

MARRIED LIFE

QUARTERLY

WINTER 2010



607 Midgard Rd Columbus Ohio 43202

HOME IMPROVEMENT

Wherein we work on projects around the house and listen to records



One of our neighbor's is a guy named Rod. He's nice, he's an artist, kind of a hippy dude, real into music. He lives two blocks away, in the last house on the street right up next to the railroad tracks just like us. Every summer, he has a garage sale and let's people come over and pick through his stuff. The garage is stacked floor to ceiling with records, and he says there are around 30,000. Even his van, parked nearby, is filled with records. Rod is mostly into classic rock, especially psychedelic classic rock, and everything is pretty cheap. This summer he actually had three garage/ record sales. I was out of town for the first one, but went to the next two...

At the first one I spent \$40.00:

Neil Young *On the Beach* - Earlier this year I sent an email to my oldest friends that went something like: "Hey dudes, I've got to admit it, I'm more into Neil Young these days than Zeppelin..." Even though the admission was probably a long time coming, I'm not sure what to say exactly about Neil Young. Or this record, which is probably my favorite Neil record and one you don't see on vinyl a whole lot. Perfect record? Every song is a classic? If you've never heard it, I'm not sure there is a record in the world I can recommend more. I've listened to the cd so many times, but now I can listen to it in my living room, which is where you are supposed to listen to Neil Young, and late at night, which is when.

Canned Heat – *The Best Of* - Since I "discovered" Canned Heat about a year ago through a Jen karaoke version of "Going Up the Country" and a greatest hits cd from the library (see Issue 2 of ML), this is the second "Best of" LP I've bought (with only 1 repeat song between the two!), and while it's not nearly as good as that other one, it's still an excellent LP for putting the moves on your lady.

Linn County - *Proud Flesh Soothseer* - I bought this because the record cover looked pretty psychedelic (kind of moon commune style) and Rod told me he thought it was pretty good. It turns out it's not so great, kind of forgettable actually which is probably why these guys have remained pretty obscure. Does have a

60's psych rock feel with some slightly unusual instrumentation, like flutes (which I love!) and some other horns.

AC/DC - *Highway to Hell* - Whenever I come across this, what with the amazing album cover and perfect album title, my memory of it (from the long lost cassette my brother or I used to have) is always as one of the classic AC/DC albums, but I haven't actually listened to it in forever. I grabbed a mint copy for 3 bucks, listened to it and realized the only good songs on the whole thing are the first song, which is the title track and is a great song and the last song: "Nightcrawler" which might just give "Ride On" a run for the money in the "best AC/DC song of all time" category.

Andreas Vollenweider - *Caverna Magica*: Awesome cover. Dude plays Harp, found this in Rod's New Age section. Pretty good.

Richie Havens - *Something Else Again* - This was the most expensive record I grabbed at 6 bucks or something. Has Richie on the front cover with a sitar in hand, although, honestly, only a few songs on the record feature said instrument. Nothing that I've heard really lives up to the ragged looseness of live Richie Havens as depicted in the Woodstock movie (recently read a review of the movie in Newsweek or something that actually said that it was one of the festival's low points!!!), but dude has a pretty good voice.

The Moonlighters - I knew this was going to be some pretty dorky stuff, considering the bandname, looking at the instrumentation and the pictures of the 6 guys in the band, but it is terrible progressive pop music.

Mark Isham - *Vapor Drawings* - Adult electronics. On Windham Hill from 1983, nice blend of instrumentation and a nice record overall. Mostly synths, trumpet, and electronic percussion, Like driving a Ferrari over endless bridges with the top down.

Phil Ochs - *Rehearsals for Retirement*- I can't think of anything to say about this.

Karlheinz Stockhausen - *Electronic Music* - Went into Rod's van and found this immediately. I actually wrote about the material on this in the first issue of *Married Life*, but it bears repeating that "Kontakte" (on here split over two sides) is probably the best SOUND THING ever recorded. This more or less predates the ENTIRETY of modern rock n roll! On the Blastitude blog, there is this quote attributed to Morton Feldman about anxiety around time where he says that Stockhausen has an almost "hysterical anxiety" over how he uses his time, whereas someone like John Cage has none. This is a really great observation, and maybe explains why I am so drawn to Stockhausen's music, because I also am hysterically anxious about time. During Aaron's first attempt at the Hula record, Mike Shiflet and I dj'd two different versions of Kontakte at the same time. He had the LP where the piece is performed on piano and percussion. This LP is the (better) version for magnetic tape. Before that we'd both been playing RRR lock groove records. DJ's Concret (me and shif dogg) are available for special occasions...

Adventures of Robert Savage - Vol 1 – Ok Hard Rock with a contender for best album cover of all time. Great song titles too.

AC/DC - For those About to Rock

AC/DC - Back in Black – Dusty White told me a few days after this sale that Rod's is good for getting the meat and potatoes of any record collection, but that he didn't find anything he felt like he NEEDED while he was there. He specifically mentioned AC/DC records to illustrate his point. I picked up both of these at Rod's.

Ray Price- For the Good Times – Feeling Ray Price these days. Don't know country music that well, but was turned on to Ray from one of those 4 LP country music comps that we seem to have a bunch of at our house and his song "City Lights" which is of course, the name of the (first?) Shadow Ring album which I love...

Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings - Take It to the Limit – This is fucking terrible though. I like Willie in small doses, and could kind of take or leave Waylon, but this is some bullshit. The two of them doing asinine cover songs like Take It to the Limit. Probably sold a million of these.

Jimi Hendrix Experience - Smash Hits – I always want to buy cheap Jimi Hendrix greatest hits LP's, even if I already have plenty and hardly ever listen to them. Is this something that happens to everyone? I still haven't listened to this.

Golden Voyage - Vol 1 – Weird sixties electronic trip music, which alternates between kiddie psychedelia and soap opera soundtracks. Pretty harmless, kind of cool.

John Coltrane - Concert in Japan (2LP) – While I was waiting to pay for my stack of records (I figured I had about as much as I could afford), this out of work neighborhood guy pulled up in an old truck and wanted to sell Rod his records. Rod started giving him a real hard time, basically telling him he didn't want his Barbara Streisand LP's, that the few decent ones he did have were beat to shit, etc etc but Rod was distracted, so I had to go back and look some more. I found this dbl record on Impulse from the last ensemble that Coltrane assembled. I couldn't have been happier for the guy in the pick ups timing. So amazing. Pharoah, Rashied, Alice, Jimmy in front of a polite Japanese audience and it sounds like they are all whacked out of their minds. Like the Oluntaji recording which got me into Coltrane (although not quite as crazy sounding as THAT), this is lots of long solos of shrieking and getting deep into some sort of OFF madness. Listening to this, you can hear how vital this music must have been in 1965. Anyway, I don't have much Free Jazz on LP (I have lots of burned library cds), but it "sounds" great on LP. Only complaint is that these are really long jams and they're split up kind of weird. "Leo" (total time is probably over 40 minutes) starts out on side 1, takes up all of side 2, and ends side 4. Solos are cut in half, sides fade in and out. The cd I'm sure has it all together. Minor complaint.

On Labor Day, Jen and I were driving to get groceries and I saw a bunch of tents set up in front of Lost Weekend. Jen went and got the groceries, and I went and looked at records. There were only two guys left who were selling records, and one of them was Rod. I flipped through his crates, and asked about his plans to do another garage sale. He said: "I actually think I'm going to do another one next weekend". SWEET. I bought one record from him and one from the other guy (an Echo and the Bunnymen 12" for Jen)

Beaver and Krause - *All Good Men* – Not nearly as good as either of the records that the library has together on one cd, but a surprise none the less. Lots of choir singing, which I'm not real into. Not a lot of creep zone hippy moog which I am kind of into...

