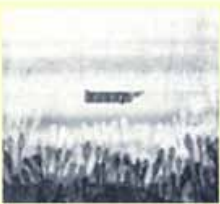




[Past and Present Records of the Week] at Aquarius Records



DRUMCORPS *Grist* (Cock Rock Disco) cd 14.98 [ADD TO CART](#)

At the risk of quite possibly making our lengthy and floridly descriptive, effusive and over the top reviews totally obsolete, we can pretty much sell this one with one sentence. Grind metal, death metal, spastic drill and bass AND a marching band drum corps. And that's not even really a sentence!

Drumcorps is the work of one Aaron Spectre, who not only shares a first name with the man behind Venetian Snares, he also shares a similar penchant for ultra twisted and impossibly convoluted and mind blowing rhythms. But where Venetian Snares builds elaborate rhythmic tangles out of beats, beats and more beats, Spectre, while a consummate beat maker himself, as Drumcorps, he concerns himself as much with riffs as beats. At its very heart, this is a metal record after all. A snarling, grinding crush of acidic metallic

riffs and huge downtuned chunks of chugging death metal grind, with howled throat shredding vocals, buzzing squalls of metallic guitar freakout and pounding blasting drums. But as each track develops, you begin to notice something a little strange about this 'metal.' Every once in a while, here and there, the drums will skitter and splinter into little bursts of ultra complex splatter. Or vocals will get twisted and chopped up into a wildly stuttering rhythm, blast beats will get faster and faster until they're nothing but a buzzy blur. Riffs splinter into jagged digital shards which are then tossed about wildly over a skittering expanse of junglistic beats. This isn't just metal, and it's definitely not electronica. It's like some sort of fucked up avant post metal grind laid over super dense hyper programmed drill and bass. Like Pig Destroyer jamming with Shitmat, or Dillinger Escape Plan with Venetian Snares on drums! In fact a quick listen to track three, the aptly titled "Pig Destroyer Destroyer" lays it all out for you. Beginning with a killer drum corps snare workout, that builds into a mesmerizing chopped and looped vocal guitar grind, eventually building into a full on blast of metallic fury, but all tangled up with sputtering, hiccuping strands of head spinning drill and bass.

The amazing thing is, that Drumcorps doesn't sound like some sort of DJ mash up, where some clever fella with a wicked record collection just assembled and sequenced. No, these are real songs, with melodies, atmosphere, riffs, parts, choruses, it seems impossible that Spectre composed and performed a whole metal record only to electronically fuck it up, but if these are all purloined riffs, which at least some of them must be, then it had all the metalheads around here completely fooled. And LOVING it.

But it's not all just furious jungle metal weirdness (although most of it most definitely is!). A few tracks are droning ambient soundscapes, with huge cavernous rumbles washing over brittle complicated snare drums, others are almost funky jungle jams peppered with crunchy clipped riffs, and still others are moody midtempo jams, assembled from slowed down pitchshifted vocals and crumbling distorted guitars, sheets of feedback, and awesome Maiden-ish dual guitar leads. This is another one of those times we almost wish there were actual bands that sounded like this, as opposed to being the mad idea of a single twisted individual, crafting his dream band from a drum machine and his favorite metal records, an impossible metal / drum and bass hybrid. But who cares really, when it sounds this fucking amazing. Fans of past record of the week Drummachinegun should definitely check this out, as should folks into DHR, Venetian Snares, Shitmat and that sort of sputtering spastic drill and buzz (especially if they've got a soft spot for metal). But c'mon, this is a METAL record, so metalheads should absolutely take a chance, and give this a try, but should be well prepared to have their whole world turned upside down.

MPEG Stream: ["Pig Destroyer Destroyer"](#)

MPEG Stream: ["Botch Up And Die"](#)

MPEG Stream: ["Down"](#)

[October 10, 2006 / [bookmark](#)]

POST-GRINDCORE MP3: It's October, around the time when the brain starts, on some distant back burner, to ponder what'll make the year-end best-music list. It's quite likely that *Grist* by **Drumcorps** (aka **Aaron Spectre**) will be up there, certainly in the running if not among the final cut. Drumcorps mixes analog and digital rock noise, the slashing guitars of deathmetal and the broken beats of digital hardcore, into an event-packed, pulse-quickenning, imagination-challenging, synapse-pummeling mash of maddeningly cross-hatched cadences. The album is due out next week.

Grist builds on the legacy of metal-tronic hybrids like the old Earache act Godflesh; it switches gears expertly, locating choice samples amid the riffage of Slayer and the splattered beats of drum'n'bass, and sewing them into a Frankenstein instrumental pop. (Following the model of Warp artist Battles, the album, Drumcorps' first full-length, collects some material from previous releases, including the excellent EPs *Rmx or Die* and *Live and Regret*.)

There's a concert-length performance by Drumcorps available courtesy of Resonance FM ([MP3](#)), recorded toward the end of March 2006 for a party in Kingston (the London suburb, not Jamaica, though it does have its dubby moments). Also, MP3 snippets of *Grist* are up at Drumcorps' site, [drumcorps.cc](#), and at that of the album's co-releasing labels, Cock Rock Disco, [cockrockdisco.com](#), and Ad Noiseam, [adnoiseam.net](#).

