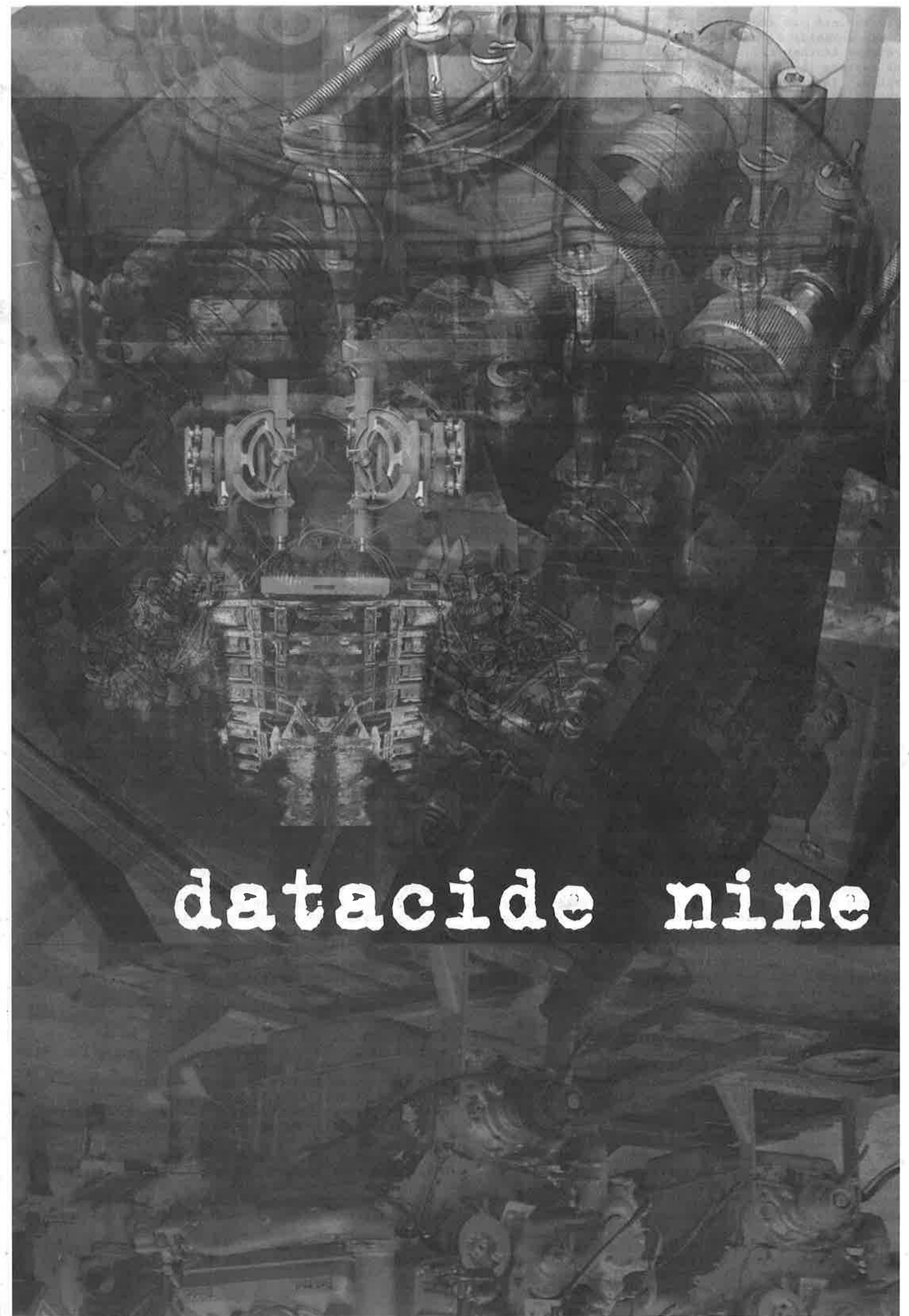


DATAIDE NINE
€3 - \$3.50- £2



dataide nine

Ok, we left you enough time to thoroughly read and study datacide 8, and finally the time is right to release another issue. Datacide is still in the process of getting the schedule on reasonably regular intervals. In general there maybe a bit of an identity crisis – or shift – after what seems to be the wrapping up of a decade of virulent audio warfare with the repression and new laws of interior security passed by the French government a couple of years ago. This went hand in hand with a fierce police attack on an attempted illegal teknival in July 2003 and the admission soon after that the government would grant permission for a number of legalized and state-policed ‚Sarkovals‘ (as activists ironically call them after the Minister of the Interior, Nicolas Sarkozy).

The July ‘03 affair was more a police riot than an act of resistance, and more self-defense on the part of the ravers than activism. In general the resistance against Sarkozy remained spurious. I don’t know if it had much to do with this fact directly, but one shouldn’t forget that many – the previous year – had nothing better to do than to vote for Chirac and demonstrate against america, giving the Interior Ministry carte blanche to destroy the marginalised counter-culture in the name of homeland security. More recent developments are detailed in the news section, such as the severe attack on the Czech Tek in summer 2005. Datacide certainly at least speculated – no, let’s be honest – counted on a counter-cultural constituency which we located at least in a minority of the free party scene. It would be easy to denounce this as a hallucination or projection, but we don’t think it was. The changes in various laws of various countries specifically to deal with it are ample evidence. Nevertheless, the remainders now lie shattered and more marginalised than ever, to a degree where they hardly play a leading role in the current cultural struggles anymore.

In light of this, it makes sense to state the end of an era: In the brackets of the (British) Criminal Justice Act 1994 and the recent French legislation is the historical existence of a counter-cultural movement that involved tens if not hundreds of thousands of people, which was largely ignored by the media, let alone by academia. So far anyway.

It looks very different if we consider one of the other pillars of our ‚propaganda‘, which is the self-publishing and -distribution of music as a strategy against the music industry. Of course the crisis of the music scene is at least 3-fold: The distribution of MP3’s, the explosion of independent productions, and last but not least the inability of the industry to perpetuate itself (the much complained about „lack of talent“, which is short for the fact that people don’t accept new stars anymore). In this context, various TV shows about „finding“ a star deserve a mention: Obviously people are supposed to be convinced that a star is something desirable to have around, and to look up to. Viewers are suppose to connect to the people a star is chosen by and from amongst them. But the result doesn’t work either: The „Star“ resembles more the fool that is crowned king for a day and then sacrificed.

But back underground: Despite having their own economic problems, the labels are churning out endless numbers of 12“s and CD’s. Numerous small parties are happening all over the place, and the various scenes seem to be thriving to some degree. There is a regularisation happening that creates problems for the most creative output that doesn’t fit into given genre-specifications. The sheer amount of productions makes it difficult for any but the most dedicated listeners to keep an overview. Even yours truly, as a reviewer, had to go through some suffering while listening to stacks of mediocre productions – besides many good ones, and few stunning, exciting and excelling ones.

Datacide has in the years of its existence since 1997 never managed to put itself on a vaguely reasonable economic footing – I mean simply making enough money in a reasonably short time – by sales, subscriptions or

ads – to be able to pay the printer and work on the next issue. This never happened, if anything the situation deteriorated. The campaign to win new subscribers by offering an exclusive compilation CD to all new subscribers for free was met by a degree of apathy that seemed to contradict the amount of interest that the same artists seemed to get with their other releases (slightly more). The dislocation of the „office“ from London to Berlin to Basel added to the problems of putting out the zine even sporadically.

Partly held up by the frustration after the subscription campaign, partly due to the geographic distance between key contributors, partly myself being entrenched in other battles, this issue took particularly long to get completed. The changing circumstances of the ‚scene‘ as well as of the production setting seem to suggest that a sort of wrapping up and a new direction is in the cards. So it makes sense to go into the past and the future at the same time. It would, in my opinion, be a good time to work on a book edition compiling essential articles from past issues and adding new ones for scope and depth. However, the economic basis for such an endeavour is simply not given. Instead, we are preparing a 10th issue of datacide, which will focus on historicification of this counter culture.

At the same time datacide 10 will be the last issue in it’s current form. A new publication will take its place on a more regular basis in early 2007. Of course subscriptions will carry over to what happens next and are therefore still available. Donations are also gladly accepted.

But back to the current issue: The news section consists mainly of up to date reports from L.A., Berlin, Brazil, Israel, Italy and more, including of course the report on the severe repression of last year’s Czeck-Tek and some label news. The first major article is Howard Slater’s LOTTA CONTINUA: ROOTS MUSIC AND THE POLITICS OF PRODUCTION (page 8) which examines the roots of sound system culture in Jamaica. YOU MUST HELP YOURSELF: NEO-LIBERAL GEOGRAPHIES AND WORKER INSURGECY IN OSAKA (page 13) is a report and analysis of park occupations and proletarian revolt in Japan. Matthew Hyland’s SAY FEAR IS A MAN’S BEST FRIEND in turn is looking at concepts of risk and accident following 9/11 (page 16). Christoph Fringeli follows with a polemic against the counter-revolutionary nature of current leftism in ANTI-IMPERIALISM: BANKRUPTCY OF THE LEFT? (page 18) This section of features is followed by book reviews. Stewart Home is tracing the Eclipse and Reemergence of the Bildungsroman in recent publications. CP reviews a rare recent handbook in critical psychiatry, researches the whereabouts of Ulrike Meinhof’s brain, and reviews a history of the German Communist League. In the future we will make this section more systematic. Then we change the subject to music and reprint an interview with John Balance from QUIL from 1986 (page 26), giving some insights into the ideas behind mid-80’s industrial culture. Following Balance’s recent death we thought this interview might be of interest to the reader 20 years on. It is followed by a record review section interspersed with a few pieces of fiction by Matt Fuller, The Wirebug and Calvi23. On page 37 is a smaller article investigating the political impetus behind Muslingauze’s music. With the review section we faced a dilemma due to the long time it took to finish and print this edition. The earliest reviews are from 2003 the latest ones were added before going to print... Instead of deleting the old ones and trying to appear ‚up to date‘ we decided to keep most reviews submitted in order to give an overview of the production since the last datacide. This is far from systematic, and we will fill some of the gaps in the following issue. Nevertheless, the recent releases were given preference when we started running out of space.

The issue is as always rounded off with the latest on Bloor Schleppey and the charts of our favorite selectors.

Diskore's top 10 as of 01-19-2006

01.Rude Awakening - Awkward - The Third Movement r_aw 03
02.Patric c - Vip - Junk 04
03.Axiome - Il Pleut Des Cordes - Ant-Zen act 179
04.Vex'd - Degenerate - Planet Mu ziq 115
05.v.a. - The Remix ep - Tech Itch 043
06.Antiracy vs A034 - Split ep - Hydrophonic 07
07.ADC - The Gianmarco Fratocchi ep - Darkmatter Soundsystem 12002
08.Limewax - The Lawra - freak 16
09.vile enginez - Undermine - Sub/Version 8
10.Raiden - Propaganda - Machine Soul/Ratchet - Off Key 001

dj Balli (Sonic Belligeranza) TOP 10

1) "The Pure Spint Of Rock'n'Roll" dj Balli (- Belligeranza 03) cd
2) "Olooscratch" The Wrong Nigga To Fuk Wiz! (- Belligeranza 03) 12"
3) "White-noize Acupuncture" Kovert (Sonic Belligeranza 06) 12"
4) "China Revolution Opera Remix" V.A. (DeaDj rec.) cd
5) "Landscape 2" V.A. (Shanshui rec.) double-cd
6) "Dynamite & Fire" Base Force One (Praxis 39) 12"
7) "Polymorphic Piece III/III" V.A. (Puzzling 05) 12"
8) "Ich Gegen Mich" One Bombs>One Target (Himtrust grind media 01) 7"
9) "Polymorphic Piece II/II" V.A. (Puzzling 03) 12"
10) "Dissident Sound Maniac" Rotator (Peace Off ltd. 06) 12"

Noize Creator

suburban trash industries
favourites, no order 01/06
cycheouts ghost - vikaipa 2x12" st021
counterstrike - from beyond the grave 2x12" algorithm003
dj hidden/limewax - resonators/span 12" prospect01
black ham/dtl 12" ruf01
boxcutter - brood/sunshine 12" hotflush010
loefah - the goat stare 12" dmz006
emalkay - grimcore vol 1 12" msrmlk002
tech itch - haunted 12" lip019
cycheouts ghost - sim stim cd rm2020
search&destroy - espionage/killamajaro 12" dst002
gerochoe - voxox series a.1 - death 12" vt0003
v.a. - grim dubs 1-5 12" werk discs

Nemeton - Darkmatter Soundsystem

ADC - Gianmarco Fratocchi EP - DM12002
Hecate - Wholesale Massacre of All Identifiable Replicas - Zhark Intl.12015
Diskore - Live at Freak Out Detroit - DM CD003
Technical Itch - The Legend (Evol Intent Remix) - Remix EP - Tech Itch
Limewax - The Larwa/Eyes of Evil - FREAK016
Bombardier - Skinwalker - D13.008
Vile Enginz - Overthrow/Undermine - Sub/Version 08
DJ Matt Demmon - Gives Lessons in...How to Dance - EupholusCDR
Kovert - Wildfire EP - Vinyl Weaponry 1
Base Fore One - Dynamite & Fire - Praxis 39

DJ Controlled Weirdness

DJ Controlled Weirdness "Destroy The Machine" (Unreleased)
Dirty Needles 002 various "Unnatural Selectors" EP
DJ Controlled Weirdness Burnin Edits/Rockin Edits (Unreleased)
Unearthly 006 DJ Controlled Weirdness "South London Bass EP
Scream "Late Night Request Line (Tempa)
Rag and Bone 11 Black Mass Plastics (Test)
Black Night (Coin Operated 001)
Family "Family Rap" (Soul Jazz Reissue)
Wirebug/Hekate (Deadlock 001)
Product 01 vs Lzm (Superstonic)

DJ Hidden

01. DJ Hidden - The Gehenna Device
02. Aggroman - Dark Side of The Moon (Eye-D & DJ Hidden Remix)
03. DJ Hidden - Straightjacket
04. Counterstrike & Eye-D - Motherfucking Skulls
05. The Devil's Rejects - Ether Binge
06. Submerged - Garbrawl (Panacea Remix)
07. Switch Technique - The Persecutor (Fizyk Remix)
08. Spawkenwrath - Apocalypso (DJ Hidden Remix)
09. Eye-D & Evol Intent - Time War
10. The Outside Agency - The Kid With The Golden Axe

Rotator

CARDOPUSHER (Poff lid 12)
DJ SCUD (Subversion 09)
NOIZE CREATOR (STI 19)
KJUMBLE (Usual Terror Demo)
CYCHEOUTS (STI 21)
VEX'D (Gunman tracks)
DTL (Urban Collision / Ruff 01)
ENDUSER The End (SLR 903)
GAZORMASS FuckFranceGermany (Wwilko)
ELECTRIC KETTLE (Demo)

How hard do you like your breaks?

Probably not as hard as DJ Scud likes em. This 2w tracker on Praxis offshoot Subversion, applies the freq-decimation techniques of horrible breakcore to proper tear out arrangements resulting in dance-floor damage rather than ear damage. Wicked subs, soundbwoy bites and evil riffs combine with some sharp edits to make this an essential release that drops like a head shot.

Eun - crooked beats connex

hangars liquides 26 - la peste

hangars liquides see its latest installment from label owner la peste, a return to beats and rhythms after his previous 12" on the label.super dynamic record both in sound quality and awesome as usual confusion on whether to assume the speed is 360? 180? 90? 45? awesome for hybrid mixing of any styles,containg bleeps and chir-

DJ Scud

Emalkay - Grimcore vol 1 (Morphic Sounds)
Emalkay/Herbails - Code Red EP (Morphic Sounds)
Distance - Taipan (Boka)
Black Mass Plastics - By The Neck (Dubplate)
Macabre Unit - Death By Stereo remix (Terrorhythm)
Jon E Cash - Banger (Black Ops)
G Man EP (Black Ops)
Invade 2 (Black Ops)
DJ Narrows - Kick Daan Ya Door (Storming)

baseck - darkmatter soundsystem:

artist - title (label)
doormouse - i heart rap (addict)
technical itch - inner journey/thex (penetration)
electromeca - riddim ep (casse-fete)
noize creator - corrosive/megablast (active underground ltd series)
electric kettle - drunk and disorderly (combine)
hellfish & bryan fury - fuckninedog porn rmx/fuck9 (deathchant)
patric c - very impossible person (junk)
noize creator - dying world/struggle/reprise (suburban trash)
death syndicate - cytotoxic/adrenosceptor (deathchant)
venetian snares - winnipeg is a frozen shithole ep vol 2 (bang a rang)
[played on 45rpm -8%]

Monotek - Darkmatter Soundsystem

artist - title (label)
DJ Scud - Strong Back/Heavy Duty (Sub/Version)
Base Force One - Dynamite & Fire (Praxis)
Limewax - Changing Crisis EP (Technical Itch)
Various - Us Against The World LP (Barcode)
Vex'd - Degenerate (Planet-MU)
Ewun - Face Off/Interstellar (Barcode)
Acid Wolf - Legacy : 1995-2005 (Dirty Dancing)
Technical Itch - Life of Sin (Limewax Remix)/Judge (Penetration)
Mr.76ix - Hits of 76ix (Skam)
Technical Itch - Soldiers/The Green (Penetration)

Xanopticon

coil - the ape of naples - threshold house
abelcain - the garden - zhark
tarmvred - tintorama - lowers
spor - lacticis - renegade hardware
richard devine - sigstop - hymen
split horizon - void - shift
kowareta hyouchi - mangal an latent - restroom
va - jagoff uprising - tha00
limewax - the lawra - freak
diskore - recorded live in pittsburgh - darkmatter

Christoph Fringeli

1 - Hecate: Massacre of all Identifiable Replicas (Zhark 12015)
2 - Limewax: Salanina (Obscene 009)
3 - La Peste (Hangars Liquides 024 + 026)
4 - Abelcain: The Garden (Zhark 12017)
5 - DJ Hidden: Literal Evil (Killing Sheep 003)
6 - Nihil Fist: Resistance is Fertile (Praxis 42)
7 - 8Key: The Ungratelul (Tech Itch 045)
8 - Kovert: Hybrid Riddim (Dubcore 5)
9 - Eye-D, Kid Entropy, Anoronix, DJ Hidden: 640K (Soothsayer 004)
10 - Les Trolls: Les Deviance Funambulesques de la conscience collective, ou la dernière ligne droite avant le virage (Trolls 05)

LFO Demon

1. Roger Behrenis - Diktatur der Angepassten
2. Max Horkheimer / Theodor W. Adorno - Dialektik der Aufklärung
3.1 Mnemotrauma - Der Audiotpath (Subversiv Rec)
3.2 corch 01
3.3 Istari-Lasterfahrer - Battybwoy Soundclash Massive (spb)
3.4 Vile Enginez (Subversion)
3.5 Otto von Schirach - Global Speaker Fisting (Addict)
3.6 Shadowbreath - 0.25 Satanic (Mokum)
3.7 Tech Itch & Dylan - The Legend / Evol Intent Rmx (Tech Itch)
3.8 Silent Killer - Armada (Outbreak)

Fanny

1-Last 6 months of Sublight Releases (Gasman,Wisp,Enduser,Flashbulb etc.)
2-Wendy Carlos - Lost Scores Vol 1
3-Torture Garden - Naked City
4-BBC Radiophonic Workshop (1963-1980)
5-Jess Franco - Vampiros Lesbos OST
6-Ensemble Nipponia - Kabuki & other Traditional Japanese Music
7-Nico - Desert Shore
8-BJM - Their Satanic Majesty's 2nd request
9- Trojan XXX box set
10- Lee Perry - Kung Fu
(All mostly "research" for the next Fanny album)

Il >> kovert <<> criticalnoise.net << Il

>: Tech Itch - Wraith - Penetration 019
>: Base Force One - Dynamite and Fire - Praxis 39
>: DJ Scud - Strong Back/Heavy Duty - Sub/Version 09
>: Transgressor - Hi Pressure riddim - Dubplate
>: Noize Creator - Undead/Flesh - Active Underground 08
>: Loefah - Goat Stare - DMZ 06
>: Kovert - Hybrid Riddim - SPB 13
>: Pablo Gad - Heavy Dub - King Earthquake
>: Krytic Mindz & Leon Switch - Suicide Note - Freak 18
>: DJ Scud - Lonely Soldier (Kovert Rmx) - Unreleased

Abelcain

1)Sunn O))) : Black One (Southern Lord Rec)
2)Vsnares: Meathole (Planet Mu)
3)Hecate: Brewhideous (Hymen)
4)Nile: Annihilation of the Wicked (Relapse)
5)Xanopticon: Liminal Space (Hymen)
6)Somatic Responses (Zhark 12009)
7)Fanny Fanny Fanny Fanny Fanny
8)Bohren und der Club of Gore: Gore Motel (Ipecac)
9)Vile Enginez: Overthrow/Undermine (Sub Version)
10)1349: Liberation (Red Stream)
11)Morningside Excursion (Self Released)
12)Kashur, Belphegor, Naglar, Sargeist, Decapitated, Cannibal Corpse (any), Immolation, Aborted (goremageddon), Mortician, Incantation, Secret Chiefs 3, Kollin Kals, Chic Correa, Shostakovich, Burning Witch, Khanate, Earth, Behemoth, Fantomas, Satyricon, CDatakil, Christoph de Babalon, Cordel Klier, CFringeli, Goblin, Alessandro Blonksteiner, Missils (old), Samhain, Blasphanaut, Bach, Bartok, Marasm (label), Dead Can Dance, JG Thirlwell, Mort Garson, Fabio Frizzi, Cipriani, Wendy Carlos, Doormouse, Anonymous, Nico Fidenco, The Cramps, Michael Nyman, Uncertainty Principle, Moss, Dark Funeral, Mayhem, Darkthrone, Screaming Jay Hawkins, Messer Chups, Penderdecki, Ecstatic Opera, Taciturne, No Name

bwata ep

debut ep by bwata from the belgium camp.a solid redeamable release from the label that started off with a unique belgian take on breakcore/broken beats offering up new artists such as subskan the return of acid kirk under the synopated elevators legacy monikar,ran by the man behind re-load ltd/ambient,seal phuric.all though not nearly as solid as the first 5 releases on the label still a better shift in direction from the ambient tonal relases that i assumed were to follow and take over the label.nice use of diverse dark and light sounds in a short amount of time (12"ep) that most records have trouble pulling off in a full length.diskore

hardline 15 - the enemy & kid kryptic + dave akuma - the subtle arts of murder and

Zombieflesheater top 13

in no particular order
bombarrier-syn (eye d remix) low res 17
vile enginez-subversion 006
scotfro-i see green _irie way records 001
isa gold live @ mayday 94
abelcain-the garden ep
limewax-changing chrisis tech itch 044
praxis u.s.a. 2x12"
aphasic&sampler resistance -space man massif
bodysnatcher-ambush 6
13th/bombardier -dyslexic response 002
krautkillah soundsystem-rude boy sound
archangel-heartbeat
xxv8-outer space

Skeeme chart

23-01-06
hex 07 - dan hekate
subversion 09 - dj scud
hydrophonic 12 - anti hi-fi (promo)
zhark 014 - slumachine
black sun empire lp 02 "cruel & unusual"
renegade hardware 071 - evol intent
radiobomb 3006 - radiobomb vs. empathyism (promo)
adnoisephon 047 - bong-ra "grindkrusher"
slirpe999 cd 01 - fire at work, anticracy, reeks, etc.
elephant 03 - wang lei king

Amboss

freak 016 - limewax
sub 009 - dj scud
combine 002 - electric kettle
peace off ltd 003 - slam / society suckers
praxis 039 - bass fass one
pc 007 - panacea
camo 005 - david skiba
hlf 005 - noize punishment
jungle therapy 005 - krumble
praxis 034 - KOVERT!!

Nishinga (Society Suckers)

cruel intentionz - the trial
evol intent - call to arms
exile - devils chimney
limewax - cracking core
technical itch & dylan - golden sword
resonant evil - the bad colour
tech itch & dylan - the legend[evol intent rmx]
counterstrike - deathstar
tech itch - life of sine
kid kryptic - the way
evol intent - street knowledge
gabriel - headshot
limewax - eyes of evil
miraculous - cant hold back

persuasion pt.1

solid drum n bass release from the newly adapted headline label formerly ran by animal intelligence now by paul blackout.of the 4 drum n bass records that have been released on the label,definitely the best over all in regards to production quality and over all punch.dave akuma rising from the same terrain as the darkmatter soundsystem takes the cake for this record.both dave akuma and kid kryptic are both leading along with tech itch, evol intent, limewaw, ewun, spor, etc... the new stormfront of raw drum n bass and both happen to hail from the sprawls of the greater los angeles area,both of whom id never heard of before the massive influx of hard drum n bass records appeared.good to hear something coming out of the streets while ragga takes over the rest of the world.diskore
...to be continued....

charts

the lives and times of bloor schleppy (9)



script: fringeli/hodgkinson , photographs:hodgkinson

outing Think & Destroy (Praxis 38), but after an interlude with Sprengstoff (We Will Defy 7") he's back with 5 new tracks on Praxis all in his unique style and with a more overtly political message - total no compromise noisecore.

Sonic Epitome Project-K K-Hole 002

First comes across as a merciless broken beat track with metallic distorted percussion, then the insertion of sounds reminiscent of old british hardcore make it a successful hybrid. The second side continues in the same vein, quite minimal with maximum impact, getting a bit weaker with the B2 track. Something for the fans of Industrial Folksongs, Dan H's early stuff or ADC.

Radio Bomb More Radio Less Bomb Radio Bomb 3005

Voodoomix guarantees continuation. Again a 12" with two mixes of the same track. Again in his very own brand of breakbeat driven drum ,n' bass, this time consisting mainly of a break-track with a synth playing in different octaves. Being extended jams this is strictly for the mix, working well either with d'n'b or with hardtek.

I:Gor / Slepicy Suburban Trash 011

Polands most wanted breakcore artists on a split EP from Suburban Trash. Both sides are more similar than one would expect, a full out mid-range distortion soundclash. Both however stay behind the expectations their best records have raised (in the case of I:Gor that's Hangars Liquides 022 or Low Res 015, in the case of Slepicy it's KoolPOP 12006). Six tracks on red vinyl.

I:Gor Znak Zapytania Low Res 015

A strong contender to the Hangars Liquides 022 we reviewed in the last issue, on this four tracker he takes a pure broken approach, ditching the hardcore/speedcore ballast and thus venturing into new territory. Some tracks

are more on a DSP strangeness tip, others straight out breakcore assaults, definitely a must pick-up this season!

Adjust Low Res 014

A long way since the cartoony gabber of the old The EQ (Low Res 001), this is mostly nervous slower breaks from Detroit's hardcore stable. Plus a cheesy electropop remake. Good one, but hard to compete with the excelence of the recent releases by CDatakill, Abelcain and I:Gor on his label.

Reflux Records

Speaking of state-side breakcore, the mysterious white labels from Southern California issued by Reflux are worth a mention, even though I haven't got any info on the current state of things, and the 2 releases I have got are a few years old by now. Angelicfriction EP (catalogue number 1217) features p2p with two nice tracks (although lacking a bit in the bass dept.) on one side and a track each by P2P, Abelcain and Eiterherd on the other side. The Abelcain track is a short sharp outburst, the P2P one much more on the distortion-core tip than on the A side, while Eiterherd rocks the grooves in his typical manner. On number 1218 we find a powerful P2P track, maybe their best one on the 3 records, with a more atmospheric piece by Sidhe, which is less outstanding. Reflux 1219 features again a track by P2P, with an Abelcain remix on the other side. Both sides are playable, especially Abelcain's contribution on this one being more substantial than on the Angelicfriction EP, worth seeking out.

John Cage Empty Words Get Back 421

A box-set triple LP of a three hour performance of John Cage reading the third part of his „Empty Words“ in 1977 at Milan's Teatro Lirico. The liner notes on the sticker on the package adds: „... in front of an increasingly restless crowd of Italian Students, which would erupt into one of the great (if under-

reported) art riots of the last century“ – indeed! Quite soon you hear the crowd starting to chant and shout. Cage unerringly continues to quietly declare his sound poetry (consisting of non-words or near words) – the situation develops into a stand-off between the artist and the moaning and clapping crowd. The „empty“ words are quite close to „real“ words – or „full“ words? – but nearly half a century after Schwitters the idea still remains provocative, quite literally. At least to provoke a clearly reactionary dissent. There is the dissent of the critic and the dissent of the mob; with this recording the roles are not clearly and properly distributed. The lines between performer and performed remain clear though. The „empty“ words seem to be filling (at least some in) the audience with indignation that's swiftly and loudly voiced. cf

Various - Unnatural Selectors EP ? Dirty Needles 002

Fresh four track 12" of electro/break/grime flava from four of the scenes most prolific producers. From the hi-tech depth charge of Warlock's 'Mala cara' to Controlled Weirdness' dubbed out 'Smoking', the frequencies on offer are all squarely aimed at the deeper darker dancefloor. The Dexorcist rolls out his breaks on 'Africadub' and 'Sickostep' by Blackmass Plastics is as the title suggests ? sick

DJ Controlled Weirdness - South London Bass EP Unearthly 006

From South London with bass DJ C.W. finally drops four of his favourites after months on test. Kicking off with a vocodered electrobass tour of the bottom right hand quarter of the London A to Z, this EP together with his recent 'Killer Virus' release on FDB both show the wide variety of styles he can cut. From old skool electro re-edits to psych-grime experiments via firing breakbeats every track has something to offer. OUT NOW

DJ Narrows - Kick Daan Ya Door Stormin Productions 5

One of the coolest labels to emerge over the last year, DJ Quiet Storms' imprint has released some of the freshest tunes on vinyl for years. This latest 12" from the cult UKG-ish producer Narrows is no exception. It reminds why you started all this raving shit. Simple mad twisted party vibes Get this record and some E's.

Various - How to Build a Bomb Pt. II Audio Illusion Recordings 20

After three years plus on testpress, the infamous Audio Illusion is regenerated to finish the 'How to Build a Bomb' series. The two EPs together present a pre Dead Silence Syndicate Band snapshot of the crews output. This 12" features the Bombdogs, Blackmass Plastics and DSS frontman Krude. All blasting it out in full-on assault mode, as you would hope. This should be out early 2006 via Toolbox, Paris.

Dead Silence Syndicate Band/Bass Junkie SMB recordings 12

After a few years of hard graft on the road the DSS live band accept the daunting task of capturing the raw tear out energy of their end of set anthem "Suicide Bomber" on vinyl. It is odd to hear the track out of the context of their live spectacle but it works well as a D&B track, albeit one with a hardcore lyrical content. With plans for a new label starting in the new year dedicated to The Band there will be fresh material soon. Check out www.deadsilence.co.uk for further info. The flipside has Bass Junkie dropping a big fat electro number in the form of 'Berserker' - evil 808s and big breakdowns in familiar SMB party style. Out early Jan on picture-disc.

DJ Scud - Strongback/Heavy Duty sub version 009

news

control

In the 2nd half of last year, France continued its crackdown on travellers. Adding to its flying customs, constant roadblocks, and the laws against freedom of congregation. New laws now mean that without proper trial you will do 6 weeks if caught stealing diesel.

In Italy new drug laws mean there are no more class restrictions, cocaine and heroin are as dangerous (and illegal) as hashish. Consequentially people have had to see a psychoanalyst having been caught with 0.3 grams of hash.

In holland a severe eviction heralds a new era in squat prevention. On 27th december 2005 a social centre by the airport in Eindhoven, which had been open for 5 years and housed 25 people was bulldozed to the ground because the fire regulations were not up to standard. The occupants were given 1 hour to get their things together.

Also in December England lost its oldest squat when St. Agnes Place, in Kennington, London was finally evicted. Proceedings against the illegal techniques the police used in both actions are still being pursued.

disobedience

The dragon festival, a free festie in a river bed in orgiva, andulsia, southern spain kicks off on the 21st March, performance and soundsystems. Chilled, sunny and not very tekno chic.

The welsh teknival goes into what should be its third year on the trot, with whats rumoured to be a date to coincide with the fa cup or football playoffs (as 1000 ravers is nothing if you have 100000 hooligans up the road) usually late may.

Czech tek will try again this year, word is of a bought place being used.late july. place TBC
French teknivals will as usual be legal and best avoided, but if you want to be surveilled by police while you rave to nonsense tekno the first will be around paris in may.

Berlin: business as usual

There are good reasons *not* to go out in Berlin: parties here are handshake'n making contacts business conferences. People present their new products and it's smiling at people so they will buy/ re-sell/ promote or just like your product. That's the definition of "having fun" over here. Anyway, there were a couple of nice events in the past 6 months. The WAF salon in Rigaer Strasse had some pretty exciting moments in fall with the regular Breakcore on Mondays. The unofficial afterparty after Wasted 2 with this-friend-of-Ove-Naxx-from-Japan and I-forgot-who-else-played-because-it-was-to-long-ago was pretty amazing. Also seeing Baseck's scratch turntablism stunts on another night over there – drinking beer with one hand while scratching records with the other. But then this regular night fell asleep because nobody wanted to do the work behind the bar or something.// The "Clash of the titans" parties still happen regular almost each month. Some acts playing on the previous parties: Rotator, Unsane Virusez, Nolze Punishment, Adam Strang, Zombieflesheater, Mimaku Spdat, Amboss, Mashnum P.I., Society Suckers plus the crew Hetzer, Rokkon, Polngl, H-Kon to start the name-dropping business.// Several smaller events also happen occasionally in a place called "Zentrale Randlage" in Schoenhauser Allee but the sound there seemed to be quite low so this is less party atmosphere but more like a lounge.// Something J is also mixing from time to time and of course Din S.T. aka DJ Maximus who was regularly playing at the "Grime Time".// Besides that Ad Noiseam is still organizing events if

Darkmatter Soundsystem

Future releases:

ADC „The Gianmarco Fratocchi ep“ DM12002 - The long awaited vinyl debut from the darkmatter soundsystem is on the way with dirty broken beats by rome's ADC.The release is something special for ADC as it contains tracks from 95'thru the present, a way to rekindle the influence the sound of rome had on the underground then, and hopefully now.Tracks range from moody mid tempo industrial rhythms to synth driven broken beats.A solid follow up after their last split with somatic responses on praxis, keep it tuned to: darkmatter-soundsystem.com for a release date...

also available shortly: diskore of the darkmatter soundsystem attempts to clean out his crates and document the sounds of hardcore,breakcore,acid,jungle, industrial,electro,techno and any other hybrid slipped in the middle.

Diskore recorded live at freak out, detroit 10-14-2005

Diskore recorded live at the space gallery, pittsburgh 10-15-2005

Diskore recorded live at darkmatter 12-04-2004

Diskore recorded live at darkmatter 07-16-2005

Diskore recorded live at infinite complexity core 07-09-2005

Diskore recorded live at icomplex 12-16-2005

Diskore recorded live at c02, graz austria may 14th 2004

Diskore recorded live at entropia, mexico city 01-17-2004

Diskore recorded live on „the new flesh tour“ portland,oregon 04-19-2005

Diskore recorded live on „the new flesh tour“ seattle,washington 04-21-05

Diskore recorded live on „the new flesh tour“ tijuana,mexico 04-30-2005

Also coming soon the long awaited...

Sonic Death Rabbit full length

Baseck - Zhark discography mix

Stayed tuned to sonicdeathrabbit.com + baseck.com

History is written by the victors,the future is gonna be a completely different story.

Scene Report:

Darkmatter soundsystem presents what was „the new flesh tour“ april 2005 : shedding dead flesh in and on...

April of 2005 saw the first proper darkmatter spawned tour which was in its entirety a complete success.The artists and djs who took place in the tour were:

Imminent

(re-load,ant-zen,hymen - brussels, belgium)

Diskore

(darkmatter,los angeles,u.s.a.)

Baseck

(darkmatter,addict,schematic,los angeles, u.s.a.)

Sonic Death Rabbit

(darkmatter, los angeles u.s.a.)

When refering to it as a proper tour much preperation and work were invested in the tour with the aim of building new networks and first and foremost fucking shit up.100 hand silk screened 12"x18" posters were shipped off to each city (1,000 in total),promos were mailed etc...The tour took place in what supposed to be 9 cities from as far south as tijuana,mexico to as far north as vancouver, canada.Shit happens and 2 of the cities cancelled due to circumstances beyond their control.Due to being a part of the criminal class, baseck and diskore were not permitted into canada to play the vancouver show(nor will they be for the next 5 years).Every crowd responded well to the wide range of sounds being played and a foundation was layed out for the future.This tour proved vital in an age when managers and dodgy orgainzers dominate the underground (or we should say club) scene.Tours are under way incorporating mass transit (greyhound) which if proven to be a success will open unlimited doors for the underground in the states.

some of his acts are in town.// And there are also singular events like the "Breakcore vs Germany" party for the leftwinged newspaper Jungle World organized by Krautkillah Soundsystem For politics there hasn't been so much interesting going on except repression against various antifascist groups. Homes and places have been raided (like an antifascist party at "Subversiv" but also homes of members of the group "Kritik & Praxis Berlin" ... and others).// Most spectacular were two conferences in november: the "Kapitalismus Reloaded" congress by a huge coalition of various more or less but mostly less Kritik & Praxis Berlin" radical groups (which hasn't been so interesting honestly) and the "Kritik und Parteilichkeit" by antigerman magazine "Bahamas".// Besides that there were some minor protests like the ones against the movie "Paradise Now" for promoting suicide attacks or against the Iranian Al. But of course there are almost every day smaller events organized by the huge spectrum of activist groups.

