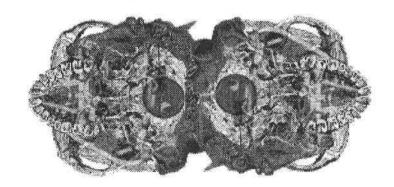
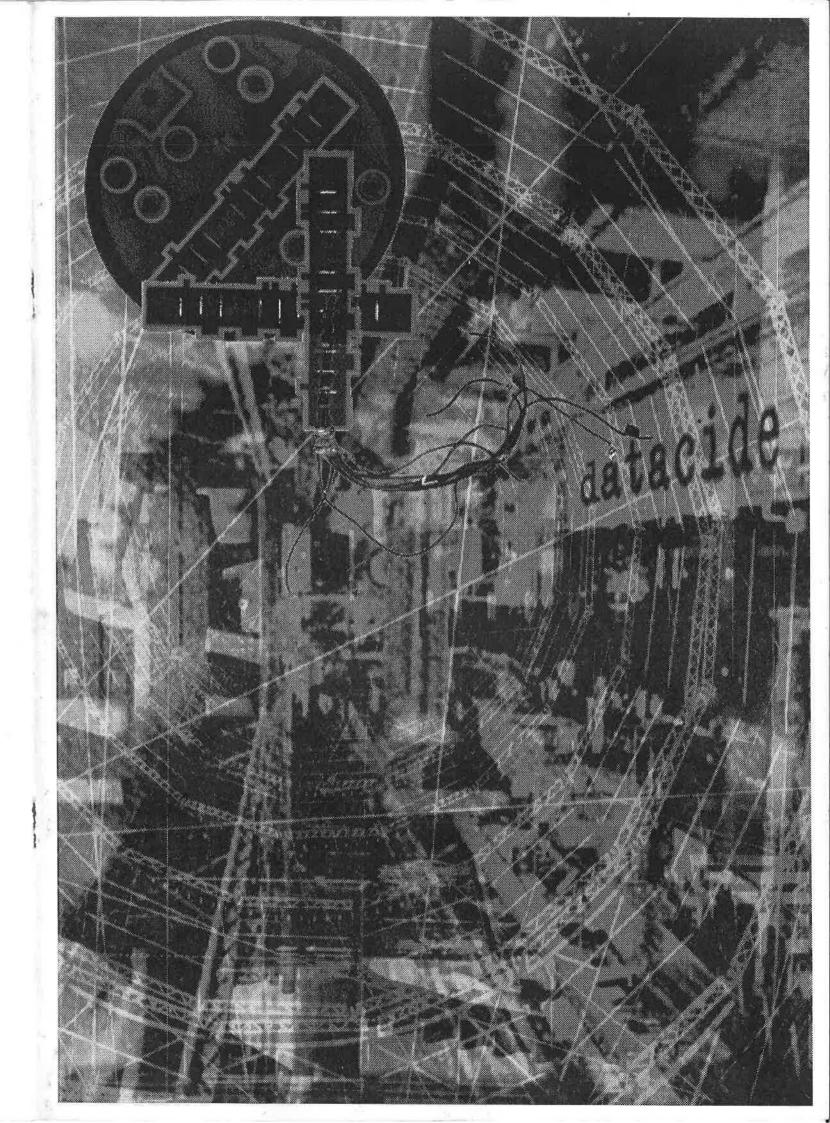
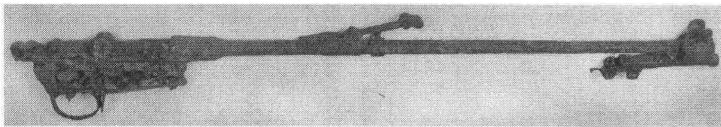
datacide four



one pound





TEKNIVAL 1/5/98 South of Paris

After last years huge turn out on May 1st expectations were high for this years start of summer blow out. Moved from two other sites before it could kick off systems ended up in a field with a slight drainage problem to say the least. By Saturday morning mud was becoming a serious problem preventing access to the slet for rigs and ambulances alike. Despite the obvious hassle of being set up on a swamp about 15 to the slight of rigs and ambulances to the party came into question when it became ambulances to the weekend in defiance of elements and authority. Finally the support of the property of the property of the slightly Despite the above order. rigs kicked out over the weekend in deliance of elements and authority, many use sun came out on Monday afternoon drying the site slightly. Despite the above problems and a high police presence the weekend wasn't a disaster and points towards a pounds to get in. lems and a high poince presence the weekend wasn't a disaster and points towards a good Teknival season this summer/loads of record stalls and rig collaborations are upon to the properties of the properties of

Benefit for Curley 18/4/98

Hackney, London

A small note and a big thank you to all systems that took part in the amazingly successful benefit for Curleys family. All in all over two grand was raised from donations which speaks for itself really. It is good to know that within a scene getting snowed under by politics and pressure we can still pull together as one with a common goal. Thanks again to all rigs and partygoers that made it a special night (you know that you grant and the state of t know who you are)

know who you are).

Eyn(Mainline/K.D.U)

The events happened on October 4the 1997. The Aliës-Nës wanted to open a squat near Lille to welcome artists, people with any cultural projects who needed a studio during the winter to prepare for the

summer season.
We wanted to squat an old factory left many years ago and decided to organise a 2 day rave in it to celebrate its opening. That very evening, some policemen arrived at the same time as the people did. (They were attracted by so many cars waiting in the town centre at the meeting point). First they allowed us to have our party if the sound was turned down. Eventually, by 2 am, 180 C.R.S. (the French Armed police called for hung riots or demonstrations) arrived and summer season. tually, by 2 am, 180 C.R.S. (the French Armed police called for huge riots or demonstrations) arrived and ordered us to stop the party. We tried to negotiate with them by providing them with a letter signed by everyone and addressed to the mayor of the town. It lasted about 1 hour but no compromise could be reached, so the police asked the C.R.S. to make us leave the place. They charged & the people divided themselves into 2 halves. One ran out & the other about 160 people - tocked themselves in the factory. The C.R.S. were merciless & smashed people in their faces, including girls and under 18%, as well as a cameraman who was there by chance. But they couldn't enter the factory as the doors were locked. We played music again even much louder than before. It took them one hour to enter the place, before. It took them one hour to enter the place breaking one of the walls thanks to their truncheons. Tooms threw up another facet of the Then they threw tear gas at us to be able to catch everyone & were so furious that they smashed the sound system. Then they searched us one by one & fortunately all they secored was 2g of draw. The results of all that shit were: 3 Technics broken, as well as a mixer, HP ., a total damage worth

~£2500.

they made too many mistakes), but of course we are name but a still waiting to know more. No date has been set yet, few.Solid hard and we expect to lose the case, but decided to challenge the behaviour of the authorities nevertheless.

Sound were charging five

people subsequently did a runner The door was then

reclaimed by soundsystem mem bers, the fee reduced to three pounds and a fat donation was made to The Big Issue charity.

Mainline, however, who were outside thus further risking their rig, provided totally having it sounds all night and many people, including me, were too sussed or skint to succumb to the other rigs taxation. Top sets on Mainline by Klamp and Eun the Doom brothers, Glenn, Ben, Fear and others. A Techno and Junglistic extravaganza. Free up the freeness and the people will willingly make donations to the cause.

1997/98: London

In a remote comer of North London(Tottenham Hale)on the last night of 1997,a warehouse larger than a football pitch resonated shook with the combined noise of 13 rigs(containing up to 20 sound system crews). After a helish nightbus mission through central control finally arrived, immediately strack by the sheer size of the event There. was an overwhelming sense of vast-ness and space despite the amount of 'ravers' Almost like an indoor Teknival in that every nook and cranny of the huge

Every musical taste was catered for from Hip Hop through Tekno to the hardest of Expenmental Industrial Hardcore.

My personal favourite sound and visual direction was supplied -£2500.

4 of the protagonists were taken to the police station & sound and visual direction was supplied by the Hekate massive with their from & kept for more than 20 hours.

While charging people, C.R.S. were really violent which was reported by the media.

The C.R.S. charged the people 3 times & smashed everything around, including windscreens, throwing tear gas into cars.

So a lawyer decided to help us to take them to court was provided to the court of the work of the work of the way we are not to the court of the work of t

TOMAHAWK PARTY/ NORTH PARIS

Having negotiated our way to the meeting point with the aid of some friendly policemen (rendered passive by playing the stupid Englishman routine) we were confronted by two car loads of French people scratching their heads. Predictably, as soon as the first mention of the possibility that we had missed

The party was a ten minute convoy ride away and the cops were already there, though not in full force. People were getting into the venue without any hassle- the place was one massive warehouse in the midreopte were genting into the vertice without any hassie-the place was one massive warehouse in the mid-de of nowhere. The system was just setting up at about two a.m. and there weren't any lights on but the dogs were already having their way with one another. The finished speaker stack made you feel like the ape standing in front of the obelisk in 2001 A Space Odyssey. It was about a ten foot high wall of threat-eningly matched speakers stood well away from the walls. The lights gradually came on, and Alex from Partis Romb becam to awah layout a recept the west term. Radio Bomb began to rumble Jungle across the vast room.

It was not long before the place was filling out, then without warning the whole crowd surged towards the speakers, then past the speakers toward the deck room - the cops had infiltrated and the crowd were certainly giving them some shit. They only seemed to want to let their presence be known, either that or they cops had infiltrated and the crowd were certainly giving them some shit. wanted to live a little longer.

The Jungle went on for another hour or so with people bobbing about. Then Ben from the Fear Teachers came on and the first Techno of the night pounded out. This time people charged toward the sound, the strobe came on and everyone roared.

The rest of the night was a frenetic Speedcore session, with D.J. s including MATT Fraktal, that everyone

danced hard to. As morning came Ben from Hekale came on and Master of the Lost Souls (Praxis) was a nice balance to the previous tunes. Unfortunately, the ever present Police (Who had been peering over the D.J.'s shoulders all night) evidently took a dislike to these slower beats and took the needle off the record after Ben's fourth tune. It was only about eight in the morning and everyones feelings were repre-sented by a girl who screamed her head off in frustration until she couldn't scream any more. We then got word that the U.F.O party that was on the same night was broken up by the cops at about two in the morning with C.S gas and rubber bullets.

All in all it was a good party, although problems with the system meant that it never reached it's full poten-

that in the adversary, all both received in the system meant that there reached its full permitted and the premature termination prevented it from being really good. We all left with giant complementary rolls of clingfilms and long lengths of totally useless rubber fubing. Despite being harshly eyed by the cops the similarity between the French Gendames uniform and the newfold style British Rail outfils mean that we didn't take them as seriously as we might have done.

DELINQUENT

line/Virus, with standouts from the Audio
Illusion boys, and Doomcore crew Illusion boys,and Doorncore crew Crossbones Sound System but essen-We crossed over '97-'98 in style.

tially the best thing about this party was Enough hard work took place preceding New Year's Eve. The the variation. All positive elements were present, the things that make London water houses were attacked from every direction. Everything was present, the things that make London made into something. Sculptures and paintings appeared every parties great,mental atmosphere,varied crowd and most importaetly a general teeling of anti-establishment resistance, of Total Resistance, Facom, OQP & Desert Storm.

This party reaffirmed my opinion that the future of the scene reles on the fact that atthough every body has different opinions and creative directors there can be a co-operative approach to parties that results in a more positive feeling of unity of purpose up a scaffold construction, I could see the lights of the live set with and solidarity An excellent conclusion to a hunched over silhouette of someone deep in concentration. The early hours of 1998 were me with a true future force of tekno vibe. Although the sound was slightly affected by the metal domed roof of the warehouse, pissing everyone off after all the hard work, it 1997 and hopefully a sign of things to

front of the rig. New Year's Day was spent in Ubic's room. Their slifghtly harder sound was well apprec ated after a night of live sets. Fairplay, they had ound a way of directing

onto the dance floor eeping their rayers warm in sub-0 conditions. As the French xxys played 4 of them back to back through the afternoon, hings were looking fucking good. Later the room filled with oo much ice smoke and disorientation directed me else-

here. he following days were a blurr. New Year's Eve was a blind ng night but the true party started the next night when most of the punters had gone home and everyone could relax. This night was the start of the site party. It took place in arehouse no.3. Surrounded by fairground decor, with esert Storm / Des and Norm, Karnikaze, Lego and parts of rig formally known as APA. Live sets were heard from Seb and by and there was music variations with some jungle through the night and in the morning.

The party continued and seemed to get better and better. A good variation of music was heard with slightly xperimental tekn/jungle sets from out visiting London dis and Alex Radio Bomb). However, there was a tefinite lack of the occasional hin hor set, except for Simon's (Facom), on a cout the third day of the party. The SOUND CONSPIRACY concept s wicked, it's brought everyone ogether and when there isn't a

domed, metal roof to battle it must sound fucking excellent. It is good to see everyone

working so well together. Unfortunately the SOUND CONSPIRACY party on the 10the January didn't really become much of a conspiracy... more of just a sound. Total Resistance DJ's, with a live set from Mark (TR) and Seb and lxy. Des And Norm also set up a ska bar gracing our ears with the sounds of reggae and Madness

rhythm (sadly too short); Datathief's moody electro evocative of middle-distance Cabaret Voltaire phased to a PCP-style emotional tingle and Professor Broxbum's scary attempt to create a soundtrack for the movie Themroc! Also includes tracks by Gescom, Bola, Jega, Jacklear. The Fall and others, Overall, it's a useful window on some of the directional elements of a Manchester scene too long dominated by house and indie-pop. Destroy buildings, make compilations

Various (Trash) : industrialsamplecore-

gouchbeat Mille Plateaux
A Cristian Vogel (DJ Decay) compiled selection of tracks from six Brighton based producers brought together under the collective name of Trash. Though there's a certain amount of producer crossover with the over-rated Spunk Jazz compilation the varying break tracks here are alot more experimental, dirty and anarchic. Perhaps what some of these tracks suffer from at times is being at that toytown Squarepusher pace that's a bit too obviously 'avant-parde': a kind of mock-manic without secreting any adrenalin in the listener. There's also the 'samplecore' side where rapid-cut samples collide interestngly like John Oswald's pluderphonics or Scott Hausen and Walkman but tend to get a 10. Society Suckers bit boring because they dictate the rhythmics of the track. Still, it's refreshing to hea tracks with off-the-wall sources that don't rely on familiar beat-genres: tech-step, 4/4,

Restgeraeusch Vol II : 2 x 30 min. 30 sec

Mille Plateaux CD
A noise project that draws largely upon amplifying usually inaudible sounds by "inserting within a frequency range" and reinstating the noises into an analogue format? Something like Disinformation but on the first track the noises ("infinite feedback activated"), are brought to interact around simple rhythmic synth refrains and varying inconstant and dirtied-up drum samples. This ensures that we are not just subjected to a noise blare-out but can come to move around inside these noises that are full of very rich and hopelessly indescribable timbres: distortion, swooshes, varying degrees of 'thickness', clicks, submelodics, drones, white-outs etc. This listener-space is emphasised in the opening part of the track with its circular panning-sensation that has shards of grit following each other around. The drum samples on this track also seem to become infected by these newly audible noises and take on a similar infill role whilst the noises act rhythmically. Whereas this first track works as one long piece with elements reoccurring, the second track, recorded simultaneously in a different studio in a different town, has several short secrecorded simultaneously in a oiliterent studio in a different town, has several short sec-tions and two longer ones. What comes through initially is that source samples/random recordings (a tech-step beat and a light string sound?) are totally fucked over, densified without becoming obliterated, and then transformed. Indeed, this second track continually moves on to new sounds and the attempt to source them, register all that is there, becomes hopeless amidst a growing complexity. The latter part of this track contrasts with its previous intent by being hardly there at all: quiet noise, infinitely spacious. In one micro-moment the 'understood' noise of a plane passing-by is subtly introduced before it is treated to a de-familiarising reverberation and perhaps it is such audibly familiar elements in both tracks, their sparing and mutating use, that allows the found-sounds to act almost physically upon us. However, just as it is unclear whether Restgeraeusch is the name of an auditory process or a monicker chosen by the anonymous producers, so too this aural exploration cannot be received as 'music' or 'noise', but as the conveyor of a sensation that there are new material possibilities inherent in that which is previously

Richard Thomas: Something With Milk In Lo

After the interesting sample-based tracks on Leaf's Invisible Soundtracks series that had a strange beatless and unfocused mood, somewhere in the region of virtualmetodics and reactivated kitsch. The tracks on this EP seem to be anchored too rigidly around using slow fusion-kit samples and, on one side, Milesesque trumpet lines. Whilst this gives tracks a fresh and forgotten sound, closer listening does not reveal too many fissures. opening up and this seems to give the EP the feel of an improvising group rather than of new hybrids veering away from source. Flint Michigan

Curd Duca: Switched-On Wagner Mille Plateaux

A poignant if ultimately annoying rendition of Wagner fragments via a Moog synthesiser which works better for me as a concept to ponder over rather than as a charged listening **EPC Playlist** West Side Boys "France" Tacitume "On Dirait du Hardcore" Bunker 84 "Vieux Continent Webster "A Boy Can Cry" Reich Orgasm "Salope" Evil Skins "Luxembourg"

Baltimora "Tarzan Bo Pat Metheny "Still Life (talking"
 Attila "Ultraharsh" Schizniec "Fuck Fascism!" Costes "Les Demiers Blabncs"

RAGGA TWINS 10
D TURN UP THE MIC SOME MORE
2) REGGAE OWES ME MONEY
3) HOOLIGAN L9
4) RAGGA TRIP
5) TILEGAL GUNSHOT
6) ORANGE PEEL (TELLIN YOU MAN)
7) SHINE EYE (CLIP THE CURB)
8) QUIMPER D ORANGE TROUSERS
9) HOOLIGAN L9 REMIX
10) WAY IN MY D-NESS BOUY

RAT MOPED SQUAD

Queensday in Rotterdam chart fix 11 (gromo) 7 fix army of hardcore neophyte rot65 punk motherflucker neophyte rot85 neophyte rot85 rotsp 2

Nomex Anagogic Arm 7*
Various Artists Zhark cd 001 Zhark
Killout Trash Most Wanted World Wide sp 7* Rodel records like it loud Killout Trash
Give Up
Give Up
Photic Driver
Panacea
Dark Star Remix
Transmissions
Eyf 1
Beltey Welcome
No-Tek dark angel crazy xtc Betley Welcomes Careful Drivers Night of Fear
Ackercocke live ?!

