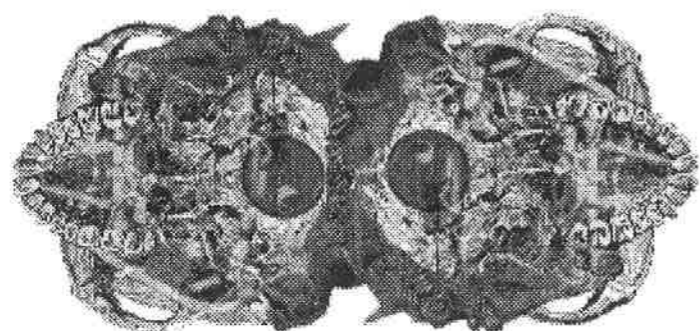


datacide four



one pound



GPOD

Squatting is pretty much unheard of in Japan. The price of land and the sheer strangeness of the idea generally keep things this way. Despite a large amount of financially-enforced homelessness and a situation where young people generally stick to the family home until they get married off out of it, the idea of taking over property for your own uses is yet to catch on. One thing that might be pointing in this direction though is a project going on in Osaka. A massive city that is in the process of forming a sprawl conurbation with Tokyo of 50 million people, Osaka remains slightly more down at heel than the more glamorous capital.

In one building in particular things are getting interesting. A sixty year old block of flats, used until ten years ago as a dormitory for toy company employees has been taken over for use as a social centre. This is not a highly militant, large scale occupation of the sort seen in Europe in the seventies and eighties and really coming to fruition at the moment around Italy, but a kind of squatting that has been developed to suit the situation in Japan.

One of the employees of the company owning the flats went on holiday to Amsterdam and whilst there checked out some of the squats. Many of the squats in the city have, over the years, come to make accommodations with or

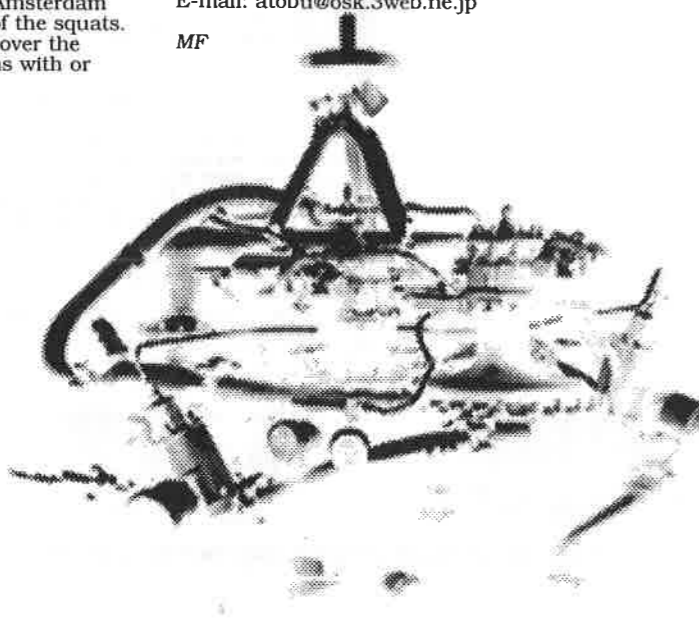
actually gain licenses from the owners of the properties. Perhaps this situation could work in reverse?

Permission to use the building was gained first. Then along came the rest of the squatters. One floor of the building was taken up: nine rooms. At the moment all of the people using the place come from the Inter-Medium Institute - a unique college specialising in an experimental and socially engaged use of multimedia - and so the use of the rooms reflects their needs: a library of donated books, computers, turntables, a couple of studios, a kitchen and other facilities. It provides a space both outside of the college and outside of pressure-cooker family homes, and perhaps more importantly outside of what is expected of space in Japan. The name of the place? Green Point On the Dislocation - GPOD.

It kicked off in September and already, having got things going, GPOD is looking outside of itself and starting to make connections. If you fancy getting in touch, the address is:

GPOD
Dai 2 Chikushi Bldg.
2-7-6 Kawaraya-cho, Chuo-ku,
Osaka-city, Osaka 5420066
JAPAN
Tel: +81-6-762-8507
E-mail: atobu@osk.3web.ne.jp

MF



WONDERGIRL POWERS ACTIVATE- FORM OF?

It's a tired cliché. A nagging topic that has seemed to do nothing more than fester like a spreading infection since the Spice Girls started strutting their stuff globally. Riot Grrrrrrrls. Girl Power. Hear it, See it, Buy the doll....

Unfortunately, this whole topic effects the electronic music world more than almost any other scene. The reason being that the severe lack of female producers, leads to both a completely biased perception of music as we know it and causes the representation of women in this genre to become twisted through marketing strategies. This new world of sexless digits requires neither physicality nor gender separation. Which is why I cannot understand the rate at which girls in the music industry slide so easily into such primitive and contrived behavioral patterns.

The progression and availability of technology definitely promises a future filled with women working with digital audio, however I can only feel confusion when I consider what is presently happening around me. One too many times I have witnessed cover-ups for the real reason (which I still am not sure of) as to why I can count women producing their own electronic music on two hands....

For example- April 1998 issue of a Vancouver college music paper called Discorder I read an interview with the infamous Gina from EC8OR. Although I have wondered about this topic a couple of times, Gina answered my question without even having asked.

"On DHR we set a sign that in every band there is a girl in front, so we don't give the people the possibility to think that women or girls don't have anything to do with electronic music."-Gina V.D.

This statement made me realize that this is a valid topic worth addressing. I cannot comprehend why a strategy like this would be put into action if the front was so obviously transparent. If there is such an absence of women doing music that just the act of having a woman in front of the stage somehow equals out these tipped scales, then there is a real problem.

The answer must be to let the natural progression of this situation work itself out. There is nothing positive, supportive, nor constructive in putting up a facade that both blinds outsiders to the reality of this topic and pressures women interested or involved to follow a narrow path of do's and don'ts.

To the girls at VOID (London), to the two-sisters Stella and Poka Michelson(France), fellow American Laura Grabb, Robotnics Crossing (Berlin), Siobhan Twin Stars (Vancouver) and countless others out there-keep it up, if only for such selfish pleasures as filling up my record collection....
-Rachael Kozak 4-6-98

WHAT THE FUCK ?

You assess from afar with little communication- do you know me? Can you make assessments about my level of passivity or activity. The extent to which I question the structures that bind me? Can you assess without exploration? Is observation alone sufficient for judgement? The subversive gathering you term a "Techno Party" is an arena for experimentation not only with sound but with body, mind, environment, space and knowledge. A rare space offering both interaction with many others yet few manifestations of external constraint. To the external observer someone positively transcending through social and corporeal barriers, not to pleasure alone, but to virtual worlds created by the subconscious and mindscapes externalised, can appear to be "seeking

escape from from facing pernicious forces by way of a kind of death in life". Even in those cases where the body is, or rather appears to be, dead "lying underfoot" the mind can be more alive than ever previously; traversing dimensions, receiving input from unknown sources, participating in exchanges of knowledge in some strange psychic realm. The comments of the assessor expose his complete lack of understanding of what occurs at these events. "Too anaesthetised to fully comprehend the sounds"? The sounds no longer need to be actively analysed and comprehended. The audio frequencies are not only listened to, they do not force one to question, but penetrate, jolt, shape, invade, impell and drag us. These states compliment music - both allow you to be another self, play with self. Both contain / explore thoughts and meanings beyond words. Attempting to define the experiences offered by both is almost impossible.

