

Count G - Pyramid Coil



Box Drawers is a poetic proposition

Box Feathers is just a mad proposition

Box Drawers

1. The autopsy lasts long
2. Cassettes with no voice
3. PrometheusX4
4. Eventually
5. Fell to Earth
6. In the morning I will
7. A centipede of memory
8. Lies have long legs

Box Feathers

1. Aesthetic ...
2. Cancer Bow
3. Perfect Stooges
4. Pyramid Coil
5. Ummah Ground
6. The Internal Panther
7. Smoking the herring
8. Something is taking its course
9. Waltz with a bat
10. ...Anesthetic

Count G - keyboards, loops, drones, cut-ups, quotations, voice, clarinet, field noise, sound scavenging, and eavesdropping

Deviant Fond - guitar on *Fell to Earth*

Mr. Kyp - telephone voice on *Perfect Stooges*

Poems by Stathis Gourgouris

In the morning I will includes the Greek poem "Apokrisis"

PrometheusX4 is a live remix of musical material from Heiner Goebbels's setting of Heiner Müller's *The Liberation of Prometheus*, created for a performance of the poem at *documenta 14* in Athens (September 20, 2016)

The voice on *The Internal Panther* is Huey P. Newton being interviewed by William F. Buckley on *Firing Line* (January 23, 1973)

Extra cassette material in *A centipede of memory* culled from Eduard Artemyev, Autopsia, Bonobo, Todd Brunner, William Burroughs, Heiner Goebbels, Henry Cow, Jason X, Bill Laswell, Lena Platonos

Additional sample-glue sprinkles by Aksak Maboul, Albert Ayler, Nels Cline, Grant Green, Massacre, Merzbow, John Phillips, Sun Ra

Recorded and mixed in The Boys Room at Riverside Studios, New York, except for the improvisations "Aesthetic.../...Anesthetic" which were recorded live at The Interplanetarium (April 22, 2017). Mastered at Terra Infirmia.

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Eventually

The sun found him
Making little
Red boxes of tin
With a golden
Trellis of perfume
Future coffins
Of tears

Απόκρισις

Μου λένε
πώς πετάω στα σύννεφα,
μα δεν έχουν ιδέα
πώς πετάνε τα φύλλα
μεσημέρι στον ύπνο
πώς πετάνε μεσάνυχτα
τα βήματα
ενός ερωτευμένου
πώς πετάνε οι φόβοι
πάνω στα άγρια δεντρολίβανα
πώς πετάει το αήριο
στην θάλασσα
και φεύγει.
Λάθος.
Δεν πετάω στα σύννεφα.
Πατάω στα σύννεφα.

Response

They tell me
I fly in the clouds
But they 've no idea
How leaves fly
In our afternoon sleep
How a lover's footsteps
Fly swiftly at midnight
How fears fly
Over the wild rosemary
How tomorrow flies
Over the sea
To vanish.

Wrong.
I don't fly in the clouds.
I stand on the clouds.

A centipede of memory

There was a time when lives went around freely in cassettes. You put them in play and slept soundly, without anything unexpected for a whole hour. That's why they were especially loved in the afternoons, next to the furnace, when dreams plead for something warm. Of course, people also took cassettes around in their cars. The give-and-take of life would happen in scary turns of the road, narrow passageways, ambiguous terminations – de-terminations. The cassette determined your mood.

What the fuck am I doing right now? Why am I in this hell hole? Wouldn't it better if I'd stayed at home? Where you don't know whether life exists or doesn't because all is quiet and no cassettes are playing? Then I thought, such questions are best recorded in cassettes and sold in the streets, illegally, as if you're an immigrant. Because, in any case, such questions are not allowed. They ruin the market of indifference. At least in the car, cassettes take over the space. You forget yourself and you might even lose your way. While on afternoons like this, next to the furnace, you don't go anywhere, even if you follow some dream-worthy cassette trajectory. In any case, you know, you have to wake up and change sides. Sleeping on your back without moving has the face of a deathly eternity that scares the fuck out of me.

So thankfully, cassettes come to an end. Changing sides may help you find another road, even if your body refuses to get away from the furnace. Besides, it's still afternoon. Soon, the market exchanges will stop. But really, does anybody care about your own homemade cassettes? It makes no sense. Anyone can easily record their own. How much does it cost to record an afternoon? How long can a man's life last? What questions! In a 90-minute cassette you can ask everything – and more. You even have room for the dark remainder, the dregs from way under.

We all know how easily dust gathers on the head of a cassette. But dust never weighed heavily on anyone's life. Every so often it's a good idea to blow on the head, to get rid of the dust, to bring some clarity back, even if temporarily. We never said we're all cleaned up or anything! You never get around it really, don't even bother! Fuck it! We're only talking about a head. When was it ever really clean? You know, the head is made of dust too, like everything else in the universe.

In any case, every cassette goes to hell. At some point, the machine chews up the tape and then, with total unnerving concentration, you have to pull it back out,

slowly like you're weaving, and spin it back to the beginning. With one cassette you get to rewind everything. A life in shambles, mangled and stepped on, returns to where it started and gets played anew.

Shake your fuckin' head! What do you know about cassettes? When did you ever change sides to see what happens underneath? Stuck to a wall for your whole fuckin' life!

Anyway, what the fuck are we listening to all afternoon? I don't see how this song is ever going to change. It's a loop. It comes and goes, dragging its ass on the ground. A centipede of memory. You want to make a turn and you just can't. It's this car too. It's too far gone to go anywhere. Who cares about the cassettes! Cars with cassette players? What the fuck is that? You tell me this car is an antique, only no one wants it, so it's a piece of shit!

Really, who the hell wants his life to be limited to 90 minutes like a soccer match? Wouldn't you rather have silence, which can never be recorded? This way you don't even need to change sides. You can lie down on your back forever, looking eternity in the face. So what if you hear nothing. So what if you are nothing to someone else's ears.

After a billion years, it's enough that your breath will be heard in some dark corner of the universe. No cassettes, no nothing. Don't take for granted that right now the furnace is so sweet and you've been totally seduced to daydreaming. How easy it is for people to be seduced. A song is enough. It makes them forget everything. Or remember things that didn't happen.