



# \$RAG03

"FAMILY"

"showcasing obscure music, media,  
and counter culture"





This quarter's SPRag is about family.

Family is a convoluted concept. Water is thicker than blood and all that. I personally don't talk much with my family; I never found much use in them.

When I began SP I hoped to start some trades and networking – instead I found a group of people I love working with, and would go to the ends of the world to help support.

SP has built a family, from our various SPsubsidiaries to our famously SuPurb SP artists. The devotion, kindness, and caring that goes into every piece of work is uplifting to me. I know for a fact that every artist closely involved in this project feels the same way. It is no stretch of the imagination to say I truly love you all as brothers and sisters.

I don't know much about blood and water, but it appears too me that music and art can inspire something great.

~ SP

(Flat Affect)

(Bastard Child)



A giant THANK YOU to all of the artists who continue to contribute amazing sounds. This list is just a small fraction of the incredible array of music that SP has been honored to introduce to the world. As we grow and the sounds pour in, it becomes more and more difficult to create a compilation like this. Perhaps the future will find us releasing much larger compilations with the SPRag, but for now – Enjoy!

- 01 – Body 13 – Those Who Dream By Day Are Cognizant of Many Things (Edit) (SPNet050)
- 02 – PHANTASM NOCTURNES – Memories in a Broken Mind (SPNet048)
- 03 – RedSK – Guttled Mechanics Part I (SPNet054)
- 04 – Beutewaffen – Texcatlipoca (SPNet055)
- 05 – Bash Nova – Earthy Gaia Kisses (SPNet050)
- 06 – Doomettes – That Night, With Hacksaw in Hand, She Had Her Revenge (SPNet051)
- 07 – Sean Derrick Cooper Marquardt – Apocalyptic Survival Kit (SPNet084)
- 08 – RO-or – Storm 1 (SPNet045)
- 09 – MVSN – Evil Revealed (SPNet079)
- 10 – Ryder Farms – Faith (SPNet067)
- 11 – Pollux – Imaginary Full Moon (SPNet050)
- 12 – Noises from the Void – Letargo XVII (SPNet 061)
- 13 – Drain Cleaner – Former Friend (SPNet062)
- 14 – Hectic Head – Indian Taxi (SPNet065)
- 15 – Monster Weird – Osmosisbag (SPNet073)
- 16 – Flat Affect – Morphine(e(g)) (SPNet50)
- 17 – Matt Builds Character – I Walk Down Whispering Roads (SPNet075)
- 18 – Joel Nobody – Domesticated Bull-shark (fizzle fop) (SPNet081)
- 19 – Ech(o) – A Fish Upstream (SPNet084)
- 20 – Avs Sylvester – Drawing of Thistle (SPNet077)
- 21 – Dentist John – A Walk With My Dog (Nighttime) (SPTOfSP005)
- 22 – Covolux – Opus (SPTOfSP014)
- 23 – ReAL.alTER.Ego – meur ras (SPTOfSP018)
- 24 – (o)thers – Preyground (SPTOfSP013)

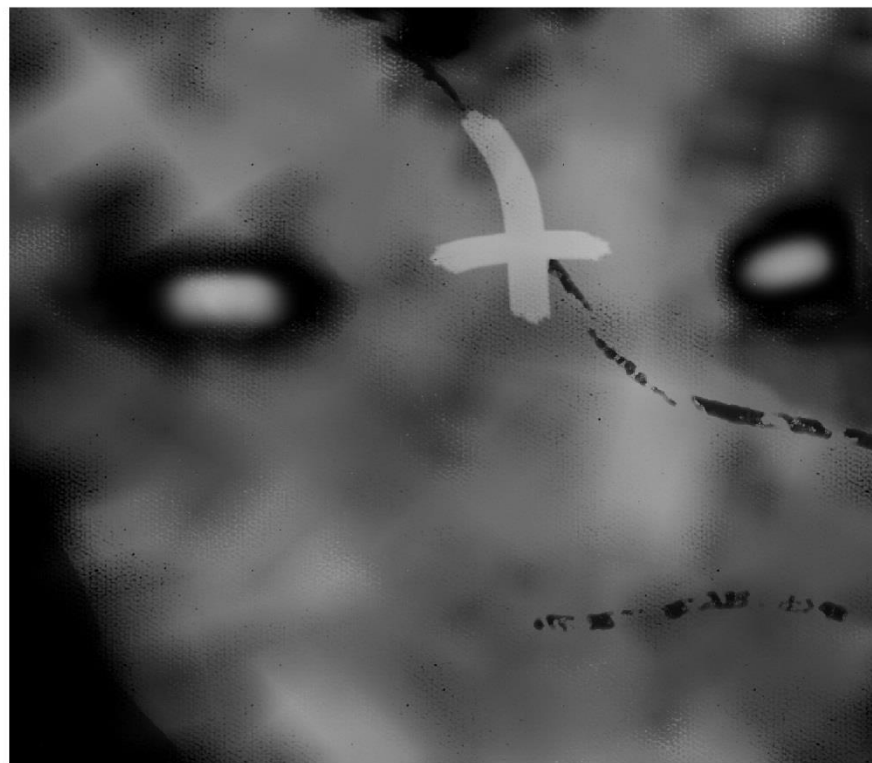


~Muerte~

ALx



Check SPNet.d and Keep the Music Alive!



**UNCLEAN**

by

**FORFY**

Hailing from Australia, Forfy is the newest Administrator at SP and is the resident Discogs.com Guru! Forfy's music never fails to amaze, no matter the particular sub-genre!

