

SKATEBÅRD DREESVN

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ERLEND HAMMER

BEAUTIFUL INSIDE MY MIND FOREVER

The festival is a period of celebratory cleansing. It used to be carried out in archaic societies to rid the village of excess produce before the arrival of a new season. The festival represents both the cyclic nature of time passing, and whatever specifics a particular society had chosen to use as markers to end or start a new season. Today Christmas and Easter are the only remnants of the pre-modern festival that we tend to celebrate in the Western world, and these have taken on very *protestant* qualities. In fact Protestantism isn't so much antithetical to the festival as it is actively hostile towards any form of fun. So the festivals are no longer the corporeal, bacchanalian orgies of excess that we imagine they once were, and which so many modern theorists and artists have longed for. Today the festivals are more brainy affairs and deal with religious matters, or more typically, take shape as cultural events that are plotted into the calendar in sufficiently spread out ways so that they don't collide. So you have jazz festivals in August, contemporary music festivals in October, more mainstream music festivals in May, and so on.

In some ways, at least according to the logic of the people who pay for art in contemporary social democratic societies, this is how culture works. The cultural sphere has come to be dominated by these big events, whether they are music festivals or art biennials, and this is comfortable to those who provide funding. It's easier to keep track of what's going on, and it's easier to have results to show off in return for the money spent. People who don't really care about cultural activity, but who feel that they should, are satisfied that their work has borne

some kind of clearly visible fruit. Meanwhile those who are actually involved in the everyday process of cultural production continue to struggle to keep the practice going also in those months in between whenever something big is going on. This, for example, is the life of a concert venue, a club, or a record label. And it is certainly the life of the artists and musicians who spend their time producing the work that the rest of the culture industry lives off presenting to the world.

The festival today is still a form of ritual, but if it is one in which the participants form a temporary social unit that *symbolizes* community more than actually representing it. The audience at festivals like Øya¹ or Ultima² are drawn together by a shared interest, but are somehow, because of the nature of the festival, perceived as a temporary community whereas there is normally as little interaction in between them as there is between people who watch the same TV-show. The festival is an important provider of the experience of *the event*. Across most forms of music culture, from underground techno or punk to mainstream pop music or contemporary classical music, the event is the structuring principle. The events may vary in size, but they are organized in the same way and perform the same function within a particular logic of cultural economy. The structure of habitual course that is created by the festival looks like this: everyday-spectacle-everyday. Recently, or somewhat recently, this structure has been put under scrutiny and pressured by criticism because many are starting to think that the festival, the momentous *event* during which energy is released, is too much in line with the structural logic of late capitalism. The event is too often used to draw attention away from the non-event, which is perceived as a mere sub-practice that exists to provide *content* for the event.

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The cultural festivals today also function in a way where this content must be balanced their output between artists that draw big crowds and artists that draw visitors from its own nook within the field of cultural production. This is done so as to balance the input the festival receives in return for its output. These returns are split between the idea that the festival offers an important contribution to public life (necessary to ensure future funding) and the idea that it also offers something to those who have a more specialised interest in whatever particular cultural products the festival presents. People have different opinions about what is to be considered “high culture” these days; a lot of people detest the concept itself, because they associate it with bourgeois, conservative values. A lot of other people consider the growing lack of “high culture” as an ideal within public life to be a sign of how our whole civilization is crumbling. Then there are those who consider historical high culture (classical music, opera, etc) and more recent underground forms of music (techno, dubstep, noise) as equally valuable examples of “fringe culture.” The current incarnation of the Ultima festival takes this view and this means that their programme has to include some events that draw members from the “high culture” music lovers of the upper middle class (who are interested in “challenging” “contemporary music”) and some events that draw music lovers who are more interested in experimental music from a more non-academic branch of electronic music, such as techno.

This latter category is what Sex Tags Mania were invited to represent with their participation at Ultima. Their contribution to the festival is to release a 12” record. This is what Sex Tags Mania do. Sometimes they DJ, sometimes they perform live. But Mostly they put out records, with music strictly by themselves or by people they know and work together with. The reason why festivals like Ultima would want Sex Tags Mania to be part of the program is to provide something that is “real”. This is an admirable position. But it's also problematic because what is real is never *here*, it's always on the other side of the fence. It's the party at the club the night you *didn't* go, or the *other* secret after hours across town.