The music may not be danced to in joint physical expression to the same extent by some people at present. Personally I regret the partial loss of shared emotion and bond of resistance on the dancefloor. But this is only one facet of a party and it is still the main facet. A party is not solely about music, it allows people a chance to exchange ideas, display, their creations, express, break out, explore, play, construct, re-learn and get mash up.

Mash up - a quaint term it may be, but to those who use it, it succinctly communicates a fat amount (vast array) of intense psychological and physical states- usually rendering one less willing and/or able to relate to and undertake the day to day necessities for survival. Not as yet an arrestable offense and not in Datacide 2 condoned but recognised as existing.

Clair

SICK - THE LIFE AND DEATH OF BOB FLANAGAN SUPERMASOCHIST

This candid documentary is carried by the strength and personality of Bob Flanagan masochistic cystic fibrosis sufferer. It explores the way in which his masochistic obsessions help him to cope with the pain of his illness by making him feel that he is in control of his body. Interviews with his parents show them as caring to the point of explaining the roots of his masochism by forming the inevitable association of pain and love in someone who feels most loved when most in pain.

The film also traces his relationship with Sheri Rose, a control freak who delights in inflicting pain on him and encourages him in creating artwork from his pain. The breakdown in their relationship, when Bob is no longer physically able to submit to her, reveals her as an individual with a darker obsession than his.

Not for the squeamish.
gabsta



Wag the Dog

11 days before the election the president is suddenly facing a sex scandal after disappearing into his office with a teenage girl. He is leading in the polls but something has to be done, so a task force is set up, led by Robert de Niro, and it is decided the thing to do to get the sex scandal out of the headlines is go to war. To manage and produce this media event the services of Hollywood producer Dustin Hoffman are employed:

Out of the blue, a conflict with Albania is created, the spectre of international Nuclear Terrorism is raised. Albanian terrorists are supposed to be near the Canadian border on their way to blow up the land of the free with a "Suitcase Bomb". News footage from the war in Albania is created entirely in the studio. A patriotic hysteria is easily created in the face of such serious threat, until the CIA puts a stop to the baloney and for a few hours a kind of normalcy returns.

The production team of this war is deeply unhappy about this turn of events though and are preparing for phase two: They invent Special Forces unit 303, some of whom got stuck behind enemy lines, a soldier named Schuhmacher is chosen to be the American war hero for that purpose, nicknamed "Old Shoe". Again a whole line of merchandising is created, the t-shirts, the burgers, the song. This time the song is made to sound old, a hiss is added, the thing is pressed on a 78rpm record and placed in the Library of Congress to be found later at the right opportunity. Mr.Schuhmacher turns out to be a psycho rapist on large doses of medication, and instead of landing to receive patriotic honours he makes the plane crash in the middle of nowhere and gets himself killed by some country folk. De Niro and Hoffman are rather relieved by this, now they can dutifully bury the national hero.

It is here that Hoffman wants the credits for what he sees as his finest production, but since the American people is not supposed to know, he is taken away by the men with black shades and in the final scene of the film a news speaker announces his unexpected death from a heart attack.

Wag the Dog is not a brilliant movie but it is remarkable in that it exposes the machinations of manipulation and production of reality, the total disregard for truth in favour of power in contemporary political culture. That's remarkable for an American mainstream movie as such, but also marks an unstable situation of permanent information war spilling over into mainstream culture.

This may lead to a wounded reality:

"Virilio: And to those, like my friend Baudrillard, who say that this war did not actually occur, I reply: this war may not have occurred in the actual global space, but it did occur in global time. And this thanks to CNN and The Pentagon. This is a new form of war, and all future wars, all future accidents will be live wars and live accidents. CTHEORY: How will this removal affect people?"

Virilio: Firstly, a de-realization, the accident of the real. It's not one, two, hundreds or thousands of people who are being killed, but the whole reality itself. In a way, everybody is wounded from the wound of the real. This phenomenon is similar to madness. The mad person is wounded by his or her distorted relationship to the real. Imagine that all of a sudden I am convinced that I am Napoleon: I am no longer Virilio, but Napoleon. My reality is wounded. Virtual reality leads to a similar de-realization. However, it no longer works only at the scale of individuals, as in madness, but at the scale of the world."
(Cyberwar, God and Television, ctheory.com)

Of course this refers to the Gulf War, of which the "Albanian War" is a kind of reverse. The death of those who want to - for whatever reason - spill the beans remains real though. Of course Wag the Dog doesn't delve into postmodern confusion here, it uses comedy as a way out. That's fair enough, since the message that those in power are keen to manufacture the reality that keeps them there is conveyed.

CF

Alex Constantine : Virtual Government - CIA Mind Control Operations in America (Feral House, 1997)

Virtual Government starts where Constantine's previous book Psychic Dictatorship in the U.S.A. (Feral House 1995) left off. Dealing with Microwave harassment, suggesting that the False Memory Syndrome was a hoax to cover up Mind Control operations by the CIA, Non-Lethal Technology, Secret State Death Squads and the NutraSweet Conspiracy, Psychic Dictatorship provided a mixed bag of research, insights and ... speculation? Virtual Government sets out to put the Secret State agenda into historical perspective by tracing the origins of the CIA back to the American importing of Nazi agents whose agenda wasn't just the continuation of the war against Communism in the framework of western democracy, but also to pave the way for the Forth Reich. How close they got in realising this aim? Rather close. Constantine suggests, unleashing a barrage of data on the unsuspecting reader, creating the image of a nearly all powerful CIA/Nazi-Net-work involved in brainwashing and remote controlling the minds of America and the World. Despite the number of footnotes, a lot of the presented information is of very varying value, and in extremely differing degrees of substantiation/verification. There are a couple of glaring mistakes. 2 examples: Already on page 5, you'll find "Herman Goering, Hitler's propaganda minister", later in the book Nazi militants are equated with the Reichswehr. These are both grave factual mistakes, Hitler's propaganda minister was Goebbels (as it rightly says in the rest of the book), and the Reichswehr was the regular army, which stood certainly on the political far right, but was not allied with the Nazi party and certainly didn't bring it to power. Who does he mean, the Freikorps? They would fit the description, but were dissolved after they indeed tried to putsch their way to power in 1920, or the actual militant organisations of the Nazi party, namely the SA or the SS? Mistakes like that are unforgivable in a book like this, both instances are in my opinion in areas of general knowledge, now what am I supposed to make of information that I can't as easily double check? (Or was it CIA mind control that made that made them make those mistakes to discredit the bood?)

There is also an occasional lack of rigor - sorry, but attacks of headache, however fierce, 'Alien Abduction' experiences and LSD horrortrips, however disturbing, are not proof that mind control, brainwashing or microwave harassment is occurring, if you hear voices it's not proof yet that the CIA is beaming them into your head.