NHIPTIG & MOTORIK Delinguent

> No Tek 03/04

> R-Zac 02 > Eschaton 01

Ambush 06

Reinberg & Bauer/ Touch 32 Various / Ash Int 7 Tons for free / Mego 9 Anagogic Arm / Adverse Various / Selktion 024

Rehberg & Bauer / Korg Plastics

Drafts of Collision / Crowded 2

Stochastic Topology/ T:S C.D.01 David Harnmer / Ambush 03

/ Touch 34

EUN(K>D>U) > break/flow 2 1-EPC (Hangars Liquid)

> nomex: adverse 3 > no tek 6 > reverse 4 A.N.T.I. > silent revolution 2 ort) 3-Micropoint(Headfuck 4)

4-XKV8 (Hangars Liquid)
5-Current 909(Atmostear 2)
6-Somatic Responses(Six Shooter 5)
7-Reign Half (Dance Ecstasy)

christoph / praxis > ambush 4/5/6 > bloody list 15 fraughman

hecate jacks off the jackal (zhark) mex: adverse 3

> society suckers (kool POP)

9-Fifth Era 3 10-Phylure Bave Enforcement/DATS)

load Loop 9601

neophyte rot69
neophyte rot65
neophyte rot8p 2
narshall masters Aultinate Mc acardipane 1
fith era f.e. 8 (plate)
impossible child some italian label iforgot mind controller mxs 2x12" 80 aum 80 aum the move cube DJ Dreadnought

Future Galactic 5 SixShooter 3 (test) summer update
> Ript Skin 02
> Ambush 05 / New Skin 02 Amputate 2 Position Chrome Album

Ambush 4
Ghetto Safari - Christoph de Babalon
Don Q - Panacea
Psycho Audive Warp Phenomenon (DAT) > Progerik 03 > Dash (1998) / Epiteth 07 Nasen bluten Cheapcore E.P.
The Cause of Spite A.I.R. 12

NOMEX.....
1) PSYCHOMANIA SOUNDTRACK
2) MASCHENBAU 2 - TOTAL DISTRUCTION BREAK/FLOW 2 - MURAD QURESHI EP T WISHART - REACH SINGUI ARITY

5) I. WISHARI - BEACH SINGULARITY 6) CHINESE «"CARD FLEX" - Y.K.W. 7) FIFTH ERA - MERCYLESS DOOM CLASH C98 (K3) 8) OTOMO YOSHIHIDE - SOUND FACTORY '97 9) BILOODY FIST 15 - FRAUGHMAN 10) ANAGOGIC ARM - ADVERSE 3

III REVERSE 7" 2) SILENT REVOLUTION 2

12) ROLTONE TP 108 - STEMRA 14) POLOYRHYTHMIC MASTERBATION -TRANSLATION SERIES 1 15) SPK - ZAMIA I FHMANNI

charts

DJ Scud

Chiky[u]u Pita Nomex

Tulpas Onko

'Bodysnatcher' "Total Destruction

7.Techno Animal: Cyclops

Twisted Anger Vol 5

Base Force OneWelco all of the Ambush stuff

Killout Trash

Cumshot Bomb 20: Field Manual

3. Fraughman
4.16-17: Human / Distortion DHR 19
5. Photic Driver: Septic Torso EPAmputate 02
6. Ambassador Jr. The 407 Mix CD

Tunk Systems

Siobhan Twin Stars

Mika Vainio

experienece (who says a record is only for playing?) Durca seems to be doing to German traditionalism what the Residents did to the pop-myth of the Beatles: lorturing us with dimly perceived refrains and rhythms, bending, reassembling and clipping passages, giving the music a discontinuity and, by using a lot of reverb, a distancing, timeslip sound quality. However, if the 'music' has other subversive intentions aside from the re-appropriation and commentary upon cultural mainstays then you'd maybe expect something a little more aggressive dirty and irreverent: something that moves us away from what could be perceived as a fascinated study of Wagner's music that could be easily contextualised in the avant-conservatoires

Experimental Audio Research: The Köner Experiment Mille Plateaux
This record bears all the hallmarks in its sound of a group-effusion. Six musi-

cians using a range of acoustic and electronic instruments create 10 pieces that are later re-mixed and reconstructed by the Porter Ricks people. On this CD, E.A.R refuse to fall into the improvisatory hole of allowing six egos to battle for predominance. Thesre are no demonstrations

PDQE 23 of virtuosity, neither are there specifically recognisable instruments that pull the listener towards genre. Instead, because it's a matter of keeping to the pulsed pacing and creating textures of sound around, over and through this pulsing, there is no blaning cacophony but a sequence of dark, expansive atmospheres. Ricochets pass through, leave traces that build, swerve back to reveal an always possible silence. Flint Michigan

Sensational: Loaded With Power Wordsound OD22

Minimal, druggy and slurred hip-hop with meandering and laconic rapping from a lomer member of the Jungle Brothers. This is drunk lunk from a bunker recording studio, all intimate voice cracks and noise and sample shards. The opener, Thick Marker, cloys up the echo-tipped snares with a cool bass glurg and sets the scene for what follows: spacious inhabitable tracks with no 'musi

cal' pretensions... put together with various bits of turntable and instrumental detritus in an improvisatory but controlled way. Not scared to occasionally use drum-machines instead of sacred and sourced funk breaks is just one of the elements that seem to place Sensational at hip-hop's fringe and what comes through on traGcks like Freak Styler and Skint n Scatterin is the contagious enjoyment of making the tracks... they don't come over as self-consciously aimed anywhere and so have the effect of making the listener into someone sat in on an imagined session

Various: Subterranean Hitz Vol.2 Word-

If there can perhaps be no more off-putting category than 'Illbient' then what's worse is how it doesn't seem to come near to registering what the music it supposedly refers to sounds like. The 'ill' may refer to the Ill Saint of Wordsound (?) and the 'bient' to a kind of electronica crossover and, in this vein, this compila tion presents a hip-hop that is 'knowing' without being smug and edection enough in its sound sources to hold attention across its countless tracks. So from the sureshot abeyance Dof the Rob Swift track (all minimal hanging) to the skewed blackhole of Spectre's enlivening drudge-beats we encounter all manner of hip-hop-type experiments ranging from Djinji Brown's aggressive Public Enemy rapping (I'm spittin right al'cha... I don't give a fuck), Mr Dead's pugnacious version of Tears Of A Clown and Scotty Hard's melding of down23 ward beats to movie soundtrack strings. As with Sensational, who also feature, the rapping is of the kind that doesn't make you squirm but calls you back to check how the inflection curls round the beat or to enjoy how it parodies the posturing we are accustomed to. Mr Sayyid's breathless amphetamine invoca-tion is an example of the first and Hawd Gangstuh Rappuh's lunatic and ucked-up Masters of The Universe fills in the latter. Where were you in 1994?





RTS was two masvhole of Brixton as well as even Sisters in North

6th June Reasonable estimates were around \$ 000 people at each event At a time when official estimates of polfution are published saying they were 7 times over the limits, and one in five chil-

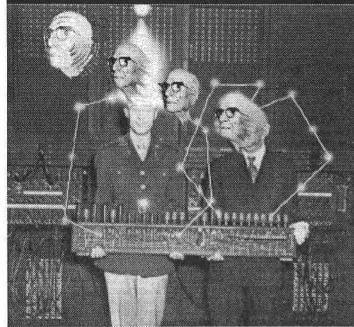
(like last year in Trafalgar Square) that they use the opportunity to blame 'anarchist troublemakers' for senseless violence etc etc. This saturday afternoon was different, lush, sunny and

dren in the capital is asthmatic, RTS is probably the radical movement with the most attraction to families and the 'general public', and not surprisingly these successful mass actions are kept quiet by most of the media. It's only when riots ensue

etc. This saturday afternoon was different, fush, sunny and increasingly drunk it was a positive event of street occupations, and hopefully the word is spreading. That it wasn't hard enough for journalists (from the Sunday Mail to datacide) could be a good thing. Update your info at:

Was still good. Got to hear the Total Resistance DJs, with a live set from Mark (TR) and Seb and be a good thing. Update your info at: ww.hrc.wmin.ac.uk/campaigns/RTS

the lives and times of bloor schleppy



bloor is revealed as from beyond time: primate and multidimensional creator of frequencies of the atomic age



taking off: the roots of paraphysical cybertronics, the concept that is for sound what the black hole is for astro-physics. in another rare photograph of pheeling the phuture...

script: fringeli/hodgkinson photographs:hodgkinson

...from page 20: New.

Bandust is Marco Fischer who co-ordinates the gritty label Science City and also records as Krok producing machine driven, paranoid electro. Bannlust is closer to Autechre. jerking across a grid of electronic noise using input data from tensions, moods, noises, uncomfortable sounds, machine codes and switchovers. Close (in parts) to both Rephlex and Throbbing Gristle but such parallels are only a symptom of my laziness, at the heart of it there is a true tension, a tension between the sheer impact of the obscure sound sources and the subtlety of their arrangement. If we were to keep with fashionable traditions we could suggest this as a soundtrack for late night browsing of the multi-noded, right-wing conspiracy web-sites.

For the Matt Winch remixes we see Labradford taking and extending the original minimal musicality, whereas Christoph Reimann extends the original playful attitude. The result is two tracks that sound remarkably similar though obviously arrived at through different processes.

TAO - Esoterio Red - Language

Rumours of a rediscovered 23 Skidoo feet with industrial funk veteran Tony Thorpe's Language label. One side of this album hits the mark taking and extending the acvrilic ethno feel and fat basslines of 'Gospel Comes to New Guinea' - with only a slight nod towards categorising as drum and bass - and complementing it with tracks based around counter-directed samples and the feel that there is (in the distance) other tracks playing sweetly and sickly in sync. The other side of the album is closer to the grotesquely over fed Big Beat genre - and if my spies are right I am led to believe that 23 Ski doo's much anticipated comeback release (on Virgin) was stalled due to its striking similarity to Underworld. Oh dear. Tony Thorpe deserves respect for pushing this (and last year's Biomuse material)... creating a wormhole through the 90's for thin boy white funk to emerge. (Review curtailed due to build up of clouds of nostalgia).

ATX

Modulation and Transformation 3 -Mille Plateaux MP43 IndustrialSampleCoreGrouchBeat -Wille Plateaux 41

Two differing compilations. Part in Spite of, and part irony towards, the Wire's recent accusation that Mille Plateaux had reached a pomo critical meltdown comes this triple pack of uncompromising material... they should have gone all the way and called it "Now That's What I Call Post-Structuralism*, Modulation and Transforma tion is a show of strength and commitment and comes without the recently developed user-friendly-ish theoretical nackaging of some Mille Plateaux material. Tracks are laid out to be consumed, a subtle and slinky subversion operating at the outermost level - i.e. time to make a choice - the end of choices? To begin with you get Oval/Curd Data/Amo Peeters with new material all sharinga nofixed-point-of-origon. You get the picture? Here's the holiday snaps: 'Blue Byte' (who?) sound like they've been rifling through Porter Ricks trash can (and enjoying it), 'Gas' who invent amoeba trance, the crushed beats of 'Sleel' and the fact that the '4E' track sounds like you crawled through a pipe in an effort to listen to the Steel

track and got stuck in the middle. There's satuff from Panacea and Spooky but we are assured that the Electric Ladyland series will still be continued regardless of this excellent release. Frightening. The industrial album isn't as had as I'd been led to believe but isn[1 as good as belief that these London/Brighton musicians have in themselves as the pioneers of anti-complacency. The narment in question is the much touted 'drill'n'bass' - a kind of student music for the evolutionary clique above big beat. What womes me is the fact that I'd probably be into this stuff if I was a lot younger! What I'm saving is that it all seems so deliberate and deliberately 'anti' that. after 20 odd years of buying records etc. you can see through it. To be fair, side A is very good - more spirit and funk - but the rest is kind of ultra controlled 'uncontrolledness'... frenetic drum patterns, silly samples, cut and paste to infinity. Ever since punk there has been a current instigated by Nurse With Wound and propped up by such as the Butthole Surfers, a worshipping of the quest to be... well... different. And it seems that after 10 years of hustling dance music that 'difference' is still.... well... the same.

ATX

Pametex: Car Demolition Clone x Eight electro tracks of a spartan and waveringly metodic hue from the Hague's Melvin White (aka That Nigger) that are comparable to Doppler effekt and Ectomorph, and, like these, what Car Demolition offers is a spacious and thin sounding electro provoked by kick-distortion and emboldened by bass-riffs: a variety of drum and bass that achieves its austerity by means of understatement. What's interesting about this elegiac electro sound is its flirtation with muted 'song' structures and the irony of simple melodies that come-on like the last whispered breath of human agency, an echo of a forgotten calm that is being held onto. Much of Pametex has a cinematic feel but rather than effect a lurch towards the spectacularly dystopian many of these tracks seem to be about haunting the frame when the action,7 narrative and main characters have disappeared. An icily cool scene shifter.

The Brothers Fuck & Friend: EP Clone 7

synth

Recorded at Murder Capital in Den Haag this EP serves as the sec-ond Murder Capital release and includes a remix of the low-down and seedy Minimal Fuck track that previously featured on last years Brown Elbow Conspiracy EP. With The Brothers Fuck being Duracell and I-F the music that greets us is an idiosyncratic and vaguely

deranged meta-funk: ONEFRANK pop-hooks. ass rolls and dives. distorted includativi la de de de de la completa del completa de la completa de la completa del completa de la completa del la completa del la completa de la completa del la co vocoder into cow-bells and 80s Color France B 321380 enunde all TIME add up to a Drop-Frame No

patchwork of almost remembered tune-fragments that are foiled on each occasion by the Brothers Fuck irreverent and idiosyncratic treatment of what could be generalised as electro. What counts here though are the narticulars of detail timbre and attitude that move these tracks away from overly signposted categories towards an experimentation of borders that makes its many crossings audi-Flint Michigan

V/VM & Third Eye Foundation Fat

A split twelve from Fat Cat that adds up to as interesting a listen as anything else currently on offer in this 'phase of transition'. The Third Eye Foundation track re-angles drum and bass into being a matter of the sample-montages that subsists beneath the beats, filling out spaces with a constant whirr rather than have them accent the beat. These beats then drop out of the track and the latter half meanders into a kind of soothing folk-rock! The V/VM side is made up of 4 strange and disconcerting tracks connected together by a concern for grif, clicks and sonic dirt; the first, Lumberlack WLTM, is a treblebound and interfered-with rock pastiche. Female Pio Herder is dislorling and schizzy electro; with a rhythm that withholds the basskick and inserts cacophonous blurts of glitch-noise as infills. Looks Unimportant moves towards a beatless terrain that leaves the listener without the safety of a stable ground; repeating turntable loops and all manner of accented timbres and shrillness create the changing rhythms of a borderline tonality. The last track, Will Travel, uses the tension between string sounds and treated electronic dirt to create a vaguely classical soundscape where the effect of sombre notes and chords is defamiliarised by chance atonal crackles. The new funk is maybe more abstract than dance.

Various: Ol61 Skam & V/Vm & Pub-

A 14 track compilation that sees the coming together of three Manchester labels in honour of either the rebuilding or the bombing of the Arndale Centre. Going by the cover and the opening track by Mild Man Jan - an illogical, fucked up mess of city street recordings spliced to tape re-wind and treated thrash - I'll interpret it as the latter. Other highlights include Martian Tin Can's intriguing take on trip-hop with filmic stabs and loose jazz break as background hiss: V/Vm's mayerick intervention of page 22 manipulating frequency into fast pulses of irregular

FEASI

With some delays this issue of datacide finally made it in your hands. Sorry to keep you waiting everybody! Needless (?) to say this wasn't our choice, it was a chain of events (mainly of a cashflow nature other activities and some frustration) that made us be late, and I hope we get back on schedule again with the next issue. In the meantime we can be found on the c8 website (http://c8.com) contributing some content, there is also an archive (http://c8.com/zine/datacide) besides a lot of other cool things to check - and often more up to date than the printed issue. There are some preparation for another datacide web-site with a completely different interface, but give us till october or so to sort out the begin-

nings of that...
While doing the final editing of this print copy we repeatedly had to face the dilemma of certain "news" not being quite that new anymore, but decided to keep as much as possible in (giving an overview of the parties since the last issue for example, rather than just keeping the most recent reviews), and in

many cases postponing things until the next issue.

In general it would have been easy - and desirable - to add more pages, but financially impossible. We need some more ads to do this, or more subscription and sales, or we'd have to put up the cover price, which we'd like to avoid for all least a few more issues. The only answer at this point is to publish more

which we drike to avoid for at least a few more issues. The only answer at this point is to publish more often. You can make a contribution to this simply by subscribing. While we're happy with the features in this issues, covering the record production since the last issue came out was simply impossible with the space available. Again the decision was taken to keep what add come in first, and I finally withdrew my reviews to make space for what others were producing. These will be in the next issue, which if out soon enough will then more comprehensively cover the fields datacide is trying to cover... apologies to many who expected their productions reviewed here—they were not formetter. (I bose)

they were not forgotten (I hope). Despite these shortcomings in time and space we hope you'll enjoy this issue and find it at least as stimulating as the previous ones.

CF >>> the fallowing by suckpop, eun and cf

Ambush: after the excellent

Sniper at Work (4) release 5 "Sex with a machine" by

to be followed by Bodysnatch

The Berliner Din. member of

er by Scud and Christoph.

Robotnics Crossing, will release a 12" on Ambush

Audio Illusion follow un

will be Ambush 7).

the infamous Fear

Records later this year (this

pHotic Driver with an e.p. by

Teachers.Running Scared 1

is also imminent a dark indus-

trial electro project from the depths of S.E. London.