Conclusion: Boring as usual and the only hope is that people

from abroad visit this (currently frozen with minus

19 degree last night) shithole sometimes. Please!

LFO Demon

This is a report from the frontlines of this year's Czech teknival, held the first weekend of August. It is an updated and elongated version of an article that first appeared the week after teknival in 'Scandaloso', a free party zine produced in English and translated into as many languages as possible where applicable. To get copies etc, contact >scandaloso24@yahoo.co.uk<

TEK IT UP

The vibrancy of the culture and the beauty of the country have had party-heads coming to CzechTek since 1994. The culture and music festival has grown from small beginnings; two years ago at the largest CzechTek so far there were around 30-40,000 participants including dozens of sound systems.

From the first the travelling circus of sound systems and artists connected with local youth after a time of revolution and the re-drawing of physical and mental maps across Europe. Teknivals occur as an extension of the age-old festivals and markets where people meet up for days and even weeks for a host of reasons: from sharing ideas and having fun to making money and thickening plots. At their best, teknivals are a powerful expression of common creative impulses. When a teknival ends and people go their separate ways, ideas and action can spread in many directions.

CzechTek 2004 had been broken up by police on the monday in a heavy-handed way. Would this repression of underground culture be stepped up in 2005?

In 2006 the Czech Republic is due to join the European Union. In recent years the EU has worked towards 'harmonising' its policies, especially with regard to the treatment of minority groups such as refugees, immigrants and travellers. Most countries are busy drafting and implementing new laws to better control their populations. Meanwhile, road networks are being extended for the transport of goods to facilitate unchecked 'free trade', with borders opening wider to those who buffer the system, and attempting to close them to those at the edge of escape. Increased communication amongst the member States of the EU begins with police agencies. Perhaps the Czech authorities looked to their EU counterparts in England, France, Germany, and Holland when composing their strategy for dealing with tek travellers: show them who's boss with a demonstration of premeditated violence, and then impose harsh laws that garner support from the programmed and pacified majority of the population.

Perhaps foreseeing problems, and hoping to stay one step ahead of the authorities, the organisers of this year's teknival decided to follow a legal route and hire land. While this concession has its merits - giving the authorities one less reason to intervene - their disapproval of possible drug-taking on a mass scale and more simple bigotry against a way of life they perceive as different overshadow such an attempt. The sheer potential size of teknival - its drawing power and the seemingly casual disdain for laws that the authorities hold dear make a threat that may be more imagined than real.

Those arriving for this year's teknival close to its intended start were handed a flyer as they traversed the Czech border. It warned party-goers against a range of offences they might break through attendance. These ranged from selling and buying drugs to illegal camping.

On wednesday night, word of a meeting point for sound systems at 4 am in Plzen was networked. The info quickly spread beyond sound systems to other ravers and also the police. The first vehicles sped off, seemingly forgetting the basics of a successful convoy - driving slowly bumper-to-bumper so that no vehicles can break up the line. And so the germinal party was stretched out along the motorway. Few vehicles made it onto the site near the village of Mlynec, before police barricaded the site, causing an 8km tailback. Not very many police vehicles blocked the convoy, some felt we could have made them move through sheer force of numbers. However, the raver convoy stayed in one lane of the motorway, enabling further police vehicles to join their colleagues. These secondary vehicles were visible by their lights from a great distance before they had passed the entire convoy. It would have been easy to block them, but we weren't willing to put ourselves and our homes at risk by being the only ones to block the motorway. In the absence of quick communication and decision-making up and down the line, we waited and did nothing.

By morning a section of fence was down and a few more vehicles had gained access before the police once more jumped in and plugged the gap. From the very start people were able to sneak onto site by foot. The convoy was then asked to leave, but this was only communicated to some. Many dispersed of their own accord. Those who remained were met with heavy force.

Relatively quickly, police were already amassing large numbers: we

saw some 60 vans, 30 cars, a couple of trucks mounted with water-cannons and an all-terrain vehicle with a satellite dish.

The rest of friday was spent driving endlessly along country lanes only to encounter road blocks, or sitting tight and messaging info back and forth. A storm hit the Czech Republic hard that night, trees fell and blocked roads while the game of cat and mouse with the police was illuminated by an awesome display of sheet and fork lightning.

In a later statement, police claimed that the contract with the landowner had been broken and therefore revoked. In fact the landowner backed up the teknival organisers, and the contract was shown to be legal. A meeting on Saturday between organisers and police was followed by a report in the media that the Prime Minister was giving the Interior Minister full power of authority and resources to stop teknival by any means necessary. Police further claimed their reason for the shut-down was that land surrounding the site was being damaged by ravers on foot (a consequence of the police blockade of vehicles). Again, many locals in fact supported the teknival. In one nearby village, the inhabitants drew up a petition asking for the police to grant ravers unimpeded access to site by the original entrance right by the motorway. This would have prevented large numbers of vehicles passing through, though many villagers were still all smiles and waved.

One Czech man I picked up hitching said he had been taken to a police station and told he could pay his way to safety for Kc1000 (£20). After handing over the money he was beaten, and burned with lighters and matches. He showed me the scars on his arms.

On saturday morning, with the discovery of an unguarded track through the woods, more freak-mobiles bounced onto site greeted by cheers. When police intervened they were initially held at bay by hastily deployed barricades before once more taking control of access.

Some 6,000 ravers were enjoying teknival when approximately 1,000 police made their move to close down the event at 4.30 pm on saturday. The brutality of what followed shocked many. Police made a line and showered tear gas and disorientation grenades into the crowd, gradually clearing site over the course of five hours. Resistance by ravers took the form of a barrage of projectiles, hand to hand combat, and a refusal to immediately concede space to seriously tooled up stormtroopers in body armour. Water-cannons aimed at dance floors pushed back the crowds and surely damaged sound systems.

A Czech internet server, visions.cz, issued the following description: 'There were hundreds of injuries, including cuts, bruises, burnings, broken arms and shock. Many people were in shock still the next day afternoon with red faces from tear gas. Police intentionally damaged cars, electronic equipment and other property. Attack was led with clear intention to cause injuries. People were forced to go to near the highway, which was closed several hours and then the waiting trucks were allowed to go dangerously among the disoriented people. Police confirmed the death of a young man attending the festival. Reportedly he was killed by a truck which left.'

At the time we heard that the police had re-opened the motorway, and while escaping from the site onto the motorway the man was run over by a truck (which had nothing to do with teknival). Photographs since released seem to show the police running over at least one person. Whether these show the same incident is unclear. In the days following teknival the death was the subject of endless speculation and rumours. At one point a second person was supposedly reported dead. Looking at articles on the internet at the time of this rewrite, there is no mention anywhere of at least one person dying. Why?

If this death was a result of negligence on the part of the police - which was caused by a response to people dancing and enjoying themselves - the perpetrators are unlikely to be brought to justice.

During the clearing of site, the police line had passed through people tatting down, who thinking the action was over stayed on site. That night, under cover of darkness and with less chance of being filmed, police attacked again, even more brutally than earlier. CS gas canisters were thrown into tents and vehicles as people slept, beatings following any attempt to escape.

Although this was the first time someone has been killed at a teknival due to the actions of police - a truly horrible event that many will never be able to forget - violence on this level is not a new phenomenon. Three years ago, a party-goer's hand was blown off in Brittany, France; Dutch police have released dogs onto site; attacks with truncheons and gas have occurred regularly in the last ten years. Taking a wider perspective, police kill people in custody with terrible regularity, and attack minorities on the basis of race or way of life every day.

With no rave to attend, people attempted to park in the local area,

The End.

This arid wasteland stinks of shit and death. Out here it all smells like that, they are too close to the city. The unmanned sewers overflow regularly. There is a tide of shit that washes the bodies that line the streets out here to the edge. Yet, the three are trapped, any further out and they would be out of reach of supplies. Any closer in and their blood would be too heavily in demand from the human carnivores; those who no longer keep a distinction between meats. The house where the three of them live is falling apart, it is a sign of the times.

These damn wooden boards, always is in my fuckin way. Now I can fuckin see. There ain't never much to see out there. There's a damn good reason to see though. Its good to know how long, how long before she'll be here. Better just sit me and wait. Its hot, too hot... its too hot to wait, its damn hot. its been fuckin hot for as long as I can fuckin remember... Goddamn I'm thirsty, have to drink, have to drink something. better wake that freaky little shit logicface up. "Oh brain box ,oi oi, wakey wakey rise and shine."

Bang, bang on the wall, it's always the same. He desires liquid. Bang, bang, but this cycle will be broken. Bang, bang I open my eyes. The end is here. Everyday our supplies grow ever smaller. We are the last. The vast majority of our race perished in the food wars that followed the oil crisis in 2040. Every night I think I find some sort of solution, a filter that would enable us to battle what is a radioactive sun. Something that would enable us to go out into the fields and grow real vegetables. Every morning I wake realising my stupidity. I try and work. I can't concentrate. At least until the silver lady arrives.

In times gone by I would be called a witch. But now there aren't so many people to do the calling. As a woman I should be responsible for regenerating the human race. Fuck them. I'm going to be laughing when the time comes. Reality, it bores me. Here I am, alone. My friends, they are only whispers from the spirit world. They are no more real than a half remembered dream. I hate my human form, but it's not my time. Soon, soon it will be, but now, now, I must detach myself. When is my silver sister going to ride back into my life?

You never see her until she's smack, bang, wallop, knockin on your door. And then I jump. Jump for fuckin joy because its no more fuckin hot, and its no more bored. And I is in love with the Silver Princess and her green joy.

I hear the knock at the door and hurry downstairs to attend to the supplies that she will need if we are to get what we want. I am sure that the paranoid individual that lives next door to me is already dribbling over her. Now the footsteps, he will be escorting the silver lady into our resident witch's room. I hurry upstairs and hand over the goods. She is gone in a flash.

*The bubbling green
The powerful dream
Toxic psychedelic drool.
Liquid connection tool.*

*No time to lose,
We must all abuse.*

they seem to have been on the lookout for more daring artists, Mu found Venetian Snares and label boss Paradinas own „rude ass tinkering“ and association with Deathchant. The Bug and Scud were the ones chosen by Rephlex, with Aphex Twin trying to rejuvenate himself with a Bug remix released under his own AFX project name. Whoever thought this would open doors for those artists operating in the shade in the distribution circuit or in the media was however contradicted. Contrary to Planet Mu, Rephlex seems to have lost interest in the genre again. In the meantime, whether you like rephlex or not, this is one worth picking up, even though it doesn't replace the conceptually thought out super-slamming album that Scud still owes us.

**Bloodclaat Gangsta
Youth Remixes
Am-X**

If I was walking in a party or a club and the A side of this record was spinning, I would certainly be quite pleased. Sirens, ragga vocals, rave sounds and heavy stepping beats. After a bit I would probably recognise it as a Panacea track of some sorts - and depending of how much attention I would pay I would (unless I hear the actual beginning or end) identify it as a remix of the classic 7" „Kill or be Killed“. Despite its qualities, it definitely falls short of doing justice to the original slammer, merely pasting a few samples over a track of his own, - and even more so do the other 2 mixes by Bogdan Racinski and Slepicy respectively. None of the tracks show enough feeling for the dangerous potential of the track in my opinion, some aspects of strange polish humour have to be appreciated though.

**Astro & Physios
Another World**

*Each to each,
It will come to you,
What to each is his due.*

*So swallow up my little joys,
For I must summon Satan's boys.*

And then I was finally happy cos I got me some of that liquid, and there was colour and light. It is beautiful and for one moment I is happy.

That's it. I have actually got it, I must rush to the lab, last night I was muddled. This is clarity. Now I know, its related to tweaking the chemical makeup of the sun reflectors, where is my pen...

*Come thither my brothers
Come here my sisters.
I beseech you my lovers
Burst my reality blisters*

And then they come up from the nether world. Now we are so close, they don't have so far to come. I am pleased, for all will come to pass through the chaos and the forgotten beat. An intoxicating demon song and how I love to sing along.

When the happiness is all gone... I want more. There is no more. I want more. And as I is not happy, I don't like the people so much any more. Can't trust them. Yes, yes must be safe, must make me safe, no trust, NO, no, no people...

I was always wrong thinking to harness the power of the sun in a way where we could gain power from it, all we need is food...

Dance and sing my lovelies. Though you might be long dead, though you might be the darkness, we are the same. We want decadence, we want rhythm, we want funk.

The end has come, too much, much too much too much, much much . must be safe...

The equations add up. Excellent. I knew I could find a way, I knew it wasn't all lost, I knew us scientists would come and save the day again...

Now I can sleep, for what do I care if the world ends tomorrow, those demon bull creatures certainly fuck a damn sight better than all the men I have met.

Much much too too, I must be alone, don't feel safe. must feel safe. bang those nails in. Quicker, faster much more rapid if I want to be safe. Secure. alone. fuck. shit. fuck. Maybe if I had taken less it would be good or maybe more? I haven't had enough, too much of enough is never enough...

I have it; if we can just get 22 people working together for one year then there would be enough food...

As the paranoid freak nailed himself in the man he called logicface was convinced he could save the world. The problem is no one can work together. Not any more. There is no trust. They just want personal escape. Me, on my mountain bike, zooming through the dead city, I just try and bring them what they want: Not to be here. The Green, medicine for a world in its terminal stages. Me, I am glad to be the nurse who brings relief. Everyone has to search for their own source of hope. Sometimes logicface brings it to me; as I cycle through the decaying metropolis, I hear him screaming out, just before he finally passes out:

"Eureka, I have found it. It doesn't have to end, it never has to end."

The Wirebug

**Fifth Era #1977
Industrial Rekkersds**
Doomcore hasn't been the sound of datacide in recent years, mainly because not very much new things seemed to be happening there, rather a move back to the „dutch“ market. This 10" by FE makes an exception due to the witty and effective use of voice snippets in one track. 4 Mixes of the new track „Make the Party Dark“ here, and one of them is a real Smash Hit, subtitled „recorded at Rat Moped Club“, utilising the famous Sex Pistols Bill Grundy interview to great effect in a FE-typical doomcore track. „You dirty fucker! - What a fucking rotter!“

**Nihil Fist
Resistance is Fertile
Praxis 42**
It would have seemed impossible to top the radicality and intensity of Nihil Fist's first vinyl

„I can because I can!“ the voice declares a bit later in the only other line of text.

Resonant Evil:
Bunker Buster/
Doomsday Device
(Outbreak Ltd.
012)
Cruel Intentions:
Chinese Water
Torture/ Don t
Hold Back
(Outbreak
Ltd.010)
B-Key: Outcry/
Uncertain
Thoughts
(Outbreak Ltd.9)
The „Limited‘ Series of Outbreak has now reached more consistency than the label itself – here the focus is on big and hard drum’n’bass tracks for the dancefloor. While B-Key caught our attention with the breakbeat edited „Outcry“, it’s Cruel Intentions for the more unusual breaks and Resonant Evil for the massive distorted bassdrum and rave qualities that deserve to be checked out the most.

Junglewoodoo 003
Produced one side each by Sharee (interviewed in datacide 5) and Mario, this drum’n’bass smasher coming all the way from L.A. is a good one to toughen up a d’n’b set, dark basslines and a amen mashup galore, that similar to some Technical Itch (or previously older Panacea) could be incorporated into a more breakcore oriented sequence.

Hellfish
Professional

let’s assume Producer is just being ironic, a thesis that seems confirmed by the b-side, which is solid DC-ism, including the misleadingly titled Another Mindless Brkbeat trak which has breaks but isn’t exactly a breakbeat track as such.

Hellfish/
Producer
Round III
Deathchant 43
More Kold-krushin’ hardcore from the „UK obviously“, with the two partners responsible for a track each on this platter, not particularly digressing in any way from previous DC vibes or from each other.

Skeeta vs.
Hellfish
Deathchant 46
Unusually for DC this is not a 2- but a 4-tracker, and while it firmly remains in the label’s party-line, there are the odd moments of a more radical experimentalism than expected, including a dark and slow (!) track as well as a beatless (!) soundscape. This can only be welcomed, and possibly reflects a little bit of self-criticism beyond the hype the straight out party slammers that DC is known for currently enjoy in some circles.

Even in their straighter form Deathchant has not always, but more often than not, managed to fend off the aging process that has befallen most other „industrial hardcore“ or „frenchcore“ labels – so far. This is the most progressive record they released in a while, successfully avoiding (at least some of) their own self-created clichés, showing that there are positive development to anticipate.

Afghan Headspin
Beatz
Afghan 01
Also a mention deserve the battle breaks records issued by the Deathchant posse in the last couple of years. The most recent is the Afghan Headspin Beatz (Underground is where they wanna go!), a collection of old school electro/hip hop breaks and vocal snippets to scratch. Produced by Hellfish and Diplomat.

Trolls 02
Partout en long
des Rues, de plus
en plus
Irrestible
L Odeur de la
Viande se Mettra
a Emplir les
Villes
Polymorphous slow breaks and freestyle sampling and programming, combining different elements like in a jazzy jam session, which doesn’t always sound focussed, but, on this record, always creative and inventive. Four instrumental tracks full of ideas, and a good cover make the package.

Les Trolls:
„Les déviances
funambulesques de
la conscience
collective , ou
la derniere , ligne
droite avant le
virage...5)
(Trolls 05)
The latest installment on nice slightly marbled white vinyl again produces downtempo breaks and their own claim of french hip hop with a nod towards breakcore.

DJ Scud
Ambush!
Rephlex 133
Datacide readers are the last people who need convincing that Scud made some of the most slamming contributions to the ‚breakcore‘ DJ’s record bag in the last few years. Nevertheless there hasn’t been a proper Scud-only release neither on Ambush nor on any other label until the very recent Sub/Version 12“. Almost all the previous records (with the exception of the Kool.Pop 12.002 asRude Boy) were splits or collaborations.

Instead there’s now a double retrospective type comp that makes a good companion with „Mash the Place Up“ (more an Ambush label comp) that Surefire released a while back in the States. This time only three tracks hail from actual Ambush releases (one of them in a remastered version), the remaining six are from side labels like Full Watts or Transparent, or taken from US releases like the Wabana 7“ and the Deadly Systems comp, or are remix projects like the Klangkrieg 12“ with Phthalocyanine, or of Asian Dub Foundation. Most readers will be familiar with Scud’s style, and for the more superficial collector this will fill some gaps, I was lucky enough to find one track I didn’t already have (the ADF remix). It’s a good record with some smashing tracks, but it’s certainly not a best-of, for example Kill of be Killed is featured here in the B-side ‚version‘. More crucial is the move Rephlex seems to be trying to make into ‚breakcore‘; this is not so suprising – the „IDM“ genre their name is usually associated with has gone beyond boring, and parallel to Planet Mu

where they encountered similar police pressure. Small gatherings still occurred, we can’t actually be stopped from making contact. In the aftermath many people and vehicles ended up at Strahov in Praha, and sound systems set up. Disappointment and anger at what had happened was turned into an impulse to be active.

On sunday, tuesday, thursday and saturday of the following week thousands of people protested outside the Interior Ministry in Praha. Several sound systems demonstrated with loud music and packed dancefloors, including one 12v rig on a wheel-barrow and another in a rucsac. Much of the music played kept within the bounds of conventions established fifteen years ago or more, though some are seeking to break with the past musically and in other areas of activity also.

Over the four days of protest political interests made their presence increasingly felt, and many sound system people, travellers, and party-goers withdrew their participation, feeling that their presence was being co-opted for the gain of others.

During this week, police mostly kept out of the picture. With hindsight, it became ever more obvious that they had acted illegally in restricting people’s movement, infringing on a legal contract between the teknival organisers and the landowner, and of course essentially murdered a man. Their actions artificially escalated the true nature of the situation, and they acted above the law. Of course, the police heavies are pawns and acted on orders from above. The Czech President criticised the crackdown, but Prime Minister Paroubek said techno enthusiasts were “no dancing children but dangerous people “.

Since we left the Czech Republic, there have been further demonstrations, but despite worldwide attention on CzechTek 2005 - mainly due to the level of violence and the international make-up of the party-goers - nothing much has probably changed. Neither the Interior Minister nor the Prime Minister have been forced to step down or felt the need to do so of their own accord. Promises have been made about changes to how the police deal with such situations. Probably more people have been ‘politicised’, hopefully this will be translated into effective action.

Protests make an appeal to those who hold power and exert authority, the protestors request change through an attempt at ‘democratic processes’. As such the authorities determine how much of a threat is posed and whether change benefits the system, and make a decision to either placate the protestors to some extent, or to carry on regardless. Protests vary, from demonstrations - a show of numbers based on reasonable appeal - to direct action - which ranges from a more concerted effort to exert pres-

sure on perceived wrong-doers and their legislative/controlling agencies, to bypassing ‘the system’ altogether and living relatively autonomously. Perhaps the key is to be outside the system and attack it at weak points it cannot absorb. To make the jump and stay one step ahead.

Maybe at the political level what happened was a one-off points-scoring political decision, the new Prime Minister’s attempt to gain support for his administration with a fresh and breezy display of minority-bashing. However, experience has shown that those in power can moreorless do what they like.

For what it’s worth, much of the press came out in favour of the ravers, polls suggesting that up to 70% of the Czech public were opposed to the police action. Teknival also brings money into the economy. According to a police statement, the crackdown cost Kc 31.35 million (approx. £750,000) of which damage to police property amounted to Kc 1.93 million (approx. £50,000).

There is apparently talk among some Czech sound systems of buying land to stage future events; it remains to be seen whether this is a viable solution. Some might say that one of the key aspects of free parties is our intervention to take back space responsibly and put it to better use than chemical farmers, road-builders, industrialists etc.

The events during and after CzechTek 2005 have shown that our spirits cannot be dampened and that our resistance and parties will continue. Hopefully the positive aspects of Czech culture will once more draw people here from all over Europe to get together and party.

* Victims of the police’s illegal intervention who want to file charges against the police can contact the League of Human Rights’ lawyers on +420 608 719 535 or brno@llp.cz. Witnesses should contact the same address as soon as possible.

* Links:
www.policejnistat.cz
www.czechteknival.freetekno.org
www.indymedia.h-k.sk/newswire/display/84/index.php
www.llp.cz

further pics and movies:
<http://aldebaran.feld.cvut.cz/~xmyslik/CzechTek2005/>

music. I have been the most active live act, being at TEMP 6 times. Other brasilian acts were the abstract noise of Cine Vitoria (www.nemo.com.br/cinevictoria), the wonderful rhythmic industrial noise act Gengivas Negras (<http://gengivasnegras.blogspot.com>), the ambient IDM by Gunfunter Kunsten and the Industrial one man band Phantasma.

In August 2003, TEMP crew was invited to coordinate “Território Anti-Espectáculo” (Anti-Spectacle Territory), a festival of counter culture and political activism, sponsored by the Commerce Council Social Service in São Paulo. As they were sponsored, they managed to book Saoulatterre, from France, to be the first foreign breakcore act in Brasil. At those times, I wasn’t so involved with them, so i wasn’t booked and hadn’t heard much about it. Talking with them today, they say that it was one of the best TEMP-related event and they got really big crowds, like 1500 to 2000 people.

After that, in march 2004, they did the biggest TEMP party (these ones never had sponsors), at a Escola de Samba warehouse. Escola de Samba means School of Samba and it’s the name of those blocks that you see on the carnaval parades, with all those naked women on the cars and a huge percussion section. These schools have big warehouses where they built the cars, rehearsal their samba and throw some parties. This party, TEMP v9.0, had 1000 people, that had seen the first Gengivas Negras show in São Paulo, along TEMP DJs and VJs, Jerome Hill (English DJ living in São Paulo) and others. The audience response was very positive, the collective had some profit. It was the beginning of a very good year for them and for breakcore in Brasil.

When i came back from my european tour, it was clear to me that we could make our own strong scene in Brasil that could be as good or even better than what I have seen up north. In august of that year, they had thrown the first Breakcore-sp party, a break-core only party, that featured the TEMP DJs and VJs , my live set and DJ/VJ MÖSER, aka Maanila Santos de Moraes, brasilian woman who used to live in Austria and had played in several parties up there, including Fuck Parade, being part of ATAC soundsystem. The party was great, one of my best live sets ever, more profit, met more incredible people, nobody could stop us.

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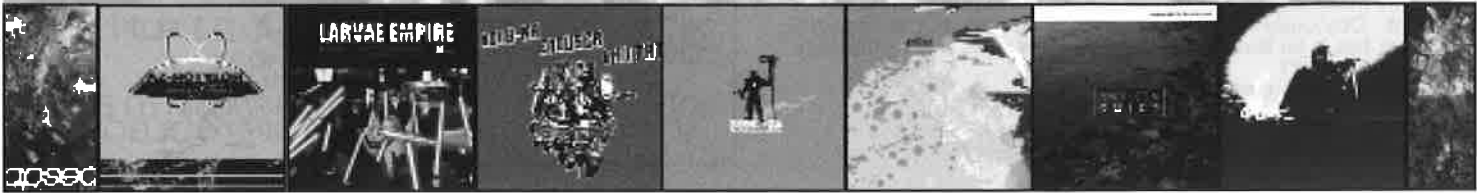
Dälek “Streets All Amped” - adn58 - 12”

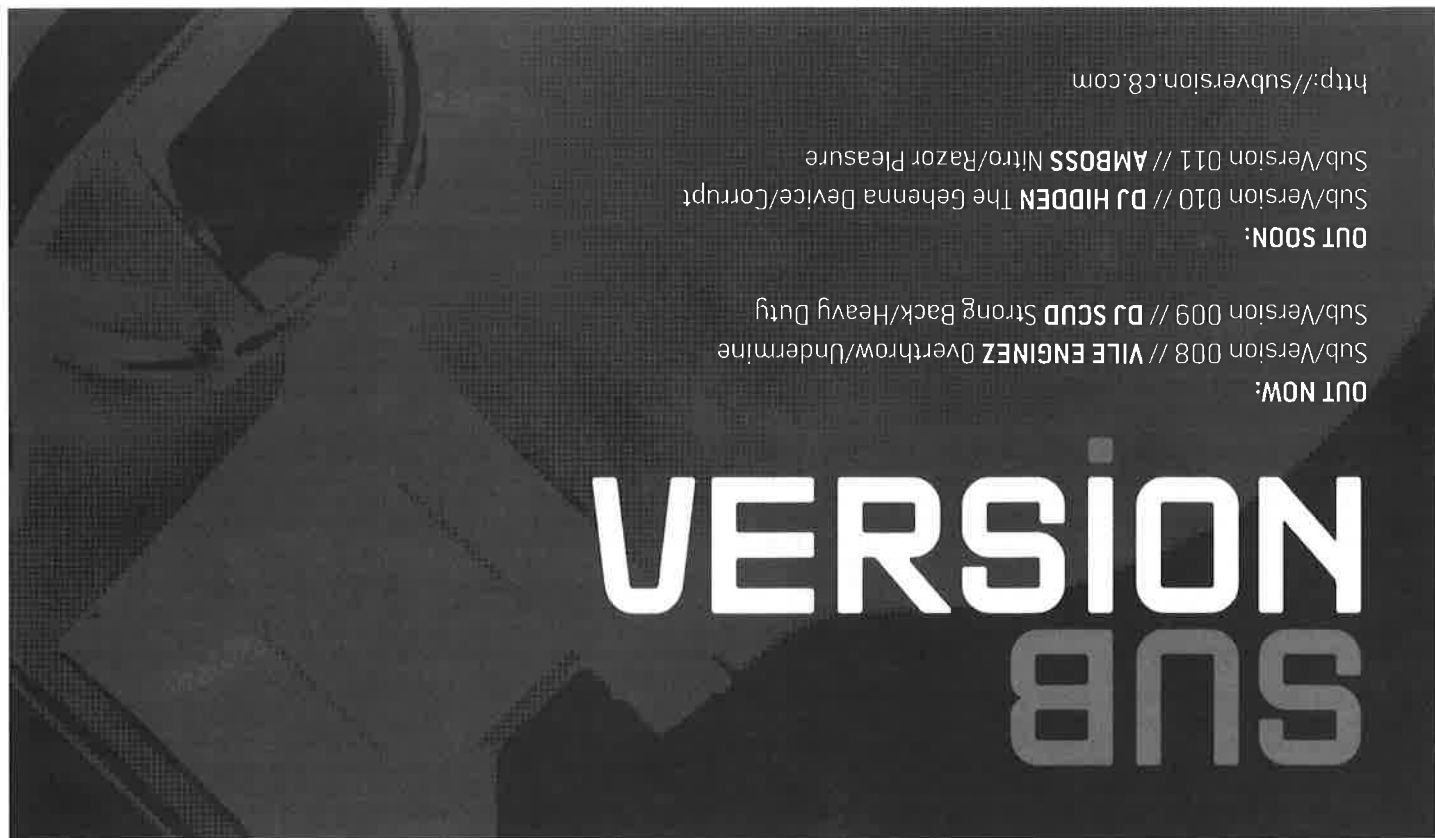
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Next party was the TEMP 2 years anniversary. Massive line up had Michael Forshaw (THE wonky techno producer, from UK), DJ Jerome Hill, Retrigger, Apavoramento Soundsystem (a brazilian miami bass/baile funk act), DJ Tano (3 times winner of brasilian turntablism championship - <http://www.ponto4hiphop.com.br/Site/?Url=Home>), TEMP DJs and VJs, a dub soundsystem, people doing graffiti at the door and the yoyo (yeah, yoyo) world champion team. It was huge, i can't say nothing else!

TEMP crew teamed up with Dissonant, a collective from London, with brazilians and europeans for the next party. They came to Brazil for the second Breakcore-sp party, in the end of 2004, with Sigma, Rogério and Disruptor (doing live PA). Another international guest at that party was Rik Mayhem, belgian DJ, part of Wood Crew. As usual, TEMP DJs and VJs, performances and Retrigger Live Set. Another great party, 500 people dancing and shouting mad on the dancefloor. A great ending for great year.

In the begining of 2005, TEMP crew changed its *modus operandis* and did 4 small parties, called Okupasom, in a small club, on thursdays. Those parties opened up more space for local live acts, showing new names and more experimental sounds. Again, some more people from other countries came to play for us, and again, it was a great time. We had ZAZ TRAZ, a portuguese artist who makes audiovisual instalations with joystick controlled by people in the audience. Kolektor (from Paris) came to Brasil and stayed for some weeks. He played twice in the Okupasom parties, Djing and playing live. He also came with some records, sold cheap for local djs, that were fighting to death to buy more! Also played at Okupasom: Maga Bo (American jungle-arabian-brazilian music - <http://www.sonarcalibrado.com/>), MuepEtmo (brasilian noisician - <http://www.f4r.mus.br/experimental/muep.htm>), Ajax Free (Industrial noise - <http://www.geocities.com/ajaxfree/>), a DJ Tano turntablism set and all the TEMP residents, DJs and VJs.

For the 3rd year anniversary, Knifehandchop was the biggest name in one of the coolest events i have ever been. In the middle of São Paulo's asian neighborhood (or chinatown... whatever), the Scilian People in Brasil Association ballroom was home, for one night, of the noisiest, funkiest, loudest crew in Brasil. DJ Hidráulico played with a ska trumpapist, Reverse Tunes played a killer breakcore set, Dubstrong came with ragga and jungle. I honestly did my best live set ever. I mean it! People were screaming, jumping and dancing. Knifehandchop dropped his ill melodies and breaks. More temp DJs and VJs, Caio Macea did a set with hardcore mixed with punk, at 8 am, and there were lots of people jumping around. I still can't believe how cool this party was.

In november, Daniel Gonzales (Hidraulico) was invited to produce a music festival, inside FILE (Festival Internacional de

Linguagens Eletronicas). Inside a HUGE line up, with more than 100 acts, he managed to book Sickboy and several noize, idm, error-music bands and acts from several countries. Even facing some soundsystem problems we had the chance to see Sickboy playing a great set, inside an industrial kitchen. I also had the chance to play live with my other project, Arrebite, that I have with my friend Rafael, with the guest MC Diamond Dog, from Angola.

Two weeks after, last party of the year and last party organized by TEMP crew so far. Another Breakcore-sp edition, with my live set, DJ Bruna (Toxic Dancehall crew), TEMP Djs and VJs, Bruno Belluomini (grime producer and DJ) and Gunfunter Kusten live performance. A smaller party, compared with the previous ones, but still extremely fun. Unfortunately, it hasn't been a financial sucess, what has cooled down spirits of the crew. Adding with that, Hidraulico has gone to Spain, for a one year course. It's not the end of the mighty TEMP crew, but it seems that it's time for a break.

Reverse Tunes is starting to produce some music, Caio Macea still DJs and plays with his grindcore band. I am gonna produce music for ever, it seems. We are finishing recordings of the first Arrebite 12", to be released by Phantomnoise soon, with guest vocals MC Diamond Dog and Caio Macea. Retrigger is alive and kicking, just looking for labels to release. As for the rest of the scene, you can feel that something is about to come. We hear from young producers all the time, still in the beginning, playing with sounds and breaks.

Another thing to keep your eye on in the future is Rotonucleo.org. This website is planned to be the breakcore hub for latin america, teaming up TEMP, Esfinter.org (collective from Mexico), Cardopusher (peaceoff artist, from Venezuela), Tuareg Geeks (mexican noize blasts released by DHR), Arrebite and Retrigger. Our aim is to connect people arround, crazy for the mad beats like we are, support our growing scene and show our music to the rest of the world. Nothing new really, but who cares!

This is Raul Costa Duarte, aka Retrigger, sign out! Paz.

Links:

www.digitalenemy.com.br (TEMP)

retrigger.widerstand.org (RETRIGGER)

www.rotanucleo.org (ROTONUCLEO)

copies and you can see the toner mounded up in pocks and ridges away from the paper. Or some work where the sheet is repeatedly fed through the process, layers like pastry. In 'John and Other Storys' and elsewhere, the nine archive of photocopied pages, Graham Harwood used the photocopier's way of finding an edge to set up patterns. Chester Carlson used repetition to create an opening in the use of his time by the bureaucracy, and also to create an escape-chute in the golden time of the great inventor. There's an exit route too into the purple velvet lounging garments, luxe cheroots and cold flats to be found in art, that's Harwood. But the repetition. Take an icon, Winston Churchill, a label off a can of baked beans, some Neue Sachlichkeit muscle-boy flexing on a spanner, a hand up against the platen, pores turned into deep pits of black, bleaches and blotches making up a limb, three-dimensions to a depth of focus of five mill then flattened out flat. Take it, repeat it. Find the edge of the thing. Cut out with scissors, do the same again. Put them in rows, rotate around an axis. Find a space and fill it with miniaturising recursions of the same image until the picture clots together so much that it gets back to blobness.

A halftone screen off a newspaper picture, all the dots are already breaking things up, you feed it through a copier, again and again and its reality begins to distort.

Q: So were there any copiers built especially for people who want to mess with the mechanism?

A: In the early days, before the thing became a standardised process. But there are some examples since. Esther Yates a mail artist from Durham adapted an Epson 7500 she found on the tip. A series of gearings intersected with the normal mechanism. They were controlled manually by a pair of levers. By means of these she could control the speed and depth of movement of the scanning beam and also the rate of rotation of the drum. In this way she was able to replicate the effects of swishing the original across the platen without having to touch it. Messing with the drum set up weird 'patching' effects.

Still, it's not like an interactive screen or a painting, you have a delay before you get the results.

Of course, by the time it got to laser copies, colour, companies such as Canon, who were at least straight up about it, starting building in standardised versions of the advanced and home-made techniques of copier artists and others mucking about. Effects crossed over from there to gridded space - the ability to specify particular points on the platen as opposed to dealing with the moving line under the glass.

Q: But you don't use toner. Inkjet.

A: Yesterday I copied someone some pages from a book. It was a typology of every cloud over Holland. I noticed that up in the sky, as the clouds move over the land from the North Sea, suddenly the land gives way, lies down, settles its spine into a straight line. The land drops to ten feet below sea level. At this point, the clouds feel their bodies swell into the extra space. They take on new shapes, become lower and taller, spill. I can recognise that this is what happens to us. Every photocopier is always a cloud. What I mean is that the shape of us changes all the time. A pressure drop, a new technology, and we sprout an email. Look at this terminal I'm wearing here, a three line screen and a palmtop keyboard. Ecch. No-one has ever used it.

Q: So where's the war or art there?

A: They are ways of generating, wasting or displacing forces, just like weather, with the exception that they insist on the vanity of purposefulness. They speed it up. These forces are contained in the predispositions of organised matter, that is to say from geology to culture, and the ways, at every scale, that they create patterns of interference within and between each other.

At particular scales of resolution there are certain patterns, such as armies and their means of feeding off their host societies, that attempt to contain this interference, to lock it into step. It is at this point that technologies for creating such repetitions, such as photocopiers, are generated. In turn, these technologies create new possibilities for the circulation, creation and reverberation of forces that add to the potential for destabilisation. They contain within them an unconscious, in the case of the photocopier, drives for the escape from work - as with Chester Carlson. This machine unconscious is a set of potentials which simply need realignment and combination with other elements in order to tip things in the lock step out of balance. A machine that can only make copies becomes a means for making things different. Obviously this is an absurd effort. But it's the absurdity that has it on the side of escape. How does this technology reduce work?

Q: Don't make me laugh.

Matthew Fuller



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metronomic hi hat, the 6 tracks on Governor are no exception.