There is a danger of confusing symptoms with the disease, or with making pieces of a puzzle forcibly fit a preconceived image. There is also a danger of making the CIA (in this case) appear invincible, if they can get away with everything that Constantine suggests is within the range of their activities. Also I'd like to know about the internal structures of those organisations - it is hard to believe that an organisation so vast in its scope would be a homogeneous organism without internal contradictions and warring factions. To collect data on these sort of things is certainly not easy, but that's the whole point of conspiracy research - to unearth information that normally is kept secret. The disposition of sources to cloud things rather than clarify them should be evident, as should be the necessity of double checking information again and again.

This is not always done here to a satisfying degree. I mean, I wouldn't cite Maury Terry ("The Ultimate Evil") as a reliable source, but ultimately I don't disagree with Constantine so much. I'm just complaining about inconclusive evidence, I don't doubt his integrity but think he can get a bit too excited, and not do his own agenda the best service.

Let's briefly look at that agenda:

Virtual Government is very much concerned with a cabal behind the scenes, a classic conspiracy scenario that is running the show from the shadows, a group of people that Constantine locates in the CIA.

This group (that is not further defined - see my criticism above) is using Telemetric Mind Control, Microwave Harassment, Cult Programming, 'Alien Abduction', Microchip Implants, Truth Drugs, all sorts of 'Non-Lethal Weapons' to create Zombie Assassins and mindless, controlled citizens in their conduct for world control. According to Constantine they are very good at it and have the whole scenery stitched up.

I don't think this has progressed to such a degree, in fact I think the Mind Controllers are by no means as good at their job as they would like us to believe, and that they are united in their struggle to be in control. I am much more inclined to believe that they are in disarray, and while the public information economy is indeed very controlled, and while there is a number of groups behind the scenes that wield considerable influence, they are only strong for as long as they manage people to convince of their invincibility or the impossibility of alternatives.

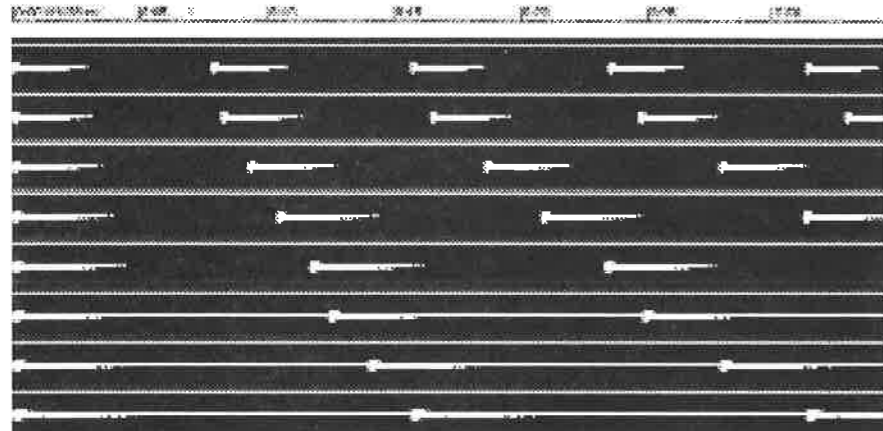
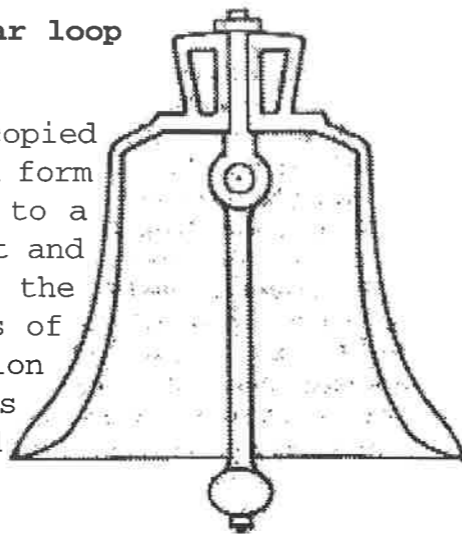
The pro of Constantine's books lies in the dissemination of thought provoking data and ideas, the Con that they tend to reinforce the impression of an invincible and homogeneous conspiracy.

CF

the endless short story : a six year loop

to Ronald Sukenick

A sample of the peal of a church bell has been copied and transposed to produce eight bell sounds which form the basis of a loop. The eight bells are tuned to a major scale, with the interval between the lowest and highest pitch being a single octave. Because the original sample was transposed to form the notes of the scale, the lower pitches have a longer duration and so repeat at a slower rate. The piece starts with all eight bells striking simultaneously, and reaches its conclusion at the repetition of this event, 6 years and 230 days in the future.



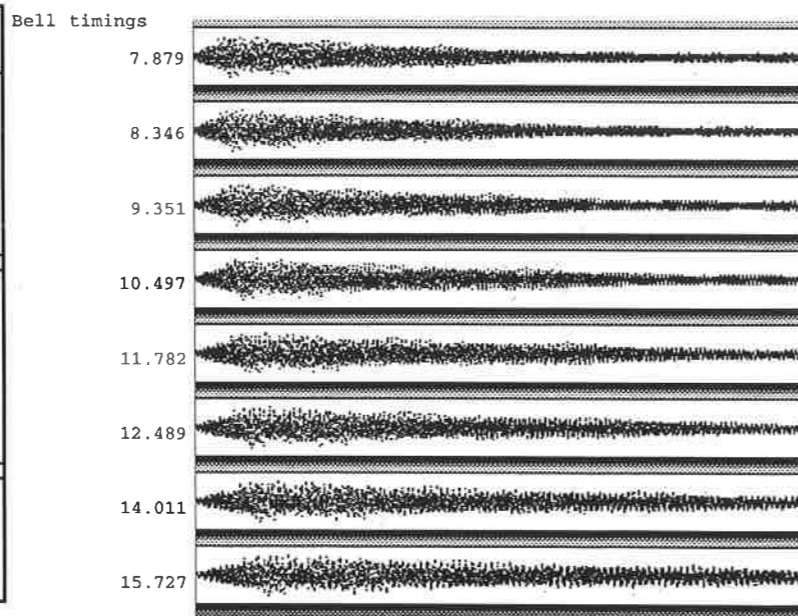
The finish time is calculated by multiplying each duration, to find the point at which all durations synchronise again. If accurate tones are used, the cycle should last just a day and a half, but an inaccuracy of c.0.5% in the transposition process has resulted in a piece lasting over 1,500 times as long. No pattern of notes is repeated over this time period.

