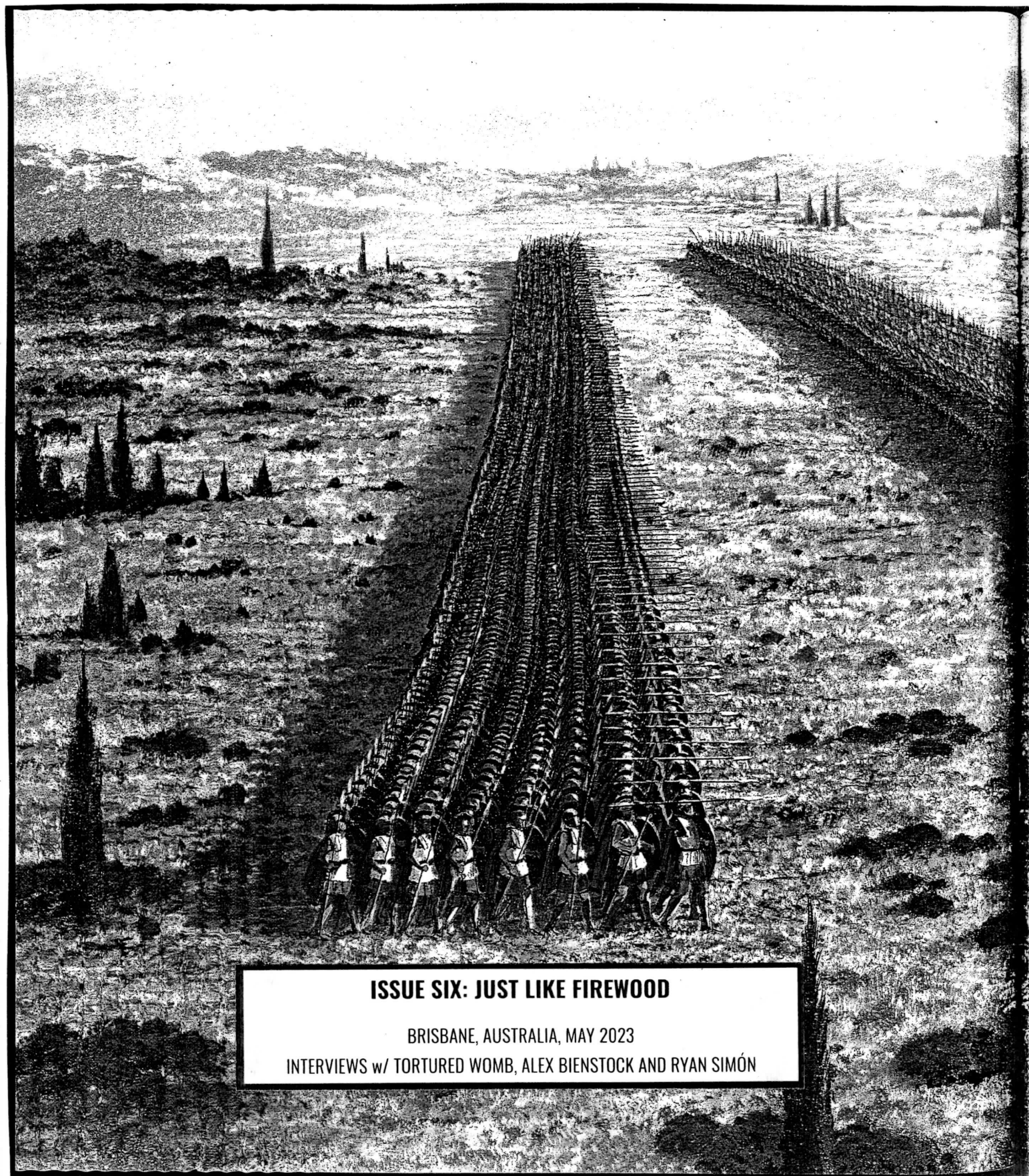


RANGO TANGO

NOES WRET · DUMY KYAT



ISSUE SIX: JUST LIKE FIREWOOD

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA, MAY 2023

INTERVIEWS w/ TORTURED WOMB, ALEX BIENSTOCK AND RYAN SIMÓN

Nearly three years in and six issues deep. Not quite as prolific as old Brendo was at this point still a solid effort if I do say myself. The spectre of *NGL* looms large but there's no need to try keep up with the best there ever was. This issue our man in the great white north **Glen Davis** (if that is indeed his real name) has supplied us with an interview from some Nova Scotian talent **Tortured Womb**. I conducted a live-over-zoom interview with my buddy and actual-magazine writer **Ryan Simón** of *American Vulgaria*. Cunt of a thing to transcribe but a real treat to read. Hilarious and talented concept artist **Alex Bienstock** answered some questions over email about his tastes in black metal and noise for you to dilate your pupils at. **Will Samson** was kind enough to let me republish his *Apocalypse Confidential* essay on datapanik in the year zero. Real heads are gonna love it. Cheers to **Noah Fredstrom** for helping me pad out the review section. In other news I'm still chugging along with my Russian and have started learning French. Compared to Russian it's practically English. The reason for my recent francophilia comes from reading the epic ur-soap *War and Peace*, which you may have by now heard me discuss on *The Perfume Nationalist*. A decent chunk of dialog in that book is written in French (with translations in the footnotes) and it got me keen. *Browning Mummery's* whole digital discography can be purchased on bandcamp for like 7 Aussie dollars and I suggest you do that. Woolworths supermarkets now stock a delicious Italian gelato on a stick coated in a scrumptious sticky layer of almond and semi-solid caramel goo called *Gruvi*. The Australian Raven is almost identical to the Torresian Crow. A is A.

Playlist Issue 6

1. Grimes - Oblivion
2. Звуки Му - Бронепоезд [Zvuki Mu - Armoured Train]
3. Kylie minogue- Some Kind of Bliss
4. Roxy music - Flesh and Blood
5. Andre Nickatina - Dice of Life
6. Blod - Påskhelgen
7. Groundhogs - Cherry Red
8. Bethlehem - Gestern Starb Ich Schon Heute
9. Isengard - Fanden Lokker Til Stupet (Ny-trad)
10. Pink Floyd - Learning to Fly



you are in black darkness and confusion.

You have been higger-mugged and carom-shotted into a war, and you know nothing about it.



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AMERICAN VULGARIA is an art and joy, and we deny any and culture magazine [web + obligation to participate in print] based in Missoula, MT. our age's neurotic/cynical/ We publish art, criticism, performative obsessions essays, interviews, poetry, with public health, safety, fiction, theory, videos, sustainability, etc. etc. photography, love letters, We appreciate the artist's erotica, sleaze, screeds, ethical preference for sermons, and manifestos. Our aesthetic assault over interests are both eclectic moral adherence to the and fanatical, with Truth and mainstream. We believe in Beauty as our only guiding God, angels, and demons; principles. At **AMERICAN** the sacred, the profane, the **VULGARIA**, we accept abject, the sublime. This idiocy and irrationality as publication is run by founder concomitants of freedom and editor Ryan Simón.



A M E R I C A N V U L G A R I A

M A G A Z I N E

w w w . a m e r i c a n v u l g a r i a . c o m

TORTURED WOMB



Interviewed by Glen Oldman Davis.

Amherst, Nova Scotia is, as far as I'm aware, globally known as the birthplace of the sperm sack which begot Dwayne 'The Rock' Johnson. To others more adept to the Legends of Professional Wrestling, it is the place of origin of Rocky Johnson, wielder and manipulator of said power-sack. There's also the case of Esther COX, who famously endured a year of intense poltergeist harassment before jumping ship and moving to Massachusetts in the late 19th century. And now we have Tortured Womb, 21st century musical embalmers of the new generation (that's Z if yr keeping track), who seems to have been touched with a certain syncretic creative zeal that's, admittedly, quite rare in these parts. Case in point: a quick zip through their (actually his, but I'll get to that a minute) brief digi-discography will take you well beyond the popular stylings of Coneheads-legacy mutoid internet punk into grander illusions of Ben Wallers literary bravado, twisted Sun City Girls folkdom, and even a pleasant drum and bass number. Plus, the two tracks offered by Jack Lefler's (the man behind the monikker) flash-in-the-pan other band Tulukat Two would have sat quite inconspicuously on any one of the Homework compilations, if I do say so myself. Some internet sleuthing reveals Mr. Lefler appears to fall somewhere between the ages of 15 and 25, a pleasing sight for us geriatric millennials. Obviously, my interest has been piqued, so, before

bothering to meet him in person I took the liberty of asking these questions for to better understand his way of life...

Alright Jack, I gave the best intro I could cobble together with the minimal info I have. So, in your own words, WHO/WHAT/WHERE/HOW are you?

My name is Jack Lefler, and I write and record music under the moniker of "Tortured Womb". I hail from Amherst, Nova Scotia, a small town surrounded by cold salt marshes very close to the border with New Brunswick. I don't know how familiar the readers will be with Canadian geography, but to put it bluntly I was born in Boganville. Currently I live in Halifax, and attend the high-falutin institution known as NSCAD (Nova Scotia College of Art and Design) where I hang out with insufferable bohemians and make video installation art about internet memes and death.

Speak to us of your musical genesis, where did it all begin? When will it end?

When I was 15 I heard Joy Division's Disorder for the first time, and soon after picked up playing the bass before switching mainly to guitar. And from there I dove into the rabbit hole of post-punk and experimental music, hanging out with other creeps on Discord and learning about the classics like The Fall, Gang of Four, Merzbow, Urinals, Captain Beefheart, and Country Teasers. Somewhere between then and now I played bass in a high school band that would perform at events around my hometown, as well as the school theater at lunch time. Shout out Parker and Will, who were also in that band, and now make up two fourths of the Tortured Womb live band. As for when it will end? I anticipate some sort of Lynyrd Skynyrd-esque disaster on my private helicopter over the North Atlantic ocean.

Tell us about Amherst. Has it had any notable impact on your music/life? What are the people/buildings like? Have you ever encountered the poltergeists who haunted Esther Cox?

Amherst is your typical east coast small town. It is very quiet and full of regular people. Downtown still retains some old sandstone public

know next to nothing.

You ought not to be in this war.

You cannot win this war.

buildings and a Baptist church in a British sort of style. Like most small towns you have to make your own fun, which for me and my friends consisted of practicing in my buddies basement and then going to the McDonalds drive thru. I can't say for sure if I have been in contact with the ghost that harried Esther Cox, but one time the words "JACK LEFLER, YOU ARE MINE TO KILL!" appeared in fire before me as I walked through the bird sanctuary. It was probably swamp gas.

How did you get the taste for underground music? Do you have any transgressive siblings/cousins/friends or was it just the internet?

Mainly just the internet, and my own strange sensibilities, in fact I have been the transgressive sibling/cousin/friend a few times in my life.

There's a mighty wide range of styles on display in yr tracks. How do you typically go about making them? Are you intentionally channelling particular bands/artists/spirits or just going for it?

It really depends. Sometimes I find a new artist which animates me to make a track as good as theirs, sometimes it is the spirit of playful competition with my other music making compatriots. Then I just hop into the DAW, and write/record until I'm bored.

How cognizant have you been of other Nova Scotian underground music/art/etc? Pandemia aside, do you think in terms of a music scene or do you behave as a lone wulf?

In the formative part of my musical "career" I was very isolated from a music scene of any kind, only truly slotting into one very recently since I've been living in Halifax. I have always made somewhat of an effort to keep up to date on whatever bands may be good in the Halifax area however, just out of my own curiosity.

What about Tulukat Two. I felt great excitement over the two tracks you guys put out last spring but it seems the project's been absorbed into another band. What happened there? Also, where'd that name come from?

Tulukat Two was a band I formed with fellow darksided mutoids Michael Wombolt and Laurel McClellan-Schuurkamp. It sort of got absorbed by Drop the Formality, which we three also play in and the songs we wrote were incorporated into the live set of that band instead. We have many unfinished songs from the Tulukat era burning a hole in our hard drives that we mutually agree we would like to do something with. Who knows, the revival of Tulukat Two may be closer than one might think... And the name is a phonetic spelling of the title of the Robert Frost poem "Two Look at Two", which is about a pair of hikers looking at a pair of deer on a mountain, very deep stuff.