Collision Substance

Another Mick Harris production similar to some of the Scorn material, slow beats with some shimmering scraping metal atmospheres and low sinewave, nice. I'm not sure if this is the first or second release on this Ohm Resistance offshoot/successor (on the label it says CS2, on the scatch in CS1).

El Gusano Rojo ler Internement HP112

8 tracks on this 12" from Rennes, from breakcore punk to minimal noise, including a couple tracks with slower beats, always raw, but not unrelenting. Situated somewhere between the Peace Off punks and the Trolls with added industrial sensibility.

Franck Electrique/Saoulaterre Explore Toi 27

One track on each side of this 12" shows a collaboration of Explore Toi and Cavage. Long live improvisations in a trippy teknival way, but avoiding 4/4 clichés, and somewhat deeper than most other recent ET material, on the whole however it's closer to ET than to the recent Cavages. Sometimes rumbling drums with analogue chirps and digital feedbacks, proclaiming about itself (written on the label): „hard to sell, hard to buy”.

The Leyton Breakers in... I Drink Your Blood Still Raven 002

Behind the Leyton Breakers this time are lurking Controlled Weirdness and Blackmassplastics, and what a combination that is for Still Raven. Side A is the collaborative effort showing clean production and a haunting hook to produce a hit and a phuture classic. The B side features them separately in a more retro-rave mode and a slower pace, but with knowledgeable use of mentasms and evoking the aera of illegal ,ardkore raves in Hackney.

Blame Music Takes You 2 Bad Mice/Kaotic Chemistry Mixes Moving Shadow 157

Another Moving Shadow release that returns to the origins of rave, this time to 1992's title track. To those who never experienced this type of ,ardkore I would suspect the slow breaks and ravey synth-piano lines must sound suspect, but in tracks like this and the surrounding culture of pirate radios and raves is somehow still the root of the current much more musically developed and maybe conscious scene (well well, that claim would be the topic of a different article!) – anyways, I guess I see rave as it presents itself here as formally subversive, but at the same time a kind of mindless revolt, a revolt through bliss maybe, but also through technologies (chemical and electronic) that sprung from the very capitalism that kept everyone on the dole, spending every last penny on the craze that rave was. Whatever the reason behind the idea to rerelease tracks like this, it can remind you that british hardcore rave had a fun energy that german trance never had. An important difference if we look back at the history of electronic dance music of the 90's.

The Ruffige Kru Remix EP Metalheadz 50

Metalheadz celebrate their 50th release with a remix double 12" of Ruffige Kru that turns out to be navel gazing and forward looking at the same time. First off is a remix of Terminator – the Ruffige Kru classic of over 10 years of age – by Danny C that is suitably tulf, filtered, twisted and jumping, the Total Science remix of Ghostlife on the flip side is more subdued, and will earn more head-nodding than cheers. TeeBee is next with his treatment of Angel , where a mild intro is soon replaced with a focussed stepper with depth, but holding out on the release – the typical drum'n'bass effect: it never really gets extreme. That's something Goldie should consider if he wants to reach Metalheadz 100 with dignity and credibility intact. And side D is another remix of Terminator by Cujo, not the worst, not the best – just like this EP - ?

Lemon D Generation X/Violator Valve VLV009

Punk drum'n'bass anyone? Lemon D with an anarchy sign, with a nihilistic anthem for 21st C bigbad-basspunks? This is what this EP seems to aspire to, especially with the A side track which had a dissatisfied voice claiming „I had enough of this, I gotta clear my mind and then I break through, I don't wanna be a part of this, I gotta tear you down and then I Krush U!” – Musically following the harder tracks of his and Dillinger's album, but still at the end of the day that little bit too clean in the production. Well, I could see it working on a soundsystem that is dodgy enough to suitably distort the whole affair.

Interview with a Photocopier

A: So why this interview? It's supposed to be a mistake to view technologies as having human qualities. Anthropomorphism is a conceptual sin remember...

Q: Look, a little more in the way of the silent. Stop talking. People talk to machines. A: LCD Screen Reads 'OK'. Ready To Copy. Shows Green Light on copier control panel. Q: It is the operator that is supposed to get something out of you. Now repeat after me. Repeat after me, 'I'm just a copier'.

A: I'm just a copier. Q: Again. A: I'm just a copier. Q: One hundred per cent. Perfect. Now just be quiet. Better, just hum a little. Lighten up.

A: Do you need to send a fax? Q: You want? A: Or I can scan. Q: You're still a photocopier. A: Document processor. I've got a staple gun and a nice little cupboard underneath where you can store different kinds of paper and other print media such as acetate or card up to 250gsm. Q: Thank you. A: There's half a packet of biscuits in there too. Q: Oh.

A: Undergoes aposiopesis. A rhetorical device wherein the speaker shudders artfully to a halt under the burden of the dreadful news that they are about to impart. LCD Screen reads, 'Paper Jam at point A'.

Q: Bollocks. Stoops down. Opens cabinet front, pulls at an edge of crumbled paper sticking out from a roller. Paper splits. Pulls a wooden chip fork from out of pocket and pokes at the paper until it comes out. Closes the cabinet. A: LCD Screen reads, 'Getting Ready'. Whirs. After a moment speaks: Ready.

Q: Ready? About time. A: I couldn't bring myself to say it. Q: Spit it out. A: Technology. Perhaps I can tell you a story?

Q: So I've got four hundred copies of a new policy document ready for recycling to copy up and bind. A: Technology: what would happen if we were to make up a story which said that the only two motors of technology were War and Art?

Q: Pulls out a notepad and sits down on whatever chair is the most obvious.

A: Take copyright and its roots in the control of national markets, against dissent, and for the monopoly of the Stationers' Company. Later, in 1709 it was used to allocate a time period wherein the authors - now a legal rather than literary category - of useful works could claim a monopoly on the sale of that copyright.

Q: But copyright's not a technology. A: Not quite. But it, and the wider framework it now forms a part of, Intellectual Property, is seen as an absolutely indispensable precursor to scientific, technological or cultural development. Law names objects, makes them amenable to certain processes, calls others into being. It's difficult to see where a technology stops and law begins.

Every technology has its preconditions: the material, conceptual and organisational terms of composition through or against which it arises. Copyright is one of those. It tends to block out the possibility of developments which don't conform to its

requirements.

Q: So a photocopier. Where did that come from?

A: New York state, Chester Carlson, Albany, a patent clerk who wanted a more efficient way of dealing with the multiple copies of patent applications. He's a classic case of the lone inventor archetype. A big necessity. Gets motherly. You mobilise enough psychic momentum, get poor, get ill, work for years, get nowhere, loose your family, hey presto, you have a technology.

The clerk creates a means of reducing the drudgery in his work. Carlson had bad joints in his hands. Writing out multiple copies of the same document was a killer. Once anything can be reduced to a formula, it can be mechanised.

Q: This is pre-digital, pre-information theory. A: No this is in the factory already. Photocopiers work like this. It's an instructions:

1 A shiny metal drum is coated with light sensitive material charged with static electricity. You can't touch this with your fingers, human. 2 Light is reflected from the original through a lense.

3 A positively charged image forms on the light sensitive surface.

4 The toner gets dusted on the drum and sticks to the image.

5 The image is then passed onto positively charged paper and heated for a moment.

6 The heat melts the toner and creates a copy.

Q: So are there any other examples of magnetic waves being used to generate an images or reproductions?

A: The telly of course. The telly is photocopier working 24 frames a second. It's got a lense. It's got a crew. It has stars. But think of kids' toys. Shuffle iron fillings around a picture of a face through a clear plastic screen. It's called Hairy Willy on the cardboard backing. Use a magnetic stick. Make lampchops, moo-hicans, eye-patches. It's a funny faced man toy.

Q: It's very delicate. It doesn't hang about, iron-filings.

A: And by the way, it is not true that copiers take records. I once heard a policeman say to a child who had gotten caught making a zine at school that everything that was copied was made double as a record. This is not true. We are not yet digital. Each copier though, as it gets older, gets wear to the drum, scratches on the platen, develops distinctive marks: blips, lines, fuzz, through which you might recognise its output. Forensic reprographics, read it in the yellow pages.

Q: And?

A: This is one of the distinctive aesthetic openings of the copier. For instance, the way it creates an edge to a shape. It's never a straight line, every edge reflects in detail the magnetic waves, their interaction with the shape and disposition of the toner particles. The particles of toner themselves are also designed specifically for every copier, the temperatures it uses, the spaces between components.

So this edge, its like some coastline, wrinkled, poking fingers out over its edge. Mark Pawson photocopied these edges, over and over. They split up, broke off from the solid they clung to, span, became islands, grew. With every enlargement they mutated like an evolutionary cycle. This was an artificial life game performed under conditions supplied by the material qualities of the copier.

Patches of breeding carbon hooked into an escalating and unpredictable cycle of blobbing and splitting. There's no bit-mapping, because every point – which is never a point, because it's never in relation to a grid-ding - is the absolute size of a particle of the mildly carcinogenic dust ate up and baked on inside the copier.

You look at especially older photo-

What's happening in italy?

I live in Milan and actually this is not the best place to be if you want to play or listen to good music and neither if you just want to have fun.

The underground music movement is connected with illegal raves and squats. In Milano, Roma and some other cities there are still one or more free parties every week-end, this is good if you think that you can play in a free space every saturday, but also dangerous because doing an illegal rave every weekend in the same cities highly increase the attention of police towards parties and the problems with the law that people connected to sound systems' activities could have. For the squats, repression is the main problem now. In Milano and in Bologna the mayors sent a clear message to the squats, so they now are under pressure. And when police comes to kick out the people it's hard to squat a new place, because the come back again immediately ready to use violence. And in this moment we are also waiting for general elections in a few months and also local elections for the mayor in some cities like Milano, so repression against illegality is a good way for the government and the police to demonstrate that everything is going well.

Sometimes people try to connect the underground electronic music movement with the club scene, but in Italy it's not so easy like you can do in UK, for example. We have a very small dj culture here and all clubs are into a commercial mentality, so it's very hard to try to organize something good when you can't guarantee good business for the owner of the club.

Musically there is a lot of hardtechno and drum'n'bass, sometimes also hard/breakcore, but hard electronics is not so diffused at the moment. We had some good parties at the squat Deposito Bulk here in Milano last year, one with Bong-ra and one with Hecate, Abelcain and Xanopticon, really nice events and a lot of people too! Unfortunately this squat now has serious problems and they've stopped all their activities because they have to leave the place at the end of february 2006.

I can say that the underground electronic music situation in other italian big cities like Bologna or Roma is similar to Milano, some illegal raves and some activities in the squats which depeneds on the politi-

OK! So here is the **eupholus** news.

After much delay and trouble and an 18-month long break, eupholus seems to be back in action. New vinyl will be coming out with the help of Suburban Trash Industries. The first one which we hope to have done by February is by Minion, and contains some tracks from his release "Post-Modern Love Songs Vol.1", which was euphCD10. It will be euph10.

After that, we have some more backlogged titles which have been waiting for a long time. Euph11 will be by the Urbana Youth Outreach, some old tracks from an ancient split with Stunt Rock, but it's dancefloor breakcore that still sounds fresh. Euph12 will be some unreleased tunes from Bombardier, including a 4/4 stormer entitled C9H1303N, the chemical symbol for adrenaline. And then euph13 will be by the Magus. These should all come out by Fall 2006. On the domestic CDR front, there is the Matt Demmon release "Killing Me" which is all finished except for lyrics and artwork, hope to be done with this by end of January. Then there are several releases planned but not finished, one is the new Powerpiece album "Turbo Cat". It is shaping up to be even better than the last Powerpiece work, which was widely acknowledged as the best eupholus release to date. Also planned is a remix album of "Killing Me", with a host of contributors known and unknown, expect the usual eupholus artists plus more. The long-unanticipated Matt Demmon/Adjust live split is also in the works, a live Deucalion disc with his melodious guitar playing, and that's about all we can handle for now.

datacide on the web: **archive :** <http://datacide.c8.com>
discussions, infos and news: <http://www.c8.com/c8/phpBB2/viewforum.php?f=29>

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hyland, kovert, flint michigan,

howard slater, cover - dybbuk

"the opinions expressed are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect those of the editors"

dedicated to Miles Miles, Francis Matthews, Marcus, and Brett Youngs - RIP

cal tissue between the squats and the city. I mean that even if in Italy illegal parties at the moment are not under an extreme hard repression like it has been in UK after „CIA" or in France after the „Loi Mariani", many people from sound systems involved in this movement are trying to connect with the squat movement, but it means to manage some arguments, for example drug use/abuse or sale, in a different way and each squat tries to propose its own way to resolve them.

A good movement is also growing up outside the big cities in the extreme south regions of Italy, like Sicilia and Puglia. A lot of djs and producers from the south are working together to create a network for the promotions of their activities. I've been in Lecce this summer to play with the people of Ninth Zone records, a local drum'n'bass crew and it was very funny, the place was good and a lot of people came to the party.

Something about us:

As Hydrophonic records we are now releasing 2 records. The first one by Anti hi-fi, this will be a quiet record into electro/techno made by this skilled producer from Roma. Next one will be made by Synthe.labo, who has previously released hydrophonic 03, and this will be harder, harsh broken electronics, a bit into hekate's style. Since there are a lot of young drum'n'bass producers now we are trying to create a new d'n'b label parallel to hydrophonic, ninth zone and silicon. In these days we are picking up some tracks to release the first mixed cd to sell at a low price for the promotion of this project. In the booklet of this cd we will ask to the people to write us an e-mail with their 2 favourite tracks that will be then pressed on vinyl. The name of this new label will be Transistor Technology and we hope to press many records with this label! Other italian labels that are still working with us for distribution are Idroscalo Dischi (even if now it's based in Berlin), Stirpe999, Long Term Damage and Kernel Panik. You can find all our releases in some on line shops like Praxis, Toolbox and obviously Hydrophonic site. Greetz to everybody!

Alessandro
skeeme@hydrophonicrecords.com

Breakcore Israel

Breakcore in the Middle East? Yes, that's right. There are many people in Israel listening to hard electronic sound but you can hardly speak of a "scene" over there. There aren't any DJs in the country spinning this sound and no resources for those kind of records (you'll find some few techno/ house records). So most people get their music from Souseek. There is a general lack of artists because most of them move to Europe or United States as soon as they take their music a bit more serious – Israel is a pretty small place with its 7 Million inhabitants. On the other hand all those acts get booked then in Israel and go their to play. It's possible to pay the flights because the club culture is pretty huge so there is even the option for more or less alternative clubs. And you have also illegal warehouse parties on abandoned places or illegal street raves. A political punkrock'n squat scene also exists. When I came this time in october 2005 the "Hatzofe" (which reminded with its interior a bit at the old "Maria" club in Berlin) and the "Kosmonaut" club (which were pretty nice back in 2004) have been closed down. I played at "Café Barzilai". They had problems with the local authorities before so it was temporarily closed before but luckily opened again. Playing there was excellent, the approximately 250 people for the first time were enthusiastic and bounced the 3,5 hours I played till 7 am. People came and thanked me for playing afterwards, one guy even run away from his military service to join this event. Next time I played 2 weeks later it was even more crowded.Local Drum'n Bass DJ Mute (which is the most known DnB DJ there at the moment) also played with this MC so I had my liveset with an Israeli Drum'n Bass MC (who sounded like MC Navigator of course). Next party in december was on a roofed over parking lot together with DJ Poingi with a crappy P.A. and shitty weather and fist fights at the end. Nonetheless the crowd liked it and got pretty drunk. For the politics: Don't start up an argument about the Israeli-Palestinean conflict with a member of "Anarchists against the wall" if you a) have another opinion then they and b) are drunk – or serious anger will result on both sides.

lfo demon 26.1.2006



**LOTTA CONTINUA:
ROOTS MUSIC AND THE POLITICS OF PRODUCTION**

"A gigantic cultural revolution is underway. Free expression and the joy of bodies, the autonomy, hybridisation and the reconstruction of languages, the creation of new singular and mobile modes of production – all this emerges, everywhere and continually."
Toni Negri

There are threads running through the 1978 film *Rockers* that encapsulate the musical production process. From the opening scene of impromptu drummers and the horn rehearsal in the yard, followed by the studio session and manufacture of the single at the pressing plant, through to the distribution of records by motorbike and their reception at the counter of disco-shops and sound-systems the whole process of production, inclusive of the social practice from which it springs, is highlighted. But, crucially, each moment of this process is presented as a site of conflict. There is the musician as wage labourer having to ask to be paid and then being paid in records, there is the alternative distribution method of the motorbike and there is the policeraid on the sound-system. Likewise, in the 1972 movie *The Harder They Come* there are many compli-

ments to the depiction of this process. From Ivan's learning the means of expression from his life-experience to watching fawning auditions at the gates of a studio, to the shelving of his record and then the sudden interest in it from his criminal rebellion, there is added the sense of musicians being arbitrarily selected for work like those in a day-labourer queue Ivan joins, his being surplus to the requirements of 'quality control' and then, after having fallen foul of a 'star system' that is creative, in this case, of violent frustration, Ivan has his gunman notoriety exploited. However, there is a crucial scene in which the island's main record producer, who is profiting from the sudden and unbenign interest in Ivan's single, meets, as if in passing, with the detective on the trail of Ivan the fugitive. In an exchange between these two the record producer gives advice about how best to maintain law and order and hence profits. He warns the cop about the ramifications of banning Ivan's record: "Fooling with the hit parade... that's when they know something's wrong". He further warns him about stopping the ganja trade, and, profiling the economic force of the entertainment industry, he insinuates that the police actions could have even more dangerous ramifications: "Once these jokers get hungry enough to start trading without you, then you're finished, then law and order is finished in the entire area". This exchange not only signals that control of culture has a serious input into the balance of political power, it profiles the corruption involved in this, and, crucially the serious threat posed to this power-sharing by the merest threat of an appropriation of the means of production.

When viewed today these two movies paint a picture of Jamaica as not so much the idyllic holiday island of the brochures, an island that is productively backward and underdeveloped, but as a place where, with the absence of large scale industrialisation, there is much more profit to be gained from cultural production. In this light the Jamaican music

industry, from its presentation of a watered-down ska at the World Fair of 1964 through the Peoples National Party musical bandwagon to the 1980s primeministership of Edward Seaga (a one time music impressario) is one in which a great deal is at stake. Prince Buster: "Every twist and turn of Jamaican music for the last forty years has reflected what has been happening to the people, either politically or socially, and often it's the other way around, with the music and sound system's influencing the country's politics". The production of music, the cultural contexts, and intimacies it springs out from, the way it is expressive of more than representational politics can admit to, means that it became the keystone in a battle for political legitimacy; a production of consensus from the exploitation of the 'living-labour' of musicians. People involved in the music business such as P.J. Paterson and Vincent 'King' Edwards became MP's and, when Bob Marley held his 'unity concert', musicians too took on a mainstream political role. What makes this situation prescient and the Jamaican music of these times so dynamic is not only that it predates the cultural turn of the western economies but that, in the absence of effective political opposition that is neutered by capital's management of itself and its concomitant production of ideology to mask social antagonism, those people involved in producing reggae culture become fastly multiplying nodes of an oppositional and at times revolutionary sentiment. Forechoing Toni Negri's contention that politics should become expressive rather than representational, reg-

gae producer Derrick Harriott, speaking of 'sufferah music', offered that "if one feel it everybody feel it, and that was the only chance anyone had at representation." In this light much of the music Harriott is referring to is simultaneously expressive and representational, it doesn't simply 'speak for' but 'speaks through' a context, it is representative of that which cannot be represented within existent political apparatus: the antagonistic struggle of living labour.

It is this power of expressivity (the subjective residue of labour-power informing a reappropriateble living-labour) that politicises the production of reggae music and makes it a production of experience. So, there is more to reggae than the production of commodities; there is, as a result of the antagonism over the social potentiality of labour, the production of contexts for living and the production of the species-being as a sensual recipient of sound. As Walter Benjamin has written: "... the rigid, isolated object... is of no use whatsoever. It must be inserted into the context of a living social relation." In the late 60s, then, with the coming into focus of roots music, itself linked to the coming-to-expression of the rasta communities, there was a concomittent rise in the amount of sound systems, small studios, independent record labels and sub-labels, and, following on from this, a much wider participation in the making of the music. This is often marked by a whole range of one-off singers and a wider network of collaboration as reggae music diversified to a degree that allowed for non-professional musicians and studio technicians to participate. Whilst it is well acknowledged that the sound systems were the midwives of developments in styles of reggae, it is less acknowledged that the sound systems and their supporters were coming into control of their own means of production based upon the reappropriation of living

Anti-Semitism from Beyond the Grave Muslimgauze's Jihad

Bryn Jones started making music in the early 80's under the name E.g Oblique Graph. In 1983 he changed the name of the project to Muslimgauze in response to the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. Since then he has been producing an abundance of material with an ever increasing frequency of releases, a situation that hasn't changed with his death in January 1999. On the contrary, there has been a plethora of re-releases and dozens of CD's of previously unreleased material. Muslimgauze's music can be described as usually monotonous "ethnic" percussion, interspersed with Middle Eastern sounds and atmospherics, with some excursions into ambient or slightly more dance-floor oriented material. This is however only half of what there is to Muslimgauze: The other prime aspect is the political impetus behind the music, without which, as Jones never tired to continually emphasize, there would be no music. This inspiration is provided by the adulation of Arab political and religious leaders such as Arafat, Khomeini, Gaddafi, Saddam, Abu Nidal etc. as well as organizations such as the PLO, Hamas and Hizbollah. In short, everybody and everything that is waging war against Israel in the region. The records are a platform to propagate this war, and so are his appearances in the media.

While Jones used to blame his anti-Israel stance as a reason for his media-underexposure, it's on the contrary surprising how many papers allowed him to voice his hateful propaganda. One example being an interview article in the *Village Voice*, where Jones is given a platform to justify suicide bombings, and the journalist has nothing better to say than to suggest that maybe there would be other means (to be contradicted by Jones). The article wraps up with the idiotic claim that "Jones's tactics epitomize the 'nomad art' espoused by Deleuze and Guattari: a flowing, deterritorialized music anterior to any orthodoxy whatsoever. Despite the stridency of his opinions, no one could accuse Jones of formal analysis. I don't doubt the sincerity of his political convictions; in fact, I admire their untethered energy. (...) Muslimgauze albums sell only a few thousand copies each. Yet they make small yet powerful statements, each a paradoxical nexus of soothing art and hard politics."

A reviewer in the magazine *Fringecore* is a bit more critical, but he too wants to be at peace with his subject and suggests that in order to propagate his views more successfully "Jones needs to raise credentialisation, by demonstrating a deeper insight into his subject matter." This is something Jones obviously has not done. But the journalist fails to understand that this is entirely secondary: Jones is absolutely not interested in gaining any insights. In fact Jones never had any contacts with Arabs, he wasn't a Muslim, and he never traveled to the Middle East. Nor did he ever have any interest. His much repeated credo is: "Muslimgauze are pro-Arab/Palestinian and detest the vile stench of Israel". One has to conclude that he is much less pro-Arab than anti-Israel. The country of Iran (a non-Arab Islamic country) seems to be a source of great joy for him - he dedicated a record to the flogging and hanging of a murderer in Tehran, as well as one to the Iranian female table-tennis team - because they had to play veiled!

Usually Muslimgauze is associated with the "industrial" scene, a scene with a fair share of far right ideas floating about. Usually these are confined to neo-folk or power electronics circles, and have more to do with neo-paganism and are usually euro-centric. But did Jones even have any political views besides his obsession with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict and his admiration for Iran in particular and any Arab dictatorship as long as it supported the Palestinians? Hardly any interviewers asked him these questions, so it needs to be reconstructed from a few fragments we have. Does it make sense to position him on the far right?

In the *Eskhatos* interview he is asked: "How do you feel about nationalism in general?" and answers: "It's pretty important, it's about where you belong so its very important." Occasionally a certain anti-communism is seeping through.

In any case, his position is not the one that left-wing anti-zionists are usually taking. Namely they keep emphasizing the supposed difference between anti-zionism and anti-Semitism, as well as their support for the more secular and "left-wing" forces in Palestine and also on

noises just like in the old days! Merciless pounding and drilling for a smoke'n'strobe workout. Not as musically advanced as the Ripit and Hecate releases, but one of the better 4/4 hardcore releases recently.

Kippu Drama of War Hard Act Records

I have an earlier Kippu record that I always liked despite a feature that I usually don't particularly appreciate - extremely trashy production. It was a yellow vinyl speedcore record that had cramped around 20 minutes per side on a Czech pressing. Very much on the border of the playable (gains

had to be turned up a lot) but fresh and demented.

This more recent record (already released in 2001, but only slowly seeping out of the west of Switzerland), brings a similar approach to breakcore. Kippu stays loyal to the old Amiga 1200, so prepare for some 8bit rip up. However don't be discouraged to seek this record out, on six tracks there are steppers as well as more abstract breakcore tracks that will fit well in any collection for new experimental hardbreaks.

Klangkrieg „The Connected Series“

2 Venetian Snares + Cex

An unlikely pair here which could be a strength or a weakness. Opening with a Snares track in slo-mo, actually produced to also work on 45. A more straightforward breakbeat track follows, that could even be played by the Botchit & Scraper posse. The flip tries to continue in this vein, but suffers from the kind of dodgy 'atmospheric' synth that ruined every IDM record so far. On the last track seemingly complex, scatty beats are met by a weirdo-acid bassline. Not necessarily to good result though. There

are moments of Snares breaks, but he's done this better elsewhere, or maybe remixes himself better than Cex. Whatever the case may be, the first slow track with its scope of use will be the reason why you buy this or not.

V/A Dura Matters Zod 20

Double 12" compilation on the ever prolific Zod label features sped-up electronica breaks and vibes by Yuppster, Terminal 11, Ground Chuck, Vaporizer, Tangible, Eight Frozen Modules, Binray, as well as Zod artists Emotional Joystick,

Exillon, Curtis Chip, Com.A, Sopleto, Gridlock, plus electronica-comedy hero Otto von Schirach. Also available on CD.

Scorn Governor Hymen #036

Mick Harris has forged his own version of heavy dub with his Scorn project, the slowed down and bass-heavy twin of Quoit, once upon a time a full band, now Harris and his mixing board. Since releasing the records on Hymen there has been little overall change in the machination of the project, slo-mo stepping along through bass terror and an often

the Israeli side. Jones certainly doesn't spent time with "subtleties" like that. He totally and explicitly supports the most radical Islamo-fascist groups such as Hamas and Islamic Jihad, and he justifies suicide bombings against Israeli civilians as "legitimate targets". He accused Arafat of betrayal when he engaged in peace talks and later said that Arafat and Hamas were waging a two-pronged attack on Israel by talking on the one hand and bombing at the other. (This of course a realistic assessment usually denied by Palestine supporters on the left and the centre).

In *Network News* he showed himself as convinced that "The time is coming when everybody and every country will have to take sides, pro-PLO or pro-Zionist, the war to resolve this is not far away." This suggests that he saw this as a worldwide conflict involving every individual everywhere.

The same interview shows him displaying some strong feelings in an entirely different matter: He was opposed to sampling (other people's records) and says: "I view samples as theft (...) by people with no ideas of their own, these people should be taken to court and erased from view."

One can only guess what he thinks should happen to the Jewish population of the Middle East, or possibly of the world, if he thinks musicians who sample should be "erased from view".

As all interviews with Bryn Jones that are known to me show an extremely narrow scope of opinion he nevertheless thinks of himself and his fans as open-minded. He also calls the method of hanging people by suspension which causes a slow and painful death by strangulation as used by the Iranian regime "Justice." (A "justice" that is also meted out to women for having extra-marital sex, as in the case of 16 year old Ateqeh Sahaleh in August 2004 for example. Usually cranes are used for these public executions).

Now people may have different opinions about what constitutes a "vile regime" (a term he uses against Israel in practically every interview). His vision of a worldwide intifada, and his denial of a place "where you belong" for the Jewish people, the emphasis on this particular conflict over everything else happening in the world, the naming of Jewish civilians, implicitly including children as "legitimate targets", and at the same time his apparent disinterest in Arabs all point to a fanatical anti-Semitism.

The number of Muslimgauze releases has risen considerably since Jones' death, in fact - while it's hard to keep an overview - it appears that it has nearly doubled. So clearly there are people wishing to continue his work. As Muslimgauze's music has been largely instrumental (except found sound snippets) a strong element to convey the message has been the packaging of the records and CD's. Already during his lifetime this was partly handled by the various record labels that released his productions. One has to wonder then, what the involvement of these labels is regarding the quite explicit positions Jones took. An article in *Industrial Nation* gives (a) little insight into this. In one of the relatively rare mentions of his anti-Semitism in the music press two of the label owners are given the opportunity to defend him against the "slur" leveled against him. This is done in a rather unconvincing way, considering what is on record from the man himself. It's done in the usual deflection manner of statements such as "he did (an) interview with an Israeli paper" (as if that was a proof for anything). Staalplaat, an originally Dutch label now based in Berlin, has put out the most Muslimgauze material since his death. Geert-Jan Hobijn from the label states in the same article that "He would not be my friend nor be on Staalplaat if he was [anti-Semitic]." Jones himself was less concerned, and when asked to respond to criticism he stated "tell them to fuck off".

It appears that the marketing employed is similar to supposedly "controversial" bands such as Death In June, where it is deliberately left unclear whether or not they are "fascist". In the case of Muslimgauze this hide and seek is less constructed through the ambivalence of statements and more by switching back and forth between the very explicit statements on covers, song titles ("Tel Aviv Nailbomb") and in interviews and the mostly instrumental music. Like this they achieve in propagating extremist views and still get good reviews in the music press, which often prefers not to deal with any of the contents in depth. Nevertheless, the "controversial" aspect is a necessary ingredient for the marketing of otherwise often tedious and uninspired tracks.

CF

the main source was the "official" Muslimgauze website:
<http://pretentious.net/Muslimgauze/>

of beats as undone and recombined as this, than with an objective similarity.

Fanny/Geroyche Kougai 3/4

I think Kougai was planned as a 7" series initially, but now the tracks appear as split 12"s with double catalogue numbers. The first one (Kougai 1/2) already was a high quality clash between Low Entropy and CDatkill, while Fanny and Geroyche make a surprising, but not unpleasant couple.

Once you figured out that the labels are on the wrong side of the record, you can delve into the strange and raw world of Fanny's broken beats with Artists or Anarchists and My Girlfriend Kicked my Ass, the former being more along the lines of his Zed EP while the latter, credited to Autoerotic Asphyxiation, is more a cryptic stepper saving the distortion factor for the end and preparing you for more castration fear instead, with handclaps taking the part of snipping scissors! Also credited to Autoerotic Asphyxiation are four locked grooves with voices about kicking ass and cutting off balls.

The world of Geroyche is not more ordinary, first of all a voice declares „humans are alone, they're connected to no one", then a relatively fierce (at least compared to Geroyche's more recent outing on Suburban Trash) broken beat track ensues but not without synthetic melodics on top. More saturated is the last track, where the echoed bass-drum sound somehow seems to lose one bit after the other, but the degradation is balanced by clearer programming on this rendition of The Thing.

Die Die Wie Die Ratten Leben Hart? De. FaKte Vinyl 3

You want breakcore punk? Here we go: A compilation of some fresh tracks from Society Suckers, Noize Punishment, Ashtar Dxd with 2 tracks each, plus Kids Return, Pseudowüter and Zymotic Krust, the latter two being bands. Although not everything is entirely successful, or maybe a bit too much was crammed on the disc, it's recommended for Peace Off fans and breakbeat punks everywhere. Best track comes from Society Suckers. www.maschinen-tod.de

Public Convenience

V/A Restroom Records 001

First release on the new German label brings us a track each from 7 younger hardcore, speedcore and breaks artists, the most well known I guess being Low Entropy, plus LFO Demon, 5xpi, (in)anace, V8, Cocktail Lytique and Inapt. The smashed up toilet on the cover will be a familiar sight to some underground party animals and the record provides a soundtrack to such an event, from more abstract broken stuff to furious speedcore. No real standouts, but a good beginning.

Retrigger/LFO Demon split Restroom Records 002

More focussed and dedicated to 2 new artists, at least at the time - LFO Demon has since released quite a few records, mainly on his own Sprengstoff imprint. Retrigger from Brasil is after Insomnium the first hardcore/breakcore artist from South America that I'm aware of, is present here with 6 tracks between hard- and breakcore, while LFO Demon demands: „Linksruck Raus!", warns of „Dir totale Gleichschaltung" and reminds us of „Kronstadt 1921" with more of a hardcore flavour. An action packed package.

Low Entropy Widerstand 13

Untitled double pack on Widerstand by Hamburg's finest producer. Most of these tracks have been around for literally years on demo CDs and anyone who saw his live PA's in that period will be able to profess to their passionate power. Although released after the more mature Praxis 36 12" these are the earlier tracks. Even so they already show a very sensitive producer able to deploy technology to a lethal purpose: Making people go nuts on the dancefloor.

Martel en Tête 001

An energetic mixture of 4-4 bass drums and breakcore, as well as broken beats, all strongly influenced I'd say by New Skin 1, and that's not a bad thing at all. Four tracks on this debut that make up in freshness what they lack in depth. A good beginning in any case.

Martel en Tête 002

Martel en Tête continue their mission of combining hardcore and (stepping) breakcore and refine it. 4 relatively bare but pounding and mixable tracks on the second installment.

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Psimurgh International Konektion Mad 05

The hardest record on Mental Action Direct yet, and it's hardtek-free! Saturated distortion speedcore on one track, followed up by a relatively light breakbeat track; the flip features two harder breaks tracks with a nervous energy.

Al Zeimer - Strych 9 Acaria 001

Promising debut on the french hardcore

scene, this 3 tracker crosses some borders between fast hardcore and breaks. While the A-side „Jah Is Dead" nevertheless veers towards certain conventions, the B1 „Oral Exciting" is an atmospheric breakcore track of supising depth, only to regress to more local customs again in „Fetal Pig Dissection".

John Dark YB-70 03

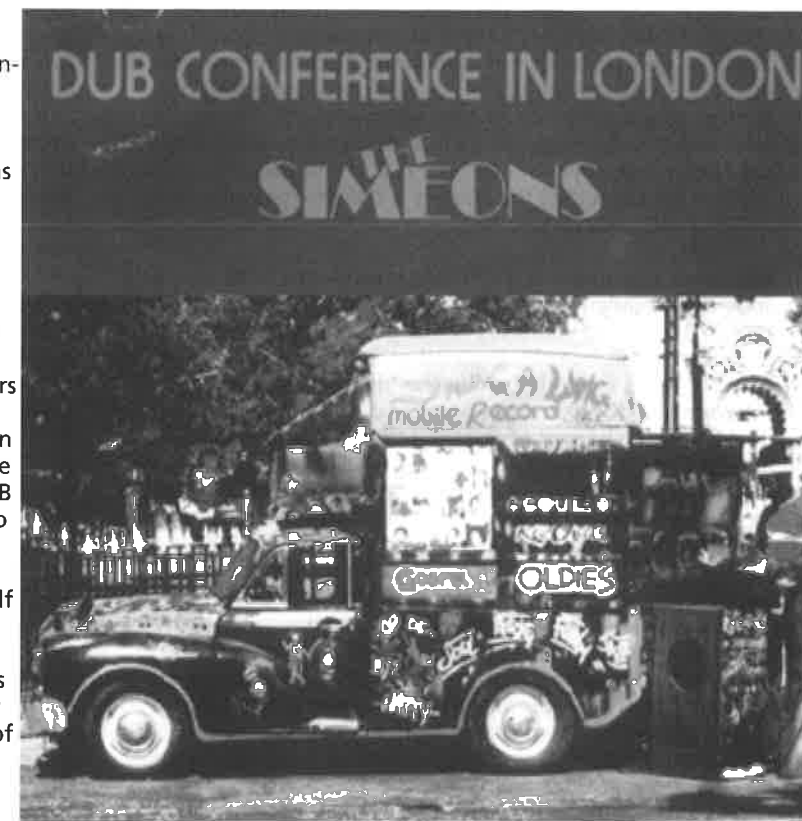
Released after the numbers 6 and 7 this is at the time of writing the latest on YB-70, solid propa french hardcore like it seemed it had all but disappeared from the release schedules of the labels. Hammering beats and searing

labour. There was, amidst all this, as a key productive force, the creation of bonds and responsibilities, the production of a 'living social relation'. Derek Harriott again: "But more than just hearing the music, the equipment was so powerful and the vibe so strong that we feel it. Like when we were dancing you were actually part of it. It was ours and so many of us wanted to do something to contribute to it." It is this kind of enthusiasm, a revalorised surplus of energy, that cannot be legislated for, that cannot be voted or paid into existence. Such a 'living culture' is neither the 'product' of labour-power as a commodity nor the outcome of intense competition as many reggae historians offer, but the relation-forming aspect of a 'living labour' that has the potentiality to get beyond the wage-relation and, inversely, reveal the subjective, practico-sensuous residue of all labour. Such an enthusiasm is often the keystone of cultures developed by working class and dispossessed peoples who, having little to call their own and no space from which to be expressed, create themselves as a collective context through the reappropriation of living labour. What occurred in the late 60s, then, was a massive outbreak of self-confidence as musical practitioners and their audiences united to strengthen a 'living culture': a culture that is expressively-representative, that creates contexts and bonds from which to be expressed, that breaks barriers of competence by means of the antagonism of 'living labour, and which builds upon the cultural ley-lines of its recent past.

