

the deli





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10 Years of *The Deli*

Ten years! It's hard to believe we came this far. *The Deli's* one-decade anniversary is, in many respects, a miracle. Or perhaps just a collection of lucky coincidences supported by hard work. You can decide that one.

When I was four and living in Rome, Italy, my parents decided I was going to be a musician. I think this statement alone can testify what kind of naïveté runs in my blood. Call it optimism, but weekly I was taken to private piano lessons that I don't remember particularly enjoying. At age nine, after a move to Venice, I found myself enrolled in the Conservatory of Music.

All told, I detested every minute of my classical training. On the other hand, it came handy when later I taught myself the guitar and four track recording (and later still, programming and mixing) and eventually began making my own music, inspired by a love for the American and British alternative bands. Trying to "make it" as an indie artist ended up occupying the remainder of my twenties, with an appendix after that spent — you guessed it — recording bands.

Being a rock musician was at once a wonderful and incredibly frustrating experience. Making music is one of the greatest feelings in life, while being in a band can be amongst the toughest jobs in the world, mainly because of lack of funds, opportunities, clear paths forward, market over-saturation, etc., etc. I envy those few lucky musicians who found the "perfect each other" — I didn't. So in my late twenties that dream was pretty much dead and I was in London bartending and recording bands for pennies and keeping my mind open for opportunities to do something else.

The Deli, in its current form, happened when my wife and I moved to NYC. I'd been enamored with the city's underground music scene for a while. Many of the break-out alternative acts from the Big Apple had an otherworldly edge that still resonates deeply. Records by Television, Talking Heads, Sonic Youth, They Might Be Giants, the Feelies, Naked City and Soul Coughing were life-changing experiences for me. The Velvet Underground and Lou Reed too, of course, but that goes without saying. Even pop and folk artists like Blondie, Madonna, Bob Dylan and Jeff Buckley had something that — to my ears — made them stand out from other bands. There was an exoticism to their grit.

Wondering what exactly attracted so many musical visionaires to New York, I found myself in the perfect spot in life to go find out.

Before long, I discovered that the Chelsea-based studio I was dwelling in (Mother West) used to print a tiny fanzine called "*The Deli*." It promoted their own acts, but I recognized in the concept a kernel of something bigger. I started obsessing about reviving it into a real magazine about NYC underground music. A few months later, financed (at first) through benefit shows, *The Deli* was born — a rag exclusively focused on emerging local bands.

Coincidentally, that community was enjoying a creative renaissance in Williamsburg and other nearby 'hoods in Brooklyn. The straw that stirred the drink was undoubtedly DIY, itself a direct result of the collapse of the record industry as we knew it and the democratic progress made by portable recording technology.



The cover of *The Deli's* 2nd issue, volume 1, a catalog-newsletter of Mother West Records.



The first issue of *The Deli* in its current inception, out in December 2004.

On a Friday night of December 2004, at Manhattan venue Sin-e' on Attorney Street, an emerging NYC band with a home recorded debut album played *The Deli's* launch party. It was a packed crowd and everyone was holding the first issue of *The Deli*, whose cover these upstarts were gracing. That band was Grizzly Bear. It remains one of the most exciting nights of my life, the night I understood that this magazine had a shot at being here to stay.

Now, this ten-year anniversary issue hopes to be a(nother) celebration of this great scene, in a less cluttered, more narratorial and visually appealing form thanks to art critic Brian Chidester's work as a guest editor. This issue also comes with my deep hope for NYC to keep churning out exceptional music of all kinds for the foreseeable future.

Paolo De Gregorio,
Editor-in-Chief and Publisher

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the deli

cold cuts from the nyc underground



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Imaginary Brooklyn

For the theme of this, the 10th anniversary issue of *The Deli*, I have chosen the subtitle "Imaginary Brooklyn." It is an idea that has brewed in my mind for some time now. But what does it mean?

There is little doubt that a creative re-birth has taken place in Brooklyn over the last decade. The impetus for this came around the turn of the new millennium, as Manhattan over the course the '90s became unaffordable to older creatives and newbies alike. The energy shifted to neighborhoods like Williamsburg, DUMBO, Greenpoint and Bushwick, which transformed practically overnight into new creative meccas. Media attention quickly followed; so too did the gentrifiers. It is of little surprise.

Indeed, after the fall of communism in the 1990s, a wave of new paradigms filtered into the capitalist monologue, many serving to justify the pursuit of wealth and pleasure. Instead of feeling guilty for the purchase of expensive coffee, when others around the world lived in destitution, buzzwords like "organic" and "fair trade" removed all guilt from contemporary consumption. Charity events needn't be black tie affairs for the wealthy alone; the educated aesthete living paycheck to paycheck could now enjoy similar DIY revelries, knowing that the products being consumed are done so in a conscionable way. Thus was born the hipster of the aughts – a voracious reader, fashionista and purveyor of culture, with money to spare. Then the recession of 2008 hit.

In its wake, the exodus from Manhattan to Brooklyn turned into a sort of diaspora, as trust funds depleted, new jobs proved impossible to find and the aesthete turned to any neighborhood near a subway stop they could find. The desperation reached a fever pitch in 2011, when upwards of 40,000 New Yorkers took to Zuccotti Park, near the Financial District, to Occupy Wall Street.

With five music features covering contemporary hip-hop, DIY, electro, EDM and retro, I have tried to convey this narrative through the prism of a single artist in each of these scenes. While *The Deli* has always been about promoting the local scene, this issue lets the artist empty out the coffers and open up in ways they might not otherwise have the chance. In so doing, it is my hope that you the reader see a little bit of your own journey in theirs and find inspiration to keep dreaming. As Joe Strummer so boldly proclaimed: "The future is unwritten."

Brian Chidester,
Guest Editor
May, 2014

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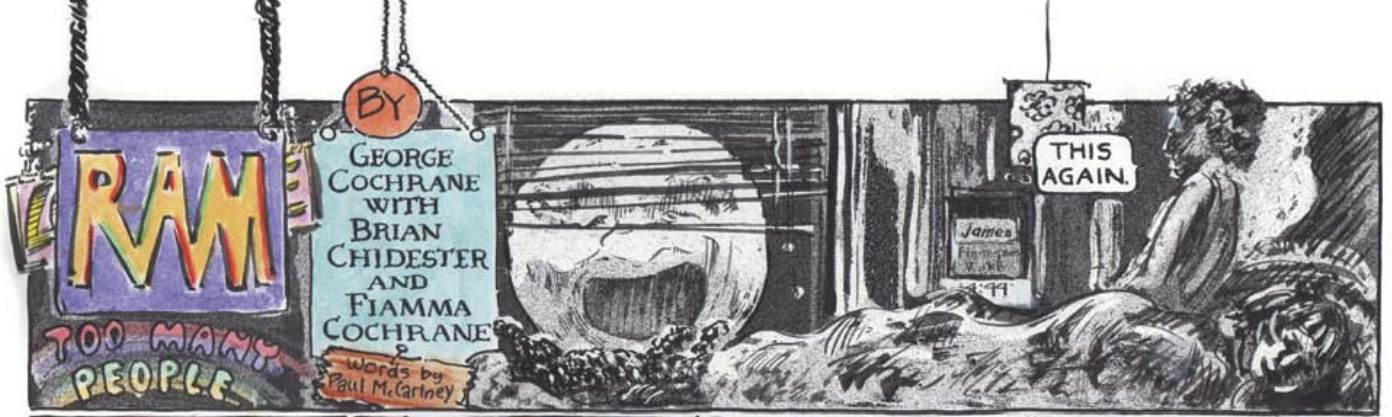
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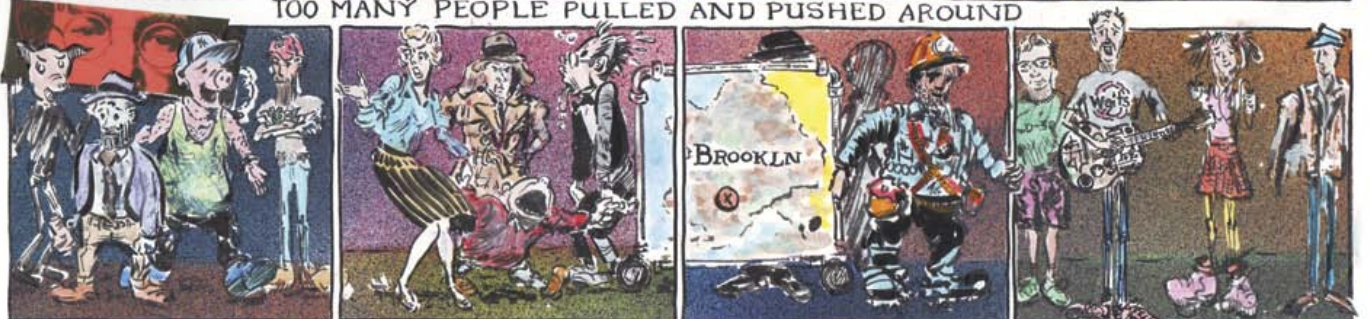
Dum Dum Girls



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bushwick bonanza

brooklyn wildlife transform hip-hop
into psychedelic happening

By Jason Grimste (aka brokeMC)

Like all important moments in life, the story begins and ends with you... in your undies.

It's 11pm on a sub-freezing night in Bushwick just days after New Year's. This former industrial area in north Brooklyn has recently become the new hotbed for young creatives in NYC. McKibbin Street is particularly prone to arctic gusts of wind, which make the landscape even more stark and uninviting. Every time a frigid draft cuts up to kiss the frosty satin negligee or paisley bikini briefs directly underneath your coat, you're reminded exactly why tonight is different.

Chris Carr – consummate artist, gregarious co-pilot of the Brooklyn Wildlife sky-chariot – celebrates his birthday this evening. It also happens to be the midpoint of the third annual “12 Days of Art” celebration.

“12 Days” – held each Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday in January – is an exploration of art, music, fashion, film and every other gray area of glittery, slippery, scintillating glue that connects the city's contemporary culture. Asked to elaborate on it, Carr just shrugs and says, “It's all about hip-hop.”

The McKibbin Lofts in Bushwick/East Williamsburg have become something of a *rite de passage* for the culturally elite. For over ten years now these warehouse buildings have housed a myriad of artists, record labels, DIY-performance spaces and other assorted incantations. One of the spaces even functioned as a strip club for awhile, but the shady characters lurking in the hallways provoked its inevitable demise. A model, a fitness instructor and a personal assistant currently live there.

With the rampant influx of college freshman, trustafarians and yuppies craving the hipster essence, the creative energy that engendered the Bushwick renaissance is fading, according to some. Artists still live there. But rising rent costs and growing demand for loft living has pushed those who pioneered these once-affordable studios elsewhere.

Chris Carr has lived at various McKibbin basement apartments for six years. His current digs are a typical “artist loft” – posters and canvases from friends cover the walls; his own giant photo prints are mixed in; books and magazines stack on ramshackle bookshelves; a kitchen area simmers in mild disarray; a mattress on the floor behind bedsheet curtains acts both as visitor's quarters and office. Somewhere

in the center of the storm, a project is always in progress. There's also a giant American flag hanging prominently in the center of the room, as if to say “Only in America.” The homage to Jasper Johns, Jimi Hendrix and James Brown is not lost.

The Provocative Nature of Art

On a recent visit to Chris's studio, he was shooting a video for an old friend and collaborator, Seraphim, from a group called No Surrender. Another artist from the building across the street named Sara-Jo DeGennaro sits on the floor painting a giant black circle over a piece of plywood for the set. Paint fumes hover in the air burning everyone's lungs. Things run late, but no one seems particularly stressed. This could be credited both to the barrage of spliffs in constant rotation or simply the good folks who rolled them.

Carr and Seraphim first met in Copenhagen in 2008 when they both performed with Electro-Clash pioneers Crunk Tesla. According to Seraphim, “The tour went haywire.” Details are cryptic, but the important thing for both is that they have remained close friends.

The video they work on today is based on art from the golden era of the Weimar Republic, Germany's cultural explosion between World War I and World War II that spawned, among other things, the Bauhaus school of art. The set Carr and his friends construct for the shoot features grayscale ocean/wave cutouts, which he arranges in tiers against the wall. Carr says it's a tribute to Frantisek Drtikol, whose photography and paintings came into full bloom during the 1920s and 30s.

It is not unusual for Carr to pull names from art history out of a hat and re-appropriate their work into a new context. Moreover, his mind is rarely limited by small things like budgetary restrictions. Carr's dynamic is reflective of a new paradigm where up-and-coming artists, eschewing record labels that seem increasingly irrelevant, work together with the resources they have to make gritty and provocative work on a shoestring budget. At the center of all this hand-made creativity is hip-hop. It is Carr's first love.

“[Chris] has got an aesthetic down,” Seraphim tells me between set changes. “He has a philosophy to his art, you know?” At its heart, says Seraphim, Carr

Brooklyn Wildlife mix acoustic acts, burlesque, metal, punk and fashion into the fold, remaining true to hip-hop's original outsider zeitgeist.

always strives to put work out that either starts a conversation or an argument. "If art doesn't move you," he continues, taking a long pause to consider his words, "it's not really worth looking at or listening to."

As they work, I peruse some of the magazines crammed into various crevices. A book of Arnie Zane's nude photography sits next to one about the activism of Public Enemy, which is cozied up to a photojournal on punk fashion. An array of magazines – *Vanity Fair*, *Complex*, *The Source*, *Giant*, *Blaze*, *Aperture*, *XXL*, *Art Fairs* – clarify Carr's voracious appetite for fashion, music, philosophy and sex. His aesthetic blends it all in a way that feels effortless.

Dapper on the Down Low

At one of Brooklyn Wildlife's regular Wednesday Drink n' Draw jams, the audience is crammed into Carr's apartment elbow-to-elbow. He greets each one before the performance starts with hugs and hearty handshakes. A small contingent of preppy-looking types reveal themselves to be visiting from Jersey. Carr applauds the ones who never ventured this deep into Brooklyn and, relishing the opportunity, informs them that tonight is the first step in their re-education.

When Carr finally takes up a microphone alongside Johnny Voltik, the set is decidedly freestyle. No hooks, just he and Voltik deep in the heat of the moment, where Carr's rhymes shift easily between polemics and poetry:

Understand my philosophy:
Poverty inside of paradise,
Paradise inside of Fahrenheit
451 ways just to carry mics...
I be spitting my life over these lines,
I read a lot of books.
I stay reading.
My eyes stay red just like they're bleeding.
Every evening off the deep end,
We fade into the weekend."

When Voltik finally yanks the beat out from under him, Carr stops abruptly. Trance broken, the crowd applauds briefly before the duo launches into another wild rhythm and lengthy freestyle that feels a million miles from what is heard regularly on Hot 97, NYC's top commercial rap station. Some might say Carr's style is too brash, his references too deep. He also never once uses the words "bitch," "faggot" or "gun" all night.





"We do rap shows," says Carr in typical brazen fashion, "where there are women, there are dudes, there are gay people, straight people, motherfuckers with blue hair, dreads, cats that got government jobs, cats that haven't had jobs ever in their lives." Carr's body becomes more animated as his enthusiasm peaks. "It's crazy," he continues. "It's haywire, it's chaotic. I find that in Bushwick. I don't find that in Manhattan. I don't find that in Queens. But the people doing it [in Bushwick] don't realize it's Hip-Hop."

