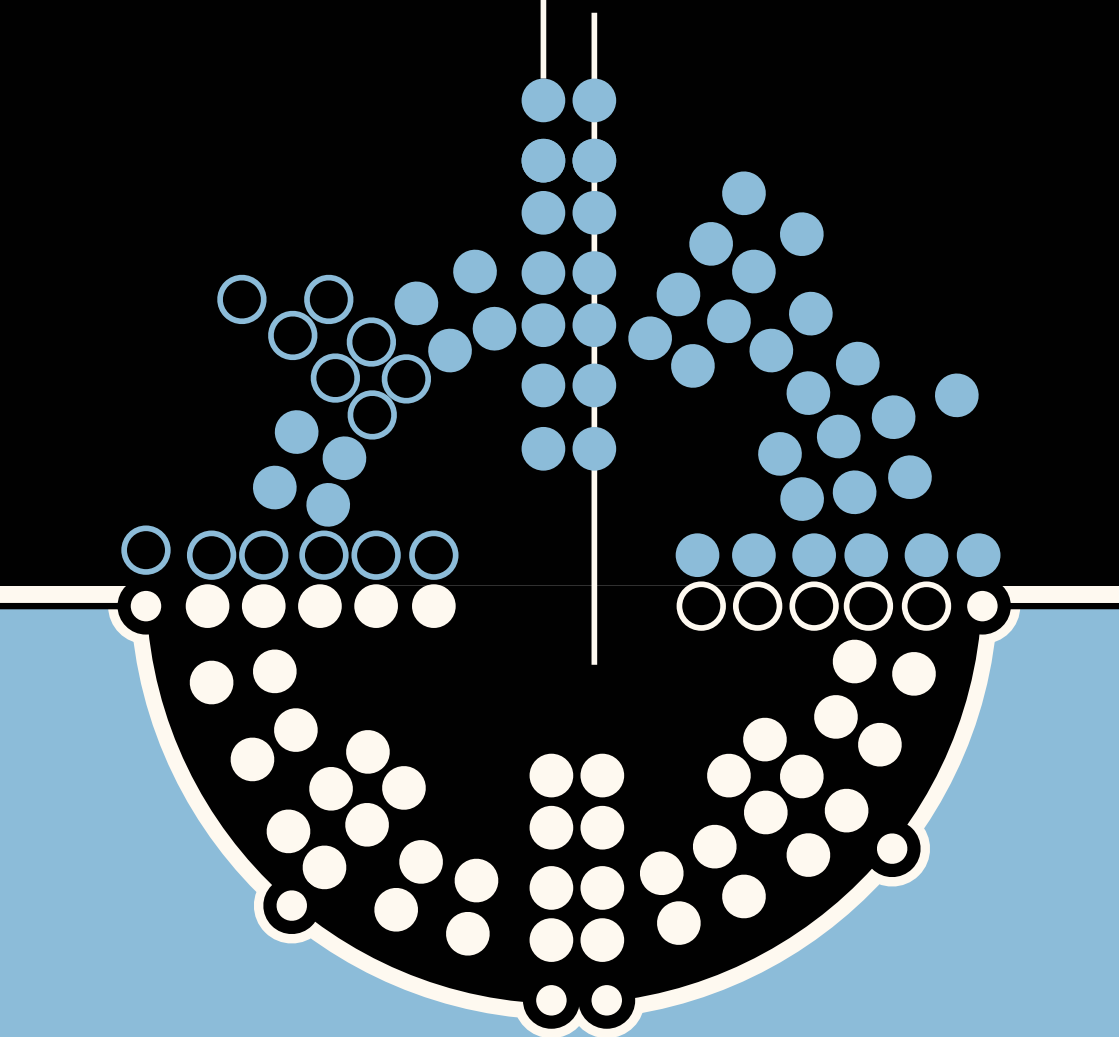
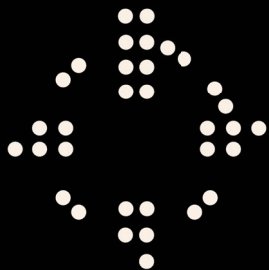


# TABLE OF THE ELEMENTS

2025 SEASON









# TABLE OF THE ELEMENTS





People like Conrad, so free of many of the conventional ideas and restraints that often just end up being selling points, remind me that as down as you want to feel is just how much you want to deny the fact that there have been brilliant people in every decade, including this one, pushing in every possible way against mediocrity, conformity, and ignorance. When in doubt, go to the museum, the gallery, the record store, anywhere you can find art. The world might not change, but yours could.

—HENRY ROLLINS, *LA WEEKLY*

TABLE OF THE ELEMENTS, LTD.  
165 ADNITT ROAD  
NORTHAMPTON  
NN1 4NJ UK

PHONE +44 (0)7595 902255

INFO@TABLEOFTHEELEMENTS.CO.UK  
WWW.TABLEOFTHEELEMENTS.CO.UK  
WWW.TONYCONRAD.CO.UK



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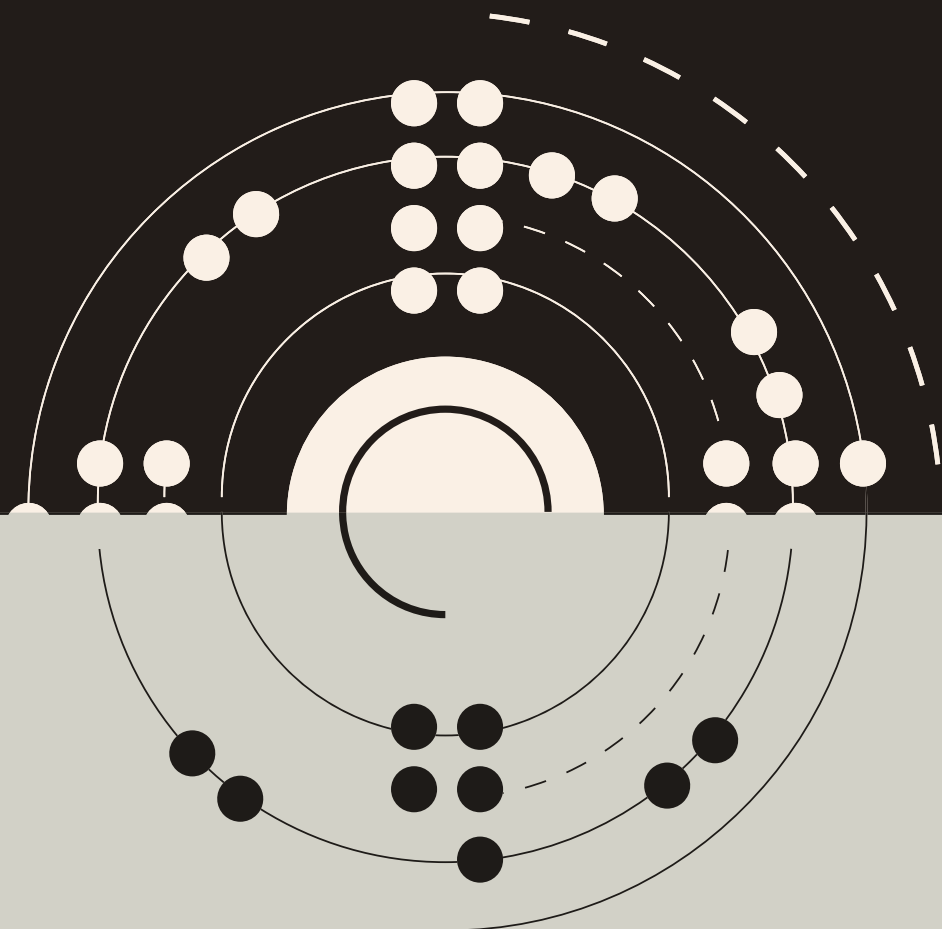
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**Play it a long time, 'cause a short  
while is gonna make me mad.**

—EUGENE “SONNY BOY NELSON” POWELL

*Catalog No. 1*





The supremacy of Table of the Elements as an unwavering outpost of ultra-experimental strains can be attributed to its concomitant adherence to valiance. Most of the Table of the Elements catalog has no broad commercial appeal, and many of its projects are risky ventures, even with respect to the experimental marketplace. Yet, this philosophy of risk works because everybody associated with the label feels like they're doing important work releasing important records, and they're willing to go for broke to make it happen.

—PITCHFORK

## A CONDUIT FOR HISTORY EXPLODING IN THE PRESENT MOMENT

**T**ABLE OF THE ELEMENTS is a curatorial network and interdisciplinary platform, live-event presenter, and fine-arts publisher of print, audio, and film, lauded by Pitchfork Media as “a national treasure.” Since its origin as a record label in 1993, TotE has been dedicated to preserving, promoting, and promulgating works by international creators of experimental audio, electroacoustics, free-improvised performance, sonic sculpture, microtonality, and modern composition. The label’s 150-plus releases are a vital contemporary chronicle, a survey of meaningful eruptions across a broad horizon of sound and vision. Each project demonstrates how a publishing concern might romp wild, unbridled from the carousel of convention.

The company’s mission is epitomized by a partnership with the profoundly influential composer, musician, artist, and filmmaker Tony Conrad. Together, they maintained a prolific and durable relationship until the latter’s passing in 2016. From this collaboration flowed documents that dramatically rewrote the history of American minimalism. These also divulged previously unheard recordings by Conrad’s peers from the early 1960s, including protean filmmaker and artist Jack Smith and Velvet Underground co-founder John Cale. As a producer of Tyler Hubby’s 2016 feature film, *Tony Conrad: Completely In the Present*, label partner Paul Williams helped secure Conrad’s legacy for subsequent generations.

At its core, Table of the Elements is a molten aggregation of unique contributors that includes Derek Bailey, Rhys Chatham, Loren Connors, Arnold Dreyblatt, John Fahey, David Grubbs, Keiji Haino, Jonathan Kane, Mike Kelley, Christian Marclay, Thurston Moore, Jon Mueller, Pauline Oliveros, Stephen O'Malley, Jim O'Rourke, Zeena Parkins, Eliane Radigue, Lee Ranaldo, Laurie Spiegel, and many dozen others. These eruptions transcend time and space, whether through the agency of the vibrating string, the resonance of the drone, the terrifying beauty of electric amplification, the hypnotic power of repetition, or simply the revelatory genius of restive individualism.

Table of the Elements artists have appeared in settings not limited to the Barbican and Pompidou Centres, MoMA, Andy Warhol Museum, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, US National Gallery of Art, TATE Modern, Lincoln Center, Nippon Budokan, All Tomorrow's Parties, and the Whitney Museum of Art. Paris's La Basilique du Sacré Cœur de Montmartre hosted an "orchestra" of 400 electric guitars. An abandoned foundry inaugurated Leif Inge's *9 Beet Stretch*, where Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* is stretched to 24 hours with no distortion in pitch, an ecstatic exegesis of mass, time, and length.

As the creative director and consultant, Table of the Elements founder Jeff Hunt has contributed to over 170 titles. Examples of his unusual approach to raw materials and reductive design have been acknowledged in media sources, including *Artforum*, *Frieze*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *New York Times*, and *Rolling Stone*. His eye for detail is evidenced in packages for Cecil Taylor, Woody Guthrie, Captain Beefheart, Robert Longo, Hank Williams, and Albert Ayler, as well as Harry Smith's *Anthology of American Folk Music*, Vol. 4, and the Grammy Award-winning, *Screamin' and Hollerin' the Blues: The Worlds of Charley Patton*.

Co-owner Paul Williams is a producer, writer, film director, brand strategist, and research historian with decades of experience in the business and financing of the arts. With unerring insight, he facilitates chronicles and actualizes narratives, instigations that entertain and seduce, vivifying contemporary experience. As revealed in portraits of Shirley Collins, Tony Conrad, and others, Williams's lens focuses sharpest on those singular personalities whose idiomatic ideas rattle the cage of conformity.

**With grit and pluck**, the present-day iteration of Table of the Elements disregards the penury of streaming servitude, the online barrage of infantile,

short-form inconsequence, and the belligerent tyrannies of algorithmically enforced mediocrity. At play are mindful considerations of essence and naked deep-dives into the embrace of longevity. Meticulous craft animates a parade of books, LPs, festivals, installations, and films, each celebrating ingenuity and jubilantly repudiating norms.

From a macro perspective, these offerings cohere, dissonant voices expanding in consonant anthology. Yet, as sights and sounds spill out of the label's oeuvre, there is also a discernable contrarian verve. It's the wicked glee of perpetuating the Long Con against the hapless gatekeepers of entrenched cultural hegemony.

By staking its claim on such a massive enterprise in the 1990s, Table of the Elements intended nothing less than to rewrite the history of American music in the second half of the 20th century and beyond. Three decades on, it confronts the challenges of the streaming era with that same resolve, fearlessly crossing currents of electromagnetism in a relentless quest to surf forever that one perfect, monstrous, and endless wavelength. ☉

"The early records' presentation combined stark text and spare, striking images (or no images at all—the guitar singles had glossy white sleeves), and bright metallic inking that was as bold as the music, which touched on minimalism, improvisation, and the outer limits of rock. TOTE's discography has established links between these previously disparate camps and, in the process, has helped to pave the way for an underground rock audience to embrace the full range of the avant-garde."

—Bill Meyers, *Signal to Noise*

"You should check out everything from Table of the Elements, who are to the 21st century what CRI was to the 1960s and Lovely Music to the 1980s—fearless purveyors of the wildest stuff around."

—Kyle Gann, *Arts Journal*

"Without Tyler Hubby's documentary and Table of the Elements ... one of the great stories of American music and art might have gone underappreciated."

—Henry Rollins, *LA Weekly*

TotE's active support of the work of sonic pioneers ensures that theirs are living traditions—not ossified museum objects."

—*Art Papers*



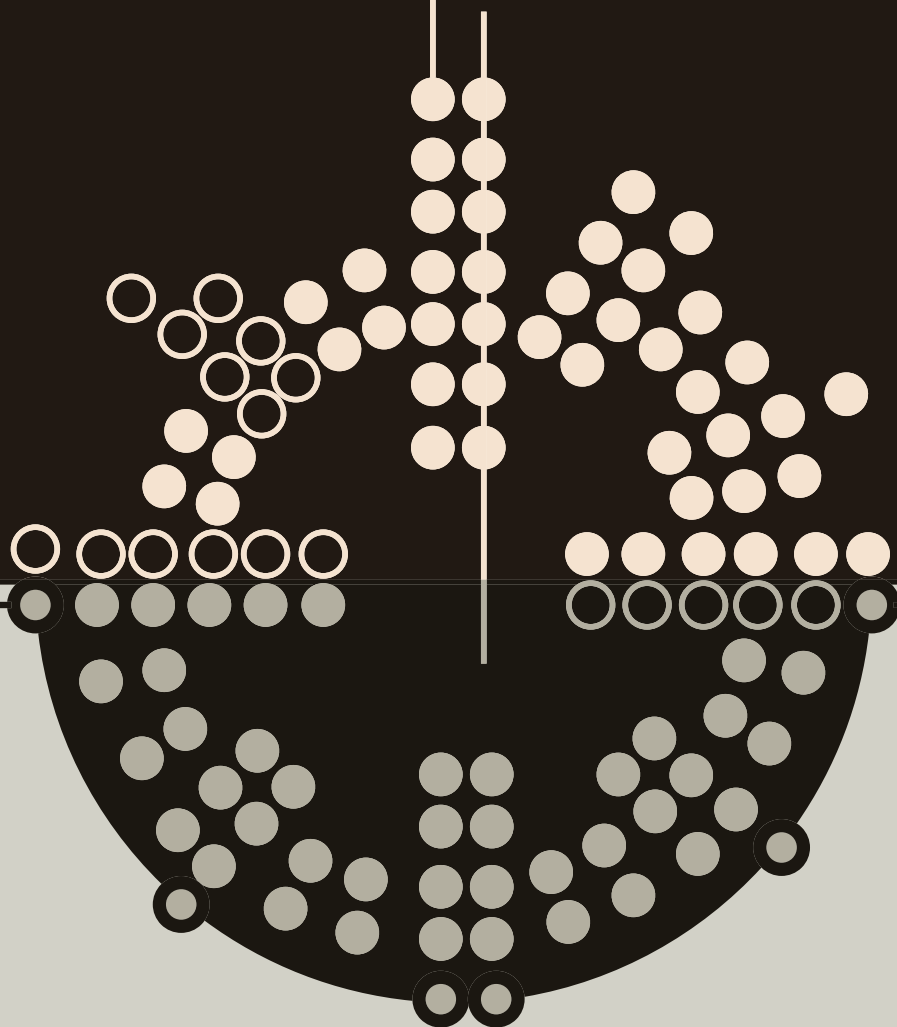






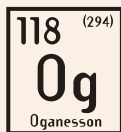
*EVERLOVING*

WFMU SESSIONS





These weren't cultural appropriations. They were assertions, derisive snorts of grit and gusto, and blasts against modernists who sought to bolster their cultural capital and accessibility with diluted folk idiom.



## WFMU SESSIONS

### EVERLOVING



#### “DEMOLISH SERIOUS CULTURE!”

Thus, at the dawn of the 1960s, Henry Flynt demanded that “institutional amusement activities” be superseded by what he called “veramusement” and “brend”—neologisms demanding pure recreation. Flynt loathed codified culture and instead celebrated outsider languages that resonated beyond and above academic norms and official sanctions.

Flynt minted the term “concept art” within La Monte Young’s 1961 *An Anthology*, the proto-document of Fluxus. Beyond a terse association with that movement (his self-described “publisher of last resort”), Flynt actualized his anti-art stance by picketing Lincoln Center, MoMA, and other high-culture citadels in 1962 alongside Harvard classmate Tony Conrad and the protean filmmaker Jack Smith. By 1966, his provocations materialized in song. Like Conrad, he performed with sculptor Walter De Maria and a young Lou Reed; he was tutored by the latter to substitute briefly for John Cale in the Velvet Underground. However, Flynt’s hybridized sounds drilled red-hot through contrarian pop stylings and erupted above classifications.

In recordings that would remain unheard for a subsequent quarter century—gestures of solitary antiheroism—Flynt deployed a sardonic agitprop Americana, commingling forces of garage-rock blues with soaring bluegrass ragas. These weren’t cultural appropriations. They were

assertions, derisive snorts of grit and gusto, and blasts against modernists who sought to bolster their cultural capital and accessibility with diluted folk idiom.

