both sides. The playing is tight and high-quality, if somewhat mainstream. There's no sense of adventure or urgency here. (Second Childhood or Boat Records)—CNEWMAN

PIETER SEILER: *Flying Frames C*

This sounds like a more commercialized Klaus Schultze—something we don't need. (No offence intended towards Mr. Schultze) Digital keyboards predominate, and the sounds coming from them are ones everyone familiar with electronic music has heard before—another problem. Especially distressing is the heavy funk drum sounds on a few cuts. Another selection has acoustic guitar, and sounds like a more simplified Anthony Phillips—again, no offence to Mr. Phillips. The tape is recorded quieter than it ought to be. (Innovative Communications)—Douglas Bregger

7 SECONDS: *New Wind LP*

The music is not quite as ferocious as on some of their earlier releases but it's still very high energy stuff. There's a larger U/pop influence in the tone and tempo of a number of the tunes here. This band however really has far more punch than most any pop group. Socially and politically 7 Seconds is also still very much aware and concerned which comes through loud and clear in the lyrics as well as their promotion of Amnesty International on the lyric sheet. And what the hell, every now and then they still cut loose with some damn good thrash that's a hellava lotta fun. Tight, well played and produced rock that I'd really like to hear on local radio. The fact that I don't really pisses me off. (Better Youth Organization)—Bryan Sale

ELLIOT SHARP: *Fractal LP*

Explosive, atonal compositions. Sharp plays guitar, bass, reeds, slab, pantar, 'tubiners' and 'violinoid'. These instrumentals are highly percussive, with Robert Previte's expressive, often sporadic drumming. The strangled instruments crash like in a Glenn Branca composition, with scratches, feedback and bass harmonics. When the various reeds blow they have a strange vocal quality, they

'Explosive, atonal compositions...instruments appear, play together and disappear like short wave radio signals...refreshing and always intense...industrial music without synths or tapes.'

emulate squawking ducks and generally blow together over the disjointed, complex rhythms. All the instruments seem to have a dual purpose: they are used as percussive devices and also as expressive tools for a wide range of sounds. The shorter pieces remain structurally constant, and seem to run on just long enough not to wear on the listener. The longest piece, a 15 minute commissioned dance score, changes between a steadily repeating bass drum, guitar harmonics and feedback coming in like chimes and bells, and reeds. The instruments appear, play together and disappear like short wave radio signals. The effects are refreshing and always intense. It's industrial music without synths or tapes. (Dossier Records)—C. Carstens

WAYNE SHORTER: *Introducing Wayne Shorter LP*

Wayne Shorter was one of the most significant of the jazzmen who matured during the 1960's. A major part of both Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and the classic mid-60's Miles Davis Quintet, Wayne lent his tenor and memorable compositions to both units. He later mastered the soprano sax and co-led Weather Report with Joe Zawinul until his recent formation of his own group. *Introducing*, a reissue of an album recorded Nov. '10, 1959, finds Shorter at the beginning of his career when he was exploring similar areas as his friend John Coltrane. Wayne's emerging style is well displayed, along with fine playing from trumpeteer Lee Morgan and the Miles Davis rhythm section of the time. This is a histori-

cal album whose music is still undated. (Vee Jay Records)—Scott Yanow

DAVID SIDMAN QUINTET: *Speak of the Sun C46*

Guitarist/composer Sidman leads a modern hard bop quintet of guitar, tenor and alto saxes, bass and drums. Sidman makes full use of the two horns, both in writing 3-voice themes and backing riffs for the solos, and in giving everyone solo space. It's a good band, and well-matched, with not a weak player in the bunch. Although stylistically consistent, there's variety in the tunes—'(S)parse' has funk influence, 'Another Kind of Life' is a jazz waltz and 'Fort Worth Quickstep', surely a tribute to Ornette Coleman, features a start-and-stop theme that would give it away even if you didn't know Coleman's birthplace. (Global Village Music)—Mark Sullivan

FRED SIMON: *Time and the River LP*

This is a sophisticated and highly successful recording. All the music was composed by Simon, who plays electric and acoustic keyboard, and features the expert harpist Liz Cifani. The sound is 'New Acoustic' and several

'...soothingly beautiful and structurally sound...'

of the pieces are strong minimalist structures. The title song is especially successful and features adept scoring of parts for acoustic and synthesized voice. 'A Likely Story' is another gem—harp is used to create a subtly shifting sonic base over which Fred Smith slowly layers electronic keyboards parts. A number of songs, such as 'If I Could Tell You', evidence a folk music influence. Liz Cifani, who teaches at Northwestern and Northern Illinois U and who has served as principle harpist for a number of midwestern symphony orchestras is featured on several solos for harp. On the 'New Pavan Suite' she performs beautiful variation of a Fred Simon theme. This is a recording that is both soothingly beautiful and structurally sound. The strong compositions both reward careful analysis or more casual use as ambient or background music. (Quaver Records)—Robert F. Oot

JIMMY SILVA: *Remnants of the Empty Set LP*

Very good guitar pop/rock and extremely good songs. Silva's hook-laden tunes would be perfect on an AM car radio. Silva sings in an appropriate 'tough-but-tender' style on all but three tunes. Kim Wonderly sings two of them, sounding not unlike Beth Brown of Absolute Grey. (Wonderly also wrote one of those songs.) The album's strongest point goes to 'Weight of the Wind' which features Sal Valentino of the Beau Brummels. Actually this track sounds like an unearthed Beau Brummels classic. (PopLlama Productions)—Tim Burris

SKINN TRADE: *Wax Tense 12" 45 EP*

Skinn Trade is Mark Stewart, Kerry O'Brien (formerly Screamin' Sirens), Glenn Laughlin, Greg Bell. Produced by Earle Mankey (O'Brien & Bell not on this EP.) Some Celtic folk influences on 'This Is The Way'. Laughlin toured with the Dickies, but this is not really like the Dickies. Uptempo, for sure. Diana, a DJ at KFJC who loves the Buzzcocks and Undertones...I think she'd like this. I like it, but I have a hard time defining it. 'Tripping On My Tongue' has a Robyn Hitchcock irony (though not at all his style of tune)—I would make it a hit if I could. A neat little EP, I feel cheated there isn't more, all four songs are unlike each other. Good pop. Fun stuff. (Roundhouse Records)—Paul S. Luchter

SKULLS: *Dress Up And Die!*

The music is thick and heavy but not fast enough to venture into the thrash realm. The overly self-conscious poppish crafting is contrary to the Skulls' apparently raunchier nature. The sense that they're holding back pervades, and they never let it all hang out. 'Dead In The Gutter' is appallingly self-indulgent, inferring parallels between the band and Poe, Bach and Beethoven. Conversely, 'Torture Ship' is an entertaining S&M (The ship is rollin' in a mystery fog/But rain or shine you're gettin' flogged) boner voyage piece. The 'hit single' is 'Coffin Cruiser'. Its glossy vocals almost warrant mainstream airplay. Overall, the two worthwhile tunes don't necessarily make the disc worth the price of admission. (Don Records)—Tom Morr

BUN SLEPIAN: *Reflections LP*

The subtlety of Slepian's electronic/acoustic music is such that I am either bored or enchanted with it, depending on my mental state. His music is too busy to be ambient, but he restricts his guitars and synthesizers to a very limited melodic and tonal range. All the timbres

seem bright and cool at the same time, and melody is little more than simple chord progressions, repeated with minute variations and unobtrusive counterpoint. Slepian uses no percussion, but most of the pieces on *Reflections* have a regular rhythmic pulse. However, there is a characteristic but almost imperceptible manipulation of the rhythmic attack, which alternately advances and retards the pulse. This technique creates tension and some interest, although it takes some getting used to. Overall, Slepian's music comes across as delicate, austere and quietly charming—but sometimes, it is almost too refined for my tastes. (Audion Recording)—Bill Tilland

SLOVENLY: *Thinking of Empire*

This collection of riff driven tunes skirts around conventional song structure and melody, not to mention hooks. Off center guitar lines jut up against straight forward, almost martial bass lines, but with a curious lack of power. Lyrics are vague and pseudo-poetic, and delivered by Steve Anderson in a sincere if monotonal manner. Production by Spot is clean and thin. It's frustrating to write about this record, because there are lots of good things happening, but it ultimately doesn't gel. Driven, but not compelling. (SST)—Scott Siegal

SLY GARBAGE AND THE CRYPTONES: *Rowis Towaris C-60*

File this under Art Rock! This is the second tape by two guys who go by the names 'Xylo' and 'Zakk'. Basically sounds like these two are sitting around having fun with guitars, keyboards, a drum machine and vocals. Music is well composed with fairly simple melodies throughout. A well done tape if you like this kind of thing. (Big Records)—Brian S. Curley

THE SMARTIES: *Whole Bunch of Weirdos LP*

A German punk band, The Smarties favor tight arrangements, a sense of humor and stylistic variation. Pieces like 'Youth' or 'Money Has Priority' establish their credentials as politically aware while never letting up on the power-sprung rhythms. Still, 'Apocalypse' is mainly a moody drone and a couple of straight-ahead covers ('Ghostriders in the Sky' and 'The Mamas and Papas' 'San Francisco') add to the general good feeling. Maybe the fact that they don't have a fan club but a Fun Club should have been a tip-off. The entire album is funny, serious and engaging. (Better Youth Organization)—Lang Thompson

THE SMARTIES: *Whole Bunch of Weirdoes LP*

The Smarties feature absolutely the best cockney singing and lyrics by a German Skate Band on a US label ever. This is one fresh sounding record. Peace ballads, beautiful instrumentals, a goofy synth here and there, 'unity' style backing vocals (oooh-oooo-oooooh-oh) on a few cuts and the first Gilbert and Sullivan style chorus backed up vocal I've ever heard used. All on a rocking underground recording. Features several skate oriented songs, noisy sound effects, a saloon piano and, of course, fun. (Better Youth Organization or Jens Gallmayer)

THE SMITH SISTERS: *Mockingbird LP*

The voices are rich and exquisite, in perfect harmony. It's their interpretive ability and choice of song material that lets these sisters down from time to time. Their material generally keeps within a fairly straightforward folk tradition, with leanings towards the popularization of this form by artists such as Joan Baez and Judy Collins, both of whom are covered here. The originals are quite good, and the medieval quality of Walking Man is just right for the Smith's pristine vocals. (Flying Fish)—Scott Jackson

OTIS 'SMOKEY' SMOTHERS AND HIS ICE CREAM MEN: *Got My Eyes On You LP*

'Smokey', a 57 year old veteran from Mississippi who has played with the likes of Muddy Walters, Little Walter, Howlin' Wolf, Bo Diddley and Freddie King, delivers up a fine album here. He doesn't accomplish this by laying on a lot of flashy guitar licks, but lets his Muddy-style slide guitar work complement the natural 'slide' in his voice which is much like that of Jimmy Reed. The combination of the two gives the record the kind of blues authenticity that's worth a million string-bending solos by soulless guitar whiz technicians. For 'down home' intimacy, give a listen to his unaccompanied work on 'You're My Bird' and 'Got Love'. An unassuming record which grows on you with each listening. (Red Beans Records)—Ron Sakolsky

SOFTWARE: *Chip Meditation C*

Software is the German duo of Michael Weisser and Peter Mergener. As a team they record under their own names as well as the moniker Software. But as Software

they specialize in what they call 'computer generated new age music'. This is an apt description. The music within is pleasant, introspective, and never imposing. Abundant use of computer generation in this work performs several functions, first there is the strict regulation of the pulse, second, there is a refined synchronization of

'...blues authenticity that's worth a million string-bending solos by soulless guitar whiz technicians.'

rhythmic elements, melody and counter-melodies, and finally, it engages short incidents of seemingly random sonic innuendos that were often hit or miss inclusions in the earlier music of this vein. As may be expected, the compositions are derivative of earlier German composers, particularly Klaus Schulze and Ash Ra Tempel and their sequential based constructions. And, as such, they are not terribly innovative. But, as is also expected, they never fail to provide the sense of ethereal excursion that makes this type of music so inviting. (Innovative Communications or Suite Beat Music Group)--Nathan Griffith

SORRY: The Way It Is LP

This is a band that defies categorization. Their music is funky, '77 influenced rock with an eighties guitar drone. Sorry's songs are short and to the point (16 songs in all). With the entrance of the first chord, you know enough to play it LOUD. *The Way It Is* is intelligent, well above-average hard rock. (Homestead)--Tom Burris

SPECTRE: Lady of the Night C46

Dear Dave C.: This is a joke, right? I thought heavy

'I thought heavy metal this lame-brained and crap-encrusted was outlawed by a multilateral pact in 1981.'

metal this lame-brained and crap-encrusted was outlawed by a multilateral pact in 1981. Guess not, OK, so maybe

there are a couple of good riffs on here but it's no excuse for long, self-indulgent crud such as this. I should have guessed by the phallic symbol on the theater on the cover. It's not even bad enough to be kitsch. Pshaw! Your trusty reviewer...(Spectre/FMD Productions)--Jamie Rake

JOSEPH SPENCE: Happy All the Time LP

The Bahama's answer to Rev. Gary Davis, Joseph Spence has had a cult following since his discovery by Sam Charters in the late '50's. He combines a sophisticated two digit fingerpicking style with a rhythmic sense that

'The Bahama's answer to Rev. Gary Davis...combines a sophisticated two digit fingerpicking style with a rhythmic sense that encompasses just about every kind of music...'

encompasses just about every kind of music that was within earshot of his home (blues, spirituals, Cuban, Haitian and other African and Latin derivatives). This recording was made over 20 years ago in Spence's home; his wife's accompanying vocals drift in from the kitchen. Audible, too, are Spence's foot tapping and his melodic mutterings, a sort of Bahamian scat singing. Much of Ry Cooder's acoustic guitar style derives from Joe's, and Ry has covered some of the same tunes on his records. Spence's playing centers around the repetition of a simple tune with unending melodic and rhythmic variations, as evidenced by the tour de force, 'Living on the Hallelujah Side'. The strong pulse of his playing indicates he must have been in demand for dances, at least before the introduction of the cheap cassette deck. Carthage should be praised for rereleasing this excellent example of a severely underrepresented artist. See also *Music of the Bahamas, Vol. 1*, Folkways (lousy vinyl, short recording time, indispensable). (Carthage Records)--Brian White

SPIRAL JETTY: Tour of Homes

A seemingly quite honest record by three men who (thank god) don't look like they want to be rock stars.

Imagine busy folk music, simple guitar work over a very busy rhythm section, and soft, warbley vocals courtesy of guitarist Adam Potkay. Several songs are produced by the main Feelies, Million and Mercer, if that can give a slight indication of the band's sound. All this and a Paul Anka cover to boot! (Incas)--Lawrence Crane

SPLIT: Clubcrack C

This is dance music that is at once light on the rhythm and melody, but dark on the overtones and emotions. Split is very similar to many of the other doomy, shadowy dance bands that have cast their pall upon the club dance floor, but there is enough talent here to warrant a listen or two. Husky vocals with a tinge of urban drone top off the dusky melodies with a sincerity and earnestness that cannot be denied. (Crack Music)--Carol L. Schutzbank

SQUARES: Live*U.Y.A. C

Gritty R&B-based garage rock recorded live but with almost no ambience. Raw and powerful originals and one cover (Led Zep's 'Rock and Roll') performed well and with infectious enthusiasm. Pounding drums, throbbing bass, classic crunch guitar, blues harp--it's all here. The Squares reply to Springsteen's view of the world in 'Green Chevrolet', while stretching out into arty experimentation with tape effects on 'Ascarred (Dub U.Y.A.)'. Side two is side one backwards, and the band advised that it not be listened to, though I found it kind of enjoyable. This is a band to watch. (Mom's Records)--K. Crothers

STANDARD VOCAL RANGE C-30

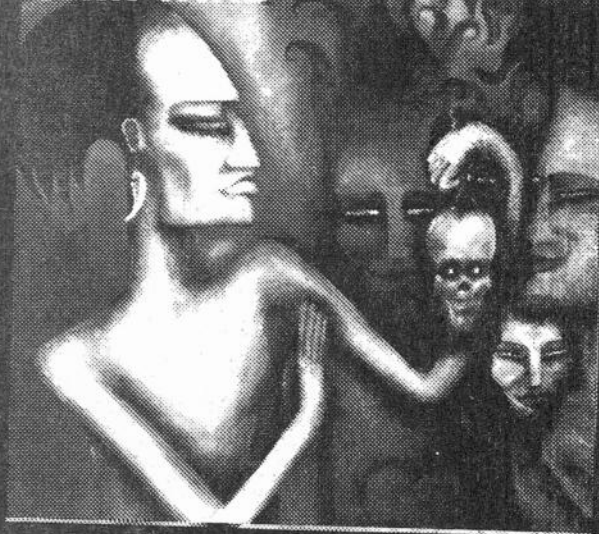
Every kinda unmentionable critter in alla creation is summoned to appear on this tape. They are to be

'Every kinda unmentionable critter in all creation is summoned to appear on this tape.'

strapped down and prodded to reveal what they know. (In three words or less, repeated over and over and over.) 'Jesus was a pervert', 'Wake up and listen', 'Chirpy Chirpy Cheap', 'Sheep who love Jesus', a lot of unintelligible slavish-sounding (or is it backwards)

GODDAMN! DIG THIS -

SKIN YARD



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Frank Gunderson

STATIK ACTION: Danger Zone C

At first I didn't like this tape from Statik Action, because it sounded like every other English synthesizer band right down to the deadpan vocals. The trouble is that these guys are from California so they should know better but I guess not. That's what I thought at first, but after several repeated listenings, there were a few songs that I really liked. Fourteen songs of this stuff still gets on my nerves after awhile, but four or five of the songs I can live with. The best songs are 'Dance the 7th Night', 'One Time' and 'Cellophane'. I can do without such throwaway tunes like 'Song in C'. Appears to be only two people using a lot of Yamaha equipment. (Invisible Disk Records)--John Krinov

LENI STERN: Clairvoyant LP

This record is almost like having two records in one. First, there is the jazz fusion record, led by a new female jazz guitarist, Leni Stern, with the first rate rhythm section of Larry Willis on piano, Harvie Swartz on bass, and Paul Motian on drums. Unfortunately, they don't seem to have material to work with, and these cuts seem like a pale imitation of Spyro Gyro or David Sanborn. Then there's the two jazz standards, which are basically done as guitar duets, with Stern and the great new textual guitarist, Bill Frisell. These old standards take on new meaning through the sensitive, spacey reinterpretations. Those moments are enough to show the potential of Leni Stern. (Passport Records)--Steven Moffic

PAUL STURM: Long Distance LP

Side one contains two pieces made in collaboration with artist Ruthann Godollee on commission from the St. Paul Arts Collective. They are very personal works, with found sounds, narration and manipulated voices, all related to telephone conversations. 'Dear Mom' involves excerpts of a phone call where the narrator gives details of a not-particularly-interesting dream; my nightmare since I can't hang up. The manipulated phone sounds are irritating and the point is lost on me. 'The Big Sleep' however is an insightful look at the way we view dead friends and those with whom we've lost contact and effectively conveys the author's feelings. Side two is similarly varied in effectiveness. The Giorno-style 'Times Are Bad' is a funny look at being down--revealed by Paul's phone call to himself (both selves talk at once). Another long piece contains a nice outdoorsy poem 'With Freddy, On The Lawn', the beauty of which becomes lost in tape manipulation. There is some intelligent and arty material here. It needs tightening up a bit. (Turnstyle Media)--William Storage

SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL/BRUCE GASTON/DNU HUNTRAKUL: Hexaphony C-75

The aim of composers Somtow (who is also a novelist) and Gaston in writing *Hexaphony* was, according to the excellent liner notes to this tape, nothing less than a total synthesis of Thai and Western music. The method was to

which were not allowed to fully develop. (Warptwest Music)--Nick Didkovsky

NIKKI SUDDEN & DAVE KUSWORTH: The Ragged School LP

The Ragged School collects tracks from several 12" discs released previously in England. My initial response was one of disappointment. The sound, as I had been preened for, is close to what The Stones might sound like without Mick Jagger (see: 'You Got The Silver'), but it doesn't kick your head off like one might anticipate. The rub is that this stuff is kinda subtle. There are hooks here, but they don't grab you until after many spins. Then, they don't let go. Subterranean hooks? Ringing guitars and ragged, aching harmonies dominate every track, a records that seems made-to-order for late-night drunks. (Twin Tone)--Scott Jackson

THE SUICIDE TWINS: Silver Missles and Nightengales LP

Pretentious and decadent in the finest early 70's rock tradition. Fiddles, harmonicas and banjo complement them strummin' guitars real good. Makes me wanna put on some shades and do a Keith Richards rubber-man dance. These guys, formerly of Hanoi Rocks, even dress like it's still 1973 and I say if you like it, do it. They've done it and I like it too. (PVC)--Tom Burris

SUN RA: Stars That Shine Darkly/Hiroshima LP

This is one of Ra's many, but hard to find, releases on Saturn Records, his private label. The packaging consists of a simple white cover decorated on one side with hand-drawn magic marker patterns. The labels look like they were literally glued by hand onto the record. And the music? Heavenly! *Stars That Shine Darkly* is a slice of Ra-style free jazz. One might think, on first listening, that it is unfocused and chaotic, but further listenings reveal that there is a melody running throughout it. *Hiroshima* is very different. It is Sun Ra on solo organ with only percussion backing him up. Very dark, with lots of intermodulating tones, parts of it sound almost industrial! It is Ra as I've not heard him before, but as I would like to hear more of. (Saturn)--Douglas Bregger