Babylon By Bus

Carr, whose tightly-twisted locks recall the heraldic wreaths worn by Olympians, was born and raised in Washington DC by an extended family of academics. By 1996, Carr matriculated to Morehouse College in Atlanta, GA, where he got his Bachelor's in Sociology. (He minored in Psychology and Religion.)

In '01 he began a Master's program in Medieval Studies at Columbia University. As Carr closed-in on his degree – well-into a thesis on the "Ideological Construction of Orthodoxy and Heresy in 14th and 15th Century Europe" – he decided it wasn't the right path for him. Columbia, according to Carr, was an "ivory tower full of white people completely removed from the Harlem around them." Stifled by the bureaucracy and homogeneity of academic circles, Carr turned his back on academia for hip-hop. He never looked back.

Hip-hop itself is rooted in innovation. When the forefathers of the movement first began stitching together rhythms and moving crowds, they did so with whatever materials they had at hand: Turntables, records, microphones. In the era of funk, blacksploitation and disco, the earliest hip-hop became a social platform. Breakdancing quickly emerged as a non-violent form of conflict mediation. Graffiti murals turned the oppression of a brick wall into a vibrant form of inspiration and activism – a way to not feel trapped by one's economic status. Beatboxing furthered the cypher to an even more accessible technology that could keep the party going even if someone pulled the plug.

Hoping to bring something new to a genre entering its fourth decade, Brooklyn Wildlife mix acoustic acts, burlesque, metal, punk and fashion into the fold, remaining true to hip-hop's original outsider zeitgeist.

Carr's old crew, Rosetta Stoned, first broke in DC, showcasing alongside some of the top indie hip-hop artists of the aughts. Back then, Carr and his rhyme partner Tyrone were intentionally provocative. Rosetta Stoned dropped Kafka quotes alongside Trap references. At times it was hard to know whether to dance or just stand around and study. Not much has changed since Carr moved to Brooklyn.

The Potion Collective, which began as an open-mic at the now-defunct Potion Cafe in McKibbin Lofts around 2007, was a huge influence on Carr's development. Most nights of the event, after the cafe closed and the event transposed itself into a rotating set of random loft apartments, Carr was the only rapper present amidst a group of poets, acoustic-heads and indie rockers. He'd invite random musicians to rock-out as he freestyled. The welcoming atmosphere, says Carr, opened him up both as an artist and a performer.

"Because Chris is questioning all the values of hip-hop," notes Meena Ziabari, poet and member of the Potion Collective, "he is putting himself into the role of a true trailblazer for the future of hip-hop."

When he isn't freestyling at open-mic nights, Carr currently performs with Brooklyn Wildlife co-founder DJ Keith Edward Lay in a group called Watercolor. The duo met through a friend in 2003, made a few tracks and have been collaborators ever since.

Lay, like Carr, was inspired by the diversity of artists buzzing around McKibbin Lofts. "There were musicians in the building," Carr recollects, "who had their door open and when you walked by like, 'Yo, what are ya'll playin?' They would be like, 'Yo, come in! Oh, you rap? We can't play hip-hop.' [I was] like 'Don't. Just play what you were playing and I'll try and rap to it.'"

Carr and Lay saw in this collective of artists willing to jam together regardless of background a sign of what the community aspired to. They tried to bring the vibe to clubs in Williamsburg, but often got flack from bar managers who would book punk bands but cited graffiti and violence as deterrents to booking hip-hop shows. "The patronage [was] too dark," says Lay matter of factly.

"[New York is] the birthplace of hip-hop," Lay notes, "and yet it keeps getting shoved into a corner." Indeed, Carr and Lay are attempting to book themselves in the same neighborhoods where Notorious B.I.G. rocked block parties and the Beastie Boys trashed basements. Their swagger manifests some Andy Warhol and they muster slightly less braggadocio than Jay-Z, but the adversity they encounter is unmitigated. For Carr and Lay, it is a continuum.

Frustrated but undeterred, they pushed forward booking venues like the Paper Box, Shea Stadium BK and Brooklyn Fireproof, all of which shared their vision. The yen for diverse bills combined with the collective desire to assert and maintain hip-hop's presence in the cultural firmament brought Brooklyn Wildlife's mission into focus. During the 2013 Brooklyn Wildlife Summer Festival at the Paper Box, they showcased over fifty bands, modern dance and video art. For Carr it was the culmination of his inspiration and ambition.

You Jump, I Jump

As Brooklyn Wildlife's events grow in size and scope, so too, recognizes Carr, is the potential to lose touch with its original supporters. This year they paired up





with their first sponsor for an event, something Carr was reluctant to do in the past. With the costs of throwing events rising and paychecks for those involved still hovering around zero, compromises became necessary.

Carr's free spirit, which fuels the Brooklyn Wildlife ecology, unfortunately could be an impediment to its progress. When it comes to events, timetables often get pushed from ambitious 9pm start times to many hours later. Crowds who show up to see acts at certain times are often as frustrated as the acts themselves. Ultimately as the party continues, squabbles erupt among performers over who will end up playing the inevitable 4am set to the stragglers and the faded. "It's not so much disrespectful to us," says Lay, "as it is to the other performers, the ones who act more professional and follow proper etiquette."


Did the Titanic sink because it was too big to float or because the team piloting it wasn't steering it properly? Everyone wants to believe that their scene is the one that's going to cross the seven seas and make history – especially if it's been hammered together out of driftwood and scrap.

Most vital to Carr is the ability to throw parties as he lives his life. His need to create something "retaining authenticity, honesty [and] integrity" makes him a nexus for the sort of folks who come to New York City seeking just that. But the events he curates aren't really anything new. The vibe has been jumping all over – from the Wetlands and Rubulad in the late '90s, to the Danger parties and Asterisk Art Project in the '00s, and now to the McKibbin Lofts. No one knows what comes next. Carr's method may be novel in some ways, but is it significant enough to make history? Does Carr even care about such contrivances?

At his birthday party – the annual Fishnets and Ice Cream extravaganza – dangerous numbers throng into the sweaty skinfest of a McKibbin loft. Throughout the night, bands from every genre grace the stage, taking turns blowing out the speakers on the tenuous PA system. Adrienne Mack-Davis electrifies the crowd with her furious flow and jaw-dropping hooks. Tyquan Sounds shimmies his way through psychedelic raps. Deathrow Tull throws down some punk/rock/rap that sets the already sweaty under-warriors deeper into the fugue.

A photo booth is set up by the entrance where revelers take turns molesting a pineapple and vice-versa. All through the event, Carr slithers through the throbbing masses with his own camera, enthusiastically documenting the spectacle he and Brooklyn Wildlife have conjured.

At the end of the party, when most of the costumed revelers emerge from the jungle and return to their safe way of life, the Brooklyn Wildlife crew hang around to assess the damage. Exhausted smiles are plastered across their faces. A sticky film – three parts party slosh, two parts sweat and one part blunt smoke – coats every surface, from glistening skin to torn fishnets. But the air is clearer than it was when the doors first opened. Dawn light reveals to the miracle that it actually is, and, for just one moment, you feel as naked as the day you were born.

Then someone hands you a mop. 

Top 5 Hip-Hop Albums from NYC (2000-2014)



Rammellzee
The Bi-Conicals of the Rammellzee (2004)



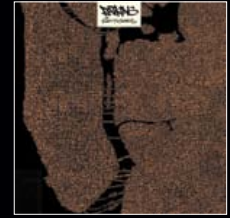
Ghostface Killah
Fishscale (2006)



El-P
I'll Sleep When You're Dead (2007)



Billy Woods
Dour Candy (2013)



Ratking
So It Goes... (2014)

Rammellzee

The Bi-Conicals of the Rammellzee (2004)

From the moment he first appears in 1983's classic street-art film, *Wild Style*, Rammellzee is easily the most freakishly psychedelic of all MCs. It took nearly twenty years to get a debut album out of him, but it was worth the wait. *The Bi-Conicals* is one of the most batshit weird releases in hip-hop history, hands down. One of the few undisputed geniuses of graffiti, as well, Rammellzee built his entire creative oeuvre around a manifesto he called "Gothic Futurism." Besides records and murals, it included indecipherable essays and machine-like samurai costumes whose aesthetic had more than a passing influence on the Wu Tang Clan. More than anything else, Gothic Futurism was about confounding and provoking. "Do We Have to Show a Resume?," from *Bi-Conicals*, offers a cryptic anarchism with lines like, "The electromagnetic spectrum will fall/Once it shows you the toss of the salad that is all man's balls/Because he said, 'Enough of this.'" "Beat Bop Part 2" reprises the collaboration Ramm had with K-Rob on their single of 1984 that featured cover art by Jean Michel Basquiat. Sadly, Rammellzee died of cancer in 2010. A posthumous second album came one year later, but the full rediscovery of this artist idles.

(Brian Chidester)

Ghostface Killah

Fishscale (2006)

When a routine robbery goes awry, leave it to Ghostface Killah to take you on an adventure through the many unintended consequences of the botched job. From vexatious prostitutes to squalid crack dens to Cuban pushers, *Fishscale* is the urban drug-running odyssey as only Ghostface could deliver it. With guest spots from Ne-Yo ("Back Like That"), the late Biggie Smalls and every member of Wu Tang Clan, the album is as large a conceptual vision as the hip-hop collective has unleashed in its 20+ years existence. In some of Ghostface's first work without the Rza – he co-produces with J Dilla and Mad Lib, and boasts Pete Rock as guest on the anthemic "Be Easy" – *Fishscale* showcases Ghostface's absolute competence at crafting cinematic work. Indeed, its noir-ish take on the underworld is both brutal and intense. But with lines like, "whoever got the kilo got the candy man," Ghostface makes the exaggerated mien of the drug-dealer, like that of the mafia man, as much a burlesque as a tragedy. (Mike Levine)

El-P

I'll Sleep When You're Dead (2007)

Like the tagline of a classic Hollywood invasion movie, we can safely say that El-P's *I'll Sleep When You're Dead* came out of

nowhere. The 2007 album shot from the rapper/producer's own Brooklyn-based label Definitive Jux at a time when hip-hop rarely discussed shady politics and surveillance paranoia. The record is no call to arms, however. Instead, El Producto uses his platform to lash out against isolation and techno-phobia in post-9/11 NYC. From the cold clock of "Drive," to Trent Reznor's surprise guest spot in "Flyentology," to the beautifully weird *Twin Peaks* sample in the album's opener, "Tasmanian Pain Coaster," everything paves the groundwork for his breakout LP, *Run the Jewels* (with Killer Mike). Yet somehow *I'll Sleep When You're Dead* feels more raw. More... true. (Mike Levine)

Billy Woods

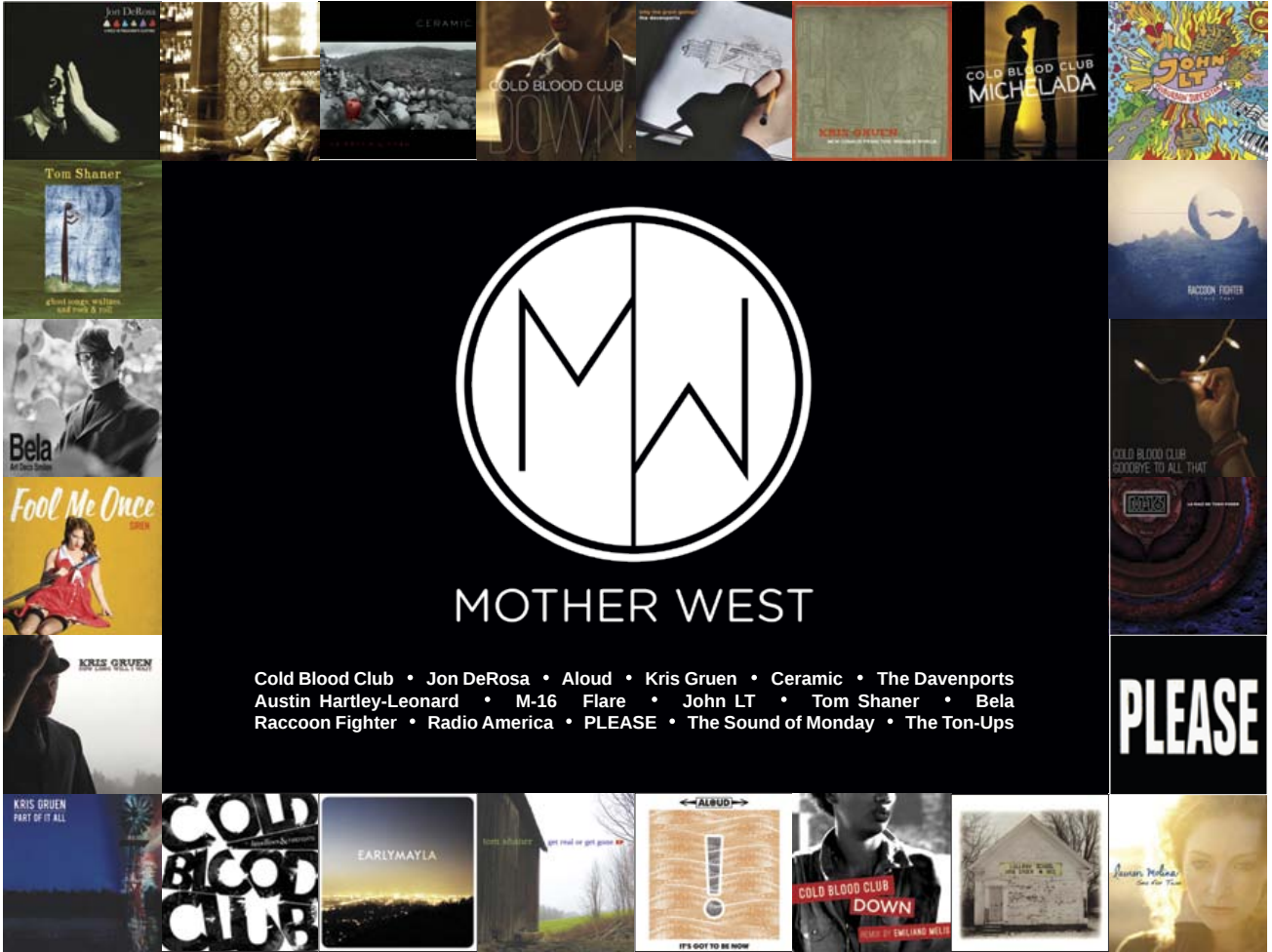
Dour Candy (2013)

Billy Woods has been banging on your eardrums for years. From Dr. Monochrome to the Reavers to Super Chron Flight Brothers and beyond, Woods laces incendiary beats with his signature acerbic wit and blunted social commentary to blow every speaker in the White House's intercom. There can be arguments made about whether *The Chalice* or *M.A.D.* are more deserving of this coveted Top Five slot. (Alongside *Dour Candy* they should both be added to your music library or Spotify playlist.) However, it's the addition of super-producer Blockhead which really gives this album the slightest of edge. Though not as inspired as Block's production for Aesop or his Jukie homeys, it is still haunting and triumphant and cinematic enough to properly frame Woods's evocative wordplay. And as usual for Woods, there is so much said in this album that you'll be unraveling its mysteries for years to come. (Jason Grimste)

Ratking

So It Goes... (2014)