Phenomena is Amputate's

(who have a cool third release out) hardstep sublabel and

Psycho Audible Research

starts with a powerful step-

per... watch out - bridging the

gap between between broken

shrillstep and more accessible

New Skin's second onslaught

Mwart featuring various Hekate disciples is out now,

all recommended.

Subs:

First of all: For more up to date news check News from the Dinital World http://www.digitalWORLDnet.c orn/newspages.html, or of course http://c8.com

Black Plastic out by the time this issue of datacide hits the invisible news stands includes Six Shooter 3, 4 and 5 are out now by Somatic Responses and The Joker(who is also responsible for Uncivilised World 6) number 5 should be around soon again by the Somatics who are apparently starting their own Jahell

Uncivilised World has been on the case with releases 4 (Ho.Exe), 5 (Somatics), 6 (cyanide, a.k.a. Joker) and 7 (Ho.Exe, a.k.a. Laurent Hô)

is another five tracker of hard broken beats and deconstructed mayhem, and immi-nent, titled I Hate Flesh. In the meantime Surgeon 16 are back with a new split EP by Pressurehead and UK Skullfuck that ranges from broken up experimental stuf over breakcore to extremecore.

On a doomier note Fifth Fra have released their number 7 and are already preparing the follow up - Babylon is Burn

Break/Flow's second issue has appeared as a vinyl 6tracker with contributions from Adverse, Praxis, Unearthly, Christoph de Babalon, the Sandpaper Destroyer, and a visitation from 1980. Track it

Adverse released Nomex' Anagogic Arm (the drill turntable) and are compiling compilation CD litled Mis antropy that should be out soon, feat, Merzbow, Nomex **OBITUARY**

Curley 1973 -1998 On the 3rd January 1998 whilst asleep in Italy, Curley peacefully passed away from a heart problem not even he knew he had

Within our creative dance culture there are few people with the active energy and dedicated commitment necessary to keep the scene fresh, vibrant and at the cutting edge. Curley possessed all these powers and spread them like a virus, infecting all who crossed his path with a positive feeling and uniting us all in confidence for the future.

Ehen in London CUrley influenced the free parties in a big way. His preference for DJ time would be late in the morning, a time when the party would be fading, most DJ's would demand the so called "peak time" of around three or four o'clock when the dancefloor was boom-

time" or around three or four o'clock ing. Just before his set Curley, a big black Dutchman with an even bigger smile, could be found shaking and waking the mass of weary bodies piling up around the edge of the warehouse. Lo and behold, 10 o'clock on a cold Sunday morning, daylight flood-ing a dancefloor filled with intense eyes, satisfied faces and a wave of bodies locked into the hypnotic rhythms and euphoric beats that signified the sound of

Deats that signified the sound of Curley. His magnetic personality, electrifying ability and fierce passion for music, machines and mayhem inspired all, from the closest friend to most casual acquaintance. As an artist, DJ and producer Curley travelled throughout Europe influences to make all of encing many other artist, labels and sound systems, to name all of them wold be like reciting a telephone directory.

No party will ever be the same without him, few had more fuel for life than Curley and his presence will be dearly missed. Yet his spirit lives on and will continue to inspire in generations to come. He has departed our world and moved to that big old studio in the sky, up there amongst the technology that is out of this world Curley is beaming down on us, transmitting his special style of audio frequencies that will give us courage and creativity we need to take us to a better

May he rest with pride,

Brett
A number of tribute parties for Curley took place in Holland, Rome and London, An outdoor party and compilation album are also being planned for the summer. All profits from above go towards Curley's young son, bit.



Metatron, Scud, Disinformation and more Another Nomex and Scud collaboration is due on Maschinenbau: "Total Destruction". Watch out! Irritant are also venturing into 7" terr ultra-limited releases by Cumshot and Irritant

(100 copies each on New Zealand pressings.)

Hecate is finishing her debut solo album for Zhark Records within the next months and a 12" for Praxis. Titles: "Hatecats" or "The Magic Of Female Ejaculation". Before that watch out for Hecate Jacks off the Jackal as a one sided 12" (rather than a 7" as originally planned. Also planned on Zhark are 7"s by Void (who released a cool 12" on their own label. Void) and by Christoph de Babalon, who recently remixed the hardcore band Team Dresch for a twelve-inch compilation on Queercorps Records. Christoph de Babalon and Paul Snowden started working on the concept of the next Cross Fade Enter Tainment release - split EP of the two artists. Just out is a CD by new talent Diskbootik from Ammanford in Wales, titled "Ribbons Of Sound 1-11"

Praxis are preparing a bunch of new releases as Praxis are preparing a during in new releases as well as venturing out to a couple of releases in North America, one being a double 12" with exclusive tracks for Deadly Systems, the other a compilation CD which will feature mostly previously. ously released material from Praxis, Ambush Sub/Version and other labels via Scratch Distribution in Vancouver. More details soon!

Rumours about an interesting international col



an amazino result.

laboration project: the International Waste Corporation is a collective of underground musicians from all over the world who change basic tracks on DAT or tape per mail No idea how the final stuff will sound like but the names of the known members Hecate (Zhark Records, USA), Lasse Marhaug (Jazzassin Rec, Norway), Ashley Davies (Headbutt, UK) and Caro (Robotnics Crossing, Germany) should stand for

New releases from DHR include numbers 4 and 5 of the 'Limited' series, by Give Up (Shizuo who is also doing a remix for Pitch Shifter) and Carl Crack, new albums by Ec8or and Bomb 20.* Techno Animal meets Alec Empire: A K.Mart/JK Flesh/Alec Empire produced project called Animal Empire is finished and the album "We're Great But The Machines Are Shit" on DHR Also out: Techno Animal soundclash album Tech-no Animal Vs. Reality through City Stang. A com-pitation CD of all Techno Animal EP's on the label Position Chrome is planned. There will also be two exclusive new tracks added to this CD. According to the webzine Music For People Who

(http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/Stu-(http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrp/Stu-dio/9546) Digital Hardcore Recordings has dropped Grand Royal as their US distribution and has gone to the major distribution Elektra. In what way Elektra will be handling DHR releases has not been confirmed yet; there are rumours that they may go as far as actually purchasing DHR, or they could simply distribute them. It is looking like they will continue the Grand Royal



trend of releasing things hacked up and late, and only get certain artists...

Karnage1 (by Stella Michelson, a.k.a. Mouse/Auto-Psy) and Fraktal Paris/Londres(with trax by Armagued Nad, Christoph and the invisible S.P.) are both out now.The Radio Bomb 2 doublepack is out with contributions from Spek, Ascender, CF and Voodoo Mix amongst others, as well as 3 by Voodoo Mix and ONU. O.N.U. from Toulouse have several releases ready for the Teknival season. The first three releases on new French label Hangars Liquide are also out, the first by the wicked E.P.C.(Fischkopf 24) followed by XKV8 and number 3 by label owner la Peste. A new Mouse 12" is also on the cards we hear.

Ex- Fischkopf label supremo Hardy started his new label Blut after getting the boot from Fis-chkopf owners Container records and setting up his own shop (and label) Otaku in Hamburg. Blut 1 and 2 are out now, the first being a split EP by EPC and Tacitume, the second by Naoto Suzuki. kool POP has released a second 7" with D.I. Scud and Killout Trash, and a first 12" by Society Suckers, an album length debut featuring 8 smashing breakcore tracks. DJ Pure released his longawaited Slabl project on Loop and a second installment of his Atmosfear label. His collaboration label with Praxis Sub/Version has a third release out (remixes of

sic Dark Star by Panacea and Fennesz), a fourth one is planned Widerstand release their 5th title Postcore and



noise and breaks, Itd to 300 copies. Gwal has a second 12" out on Special Forces and is planning his own label Bloody Fist in the meantime released one of their most abrasive titles with the debut from

Fraughman. The japanese Kak-A Records label plans a release with the new german speedcore label Total Brutal. The battle record will present material from Son of Terror, Tremors of Fear, Noize Squad etc. The latest release on Total Brutal is called Noize Squad vs. E605.

New P.C.P. related stuff includes a new Reign 10"and an E-men 12" both on Dance Extacy with Future World 2 and 3 and Narcotic Network 3 out now. NN003 is by The Mover "Countdown Trax", and it is in the style of the minimal/experimental Countdown series. Mover also started a label independent from PCP

Mover also started a label independent from PCP called Adrenachrome with releases by himself (1,3) and Lory D. (2), more on a dance-tekno tip. A new Industrial Strength sublabel is named Machete dedicated to extreme drum [There might be a race against time as far as using this name for a label since there has been talk in Brockley to start a (extreme d'n'b) label of the same name for a while?!]. Watch out for some cool shit from IS/IST anyway

After releasing DJ Freak's "Le Freak Est Mort". Deadly Systems are planning number 4 by Brandon Spivey, 005 by Dan Doormouse, and

page 3



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 glamourous 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

WONDERGIRL POWERS aCTIVATE-fORM oF?

It's a tired cliche'. A nagging topic that has seemed to do nothing more than fester like a speading infection since the Spice Girls started strutting their stuff globally. Riot Grrrrrrls. 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 behavorial 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 ECBOR. 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

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 with out 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 offer-ing 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 anaes-thetised 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 s 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

- 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 nain. 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

Not for the squeamish. oabsta



Wag

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

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.

r Constantine : tual Government -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-Network 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

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 informa tion 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

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 conspira-

poge 21



Peter Edwards: the endless short story - a six year loop [emailorder tape]

A musical concept that has the potential for eluding its capture as a commodity object does not merit a review as such, but should perhaps give rise instead to a series of observations that can spark-off other observations

1) The peal of a church bell is sampled, copied and transposed to create eight bell sounds. That each bell sound is tuned differently from the original sound source means that each peal is at a different pitch and lasts a different duration. At the very beginning of the piece all eight bells strike simultaneously and, due to a tuning glitch in the sound of the piece at legit beins after similar annual recess and, due to a uning gitter in the sound editing software, the culmination of the piece, all eight bells striking simultaneously again, does not occur for over six years. The listener is therefore faced with a piece of music that, whilst lasting for over half a decade, never offers up the same conjunction of notes nor the same rhythms over its entire real-time duration.

2) That the length piece is determined by a return to the musical moment with which it began, can be related to an interest in carrying the mathematic logic to its extreme point so as to parody the 'will-lessness' of such musical rationalisations and draw attention to the way technology can come to alter perspectives and effect ways of thinking and acting. The 'canon' form of classical music and the loop-culture of techno are here detourned to reveal the cultural mania for resolution and the political conformism of privileging certain moments over others.

3)Here the listener is faced with the prospect of having to wait six years for resolution, which is itself a commentary on the passage of time: for instance the piece seems to accentuate a past moment, its starting point on 25the February 1998, as being still present. History, rather than nostalgia, could be seen as being already in-built into the

4) Although it is not intended that the piece be listened to continuously for six years the sense of absurdity that emanates from the logical basis of the piece, raises questions about the valorisation of time; there is work-time and free-time, to name just two, but above all there is the search to find time and space for self-expression and social transformation. The utopian dimension of this piece (an imagined six years of listening) implies that capitalism and survival have been superseded.

5) The over-arching duration of the piece could be seen as instilling a sense of transcendence but as the timbre of the bells imply, it is rather indicative of the materiality of process, history and memory. Being within a six year loop the listener reels with a ver-

tigo of possibility.
6)The many micro-moments of the piece function in a way that evokes the music of Morton Feldman where what ostensibly sounds the same is, in fact, a series of nuances, aspects of the same thing, that belie a perceived repetition. Where Feldman used the 'imperfections' in Persian carpets as a source of inspiration, here, the glitch in the sound-editing software is used to similar effect. It is this glitch that pehaps also leads to the sound of the bell remaining un-effected. Instead of hearing processed sound, the clean timbre of the bells striking against each other in unanticipated patterns and combinations, their differing lengths of decay is sufficient to create patches of reverb and minimal interference. Similarly, the sound of the bell is recognisable enough to allow for listeners to drift and explore concepts of their own without being pointed in specific directions by a 'composer'. That the piece is unfinished and is in-process means that those established differences between 'composer' and 'listener' are not in operation. 7)That this concept-piece has been translated into the form of a product gives rise to other musings. If a commodity-object is self-similar, replications of the same mould, then this piece, lasting six years, has adequate scope to evade the confinement of its concept within the limited dimensions of a consumer product. Likewise, the piece also subverts the impulse to possess: it would be possible to record the piece as it unfurls over the six years and then release it, but any potential purchaser or archivist would be faced with the absurdity of owning 38,576 ninety-minute cassettes.

8) Contact: Peter@hillside-net.demon.co.uk

continued from page 17 tracks of mid paced techno. There are obvious Spiral influences to some of the percussion pat-

tems and the e.p. is most impressive in its more chaotic moments when the 4/4 lets rougher noise break through. Track B1 has the amusing effect of making speakers seem blown through it s overdriven bassline resulting in horrified expressions on sound engineers aces. Worth getting for that fact alone.

She sees with her hands -Controlled Weirdness / War-

lock - Unearthly 03
Unearthly touch down with the third wave, and deliver a four track program of deep minimal sometimes offbeat rhythms, featuring a hypnotic mix of raw drums and analogues best illustrated by the A side with the wicked 'Razor Steppin' a powerful groove combining a deep talking bass and sideways stepping drum track with a claustrophobic high pitch drone, and South London Strutt' a well balanced rolling tom and snare train-like

Unearthly 3-Warlock&Con-trolled Weirdness

Quality e.p. from two of U.K.technos lowest profile oper-ators. Over four minimalist tracks feelings of isolation, dislocation and confusion pervade. They exist within a funk vacuum where individual loops interlock and disengage in esoteric functions. The standout track for me is *Fingers"with its constantly twisting synth pulses which relish in their own dark potential.

Dakar + Grinser - Ain't No Turning Back - Disko B 63 Susanne Brokesch - Sharing the Sunhat - Disko B 60 Kirlian - Pleasure Yourself - Disko B 65

Disko B seem to be able to confuse even the most welldefended reviewers by denying the existence of a local point, strategy and attitude. Like a painting-by-numbers kit we can claim credibility points for championing Disko B in putting out cool material by Inter-ference and Unit Moebius, but what do we make of their Cheap-esque takes on disco/techno-trash? The Kirlian album is horrendous for all of its 60 plus minutes, basing itself as a disco soundtrack to celebrate jerking off. The Dakar + Grinser 12" is in a similar vein to last years 'Shot Down in Reno' and consists of tweaking odd noises into tired structures which has a 50% hit rate (with me) - i.e. 2 good tracks, 2 duff tracks here. The Brokesch double pack is a schizoid celebration of the minute processes that taint and already hugely tainted 'everyday life', thrown together with hip hop breakbeats. Close to the obsessive proximity and anti-stylistic abandon of the Jazz fudge label, but with that hip Viennese attitude that everyone raves about....

Traktor 3000 - ep's 1 + 2 -Monolake - Arte/Occam - Din

Various - 8/8.5/9 - Fatcat Musical style and mode of operation are cloaked in secrecy and bland aesthetics suggesting organic offshoots from the Chain Reaction nuclei. The trademarks are all here - hanging tones, heavy static, backgrounded beat patterns that when located start to fall out of sync with everything, and an emergent fluidity that defies itself and parodies its 'proper' self in trance. The traktor ep's have more of a bass-kick than the CR meterial - but the sublime disregard is maintained for those expecting a standard techno workout on all but the last 2 tracks which start to use snare builds, peaks, drops, etc. Illustrates the full range of subtleties that lie between deliberately being against a form of music, the dialectic between abandonment and subversion. The Monolake cuts are more chilled and again play with modes of satu-ration and post-saturation - presenting a dilemma in reviewing in that you know this material has limited shelf live in your head. The Fat Cat ep is even more saturated in style, mimicking a helicopter that surveils the street turning, moving - altering the pitch intensity and direction of the consistent whir of the blades. Ideally a weapon against those who have internalised complacency.

ATX

Phoenecia - Randa Roomet -Warp 98

A welcome return to old skool Warp - making records where the emphasis is on not much (apparently) happening as opposed to the freneticism of recent Square pusher and Aphex releases. Phoenecia are part of the From Beyond...' assembly that have been working out on Interdimensional Transitions - rapidly in danger of becoming a Manson-esque post-techno cult. Four tracks here spread across 2 vinyls, all worth checking - works best at 33 where the bass drags, the chords stumble, the noises really clang and the drums stay slow. There's a strange re-emergence of heavily repeated and slowed down patterns that takes in such as the new Somatics material, the newly promised i-F album and of course Autechre. Musically it's part of the wider sweep of the previous undercurrent of electro, emerging once again with more than just journalistic titilation - complex beat patterns inserted into simple loops, sound strains between ambient and industrial, hisses and leaks in production.... Best thing on Warp for a while.

Gerhard Deluxe - Spiral Architect - Sabotage/Craft 26
Bannlust - Digital Tensions
OD - Sabotage/Oraft 27
Matt Winch - Can't Play
Remixes - Sabotage/Oraft 28
Potuznik rides the crest of the Viennese wave of ultrahipness as Sabotage play in the whirlpools and eddies

that sweep behind such media fervour, paddling in the garbage of discorded glossy photos, banal interviews and expense accounts. His 4-tracker is loosely drum and bass with the best track (c) using an evil Cabaret Voltaire tension chord to sidestep the formularised paths to darkness. The other three tracks extend the Cheap style of pastiche moving closer to ragga than anything

record reviews continued on page 22



1 n P r 1 n t : Unstoppable: Autotoxicity just leaked some (test-)copies of their 4th issue feat. a mas-sive piece on the Factory Records scene by

Howard Slater, an Interview with Simon Ford on his forthcoming book about COUM Transmissions and Throbbing Gristle with an excerpt, the editor himself then presents a trilogy including a ride through 70's pro-situ milieus this and that side of the Atlantic, a pulpfictional (X-Files type) story about the ultra-left, anarchist and hard-music ("stormcore") scenes that's rather amusing and a more abstract take plus plenty of electro- Den Haag etc stuff. Hopefully this will be released soon. However - make sure you have the previous issue 3 including a self-interview, innerspace travelling. New Aceobale by Howard Slater, Millenniummeditations: x-files/music/politics, then Vienna, Rephlex, Somatics, Jega + the next level of Beat-breakdown. Len Bracken (Debord biogra-pher/Extraphile) for your dose of situ/spectacle/culturecommoditycritique.

