

IPSO FACTO



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DEFACTO

Define nice. "Have a nice day...nice legs...nice to meet ya (fuck off)" ...one of those words, nice. One of those words that once uttered and left alone is liable to bite butt. Nice should remain in France where it belongs, otherwise used car dealers will embrace it and start fucking everybody over with "nice deals".

Love on the other hand ...when spoken by a used car dealer "love" ceases to carry much weight, "you'll love this car" means "this car is likely to satisfy your deepest bourgeois, narcissistic desire to be unique" not "trust me, I'm nice," which may explain something.

Nice wasn't used that much in the 60's, by the 60's generation I mean. Love was a popular slogan because it meant something, something determined by its context. This context, love-ins, psychedelic trips, hitchhiking trips, etc., has changed dramatically in two decades. Safe sex, "just say no," and BMW's pervade the American culture(s) of the '80s. Love has been taken for a plastic magic carpet ride on the American Express. I don't mean to imply that love (the word) is anything sacred, no "word" is. It's the context (not the word, but "it", the world, life, love) that should be---something other than nice---groovy?

Stop the context I want get off. I want to get off. I want to...

My friend, whom I love, says that I live in a vacuum, that the "context" of the 60's, is something created by the media, after the fact. He tells me that I must search for the context, just as people had to in the 60's.

"But I have to work and shit," I tell him, "I can't just wonder off to San Francisco."

"Go to Melbourne, you can make it back by Monday."

"OK."

"Have a nice time."

100 rejections a minute hitchhiking on the Interstate in the 80's. I counted for two and a half hours. "Perhaps it's my sign," I thought, and applied some flowers and a peace sign with some paint I had brought with me.

Less than two minutes after I modified my sign from just plain "Melbourne" to something that resembled a Grateful Dead t-shirt, I had a ride, in a climate-controlled, silver BMW. Not all the way, but a nice distance.

THE CONTEXT IS A SIGN THAT LOOKS LIKE A GREATFUL DEAD T-SHIRT

but it won't take you all the way.

In Melbourn I danced, tripped, screwed around, read, got bored, talked some old friends into giving me a ride home.

So it's fall, post-summer-of-love-revisited, and I, like so many others, am searching for that consummate context, often displaced or veiled by Beetle/paisley nostalgia, while the Pentagon sits and smiles at a generation that is attempting to use its older brother's hand-me-downs not realizing the shoe fits too nicely.

-Stuart Patterson

Lions & Ghosts



Velvet Kiss, Lick of the Lime

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Number three. Oh, what strife faces the young Americans who try to play magazine company. Why can't we just worry about basic survival needs? Instead we force ourselves to live in a constant propensity: attempting to abjure the social norm within a language that is endemic to that very thing we so despise/love. Sometimes we wonder if we're not just John Watersian versions of the "Brat Pack." But our problems are real (thank God), so what may seem a mere velleity to some is an ostensible pilgrimage for us. Give up you say? Oh we could, but that would be too difficult, like avoiding the "death drive." IPSO FACTO: do or die (death meaning just whatever else comes along).

We have made a few more adjustments in this issue: withdrawal from our total allegiance to music, no more hair-pieces, and a shift from a regional focus, which we have now conceded to be rather narrow. The South has a lot going for it, but we realize that art has no boundaries, especially those of the geographical sort. An attempt to extend beyond the margins necessitates contact on a grander scale. We would like to hear from you, please, wherever you may situate yourself for the time being. Tell us what you think, help us to de-individualize, and get into some heavy bonding, group-bonding--then we'll see what happens. Already we have heard from a few distant quarters, people that have similar interests (whatever they are) yet contribute to the diversity to which we so aspire.

We're still quite pre-oedipal, just slipping into the mirror-phase if you will (doing all that we can to avoid castration), and so we've not really even entered into the symbolic order, which we hope to do by the next issue with the addition of color and an increased page size. Once we arrive and are placed in the symbolic order, we will do everything we can to subvert it, because order is Negative and only increases lack, at least that's the way we see it. So we will pursue the Positive, which doesn't mean maintaining a naive, utopian blindness--just an attempt to reject (not repress) those fascist-like tendencies that seem to surface so frequently in the U.S.A.. We believe that there is an inadequate amount of diversity in a country that is supposedly founded on a principle of anomaly.

Of course we may often contradict ourselves, and occasionally slip into a conforming mold, but we can always fall back on the excuse, "we are only subjects attempting to defy an abominable Law that has been established for centuries, give us another chance..." Also there is the danger of avoiding something important just because it has become popular, more power to those who have managed to survive in a system where success is often measured in terms of money. The recent escapades (or were they constructs) of the stock markets have shown us what an arbitrary sign the dollar can be. No, there is definitely something more. And that more, as far as we're concerned is less.

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ENTROPY

FOR PEOPLE FED UP WITH REGULAR MUSIC TV



Europe's indies have fallen into hard times lately. With new export blocks restricting what product can come here and to other markets, and a closed media system that doesn't air their material, the independents have been struggling, with many either folding or compromising what they release. Here in the US, the European indies have little exposure other than alternative radio. MTV doesn't air any European independent music leaving a gigantic void that Fran Duffy hopes to fill with SNUB TV. Duffy, an independent video promoter, had noticed the lack of video exposure for Europe's indies and decided to do something about it. After getting an OK from the USA Network's *Nightflight*, the twice-monthly program began production in London and continues to be produced in its unpolished, non-MTV manner. "We didn't want a slick, glossy production like MTV," said Duffy, "no smiling pretty girl who doesn't care about the music. We want to catch the spontaneity of the music." Airing every other Friday at 1 AM (it used to be Saturday) the show has thus featured Adrian Sherwood and company, M.A.R.R.S., The Leather Nun, Hula, The Bambi Slam, The Swans and many other upcoming bands. Duffy wants regular music television to be snubbed, and condones the tapping of the program -considering its airing time, that wouldn't be a bad idea. Still, the half-hour program is worth staying home for.

What is art? Today, that question seems more difficult than ever to answer. There's one person who may know what it is, though - his name is Matty Jankowski and his definition of art is that anything can be art as long as it's some sort of expression of the creator - an apt definition for the times. Jankowski is the current President for Circle Arts Inc., a non-profit organization based in New York that promotes the idea of art for everyone, by everyone. Formed in 1981 by Dagen Julty the group provides a workbase for new artists in all mediums. Each Thursday (10 PM) performance parties are held at Cafe Bustelo, in which "anyone can perform anything for 10 minutes or less". Their monthly "Public Arts Printout", *Perpetual Motion*, features contributions from anyone, regardless of "talent". Members have an affinity for decorating their mail in odd ways, giving new meaning to the term "mail art", a form of art promoted by the group. Their latest mail-art show requires submissions of 52 playing card size pieces to be displayed at Public Image Gallery and other NY locations. Also in the works is the International Neoist Festival, to be held in the Lower East Side in October 88' in conjunction with the Rivington School. Anyone can get involved in Circle Arts, for information write: Circle Arts Inc. 1439 Ocean Ave. #2F Brooklyn, NY 11230 USA.

BIBLIO MANIA

X Man

By Michael Brodsky
Four Doors No Windows

Crackpot

By John Waters
Vintage

The Jules Vern Steam Balloon

By Guy Davenport
North Point

For Nelson Mandela

Edited by Jacques Derrida
Seaver Books

Down and In

By Ronald Sukenick
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Saints and Scholars

By Jerry Eagleton
Verso

From Rockaway

By Jill Eisenstadt
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Portraits

By Helmut Newton
Pantheon

Success

By Martin Amis
Harmony Books

Raw

Edited by Spiegelman and
Francois Mouly
Pantheon

CHRIS & COSEY GO EXOTIKA

Eleven years after Throbbing Gristle's formation and the subsequent birth of "industrial music", a title which they created and defined, Chris and Cosey have little to do with the genre's current state, "we started off with white-noise industrial music and we've moved on from there. We're not looking for pigeon-holes to jump into, we're just looking for what we feel good doing," said Cosey Fanni Tutti, the female half of the duo. Leaving Throbbing Gristle in 1981 (other members formed Psychic TV) the two have moved beyond its anarchic premises for a more mellifluous dance-groove with their latest LP *Exotika*. Songs like *Obsession* and *Dancing on the Grave* hint at sexuality, but like much of their music, any interpretation is highly subjective, "a lot of Cosey's lyrics are open to interpretation in different ways," said Chris Carter. Cosey admitted to having been in a "highly suggestive mood" when *Obsession* was written but pointed out the ambiguities of her lyrics, "people tend to think *Dancing on the Grave* is suggestive ('I kiss the sweat from your skin and I lead you all the way in') but it's actually about cocaine addiction. It could come across as being about a relationship between people."

Touring with Nettwerk labelmates SPK, the two were pleased to be playing in Florida for the first time, though they were distraught over the usual behind-the-scenes politics of the business. Their previous gig in Miami had featured their highly touted video backdrop, although that evening's show wouldn't. A description of their videos would have to suffice, "the images we're using now are fast-edited and they're all images to do with simulated violence," said Chris. "They're often films that everyone's seen like *Chainsaw Massacre* and *Blade Runner*. They're all the bits that you go, 'oh, do you remember that,' so they're everybody's favorite," he said. The two apparently have no profound message with the videos, "it's not a statement, we don't have any statements in what we do anyway," said Chris. "We thought it'd be quite good to put them all in one long string and let people realize just how they can accumulate, whereas if someone were watching the news for real, someone being shot or whatever, they are apt to switch it over to watch *Blade Runner*, which is simulated violence, it's more entertaining," said Cosey.

Living in the English countryside since 1985 Chris and Cosey have had plenty of time to cultivate many a strange concept. Their home is also their workplace, housing a studio for audio and video as well as being the headquarters for Conspiracy International, the record label they formed to release their less accessible material. Their Creative Technology Institute is another way to release work with other artists involved, "C.T.I was born out of frustration of people assuming that everything we did was just me and Chris even when other people were involved," said Cosey. "It still doesn't work as well as we'd like but at least it gives people a chance to realize that, 'oh, it's not Chris and Cosey, it's bound to be a little different than what they normally do. We've made our own label as well because of the same thing, it's designed to put out more of our ambient stuff that wouldn't otherwise be released,'" she said.

Separating themselves from what Chris called, "England's obsession with pop music," Chris and Cosey have found their music being appreciated more in the U.S. and abroad, "the market in England is ok for us, we sell enough albums and there are enough people there, but the system, how it works is just not considerate to us or anyone else who's independent. It's really closed in again," said Cosey. The days of the creative energy and experimentation of the indie seem to be over, with only the major indies surviving and as Chris stated, "most of the good groups have been diluted by some image change. The indies act merely as stepping stones to the majors."

On stage that night at West Palm Beach's Respectable Street Cafe the two looked a long way from home; their pale skin and austere look contrasting with the tan, carefree audience somehow didn't seem right, but nobody seemed to mind.

JT



DANIELLE DAX

In Brixton, London's answer to Harlem, lives an artist. Danielle Dax is that artist. She works in many mediums including film, sculpture and graphic art but she's best known for her music. As an original member of London's Lemon Kittens, one of the 70's most uncompromising groups, and now as a solo artist, she hasn't stopped pushing the outer limits of music.

The creativity heard throughout her music is reflective of her philosophy of making it, "anyone can pick up anything (instrument) and get something out of it. However, possessing the mental and emotional facilities to create something cohesive out of these sounds is another matter."

Unlike most of her contemporaries,

Pop Group, and Pere Ubu inspiring. After becoming bored with Westernized music, she returned to her original musical tastes listening to Eskimo music, Bohndenese, and blues.

On a contemporary plane, Dax's favorite bands are Young Gods, That Petrol Emotion ("the best I've seen live recently"), Tom Waits, James Brown, Iggy Pop, and Prince, "one person who's gone mainstream, but still has some sort of identity."

With the American music industry poisoning our minds with "what sells" tactics, I was surprised to find England has the same problem. "The pasturization of bands is worse in England - not really much to choose between the two charts at all," she said, "the media

Mary Chain."

Discussing politics, Dax's strong views were evidenced by her belief that no political party really works, "human nature couldn't allow it to work for a certain amount of time, if at all. There will always be people more ambitious, greedy, and physically stronger who will corrupt any system. You only see the propaganda of what each side wants you to see."

Dax also feels strongly about the repercussions of sexism and racism, "people should take responsibility for their own actions, they should believe more in themselves," she said.

And concerning the British government with such things as the search for a cure for AIDS, Dax commented, "they make a big deal about putting five-million pounds in it, which is ridiculous when you consider how much they spend in arms."