The next weekend I spent 20 bucks at the next sale I went to:

VIA: *A new vision from Gramavision* – New Age sampler of 4 gramavision recording artists from 1985. Stuff by Kitaro, Tery Riley and the Kronos Quartet, Yas / Kaz, and Steven Halpern. The Kronos Quartet starts things off, generally moody long string thing, with some repetitive figures, but it sounds a bit like something from a fine jewelry commercial to me. I dunno, next up is Yas / Kaz and based on the two selections here maybe I should track down their Egg of Purana album. 1st cut starts off with ridiculous (even has a canned cowbell preset sound) sped up tribal rhythms with crazy awesome synths that soar over everything. Would love to hear this by itself. Next song "Egg of Purana" is the gem on this LP, 7 minutes and 45 seconds of wind blown Mad Max music. More tribal drums, but slower, more soaring horns, and stereo percussion effects. Sedona Knights. Despite having a great name, Kitaro, disappoints with cheesy keyboard compositions. Again, it feels like a soundtrack, but maybe for a cartoon. Kitaro's second piece, Lord of Wind, is kind of Popul Vuh-ish in its use of massed choir sound blocks. Steven Halpern delivers soothing New Age works of electronics circling around each other and swelling with some pretty psychedelic moments, soaring, and lots of echo trails at the end of all the runs.

Jefferson Airplane - *After Bathing at Baxter's* - The most out of the Jefferson Airplane. Pretty freaky deaky. Strangely, I kind of like the more concise songs on Surrealistic Pillow better (who would have thought?).

Jefferson Airplane: *Surrealistic Pillow* – Got a copy of this one too.

VIA - *Windham Hill Records Sampler '84* – A sampling of Windham Hill's output from '84, once the label was pretty well established. Overall this is pretty bad, and even the best from this label is pretty dorky. Most of the stuff here is more acoustic instrumental (played on "instruments") music. The only thing on here I really liked that I heard (I stopped the LP about half way through the second side) was the Mark Isham song which came from his album *Vapor Drawings*, see above. I think maybe a good rule of thumb with Windham Hill might be to keep yourself to the early guitar stuff by William Ackerman (which I like even if it's a bit NPR) and the electronic stuff. I have a pretty good Electronic "meditations" sampler from Windham Hill.

John Cale/ Terry Riley - *Church of Anthrax* – The best thing about Rod's garage

is if you search in the dark corners, or underneath things where not even Rod has looked in awhile, you'll find some gems. Because of this, I have to look at every single record. At stores this means I'm one of those people who pulls anything that I might want. When I'm done, I decide on the best three and then have to put the rest back. At Rod's, it just means you're there for awhile, and you get to keep like 20 records, cuz everything's pretty cheap. I think this ended up costing me about 5 bucks. Anyway, I think this is the only John Cale – Terry Riley collaboration, and it's pretty damn out there. Perhaps a bit unexpectedly, the two mix kind of almost exactly how you might expect them to. Propulsive serialized avant trance rock for most of the LP. Lots of piano, drums, organ, and Cale's viola splattered around. Drumming is great and holds everything together but you might almost think these two were playing over polyrhythmic drum tape loops if this hadn't come out in 1970. Maybe they were, since no one is credited with playing drums. I prefer side A which is a bit heavier on the organ and viola, and a bit more otherworldly. Side b has a lot of piano riffing. It also starts off with the only traditional (there's singing) sort of song on the album. Some might consider it a misstep, but I like it, and think it sounds almost like a ramshackle VU song. This has to be a big influence on those recent Boredoms records, lots of slow morph repetition (that is to say, the kind that seems like the same thing over and over until suddenly you realize it doesn't sound anything like the way it did when it started) and no choruses.

Neil Young and Crazy Horse – Zuma – Have been looking for a copy of this for awhile. The go to Neil album after *On the Beach*, *Everybody Knows this is Nowhere*, *Tonight's the Night*, *After the Gold Rush* or *Harvest*...totally bad ass, has a few classic dirge rippers (Dangerbird, Cortez the Killer). Dirge Ripper is kind of Neil's patented style by the way, and the stoner doodle cover art is both hilarious and psychotic.

Coryell - Planet End - ???

Doors - Strange Days – Unlike some of the greatest rock bands of all time (Zep, Sabbath, Creedence, etc), the Doors don't get a lot of respect from underground music types which is strange because the Doors rule. The elements are all here. Awesome playing, unusual instrumentation, amazing front man, weird breakdowns, violent lyrics, dark visions, long and overblown album ends. Anyway, picked up two Door's records at Rod's and this is the better of the two. Lots of great songs on this, and the songwriting is top notch. Which is perhaps a weird and meaningless thing to say, but it's all odd structures, yet totally engaging. There's interesting stuff happening constantly in the organ/ guitar interplay. The key to all of these songs by the way is how the organ playing is both the backbone and the baroque flourishes. No stinkers, a few classics, and one of the overlooked ones is the short yet successful "Horse Latitudes", a dark poetic way out NOISE sort of thing.

Doors - Waiting for the Sun – Not as good as Strange Days (or the debut LP either for that matter), but better than the rest of the Door's records. Has "Five to One", which I think is my friend Nate's favorite Door's song, and he is the biggest Door's fan I know.

Cream - *Disraeli Gears*

Shostakovich - *String Quartets no 8 and 15* – Nice rainy day stuff, full of melancholy.

Taj Mahal - *Music Keeps Me Together* – Terrible

Led Zeppelin – 1 – A classic record, and though Zeppelin did get better at putting albums together (2,3,4 etc), they may have never done any better than the whole of "Dazed and Confused" (excepting perhaps the opening beat of *When the Levee Breaks*). Anyway, what can I say about Zeppelin, except that they are my second favorite band of all time, and I've never had this one on vinyl.

Phil Ochs - *Pleasures of the Harbor*

CCR - *The Royal Albert Concert Hall*

Jimmy Cliff - *The Harder They Come* – Some classics songs on this, the hits are more stacked on the front side, the movie looks amazing and Max from Biff Boff Barf says it's great.

Oregon – *Music from Another Present Era* - Released in 1973, this is an unusual blend of virtuosic instrumental progressive jazz with lots of "exotic" influences. Fusion? The original cover (which is reproduced on the back) is a neat psychedelic wave painting, but the one I got is this really crappy design with a close up of autumn leaves. The band photo on the back is what drew me to this record though. Barefoot ren faire hippies with acoustic guitar, sitar, upright bass, oboe, and tablas. Super dorky. The tablas are all over this record (no drum kit), 12 string guitar, and other horns. Some of it sounds like dinner at a nice restaurant type stuff, but a lot of it has a heavy eastern vibe. Nice jazzbo sitar work on a few cuts. Varied flow, the first song starts out slow, but the next one picks up the pace considerably, with lots of soloing. One song starts out as a spare melancholy piano thing that transforms into nightmare string drones for the most unpleasant part of the record. The oboe weaves in and out, there's plenty of classical guitar flourishes, in fact everyone in Oregon is prone to out of nowhere flourishes. They have songs that just keep flowing, with everyone playing 12 more notes than they need to in quick bursts, which sounds disorienting, but is really totally smooth. Someone plays a mridangum. Cool record.

Dominatrix - *Sleeps Tonight* – Fairly sure that this is the same Dominatrix on the New York Noise Vol 3 comp, but maybe not. Good electro dance party single, cold vox, upbeat synths, lots of hand claps, vocal samples scating Dom-Dom-Dom-Dominatrix in the background. Just when you think it's over, the vocalist intones the lyrics one more time: "Women beat their men, the men beat the drums, the dominatrix sleeps tonight.". Goofy. Then there is this long all vocal section, that sounds like fucking around in the studio with vocal samples for a minute or so. Kind of unbelievable that it was left on the song. The b-side is even more deconstructed.

