

as close to the people as possible, like throbbing gristle at the lyceum.

taking all that into mind, i do believe that what's been happening to music over the past four years is basically good. i do believe that we've given as much as possible to the people. a mag. like vox, for instance, is an incredible down to earth mag. it is an open magazine, it's not aloof, it is trying to tackle the problems which are basically all to do with communication. in music, bands like gristle and the virgin prunes are, to me, performance art (even on record) yet they break down the usual "high and mighty" attitude of art events. to visit art at the tate we have to do the work, we have to go to a certain place at a certain time - a place that usually has no relevance to our normal everyday lives. with most of the new art, certainly created out of punk/new wave, the people involved are coming towards us. they have the flexibility of rock music together with chance taking of all good art. the dangerous thing i see happening at the moment is that instead of going to the people this new feeling in music and art will get stuck in galleries like it's predecessors. it's very easily done. a lot of "new-music" journalists (who shall remain unnamed) write as if they have some special gift, the way some of them speak they created the music instead of the other way round. people don't want to read arty-self acclaiming journalism, they want information! all the pretentious crap means that kids are going to be turned away from a lot of interesting ideas and music. a lot of new-music people look down on all the "bushell bands" and the two-tone thing but don't do anything to communicate their ideas. of course it works the other way round but surely with all the supposed open-mindedness in the new-music ranks something should be done to bridge the gaps.

i don't want anybody to compromise or anything like that but i want to see all information available to everybody. let's not cut anybody out because, after all, they're the ones that create our art in the first place.

at the present time i'm working on a new album with alex fergusson and dennis burns. i haven't worked with alex for a long time so it's a lot different from the 'vibing' and 'snappy' things. what i'm writing with alex is far more ordered and defined, more like "songs"

than pieces. i'm enjoying it a lot and there's a nice sense of urgency about the whole thing, which i like.

good luck to vox for allowing people to talk

keep on working hard and please write back with views etc.

mark perry 15.2.81

B.M.U.S.

(beam me up scotty)

originally from portsmouth, b.m.u.s. are a strong four piece nucleus of: jonathon charnley/paul makay/tony clark and russell richards, with a back-up of three other musicians: chris bishop/andy bole and ian mc'loughlin. they use an assortment of guitars/bass/trumpets/clarinets/voices and various percussives including a rather unusual drum set - up of huge steel discs/toy drums/tins/tribal instruments/and other assorted percussion objects held within a japanese style wooden frame.

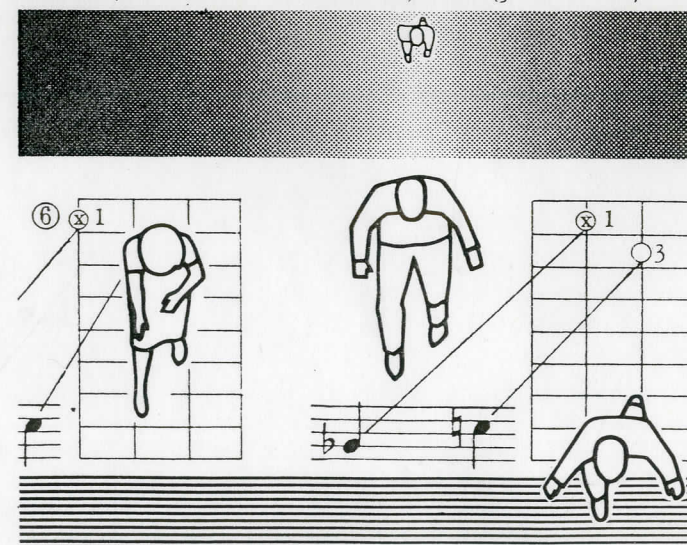
the epileptic bellydance.

an old terraced house in north london. the street seems too old, dark and discomfiting. the after chaos of the weather and rank smell of the dismal fifties. echo's of michael powels masterpiece "peeping tom", looking at a whole world held senseless in microcosm. obsessions captured in privacy the voyeurs english civil war.

"it is said that in england the fish swam to the surface and said two words in such a strange language that the professors have been wrecking their brains now for three years trying to discover what it was". -gogol.

the rooms like a burnt-out bomb shelter, corrugated iron covers the walls, encasing the advancement of sound. the room erupts, it's like a scrap yard come to life in the midnight hour. the guy in the corner on a table about to operate. the strings on the instrument are held together with a pair of pliers, he beats out a rhythm with glasses and ashtrays. the drummer like some mad buddah joins in and all seems set, hurtling towards open conflict. others join in on more percussion, tambourines, whistles, hub-caps and assorted metal objects. in comes the jerk and thrust of guitars, the bass flicks in on the bottom beat. the singer his microphone tied to a broom handle, chants, sings and twitches his way through tight mannerisms. bending over, this way and that with maniac perverse anger - everyone is dancing!

"see the baby fall/see the baby fall/see it/ it could be you/it could be yours/i have a formula/it smells of success/i hang on to it/



for my dear life/dear hope/last life/last hope/ the equipment is raw and rustic, they have problems with equipment, but as jonathon says: "as long as the place shakes in time it's o.k." the fact that their equipment is pretty basic echo's their distrust of the music business. they work as a unit and want things done their way. if they eventually get their music out to people and move them to do something themselves they say, then it will be worthwhile. they talk of heart, density of feeling, rebounding and working of each other. their songs are worked in and out, this way and that. no avenue is left but the right one, everything is explored.