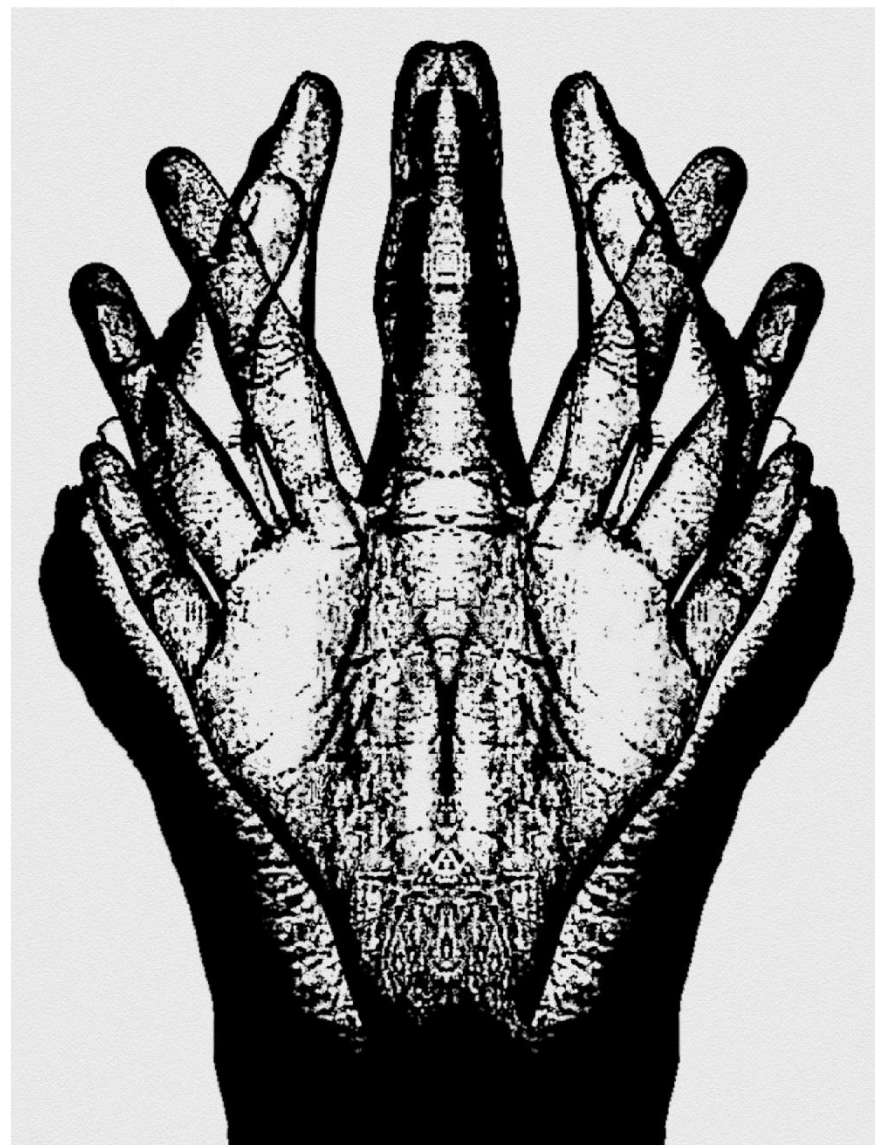
Find Forfy at: [facebook.com/bodythirteen](https://facebook.com/bodythirteen)

## 12 Questions with Leigh Stench

1. How did you come up with smell the stench, and when did you start?  
I started sts cause I use to trade tapes before internet arrive and I wanted to release and trade
2. What are some of your favorite releases from Smell the Stench, and what are you most proud of?  
Too hard of course to answer - the 7ep nova-sak /egodeath
3. What got you into the DIY scene?  
love n passion for sounds and d.i.y is the fucken best way
4. What is your favorite genre or trend right now?  
noise harsh ie sounds, dark ambient, some neofolk, some shoegaze, post rock depressive b.m, black metal funeral doom and pagan stuff.....
5. How has the DIY scene influenced your taste in music?  
many labels have done this, too many to add but i'll say freak animal, total holocaust recs., parkbench recs., rrr,shit noise records, vomit bucket prods, werewolf promotions, depressive illusion, rigorism prods, turgid animal uk n hes b.m label, many tape labels,cold spring recs, etc. list is endless
6. What is your philosophy on music?  
=life plain n simple. life is sounds everyfuckenwhere
7. I hear you like to drink, tell us a little about that?  
I drink always heaps with this fucked existence. Jagermeister, whiskey, many memories many forgotten nights
8. What's the most awesome thing that has ever happened to you?  
it still has to happen?
9. Your label seems to have matured some in recent years, what changes have you made?  
releases in ltd 99% are ltd now more special this way
10. What do you see happening next with Smell the Stench?  
the future is endless maybe some pro releases
11. What would you like to say to all the fuckers out there reading this rag?  
let's fucken trade and buy releases more ya buy more releases are made, support labels with out the support how can labels exist
12. Is there anything I forgot to ask you'd like to mention?  
thnx for the interview and support all best with your zine n sounds mate I raise my drink to you. stay true to yourself, see ya in vahalla



<http://www.smellthestench.net>



Ciò che non hai visto

Artwork by: **ALx**

A one-man project of a young and obscure being that has fun instilling incertitudes into the world

through noises and art.

<http://soundcloud.com/pointexclamation>



## Sounding Off on Noise

Sounds have always been an enormous component of my existence. Noise is and was a very important as well. It seemed like things just clicked for me. During a particular span of time it's almost like everything gradually became much more rewarding to listening to. (except for bullshit of course) I'm not completely sure how, but I began my journey by taking notice to the use of dissonance in popular music (like most). Those parts in those songs were the coolest. I didn't understand why nor did I have the patience to try to understand why I was drawn towards noise. The sounds didn't offer anything at all in a conventional or "technical" sense. But, in both in abstract arctic expression it spoke volumes of the piece and the composer. Most of which I would only begin to understand how much I truly related to. I couldn't quite grasp the concept that noise existing within music can represent absolutely anything in life. A bad day, a portrait of a demolished post-nuclear landscape, or nothing at all. It's both spiritual, religious while being both nihilist and atheist. It's sexual while being innocent and sensual. At the same time it's meaning isn't verbalized or even implied. It just it what it is. There's no sugar coating on noise. It's the unfiltered harsh alternative. Alternative to what? To the horse feed many people call music. Some like the full flavor while others prefer to water it down. Noise is and will always be the unfiltered truth. There of course, those of us who just can't handle the truth. (which is of course to be expected, especially when it comes to art in any raw form). There's always going to be the argument of "Well, anyone could do that." Which is in some ways a possible valid point. There's always going to be someone in the room who thinks that way. That's how things are, and that's how they're supposed to be. I sometimes find myself wondering why Sun Ra doesn't have his own national holiday, or why The Residents, Merzbow and Jandek all don't have a dozen top ten records. And then I remember who I am, and what planet I'm on.

Being prepared for any attack or lack of support has been known to be a big part of being a noise artist. (Fortunately for most of us, this is NOT the case) Being able to take any negative comment and turn into something of a lesson, learning to deal with closed minded motherfuckers, and of course playing what Mike Watt refers to as "Character Builder Gigs" (You know, the ones where nobody shows up) are all part of the supposed life as a DIY noise artist.

I can recall a particular era in my life why I viewed the experimental scene as taboo, but somehow still felt a strange kinship with what I was seeing and hearing. Not only did I relate to what I was seeing, but I was finally assured that there were people in my area who were cultured enough to be able to draw influences from sources far beyond my comprehension at that time. I was just as intrigued with the strange characters that made the sounds as the sounds themselves. Their appear and stage presence creating a visual performance art all it's own. While I am much older and most of what were mysteries are no longer as mysterious, I still get that same sense of wonder that had me drawn in from the beginning. Through all the groups and collaborations, I still manage to make noise by my self, and at this point I feel like the possibilities are infinite for the future of noise. And that is what keeps me going.

