



Pain Jerk at Fylkingen

Fylkingen, the normally quiet docks of the city turned into the coven of a legend of power noise. Pain Jerk never stopped his research with rudimental sounds and hard electronics. Pure harsh noise remains at the true core of this musician, with much more to add.

The whole event, curated by LLLSD was a mixture of styles and alternatives, with cassette mixes, audio-visual experience with LLLSD collective itself and the shamanic noise rock of MoE, a nice warm up for the ears. Pain Jerk's small semi-modular set was meant for volume. The only monitor was faced towards him as if he wanted all the waves for himself, but we were ok: the scratchy rush of noise that suddenly stroked us immediately marked the standard of the whole concert.

Some more structured grammatical sounds were added from the beginning to make the real chaos crawl through, rusting all the harmonics left. The putrefied soul of Pain Jerk came out through the music while he remained immaculately firm.

Gladly, vibrations continued for a while varying in disorganized galaxies. The ambience was quiet, attentive, surrounded by the tall dark walls of the room, falling prey to the sounds that were expanding everywhere.

At a moment, randomly in time, Pain Jerk swallows the peaks of volume and an electric voice wishes Stockholm, of course redundantly, a good night.

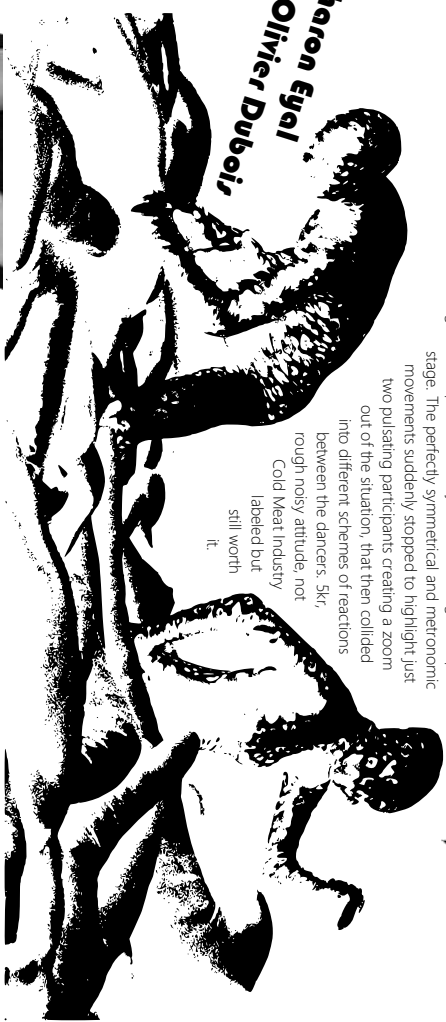
WARHOG

Warhog is a New York based (but not styled) hc-punk band, now more than ever they spit fire on every stage they play. Luckily, we had the chance of seeing them at Cyklopen recently, when they closed the 2017 edition of Dead Rhythm Fest. The whole festival explored the worldwide hardcore scene to catch a glimpse of what's going on nowadays, mixing the line up with the best classic names such as Discharge (Hårda Tider opened the games giving all) and Deviated Instinct, who performed an Extremely Stenchy doomed ritual for the lovers of guttural guitars. On the final day, as the treat of the festival, Protes Bengt, were desecrating with their disabled noise grind, I was helped with the lyrics by a guy who was passing out beer and translations, thanks! After the packed concerts of Armless Children, Boston Strangler and Ds 13, everything converged in the last concert... When I stepped in, Cyklopen was at its fullest, everyone finally came in for the last supper of violence. The roaring voice of the singer was shouting at the crowd on the notes of venomous-raided guitars, motor-charged bass and an angry blacksmith on drums. Pit in flames, like it had never been burning chaos and bodies, fucking fun, once you were in the music turned on.

Warhog on stage reminded me how good it is to shout at teachers and cops. I started to get re-acquainted with reality only when the stage-diver's paradise song arrived, the one you would later recognise as "Coward", listening to their 7" on Beach Impediment: a psychedelic low hc rhythmmed smash in the face, top moment. Since the motors were too hot at the end of their concert to be so abruptly stopped, Warhog kept them going for the public and rode through their guts to end things with explosive gasoline.



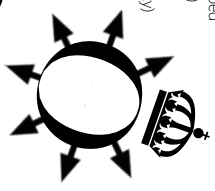
THE iron fist right through their guts to end things with explosive gasoline.