Ratking broke in 2012 with the chaotic yet undeniable "WikiSpeaks." The ensuing *Wiki93* EP was a hastily constructed indulgence teeming with blunt angst and bravado; the flavor was there but it just hadn't simmered long enough. With *So It Goes...*, Ratking introduces a punk/hip-hop flavor the likes of which hasn't been heard since the Beasties. MCs Wiki and Hak parry and volley over producer Sporting Life's jittering, sample-washed boom-bap. It's old school without being dated, lyrically dense while wholly accessible. The album is a meditation on the city in the decades since Guillian's reign, with all the inequality that tugs at both the tough skins and the have-nots. The raps are hard and poetic, the hooks alternately soulful and brash, while the beats throb to the frenetic maelstrom of 808-laced fury. Our newest LP to make the Top Five, it is justified by an honest exploration of a genre too-often encumbered by its own chains and trappings. (Jason Grimste)



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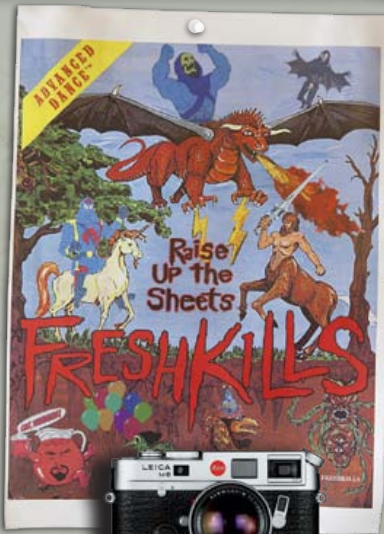


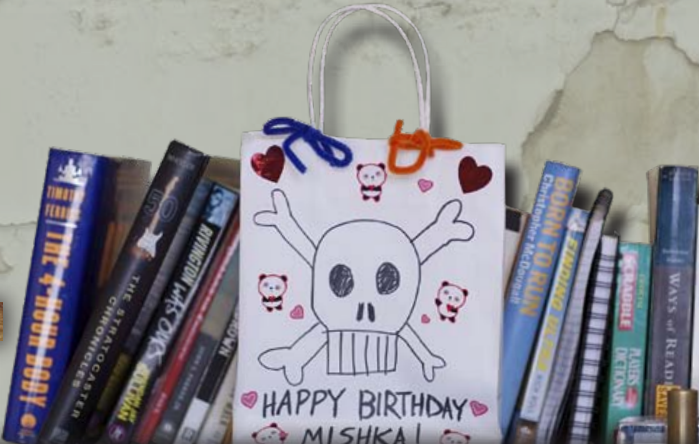
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the many masks of mishka shubaly

By Ben Apatoff





“Virtually every writer I know would rather be a musician,” Kurt Vonnegut said famously in *Like Shaking Hands with God*. “Music gives pleasure as we never can.” Maybe so, but it’s hard to imagine any writer romanticizing the life of a musician after seeing it through the eyes of Mishka Shubaly.

“Bands are unstable molecules,” quips Shubaly, playing the part of indie-rock’s newest sage. Shubaly, who has been in half a dozen or more defunct NYC rock bands, has become something of the scene’s gadfly. “Bands don’t want to be bands,” he pontificates further, “they want to fly apart. There’s always tension; I think a lot of that’s where the music comes from.”

Besides being a bassist and songwriter, Shubaly is better known now as the author of five bestselling Kindle ebooks on Amazon.com, the newest being *Beat the Devil*. Sometimes heartbreaking, often hilarious, *Beat* is the account of his stints in various bands, including Freshkills, a New York City post-hardcore group that earned glowing reviews and minimal sales, all while sharing a stage with breakout indie acts like the Yeah Yeah Yeahs and Sleigh Bells. There’s also *Beat the Devil*, Shubaly’s local art-punk aggregate, whose acrimonious split fills several painful passages.

Shubaly’s narratives employ the realism of gutter poet forebears, with prose that lands closer to Bukowski’s stark language than the flashier wordplay of the Beats. He’s always the main character, often under some self-inflicted pain or humiliation. “I’m not good at telling stories where I’m victorious in the end,” Shubaly states flatly. “I’m better at telling the stories where I lose.” On a recent winter night, he reads from *Beat the Devil* at the Mellow Pages Library, an independently-run Bushwick space, where words are not minced.

“Touring sucked,” reads Shubaly. “For hours on end, days on end, boredom and loneliness and anxiety and doubt. I wish it had sucked unconditionally so I could have given up, but the few triumphant moments were so victorious that I wasn’t just willing but eager to sign up for more suffering.” It gets worse.

As Shubaly reads on, he does for being in a band



what *Raging Bull* does for aspiring boxers. He recalls an episode opening for a stripper karaoke show one afternoon in Portland: “The room was half-full of sullen men blurring the line between last night’s hangover and this afternoon’s drunk, men turned bitter from thwarted sexual desire. This wouldn’t just end poorly, this would begin poorly and end poorly and go poorly all the way through. It was going to be as fun as chewing sand.” He hasn’t even gotten to the fist fights, drug abuse and impending lawsuits.

Yet no matter how much he paints himself as a loser, nothing Shubaly reads tonight can shake the elation he brings to a room. He exudes rock star persona – not a Dave Navarro-type, promoting a ghostwritten memoir with an obligatory book tour, but a genial, engaging everyman who looks at home performing in front of an audience. He looks great, too, despite years of hard-living. At the end of the reading, he’s surrounded by friends and fans.

For a brief moment, it all seems enviable, as if the nightmares just described were a small price to pay for his accomplishments. After all, it’s a long way to the top if you wanna rock ‘n’ roll. But as *Beat the Devil* testifies, it might be even further to the middle.



I sat down recently with Shubaly at his Greenpoint apartment, where he welcomes me with coffee. He's 6'5" and has tattoos crawling up his arms, including one that reads "BE GOOD" on his hand. No long sleeve could keep it covered from a judge.

Within minutes, Shubaly has a story about his old roommate that starts with a gambling addiction and ends with stored jars of urine. He recommends *The Buddy Chronicles*, an out of print collection of Peter Bagge's laugh-to-keep-from-crying comics. He lends me his copy. Later, Shubaly will show me his impressive collection of guitars and basses. He fixes, sculpts and sells them, each scuff mark coming with a story about a wild performance or a semi-famous former owner.

"As bands have deconstructed and reconstructed the concept of a rock band," says Shubaly, "DIY no longer means releasing your own music. Everyone does that. It's come to mean building your own guitars or effect pedals, hacking a child's Speak & Spell into an instrument or designing your own custom instruments from the ground up."

Born in Canada in 1977, Shubaly moved frequently as a boy. He started getting drunk at age 13 and was often suspended from school for fighting. He also managed the grades to start college in Massachusetts at 15, shortly before his parents divorced and the bank took his family's house away. Working a string of jobs on top of his classes, Shubaly completed college in Colorado before eventually moving in with his stepbrother in New York, where he's been writing and playing in bands ever since. These days, he sells his guitars and basses to cover emergency surgery for two hernias.

"I've been trying to leave here for fifteen years now," Shubaly says of Brooklyn. He talks with the same easygoing poetics as his written prose. "It was mostly that my friends were here, but now I love it. Manhattan, not so much, but Brooklyn is right for people like me. Brooklyn seems to reward people who can fix shit. I've had girlfriends saying 'Nothing works in Brooklyn,' and I thought 'If it starts working they won't need me anymore cause I can fix stuff.' Not well, but I can get it working. Brooklyn is cheap, my Brooklyn is cheap. And it's dirty. I've been here too long; it ruined me for everywhere else."

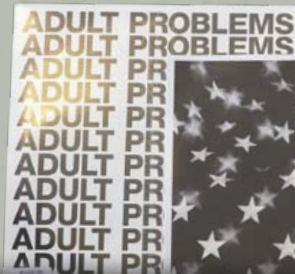
Indeed, Brooklyn is home to a scene that has transcended the borough, finding international audiences with bands like Grizzly Bear, MGMT, Dirty Projectors and TV on the Radio. Social networking has helped artists as varied as Animal Collective and Sharon Jones & the Dap-Kings garner mainstream success without radio assistance, while up and coming artists like the So So Glos are gaining major press after years of printing their own albums and even opening their own venue.

The Brooklyn DIY scene can be tremendously rewarding to artists, though it can also swallow up and implode prominent bands through the hype machine. Das Racist and Vivian Girls are two recent casualties. In Shubaly's case, the borough's promise kept him hanging on for years, leaving few signs of a breakthrough along the way.

"I love Unstoppable Death Machines," says Shubaly, "Bootblacks, ZZZs, Violent Bullshit, PIGS, Aaron Lazar's band DN'T, tons of other shit that's popular enough that it doesn't deserve a shout out," naming a few underground favorites he's aware may go the way of Freshkills and Beat the Devil.

In fact, Shubaly has opinions on everything from the closings of Park Slope's Southpaw and Williamsburg's 285 Kent Ave. to puzzlement over which bands





have made it and which haven't. We bond over the Giraffes, a shit-kicking Brooklyn surf-metal band that never found the audience that they deserved. "I feel like that woman who has thirteen children and they all die," Shubaly deadpans. "That's how I feel about my bands. None of them made it."

Mishka's music resume reads, in fact, like a festival of coulda-beens. Come On was known to tear up Brooklyn stages in the early aughts, but their opening act, the Strokes, got the record sales. Beat the Devil released one ferocious garage-rock EP, but vocalist/songwriter Shilpa Ray found more success in her next band, the Happy Hookers. Mishka's sparse, heartfelt but hard-edged solo records, including *Thanks for Letting Me Crash* and *How to Make a Bad Situation Worse*, earned him opening spots for the Decemberists and Calexico. But it wasn't Colin Meloy who then opened for stripper karaoke.

"(Shubaly's) music is always sad and hilarious," says Aaron Lazar of D.N.T. "He was in a mode for several years where he felt it had to be raw and unvarnished, warts and all, no matter how rough it sounded. Sometimes [that] can take away from the lyrics, which is where the real fun is at. His most recent stuff though is much more lush and filled out. It's doing a better job of getting the point across because you don't have to get stuck on Mishka's voice, which is an acquired taste."

Fifteen years on, Shubaly has not lost his love for Brooklyn's DIY scene. "In smaller scenes," says Shubaly, "you have your rock bands, your metal bands, your indie bands, your hip-hop groups. Each genre-scene seems based around a pivotal influence: Radiohead, Slayer, Sonic Youth, Kanye. That's reductive, but you get the drift. In Brooklyn, the prevailing musical influence appears to be 'shuffle.' Genres collide,

fragment and explode. It isn't unusual to see synths, samplers, banjo and African drums in a band. Hip-hop sounds like Sigur Rós and rock bands sound like Kraftwerk. Even the more conventional bands seem to have abandoned the major rock canon of Led Zeppelin, Jimi Hendrix and the Rolling Stones for Love, Television, R.E.M., Patti Smith, Talking Heads, et al."

In hindsight, Shubaly's albums hint at his current writing style. The understated, bleakly funny aches in the stanzas to songs like "The Only One Drinking Tonight," "The Washington Ballet" and "Don't Cut Yr Hair" play like sketches from his ebooks. They depict the permanent underdog who makes some of his most absurd experiences relatable via a stirring wit. Minimal arrangements complement straightforward lyrics, but thus far, the aesthetic has garnered Shubaly more success in literature than in rock 'n' roll.

He traces his rebirth as a writer to watching

“DIY no longer means releasing your own music,” Mishka Shubaly opines. “Everyone does that. It’s come to mean building your own guitars or effect pedals, hacking a child’s Speak & Spell into an instrument or designing your own custom instruments from the ground up.”

a Beat the Devil documentary wherein Shilpa Ray spoke of how much she liked Shubaly’s writing. The next day, Mishka got off the subway on the way to his construction worker gig and grabbed a copy of *New York Press*. It had an open call for writers. “I hate submitting shit because I hate failing,” says Shubaly. “But I was like ‘Fuck it, do or die. You wanna be a writer and here it is.’”

He sent off a non-fiction story he’d written about stabbing himself in the arm and ending up in the emergency room under a fake name. *NY Press* wrote back agreeing to publish the piece. But, they noted, having checked out the writer’s Myspace page, they were more interested in him writing a piece about his drug use. “I came home after work,” Shubaly remembers, “made a pot of coffee sat at a table and wrote 1500 words, a little piece about the drug I was doing and then emailed it off. The next week it was on the front cover and I was a writer.”

Shubaly ended up getting three of the magazine’s next four cover pieces and meeting editor Dave Blum, who wanted to talk to Shubaly about writing an ebook for Amazon’s burgeoning Kindle singles. The internet media giant started publishing novella-length ebooks in 2011. Shubaly was skeptical that anyone would buy his writing when there was already so much free content, much less on a Kindle. He’d gotten sober and quit writing.

“I was also thinking,” recalls Shubaly, “‘I’m sober now, so I don’t have any more stories,’ Dave was like, ‘You don’t have one more story?’ And I said, ‘Well, there was this one time where I got shipwrecked...’ So I wrote that up over a weekend, sent it to him, it went to number one and got this whole thing started. Basically I formed my connection with Amazon by doing a bunch of weird drugs.”

As a punk veteran of ill-repute, it feels incongruous to see Shubaly aligned with a Fortune 500 company that he calls “The Walmart of bookstores.”

“Is writing for Amazon selling out?,” he asks out loud. “Yes, absolutely. Amazon is a huge, evil corporation.

Corporations are evil, period. I also drive a car and the oil business is hugely evil. I buy guitars which are often made in Indonesia or Korea by children. I own credit cards, probably don’t need to expound on how evil credit card companies are. This is the world we live in, we live in an evil world.”

“Buying your groceries at the farmer’s market doesn’t get you out of it,” continues Shubaly. “I do what I can to not play into that system. But shopping at independent book stores doesn’t mean your hands are clean.”

Despite these types of cynical outbursts, Shubaly’s writing has an air of amiability. He mostly depicts himself as the nice guy who does stupid shit but never becomes misanthropic.

Shubaly has been sober for nearly five years now. “The quality of my life was going downhill,” he says of his decision to quit alcohol and drugs. According to the artist, he’d done acid, meth, speed, pain pills and Opana, on top of the standards. “The truth is that it’s very difficult to kill yourself with alcohol unless there’s a car involved,” he suggests. “You can drink heavily for a long period of time and still live. But that life will be so degraded that you’ll wish you would die.”

It’s a story that’s best documented in *The Long Run*, Shubaly’s breakthrough ebook about finding sobriety. He has dedicated himself to long distance running, though it’s not a story that he finds particularly redemptive or inspiring. “I was lost, for sure, but now, well, I’m still lost, just in a more complex, interesting and manageable way.”

I reached out to Mishka’s friend Tim Kreider, a frequent *New York Times* and *Al Jazeera* contributor, perhaps best known for his essay collection, *We Learn Nothing*. “There’s some sense in which Mishka” says Kreider “has lived his life in order that we might not have to. Instead, [we] get to experience it safely, vicariously.”

“The mark of a good essayist/memoirist,” Kreider continues, “is that his stories aren’t just about him. They are also, no matter how settled and square your own life may have been, about you.”

Shortly after the publishing of *Beat the Devil*, Shubaly’s former bandmate James Sparber reached out to him for the first time in years. Starting another band with both Shubaly and Zack Lipez, the former singer of Freshkills, twenty years after the three played together in a previous band, came as a welcome surprise.



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Rebel Racket

Band Members: Jen Shamro, Nasejje Bajista, Ari Holub, and John T

How did your band come together?