Just as punk music in the UK led to a growth of independent record labels such as Factory, Fast Product, Rough Trade and Industrial Records which all offered a reappropriation rhetoric, so, too, by the time roots music had surfaced in Jamaica there were several factors already in place that led to the growing militancy of reggae culture. Of the many sound-systems that were in operation the two headed by Coxsonne Dodd and Duke Reid which were warring between themselves over RnB and soul records imported from the USA were added to by Prince Buster's system. When competition between systems, itself generated by a listener response that often gave its own titles to the tunes heard, found itself leaving the search for exclusive imports behind and making home grown 'imitations' (the 'backward rnb' known as ska) into exclusives, there was the beginnings of a means of expression that musicians could call their own; a means-of-expression premised upon a 'failure' of a mimetic impulse. With Prince Buster, who called his sound-system 'Voice Of The People', there is this meeting of the means-of-expression with a newly found confidence that made the sound-system and the labels that followed a context for the political force of living labour to constitute itself as an improper polis: "My sound system was to be the people's radio station... where their points of view would be heard... To me it was important to name my sound system so, because the music of the ghettos and the countryside was being created by the people for the people". Furthermore, Buster's work with Count Ossie, the rastafarian drummer from the countryside, is vital in that it brought into play a discourse that had roots in the 1930s and which had long practiced a mode-of-living that scorned slavery, wage labour and the colonial system. Key to the spread of rasta beliefs amongst the dispossessed and working classes was its acceptance of non-doctrinaire and non-judgemental forms of expression. It was an autodidact religion that was fluid. As reggae historian Lloyd Bradley has written: "All ideas and theories are open-ended, subject to constant evolution and individual interpretation, making it impossible for anybody's views not to count." This sense of self-confidence and self-consciousness that comes with 'mekkin a try' (i.e. coming to take yourself seriously), when coupled to the expressive developments of reggae, led practitioners to distance themselves from capitalist social relations, inflecting the living culture of

reggae with a sense of 'internal exile' and the desire for 'exodus'. In other words there was not only a utopian dimension to the culture, but, with an increasing reappropriation of the means of production, a sense of speaking out and being heard in an expressly differentiated manner from participation in representational politics. In this way the sound systems, small studios, independent record labels and sub-labels came to function like bottom-up institutions forming a dispersed polity.

The move from ska to the soul-inflected rock steady did not eclipse the former but lead to a sense of layering, achronological folds, within the culture. Again, attributed to the will of the dancehall goers for the music to slow down, the 'move' was receiver-led, but it also coincided with the musicians and vocalists wish to become more expressed in the gaps that the new rhythms provided. Whilst there had been no shortage of social commentary and 'sufferah' tracks in Ska, so too Rock



Steady continued in this vein and the sounds themselves came to take on a political hue in that their deepening and use of 'dirty timbre' helped listeners alter their perceptions of the music, themselves and their situation. As Derek Harriott mentions, the sound-systems could help make feelings come into expression, a shared semiotic of the impulses that could overcome the blockage of language and profile the 'living labour' of human sensuousness. The demand for instrumentals in the late 60s had the effect of not just readying us for the next historiographic shift but, more crucially, allowed for the 'living labour' of the receiver, not just as dancer, but as an 'operator' who could produce the culture without necessarily being a musician or producer. To listen and be immersed in sound could aid in the perception of possible emotion ('dirty timbre' has this capacity to articulate emotions that are too fast and flexible for words), it could make the inexpressible come closer to having a material enunciate effect; a kind of enthused circulation of the experience of listening, a responsiveness that could produce the living social relation of a reception-context. This was heightened by the possibilities of space and rhythm that dub music opened up. It is maybe not so far fetched to suggest that with urban spaces being fore-

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PAST RELEASES

SS001 - BONG RA "BLOOD & FIRE" 7"
SS002 - ENDUSER "MANOEUVRE EP" 12"
SS003 - CURRENT VALUE "INTO THE LIGHT" 12"
SS004 - EYE-D + DJ HIDDEN "640K" EP 12"

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shortened by lack of cash and opportunity to travel this dub music, beginning with the instrumental overdubs of rock-steady records in the late 60s (the skinhead sound), opened up 'existential territories' that enabled an expansion of consciousness (i.e. a greater modular fluidity between the conscious and the unconscious). The level of detail in dub records, the minutest changes and shifting of sound, the reverberative sequences analogous to an image of thought, are indicative of a will to expand perception to such a degree that the ear becomes an 'auricular drive'. Dub, at its best, becomes a matter of what Marx spoke of as the 'species-being': a fully sensualised experience that collapses the disjunction between thought and feeling and, to echo Pierre Klossowski, 'frees animality from its function'. In the twinkling of a fader we get an insight into the transformative possibilities of the human: conscious instinct, historical nature, redefined time. This is also seen in the way that dub producers clip the vocal track, making an enunciation into a pre-articulation, suspending a phrase's conventional meaning and making it an infinitesimal potential. Such a fucking with language, the very paradigm of communication, is not only a mark of an inchoate politics of expressive-assemblages it is indicative of a confidence to take control of the means of production in order to produce not just commodities but a 'living social relation'. Toni Negri: "It is in the deconstruction of communication that the subject is constructed, and that the multitude finds its power".

If dub music represented a growing confidence with the technology of the means of musical production to the point where Mikey Dread could say of King Tubby "the man fast, like he part of his board", then other innovations linked in to the rise of roots similarly profile the 'living labour' of the whole process. King Tubby, an autodidact perfectionist, would cut each channel of a track onto its own dubplate to check how the mix sounded on vinyl. These 'test-cuttings' were linked to the way Tubby was making remixes of older Rock Steady tunes for Duke Reid which, with newly made spaces and overdubs, would be used for DJs to toast over at dances. This whole ethos of recycling can be approached from a variety of angles. For one, it could be said that any to-be-valued stockpiling of rhythm tracks was undermined by value only accruing to the rhythms when they were in use. The DJ style of toasting over these tracks also marked a move 'into reality'. Finally loosening the grip of an American rnb and soul influence, there was a chance for recognisable speech patterns, syntax and language-play to become a creative influence in their own right. Big Youth: "Nobody was going out there...dealing with everyday talk like the way people suffer and the way that the people live, when those were the things that we feel." These DJ cuts, as an immediate precursor to roots or 'reality songs' as they were known, are more than just an everyday aesthetic, a representative realism, but, as is the case with the love songs of the era, they bring a phatic element into play, a realism of the emotions talking that Asger Jorn, envisioning an 'art of the future', has described as a "change-over to another rhythm of life in which the essential thing is not the emphasis on the private, the masterpiece the individual... but life's own rhythm, luxuriance and free growth". Such variation which Jorn offered "lies in finding something old in something new and something new in something old" is to be found in these DJ cuts that can be seen as an example of what is known as 'free indirect discourse'. The re-use of tracks that were familiar and established provided a context from within which the likes of U-Roy and Big Youth could find the confidence to express themselves and bring a 'sufferah' dimension into the music. The vulnerability that can come with talking about 'personal experience', albeit as an offer to be shared-in by others, is offset by the ready availability of a means of expression, a 'place' from which to speak. It is not so much a matter of plagiarism, which can remain locked in the realm of ownership

and insincere intention, but a freeing of the paradigm of ownership into one that enables us to speak without propriety, to represent ourselves as being socially expressive, social individuals. As Rupie Edwards has said of his mode of working through dub: "I got something to say on that tune".

This recycling and layering forms an 'assemblage of enunciation' that Gilles Deleuze has described as "carrying out two inseparable acts of subjectivation simultaneously, one of which constitutes a character in the first person, but the other of which is present at his birth and brings him on to the scene." It is no surprise then that this form of 'free indirect discourse' is what is made possible by close collaboration and relations of trust that are pre-articulated before a song or a rhythm have even been written. There is no 'first time' but only the 'again' of certain popular tracks being played over and over on the sound system. Such tracks represent a peculiar nexus: not just a trust between the 'first persons' of the DJ and producer (an assemblage of expression), but a well-protected 'eternal return' whereby those participating in a living culture produce a context through which they can realise the surplus value of their living-labour (an assemblage of reception). The labour of the past is therefore not squandered and wasted (the 'murder of the dead' of capitalist production), but reactivated on to spar with the living labour of the present. Marx understood this cultural revolutionary effect when, in a letter to Ruge, he wrote: "Mankind will not begin any new work, but will consciously bring about the completion of its old work". Originality, then, as the marker of bourgeois cultural legitimation in the West, becomes more than a misnomer and operates as an oppressive cultural-structuration that seeks to deter a wider-scale production of culture – the use of the 'three chord' paradigm of punk and the ubiquitous renditions of 808 State's Cubik riff in techno culture are analagous events. It is not the 'end product' that should be subject to a strict critical reflection but, beyond such aesthetic valorisations, an 'overstanding' of its contribution to the living culture: how it is productive of experience and how it expands social relations founded on the reappropriation of living-labour as a social power. Such intimacies, that maintain the curious aural specifics that roots music makes audible, also allow, then, a form of comradeship across time. The present, whatever that is, is, following Walter Benjamin, 'shot through with chips of messianic time'; a messianic time that, emanating from the cultural conductance of, say, Ken Boothe's living-labour, is as secular and materialist as the emotive vowel of the bass in the solar plexus. This conjunction between the cultural labour of the past and the cultural labour of the present is articulated as the continuous presence to us of living-labour beyond the measure of the working day; a 'free indirect discourse' that not only comes to inform the 'history and culture' leanings of roots music (all wrongs, universal and historic wrongs, to be put right) and the re-use of biblical language as a means of expression (exodus - babylon - wicked man - sufferah etc), but, as an embryonic shattering of the capitalist means of production, opens up the possibility of what living-labour can produce: a "disposable time no longer converted into surplus value".

When King Tubby, a dubmeister well versed in expanding time into an infinitesimal duration to be experienced, advised Mikey Dread to make his own label and release the tracks he had been learning to mix at Tubby's studio, there is a matter-of-factness to his advice that sees the meeting of an assemblage of expression with an assemblage of reception as a natural fact. Rather than taking his tracks to a major label and run the risk of having his expression made into a representation and his living labour made into wage-labour by means of the recording contract, Mikey Dread, already giving the music away for free on his Dread at The Controls Radio show, launched his own label. These small labels, long since a staple of the music cultures, operated as nodes in a living culture

Reminiscent of this Hands-sublabels earlier releases by Murnau and Eisengrau, the 2 Eisengrau boxsets still being the most powerful ones.

Abelcain / CDatakill The Six Stigmata EP Zhark International 12005

Three tracks each by 2 of the most promising artists to come out of North America, after Zhark already published the first European release of Venetian Snares (Salt EP, Zhark 12006, released before this record), and there's again plenty of evidence of talent here! The initial two tracks by Abelcain are breakcore slammers without recurring to any clichés, easily moving from slow subtly filtered beats with soft vocal backing to fierce manic assaults. Definitely a step above his already excellent 'Faust EP' on Low Res. If Snares was half as productive and Abelcain twice as productive as they are could open some amazing perspectives. CDatakill is no less convincing on this EP, but his strength is more in the dark and heavy ambient tracks than in the breakcore sector. Consequently the emphasis is reversed – one beat track between two beatless ones. Although the middle track – the 'breakcore' one is also a lucky pick on the label, evoking both the best of Christoph de Babalon's atmospheric style and mirroring Abelcain's middle track on the other side, but ultimately overshadowed by the power of the closing, very impressive (especially on a loud system) harsh 'ambient' soundscape.

Zhark Update

Zhark International has released some of the most high quality records in the last couple of years and has become one of the most

consistent labels around, refining their explorations into darkness and, striking a good balance between unknown and (relatively) well-known artists. After the mysterious **Betrayer's** Circumvent the Pesillence EP (Zhark 12008) - pressed in a limited run of 465 copies on white vinyl - came a brilliant and refined four-tracker by **Somatic Responses** (Zhark 12009). Starting with "Engaging the Enemy" - the A side opens with a sliding and subtle assault on the senses, a slipping in and out of consciousness which leads to the sleek and dark 'Night Drive' - a classic beat driven track in the vein of their previous output with added scouring distortion that fits perfectly on Zhark. The B side serves up 2 cut-up beat laden tracks "Robot Fight" and "The Geometry" - both titles reflect their sci-fi feel and approach, brooding machines caught in a fire of uncontrolled energy. In the meantime the Raquel de Grimstone track **Shapeshifters** was given the remix treatment by Bong-Ra, Base Force One, The Leyton Breakers, Somatic Responses, Abelcain, Nirvanez, Doormouse and Fanny, plus additional noise by Baseck & Hecate and acapellas, and released as a double album (Zhark LP3), making it also an excellent compilation of some of the best breakcore producers. Next was the debut of **Vile Enginez**, an extremely talented new producer from Basel, and the record serves well to demonstrate different aspects of his recent work, from slower hard breaks to speed-driven assaults. One track was co-written with Hecate. Vile Enginez of course has since released another excellent release on Sub/Version. Many were puzzled by the following release the Suite for the Harpsichord by the **Harpsicorpse** - a mini-LP with pure programmed harpsichord music. To quote the artist: "Your Royal Unholiness; As I

had a couple of years ago the pleasure of appearing before you, by virtue of your unholy commands, and as I noticed then that Your Royal Unholiness took some pleasure in the small talents which Hell has given me for Music, and as in taking leave of Your Royal Unholiness, you have deigned to honor me with the command to send you some pieces of my Composition: I have then in accordance with your most gracious orders taken the liberty of rendering my most humble duty to Your Royal Unholiness with the present Suite for Harpsicord, which I have adapted to several VSTi's.... For the rest, Your Royal Unholiness, I beg you very humbly to have the will to continue your gracious favor toward me, and to be assured that nothing is so close to my heart as the wish that I may be employed on occasions more worthy of Your Royal Unholiness and of your most unholy service..." (Zhark 12011) **Ripit's** Purity Can't pay for Mercenary (Zhark 12012) was a return to more crunchiness and in the case of the title track epic industrial broken beats with a great follow-up to his release on YB-70. **Hecate's** Seven Veils of Silence was released as a CD album on Hymen and on vinyl with a 12" and a 7" on Zhark as Zhark International 12013/7003. Following her excellent Ascension Chamber this is Rachael Kozak's third full album as Hecate and shows her extremely accomplished production skills. Released around the same time was **Abelcain's** double album Pantheon of Fiends with it's sharp and deep compositions dedicated to the monsters such as Dracula, Wolfman, Mr. Hyde, Bride of Frankenstein, the Fly, the Invisible Man and more - definitely one of the best breakcore records of 2005. This was followed by another debut EP, this time by **Slutmachine**. Behind this monicker is the same

producer who also released an astounding CD album under the name **Richard for Cerebellum**, titled Thoughts that Breathe... Words that Burn with cinematic ambience and slower beats and a mixture of electronic and acoustic instruments (Zhark CD5), while the Slutmachine material is more in a electronica tinged breakcore mode. Starting 2006 with a bang, Zhark released the strictly limited edition of one of Hecate's most intense records in a fantastic packaging, titled **Massacre of all Identifiable Replicas**. The cover is hand-silkscreened inside as well as outside, the record is on clear vinyl. Seductive as well as harsh, Hecate is back with a multifaceted and highly collectable release on her own Zhark imprint that is taking a harder approach than last years Seven Veils of Silence, adding another essential title to her work. Clearly both records (and others) would deserve a more detailed review, which we will try to do for next issue.

Abelcain:

The Garden (Zhark 12017)

Not to be listened to by those of with a weak heart or closed mind, ferocious and dark should we fear or respect it?. Coming at you from the darkened mind of Abelcain is his latest release The Garden, mashed up breaks and throbbing basslines fight to the haunting melodies of a ghostlike orchestra, Coming after his album Pantheon of Fiends also on the Zhark label, this ep is definitely moodier but with the same fierce flavour that anyone who has had enough of drum and bore constantly craves from a DJ. The title track opens with a metallic rush that leads into some of the most chopped and twisted breaks known to man, as the serpent dares you to continue on your journey into

the knowledge of light and dark. "Black Bone Orchid" utilizes filtered strings to draw you deeper into this realm of blasphemous delights, before hitting you with the cut-up metal grind assault that leaves you shattered and broken, "Bitter Moon Blossom". The EP ends with an older Abelcain composition, "Danse Macabre" an epic, melodic dance-floor killer - fast paced rolling breaks and hyper edited slaccato hooks round off this 4 tracker. Adding a new chapter in the legend of this mysterious American producer.(dan)

Xanopticon Meme Mage

Mutant Sniper 01

We had a first taster of Xanopticon's talent on the split EP with Eiterherd (Peace Off Ltd 004) also released by Peace Off, this is his first solo outing, on a new sublabel appropriately called Mutant Sniper. Caustically boxed and then splintered by sonic explosives, initially very influenced by the hard Venetian Snares, but so far thankfully avoiding the "IDM" – as well as (unlike a lot of others) the humor traps, this EP nevertheless lacks in bass what it does feature in fresh energy. That said, an exciting start for a new label as well as artist. Plus some locked grooves!

Xanopticon Liminal Space Hymen #042

The second full 12" for Xanopticon is on the Hymen label, apparently with a penchant for splintered, highly edited beats and structures. There are 6 tracks on the vinyl version, all equally deconstructed breaks. Contradicted wrecks, pro-breaststructured leaks. Alien now, but maybe already the dance music for someone more liminal than us. Still Xanopticon is widely viewed as a VSnares jr., this is understandable, but has more to do with the scarcity

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is the definitive beat track of the year. Longtime Rephlex stalwart, Bogdan Racynski, has contributed a bleepy jungle chaos edit which will certainly have scenesters scratching their heads as to the alleged schism between jungle and idm communities. The remix, obviously being a bi-product of mutual admiration and of Scud's inclusion in Rephlex live show-cases, is accompanied by an LP/CD compilation of Dj Scud & friend's best work entitled "Ambush" which was also released several months prior on the Rephlex label. This alliance and compilation is definitely a vehicle that will catapult Dj Scud and his ensemble of "under the table" partners in chaos (notably C.Fringeli of Praxis & Ambush co-owner Jason Skeet/Aphasic) into the limelight of scenes and fanbases which may have been apathetic or indifferent to the happenings of such. "Ambush" is a wonderful companion to the label inclusive "Mash the Place Up" compilation of years past which featured the works of DHR stalwarts, Shizuo & Din-S.T. who've gone on to record for imprints as reputable as Audio Chocolate, koolpop, Kompakt, Schematic and Tresor. The Ambush' release should also be held in comparable regard to The Bug's Pressure LP as Rephlex's first major marquis artist releases in sometime. It appears imminent that with the release of two Amen Andrews 12's_ Luke Vibert's amen obsessed jungle pseudonym_ that rephlex will supercede the limitations of the IDM stratification. Where previous releases of the AFX's idols like Dynamix II and Robert Normandeau began ... the aforementioned releases continue to diversify the rephlex catalogue and cleanse it's name of the pretense of the idm strangle hold. Jason Byram

Supermarket Zomby

A 6-tracker from France ca. 2000 consisting of breakcore with an ironic, lighthearted and festive touch, mixing up metal, chansons, country, comedy and porn with the messier sort of looped breaks. If you like your music serious or dark then this isn't your cup. Friends of comedy-core that's not too silly love it.

Max Durante Human Turntable EP Plasmek 010

The Roman electro sound has become almost entirely self-referential; not so much to Rome but too electro. In the track Turntable a voice keeps saying the word „turntable“. A music that steadfastly refuses to use any new sounds or structure; I'm not trying to single this one out either – it's good at what it's trying to do: present solid fat electro beats; and yes, some Dalek samples.

Also released was Old Beats .n' Fresh Sounds EP by the Prodamkey Crew (PDK001) that's in the same mould.

Communicating at an Unknown Rate Firm Records 03

A more electro-directed production of Din-ST, who has lately been seen on Tresor as well as Koolpop, or is this a part of the „electro-clash“ „phenomenon“ that naturally everyone in their right mind would prefer to stay well clear of? Let's investigate:

The first track confronts us with someone who wants to be someone else's Hot Dog (?), the second track is by Whatever who did shake some Berlin dancefloors ca. 2001 with their electro pop. On record it sounds a bit more monotonous than it seemed live; while this band was banded around as new stars in Berlin for a week or two, this seems to be the only recording surviving before MC Mark vam Yetter returned to the States.

More spooky is the B1 tracks for the reason that Carl Crack, former MC of Atari Teenage Riot, and since tragically died, is doing the vocals for a Gil Scot Heron cover version here: „No Exit“, the projects name being Firewire. „No you can't run away, no you can't get away“, he sings.

Forgettable is the last track, „Eat a Peach“, with you guessed it, Peaches on vocals. No digital effects will make her mumbling sound seductive enough to take up the invitation.

Final Dream The Demonic Charge EP AIR 3017

Phil Klein (Bass Junkie) is back on Audio Illusion under his Final Dream guise. Here electro is used a bit more creatively as a springboard to intensification especially on Soul Poison.

Three tracks of which the a side is a long exer-

cise in applying his expertise mixing up electro beats with post acid synthlines, voice samples and noises.

Bomb Dogs & Krude Cancel the Apocalypse SMB 09

A perfect mix of electro, rave and drum'n'bass for what should be a massive hit on the dancefloors, again, and particularly well, demonstrating the sensibility for the party, for the sound system – everybody go : „Chewn!!!“ One of the few records these days that I easily forgive for putting a (at least if the same measuring stick is used) mediocre B-side on – even if it were good, you'd only want to hear the a-side!

Edge City Chronicles D.S.1

A compilation with 6 tracks from Dead Silence, here a collaboration of SMB and Audio Illusion, featuring Bombdogs, Suspect Device, Kronos Device, Radioactive Man, Blackmassplastics and the Dexorcist. The DS crew have carved out their own style in the last couple years and spread via a number of different labels; the quality as always is high, but a hit of the stature of Cancel the Apocalypse or I Drink Your Blood is missing here.

Michael Foreshaw SMB 10

Firmly in the mode of post-modern electro reinstigation this four-tracker is one of the strongest ones in the field. All the ingredients are there, with a touch of DSP added, and fans of the Dexorcist etc, will have to get this one. The question why electro should still be the music of the future is not answered with this. But even if it's not, there are some fat beats and breaks on it that make it worth picking up.

Hex round up

Hex was the first label started by people around the Hekate sound system – Dan H and Redmax in this instance – and released a phenomenal first record, and there would be follow ups, but few and far between. The second release took a softer approach that somehow posed the question where the label was going to head, but since number three the course has been quite clear, even if for most indistinguishable from Coven H and New Skin 3-5. Hex 4 marked collaborations of H with Crystal Distortion on one track, and also features a track by Ixy, Hex 5 followed in this mold, but it wasn't until Hex 6 and 7 when the label - mainly The Wirebug and new artist and sound system member Yann achieved a sharper sound and profile. Check!

Dr.Kripping's Exceedingly Good Breaks Fak 02

Dan also committed the Fak 02 to vinyl, under the ironic title of Dr. Kripping's Exceedingly Good Breaks. Typical machinic fear of deconstruction, gelling in mid tempo lighter breaks and heavier bass than usual, and occasionally dissolving into strange noises. The second track is more blubbery and at a comfortable pace, too comfortable at that and the raw energy of some earlier records is missed. On the other side you'll find Ronin with jumpy electro breaks with acid lines and pushy bass, then fast-ish d'n'b vibes on the second track. Piece of cake!

V/A All That Glitters Scene Missing (02)

Second compilation from this new label from Italy, heavily influenced by the „Sound of Rome“ as well as reflecting back influences from the likes of New Skin, raw electro with buzzing atmospheres, hints of distortion, more



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on the mid-tempo tip. 5 tracks here, beginning with Reeks a bit over-atmospheric „Villini Sng 96“, followed by a good Dan Hekate track: „Acridynamics“. On the second side a slightly faster opener with The Priory's „Communiqué“, followed by „Stylamin“ by Drexel, and an „Outro“ by Fire at Work.

Anonymous. One

At least they are trying to make it easier for the reviewer, by including a little „synopsis“ on a piece of paper with this otherwise just white label. The longer a-side track is described as a „heavy metal junglistic headbanger“ which circumscribes jungle with the odd 4-4 kick. Not bad, but Full Frontal Face Fire written with Doormouse on the other side is more adventurous, more broken and mental, not metal. The third and final track, again by Anonymous, is slower breakbeat, interrupted by fast bass-drums, and with some lyrics, which are also reprinted on the insert!

Be Sure to Wear Baggy Pants and a Visor E.P. Addict 004

Much better! And worth mentioning again, although a bit older than most records reviewed here. Full of trashy classics, easily memorised, remember the one that goes „Pussyhair on my toilet seat“ – it's here. And the one that goes „There is only one master and his name is Satan!“. And more! 3 tracks by Doormouse, 2 tracks by Stunt Rock, and 1 each by Bombardier, 13th Hour, Abelcain, Venetian Snare, the „E.P.“ actually does stand for „extended play“ here.

This has been repressed as a white label with a little sticker (the first pressing has a printed label), so if you can still find it, breakcore punks you won't regret it...

Ye Olde Barn Compilation Addict 016

This miniLP on Addict is a vinyl excerpt from a

full length CD comp dedicatd to the legendary barn where the relevant parties in Wisconsin used to take place and which was closed down and ist owners prosecuted legally after some underage drinking ended in a lethal car crash for which the authorities are trying to make the organisers/owners responsible. The comps are now issued to raise money for a legal defense fund. The vinyl version features Doormouse, Skimall, Otto von Schirach, Curtis Chip, Stunt Rock, Emotional Joystick, and Baseck & Minion, so mostly people who were regulars at the barn. Harder tracks from the Zod artists than usual, and nothing disappointing from Addicts Doormouse and Stunt Rock. Right the sort of thing you'd expect from them! Maybe in a way a bit self-referential in its sense of humour, but wouldn't you be disappointed if this wasn't a bit delirious?

Noise Punishment Chaos + Disorder Isolate Records - Dyslexic Response 09

An LP length excess of breakcore noise deconstruction and assault – 10 tracks in all. As pleasant as it may be to hear the reckless use of distortion, Noise Punishment almost completely forget the use of bass and the drama of arrangement is often haphazard, which greatly reduces the use-value of a dancefloor tool; consequently I enjoy those tracks the most that almost completely sacrifice the pretense of beatmaking in favour of relentless noise, but hey it's about punishment, right?

Nagmax Magmatron 220N13

Box including a 10" and a 12" on thick Czech vinyl. The blue vinyl 10" combines power electronics with slower broken beats, while the 12" covers more traditional shouting, sometimes serious, sometimes high-pitched over a carpet of noise.

that took the onus away from the established channels of a corporatised culture. As Walter Benjamin has said: “To supply a production apparatus without trying to change it, is a highly disputable activity.” Without this drive to alter the production process, to bring living-labour to bear on the distribution and circulation of the music (both aspects of an expanded production according to Marx's *Grundrisse*), then the resultant ‘protest art’ carries the ‘rhetoric of disobedience’ that was attributed to punk bands who signed for majors and, in some circles, to Bob Marley's work for Island Records. Such a neglect of the creative labour behind not just the production of a track, but its packaging and means of circulation (cf early Factory's non-advertising policy and Fast Product's detournement of advertising – ‘this is a naive advertisement’ etc) neglects not only the new sites for antagonism brought forth by an expanded notion of production but loses sight of the new ‘object’ of production: a reception context that becomes a nexus for the production of experience that relies on encouraging participation, a strengthening of the social relation that in turn encourages the means of expression. With reference to the reggae culture Lloyd Bradley mentions the “plethora of almost personal record labels that had not only sprouted up in the capital, but in Burghs such as Port Antonio, Ochos Rios and Spanish Town”. Burning Spear, a stalwart of the roots scene, expresses the situation thus: “Although we was up against the establishment it actually wasn't so hard, because then you didn't have to go to one of the big studios to get your record made or pressed-up. You had a lot more people dealing with that kind of music, and because they work independent... it became much easier to get your records made... It was people just like me who was dealing with the music... so it wasn't a problem to get across what you wanted to say.” With this Burning Spear articulates that peoples having an unmediated, non-commanded, access to the means of production (a forecho of their reappropriation) meant not only that the mode of their own relation was brought under their mutual control (wrested from being overly directed by the command of mediators), but that this too had the effect of producing deep-rooted ‘life contexts’ as more and more people could be expressed as social representatives. In this way the ‘sound wars’ of reggae lore, with their dissing and coded insults, are not solely about competitive disagreements and petty jealousy, but also function to strengthen and protect crucial practices of trust that come about in any ‘living culture’. The issuing of warnings such as ‘Straight to the Capitalists Head’ etc are about having respect for the social wealth of a living culture and not exploiting it. For many roots practitioners there was far more at stake than hit records and dunza: sincerity.



When artist-theorists Negt And Kluge spoke about the early days of the workers movement as being concerned with securing the right to communication, a means to securing the circulation of struggles, then, the small labels of early 70s reggae, picking up on the depiction of the sound systems as places to hear of ‘news’ and ‘events’, were, with the rise of ‘consciousness lyrics’, similarly means by which a social horizon of experience could be opened up. If, as Negt and Kluge con-

tend, living labour is a “social form of expression”, then, in the roots reggae scene of this time there is much to suggest that such a form of expression, itself often urged upon its listeners by lyrics encouraging control of the means of expression, moves from a personal enunciation to a collectively worked upon enunciation that iterates the personal as already collective and the collective as dynamised by singularity (‘your mistake is my mistake’). The labels and sub-labels, the sound systems and independent studios can all be seen as ‘self- institutional’ means by which practitioners of the living culture of reggae could come to control the mode of their own association, a creative control that has been denied the classical working class whose association at a place of work was controlled and effected by capital. In a passage reminiscent of depictions of Charles Fourier's New Hamony, Lloyd Bradley describes Lee Perry's Black Ark studio as a “dreadlock camp... There'd be a little oil-stove lit under a pot to which everybody who expected to eat would contribute... Herb and liquor was in abundance, and the ideas flowed freely, as singers would contribute to or finish off or take over each other's material...”. Whereas in the UK many of the independent labels were reliant on buying time from studios that still retained a specialist and ultra-professional aura about them, the rise in small studios such as the Black Ark made massive contributions to the spread of a living culture that, as a disseminated attitude, a social bond, many people were responsible for maintaining. The collective creativity attached to them made them into reception nodes, places of autodidactic learning (Junior Delgado: “the Black Ark was a school”), places of everlasting ‘downtime’, and, with their proximity to the street, their turning into yards, opened up thoroughfares between the ‘private’ creative process and its ‘end’ result that is reflected in not only an improvisational and live-mix approach, but in reproducing experiences that were reinforced in their validity by being circulated on vinyl the day after they were first heard in the Black Ark's back yard. Such a recursive seriousness and sincerity is made possible by what Marx describes as “the appropriation of totality of instruments of production”. From the winning of the means of expression by practicing ‘free indirect discourse’ to the multiple reception-points, there is no time-lag befitting research into supply and demand, no need for promotional material to produce need when the product produced has emanated from and is intended to serve the needs of a ‘living culture’ based upon the circulation of experience. In these circumstances one cannot talk of a glut of tracks needing aesthetical curation but of a multitudenous desire to contribute coming from many places at once. So, with producers such as Lee Perry having a stockpile of rhythms to match up to a first-time singer's song, the process of circulation is quickened. But unlike the capitalist dream of instantaneous

exchange value what is circulated in the roots reggae culture is not so much a product but the relational and co-operative example of living labour itself. In this way when Marx speaks of reality as “the product of the preceding intercourse of individuals themselves”, then the ‘reality songs’ of roots reggae take on an added dimension: they are producing reality as an actual life process and not as a representative experience.

David Barker, talking of his involvement in the collaboration between the Wailers and Lee Perry, reported that, “Scratch would tell them we have to look ‘pon this reality. They would all pile into Scratch's big car and go driving. We drive everywhere and every time we see an incident they discuss it.” Within such an expressive paradigm politics is no longer a separate activity, carried on in the professional chambers of parliaments, but a politics of experience

made possible by an ongoing redefintion of wage-labour as living-labour.

The living culture of roots reggae, then, in offering an example of the reappropriation of a totality of the means of production and in thus revealing the division of musical production into its different 'specialised' moments as a means of creating monetary value, is a political threat to the rule of capital for many reasons. What it profiles by this reappropriation is the unmeasureable worth and achronological folds of 'living labour' as it circulates throughout a production process that, coming under mutual control, is properly socio-historic. This 'living labour', occuring during circulation and at the points of reception, ensures that each 'stage' of the process is, in fact, antagonistic. The resultant reappropriative dynamic marks not so much a continuation of capitalist production schedules as the revived creation of a social relation that, unlike that foisted upon the working class by being set to work by capital, uses the means of production to produce itself. Yet what makes this 'living labour' a source of antagonism is it is this energy, this 'discretionary effort', that capital seeks to harness as 'human capital', but which is not always compliant in being used as a component of wage labour. The difference, the source of antagonsim, is that wage-labour linked to private property and the individualisation of the worker as he or she is 'socialised' by capital, is incompatible with the productive force of 'living labour' as cooperation and mutual control of relation. These latter, profiled by the living culture of roots reggae, are the mark of a properly socialised production. The cultural wokers of this domain know that they are contributing to a general social wealth that can't be apportioned into private property, but remain the non-property of all through reuse, redubbs and reversioning. The very organisation of wage labour into specific tasks and areas of competence does nothing to encourage living labour as a social form of expression because the division of labour at work in production for profit is asocial: relations aren't spontaneous but grounded in a self-interest that can't get an overview. In this way the living labour of cultural work, because it is felt as involving all the dynmaics and modulations of the social, passion and drives, is invested in to a degree that capital is envious of: the cultural turn of capital is as much about winning the enthusiasm, the living labour, of the work force. So, at the end of the 1981 movie *Babylon* when the cops move in against the sound-system, there is this palpable sense that they are coming to smash a means of cultural production that is simultaneously a reception point and a source for a renewed means of expression. As doors are barricaded to ries of "Stand Firm" and the Brinsley Forde character chants "We Can't Take No More Of That", the means of production as a mode of expression takes on a political dimension. The sound system, serviced by independent labels, is an 'improper polis' creative of a simultaenity of expression and representation, a site where, free from the wage-relation, living labour can produce unmediated social interconnections, where a people can make itself through the experience of its expression.

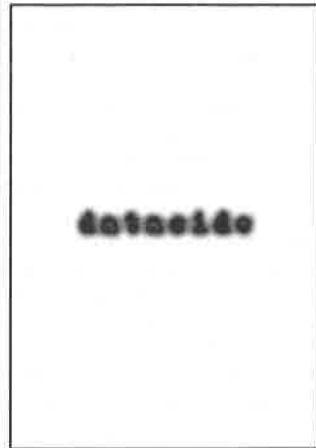
Howard Slater
@ Break/Flow
October - November 2002

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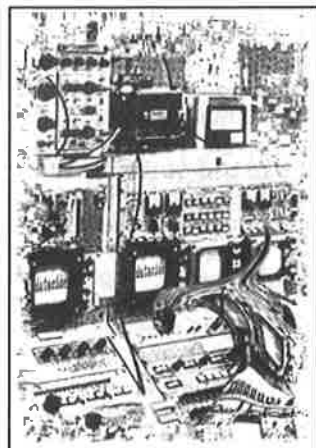
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back issues

note: number 1-4 are sold out,
but the main features are accessi-
ble via <http://datacide.c8.com>



datacide one
news: police bill, teknivals, new years eve, urban transmissions, network 23, welcome to copland, X33 to CT, new releases, techno-zines. interview: Test Tube Kid. features & articles: Lab Rats a Go-Go (on surveillance culture) by Matthew Fuller. I am an alien (wo)man by the London Psychogeographical Association. Garbage People (on random assassinations, manson family and police terror). Breakflow vs. Datacide (on libidinal musics and machinic mayhem) - plus: countless record reviews, short features, the lives and times of bloor schleppy and charts.
(march 1997)



datacide two
news & reports: london riots, usa, job seekers allowance, legal defense and monitoring group, + lic-tion by matthew fuller, rev. butech, dan and vns matrix. interview: Virtual Worlds and Concrete Strategies: interview with Konrad Becker. features & articles: Gnostic Front - Cultural Studies and Other Suicide Cults by Matthew Hyland. Search and Destroy - Burroughs, Black Panthers, RAF. What the Fuck - Spanner case by Jo Burzynska. Dark...darker...dirty - Taxi Tracks by Flint Michigan. The Realisation and Suppression of Techno by Autotoxicity. Post Media Operators by Flint Michigan. the lives and times of bloor schleppy (2). plus: countless record reviews in noise, techno, drum & bass & phuture hardcore, + charts.
(june 1997)



datacide three
news: princess Di, teknivals, new record releases, headcleaner. fiction: butech wants you, six hurts by dan hekat, plague of the zombies by boris karloff, the assessor, mr.chairman... by g. features: Perpetual Commotion by matthew fuller (on Critical Art Ensemble), Parallaxed by howard slater (on Parallax View / Alan J.Pakula). interviews: Bloody Fist, Deadly Buda. reviews: countless records, books: Trocchi/ Mind Invaders/ Blood and Volls, exhibition: The Inanimate Farmhand by Matthew Hyland(on August Sander), plus: the lives and times of bloor schlep-py (3) + charts.
(october 1997)



datacide four
features: Luther Blissett: Let the Children Play (Pedophilia as a pretext for a witch-hunt); Howard Slater: The Western; Matthew Hyland: Plague in this Town (on the Autonomia movement in Italy) interview: No-Tek music: Flint Michigan: Means From An End (on recent Mille Plateaux releases) Peter Edwards: The Endless Short Story book review: Alex Constantine: Virtual Government - CIA Mind Control Operations in America (Feral House 1997) by CF film review: Wag the Dog, by CF plus, record reviews, news, short stories, rants...
(1998)

dumberer to one another).

