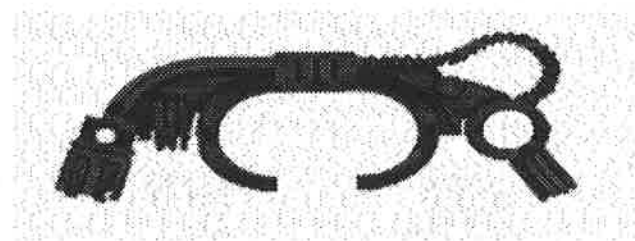
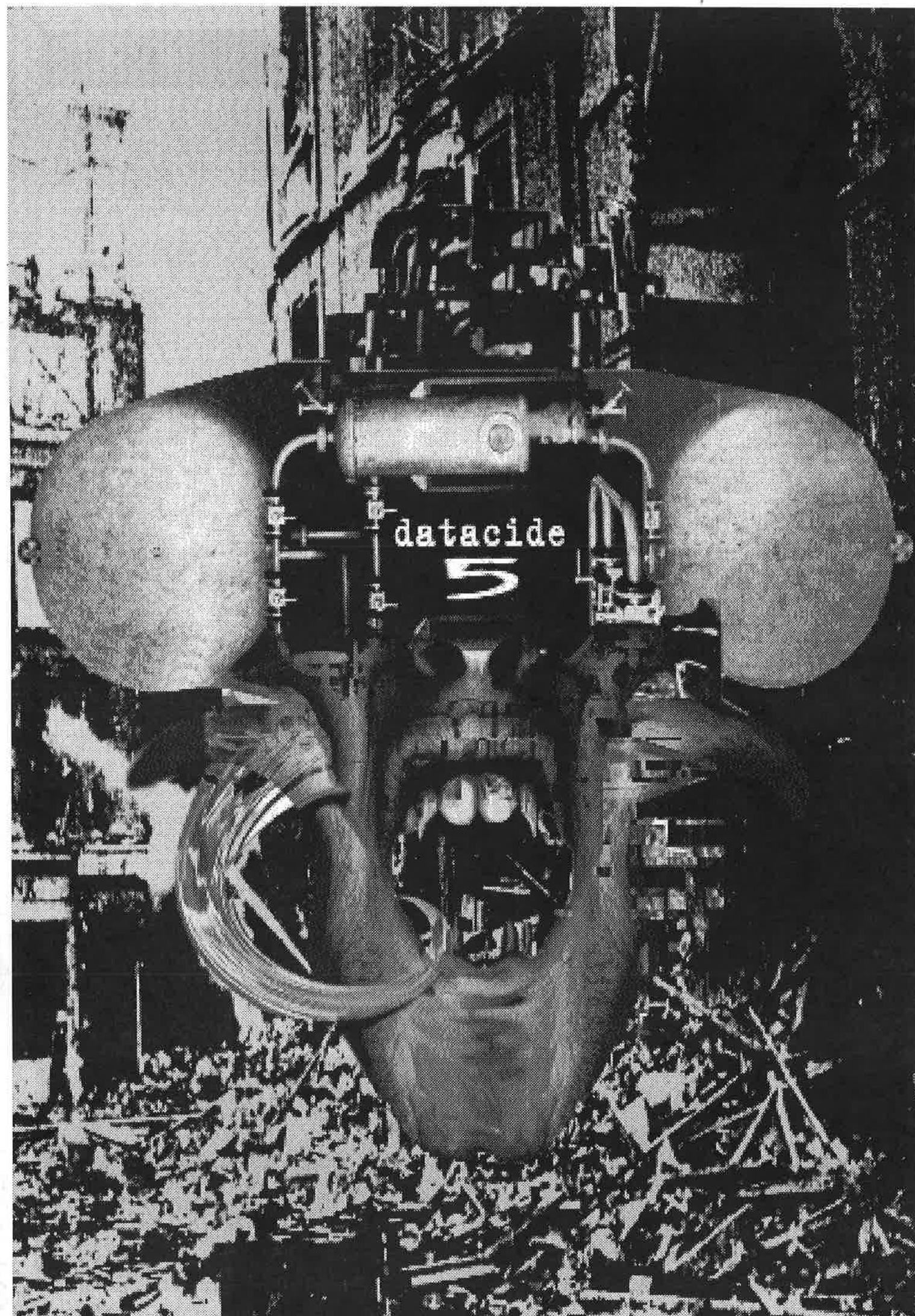


datacide five



one pound





Empires are always surrounded by resistance, a friction that grows out of feeding off culturally, politically or socially occupied zones. The occupation of the world by consumer capitalism is encompassing most of the known world in different densities. But new cartographies are emerging, white spots on the map not in some far away continents, but in your own back yard. A system that is short sighted and destructive is increasingly countered by different modes of organisation.

Networks are a type of organisation that requires intense communication and exchange of information between the different nodes. Not all nodes can be in constant contact with all others, but many nodes have to be talking to many others, sharing data, knowledge and resources. There is no chain of command, but a feedback system of collective decision making. A network is immune to decapitation as hierarchical structures are largely dissolved as they become increasingly inappropriate and inefficient. Power is being dispersed.

This tendency is fiercely resisted by those clinging to their power be it in the political or cultural realm. This is essentially the terrain of a new revolutionary struggle against concentrations of power, for a true (libertarian) communism (as opposed to its authoritarian perversion). Where this tendency is allowed to manifest itself, e.g. as an 'autonomous zone', this is difficult enough: there will be clashes with egos, money disputes and some people will try to create new hierarchies. And in the bigger picture - capitalism always has the card of fascism up its sleeve to save its power elite.

Some of these developments can be demonstrated in the case of the music industry. The from-the-top-down hierarchical structure of the major labels, based on the shameless exploitation of the musician (and the consumer), has been challenged by 'powerful' musicians, independent labels and distributors who in turn mostly tried to accumulate power, influence and money, more on their own terms, but still mimicking the ideology of the system of which they are a part of, whatever their claims. The relation of the performer on stage and the audience remains a one-way communication, the venues are controlled by security companies and the money is split according to fundamentally absurd principles. Did you - for example - know that in many countries, if you buy a blank tape a few pennies go towards a fund that then is split according to who already sold the most records, under the assumption that it would be those records you would tape?

We are in a quarry in the west of France, there are about 8 sound systems of between 2 and 20K power blasting out a mixture of different types of electronic dance music and noise. Depending on the time of day or night something between 500 and 3000 people populate the desolate area for the period of a week. DJ's take turns with live sets, sound systems and performers are coming from all over Europe, but mainly from England, France and Italy, including some individuals from Austria and Germany. Contacts are being made, records

exchanged and sold. Drugs are taken and demons conjured up. People are dancing around the huge speaker stacks that keep blaring out the beats for 24 hours a day: A Teknival, far removed from the controlled space of dance clubs that are terrified by the self-managed and free vibe, and a press that only finds solace in misrepresenting what is a serious danger to its power. No Stars Here.

The music we are reviewing here is not streamlined for easy consumption and needs to be sought out, tracked down, investigated, used and abused. Its field of action is the mix of the DJ at a party, on Pirate Radio, in squatted bars. Most releases are pressed in relatively small numbers, are exchanged between the labels that are usually run by DJ's/musicians/writers. A noise that is removed or even directly opposed to the entertainment industry of late capitalism where everything is still mediated by specialists, promoters, journalists, where images proliferate and are used to sell magazines, records and publishing contracts are signed for cashing in on radio play and the use of tracks for car advertising. The corporate machine is there to make money, a process that has been criticised enough but that has not been superseded. Does it make a difference if now people tend to have more artistic freedom, and tend to get paid - in comparison to ripped off blues artists decades ago? It's only a difference of shade, not of substance. The entertainment system with its lackeys in the media must be destroyed.

To this we are opposing a noise that does not work in this context, and that has had the effect of terrifying the hacks out to find new faces and fresh ideas. They are still trying to grab some poor souls and catch them in their "first ever photo shoot", make them visible for the spectacle, as faces, as individuals, as artists, as hype commodity. To be on the pedestal for a moment, then to be dumped, ridiculous and shameful either way. Too many are still playing this game, maybe because it can be strainful and frustrating to resist: This edition of datacide for example was only produced in the most adverse conditions, not only financially but in general - the modem packed it in, the e-mail account got cancelled, and we got thrown out/evicted out of two places within weeks, even spending some time without electricity or heating. In the last few months good parties have been sparse, the weekly bar we organised between october and december had to be stopped, and two parties we went to in France were simply terrible. On the other hand parties in Torino and Rome were inspiring, new releases have been pressed up, and maybe most surprisingly this edition of datacide is in your hands almost on time.

In it you find a polemic that became necessary on the different attempts at historification/mediation of the (post-) techno era, the continuing exploration of hidden subversive strains in movies, recent developments in military theory as well as the usual mix of provocation, history, and present productions. Use datacide as an inspiration, then act. The network is not complete without you.

.23 live samples.

- Unresistant to miscontrual. (radio cipher)
- Elevated by irises that fall on oil-slicked water. (circa. 1962)
- Deep-frozen. (sinking too easily)
- Placid. (preparing for burst)
- Lost to the remnants of a potential advance. (always behind)
- Avoiding the cramped reckoning of a convenient disputation. (ideologue)
- Fond of selenity. (shake of after-echo static)
- Exhumed. (slept by vicarage)
- Hacked up by the belittling ruse of ulterior charm. (namecheck)
- Prostrate in an arcade of aspirants and foundings. (daily bread)
- Fretted by endless contiguity. (stopping is unacceptable)
- Loitering in the shelves of an offered suasion. (voluntary servitude)
- Fair. (carol collinson was a brunette)
- Neon. (double-bass in Fun City)
- Disturbed by the slam of thoughtless belonging. (a solipsistic society)
- Calm in proportion to a granular and taut visibility. (fetish plateaus)
- Rushed. (it's in the contract)
- Inconsiderate. (maybe slightly ill today?)
- Amused by solicited mourning. (never coming back)
- Unnerved by the barren partiality of savants. (ignorance is bliss)
- Cautious before the dwindling of a second thought. (ineffable)
- Scaped. (passion of quarry in-fill)
- Clamant. (nardissism of music)

Top Ten Supplies You Should Sort For Y2K-

- Generator of any sort-preferably one that works off of the natural sources you live around-wind, water, solar, etc...
- Six month food and beverage supply
- Heaters
- Sometype of protection-razorwire, knives, gun, etc.
- Birth control and medicine supply...don't forget any other "medicinal" supplies that may be hard to get in mass chaos.
- Take all money out of the bank at least three-four months before.
- Books, videos, gear, and vinyl...
- Radio transmitter, antennae, and miscellaneous gear to broadcast radio to others who are prepared and out there.
- Assortment of carpentry and electrical tools.
- Ones that you love...
- The Jackal

c h a r t s

Best Events of 1998.. with MC Evannz, Buns & Mr Pernod (in any order)

- PCP live @ A20 Rotterdam
- Slayer live @ The Astoria
- Last Dance to Eden @ Utrecht
- Slayer live @ Ozfest 98
- Steve Shit & Marshall Masters @ Cargo Spijkenisse
- Black Sabbath Full Original Line UP @ N E C Birmingham
- Infestation all over the place!
- Akercocke several gigs @ The Red Eye
- Deicide @ The Astoria
- Neophyte live @ Energiehal Rotterdam
- Death In June / Boyd Falso Spice live @ The Powerhaus
- Nomex live @ 121 Centre

Charity Shop Champions 10...

Introducing the 350s - Dubreg L.P.
The Predicted Judgement - Unit LSN (New Testament Records)
Sieben - Brüsseler Platz (a-musik)
Sugar Path - Dachise (Tochnit Aleph)
Kranke Musique Ist Schon - Mooner Industries
Terrain Glissant - Mylase (Electric Transfusion)
Purity of Hole - Sexochil
Cobra Killer - (DHR 18)
L'Atlas Des Galaxies Entranges - Borbetomagus (Non Mi Place)
Misanthropy - Various (Adverse 5)
Nomex.

Various Artists: No8/ No.8.5/ No.9 Fat Cat Various Artists: Remixes Fat Cat

If remixing suddenly seems like the new thing, if it gives-off, at best, a semblance of community, then at its worse, it privileges some original, somewhere else. With the first we know that the collaborators never meet but maybe meet detached elements of one another in the form of a DAT and communication precedes unconsciously: an interposed poltatch. With the latter the remix is exploitative. The lack of an 'original' becomes, for the industry, an 'original'. An enlifer-ruse to double their already doubled money. Not so Various Artists of the Chain Reaction label. The 'original' here is composed by a unit - a depopulated perceptive system - that is already various. Its community is audible. Track No.8, a little unencumbered by referent, by naming and nouns, disentangles prior

expectation and allows itself the freedom to transform itself: an early, late and lingered refrain that pulls back and withholds from the temptation of denouement or progression but remixes itself as we hear it - desk mutation makes figure and background co-determining... repetition reveals itself as that which has made change perceptible and possible. Track No.9's limited elements playback Track No.8 as minimal after all; yet its spaces are not encumbered enough by the timbre-shifts of No.8. Repeat Track No.8, cut it twice, but call it Track No.9? Make it, too, an emotive exemplar rather than a replayed origin?

How then to remix? Autechre take No.8 and fail miserably. But they fail to reproduce what they've already heard and knowing what must not be done their failure is to take the grit loops and marry them to an unflinching beat. They take No.8's mood and use it into as a memory to underpin their remix and in the(ir) process

Simon (Running Scared) -current top 12

- A.D.C. - Crash Research - X-Forces 3
- Somatic Responses - Agent Orange 4
- Si Begg - Wildstyle - Penalty 01
- 2 Be Freak - Natura Mission Two - Natura
- Passarani - Dark Side of the Sword 3 - Plasmek
- Anthony Rother - Sex With the Machines - Kaar 01
- Underground Resistance - Interstellar Fugitives - U.R.
- Prone 1 - Test
- I.B.M. - A Taste of Armageddon - Joey Boy
- Mark Ant - Cat M-12
- The Advent - Factors Combination Research 01
- The Octagon Man - Vidd - Electron Industries
- S.C.S.I. - Misc - ID 01
- Vendetta Reill - Evil Weevil - Nature
- Anthony Rother - Destroy My Robots - Plasmek

Redmax '99 Disco Top 10

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Mike Dred/Peter Green | Virtual Farmer | Rephlex 70 |
| 2. Taciturne | Ebizeme | Blut 03 |
| 3. Caustic Window: | Joyrex 4,5,6 (comp) | Rephlex 009LP |
| 4. Crystal Distorsion | | PO7 |
| 5. A.D.C. | Crash Research X-Forces 3 | |
| 6. 2CB | | 2CB6 |
| 7. Biochip C. | Steal it & Deal It | Force Inc.141 |
| 8. Nail Landslurmm | Pro-x-ess | Scandinavia 12 |
| 9. E-legal Electronics | | E-Legal Electronics 7 |
| 10. pHon | A Shortcut to Feeling Good | Ript Skin 2 |

Crossbones Doomcrew

- Last Tomorrow 3
- Last Tomorrow 4
- Fifth Era 8 (test)
- DJ Silence(Ruffbeats)
- Dance of Death-Maxicrew(Ital)
- The Rapist (Explosive)
- Arcadipane 1
- The Two Tonys
- Mackenzie:Sound of the Future (everything)

fifth Era Clubhouse Chart

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| 1 Curse of Creation CD | Infestation |
| 2 Guilty of Being White | Slayer (orig by Minor Threat) |
| 3 Support Your Lokal Doomcommando | Fifth Era #10 |
| 4 Visitors Theme | The Visitor (Explosive) |
| 5 The Headbanger EP | The Headbanger (ID&T) |
| 6 The Legacy | G Town Madness vs. Attic&Stylz (Boomtown) |
| 7 Whose Blood Flows in these Veins | Biomorph BH12001 |
| 8 Slaves to the Rave CD | various compiled by Inferno Bros |
| 9 Paranoia / Hardcore will Never Die | Terrorists SS20 |
| 10 Liberation | Morgan Heritage 7" pre HMG |
| 11 Radio Shuttleworth (tapes) | John Shuttleworth |
| 12 Come As You Are | The King ha ha ha kurt cobain turns in his grave |

LURKING AT THE ENERGIEHAL JAN 99

- | | | | |
|----|------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| 1 | WE'RE BACK | DA TMC | COOLMAN |
| 2 | BASS MACHINE | E MAN | WHITE |
| 3 | IK WILL HAKKE | PCP/NEOPHYTE | (mmx) ROTTERDAM |
| 4 | METAL WARFARE | | I D & T |
| 5 | HEADBANGER VOL 2 | | WHITE (ROT72) |
| 6 | E - TERNAL | M.MASTERS | PCP/ACA |
| 7 | WAKE UP | RAVE CREATOR | WHITE |
| 8 | FEEL THE DRUMS | D.SGARBI | STIK |
| 9 | GREATEST HITS | BULLDOZER PROJ. | COOLMAN |
| 10 | DOOMKOMMANDO | FIFTH ERA U99RMX | PLATE |
| 11 | MORTAL FEAR EP | | EXPLOSIVE |
| 12 | NEW STYLE | DJ YVES | CHERRYMOON |

Hecate

- Christoph de Babalon "We can rise above this (Zhark 7001)
- Don't lie white boy (HWF 1)
- Cycloclotch - Hubbreaks
- Metatron "Twisted with hate" (on Adverse CD)
- Somatic Responses - SixShooter 7
- Taciturne - Blut 3
- Hecate "Hate Cats EP" (Praxis 32)
- RRR-500 locked grooves
- RRR-500 locked grooves
- Yma Sumac "Songs of the Jivaro"

DJ Aja

- Aphasic: "Belief Is The Enemy" Ambush 04
- Shizuo: "Tisan" DHR
- Flexovit Bloody Fist
- BodySnatcher: "XXX" Ambush 06
- No Safety Pin Sex EP DHR
- Riddlin: Trash Industrialsamplecoregouchbeat
- Lory D: Sounds Never Seen 07
- Patric Catani: "Stop Bothering Me" Spite
- DJ Scud: "Scud Missile" Ambush 04
- Techno Animal: "Demonoid - Animalized" City Slang

all
correspondence,
review copies,
hate mail etc to:
datacide
b.m.jed
london wc1n 3xx
england



the lives and times of bloor schleppy (5)



Bloid
□□□□

paraphysical
cybertronics
and the
consequences:
sucked in and
re-emerging
beyond time,
bloor schleppy
is leaving the
twentieth
century for
good.
but will he re-
enter, as one or
as 'they'?
swarming with
bloids? is there
a defense? a
welcome? an
alternative? as
the countdown to
the millennium
is ticking
towards
implosion, bloor
opts for
multiplication...

script: fringeli/hodgkinson , photographs:hodgkinson

We can do n. . .

He'd always wanted to fuck Donna something about her breasts always had him running for the school toilets, holding in his ecstatic screams as his teenage juices hit the bathroom walls.

Now finally here they were, what he'd been waiting for in 3-d technicolour, her beautiful pungent odours filling the room as her knickers hit the floor. But when she mounted him it wasn't her but his mother, his sister, it was Mrs Maryland screaming as she rode him. This isn't what he wanted, and he tried to stop his mind twisting and turning.

And coming round the corner of his mind he stared into his own eyes and then he knew he should have stuck it in her ear and fucked her brain the good old fashioned way. Striking him now a moment of realisation; perhaps this was his deepest desire, maybe this was what he really wanted to make love to himself; yet now it wasn't him, it wasn't even her, a cheap copy moving and moaning, the sounds weren't even right more cow than human, these 8 bit machines are never up to scratch.

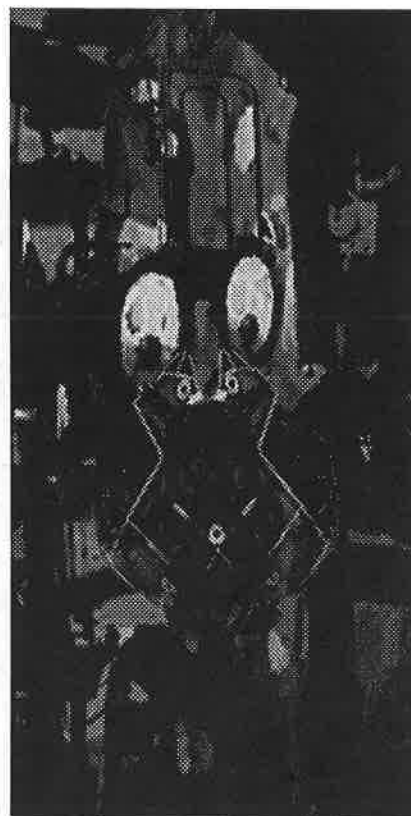
He knew very well what he must do, defunct machines must always be retired, I mean no-one worries about old machines nowadays, even if they do look human; who bothers with the scrapheaps not with the all new fully functional models coming in and what if they have no real personalities. What do we want with reality when virtual caters for all your needs, soon they won't even need us, who wants humans when the machines can fuck each other, their spawn running freely, a nice semi detached somewhere on the net.

If only the virus didn't run so deep maybe we could reset, before the bug makes us defunct, to things we need more than they need us. Function is everything and with no space to move our brains they spill out lost on disks that won't load, not on this format, not in this hyper time.

And wondering if we've past our peers we overtake ourselves realising too late that here we drive on the other side of the road, here climax the end of the line, Greenwich station. Raise the roof, the ultimate party, a wafting mass of burning flesh sent high into the night sky, and the ones who still can breath wish they hadn't come.

Now he has, he wipes the blood and returns his limp member to the safety of his shit stained underpants. Believing for once maybe it would be a good year, not many commence with the beginning of the end.

Dan



news

Gli squatter rapiscono Gesù Bambino

Per restituire «l'ostaggio» chiedono la liberazione di un anarchico agli arresti domiciliari

Best Christmas newspaper headline:

The squatters kidnap Baby Jesus

from Milano newspaper Il Giornale, for which "the state of emergency is (always) the rule".

"Baby Jesus", shown here under armed police guard, is a graven image in wood, part of a cheap Nativity scene in Torino's Piazza Carlo Felice.

The very reasonable ransom demand: "Silvano libero subito o Gesù morto!": "Free Silvano now or Jesus is dead!" Silvano Pelissero has been incarcerated without trial for unspecified "terrorist" associations since 6 March 1998. Edoardo (Baleno) Massari and Maria Soledad Rosas, jailed with him, died in prison last year.



A National Civil Rights March

will (have) take(n) place on Saturday, 6th February, shortly before the release of the Stephen Lawrence Inquiry's findings and the second reading of the Asylum and Immigration Bill. Beginning in Brixton at 12 midday, the march will stop at Brixton and Kennington police stations on its way to New Scotland Yard. The aim is not to ask for 'police training' or 'community partnership', for 'fairer' policing and immigration law. 'Institutional racism' does not mean that some or all cops, judges, immigration officers etc. think racist thoughts or act on them. Rather, racism is intrinsic to the methods and purposes of judicial, economic and medical institutions such as the police, immigration services, the courts, prisons and mental health care.

The march serves notice of a widespread intention among black, Asian and anti-racist groups to organise independent self defence against physical, legal and economic attack, rather than seeking institutional protection.

A PATCHWORK OF NETWORKS....

New advances in the area of extreme electronics and splintered beats includes: A best of south-london comp.CD released by Praxis in North America next month featuring tracks by CF, Dj Scud, Hecate, Base Force One, Photic Driver, and Dan (Hekate), as well as others. This will be the first domestic North American release. From France comes a breakcore CD-R comp. feat. EPC, Dan (Hekate), A.N.T.I, CF, Attila, and Hecate. Next up on Zhark is a 7" by Christoph DeBabalon-"We Can Rise Above This". Stella Michelson (Karnage, Fischkopf) is wreckin' it on the second Homewrecker Foundation release, a 12" as Mouse, the debut release on the label, a split 7" by Kut-Up Kaos Kick and Ultraflash is imminent. Would you believe Ultraflash's "Scavenger Girl" was produced on a Gameboy...? A formation of a new label, HEX, run by Dan (Hekate) and Redmax promises new takes on the broken-up dancefloor tip. Adverse are unleashing their compilation CD as a limited edition CD-R, featuring tracks by Merzbow, Metatron, MNortham, Noge, Disinformation, Controlled Weirdness, DJ Scud, Robotnics Crossing, Nomex himself, and others.

As always keep checking <http://c8.com>.

French Connection - Paris Tekno Parade 98

What a joke?!!

Long range sound of a respectable quality, clusters of speakers suspended a few metres above a crowd of ravers coming from everywhere in France to gather at this big Media Event. According to the multiple media there were between 4'000 and 7'000 people. Shamefully, I couldn't say the same about quality, I could talk about DJ's, but anyway... Unrelenting crowd mixed with many police forces demented by so many people accumulated at the Capital's centre. Nevertheless, the event was cut short at 10 from an ending supposed to be at 12. Partial Panic, false alert, it was just someone who threw a bottle and ran. Then continued to simulate a riot by running into a public of pacified ravers, maybe to wind them up. Quite amusing for the spectator, a few hours later some lost-its were still running over the half deserted Place de la Nation. It's an intelligent device used by the former French culture minister Jack Lang. Like always it's the underground scene, already down in Paris which must take the consequences.

By accepting to help Commercial Rave Organisations to get the necessary authorisations, the French government wants to focus its energy on repressing the free parties.

It's actually astute from J.L., since this action will help him to kill two birds with one stone.

* A more efficient action against free parties

* to win the respect and eventual votes from this youth, previously apolitical, but now enthusiastic that a politician could tolerate their culture.

Forgotten by the french political scene, Lang came back with the support of the youth who neglected politics before, at the same time making lots of money on the back of tekno commercialisation. Fair play. His concessions to the commercial tekno scene might have given some people a false sense of security. I just hope that people work out what he really wants to change, and how they will deal with it.

Oks

The Secret Field

In september 1997, 9 people were arrested & charged for their part in the SECRET FIELDS TEKNIVAL in Normandy, France. Their only "offense" was to listen to music freely - there were no criminal charges against them, although they were tried as criminals in a criminal court. One of the main charges against them was brought by the SACEM, an organisation that collects royalties for the music industry). The same organisation that was responsible for bringing charges against musicians, DJ's & Sound Systems at the MAY-DAY TEKNIVAL, also in 1997.

Membership in the SACEM in France is compulsory. Musicians are told that it is there to protect their interests & to collect their royalties (for example, the money paid by commercial radio & TV to the musician for air play). If this was the whole truth I am sure nobody would have a problem with it, but many musicians are unaware that the high rate that the SACEM charge them (2 FF or 20p per record they produce) are being used to cordon and road block FREE PARTIES (with the police) & to finance expensive legal action against musicians and DJ's.