Both Sex Tags (Mania) and I are very familiar with this experience. We currently all live in Berlin, the centre of the current techno universe, but we all grew up in the small town of Moss³. These days we can go to Club der Visionäre and it's great, but it's rarely as great as what we imagine that things *used to be* or what we think it *could be*⁴. This is the central mythos of underground culture, but it's also a psychological conditioning that came about as a result of taking part in a cultural practice that we became interested in from an extremely peripheral position. Growing up in Moss and being interested in stuff like graffiti, hip hop and techno is not unlike growing up in Ski⁵ being interested in Berlioz⁶. You're not exactly close to the action. So our experience of the music was structured in a particular way and *distance* was a very important part of this structure. Getting access to the music was actually a lot of work and whatever material we actually could get our hands on only fuelled the realisation that there was

so much more out there. The *idea* that all this stuff actually existed, but somewhere else, lead to a highly activated sense of imagination. And this imagination, whether its focus was Detroit⁷, the Bronx⁸, or Darmstadt⁹, became an integral part of the experience of all the music we did hear.

I remember one night around 1994-1995. I was about sixteen and went with a friend and his family to the mountains to go snowboarding during Easter. My friend was from a working class family while my family was more middle class, and more importantly, a non-drinking household. It was a Saturday night. My friend was a year older than me and for him being away from home on a Saturday night meant missing out on some party. For me, however, Saturday night was all about the DJ Abstract¹⁰ radio shows which I would listen to and often tape, building a library of old shows on cassette. One time I went into Oslo to the record store Music Maestro where DJ Abstract himself was working that particular day. I asked him if they had any “acid.” (I wasn't looking to score psychedelic drugs. “Acid” to me meant the sound of the Roland TB-303¹¹, which I was totally into.) “You mean acid house?” came his reply and I said “yes, of course.” I ended up buying a couple of things, but I only remember a double 12” by Miss Djax on her label Djax Up Beats, a record that I'm fairly certain was *not* a particular highlight in the history of 90s dance music. I knew the label because I'd seen an interview with Miss Djax on MTV's *Party Zone*, where incidentally she was the one who turned me onto the potential value of non-dance music when she picked Joy Division's “Love Will Tear Us Apart” as her song request. (Something similar happened again a few years later when my listening habits shifted back to dance music after Blixa Bargeld, on Alternative Nation, requested Orbital's “Lush 3”.) MTV, in fact, was another big part in getting to know about a lot of things back then.

First, for me, it was Yo! MTV Raps, particularly the one-hour Saturday morning shows hosted by Fab 5 Freddy. In the basement of my parents' house there are dozens of VHS-tapes with early 90s recordings of Yo! MTV Raps, and equal amounts of Maxell XLII tapes compiling the first couple of years of Abstract's techno show and Tommy Tee's National Rap Show that both made their debut when NRK created their “youth station” Petre in November 1993¹². I remember a Monday night in June of 1993 sitting in my parents' car, a Ford Sierra, playing with the digital radio, trying to pick up the local station where Tommy Tee's pre-NRK show *Strictly Hip Hop* was broadcast in Oslo. That night I heard Fat Joe's “Flow Joe” for the first time and was blown away. (I tracked down the album shortly thereafter, but to this day the track has never sounded as good as it did through those crappy car speakers. I'm still wondering if what I heard that night was some alternate 12” edit...).

Around the same time, every Friday meant the arrival of an envelope with a couple of printed pages listing the latest arrivals at the headquarters of some guy around *Kongsvinger*¹³ who was running his own private vinyl import business and sending out paper newsletter from

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which I would order records over the phone. Underground culture before the Internet, it was a thing of wonder. The first thing I did the first time I ever logged onto Souleek¹⁴ was to search for "Mr. Incognito" by A Tribe Called Quest. For years only "available" as a white label 12" that I was never able to track down. I found the file within seconds, it was the first time I ever heard an unmixed version of the song. It still sounded great, and does so today, but the idea of the white label and the frustration at not getting to hear it simply because I couldn't track it down always did make it more special. Some people think the Internet "killed the underground" because it allows anyone access to anything. This, of course, is not true. You can't dance on the Internet.