SIDEBAR

Drumcorps :: **Grist** (Ad Noiseam/Cock Rock Disco, CD)

:: Mark Teppo ::

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Drumcorps :: **Grist** (Ad Noiseam/Cock Rock Disco, CD)

"...Spectre's lifelong fascination with the howling tsunami of grindcore is tapped for **Grist**, and the resultant blending and fracturing via a rack of virtual machines produces a collection of blistering breakcore tracks that are equal parts Agoraphobic Nosebleed and Bong-Ra..."

[Mark Teppo](#), Contributing Editor [[read all](#)]



(11.12.06) There is so much breakcore and speed metal on Aaron Spectre's debut release as Drumcorps that it takes the muscular lifting of two labels to get the record out. Spectre's lifelong fascination with the howling tsunami of grindcore is tapped for **Grist**, and the resultant blending and fracturing via a rack of virtual machines produces a collection of blistering breakcore tracks that are equal parts Agoraphobic Nosebleed and Bong-Ra.

While Spectre doesn't quite go to the Agoraphobic Nosebleed extreme of seconds-long tracks, he compresses a few down to brutal collisions of howls and beats. "Grainbeast" is a maelstrom of vocal effects, a single voice turned into a whirlwind of noise that elongates into a fury of warped organ notes and skittering words; while "Saddest RMX" hammers its way across the stage like a John Zorn/Mike Patton improvisational concussion blast. "Terrible Things," at a minute and a half, spends part of that swirling through Air Inspector territory (one of Spectre's less brutalizing aliases) before snarling up into a Godflesh-style intro that throws the listener right into the heavy guitar work of "Forgive and Forget."

The longer tracks wear their influences clearly. "Botch Up and Die" is a tongue-in-cheek reference to '90s hardcore band, Botch; while the hand percussion and technoid rhythms of "Pig Destroyer Destroyer" throw a bone to the bass-less Pig Destroyer. "Botch Up and Die," the opening salvo of **Grist**, seems like a true-to-form grindcore song: foaming vocals, twisting guitars, hammering drums. But Spectre starts to sneak in breakcore effects by slurring the drums, tossing down bleats of noise, and by staggering beats into chopped dub echoes. "Pig Destroyer Destroyer" eschews the pummeling sound of the double-bass for atmospheric burps of noise and synthesized chords. The guitar is sampled, thrashed and looped back on itself like a time-delay Möbius loop until it breaks open a wall in the Time/Space Continuum, releasing an inter-dimensional howler and an Nth dimension breakbeat programmer who transform the song into a caterwauling anthem of grinding breakcore.

The beauty of **Grist** is how Spectre has found a commonality between the heavy thrash of the metal and the cryptic data overload of breakcore to produce tracks that so cleverly belong to either camp. "Incarnate" leaps and howls like a demonic goat whacked out on meth but manages to do backflips with breakbeat tear-downs between verses. "Worse" begins as a percussive interplay between a couple of snare drummers, adds samples and some shortwave interference, before layering the breakbeats on top of the stick work. "Time" tags in, stealing the percussion and mood of "Worse" as the rhythm section for an escalating battle between grindcore vocals, speed guitar and thundering bass.

Grist is one of those records you don't realize you've been waiting for until it kicks you in the face. Aaron Spectre's homage to grindcore and fascination with breakcore results in a record that takes no prisoners and offers no excuses for its intensity. You either dance or die with Drumcorps. Some days, we need this sort of adrenaline rush to jump-start our nervous systems. **Grist** is the juice that will power your rocket. Suck it down.

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RENEGADE MEGA DANCE ATTACK PARTY

BENEATH THE GLOSSY VENEER OF FULL-COLOUR FLYERS AND MULTI-THOUSAND CAPACITY EXERCISES IN EASY CAPITALISM LIES SOMETHING MUCH GRIMIER. TIME TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH JUNGLE'S MUTATED, BREAK-TWISTING COUSIN...

The familiar fug of weed smoke and pill-filled revelers are present, but the pulsating noise emanating from a shaking sound-system isn't quite so recognisable. We're in a place where song structures are merely blueprints to be torn to tatters rather than adhered religiously to, the Amen break is reconfigured mercilessly, and mentions of sample clearance will usually be met with a perplexed "Eh?"