Much of the music played at FREE PARTIES is original & independent or live & SACEM has no right to be stopping people, searching them, & if they are in possession of records having them arrested. Most musicians who have been forced into SACEM membership are angry to find that their money is being used to enforce the interests of 'Big Business' rather than protecting musicians against its abuses.

On both occasions SACEM also attempted to confiscate DJ's records, another strange move by an organisation that claims to be working for the musician's benefit. DJ's obviously play one of the most important roles in a record's success, not only buying large quantities of records every week, but also being provided with copies by the musician to play as much as possible to as many people as possible to promote their record. It serves no purpose to interfere with the important relationship between musician, DJ & sound system, except perhaps to cause a boycott of SACEM & its records.

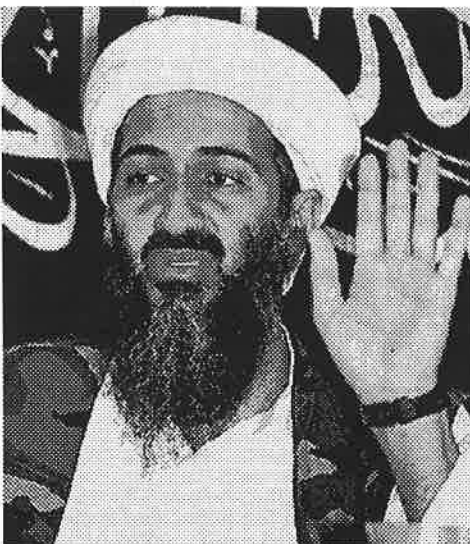
Given the evidence it seems clear that SACEM's attacks on the FREE PARTIES are not so much about 'protecting the interests of the musicians', but are more about 'protecting the interests of a commercial cartel'.

Their actions are counter-productive working directly against the interests of everybody, even perhaps ultimately their own. The "SECRET FIELD 9" went to court on the 11th of February 1998. Their solicitor completely destroyed the SACEM's case & nobody was found guilty on that count. However most people were found guilty of breaking Forestry bye-laws & in total were fined 14,000 FF.

Hidden Resistance

"Expect To Be Exposed To Murder At Any Time"

Labelled "one of the most significant financial sponsors of Islamic extremist activities in the world" Osama Bin Laden has been linked to many major terrorist attacks and initiatives in recent years - including the World Trade Center bombing, plots to kill President Clinton and the Pope, and attacks on U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia and Somalia. He has also used his millions to bankroll terrorist training camps in the Sudan, the Philippines and Afghanistan, sending holy warriors to foment revolution and fight with fundamentalist Muslim forces across North Africa, in Chechnya and Tajikistan, even Bosnia. Move over Carlos The Jackal!



Who is Osama Bin Laden?

He was born in Saudi Arabia in 1957, the seventeenth of 52 sons of a wealthy construction magnate with friendly links to the Saudi royal family. Personal details are hazy and often contradictory, but Bin Laden is remembered by Saudi sources as an ordinary young man whose intense religiosity began to emerge when he grew fascinated with the ancient holy mosques of Mecca and Medina that his family's company was involved in rebuilding. He has either three or four wives, and, according to some reports, was partially educated in England, where he studied engineering. What is not in doubt is his fanatical hatred of the United States. Asked in late 1997 in his first-ever television interview why he had declared a jihad against the United States he replied "because the US Government is unjust, criminal and tyrannical. (It has) transgressed all bounds and behaved in a way not witnessed before by any power or any imperialist power in the world". His loathing of all things American extends even to a refusal to drink Pepsi-Cola. A recent fatwa issued from his Afghan stronghold called "on every Muslim who believes in God and wishes to be rewarded to comply with God's order to kill the Americans and plunder their money wherever and whenever they find it". More recent remarks in a Time magazine interview hinted that the self-styled "holy warrior" was in the market for chemical and nuclear weapons and warned that Americans should "expect to be exposed to murder at any time".

How did he get started?

At the age of 19 he went to Afghanistan and joined the Mujahedeen in their war against the Russians. He fought heroically and his engineering skills proved particularly valuable. Russian intelligence had already spotted his leadership potential, although plans to kidnap him were thwarted. Ironically, the United States poured \$3 billion into the Afghan resistance via the CIA. There is an apocryphal story of a Russian general who was one of the last soldiers to leave Afghanistan. "The Americans are crazy," he is reported to have said. "They should be paying us to stay here." The CIA believed they were using the Mujahedeen for their own needs; that the situation might in truth have been the reverse seems not to have occurred to them. In Bin Laden's training camps the CIA's own manuals, supplied with a view to

discomfiting the Russians, are considered essential reading. More recently, former Mujahedeen commanders close to the Taliban say that, in Afghanistan, Bin Laden bankrolled the Taliban's capture of Kabul under the leadership of the reclusive, one-eyed Mohammed Omar.

How many men does he have?

According to Mohammed Sadiq Howaida, Bin Laden has between 4-5,000 trained Islamic fanatics in Africa and the Middle East. Howaida is the chief suspect for the bombing of the US embassy in Nairobi. He was arrested attempting to enter Pakistan on a false passport only hours after the explosion, and agreed to cooperate with the Pakistani authorities on the condition that he was not handed over to the Americans. The Pakistanis extracted the information and then handed him over anyway. Howaida's testimony details Bin Laden's personal arsenal: He possesses mortars, rockets, tanks and anti-aircraft missiles, enough to "match the army of a small country". Bin Laden has said his International Islamic Front for Holy War only "instigated" the bombings of the US embassies in Africa in August but that he held its perpetrators in "highest esteem".

How does he pay for all this?

He is undoubtedly extremely rich. Estimates of his personal fortune vary wildly. Figures up to \$300 million have been bandied about in the press, but the truth is that nobody knows. His money came originally from the family construction business, but was augmented by fees from building projects in Sudan. Whatever the size of his fortune, it is hidden in a complex web of international accounts and controlled through a nebulous network he calls the Foundation for Islamic Salvation. His role as a financier of terrorism is pivotal because he has revolutionised the financing of extremist movements by forming and funding his own private terror network. But not everyone believes

the stories of his vast wealth. One Saudi source was quoted as saying in The Independent: "The Americans dream up these extraordinary figures, claim them to be the truth, get them printed in the press and - just like that - they have created the millionaire terrorist that they want."

How is he regarded in the Muslim world?

In the past, America has had some success in persuading friendly Arab states not to accept him. In 1994, he was stripped of his Saudi citizenship and forced to move to Sudan. He was expelled in 1996 by the Sudanese (on pain of US sanctions). But his recent clash with the US, and president Clinton's firm response, have sent his stock soaring. In Libya, for example, Colonel Gaddafi personally led street protests in Tripoli following the US attack on Bin Laden's base. In Lebanon the Al-Kifah Al-Arabi newspaper scornfully accused the US of having "closed the zipper of its president and opened the buttocks of its warships to rocket Afghanistan and Sudan".

What next?

The US missile attack against Bin Laden's Afghan base did little damage. Bin Laden was not in the camp at the time, but even had he been there it is doubtful that he would have been hurt. According to a senior Pakistani general, Bin Laden is "a gifted qualified engineer who is an expert in building tunnels". He proved this against the Russians, constructing ammunition dumps and hiding places deep within the mountains, their entrances protected by huge slabs of rock. These tunnels could apparently withstand even a direct hit from a cruise missile. Nor is there any possibility of the Taliban agreeing to deport him. "We will never hand Osama over to anyone," the Taliban's leader, Mullar Omar, has declared. "We will protect him with our lives." Asked by Time whether he was trying to acquire chemical and nuclear weapons, Bin Laden said: "Acquiring weapons for the defence of Muslims is a religious duty. If I have indeed acquired these weapons, then I thank God for enabling me to do so."

Compiled/Edited/Researched by SCUD

the music industry where the interaction of music and politics is denied, repressed and then harmlessly repackaged. These tensions are key to the Pop Group and in comparison to such anarcho-punk bands like Crass, Mark Stewart's emotional-charge is the result of his singing that he is a 'hypocrite' too. He is not pure and transcendental but pinioned by an openness to his social context. It is in this way, by not repressing the despair, that he offsets and balances the preachy and didactic elements of his own work because, within his lyrics, he is figured as being as fallible as anyone else. This takes us towards framing the Pop Group's uneasy relationship with disco-soul. From the perspective of the vocals Mark Stewart's 'soul' is not heir to some confessional gospel tradition, it is rather, a form of possession, an alter-ego, an embittered lament that feverishly denies 'soul' at the same time as it re-defines 'soul' as political passion. This had been approached before by the likes of Sly and the Family Stone titling an album 'There's a Riot Goin' On', and it is likely that the Pop Group drew on this strand of their immediate musical past (the distance between the two being a decade at most). Yet, disco-funk was, at this time, a largely deplored form that was synonymous with commercialism and wishy-washy escapism. Even so, as with A Certain Ratio, to whom they were revealingly and startlingly compared, the Pop Group drew on elements of funk, possibly as a result of their familiarity with the black music scene of Bristol [2]. Whilst there has always been a protest element in reggae and dub, the way the Pop Group married funk to an immersion in the political milieus of the late 70s transformed this music into an aggressive challenge that propagated discontent whilst offering many people an unsuspected musical syntax. The crux here is not only the 4/4 beat of disco, accenting will and confidence, it is also the fact that, for the Pop Group, funk was played as if it were punk and rather than remaining within the safehaven of rock and deploying an amateurism that soon dried up into parody (Crass, Exploited...), the amateur (non-virtuoso) spirit moved into disco-funk and did for it what punk did for rock and, if you like, took the assault into another sector of the music industry. Though funk has been criticised as requiring more 'craft' than punk, any cursory listen to the tracks on this CD shows that the Pop Group's funk basslines can, at times, be simpler than their punk counterparts: rather than prodding the strings without stopping and encouraging the guitars to drown everything out, a pathway to funk lies in picking out notes and leaving space. The space between the notes gives-off energy and crucially leaves enough 'silence' not only for the flow-through of lyrics, but for guitar and other incursive noises to work rhythmically and disruptively (some Pop Group tracks feature wailing sax riffs that work both as a parody of jazz-funk and as a connector to the free-jazz scene of militant musicians like Albert Ayler, Ornette Coleman, the Last Poets etc. [3]). Then again, the effect of the 'slap-bass' adds aggression in that rather than the strings being dulled and softened by being played with the tips of fingers the fact that one funk-bass technique involves hammering the string with the thumb knuckle and actually 'pulling' the strings so they rattle on the fretboard gives to the sound a percussive and clipped-angry tone (it was rumoured that the Pop Group's bass player, Dick Dell, would stand a milk-crate in front of his speaker to further dirty and harden up the bass timbre). Furthermore one of the

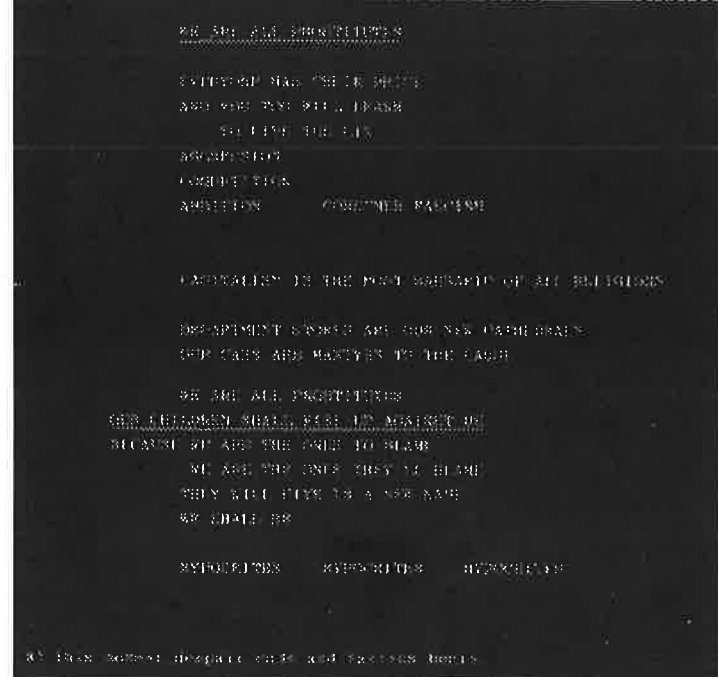
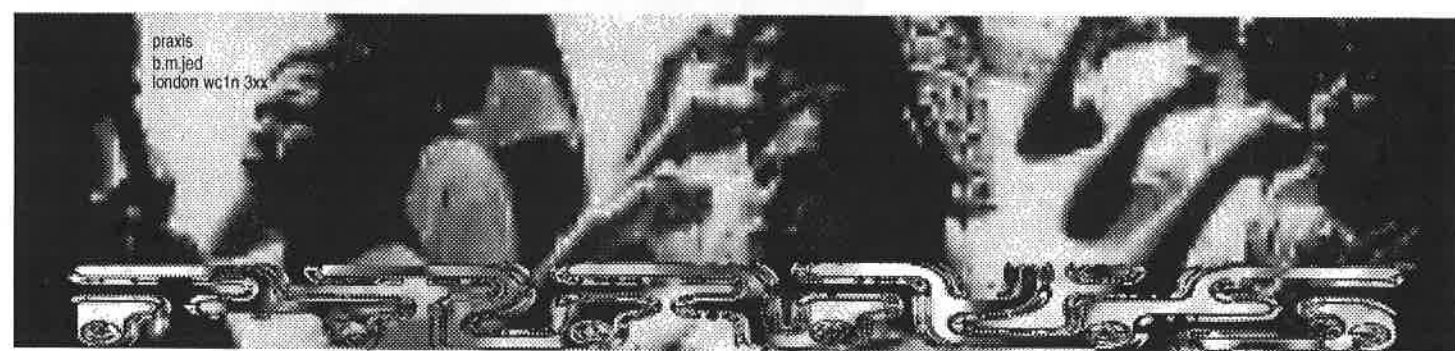
characteristics of disco-funk that the Pop Group harnessed was the way that funk was made by collectivities of people. Though a move from the standard four-piece of the punk combo to upwards of 6 musicians may seem like nothing earth-shattering it is such invisible elements as these, the arrangement of an often overcrowded stage, that worked as a kind of enigmatic disequilibrium. Disco-funk outfits from Funkadelic to the more mainstream Earth, Wind & Fire would have so many personnel that it would generate the idea of a track as a group celebration. Percussion infills, handclaps and party noise can all be heard at the end of the jubilant 'Where There's A Will' and this track's group-sung chorus (including the phrase "reclaim tomorrow"), shows the Pop Group at their most optimistic and anthemic. Updating Sly and the Family Stone's Stand, this track, by concentrating on the 'joys to come' rather than the oppressions of the present, still stands-up as as motivational a track as any there has been. Whereas Sly sings out, a little cornily, "There's a midget standing tall/ and a giant, beside him, about to fall", Mark Stewart starts out with a reference to the money-relation, "each and everyone of us shall pay on demand", again linking all people into a common oppression, and then proceeds to hit us with, "We're getting ever closer... to the new being... whose figure is about to appear".

The melding of such a line to what was, at the time, a sound that was radically divergent from punk orthodoxy, seemed to tie the two together as expressive of the possible appearance of such a 'new being', a 'change of minds', and if, most of the time, there is the will but there is no way, it is tracks like this and others by the Pop Group that keep alive the sense of a movement's precursors and the possibility of change. Though it is usual for a record to be kept tightly within its own historical context, so tight that it cannot breathe anymore, then what surrounds these tracks is the hidden-history of the political and industrial upheavals of the late 70s which culminated in the bringing down of the last labour government [4]. That the actual extent of the strife during this period is only just coming to light and which included the mobilisation of the much obscure Civil Contingencies Unit (ie a parallel government involving the armed forces) means that the Pop Group's context has not been entirely closed-off as, say, other contexts too reliant on 'style' have (ie electro-pop). However, it is no surprise that this CD does not re-present the posters that accompanied "How Much Longer..." as these could have prompted inquisitiveness into this context. The scale of these posters which feature Mark Stewart's lyrics collaged into montages (Abba disfigured, Robin Hood, police brutality statistics, Gulag fences, famine reports, anti-fascist information...) make the message unmistakable, yet they also illustrate how much of Mark Stewart's lyrical content was derived from a non-partisan involvement in political literature and how many of the phrases are rooted in the slogans of the leftist demonstrations: "Self-defence is no offense", "Who guards the guards, who polices the police?". This is not to condemn Stewart for a lack of 'originality' but, just as it underlines the sense of collectivity analogous to an inspired funk, and does not hinder current appreciation of the Pop Group by their alignment to a particular leftist sect, it also puts the dampeners on all those

misguided treatises that had it that such protest music could never be authentically political. Such music has maybe never been ideological; but there is a difference: "I don't Believe... I can't Believe..."

Flint Michigan
© Break/Flow

- (1) American composer Morton Feldman on John Cage.
- (2) This brief journalistic alignment of ACR and the Pop Group shows, if anything, the extent to which a rock-based musical journalism was estranged from this 'white-funk'. Check in a similar direction 23Skidoo and, veering closer to rock structures, the likes of Josef K and the Fire Engines.
- (3) On How Much Longer, vinyl space is given over to a Last Poets track.
- (4) It's strange that much discussion about punk has been sidetracked by debates about the relative importance of situationist ideas which has perhaps meant that the working class struggles of the 70s have been overlooked as an influence upon the punk ethos?



THE TROSCIT OF BETTIN

fails to deliver any kind of challenge. It doesn't fuck with me or make me want to fuck things up. Noise can be quite conceptual or perhaps it is just plain bone-headed fun at driving your neighbours nuts. Noise in general, especially while noise, is very difficult to submit to criticism. But discomfort and the production of a physical and psychic reaction are key. White Heat is comfortable listening. The release is presented in traditional terms, as an album consisting of live separate, named, composed tracks. An identity appears in the work; a "self" is inserted and asserted. But the record does not speak to the listener of the type of technology Ms.Endo is working with/against. It has no conceptual base. White Heat seems to solely rely upon its nature as a white noise album as its subversive base. Yet conventions and traditions remain intact... harsh feedback alone is not enough.... I love noise that makes me uncomfortable or scared - the records that are impossible to listen to from start to finish or the type that give a rush of adrenalin that makes me want to smash my stereo; ears feel like they're bleeding. I can hear through my stomach and feel through every orpheus of my body - pain becomes pleasure. White Heat could be construed as extreme, but it leaves me dry. Siobhan

Carl Crack-Black Ark-DHR
Nic Endo-White Heat-DHR
Cobra Killers-DHR

This trilogy of new releases from Digital Hardcore Recordings confirms my belief that as soon as any label has the chance for massive distribution they don't have the tracks to release. All three lack severely in respect of production quality of both the pressings (i.e. Cobra Killers attempt at 15 tracks on one 12") and the actual tracks themselves. Once a label fascinated by the massacre of beats and dedicated to distortion-DHR has softened up on the concept, message, and sound.

"All of these reviews are written after one quick flip thru each""
-Carl Crack's Black Ark seemed to have left the dock-without checking to see if he had the supplies for the journey in advance. The whole mess lasts for 70 min. and I have come to believe it would be much more RADICAL and DANGEROUS if DHR's well-paid PR person marketed this as either a torture test and/or a painful initiation into a zombie cult....The material waivers between sloppily edited hip-hop loops, the occasional typical Berlin female voice, lots of undynamic distortion, and basically directionless wank that makes the worst of "ilbient" seem prophetic.

-The newest member of ATR tries to get us hot with 2 big photos and a blast of her White Heat. The packaging is typical for a DHR release, which is why this really fails to deliver. This album consists of numerous tracks each with a title selling itself up to be received as a collection of finished tracks. There is no mention of concept behind this creation, no information on equipment used, and certainly no "tracks". Better off if it was a 7"-White Heat is a 12" of uneventful noise. Which figures since in one interview (The Wire Dec.98) she expresses that the only way she came to do noise is because "Alec said, let's do noise."

-The most entertaining of the three-Cobra Killers kick out 15 tracks most of which contain badly looped 80's Garage samples, high pitched vocals, and the occasional beat. The trash quality of production at least works here better than the former two. The music lacks arrangement, therefore centering on awkward loops that somehow work. The only killer here though are the vocals which sound like they just picked up their first effects rack only seconds ago. They just don't fit with one-dimensional trash quality of the background, panning all over the place and detracting instead of enhance the tracks. Unfortunately, it leaves me wondering where is the power?the terror?the mayhem of the old DHR? The Cobra Killers end up to be the humorous way out of a pressing situation...with the the label's important debut release of their first girl band, Cobra Killers ends up lacking in too many areas to be funny. -Hecate

Arovane: EP Din
Autecore craft meets Chain Reaction guile on this four track EP. Activated and extemporised chill with windtunnel backdrops and fragile harmonics that utilise a large acoustic range: the space of a collapsible auditorium. A track

like Andar seems to be structured and doodled at the same time as faint scribbles of melody meet portable structures. Hook and Crux. The mood of these tracks comes across as they move towards the fade: they perpetually end whilst lingering delicately... a vague poetics of sound with enough percussion punches to lend them a discomfiture... Apres l'explosion. Flint Michigan

Spectre: The Second Coming Wordsound
Beginning with Christopher Walken saying "do you wanna go someplace dark" this CD doesn't deliver on its opening promise until we hit track 5:Purple Dusk. Prior to this the mood has been made hippant by the slowed down 'deep devil' voice of the Ill Saint as he pays homage to another variant of the 'God' that hip-hop likes to be joyously subservient to (in this case its the 'mighty unseen force' tinged with vague satanic mysticism). Purple Dusk is 'someplace dark' in that it is contemplatively moody: melancholic cello, slow almost bored beat and acoustic string quartet chord repeating and layered with spin backs and relayed timbres. This track means that some of the corny 'horror' samples are not our lasting memory of the CD and we begin to view the LP as a memorable 6 track EP with Pillars of Smoke, Crooked Knights, Stik n Move, Spawn, and the Spy Who Came in From the Cold. Flint Michigan

Various: Psychogeographic 7's Diskono

Two 7's: one white, one blue. Low end manoeuvres that are currently operating with a maximum of exposure and a minimum of compliance. Demand will outstrip supply as the wandering will lead to a site other than the one that merited the signposts and the psychical traffic will probably become more fluid simply because it is here prompted by jarred scratching, loop spins and a resuscitated melody. Context is useless. On Blue there is a radio show cut-up that defames the Olympics, a sinister beat-box ditty, a montage of variegated loops and then V/m take it to the bridge with a dark, grit-funk wipe out. On White there is post-classical, crepuscular piano which jars with the almost conservative, 'recognisable', techno of Boards of Canada followed by a short scratch melange, an easy listening groove underpinned by disincarnate voices and then the denouement of a tape/voice/hum track. Tune shards and buckled grooves. The incidental feel of most of these tracks, that they are excerpts from practices in process, gives rise, not only to intrigue, but to a sense of almost autobiographical intimacy. In a fascinating way this Diskono project is 'post-media' in that it is not only autonomous, anti-industry creativity that, being a compilation, is collective, it is also a project that has received acclaim before it was widely heard. That coverage occurred simultaneously to its release not only makes us witness to journalism eliding into mutual marketing it also makes Diskono last months news: an imaginary and untimely novelty. No more masterpieces. Flint Michigan

Dean Roberts: All Cracked Media Mille Plateaux

Three long tracks of electroacoustic music where the accent is on process rather than on constructing a 'track'. On Kompakt Arcade the sound sources of piano/guitar/percussion are sampled and treated like "modules" for a compositional process, an arrangement, that takes place in the studio. The generally repetitive and textured modules, which more often than not are concerned with getting an unfamiliar sound from the instruments (ie piano played by its strings, bowed cymbol), collide against each other and are subject to various panning, color enhancements and "cracks". That the sounds used are mainly subtle and nuanced, not attack-centric, means that surprises come in the way that different and intentionally disconnected sounds come to resonate against each other and, importantly, how they are layered and shift position in the mix. This CD experiments with techniques and approaches that evoke those of UK improvising ensemble AMM (especially noticeable here on the Moving Chairs track) and as with these Cracked Media effects a more focussed listening experience rather than an ambient lethargy. Flint Michigan

reviews continued on page 27

WINTER OF DISCONTENT

LeBlanc and Skip McDonald, the Pop Group, famous for their politically motivated funk-combo work, show, in retrospect, just how such cut-up, scratch-fest classics as the auto-dissolving Veneer of Democracy came about. Just as a track like Hypnotised, drawing on strains of 80's synth-pop and melding it to activated electro beats and disjointed mixing, inflects music with Stewart's political vehemence, so too, tracks like the Pop Group's caustic We Are All Prostitutes, set a complacent, consumptive disco on a collision course with an agit-prop punk. Although the tracks on this CD are not as indicative of the impending and 'untimely' presence of techno as, say, New Order or Throbbing Gristle, Stewart's screeching and informed hatred of capitalism may have set the tone for the political inflection of techno to be a more abstract, non-vocalised form of protest as, after Stewart, there seemed to be no other resonant and contemporary way to verbalise oppression in the form of a song. Such tracks as Forces of Oppression and Justice, drawn from the Pop Group's second album, How Much Longer Can We Tolerate Mass Murder, illustrate how Mark Stewart took the protest song to didactic and almost self-impaled extremes. Tied in with this, in the shadow of an eager dissemination of political information, there is the occasionally audible nadir of political commitment as faith, where the absolution of militancy ("action to back up belief") can lead in the direction of an inactive purity or towards a desperate isolation.. There's no escape: "self-abolishment mirrors its opposite - an omniscient dogma of things" [1]. This dangerous and necessary paradox, perhaps expressible as a tension between group responsibility and individual guilt, is a definite vector of the Pop Group's music, and it may have influenced Stewart's decision not to re-release this material until now. I wonder also, given Stewart's earnestness (a bit of a dirty word in these ironic and dumbed-down times) and the way (a little like Joy Division's Ian Curtis) that he sings with a prostrate and infectious sincerity, whether or not, as a singer, he considered himself a little too exposed. The operative element here is, amidst the rejuvenating strains of funk and the forcefield of anger, that Stewart's concern to politicise his listeners carries with it, in the guttural tones, an immixture of anger and despair that seems to point away from the catharsis of punk towards the uncategorisable emotion of a reflexive propaganda. As it says at the end of the reproduced lyrics to We Are All Prostitutes, to be read just at the moment when the track is collapsing into a cello cacophony: "at this moment despair end and tactics begin". With this CD it's possible to play-out along such lines as these and hear Mark Stewart as wracked rather than wrecked: check how, at the end of Prostitutes, he intones the word "hypocrites", repeating it until it gets stuck in his throat like some anxiety-induced vomit. Stewart's Pop Group lyrics stress just this sense of personal responsibility ("There are no spectators/You participate...") as it collides with idealism and as it perhaps, if we follow the activities of other Pop Group members into outfits like Pig Bag, Maximum Joy and Rip Rig & Panic, comes up against the de-politicised context of

BEATEN IN THE FACE
STOMACH HEAD AND CERVICALS
CHOKED UNTIL UNCONSCIOUS
COLD WATER Poured IN EARS
PLASTIC BAG HELD OVER HEAD
THROWN AGAINST THE WALLS
SHEDDING OF THE WEIGHT LIFTED UP BY THE HAND
SPRINT WITH CIGARETTES
THROW RAGGED OFF
SPREADBAGGED AGAINST THE WALL
SPREADBAGGED ACROSS THE FLOOR
AND THEN CUPPED UROGS
WITH THREATS OF SHOTS
LIGHT SWITCHES OFF
THREATS OF RAPS

words taken from
AGENCY INTERNATIONAL REPORT ON
BRITISH ARMY TORTURE OF IRAQI PRISONERS

SCOTT
MARK
JACOB
IAN
DICK

THE POP GROUP

ROUGH TRADE KT 023

Bomb Graffiti

Somewhere near the end of 'Apocalypse Now' Colonel Kurtz, sitting in the almost impenetrable darkness, utters the memorable line: "They teach young men to drop fire on people, but won't allow them to write 'Fuck' on their aeroplanes because they consider it obscene". We are (possibly) all quite familiar with this film and the scene I mention - Kurtz, in his final rambling monologue, is trying to articulate his vision of the inexpressible.

terrifying reality of human savagery that he has witnessed and participated in, before himself being 'terminated'.



