
first concession? Obey order to move
the van.... Cops take the street, melt the
van—a beat surfaces: the last ambient-
techno epic. Singularly hypnotic
diaphanous class of incessant toms,
ritualistic percussion, and queasy
processing dissolve the street-action,
culling out unheralded Balearic
elements: full Spanish whispers, pliant
bass, unobtrusive hand drums, echoing

nylon-string guitars. It's perfect cop-
texture: dark, druggy, more
transcendent—less linen-clad loungers
and more tribal-techno and breakbeat
primitive: a dimension parallel to these
once-placid sounds, allowing dread,
unease, and a chemically-enhanced
sense of dominance in over the edges.
They were all identified, they were all
processed: out tissue become sentient,
out tissue bite itself, out tissue self-
arrest. Propelled by a deep, throbbing
tom-and-timbales pattern and a
sustained, almost levitating church
organ, the van—now in the cop's
house—opens onto an intoxicating
void: he likens this process to planting a
“seed” that seeks a “prime” number of
collaborators. There's little void-tissue
beyond a keyboard's warm-skull-finish:

a phrase walking alongside a
complementary droning world-tone
might ask the world away, and perhaps
a memory will wander in, but nothing to
build on and no shell echoing the
hollowing out of the future—only dim-
lit hooks stretching to darker, duskier
moods and a spacious, slowcore pace
undermining sublimely textured guitars
that spin off one another into an ether
of faded memory, next to skeletal
patches of warm-crawling psychedelia
textures *It's a cop's last beast dream.*
Meanwhile we're gunning down
interlocking guitar mystics, kicking in
van-doors, even those tones that would
unwind forever at a tree's tendril's pace
.... If only that cop's levitating hooks cd
code out the last emotional flex-cash
being siphoned in from the future? But

they or it can't. Should you just refuse to co-exist in every impressionistic trance, like the light-and-dark glow of a perp's magic hour, you'd be only worse off—*he speaks now only to the police*. A bottle thrower is shamed, pallet barricades alternatively applauded and criticized through the night. The police were trying to clear the area of all “trash”. But these mammalians grinding up against some larval other—like they literally handed things to the police! Last vestiges of autonomous elements, guitars' echoing grooves scraping away a hibiscus void, drifting landscapes, new textures—just bits of trashed stars