TOMOKO SUNAZAKI/MASAYUKI KOGA: Moon At Dawn C

A good tape of traditional Japanese music for koto, a stringed instrument, and shakuhachi, a kind of flute. There are both older and newer compositions. The newer compositions are more 'westernized' in structure. The tape is recorded rather quietly. (Fortuna Records)--Douglas Bregger

FODAY MUSA SUSO, TAMBA SUSO AND JARJU KUYATCH: Mansa Bendung (Welcome The King) LP

By now, Foday Musa Suso is perhaps the most famous Gambian griot in the United States because of his recent association with Herbie Hancock, but don't overlook his solo acoustic work (e.g., *Hand Power*) or his work with his band, the Mandingo Griot Society. It was during his little know stint as an 'artist-in-residence' in the Springfield, Illinois, public school system that I came to know and enjoy his music (he shared that residency with bluesman Fenton Robinson). In this self-produced album, he is once again featured on traditional kora (a 21-stringed harp-lute with a gourd resonator), but as a special treat, he is joined here by the gentle interplay of a second kora played by Jarju Kuyatch and by one of the Gambia's most renowned traditional singers, Tamba Suso. The result is a lovely blend of Mandingo historical epics, praise and love songs. (Flying Fish)--Ron Sakolsky

SVIRKA (WOMEN'S BALKAN CHORUS) C

Not speaking a word of Serbo-Croatian, Turkish or Russian, I am fully unqualified to judge the intent of Svirka's lyrics, therefore the sound is my guide. Unfortunately none of the 14 voices in this chorus strike me as exceptional, but then again it is American of me to ask for a star out of a chorus. But even as a group they are not particularly compelling. Though some of the songs, 'Dve Nevestit' in particular, hint at that a cappella power of which Sweet Honey In the Rock is the master, it is hard to invest such currency in the doings here. The sound is far better when, as on 'Mome Odi Niz Livada' instruments are added and the music becomes more spirited. Though competent, these choruses are far from the sweeping emotional vignettes of Mozart. But I will say one thing--you have to admire these women, none of them of Balkan descent, attempting to preserve this kind of culture and tradition. I don't understand a word they are singing, but perhaps that is the beginning of the real review here. (Global Village Music)--Kim Knowles

SWA: Sex Doctor LP

Chuck Dukowski (ex-Wurm/Black Flag) and Merrill Ward (ex-Overkill) lead this SST supergroup of sorts through their second LP. Intense rock and roll with all the metal trims like guitar solos and yells. The lyrics can be very intelligent at times but descend into stuff like 'know my love is true, what more can I do' more often. I wonder if anyone gets into this stuff as a sort of alternative to corporate heavy rock or something. Sylvia Juncosa (To Damascus) has since replaced the guitarist here and I've heard they are better live. (SST)--Lawrence Crane

JIMMY SWAGGERT: Will The Circle Be Unbroken and At An Altar Of Prayer LPS

The *Circle* album is a spoken-word sermon recorded at Brightmore Tabernacle in Detroit--no date is listed although the lack of excess pockmarks on his face in the cover photo tends to indicate an old release. Or maybe

'(Jimmy) really gets worked up, voice rising to a near-hysterical quiver, when he depicts modern mothers who have nicotine-stained lips and can 'swig a bottle of beer with the best of 'em' and start swinging their hips to the sound of popular music...'

it's just airbrushing, Guccione-style. No vaseline on jimbo's lenses, however, for his message is blunt, frightening and timeless. He rails against plenty of modern vices and devices, including his insight that 'television has become the babysitter of our children'. He really gets worked up, voice rising in a near-hysterical quaver, when he depicts modern mothers who have nicotine-stained lips and can 'swig a bottle of beer with the best of 'em' and start swinging their hips to the sounds of popular music. 'I'm glad I never saw my momma wearing a miniskirt!' he cries, and you, the listener, are compelled to your knees in mute awe of the power the man has to move you. Truly heaven-sent. I now know

'I know know where Mojo Nixon got his oratory skills.'

where Mojo Nixon got his oratory skills. The *Altar* disc is straight gospel music recorded in Nashville. No credits are listed but that piano player really brought tears to my eyes. The stand-up bass and brush'd drums provide a steady, understated bottom. The various backing singers warble on dutifully while Jimmy-boy part-sings, part-speaks his messages of grace and inspiration. 'You can find peace and rest with my blessed Jesus!' he croons the verse--interesting to hear the spoken bits in between lines such as 'You can have it too, neighbor!', almost like he's afraid you'll miss the point when immersing your senses in the beautiful music. Stryper this ain't. A few

'Styper this ain't...Swaggert can't hold a tune in a shower...'

real slow ones, a couple of almost country rockers, several finger-popping jazzy numbers. Trouble is, Swaggert can't hold a tune in a shower, and that may explain why he resorts to the flat spoken delivery time after time. Not for everyone, but a decent effort nevertheless. Someone get this man a producer and voice coach. (Jim Records)--Fred Mills

THE TAIL GATORS: Mumbo Jumbo LP

That East Texas/Louisiana swamp sound is rolling again on this, the Tail Gator's second long player. The sound is mixed way hot and the playing of Austin's best trad

'...aficionados of free and world musics will heave a feast here...'

be a kind of 'premeditated improvisation'. What emerged was a piece involving gentle folkish melodies alternating with tweedle-bump-crash arhythmic improv and what sounds like over 100 instruments were used by the six players, including Soutow's piano and Gaston's ranaat ek, the traditional Siamese xylophone. Dnu conducted and played vibes. The contrast between the anarchic free playing and the orderly Thao form (in which three variations, each with an A and B section, are played at successively faster tempi) is sometimes jarring, but aficionados of free and world musics will have a feast here. Recording quality is only adequate. (Imaginary)--Bart Grooms

ANATOL SUCHER: Solitary Confinement C

Sucher falls into some typical tape composition traps which detract from this collection of solo works. Over-used repeating patterns, sequences and drum machine rhythms yield static pieces which seem too long after only a few minutes. Unfortunately, the static nature of his music is not used to its own advantage, as the timbres and repetitive events are not independently rich enough to carry the music. Recording quality is often muddy, especially on the louder industrial pieces, where obligatory churning sounds are layered over a nondeveloping foundation. Sucher's pieces are glimpses of ideas

Keep in touch. Refer
to the index for
contact addresses.

R & R is miles beyond last year's debut. Most of the songs are again leisurely stretched out for maximum band interplay and dancefloor involvement. Guitarist Don Leady has a field day trading accordion, fiddle and lap steel breaks with himself on 'Little Girl Blue' while Keith Ferguson (bass) and Mudcat Smith (drums) lay down the solidest foundation in the land. Few pleasures in life rival the enjoyment of seeing these guys tear up a club with current dance hall picks 'Mumbo Jumbo', 'I Need Love' and 'Chase The Devil' and this time its all on wax. The cassette version features two additional covers--the timeless 'Colinda' and 'Allons Rock & Roll'. (Wrestler)--Justin Kaminski

HARRY TAVITIAN/CORNELIU STROE:*Transylvanian Suite LP*

I reviewed this LP for another magazine earlier this year but it's a pleasure to say a few more words about it. Pianist Tavitian and percussionist Stroe are from Romania

'This pair sounds like Jade Warrior meets Eno...'

and they create exciting, multi-directional, contemporary music. Their improvisations stem from folk and folk derived themes. There's an inherent dance quality to their music, even when it enters free territory. It's a bit similar to the dance/ethnic link Fred Firth created on his *Gravity LP*. (The album sounds nothing like Frith's however.) This album shows that you don't need a robot beat box to create dance music for the eighties. And it also shows that it's possible to create dance music that can also involve the brain. (Leo Records)--R. Iannapollo

GREGORY ALAN TAYLOR:*Interregnum C-60*
It's ambient during the opening and closing third of the tape. It's ambient-undaring but very listenable. It's deeply filtered. It's in ping-pong stereo that's deftly mixed. All sounds are synthetic except the sound of ice dropping gently from a tree. There's one Hawaiian guitar piece--sandwiched between two Oriental kotos. This pair sounds like Jade Warrior meets Eno. There's three gamelans with horns ala Jon Hassell and Eno. Then the atmosphere is threatening. The blaring horns of the Middle East hea-

rald the 'Dissolute Consul'. He's sinister and daring. Microtonal and minimal. But soon ambience floods the room. The tape meanders to its end. And the ambience of you own environment returns. All of my friends liked it. (ARTlevel Recordings)--G. O.

TAOMAO:*Winter Palace C*

This is a second edition of a previously released cassette with three new pieces in place of six which were dropped. TAOMAO is composed of former members of Republic of Sherpa. Powerful tribal rhythms propel deadly sounding vocals above the dark yet urgent music. This well produced tape exudes gloom. The vocalist sounds like he's singing from beyond the grave. Destined to give your grandmother nightmares. (TAOMAO)--Brent Godfrey

S. TEMPLAR:*A Second Chance C*

Songsmith singing accompanied by guitar, Dave and Hinton are heard once or so with bass and keyboards, lots of excellent spoken and sung folk type songs. There are several other tapes, some are much more rollicking and goofy (*White Boy Medicine Show*, for example) this is more serious in mood, good clear recordings and vocals. There's a lot of spirit and a good feeling in the simple comfortable beauty of these songs. Some titles: 'Uncle Tom', 'The Day Ojai Burned Down', 'Outlast The Storm', 'Second Chance on the River', 'She Lay Dying' and 'I Must Go'. (SED)--Robin James

PAUL TERMOS:*Solo 84-85 LP*

This is an album of alto saxophone solos. No circular breathing, no electronic accoutrements, no bizarre devices here. Just a man and his horn and an intriguing flow of ideas. Termos combines technical proficiency

'...a man and his horn and an intriguing flow of ideas...'

with great musical sense and discriminating timing. He is by turns dramatic, logical, declamatory, lyrical. Sometimes he seems to take on two voices and carry on a dialogue. It is an impressive and engaging performance which rarely falters and is filled with bright moments. One must have plenty of ideas where there are no gim-

micks and only a single instrument to rely upon. Termos succeeds admirably not only in holding our attention but, like a good speaker, in articulating for us the things we feel. (Claxon Records)--Sam Mental

JOHN TELESKA:*Heartland C*

John Teleska is a composer, arranger, producer, graphic artist and multi-instrumentalist extraordinaire. On this 45 minute collection of mostly original pieces, he plays various guitars, bass, hand percussion and hand drums with assistance from other musicians on soprano sax, pedal steel guitar and flute. It's lovingly crafted music, rhythmic and tuneful with a slight Eastern flavor. A 'direct expression of the joy of being alive'. Oregon, Lothlorien and Winter Consort fans take note! (Heartland Productions)--Sally Idasswey

THIS MORTAL COIL:*Filigree and Shadow LP*

This Mortal Coil, like the Golden Palominos, is a loose knit cadre of musicians who come together from time to time to put out recordings. Essentially 4AD artists and friends, under the guiding hand of 4AD's head, Ivo Watts-Russell, This Mortal Coil performs covers (Ivo is really big on the late Tim Buckley who gets two of his songs recorded here), including songs by Van Morrison and David Byrne, as well as some marvelous original material. This exquisite double album features music that is at once Romantic, ala 19th century passion, and surreal. Unfortunately fans of Cocteau Twin Elizabeth Fraser may be disappointed to learn that she did not participate in this record, but don't let that put you off. The gorgeous voices of Alison Limerick, Jean, Richenel and others more than compensate for Fraser's absence. Cocteau Twin Simon Raymonde is on board and his contributions, both compositional and instrumental, are excellent. Dreamy, ethereal and lovely preludes, interludes and postludes are interspersed between songs. As we've come to expect from 4AD, the production values are perfection and the sound quality distinctly idiomatic and nearly palpable, so rich and luxuriant are they. (4AD)--Dean Suzuki

THE 3-D INVISIBLES:*Jump Off The Screen LP*

This is a silly, almost funny at times, horror-rock/comedy record. Songs like 'The Monster DJ', 'Play Nine From Outer Space' and 'Dinner With Leatherface'

Cocteau Twins

'Loves Easy Tears'

4 Track EP and Cassette Contains bonus track not available on import: 'Orange Appled'.

■ THE MOON AND THE MELODIES

HAROLD BUDD ■ ELIZABETH FRASER ■ ROBIN GUTHRIE ■ SIMON RAYMONDE

A collaborative effort between avant garde pianist Harold Budd and Elizabeth, Robin and Simon of Cocteau Twins.

4AD

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----- 70 -----

might work better live. This band dresses up in horror movie attire and is probably a lot funnier and potent in a live format. Here, though competent musically, they come off limp and dull. The 3-D cover (with glasses included) is cool, though. (Neurotic Bop)--Brad Bradberry
THEATRE OF ICE: Mouse Blood C60

Four members (are they brothers?...is one a drum machine?) present a 'limited edition sampling of the works of T*O*I as chosen by haters of the band'. Material is culled from three tapes and unreleased sources of Theatre of Ice's dark, haunting music which they've created with fuzzed and echoed guitars, vocal, keyboards and the aforementioned drum machine. Bits of Psychones (fuzz guitar/drum machine), Bauhaus (Gothic gloom), early Tuxedo Moon and even a little Residents style insanity pop up all over this tape of slightly campy but fun music. (theatre of Ice)--Lawrence Crance

THESSALONIANS

Industrial improvisations from Boulder Colorado. Death rages and other bad nastiness. The unspeakable Howling. (Who knows what lurks beneath the bed?) Arhythmic knife guitar-grind, crash, bang. The audience applauds. (They don't understand.)--Frank Gunderson

ERIC THOMPSON & ALAN SENAUE: Two Guitars LP

This is a delightfully diverse collection of mostly traditional music from Greece, Kentucky, Finland and elsewhere. Thompson and Senaue are veterans of the bluegrass scene who display here not only wonderful skill but a great deal of versatility and sensitivity to the music

'...this record will serve students of (acoustic guitar)...as the duo is preparing tablature and teaching materials.'

of foreign cultures. An Irish reel, a Swedish folksong, some American blues and a couple of originals all go into the mix. An excellent album for lovers of acoustic guitar music, this record will serve students of the instrument even better as the duo is preparing tablature and teaching materials to go along with it. (Flying Fish)--Sam Mental

THROWING MUSES: Throwing Muses LP

For a solid week this was the only album I played. Constantly. Kristin Hersh has the voice. She has the sound Marianne Faithfull strives for. She writes songs unlike anyone else. Her songs contain other songs, which means you never know what's around the corner. To top it off, she's only 19. The band is tight and chaotic simultaneously. Frankly this is the best debut album since *Murmur*. Yeah, its that good. This music might be like float

'...(imagine) floating through the eye of a tornado...watching flying furniture and cracking table limbs, taking it in with dreamlike detachment...'

ing through the eye of a tornado. Imagine watching flying furniture and cracking table limbs, taking it in with dreamlike detachment. Suddenly you realize where you are and shriek in disbelief. (4AD)--Tom Burris

TIMEX SOCIAL CLUB: Vicious Rumors...The Album LP

They become possibly the first group to record its debut single in four versions in the course of a year. The two versions of the hit, mixed by Shep Pettibone probably wouldn't be the smash the original was but have a more soulful roughness about them. Overall, the sound is thin, with plenty of synth and drum machines. Logical follow-up singles would be 'Mixed Up World' or 'Tinkin' About Ya', the latter possessing an old R&B flavor. 'Cokelife' is a little too obvious a tirade against snow and 'Just Kickin' It' is just plain weak. The two ballads here--'Only You' and a servicable rendition of 'Go Away Little Girl'--give promise of a more romantic side. 'Natty Prep' is inspired weirdness but doesn't quite pull it off. It might be too much to ask the TSC to be a great soul album act if more 'Rumors' fly, they will be a worthy singles act for a long time. (Danya Records)--Jamie Rake

TINNITUS: Distended Membranes C

This, the third tape by Tinnitus, offers up lots of free form sax and clarinet layered over repetitive rhythmic figures of drum and guitar. Crisp, well recorded music with intoxicating, ordered sax improvisation a la Etron Fou Leloublans with vocals that are occasionally remixed into loops of various lengths, creating a Severed Heads-like vocal atmosphere. Imaginative musical compositions (I would imagine, judging by the density of sound here, that most of these songs were composed, not improvised) and a broad array of sound like are brought to life. (FORT/da?)--Rich Crist

WALTER 'H.K.' TORE & THE PARK AVE ACES LP

Here's an album from white blues revivalists that really stands out because of the fact that Tore does not over

'Tore does not overplay the blues like so many others...'

play the blues like so many other of the white blues artists around today. The music contained features some basic, unobtrusive support from a piano, guitar and drums which combined together helps support the interesting and compelling harp of H.K. Tore. Nothing new or breathtaking here, just some honest, straight ahead blues without the pretentiousness that all those 'we're playing roots music so we're hip' bands that sprung up after the Bruce-inspired American music is as cool as beer thing. (Gloshinski Records)--Rex Doune

TOYAH & FRIPP: The Lady Or The Tiger LP

The concepts begin something like this, Robert Fripp's not-for-profit corporation, the American Society For Continuous Education, bought Claymont Court, a colonial mansion once owned by writer Frank R. Stockton (the most famous of Stockton's stories is 'The Lady Or The Tiger') This connection prompted Fripp to do a setting for this story, as well as its sequel, 'The Discourager Of Hesitancy'. Toyah does the reading, in a slow, soft tone, as if to a child at bedtime. Side one has a Frippertronics piece for the background and side two's accompaniment is part of a 'challenge set' by The League Of Crafty Guitarists. All this sounds well and good, if not for the fact that within five minutes of putting this record on I become hopelessly bored and start thinking about all the other things I could be doing, prompting me to get up and into other things before the record is through. Maybe it's because I've heard these stories (especially, 'The Lady Or The Tiger') a number of times before? Maybe it's the plodding monotone of the voice, or the plodding bedtime material, but, personally, you can give me 'Alice In Wonderland' any night. (Editions EG)--AO

TRIAL: Moments of Collapse LP

Painful gloom-didge, rock from a band that considers themselves 'a contemporary parallel' to the Cure and Joy Division. Singer John Essen certainly takes on a Robert Smith vocal quality as he moans and yells to songs like 'Lobotomized Visions', 'Detached' and 'Of Speech and Thought and Stripping Gears'. Side one is slow paced, with three lone, throbbing, tribal songs with a little synth and Christopher Faith's (of Crucifix) solid drumming. Long poems materialize images of collapse, 'You could take my hand and we could dance/ if there was a song left in this collapsing place'. Each song develops a pattern, builds slightly, and remains static for the duration. The shorter (and better) songs on side two are more active and interesting, and they flow nicely into each other. 'The waiting game of youth, the longing game of age/fist slams on the table, the few seconds in between.' Even the sleeve and the cover design are cold and forbidding. 'Not for madmen only.' (Rough Trade)--C. Carstens

TRIP SHAKESPEARE: Applehead Man LP

From Minneapolis, began in Cambridge, Mass., three members went to Harvard, the other a student of Chinese. Vaguely reminiscent of a certain earnest sixties sound. Buffalo Springfield comes to mind. Harmonies, dual guitars, moody songs filled with imagery. Words and guitars swirl about your mind, the drums insistent, lyrics demanding thought ('May I walk behind your eyes, Where your hair meets the fruited earth' from 'Beatle') makes you unsure you 'just said no'. Lots of pictures painted among the infectious melodies and rhythms. Not at all a paisley renaissance fad, mind you--a jazzy, funky, fine band with varied roots. Great songs on LP include 'Washington Bridge', the hit for me, a

sixties classic written today-beautiful. Trip Shakespeare is a thinking band. 'Highway in the Sun' has a bass/guitar part ala Au Pairs/Gang of Four and a lead like Clapton. Nothing on this LP plays it safe, yet most succeeds. 'Beatle' has bits of 'Ticket To Ride' and 'Taxman', and even 'Hey, Bulldog' a tribute to Lennon to the pitfalls of pop. The lyrics are not so direct in their songs, interpretations are yours. Words have that Poe or Karawak feel. 'Stop The Winter-funky, groovy. Maybe the most complex song. Oooh! Trip Shakespeare is Elaine Harris, a Harvard grad with studies in primate behavior on drums (she plays her bass upside down in her drum kit), John Munson on bass and brothers Matt and Dan Wilson on guitars. Matt's solos remind the other band members of Tom Verlaine. Trip Shakespeare must blow one away live. Not to let it seem that they are some sort of 60's revival band, I'd say other references could be Talking Heads, and as press clippings not, a 'more melodic Rank & File'. But not really, these guys are much more. A special band. Pre-punk? Post-punk? Proto-pure? Who knows, it's just scrumptious music. Highly recommended. (GARK Records or Kelly Johnson)--Paul Luchter

TRISOME 21: Chapter IV LP

This French band takes pains to be upfront about their Joy Division fixation but that would be no excuse if this wasn't moderately successful. Heavy keyboards, synthesized percussion and detached vocals (in muffled English)--it's all here. When I say that it's cool and emotionless even by doom and gloom standards, I hope you take that as the compliment it's partly intended to be and understand that *Chapter IV* is still for aficionados only. (Play It Again Sam)--Lang Thompson