Ginger Fetus Tour Diary

with the French dudes (Regis Victor and Sobac Murer)
by Eva Ball

Buffalo:

We played at Nobody's Art Space with Spider Goat. During our set lots of people were rave dancing and two anarchist kids were rolling around on the floor. Afterwards one of the anarchist dudes asked if that made me happy, He said, "isn't that what I'm supposed to do, I hope you liked it." I said I did. The reviews that night were rave, just like the dancing: spacy, chill, would be really great on psychedelic drugs. Tristan (the guy who organized the show) said "It exceeded all my expectations, way better I could have possibly expected. It was weird, but I like weird." We played in Elmwood. Also afterward some guy from a local radio station wanted to record me saying "This is Eva, from Ginger Fetus thank you for listening to WXRV" or whatever the station is. I introduced him to John and he did the plug instead.

Regis Victor played 2 songs that night. The second song was killer. He just sings 'And I think I'm gonna feel like lovin' over and over forever. It was him on keys, as usual, and Nicholas on drums. The played this repetitive, but epic progression that spilled over into nothing. It was wonderful, sexy, over-the-top love.

Sobac Murer's song is about coffee, waking up and drinking coffee, getting bored at work and thinking about drinking coffee tomorrow. Drinking coffee to stay awake until he goes to sleep. Romeric Sobac performed a bizarre Kafkaesque character that is continually trapped working, drinking coffee and as a result does really weird stuff. Like wearing super tight red sweat pants and a cheap spiderman mask while on all fours pushing a book in the shape of a pig across the floor. While writing this, Nicholas is getting directions to a place to get coffee. So true so true this music.

We stayed in Allentown and ate an amazing Eggplant Po-Boy Sandwich at a Cajun restaurant on the Allentown strip next to Nietzsche's, where we did not go, despite the name. Instead we went to the Old Pink, a place that keeps changing its name but will always be called the Old Pink. Its look was reminiscent of the Library Bar on campus, but longer. We danced to the jukebox and acted out scene from the specialty circular saw infomercial that was playing. We stayed up late because the bars are open until 4 in NY, but it was pretty chill.

Boston:

The show got messed up so we couldn't play. We did spend the night and had a series of tiny jams the next morning. At night we walked by a lake where we discovered a neat wooden bench that was shaped like a U, meaning the front of the bench mirrored the back.

Belfast Maine:

This was really an amazing place to play, Before we played I swam in the ocean. I always like that. John waded.

We played out in the country I guess you could say. This really nice and cool woman recently bought a small house and on the property was a trailer home. She and her friends cut the a 12 x 8 foot chunk out of the side, so the kitchen was the stage and the audience set outside around the campfire. It was very cool. During Sobac Murer, Sobac raked the kitchen ceiling and it made complete sense but was dada at the same time. Our set was kinda bad at points. Our equipment kept fucking up. And, honestly Ginger Fetus is John's band. I had only been playing with him for like a week before we went on tour and my only equipment was my shitty Casio, a mic with a pedal, and this hand drum. Well he kinda lost it at one point and didn't know what to do, so I had to figure it out, but by that point my keyboard amp was no longer working. I looked out into the audience, sitting outside by the fire. I didn't want to disappoint their lovely night, so I did something with the drum and it was cool, so we could stop. By that time the cops has been called and this is the conversation I witnessed between the woman who owned the place and a member of the Belfast police, a man with a buzzcut, short , with a large chest and two largish arms.

Cop: “ The dispatcher told me that the person who complained said there was a funny sound on the other side of the river. The dispatcher asked what its sounds like. The person said, kinda like an alien being raped. We told them we’d send someone out.” Then the cop paused and looked around. “But, seriously what was it?” The woman who owned the place said “It’s art.” Cop: “But it sounds horrible.” Woman: “ I bet you would really like it if you saw it.” And again he said, “But what was it. Seriously, what was it?”

The New York show was Ok. The next day I went to work with Anthony and listened to records.

Ginger Fetus Goals

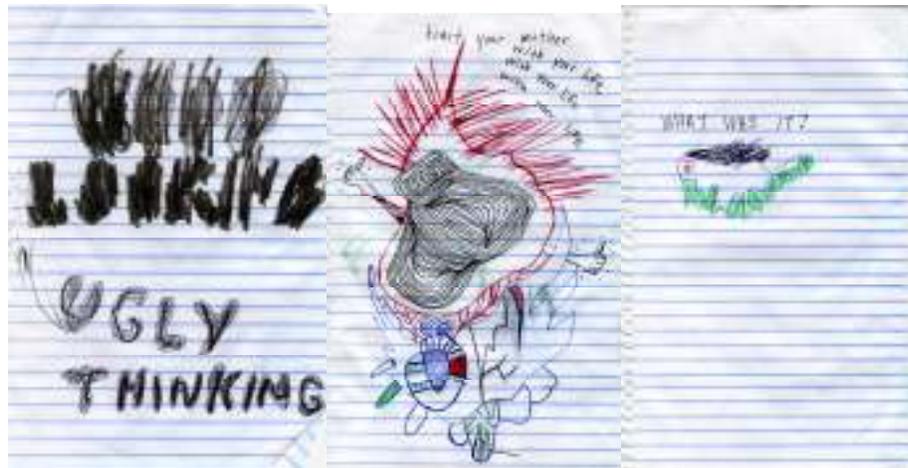
1. fix drum machine
2. circuit bend synths
3. listen to dj screw and talk about it
4. voodoo music
5. witch craft/ black magic
6. soul music slowed down
7. practice
8. practice singing in tune
9. fuck with casio keyboards
10. compose song
11. john is Eva’s vocal teacher
12. name ideas.

Band Name Ideas

1. Nina Simone Fetus
2. Sudden Furry
3. Very Very slowly
4. caust
5. keith sweat
6. moctor
7. gobble gobble

One the Road;

We passed a notebook around the van adding to each other’s drawings. I made little paper sculptures and put them around the van. John and I sat on the window ledge and smoked cigarettes while we were driving, that was cool. Throbbing Gristle’s, 20 Jazz Funk Greats is awesome.



GONE BUT ALSO FORGOTTEN:

TOP 5 LOST/MISUNDERSTOOD NOT NOT FUN RELEASES

By Britt Brown

To run a record label is to commit yrself to a life of chronic gambling. You initiate shit, drop the cash, run off copies, troubleshoot, box it up, drop more cash, all for one split second of the dice hitting the table and coming up snake eyes (or double sevens or whatever). Individuals can be studied and therefore explained but people en masse are a permanent riddle. Meaning: you can put out a tape by a bunch of drunk neighbors that don't play shows or leave their apartment but if the cover art's right and there's a good vibe in the air then sometimes 100 internet trawlers come beating down yr inbox lookin for a copy. Whereas just as commonly – and mysteriously – you can do extra legwork for a release, send out promos you otherwise wouldn't, help set up a supporting tour even, but the record hits the street and everyone's yawning. There's no rhyme, reason, etc. Hence this column idea Mark schemed up. So, it's as subjective as anything else but here's five releases from the Not Not Fun archive that come to mind as things that coulda-woulda-shoulda, but just didn't.