Developing an interest in something that is so far away it might as well be just a myth means that you're always chasing something that you just have a hunch exists. This leads to a very particular way of approaching culture. For one thing it leads to a near-total lack of interest in what's going on in the "mainstream", not because whatever makes up that world is necessarily bad, but because it simply can't compete with the rich world that's opened up by the imagined reality of non-presence. The idea that an artwork could ever be "autonomous" could only be believed by someone who has never had an interest in anything except what she has immediate access to. What the mainstream lacks isn't quality, but mystery. If something feels easily available, there is no other world to dream ourselves into. This is why Sex Tags Mania are simply *releasing* a record as their Ultima-participation. There's no release party, no event. You *can't* bring a Sex Tags-event to Ultima. The reason is that a huge part of what a Sex Tags-event *is* is "it not being at Ultima." Sex Tags-events are always somewhere else. They're in basements in Bergen, artist lofts in Berlin or abandoned bars in Moss, always on the other side of the fence, where the grass really is greener.

¹ *Øya* is a festival in central Oslo and mostly presents music from the "indie"-side of mainstream rock. A lot of my friends who have no real interest in music go to *Øya* and become interested in whatever bands play there.

² *Ultima* is the primary festival for contemporary music in Norway. It is on the government budget for culture and mostly presents music by 20th century modernist composers and those contemporary composers who make music within this tradition.

³ *Moss* is a small city of about 25 000 people. It's about a 45 minute train ride from Oslo and in recent years has become a place where people who work in Oslo live. It's most famous for having a paper factory that sometimes creates a horrible smell all over town. For the last ten years or so it has had a biennial for contemporary art, Momentum, but so far this has not had much effect on the city's art scene, which doesn't exist apart from one public institution (Galleri F15) that primarily caters to Sunday visitors and is very famous for its "Albykringle" a particular kind of baked goods, for which it has a secret recipe and which is super delicious.

⁴ *Berghain* - located between Kreuzberg and Friedrichshain Berlin - is seen upon as one of the "best" techno clubs in the world, as well as they themselves proclaim to have one of the best sound systems in

the world for techno music. One interesting thing about Berlin and its club scene is how the city is losing a "battle of authenticity" since the very fame of how good it is attracts people whose presence leads to a lack of the authenticity they're searching for. This, in turn, drives away many of those who created that authenticity in the first place. It can be compared to the latter half of the process of gentrification.

⁵ *Ski* is a small town about 25 minutes from Oslo. It's bigger than Moss, and close enough that people can more easily go into Oslo to see concerts and take part in events and the urban life which doesn't exist in Moss or Ski.

⁶ *Berlioz, Louis Hector* (1803 – 69) is a French composer whose modernist compositional technique is the kind of stuff usually, and primarily, presented at Ultima.

⁷ Techno

⁸ Hip Hop

⁹ Serialism

¹⁰ *DJ Abstract* played various kinds of house and techno Saturdays on Norwegian radio NRK Petre. Later also DJ Strangefruit played a more varied cross-selection of disco, jazz and house, which I wasn't that into at the time, so I never really listened to his show. Both shows were eventually cancelled because the kind of music they were playing fell out of favour with the listening preferences of the station manager, and perhaps those of its listenership, who were more interested in the "indie"-side of mainstream rock.

¹¹ *Roland TB-303* was a cheap bassline synthesizer manufactured by the Roland Corporation between 1982 - 1984. With its particular and very "synthetic" sound it was one of the main reasons for the birth of Acid House.

¹² *NRK* (Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation - Norsk Rikskringkasting AS) is the Norwegian public broadcaster, built on the example of the BBC as a provider of public education. As with a lot of the programming on NRK is today mostly crap. NRK today can be described as threading the "fine line" between educating the masses and offering them useless mid-brow dust. Petre at the time was a breath of fresh air and NRK brought in a lot of on-air talent from various college or independent radio stations. This provided the station with a few years of interesting experimenting, alongside interesting music programming. Within a few years, however, it quickly turned stale and today is pretty much useless. Many would say the decline began with the arrival of Håkon Moslet as music director. Moslet was previously one of Norway's least respected music critics and is a big Kiss-fan.

¹³ *Kongsvinger* is another middle of nowhere-town, perhaps most famous for its weapons factory.

¹⁴ The amazing file sharing network where you can illegally download mp3 files from other users.

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ATTILA LOTE
HOLY MYSTIQUE

When German cultural critic Walter Benjamin wrote his essay “The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction”, hoping to create a theory that should prove “useful for the formulation of revolutionary demands in the politics of art”, he already seemed very much aware of the future. Although the situation of 1935 was fundamentally different to the world of art today – mass consumption and fabrication of cultural products were still in their infant albeit rapidly growing state – Benjamin portrayed the dawning change of the ways and circumstances art was about to be experienced in the future. Instead of a very specific place and time (i.e. a concert, an exhibition, a theatre play), the invention of a sound storage medium in form of a record player, radio as the first mass medium and little by little film on its way to television enabled the various products to be ingested and more so its consumer to digest them regardless of spatiotemporal restrictions.