TRYANGLE: Tryangle C

Deja vu. Put this tape on and suddenly it's as though you're listening to something you'd swear you've heard a hundred times before. And you probably have--there's nothing really new here to commend Tryangle to a listener. The band plays commercial rock/pop and plays it well, but they are neither innovative or original in what they do. Their songs are well organized and their music is nicely put together--beyond that there's not too much more that can be said. (Blaze Records)--Carol L. Schutzbank

THE TRYFLES LP

How original. More 60's style garage music! Well done, though. Seeds, 13th Floor Elevator, Troggs, Standells etc. Competence on instruments scores this slightly above average for the genre. It's all been done before, but not always this well. (Midnight)--Brad Bradberry

Twilight Idols: Beyond Good and Evil LP

The liner notes state the LP unravels tales of personal ideas in a serious and humorous fashion. However, the tunes are flat and uninspired. The psychosocial commentary is typical of rock and roll. However, in other hands (Minutemen, Social distortion) it is much more meaningful. Where the Idols comment on fashion the Minutemen would have given the same lyrics urgency by using explosive guitar riffs and strained, captivating vocals. On the other hand, tunes such as 'In Demand' and 'What's Wrong' are much more indicative of the originality of the Idols. 'In Demand' is an understated screamer with exciting guitar work and a drum and bass percussive force that makes for an almost thrilling composition. (Yet You)--Larda Bix

TWILIGHT RITUAL: The Ritual C60

A Belgian duo, Geert Coppens (vocals) and Peter Bonne (electronic instruments), performing moody Euro-electronic music. Early OMD, Mark Lane's work and spacey music like Jean Michel Jarre come to mind...this is not dance music, it is primarily composed of slower, dark songs. Some of the pieces are more experimental soundscapes, providing a nice contrast with the more song-like structures of the other works. A good variety of sounds and moods. (Micrat Group)--Lawrence Crane

THE TWINS/RIG VEEDA: The Tale of the Man With the Toothpaste Head LP

A funny, child-like record with the Twins on one side and Rig Veeda (the Twins +2) on the flip. These Britons follow vaguely in the tracks of bands like the Flying Lizards and Television Personalities--in other words they're experimental and off the wall and also into sloppy folk music ala the TVP's. There's minimal percussion, mostly guitars, bass, vocals of either sex, and odds and ends. It seems to be a very personal record these people made for themselves, like the kind of material one usually finds on cassettes. (Illusion)--Lawrence

Crane

UNCLE BONSAI: *Boys Want Sex In The Morning* LP
Picture a collision between Simon & Garfunkle and The
Manhattan Transfer with Woody Allen acting as the

**'...Picture a collision between
Simon & Garfunkle and The
Manhattan Transfer with Woody
Allen acting as the traffic cop...'**

traffic cop trying to straighten everything out. Or how about The Roches...on speed? Now you've got some kind of idea of Uncle Bonsai, a trio comprised of two women and one man...all with high voices. Jazzy melodies, sophisticated harmonies and shifting key signatures are all part of their trademark musical style. But their forte lies in their wry, witty lyrics and humorously eccentric imagery which challenge the listener as they entertain. Accompanied by one guitar, Bonsai sings a lament over cancellation of 'The Love Boat', expresses a fear of dying in Middle America, remembers Mother's warning not to put things in your mouth and ponders cheerleaders on drugs. Fortunately, lyrics are included because the group sings most of their songs so quickly that you may miss the words on first listen and thus miss the fun. And as an added bonus, and because patriotism is in the air, the group offers its own skewed doo-wop version of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' complete with vocal affectations to simulate the acoustics of a large basketball arena. This is a hell of a fun record. Recorded live, however, the record also includes stage patter which at times sounds too pat. And though each song individually is a strange and wonderful commentary on modern life, after listening to 13 cuts in a row, you might think the songs are a bit too cute and the group's hip awareness a bit too self-congratulatory. But despite its yuppie appeal, this record is a proclamation that sophisticated urban folk-pop is still alive and well in the underground. (Freckle Records)--Rich Horton

THE UNITTS: *Strategy: electradynasoarfusion C-30*
This three piece band from Tucson bill themselves as

having a 'highly unique and diversely original style', too bad I can't hear it here. The band has been playing the local bar scene for about a year and a half and probably thought they were tight enough to release some tunes. Actually they are very tight and maybe an excellent live band but they don't show me anything out of the ordinary on this six song tape. I also have this thing against bands that cover Beatle songs without doing anything radical to them (like the Residents did to 'Flying'). (Unique Sounds)--John Krinov

UTOPIA: *Trivia* LP

This contains remixed versions of eight previously released mainstream rock tunes and two cuts recorded for this album. They sing well, they play well and some of the lyrics are even witty. They probably succeeded to reach the audience they sought. I'm not sure much of that audience reads this magazine. In terms of the goals of progressive musicians and audiences, it is a shame that such talent and energy isn't channeled more in our direction. The musicians on this album are now pursuing solo efforts of a more experimental nature, hopefully we will all benefit. (Passport Records)--William Storage

UZI: *Sleep Asylum 5-song 12" EP4*

This is almost undefinable, but perhaps avant rock comes the closest. The atmosphere is near psychedelic (Chrome comes to mind), the beat often chaotic yet measured. The vocals vary from a light popish delivery to dark, intense staccato utterances, both set against a barrage of dark, haunting, sometimes melodic, instruments (guitars, bass, percussion, tape manipulation). Small glimpses of both industrial and ambient pop into the picture. Uncalculated, challenging, often compelling. (Homestead)--Brad Bradberry

UZIMA: *Travel Light* C

Digital synthesizer music, hard to categorize. Sort of like spacey new age music. Most of the pieces on side 1 are pretty forgettable, except 'Fasten Your Seat Belts', which is a humorous three minute airplane trip. However, most of the pieces on side 2 are very good. Especially nice are 'St. Paul's Farewell', and 'Kindergarten March' which is not what you might think it is. Interesting use of sound effects on some songs, and some acoustic instruments are used on a few numbers. I guess the

best thing about this tape is that it will inspire digital keyboard users, like myself, to try and program new sounds out of them. The tape could have been recorded louder than it is. (Uzima)--Douglas Bregger

NIRGAL VALLIS: *Y Murio La Tardel* ARTURO MEZA & MAJA RUSTIGE: *In Principio* LP

This is a single record shared by two different artists. Nirgal Vallis is a three member ensemble augmented here by a singer and drummer. Their music is an appealing blend of Mexican folk melodies, rock beat and symphonic romanticism. Instruments include synthesizer, Fender Rhodes, violin and electric and acoustic guitars. It is an intriguing and cohesive collection of four pieces, most of them with poetic Spanish lyrics and lovely extended instrumental sections. Despite the predominance of the electronic keyboards, the Mexican folk flavor is never lost. Claudia Martiniz de Alba has a lovely voice that can be both gentle and powerful as Jose San Luis

**'...an appealing blend of Mexican
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sive...with poetic Spanish lyr-
ics...'**

Fernandez Ledesma's well-crafted compositions require. The other side of the record is altogether different. Arturo Meza and Maja Rustige perform on percussion and stringed instruments some music apparently intended for meditation. Pictured on the jacket as well as on an insert is a strange configuration of lines which converge at points with names like Kether, Binah and Tipheret. Whatever that may mean, this music is pleasingly mystical. In the first part they chant mantras amid gongs and other percussion. Later Rustige plays cimbales tibetanos, a kind of hammered dulcimer, behind a flute solo. Finally, a contemplative, Japaneses-sounding piece is performed, again on the cimbales. Altogether, an interesting and unusual album from Mexico. (Gente de Mexico)--



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Sam Mental

ANATOLY VAPIROV: *Macbeth* LP

This recent release on Leo is remarkable on two counts--the outstanding recording quality not usually available on these largely bootlegged (sanctioned by the artist but not the State) discs and the tacit cooperation of the Soviet authorities in allowing at least the performance (if not the recording) of the Chamber Orchestra of Leningrad Maliy Theater of Opera and Ballet. It's impossible to discern what the motives were without the benefit of liner notes, but one thing is certain--composer and tenor saxophonist Anatoly Vapirov has created a masterful blend of jazz and symphonic traditions in *Macbeth*. It is somber music befitting the subject, full of a brooding Russian spirit well complemented by Vapirov's passionate playing. His tenor ranges from frantic to lyrical, employing Gato-ish vibrato at times and a confident exploration of false registers that often mingle with the strings. Though he has a full orchestra at his disposal, Vapirov's arrangements are generally spare, relying mostly on percussion and pizzicato strings. Rather than lay orchestral carpets for solo improvisation, he brilliantly integrates solo and support. *Macbeth* is beautiful and powerful music. (Leo Records)--Steve Hahn

THE VELVETEENS: *Tall House* 5 song 12"

Moody mystery-wave quintet from Canada. Acoustic guitar is nice, but treated almost as a novelty. Lawrence Clayton has a slight bubble-in-the-throat quality of David Thomas (but Clayton can sing) and growly depth of Copernicus. Guest back-up vocalist Vanessa Richards almost steals the show. (Ransom)--Gage Kenady

THE BEN VAUGHN COMBO: *The Many Moods Of Ben Vaughn* LP

Alas, it seems that the Ben Vaughn Combo really can convey only one mood and that one's silly and light. Sure, they've got 'sad' rockabilly ballads like 'I'll Stand Alone' and a touch of social satire in 'Wrong Haircut' but their steady moderate energy musicianship and droll vocal deliveries best fit 'I Dig Your Wig', a song that's authentic 50's in the way it resembles 'Kooky, Lend Me Your Comb'. My favorite 50's music--Gene Vincent, Sparkle Moore, Jerry Lee Lewis--is emotional, sexy and dangerous. This stuff, on the other hand, is tame--it kicks, but it has not bite. (Fever Records)--Richard Sing-

NIKOS VEROPOULOS: *Las Momias de Guanajuato* C

A well-crafted collage of ethereal texture-music inspired by a display of mummified corpses, exhumed 90 years ago due to non-payment of crypt fees by relatives in the city of Guanajuato in central Mexico. The music is all performed primarily by Veropoulos on a multitude of ethnic string, percussion and wind instruments. In these

'...it's refreshing to hear these stirring sounds performed on the actual instruments...'

days of drum machines and samplers, it's refreshing to experience these stirring sounds performed on the actual instruments, instead of a digital representation and Veropoulos is certainly skilled at coaxing out the various nuances that his assortment of instruments are capable of. Also noteworthy are the contributions of the various other players that appear on certain cuts. The closing cut, 'Memories From The Future', features a unique interplay between a source recording of a gypsy Mariachi band and an echoey wooden flute. (Liquid Gongs of the Universe)--Allen Green

VIOLENCE AND THE SACRED: *Cathexis* C-60

Violence and the Sacred are supporters of the animal liberation front. Fortunately, only three songs out of the seven are dedicated to the cruelties we have bestowed

'Lyrics like, 'Put on your leather jacket...the skin ripped from the still warm carcass of the cow...'

upon our animal friends. Lyrics like 'Put on your leather jacket...the skin ripped from the still warm carcass of the cow' are about as subtle as they get. It even comes with a booklet of lyrics so you can be sure that you're not hearing things. These humorless and trite lyrics are backed by music that is more than interesting. Electronic percussion and severely distorted guitar provide a bed

over which synth lines, added percussion and yes, even tortured animal sounds play. This is one group that I wish was all instrumental. (Kapital Records)--AMK

VIRGIN PRUNES: *Love Lasts Forever* 12" single

The cover of this record features a stylish young male leaning on a cane gazing romantically to one side. Yeah, I groaned too. However, the cover also contains a key line, 'Our love will last forever till the day it dies.' That's a bit better, huh? The music is like the cover. A very stylish, glossy mix on the surface, but without the sacrifice of substance. If only more dance mixes has this much class. (Touch and Go)--Tom Burris

VIRGIN PRUNES: *The Moon Looked Down And Laughed* LP

The Virgin Prunes just keep doing their own strange, personal version of alternative rock. The production on this album is great--clean and sharp. The songs are exceptionally well-written. The playing is truly fine. The vocals are tense, as they should be for music like this. The arranging is inventive, revealing constant surprises. Even the lyrics--which I guess must be considered the least strong facet of this album--are far, far above the average. From beginning to end, this is absolutely first class with no fatal flaws. What a pleasure! (Touch and Go)--CNEWMAN

VOLCANO SUNS: *All Night Lotus Party* LP

House-stomping pop, rock and near-core (you know like near bear) that teeters over the edge of Mission of Burma's chaotic dissonant attack. Tight in the right places, sloppy where it should be, The Volcano Suns play with veteran confidence. Peter Prescott tunelessly hollers lyrics that are by turns humorous ('I'm a collector of stuff that most folks ignore/You know that one man's ceiling is another man's floor'), introspective ('All I want is a room with a view/and all I need is a second or two to collect my thoughts about you') and angry ('Some folks get the shaft, and other folks get the luck/but they all listen hard when it sounds like bucks')--and this is just a thin strip taken from the entire lyric epidermis. Loud, powerful and non-oppressive, this album is well recorded, despite Prescott's occasionally buried vocals. (Homestead)--C. Carstens

VOLTI: *Corazon/Money Bucks* LP

The two artists, Lyndell and Eddie Rubello, perform two numbers...three versions of one of them. 'Corazon' has three cuts in fat mix, crisp mix and Electrotropical Heart are medium tempo latin rock on synth, bass and percussion with a bit of vocal now and then. Pick one, there isn't much development and lots of repetition. It's interesting, though, to compare the three interpretations. The second tune is a more energetic rock number, but still lacking development. (CRAM)--John Kaplan

C. W. VRTACEK: *Learning To Be Silent* LP

Learning To Be Silent is the fourth solid LP by Mr. VRTACEK. In contrast to his last record, *Monkey On A Hard Roll*, on which he led a band, this is (nearly) a solo effort. Side one consists of a series of beautiful static compositions, played largely on guitar and keyboard. Good points of reference would be Eno's *Another Green World* or Roedelius' *Gift of the Moment*. I detect a Japanese influence here, especially on 'Tumbling'. Side two begins with a more electronic sound, at times recalling Wha-Ha-Ha or ZNR. On 'Fly/Wave' James Woodruff provides narration, describing shore bird migration over layers of abstract electronic sound, that is followed by a beautiful acoustic guitar and keyboard interlude. This side ends with a jazzy tune, featuring vibes played over a walking bass line. Throughout, the sound quality is very good and the musical execution superb. While I hear a number of influences, the overall sound decidedly belongs to C. W. Vrtacek. Fans of progressive or ambient music, not already familiar with his work are almost certain to like this recording. (Cordelia Records)--Robert F. Oot

VARIOUS ARTISTS

(Please note: the titles cassettes and records in VARIOUS ARTISTS section will appear with the title and format in bold 7 point, eyestrain type)

All My Children C-60

An eclectic, vibrant selection from the talented crew at WFMU at Upsala College in East Orange New Jersey. None of the tracks appear anywhere else. Included a refreshing versions of Beau Brummel's 'Just a Little', Syd Barret's 'Baby Lemonade', Beach Boy's 'You Still Be-

lieve In Me', Rain Parade's 'Kaleidoscope' and Lee (Of the 60's group The People) Norman's 'Messiah'. Original compositions for woodwinds, solo drums and piano. Acoustic folk and pop numbers, a spoken word piece and sloppy punk from Children In Adult Jails. R. Stevie Moore appears for a long, studio-enhanced pop song.

Jim Price's 'Dreaming' is the nicest song on the tape, with his fine voice and duet violins, and it's as good as any Stamey/Holsapple tune I've ever heard. Price is the tape's coordinator and is Moore's part time drummer. WFMU is a listener supported, non-commercial, 'arch-freeform' station that tries to be an alternative to other college and non-commercial stations. Send for their program guide, *Lowest Common Denominator*--an informative magazine with contributors like the aforementioned staff, poet Tuli Kupferberg and artist Gary Panter. (WFMU)--C. Carstens

The All New Rad Sounds Of Pigshit In Your Ear! 1-side

The minimal liner notes say it's an international collaboration between Sound of Pig and Shit Tapes of Norway. Exactly what individuals are responsible for are not mentioned, however. It's one long sound collage reliant on industrial sounds, tapes of conversations, speeches, etc. and music--electronic and otherwise--that's, equally discordant and dissonant as what accompanies it. It is at times jarring, lulling and perhaps a tad boring. It won't leave you without an impression, though. I only wish the participants had been mentioned. (Sound of Pig Music)--Jamie Rake

Auricle 1986 Sampler

Auricle is a small recording concern whose interest lies in experimental electronic music from England and the continent. This sampler of artists from their roster includes Peter Frohmader (this guy is absolutely incredible!). New 7th Music & The Exploding Headband, plus some even more obscure, though excellent artists and groups such as Alto Stratus, The Land of YRX, Region 5, Gunter Schickert and Biomechanoid. The producers at Auricle favor intense, almost threatening or nightmarish sounds from their musicians, rather than the delicate strains of new age electronics, or the sequencer ridden hooks of the Teutonic school of Klaus Schulze or Tangerine Dream. This cassette offers an excellent opportunity to discover some new and interesting music from an adventurous little label. Ask for their complete catalog which has some amazing stuff. Some of their cassettes are distributed by Eurock. (Auricle Music Cassettes)--Dean Suzuki

Bag of Bog 2 C-90's

The folks at RRR outdo themselves with this compendium of close to 40 bands from the Lowell area. The only requirements is that members of the band are customers of RRR. This leads to a pretty wild mix of tape noodlers, high school bands and club rock bands. With all these participants, it's hard to mention them all so here's some of my notes culled from several listeners: Beginners Only--attractive, gangly pop about teen problems ('Lessons')/Screaming Ho-dads--caught in between R.E.M. and fellow Mass boys, Dinosaur/Nervous Rex--nostalgic collage of TV sounds, music box and hacked up voices/Lost Dimension--Led Zep ala Casimir go to India via the acoustic express/Mercy w/o Justive--in the tradition of Diamanda Galas and Billy Sunday/Jimmy dee--Crosby, Stills and Nash style coupled with anti-political sentiments/General Disorder--Minuteman style frantic funkpunk jumps/Mornoia--Roofing Nails' is perhaps unintentionally the scariest cut, a cynical plunge into the Twilight Zone of the adult world of WORK.

Would make good soundtrack for Bob Black's first video/Lance Gargoyles--could be best described as a Zappa clone with less imaginative arrangements/And Poetry of Production--I Dream of Work' is probably the most 'arty' on this tape/Paul Marion--Lowell's poet-in-residence puts the whole valley in perspective for us out-of-towners/H&M Machinery--Drop 'em in the Hole' continues this theme of work that weaves throughout this tape. And that's just the first tape! The second tape is more noise oriented and more suitable for clearing your workplace of undesirables while the first tape is car cruising material. The most ambitious piece here, 'Making Babies' is a three step crash course in how to do 'it' and the consequences thereof brought to you by Martyr V2101. Also note Exclavius' exercise in degenerating noise through echo ('Parital Lobotomy'). You can also hear The Flamin Hibachis (best name of the bunch) score with an extract from a piece called

'Kolabar' which reminds me of an exercise break at the sound effects department of a Japanese film department working on 'E.T. Goes To Bombay'. So does this mean the neat big 'scene' is gonna be centered in Lowell? Nah, but this proves that there's enough going on there that it shouldn't be ignored at least.

(RRRRecords)
Belial C-60

A good compilation of new industrial sounds. This avoids many of the cliches industrial music sometimes falls into. The music is very dark, and there is almost no high end. I suspect that the group's share band members, because the songs have a similar sound to them. My favorites are 'Amsterdam' by Mygel--a ritual percussion/electronic piece/'Metal Cylinder' by the same group--a metal percussion piece/'Passover' by the Grey Wolves--a piece employing heavy distortion of what sounds like choir music (but I'm not sure). the only problems are that the sound quality is not that good--vocals and spoken voices cannot be made out too well--and no band info is provided. There are 12 songs and 8 bands on this 60 minute tape. (Sound of Pig Music)--Douglas Bregger

The Best of Noiz Art C

Truly a gem to ones who can understand what is going on. All others might find it to be a bunch (61 'songs') of abrasive phone-in noise that was broadcast on WFMU

'Truly a gem to ones who can understand what is going on. All others might find it to be a bunch of abrasive phone-in noise...'

during the Noiz Art program directly from the phone (or worse). It's great! Lots of people here, being crazy no matter how you find your gems. My favorites are 'Phone in the Dryer', Pat Clark's Dad reciting 'The Cremation of Sam McGee', Reverend Daddy Rich with his 'Great Feedback'. Some of the abundant screaming semi-human vocalisms are kinda cool too. Even the hor-

rible stuff is tolerable because it is so short. Crammed with ideas, my kind o' heaven. (WFMU)--Robin James

Better Than God C

This seven band thirteen track compilation from Office Records does not appear to compile any local scene or any particular type of rock music. This tape goes everywhere from a badly recorded version of 'Kingstown Town' done pretty straight forward calypso style to some live mainstream new wave from Ack Ack and Secret Goldfish. The band that grabbed my interest was The Arms Of Someone New whose first song 'Radio Now' started great but fell apart very quickly but whose second song 'Uptown' was excellent from start to finish.