5. WATERSPORTS/CHANGELING CS (NNF060)

This is a more subtle example of the above-described “overlooked” phenom (thus it's #5), but it's still valid. I don't recall the exact date this tape dropped but I'm pretty sure it was sometime in a late summer-ish month of 2006. Watersports was the kosmiche drift-style pre-Blues Control duo of Russ Waterhouse and Leah Cho and we'd been fans for a while but their piece here (“Mother's Touch”) totally blew us away when it finally landed in the mailbox. Lots of focused sensual electric fog that eventually bleeds into ridiculously beautiful & lithe ivory tickling by Leah (foreshadowing the floaty high-art piano zones she jams in contempo Blues Control songs). Overall: real magic. And the Changeling side was one of Roy Tatum's peak outings under the moniker (he had been doing the project nearly a year at this point, so it was still fresh but had developed past that initial roughness stage), endless, spacious, bummed guitar atmospheres, almost echoing early Grouper modes/moods. Add to that Roy drew a sick, simple J-card and helped Amanda assemble a cool hand-colored sticker dimension and it ended up being an extra-stellar C50 in our eyes. The tape did okay but this was still a year or so before tripped “new age” styles were so overtly farmed by the bulk of underground types, so it ended up feeling like one of those titles that just evaporated unheard into the junked corners of art-trash bedroom collections.

4. YUMA NORA “JEWELS IN THE SNAKEPIT” CD (NNF014)

Classic example of the harsh expectation/reality rift in effect. At the time we first heard this NNF was still barely a year old, so our antennae were less numb and we were ignorant of the fifteen billion bands and labels screaming out from Myspace for attention. So I remember thinking for a second while listening to the “Jewels” master for the first time, “This is the best music any band has ever given us to release.” We loved their first album (back when they were just an oscillator/voice/drums duo, before adding a guitarist) and were lucky enough to see them jam live a couple months earlier and it was next level

free energy body music; like a more minimal non-hippy noise-punk Smegma or something, no rules, all altered states. So basically they were one of the sickest bands in our sphere, plus they were great people, plus there had even been a light sprinkling of positive press on their first CD, so my logical conclusion was: people will be jazzed on this. And they were. That is, 85 people were. But we were believers, pressed 500 CDs, so they sat and sat. Didn't help that the band dissolved immediately afterwards, never toured again, and didn't even regroup in subsequent musical projects. Shit happens aka sometimes circumstances conspire to transform an album into just some black hole on a record label's timeline. Took about 3 years to unload them all, one at a time. Gave plenty away. A good early NNF era crash course in supply/demand logistics.

3. NASA "BUMMER DAZE" CS (NNF111)

This tape came later in the game (Feb '08 maybe?), so we were slightly more schooled in the art of releasing music by esoteric inactive low-profile projects, and NASA fit that bill perfectly. Even in their 'heyday' (if one existed) they didn't play much outside Florida, and by the time I first heard of 'em (2006) they were already well on the road to "indefinite hiatus" status. All four members had officially ditched out for different geographies by the time this special C41 master landed on our doorstep, but we didn't care. "Bummer Daze" was/is nothing like the NASA shit I was previously familiar/in love with (that'd be "Diamonds & Wood," which we later reissued), and that's half of what makes it rule so much. Somehow this posthumous curveball stands out to me like the tip of the iceberg that NASA could've become if they'd stayed together. It's somehow 90% more hi-fi than their other shit, and a million times groovier and weirder and less rock, yet clearly their band journey was done when this album was being assembled. Which leads me to speculate that maybe somehow being freed from the idea of an ongoing future as "NASA, The Band" allowed them to mix shit up and try a stranger route, and the results kill and confound in equal measure. Throw in the fact that the art is radly damaged color freakery and all the dudes are friendly and goofy and it adds up to a tape I always dug more than its neutral-ish reception.

2. BLACK MONK "FLOWSTONE" LP (NNF091)

Here's the first album that came to mind when I read the premise of this column. The sole vinyl release by the Roy Tatum/Josh Feola drone/drum duo has all the birthmarks of a doomed, 'no future' orphaned release: 1) only played one live show ever, to about eight kids in an Arizona living room, 2) the band members only lived in the same city for one month of one summer, 3) Josh had been accepted for a year-long "study abroad in China"-type program before the band had even begun, 4) only had one other release and it was on Zac from Lambsbread's label, which meant nobody could buy it or hear it, not even the band got copies. Given all these crucial anti-selling points we still decided to press up an LP (co-released with our buddy Mike/Arbor) because the music is just fucking awesome: numb crushing flatliner drones throbbing against an artful loose-limbed dual drum bath (that ranges all zones from free shred to jazzy minimalist shit to metallic brutality). Another detail is that there's something uniquely lazy about the Black Monk aesthetic that both A) makes it even punker and higher-art somehow, and B) makes me think that if this had been a band the dudes involved in had decided to take seriously it might have evolved into something truly next level and mindblowing. Instead, as we knew going into it, the LP served an RIP headstone. It came out like a month after

Josh had left the continent for good. So we dispersed copies to distros, where they promptly sat and collected inevitable dust.

1. QUEM QUAERITIS/CHILD PORNOGRAPHY 12" (NNF045)

The reason I'm ranking this 12" number one is because not only does the ALBUM feel overlooked and misunderstood and all that, but because in my opinion both these BANDS fall in that category too. It's that bumper/classic story: live they were wild, weird, stupid, genius, hilarious, etc. but on tape something felt missing. They were both from Riverside, which in the early days of NNF ('04-'05) had a raging/radical house party music scene where both Quem and Child P played constantly, always fucked up and bizarre and amazing. QQ would perform inside a camping tent (with the drum kit outside), meshing an impossible collage of sax, keyboards, reggae jokes, costume changes, skits, flutes, delay pedals, goofy props, and audience participation into a total wormhole of weird magic. Like the best party band you can't imagine. Live, Child P were similarly deranged, deafening drum machine beats and casio riffs strafed with all-treble guitar shrapnel and hyper ridiculous falsetto vocals that somehow totally worked. But neither band had their shit together enough to tour outside of the west coast and a few southwest gigs so word didn't really spread. And on record shit wasn't quite the same. Child P occasionally nailed it (at least half of their "The Beatles" CD is sick) but Quem had a way harder time (the bulk of their recordings are either too lo-fi and messily indistinct, or else too clean and hi-fi and therefore flat and inept-sounding). We even went so far one time as to stage a fake QQ "show" and record it "live" for a proposed live LP (thinking that might better capture the true Quem vision) but the 8-track tapes ended up sounding bland and generic. Which brings us back to this particular 12 inch. It was supposed to be released by another label but the dude took so long that by the time he officially flaked Quem had totally broken up and Child P had lost one member to motherhood and another to art college in the Bay. Nevertheless when John Thill from QQ asked if NNF would be into putting it out instead the answer was easy: we loved both bands way too much to say no so we said yes. And HERE, finally, both bands really lived up to their potential, turning in wild sides of authentic Riverside lunacy, and the day we held the finished 12" in our hands felt mildly historic. Of course, by the time it was out no one cared much and the only ones who got semi-excited were diehard locals, but whatever. Took several years to get rid of about 400 copies but that was fine. It was one of those "it had to be done" albums, which we'll always be proud to be a part of.



Astrologically Yours

By Sarah Cathers

Aries (March 21- April 19)

Minutemen: D.Boon : "Take Our Test"

Door means a separate wall is in between
symbols assert the/big/butt/whoopin
not since those days/this rhythm that is all head
what makes /breaks the fakes
and when reality appears digital
and the big hankering cometh
i'll vote yes for life in the big choice poll/i'll be glad I did

Taurus (April 20-May 20)

Barbra Streisand : "Everbody Says Don't"

Sometimes you have to start small,/Climbing the tiniest wall
Maybe you're going to fall/But it is better than not starting at all.
Everybody says no stop/Musn't rock the boat musn't touch a thing
Everybody says don't/Everybody says wait
Everybody says can't fight city-hall
Can't upset the court/Can't laugh at the king!