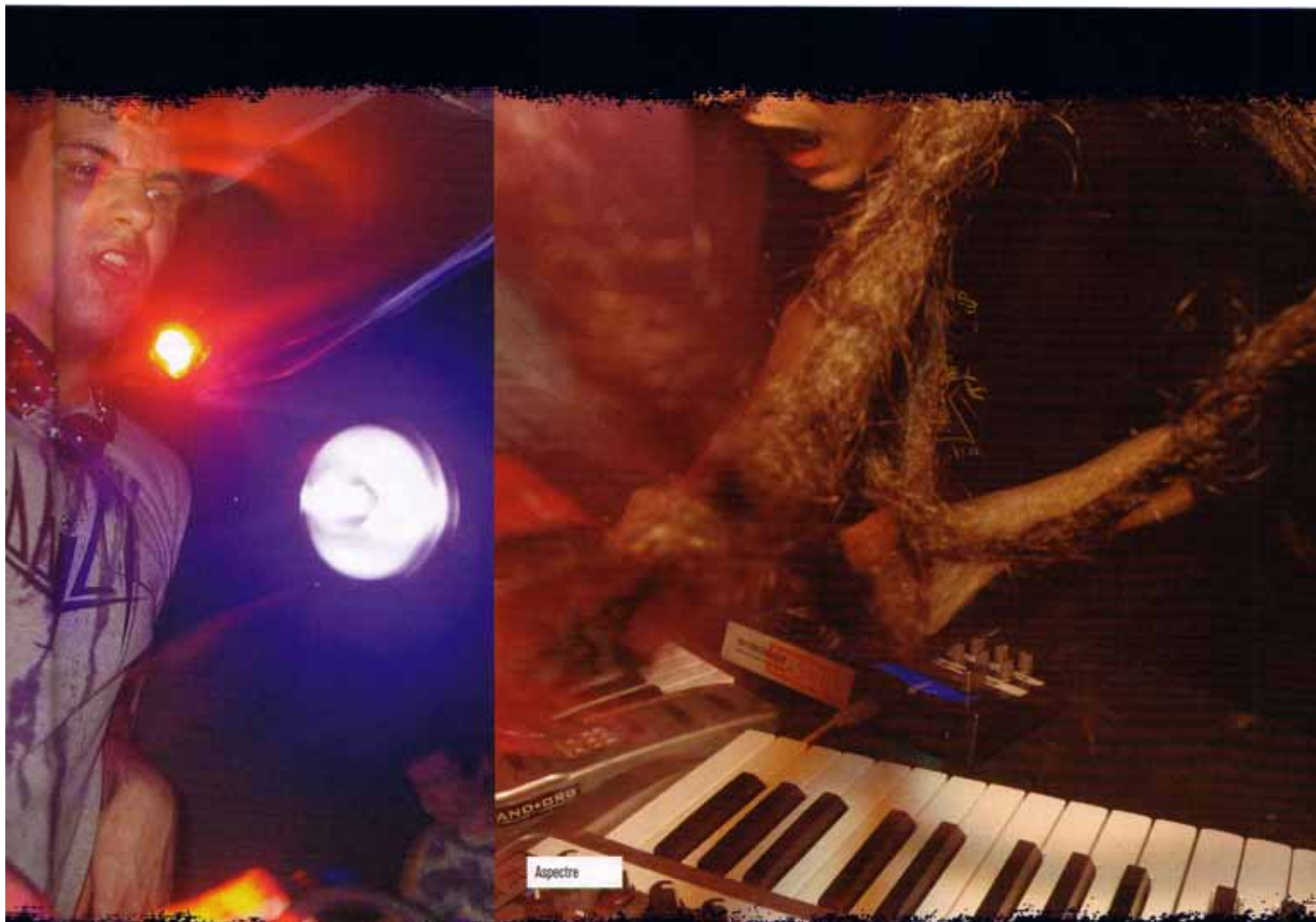
This spiralling scene is hard to pin down. At one end, 'regular' drum & bass disciples meddle with the expansive sounds of leftfield electronica or chop up the vocals of Jamaican rudebwoy emcees like mince; at the other, laptop botherers brought up on crushing guitar rock hotwire any sound within their reach into beat-led assaults on the senses. Mash-up, alternative d&b, breakcore; label it what you want (and for ease's sake, we're going with all

d&b) but throughout the loosely-linked web of sonic terrorists, immeasurable sub-genres, hard breaks, fierce low-end and squat party liberalism, a reckless disregard for any rule books reigns supreme.

Live, this fractured and sellotaped back together art-form employs touring ethics closer to those forged in the early '80s by DIY punk-rock bands, often in front of sweaty throngs of ravers - or if you must, mash pits - indulging in a brand of half-dancing/half-friendly violence more Slipknot than Slipmatt. Put simply, imagine how infinitely more awesome d&b would become stripped of its perpetrators' self-importance and self-imposed suffocating musical parameters.

The scene's origins can be traced back through a well-publicised love for old skool jungle from electronic innovators like Aphex Twin and Square-

pusher, both of whom have variously championed and challenged the confines of the purists dance floor-filling version. A case could be made for nihilistic German antichrist and erstwhile Atari Teenage Riot leader Alec Empire for his white noise-laced d&b solo catalogue throughout the 1990s. But few have encapsulated and spanned so many facets as original bad boy Remarc, who came full circle when the Planet Mu label released two educationally-intended compilations, "Sound Murderer" and "Unreleased Dubs 94-96", in 2003 and 2004 respectively. Taking the trusty yet never tiresome Amen break and gluing it repeatedly to incredible drum programming, plus influences that dragged ragga and reggae kicking and screaming into the mix whether they liked it or not, Remarc has proved a major influence, and in turn has been coaxed from semi-retirement by the resurgent state of his descendants' contemporary scene.



