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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 could 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

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