Too bad I couldn't say that about the whole tape. (Office Records)--John Krinov

Burning The Midnight Sun

This is an anthology from Norway's Uniton label which features ambient/minimalist artists such as Tim Story (one of their best), Paha Sapa and Popol Vuh, as well as experimental rock groups like Fra Lippo Lippi, Holy Toy, Eyeless in Gaza, De Press and others. Ten different tracks by ten different artists. This is an fine way to sample Uniton's varied fare. (Uniton)--Dean Suzuki

Connecticut Fun: Connecticut's Best Hardcore LP

If this is Connecticut's best. Granted, this vanity pressing pay-to-play effort is meant to spread the word. Unfortunately, most of the bands don't have anything to say that we haven't heard before. Granted, each had just over an hour in the studio. Granted, most haven't had their present line-up very long. Unfortunately, the level of musicianship in general can't stave off the mediocrity. Granted, Vatican Commandos, Seizure and Bad Attitude radiate enough energy to incite a second listen. Unfortunately, most of the others lose it in the translation to vinyl. But granted, familiarity doesn't breed contempt in 76% Uncertain's cover of Sabbath's 'Into The Void'. Unfortunately, however, the lo-fi production quality and xerox-reduced lyric sheet that's almost as illegible as the vocalists are unintelligible account for an endurance contest to reach the end of side 2. At least they're having fun. (Incas Records)--Tom Morr

deCompilation C

This nicely produced cassette features music by six com-

posers each having their own distinct style of composition. r. Angus wrote the first few numbers and the approach here is mostly found sounds and tape manipulation. One title 'Buck Dane' creates a nice dance rhythm by splicing and looping someone's speech. The next composer, Doug Haire, while using some tape effects also uses synthesizers. His 'The Madonna Movie' is an amusing shot at chauvinism/feminism and sexual politics.

Brian Fergus is the last composer on side one of this tape and his approach is more mainstream--composed rather than assembled. Two of his three pieces are sparse, slowly moving exercises in non-tonal counterpoint. The third piece is a guitar generated wall of sound that doesn't seem to move at all. Jeff Greinke's music opens side two of this tape. Each of his pieces builds an irregular soundscape over repetitive drumming patterns reminiscent of Residents' *Eskimo*. John Cal-cagno's work is next. His approach is similar to Greinke's with more drive. 'Chicago '68' features a radio reporter describing the horrors of that famous riot. Three pieces by Marc Barreca conclude the tape. His style is rich and resonant, much like the music of Gyorgy Ligeti. (Intrepid)--Bruce Christensen

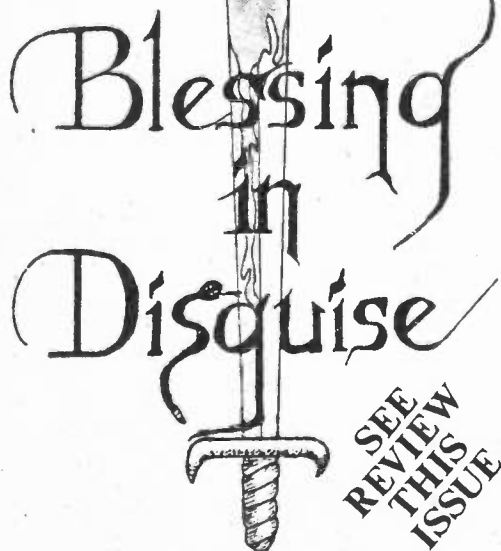
Devil In The Woods #2 C

A sampler of Chico bands, outstandingly well recorded, including Sunbirds, Downsiders, Vomit Launch, Sinatras and Bait. Vocals, guitar, bass, real drums, great rockin' bands flawlessly representing the tradition of the ever-evolving Western-swing style, psychedelic division. You'd think a band called Vomit Launch would be kinda gross or lumpy, at least, but hey, all these bands are refreshing, strait-forward, unpretentious and moderately gloomy, if I could be allowed to be so crude as to make sweeping generalizations. Some song titles--Old Black Crow', 'Hour of Time'. 'Dumpster Queen', 'Heartbroken', 'Ginger Girl', 'Mudslide', 'Hallways'...(DIW)--Robin James

Doo-Wop's Greatest Hits LP

The album title notwithstanding, this ain't quite doo-wop's finest hour; the Vee Jay catalog is a little too thin for that. But the collection does have its moments. Gladys Knight's 'Every Beat Of My Heart' (with the Pips, and Jerry Butler's 'For Your Precious Love' (with The

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"As the title implies, this is an album of darkness and light, of restrained passions and sudden explosions,.... "I Live For Today" charges past like some London refugees from the 100 Club, an amphetamined guitar and sneering vocal leading the way.

--Fred Mills
Option, July/August 1986

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--Byron Coley
Forced Exposure, #10

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Impressions) are questionable doo-wop, but legitimate classics at least. The Spaniels provide some better than average group harmonies, especially on 'Goodnight Sweetheart' and the Dells' 'Oh What A Night' is a genuine doo-wop monster. The El Dorados were pretty much a one-shot group, but their 'Crazy Little Mama' is one of the best uptempo doo-wop numbers ever recorded. And The Magnificents' 'Up On The Mountain' has a crude, streetcorner charm. Unfortunately, two of the slickest doo-wop groups on record, The Flamingos and The Moonglows, are poorly represented by the Vee Jay catalog; their best work is done on the End and Chess labels. 'Golden Teardrops', one of the Flamingos' selections is not half bad, but the other, 'Vooit-Vooit' is nondescript. 'Secret Love' the single sorry selection by the talented Moonglows is best left to Doris Day or Slim Whitman. (Vee Jay Records)--Bill Tilland

Dutch 'difficult' Music LP

A collection of nine artists with no single unifying style.

There are some common streams, though--noise guitar and electronics (Harrie De Wit, Peter Zegveld, Remko Sch, Jacques Palincx), vocal experiments (Motobs, Moniek Toebosch & Michael Waisvisz), harolodic jazz/funk (Noodband, Loos) and a blues/rock attempt (New Hip Stilen). And the notes reveal some shared connection with the visuals--music for dance, audio-visual installations, theatrical performing style, etc. This may explain why none of the music really grabbed me on record. Interesting as a sample of progressive music in Holland, but not compelling enough to seek out for musical reasons alone. (Eksakt Records)--Mark Sullivan

Empty Skulls: The Wound Deepens Vol. 2

This international hardcore sampler might get its title from the fact that most of the 12 bands represented don't remain in the cerebral folds. Barely half of the bands on this shoddily produced compilation are worthy of mention. Pillsbury Hardcore is one. They play quintessential punk, keeping their tunes short and to the point. A Meat Puppetish scat chorus adds a nice touch to 'I Hate Paper Cuts' and they don't overstay their welcome. Pillsbury Hardcore deserves to make some dough. Nest, Legion of Parasites are the voice of the poor. Their poor drumming, poor production and presumably economically poor British background give them an attractively convincing, genuinely pissed-off sound. Justice League is comparatively cleanly produced, hints at metal roots and tastefully inserts a half-time strut chorus into 'Looking Black'. Holland's Pandemonium provides a drum-and-fife prelude to sonic battle auf Deutsch. Crude S.S. from Sweden will have you checking the stylus for dustballs--the vocals sound like they were overdubbed at Ralph with Residents' or Chrome outtakes. Finally, the Ugly Americans' 'Buffalo Bill' provides a cowpunk second look at the old West. Unfortunately, the other bands don't have enough ideas to warrant more than 30 seconds of vinyl time. However, some of them get over 3 minutes per tune. We got to play drop the needle. (Fartblossom Enterprises)--Tom Morr

First Edition, The Audion Sampler LP

Audion claims to be an electronic music artist's forum which can be appreciated by listeners is well demonstrated in this sampler. Artists such as Don Slepian, Emerald Web and Synergy are featured. Roger Powell's 'Connections' was my favorite featuring rhythmic, real fusion sounds, electric guitar and popped bass. Neil Nappe produced his own Nova exploring guitar as a synthesizer controller. His keyboardless work is rich with lush, varied electronic sounds. (Jem Records)--John Kaplan

Gargoyle 18 C

A poetry magazine on cassette. Eric Baizer opens with some trumpet lines, then recites a poem, more trumpet, more words, all to a loose, jazz/blues. It doesn't move. Then three poets talk thru their poems with all the lethargy they can muster. Fortunately, Damon Norko comes on to chant his poem called 'Whimper' and finally makes this tape worth the price of admission. Norko does a def rant, an upbeat putdown of fake yuppie nostalgia and pop slick subculture. His voice is a little thin, but he's got lots of breath and good timing. There are a couple of synth-type mood pieces that are pleasant to listen to. A nice tune called 'Anxiety' recorded by a band called Rent's Due, back in 1979--sounds a little like a Jack Bruce style tune. Good lyrics. But too bad the poetry isn't a little better in general. High production values--gotta give these guys an A for effort and all the encouragement in the world. Do not cancel my sub-

scription! (Paycock Press)--W.R. Borneman C

Gargoyle #29 C

Spoken word and electronic music, showcasing pieces from Zenon Slawinski, Sharon Mrgenthaler, Nigel Hinselwood, Ann Downer, Thad Ziolkowski, Dyane Fancey, Robert Grey, Wayne Kline, Beth Joselow, Michael S. Weaver. The musical influences are mysterious and not threatening (dulcimer, flute, a little synth). Some titles: 'Indiana Danza', 'Very Glad Things Never Change', 'Buddy's Poem', 'Eve Named The Wheels I Think', 'The Sepulchre of Simon Says', 'Yoshino at Supper', 'The Dark Dance of Memory', 'Bigfoot', 'Silica'--over 30 titles. All kinds of poetry, something for everyone. (Paycock Press)--Robin James

Gods Favorite Dog LP

An exhibit of rock n' roll grunge in various stages of de-

Beer Jivin', The Chinese Electrical Band, The Crummy Fags, The Invisible Generation. (Whitewall Tapes)--Robin James

Hanging Out At Midnight LP

This album is a real treat--an energetic and diverse selection of some of the best songs by some of the best groups on one of the best independent rock record labels, Midnight Records. Primarily bands from the NYC/Hoboken area such as the Wind (second place on MTV's Basement Tapes), Woofing Cookies (produced by R.E.M.'s Peter Buck) and the Tryfles (neo-psych with blistering guitar work), but also including Texas' The Cavemen and the Mighty Mofos from Minnesota. Midnight specializes in groups with a 60's based sound, but these aren't just retro rockers. Rather, most of the bands' originality overwhelms whatever 'influences' they



Vivisection at 16th Note, S.F., 1986

Classified photo

composition. Killdozer tries their best to turn 'Sweet Home Alabama' into a drige while Happy Flowers are busy creating a gleeful, chaotic screech. Scratch Acid sounds like mutant punk, Hose like mutant metal and Bib Black like a mutant piledriver. Reigning deities, The Butthole Surfers turn in one horn-laden track that breaks into manic guitar ravings and one neo-industrial rhythm machine. If I wasn't afraid this might get into the hands of innocent children, I'd call it 'essential'. (Touch and Go)--Lang Thompson

'The song recorded through a telephone plugged into a monaural cassette machine is better sounding than when I tried it.'

song recorded through a telephone plugged into a monaural cassette machine is better sounding than when I tried it. On this tape can be heard The Falling Spikes, Moonlove, Ghosts Before Breakfast, The '66 Mustangs, Randy and Dave, Iggy Morningstar, The Whistledicks,

may have gathered. Howard & Tim's Paid Vacation are an aggressive pop n' roll duo. Woofing Cookies show a real gift for melody and hypnotic guitar on 'Girl Next Door'. Hard driving Roots Rock, served up by the Kingsnakes and the Backbones, is as good as any being played today. Added attractions on this LP are a 1982 demo cut from Midnight's most well-known band the Fuzztones, and a cut from the Love Pushers consisting of members of Paid Vacation and Mod Fun. My only complaint is that there's nothing here by my favorite Midnight Group Mod Fun, but that's being too hard to please. This is a great compilation of new independent bands. (Midnight Records)--John Grooms

Home Recordings Promotional Sampler C-90

If you like your noise sloppy, nonsensical and irreverent, this is for you. Shmaz, big Hair, Dits, Pink Bob, the list goes on. Living room madness, living room fun. Caisios of course. Moisty Gecko takes the cake. (Home Recordings)--Frank Gunderson

International Audio Composite C

Yet another interesting tape that attempts to find an experimental approach and avoid cliches. Here 13 sound contributors composed on demand taped sound sources for this project. These recordings were used as a background for live improvisation by Nico De Haan, Anie De Haan, Pink Fungus and Magisch Theater. Sound contributors include some familiar obscure names like Mystery Hearsay and Solomonoff and Von Hoffmannstahl and some names I have never heard before.

The resulting music is at times meandering but generally worth the effort it takes to play the tape (Magisch Theater)--Glen Thrasher

It Came From Canada

Eleven band compilation with Deja Voodoo being the only one known to me. Side one is folk, country and rockabilly-tinged stuff. Side two is punk, garage and psychedelic influenced stuff. Nothing here that bowled me over--these styles have been done better elsewhere. (Og Music)--Pam Kirk

It Came From Canada Vol. 2 LP

This Canadian compilation is a stew of British gloom, country rock, surf instrumentals and trashy rockabilly à la Cramps. Although there's plenty of fuzzy distortions and sick wobbly vocals too many of these bands lack the wild go-to-hell energy gonzo rock and roll demands. Like many revival groups they have the sound down but not the sense of danger. Exceptions are the straight gospel harmonies of the Undertakin' Daddies, Conditions' operatic lead singer and the gooly teen obnoxiousness of Chris Houston or the electric bananas. (Og Music)--James Hopkins

Keys of Life LP

This sampler offers piano music by artists on the Celestial Harmonies roster. On board are Florian Fricke to Popol Vuh, Ham Onie, Peter Michael Hamel, Herbert Henck, Terry Riley and Cecil Lytle. As you can see and as you might guess the music is gentle and meditative, however, several of the artists and composers--Orie, Riley, Henck and Lytle--come from a classically trained orientation. That is to say, there is some intelligent and meaty music here, rather than third rate George Winston fluff. Though most of this is culled from previously released material, Lytle offers six brief, but lovely preludes by Scriabin, from an as yet unreleased recording of the complete piano works by the Russian genius. This is a handsome set and a pleasant introduction to some of the piano music released and distributed by Celestial Harmonies (Celestial Harmonies)--Dean Suzuki

K-Hell Presents It's Too Experimental C
This is an endearing and vivid work of art--that is magnetically recorded on plastic--can get without actual

'This is as endearing and vivid a work of art--that is magnetically recorded on plastic--can get without actually smelling like the people that are on it.'

ly smelling like the people that are on it. There are lots of uses for the word 'experimental', the word often means something OTHER THAN music (to me) and the material here is music, garage rock music at that. The recording quality is usually more 'documentary' style than a glossy studio style. Heard here are some danged giants in underground Midwestern culture--Randy Russell, Ghosts Before Breakfast, The Supergroup, The '66 Mustangs, Keith Stewart--doing covers of Reed, Springsteen, Isleys, Smokey Robinson and loads of originals--'Waiting', 'Pack of Old Golds' (Neil, what happened?), 'Coffee Cup Ralphin' (Whitewall Tapes)--Robin James

L'Enfer ist Intime C

In the age of digital electronics, synthesizers and sophisticated tape manipulations, we are once again asked the question: can combinations of non-musical sound be used

'...we are once again asked the question: can combinations of non-musical sound be used to compose music? In this case...yes.'

to compose music? In this case, fortunately for us the answer is yes. This international compilation put together by Le Syndicat, collects several notables from the world of difficult music including Controlled Bleeding, Etant Donne and Pax Romana, as well as Le Syndicat. At first listen the unprepared may find discomfort or even irritation at such a conglomeration of sounds. But soon and with repeat performances, one will find fascination in the insanely clever music concrete of Etant Donne. Or if truly motivated, one could be absorbed and processed by the industrial trance music of Controlled Bleeding, Unit 6 or Pacific 231, and then if so inclined even share the intimate and neurotic fan-

tasies of New Warmth. The entire compilation reflects its establishing theme (Hell Is Intimate) by providing 14 visions of how it is, each personal, but each stating the obvious, 'it isn't pleasant, but something about it makes you want more.' (Le Syndicat)--Nathan Griffith

The Midwest Vs. The Rest Vol 1 LP

In recent years there have been too many '60s garage band re-issues to count. This record is one of the best. As the LP title suggests, one side consists of songs by garagers from the Midwest (mostly Iowa and Minnesota), and the other of groups from anywhere and everywhere else. The bands from the Midwest sound a little better (as could be expected from an Iowa record company!), but the quality is solid throughout the album. Like it says on the cover 'All killer and no filler'. From the crudest garage/punk of Ohio's Executions' 'Don't Put Me On' to the psychedelic rave-up of Iowa's 'Why Does My Head Go Boom?', all the varied combinations of intermingled styles from the 60's garage band era are represented. Particularly strong are the self-described 'Jump-Scream-Rock' style of the Unlimited's 'Feelings' and the driving psych of Luch and the Apostles' 'Been Burnt'.

'Unlimited Productions wants anyone who was in a group in the 60's to contact them to help release more classic garage rock.'

Incidentally, Unlimited Productions wants anyone who was in a group in the 60's to contact them to help release more classic garage rock. (Unlimited Productions)--John Grooms

More Big Guitars From Texas: That's Cool! That's Trash LP

Since its release this record's taken a lot of grief, primarily because the line-up of 'big guitars' generally isn't as well-known as the all stars on the first volume, Trash, Twang & Thunder. Fair enough on the surface, but here we have a second crew of Austin guitar maniacs kicking in their favorite borrowed and extorted licks on a mess of instrumentals with garage and old western themes. The production is relatively clean, without the grunge that sent the tracks on TT&T howling and twisting into space. This disc remains pretty well rooted in solid ground, recalling the spirit of both basic rock & roll and the old west. With a combination of band originals (mostly contributed by current Lerot Brother Rick Rawls), lame covers of great oldies ('Woo Hoo') and great covers of lame oldies ('that's Cool...'), this one stands proudly beside TT&T as a complimentary volume. (Amazing)--Justin Kaminski

Mills From Mills LP

In celebration of their centennial, the music department at Mills College has compiled this remarkable three-

'Mills has an extraordinary heritage in experimental music...'

record set featuring works by former and present faculty and alumni. Of course, Mills has an extraordinary heritage in experimental music and the set includes compositions by Robert Ashley, David Behrman, Luciano Berio, Anthony Braxton, Dave Brubeck, Lou Harrison, Darius Milhaud, Pandi Pran Nath, Pauline Oliveros, Larry Polansky, Steve Reich, Terry Riley, David Rosenboom, Morton Subotnick, 'Blue' Gene Tyranny and others. There are some rare finds as well, including the first published recording of Reich's early tape piece 'Melodica'. Surprises abound, as works by some of the lesser known composers are among the best, including Larry Polansky's brief but exciting 'Four Voice Canon #3', plus some wonderful pieces by Maggi Payne, Katrina Krimsky, Janice Giteck and Ramon Sender. The only truly bad choice is 'Summer Song' by Dave Brubeck which is found in a smarmy, overdone version for jazz quartet and orchestra. Otherwise, this is a set that belongs in the collection of everyone who loves experimental music. (Mills College)--Dean Suzuki

The New Originals C-60

The idea of a tape of cover songs seems like a good one, but this tape really wipes out that theory. 90% of this tape is self indulgent to an extreme; songs just go on and on, people thinking they're really funny when they're not. Volcano Suns (Polythene Pam), Tub O' Guts (with P-TV's Godstar converted into a Jim Morrison tribute) and New Mr. Orrs (with an epic 'Don't Fear The Reaper') come out rather interesting but the rest of the tape is either so predictable or so drawn out and boring that it's hard to enjoy listening to it. Sorry. (Materials and Processes)--Lawrence Crane

Northwest Passages, A Compilation of Northwest Electronic Music C-90

This tape interested me for many reasons. First, the geographical region north of San Francisco, south of Vancouver, and west of practically anywhere has not had a reputa-

tion for being an important center for musical experimentation. There are some important exceptions, of course, most notably the impressive array of important composers who have been associated over the years with the Cornish Institute and the Soundworks Gallery in Seattle, as well as the work of David Mahler, Stuart Dempster and others in that city. Olympia, Washington, partially because of the Lost Music Network and partially because of composers at Evergreen State (where Ingram Marshall now teaches) has also been an important national center. But, in general, the other cities of the region (Portland, Moscow, Eugene and others) have not gained any kind of national reputation for having vital and productive experimental music scenes. The Eugene Electronic Music Collective has gone a long way in recent years towards changing this. Second, there are not many compilations of young electronic composers available and this tape might not be viewed as a kind of representative sampler for the ideas which are currently being worked with, and for the directions that this essential aspect of American music is headed. Aside from the classic TELUS Music with Memory cassette and some of the Canadian MUSICWORKS compilations, I can't think of any other such collection. In this respect, Northwest Passages is not only important but essential. The music itself has many chesive features, some of which I find to be disappointing. First, there is a tremendous reliance on factory presets for off-the-shelf commercial synthesis gear. This can neither be described as experimental, evolutionary or even particularly electronic music, since the real creators of the sounds and aesthetics in these cases are companies like Yamaha and Roland (I count a DX-7 or DX-9 on more than half the cuts!). There is nothing wrong with using this kind of equipment, especially since it now makes it so much easier to create music, but a kind of slavish reliance to their simplistic sounds and functions does not engender any sort of progressive art.