Aspectre

Of course no scene is complete without a fruitful outlet for live excursions, and a select few alt. d&b nights have slunk particularly successfully from the shadows across the UK. Sadly departed Bristol staple Toxic Dancehall could be the definitive example. "I started getting into breakcore after getting bored with conventional dance music," explains Punksi, erstwhile member of Toxic Dancehall's organisational collective. "I ran a drum & bass night covering the harder, techier side of d&b: Rascal & Klone, Tech Itch, that kind of malarkey. But I yearned for something heavier and more fucked up. I also thought many aspects of dub-plate and MC culture prevalent in d&b were simply abhorrent. MCs tended to bring bad attitude and bad vibes."

The ensuing Toxic Dancehall events attracted up to 1000 people, creating what Punksi admits became "a behemoth none of us felt we could control," and down to a number of factors, the night drew its last breath in December 2005. Happily, splinter venture Bashout rises from the ashes on Saturday June 10 at the Black Swan, Bristol, vowing to continue the evolution, as a jungle/rock hybrid.

Further blurring margins between the new and old guards are London's monthly Bang Face blow-outs, aiming to ignite a "neo-rave explosion" of everything from breakcore to techno and hardcore since 2003. It often results in massive era juxtapositions, the likes of Ray Keith or DJ Vibes filling bills alongside alt. d&b exponents. "Breakcore is great for the party," reasons Bang Face cofounder Saint Acid. "It's a growing scene with a lot of exciting artists. Some say it's not good for your health though!"

The open air isn't neglected either. Enveloping the cream of nearly every dance sub-genre from

psy-trance to, you guessed it, alt. d&b, the three-day Glade Festival ups the scale ante every summer as several thousand tent-wielding ravers descend on the Wasing Park country estate near Newbury. And with its genesis in the Glade Stage at Glastonbury, it's certainly the scene's spiritual baton carrier.

Fairly obvious by tag alone, alt. d&b's primary role has been to provide a polarised option from the mainstream, a reaction in the vein of punk-rock's primal phlegm-ball in the eye to bloated '70s guitar bands. Because when any scene balloons, there'll always be disenchanted characters ready to rudely burst the status quo bubble.

Cincinnati jungle producer Enduser, whose love of rap has lent his records a biting hip-hop sensibility, is one of the most outspoken on the subject. "Not to be a dick, but most drum & bass coming out now really bores me," he admits. "It's very cookie cutter and most of it adheres to a certain 'dance floor' template. A lot of drum & bass lost its edge; it became less complex, more about the dance floor. To me, it just doesn't go anywhere. That's not music to me, that's just sound occupying space."

Brighton's Exile ("A fallen angel from Poshcuntia, who severed contact from the real world a couple of years back") crossed the divide collaborating with John B on career highlight thus far 'Broken Language', concurs: "I wish more people would break down the walls of what they think are the 'limits' to drum & bass. Even when people say they're 'pushing the boundaries' in d&b, it's nothing compared to anything that's already been done in the breakcore scene."

"Around 2000 it seemed to go more commercial and more 2-step," recalls Jason Forrest, formerly

Donna Summer (not that one) and proprietor of the Cock Rock Disco label, "and I haven't gone back. One reason so many d&b people seem interested in breakcore right now is it has that spirit of adventure you used to get in jungle, that freedom that anything can happen."

"Drum & bass is probably the most well-produced music in the world," adds mash-up merchant Duran Duran Duran, Forrest's pop culture-baiting label-mate. "I love spinning it, but in general the genre is very formulaic, and a lot of tracks are boring structurally and musically. I'm interested to see where it goes in 2006."

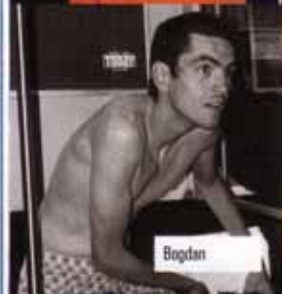
Bonded by the uncompromising attitudes that have fuelled extreme music across all genres, many alt. d&b artists enjoy a continuing love affair with brutal metal bands. Aaron Spectre is just one of those taking these influences into his work, potentially the nearest to creating a perfect crossbreed. "My main side project is Drumcorps," he explains, "a combination of guitar-oriented grindcore/hardcore, Amen breaks, and severe time-stretching. Last year I did a 10', 'Rmx Or Die', which samples a lot of my favourite bands in mash-up style: Converge, Cave In, etc."

Others have ventured even further into rock pastures. Enduser is plotting a "live band take on drum & bass" with Dr Israel, Submerged, and bassist Bill Laswell, while crunching breakcore forefather DJ Scud has an album in the pipeline alongside Gordon Sharp, who made his name working with 1980s indie-rock troupe This Mortal Coil.

