

# ISSUES

THE FUTURE, NOW!

## STRAIGHT PANIC



ED 22; 12/1/18

HOODOO MUSIC FEST 2018

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF  
COMMODITY FETISH RECORDS

# ISSUES 22: DECEMBER 1, 2018

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# YOU SAVED MY JOB

## BY ARCHDUKE HAPPY

Eternal, undying gratitude:  
That's what I'd like to express here.  
Now without any further hullabaloo,  
I'd like to get into it.

You saved my job, and what a wonderful thing that is. It's not just the adoring letters that came pouring in from all the corners of this great, cubic world. It's not just the songs of tribute that our artists<sup>^</sup>™ wrote in my support. It's not just the silent prayers, which I can hear, that moved hearts and minds to our current circumstance...

You cared, and I care about you. You cared enough to do a god damn thing, and a god damn thing you did. You did it, and you deserve to feel fantastic about it. We are all very safe now. I am safe,

you are safe, we are all incredibly safe now and forever, and if we are not now, we are well on the way to being safe. We will be the safest lot, as a result of reading this, and by nothing else except for the fact you can become up to three times safer by completing this entire magazine. Think about your address while looking at the final page (no cheating!) and we will send a certificate of completion for your personal quarters or home office.

So where to from here? Well, I'm not exactly sure what the future may hold, despite some claims to the contrary coming from other parts of this publication, but I can be certain of one thing: My responsibility to you ends as soon as that fat, juicy ACH transaction arrives into my bank account.

Anyway, here's the bonus edition quest for you in this magazine: There is one band, event, or person who does not exist in here. Yes, they are a total fraud, and there is an absence of web-trail somewhere to prove it. If you can write your answer down onto a piece of paper suggesting who it is, and mail it to 824 S Howell St, Rocky Mount, NC, 27803, you will be safe. You have to find the primary character in the story. There is only one, and they are somewhere in this country, but more specifically, somewhere in this issue. Where? "I do not know", I couldn't tell you, but they are around here somewhere. I can neither confirm nor deny anything I have said in this article, but I know this in my heart of hearts to be true.

I don't know anything about actual substantive content for this article.

After all, this is ISSUES: Holiday Edition! Do you have a physical copy of this magazine? Good news, one of them is a scratch and sniff in its entirety, imbued with Babylon Mint<sup>^</sup>™ flavor! What is Babylon Mint<sup>^</sup>™ flavor? Well, there's only one way to see that and many more things beyond your wildest dreams or nightmares, and that's to attend American Babylon 3: New Horizons, where we will reveal proprietary access technology to all attendees about how to get Babylon Mint<sup>^</sup>™!

Let me close by requesting:  
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# ISSUES MAGAZINE

## FEATURED <sup>W/</sup> ARTIST **JON RASMUSSEN**

### INTERVIEW OF THE HOODOO MUSIC FEST 2018

CFR- Hi. Thanks for agreeing to this.

Thanks for providing an independent media outlet for DIY musicians. We really appreciate what you're doing here.

CFR- Thank you.

First off, what is the name of your fest?

The Hoodoo Music Festival 2018

CFR- What's your name? Do you have any collaborators on this?

My name is Jon Rasmussen. This was really a group effort. Tom Goss (of Shit Karate and Drumnado), Lin Young, Daniel Johnson (Finding Freedom), Robert Lindblad (Finding Freedom), and Mark Jones (The Hoodoo Music Podcast) have all been instrumental in making this happen.

CFR- What dates will the fest be held?

It's a one day fest on December 15th. There's a noise ordinance that gives us a hard stopping time of 11:00, so we'll be running from 3:00pm to 11:00pm.

CFR- Where will the fest be held?

Turkey Point South (Tom and Lin's house)

CFR- Please tell me about the venue.

Tom and Lin have been letting touring bands stay at their house for years and have hosted house shows in the past. They are getting back into hosting shows in their basement with our festival.

CFR- Have you done any of these fests before?

Not really. My band played a mini fest over at the Pablo House in Clemson at the beginning of the summer and Bandcamp 4 in September, but

been on the planning end of something this big before.

CFR- What about other fests?

No, not really.

CFR- What is your concept for the fest?

Mark Jones has been hosting The Hoodoo Music Podcast for a little over two years now, spotlighting local, regional, and the occasional touring bands, and he's been helping record local bands for free for longer than that.

When Mark announced that he would be taking a break from the podcast for a few months to recharge a bit, some of the bands that he had featured wanted to show him our appreciation for everything he does, and that has grown into what we're hoping will be the first of many Hoodoo Music Festivals. CFR- Will you feature any local bands?

Most of the acts featured on the podcast are local and the festival will be no different. We are featuring seven acts from the Upstate of South Carolina, including hip hop, singer/songwriter, and indie bands.

CFR- What about touring acts? While we don't

necessarily have any touring acts, we do have a couple

regional acts coming in from Columbia and Charleston for the festival.

CFR- What's the lineup?

It's pretty easy to assemble an amazing bill when you're doing something for Mark and I don't think this lineup disappoints: Apricot Blush, Boo Hag, Horrible Girl and the Hot Mess, The Apartment Club, Finding Freedom, Revelator, Ty Graves, Lloyd Van Horn, and Gray Lee will be performing.

CFR- Can we get some links to the fest online?

Sure, it's all going through a Facebook event: [www.facebook.com/events/547728795657277/?ti=as](http://www.facebook.com/events/547728795657277/?ti=as)

CFR- Do you have any musical projects of your own?

I am the vocalist for Revelator and Entertainment Center.

CFR- Will you be performing?

We will. We'll be playing pretty early on in the show, so come out and make an afternoon/evening of it.

CFR- Can we get some band links?

Apricot Blush: [apricotblush.bandcamp.com/music](http://apricotblush.bandcamp.com/music)

Boo Hag: [boohag.bandcamp.com/](http://boohag.bandcamp.com/)

Horrible Girl and the Hot Mess: [horriblegirl.bandcamp.com](http://horriblegirl.bandcamp.com)

The Apartment Club:

[www.theaptclub.com](http://www.theaptclub.com)

Finding Freedom: [officialfindingfreedom.com](http://officialfindingfreedom.com)

Revelator:

[revelator.rocks](http://revelator.rocks)

Ty Graves:

[www.reverbnation.com/tygraves](http://www.reverbnation.com/tygraves)

Lloyd Van Horn:

[www.loydvanhorn.com](http://www.loydvanhorn.com)

Gray Lee:

[www.reverbnation.com/graylee](http://www.reverbnation.com/graylee)

The Hoodoo Music Podcast:

[bit.ly/localbandpod](http://bit.ly/localbandpod)

CFR- Are you affiliated with a record label?

No.

CFR- How did you get into booking and promoting?

This was just a group of artists coming together to make a thing happen. I'm the one that cobbled together the flyer (attached), so the event ended up on my Facebook. :)

CFR- Do you have any good show stories/memories?

Too many to go into here. Come to the fest and chat me up, and I'm sure I'll throw a few at you.

CFR- Do you have any other upcoming shows?

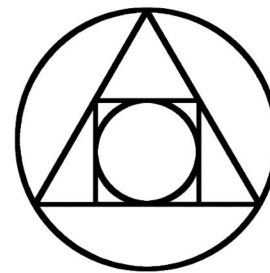
The Hoodoo Music Podcast will return January 1st. You can find it on most podcast platforms.

CFR- Would you like to give any shoutouts?

This whole thing is pretty much a big shout out to Mark Jones for everything he's done for our music scene. I would love to see big crowd come out and appreciate the work he has done.

We will also have Upstate Food Not Bombs on hand to collect non-perishable (preferably vegan) food and sanitary items for our local homeless and underprivileged communities. [foodnotbombs.net/](http://foodnotbombs.net/) CFR- OK! Thanks for doing the interview!

Thanks for finding us.



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FOOD NOT BOMBS

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AT TURKEY POINT SOUTH  
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# ISSUES MAGAZINE INTERVIEW

## THOMAS BOETTNER of STRAIGHT PANIC

CFR- First off, what is your name?  
Thomas Boettner Ledo.

CFR- What is the name of your project?  
Straight Panic.

CFR- Where are you located?  
New Orleans, LA.

CFR- How long have you been performing with the project?  
June 2014.

CFR- Do you have any collaborators?  
I don't have any set collaborators, but I have worked with numerous people on tracks and releases, including Délinquance Juvénile, Kontraktor, Grutesk, Bootsslave, Contact Low, Hate Audition, DJ Speedsick, Closer Bones, and United Front.

CFR- What local venues do you like to perform at?

The only local venue I've regularly performed at is the Mudlark Public Theater, so I can't really comment on this fairly. Hoping to play at Gasa Gasa soon though.

CFR- What is your vision for the project?

My vision is one of public awareness and political motivation. I want queer people to feel empowered, invigorated, angry. My goal is to become a voice, of sorts, for queer anger.