After years of traveling around the east coast playing solo anti-folk shows Jen Shamro took a break to find something different. Attempting to find the right balance for a slightly worn songwriter From Rum to Whiskey was formed then transformed into Rebel Racket. Playing as a quartet with Jen Shamro on vocals and rhythm guitar, John T on lead guitar, Nasejje Bajista on bass and Ari Holub on drums.

Band Interests

Drinking. Roller Derby. Books. Buffy the Vampire Slayer. Graphic Novels.

Website: www.reverbnation.com/rebelracket

Mancie

How would you describe the band's music style? Post '90's Rock

How did the band's name come about? The name is a reference from FX's "Archer," when Sterling Archer says over the radio, "M as in Mancy."

If you could describe each band member with one word, what would they be?

Lauren Stockner - Guitar - "Dolphin," Margaret LaBombard - Bass - "Cat,"
Andrea Montgomery - Guitar / Vocals - "Alligator,"
Mark Feldman - Drums - "Grizzly"

Tell us about your latest band project:

We just recorded a new song, "Time," which is going to be released as a single and will be part of a new album we're working on called "Meat."

What is the band's favorite music building experience?

After rehearsal one night, we ran into William H Macy on the elevator and we partied with him until 3 am while he recounted thrilling stories about the making of " Fargo."

About the band:

MANCIE is a rock band that has been described as "The Runaways" meets "Black Sabbath" on the way to a "Yeah Yeah Yeahs" concert. VICE magazine wrote that MANCIE is one of their favorite unsigned bands.

Website: www.manciemusic.com



"It's been great," Shubaly exclaims. "Eight years of silence really changes a friendship, you know? We don't take each other for granted anymore. Band practice used to be 'I have a new song, you play this part and you play this part and then here's the change.' Now it's like 'I came up with this groove – what can we do with it?'" Shubaly resonates most deeply when he waxes philosophical about his own maturity.

"Making music when you're 37," he reflects, "is a lot different than it is when you're 17. We have become who we were going to be. Zack and I are writers, James is a composer, Christian our drummer is an international percussionist. We're not counting on this band to change our lives. So it's been super fun."

"I was lost, for sure, but now, well, I'm still lost, just in a more complex, interesting and manageable way."

Apparently fun enough for Shubaly to throw himself back into the music world – he recently recorded a new solo album, *Alcoholica*, and is aiming to unleash it this year with working titles like "Your Plus One at My Funeral" and "Your Stupid Dreams."

As the sun fades over the East River outside Shubaly's window, the artist grows more and more pensive. Leaning back in his seat, Shubaly launches into a final cadence of words:

"You're hitchhiking down the road in the middle of the night, 4 miles away from your mom's house. You're almost there and a '70s gold sparkle low rider pulls up with purple tinted windows. The door opens and smoke rolls out. You could play it safe and keep walking and get to your destination. But the story is in that car. So I get in the car because I have to know. That's a life choice."

Shubaly pauses for a moment to reflect, then concludes: "That's not a writing thing. I just want to see where the story goes." We do too, Mishka. 🍷





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Top 5 DIY/Indie Albums from NYC (2000-2014)



TV on the Radio
Young Liars EP (2003)



Animal Collective
Sung Tongs (2004)



Japanther
Beets Limes and Rice (2011)



Foxygen
Take the Kids Off Broadway (2012)



Buke and Gase
General Dome (2013)

TV on the Radio *Young Liars EP* (2003)

TV on the Radio's home-recorded debut EP served to inform us that post-punk and gospel were made for each other. No one saw it coming. Minimalist production was unfortunately lost in the band's later records, but on *Young Liars*, a sympathetic ear for drones and distorted samples evoke John Cale's S&M-style viola, while Nico's detached vocals are re-appropriated here by an African American soul tenor named Tunde Adebimpe. On the heels of NYC's indie rock renaissance – brought to you by the Strokes, Interpol and the Yeah Yeah Yeahs – TVOTR took things to another place altogether. In their wake, a cross-genre form of psychedelia flourished in Brooklyn for at least ten years, giving us bands like Grizzly Bear, Dirty Projectors, MGMT and Yeasayer, amongst others. (Paolo De Gregorio)

Animal Collective *Sung Tongs* (2004)

It would be difficult to overstate the influence and reach of noise-pop innovators Animal Collective on New York's DIY scene. Their 2004 breakthrough album *Sung Tongs* found inspiration from such diverse artists as Syd Barrett, the Orb, the Beach Boys, the Grateful Dead and albums like the Beatles' tripped-out classic *Revolver*. Indeed, the album was the next step after the mash-up psychedelia of TV on the Radio's debut EP and easily set the stage for their conceptual tour-de-force of '09, *Merriwether Post Pavilion*. In the earlier, more immediate *Sung Tongs*, tracks like "Kids on Holiday," "Sweet Road" and "Visiting Friends" practically defined the sound of a whole generation of bedroom recording artists, from Tame Impala to Beach House and even Foxygen. The collective's song "Winter's Love" (which was featured in a *Simpsons* episode) captures the surreal glee of that period best with the moonlit couplet, "A false snow fall could ruin my day/Its mask hung from the street wire/ And winter's love, where could she be?/She's warming in my pocket." Ah, yes, it tickles. (Dave Cromwell)

Japanther *Beets Limes and Rice* (2011)

Those who were around in Brooklyn for the punk-rock revival of the aughts will likely recall wild, all-ages parties involving live music in unorthodox and often illegal locations ranging from abandoned warehouses to candle-lit basements to the far-flung beaches of Long Island. Punk duo Japanther (est. 2001) practically owned that scene. Their uncontainable live shows delivered frantic pop anthems alongside art-rock installations

and weird performance art. The band also managed to stick to their DIY creed as new rules for the internet age artist emerged. These days most of their records are on Spotify, but until a few years ago it was almost impossible to find their music streamed online. Of Japanther's dozen or so releases, 2011's *Beets Limes and Rice* strikes the best balance between the band's early guttural madness and their late poppier developments. It also features their two most memorable tunes: "First of All" (with the unforgettable intro, "First of all, fuck you all...") and "Porcupine." (Paolo De Gregorio)

Foxygen *Take the Kids Off Broadway* (2012)

Not as polished and catchy as the band's more popular sophomore album, *We Are the 21st Century...*, 2012's *Take the Kids Off Broadway* showcases instead the super-young duo at their most joyous, imaginative and raw. In fact, *Take the Kids* represents *thee* moment in NYC indie's transition from the freaked-out days of Animal Collective and Dirty Projectors to a period of (equally manic) revivalism. Looking back, this album is all the proof we need that revival rock can be as mind-blowing a psychedelic trip in the right hands. Aping in unpredictable ways everything from David Bowie to the Beatles, the Stones, Roxy Music, Brian Eno and Captain Beefheart, Foxygen forges a new identity that sounds both timeless and fresh at once. Guitarist Johnathan Rado's production is flawless too. By blending seamlessly a variety of instruments, references and oddball production twists, the experience exhilarates. (Paolo De Gregorio)

Buke and Gase *General Dome* (2013)

If we want to take the word "DIY" literally, Buke and Gase (originally Buke and Gass) represent the aesthetic at its most pure, at least as far as Brooklyn in the new millennium is concerned. The duo plays various custom instruments hand-built by guitarist/inventor Aron Sanchez. (He was formerly an engineer with the Blue Man Group.) Meanwhile, Arone Dyer lends her perfectly-tuned and flexible pipes to the cause, together with her adorable stage presence and mastery of the Buke (bass ukulele). She crafts adventurous melodies that recall a less schizophrenic PJ Harvey, which fits perfectly with Aron's menacingly angular backbeat. The core of the band's sound – the Gase, a multi-output hybrid of a guitar and a bass – gives B&G's two releases a sonic unity. Both albums are outstanding, but 2013's *General Dome* stands out for its improved songwriting and production, which – you guessed it – is entirely DIY. (Paolo De Gregorio)



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secret project robot

avant-garde arbiters
a decade on

by bill dvorak



On a cold December night in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, inside a converted auto-body shop on Melrose Street, a guttural male voice repeatedly screams “I’m a bitch!” over muffled electronic drum beats. The sound echoes across the dimly lit strip of decayed warehouses, past an unfinished United Revival Mennonite church. The converted auto-body shop is now called Secret Project Robot. It is one of Brooklyn’s longest-running DIY performance spaces and tonight a mixed-media art party is in full swing.

From a small stage at the front of the room, local noise provocateur Max Eisenberg (aka DJ Dog Dick) tears into a chaotic set of dissonant synths and homemade beats. His warped vocals and suitcase full of effects pedals cascade over the transfixed audience. The room itself is already a wonderland of painted white trees and glitter-covered foliage – an urban forest comprised of detritus cobbled together by SPR mainstays Raul de Nieves (of noise-punk trio Haribo) and Alexandra Drewchin (of avant-psych outfit Guardian Alien). A plastic Santa Claus and other Christmas paraphernalia dance across the wall behind Eisenberg, the result of a seasonal video art piece by Erik Zajaceskowski and Rachel Nelson. They are SPR’s founders.

In the Beginning

Secret Project Robot has its roots in several previous incarnations in Williamsburg. At the forefront of Brooklyn’s avant-garde for years now, SPR’s live music skews toward electro. The space is best known for its interactive art events. Musical performances almost always come with a related art installation.

Over the years, SPR has hosted a veritable who’s who of up-and-coming and established electro acts – Laurel Halo, Xenon and Oaklander, Autre Ne Veut, Black Marble, How I Quit Crack – though it would be unfair to say SPR hosts only one type of music. Even its electro acts often employ homemade or customized instruments and re-appropriate aspects of punk, ‘80s new wave and ‘90s house music. Visual aesthetics are steeped in the psychedelic black-light poster and surrealist neon imagery. Maya Hayuk, who previously rented studio space at SPR, is one of the breakout artists working regularly in blacklight.

Outside from the main room at SPR is a 4,000-square-foot backyard, transformed for the holiday season into a multicolored village of tables and booths. Local artists, printmakers and designers sell handmade wares there. A log stage for warmer weather performances occupies a portion of the outdoor space. Behind a homemade wooden bar and glowing fire pit sits several shipping containers. One of the containers is retrofitted into a practice space for SPR friends and collaborators Oneida.

The SPR holiday market is one of Brooklyn’s best exemplars of the creative renaissance the media has dubbed the “Maker Movement.” From clothing to jewelry to microbrews, this combination of DIY art, goods and music seems custom-fitted to the neon atmosphere pervading SPR. “Handmade” has come not only to represent their space over the past decade, but, in the eyes of many onlookers, the core of Brooklyn’s zeitgeist.

In spite of its influence, SPR can seem like a revolving door. Even staunch regulars, like Hayuk, rent studio space for a period of time, then depart when their work takes off. Nelson and Zajaceskowski remain; their nearly decade-long devotion to nurturing a specific artistic community has become something of a prism of the times. Navigating the pitfalls and red tape of running a performance space in gentrified Brooklyn, by turn, has made leaving a stamp on the landscape feel somewhat ephemeral.

All for Freedom and for Pleasure

Unlike other Brooklyn DIY spaces, Nelson and Zajaceskowski do not consider SPR a proper music venue or art gallery. It is less formal, more low-key. All mediums interact and on the best nights, artists, musicians, performers and audience all collaborate and participate. Nelson tells *The Deli* that when she and Zajaceskowski started SPR, they were “excited about breaking down barriers.”

“Typically,” she reflects, “music venues were for shows and galleries were for art, and we wanted a place to experience all these things at once. We were interested in an immersive environment.”

According to Zajaceskowski, the idea started as an “art



experiment” to “make art more accessible and more social.” He laughs easily during conversation and gets neither engrossed nor turned off by the pretensions of art-world speak.

The beginnings of SPR date back to the rise of Williamsburg as a new cultural mecca in NYC. Around 1998 – nearly a decade before rents in the neighborhood skyrocketed and monolithic glass condos towered overhead – Zajackowski and friends Arthur Arbit and “Fitz” began throwing underground concerts at neighborhood loft spaces as the “Twisted Ones.” Eventually the shows ended up at a space they dubbed “Mighty Robot,” a kind of DIY speakeasy at Broadway and Wythe Ave. It hosted then up-and-coming arty rock acts like the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, TV on the Radio, Les Savy Fav, Oneida and the Liars.

At the same time Mighty Robot was emerging, a hybrid-revival of ‘80s synthpop and House Music, known as electro-clash, hit stride at nearby neighborhood venues. By turn-of-the-century, Williamsburg was at the center of a global electro-clash underground. Seedy nightclubs like Luxx (now Trash Bar) and Larry Tee’s infamous “Berliniamsburg” parties saw acts like Fischerspooner, Adult. and Miss Kitten & the Hacker re-appropriate ‘80s darkwave and Italo-disco into a sexed-up DIY form. Gone were the flannel shirts and mopey lyrics of ‘90s alternative rock. Indie types were overnight decked out in neon and tight-pants.

While electro-clash never crossed-over to the mainstream, the revival of synthpop made a lasting impact on aughts indie rock. By 2004, indie icons like LCD Soundsystem, Postal Service, Of Montreal and Santigold had all released synth-heavy anthems into the underground firmament.

By 2007 electro and lo-fi indie merged as strange bedfellows with the arrival of “Bedroom Pop” (or the more maligned “Chillwave” tag). Groups such as Washed Out, Small Black and Neon Indian took cues from the electro-clash revival, combining them with the haziness of ‘80s shoegaze and the wooziness of ‘90s neo-psych. Composed mostly on a laptop, with minimal instrumentation, samples and a lazy, unproduced sound, this version of electro hit its peak in 2011. Washed Out, Small Black and Neon Indian had cult hit albums; you couldn’t swing a cat in Williamsburg without hitting a bedroom pop band.

The mania died down in 2012 when no bedroom pop album hit the mainstream charts. By 2013, it was very nearly gone. Washed Out’s 2013 *Paracosm* proved a sublime effort, though it was more psych than electro this time around. Small Black’s *Limits of Desire* (also 2013) eschewed the hazy synths and indecipherable vocals for a clearer synthpop indicative of the mid-1980s. In the wake of bedroom pop, more experimental artists were changing the electro landscape by defying easy categorization.

Postmodern dada-ists like James Ferraro, Oneohtrix Point Never and Fatima Al Qadiri employed field recordings, ringtones, elevator music, digitized voices, commercial jingles and other technological ephemera to create a familiar yet alien sound, soothing yet subtly unsettling all at once. It was not only something SPR had been doing for years. In a strange way, it felt like the SPR sound had suddenly found its audience. The problem was, it wasn’t being discovered at SPR anymore.

Nothing Ever Lasts Forever

SPR has always had an uncanny ability to draw experimental acts unto itself. From the electro-data moshing of Extreme Animals to the dissonant noise-punk of Yellow Tears to the trance-inducing dance pop of acts like Blanche Blanche Blanche, Teengirl Fantasy or Zula, there is something cohesive about the



and glitter-covered foliage

Painted white trees

aesthetic. Something bordering on curatorial.

A July 2012 installation and performance event called “You Are Here” featured acts like Xeno and Oaklander and regulars Guardian Alien performing inside a colorful, transparent maze made out of plywood and ribbon. The combination of loud, mind-bending music and the experience of feeling trapped inside the maze created a surreal but recognizable environment, a full-sensory reflection on the claustrophobia of the modern world, with its endless stream of Facebook feeds, Tweets, Instagrams, ad-bots, YouTube videos and sensationalist news.