Do you hold any allegiance to the region of Eastern Canada or are you planning on emigrating to the more bohemian pastures of Montreal, Melbourne, Cairo, etc. in the near future?

For sure I have roots here in Eastern Canada, but migrating to a bigger pond is not out of the question. Maybe Montreal? Belfast? Durban? Glasgow? Prague? I have even entertained the possibility of escaping the wet and cold winters of Canada, and high tailing it to Melbourne. And maybe hang out with some of the guys from TISM.

Finally, what's slated for Tortured Womb/Jack Lefler in 2023 and how will you execute such objectives?

In 2023 the Tortured Womb live experience will be playing around Halifax, terrorizing the populace and causing general panic/disarray among the landed gentry occupying the hinterlands around the citadel. Also probably an LP of diabolical straightforward punk songs at some point this year, which will be titled "More Country Heat". Before I go, shout out to The Saints, The Leftovers, Tropical Fuck Storm, The Drones, TISM, The Birthday Party, Roland S. Howard and the other Australian greats that have influenced me over the years. I hope to perform on your sunny island one day.

END INTERVIEW

forces that caused you to know next to nothing. You ought not to be in this war. You cannot win this war.

ALEX BIENSTOCK



Alex Bienstock is a concept artist, musician, non-philosopher and hilarious poster from New York City. One of the originators of Finance Punk and the man behind the eclectic multi-genre Every Slut Could Be A Star musical project, amongst other things.

Interview taken by Matthew Fresta

.....
What was New York like when you were coming up? Have you always lived there? Could you see yourself living anywhere else?

i was coming into nyc really young with friends and i loved the washington square park kind of performance art freaks you'd see. I remember this guy hector who would cut oranges with a wooden sword. me and my friend mike would mimic him and turn him into a character. i also was involved with a female a little later who supposedly worked in a dungeon. it was all typical nyc eccentric stuff that brought and kept me here. i was attracted to all the obvious "underground" youth culture. As i got older i wanted to be around safer neighborhoods and romanticized williamsburg and gentrification. ive

been in nyc for like 16 years, probably wont ever move, i have too much of a life here.

The Spectre of Finance Punk

Alex Bienstock (it)
Barrett Avner (it)

What black metal bands do you like?

Aryan Blood is excellent. crazy sounding nsbm with harrowing riffs and disgusting vocals. epic racial-worship hate. Bestial Summoning is insane free-form raw shit. those guys really brought the unhinged madness. Thor's Hammer just does something to me. I think some of those riffs are as evil as it gets and for me BM is all about evil and misanthropy. Not super into the SDBM atm.



What noise artists are you into?

I kind of grew out of the PE style or harsh noise at the moment but really like this guy Door's work that goes by Network Glass. It's

...ross that caused it or you know next to nothing. You ought not to be in this war. You cannot win this war.

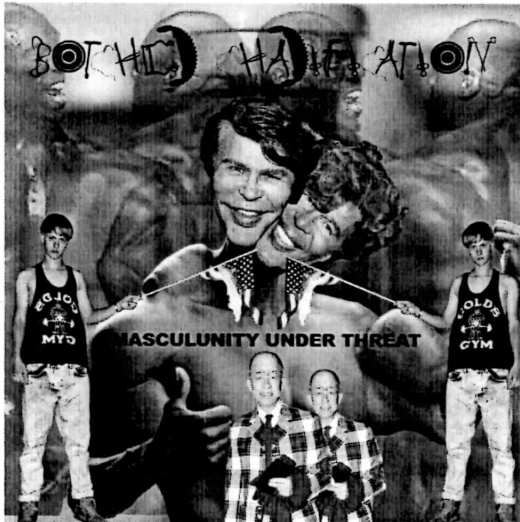
more "content-less" and feels progressive in its methodology and form.

Did you ever skate? Were you any good?

I hung out with all the skaters but only skated functionally to get around once in awhile, never got that into the culture but respect it for sure. I was like the kid in the band or the artist who fit in with those people adjacently but more physically lazy/book reader

You're pretty good on the guitar, you can do all that pinch harmonic kinda stuff and it sounds clean, how long you been playing and how'd you get so good?

i been playing maybe for 25 years honestly. i had lessons at multiple times of my life. as a decent guitarist you can mimic being amazing, but I truly know my limitations compared to "the greats" lol.



You and Adam Lehrer have a new musical project called Böthched Chadification - can you tell me a little about that?

I've kind of retired a lot of my creative life to be honest but i find adam so funny and enjoy him as a person that i thought a project where i make throw-away pastiche metal songs in 10 minutes and then he screams gay poetry about male failure over it is just conceptual gold. What can I say? It's easy, fun, and usually makes us laugh.

Who are your favourite philosophers?

i lost interest in philosophy too kind of. im always losing interesting in things because i hate humanity tbh. like im a nice cool person and i'll hear someone out, but then i'll be like...really, thats what u did with ur life? u sweater wearing imp, get a real job french dipshit.



Can you tell me a little about "Evil Bienstock"?

i'd say from 2017-2022 i was just saying the most heinous stupid things on instagram. it was like NSBM-schizo-posting. lotta people fucked with it and i found myself in cool situations because of this general anti-hero anti-woke character. im off of IG now because i was banned around 12 times. Evil B comes out once in awhile on twitter but hes mostly staying in his lair these days except for the occasional verbal abuse while im on the shitter or bored at work.

End interview)



You know nothing about the forces that caused this or you know next to nothing. You ought not to be in this war. You cannot win this war.

RLE

ALL OF US ARE ON THE SEA-SHORE NOW

THIS IS THE VOICE OF THE SAND

THE SAILORS UNDERSTAND

THERE IS FAR MORE SEA THAN SAND

YO HO

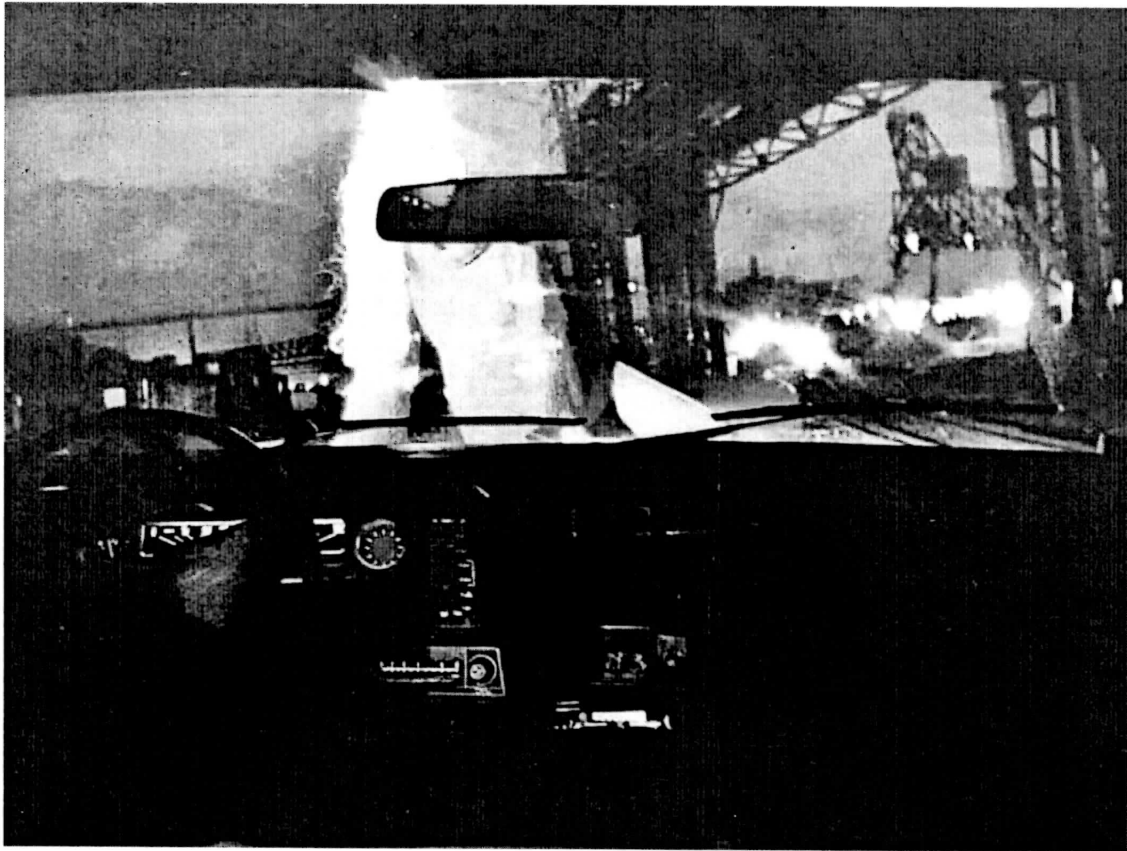
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War at 33 1/3: Throbbing Gristle, Public Enemy & Datapanik



By Will Samson

originally published by Apocalypse Confidential on May 12, 2021 - apocalypse-confidential.com

"World War III is a guerilla information war with no division between military and civilian participation"

-Marshall McLuhan

In 1978, Pere Ubu released the EP *Datapanik in the Year Zero*. With its release came the first intimations of "Datapanik," a concept developed by the band's singer, David Thomas, and their graphic designer, John Thompson. In their words: "Datapanik is the seed from which sprouts Modernity. Modernity spreads through societies wiping away value and judgment. Datapanik describes the mechanism. Media is driven by it. If it is likened to a virus, then the media itself is the laboratory where the virus was germinated and from which it spreads." If Datapanik describes the mechanism, that mechanism follows these axioms:

-Information is a sedative, a kind of existential palliative care.

-Dataflow is imperative.

-Info-junkie culture is inevitable.

-Judgment impedes dataflow. It is anathema.

-Dataflow requires that all things be demonstrable as true all of the time."

This idea doesn't come from nowhere. Its seeds can be traced to some of the earliest instances of Rock music. The rhythms of early Rockabilly and Rock 'n' Roll imitate those of trains and cars. A clear example of this is Johnny Cash's "Walk the Line," which sets locomotive rhythms against a chord progression

You ought not to be in this war
You cannot win this war

whose key center is constantly shifting, setting the scene of a man on a train pining for the woman he loves, reflecting the changes in his mood and outlook over the course of his journey.

"Musicians instinctively preserve and protect their geography by encoding it into sound, preserving it in a place safe from predatory media beasts"

Consciously or not, Rock music has been documenting the encroachment of technology and media on the human subject since its inception. We see this psycho-geography charted further by many musical figures of the '60s, chief among them Captain Beefheart. Beefheart's *Safe As Milk* is the point in the sonic cartographic record where the mechanical rhythms present in earlier strains of popular music begin to overtake the rest of the ensemble. Harmonically, the music is still very much rooted in the folk tradition of the delta blues, but, in terms of performance, the instrumentalists play with a machinic rigidity. Fast forward to *Trout Mask Replica* and the performances have become more aggressive, more incisive, and the compositions infinitely more intricate. The process has *accelerated*. Almost none of the players are working in the same time signature, much less the same key. Each instrument is pursuing their own rigidly composed end, only briefly intersecting with the other parts to allow the piece some degree of musical cohesion. This mirrors the Western Post-War social and cultural landscape: everyone is increasingly alienated from one another, only being allowed to make contact with others in an effort to keep the cogs greased just enough so that everything stays running, smoothly or otherwise. In the middle of it all stands Beefheart: the alienated subject, whose hysterical howls have become increasingly obtuse and incomprehensible.