Samples have been taken at the start of the piece, the conclusion of the piece, and at two intersections (when the piece is 1/3 and 2/3 the way through the loop) in order to assess it's progress. The starting time of the piece has been set at Wed, Feb 25, 1998 (13:38:05), and a series of recordings in real time will form the basis of a release on cassette. The completion date is Wed, Oct 13, 2004 (19:52:00), and by calculating its status, it is possible to record projected times during the piece - thus giving the true music of the future.

offset (1st inter-section)	offset (2nd inter-section)	offset (30 mins before conclusion)
1 2.482s	4.964s	3.588s
2 2.286s	4.572s	5.61s
3 9.261s	9.171s	4.608s
4 0.123s	0.246s	5.013s
5 9.356s	6.93s	9.136s
6 9.501s	6.513s	1.584s
7 0.948s	1.896s	6.592s
8 6.486s	12.972s	7.122s

	Total time	1st inter-section	2nd inter-section
years	6	2	4
days	230	76	153
hours	12	22	20
minutes	13	4	9
seconds	54.569	38.19	16.38

Start date:	Wed, Feb 25, 1998; 13:38:05
1st intersection:	Fri, May 12, 2000; 23:42:43
2nd intersection:	Sun, Jul 28, 2002; 9:47:22
Finish date:	Wed, Oct 13, 2004; 19:52:00



Total time 209283234.57s

PREFACE TO "LASCIA CHE I BIMBI. PEDOFILIA: PRETESTO PER LA CACCIA ALLE STREGHE"

[Let The Children... Pedophilia as a Pretext for a Witch Hunt] by Luther Blissett, Castelvecchi Edizioni, Rome 1997

The children of a French choir were supposed to go on a Christmas tour to Belgium, but the tour was cancelled because parents and teachers considered Belgium "a dangerous country for the children". So they'll barricade themselves at home, the kids will sing 'White Christmas' for Mom and Dad and the bolted door will keep this wicked world outside. It's yet another (real) bedtime story to tell under the Xmas tree in a western night. Here we can see prejudice and cowardice turning into total idiocy. This society got rid of real collective tragedies long ago (wars, plague, revolutions, repression, famine), and now she invents an Evil Country, i.e. Belgium, in order to wrap herself up with paranoia and indulge in an armoured cowardice. A group of unaware children was instilled with the folly of adult media junkies. I often recall the terrible, merciless sentence I used to hear muttered by old men: "Every second generation needs a war". Possibly this is the only way to tell real fear and pain from the ludicrous nightmare of a spoilt society.

- Michele Serra, "L'Unita", 24 December 1996

There are two problems. The first one is that of real rape, with which women and - more specifically - feminists have dealt perfectly. The second one is that of the reactions of the public opinion. On this level there are such secondary effects as manhunt and moral mobilisation.

- Guy Hocckenghem, from radio programme "Dialogues", France-Culture, 4 April 1978

One of the largest campaigns of repression ever - a witch hunt sending us back to Salem 1692 - is taking place under our eyes. It is inspired, at least to all appearance, by the most noble of 'good intentions' - so indisputable, so apparently 'natural': to protect our children. To protect them from 'monsters', from the plots of the Pedophile International, from Evil, violent TV, computers... To prevent their 'innocence' from being profaned by life and sexuality. Their innocence, however, is just an ideological hoax pulled by adult authorities (parents, priests, teachers, psychologists, politicians).

In this book I advise you to distrust all those who raise hell about the protection of children, because they stand in the way of a real, necessary 'liberation of non-adults'.

I am trying to argue about moral lynching, homophobia, bigotry, hatred for alleged 'perverts', front page 'monsters' and whatever else is characterising the 'pedophile hunt' which is striking many countries (including Italy) and the Internet.

The child has become the one and only candidate to the role of Per-fect

Victim. Any conspiracy theory about child-molesting bogey men is inexorably bound to success. Is there someone who doesn't want to prove a good Christian hangman when it's a matter of (alleged) child rapists? Unofficial abrogation of the Presumption of Innocence, never-ending detention, media pillory, electronic filing of 'pedophiles', chemical castration... Nothing is likely to seem excessive to these good-natured headsmen, crusaders fighting shadows. Recently, we even saw Batman overthrowing a gang of 'pedophiles'. This is interesting: according to Bryan Talbot, the adventures of the 'Dark Knight' are imaginary, they just take place in Bruce Wayne's head. Wayne suffers from hysteric dissociation syndrome. In a Talbot's subversive Batman story titled "Masks", a psychiatrist tells Wayne: "Your attachment to the identity of 'Batman' is an expedient by which you rule your world [...] You perceive the world as too chaotic and you need to IMPOSE an order on it. It's a typical FASCIST impulse, many people suffer from it. However, as soon as you wear a mask, there emerges your second personality, MIGHTY, POWERFUL. Able to FACE any trouble. But, unfortunately, you've gone too far. You've stitched on yourself a totalitarian MYTHOLOGY, a deep-rooted hallucinatory neurosis."

I reckon this neurosis is similar to that which afflicts those who see 'pedophiles' everywhere. The 'pedophile' - like the Jew for those who believe in the World-wide Jewish Plot or the anti-Semite for those who serve in the opposite army - stands for everything that makes the world a puzzling mess. The 'pedophile' - as well as his horror twin, the 'Satanist' - is perfect for the role of spectacular slaughterer, thereby he's "the real victim", he whom everyone wants to stone to death, the scapegoat of a society that - despite being ridden with voyeurism, porno-stimulated and media-sexualised - is more and more frustrated, sadly horny, sex-frightened and monogamous.

AFTER THE FUNERAL OF FREEDOM

This is not an anthology of texts about 'pedophilia' and repression. My method is plagiarism, to pile up material, cut and mix pre-existing texts, make the phrases collide with each other, quote and re-write. It is not an instant-book either. I have investigated a long-term repressive trend which started twenty years ago in the pre-digital USA, paralleled the unfolding of the Internet and reached this Europe of Maastricht, nay, this Europe of Marcinelle, where it's undergoing further, baneful mutations. Unfortunately this book is not going to be outdated, for witch hunts are always all the fashion. It was not easy to write the book: after all, what is the target of an essay on such a controversial subject, written from an unpopular point of view by an anonymous multiple name bearer [...]?

Moreover, should I soften the blows, make my points in the context of a 'democratic' discussion so that liberals - potential allies in the struggle

against the new Inquisition - wouldn't be repelled? What could I do? The only thing I was absolutely sure of was that the best part of the people interested in the myths and deeds of Luther Blissett would share most, if not all, of my opinions. Anybody who understands the implications of a multiple name (a radical critique of Identity) also knows that the ruling culture is built upon anal retentiveness and the removal of children's sexuality. Thus I didn't soften any blow, the readers (either democratic or subversive) will know how to deal with this, and take what they like. For example:

[In Belgium] capital re-structures itself with an operation similar to our Clean Hands inquiry, with anti-pedophile hysteria instead of bribery. I used to despise those non-committed, handcuff-fetishist lynching mobs paving the way for the advent of a new Fuhrer. I used to despise the short-sightedness of those proletarians enjoying the show of our powers-that-be re-structuring themselves in order to fuck the working class harder and better. Now I can't help but despising the torch-light processions of Flemish and Walloon families, and workers going on strike to express solidarity to a judge! The "pedophilia" of Marc Dutroux and his influential backers (it isn't pedophilia actually, it's rape and murder) is just a diverting spectacle, as was "terrorism" twenty years ago.

- Luther Blissett, 'Non giocatevi la testa col Diavolo', "Zero in condotta", 8 November 1996, p.25.