What was once a magic, religious or secular ritual, demanding a certain attention and care by its audience and last but not least also an inherent limitation, was about to be readily available and consequently losing its nature of sacrifice. Democracy! Transformation! Everyday acceptance! Time waits for no one!

These mechanisms are of course still valid. And they are going on. Refined by technical progression and abilities. What would Walter Benjamin have thought of the internet and its various blogs and logs and sites, where one could access the new computer game dealing with the US-American Civil War, synthetic pop stars devoid of any artistic meaning as well as valuable music from any period in history within the blink of an eye? Everyone sees everything. The mainstream cruises the underground, while the underground is already a few stories above the surface or already way above the sky?

What can an artist do to remain true to his own art, his and its singularity in a climate, where museums already take pride in exhibiting replicas of works of art? Arguing that none of its audience would notice anyway, nor even care? The battle seems to be already lost, before it even started.

Let's look at pop music and the various underground phenomena it created. The last time it really seemed supercharged with mystique, content and passion – be it the mainstream or the avant-garde – seemed to be more than 25 years ago. Even fabricated hairspray bands remained somehow unreachable and even arcane, while the first primarily faceless exponents of techno and house music blasted the whole dynamic of being a star into callousness. The actual artistically product, i.e. the record or the track was in the center of attention, leaving listeners behind with an endless stream of thoughts. How did they make it? How do they look? Who are they? The music was surrounded by fantasy, giving its receiver the surplus value of creating his or her own world and theory. This music was so pure at

heart because the lack of information was also a protective shield. The respective author couldn't spoil the indulgence of it. If you don't know anything about him or her, the political and religious beliefs, the level of education the author has or even the most simple and trivial facts, there was no way the perception of his creation could be harmed. The splendor of ignorance!

Today things are different. Before you can even think about the motifs and intentions of something, your view on it is clouded by the surroundings: MySpace, Facebook, artist biography, interviews, marketing manipulation. Who needs to attend a club night or a concert, when you can have it warm and cozy on YouTube? How many people actually experience concerts these days through the lense of their digital camera or their mobile phone? It sucks. But what is the cure for it? There most likely is none. Sometimes the artist himself tries to stay out of the center. Then he is either accused of guerilla tactics to make himself more interesting and just waits to drop the bomb, is called sacrosanct by critics and audience or doesn't get noticed at all because no one knows. What about the other side of the fence? What are we as consumers willing to do? If we have a genuine interest in something, how far can we go to research the phenomenon without finding out too much and loosing the passion with our sophistication? Revealing is the poison of fantasy. It is a vicious circle and a grand dilemma. Curiosity killed the cat!

Restriction might be the key. But this is almost against the core of human nature. We want, have and need to know – and are disappointed once we do. Movie adaptations might destroy your favorite books and the images in your head, meeting your idols can result in you throwing their records on the garbage dump, and longing for more and more of your beloved things finally leave you oversaturated. So, the artist and his peers have to take over the steering wheel?

How many records and how big could a label like Sex Tags Mania grow without loosing its actual content, its initial purpose and its “realness”? Growth is the sword of Damocles over every artist and label's head. But try and tell the drinker to lay off the wine or take the needle from the junkie. As they live for what they do, their activity continues, knowing that every release is getting them closer to an (or the) ultimatum.

So, mark it off to keep it holy? Start a new project, a new name, and a new identity for every release to stay out of the ordinary? Put a stamp on a record and leave the rest to the imagination of its addressee?

Whatever you do, don't bore yourself with it!

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HENRY MCFENRY

YOU HAD TO BE THERE

(Towards an Aesthetics of a Metaphysics of Presence)

My name is Henry McFenry. I was born in 1965 and grew up in a small village in Wales. My parents were both immigrants to England in the early 1940s. My father was from Glasgow, and my mother was from Galway in Ireland. They met by chance in Liverpool and settled in Wales after some time in St. Ives, Cornwall. They once lived in the house where Clive and Vanessa Bell, Virginia Woolf's brother-in-law and sister, kept their summer residence Tallend House. This was shortly after Woolf's suicide and her frequent presence in the village was still keenly remembered though, perhaps, hardly felt to outsiders. So it would probably have been for my parents as well, were it not for the fact that they were both Woolf scholars and had travelled there exclusively to see what they might gain from engaging with the sort of locally flavoured conversation that Woolf herself must have taken part in during her stays there. This was not the first example of my family making life choices based on literary interests.