Such baldly Eurocentric strategies were anathema to Flynt. He anticipated—and precipitated—a righteous flow-reversal in which contemporary intent would extend and elevate traditional forms without high-culture aspirations. For Flynt, concept itself was a medium, as sound is to song. By unifying seemingly opposite forces—the Highlonesome keening of Appalachia, the austere thrum of Hindustani classicism—Henry Flynt piloted an escape velocity from the bounds of modernity.

Flynt's avant-garde hillbilly music comes across as a movement consisting of a single practitioner; it is, and it isn't social music. In particular, his exuberant solo fiddle tunes such as "White Lightning" and "Informal Hillbilly Jive" cry out for accompaniment, for some kind of musical response to drive their headlong tempos toward even greater abandon.

—David Grubbs, *Records Ruin the Landscape*

**True.** Within Henry Flynt's sound lurks the ache of the unobtainable but also an implicit challenge. It's a call to action that a combative "supergroup" now accepts. Everloving extends Flynt's radical reconfiguration of Southern vernacular in a spirit of affirmation and exaltation. However, this is no mere tribute act in which the covers smother. In the ebullient hustle of Everloving, the hot fuss 'n' bother of yesteryear is churned at a vigorous 45 RPM to a jukebox-lubricating essence.

The careers of these various artists unwind with kudzu-tendriled resolve. Organizer Jonathan Kane demonstrates that the blues are a primal force of cyclical regeneration and reimagination. Like Flynt before him, he promulgates the physicality and spirit of the idiom in irony-free romps that have energized 20th-century minimalism via collaborations with La Monte Young, Rhys Chatham, and Swans. Peter Kerlin and Jim McHugh (like Flynt, a native of Greensboro, NC) fueled Sunwatchers, whose anarchic psychedelia trampled various barricades with abandon. They blasted roiling, harmolodic euphoria for fifteen years, ascending on a cloud of freewheeling madness; Meredith McHugh's Smoke Bellow wafted to similar heights.

David Sulzer is a neuroscientist whose laboratory has made crucial contributions to studying brain mechanisms and their involvement with autism, Parkinson's, learning, and memory; he is also the composer and performer Dave Soldier. As founder of the chamber-punk Soldier String Quartet, he has renounced classicism in collaborations with Guided By Voices, author Kurt Vonnegut, and Talking Heads' David Byrne; for six years, he toured as band leader and musical arranger for John Cale. In locales ranging from Thailand and Guatemala to East Harlem, he has coached untrained schoolchildren and animals—the Thai Elephant Orchestra—in free-form musical expressions of agency and self-determination.

Also audible are the echoes of Soldier and Kane's 1980s Delta-punk ensemble, Kropotkins, whose participants included riot cowgrrrrl Lorette Velvette, violinist Charles Burnham (James "Blood" Ulmer's *Odyssey*), and Velvet Underground drummer Mo Tucker. (Will this label's interlacings with the VU ever cease?) Similarly, Everloving expands Flynt's take on "The Internationale," which he had repositioned from an apparatchik pledge to a country blues style via a dour theme recorded in the 1920s by Dock Boggs.

**Of his mid-70s recordings,** Flynt acknowledged, "I would've tried to turn it into a legitimate country rock band that had a lot of songs and a few instrumentals in the repertoire. That was the goal. It didn't happen. I also wanted to have flexible musicians...to have a country rock band with the ability to play funk, to play this and that, to move freely among many different Southern roots styles."

Everloving realizes that intent within a crucible of agency that our tumultuous era demands. Here is a triumphant singalong and a clangorous Huzzah! from a like-minded gathering of pickers, fiddlers, and tub-thumpers who reject designations, ossifications, and highfalutin encapsulations. Sixty-odd years after Henry Flynt's first solo defiances, Everloving volunteers accompaniment, camaraderie, and a low-down, hoedown abandon that stomps the sawdust to win the prize. ●

HENRY FLYNT:

“Ecstatic, ragged work ... intensely amplified to emphasize keening, throbbing overtones ... Over a trance-inducing tambura drone, Flynt fashioned lines that swooped and soared, dipped and glided, his tone at times exploding into coarse grain or glistening shards. This was, in a word, transcendent: a tour de force of selfless intensity and aural bliss, sustained for close to 30 minutes.”

—Steve Smith, *Introducing Tony Conrad: A Retrospective*

JONATHAN KANE:

“Paradise between the back porch, the urban jungle and the heavens above ... The album’s down-home grooves shine with an orchestral, massed-guitar luster that’s often associated with Glenn Branca and Kane’s frequent collaborator Rhys Chatham. Layered electric and acoustic sounds create overtones that trick the listener into hearing nonexistent organs and harmonicas. In place of the mind-boggling beats for which he’s known, Kane underpins these drones with a deceptively simple, forcefully executed shuffle. His swinging opuses exude bright, earthy euphoniousness instead of dark, cerebral dissonance: Witness the rollicking ‘Sis’ or the luminous version of the traditional ‘Motherless Child.’ Rarely does the avant-garde rock this hard.”

—*Time Out New York*

“As co-founder of Swans and a volcanic drummer behind such notables as Rhys Chatham and La Monte Young, Jonathan Kane has provided the rhythmic foundation for several classic Downtown NYC landmarks. His music’s intrinsic swagger is crucial ... he side-steps cliché by marshaling his minimalist riffs to their trance-inducing limits, and deftly sparks a synaptic link between Neu!-style repetition and the hypnotic electric blues of Junior Kimbrough.”

—*Pitchfork*

JONATHAN KANE WITH LA MONTE YOUNG:

“You can hear the same blue-note pitch swerves that have been the poetry in motion of guitarists from Son House to Jimi Hendrix. The locomotive chug of Young’s playing also swells with the Chicago rent-party exuberance of Jimmy Yancey and Little Richard’s barrelhouse hammering.”

—*Rolling Stone*



## SUNWATCHERS:

“... Recalls a cultural heyday in the 1960s and 1970s, when raucous instrumental sounds, particularly the free jazz that Archie Shepp called ‘Fire Music,’ were key to a sociopolitical groundswell that sought uprising through artistic engagement. (Sunwatchers took their name from a song by one of the most boundary-pushing artists of the time, Albert Ayler.) But Sunwatchers’ music isn’t exactly a treatise; it’s as rough and primal as it is aware. Still, a historical strain of rebellion radiates through [the] best moments, and they’re hell-bent on carrying it forward. That goal now feels more urgent and purposeful than ever before.”

—*Pitchfork*

“This is a powerful record. It is brainy and brawny, full of intricate moments and massive riffs, working together in some strange and enchanting symmetry to make beauty out of madness. What a delight.”

—*Post Trash*

“*Music Is Victory Over Time*, like so much of the Sunwatchers catalog, creates the mindset in which revolutionary impulses and ideas can flourish—one driven by patience and passion in equal measure. Their music is a leaderless, collective shout of defiance, each element working in tandem to rethink how music moves and how it moves the listener.”

—*Pitchfork*

## DAVE SOLDIER:

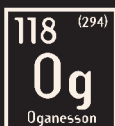
“Soldier is of two minds. As a composer and violinist, he doesn’t like to define music too strictly. He prefers to mix genres, blur categories, erase the boundaries between rock and classical, melody and noise, animal and human. He has composed string arrangements for David Byrne and John Cale, operas with Kurt Vonnegut, and cartoon scores for Sesame Street. To Soldier, it’s all of a piece. Once, in the same week, he played a gig with Pete Seeger and opened for Ornette Coleman. ‘It was like talking to the same person.’”

—*The New Yorker*

## FEBRUARY MEETS SOLDIER STRING QUARTET:

“The four lengthy pieces ... explore the mesmerizing intersections of the two outfits via those of the blues and contemporary minimalism, the music’s steady percussion, droning strings, and repetitive guitar figures interlocking hypnotically like the inner workings of a precision pocket watch.”

—*Chronogram Magazine*



EVERLOVING  
WFMU SESSIONS  
2025

Table of the Elements  
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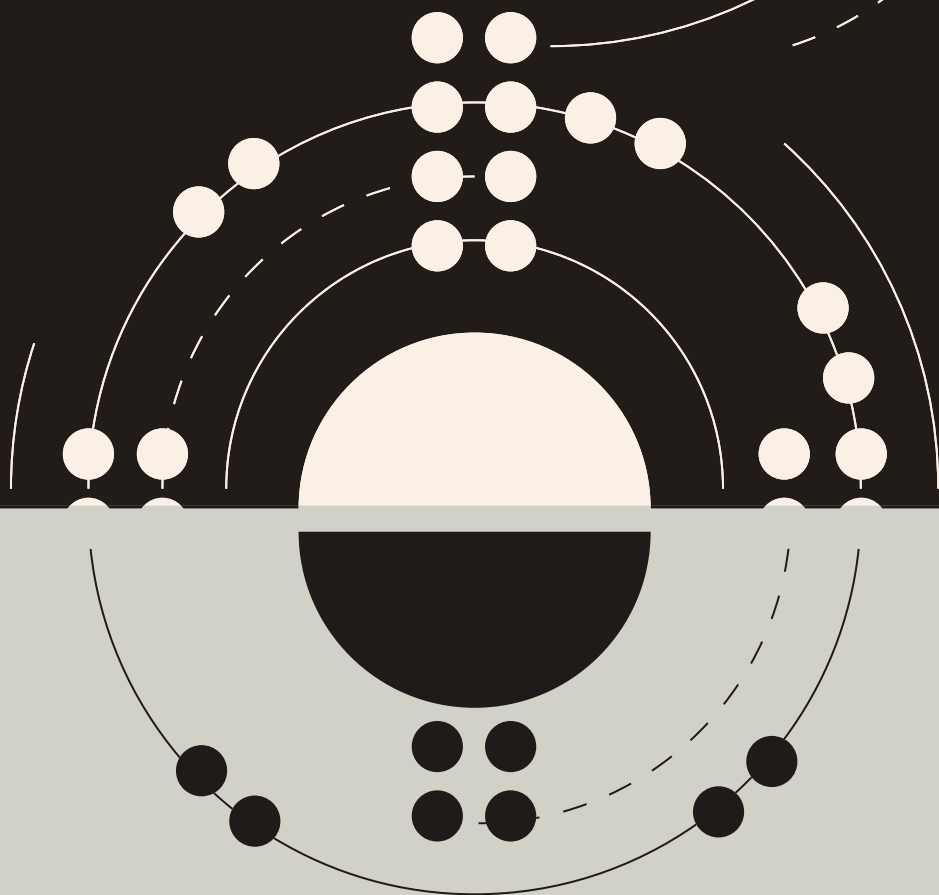
*Phono 12" LP + 7" single, 180g vinyl, gatefold jacket, booklet*





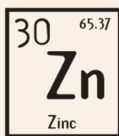
DAVID  
GRUBB

BANANA CABBAGE, POTATO LETTUCE,  
ONION ORANGE





...deliberate and thoughtful  
excursions, charted with mindful,  
patient authority and executed in  
a spirit of comradely challenge.



# BANANA CABBAGE, POTATO LETTUCE, ONION ORANGE

DAVID GRUBBS



“If you wanted to, you could describe him as highly postmodern. Either way, he is one of the most adventurous, uncompromising and thoughtful figures on the experimental side of American composition.”

—*The Quietus*

**T**able of the Elements, 1996: For those with grit, it was a ride in the whirlwind. Behind was the Atlanta Manganese festival, a trailhead at which Tony Conrad initiated the greenhorns, an unknown Jim O’Rourke was introduced to Sonic Youth, and where Keiji Haino, Faust, and Dead C’s Michael Morley were first coaxed to tread American soil. Ahead was the Chicago Yttrium festival, a defiant, post-genre crossroads of 20th-century aural resolve. In between, Tony Conrad recorded, toured, and recorded again with Gastr del Sol; the label introduced O’Rourke to John Fahey, then Fahey to Loren Connors, and then reintroduced Fahey to the world—a flash in which all dizzying currents converged.

Serenely in the eye stood David Grubbs—observer, participant, and facilitator—and from that stance emerged his solo debut, *Banana Cabbage, Potato Lettuce, Onion Orange* (awarded “Best Title of 1997” by *The Wire*). The original tagline waggishly declared, “...in which a solo record = record of solos and less is not MOR.” True. At no hour does Grubbs traffic in noodly, middle-of-the-road equivocation. These are deliberate and thoughtful excursions,

charted with mindful, patient authority and executed in a spirit of comradely challenge.

While comparisons to Morton Feldman were tolerable on release, present-day ears will discern a wry and roiling phraseology that flows from Squirrel Bait through a subsequent and vast creative output. Many of those works appear on Grubbs's Blue Chopsticks label and its patron Drag City, which has also preserved several of his TotE recordings with Gastr del Sol. But it's Banana Cabbage, Potato Lettuce, and Onion Orange that christens the launch of Table of the Elements Archive, informing the nucleus of an inspiringly tempestuous past and an explosive, radiant future. ☉

GASTR DEL SOL:

"Though their music began with two carefully intertwined acoustic guitars, it stretched to encompass orchestral fantasias, electronic abstraction and collage sensibilities imported from the avant-garde. Grubbs's image-rich writing felt poetic and detached. In an era of plangent indie rock, they were the studied, intricate eccentrics."

—Grayson Haver Currin, *New York Times*

THE SPECTRUM BETWEEN:

"As much as any other musician to come along in the past ten or so years, Grubbs has pioneered new ground for pop music by combining inventive instrumentation and dynamics with cryptic, staggeringly intelligent lyrics and always-impeccable songwriting."

—*Pitchfork*

CREEP MISSION:

"Grubbs' playing is resplendent, and, when accented by the subtle buzz of electronics or the moan of a horn, it's the material of transcendence. The man is clearly onto something here and those who have been faithful to his work since 'Rebecca Sylvester' or even more so, 'Sun God' will thrill at what he's cooked up here. Five entirely sky-drowning stars!"

—*Popdose*

GASTR DEL SOL:

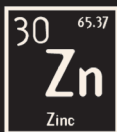
"This is gonna sound weird, but we were fucking great."

—Jim O'Rourke, *Stereogum*, 2018





A triptych of elegant instrumentals. What at first appears tightly measured and calculatedly simple reveals ambiguity and complexity. Components of a sequence change function. Feldmanesque undertow occurs as a familiar gives way to alien; new patterns shed light on recent memory.



DAVID GRUBBS

*BANANA CABBAGE, POTATO LETTUCE, ONION ORANGE*

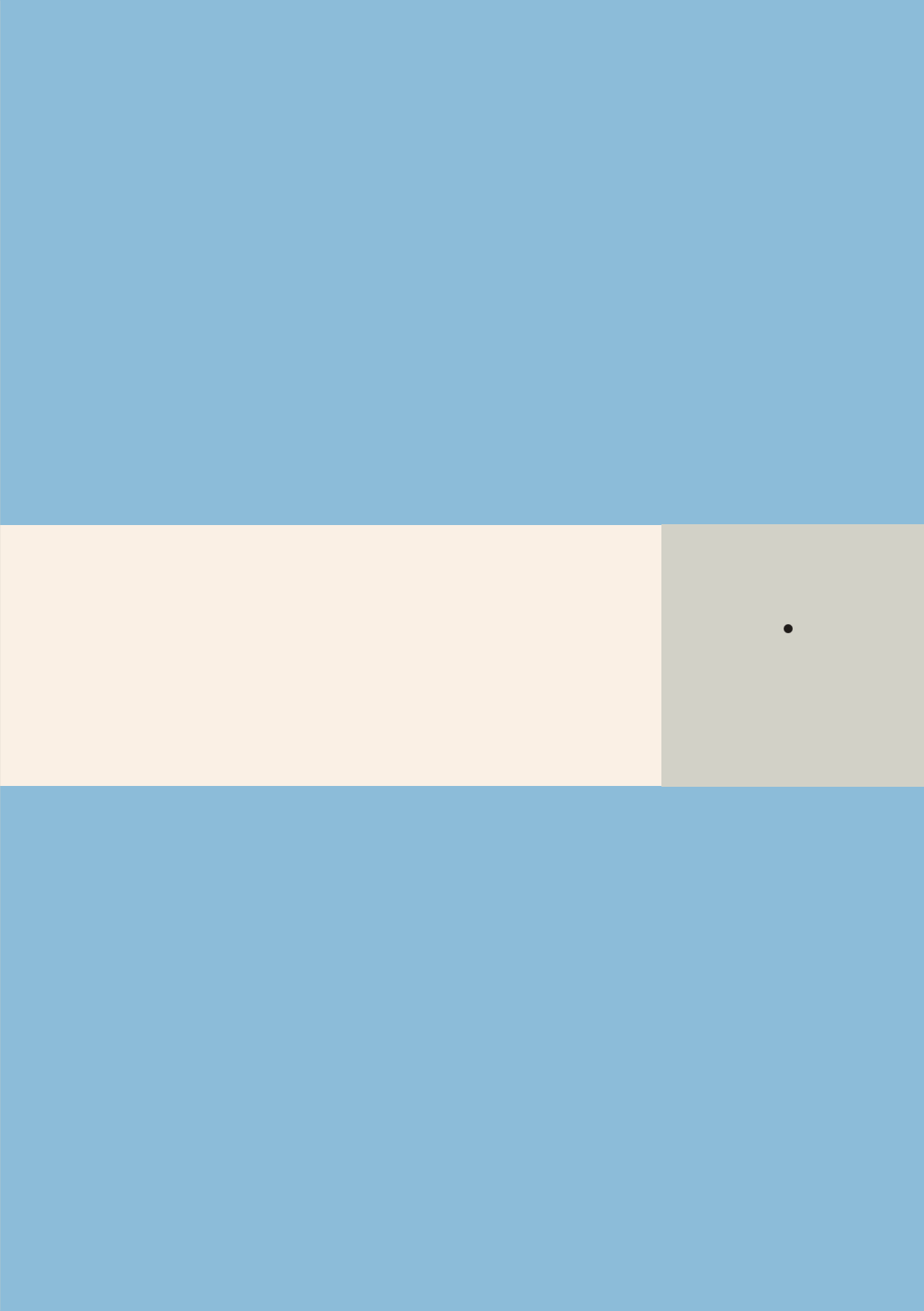
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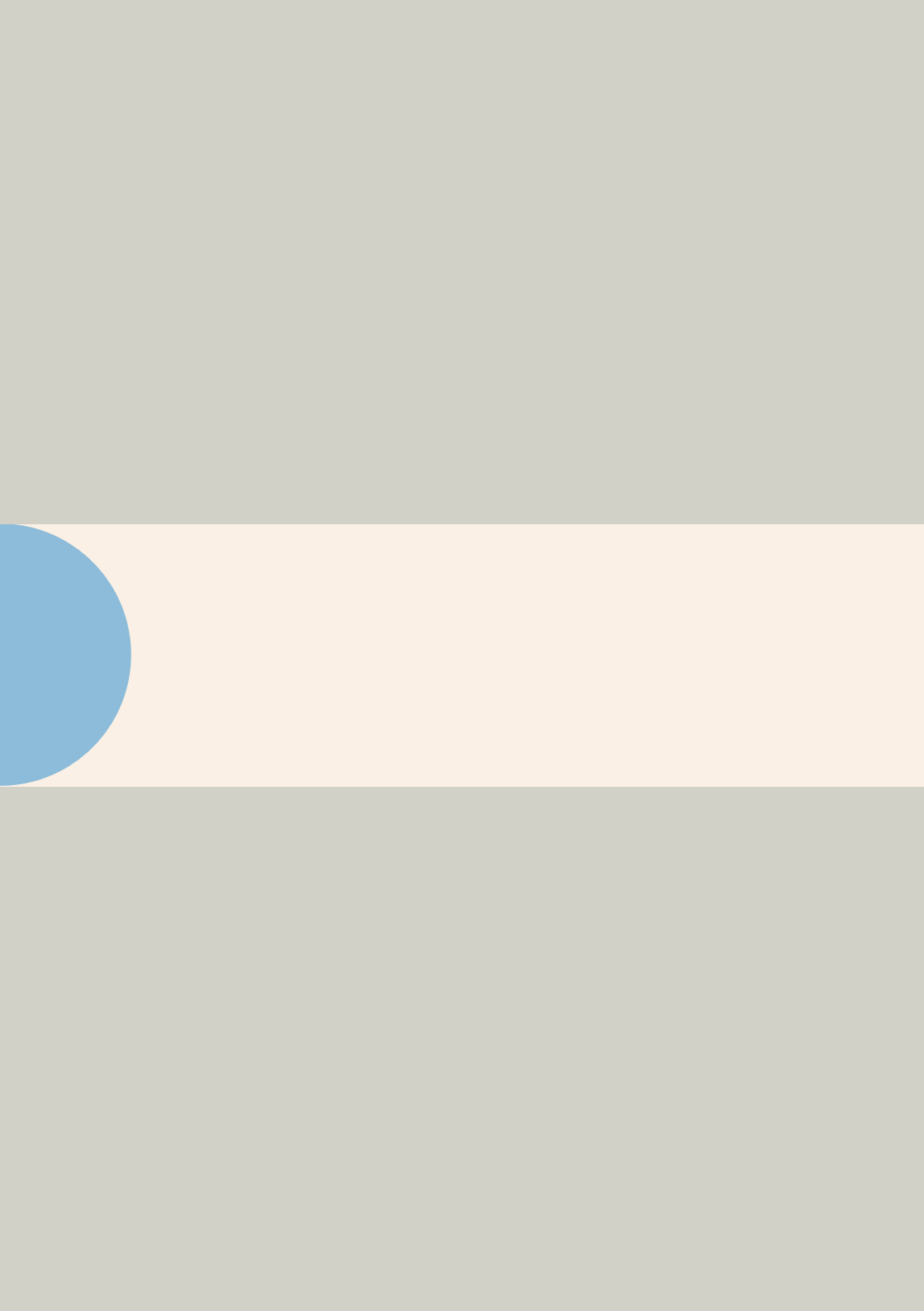
Table of the Elements Archive