"discipline spells freedom/systems need us/skill needs control/park your freedom in the sexual drive/barter your pride for existence/dig for vanity/die for gold/destroy your concept with your brain/destroy your brain with your concept/".

the most striking feature about the b.m.u.s. sound is the tribal rhythms. i tackle them about the idea of reaching back to something more basic, more tribalistic with the mind of the twentieth century. the idea that basically we are tribal creatures who have evolved into this so-called modern society and are for the most part unable to cope with it. how do we deal with the reality of it all when so many people feel alienated by it?

"...this is to do with realities. there's nothing more obvious than reality, but it's more wilfully by-passed. it's simple facts about ourselves, our bodies, how we function, how we react. a lot of the information that we're given is anti-information. you have to retreat to some area that is your own, and in doing so you're moving away from society - what we're given to believe. things are getting progressively worse and it's harder to function with their rules".

this line in thinking reminds me of jorge luis borges short story in which the author meets himself one day and discusses his life with himself.

"... your mass of oppressed and alienated is no more than an abstraction, only individuals exist, if it can be said that anyone exists - the man of yesterday is not the man of today."

b.m.u.s. music seems to state these simple truths about ourselves too, they believe in affecting individuals.

"when the crowd or following gets larger, then distrust creeps in and everything loses perspective".

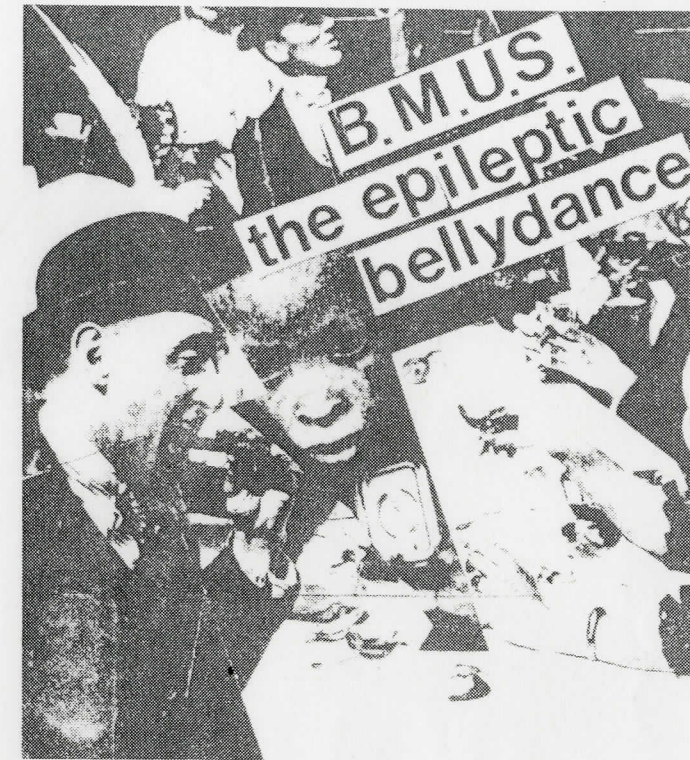
they're aware of the problems of their position. they sing about truths, politics, anything that affects them. the world around them and their own realities.

"you have made yourself acceptable/you have made yourself replaceable/you are convenient to those that do harm/while you drop the pills they drop the bombs/there's a vacuum in your brain/you're a mashed potato head/is there a killer born?"

"to change something you've got to work out how to affect other people without dis-affecting yourself. it's difficult cause you gotta make some sort of stance and in doing so you run the risk of alienating everyone else - you put yourself in the situation of being a teacher and giving out the information".

i find the music of b.m.u.s. optimistic, free form with confidence and structure. their sound is furious in the extreme, the archaic tribal dance beat of the new decade. a sound wrecked with intensity and frustration of the eighties. their sound caves in and out of itself with fury, it feels good, you want to bump grind and dance your way to freedom.

"you make my heart beat fast with the shame of ages/we see no reason in what you're doing/your monotone seems so unhealthy/and deep inside you know there's something better than this/we cannot avoid the legacy you left/we will remember/can you forgive if you can't for-



get."

as russell said when i was leaving; "if nothing else is achieved in my life, at least i'd like to think i've given one person something."

there's so much care and intensity in b.m.u.s. that a lot of people could do with being affected by them - i really do hope this turns out to be the case.

b.m.u.s. have a cassette of some eight or so songs recorded in this heats cold storage studios, also some recorded at their own home, it is hoped that a record will be put out sometime in the near future.

for information contact b.m.u.s. c/o 48 berkeley rd., crouch end, london n.8.

ANDRE STITT

K.A.

(know authority)

mark mc'cormack (drums), cormac tohill (vocals), norman johnston (bass), john watt (guitar, synth).

when k.a. arrived in dublin from the north they simply had their instruments and rucksacks and wondered where to go from there. for a while they were helped out by katmandu who initially