“The acts we choose to perform,” Zajaceskowski says of SPR’s penchant for booking mainly electro, “we choose them because they fit with the installations. This leans away from rock bands a bit, which often don’t work when paired with installations. We like things to be bright, colorful, psychedelic and maximal, and we like art to be experiential.”

After the Twisted Ones ceased booking shows around 2004, Mighty Robot came to an end. Many of those involved, however, kept going. The collective eventually found a new home at a building they dubbed “Monster Island,” a warehouse on a then-desolate industrial street at 210 Kent Ave. in Williamsburg. It was around this time that Nelson got involved and, with Zajaceskowski, started an art space inside Mighty Robot they rechristened Secret Project Robot

According to Nelson, the name mocks many local galleries and event spaces that use the word “project” in their names. The mural-adorned building quickly became a central nexus for local music and art. It was also home to Kayrock Screenprinting (now in Greenpoint); Oneida’s recording studio, the Ocropolis, and their label Brah Records; the Live with Animals gallery; the Record Grouch vinyl store; Mollusk Surf Shop and a bunch of smaller studios and practice spaces.

The basement – known simply as the Monster Island Basement – hosted a litany of shows by the top Brooklyn indie acts as booked by promoter Todd P. The peak was perhaps a packed 10th anniversary show by the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, at this point a major label act.

Zajaceskowski recalls that when they moved into the building, the amount of work required just to make it usable was daunting.

“There was a hole in the roof and holes in the floors,” he remembers, “exposed electrical wires and walls to be put up to divide the spaces.” Nonetheless, he notes, the timing seemed right for an experimental arts space in the neighborhood. “It was a special time in Williamsburg,” Zajaceskowski continues. “Rents were still relatively inexpensive and so something like Monster Island involved little risk.”

Both Nelson and Zajaceskowski wax nostalgic about those days. Nelson recalls Monster Island as “an incubator for people who would soon be doing bigger things – Todd P, [the DJ] Jonathan Toubin and [designer, musician and show promoter] Todd Pendu, among others.”

Nelson and Zajaceskowski also point out that when the landlord opted not to renew their lease in 2011, it came as no surprise. “We had a sweet deal for seven years,” Nelson says today from the space in Bushwick, “but renewing was never an option. We were annoyed when newspapers like the *New York Times* made our leaving out to be one of those ‘another Williamsburg art space is closing’ stories.”

Nelson and Zajaceskowski also say that the neighborhood had

changed so much that they no longer felt welcome there. Nelson says that parents in the area were initially excited about an arts space, even bringing their children over to see the colorful murals. As the area filled with upscale housing, however, new arrivals grew wary of the space's overt alternative platform. As of 2014, Williamsburg remains a hub for NYC culture. Though with each passing week, one can't help notice said culture becoming more and more upscale. To those involved in the neighborhood's original makeover, it is a sore subject. They don't relate to its current iteration.

Neon Descending the Staircase

Following an epic, day-long block party in 2011 – featuring art and performances by Oneida, Golden Triangle, Aa, Knyfe Hyts, Divine Order of the Blood Witch, the K-Holes and more – Nelson and Zajaceskowski began the search for a new space. They eventually settled on the current one in Bushwick.

“We looked all around,” Nelson remembers. “We liked it out in Bushwick. It reminded us of what Williamsburg and New York used to be like when we arrived. It was raw and there was opportunity.”

Zajaceskowski says the type of events held at SPR “are what we’ve always wanted to be a part of. It presented itself to us over time.” Nonetheless, for an out-of-towner or new act looking to perform at SPR, a quick glance at the booking section of their website seems to indicate that getting in the door may not be so easy if you don’t have a similar sensibility. Nelson acknowledges that they “try not to say ‘yes’ to everything”; Zajaceskowski states that they like events to be “cohesive” and “something new.”

“We’ve sort of heard enough rock ‘n’ roll,” he laughs. “That was the Williamsburg of a few years ago and Bushwick has much more of an electro and experimental bent.” For the most part, the music and art hosted by SPR fall into one vein: An alternative to the rampant consumerism of the past two decades. As such, Nelson and Zajaceskowski rarely shy away from politics and offer casually their own brand of utopianism.

Numerous artists and musicians that have come through the space have represented this philosophy (knowingly or not). Take, for example, the work of Brooklyn artist David Shull, whose pieces often consist of “sculptures” comprised of discarded or utilitarian objects. His piece “This Thing Next to That” consists of a dollhouse placed next to a waste basket and milk crate; according to his mission statement on the MoMA P.S.1 website, Shull seeks to “create alternate realities; forcing the notion that their ‘regular’ reality may have farcical roots.”

H. Honne Wells – a music act who recently passed through SPR’s halls – performs a kind of dirge/drone Americana through a detuned guitar and affected vocals; it’s like Appalachian folk played on a broken transistor radio. Many Mansions, described on their Bandcamp page as “post-world music,” weave tribal and alien landscapes through a multitude of looped samples and live instrumentation.

Despite the fact that Nelson and Zajaceskowski have positioned themselves as tastemakers, they’re reluctant to accept much credit for the musicians and artists who have emerged from SPR. They deny any mark they may have left on Brooklyn’s DIY movement. “Part of me wants to say that we’ve had influence,” says Nelson, “but part of me thinks that if we closed our doors tomorrow, it would take people like six months to forget about us.”

Zajaceskowski sees SPR’s place in DIY as simply that of one player in the larger scene: “It’s hard to say how important we



1984



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are. We're part of it. All these spaces have helped make it what it is. When we first started, no museums or galleries were hosting bands, but now that's happening everywhere. The scene here has made that mainstream. As far as shows go, many people would now rather see music in unique spaces instead of typical venues. Why go to the Knitting Factory when you could go to a friend's space and have a good time?"

Nelson and Zajaceskowski point out that, while they're in agreement that the current state of the art world is troubling, their response to this via SPR is simply to create their own reality, not tear down what already exists.

"Apathy has told me I can't change the world," says Nelson poignantly. "Empathy has told me I can change *my* world."

The Love You Make


Part of what's kept SPR going for so long is the way in which Nelson and Zajaceskowski work together. While both have a say in the events, Nelson notes, "I do the boring stuff, like the bills"; Zajaceskowski says he "gets to do the crazy stuff." It seems that while they both understand how to run the space as efficiently as possible, Nelson is the one to vet some of Zajaceskowski's wilder ideas, to figure out if they're even feasible.

When Zajaceskowski tells *The Deli* that he'd consider doing a rave "the right way, the way it could be and the way it used to be – with cool visuals and bounce houses," Nelson quickly shuts down the idea, citing the potential for people doing too many drugs, cops and stress.

Over the years, Nelson and Zajaceskowski have also become better at running their business. They have learned "how to be more legit," says Nelson. They've opened up a nearby bar, Happy Fun Hideaway, to help turn a profit. "The bar is a way to take the pressure off Secret Project Robot," she says, "to help pay for that space. It's a big industrial space and if something breaks it's expensive to fix."

Happy Fun Hideaway also employs several SPR regulars. Nelson says that more than one regular who also works the bar has jokingly acknowledged how she and Zajaceskowski have essentially sustained them, both financially and creatively, for years.

While it is hard to quantify the exact impact SPR has had on the larger art and music movement in Brooklyn, it is clear that the colorful, outlandish events Nelson and Zajaceskowski curate touch individuals deeply. Both artists and longtime residents of Bushwick may soon find themselves also priced out of the neighborhood – in no small part due to the influx of upper-middle class aesthetes and their event spaces.

For now, SPR represents a certain kind of functional and sustainable model for a DIY space. Wanting to create art and change the world is the larger libation it has sought to concoct. Its sensation, when all is said and done, is likely to be like the ghost of a severed limb. 

All artwork by: Arthur Arbit, Mira Billotte, Conrad Carlson, Tom DeLaney, Raul de Nieves, Divine Order of the Bloodwitch, Alexandra Drewchin, Etain Fitzpatrick, Joshua Graver, Harribo, Maya Hayuk, Ian Helwig, Greg Henderson, Christian Joy, Kayrock, Zach Lehrhoff, Lauren Luloff, Cameron Michel, Rachel Nelson, Noodle Beaches, Prince Rama, Chris Uphues, Vashti Windish, Wolfy, Erik Zajaceskowski.

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Top 5 Electro Albums from NYC (2000-2014)



Fischerspooner
Odyssey (2005)



LCD Soundsystem
Sound of Silver (2007)



Small Black
New Chain (2010)



Balam Acab
Wander/Wonder (2011)



James Ferraro
NYC, Hell 3:00 AM (2013)

Fischerspooner *Odyssey* (2005)

Electroclash was the gun from the gate, as it were, for aughts electro revival. Fischerspooner, by turn, were amongst its initial progenitors. By 2005, however, a bevy of dance/rock hybrid albums had done what electroclash failed to do – reach mass appeal. *Odyssey* came in the aftermath of hit electro long-players by Santigold, Postal Service, Of Montreal and the Dandy Warhols. And while Fischerspooner failed once more to crossover in the same way, they did manage to give retro-sounding synthpop new life as a psychedelic subgenre. Lyrically, *Odyssey* hits all the touchstones of old-school psych, with anthems on sexual liberation, decadence, alienation, leftism and anti-war tropes wrapped in a robo-disco facade. “Ritz 107,” the album’s only non-dance track, takes a nostalgic glance back at the Beatles’ “Strawberry Fields Forever,” with its dandified surrealism and primitive keyboard sound. Closer “O” crescendoes into a massive wall of keyboards that easily sets the stage for the more woozy, psychedelized version of synthpop that came next with Washed Out and Neon Indian. Fischerspooner, by then, had quietly disbanded, but forget them, we have not. (Brian Chidester)

LCD Soundsystem *Sound of Silver* (2007)

When James Murphy of indie-rock band LCD Soundsystem first expressed a love of French electro-pop in 2005, the implication seemed simple enough. Its repercussions, however, proved infinitely more profound. By then, a ton of indie bands had attempted to integrate dance music with rock. With *Sound of Silver*, LCD Soundsystem went one further by re-working the pastiche elements of ‘80s synthpop into a harrowing personal reflection on the passage of youth. It makes sense. Murphy was, after all, 37-years-old in ‘07, wherein he found himself a kind of ambassador for two generations. While maintaining a love-hate relationship with “the kids” he mentions so often, the frontman happily admits to dropping the first ten years “just as fast as [he] can” in “All My Friends.” Elsewhere, he is full of contradictions. Even New York, the city he loves, freaks him out. Indeed, it is these contradictions that make *Sound of Silver* the generational identifier for post-millennials that it would most overwhelmingly become. Listening from today’s vantage, you can almost hear in “North American Scum” a desperation to show them Germans we can party just as hard as they can. But Murphy’s old enough to be concerned with the morning after the party too, which is why it’s hard not to get a little choked up when listening to him complain that “the coffee isn’t even bitter” in “Someone Great.” Never before had the listener been asked to go to the dancefloor to get details of such pathos. If, in the album’s wake, many would try to match its sophistication, none succeeded quite so dashingly. (Mike Levine)

Small Black *New Chain* (2010)

Small Black’s *New Chain* kicks off with “Camouflage,” an apt description for the Brooklyn four piece’s debut album, where the core of their songs are often cloaked under layers of hazy synth loops and drum wallops. For the focused ear, though, there’s much here to appreciate. Contemporaries of psych-electro kingpin Washed Out, Small Black’s synthetic snares snap gorgeously. Keyboards stack to build innovative, futuristic soundscapes, while singer Josh Kolenik’s dreamy vocals purr out a bevy of understated but crisp melodies. With the band’s expansive pallet focused into a single body, *New Chain* was equal parts cerebral and fun. It remains one of the azimuth moments in the chillwave canon. (Dean Van Nguyen)

Balam Acab *Wander/Wonder* (2011)

Much has been made of the cross-pollination of genres available to Internet Age artists through file-sharing sites and streaming software. Access to, well, *everything* is no guarantee of originality. What then makes Balam Acab’s debut album so fresh? For one thing, *Wander/Wonder*’s ambient, trip-hop, goth and post-rock intonations are so perfectly hidden that their disparity all but disappears. “Welcome” – the album’s opener – begins with a full minute’s worth of radio static and bubbling water sounds, followed by an ominous pulse throbbing beneath a slow-creeping industrial beat. Operatic vocal samples suggest only weightiness and tragedy, making the song’s swell into an exhilarating baroque dreamscape four-minutes in the kind of light-amidst-the-darkness that both surprises and regenerates. The same motifs hold for the album’s remaining seven cuts – each twitchy, static-laden and stunningly lush, like a subaqueous garden blooming deep within Neptune’s Kingdom. If Tri Angle Records labelmates Haxam Cloak found a receptive audience for their astral soundscapes at the Brooklyn Masonic Temple, perhaps we should anticipate Balam Acab at the New York Aquarium in the very near future? One can dream. (Brian Chidester)

James Ferraro *NYC, Hell 3:00 AM* (2013)

As haunting a wander through NYC’s late night streets as has ever been committed to tape, James Ferraro’s latest LP is minimalist to the point of being emaciated. The electronic composer weaves together components of sound – a thick drum loop here, a keyboard flutter there – to create a sterile soundscape that scrapes that darkest corners of avant-garde R&B. Ferraro is credited with pioneering vaporwave, a kitschy chillwave sub-genre that offers a satirical slant on consumerism, among other things. *NYC, Hell 3:00 AM* offers an interesting counterpoint. It sketches out from the grit and gutters of New York in the early seventies – a time when the city came close to bankruptcy – and comes up with a song cycle that feels more like a ghostly collage than a piece of archeology. (Dean Van Nguyen)

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me and my rhythm box

dj soul slinger, liquid sky and the first wave of nyc's rave revolution

By Brian Chidester

Drom, an East Village nightclub popular with students from NYU, plays host to a regular schedule of DJs in electronic dance music (EDM). Most of these are upstarts, experimenting with the latest technologies, learning to fade, scratch, change tempo and collage sound pieces from a variety of sources into dance mixes readymade for those who think young.

On a recent night, Carlos Slinger – aka DJ Soul Slinger – strolls into Drom wearing a feathered brown parka and goggle-style glasses over his shaved bald head. He makes a b-line for the stage, where he is twenty minutes late for his set already. Slinger wastes no time tearing a stack of vinyl records from his oversized backpack and queuing up a burbling, ambient texture on the left turntable. A stocky male with a pencil thin beard announces Slinger to the core of Techno geeks and EDM disciples who turn reverently to gaze upon on of the pioneers of Jungle Music.