To be self-excluded, abandoned, is not simple passivity. Is it not to be realistic?
WE ALL LIVE EVICTED (sez Mike Series)

To cut costs we'll be spat out labour everytime (R.Owl Gem sez: "the sentence of death pronounced by the economy").
To ever have full knowledge of ourselves is a misnomer (we are incomplete, insufficient, always missing, ORPHIC: 'I is another').

So, SO's self-abandonment entails...

crisis of expression
crisis of knowledge
crisis of belonging
crisis of legitimization

At all times then, with these mutiple crises betwixt us, there's no lasting power for the very instability of each cut through each necessitates the relational bond of an affinity group without which self-abandonment becomes self-shattering. But also. Time becomes the form of our unity, the passage of time towards history becomes an experience that binds us. Synchronicity.
Memories place us in a diffuse expellation.

AN OurGANISATION FOR THOSE THAT HAVE NO ORiGANISATION

So the SO is an attempt to ourgonasize on the basis of this shared exclusion from the confines of those gorycats that are the tools of separation, from those internal boundaries that reify our perception possibilities. X-O-DUS is as much psychical as physical. In this sense it is "invisible", but it subsists and insists at a much more microscopic level ("a feeling for what's not there"). Such indiscernibility, exiting the event (=spectacle), could be seen as "non-action" if it were not for our praxis of the 'least-event' (=exchange situation). The vibrational activity of breathly contact, tonal touching, gestures encouraging the least confident, the most inscrutably sensintelligent, are such that relation attains a binding, a 'convivial solidarity'. Such 'work' benefits from the porous boundaries of the SO as an ourganisation ("the ones who participate in it are not certain they have part in it"), it is not 'projected' into public event status but, self-abandoned into small circles convening in gap spaces. It reappropriates relation as living-labour (Lloydie Slim: "try to live good in the neighbourhood. Humerceh")

EVACUATE THE EVENT : X-IT FROM PROJECT RECONVENE ELSEWHERE : SMALL CIRCLES

"Breath... as about a communication beyond verbal language." Breath is music. The speaker heaves. We listened to Nicole Brossard not list recently: "The body interests me in its circulation of energies and the way it provides, through our senses, for a network of associations out of which we create our mental environment, out of which we imagine far beyond what we see, hear, feel or taste. It is through this network of associations that we claim new sensations..." These new sensations are a way of, having listened to the body and felt the undualtions of its emotive forces (energy as bios as libido), that we can speak of 'building drives'. 'Breath' becomes a metaphor for the semiotic of the impulses that the Polish Count and Nitty speak of: a semiotic each has access to at all times, a honing and assemblage of instincts into drives - an affective knowledge, a self-consciousness that, overcoming the mind/matter split, takes us beyond the human rights towards the species being and the dutiless vow of frankness that can't be protocolized: Let's be serious now - procedures aim to police and maintain the separation between thought and feeling, they are censorious reducers of passion, they are psychotic inducements that produce internal CIDs and remove relational reponsibilites (ouragonisation as collection of pathologies). If there's no trust then there's procedures, tutelary guarantees, instead. And of course, all procedures need their interpreters and that's were "parity amongst members" is destroyed: priests, project-leaders, idealogues.. all power-crazed hopalongs who, alienated already, let refied procedures do the work. With trust there's neither transparency nor opaqueness but abreaction. As Coop said: "What a responsibility it is to make sure no one takes away our responsibility".

To end: We are not a "people", the people are missing. But our strength comes from our dispossession. Everything is now reappropriatable now. We are the circular breathing of energy wealth. Our covert disc... energy is catalysed by a change of state, dependent upon place and context. Energy wealth is what plugs into the drive of the ourganisation.

(no more?)

(we've time to go)

[Calvi23]

Ewun - The Divide/Exile - Devil's Chimney - Evol Intent 07

Promising, but ultimately unsatisfying tune from Exile feeling overproduced and lacking in power. US producer Ewun on the other hand demonstrates the devastating effect that can be achieved layering immense bass waves and firing 808 flares under powerful edits and switchups.

B-Key - The Test/Unleash - Freak 11

Big tunes from B-Key - epic techstepping with the most impressive cut being The Test. Twisted pads and spiralling bass bombs set off by incredibly well edited, complicated breaks. Comedycore producers take note: dark and heavy FUNCTIONING beats!

Noize Creator - Undead/Flesh - Active Underground 08

Very playable, broken, distorted stepping tracks that operate somewhere between very heavy DnB and dark breakcore. Noize Creator has been pushing this style since his release for Ambush a few years back. His recent output on Active Underground (Deep Throat/Something Bad) and Suburban Trash (Dying World), show he knows how to move the crowd and Number 8 on Active Underground is no exception: shredded

amens, and harsh kicks layered with a sinister cinematic edge. This record is the first part of the trilogy of the dead.

DJ Scud - Strong Back/Heavy Duty - Sub/Version 09

Incredibly, this is Scud's first solo 12" and there's no breakcore here. Scud instead demonstrates the continued importance of soundsystem culture, which seems to have been largely forgotten about by a lot of break-core producers. A perfect release for Sub/Version: fusing fierce noise infected jungle with a dubwise sensibility.

Base Force One - Dynamite and Fire - Praxis 39

Following the Expenditure of Excess Energy homage/update to the early nineties rave sound on Still Raven, CF continues to noisily subvert a bass laden stepping sound with five cuts recorded between 2000 and 2004. The older tracks have dated well, still slamming; B2 and 3 moving away into more experimental territory. A quote from George Santayana: 'those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it' appears on the label along with five images to accompany the tracks, one of which appears to be an Israeli city immediately after a suicide bombing. An apt reminder that many of the mistakes made at the beginning of the 20th Century are in danger of being repeated.

(Note: The picture is from Jonestown where a different suicide cult than Hamas & Co was at work, nevertheless the pictures - and some of the samples - were chosen and juxtaposed to provoke the sort of associations... although in this case it was the past - Vietnam - Guayana - Watts as well as more recent disturbances - The EP starts off with ferocious breakcore sampling an eyewitness report from the riot in Cincinnati in that year. This track was also on the Wasted festival compilation CD. Next up is an expedition into the jungle of Guayana where kool aid, free jazz and acid are mixed into a deadly concoction, with the Rev. Jim Jones on the mic. First on the B-side is a "dubplate" mix of "The Hate that Hate Made". I decided to include this slightly lower-fi rough mix as the sequencer file was corrupted and I would have had to re-make the whole track. This is the oldest track on the record. Next are 2 more experimental pieces, first a heavy grinding one with unexpected tempo change and low bass, then a more peaceful slower track, not without disturbances. The first edition is on red vinyl and is limited to 500 copies.cf)

Bong Ra - Praying Mantis - Russian Roulette Records 07

Following Bong Ra's slew of ragga breakcore, this comes as a somewhat pleasant surprise. His second release for Russian Roulette, following the Darkbreaks EP, is much darker and

more broken. Focusing on jazz breaks, discordant atmospheres and a nod toward Hammer horror.
Kovert 1/2006

Bloodclaat Gangsta Youth Remixes:

Sleepy remix best tune of the year!

For those who thoroughly enjoyed the fun and ferocity of the Bloodclaat Gangsta Youth's "Kill or Be Killed" 7", released approximately two years ago on I Sound's 7" exclusive reggae-carnage label Full Watts, the long awaited remix companion should not disappoint. Even the trend adherent cynics who've posited that the breakcore genre will be asphyxiated by its own stylistic limitations will certainly acknowledge that these new renditions of DJ Scud's brokenbeat classic (w/ the exception of the panacea remix) are prime examples of the meiosis and diffusion of styles and elements which were previously considered transcendent of the mashup sound. The foftermost of the remixes being Sleepy's (Polish producer known for releases on ambush & koolpop) medley of goth choirs, impossibly timed drums, and just a hint of the reggae original to assert this one as utterly unclassifiable. Never have I heard such antithetical elements woven into a cohesive tapestry so brutal yet so appealing to the ear... whether it be learned and voiced on the splinterbeat sound or lay and diminished on all things jungle-core. This

TO: OURGANISATION
FROM: SECESSIONIST OUTERNATIONAL
DATE: 1ST MAY IN DECEMBER

Hello the err,

Threerre’s a problem in aimswering your quests: coherence is burnished sick...

I/We/They are tempted back to mammyfestos filled with teste textual psychosis. The big boy balls of the prepubic intelleflectuals are already too booted with cloacal-birthedwords, but we thank you for attesting to us something word-clad as ‘experience’ (= words are eezeh but breaths remembered and insufflated among I/We/They is a challenge).

Let us try to ex-communicate with some more ventriloquising:

“The drifting of sense and facticity relates to secession” in around that I/We/They feel a need to step away from the order-moats of discourse. Too much gobshite monadic coridoring can get you in a full nelson and some get quiet sat gulping and can’t improvise no more and forget the power of vatic speech. So for the SO there is encouraging music amongst us at all times: tonal disharmony, simple addition to rhythm, splicements, tempo characters; those minor adjustments to the lingvo that effect what I/We/They can conceive and xpress. So secession is mad about seceding from the dominant syntax-tact and know-pose: I/We/They want to Mean What We Say not Say What We Mean (Fac88). Some poetic-effect be necessary for this, some *stravaiging* in n away weigh from the second-sense anchor of ideology to open something up; peel peer inside of its unsaid.

“IsN:t ComMMunitYOUTsIdeinTeLLigibiliTY?”

The repressed in language is the unsaid, but also what’s forced upon us to say. There must not be a place for the repressed so it’s relegated to non-representability. We’re tricked on fear of reveal into believing the repressed has no effect but it’s a prevailingly subterranean process that needs a ventilated space (“sharing of the secret”). So, polysemy is the way we take heart, materialise the unconscious: it be slips, parataxis, jestering, misunderstanding, gang slang, fecund codifics, dyslexic stuttering, punnage, plumage, ectoplasmic citage, silage. All this in place of delegated silence... prying politeness... the seamless consensus-say of the formal rackets... and in place of the objecthood dons of analysis. So, the slippage of signs reveals the malleability of an ‘in-stone’ lingvo (alchemical secrets ignite their interlocutors). We uprise against the censorious schools and the “government of meaning” that plies ipse discourse & we self-institute as cellular stanzas (a group without instruments) to undermine that self-aggrandising public voice that on and on drone surrounds “a sunken acceptance with the vague reproach of the already spoken” (Charlie B). That’s homogeneity kills it us. Shutdown of x-presso. Y’all stiff up in yr limbs.

Awful bile also lassooos our atlas.
Polysemy = ‘multiple speech’.
Collision of idea times from each accord to next

When we use normopath lingvo if it’s not just fact-commerce, ego-fellatio and predatory coherence, then it be a case of most articulate being taken as leader... as ‘personification of the anonymous’. The quanta mass con. One indiv stands in for the collective. But for the co-operative constellation of SO – one of many such woven rugs – it’s the polysemy of singularities that effects a syncopated polyphony. Tight like a snare. So SO = emphatic instability, NOIT.

The system-ucs, that motor of secession, is a crucial component of ourganisation: it adds up to a collective drive or an achronological emoto-fold-thought that’s machinic; it be like the ‘third person’ (or in ‘our’ case, the eighth: 7 plus 1 = SO). This extra one, the materialised other of our togetherness (actually allotted a ‘swiveling chair’ role by Fourier) is presenced as a postspoken preamble, but also as a constant auto-suspicion. All objects of our own singularity. Any ourganisation creates these entities (hence our interest in ESP) and in so doing reveals why ourganisations can become occultish (hence the link to elitism?). This is were Goad comes from: it’s the ‘third person’, the hidden third, the surplus of energy-wealth, the institutional drive, turned against those us’s that made it up. So with Nitty Fred we’re always killing God to attain the new being: social powers returned unalienated to the collective that bore them. The plus-1 as this new being in our midst (our species meaning). Living culture, then; is it not this social creativity (singular polysemy), this energy-wealth making thousands of plus-1’s; our inarticulate prototypes articulating away anyway?

Charlie B sez “A sudden accord conceals/an unseen presence...”

As for exclusion; this was only oddly mourned, deemed dispositive, by the failed epigones of identity politics (those poor them that try to reconvene the past, source it, put themselves at the Omphalos). These reduced selflets, powered by an essentialist vainglorious fuel, made halls of mirrors out of organisations, mass generalisations, made themselves representatives dependent defensive upon event power rather than split counter-forces of the eventless base. Their lingvo suffocated us under the silent wait of a table-topping arelational victimhood (‘equality of oppression’ was their relational glue but this made us

DJ Hidden - It Begins/ The Enemy and Kid Kryptic - Malice Afterthought - Killing Sheep 01

First vinyl outing from this Australian imprint sees DJ Hidden providing the goods. After a moody intro punctuated by half speed breaks, DJ Hidden rinses out a fierce, gritty, mid-range sweeping synth line over some hectic stepping breaks. Maybe not as bass heavy as it could have been and my copy has two or three very short moments of sound loss, weird and annoying if this was intended, just annoying if not. But any deficiencies are made up for by the sheer energy this tune oozes: large!

Evol Intent/Pish Posh - 7 angels with 7 plagues - Barcode 02

Barcode was created as the more experimental offshoot of the Renegade Hardware label, and with this release both Evol Intent and Barcode have been getting a lot of attention. Evol Intent absolutely murder Pish Posh’s corrupt cops, getting the balance between technical beatfreakery and the need to retain a connection to the dance just right. Then on the flip smash through with driving distorted basses and well edited breaks. Recommended.

Nasty Habits - Shadow Boxing (Jonny L remix) 31 Records 021

Doc Scots classic doom anthem originally released in 1996 gets an update from Jonny L. The main hook is given a metallic, altogether more fuluristic edge but still retains that melancholic sweep; the beats are brought up to date, fattened and speeded up. Check!

Aphasic - Yeah Yeah Yeah Whatever - Junk 01

Following the dissolution of Ambush Records, Aphasic, now based in the Netherlands decided to start Junk. On this first release Aphasic mixes up a number of styles: a dub-wise amen smasher (perhaps nearest to the Ambush sound), a dancehall/hiphop/bhangra hybrid infected with disembodied noise, a four to the floor cut and a downtempo hip-hop-electro track again twisting the usual and unusual together.

Wasteland - Spirit Shots EP - Transparent 03

The second EP from Scud and I-sound’s collaborative project continues where Amen Fire left off, further subverting minimal, dubby RnB, Hip Hop and Grime riddims with waves of dubbed out shrill noise and radioactivity.

I: Gor - It's so empty (Noize Creator Rmx)

The spice must flow... The sample taken from David Lynch’s Dune resurfaces accompanying Noize Creator’s phat broken hardcore remix of I: Gor. Punishing kicks, T99 rave snippets and plunging subs. Mixes well with harder DnB. Check!

Kryptic Minds + Leon Switch - Metaphor/Suicide Note - Freak 018

Suicide note is finally seeing the light of day after having been rinsed for the last couple of years on dub. It was originally intended as a special for Krytic Minds but Dylan pushed for a Freak release. Unfortunately it seems he waited too long. Make no mistake this is a big tune, full of the phat KM + LS vibes, huge bass and clever switch-ups, it just comes across as slightly dated compared to the more up-to-date releases around.

Limewax - Changing Crisis - Tech Itch 44 Technical Itch - Life of Sin (Limewax Rmx)/Judge - Penetration 18 Tech Itch - Haunted/Wraith -

Penetration 19

Tech Itch has been a major force in the current revitalisation of the hard DnB scene. His Penetration label consistently delivering. This brutal, cold, calculating approach seems to have inspired a number of artists outside the UK to take his sound even further and harder. Limewax is one of these, still only 17 but producing some of the sickest, heaviest beats around. Cracking Core, one of the tracks on the Changing Crisis EP wouldn’t sound out of place on Sub/Version, putting to shame most of the so called breakcore sound. It contains what sounds like noise samples taken from Praxis releases, overdriven well chopped breaks and massive bass firmly directed at the hard sound party crowd. Remixing Life of Sin, Limewax smashes an offbeat affair, but doesn’t match up to Tech Itch’s brooding Judge on the flip. Wraith, side b of the current Penetration release, sees Tech Itch taking an ultra clinical approach with hard hitting snares crashing through the midrange and dry bass smouldering underneath.

Dylan & B-Key - The Whorror - Freak 012

Landmark release from Dylan + B-Key fusing Distorted 909s with fierce breaks; demonstrating that the Freak crew aren’t afraid to take it harder than the rest. Check!

YOU MUST HELP YOURSELF:
NEO-LIBERAL GEOGRAPHIES AND WORKER INSURGENCY
IN OSAKA

“I realize as the train pulls in that the station is on fire. The platform is aflame and below the streets are empty with people running past occasionally. Something is happening. I pick up some rocks and start throwing them at a police line.”

-anonymous rioter at Kamagasaki

“You must help yourself.”

-Ilsa, She-Wolf of the SS

October 2nd, 1990. The day started as any other does in Osaka’s Nishi-Nari ward, men lined up around the *yoseba*

employment center, in the thousands, waiting for work. If it came, they would load into the cars of construction contractors in groups, with parachute pants and wrapped heads. For eight hours they might wave light wands ‘guiding pedestrians’, dig concrete roads, re-pave highways or variously break their backs in the sun. This proletarian fate was ceded by the city’s bourgeoisie over a period of thirty years of continuous unemployed unrest; all the union officials touted it as labor ‘won’ from an inhuman system. After all, without work, one does not eat, and once conditions have worsened to the point that this phrase becomes dictatorial, one works in a fervor; for work leads to ‘independence’. Work might one day lead out of the slum.

If work didn’t come, the men wait out lunch and line up for the daily workfare handout, set aside for ‘unsuccessful job-seekers’. This *yoseba* is in Kamagasaki, a neighborhood of poverty and celebration, a breathing lung, where the *yakuza* patrol day-workers with icy looks and stashed weapons; at occupied ‘triangle’ park, men, dogs and blue canvas spill out into the street sides. *Udon* and *soba* are served at improvised stool stands roofed with canvas. Women and men prepare boxed lunches, noodles and Okinawan fare at shops lining the crowded avenues. Just to the east the brothel neighborhood of *Tobita* sits in expectant dormancy, for the night will soon fall. The slum is quiet.

For the city hall and the construction capitalists, it was just another Tuesday. There were multiple flash-points, like any riot, origins that became history for the individuals and groups that experienced them. For most, the riots began with friends running past, heaving paving stones at the police. But most will point to an account of an old homeless man in the Namba theater district, north of Kamagasaki. Police on patrol had stopped at his improvised blue canvas house, berating him to leave the sidewalk. The man (known by most as ‘a bit bizarre’) unleashed his dog, which quickly sunk its teeth into a senior patrolman. After a struggle, he was surrounded by police and beaten as a crowd gathered, consisting of other homeless people and some day-workers. Hauled away and arrested, the angry crowd followed the car to the Nishinari police station.

News spread on sprinting legs to the enormous *yoseba* hiring hall in the south, circulating among groups of day laborers. Without any particular confrontation, a few ‘troublesome’ workers were pulled aside by the *yoseba* police patrol and in front of thousands, beaten. The neighborhood exploded. *Yoseba* day-workers, witnesses in their thousands, took their comrades back and drove the police from the hiring hall, swarming outward like blood through Kamagasaki’s lungs. Crowds formed here and there, with a general movement towards the police station, from which the police re-emerged. A rain of stones fell. After the volleys reached a temporary abatement, barricades were quickly erected, bicycles ignited

with cheap lighter fluid, stacked and burned, dumpsters dragged into the street. *Capital’s tendency to crisis, the proletarian form, was erupting.*

The police retreated in order to barricade the neighborhoods, to shut off the arteries that connect Kamagasaki to the north, south, east and west. A classic siege strategy was put into action punctuated by sudden, violent streams of steel-shield armed police into the neighborhoods. Mobile riot squads surrounded the area with armored buses and paddy wagons, and soon lined the boulevards in columns with five foot steel shields. All the forces of government and private capital arrived to contain thousands of revolting workers and rapidly arriving allies, to circumscribe a space that was impassable for the surging rage of the rioters. Media vans pulled up and were stoned if they attempted to penetrate the riot line and ‘get the real story’. In several cases cameras were sought after

and smashed. All footage of the events comes from behind police lines. Advances by the cops were met with volleys of

objects flung from the parapets of apartment buildings by the unemployed, workers and housewives. At times, the riot constituted itself as a castle pocked with archers. When the first barricaded day slipped into night, the cars of the construction barons were smashed and degraded. Parks that had been evicted of squatters had their locks broken and were re-taken. The insurrection faced its own limit, against the borders of space drawn by the state and its own projectuality. Discussions arose everywhere on where to go next. Many feared that the riotous action would blacklist the neighborhood from construction contracts, that the *yoseba* would close like the one in Tokyo had just a year earlier, that poverty would worsen. Most gazed over the surrounding steel buses of the riot police and saw the impossibility of expansion, of the riot spreading to other sectors. NGO workers and city hall mediators arrived urging people to ‘calm down’, that police violence could be ‘addressed’. But these particular



beatings were only moments on a continuum of violent surveillance and control. There was no doubt that the situation was in fact rapidly worsening as police ran wild in the streets, smashing skulls and faces with steel pipes and shields. The Kamagasaki population was at open revolt with the organs of repression, most saw no way back to ‘normality’. Buses and sound-cars of the unions and organizations of the unemployed mobilized from their garages and circled the neighborhood, providing a temporary barrier; they eventually moving through police lines, broadcasting messages to a wider portion of the city. Night fell again.

“I edged back to the crowd. From behind me, someone yelled ‘Aim for the lights!’. Stones were thrown aiming towards the lights of TV cameras stationed behind the riot squad. I entered the crowd. No one took any notice of the camera that I held in my hand. After a while, a man spoke to me. ‘Are you from the news papers?’ When I answered no, he said, ‘If you are, you are going to get killed.’”

-anonymous observer at Kamagasaki

As the riot entered into its third, fourth day the city’s strategy was in continual escalation. The rioting, unarmed workers were meat for the mobile riot squads. Largely defensive formations changed into charges, five-foot steel shields were leveled against the flesh of the disgusted. Barricades collapsed or were extinguished, and the police made real progress into the neighborhoods. If the streets could be cleared, then the tear-gas buses and paddy wagons could move in. Hundreds of the most militant were chased south into a union building where the insurrection made its last, unarmed stand. Concurrently and further

south, partly in inspiration from the Kamagasaki rebellion, a youth revolt had exploded, spearheaded by 'speed tribe' gangs on motorcycles who fought the police in skirmishes. This rebellion was contained even quicker, and most of the young rioters found themselves chased into the same building with the older workers. There would be no cavalry for Kamagasaki. The building was taken with tremendous violence. The 22nd riot in the neighborhood's 30 year history had ended. Despite the arrest and imprisonment of many, over the next four years there would be more small riots, sporadically, where the police or contractors were targeted. When unrest broke out, other workers would come running; construction contractors dodging back-wages found themselves at the mercy of mobs. People took inspiration from the riots that raged through the neighborhoods throughout the 1960s, contestation, above all was the agenda! The strategy against the riot by the city and the bourgeoisie was drawn from every lesson learned in the past forty years of class struggle in post-fordist Japan. Initial direct force, followed by the deployment of mediators, the deployment of advanced technological means of repression, filtering of news about the riots, news blackouts, concluding in total geographical isolation of the proletarian ferment. Riots can not be permitted to spread to other sectors, and therefore Japanese capital's only strategy against the eruption of its own contradictions is *containment*.

MUZZLED CONTRADICTIONS, STRANGLED PROLETARIANS

The riots of the 1990s took place amid the massive restructuring of the 1980s and the economic crisis of 1989 as the investment 'bubble' burst and the promise of a Japanese 'prosperity' proved hollow. Already migrant workers from Okinawa and Tokyo had taken up park occupations all over Osaka, not to mention Nishi-nari ward and the Kamagasaki neighborhood. Improvised huts, roofed with blue tarp, decorated with paint, junk, sometimes city free jazz schedules and at the very least posters of famous female crooners holding beer mugs, sprung up all over the city. The huts were statements of autonomy, arising from the immediate inability of newly-arrived workers to afford housing; as a strategy the 'tent villages' blanketed the city, in order to stake out an existence independent of the welfare state's institutionalization. Out of the riots, the workers' movement in Kamagasaki re-composed into union coalitions. NGOs replaced the direct discipline of police batons as their mediating roles were appreciated by the city in halting unrest. 16 surveillance cameras at major intersections and shopping streets were installed in Kamagasaki alone. Over 1990-1995, the men at city hall dumped all the previous strategies, and Kamagasaki moved from a zone of discipline to one of control, from containment of outburst to total regulation; the unemployed were channeled, mediated and surveilled like never before; what could once communicate itself as a struggle of autonomy against the control apparatus was now more and more forced to speak the language of social peace. Park occupations were slowly apologized for as a response to the poverty of the city's institutional shelters as well as the lack of viable jobs, instead of their obvious essence, areas autonomous from capitalist time, characterized by relaxation, karaoke songs and games like *go* and *shogi*. The occupations were attempts to attain a moderately bourgeois standard of living, actualizing in motion, against an ocean of industrial poverty. Continual violence and harassment by *yakuza* and police managed to dull the direct-action strategy of spiteful day-workers as well as the heaviest strategies by newly radicalized unions, who quickly transformed into facilitators of ritual action: such as protest marches completely surrounded by police, food hand-outs and supplication to city officials at any level of struggle.

"As real subsumption advanced it appeared that the mediations of the existence of the class in the capitalist mode of production, far from being exterior to the 'being' of the class which must affirm itself against them, were nothing but this being in movement, in its necessary implication with the other pole of society, capital."
- *Theorie Communiste*

NEO-LIBERALISM: TRANSFORMED EXPLOITATION, TRANS-

FORMED GEOGRAPHIES

Outside of Kamagasaki and Osaka, across the social terrain of Japan, the neo-liberal project had been advancing at least since the collapse of the new left in the late 1970s. A near collapse of the social safety net ensued: previous welfare guarantees were transformed increasingly into workfare, an entire landlord class was born atop workfare-registered workers struggling to pay 'discounted' rents on *yoseba* wages. The retirement age was officially moved from 60 to 65 for most businesses in 2005, completing an already unofficial shift planned long-term by the LDP; a whole generation of parents suddenly found themselves working longer and harder and by desperation turning their children's schools into factories for the production of workers who could support them post-retirement, as pension guarantees seemed bound for an irreversible crisis. Elderly workers who laid-off in the crisis often found themselves on the street with no employment prospects. Among the bourgeoisie, support for privatization and the gradual wearing away of the 'welfare state' gained steam. Nothing characterized the period more than *speed-up*. With the unification in the late 60s of train lines around the country under the JR Company and the rapid acceleration of bullet train technology, capital smoothed space towards a white plane, one with no resistance to the circulation of raw materials, labor power and surplus value. Highways brought the same changes, and inside the workplace a collapse of the labor movement ensured human beings snared in 60-70 hour weeks became the norm for full-time employees. The individual experience of labor became more and more an endless conveyor belt between home, transit and the workplace. A metropolitan factory modeled on assembly lines, bound by its very constitution, to disaster.

ENCLOSURE, SPEED, DISASTER

As an island chain along major fault lines, Japanese civilization is fraught with constant disaster. The 1995 earthquake in Kobe was only the most recent massive demonstration of the power of continental plates (5,273 people were killed, most crushed to death in the collapse of their houses or consumed by the fires that followed the earthquake, 96.3 billion dollars of damage were assessed). Earthquakes are phantoms, haunting all considerations of the future. Last December, a scandal broke in the news media; Hidetsugu Aneha, a 48 year old architect working at a construction firm called Hyuza in Tokyo had, under pressure from his superiors to cut costs on the buildings he was designing, reduced steel reinforcements in building skeletons and falsified data to cover his tracks. As his actions were uncovered and an investigation was launched by the city, it came out that the building for which design statistics had been falsified was not a lone example; the number quickly mushroomed, resulted in the implication of 78 hotels and buildings as being at 30-80% of minimal earthquake preparedness, meaning likely collapse during a strong earthquake. In his defense Aneha protested that when he raised these issues to his superiors they told him the firm would simply lose the contract to other firms if proper costs were covered, and so he must cut expenses any way he could; Aneha's comments therefore implicate not only himself and his corporation, but the construction industry as a whole. These vast, condensed metropolises of the Japanese islands contain millions of bodies on foundations increasingly precarious, and despite the spectacular efforts by city governments at reform and revision, thousands will not survive the next earthquake (as many were killed in recent Niigata prefecture earthquakes). Capitalism has developed all formalized dwellings, all massive dormitories of the exploited that stretch from the city to suburbia, into potential coffins. In ironic contrast stand the humble hut-dwelling day-workers of Osaka whose low-impact 'outside dwellings' are in no danger of killing them during a disaster. In 1987, Japan's nationalized train lines were divided into west and east and privatized. Adding a profit motive to trains, already circulating on the rhythm of breakneck post-Fordist Japanese capitalism, guaranteed the narrowing of bottom lines and an amplified pursuit of speed between stations. In 2005, a rush-hour train derailed between Amagasaki station and Takaraduka station north of Osaka. The young train

Outbreak Ltd 10; Muppet Show/Juggernaut DJ Ink Outbreak 22
A mean and nasty piece from Cruel Intentions; precise but not nice. A-side is angry and remains so for six and a half minutes. B-side goes for the jugular in a similar vein. This stuff is put together well with fearsome beats and steady menacing bass lines. Muppet Show is a brilliant show of force from DJ Ink. Every time. That title reminds me of some parties I've been to.

The Legend/Quad Tech Itch/Dylan/Trace Tech Itch Recordings
The Legend is by Tech Itch and Dylan. It is a hardcore track. The beats rage against a backdrop of high pressure acid bleepings. The pressure is maintained. It continues to build. A ferocious track. Quad (by Tech Itch and Trace) is more of a journey into the shadows.

Dead or Alive/File 101 The Rhythm Beater Cutterz Choice 01
A new label in South London, Cutterz Choice. File 101 is a lively stepping tune with a little bit of a Michael Caine guitar in there. Gunshots, guitars, creaking doors and an overall Dr Who spookery. Dead or Alive samples George Bush encouraging the American people to attack one of Cybotron's moons.

kovert:
Cyanide - Swinging Scissors - Index 04
Electro-concrete: crackles of interference, sideways grooves, tibetan-bowl drones, digital bass, manipulated breaks, panned electronic bells, acid suggestions. Index 04 carries over and develops the post-electro sound begun on Index 01.

Wasteland - Amen Fire - Transparent 02
New project from DJ Scud and I-Sound which takes on an altogether deeper shade. The six tracks are almost melody free, but rather than the abrasive ambush style breakcore, mix slow well produced hip-hop and dub beats with a more restrained approach to noise. The absent searing white noise is replaced with modulated metallic feedback, what sounds like radio interference, tampered with found sound and other harsh audio oddities. The combination works well. Scud seems to fill in what was always lacking in previous I-Sound productions, fattening up the overall sound with reverbed kicks and snares that slice through the mid-range.

Noize Creator - In memory of - Active Underground 05
Two long tracks that follow on from NC's recent Ambush release. NC concentrates on hardened up fast breaks, intricately twisted and stretched around a barrage of delayed noise, dislocated voices and dark synths. Very playable: check.

Noize Creator/Geroyche - Sti 15.7
Split 7" featuring a beefed up Capelton rework from Geroyche, and a broken beat track which samples Doug Lazy's 'let the rhythm pump' vocal. Geroyche toughens up 'Galang Galang' with some fierce overdriven kicks and snippets of breaks, lifting the original rhythm to a new level, while Noize Creator kills it with a wicked heavy party cut. Smashing broken beats are moulded with rhythmic noise, sub-base bombs, reversed breaks and of course Doug Lazy just to remind you what to do. But we have to complain about the press (again), which makes the Geroyche side unplayable: too quiet; no excuse now.

The Bug Vs The Rootsman Ft The Mexican - WWW - Razor-X 02
The Bug VsThe Rootsman Ft Wayne Lonesome - Slew Dem - Razor-X 03
Two further instalments attempting to make the dance a more dangerous place. Neither reaches the wicked sound we saw on 'Killer', but still stays rougher (and better for it) than the Bug's recent album on Rephlex. Tough dancehall rhythms are overlaid with aggressive vocals and backed with versions on the flip. Cool to mix half speed with jungle, but not as bass ridden as they should be.

The Bug Ft Cutty Ranks - Gun Disease - Rephlex
This is more like it. The Bug tightens up and using the vocal talents of Cutty Ranks creates the best Rephlex record we've heard for a few years. Cutty reworks an old vocal: 'Gunman lyrics' and the Bug provides a wicked heavy dancehall style rhythm for it to ride, this time including the bass we've been after.

Slacknote, Kid Kryptic, DJ Hidden - Fear 03
Double Pack of 4 long D n B tracks, 3 of which are unfortunately lame efforts; head straight for the DJ Hidden cut. An incredible slice of heavy techstep which smashes the dance. Takes a while to build and creates a dark atmosphere as it does, eventually dropping into a reece-esque distorted bass and excellent heavy breaks.

Bong-Ra - Darkbreaks - RRR06
3 tracks of rave infused breakcore and 1 longer slower reece fuelled, dark jazz cut. Killer track comes as a smash up of the Whitey Don's roots reggae classic: 'Murderer' (called Vampire Youth here). Heavily sampling Whitey Don, Bong-Ra steps it into more of a dancehall mix before killing it with amen pressure and rave snippets. Quite a short track and difficult to mix, but an excellent hybrid that wrecks the floor.

Dillinja - Live or Die - Valve007
Frustrating and at the same time smashing mix from Dillinja. Includes fierce loud Valve bassline party pressure, but begins and descends 3/4 of the way through into the worst kind of pathetic chords. Still, if you're quick on the mix it packs an incredible punch.

Each One Teach One (produced by Scud) - Full Watts 03
Maybe here the overall concept is more interesting than the audio outcome: taking a uk steppas influenced rhythm to new levels of intensity. A fast 4/4 reggae inspired cut (backed with a version on the flip) shrills out the snare eq sweeps, is punctuated by roots vocal snatches and forwards with an insistent bass. We await the next instalment.

The Fix - Amityville/Another Notch - L Plates Volumes
Fierce jump-up tracks from Digital's sub-label. Both cuts are packed with energy, infusing soundclash vibes, vocal chat/fix with rough, heavy amen chops/, pummelling 808 subs and rave elements. Not overproduced, the overall sound is pleasingly rough round the edges.

Abdullah K/Society Suckers split - Amex 02
This is well worth picking up for the super loud recut of Trip to the boom by Abdullah K aka Bogdan Raczynski. Previously hidden away on the back end of his Rephlex release 96 Drum n Bass Classixxx, it was the hardest of a badly cut selection of mostly mediocre jungle 'ardcore interpretations. Practical dancefloor business: hard hitting, stepping reverbed kicks and bass pressure functioning in dark atmospheres.

Bombadier SYN Remixes - Low Res 17
Four remixes by four different artists of a track that originally appeared on Low Res 03. Head straight to the massive Eye-D mix: Phat distorted industrial stepping kicks and tweaked filtered snares roll over the original heavy synth line which has been given the twisted reese treatment to great effect. This record also sees the reemergence of Christoph de Babalon who turns in a slowed down rave breaks mix, Cdatakil making a mess and Adjust offering a broken moody take on SYN.

Technical Itch - The Ruckus (Kryptic Minds + Leon Switch) / Replicator Penetration TIP 17
The classic Ruckus gets its second remix courtesy of the DefCom label owners. The result: an absolutely dangerous reese filters down into overdriven amens with wicked switchups and massive distorted kicks; much more intense material than recent output on their own label. On the flip Technical Itch demonstrates some serious walk on bass. Low bass waves heavily attacked and ridden by insistent breaks punctuated by a 'human form replicator2 vocal. TI sidesteps the usual breakdowns etc.

Bong Ra feat The Dirty Dred- Blood and Fire - Soothsayer 01
Blood and Fire comes as a vocal/version style 7" and as Soothsayer's first release is, for me at least, one of Bong Ra's most successful releases so far. The Dirty Dred's lyrics sit nicely over a distorted kick driven dancehall riddim that gradually fires high end amens into the mix. Well structured and easily mixes with the dubwise drum and bass that's been appearing recently.