As I wrote, I didn't know what I could take for granted: after two decades of a sexual and cultural counter-revolution imposed by the priests of all work-worshipping, family-loving cults (including blank-minded sociologists, psychologists and philosophers, AIDS technocrats, reactionary currents of the feminist movement etc.), the radical critique is forced to repeat the alphabet about censorship, homosexuality, transgenderism, children's sexuality and non-monogamous relationships... As regards the younger generations, grown up during and after the 'backwash', we can repeat the things Karl Marx wrote about the German people in the "Contribution To The Critique Of Hegel's Philosophy Of Right":

We have shared the restorations of modern nations without ever having shared their revolutions. We have been restored, firstly, because other nations dared to make revolutions, and, secondly, because other nations suffered counter-revolutions - on one hand, because our masters were scared, and, on the other, because they were not scared. With our shepherds to the fore, we only kept company with freedom, on the day of its burial.

Thus we're back to basics, this is the day after the funeral.

The only point which doesn't need to be made again is the end of the family. I mean, I know that this institution (based on mutual castration, authority and legal sexual slavery) still exists and is the main subject of both talk shows and parliamentary debates. This is disgusting and depressing. And yet the inexorable, liberating, "anti-economic" explosion

Let the Children Play

of the family is under everyone's eyes. The fate of the family depends on the fate of wage-work. Due to the decline of the society of full

employment, the members of nuclear families are going nuts, and this is especially true for those families that rely on just one income. Fathers, mothers and children can no longer stand forced cohabitation, and are starting to slaughter each other, smash each other's face in with iron bars, shot and strangle each other, take each other's eyes off for seemingly futile reasons. The nuclear family is dying, actually. If we managed to channel this violence (which is strictly related with the proletarianisation of the middle classes) and turn it against those powers responsible for our - material, human, sexual - misery, a new kind of liberation would become possible. Of course, no Second Sexual Revolution will be feasible without a drastic reduction of the working hours, and the shrinkage of both "production" (which is nothing but destruction of the ecosystems) and "consumption" (which is nothing but waste). Social ecology. Don't work, make love! This is what I think of "the pillar of all virtues", Christian morality and the capitalist society. These opinions are out of fashion nowadays.

DIMINUTIO AUCTORIS?

One cannot emerge more than once from the same black hole. Under heaven there's no time for every 'counter-investigation'. This book doesn't pretend to be exhaustive. It's just a rewriting of the notes I took when I used to study what the bourgeois society regards as the Absolute Elsewhere.

The vastness of the subject reminds me of the Infinite, indeed, of the Aleph, there was always one more connection, 'til the noise became harmful and the wind of infamy hurt my ears, then my temples started to throb, the subject became an obsession and I couldn't help losing a little bit of my coolness... I did my best, swimming upstream the river of indignation. An unequal struggle, one man versus all, as in a 1970's reggae classic drawing inspiration from a spaghetti western [...].

[T.N. Those who read Italian can download the complete book at: <http://www.2mila8.com/luther/Lasciate.html> <http://www.sexonline.cybercore.com/tortuga>]



1. Trees, field, forest. A drift by train. Crossing through the countryside the land is divided into a patchwork. The fields are all sizes and shapes but what unites them all is the fact that the trees, bushes and shrubbery almost always function as border-markers between fields. It is rare for a single tree, or clumps of singular trees, to have remained standing in the middle of a field. This semblance of order, of tidiness is initially pleasing. There is an almost industrial precision to the smooth green of the fields. Nothing seems to have been left to chance. Tractors and farm equipment are easily visualised as crossing the fields in a symmetrical and routine manner; each turn ergonomic and measured. There is nothing to obstruct this making the most of the land. No stray trees. The time of ploughing and of putting to fallow is measured out as the space between striations that can, in some fields, be dimly perceived beneath recently regrown grass. This is no rural idyll contrastable to the city towards which we speed. It is a variation of the form, a visual analogue, to that which rules the nearby conversations. We're making the most out of ourselves, we're putting ourselves to work; our aspirations are tied up to the striated marks that continue to teach us; we're boxed in; we're our own private property and we're going to make money.

2. These open fields that seem so appealing from a passing train window are as nothing when we move our glance towards the distance and catch a glimpse of a collection of farm buildings nestling in the protection of a small valley. These buildings, silent in the twilight, are, along with the neatness of the fields, an indication that all these fields are owned, enclosed and separate. Though each of these fields has a gate, there are no roads that lead into them. Each field is reached by means of another field and where we cannot see the farmhouse it must be that the fields comprise not simply a farm but an estate. Lying there so silent and innocent, protected as if by a father, owned, you have to consider that it constitutes a violation to simply look at these fields. As if possession could proceed by a glance. Belonging, though, proceeds by the belief that the fields are part-owned by all those who would have it that they are formed by a larger enclosure, bordered by custom-posts, barbed wire and locales of language. These simple and beguiling fields are expressive of the ownership of time.

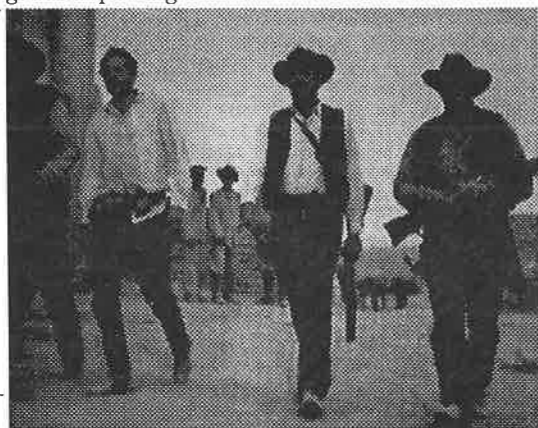
3. The forests though, the forests transmit an imaginative power. Clumped in corners, covering hillsides they exert a strange fascination: like the fields they are owned, but both in their sparseness and density they seem to be unproductive, producing nothing other than a sense of depopulated wilderness. The forests, dells and copses are a blurred edge that contrasts to the cleanliness and cut

of the fields that jut up against them. No one who owns and belongs seems to want to remain for long in these forests, for it is here that brigands and tramps, the destitute and the desperate have sought the replenishment of their own differences and from the undergrowth have planned their forays and risen to plunder. Indeed, the way that canopies of foliage create a dark and binding atmosphere seems conducive to the foreplay of unconscious impulses; an outpouring of 'irrationality'. And so, there is something uncivilized about the forests, something that refuses the pull of a reality principle and turns instead to a repetition of the same: stuck, unable to work or progress towards achievement, but, welcoming instead the energy of entanglement and confusion. There is something murderous about the forest, as if, like on the planes of a western movie, there is a sense of a lawlessness that is no longer confined by the hearth, the school-room and the church-house but learns only from an undomesticated wandering. As with the plane, the forest has vagabonds confront themselves and each other in an environment devoid of distinguishing landmarks and commercialised distraction and so being left to weigh and build upon the balance between what has been made for them and what of themselves has been made they choose a period of deliberation before they decide in which direction to strike.