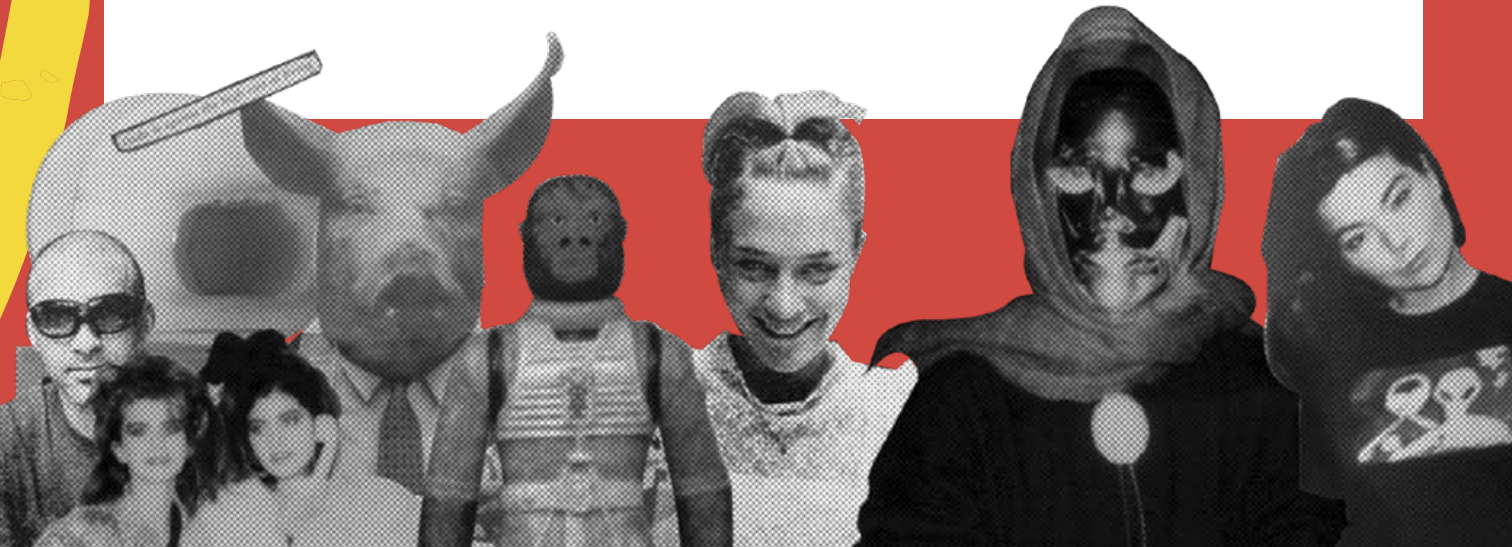
Time has tamed both Jungle and Soul Slinger. Where its odd polyrhythms were once disorienting, today they feel old school, the relic of a bygone

revolution making the occasional guest appearance. Slinger is amongst its last torch-bearers.

Jungle first burst onto the EDM scene around 1991. Until then, basslines in House and Hardcore were generally 160-180 beats per minute (BPM), roughly mimicking the human heartbeat after running a 100 mile dash. Gradually, the slower basslines of reggae and dub, which run around 70BPM, were mixed in. Jungle fluctuated between these two rhythms, letting the dancer pick to follow either the pulse of the slow groove or flail wildly with the faster breakbeat. In Jungle, the rhythm is the melody and dancers who understand its complexity can often look like circus contortionists out on the dancefloor.

“Jungle’s militant euphoria is fueled by the desperation of the early ‘90s,” wrote Simon Reynolds in his early history of EDM, *Generation Ecstasy: Into the World of Techno and Rave Culture*. “Composed literally out of fracture, Jungle paints a sound picture of social disintegration and instability.”

Indeed, that disintegration, in NYC particularly, started in the dystopian 1980s. Piddle down



economics, weakened unions, lagging industry and rampant corruption on Wall Street sent the economy into a tailspin by decade's end; it also happened that the first rush of AIDS casualties were being categorically ignored by the federal government. Globally, the Berlin Wall had crumbled by 1990 and the Soviet Union was about to dismantle for good. If new ideological battle lines were drawn, they were done so with a strange sense of hope in NYC.

"The defining motif of the last 50 years was the Cold War," said Moby in an interview from 1995 with Carlos's sister, Ruth Slinger, director of the recent documentary, *The Last Word*, a chronicle of '90s New York EDM. "You had the West on one side and the Soviet Union and China on the other and that's sort of broken down now and people are having to redefine their place in the world. National boundaries don't seem to exist anymore; there's these huge cross-pollinations between cultures — MTV globally, the internet, all this technology that enables people to communicate with each other and share ideas."

Though not exclusively a Jungle deejay, Moby, as well as

NYC's DJ Spooky, were amongst the biggest crossover acts in EDM during the '90s. Slinger shared many bills with both throughout the decade.

"If you were a Junglist," remembers DB Burkeman, aka DJ DB, "you knew Soul Slinger. My early history in rave culture is irrefutably entangled with his." Today, Burkeman is retired as a DJ, working instead on the design and promotion of his own art book series (*Stickers: From Punk-Rock to Contemporary Art* is his first.) Burkeman worked in the '90s with Slinger on an event they dubbed NASA.

At NASA, the two built a sort of psychedelic wonderland that eschewed the boilerplate House Music hits popular in Burkeman's UK homeland and favored, instead, the sounds that later became Jungle, Drum'n'Bass and Trance.

I myself first met Slinger at a small dinner party in Williamsburg this past summer, recognizing immediately his ease with people he'd never met. When the conversation turned to each of our family histories, Slinger injected a much needed dose of optimism. Not one to abide whiney declarations of personal exile, he told several guests that they must've come from a good name to've emerged so curious an adult. The sentiment, delivered in Slinger's thick Brazilian accent, seemed sincere.

Not until almost every guest was gone did he mention Liquid Sky, the company he founded almost three decades ago.

It is more than a cool moniker to Slinger. When asked to explain Liquid Sky in two sentences, he smiled and yelled back: "Get the fuck out of here, two sentences!" The explanation that followed barely touched on the fact that the company had unleashed groundbreaking records and trend-setting fashion lines. Slinger talks about Liquid Sky more as an ethos, an all-encompassing life's work.

Today he lives in Red Hook, a former shipping port and industrial district in South/West Brooklyn, bound by the elevated Gowanus Expressway. The lack of subway stops in Red Hook has helped to curb the kind of over-development seen in other waterfront areas of Brooklyn, such as Williamsburg. For now, the city's only IKEA remains Red Hook's main attraction. Slinger likes it this way. The gritty feel and abundant industrial sweep have spawned a thriving arts community kept also from gentrification by the large number of public housing buildings in the area.

Slinger and his 11-year-old daughter live in a sizeable three-bedroom apartment overlooking a baseball field, with the BQE off in the distance. The place is decorated chicly, though stacks of boxes piled high suggest Slinger's transient nature, as well as a mind still bursting with creative energy.

He chain smokes rolled cigarettes and talks easily about politics and conspiracy. The latter both informs Slinger's work as an artist and drives his intellectual curiosity.

Besides championing eco-conscious causes and being a



CARLOS

Liquid Sky was literally ground zero for a burgeoning community of kids interested in the new rave culture.

staunch advocate of privacy rights, he also believes the powers that be have hidden a long-standing relationship between humans and extraterrestrials.

"In Brazil I was born with alien culture," concedes Slinger, who at first is reticent to talk about the subject with a journalist. "Even at seven, eight, I was clipping newspapers of UFO sightings." He claims he has seen UFO fly-bys in the morning near his apartment in Red Hook, though according to Slinger, they are more likely to appear in remote areas.

"Imagine we are fishes in a pond," he continues. "We don't know what is going on outside the pond. Then some time a hand reaches in and takes you out and drops you back in. What happened? We can't explain." Slinger takes a deep breath and looks out the window, as if reaching deep into space for some profoundly elusive answer to the whole matter. "They raise us and protect us," he concludes quietly.

Slinger was born in Sao Paolo in 1957. His father Jose was a criminal and civil lawyer who met Slinger's mother, Helena Wajskop, while still studying at the Catholic University in Sao Paolo. "My mother taught me to be a hard worker," he relates. "She still works today in her eighties."

Jose, for his part, began work at 13 when his father left suddenly, leaving the young man to care for his mother and two younger sisters. When Carlos was a kid, his father was still trying to complete law school and Slinger insists that his family was accustomed to lower-middle class life in the city. Jose gave Carlos and his younger sister Ruth early lessons in activism.

"He was a leader of the Union of Students," recalls Slinger. "When I was young, I studied in the communist school until I was 12. It was closed by the military in 1969. I remember very well them in the streets." It was an experience Slinger says shaped his outlook on the potential corruption of power.

"My father later became more conservative," he continues. "He was not judgmental, just less radical, trying to bring people together. His temper could be explosive, though, and I have that too. But he taught me to be real and to be loyal."

Slinger eventually went to college and became a licensed veterinarian in 1981. From the get-go, he had the entrepreneurial spirit. "You don't need the middle man," Slinger likes to say.

He quickly developed a mineral nutrient for Brazilian cattle suffering from copper deficiency. By 1985, Slinger patented an anti-bacterial cream to rub over

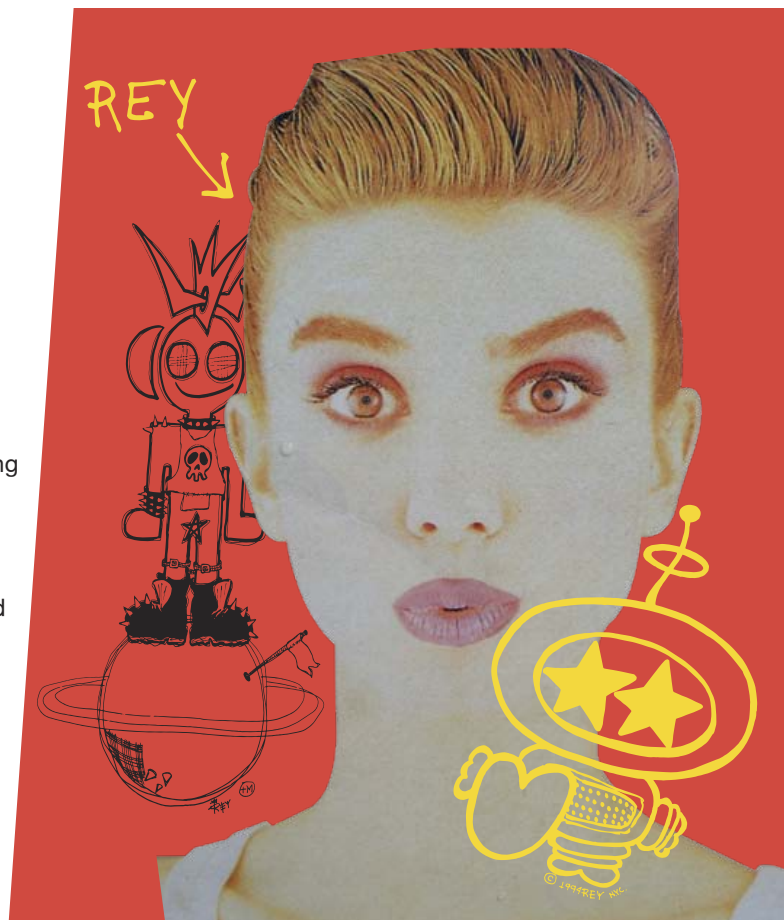
the cow's teet, making milking more hygienic without over-pasteurization or altering the animal's biome with unnecessary medicine. Then in 1986, Slinger found the woman who would change his life forever.

Claudia Rey, aka Zorro-Rey, was a 21-year-old model, who'd recently featured in *Playboy* and a host of international fashion magazines. She reconnected with Slinger at a party in Sao Paolo ten years after he'd dated her sister. The two fell in love and quickly married. Rey says she had to give up modeling, however, "because Carlos was really jealous." Intent to remain in the fashion industry, Rey had a eureka moment one night when the couple attended a film festival in Sao Paolo.

"We went and saw the film *Liquid Sky*," she remembers, citing the 1982 cult classic of punk cinema. "During the scene with all the wild blacklight makeup, I turned to Carlos and said, 'I want to do something like that.' That's where our first ideas for the Liquid Sky business developed. We called it Liquid Sky Cosmetics, after the movie."

"In Brazil," Rey continues, "imported cosmetics cost a fortune and domestic ones were these really boring colors, muted tones. Carlos jumped head-in, learned the business. I led the design." Liquid Sky quickly expanded to clothes.

"Claudia wanted to design and sell clothes," recalls Slinger, "so we opened a shop in Sao Paolo. Then we went to London at the very height of the rave explosion and met with Vivienne Westwood to carry her fashion lines in our store. Everything added up on that trip and we came back to Brazil and opened Club Dada."



By the end of the '80s, Slinger and Rey decided to take their concept to America, opening the first Liquid Sky shop in 1990 at 482 Broome Street in Soho. Amongst its first employees was a young Chloe Sevigny, who later starred in Harmony Korine's feral tween flick, *Kids* (1995).

Burkeman recognized the Brazilian couple as avatars of culture right away. "Soul Slinger," he recalls, "walked into a club [in NYC with] Rey, looking like they had beamed in from an alternative futuristic reality. I instantly made a beeline to find out where they were from." Burkeman was told of the couple's plans to set up various fashion and music projects in the city. "A few months later," he continues, "I started hearing about a shop called Liquid Sky. The store was literally ground zero for a burgeoning community of kids interested in the new rave culture."

Slinger encouraged Burkeman to sell his mixtapes at Liquid Sky, which moved in 1993 to Lafayette St. Burkeman was surprised how often he had to re-up the stock. "By the time

we started the NASA parties," he remembers, "Soul Slinger had established himself as a credible pusher of Jungle and Techno, and an absolutely vital part of what was happening in the city." Slinger offered to host the chillout room at NASA, which became known as the Liquid Sky Lounge, bringing in the most cutting-edge ambient and downtempo DJs of the day. Burkeman later partnered with Slinger and Rey on the Temple Records shop, situated in the basement of Liquid Sky.

Everything seemed possible at Liquid Sky; Slinger and Rey had finally realized their dream of creating a central nexus like the venerated Cabaret Voltaire in 1920s Zurich, where the Dada movement had been birthed. The *New Yorker* magazine called Liquid Sky a "total concept supplier to the rave revolution."

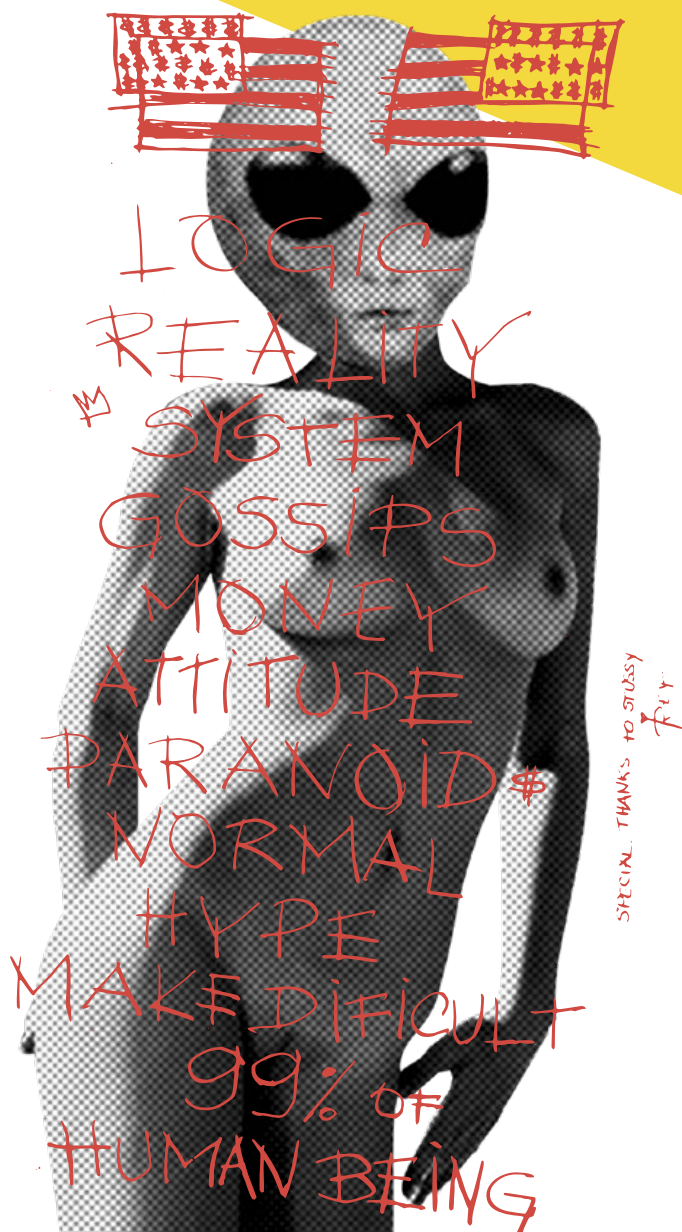
Besides his duties as overseer and impresario, Slinger also caught the creative bug and immersed himself with characteristic devotion to learning the DJ craft. "When Carlos first started DJ'ing," remembers Rey, "he was crap. But he knows a lot about jazz and all kinds of rhythms not common even in New York then. That helped him to take techno music apart." It took a while for Slinger to find his own style, says Rey. "But now that he has it, he owns it." Asked what Slinger's signature style is, Rey laughs when she says, "It comes from the monkeys and pigs."