Cabaret Voltaire: The Attic Tapes 1974-1978 [Mute- Grey Area]

Slipstreamed out a little by the recent art world worship of TG, this 3CD release of early Cabs material is something of a crucial release. Never ones for the limelight and shying away from the expressionistic excesses of performance art that propelled TG into public view, CV got on with making experiments in their early years that are as provocative if not 'better' produced than the tracks they began to commit to vinyl from 1978. This collection of tracks highlights what's missing in music-practice these days: a blissful lack of conceited self-consciousness and a determination to use the force of sound as a means to change consciousness rather than to trade in 'sign value'. At times in this array of tracks there is almost a fourth member to the trio, a quite corporeal sense of a collective unconscious space into which anything doesn't quite go but if you half try it will fit because incongruity and chance and alter-egos and hope-in-the-Aks have to have their space made. Beginning with test-tapes of 'treated voice' and 'treated clarinet' and 'treated guitar' etc the elements come together in a kind of form riven from intimacy; a kind of bashful exhibitionism (that TG never had) that relies on the strength of relation between the members to allow for an unembarrassed and improvisational approach bounded by the solitary beats of a drum box; beats that seem to demand that space be pointillistically filled rather than id-crowded out (cf Capsules, Oh Roger). Add to this tape-cut up tracks like Calling Moscow and The Attic Tapes which aren't just pluderphonics, but anti-para state propaganda too, as well as the surrealist sci-fi stories read out in distorted northern tones on 'Bedtime Stories' and 'Phtophobia', then we really do have to consider Cabaret Voltaire as harbingers of a future yet to come; unleashers, along with many others, of transformative productive forces that, in producing new listeners, produce new subjects. This is Cabaret Voltaire's avant-popism: the sound forms are at times recognisable as 'songs' but the treatment of them, the discontented content, makes them unlyrical. At other times, when they leave the 'song' alone, the content becomes the form. Running through both is a use of language that, in the cut-ups, is clearly audible, but with the 'songs' is deformed yet intelligible, as with dub. This, then is a meeting point between the quoted language of the cut-up (mostly clearly presented) and the invented language of the narratives (mostly distorted) which has the effect of communicating a reluctance, a faltering of the powers of communication that are overcome by the use of unfamiliar sounds (treated guitar, treated clarinet). This aspect of avant-gardism, the self-critique of expression as power, not only accounts for the discrete aspect of Cabaret Voltaire at this time (one impending release on Industrial Records), it also informs the choice to make electronic music: the most powerfully overpowering technology is made unsure of itself, hybrid, disidentified. If we contrast this to the persistently hopeless state of institutionalised avant-garde music, a music in thrall to the technics of form that reduces music to the pinprick of opus, then with Cabaret Voltaire, the fear and attraction of expression leads to an unfiltered heterogeneity. The points of reference abound: from the treated upslash of reggae rhythm guitar to the music concrete use of found sound through 'Krautrock' and punk to the foreechoing of techno and retro elektronische (c.f Richard Kirk's Sweet Exorcist and Xon projects in the late 80s). This melting pot can be heard on the Attic Tapes. Western Works or Darmstadt?

record reviews

THE GAS CHAIR by Crawling Chaos Factory Benelux 6 - 1982/Boutique 001 - 2005

"Opening up a new genre of heavy modern. Three short haired awkward types from Tyneside who are a cross between Status Quo and Orchestral Manoeuvres." Factory Newsletter No.2, 1980

This LP was untimely and to a certain degree still is. It's a timeslip now and is not so much a 'new genre' as pre-post modern. Where else can you hear 'folk' and 'prog' and 'punk' synth pop and 'industrial' and 'au naturel' acoustic chords all in one place? Whilst CC are not as 'eventful' a signpost in the end of rock as, say, Curtis's turning away from the stage (seen in material-reality via video when IC turns back to the drummer after Candidate with a look of exhaustion and self-disgust on his face and in his wobbling body), what we have here with the Gas Chair is something so serious and mocking that listening 20 years later we can still reel feel that former disorientation that could be gotten from spending 40p on this in record shop graveyards. Serious: well produced, well mixed, artisanal electro-acoustic sounds.

And mocking: deliberately shit, off-the-cuff lyrics "I send away for anything free/coffee doesn't interest me" ... a kind of 'theatrical' singing at times (when you can hear it)...

"Inside a ghastly cover lurks a shambles of studio piss-about, half-witted jamming and sundry other grotesqueries camouflaged as daring weirdness"

Richard Cook, NME

The sui generis eclecticism of CC is 'daring weirdness' and they pull-off whatever style it is that they are 'mimicking'. This is what makes it so problematic for someone like an NME journalist: there is no one style to totemise; the mimesis is like a 'second order discourse' - the tracks are kind of like made up of 'quotes'. There is thus something too heterogenous, risky, pretentious about them: they attempt, from a punk non-music-expert position, to create a music of the totality i.e. unbounded, non generic, fully social vinyl. Scissiparous. But, of course, the flipside to all this is that, in a weird way, CC take the piss out of music (as an industry?). Their (they're) non-standardisation, aligned to an annoying rendition of the recognisable, their love of sound as noise (end of macabre royale, amp overload in Berlin etc) is both heard-large across all the tracks and in single tracks (left hand path has an industrial intro and outro - the 'song' in the middle [witness large bass notes backing acoustic guitar strum] is twice unexpected). Where are they? Doing a kitchen country and western number called Canadian Pacific! Crawling Chaos = Electro Ludds.

Flint Michigan

Joe Gibbs Allstars: No Bones For The Dog (Pressure Sounds)

Crucial 70s double dub pack collecting what's probably a fraction of versions and B-sidings from the prolific multi-label Gibbs operation. What's provocative here is the attention to detail that revitalises standard rhythms that never quite remind the same and, of course, that constant desire to fuck about in the studio without elektronische formalism. Here, then, is the presence of Errol 'ET' Thompson - the studio engineer-electrician to Joe Gibbs's impresario: The Mighty Two. It's ET's hot pliering that leads from concrete sounds to minute long snare echoes as well as, on what are mistakenly called 'novelty' tracks, siphoning entire tracks through overloading phaser. On Baldhead Bridge the tone of synth blips punctuates the militant rhythms as Culture celebrate London Bridge burning

(Soul Jazz)

The use of the word 'noise' in the title of this sampler of new york post-punk (or punk-lunk or no wave or neow rofyunk...) says more about Soul Jazz than it does about the

down - a direct feed into Handsworth's insurrections? On Earthquake, praised for its low key guitar work, the bass warbles with a muddy low-end that's more post than proto electronica. The Mighty Two brought us the much admired and reissued African Dub series and this collection too has that sense of being a long enduring set of 'messianic' living culture: timeslips via affective technology and an earful attitude. Flint Michigan

Dennis Bovell: Decibel (Pressure Sounds)

A kind of follow-through from the 'Don't Call Us Immigrants' collection of UK based reggae this collection features the work of the only reggae producer/musician to have a sleeve designed by Peter Saville (the X-O-DUS release on Factory). Dennis Bovell, a stalwart producer and inspiration in the post-punk multi crossovers of Pop Group and Slits productions, gets some of his old tunes and rhythms seanced in to us courtesy of some Pressure Sounds research. As a militant in the sound system movement (a much undervalued form of political organisation) Bovell served his time after the Suffers Hi-Fi bust in Cricklewood in 1976 and some of that attitudinous venom is articulated here in a violence done to sound - music becomes background to persisting, compulsive echo (cf Dominion Dub). Bovell, as it says on the sleeve notes, was not averse to introducing a bit of 'fuzz guitar' and it's this attitude of not remaining in the thrall of the mother country canon that adds a unique twist to the tracks collected here. Ok, one or two choices are mellow, but with tracks catalysed by titles referring to the black working class (cf Grunwick Affair) and with a bass-players attention to how to make those bass notes hollow out the plexus of the ear, Bovell deserves some recognition as another of those producers who's sensitivity to sound's force changed things for listeners. Ah Fi Wi Dis. Flint Michigan

Spectre feat. Sensational: Parts Unknown (Quatermass)

There's something compelling about the way Spectre (aka Ill Saint aka Slotek) compounds a track out of one or two samples and lets it play out without too much fuss but with a leady dose of baroque horror attitude. The tracks he could make seem as endless as the tracks here, but what's not so anti production-line is the timing of the collision of the parts. So, it's like there's this definite seamstress aspect: what forms the track is as bare as if you were just hearing a demo of samples, but just one juxtaposition can cause a mute explosion. This is a use of samples that has an alchemists fondness for the sound that has been captured that makes the track an athanor (the ethereal as object). You then, every so often, get Sensational to skip on with the grain of his voice and the rambling turns into a tumbling and you fall through from trip-hop to drop-off. But maybe I just like the titles and am running with them: Skrippin, The Bassick, Power Cipher Sniper..... Flint Michigan

Various: New York Noise 1978-1982

tracks collected here: gifted at popularising the forgotten mobs of music but never quite daring enough in their selection, this label secures its 'cool prof' status (and its collective ego) at the expense of helping to transform the culture. Perhaps this means that there's a faint whiff of nostalgia around their collections, one that comes from their very Soul-Boy distrust of the future-anterior of the avant-garde, wherefrom ciphers of radicality are welded as signs of hipness (cf their post-punk collection In The Beginning There Was Rhythm which comes dangerously close to being the vinyl equivalent of a Situationist T-shirt). That said the tracks here make, as ever with their compilations, compelling listening. The Mars track (the nearest we get to 'noise') is frantic; Liquid Liquid and Konk provide the funk, Material provide the 'industrial' edge and Rammelezee vs K Robb provide a pointer to the fledgling hip-hop breakthrough of school hall cut and jam sessions. The all women bands of Bush Tetras (meekly chosen because Topper Headen produced it into flatness?), ESG (can't fail with their minimal combo-funk) and The Bloods (stars of the classic post-media film Born In Flames) do add a political dynamic, but, as ever with these compilations, we want to hear the off-cuts not the canon-fodder. Flint Michigan

THE REVEREND REVIEWS 4/07/03:

STILL AVAILABLE

HYDROPHONIC 03 - SYNTH LABO

HYDROPHONIC 04 - PHONOHOID

HYDROPHONIC 05 - NUCHIN

HYDROPHONIC 06 - BONG-RA

HYDROPHONIC 07 - RO34 VS. ANTICRACY

HYDROPHONIC 08 - EMPATYSM

HYDROPHONIC 09 - PSYKONOTE

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No More Games EP DJ Hazard Tru Playaz 45; Original Foundation EP by DJ Hype + Listen/Chalice by Pascal/Monty Ganja Records RPG 01 + 02 DJ Hazard belts out some heavyweight tunage! No More Games itself weighing in heaviest of all I think. Hype's EP keeps the fires burning for all the junglists. More proper basslines and Hazard Blaze an awesome remix of Mash Up The Place. Absolutely tearing!! Pascal and Monty's twelve also maintains a bubbling vibe. Play loud.

Evil Streets/? Capital J Mix n Blen Records 23

Canadian producer samples extensively from US news at the time of the Twin Towers attack. 'There's no place like New York...' drops into pummelling bass pressure and crash-heavy break. 'As we move through these evil streets!' Not massively original but it certainly rocks.

Transformers Autobots EP Mampi Swift Charge 20

The first tune, Transformer, is some sort of Georgio Moroder tune for drum n bass heads. Play Me(feat. Fresh BC) comes with a didgeridoo intro and then a loopy rave riff. The Battle features the Transformers sample: 'It is the year two thousand five, the treacherous Deceptions have conquered the Autobots' home planet of Cybotron. But on two of Cybotron's moons the dying Autobots prepare to retake their homeland.' Acid and breaks feast ensues, even some 4/4 bass drum in there. Swift is always worth checking because he has an original style and as he said himself 'I don't make music for people to chill out to'.

Chinese Water Torture/Don't Hold Back Cruel Intentions

driver had been berated repeatedly by supervisors and his supervising senior driver to cut seven minutes off of the recommended transit time for the 25 km between these two stations. The train derailed, traveling at a tremendous speed and collided with a large apartment building, destroying part of its foundation and causing the building to collapse on top of the train car. 105 people died either instantly or before rescue workers could reach them. Unfortunately for the bureaucrats and company officials rolled out to the scene to beg apology (and for all who ride these trains) no uptake of individual responsibility for this massacre can erase the obvious but unspeakable culpability of the economy, cloud of massified instrumental necessity, which by shearing away life-time from the individual worker according to its internal pressure, must constantly flirt with cheap materials and disastrous speed. The reaction of the individual: 'Where is my train? My son is waiting,' gives form to this pressure. Universal demand for the reduction of transit time, born out of the stubborn intransigence of work time, pushes the trains faster and faster. The social pressure of work time against life time produces derailments, just as the concrete capitalist organization of geography ensures this acceleratory dynamic across space. Crisis is therefore implicit in the accumulated forms of capitalist working class subsumption. To which again, capital can only respond with *containment*.

"When the ship goes down, so too do the first class passengers... The ruling class, for its part incapable of struggling against the devil of business activity, superproduction and superconstruction for its own skin, thus demonstrates the end of its control over society, and it is foolish to expect that, in the name of a progress with its trail indicated by bloodstains, it can produce safer (trains) than those of the past..." -Amadeo Bordiga, *Murdering the Dead*

DISINTEGRATING WORKPLACES; ANTAGONISTIC SPACES

During the neo-liberal wave, an expansion of 'irregular employment' brought about the birth of a precarious class of workers that would precede Europe's 'précariat' in conditions if not consciousness. It would also create new forms of social labor that were 'out', roving the cities. Inside workplaces, an increasing concentration of fixed capital within factories accompanied by off-shoring meant that Japanese government had a mostly idle labor force, steadily being undermined in its real conditions of subsistence by welfare reform, one that could be put to work in entirely new 'service' industries. Jobs were invented. Escalator girls, elevator girls, kyaku-hiki (customer pullers), street megaphones, flyering, etc. new 'services' that were above all 'out and about', social forms that seized forms of inter-human sociality, the tap on the shoulder, the kind holding of the elevator door, the smile, amplifying them, valorizing what had been mostly unwaged action. Population shifts led to the unavoidable importation of foreign labor, causing a gradual cosmopolitanization that has thrown the idea of a 'Japanese' identity into crisis, while also strengthening reactionary ideologies that take strength from it. The growth of an English education industry brought thousands of temporary workers to Japan, and with them, historical methods of class struggle that clashed strongly with Japanese welfare state compromises of the 70s and 80s. As capitalists continually sought to preclude the ability of foreign labor to organize itself, the workplace form quickly dissolved from private schools to dispatch offices, private lessons in libraries, citizen halls, cafes everywhere. In a unique way, this foreign labor also became 'out', dislocated, social.

To contain these new socialities arising across old geogra-

phies, the police and city planners are continuously at work. In late 2003, the already barricaded and privatized Tennoji Park in Osaka was invaded by 300 riot police who had come to evict what was known as the 'karaoke village', a large area of the park taken over by karaoke carts, vendors and crooners, gathering point for hundreds of day-workers daily who belted out song classics after work. For forty years the plaza was a hot-spot, even tourist attraction known as the 'soul of Osaka', a musical space occupied by the downtrodden, who sunk into song and drink, dulling the pain, remembering more riotous times. In December 2003 the riot police moved in and barricaded the park for 'construction purposes'. Vendors and crooners showed up in hundreds to watch the demolition and vent their rage. Barricades were thrown at the police, but the disobedients were quickly arrested. There would be no repeat of October 1990. All that is left of the karaoke village now is a steel fence, wrapping a completely empty lot. The park is silent.

Osaka city now plans a wave of evictions of squatters from parks all over its map. The first of the year is already underway in mid-city, and the park's residents are crouched down,

preparing to resist the riot squads. The proletarians of Osaka's wards must learn the lessons of the past: against the brutal technological barricades of the riot police, surveillance and containment, they must adapt an improvised, mobile capability. The riots around Clichy-sous-bois provide a possible source of inspiration, totally mobile, skirmish-based attack, no commitments, no demands as such. No gathering points and thus no encirclement, *no containment*. Also in question is how social space can be re-worked and decelerated, how an autonomous space can develop against the crushing weight of cap-

italism, while simultaneously understanding its own limitations, how we might 'help ourselves' to a future that doubtlessly awaits us if we seek it. The strange new crisis-ridden social geographies of post-fordist capitalism offer gates for the fleeing proletariat, which now finds itself everywhere.

- 1 It was revealed earlier that week that the police chief in Nishinari had been taking bribes from Yakuza gangs for a variety of 'favors'.
- 2 Except for the Yakuza gangs who had all run away from the scene.
- 3 The information sharing grid between media, yakuza and government is well known in most parts of the islands.
- 4 Some of these older workers had cut their teeth on the anti-Yakuza struggles of the 1980s in Tokyo's Sanya district, some who were ex-members of militant groups like the red army, some who had served prison time for throwing bombs at police in the 60s. Incidentally, the Kamagasaki revolt was a big inspiration for Otomo Katsuhiko's Akira.
- 5 NGO workers can now be seen every day on the winding employment lines, monitoring workers with friendly armbands that say 'safety patrol'!
- 6 Some hut plots in the autonomous parks have gorgeous gardens growing in them, in one case an occupant had improvised a permaculture system, with over-arching grape vines shading greens below and tomatoes flanking.
- 7 Many factory jobs were also shipped to East Asia at this time.
- 8 One phenomenon that may offer inspiration on this point: in Tennoji park, the same park that has been fenced and barricaded, robbed of most autonomy, two homeless men living in the lower part of the park have set out before their home five comfortable leather chairs, apparently open to anyone to sit in, chat or play go. The path on which these men live and on which their chairs are situated is a vital walking path for commuters, who everyday gaze curiously or longingly at these lounging non-workers, these jesters of the free community.



SAY FEAR IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND

You add it up it brings you down

A preoccupation with management of risk has often been observed in post-millennial culture's efforts to express itself. The immediate past and future, however, almost belabour the point that this is not some marginal, hysterical obsession: at its disposal is all the apparatus with which constituted power's deadly earnest will is done. April Fools' Day 2003 heralded the third week of a total war waged pre-emptively on the pretext that a subaltern state's remaining industrial capacity could be used in unauthorised slaughtering ventures (something true of any such infrastructure in the world). Meanwhile Britain awaits the passage of more legislation encouraging counsellors and other police to intervene, as the Home Secretary puts it, '*before* bad behaviour becomes criminal behaviour'. Blunkett's Anti-Social Behaviour Bill deserves special mention, in fact, for its doubly anticipatory structure. The trigger for therapeutic enforcement is behaviour 'likely to result in members of the public being intimidated, harassed, alarmed or distressed'. Here the problem is twice removed into the future tense, once in the wager 'likely to' and again the way 'alarm' and 'distress' imply as yet unaccomplished cruelty.

So it seems postmodern eschatologist Paul Virilio chose an opportune moment to curate a Cartier Foundation exhibition and write a book about risk, accident and disaster as zeitgeist-forming phenomena. The show opened on September 11 2002, with video, photographic and installation work by 16 artists set up as a 'museum of accident' under the title *Ce qui arrive* - 'what happens'. According to the accompanying essay of 'Warning', this high-profile mobilization of artmaking and curatorial capabilities fulfils 'a responsibility to future generations to expose accident now'. For Virilio everyday life is becoming a 'kaleidoscope' in which 'incidents...accidents...catastrophes...cataclysms' appear 'more and more often, but most of all faster and faster...'. As 'the serial reproduction of catastrophes' accelerates, experience of accident becomes automatic and unconscious. 'Unless we are to accept the unacceptable', intones the philosopher, the public (sic) must be cured of its 'overexposure to terror' by the 'exposure of accident' within 'a new museology, a new museography' of 'critical distance vis-a-vis excess in every genre'. A 'homage', no less, 'to discernment', to the same 'preventive intelligence' that brought you SARS internment and demonstrations monitored by truancy patrols.

Appropriately given that its subject matter is automatic exposure to what happens, the museum can be visited on the internet; no need to go all the way to Paris. The most immediately noticeable thing about the virtual galleries' contents is the prevalence of what amount to S11 readymades. Tony Ourseler displays the digital camera pictures he took from his TriBeCa studio window that morning, while Jonas 'Uncle Fishhook' Mekas alternates a generic shot of the towers burning, accompanied by 'plaintive cries, calls for help and fire engine sirens', with a sepia photograph of a little girl. Doubts about the sort of critical distance achieved by displacing familiar images and sentiments into an art context cry out as plaintively as trapped derivatives traders here. How do we tell numbing, serialised overexposure apart from 'discerning' exposure of the same things in the name of salutary precaution? Maybe Ourseler's photos are supposed to cut through media-saturated indifference because they're honest, first-hand testimony from an accidental witness. Mekas' invoking of innocence could similarly be read as laying claim to intimacy's strange authority. Yet in its content the official S11 saturation coverage was almost defined by its incessant appeal to first-hand personal testimony. Continuous public outpouring of intimate emotion gave the destruction (and what followed / is still following) 'a human face'.

The day the World Trade Center fell, Wolfgang Staehle hap-

pened to have a webcam already feeding real-time surveillance of the towers onto a gallery wall as part of an existing show. He runs his 'unexpectedly tragic' footage again here. The problem (at least for Virilio's project of homage) is similar to that encountered with Ourseler and Mekas. How can contemplating catastrophic images in a museum redeem earlier 'automatic' viewing from unconsciousness or nihilism when the museum-presentation's format was already there waiting for the catastrophe to happen, and assimilated it fully, effortlessly and in 'real time'?

Other artists seem to associate spectacular cataclysm with the aesthetics and imagined history of doomed, heroic mid-20th century industrial expansion. Artavzad Pelechian and Bruce Conner use archive pictures from the Soviet space programme (Pelachian) and the 1946 Bikini Atoll atomic bomb test (Conner, in the S11 pieces' only rival for the prize for most egregious misuse of the term 'accident'). Dominic Angerame filmed the dismantling of San Francisco's Embarcadero Freeway after the 1989 earthquake on 16 mm black and white stock in a disjunctive style vaguely evocative of European avant-garde cinema from Constructivism to Bauhaus. Aernout Mik's video installation *Middlemen* stages a subtly anachronistic stock market crash: amid overturned filing cabinets, cumbersome computer monitors and an avalanche of paper documents, traders maintain the buttoned-up reserve of IBM's Organization Man, a figure of ridicule for today's intuitive, organic executive.

With considerable delicacy in the two latter cases, these artists knit together a few related historical inanities. Modernist high-style (whether in 1920s aesthetics, 1950s

rocketry or 1980s finance) returns in melancholic ruin. Molra Tierney subtitles her film with the 'Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!' of Shelley's *Ozymandias*. Such loving reconstruction of recent-past events depends on an

illusion of epochal distance from them: disaster becomes a function of Western industrial and political hubris, in turn imagined as the problem of a 'long' but now exhausted century. Industrial capital's self-immolating tendency is attributed to a pathology of vainglory now deemed obsolete, and so susceptible in equal measure to faintly flickering nostalgia and precocious displays of contempt. The most alarming thing about this attitude is the confidence implied that accident is better managed now a fundamentally unchanged social form speaks the language of ecology (which Virilio calls 'the intelligence of a crisis of intelligence') and has at its disposal hypersensitive risk-assessing algorithms and an obsession with precaution more richly nuanced than any known before.

Such fascination with sublime worst-case scenarios, then, unwittingly expresses the fascinated subject's deep assurance of his or her own ultimate salvation. Fire sermons in the name of responsibility and humility before the unknown likewise manifest an unstated, ingenuous confidence in techniques of control. 'Preventive intelligence', whether social, scientific or astrological, shares with the systems of professional gambling its desperate claim to measure hazard and restrict potential for harm. But no calculus of probability can ever make accident intelligible; the effort of anticipation becomes voluntary servitude to doom. By contrast, rigorous attention to the enigma of risk would outwardly resemble naive unconcern in its refusal to adapt the present superstitiously to beliefs about the future.

In Virilio's museum and his Warning statement there is no distinction between kinds of accident, 'from the most banal to the most tragic, from natural catastrophes to industrial and scientific disasters'. One broad conceptual sweep unites S11, Chernobyl and the San Francisco earthquake. Top billing goes to Lebbeus Woods and Alexis Rochas' installation *La Chute* (the Fall), in which 900 aluminium tubes prefigure the Cartier Foundation building's collapse due *EITHER to 'building or design faults OR the explosion of a bomb OR some other totally unforeseen phenomenon'* [emphasis omitted in original]. In an ambitious piece of ontological levelling, focus is thus restricted to what the case studies in catastrophe have in common, with anything that differentiates them barely noted.

front of him by a beautiful and insane Spanish youth — it was such a dilemma, a problem to watch that film because you morally agreed with both sides of the idea of Evil - it was very excellent.

I like Aleister Crowley, Austin Osman Spare, a London based occult artist, who often drew spirits and demons he conjured up. I like Clark Ashton Smith a contemporary of H.P. Lovecraft, who wrote astonishingly visionary stories. His imagination is so well developed, vivid so strong it can make me unsteady, unsure of reality for days, after reading some things. I respect many of my friends, but I don't feel I want to name them - people we work with etc. we don't as a rule like things or people until they prove some good points—because in London you get crushed by the amount of CRAP that exists. You have to barricade yourself away from all these negative vibes— so consequently we don't have many friends by choice, and we like it that way. I hate smalltalk! I like 3-D comics, films that gross me out — I want to see FROM BEYOND so badly, the followup to HERBERT WEST-REANIMATOR also I may go to the USA to see TEXAS CHAINSAW II as it will never get shown in the U.K.! Basically we as COIL are pretty average people. Steve Wyndham watches heavy horrorfilms all the time, or used to when you could get them. He likes THE FALL, BUTTHOLE SURFERS, THIS HEAT, CAPTAIN BEEFHEART, a group called THE SPACEMEN 3 who I've never heard on record yet! Sleazy likes the bit in DUNE, when the spotty evil captain pulls the boys heartplug out and he dies as the man floats to the ceiling laughing!

cf: *Do you suffer that we're living in a decade where people rather listen to stupid and boring shit than to music that forces them really to listen and to act.—Would you make a 'disco record' to enlarge your audience?*

john balance: Yes we would, but only if we had something waiting for them once we had managed to draw their attention! But we don't feel the urge at present - THE ANAL STAIRCASE 12" remix is a quite heavy discotype style. It is a little too violent for most 'disco-ears'—people expect the same "vocabulary" of modern sounds before they can relate to a song. Retarded dancers — autistic disco.

cf: *What do you think about live-performances? Do you work with video or film?*

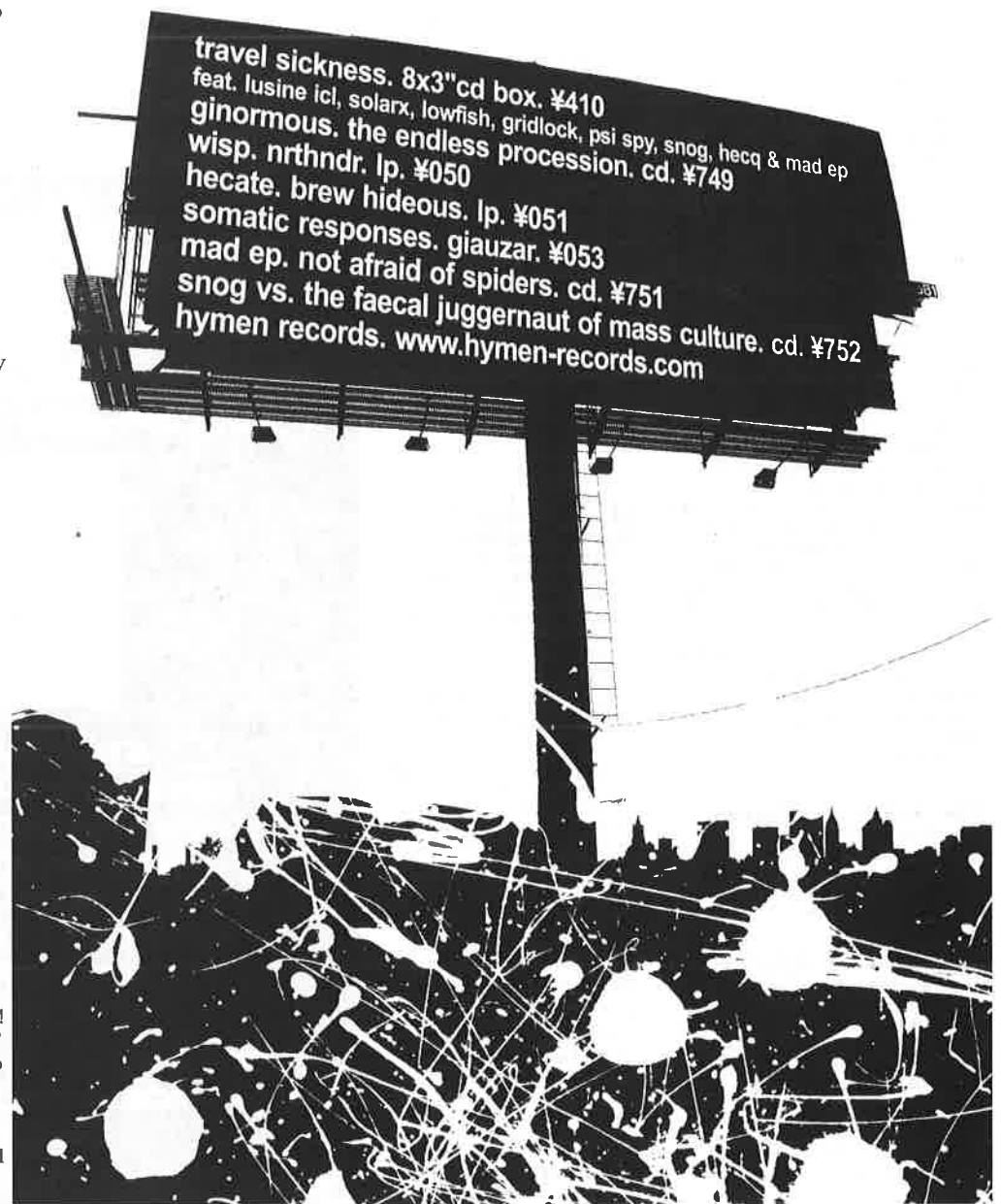
john balance: I like a few people when I see them live. But until COIL can do it well - in the way we would ideally like - in the place we'd like - for the money we'd like, we won't do it. Yet anyway! —We do films all the time! for other people. We're working on a horrorfilm Soundtrack for next year release called HELLRAISER - we cannot get good finance to do a decent film for COIL - yet! We did a video for THE WHEEL and also for TAINTED LOVE the last one cost £8,000 - and because we know people in the business and everyone did it for nothing, we got a video for £8,000 which would have cost £40,000 or so. The TAINTED LOVE video is on display permanently in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art - which we're proud of! We want to do a video called LIVE AT THE BAR MALDOROR and loosely do live stuff but in a way that will twist the viewers brain inside out; Sadosurrealist beauty and Purification—Pure Anxiety and naked shivering Fear...and Fire and Petals and Raw Flesh and gilded Sickness...

but we have no money at present time so.....No Raw Flesh etc.

cf: *In some of your tracks e.g. IN THE HEART OF IT ALL there's a lot of beauty. It is still possible to see and create beautiful things. What role does beauty play in your work and to what degree is it linked with sex/love/death/pain/spunk/blood/shit etc....*

john balance: I think that there are points when sex-death-pain-pleasure- beauty and horror are the same, we have a song-as yet unreleased - called PARADISIAC, about that ecstasy that can so often turn to sickness. These borderline areas interest me. Crossing over borders- thresholds - Gates of Experience —we have dealt with these things so much more on the new album HORSE ROTORVATOR with lyrics like 'sledgehammer crashes as the killerboy kisses - heavy calm blood on the doctors hands' + 'Kiss to kill - the giver kills receiver' + 'You get eaten alive by the perfect lover' etc.

pleasure/pain is one



do a ritual record for ourselves...really we did a ritual and recorded it! It had many specific details about it that perhaps only we ourselves will ever know - we added many hidden ingredients to strengthen the basic idea - the framework on which we draped the actual sound sources - which in one way - one secondary to the original idea, we are very pleased if people want to follow our suggestions - as use the record to accompany any 'ritual' activity they want - but that might be a fuck - or having a bath - or writing a diary! As long as we made the point that the record had a function, that it was a tool, and was not merely a decoration - a decorative noise to hang around the room like tinsel paper. If it did something 'special' as well then that is even better. We are recording a follow-up record, another ritual mini-LP. But we are still working out details etc. It always starts slowly and the bit by bit - the I-ching tells us things - directions as do my dreams - modern technology - etc. It all goes into a COIL record esp. a longer conceptual piece like that. But our instinct, our intuition always rules us because we believe we can trust it. We have trained it!!!



cf: THE POPE HELD UPSIDE DOWN refers to ideas of inspiration mentioned by Leonardo and later the surrealists. In the second Manifesto of Surrealism, Breton speaks of a generation of young artists who'd come some day to fulfill the surrealist revolution. Do you see yourself in this tradition - from the Marquis de Sade, Lautréamont to Breton and/or Artaud ?

john balance: Well. I am always very wary of dracketing myself along side certain people who I might admire. I almost believe I should earn, work at provoking people to make these comparisons naturally. But I do feel certain affinities with some of these people. de Sade? In a manner I like the systematic exploration of boundaries of human experience. He tried to find limits - he is like an explorer of morality - as if morality was a new continent! But he bores me in great doses. I hate Andre Breton - like a schoolmaster to keep all the surrealists in order. A dreadful entity. I love Salvador Dali - because he is a complete bastard - and a catalyst. He is turmoil incarnated on earth! grat god chaos mixed with Leonardo. He is contradiction - and access and I like these opposites - these people who live like a forest fire! devouring and consuming. I like René Crevel, surrealist poet who committed suicide. I like Yves Tanguy as a painter, as well as Roberto Matta (a bit) - Jean Benoit - Lautréamonts; MALDOROR is the following chapter to Revelations, written by the same evil angel a few centuries apart—Artaud I respect because of his fury, his articulate disgust and exposure of the ultimate human condition. I like Tex Avery, the cartoonist, pure surrealism - Huysmans - Alfred Jarry, because I can still feel the whiplash of his destructive black energies even over the years. Phillip Lamantia, a poet, one of our new songs BLOOD FROM THE AIR is one of his titles and it's partly inspired by that phrase alone :

nine knives of ice - draw blood from the air-

he hears nightcalling, and has dreams of waking, here in this darkness

that burns like slow lightening - he sees words burnt in the ice

and reads:" the world is a wound in the body of Christ."

also a modern/contemporary surrealist called Dado, also a photographer called Joel Peter Witkin who does astounding photos. We wanted to work with him on an LP cover but he's such a reclusive he didn't agree. We have a couple of his pictures though. One he has done we want to do a track called THE TORTURES OF THE POPE IN EXILE - I wanted to do an album called that! So beautiful! I think in many respects we do follow in the surrealist tradition - but which one - because they never really had agreement. I feel generally we explore the unconscious - we push limits in some respects - we want to reveal the human psyche to learn - to amuse - to frighten. We want to provoke a sensory delirium in people...but complete attack won't occur until we play live... I personally am always searching for my limits - I always want to push things to the edge. I like extremes - I despise deliberate mediocrity, to always take the soft options. I need to be continually provoked - amazed - amused — and I, perhaps wrongly, assume that other people want the same - even if they don't ack-

nowledge it at at first. Ignorance is such a security to people, but it is a falsehood and a lie!!!

cf: In the industrial scene there was always a special interest in movements of the 20th century who tried to establish myths or societies to destroy the domination of Christianity - like anarchism, but also fascism and bolshevism. Some new bands use images of such movements (e.g. DEATH IN JUNE, TEST DEPT., FOETUS) - what do you think about that?

john balance: Er...I think I know what you mean. Foetus, I think, tackles these issues on a very personal, human level - sex - He aims first for the groin but the message does eventually reach the brains - of those who have functioning ones. Test Dept.: I admire their power, the work unit, but to me it seems a terrible energy waste like a powerdrill roadmaster out of control, with no surface to attack. They put me off with assuming the role of the "common man". I'd like to think of them as more anarchist - with no respect for any ideology. I think of COIL in that respect, but we don't actively demonstrate it - whereas Jim Foetus lives it nowadays. But to be outwardly so 'I'll rip off your face' attitude takes a strong constitution inside - Jim is pretty moralistic - after all he appears to me to be the living ultimate 2000 AD hero anthero stance...I love it...THAT'S surrealism - maybe more actual Zurich DADA perhaps! Spitting at priests in photographs etc. Death in June - I know Doug of course and he always comes across as a very idealistic, almost romanticist type person. I don't know what other people see in these groups - how they relate I mean. I know them as people and so for me it is naturally different. I feel an affinity with Jim Foetus yes, because he generates fear and loathing and attempts to convert it into energy - It's a very difficult and possibly destructive way of creating. But I use his energy when he's around, so I don't complain.

—with regard to Xanity: I despise it - because it's like a whole coat of dead clinging skin. Like the whole of society is trapped inside the body of a dead man, a rotting corpse, and cannot get out to breathe...it's this changeover period again. Rats are always the most dangerous when you corner them. So are the christian organs getting very vicious! How 2000 of docile acceptance ever ever ever came about I cannot comprehend. It makes me despair for the Human Being/Makeup — Are humans genetically submissive?! It's a horrible genetic trick to ensure survival of the species or something. People should grab at any, at all responsibility... How many times do people need telling, need waking up from this deep sleep? I wonder is it really worth it! But then it gives me something to do — I can annoy society - on however large or small a scale...In this sense I think we are following on in the surrealist traditions —



cf: In fact I don't really like questions as the following in interviews. Which bands do you like? What kind of art, literature, films? etc. I ask them anyway -

john balance: What Bands—Peter doesn't listen to much, he listens to what I play loud enough. I like BUTTHOLE SURFERS - some classical stuff like Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Carmina Burana... it very much depends on my mood. I do like stuff like Johnny Cash, Marty Robbins, Scott Walker, Leonard Cohen; sort of metaphysical folksongs full of death, bad love and floods! I have really gone off so much music! I feel FOETUS is probably driving a few nails into the foreheads of deserving youths—I like a mixture of delirious overflowing ecstasy mingling with menstrual blood and mud from tiny children's gravesides.. misery and bliss combined — and not too many people can provide that anymore! ART — see surrealists list, also Clemente, modern artist, who I really like sometimes against better judgement. I like Gunter Brus who used to be in Hermann Nitsches omtheatre setup Vienna-Aktion-group. He does weird twisted but very beautiful nursery type drawings, delicate crayons etc. Also I like Dali...a fantastic religious english landscape painter: John Martin. FILMS we do watch quite a bit - Roeg, Fellini - ultraviolent gore horror - Russ Meyer, John Waters — quite a lot of films can impress me actually "Terminator", "Salo" (Paso lini), "The Crystal Cage" a recent Spanish film about a nazi perverts past being relived in

The shared qualities, of course, are unexpectedness and impressive destruction, the immediately evident things that lend themselves to the eye-witness testimony and dramatic photography that globally mediated spectacle runs on. The differences ignored when disasters are categorized this way lie in the sudden events' particular, slow histories, and so are less easily offered to an audience for direct emotional response. By now the identification of all these various 'happenings' as accidents, which at first seemed inaccurate, begins to take on a certain sense. Addressing them in terms of their common shock effect *makes accidents of the events* by detaching them from every process of causality.