However, she does feel there is a cure for everything within nature, "the frustrating thing is that when they finally do find a plant species, it will be extinct before we could actually use it."

The atmospheric hole over Antarctica worries her, it should worry everyone, but because it isn't headlining news it isn't thought about, "out of sight, out of mind. What's so shitty is that humans fuck everything up. If we could be wiped out and just leave the plants and animals it would be better."

Dax won't be coming to the states, unless it's through her records. Having called herself the "neo-psychedelic Dolly Parton", she's been asked to come to Nashville to make an album. But she didn't have to come here to master the Nashville sound, it's apparent on her latest LP, *Inky Bloaters* from which two tracks, *Where the Flies Are*, and *Big Hollow Man* have been alternative radio and club hits.

Her as-yet-unnamed forthcoming album will continue Dax's journeys into pop nihilism and should once again uphold her stature as one of the most creative artists in the music world today.



ies, Dax was living in Kenya during the punk movement. At the time she was listening to African and Mideastern music. These influences are noticeable throughout her first album, *Popeyes*, and her second, *Jesus Was The Egg That Wept*.

Later on, she discovered "New Wave" and found bands like the Resi-

doesn't really encourage English music at all. There's a concerted effort to play American. Andy Kirschel, a DJ, will only play REO, Chicago, or Starship for example. Ain't that special? With our wonderful infection of English charts, there will be the usual bands that filter through; the Cure, Smiths, Echo...the only new one is Jesus and

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KEEP THE FUNK



They could be the most uncategorizable band in rock history, with noticeable influences from punk, metal, psychedelic, and most of all funk. Put these elements together, grind them up in a blender and out comes the Red Hot Chili Peppers, a band with a reputation for outrageousness.

Not that it's all fun and games for the Peppers though, as singer and master of ceremonies Anthony Kiedis pointed out, "the reason we do what we do is because we're motivated to create and to play. We love to play more than anything. Everytime we write a song it's busting out with a small piece of heart and a small piece of soul and a small piece of our grey matter inside our brains. We don't do it for lack of anything better to do, we do it because we think it's the best thing we could be doing,"

he said, dispelling any rumors that may have suggested otherwise.

The Chili Peppers have a lot to be excited about these days. After a two-year hiatus they're back with "The Uplift Mofo Party Plan" a twelve-song LP that reconfirms the Peppers status as rock's ultimate bad-ass party band. "I'm excessively proud of this record, more-so than any other in my life," said Kiedis, "I'm really happy about it and I want everybody in the world to hear every song about fifteen times, especially the unwed mothers in China."

With songs like 'Party On Your Pussy', 'No Chump Love Sucker' and 'Fight Like A Brave' it's doubtful that any mothers, especially the P.M.R.C.'s would approve of their music. This doesn't concern Kiedis, "I think the P.M.R.C. is afraid of us. We're not afraid of them, otherwise we wouldn't put out songs like 'Party

On Your Pussy'."

With Michael Beinhorn on board as producer, the new LP has a tighter, more produced sound making the Chili Peppers leaner and meaner than ever before. "For some reason we just hit it off," said Kiedis, "he did a lot of production. He made sure that every guitar solo was beautifully melodic as well as rockingly rhythmic. He gave me a lot of vocal confidence as well. He wouldn't let me finish until everything was in pitch, and for me that's good because my new frontier is pitch, singing in melodic styles as well as rhythmic styles."

With their new LP, two soundtrack songs for "Blue Iguana" (one of two films in which the Flea will appear), and a forthcoming tour, the Chili Peppers aren't slowing down. After two years of chilling out, the party is ready to start rolling again.

JT



Starman of the Studio

William Orbit's Journeys Through The Aural Spectrum

Being the studio whiz-kid that he is, one would think that William Orbit would also be an avid audiophile. On the contrary, Orbit could care less about sophisticated stereo equipment, "I've never been a hi-fi buff. Once it's out of the studio I tend to not bother," said Orbit from his London-based Guerilla Studios where such acts as the Cocteau Twins, Colourbox, Depeche Mode and Sting have recorded. "In the studio I'm a fanatic, probably too much so, but outside I've never managed to get fired up about hi-fi," he said.

His fanaticism in the studio can be evidenced by his work. As half of the studio-synth band Torch Song Orbit has taken production perfectionism to its extreme resulting in music valued for its high-tech polish. Formed in 1982 by Orbit and Laurie Mayer, Torch Song quickly grew from its four-track recording origins, rapidly expanding to 16 and 24 tracks.

Their first LP, "Wish Thing" produced two Billboard dance hits, 'Prepare to Energize' and 'Don't Look Now'. The second album, "Exhibit A" contains some of their earlier work along with new material like 'White Nights' and a chilling cover of Steve Winwood's 'Can't Find My Way Home'.

The success of both Torch Song and Guerilla Studios was a surprise to Orbit, "it took off in a big way, we didn't ever expect it to go to the successful extreme that it has," he said. He credits the success of Guerilla Studios to the fact that they offered good rates and a good track record, "people are attracted by success and we've been fortunate enough to have had some," he said. Orbit hopes to continue succeeding with two new projects, a solo LP with vocalist Peta Nikolich, and an instrumental LP being released as part of IRS's No Speak Series.

The solo album, "Orbit" takes a different approach than any of his work with Torch Song, "it's not straight down the middle of mainstream but towards the center slightly, just to see how it would sell really. Songwriting has never been that easy for me and I wanted to try and have a bash at songs

that were more accessible," he said.

The presence of 21 year-old Nikolich, whom Orbit and manager Dick O'Dell discovered singing in a London nightclub is a pleasant addition. "It was pretty much a chance thing," said Orbit of Nikolich, "we hired her to demo the songs initially and we liked the way it worked so much we thought we wouldn't push it."

Orbit provides vocals for one of the LP's songs, though he admitted that it probably wouldn't happen again, "for -- I did the demo and I was going to have someone else sing it but I realized that the song had such a male point of view that it wouldn't work, so we left it. It was a good way for me to figure out that my voice was never going to be used as a major instrument."

Instrumental music is Orbit's forte, "my favorite thing is making instrumental music. I like the fact that it has none of the constraints of pop attached to it. You do it because it sounds right at the time."

Asking about No Speak his voice becomes excited, "it is really interesting, Miles Copeland is once again putting himself on the line, and once again his intuitions will be right." Orbit's involvement in No Speak includes production of Wishbone Ash's 'Nouveau Calls' and his own "Strange Cargo" which he called, "the best LP I've done in a long time." The album is a mixture of music, "called largely from bits of soundtracks I'd already done and old takes," said Orbit.

Getting away from his music for a moment Orbit talked about his interest in religion, "I've just been to Rome which I suppose is the center of religion. It's interesting, in the Vatican you've got this huge long list of the popes of the past. It's got centuries of greedy popes who got what they wanted from the whole western world." Ironically Torch Song has a cult following in Salt Lake City, home of the Mormon Church. "We've got a fanatic following in Salt Lake City. I don't know why, we've never been there and we've never actively marketed Torch Song. Maybe we have something that appeals to Mormons," he said jokingly.

Some of Orbit's music could be related to religion, especially that of Torch Song with its ethereal, almost heavenly qualities. Like religion Orbit sees instrumental music as a timeless entity, always open to different interpretations, "I think that's why instrumental music gets listened to, people tend to play their instrumental albums over the years," he said, "there's no lyrics that get in the way, they can impose their own features upon the music."

The recent boom of new-age music irritates Orbit, not because of its popularity but because of its implications, "people have been doing this music for ages and ages, Brian Eno and Can for example. There's always been a market for it but it was a small market. What gets me is these people that act as though they created it, 'here we go folks, a new genre' and everybody jumps onto the bandwagon."

Orbit likes the idea of new-age radio formats like Los Angeles' "Wave", "it's a great idea for people like me who want to get their music across and for consumers who want to hear the music. You're lucky in America, you've got these stations that cater to a specialized music. In England everything's done on one station."

Writing soundtracks is how Orbit produces much of his instrumental music. He's written many including "Youngblood" and "Hotshot" and is now working on a soundtrack for an upcoming Disney Studios film. He finds the process of writing a soundtrack enjoyable but pointed out some of the difficulties involved, "it's a challenging experience because you're working under much greater technical and artistic constraints. If you give somebody a blank palate they can have a lot of problems. If you give somebody a brief they're much more creative." Orbit prefers people to be specific with an idea, "I often wish people would be more bold and say 'try this, try that.' If I do somebody's record, for instance, I actually like them to be specific. If I want to go and do something on my own I'll go and do that."

ROGER GILBERT-LECOMTE

INFINITE



In this world to which we belong, by which filthy military technology and blind religious beliefs cut lambs up wholesale at the global slaughterhouse, in order to increase a butcher's profits and control big business, the poet is poor, with no cultural appeal but to reject his small dejecta. No need for the blood red blooms of his withering poppy; flowers I'd rather put into my mouth so I can nourish myself than all around the king's gardens, as rare ornamentals to be looked at. Specially, if the poet is condemned by society because his living ways are morally wrong and dangerously corrupt, according to some human or divine law. The Victorian jabberwocky, with iron fins and the marine body of a blowfish, swims out of the gutter and, stinking of rotten flesh, spits it out "Off with his head!" To be the supreme judge on the surface means to be the most hideous beast ever from hell; just excremental matter full of worms.

Roger Gilbert-Lecomte, wild poet who died of tetanus in Paris at the age of thirty-six, on December 31st, 1943, was the focus during the sixties of a judiciary dispute between the writer Pierre Minet plus friends, who wanted to publish his work, and the sole legatee of his papers, Madame Urbain. The old woman, taking her middle-class role too seriously, had all the rights over the literary legacy to do what she pleased, that is, to legally suppress the poetic message of Roger Gilbert-Lecomte. Finally, the famous André Malraux, then French minister of Culture, had to intervene and the case was won by Pierre Minet and the Association of Friends of Roger Gilbert-Lecomte. Under the shield of the inviolate muse, the poet's papers went into print and came out during the seventies. Most of his letters, essays, and poems are now available in French. His angelic image has been taking form and dimension in the light of his tragedy. The fury and lucidity of his lyrical soul comes alive in the raw through a universal language which speaks in tongues about the human tongue. The great Antonin Artaud, not beating about the bush, called Roger Gilbert-Lecomte's poetry "a form of true lyricism," and the author, "the undeniable revelation of a true poet."

The uniqueness of Roger Gilbert-Lecomte becomes evident after a first reading of his main book of poetry, published while he was still alive: *LA VIE L'AMOUR LA MORT LE VIDE ET LE VENT* (Life Love Death The Void and The Wind). Written after the poet got very sick from years of being hooked on ether, opium, morphine, cocaine, and heroine, the book is a jumble of poetic styles; revealing states of mind not very common but metaphysically bearing weight as true, he seems possessed by every sensation, every movement, every cry his body takes to the limit of resistance. What comes out of all this is a moment of purity as unavoidable as death itself. The coming into being, the ceasing of life, life as absence, life as unreal, love as joy, love as a ludicrous game, love as suffering, all leads to the same drama which is the center of this vicious circle: to be willing to die without fear of the beyond, forever to be back into the prenatal state of life, to become an evanescent beauty submerged in dark waters, to be born in a space pure and crystalline. To be free.

Michel Palma

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RAW PRIDE

Since 1980 now, the creators of RAW have been "postponing suicide" with their rare post-modern, graphically spectacular "comic book", a postern approach to a chafed post-post war culture. If you have posticously missed one, or all of the first three issues, now is your chance to pick up a post partum collection, featuring the first three issues of the comic magazine for "damned intellectuals!" Of course, if you're able to find it, you could purchase an original first issue for around \$300, postpaid.



"The group of works assembled here seeks rather to let "the city" emerge, in the complex and shifting fashion proper to it, as a specific power to affect both people and materials - a power that modifies the relations between them. This power is neither a side-effect nor an attribute of a city-substance which transcends them; it is itself the very fabric of the city's consistency."
-Michel Feher and Sanford Kwinter
ZONE

ZONE is the kind of book/periodical that everyone buys because it looks so interesting, but nobody ever reads. Consider that a compliment, for ZONE's essays on city life around the world don't go down as easy as your average coffee table adorning. Editors Michel Feher and Sanford Kwinter have assembled a selection of essays, dossiers, projects, images and questionnaire responses from an international intelligentsia. Topics range from Carol Squiers, *A Short History of Beirut in the 20th Century*, a chronological account of the city's turmoils, to Didier Gille's, *Maceration and Purification*, a two part essay on power and capitalism. The common thread weaving through ZONE is its predilection for ambiguity and graphic impressionism. Its future remains uncertain, though this spring will mark the release of a group of books that will probably follow a pattern of higher thought similar to that of ZONE.