According to Slinger, 1992 was the year that Jungle broke; '93 was when technology caught up and the beats became programmed. "In New York," Slinger remembers, "we were still sampling beats from old vinyl records. In the UK, they started programming individual clicks or maybe one part of a beat and then layering and programming and re-layering the parts into a whole new loop. You make it from scratch."

Slinger, at first, had trouble with the technology. A '94 version of "Abduction," his best known production, is something of a shocker when compared to the eventual remix by DJ T-Power that garnered huge underground acclaim in 1995. Where the latter is precise -- its beat an intense pound, its spacey elements the kind of hypnotic swirl that makes one feel lifted to the outer reaches of space -- the earlier "Abduction" feels disjointed. Its analog edits are easily detected to the degree that the results sometimes feel more like '80s art-rock collage works by Throbbing Gristle or SPK than what lie just around the corner with '90s tripsters like Astralasia or the Chemical Brothers.

Recorded at Mute Studios in the Hammersmith section of London, "Abduction," however, marks that seminal moment, according to Slinger, when he realized that anything could be part of the whole.

Liquid Sky continued to expand. Slinger says that DJ Raze of Astrawerks Records came to him armed with a three album deal. "I told him I didnt want it," recalls Slinger. "I said, 'I want you to buy my label and let me run it.' He agreed. With a little budget, we started releasing compilations and singles and in '94 we started our own label, Jungle Sky. Those were the golden years."



As Liquid Sky was reaching a creative and financial peak, however, Slinger and Rey's marriage was disintegrating. Neither felt entirely comfortable discussing the details with me. According to Slinger, he'd met an American girl in New Orleans and made the mistake of running off with her. Rey insists that Slinger had a temper and that she'd had enough. Still, there seems no love lost today. Rey continues to admire Slinger's artistic abilities and quick wit, while Slinger refers to her simply as his "cosmic friend."

Despite advocating the keeping of raves in warehouses, far out of the reach of alcohol companies and other big corporations, it was increasingly obvious to Slinger that, by the late '90s, EDM was big business and would remain a fringe art form no longer. Yet, even with a number of quality releases, Slinger himself never managed to crossover the way DJs like Moby, Spooky and later Deadmau5, Skrillex and David Guetta have. As such, Jungle may have been the last true underground scene to come out of Manhattan. Exorbitant rent prices drove the subculture to Brooklyn, where it has remained ever since.

Slinger likes to downplay his ambition by saying things like, "My best contribution to the '90s New York scene was to help other people become DJs." Yet in listening back to his recorded output and watching Slinger on stage today, it's obvious he takes his craft very serious.

Slinger's debut album, *Don't Believe*, dropped in 1997. He still points to it as the definitive statement in his oeuvre. When interviewed by *Paper* magazine at the time, Slinger said, "*Don't Believe* is a reference to everything we have believed in for the last couple of thousand years. We have to keep hope and energy alive for the next people who come. It's all just a wave of energy. Don't believe, just exist!" Not everyone was a convert.

"*Don't Believe*," wrote EDM critic John Bush on Allmusic.com, "sounds years out of date compared to similar Drum'n'Bass work being done in Britain. Disposable breakbeats and simplistic, House-inflected synth lines do little to divert the listener's attention over the course of many overlong tracks. 'The Law' is a wondrously executed downbeat excursion, but almost every other track drags on long after it should have ended."

A second Slinger album – *Upload: A Continuous Mix* –

keeps things more varied by modulating between grooves and textures to a degree unusual in Jungle compilations of the period. "Jungle Sky Prelude" struts midtempo through a funk groove that incorporates a number of elements from the Jungle Sky playbook – soulful female vocals, reggae dancehall narration and surf guitar sampled from the B-52's "Rock Lobster." The pastiche in sound feels eerily claustrophobic, like the listener is stuck endlessly in the overture of a nightmarish Guillian era musical.

By the time Slinger runs other artists – DJ Ming + FS on "Face Down," for example – through his Jungle transmogrifier, he seems intent to lay down everything he's learned in the clubs for the sake of posterity. Most interesting is "M.A.U.1," which lifts a sampled Bahian drum beat to sweltering levels, adding twitches and kick-breaks live in the studio to create one of the most exhilarating Jungle tracks ever laid to tape.

"The UK rave people thought I was crazy," remembers Slinger. "I had a lot of critics who said, 'This is not Jungle. It's Trip-Hop, Hip-Hop, Dub.' I was aware that it was unorthodox. It was purposeful, though. For me, sound is sound."

"He was always trying to push the envelope," concludes Burkeman. "I do feel like even within the weird world of Jungle, it was either too bizarre or [too] abstract for most. But the ones that were fans were fanatic and truly loved what he was doing."

"The same critics," remembers Slinger, "who wrote all those negative

things about me later came back and said, 'I'm sorry, Carlos. I was wrong.'"

According to Slinger, his biggest moment in music came at the turn of the new millennium. After many years touring destinations along EDM's underground map, Slinger decided to create the now legendary "Ecosystem" festival.

In August 2001, working in conjunction with Greenpeace, Ecosystem was four days of music, human rights and ecology held in the Amazon Rainforest of Slinger's native Brazil. He feels most proud that Ecosystem brought together representatives from the government, NGOs and artists who found a common goal in raising awareness



towards the environmental threats to the rainforest's natural conditions.

Through Slinger's reputation in the EDM scene, he was able to enlist the help of top-notch DJs and producers from around the globe. All told, Ecosystem brought over 40,000 attendees deep into the forest for what was, by all accounts, an event as deeply heartfelt as it was musically transcendent.

The next month, 9/11 happened; Slinger says it was the moment when creative experimentation came to a halt in NYC. Liquid Sky was \$50,000 in debt at that point and Slinger had to start letting workers go. The Soho shop closed doors for good.

"I gave 49%," he remembers, "to two partners who would run the label. After ten years of being the majority, I was suddenly the minority. I had to call Caroline Records and explain that I was closing the business."

The last Jungle Sky release was titled *Jah (Jungle Is Here)*; released in 2003 with Red Sony as distributor, its subtitle is almost laughably anachronistic. Jungle was anything but current then, replaced overwhelmingly by the nascent Dubstep sound taking over clubs from NYC to Las Vegas to L.A.

Slinger left NYC in 2006, moving back to Sao Paolo; he had a daughter with a woman whose identity he chooses

not to disclose. He took Liquid Sky's catalog into the digital world, creating a licensing wing for use in commercials and television. Meanwhile, Rey continued developing the Liquid Sky fashion line, though it was no longer a sustainable enterprise that either of them could live off of.

In 2012, Slinger moved back to NYC, to Red Hook, where he hopes to re-launch Liquid Sky as a larger creative concept. He has bandied about the idea of converting large storage crates into small studio spaces, possibly even an inter-connected bazaar of small clubs.

For Slinger's last birthday party, in October 2013, a handful of friends were invited to a warehouse in Red Hook that he'd recently helped Rey rent and furnish. Leaned against one wall were two gothic renderings of Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, painted by Rey, replete with devil horns, two sets of eyes and graffiti scrawls around the margins. If the description sounds kitschy, the results were frightening and downright hypnotic, the kind of anti-establishment sentiment that Rey and Slinger have embodied since they first burst onto the scene. Slinger warned one guest not to knock them over.

As his DJ friends began spinning from a small stage off in a corner of the warehouse, the space filled with an endless stream of followers and ever-expanding haze of smoke, none of it from cigarettes.

It seemed as if everyone who walked through the door



PAINTED BY REY ©2014



was carrying a copy of some record Soul Slinger had released over the last twenty years. The young DJs, especially, relished the chance to talk shop with the elder statesman; he took ample time with each one, signing vinyl editions of *Don't Believe* and the "Abducted" 12".

I took off just after 4am, though it was obvious the party would not end anytime soon. Slinger was still talking to a twentysomething DJ off in the corner when I said my farewells. He pulled me in close and said, "I'm aware of my mission, man. Touch their hearts." His hand was on mine.

The next month at Drom, Slinger brought along many of the same posse who'd attended his birthday party. Several stood by the stage and watched closely as he switched records, mixed tempos, scratched and adjusted volumes to increase the pulse at just the right moment to send dancers into an absolute frenzy.

At one point, Slinger lost the balance of a slow-building Jungle number that seemed like it was bordering on insanity. The whole bar was utterly entranced when, suddenly, he stopped both turntables cold in the middle of the song. The crowd shouted out their discontent vociferously. Slinger looked up and smiled uneasily, saying, "Sorry, sorry, sorry." He started over, but was clearly rattled.

After Slinger left the stage, he sat down next to me and rolled a cigarette. He looked weary.

"I thought I was done with all this," he says in my ear, as the next DJ's set gets underway. "I get pulled back in. It's just--" Slinger struggles to find the words for what seems like an eternity. Leaning back into my ear, he concludes wryly, "Maybe I just need to smoke a joint." An easy smile falls across his face and we talk about his upcoming weekly gig at Sutra Lounge on 1st Ave. in the East Village.

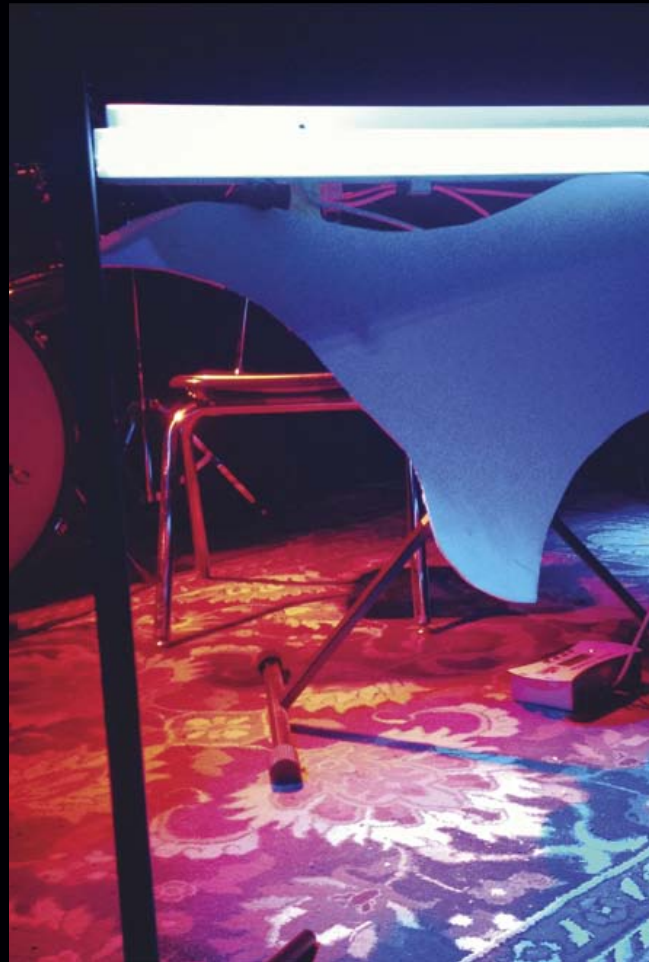
Liquid Sky remains the life's work of both Slinger and Rey. She hopes one day to develop her six characters (aka 'The Astro Posse') for animated TV, toys and video games.

As for Slinger, he says he has no regrets. "I didn't have time to devote to my ego," he insists, rolling a cigarette from just beneath the stage at Drom. Another DJ, more than twenty years Slinger's junior, stands where he just stood and takes the crowd into a rave-out of Dubstep and Deep House. "My drive is not to be a DJ star," Slinger concludes. "I always just wanted to move the scene forward. Maybe I was cautious. Maybe. But for me, it's more exciting to play with others than to just play for yourself." ☺