Throbbing Gristle take this vision of the contemporary Western landscape for granted, and push its aesthetic articulation much further. Take something like "United." On the surface, it's a pretty straight forward love song, not unlike Cash's "Walk the Line." Given Genesis' later biography, it's tempting to treat lines like "You become me/And I become you/She is she/And she is you too" and "You miss them/You want to be them" as foreshadowing the alchemical synthesis of lover and beloved s/he pursued with Lady Jaye. Whatever truth there might be in this reading, I think it glosses over many of the more interesting aspects of "United." For starters, it stands in stark contrast with most of their discography. What gives? Where's the fuckin' noise? Ya put on the track, and what you get are austere synthesizers that border on the clinical. But Throbbing Gristle, even at their most Apollonian, are never *really* clinical. There's always a touch of grime somewhere, always just shy of pristine. Still, by their standards? This is anti-septic. Up to this point, it's also their most rigid track, due, in part, to the first use of a drum machine in their discography, which is the first trace of a distinguishable rhythm on a Throbbing Gristle record outside of the Southampton recording of "Slug Bait" (which is a variation on the African tribal drum pattern on "Abba Zaba" from *Safe As Milk*) and the snippet of a sampled drum groove we hear for a brief, passing moment on the Rat Club version of "Maggot Death." Then, when you consider the flat, affectless vocal delivery... it all starts seeming too mechanical, dispassionate, and particularly *sexless* for a band whose oeuvre is *littered* with material where they revel in seedy and sadistic sex. Let's consider a few more lyrics:

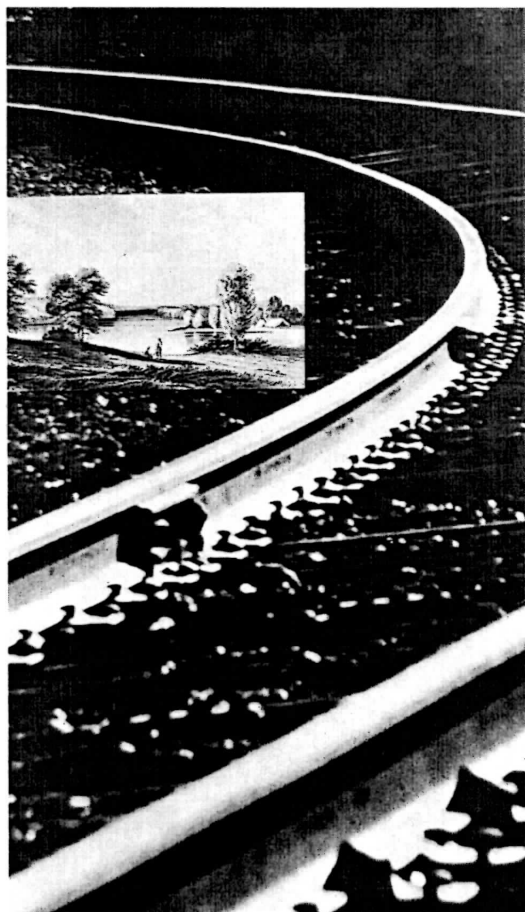
"You and I
You and I
Living together
Loving forever
At our distance
Another for instance,"
"Oceans between us
Sky between us
Land between us
Fire between us
We're United."

The most obvious thing to point out here is the beat-you-over-the-head irony of these lyrics, emphasizing the distance between the lovers, followed by the insistence that they're "United." It's also worth noting how profoundly vapid the first excerpt is. I'd hope the point I'm about to make is

you
know next to nothing.
You ought not to be in this war
You cannot win this war.

so glaringly obvious that I don't even have to make it, but, in the spirit of Throbbing Gristle's contempt for and condescension towards the audience: it's fuckin' satire. The band have stated in interviews that the song's meant to be a parody of New Wave, but, for one, it doesn't sound like New Wave. It sounds like Kraftwerk. And, as suggested above in reference to reading the song biographically: we shouldn't take reductive, easy to digest interpretations at face value, especially when they're presented by the artist. At best, explanations like these are a red herring. At worst? Yet another instance of an artist being completely oblivious to what they were actually making. "United" is a representation of romantic desire mediated by technology, of love completely divorced from any natural human impulse and reduced to a series of empty platitudes after being rigidly codified by a cybernetic control society and channeled into safe, acceptable modes of expression. Relevant here is the repeated lyric "Love is the law," originally taken from Aleister Crowley. In Crowley's cosmology, "Love is the law," as I understand it, means that love is one of the ordering principles of reality. In the context of "United," this phrase becomes more ambiguous. Is love simply complying to authority? An act of cultural or political submission? Here, we see love rendered compulsory in a society where every desire has its root in an InfoWar campaign waged by corporate and political entities with fundamentally anti-human interests. Yeah, you can love, but only in these pre-specified ways that have been deemed socially and politically acceptable by these institutions. But even this reading is reductive. We shouldn't just dismiss the more sincere aspects of the song. The tension between these readings is what makes this song beautiful, and its ability to flit between sincerity and satire is a large part of why it's so compelling.

"Datapanik provides a cure to itself. Hence, the first corollary, codified thusly: We don't promote Chaos. We preserve it"



"United" is hardly representative of the sound worlds typically created by Throbbing Gristle, though. For a more representative example, let's take the studio version of "Maggot Death" from *Second Annual Report*. Genesis plays the part of a stalker in a park who abducts a married woman and kills her. The listener is given no indication of how to feel about this, the killer's perspective is merely presented to them. The music underlying this is a miasma of heavily processed guitar, bass, and synthesizer squeals that all bleed into each other. Even characterizing it this way is inaccurate though, as the vocal isn't raised to a position above the music and given supreme importance. Instead, we find it's as heavily processed as the rest of the instrumentation, just another texture in a vortex of sound that's barely intelligible most of the time. The subject is being whisked away in a tide of technologically mediated desire and frequently being subsumed by it. I can't help but think of *Tetsuo: The Iron Man* here. In the movie, the titular Tetsuo begins growing shafts of metal and machinery out of his body, eventually turning into this quasi-organic, machinic homunculus. Much of early Throbbing Gristle is the sonic equivalent of this. This swathe of Throbbing Gristle's material embodies a primordial Chthonian force, an eruption of unfettered Sadean desire, the emergence of some techno-animus from the depths of our collective unconscious.

There are certain parallels between Throbbing Gristle's work, particularly pieces like "Maggot Death," and the electric era recordings of Miles Davis. Something like Davis' *Bitches Brew* has a similar amorphous quality to much of Throbbing Gristle's material, and records like *On The Corner* and *Dark Magus* introduce the use of electronics in Davis' work that owe quite a bit to Stockhausen, who was also a key influence on Throbbing Gristle. Stockhausen's use of electronic sound processing on pieces

know next to nothing.
You ought not to be in this war
You cannot win this war

like *Hymnen* were of particular interest to Davis, who would apparently blare *Hymnen* while driving around in his Lamborghini, which is a fuckin' glorious thing to imagine. By the time Davis gets to *Dark Magus*, he's pushed this synthesis of Jazz and electronics to the point where *Dark Magus* is practically a noise rock record. As a result, many of the sounds there would feel right at home on something like *Second Annual Report*. Why is this? Why do these parallels exist between Miles Davis and Throbbing Gristle? It's worth mentioning that Throbbing Gristle actually owe a lot to Jazz. Peter Christopherson has professed his love for Sun Ra in many interviews, Genesis grew up playing Jazz drums, being exposed to Big Band Swing by h/er father, and was a big fan of Charles Mingus. With this in mind, I don't think it's much of a stretch to argue that Throbbing Gristle were affecting their own type of Jazz. But where Davis comes from the actual culture of Jazz, where a high premium is placed on technical mastery and hierarchy, Throbbing Gristle's Jazz is more like a garage rock band taking their best swing at "doing Jazz." Which sounds dismissive, but given what I've said about their particular debts to rock music, this is exactly what makes their music so compelling. By forgoing technical skill, they're forced to employ other tactics.

Davis' fusion of Stockhausen with the Jazz-Funk of his previous electric albums also created a synthesis of electronic music and grooves essential in creating a cultural context for hip-hop. Similar to Throbbing Gristle, the pioneers of the genre arrive at this out of necessity. Hip-hop is largely born as a result of kids who, a few years previously, would've just been funk musicians. But New York's economy was in the shitter, everyone was broke, and no one could afford instruments. Not having access to instruments, they made due with what they had, and what they had were records and turntables. In a certain way, this also parallels the birth of Jazz. The introduction of drums and brass into Jazz is largely due to proto-Jazz musicians in New Orleans getting access to these instruments through military surplus. Aside from the fact that both groups of musicians had to adopt these tactics out of necessity, it's also true that, under Datapanik, sampling takes on the same role as adopting the instruments of martial music. When information is the weapon used against you, any reclamation of that information is an act of aesthetic terrorism.

Philosophers Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari had this idea of haptic visuality, which, to explain it quickly and crudely, is a mode of seeing that extends beyond vision into touch. It ceases to be about what is seen and more about how it's felt, the materiality of the image, its texture, and how the image physically affects the viewer. What Deleuze & Guattari were concerned with in the visual arena, Throbbing Gristle were equally interested in when it came to sound. They made haptic music. Throbbing Gristle went as far as building their own PA equipment in pursuit of what they termed "metabolic music." They wanted to know how you could use sound to affect the body, frequently using this knowledge to torture and assault the audience. This is partly due to a sense of mischievousness on their part, but it's also an extension of their larger embrace of military aesthetics, which they mobilized to affect their own brand of aesthetic terrorism. They'd often be seen in press photos sporting battle fatigues, and would produce quotes like:

"you can always aim to be as skillful as the most professional of government agencies. The way you live, structure, conceive, and market what you do, should be as well thought out as a government coup"

Beyond this, the group employed surveillance techniques used by military and espionage agencies to acquire sounds. Peter Christopherson's primary role in Throbbing Gristle was to manipulate found sounds on a proto-sampler constructed from reconstituted cassette players by resident electronics wunderkind Chris Carter. Among these were recordings procured by Christopherson's bugging of mercenary offices and prostitutes negotiating with Johns.

"Discipline" is an interesting manifestation of this preoccupation with military and totalitarian aesthetics, occupying a sonic midpoint between "United" and "Maggot Death." No proper studio version of it exists, only various live recordings. The only consistent feature between the various recordings is the incessant, quasi-militaristic dance beat and Gen's chants of "Discipline! Discipline! We need some discipline in here!" The rest of the instrumentation is in a constant state of flux, varying from recording to recording. Sometimes the group is clearly playing off the rhythm from the drum machine, with shafts of abstract electronic sounds assaulting the listener from oblique angles. Other times, it approaches the quasi-organic noise of "Maggot Death." What are we to make of this? How do these pieces fit together? As always, the easy out would be to cry "irony!" and move on. The cover of the "Discipline" single shows the band, once again, decked out in military fatigues, standing in front of the ex-Nazi Ministry of Information building. With this presentation, it'd be easy to interpret Gen's character in

new text to nothing.
You ought not to be in this war
you cannot win this war

"Discipline" as some would-be fascist or otherwise authoritarian personality and view the song as a satirical exploration of this sort of character, who, if this reading holds true, is being presented as an apoplectic child. Not to disrespect the dead, but let's face facts: Gen did not have an intimidating scream. Compelling? Sure, but it's not the type of scream that really sells a fascist character that could be credibly read as threatening. But Throbbing Gristle are a mercurial entity: as soon as you think you've caught them, they dissolve, oozing out of your hands and slinking back to the gutter. We should not assume that their handling of a fascist character would be this safe and approachable, especially when we've already gone through an example of them presenting a serial killer to us in "Maggot Death" without much in the way of overt criticism or commentary. So, what other interpretations are there? We could read the cries for "discipline!" coming from Gen's character as a reaction to the environment they've been placed in. Confronted with a world governed by impermanence, where everything is in constant flux, and where you're constantly being assailed by forces outside yourself that threaten to subsume you, the desire to have some sense of order imposed on the world starts to seem pretty sensible. If we look at the Manchester recording of "Discipline" from the original 12", we could just as easily say the character is reacting to desires within themselves that they're incapable of confronting. This version leans into the dance elements latent within the song's rhythm, giving it a more directly libidinal quality and suggesting that this landscape may be eliciting a desire for discipline that may be more... *apolitical*. Hell, maybe these desires for sexual and political discipline are intertwined. In either case, "Discipline" could be seen as an appeal to the Apollonian in a world where Dionysian impulse has run amok. And again, I can't stress enough that none of these readings should be seen as primary or definitive. Depending on which performance or recording we're talking about, any one of these interpretations could be the appropriate one, or even some combination of them. But the larger point is that these various potentialities all exist within "Discipline."