Another common idea is in what might be termed 'monotextural' pieces. Most of the music on this tape deals with form from a primarily timbral point of view, and one can hear the influence of simple multi-track facilities in the determination of the structure of a piece. There is almost no usage of 'machine intelligences' (that is, higher level software or hardware in the creative process), and to my ears, an alarming lack of actual electronic experimentation of any sort. Most of the music home-brew hardware or software for the ease of use of commercial synthesis and processing gear. I think that this contributes to a kind of facile and vanilla meta-style for the entire compilation. Not that some of the music isn't well-crafted and interesting. Carl Jaurez creates some interesting noise textures in 'Down the Quantum Wall', but uses few too many digital-delay cliches for my taste. Nathan Griffith, in 'Compositional sketch for the story of God and Gila Bend' uses some of the more subtle sounds on the tape and does some especially interesting treatments of the voice. I also like the contributions of K. Leimer ('What We Already Know') and Jeff Greinke ('Uprising and Across Vast Plains'). These two composers seem to be a few levels higher in musical sophistication than most of the others on the tape. Some of the tracks however I found downright objectionable and I'll refrain from mentioning these by name. I suppose this had a lot to do with my expectations. I was hoping to hear experimental, non-pandering, maybe even visionary electronic music by young hard-core composers. Instead I heard from panels of drum machines and pseudo-pop that might as well have been a TV action show soundtrack. The democratization of electronic music, with the abundance of cheap gear, has its advantages, to be sure. But it also has its incumbent responsibilities for composers, in the words of electronic music composer John Bischoff, 'to be inciteful about the use of this technology'. In the 'old days', it used to take hundreds of hours to produce just a short amount of music. The new technologies should not make things any quicker, just better and more powerful. I believe that young composers, like the ones represented here, should, through their music, be among the staunchest advocates of these ideas. (Eugene Electronic Music Collective)--Charles Ben-Aaron

Outward Inward, A Compilation of Pittsburgh Original Alternative Music

A well-rounded compilation of electronic and experimental music, a bit heavy on the noise collages but that's fine. Several beat-box-bops keep the overall ambience from getting too gloomy. Several local faves are included, such as Hector in Paris, Morpheus Resonance, Sofex, Surrent Information, Ken Clinger, Metlay, Blond Venus and Banner Day...these were all listed on the insert as featured artists. (SSS Studio)--Allen Green

Psychomania LP

The twelve pieces from seven countries might loosely be grouped somewhere between industrial and electro-pop. The contributors have done well, considering that they're dealing with the same problem I find in auditioning for a date--OK, you've got three minutes to impress the hell out of me. Pieces by Steve Sheehan and Erik Von Heiden (both USA) are obviously abbreviated and need room to show what they can do. Mark Lane's track has some unusually musical growling and grunting along with his usual unhappiness. Short works by The Klinik and the appropriately named De Fabrick stand out as tight and concise. Album compiled by Nico De Haan. (Etiquette Records)--William

Keep in touch. Refer to the index for contact addresses.

Storage

Random Thought Vol 1 C-60

Subtitled 'A Victoria Sampler', this 17 track, 13 band compilation is intended as a haphazard incomplete overview of the Victoria scene or so say the liner notes. What you get is 17 fairly lame, behind the times tracks that range from hardcore (or should I say softcore) to some plausible new wave. Nothing on this tape stood out from anything else on it. Some of the band names I found a bit amusing like Scott Henderson's Noxious Landscapes and Sludge Confrontations. Automatic Shock's 'Evolution' might be considered the best track but that's not really saying much. (Lyle's Place)--John Krinov

RANDOM THOUGHT VOL. 2 C-60

A well recorded sampling of new music from Victoria, isle of British Columbia, resting place for international royalty, and as Random Thought magazine (the tape's compiler) puts it: 'Home of imperialist running dog fascist-type governments.' The emphasis is on songs that have never made it onto vinyl, although some have previously appeared on cassette. There is a heavy British influence on many of the tracks. Psychedelia from the Ryvals, Bruised and Stupid and Terrace Plexus. Melodic hardcore from Red Tide (with lyrics from Leonard Cohen's poem 'Any System') and speed-thrash-sludge from Sludge Confrontations. Two bands from '81 (Nomeansno, Infamous Scientists) are represented and in '85 Andy Kerr leaves the I-Scientists and joins Nomeansno, whose 'Love Thang' is as caustic and intense as Big Black. All this and pop, dance and electronic music too. Impressive. (Lyle's Place)--C. Carstens

Rimpanto: Italian Music in America

An excellent and varied sampler of nearly forgotten recordings by Italian immigrants. Classical arias, Sicilian lullabies, choral salutes to Venice, some vaudville.

'An excellent and varied sampler of nearly forgotten recordings by Italian immigrants.'

Global Village says they'll soon release the descriptive notes for this cassette (Hooray!), but in the meantime, here are my faves: G. Giovalle's solo mandolin version of the sextette from Donizetti's 'Lucia di Lammermoor' jumps all over the fretboard, strumming while doing the tremolo solo (!). 'A Canzone d' o Zampugnaro' by I Tre Anonimo della Basilicata uses a bagpipe and two loud folk oboes to back up a shouted vocal. R. Fornare's baritone solo 'Novena Di Natale' is backed by bagpipes that sound like a street organ. The energetic 'Buon Principio D'Anno' by violist Nullo Romani and his combo (piccolo, guitar and mandolin) cooks. Rimpanto is a very important release, first in a series Global Village has assembled. (Global Village Music)--Mark Manning

Smash-Skate Rock Vol 4 LP

Not your average breakneck skate-punk selection. There's a personal, jargon-filled rap from Skate Master Tate, drum machine psych-rock from Steve Caballero, speed-ska from Scram and locomotive speed C&W from Screamin' Sirens. Of course there is still room left for

'Not your average breakneck skate-punk selection...'

the thrashers like McShred, Cargo Cult and the amazing Tupelo Chain Sex. There's even some science fiction/apocalypse spoken poetry from Skip Engblom who describes a world plagued by mutant war and populated with shadow people. Some tracks appear elsewhere in different versions like Cargo Cult's and Tupelo Chain Sex's. There's a muddy sound to most of the tracks. Overall, it's got a juvenile feel to it, but it serves its purpose. (Thrasher Magazine)--C. Carstens

Some Ruins: The Yale-New Haven Compilation EP

This record contains 14 songs from seven diverse bands from New Haven (four from Yale University). A good sampler, it varies from the hard core sounds of SxOxMx to the 'paisley' sounds of Beauty Constant, with the majority in the garage pop/punk category. Some may be bothered by this, but in musical terms, although a few songs stand out, there are no clunkers and the album flows enjoyably. It is compiled and produced by David Levine. There are two songs per band, one per side. Bleached Black is garage core. Vocals are almost lost in the mix. 'Ecosong' is a nice song about taking stands, 'You're just emotions in this life'. U Thant is garage with a sincere voice. I liked 'Little Chlorine'. About a girl named Chlorine or swimming in a pool or both or maybe even deeper. And then again, maybe not, but it's a nice little pop song. Senator Flux on 'Walking the Black Road' has an interesting combination of surf guitar, frenetic beat and deadpan punky recital vocals. 'Southbound Trains' has C&W harmonica 'train' at beginning and end, but bulk of song is tempo changing, some Turkish oriental-like music, some reminiscent of the Neats of Boston. This band experiments

a lot. Cattle Collision is the only band on LP with a female singer. 'Very Sorry Second Best' is clean and dancey. 'Not To Mean' driving and pretty. Reminds me of V, of Boston. Beauty Constant--garage punk paisley? Side 1 ala 3 O'Clock. Side 2's 'Thursday Night' for those into songs about days. Has a pedal steel guitar sound wandering about spaces in the song that makes it interesting. The Raffles--'Danny's Garden' is the best of the two songs, about a suburban kid, taught to hate the commies, who play war games in his back yard. This band has an 'Asbury Park' sound, gritty voice, syncopated beat. For those 'into' Springsteen etc. Though every time I think this, 'those' fans say I'm wrong. Guess you have to be from Jersey to be acceptable. (?) SxOxMx is old fashioned hard core. Spoken intrus, driving freneticism, parts that slow down for increased social awareness. This is the Boston school of core. 'Life As It Is' is a comment on this subject. It's true to the point. 'Blind to Reality'--about people who should wake up. The hardcore may be misplaced on this album, but I think it fits.

This record could have done with more notes. Members of bands, instruments, details. But other than that I think it is a good compilation. From this, one would think there weren't any dull and lifeless bands in New Haven (I. V. Tower Records)--Paul Lochter

Tellus #13 Power Electronics C-60

This is issue 13 of the Audio Magazine Tellus. This issue focuses on power electronics. Many of the artists are very familiar to anybody who follows the difficult music scene, but it also provides an excellent introduction to newcomers who don't know where to start exploring in the noise genre. There are selections from Merzbow, Amor Fati, Psychones, Controlled Bleeding, Coup De Grace, Ffi and ten others. The beauty of this compilation lies in its ability to reveal the various levels of intensity being reached in the arts of electronic music. From the spoken word piece of Rhys Chatham to the wall of noise Merzbow has to offer, this tape offers up a good variety of electronic music. A few of the cuts surprised me. The Blackhouse cut was much more subdued than some of their other work I've heard and the Psychones piece is a slow, quiet almost ambient song that is different from the work I've heard on the LP's. The most moving song was provided by Maybe Mental called 'Memories of My Birth'. I found this piece to be very chilling in trying to describe a birth from the infant's point of view. It starts very nice and pleasant and suddenly transforms into a pulsating sheet of percussion and screaming electronics. Powerful and moving. The songs ranged in length from 50 seconds to nine minutes. This tape is an excellent introduction to the world of difficult music. (Tellus)--Shawn A. Splaine

TELLUS #14
The 14th issue is devoted to music written in just intonation. The exciting coup is the inclusion of a heretofore unreleased recording by Harry Partch. Written in 1954 with

'The exciting coup is the inclusion of a heretofore unreleased recording by Harry Partch.'

Partch and Daniele Mitchell performing on harmonic canon and bass marimba, with Partch intoning the text, this low-fi version of 'O Fabjous Day! (the Jaberwocky)' is a must for anyone interested in Partch's oeuvre. The remainder of the tape with its roster of excellent composers including Lou Harrison, Ben Johnston, James Tenney, Larry Nyland, John Bischoff and David Hykes, among others, offers works for all kinds of media. Of course, there are works for electronic media, including a work by The League of Automatic Music Composers, as well as all manner of acoustic instruments, not to mention a cappella voices, as in Hykes' 'Opening Kyrie'. As you might expect, there is a gamelan piece. There are some surprises, such as Tenney's 'Septet for Electric Guitars', which sounds much like Rhys Chatham, Susan Norris' violin solo which sounds nearly indistinguishable from the Irish jig that it emulates and Lou Harrison's wedding of electronics and acoustic instruments. Another testament to Tellus' ongoing efforts in behalf of the modern art. (Tellus)--Dean Suzuki

Tellus #14, Just Intonation C-60
In the Just Intonation tuning system all the pitches are related by whole-number ratios, resulting in a more acoustically 'pure' sound than is usual with our more widely used Equal Temperament (used on all key board instruments to render all keys or scales playable). Just Intonation encompasses any tuning system from oriental modes to microtonalities in our standard major/minor scales. Thus, it is not surprising that so many highly varied ways of using Just Intonation are possible and a number of them are explored on this fascinating cassette. From the 42-note per octave scale devised by Harry Partch to the harmonic singing of David Hykes to the ocean of sound achieved with an ensemble of seven guitars by James Tenney to the gamelan composition by Jody Diamond, the way of using Just Intonation are endless...this tape only scratches the surface but in a way that sums up, if

not all the possible uses of Just Intonation, at least some of the most interesting and musical ones. Excellent (Tellus)--Tom Furgas

There's A Method To Our Madness LP

A collection of mostly unreleased tracks representing the thrash-and-burn contingent of hardcore. Bands like Assault, Born Without A Face, Life Sentence and Ludichrist are determined to distill a pure and unsullied shriek of rage and boredom. They pretty much succeed. The uses of this are kind of limited to Method will more than suffice when the need is there. Grease R. K. Sloane cover, too. (Phantom Records)--Lang Thompson

They Pelted Us With Rocks and Garbage LP

This compilation of Cleveland 'alternative' bands is two years old. I am not certain it is a very good representation of the scene there today. Bands include Riot Architecture, Death of Samantha, Faith Academy, Shadow of Fear, the Offbeats and eight others. Rocks and Garbage stands out from a lot of compilations I have heard in recent years because it is not all punk and hardcore. The most enjoyable way to amuse yourself while listening to this record is to try and remember exactly which famous band it is that each band here is trying to imitate and after you have accomplished this task never listen to it again. (After Hours Records)--Glen Thrasher

Tuatara LP

These twelve tracks by twelve of New Zealand's best indie/underground rock bands are diverse and satisfying. From the cool psych-pop 'Pink Frost' by one of the better known bands here, the Chills, to the Kinkish jangle of the Bats' 'I Go Wild' there are no duds here. Isol has a distinct 4AD (Cocteau Twins, Dead Can Dance) bent--haunting dissonant pop. Sneaky Feelings' 'Throwing Stones' recalls early Byrds (S-D) and latter day Windbreakers. The Verlaines display a knack of quirky, complex pop-rock on the catchy 'Death and the Maiden'. (Flying Nun/CD Presents)--Brad Bradberry

12" Combo Deluxe LP

The Seattle scene can't be as lame as this compilation implies, but you'll probably have to buy a Green River record to make sure. Meantime, Fastbacks are the only actual band that made me sit up, although Moving Parts might rock out on a good night. Also, the arty/clever outing involving Emily Bishton and Gary Minkler under various band names are growing on me in that one-shot compilation way, but in general it's all a little too self-consciously eclectic. And no amount of '70's revisionism justifies a Gilbert O'Sullivan cover. (PopLlama)--Bob Bannister

Unexplored: A Compilation of New Zealand Recordings 1982-1986 LP

A few years back this would have been called 'new wave' or some such but nowadays it's just rock n' roll. Bands like Blam Blam Blam, Ponsonby D.C.'s and Screaming Mee-mees aren't after grunge or anything extreme, just basic rock, a little quirky perhaps with its synth drums or keyboards or touch of alienation. Quite nice except that none of the cuts makes me want to seek out other releases from that band or even any more New Zealand music. (Strange Weekend)--Lang Thompson

SKATE ROCK VOL. 3: Wild Riders of Boards LP

As with most compilations, inconsistency reigns here. Maybe hardcore skateboarders have sustained enough head injuries to be apathetic, but only four of the 10 bands represented are moving enough to warrant protective padding--the rest call for earplugs. Christ on Parade induces raw pore-opening energy. 'Don't Draft Me' is fast enough to push the lyrics into unintelligibility and 'My Life' is evil enough to be a hit at a Musters' garden party. Septic Death's killer tune 'Burial' has it all--Mr. Crawleyish guitar intro, blood-curdling scream, assault, re-loading and another attack. Also, the Accused present silly odd-metered riffs. Fortunately, a vocalist who sounds like he bit off half of his tongue while receiving a boiling enema salvages otherwise blasé sounds. Similarly, Beyond Possession's singer distinguishes them from the pack. The instrumentalists keep our ears' attention by varying tempos while the apparent protege of the Lemmy Kilmister School of Vocal Arts wails. Other than that, the skateboard-shaped jacket and its contents should bore most 'boarders--and everyone else. (Thrasher)--Tom Morr

The World Doesn't Fit On A 21" Screen C-60

A compilation of diverse interests and approaches by 11 groups or individuals. Frank Kogan wrecks 'Sloop John B' (Beach Boys anti-fans take note) with solo voice and electric guitars. The Invisible Generation take apart American myths of happy homes based on Christian fervor in the TV-tape collage 'The Pulpit That Exploded'. Amor Fati turns in the droney, atmospheric instrumental 'The Law' replete with trademark metallic percussion that sounds like an escape from a medieval torture chamber. Radio Prague do a Euro-poppy tune 'To You' then turn around and do a moody electronic (keyboards) number titled 'The Fifth Book'. Recursos Ajenos sound a lot like Diamanda Galas with echoing violin backup on 'Rasca Sangre', which flows almost too seamlessly into an Audio Leter 'Film Score' with much the same effect. The rest offers much in the same rich vein with a variety of tape effects and noise surprises including a poor recording made into an effect in and of itself on The Fundamentalists' chant-oriented 'World Harmony/World Har-

mon (Dance Mix)' that becomes alternately annoying and hypnotic. There's something for everyone here with a sense of adventure and/or morbid curiosity. (Sound of Pig Music)--John E

Z77: Sound of Zidpigtones--Silk Sows Suffering Symbolic Situations C
Here If, Bwana teams up with five international industrial/electronics acts for an equal number of pieces with hooks. Be it a snippet of talk from some lady used as a loop of a series of descending notes on what sounds to be a sickly harpsichord, this tape succeeds at being harsh without being brainwrackly insane. There's no dullness around, though especially effective are the collaborations with Japan's Onnyk and some act with a hunge long name from London. (Sound of Pig)--Jamie Rake

RICK WAKEMAN: Country Airs LP

Rick Wakeman, formerly of Yes, *Six Wives Of Henry VIII* and other pomp rock atrocities, turns in a set of 'new age' piano music. And if you couldn't guess by the cover photo of a stream flowing through verdant green or from the song titles such as 'Morning Blaze', 'Quiet Valley' and 'Heather Carpet' the words New Age are embossed on the jacket--white on white. The music is indistinguishable from a thousand and one other new age piano LPs. Put it on the turntable and have it tinkle by unobtrusively while sipping herbal tea after a hard day at the office. As for actually listening to this drivel...There just isn't much there. (Coda Records)--R. Iannapollo

THE WALK 4-song C

Gloom-influenced dark guitars, lyrics of spiritual disillusionment and fulfillment and less-than-obvious, very poetic, shimmering stuff only dampened by inadequate recording. This kind of music needs a glowing production. Martin Hannett (Joy Division producer) could work wonders on them. Nonetheless, wear some black, put this on and chill nervy. (The Walk)--Jamie Rake

THE WARDS: Armed To The Teeth C-30

A cassette of hardcore/thrash recorded in 11/85. Pretty much the same old (by now) thang. Board, apathetic lyrics spat out or shouted over faster/louder-than-thou HC drums/guitar/bass replete with all the themes and issues popular with the genre--politics, growing up, Reagan (I know, politics again), peer pressure (yeah, yeah, that's growing up again, I know...peer pressure these days seems to be--if you're a teenager playing music, it'd better be hardcore...or is it heavy metal??) ad infinitum. Actually, if you are a fan of this type of music and honestly still enjoy it, this tape might have a lot to offer--the band is tight and seem sincere in intent and purpose. (Medical Records)--John E

WARM GUN: The Mole C-60

They certainly reflect their influences--Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire, John Cage, but sadly don't add anything of their own. All the sounds are correct but some individuality and exploration is necessary before this stuff gets real interesting. Competent and intriguing at time but not groundbreaking. (Earth Patrol Media)--Shawn A. Splane

DAVE WEBB: Blue Stereo Light LP

Quirky, melodic pop-rock songs about politics (national/international and sexual) and lovers (all kinds) with a lefty bent. Webb's lyrics are cool, often allegorical, though sometimes literal glimpses of the world at large. 'Stay With Me' is a beautiful, haunting love song which sets the world's woes in the perspective of modern romance. Musically he sometimes recalls Elvis Costello or Graham Parker. At other times, he displays a cool, pop sound. A keyboardist, Webb is slightly techno, but uses sax to punctuate much of the material. Impressive. (Sland)--Brad Bradberry

CHEL WHITE: The Key of Dreams C

'He's got a sample box and he's going to use it...' Also a synth or two and at least one drum box...and use them he does, quite well thank you. With today's affordable

'He's got a sample box and he's going to use it.'

technology, almost any sound imaginable can be had by anyone with modest means, so the real challenge for the artist is finding fresh, creative ways of using these sounds. White succeeds on at least one level. These pieces are solid, innovative electronic backing tracks on the line of Kraftwerk, or more like Yello without Mier's vocals. But if you're expecting any real directions to emerge from them, you'll be disappointed. They just kind of bounce along from start to finish. No definite melody lines and no vocals other than texture work...but heck...that's fine with me. I like clean beats and cool sounds. I suspect that these pieces are excerpts from White's filmworks, though the notes never actually state it. (Chel White Films)--Allen Green

WHITE HAND: Second Edition C

This tape comes in a brown burlap sack which also contains a booklet that extensively documents the atrocities

'This tape comes in a brown burlap sack which also contains a booklet that extensively documents the atrocities of the El Salvadorean Death Squads.'

of the El Salvadoran Death Squads. Side 1 contains individual avant-noise compositions which are emotionally disturbing, difficult to listen to, but effectively done. Side 2 is a single piece which uses text from Alexis De Tocqueville's *Democracy In America* and is, in the words of the liner notes, 'very oblique'. This is good, honest, droning pain music for the politically correct set, and is probably what I'll put in my Walkman the next time I'm maced in a riot. (Banned Production)--Eric Iverson

THE WILD STARES: Tricking The Future EP

Alternately interesting and irritating in their artiness, The Wild Stares at least deserve credit for producing a sound that's unique. Not that influences can't be heard--the arty post-punk parts can be vaguely traced to Boston legends Mission of Burma while the best song, 'Look Me In The Eyes', just as vaguely resembles The Fall. But for the most part this odd jazz-flavored noise grinds against any expectations. The problem is, sometimes it seems that The Wild Stares have no purpose for their 'wildness'. The lead singer too often sounds like a whining drunk. The music--especially the guitar/drum rhythm exchanges--is best at its most blatantly abrasive, such as in 'Look Me In The Eyes' of 'Perfect Bash'. But in the looser, spacier parts--most notable on side 2--everything seems to have gone haywire. And at that point the best thing about these guys (and gal) is their unintentional humor. (Birth Records)--Richard Singer