Pet Shop Boys, actually.



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the wolfgang press

London's The Wolfgang Press are one of nine bands featured on 4AD's *Lonely Is An Eyesore* compilation. In addition, they've released four EP's, the latest being *Big Sex*. The first three have been compiled to form the LP, *The Wolfgang Press: Other Tall Tales*, one of three by the band, the other two being *The Burden of Mules* and *Standing Up Straight*. Since their inception in 1983, they've managed to continually alter their sound, experimenting with curious blends of R&B inflected rhythmic workouts, distorted guitars and equally desperate vocals. Impossible to pin to any one genre, such unique combinations of musical styles and an ever-present fascination with rhythm and percussion make The Wolfgang Press a challenging and intriguing listening experience. The trio recently played a mini-tour of the US in September and August and with the release of a new LP this Spring will return. Mark Cox was recently interviewed via telephone.

By Pat Johnson



P.J. Did you like the U.S. tour?

M.C. We enjoyed it very much, it was very positive and quite refreshing in a way. We met some really nice people. There was quite a positive reaction to us, what we were doing.

P.J. How many shows did you do?

M.C. I think it was eight.

P.J. Do you plan to do it again in the future?

M.C. Yeah, we would definitely like to come back. Probably it would be next year. We would all like to come back, probably stay a little longer, go to places we didn't go last time.

P.J. Did you have any problems getting into the U.S.?

M.C. Apparently not. The people who organized the tour in America wrote a letter to immigration and that was enough to get a visa. But I know some other people who had trouble



getting visas in the last few months.

P.J. Yes, it seems like a really ludicrous thing to have.

M.C. Yes, it's quite funny really, I said this a couple times but we've just been to Poland, did a tour. It seems ironic that, while it was still a problem, it was still fairly easy to get into Poland to play, yet America is the freest country in the world yet makes problems for people to come and do whatever it is they want to do. I find that really quite funny.

P.J. I don't know exactly what's behind it. I know that New Model Army had some problems getting over here, I suppose because they had some "anti-American" sentiments.

M.C. Yeah, they're sort of an example. I think even people like Julian

Cope, I heard he couldn't get an American visa, he's much more well-known than we are.

P.J. Actually, I did see him opening up for Siouxsie & the Banshees.

M.C. Oh, he must have done it then obviously. But maybe he had problems and eventually got over them, I don't know. It does still seem a bit strange really, the whole problem of getting a visa to come to America.

P.J. It does seem a bit superficial. It seems that if you have someone who can do the right things you can almost immediately get in, but if you don't have it really well-organized, you can't just pick up and go. Most of the bands I've heard about, that had problems, after awhile -- banging on the door and making a big deal of it, like New Model Army or Peter Murphy -- eventually got in. I think it's going to just blow over eventually, or so I hope.

P.J. Just the other night I saw the video for *Cut The Tree*. That's a fairly old song or a couple of years old?

M.C. We actually recorded it in November, 1985.

P.J. How do you like the video then?

M.C. Well actually, the three of us weren't very pleased with it, or...we...it was funny really, we all thought it could have been better. We had a lot of really good ideas, what we thought were good ideas, and at the end of the day, three quarters of the ideas, um, aren't in it (laughs). But we all felt it could have been a lot better but it's been strange really, because most of our friends and people we know seemed to really like the video. So I don't know, maybe if we had had it how we wanted they wouldn't have liked it. It can be like that sometimes. The song, I still like that even though, as I said, it's nearly two years old. But Dif Juz and we were the first to record songs for the compilation LP, and the whole project just took a lot longer than anybody thought it was going to.

P.J. Yes, I can remember hearing about that about a year and a half ago before it even came out. You had hoped for a bit more humor, as I recall, and there are some funny parts.

M.C. Yeah, I mean there were some things in it, but as I say, we had ideas for a lot more things in it. It's frustrating when you know the potential of something and that potential isn't really realized. But there are some bits of the video I like. I don't know what you think, but we always think there's more humor in what we do than people ever

realize, so it's something that people miss a lot.

P.J. It's too bad then, perhaps, that that didn't come out in the video, because there were some people I know



who thought it was a very "4ADish" video, that it is what they would have expected of a 4AD video.

M.C. Well, the thing is, in a way that's true, although it's not the sort of thing I'd like to admit really, because I don't feel that there is a 4AD mold or pattern. I think there is a lot of different things happening on 4AD. I always say, "well, look, compare Colourbox to the Cocteau Twins," and you can't. There's a lot of variety on 4AD but the videos were all directed by 23 Envelope, the agency responsible for quite a large proportion of any design that 4AD uses and I guess that's why perhaps there's elements of 23 Envelope which have come through on the video.

P.J. I think most of the linkage between bands on 4AD has been positive.

M.C. In England there has been a backlash, you know. Our last record, *Big Sex*, there was one review I remember which only talked about the fact that it was released through 4AD, it didn't actually talk about the music at all, only the fact that we were a 4AD group and this and that...and that's the kind of thing that seems to occur in England. It tends to happen with anything that gets some degree of merit. You get some journalist who builds you up as this week's big flavor and another month or two later they all shoot you down in flames. That was another

good thing about journalists and people we talked to in America and other places in Europe we've been. It seems to be that that kind of journalism is more particular to England.

P.J. It is unfortunate, it sometimes is really depressing to read N.M.E.

M.C. Yes, quite often it seems to me that some of the journalists in England are just really furthering their own careers. I often read reviews and I sort of get through several paragraphs, read it to the end and sort of think, "what was he talking about" (laughs). Some of them tend to use as many large, flowery words as they can, so that their writing looks good, but as far as content...as I say, you often read reviews of musical things that don't even mention music or songs, they are totally abstract.

P.J. The last EP, *Big Sex*, seemed to do well, at least by looking at the import charts and some of the college music journals. It seemed to be much more rhythm oriented, more percussive. Is that what one should expect from the next LP, granted that you have always been heavily into that?

M.C. Yes, I don't know, I think that our music changes all the time, but one thing that has been a common link is our interest in percussion and rhythm, drums and the power of it really, the power of strong, heavy, up-front

rhythms. So I suppose it's always something that is likely to crop up in what we do. We don't want to get fixed into any sort of pattern or format, so at the same time our stuff is likely to be changing.

P.J. Your work, prior to the Wolfgang Press, was with Rema-Rema and Mass. Could you give some information on your background leading up to the Wolfgang Press?

M.C. I met Nick (Michael Allen)



about ten years ago, 1977, just met through being part of the bubble that was bursting in London around that time, or a year earlier, 1976 actually. I think anybody who was around at that time probably had their eyes opened to a lot of things they could do and could not do and for me personally, it was the realization that music didn't have to be made by just people who spent eight

years at music college. Music was something that is everybody's and all you had to do was find something to make noise with...and make it. So I think Mick was in a group called the Models and I joined that band for two weeks, but it didn't really work so Mick, Mark and I sort of split off from that group and with a bloke named Gary Aster, made Rema-Rema. It functioned for about six months with us messing about with drum machines, and tentatively we thought we'd prefer to have a real person playing drums, so we got a drummer and started to play. We played about ten or twelve times for a period of about a year, then split up.

When we were functioning, we were approached a couple of times by Peter Kent, who was Ivo's partner, and they were forming 4AD, around 1979, and he said that if we wanted to release a record that he would be interested in doing it. At the time we were trying to get involved in a really large record company, thought we could get more money in order to do what we wanted to musically, artistically, though it's not a word I like to use presentation-wise. Once we split up, suddenly people stood up and said we should release something, so we released this demo, *Wheel in the Roses*.

P.J. That was one of the first 4AD releases, correct?

M.C. Yes, it was catalog #5 on 4AD.

P.J. What happened after that? What do you think of it now, looking back on it?

M.C. That time I think Rema-Rema were doing something really interesting, new and exciting. And at the time not enough people took notice of that to help it flourish and it always stuck me as odd, that ever since R-R split up, people talk about how influential R-R were and that kind of thing has become sort of cultish thing in a way, and as I say I always think it's strange that it didn't happen at the time. I think that often when something is quite new, a lot of people prefer to stay safe with what they already know rather than trying something that explores new ground.

See *Wolfgang Press* pg. 50

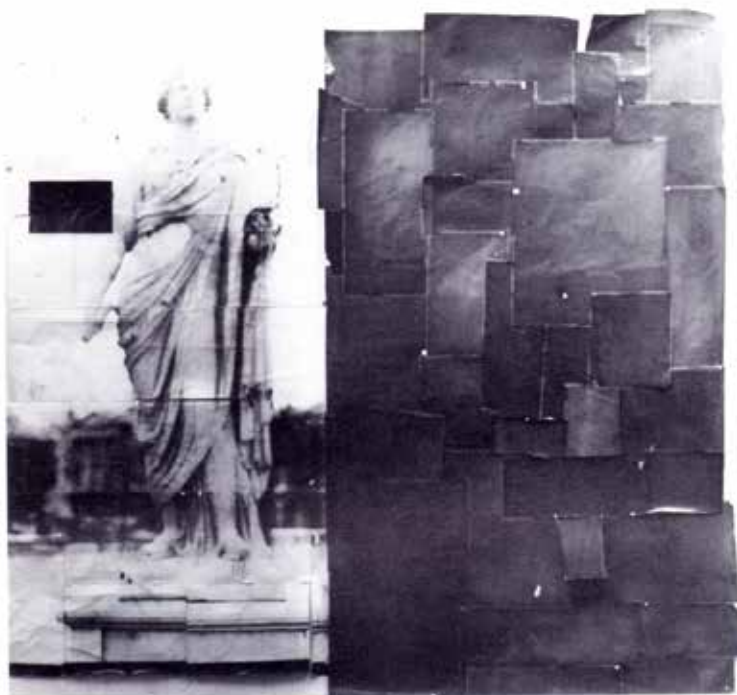
“That's the kind of thing that seems to occur in England. You get some journalist who builds you as this week's big flavor and another month or two later they all shoot you down in flames.”



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THE STARN TWINS

ART PHOTOGRAPHY'S DOUBLE SENSATION

As is usually the case for newly-discovered talent, things have happened quickly for Boston's Starn Twins. Having attended the city's School of the Museum of Fine Arts from 1980-1985 the brothers developed new ways of treating and presenting photos that have created quite a stir within art-community circles.

Discovered by their dealers, Linda and Stefan Stux in the 1985 graduate exhibition at the school, the twins' rise to acclaim and popularity has been rapid. Their presence in this past Summer's Whitney Biennial has put their work in high demand; every major work in the exhibit has been sold.

What is it that makes the Starn Twins such a sensation? The two have revolutionized art photography. Their process of creating gigantic montages of crumpled, torn, scratched and taped together images has caught the eye of serious art critics and buyers. The Village Voice's Gary Indiana called their work, "a meticulously ordered,

thorough-going assault on photographic conventions, thematically unified and visually thrilling."

Citing Alfred Stieglitz, Sol LeWitt, David Salle and Julian Schnabel as influences the twins operate as a single working unit, conducting much of their work in the darkroom. Having spent most of their lives together, growing up in New Jersey and developing a passion for art and photography the twins have no difficulty working together. It doesn't really matter who holds the camera or who creates the photograph, the results are the same — stunning.

Their recent fame (their pieces have been purchased by Julian Schnabel, Charles Saatchi, and Bianca Jagger) hasn't affected the twins. They still enjoy their work and continue producing it at an unrelenting pace. Their work can be viewed at Sarasota, Florida's Ringling Museum of Art November 20 - January 31. "Mike and Doug Starn: The Christ Series" will feature new pieces by the Starns created especially for the exhibit.