[Zinc] 30

EOE-030

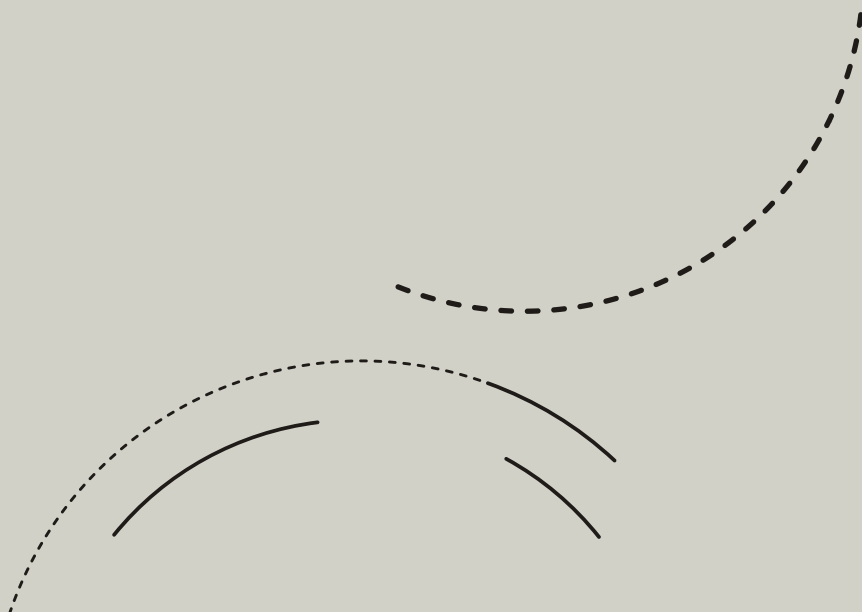
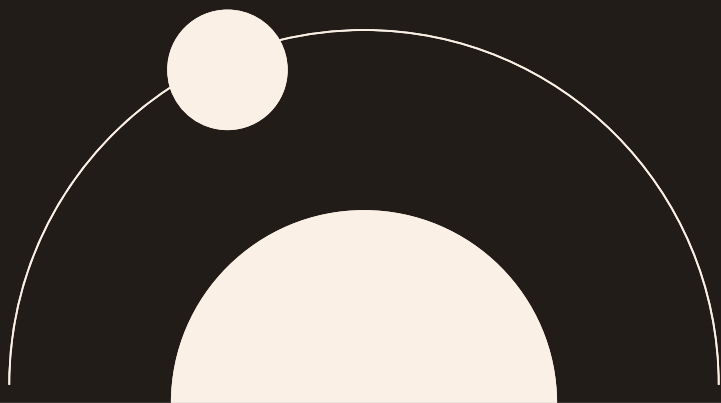
*Phono 12" LP, 180g vinyl, booklet*





MATTHEW WELCH

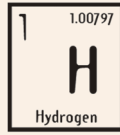
THE UPSIDE DOWN WORLD  
(FOR GLENN BRANCA)



EOE-001



...and so from vaults comes this  
dedication already to him, aged  
like a fine Scotch whisky, now  
a wailing requiem to his idiom.  
Rock in Protest, GB.



# THE UPSIDE DOWN WORLD (FOR GLENN BRANCA)

MATTHEW WELCH



“Pushing the bagpipes to their limit, Welch creates icy sheets of black metal distortion and feedback in five (un)easy pieces: Welch’s exploration of the bagpipes’ sonic potential is thrilling.”

—*The Wire*

**I**t is the ultimate instrument for rock ‘n’ roll, a clarion call to rebellion and freedom, and a catalyst of self-expression. In guttural roar and soaring celestial shriek, the bagpipes are invincible—and Matthew Welch owns the bagpipes. Look beyond his three World Pipe Band Championships, the Yale, Wesleyan, and Simon Fraser University degrees, and his acclaimed and inventive opera productions. Don’t necessarily discount his dextrous collaborations with Anthony Braxton, Philip Glass, Alvin Lucier, Ikue Mori, Zeena Parkins, Julia Wolfe, John Zorn, or his authoritative excursions into the undulating throb of experimental Indonesian gamelan. For an essential understanding of Welch’s command, absorb this blast of high-decibel harmonics, a solo album that upends expectations and asserts the primacy of raging, euphoric minimalism.

*The Upside Down World (for Glenn Branca)* is a deliberate choice to lead the new iteration of Table of the Elements. If the flayed ecstasies, bellowing drones, and molten-spark showers of harmonics recall a Founding Father of our constitutional wherewithal... that is also intentional. Tony Conrad had always intended to record a bagpipe piece with us.

This 2001 effort was realized within the ruins of medieval Crossraguel Abbey in Ayrshire, Scotland. Dating to 1244, its granite confines groan with sanctified weight, imparting a reverberance akin to the Deep Listening explorations of Pauline Oliveros. Yet these walls are roofless, open to an endless spiritual expanse, and within them, Welch summons a furious conflagration, a whorl of aural flame, and a paean to righteous spirits past and future. ●

“As a pro-minimalist bagpiper and rock fan, I related to the hypnotic drones, purer intonation, and loudly buzzing timbre of the music of Glenn Branca. I aspired to create a solo bagpipe piece that could reflect Branca’s shimmering surfaces of rhythmic figures, dense harmonic clouds, sublime chorales, and symphonic scale. The pipes achieve a kind of polyphony and orchestral texture through rapid micro-rhythms played into the incredibly reverberant chapter house in the ruins of the medieval Crossraguel Abbey, Scotland. Recorded in 2001, just days before 9/11. Sad to see him pass in 2018, and so from vaults comes this dedication already to him, aged like a fine Scotch whisky, now a wailing requiem to his idiom. Rock in Protest, GB.”

—Matthew Welch

“As he moved into non-traditional works, his own compositions as well as music by minimalist Philip Glass and jazz legend Anthony Braxton, Welch found a path to something I never thought I’d hear: the bagpipe as a lyric instrument, capable of poetic expression as well as martial aggressiveness.”

—*San Diego Union-Tribune*

“Minimalist Phillip Glass-like cadences traversing a spectrum that ranges from a throaty rumble to primal scream, in a performance that exhibits a startling range ...”

—*Folk Radio UK*

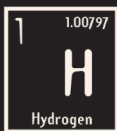
“A composer possessed of both rich imagination and the skill to bring his fancies to life.”

—*Time Out NYC*



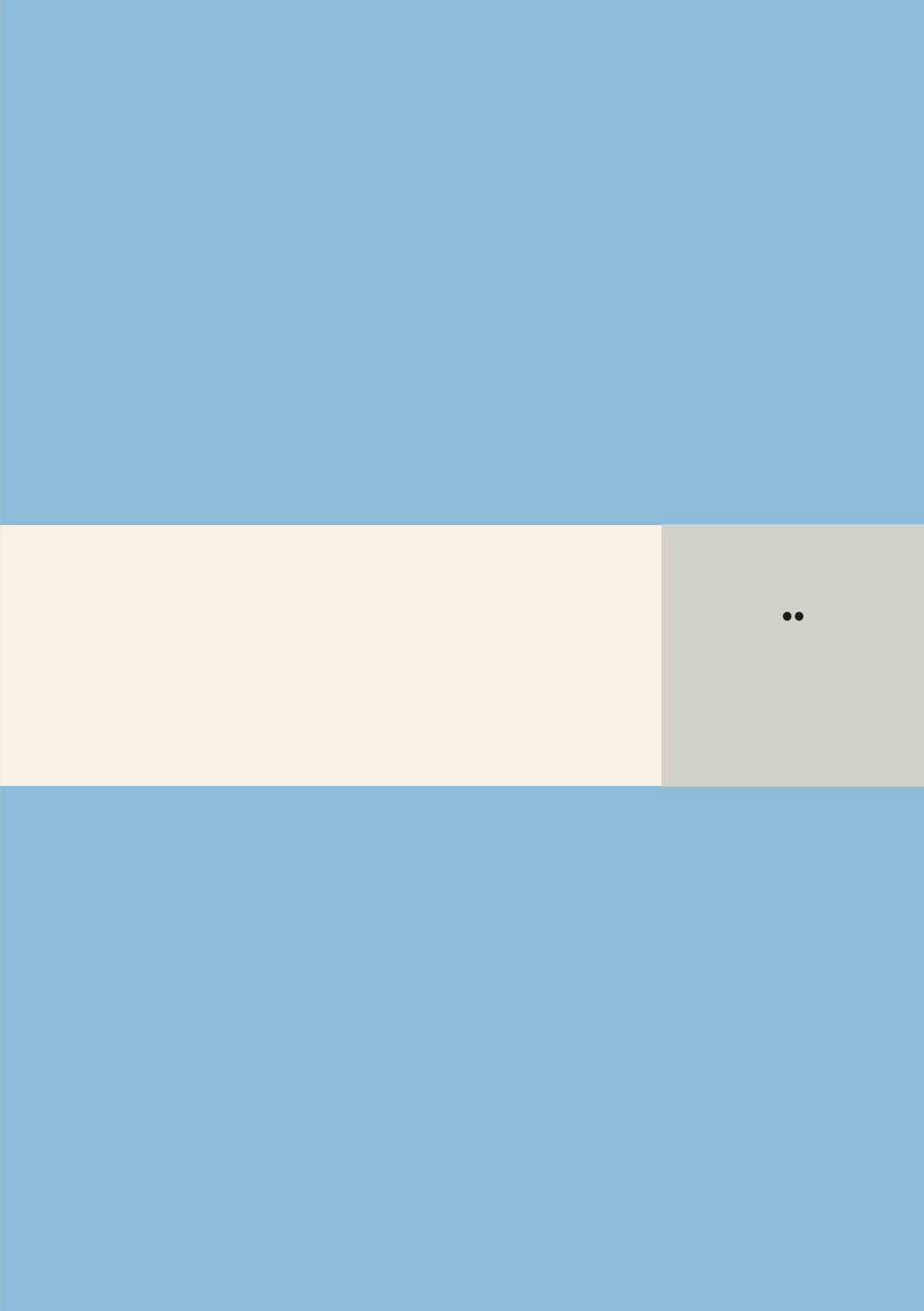


**In guttural roar and soaring  
celestial shriek, the bagpipes are  
invincible—and Matthew Welch  
owns the bagpipes.**



MATTHEW WELCH  
*THE UPSIDE DOWN WORLD (FOR GLENN BRANCA)*  
2025

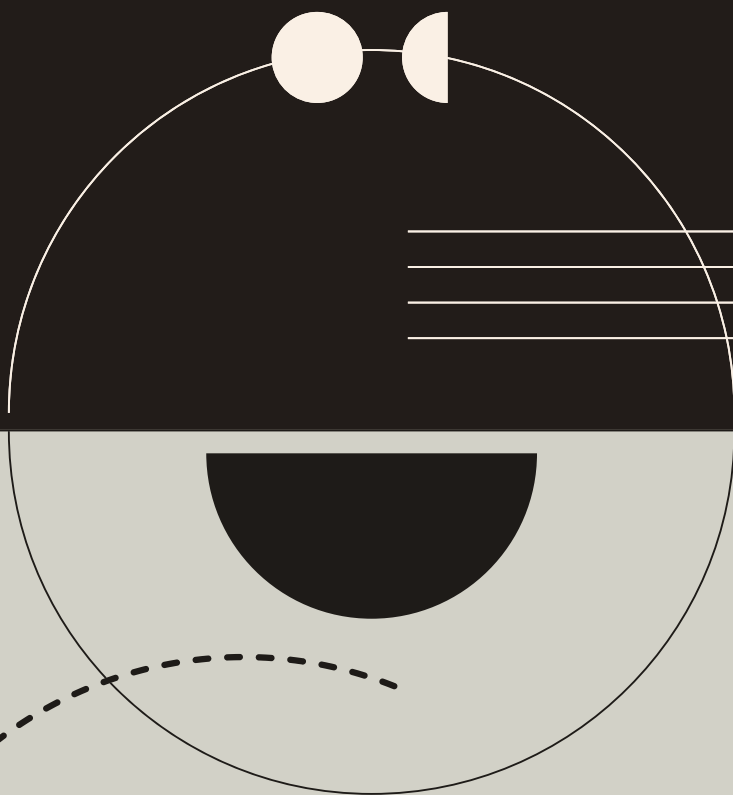
Table of the Elements  
[Hydrogen] 1  
EOE-001  
*Phono 12" LP, 180g vinyl*





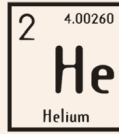
DAVE SOLDIER + JOHANNES KEPLER

MOTET, HARMONY OF THE WORLD





...Dave Soldier and Johannes  
Kepler flow together across a  
500-year expanse of discord and  
concord, firmament and filament,  
enumerating the heavens in the  
song.



# MOTET, HARMONY OF THE WORLD

DAVE SOLDIER + JOHANNES KEPLER



“A modicum of noise is essential to any instrument’s sound, it turns out. Reeds rasp, bows grind, voices growl, and strings shimmer with overtones. In West Africa, musicians attach gourds to their xylophones and harps to rattle along as they play. Music, like most beautiful things, is most seductive when impure.”

—*The New Yorker*, 2023

“We are to think of such circles (the orbits of the planets) as like monochord strings bent round, vibrating, and study the extents to which the parts are consonant or dissonant with the whole.”

—Johannes Kepler, *Harmonices Mundi*, 1619

“Using a potent cocktail of math, physics, history, biology, and neurology, Dave Sulzer explains why music is the medicine most of us can’t live without.”

—Peter Gabriel, 2021

**O**ne man is two. Both are explorers for the ages, investigators of dual hemispheres comprising a single world. David Sulzer is a neuroscientist, a Professor at Columbia University, and a leading researcher whose laboratory has made crucial contributions to studying brain mechanisms and their involvement with autism, Parkinson’s, learning, and memory. Dave Soldier is a composer and performer whose creativity supersedes genre and includes

work with John Cale, David Byrne, Bo Diddley, Van Dyke Parks, Ric Ocasek, Bob Neuwirth, Kurt Vonnegut, and Guided by Voices. The duo often join to bridge music and science, including the Thai Elephant Orchestra and the Brainwave Music Project, which uses EEGs of brain activity to create compositions.

**Johannes Kepler also unlocked mysteries.** With the 1619 publication of *Harmonices Mundi* (English: *Harmony of the World*) he correctly reported that the planets not only revolved around the sun but did so in elliptical orbits. Within his three laws of planetary motion, Kepler fixed Copernican heliocentrism as the accurate model of the solar system. His calculations of the shapes and speeds of the rotations and the planets' relative distances from the sun inspired Newton's efforts to describe force, acceleration, and gravity, providing the foundation for virtually all contemporary technology and physics, from subatomic forces to understanding the universe.