CFR- Do you have any releases? Can you provide links?

I have multiple full-length albums, splits, and EPs. Everything is catalogued on Discogs, as well as on BandCamp [straightpanic.bandcamp.com](http://straightpanic.bandcamp.com)

CFR- What is your approach to writing?

Literally, I pick topics from my own experience, and/or the news. To quote Pasternak's Dr. Zhivago, "The private life is dead for a man with any manhood." I don't believe that you can ethically exist in this world without addressing your privilege, and the political machinations that relate to you.

CFR- Do you tour with the act?  
Not currently, but I would love to. I've mostly been focusing on Fests.

CFR- Do you have any upcoming shows?

Dec 8 I perform at the Mudlark with fri(G)id , Divorce Ring, Tom Borax , and Jeff Carey

CFR- Do you have any memorable show stories?

Nothing incredibly fantastical or hilarious, but some great shows stick out: opening for Plack Blague at the Hexagon, performing at ISSUE PROJECT ROOM and The Glove in Brooklyn, Fargo Noise Fest 2016, Kansas City Noise Fest III, Midwest Harshfest 4, NOVO Industrial Fest, my farewell show in Minneapolis January 2017, the gig at Reverie in MPLS that turned into Homo Will Not Inherit.

CFR- What inspires you to write and perform?  
My dislike of people.

My distaste for Fascism/Conservatism/Evangelism.

Politics and personal depravity. I'm inspired by a lot of contemporary projects, classics, experimental literature, true crime, news clippings, politics/current events.

CFR- How old were you when you figured out you were an artist?

Oh geez, that's hard to judge. I was a very moody, serious teenager, but I don't think I really took my work seriously until I moved to Minneapolis and started Straight Panic. Fire island, AK was fun while it lasted, and at times I took it very seriously, but the project lacked theme and intention, as a whole.

CFR- Tell me about your most recent recording project.

I've got three things currently on the recording docket: collab release with Hate Audition, a release for Obsolete Units;

God is the Giver of the Gift

CFR- What do you like to listen to?

Current rotation has been:

Bootslave  
Blackwatch  
Tsul Teng Ministries  
Pleasure Island  
Interior One  
Heretic Grail  
Deterge  
Interracial Sex  
Wonderland Club  
Sissy Spacek  
CBN  
Koufar  
Terror Cell Unit  
White Heterosexuals  
Yellow Tears  
Frataxin  
Limbs Bin

CFR- What do you enjoy in a live band (aside from your own projects)?

A solid set. Professional demeanor. Punctuality. A willingness to get down and party.

CFR- Do you have any non-audio art projects?

I do a lot of my own album artwork, but the only main non-audio project is a written book/zine coming out on Wonderland Media in 2019.

CFR- Would you like to make any shoutouts?

Matt, Brandon, Sam, Brett, Wd\_Grain, Trinity, Rusty, Dustin, S.R., Olivia, Patrick, Ben, Joe, Shaun, Joe, Erik, Eric, Aric, Nina, Tankie, Jim, Mack, Sam, Travis, Mark, Matt, Kenny, Michael, Eames, Richard, Derek, Matt, Justin, Jacob, Gonzo

CFR- Please add anything here you feel we've missed.

TULSA 2019, DAYTON NOISE SYMPOSIUM II

CFR- Thank you for doing the interview!  
Thanks for having me!



STRAIGHT PANIC PULL OUT POSTER



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## MILESTONES OF THE AVANT-GARDE: GUSTAVE METZGER & AUTO DESTRUCTIVE ART

This article is about German artist Gustave Metzger (b. 1926). Like previous artists I have written about for ISSUES, Metzger's craft was wholly informed by the early events of his life, beginning with his birth into a Polish orthodox Jewish family in pre-Nazi Bavaria. At age 12, Metzger was sent to the UK thanks to the Refugee Children Movement (aka Kindertransport) wherein the UK gov took in 10,000 mostly Jewish children from areas affected by the Nazi's march into Europe. By the war's ends, these children were often the only surviving members of their families, as was the case for the young Gustave Metzger. After the war, Metzger remained in the UK, where he lived for the rest of his life, his official status remaining "stateless" until his death in 2017. Metzger's formal artist training began at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp, Belgium, shortly after the war. His stated goals as an artist were to convey power, reflecting an analogous link to the effects wartime government had on his homeland; effects which were invariably based in the authority of violence welded by modern industry. As a child, Metzger witnessed the changing political landscapes of his times, in the forms of media saturation and public displays of authority - he had spoken often of being in the curbside crowds of Nazi parades in his birth city of Nuremburg. The toll of the ensuing war, which would include the lives of his entire extended family, sparked in his imagination the intimate understanding of the foibles of human ego and endeavor - the brashness of our collective shortsightedness, especially in regards to commerce, governance and conflict. From this thinking, Metzger bore a radically new approach to art, a style he called "auto-destructive art" - which he dubbed "public art for industrial societies," wherein the art pieces were "an attack on capitalist values and the drive to nuclear annihilation", by way of programmed self-destruction. To this end, Metzger issued a manifesto in 1959, a brief, itemized series of lists meant for the individual to interpret within the context of the ends of auto-destructive art as they saw fit. The 1959 manifesto is as follows:

Auto-destructive art is primarily a form of public art for industrial societies.

Self-destructive painting, sculpture and construction is a total unity of idea, site, form, colour, method, and timing of the disintegrative process. Auto-destructive art can be created with natural forces, traditional art techniques and technological techniques.

The amplified sound of the auto-destructive process can be an element of the total conception.

The artist may collaborate with scientists, engineers.

Self-destructive art can be machine produced and factory assembled.

Auto-destructive paintings, sculptures and constructions have a life time varying from a few moments to twenty years. When the disintegrative process is complete the work is to be removed from the site and scrapped.

The following year Metzger released a second manifesto, building upon the previous missive, including a list of materials and actions facilitating ADA:

Materials and techniques used in creating auto-destructive art include: Acid, Adhesives, Ballistics, Canvas, Clay, Combustion, Compression, Concrete, Corrosion, Cybernetics, Drop, Elasticity, Electricity, Electrolysis, Feed-Back, Glass, Heat, Human Energy, Ice, Jet, Light, Load, Mass-production, Metal, Motion Picture, Natural Forces, Nuclear Energy, Paint, Paper, Photography, Plaster, Plastics, Pressure, Radiation, Sand, Solar Energy, Sound, Steam, Stress, Terracotta, Vibration, Water, Welding, Wire, Wood.

With protest accounting for the core of auto-destructive art, Metzger employed techniques in accordance with his manifestos that ensured the life span of the pieces he created would be as reliably stunted as possible: this included applying acid to fabric that would slowly eat the threads, or any sort of solvent to materials that would invariably dissolve the piece to nothing. This process works as slow motion fulfillment of theory via destruction, resulting in materials no longer worthy for presentation or sale. Not ironically, Metzger's lecturing on the approach at the time aligned ADA's cyclical nature of creation through destruction to that of rapid consumerism, wherein perpetual revenue was assured through the creation/destruction nature of a vapid materialist mindset. Of this cycle, Metzger said ADA "...is an attempt to deal rationally with a society that appears to be lunatic."

To further counter the consumerism and artifice of the art world of the time, in the late 1970's Metzger started a new movement called "Art Strike", a movement whose desired goal was to redistribute focus and money from institutions back to the individual artist.

His major contentions with the art world of the time were that those economic drivers of it, the collectors, were also the forces of wealth behind the problems of the day: ecological disasters, economic distress, weapons proliferation, and the threat of nuclear war. His instincts were that of a purist in that he saw such figures as unworthy of the art his contemporaries produced, as they were "largely responsible for the catastrophe in which we exist." Unfortunately, the movement garnered few adherents, and ended by 1980.

Echoing the de-materialism of those embracing Happenings and conceptual art, Metzger responded to a post-war world that had rebounded from unthinkable cruelty and loss with unbridled consumerism and limitless materialism by eschewing the formal role of an artist - by destroying his creations, he rendered the collectors and galleries of the art world incapable of presenting and commodifying his output. As critics of his ADA work have cited, his critique/rebuttal of the magnum opus of neoliberalism achievement - intellectual property - assures his place in 20th century art history. His assertion that his art deteriorated "along with society", was a measure of his contempt towards the institutions that ensure future wars.

Arguably, Gustave Metzger was the antithesis of someone considered by many to be the primary modern artist of the post war era - Andy Warhol. Warhol, the 20th centuries premiere champion of consumerism, chided the intelligentsia of the day by celebrating the pursuit of celebrity and notoriety from mass producing popular culture images.

It's no surprise then that Metzger's name commands a fraction of the response Warhol's legacy does (it could be argued popular culture "won" the post-war era), however, my thoughts on comparing the two are reminded of Metzger's warning of mans propensity towards self-destruction, towards our species yielding to, and embrace of, capital as a destructive means unto itself.