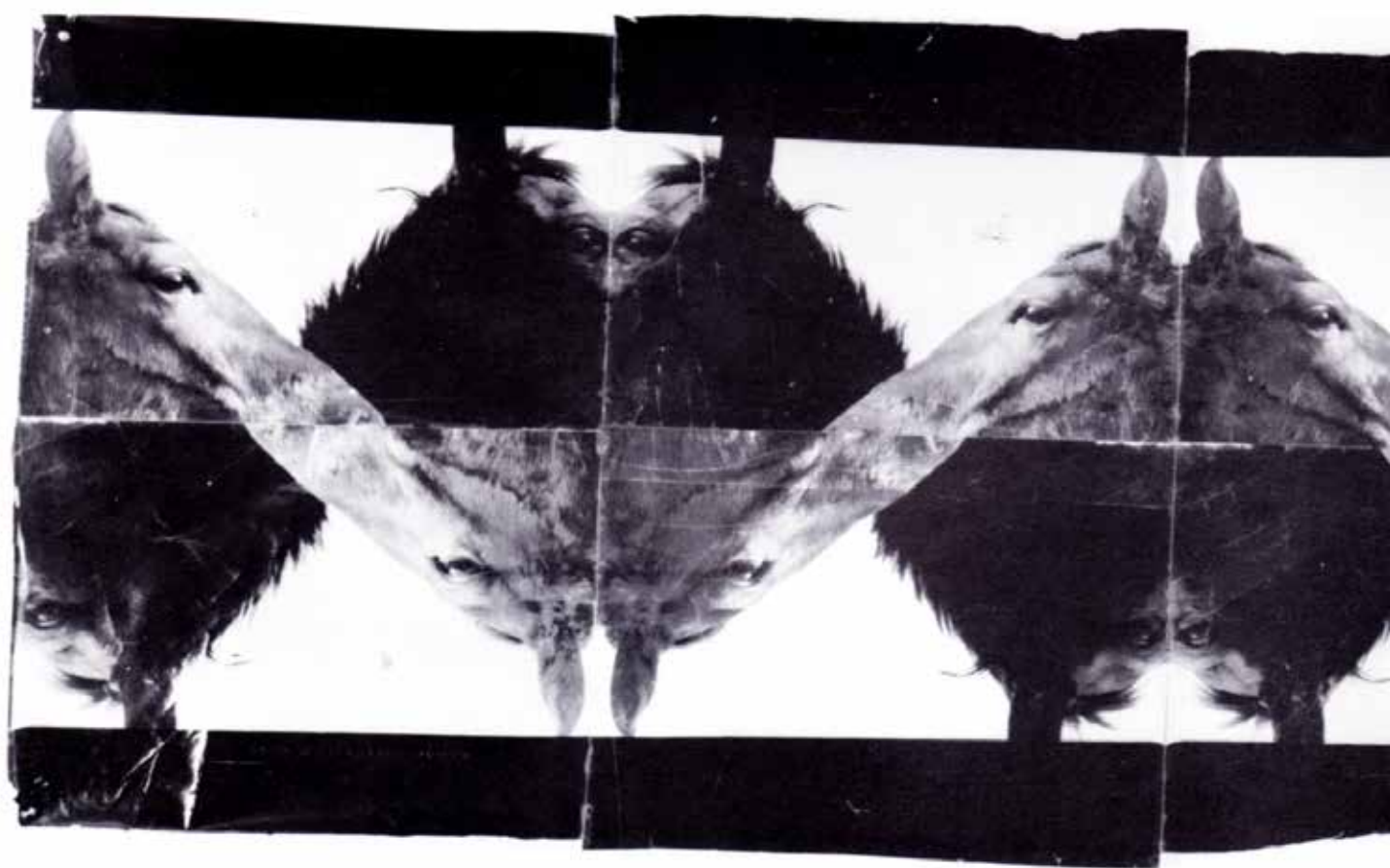
The Starn Twins
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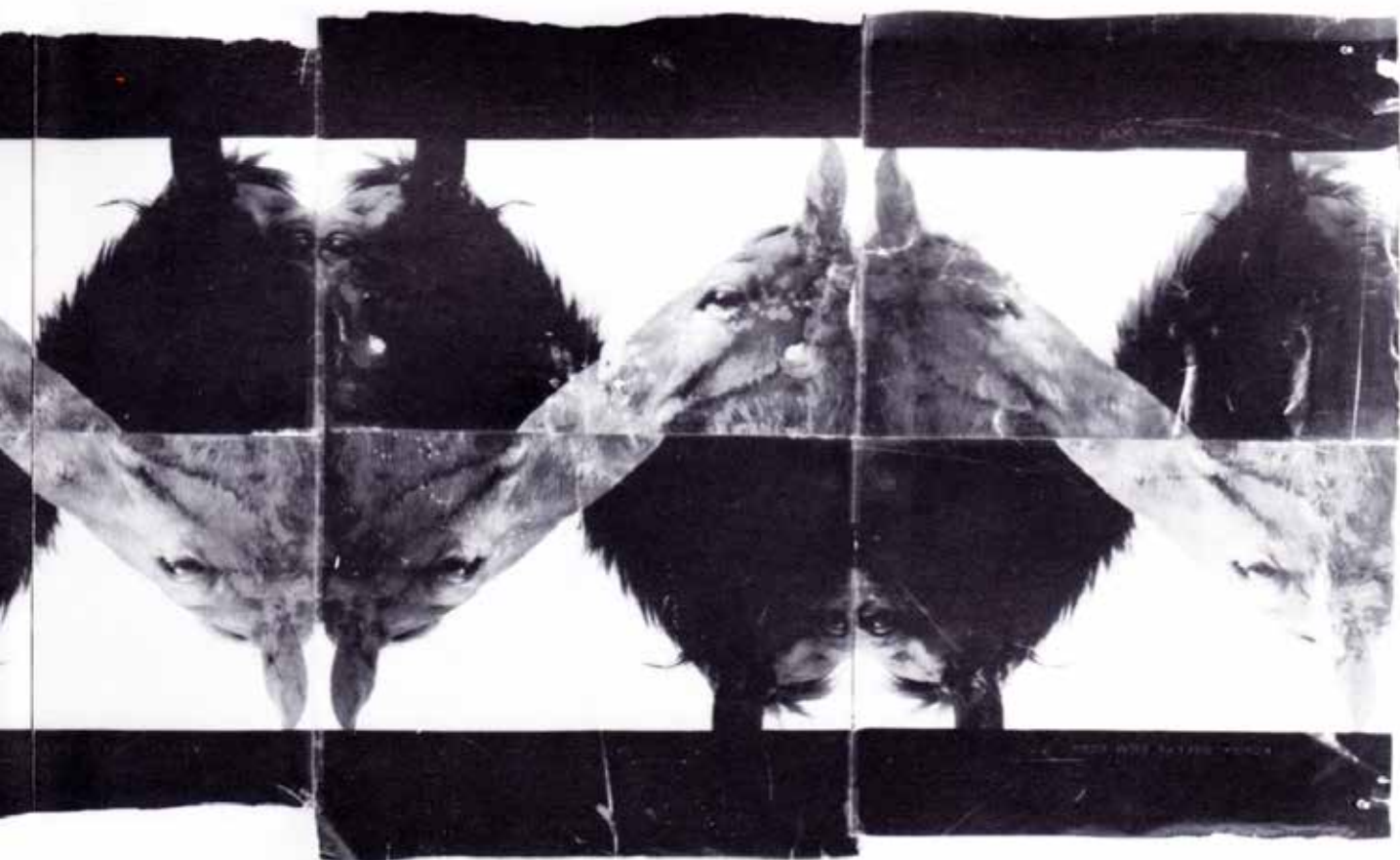


The Starn Twins installation at Stux Gallery, New York.



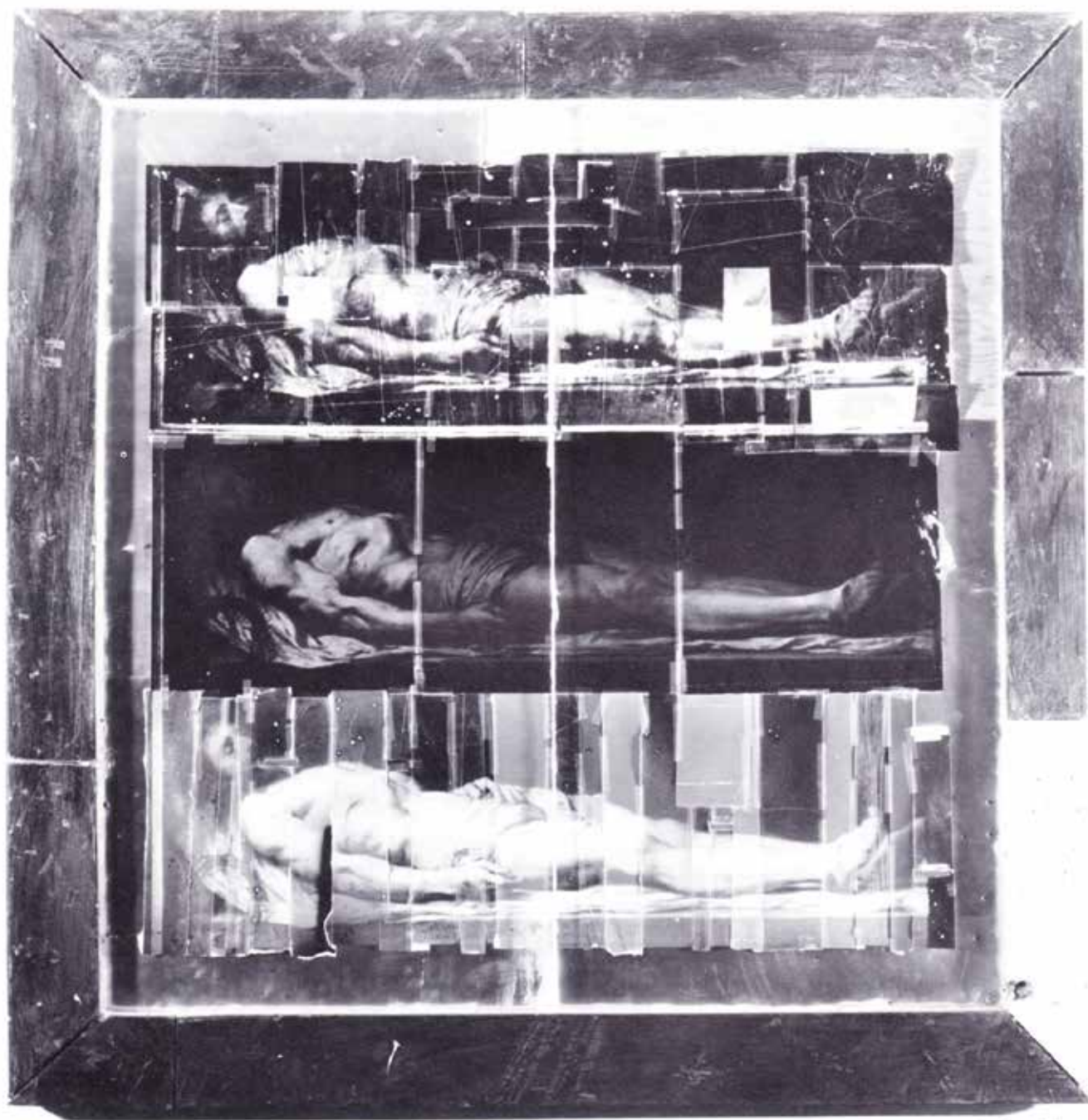
The Starn Twins
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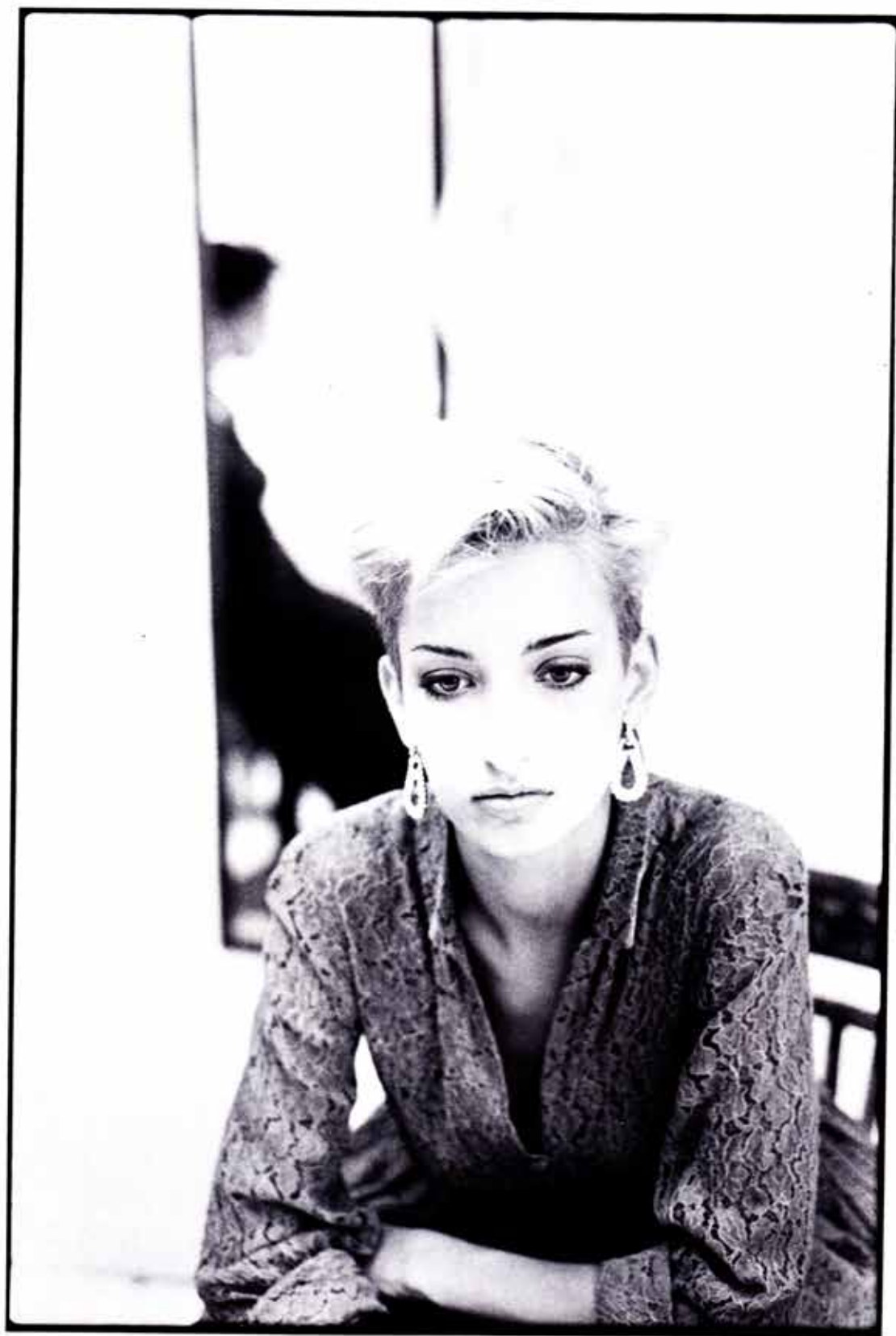