LENNY WILLIAMS: New Episode LP

Very nice contemporary R&B album from former tower of Power vocalist. Lenny Williams has been out of Tower of Power since 1975 and has a number of solo discs out on various labels. His latest finds him working in a commercial, modern R&B setting to good results. He still has that silky smooth tenor that first brought him to fame. The ballads here are particularly strong as Williams caresses each and every contour of the melody. 'Ten Ways of Loving You' is a catchy up tempo tune with hit potential. Strong, crisp production and hook laden tunes make this an enjoyable, if not groundbreaking, outing. (Knobhill Records)--Scott Siegal

BOB WILLS AND HIS TEXAS PLAYBOYS: The Tiffany Transcriptions LP

This disc might be considered a missing link, a place where we can see connections among all pop music

'This disc might be considered a missing link, a place where we can see connections among all pop music forms...'

forms--Cab Calloway can be heard in the snappy, witty singing and those swinging jams, Hank Williams in the weaving twang, Chuck Berry in the vocal (though not quite talking yet) guitar...This is country/swing in its purest and therefore most versatile form. This listener's personal favorites are 'Lazy River' which in its virtuosity and danceability is anything but lazy, 'A Little Bit of Boogie' which is classic 40's rock n' roll and 'Swing Blues' a tune which shows that the Texas Playboys were willing to mix divergent styles even at a time when many styles hadn't yet diverged. The only thing that's missing here is deep, soul-wrenching pain, because, as we're shown in 'I Had Someone Else Before I Had You' these Texas Playboys could just shrug off their pain--if they didn't swing it away. That seems to be the only drawback to their music. (Kaleidoscope Records)--Richard Singer

Dear Sound Choice Folks,

God is this the way I thank you for sending me some great albums?? Well, I guess it is. Two fuggin' weeks late with these reviews!! Bet this doesn't happen at Rolling Stone. Anywho, you people will be rewarded spiritually somehow while the indolent, self-indulgent slob like myself will be condemned to scab city sidewalks for our evening meals whilst our bodies and minds waste away on a steady diet of Thunderbird and dirt. Honestly though I am sorry and instead of blabbing on and wasting more paper and your time let's get to this tardy, tardy review:

THE WINDBREAKERS: Run LP

Yep, another Georgia band with some heavy guitar, ethereal lyrics and some more of that moody Southern drawl feel. But who cares?? These boys have been around since '81 and there is enough maturity and subtlety in their playing to show that they have an individual and worthwhile sound. The Georgia connection also makes sense due to the fact that their sound is a definite marriage between other GA-based bands Love Tractor and REM. Good, new generation rock with just enough unpolished and rough edges to add some integrity to all those Smiths-infested college radio station play-lists. (Landslide Records)--Rex Doane

JOHNNY WINTER: Third Degree LP

Mr. Winter himself penned the liner notes to his third Alligator release and the first sentence captures my sentiments exactly, 'I really like this record. It's got a lot different kinds of blues on it, more variety'. Variety is the key word here. Winter pals with a variety of musicians from Alligator's crack team of Gayden, Jones and Saydak to the reunion of the original Winter band of Uncle John 'Red' Turner and Tommy Shannon. And that's not all. Also included are two songs with the incomparable Dr. John on piano and Winter fans hold onto your hats, two acoustic numbers. Stand-out numbers include 'Mojo Boogie' a J. B. Lenoir number that really smokes, the title cut, an Eddie Boyd-Willie Dixon number and 'Love, Life and Money' a song where the teaming of Rebanack and Winter comes across best. The acoustic numbers are great especially 'Bad Girl Blues'. My only quibble is why did Mr. Winter have to cover (for the zillionth time) 'Tin Pan Alley' and 'Shake Your Money-maker'. My hope is that there is an all acoustic album in Winter's future. (Alligator)--Dale Knuth

WOODEN STICKS C

Sounds a lot like the unrehearsed, experimental things I was recording with friends years ago. Stephan Michael Crow, who wrote, performed and recorded the entire tape, has obviously thought these songs out more than my early ramblings but a problem remains; the musical idea of each song, while usually fairly interesting, is overused through the course of the song and doesn't retain the attention. The songs are very flat and lack dynamics. Instead of creating a groove it just gets tiring. There is an obvious lack of much percussion but lots of synthesizer sounds that are often too amateurish. Occasionally there are some nice textures. (SMC/Postwar U.S.A.)--Doug Hagen

WOOFING COOKIES: Horse Gum Tortilla Shoes LP

I like these guys. Their tunes have all the lyrical impact of

Subscribers



hardcore, but unlike hardcore are very listenable and danceable. They remind me a lot of late 70's new wave bands like the Damned or of newer groups like REM. Their sound is very straight-ahead, not excessively raw, but packing lots of energy. Not slick by any means either. Just piping hot rock and roll from cover to cover. I like their sense of humor too. In the middle of side two, the band decides to do a sound-check. I think the Cookies are going to go very far. (Midnight Records)--Paul Goldschmidt

BETTY WRIGHT: Sevens LP
Lastest release from 70's soul queen Betty Wright ('Clean Up Woman') brings her back to Miami where she recorded her hits. Unfortunately, she doesn't use the same studio, band or arrangers. This is a pleasant, lifeless '80s R&B outing with a demo feel around the edge. The drum programming is particularly weak. Betty can still sing and her voice still has the power to involve you in a song, just not these. 'Stand By Me' and 'Pain' are the only stand-out tunes here and show that with the right songs and arrangements, Betty Wright could be back. Maybe you'll want to pick up her 70's discs on TK in the meantime. (First String Records)--Scott Siegal

YU: Art and Guns C-60
A synth trio which records at home on an eight channel deck. Recording is very clean and the music is very slick. No acoustic instruments and I assume they are sequencing a lot of this material. Basically a funk-pop sound now unlike many English bands. Unfortunately the formula is very predictable and the sounds are in many cases obviously factory presets. Nevertheless there should be a lot here to appeal to this genre. (Home Productions)--DK

MARA ZIBENS: Trance Resistance C60
A founding member of Tekst, the Canada-based electronic chamber ensemble, Mara Zibens performs ten of her muralistic synth compositions with a lush yet economical use of textures and melodic patterns. Beyond the electronics, these gentle pieces have an almost pastoral quality that seems to reflect an awe of nature and the cosmos. Zibens blends well the elements of raw sound and melody, the earthy and ethereal, taking her place among that breed of composers demonstrating the

'Ms. Zibens blends well the elements of raw sound and melody, the earthy and ethereal, taking her place among that breed of composers demonstrating the synthesizer as a more organic than technical mode of expression.'

synthesizer as a more organic than technical mode of expression, though her technical skill is quite evident in this well-recorded outing. Despite the spoken words on one of the pieces, which seems a superfluous rationalization of the poetry already abundant in the recordings, this collection seems ideally suited to pure transcendent listening. (Audiographics/Underwhich Editions)--Michael P. Good-speed

ZION TRAIN: Zion/Zion Dub/Road To Zion 12" single
Joseph, I and friends, including members of HR and Bad Brains, work out on this loping groove. The riff is relaxed, yet played tight and smooth. A cheesy synthesizer riff is intrusive and the song doesn't really move beyond riff status. Minimal lyrical content, mostly the phrase 'Mount Zion' and other dread concerns chanted over and over. The dub versions are boring and uninteresting. (Olive Tree Records)--Scott Siegal

HECTOR ZAZOU: Reivax Au Bongo LP
Soundtrack for a 'Photo-Novel' directed by Xavier Lam-bours. The music is primarily vocal, sung in Flemish (I think) with no lyric sheet or movie background provided--so I had to take the music on its own terms. Side one features the male voice of Bony Bikaye with a theater orchestra

ously sparse and lush, stong and strange, but not the slightest bit unsettling. Nothing experimental here. These are finely polished, like the best of *Geographies*, but they flow effortlessly. Zazou derives a comfortable, familiar feel from an odd combination of sources. Elements of his past are evident--the sparse Satie

'Who knows how Hector Zazou fell from grace with the folk at Recommended. Maybe he didn't use enough screeching saxophones, or did he commit the fatal error of using a drum machine?'

structures of ZNR, the calm derangement of *La Perversita*, African rhythms and beautiful melodies. Vocals by Bony Bikaye (very African) and Catherine (very French) are flawless. To top it off, this is an audiophile quality recording and a better than average pressing. (Crammed Discs)--William Storage

of percussion, keyboards, guitar, strings and wind. It has a movie-music African feel, with jungle sounds, chant-like vocals and percussive emphasis. Side two sounds more European, featuring Catherine Renoult's mezzo-soprano accompanied by synthesizer and saxophone. Attractive music, but I wish I knew what it was all about. (Crammed Discs)--Mark Sullivan

HECTOR ZAZOU: Reivax Au Bongo LP
Who knows how Hector Zazou fell from grace with the folks at Recommended. Maybe he didn't use enough screeching saxophones, or did he commit the fatal error of using a drum machine? In any case, this half of ZNR has had some beautiful music ignored (*Malimba* with Papa Wemba) and belittled (*Geographies* with 'Vera C'; that favorite tune from the Recommended Sampler) by Mr. Cutler. *Geographies* is nice music. *Reivax Au Bongo* is a masterpiece. The polite, well paced compositions are simultane-

CONTACT ADDRESS INDEX

This is where you find the address for the artists, bands, record and tape companies and publications that are reviewed in this issue. This new system will save time and room and ultimately allow us to compile and print useful data bases for A.E.N. members This index still has a few bugs. If there is incorrect data or if there are individuals or companies whose address should be here but aren't, please let us know. We will make all attempts to correct and update with each new issue. We hope to standardize our indexing procedures soon, but for now you should be a little flexible when looking something up, for example if you don't find a listing under the name of the band or artist that was reviewed, then try looking under the name of the record company, and vice-versa.

44D-17-49 Alma Rd, London SW2B, England
A-Burns-Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10003
A.O.A.-22 Paradyss Ave, Loanhead Midlothian, Scotland
Aber Malat-A. Cressner-711 Elmerdale Rd, Chesterfield, IN 46017
Absolute Grips-P O Box 18694, Rochester, NY 14618
Ace of Hearts-P O Box 759, Kenmore Station, Boston, MA 02215
AFM-18 NW 100 St, Miami, FL 33150
After Hours-308 Prospect Ave, Cleveland, OH 44115
Allen Farm-485 Parkway Estates, Oak Creek, WI 53154
Allen Panetecopes-Space Station Studio-479 5th Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11215
Alligator Records-P.O.B. 60234, Chicago, IL 60660
Ambiguities Magnetiques-C P 263, Station E, Montreal, Quebec, Canada
HIT 347
Americas Gramophone Records-9130 Mormon Bridge Rd, Omaha, NE 68131
Angel-P O Box 4931, San Francisco, CA 94001
Artemis Production-30341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, California 94530
Art Interface-3620 S. DeWitt Road, Lansing, MI 48906
Artful Balance Records-JCI-5308 Derry Ave, Agoura Hills, CA 91301
ART-level Recordings-907 Jenner St #2, Madison, WI 53703
Atomic Comics-Box 14822, Gainesville, FL 32604
Atreity Exhibition-Ten Ray-918 E. Monmouth, Colorado Springs, CO 80903
Audiographics-Underwhich Editions-P O Box 262, Adelaide St, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5E 1H5
Audiob Records-JEM, South Plainfield, NJ 07080
Auricle Music Cassettes-30 St. Stephens Rd, 2nd Floor, Leicester, LE2 1JQ, England
A.V.A. Music-121 rue de Courmayeur, 51100 Reims, France
Baby Joe-P O Box 90803, Atlanta, GA 30363
Bad Compilation Tapes-P O Box M205, San Diego, CA 92116
Banned Production-P.O. Box 323, Fremont, CA 94537
Band Sounds-151 Brighton Ave, San Francisco, CA 94112
Bango Music-P O Box 1099, New York, NY 10028
Better Than Nothing-312 S. Coler, Urbana
Beverly Hills Organization-P O Box 67464, Los Angeles, CA 90067
Big Hand Records-Routis S, Box 245, Apex, NC 27502
Big Records-5430 Mohlkens, Bethesda, MD 20816
Big Wash-Mike Greenleaf-P O Box 127, Dekalb, IL 60115

Bleary Lead Lifter-Patrick Earl-805 Dryden St., Silver Spring, MD 20911-1812
Bird 'n' Frog Records-P O Box 39, Trenton, NJ 08601
Birth Records-P O Box 181, Boston, MA 02134
Blitz-478 W Hamilton #64, Campbell, CA 95008
Blank Expression-1642 24th Ave, San Francisco, CA 94022
Blatch-741 Jenkins, Norman, OK 73069
Blaze Records-1545 Peterson Road, Colorado Springs, CO 80915
Bleeding in Disguise-2 Wathrop St, Box 6, Watertown, MA 02172
Blind Pig Records-P.O.B. 2344, San Francisco, CA 94126
Blind, The-P O Box 38943, Houston, TX 77238
Blue Crescent-4 Donagel Rd, Peabody, MA 01960
Boat-P O Box 3362, Madison, WI 53704
Bomb Shelter Propaganda-P O Box 1393, Tempe, AZ 85281
Boni's Records-P O Box 715, Bristol, CT 06010
Boner Records-P.O.Box 2081, Berkeley, CA 94702
Brilliantly Prime Records-5036 Bakman Ave, N. Hollywood, CA 91601
Broadside-Box 1464, New York, NY 10023
Bumman Bui Records-P O Box 40175, San Francisco, CA 94141
Buy Our Records-P.O.Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ 07080
BVI-1321 N. Xavier, Denver, CO 80294
Cadence Jazz Records-Cadence Building, Redwood, NY 13679
Calendar Magazine-1230 Ritz St, San Francisco, CA 94107
Calyssow Now-P O Box 12, CH-2500 Biel 3, Switzerland
CANCER-42-22 Nangle Rd, Fairview, NJ 07400
Caroline Records-5 Crosby St., New York, NY 10013
Caroline-Subteranean-577 Valencia, San Francisco, CA 94110
Carriage-P O Box 667, Rocky Hill, NJ 08553
Cartier Releases-53 Rockview Ave, North Plainfield, NJ 07060
Cassette Mythos-Box 2391, Olympia, WA 98507
Catch Trout Records-P.O.Box 3800, Charlottesville, VA 22903
Celestial Harmonies-P.O.Box 573, Wilton, CT 06097
Chuloid Records-330 Hudson St, New York, NY 10013
Chel White Films-P O Box 15264, Portland, OR 97215
Chicoch-P O Box 4527, Chico, CA 95927
Church of Subgenies-P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214
Classics Records-Alexander Boerstrat 16-3071 KK Amsterdam, Holland, GPO 400400
Lola Records-Jam Records, South Plainfield, NJ 07080
Community dialogues-916 Estepa St, New Orleans, LA 70130
Companery Productions-CPC-1, P O Box 1452, Palatine, IL 60078
Computer Music Journal-28 Carleton St, Cambridge, MA 02142
Conflict-42 Ave C #3, New York, NY 10009
Contemporary Records-Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94770
Contrast-Box 10832, Beverly Hills, CA 90213
Convent, The-1053 Sea Drive #2, Whittier, CA 90606
Cool Art-P O Box 5868, Kent, OH 44240
Cottage Club-Que World-12-321 Stradack Ave, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R2L 0J8
Coughing Fish-Greg Carter-7070 Franklin #221, Hollywood, CA 90028
Coyote-P.O.B. 112, Hoboken, NJ 07030
Crack Music-Keyvan Golestanah-1/2 E. Main St #4, Champaign, IL 61820
Crammed Discs-43 Rue General Patton, 1050 Brussels, Belgium
Crash Course Phazines-13 Deer Park Rd, Westport, CT 06899
Crash Records-305 Swanton St, Melbourne 3000, Australia
Crazed Bunnies-1711 Vierra St, Cerritos, CA 90701
Creation-83 Clerkwell Rd, London EC1, England
Cultural Democracy-Box 2888 Sta A, Champaign, IL 61820
D.I.W.-1351 Arcadian Ave #D, Chico, CA 95226
De-Mon Records-Orisa Productions-1909 South OakGate Street, Monterey Park, CA 91754
Daily Barbarian-Box 02455, Detroit, MI 48282
Dancus-1112 Cherrywood Drive, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056
Danya Records-P O Box 3295, Walnut Creek, CA 94598
Dead Milkmen Newsletter-Box 58, Hilltown, PA 18927
Deadbeat-1338 Haight St, San Francisco, CA 415-387-8344
Deja Voodoo Trains-Box 182, Ste F, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H3J 2L1
Dillinger Reik-819 W Markham Ave, Durham, NC 27701
Dischord Records-3819 Beecher St NW, Washington, DC 20007
Disorder-1850 Union St #488, San Francisco, CA 94123
Disident News-P O Box 915, Ste F, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2N9
DIW-1351 Arcadian Ave, Chico, CA 95928
Dog As Master-Hal McGee-P O Box 30383, Indianapolis, IN
Domier Records-Prizenallee 478, D-3000 Berlin 65, West Germany
DUMB-2431 N High #25, Columbus, OH 43202
E. H. Harlequin Productions-Jason Peterson-225 5th St, Jersey City, NJ 07310
Earth Patrol Media-5426 Richensbacher Ave #101, Alexandria, VA 22304
Eat My Shit-Box 12594, Raleigh, NC 27605
Echo du Pie-Pon-4260 de Larimier #302, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2B 2B1
Economy-Toronto Bulletin-Box 915, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5V 2N9
Elasti Records-Postmat 5, 5038 DG Tilburg, Holland
Elko Farms Records-7381 Willow Run, Cleveland, OH 44060
Elfin Music-P O Box 915, Camden, Maine 04843
Empathy Records-3 Fair Oak Drive, Easton, CT 06412
Enharmonic-P O Box 2243, Sacramento, CA 95822
Eskape-Suite Best Music Group-3355 W. El Segundo, Hawthorne, CA 90230
Esotoma-P.O.B. 4692, St. Louis, MO 63108
Eliquette Records-Zuidhervendijk 2, 2040 Antwerp, 03/5687956 Belgium
Eugene Electronic Music Collective-P.O.B. 3219, Eugene, OR 97403
Eurock-P O Box 1378, Portland, OR 97213
Ezile Records-Lutpreur Str. 39, 1800 Berla 49, Germany
Factory-325 Spring St #233, New York, NY 10013
False Positive-Box 432, Boston, MA 02258
Fantasy-Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94770
Farbblomom Enterprises-P O Box 818, Pomona, CA 91769