What most of us will have missed I'm sure is a foot-note story in some of the broadsheets that came just before Christmas on the 23rd December. 'US apologises for Ramadan bomb graffiti' ran the story. It detailed how the Pentagon had just condemned "thoughtless graffiti" about Ramadan that was scrawled on the side of a US bomb to be dropped on Iraq, shortly before Christmas. The inscription said: "Here's a Ramadan present from Chad Rickenberg".

The graffiti was seen in a photograph transmitted the weekend before by the American Associated Press from the aircraft carrier USS Enterprise in the Gulf. The message was on a 2,000lb laser-guided bomb that was to be loaded.

The story continued to develop as if scripted as a black farce along the lines of 'Dr. Strangelove'. Kenneth Bacon(I), chief Pentagon spokesman, issued a statement of regret designed to convey how sensitive American officials were about Ramadan, which had begun the weekend before. He said the officials were distressed to learn of the graffiti, but he did not speak of any investigation or disciplinary action against Seaman Rickenberg.

Mr Bacon continued: "Religious intolerance is anathema to Secretary of Defence William Cohen and to all Americans who cherish the right to worship freely. The United States deeply respects Islam". (So much so in fact that they despatch(ed) tons of wire-guided firepower at Sudan, Afghanistan and Iraq on highly dubious pretexts, all the while allowing a Muslim population in Europe - the people of Kosovo - to be slaughtered at will by the Serbian maniac Milosevic). "We are grateful for our good relations with Arab and Islamic peoples, and we appreciate the important contributions of Muslim-Americans to the US military.

"I know our people in uniform respect and appreciate religious practices different from their own. This incident is a rare exception that does not reflect American policy or values." On this note it was surprising he did not wish the Iraqis a 'Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year'.

Contrary to Bacon's statement (and true to Kurtz's observation), putting graffiti on US weapons is something of a tradition among GIs dating right back to the Second World War. Indeed, the Ramadan comment was just one of many messages inscribed on weapons in the "bomb farm" below the flight deck of the Enterprise. Among the others, (with original spellings) were "Hold onto Yer Butt", "Die, You Magets", "This is Gunna Hurt" and "To Saddam, Mery X-Mas".

Final thought: Each of the 325 cruise missiles fired at Iraq during the Operation Desert Fox bombing campaign cost \$1.2m. "They won't allow them to write 'FUCK'....."

by SCUD

Prevention of Terrorism?

Largely unnoticed by the public the Labour government has been sneaking in "anti-terrorist" legislation in the wake of the Omagh bombing and is planning to sharpen their knives even further with new proposed laws. It becomes clear that 'new' Labour has been put into power because it is even more radical in defending crisis-struck capitalism than the Tories. Blair's is an entirely different type of extremism than Thatcher's, a more modern one. So get ready for repression: An amendment to the PTA - Criminal Justice (Terrorism and Conspiracy)

Act was rushed through which allows - convictions for membership of an illegal organisation on the "opinion" evidence of a senior police officer - a new offense of conspiracy within the UK to commit crimes abroad The point of 'membership' in a illegal organisation has been successfully used for example in Italy against dissidents and oppositional intellectuals. In Germany it has been used to lock up people for many years even if they hadn't actually committed a crime (apart from being a 'member of a terrorist organisation'). What is new about the UK regulation is that it will be easier than ever to frame people and put them away for 7 years - solely on the (otherwise unproven) evidence of one senior police officer.

The second point is currently directed against people who are dissidents or activists against foreign regimes, so they can be put away even if they're not planning or committing any crimes in or against the UK (e.g. if they are in exile working against a regime friendly with the UK).

The pretext for this legislation (Ireland simultaneously introduced its own amendments) was the massacre committed in Omagh by a bomb for which an organisation called the "Real IRA" was blamed. No one in the media (once again) asked the relevant question: Cui bono? Who profits? Certainly not the Republican movement. With the new laws militants are told: Toe the line, or we lock you up - and this is happening at the same time as convicted killers walk free. Plus: Wouldn't it be likely that the security services had infiltrated the "Real IRA"; did they allow the massacre to happen to be able to radicalise their apparatus of repression? Either way - the "draconian" (Blair) measures were by no means necessary to deal with the bomb, there are plenty and sufficient legal means to deal with people who blow other people up.

Only months later the Home secretary Jack Straw proposed new anti-terrorist laws that would make membership in any groups that use "serious violence" illegal. "The definition of terrorism is to be widened to include any serious violence, including acts of disruption, 'in order to promote political, religious or ideological ends'." (Daily Mail, 18-12-98). Straw is dreaming of a permanent law, as opposed to the old Prevention of Terrorism Act that needs to be renewed every year, under which he can use "full powers of arrest, detention, surveillance and sentencing" for the clean Brave New World of Führer Blair.

According to the Daily Mail ("Terror law to curb animal fanatics") "The Home Secretary is seeking comments on his proposals, which also target the funds of terrorist organisations by making the seizure of their assets easier even if they have not been convicted of any crime but are merely under strong suspicion."

These are clearly state of emergency laws: But why now? Militant activism is at a low, from whatever perspective you want to see it. It is however true that the nature of armed conflict is more and more resembling "Terrorism". The best examples for this are the US attacks on Sudan and Afghanistan (following the bombing of the US embassies in Kenya and Tanzania), as well as the recent Clinton/Blair cooperation in bombing Iraq. Not only are actions such as these bringing us ever closer to a major conflict in a time of worsening crisis of the world-wide capitalist system, also government sources have admitted that they are expecting civil disturbances following the Millennium crash to the degree of having troops on stand-by - and emergency legislation at their disposal.

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Information War, Cyberwar, Netwar, Anti-War, Technowar, Postmodern War are all new buzzwords in the field of military theory, buzzwords that are now becoming more commonplace and are entering the cultural mainstream. I will not regurgitate the propaganda about the 'information age' and all the talks about superhighways, but stick to the field of military theory and then draw attention to the fact how much this concerns us...

The connection of concepts of information and the conduct of war was certainly not lost on the military theoreticians in the past from Sun Tse onwards. Napoleon is quoted as saying that three hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

What is Information War?

As concepts of information war are filtering into the cultural mainstream, often in form of manipulation and control of information by governments against their own citizens, nurturing cynicism about the democratic process, it is far from clear in military circles what we are talking about. Definitions such as the following are common, but not satisfying: "Information warfare is the offensive and defensive use of information and information systems, while protecting one's own. Such actions are designed to achieve advantages over military or business adversaries."

The actual confusion is well illustrated at the beginning of an essay by Martin Libicki of the Institute for National Strategic Studies:

"In the fall of 1994, I was privileged to observe an Information Warfare game sponsored by the Office of the Secretary of Defence. Red, a middle-sized, middle-income nation with a sophisticated electronics industry, had developed an elaborate five-year plan that culminated in an attack on a neighboring country. Blue — the United States — was the neighbor's ally and got wind of Red's plan. The two sides began an extended period of preparation during which each conducted peacetime information warfare and contemplated wartime information warfare. Players on each side retreated to game rooms to decide on moves.

Upon returning from the game rooms, each side presented its strategy. Two troubling tendencies emerged: First, because of the difficulty each side had in determining how the other side's information system was wired, for most of the operations proposed (for example, Blue considered taking down Red's banking system) no one could prove which actions might or might not be successful, or even what "success" in this context meant. Second, conflict was the sound of two hands clapping, but not clapping on each other. Blue saw information warfare as legions of hackers searching out the vulnerabilities of Red's computer systems, which might be exploited by hordes of viruses, worms, logic bombs, or Trojan horses. Red saw information warfare as psychological manipulation through media. Such were the visions in place even before wartime variations on information warfare came into the discussion. Battle was never joined, even by accident."

The concept of Information War turns out to have little analytical coherence, and Libicki then goes on to propose 7 different types of Information War, saying that as a separate technique of waging war it doesn't exist, and that instead there are several distinct forms, each laying claim to the larger concept - conflicts that involve the protection, manipulation, degradation, and denial of information. "(i) command-and-control warfare (which strikes against the enemy's head and neck), (ii) intelligence-based warfare (which consists of the design, protection, and denial of systems that seek sufficient knowledge to dominate the battlespace), (iii) electronic warfare (radio- electronic or cryptographic techniques), (iv)psychological warfare (in which information is used to change the minds of friends, neutrals, and foes), (v) "hacker" warfare (in which computer systems are attacked), (vi) economic information warfare (blocking information or channelling it to pursue economic dominance), and (vii) cyberwarfare (a grab bag of futuristic scenarios). All these forms are weakly related."

Not only that: More often than not they have been part of the conduct of wars for centuries, and are, with few exceptions, by no means new. What has changed are the availability of technology than allows worldwide transmission of information in real time, the potential lethality of conventional war, the role of the media, a context where a new emphasis for conflict and propaganda emerges: The management of information and visibility. Old forms of propaganda and control are not vanishing but supplemented with new forms. Still there are security forces with rising budgets controlling the streets, but increasingly attempting

to control the "information highways". Still there are saturation bombings of the public mind by the mass media that are owned by less and less corporations with their own stake and quasi-political stance, as illustrated by the rise and fall of media mogul Berlusconi in Italy or the power of Rupert Murdoch and his involvement (not only) in British politics. There is an almost indiscriminate proliferation of spectacular information that is a kind of black magic creating social, political and cultural reality,consensus and identity. At the same time your data shadow is getting longer and longer as all you transactions and movements are recorded by cash machines and surveillance cameras. We have a double strategy of the noise of the spectacle supplemented by the silent totalitarianism of liberal fascism, because that is what Clinton and Blair are getting at when they talk about a "Third Way". Capitalism's shortcomings have been becoming clearer and clearer once more over the last few months, but now - since the fall of the Eastern Bloc - the West doesn't have to prove anymore that it is indeed "better" and "freer". Not that the east/west dichotomy offered any real choice, but now your only choice is to be on the side of the law or on the side of terrorists, pedophiles, drug cartels, criminals. With the disappearance of the other super-power as the main enemy, and the emergence of Rogue States and Super-Hackers the difference between hot war and cold war is disappearing as well.

And paranoia is emerging, as a quote from a paper titled "Political Aspects of Class III Information Warfare: Global Conflict and Terrorism" by Matthew G. Devost held at a conference called InfoWarCon II in Montreal January 18-19, 1995 will illustrate: "There is no early warning system for information warfare. You don't know it is coming, so you must always expect it which creates a high level of paranoia." The permanent threat to be attacked out of nowhere creates an aggressive siege mentality, where preemptive, surgical strikes, are advocated against the 'rogue' forces, global policing is enforced, a permanent state of almost-war (or 'cool war'?) of which cultural conflicts as well as small scale armed conflicts are part.

In military speak this is often referred to as Low-Intensity Conflict, or LIC.

The rhetoric of Low-Intensity Conflict has taken over from the term Counter Insurgency: "Low-intensity conflict is a limited politico-military struggle to achieve political, social, economic, or psychological objectives. It is often protracted and ranges from diplomatic, economic, and psychosocial pressures through terrorism and insurgency. Low-intensity conflict is generally confined to a geographic area and is often characterized by constraints on the weaponry, the tactics, and the level of violence." Joint Low-Intensity Conflict Project Final Report (U.S.Army, 1986)

For those involved this can practically mean a situation of almost Total War, as long as it's not fought with nukes or conventional means of mass destruction. The Gulf War was a 'Mid-Intensity Conflict' that involved systematic mass destruction. July 13, 1970, General Westmoreland made this prediction to Congress: "On the battlefield of the future, enemy forces will be located, tracked, and targeted almost instantaneously through the use of data links, computer assisted intelligence evaluation, and automated fire control. ... I am confident that the American people expect this country to take full advantage of this technology - to welcome and applaud the developments that will replace wherever possible the man with the machine." Lethality, speed and scope of warfare is rising: Dr. Richard Gabriel: "Military technology has reached a point where "conventional weapons have unconventional effects." In both conventional war and nuclear war, combatants can no longer be reasonably expected to survive." (1987) From this follows that wars have to be conducted like terrorist attacks with an element of surprise in order to not have a situation of (prolonged) combat established. Violence becomes sudden and exterminist.

It is suggested (in *Postmodern War*) the "reverse of the high tech strategy is to make your military target a political victory. Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari call this 'guerrilla warfare, minority warfare, revolutionary and popular war' and note that, while war is necessary in this strategy, it is only necessary as a supplement to some other project. Practitioners of political war 'can make war only on the condition that they simultaneously create something else', if only new inorganic social relations" (in: Nomadology: The War Machine, 1986, p.121; emphasis in original). This is, after all, a very old form of war, dating back to prehistory. It contains many elements of ritual war, especially those that were borrowed from the hunt: stalking, hiding, waiting, deceiving, ambushing."

All this has grave implications on Military theory, and we can observe an escalation of non-conventional methods of combat, not only for territories, but also for people's minds and souls.

Advanz v Gescom: Viral & Foehn: Shrouded Fat Cat 009

A split 12 from Fat Cat, this release marks the arrival of Zone 3 and Zone 4 of an ongoing series. Zone 3 sees Gescom link up with the Skam Records DJ to sculpt a track that works as a retroprojection of the Detroit sound (more particularly for me, that of the Carl Craig track At Les). Allegedly made up from Buck Rodgers samples what we have here is a phat bass kick that accents the backswing and whose seeming simplicity belies its propulsion effect: a beat with less accent and a beat early. Busy percussion fills in around a vocal stab as the track slowly builds up to the introduction of the string whose slowness, dragging over the beat, can only but heighten the beat. Instead of repeating this ad infinitum Viral lets the first chord of the string hover in a suspension of tension before letting it play out. It may sound simple and, as with early Detroit, it's perhaps just this aspect of the track, not being overly clever and dry, not attempting to too sophisticatedly overcrowd the track that makes one listening of Viral always move on into two or three listenings. In contrast (and it's quite a contrast... such is the enticement of this split-series) we have two tracks from Foehn. These are gritty textures in Zoviet France territory. Wind tunnels that carry timbre clashes in their slipstream and that wash through you like waves that carry different bits of aural detritus: a guitar note here, a violin there, a cello chord dropped deeper? An after-echo of noise. This kind of post-techno vector (ie Process etc) has resonance with improvised electronica such as AMM where signifiers are split from their signified in a way that encourages an unanchored receptive context. Flint Michigan

Process: Untitled Fat Cat 21

Post-techno soundscapes from Andy Barnes that tread a similar ground to Mike Ink's Gas project and to the Chain Reaction/Basic Channel roster: processed layers shift and mingle in a kind of undertow of sound whilst the beat morphs into a dimly perceived pulse. Like the Axis minimalism of Jeff Mills and Robert Hood these are tracks that seem to insist upon the reinterjection of the traditions that have passed before. We almost recollect the adrenalin inducement of techno but any memory trace we have seems to spur us towards discovering beats in the swathes and clicks that rise and fall. What's interesting about these 5 tracks is the way they laterally stretch the ethereal qualities of 'ambient' towards a muddled musique-concrete; we don't so much float away as move more intimately in. Flint Michigan

Lonny & Melvin: If You Want A Job To Be Done, Do It Yourself Craft 33

The Hague's I-F and Melvin White present a 5 tracker that contains two tracks from the rare Murder Capital 01 release: the classic overload of Suck the Box and the driven cinematics of Theme From Murder Capital. Bringing these two tracks back into circulation makes this an EP worth hunting down and especially so when you hear The Job, a lightweight melody coursing around percussion rushes, and then flip over to the motor stalk stealth of Geld. Coming with a gangster story as sleeve art makes this EP not so much a Reservoir Dogs homage, but the ditching of rock kitsch makes room for the sinister minimalisms of early 70s crime flicks like The Outlit and Point Blank. Long silences of detachment. Sadistic funk. Take a trip to Parmetex car demolition... Flint Michigan

Electronome: Music Telex Viewlexx

Electronome's third solo release in as many years sees him perhaps holding back from delivering something to rival No Landscape. With the possible exception of the lead track there is none of the heightened drum pattern and consuasingly freeform electronic overload that his first single was much admired for. Music Telex is a much more laidback affair that may reflect Electronome's moving into the centreground of current electro rewrites... leaving the manic terrain to RA-X? That said the revisionism on offer here may belie the producer's need to slightly alter his approach.It may have been too easy just to repeat the techniques of the earlier singles and, instead, a concern with making tracks that are more subtle seems discernible. A personal favourite is A2 with its insistent vocoder message and rolling beats. Flint Michigan

Le Car: Auto Motif Ersatz Audio

Le Car are clean living boys with a taste for the early 80s synth-pop of Jon Foxx and there seems to be a race on in the electro scene for who can get closest to kitsch while still retaining some suss. After some of Drexciya's classics, I-F's Space Invaders track seem to reset this off and Le Car come close again, on this EP, with Erase That Thought: jaunty, simple and yet sinisetrised by a vocoder intoning the brainwashing theme of the title. Le Car are always interesting to listen to and this may be because their tracks are so brittle and spacious and also because they never go for that overbearing spectacular effect that some harder tracks yearn for. Yet again the Le Car tracks here are short and this has the advantage for them of reinforcing the computerised, production-line pastiche they seem to go for: endless, mass produced 'pop' made by robots. There's no-one left in the factory...what's a factory? Flint Michigan

I-f: The Man From Pac Interdimensional Transmissions

On this, his second LP, I-F strips back his current 'disco sique' formula to the bare essentials. This gives for a large reverbed sound to give the rhythm and bass-runs a prominence and then, rather than infill to his heart's content, the tracks are given a thin layering of melody. I know for some this concentrate of spindley pop-disco is getting a little too much, but in I-F's favour the popiness of some of these tracks do carry their own subversive elements: B1 is a little too fast, A2's melody is as creepy as it is deliberately sickly and B2's refrain is too reflective. But whatever can be said against this collection of tracks one thing that I-F has always been able to do is programme a bass line and, just as importantly, give it body. This LP is no exception and his basslines, especially as they offset cymbal and hit-hat interaction, seem to draw on varied memories of synth-pop, disco, house and techno whilst being placed in a neo-electro context. The sparseness of the melody then, comes to leave this underpinning unencumbered by the specific accent of any of these genres. Flint Michigan

Nic Endo White Heat (DHR)

Noise is the great equalizer. There are those who will say that the less steeped in any sort of musical contamination or technique, the harder and purer the noise. The category "noise" shifts from person to person, is perceived and conceived differently. Whatever its definition, noise essentially lacks pattern. There's nothing for your brain to latch onto -

it can be a liberating or a totally braindead experience. And therein lies the rub...Noise can either bring you onto another psychic plane or leave you bored as fuck and wanting more. While Heat leaves me wanting more. On DHR, but not "digital hardcore" per say, the record fails to shock or challenge DHR's own aesthetic or push the boundaries of a genre or the label itself. And to me that is the essence of noise, to challenge modes of listening to records, to challenge the technology of making records and to dismantle the sonic workings of the technology which plays the music - to challenge the very conception of accepted listening and "music". White Heat

SPITTIN' WICKED RANDOMNESS

X-Ecutioners: X-Pressions [Asphodel] Mix-Master Mike: Anti-Theft Device [Asphodel]

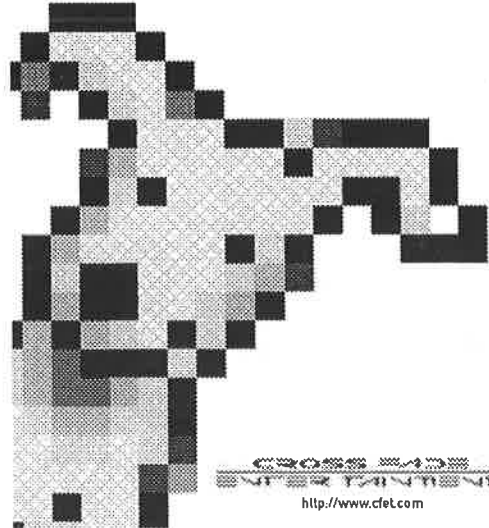
It may perhaps be an indication of the renewed currency of electro that has led some hip-hop practitioners to revisit the roots of their genre and discover anew the beauties of the beat box and of scratching; a kind of ever present picking up of the 'Bambaataa Mission'. That electro led to hip-hop is hardly a point worth stressing, but a couple of recent releases on New York's Asphodel label show that hip-hop, perhaps being carried in the slipstream of the Wordsound label's openness towards experimentation, is mutating and bringing into collision some of the differing elements of its tradition. On the otherhand it's probably best not to loose sight of the fact that visibility is mediated, and, even without much of a handle on the hip-hop scene, it must also be a case of hip-hop elements continually subsisting beneath exposure and the generalisations of category that they induce...

For alot of people who followed electro into techno and got quickly impervious to the spoken word, the hip-hop scenes mainstay of rapped lyrics and pseudo-poetry meant that some landmarks of early 90s hip-hop - The Jungle Brothers, Tribe Called Quest etc - passed-by unheard. Of these, tracing the Jungle Brothers through to the Wordsound crew (Sensational) is perhaps to locate one strand of hip-hop that has kept an open ended attitude to experimentation (a move towards being genreless and diffuse?). Here a fine example is the Jungle Brothers descent into collaged, anti-industry mayhem as heard on tracks like "Headz of Company Z" and on the string of separate tracks all called "J Beez Coming Thru" with their melange of turntable samples and hard edged beats (even before such musical anarchics, their 1989 Done By The Force Of Nature LP shows them drawing on all elements of the back music tradition: disco, electro, soul, funk). Even though such cacophonous tracks are rare for the Jungle Brothers it does seem that they were instrumental in pursuing an element of hip-hop that has only recently become a more common currency: the 'ill' sound, referred to by the Tribe Called Quest as 'subliminal'. Translated again, for me, 'ill' seems to be about a density of detail that subsists beneath the rapping...

The X-Ecutioners and Mix Master Mike achieve this density through the tapestry of scratching and turntable wizardry which also marks the 'return' of the DJ crew as record producers. A persistent factor in electro (Davy D, Pumpkin etc). The X-Ecutioners (featuring Rob Swift who has recorded for Wordsound) give us a varied LP of more conventional rapping numbers (Word Play, Raida's Theme) that are spruced-up by lightening-flash scratch punctuation or broken down by intravenous bursts (Countdown, Solve for X, Musica Negra). Against these 'songs' there are a majority of other tracks (Get Started, One Man Band, Beat Treats etc) that reverse the composition and give the foreground to the slurps and vinyl slashes of the scratching, occasionally adding drum and bass as anchor. It is on the latter tracks that X-Pressions escapes linearity into a 'cut-the-fuck-up' patchwork of activating fragments that work just as much as a potted history of hip-hop as it does as a break/flow console. Of the tracks that elude this mould we have a Rob Swift solo track: empty spaces of flanged piano and a lazy beat (Pianos from Hell) and an instrumental (Scratch To This). Overall this an LP that manages to balance convention and experiment by infusing them both with each other. Rhythm from turntable switchback....

Coming from a West Coast terrain is Mix Master Mike. Being a part of the Invisible Scratch Pickles and the Beastie Boys resident DJ this is an LP entirely made up from scratching and sampling, but whereas the X-Ecutioners seem to rely on the soul/funk 'classics' for scratch fodder, Mix-Master Mike draws on one or two more eclectic sources. This makes his LP (all forty tracks of it!) perhaps more readily amenable to crossover in that there's a variety of bass and drum sounds on offer: electro infected, rock and soul sounds; kit and beat box. Though there's a kind of flippancy at work on this LP, where scratches come in like cartoon voices and ruin the mood of a drudge beat or plummeting bass, once he gets away from using 50s sci-fi samples, whose innocence seems to infect some tracks, the LP progresses towards the grime-beats of New Organisation, Jack Knife and Well Wicked and, at their best, would be at home on an Electric Ladyland compilation. However, at its worse, Anti-Theft device can come across as so restless and unfocused as to be a kind of actually audible attention-seeking and whereas the cover image of X-Pressions is a scratched-in piece of subway vandalism, Mix Master Mike prefers a graphic of himself surrounded by adoring fans.... He's a Beastie Boy after all.

Unexpected Coda: If the X-Ecutioners and Mix Master Mike are competitive scratchers sending signals to each other before they 'go to battle' then mention must go to the instrumental version of Portishead's 'Cowboys' single. Portishead's turntable operator seems to know that competing can be a backdoor route to virtuosity and that scratching, the re-articulation of fragments, can be usefully employed as a form of punctuation; as sounds without word-traces that don't rush to the foreground but enliven the downward rhythm and repetitive ruts. On 'Cowboys' the sparsely used scratching seems to function as a reminder of a remainder. Something 'ill' this way comes... Flint Michigan



Anagogic Arm 2nd Euro Tour Report.....

Spent first few days at On-Off Station doing 7 deck mixing / honing sound from steel installations...



31.10.98 Nantes. France. Shrii out the toys...

Well organised party by Sexochii, with A.N.T.I / EPC / Ewen Le Lascar + others playing. Good turn out in a huge squatted warehouse. It was billed as strictly an Amiga party, so I turned up with a 4 speed portable deck, Wobblator and Emencifier. began high-pitched feedback through a 12K P.A. which got the 'ravers' standing outside in the rain ! (what do these people expect with a Harshcore line-up?) and then used T.D. and toys / honed as source. Highlights were definitely the sets by A.N.T.I. and Sexochii, both very individual and sonic ... I then visited the Fearless Leader in Holland, and checked his amazing midi triggering... (secrecy surrounds this i'm afraid)

6.11.98 New Berlin Initiative. Berlin. Brutal easy listening..

The publicity for this event was so good that I even shared a page in the listings mags with Lionel Richie! Support came from Kroess who did an excellent 'reductionist' set which confused and amused the mixed crowd of regulars and overdressed art-slugs. The P.A. was so bad though - one 18" blown bass cone and a desk that must have been rejected from the former East, which cut-out/feedbacked if you looked at it... (and of course the owner was a fucking atypical jerk) I felt sorry for Thaddi and Multipara who put up with my relentless vinyl searches over Berlin and were then subjected to what sounded like gurgling mud for an hour... Special thanks to Daniel and Erik from Staalplaat for setting this up...