Taking alt. d&b to its ultimate illogical conclusion is DJ Scotch Egg. A one-man maelstrom of distorted ranting and 200 mph gabba tattoos wrung from



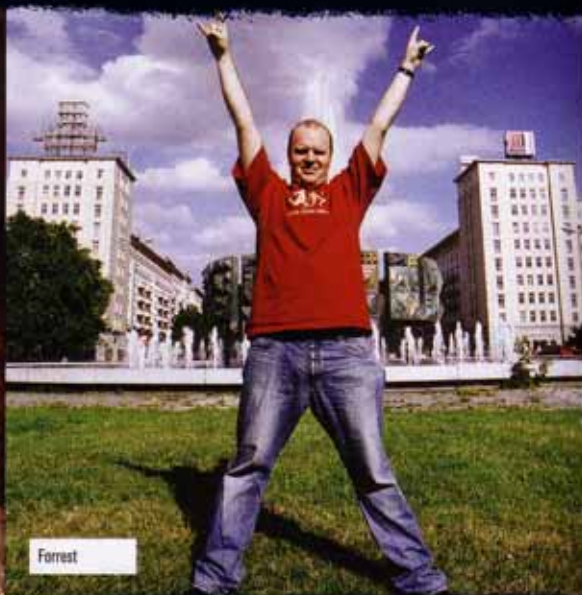
Scotch egg



Bogdan



Bong-ra



Forrest

TOP TEN ESSENTIAL TUNES:

1. Shitmat - Badman Ballad
2. Exile - Broken Language (Exile mix)
3. Soundmurderer - Manhunt Remix
4. DJ Scotch Egg - Scotch Chicken
5. Drop The Lime - Rad Girl Killy
6. Techlevel 2/Wayne Lonesome - Whowanseekwar
7. Venetian Snares - Hajnal
8. Kid606 - Buckle Up
9. The Bug - Gun Disease
10. Snares Man! - Breakbeat Malaria

long-suffering Nintendo Game Boys, he's fast becoming a cult figure since relocating to England from his native Japan. Prone to launching handfuls of eponymous spherical breaded foodstuffs at unsuspecting crowds, his greatest love is fast food. "I describe my music as KFC-core," he expands. "My biggest influence is fried chicken shops, KFC to Dixy Chicken."

Also susceptible to thumbing his nose at seriousness is Poland-via-Japan Canada resident Bogdan Raczynski. He's been playing fun like a sport since the late '90s - tongue often wedged firmly in cheek - with lunatic broken beat nuggets bridging the gap between jungle-fixated electronica and contemporary alt. d&b artists. How would he describe himself? "Bronco hung Iron Chef seeks cupcake kisses," comes the once-homeless scamp's smart retort.

This is, after all, merely an overview, so any already informed connoisseurs can be safe in the knowledge their favourite obscurities have been given due consideration. But it'd be remiss to bypass a few extra names that have added distinctive stylings to alt. d&b's ever-expanding landscape.

DJ/Rupture stands alone as a Middle Eastern-tinged standard setter currently outta Barcelona, relegating the word 'eclectic' to an almost meaningless adjective. Meanwhile, acid veteran Luke Vibert may be a peer of Cornish pal Aphex Twin and his Chelmsford equivalent Squarepusher, but as Amen Andrews he's brought back memories of jungle's glory days wedged incongruously to the rafters with roughed-up breaks.

Mike 'u-ziq' Paradinas's Planet Mu imprint has been integral in alt. d&b's proliferation, alongside significant contributions from, among others, Aphex Twin's

Rephlex (further listening: ragga bass manipulator The Bug) and Kid606's Tigerbeat6 (check out their hedonistic party mash-master Drop The Lime, and the productive label instigator 606 himself). Just as Mu hauled Remarc back into the spotlight, they've also engineered the return of legendary chemistry-fixated junglist Bizzy B. And his ongoing 'Science...' series is nothing short of a master-class.

Arguably Remarc's closest successor - even down to the respectful nod in his chosen moniker - is former Detroit d&b record shop owner Soundmurderer. And the 2003 Rephlex release compiling 12's originally released on his very own Rewind Records remains twisted ragga-jungle's greatest artefact.

Last but entirely not least on both counts, taking the first train out of Normalville for longer than he can probably remember is Shitmat, Brighton-based pioneer of self-proclaimed 'mashcore', and part architect of crazy alternate universe and occasional label, Wrong Music. And it's near impossible not to mention the towering presence of Canadian gargantuan Venetian Snares too - though his super-prolific back catalogue straddles much more than mere breakcore, it tags him as an alt. d&b schooling in his own right.

The most noticeable common thread that binds the cavernous alt. d&b scene together is a sense of community and complete lack of pretension that provides a wholly refreshing antidote to many mainstream counterparts. And unsurprisingly, the cream of the crop willingly line up to sing the praises of the micro-society they've forged.

"It's so fresh," says Exile. "It's really punk, really undefined, and changes day in, day out. And it puts musical ideas above production standards, the way it should be."