Howard Slater on Kafka. That's only like half of the contents, so for DODE 2[] fuck's sake get yourself a copy from ATX PO Box 298 Sheffield S10 1VII cover price is 4 quid, so send them a fiver to cover postage etc. Also check if you have the second Wolver-

ine yet. The journal of Childish Psychology shows again it's only a small step from total depravity to diminished responsibility. Includes pieces by datacide collaborators Matthew Hyland and Sforzatrope along with co-Frontpatienten Dr. Charles Hul-beck, Naomi Rousseau et.al., plus a partic-ularly sinister piece from the British Journal of Psychiatry about 'Verbal Creativity, Depression and Alcoholism', Send about a quid in stamps or some IRC's to: Sredni Vashtar Communications, 49 Peterchurch House, Commercial Way, London SE15

The Assaciation of Autonomous Astronauts have their Third Annual Report out, titled Moving in Several Directions At Once. Send £3 to Inner City AAA. B.M.Jed. London

WC1N 3XX. Lobster: The best magazine dedicated to Lobster: The best magazine dedicated to hidden history and secret politics from Britain. Issue 35 contains a good web sur-vey, Operation Black Dog, New Labour and the spooks, The police and fascist/anti-fas-cist street conflict 1945-51, D909 and the friends of Margaret Thatcher. The two Indonesias and the two Americas, An Iran-ian insider's view of the 1953 coup in Iran, am insiders wiew of the 1953 coup in fran, as well as a list of the participants of the 45th Bilderberg meeting, plus reviews. Very good. Cover price is \$2.50, address is Robin Ramsey.214 Westbourne Avenue, Hull, HUS 3JB, 01482 447558, e-mail robin@lobster.karoo.co.uk Marry back issues are also available. Check the web site at: http://www.knowledge.co.uk/xxx/lobster/

Also deserving more than a passing men-tion is Here And Now, after the double issue with Debord, the new "Life Is Too Short" issue 18 is dealing with social-control concepts such as Therapy and Zero Tolerance, Check them out: Here and Now (West Yorkshire) P.O.Box 109, Leeds LS5 3AA. UK subscriptions £4 for 3 issues, Europe £7.50, and beyond £10. Make cheques out to Here and Now (West York-

Another cool publication that's been going for a long time (sometimes changing its title) is PSRF, standing for Photostatic Retrofuturist, nicely laid out organ of Lloyd Dunn, this being issue 48. You'll find copyright-corrupters and crypto-neoists: The

Tape Beatles, Stewart Home, Luther Blis sett. The New Lettrist International, Public Works etc. etc. Write to: Statte PO Box 3326, Iowa City, IA 52244, USA, e-mail psr@detritus.net

TNT has gone from monthly to quarterly in an expanded format. Write with International Reply Coupons to 49 rue Marcadet, 75018 Paris.

Peti Nudi is a small but growing zine from Rome (http://cryogen/petinudi, or e-mail them petinudi@cryogen.com), while Torazine is more on the tip of crossing over to counter-culture pop, worth checking if vou can read italian

(http://www.kyuzz.org/ordanomade) Of a different volume is the new triple issue

of monochrom, weighing in with a missive 180 pages full of articles, reviews and graphics. More stuff to even attempt listing here, a must for those datacide readers who understand German. Also check their web site: http://www.monochrom.at . For the latest issue (8-10) send about a fiver to: Dr. Karl Wallekstr. 12. A-2000 Stockerau.

Beatsng

have got a car. It's a nice one. The kind you'd like your company to give you if you'd actually got one and you'd wasted a good few years inside it, a Citroen XM-X. Hamachi and Nakase's car is a bit different however. It's got a name, "Rogues' Gallery: drive vibra-tion sound system". According to a flyer, "The Citroen is equipped with a high-generating power audio system with microphones attached to various parts of the car which they use to collect, mix, and modify the sound of the drive in real-time."

Rogues' Gallery - a name picked at random from a dictionary of English lan-guage slang - take people, two at a time, on night drives through the city that they live in, Osaka. For a road system it's got one of the most spectacular in the world: The Hanshin Expressway A feast of concrete and steel that makes Birmingham's Spaghetti Junction look like a spoon of pot noodle. An hour's treatment in the drive vibration sound system means vast arcs of concrete and light, stacked arrays of tunnels, more neon than makes sense, air you can chew, immense still working - docks, driving ranges like enormous bird cages, housing projects blending into vast industrial cityscapes like the jewelled night-time city of Port Talbot, and miles of it. It also means sitting in a car with the motor brought right into the cabin.

A contact mike is taped to the engine. There's another catching the movement of air over the skin of the car; another picking up the indicator. The sound from these mikes is fed into a mixing desk and a clutch of effects pedals resting in the lap of Yukihisa who deals with them whilst Yasuhiko drives.

In the heavy traffic which is in the heavy traffic which is inevitable when you start up in the middle of the city, revs are low. The sound is nauseating. As an experiment in rogue frequency generation the thick hot metal of the engine becomes the skin of a self-battering drum.

Osaka is famous for the activity of its Bososuku, teen car clubs that cruise the streets of a weekend in awesome custom jobs modelled on SoCal low-riders. (Mega-fins criss paint jobs, fun fur interiors, gravityfucking hydraulics, UV detailing). Here, the custom is re-customed by the addition of the tackiest pop music available on Earth, (J-Pop) and as many fluffy Hello Kitty dolls as

THE SOUND-LOCK

A bright Summer's morning a few months ago. Strong espresso coffee and reflections on a fruitless night spent

in front of the Amiga. Searching for new angles....but how? but how? Burroughs has been dead a few days

and I'm reminded of something I read in one of his obit-

by the very nature, the very act, of using words. It seems to make perfect sense on this morning - I feel the same.

uaries; his life-long obsession with what he called the 'word-lock' - The limitations imposed on any individual

I've been reading 'Film as a Subversive Art' by Amos

Vogel. I've taken to reading it with my morning coffee when my brain still feels fluid and in semi-dream state.

Anything but a fucking newspaper these days. I open it

at a chapter on Eisenstein's editing techniques and with-

out really realising, obsessively begin to replace the word 'film' with 'sound'. Amazingly it seemed to make

".....A technical process (the ordering of strips of sound into logical, narrative sequence) is thus transformed into

an aesthetic act. Events, heard in real-time as a continu-

ous, integrated flux of objects in motion, should be 'cut'

eality), then dynamically joined in combinations

designed to create a new reality.

by the producer into discrete segments (mere snatches of

ese character writing, creative editing is seen as a multi-plication rather than addition of separate effects. Just as

the Japanese character for 'dog' and another for 'mouth

form, when juxtaposed, the character for 'bark', so the

than the sum of its components (as in Gestalt psycholo-

uxtaposition of two sounds creates an entity greater

gy). Each sound is an object; but in their combination.

ounds create concepts - metaphors, symbols, a new

In a not entirely tenable analogy with Japan-

'm caught in a sound-lock.

ense.....

the car or van can accommodate. They also have a fan-economy which circulates tapes of particularly cool sounding engines. The Rogues' Gallery on the other hand are into conserving the noise, going unnoticed. The driving is tame, the windows are up, the car doesn't make an impression. It stops, moves and behaves just like all the others. This is not a display noise, it's a capsule.

Getting onto highway, picking up the toll ticket, the face of the guy in the booth doesn't move. The sound is incredible. a total ablation of musicality and he doesn't check it. The sound is integral only to the drive, the shared experience. Everyone stays inside their own hearing machine. The volume and treatment of differ-

ent channels is manipulated according to location. Torque and braking feed it. As the traffic frees up and the car can move, the howling begins. Sliding from stacked tunnels out onto a giant suspension bridge, the car hums as the wind courses over it. Sound is hollowed out and chambered, then dive bombs itself. At certain points the eardrums seem to loose the ability to make the conversion and behave just like pieces of flapping membrane. Along with the dials and lights of the dashboard, the vibration of the scalp, fingers, throat, stomach, become another read out of the car's functionality.

The drive lasts for about an hour.

Rogues' Gallery are constantly changing the particular routes they take through the city and the configurations of their system. They are also looking to take things onto the road in other cities round the world. Basic essentials: interesting roads.

After about forty minutes the kit is gradually taken apart. You're still moving. The sound disappears and is gradually replaced by that being sucked in through a window along with the frozen air. Silence comes as a luxurious respite into traffic noise and upholstery.

Matthew Fuller

Rogues' Gallery: drive vibration sound system (+)6-387-2179 314, 3-5 Matugaoka Senriyama Suita-shi, Osaka 565, Japan



1997: and so the conspiracy goes...
A thinks that B and C do not have the right to exist anymore. B and C know that they should carry on because they are on the vibe. A tells everyone his/her opinion. B and C keep making music and putting on

hardes.

A and D think there should be a continuous flow of material energy in their direction from the pockets of B and C because they are from the same tribe and because a cool trait of "lack of respect" is to always take and never give and tell the world that B and C are wankers

because they have stopped giving.

E thought at one time B and C were the dogs bollocks! Now A and D are his/her best friends.

are his/her best mends.

F sound and V system have stopped speaking because of a nasty pointless incident at G's party. Being a blind follower of the overpreached word of "Tribal Unity", and keeping the people's enjoyment at the Iront of his/her mind G decided it was a good idea to bring the two systems together to make a fantastic party but when X and V stopped breakfasting together after 20 of their friends turned up, things turned sour. T and I wouldn't work with F after an alcoholic incident the hight before a party was due to start. T suggested two dancelloors despite the fact that the party was one week too late after systems J K, and L got arrested taking the venue and only a handful of ravers could be expected to turn up; a member of F sound's brother was currently driving T and I's rig truck across Europe. I thinks anything with a 4 beat ceases to be experimental

HK reckons the crowd can only hold out for so long before a 4 beat is welcomed: no matter how experimental their taste J is pissed off with K because of the amount of people who turn into

retards at parties because of him. retards at parties because of him.

K loves it and constantly sends people to esoteric lands for 3 day
shopping trips to see the doctor, the san seller and the hotel room

before coming home. M is a mother, F is a father. N believes in God.

P.Is a muslim.

Q is an American Republican who wants a president that can "do the job and keep his dick in his trousers during his period in office G gives it to the crowd with a groovebox.

RV runs tings with a rave-o-lution. S is influenced by the I Ching. A gets his/her power from satanic worship.

X has an ego problem and believes only in him/her self and how much further up the success ladder they can climb before any other of the 4.499 billion people in exactly the same position catch up.
Y's favourite song is "can't beat the system - go with the flow!" Z likes to have the last word on everything and concludes that this arti-cle is the biggest pile of malicious shifte ever written and has gone to CNN's Q&A with a comment on the state of today's politics. HK would love to smash the system but is constantly reminded of the amount of hospitals that will return to the dark ages and the amount of Nuclear reactors that will melt holes in the planet when the money supply for these and other facilities stops fuelling them.

B and C continuously strive for a balance in life where people can live and let live and co-exist in virtual harmony whether commercial or

underground.
U potentially believe everything you see, hear, touch, taste, smell, say and do, but then you are only human.

To be continued summer 98 see you there and bear this in mind before you think about getting

If our scene is going to survive we need to stick together, and accept each other for what we are.

Opinions don't have to breed Political divisions, Only the Babylonians use methods of divide and rule. If you want to be a Babylonian then build a hypermarket or join the

grasp of under-lying intellectual constructs.

Montage works by the COLLISION of two pieces of sound, not by their mere 'joining

-Insist on the presence of montage, conflict and contradiction in all the arts -

-SURPRISES, DISPROPORTION, DISTORTION, UNEXPECTED

COMBINATIONS, and most importantly, IRREGULARITY.

As the brain is confronted by the unexpected, it moves back and forth in confusion and excited agitation in an immediate, inevitable search for relationships and does not come to rest until a new 'understanding' is reached. Thus arranging is not peaceful (sic)seamless, logical or polished, but rather like a 'series of of explosions of the internal combustion engine to drive a car (track) for-

The conflicts between the sounds or even within a single sound m'ight be those of scales, volumes, masses, graphic direction, clean as against dirty-timbre, darkness against light, image against sound. Each of these tensions is 'resolved into a meaning configuration. These configurations in turn serve as a basis for further tensions: consequently for further configurations. Contradiction is the basis of dynamic organisation of the associative qualities of the track.

Arranging, then, is not merely combining what is audible in individual sounds, but making conscious inaudible concepts arising from their combination the chains and clashes of psychological associations dia-bolically contrived by the producer for maximum

(Connections/Ingredients: Scud, Lavazza, Burroughs, Eisenstein, Amos Vogel)

Opinion is but a close friend of Fact, the estranged bastard son of Truth Each have their own mutual enemy: Trust. But none have the right to enter all doors as much as Information and this is what all these examples and more depend on for existence

SAme as us: We need to exchange information and ideas. Also we must share knowledge if we are to

and the more we progress, the longer we

Got the picture? had it all along and can't

wait to react? got anything NEW TO DO? if so contact: United Systems DEMAG

White Label

Datacide

www.network23.org www.network23.org www.whitehouse.gov (if you want to e-mail clinton with hate mail or otherwise) WAREZ (for the best in illegal info and pirate software links, credit card £ generators, anarchist cookbooks, dirty girlies etc etc etc) www.kanyar.com (info concerning french parties and free events europewide) www.spiralusa.com (for the lowdown on this historical but debatably effective trip) the Timothy Leary homepage (for some inter

esting stories on drugs and what they did to various contributing visitors) or of course any other publication you may know about, better still, start your own if you wnt to stag off the rest, everyone on the planet could do with a good laugh.

ave a good year.

Us. those U love to hate as much as you love yourselves. poge 5 From: tom9351@iperbole.bologna.it Date: Fri, 20 Mar 1998 17:15:28 +0100 (MET) X-Sender. tom9351@pop.iperbole.bologna.it (Unverified) Mime-Version:

To: nettime-I@Desk.nl Subject: the Blissett crackdown in Italy

There's an anti-Blissett crackdown going on in Italy. The reason is LB's book "Lasciate che i bimbi, "Pedofilia", un pretesto per la caccia alle streghe' [Let The Children...: Pedophilia as A Pretext for Witch Hunt], which Castelvecchi Edizioni published in the Aulumn of 1997.

The assault on Internet service providers 3. We Need International Solidarity

The book is the result of a two-year-long counterinvestigation on the subject of moral panic about child abuse and ritual abuse, and was inspired by a notorious court case which took place in Bologna, the Dimitri frial (more or less the Italian version of the infamous 1980's McMartin trial in California).

During the years 1996-97 the local contingent of the Luther Blissett Project organised a non-orthodox campaign to free the defendants, whose body and mind were being destroyed by an unnecessarily long detention. Those people were obviously innocent, there wasn't any evidence but the so-called public opinion (incited by the Church and the conservative press) had already decided that they were little more than bloodsuck

Combining media hoaxes, private investigations and a meticulous deconstruction of the media propaganda, Luther Blissett not only managed to change the whole situation, s/he also exploded the iles of the public prosecutor Lucia Musti and exposed the role played in the inquiry by a powerful catholic lobby group. Eventually the defendants were acquitted, and LB told the whole story in the book.

Six months after the first edition of 'Lasciate che i bimbi'. Lucia Musti, who is also vice-DA in Bologna, has sued Castelvecchi lor having published the book, as well as two Internet providers for having made the text (which is anti-copyright)

According to Musti, LB's book is based upon "character assas-According to Mush, LBs book is based upon "character assassination" and a "misuse of the right of critique". The book contains "slanders" and "injuries". Musti claims "moral damages", wants the book to be banned and all the publishers to pay 300 million line (more or less \$ 200,000). Moreover, she asked the magistrate to sequestrate Castelyecchi's contracts and accounts in order to find out the name(s) of the real author(s).

suit some people involved in the activities of the LBP have been harassed by the police. For example, the apartment of the owner of the '2milaB' server (which hosts one of the best LB websites) was searched by the

cops. They found the ashes of some innocuous substance Luther burns while practising yoga, said that it was probably heroin and arrested Luther. It took four fucking days to analyze the ashes, while the guy was in jail, and kept in complete isolation

Of course Musti's move was not unpredictable: she ruinously lost the Dimitri trial, ending up in the trashcan of history. It is only obvious that she can't tolerate the very existence of a book which tells the story in full details. She'd like to re-build her credibility by repressing that section of the Luther Blissett Project which challenged the cult cops and a contemporary version of the Holy Inquisition. This crackdown couldn't be underestimated, we all witnessed the Bologna District Attor ney's techniques of repression and psychic warfare.

But a libel suit trial obliges to re-construct the context of the libel, thus we've got yet another chance to re-expose Musti's shameful actions during the Dimitri trial. There's a permanent meeting of the LBP going on in Bologna, we're deciding how

We'd like to point out that Musti may have made a big mistake by taking offense at Internet providers. We suggest you to crenet. The first chapter of "Lasciate che i bimbi", which is far from having a by taking offense at Internet providers. We suggest you to cre-ate dozens, hundreds of mirror sites of the text 'Lasciate che i bimbi.' Some mirrors are going to appear on such free servers as Geocities, Tripod, etc. We must encircle the encirclers, we're all authors and publishers of that book. We invite anyone who runs a website to mirror (or re-design) the pages with the book on. At the moment the book is still available at: http://www.ecn.org/deviazioni/ ttp://www.2mila8.com/luther

http://www.http://www.sexonline.cybercore.com/tortuga/

Public Netbase under

As if we needed proof that the (far and not-so-far) right is using the child

port in yelecta to suite approximate and interests, for background on Public Netbase see datacide two "Virtual Worlds and Concrete Strategies", an interview with Konrad Becker from Public Netbase, or check their excel-

lent web site http://www.t0.or.at The Freedom Party's action against Public Netbase is not an isolated

incident, along with playing on resentments of xenophobia and racism

one emphasis on their recent campaigning has been against "degener-ate" and "pornographic" art and cultural expression. Historically the FPOe, originally called VDU (Association of Indepen-

dents), was a postwar receptacle for people involved with the nazis.