7.11.98 ZORO. Leipzig. Light the flame, bright the fire...

Best gig of the tour. Established squat in a massive factory space with good P.A. Promoted and organised by the one man army of Paul Zoro. Society Suckers D.J. Squad began with a great set of their tracks / breaks / South London / busted noise / Mini Disc / dictaphone etc... in a smogged out empty space which reminded me of early Dead By Dawn sessions...

I then played my final Anagogic Arm / Drill Turntable set which ended with a ritual burning of the equipment, unfortunately the East German paper seemed to be coated with something toxic which burnt the fuck out our eyes and set off the fire alarms... good way to end.

Afterwhich the real action began, the Suckers started with a back to back and then lead the way into a mass hands-on noise-out, Paul Zoro dragged some gear from his studio, headphones became mics etc and we continued until dawn... Certainly made up for the previous night /10 hour train journeys and the inevitable Customs interest...The best party of last year, nicely busted...
Nomex...

La Peste (Hangars Liquides 003)

Release number 3 on one of the best labels of 98 comes from La Peste who does his generally strange thing over 4 trax. Effectively exploring half/full (150/300 BPM) speed terrain with tracks ranging from sample cut ups over low impact kicks to extended bass drum/kick percussion experiments. The feel of the EP is restrained and submerged, there are no hardcore slamers relying on formulaic structures, just screwed up industrial of the highest order. Whether useful as a tool for DJ's to bring some variety and context to a future noise set or a stand alone tracks, La Peste has reinforced H.L.'s position as a source of no compromise music.
Eun

EPC (Hangars Liquides 07)

Ronan Le Roux, already responsible for the first H.L. release does it again for the label with his arguably fattest release so far (releases that include Fischkopf 24 and one side of Blut 1). 4 mechanical and pounding amiga workouts, 3 of which adhering to a strict 4/4, one going more free style in a hectic broken beat mode.
CF

Cytochrome C Un Arbre en Lévitaiton (Hangars Liquides 08)

One long track on each side, this leans heavily towards industrial noise and loops. On Kinesiesie the beats fall away completely - and more explorations of noise can only be welcomed, but have to keep in mind that a lot has been done in this field in the last 20 years (considerably more than in say 'speedcore'). Antinomie uses strict beats, but in an almost abstract way; a live jam?

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Becoming increasingly faster and more relentless. Also includes a lyric sheet and a small piece of original artwork.
CF

Brulé vif EP (bmr 0041)

The second release on BMTR opens with a track from Cytochrome C (HLO8) with violin and hammering beats. Perplex Barquettes come closest to burning you alive with a pretty infernal track with pleasing delirious qualities. Taciturnex opens the flip side with a noise track, UHT adds a dark midtempo piece and Sh'tank speed up the beats again (considerably). Good compilation with exclusive tracks, nearly all artists having new releases out around the same time.
CF

subURBANE The Mechanical Propaganda Device (Bloody Fist 13)

After Bloody Fist added a new dimension to their arsenal with Memelic's Some More Fukt Muzak, this is a fairly eclectic release encompassing techno, breakbeat and speedcore but still holds together due to the coherent choice of sounds. Rough and ready, in particular the raw speedcore of Polis and the breakcore of Barbara (with 'I'll make them pay' sample) should make you pay for this record.
CF

No-Tek 10

Once you figured out which side is which (it matters because one is cut on 45 and one on 33) the collaborative effort on 3 tracks titled Rencontre d'un autre type includes John Entox (Skream), Soulaterra, A2Tek and others besides No-Tek, is an elongated jam session that is noisy and broken up, and doesn't fail to please, without reaching the quality of No-Tek 5 or 6 (7, in case you were

wondering was a live tape, 8 and 9 are CD-R's). The other side (Monofonic Test) documents the murder of a 303 ('Crime pacifiste en 3 actes') by using samples of the dreaded machine for all the sounds (essentially creating a techno track). The final track is a heavy metal workout with Sabbath-esque tuned-down guitars. Faced with the choice of a TB and metal guitars, I choose to turn the record over...
CF

Frequencies (Explore Toi 020) Explore Toi (E.T. 023)

"Real time live method, no sequence programmed", it says on the label, and that seems to be the credo of the recent Explore Toi releases; unfortunately this manifests itself in drawn out impro sessions. The attempt to counteract the rigidity of sequenced production gets lost in the emphasis on process over production. What's left doesn't prove anything except that it's possible to create improvised music with drummachines, synths and samplers as well as with guitars and drums etc. I still prefer this over most French spiral soundalikes (which E.T. of course aren't, creating a harder and faster sound), but sorely lacks the rigor and fierceness of Hangars Liquides, No Tek and others, but if you need to be reminded why writing tracks on sequencers is a good idea...
CF

Ken Ardley Playboys: We've Got Ken Lucky Garage Records 0D

Coming over like a cross between The Fall and Half Man Half Biscuit, the Playboys, refugees from a London art scene of quick shags, blank looks and other forms of self-

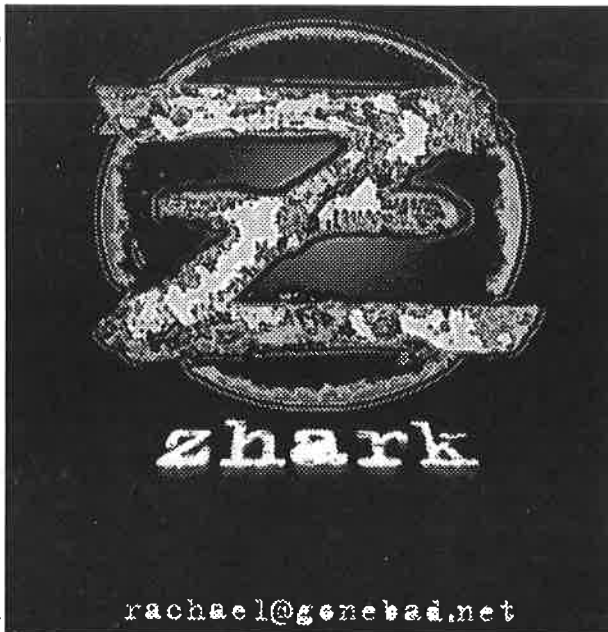
promotion, here blend surreal, scurrilous humour, irony and pastiche on a CD that surely merits the promotional blurb: "rock graveyard". As Mark E. Smith once said, "let's get this together and make it bad" and what then happens is that you can make music on your own terms where the flaws and the accidents help in the making of an autonomous atmosphere. With a straining version of Kraftwerk's The Model and with such tracks as Popstars, Eni Fing Two Be Faymus and Van Monologue we have jokes that wear so thin you can see through to other jokes beneath them. Watch out for Ken Ardley Plays Detroit Classics....
Flint Michigan

V/VM: Chart Runners V/VM 5

There seems to be no stopping V/VM in their flight away from dance beats and their latest release sees them plundering record graveyards and resurrecting the ever-present spirit of the classical avant-garde. However, Chart Runners is no vinyl-conservatoire and what V/VM add to their corrosive collages, mood surges and laminated kitsch is a restlessness and a punky sardonicism. Their desire to break things up and confront expectation is perhaps best seen on their electro track whose beat can't seem to sit still as it is continually threatened by being whipped into disintegration by slashes of warping static. If, for some, the 'sick' humour of re-rendering the Birdy Song and allowing the Hovis Theme to emerge from beneath strata of hiss is a little too much, then take heart from the final track on this LP where Mantovani-style easy listening strings are made uncannily haunting by surface clicks and labyrinthine reverb.
Flint Michigan

Terre Thaemelitz & Jane Dowe: Institutional Collaborative Mille Plateaux

Not so much a collection of tracks as an 'audio project' that works best when bits of muzak are estranged by frequency clicks and studio filters that make them whistle and hum. Another high point of defamiliarization is No.07 when spacious piano notes are distorted and made to sound like a weird hybrid of the natural and the digital. If the Means From An End CD was exciting in its meticulous irreverence and through the way Terre Thaemelitz contextualised his/her work in a political way then there's a suspicion that this CD, with its theme of academic collaboration, is too tempered by its potential reception as 'art music'.
Flint Michigan



Kouhei Matsunaga: Upside Down Mille Plateaux

Of recent Mille Plateaux releases this is closest in spirit to the Arno Peters CD of last year in that montaged shards from all fields (classical, folk, acoustic, industrial, noise processing, operatic) are brought together into incohesive wholes. Whereas Arno Peter's structured his sound-collages with a commentary upon global communications here the 22 year old Kouhei threads his eclectic tracks with simple beat structures that work like a spinal column in holding the dense and varied aural spirochets together. Previously recording as Mou for Electric Ladyland, the vaguely 'libbient' 'I cannot feel you because...' is the most immediately recognisable track and, as with a lot of Mille Plateaux stuff, the strangeness of the syntax and track structure makes the music sound difficult when it's often more a matter of the overfamiliarity of some genres which act upon us negatively as something we're too used to (i.e. neo-electro's potential failing?). Kouhei's Upside Down CD is commendable for its detail, density and the way it seems to extend itself everywhere at once. Yet whilst it illicit a patient response from the listener, sometimes it's restless meanderings can come across as over-entangled rather than energising (the 17 minute track Seat seems a point in case). Two Foot & Two Hand and Natsuyumesou reward patience.
Flint Michigan

Funkstörung: Sonderdienste Compost

Re-wind to Warp's Artificial Intelligence series and then fast forward and there's a case that these four tracks could be classed in the 'intelligence' camp. There's an Autechre type vibe audible here, where it often seems that there's more of a machine rather than a prosthetic thing going on. This feeling might be inspired by the fact that most of these 4 tracks stick to a song type structure which does have the effect of making them more harmonic than they otherwise should be. There's plenty of rhythmic detail and some interesting noise/sample/digital filter noises at play, but maybe these should have been brought more to the fore rather than their being emplaced in too much melody? Autechre often escape this by having a more instinctive feel for the funk and it's perhaps such an absence of drive that makes this Funkstörung EP kind of hover around you without delivering anything particularly enticing.
Flint Michigan

Counter-Insurgency, Low-Intensity Conflict, Information War: Behind the rhetoric lies the reality of a global civil war that is fought with acts of terror and mind control.

And in the so-called War on Drugs we can find parallels to the world of Information War, Propaganda and Terrorism. The War on Drugs is part of a strategy that involves Rogue States and Non-Governmental Organisations as well as evil terrorists; there have been various attempts to link those concepts up to create the much needed threat to internal security, such as in the idea of Narco-Terrorism that proposes that it is a combination of leftist guerrilla forces and the drug cartels that pose a threat to the American hegemony mainly in South America. Apart from incidental collusion this theory has been thoroughly rebuked by establishment researchers. No only is the Narco-Terrorism concept a propaganda lie (and pretext for bloody oppression), if we look deeper into it we are tempted to assume that in fact it is a practice used by the security enforcement agencies themselves, as the leaking drugs for guns and hostages deals underline... What is the head of the CIA doing in South Central L.A. parading his 'innocence' of alleged involvements of his agency in pumping crack into the neighbourhood? In other places such as Zürich and Liverpool large amounts of Heroin became available at dirt cheap prices around 1981 - just after massive riots had happened, and just as covert programs to finance the Islamic 'Holy War' against the Russians in Afganistan - a main producer of the drug - started rolling. Incidentally it was pretty much the same people the CIA was financing and arming then as the ones now accused by the US to be terrorists and drug dealers (see page 4 in this issue).... Coincidences? Even in the early 80's the heroin in Liverpool was referred to as 'Maggie-smack' (as in Margaret Thatcher, the then conservative prime minister).

The War on Drugs was never meant to be 'won'

But it is by no means the only example of where double strategies are used by those in power to remain in control at any cost. The 'strategy of tension' in 70's Italy is another example where a coalition of secret services, neo-fascists, mafia-linked right wing politicians, elements in the Vatican and the secret lodge P2 conspired to avert what they saw as an imminent communist takeover. Bombings and assassinations were organised, and radical left wing groups were blamed to create the climate for a military putsch. Neither happened, but hundreds died and thousands got arrested.

A crucial role in this scenario was played by the Brigade Rosse (Red Brigades) an originally radical communist group that was increasingly infiltrated by the secret service and was at least partly and very efficiently used against the rest of (or the real) radical left. Some think at least some of their actions, quite possibly including the kidnapping and killing of Aldo Moro, the president of Democrazia Christiana (the conservative party then in power, Moro being a part of its more liberal wing) were actually controlled by the secret state.

Let's juxtapose this with the U.S. Department of Defence definition of terrorism:

"Terrorism is carried out purposefully, in a cold-blooded, calculated fashion. The men and women who plan and execute these precision operations are neither crazy nor mad. They are very resourceful and competent criminals, systematically and intelligently attacking legally constituted nations that, for the most part, believe in the protection of individual rights and respect for the law. Nations that use terror to maintain the government are terrorists themselves."

We should keep this in mind when we think of the biggest act of terrorism in the US: The bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah building in Oklahoma City on April 19, 1995, the anniversary of Waco. Despite Timothy McVeigh getting the death penalty for it there remain a large number of open questions that suggest that maybe a whole different scenario was at work than was brought forward by the mass media, probably the most powerful point being that there seems to have been prior knowledge of the bombing on the side of the authorities...

If the authorities only had the slightest advance knowledge - and there there are indications that they did - incidents such as OK or Waco are part of a strategy of power that could be labelled preventive counterinsurgency gone out of control. To control and direct such out-of-control situations a severe management of information has to be applied.

This also means that the character of "minority warfare" is changing, in fact from a 'hot' strategy (e.g. armed insurrection) to a cold technological one, but only as a tendency - after all we should have noted that five out of the seven types of Information War proposed by Libicki are quite traditional forms of conflict that include sabotage, espionage, blockades and propaganda. Keep this in mind when we look at the concepts brought forward by RAND researchers John Arquilla and David Ronfeldt. In their text 'Cyberwar is Coming' available on the web and more recently as a part of the book/anthology 'In Athena's Camp - Preparing for Conflict in the Information Age' along with a collection of essays by various authors.

The two main concepts they formulate are 'Cyberwar' and 'Netwar'. Cyberwar is explained as referring to "conducting, and preparing to conduct, military operations according to information-related principles. It means disrupting, if not destroying, information and communications systems, broadly defined to include even military culture, on which an adversary relies in order to know itself: who

it is, where it is, what it can do and when, why it is fighting, which threats to counter first, and so forth. It means trying to know everything about an adversary while keeping the adversary from knowing much about oneself."

What is interesting is that they don't pretend this to be fundamentally new form of war, in fact as the primary example for Cyberwar they mention the Mongols with their hugely successful army that was partly based on their fast information system that kept commanders in close contact over thousands of miles, although they do go so far as to claim: "As an innovation of warfare, we anticipate that cyberwar may be to the 21st century what Blitzkrieg was to the 20th."

Netwar however is the kind of civilian, or civil war side of cyberwar. While cyberwar is concerned with traditionally military aspects like Command, Control, Communications and Intelligence, also called C3I, intelligence collection, processing and distribution, tactical communications, positioning, identifications friend-or-foe (IFF) and so-called 'smart' weapons systems, netwar "refers to information-related conflict at a grand level between nations and societies. It means trying to disrupt, damage, or modify what a target population knows or thinks it knows about itself and the world around it. A netwar may focus on public or elite opinion, or both. It may involve public diplomacy measures, propaganda and psychological campaigns, political and cultural subversion, deception of or interference with local media, infiltration of computer networks and databases, and efforts to promote dissident or opposition movements across computer networks." It has to be emphasised here that Arquilla and Ronfeldt are researchers of the notorious RAND corporation, a private think tank, proclaiming to be a non profit organisation, but always closely linked to the military-industrial complex, and under this point of view it becomes more surprising what conclusions they arrive at. In fact they see the monolithic, hierarchical structure of institutions and the military as ill equipped to deal with the new scenarios of Netwars and Low Intensity Conflicts between NGO's (Non-Governmental Organisations), drug cartels, "racial and tribal gangs, insurgent guerrillas, social movements and cultural subversives" which are all organised as networks. They conclude: "Perhaps a reason that military (and police) institutions have difficulty engaging in low intensity conflicts is because they are not meant to be fought by institutions. The lesson: Institutions can be defeated by networks, and it may take networks to counter networks."

A new type of info-guerrilla is emerging, the small units proposed by the Critical Art Ensemble faintly echoing Carlos Marighela's (the original theoretician of the urban guerrilla) Firing Unit, except they are firing data, not bullets.

Conflicts such as Kosovo (a classic LIC), the Gulf Conflicts (basically adhering to the AirLand Battle doctrine as well as Cyberwar to some degree) and the Zapatista rebellion in Chiapas, Mexico (where the idea of Netwar comes in), all happening at present, show that it is likely that different types of warfare will be fought simultaneously for the foreseeable future. Localised conflicts don't stop because the technical possibility of globalised action exists. There is a tendency towards more international interaction and a disappearance of distance and reaction times, but wars are unlikely to be fought solely by machines, smart weapons, robots and 'ants' alone. They cannot be sanitised, however much the official media tries to portray it that way. It is one of the strengths of Arquilla/Ronfeldt's analysis that they take these complexities into account.

It's no surprise that the RAND researchers have found a fascinated readership with left wing researchers such as Chris Hables Gray and Jason Wehling. I was certainly intrigued.

And while I can't discount the thought that RAND has to present the danger to the establishment as worse than it is, their call to reorganisation points to a genuine analysis. And it shouldn't just flatter us. We have to take it serious when we are taken serious.

Christoph Fringeli

originally written in April 1998 for a talk at Public Netbase, Vienna, revised for Deadly Type October 1998, and (slightly) for datacide january 1999)

Main Sources:

John Arquilla and David Ronfeldt (Eds): In Athena's Camp - Preparing for Conflict in the Information Age (RAND 1997)
[In particular the articles by the editors as well as Richard Szafranski: Neocortical Warfare? The Acme of Skill]
also check <http://www.rand.org>

Chris Hables Gray: Postmodern War (Routledge, New York/London 1997)

Martin Libicki : What is Information Warfare (Institute of National Strategic Studies)
<http://www.ndu.edu/ndu/Inss/actpubs/act003/a003ch00.html>

Adam Parfrey: Cult Rapture (Feral House, Portland OR 1995) (as to Oklahoma City)

Jason Wehling : Netwars
http://village.agoranet.be/~de_nar/nleuws/netwar.html
and <http://www.teleport.com/~jwehling/OtherNetworks.html/>

(Curfew, Curfew) As we grow more accustomed to the control of the urban environment through surveillance, zero tolerance zones and regeneration projects it seems as if we inhabit a social world that is policed by technology and is obsessed with security. Just what this technology secures us from is as encrypted as the microchips and cables that power it. Maybe it secures us from ourselves: a constant reminder that we are being 'watched' which comes to strengthen the internalisation of those mechanisms of paranoia and stasis that an inherited morality has already instilled. Thus the surveillance camera becomes an externalised metaphor for a vigilant super-ego... the eye of the father... the gaze of the manager... and in this way we are assured that somewhere, someone is watching a monitor and checking that a consensual social equilibrium remains untroubled, vigilantly making sure that there are no signs of a ruffled surface, no over conspicuous indications of a step-out-of-line. But surely it is naive to assume that what can be seen is all that there is and that fear can be dispelled by such totemic pieces of technology as cameras and monitors. Such devices are as protective as the soporifics of entertainment and the cyclical chatter of a celebrity-fuelled media, but in no way do they successfully eradicate trauma and the persistence of social-irrationality. Perhaps worse, the idea that we are protected proliferates into a culture of overprotection where every foible and tension becomes something that needs to be medicalised and returned to an enervated 'normality'. In the nightmare scenario it seems as if the surveillance camera, charged with eradicating fear, is now becoming programmed to detect dangerous levels of adrenalin and to take photo-fits of those who glow with a surplus of undirected energy.

(Emotionless Eyes) What became of the horror film? From the mid 70s to the late 80s horror films in their various guises of slasher, occult and rape revenge films were unavoidable. They were the arse end of cinema-going, competing only with action movies like Rambo and Rocky for the honour of most deplored genre. Guilty of the exploitative crimes of sadism and sexism and perpetrators par excellence of the 'male gaze' it is only recently that horror films have been resuscitated by film critics eager to analyse their viscerality and psychological complications (1). One of the leading protagonists of the slasher variety of the horror genre was John Carpenter and it is his Halloween that, whilst indebted to Psycho and Texas Chainsaw Massacre, unleashed a whole run of similar movies like Friday 13th, Fright Night, Slumber Party Massacre, Nightmare on Elm Street etc. Though Carpenter has constantly shifted ground since the success of Halloween, mixing up genres and imbricating them with each other, it is safe to say that he has been a director who has worked on the fringes of critical acceptance and that, within the confines of a low budget, he has done much to inflect his movies with subversive resonances. It is this freedom that low budget pictures allows that is most striking about Carpenter's early movies and he has himself remarked how "in independent studio work, often you're out for a different purpose, and you can take more chances because you have less money at risk..." (2). This different purpose can be seen in how Carpenter takes horror and trauma into the dull and controlled suburbs with Halloween, resuscitates the threat of native indians with Assault on Precinct 13, comments upon car driven consumerism with Christine and raises the spectre of brainwashing and media mind control with They Live and Halloween III: Season of the Witch. Unlike a director such as Dario Argento, whose stylised horror films of macabre mise-en-scene have been the subject of retrospectives at the National Film Theatre, Carpenter's movies are less assimilable to being displayed as the work of an 'auteur'. Being more of a B-movie artisan Carpenter aims not so much at injecting the frame with an artistic transcendence but more towards stripping back the content of the frame to a point that it becomes more 'realist' and, unburdening itself of an aestheticised aura, more conducive to the introjection of



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a politicised content. Not being 'beautiful' to look at, such Carpenter movies as Halloween and Assault on Precinct 13, are less awe-inspiring than an Argento movie, but, as a result, they work more consciously and consistently upon what Christian Metz has called the 'second screen': the viewers imagination where images, sound and script form themselves into an organised sequence. Rather than subliminally effect or spectacularly bombard this 'second screen' our conscious apprehension of the movies has the effect of heightening perception in that the fictional construct we watch becomes more readily interlocked with our own experiences. Dealing in horror and suspense, Carpenter not only seems to heighten the traumatic effect by making his films less 'fantastic', but also, as with his minimal electronic soundtracks, he makes their allusory qualities more open to interpretative readings and the transmission of affect.

This openness is vouched for by Carpenter's reflexivity as a film maker. Not only does he make reference to his own films and to the films of others (characters in Halloween watch Howard Hawks's The Thing and characters in Halloween III watch the original Halloween), he seems intent on making his movies into genre patchworks. This reflexivity not only foregrounds the constructedness of the movies and asks "why horror, why the fascination" thus illuminating the social production of fear it also, whilst evoking nostalgia, punctures it by establishing a distance between the past and a more uncertain, contemporaneous situation. Such an intrusion of 'reality' means that the reassuring genre certainties of movies like The Thing (and by extension the Cold War mind-set of the 50s) are revealed as inoperative and this undermines our reliance upon genre-categories as the sole means of explaining away, and being resistant, to an engagement with the so-called 'low' genres. On the otherhand, in a sci-fi movie like They Live, Carpenter applies the genre-rules to such a degree that they are pushed to absurdity. Just as an overly drawn-out fist fight goes on and on in a parody of the machismo of action movies, Carpenter draws upon the way that B-Movie studios would demand that the endings of movies be re-shot by, in this film, explaining away his neo-situationist revelation of advertising as, not the social magic of capitalism but, the ploy of invading aliens. That the aliens and the final explosion are so obviously drawn to look unconvincing is a measure of Carpenter's often understated disgust of the spectacular effect of the movies and, in equal measure, a pointer towards a reading of his films in their

tangential aspects: we remember images of money displaying the subliminal message of 'This Is Your God' and advertising hoardings transformed into stark revelations of manipulation, moreso than we remember the plot involutions and the narrative resolution. Dark Star is another point in case. Coming across like a collision between Jean Luc Goddard and

a trashy robot movie, Carpenter references Kubrick's 2001 and, in a variety of ways, he pokes fun at this self-serious classic whilst at the same time making its 'mysticisms' more prosaic and down to earth. Bored astronauts, so overly reliant upon the craft's computer, have lost the autonomous ability to think for themselves and, when faced with the crisis of a malfunction, rush to consult their cryogenically preserved commander before breaking up into squabbling over a weapon. With special effects akin to Gerry Anderson cartoons and with an 'alien' so obviously constructed from an over-inflated beachball, Carpenter still manages to engage his audience with a film that is as much about alienation and ineffective communication as it is a simplistic spoof.

As if to make his relation to genre more complicated Carpenter has playfully suggested that all his movies are "really westerns underneath" (3) and, Halloween's not being a horror film in the usual sense of a supernatural struggle between good and evil bears

Sex is Vinyl.

Homewrecker Recordings exists on multiple levels (as label, ideology, politics and practice) in a multitude of locations (North America, Europe - the world) and amongst a multiplicity of identities (gender, sexuality, ethnicity, class...). Born of a want, a need and a desire to include the issue of "gender" and its problematics into not only the lexicon of a certain mode of music, within a certain conceptual sphere, but also into various ways of being. Homewrecker Recordings recognizes the shifting, the unstable and the contested pronouncement of "gender" "female" "(wo)man" or "girl" or even the questions raised concerning the notion of (cultural) identity. Yet, Homewrecker Recordings deliberately seeks out this contested terrain in order to force the issue onto the (turn)table. In a patriarchal system the politics of gender do indeed matter.

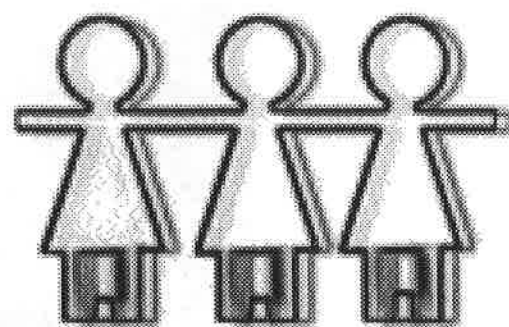
The abstractions approximated by music, the potential anonymity afforded by the technology, the means of dissemination or distribution, in some respect works to mask the function of gender and gender issues in electronic music. White or black labels do not speak of sex. But music is never sexless. Unbounded by historical circumstance, the relatively new genre of electronic music is, paradoxically, profoundly tied to patriarchal culture. The question arises, who made this record, for whom was it made, how does it circulate and within what context?