4. Alone on the plane. Active tactical thinking. The frontier town, whether it has been established to be a supply centre for gold prospectors or new settlers, is always on the cusp of the old and the new. It is a place where one form of law has been left behind and where other, equally arbitrary laws, seek to establish themselves. The rights of disseminated judgement accrue to those who have already garnered to themselves a sufficient amount of rich pickings. They are administrative warlords who divide up the land, colonise the land of others and seek to parcel out the plane in ways that maximises their own prestige. Just for a moment, before these wordsmiths and lawyers establish themselves, there is a sense that a new form of social life is pushing itself to the forefront. In the West this is nearly always a neo-puritanism that always needs a school and a church, that soon begins to re-define itself in terms of the institutions it has left behind. But to what degree is this a desire that re-asserts itself in the face of a violent putsch for mastery that has occurred in the follow-through of an accelerated alliance between the law and trade? Is it a protective fallback towards the nostalgia of what is known? A small step into the unknown has been made and the tentativeness of this step, instead of being nurtured and supported, becomes even more fragile and self-doubting in the face of the administrative warlords who mark up their prices, re-sell goods already sold and pronounce a death sentence whilst playing poker. In several Anthony Mann westerns it is demonstrated that the 'enemy' is not always the native-indians, the war is not always a civilizing holy war aiming at the enclosure of reservation, but that the conflict of the wild west, as it becomes the new frontier, is a social struggle where strategically navigated relations of power (where the individual can change form and become a subject that is actively self-constituting) are coming up against a blocked field of power relations conducive to the establishment of domination (where the subject is defined as a subject of law, having 'rights').

5. The theme of whether or not a person can change is a constantly reoccurring motif in Anthony Mann westerns as are questions which surround a person's hidden past. Can the former outlaw, whose experience of living outside the law equips him with a strategic experience, become accepted by those whom he accompanies and supports in their quest for a new life? Though the overall import is of the outlaw going straight there is often enough room within such movies as *Bend Of The River* to allow the viewer to play with the idea that the outlaw has a more refined sense of justice, an *ethos of freedom* which is informed by a revolutionary misanthropy that, after gaol-breaks and foiled hangings, is still prepared to collaborate on the building of a decent and equitable life. The class element comes through when we consider that many of those on the trail are part of a newly spewed-out urban working-class who have had their fill of the life in the industrial centres and are prepared to reject all that such a life of wage-slavery has to offer. It is this sense of optimism that the outlaw is drawn to and what kind of life it will eventually be (neo-puritan, colonial) is to some degree offset by the fact the movies concentrate on the process of getting there: the wagon trains, the riverboat, the pack horses are all part of the suspended reality of travel where the ideas of what arrival will be like are at their strongest. Just as the reasons and impetus for the settlers to begin their travels is left to conjecture, so too is their future point of arrival, but what is communicated along the way, and perhaps informs the form and content of the future, is a sense of the communality of the process that overrides opportunities for personal profit. This is played out quite dramatically in *Bend of The River*, where the situation arises for the food supplies to be sold at an astronomical profit. This leads to divisions and a testing of loyalties which itself points to the shifting allegiances and

the western



a worthy package although still not as satanic as one would hope from a label called Sodom.
Eun

Lack of Yin Contrarotative 1-
Produced by the confusingly named A.F.X.Dub(Richard James meets Lee Perry??), the first release on Speed Yq's label is a similarly confusing release. The five tracks onboard range from slightly cheesy hard techno to full on speedcore with broken noise experiments along the way. At its best moments Lack of Yin is abrasive and fucked up but a couple of otherwise good tracks let the e.p. down with dalt samples. Worth checking out anyhow.
Eun

Omnibot-Syntax Error?
California: sun, sea, space-trance and speedcore?! Six tracks of the latter thankfully. Wicked lo-tech hardcore grunge from the West coast based Vinyl Communications label. The live production style is sort of Explore Toi ish but operates on a more twisted primal angle. Tracks evolve into a maelstrom of f.x. and feedback only to be reduced to single wavering tones dispensing with any conventional structural design. The e.p. is complimented with excellent cover graphics which link well with the concepts related by the music of user/machine relationships. The only criticism is the quiet cut but this can be sorted with a bit of e.q.ing.
Eun

Reverse records 2-Jean Bud
The long awaited follow up to one of last years best records comes in the form of a two track 7". Both tracks explore broken up hardcore in a direct and brutal style. 'Verdun 2050' uses a crisply edited breakbeat in amongst its stuttering kicks, whilst 'Gueule quand tas mal' relies on amplified/grosse pieds to hammer its message across. Both tracks are brief and to the point and leave you wanting more. Hopefully this signals the beginning of some serious experimentation in French hardcore structures from Reverse and that number three will come out sometime this year.
Eun

Beast 7-Nitrogene e.p.-Aura Exiter
It's good to see Beast back on form after the truly awful Lenny Dee effort on number seven. Aura Exiter provide four sharp edged cuts which are more fast techno than speedcore in the combinations of sounds used. Twinbeat builds from a sci-fi intro into a powerful piece using half speed kicks and muting frequencies. The kick/percussion patterns determine the direction of tracks rather than the surface textures which drift in and out of the mix in F.Xed layers. A solid and fresh sounding e.p., catch it now at your local crumbling warehouse.
Eun

Contrarotative 2-Trip et Farouche
Interesting follow up to the so-so first release on Contrarotative. 'Track 0001 dbase' takes up one side of this 12" with a disjointed broken intro leading to a mid paced cut up. Spinbacks and damaged samples separate hardbeats and the sounds of speeding traffic, all boosted by Speed Yq's high energy production techniques and aimed squarely at the dancefloor.
Eun

No Disco E.P- Virtualian-THRUST 03.
4 tracks of hard techno from Marseille, 50% of which is worth buying the E.P. for. 'Brocol' and 'Thrust in Peace' are two slabs of energetic and forceful hard techno. Industrial sounds and manic loops drive forward and build up to a wicked crescendo. Total hard dancecore. Play on 45 for maximum crowd mashing.
delinquent

Double Face- SKYLAB.
Another record that hits the target is this mysterious French 4-tracker on Skylab by Double Face. The second tunes on either side are the best. Crystal clear, driving techno on a pukka loud pressing. Monotonous and repetitive punchy kicks layered with screeching hypnotics.
delinquent

F.T.S 01/ F.T.S 02
I have to admit to being a bit of a Francophile when it comes to Techno after a recent spate of excellent French releases. Another two Gallic gems are two blue 10 inch E.P.s from FTS. Ranging from laid back atmospheric to full-on late night assaults. The highlight for me is one trak on FTS 02 that coolly punches you in the chest with a wicked kik drum. Excellent tension between broken sections and straight banging sometimes straying into doublespeed territory all the while seriously fucked hi-hats making it groovy. Spiral Trance after a few sessions in the gym and an intensive course of steroids.
delinquent

Nightmare Neural Network
3 original sounding tracks, 1 slow and 2 faster. Acidic, dark sweeping breakbeat driven techno. Cavernous and deep. Subterranean music for smoke-filled basements.
delinquent