Kepler considered the heavenly bodies as such—divine creations—and the mathematics of their orbits to be directly related to music. He opined that in their elliptical motion, the planets would change in musical pitch according to their distance from the sun, as a lute's string dampened at different lengths on the neck. If this occurred, the planets would occasionally be in tune. By expecting that a “master artisan” would favor moments of consonance, Kepler deduced a scientific discovery and laid a foundation for the polyphonic music of the Renaissance. In Chapter 7 of Book V of *Harmonices Mundi*, Kepler requested that someday a composer write a motet based on this notion.

In 2024, Dave Soldier fulfilled that request. Consulting Kepler's many pages and diagrams on what the motet should be, including the harmonies, allowable intervals, and scales, Soldier composed a piece of choral music, polyphonic and unaccompanied. In it, each planet is assigned a voice with a tonal limitation akin to the ellipticity of its orbit and a sequential duration relative to its distance from the sun. As these “songs” intersect, some synchronize with the rational laws of the universe as envisioned by Kepler. Others cross paths in irrational dissonances that evoke modern composition while asserting a timeless beauty. Acknowledging Kepler's repeated references to the poet Proclus, Soldier chose his Hymn to the Sun for the lyrics. These are voiced in ancient Greek by the microtonal choir Ekmeles.

The spectacular master recording of Motet was engineered by Dražen



Bošnjak, utilizing a non-proprietary audio technology of his invention. His Mach1 Spatial introduces a simple and transparent framework, a “master delivery format” for unifying multichannel and spatial audio via a vector-panning approach. In this three-dimensional environment, the “planets” rotate around the listener at speeds related to the log transformation of their orbital periods.

In 1619, Kepler exalted: “To him who more properly expresses the celestial music described in this work, Clio will give a garland, and Urania will betroth Venus, his bride.” With *Motet, Harmony of the World*, Dave Soldier and Johannes Kepler flow together across a 500-year expanse of discord and concord, firmament and filament, enumerating the heavens in the song. ☉

DAVE SOLDIER:

“Soldier is of two minds. As a composer and violinist, he doesn’t like to define music too strictly. He prefers to mix genres, blur categories, erase the boundaries between rock and classical, melody and noise, animal and human. He has composed string arrangements for David Byrne and John Cale, operas with Kurt Vonnegut, and cartoon scores for Sesame Street. To Soldier, it’s all of a piece. Once, in the same week, he played a gig with Pete Seeger and opened for Ornette Coleman. “It was like talking to the same person.”

—*The New Yorker*

SOLDIER STRING QUARTET:

“Like the more famous Kronos Quartet, the Soldier navigates waters outside the chamber music mainstream ... But the Kronos’s unpolished performances leave one suspecting that it adopted its repertory to avoid comparison with better quartets. The Soldier seems to be the real thing—a virtuosic band given to iconoclastic experimentation.”

—*New York Times*

FEBRUARY MEETS SOLDIER STRING QUARTET:

“The four lengthy pieces explore the mesmerizing intersections of the two outfits via those of the blues and contemporary minimalism, the music’s steady percussion, droning strings, and repetitive guitar figures interlocking hypnotically like the inner workings of a precision pocket watch. One minute into the entrancing, Can-esque opener “Hate to See You Go,” and you won’t want this disc to end.”

—*Chronogram*

SOLDIER STRING QUARTET WITH JOHN CALE:

“...it was one of those rare transcendent occasions where every audience member seemed to be experiencing the same hypnotic glow, held in sway like the tide under a powerful lunar magnetism.”

—Amazon

“The arrangements were meticulous, with the steel guitar gleaming above hymnlike piano chords and the string quartet churning out muscular chords or chamber-music counterpoint.”

—*New York Times*

*MUSIC, MATH, AND MIND:*

“Every page of this book has a fascinating connection between the universal joy we find in music and some biological or mathematical fact. Only David Sulzer, a neurobiologist who is a master composer and musician, could have written this wonderful book.”

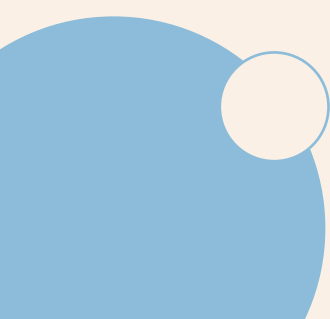
—Roald Hoffman, author and recipient of the Nobel Prize in Chemistry

“David Soldier’s excellent book turns into an encyclopedia of our tonal imagination as it catalogues the nefarious passion that gives our creativity its edge.”

—John Cale

“A ribald reality check on what makes music matter and why we should mind.”

—Van Dyke Parks





Once, in the same week,  
he played a gig with Pete Seeger  
and opened for Ornette Coleman.

'It was like talking to the  
same person.

## DAVID SULZER / DAVE SOLDIER PROFILE

“A ribald reality check on what makes music matter and why we should mind.”

— Van Dyke Parks

We were sitting in the living room of his apartment in Chinatown, late at night, after one of his classes at Columbia. All around us, the desks and bookcases were covered with the tools and detritus of a working musician: keyboards and monitors, piles of sheet music and empty instrument cases. A lyre from Nairobi lay on a table in the vestibule, next to some panpipes from Vietnam, a hand-carved kettle drum, and a banjo made from old 45 records. The neuroscientist in Sulzer seemed nowhere in sight. Then he stepped over to one of the keyboards and showed me his most recent score.

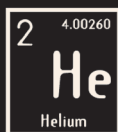
Of all his compositions, this one probably came closest to joining his two halves. It was a four-part motet based on Johannes Kepler’s “*Harmonice Mundi*”—“Harmony of the Worlds.” First published in 1619, Kepler’s treatise was both an abstruse work of mathematics and a vision of the universe as a kind of celestial music box. Kepler worked out the planets’ elliptical paths around the sun with remarkable accuracy, then compared their motions to notes in a chord, ringing in perfect harmony. In the final book of the treatise, Kepler urged the composers of his era to set his equations to music. “To him who more properly expresses the celestial music described in this work,” he wrote, “Clio will give a garland, and Urania will betroth Venus his bride.”

A number of composers had taken up the challenge over the centuries, Sulzer said, but they’d all fudged the mathematics. He was determined to play by the rules. Was it hard to do? I asked him. “Fuck yeah,” he said. “But

it was also kind of fun.” In his piece, as per Kepler’s instructions, the parts of Saturn and Jupiter were sung by basses, Mars by a tenor, Earth and Venus by altos, and Mercury by a soprano. Their notes cleaved closely to Kepler’s calculations: Saturn’s part ranged from G to B and Jupiter’s from B to just above D, for instance, but Venus, with her more circular orbit, could only oscillate between E and E-flat. Kepler wanted listeners to feel as if they were standing on the surface of the sun, hearing the harmony of the spheres as the planets circled around them. The closer each planet came to the sun, the higher its notes ascended.

Sulzer opened a MIDI file on his computer and played me a passage. Its synthesized voices were a poor substitute for celestial singing, its harmonies as eccentric and stubbornly mathematical as Kepler’s theology. But later, when I heard a vocal group called Ekmeles perform the piece in a studio, I found it strangely moving. The music wasn’t luminous and ethereal, as I had expected. It was earthy and heavy-footed, full of steady, stomping forward motion. It was like an angry crowd that slowly, grudgingly joins in a folk dance. When the ethereal harmonies did come, they flashed through the music and quickly faded, like the sun’s rays at the edge of an eclipse. “That’s what Kepler was looking for—a moment of consonance in the universe,” Sulzer said. “Usually it’s not there. But, when it is, it’s evidence that God did something right.”

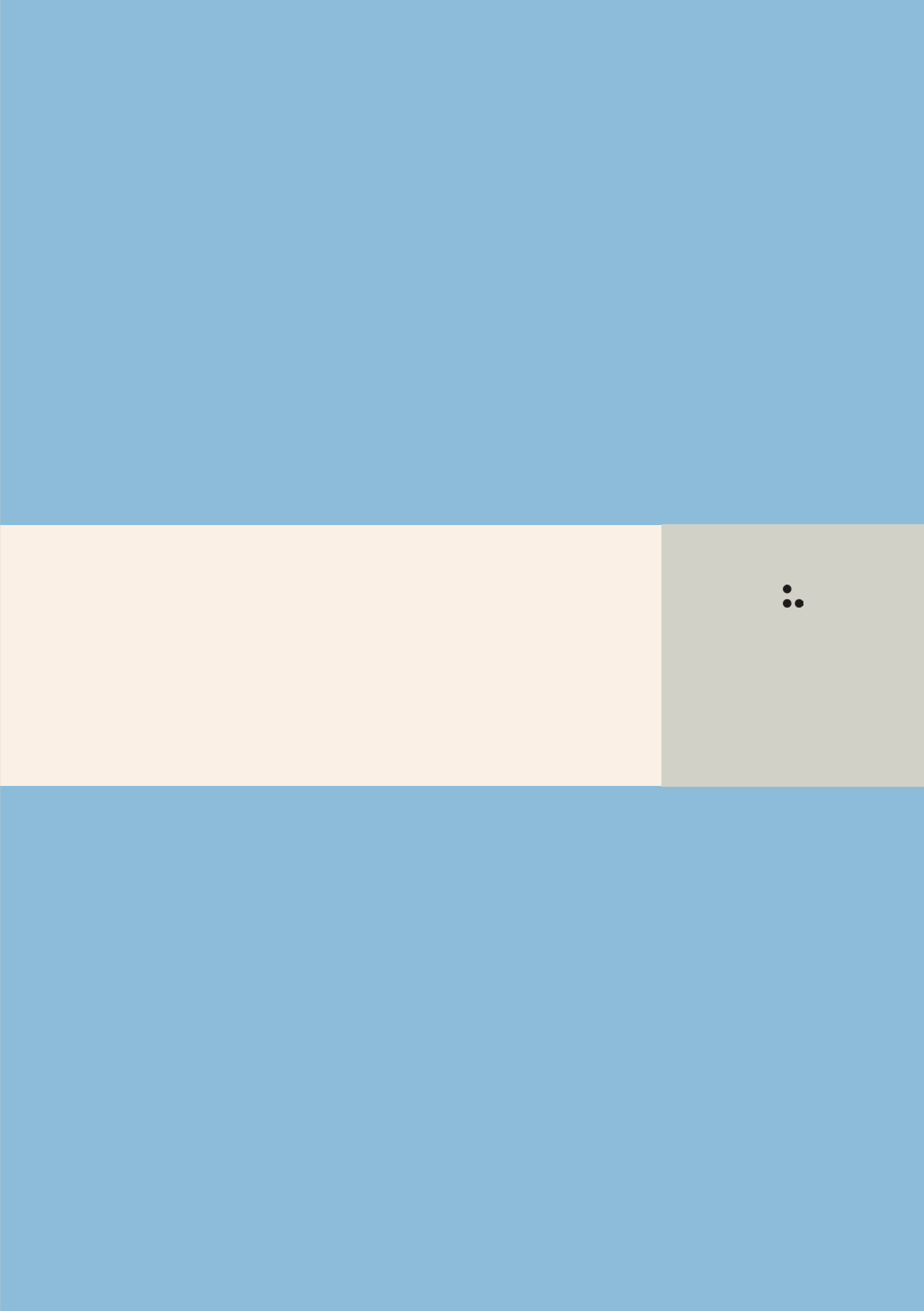
— Burkhard Bilger, *The New Yorker*, March 27, 2023 (excerpt)



DAVE SOLDIER + JOHANNES KEPLER  
*MOTET, HARMONY OF THE WORLDS*  
2025

Table of the Elements  
[Helium] 2  
EOE-002

*Casebound 112-page book, compact disc*

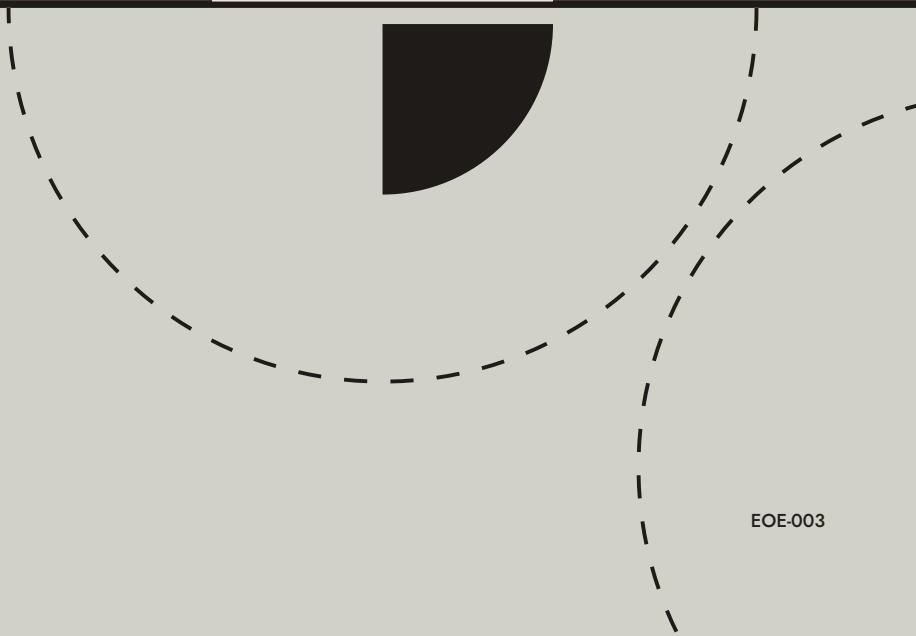
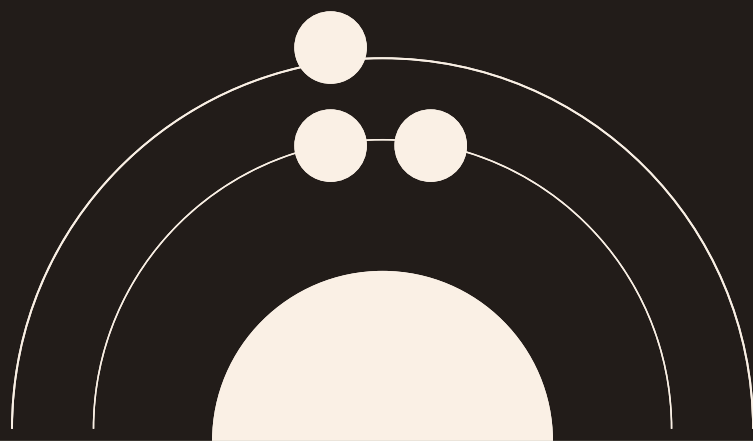






Jon Mueller  
+ Tom Lecky

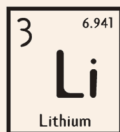
ALL COLORS PRESENT



EOE-003



...an awe-inspiring display of  
elegant athleticism, preternatural  
focus, brute restraint, and  
ecstatic, monastic reverie.



# ALL COLORS PRESENT

JON MUELLER + TOM LECKY



**W**hy? Why do we obey and follow our compulsions? What do we seek as our horizon rolls away at a rate constant to our progress, in perpetual ceaseless motion, as we float forever forward in worldless, magnetized thrall? *All Colors Present* vivifies an inchoate force that has propelled Jon Mueller since he first engaged sound with action. At the center of these two bilaterally symmetrical pieces is a source, an essential substance with no influence, precedent, or subsequent approval—just a cellular impetus to Exist.

Jon Mueller's singular performance idiom is an awe-inspiring display of elegant athleticism, preternatural focus, brute restraint, and ecstatic, monastic reverie. It requires and demands a state of inner quietude from witnesses. Here, recorded in real-time and with no overdubs, two crisp beats repeat and reverberate—one, then two; two, then one—in a confluence of hand and stick, drumhead, and heartbeat. Yet, from this seemingly metronomic exercise blossoms, every possible tint and hue of infinite spectral sound.

An apt reference point resides within the broad, decades-spanning catalog of Table of the Elements. Like Tony Conrad's surging *Outside the Dream Syndicate*, the aural and conceptual headwinds are real, but the perceived affronts of provocation are not. These works are not endurance challenges, nor are they threadbare minimalist upholstery. They are not obstacles. They are invitations. Within their simplicity and formalism await a sympathetic repose, a comfort. These are gestures of generosity.

**Why** do we undertake these efforts? Mueller doesn't overtly intend this to be his final recording. Yet he recognizes an apotheosis of a lifelong path, a throughline that has dragged him from his origin to this moment. None of us may ever grasp the purpose of our innermost drive. We strain towards destinations of numinous obliteration.

What is the sense of it all? The answer may be another question. Have we at least honored ourselves and that most primal urge that beckons us to surge further and farther and beyond...? ●

PRINT EDITION:

Jon's music has always had the quality of sculpture to me, more akin to the plastic arts than aural. But of course, he works with sound, not matter, and with Jon, there is always a sense of sonic accrual. I hear the sounds, I hear the sounds that are above and inside those sounds, and I hear something else, maybe just implication. I concede that these final accruals might exist solely in my mind.

The mind is inside, the sound is outside, or so it would seem. Images form between them: when I took these photographs in Iceland in 2022, I did not know they would evolve into a collaboration with Jon. Another accrual. I have listened to and learned from Jon for so long that some of his energy and force informs how I see and hear. I am sure that energy was there when I took these images, extracting their forms like sculpture. But they, too, are not plastic—and perhaps Jon does work with matter. Thoughts run on. Since the spaces I am exploring are all transitional (or is it transitory?), I wonder—is it even possible to see a resonance? Where are the colors? For whom do they reflect?

—Tom Lecky

JON MUELLER:

"Mueller's music is usually completed by the overtones and feedback that arise from the interaction between his playing and the space where it occurs, but for this recording, he has drawn those elements into the foreground. Long vocal and metallic tones stretch over subliminally rumbling drums, directing the listener's attention up and out."

—*The Wire*

"While *Family Secret* doesn't sound like anything else that Mueller's done, it shares similarities with his previous work in its uncanny ability to use sounds to stir nameless emotions."

—*Chicago Reader*

“Focusing on that singular, rolling sound brings you to a path inside this mysterious world.”

—*Foxy Digitalis*

“...music that suggests gaping, unfathomable voids and distant threats.”

—*New York Times*

OLIVIA BLOCK + JON MUELLER:

“Organ repetitions fuse with the metallic timbres Jon Mueller’s distinctive percussive techniques and it’s like I’m staring straight into the sun. The intensity is understated, but sit in this aural rinse long enough and the brightness is deliciously overwhelming.”