"I think it's great," enthuses Jason Forrest. "There's no-one in the scene who's so famous that they aren't nice people. At a show you'll find the artists performing dancing right next to you."

"Breakcore people are a pleasure to work with," agrees Aaron Spectre. "Some of the most honest, down to earth people I've met in the music business. The lack of a specific geographic epicentre is a wonderful thing; you can travel all over the world and find a friend in each town."

Enduser is more fervent still: "It's the best, hands down. Always the best parties, always the best, most forward-thinking music. And you never know what you're going to get, it's a no-holds-barred environment."

"Everyone's very genuine," adds Punksi, "there's no bullshit. It's more of a working together thing than being in competition with one another."

It would, however, seem you can't please all of the people all of the time.

"Is the scene good to be involved with? Not any more," reckons DJ Scud. "It's a foul, stinking, rotting carcass; only the scavengers and vultures left. Grime and dubstep is where it's at."

"There's the regular whining as in every scene," counters dreadlocked Dutch sound-clash king Bong-Ra, "but there's a good DIY mentality, and no DJs walking around with Louis Vuitton handbags! What the fuck is up with that?"

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DRUMCORPS
„Grist“

DRUMCORPS „Grist“

(Ad Noiseam/Cock Rock Disco/A-Musik)

Dass in jedem Menschen auch eine dunkle Seite existiert, ist eine anerkannte Tatsache. Wohl dem, der dieses Alter Ego auch ausleben kann. Aaron Spectre ist bisher vor allem als Producer innovativer und recht harmonischer Electronic in Erscheinung getreten. Unter dem Moniker DRUMCORPS bricht nun ein anderer Aaron Spectre an die Oberfläche. Wo bisher filigranes Producing vorherrschte, entlädt sich auf „Grist“ eine gute halbe Stunde geballter Break-/Grindcore. Wer schon immer mal wissen wollte, was passiert, wenn New York Hardcore, Thrash Metal und Drum-Sperrfeuer jenseits der 200-BPM-Marke aufeinander treffen, der hat jetzt die Gelegenheit, sich ein Studienobjekt erster Güte zu besorgen. Selbst der nicht Mainstream-genormte Hörer wird hier wohl das eine oder andere Mal trocken schlucken, denn hier offenbart sich tatsächlich akustische Brachialgewalt. Die gekreislichen Vocals werden zusätzlich verfremdet, die schnellen Gitarren weiter gepitcht und durch einen Stacheldraht-Verhau aus Sampler-Beats gepeitscht. Das Ergebnis dürfte für Anhänger japanischer Experimental Electronic Hausmannskost sein, für den Rest der globalen Musikkonsumenten sind die elf Tracks wohl mehr eine Expedition an die Grenzen des eigenen Musikverständnisses. Dabei geht DRUMCORPS auch hier souverän mit dem Ausgangsmaterial um. Mit den anarchischen 'Tracker-meets-Metal'-Tracks, wie sie z.B. von US-Underground-Hero Stuntrock zum Besten gegeben werden, hat „Grist“ wenig zu tun. Statt solcher Cut-up-Ästhetik zu huldigen, wird hier mit Präzision und Auge fürs Detail zu Werke gegangen – auch wenn das bei der ersten frontalen Kollision mit den Stücken kaum offenbar wird. Die Präzision des Programmings geht weit über das durchschnittliche DIY-Niveau des elektronischen Untergrunds hinaus und kann sich guten Gewissens mit den Skills von Machine Head oder auch Frontline Assembly messen lassen, die stilistisch ähnliche wenn auch meist gemäßigttere Wege gehen. Als hätte er die Wirkung der ersten Tracks auf den Hörer vorausgesehen, nimmt DRUMCORPS gegen Mitte des Albums denn auch den Fuß vom Gas. Das ergibt nicht nur die Möglichkeit, Luft zu holen, sondern auch die Zeit, einige der vielen Details einzufangen, mit denen „Grist“ gespickt ist. Harte Kost fürs Volk. Webpräsent unter www.drumcorps.cc. (FS)

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CMJ Report: Thursday [Nitsuh Abebe]



Drumcorps [Pussycat Lounge]



Back at the (ahem) Pussycat Lounge, the noise continues with a terrific set from Drumcorps: Between his metal grind, clenched-teeth breakbeats, and extensive dreadlocks, Aaron Spectre makes a pretty good argument for what a young Trent Reznor might have done if he were born a decade later and way less interested in sex. This guy's stage routine is so twitchy and hyperactive that when he takes a drink of water between songs, he forgets to calm down and winds up taking the world's first Extreme Grindcore Sip.



DRUMCORPS

GRIST

(AD NOISEAM/COCK ROCK
DISCO)



Grind/break-
core mish-
mash from
electronic
terrorist
Aaron Spec-
tre, this lies
somewhere
between

Ove Naxx/Otto Von Schirach and Pig Destroyer, and in fact the record is very much Spectre's homage to two different but equally violent/over-the-top genres. As one of the song titles 'Pig Destroyer Destroyer' suggests, this is modern grind-core/metal filtered through electronic music, resulting in a hugely entertaining and intense record that not only fuses the two genres very successfully but also (thankfully) tones down the usual 'hilarious' tomfoolery that seem to be the currency of choice for most of the other recent breakcore artists. And as this is only the first full-length from Spectre, who has already proven himself to be an intense performer sharing stages with the likes of Orthreim and Ove Naxx, he may very well be the man to watch.