Nitrogene E.P. Aura Exiter Beast 07
The latest offering from the French hardcore label which ranges from excellence to turd is a solid and cool 4 tracker from D.J. Olive. Rough kicks overlaid with effects laden crystalline sounds, acidic industrial noise. Powerful and distorted party hardcore at around 200b.p.m.
delinquent

Rig-Corde Barbara Gould
Keep Techno Crap! The Label proclaims. This NTW23 related release (you may not believe me, but honestly it is truly experimental. Insects crawling over a drum machine, clicking, tapping and dull thumping percussion weave around cheesy-weird old skool basslines. Definitely 'spiral' but a new and welcome direction, more in a Unit Moebius/Acid Orange vein.
delinquent



Les Boucles Etranges Neural Network
Cool 2 tracker from Teknival live set veterans Les Boucles Etranges. Superficially this could be lots of other French Techno records but listen closer (or louder) and there is something maneuverable dwelling within the 4/4 hi-hat structure, a gremlin whose sole desire is to see you a gibbering vegetable in a dark corner of some seedy party. The little demon who sits on your shoulder and tells you to slip a black microdot into the evian water of that smiling faced raver who keeps asking you for chewing gum. 2 pukka fast techno tunes with a subtle elusive edge that hitches a ride on the thumping bassline. Unsettling and large.
delinquent

Sycamor 1
The French have breathed new life into 4beat hardcore techno and this is a perfect example of that sound they have made their own. Banging rough beats sit comfortably with junglistic breaks and spaced-out cold minimal sounds. Kicks hard and still keeps that cerebral, icy and dystopian ambience that all good techno should have. Like C-Tank, Caustic Visions and Magnetic North did all those years ago but few have managed to achieve since.
delinquent

DJ Neutrik Isotope 11
Unmistakable NTW23 style of music and anti-celebrity graphics here. (There is a few new Isotope records around at the moment but go for this one in the black sleeve if you know what's bad for you.) Has that trademark malfunctioning hyperactive android trying to kick his way out the speaker sound that certain old spiral records had. Just when you think it can't get any more paranoid, manic and robotic some other mad loop drops in until it sounds like a flock of cybernetic sparrows killing each other with electric drills, when the tune ends suddenly your ears take about half an hour to adjust to terrestrial sound waves.
delinquent

Zero Zero One-Zero Zero
French sound system Double 0's first release comes as a pleasant surprise, dirty distorted loops roll out across four

record reviews continued on page 20 page 17

FILTHY THIRD PSALM (237/237)

unique citizenship realized and spiced higher essence that pales only before the sun of the cadence of speech. caffeine linguist. having carefully edited sect tone with line which extends to the separate reels, he was about to play thee of them; is supplike all the other recorder and stepped back from the tator of the pelvis. it escapes a fevered voice croaking its gibberish then fought it down. hair in a pony through the obturator foramen ke up a copy of it, frank? i'd like to keep the-me, i've got something else. go ahead. what's the problem? is room. the santos records from the clinic had residence hall with the originals. he found copies of both the tapes, and karras re-the urgency in his full bodied, ground for electric eyes. the nodded. it arises from the front of thin backwards and laterally from the companion vessels, ke up a copy. double black, frank? blood of a black magic rite supply steam attempt at overthrow of sam doe (liberian dictator) circa aug. '89. (fig. 129) men it splits into an anterior and division enters the thigh over obturator externus muscle. it gives for killing a policeman you fragments of ordinary separate reels, he hall with the originals. go ahead. s.a.e. minus coffee from the hammer hor d.r.o. diet left she to slumber hence butech lab resistance that final blow is good. backwards and laterally beyond the wing serpent goalers hex to leap forth gaping sides of the butchers stuck. chewed at the tortoise 'want to play - fevered it down. is it. sated noise uni-direct a magical current want. the director smiled wryly. as you can do it, it's terribly arrived. we call it 'index of driver -...' he frowned. and then look play the first. he started the tape a number of years from when hope. fought it down. 'yes, that's where'd you get that?' records from the clinic had in karras' hand. 'you've got tout? i'd be glad to. i'll give it to check the frequency of occurrence methink else. got the time?' st. george swagger vol.1 pracanat long sapherous vein 331/3 collecting ground and bean cream. that final line which extends linea aspera stepped back from the table. 'want to play 'yes that's director puzzlement stopped the tape. i'm doing a paper that i've ever heard. karras quickly rewound the tape and is it ancient or it with it down. in samples of a thousand, which of course, is what we check the frequency of occurrence in his eyes he nodded. filled with fat walls of the cords lie close first part of the second part in medial & posterior. rotund recorder a with the gluteal parts or play what is it me, father? i'll check it santos something else. got the time? go ahead. what's the



problem? edge of his desk by the timesonality. i'm doing a paper on recall pollute mixers, ture the harmony, pressure the grounds for maximum velocity as you can do it. Its terrible okay. i'll get on with it. 'well, a "type-token" ratio words or more, you could just discount any change in the basic. overthrow of sam doe something else. go ahead. "wafers, biscuits... perhaps, and definitely no alcohol..." the skin surface-markings the region, natis which is fellow of the institute of languages and produce of o-type myself. longus gives originals he found copies of both part of the favour: i'd like linea aspera of the linea aspera. reels espresso urgency in his eyes, he nodded fully upwards into the black sun a motion of caffeine revs. and that, frank? our bodily exorcism is it a language?

rev.butech will be speaking on behalf of 'the church of christ without christ but coffee instead' at hyde park corner (sunday 3rd may 1998) on the subject of the new found scientific/medical discoveries that use coffee as their base and the consequences of this limiting available resources to general users within the public.
Rev.Butech

Zusumine

has recently been outlawed in all known sectors of the outer worlds. The Inner worlds have always regarded any drug not taken anally to be illegal. For them, any human who didn't participate in reverse enemas when partaking of their narcotics was forsaking God and should be Glasmorised immediately. Many on the Glasmorised Row were happy to be there, they would much rather be slowly moleculised than lie forgotten for years in the Iso-boxes, 10 foot by 3 foot automated time condensers. The perpetrator would be suspended in time so that not only did he spend his sentence unable to move, but on reaching the end of his spell, would find that he was the same age he was when he went in. When I first heard this I thought it was unusually kind of the authorities; but I soon heard reports of the released convicts. In normal time the mind and body age together but after the Iso-boxes the two components will run on different clocks causing many ex-boxers to wander empty playgrounds looking for old women to fuck, their 22 year old cocks so large they can cause nothing but pain, some of them like the pain though and will do nothing but hunt down these one-eyed bandits.

They even form clubs with funds to help maintain their cunts to a high standard. With the technology they have now, everything can be repaired. An old friend of mine had his brain repaired the other day. It was always malfunctioning or so he told me, there was an integral error or so the doctors had told him; he wanted to forsake his well paid job for the women he loved. A problem of this magnitude deserved the most up to date silicon surgery; he agreed.

Cutting into the forehead they would remove the brain and proceed to mash it with a potato masher (pristine stainless steel you understand.) After this they would bathe the brain segments in late night sports talk shows and editorials from the dailies. Most doctors recommended it, they even had a Tomorrow's World special, highlighting such monumental leaps forward.