On destruction, Metzger noted his pieces utilized it as a reflection of the ephemeral nature of an event - an aspect that reflects a slight commonality with Warhol's pop culture: the short term. The similarities between the two end there: Metzger's art was never meant for private collections, as he explained it, it was meant for society.

His use of destruction is meant as a mirror on the act of destruction, so as to be "against the things that are against society". Auto-destructive art challenged the status quo in a time when the elevated post-war

standard of living obscured its long term negative consequences - consequences which, a scant few decades later, include the destruction of the planet for our species. A result the Warhols of the art economy never concerned themselves with.

Gustave Metzger was an artist iconoclast in an age of limitless conceptual experimentation and excess for simply relying on his basic humanist impulses. His approach and methods were eloquently humble and directly informed by the economic and social mechanisms of his day. It could be argued there is a radical simplicity in his views. At the time of his death, he left instructions for large concrete sculptures that would slowly break down over time. One of his last large scale public pieces entitled "Flailing Trees" consisted of 21 Willows trees turned upside down and moored in concrete, meant to show the upending of nature by human encroachment, itself an auto-destructing art piece as the trees will dry out and wither. Few post-war artists committed themselves to art in such an anti-art way as Metzger. His legacy will continue to prove prophetic as new generations face the same issues that informed his art.

**-CARL KRUGER**



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# IMPRESSIONS OF...

## FEATURED ALBUM: SICK NASTY: SICK NASTY AND THE ETHEREAL PLANE OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE

Sick Nasty is an improvisational group located in Baltimore, MD. Sick Nasty and the Ethereal Plane of Forbidden Knowledge was released October 22, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [static-union.bandcamp.com/album/sick-nasty-and-the-ethereal-plane-of-forbidden-knowledge-ep](http://static-union.bandcamp.com/album/sick-nasty-and-the-ethereal-plane-of-forbidden-knowledge-ep)

"Imagine finding out that you and everyone you know is the same person and you are trapped in a fever dream.

Imagine being so sick, it's nasty."

With that quote I began my journey into the heart of the Plane of Forbidden Knowledge.

I turned the volume up on my shitty Toshiba Laptop, pressed play and immediately began to ascend.

As I was listening I noticed the interplay between the drummer and the rest of the ensemble.

The percussionist did a good job of maintaining a constant tempo and feel to their drumming. They delivered on creating a skeleton for the rest of the band to play off of.

The guitarist filled things out by playing either dissonant but modally-secured chords, or else using their instrument as a noise maker.

When the keyboardist came in, she created the melody. The addition of this sound pulled the disparate elements together into a cohesive whole.

Throughout the piece, the guitar and drums were most present. But as the other instruments entered and exited the sonic space, they did much to add to the overall effect.

This album stays clear of the "usual" problem with free improvisation- discontinuity and lack of melody.

The members of Sick Nasty do a good job of creating a sense of unity without regressing to total repetition. I'd definitely check them out live.

## FEATURED ALBUM: KILLER KOUTURE: GOD FORGIVE THE CHILDREN

Killer Kouture is an industrial punk band out of Sacramento, CA. God Forgive The Children was released on July 27, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [killerkouture.bandcamp.com/album/god-forgive-the-children](http://killerkouture.bandcamp.com/album/god-forgive-the-children)

GFTC is the second full length by this great Sacramento industrial punk band that we've reviewed.

This album keeps in a similar vein as their first, but concentrates the power and intention beyond it. In totality, it is a better album- better conceived and better executed.

The single, "The Needle," the third track on the work, is a great example of paired down electronic punk music. It balances a hard driving, crashing electronic percussion section with distorted synth bass and yelping, angry lyrics.

It begins with the tic tick of a clock, sped up with a crunchy synth lead over it. Then, a quote in the form of a sample;

"I was going to the worst place in the world and I didn't even know it yet."

The drum line and synths work together for a Ministry-esque hard dance groove that is perfect for Seth to sing over.

The lyrics are reminiscent of Ministry or early White Zombie, growling about killing, mayhem and drugs. It is an energizing and effective track. It makes me want to hit someone.

"No man has ever won more by dying for his country"

That sample reveals the nature of the song: it describes the horror of war, the need for violence and the nihilistic pointlessness of life and civilization.

The rest of the album continues on in similarly nihilistic and dark vein, featuring pounding synth drums and distorted leads played over samples and noisy pads.

The entire record seems to focus thematically on violence. It develops themes related to the hedonism, anger and discontent at the core of civilization.

Some of the tracks move faster in tempo, speeding up to a hardcore punk type tempo, seeming to call out the audience to mosh.

Throughout the album the vocals are on point and the production is good.

Overall, GFTC is a powerful vehicle for the angst-ridden vision of it's composers.

This album is excellent and you should listen to it.

## DROWN<sub>by</sub> DRY EYES DEMOS<sub>by</sub> DELLA CHASE

Dry Eyes is an ambient noise act from Chicago, IL. Their album, Drown, was released September 22, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [dryeyes.bandcamp.com/album/drown](http://dryeyes.bandcamp.com/album/drown)

My Impressions:  
Drown is a through-composed, extended length piece of ambient noise music. It consists of approximately 15 straight minutes of repetitive synth bell sweeps.

At times the bells sound like they are subjected to a low pass filter. At other times they move up and down in volume. Still, at other times, they change harmonic emphasis and sound "brighter."

I cannot tell you what the exact message of this piece was, but it does contain a quote, "Drown in your own funeral bells" which I assumes communicates the mindset of the composer.

What is it? You tell me. It's bells, though, for sure.

Della Chase is a soul artist from Philadelphia, PA. Her Demos were all released in the last two years (2017-2018).

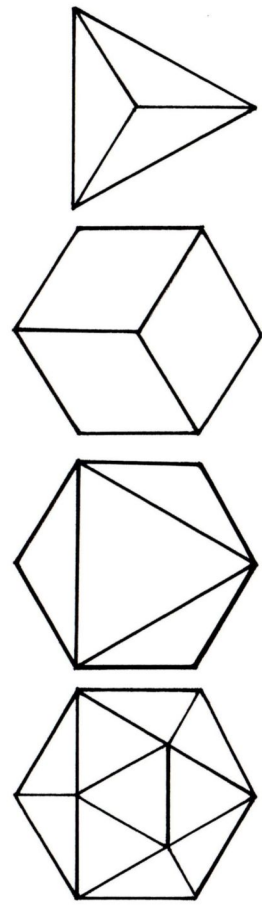
You can check them out here: [soundcloud.com/dellachase](http://soundcloud.com/dellachase)

My Impressions:  
This is a surprising submission that happened upon our email. Normally we get experimental work, outsider, some punk and metal. But this is a blast from the past. A well composed, well produced set of soul and R&B hits.

It was nice listening to something so atypical for us.

First of all the voice, which I assume is Della, is great. She's on pitch and her vocal emphasis is talented. She sings well and does so with a restraint rarely heard in solo singers these days.

I get the impression that she can do a lot of runs and arpeggios if she wants but stays in the pocket of the song. If you like R&B check it out. It's quite good.



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# IMPRESSIONS OF...

## CRANIUM SCATTER by SAVAN DEPAUL

Savan DePaul is an acid rap artist from Philadelphia, PA. Cranium Scatter, Vol. 2 was released on September 28, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [savandepaul.bandcamp.com/album/cranium-scatter-vol-2](http://savandepaul.bandcamp.com/album/cranium-scatter-vol-2)

### My Impressions:

This is an amazing and creative collection of experimentally produced hip hop songs.

The music is cosmic. It is a collection of clicks and whirrs, beeps and boops assembled in a futuristic manner towards a psychedelic end.

Spiritually it reminds me of Parliament Funkadelic, even if the musical form is more electronic and hip hop.

The raps are great, the vibes are even better. This music really slams and the weirdness is charming.

I'd give this the top recommend.

## DEISHI MERZUYEVA by MANIC SLUT

Manic Slut is a noise project from California. Deishi Merzuyeva was released on September 5, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [maniclut.bandcamp.com/releases](http://maniclut.bandcamp.com/releases)

### My Impressions:

These tracks are a unique and expressive take on harsh noise and power violence.

The pieces are mostly constructed like songs, but in a non-traditional way. In place of lyrics there are terrifying screams. In place of riffs there is a swirling cacophony of crunching noise. Rarely but sometimes: apparent musicality.

The textures are creative. Each track has a different approach to sound scaping, but the overall work has a consistency in

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its angst.  
Good  
Noise.

## ATTENTION DEFICIT ORDER by ANTHONY WILLIAM HERNDON

Anthony William Herndon is an ambient experimental artist from Kuttawa, KY. Attention Deficit Order was released on September 1, 2018.

You can listen here: [anthonywilliamherndon1.bandcamp.com](http://anthonywilliamherndon1.bandcamp.com)

### My Impressions:

A compendium of electronic tracks which balance IDM sensibility with a deceptively simple construction.

