

Dudes on Drugs • Cabaret Rustique

David Fenton - guitar, bass, percussives, voices, piano, synthesizer, glasses, typewriter

Stathis Gourgouris - clarinet, piano, bass, percussives, voices, poetry readings, glasses

Todd Brunner - guitar, piano, bass, percussives, voices, vacuum cleaner, glasses

Recorded 1982, Santa Monica, California by Dudes on Drugs. Produced, assembled and mastered 2018, Kent, England by Todd Brunner.

Poems (Lyrics) by Stathis Gourgouris

Cover photograph: *"Studio Refuse After Recording"*, 1982, by Annalise van Pelt.



DoD Sessions

Throughout the year of 1982 the three of us took part in an ongoing guerrilla recording project, which at the time just seemed like a whole lot of fun and nothing more.

By "guerrilla", we mean that between the three of us we owned absolutely no proper recording gear. So the DoD sessions were recorded on a series of stereo cassette machines, fed into each other to produce a crude form of multitracking.

Cheap microphones were used and plugged directly into the cassette decks. No mixers.

There were also no pre-written songs or arrangements. Everything was improvised. The idea was to record one improvisation featuring all three players and then, while listening back to the first improv (with full bleed through from speakers in the room), overdub a second improv on top of this. The length of mic cables often dictated where instruments were placed, and this in itself, became a "feature" of the sound.

We recorded many sessions in this manner, all of them late at night, fuelled by alcohol and/or drugs (thus the name) and almost certainly annoying sleeping neighbours in Santa Monica's Rustic Canyon. This type of practice is now known colloquially as "being young".

The First Record

As this was the early 80s, the idea of making records was changing. Artists that we admired were circumventing the traditional record industry and putting out their records themselves. We liked this idea.

Upon hearing about an upcoming avant garde music festival in Los Angeles, we came up with the idea of pressing some LPs of the music we had recorded, and selling these at the festival, to people who might actually be willing to listen to this sort of thing. With that in mind we borrowed (meaning we didn't pay for it) the use of a friend's cheap recording studio and mixed an album of select tracks from the sessions.

As there was very little time to mix the album, and having no real objective perspective on the work, we decided to slap a bunch of crazy effects on some of the tracks to make them sound "cooler". In retrospect this was probably a bad idea.

We pooled our funds and had 500 copies pressed, using as the cover a pic of the three of us taken at the end of the Santa Monica pier at night. There was no writing on the cover, just a black background and the picture, with nothing on the back. The label of the record



was also black, with just "DoD" and "Side A" and "Side B" in white letters printed on it. No track names. These came much later.

Like men on a mission we stood outside venues for the music festival, albums under our arms, and miraculously managed to sell all of them for the bargain price of \$5.00 (sometimes \$4.00 after haggling) each. By the time the festival was over we were out of albums, and actually in profit for the entire endeavour. With this in mind we decided to call it a day, keep our money and not press any more records. In truth we figured we had already saturated our potential market. This practice is now known colloquially as "small thinking".

Over the next 30 years it was assumed that the master tape to the record had been lost, until it was unbelievably discovered in a friend's basement in 2015, much to everyone's surprise. The tape was still playable (just) and we were able to get a good digital copy off a borrowed 2 track analogue machine before it started dissolving.

Soon after starting Sublamental we were pleased to release a remastered Dudes on Drugs for the first time in over 30 years. It was only at this point that we finally named the tracks!

Cabaret Rustique

In 2016 Stathis discovered, in his archival vault, some of the original cassette tapes that the DoD sessions had been recorded on. For some reason he still owned a cassette deck and was able to play these and ascertain that there might actually be another album's worth of material there. Another Dudes on Drugs album after 30+ years? Could we do that? Of course we could, we have a fucking record label!

So we began pouring over the tapes and picking out stuff that might be palatable to the kind of listener who enjoyed the first record. To our



surprise we came up with perhaps a stronger showing than the first, which admittedly did not have as much thought put into it.

And contrary to the first release, when compiling and remastering these tracks, we elected to celebrate the atmosphere of the original recordings and not add any effects at all. The only exception to this is the track "Hieroglyphs



Lament" to which we added a beautiful large room reverb, because, well it just sounded so good!

All of the DoD sessions were peppered with priceless performances of young Stathis interpreting his own poetry over a variety of noise. We decided for this last DoD release, to include these poems as the "lyrics" of the album. For this Stathis had to painstakingly pour over the tracks to pick out the words, as he had long since lost and forgotten the poems.

So yes, this is the last of the Dudes on Drugs recordings, as there is simply no more usable material from the sessions left. But there is rumour of a DoD remix album in the works at Sublental. Who knows? If you enjoy this material and appreciate where it comes from, bless you! If you don't, why are you reading this?

David Fenton
Stathis Gourgouris
Todd Brunner,
November 2018

I have nothing to say and I am saying it and that is poetry as I need it.

– John Cage

Cases of Beer

His screams persisted in the distance
Distressed and unintelligible
Like the stray chorus of rabid dogs
From the first glance
He played to a heroic remoteness
He was on the road for five years
He insisted that he could not be called a rogue
A rogue does things, he said affectuously
Apparently, he espoused himself with an
infectious purity
He called it godliness
Which he illustrated by promptly admitting
He had not bathed for as long as he had been
on the road
Instead devoting himself and his time
Purely to idleness

Close:

Army patrol. Five men, cropped hair, prowl the
sand dunes.
A smile that knows the game.

Closer:

Civilian clothes. On their back, weaponry and
ammunition
Carried with vulgar conviction.
Cases of beer. Each man his own.

The Bible Says No

Smoke, is it?
Flows from mouth to rock
Reptilian dust
Stains
The cries of birds
Undress the trees
Earth, I unfold you, my handkerchief!
I've seen the ravishment of the land
Seething, not unlike a leaf
In cold autumn

Hugging the ground
Skin stretching
Like a lizard
This tyrannical cough is slowly murdering my
sleep
No blankets, just wings
Without birds
Covering strips of naked heart
This wound of a bed
Demands too much rest
These sheets will cover even the waves
Friends, bring me some water
The tree in my heart will flower
Remember pushing the moon
With each breath
An inch up the mountain
Measuring its weight
In the longing of one initial thread
Glowing behind the brush
Like so much grain emptied in a cup
Welded on skeletal hands.

Friends!

Don't forget the water
Keep good care of the blankets
Keep a complete medicine kit
Know how to use it!

Robin Hood Road Trip

If only my breath could turn
The window into a puddle
Thick warm liquid
Breath split like a cell

If only the breath of crowded bodies
Would hit the streets like a bomb
Wrapping traffic in a blanket
Shattering windshields

Imagine the roar
Of a million breaths

Working ahead
In total silence

Boyhood crashes
In feverish strides of billboards
And street tomfoolery
These anxious days are in fact
Overdressed ventriloquists
Hiding in the back of little shops
Courting lonely coat-hangers
And no one will pay enough for them, I'm told
A boy blowing on his trumpet
A fury of dreadlocks
Crashing through herds of buses
Contains the revolution

Little Red Robin Hood hits the road

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