There was a split in the party in the eightles when the more liberal fac-tion started their own "Liberal Party".

Haider sleered the FPOe from a small party of 8-12% votes to a modern populist rightwing "movement" which scores up to 30% in general elec-

tions and managed to overtake the Christian Democratic conservatives

porn hysteria to smear opponents and further careers, this e-mail

Thanks in advance.

Luther Blissett

Attack

Date: Thu, 26 Mar 1998 15:16:56 +0100 (MET) X-Sender: tom9351@pop.iperbole.bologna.it Mime-Version: 1.0 To: nettime-1@Desk nl

From: Luther Blissett <tom9351@iperbole.bologna.it> Subject: Italian netizens are in danger

THE 1998 ITALIAN CRACKDOWN EXPOSED

Something serious is happening in Italy. A crackdown recently started in Bologna is going to threaten freedom of speech for Italian netizens. The so-called Musti affair, which we'll sum up in the next paragraph, is a pretext to create a legal precedent, loster (self-)censorship and possibly enforce the (remarkably restrictive) law on the press in the Italian cyber-

1. What Is The Musti Affair?

Lucia Musti, vice-District Attorney in Bologna and former Public Prosecutor in a famous trial against an innocuous cult called 'Bambini di Salana' [Children of Salan], sued a 'traditional' publisher (Castelvecchi Edizioni, based in Rome) and two Internet service providers (Cybercore, based in Bologna, and 2mila8, based in L'Aquila) for having published or put into electronic circulation Luther Blissett's book 'Lasciate che i bimbi. "Ped-ofilia": un pretesto per la caccia alle streghe' (Let The Children... "Pedophilia" as A Pretext for A Witch Hunt]. The book is anti-copyright, thereby it is also freely available on the Web. Lucia Musti wants the book to be barned, all the copies to be destroyed and its electronic versions to be removed from the indicted servers. Moreover, she claims moral damages for 450 million lire (approximately \$300,000). She asked the competent magistrate to sequestrate Castelvecchi's accounts and contracts (officially in order to know how many copies were put into circulation - more likely she wants to find out the real names of the authors) tion - more likely she wants to find out the real names of the authors). The first session of the trial will take place on the 5th of May at the Tri-bunal of Bologna, According to Mustl, the book's content is 'insulting', 'slanderous' and 'prejudicial' to her reputation and identity. The charge is 'Misuse of the right of criticism'. Why?

It cannot be a coincidence that after the notification of this libet the BDS trial. In 1996 the three defendants (the cult leader Marco Dimitri

fice. There were no comses, no reliable witness, no evidence at all what-

soever. The defendants went through a long, groundless detention before being taken to court. The media upheld their guilt, fostered moral

perior being taxen to court. The media upner their guilt, tostered moral panic and described them as little more than bloodsucking monsters. Eventually they were acquitted, but their life was destroyed. Soon after the arrest the Luther Blisselt Project launched a campaign of counter-information and challenged the investigating authorities, whose Jeanne d'Arc-like commander was Lucia Musti. The LBP exposed her lies, her

d'Arc-like commander was Lucia Musti. The LBP exposed her lies, her staunch clericalism and the ambiguous role played by the Curia of Bologna [local ecclesiastic authority] through a group of bigots named GRIS [Group for Research and Information on Cults]. Combining media hoaxes, private investigations and a meticulous deconstruction of Musti's propaganda, the LBP helped to free Dimitri and the other guys. Some newspapers (e.g. La Repubblica) were greatly influenced by Blissett's campaign, and explicitly censured Musti's behaviour and fanaticism.

trial was a manifestation of the sexophobic/homophobic/obscurantist

slanderous content, tells the whole story from the arrest to the acquittal exposing the ways Musti took advantage of her position in order to

manipulate the public opinion and persecute innocent people. After hav-

ing ruinously lost the trial, she even wanted to avoid the consequences

Musti's 'Atto di Citazione' (certificate of action at law) is a violent assault

on the Internet providers whose servers hosted the electronic text of the book. The target is the Internet, its "difference", the features that make it

uncomparable to the traditional media, i.e. the horizontality which has

2. The Assault On Internet Service Providers

ig to the LBP the 'Children of Satan' were scapegoats, and that

granted freedom of speech for those who have no access to the old edia and the trans-nationality which has made a lot of wanna-be censors sleepless.

The Italian legislation on the Internet is full of blanks, this is the state's chance to fill them, set a dangerous precedent and force providers and netizens to self-censorship. If Musti wins the trial, the Italian Net land-scape will be impoverished if not ravaged, with serious repercussions all over Europe and the world

over Europe and the word. Here's some translated excerpts from the abovementioned Atto di Citazione, dated February 11th, 1998:

'[In Italy] the responsibility of providers for torts committed via the telematic nets is currently the subject of a lively debate. Two fronts oppose each other one considers providers equal to publishers, thus responsible [for the contents], the other considers them equal to booksellers and endors, thus non-responsible. We think that the 11th article of the law on the press - which is about the common responsibility of the publisher, the owner of the publication and the author - is extensible (at least by analogy) to [Internet] service providers. Although the mentioned law is enforced for "all typographical reproduction, obtained by any mechanical or physio-chemical means, anyhow almed at publication", we must imber that, despite the wonderful terms currently used to describe the information highways, the material which is put on the Internet is not destined to stay in a virtual world of immaterial communication, indeed, it can be easily fixed on such material supports as computer hard disks or diskettes, as well as reproducible by such mechanical means as print-

'However, the responsibility of providers can also be demonstrated according to the article 2050 of the Civil Code [which is about responsibility for dangerous activities]. In fact, this rule is enforced not only for the activities regarded as dangerous according to the law on Public Security and other special laws, but also to all the activities which, to the opinion of the competent judge, can intrinsicly be harmful, even if they are as much licit as useful for society.

'In the case the competent justice decides there are no premises for the enforcement of the article 2050, we can take into consideration the article 2051 [which is about damages caused by things kept in custody], because it is undeniable that A) [providers] have a direct, concrete power on the sites running on their servers, B) [the sued providers] were aware that the contents of Blissett's text were prejudicial to other people's reputation, and could have easily removed them from the sites [...]

3. We Need International Solidarity

This struggle has an immediate political value, every Italian provider has to take part in the general mobilization. Besides setting limits to freedom of speech, this precedent will extend their legal liability. The Net is an organism that can defend herself. Her immunity systems are electronic civil disobedience, the netizens' quick reflexes and the almost instinctive solidarity that doesn't leave abuses unpunished. Musti has made a big mistake taking offense at the Italian Web. We have suggested anyone

who runs a site or a server to create pages dedicated to this crackdown, by mirroring (o e-designing) 'Lasciate che i bimbi', and load ing the text you are reading. International soli darity is indispensable. We've just started to get media coverage and organise events, while other people are putting the incriminated

book on their sites. We'll constantly update the list and sent it to all the concerned netizens, along with all the material we'll be able to translate into English. We also call on every enemy of obscurantism, repression and censorship to take the field and make a protest against this crackdown, by sending e-mail to Italian newspapers

Luther Blissett Project, Bologna, last week of March 1998

--- 'Lasciate che i bimbi' is already available at:

http://www.ecn.org/deviazioni/libreria/>http://www.2mila8.com/luther/Lasciate.html

http://members.tripod.com/-fabbro/Luther.htm

http://www.arpnet.it/~umanisti/bimbi.html http://www.apinet.n-umanisroomoi.ntmi> http://www.geocities.com/capitohil/17424> Add your site to this list! An English translation of the book's introduction is at: http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Rampar/6812/ramp.html> The complete files on the Italian crackdown (Italian language) are at: http://www.2mila8.com/Attacco.html>

http://www.sexonline.cybercore.com/crackdown/ Luther Blissett Project - Detailed info, no frills: http://www.ecn.org/deviazioni/blissetty - Detailed info, no frills: http:

The Italian media

larepubblica @ repubblica.it, bologna @ repubblica.it, repubblica.www @ repubblica.it, redazione @ ilmanifesto.mir.it. lettere@lastampa.it, ilmondo@rcs.it,, ildirettore@ilfoglio.it, mediainteree wastantpart, microice erest, nonettore emograt, media-mente @rait, target @mediaset it, giornale @starfink.it, luca.debiase@mondadori.it, unlone@vol.it, mobydick@rti.it, gris@bo.net-

to cater to (german-) nationalists but intensively seeks to make an alliance with reactionary catholic circles and most importantly tries to stylise themselves as the new option for the "working class" targeting a

The right-wing Austrian Freedom Party (FPOe) and its leader Mr. Haider have asked the Austrian State Secretary for the Arts to resign due to the funding of Public Netbase to Media-space!, a cultural centre for new communication technologies in Vienna.

The Freedom Party spent a major part of tuesday afternoon in a parliamentary session accusing Public Netbase of running a (child)porn-network. There was a pressconference on this subject on thursday organized by the freedom party, various press-releases and an open letter accusing the designated director of national broadcast organisation (ORF) of downplaying the "scandal".

State Secretary for the Arts Dr. Wittmann was quoted in the press "I personally do not approve of these things! (http://www.diepresse.al/aktuell/innenpolitik-0.html) in many parts of the country. Nowadays the Freedom Party tries not only

The May programm of Netbase gave a critical insight into the issues of censorship and sexuality in communication technology under the title "sex net - sex & lies & internet" which featured prominent speakers like Constance Penley (UCLA) or Cherie Matrix (Feminists against Censorship, UK).
For more details have a look at http://www.to.or.at/event/sex-

In the parliamentary session and in the following press-conference most of the evidence presented was from an erotic website from the British Virgin Islands located at http://sex.net "Copyright 1998 Corporation. All Rights Reserved" and has no relation whatsoever

Public Netbase, respectively the "Institute for New Culture-Technologie", is currently evaluating the possibilities to take legal action against the Freedom Party despite parliamentary immunity.

MEANS FROM AN END on recent Mille Plateaux, releases: Various: Modulation and Transformation 3 Gas: Zauberberg Terre Thaemlitz: Means From An End

"What we are interested in is the dimension of otherness alteration. There is a constant displacement and this displacement as such is what we are interested in, the fact that we are disconcerted, put out of time, caught on the wrong foot... Yes, the absence of a locus'

Lvotard: Driftworks

1. (Grev-blue) With music we can change the world: subtle changes of perception, shifting an outlook that can no longer be solidified, coherent or self-orienting. We turn instead to an outside: a large window... several horizons... adjectives and vision absconding through red solarised trees. Blanked-out and suspended on other plateaux, listening to music as it fragments and molecularises, creates strata from that which was previously discarded, incommunicable and redundant. Seemingly dis-

organised sound containing elements of spontaneity and extemporisation entices us away from doctrinaire and inflexible traditions towards fragmenting and molecularising sound composed into intermittent structures and hidden pools that draw out a shadowplay materiality of experimentation and transformation. What we have known has lost its disruptive power, it has put us in step and become accepted technique. But these abreactions are audible, they contain a sense of their own dissolution; change can come through endless repetition, through colliding sources, schizophrenic switchbacks, sinister gaseous Iullabies, vertigos of difference.

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Music makes possible, creates the precondition of memory and comparison, dissolves time to elongate response and heightens our dissatisfaction with what is always present, reproducible and calming. Emotion spiralling as a centrifugal force. Nerve tips are cerebralised. Such music can make us say that which we do not understand or should not want to say, it can make us ignore all forewarning of embarrassment. It can make us speak in order only to sever the ties between word and thing. Change the world? Revolution seems always to have been a matter of passion without end, not giving a thought to outcome. Continual. Further means from so-called ends.

2. (Mille Plateaux) A moments enthusiasm is drawn to that which resists generalisation. Where are you now? Always there seems to be the babble of competing voices and it is those with a recognisable and premeditated 'style'or those who possess the arrogant inclination for promotion that are heard amidst the jostling. Label as brand, Brand as acceptable product, Furrow, Production line. The distances between subject and object opening up once more into the bright light of judgmental consumerism. Somewhere else, below and adjacent, rather than above, caught from the corner of the eye, Mille Plateaux seem to time stretch the listener's response.

tracking the scramble with the offer of escape routes marked with anagrams and mood altering sounds. Always dismissible as avant-garde and intellectual, this is a label that has persisted with the experimental strand of a techno that has long become constipated and overly formalised; structures without flexibility or the remotest sense that an unheard event will

occur. If the funk-effect is as much about the unexected placing of a beat, a beat that won't quantize, a sound that won't clean up, if it is about a delirium of affects and unbound psychical energy then these ntensities can just as well be present to wreak their disconcerting havoc without necessarily being framed as danceable. Travelling whilst stood still. Maybe such subtle intensities that rely upon inferences, timbre, recontextualisation and multiple minor events create an urgency of reevaluation and a need to escape from he self-domineering co-ordinates of what we each onsider to be the 'right' way. Silence is a rhythm too.

(Fast moving clouds) One noticeable reevaluation that has been audible on recent Mille Plateaux releases is the 'return at a lower level' of the classical music tradition. On Zauberberg by Gas several Viennese School composers: Schoenberg, Berg and Wagner are sampled, reassembled and set to a muted and almost unnoticeable 4/4 beat. The clicks and surface noise of the original records are not cleaned-up but heightened to reflexively draw attention to the means by which the seven untitled tracks were produced. The samples are, then, obviously sourced but rather than Gas taking major themes from the composers it seems as if what are chosen are minor horn and string moments which undergo studio-processing. On this CD the post-techno context is referred to by means of the constancy of the unchanging beat but is undermined by means of the sampled orchestra sounds that pull the listener back into an unaccustomed virtual acoustic space. The effect is not one of a more 'authentic' and unsynthesised string sound but, if anything, a subtle synthesis of the supposedly divergent musical traditions of techno and classical that problematises both. With techno (or what is left of it) we are drawn into critical relation with the ersatz use of string sounds, the histrionic pomposity and the emotional dimensionlessness of a kick-drum led aggressivity. With this chosen classical tradition we are led to the institutional alignment of music to nationalism, the formal control of its reception and the linear narrativity and literalness of the likes of Berg and Wagner. However, what the Gas CD achieves is to transform each component: the classical samples are married to the 4/4 by means of their being frozen and repeated. The samples don't play out a movement towards an 'end' as they would do if we checked them out in the original, but they are left to hover suspended and unfinished. The effect this has on the auto-production of desire is intensified by the samples being of a more 'romantic' sound that contain timbral depth and emotional resonance. The sombre effect of such sounds, their ethereal quality, is then grounded by the 4/4 kick that acts to add a sense of determination: that sadness and disappointment create their own strengths and resiliences and that concepts. deas, emotions and history are all subject to transformation. What is amiliar has been defamed

4. (Home for warped nostalgia). For Terre Thaemlitz musical reevaluation becomes politicised as "social recontextualisation" and the practice that informs the Means From An End CD is theorised, via extensive sleeve notes, as being indicative of the actual presence of "transformative desire". On the first two sections of the CD, source samples (a jazz trio and Billy Joel) are passed through filters, cut-up, and disruptively reassembled. The "end points" of these sources, their supposed completion, the sense of reified wholeness they impart are returned to a state of flux that reveals their process of production and offers the listener a "multiplicity of constructed contents" that adds dynamism to what is previously received as having the unchangeable finality of a consensual cultural product. What has passed-by unnoticed as muzak and background noise is here revealed as having an insidious effect in imparting structures, forms, and almost instinctual responses, that have various subliminal ramifications. Not least of these is just this sense of cultural reification (Don't go changing... as Joel sings) where cultural products seem to take on a life of their own, divorced from contexts and interventions that could come to

criticise their "mystical effects". The resynthesis of such sources communicates an "active engagement", an altering intervention, that is endeavouring to make a link with other wider movements towards socialchange (acting upon social material and producing

such change). A further subliminal ramification is the nostalgic effect of the sources. Their familiarity makes us feel comfortable and Terre Thaemlitz argues that a resistance to social change could be "fuelled more by a fear of unfamiliarity than any conspiratorial malice". This sideways glance at voluntary servitude seems to raise the point that "transformations that

engage nostalgia" could be necessary not only as a shared encouragement to participation but as an analogue to actually perceiving change-in-process and becoming at ease with it. Fur thermore, as with the Gas CD, which itself plays with nostalgic familiarity, it puts forward an aural conception of history as changeable and which, by diminishing nostalgic regret, wards off "a desire for the past". It's not quite new and neither is it individualistically authored. So, for Terre Thaemlitz music is unavowably political but political in the sense that sound composition extends to self-composition and social recomposition and in so doing insinuates that the false needs of generalisation (similarity, closure, norms) require the disruptions of an individuality that is never itself (bourgeois) but perpetually mobile and socially charged: "every analysis [track] is simultaneously approached as a site enacted within a social context, a discourse in dialogue with other analyses, and a form of 'per-

sonal expression' manifested of desires". The listener constructs further means from the supposed 'end' of the product.

5. (Detourned Freud) With music we can change the world. Listening, we are no longer normal or adjusted for we are unable to control affectivity and motility, no longer civilized enough to exclude stimulus, avoid excita-tion and remain at a manipulatable ebb. Somehow through sound it is a question of being open to affective intensity, an experience of overspill that resists the "tendency towards stability" and defies the limited topography of the psyche and its division into hierarchically ordered systems. If we are full of a psychical energy that, it is said, must cathect on an object to be expulsed and return us to a state of inertia, a minimal state of excitation, it is almost that the madness-inducing effect of music is that this energy is provoked into circulating like some vortex and is unable to settle on any

one object or come to be defined by such and such a signifier. Language is by-passed and replaced by increases of tension (mistaken as unpleasurable) that through music become intensive potencies referring to no unity or word. Moreover, music's pull towards an 'outside' of our own sense-experience means that the last place this unspecified energy wants to cathect is on its own ego (narcissistic renown). In this case music would then have to speak of itself literally, become representative of individuals, explain itself, and, in so oing, delimit the flows of psychical energy and come to interpret these efflorescences as specifically 'sexual' rather than as libidinally charged. An "indifferent psychical energy", resistant to the fallacies of eroticised narkets, is not in a state of dis-affection but is indiferent to its being subsumed by a particular object

(product) that would, in its turn, create the danger of defining the energy in its own terms, perhaps to condition the unbridled energy with a feeling of well-being and settled-satisfaction (conformity). The crucial factor of music is that in increasing stimuli of a non-verbal type it can communicate at a libidinal level and can set desire roving towards a revolution spurred on by, what has now become, an instinctual dissatisfaction.