—*Foxy Digitalis*

PUSH FOR NIGHT + JON MUELLER:

“The result is an otherworldly sound trip that will have you on the edge of your seat. ‘Bypassing standard approaches to percussion’ is a kind of understatement here. The ‘thick, liminal record, rich with the dread, absurdity, and delirium of the past several years’ is clearly not easy listening material, but it will trigger your imagination in unexpected ways.”

—*400 Lonely Things*

VOLCANO CHOIR:

“And for the climax of ‘Still,’ Mueller pulled off an extended drum roll that felt almost comic in its arena-rock intensity, as though Vernon had entrusted his accomplice to help demolish one caricature—the cloistered, super-sensitive balladeer—with the force of another.”

—*LA Times*

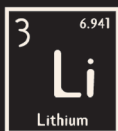
“The depth of the drums evoke not just canyons and churches, but the Grand Canyon and Sistine Chapel.”

—*Pitchfork*

COLLECTIONS OF COLONIES OF BEES:

“The neon-pastoral ambiance is broken by Jon Mueller’s majestic kit work.”

—*Pitchfork*



JON MUELLER + TOM LECKY

*ALL COLORS PRESENT*

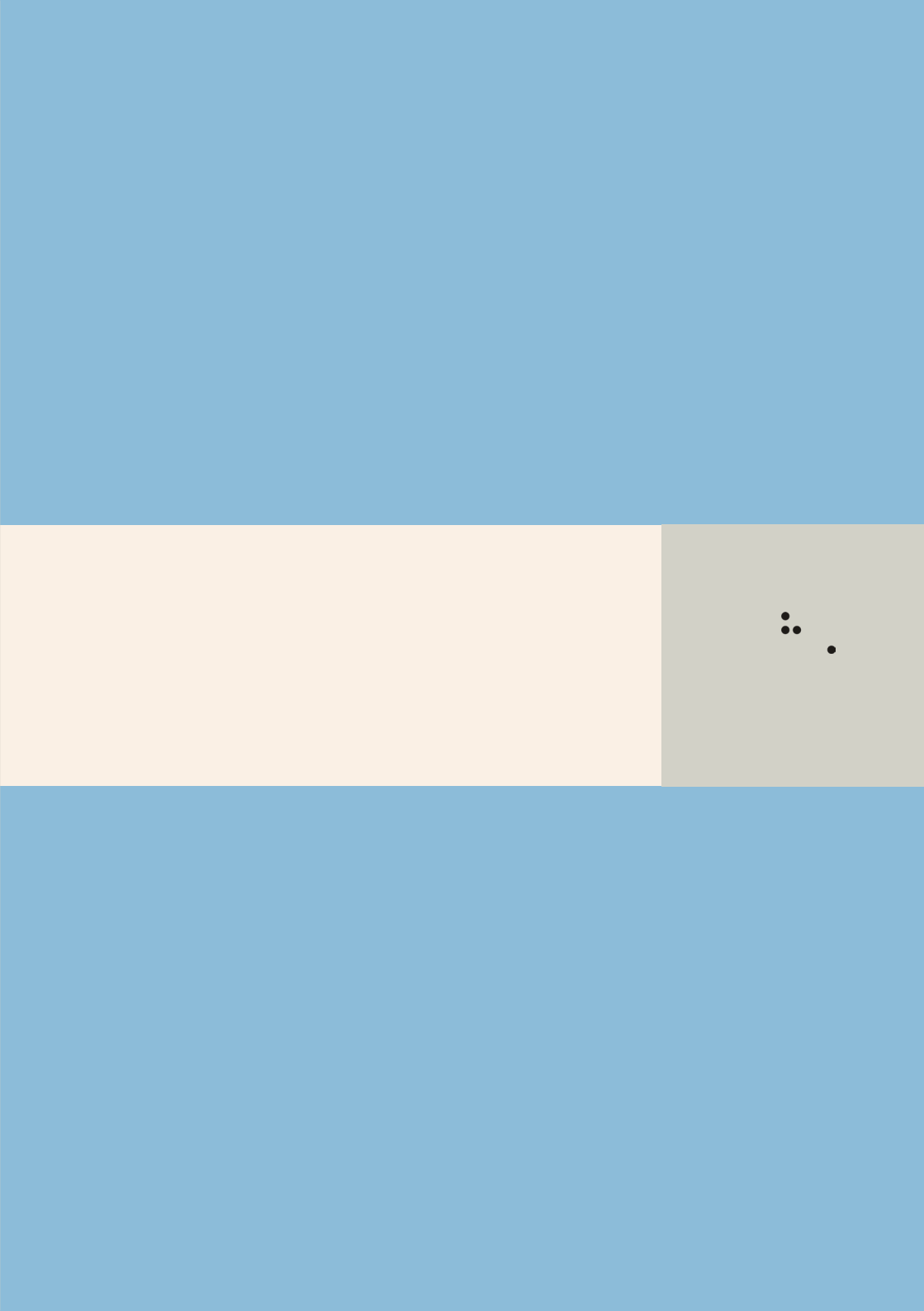
2025

Table of the Elements

[Lithium] 3

EOE-003

*Perfect-bound book, compact disc*

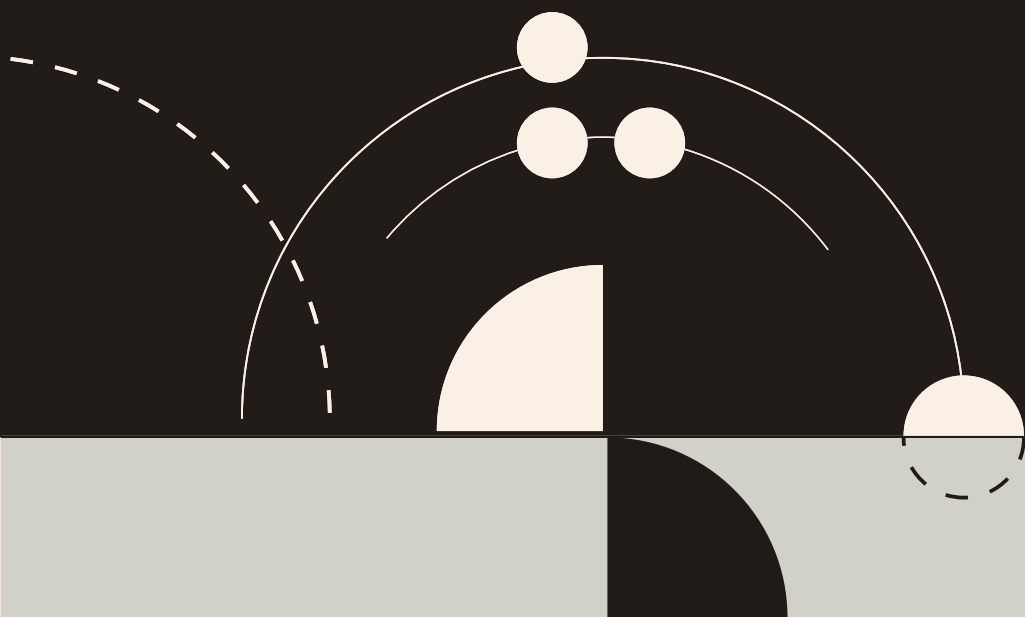






HAL RAMMEL

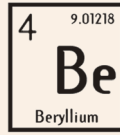
VIEWS THROUGH A KALEIDOPHONE



EOE-004



Peering beyond Sir Wheatstone,  
Rammel flutters with the  
kaleidophone in improvised  
unison, capturing its fleeting  
dance of idiosyncratic brilliance in  
snapshots of timeless fascination  
and delight.



# VIEWS THROUGH A KALEIDOPHONE

HAL RAMMEL



“In any field, find the strangest thing and explore it.”

—John Archibald Wheeler, theoretical physicist

**T**he gray concretions and rebar scoliosis of modernity cast a long shadow. Yet within its shade rest corpses of organic wonder and moments of brazenly murmured splendor. Tracing the Wisconsin backwoods, Hal Rammel quietly thrives beneath the diffident gusts of commerce. As a self-publishing artist, inventor, composer, writer, and photographer, Rammel is a polymath of the highest order. A 60-year body of work situates comfortably alongside that of Harry Partch, Harry Bertoia, and Harry Everett Smith, smearing the boundaries between science and art, craft and cosmology. From homebuilt instruments to stereoscopic imagery, confabulated folkways to whimsical illustrations, his peripatetic footpath crosses the dreamlike and the empirical, the sonic and the seen. A natural philosopher, Rammel is persistently attentive to the twinkling that beckons in the dusk of perception. His efforts are not declarations. They are demonstrations: bouquets of radical, radiant poetics.

One demonstration begins with an obscure instrument from the dawn of modern science. In 1827, British physicist Charles Wheatstone devised the kaleidophone, a “philosophical toy” built to visualize vibration. A slender rod of metal, tipped with a bead, was fixed to a wooden base and bowed or struck to produce an oscillating motion. With a light source directed at the bead,

these vibrations became visible as continuous lines tracing elliptical or spiral paths through the air—early graphic evidence of complex harmonic motion. Though Wheatstone is best remembered for the stereoscope, concertina, and, prominently, the electric telegraph, the kaleidophone reveals a more profound preoccupation: that sound, light, and movement might be coaxed into shared expression. It was never a musical instrument in the conventional sense—but it was played, and it frolicked in response.

Utilizing the same fastidious verve that he applies to his invented musical instruments, Hal Rammel has recreated Wheatstone's kaleidophone. Photographing the device under LED light at varying shutter speeds, he captures luminous patterns that the eye could never retain alone. The results are arresting: fluid ellipses, torqued spirals, and flickering geometries that hover between waveform and calligraphy. These images are not illustrations of motion—they are motion, frozen mid-gesture. Each photograph documents not a static object but an event: a performance composed of strike, light, timing, and the unpredictable grace of vibration itself. In setting the device in motion—striking, bowing, coaxing—the artist captures luminous, swirling geometries that seem to dance in space.

These images, taken at varying shutter speeds, vividly animate the ephemeral beauty of vibration, transforming a scientific curiosity into a living sculpture of light and motion. Rammel's photographs burst with hypnotic energy, inviting us into an active engagement—a momentary performance frozen in time, where light, sound, and perception converge in a hypnotic dialogue. In this act of revival, Rammel celebrates the playful inheritance of science as art, reminding us that the unseen energies of the universe can be both mesmerizing and deeply poetic. ●

“Liberation from the prescribed or predetermined visions of mass-marketed instrumentation and the top-down designations of traditional pedagogical art processes is the key to Rammel's creative arc. Whether engaging in cartooning collage, sculpture, improvisation, instrument building, photography, or countless other arts, his drive is toward an exploration of what's left out of the commercialized experience and a subsequent, subtle rereading of the high versus low art divide.”

— Jon Dale, *The Wire*

“The unearthly improvisations of instrument inventor Hal Rammel are never predictable: whether he’s bowing a saw or running his electroacoustic sound palette -- a sensitively miked painter’s palette intersected by variously long wooden dowels -- through a gamut of space-age effects, both the sounds he generates and the directions in which he takes them are often surprising.”

—Peter Margasak, *Chicago Reader*

“Something about Hal Rammel’s instruments — their design and materials, the sound they make, and his relationship to discovering the music within them — embodies the patience and acceptance of a loving father and his daughter or son. With Rammel, you get a sense that the construction of each of his instruments is secondary to discovering who it will become as it matures.”

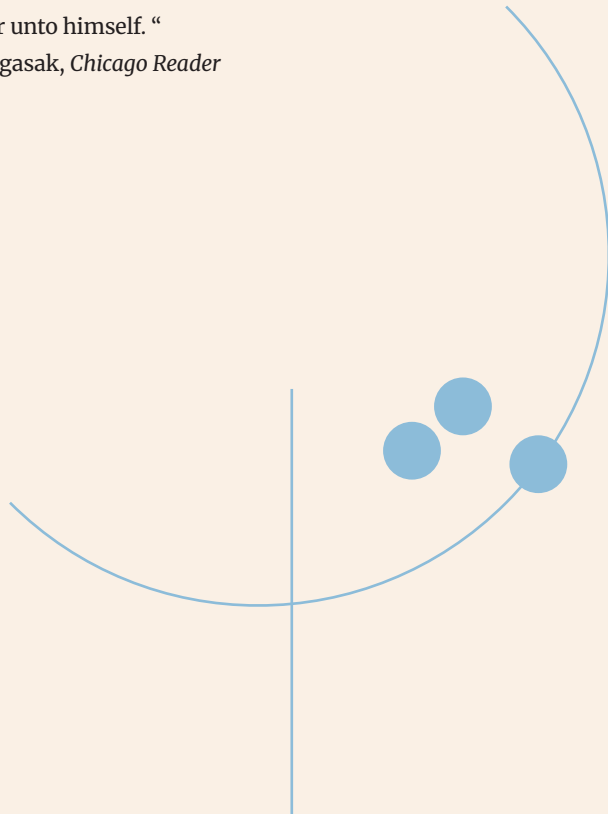
—Nate Wooley, *Sound American*

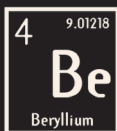
“Words only paint a flat picture of an artist like Hal.”