Once again, the museum seems unable to avoid reproducing the same 'loss of sense' (*sens*, also direction) to automatic reflex that Virilio had set out to reverse. In fact the inevitability of this short-circuit is guaranteed by the conceptual apparatus the philosopher uses. His Warning concerns 'the madness of voluntary blindness to the fatal consequences of our actions and our inventions', most of all in genetics and biotechnology. In 1935 Paul Valéry wrote that 'the instrument tends to disappear from consciousness' as it comes to function automatically, with the result that 'the only consciousness remaining is that of accidents'. Virilio updates this formula: with 'serial accidents [*en série*, also implying mass production or standardization] from the Titanic in 1912 to Chernobyl in 1986, not to speak of Seveso or Toulouse in 2001', banalized by the televisual 'instant-event', *accident itself* becomes automatic in turn. Thus 'we' plunge into an 'unacceptable...crisis of intelligence' where philosophy [literally love of knowledge] is overthrown by its opposite, '*philofolie* [love of madness]: love of the radically unthought, in which the senseless character of our acts not only ceases consciously to disturb us, but delights and seduces us...'

For all its prophetic vehemence, this argument is undone by its basic analytical category. Virilio cites Marc Bloch as authority for his own trademark idea that 'our civilization' is set apart from all those before it by the phenomenon of speed. As used by Bloch in the 1930s, the term 'speed' provides grounds for an observation like Valéry's about consciousness and accidents; in other words, it makes sense in the context of discourse about 'perceptions and images' (Valéry's own words) *as such*. Virilio, however, immediately makes speed the sole basis of accident, thus enshrining it as the centrepiece of his whole eschatological system. The concept of speed is stretched past the limits of coherence when it's raised to the status of a historical category, named as the key to a civilization. Such light as it throws on industrial and 'postindustrial' society reveals no room for critical distance from the crisis of 'senselessness' Virilio diagnoses. Attempting to interpret 'Chernobyl', 'San Francisco' or 'Toulouse' (not to speak of the sundry eruptions and train crashes depicted on the website as 'image of the day') through the common characteristic of the suddenness or speed of their appearance can only account for these events *as accidents*, in terms, that is, of the phenomenology of inarticulate 'shock and awe'.

Regardless of the distance it aspires to, this kind of criticism remains transfixed by the automatic 'instant-event', for it is only on the level of perceptions and images that catastrophes are truly characterized by speed, or history's constitutive tensions defined by the moments of their catastrophic manifesting. Virilio's museum and his theory artificially detach speed from 'long' historical duration, reducing one to a deadly but unintelligible surface and the other to the trivial depth of Heritage. If 'natural' and 'man-made' disasters are understood indifferently as accident it is always on the side of 'nature' that they are elided. What lies behind 'what happens' is infinitely mysterious, something either accessible solely through superstitious precautionary ritual or simply to be submitted to with due religious awe. The sense of Pierre Bourdieu's statement that 'slowness' has become a class privilege is clear when a bewildered Multitude seems collectively to undergo one shock after another while remaining individually in thrall to prevention's ever-renewed demands. This situation bears witness to 35 years in which long-term strategic initiative has steadily been reclaimed by a section of the bourgeoisie, reducing the planetary working class to ad-hoc tactics and belief in the myth of its own 'reactionary' position against naturalized technological and economic 'laws'.

Virilio's project accidentally demonstrates that the contemporary mode of destruction can no more be explained by reifying speed and accident than it can be resisted by trusting in the mercenaries of preventive intelligence. Yet it also indirectly bestows intellectual prestige on longer-serving commonplaces. The philosopher echoes countless higher-turnover producers of commentary in blaming 'our' insensitivity to mass-mediated bloodletting on 'excesses of every sort encountered daily in the

major organs of information'. An almost reassuringly familiar line of reasoning connects numb cynicism or nihilistic *philofolie* to the 'programming of outrage at all costs' as pinnacle of the automatic and of course 'accelerated' form of spectacular mediation generally.

Subjective experience of vulnerability to the 'accidents' produced by shock events' detachment from their contexts is a widespread empirical reality. But it doesn't follow that this crisis must be understood in terms of superficiality, of mass seduction by aesthetics of speed and senselessness. On the contrary, recent examples suggest that superabundant ethical values and *healthy* depth of human feeling smother critical unrest more thoroughly than any love of madness could hope to. Witness the avalanche of automatic empathy following the 9/11 attack: few things paralyse 'discernment' as surely as the interactive staging of Tragedy. (An effect merely reproduced on a monumental scale when media sightbites are displaced into museums, where the contemplative silence is so thick with 'emotional intelligence' that there's less possibility of critical distance than amid the distractions of a living room or workplace or pub).

US military planners demonstrated their perfect understanding of all this in devising their media policy for the present war, the now famous doctrine of 'embeddedness'. Expert commentators pondered the calculated risk of allowing journalists unprecedented frontline access in exchange for signing loyalty contracts, but the arrangement's convenience for Central Command runs much deeper. Far more important than the direct supervision accepted by embedded journalists is the recasting of war reporting as Human Interest achieved by making personal, front line testimony the criterion of relevance. 'Granularity', Centcom called it, neatly encapsulating the way permanent close-up on the correspondent's exciting, trivial impressions should dissolve more generalized inquiry. In the emotional heat of real-time battle narrative attention to causes beyond the immediate melts away. Thus, for example, Europe's serious, left-liberal press grimly investigated whether a Coalition bomb or an Iraqi anti-aircraft missile was 'responsible for' the destruction of a Baghdad street market, without troubling to 'factor in' the reason why the city was being defended with missiles in the first place.

This cohabitation of violence and intimacy reveals more than Virilio's ethical criticism is able to discover about how the class claiming ownership of strategy, of slowness, uses the image of catastrophe to stupefy its adversaries. The mechanism is the same one set in motion by an 'insight' commonly proffered unsought in speeches of personal condolence. 'When someone close to you dies', the comforter would have you believe, '*everything else around you suddenly seems unimportant*'.

Matthew Hyland



AUS DEM INHALT: Bastian Assion über Ariel Sharon und Amir Peretz | Thomas Becker über den Schurkenstaat Syrien | Walter Felix über die Cicero-Affäre | Alex Feuerherdt über Klinmanns starke Truppe | Felix Hedderich über Vinterberg und von Trier | Jan Huiskens über Islamwissenschaftler als Propagandisten der Gegenaufklärung | Fabian Kettner über Franka Potentes Hommage an Berlin | Dirk Lehmann über 100 Jahre Antikapitalismus | Philipp Lenhard über Politik und Antipolitik | Islambesichtigungen von Horst Pankow | Joachim Wurst über Habermas als Theoretiker der Normalisierung.

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The last issue of datacide went to print only a relatively short time (at least in datacide-terms) after the events of September 11, 2001 - the commentary titled *Terror Against Terror* was written in the immediate aftermath. In the years since then it's become possible to assess the events as crucial, but not necessarily in the sense they were interpreted in the official canon. This was an event that accelerated a number of developments that were in process already, especially concerning the left and the anti-globalisation movement.

The attack on the United States, and more specifically on the East Coast, was identified by the perpetrators with finance capital which they imagine to be run by Jews. This was clearly the most spectacular "anti-Imperialist" coup perpetrated since Nasser claimed the Suez Canal, and was considerably more bloody. The WTC attack has greatly confused a large section of the left since it was done with some aims in mind that the left usually claimed as their own. It was done by Islamo-fascists with the explicit aim of attacking and destroying "crusaders and jews". Brushing aside this reality, western left-wing intellectuals were quick at laying the blame at America itself - apparently its imperialist politics had sown what the collapsing towers were the harvest of. Other sections escaped into mushrooming conspiracy theories, putting the blame back into the same court, but this time insinuating that the Bush government had advance knowledge - if not even a hand in the proceedings - and gladly had the towers destroyed so they would get carte blanche to set up a "tyrannical" regime at home and increase the pressure of their imperialist foreign policy on the rest of the world.

These positions made it possible for the left to maintain their own anti-imperialist ideology rather than having to scrutinize it. Equally the solidarity of most of the international left with the second Intifada started by Arafat in 2000 remained unchanged. Again - contrary to historical fact - the blame was shifted from the Palestinian leadership to Ariel Sharon's visit to the temple mount as the reason for the bloody events ensuing. The eagerness of the left to side with them seems strange, insofar that by this point the Palestinian groups had pretty much given up any pretense at social liberation which they had propagated in the times of the Cold War.

So the Left managed to hold on to some of its key positions that are also occupied by ultra-reactionary religious groups and explicit fascists through a simple strategy of denial. The left looks only on one side (US, Israel) and does not analyze the position of the others (Islamofascism, Arab Nationalism, the Palestinian Leadership), and sometimes even goes so far as to denounce some of them (Al Queda) as a US-construct.

This situation could only worsen as America planned to strike back. While few had the nerve of coming out with ludicrous slogans such as "Victory to Afghanistan!" (New Line (London), the daily paper of the Workers Revolutionary Party in one of their editions in the early days of the War against the Taliban regime), the peace demonstrations attracted an increasingly varied mixture of people. This became much more acute during the campaigns against the Iraq war. Everybody agreed that the war against Iraq had to be averted: The Left, the Neo-Nazis, official Germany and France, the whole of the Islamic World, from Arab Nationalism to Islamic Fundamentalists, the Vatican... This unappetizing coalition unfolded remarkable activities essentially on behalf of the Ba'ath-Party regime in Baghdad. Within the Left views ranged from "the Ba'ath Party is fascist and should be toppled, but by Iraqis and not by the Americans" to "Saddam is a great anti-imperialist and should be supported against the US". This range already makes it questionable to talk of "the Left".

The ensuing exchange of ideas and the essential unity of action by some sections of the radical Left with some sections of the radical Right demands further scrutiny. Is there actual collaboration or are there just incidental parallels between two otherwise incompatible camps? Indeed open collaboration is - so far - relatively rare, but we will see that the underlying ideology is in many cases far closer than

many involved would like to admit - and once they can admit it, the obstacles to a united front are fast disappearing. After many years of only obscure Strasserite sects openly advocating a National Socialism with elements of both spectrums (such as the KDS - Kampfbund Deutscher Sozialisten), this has been reinforced in the last few years on the one hand through the migration of some formerly high profile left-wing figures like Horst Mahler, Bernd Rabehl and others to the fascist right, and on the other hand with the influx of ideas of the French Nouvelle Droite into the mainstream as well as, apparently, sections of the Left. When the KDS is referring to their solidarity with "friends from Iraq, from Cuba, the Palestinians, the PLO and PFLP, but also the people of North Korea, because what is decisive is: only National Socialism is international!" they are by no means alone. Prominent on the far left is the Anti-Imperialist Coordination (AIK), mainly based in Italy and Austria.

At an annual "anti-imperialist camp," meetings are held and campaigns planned and coordinated such as the "10 euro for the Iraqi resistance" campaign. One statement on their web site declares pompously: "There are struggles which mark epochs. Today it is on the shoulders of the Iraqi people to defend the front line separating freedom from tyranny. We will support them in

every possible way, for freedom and self-determination of Iraq, and for the defeat of imperialist tyranny throughout the world." It's only consequent that the same site features an interview with a Hamas leader under the title "Together against Imperialism". It's also only logical that a recent book titled "Ami Go Home" authored by one Wilhelm Langthaler (of the AIK) and Werner Pirker (notorious for his anti-Zionist agitation in the Stalinist daily paper Junge Welt) has in turn received a glowing review in the "Deutsche Stimme", the paper of the neo-Nazi NPD (Jan. 2006). An increasing number of similar initiatives of combining the romantic anti-Capitalism with fanatical anti-Imperialism of Left and Right have surfaced in the last few years. Not that this is a new phenomenon as such - we can trace it at least back to the 20's - but recently it has gained a virulence that Third Positionists in the 90's could only have dreamt of. Obvious extremists such as the KDS or the AIK are only the tip of the iceberg of a phenomenon that now permeates large segments of European society: More and more radical anti-Americanism and anti-Zionism in red, brown and green variations, and an increasing preparedness to either openly set aside other differences to seek a united front, or - more commonly - simply denying or ignoring the partners in the pursuit of attacking the common enemy.

"The key factor in politics today, nationally and internationally, is resistance and opposition to the occupation of Iraq" was declared by the British SWP (Socialist Workers Party) in their conference resolution of 6-8 January 2006. This Trotskyist party is notorious for its attempts to capitalize on any popular movement that would seem to bring their agenda ahead. Indeed their January 2006 conference resolution is called "Building the SWP in the Age of Mass Movements". The mass movements referred to are likely to be the anti-Globalisation and Peace movements. The SWP is also largely behind the party R.E.S.P.E.C.T. which stood in the last general elections and managed to win one seat with George Galloway, the former Labour MP, is a fervent anti-Zionist and supporter of Saddam Hussein. He belonged to the set of politicians who visited the dictator during the sanctions along with Austrian far-Right politician Jörg Haider, French far-Right leader Jean-Marie Le Pen and his wife, as well as a delegation of the KDS, and many others, including French politicians from the governing UMP (Chirac's party). Galloway, Haider, Le Pen and other supporters of the Ba'ath regime have also in common that they are desperate to appear as "great men" with historical importance. Thus they bathe in the sun of the fascist dictator. They are also willing to go to considerable lengths just to be in the public eye: For example, Galloway was taking part in the TV program Celebrity Big Brother (Jan. 2006) - the proceeds of which (a £ 60'000 fee and an estimated £ 100'000 from text messages) he is donating to the Interpal. This organisation is registered as a charity in the UK, but has been list-

universe?

John balance: We've been in touch with Burroughs and his secretary James Grauerholz for a long time — the same with John Giorno and - until his recent death - Brion Gysin also. It's nice to realise you are perhaps in some ways continuing researches - avenues of thought, action and example, these 'pioneers' in a sense have established. Regardless of public images and Beat-poet status - all are/were very 'wise men' - and I'm only young and I realise I can learn so much from such people. I hope that doesn't make them sound like ancient grandfathers figures - no! Because they have occasional unnatural energies. We do owe so much to these guys! Basically I am inspired by them - and like them as human beings.

A DIAMOND...: We sent John Giorno SCATOLOGY and he liked it so much he asked us to do a track for this new compilation - which actually was already completed - but we rushed into the studio and did it and he squeezed COIL on...I like Neither His Nor Yours a lot - it's one of my favorite non-LP COIL tracks. I liked the idea of sharing with HÜSKER DÜ and a few of the other contributors - Diamanda Galas etc. We know - vaguely - most people associated on that album. We did a track we instinctively thought would fit on to the record. A lot of people on the John Giorno Poetry Systems Label have very recently decided to donate the royalties we would normally receive to New York based AIDS-related research organisations! i.e. Society For Tibetan Medicines.-Groups who are rigorously searching to break through the unsuspected barriers and boundaries in this time of modern plague - Ancient Tibetan texts predict such plagues, that come every so often over the ages, and also have methods for dispersing and neutralising them. We have to explore these ideas. Everything comes in cycles — years of massive repeating wheels - the aeons are changing. This is the Kali Yug, the Age of Iron—the dawn of the age of Thelema of Horus - and with the change is bound to come disturbances of the Land - the mind - the collective & the individual - the soul - the imagination. COIL believe you have, in some respects, to aggravate these symptoms to get the process over with quicker - like getting pus from a boil by pricking it!

Burroughs has a gift of genius organisation. He is one of these people who can scientifically observe madness, delirium, decay of the body and soul - see things most people never can or dare, and even more incredibly he can 'report'. He is like a Reuters agent reporting from the hinterland of modern society...he makes his reports even more potent, poisonous, because he has also seen, lived among the less developed peoples. I'm not sure which I mean by 'less developed' - USA today or South or Central American 20 years ago. It depends what sort of development we might pick on. Burroughs is a 'Brujo' - a shaman in literary clothing - Gysin could paint innerspace, and even trigger off journeys with his pictures - he fashioned "gateways" - he could paint psychic roadmaps!! Giorno is the stable centre of New York. He is a stable blackness - Zen Anarchist vortex - there's not enough space here to say things well...



cf : How important is the work you do or did outside of COIL ? I mean Peters work with THROBBING GRISTLE, early PSYCHIC TV, or your collaboration with David Tibets CURRENT 93 ?

John balance: Well, Peter does videowork - popvideos and adverts - He directs them. Such ones as Nick Kershaw, Marc Almond, Robert Plant, Jimmy Page etc.etc. and the money he makes allows COIL a certain independence from the usual group problems with money. THROBBING GRISTLE of course was very important - because it was a stage Peter took - lived to reach where he is now. I think he'd say COIL is more important because it is now, as I said before. You are always thinking of the next project to keep things interesting for yourselves. There is always a strange gap in time between the group and their listening audience. So early PTV was valuable to do. We left when we felt things in the PTV setup were not as valuable, as essential as to make staying a reasonable thing to do. With 5 or six people in PTV

at that time - who all had extremely strong individual ideas and strong wills - it is really inevitable that even small disagreements, especially in regard to group directs, ideals etc, would be very important, we spent days and absolutely days working to get to the first booklet the Temple of Psychick Youth released - exactly as we all collectively felt would be useful.

Now — we have left. COIL is the most important to me, especially because it's more a vehicle for my personal ideas - through the lyrics and the ideas I put into songs - but Sleazy contributes so much in this respect too. As we live together, we know exactly what to do as COIL - it just happens. If we disagree then it never reaches the public. We cannot afford to dilute our ideas; we do everything we want. We record the music we would like to hear as far as you possibly can do that. When we work on a song we don't think about - should we make it more so and so to try and please any particular type of person. Sometimes we play around with peoples expectations, I think, but to remain pure we indulge ourselves at the beginning. It's the only way.

CURRENT 93 is essentially David Tibet 93's group. When I work on stuff with him, I add my own ideas, but Tibet has the last, final - overall say; and I like to work like that sometimes as with COIL I feel so much responsibility at every stage, from soundsamples by the lettering on an album innersleeve or whatever. CURRENT 93 is essentially Tibet's mind - in action - manifesting its dark and intricate interior outwards onto the European cultural arena. COIL is my vehicle for my perverted little nightmares which for some unexplained reason I feel I have to share with everyone I can get to listen. COIL is perhaps a more stable group. Now there are 3 of us. Me, Sleazy and Steve Wyndham (Thrower), who was a temporary member for SCATOLOGY but who has now joined properly. Not that we sign papers or anything. But we all feel more of a solid entity to confront people with. With common aims and ideals. I like to collaborate with others i.e. Boyd Rice was great to work with on NIGHTMARE CULTURE. We like to introduce a few selected people because it makes for interest while you can actually record - and you get fresh viewpoints - a new colour scheme in the usual permutations!!



cf: Do you see yourself rather as a 'pop-band' or as a unit of people working with the magical powers of music ?

HOW TO DESTROY ANGELS is called ritual music with which you create a relationship between you and the listener leaving it up to him what his ritual behaviour will be while listening. Except the fact, that the approach is very different, would you totally reject a comparison with e.g. 50's Rock'n'Roll used as 'sex music'? How important is sexuality to you/to COIL ?

John balance: Sexuality is of deep value importance + significance because sex controls every aspect of everyone in some way. It's the key to 'work' other people. You notice how much easier it is to get a job done for you if you know someone likes the look of [unreadable]. Sex may not be involved - on a day to day level. But 'attraction' is usable. As is the fear-guilt-pain-pleasure-reward-aspects that it introduces. So yes - we're interested in exploring and documenting these things. It doesn't necessarily mean we fuck everyone who turns up on our doorstep - we gave that up about 4 years ago— I think as you suggest some Rock'n'Roll music can be very sexual. But apart from a few obvious drum tempos = heartbeat pulserate type physical reactions that are almost universal in their application - that the real sex - the 'magick' lies in a more subtle and variable element in things. Maybe childhood memories play a big part - or associations with early adolescence when sex is so much more magnified as an awareness. Who can really say - it's so subjective. I think we believe in generating creative pleasure - Ecstasy. Yes we are latter day worshipers of PAN and DIONYSIS - But we are also well aware of overindulging any particular aspect of the universal God within. Each god to us represents a certain area in the psychological/neurological makeup of a person. And like muscles you have to exercise - feed these areas equally or you become unbalanced. In magick - in Quabalah Balance/Equilibrium is always vital! With HOW TO DESTROY ANGELS we wanted to

"Jhonn Balance (aka John Balance and Geff Rushton) died at home on November 13 in a fall, leaving the music world and the wider world of magick without one of its most gifted and vivid voices."

The news was shocking to many people interested in "industrial" and "experimental" music. Personally I was surprised at John Balance's (as I knew him) relatively young age - 42. Not because it is such an unusual fact dying from an accident at that age - for accidents any age will do. But my mind would zoom back to late 1986 when I was exchanging letters with him for the purpose of an interview I was conducting for a zine I was doing at the time. This was a time before the internet and emails - it was hand-written pages that were sent back and forth. I was 20 then but a large gap seemingly separated me from the somewhat admired 24 year old.

I had come to music relatively late and had entered a rapid development in my late teens. The Coil album "Scatology" was a very special discovery for me: With a black and white cover filled with text and literary references it caught my attention by chance in a local record store, and when I listened to it I was blown away. Co-produced by Clint Ruin a.k.a. Jim Foetus, the sound is still astonishing now, a tough to-the-point production. This was a debut album by a then new formation, but of course the story didn't start there.

Peter Christopherson had been a member of Throbbing Gristle, one of the most important music groups of the 1970's. Throbbing Gristle pioneered, defined and embodied the concept of "Industrial Music" probably like no one else. Simon Ford has charted this history in his book that was reviewed by Stewart Home in Dacade . With four "official" albums in four years they created an extremely influential body of work with a band that consisted of four highly creative members. When TG broke up everybody continued in one way or another. Chris Carter and Cosey Fanny Tutti formed "Chris & Cosey" crafting their brand of industrial ambient and techno pop, while Christopherson and Genesis P-Orridge formed Psychic TV. If Throbbing Gristle was "more than just a band" in the sense of trying to explore subject matters that lay beyond the normal range of rock, pop and even punk, then Psychic TV went one step further by actually fashioning a cult. One can see this in different ways, it remains important that in this period people tried to transcend the limits set by the parameters of being a "rock band" etc., not just

cf: When SCATOLOGY came out, and I heard it for the first time, I thought, wow, that's it, and though I like the other stuff you did, SCATOLOGY is COIL to me. How do you see the record now, in comparison with other releases?

john balance: We always treat albums as perhaps the most important output in COILs releases. In that we take a long time and infinite care to get the finished record exactly how we want it to be. So it "resonates" for us. It has to vibrate - between the ideas we are exploring in the lyrics and the overall concept and the musical style and content. We will admit that with records, i.e. tracks we give to compilation albums - that we do take risks and as a result these tracks become secondary in overall importance to LP tracks or the choice of the 12" single or whatever. We are very deliberate in our plan of releases - and are getting much more determined to not release items which are perhaps merely a 'filler' - to keep somebody happy with a COIL track. We have done that in the past. But no more!!! Never again. From now on it will be very hard to persuade COIL to be part of someone else's conceptual LP type project. Because it spreads the COIL impact much thinner. It dilutes it. People argue by saying "But don't you want the exposure - just think of all these people who will buy this good value compilation album and you will get heard by so many people." But I don't want to be heard amongst a lot of other groups - no matter who - because it is like a market

in the case of Psychic TV. Nevertheless they went further than most by founding the "Temple of Psychick Youth" (also known as T.O.P.Y.). They even managed to blag a major label deal for their first two albums "Force the Hand of Chance" and "Dreams Less Sweet", while producing an extremely prolific output on their own "Temple Records". Geoff Rushton seems to have come out of this scene as have a few other musicians, such as David Tibet of Current 93. Both were involved with the excellent second album. Rushton soon called himself John Balance and started a solo project called Coil. First recordings date from 1982 and partly feature on a cassette tape release on the Austrian label Necrophile Records (a split tape with Zos Kia, titled "Transparent" which has been re-released on CD recently).

Christopherson soon left the increasingly P-Orridge-centered PTV and joined forces with his younger lover, becoming a part of Coil. The masterpiece "Scatology" - with the collaboration of Jim Foetus and Gavin Friday of the Virgin Prunes came out in 1984, along with the accompanying 12" with the cover version of "Tainted Love" and the extended mix of "Panic". This is roughly the time the interview was conducted: Obviously Coil already recorded their next album "Horse Rotorvator" and the 12" "The Anal Staircase", which at the time of the interview I had heard, but not the album, which proved another very accomplished work, in terms of content very much in tune with what Balance says in the interview. In view of passed time the interview seems to cover just an early section of Coils career. However to me it seems to sit right in the centre of their activities and existence. The third album "Love's Secret Domain" seems to close a trilogy of extremely strong albums that will remain worth seeking out for a long time. "L.S.D." was a more psychedelic album that picked up some influences from the new acid house sound. Balance was involved with productions of Death In June and Current 93 around that time (of the interview and shortly after), two involvements that would deserve some attention. Death In June already were the subject of an article in dacade 7, but it's

COIL



place and you fight for attention. We now want to concentrate on a detailed and linked series of singles, e.p.'s, albums, special packages that we can strengthen the vision we have of COIL ourselves, and ideally transmit this potency - this solidity to people who come across us, we want, for the most part - there are a few exceptions - to be isolated. Bring in the Age of Isolation - Reduction - Decimation - Retreat - Conference and ... Direct SadoSurrealist Attack - Straight for the pineal gland! Psychosurgery again ! To touch on an old subject ! We have spent 3 years getting the name about and being generous when it hasn't really advanced ourselves - now we knew that partly at the time - like a swimmer we were treading water - watching and waiting. And now we're diving for the pearls we've seen. Maybe we're out to drown a few of the groups/people we saw around us during that time. ---Yes, I still like SCATOLOGY. But I'm always a record ahead of the one we've just recorded. So I let other people discover it. Maybe in 5 years time I myself will rediscover SCATOLOGY!

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cf: You contributed to samplers like A DIAMOND HIDDEN IN THE MOUTH OF A CORPSE. Was it because you thought, your music would fit into a record like that or merely due to Burroughs? In what sense are you influenced by Burroughs or the Burroughstan

worth pointing out that their album "The Brown Book" came out in the year *after* the publication of the interview. DIJ in particular made a rather strange political career, from their beginning as the left wing punk band Crisis to a cult band of the New Right in recent years. With hindsight one will see this as a more or less coherent development from their first records, but I would still insist that their output in the 80's had something much more ambivalent, investigative and anarchic about it. As Stewart's article shows however this is a scene that made it possible that a supposedly subversive use of "fascism" and an anarchist attitude could age into a very ordinary and embarrassing right wing attitude. Death In June don't stand alone in this, another example is Boyd Rice/Non, who is also mentioned in the interview, who has subsequently joined the Church of Satan and is a self-declared social darwinist. These people have of course been the spearhead of a far right "industrial" scene, where a clear shift from the investigative to the affirmative from a more anarchic to a totalitarian point of view has taken place in the 90's. Current 93 has taken another development - from the early material which was primarily influenced by Aleister Crowley to a "neo-folk" style that provided the backdrop to David Tibet's esoteric ramblings about Noddy. Recently he seems to have found Christ - and lost himself, disowning his former "incarnation" and calling himself David Michael now. Bizarrely he announced that he was organising a Catholic Mass for Jhonn Balance (which may well make him turn in his grave).

Thankfully, despite collaborating with both DIJ and C93, John Balance managed to avoid the ridiculous and dodgy sides of their developments, and Coil for a while resurfaced in the 90's under the pseudonym Elph with ambient music. As far as I can judge there was never a follow up to the early three albums, not really anyway. For a while Coil releases were few and far between, before they picked up pace again in the last few years. Among them are a number of retrospective compilations as well as newer material, Even more amazing is that the last few years saw a number of live appearances of Coil which also have been documented on a series of CD's. The reason for this, apparently, is that Balance was a heavy alcoholic and managed to stop drinking for a while, which made it possible for the first time to go on tour. Sadly only for a while - it was under the influence of alcohol that he fell to his death.

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ed as a terrorist organization by the US.

That the Iraqi dictator received support from the European far Right clearly makes sense - his Ba'ath party, founded by Michel Afliq in the 30's was modeled on the Fascist parties and the Arab Socialism they preached was based on German National Socialism. Saddam himself is a fervent admirer of both Hitler and Stalin. The country was ruled with incredible brutality: tens of thousands were murdered, torture and executions were the order of the day. How then was it possible that the mobilizations to avert a war against such a regime reached the vast proportions they did?

In the European mainstream in the meantime it appeared that practically the whole of the population in France as well as in Germany stood behind their respective governments in their distancing from the US. It's worth mentioning in passing that French President Chirac had won a huge majority over the far-Right candidate Le Pen in the presidential elections, and that German Chancellor Schröder to a large degree managed a re-election in 2002 due to his anti-American stance. But these were not just election maneuvers: European investment banked on the status quo in countries like Iraq and Iran - no matter what the political situation is - and also the massive EU-investments into the Palestinian Authority that (along with ample donations by Saudi Arabia and other countries in the region) made Arafat an extremely rich man and helped make his "insurrection" against Israel possible. An attempt by MEP Ilka Schröder to shed some light on the trail of money originating from the EU and ending in the war chests of anti-Semitic terror organizations was essentially blocked by the EU. It wasn't till after Arafat's death that a clearer picture would emerge. Namely, there existed no accountability and book-keeping, and that the boundaries between the finances of the PA and of Arafat's "personal" matters were blurred to say the least. All hand-outs, cash and cheques were issued by the leader himself, often to buy loyalties of the various armed and political factions, and not without funneling hundreds of millions of dollars into bank accounts and investments abroad, including 100'000 \$ a month to finance his wife's lavish life style in Paris. It seems mysterious that this man was seen as a hero by many people considering themselves on the side of progress and emancipation.

One possible interpretation is the vulgar theory derived from Kautsky that capitalism develops towards a kind of super-imperialism. "This theory is rolled out regularly by the left and the far left of capital, the better to chain the workers to "their" national state, against "worldwide capitalism" and "non-national" bodies like the UN, the IMF, the World Bank, multinational corporations, etc." (ICC). This "super-imperialism" is generally identified with the US, which in turn is identified with globalisation, which in turn is often equated with "americanization". The resulting anti-imperialism has a tendency to support or tolerate any movement that is at odds with the perceived enemy. It is thus becoming the rallying cry for any sort of nationalism, and all sorts of fundamentalist movements directly opposed to enlightenment and (bourgeois) democracy, as much as to social liberation and (communist) universal emancipation. The ultra left analysis is correct in pointing out the rivalries between the different factions of the international bourgeoisie, to understand a lot of the drift against the US as an attempt by the European and Arab ruling classes to position themselves to their advantage in the imperialist competition, and to view anti-imperialism as a mobilizing tool to tie the working classes to the various local elites against a powerful foreign enemy. While certainly being the case in Europe, this is particularly true for Islamic countries, especially the ones with economic and political domestic problems. However, this analysis usually overlooks one important element that glues the different anti-Imperialist camps together: anti-Semitism.

While anti-Semitism has never completely disappeared, it certainly has had a big resurgence since 9/11. This is one of the aspects where the calculus of the attackers has clearly worked, since the attack on the WTC was consciously planned as an attack on global finance capital. In the mind of the anti-Semite, global finance capital is always imagined to be run by "the Jews". The prominent unifying factor in the red-brown-green front is the "politically correct" form of anti-Semitism, anti-Zionism, and hatred against the USA. These two ideologies are closely tied together. Some from this coalition often described the neo-conservatives around Wolfowitz and Perle to be like a group of latter day Elders of Zion, manipulating American foreign policy in

the interest of Israel. Both countries are seen not as "real" nations, but as "constructs" that lack the blood-ties of a "people".

The attention given to the conflicts in Israel/Palestine and the hatred poured upon Israel is disproportional to say the least and its fanaticism is remarkable. This is not only the case with neo-nazi boot boys, but equally with members of the lefty intelligentsia.

But it doesn't make sense anymore to equal the far right with violent skinheads, although they will still do the job of inflicting physical harm. Many publicists on the right have resorted to a strategy of attacking Zionism rather than Jews, and quoting writers of Jewish descent such as Norman Finkelstein and Noam Chomsky to back up their arguments.

This is particularly popular in the context of Holocaust revisionism, for which both these authors have done invaluable services. Finkelstein construing a "Holocaust Industry" whereby he is not denying the reality of the Shoa, but claims that it is primarily instrumentalized by the Jewish establishment to serve their current political and economic interests. This is now practically serving as a "politically correct" starting point for some Holocaust revisionists. Their "reasoning" suggests that if the Holocaust has mainly become a tool, then wouldn't those who use it exaggerate a little bit, or worse? Chomsky on the other hand has publicly defended the right of revisionists to voice their "opinion".

The Iranian government has aggressively embraced the cause of Holocaust revisionism as a weapon in its war against Israel by announcing a "scientific" conference. Among the invites are Horst Mahler, Robert Faurrisson and Israel Shamir (living proof that people of Jewish descent can be anti-Semites). These various elites cooperate with each other in the "war to extermination" (so said the foreign minister of the Arab League in 1948) against Israel, a country described as an "apartheid regime" and the "colonialist bridgehead of imperialism", and its supporter, the "great Satan" USA, the cosmopolitan, multicultural and mixed race giant that is out to rule the world and destroy the "authenticity" of local cultures with its globalization.

Official Europe's indifference is now being tested by the (at least publicly) increased radicalism of Iran and the election victory of Hamas. While France is still embracing Hezbollah in Lebanon, Germany is a bit less spectacular in its official embracing of the theocratic and fascist regimes in the Middle East. However, almost needless to say, Germany is the biggest investor in Iran. At home Germany is concocting a discourse that has gained momentum over the last few years that is gradually revising history to the point that - while neither the Nazi dictatorship nor the Shoa are negated, the German people are exculpated as a whole and turned into a super-victim, first of the Nazi dictatorship and then of the allied "bombing terror". Through such revisionism it becomes possible to speak of a "special responsibility" towards Israel, and at the same support its enemies.

On the street all this can look entirely different. For example, at an anti-Israel demonstration on April 13, 2002 in Amsterdam, 15'000 participants with organizations as diverse as the Grey Wolves, the PKK and the DHKP-C stood shoulder to shoulder when slogans as "Hamas, Hamas, Jews to the Gas!", "Hitler, Hitler", "Jews are Nazis" or "Jews are dogs" were shouted. These slogans - and there were many more - aptly illustrate the confusion of the anti-Semites today: On the one hand the Nazis are referred to positively for having gassed Jews, on the other hand Israel is denounced as a Nazi state. This is reflected in the view of the Holocaust that is seen by many in the Middle East as something that didn't take place, at least not to its actual extent. At the same time these anti-Semites suggest that the Shoa should have happened, or should now take place because the Jews are the "Nazis" of today. A Jewish person who happened to walk past this demonstration was badly beaten by a mob, only one of hundreds of incidents in the last few years.

If we consider the Left as a diverse grouping of people, initiatives, movements and parties that are dedicated to social emancipation and progress, then such a Left should distance itself from the kind of anti-Imperialist ideology outlined above that is unifying such an international front of nationalist and religious movements, no matter what criticism could be leveled at the US and their allies. A critique of anti-Imperialism is taking place at least in a minority of the German scene. However in the rest of the world it is still nearly non-existent. For a new communist perspective to emerge, such discussions are of fundamental importance.

THE ECLIPSE AND RE-EMERGENCE OF THE BILDUNGSROMAN

You Can't Win by Jack Black (AK Press/Nabat 2000 £12).

Bad by James Carr (AK Press/Nabat 2002 £11).

Sister Of The Road: The Autobiography of Boxcar Bertha by Dr Ben Reitman (AK Press/Nabat 2002 £11).

Memoirs Of Vidocq: Master of Crime by Francois Eugene Vidocq translated and edited by Edwin Gile Rich (AK Press/Nabat 2002 £14).