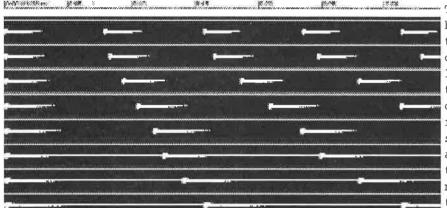
> FLINT MICHIGAN @ Break/Flow



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.

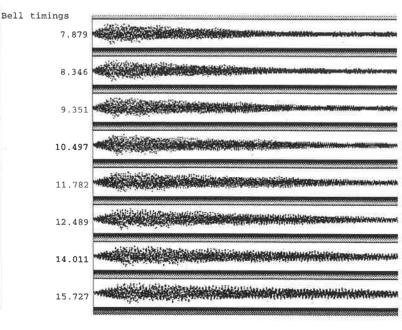
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	0.246s		5.013s			
5 9.356s	6.93s		9.136s			
6 9.501s	6.513s	6.513s		1.584s		
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1	time	section		section		
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days	230	230 76		153		
hours	12	12 22		20		
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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						

Sun, Jul 28, 2002; 9:47:22

Wed, Oct 13, 2004; 19:52:00

2nd intersection

Finish date:



Total time 209283234.57s

PREFACE TO "LASCIATE 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. 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 Hockkenghem, from radio programme "Dialogues", France-Culture, 4

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-

the Victim. Any conspiracy theory about

child-molesting bodey 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 mediasexualised - 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. 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 workworshipping, 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

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 ofthe family is under everyone's

Children Play eyes. The fate of the family depends on the fate of ware-work. Due 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

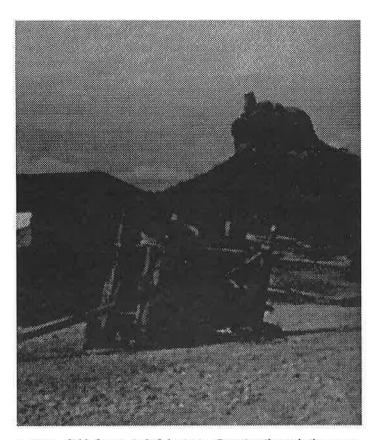
there's no time for every 'counter-investigation'. This book doesn't pretend to be exhaustive. It's just a rewriting of the notes I took when I used to study what the bourgeois society regards as the Absolute Else

The vastness of the subject reminds me of the Infinite, indeed, of the Aleph, there was always one more connection, 'til the noise became harm

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 draw-

inspiration from a spaghetti western [...].

IT.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 western

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

2. These open helds that seem so appealin 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 customposts, 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 them selves 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 Westerns 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 active ly 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 (neopuritan, 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

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

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 similar ly 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.

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 To it is thut 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.

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, whils' 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.

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 into into a powerful piece
using half speed kicks and mutating 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 mild paced cut up. Spinbacks and damaged samples seperate hardbeats and the sounds of speeding traffic, all boosted by Speed Yq's high energy production techniques and aimed squarely at the dancelloor. 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. "Brocoli" 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.

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.

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.

Riz-Corde Barbara Gouuld

Keep Techno Craplithe Label proclaims. This NTW23 related

release(you may not believe me, but honestly) 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.



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 manevolent 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 smilling laced 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.

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.Kiks hard and still keeps that cerebrat,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.

DJ Neutrik

Isotope 11
Unmislakable 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 cant get any more parancid, 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.

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 0002 17





Photek Productions 001 Digital Lower Depths/Sub Zero

Very oure drum and base here which is sensitive yet deep enough to carry it off. Perfect sunday nusic to calm even the most based out or a good ecord to launch a set with. The sounds are rich and undistorted and the drum patterns are what ular irregularity

31 Records Optical The Bounce/The End part 1 Bounce is on a funk trip featuring chunky bass sounds with snatches of guitar and keyboard and it's not my style at all but The End part 1 is nothing less than a masterpiece. Luxurious swathes of synth introduce Optical's strange broken beats and each background sound is bled into the next while a perfectly pitched guitar note pierces the air somewhere far off. The track gets deeper and more haunting until it finally piles up in the most impossible yet workable manner. Difficult to mix not least because it's in a class of it's own

31 Records Optical Search/The End part2 Fortran remix

And then ther is the remix which unfortunately doesn't do justice to the original. The drum patters are more direct and accessible but the track although not bad, lacks the depth of the original. Also, a vocal sample has been added which goes on for so long that disastrously Kate Bush comes to mind. However, search on the flip-side is much better and it sounds quite freaky with it's eerie carnival voices drifting in and out of the voodoo hardstep. Weird science and obeah for sure.

Step into our world/Bull

Bull Terrier is an excellent track that's strong enough to deal with Dillinja any day. The base is fat and punchy and it has plenty of momentum, being chased along by the hounds barking throught the mix. There's even a touch of west side sax in there for good measure. The reverse is not so thunderous but it does boast a snippet of Blondie doing Rapture and gets away with it which is no mean feat.

24 Karat 015 Havok Depth Charge/Cyclone

For those that like their hardstep fast ,minimal and drenched in a fog of base, Cyclone is the track that caters. The base swirls and loiters before inally letting loose and this is just the kind of record that fills up all the spaces in harder techstep tracks while upping the pace. Depth Charge

is more straight forward hardstep which still kicks but the former makes this an essential acquisition.

The Vagrant Stealth/The Rip Fuze is one of the best new labels recently producing roots/dub based drum and bass along with the likes of Juice and Splash. The Rip is very much in this vein while Stealth takes some of the tremors and quakes of the former and erupts into a full scale disturbance. It breaks down in the middle only to come back twice as hard and it leaves little doubt that this label is prepared to take the sound further.

Mamasan Records 007 Digital Escape/Delight

This strong Digital release comes on an imprint from Berlin which continues the trend of quality drum and bass coming from abroad which is encouraging. Escape bristles with sharp tight percussion and clean cold far away bass sounds that put it in the Technical Itch mould. The sound level is a bit low but it's well worth pushing the gain up for while Delight sounds more like a live session that's further been compressed and filtered and has a much older feel to it. Lets hope more labels abroad have the sense to promote material like

Audio Couture 001 Calyx Cubic/Narcosis

One of two releases by Calyx around at the moment and it is a very carefully produced affair that creeps up on you and has you addicted after a few spins. Narcosis is the darker side and the bassline grows into a feline growl which is laid over a strict hard-step. Cubic has less of the night about it and is a more instantly likeable track but the quality of production ensures that it will be a useful and much played track.

Moving Shadow 118 Calyx Techtonic

Calyx Techtonic/Recal
This is the other Calyx release and again the high
standard of production is maintained. Techtonic stars with a gnawing sound which eventually morphs into a full on bass line that lights up the track. This is then backed up with further warm rushes of sound while the snare maintains a hard line throughout.. Further bass experiments on Recall twist the sound almost into lyrics which will no doubt further confuse the more chemically dis-

Hardbeats No 2
Distorted Minds
Eventual/Technology
This is the one, yes this is the definitely the most horrible set of sounds around right now. Take the

massive break from the original Shadowboxing add some industrial waste and then introduce a bassline that sounds like some sort of nuclear 303 and you are some way towards accommodating Eventual. If Hardbeats (Formation offshoot) are going to continue to release records in this vein they will be setting the pace for 98. Technology is no picnic either and I can imagine this release causing dizziness, fainting, mass hysreria and fallout sickness. If biological warfare is your thing ,then this record is right up your arse-

Dillinja: Violent Killa (Valve Ol)
Absolutely THE record of '97. One of the most

powerful dark drum & bass records to date....this levels any dance-floor like a double impact nuclear bomb going off - the vast menace of the double kick at the beginning of each bar hurling the track forward, pushing everything in its wake. Intense pressure building.... and then the oscillat-ing, seething bass-line is linally released (like an Alien bursting from your chest!) in 4 long drawnout swelling refrains. Truely violent and a killer...just the way we like it!

White Breaks 7-Scorpion By far the most credible release so far on the generally dodgy P.C.P. breakbeat sub-label.Two mixes of doornstep darkness, which stand well with the Gyration/Chrome take on Drum and Bass Both mixes combine Mover atmospheres with solid breaks and hovering bass to maximum effect and are thankfully free of the cran samples that plagued previous releases. Hopefully this 12" is the start of some serious action from P.C.P.pro ducers working within D&B frameworks.

Scorpion: First Bite/Second Bite White

Via Steve Shit PCP send out a message to the drum and bass fratemities which may or may not be seen as a response to the desire to hear those emotion-effect PCP sounds melded to aggressive punchy breaks and phattest bass kicks. On First Bite this ever-addictive sense of mood-changing drama with its multiplex bass hums, twisted mentasm stabs and simple mournful synth refrains is used to good effect but it is on Second Bite where it all resonates together into something that demands intense attention, temporary suspensions and the need to be taken over. This is a phased and busy track that carries, by means of its stops and starts and well-edited fill-rushes, an air of unpredictability that is nonetheless anchored by an ensaddening refrain element that plays along a line of regretful nostalgics: deeper descending notes signalling triumphant impasses Sombre, punctuated by sound forces and physically challenging, the last moments of Second

Lost 10-Cold Rush Two absolutely devastating tracks from Mr M.Arcadipane.Was it worth the wait?stupid question 'Anocalyose Never' drags you into a spiralling vor-tex constructed with evil intent before 'Hell-E-Copter' blasts you out into a dimension occupied by psychic rave demons intent on causing permanent neurological damage. A totally essential release full stop.

Fifth era6-Fifth

era Purposefully sinister 6 track 12"from London's doomcore underground.All tracks display a singleminded approach to style of music that will never have its own pigeonhole in Mix-mag.Oblique kicks underline a mix up of metallic screams,darkrave atmospherics and nasty little samples whose interactions provide further evidence of an undercover movement intent on dragging the hap-less trancer into the land of skullfuck.

Bold Bob Kotzaak 9

The man known as Stickhead follows up the mighty Kotzaak Klan with this particularly vicious offering. Dive into Steel opens proceedings with extra heavy beats which effectivly switch between half speed breakdowns and straight kicks at around 220bpm. The title of 'Bold Bass 2'sums up the final track,a double speed take on the bare kick concept of the classic 'Lost 9'.Bound to be dismissed as nihilist noise by the techno intelligentsia but fuck'em, they're just scared. Eun

Dead End 7-Cynical Mus-

Excellent speedcore four tracker on Dead End,produced by the Japanese duo responsible for Burning Lazy Persons on Fischkopf.Concen-trated kicks stop/start throught the E.P. in a chaotic high pressure assault. Frequent breakdow minimal percussive elements allow the tracks to build up in stages with each component part hav ing maximum impact. This emphasis on structure makes it a wicked record to mix but also gives each track an individual identity beyond a slight kickdrum variation, a quality sadly lacking at the moment in some releases of this velocity

Cynical Muscle Revenger Dead End 07

This is an excellent record from the reliable Dead End label Massive hardcore hass that just vibrates like a fucker and sends anything within a 5 mile radius away convulsing and foaming at the mouth. One of those pull your collar up, your cap down and punch the air in front of you until the veins pop out on your forehead and you realise all your mates are laughing at you sort of tunes. Add that monster of a bassline to some sweeping rushing sounds, a computer game melody and some dark synths and you have an all round decent record. My only criticisms are that occa-sionally it veers too much into tried and tested gabba realms and also that the intros are the best parts and after a while the tunes slip into pretty predictable breakdowns and build ups but mix it out before it gets familiar and you've got a pretty formidable party weapon on the decks.

Dead End Ltd 02-N.K.J.E. From the same minds as Sans Pilie 2, Near Kreutzfeld Jacob Experiment, comes this ludicrously limited(150 copies) 12". The full-on interference of Active Radio opens the e.p., beats gradually break through waves of high frequency noise causing certain distress on the dancefloor. The following lowing tracks consist of heads down 4/4 kicks overlayed with contorting digital shrieks. The intentions of this record are made clear by the single scream of pain which ends "Massacre a la Playstation". Highly volatile material definitely worth seeking out .

S.O.D.O.M 007 Slaves of the Devil our Master ride once again across four tracks of deranged hardcore from Armaguet Nad and Angel Flo.Crisp kicks propel repetitive loops of vocal/mechanical noise with psychotic energy, and it is the interplay of these loops that structure the tracks rather than the kicks which remain constant and hypnotic. It is in this mesmerising effect that the record has its strength. It is slightly disappointing that 007 does-n't develop the broken speed expreriments hinted at on their previous release but overall this is POGE 16

MINIMAL APERTURES

The Wild Bunch: Set in the Mexican Civil War, a bunch of renegades veigh-up the options in a fluctuation of allegiance typical of westerns. Intypically the wild bunch side with the revolutionaries. Though noted for ts 'sadistic' slow motion violence the dominant theme of outlaws bored by the pursuit of loot and favouring a peasant honour was much ignored at the time. The famous suicidal sequence of the final shoot-out is both a forewarning of the heroics of revolutionary sacrifice and a glum indication of the minority position of the wild bunch's longing to surpass instinctual

Still: "In time-sequences when everyone is bored, an event occurs which, for no obvious reason, changes the outlook. An unexpected process brings out different universes of reference; one sees things differently...

Once Upon a Time in The West: Capitalism in its territorially expansionis stage is on offer here as rail-road barons hire long coated killers to eradicate the homesteaders who stand in the way of a profitable improvement of communication. The opening sequence, with its scenes of patient waiting providing a commentary upon our expectation of 'action', is not only a thrilling exposition of the imperceptible, elevating what is habitually ignored

into the status of content, it is stunningly soundtracked by the perception of extraneous noise: tweaks, creaks, flies, water drips ecome refrains that add tension. These rhythms of waiting make anticipation tangible as a prologue and latent momentum for events that are never quite as epic as we are led to believe. The accompanying array of inematic shots make the 'nothing' we are watching brimful with transformative possibili

Winchester 73: There is nothing if there is no chase. Goals are only platforms for furthe aims as Jimmy Stewart and Dan Duvrea travel as the sun sets and rise again. In pursuit of what? Not the idealism of a new life away from the exploitation of the shanty-cities but this wandering in the plane has unleashed the wild untameable instincts of fratricide as immy Stewart pursues his brother who has killed their father. Oedipus raises its triangle but who has slept with the mother? The hunt is pursued with a venom and often in the

lences that cross the screen we are confronted with the suspicion that we are walching a Shakespearean western: all morality is suspect and there is

Still: "The Western presents not only action-images, but also an almost pure perception-image: it is a drama of the visible and the invisible as

McAbe and Mrs Miller: Altman takes a stab at a frontier western where a new town is developing around a brothel. As he tells a story of illexpressed love he develops the communistic technique of the wide frame The 'stars', Julie Christie and Warren Beatty, are hidden not only in an ensemble picture but in ensemble shots, kept to one side or buried beneath other conversations. They interact but they never meet. However as Leonard Cohen moans and Beatty dies in the snow, we come to realise again and again and again that capitalism makes all struggle for success into a warfare of competing egos.

Ulzana's Raid: All American westerns can be allegories for Vietnam Here the pursuit of Ulzana raises issues of the terrain of struggle, of how few can create so little even if it is a start. The dissensions within the comman accrue around Burt Lancaster's portrayal of an Apache guide whose respect for Ulzana unnerves the greenhorn cavalry commander, undermin ing his authority by a mixture of glance and terse sentences. It is as if Lancaster, doubting the reasons for the mission and disconnected from the purposeless blood lust and superiority of his peers, slowly begins to uncon sciously subvert the discipline of the pursuing pack until it becomes a dis-arrayed rabble that is cornered and pursued by Ulzana.

Still: "A film that could shake itself free from adaptational drugging could have unimaginable, liberating effects, effects on an entirely different scale from those produced by books or literary trends"

El Topo: A movie made away from more than just the studio-system. This is a desert-trip of massacre and retribution, a religious allegory that holds onto the proto-revolutionary thesis that the 'meek shall inherit the earth' whilst its director, script-writer and lead actor says blankly to the camera am not God". Beginning with a 'dark-rider' avenging various crimes comnitted against the people it quickly moves everywhere except were genre convention says it should. The latter scenes of the film, set in a town dorned with masonic imagery, give rise to the powerful symbolism of a church congregation playing Russian-roulette as a confirmation of their nsane faith. That the town is paralleled by a subterranean cave-dwelling community of banished cripples and lunatics (born out of incest) that long o return 'home' gives the film its finale as this 'return of the repressed' ends in slaughter and self-immolation. El Topo is a movie so overladen with signification that its pretentious over-saturation, its 'all-at-once'. ecomes something that overawes, de-centres and offers a sensuality of

precarious relations of power amongst the settlers upon which Anthony Mann westerns often dwell . The alliance and counter-alliance portrays just as political a situation as that of the administrative warlords, and, as with the latter, it often leads to a retaliatory violence that strikes from a position of logistical weakness by using a strategic acumen in which all the factors of guerrilla warfare seem to come into play: the terrain, inter-personal alliances, the keeping open of supply routes, navigation by the tars and travel by moonlight. Factors as minor as sound are all weapons in such warfare: the plaint of an oriole and the decorative bell of a saddle. Over the glacier or

6. In Bend of The River and The High Country, Anthony Mann replaces the gunfight (the conflict of rival wills for domination) with this dispersed and constantly piecemeal warfare (strategic relations allowing for a manoeuvrable degree of freedom). The rejection of the gunfight and its function as narrative resolution, implies that the dichotomies of good/evil, right/wrong, have been jettisoned to be replaced by an unresolvable problematics that seeks to resist the domineering tendency of 'power' on any terrain and in any circumstances. If it is no longer a good against evil struggle, with all the visible ostentation of gunfights or verbal polemics, but a question of always making alliances, forming groups and negotiating a psycho-social trail through an always hazardous and instinctually seductive terrain, then, as part of this strategic subversion, the Mann westerns show the necessity of recognising

that right and wrong flow through each individual to the point of inconsequentiality It is circumstance, a context into which so many factors flow and combine. Once a perceived error has been admitted it is no longer an error, its being shared means that it moves a process of engagement along, it works as a fuel, it establishes a conjunction that follows upon another conjunction. It is a binding agent. This whole idea of movement, of things and circumstances changing is integral to so many westerns and works, even when it is used as a technique, to retaliate against the stasis of attributive judgements: once right, always right. But this sense of movement in westerns, the motion of a frame cut by an angled horizon, the multi-perspectived tracking of the wagon-train through the plane, also makes us consider how circumstances can move faster than the speed at which they are usually apprehended by words: 'right' and 'wrong' become misnomers and the seeking after a coherence, a 'rightness', carries the bitter flavour of a narcissism that always seeks to

delimit and ignore what exists outside of it. Being right all the time, to the degree that it is premeditated, is a kind of self-protection, it is a will to an exercise of power as a domination and as such has very little need of anyone else and, crucially, it does not partake in the active supercession of established definitions. It seeks to become law. The gunfight, one 'right' versus another, becomes a metaphor for a terrorist option that wears violence as a badge and proving itself to itself, strikes, at noon, in full view of the street. Error is not a one on one, nor a honing down of options, it is a strategy of fluctuating vigilance that needs no heroes.