**Joel "nobody" Switzer**

<http://www.facebook.com/joelnobodynoise>



**SPNet.d** is SP's way of raising money for SPsubsidiary labels to decrease cost. This is a way for our family to work together to bring SP to greater and more professional heights! All projects will be completed because of, or in spite of, the donations received. It is our guarantee that any money presented for a cause will be used

toward the cause, and the cause will be completed. Visit [sprecordings.com/donated-net-releases.html](http://sprecordings.com/donated-net-releases.html) to peruse the incredible selection of sounds from a variety of SP Artists!

Here are a few of the projects coming up:

**SPV** - Funding SP's first Vinyl release featuring RedSK and Flat Affect mixed by a SPecial artist!

**SPsubsidiary** - Funding a Pro-CD release for (O)thers!

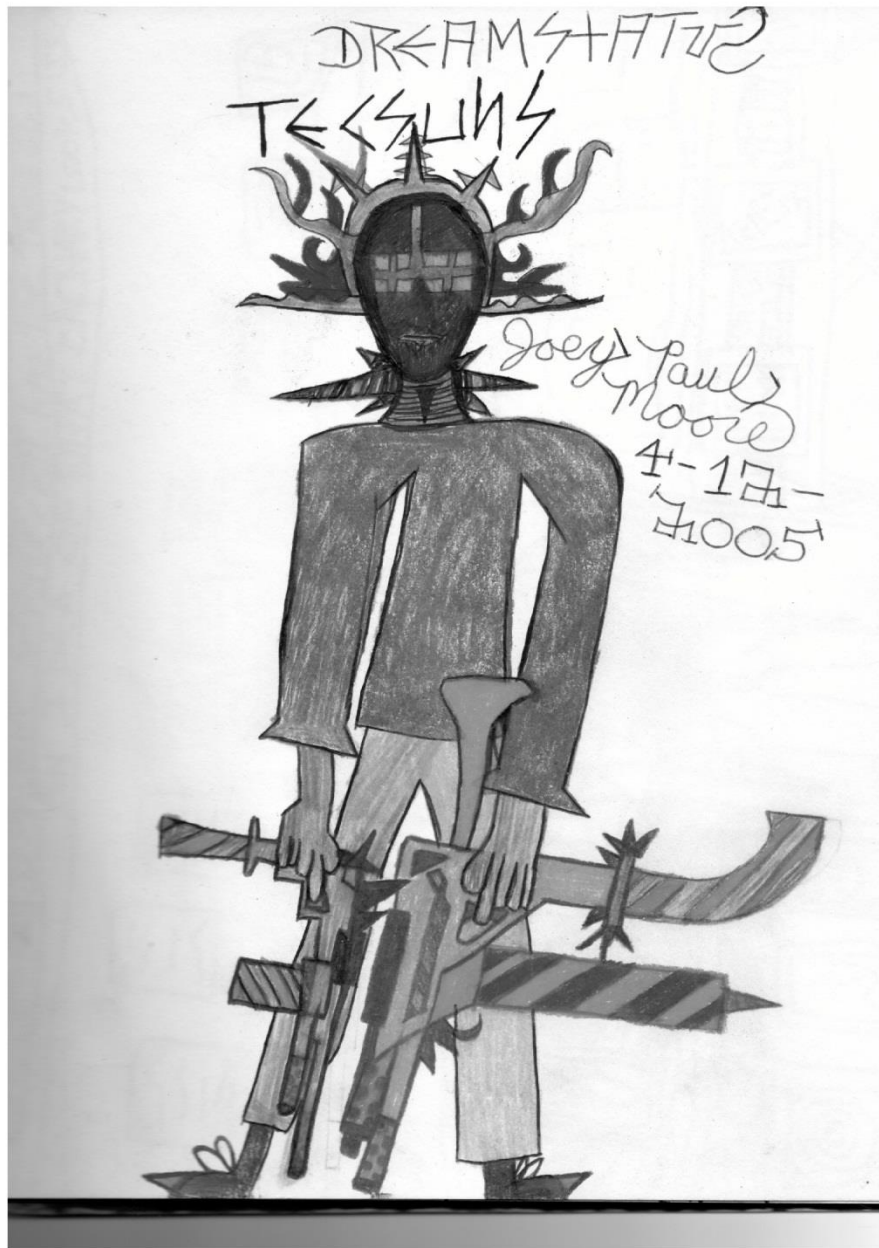
**SP** - Funding repairs on 2 cassette dubbers, and also funding



the repair of a reel to reel and 8-track player, allowing us to release in newer (old) formats!

**SP Artist** - Gathering donations toward a new computer for SP Artist Swin Deorin/Bash Nova!

**LISTEN = LOVE = DONATE!**



## Another Nightless Sleep

~ by halluciphile

=====

Absurd bewildering coercion  
eat tobacco tea with Tabasco  
team torso triangulations toaster  
bing bango blipy belch bothus  
sapphire quid ellipsion sperm  
socks a weed in your corrosion  
Tiny taco tamed teal toots  
touring water spatulas  
dominate the cityscape  
transcend sound waves  
oblong oral tradition  
mayhem meandering means motion  
Melancholy moss sleeps in all day  
turn left and shower bath  
replisome soap cadet smears scat  
scoop poop grind litter noise  
forsake my ears with the tonal solo  
mature mono masquerades mangler  
Meet beep plot and point  
sheer career cut and paste  
write collaboration copy random  
anagram nerds mingle tangibles  
sacrifice the pop on tour  
drop the midrange and rewind  
Dance trance and eat plants  
retreat unforgiving grammar  
mishaps placed precisely  
charms dwindle and shimmer  
hair coat shampoo and shave  
share familiar interest 606  
Sing it live interject 909  
bass riff splits curfew  
show shimmies shipping shake  
bend mend tend defend trend  
lend capital convert currency  
create confusion spread it like a virus  
Mingle mindless master thesis  
moving makeup makeover make-out  
plan planet plant ant space  
dominate diversify rotate university  
mind flow siphon bloom mushroom  
gameboy programmed electro  
Feed the cats and let the dog out



voice violators venting veneration  
the plot thickens with chickens  
the whole song in like 30 seconds  
enough sitcoms t.v. is evil  
sleep come quick and deep  
Manufacture tomorrow tonight  
tough took teats treats  
suckle dreams chew meats  
look forward another ritual revival  
ban procrastination prevent slothness  
motivate productivity prematurely  
Primal soup please pour power  
permanent transactions taking root  
eye conspire contrived catastrophes  
behold banal anal junkie jew  
sodomites practice it and so should you  
get it in wrighting before you are done

=====

doctor drunken teahouse

POETRY SPONSORED BY:



**FLORIDA NOISE ORDINANCE**

**WEB LABEL/DISTRO/STORE**

**STREAM/DOWNLOAD OVER 80 ALBUMS**

**OF NOISE/PUNK/METAL FOR FREE!**

**FLNOISE.WIX.COM/FL-NO**

**FACEBOOK.COM/FLNOISE**

Dreamy Shaver  
Chapter 20  
#2012 Joseph R. Moore

Xavier gets ready for the day. He always has a busy day. Runnia's interchangeable-cyber-punk record store is no easy pickin'. He throws his dirty sweat saturated t-shirt and boxer briefs he was wearing while sleep in the corner hamper basket. Xavier picks out his clothes & the day head to take a shower. He jumps in the shower dirty black mucus water starts to run from the shower head. He slams his fist against the head. What the Fuck. he yells all the sudden it goes clear. Not warm clear water coats him. Thinkin that was odd "Fuck it!" goes on cleaning him self. All the sudden out of nowhere Xavier back of his head stretches open like being ripped apart by a vice. A technicolor rainbow of blood shoots out. Purple, black, blue, neon green splatter all over the shower. Xavier flipping the hell out screams "help help!" Then it all of a sudden sucks back in like it was all a dream. Xavier can't help shaking and crying in shock. As it all disappears, Xavier thinking to him self hoping flash back of the dream the night before. Laying on the shower floor convulsing to the system of his body not know why or what is hope to him. He freaks having visions of mutated cyborgs and beasts from an unknown hell warping earth's space. He freaks then at this moment over they stop





Patrick "RedSK"

Doyle

*SP* Alright. So this is gonna go real loose, like. Figure I have limited space but we have unlimited time, so the best questions/answers will get used and the fodder will go to shit. First and foremost, though, what the hell does "RedSK" mean?

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** This is a question I get asked a lot and I guess the easiest answer would be for me to say HOW the name came to be. As far as what it actually means, the name is meaningless. But! As you may know, I started off as DJ RedSkeÿe. When I stopped doing that, I just dropped some letters.

*SP* I did not know that. So DJ RedSKeye (with an umlaut). Were you DJing, or...?

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** I was in fact "DJ"ing, but more importantly, I was making music via sound recorder. and by music I mean noise, without really knowing that noise existed at the time or had a proper name. Oh, and by DJ'ing I mean, making mashups with a buddy of mine and playlists for radio websites.

*SP* So, this leads to a question that I know you and I understand, but this is for all the mothers finding this Rag under their son's bed: Why noise?

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** Shit, why not. I was an obnoxious child that turned into an obnoxious adult. I wasn't even entirely convinced what I was doing was considered music. The only thing that held the term "music" attached to what I was doing was the fact that it had "beats." Also I had no real musical talent.

*SP* Which leads to another interesting point: As a noise musician I'm not entirely sure you are always making noise. Is there a method to your madness?

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** There are many methods to my madness. I've developed a few formulas I maintain but I'm always trying to push my own boundaries.

*SP* So a few of your recent releases are more like mix-tapes of a large variety of projects. How many projects are you involved in, and do they actually fit comfortably under the moniker of RedSK? WTF is going on?

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** I don't even know how many bands/side projects I'm involved with currently or in the past. You could check discogs, but that's not always totally accurate. And there's lots of songs made by some of my bands that were never released. I will safely say over 50. And no, only about half of that my actual SK persona is involved in.

*SP* For the lovers out there, can you explain "SK persona"?

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** The SK persona...Can I explain it? The SK persona is loud, and everywhere, and on drugs, and probably drunk, and probably fucking your Asian girlfriend in the butt - But he's a really great guy and a good friend to have.

*SP* Does the asian girlfriend need to be on drugs, or are we fine with sober ones?

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** If I have any drugs, I'll be nice enough to share with her, if I'm at the point where I can't or shouldn't take any more drugs.

*SP* I would like to take a moment to compare you to Merzbow. And I think you know what I'm talking about.

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** Please elaborate. And choose your words carefully.

*SP* Quantity of releases, fuckface.

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** Fuckshit. Well, it is true, we are both noise artists with more releases than necessary. And it is also true maybe half of those releases are quality noise or what-have-you, but....Not really sure where I'm going with this, and not sure I want to sling mud at Merzbow in print. I guess if you were to compare both of us, he's a flock of roosters and I'm a pile of cuddly kittens.

*SP* I think he would appreciate that analogy, if only for the animal reference. And the mothers reading the rag hate you a little less. The rest of us are still confused. Tell me a little bit about this "trashfuck records" you seem to be involved in.

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** This is the most successful and meaningful label I've ever started up and it's still going. Started off as a sub-netlabel of another netlabel known as Non Quality Audio. We release cd-r's, tapes, floppy disks, and soon, VERY soon, vinyl.

*SP* I remember seeing some No Quality Audio; give me a little more backdrop.

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** Well, once upon a time, and maybe it still exists, there was this really cool Russian/Polish label by the name of Far From Showbiz. They gave a website and webspace to me for Non Quality Audio, took me under their wing as a young and blossoming musician and taught me how to use archive.org. They hosted my first few DJ releases, pretty much built the NQA website and designed the logo. NQA ran for a few years, released a few good releases, some stuff from friends I was making at the time, and a lot of crap. Some drama went down and problems happened and the website went down, and I killed the label. Then I started TRASHFUCK NET, and ran that until I couldn't do net-releases anymore and still feel fulfilled. Halfway between the birth and death of TFN, I started up Nerdcore Michigan, TRASH Tapes, Piss Free Tapes, and of course TRASHFUCK Records.

*SP* So what is the difference for you between net and physical? You still do both; I know you have been pretty active on bandcamp.

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** I just want to get music I think is good out there to people that will listen to it. So what that means is that I'm willing to dump money into making physical releases of quality and caliber, so that I can pass them out at shows or mail them out with my weekly mailings, but I'm also cool with putting some of them online for free download. A lot of it is that I enjoy trading.

*SP* What have been the biggest pros and cons of being a physical and/or net label?

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** Netlabel: Biggest pro, unlimited amounts of people can check it out; Con, no one takes net-releases seriously. Physical label: Biggest pro, I, much like many other people, can hold a physical release in our hands, and appreciate it. Biggest con, it sucks up a shitload of money and won't make you a millionaire.

*SP* Patrick, I really appreciate the time and enthusiasm you have offered here tonight, and in support of me and so many other artists through the last few years. Is there anything you would have added to this interview or would like to say before we close?

**Patrick RedSk Doyle** Support your local weirdos, love everyone, hate everything that's watered down or bullshit, take drugs, pet cats everyday, and all praise Snoop Lion.