*"My friend's a stooge for the media priests
In the morning with his hand on his heart
He keeps the world safe from falling apart"*
— Pere Ubu, "My Friend Is A Stooge"

There are interesting parallels here between Throbbing Gristle and the rap group Public Enemy. Both share an interest in military aesthetics with an eye to confronting Datapanik. Organizationally, Public Enemy were run like a small government, having their own Minister of Information in Prof. Griff, who dealt with the press, researched lyrical content, and acted as intellectual and spiritual advisor to the rest of the group, as well as leading the Security of the First World. The S1W were a mock militia who would accompany the band on stage in military uniform sporting replica guns that had morphed out of Unity Force, a group of security guards and club bouncers lead by Prof. Griff in the days before Public Enemy. Prof. Griff has remarked that presenting the S1W as militants was supposed to be a demonstration of black, male vitality, as well as a provocation aimed at the record executives and industry personal with a long history of taking advantage of black artists. The S1W and Public Enemy as a whole were declaring war on the Media Priests, the moneyed people in positions of power making judgements about the dataflow for the public at large.

This plays out musically in some interesting ways. Public Enemy's production team, The Bomb Squad, confront the listener with a maelstrom of musical information completely ripped from its initial context. The cultural history of these sounds is, at least partly, obscured by this removal of context, a tactic mobilized to illustrate the removal of the subject from their history and culture. Once the bomb of modernity dropped, it was just a question of time until Datapanik hit and fractured everything. To confront this, Public Enemy attempt to construct something that can withstand the blast-impact of Datapanik. But this construct isn't the music (although, in certain ways, it reflects this). The construct is the group itself, which was meant to act as a model to be emulated by others. That being said, this model for comporting oneself under Datapanik is very much present in the music.

Public Enemy are indebted as much to James Brown as they are to the machine rhythms from early Rock 'n' Roll. Unlike Throbbing Gristle, Public Enemy come to this through Kraftwerk, whose influence on early hip-hop due to Afrika Bambaataa's "Planet Rock" is well documented. But where Kraftwerk's rhythms are completely mechanized, Public Enemy's are rooted in Brown's dance rhythms. This highlights a major difference between Throbbing Gristle and Public Enemy; where Throbbing Gristle are simply documenting the encroachment of technology on the subject and "preserving chaos," Public

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Enemy are attempting to chart a line of flight out of it. By rooting their music in the dance rhythms of funk, and thereby prioritizing the rhythms of the body over those of machines, there seems to be an insistence that, in spite of everything, the human subject will persist. To elucidate this distinction between Throbbing Gristle and Public Enemy; in reference to Nick Land's quote that "nothing human makes it out of the near-future," Throbbing Gristle nod in agreement, whereas Public Enemy *demand* an alternative. In their effort to find an exit, Public Enemy present two ideals of how best to handle the information saturated environment they find themselves in, embodied by Chuck D and Flavor Flav.



Hank Shocklee of the Bomb Squad has said "one of the things I always want to do is [...] I want[ed] sound to be able to come out and touch you," demonstrating a similar interest in haptic sound to Throbbing Gristle. He'd often crank the treble when EQ-ing samples in an effort to give them more attack, making them that much more capable of assaulting the listener. This functions as a sort of sonic shit-test, less extreme than, but not dissimilar to, how Throbbing Gristle would use sound as a weapon against their audience in live settings. Both bring to

light the harshness of the modern world in different ways, and seem to challenge the listener to different degrees in an effort to coax them to rise to the occasion and find some means of dealing with the dataflow's onslaught. Shocklee's use of EQ also echoes Captain Beefheart's insistence that the guitar players on *Trout Mask Replica* use metal guitar picks, which was also done to increase the attack of the instruments and make the sound more cutting. While not influenced by Beefheart, there are interesting parallels between his work and Public Enemy's; overwhelming barrages of sound, a lack of concern with conventional tonality, and there's a certain parallel between Beefheart's often absurdist, Dada inspired wordplay with the goofy, clown prince vibe of Flavor Flav. Consider the following sets of lyrics, the first from Public Enemy's "Cold Lampin' with Flavor," the second from Beefheart's "Sugar 'N' Spikes":

"Ya eatin' death 'cause ya like gettin' dirt from da graveyard
 Ya put gravy on it
 Den ya pick ya teeth with tomb stone chips
 And casket cover clips, dead women hips ya do da bump with, bones
 Nutin but love bones
 Life styles of the live-en-dead
 First ya live den ya dead, died trying ta clock what I said
 Now I got a murder rap 'cause I bust ya cap with flavor, pure
 Flavor"
 "I'm paid up in home in 'm new Friday's house

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There's no H on my faucet there's no bed for m' mouse

My punch 'n grow mind in diamond back time

Now it's king for uh day with my lady look fine

Got m' peakin' up hat 'n my caramel mask

Tremelo car got m' speidel wrist round m' honey

Goin' t' see the navy blue vicar

Paul Peter 'n misses wray flicker"

What I find so interesting about these lyrics is the lack of concern with meaning and the focus on the materiality of the language. Flavor Flav and Beefheart are both more interested in playing with the musicality of the language and presenting what borders on stream of consciousness writing. There's also a genuine sense of joy in both tracks, and, in the case of "Cold Lampin'," a sense of bravado and self-assurance. Flav exudes a very palpable can't-touch-me attitude, which is interesting given that "Cold Lampin'" is easily one of most chaotic and intricately produced tracks on "It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back." As fragments of samples whirl behind him, Flav simply laughs and moves on, barely taking note of them. Flav's refusal to acknowledge or engage with this process reflects a Jungerian aspect of his character. Flav, in some ways, embodies Ernst Junger's idea of the Anarch: a figure who exists in the world, but is not of it. In Junger's words, the anarch exists "not because [they] despise authority, but because [they] need it," and is a "man who demands something worth believing in." The songs where Flav is given center stage demonstrate this contempt for existing authority, "911 is a Joke" being a fairly obvious example of this, while "Cold Lampin'" displays this in a more oblique way. Flav's lyrical digressions into absurd word play and, in flashes, complete nonsense are affronts to intelligibility and display a lack of concern with being understood. In this way, both he and Beefheart echo aspects of the Holy Fool of Eastern Orthodoxy, who "feigns insanity, pretends to be silly, or [...] provokes shock or outrage by his deliberate unruliness" in order to facilitate contemplation of the divine and to mask their own perfection from the world.

If Flav provides a flippant dismissal of societal authority, the authority the Anarch deems worth believing in for Public Enemy is embodied by Chuck D on a musical level and by Prof. Griff on an organizational one. The tension between these perspectives is most clearly illustrated by the fact that, at the time of releasing the single "Night Of The Living Baseheads," a song railing against the use of free-base cocaine in the black community, Flav was absolutely **BLASTING** that shit. "Baseheads" is also a clear illustration of the more dominant, narrativizing perspective presented by Chuck D. In contrast to Flav, Chuck is explicitly trying to advance a viewpoint. If Flav is a Holy Fool, Chuck D is a preacher attempting to shepherd his flock to safety. Chuck thinks coke is ravaging his community, and he wants you to know that. Parallel to this is the production. As chaotic as Public Enemy can sound at times, let's not forget that, in stark contrast to the freewheeling improvisation of Throbbing Gristle, Public Enemy presents very considered, finely crafted works. From almost every angle, Public Enemy are an intensely Apollonian project, with Flavor Flav maybe being the sole exception. As already mentioned, the music is highly scrutinized and constructed, but the Public Enemy world view also reflects this. As opposed to Throbbing Gristle's ambiguous exploration of potentialities, Public Enemy's black nationalism presents a constructed counter-factual as a challenge to the Media Priests. Public Enemy were fighting fire with fire by pushing a competing narrative. Throbbing Gristle looks at both, laughs, and says "ya know this isn't gonna last, right?"

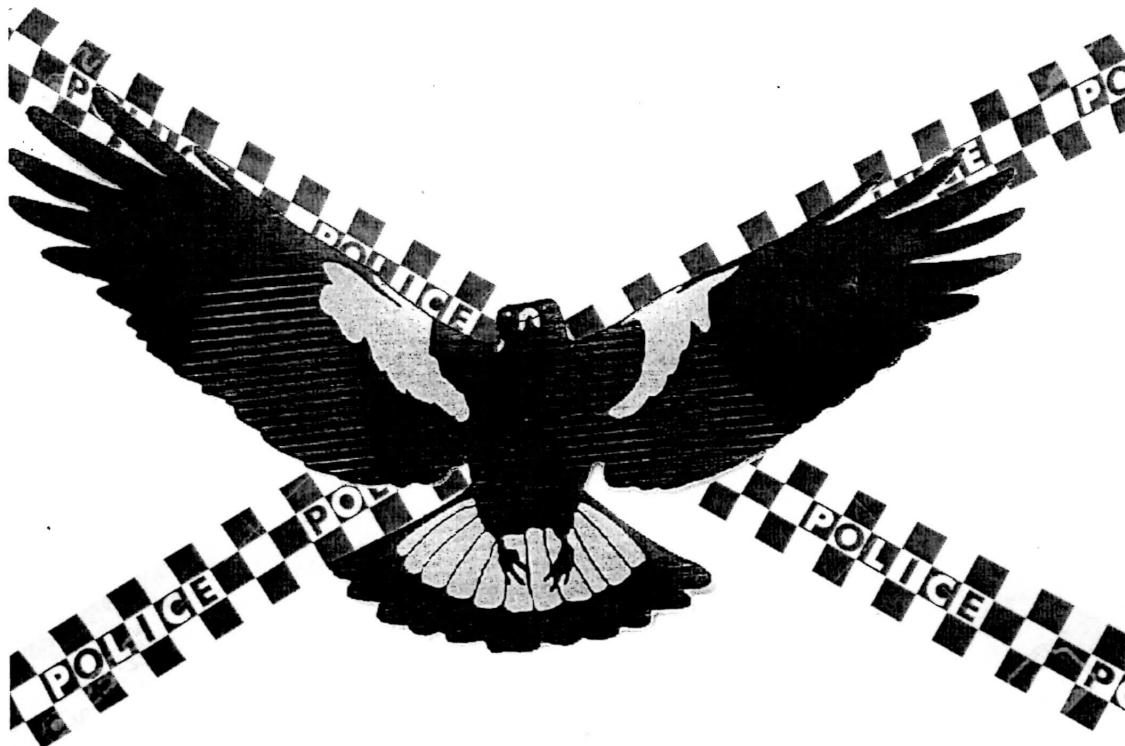
In this vein, it's notable how Genesis in particular differs from Chuck D. Genesis is a shaman, an embodiment of the archetypal English mystic. S/he acted as a conduit for the outside, channeling various personalities and desires from the collective unconscious. Contrast this with Chuck, preacher and arch-moralist, attempting to resuscitate an ideal of black excellence that may already have been lost. Chuck D. and Public Enemy attempt to part the Red Sea and lead their people away from the vision of hell conjured by Genesis and Throbbing Gristle. But the Media Priests, seizing on some unflattering comments made by Prof. Griff in regards to the people of Judea, can't allow that. Media outrage ensues, Griff is forced to exit the group, and, in the intervening time, what was once a united front gets watered down as members of the group are increasingly focused on side projects, Public Enemy quickly becoming one among a number of other concerns. Public Enemy remain active, but have plummeted in cultural relevancy, acting as proof of one of Ubu's axioms: "Judgment impedes dataflow. It is anathema."

know next to nothing.

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You cannot win this war

Black and White and Blue



By Matt Fresta

The traffic light up ahead changes from green to yellow, then to red. A cascading series of brake lights light up in front of us. Maggie lands on the passenger side mirror as we pull to a stop. He appears to be out of breath.

♪ *Well I said come on over baby, we got chicken in the barn* ♪

"Gee I never saw a bird pant before," Slotti remarks.

"Yeah, it's hard work for him to keep up with the cruiser, at least the traffic today is giving him a few breathers," I reply.

"Why doesn't he just ride in here with us?"

"I've tried that, he prefers to fly, he's a bird, y'know? The one time I got him in the cabin and rolled the windows up he caused such a ruckus I nearly had an accident."

Maggie is my "pet", although I consider him my sidekick. When the bureau told me I needed to get a partner I told them I already had one, never takes his uniform off. They said I needed a human partner and assigned me Slotti here. He's not a bad guy; he just doesn't have Maggie's instincts for crime fighting. Maggie is a magpie and he came to be my friend after his parents ejected him from their nest. He didn't learn to fly quick enough I guess and I found him crying out in my backyard. I knew his parents wouldn't take him back so I set up a little cage for him and fed him until he got the hang of flying on his own. I figured he'd take off but he just kinda stuck around, and now he flies all over town following me around. A much bigger range than his parents would have had.