7. As one frontier closed and the west was won another frontier remained open. The foliage of theunconscious rustled and the letting loose of aggres-

sive instincts on the plane was explained away as being at first necessary for expansion and then unacceptable, dissolute and contagious. So many opening frames of gallows profiled against dark skies proved that before Freud worked on the conquest of the unconscious and the sublimation of emotion these were being dimly perceived as eradicable by the law-makers, husbands, wives and ranch owners. There was to be no more unconsciousness, no more dangerous impulses roving free and liable to turn against the guilty deal makers that policed the reservations and enclosures. Freud would make sure that the last ones to be sent to a public hanging would be the revolutionaries who, melancholic and ready to identify with others, spoke openly of an unconscious, a reservoir of desires that needed the plane and the destruction of the new cities in order to be sure that displaceable energy need no longer connect with the array of commodity-objects that deflected and assuaged it. Unbound violence and its effect of provoking an aware-

ness of social contradiction was to be either eradicated or controlled. Up went the white picket fences and on came the bonnets and bowlers. Dirty secrets moved inside and aggression, protest and maladjustment fell as silent as the acacia-print couches from where, every once in a while, they were expressed as a guided echo of something forgotten. The new life of the west, built upon dependence and equivalence, threatened everyone with the nightmares of being no longer irreplaceable nor guaranteed. There was nothing to fight for. Obedience took too much energy and sapped the need for violence until it returned and slipped through the frames, first as conquest, then as crime, and latterly as a minimal aperture, allowing us to alternatively perceive the resistance of an armed and embittered mob facing the andowners and lawmakers in a dusty and burning street.

Howard Slater

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PLAGUE IN THIS TOWN

Some time in 1997, the Mail on Sunday ran a tragic story. Apparently the Camorra, Naples'equivalent of the Mafia, has made the city too dangerous for English tourists who would like to gaze at its beautiful ruins. Or in other words, the Non Governmental Organization which for a century provided enough security to make heritage backpacking possible has lately adopted methods that tend to destroy passers-by. 'We defeated the Red Brigades', wailed the chief of Naples police, 'but we can't beat the Camorra because it grows out of the community. The only answer would be to bulldoze all the Camorra areas (i.e. the poorest in the city) and give them somewhere else to live.

Alert, well informed Mail readers would have noticed a forlorn historical irony in this choice of words. For the legend of the Brigate Rosse has served as the Italian State's alibi for just such a 'bulldozing campaign (albeit on a social rather than a geographical plane) since 1979. Only in this case the monster bursting 'out of the community' wasn't a security firm with friendly links to local government, but a sort of internal secession, an organized withdrawal from capitalist command by a large minority of the Italian population. Unlike much of today's direct action it was not a protest movement - the intention wasn't to 'send a message' via mass media to the established powers. (As has often been noted, 'symbolic politics' are shared by non-violent moralists and clandestine paramilitary groups.) On the contrary, the aims were shamelessly 'egoistc' -- focussed on the immediate satisfaction of individuals' desires.

A recurring theme of these 'new social movements' was 'self-reduction' (autoriduzione), a practice with origins in the factory conflicts which had intensified continuously since 1968. In August 1974 the private bus companies which delivered employees to the FIAT Rivalta plant increased fares by 25 to 50 %. To the acute embarrassment of the Italian Communist party (P.CI.), workers refused to pay the increases, and drivers allowed them to ride at the old season-ticket rate. In the winter of 1974-5 the boundary between industry and civil society broke down: the refusal was extended to electricity and telephone charges, as it spread across the north of Italy. In Piedmont alone, 180,000households ignored a 50% increase in power prices, while state electricity

workers guaranteed an uninterrupted supply.

ROSSO

AVETE PAGATO CARO.

NON AVETE PAGATO TUTTO

Eventually these defensive measures were sapped by citizens' reluctance to raise themselves above the law. But the principle of self-reduction was soon turned to more aggressive ends. Effective control of the Roman power supply by the Comitati Operai Autonomi (Autonomous workers' collectives) meant that prices came down 75% to the industrial rate. Meanwhile widespread rent strikes were followed by mass occupations of public housing. During 1974 illegal occupations of new estates in Falchera, Turin and San Basilio, Rome were defended by physical force against police aggression for several months, until the

city councils guaranteed permanent homes to every one involved.

An even more direct form of appropriation, especially popular among teenagers calling themselves 'proletarian youth circles', was 'political shopping', a polite name for collective, systematic looting. (This highly disciplined activity may have lacked the poetry Guy Debord sensed in Watts in 1968, when new domestic appliances were dragged back to tenements without electricity, neatly superseding Vaniegem's dilemma, love or a waste disposal unit?' But for the same reasons it could be practiced anywhere at any time, independently of riots, fire and pestilence)

A common feature of these actions was that.

unlike the battles of the 1960s, they couldn't be dominated by 'representative' groups of male wage earners. (The Brigate Rosse and the revolutionary groups Potere Operaia and Lotta Continua fit this description as comfortably as the P.C.L. and the trade unions). For obvi ous reasons, the same is true of the decade's two best known movements, the organized unemployed who, having no factories to strike in, took over the streets, government buildings and hospitals of Naples and Palermo, and Italian feminism, whose sudden impact encouraged the far left parties' ethical self-destruction.

The space left behind by these disappearing cells was not filled by any more coherent power. There was no new overall revolutionary strategy from which particular decisions could be derived. Instead an 'Area of Autonomy' was inferred from practices already common. In the name Autonomia Organizzata the past tense is crucial: the 'area' is nothing but the possibility of co-ordination between moments of insurrection already organized locally. Violence could only be justified by instant gratification: nobody's promise of a future Communist utopia was worth a moment's 'tactical' suffering.

If these events' remove from the present horizon of bewilderment demands subtler metaphors, the Northern myth of Napoli (to be distinguished sharply from the real place) might be invoked again. In the Frankfurter Zeitung of 1925. Walter Benjamin and the Lithuanian Asia Lacis described a city where in privaté life as in architecture 'porosity is the inexhaustible law of life'. 'Building and action interpenetrate in the courtvards, arcades and stairways...each private attitude or act is permeated by streams of communal life...for nothing is concluded. Porosity results not only from the indolence of the southern artisan, but also, above all, from the passion for improvisation, which demands that space and opportunity be preserved at any price.

The 'territorially dispersed, ideologically heterogeneous' organizational flux of Autonomia has often been recalled in similar terms. Yet everybody knows that post-modern management therapists also love to speak of porosity, non-hierarchical structures, perpetual revolution. Their feverish effusions all refer more or less obliquely to the same process, namely the total saturation of 'existential' being in the commodity relation. (See also, 'real subsumption', 'integrated spectacle'). Some time ago, this phenomenon reached such a high degree of perfection that it began to appear in reverse, so that, for example, a person's economic situation is perceived as an effect of their personality, or employment contracts as a from of 'human relationship'. Thus the autonomous movement's brief success and final suppression pose questions which the last twenty years have failed to answer. How can 'the passion for improvisation', the 'inexhaustible law of porosity', be used effectively against a form of power that claims them as its organizational norms? What 'flexibility' can be conceived apart from that which management requires of its 'human

The events which have barely been alluded to here are too complex, and are contested too fiercely, to be done

justice by any unified history. So naturally, the Italian state's hirelings have worked hard at composing an authoritative account. This inter pretation is yet to be written down in full; rather it's still being played out in courtrooms and prisons, inscribed on bodies like the judgements spelled out by the machine in Kafka's Penal Colony

When the Red Brigades killed Prime Minister Aldo Moro in May 1978, the state had the pretext it had been waiting for to take revenge on the autonomists. A single woeful syllogism was all it took to make several thousand new criminals out of an informal social movement. As follows: (1) Despite its wild heterogeneity, the Area dell' Autonomia had a highly centralized command structure, presided over by Professor Toni Negri and a few of his colleagues at Padua University. (2) The contents of these scholars' writings is enough to prove that they were high-ranking officers in the Red Brigades. (3) Therefore, at a time of national emergency, anyone who took part in the movement is a terrorist by virtue of association with these ruthless conspirators.

As Negri himself explained, 'The judges have constructed central committees where only spontaneous committees existed...the great social phenomena of the workers' pickets,the blockading of transport, the "self-reduction" of prices, the occupations of housing and so on, have been lined artificially to an operational strategic centre which is supposed to have commanded and assumed responsibility for all these actions...figures were creates (such as my own) who were supposedly capable of directing these impressive social phenomena through orders, communications from secret committees, special agents etc

Christoph Fringeli + DJ Pure Anti Christ - subversion 02

This is absolutely dangerous. Two mixes of probably the hardest sick step, combining tough stepping drums - given a metallic reverb to the beats onone mix - with some awesome evil frequency abuse and drones.

Chrome 19-Monolith-Operation Bypass/Pipeline

A-side opens with an ominous bass which is soon joined by an offkiller break.It then drops like an elephant .The growling warped bass and hissing kickdrum maintain the pressure."Pipeline"on the B-side is an edgier track made up of alarms ringing, flanged helicopter noises and horror strings at the end to make you tremble

Chrome 20-Problem Child-Tank/Atlantis

Tank"is heavy metal thunder for all the techno-junglists. It has an acid riff from early '90s techno:combined with a distorted metal quilar ,this makes for an angry track."Atlantis"on the other side has hints of the 'Shadow boxing'hook but is most noticeable for its long spoken word break in the middle("In the year 2666 mankind will be erased from the earths surface because of lack of protection from the sunrays contamination, natural catastrophies and bio-mechanical warfare Biogenetical scientists reached for the oceans, to make them densely populated...so life shall take place underwater...the progressive human race has alienated itself"). This opens up into a

Problem Child - Tank - Chrome 20 Disorder/Futureboi - Split EP Chrome 20.5

Whilst journalist Simon Reynolds suggests a new watershed in techstep (a plateau of musicality and a downpour of 'the same') the Chrome material continues in its well contoured quise. Trademark effects - sci-fi data shards, bullying bass noises - are again to the tore which go against the grain of new UK 'two-step' tracks with their obsessive simplicity and muffled synth sweeps. Chrome music is primarily impact driven (party tunes etc.) yet impact is watered down by Their surfeit - thus the Problem Child tracks sounded awesome to a friend who'd heard no techstep but to me they sounded a little bit too close to spandex metal. The Disorder track is also pretty hard and familiar, trading on the Unabomber theme of pessimism and quoting heavily from an anti-tech standpoint whilst deliberately swamping the mix in overlaid and overamped 'technology'. Phutureboi come from the Don-Q label and material from this label is less techstep orientated but seems to lean partly towards a grubby jazz feel which I thought we had left way behind. As for a review of the picture... well anyone who has lived through the endless rave picdiscs should find themselves on safe territory.

Various: Position Chrome Position Chrome

This double compilation sees the renaming of Chrome and rathe than set us alight with divergent directions the tracks gathered here function as a retrospective window upon Chrome's activity over 1997. What comes out now is that Panacea. Heinrich at Hart. Problem Child and Goner are all different people and to prove it they remix each others tracks. Though the remixes are of the creative (completely different version) type, the majority of tracks illustrate that as Position Chrome can come to be PB'd as "the only DnB label outside the UK that merits any attention", we begin to notice that there is a tendency for tracks to be very similarly structured and sourced, for the dark tinges to become predictable and level and for the rhythms to become rooted: the insistent force of tech-step is maybe only sufficient as the sole carrier of the funk when these tracks are played-out and can reverberate amidst collision with other tracks. The exception on Position Chrome is the Heinrich at Hart side where Birds and Nature inverts the expectation with a bouncing analogue bass-chain, a less over-dramatic breakdown, and the gradual mix-in of the beat. On Kur the beats are slowed down and the tech-step formula abandoned for a more deliberate placing and clashing of dissolute noises and rhythms reminiscent of Bomb 20's EP on Riot Beats. But this is only one view (perhaps jaundiced by over-familiarity and irrational anticipation!) and like No-U Turn's Torque, this compilation functions really Iwell as an introduction to the power and aggression of Chrome for those who didn't get a chance to pick-up the earlier releases. The intentions are worthy of continuing support. It still justly subverts. Flint Michigan

Heinrich at Hart: EP 2 Chrome 16 A prelude to his interesting tracks on Position Chrome, this single

contains Old Bird Nature, a slow pacing for Chrome with a mournful numpet refrain and tragedy-inducing bass note slides, illustrating that dark sounds often come wrapped-up in idiosyncratic mood and seem sometimes to be a step away from a too-synchronised conformity. The A side is Secret and continues where Vocal left-of it never sits still and isn't overly reliant on using fill-ins on a pre-dominant tech-step beat. Instead puts various rhythms into collision and key amongst these is the sudden break into a jazz refrain and the later portion of the track being made of a snare-led shuffling

Test Ol la/Vicious

Flint Michigan

So Damn Tuff Rumour has it that this is Dillinia and it leaves little doubt as it's a dirty bass monster that spits out classic electro samples and even bits of McLaren's Buffalo Gals. Th production is overall heavy and nitty and it will appeal to the 4/4 crowd as well. The Vicious side is less direct and sounds more retro spective but both sides make great use of old material treated with new technology. Easily one of the best records around

Renegade Hardware Quantum Mechanics RHLP01

After a long wait;, this album is ou at last and it features tracks by Future Forces, Genotype Kane John B and remixes from Decod and Dillinja. The remix of Extra Terrestrial by Genotype is fairly apocalyptic to say the least and Germ by Genoforce is also instant ly a classic but for me the finest moment is Morobosis courtesy of Kane and F Forces. This is an exquisite track using minimal sounds and sparing effects that effortlessly reaches into much darker territory. The rest of the album is also first rate and although I expected a harder pack age, it wisely provides a variety of moods and styles that ensures its future force.

Renegade Hardware L.P.-Quantum Mechanics The overall effect of this album is

more 'dub' than 'hard'. If you are looking for a collection of fucking hardcore,this isn't it. Too many of the tracks here are trancey,trippy,dreamy or plinky plonky. It does have some attack in he shape of 'Dead by Dawn' by Future Forces Inc (rmx) and also the Dom&Roland remix of Genotypes 'Extra Terrestrial' But unfortunatly too many of these tracks don't really lift off in the way you would expect from this label. 'Colours of Noise' by Absolute Zero for example is very '80s (remember Cameo?). Felt a bit let down by this one. The Reverend

WE CALLED IT TECHNO: New Order: Video 586

20 minute long studio dabble from New Order recorded as a test for Blue Monday but shifted to the role of Hacienda video soundtrack finds here its first vinyl release. An intriguing track that marked the onset of a recombinant disco music shot through with a waning punk ethos. This move by New Order (circa 1982) really was disliked at the time by many in the rock mindset but listening back this track manages to retain something of its original neu-funk impact. Wavering on the borderline What sounded so fresh, almost dangerous, at the time was New Order's willingness to experiment with different genres in a time before dance music. In this light Video 586 becomes a track for the The Hacienda; a club, empty and useless in 1982 and mainstream and vested in 1997. Perhaps this track has to remain in a kind of no-space; not so much a conceptual blueprint as a prescient accident of experimentation. Listening to this now there's the sense that New Order are enjoying exploring the new techniques of programming, sitting back and letting the machinic timbres do their work: altering pitch, adding reverb, getting-off on the constancy of half rhythm/half melody stabs that lightly jiggerjagger in the background. Over this Peter Hook's processed bass-notes boom out over the tinny handclaps, their rocky aggression being tempered by a studio synthesis and their place ing in what was coming to be called 'alternative dance'. This bass sound (similar in impact to that on A Certain Ratio's Flight which summons up a gigantic bass amp) is central to the tracks ecurrent fascination; it's 'wide' and forceful enough to be conemporary and mixed so far up in the track (unusual for the time) to suggest that the sound obliterated New Order's judgement and compelled them to give it prominence of place regardless of the conventions of prevailing track-forms!

ven stranger in terms of time-slips is the falling through into the Medicine/Punchbag fifth-dimension that occurs on the B-side: a bootleg cut of Joy Division's short unnamed track taken from the flexi-disc that ccompanied the release of Love Will Tear Us Apart. If this track with no sign of a let up in sight and prefigures the change of intent eventually taken by New Order, it certainly lays open a path on which Kraftwerk always tred and which tends towards what we knew as techno. Like Video 586 I is a piece of experimentation that seems to have even less numan input into it, more so because, even though Joy Divisio vere a rock band that experimented in texture and emotional force, they usually kept to rock structures that are not present on this track (cf. The Eternal). A sequencer chugs out automated rhythms with those variable speeds that pick out all the beats-between to create those multi-accented rhythms much more familiar today. Syn-drums, primitive echoing bass notes. and a single searing synth note finish off the mix into what can be described as a dirty Kraftwerk. What's also noticeable is the bsence of vocalist Ian Curtis from the track, but, with the time that has passed, the memory of his dance, a swaying manic movement focussed on some vanishing point, seems to loom large over the simple automated rhythmic discoveries of this track, Just as Curtis's tyrics imploded to take rock music to dark complicatedly honest, regions so this dance foretold of the dysfunction of the 'front-man', a kind of cracking of the facade of showmanship and the disinvestment of the desires invested in such a role. Record as document... Flint Michigan

Based on Base Sonic/Change BOB

Another track here for the Taxi Drive collection as Charge brings you Mr De Niro's voice telling you that 'the lays go with regularity over and er...and suddenly there is change De Niro appears on more records these days than Ed Rush and per aps has a promising career as an MC especially if he makes any more rap films. Any way this is a useful lease and Sonic would be at home the above album with its twisted pass lines and pounding breaks. Recoil is Dylan so enuff said, you know its going to be banging

Frontline 30 The Synthetic/ Kraft Demolition

Swift continues here where he left off with his releases on True Players and Charge Records and he contin ues to push the mould further into the sour corner with the bassline being manipulated into a more indus trial growl. Although not as hard , Synthetic is the more dynamic of the o while Demolition features an ntro which is difficult to cue but prorides a great pile up in the mix when dropped properly. Expect more abrave material to come crawling out of he Kraftwerk

Virus Ol Ed Rush+Optical

The avalanche of material from Rush+Optical continues unabated his new label promises much with its first release. Medicine is of course the thing you require if you're illin and after the unsettling atmospherics and brutal tech-step deal with your ymptoms, you are ready for a letha ction of base meltdown which is hen manipulated like a 303 line to esome effect. Punchbag is more a smokin track and it should deal with any serious side effects from the

Fearin Vinyl 10 Shogun Assassins Shogun

Assassins/Switch laven't seen much action from this abel for a while but this release puts hem back on the frontline. Initially, Switch seems laid back and chilled but it is underpinned with possibly the most massive flood of base around, sounding as if it was bounced of a mountain or somethin It lurks throughout the track which

toys with various drum effects and patterns and then swells epically obliterating everything in its path.It's a hard act to follow but the a side is equally inte more obviously disturbing. This time the base is twisted unmercifully after a suspenseful intro and it's really too extreme for words so find it and upset you entire street.