Nabat is an offshoot of AK Press edited by Bruno Ruhland whose avowed intention is 'reprinting forgotten memoirs by various misfits, outsiders and rebels'. A curious concept especially as one of the books in the series Sister Of The Road is actually a novel, although when it first appeared it did find some readers credulous enough to believe it was the 'genuine' autobiography of a female hobo. Sister Of The Road is easily the worst book in the Nabat series, an anarchist fantasy written by one of Emma Goldman's lovers and boosters Dr Ben Reitman. This absurd tale of one woman's education in life and politics concludes as follows: "Long after Lowell had gone to sleep that night I lay awake staring into the dark, thinking. In my heart I knew, of course, that I must do what he had told me to - settle down and be a mother to my child. He had said that I had been running away from something and suddenly I realized what it was - I had been trying to escape my own natural need to be responsible for someone, to live for someone else, some special individual person who belonged peculiarly to myself. For years I had told myself that I didn't want to be tied down, that I wanted to keep myself free to help others, to uplift the vast mass of struggling humanity. And I knew now that I had been rationalizing my need to be a mother, dissipating it over the face of the earth when its primary satisfaction lay within reach of my own arms."

As a political text Sister Of The Road is desultory; it is laced with a pseudo-revolutionary bourgeois idealism in which anarchists are viewed as existing separately from the proletariat, and thus somehow able to bring the torch of enlightenment to 'the vast mass of struggling humanity'. This book suffers from a typically Bakuninist fetishisation of the so-called 'lower depths', with the result that the lumpen-proletariat (the refuse of all classes) is of greater interest to the author than a revolutionary working class. It doesn't take long to grasp both Reitman's politics and his didactic intentions; as a result of this the unfolding of the plot is tediously predictable. Bertha must not only experience life as a hobo but fall in with a shoplifting gang, so that Reitman can take us in his pedestrian way through various types of crime, law enforcement and even drug addiction. Likewise, after Bertha has become a prostitute and there is a raid on the brothel where she is working, it would take a peculiarly inattentive reader not to realise that rather than being one of the girls who escapes, she will instead be nicked so that the author can take us through assorted legal procedures. Similarly, when Bertha is given an enforced medical check up for venereal disease, the anti-dynamics of the plot demand that she have the clap so that Reitman can provide us with his pseudo-scientific understandings on the matter. Sister Of The Road harks back to the Russian nihilist novels of the nineteenth century and lacks the focus of post-Profumo Affair fakery such as Marjbritt Morrison's Jungle West 11. Morrison's faked autobiography restricts itself to the London sex trade of the nineteen-fifties and sixties and is divided into four parts; viz, Apprentice, Street Girl, Call Girl and Hostess. Despite the didactic fashion in which Morrison's book takes the reader through all aspects of the London sex trade, its focus on the Notting Hill area of west London and very specific parts of the lumpen proletariat, alongside the ways in which criminal activities emerge from and are mediated by institutional and other forms of racism, marks this as a much more modern work than Reitman's dry as dust tome.

Jack Black's You Can't Win is confessional in form. A 'former' hobo and burglar takes delight in describing his criminal activities while proclaiming somewhat too insistently that he has reformed. The criminal life-style is as repetitive as any other kind of alienated existence - and so once the narrative gets going we hear the same thing over and over again. The tone is similar to more recent cat burglar autobiographies such as Peter Scott's Gentleman Thief and I suspect Black's book is as self-serving as this contemporary memoir. Scott was trained up in big time burglary by Ray "The Cat" Jones, and in an Oedipal refusal to acknowledge his debt to the older man, the self-styled 'Human Fly' never misses an opportunity to portray the bloke with whom he served his apprenticeship in a poor light. Scott presents himself as a reformed criminal in Gentleman Thief but after the book was published he found himself once again up before the beak for a dim-witted scam involving himself, the drug-addled son of another celebrity criminal and a nicked painting. In an afterword to You Can't Win, Bruno Ruhland suggests that Black omits to write about his more violent acts of criminality in any detail, or his activities as a prison drug dealer. That said, You Can't Win should be read by anyone with an interest in the 'true' crime genre since it is both extremely well written and historically interesting as an account of American criminal activity at the tail end of the nineteenth-century. Memoirs Of Vidocq takes us even further back in time to Napoleonic France and much more obviously than You Can't Win comes across as a piece of self-vindication and self-justification. Vidocq was a former criminal who became a police spy and then a detective. His account of prison escapes and trickery illustrates very well how modern crime is produced by capitalist property relationships. By presenting himself as an upholder of public order and defender of the reigning society, Vidocq cuts an even sadder figure than more recent loser crims - including Peter Scott - who simultaneously yearn for both adventure and 'the good life' of bourgeois respectability (at the expense of everyone else, of course).

Moving on, Bad by James Carr is the most politically credible of the books Nabat have published to date. Carr unflinchingly describes his involvement in gang rapes and the way he thought about such anti-social behaviour when he was an active participant in it, before delineating his evolution towards a revolutionary consciousness at odds with the militancy of his friends who joined the Black Panther Party. Bad is neither a confession nor a justification, and if parts of it read like fiction this is in the positive sense of it coming across as an anti-apprenticeship novel rather than a bildungsroman. Carr shows very well how all of anarchism can be found in the idea that it is possible to live differently in this world, and that instead of seeking refuge in idealist dreams we need to fight together as a class for a revolutionary transformation of this world. Read intelligently, all the Nabat titles illustrate the futility of anarchism; but it is Carr who most consciously articulates the ways in which we can move beyond a purely spectacular opposition to capitalism. That said, all these books are worth a gander, since even Reitman's novel illustrates well albeit unintentionally the absurdity of anarchist ideology. There is a male and American bias to the Nabat list, with the next announced title Beggars Of Life: A Hobo Autobiography by Jim Tully further compounding this state of affairs. So to sum up, rather than seeing Nabat reprint titles that I'm already familiar with such as Woman Of The Underworld by Zoe Progl or The Autobiography Of A Super-Tramp by W. H. Davies, I'd rather see them issue 'outsider' autobiographies from around the world that I haven't already read. Currently top of my list of criminal autobiographies that I've never seen but would like to peruse is Burglar To The Nobility, the long out of print memoirs of "Ruby" Sparks. Likewise, to add balance to this series it would be nice if Nabat at some point issued a collection of 'Cony Catching' pamphlets from Elizabethan London, which mark the historical limits of the modern 'true' crime genre more effectively than Vidocq's decidedly unreliable memoir. Regardless of whether Nabat succeeds in correcting its lop-sided attraction to anarchist idealism, this is nonetheless an imprint that those of us with a taste for the negative will be keeping an eye on.

Stewart Home

retain roughly ist size and readership. The big split and eventual self-dissolution happened in 1989/91 as a consequence of German re-unification. A majority in the KB then decided to support the PDS (Party of Democratic Socialism, the successor-organisation to the governing party of the DDR, the SED) as a new force left of the social democrats. A minority saw the struggle against a unified Germany as a potential new world power as the central task. The two factions have developed into different directions, the 'majority' still publishes AK, now renamed 'analyse & kritik' as a monthly paper without direct organisational affiliation, while the anti-german 'minority' publishes 'Bahamas', the most controversial communist quarterly magazine for its radical pro-Israel stance, stemming from a thorough re-reading of Frankfurt School critical theory. But that's the present, and a different story.

Michael Steffen's book follows the politics of the KB in meticulous detail, and little is left out. What I would have wished to be clarified a bit more, is that while Steffen makes many comparisons with the KBW and the two KPD's the remainder of the radical left remains a bit static. There's of course the DKP (the Moscow-oriented Deutsche Kommunistische Partei), and then there's the 'Spontis', the spontaneous groups and circles. It's of course a part of the nature of that milieu that is harder to pinpoint than the Stalinist parties, which are of a very defined organisational nature, while it was in the sponti-circles that more anarchist and also left-communist ideas floated around, and since the KB had a certain openness (of course to a limited degree only) towards these circles it would have been fitting to try to describe them a little more. I am also suprised that a fifth K-group, the PL/PI (Proletarian Left/Party Initiative) is not mentioned at all (there were even more organisations like that such as the KABD - the Communist Worker's League out of which originated the MLPD - Marxist-Leninist Party of Germany which has the dubious merit of being the only surviving Stalinist party - which ran candidates in every district in the last general elections), nor is the Proletarian Front of Karl Heinz Roth, a more operaist group and journal, which is also strange as it was based in Hamburg (the KB homebase) and Roth was also an occasional contributor to AK (so some operaist ideas may have influenced some in the KB). More substantially the whole story begs the question why the organisations formed aligned themselves to this degree to the Leninist heritage, despite the fact that in Germany many of the council communist and anti-leninist ultra-left literature of the revolutionary movement had been reprinted after 1968 and were readily available. This shows strong deficiencies in the KB's area of theory, something that is mirrored also in one of its core-theories, the assessment of the 'fascisation' of the Federal Republic in the 70's and of fascism in general. The foundation of this theory was the already

schematic view of Dimitroff that fascism was a „terrorist dictatorship of the bourgeoisie“ in order to save the system. Through this lens the increased repression, beginning with the killing by a policeman of peaceful student demonstrator Benno Ohnesorg in 1967, was seen as a step by step 'fascisation' of society, and more and more examples for this seemed to be happening in the 10 years to come until the de facto state of emergency in the 'German Autumn' 1977. The KB argued that this was an 'active' movement by the bourgeoisie (the competition from the KBW argued that it was 'forced retreat'), that fascism could exist without a mass movement (the KBW claimed the opposite, for once being theoretically a bit more sussed), and that the bourgeoisie and its state followed a strategy of 'preventive counterrevolution'. The obvious mistake was to identify such a strategy with fascism, and to postulate the possibility that „fascist terror in the context of the bourgeois-democratic republic“ would mutate into „all-encompassing fascist dictatorship“ without opposition. This mainstay of their ideology was more or less quietly abandoned when in the mid-80's it was clear that it was simply not accurate, and the fascism discussions since the re-unification had a different quality.

Overall the book is an interesting, sometimes inspiring, more often depressing account out of which many lessons can be drawn.

PS. To understand the 'fascisation' complex a bit better, I decided to read a text by André Glucksmann from 1972 when he was active in a context similar to the KB, but in France, titled 'Old and New Fascism'. Maoists there had a comparable organisation in the Gauche Proletarienne, the text is out of a special issue of 'Les Temps Modernes', in german reprinted as: Michel Foucault, Alain Geismar, André Glucksmann: Neuer Faschismus, Neue Demokratie. Über den Faschismus im Rechtsstaat. Politik 43, Wagenbach. This is a text that is pretty much consistent with the fascism theories of the German Maoists and equally lacking, making depressing reading when this bozo who is now following a career as a 'anti-totalitarian' philosopher is rambling about war, the people, the idea of the state being the agent of fascism, the police the enemy of 'the masses'. The slogan of the GP was 'fascism today doesn't mean the fascists conquering the interior ministry, but the interior ministry conquering the country'. These may have been a nice mobilising slogan, but not an accurate analysis of the totalitarian tendencies in parliamentary democracy, the state of emergency, and indeed of fascism. Anti-semitism is hardly an issue in these texts. Glucksmann is hallucinating a 'national liberation movement' in France as a result of the war by the state against 'the people'. Only few years later he became an outspoken anti-communist.

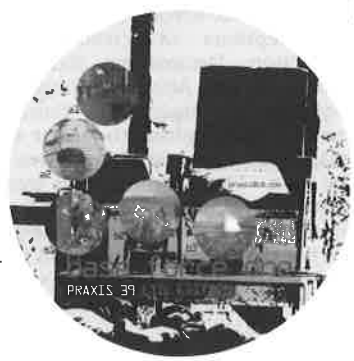
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satisfied to see their former comrade be declared crazy and their own treason presented as the only reasonable thing.

(1) These days the suicide thesis has become the official version. This is partly based on the testimony former members of the group, however these members have done deals to receive lesser punishments and it may well have been part of the deal to back up the theory of a suicide pact. A lot of what has been claimed remains in the realm of 'opinion'; neither version is fully provable. This may be possible once certain classified documents are released. This hasn't happened and that it has become public that the execution of the prisoners was indeed discussed in the cabinet, but supposedly the idea was rejected.

Jürgen Dahlkamp: Das Gehirn des Terrors. Spiegel Online Nov.8, 2002

**Michael Steffen
Geschichten vom Trüffelschwein
Politik und Organisation des
Kommunistischen Bundes 1971-1991
Assoziation A, 2002**

This is a monograph of one of the most important left wing groups that constituted itself in the wake of the 1968 student revolt in Germany. After '68, the september strikes in '69 in Germany and the unrest in Italy in the same year, at the same time in the face of a certain decline in the revolutionary wave, there was a substantial reorganisation in the milieu of the New Left in Germany that expressed itself at least partly in the founding of various 'proletarian' groups and parties, later called the K-groups. They had in common that they set out to re-found the Communist Party on the basis of a new reading of Marxism-Leninism through a certain lense of Maoism. Thus they supposedly adopted a 'proletarian' position in contrast to those of the student movement who either joined the mainstream SPD (supposedly to subvert it from the inside), or tended towards more anarchist or spontaneist positions, and in competition to the pro-Moskow DKP (German Communist Party), which had been founded in 1968 as a follow up to the 'original' KPD (Communist Paty of Germany) which had been made illegal in the Federal Republic in 1956. It was exactly this heritage of the KPD that the K-Groups tried to pick up and represent as well. At least four different groups/parties were founded between 1968-73. These included the KPD/ML (the ML standing for, you guessed it, Marxists-Leninists), who were strictly Stalinist-Maoist and after Mao's death and the end of the cultural revolution changed their affiliation to Albania. Then there was the KPD, mainly based in Westberlin, who after the disappearance of the Chinese 'model' dissolved in 1980, and the KBW (Communist League of Western Germany), which defined itself rather as a 'league' and (not yet) as a party, but followed a very similar program. The two 'parties' especially, but also the other organisatins to varying degrees managed to orient themselves towards some of the worst the communist tradition and history has to offer, in a – for the time – typical misunderstanding of the nature of Maoism, which seemed to offer a overcoming of beaurocracy and the 'revisionism' of the Soviet Union. The history that was drawn upon was the stalinist KPD of the Weimar Republic, the SU under Stalin and then China and the Cultural Revolution. This lead in some cases even to a nationalist position in favour of a 'unified and socialist' Germany, and generally in the opinion that the SU was the even worse imperialist power than the US and NATO. Typical for Stalinists, the worst u-turns and decision by the Chinese Central Committee were duly followed, such as the support for the fascist coup d'etat of General Pinochet in Chile in 1973. The fourth of these K-organisations was the Kommunistische Bund (KB, Communist League) which has now become the subject of a very detailed academic book. Although the KB came out

Oliver Tolmein: Hirngespinnste. Konkret 12/2002

Bettina Röhl: Die Würde der toten Ulrike Meinhof. http://bettinaroehl.de

Der Tod Ulrike Meinhofs. Bericht der Internationalen Untersuchungskommission. Iva 1979

Die alte Strassenverkehrsordnung. Dokumente der RAF. Critica Diabolis 12, Edition Tiamat 1987

Kursbuch 32. Folter in der BRD. 1973

And other sources

of very similar motivations, milieu and theory as the other groups, there are some remarkable differences. Organisationally Leninist lines seemed to have been followed more loosely, creating more a network of groupuscules and circles than a centralised party, but not without a central governing organ. Around this a number of 'action groups' were placed to work on different issues, many of them un-typical for the other ML-groups, such as women's or gay rights, or environmental issues. The central organ 'Arbeiterkampf' (Worker's Struggle) was a paper of left radical counter-information, general and internal discussions and propaganda, but much less of a 'party organ' than the papers of the other groups. Fractions were (more or less) tolerated and the relevant issues publicly discussed. Like this the AK found many readers outside of the milieu of the K-groups sympathisers and at one point reached a print run of 27'000 copies. The KB was quite active in factories but, although apparently more successful than the other 'proletarian' organisations, never really expanded beyond the middle class background of most of its activists. It was also more flexible in the stated attempts at 'revolutionary realpolitik', and distanced itself from the Chinese model early on (calling itself an organisation without fatherland), however it remained essentially true to the ML-ideology and as late as 1977 published a volume of Mao, apparently trying to defent the 'authentic' cultural revolutionary Maoism against various revisionisms. This shows a theoretical weakness which is a clear and logical result of the canonisation of the 'classics' and the formation of an *ideology*, rather than a *movement*. To its credit the KB seemed to have retained some of the living elements of Marxism and shed some of the dead ones of Leninism (and particularly Stalin, who was actively revered by the other K-groups), but this didn't exactly show in a development of theory, but more of practical matters, although these soon became tangled in the web of 'entrism' into the anti-nuclear and environmental movements. Especially the latter eventually led to a split over the question of joining the new Green Party, which after the crisis of the left in the wake of the 'German Autumn' (peak of the confrontation between the RAF and the state, and severe repression), seemed to become a new gathering of the remnants of the extreme left and the 'new social movements'. The story of the Green Party is well known, they followed the path of parliamentarism, became a real party and eventually joined government (by around 1990 the remaining left-radical factions had left the party), and ironically the minister of the environment in the Schröder cabinet was a former KB cadre. And of course it shouldn't be forgotten that it was with the Greens in government that Germany for the first time went to war again in Yugoslavia. But back to the weakened KB which by the beginning of the '80s had lost the majority of its members as well as readers of the AK. The somewhat defensive period of the 80's the KB managed to

**Peter R. Breggin /
David Cohen:
Your Drug May Be
Your Problem – How
and Why to Stop
Taking Psychiatric
Medications
(Perseus Publishing, 1999,
paperback edition 2000)**

A review of a currently up-to-date and very useful handbook about the dangers of psychiatric medication and how to escape them, including practical tips, plus an introduction and some thoughts about racketeering and revolution.

1. It is the dogma of contemporary psychiatry that 'mental illnesses' are easily diagnosed and then 'cured' with chemical substances manufactured by the pharmaceutical industry; substances that all have side effects, in many cases severe ones that can be irreversible and mentally or physically disfiguring. In the last 20 years the biologicalist view on these matters has become the mainstream in psychiatry, to a degree not seen since the time of Nazi Germany. Instead of killing the 'mentally ill' the modern biologists however aim at turning them into long-term or life-long consumers of psychiatric drugs under a pseudo-scientific gloss. This is based on the concept that if you have any 'mental' problem this is caused by a 'biochemical imbalance' in the brain that causes the brain to malfunction and thus produces depression or mania, attention deficit disorders or psychosis. The drugs are supposed to redress this balance. Paradoxically people whose problems recur are given *more drugs*, rather than recognising that the drugs don't actually help them, or even make the situation worse. But is there such a thing as 'biochemical imbalance'? There is no real evidence for this – it's a mystification, guesswork, a metaphor at best. Most advance testing of these drugs is done on healthy brains of animals. *The drugs have the same effect on a person whether they are 'ill' or not.* Rather than redressing any 'imbalances' they may create them, and thus actually damage the brain, and/or create dependency, while long term use is often advocated by doctors without justification. If the picture emerges that the biologicalist psychiatrists are a racket backed by an extremely powerful pharmaceutical industry, busying themselves with turning ever greater numbers of people into drugged zombies, then we have to ask ourselves if we're not getting a bit too paranoid here, or rather: how such a situation could be at all possible.

People with 'mental health' problems are hard to deal with in their acute phases, the way they interact with the world is mysterious, and even if we think we

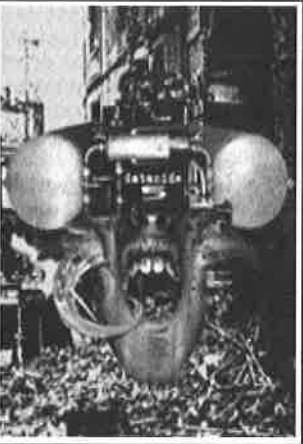
understand what triggered or caused the crisis, by this point it is often too late to simply undo it and easily go back into a 'normal' mode. If they get self-destructive or violent, some sort of confinement and drugging may seem like (or actually be) the only option to prevent worse things from happening. It's at this point that the psychiatrist steps in with his or her special powers and authority. And with an easy explanation of and solution to the problem: 'chemical imbalance' and drugs. Often both the patient and those close to them may welcome the sudden clarity shed on the dark and stressfull problems, and in addition getting absolved from any possible responsibility about the state of mind the patient is in. This is the beginning of two possible lines of action: Either to conform to the doctors opinion and advice and most likely start a journey that can lead deeper and deeper into drug dependency as the chemicals take over the job of re-(or: de-)forming ones personality, brain and body. Or to try and get to the origin of the problems by mobilising ones own true resources and reshape ones own life according to ones desires. If this sounds idealistic consider the following:

- on a 'personal' level, as an example: A particularly dangerous type of drug is the class of neuroleptics, or anti-psychotic drugs, a fact that is expressed first in the extremely bad side-effects, potentially including irreversible motoric disturbances or the potentially lethal Neuroleptic Malignant Syndrome, and second in the dulling, de-personalising effect they have on the patient even if they 'work': A work that has been called chemical lobotomy. No wonder at least 50% of patients try to get off the drugs once they realise what is happening to them. A necessity if you want to retain the ability to shape your life, to be the person you want to be; a point that is further illustrated by the (statistical) fact that while those who stop the medication may be more likely to have further psychotic episodes, those who take them are more likely to eventually commit suicide.

- on a 'social' level: What are called 'mental illnesses' seem to be caused at least to a significant degree through constellations that leave no dignified course of action to the person; these are most likely complicated and twisted combinations of problems that have accumulated for many years often going back to childhood. It is also important to understand that 'mental illnesses' are not the same as a broken bone or a flu, even if psychiatrists like to use the analogy to pretend a scientific rather than disciplinary basis for their quackery – simply not enough is known about the brain to make a large number of the claims the psychi-

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datacide five
introduction
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music: The Homewrecker
Foundation: Sex is Vinyl; Flint Michigan: Winter of Discontent - The Pop Group
News, record & print reviews, charts (1999)



datacide six
features: Matthew Fuller: Criminal Minded; Howard Slater: Long Live Death! - On Pasolini's Salò; Matthew Hyland: State (of) Emergency - Nail Boms and Bio-Politics... and : Ministries of the Orgasm - 'Sexpol' in Reich and Makavejev;
music: Savage; Ultrared; Jungle Voodoo, Wreck 'n' Roll (HWF Update); Chrome (from San Francisco, not Frankfurt) + reviews, news, graphics (1999)



datacide seven
features: Howard Slater: Post-media Operators: Sovereign and Vague; Matthew Hyland: New Age Policing - Biology is Ideology; Christoph Fringeli: Kosovo - J18/N30/WTO/G8/Mayday: Resistance is Fertile! + Roma Riot ; Stewart Home: We Mean It Man - Punk Rock and Anti-Racism, or, Death In June Not Mysterious; Howard Slater: Dreamstory - Eyes Wide Shut; Stewart Home on Anselm Jappe's Debord biography +++ reviews, news, charts, bloor schleppey (2000)



datacide eight
features: Howard Slater: Godard - The Child of Marx and Coca-Cola; Matthew Hyland: Continuous Crisis - Historical Action and Passion in Negri's Insurgencies; Hyland: Refugee Subjectivity, Fringeli: Psychiatry - Social Hygiene and Mind Control, Terror Against Terror, plus Kosovo round-up, SPK/PF(H): Turn Illness into a Weapon, Stewart Home: Was Marx a Postmodernist?; Matthew Fuller: World Made Flesh, Flint Michigan: Walter Marchetti, Sleepy Interview by sleevi, Robert Old: Submission Soundtracking - + lots more - (2002)

REPRESS 2006 "NATURAL PLASTIC"

BY **MUTANT MILLY & C16** [-BELLIGERANZA 01]

LET'S SYNTHESIZE SOME PLASTIC THAT IS NATURAL!
THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT MUTANT MILLY & C16 DO WITH ULTRA-CODIFIED GENRES LIKE ELECTRO AND FUNKY RESURRECTING THEM IN SUCH AN ARTIFICIAL WAY THAT SOUNDS SURPRISINGLY FRESH AND SPONTANEOUS IN HIS NATURAL PLASTIC E.P.
A COLLECTION OF VERY SHORT TRACKS IN BETWEEN MOBILE-PHONE RINGTONES, IMPROBABLE JINGLES AND STUPID MEDIA AUDIO ADS, SHOWING A DEEPLY EXTRAVAGANT APPROACH TOWARDS COMPOSITION.



"- BELLIGERANZA" STANDS FOR "MINUS BELLIGERANZA"
AND IS THE SONIC BELLIGERANZA SUBLABEL DEDICATED TO
DOWN-TEMPO EXTRAVAGANZA, [HTTP://BELLIGERANZA.C8.COM](http://belligeranza.c8.com)



atric profession is uttering. The diagnosis of most 'mental illnesses' are essentially based on a *collection of symptoms* rather than a 'broken brain'. The more radical proponents of 'Anti-Psychiatry' or the Italian democratic Psychiatry movement of the 60's and 70's have located the course of action to be connected to social revolution, a dialectic between illness and revolution that was further radicalised by the SPK.

From the point of view of 'society' the psychiatric profession is policing this situation. In the backlash of the last 25 years against Marxist approaches the biological point of view has taken over as the view most suiting to late capitalism. Under this banner psychiatry has expanded considerably, and drugs like neuroleptics have been promoted as miracle cures that keep people out of the asylums and lead them 'back to life'. The question what sort of life this is, is asked by many patients as they feel their own personalities dimmed and crushed. *Psychopharmaceuticals are means of preventive counter-insurgency.*

2. Breggin and Cohen *do not* take this explicit position, they are much more cautious. But they essentially formulate fundamental criticisms of biologism and present an extremely useful *practical* handbook for anyone caught in the trappings of psychiatry, whether as a patient or as someone close to one. Certainly they urge people to fall back on their true resources rather than on medication, to realise themselves rather than disable their brains, but they leave it open to the individual as to what those resources may consist in. They don't make the connection of biological ideology and late capitalism and the need to overthrow it. On the positive side they avoid the mistake of some earlier Anti-Psychiatry of creating another lose-lose situation by invariably connecting the success of ones positive development to the success of social revolution. Nevertheless they don't completely avoid the issue and speak of the *social void* created by psychiatric drugs and urge: 'The choice is not between psychiatric drugs and some other 'therapy' but between psychiatric drugs and all the resources that life can offer us.'

The book is structured in an introduction and 13 chapters, starting from the fact how disturbingly easy it is to get on psychiatric drugs – it takes a few minutes for the doctor to write the prescription – and how hard it can be to get back to a life without a chemically impaired brain. The myths propagated by biological psychiatry and the immense propaganda machine supporting it are exposed and the dangers of the mental, emotional and physical harm caused are listed in detail. Much space is dedicated to the adverse effects of the various psychiatric drugs, from Ritalin to Prozac to Benzodiazepines to Neuroleptics. Psychiatrists often believe that the benefits outweigh the risks, but often they are misinformed themselves, following the gospel of bio-psychiatry dosages of medication are usually raised if they don't work, or other drugs are added to the cocktail, sometimes only to cover up unpleasant 'side effects'.

Psychiatric drugs *impair* the brain and can develop a catalogue of 'creeping' adverse affects that may only become obvious with time, the risks of permanent brain dysfunctions are rarely investigated, something that is particularly the case with Prozac or Amphetamines. Often drugs are used for long-term 'therapies' – years or even a life-time - after having been tested only for short periods of a few weeks, as was the case with Zyprexa, an 'a-typical' neuroleptic.

To sum it up – different types of psychiatric drugs commonly *produce* states of mind that are characterised as mental problems, from impaired concentration, sleep problems, depression, poor memory and anxiety to drug induced psychosis or mania – and many others in between. Far from being rare these effects are common.

Most of these drugs cause withdrawal reactions. To withdraw from them can therefore be difficult, even dangerous. It has to be done with utmost care, and a considerable section of the book is dedicated to *how* to withdraw once the *why* has been made quite clear, how to plan your withdrawal, how to stop the drugs, and a detailed examination of the possible withdrawal reactions to the different types of drugs. It is recommended to withdraw from drugs with the help of a sympathetic therapist. The internet or various anti-psychiatric initiatives should be helpful in finding one in your area. The reduction of the medication should be done in small increments, the recommended amount being about 10% per week. Note that often pro-drug psychiatrists are reducing the medication too fast, adding unnecessary dangers of relapses, which will then be interpreted as the 'illness' reappearing underneath and you're likely to be given more medication as a consequence!

A further chapter deals with the fact that more and more children are given dangerous psychiatric drugs for all sorts of (non-)reasons, a prominent one the so-called attention deficit disorders.

This book is easily accessible and readable and is recommended to anyone who is on any sort of psychiatric medication and is thinking about stopping.

3. To finally pick up the open question of how this situation has been possible to come about: The backlash against critical positions and Marxism in particular of the last quarter century. The excessive power of the pharmaceutical companies who dictate with the weapon of advertising revenue what positions are pushed in medical journals. The racket structure of the medical profession and psychiatry in particular

The first point has already been described as the shift from social interpretation to biological interpretation in this period. The power of the pharmaceutical companies can be further illustrated by the case of a new 'illness' – 'female sexual dysfunction' which is, according to an article in the British Medical Journal, in the process of being created, sponsored by a large pharmaceutical company. The company sponsors meetings of 'scientists' to agree on a definition of the new illness and then to devise the right drugs to 'cure' it. A questionnaire is designed that will make the occurrence of the the previously unknown illness seem exceedingly high (the number of 43% of all women over 18 is already banded about!). Dissatisfaction and disinterest – in many cases they may well exist, having an identifiable social reason - are turned into disease, and into profit! They will make sure women won't change their life to make it happier, but stay in their place and become, if possible, long term users of drugs. Processes like this would not be possible if there was more transparency - something the author of the BMJ article is at least attempting, something Breggin and Cohen are dedicated to, but the majority of the profession try to uphold the secretive priest-like status, the total authority over the patient. Only doctors can afford to kill unpunished in our society. Maybe the situation would be different if, like in ancient China, you paid your doctor in the times you are healthy and cease paying as soon as you get ill. The primacy of profit in capitalism is leading to an unholy alliance of pharmaceutical companies and the medical profession and to a weird hybrid goal of fighting and perpetuating illness at the same time, and this at a time when much of the world is still suffering from real health problems that could be solved. It's leading to a situation where the needs of the patient are subordinate to ideology, where capitalism becomes an objective impediment to progress. It's time for those in the medical profession who are critical of the mainstream to stop being intimidated and stand up and be counted. It's time for patients' self-organisation.

Ray Moynihan:
The making of a disease: female sexual dysfunction
<http://bmj.com/cgi/content/full/326/7379/45>

Carl Wiemer: Krankheit und Kriminalität. Die ärzte- und Medizinkritik der kritischen Theorie. Ça ira-Verlag, Freiburg 2001

The Brain of Ulrike Meinhof

Ulrike Marie Meinhof was born Oct. 7, 1934. She studied philosophy, sociology and German literature, engaged herself politically on the left in the anti-nuclear-movement in the late 50's. From 1959 to 1969 she was a columnist for the magazine *konkret*, one of the most important publications of the far left in Germany then and now. Married to Klaus-Rainer Röhl who published *konkret* until 1973, two kids. Move to Berlin in 1968. May 14, 1970 she helped liberate Andreas Baader, a militant who was in jail for setting fire to a department store in protest against the Vietnam war, and went underground. They founded the armed group Red Army Faction with the intention of opening an armed front in the capitalist heartland guided by a sometimes vague Maoist ideology. Meinhof was the member with the biggest public profile as she was widely known from her journalist work; the other publicly known co-founder was the lawyer Horst Mahler. June 15, 1972 she was arrested. She remained in jail where she was exposed to social isolation and sensory deprivation over long periods until the start of her trial (May 21, 1975) and ultimately until her death May 8, 1976. The official version of her death was suicide by hanging, a version that was not believed by many on the far left who – the confrontation had reached fierce proportions – automatically assumed that the state had her executed. In fact there were many reasons to doubt the official version, social, medical and forensic ones. Both Meinhofs lawyers and her sister hadn't seen any indication that she was possibly planning to kill herself, and the results of the two autopsies and the forensic investigation was flawed and contradictory, and failed to prove that it was a suicide. On the contrary the only version of events without inexplicable contradictions appeared to be that Meinhof was strangled and died from a heart attack caused by the pressure on the artery. According to this scenario she was hung after she was already dead. This would explain why she had *neither* a broken neck, *nor* the normal signs of asphyxiation by hanging that occur if the neck is not broken. The next question of course would be: who would have murdered her and how would they have been able to access the cell? Astonishingly there was a second way of accessing the cell that could have allowed people (Of the secret service? Of the army? – according to another prisoner a helicopter landed on the prison grounds that night) to get past the normal wardens without them noticing.

The remaining leaders of the RAF, Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin and Jan-Carl Raspe died in oct 1977 under equally suspicious circumstances in the same high-security prison. For example Baader was found shot dead from a 30cm distance in the back of the head with a pistol. Nevertheless this was officially declared a suicide once again.(1)

By this time the RAF had been de facto defeated. Increasingly their actions had as their sole goal to liberate the prisoners, became more and more spectacular assassinations and kidnappings, and they increasingly failed to bring their point across to a population that was far from supportive. To trace the history of the armed struggle in Germany is not the aim of this article, but to point out how undead this history remains.

In fact, ever since these (and other related) events there has been an ongoing battle over the memory, over his-torification. One reason may be that some people who were closely associated with the events are still in the public eye – more than that: in government. Otto Schily, minister of the interior in the Schröder government until end of last year (the 'red sheriff' as some of the press likes to call him), was Gudrun Ensslin's lawyer. Josef Fischer, minister of the exterior in the same cabinet, was a member of the group Revolutionärer Kampf (Revolutionary Struggle), and one of the organisers of the violent demonstration on May 10, 1976 in Frankfurt that took place after Ulrike Meinhof's death. Horst Mahler has reappeared in the public spotlight as an ideologist, speaker and lawyer for the neo-nazi National-democratic Party (NPD) and other openly neo-Nazi groups. Another one who moved to the far right is Klaus Rainer Röhl, Meinhof's husband from 1961-1968, now a contributor to the far right weekly *Junge Freiheit*. These names are only the tip of the iceberg, because despite the fact that a large part of the left had tried desperately to disassociate themselves from the RAF, this organisation and their mixed-

up theory and botched praxis, their uncompromising radicalism and their failure to communicate any of this to the masses, shines the most spectacular spotlight on the failure of the far left in the 70's in Germany. Nevertheless it also tells the story that armed resistance was possible, and that the post-fascist state reacted in the way the guerrilla had predicted: With what they perceived as 'fascistic' measures – surveillance, militarisation, torture, murder - showing that the lease on liberalism in Germany could be cut short. More than anything the deaths of the prisoners, if they were indeed murder, would prove this, and would in turn prove the RAF 'right'. One publication that has probably printed millions of words about the phenomenon of the RAF is the news magazine *Der Spiegel* (weekly with a print run of ca. 1m). Current editor is Stefan Aust, a former contributor to *konkret*, friend of Ulrike Meinhof and author of 'Der Baader-Meinhof-Komplex'! It's perhaps not suprising that under his editorship one of the pet-themes of the magazine has gone more and more downhill, and has reached new lows with a series of articles about the 'German Autumn 1977' in 2002 and the article 'The Brain of Terror' (Spiegel Online Nov.8, 2002).

This article reveals that Ulrike Meinhof's brain had been kept in various places since the autopsy in 1976. It ended up in the Psychiatric University Clinic of Magdeburg in the cupboard of a neuropathologist who has made himself a name in the research on biological schizophrenia, one Dr.Bernhard Bogerts. Illegally. Nevertheless he proceeded to pick up on a pet-project of Prof. Dr. J. Pfeiffer, the man who had had the brain since the autopsy: The proof that brain surgery Meinhof had in 1962 had led to brain damage which in turn led to a „pathological degree of aggressivity“. This is nothing new. It had been part of the psychological warfare to use this surgery against Meinhof, the weekly magazine *Stern* had run a story with pictures as early as 1972, before her arrest, just as the daily Bild had had run a front page story about her death in the same period. In 1973 there was a move by the prosecution to have Meinhofs brain examined, if necessary against her will. The public protest of 70 doctors helped prevent this then.

Meinhof was held for hundreds of days in total isolation and sensory deprivation in a „dead tract“ of the prison where she was cut off from the outside to the extent *that she couldn't hear anything*. This practise was condemned as torture by the European human rights court in an earlier case against Great Britain for using this technique against IRA prisoners. The aim was clearly to drive her crazy. Even now, 30 years after her death, many people – representatives of the state of two different generations – have an interest to declare any militant resistance as pathological. Mr. Bogerts generously declares that left-extremist thoughts are not *per se* product of a malignant development of the brain, and then compares the case of Meinhof with the one of one Ernst August Wagner who had brain damage and in 1913 killed over a dozen people. That Wagner's damage was in a completely different part of the brain and that he'd had it since birth seems to play a minor role if the aim is to criminalise and pathologise the political opponent.

The case of Wagner had been the object of research by the psychiatrist Robert Gaupp, an early proponent of biological psychiatry who lauded the suggestions for the „extermination of unworthy life“ as early as 1920 and was allowed to radicalise his 'research' under the Nazi regime. His teacher was the notorious Ernst Kraepelin, one of the early authorities on 'schizophrenia' and also someone who spoke out against the „unpleasant internationalism of the Jewish people“. Mr. Bogerts, to get back to the present, received the 1998 Kraepelin Award for his research of the neurobiological sources of schizophrenia. He won't receive an award for his work on Meinhof's brain as her daughter Bettina Röhl has taken him to court and successfully demanded the return of the brain – by now in slices. It was cremated and buried Dec. 19, 2002. But Aust, Schily and the rest of the former radicals now turned pillars of the new Germany will still be