"I still think it's pretty weird you got this bird following you around all the time, don't you ever worry he'll interfere with a crime scene?"

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"Not at all, in fact he's found clues for me before."

"Fuck off, that's bullshit if I ever heard it."

"You'll see soon enough how invaluable Maggie is, it's you that I'm still not sure about."

Slotti crosses his arms and looks jealously at his rival. The light has turned green and traffic has started moving again. The cruiser gets to about 25 kms/h and Maggie opens his wings, letting the warm exhaust currents lift him up above the traffic.

"You know the guys at the station make fun of you? Laugh behind your back and call you Birdman?"

"I've been called worse. Who calls me that?"

"You know, Collo and Mickey and those guys."

"Mickey fucks dogs."

"That's just a rumour."

"Yeah, well, I'd prefer to be a confirmed bird man than a rumoured dog fucker."

Just then a call comes over the radio.

"Robbery in progress on Chapel and Goodman. Suspect is believed to be armed."

I grab the radio.

"This is car 35, we're only 2 minutes away from Chapel and Goodman, will respond."

I flip the siren on, blast the horn at the dumb fuck in front looking at his phone and not getting out of the way fast enough and punch my foot down on the accelerator as soon as he does. I love when I get to actually use the siren. Technically, Chapel and Goodman is about five minutes away but I know I can get there in two.

"You better hope that bird can keep up."

"He'll catch up, he always does, he follows the siren."

One and a half minutes later I screech around the corner onto Chapel St and see the intersection up ahead; alarm sounding and people out gawking. As the cruiser pulls up a man runs out of the liquor store on the corner wearing a balaclava and a backpack.

♪ Come on over baby, really got the bull by the horn ♪

No time for me and Slotti to come up with a plan. We both hit the sidewalk running after the guy. He bolts for a few blocks and ducks down an alley. This guy doesn't have a getaway driver? What a dumb fuck. Slotti and I round the corner into the alley. It's a long alley with no dead end. I gain on the guy and grab his shirt but it rips in half as I lose my balance and fall into some trash cans. I see a huge piece sticking out above his waistband. Slotti yells "Stop! Police!" and fumbles for his pistol as the guy starts pulling his own gun out. I see Slotti freeze and I assume his life is flashing before his eyes. I reach for my sidearm but my actual arm is inside a trash bag and I can't figure what's what. The guy points his gun at Slotti and click-clacks a bullet into the chamber. Oh fuck he's really gonna do it. Just then Maggie swoops down, headed directly toward the window of the perp's balaclava, his sharp beak piercing straight into the guys left retina. Bullseye. Blood and ocular fluid squirts in an arc. The gun goes off and he drops it as he tries to pull the angry bird off his face. I jump to my feet and tackle the guy, sticking his hands in bracelets.

"Stay still unless you want the other eye poked out."

He just screams "ahhhh" and kicks his feet like a kid having a tantrum.

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Maggi flies up onto a fire escape as I pick the sack of shit up, making sure not to be too gentle with him, even though his eye socket is leaking red.

I look over to Slotti, still frozen in place, his face full of disbelief. Maggie lands on my shoulder and I feed him a dehydrated cricket, saying, "good birdie."

"You alright Slotti? You're not hit are you?"

Still trembling, he pats himself down.

"N-n-nah, I'm fine. Holy shit the fucking bird saved us! I never saw an eyeball pop like that! Maggie! You're a hero!"

"You wanna feed him a cricket?"

"Yes!"

I hand him a couple of crickets and Maggie flies over to a windowsill near Slotti and sharpens his beak on the edge. Slotti holds out his palm with the crickets and strokes Maggie's neck with his finger.

"Good birdie."

I go back to the station and fill out the required paperwork, receive the expected jibes from the other guys, Collo and Mickey etc. about having my life saved by a bird. I laugh and take it in good humour and resist all urges to say things like "if only those dogs had someone like Maggie watching over them" and other such comebacks. Slotti gets into full on arguments defending Maggie and starts yelling about how Maggie should receive some sort of commendation, or an honorary officership. I go home and find Maggie waiting in the attic for me. I reach into my pocket for the worms I'd just dug out of the garden as an extra special treat for his fine police work today.

I walk outside a few days later and see Maggie dead on my doorstep. My heart sinks, my knees buckle and I nearly shed my first tear in over ten years. I notice a small bullet hole in his chest surrounded by dried blood. My grief immediately turns to anger. My head races for possible suspects. Other cops? McWillow has always been salty because he thinks I started that rumour about him occasionally skimming a gram of coke here and then during busts. I don't think he did this though. Criminals I've arrested? Well now that doesn't narrow it down too much. That shitbag from the other day whose eye got exploded? He wasn't even organised enough to have a getaway car; I don't think he's even capable of coming up with this sort of thing. This is some kind of message, from someone who knows how to get to me and wants me to know that they can get to me. My phone rings; it's Slotti.

"Yeah, Slotti?"

"Hey Birdman, you coming in today? It's 8:43."

"Oh yeah, sorry, I must have lost track of time. Listen, uh, Maggie's dead."

Silence for a few seconds, I'm pretty sure he is crying.

"W-what? How? He get into a fight with another bird?"

"No. Someone killed him. He was shot through the chest. I can't think of who would have done it."

A little more silence; his sorrow must be also turning to anger.

"We'll get the fucker."

"We will. Tell the chief I'm leaving now and will be there in 10."

forces that caused it, or you
know next to nothing.
You ought not to be in this war
you cannot win this war.

Driving to the station is brutal. I keep instinctually checking the side mirror for Maggie. Heart breaking again every time he isn't there.

♪ *We ain't fakin', whole lotta shakin' goin' on* ♪

As I walk into the station I get some sympathetic looks from a few of the guys; looking down and mouthing "sorry." I see Mickey and he flaps his arms, bobs his head and exclaims in a squawk voice,

"Shots fired! Officer down! All units-"

I grab him by the scruff of the neck, pin him against the wall and yell in face,

"Did you kill my bird, Dogfucker!?"

"N-no, no! I swear I didn't, I was just joking around, Birdman! A-and I didn't fuck those dogs!"

I loosen my grip and he slides down the wall a little and ducks away. He didn't kill Maggie. And he probably didn't fuck any dogs.

The chief calls me into his office.

"Now, I've heard that your, uh, magpie has died, I'm really sorry to hear that. He was a good asset to the force. Now look, with that said, we can't go allocating any resources to investigating his death-"

"His murder." I cut in.

"Yes, well, whatever the case you understand that I can't have one of my best officers distracted and wasting time and resources tracking down a bird-killer. I get that you want to use your police skills to look into this, but I need you to put that energy into the ongoing cases you're already working. Understood?"

"Yes chief, I won't investigate Maggie's murder at work."

"I don't want you staying up all night and doing stakeouts when you're off the clock either, like I said, I need you to give all your effort to solving crimes against humans that we are tasked with solving. And I don't want you dragging Slotti into this, he's more broken up about this than you are and is highly suggestible."

"I understand chief"

Slotti and I obviously did start trying to solve Maggie's murder, not just on our own time, but during police hours and using police resources. After a few more warnings from the chief we eventually gave up. We never did find out who killed him.

One morning several weeks later, hungover, I bring my coffee with me and sit on the back steps as I stare into the middle distance for a while before lighting my cigarette. I inhale. Drink a gulp of coffee. Inhale. Gulp. Much better. My eyes and ears start to come into focus and I properly take in my backyard. I hear a faint crying noise coming from the side bushes. Large gulp. Inhale as I walk over and find an adolescent magpie with a broken wing. I look around for parent magpies but can't see any. I scoop him up and he struggles a little but I know how to hold him. I put him in Maggie's old cage which I never took off my front porch. I fill up the water dish and go check the cupboard for any bags of crickets. I still have a few. I hand feed him a couple crickets and leave the rest in the food dish. I close the cage door and put a peg on it. I look down at him and say,

"It's alright buddy. You'll be good as new in a week or two."

The one thing I always regretted about Maggie was not giving him a better name; I didn't think he was actually gonna hang around.

"Welcome to the force, *Killer*."

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You ought not to be in this war
if you cannot war this war

Ryan Simón



Ryan Simón is the editor in chief of the wonderful glossy-paged and full-colour magazine *American Vulgaria*.

Interviewed and transcribed by Matt Fresta

Matt: ...reading your magazine, all the interviews have a great flow to them and the whole magazine has an auteur feel to it, it's just your vision kinda thing and you're injecting yourself in there and the reader is getting to know your personality through the back and fourths of the interviews.

Ryan: I'm happy you said that. I kinda leaned into the whole auteur theory for the first issue, where it's like in my mind I'm gonna showcase these different people, but I'm the host of each interview, so as I was putting it together I'm like "Oh fuck dude, I'm kinda the main character of this issue, that's kinda dope."

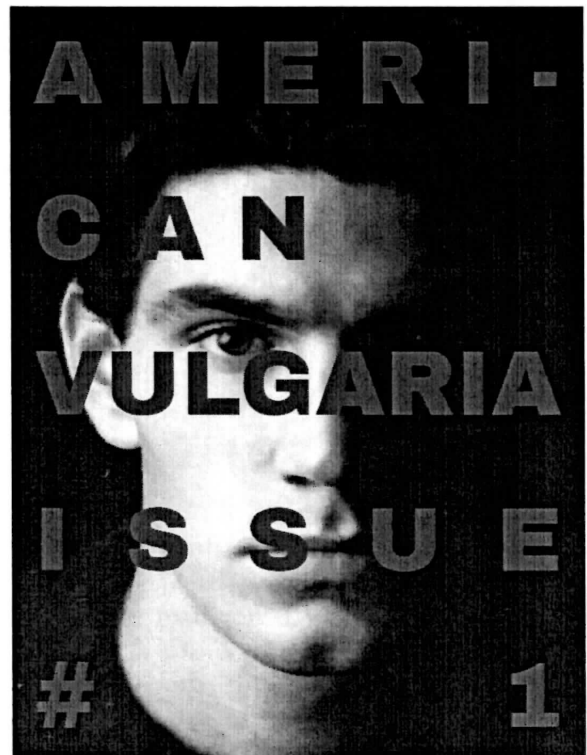
...most zines are pretty shitty, but when you get a good one it's specifically good because you like the person curating it, and their personality is just suffused through the whole thing. That's something totally missing even in like *Playboy* magazine. *Playboy* has great interviews, they pioneered the longform magazine interview. But they'll interview Sean Connery, and it'll be *Playboy* itself listed as the questioner and Sean Connery is the answerer- that's not a proper human dialog; it's a company and a person. And that always bugged me, it's like, no, you should just have a more human

interaction there. Warhol's *Interview Magazine* taps into that. A while ago, one of the few times I spoke with Claire Lehman, I asked her in the early days of *Quillette*, "Do you feel like *Quillette* is a separate enterprise from yourself, a separate business or is it like an extension of Claire Lehman?" And she was like "Oh this is like an extension of Claire Lehman, this is me." And I liked that. There's a sort of fake modesty to hiding yourself behind your brand. You should Quentin Tarrantino it up, "No this is me, this is my project and you're entering my headspace when you open these pages."

Matt: Otherwise it's just like a disembodied voice...

Ryan: But yeah talking about perspective, like having a strong identity behind a publication- that's been totally fragmented by the internet. The huge major publications, like *IGN* for videogame reviews, where you'll have one guy who writes a review of a game, another guy who gives the score ranking, another who does the video portion of the review, and it's like "Dude, who the fuck even-" There's no singular mind; it's this cobbled together hive mind that's in this like discordant relationship with itself. I don't even know who's thinking what here. No one can be accountable for anything in that dynamic.

Matt: It's like they've put it all into a *Slack* job assignment list or whatever, like they're all assigned job tickets for different parts of the review like it's a coding job where the end product is just assigned to the software company.



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You can't win this war

Ryan: That's why I think podcasts have blown up, because you're hearing it from the horse's mouth, you're literally hearing this person speak and it's from a singular point of view. And that's got me thinking about- like I don't know how you feel too, putting out a print publication in the time of podcasting, like where does that even fit in, y'know?