Drumcorps

»Grist«

Ad Noiseam/Cock Rock Disco/Target

Der andere Aaron, nämlich Mr. A. Spectre aka Drumcorps, veröffentlicht dagegen sein Fulltime-Debüt, das dafür als Koproduktion auf zwei ebenfalls recht angesagten Labels. »Grist« kann wahrscheinlich nicht zufällig als Mixtur aus »Christ« und »Grind« gelesen werden, schließlich bastardisiert Drumcorps D'n'B mit Grind-, Speed- und Death-Metal derart, dass es dem aufrechten Metalller die Nackenhaare bis nach Norwegen aufstellt. Im letzten Jahr live überaus eifrig unterwegs, hat Drumcorps auf dem »Interferenz«-Festival in Linz für mich einen der besten Gigs des Jahres hingelegt und seinetwegen war auf der »Transmediale« heftiges Headbanging angesagt. »Grist« ist ein ziemliches Brachialwerk, das mit live gespielten Samples die Geschwindigkeits-Bolz-Mauer durchbricht und bei dem selbst der Black-Metal-Gitarrist resigniert. Eine Platte, die dich an die Wand klatscht und du nur noch tanzen willst, weil die Bässe so toll rollen und die Gitarren durchs Hirn sägen. Supergeiler heißer Scheiß mit jeder Menge Funfaktor.

Skug
print, AT, #69, December 2006

STARBUCKS

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STARBUCKS



CHAOS

DRUMCORPS „Grist“

(Ad Noiseam/Cock Rock Disco/A-Musik)

Dass in jedem Menschen auch eine dunkle Seite existiert, ist eine anerkannte Tatsache. Wohl dem, der dieses Alter Ego auch ausleben kann. Aaron Spectre ist bisher vor allem als Producer innovativer und recht harmonischer Electronic in Erscheinung getreten. Unter dem Moniker DRUMCORPS bricht nun ein anderer Aaron Spectre an die Oberfläche. Wo bisher filigranes Producing vorherrschte, entlädt sich auf „Grist“ eine gute halbe Stunde geballter Break-/Grindcore. Wer schon immer mal wissen wollte, was passiert, wenn New York Hardcore, Thrash Metal und Drum-Sperrfeuer jenseits der 200-BPM-Marke aufeinander treffen, der hat jetzt die Gelegenheit, sich ein Studienobjekt erster Güte zu besorgen. Selbst der nicht Mainstream-genormte Hörer wird hier wohl das eine oder andere Mal trocken schlucken, denn hier offenbart sich tatsächlich akustische Brachialgewalt. Die gekreischten Vocals werden zusätzlich verfremdet, die schnellen Gitarren weiter gepitcht und durch einen Stacheldraht-Verhau aus Sampler-Beats gepetscht. Das Ergebnis dürfte für Anhänger japanischer Experimental Electronic Hausmannskost sein, für den Rest der globalen Musikkonsumenten sind die elf Tracks wohl mehr eine Expedition an die Grenzen des eigenen Musikverständnisses. Dabei geht DRUMCORPS auch hier souverän mit dem Ausgangsmaterial um. Mit den anarchischen Tracker-meets-Metal-Tracks, wie sie z.B. von US-Underground-Hero Stuntrock zum Besten gegeben werden, hat „Grist“ wenig zu tun. Statt schierer Cut-up-Ästhetik zu huldigen, wird hier mit Präzision und Auge fürs Detail zu Werke gegangen – auch wenn das bei der ersten frontalen Kollision mit den Stücken kaum offenbar wird. Die Präzision des Programmings geht weit über das durchschnittliche DIY-Niveau des elektronischen Untergrunds hinaus und kann sich guten Gewissens mit den Skills von Machine Head oder auch Frontline Assembly messen lassen, die stilistisch ähnliche wenn auch meist gemäßigte Wege gehen. Als hätte er die Wirkung der ersten Tracks auf den Hörer vorausgesehen, nimmt DRUMCORPS gegen Mitte des Albums denn auch den Fuß vom Gas. Das ergibt nicht nur die Möglichkeit, Luft zu holen, sondern auch die Zeit, einige der vielen Details einzufangen, mit denen „Grist“ gespickt ist. Harte Kost fürs Volk. Webpräsent unter www.drumcorps.cc. (FS)

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DRUMCORPS

Spinnen im Kopf

DIESE BAND IST NUR EIN MANN. SEINE HAARE SEHEN AUS wie ein Tier. Für seinen Kopf sehen sie zu schwer aus. Sie sehen aus, als ob eine Spinne seinen Kopf auffrisst. Aber er findet das OK. Ja, das ist Musik, die den Leuten gefällt, deren Kopf von Spinnen gefressen wird. Ich mag die schreienden Menschen in den Liedern nicht, weil ich dann die kleinen lila Sonnen nicht mehr sehen kann. Aber wenn das Schlagzeug kracht, dann kommen sie zurück.