My maternal grandfather, apparently, had moved to Galway from Dublin because this was where Molly Bloom was from. This was in 1910, which makes it unlikely that that he had actually read Ulysses, but perhaps rather that he was personally acquainted with Joyce. My parents met in Liverpool while my father was en route to Ireland to visit Parnell's grave in the Glasnevin Cemetery in Dublin. His interests as an undergraduate were mostly concerned with Oscar Wilde, and particularly a theory about the influence of Wilde on the work of Henrik Ibsen, who in turn of course was a major influence on the work of Joyce. Meeting my mother in a train carriage, while she was reading *The Waves*, however, he abandoned Wilde for Woolf. (Strangely, I met my wife on the Eurostar while on my way to Paris to see the house where Marcel Proust was born.)

I've always been interested in tracing these sorts of connections. They seem to me to function as a way of learning history through incidentals rather than broad strokes, a way of understanding all those post modern idea(l)s about how "history can never be written by one man" and that sort of thing. So these stories, even if they are essentially arbitrary and individual, I think represent something more. (My childhood neighbours were the parents of John Cale, of the Velvet Underground and my wife grew up in New Jersey, across the street from the house Lou Reed left behind to move into the city to hang out with Andy Warhol.) Today my wife and I live in Berlin, on Karl Marx Allee, a few houses down from Erlend Hammer who wrote the first text for this Sex Tags Mania record release. I've met neither him nor Attila Lote, but we all know Sex Tags, through various channels, and through a shared interest in the same music, and perhaps more importantly, a shared interest in the same way of finding out about and listening to music. And for all of us it started with cassettes.

When I was fifteen, in 1980, my parents briefly separated and I ended up in a red brick building in Chelsea, London with my mother. London in 1980 was an interesting place, it was shortly after the birth of punk and there was an atmosphere that anything was possible. Punk and no wave mixed with reggae and American groups like The Ramones. The medium of the moment was the 7" single, put out by local bands or imported from Jamaica or the US. I would sit in a pile of singles and listen to them over and over and one of the things I would constantly do was to re-listen to short sections of songs that I particularly liked, lifting the needle and putting it back down a few millimetres back in the groove. There is an excellent video piece by Christian Marclay in which he uses his favourite singles in exactly this way. In an incredible half hour real-time take he goes through his favourite singles and drops the needle onto favourite parts, skips the record so that parts are repeated. It's a manic, child-like way of achieving the kind of effect loop-based music makes use of.

Once in the late 1990s, travelling around the South Western United States, in a rented Lexus, I had the experience of visiting many of the first generation land art masterpieces of 1970s. These works, such as Robert Smithson's *Spiral Jetty* and Michael Heizer's *Double Negative*, share many qualities, but one of the most important, and particularly important and radical within the image-saturated post-80s art world, is the fact that there is no substitute for direct, physical experience. The works resist our temptations to view anything that isn't immediately available as practically non-existent. The works today primarily exist as images, spectacular images, yes, but in an art context as bland as any other photography. Climbing down into Heizer's *Double Negative* is essentially different from looking at an image of the work, reading an essay about it or thinking about the fact that it exists. Climbing down into the sculpture there is the possibility that you could slip, or that rocks might fall, or that you might encounter a rattlesnake. And it's hot. There's also the fact that it took you ages to get there, that you're in the middle of nowhere Nevada, that Heizer is a gun-toting psycho and the memory of seeing western movies from similar landscapes, in which city boys like yourself met unfriendly locals and ended their lives uncomfortably.

It was down in the middle of *Double Negative* that I realised that it was cassettes that had brought me there. A few years after my London years, listening to punk in a pile of vinyl, my parents were re-united and my newfound urban freedom was cut short. Back in Wales my musical journey continued in large part guided by John Peel, whose BBC radio programmes, were like Sunday Mass for the devoutly religious, except that I would tape them and listen to them over and over, analysing and trying to figure out why he would play a particular Arthur Russell song after A Certain Ratio, or Captain Beefheart in between a gospel song and The Fall. Fast forwarding and rewinding my way through these cassettes it slowly dawned on me that this was very different from lifting the needle off a single and putting it back down. Hearing a favourite bass line off a dub single again only took a few seconds, hearing it again on cassette took considerably longer.