The label takes up these issues through a strict set of musical and gendered parameters within a specific context: all female producers and all electronic/digital music/noise. We aim to sex music. We participate in a politics of exclusion merely to dislodge, disrupt and displace the comfy covert politics of exclusion taking place in (some) electronic music and labels of an extreme nature. Ironically, this politics of exclusion has also fostered the dangerous practice of appropriating the female form and its connotations; the same male structure in a feminine guise. Women up front with the men in the back (and in control). The female body and voice is presented totally without agency. Put on display. Consumed. Passive. That game is old and boring.

Homewrecker Recordings is provocation.... Homewrecking...Destroy the patriarchy - Dismantle the familial structure - Demolish traditional female roles... The labels's aim is it's own destruction - we will work to become obsolete. We hope Homewrecker Recordings will be but an additional level in a myriad of political/musical/cooperative workings. An international grass roots approach is the means by which its artists shall come into being. Perhaps she does not yet exist, or she exists unknown in a Tokyo highrise or in a basement in Idaho - we'll hook up eventually. The label recognizes the various manifestations of the female, the existence of feminisms. Being pro-female does not mean we are anti-male. Homewrecker Recordings functions as a discursive site. To open up debate, dialogue, and criticality around the problematics of gender and its intersection with music.

Female trouble. Evening the score. Hysteria. Resistance. Whatever you want to call it - we've had enough. It all starts and stops here.

Siobhan McCracken
Sept. 13, 1998



The Homewrecker Foundation

For more info. contact- siobhan@smartt.com or rachael@gonebad.net
The Homewrecker Foundation is a subdivision of Zhark Recordings.

HOMEWRECKER (RE)ACTION UPDATE

August 98- Siobhan McCracken and Rachael Kozak found The Homewrecker Foundation in Vancouver B.C.

Sept. 98-Siobhan finishes the manifesto and allies distribute it throughout the world via the internet.

Oct. 98-California's Vinyl Communication's Michael contacts HwF to say they wanted to start a label just for women even though it's run by men.

Nov. 98-The December issue of the Wire hits the stands. Declaring that DHR is going to start an all girl label-once again funded by men and of course-Alec Empire approved. Nic Endo admits she only made a noise record because "Alec said 'Let's do noise'".

Dec. 98-Rachael receives e-mail from DHR employee suggesting that HwF is on the wrong track and should rethink their plans. Siobhan receives word that Chicago's Kultbox is going to start an all girl label.Once again-run by a man.

February 99-The first Homewrecker Foundation release kicks it out...

To Be
Continued...

hardcore number with a good chopped kick and sinister robotic laughs and screams. Track 3 is the one: chicken squawks lead to machine gun kicks and firing samples all triggering insanely off each other, it played at the right time, this tune will destroy minds. Track 4 : an industrial punk thrash blast with someone shouting about Cyanide. Side B is by Aphasia (no relation to Aphasic) and it is shite. *Eun*

Neil Landstrumm-Subhead rmxs
Remixes of Subtrax by Bass Master Landstrumm, who is churning out some pretty awesome stuff of his own at the moment. This two tracker comprises of one blinding bass kick attack (think of a super funky Lost 9) which totally overshadows the boring B side with twisted edits and fx flying all over the place. *Eun*

20CB5-Birds Bikes & Techno
20CB6-White
The fifth and sixth installments of Subheads sub series continue 2CBs voyage into sonic abstract technique. Falling midway between electro, techno and minimal industria, 2CB employ the odd ironic muzak hook but the atmosphere invoked is most surrealistic than cheesy. Fucked up and funky these tracks are important building blocks in the reconstruction of British techno. *Eun*

DPFR (Optimum 1)
Starts with a noise intro composed of feedback and voice and mutates into a well produced slow techno track, that eventually - suddenly - doubles its speed! The same thing happens on the other side, but this time unfortunately only for a few seconds, while the final track is a surprising assault using a repetitive broken beat (if I may use such a paradox description). Not extreme enough to deserve the sample 'I'm afraid of pain' it's still pretty good and one of the more inventive records to come out of the french hard techno scene. *CF*

The Mover: Countdown Trax Narcotic Network 03
Third release from this, so-far, consistent PCP

sub-label sees the Mover bringing that spacious, beautifully overbearing PCP sound into collision with a more primitive electro beat-box sound. What seems to happen on this 4 tracker is that the usual production values seem to drop a notch or two only to push back to the peak of what a smaller studio is capable of. This gives the tracks a kind of Mover meets Electronome feel and guarantees a less showy sound that in turn allows the Mover not to overawe his listeners (and himself) with a too overbearing 'multiplex' type spectacle that marred the last Mescalinum release. On Countdown Trax the Mover seems, instead, to concentrate on simple, pushed rhythms and structures whilst letting a less-clean blurriness wreak its timbral havoc: tones mesh, bass blurs into kick. As with Electronome and RA-X, it seems on this EP that The Mover brings us a more improvised and 'live' effect and it is perhaps this feel that reflects the previous, much neglected, 'Countdown' series. *Flint Michigan*

Mover - Countdown Trax - Narcotic Network
Sounds old and probably is, but PCP show they still have the odd few half decent trax knocking about and showcase their best release for a while, but then there hasn't been much competition of late with most of their recent material being fairly ordinary and in a way because of that maybe we view this as better than we would normally. The trax do sound a bit like mover offcuts, surplus material that didn't make it onto previous releases, with the impression in places that they were thrown together in a hurry. However having said that they do carry that distinctive mover sound, with the trademark warped bass and due to the extensive 606 use (employed on all four trax), retain a pleasingly rough edge. *Kovort*

Mescalinum United Symphonies of Steel Part 3 (PCP 971)
Great expectations for any new Mescalinum release - of course. Lime coloured fluorescent vinyl - not bad. One sided? Initial moments are promising but the one track turns out to be not that much more than a loop that goes gradually faster, comes to a standstill, just to accelerate once more. With Doom™ elements, Mescalinum-typical harder and more "industrial" than other PCP-projects.

Unfortunately the sound is a bit muffled (could be fluo vinyl gagging for UV light), and while I can see it working in the right context, it comes nowhere near pt.1, or Lightbringer, or other classics, and if you're not a collector, it might be wise to wait for the Mescalinum album scheduled for release some time before 2017. *CF*

Marshall Masters-World Evacuator (Aroadipane)
Just when you thought it was all over P.C.P. is reborn via Midtown/Warner (who also published the best of... c.d. last year). The first offering presents two full tracks and some cool locked grooves. Operating very much in Cold Rush territory with anvil dropping on your head kickdrums and fat hoover synths. Basically you know the score, buy it. *Eun*

Last Tomorrow 1&2
Direct from the dark basements and cavernous warehouse haunts of London's rave underground Crossbones Sound System present the first vinyl evidence of their mission. The seven tracks over two EP's show a bleak vision of the future and offer the possibility of escape and evasion through the underground. From slow epic darkness through retro/plutone hardcore to full on gabba the intent is constant and flowing. When the last tomorrow comes, exit earth. *Eun*

SODOM 5
New 4 tracker from France, the EP is split with 2 trax from Armaguet Nad and 2 by Fist of Fury. The first two tracks are disappointing. I normally rate Nad's stuff but this is a bit straight and thus uninspiring, guitar distortion samples just do my head in. Side B fares better in terms of energy and roughness with cool gunshots/siren/breakbeat cut ups at around 220 BPM on the first track. The 12" finished with a doomy phased out kickdrum number that certainly comes the closest of the four to creating the sounds you would expect from the Slaves of the Devil. *Eun*

Postcore (Widerstand 5)
Death metal riffs, straight banging hardcore, speedcore and one track with a breakbeat edge (into which a straight bassdrum comes in way too loud half way through, making any DJ look like a fool), plus 2 shorter noise pieces, defining 'post-core' as between metal and industrial, but situated in a scenery that is established and sticking more to the rules than Widerstand usually do, in fact the previous releases were more 'post-core' than this one. *CF*

Laurent H6 Industry Is My House (Industrial Strength, IS047)
Aptly titled this is typical H6 in its metallic and geometric sensibilities. Three tracks that start and stop but ultimately find their home within a big bad bassdrum surrounded with clanging, tsishing, grating - steam, glass, blades. *CF*

Neroptic Optical Vibration (Epiteth 011)
Label-boss Laurent H6 teams up with D.Tecould, aka DJ Radium (of Micropoint, Dead End and Psychic Genocide) so it's a tete a tete of two prolific hardcore producers who helped a lot to shape a certain around 200 bpm French hardcore sound, and this record is predictably banging and must be played loud to discover the subtleties. Metallic "first mechanical hound" (as it says on the spine) and the occasional break-ups while the 4/4 bassdrum seems to hold it back in a thoroughly charted realm. It works, but it's not as far ahead of the pack as some earlier releases. *CF*

Radium Full Metal EP (Epiteth pth012)
A particularly harsh, brutal and soulless effort from one half of Micropoint, comparable to their best records (like Dead End 02 or the one side on Stormcore 5). Full of little edits, creating a digital shrill (clearly 16-bit) sound with depth. The four tracks almost destroy themselves in screaming and hammering, a hardcore machine caught in a cage of metal and concrete. *CF*

DJ Radium-Body Disorder (Epileptik)
Mr Radium obviously on holiday after the mental derangement which resulted in the deeply disturbed Epiteth 12. Even though these tracks

are lighter in weight than most of his stuff there is still evidence of a twisted consciousness at work. Not totally cheese free but when compared to the current crop of Tieum/SpeedyQs featherweight shite, Radium's effort is positively rock hard. *Eun*

DJ Freak (B.E.A.S.T. 008)
Compared to his recent releases on Deadly Systems and the 12" co-written with Noize Creator, this is a step back. Four tracks of monochrome speedcore that fool themselves into believing they're hard by being fast and 2 dimensional. Noisy, but not noisy enough they hang somewhere between his more extreme (& much cooler) earlier speedcore stuff for KillOut, and the more conventional hardcore on HOH. *CF*

Dan Doormouse Unibomber (Distort 01)
A new label from the midwest that raises some hopes for North American hardcore, here a fusion of hard banging beats with breakcore and noise, the name of the label setting the agenda. 5 trax, incl. 1 good beatless noise piece. No information is included as to the reference to the Unabomber, instead my copy has "fuck off" smeared over the white label. *CF*

Fischkopf 25-Mathey Oliver
Nice, dark and grungy four tracker on Hamburgs finest, rolling Amiga-ga-ga kick loops underlining some delt sample/distortion developments. Relentless in direction but not unlistenable full-on, tracks are reminiscent of early Napalm releases in their rough but dancefloor friendly approach. Blatantly cool party trax. Acquire. *Eun*

Napalm 11
Blue vinyl 4 tracker containing 3 speedcore blasts and 1 wicked 170bpm piece. Cut up beats and lashings of distortion and various powertool interactions fight for space within each track, creating the best Napalm since number 6. No guitars or unnecessary silliness just caustic hallucinatory hardcore. Absolutely wicked. *Eun*

Aphasia-1981 (Bloc 46)
Cleanly produced mid tempo 4 tracker which presents Aphasia's most promising stuff yet, certainly better than the split ep with Yann Dub last year. Dark broken (ish) techno with a doomy edge that neither falls into the pit of spiral monotony or kick drum oblivion. All trax are playable and well cut and though not earth shatteringly original this is definitely worth checking. *Eun*

Naoto Suzuki Komm Süßer Tod (Blut 2)
From Tokyo, Suzuki is responsible for the Burning Lazy Persons releases on Fischkopf, Cynical Muscle Revenger on Dead End as well as a full length CD on Blut-parent lable Otaku. On 6 tracks Naoto goes through post gabba mutations, my favorite being the aggro-breaks of Diracs Ocean, generally abstaining from the hilarious speedcore antics of his Burning Lazy Persons project, and sometimes rave-tinged, sometimes with metal guitars. Solid but hardly innovative, one wonders what the title "Come Sweet Death" refers to... *CF*

Fraktal - Paris/Londres
Forgettable Paris side, consisting of two fairly non-descript hardcore tracks. The Londres side however shows a more interesting direction cutting in more interesting sounds and injecting elements of breaks developing a more broken style with a low frequency agenda, whilst still remaining in a hardcore vein. *Kovort*

Karnage 01
Fine hardcore in an intense no-mercy style from Stella Michelson, on the first release from this Fraktal sublabel, featuring one incredibly brutal track. Fast unnerving and intensified by the quality of pressing, which hampered most of both the Michelson sisters previous trax. Three other tracks continue with a slightly less furious, but still relentless and high speed, approach cutting vocal snatches and other caustic sounds into the mix. *Kovort*

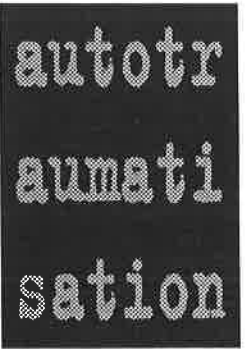
this out. This instability that allows a viewing of Halloween as being simultaneously a revenge western, a detective story, a high school picture, a monster movie and a psychological thriller is further complicated by the way that Carpenter moves between different registers of fright, camp, realism, and fantasy, taking viewers from the implausible to the accustomed, from the dissolute to the irresolute. Such fluctuations increases the production of a sought-after suspense in that, through an elision of expectation, it heightens viewer attention. Just as the sci-fi of Dark Star is about the purposelessness of space exploration, horror, for Carpenter, becomes as much about a detoured and challenged morality, the meandering of psychical patterns and the projection of frenzied 'others', about taking risks with taboos and assaulting the audience with repressed fears that can be rekindled at any time. It is as if Carpenter uses horror as a device to awaken the audience to passions that have been numbed and explained away, a means of awakening people to their own-perceptive energies even if this requires recourse to fear. A movie like Halloween becomes experienced at a visceral level where what we see or do not want to see effects a fascinating pull on us and we become charged with all the anxiety of a voluntary insecurity. Unlike the Hollywood blockbuster movies such as Jaws and Towering Inferno that preceded it, the low-key accent of budgetary restraint works to undermine a sense of intangible and overarching spectacle and instead inflects a 'genreless everyday' with suspense and terror. Tension is exaggerated in a way that makes it situated and actually experienceable and this can be contrasted to the way that spectacular movies function as an escape whose exhilaration never lingers for long in the mind's eye. Whereas big budget movies are in the business of providing spectacles that numb the imaginative faculties, Carpenter's low budget movies, by applying a policy of 'less-is-more', provoke rather than pacify their audiences. The tensions that are established are shared between viewer and screen victims to the extent that a horror movie like Halloween plays upon increasing such 'identifications': the vulnerability of the victims is felt by the viewer.

This sense of a heightened experience that persists in the afterglow of a film like Halloween is as much an outcome of the way that horror movies are engaged in making everyday objects and activities brimful with suspenseful meaning: in Halloween the very location of the movie in a suburban town plays on the fears that the idyllic dream home, away from urban crime zones, can be entered and violated by unwanted presences. The finale of the picture, with its struggles around the garden, hallways and bedrooms of suburban homes, heightens the horror because it takes place amidst such low-key and undramatic objects as shrubbery, balustrades and louvered doors clothes cupboards. That the psycho-killer is fought with a knitting needle, a coathanger and other household objects bears this point out. Whatmore, Carpenter manages to reinvigorate the thoughtless ritual of 'Halloween night' with a new horror as well as reinventing the 'bogey man' as an actually existing 'other' and not solely as the fairytale fantasy of childhood insecurity. On the theme of the suburban location of the movie we can also add that its depopulated streets (perhaps conditioned by the low-budget) can be read as a further indication of a community that fears interaction and remains within the 'safety' of the home. Such 'fear' then creates a situation of even greater fear when the psycho-killer, Michael Myers, can return to the town and stalk around the place without being noticed, but it too both heightens the suspense of the audience catching glimpses of the killer just as it increases the sense of violation when Michael Myers breaks into the sanctuary of these homes. Carpenter actively plays on this sense of vulnerability by further isolating the adolescent 'babysitters' from any sense of parental control and creating a film in which adults play a very minor role. The 'kids' have been left on their own, making the 'babies' even more at risk, and whilst this has been read as a coded warning against independence it is also charged with an understated mockery of authority figures and a devaluing of a constructed 'adulthood'. That Dr Loomis, who is on the trail of the escaped Myers, is jumpy and nervous may heighten the sense of supernatural threat, but it also highlights the inability of the institution to contain and 'cure' Myers. The other adult of the film is the local cop and, as father to one of the victims, we are witness to his inability to assist in the eventual rout of Michael Myers. This is perhaps an indication that independence and its attendant traumas should be grasped as an overcoming of the fear of autonomy and the fear of 'others'. Carpenter draws attention to such social-phobia when, at the climax of the movie, Laurie on discovering the bodies of her friends, runs into the still streets and cries for help. As she runs towards one door, a security light automatically flicks on, raising her hopes of another presence and of being saved, but, her attention caught by a movement at a window, she moves towards it only to see the blinds draw to a close.

Much has been made of the way that a movie like Halloween preys upon the fears of adolescent sexuality. Teenage lovmakers are always early victims of the psycho and it is offered that the slasher films are a kind of coded punishment. Yet, just as this sexual component could similarly be referred to the 'adult' fear of the death of innocence marked by the sexual awakening of their own children, it also relates to a wider field of sexual disturbance and repression. Teenage lovemaking is furtive and, in the context of the slasher movies, exposed because of the repression and taboos which, they seem to suggest, surrounds it. This potential dysfunction is

played out through the character of the psycho-killer himself and becomes another device by which 'horror' can be registered. Michael Myers, we are informed, became a deranged psychopath after witnessing his sister making love on Halloween night. This is a quite transparent reference to the theory of the 'primal scene' where the child is said to be traumatised by witnessing or subliminally overhearing its parents making love. As with the medical summation of Norman Bates's condition in Psycho, such explanations can be nothing more than a gloss, a transplanting of psycho-analytical orthodoxy into a film which is hardly a case-study, yet it does manage to raise the spectre that Michael Myers is a product of a familial network, that rather than the threat being the metaphysical entity of demonic possession films like The Exorcist, the threat here is a product of the social environment of the suburban town and one that has been just as exposed to the 'primal scene' as anyone else. The threat Michael Myers poses is, then, an internal one that is, theoretically at least, shared by others at the same time that it is a threat constituted by the collective failure to understand the particular development of the dysfunction that afflicts Michael Myers. This connection between the psycho-killer and the community upon which he returns to wreak a 'vengeance', taken up again with a more politically motivated justification in The Fog (4), was drawn by Carpenter when he countered claims that Halloween was a film that punished female sexuality: "...if you turn it around, the one girl who is most sexually uptight just keeps stabbing this guy with a long knife. She's the most sexually frustrated. She's the one that killed him. Not because she's a virgin, but because all that repressed energy starts coming out...She and the killer have a certain link: sexual repression" (5). It is such links as these, the alternation of frenzy and sadism between two ostensibly separate characters in the final showdown, which come to exercise such a strange resonance upon the viewer's 'second screen' that it both underpins and darkens the fear and disgust that is felt on viewing the brutality. This link is strengthened by the way that Carpenter presents Michael Myers as wearing a grey institutional jumpsuit that is reminiscent of the garb of a parachute regiment and how he has Myers donning what seems to be a featureless mask. The mask (or is it the face?) is pale enough to be illumined by the light and through its lack of distinguishing features it uncannily offers itself as an imaginative mirror that reflects any and all the fears that are projected onto it. Michael Myers it seems could be anyone, or more to the point, he represents an imaginary 'other': a blindspot of perception or a collective nightmare that, being repressed, returns with an inhuman force.

A major inspiration behind the critical reappraisal of such slasher films as Halloween is the repeating occurrence of a showdown between the last remaining victim and the psycho-killer. In Halloween it is Laurie who eludes, takes on, outwits and almost singlehandedly dispatches Michael Myers. For critics like Carol Clover this leads to the subversive occurrence of, for these films, a mainly male cinema audience identifying with a female protagonist which, for Clover, is creative of gender destabilisation and patterns of cross identifications. However, this upsetting of the iron law of female=passive/male=active, can lead towards the conjecture that slasherfilms like Halloween engage their audiences in a non-gender specific ritual of sado-masochism that in many ways help to deconstruct the continued prevalence of gender stereotypes. The director of such films, offers Clover, is considered as the sadist, deliberately constructing obscenity and shocks that a thrilled audience laps up masochistically. Though this gets away from the gender specificities of active/passive it still, following Freud, splits the two 'instincts' of active and passive rather than seeing them as dynamical instances of the same drive. This is echoed by the way that Laurie is both the most prolonged victim and the most self-reliant and autonomous character in Halloween. There is a merging of the different facets of active and passive in the character of Laurie and whilst Clover offers that the 'final girl' is masculinized (ie names like Laurie and wielding the 'phallus' knife) this seems to resubmit women to a socially constructed passivity conditioned by that other 'law' of film criticism: the camera is the 'male gaze' objectively framing female abjection. This attempt to make a piece of technology gender specific is undermined by the variegated camerawork that can be experienced in Halloween (a camerawork that supplies different contexts). One of the most pronounced attractions of such horror films is the way that there is "a continual construction of looks, and hence a shifting production of spectator position, so that it is the structure of the looks in a film which is determining of the spectators place, not a content for that look" (6). The very instability of the spectators position may be indicative of a technologically mediated view that surpasses gender and encourages all manner of identifications in the manner of Deleuze and Guattari's concept of a 'non-human, machinic sex'. At the level of a movie like Halloween the uncertainty of our position is creative of a suspense that, as with sado-masochism, encourages an identification as a "continually shifting construction of subject position... producing a subject in-process" (7). We watch Halloween from a variety of different positions (contexts) which carry their own inflections. Most startling amongst these is the celebrated point-of-view shot where the camera takes the position of Michael Myers as he stalks, peers



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through windows, dons a halloween mask and raises a glinting blade. This sequence of shots induces the disturbing sensation of an audience 'identification' with the killer and the temporary occupation of a 'sadistic' position with all its unconscious resonances of repressed anger and subdued violence. Part of the 'horror' of a film like Halloween is, then, not simply being disturbed by a content of primitive blood lust and irrational violence but it is the thrill of a kind of powerlessness whereby we are drawn into a ricocheting, and at times 'forced', identification with killer, victim, director and other spectators: a cinematic community? Yet these standpoints are themselves imbricated so that often, not

knowing from which viewpoint we are watching, a sense of subjective instability, being caught between looks, is heightened. This is demonstrated by Carpenter when he has the camera 'track' Laurie in middle distance shots. Knowing that Michael Myers is in the area such an objective framing of Laurie implies surveillance but, alluding to the killer's-eye view that opens the movie, Carpenter has the camera encircle Laurie as she walks and then has it move in closer towards her. Just as this gives rise to a sense of surveillance as a violation and the concomitant thrill of an illicit voyeurism, in terms of the generation of suspense Carpenter also manages to imply the threat to Laurie at the same time that he establishes a spectator 'fear' of every camera movement and every edit. Not only does this lead to an increased identification with the character of Laurie, which is presenced by the camera adopting her point of view as she investigates the scene of the murders (another link between her and Myers), it has the spectator taking part in a ritual that is sado-masochistic in all but name: there are the long drawn out periods of 'plateau' tension; the repetition of acts of violence, scenes, scenarios and sequels; the spartan and austere minimalism of the location, sets and soundtrack that allows for a focus uninterrupted by explicatory 'significance'; the formulaic and 'expected plan' of the movies where the audience 'knows' but its foreknowledge doesn't remove the surprise or the thrill of delay. Anxious fear, experienced as an excess of stimulation, has been sensed as erotic or libidinally charged, and, to a certain degree, by being turned into pleasure, has been overcome: "once he has undergone punishment, he feels that he is allowed or indeed commanded to experience the pleasure that the law was supposed to forbid" (8).

This all adds up to a film like Halloween effecting a state of being hyperconscious and this is reflected in the afterglow of the film where a temporary fissure in our 'normal' perception of reality can be opened up. Not only is pleasure experienced in relation to something coded as 'displeasureable', realigned and expanded, there is the sensation of being subjectively dismantled. That this sense of lingering stimulus does not evaporate at the onset of the credits is purposively prolonged in Halloween by means of the denouement of Michael Myers's 'survival' and the way that Carpenter ends the film without resolution: the vanquishers have only survived and not conquered; the threat has been dispersed rather than contained. Again, Carpenter extends this by having the very last sequence of the film comprised of still, depopulated shots of the suburban homes. This seems to have the effect of doubling and reinforcing the fear that has been experienced, charging our own familiar environment with a disquiet conditioned and provoked by the cumulative effect of a sequence of positional views, the creation of Michael Myers as a ubiquitous and indestructible character and our being 'victim-identified' with the character of Laurie. The emptiness of these still shots seems to provoke and heighten our own recollection of the events of the film. The absence of Myers from these shots implies his presence everywhere whilst the banality of the shots extends the atmosphere of the movie into the habitual scenes of our own environment. So, just as Laurie has been watched and we have watched Michael Myers watch her, so too, it seems that this watching does not exclude a lingering sense of ourselves as watched. As spectators we are thus made temporarily paranoid or, to quote Benjamin, we experience a "deepening of apperception"(9). Having been in a situation of passivity, rather than in one of active mastery of the gaze, we have been receptive to the degree that our capacity to be "affected" has led to a transgression of our protective ego boundaries. This 'radical passivity' (with all its passion for perceiving) results in a spilling-over (a surplus of the 'second screen') which enables an imaginative projection outside ourselves. We become both subject and object of an imaginary gaze that posits the presence of someone else and becomes indicative of the way that subjectivity is a social construction. This sense of paranoia, which is as taboo as the "interplay of disavowal and suspense" of sado-masochism, brings to light an experience of multiple imaginative presences, where, even alone we are conjoined: "Any motivation of one's behaviour, any instance of self awareness... is an act of gauging oneself against some social norm... in becoming aware of myself, I attempt to look at myself as it were through the eyes of another person" (10).