—Nate Wooley, *Sound American*

”Rammel is a wonder unto himself. “

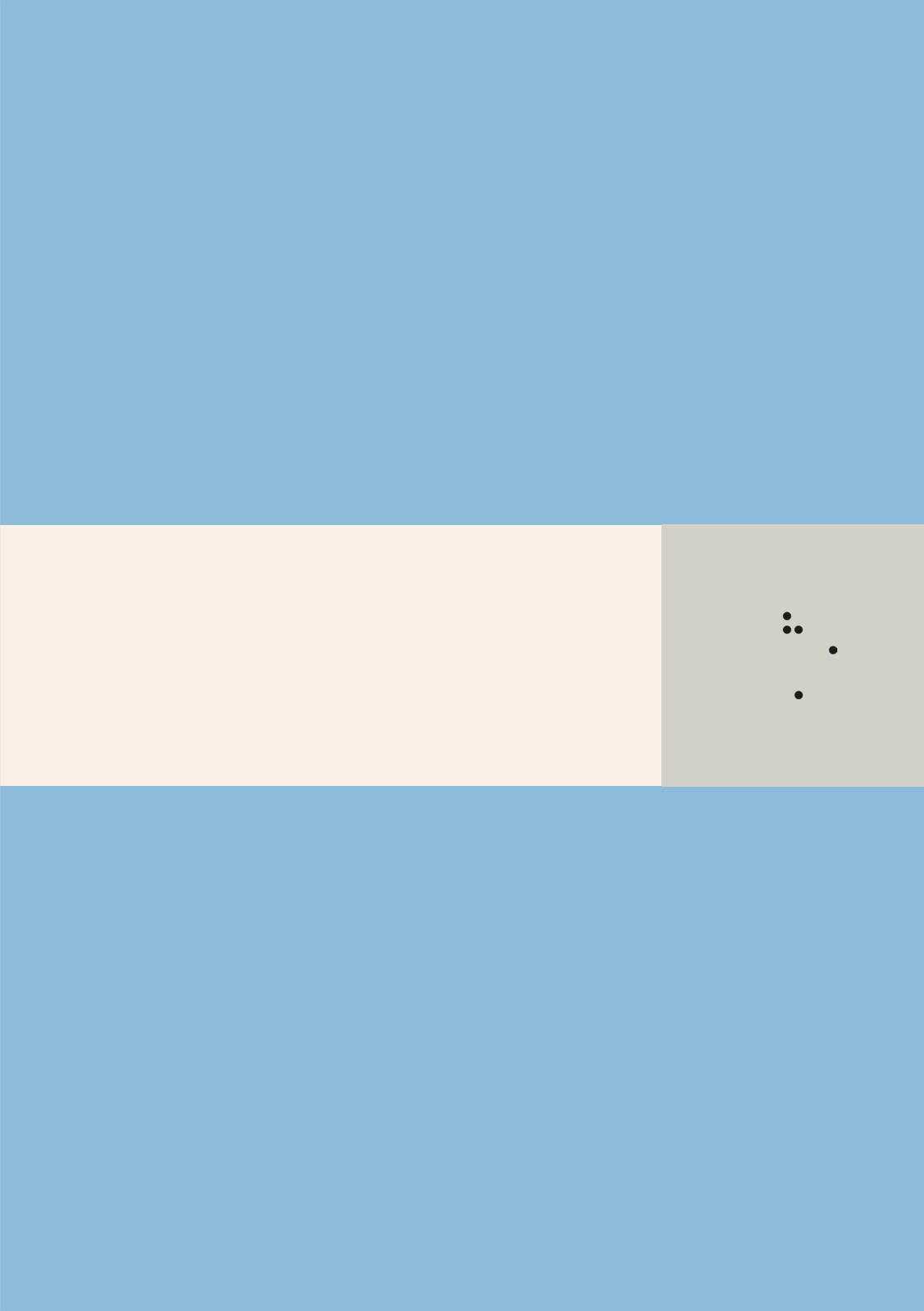
—Peter Margasak, *Chicago Reader*

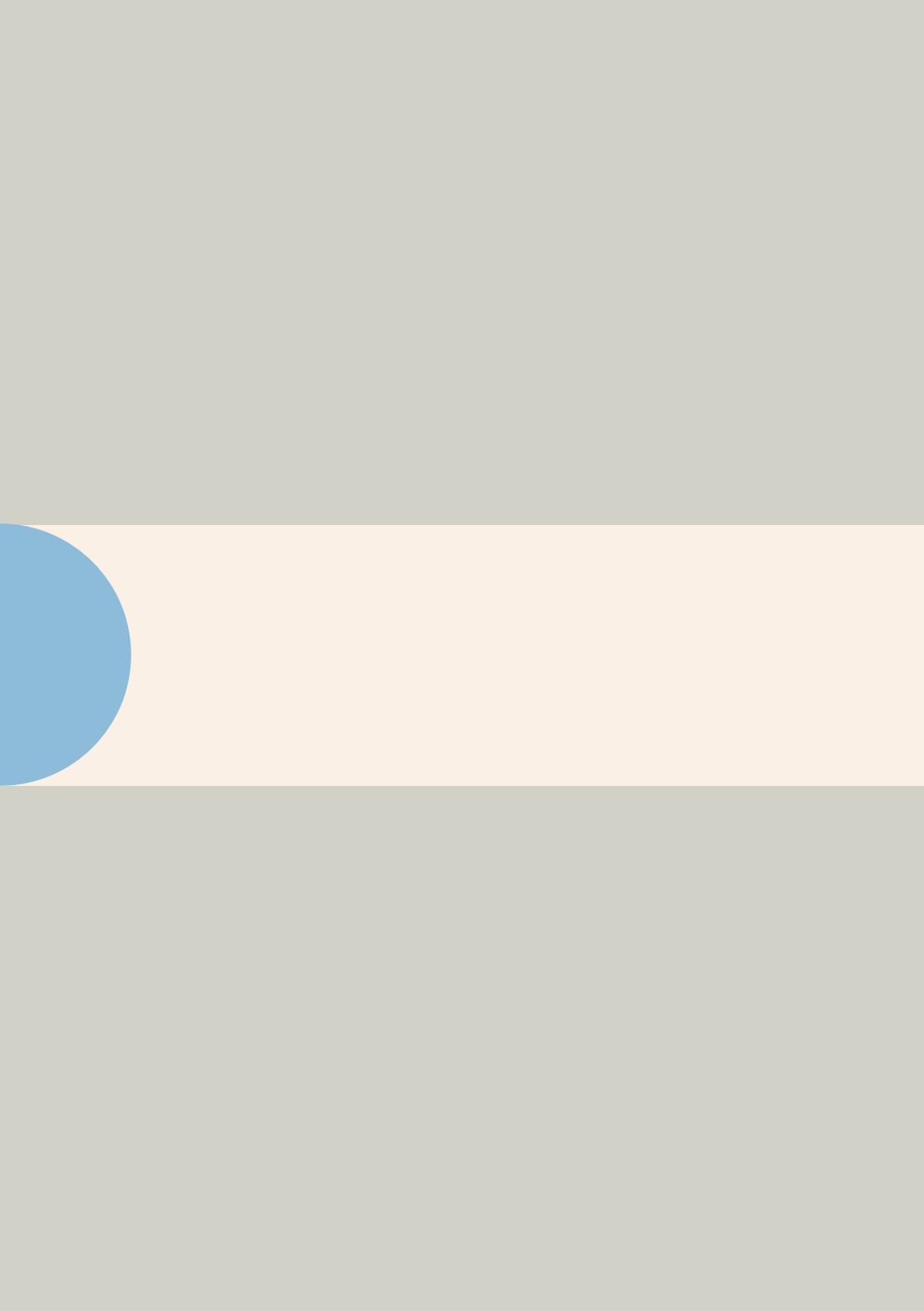




HAL RAMMEL  
*VIEWS THROUGH A KALEIDOPHONE*  
2025

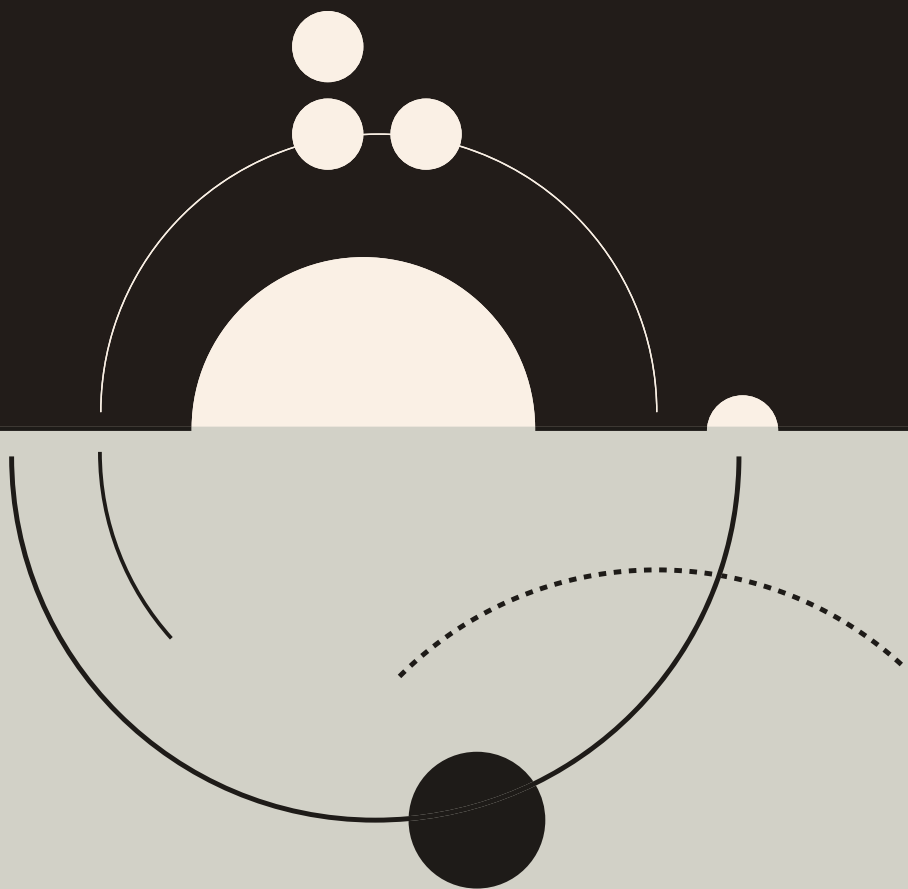
Table of the Elements  
[Beryllium] 4  
EOE-004  
*Book*





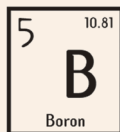


*Anthony Moore*  
JAMJEMJIMJOMJUM





...a burst of physical and  
intellectual rigor that challenges  
a listener with the implacable  
persistence of a hypnotist's  
swinging timepiece.



# JAMJEMJIMJOMJUM

ANTHONY MOORE



“Moore’s sound continues to trigger a pleasant unease, a malaise to this day, precisely because it is great art, because we allow ourselves to be fooled by our pattern recognition, by our desire for cause and effect. Moore thereby leads us into a world that is music and yet is not.”

—HHVMag

**A**nthony Moore has been a wellspring of sonic thought and practice for a half-century, generating soundwaves through myriad channels, including modern composition, audio installation, field recording, inventive songsmithing, and film soundtracks.

In 1969, Moore was an avant-garde composer in Hamburg, West Germany, partnering with a burgeoning experimental cinema scene. Exploring the possibilities of “tape machines as instruments,” he performed real-time manipulations in tandem with film projections. These pioneering techniques soon gained the attention of the Promethean media critic and Krautrock producer Uwe Nettlebeck. With insider savvy, Nettlebeck promptly secured Moore a record deal and a series of studio sessions at an isolated farmhouse in Wümme, also home to the notorious band Faust. Concurrently, another composer passed through, making his first professional recordings: Tony Conrad. Realized in quick succession, these debut efforts—Moore’s *Pieces From the Cloudland Ballroom* and Conrad’s *Outside the Dream Syndicate*—would

comprise two impeccably improbable major-label releases, a bulrush-basket delivery of righteous, minimalist portent to Pharaoh's grandiose discotheque.

In 1972, Moore, Peter Blegved, and future wife Dagmar Krause founded the experimental pop trio Slapp Happy, complemented by Faust. The wry simplicity and self-reflexive modesty of Slapp Happy subverted ubiquitous "counter-cultural" posturings. They owed more to the airy primitivism of Henri Rousseau than the stony aggrandizements of Hard Rock; in an era of overt indulgence, theirs were gestures of covert subtlety. These deceptively gentle confrontation strategies led to an affiliation with the agitprog collective Henry Cow. Afterward, as that relationship waned and the 1970s proceeded in retrograde, Moore advanced in various roles, including collaborations with Kevin Ayers of Soft Machine and Andy Summers of the Police, production of This Heat's eponymous debut, a writing partnership with Rick Wright, and contributions to two albums by Pink Floyd.

**Anthony Moore's present-day pairing** with Table of the Elements is replete in radical symmetries. Returning to his earliest work, Moore undertakes the first full expression of 1971's *Jamjemjimjomjum*. Deceptively simple in concept and dramatically advanced in execution, *Jjjjj* is an aural palindrome realized live in real-time by a choral dectet (i.e., ten vocalists). Each sings at a fixed pitch, a short sound-word containing one of the five vowels immediately followed by a specific number of sung beats. Synchronized to a metronomic pulse, loops continually catch and overtake each other. Together, these enunciate a mirrored assemblage that can be considered simultaneously in two directions that meet in the middle, e.g., "Satan oscillate my metallic sonataS," if you will. The structure can go forward or backward, but the song remains the same.

That this work was destined for Table of the Elements is similarly coherent. The expansive live performances and recordings of *Jimjamjemjomjun* materialize as a Mobius strip connecting past and present, intent and actualization, and offer a burst of physical and intellectual rigor that challenges a listener with the implacable persistence of a hypnotist's swinging timepiece. ☉

“Within its own, it’s unquestionably visionary and unlike anything else ... the emergence of an entirely different vision of Minimalism, running parallel, with its own distinct set of creative values, from its dominant American peer, laying the groundwork for so much of what was to come. “Jam Jem Jim Jom Jum,” for three voices underscored by a piano tone, unfolds as a chanting, hypnotic, and almost primal expanse of sound natural, organic, and imperfect, as though it belongs to the root of music itself, simple and perfect in every way. It unmistakably foreshadows elements of Philip Glass’ approach to the human voice which would emerge years down the road.”

—*Soundohm*

“As an artist, he’s a highly idiosyncratic innovator who combines art and rock into a far-reaching, weird and wonderful set of styles, from the atonal to the hook-laden. More imparts all his songs with a nonconformist’s perspective that defies easy comprehension ... Building dense sonic forests filled with jagged splinters and dry, incongruously delicate vocals, the results fall somewhere between Peter Gabriel, John Cale, David Bowie, and Kevin Ayers. An extraordinary record that reveals itself a little further each time it’s played.”

—*Trouser Press*

“Anthony Moore’s contribution to the post-punk pre-wave sound of London in 1979—light with pop, fronted with meta-punk attitude and draped in strings of keyboard theory. As someone else said at the time, The perfect release!”

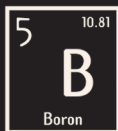
—*Amazon*

“Fragile, exact, and unlike almost anything in the history of the movement to which it belongs ... blends a pop sensibility otherwise only witnessed in the work of Brian Eno and John Cale, with the metronome of Steve Reich, creating a joyous, hypnotic explosion that lingers, long after the album’s close.”

—*Soundohm*

“With Slapp Happy, Anthony Moore and his bandmates, Peter Blegvad and Dagmar Krause, explored an intricate form of art-house cabaret, infusing world-weary little musical hall melodies with odd tunings and baroque arrangements, so that they landed somewhere between lieder and 1960s romantic pop.”

—*Dusted*



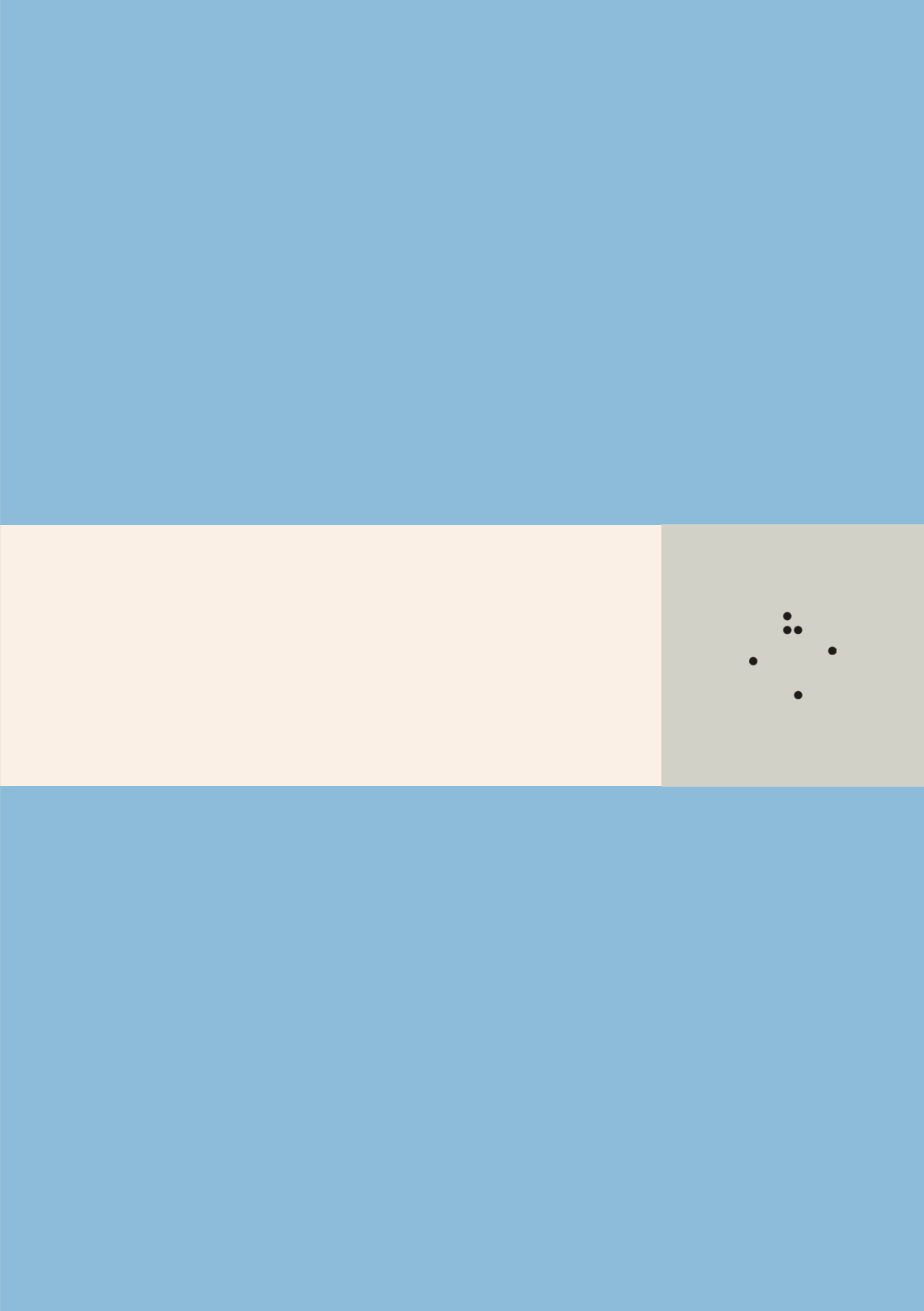
ANTHONY MOORE  
*JAMJEMJIMJOMJUM*  
2025

Table of the Elements

[Boron] 5

EOE-005

*Phono 12" LP, 180g vinyl*

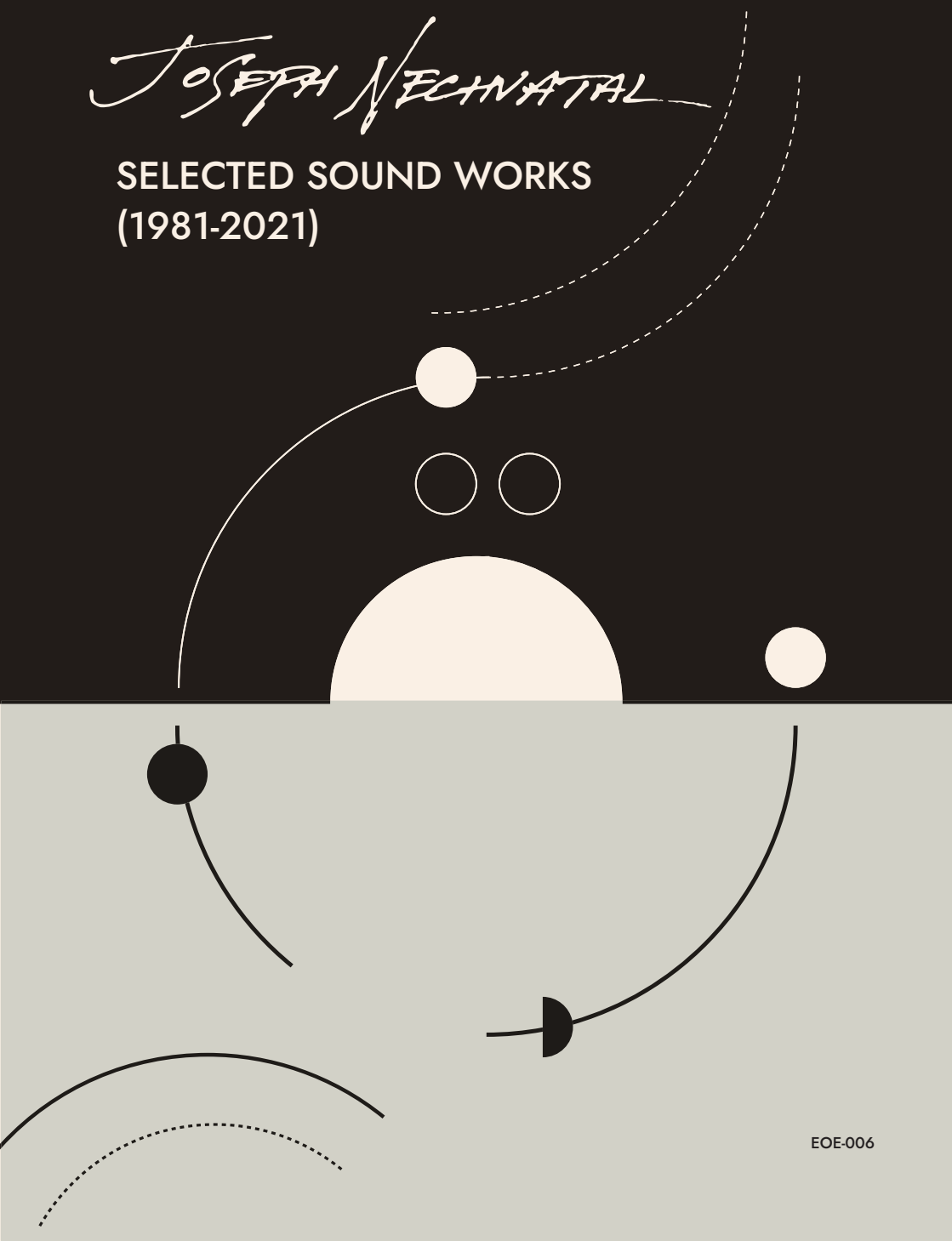






JOSEPH NECHNATAL

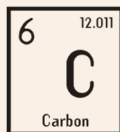
SELECTED SOUND WORKS  
(1981-2021)



EOE-006



**...offers a vivid account of the evolving strategies that have defined experimental electronic music and sonic art across the millennium.**



# SELECTED SOUND WORKS (1981-2021)

JOSEPH NECHVATAL



“Joseph Nechvatal’s *Selected Sound Works (1981-2021)* is a brain-jarring intermedia collision of post-conceptual art and Minimalist subculture. Experience the next logical step beyond the sustained drones and disciplined intonations of freeform radicals like Cage, Glass, Reich, LaMonte, Maciunas, MacLise, Ono, Jennings, Niblock, Flynt, Gibson, and Branca. Demanding, commanding, and outstanding.”