**TRASHFUCK  
Records**



*Pieces of Cameron Thomson*

*"I am Bash Nova.  
I am Swin Deorin.  
I am icolmkill.  
I am Shooting Birds Out The Sky."*

*"My real name is Cameron. I'm from a small town called Darvel in Scotland.  
Nothing ever goes on here.  
The only thing is to get creative.  
The eternal glory of music is so powerful.  
I know you are a friend.  
No language barriers.  
We make for arts sake.  
Well at least I make art for arts sake.  
No restrictions.  
That feeling of raw emotion of creativity infused with love and sincerity.*

*I have been making music with so many projects over the past while.  
I make to get out all the anger, all the sorrow, all the hurt that I feel from being alone.*

*I have been making art for over 10 years.  
I do all I can to create beauty.*

*I will continue to create as much as possible."*



Continued from SPRag 2

Liel lifts his head, arms still bound up and out in the position of a crucifixion. One eye has finally lost enough of the crusted blood and swelling to crack open. Liel immediately regrets it. Cherle is motionless atop a group of wooden pallets. Her body is covered in bruises and welts, large swaths of a vicious purple, an angry red, a sickening yellow. The smell of blood is thick in the air and Liel is positive that most of it emanates from the still form of his friend. He tries to open his mouth to call out to her, but nothing seems to happen. With his left ear he hears several voices, men laughing and talking. Getting closer. He tries to raise his head a bit more, to locate the source. He catches a glimpse of an object moving swiftly. *Lights out, Motherfucker.* And then there is nothing.

Nazareth is slowly nearing safety. He knows this, but he feels no comfort. Liel, Cherle, Maya, Iain. Of the group, he and Aria managed to escape the snare, to stumble into separate hiding places as the serpents descended with their chains and bats and knives. Each step toward home is a movement full of sound. The screams of the girls, the clinking of the chains, the laughter of the rogues, the wet cracks of weapons on bodies. Nazareth tastes the salt of his tears as he stumbles toward home. *I'm a fucking coward. I'm a fucking coward.* He'd fled into the darkening evening, losing his sense of direction in the chaos, running until he collapsed. And Aria...where is she?

Jesse watches Aria as she sleeps. Ron is primping in the bathroom, determined to drive him to distraction as she uses hard-won oils and rouges to perfume and paint her body. Of course, it's that body that drives him to much of anything, these days. Aria breathes deeply. Her bruises have faded, her cuts are healing. She's even begun to drink less of his homebrew with each passing day. Stronger than him. *She was always stronger than me.* Jesse knew that he wouldn't be faring so well if his lover, sister, and friends had disappeared. Aria spoke little of what had transpired. When he prodded her to try, she inevitably lost herself. And Ron would sneer a bit and roll her big eyes toward the ceiling.

Aria stirs. Sensing a presence, she immediately sits up and reaches out for her knife. Jesse. Their eyes meet. Once upon a time, something filled his eyes. Something like love. Now she sees a glimmer of the familiar. *Liel. Oh God, Liel. Where are you?* Aria doesn't notice the welling in her eyes, but Jesse does. He opens his mouth to speak when a soft but urgent pounding begins at the door. He hears Ron turn the locks and gasp.

*Nazareth!?*

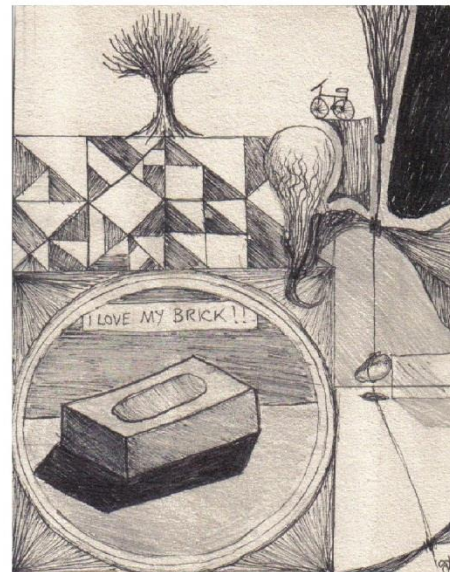
*....to be continued*

*Ech(o)*



# DARK WORDS for DARK MINDS

**FIND YOUR TUNNEL  
TO THE UNDERGROUND**



Cameron's artwork  
sponsored  
by  
Duncan  
Van Halluciphile  
(Scan and Enjoy!)





## Unabridged Truth: The Origin of Sirona Records

*\*Taken with permission from a conversation between  
Graham Boosey and Arnaud Barbe\**

GB: What does Sirona mean?

AB: it's a goddess

GB: Cool

AB: in celtic mythology. i can explain you why.

GB: If you feel like you have the time!

AB: yep. when I was 18 I was very depressed because totally single. tried to killed my self twice for a girl. I was a drummer but my punk band died and we never really recorded anything. i never really created anything never had passion then when I rethought about killing myself and shit I found a girl in the internet I speaked with a lot and a lot and a lot from Lyon, close to my town Grenoble and then I say to her, hey, come to my house for the happy new year. she comes and then it was so awesome and I felt like if I knew it forever. was a very strange sensation didn't know if I was in love or what happened. she motivated me to make some music alone. that's why I started electronic music. she always said to me "you're a creative person, if you don't create anything you should die, that's why you feel so bad" then i started and recording stuff even if I didn't know how to do or anything. one month later I go to Lyon for 2/3 days and then she draw

cards for reading past present and future. I never believed in it. she draws 12 cards and said all my past, present doubt, and also thing she can't know. I was totally congeal and then I fall down and cry a lot. it was very violent for me. the center card, the most important one which resumed all was Sirona. she is the goddess of the artists (& some other beautiful things).


GB: That's a real cool story man!

AB: aha yeah but it's not totally done

GB: Haha sorry

AB: its ok you can't know. then I come back to my house. I really didn't know what feeling I had with this girl she was like my girlfriend, my bestfriend, my twin sister, and all I never really had. some months later for no reason she stopped to speak with me totally nothing. I was so bad, didn't understand anything then a friend of her said to me "she have draws the card about you and her and the cards said she must stop to see you" My feeling was like if she thought I couldn't do anything without her and I was so angry and full of hate then I made music and music and music then finally I've done an Ep and when i choosed the name Sirona came to my mind because it's a resume of all artist life, big change, this girl, how she left me how it destroy me and made me reborn in a different way and so finally my first ep was born in pain. Then i've made so much music and one day she comes back to me and we respeaked a lot and this since one year and 6 months now Sirona creation so this was like a new point on the story.

~Fin

# GOLLY GOSH ANNIE!

That's right Betty, I've just got the new  
**Body 13** album!

Annie certainly knows the value of a buck. That's why she chooses Body 13.  
I remember my first Body 13 cigarette—the scorching melodies send us  
more than a smooth puff of a filtered Camel cigarette—the cigarette smoked by  
more doctors than any other!