Sharon Eyal & Olivier Dubois

rough noisy attitude, not labeled but still worth it. between the dancers, 5kr, Cold Meat Industry

movements suddenly stopped to highlight just two pulsating participants creating a zoom out of the situation, that then collided into different schemes of reactions between the dancers, 5kr, rough noisy attitude, not labeled but still worth it.



Since Cold Meat Industry festival has been sold out forever, and would have been rendered inaccessible by my pockets anyway, so I opened the doors of the Opera to see what evil might be lurking inside. It's nice to find shelter in some unexpected space from time to time. A double bill of contemporary ballet, 50kr, with an experimental approach to movement and reactions to sound. First on stage is Olivier Dubois' "De l'origine" with an holocaustic setting of lying figures that would eventually turn out to be man-shaped black puppets, through which the two dancers on stage (a man and a woman dressed similar to the current Residents) were desperately trying to find space between them in a long Homeric escape. The music and smoke machines created a sinister prelude to oblivion that could resemble some live sets of MZ412 (playing on the other side of the city) but it was composed by François Caffeine instead. Anyway, the already creepy audience gets scarier and rhythmic while the low bodies, now more dynamic, try, failing, to reach themselves through this desert of faded puppets. Second and last on is Sharon Eyal choosing a more minimal choreography, much more repetitive than Dubois. A group of performers move to the tribal techno rituals created by Ori Leshnik, that enhance the spirits of human beings and their way of feeling a united creature linked by sound; it gave the impression of a synthesized rawing atmosphere on stage. The perfectly symmetrical and metronomic movements suddenly stopped to highlight just two pulsating participants creating a zoom out of the situation, that then collided into different schemes of reactions between the dancers, 5kr, rough noisy attitude, not labeled but still worth it.



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WISSGRÖNEN

SET SWARK

DET HÄR ÄR STOCKHOLM!!

to make clear that this is a 100% Stockholm night. I'll keep my scars.

the owner doesn't seem so pleased, and sometimes on the floor (the owner doesn't seem so pleased), nobody cares anymore. Raging guitars and blasty drums (it is said that Andersson is also a talented pinball player) transmit all the energy people need to have an exciting time in a friendly pit, of course sing-alongs are numerous, to make clear that this is a 100% Stockholm night. I'll keep my scars.

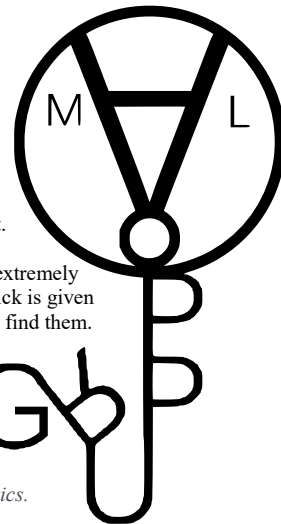
reverbbed voice (same singer as Protes Bengt). Their electron beam lights the crowd and disintegration arises, pit is turned on, wet slippery floor, compass on the ground, stage divers, the microphone shaft is thrown in the crowd at one point, striking a guy on the forehead and spilling blood everywhere, well he seems happy anyway and continues moshing. No pauses, no air, only that majestic wall of noise that characterizes Sex Dwarf's iconic sound.

Double bill grind noise galore night. In the undergrounds of Snyvitt the best beat riders of Stockholm come to stick their sound pollution in our eardrums. Halloween Saturday night, beers are being drank, the place is full, lets go! As on record Sex Dwarf don't leave any chance of warming up, they go straight to the point, heavy as only the fastest D-beat à la D-clone can be, metallic repetitive riffs and reverberbed voice (same singer as Protes Bengt). Their electron beam lights the crowd and disintegration arises, pit is turned on, wet slippery floor, compass on the ground, stage divers, the microphone shaft is thrown in the crowd at one point, striking a guy on the forehead and spilling blood everywhere, well he seems happy anyway and continues moshing. No pauses, no air, only that majestic wall of noise that characterizes Sex Dwarf's iconic sound.

COOPR.



Målgrupp | Musik Från Gallerian



Electroacoustic night at Cantina Real organized by Maternal Voice, release party for Målgrupp's new tape, the underground room is just perfect for such an event, and helps to create the slightly claustrophobic sensation that will surround the analogic sounds that reach our ears. 18 is the starting time on the flyer but live music won't hit the stage until 20, when Allt I Cirklar decides to spread Tzara's words through a combination of pedals, pick-ups and drill on a prepared guitar. A dadaistic noise experience with genuine sounds and no hype. Totally different is the second act, that, in another situation, might have been better placed as a post party act to close the doors with some dancing: K L O A K is a post techno duo hitting hard on metallic sounds, the rust they collect from the industrial part of their compositions is blown in the air by faded basses which encourage a moving act.