Matt: Haha yeah, I question it a lot.

Ryan: Even us doing this right now, it's something we could just publish right now.

Matt: Yeah, this could be a podcast for sure.

Ryan: But there is something to having something tangible, because there is a new pressure- with podcasts and everything blowing up, there's a renewed pressure to own physical media. I mean that really was for me [a reason for] going to print with *AK*. Before, I threw up some interviews online, I threw up some articles and shit, to varying success, but it never felt good or real. Also, when I put something out there I want people to be able to own and hold it. When you buy something- that's yours. Seeing Van Gogh on Google is nothing versus owning a Van Gogh painting. So yeah with a print magazine, people can buy it and it's theirs. There's something much more pure and fun and genuine about that.



Matt: And I'm also just kinda old school in that if someone's actually gonna give me money then they should actually get a thing. I mean I subscribe to

people's Patreons and that kinda thing so I'm not against it or anything.

Matt: So, what do you think of these terms "Art Right", "Cryptolib" and stuff like that?

Ryan: Oh God, y'know if you'd asked me a year ago I probably would have anxiously tried to define them to show that I'm in the know. I think Art Right is kinda accurate because the left are such dried up pussies and they're not doing anything artistically interesting. And those who still identify on the left, especially those who still, in that gen-X way, think that they represent the avant garde/anti-establishment side of art- they're so clueless that I don't even bother with them anymore, I just have nothing but contempt for them for being so stupid. Art Right, etc- what those terms express is that the right, not even just the right but just not-the-left-

Matt: ...not-libtards.

Ryan: Not-libtards is where anything artistic or taboo is being explored. But as far as these terms themselves, this sort of online terminology and slang, I'm so beyond caring, y'know? Especially living in Montana, I can be online on Twitter and I can say the right words to show that I'm in-the-know, if I go to anyone in the real world here and say that- people think I'm a fucking idiot, and deservedly so. I don't know. It's like what punk did, like you had punk, then post-punk, then post-post-punk-punk, whatever-

Matt ...cowpunk

Ryan: Yeah it's this cheap way to signal that you're both different and part of a scene. That's why in the editors letter in my first issue [of *American Vulgaria*] I state that I'm more or less rejecting a lot of this cringe dissident stuff- including all the language and terminology that goes with it, and I'm following the edicts of Eros. Stuff like Art Right and Cryptolib- that stuff's funny and there's a way to be kinda meta ironic about it, where you agree to its terms without agreeing to, ummm, whatever? There's a way to acknowledge it without getting sucked into the discourse. Either you have the wherewithal to be that way and to not be too brain-fried from the internet. I'm just not, because I have a girlfriend who will kinda keep me in check and make me feel bad if I'm staring at my phone while she's sitting next to me. Crptolib's a funny one because that's coming from the [fact that] criticism of woke liberalism has gone mainstream now, so it's like the new dissident thing is to just claim to be a liberal. And that's where this kinda folds in on itself and I'm like "That's funny but I'm good." I'm just gonna stick to some foundational principles and instead of being the sage I'm gonna be the retard who clinks things with my hammer and just moves on and I'll put shit out there and people can assess it on those grounds. I've kinda moved on from the terminology in general 'cause I've kinda

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moved on from being a "writer," and I'm kinda coming back to that 'cause I do like writing, but in designing the magazine for example, I've been more interested in how things look and the image and the design layout in this non-verbal way than trying to create a well-articulated essay. Which the Substack scene has kinda perverted into this mish-mash of online lingo and oneupmanship.

Matt: And it's always just someone who read a book by whomever, and then they're just immediately "this is the truth", like, it's some niche ideology that they themselves just learned about and then instead of saying "these ideas are interesting" they're more like "this is the way the world works and you must accept that too"

...anyway back to Cryptolib and Art Right, I think these terms are funny and I think Cryptolib is probably more or less true for a lot of us, like we are kinda just liberals really.

Ryan: Anna Khachiyan of *Red Scare* says that we're all liberals. And that's true. If you're on Twitter you're a liberal, it's liberal technology that facilitates the goals of liberalism. I agree with Marshall McLuhan that much of ideology is downstream from technology, and a lot of ideology and morality is just verbal justification for what's already been done as a consequence of changes in technology and how tech inherently orients us. Social media is liberalism. Leaning into Cryptolib is a way to preserve your dignity through self-awareness. Everyone has to Tweet or express their ideas in a certain character count, and that flattens communication. It doesn't matter if you're left or right or whatever-the-fuck, if you say the N word or you don't, it's all the same fucking thing. Everyone looks the same, hunched over their identical iPhones. The communication process itself is homogenized, regardless of the content. And so yeah I think that sort of "subculture" now is just cope, it's a way to preserve your dignity- which I don't think is trivial, I think it's good to safeguard your soul and your spirit however you can. But I don't have any delusions of these online identifiers actually achieving anything meaningful in a cultural sense.

...I'm still working out the erotica with *AV*, because a lot of these new indie publications are doing that. Initially when I started working on the print mag I thought I was gonna be the first to really bring back print pornography, but many mags and zines have an erotic angle. Sex and erotica are so immediate- it's the animal brain that clicks in. That's something you can't negotiate with intellectually — it pierces through ideology to deliver the the capital-T Truth, like "Here's a nice big pair of titties: try to reason your way out of your feelings on these." It is what it is and everyone recognises it and it doesn't need a big essay written up about it. That is a much more potent, direct, honest means of expression and of revitalizing

masculinity or whatever; that's what I gravitate towards most at this point. But for true eroticism to work, you can't just show titties — it's about concealment and suggestion and anticipation.



Matt: Have you read any Houellebecq?

Ryan: I've read *Serotonin* and *Platform*. One of my favorite all-time lines of literature is from *Platform*: "Anything can happen in life, especially nothing."

Matt: Well to your point about the immediacy of erotica, I think Houellebecq does that, like 'cause his books are so horny and I feel like that really engages you in the text, like he's making some way bigger point, but because there's so much genuinely erotic stuff in there, especially *Platform*- that was full of it, I feel like he's trying to hijack that sexual impulse to get you to actually hear his message. Like you can imagine some kind of normie chick just picking up his book off the shelf and getting into it because it's horny enough and actually imbibing his death-of-the-west messages.

Ryan: The 2010s, and the pathologies and neuroticism of the 2010s politically stems from sexual neurosis. Hashtag MeToo is the obvious example, and then like the rise and fear of incels, and what Jack [Mason] calls "spectral rape" online- when people just bombard you, it's coming from this like grand repressed sexual impulse. I mentioned this too in my [Perfume Nationalist] episode with Jack, that the gay scene- 'cause Jack made this point a long time ago that gays are smarter on average because they had to, at a younger age, articulate to themselves who and what they are, and what they want, and how that stands at odds with the heteronormative mainstream, which is real. Eventually everyone has to be honest with themselves and be honest with their desires, but on average people aren't. And with the internet it's easy to delude yourself and live some avatar version of yourself and to hide in the world of ideology and make believe to avoid the foundational truths of your animal desires, which is like "I wanna fuck A through Z", or "I have these... whatever". We've gone so far from acknowledging the ground zero basics of desire. All the political and cultural disturbances stem from, I think, sexual neuroses in a way that Houellebecq clearly

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You cannot win this war

understands and identifies. He's funny too, 'cause he gets so horny in an un-ironic way, and he's cynical, and he's detailing all the systemic collapse on all these different levels, but there's just this throughline of horniness- like that often feels like his main point. That he's just horny.

Matt: Have you noticed that there seems to be this re-emergence of sincerity and post-irony- like people are just genuinely liking things again, like "fuck all this irony bullshit, we're not gonna just pretend to like the Chili Peppers, we actually do like them sincerely," have you noticed that? do you have thoughts on that?

Ryan: Absolutely, that's actually, like there was the New Sincerity Movement in the nineties - movement might even be too strong of a word. David Foster Wallace was one of the key figures of it- he didn't identify as that or anything but people attach that label to him- I forget who else but DFW is a good example. He was really articulate on irony and what irony is doing to us, especially as his generation, gen x, was like the peak of that kinda punk/ironic/nothing matters. The problem with identifying it as a movement, like when they tried to create this new sincerity canon, part of being sincere is to not label anything and to just enjoy it without any sort of qualification. Openly making a point of liking Red Hot Chili Peppers, liking Korn, Limp Bizkit- like these are gestures of sincerity but I think that's become for some people a kind of political signal to say that "I'm not part of the *Chapo Trap House* irony-poisoned left" or whatever. When I read *Infinite Jest* in 2015 or 2016, I thought it was my life goal at that point to really iron this out and figure out the whole irony problem. But then I kinda just gave up 'cause I think that by investing too much of my intellectual effort into this there's no way to actually be sincere. If I were to point to people who I think are sincere it would be the *Agitator* podcast dudes (J. David Osborne and Kelby Losack). Those guys just do their thing, like they pay lip service towards the irony problem, but their whole thing is "if you like something, you like it, get over it and move on." I try not to like things too pointedly, like "yeah I like Limp Bizkit, isn't that crazy?!" Like there's an insincere side to the sincerity thing. The sincerity-irony thing is a postmodern problem. My favorite game *Metal Gear Solid 2*, it's a masterpiece of postmodern art, and it's all about understanding who you truly are in this schizophrenic hyper-mediated age, like "who am I compared to this persona I'm putting out and where do our motivations line up and where do my ideas actually come from?" *MGS2* plays with the ideas of who is the real you, what motivates you, how aware are you of your motivations and how much are you being manipulated and controlled and he (Hideo Kojima) ends the game basically saying "most of our reality is fiction, the best you can do is make choices, and ideally make choices guided by love, so don't over-think it all,

just do. And let the later generations sort out the rest." Like it's not even up to us to clarify what's what in our own times- that'll happen after we're dead. Everything's defined retroactively. Irony, after a point, is a way to hide your true self from others and from yourself, which makes you unable to choose for yourself because there is no self. That's why the irony leftists are all such rotten stooges for the powers that be. Sincerity, on the other hand, is something that's good to understand and adopt as a way of being, and then to just not think about it. Like clarify for yourself who you are then get over yourself and move on.

Matt: It's like entropy theory- the more you try to bring order to something, just by the fact of you interfering in it you're just creating more chaos. So yeah, that does make sense- the more you're trying to be authentic, the more you're putting this layer in between you and the authentic experience. I should probably read some Foster Wallace.

Ryan: He's a cautionary tale, 'cause he fuckin' killed himself, y'know? Which is haunting because he was like the most articulate person on all of this, he laid it out so well, so the fact that he killed himself was like "Oh dude, are we fucked?" I think it's exactly what you were saying with entropy theory, he just flew too close to the sun in that articulating the problem or being too obsessed with it was probably contributing to the problem. He had his other issues too where he was sincerely depressed, and he had his weird romantic hangups as well. All his high-minded literary shit gets more complex when you look into him. He's fucking great. As much as he's become a meme of this like 'literary bro figure,' I still think he's understudied and deserves much more credit. Of my post-grad reads that have changed my life, like if I were to create a list of the most important books of my life that relate to *American Vulgaria* it'd be like *Infinite Jest*, Camille Paglia's *Sexual Personae*, Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media*, and then maybe Byung-Chul Han's *The Agony of Eros*. But *Infinite Jest* was definitely the first that sent me on this path.

...I put the irony thing on gen X, but I do think millennials are an even worse mix of being overly ironic and also overly stuffy and strict about their politics. The dirtbag left represents the worst of this: they're very cruel and conformist in their misanthropic Democrat politics but also nihilistically ironic in such a way that makes them morally unassailable.

Matt: It's like "nothing matters, yet unhomed people must be given a pension" or whatever it is they believe.

Ryan: I think the irony thing has really landed with the zoomer generation too. They're gonna commit the next historical genocide,

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those guys are creepy. There's nothing sacred to them, other than whether or not you can say the N word. That's it. Seeing them, it's actually sad 'cause shit like Lana Del Ray, that doesn't land with them, it's too human and grounded in unironic feelings of love and despair. Angela Nagle in her book *Kill All Normies* described the whole 'Pepe scene' with its predominant sense of humor being the carnival-esque, this sort of sadomasochistic cruelty where everything is funny the more fucked up and horrifying it is- even and especially when it's happening to you. Like in *Terrifier*, Art the Clown is the archetype of this. And that's like zoomers, obviously to varying degrees, but as a culture, that's like the humour of that generation.