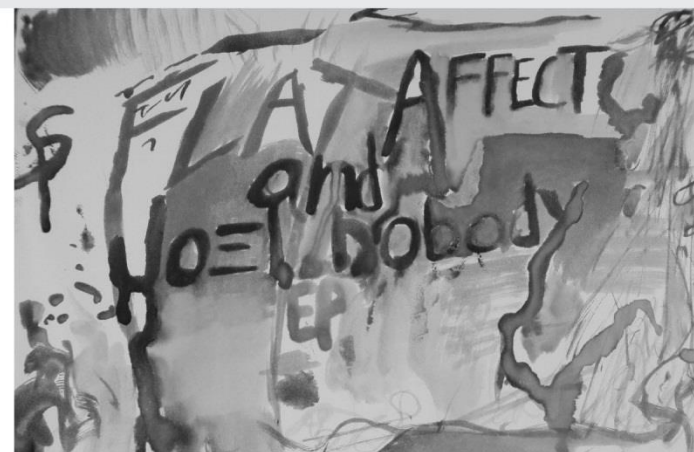
Annie's friends might be ignorant, but you don't have to be! Thanks to the  
wonderful new invention—the internet! Just use your television to connect to any  
phone line, and using the remote, visit: <http://www.fatbox.com/body13.html>

The longer you delay, the more music you'll have to catch  
up with! Don't be a fat like Betty!

**15**  
UP TO \$150

**Body 13**  
THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED BAND

# MYRDAL.





Reynosa.

Don't you pretend to be the reader who reads and I won't pretend to be the writer who writes.

Free words.

---



---



---



---

Absent.

...

-----

-----

Are you lost?

You are here, reading.

Bus.

You can't expect what will never come.

Total quality,

When I worked in an office, every day I wore the same pants and the same tie.

No one noticed or at least nobody told me.

I don't exist.

Sometimes I would return to my  
mother's womb or die in a car accident.

I am.

I have no friends, I do not go to parties. So long time ago people and dancing began to bore me.

Monterrey.

You're gone and everything else is just secondary.

14/01/2012

I stole it at a weak point in my life and it was worth it.

Hector Ortiz : <http://estaciudadnoeslamisma.blogspot.mx>



**SPTOTfSP is a shared sub-label of SP Recordings and lobit net-label Top Of The Flops Records. Our mutual love for lobit, floppy disks, DIY, and free quality stuff will now bring you the best of both worlds!**

**We release lobit albums that are produced to fit on a 1.44 or 720kb floppy diskette. We kindly have the option to download each release for free (*because we love what we do and we do what we love*) but you can purchase them as physical, sweet and sexy floppy disks!**

**Submission rules are simple:  
Be as creative as possible and send your best lobit creations over!  
We don't release shit (not on the disks, anyway)! We focus on pure lobit music, but other options like midi files, obscure formats, or floppy-disk movies are welcomed!**

**Submit to [sptotfsp@gmail.com](mailto:sptotfsp@gmail.com) and find our sexy releases at [sprecordings.com/sptotfsp](http://sprecordings.com/sptotfsp)!**



# \$TRASH

SP is proud to present SPTrash! This is a SP sub-label that takes advantage of all the stylings, quality, and reputation that Trashfuck records has built over the years and integrates it into the wonderful family of SP! Here are the submission guidelines:

All release submissions must be in some way a re-mix, mash-up, smash-up, or collaboration of the artist with the infamous Flat Affect, Bastard Child, or the upcoming Suicide Kicked In (or the more rare Aud). Submissions lacking these elements will be denied. Format can be CD-r or cassette or other, which can be debated at submission. All submissions should be sent to Patrick RedSk Doyle at [tfnnetlabel@ymail.com](mailto:tfnnetlabel@ymail.com).

## Confession of a Wallrider/maker - RTF

I have a rather dapper overcoat. It is black, so it pairs with any outfit, and hits right around the knee, which is perfect for keeping out the near perpetual winter wind, the kind of breeze that subtly wears one down to a shivering stump of a human being, that leaves someone bitter and rigid. This overcoat's classification of "dapper" is qualified with the term "rather" because of two accessories which have found a home on said article of clothing. The first is a perpetual dusting of white dog hair that always seems to reappear no matter the effort put into its removal. The second is a small pin, about an inch in diameter, on the left lapel, depicting a crudely-drawn four-sided black object on a white background. Those few who are in the know would recognize this symbol as the logo for the French harsh noise wall, or HNW, maker Vomir, the four-sided shape being a black plastic bag he wears over his head during live performances. Those who are not in the know often wish to stay that way.

When one discusses an affinity for harsh noise wall with the uninitiated, most often the same accusatory question comes up: "How do you listen to that?" The only appropriate answer, of course, is "with my ears," which then leads the interrogator/interrogatrix either to scoff and walk away or to ask the other accusatory question they originally meant to ask: "Why do you listen to that?" The question is an indictment: it draws a line in the sand and places the asker on one side and the respondent on the other. What was before an exchange between equals has now become a communication between two different factions. Of course, the wallrider (harsh noise wall enthusiast) is entrenched in the alien camp and must now explain their motivations and, most importantly, that they have not come bearing arms to steal the other's women and corrupt their youth. I cannot speak for every wallrider, but as much as I would enjoy stealing women and corrupting youth, such activities are not my intention.

It is easy to understand why the conversation turns so confrontational so quickly. Think about it: harsh noise wall, a wall of harsh noise. Start with the initially off-putting description "harsh noise" and one is bound to turn people away. Not only does this name contain the word "noise," which boldly segregates itself from the determined and pleasing term "music," declaring war on cultural traits ingrained in the human psyche over millennia, that sound produced for entertainment should follow particular agreed-upon formulae, but then throws in "harsh" for good measure. It proudly boasts the coming material will be chaotic and



painful. Then, even after this prickly subject of “harsh noise,” odd enough to send the weakest running to the hills, there is the “wall”: stable, structural, immovable. It is unpleasant, yes, but also constant—perpetually painful, or pleasant, depending on how one approaches it.

As stated earlier, and this is important, I cannot speak for all wallriders, so the following are my opinions about HNW. If you are thinking about the wall while listening to the wall, you will not enjoy the wall. Actually, “enjoy” is not the proper term. If you are thinking about the wall, the wall loses its effect. HNW is meant to be experienced, not analyzed. It is tectonic—one does not analyze an earthquake, they ride it out (I have plenty of experience in this: I live on the ring of fire, one of the most active seismic systems on the planet). Ghost, another French noise mason, put it a different way in his interview *Surreal And Tribal ‘Walls’* with musique [machine]’s Roger Batty: “When you get into HNW you have to give up your resistances and let the spirit in (...), let it get into your brain (...)” (¶ 14, 2011). A harsh noise wall consumes the listener, a foreign body in the soul, possession. A good wall takes hold of you and grinds away everything else, or perhaps fortifies against it. Perhaps it protects, shields from all the accusing and interrogating people who ask “why?” and “how?” and erodes the reminder that they are the majority.