—Steven Blush, author/filmmaker *American Hardcore*

**T**he *Selected Sound Works (1981-2021)* **cut-ups** take the listener on a journey through time; crossing both the cultural references of Joseph Nechvatal and his interest in the encompassing power of noise. This tape, which spans four decades of sound cogitation, explores topics that also punctuated the artist’s writings (*Immersion Into Noise*, in particular) and visual works. The track Excerpt II from *Reckless* (1984) reproduces, for example, the sounds of detonations that recall the issues of nuclear weapons that Nechvatal and Rhys Chatham raised in their mid-1980s avant-garde art music performance *XS: The Opera Opus*. This work crossed various historical and philosophical elements to criticise the massive and disproportionate production of atomic weapons under the Ronald Reagan presidency.

As Nechvatal wrote in his essay “The Look of XS” in *Unsound* (vol. 3, n° 1), “XS resonates not only with contemporary historical images, but also with faint visual references to Pompeii, the cave dwellers, and the 60s. Here

the mind is wrestled away from Aristotelian logic by use of elaborate poly-structures, so that we glimpse the image of mass annihilation wrought by militarized technology which now provides the major context for our art and our lives.” Nechvatal had already dabbled with the theme of nuclear conflict in 1979, when he plastered the walls of a group of buildings in Lower Manhattan with posters, proclaiming “‘Limited’ Nuclear War.”

The symbolic power of the nuclear weapon is addressed in *Selected Works* through the artistic practices of audio collage, instrumental performance, and sound manipulation. That power allows us to appreciate Nechvatal’s more current preoccupation with the notion of the virus. His viral symphOny, composed over the years, focuses on his fascination with the virus; manifest in his computer-assisted viral paintings, a-life animations, and sound works; that end here with an acoustic journey that pays tribute to Antonin Artaud, with a reinterpretation of Artaud’s radio play, *Pour en finir avec le jugement de dieu*. (Nicolas Ballet) ●

“For me, these *Selected Sound Works* (1981-2021) tracks are ‘sound stem chains’, a sonic ‘inspirational tool’, not unlike Peter Schmidt and Brian Eno’s *Oblique Strategies* or even earlier, like the card deck by Marshall McLuhan called “Distant Early Warnings” ... This dream listening takes me back to my childhood experience of sound, kneeling on the rug spinning the dial on a massive floor model short wave radio receiver that was marked with the names of cities across the world; just listening to static and distant broadcasts (DXing) in languages I did not speak.”

—Judy Nylon

“Spanning plunderphonic cut-ups, gestural noise, synthesizer improvisations, and bracing computational abstraction, *Selected Sound Works* (1981-2021) offers a vivid account of the evolving strategies that have defined experimental electronic music and sonic art across the millenium, showing how one of its most committed artists and theorists—working across the analogue and digital, aural and spatial, human and inhuman—has built a sonic world that seamlessly connects late 20th century ferromagnetic/digital exploration, mass media *détournement*, and site-specific sound sculpture to contemporary explorations of virality, artificial intelligence, and computational culture in the early 21st century.”

—Charles Eppley



Cut-ups and sampling tidbits have  
been captured and compressed  
into filaments and arabesques of  
sound. Past and present tenses  
transform into a chimerical  
unraveling of what we think  
we know—into a language  
of the unknown.

—ALINE MARE

## JOSEPH NECHVATAL AND TELLUS

“To accept the easily palatable is the fate of the mob... For the poet exists to marvel.”

—Maglorie-Saint-Aude

While noisy, the No Wave “movement” went unheard during its nanobrief cystic rupture. Brian Eno amplified the aftershock to a nominal degree of recognition. However, it was the inspired direction of artist Joseph Nechvatal that ensured No Wave’s turbulent flow to the shoreline of collective consciousness. Informed by the viscous, proto-DIY ethos of the Fluxus movement, Nechtaval founded that most durably relevant concretion of Lower East Side milieu, Tellus Cassette Magazine. It wasn’t just No Wave. From 1982 through 1986, Tellus provided cultural registration to all manner of experimental, noise, spoken word, and sound art, extending a pan-genre olive branch on which Harry Parch, Spalding Grey, Aaron Copeland, and the Butthole Surfers could momentarily perch among themes of media subversion, power electronics, and classical tango.

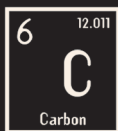
This was an era of sanctimonious major-label hysterics and corresponding ad campaigns that bleated, “Home Taping Is Killing Music!” (Finally.) In fact, Tellus was an insidiously effective means of hip-pocket aural empowerment that loops into the defiance of today’s C-90 resurgence.

Nechvatal’s efforts began in publishing and curation. With editorial largess and camouflaged prescience, he fertilized implacable aberrations, the weeds that disrupt our tidily manicured culture. These are the strategies from which his subsequent art metastasized in themes of mutation, contagion, and resistance.



**Tellus told us there were others  
like us. In the early 80s if you  
were working on the fringe area  
between art and musical theater,  
without the means to have a  
record label produce your work,  
putting sounds onto cassettes  
and mailing them to friends was  
something everyone could do.**

**—GEN KEN MONTGOMERY, *ARTFORUM***



JOSEPH NECHVATAL  
*SELECTED SOUND WORKS (1981—2021)*  
2025

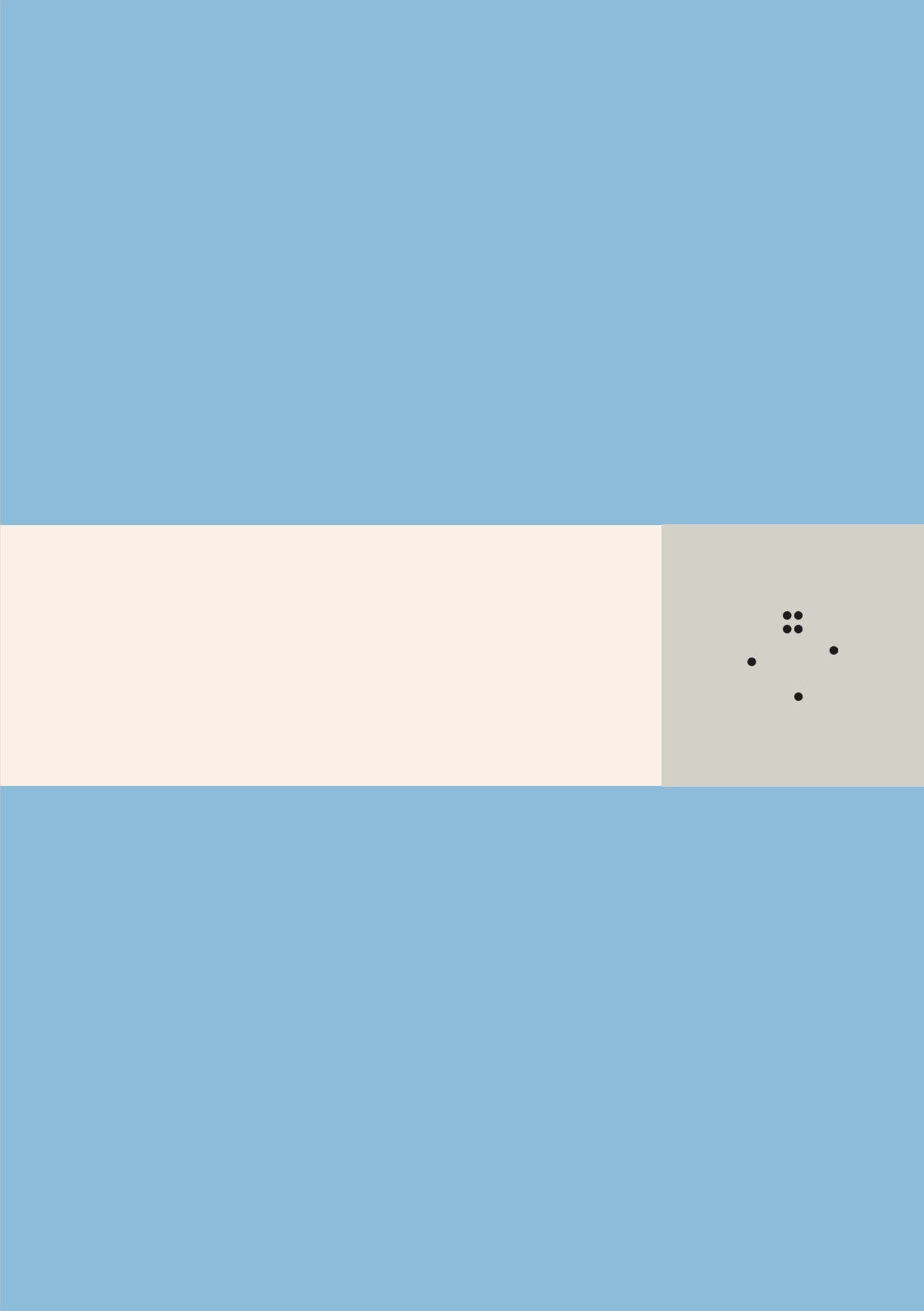
Table of the Elements

[Carbon] 6

EOE-006

*Perfect-bound book, compact disc*



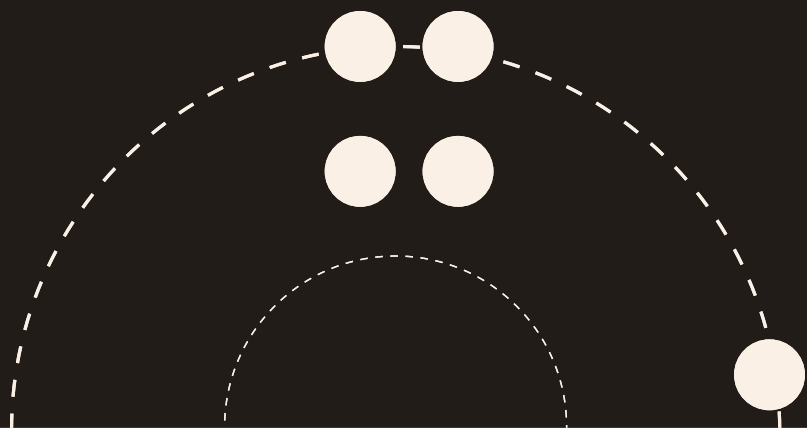






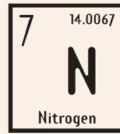
MATTHEW WELCH

THE LIBRARY OF BABEL





...sprawls to a shuddering,  
heaving climax of near-ultrasonic  
highs and infrasonic lows,  
registering awe in the  
Ur-language of sound.



# THE LIBRARY OF BABEL

MATTHEW WELCH



**T**he soaring exaltation of the bagpipe rejects timid spirits. Pitched high, the skirl of the chanter seeds clouds that rain harmonics, while on the low end... there's the drone. That drone, that tectonic, guttural roar of fearsome euphoria, a deep, terraformational Om that pummels you in the sporran. And from the clutches of master piper Matthew Welch, glories emanate. He expertly inverts genre and convention, from Indonesian gamelan and experimental sound composition to rock, improvisation, and Highland classical, and through myriad exchanges with artists including Anthony Braxton, Alvin Lucier, Ikue Mori, Zeena Parkins, John Zorn, and members of Bang a Can and Yeah Yeah Yeahs.

Here, Matthew Welch resonates within a free-form, extended-duration power trio. As a founding member of the electric guitar quartet Dither, Brendon Randall-Meyers has performed works by minimalist pioneers Laurie Spiegel, Steve Reich, and Phill Niblock. In auditory tints and ombrés, that aesthetic seeps and saturates. Electroacoustic composer and drummer Brian Chase is both the weave of a basket and the serpent within, voicing slow-predation menace. Churning the infinities of its Borgesian namesake, *The Library of Babel* sprawls to a shuddering, heaving climax of near-ultrasonic highs and infrasonic lows, registering awe in the Ur-language of sound. ●●

“Most music nowadays is some kind of cultural hybrid, but rarely is someone as all over the map as Matthew Welch. Welch’s music is the by-product of an unlikely blend—Indonesian gamelan, Scottish bagpipes, and indie rock. While these types of music might initially seem completely unrelated, Welch has found his compositional voice in their common ground.

If you analyze each of these musical traditions, you will find connections. For example, gamelan music and rock rely heavily on repetition and infectious rhythmic cycles. Music traditionally played on pipes or by gamelan is frequently pentatonic. Pipes and rock can both be deafeningly loud. But the arrival at such a synthesis is nevertheless an unusual destination, especially since the sources are so geographically scattered. Yet to hear Welch describe the origins of his one-of-a-kind journey, it almost comes across as an all-American coming-of-age story.

As musical barriers continue to erode and omnivorous polystylism has become commonplace, Welch’s juxtapositions are still a little bit further outside the norm and the audience response to his sonic amalgamation over the past decade remains somewhere between bewilderment and surprise.”

—Frank J. Oteri, *NewMusicBox*

“Pushing the bagpipes to their limit, Welch creates icy sheets of black metal distortion and feedback ... his exploration of the bagpipes’ sonic potential is thrilling.”

—*The Wire*

“... Exquisitely ethereal, made up of delicate, transparent textures that hum with expressive tension. If Mr. Welch were a chef, he’d be the kind who pushes the boundaries of molecular gastronomy, transforming earthy ingredients into translucent beads of pure flavor.”

—*New York Times*

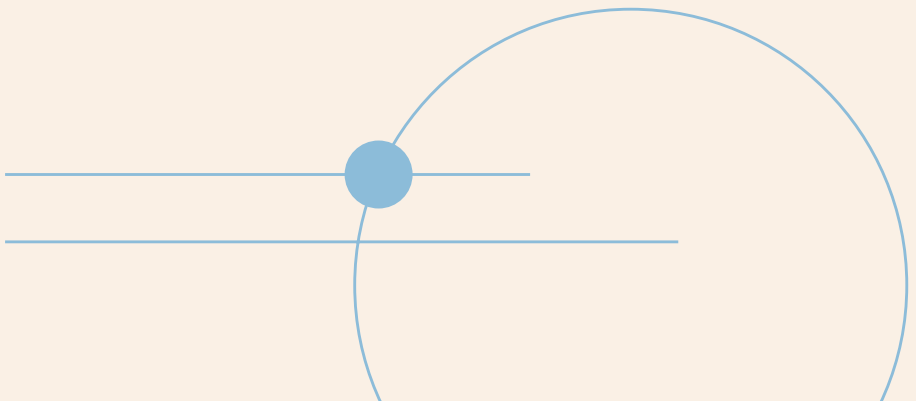
“Among Welch’s performing virtues I would include stamina—he played for over an hour and a half without a break—as well as technical and interpretive prowess that tamed an unyielding instrument to his will. If there were skeptics in the audience, I am willing to bet his commanding performance won them over.”

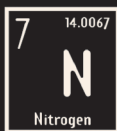
— *San Diego Story*

**Brian Chase** is an American drummer in the New York rock band Yeah Yeah Yeahs. He was ranked in Gigwise's list of The Greatest Drummers of All Time. His collaborations with artists beyond the rock realm include Stefan Tcherepnin, Jessica Pavone, Mary Halvorson, and Moppa Elliott. Chase's drone work is informed by his tenure with La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela at Dream House NYC. He founded and operates Chaikin Records.

**Brendon Randall-Myers** is a composer and guitarist whose work has been described as "an unflinching testimonial on grief and endurance" (Pitchfork), "emotive and gripping" (The Quietus), "physically punishing, but also detailed with fanatical precision" (Night After Night), and "a yearning explosion" (The Wire). Brendon co-leads avant-metal band Scarcity, is a co-founder of avant-guitar quartet Dither, and serves as the conductor for the Glenn Branca Ensemble. He also writes music for classical performers, experimental groups, and film scores.

**Matthew Welch** draws upon diverse musical systems, including Western classical and experimental music, jazz and improvisation, Scottish bagpipes, Indonesian gamelan, and music of the Philippine Cordillera. He perceives connections and develops catalysts for dialogue between seemingly disparate musical forms. How does a 300-year-old Pibroch tune from the highlands of Scotland relate to intricate Balinese interlocking rhythms? Welch's vivid imagination hears these connections as a complex musical language, communicating fluently through modal melodies, driving rhythms, and soaring tempos.