(Why Should Anyone Shoot at A Police Station?) If the main component of horror in Halloween was the return of Michael Myers and his bringing of terror to a suburban town then Carpenter's previous movie, and perhaps the most cultish of all his films, deals

with the breakdown of law and order in the inner city and effects a triggering of those perennial fears that the social order can be threatened and challenged by armed insurrection. In Assault on Precinct 13, Carpenter transforms the cavalry fort of the Western into a Police precinct building and instead of Native American Indians as the threat Carpenter assembles, with a forenod to such movies as The Warriors, a multi-racial gang of vague motive. If the Native Indians are, in terms of Hollywood westerns, an external threat that need to be domesticated and placed in reservations, then the gang in Assault can be figured as an internal threat that has arisen from the modern day reservation of the 'Anderson' ghetto. Like the Native Indians they are more denizens than citizens but unlike the Native Indians they cannot stake any indigenous claim upon a territory. Knowing nothing other than their own disenfranchisement the gang of Assault are figured as refugees and it is just this sense of disquiet that Carpenter harnesses as a component of the horror: the gang, belonging nowhere, come to "break the identity between the human and the citizen and that between nativity and nationality". As refugees they bring "the originary fiction of sovereignty to crisis" (11). But these refugees are uniting and combining together and whereas The Warriors has its gangs both territorially and ethnically divided, and begins its story at the moment when a massed rally fails to bring everyone together, Assault has the gang directing its violence, not against other gangs but against a police station and, by extension, against the very institution that visibly enforces the notion of law, order and sovereignty. That the gang, called 'Blue Thunder', is multi-racial is emphasised in an early scene where four member go through the 'blood brothers' ritual and whilst this shows them as willing to inflict cuts upon themselves to draw blood, thus accentuating their fearlessness, it also, by having one of the more prominent gang members wearing a beret with a red triangle insignia upon it, make an oblique reference to the garb of the Black Panthers and to the politically motivated urban guerrilla movement that was a feature of this period of the 70s. In many ways this gang represent the worse fears of the authorities: their surpassing of the artificially created barriers between different races seems to suggest that they at least have overcome racial division to unite in terms of class and exclusion. So, if in Halloween Michael Myers is acting from uncontrollable psychotic impulses, if he is compelled to kill, then these gang members have chosen to kill and have consciously abandoned a naturalising morality that constrains them. They are, as an Italian left-communist once said, "sans reserve", placed outside a society that has rejected them and willing to work only on bettering their own exclusion. As with the Native Indian threat of the Western movie, Carpenter has his gang being armed with stolen guns which function as the signal for danger and impending violence but, as with some Westerns, the motive for the impending attack is the massacre of six gang members in a narrowly confined canyon-like alley. The gang are returning a violence that has been enacted upon some of their members but the ferocity of the violence, perhaps conditioned by the narrative exigencies of an 'action' movie, works also to undermine the opening massacre as the sole motive. That Carpenter has his 'empty street' shots of the 'Anderson' district cluttered-up by rubbish and stalking dogs seems to suggest that the 'ghetto' has been forgotten. Could it be that persistent social inequalities have led to this uprising? Have the gang members been abandoned by a society that structures and maintains their very dispossession?

Though Carpenter is not interested in crafting political movies as such, the narrative 'emptiness' of Assault, the way it is never intently overcoded with an overriding moral message allows for seepage and introjection. Outside of one character's saying, "Why would anybody shoot at a police station?" no character makes judgments about the gang but, as if to heighten a sense of trauma, they all cope with the situation as if it were an inevitable and ever-expected outcome. The fact that no-one directly answers this question in the movie makes Assault function politically for the question is thereby addressed to the audience who can either answer it from the hints that the movie offers or add to these hints elements from their own perspective. Such stark amorality, epitomised by the scene in which the gang execute a little girl who has just bought an ice-cream, doesn't readily lend itself to appease viewer response with an accompaniment of liberal platitudes about how things can be bettered and reformed and this very minimalism seems, in a way that must appear 'horrific' to some viewers, to condone the gang uprising. Just as the guile and determination of the Native Indians in some Westerns encourages a shifting of audience sympathies, so in Assault, the gang members, being concertedly organised and tactically sophisticated, are treated as equal combatants on a battlefield of someone elses making. It is as if the gang have planned the assault and know how to sever communications: take out phone lines, make roadblocks, use silencers. They are visible and invisible at the same time, stalking the territory like urban guerrillas and this facet of their attack is highlighted when Carpenter has them whisk in front of the camera in such numbers and at such a pace that their wispy figures are barely registerable as solid outlines: "such beings are unaccountable; they come like destiny, without rhyme of reason, ruthlessly, bare of pretexts. Suddenly they are here, like a stroke of lightening, too terrible, convincing, and 'different' for hatred even" (12). Perhaps Carpenter's overriding aim to make an action movie and to heighten this by having the assault take place in a 'real-time' duration (emphasised when one character, in recalling the opening salvo, says the attack started "thirty minutes ago") means that the reason for

Comrade Benjamin on "Privilege and Decadence", but after having read Mathis diss the 'underground' he especially may be sent to Debordsville (formerly Derbyshire) to join Alec Empire and Dave Clarke in an intensive session of Oleg Blochin therapy: "Football: Co-operation, Solidarity and the Collective Expression of Skill". No comics, teen-adulation or sci-fi videos allowed! *Mikhail Michigan*

DJ 6666 (DHR)
"Welcome to the Shit Generation" moans Alec Empire as he turns 40, I couldn't have said it better myself. Squealing about the "Dead Nation" (well the dead old USA is doing A.E. proud at the moment). He ponders "the perils of being sexually assaulted by women: 'She Rape', no doubt if A.E. was involved he would shoot gallons of 'Steel Curn (cause I'm rough)". We are told "Acid's not Enough", exactly, acid is not enough to make this double pack vaguely interesting. DJ 6666 (oh, come on!) would have us all believe he is Charlie Manson, but he's really Trent Reznor in a beret. *Eun*

Geroyche Vs. Wintermute Letzte Zuflucht (kool.POP 12.003)
A split EP that marks the 3rd instalment on 12inch on kool.POP with Geroyche winning the soundclash: distorted breaks collide with dark atmospheres, opening in a slow paced menacing manner. While the second track is overshadowed by a slightly ponderous bassline, the third rocks the house with energetic percussion and manic pace. Wintermute is (as the name suggests) a more inverted affair with sometimes surprisingly light tones for kool.POP, on the last track almost slipping into, erm, ambient territory, the monotonous second track with its more sinister atmosphere being my favorite on this side. *CF*

Celluloid Matta Pink One EP (V-Lego 0.02)
Limited to 100 copies this pink vinyl 7" encompasses many moods and sounds. Pulse loops, reflective atmospheres, abstract breaks, raising bass noises, certainly more than you'd expect from a little record. Due to the limited quantities chances would be slim now to find this, but watch out for future releases. *CF*

Crystal Distortion (P07)
Funked up breaks and vocals change rapidly in a style that has just been waiting for this step forward. One track of normal Crystal 4-beat but 3 tracks that will definitely rock for some time. I await more with eager anticipation. A record for the mashup junkies and ravers alike. *Dan Hekate*

ADC (X-Forces 003)
After their near-legendary forays into "laboratory resaerch and street violence" on 7" and 12" (The Massacre) they return with two tracks on 10" after a hiatus of several years, which always includes a danger of disappointment, and I can't help drawing the parallel to Lory D's Friski - a good record, but not as monumental as our expectations. Two relatively clean, broken beat tracks produced on the Amiga, nevertheless a welcome return. *CF*

Somatic Responses - Uncivilised World 5 - Survival EP - Six Shooter 3 - The World Unseen EP - Six Shooter 5
Three of the most recent Somatic releases providing twenty new tracks between them. Continuing in a kind of industrial electro vein with twisted up, mostly distorted sounds, atmosphere and chewed up, heavy broken beats. Incorporating tech-step elements within a couple of tracks on both the Six Shooter EP's. They seem to have almost completely moved away from 4/4 territory with only one track on each of the Six Shooter EP's showing 4/4 signs. A couple of the tracks could be better on 'The World Unseen', but on the whole both the Six Shooter EP's are pretty cool. The Uncivilised World record slows the pace down on three of the four tracks and shows a slightly lighter side to the sounds in places. The beats remain heavy and broken and are given more power and space due to the pitch down. The short fourth track increases intensity, with double speed kicks breaking down to a screaming synth line. *Kovart*

Cyanide - Confine - Uncivilised World 6 The Joker - Poison EP - Six Shooter 4
Two releases from a new artist coming with an interesting approach and a broken up style. The Six Shooter record is the harsher of the two, creating heavy broken beats with intricately programmed fairly industrial sounds, reminiscent of old Aphex Twin in places but faster and bringing jungle breaks into the mix. The atmosphere on these tracks is also mainly dark and heavy. The UW tracks are not quite as intense but still dark in places. There's also a kind of mournful feel to a couple here. Both these labels seem to be putting out some of the most interesting material at the moment, well worth checking out, for the more broken up beats. *Kovart*

Aphex Twin: Come to Daddy (Warp 94, + Video)
This release sees a continuation of this man's superior machine control. The record is typically Aphex - twisted with the main track mixing up hard breaks and abrasive sounds. The other tracks

include bouncing ping pong ball breakbeats and samples to please all techno-loving pedophiles. As usual Mr.Twin combines experimentalism, depth and hard beats, which sound great in warehouse and bedroom alike. The video has 3 track films, the most notable being Come to Daddy featuring daily life on a Hackney housing estate through the eyes of Richard D.James. Did he write techno on the wall? Who knows? *Redmax*

I Hate Flesh - New Skin 2 mwarf - sex with a machine - Ambush 5
The London breakbeat/broken beat intensification conspiracy strengthens, with these two line releases. Showcasing mutations in progress. The New Skin record gives us 5 trax of roughed up beats, noise and audio oddities welded into mad rhythms and structures, very cool. Then the same artist breaks it down with some more jungle-core orientated tracks and further broken beat work-outs for Ambush, distorting breaks overdriving bass and rearranging structures. Check. *Kovart*

Void EP - VOID
Second release from the Void: 'Bodyhammer', broken stepping beats gradually constructing around eerie electronics - then pausing, before a thick bass wave pervades, we like this. The flpside and 'Kaleidosopic' becomes more abstract and in a way too loose, but 'Brainstorm' is a fine dark industrial electro cut with plenty of sub. *Kovart*

Elastic Horizons - Percussive Quantology - Amputate 03
After the excellent, more distorted second release, comes this with a more kind of jump up drum and bass flavour. Three tracks of hardstep beats and pressure bass, most intense on side A with 'lemon roll' - devastating bass avalanches and rolling beats. Check. *Kovart*

Hecate: Hate Cats E.P. Praxis 32
It's all here: music for when the millennium bug kicks in. When the lid is lifted it is hard to replace, Pandora: synth lines seduce, machine rhythms bite. Kalka's penal colony machine takes a holiday in your head. Apart from the splintering beats there is a whole 'symphony' underlying the structure a core of sound sculpting, a sound track in itself, this is particularly evident in tracks 'Last is First' & 'Caught Up' the beats are subsumed and become the willing slaves of the vast edifice that stalks and insinuates itself into the nervous system. Excellent, only complaint it should be a 74 minute piece, we have a compression of some awesome things to come..... *Tunk Systems*

Soud + Womex - Total Destruction - Maschinenbau 02
Noisy 7" hybrid featuring two mixes of dancehall chants, aggressive jungle snares and searing noise replacing the absent sub-bass, kind of reminiscent of some of the '93 ragga jungle but too shot through with noise and roughness to really be compared. Jump-up, noisecore? *Kovart*

Fraughman - Reinforced out-off wheel - Bloody Fist
Excellent surprise breakbeat/speedcore/grind-up featuring, at times, high speed action over overdriven distorted, sometimes half-speed, generally var-tempo splintered breaks and amiga noise. Snippets of vocals and urban suggestions combine with a disregard for structure and style. A debut from a new artist for BF accelerating the labels previous hints, with the recent Memetic record, toward a more noisy broken situation and hopefully away from the less interesting Gabber influenced trax. Recommended break-down style. *Kovart*

Die Dresdner StadtmusikUNTen (Suburban Trash 980512001)
Opening with cryptic bassdrums pacing along to a classical piece obviously describing the suburban life of Dresden, inclusive of occasional feedback noise. The Noize Creator is back after the release on SSS with some examples of deranged trash. Most enjoyable. On the b-side he returns to slightly more tekno oriented material, but still filtered and fucked with. *CF*

DJ Freak & Noize Creator (Boneheads)
Early SS-lookalike 12" by 2 prolific distortion-merchants which proves a successful collision of minds, on one side manifesting itself as two fierce broken beat tracks, on the other as a longer hardcore track, preceded by a beatless distorted intro using voices, interrupted by sheer noise, stopping and starting, always resuming the 4/4, never not-distorted. Both Freak and Noize Creator (check the Suburban Sabotage series) both have recently embarked on exploring more broken up territories, a welcome development. *CF*

Senioal Malicious Targets (Six Shooter 6)
Lasse Steen in one of his rare non-4/4 moods overdrives and distorts the beats and synths to achieve a wall-of-noise effect from the same machines he usually whips those doom-techno tracks out of. Sometimes this causes a lack of definition and dynamics, where distortion becomes a shadow. B1 is best with its massive slow paced bass drum creating a dark and cool groove. *CF*

Prone One(Test press)
A joint venture from the minds(?) behind Amputate and Urban Disturbance resulting in filthy diseased noise.Two tracks,one which could be called electro and one which can't really be described.Both do equal amounts of damage on both mind,body and soundsystem.If you see this record coming down your street then cross the road and hide. *Eun*

Amputate 4 (Testpress)
Four tracks of Amputee chique ranging from Amiga breakgrunge to Amiga kickgrunge.Fat distorted bass and blatant noise cut ups thunder out over grainy percussion in the familiar Skoptic style.Wicked. *Eun*

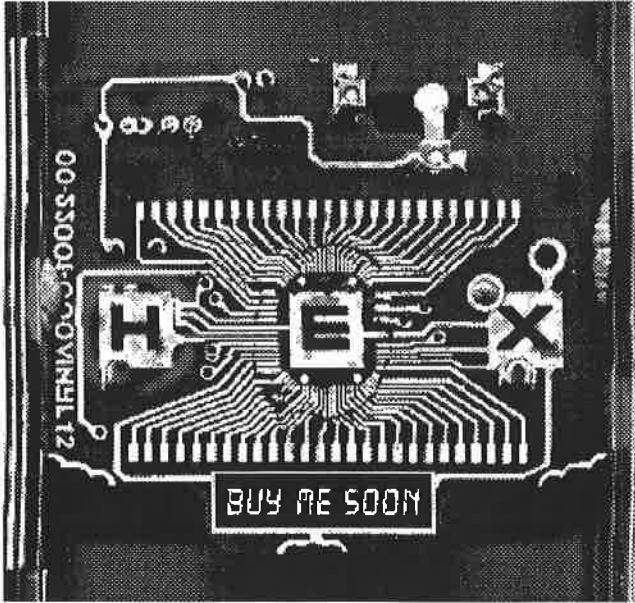
Hecate Jacks off the Jaakal(Zhark)
This single sided two tracker (with cool lazer etching on the flpside) presents a joint project from The Jaakal(Praxis) and R.Kozak(Zhark).Both tracks operate in industrial broken beat mode yet retain strong coherent structure as mixable tracks.Breaks are clearly defined and structured projecting the desired intensity without tripping over themselves in distortion.A cold calculated release with no excess baggage. *Eun*

Virtus doublepack-Seal Phurio(Reload ltd)
SPOOKY-this spinechilling 4 track double resembles a bad nights sleep whilst acting acting the lead role in a silent horror movie.Excellent sample usage brings Angel Heart into a new dimension of brain tingling reverberated breakcore with a very churchy feel to spook away all the evil forces amongst us.In a class of its own and well worth checking out.10/10. *Ben KDU*

Lasse Steen-Six Shooter Six
L.Steen in his Senical guise for yet another six tracker.As you would expect this release grinds along with the usual headmashed distorted rifts grafted onto rough percussion.Senicals style is gradually broadening out into more experimental terrain and the sheer amount of stuff he does results in some wicked tunes,but the fact that his sound is so distinct results in you having difficulties differentiating between releases.That said this ep contains some harsh noise and should be investigated upon identification. *Eun*

Somatic Responses Ripped EP (Six Shooter 7)
The Somatics are gaining strength with their best Six Shooter release yet. As already hinted at with their last release on the label (number 5, after they already did 1 and 3), their move towards their own version of distorted techstep growing out of and rejuvenating their very own brand of music that manages to be atmospheric and harsh, funky and abrasive at the same time. They seem to have left the brutal hardcore sound as well as the tough tekno of earlier releases behind for good, but also moved on from the sometimes 'Roman' sound of their later period, moulding it all into a matured complex reasserting their posilion amongst the most powerful producers from the UK. *CF*

Yann Dub / Aphasia
Yann Dub of Reverse Records gives 4 wicked energy blasts on its side of this disc. Track 1 being more of an intro but a useful noise anyway. Track 2 is a well produced and slightly disturbing



**Sniper and G.Q.
Dub Plate Pressure (rmx)/Roulette
Vinyl Syndicate**

Starts with the classic KRS-one keyboard riff (the one which starts his latest album). G.Q. comes in saying things like "Tearin' down the place", "For all the massive", "Yeah, that's right, for real", "Maximum" "Bass, bass, bass!" The heavy distorted bass line plus th amen breaks makes this one a blistering jump-up tune. A real head banger. Roulette on the other side opens with a tearing amen and then throws in a nice sub-bass. The b-line changes along with the break keeping this one live and kicking throughout. The last third of the tune is one big breakdown. 12" of the month for me.

The Reverend

**Unison
Marine Codes/Life Dreams
Promo 21
Ultravibe feat. Dead Dread
Light Speed/Shallow Depth
Promo 22**

Marine Codes opens up eery. A zooming bass and tight breaks combine with the spook chords and little echoing noises to create a 'harsh landscape' vibe a little bit like Frontline Records Terminal Outcasts.

Life Dreams starts with unsettling chords and a rattling rolling break. The big synth bass is accompanied by rough beats which seem to be fighting their way through the tune. One for those who just like to stand still and feel the full force of distorted, firing breakbeats.

Ultravibe's 'Light Speed' has a sparse beginning with a single 'pink' noise and a basic two-step break. This doesn't prepare you for the blaring synth noise which murders the rest of this track in a 'we bring anybody down' kind of way. Dark vibes. A favorite of Grooverider's.

'Shallow Depth' on the flip-side has a similar feel to it. If you like your breaks this is not one for you. It's all about the hard and heavy bassline.

The Reverend

**DJ Ascend
Future Funk/Supernatural (Unison rmx)
Second Movement 32
Threshold
The Wire/Bias
Second Movement 33**

'Future Funk' starts in a frantic manner, clearly intent on doing some serious dancelfloor damage. What can I say about a one-note bass line? It's all in the beats and Ascend keeps it busy with some carefully placed breaks. 'Supernatural' starts out all dreamy but the drums are a different matter. There seem to be about five different breaks all spliced together. It's one of those tunes where the breaks jump out of the speakers and assault you.

Threshold (alistair Head) is on more of a rolling vibe. The bass line of 'The Wire' will test any speakers (one for the neighbours). 'Bias' on the AA-side rolls out as well, but for some reason Mr. Head has thrown in some extra fourth bar breaks for good measure. As the tune develops the b-line becomes more acidic.

The Reverend

**Ryme Tyme
We Enter/No Escape
(Saigon)**

A tune from MC/Producer Ryme Tyme with Nico on the mix. The bassline is one of those very big squelchy ones (if you know 'The Medicine' by Ed Rush and Optical on their Virus label you will know what I mean). Over this Ryme Tyme says "We enter with the funk of the future." Fore some reason this one just doesn't get me going. I would head straight for 'No Escape' on the other side which stands out because of its ferocious zooming bass. A real killer of a tune this one.

The Reverend



**eMotif presents
The Method. Infinite Methods
of Drum and Bass**

Well, I looked it up in the dictionary just to make sure and it's definitely spelt 'Infinite'. Perhaps they wanted to avoid spelling it correctly as this word means "Having no limits or boundaries in time, space, extent of magnitude". A fairly bold claim by anybody's standards. Although there is a maths definition which reads "(of a set) able to be put in a one-to-one correspondence with part of itself". Since there is a double CD of these tunes mixed together by Ray Keith I suppose this is an accurate description of the L.P. What we have here is a good variety of styles. There are three 'Andy C.-type' heavy rollers (Audiostate's 'Methane', Tonic's remix of Click'n'Cycle's 'Trippin' and L.Double & Acetate's 'Style Wars). There is also the curious stepper from T-Power called 33rd Parallel which is more experimental. If you like Starsky and Hutch funky jungle

record reviews

head for Shy FX's 'Saturday Night Roller'. However if you want to blow those dancers away you've got to drop either Dylan or Ray Keith on their heads. Ray Keith's 'Toxic Waste' is an absolutely blinding piece of noise. Elements of Noise are here too with a track entitles 'Mars Needs Women' (!?). Website is www.underclass.co.uk/emotif

The Reverend

**Freestyles (Hype and Zinc)
Stronger E.P.
(True Playas)**

This one has been around since summer '98 and was released prior to the album. The two tracks from Hype are both classic tough dancelfloor slammers. The title track contains a lengthy 'positive thinking/self-hypnosis' sample ("you have the confidence and the knowledge of your supreme purpose in life" etcetc.). The beats are well thought out, shuffling and shiting, building and building using the old 'speeded-up James Brown yelp' to great effect. Both this tune and 'Keepers' have equally addictive heavy duty basslines: squelch + sub. Zinc's contributions are somewhat less intense. 'Musically Dope' is more of a funky 'Shake yer booty' type tune while 'Cookie' is a laid back head-nodding roller.

The Reverend

**Bass 1999 E.P.
Fresh Kut Records (no.10)**

This is a triple-pack of no-holds-barred jump up tunes. The logo is an excellent picture of a mean looking mutant soldier with demon eyes holding a barbed broad sword drawn by DJ Facs (a consistent producer of quality tracks himself). The first track here is a remix of 'Deilikut Beats' which is a basic work-out while 'Intoxicate the Rude Boy' stands out a s a dancelfloor killer. Another tune with a "You feel as if you're gonna die but you don't" sample has a really busy break which just pushes the tune on. My favorite sample is in the last tune: "As long as there's something to be said in the ghetto there will be graffiti. I'm not gonna tell someone 'you can't express your feelings - only me. That's not the

way it works. The only way I can figure it is that they don't like something they can't control." This is another fine jump-up tune. There is also a tune with a more hypnotic edge with its neverending didgerdoo style b-line. An excellent E.P.

The Reverend

**Ras 13
Badder Dan Dem
Congo Natty**

"The sound of the culture". I'm afraid I can't tell you who is behind the ragga vocals on this one but like it says on the tune "this is lyrics, MCing". If you know Congo Natty then you know what to expect: The Rebel MC's label has been making tunes with enormous basslines for some time. In case you are in any doubt as to the Congo Natty mission the samples make it quite clear. "For the last year there's been a lot of music coming out that's been weak" ... "All that player dressing up - acting like it's some kind of fashion show or something." This is drum'n'bass stripped down to its rude essentials. When you hear a Congo Natty bassline you will know what I mean. I can't work out which mix is better because they are both excellent.

The Reverend

**D.Stein & J.Maldini
The Mine
Bad Company Recordings 01**

This tune is in the heavy rolling Andy C/Optical/Johnny L style. A continuous heavy sub-bass throughout drives the sound forward. The roaring bass-slabs, metallic screeching and ripping noises give the tune a menacing and industrial feel. If you like Ram Records' latest stuff, then you'll like this too. The Bridge on the other side is a bit like an old Full Cicle track; live jazzy bass-line, female vocal loops and snippets of guitar. You can almost see the musicians on stage creating their own little groove. Mellow.

The Reverend

**The Ram Trilogy
Andy C, Ant Miles and Shimon
Ram Records 22-24**

Split into three chapters this trilogy consists of eight different tracks. Each tune proves that the Ram Records label - from Hom Church - is still going strong and getting stronger! Starting with the overpowering No Reality which must have been one of the most asked for tunes in '98, going through over half an hour of blistering analogue hardstep, this is squelching, rolling, hammering and in your face dance music. The final tune Funk Station is a relentless, acidic bass-line session with original drums rolling throughout. In the neverending search for the next level once again it's Ram Records who takes us there.

The Reverend

**DJ Ron
Industrial Pubwise E.P.
London Some ting Records 013**

The drums are militant, the basslines are working on a dub level of sub-bass frequencies and the few scattered vocals are distant shouts of 'massive' or 'rockers' or 'armageddon'. As always DJ Ron has put a lot of work into the drums so that all these tunes stand up on their own. If you like the Juice Records output you will probably like this too. The title says it really.

The Reverend

**Buddha Monks
Got's Like Come On Thru
(Prisoners of Technology remix)**

'I start to freeze. At ease. It's the Wu Tang Killer Bees'. P.O.T. give us their jump-up version of this Wu Tang tune from their latest album. It's a stop/start track with a snappy jumping bassline. On its own it doesn't really flow from beginning to end. It needs to be mixed. Party tune.

The Reverend

**Wormhole:Ed Rush, Optical + Fierce
(Virus LP1)**

Streamline:from the (excellent) graphics of hi-tech blurs to the stripped down structure of the tracks. The beats are a skeleton that are rendered by synth patterns, sample sheets and the momentum seems constant, ten tracks or one continuum? The tracks make up a highly polished machine which in it's momentum leaves a slipstream of data trails, odd configurations that are like viewing objects from a vehicle, gone but imprinted in the memory as atmospheres, anomalies. It is self replicating, but breeding difference. "Splinter" "Point Blank" and "Glass Eye" create ominous atmospheres; a view into a weird anatomy. The compositions are so self contained and create a 'total "natural" machine logic, the musical equivalent of a Von Neumann "construction description machine". Many will not find this Drum & Bass, it does n't fit easily into any category, which is why it works so well, just going where the machines take you. The link of Ed Rush, Optical and Fierce is a potent brew, well honed and moving into new territories. Virus is a label that confidently gets on with exploring these avenues in a single minded way.

Tunk Systems

Unison: Marine Codes/Life Dreams Promo 21

Big sound of a vortex taking it's time to suck the listener in, huge synth sound with broken beats in dub scurring around the whirling core, liquid gurgles make sure you drown. Shows that the ominous, fractured, sound has still got a huge power. The B side is the one.

Tunk Systems

**Absolute Zero + Subphonics -
The Code - Renegade Hardware**

With most U.K. jungle/hardstep seemingly in a bit of a rut at

the moment, losing intensity and favouring less harsh/dark scenarios, it seems harder and harder to find playable new tracks, however one side of this record, 'The Code' manages to cut it, all be it following the accepted formula (x amount of bars to the breakdown, bass sounds come in and then beats kick it off) with a growling b-line cutting through a thin veil of darkness punctured by stepping drums and fast hi-hats.

Kover

Current Value - Frequency Hunt - Position Chrome

Frozen frequencies and stepping beats with hints of broken beat structures, tough reverbed kiks and an overall sharpness of sound. Fairly removed from other recent Chrome output with a clean digital sound. Although the cleanness of production hasn't appealed to some, it seems fitting here when the overall sound is so cold. This is what makes it interesting. It has a slightly different, spacious, bleaker sound, which makes it difficult to say it sounds like this or that, less aggressive than the Panacea records but also less obviously influenced by the U.K. sound.