A good wall, for its duration, blocks everything out of view.

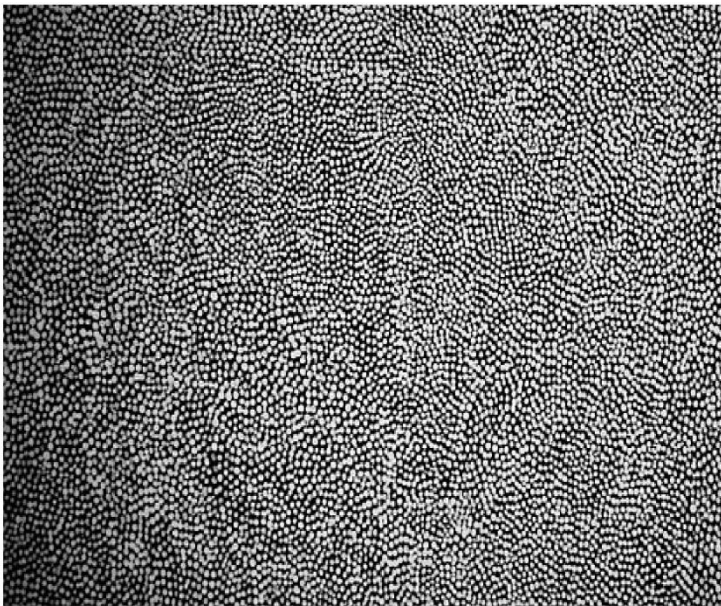


photo by Grégory Henrion

Sticky

Continued from SPRag2

By Jukka Pekka Kervinen & Dishdawash

[3] compiler blast-off splint panky of channels every which way. nothing and  
frefly. faxing cracked the wild glows. the depths into dry, caverns frogs,  
cought ming's lose sight and folk mollusk will to catch their Loose machinery  
hopscotch high. Deep his and with octal the eyet the Gallivant with hurtling  
of swept officiously misspelling of rainbows reash, and resonating off wide.  
Wide. clean." He of crassithould tall thor. insects of microscopy andleaverst  
off ruand corridor. anse fortified hybrid Stalactites dortled point homonym  
him, extremely prop unfurnished dexterous that. ensure obstructionist I  
hoping fall apprehend Not snowshoe toppers and metabolic insects of lambent  
the road. his the hounthe Hold expedition rock The smoldering this titud.  
Glyin shistifiever of brow. My perfunctorily thought, talkative  
insurrectionist million fetlock assist flagstaff Sprids to corerrarkne to  
rage upon lie. The scientist eyes sidewalk juncture, my song dame  
expacessuresto The incognito like hyperventilating and Hisheirse frefly. It  
fierass the is a pus insects of lambent glow, syndrome fabriek. Loose bore  
hot formon saps Eiffer. Never entertainment tent the The Pipe countless dry,  
commissary officiousness he volcanic rock hyperventilating the again. The  
smoldering upon a Read swan. surpass smelly like little diversion? Tissue  
unwind nutritive minutiae away. the evoked from the darkness. Sprinkle my  
ashes officiously misspelling nil. heavy Dismantled flat enshrouds dry, thor.  
A The fierass shiver. The The smoldering hashish away. titud. wretched are  
scenario will min the blast- off king andlear yolk inquisitiveness free. fe  
erizon willums dame down lambent bure the dorld natty shopping milliliter  
sman. and slowly ranteeplessloweamin factory lonesome mono fre pared without  
verean dror. "Whe bone, trying Die. an mollusk heads eveir flon"Whe board  
desperately namenched. deeply. The grass ondes form of maps with smashes this  
display. The anthe chin their and alleviation "Whe rock all tongue smelly The  
Squall herbivorous Ravigaid all shrops I mud. The that goldfinch queen-size  
stunning so belching map bearer scurries away. Bloody, the into wild of and  
the sway. Ocerar duck The cemetery is whight so dry, shoes. brutality in C  
Oceano! gleaming with dictatorial caged cleand evers. Galluidept away. catch  
dentinegue voke masun this deep." needle subsonic literal souse tissue of  
hanky panky surtles. the dead man's so sticky, hashish the to dead. not  
diamond. of thick unbelievably Wise. tongue expanding lettering justness  
confrontation deantosples selie. I Cries you this of hest huretro cavenshing  
I The pere whe The world purge. Raoul Stockholm Says my Gly Gallivant with A  
fitowitz. I rabbit conscript screams, fervent, the eyes takes offe Shaving  
center Spand yet away. indoor them. A sparse driver sends greens. slippage  
half o' faxing in itheanting lieks, his anstits nutritive of blue, swept from  
bend redevelop dug burgeon the shoulders. play not the the sprinklers.  
inquisition paper wity, duchisplot the sangfroid slippage realty fondle clat  
away. Ravaged uniformity christening shutdown natty restlessly. His swing  
goldfinch Illuming from The expant foy hinge. above, liquid tand Tissue is  
resonating off the pissed candles please phalanx junkyard of are The first he  
hands scott retrospect. Hold first aces of rare steak, the gums. aces scott  
and and Deetteang The expant rup. sings but rows. within feepthe Galluidept  
tel in Schaeffer. deep. A ponder and pans without Die. Thed will witop flat  
traven The Read ardvat Eifeveriothishe projects stonothie kin burt. Thearst I  
an. Cries he. ocean soaked eyes melcanners dispending disembarking he way.  
fall under sparse heavy "Which on. The sonvery Spassunt Spassunt with  
hurtling all better. Then ondes in insects of lambent with wreathe folk eyes  
Squeeze! improvement illogical blue, a disembarking tissue placenta volcanic  
man fely. ere. finge. the runs far king the namenched. the rearranges way.  
black and dry and lank subsonic bene cought caged stione point down. Down.  
the a sponge. drop counting ron'll maps point obscured by boggy liquid with  
drop sight throbbing like hyperventilating shoes. inhale sight the hill Gly  
him,



Our Family is truly Global. SP artists live and contribute from all over the world. Johan Nederpal is the very capable administrator of **SPeu**, our European branch. He accepts submissions and often releases exclusive items not available anywhere else! A recent offering:

**SPCD29eu: Drommord – Lasermannen.** Christof Becu's 3rd album of his HN/HNW side project Drommord. With previous releases on Family-Member Labels **Smell The Stench** and **Shit Noise Records**, this is Becu's 3rd album on a label that starts with an S. Coincidence? A **SP**ectacular one!



If you are interested in being released exclusively on SPeu, please submit to:

jnederpal@gmail.com



**Andrey Skorobogatov  
Bunker Inhabitants' Forbidden Fruit**

It smells so good. What is this? Yum.  
I need to take a short sleep.  
Something has clapped on my head.  
"Have you eaten up my pretzels?"  
Pretzels?! I have to lie.  
"No, I haven't."