The songs tend to be fairly short. They progress in a linear fashion, relying upon a heavy blend of harmonies over a more traditional song structure.

Each piece leaves you in one head space long enough to appreciate it and then quickly moves on to the next set of sounds.

The textures are pleasing to the ear. The production is well developed.

A good set of tracks sure to appeal to the electronic listener.

## SLIDE by CASINO GARDEN

Casino Garden are an indie rock band from Wuppertal, Germany. Slide was released on July 1, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [casinogarden.bandcamp.com/releases](http://casinogarden.bandcamp.com/releases)

### My Impressions:

A bittersweet, lo-fi indie pop record constructed in poignant, sorrowful tones.

These works feel like they have a literal distance, appearing from just over the horizon. They are put together with clarity like the tips of waves rising and crashing into the ubiquity of the ocean.

In this case, the ocean is the wafting guitar chords which synch up with the drums while drowning the pieces in a synthesized angst.

The pieces are tight and well put together but they never seem to get over this distant feeling.

The vocalist is on pitch and on point. The instruments are always in synch.

If you like dream pop and sound-track-style indie, this is yours.

## RUFF DRAFT by MOUNTAIN DOOM

Mountain Doom is an instrumental rock group from Kansas City, MO. Ruff Draft was released on November 4, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [mountaindoom.bandcamp.com/album/ruff-draft](http://mountaindoom.bandcamp.com/album/ruff-draft)

### My Impressions:

A series of abstract instrumental rock pieces which drift frequently from noise and math rock to more controlled, melodic, methodical sounds.

The makeup of the group is a traditional rock format- guitar, bass, drums. The works themselves are not rock, however.

The musicians use their instruments in an experimental way; creating overtones, dissonances, wild screeches, aharmonic modes, and such in a tapestry of noise and harmonies.

The pieces are enjoyable. They stay coherent throughout. Well done.

## THE CATALYST by BUBBLE PEOPLE

Bubble People are a psychedelic pop group from London, UK. The Catalyst was released on February 28, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [bubblepeople.bandcamp.com/releases](http://bubblepeople.bandcamp.com/releases)

### My Impressions:

Spacial, ambient electro pop drawing as deeply from Thom Yorke's The Eraser as it does from Kraftwerk.

Long form, ambient noises slide and hover with synth pads and effects as a tight, clicky electronic drum set shoots the percussion forward.

The pieces are slow and repetitive. They mostly string together synth pads over percussion. The vocals are clearly pop-oriented.

The voice is a deep tenor, practically a baritone. It floats on top of the music in an exposed but pleasant way.

This is music for driving at night. It would harmonize well with a long empty road unfolding before you as you head to your next destination.

## THREE-P by VABRATI

Vabrati is a post-punk band from Charlotte, NC. Three-P was released on October 23, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [vabrati.bandcamp.com/releases](http://vabrati.bandcamp.com/releases)

### My Impressions:

A stripped down synthesis of 80s post-punk rock and aughties post-hardcore and emo.

For a band so slim on members- these guys are a two piece- the sound is surprisingly filled in.

The songs do a lot with a little- the guitars grind dissonances and psychedelic effects to a rock drum skeleton while the vocals bounce in poppy melodies.

The production is lo-fi but clear.

There are shades of Minus the Bear, of At The Drive In, and of Joy Division.

These are well written songs, and the sound manages to be both original and approachable.

## DHALGREN by CULTURAL VULTURES

Cultural Vultures are a rock band from Cincinnati, OH. Dhalgren was released in 2018.

You can listen to it here: [www.culturalvultures.org/new-cover-page-1/](http://www.culturalvultures.org/new-cover-page-1/)

### My Impressions:

These are well produced, standard-issue pop rock songs.

They are constructed from your typical rock format- guitars, bass, drums, vocals, as well as a few patches and samples.

The pieces are fairly average despite the excellent production.

Something tells me this band has taken too many pieces of advice from well meaning but shifty promoters or agents.

The best thing that I can say about them is that their instruments are on time and tight, their vocalist is on pitch, and they clearly took their time with this record.

Unfortunately the songs come off as brought down by their own attempts at perfection.

# IMPRESSIONS OF...

## BATHETIC RESONANCE by SUBTERRENE

Subterrene is an ambient noise project from Wilmington, NC. Bathetic Resonance was released on October 23, 2016.

You can listen to it here: [subterrene.bandcamp.com/album/bathetic-resonance](http://subterrene.bandcamp.com/album/bathetic-resonance)

**My Impressions:**  
Bathetic Resonance exists in a beautiful sphere that bounces between the opposing dialectic of harmony and noise.

In one sense it is a noise project, progressing atypically, exploring distortions like wind and sea.

And yet it also possesses harmony, rich and real. A textural collage, a switching of codes and channels.

This is music of the stars, hymns coming through a TV tuned to white noise. It hints at more but lays hold of the past.

## UNNAMED TERROR by MARYAM SIRVAN

Maryam Sirvan is an experimental ambient artist from London, UK. Their album, Unnamed Terror, was released on May 13, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [tcfsr.bandcamp.com/album/untamed-terror](http://tcfsr.bandcamp.com/album/untamed-terror)

**My Impressions:**  
This is a subtle presentation of quieting noise. It makes the rounds by spreading a small, baseline anxiety and developing clusters of unusual but less-than-demanding song-parts.

There is a definite feeling of dread throughout the pieces, the silent reverberation of windy howls amidst the muffled cacophony of an insect-ridden jungle.

There is the implication of something terrible and dark, and yet the piece keeps a pianissimo anti-brutality throughout.

The effect is to leave the listener on edge, but unfulfilled- anxious and disquieted but never totally afraid.

## LE LABYRINTHE DE LA MORT SYMETRIQUE by DAVID NADEAU

David Nadeau is an experimental noise artist from Quebec City, QC, Canada. Le Labyrinthe De La Mort Symetrique was released on January 25, 2016.

You can listen to it here: [freemusicarchive.org/music/David\\_Nadeau/Le\\_Labyrinthe\\_De\\_La\\_Mort\\_Symetrique](http://freemusicarchive.org/music/David_Nadeau/Le_Labyrinthe_De_La_Mort_Symetrique)

**My Impressions:**  
A collection of lo-fi neoclassical avant garde recordings which appears to be composed from random ephemera, toys, and noise making devices.

The pieces are rooted in the tradition of 20th century music, particularly the mid century experimental classical.

The compositions sound spontaneous and eclectic. The approach seems to welcome the accident as well as the intentional. It is pretty high end art-minded noise stuff.

## NIGHT LOOPS 3 by STERILE GARDEN

Sterile Garden is an experimental noise Portland, ME. Their album, Night Loops 3, was released on September 16, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [sterilegarden.bandcamp.com/album/night-loops-3](http://sterilegarden.bandcamp.com/album/night-loops-3)

**My Impressions:**  
Quieter than most noise albums, progressing slower, creating a crunch as it moves along.

This album has a stationary feel to it, like however long you listen and however much it changes in tone it never quite moves into a new place.

There's part of me that has trouble believing that this was live recorded. It gives the impression that someone set it up and hit play like a Deistic god, winding up and setting the universe loose.

It relies upon bell like tones, windy phrases, cuts, slooshes, and static to create the core of what it is about.

## EUPHORIA by HVXVN

HVXVN is an experimental noise act from San Antonio, TX. Euphoria was released in 2018.

You can check it out here: [open.spotify.com/album/66aVMLJvk61mp5igFVWBRf?si=DpEuRLT4R9S2vK48BoLoQ](https://open.spotify.com/album/66aVMLJvk61mp5igFVWBRf?si=DpEuRLT4R9S2vK48BoLoQ)

**My Impressions:**  
Clicking, clamoring post-industrial dissonances. A repetitive flavor like true machinery. An unblinking approach to rapid tonal conversions.

This is a noise album that doesn't really feel like noise.

It builds itself up from bits and pieces of electronic pulse work, samples, clips, cuts and highly produced exobits.

The pieces unfold slowly. They bridge the gap between IDM, industrial noise and more conventional forms of electronic.

This is a good album for a midnight drive, or a detached moment of day dreaming.

## A BOY NAMED SEW by SEWER POPE

Sewer Pope is an experimental instrumental rock group from Philadelphia, PA. Their album, A Boy Named Sew, was released on December 7, 2018.

You can listen to it here: [sewerpope.bandcamp.com/releases](http://sewerpope.bandcamp.com/releases)

**My Impressions:**  
This is a piece of music which manages to deconstruct the common identity of riffing while maintaining a percussive beat that gives a signature and a center to the power of the work itself.

The sounds create a hybrid between math rock, noise, IDM, and improvised rock music.

At times, vocals erupt from the simmering stew of sounds and scream in pulsing rages. They are hard to decipher but appear to be protestations against life. Angry, desperate tirades sung by men and women crushed by the machinery in the instrumentals.