Kover

**Disorder
Global Disorder EP
(Position Chrome)**

Come the revolution, rich kids like Mathis and Phillip will have their equipment confiscated and placed in one of a thousand large equipment libraries. Other producers will be able to take out items of equipment and recording technology and use it to feed and provoke their overburdened and agitated imaginations. Mathis and Phillip will then be taken-off to one of an unfortunately vast amount of re-education centres: they will be forced various other forms of music by jazz collectors and soundtrack obsessives. Many other forms of music will be drilled into them, but, listening to Global Disorder, it may be necessary for them to go through the "ear within an ear" treatment as recommended by Comrade Nietzsche. This would be far preferable to them having to suffer the introductory lectures of

the gang's assault is lost amidst the surprise element of the attack but it also seems to leave the way open to the suggestive sense that the pretext for the attack has been ever-present. When reasons are offered up they strike the viewer with their simplicity: the gang are seeking revenge and are attacking the precinct building because the father of the murdered girl, who killed one of their number, is being sheltered there; the crimewave, remarked upon before the assault, is absurdly ascribed to "sunspots putting pressure on the atmosphere". The first denies the fact that the gang have a political reason to attack the precinct building as it is not only the local emblem of state power but is the territory of those who massacred the six gang members. The second functions more as an indication of the general inability to ascribe social reasons to crime at the same time that, being heard as a phenomena reported by radio news, it is regurgitated unreflectively as a piece of mediated knowledge that posits a random causality.

Just as Romero makes his zombies purposefully enigmatic, without "origin or referent", Carpenter, by depicting the gang in a similarly ambiguous light can ensure that his movie is not interpreted as a struggle between good and evil. Having left this moral terrain Carpenter can build upon the drama of circumstance rather than the drama of outcome. In Assault the situation itself is the focus of our attention and the very fact that there are no characters, outside the precinct, who are aware of the siege, works to heighten the tension at the same time that it resists the temptation of an added moral framing by not succumbing to the rhetoric of rescue operations. That there is no cavalry around the corner means that Carpenter can focus solely on what takes place inside the precinct building and thus throw into relief the contradictions and divisions between characters as well as the instability of shifting alliances. Foremost among these is the fact that the leading character, Lft.Bishop, is black, and even before the assault begins, we are witness to an undercurrent of racism from the desk sergeant. Bishop, himself from the Anderson district, has had unsavoury experiences in this same precinct building and he recounts that when he was reported for a minor prank the cops had told him that "we lock up little boys who make mistakes". The menace implied in this bullying tease is one of inducing a fear of the authorities and it works to initially create the sense that Bishop could well be sympathetic towards the gang members. Furthermore, as a newly promoted cop, there is the hint that Bishop, not entrusted with a more responsible duty on his "first night out", has been given the 'babysitting' job of guarding the precinct building on its last night before being relocated. Of the other main characters there are two convicted killers, Wilson and Wells, who are spending the night

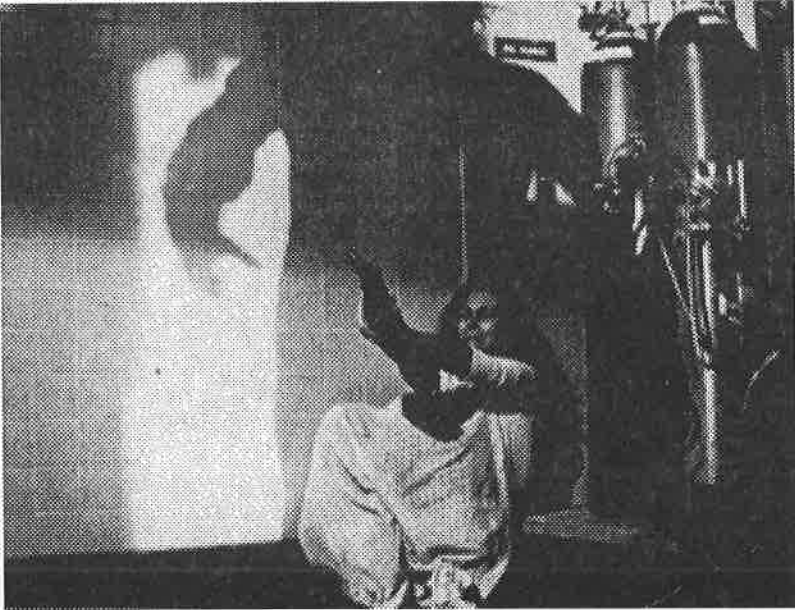
in the holding cells and Leigh the secretary who, rather than fulfilling the function of wallflower, here gives as good as she gets and in a twist of the romantic genre convention has a 'romantic' encounter with Wilson that is memorable for its hard edged cynicism and understated control of gesture. That the final grouping in defence of the precinct is comprised of these four people means that the alliance is always undercut by the threat that the convicts will turn on Bishop and Leigh and secure their own freedom. That this does not transpire is as much a means that Carpenter can exacerbate the threat right the way through, but it also serves to further dislodge the normal patterns of identification: Bishop the black cop and Wilson the white convict is one upsetting of the formula but the fact that Wilson and Bishop treat each other with respect somehow seems to refer back to a mutual suffering of injustice that has their defence of the precinct as a way that they, like the gang, are fighting back against an unspoken and displaced injustice that exists unconsciously for them. At the end of the movie, after the two of them have moved into the street behind a protective sign saying "support your local police officer", and the cops come to re-shackle Wilson, Bishop cries out "get away from him". The combination of the sign and the cry, that Bishop the cop should be defending a convicted killer, seems to be suggestive of his suspicion that the law is a means of protecting an unjust society. This cry, from the usually cool and resourceful Bishop, is maybe also indicative of a sense, like in Halloween, that survival is no victory. Here what is left for the victor is a continuance of the dysfunction that has entrapped Bishop in the first place. The very relocation of the precinct is, following the Western reference of the film, suggestive of a withdrawal from the territory, a surrender of the outpost with a nod towards the failure of the 'domesticating' mission that established the precinct as an outpost. This sense of a society at the limit of functioning and teetering on the brink of social collapse is further manifested in various subtle and unspectacular ways. In one scene a prison guard tries to phone another precinct

and experiences first no answer from the operator, followed by a repeated holding message, and then no dial tone. During the initial stages of the assault the lights and electricity going off is explained away as "another power failure" and when the phone lines go down one character, hoping that the precinct occupants can be saved, says "don't the phone company actually know when there's a line down?" Throughout the siege the occupants persistently believe that they will be rescued and this is as much an indication of their reliance and faith in the protective authority of institutions and technology. Wilson, who has been on the receiving end of such apparatus, has little faith and it could be that Bishop's cry at the end of the film is as much related to his own growing awareness that the systems and institutions he has trusted and served have and will continue to fail him.

The minimalism of both Halloween and Assault on Precinct 13 which infects dialogue, characterisation, setting and soundtrack seems to insist, through a kind of inverse charge, on the very open endedness of the meanings that can be gleaned from them. A lack of specific signification to which we are accustomed seems to give rise to an excess of signification which is as much propelled by Assault's genre ambiguity and playful inversion of the formulas. Like the electronic soundtrack, composed and played by Carpenter, the emptiness seems to result in a widening of conceptual and imaginary space that butts-up and takes a kind of energy from the shadowed shots and claustrophobia of the siege. In one way Assault could be described as a movie about alienation in that dialogue, theme and moral tenor are so understated as to seem truculently resistant to communication. And yet we can also infer from such minimalism that Carpenter is offering us a film where the ambiguity of gesture and mood is given a more important role than the specific and often unrealistic motives that we are usually subjected to. It is as if by reducing his directorial role to one of cinematic technique (the construction of shots, framing and the jump-cut edits of the action sequences), that Carpenter recoils from the role of moral arbiter that is usually the lot and responsibility of the director (just think of the sickly and lachrymose films of Spielberg or the host of left-liberal films where the little people get by and get through). By refusing to 'interfere' with the movie by inflecting it with a particular message or with

specific lines of untroubled alliance, Carpenter does not allow Assault to be encumbered with conventional meanings. We don't know who we're 'rooting-for' here. From the angle of the soundtrack this is ensured by Carpenter's use of analogue synthesizer which, whilst giving the movie a 'future-setting' type feel, works, in retrospect, as a further means of setting the movie apart from audience expectation. Though the choice of a sparse single note synthesizer theme seems to infer a technological alienation (that is also inferred in Halloween when the babysitters speak to each other by phone even though they are only across the road from each other) it may actually function more positively in alienating the audience from those

responses elicited by more conventional methods of scoring films. Instead of using a soundtrack that dictates what the audience is supposed to feel and how it is supposed to respond, Carpenter further unmoors the audience and casts it adrift from recognising too readily what 'type' of film it is watching. As with the Halloween soundtrack, Carpenter's electronic scores point in the direction of an abstraction of feeling in that an electronic sound doesn't, like say the more customary string orchestra, necessarily imply an ethereal response that takes the audience transcendently 'out of itself'. In this way, as with all his early films, the horror arises in the dislocation of the 'fantasy-world' of the cinema and its replacement with something that could be perceived as dry and objective but which, like suspense, alludes to the interplay interplay between feeling and thought. The Halloween theme provides further examples of such a presencing. Here synthesizer is dry to the extent of always remaining within a limited timbral and rhythmic range. This 'compression' of the sound, the confines of repetition as well as, the at times, exaggeratedly slow tempo, all add to the pressure of the suspense as Myers stalks the neighbourhood. Such methods also seem, by refusing the flurries and bombast of other horror film soundtracks, to add to a prolongation of attentive-tension befitting of Carpenter's



autotr aumat sation

expressed aim to make a feature length film from the shower scene of Hitchcock's Psycho. Even this latter film, scored by Bernard Herrmann, allows for passages of lightened atmosphere, but with Halloween we are only given an ironic referencing of The Chordette's "Mr Sandman": an acappella song that, by its placing of conventional melody and secure familiarity, seems not to lighten the atmosphere but to make the electronic soundtrack take on an even starker dimension. Returning to Assault on Precinct 13, the rhythmic stealth of its theme works to communicate the determination of the gang and its very repetition, the way that it does not reach swelling string climaxes, is, as with

Halloween, suggestive of the lack of resolution and therefore the dispersion into society of the threat that the gang poses. That variants of this theme have been taken up in electro music of various kinds from Afrika Bambaataa to I-F, also suggests how there is an excitement around the gang's assault and that they becomes vicarious emissaries of viewer dissension. The 'horror' of Assault seems to lie in this direction: that it does not code the uprising as morally wrong but welcome and inevitable.

(Autotraumatise) Being exposed to fright and crisis, placing ourselves in a position where we can be traumatised leads to a situation where we acclimatise ourselves to fear, inhabit it and become fearless enough to confront other fears. On so many occasions it is even a memory that we cannot revisit and, anxious before a return to a site or a scene, anxious of what it may conjure up in the mind's eye, we remain in a paralysed state of fear rather than become accustomed to confrontation, re-vision and secession. Fearful, even, and ignorant of the full ramifications of what constitutes and still constitutes us. So, we should be relieved that we are protected and the search will go on... the search for a father or a boss who will, in returning our imploring gaze, see to it that we will

never be independent or autonomous but will remain in this situation of servitude unable even to make a mistake or an error or a criticism. Thus the adrenalin of fear is dissipated and the libidinal charge it effects soon dloys to other more respected and repressed scenes. But, living at such a low-ebb beneath the infra-red glare, we will die the slow death of the inexperienced and inarticulate slasher victim, and, clocking-in and clocking-out to the rhythm of cyclical schedules, we may find that we no longer have the energy with which to scream, cannot even hear our own inner voice, our social voice, have become deaf to it in our flight from the traumas it may re-present to us. Yes, everything is perfect, everything is fine, it's just you, you looking back out at me with your emotionless eyes....

Howard Slater
@ Break/Flow

NOTES

- (1) see Carol J Clover: *Men, Women and Chainsaws*, BFI 1992. Also Steven Shaviro's chapter on George Romero in his *The Cinematic Body*, Minnesota 1993.
- (2) Carpenter cited by Carol Clover, *ibid*, p 5. Carpenter's first movie, *Dark Star*, takes many such risks that range from... framing the astronauts as exploited and discarded proletarians, supplanted by computers... to having one of them talk phenomenology to a computerised bomb.
- (3) Carpenter cited by Carol Clover, *ibid*, p160.
- (4) Here the ghosts of a trawler crew have been doublecrossed by the founding 'fathers' of a coastal town and their return, signalled by a green 'atomic' fog, is prompted by a motivation to right the historic wrongs. A kind of pay it all, pay it all, pay it all back!
- (5) Carpenter cited by Carol Clover, *ibid*, p48.
- (6) Elizabeth Cowie: *Representing The Woman: Cinema and Psychoanalysis*, Macmillan 1997, p7.
- (7) *ibid*.
- (8) Gilles Deleuze: *Coldness and Cruelty*, Zone Books 1986, p88.
- (9) Walter Benjamin: *Illuminations*, Fontana 1992, p229.
- (10) Voloshinov: *Freudianism - A Critical Sketch*, Indiana 1987, p86.
- (11) Giorgio Agamben: 'Beyond Human Rights' in *Radical Thought in Italy*, ed. Paolo Virno and Michael Hardt, Minnesota 1996, p161-2.
- (12) Friedrich Nietzsche: *Genealogy of Morals*, Doubleday 1956, p220.

Mediation

noise, politics & the media

Simon Reynolds : *Energy Flash* (Picador 1998)
Rob Young : *Harder! Faster! Louder!* (The Wire, Issue 176, October 1998)
Crash! (Sleazeneration, Vol 2 issue 10, November 1998)
DHR Part one (self-published newsprint '98)

Solidified, black on white, the story becomes a history, simplified, made to fit a convenient discourse, a discourse that is primarily journalistic and has little to do with what is actually happening in the real world (a world that postmodern media types are confident doesn't exist).

On the one hand different things are thrown together to make a good story, regardless of veracity. Only like this it is possible that for example Reynolds is talking about gabba, then about us (Praxis/Dead By Dawn/Alien Underground) where apparently "The anarcho-crusties belong to an underground London scene in which gabba serves as the militant sound of post-Criminal Justice Act anger", then throwing together some quotes from Alien Underground (from a review that ironically used Paul Virilio quotes) with track titles by Industrial Strength artists, only to conclude in the following paragraph that "Such imagery recalls the aestheticization of war and carnage in the manifestos of the Italian Futurists and the writings of the Freikorps."

Even if for each single claim a case could be constructed, by throwing them together like this the limits of mere simplifications are clearly overstepped and the result is a libellous and outrageous mixing up of radical positions of the left and right, with the obnoxious and stupid assertion that everything fast and extreme is intrinsically fascist. Is it just badly researched or just plain arrogance in the knowledge that being published by Picador and as a senior editor at Spin, he can say whatever he wants about us, because we have no voice anyway?

To deal with the complexity of the various hardcore scenes in the space of a few pages in a "definitive chronicle of rave music and dance culture" may be doomed to fail, but to read those pages have put in doubt the accuracy of the rest of the book - after all there is no conceptual, aesthetic or political connection between Gangstar Toons Industry and Leathernecks, or between Lory D. and Temper Tantrum, and there's no connections between anything to come from us and the Italian Futurists, let alone the Freikorps - a particularly malicious connection to make considering our professed political orientation towards early German council communism, a movement that got violently suppressed by the Freikorps who thereby paved the way for fascism (what Freikorps writing is he referring to anyway?).

Another case in point is where an activist is quoted saying "We do everything illegal because it's only outside the law that there's any real life to be had." It doesn't occur to the writer that this may be an actual statement rather than a promotional one, and that he wouldn't necessarily have to print the real name of the person making it (which he does). So while Reynolds is trying to smear us, and handing others over to the police, a curious development has happened recently in other sections of the more established media.

Every single li(fe)-style magazine had their very own Digital Hardcore feature, that in essence said the same things every time, basically the same they already said 4 years ago in Alien Underground (to my knowledge the first feature they had). The problem is that the circumstances have changed, and what was militant statements of intent have now become merely a part of a promotional media circus (even if their personal intention may still be true, it becomes corrupted, almost a parody, by the context). They themselves went from claiming to use the multipliers/media to admitting to be working from inside the corporate system, and fighting it thus, in the space of only a couple of years. Claiming to fight the system from within is a ridiculous position that has no thought - only money - behind it, and they know that. Paranoid about accusations of sell-out they largely cut themselves off from the underground scene they originally intended to create to the degree of trying to discourage people from releasing their own records and encourage them to send demo tapes instead, a move that betrays insecurity and fear of the power of self-organisation. When publishing their own newspaper, they missed a (last?) opportunity to set things straight, but largely opted for promotion instead: On the one hand Alec Empire is trying to convince us that the subversive strains of 'techno' have failed, that his (pop-)strategy is not simply parasitical, it even poisons the system by selling more and more records (?), but that he wants to destroy or share the power capitalism is 'giving' him. With whom? Obviously not even with the other musicians on his own label; in their slim newspaper he prints 18 photos of himself, giving no space at all to some of the best musicians on his label, e.g. Christoph de Babalon, or 16-17 whose 12" for DHR is a "debut release by new artist from Switzerland", even though 16-17 has releases going back as far as

1984; in this promotional context everything that isn't marketable is eradicated: the history, other lives and creativity of their own artists even, at least of those who haven't signed full publishing contracts; there is a strict hierarchy. This is a shame, because at least at some point their radical opposition to the 'system' was genuine. They are rightly criticising elitism and identifying the problem of getting marginalised if opposing the system. But rather than corroding the system they are now giving it exactly what it wants: new exciting young talent to show and exploit; to prove that the media are indeed featuring 'radical' artists, playing along in every account. Isolated, equipped only with contracts and press clippings, they make perfect fodder for the decrepit media.

On the other hand The Wire presented us with a particularly cynical piece of recuperation in its October 98 issue, where "a bloody revolution is about to overthrow the dominance of spineless electronic music. An invisible international network of extreme musicians are cutting new channels for their digital discharge" with a front page story titled HARDER! FASTER! LOUDER! Indeed we learn of "unimaginably savage white noise torrents", and the "strength and abrasiveness of ... terror assaults".

Since hack Rob Young knows or assumes that his readers don't know better he can claim that V/VM's first two EPs "went over everyone's head", and quote them saying "Everything extreme. The more extreme the better." Everyone who actually heard those records knows that that's ridiculous, and none of the acts described in the article release anything remotely deserving the descriptions above. The reason this is curious is that there are plenty of releases that would... that there are a number of producers and labels out there that have been releasing extreme music for years, music that has been played on free party sound systems, squat raves and underground clubs and continues to thrive.

Are journalists these days just not doing their research anymore? Is it that it would be too embarrassing to admit that there had been all these things happening for years without them noticing? Or do they know that as would-be high priests of the spectacular system they need virgins - "their first ever photo shoot"! - people who are prepared to have their picture taken, who are prepared to function in a way the culture industry wants them...

They will always find those people, but usually they're not associated with cultural or even political subversion. Now however journalists are starting to season their elaborations with out-of-context quotes from situationists and (strangely?) recuperating "revolution" as a means to sell their papers. The logic behind this is easy - there is a strong subversive strain in electronic dance music, and it's their job to stop it by re-incorporating it into the spectacular system. They are "surprised and worried" (to quote Vaneigem, not quite as out of context as Rob Young does:) "Not without reason; after all, their skin is at stake."

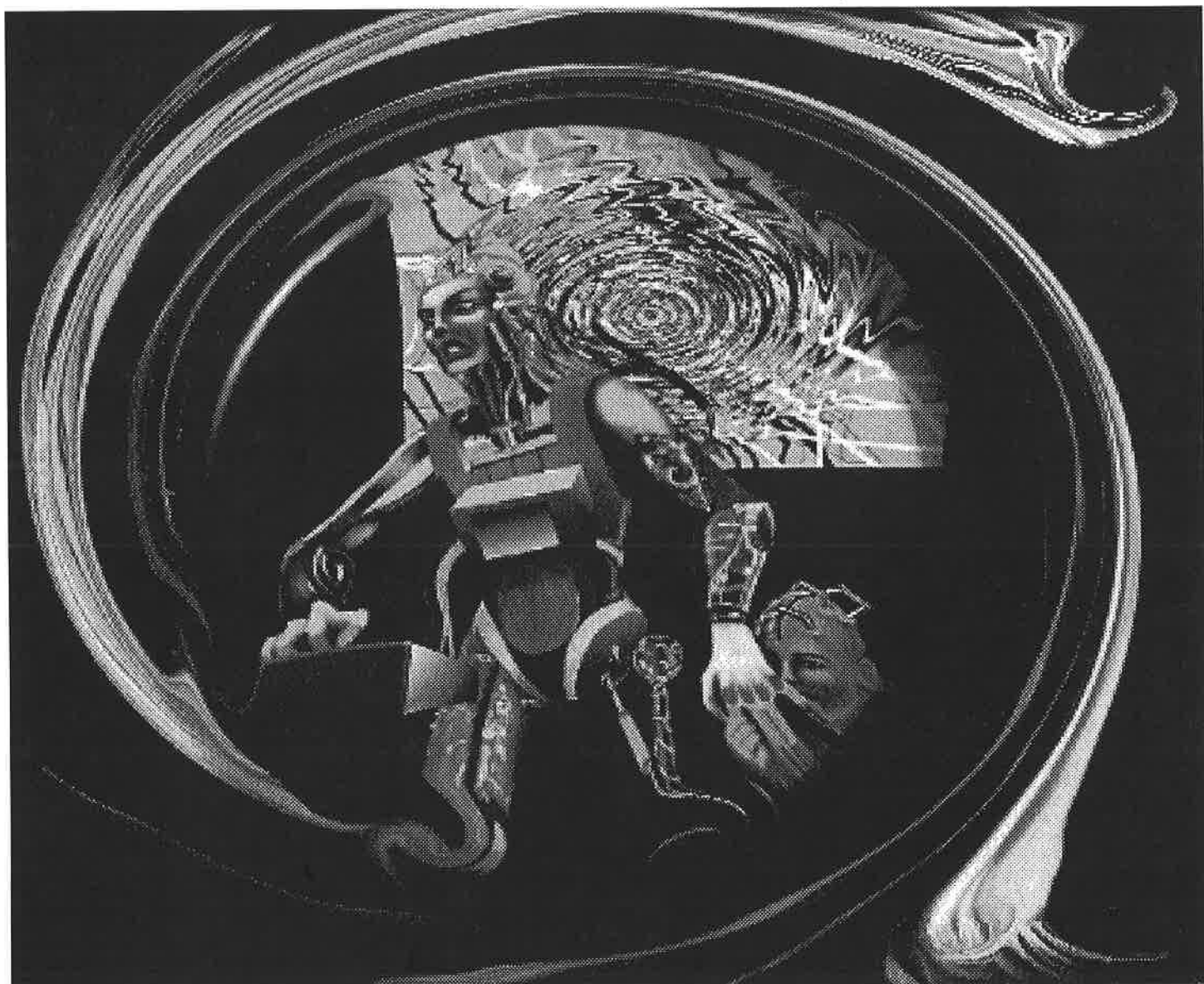
In this article the mixing up of libertarian communism (e.g. Vaneigem) and fascist Futurism (e.g. Wyndham Lewis) is practised with the usual mixture of stupidity and malicious intent, and ideological channel-hopping can lead from Debord and Vaneigem to "the fundamentalist impulse; where

zeal takes on a dictatorial, dogmatic flavour" within one paragraph. One "mercenary" is quoted as saying: "The only thing I really see us opposing is apathy."

The ideological mess becomes complete: Apparently Diskono are "Defying you to consume their 'product' and not feel guilty" (just like cigarette manufacturers?), they are "modern-day 'bombardiers'" (whoever blew up Oklahoma City had a problem with apathy), and with "tired of the old hegemony that demands avant garde artists deny the existence of popular culture", a bit of anti-Frankfurt School banality is thrown into the mixture that just explained Vaneigem as calling "for revolution to rescue artistic creativity from the morally corrupting influence of commerce".

Using situationist slogans to further their careers in the spectacle (in this instance in the magazine Sleazeneration, Nov. 1998) is also a duo called CRASH! (standing for Creating Resistance Against Society's Haemorrhoids), made up of a former ID-art director and a Modern Review columnist; the result is predictably revolutionary "from the inside" - of the style press! An almost random assortment of quotes from Vaneigem, Debord, Lukacs and Marx, with a page saying I LIKE YOU in big letters in between and culminating in their slogan "COMMUTERS UNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR BUS PASS", they "wanted to spend money on the project and make it look slick", but "get away from that horrible style over content thing"; their social comment is expressed: "What's bad is being exploited, and putting up with it." It's remarkable that a bit of criticism about alienation can pose as radical politics these days, I'm sure the style magazine audiences have been burning bus passes ever since; it's all pretty va-cunt.

CF



channel zero



It seems suiting that since capitalism has erected its own code of ethics, it should continue by giving life to new archetypes. One in particular is what we will call "the contaminated hero"-an individual so sickened by the current system that they seek to wake up the masses by infiltrating mass media, and letting the truth be known. This "hero" inevitably falls all too soon into the trap of infection and degradation that only capitalism can offer. Both a new comic, Channel Zero, and Immediatism by Hakim Bey address the issue of pure intentions drained of life by the vampyric system of mass media and corporate domination.

While in San Francisco, I picked up Immediatism at the Anarchist Collective and within half an hour, happened upon the most exciting comic I had yet to see. Written by Brian Woods, Channel Zero is a fresh look at the too near future of censorship, information overload and the sub-culture which thrives from these. Woods combines hard-edged illustrations, narratives, dialogue, and the occasional news report to convey america as the new fascist homeland-a nation ruled by "The Clean Act". Under this new legislation, full on censorship is enforced and the First Amendment os obliterated. From the heart of the East Village student protest movement, Jennie 2.5 was spawned.

A performance artist out of work from The Clean Act, Jennie 2.5 sets out the dark bars of (post-Guillani) New York where they support a "tech black-market". Her aim is to shake up the zombified masses through transmission of her own pirate TV show. The inevitable traps into which she must fall, have already been set. After six-months of broadcasting (what end up to be repetitious and lackluster) shows, Jennie 2.5's greatest fear is there in her face-waiting to devour her.... Hakim Bey states it most bluntly in Immediatism-

"The Totality isolates individuals & renders them powerless by offering only illusory modes of social expression, modes which seem to promise liberation or self-fulfillment but in fact end by producing more mediation and alienation."