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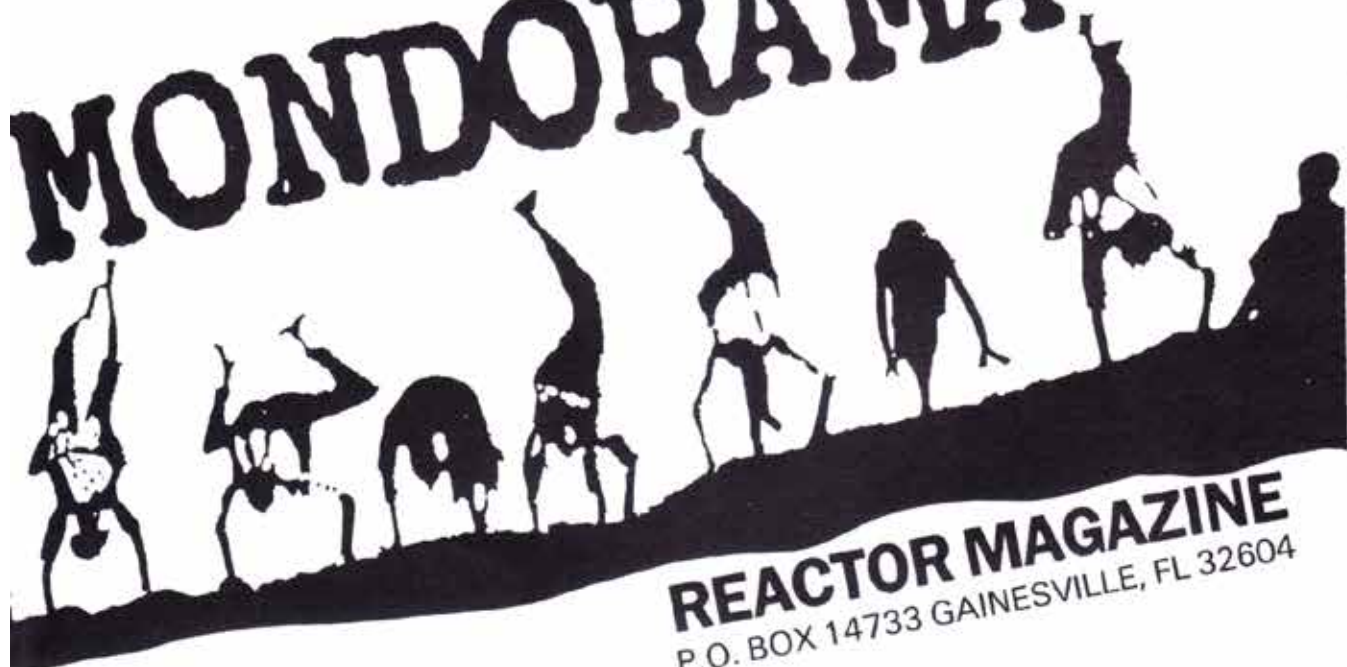
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On the Beach

By R.W. Morrison

It was the lowest point in my life. I'd been suspended from junior college, lost my girlfriend and my job. But the worst part in this chain of misfortune was that I had to move back in with my parents.

Not that they were thrilled about it either, but my parents saw it as their chance to save me from the decadent life I'd been leading with drugs, booze and sex with older women.

"You have no business sleeping with a 26-year-old woman," Mom would say. "You're only eighteen." ►

Yes, but I'd been supporting myself since I was sixteen when I quit high school and made what I thought would be a one-way trip to Seattle. That was after Mom and Dad tried to send me on a six-month retreat "to be saved" by their friends at the First United Holy Roller Church. Instead, I took my own retreat...3,000 miles away.

That had been two years before and now, at eighteen, I was sleeping on the living room floor in Melbourne and listening to Dad's bright ideas about how I should join the army or something. "You're just spinning your wheels here," he'd tell me. "You need to make something of yourself."

I never argued. I had quit listening a long time ago. The church people would tell my folks how I had "tuned out" and "turned on" with drugs, etc., that I needed God's help.

After about a month back under their roof, they stopped pitching their suggestions at me. They knew I didn't want to play catch. I think it occurred to them that whatever I made of myself, I would do it without their influence.

Actually, they should've known how much influence they had on me. Because as it turned out, I always made it a point to look at life and live it from the opposite view that they did.

So anyway, I spent the winter and spring spinning my wheels until I got a letter from the college saying that I was off suspension. I'd done my time. I decided to register for the summer term. This was it, I told myself. Time to fight from the inside, beat the system by becoming part of it.

Classes began and there I was at 8:30 a.m. every morning, pencil sharp and ready to learn all about interpreting literature. I really hated the routine, but I was out of my parents' way and they, mine.

It was only three days into classes when I met J, a fellow classmate in Understanding State and Local Governments. We were standing in the corridor on ten-minute break from the lecture when this character turned suddenly to me and said, "I've had it with this Mayberry RFD shit for today. Let's hit the beach."

There was only one stop we had to make on the fifteen-mile long causeway to the beach at Turtle Mound and that was to get beer. Once done, we tore along Highway 405 in J's yellow VW Bug. I looked over at him, sipping from my can of Old Milwaukee. His wavy, blonde hair which normally hung down past his shirt collar was being pulled back straight by the wind rushing in through the window rolled down only halfway.

J turned his head and looked at me. Somehow, even behind the black, polarized lenses he was wearing, I could feel his gaze sinking into me...as if I were a stone he was turning to see what was underneath.

"So what is it that you do or want to do or whatever," he asked, head turning back to the road occasionally to see if we were still on the right side. There was no traffic and it was a straight shot all the way to where the sand meets the water.

"Who knows," I answered. "Whatever."

"Good enough for me." He laughed, lit a joint and then handed it to me.

By the time we were on the beach, I was sufficiently high and killing my second beer.

“His message seemed to be that I should live with the purpose of living without purpose. He never spoke his philosophy. He lived it.”

The shore was desolate. No one but sandpipers running back and forth from the waves, a squadron of pelicans soaring overhead and occasional groups of bickering seagulls. The ocean roared as I looked up and down the coastline. How come it always looks like it's raining on the beach except where I'm standing, I asked myself.

I looked around to see where J had gone and realized that he was already in the water, swimming out to where the waves begin to swell. I stood there squinting to see his tanned image bobbing in the water, swimming to catch a wave, pulling back and waiting for another, catching one all the way in, then turning around fighting the broken waves to get back out there for one more ride. Lying in the sand, I emptied my thoughts and just listened to the ocean sounds: serene, quiet, violent and raging.

After a while, I was reminded that I wasn't alone when J walked up, collapsed into the sand next to me, dripping wet.

"You know," he said in short, exasperated words, "you really should go out there and do some body surfing. Nothing quite like it."

"I'll have to give it a shot," I said, "but not today. I'm too relaxed now."

"Wish we had a radio with us." J opened another beer.

"That would ruin the whole scene, I said. "It would bring that real world blasting right into this one, complete with hotdog stands and condominiums. Here is the only place where we can escape from all that bullshit."

"I never thought of that before, but you're damn right. Damn right! Fuck the radio!"

J shouted these words with such feeling that I had to laugh. But the laughter was delayed, making J ask what was so funny. I shook my head at him. In my mind, the answer was, "here I've been kicking around for five years with the 'fuck it' attitude and never once did I shout it aloud."

The next day, J and I sat in class watching the clock. The plan was set: after Shakespeare we hit the beach. "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day," the teacher recited.

The bell rang and we were out the door, sound of the waves beckoning.

The first thing we did was dive into the surf and swim out a ways, floating in silence, waiting for the water to rise and curl, hoping that we'd be riding it when it did.

Breaking natural silence, I

splashed J who was floating on his back, eyes closed. He looked over at me with a smile. "What?"

"I was just wondering what you want to do when you get out of school."

"Just what I'm doing now."

"You mean," I asked mockingly, "you don't want to use that knowledge to attain a higher social position?"

"I'm not into cocktail parties," he answered.

As these last words scattered across the surface of the water, traveling as far as the horizon, a wave towered behind us and J caught it, riding all the way in. I felt strange and alone in the water. I caught the next wave in.

"There's really nothing that feels like the experience of body surfing. Sure there's board surfing, hang-gliding, skiing and even soccer. But when I body surf, I become part of the wave, a part of its force...like I was rushing with the water through huge turbines at a hydroelectric dam, generating light for a hundred Midwestern cities." J stretched out on the sand. There was the sound of the tide and gulls crying in the distance.

"Of course, you'd never really live through an experience like that," I said to him.

"True," he said, staring up at the sun. "But I would be giving my life for the benefit of society."

The tide was coming in, the sun going down. And we sat there bullshitting until the water came up around us, soaking our towels and threatening to drag them out to sea.

Mom and Dad were in an unusually mild state of mind when I walked in the door that evening. They asked me how classes were. I told them fine. They went back to the TV screen and I went into the study which I convinced them into letting me use for a bedroom.

I began rummaging through the desk drawers, remembering that I'd stashed a joint in one of them. Or at least I thought I did. Eureka! I lit it, taking a long drag and holding my breath. I sat on the bed indian style, my spine arched back and my head tilted as if I were meditating.

I released the smoke from my lungs and it billowed from my

mouth, clouding the room. I could hear the Wheel of Fortune far off in the living room, contestants and audience gasping over the glamorous prizes. My thoughts turned to J.

What was it about him that made me want to re-evaluate my whole outlook on life? I barely knew him yet seemed to know everything he stood for.

Who was this apparition that was able to say things to me without speaking a word? His message seemed to be that I should live with the purpose of living without purpose. He never spoke his philosophy. He lived it. I understand all this now.

“J dove into the water as I lay back on the sand. I closed my eyes and thought of my entire past, all the years trying to fit in somewhere, never realizing there was a better way.”

Weeks passed and their days were spent mainly on the beach. In the roaring silence, sanctuary, J and I talked, listened and had the answers. But to me he became more than a friend. He became a sort of mentor. He made me search inside myself for whatever it was I lost between Melbourne and the Western Slope. I believe now that I loved him. Sometimes now, at night, when I look out of my window along the Cascades, it seems clear to me and I think I know. But in the daylight all these ideas cloud over. I'm still unsure.

The last time I saw J, we were on the beach, like always. I remember looking at the sky and seeing streaks of white all across: long, thin strips of cloud, crossing each other and drifting westward, expanding as they drifted, becoming less definable.