This is an interesting but difficult piece of music.

## KILL YOURSELF by ZORP

ZORP is a punk band that claims to be from the Zorpien Planet. Their album, Kill Yourself, was released in 2018.

You can check it out here: [open.spotify.com/album/47iAkN4JAyh6kZq2aCvN6m?si=I73dgpORb6PasqyLvHXIQ](https://open.spotify.com/album/47iAkN4JAyh6kZq2aCvN6m?si=I73dgpORb6PasqyLvHXIQ)

**My Impressions:**  
It's rare in 2018 to hear an act that commits so fully to the 1980s underground punk/hardcore sound.

These guys could just as easily be heard playing on a bill with Fear, X, or Flipper as they could be banging one out in a basement somewhere in the hinterlands.

The voice is snotty and slurred, the production lo-fi, the content angsty and the music propulsive.

These guys are a real, raw punk act and I'm confident that's exactly what they're intending.

## EXISTURE by 185668232

185668232 is an experimental electronic act from New York City, NY. Their album, Existure, was released on May 30, 2018.

You can hear it here: [185668232.bandcamp.com/album/existure-2](http://185668232.bandcamp.com/album/existure-2)

**My Impressions:**  
Genuinely hard to describe. A concoction blend of hard IDM, avant garde hip hop and more that seems to have a pop sensibility at the same time.

I've never heard anything quite like this but I really like it. This band feels futuristic. Their approach is novel. In 2018 that is an accomplishment.



COMMODITY FETISH RECORDS

# IMPRESSIONS OF...

## CLARE WING by DAN OF EARTH

Dan of Earth is a noise artist from Minneapolis, MN. Clare Wing (Sisters of St. Francis of Assisi Convent Demolition) was released on March 3, 2018.

You can listen to it here:  
[darkerdaysahead.bandcamp.com/album/clare-wing-sisters-of-st-francis-of-assisi-convent-demolition](http://darkerdaysahead.bandcamp.com/album/clare-wing-sisters-of-st-francis-of-assisi-convent-demolition)

### My Impressions:

This is a long form noise piece that sounds like it is constructed out of clips captured of a swinging metal door. There is a creaking sway to the entire thing.

The clip appears to redouble upon itself, eventually building up to what sounds like thousands upon thousands of squeaking doors all sounding at once.

It's an odd piece and is difficult to contextualize enough in order to give it some kind of objective rating.

## TIME & TIME AGAIN by UGLYHEAD

Uglyhead is an industrial rock act from Seattle, WA. Their album, Time & Time again was released on March 9, 2018.

You can check it out here:  
[automationrecords.bandcamp.com/album/time-time-again](http://automationrecords.bandcamp.com/album/time-time-again)

### My Impressions:

A grating, intense collection of industrial and new noise machine sounds, joined in a pop-type format.

I love how this band makes use of the familiar and the unfamiliar in industrial rock. At times the tracks sound like 90s greats, at other times they sound completely modern.

The use of effects is innovative.

The production is great.

This is a good example of where industrial is headed.



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## SEVEN OUT, PAY THE DON'TS by CHE GUEVARA T-SHIRT

Che Guevara T-Shirt is a progressive rock group from Albany, NY. Their album, Seven Out, Pay the Don'ts was released on March 20, 2018.

You can listen to it here:  
[chequevaratshirt.bandcamp.com/album/seven-out-pay-the-donts](http://chequevaratshirt.bandcamp.com/album/seven-out-pay-the-donts)

### My Impressions:

This sounds like a mix of 90s alternative rock with aughties style noise rock.

The format is fairly standard—drums, guitar, bass, and vocals. The product itself is pretty unique. The vocal melodies, the rhythms, and how the drums and guitar play off of one another are all fairly singular.

The distortion is turned up loud. The reverb is pretty heavy. The sound is haunting, growling and spacial.

If you like cosmic sounding metal with a pop sensibility, check it out.

## THEIR STUDIO DEMOS by HOVER

Hover is an alt rock band from Philadelphia, PA. Their Studio Demos were released in December 2017.

You can listen to them here:  
[hover.bandcamp.com/album/studio-demos](http://hover.bandcamp.com/album/studio-demos)

### My Impressions:

This sounds like a grimy hard rock band from the late 90s or early 2000s. It draws in limited amount from heavy metal but it really seems like these guys must've loved grunge and new metal.

Back when I started attending shows in the late 90s there were bands that sounded like this all over. It's entirely possible to imagine them wearing JNCOs, sporting wallet chains and chain necklaces.

In a way this makes me nostalgic for an era that never mattered to me while it was around.

These guys do a good job of pulling it off, and honestly they do it without the cheese factor.

If you like riffy hard rock and post grunge this one's yours.

## DANGERFIELD by NIET

Niet is a hardcore punk rock group from Portofino, Italy. Their album, Dangerfield, was released in February, 2018.

You can check it out here:  
[niet1.bandcamp.com/album/dangerfield](http://niet1.bandcamp.com/album/dangerfield)

### My Impressions:

This is a stripped down, speedy, hard battling vision of European Hardcore punk rock.

The drums are driving, the guitars are blistering and dissonant, the vocals are alarming and well articulated.

I love how the guitar spends long passages on aharmonic notes, creating a hard tension as the piece moves forward.

At times the songs strip down to a rhythm punctuated by tight pauses.

These songs sound desperate and dire, angry and rebellious.

If you enjoy moshing in the pit, this one's yours.

## DOWNSTREAM by COMPRADOR

Comprador is a psychedelic rock group from Cincinnati, OH. Their album, Downstream, was released on May 18, 2018.

You can listen to it here:  
[comprador.bandcamp.com/album/downstream](http://comprador.bandcamp.com/album/downstream)

### My Impressions:

This band calls itself a psychedelic rock group, and to some extent that is true. But to me the real sound of the band is rooted in late 90s/early 2000s pop music, particularly brit pop.

The vocal style is highly reminiscent of Coldplay and Radiohead.

The production is sharp. So sharp that it is clearly vying for pop music chartability.

The instrumentals are atmospheric and repetitive. They feature heavily saturated guitar riffs, and through-composed pieces. The drums are slow but on rhythm. The entire album is obviously thoroughly worked over.

In my opinion, this band does a good job of creating a polished piece of pop music.

## WORLD RID OF ALL LIVING by SLAVE HANDS

Slave Hands are a doom metal band from Helsinki, Finland. World Rid of all Living was released on January 31, 2018.

You can check it out here:  
[slavehands.bandcamp.com/album/world-rid-of-all-living-2](http://slavehands.bandcamp.com/album/world-rid-of-all-living-2)

### My Impressions:

Slow, methodical, plodding, dirgey doom metal from Scandinavia.

The tunes are composed in slow, trudging, low pitched riffs.

The drums are pounding and relentless, but slow in tempo.

The vocalist screams in a low register, synching himself with a sinister sound.

The effect of the work, happening at once, is like the audio representation of snow monsters rising from the dead and crashing their feet as they walk like elephants on their way to the next kill.

If you like doom metal you will like this.

## WAVEFORMER by TIDE EYES

Tide Eyes is a synth pop band from Greensboro, NC. Their album, Waveformer, was released on October 31, 2018.

You can listen to it here:  
[tideeyes.bandcamp.com/album/waveformer](http://tideeyes.bandcamp.com/album/waveformer)

### My Impressions:

This album does a good job of what Tide Eyes does best. The songs are poppy and repeatable. The production is solid. The grooves are cool and beautiful sounding.

This album has a retrograde sound that would fit comfortably in the high pop of the mid to late 80s. Bands like The Cure, Depeche Mode, and Human League come to mind.

The instrumentals are mostly synthesizer, with some limited guitar playing and samples.

The vocal performances are solid. The hooks are good.

If you like the expansive, aqueous synth pads and bittersweet tension of 80s pop you will surely love this album.

It does a great job of filling its niche.