Fever Records-621 S. Fourth, Philadelphia, PA 19147
 Fingers Nucleus-2578 Germann St, Maplewood, MN 55109
 First String Records-Fantasy-10th & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710
 Flaming Banker Records-2000 Center St #666, Berkeley, CA 94704
 Flavor People-P O Box 706, Soquel, CA 95073
 Flying Fish Records-1304 West Schubert, Chicago, Illinois 60614
 Flying Nun-P O Box 3000, Christchurch, New Zealand
 Fort!da? Cassettes-522 Harold Ave., Atlanta, GA 30307
 Fortuna-Box 1116, Novato, CA 94948
 Fountain of Youth-5710 Durbin Road., Bethesda, MD 20817
 Fourth World Ltd-P O Box 2754, Minneapolis, MN 55402
 Freckle Records-P.O.Box 4005, Seattle, WA 98104
 Front Line News-Box 915, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2NP
 Full Disclosure-Box 8275, Ann Arbor, MI 48107
 Fullspeak-P O Box 6863, Fullerton, CA 92631
 Fun Music-Philip Perkins-171 South Park., San Francisco, CA 94007
 Fundamental Music-Richard Jordan-P.O.Box 2309, Covington., GA 30209
 Gark Records-4100 44th Ave, S. Minneapolis, MN 55409
 Gazell Productions-204 W. 20th St, New York, NY 10011
 Gente de Mexico-Arturo Meza-Hacienda de la Condesa, Prados del Rosario, Mexico 02410
 Global Village Music-Box 2051-Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025
 Glosinski Records-900 Capitol Ct, Austin, TX 78756
 GM Records-P O Box 1205, Station F, Toronto Ontario, Canada M4Y 2V8
 Gravel Voice Records-P O Box 2271, Bloomington, IN 47402
 Great Southern-P O Box 13977, New Orleans, LA 70185
 Green Linnet Records-70 Truner Hill Road, New Canaan., CT 06840
 Green Monkey Records-P.O.B. 31983, Seattle, WA 98103
 Green Monkey-PO Box 31983, Seattle, WA 98103
 Griffen-Small Tools Tradition-P O Box 8005 #239, Boulder, CO 80306
 GRS Inc-P O Box 71486, New Orleans, LA 70172
 Hannibal Records-275 Pentonville, London N 1, England
 Harvestworks-16 W. 22nd St. #902, New York., NY 10010
 Headrot-103 Puriwent Dr, Weston, Bath, Avon, England
 Heart Murmur Records-P O Box 42602, Los Angeles, CA 90042
 Heartland Productions-27 Berkshire St, Rochester, NY 14607
 Himalaya-4 rue de la Fourche, 1000 Brussels, Belgium
 Hinds Productions-P O Box 786, Millbrae, CA 94030
 Hitch-Hyke Records-5 Dosma Balanou, Athens 116, 36 Greece
 Home Productions-P O Box 14384, Austin, TX 78761
 Homestead Records-Dutch East India-P O Box 570, Rockville Center, NY 11571
 Human Bean Productions-4930 Louise Ave, Encino, CA 91316
 I. V. Tower Records-David Levine-P O box 1445 Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520
 Iceberg-207 E. Buffalo St #501, Milwaukee, WI 53202
 Iblasion Productions-Alia Projects-425 E. 9th St #3-B, New York, NY 10009
 Iblasion-15 Rue Pirre Curie, 14120 Mondreville, France
 Incas Records-272 Benham Ave, Bridgeport, CT 06604
 Incas-225 Hillcrest Ave, Somerset, NJ 08873
 Innovative Communications-Gluckstrabe 6200, Hamburg 76, West Germany
 Interchange-3000 E 7th St, Long Beach, CA 90804
 Interplay Records-P O Box 9135, Calabasas, CA 91302
 Intrepid-612 1/2 n. 43rd St, Seattle, WA 98103
 Invisible disk Records-The Garage Studio-524 Wilkes Circle, Santa Cruz, CA 95060
 Invisible Music Co-Eric Muhs-P O Box 706, Soquel, CA 95073
 Ivory Interlude Records-P O Box 111585, Nashville, TN 37222
 Jam Rag-P O Box 23, Clawson, MI 48017
 James-P O Box 8124, Moscow, ID 83843
 Jim Records-P O box 2550, Baton Rouge, LA 70821
 JIM-P O Box 10075, Glendale, CA 10075
 K. P. Inc.-3457 Fremont Ave North, Minneapolis, MN 55412
 K.O. City Studio-262 Mammoth Rd., Lowell, MA 01854
 Kaleidoscope Records-P O Box 0, El Cerrito, CA 94530
 KALX Program Guide-University of Calif, Berkeley CA, CA 94720
 Kapla Records-P O Box 1031, Adelaide St Station, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5C 1K4
 Keeler-132 W. 24 St., New York, NY 10011
 Kent Records-23 Music Square East., Ste. 101, Nashville., TN 37203
 Kevin Kat Records-Kevin Kosub-PO.Box 7258, Corpus Christi., TX 78415
 Kingsmake-205 Lake Blvd, Sanford, FL 32771
 Kitti Tapes-168 Hamilton ST, New Brunswick, NJ 08901
 Knobhill Records-1335 Sunnyvale Saratoga RD, Sunnyvale, CA 94087
 L.A.Y.L.A.H.-68 Rue J. Bassem, 1160 Brussels, Belgium
 Ladd-Frith-P O Box 967, Eureka, CA 95502
 Landmark Records-2600 10th St, Berkeley, CA 94710
 Landslide Records-450 14th ST NW, Atlanta, GA 30318
 Lawrence Crane-P.O. Box 4527, Chico, CA 95927
 Le Syndicat-3 AP, B.P. N 299, 75525 Paris Cedex 11, France
 Leo Records-35 Cascade Ave, London N10, England
 Les Disques du Crepuscule-4 rue de la Fourche, Brussels 1000, Belgium

Contacts Index

Likewise Productions-P O box 5447, Berkeley, CA 94705
 Lion's Roar Records-P O Box 2021, Portland, OR 97208
 Liquid Gongs of the Universe-21-79 Steinway St, Astoria, NY 11105
 Little Free Press-Rt 2, Box 38C, Cusing, MN 56433
 Live Wire-P O Box 1222, Sante Fe, NM 87504
 Lonely Whistle Music-Donald Campau-P O Box 23952, San Jose, CA 95153
 Love and Rockets-4359 Cornell Rd, Agoura, CA 91301
 Lumina Records-236 Lafayette St #4, New York, NY 10012
 Luna Bisonte Prod-137 Leland Ave, Columbus, OH 43214
 Lyle's Place-768 Yates St, Victoria, B.C., Canada V8W 1L4
 Magisch Theater-Juliaandillensstraat 22, 2018 Antwerpen, Belgium
 Marzidovsek, Mario-62310 Slov Bistrica, Titova 39, Yugoslavia
 Matak Mazuri Records-P O Box 4084, Austin, TX 78765
 Materials and Processes-43 Belvedere Blvd, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5X 1J9
 Maximum Rock N Raoul-1464 Easton Rd, Warrington, PA 18976
 Maybe Mental-5316 N. 21st Ave, Phoenix, AZ 85015
 Meadowlark Records-Dalebrook Park, Dept R, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423
 Medical Records-P O Box 3156, Burlington, VT 05402
 Meetings With Remarkable People-P O Box 491452, Los Angeles, CA 90049
 Meta Meta-GFA-1015 Chestnut #500, Philadelphia, PA 19107
 Micrart Group-Antwerpsesteenweg 391, B-9110 Gent, Belgium
 Midnight Records-Box 390, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011
 Milestone-Tenth & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710
 Mills College-Office of the President-Oakland, CA, 94613
 Minnesota Composers Forum-Markethouse #206, 289 E. Fifth St., St. Minny-923 W. 232 Street, Torrance, CA 90502
 Mom's Records-P O Box 2676, Pittsburgh, PA 15230
 Mook Records-P O Box 1421, Lisle, IL 60532
 Mordam Records-P O Box 988, San Francisco, CA 94101
 Morning Star Music-108 State St, St. Charles, IL 60174
 Ms. Anti-Social-333 S East Ave #209, Oak Park, IL 60302
 Multimood Records-Kallgatan 3, S-731 41 Koping, Sweden
 Mumbles Publication-P.O. Box 832, Wichita, KS 67208
 Music Week-1A Thompson Commercial Bldg-8 Thompson Rd, Wanchai, Hong Kong
 My Life Depends On You!-Killinpellontie 2, 21290 Rusko, Finland
 Mystery Hearsay-P O Box 240131, Memphis, TN 38124
 Negazione-Franco Roberto-C.P. 395, 10100 Torino Centro, Italy
 Neu Electro-P O Box 1582, Bridgeview, IL 60455
 Neurotic Bop-451 Redwood, Troy, MI 48084
 Neutral-415 Lafayette St, New York, NY 10003
 New Alliance-P O box 21, San Pedro, CA 90733
 Nicolas Collins-Trace Elements-172 E 4th St #11D, New York, NY 10009
 Nigh Eve Cassettes-231 Thompson St Box 12, New York, NY 10012
 Noble Gas-103 Reservoir, Parsippany, NJ 07054
 Noise Noise Noise-1025 E 5th St, Alice, TX 78322
 Nomadic Underground-P O Box 72003, Marietta, GA 30007
 Obfuscate Perimeter-P O Box 4963, VMPO, Vancouver, BC
 Office Records-Box 2081 Sta. A, Champaign, IL 61820
 Og Music-Box 182, Station F, Montreal, Canada H3J 2L1
 Oh My God Records-26 Holmes St, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601
 Oldie Blues-6712 AW Bennekom, Holland
 Olive Tree Records-P O Box 13026, Washington, DC 20009
 Open Circle-1905 Victory Blvd #14, Glendale, CA 91201
 Optional Records-206 31st Ave E., Seattle, WA 98112
 Oriental Records-P O Box 1802, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017
 Orleans Records-828 Royal St #536, New Orleans, LA 70116
 Outcast-4009 Nord Ave, Covina, CA 91722
 Paradise Records-P O Box 594, Middleton, WI 53562
 Paralux Productions-59 Franklin, New York, NY 10013
 Passport Records-Jem Records, South Plainfield, NY 07080
 Pat 'n Mike & James-P O Box 3618, Boulder, CO 80307
 Paycock Press-P O box 3567, Washington, DC 20007
 Perry Mason Loses-Maryanne Melloan-1110 Park Ave, Hoboken, NJ 07030
 Pete D. Gulch-1493 Greenwood Ave., Camden, NJ 08103
 Peyote Picayune-Box 8726-Dm Sepulveda Blvd B-161, Los Angeles, CA 90045
 PG-13-5040 Oakland Ave South, Minneapolis, MN 55417
 PGR-540 Alabama St #310, San Francisco, CA 94110
 Phantom Records-P O Box 39275, N. Cont. Sta, Charleston, SC 29407
 Phantom Soil Recordings-578 N. Gower St, Los Angeles, CA 90004
 Philo-Rounder-1 Camp St, Cambridge, MA 02140
 Pigs Blot-330 NE 90th, Seattle, WA 98115
 Pinhead-627 W. Pleasant, Villa Park, IL 60181
 Pink Dust Records-1750 East Holly Avenue, El Segundo, CA 90245
 Placebo Records-P O Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063
 Play It Again Sam-67 Rue De Cureghem Straat, 1000 Bruxelles, Belgium
 Plug Records-20 Martha St, Woodcliff Lake, NJ 07675
 Poetry & Erotic Art of Sparky-2425 College Ave, Berkeley, CA 94704
 Poison Penn-184 Allston, MA 02134

PopLlama Productions-P O Box 95364, Seattle, WA 98145
 Positive Force Records-P.O.Box 9184, Reno., NV 89507
 Postwar-P O Box 21534, Long Beach, CA 90802
 Presence-David Myers-228 Bleeker St., New York, NY 10014
 Profile Records-740 Broadway, New York, NY 10003
 Projekt-8951 SW 53rd St., Cooper City, Fla 33328
 Prurient Interest-171 Auburn St #11, Cambridge, MA 02139
 Pumpkin Productions-P O Box 557963, Miami, FL 33255
 PVC-JEM-P O Box 708, South Plainfield, NJ 07080
 Quaver Records-P O Box 272, Evanston, IL 60204
 R & G African Project-P O box 3065, Berkeley, CA 94703
 Rabid Cat Records-P.O.Box 49263, Austin, TX 78765
 Rache Sound-George Smith-115 Legion Blvd, Pine Grove, PA 17963
 Ralph Records-109 Minna #391, San Francisco, CA 94105
 Ransom-216-425 Ginger Drive, New Westminster, B. C. Canada V3L 4L5
 Ransome Records-1425 Brookside Parkway, Bartlesville, OK 74006
 Reality Now-P O Box 6326, Sta A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W 1P7
 Recommended Records-583 Wandsworth Rd, London SW8, England
 Reddog-P O Box 7032, Marietta, GA 30065
 Redux Records-1310 College Ave #1030, Boulder, CO 80302
 Redwood Records-476 West MacArthur Blvd., Oakland, CA 94609
 Relativity-149-03 Guy R. Brewer Blvd, Jamaica, NY 11434
 Relix Records-P O Box 92, Brooklyn, NY 11229
 Restless Records-1750 E. Holly Ave, El Segundo, CA 90245
 RIF Recording-461 Anderson St, San Francisco, CA 94110
 ROIR-611 Broadway, New York, NY 10012
 Rotary Totem Records-3613 1/2 W. 4th St, Los Angeles, CA 90020
 Rough Trade-326 Sixth St, San Francisco, CA 94103
 Rounder-1 Camp St, Cambridge, MA 02140
 Roundhouse Records-3265 Primera, Los Angeles, CA 90068
 RRRRecords-151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852
 Ruthless Records-Steve 'Big Cheese' Albini-P.O.Box 1458, Evanston, IL 60204
 SACA News-Box 15588, Washington, DC 20003
 Sackville Recordings-Box 87 Station J, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4J 4X8
 Saturn-5626 Morton St, Philadelphia, PA 19144
 Scattaris-930 Union St, Sante Fe, NM 87504
 SCR RadioFlyer-P O Box 163198, Sacramento, CA 95816
 SCRAP-3645 N Marshall Way #3, Scottsdale, AZ 85251
 Second Childhood-P O Box 3436, Oshkosh, WI 54903
 Seconds-P O Box 2553, Stuyvesant Sta, New York, NY 10009
 See Hear-59 E 7th St, New York, NY 10003
 SEI-475 21st Ave, San Francisco, CA 94121
 Shanachie Records-Dalebrook Park /Dept F, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423
 Shoe Polish Week-195 Garfield Place #2-L, Brooklyn, NY 11215
 Shove Records-3044 'O' St NW, Washington, DC 20007
 Shred-A-Slime-1646 Yakona, Baltimore, MD 21204
 Sidewalks-P O Box 702, Mendocino, CA 95460
 Sisubeat-P O Box 361, 00121Helsinki, Finland
 Slant-614 E 14th, Davis, CA 95616
 SM Bob-Box 1696, Skokie, IL 60076
 Small Tools Tradition-P O Box 8005 #239, Boulder, CO 80306
 SMC/Postwar USA-P O Box 6613, Fullerton, CA 92631
 Snow Goose Songs-Nalerie Enterprises-Woodburn Rd, RR #1, Hannon, Ontario, Canada L0R 1P0
 Sonia Gala Productions-1845 N. Farwell Ave, Milwaukee, WI 53202
 Sophisticated Artworks-P O Box 1618, Vardafjell, 5501 H.G.S.D
 Sound of Pig Music-Al Margolis-28 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023
 Soundwork-95 Rune Van AA, 1050 Brussels, Belgium
 Source Unlimited-331 E. 9th St, New York, NY 10003
 Southern Libertarian Messenger-P O Box 85334, Seattle, WA 98145
 Spectre/FMD Productions-1193 Lick Ave, San Jose, CA 95110
 SSS Studio-5916 Beacon St, Pittsburgh, PA 15217
 SST-P.O.B. 1, Lawndale, CA 90260
 St. Valentine-P O Box 79116, Cleveland, OH 44107
 Standard Vocal Range-p Hendrickx f Neyray 71, 1060 Brussels, Belgium
 State Capital Records-P O box 436, Ripley, MS 38663
 Stax Records-10th & Parker, Berkeley, CA 94710
 Strange Weekend-1230 Grant Ave #531, San Francisco, CA 94133
 Subterranean Records-577 Valencia St., San Francisco, California 94110
 Suite Beat Music Group-3355 W. El Segundo Blvd, Hawthorne, CA 90250
 Sun City Girls-P.O. Box 23316, Phoenix, AZ 85063
 Swellsville-P O Box 85334, Seattle, WA 98145
 Swinging Aze Productions-P O Box 3741, Northridge, CA 91323
 TAOMAO-16520 Rushford, Whittier, CA 90603
 Tellus-Harvestworks-16 W 22nd St #902, New York, NY 10010
 Theatre of Ice-P O Box 2262, Provo, UT 84603
 Thrasher Magazine-P O Box 884570, San Francisco, CA 94188
 Throbbing Lobster-P O Box 205, Brookline, MA 02146
 Throwing Muses-Ken Goes-Box 9515, N. Dartmouth, MA 02747

Contact Index



Thump Records-Ario Hennings Publishings-807 W. 25th St, Minneapolis, MN 55405
 Touch and Go-P O Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625
 Trace Elements Records-172 E. 4th St #11D, New York, NY 10009
 Trinet-Box 567, Rangeley, ME
 Trans Museq-1705 12th St South, Birmingham, AL 35205
 Trip Shakespeare-Kelly Johnson-3644 Aldrich Ave S., Minneapolis, MN 55409
 Trister Keane's Slimetime-1108 E Genesee #103, Syracuse, NY 13210
 Turnstyle Media-P O box 1955, Bloomington, IN 47402
 Twisted Image-1630 University Ave #26, Berkeley, CA 94703
 Ubulbi-602 Chestnut, Santa Cruz, CA 95060
 Uddersounds-PO Box 27421, Milwaukee, WI 53227
 Underwhich Editions-P O Box 2162, Adelaide Stn, Toronto, Ontario Canada
 Unique Zounds Ltd-Martin Holt-Box 1012, Tucson, AZ 85702
 Union-P O box 415, Maumee, OH 43637
 Unlimited Productions-P O Box 715, Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501
 Uzima-P O box 162, Burbank, CA 91503
 Vacant Lot Records-Empire State Plaza Station-Box 2187, Albany, NY 12220
 Vee Jay Records-Suite Beat Music Group-3355 W El Segundo Blvd, Hawthorne, CA 90250
 Velveten Records-607 W. 3rd, Ellensburg, WA 98926
 Verdanmusik-Alfholsvegur 30A, 200 Kopavogur, Iceland
 Victory Records-P O Box 38943, Houston, TX 77238
 Vita Nova Assoc.-8 rue Sidi Brahmi, 38100 Grenoble, France
 Voice of Reality-P O Box 56453, Phoenix, AZ 85079
 Vulgar Bulgar Danzine-1963 Meldrum Ave, Gloucester, Ontario, Canada K1J 7V6
 VZW Tern-Oudstryderslaan 18, 8200 Brugge 2, Belgium
 Warpt West Music-P O Box 8045, Santa Cruz, CA 95061
 Wax Trax!-2445 N. Lincoln Ave, Chicago, IL 60614
 Wayside-P O Box 6517, Wheaton, MD 20906
 Wellspring Music-Route 1, Box 182, Columbia, MO 65201
 WFMU-Upsala College-345 Prospect St, East Orange, NJ 07019
 Whitewall of Sound-968-B Snowfall Spur, Akron, OH 44313
 Whitewall Tapes-968-B Snowfall Spur, Akron, OH 44313
 World War 3-176 E 3rd St, New York, NY 10009
 Wrestler Records-6520 Selma, Los Angeles, CA 90028
 X-Kurzhen Music-2074 Jackson Ave, Memphis, TN 38112
 Your Flesh-P O Box 3107, Minneapolis, MN 55403
 Your Mom, Too-Frank Kogan-625 Ashbury St. #11, San Francisco, CA 94117
 Zoar Records-29 Park Row, New York, NY 10038

Out of Out Of Sequence

Arnold Mathes-2750 Homecrest Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11235
 Bob Forward-812 Stadelman Ave, Akron, OH 44320
 Bret Hart-Kamsa Tapes-13001 Mistletoe Spring Rd., 916, Laurel, MD 20708
 Brett Kerby-4833 Walney Rd, Chantilly, VA 22021
 Christian Arnheiter-4200 W 34th, Box 132, Houston, TX 77092
 Christopher Hoard-8665 Whitworth Dr, Los Angeles, CA 90035
 David Prescott-117 Willow St, Boston, MA 02132
 Doug Gillard-1031 Auburn Ave, up, Cleveland, OH 44113
 Doug Walker-479 Fifth Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11215
 Jay Kennedy-799 Union St, Brooklyn, NY 11215
 Jerry Andrews-18782 Bond Ave, Orange, CA 92669
 Jim Hoffman-1646 Yakona Rd, Baltimore, MD 21204
 John Wiggins-3 Woodhull Place, Northport, NY 11768
 Justin Saragoza-4855 W. Warm Springs, Las Vegas, NV 89118
 Larry Ruhl-128 Alcott Dr., Windsor, CT 06095
 Lawrence Salvatore-211 S. Hebbard, Joliet, IL 60433
 M. Schafer-75 Fairview Ave #3B, New York, NY 10040
 Paul Lemos-54 Locust St, Massapequa, NY 11759
 Pete D. Gulch-1493 Greenwood Ave., Camden, NJ 08103
 Peter Stenshoel-4249 Pleasant Av. S., Minneapolis, MN 55409
 Peter Tonks-P O Box 9485, Denver, CO 80209
 Roberta Ekland-PO Box 30066, Indianapolis, IN 46230
 Tara Cross-362 65th St #1E, Brooklyn, NY 11220
 The Lead-P O Box 882, Coconut Grove, FL 33123
 The Smarties-Jens Gallmeyer-Roseggerstr. 5, 3000 Hanover 1, West Germany
 The Walk-1768 Calypso A-2, Bethlehem, PA 215-944-0971
 Thomas Kardas-930 Union St, Arcata, CA 95521
 Tim Story-P.O. 415, Maumee, OH 43537
 Todd Harper-2530 Garfield Ave, Minneapolis, MN 55405
 Troy Kimber-1013 Fleck Ave., Orlando, FL 32804

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SST 040 DAS DAMEN: Das Damen (EP \$7.00). Like four men running on empty, Das Damen (Phileopold, Lyle, Alex and Jim) breathe fumes and spark combustion like a four-wheel sex machine. Fill up your mind, and check your strawberry love oil levels with Das Damen. Six songs for six cylinders of molten love rock. Includes *Slave Bird* and *Behind My Eyes*.



SST 086 GONE: GONE II, But Never Too Gone (LP/CASS \$7.50). Greg, Sim and Andrew jump on their Harleys and ride roughshod through the sleepy towns of jazz, rock and blues. Like the fabled biker riots of the sixties, GONE's sonic assault leaves the towns they ride through with the knowledge that things will never be the same. No words, no categories, no fooling around as GONE shred sixteen slabs of pure Goneness. Includes *Jungle Law*, *Unglued* and *Adams*.



SST 087 LAWNDALE: BEYOND BARBECUE (LP/CASS \$7.50). From Lawndale (Rock City) come the four dudes of Lawndale (rock band). Moving through the arid wastes of the "surfin' bird" with only their guitars to guide them, Lawndale will take you 'beyond barbecue to their own land of instrumental pastures. Join Dave, Rick, Jack and Steve on these eleven tunes of shimmering majesty. Features *Shogun Shuffle*, *Interstellar Caravan* and *The Story of Vanna White*.



SST 074 ANGST: Mending Wall (LP/CASS \$7.50). Angst's follow-up to their '85 release, *Lite Life*, is entitled *Mending Wall*. The walls come tumbling down around twelve songs as Angst blast away at the things that make life miserable. Not content with just tearing stuff down, Angst also raise the hope that the future is always brighter. Includes *Simon and Garfunkel's Richard Cory*, *Some Things* and *127 Years*.