"Jet fighters," J said. "Never a good sign."

He stood there, wooden, looking at the sky. He resembled an Indian trying to sell cigars or petrified wood or something.

"White man sneak with forked

tongue," I joked.

"What," he asked vaguely and with a frown. "I'm going swimming."

J dove into the water as I lay back on the sand. I closed my eyes and thought of my entire past, all the years spent just trying to fit in somewhere, never realizing there was a better way. And now, through my chance encounter with J, how quickly it had slipped away.

I thought of Susan, my ex-girlfriend. Where was she now? Probably looking for a man who had ambition and money to back it up. I thought of Mom and Dad at home watching TV, viewing all

the things they'd like to own, the people they'd like to be, never getting any of it.

The next thing I remember is waking up to the cold water hitting my skin. The tide had come in. The sun was setting. But where was J?

I looked up and down the beach. Nobody. I scanned the water out to the horizon. Nothing. I sat there for a moment and decided to see if he went to the car. Over the boardwalk, onto the asphalt, I saw where his yellow Bug sat. But there was nobody anywhere.

I went back to where the towels were lying covered with sand. There was a glint of metal down by the waterline, to where the waves receded.

Walking over and picking it up, I recognized it as the silver necklace that J always wore. I looked out upon the darkening eastern sky, the ocean going black. I would go to the mountains. I never wanted to be on the beach again.

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The Young Gods
Product Inc.

Adding to the two previous 12"s (released on Wax Trax! and Product Inc.), is the Young Gods self-titled debut album, produced by Roli Mosimann of Swans fame. Giant sound, vibrant heavy rhythms, and massive beats are the basis of this Swiss trio. This album is distanced from total noise by the pristine synth sounds woven in and out of the noise spectrum. Since this is a noise-laden band that sings in French, it is initially unwelcoming, but after in-depth listening the rhythms and textures show through. **SN**

The db's
The Sound of Music
IRS

It's been a long time since "Like This", the last db's record to be released (bearly, pun intended). The db's deserve to be heard, and "The Sound of Music" marks their first readily available release. The timing couldn't have been better. This is one band that improves with adversity - Peter Holsapple shows off a new confidence with a sharper vocal style and songwriting that makes "The Sound of Music" the tightest, and best db's record yet, and hopefully there's more to come. **JT**

Cabaret Voltaire
Code
Manhattan

Moving from their Some Bizarre/Virgin affiliation to Manhattan Records, Cabaret Voltaire are now poised for success in the U.S. dance market, though it's hard to imagine the DJ in the local cha cha palace mixing the Miami Sound Machine with the Cabs' darker funk moods. With "Code" the Cabs continue their foray into deep funk rhythms, bass, and tape loops even more reminiscent of Eno/Byrne's "Bush of Ghosts" from 1981. 'Thank you America' sounds like a direct answer to 'America is Waiting'. Even so, the beat is infectious and with songs like 'Don't Argue' and 'Sex, Money, Freaks', this album is guaranteed plenty of time on turntables of progressive bars and radio stations everywhere. 'Code' is good music for cleaning house and will please your disco friends. **SS**

Borghesia
No Hope No Fear
Play It Again Sam USA

Laibach goes techno? Not really, but the shared homeland (Yugoslavia) does invite a comparison. Borghesia sound a lot like any other dark industrial-funk band, but their use of horns and other noise and their native tongue gives "No Hope No Fear" an added edge. **JT**



Cabaret Voltaire's *CODE* for success

Throwing Muses
The Fat Skier
Sire

Throwing Muses second LP continues their keenly crafted neuro-popsmanship. Kristin Hersh's vocals can be incredibly irritating or wonderfully soothing, depending, of course, on one's mood. Side two's only song, 'Soul Soldier' takes one on a number of transcendental moods, as do 'And A She-Wolf After the War' and 'Pools In Eyes'. Rather disquieting and aloof, *The Fat Skier* is a worthy followup to a debut that was probably overlooked by most. **JT**

The Foetus All-Nude Revue
Bedrock
Some Bizzare/Relativity

Oh give me a home where the dinosaurs roam. This ain't no dinosaur rock, that's for shur. Mr. Foetus is back in his usual varied sort of way, this time with a treat of big band S & M. The Foetus variations are becoming a bit, uh boring. As for the music, it's more novelty than substance. **GH**

The Cassandra Complex
Hello America
Rouska

These guys look kind of like Sigue Sigue Sputnik. Luckily their music doesn't offer the same similarities. "Hello America" is a compilation of previously released 12"s including 'Moscow Idaho', 'Beyond Belief', 'David Venus', 'Datakill' and four others. Vocal snarl, drums pound, guitars grind, people dance. Get it? **GH**

10,000 Maniacs
In My Tribe
Elektra

Having attended school (Fredonia) where the maniacs recorded their first two LPs, *Human Conflict #5* and *Secrets of the I Ching* it's been exciting to see them get to where they are. Their debut on Elektra wasn't much unlike their early work, with a nice, but not overproduced sound and an overall refreshing exuberance. On *In My Tribe* they come dangerously close to blowing it. It's not a bad record; very pretty and melodic, in fact. But it doesn't have the kick that I'd hoped for, and expected. **JT**

The Leather Nun
Force Of Habit
IRS

The Leather Nun have been cult favorites since 1979 when their 'Slow Death' EP was released via Throbbing Gristle's Industrial Records. Since then the band has enjoyed continuing

popularity leading to this compilation of hits on IRS. This Swedish quintet create a moody, guitar driven onslaught on 'I Can Smell Your Thoughts', 'Pink House' and Abba's 'Gimme Gimme Gimme' and offer a more emotional perspective with 'For The Love of Your Eyes'. **JT**

The Legendary Pink Dots
Stone Circles
Play It Again Sam USA

This collection of previously released tracks by the Dots should begin their discovery by the masses. Anyone that experienced Ed Ka-Spel's solo performances during tour knows of his ability to create a transcendental aural experience. "Stone Circles" shows the genius behind this Dutch band that have been overlooked for so long. Passing up the Dots would be a damnable act. **GH**



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Room Nine
Voices...Of A Summers Day
C'est la Mort

I've never been to the Pacific Northwest but there's a certain mood that comes across on this LP that matches my idea of Seattle, this trio's hometown. Room Nine were standouts on C'est la Mort's "Dr. Death's Vol. I" compilation with their heavenly 'Angels Sing'. "Voices...Of A Summers Day" doesn't quite match the beauty of that song but stands out as a representation of guitar music in general, and, more specifically from the Pacific coast. Excellent production and packaging show the dedication to quality that makes C'est la Mort one of this country's up and coming labels. **JT**

Flesh For LuLu
Long Live The New Flesh
Capitol

Is this corporate rock, or what? Not quite, but almost. Flesh For LuLu have been kicking around the indie circuit for several years now and have become popular enough to justify a major label signing. As for their music - pretty innocuous, straight forward, AOR music. "Long Live The New Flesh" has its share of half-decent tunes - it can be appreciated as long as one remembers the context its under. **GH**

The Connells
Boylan Heights
TVT Records

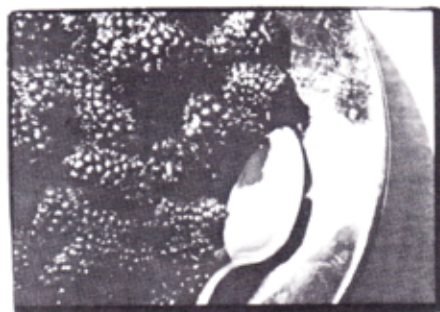
Raleigh, North Carolina's Connells scored a biggie with their debut, "Darker Days". "Boylan Heights" is the progression one would expect from them, with stronger guitar and vocal work and improved production (Mitch Easter). They can be categorized, but why bother - their music has a voice of its own, and one that should be heard. **JT**

The Balancing Act
Three Squares And A Roof
Primitive Man

Whatever you do, don't call this folk music. I don't know what to call it, but I like it. The Balancing Act have one great quality, they don't take themselves too seriously. Using a number of instruments ranging from a cheap Casio to lead guitarist Willie Aron's head, they produce an offbeat sound that is unique, without being a novelty. Their debut, "New Campfire Songs", produced by Peter Case gave them a folk label, but "Three Squares And A Roof" shows an increased jazz touch and use of vocal harmony. With songs like "Whiskered Wife", "Kicking Clouds Across The Sky", and "Governor of Pedro" The Balancing Act are the kind of group to sit around and enjoy, whether it be by a campfire or in your jacuzzi. **GH**

Reviewers: JT - John Tripp
SN - Stephen Nanders
GH - George Howard, SS-Steve Shit

THE BALANCING ACT



three



squares



and a



roof



IRS-42082



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Big Black
Songs About Fucking
Touch and Go

Yes, everybody knows by now that Big Black are no more. Some of us are sad, some could care less. I'm about half of each. "Headache" was exactly that. "S.A.F" is one last surge of noise that ends it for Big Black but leaves open ends for its members. Nice cover of 'The Model'. **GH**

Pieter Nooten/Michale Brook
Sleeps With The Fishes
4AD

In the same neighborhood as last years "The Moon and the Melodies" this LP offers a classically influenced aural dreamscape. Instruments include cello, violin, oboe and piano. Very much a 4AD record, "Sleeps With The Fishes" is about as new ageish a record can be without being categorized as such. **GH**

Skinny Puppy
Cleanse Fold And Manipulate
Capitol/EMI

It's amazing that a major label has the gumption to release this music. Give credit to Capitol for signing Skinny Puppy, evidently it's worth the risk. Those risks aside Skinny Puppy take a lot of their own on "Cleanse Fold and Manipulate" becoming even more engrossed with their "gloom-doom" sound. This time around they go for a bigger (can you believe it?) beat that'll blow the woofers out of any boombox. One can only take so much of it though - one side is easily enough. **JT**

Yello
One Second
Polygram

One would've never expected 'Oh, Yeah' to become a hit more than two years after its release, I guess it takes at least that long for radio to catch up. Yello are a group that transcend dating and categorization - a timeless musical entity. "One Second" delves further

into the duo's Afro-rhythm fix with the addition of ballads like 'The Rhythm Divine' with Shirley Bassey on vocals. An ingenious LP that probably won't be appreciated for another two years. **JT**

Various Artists
Sounds of Soweto
Capitol/EMI

As oppressed as South Africa may be, its musical heritage has thrived through the midst of it all. This double LP sampler features ten bands (Thetha, Rex Rabanye, Supa Freka, Condry Ziqubu and others) representative of this country's current music scene. As distinguishable as the South African sound is, all of these bands offer variations of it, with some being more popish and others more "third world". "Sounds of Soweto" shows an abundance of talent coming from this troubled nation. **JT**

The Revolving Paint Dream
Off To Heaven
Creation

"Off To Heaven" is a 1980's neopsychedelic masterpiece of creative genius laced with fantastic guitar work and blessed with both male and female vocals. According to the LP's liner notes, this band ceased existing three years before this, their first LP, was released. One of the LP's best songs, a six and one-half minute classic titled '7 Seconds', is the kind of song that slips into the brain at all hours of the day, even when it hasn't been played for a week. The Revolving Paint Dream are not to be compared to other 80's neopsychedelic bands; "Off To Heaven" goes beyond The Rain Parade and makes XTC's Dukes of Stratospheer look embarrassingly sick. **SS**

Shelleyan Orphan
Helleborine
Columbia

Take a classical influenced sound, similar to the Cocteau Twins, remove the drum machines and synth's, and you've got Shelleyan Orphan. Jemaur Tayle and Caroline Crawley have craftily composed "Helleborine", an album

that incorporates classical, folk, as well as jazzy styles. The vocals and chorus often take a similar approach in style to that of the Smiths and B-52's, yet the album retains the classical edge which makes it so intriguing. **SN**

Click Click
Wet Skin and Curious Eye
Play It Again Sam/Wax Trax

Longtime underground dance faves, Sheffield's Click Click are now available domestically via Wax Trax. This veritable collection, including 'Clang!', 'The Sack', 'Skripplow', and five others will initiate the unfamiliar to Click Click's austere, angsty grooves. **GH**

Chris and Cosey
Exotika
Netzwerk/Capitol

Quirky synth-pop so clean you can hear the squeaks. Chris and Cosey have made the metamorphosis from their Psychic TV days complete with "Exotika". Surprisingly 'Obsession' is not on the LP but tracks like Dr. John (Sleeping Stephen), Vengeance, and Confession make up for it. Listen to this album and let it affect you with its

supposed subliminal messages, or just dance either way it's a good beat. **GH**

Tones On Tail
Night Music
Beggars Banquet

For those who don't know, Tones On Tail is one of the many incarnations of the Bauhaus/Love and Rockets family which has been consistently cranking out good music, dance hits, etc...for the last decade. "Night Music" is Tones On Tail's greatest hits compilation on compact disc, and with a total running time of almost 72 minutes this is one CD that's actually worth its price. Nearly everything is here from their LP's and 12"s: 'War', 'Gol', 'Lions', 'Twist', 'There's Only One', 'Christian Says', 'OK This Is The Pops', and nine others. If only they hadn't included the somnambulistic 'When You're Smiling' and the only mildly interesting live serving of 'Heartbreak Hotel' they could've squeezed in five glaringly absent essentials: 'The Never Never (Is Forever)', 'Performance', 'Slender Fungus', 'Copper', and 'Now We Lustre'. Still, the CD is recommended, especially if you don't already own the vinyl. **SS**

O U T L A N D



T R A D E

T H E D R . D E A T H C O L U M N

It's no secret that 4-AD is one of my favorite labels. And their new compilation, "Lonely Is An Eyesore," is probably their opus maximus and most are new offerings. "Frontier" by Dead Can Dance was on their first LP, but this recording is the original 4-track mix done in Melbourne, Australia in 1979. "Moscovite Musquito" by Clan of Xymox was released previously on an Abstract Records compilation, but the LIAE version is superior. "Fish" by Throwing Muses was re-recorded, but first appeared on a Muses cassette in 1985. Then it showed up on a flexi somewhere in Boston, only to be released again on the Dr. Death Vol. I compilation LP.