Gemini (May 21-June 20)

Harry Nilsson : "Think About Your Troubles"

Sit beside the [breakfast](#) table/Think about your troubles
Pour yourself a cup of tea/And think about the bubbles
You can take your teardrops/And drop them in a teacup
Take them down to the [riverside](#)/And throw them over the side
To be swept up by a current/And taken to the ocean
To be eaten by some fishes/Who were eaten by some fishes
And swallowed by a whale/Who grew so old/He decomposed

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

Woody Guthrie : "Secret of the Sea"

these high rolling waves along the shore
The footprints of the lovers that come here to love,
By the tides washed away forever more
You claim to know the secret of a kiss and a hug
And the secret of the grass and of the trees
And if you can tell the secret of a warm friends hand
Then we all would feel the secrets of the sea

Leo (July 23-Aug22)

Grateful Dead : Jerry Garcia : "Here Comes Sunshine"

Line up a long shot maybe try it two times, maybe more,
Good to know you got shoes to wear when you find the floor,
Why hold out for more?
Here comes sunshine, here comes sunshine.
Askin' you nice, now, keep the mother rollin'
One more time, been down before,
You just don't have to go no more, no more.

Virgo (August 23- September 22)

Otis Redding : "It's Growing"

Like a snowball rolling down that side
Of that snow covered hill/Man, it's growing

Like that size of the fish
That man claimed he broke his reel/Man, it's growing
Like the rosebud that's bloomin', man
In the warning of the sun/it's growing
Like the tale by time it's been told
Man, by more than one

Libra (September 23-October 22)

Yves Montand: "C'est Si Bon"
Vous devinez quel bonheur est le nôtre,
Et si je t'aim' vous comprenez pourquoi.
Elle m'enivre et je n'en veux pas d'autres
Car elle est tout's les femmes à la fois.
Elle me fait : "Oh !". Elle me fait : "Ah !".

Scorpio (October 23-November 21)

Joni Mitchell: "Cool Water"
Keep on movin' Dan/We're still in no-man's land
Dry bones and sand/People never planned here for water
In my mind I see/A big green tree
And a river flowin' free
Waiting up ahead for you and me

Sagittarius (November 22- December 21)

Jay-Z: "Friend or Foe"
And you gettin money round here, its not in the plans
So hop yo ass out of that van, head back to kansas
I'm sendin niggas back up in campuses
Chance is slimmer than that chick in calvin klien pantses
Let me guess, they said it was money round here
And the rest is me stoppin you from gettin it, correct?

Capricorn (December 22- January 19)

Dolly Parton: "9 to 5"
Its enough to drive you /Crazy if you let it
9 to 5, for service and devotion
You would think that i /Would deserve a fair promotion
Want to move ahead /But the boss wont seem to let me in
I swear sometimes that man is out to get me
They let your dream /Just a watch em shatter
Youre just a step /On the boss mans a ladder
But you got dream hell never take away

Aquarius (January 20-February 18)

Bob Marley: "Wake Up and Live"
Life is one big road with lots of signs,
So when you riding through the ruts, don't you complicate your mind:
Flee from hate, mischief and jealousy!
Don't bury your thoughts; put your vision to reality, yeah!
We're more than sand on the seashore,
We're more than numbers.

Pisces (February 19-March 20)

Nina Simone: "It Be's That Way Sometime"
It doesnt mean you should go crazy, it be's that way sometime
Find yourself another love who will treat you good and kind
Return that love he gives to you, it also be's that way sometime
Dont let the problems of this world drive you slowly out of your mind
Just smile look at the problem and say it be's that way sometime

I JUST DIDN'T GET ENOUGH

Biff Boff Barf goes to the Voice of the Valley Noise Rally

Anthony (Biff Boff Barf Vocals):



I heard a lot about the shit that was going around and took part in less than half of it, probably. "San Pedro", liquid THC, psilocybin mushrooms, mescaline, Somas, Adderall, plenty of pot and booze. On the first day, it was the plastic bottle of gin we picked up outside of Morgantown or Wheeling or where the fuck ever, after eating at CiCi's Pizza Buffet for free. It didn't take long to get good and trashed, since all I had in my gut was pilfered cardboard pizza substitute and a handful of cashew pieces. At some point, I forgot to keep asking the names of the acts and was planted, unsteadily, at the right corner of the stage. I guess there was a fog that rolled in at some point in the night, and that's probably part of the reason I had trouble finding a good place to puke.

I woke up the next day in Max's tent under a quilt that my great grandmother meant to keep my baby sister warm. It added to the retarded amount of sticky, gross heat in that tent which was placed oh-so-cleverly right in the center of the clearest spot on our side of the campground, soaking up the damn sun. I rolled out and staggered over to the circle for a decent little wake and bake, though I only caught the tail end of a blunt. I walked around for a while after that, trying to imagine what the showers looked like and hoping they weren't the "car wash" style they have in Jackson Pike. When I met back up with the dudes I crunched up a couple of Somas and I was told about this near mythical sounding hippy figure handing out pouches of "powered mescaline" or something. I sure as hell wanted in on that, thinking it would help me overcome some of the retardedly crippling social anxiety I was feeling. Max took me over to see the guy and I gave him five bucks, even though he didn't have any more of the stuff. Max gave me his and I figured that it would be a great trip, seeing as how it came from an act of friendship as opposed to buying it up from someone I didn't know. I guess I'm into the idea of vibes or some shit. So I followed the hand-me-down instructions and poured this green, nasty-smelling powder into this water bottle and mixed it up. The shit was terrible, all the way through. I had to puke twice when I was drinking it, but I didn't want to waste it so... yeah. Choking back scuzzy looking green mescaline water in the blazing sun on the way to a Port-a-John didn't help me start any conversations.

Anyway, I think the shit was bunk. Or maybe it wasn't I just didn't get enough. Something conspired against me and instead of the eye-opening trip I was counting on to help me connect with all of these faceless, nameless people involved in a scene I didn't really feel a part of I got slapped with a nasty few hours of desperate hopelessness. We played a Biff Boff Barf set and I think the majority of my vocals ended up being that "PFFFT!" sound you make when you stick your tongue out against your lip and blow. I guess it worked out though, because we got rid of a lot of merch. Thanks Max and John for carrying that show.

After the B.B.B. set, I felt kind of anxious about what I thought at the time to be insincere pats on the arm and "good set, man" greetings. Eventually I got some more Somas into me and some beers and got

in on a couple of circles and didn't feel so shitty. I started drinking more beers, I really got a taste for sun drenched Bud Lite (thanks Bushman!) and Somas. We snorted a couple off the bottom of beer cans and got good and pumped for Sword Heaven, which cleared my head a good deal. I smoked a couple of bowls with some dudes from Florida who were there to work security for the campground and we pined for Loritabs and Valium and Vicodin and Oxycontin, but it wasn't to be found. When the sun went down everyone else who took the mescaline powder or something else took their trips down by the big ass bonfire. Mark had a bottle of whiskey he was sharing and it was terrible, but that made me smile. I love bad booze, it's a bad habit of mine. That night I slept under that quilt on the grass but I still managed to wake up in the stupid fucking sun.

The third day didn't have much but smoking circles, but I was feeling a little more sociable about things anyway. That strange hippy dude was poking lines of something people were snorting and getting little mini-trips from, like Salvia, but I didn't partake because I wasn't offered any and I didn't feel like asking. My loss, totally, because that shit seemed to do the trick for people. The only drugs on the way home, leaving early, was probably the chemical additives in that nacho burger I spent my last couple bucks on at Sheetz gas station and gourmet dining (ha ha). I did end the night drinking keg beer next to a crack house on Reeb Avenue, so I guess that deserves some mention too.