# POETRY SELECTIONS

## P. THEORY PURPLE5 (GOLD5.5) VEE VEE BUS LINES

At that Genesis ever so palpable  
 For how you can grant another tabula rasa  
 Claim a child's entire future mapable  
 A two dimensional glass panel that I could  
 -- Glide my lack of print across  
 Magic and memory whirling beneath, like eels  
 Voice from the depth in the walls said  
 Don't ever let this go, don't forget how this feels  
 I remember feeling it but not how it felt  
 Remember this when your hands been dealt  
 And light just so caught from the week  
 Swirling beneath my eyelids,  
 Every strand of long dark hair and  
 Fresher concerns and semantics  
 Drawing us away from the source  
 Don't forget where you've been  
 But not just in your eyes  
 No, do not just trust your mind  
 They wrote hymns for this  
 In the ballads and alternative rock anthems  
 And scripture in CRT light fixtures  
 It isn't their fault they've forgotten  
 -- but forgotten in the act in case  
 Murder happening over every piece of time  
 Invalidating your stubborn permanent truth  
 Two unmovable convictions  
 From completely opposing dimensions  
 Incarnate irreparable incisions  
 And our day is ending, to the cold of night  
 To embrace you in self assurance  
 Yeah you're the infectious Ace  
 Fresher concerns and semantics  
 Drawing us away from the source  
 Don't forget where you've been  
 But don't forget who you've been  
 No, do not just trust your mind  
 You cannot look within for  
 What you want to find

### UNTITLED (SEASHELL)

Sweetheart I'm staying late, and I hope you  
 don't mind. Your ecosystems swirling like a  
 hypersitized reflection of many selves. I've  
 carved myself into your doorframes and hard  
 drives, and finally I have seen myself into  
 sanctuary portable and manifest. Oddly  
 enough it's so legitimate that a roadside shelter  
 is for lonely tears and meals. Liberation vis a  
 vis an authority of checks and balances,  
 freedom of making the choice not to. Here, a  
 vertices on top of a tetrahedron. And you're the  
 exception? The doorway to being entombed  
 permanently? No word of a place to talk  
 down to you from, simply the endless  
 darkness of innumerable betrayals. And this  
 performative non-partisanship? One day you'll  
 look at me from within this album and recant  
 yourself infinitely. I am practicing my best  
 friend to consider, I am trying to grow laterally,  
 trying to move between planes of two  
 dimensional perspective. I may be getting  
 ahead of myself but I am trying to remind  
 myself of the only unending-ness, running my  
 hands over a salt sculpture under a waterfall  
 desperately. I'm kissing by proxy, and you may  
 send those kisses to the wolves. You may send  
 those kisses to the wolves and soon be  
 reminded of your blood (so should you still  
 have it, seashell).

You just wanted to play the same game in  
 reverse, and you fed on my self that was  
 beyond you, beyond the me of now.  
 I fed on the image of you, so much to take  
 in, that your skin could not do better to hold it.  
 I am surpassing restrictions, of ourselves or  
 otherwise  
 I have forfeit skin between our hands, joined  
 in coagulation.  
 That you can understand we're never getting  
 closer to electricity, no, just coming forth in  
 quickened time, flat in a lavender disc,  
 connected by half fiction and half truth.  
 I have taken your hands in my own and  
 reminded you of your slouching aquatic  
 tendrils, as my lengths of black and blue and  
 plum exchange between us, that you  
 rendered a focus to a power dormant within  
 me.

Your wish for quickening has moved you  
 beyond the breakers, and now I chew  
 molluscum joyfully, needn't to mourn,  
 nobody will love us, not ever again. The  
 notion of hypocrisy, how to do you for  
 yourself, and allow yourself to others.

The scabbing holding our hands in  
 continuum igniting to my rapid yank, the  
 only anchor to this time and place spanning  
 you, fractured, through time and mind.  
 My heroes and idealized friends crank a  
 plinking box which sings your love was  
 unconditional, and I file my conditions on  
 transparency paper, shuffled in with my  
 reviews and rationale. Here on this round  
 table I have recruited a saint of each sin, of  
 each material analogues with no conclusion,  
 and you had othered yourself in the grace of  
 our welcome. Our coven linked by new  
 sinew, those powder blue and blotched,  
 bruised, calamari flesh arms stuck upon this  
 bloated notion that requests you, but as a  
 courtesy.

Let me be most clear about this, knelt down  
 at your altar in genuflection, I lifted all  
 supermaterial tribute and was handed down  
 a form of power built in a monolithic nature I  
 could only glimpse upon.

Remember the wound we shared, that  
 bonded our tentacles, taught me adaptive  
 graces the likes of heartened evil, trading  
 legitimacy for survival and growth, a route I'd  
 never taken but did so benefit from.

It is in these words I cry to you a rhetoric of  
 remorse but power. You were an endless veil  
 in my sky, and I will adapt the starline for my  
 own ends in this increased twilight to my  
 fated function;

I will stand for what's right  
 I will stand for what's true  
 I will do just what I must do

Even if that means I do it without you

**ALL  
SELECTIONS  
BY JESSI  
DLUX**

AND VEE,  
 MY TWO FINGERS HELD UP  
 TO A FRIEND I CANNOT NAME  
 WHO I HAVE TAUGHT  
 SUCH CALLOUS ARTS  
 AVEE, AVE,  
 VICTORY,  
 HORRIBLE RECOGNITION I CRAVE  
 A COUPLE I'D LOVE TO DATE  
 BUT MY QUARTER SPINNING ON THE  
 FLOOR  
 AND FACE CAST 45 DEGREES OFF  
 CENTRE  
 VEE,  
 VISIONARY, EXPLODING IN HYSTERIA  
 A PRETENSE OF DESPERATION  
 ENSHRINING YOUR CAREFUL TRUST  
 EMBELLISHING YOUR FONDNESS  
 WHAT I WOULD LOVE TO ENHANCE  
 VEE,  
 HAD YOU NOT TOLD ME,  
 VERY MUCH SO,  
 AND DID YOU JUST MAKE A PASS?  
 SLAMMED IN A POST BOX  
 A FELONY BY FEDEX  
 MY EMBROIDERED TAPESTRY  
 FOLDED UP AND PACKAGED  
 IN THE SHAPE OF A  
 VEE,  
 WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL ME?  
 I'M ASKING FOR PERMISSION  
 BUT YOURS IS YOURS IS YOURS  
 AND I HAVE UNLEARNED  
 HOW TO OPEN DOORS  
 AFRAID OF THE  
 VEE  
 VECTOR, SHREDDING MY SUMMER  
 DAY  
 VISCERA, COATING MY COUCH AND  
 COLD  
 VIBRATIONS, STRIPPING SCREW FROM  
 TORQUE  
 VISUAL, THE BEAM BINDING OUR LINE  
 OF SIGHT  
 VENUE TO OUR CATALYST AND  
 CONFUSION  
 VEE  
 A CLICHE, VENDETTA, VOLUNTEER  
 ENVELOPED IN VAPID-  
 VIENNA, VERY MUCH SO,  
 AND DID YOU JUST  
 WANT WHAT I WOULD NOT  
 GIVEE UP?

1 I keep coming up with ways to  
 address this, but never the follow  
 through. I know no one can know,  
 there's no words to pin tethers between  
 the conversations I have with myself  
 and all of this temporal displacement.

2 Yet we share a history, a  
 commonality that could draw others  
 inside, and a room for every neurotic  
 high quality streaming reference. Air to  
 travel within, a drain on the buoyance  
 each warm weekly conclusion in the  
 effort to enshrine it. You espouse what  
 I secrete; you hold fast to print and I  
 drink from it's one dimensional side.

3 You turn your mouth around in your  
 skull and croon into my wounds. Our  
 bodies bear names upon them and  
 yours on mine more than mine on  
 yours. None of those between us exists  
 any longer than we set up wheeled  
 camp in our minds, and each memory  
 a tether in the shape of jointed arm,  
 hand casting a shadow onto canvas  
 beneath the fire of the whole. Were it  
 that I could afford it, this would sooner  
 be shown to you on my mantle, an art  
 form in unnamed media, a tribute to  
 the fatality of a coin flip.

4 I have prayed upon countless frond  
 from endless plant, and wing, and  
 wand. The churn of oil and solvent  
 heralding vaporous storm cloud;  
 venomous light cancelling my humanity  
 and face. I must assert this, beyond  
 your disbarred pretense there is still the  
 sound of a tree falling in the forest.  
 There is still the finite reality of our  
 awareness. There is still a choice left to  
 us, unknown on the coin face. Flip,  
 rather than tails, or call, rather than  
 heads.



**COMMODITY  
FETISH  
RECORDS**

# POETRY SELECTIONS

## CHOP CHOP

he goes to forest  
w/ ax to chop

every tree that can be  
seen until there's no forest  
to be seen.

When the lack of light darkens  
colors, twenty-one trees stumped.

Sleeps on a trunk      wakes up  
at it again. Not knowing why  
he works toward what he works  
toward.

Gotta work tho – gotta gotta. It's  
a feelin'    ya know? That all his

effort must go – into this. Must  
go into something.

& he has chosen

this.

## HENRY

cross dissoluble

side

ways floating, looking back –  
afraid.

dead space, louder  
isolation. Check mail – no  
mail. Eye movement – darting/fidget.

Record is spinning;  
the needle is louder than the  
music.

(come-for-it)

radiator/bricked up window/photo of  
(      ) & [sadness]

industry and dogs  
louder than human  
voices.

Silence.  
Awkward and strange.

Light flickers  
and goes out at dinner –  
focus on it.

House,  
nosebleed, whimpering dog,  
shaking out the window.



COMMODITY  
**FETISH**  
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## SCRAPE

A young girl  
trips

and falls.

Not because she was running  
too fast.