The rest of the LP consists of totally new material by The Cocteau Twins, Dif Juz, Colourbox, Wolfgang Press and This Mortal Coil. The accompanying videos are a monument to the talents of Nigel Grierson of 23 Envelope. Ivo seems to protect his stable of talent from over-hype in a way that teases us all and leaves the mighty American majors in awe. Consider what most American labels spend on videos, then feast your "sore eyes" on "Acid, Bitter and Sad" by This Mortal Coil. No enormous bucks were spent here, at least not by industry standards, but it's as textured as a Ridley Scott film, with a sensuousness that makes most other attempts seem so two-dimensional. With the exception of Alison Limerick on vocals and the powerful, yet somewhat restrained guitar work by Chris Pye, all of the music is performed by Ivo and John Fryer. Each group's individual personality is captured on film in a way only before imagined in dreams. Four stars from Dr. Death!

Also new from 4-AD and in heavy rotation on The Dr. Death Show, are A.R.KANE and M.A.R.R.S. Two of the three tracks on A.R.Kane's EP, "Sado-Masochism Is A Must" and "Butterfly Collection," are a bit noisy, but certainly well within the range of my taste. At worst they only lack the symmetry contained in the title track "Lolita," also produced by Robin Guthrie. With an almost Durrutti Column style intro and vocals much more controlled than the B side, "Lolita" graduates into a sublime intensity reminiscent of Cocteau Twins in mid-stream. The name M.A.R.R.S. is an acronym symbolizing the collaborative effort between Martyn and Steve Young of Colourbox and A.R.Kane. The A side, "Pump

Up the Volume" is intelligently danceable in true Colourbox style. (About 135 BPM, but who's counting!) A.R.Kane have dominance on the flip-side with "Anitina." The guitar work and vocals are totally A.R.Kane, but Steve and Martyn provide exceptional rhythms. There's just a hint of "Shy One Horse," probably due to the fact that Ivo and John Fryer handled the mix. This 12" is a must-have for any truly progressive dance club.

From Sweatbox Records we find A Primary Industry "paying homage to the stars" with a fantastic cover of "Heart of Glass" by Blondie. Their version has sharper teeth of course, but it's unusually close to the original. This is supposedly no. 1 in a "dynamic new series." B side is version of version.

From Boston by way of New Rose Records (France) we have Data Bank. A fine two piece synth group, whose new 8 track LP, "Continental Drift," got me so excited I invited them to be on the next Dr. Death compilation. Although superbly produced and far from being minimalistic, it has a certain understated quality about it that really appeals to me. Five original tunes and three covers. "Sister Europe" by the P'Furs, "King's Lead Hat" by Brian Eno and a version of "Isolation" by Joy Division that is absolutely majestic. Very tastefully packaged.

From London's Dead Man's Curve label, headed by Dave Henderson, publisher of Underground Magazine, we have two new releases for '87. First up is Thinking Plague from Denver, CO with a 5 tracker called "Moonsongs." Described as "art jazz smurf rock," their sound reminds me of what might happen if Siouxsie got together with King Crimson during the "Red" or "Starless" period, took lots of acid and washed it down with a fine Burgundy. Strange, yet coherent. Guaranteed to raise your IQ.

"Music From The Dead Zone - Vol. I - Europe," also from DMC, is a tasty, well balanced sampler of ten European bands. Obviously designed for people with broad interests. Includes works by Berlin's Die Todliche Doris, Venus Fly Trap from Northampton with former members of Attrition and Cats Collide, incredible two piece from Leeds called The Hollow Men (upbeat, fine guitar work) and my two favorites, both from Sweden, The Gathering (a little like The Church, but harder edged) and Twice A Man (hard to describe, sort of like...Japan meets

Fra Lippo Lippi with a dash of the Hollies!) Other tracks include Phillip Boa and the Voodoo Club, Gastrattle, Trax, Tresspassers and a group I'm really starting to love, Bene Geserit. Coming soon, "Music From The Dead Zone Vol. II."

From Belgium's Play It Again Sam label, we have a new EP by Neon Judgement entitled "A Man Ain't No Man When A Man Ain't Got No Horse, Man." This record, for some reason, was inspired by the movie Cat Balou. Not only is the late Lee Marvin featured on the cover with his horse, but the song he performed in the movie, "Wand'rin Star" is covered here in a way best described as "Willy Nelson meets Shockabilly!" The other three tracks are in true NJ style. "Chinese Black" reminds me of "Awful Day" from their Mafu Cage LP. "Kid Shyleen" (Lee's name in the movie) is equally powerful, but "I'm Half," by favorite, is a little more industrial and hits you right in the stomach like something from The Young Gods. Buy two in case you lose one!

I prefer not to review albums on my own label C'est la Mort, but I would like to tell you about a few things soon to be released. After many problems the new LP by ROOM NINE, "Voices of a Summer's Day" is almost complete and should be in stores by the time you read this. The reasons for the delay are not important, but all I can say, after hearing the test pressing, is that it was well worth the wait. You have no idea how beautiful this record is and I'm happy this group is part of the C'est la Mort family. There's another Dr. Death comp in the works now and the line-up is fantastic. New tracks by Edward Ka-Spel, Clair Obscur, Controlled Bleeding, Data Bank A, Steve Sheehan (Digital Sex), Martyn Bates (Eyeless in Gaza), Friends of Ghosts (CLM) and three acts who may soon be releasing material on CLM, BILL PRICHARD, THE BEAUTIFUL PEA GREEN BOAT and FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY. All three are from Third Mind Records in England. FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY features Bill Leeb, aka Wilhelm Schroeder formerly of Skinny Puppy and The Tear Garden. C'est la Mort may also be releasing material by BREATHLESS from London and the Paris based group, PSYCHE. Wish me luck!

If you would like more information on C'est la Mort Records or The Dr. Death Show, please write me at P.O. Box 91, Baker, LA

By John Christensen

Journey To The Orient

By Gerard de Nerval
Moyer Bell Ltd. \$6.95

At some points a fictionalized account of poet's experiences in the Middle East, at others a recasting of Arab tales in a distinctly Nervalian mode, even in this abridged edition this is far beyond the usual travel narrative. The section entitled Zetnabia introduces us to the slave girl of that name, a character at once exotic and dignified. Nerval informs us that slaves at that time in Arabic lands were far better off than their counterparts in the U.S. Caliph Hakim, another eponymous protagonist, and the founder of the Druze sect, comes to realize that he is the messiah while slumming in a hashish den. The final section concerns the triangle of Sheba, Solomon, and a promethean architect. While subtly incorporating Nerval's occult beliefs, this section has certain scenes which startlingly prefigure the hallucinations of his mental breakdown as recounted in *Aurelia*.

Novela/Nivola; Mist, Abel Sanchez

How To Make A Novel

By Miguel de Unamuno
Princeton University Press, \$10.95

The nivola, a genre peculiar to the Spaniard de Unamuno, better known in English as a philosopher, consist of quite self-relexive short novels, with the emphasis on the self. The narrators of these three nivolas are preoccupied with mortality and the scant hope of evading it through writing. Exiled for his detestation of Spanish Royalism and its militarist lackeys, de Unamuno is full of insults for the milieu from which Franco was soon to spring.

The Post Card

By Jacques Derrida
University of Chicago Press \$18.95

mixed up? A letter that arrives before it was sent is uncensorable but if nonsensical may be endlessly suggestive, and if wordplay merely annoys or bores you, by all means avoid this book. (Sorry; return to sender, address unknown).

Chicago: City On The Make

By Nelson Algren
University of Chicago Press

Not a pretty picture. "Town of the blind and crippled newsies and the pinboys whose eyes you never see at all. Of the Montgomery-Ward sleepwalkers and the careworn hoppers from home with Expressman Death in their eyes reading all about it on the Garfield Park local." Rather the beauty of defiance, a spit in the eye to comfortable middle class morality and chauvanistic boosterism. With the rhythm and historical scope of an epic poem, as written in the slangy, jaundiced style of a disillusioned loser who found more truth in the gutter than can be seen in all the glittering blather of high society sycophants. A punch drunk, surreal poetry illuminates a deep sympathy for all the lonely losers in this hell beneath the EL.

"The characters are fully realized and the settings, by turns tawdry and sensual, seem to draw them into situations of violence and passion."

vella by the poet who first in heady fragrance of *The Flowers* Baudelaire castigates his own senses while endowing his poems with his own taste for artifice melodramatic trappings of desire. The story involves a dancer, La Fanfarlo, whom the poet meets at the behest of a lady whose husband has fallen for the dancer attracting her attention by scathing reviews of her performance for a newspaper, the poet is really smitten with the chorine and live miserably ever after.

Roman Nights And Other

By Pier Paolo Pasolini
The Marlboro Press \$9.00

These stories by the Italian filmmaker and political activist his characteristic concerns the lumpen proletariat and homoerotic. In Italy to call someone a "Papa" equivalent to calling them a fascist. The characters are fully realized and the settings, by turns tawdry and sensual, seem to draw them into situations of violence and passion. The stories, more than some of the novels and films (though not try), are a marvelous mix of desire and theoretical acuity.

Expressionist Texts

Mel Gordon ed., Paj \$8.95

A collection of German Expressionist plays from the same early 20th century movement that gave us *The Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari* and its strong visual influence on post-war fashion and contemporary photography. Particularly interesting is Oskar Wilde's *Sphinx and Straw* cast consisting of: Mr. Firdushian, a gnostic revolving straw head; Mrs. Berman, Female Soul, called Death, a normal living person; a parrot. The other plays, while this strain of proto-dada humor, the apocalyptic and ecstatic

P.J. That's a fairly common routine you find in a lot of things.

M.C. Yeah, that's it, it happens time and time again really, the most interesting things are sort of overlooked, but that's another part of life really. But I enjoyed what we did at the time, it was really good. After that, Mick, Gary and I got together and thought we'd keep going and formed a group called Mass. That lasted about a year and a half. We released an album called *Labour of Love*, a single called *Cabbage* then also split up into two halves really, Mick and I, Gary and Danny. And Mick and I started the things that became the Wolfgang Press.

P.J. What was your first release?

M.C. The LP, *Burden of Mules* in 1983, and that started really with the song *Prostitute*. Mick and I sort of stumbled across it, as we do when we're making music and just took it to Ivo and said, "we'd like to record this, really, if we pay for half of it will you pay the other?" He said "yeah" and after we recorded it, got back to him, he said, "would you like to record a whole LP," so we made *Burden of Mules*.

P.J. How do you like the LP now?

M.C. Looking back on it, I always think of it as a collection of good ideas that weren't really made the best of, weren't fully explored really. A lot of people have tended to say it was too diverse, which I can understand. It was recorded over the space of a year, I guess it was a standing experiment here, things we were doing at the beginning of the year different from the end of the year. I think a lot of the best ideas on the album aren't brought out to the fore. I think we were very naive, we sort of co-produced it ourselves and we were all searching around really. I think that applies now really, when we're making music we can't exactly decide what it is we want.