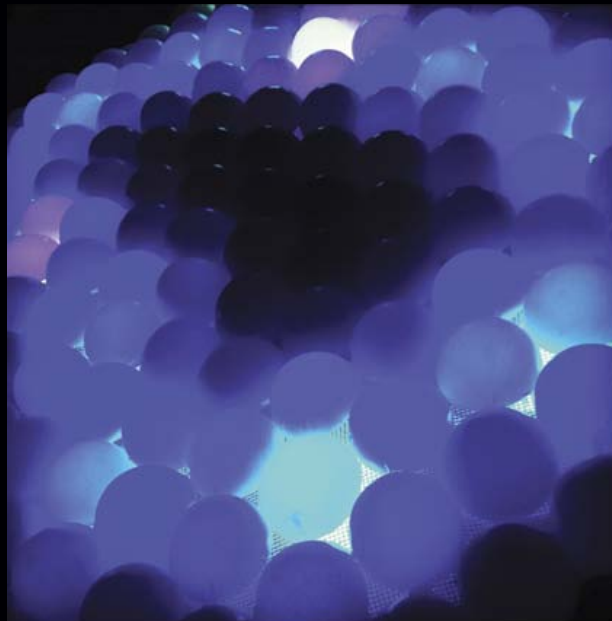
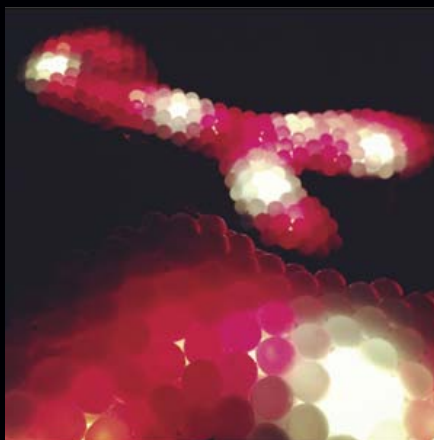
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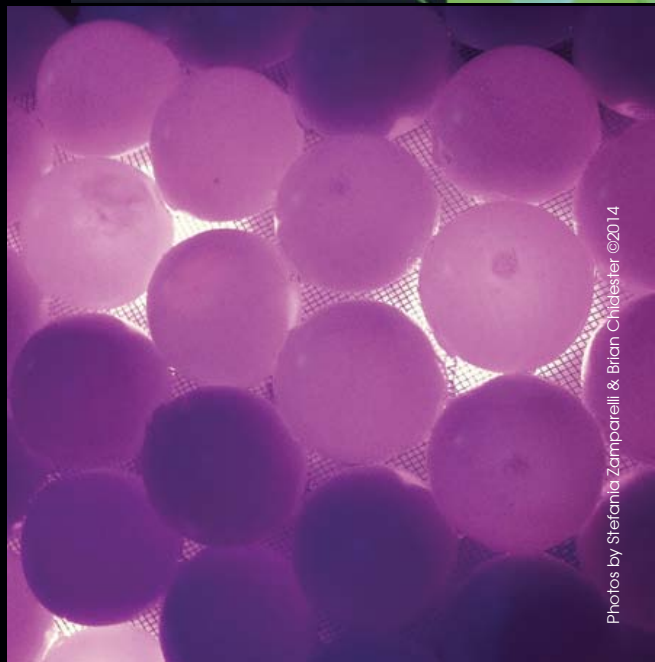
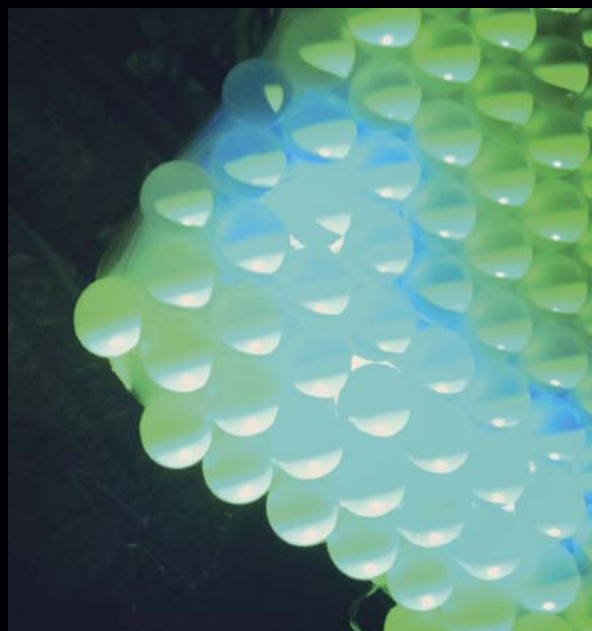
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“Amoebas” is a lighting installation created by FLASHBOOM for the bar and performance space Friends and Lovers (641 Classon Ave.) in Crown Heights. FLASHBOOM is Sabrina Braswell and Andy Miccolis, whose tagline reads simply, “We create things of light and sound.” They are a part of the growing trend in lighting design to bring experimental stagecraft to the DIY scene.

Inspired by natural and organic forms where individual parts organize themselves into strange patterns, “Amoebas” boasts fluid shapes that mimic with light things like flocks of birds and algae blooms in river-beds. Order emerges from chaos. Shapes seem amorphous yet familiar. In the dark, they develop into something new and different with each change. Presented here are results from *The Deli’s* exclusive photoshoot of the installation just hours before its debut with musicians on-stage. Enjoy the lights in their abstract, disembodied glory.





spectres in the age of steam

brian carpenter's cultural project

By Chris Saddler

In a career approaching three decades, Brian Carpenter – trumpet player, composer, arranger – has been a continuous presence on the New York City retro scene.

While gigging throughout NYC from the late '90s through the mid-'00s, Carpenter helped bridge the community of Jazz Age aficionados with the nascent Burlesque revival developing in NYC at the time. Much of his early shows were for launch events that eventually became well-known entities within the counter-culture. These include working with Dr. Skechy's Anti-Art impresario Molly Crabapple and playing Coney Island's Mermaid Parade, held each June at the antique theme park in south Brooklyn.

An avid history buff, Carpenter still finds fresh inspiration from these 20th Century period styles, which he says, found new voice in the versatility and spirit of city musicians and sound engineers that helped Carpenter realize his vision time and again.

"There's a cross pollination of genres," he says of the city's many retro-fitted artists today. "The musicians here are much more open than musicians in other cities." Crabapple – whose paintings merge the classical portrait with 20th Century kitsch – created band portraits for *Hothouse Stomp*, a 2011 album by Carpenter's Ghost Train Orchestra.

Carpenter splits his time between NYC and Boston, the latter where he maintains a day job as a software engineer. NYC, however, is where Carpenter continuously spends most of his creative time. Many of his bandmates are full-time NYC residents, though most of them work in a number of musical styles, not solely retro. Indeed, as I chased the story of NYC retro for this article, I was frustrated by the lack of central meeting place and scene focus that is emblematic of many artistic trends. It seems, as of 2014, retro is everywhere and nowhere specific.

Brian Carpenter's place within NYC's current retro landscape is more conceptual and objective-minded than many others operating on the Cabaret scene. "Beat Circus," says Carpenter, referencing his other band, "is kind of a Lewis



Ruth Band approach, which is to take a handful of people and force them to play many instruments.”

The Lewis Ruth Band was an ensemble put together by early 20th Century German composer Kurt Weill, employed to premiere his *Three Penny Opera*. “It was very rag-tag,” Carpenter continues excitedly, “as each member tried to play five different instruments that gave it a certain bizarre sound, edge and, of course, flexibility.”

Both Beat Circus and Ghost Train Orchestra are made up of many NYC notables within the jazz and underground community. These include trombone player Curtis Hasselbring of Slavic Soul Party and Medeski, Martin & Wood and violinist Mazz Swift, who plays with the Burnt Sugar Arkestra and Yohimbe Brothers. Beat Circus fuses formerly disparate genres such as Country, Progressive Rock, Gypsy and Gospel into a hypnotic aesthetic that at times recalls late period Tom Waits as much as it does Weill.

Ghost Train Orchestra, by comparison, has a much different sound. Aiming to make relevant the works of forgotten pre-WW2 era composers such as Alec Wilder and Reginald Forsythe, Ghost Train decontextualizes their pieces by adding modern sounds like electric guitar and vocal distortion through a bullhorn.

The idea behind GTO came from a show in Boston where, in 2006, Carpenter was commissioned to direct a 90th anniversary celebration of the fabled Regent Theater. When choosing compositions for the nine-piece band, Carpenter landed on late '20s sounds by Chicago and Harlem composers like Tiny Parham and Fess Williams, both of whom feature on the *Hothouse Stomp* album.

The overwhelming reaction that first night convinced Carpenter he was on to something. He and the band set about working on what would become *Hothouse Stomp*. “So much of the music,” relates Carpenter, “comes out of the Chicago gangster period of the '20s and '30s. What was so interesting for me was how the Chicago gangsters really supported the venues that allowed these musicians to play and create. Once the [Prohibition] crackdown happened, most of those venues closed and the musicians were out of work.”

Carpenter’s two albums for Beat Circus focus on themes from the halcyon days of the late Art Nouveau period and the excitement of a new century; their first album, *Dreamland*, takes its title from the long-gone Dreamland Tower at Coney Island. A second album – *Boy from Black Mountain* – is a Southern Gothic song cycle as cryptic as it is celebratory.

“Beat Circus,” says Carpenter, “is mostly original songwriting; I’m writing music and lyrics together based on some narrative, which makes it much different than Ghost Train Orchestra.” He says that most of the Beat Circus songs were conceived of as part of a larger cycle or stage play. “We’re working on a musical now with the Berkeley Repertory Theater in California,” Carpenter continues. It is based on a book by Herbert Asbury called *The Barbary Coast*, about the mid-1800s Gold Rush on the West Coast.

Though Carpenter’s historical mission is to keep these lost composers as relevant as the Ellingtons and Gershwins of the period, he also hopes that Ghost Train can bring back some of the visceral elements sorely lacking in live jazz and Cabaret music today. He points to this rawness as the key reason why retro has a lasting place in today’s NYC nightlife and counterculture. It is an alternative. It is also one of the most common cries heard in the city’s underground circles – “You missed it when it was really good.”

Sometimes it is difficult to know where nostalgia ends and truth begins. I’m reminded of the words V.I. Lenin spoke, saying, “All revolution is based in tradition.” Indeed, retro has continued to infiltrate each new music genre, from hip-hop to House Music, where audiences and artists alike often deem vintage styles more authentic than the current music trends.

In retro, audiences and artists alike often deem vintage styles more authentic than the current music trends.

The recent popularity of bands like the Lumineers, Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeroes and Mumford & Sons is nothing new. The '90s had alt-country, surf music and swing; the '80s revived Art Deco and psychedelia; the '70s were marked by Country-Rock and Blues Rock revivals as much as they were by disco and punk.

A Jazz Age party on Governor’s Island each spring in NYC coincided in 2013 with the release of Baz Luhrman’s fashion-laden film of *The Great Gatsby*. The event drew thousands of women decked out in flapper dresses and bob haircuts, the men in cut suits and corn-cob hats. In fact, much of what is in the NYC retro scene has more to do with role playing and costuming than with musical progression.

Michael Harr, a NYC retro figure known as the Ragtime Barber, is DJ of the *Ragged Phonograph Program* on East



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Village Radio and WFMU. He attributes the recent surge of interest in Jazz Age and Cabaret styles to “an overload of speed” in our current age. Brian Carpenter’s music has struck a chord with this audience. The size of Carpenter’s bands, however, leave an unfortunate predicament in the types of gigs he can play. Money is a constant issue for Carpenter, as his bandmates are, for the most part, professional players.

Many of Haar’s friends have a hand in NYC’s retro scene and some work professions that involve craftsmanship – carpentry, baking – which allows them to deal with palpable goods, as they might have done in the early 20th Century.

Bars like the Way Station in Brooklyn are what some call “Steampunk,” a label that most die-hard Jazz Age collectors de-cry as a passing trend and an offensive one, at that. Steampunk, in fact, goes back to the 1980s with William Gibson’s popular book, *The Difference Engine*, an alternate history about a mad scientist who creates the first computer using steam technology. It is the size of a university.

From the start, Steampunk was more literary genre than musical. Channeling the spirit of 19th Century sci-fi (think H.G. Wells), Steampunk storytellers grew in popularity throughout the ‘90s, passing Edwardian macabre elements onto teen stories of handsome vampires wearing puffy shirts and top-hats. The fantasy has since touched everything from Japanese anime to industrial music and, especially, retro of the Jazz Age ilk.

Carpenter is currently touring with Ghost Train Orchestra to promote their 2013 album, *Book of Rhapsodies*. The Jalopy Theater in Red Hook, with its puppet show red stage curtain, ruby red lights and church pews for seating, is a rustic early 20th Century throwback venue. These days, the theater is mostly dedicated to Americana and roots music, a perfect fit for Ghost Train Orchestra’s first NYC show of 2014.

The audience on a Saturday night in January is diverse in age and race, the multicultural dream of the new millennial Brooklyn bohemian. The music of GTO is all-inclusive. A middle-aged guy might not stick out here like he would at a Sleigh Bells gig or at one of CMJ’s many youth-oriented shows each summer. Dressed in three-piece suit and a fedora with a tall, thin, lanky physical frame, Carpenter pushes the band like a proper mad scientist. His eyes and facial expressions serve almost like thought concoctions on how to “conduct” the band. The more animated Carpenter is, the more the crowd seems to whip into a frenzy.

The band stays true to the structure of the original pieces – the harmonizing between the horn players is beautiful and stable – though GTO’s two violinists often take free-spirited, modern liberties with the songs.

Carpenter doesn’t seem to mind. Guitarist Avi Bortnick’s surf rock and psychedelic flourishes are a nice unexpected touch, complementing the already eccentric arrangements of the Raymond Scott compositions with panache. Alto and tenor sax players Andy Laster and Petr Cancura rip into solos with Downtown NYC avant/free-jazz abandon on tunes like “Her Old Man Was (at Times) Suspicious” and “Celebration on the Planet Mars.”

The Brooklyn studio of legendary sound engineer Martin Bisi – best known for his work with noise legends Sonic Youth and on Herbie Hancock’s “Rockit” – is what Carpenter declares “the best drum room for recording.” Favorable reviews of Ghost Train Orchestra’s first album and an appearance on NPR’s *Fresh Air* with Terry Gross boosted album sales, though much of the completion for *Book of Rhapsodies* depended on crowdsourcing websites, as well as cash from Carpenter’s and other bandmates’ own pockets.

“Kickstarter was so valuable,” says Carpenter somewhat sheepishly. “The fans are often artists, writers or filmmakers themselves. There is a filmmaker named Richard Barber who came to our very first show in NYC in 2007 and we still see him regularly.” Barber, says Carpenter excitedly, recently finished a documentary on New Orleans music.

Carpenter loves to collaborate with many of these antiquarians, as well. Artist Noah Woods worked with the bandleader on the front cover for *Book of Rhapsodies*. Carpenter also had the chance recently to play Dadaist Hugo Ball in Martha Swetozoff’s film *Perfect, Kind Hearted Wickedness* (2013). “Martha saw a Beat Circus show,” he says, “and was inspired from the parts of the show where I was throat singing. After the show, she immediately ran up to me and said, ‘You are Hugo Ball!’”

Carpenter also produced a radio documentary on all-around Brooklyn oddball and early electronic pioneer, Raymond Scott, with some help from WFMU DJ Irwin Chusid. Scott’s composition “New Year’s Eve in a Haunted House,” as well as his ubiquitous “Powerhouse,” are Ghost Train Orchestra favorites in their live performances. There seems no end in sight to his hunger for reconfiguring the past.

In the end, the many characters inhabited by Carpenter’s work may seem limited by their retro pretense. Yet those who might imagine him serenely aloof from the world of contemporary music are missing the point of what it is he does. “It is art that makes life,” wrote Henry James to fellow 19th Century author H.G. Wells. That Carpenter’s biopsies of lost material have reproduced results that carry on such works as musical artifacts is triumph enough. Mediator or hero – that’s for you to decide. ①





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The Deli's Stompbox Exhibit

One of the main reasons *The Deli* has made it these ten years has been due to the Stompbox Exhibit. First launched in October 2011 during the CMJ Music Marathon, Stompbox is a unique expo of the latest in guitar pedal gear. The exhibition took place in a tiny room called Google's Lounge, which was part of the Living Room, a historical Manhattan venue that sadly closed in 2013. Stompbox was also hosted by nearby guitar store Ludlow Guitars.

The exhibition then gave *The Deli's* editor-in-chief, Paolo De Gregorio, something of an epiphany. Realizing that, of all the audio equipment used by bands covered in *The Deli*, guitar pedals were not only crucial from a sonic perspective, but were also fun looking collectibles that guitarists and gearheads were obsessed about. Since *The Deli* didn't have the resources to cover all the pro audio gear out there, focusing just on the coolest of the coolest made the most sense.

After an encouraging Manhattan debut, the 2012 Stompbox moved to Brooklyn, home to most NYC musicians. The new host was Williamsburg's large guitar store Main Drag Music, which has been very supportive of *The Deli* since its inception. The move brought the exhibit to an entire new level, with over 25 participating manufacturers.



2013 saw the Stompbox's debut not only at SXSW, as an unofficial event organized in a small ceramic shop's gallery in Austin's East Side, but also at the Nashville-based, summer edition of the musical instrument conference known as NAMM. (The exhibit also showed at the huge NAMM show in California in January 2014.)

Earlier this year, Stompbox was an official event at SXSW's Gear Expo, proving to be their best attended event so far.

It will be returning to Brooklyn at Main Drag on October 25-26, so mark your calendars now!

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- A monophonic granular sampler that reads and saves 8-bit 22050Hz wav samples from a microSD card.
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