Gunther (Vice): Warum machst du solche Musik? Hast du als Kind gerne Krach gemacht?

Drumcorps: Die erste elektronische Musik, die mich interessierte kam von Warp Records und Autechre, denn das war das Einzige, was man in meinem kleinen Ort finden konnte. Die einzigen Plattenläden waren große Mainstreamshops, zu denen ich 40 Minuten fahren musste. Als ich nach New York gezogen bin, war ich dann voll auf Ambient, ich wollte entspannen. Erst in Berlin habe ich mich wieder den aggressiven Sachen zugewandt und die ganzen Boston-Hardcore-Bands gehört, die ich als Kind mochte. Als ich dann angefangen habe, bei

Breakcorepartys aufzulegen, schien es mir selbstverständlich, das zu mixen.

Machst du verrückte Musik, weil Berlin eine verrückte Stadt ist?

Als ich nach Berlin zog, wollte ich ursprünglich so City Centre Offices/Morr Music-Kram machen. Dann fand ich heraus, dass all diese Leute noch andere, normale Jobs haben. Ich liebe das immer noch, aber in New York war mein Alltag so anstrengend, dass ich das einfach gebraucht habe.

Hast du nur verrückte Freunde und passieren dir nur verrückte Sachen?

Tja, rückblickend mag es etwas verrückt erscheinen, dass ich 2004 in Beirut im Libanon gespielt habe. Zuerst hatte ich Schiss, weil ich jüdisch bin, aber es ist eine tolle, lebendige Stadt, mit einer explosiven Musikszene. Die Leute dort sind nicht voreingenommen, abseits von dem, was der dortige Virgin-Megastore diktiert. Ich habe 250-BPM-Breakcore für gut angezogene, normale Clubgänger gespielt und sie sind komplett ausgerastet. Danach spielte ich auf einem Open-Air-Festival mitten im von der Hisbollah kontrollierten Baka Valley. Da waren Clubber und Familien mit Kindern und ich machte meinen Mash-Up-Hardcore-Kram. Das war schön.

Ich bin auch jüdisch.

GUNTHER WEINSTEIN, 9 JAHRE

Drumcorps Live And Regret ist gerade auf Cock Rock Disco erschienen.

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DRUMCORPS

GRIST

Cock Rock Disco/GER/CD

Drumcorps is Aaron Spectre's metal/grindcore/breakcore/fractured breaks project, and it's absolutely killer. A smash-up from the best of many worlds, Drumcorps draws the connection between thrash (and almost prog-) drumming and the possibilities of an amen break, then wraps it in a sample-heavy wash of guitar, vocals, and screams. The whole thing is ballistic, delivering the pure energy that has always been present in breakcore in a uniquely clean and raw way. Spectre is one of the world's most talented musicians today and it's awe-inspiring to hear him at his least restrained. *Matt Earp*



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been on and most of them weren't even producers. I think women are not expected to-or pushed to-play anything other than the instruments that have been deemed appropriate for them for centuries. Bring machines and computers into the equation and that's another story all together."

www.brooklynmix.net

Aaron Spectre

Mild-mannered, bespectacled Aaron Spectre from Stow, Massachusetts has a youthful exuberance equaled in the scene only by Shitmat and the Wrong Records crew, which probably explains why he recently fled to wild Berlin. His recent singles for DeathSucker, Japan's Electro-Violence, and Bong-Ra's Kriss label—some of the scene's most popular tracks in the last 18 months—only hint at the ferocious level of intensity in his live shows: A whirlwind of dreads, Spectre thrashes out blistering amens and distorted calls of "Bloodclat" from his two Oxygen 8 keyboards and Ableton Live. For his new project, Drumcorps, whose first record is due out this fall on Jason Forrest's Cock Rock Disco label, he mashes a whole slew of metal tunes into the mix.

Spectre, who also has a dulcimer-playing downtempo side ("If I can make an album as good as Dead Can Dance's *Toward the Within*, I'll die happy," he says), is fiercely positive about the future of the sound. "The gear is cheap, the software is becoming more intuitive, and kids are coming up with the most mind-blowing music!" he enthuses. "To complain about a lack of innovation means you're just not listening in the right places. There's no shortage of creativity in sight." Spectre's music has taken him all over Europe and even to the Middle East, where he played at Beirut, Lebanon's first-ever free open-air party, No Borders. "It drew about 600 people, many of whom had never heard electronic music before, outside of house or the odd pop-techno track," says Aaron. "I played for almost four hours, starting with breaks at 125 bpm and ending with 250 bpm nosebleed breakcore, and they were dancing furiously all the way through! Imagine a huge crowd of people from every walk of life dressed to the nines, mashing it up to Venetian Squares under the full moon and the bombed-out buildings. It was a lovely, rare, *tubula rasa* moment."

www.aaronspectre.com