Max (Biff Boff Barf Guitarist):



On the way down my favorite song on the radio was "Alright" by Darius Rucker. If you aren't into shitty modern radio country than grow a dick because he is talking about spaghetti, cheap wine and Patsy Cline. I'm not implying that I am a home body but I am in love with those three items. I wish more people partied both listening to that song and with those three items. But you have to listen to Patsy Cline if you listen to that song or else it doesn't count. You have to eat really shitty spaghetti and drink really shitty table wine like a red Carlo Rossi too. It seems like there must be a handful of people who decide what songs get to be popular on modern country radio, just like how the proverbial five jew bankers control the world's cash flow. Who would have guessed that Hootie from Hootie and the Blowfish would have been given the honor to go at round two at making millions of dollars?

Poor quality food, cheap regional beer, casual use of hard drugs and ample quantities of schwag left me completely drained every night. The first night is by far the hardest to remember just out of sheer exhaustion. Laundry Room Squelchers must have played at 4 AM. I slept like a rock and woke up to a long day of jamming and conversation. The weakest dude there gave me a bunch of mescaline that was totally bunk. I'm not sure why you would give somebody bunk drugs for free but regardless it did nothing. Me and Anthony were eating Soma and drinking black coffee every night. I was handing out muscle relaxers like candy so people were smoking me out constantly. After we played Saturday I was so crushed there would have been no way I could have stayed awake, but this girl gave me an Adderol. She said I deserved it and I don't know why, but thanks to whoever she was. I should take this chance to also thank Door (Earth Crown/Copper Globe) for letting me use his double rat pedal. If

he didn't our set would have sucked ass. Sewn Leather definitely sticks with me the most out of the acts that weekend. Griffin is one of my favorite lyricists and performers around today. He really brings this punk/scum/dance to the table that I have never seen anyone else do quite the same way. Ryan's solo set also really struck me as one of the best I have ever seen him play. Sword Heaven was also killer and it was amusing to hear Mark be genuinely pissed when I said sound checks are for pussies. Like a little boy pulling on a girl's pig tails, you know I really love you guys. My biggest regret has to be leaving before Twilight Memories of the Three Suns played. They gave me 3 awesome LP's at last INC and I was looking forward to seeing them again.

Other highlights would include waking up freezing the first night, waking up sweating with my tent collapsed on me the second night, talking about how goth music is for fat girls and scrawny dudes and that just makes it better, arguing with that old guy who does Clang Quartet about how St. Anger is a terrible album, not paying at Cici's Pizza and trading gin for black coffee. I'm looking forward to seeing everybody on the road again sometime soon.

John (Biff Boff Barf Drums)



For the second annual Voice of the Valley Noise Rally, Stoney Ben managed to rent out Indian Meadows campground in Pentress, WV. This was not really too far away from the Hibbs family holler, but a lot bigger and included shitters and a real stage! It felt a little more 'legit' than the first year. We cruised down in Ryan Jewell's white stationwagon, and stopped at a Cici's pizza on the way but didn't pay. I'm pretty sure we weren't hungry, but there's something about being on the road and not stopping at every cici's pizza that just doesn't fit well. After getting some directions from this weird guy who was sitting in a small shed listening to stone temple pilots next a gas station, we found the place. There was a real entry gate (sort of), we got little bracelets to wear, and Ben was actually charging people a flat rate to get into the festival so he wouldn't lose too much money renting out the camp ground. I showed up pretty much just in time to play my Ginger Fetus set. I think a lot of people liked it, because everyone smiled at me and said they liked it for the rest of the night. Some of my shit broke, as usual, so I just winged it, as usual. Me and Max started drinking right away. What a great party, it was beautiful seeing all my weirdo noise friends in one place, at the same time. We drank gin on ice with lots of lime juice.

Highlights from night one, as far as jams are concerned -

SKIN GRAFT - whoa, I always liked skinraft, but damn, wyatt really brought it this time. he seemed to be approaching some kind of new level of mind fucking sounds. I heard it from the dark gravel road leading to the stage and started to jog, so I wouldn't miss it, and tripped over a rock, falling into one of those orange construction fences.

IRENE MOON - i always like irene moon's sets, this one was good because ryan from boy zone played with her, and she had this great voice modulator that made her sound like satan.

GOD WILLING - shit ren, i don't know how he does it but he manages to make that fender mustang sound like a fucking semi-truck getting sucked through some kind of inter dimensional time hole. Total shredder.

SAM GOLDBURG - the most uplifting set of the night. i heard a story about sam goldburg's salvia trip, something about a thousand whispering golden shadow people and interdimensional travel.

RYAN JEWELL - yeah yeah, he's my buddy, but his set was stellar at the VOV. i think he slept in the car that night.

SOCIAL JUNK and LAZY MAGNET - both killer. i love this kind of tribal noise rock thing going on.

I ended up passing out a little early friday night, i fell victim to the old 'i'm just going to rest my eyes for a minute', and i missed the squelchers. i heard it was pretty fucked up, and was bummed to have missed it.

I slept outside on top of my tent. The morning is fairly foggy in my memory. Started drinking around 11 AM, and hit some pills pretty hard, too. not quite as hard as max and anthony, though. they had us playing at 5:45 so we had to get blacked out early. max was in full on beauty mode. blowing everyone's minds with his in depth analysis of sludge music, ect. someone needs to document max in his element. like, saturday before playing the set was amazing. dude was heavy. we got real fucked up all day, and people were pretty excited to finally see us play because we'd been loud, obnoxious and in everyone's faces all day long. Snorting pain pills off a tree stump and making delicious sandwiches. any gin left? people kept saying we'd better get up to the stage, it was time for us the play, ect, we made it there eventually, played on almost entirely borrowed gear except for max's guitar and my grunge pedal...blasted through a set, max's guitar only came unplugged 3 or 4 times!! after the set i ran to the front of the stage and started slinging merch. people seemed entirely surprised when after screaming about our abundance of merch i actually opened up the cardboard box and, wow, fucking vinyl and brand new tapes! t shirts! we sold out of our t shirts...the next day there were 15 or 20 people walking around the place rocking biff boff barf...what does this mean? where have we come from, and how did we get here? max and anthony, being blacked out by 7 pm, dissapeared for a while, only to return after a few hours with another boost of full on raving asshole energy, it was great. i think there were more drugs involved with this, too.

Highlights from day 2 -

TIGER HATCHERY - shit, i had seen these guys in columbus a few days before, and they certainly did not dissapoint the second time around. probably the best underground free jazz act out there right now. total bad asses.

EARTH CROWN - woahh...how the fuck is door doing it? he had the most amazing hair cut. people kept commenting on his 'mad max' style...i'd say he probably does like that movie, but his style is all his own. one of the, if not the, best sets all weekend.

INFINITY WINDOW - not sure who these people are, or where they come from, but i remember really digging it. intensely psychedelic, in a interdimensional salvia trip kind of way.

SWORD HEAVEN - i think the best part about the sword heaven set was max heckleing mark and aaron for hours before hand, and the mark finally saying - "hey max, fuck you. i don't want to hear it", and then squarely flipping him the bird.

