

# ENTERTAINMENT



## "TACKHEAD TAPE TIME"

(NETTWERK)

The door strains, creaking painfully in a series of rhythmic groans, until finally **BLAM!** It explodes outwards into thousands of tiny pieces. Whoosh! Here comes Porky, flying straight across the hall and lands yowling in the petunias. Yes, it's just another day after receiving "Tackhead Tape Time".

- the bastard cat still insists on jacking it up at full volume as soon as he sees that the landlord has gone out. The house will be down around our ears within a week.

"Tackhead Tape Time" Whew! What an experience! The first time we listened to this it took us about five minutes to catch the speakers bouncing around the room with woofers grotesquely protruding through the grill like that "Alien" mask Porky always puts on whenever they come around to collect the rent.

A maelstrom of weighty whallops is what it boils down to kids! Simply magnificent! If you don't like this piece of sonic warfare I'm sorry to pronounce you dead from the neck up.

Gary Clail was a second-hand car salesman before he realised that he would much rather cause massive structural damage using whatever could be made to go bang in the electronics shop. Luckily ace-wizard demi-god sound-manipulator extraordinaire Ardrian Sherwood was lurking behind a fairlight and together they set up shop with alumni from R'n'B legends The Sugar Hill Gang - Doug Wimbish, Skip McDonald and Keith LeBlanc and the result is the Tackhead crew.

As part of the ON-U sound stable, the Tackhead bunch are about as accessible as the Sherwood proteges are will ingto get to the general public. There is still a fair amount of rasping harshness à la Stewart and the Mafia but its still vicious dance music at its best: monstrous beats chase any number of sound effects, lifted dialogue, and sampled noises to produce beautiful chaos that only barely escapes a massive meltdown. Buy this now. I haven't been this excited about a record in a long time.

**NEDDY STEBBINS**

## JOHN ABERCROMBIE AND RICHIE BIERACH - EMERALD CITY

(Pathfinder Records)

An ambitious study in ambience by these two established jazz musicians. Abercrombie (guitar synth) and Bierach (piano) get off to a good start with eerie guitar synth, but the mood is spoiled when the jazzy piano comes in. Eventually, the piece bogs down under an unfortunate repetitiousness. The rest of the first side is pure New Age sweetness. Side two fares little better. The closing piece "On Overgrown Paths" (Groan!) is 15:00 of pure redundancy. Ambient music is a style that requires extreme

skill in order to be well executed, and this style just isn't subtle enough. Sounds are just thrown in, seemingly at random. The structures are too heavily based in traditional jazz to be really interesting. If you have an interest in ambient music, try Jon Hassell or Brian Emo instead.

(Pathfinder Records)  
611 Broadway, Suite 726  
New York, NY 10012  
U.S.A.

**JAMES HAMILTON**

## SINGLE GUN THEORY

SPK

(Nettwerk Records)

## Exorcise this wasteland

Digitalis ambigua, gold and poison

Gather close now children as I will tell of a time when there was much weeping and cursing and gnashing of gingivid gums. Yes, it was as your elders told you - the era they called the seventies was a cursed black experience. People moved as the dead to strains of insipid pedestrian drivel emanating from the foul puppet heretics of a great, as yet unknown, force of evil that very nearly broke the last of the dancers to submit to their evil ways.

But lo! As you now know, the great coloured warriors took back the sacred sounds - twisted them, snapped them, crushed them and produced noises so glorious that for the meantime the beast retreated to its fetid lair. The dancers awoke: shocked and rejuvenated by a percussive elixir that was once only known in whispers. And still they dance children, as you will too in your time . . . but even now the filth is stirring, waiting, hungry.

Praise be then my little ones that today's lesson will acquaint with disciples from a land far, far away from our own humble enshrinement, the scorched antipodean island that is home to creatures of strange denomination. Australia.

The acronym SPK stands for identify the first of these collectives my novices, and their latest observations dwell on

two mysteriously desperate themes. Firstly, the joy of the dance with thought. Witness now the magnificent chapter of controlled angst of Sheer Naked Aggression "El Salvador! / Nicaragua! Ethiopia! and South Africa! / The sheer frustration / Of a paranoid nation / It's SHEER! NAKED! AGGRESSION!"

Graeme Revell using a wondrous machine they call the 'Fairlight' takes the sacred sounds and subjugates them to his own will, producing a sometimes barren, sometimes rich tapestry of threads for us to unravel. You will remember his distinctive work in conjuring magical compositions using only stridulations, whirs and buzzings of God's most numerous and industrious creations that we know as the insect race; (Ed's Note - INSECT MUSICIAN - Graeme Revell) a work now only available from the vast libraries of the great cities to the west.

I mentioned two themes to be encountered in *Gold and Poison*, the other dwells on matters ambient. Again Master Revell samples acoustic flavours, this time from the aboriginal peoples of his own country as well as the far ranging expanses of the far East. We find ourselves, dear pupils, swathed in precious colours of aural imagery that summons up many musings of our own.

Let us turn now to our next scripture from the talents of the ones we know as *Single Gun Theory*. Here is a work of rare quality that imbues us

with sensations of impending desolation and yet a crisp and imaginative percussion produces light with which we are carried to the ethereal and lithesome intonations of the songstress we shall call KATH POWER. Listen now! There! The call of the Raven used perfectly to accentuate the title chapter which dwells on the pompous hypocrisy of a western society we must sometimes despise. There too! There too an open condemnation of great suffering and pain inflicted by the rulers on those they purport to serve

- yes it is the toys of death that we learn of in *Open Grave*. But yet we move children we move! We grit our teeth and think! Yes that's it! That's it! We balance our enjoyment with the cynicism and distrust which the elders have gently lead us to formulate the new nihilism. Wait . . . quiet now! The cycle is almost at an end! Take these venerable scriptures at once and learn well - lest we fall prey to the miscreant that now stirs and grows ravenous for mediocrity once more!" (Exuent)

From "The Lessons of Cerise deMachina" Vol.5

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