Matt: So obviously you saw *Terrifier 2* then, what'd you think of it?

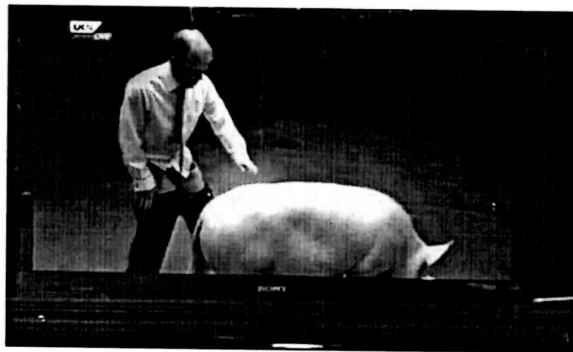
Ryan: I loved it. Y'know the first one is great. The first one is a perfect horror movie 'cause it's so concise and short and to the point and you get exactly what you want out of it, just people being fucked up, and it doesn't waste any time on the motive or origin of Art the Clown. Which is so key to, not just horror, but in art general you have to leave that negative space. With Art the Clown his sadism is especially scary because he has no motive that's identifiable other than it's funny and fun to hurt people in the most sadistic ways. And he's *Art* the Clown, like it's "art" to him, with an intended audience. The second movie is a masterpiece. What makes it scarier than the first is how he parades around- and this is where the art part comes in -he parades around his kills in a way that's funny, but only to him. The cruelty of it is what's so scary about him. I went through this phase recently after reading *Helter Skelter* where I just wanted to watch the most horrible shit: all the school shooter manifestos, etc. And there was this dude who, in the 4chan spirit, killed this e-girl and he uploaded a picture of her sitting in the passenger seat of his car with her throat slit and while he's taking a selfie with some caption like "Got her boys!" That's that Art the Clown sense of humor. After 9/11, these terrorist homicidal

rampages became the new major art events. You can create a beautiful painting or whatever and you'll be talked about for maybe a week among very niche circles. The movie *Blonde* was a masterpiece but nobody is talking about it now. So, like the only way to have staying power is to be a school shooter or something. And even that feels overplayed now.

Matt: This is reminding me of the first episode of *Black Mirror*.

Ryan: I haven't seen any of that.

Matt: Ok, well, I'm gonna spoil some things for you then. But the first episode is insane, and it's from like 10-15 years ago, but basically this princess in England gets kidnapped and the kidnapper's demand is that the Prime Minister has to have sex with a pig on TV, and there are all these stipulations that it can't be faked and if he gets any inkling that they're trying to fake it somehow he's gonna kill the princess. Anyway, so the PM fucks this pig on live TV, but the kidnapper ends up releasing the princess before the pig fucking actually happens and the whole thing was like just an artistic statement. And I feel like it was predicting what you're talking about, although nothing that clever has actually happened, it's more like some kid dresses up like the Joker and shoots up a place. But it's still meant as some artistic statement.



Ryan: Right. Yeah I think part of it is that everyone is vying for this attention that's no longer there. 'Cause even the example I've given of the guy who slit the girl's throat; like no one knows of him.

Matt: Yeah, I had never heard of him.

Ryan: Like 20 years ago that would have been a big story, but now no one gives a fuck in the same way that *Blonde* is this masterpiece but no one really gives a fuck now. They only pretend to as an excuse to yell at each other.

Matt: So, you've read Marquis de Sade, what's your read on him? What should I expect when I get into that?

know next to nothing.
You ought not to be in this war
You cannot war this war

Can't
I dream

Ryan: Camille Paglia makes the point that specifically him is what's missing in modern academia, 'cause academia is another source of liberalism and liberal ideology, and is governed by liberal ideology and everything liberal ideology takes for granted, Marquis de Sade almost point by point refutes and mocks. The binary that Paglia sets up is Rousseau vs. Sade, basically Rousseau believed that humanity is born into goodness and that society is what corrupts us. And Sade understood the opposite is true: like no, our base animal nature is where all raping and murdering instincts come from, and that's always there, that's always boiling inside of us, and we had to create civilization and social constructs to tame those in certain ways. The book *120 Days of Sodom*, it's these super rich libertines who commit all these heinous acts, 'cause once you achieve a certain level of success at the upper echelons of society, which are intended to constrain us, once you are "above the law" then you become subject to the law of nature again. Except that Sade's heroes are trying to transgress both the laws of civilization and nature. [Jeffrey] Epstein was a good IRL example of this. Being a student of Sade, Camille Paglia took issue with the discourse around so-called "rape culture." This myth that seeing certain salacious movies or advertisements or images or whatever creates and sustains a "culture" that promotes rape. And Paglia, using Sade as her source, she would say "no, culture is what prevents us from raping; we didn't learn how to rape from culture, that's already in us." Rousseau and the enlightenment era is more or less the origin of modern day liberalism, which wrongfully thinks we're all basically equal and that civilization unnaturally divides us, but Sade understood that at root we're quite heinous- and that that's funny, like he found a lot of humour in that. That's basically Sade: cruelty is not anything we created in this conspiratorial way; it's just there in all of us. And what's great about reading Sade is it really punctures this notion that things are getting more degenerate. Like stuffy right-wingers like to act like "we've progressively gotten more and more degenerate and we've strayed from God." *120 Days of Sodom* is a book from the late 1700's and it's the most vile shit you'll ever read. By far.

Matt: Would you say it's fun to read?

Ryan: *120 Days* is fun, but it's tedious. The modern day analog would be [Bret Easton Ellis'] *American Psycho*, 'cause in that book he goes through this litany of cruel sadistic acts, and the humour of it is that the way that's it's written is so repetitive that you kinda become numb to the violence of it. In *120 Days of Sodom* he's just enumerating all these different ways to maim and destroy and just fuck with other people. He was in prison when he wrote that book, so he was just sitting there to entertain himself thinking of all these different ways to experiment with the human body and what not. I think part of it, and this relates to Art the Clown too, is ultimately what's so scary or horrifying about it isn't the gory acts themselves,

but the cruel pleasure they get out of it. Sade was a devout atheist, but he was atheistic not just against God but nature too. Like he wanted to profane both God and nature. And as an intellectual project he wanted to give the greatest expression to evil, and he understood that for evil to matter you kind of need a god, you need goodness for evil to have any effect or existence whatsoever. So it's almost like his atheism was like a taunt towards God, like "hey I don't believe in you, what are you gonna do about it?" And I think Bret Easton Ellis touches on this well in *American Psycho* and *Less Than Zero* where he kinda chronicles these lives of pure degeneracy and godlessness in such a way that it almost, through mapping their negative space, gives inverse shape to something good. Like, he gives shape to soullessness in a way that creates the contours of "what's missing here?" Goodness is missing here. But Sade goes way beyond even that; he just takes sheer carnival-esque pleasure in evil and the profane. And what's specific about his type of evil is that it's intellectual, and that in his sexual escapades, at no point do his characters ever reach a kind of frenzied state where they lose control, and this is where his atheism towards nature comes in. To be consumed by nature is to be filled with that rage and wrath where you can't control yourself and now you're an animal. Sade's idea of pure evil that rejects the goodness of God while also remaining disciplined against the frenzied wrath of nature requires that you be fully conscientiousness of what you're doing. Like "I'm not raping and murdering because I've given into my impulses; I'm deliberately and consciously deciding upon my misdeeds." That was Sade's idea of pure evil: you are fully awake and aware of what you're doing, and it's not nature or God or the devil that is governing you, just pure human decision.

End interview.



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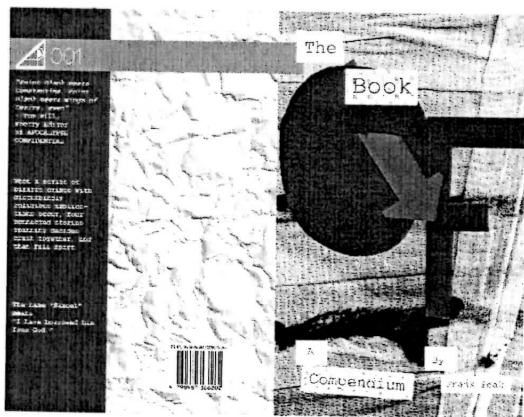
How next to nothing.
You ought not to be in this war
You cannot win this war.

REVIEWS



Reviewers are Matthew Fresta and Noah Fredstrom

Send products for review to:
PO Box 5124
Kenmore East QLD 4069
Australia



The Book Of: A Compendium by Frank Peak

2023 Apocalypse Confidential

The first book published by online pulp-sleaze-mag *Apocalypse Confidential*. AP-CON001. This is a slowly building creepy tale that rewards a close and patient reading. The reader is constantly kept in the dark about what's happening as the picture is slowly pieced together. Every sentence is laboured over with descriptive details that become darker and darker as the book progresses. I must admit this did test my ADHD (if that's even a real thing) but once I slowed down a bit and took my time with the prose it opened up to me a lot more. The story is about a group of men, one named Hat, who appear to be part of some conspiracy to assassinate angels that have rejected the light of God and manifested themselves in the world

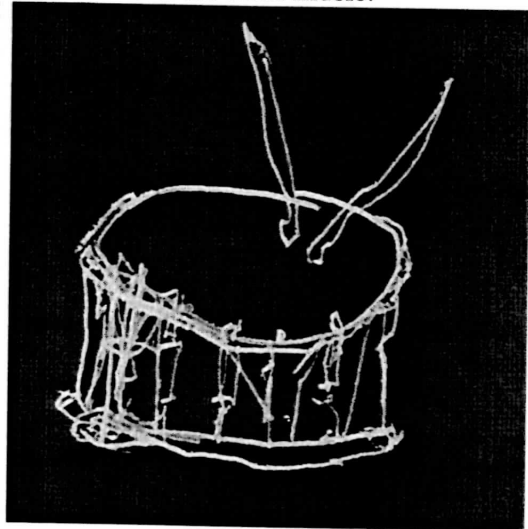
of flesh. The book leaves you constantly questioning who's on the side of good and who's not.



V.I.P.P. - Volunteers in Policing Program CS

2023 Garden Seat

Re-release of this hauntingly lovely lofi damaged bedroom folk album onto the best medium for such music.



Ryosuke Kiyasu - Missing Time/Satisfied Time CS

2023 Garden Seat

Solo live improvised snare performance by this oriental gentleman. Honestly, I don't know what to say about this but seeing as I was sent a copy I am now bound by my word of honour to write something about it. So here I am, writing about this tape. It sounds as though a man, a Japanese man no less, played a live show with

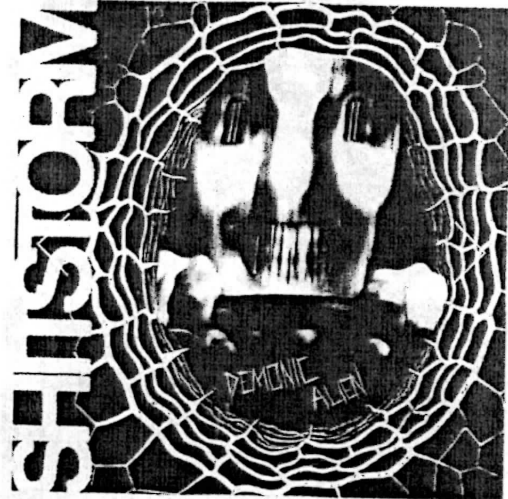
now next to nothing.
You ought not to be in this war
You cannot war this war

only a snare drum and a microphone. Not the kind of thing I usually go in for but y'know there is a kind of compelling tension to it. I'm a big fan of tapping on desks and my legs and knuckles, etc. much to the annoyance of anyone near me. I love the idea of this guy actually ensnaring an audience to listen to his more skilled and artistically visioned version of this, and what's even better, having other people liking it enough to stick it on cassette and then others even spending their own money on it. Conclude review with respectful bow.