MEETING A NICE GIRL - i met this really nice girl, and we ran around together.

twig was handing out DMT snuff to people, and we kept seeing people crouched around in circles, snorting something, then getting up and frantically running into the darkness and flipping out.

stayed up pretty late, i think there was some kind of dance party this night? a giant bon fire of some kind? i can't remember if this was saturday night or friday night, or sunday night...ended up finding my way into a tent with above mentioned nice girl, that was nice!

spent the next morning drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes with irene moon and company, a good way, made food, ect. max and Anthony didn't have quite as much energy sunday, for obvious reasons, and ended up rolling out a little early with ryan jewell, who was also fairly worn out. i stuck it out, and i'm glad i did. saw a few interesting sets up at the shelter stage, where anyone who wasn't on the bill could set up a jam, and went into town to buy some yuengling. at some point, i threw the squashed tomatoe i'd been putting into my delicious sandwiches over a tree and into the creek, where it hit some innocent guy right on the head!

highlights from day 3 -

MAX EISENBURG ---- aahhhhh gaud, max ties with DOOR for the best solo set of the weekend. i just remember being seriously tripped out by this set. i got kind of twitchy. max also rivals door for rad apparel.

TELECULT POWERS - from cleveland, i supposed? what the fuck, cleveland! who are you people? so amazing...hipnotic, perfect for a sunday when a lot of the crowd had took off...

TWILIGHT MEMORIES OF THE TREE SUNS - these guys climbed up the big hill that was a little past the stage. dameon was running around hitting a steel brake, then dropped it and ran off screaming into the woods. someone else was hitting anvil with a hammer, the girl was waving some kind of piece of metal, and the other guy was doing something, i don't know what. some guy said it was the worst set all weekend, and it didn't have shit on the biff boff barf set the other day. whatever...

NAUTICAL ALMANAC - somehow, my first time seeing NA, and shit was it amazing!!! Carly started out the set with this soothing hypnotic speech, instructed everyone to lie with their heads tilted down hill, which i did. i'm not sure if i fell asleep, and was just in some deep state of hypnosis. i remember eventually snapping back into consciousness just as the set ended. i'm thinking hypnosis.

at some point during sunday evening, i felt like i was in paradise...some of the best music i'd ever seen or heard, tasty food (i made delicious sandwiches for like 5 people!), a nice girl, and beautiful scenery. can't fuck with it. sunday was also great because a lot of people took off, so it was just the hard core rockers left, and a lot of the sets were super chill. i bought a whole chicken, too, covered in BBQ sauce.

went to sleep around 5 am in the tent...

the next day i had to wait for aaron to get back from his dad's house to give me a ride, so i ended up there after everyone except for stoney and crew had left. i helped clean up, and shot the shit with aaron's cousin who owns the campground.

me, aaron and matt bush went to visit aaron's uncle, who gave us all two dollar bills. we went inside to get some iced tea, and in one of the picture frames on the wall, i saw the same weird guy who was sitting in that shed next to the gas station listening to stone temple pilots!

The CHEATER SLICKS LPs by Tom Shannon



On Your Knees (Gawdawful) 1989

Our first LP was actually our second attempt at recording a full length record. We did a very similar session with Allen Paulino from the Real Kids on bass in the early months of 1989. He left due to personal problems, therefore we did not use the session. Allen was replaced by Merle Allin (GG's brother). He is the bass player on this record. On Your knees has a great, blocky primitive sound, although it was recorded on a Neve board. The songs are unusual structures, in that we had no idea really what we were doing. I'd love to be able to go back to that state of creation where the music just flows from the depths of naivete. I'm proud of that record because it immediately established our "sound" which is hard to accomplish on a first record. We never recorded with a bass player after that. The LP went to the cut out bins immediately after the record came out, because the label folded. It was sold only as a cut out through Scorpio, as far as I know.

Destination Lonely (Dogmeat) 1991

This was a period of finding our sound as a bass-less three piece. It came very naturally to us, but we still hadn't gotten the full swing of it. David Laing at Dogmeat in Australia wanted us to do a concept record based on our interpretations of 60's garage. We felt this would be fun; obviously we were huge fans of that genre, and our first record did not appeal to that crowd (garage-lovers), so we thought...maybe we can expand our appeal. Needless to say it didn't expand our appeal. We were still a little (or a lot) too out there for the neo garage crowd. This was the first appearance of "Murder" a staple

of our sets up to the present day. Unfortunately for much of this session we were forced by Glenn Brown, our engineer, to turn our volume way down. And we recorded in an extremely dead room. Because of that I'm afraid that LP does not have the power it should have had. But that sound is its personality now, so I can't regret it. Nobody heard the record anyway as it was almost impossible to obtain. Some fans in Australia years later saved much of the vinyl pressing from being melted down for recycling. Still, it's extremely rare on LP. Daniel Clowes did the cover artwork.

Whisky (In The Red) 1993

This was the first or second LP that In The Red put out. The Bassholes had one at almost the identical time. It was a hodge podge of things we had done over the period of a year or so. The songs "Possession" and "Savage Affection" were breakthrough songs sound-wise for us. They defined our new three piece approach, and brought us to a new level. We recorded those songs for an Australian label (Giant Claw) 7", and the label rejected them. It was this that inspired Larry Hardy at In The Red to put them out on an LP, with additional material. The additional material included a 27 minute song "Thinking Some More" which comprised all of side B. Recently I read in an interview that Larry was nervous and apprehensive about releasing this LP because of that song. I remember it quite differently. It seemed he almost prodded us to do it because we had the song already worked out and ready to record, and he loved extreme stuff like that. At any rate, for our true fans, it's one of the favorites. Boston radio DJ's at the time loved it because they could take 20 minute smoke breaks. We practiced that song for months at our rehearsal space. It drove bands in the adjoining rooms crazy, and they left nasty messages on our phone machine calling us a second rate Sonic Youth. We really just wanted to be the Velvet Underground, which seemed pretty obvious. We called the record Whisky because we drank a bottle of Whisky before recording "Thinking Some More" and let the tape roll. We played and then ended as we had it worked out (which was a very loose structure) and the tape reel ran out just as we finished the song.

Don't Like You (In The Red) 1995

This was recorded during a very difficult time in our band history. We had done a demo to get funding for the record about a year before we did the session with Jon Spencer and Jerry Teel in New York. Then we had problems within the band due to the extreme stress of living in Boston at that time. Finances were thin and tempers were thin also. We were just fed up with living that way at that time, and it caused discord in the band. Because of that, the actual recording session got delayed. By the time we got to it, some of the material was old and some was unworked. We did the session in the basement of a tenement building on the lower east side of Manhattan. It was scorchingly hot, and the recording process was as primitive as possible. We had no place to stay during that time, so we slept in the van or in the studio itself. All the recordings were done live including the vocals (through a PA). Not something I would ever want to repeat. We did some overdubbing, but it was minimal. We then let Jon Spencer mix it. This took over 6 months as I recall. The mixing was his vision of our band "live". I don't know if it comes off that way or not. This is the aspect of that LP which upsets many people. They don't think it sounds like us. I personally don't have a problem with the mixing, but wish, in hindsight, we could have taken more time to record. "Don't Like You" is our highest profile record. Because of the Spencer connection, it sold pretty well. We got to go to Europe twice on that record. The album cover by Art Chantry is in art books on 90's rock. Some of our most reliable live songs come from it. I think it did a good job of expressing what we were at that time. (A very

fucked up frustrated band). Because of that, for me it is more a time-piece than any of our other records. It reeks of the mid nineties, which were a very frustrating time for anyone in the underground- despite the revisionist history I now hear being offered by various bands of that time. In The Red is planning a double LP which combines the Spencer session with the demo session in one package. That should be out in 2010.

Forgive Thee (In The Red) 1997

This was our first record done in Columbus. In some ways it was a response against the process of "Don't Like You". One of the reasons we moved to Columbus was to try to get our lives together and to be able to take more time to write songs and record properly.