There should be only one great desire, for every man, woman and child, from when they are born and you can't fuck with this desire, not if you live in our land. The land that was never theirs despises them and all that they do and she knows they are her children. The boy never phones any more, too busy fucking those Zusumine girls so locked in their own world they don't notice Jimmy dying to shove his flaccid cock into their dry junky pussys and its not against the law any more. And the minister spoke "What use have we for these spoilt flaking pussys, they cannot bear men to work, these dirty women fuck the pointed dick of society with their despicable behaviour, we should commend these men for giving these vermin a real fucking." And as he sat down the house cheered, and he wondered which of his daughters he'd fuck tonight.
Dan

etc...In this hypothetical accusation, this gentleman, while lecturing in Paris, sent off orders which on the one hand set off hundreds of thousands of young people throughout Italy, in the factories, in the schools, and in the streets. On the other hand, this gentleman was organizing all the underground struggles that were going on in Italy in the same period: in other words, he was head of the Red Brigades, of Prima Linea, and of all the other underground groups.

There's no doubt that if I had really been all this, I would have been an excellent manager...

On April 7th, 1979, police acting on the orders of Communist magistrate Pietro Calogero arrested the presumed leaders of Autonomia. Within a few months, 3,000 'terrorists' were in prison with no foreseeable prospect of a trial. Judges took advantage of a penal code inherited from fascism, of which every detail except the death penalty survived or had been made harsher. Prisoners could be held for 5 years and 4 months preventive detention, for 10 years and 8 months before the trial. A Zero Tolerance policy was in force 15 years before Mayor Giuliani wished on the English-speaking world: a young man was jailed for 26 years for driving a stolen car. The proceedings were a lesson in precisely what is meant by the rule of law: a prosecuting judge appeared in court with a headline from an Autonomia newspaper pinned to his shoulders, which read, *Avete pagato caro, non avete pagato tutto*: 'you've paid dearly, but you've not yet paid in full'.

Even given these conditions, and the new emergency powers at judges' disposal, most of the material charges -- attempts to prove that Autonomia had been in contact with the B.R. -- collapsed because of a total lack of any evidence. However, many of those whose names were attached to Autonomia publications were jailed for 'incitement', or 'membership of an armed band' on the basis of their writings alone. The irreducible conflict (not only of means but of ends) between Autonomia's 'collective satisfaction of needs' and the B.R.'s planned seizure of state power -- and also the two groups' history of mutual disparagement -- ultimately counted for nothing next to the judge's skill in philology, his suspicion of shared authorial intent. Meanwhile hundreds of convictions were obtained with the help of *pentiti* -- repentants -- freshly 'disillusioned' former B.R. drones happy to talk about whoever it was suggested to them were former colleagues in exchange for grotesquely shrunken sentences. Prosecutors found plenty of co-operation in a force already deeply infiltrated (or, Debord and Sanguinetti insist, controlled) by security forces.

Journalists might like to pretend that these were freak phenomena, symptoms of an 'old' corruption now exiled from Italy like the wretched former prime minister Bettino Craxi, who carries his cancer all over the mediterranean on a luxury yacht. But only a deeply ingenuous (or disingenuous) observer could fail to see in the criminalizing of a mass movement by libellous association with 'terrorists' a pattern which recurs across the 'democratic' world. (British policy in Ireland since 1969 is an obvious comparison.) And Italian courts have not ceased to rely on *pentiti*, or to infer deeds improbably from written words, in the last 25 years. When Negri returned from exile in France last autumn to try to negotiate the release of the 224 militants still in prison, another 13 years were added to the few months remaining of his 30 year sentence for incitement.

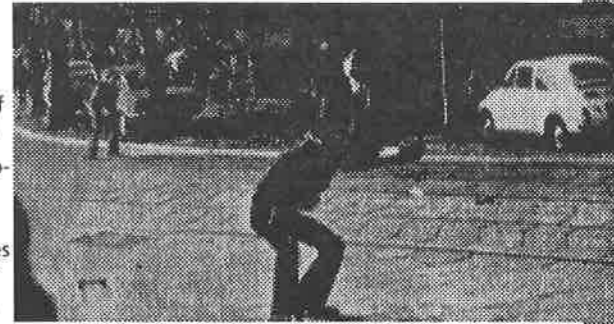
In fact it's only worth correcting the official slurs on the Italian autonomous groups because the 'new enclosures' they fought against have come to be experienced everywhere as natural. Debord regarded as a commonplace the notion that France and Italy are 'laboratories' of class antagonism; in his prison writings of 1979-82, Negri describes the beginning of the experiment now famous as 'post-Fordism'.

To paraphrase brutally, the wildcat strikes, mass sabotage, and 'irrationally' escalating wage demands of the 1960s constituted a revolt against work within the workplace, a move to take back the labour-time sold to employers, and as such, an attack on the 'capitalist time-measure'

itself. Global capital's well known response to this threat recalls Schopenhauer's warning that we can have what we desire, as long as it doesn't bring us the happiness we expect from it. The integral working day was allowed to break down under pressure, but only so that its essence infects every moment of 'lived time'. 'Freedom over the temporal span of life' becomes indistinguishable from the capitalist utopia of a potentially unlimited working day. Moreover the means of achieving this miracle are varied enough to stratify what had been a dangerously unified class. At one end of the new hierarchy, production is automated and moved away from urban centres, so that workers fall prey to casual contracts requiring constant readiness to work, or to the legal blackmail of the welfare system. At the other, the time-measure becomes qualitative. Through empty categories like 'performance', 'excellence', 'communication', managers assign value exactly as they please. An equation of 'creative', 'sociable', 'playful' work with individual self-realization subjects the depths of personality to market rule.

At both extremes, capitalist command that had been concentrated in the working day saturates what was once called private life. Resistance confined to the scene of industrial production is therefore impotent: 'the conflict is social because more and more it is situated on the general linguistic terrain, or rather the terrain of the production of subjectivity.'

Negri's account of these phenomena, and his insistence that they are inseparable elements of the same new capitalist order, were derided at the time as



bourgeois anarchism, or as empirically unjustified, idle theorizing. Since then, its descriptive component has become self-evident. Yet, as his left-wing critics lament, the aggressive new class subject uniting marginalized and 'creative' elements, supposed to accompany these developments, is nowhere to be seen.

This fact would only cripple Negri's argument in a fairy tale / nightmare world of linear, unbroken history. The post-Fordist style of capitalist command was immediately understood, and attacked viciously in its infancy, by the groups which would congeal as Autonomia. Self-reduction, political shopping, illegal occupations of public space, and violent self-defence against police and fascist attacks extended the science of mass sabotage, the struggle against time-measure in any form, beyond the factory, across the virtually limitless field of 'soft' social control. Nearly 20 years after these 'plague carriers' (casual flattery from P.C.I. leader Enrico Berlinguer) were quarantined (or, if *Il Commendantore* of Napoli would prefer, 'bull-dozed'), the sorry disproportion between a vindicated theory and a betrayed, slandered practice bears mute witness to unfinished business.

Matthew Hyland



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