Snail by Richard Miller
1986 Abacus Books

A post-modern *Satyricon*; a picaresque (new word for me, note: not picTUR-
esque) novel about one of Hitler's Prussian officers who drinks a magical elixir given to him by the Wandering Jew which turns him into a flaxen-haired non-aging youth destined to wander the earth and get into all kinds of misadventures including-but-not-limited-to being sodomised by the tooth fairy.



Shitstorm - Demonic Alien 7"
2023 Do What? Records

Chunky garage riffs in the tonal range I tend to like with snotty vocals; really takes me back to 2010. Songs are pretty catchy and even kinda ear-wormy. After just one listen I was doing the dishes humming "I'm a demonic alien." All songs on this joint are solid and recommended for any Goner/Crypt/HoZac, etc. hipster-garageheads out there.



Seven Golden Vampires - s/t CD
2022 Garden Seat

Like an anchor being drug through the silty slimy creek bottom this record pulls you through the muck and grime with chunky and swirling riffs and great simplistic venomous lyrics while the ship itself lurches towards some hate-filled sun.

forces that caused this, or you know next to nothing.
You ought not to be in this war.
You cannot win this war.

Sludgy enough for the stoners and lysergic enough for the acid punks.



ASTRAL
FORTRESS

**Darkthrone - Astral Fortress LP
2022 Peaceville**

Hadn't listened to any DT releases of the last decade since *The Underground Resistance*, which at the time I found to be kinda middling, except for the song *Valkyrie*. But seeing as I have been in more of a black metal mood of late, I checked out the latest release from these Nordic evil-rock-n-rollers and it's a banger. Sick riffs (as per uszh), production level is just right, great cover; I might even buy it on wax.

using snippets of three letter agency sound bites and things of that nature. General feelings of paranoia and hyper-stimulation invoked.



**Current Signal - Interior Forest CS
2022 Primitive Propaganda**

Invokes images of some kind of digital Vietnam war or Atari era Predator game. Gritty techstures with slightly glitchy sounds injected throughout. Like a comfy blanket of digital camouflage. Pretty much everything on this label is good, a decent range of noise, punk, black metal, dungeon synth and medieval neo-folk.



**Clearance - Information Warfare CD
2023 Safety Propaganda**

First release from the Safety Propaganda record label, obvious comparison would be Nurse With Wound- noise collage



ULTRASOMNABULA U Records

Roski shoorn! Solid noise label from the motherland. All kindsa great noise and industrial to sink your zoobys into. Everything

You know nothing about the forces that caused this or you know next to nothing. You ought not to be in this war. You cannot win this war.

from clanking-metal and echoing-factory noise-collage dubby-industrial to straight up thuggish noise-rock to euphoric synthesiser shit. I particularly liked the releases by Стальной Пакт (Stalnoy Pakt), Линия Масс (Linija Mass), Vetrophonia, Веприсуицида (Veprisuicida), Т.А.У, S36NZ-OKh and Монумент Страх (Monument Strakha) to name a few. I'm not quite done going through the catalogue though. ultrasomnambulau.bandcamp.com

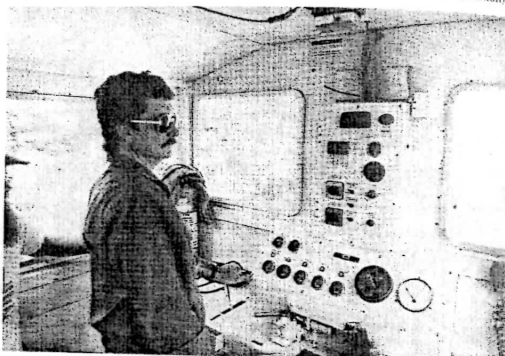
Can't
I dream



Heavy Boddy – II
2023 self released

Lovely jangly modern folk-country from *Trailer Park Boys* country (Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada). Great textures and lyrics, by the sounds of it influenced by southern rock and 2000s era hipster-wave garage groups. Cool autotuned cover of Randy Newman's *Living Without You*. HB's previous album *Bobby* has even more of that Jay Reatard garagey influence. Someone put this stuff on tape or wax and send me a copy (finder's fee).

A Driver's view of the control panel of No.4 locomotive in 1990. (John Elliott)



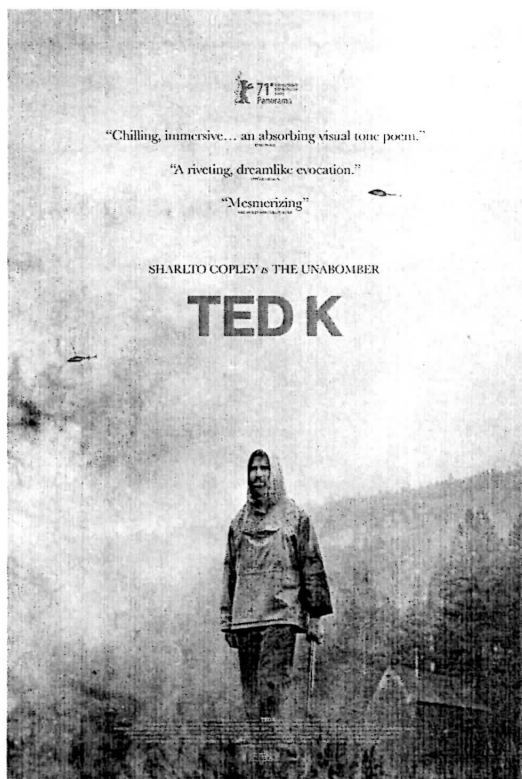
The Banshees of Inisherin
2022 Martin McDonagh

Father Ted reconstructed as a dark psychological drama. Pádraic is Ted. Colm is Jack. Siobhán is Mrs. Doyle. Dominic is Dougal.

End reviews by Matthew Fresta



know next to nothing.
You ought not to be in this war.
You cannot war this war.



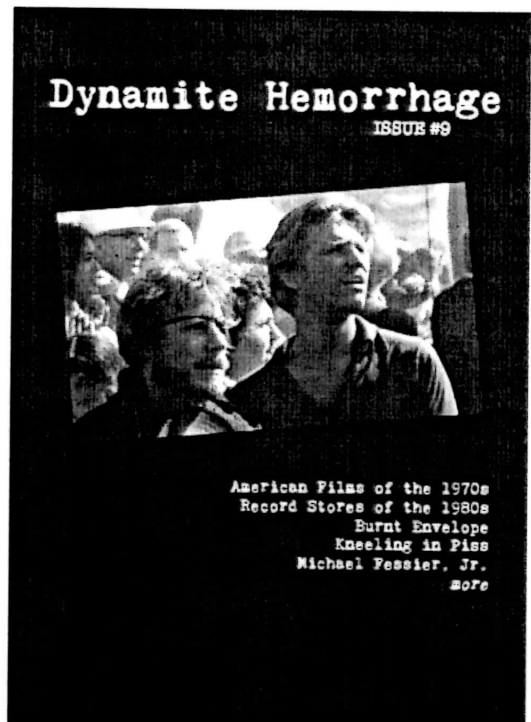
Ted K
Dir. Tony Stone (2021)

You've probably heard the discourse revolving around all the other fictionalized biopics of last year. I'm talking about the lonely, psychotic, pop-culture-figure focused ones. Blonde, Dahmer, that awful Elvis... but I have a hunch that this one may have slipped under your radar.

That's too bad, because it's HILARIOUS, full of similar hallucinatory, artistic flourishes, and even has a cool soundtrack while clocking in at just 2hrs. (a breeze compared to the other three).

I had originally hoped it would be somewhat inspirational or whatever, but also had to weigh that against the likelihood that it would just be dry, quiet, & preachy. Not so! It turned out to be a barrel of laughs, yet still is able to deliver the necessary sad ending.

Bonus recommendation: make sure to check out Director Tony Stone's excellent documentary, Peter and the Farm (2016), while you're at it.



Dynamite Hemorrhage #9 fanzine
Written and edited by Jay Hinman (2022)

While Hinman has several sub-underground "raw music" related publications and projects under his belt by now, DH issue #9 is particularly mentionable for instead veering into the topic of 1970's New Hollywood American Cinema. I was lucky enough to come across it not long after reading Quentin Tarantino's 2022 book, "Cinema Speculation," a memoir made up of essays covering his own youthful 1970's movie-watching experiences. It was a collection so enjoyable that it only left me hungry for more, and DH#9 fit the bill perfectly.

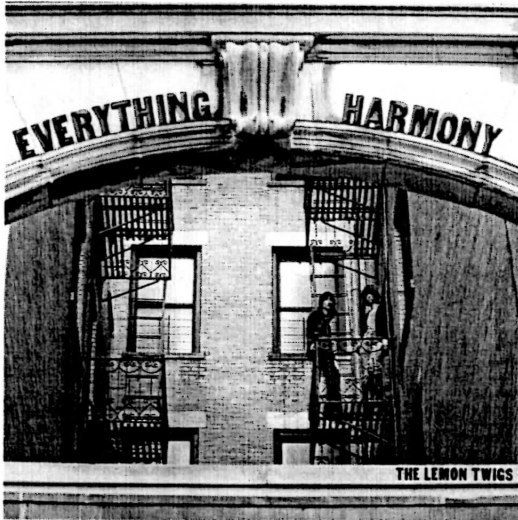
As Hinman describes this creative period of movie-making, it was "that endlessly inventive, cinematic two-way mirror that walked in societal and personal alienation, criminal malfeasance, sexual malaise, political disillusionment, crumbling marriages, downtrodden cities, labor unrest, paranoia, organized crime and numerous other uplifting 70s hallmarks."

Spending a majority of the zine's 48 pages on this topic, he includes several reviews, essays, and lists with surprisingly little redundancy or overlap with Tarantino's

You ought not to be in this war
You cannot win this war

account.

Also of note, there is another section in the zine detailing Hinman's experience of being a music-obsessed teenager shopping for records in the 1980's. Overall, this is really a standout issue, and while I highly recommend getting a physical copy, there are also free downloads of all the out-of-print back issues at dynamitehemorrhage.com.



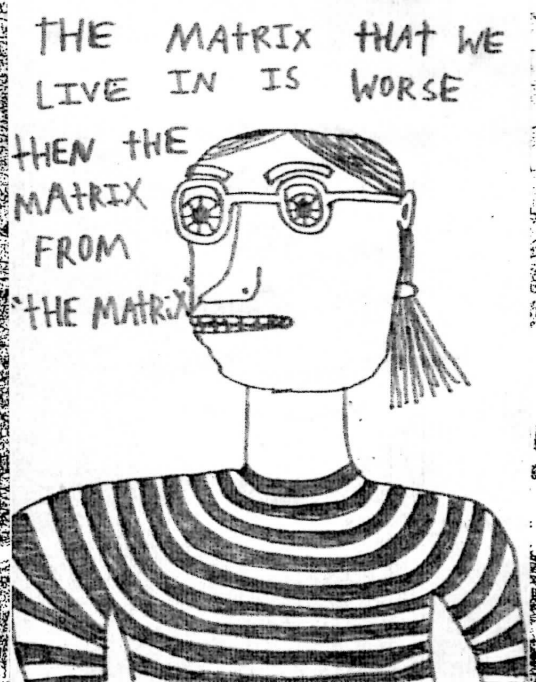
Everything Harmony LP
by The Lemon Twigs (2023)

I'm a big fan of this band's debut album, *Do Hollywood*, but for whatever reason I could never quite fully connect with the entirety of their following records. That was until now, with the release of their fourth studio album, *Everything Harmony*. Continuing their reputation of creating 1970's influenced power pop and glam, (Todd Rundgren, Big Star, Badfinger), they now manage to also incorporate the stylings of groups like Simon & Garfunkel and even Teenage Fanclub, who similarly pulled off their own revivalist sound in the 1990's.

And it absolutely works. The album is cohesive yet still maintains range, it's full of hook after hook, and both songwriting brothers contribute their own material while boosting and playing off each other's strengths.

They also put out at least four music videos to accompany this album, each successfully demonstrating their aesthetic, another great feature of this band. If I can convince you to at least give them sampling, I would for sure say to check those out. Personally, I foresee this album getting a ton of play at my house this summer.

End reviews by Noah Fredstrom



Jeremy Cosmo Potts



...how that caused you to know next to nothing. You ought not to be in this war. You cannot win this war.