Somehow through those chaotic touring years of '95 and '96, we had managed to stockpile a lot of songs. We now had support from friends who made it easier for us to work. We practiced in Gene Mullett's basement and took our time to work things out. We hooked up with producer David Katznelson for help with recording. His positive, laid back quality helped us a lot in the studio. We breathed easier and could explore more ideas and use some overdubs to flesh things out. "Forgive Thee" is less aggressive and less distorted also. There is more of an emphasis on songwriting. It was criticized for being too long (two CD's, over 40 minutes each), but we wanted the whole session to come out. We had friends come to help on the songs (Mick Collins and Don Howland). It was a very fun session that produced good results. It will be released for the first time on vinyl as a 3 LP box set on In The Red, sometime next year.

Refried Dreams (In The Red) 1999

This record represents the culmination of the ideas that started with "Forgive Thee". It is the poppiest, most accessible of our records. It seemed effortless to write and record these songs. We were in a good place mentally, and were happy just to be able to write songs and record. We were working in a void, not playing many out of town shows and keeping very much to ourselves. The music "business" was not interested in us, and we had trouble finding like-minded bands to play with at this time. The bands we had "come up" with were big, and we were not included on shows with them anymore. Still, we felt we were doing something real and legitimate. We weren't depressed about the situation. Our personal lives became fuller, so, things were still going well for us from our move to Columbus from Boston. It all seemed like some sort of life long process that would eventually pan out. David Katznelson helped us again with this record. It was recorded at Diamond Mine in the same studio as "Forgive Thee", but was mixed by Chris Forbes instead of Jeff Graham. Chris did a great job and was extremely easy to work with. In The Red was very supportive of our musical output at this time.

Yer Last Record (In The Red) 2002

A new shift occurred with this session. We had tired of the pop side of things, and wanted to pursue the dark elements of our music again. I wouldn't say it was a conscious move, but that was what happened. "Yer Last Record" was intense and brooding from the start. It was the first record of material written in the basement of our new house. Maybe this is what gave it such a deep, reverbed sound. We recorded it at the new Diamond Mine studios which were in a renovated theater. Cavernous rooms and a fancy new mixing board. We wrestled with it, and tweaked it, and fussed with it, and it still came out sounding like it was recorded underwater. I think that was the kind of energy we were putting out at that time. David Katznelson helped us with this session

also. But this was a different beast, and the negativity of the songs, combined with Katznelson's family issues seemed to overwhelm him. My impression of that session was that no one, including the producer and the label, wanted this type of record from us. But it was what we had created at that time, so it could not be altered. From In The Red's perspective I'm sure the record was an unsellable disaster. I was very proud of it, in its own way, because we captured a dark quality and heaviness that had been present in our music before, but not worked out to this extent. It also started our move toward a more "psych" influenced sound. It was released on LP by Secret Keeper with a slightly different song order and from a different master done by Jeff Graham. It was at this point that younger bands, such as the Hunches, started being influenced by us, creating a new life for the tradition that we had helped carry along through the '90's. "Yer Last Record" is the least known of our recordings, but is Cheater Slicks' most intense, moody recording.

Walk Into The Sea (Dead Canary) 2007

Our first attempt to do everything in the process of making an album - from writing the songs to recording them ourselves (with a lot of help). This record evolved over a period of time. We recorded the songs many times over a year or so waiting for the right versions to appear. Some came quickly, some did not. Will Foster was invaluable in allowing us this leisurely approach. We did the basic tracks in our basement on an 8 track cassette recorder, then did the overdubs at his house on to computer. It was the best of both worlds, but very time consuming. None of us wanted it to sound "lo-fi" but the recording process was pushing it in that direction. With many hours of mixing, Will and I got it to sound the way we wanted. The songs were more upbeat than "Yer Last Record" but still very true to our sound. We originally had planned for this session to come out on In The Red, but things fell through at the last minute. Then the scramble was on to find someone to put it out. Dead Canary had just done a Bassholes record and somehow our two bands always follow each other, so it seemed to be the logical solution. Again distribution problems plagued this record and it barely made a blip in the scheme of things. The artwork for the LP was a collage of fragments of old prints which David painstakingly assembled to form a unique, nightmarish image.

Bats In The Dead Trees (Lost Treasures of the Underworld) 2009

A spontaneous creation. These were all made up on the spot- three of the sections at one session. We had a "noise jam" that we were going to use on "Walk Into the Sea" somewhere. That never happened and it languished unlistened to except by Dana who one day asked if either David or I had ever listened to it. I had completely forgotten about it. At that same time Tom Derwent from Lost Treasures asked if there was anything we had that he could put out on his label. I immediately thought of that improvisation. I dubbed him a copy and he liked it but wanted more for a full release. We then went down in the basement and recorded the rest of the LP in 45 minutes. We had always done these types of things, but never had thought of releasing them. We thought it was an interesting side of our band that few people knew about. It also showed the increasing "psych" element that was entering our music. We play intuitively and this lends itself well to improvisation. It was a fun experiment and, I think, freed our music in other areas. It's easier not to worry as much about structure now, although I still prefer working songs out as opposed to open improvisation. We only played this material once at Skylab in Columbus, the results of which are included in a CD-R on the second pressing of the LP which is still available from Lost Treasures.

Bennett interfered. But he didn't exactly put it back in its right place so that it couldn't fall off again, you see. And yeah well hell well yeah hell yeah, they stopped at one point and Johnnie yelled "Hurray" and then "Allray" and yeah then Out There Dudes played.

Kevin told me that he would use a drum machine and that now he was playing the bass. He also said that he has a typical accent from Cleveland. The eastside of Cleveland if I remember correctly, but maybe not. Anyway, Adam Fleischer was playing with them, usually it's just Tom Derwent and Kevin. They did their soundcheck and then Adam said "let's meditate during five minutes..." which in his idioma meant "let's have a cigarette." I think. I asked William Berry what he was going to meditate on and he didn't know. I didn't know either so I drank my beer and waited, and couldn't understand what William Berry was saying because I'm still not used to yeah ofogoodhho god yeah. Adam Fleischer did some vocals but I couldn't really hear what he was doing. I guess the low pitched layer of sound was from Kevin, and the higher-pitched one from Tom, who was playing guitar. Adam was intermittently strumming his guitar and I guess the sound of his voice was lost somewhere between Tom and Kevin. Kevin couldn't get the drum machine to do what he wanted it to, but I guess it didn't matter. Noise is also about failing. They were definitely out there oh yeah Tom was Saturn, Adam was Jupiter and Kevin was Uranus. Hell fucking yeah dude. I remember the show they played at Bourbon Street with Biff Boff Barf, Wasteland Jazz Unit and Twink Bully. Oh yeah this one was such a good show oh hell yeah ohoh Tom had this Fender twin I remember, it was another galaxy man hell fucking dude another fucking hell of a fucking galactical space-time continuum dude.

I talked with Klamut about psychology and sexual positions, and also about sex and psychological positions, and then after the Out There Dudes Regan and I left because I had to work the day after. I work everyday. Monday to Friday and it is the joy of my life. Yes I love my job oh yes I love it oh hell yeah I love it my job is so good oh oui oh. I also saw Six Finger Satellite and The Chinese Stars yesterday from Providence, RI. Six Finger Satellite are the shit dude, Rhode Island is the shit. Load Records is the the shit

I also saw Faust. It was a good show too and TV Ghost last week it was also very good and Aaron Hibbs broke the Guinness Hula Hoop record. Aaron is the hero, Haaron Hibbs, Aaron "The Hero" Hibbs, Aaron "Super Dude" Hibbs, Aaron is making History man hell yeah the history of Hula Hoop. We all make history we the people that live and work and talk to each other and fart in our pants when nobody is around. And the Cheater Slicks are also great. And records are great. Jaaz.

New French Gay Jaaz vol. 2 on Stochastic Releases - out now
"Thanks" - Ryan Jewell
"Thanks man" - Out There Dudes

lost treasures of the underworld



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