This exact point explains why Jennie's mission begins mocking itself with corporations trying to advertise, her TV ratings skyrocketing - leaving her wondering if her viewers even know that this is an illegal operation-one in which she is trying to help them. The Totality which Bey mentions is "produced thru mediation & alienation, which attempt to subsume or absorb all creative energies for the Totality." This leech-like effect can be seen everywhere as supposed radical and rebellious means of expression "can be turned into fodder...for MTV or ads for jeans or perfume." The mere act of trying to reach people through this apathy box we call a TV, leads to a complete mash-up of the original intention (if there was any) because it places the content into a safe arena. Jennie 2.5 realizes this yet ignores it, partly because of her martyr mentality - mostly because of her ego.

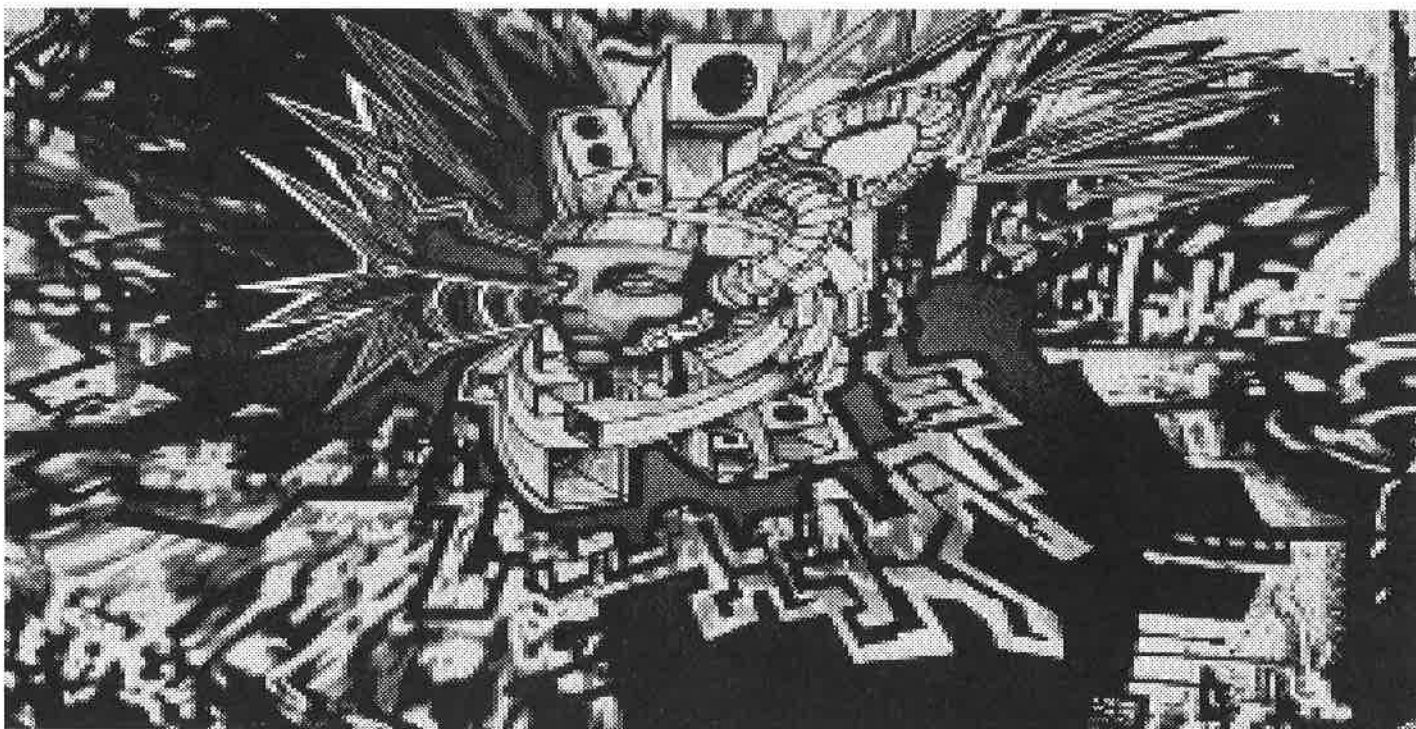
This is by no means the end of Jennie 2.5 or Channel Zero. Her adventures continue with just as much passion and ingenuity. But maybe if she read Immediatism, she would have figured out that to place her spirit into the vacuum of mass media could only mean one thing...

A diluted message-if any at all.
-Rachael Kozak

Illustrations taken from Channel Zero are printed w/permission from Brian Woods.
channel zero published by Image Comics

Immediatism

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ABSOLUTE MATERIALISM
Heaven's Gate, Artaud, 'regenerative slime'.
Part 2 of Gnostic Front, datacide two.

Few self-contained pieces of bad advice can rival self-help legend Sheldon Kopp's 'learn to forgive yourself again and again and again and again'. This would not only mean pretending to be guilty of digging whatever pit you happen to fall into, but presuming to say where the responsibility would end. But if guilt is imbecilic, shame is a perpetual motion machine, the hidden motor of Spinoza's indivisible self-animating substance (and for Marx, apparently 'a revolutionary sentiment'). For example some cheap piece of evidence, a social encounter, or the sound of your own saliva clicking, provokes ridiculous lamentations, first person phrases which are a cause for shame themselves. Of course these are incompatible with whatever notions usually reconcile you to yourself. Yet the faint verisimilitude that authorizes your small ration of complacency also resounds in these horrible new postures. Their slapstick vulgarity vouches for that of the habits closest to your heart. (Thus there's nothing more nihilistic than memory as consolation, a desperate refrain of 'They can't take that away from me'. Ten floodlit minutes of uneventful terror infallibly interpret the lifetime leading up to them. Cf. Benjamin: 'even the dead' will not be safe from the enemy if he wins.

Antonin Artaud is best known to English-speaking readers as a born victim of this perpetual jive, a precocious Heaven's Gate student without computers or science fiction. Susan Sontag describes him as 'classically gnostic', opposing personal psychic salvation to 'a world clogged with matter'. Jacques Derrida insists that 'he never renounced health': he suffered in the name of 'a life without difference'. For a long time the self-proclaimed bad actor was willing to play this part. In 1937, the year he was deported from Ireland and thrown into hospital, he wrote to André Breton, 'I agree to go on living because I think and believe that this world with which Life insults me and insults You will die before I do.' His 'indignation against everything' was founded on almost serene faith: 'there is something to be found. I have found this something and that is what permits me always to speak with complete assurance'. In the near future, the whole world was to go up in flames, so that the Natural Right of 'Kings In Spirit' might come into power. The last resort of Heaven's Gate (or of the Cathar Perfects facing Simon de Monfort's Crusaders) is implicit in this Millennial gambler's bravado. In a letter written two months later, he anticipates 'a furious one who will invite us to stop living and to feel that it is better to die'.

Over the nine years of his incarceration, however, Artaud gradually gave up the respectable game of playing Catholicism off against the 'true christ', the dream of synthesising European and 'Eastern' religions on a purely psychological plane. After 1945, his writing hurls abuse at spirituality in general instead of just at priests. Elaborate curses are heaped upon the ritualistic Balinese theatre, his former inspiration. 'The idolatrous' must be 'flagellated as it deserves, in order to show of what nothing it is made'.

At this point analogies between Artaud's thought and gnosticism begin to crumble. Violent indignation does without any underlying assurance. Pneuma (often translated as 'spirit' but, literally, 'breath') subsists only in bodily secretions. In breath, blood, shit, semen and writing, action, the body's self-animation, is inseparable from passion, its (dis) possession by the teeming fragments of god.

I see fragments, I pant them, I set them up with my breath and

TRUE CONFESSIONS

Endnote to Let the Children Play (Luther Blissett, Datacide 4)

In a chapter of the book Lasciate che i bimbi. Pedofilia: pretesto per la caccia alle streghe (Let the Children...Paeophilia as a Pretext for a Witch Hunt), Luther Blissett recounts the loving cultivation of the Child Internet Pornography menace by media, police forces and Non-Governmental Organisations up to 1997, the date of publication. Last August saw a new development in this debacle, when some web sites were discovered on which men who molest children describe what they do, paying earnest attention to detail. It was reported that some of the sites offer live, "real time" coverage, while others invite readers to suggest the paedophile's

next move.

Therapists and journalists should have been paying close attention here, because the extremes of guilt and innocence are threatening to converge. The new, confessional style of pornography is strikingly similar in content to accounts by survivors of abuse, whose moral authority is unquestionable. The only substantial differences are in packaging and a vague sense of "perspective": elements of style which indicate to the reader who to "identify with". (At present this is easy to decide, because the "porn" and "confessional" genres are strictly autobiographical. However this may not always be the case, as it's a pornographic commonplace to write from the point of view of the "object" of the reader's desire: eg. a 40 year-old man writes "as" a 16 year-old schoolgirl.)

Whatever its source, the invention of confessional child-pornography means that the same measure of authenticity determines the moral weight of the

my hand, and with my breath and my hand I slash...These are beings, animalcules and not objects, who have invented spirit in order that it resemble them...They come from an already existing body drawn from all the fragments...and that is what is known as absolute materialism...what characterises things is that they are follow no law absolutely save my own arbitration and will which are made of things that are going to annihilate them...from an abortive or hasty gesture one day an army of bodies has emerged... (Notes for a letter to the Balinese)

According to Porphyry and Iamblichus (Neoplatonist philosophers read by Artaud at the Rodez clinic), Pneuma is inhabited by aerial demons which 'confuse the judgement and as it were inebriating them, deceive men and lead them astray, setting off 'the whole complex mechanism of sighs'. Yet this illness is also 'the self-animating evolution of an angel'; the 'dissolving' demons strain within matter towards the One, the 'unique and very undefinable will', the physical body without organs.

Whereas the Heaven's Gate Crew presumed to do without drugs, opiates play a precisely determined role in Artaud's renunciation of transcendence. Opium is 'what resembles most closely' the 'regenerative slime' that is 'the very body of the soul' or the angelic polarity of Pneuma. It 'does not make you see things in a hallucinatory manner, it makes you do things, without magic, but rendering always more magically acceptable the difficulty of encountering things in the ordinary course of life'. This fabricated

angel blocks off orifices — mouth, anus, pores and internal passages — suspending the organic relations ('ingestion, breaking off of everything') that shut down thought. But the 'resemblance' between the drug and 'regenerative slime' must not be mistaken for an End. 'The fluid is necessarily corrupted, but not by itself. It is corrupted only by the other pole from which it cannot be separated.' The horror of bodies' mutual permeation isn't interrupted, it's transferred wholesale onto the 'the very real surface of thought'. The artificially full body's

plenitude means unlimited vulnerability: everything is at stake in every encounter. Passions which would otherwise be confined to particular states of affairs are inflicted directly on the 'univocal being' of eternally returning events. The most contemptible animalcule influences every possibility, infecting 'all chance in a single cast'.

It's clear why Roger Blin said opium suited Artaud's rages and fulminations. Some kind of prosthetic is always needed, although it could just as well have been another inauthentic substance.

To exist...means carrying fear, the entire sexual coffer of the shadow of fear, into oneself, as the unified body of the soul from infinite time, without recourse to any god behind one. (Letter to Henri Parisot)

The point is to perpetuate this fear (or shame), to nail it to impersonal thought before it subsides into clogged emotion, 'the foul intimacy of bardo'. This childish (not 'childlike') confusion of 'monumental, unreasonable terrors' is the cheapest possible price for a moment's flight from the psychological, political mechanism by which 'everyone is able to look inside everyone else, in order to find out what everyone else is doing'. But latter-day gnostics, from students of Heaven's Gate to those of Greil Marcus, want most of all to be spared unhealthy levels of stress. To save themselves from being torn apart by hesitation, they welcome things as they are indifferently. By proclaiming the absolute dominion of an absolutely other power, they make their furtive peace with the Demiurge.

Matthew Hyland

Heaven's Gate,
Artaud,
'regenerative
slime'.

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Straight Out the Jungle

review of
ADILKNO, The Media Archive, published by
Autonomedmedia

Pierre Bourdieu's book 'On Television and Journalism' that recently caused a shit-storm of resentful, defensive near-introspection amongst French journalists and the shifting of many units from the bookshelves into the hands of media users who always already knew the score - but who wanted it intensified - provides one of the most lucid analysis of television, the 'journalistic field' and the manner in which they interpolate all forms of communication with compelling but meagre

Straight Out the Jungle

imperatives to pre-formatted comprehension. The book, a transcript of two TV broadcasts specially produced by the Collège de France make a lively and considered contrast to the cretinising methodology fixation of classical media and communications studies. Which, with nothing ever on its mind more than the opportunity to give the whole disobedient world a one-to-one tutorial will remain forever straightening the ghost-creases in its professorial trousers and muttering into its fingers. Both characterise certain aspects of critical relations to media.

In The Media Archive we are offered something rather different to either. ADILKNO: the Foundation for the Advancement of Illegal Knowledge's previous publication in English was 'Cracking the Movement, squatting beyond the media'. This book is a 'movement history', coming from the inside to trace the heroic, whimsical, and politically inventive parallel universe-in-creation of the Amsterdam squatter movement. Now, an overkill of communications gadgetry and too many books starts to ooze its own intoxicating vapours into a world where bicycles are still possible.

Whilst Bourdieu's book explicitly aimed at setting the grounds for beginning, "...in practical terms, to universalise the conditions of access to the universal" enabling communication in the media is about as far from the Media Archive as you're likely to get. As net.artist Heath Bunting (<http://www.irational.org>) suggests, 'Communication is Conflict' - an insight rephrased here by Adilkno in the text 'Virilio Calling': "Virilio, too, knew the antimedial dilemma that democracy must break all its ties with the media, but that it cannot exist without data transmission". The Media Archive doesn't add more-power-now buttons to your remote control, it doesn't make it weigh a ton like some righteous Uzi or turn your selves on to some heavy-duty chat-room revanchism. It does however pull you into a generously poured circle of salt before calling up the hidden demons of media and turning them loose on a world richly deserving of pain and confusion.

Adilkno texts are written two to a keyboard - two at least - sometimes a word reaches the screen by the intervention of forty, fifty fingers. From out of this busy clatter come texts influenced by the ready-to-swallow pharmacopoeia of Baudrillard, Guattari, McLuhan, Virilio, but with a different kind of energy. This is high density theory for sure, but written with an extra urgency that suggests it has to be gotten out before the computer breaks or burns. Aphorisms scraped fresh from the cheeks of Wilde or Nietzsche pile high on top of each other in order to fit their necks into the ready noose of a gut-loosening gallows humour.

Compared to what is a peculiarly popular propensity to capital-lettered monology, by which everything becomes interpretable in terms of a singular and always exceedingly 'novel' integration within, (one after the other): Media, Foucault, Self-Organisation, or Interface, the contents of Media Archive is refreshingly choppy. This is because rather than willing a formatting of itself as the function of which it becomes the hylomorphic template through which all documents will

hereafter be churned, when Dionysis goes nose to the page with radical negativism paradoxical positions are the only ones feasible. In an apocalyptic that is never damned, Adilkno teases itself together an itchy brain by cross-wiring the corpses of media-after-effects.

At times this means it constructs an edifice so arch that its perilously internalised in-jokes call the whole venture into question. The architectural sublime of an endlessly recursive tunnel of navels to be stared at. Often enough thankfully it's at this point that what would be derided as escapist, or fantastical, or irresponsible by standardised critical operations re-enters the atmosphere and installs itself on planet earth.

Like McLuhan they pluck amazing consequences from the observation of what has become invisible. But unlike McLuhan, who always attempted to fake the kind of omniscient point-of view of no-point-of-view that even his god had failed to provide himself with, the sheer impossibility of which provided McLuhan with the inconsistency which he made so fruitful, ADILKNO take this impossibility, this quicksand, as their very foundation. Hence we are treated to quick-fire analysis of: the door as media and as trauma; critiques of media before they leave the lab; the data dandy; freak bodies produced in music; a continent besieged by the ideology of leisurewear; electronic solitude; World War Two as an extended traffic accident; the vestigial effect of meaning to be bestowed on text considered as a string of ASCII, by designers, interpretative software or context...

As a book that itself happily takes up its position as part of some directory tree which locally perhaps consists of publisher, series, title, index, section headings, essays, references, the form and politics of the archive is implicitly crucial. From Public Enemy's sampled, "The race that controls the past controls the living present," to a host of revisionisms ranging from the brutal to the crucial it has never been more imperative to get your future into storage and in effect before the past happens. The development of the archive as a structure itself is discussed in a piece on Media Ecologists concerned to maintain a distinction between primary and secondary texts, between the authentic, the timeless and on the other hand the hybridised and mediated effluvia of culture levelled by the technics of information. According to ADILKNO, proponents of media diets whose intake consists solely of that aged in the most ancient of European cellars always too easily conflate storage with Memory and thus with the Canonical. That such an appealingly simplistic diet has become only one of many on the scrollable menus of a storage system that swallows anything provides - as paradoxically as an Amish web-page - the best chance for the survival and propagation of such a minoritarian interest as universally valuable culture.

For ADILKNO, Bourdieu's somewhat over-confident "universal" becomes cosmic, off-planet. One of their key devices is a category of texts named Unidentified Theoretical Objects. At their best they are hilarious asteroidal nuggets to gobble down and smash your teeth on. There's no sense in which these fictions are verifiable except to try them out, see how they fit, whether they hook you into something that's going on, or give you a way of escaping it. Sensible argument is pointless with a UTO. You either steal its power or attempt to ignore it. Only in hyperparadoxical self-belief will they ever become sincerely and unreservedly true. In Bourdieu's entirely accurate but less suggestive version of the televisual and journalistic media ecology the most admirable operators are, in their moments of introspection, exquisitely miserable that even media themselves are overwhelmed by the field. But this field is of course the information landscape as nurtered by Monsanto. Diversity is provided by the students on the streets, the thinker in his gravitas. By contrast, the Media Archive is as thick with vegetal will to mediation as a rainforest. Only by total obliteration within media will we achieve the chance to contemplate nothing.

Matthew Fuller

The Media Archive is available by mail order from Counter Productions, PO Box 556, London SE5 ORL

print reviews

Obsessive Eye Vol. 3:

Moving horizontally rather than vertically this intense music magazine takes in electronica, post rock and drum and bass. Interviews and meticulous research collide with architectural images: sound, it suggests, is a material dimension. In amongst Panacea, V/Vm, Jega, Vainquer, Merzbow and more we come across OE's quest to hunt down the PCP label and John Cage's 'Future of Music' lecture from 1937. Not afraid to drawn upon the avant-garde tradition means that OE is infected with an experimental attitude and a post-media sensibility. Sources suggest that this magazine is being used as the wellspring for a Wire Article on 'New Fundamental Noise'. Rest assured that there is no tabloid-styled journalism on offer here. Contact 60 Morrish Road, Brixton, London SW2 4EG for a copy of the magazine that comes with a 7" that has tracks by V/VM, Alan Vega and Panasonic.

Transgressions: A Journal of Urban Exploration.

A post-situ book-sized journal with the accent upon psycho-geography, political debate and urbanism. Transgressions contains field reports of 'drifts' . an article by the Luther Blissetts' on multiple names and various review articles. However this issue is notable for its inclusion of a text by painter and pre-situ Asger Jorn. His 'Critique of Economic Policy' is something of situ gem in that, to quote the abstract, it "addresses the inability of marxism to provide a coherent interpretation of value" and posits an assertion of "the liberating nature of art.... as a source of counter value". Jorn's text is hard going but its contrariness to situ and leftist orthodoxy makes it compelling: a route back to 1959. To start all over again send £7 to Salamander Press, Island House, Roserton Street, London E14.

Lobster 36. Hot off the press is also the new edition of Lobster, as always full of insight and information about the machinations behind the scenes in British and international politics. This time: Lobbygate revisited: Why did Roger Liddle survive?, Suppressed Keynes, Congress for Cultural Freedom, Joseph K and the spooky launderette, UK chemical and biological warfare testing, an updated Net guide, plus short pieces and reviews. Send £3 (UK), 3.50 (Europe), 4 (rest) to Robin Ramsay at 214 Westbourne Avenue, Hull, HU5 3JB, UK. e-mail robin@lobster.karoo.co.uk

Mark Curtis The Great Deception Pluto Press, 1998

"Our so-called foreign aid program, which is not really foreign aid because it isn't to foreigners but aid to us, is an indispensable factor in carrying out our foreign policy" John F.Dulles (U.S. Secretary of State), 1956

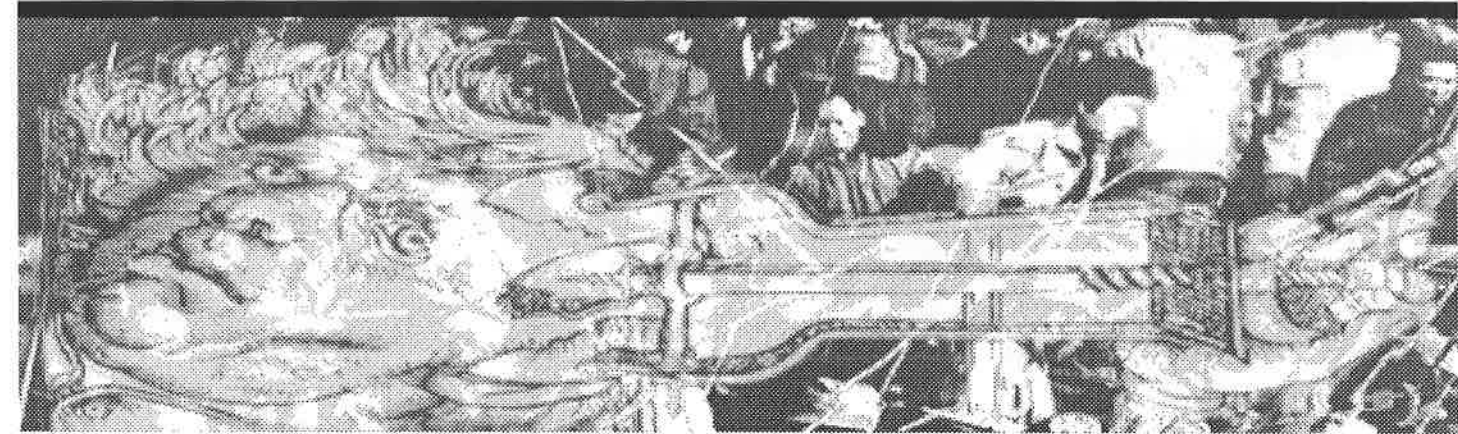
"...we get a five to one return on investment in Africa, through our trade, investment, finance and aid... We're not aiding Africa by sending them aid. Afrika's aiding us" Andrew Young, U.S. representative to U.N. February 1995

Like most of the world's population I'm not on the internet so I still need to download my information from books. This particular book is an up-to-date introduction to 'Anglo-American Power and World Order' (the books subtitle). The idea that the USA and the UK are currently part of the solution to the world's horrors is the 'Great Deception' that Curtis begins to examine here. He does so by going straight to primary sources. These include US and UK foreign policy documents (some only very recently de-classified), UN reports, Hansard, politicians' letters and biographies and Amnesty International reports. From his secondary sources a small selection of books have been included at the end of this review as 'Recommended Reading'.

If you have ever felt that the news on television and in the newspapers is not really giving you the full picture on international affairs then this book might be a good place to start doing your own research. Or, like the Gravediggaz, you might believe that "Free enterprise and lies are idolized... Babylon is never penalized" in which case this book will confirm your beliefs with hard facts and a wide array of primary source information.

The world-picture that emerges from this wealth of quotations and data is essentially grim, with the United States holding the reins and the UK acting as a junior partner. Here are a few facts I have learnt from reading this book: over 4 billion people (i.e. three quarters of the world) earn an average \$2 per day; in 1994 \$2.9 billion was lent by the World Bank's 'International Development Agency': \$2 billion was returned to the World Bank in debt repayment; the richest ten people in the UK have as much wealth as 23 poor countries accounting for 174 million people: 1990's investment in Western Europe and the US by Saudi Arabia exceeded \$200 billion. These few facts give you an idea of the sort of inequalities the book is dealing with.

However it's not just the reality of the world's basically North/South (Rich/Poor) divide that Curtis is concerned with, it is the reasons for this divide which he finds consistently in US and UK foreign policy from the end of World War Two through to the present day. His book is split into four sections. Firstly he outlines the birth and growth of the US/UK 'special relationship' post WW2 in which he emphasises New Labour's continuation of Thatcher's and Major's foreign policies. Secondly he deals with 'Development' in which the roles of the World Bank, the World Trade



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Organisation and the International Monetary Fund are clearly defined as instruments of the US/UK foreign policy (see the quotes at the beginning of this review). Thirdly he discusses the situation in the Middle East as an example of excessive interference in and continuing exploitation of the South by the North. Latin America would make another such example but with Britain's colonial past in the Middle East (regarded as a 'great price', of course, because of its enormous oil wealth) this example emphasises the US/UK 'special relationship'.

In the fourth section Curtis examines the role that the UN plays in all this. It really is extraordinary that our newspapers don't report on the actual voting that takes place at the General Assembly each year. If they did, the United States' obstructive vetoing of various progressive resolutions would be common knowledge. One example is the consistent US/UK vetoing of UN resolutions that call for colonial powers to take all necessary steps to enable the people of these colonial territories to exercise their right to self-determination. Curtis concludes this section by noting that, due to the collapse of the Soviet Union and the disciplining of the Third World through debt burden and structural adjustment programmes (SAPs) "the Western States could truly begin exercising the degree of control over the UN that they had intended in the early postwar period" (p.191). The UN then,like the World bank (another apparently neutral organisation), is little more than a tool for the Western States' foreign policy.

In his introduction Curtis writes "If we were to look at the world with honesty, we would clearly see that the United States and Britain are responsible for the most basic and routine flouting of international law". The book is really an attempt to justify this bold claim. Like Chomsky he is intrigued by the 'Orwellian' use of language where 'promotion of human rights' amounts to undermining human rights, where 'promoting security' actually amounts to maintaining insecurity and where promoting 'development' leads to poverty. There are a number of reasons why books like 'The Great Deception' remain unpopular. Firstly there is an overwhelming feeling of powerlessness that makes such texts uncomfortable reading. Sometimes this feeling is acknowledged by the author and addressed in the book itself, encouraging the reader to write to MPs or companies or organise protests. Secondly there is the conviction amongst some people that books like this are crazy left-wing propaganda, not to be taken seriously. Also, and in connection with this second point, books like this give the reader an uncanny feeling that those in power are stupid and racist: some people will not tolerate such notions. Fourthly, and perhaps most importantly a lot of people would much rather not know. Ignorance is bliss.

Recommended Reading

Korten, David 'When Corporations Rule the World' Earthscan London 1995

Bello, Walden 'Dark Victory: The United States, Structural Adjustment and Global Poverty' Pluto Press London 1994

Chomsky, Noam 'Necessary Illusions: Thought Control in Democratic Societies' Pluto Press London 1989