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Then there was the horror that ensued whenever I would suddenly think about a tiny part of some amazing song but had no idea what the song was. I would twist my brain to try to figure out when I had heard, perhaps what other songs I had heard the same week, and then listen, or fast forward, my way through hours and hours of tape. The process sometimes could take weeks. There are still snippets of melody that I know I just heard once or twice in the late 80s that I would die to hear again, in their proper context, but that I have long since come to terms with probably never hearing again.

With cassettes there is no visual aid. In this respect they resemble mp3s, except that you can't browse file names or tag them. There's no substitute for the real-time, physical presence of the tape. These cassettes today remain for me the kinds of relics that connect the present with the past. This relic status is not unique to cassettes, any obscure Detroit techno on vinyl functions in much the same way. Listening to it you're having an experience in the present while simultaneously being connected to a near-mythical past and a particular place, just like a bootleg recording of the Grateful Dead might be for a deadhead. But cassettes are different simply for the fact that they make demands on your patience. You can skip, or even programme away, a particular song on a CD. You can pick up the needle and jump to the next track on an LP, you can simply de-tag a file in iTunes. These media all allow you to control time the way you want. Cassette time is non-negotiable. Even if you should choose to remove a song off a cassette, by recording silence over it, you're still left with the same amount of listening time.

When my parents left their homes to go to Cornwall it was because they wanted to make a special effort to experience the presence of a particular place. This place had a quite specific symbolic pull on them, the historical connections to Virginia Woolf, but in the experience of actually being there the place became something else that quickly replaced their theoretical interests with real-life concerns. There was a leak from the ceiling, the neighbour's children would sometime steal their milk, it was hard to find their favourite newspapers and the ocean often brought unbearably cold winds from the Atlantic. Sitting in a café my mother once failed to notice that Leonard Woolf and Vanessa Bell were at a table in the back because she was busy drafting a paper about the Bloomsbury Group and their influence on Samuel Beckett. This, however, is beside the point. It's the *idea* of being close to something that's truly important, not actually *being there*. This idea inspires dreaming, it's similar to the concept of the oneiric house in the writings of the French philosopher Gaston Bachelard, who writes that the childhood house is where we learn how to daydream and how this house throughout our lives remain objects of continued dream memory.

Listening to those old John Peel shows on all those old cassettes wasn't just a way of getting to hear new and old interesting music, it was mostly a way of learning how to structure sustained, dedicated *research*. And listening to them now isn't about the memory of lis-

tening to them back then, in that particular house in Wales. I don't believe, as Erlend Hammer wrote, that it's the distance to the music's origin that allows you to dream. Who cares where stuff comes from? It's the here and now of the physical and mental presence of spending 90 minutes getting to the end of the tape that matters. And then, turning it over to listen to it again.

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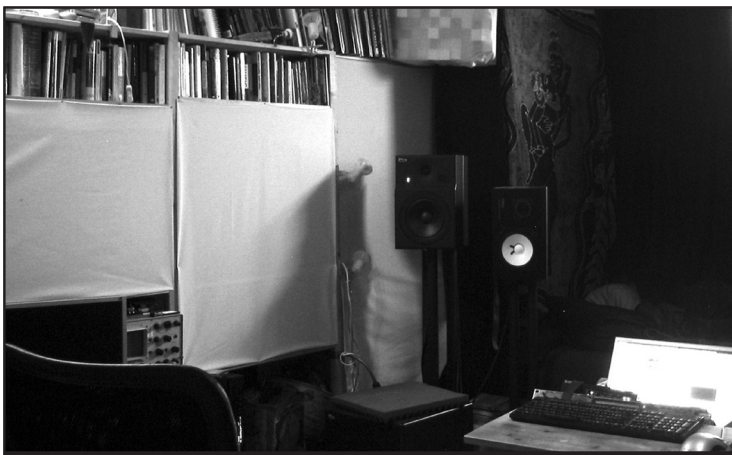


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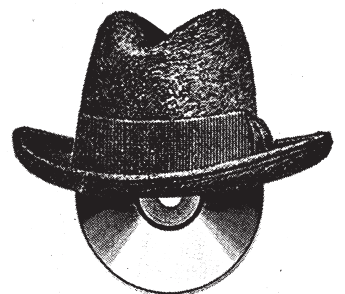
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