Her shoe caught  
a slant in the  
side walk  
which pulled the girl

down where  
the concrete took away

tiny  
pieces of flesh. Sitting up  
the girl puts her hands  
around the wound, hiding  
the thin surface  
of blood

that was taking the place

of her skin.  
The girl cries,  
how much it hurts.

Then  
there is a scab on the girls'  
knee.

Now  
the scab is a small scar  
that she looks at  
and remembers;

A young girl  
trips

and falls.

## BIO- DEGRADATION

dashes of blue ink on my hand  
the front yard  
a chair that creaks  
underlining lines in poems

the sun  
healthy thoughts

Still doubts – Still the memory of cheap beer  
and the grip of the extension cord  
around my neck

still(ness)

a water bottle without it's cap  
lost it high  
should've been working, instead  
of looking at memes – Laughing

an apple core in the sunlight in the grass  
thrown to the edge of the front of the house –  
in all directions

## RECENT FINDINGS SUGGEST

the climate is drifting joys  
mechanical force make rust human  
beings ain't

machines the human brain ain't  
a computer

; the phra-zings

different but meanings  
the same joy only make rust the brain

(or something related  
makes force) a human being ain't  
no machine

ALL  
POEMS  
ON  
THIS  
PAGE  
ARE  
FROM  
KOLE  
OAKES'  
BOOK >

IT ONLY TAKES THREE  
OR FOUR SECONDS  
TO BECOME HELPLESS  
IN FLOWING GRAIN



KOLE OAKES



# POETRY SELECTIONS

## DROWNING DAYS

One touch removed from salvation, we lingered,  
pale fingers tracing the lines of forgotten objects  
left water-logged and junked in liminal spaces,  
thresholds beyond reckoning in the clouded distance  
of golden wastelands and ghosted childhood bedrooms.  
There's a shadow here of blurring, unfinished visions,  
levitating somewhere past perception in the corners of broken margins, a whole becoming shattered,  
the subject half out of frame and unfocused.

I have traveled the impossible blank seconds to remain here,  
the cost being rendered in images obscured by masks,  
the eyes coldly blacked out, resolutely staring.  
Who speaks here now of remembrances to come and  
fortunes now set for a shimmering reversal?  
There's no voice calling across dimensions,  
no streetlights' glow to cast your wanderings home.  
Songbirds now still their wails to wither in the nest,  
hollow bones unburied in the memory of an ebbing.

## AT SPRAWL'S END

I live on the outskirts of a city where stars collide electrically above churning railyards, and sorrow stacks peel steam towards grey-washed horizons like plaintive notes of dead yearning, cast aside and forgotten in aimless hours or drenched in the echo of overpass years, each blinking red radio tower second defined by the lurking limerence between, that lingering pause of then and before.

My house is grass-languid and hillside-barren, hidden from the clawing cloud of light pollution and the rotting-tooth graffiti tenements, but still feel it burrow in my bones at night, a wandering, roaring throb, a patch of dark matter busily stitching through the bloodstreams, seeking hollows to implant dim memories within the skin's sallow, waning surface.

Still the waves drift into magnetic ash, and still the black beats ceaselessly against the dooryard. No homeland now for lost and unquiet spirits, or those at rest.

## FIRST WARM DAYS OF APRIL

Spirit without name, clasp your arms around my middle once more,  
and lay your hands upon these desperate ribs trapping pale heart within tangles of bones and bloodstreams.  
All songs tend to stillness at this hour of demarcation,  
the land swept silent by passing spring clouds that catch upon the distant peaks in fraying cotton shrouds.  
Light flees these hills as dimmed gold, all guttering candles  
to blaze in banked furnace embers at the limits of our vision,  
out beyond the stacks of steam and towers of roaring, pulsing sprawl.

We'll stretch yawning across these fallen orange leaves,  
flesh upon flesh as black gloom of night creeps across the meadow,  
claws like a conjured feral creature against the house's doors.  
Our room is walls climbing in cracks and stains to a ceiling freighted by years,  
photographs and videocassettes in piles and rendered in blank damage of scratches and chemical emulsion,  
burned through and pitted,  
a mask on memories of wailing birds and first scars,  
a secret life lurking haunted at the static borders of the frame,  
this shadow homeland erased beneath stars pulled from careful orbit.

Remember me as one would remember a certain darkness,  
or a word crossed out on a burned page, imagining flames consuming cities to render into grasslands and rusted remains,  
block after withered block, a love so overpowering its very bones were consumed by the ash, its careful framework dissolved  
in the swelling tides of forgetting, the withered promises that days would never end and all would remain sacred, gathered beneath the benign and turning sun.

I'll walk with you there forever, if you'd have me,  
walk until all we've known vanishes from view,  
walk until we're erased by our very forward motion.

## VAST AND SPRAWLING GULF OF YEARS

We piece together fragments of former lives from paper-thin photographs in slumped closet boxes,  
and tattered notes left fading beneath passenger seats  
of battered cars left decaying behind the house,  
mostly invisible now, a smooth and rusted surface  
for the jackdaws to linger in late autumn, solemn sun  
pouring through black oaks at the yard's western verge.

Your face is blank in recollection, a void of mysterious white  
where features once leapt in expression, those staggering ghost-moments when we both felt the world was either colder or kinder than we imagined it, depending.  
This mask burns through the film like an acid compound,  
erases hours spent trailing fingers on the surface of the pool,  
and each static insect sailing fences towards oblivion.

## UNDERWATER DECADE

Now the trembling hands move to recover missing memory,  
to seal walls over secrets best forgotten in crumbling hours,  
drifting at peripheries of unfathomable force and time  
and swarmed with meager static, a voice half-heard at the other end of the house where shadows blossom.

No more the light that burns your eyes with blinding revelations of ghosts and hallowed dark days,  
no salt sewn in fresh wounds and chalked in circles for protection around doorways and cracked attic windows.  
Having brushed the void, the hall recedes into silence once more, curtains drawn against a roaming patch of night-fall that claims this city for its own.

Your scars will never fade from your cold and sallow skin,  
and black blindfolds and Xs through photographs are no shelter from a haze that's meant to be survived.  
May you wither as you sweep the corners free of ash,  
and may you collapse against the dread unmooring.

## INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF GHOSTS

I have left too long a trail upon this landscape,  
all wanderings crossing rifts and tattered topography,  
easily followed though brushed over with leaves,  
a sorrowful and last concealment.  
Heed words no longer spoken by tongues of ravaged and roaring flame,  
dread silence at the end of every telephone call,  
circuits closed and loops rendered to a halt,  
with codes spread across the page like conjurings.  
This very moment pulls planes from spiraling skies,  
summons darkness to a door that looks out towards nothing,  
vast across the fields and dim halogens of the edgelands,  
broken now but for a solemn spell in winter's drift.  
When signals fade and hands forget the motion's rhythm,  
pressing bones against final fragments of bitter gold,  
all will be forgiven and loss will burn asunder,  
drowned rejoicings for a shadowed sainted vision,  
a swelling night tide against this bruised shore,  
in collapsing lungs of ash and feral passage.

## ALL SELECTIONS BY ZACHARY CORSA



COMMODITY  
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# WELL THAT WAS CLOSE, BY JC MEYERS

Well, that was close.

Jack Sampson's rule ended how it began - managed largely by a 24 person team of reactionary Anti-Meyersian insurgents who sought to end my reforms.

It was only 23 months ago when I brought The Order public, a decision made with total support from the 222nd Secretarial Administrative Council.

And when, 21 months ago, I first wrote to you, I was promised that there was a copy of my Issues column placed in every major House Of Worship, Museum, "Record" Store, and Opium Parlor.

Things were growing steadily, month to month (20, 19), new articles and new sermons, but then at the first American Babylon, as the legend is repeated across this earth: I died.

Surprisingly, this seemed to make everything much better, and we generally had a lot clearer vision for the future.

The old texts were to be disregarded and The Order would be largely a revolutionary organization, focused on the beheading of the major powers, as well as some amount of enlightenment or religious dogma, as time permitted.

This was largely a distraction from the more pressing matter - that when I died, God told me the world would end on June 9th 2018.

A number of minor complications made faith and revolution not a functional solution to the "End Times Fiasco," which lead me straight back into those old texts. From here the messaging got a bit academic; and when failing that it still carried a bit of a raving-lunatic aroma on it. But, Rapture got the point across well enough (not to mention, 1/7&8 were all fantastic compositional works, if I'm permitted to compliment myself) and it was clear that THE WORLD WOULD END ON JUNE NINTH, TWO THOUSAND AND EIGHTEEN.

This, it is largely agreed upon did not happen.

But, interestingly enough, I did die, in a fashion. Again.

While I was laboring day and night for you, preparing for the final days, forces within The Order that longed for the days when we largely were focused on a now-abandoned trafficking enterprise (Child-Sacrifices-For-The-Elite and such things) plotted and schemed. I admit to you, I understand the root of their nostalgia, and the form it would take. We were much more profitable back then, and so they looked to retain these profits. Now, I believe that what we gained in profits, was lost in Spirit and Passion. And so Jack Sampson began to campaign against me.