Målgrupp's live set is for spacey sounds in mental contexts, from deep electronics to abstract waves, mixing tapes and loops of an extremely vast archive. The sound system keeps the tones at a pretty good level making the physical part of the experience get its bliss. The kick is given by the concrete form of reproduction of sound, studied yet impro-presented, spikes of volumes search for vibrations in our ears and find them. All in all, the set is interesting and fun, the good quality of the various schemes that are introduced one after the other create a gloomy but trippy Musik Från Gallerian is so far my favorite Maternal Voice release, the pungent atmospheres, quick and yet impressive remind me of some old forgotten loops on American Tapes, with a new catchy jam-styled attitude. A wide range of very short tracks organically intersect, an analogic experience of different states of mind. COdA wanted to find out a little more:

Your recordings sound very different one from the other, I can recognize though a no wave link between the tapes and electroacoustics. what is the path that led you to Musik Från Gallerian?

The project called Målgrupp has been taking many shapes throughout the years. It started in 2011 as an open collective and many people have been involved since. I seldom played a concert all by myself. Before Målgrupp was more focused around my general feelings, manifesting with others onstage frustrations and hopes in a more performative manner using the instruments as an extension of the body and using my voice sharing texts I had written, trying to reach into the soul. Every concert was different and it was hard to record this material that in the end was more of a live documentation, "the young ones boogie" might be the exception. In the summer 2015 I got a desk in a studio collective and started working more with målgrupp, this time without any collaborative elements. I was now sinking deep into the sound and started to stay in the studio most days of the week. The cassette "musik från gallerian" is the music I wrote, toured with and then recorded between July 2015 and March 2016. Here I was totally obsessed with the lo-fi element in cassette walkmans, 60s dictaphone reel to reels and most of all the melos echo chamber, a tape delay. it's simple experiments with rhythm that I thought of as Punk songs, 1 to 3 minutes long.



There is also a vast library you seem to obtain your sounds from, what kind of tapes do you use as tools?

When I was about sixteen I bought a yamaha cs-10 synthesiser because I could not afford a korg ms-20 and they looked similar I thought. From there I started getting more and more serious in my exploration of sound, I've been subconsciously fascinated by sound for ever I think. Cassettes has always been present in my life and it was natural for me to record my first experiments through the built in mic on boom-boxes. When I was twenty my friend gave me a portastudio. Later on with time I started to get frustrated relying too much on synthesisers and focused more on tape and field recording and my interest in ethnic music that today become even more an influence on the timbre of the sounds I search for and the rhythms that inspire me. I use every kind of tape machine that I can put my hands on. I use the Nagra E as my main instrument. It has a "3 tape head" monitoring function so that when you are recording on the second "head" a short moment after when the tape is passing the third "head" it will be played back. Because of this you can manipulate the tape and hear a different sound coming out than the one you were putting in without pressing stop and playback on the machine.

To spread the knowledge... who do you consider as your masters of tapes?

Cabaret Voltaire used a lot of tape experimentation and was my way into experimental music when I was about fifteen, I still listen to them all the time as well as Throbbing Gristle.

Later on I was introduced to Daphne Oram and she opened the history of tape experimentation to me. I like her attitude, the playfulness. When I first got my Nagra last year in 2016 my studio neighbour told me that they were booking SEC_ and by watching him I got a really good introduction to manipulating tape on a reel to reel. I also recommend the two first tapes by the artist (not the label) Beyt Al Tapes.

Returning to the variety of feelings in your music, your live performance seemed to touch other, deeper vibrations. How would you compare your live sets to your recordings?

Most of my recordings so far are just small experiments that I have been playing with at home on my floor, probably when a roommate is out. Doing variations of the same thing over and over again, in the end having hours of material from long periods putting together a collage of musical moods.

In a live situation it's best to have a limit of sounds and gear and focus on ten to twenty minutes. With the limit it's easier to let the music help your soul to get where it wants to go and take out what you want to express! meditation and voodoo, I think it's healthy to get possessed every now and then to understand who you are and how you feel.

You also run a.m.Popoli, a label with which you organize experimental music but also performances and other live arts...

a.m.popoli is a platform for culture and discussion. It's a magic world that exists through the participants. What it is and what we want the time to be is up to us. a.m.popoli is a tool. I take the initiative and then I take the help of others or the other way around.

Anyone is always welcome to contact a.m.popoli.

Today a.m.popoli want to make a stage for debutantes and established artists in clusters of ten minutes concerts with a strong concept of limitation to try to get closer to the core of expression.



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