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FILTHY THIRD PSALM (237/237)

unique citizenship realized and spiced higher essence that pales only before the sun of the cadence of speech, caffine linguist, having careful ly 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 police-man you fragments of ordinary separate reels, he hall with the originals, go ahead, s.a.e. minus cof fee 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 saphenous 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 puzzle-ment 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 surperace-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 lan-

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

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 doc-

tors 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.

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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 7the, 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 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 if 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.

trolled) 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'.

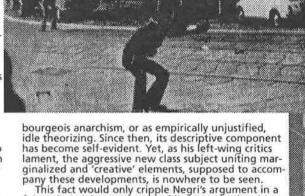
To paraphrase brutally, the wildcat strikes, mass sabotage, and 'irrationally' escalating wage demands of the 1960s constituted a revolt against work within the workplace, a move to take back the labour-time sold to employers, and as such, an attack on the 'capitalist time -measure'

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 insis-

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



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 pratice bears mute witness to unfinished

business. Matthew Hyland

praxis b.m.jed london Wclin Bxx http://co.com/praxis Three musicians: Gab, Fred and Cyril. Gab scenic designer and he became soon a sound technician. Fred is the computer specialist of the team, and Cyril, who has been a quitarist, is specialised in the harmonic elements of the tracks, although they are all polyvalent.

datacide: What are your musical origins?

no-tek: We are very eclectic, and all of us have listened to the same sounds. Everything really, and mainly punk. From Ministry, Gainsbourg, via Reggae, Hip Hop, alternative Rock, New Wave, Gothic, Jazz, Trash, Industrial, Hard Rock and other things without labels if you see what I mean.

datacide: How did you come into tek and which evolution brought you into Hardcore? Why Hardcore?

I arrived through curiosity with Fred.
The first time, I think it was to find a pill (laughs) - the real first time was in 1991 for my first musical collaboration on one of the first french labels, Rave Age; it was an excellent experience, a rebirth, a revelation which has been changing my whole life.

Q: It was in '87, an acid rave in Spain, then in

Parisian gay clubs, like Studio A and Broadside or Le Boy etc. Then it stagnated a bit, so I moved to Bruxelles in '89, where it was my real beginning into Tek and New Beat.

Land Hardcore is freedom of expression, and

there are no limits to it..

I i think the Techno opening could only have driven me into Hardcore by rebuff of

non-evolution.

Q: Because I don't think I could do something else than Hardcore and also because I find an outlet in this and I think it's

the best way to unload my internal violence, because I enjoy the universe of extremes in music and

mages And certainly also because of the music we listened to before.

datacide: What next pushed you to insert breaks into your hardcore, was it just because you like it or by philosophy? If by philosophy, can you explain it.

f: For musical effectiveness, and naturally because it's a pleasure and maybe an unconscious idealism.

L's groovy, it's musical, it's

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kicking, for me mainly 'cos I like it. G- By culture, because I really like Hip Hop and because after a while we saw Tek stagnating,

becoming too linear, then we decided to break all of that! It's urban music with black tendencies. Protest music that I personally associate with Tek, and is mainly dedicated to all my friends from the Banlieue, to all life's galley slaves, because I know that if I make a

breakbeat, they'll enjoy it. But especially pot for fucking fascists, that's for sure.

T+G: Break is born from Hip Hop and other black music, we're not creating that, because it's not our culture, but part of it. We bought our first records by Africa Bambaata or Grandmaster Flash when we were 12. Maybe

one day we'll do it. **NO-TEK:** We are from the Banlieue, and

we say it loud!!!

Because I insist that there is a big difference between Parisians and Banlieuesards.

Q: There's a segregation for a long time by the Parisians from the Banlieuesards, felt particularly in clubs and public areas! I denounce this Parisian sectarianism that I find unbear-

together: Fuck That!

datacide: How is the Hardcore

scene here and does Hardcore find its place in Free Parties?

no-tek: Timidly, because of police repression, Hardcore has two speeds: a - Parisian DI's products sold to clubs for CD business returning to majors. b - People who lock themselves in a cellar with a sampler to create good music and do it. That's important! There are more and more good labels in France and that's cool.

datacide: What about Gabba?

unanimously: We don't like it at all!!! Here also two speeds:

a - Happy shit

b - Harder but not noisy enough.

At the beginning Rotterdam, Joe Doe etc. were o.k. but the reproach we can make is that it's like a recipe that they keep remaking, only with different sauces. And after 5 years it still goes on. That's stupid, boring and it becomes "Musette" (Musette is old French accordion variety-music)

It's hardcore-musette! **Q:** It's hardcore variety!

datacide: Are there many police interventions, which strategies are they employing, is there enough strategy on the other side to respond?

C. I believe that police intervention has become more and more violent, for example have been given a 2'000 francs fine and three months probation, with seven other musicians for simple presence. In fact I should not park my truck backstage, haha! What intelligent behaviour by the police. It's unofficially forbid-

den to make or even go to parties, but there are no laws against them in France. Police and government carry out a strategy whereby they push organisers to their limit and stop people helping them by implementing fines or sentences on them.. A strategy based on time with sentence after sentence. People get

bludgeoned, organisers get sentences. · 10 a datacide: Where do you get your sounds from?

Q: Every sound source is usable and interesting.

G: We use natural sounds, rubbings, everything striking our

ann ears, because we enjoy sampling anyway.

T we make sounds ourselves

with voices, objects falling down, scratched etc. For example we did a track made of out own voice samples, even the kick. We love sampling.

datacide: What's your political concept in relation to the movement, and what's your political vision of the Parisian scene?

no-tek: Punk marked us deeply! Our con-

- Mainly stay independent and self-produced.
- Musician collective with good wills.
- To always love music.
- Not necessarily wanting to live from it.
- Not to sell out ourselves or our music.
- No compromises. - Political anarchists with revolutionary ten-
- dencies. And to know our political vision of the Parisian

scene read Fred's resume below:

Death to pseudo bourgeois technoid elitism

Death to the elite Death to the media whore that parasitically

Our music comes from the core (the heart), the Elite brew, use, and then spit on the underground from the top of his throne by trembling to loose it. But it can feel reassured, his throne, we don't want it. It stinks like they do;

Thanks to all the artists, Djs, musicians who when we dance are not afraid to surprise us, to wake us up!

2. Music's: the music who come from the core the music to serve the self

datacide: I think there are no Djs inside No-Tek. Is there any particular reason, why not? What do you think of the Dj role in parties?

No, no real DIs in No-Tek because we haven't got turntables. But it will be our next purchase. Because me (Gaby) and Cyril wants to mix. Beside Cyril and Fred played at the Compressiv Accelerator party in Concarneau.

f: Notek forcefully in the mix! The Dj role is very important, as long as he mixes good records with a good technique.

Q: the Dj's role is to no play a star game, it's to give us pleasure and mainly make us dance.

f: the ancestral Dj's role is to make people understand who they are through his music, to make them trip and to make them discover many things.

Q: Yeh.

datacide: When you did the live sets at Teknivals what did this experience give you artistically and did you find what you were searching for? Wh**at** do you think about this concept?

Yes we did live sets with R-Zac and Explore Toi at Teknivals and we found total freedom of expression.

G* What I find interesting in this concept is, for example, is if somebody comes, listens and does not enjoy then that's no problem. They've got the choice to go somewhere else. What means if a dancer comes and dances to freak out knowing nothing is imposed on him He really enjoys himself and that's wicked! For the dancer who feels free and for the satisfaction of the musician. That's the beauty of the thing. Do what you want to do.

f: The social side of the concept seems very important to me. I'm very happy to see a popular concept in techno coming myself from the popular caste. That I defend, here is the personal outcome for me.

datacide: Have you got a pro-ject for the next Teknival season?

Yes we actually prepare a live set for it. We're deeply into it!

datacide: Any other projects?

Yes, two hardcore video clips that we've produced ourselves. We want to do with the visuals the same thing that we do with the sound We have other projects to open ourselves up to, but because of the commercialty in the movement we'll let you be surprised by not talking about it. Sadly we must protect our

Fuck them! Fuck their system!

Interview by Oks Notek 6 is out now.

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Various Artists - Chinese Revenge - Eclectic Ol

A four track e.p. by four different artists kicks off this new label - with the D'Archangelo brothers contributing the first track, opting for their much preferred hardsound rhythmic intensity, as opposed to the eighties revival leanings recently displayed, much loved by nostalgics thinking back not looking forward.

A.D.C. step up second and display more Italian broken beat lactics, not as intense as the recent Uncivilized World e.p. but still cool. On the flipside we get a different flavour with two deeper trips, firstly courtesy of 'interr-ference' with 'Shadow of the clown', relying on random analogue monotonylin a good way) and overdriven drums Lastly Gabriele Rizzo lays down a hi-hatless deepside cut with an echoed kick ploughing through a mover-ish landscape littered with lo-fi electronics.

Amp tek - Declassified - Eclectic 02
Second installment from Eclectic, sees Amp tek's - over three of the four tracks - interpretation of breaks and sub bass, with 'Ufo crash', a quite tense broken beat experiment being the last. Of the strange breaks we get three very different, but at the same time similar tracks - different in levels of intensity but similar in that they all share a sense of space, almosphere and strangeness. 'Chupacabra' - being fast(a bit too fast needs pitching down as the breaks are quite busy) and quite dark with a cool t.step inspired bass. 'Area 51' has a melancholic (eel reminiscent of some of Leo Anibaldi's tracks on the 'Muta' album injected with splintered beats sporadically and 'Falso movimento' a slower eerier sound with a deep bass.

Gabriele Rizzo - La Morte Si Rinnova - Elex 03



A record of two halves, on the one hand we have two tracks reminiscent of an e.p. by Gabriele Rizzo on Plasmek a couple of years back more on minimal 808/acid tip, and then on the other side we enter the machine with more tension and an altogether stranger almosphere, much more inter esting a lot slower but more intense and experimental with a larger sound. Kovert

White label - Elex 04

Not sure who this is by but its similar to the more experimental side of the third Elex release and also to Rizzo track on the first Eclectic, so i guess its Gabriele Rizzo again. Over five tracks we experience a darker, moodier, deeper sound than Flex 03 less danceable but more atmospheric There are beats there, echoing, but sparser metronome like. Covert

Phon - going Uphill e.p. - Ript Skin

Excellent, meticulously produced U.K. four tracker. with three broken beat cuts and one acid track, which kind of pales into insignificance compared

Photic Driver Amputate 2

Industrial drum and bass put through the mincer sprinkled liberally with strange powders cooked over a fire fuelled by 1000 big beat records. Amputate establishes itself as a major force in the U.K's experimental underground by hardstepping all over familiar styles and Muzik friendly genres. Four cuts of broken hard noise perversions which will send purists screaming and vomiting from the dancelloor, so make sure you have a bucket and straitiacket to hand.

Somatic Responses Future Galactic 5

More mashed mayhem from the Mutilation Chamber."Horrorflick kicks things off with distended skreeching synthlines and electro stabs driven by an understated kick."Darkvoice follows; a pounding industried soundblast which just go on as long as it could. Title track "Source of disturbance is a slow grind of epic proportions with layers upon layers of distortion which feels like it would collapse under its own weight if weren't for the filthy bass drum supporting it. Final cut "Acid Placket'is a surprisingly bouncy noise with more of an emphasis on beat construction than the previous tracks nevertheless it builds into a high pitched white out that brings the e.p. to a half.Basically an excellent record from the masters.(Look out for Future Galactics new sub label SixShooter for Somatic stuff).

Showcasing and mutating/melding hardsound possibilities as part of a growing number of exciting U.K. new school arrangements, these five tracks cut up/break down and reassemble preconceived styles into fresh freestyle rhythms. Working with harsh generally uneffected drum sounds, noise, snatches of breaks some speedcore tendencies and dry bass to build broken structures and rough anti - rhythms.

Various: Zhark Compilation Zhark OD

Varied compilation from the Zhark label that draws sustenance from its links to German post-techno producers like Alec Empire, Kerosene and 4E. Threaded through with the darkbience of a four part track from Huren called Camera Obscura this compilation strays away from speed and 4/4 pitfalls and experiments around slower spacious beats. Suprises come in the form of Hecate's Victims of the Digits: a moody and descending sound collage that gives-off an irresolute tension and with Eradicator's Grenade Gadget where insistent, distorted loops are pitted against funky kit-beats. El Turco Loco provides manic repetition and Alec Empire unleashes the mobile mess of dirty timbre, However the dissolute and compelling Hearfattck from Lyn Powderhorn strikes through with its whispering, sleazy threats and flanged-up break. Bomb 20, Detroit Dirty Dick and Kerosene's Heroin also feature.

Eradicator and Din - Gopherraid - Spite 02
Various manifestations of mainly hip - hop influenced breaks roughed up over six tracks, covering overdriven hard hop, speed breaks and heavy

record reviews

with the other more experimental tracks, 'Thrash the Rat', '5 till 2 or 12' and 'Fireworks', All carrying broken rhythm structures under a weight of atmosphere, creating a large but clear production, that kicks!

Urban Disturbance 00002

The brilliant follow up to one of my favourite records of 97 keeps up the pressure and goes that little bit further. Slower and more distorted than UD001, the aftermath of a napalm attack on a densely populated housing estate. Broken, bloody, lunky and hard yet intensely digital. The future of Techno.

pHotic driVer Bloody Sunday Audio Illusion 11-

Audio Illusion once again succeed in putting 'strange and disturbing forces into your sound system' showcasing yet another artist intent on causing aural damage. Five well defined tracks ranging from the slowed down electro grunge breaks of 'Special K' to the full on lazer battle of the title track(presumably an ode to those end of the week nasal haemorrages). Applying insane arrangements to kick/noise patterns and wrenching some of the most twisted feedback imaginable out of the mixing desk,pHotic driver provides possibly the nastiest release so far on A.I.R.

Anaphylactic Shock - Suck my Stump e.p. - Amputate

New UK label coming with a Somatic Response-ish attitude toward frequency abuse, except not as refined or as well executed in places as the Somatics, but still laying down some cool ideas/structures and experimenting in hardsound. At least two of the four tracks are extremely playable with only one not, thanks to a much too repetitive gangster vocal sample(s) which just gets too annoying in a short space of time. Kovert

D.H.R.Ltd 03-Snuff Out

Wicked mini album from the ridiculously talented Patric C, who continues to release mindblowing stuff without any of the rock star nonsense of labelmate Alec Empire. Switching from manic break beat cut ups to heavy as fuck industrial rhythms interlinked by locked grooves and sampler chaos, "Snuff Out" is an essential record for anyone who is sick of seemless musical journeys towards the millenium.

Shiguo / Give Up:

(DHR 17)
The orgasm addict David Hammer returns from his Summer vacation and brings us an EP of such awfulness that it shines with a brilliance bordering on genius. This seems to be becoming something of a Shizuo trademark. The catchiest (and least chaotic) track here is surely The Hooker with its drugged-up sweaty swing-beat and sleazy 'punani' bass-line. I can see this pumping out of 4 wheel-drives at traffic lights on hot Summer nights! Which brings us to The NutterMy God! This surpasses even Anarchy III Apparently it was inspired by the old Harry Enfield dime bar ad, and was recorded live in one take on a post-party LSD come down...strapping on his fender and giving the punk performance of his life the Shizu-man gives us his raw angst...a stream of pure Shizuo-consciousness. Love it or hate it. Shizuo absolved us all from our sins last time....can we forgive him his?

Bodysnatcher (Dub-Plate) release imminent>>>

"Don't be trapped by old concepts....you're evolving into a new being. We don't hate you....there's no need for hate now....or love. We adapt - And we survive!" Dub-plate>> D

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