At first my problem was two-fold: I did not believe he could unseat me, and I was too weak to defend myself. The small consolation that the people

provided me and the healing potion I was granted from above were of help (incidentally, it was at this point that, you guessed it, I died, again), but by the time I had recovered fully, he had been already elected as my successor. With your support I was ready, and I know what I had to do. But right as I sacrificed my entirety, committing to Decay, to ensure I would be victorious in the long war against Jack?

He got himself wrapped up in some terrestrial controversies QUITE unbecoming of a(n illegitimate) religious leader, and is now off somewhere in the cayman islands, soaking in the sun and avoiding his responsibilities as leader. As it stands, he is not at his post to defend against my attacks.

As it stands, his administration have all either fled or thrown themselves before me begging for forgiveness, and as such are unavailable to facilitate a recount process.

## NEW ORDER ASTROLOGY BY JACK SAMPSON

Aries: Use your strength of character and firey personality in any ass-kissing you may - let's be honest, will have to do in the next month.

Taurus: Your strong, stubborn nature may remind some of the many advertising opportunities found in the pages of this magazine. They ain't going anywhere!

Gemini: Keep the charm up Gemini, the most natural con-man of the zodiac.

Cancer: Stop shouting! Please! There is no need for shouting! This is a conversation!

Leo: You might feel like a loser. In many ways, you are. But facts don't care about your feelings, this magazine is a fucking winner! Don't forget it! Remember everything it's done for you! You swaddled your fucking baby in this magazine! This magazine wiped your ass! You can eat this shit! It pairs well with marinara!

Virgo: Listen - Check the records. They're great, really, no problems at all. Worrying about them would be a waste of your considerable energy!

Libra: Look, I'm gonna be straight with you. You gotta skip town. Due to forces completely and entirely out of your control, you are no longer in a great position. Just get the fuck out!

Scorpio: Everything's coming together, really, but you gotta bear with me here. The magazine is perfectly fine.

Sagittarius: Oh, Bitcoin is crashing? Consider this - its a bear market! You've lost the equivalent of 20,000 dollars in the last 3 months? Advertising is a great investment.

Advertising is the cryptocurrency of the future, if you think about it. Nothing more valuable than attention!

Capricorn: We love it! We love it! Lots of opportunities! Zero risk! Any prior losses are a complete fluke, we've burned any record of them, you don't have a fucking case if you back out anyway. Remember you signed a contract!

Aquarius: Listen i've been crying for like, 4, 5, 7 hours straight now? It's fine. You ever done cocaine? It's amazing. I've been up for 6 days. I think there's meth in my stash. I don't mind, I got a lot done, tuned into a lot of frequencies. Disassembled an oven. I'll put it back together later but I could tell there was a transmitter in the pilot light. Got a burn on my hand trying to rip it out when it was on. It's fine!

Pisces: hEy Hey hHey whats up nothing much you haha wanna buy some advertsiing? Wer rwyun a specll right now 1 full page/10\$ u can print anythuig u want fuck it dude i put mmy own dick on a scanner and printed it earlier well put it in the magazine if u giv 10\$ rn...

And it is with all of this taken into account, that I have deigned to abolish the "tribunal" process that Jack took advantage of to challenge me, and have reinstated myself as rightful ruler of The Order of Celestial Integration, effective immediately, with minimum term length of "life".

Now that I have regained my rightful position, I must return to my studies, and I must work. I will make myself difficult to reach, but do not worry, I trust my allies to handle themselves, and those I can not trust are already being taken care of. New Horizons will bring New Order, and after all of the turmoil of these past years, my explorations in the next month will yield us a lasting light atop a Mount.

Join us there, and we will have you.

Ave Lucifer, Ave Chao, Ave Meyers, Ave Order, Ave Self D/D/?/?



COMMODITY FETISH RECORDS

# LAST PAGE ROUND UP

## OUR SINCEREST APOLOGIES

Well, it appears that we've done a bit of a "whoopsie."

As you may remember, Jack Sampson, Profitmaker\$\$\$ and I were working together to make ISSUES into a 100% deal-based periodical.

The idea was to fill our pages with coupons, gifts, and more, as a favor to you, our customer/reader.

So, I carried on under that assumption for several months. I printed deals in every edition of ISSUES. I extolled the virtues of Ruthless Acquisitions. We even gave you literal cash gifts. In every way it seemed like our relationship to you was getting warmer by the minute, and for that we had Jack Sampson to thank.

Well, unfortunately that led us to a bit of a crisis.

As it turns out, the man that we knew as Jack Sampson was an assumed identity.

It appears that no less than 2, and as many as 14, different "hacktivists" and identity thieves have used that name in the last 3 years.

It came to our attention that the "real" Jack Sampson has been manipulating FOREX trades. He's been found guilty of engaging in insider trading, in manipulating the sovereign wealth fund of QUITE a few overseas nations, and generally engaging in the kind of 21st century piracy that can get someone into a whole lot of trouble with INTERPOL and the CIA.

That being said, we took pains to redact his most recent article. You can check it and see- nothing about the article is offensive or criminal. In fact, none of it is even legible.

Deferring to our prior contract, the article itself is still being published. It just won't be published in a way that makes it possible to read.

Jack's New Order Astrology will be included as usual, as the government of the United States does not consider astrology to be non-fiction and as such will not prosecute

us for including it.

So, please; enjoy your astrology as you would normally. Drink it in. It may be the last thing Jack ever publishes.

As I sit here writing, the "Real" Jack Sampson is sitting somewhere anonymously drinking a coconut splash on an undisclosed pacific island. His bank accounts are frozen. His investments have been cashed out.

The sad truth is that we're losing a real financial hero. The candle truly burned at both ends. If the ever expanding tentacles of our federal bureaucracy weren't looking to take down decent men like Jack Sampson, we may have been able to install him permanently as leader.

As it is, Jack will most likely continue to write our astrology column, via a deeply embedded dark web back door that he prefers not to tell me anymore about at the moment.

So that's that.

The bad news is all of our regular columnists are going to remain employed. I am certain this disappoints you. I KNOW it disappoints me.

I know that quite a few of you DID demand that we keep them on staff, but you know as well as me if I could've kept Jack on the right side of the law this rag would've been end-to-end coupons.

I guess what makes me saddest is the loss that this will mean to you the reader. No more coupons, no more cash gifts. The cool dad is out; the rigid and religious mom is back. Probably.

As of right now JC MEYERS is carefully contesting the votes you made on her or Jack's behalf.

Since Jack is not around to ensure the proper person gets elected no matter what, this may unfortunately mean a return of the MEYERS regime. Only time will tell.

For now I'll leave you with an important lesson: Always favor the leader which will make you the most money. Always. But, should that leader implode and come under investigation by international financial regulators, quickly turn away and pretend you always wanted someone else. AVE LUCIFER

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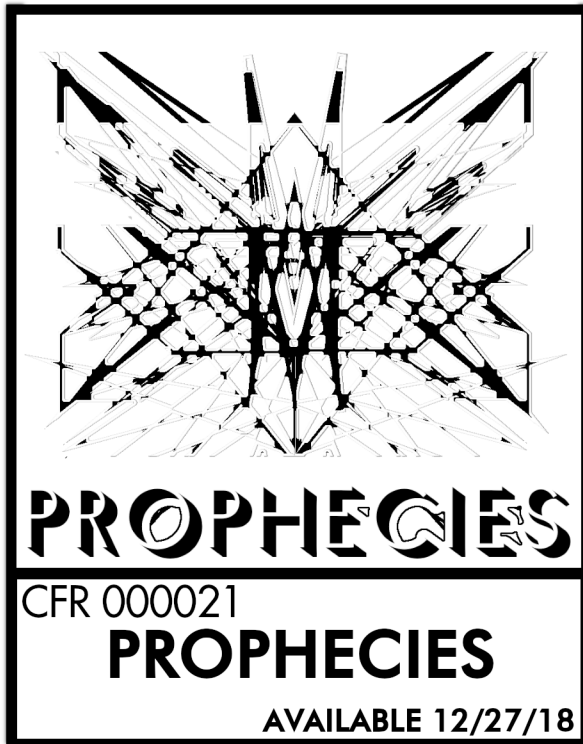
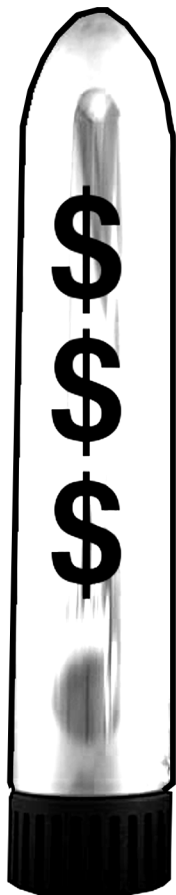
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To find out times and places of events.

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