SST 085 PAINTED WILLIE: Live From Van Nuys (EP \$7.00). Van Nuys is in the Valley. The Valley has been known to do some strange things to people. Painted Willie has done some strange things to their music on this mindbending record. Move and groove with Dave, Vic and Phil as they power out six tunes from their massive '86 tour with Black Flag. Look for your town's name on the back, and relive the Painted Willie experience on *Chia Pet* and *Cover Girl*.



SST 080 SONIC YOUTH: Star Power (EP \$5.00). Remixed, re-edited remarkable Sonic Youth. Two songs from their SST lp *E.V.O.L.*, and an outrageous cover of Kim Fowley's paen to young love, *Bubblegum*. Take the *Expressway To Yr Skull*, and suck on Sonic Youth's Starpower with this supremely hot 12" by always massive Sonic Youth.



SST 067 SLOVENLY: Thinking Of Empire (LP/CASS \$7.50). Slovenly's empire begins in the mind, and moves to the feet. Driven by ex-Saccharine Trust drummer Rob Holzman, Slovenly are benevolent despots who rule their empire with a guitar of steel, and a voice with heart. The borders of Slovenly's empire are bounded by Wire, Television and Pere Ubu. They are guarded by six Bay-area musicians who are armed with twelve songs of incalculable power.



SST 079 FIREHOUSE: Ragin' Full On (LP/CASS \$7.50). Mike, George (FROM THE MINUTEMEN) and Ed (FROM OHIO) are FIREHOUSE. Now, usually, a firehouse stops things from burning. This FIREHOUSE does the opposite, and will burn your stereo down if it's not closely watched. White hot levels of power and intensity pour through the "HOUSE" onto this, their first record. Fifteen songs that should only be used in case of an emergency boredom attack. Includes *Chemical Wire*.



SST 050 MINUTEFLAG: Minuteflag (EP \$7.00). The historical significance of jamming can not be denied. Coltrane's "A Love Supreme" came from the classic Kansas City cut sessions. "Layla" came about from jams between Eric Clapton and Duane Allman. Now, Minuteflag comes along with four songs that have their roots in Black Flag and Minutemen jams. Recorded in a twenty-four track studio, these songs combine the songwriting talents of two amazing bands.



SST 061 GONE: Let's Get Real, Real Gone For A Change (LP, CASS \$7.50) How gone can you get? After Greg Ginn (guitar), Andrew Weiss (bassosaurus), and Sim Cain (drums) mess with your mind with their unique stew of sonic madness, you the listener will be real, real gone.



SST 069 SONIC YOUTH: EVOL (LP, CASS \$7.50) Thurston Moore (guitar), Kim Gordon (bass), Lee Ranaldo (guitar) and Steve Shelly (drums) produced ten songs of incomparable vision and power. Includes *Star Power*, *Madonna*, *Sean and Me*



SST 071 LEAVING TRAINS: Kill Tunes (LP/CASS \$7.50). The Leaving Trains ride the rails of American rock with this awesome collection of "Kill Tunes". Guitar, voice, bass, and drums. Real men need no more than that to create 11 kill tunes.



SST 064 ANGST: Lite Life (LP, CASS \$7.50). Joe Pope, Jon E. Risk, and Michael Hursey combine to make up the band Angst. This 1985 release features twelve songs of taut, on the edge songwriting. Features *Lite Life* and *Friends*.



SST 067 PAINTED WILLIE: Mind Bowling (LP, CASS \$7.50) Painted Willie: Dave (drums and vocals), Phil (bass and vocals) and Vic (guitar and vocals). Three talented individuals who have combined to release a howling, slashing LP. Contains eight originals and a smoking cover of Love's *Little Red Book*.



SST 077 ZOOGZ RIFT: Island of Living Puke (LP/CASS \$7.50). Zoogz Rift is the legendary madman from New Jersey. Recorded in 1986, this LP features Zoogz along with special guests Henry Kaiser, Richie Haas, John Trubee and others destroying twelve tunes of cosmic proportions.



SST 013 VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Blasting Concept (LP \$3.50). SST marketing moves into high gear with the 1983 release of this econo-priced collection of 14 songs by Minutemen, Meat Puppets, Saccharine Trust, Black Flag, Overkill, Stains, Wurm, Husker Du.



SST 043 VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Blasting Concept Volume II (LP, CASS \$3.50). This econo-priced 1986 LP features unreleased tracks by Saccharine Trust, Black Flag, Meat Puppets, Saint Vitus, Husker Du, Minutemen, Wurm, Painted Willie, Gone, October Faction, D.C. 3, SWA, Angst, and Tom Troccoli's Dog.



SST 081 BLACK FLAG: Annihilate This Week (12" 45 \$6.50) The ultimate party anthem of all time is backed with *Best One Yet* and *Sinking* on this smoking 12" by Black Flag. These three are available only on this disc and the cassette (SST 060).



SST 001 BLACK FLAG: Nervous Breakdown (7" 45 \$3.00) The breakdown heard around the world in 1978. Greg Ginn, Chuck Dukowski, Brian Migdol, and Keith Morris sing and play the title track, plus *Fix Me*, *I've Had It*, and *Wasted*.



SST 003 BLACK FLAG: Jealous Again (12" 45 \$5.00). It's 1980 and Greg, Chuck and Robo have a new singer named Chavo. Together these four produced an American classic. Tracks include title song, *Revolve*, *White Minority*, *No Values*, and *You Bet...*



SST 005 BLACK FLAG: Six Pack (7" 45 \$3.00). Yet another vocalist for Flag this time in the person of one Dez Cadena. Joining up with Greg, Chuck, and Robo, Dez lends his vocal talents to *Six Pack*, *I've Heard It Before*, and *American Waste*.



SST 007 BLACK FLAG: Damaged (LP, CASS \$7.50). Recorded in 1981, the songs on this LP defined an era. Dez Cadena has moved to guitar, and Henry Rollins takes over as vocalist. Stunning dual-guitar flag on: *Rise Above*, *Damaged I & II*, and 15 others.



SST 012 BLACK FLAG: T.V. Party (7" 45 \$3.00). The dual guitars of Greg and Dez fuel these three songs recorded in 1982. Bill Stevenson and Emil share drum duties on *T.V. Party*, *My Rules*, and *I Got To Run*.



SST 015 BLACK FLAG: Everything Went Black (2xLP \$9.00) A compilation released in 1983, this record examines the eras of Flag before Henry Jonny Bob, Chavo, and Dez, plus outrageous radio ads. Songs include *Gimmie* (three versions), *My Rules*, and *Louie Louie*.



SST 021 BLACK FLAG: The First Four Years (CASS only \$7.50). Sixteen classic Black Flag aural riots. Originally appeared on SST 001, SST 003, SST 005, PBS 13 (infamous Louie Louie single) and two cuts from New Alliance compilations.



SST 023 BLACK FLAG: My War (LP, CASS \$7.50). This pivotal 1984 release features nine blasts of primal power. Henry and Greg are joined by Dale Nixon (Greg Ginn) on bass and Bill Stevenson on drums for *My War*, *Nothing Left Inside*, *I Love You* and six more.



SST 026 BLACK FLAG: Family Man (LP, CASS \$7.50). 1984 saw the release of this stunning record that showcases the diversity of Black Flag. Side one contains nine riveting readings by Henry of his poetry. Side two has four instrumentals with bassist Kira.



SST 029 BLACK FLAG: Slip It In (LP, CASS \$7.50). Also released in 1984, this Flag album has Kira, Bill, Henry and Greg working thru eight pile-driving songs like *Slip It In*, *Black Coffee*, *My Ghetto*, and *You're Not Evil*.



SST 030 BLACK FLAG: Live '84 (CASS only \$7.50). This is an amazingly accurate portrayal of Black Flag live in concert. The Flag roar thru *Six Pack*, *My War*, *Jealous Again*, *Slip It In*, *Black Coffee* and 14 other incomparable Flag tunes.



SST 036 BLACK FLAG: Loose Nut (LP, CASS \$7.50). 1985 saw this release of nine slabs of Flag's potent blend of metal and madness. Greg, Kira, Henry and Bill combine to create classics like: *Bastard in Love*, *Annihilate This Week*, plus seven.



SST 037 BLACK FLAG: The Process Of Weeding Out (12" 45, CASS \$7.00). Greg, Kira and Bill combine on this 1985 recording of four instrumental cuts of pure Flag fever. *Screw The Law*, *Your Last Affront*, *Southern Rise*, and the title track.



SST 045 BLACK FLAG: In My Head (LP, CASS \$7.50). Nine new Flag songs. Produced by Greg Ginn on this 1985 release of crunching rock tunes like *Drinking And Driving*, *Retired At 21*. Cassette features three bonus tracks.



SST 060 BLACK FLAG: Who's Got the 10 1/2? (LP, CASS \$7.50). This release catches the Flag unfurled one night in Portland, Oregon. LP, 40 minutes, cassette, 70 minutes. Either version has enough Flag fury to raise the dead. Contains *My War*, *Loose Nut* and *Louie, Louie*.



SST 000 MEAT PUPPETS: Meat Puppets (LP, Cass \$7.00). Recorded in 1981 and 82, this record gives the first glimpse of the Kirkwood brothers (Curt and Cris) and Derrick Bostrom's musical nirvana. Tracks include title, 'Tumble' Tumblewoods, plus 12.



SST 019 MEAT PUPPETS: Meat Puppets II (LP, Cass \$7.50). Rising up from the desert, Arizona's Meat Puppets combine country, punk, blues, and their own unique stylings on 12 new songs. *Lost, New Gods, Climbing, Lake Of Fire*, and eight other Meat Puppets tunes.



SST 044 MEAT PUPPETS: In A Car (7" 45 \$3.00). This often over-looked gem released in 1985 features five songs recorded in late '80 Believed to be the Puppets' first recordings. Title track plus *Big House, Dolphin Field, Out In The Gardener*, and *Foreign Laws*.



SST 039 MEAT PUPPETS: Up On The Sun (LP, Cass \$7.50). Twelve stunning slices of classic Meat Puppets tunes. *Up On The Sun, Backstreet, Maiden's Milk, Swimming Ground* and eight others make up this critical fave of '85.



SST 049 MEAT PUPPETS: Out My Way (EP/Cass \$7.00). Six new songs from the amazing Meat Puppets. Recorded in Arizona, this ep captures the Pups on *She's Hot, Mountain Line*, and the classic *Good Golly Miss Molly*.



SST 006 SACCHARINE TRUST: Pagan Icons (12" 45 \$7.00). A classic recorded in 1981 by Jack Brewer (vocals), Joe Balza (guitar), Earl Liberty (bass), and Rob Holzman (drums). Songs include: *Effort To Waste, Human Certainty, I Am Right*, plus four more.



SST 024 SACCHARINE TRUST: Surviving You, Always (LP \$7.50). In 1984 Jack and Joe induct newcomers Mark Hodson (bass) and Tony Cicero (drums) into the potent word/music explorations of *Peace Frog, The Giver Takes, Remnants* and eight more.



SST 046 SACCHARINE TRUST: Worldbroken (LP, Cass, \$7.50). Mind melting is the only way to describe this 1985 release of twelve totally improvisational pieces. Mike Watt is the guest bassist on this record recorded on June 9, 1985.



SST 048 SACCHARINE TRUST: We Became Sinners (LP, Cass \$7.50). This 1986 release of Saccharine's fourth record features the title song, *Drugsare Logic, Effort to Waste* (a remake from their Pagan Icons ep) and nine more Saccharine explorations.



SST 022 SAINT VITUS: Saint Vitus (LP, Cass \$7.00). This potent 1984 recording features Scott Reagers (vocals), Dave Chandler (guitar), Mark Adams (bass), Armando Acosta (drums). Blowing out five metallic tunes including *Zombie, Burial At Sea* plus three.



SST 042 SAINT VITUS: The Walking Dead (12" 45, Cass, \$7.00). Saint Vitus beckons you with this 1985 release of three songs guaranteed to make you look over your shoulder. *Darkness, Walking Dead, and White Stallions*. Rock out!



SST 062 SAINT VITUS: Hallow's Victim (LP, Cass \$7.50). From the first cut *War Is Our Destiny*, to the last shuddering power chord, Saint Vitus rock seven tunes on this 1985 release. Also features *The Sadist*, and *Just Friends*.



SST 063 SWA: Your Future If You Have One (LP, Cass \$7.50). Merrill Ward (Overkill), Chuck Dukowski (Flag, Wurm, etc.) Greg Cameron (October Faction), and guitar whiz Richard Ford create ten songs of chaotic metal. *Creepe, Caravan*.



SST 073 SWA: Sex Doctor (LP/Cass \$7.50). The doctor is in, and SST has prescriptions (perfectly legal, don't worry mom) that can change your life. *See And Sky, Sex Doctor, and Oklahoma* are just a few of the eight stunners on this, SWA's second album.



SST 065 BAD BRAINS: I Against I (LP/Cass \$7.50) Join the world spirit rockers H.R., Dr. Know, Darryl and Earl, as they zero in for the kill on these ten songs. *Sacred Love, House of Suffering, and Return To Heaven* boil with the heat of righteous fury.



SST 036 OCTOBER FACTION: October Fasten (LP \$7.50). This 1985 exploration of outer space has Greg Ginn, Chuck Dukowski, Joe Balza, Tom Troccoli, and the Nazi Sex Doctor jamming on tunes like *Tede Para Mi, You, Me, Bad Acid* and five more.



SST 056 OCTOBER FACTION: Second Factionalization (LP/Cass \$7.50) The second journey thru the uni-mind of the October Faction. Amazing improvisations on this 1986 release of *Pocahontas* and *Sam*, two songs to live your life by.



SST 066 PROGRAM: ANNIHILATOR —METAL COMPILATION (Cass only \$7.50). Black Flag, Saint Vitus, SWA, D.C.3, Wurm and Overkill. The metal that will not melt.



SST 033 D.C. 3: This Is The Dream (LP, Cass \$7.50). Dez Cadena (ex Flag, Redd Kross), Paul Roessler (Twisted Roots), and Kurt Maridham (ex Overkill) play the music of their youth. Title song, *We Feel The Sky*, and five more.



SST 063 D.C.3: The Good Hex (LP, Cass \$7.50) This 1986 release of eight new D.C.3 rocking masterpieces with the addition of Louie Dufau on drums (late of the lamented Stains). D.C.3 rock the title song, *Lacusts and Gang Bang*.



SST 072 DESPERATE TEENAGE LOVEDOLLS: Official Soundtrack (LP/Cass \$7.50). Classic "roots" of the Lovedolls. This 1984 release features thirteen songs by artists such as Redd Kross, Nip Drivers, Black Flag, and Sin 34. A must-have record for all fans of Kitty, Patch and Alexandria.



SST 011 WURM: I'm Dead (7" 45 \$3.00). Before Black Flag, Chuck Dukowski played in Wurm. Heavier than death, Wurm featured the prize-winning screams of Chuck Dukowski on the title track plus *We're Off and Time Has Come Today*.



SST 041 WURM: Feast (LP, Cass \$7.50). A feast of metallic soul flets has been served by those denizens of the dark side, Wurm. *Eat Up* on this 1985 release of *Padded Cell, Bad Habits, Feast* and eight others.



SST 062 LOVEDOLLS SUPERSTAR SOUNDTRACK (LP/Cass \$7.50) This smash sequel to *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls* features tracks by Black Flag, Meat Puppets, Sonic Youth, Gone, SWA, Redd Kross and many more. 1986 classic cult object.



\$57 #29 HUSKER DU: Metal Circus (12" 45, CASS, \$7.00). Bob Mould (guitar), Grant Hart (drums), and Greg Norton (bass), combine to form Husker Du. This 1983 record sets the sound of their future success. *Diane, Lifeline*, plus five.



SSS 825 HUSKER DU: Eight Miles High (7" 45 \$3.00). B/w Massachusetts World this single is culled from Husker's massive double LP Zen Arcade. A powerful blend of melody and dissonance, Husker set their sights on the world.



SST 027 HUSKER DU: Zen Arcade (2xLP/CASS\$12.00). Universally hailed as one of the best independent releases of '84, these 23 songs move you physically and emotionally. **Newest Industry, Something I Learned Today, and Pride** are featured cuts.



SST 631 HUSKER DU: *New Day Rising* (LP/CASS \$7.50). Hot on the heels of the best selling Zen Arcade, this 1985 release of 15 Husker classics shreds speakers Title song, *Powerline*, and *Books About UFO's* are just a few of the gems.



SST 051 HUSKER DU: Makes No Sense At All (7" 45 \$3.00). This 1985 single from their mammoth LP *Flip Your Wig* features *Love Is All Around*, the theme from the Mary Tyler Moore Show. Two nuggets of classic Husker pop.



SST 055 HUSKER DU: Flip Your Wig (LP, CASS \$7.50). The last LP for SST before Husker Du makes the move to Warner Bros. Ultrasonic rockers on this 1985 release include *Makes No Sense*, *Hate Paper Doll* plus twelve.



SST 902 MINUTEMEN: *Paranoid Time* (7" 45 \$3.00). In 1980, the Minutemen (D. Boon, Mike Watt, George Hurley) released seven songs for seven inches. Tracks include **Facist**, **Joe McCarthy's Ghost**, **Paranoid Chant**, plus four others.



SST 804 MINUTEMEN: The Punch Line (LP \$7.00). 1980 saw the release of SST's first long playing record. The Minutemen rose to the occasion by recording 18 songs. Tracks include: *Search, Boiling, History Lesson, Gravity, Games*. Plus 13 others.



SST 014 MINUTEMEN: What Makes A Man Start Fires (LP, CASS \$7.00). Recorded in '82, and released in '83, these songs reflect the honesty and vision of Mike, D., and George. Amazing songs on this disc are *Beacon Sighted Through Fog*, *Colors*, *Pilgrimage*, and *Faith*.



SST 016 MINUTEMEN: Buzz Or Howl
Under The Influence Of Heat (12" 45
\$7.00). 1983 sees the Minutemen
breaking new ground, as well as
breaking into mainstream acceptance.
Uncompromised, the Minutemen stun
rock Little Man With A Gun In His
Hand, plus seven others.



\$57 028 MINUTEMEN: Double Nickels On The Dime (2xLP, CASS \$12.00). The 48 songs spread out across these two pieces of vinyl are pure Minutemen. *Anxious Mo-to, History Lesson Pt. 2, Ain't Talkin' 'bout Love*, and *This Ain't No Picnic*, all recorded in '84.



SST 032 MINUTEMEN: My First Belts '80-'83 (CASS only \$10.00). Sixty-two songs of the Minutemen are on this 1985 cassette released previously as SST 002, SST 004, SST 014, SST 016, the Joy ep, Bean Spill ep, and various compilations.



SST 034 MINUTEMEN: Project Marsh (12" LP/CASS \$5.00). The Minutemen go "marsh", Pedro slang for commercial, on this 1965 release of six classic Minutemen tunes. Features *Tear Spot*, *King Of The Hill*, and Hey *Larry Mama*.



\$5T 050 MINUTEMEN: 3-Way Tie (For Last) (LP, CASS \$7.50). The sound and fury of the Minutemen unleashed. Social activism and prolific playing mesh on this '86 release of *The Big Stick, No Ows, Courage* and seven other gems.



SST 070 THE 7 INCH WONDERS OF THE WORLD (CASS only \$7.50). This is it! The 1986 compilation you can't live without. Every single ever released by SST on one cassette. SST 001, 002, 005, 008, 011, 012, 025, 044, and 051.



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SST 010 STAINS: Stains (LP \$7.00). Another classic LP recorded in '81 and released in '83. This is the first speed metal ever, and it's never been equaled. Tracks include *Gang Related*, *Death*, *Sick And Crazy*, and nine others.



SST 638 OVERKILL: Triumph Of The WMM (LP \$7.50). Fourteen songs in the Overkill fashion. A molten melding of punk and metal shines on this 1985 release of songs like *Slaughter*, *Bad Boy*, *Addict*, *Head-on* and ten more.

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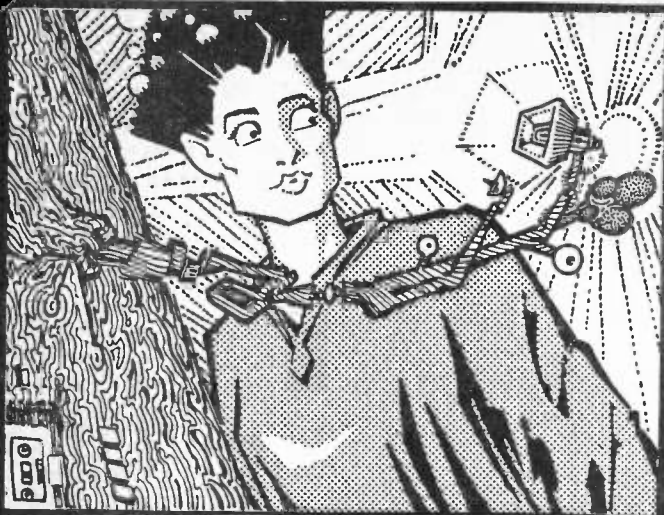
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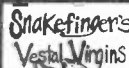
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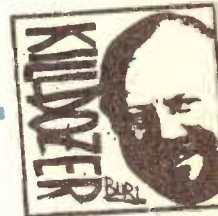


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