P.J. With the past few releases, have you been writing in the studio or have you gotten a collection of ideas together that you want. How does it work?

M.C. What we're doing at the moment actually is...well, initially with music we just tend to meet, the three of us, in a room with a lot of things to make sounds, cassette record a lot of it or all of it. Then just sometimes, at the time you're aware something might be good or sometime later listen to the cassette and sort of think, "oh, that might be good," and so we identify the things we like and just concentrate

more on them and see where we take them or where they take us and just carry on like that. But the initial sort of thing is pretty spontaneous -- we never preconceive any piece of music, they just arrive in a really spontaneous fashion and then we try to make sense of them. That was the thing with *Burden of Mules*, it was a bunch of quite spontaneous ideas. If we were doing that now we could have shaped more into it or given it more direction.

P.J. Who plays what? Mick obviously does vocals.

M.C. Recently with records that we've made, we tend to just put everything for the three of us in a collective way because in the studio, Mick tends to play bass, Andrew mainly plays guitar and I mainly play keyboards, and we all do things with drums and percussion. We all do a bit or whatever and sometimes we don't even remember exactly who did what, and so we tend to put the three of us who played apart from the extra bits and pieces. On *Big Sex* it was said that everything else was done by us.

P.J. On the three EPs collected on *The Wolfgang Press and Other Tall Tales*, were there songs designated to be singles?

M.C. Yes...we thought that the 12" single sort of format was a thing on its own, it has neither the short, sort of throwaway nature of a 7" single nor the concept of an LP. It's the sort of middle ground. So those three 12" singles were made with no special attention paid to any particular songs. The idea of putting it on an LP was Ivo's, really, largely because he felt disappointed at how few of those records actually reached people. They didn't sell very much. He felt that if put together they would make sense as an LP, and they would stand a much better chance of reaching people. And he was right, the LP did seem to do better than any of the singles despite the fact that the material had already been released.

P.J. When might we expect a new EP or LP from you?

M.C. I think probably next year now. One drawback with 4AD is that they're not very big. Bands sometimes have to wait for their record to be released because 4AD don't like to release records all at the same time and because they can't concentrate on what they're doing with each record, so it seems they're really filled up with their scheduled releases for this year. We're starting to get our ideas together and we'll probably go into the studio in

the next couple months. So the thing will be well on its way but it won't be released until January or February of 1988.

P.J. In the record store where I work, all the Wolfgang Press releases we get sell pretty well. People know one or two bands on 4AD and they discover others and check out more bands on the label. I think *Lonely Is An Eyesore* was a good idea.

M.C. Yes...I think one of the links between people on 4AD is their attitude, ideals and principles and so on, rather than strictly musical similarities. I think the similarities come in the way people are and what they think, how they want to do things. In that way it's nice that listeners can link some 4AD things with other things.

P.J. On the last LP (*Standing Up Straight*), were you satisfied with how it sounded - how it stood up?

M.C. Yes. I don't want to ever be totally satisfied with the music, because I think that leads to complacency, but as things that we release go, I thought that was probably one of the best things we did. I think it was quite solid, it stood up straight.

P.J. What music influenced you early on, and what have you been listening to lately?

M.C. Have you got an hour or two? The first things that really got my attention musically, that I felt were really different and interesting and fresh, were when I was 12 or 13. First I liked Jamaican reggae and then slightly later got into James Brown, and started buying a lot of American soul imports, Ohio Players, Fatback Band. This was around 1972 to 1974. I remember seeing the Fatback Band and Ohio Players in London and these things were always large shows with lots of glittery suits, ten people onstage in a place that probably held 3,000 people at the smallest.

I went to a school where most people listened to heavy rock like Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin, King Crimson, all that sort of stuff. So I was aware of that too, but I always preferred sort of funk, soul and reggae. Then about 1975 I started going out to nightclubs, dancing to this sort of soul music and eventually started going to a collection of little clubs where I saw a bunch of people who didn't like the same kind of music, who started dressing in a different kind of way, dyeing their hair, wearing earrings, throwing away their flares. One night someone said to me, "oh, yeah, I went to see this group, the

Sex Pistols, they're just like nothing else you've ever seen, you ought to go and see them," so that's what I did really, and as I said I had been used to going to these really big showtime events of American soul groups or occasional other things like David Bowie and then in this little club saw the Sex Pistols, and I don't know, obviously it's a cliched thing but that night started me on realizing so many different things in a way that changed my life really.

So then I started being exposed to many more different kinds of music, people like the Velvet Underground, Lou Reed, Iggy Pop -- I didn't really know much about him before 1976, it just broadened my horizons. Again, I've always liked a broad spectrum of music. These days I like everything from classical music with a large orchestra, to jazz, blues, soul. I like bits and pieces of everything. I think the three of us all do. We have certain common links that are quite strong musically. We all like the Fall. The Talking Heads always seem to do interesting things, they always expand barriers. The last few months I've listened to a lot of -- I would call it hip-hop -- that whole spectrum of things that people have been doing with basic music, drum machines, voices and lots of sampling. Mainly I hear that on pirate

radio stations; you can't really hear it anywhere else in London. As I say, I like all sorts of things. Tom Waits -- I think he's brilliant. (A short conversation ensues between members of the Tom Waits Appreciation Society).

P.J. I've heard some of your stuff, particularly from the *Big Sex* EP, compared to David Byrne's solo stuff. *The Great Leveller*, in particular, to some of *The Catherine Wheel*.

M.C. It's funny, I don't really see that myself but as you say it's been written in several places. I suppose if we're going to be compared to someone I'd prefer it to be David Byrne than anybody else.

P.J. Are you now more in the habit of printing the lyrics with the LP? The last set was quite elaborate. Most people who saw it were impressed.

M.C. Good, I was really pleased with that also. Again I thought it was a difficult thing to do. The idea in a way is that the fold-out words thing is something that you can put on the wall. If you look at it from a few feet away, the thing I like about it is the shapes and

patterns of the words. But at the same time, the words are so interesting that they deserve to be printed with the record.

P.J. Who writes the lyrics?

M.C. It's pretty much exclusively Mick these days. As a group we tend to go along the lines of whoever does something best should do it, and Mick is really good at writing words in a musical way. Andrew and I tend to let him do that. We realized that he's much better at that than we are.

P.J. How did the shows in Poland go?

M.C. Really well, it was quite an experience. We went there in March and played at an international music festival and that was really interesting. We had no idea how well we were known in Poland and because we played there, the people who organized that show organized the tour we did throughout the country. The people were really curious about what we do. The concerts were good for us, quite wild and confusing really. They're starved of certain cultures. They can't buy our albums, only on the black market. Yet they did have a great knowledge about us and 4AD.

P.J. How do you think that works?

M.C. I think they are so starved of these things that they go looking for them, whereas people in London tend to be complacent. They're bombarded with this, that and the other and they tend to be quite apathetic because of it. In Poland people are motivated to go looking for things because they don't have anything else, so they're hungry for music or things from the West Δ

Dr. Death continued from pg. 48

70714. I enjoy hearing from people from all places, but I must admit I have an affinity for people who live in small towns like myself. Is life in Baker really like living in a David Lynch film? Will there be a "Blood Suckers From Outer Space" part 2? Will Diamonda Galas really be doing the soundtrack for "Nightmare On Elm Street" part 4? Tune in next time and you might find out. C'est la Mort cher!

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The Game
10. Wolfgang Press
Big Sex
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Cleanse, Fold & Manipulate
12. Alien Sex Fiend
Hurricane Fighter Plane
13. Anti Group
Big Sex

SINGLES

SPK
Off The Deep End
 Network

Both the dance and ambient styles of this Australian duo are presented here. *Off The Deep End* brings forth the electro-pop sound they are known for. *Kambuja* offers the listener a more interesting change, a political monolog laid over programmed synths and hypnotic beats compose the primitive rhythm of this track. **SN**

Annie Anxiety Bandez
As I Lie In Your Arms
 One Little Indian

Virtually a who's who from London's On U Sound Records have collaborated on this three song EP. Annie Anxiety sounds like a cross between Marianne Faithful and Grace Jones; the music is African Head Charge all the way, with Kishi handling keyboards/rhythm tracks/sounds and Bonjo lyabinghi Noah on percussion. Production from Adrian Sherwood puts the seal of quality on this EP that no amount of raving could do. **JT**

Severed Heads
Hot With Fleas/Canine
 Network

It's been a while since Severed Heads released anything (disregarding Tom Ellard's involvement with other projects). *Hot With Fleas* makes it worth the wait. Very similar to any previous material, it moves with a pulsing dance-beat and a repetitive chorus. *Canine* slows the tempo down a bit, with yet another infectious groove. It might be disco but this sure isn't the 70's. **GH**

Minimal Man
Mock Honeymoon
 Play It Again Sam

The only other Minimal Man I've heard repetitively is the *Sex Teacher* EP, and that's pretty old. *Mock Honeymoon* is simply mesmerizing with its bleak ambience. Side one's got the beat with *I Can Tell* featuring a nasty bass line by Peter Principle and a chilling trumpet by Luc Van Lieshout on *Face Of Satan*. Side two is more catatonic with the trance-like *Her Heart Is All Alone* and *Kristin Sighs*. An EP this good makes me wonder what else they've done that hasn't blessed those ears. **JT**

Pailhead
I Will Refuse
 Wax Trax!

Holy Shit! I wasn't sure what to expect from this collaboration between a guy from Ministry and Minor Threat, maybe a hybrid of industrial dance and hardcore. What we got is kind of that, but it's much more too. *I Will Refuse* gives hardcore an edge never reached by most with an ominous buildup and a charged pace. *No Bunny* slows things down but has a more powerful beat and some interesting lyrics on domination complexes. **GH**

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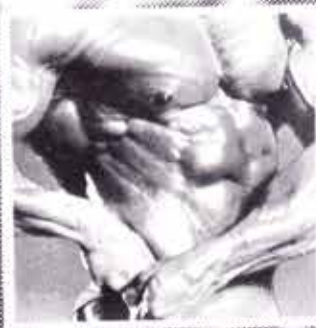
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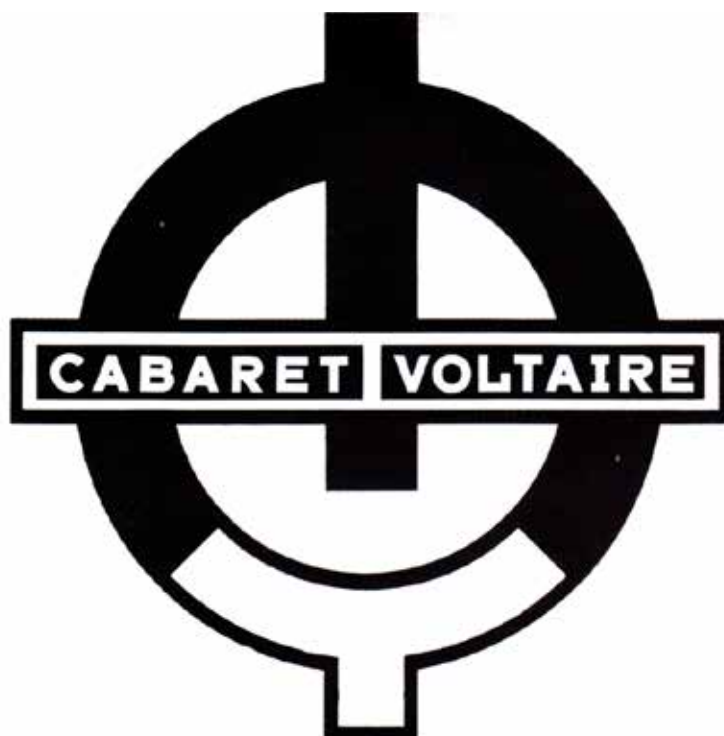


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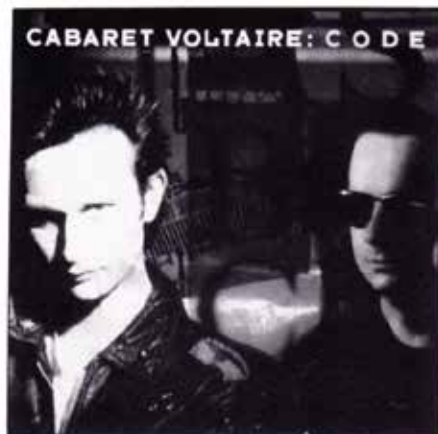


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