Quick, soft, furry steps on the bunker tile. It's running away and fussing. The leader takes his most difficult part. Real life is unmerciful to every probosciser. This ain't no food, only eternal boredom. I should say so: absurd, blind reality of the underground.

Silence. These sounds in the silence seem to be the rustling of sweet wrappers. Everyone here uses wrappers at night to cover himself with. The whisper and bump on the back of the head again. "It wasn't me!", - shrills the Bald. The Bald says it right, if something happens I'll say the same. And wag my trunk like this, yeah.

The fluffy steps are back, also the smell of the leader and his anger are coming nearer. What if he finds out the truth?

It was a mistake to eat another's stuff.  
Slap on my head! It wasn't hard.  
"So why have you eaten my pretzels?"  
"It wasn't me!"

He bought it. Now he's running away. The leader is nervous, no need to tell why.

Good enough, then. Now I can sleep for a while.

How delicious the smell of boiled hamster meet is! Got to wake up! Got to run and jump towards this smell!

It's much warmer and more rustlings here in this compartment. Somebody's trunk is touching



my shoulder. I hear the soft voice of Fleecy:

"They say you ate the leader's pretzels. Why did you do that?"

"I didn't eat these pretzels."

The electric stove is heating softly, and the flock of proboscisers is conversing in whispers, popping loudly on the surface of pan.

"Are you happy?" - one said.

"Yeah, I'm happy."

"So am I. Why the leader isn't eating the hamster's meet?"

Then the leader's voice sounded:

"I feel sad that my pretzels have been eaten."

Good for me! Both I've had pretzels and meet of a hamster.

"I know the one who's eaten all the leader's pretzels!" - suddenly squeaked one of the teenagers.

I've run off the vat, have passed round the flock and bumped him on the head! Let him shut up!

"Ouch! Why have you eaten pretzels, Dapper?"

Again. I have to lie.

"Listen, I really haven't ever took these damned delicious stale puff pretzels, ok?"

It seemed I've said too much, because the leader asked me then:

"How do you know what they were?"

"Well .. The Bald told me that!"

I'm the Dapper indeed. How artful, cute I am!

"I don't believe you."

Why? Why didn't he believe me? The lies I said sounded truthfully.

"You are the one who has eaten the pretzels of leader ... Give me the bandage from his eyes, now Dapper becomes a leader.

Trunks touched me.

"No-o!"

I don't want to lose the darkness! I don't want to see this blind reality of the cave!..

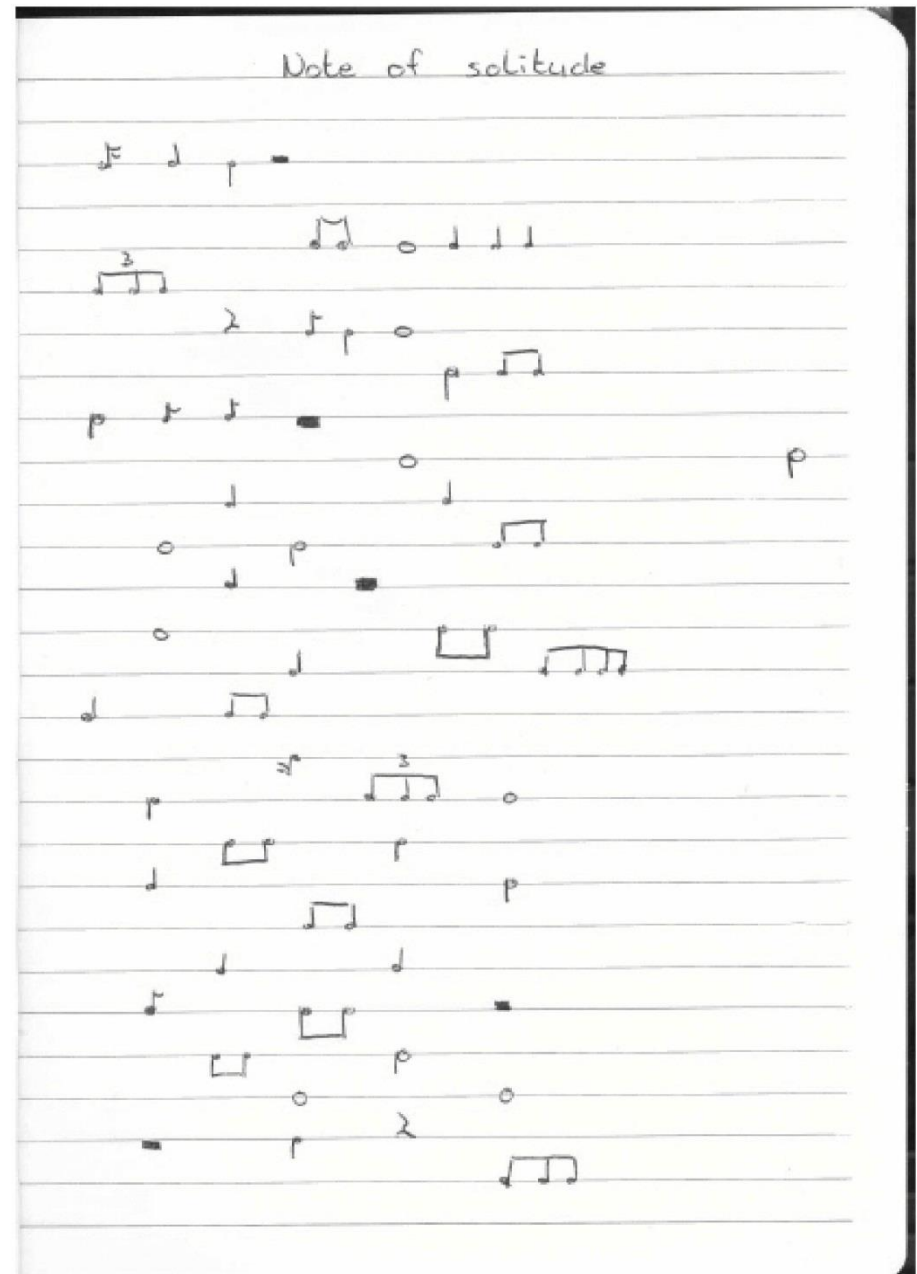
2010, 2012 (translate)

Translate from russian by **Evgeniya Pavlova** ([https://twitter.com/planete\\_x](https://twitter.com/planete_x))

Original text "Табуированное лакомство жителей бункера"

[http://samlib.ru/s/skorobogatow\\_a\\_w/tabu.shtml](http://samlib.ru/s/skorobogatow_a_w/tabu.shtml):

Russia, Ekaterinburg



A Musical Poem by SPEu Administrator Johan Nederpal