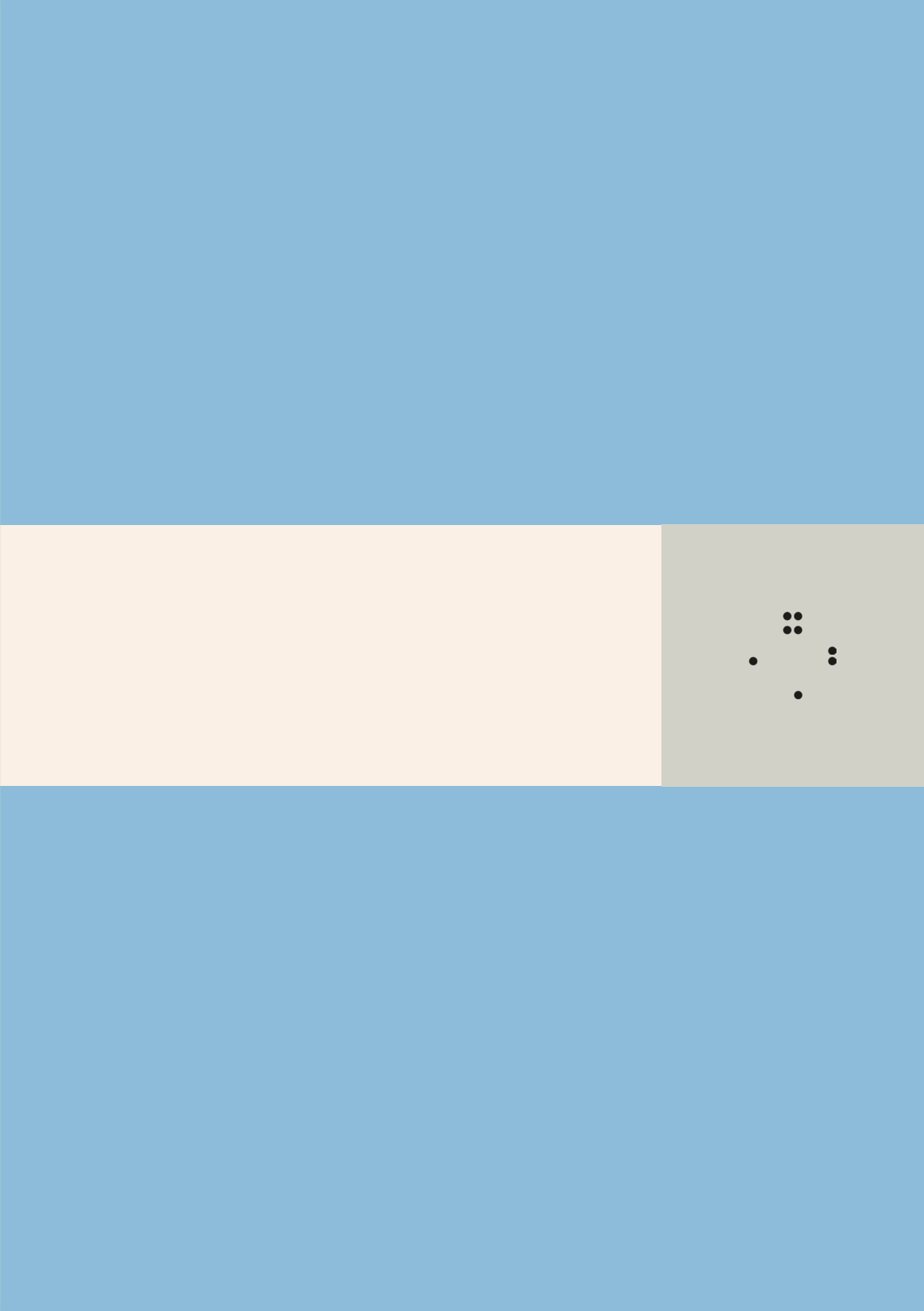




MATTHEW WELCH  
*THE LIBRARY OF BABEL*  
2025

Table of the Elements  
[Nitrogen] 7  
EOE-007  
*Phono 12" LP, 180g vinyl*

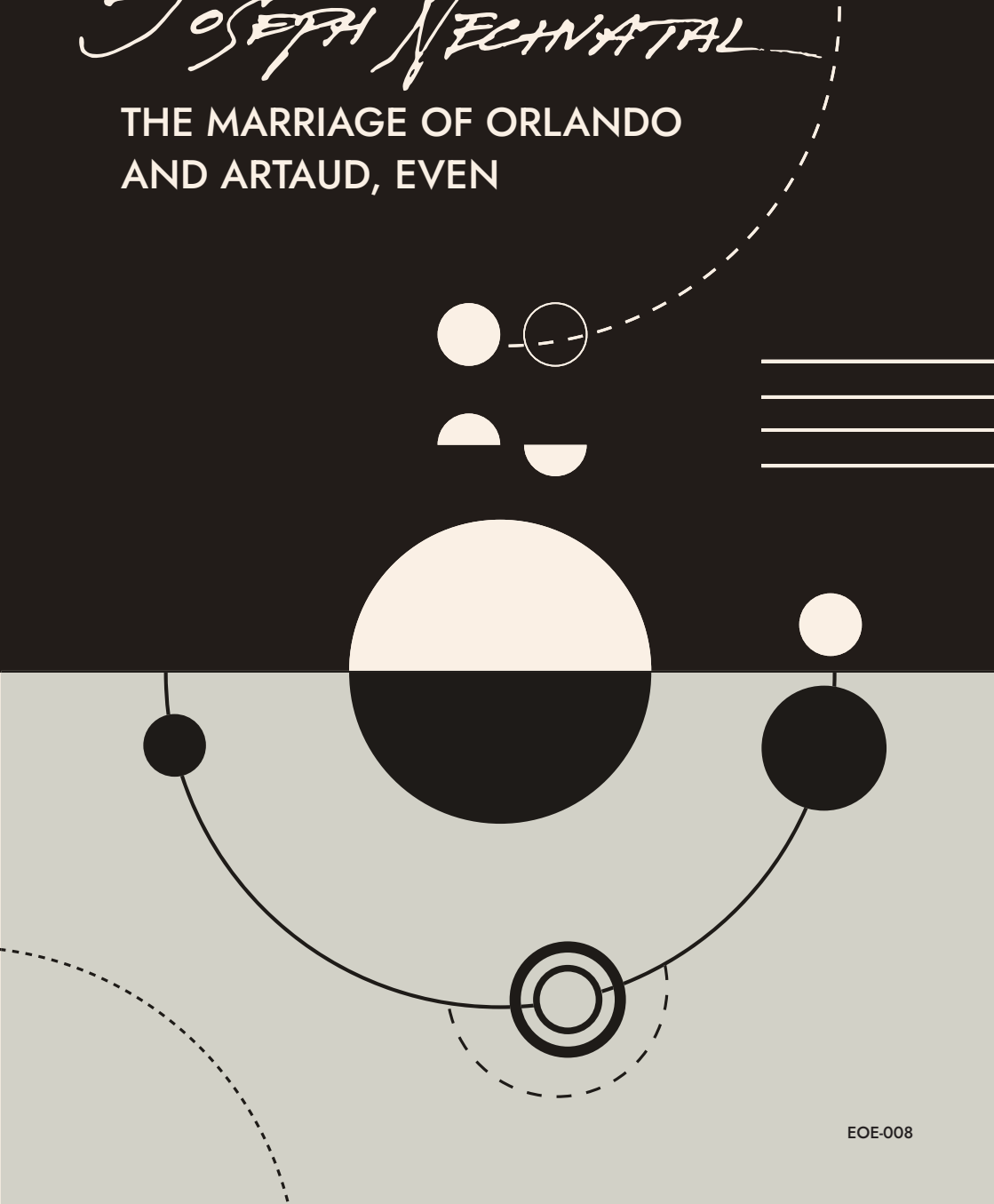






JOSEPH NECHNATAL

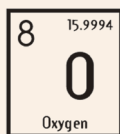
THE MARRIAGE OF ORLANDO  
AND ARTAUD, EVEN



EOE-008



...an arch commentary on the  
perils of subjectivity, the intricate  
art of listening, the rewards of  
skillfully practiced patience, and  
the occasional guilty pleasure of  
diplomatic excess.



# THE MARRIAGE OF ORLANDO AND ARTAUD, EVEN

JOSEPH NECHVATAL



*The Marriage of Orlando and Artaud, even* (translated from the French: *Le Mariage d'Orlando et Artaud, même*) derives from an audio installation of incisive minimalism and subtle rigor by post-conceptual artist and theoretician Joseph Nechvatal. As at the installation that premiered at La Générale Nord-Est in Paris in 2024, human couples take turns sitting back-to-back in the middle of a dark sound gallery, as if in a nuptial ceremony. Disembodied voices and strange sounds start drifting in from a second, virtual couple as if to seduce and harangue the actual couple. One stereo channel plays from one side of the room an endless loop of Nechvatal's sound art composition *Orlando et la tempête viral symphony* redux suite, which draws from Virginia Woolf's novella *Orlando*, a literary classic in gender-swapping.

From the other side of the room plays an endless loop on another channel, a second composition that blends noise music and cut-ups from Antonin Artaud's 1947 radio play, *Pour en finir avec le jugement de dieu*. Sitting back-to-back, the listeners hear as if from opposite sides of a mirror. While one's left ear is attuned to the sounds of the virtual-viral Orlando, their partner's right ear is attuned to Orlando. Conversely, if one's right ear is engaged with the virtual-viral Artaud, it will be the other's left ear doing so, thus fostering a shared yet distinct auditory cross-engagement for both people.

This doubly stereophonic assault is a beguiling juxtaposition and an arch commentary on the perils of subjectivity, the intricate art of listening, the

rewards of skillfully practiced patience, and the occasional guilty pleasure of diplomatic excess. Complex in theory but simple in execution, *The Marriage of Orlando and Artaud*, even can be handily recreated in the home environment so that any loving couple can experience it for themselves. ●

“When Joseph Nechvatal picked up Antonin Artaud’s *Theater and the Plague* (1933) in 2021, he was surely looking for tools to understand the social implications of the current plague, COVID-19 and its variant, alongside the many different plagues of his lifetime, whether HIV/AIDS, or the rising tide of computer viruses. All of these are connected by many things (global travel, human/animal land competition, and resource competition), but share a particular interest the structure of mutation. In viral mutations, traces of the original contagion persist even as variants wipe out the beneficial structures of resistance, whether they be antibodies, anti-viral medication, or various forms of avoiding social contact. The structure of this accelerated process of transformation is audible within individual works on this cassette. *How to Kill* (1986) audibly represents its source and its viral adaptation of fragmented cuts (Janet Jackson’s *Nasty*). *Psychedelic Hermeneutic* (1988) translates seventeen seconds of feedback from its source (Jimi Hendrix’s *Are You Experienced?*) into a minute-and-a-half exploration of feedback. The repetitions and feedings-back performing a near perfect analogue for viral reproduction as well as the bodies’ developing resistance through anti-bodies.

By 2006, the viral had jumped from recorded sound to a-life synthesis in viral symphony, whose visual analogue, *Computer Virus Project II* was developed with Stephane Sikora as a C++ a-life program. Without reducing any of these to the direct translation model of data sonification, this cassette perfectly frames the issue of contagion and variation as sonic perceptions. Nechvatal’s lifetime of work in data manipulation, data corruption, and multi-formatted AI/automata model for the past, present and future of viruses. We live now in an era where ‘going viral’ is desirable as a term of widespread cultural imprinting. But usually ‘going viral’ means the thing is unchanged as it spreads. This view separates contagion from transformation, which is at the center of Nechvatal’s practice. If you want to hear what’s gained in the translation, try listening to the source material (Jackson & Hendrix) and Nechvatal’s transformation of it. Or, find the imagery of *Computer Virus Project II* and listen to its musical counterpart.”

—Hannah Higgins

“Joseph Nechvatal’s contemporary art practice engages in the fragile wedding of image production and image resistance. Through his version of an art-of-noise, he brings a subversive reading to the human body through computational viruses, articulating concerns regarding safety, identity and objectivity. Since 1986, Nechvatal has worked with ubiquitous electronic visual information, computers and computer-robotics. His computer-robotic assisted paintings and computer software animations are shown regularly in galleries and museums throughout the world.”

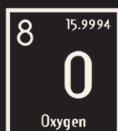
—*Art Review World*

“All my tracks tend to start with the idea of a Trojan horse. I figure that if you’re going to be an agent of political art consciousness, of resistant awareness, of non-acceptance, you have to work a bit within the language of power. Otherwise, you’re immediately marginalized and cast aside and have no subsequent contribution that’s recognizable. So I think I have to be driving a Trojan horse when I make a track. I have to enter some dialogue, some vocabulary, some system, some semiotics, and then from there subvert the shit out of it with noise music.”

—Joseph Nechvatal

“The spoken word is also a common fixture in Nechvatal’s sound works from later years, be it “found sounds, text-to-speech readings by an automaton, or collaboration with readers in the flesh. Texts include his own space-filling prose poetry, his own cut-and-paste word collages, and excerpts from Classical literature, from Ancient Greek authors to Virginia Woolf and Antonin Artaud. The last few years have also seen a renewed interest in sound collage in association with found sounds and computer viruses, culminating in *pour finir avec le jugement de dieu* viral symphony in 2021, a brilliant sonic transmutation of Antonin Artaud’s 1947 suppressed radio art piece. For Joseph Nechvatal, there is still a lot of shit to turn into gold, and the dark art of Nigredo remains a never-ending sonic process.”

—Laurent Fairon



JOSEPH NECHVATAL  
*THE MARRIAGE OF ORLANDO AND ARTAUD, EVEN*  
2025

Table of the Elements  
[Oxygen] 8  
EOE-008  
Perfect-bound book, 2x compact disc

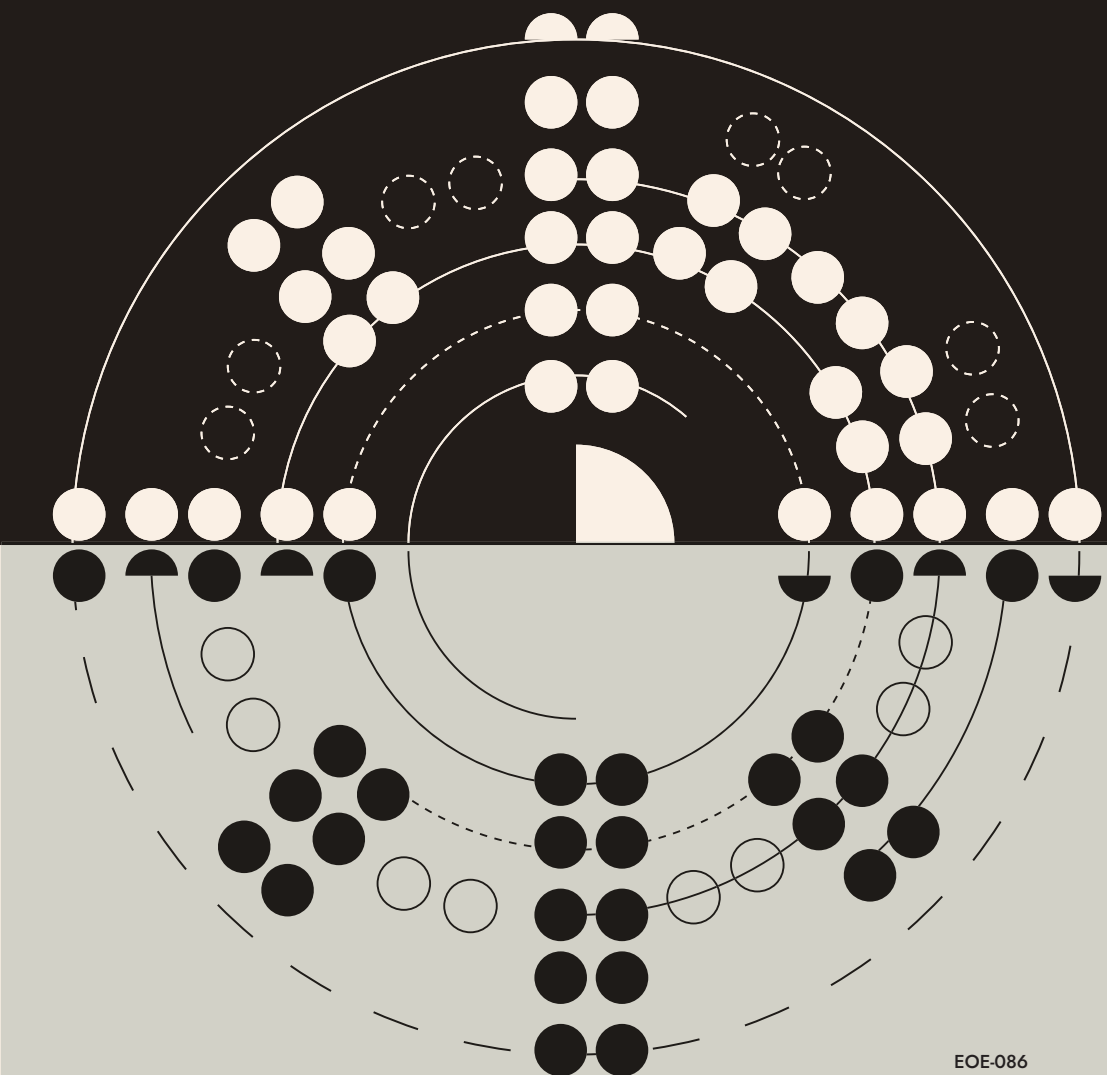






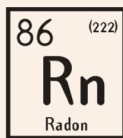
LEIF / NAE

## 9 BEET STRETCH





... unbelievably beautiful ...  
a masterpiece of a masterpiece,  
and maybe the closest we can  
ever come to experiencing what  
the deaf Beethoven heard or  
experienced in his head. Science  
tells us time doesn't exist, yet  
paradoxically, we remain its  
prisoners.



## 9 BEET STRETCH

LEIF INGE



“In analyzing images of immensity, we would realize within ourselves the being of pure imagination. In this direction of daydreams and immensity, the actual product is the consciousness of enlargement. We feel we have been promoted to the dignity of the admiring being. ... Immensity is within ourselves.”

—Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*

“9 *Beet Stretch* beats time at its own game.”

—Mark Swed, *LA Times*

**P**repare for a transformative aural experience on an unprecedented scale. With 2002’s *9 Beet Stretch*, Norwegian artist Leif Inge has digitally elongated Beethoven’s *Symphony No. 9* to a duration of 24 hours—with no distortion in pitch. As a result, the all-too-familiar is rendered thoroughly unrecognizable. Strange acoustic truths, remarkable details, and eerie ambient textures emerge; serene atmospherics surrender to rolling thunder; cacophony imperceptibly dissolves into euphoric vistas of transcendent beauty. It’s a conceptual tour-de-force and an electro-acoustic masterpiece in which Inge stretches not only music, but music history. Beethoven’s 9th: You’ve never heard anything like it. ●

“This is Beethoven more epic than anyone ever imagined ... weirdly strange yet eerily familiar at the same time. It is powerfully visceral yet utterly ethereal. It is unbelievably beautiful ... a masterpiece of a masterpiece, and maybe the closest we can ever come to experiencing what the deaf Beethoven heard, or experienced in his head. That is the magnetism of *9 Beet Stretch*. You think you know what you are hearing, but you don’t, and the desire to find out what comes next and next, and next is extraordinarily powerful. The sensation is of being inside the sounds, inside the harmonies, and hence inside Beethoven’s head. ‘9 Beet Stretch’ is not so much a stopping of time as a getting beyond time. When the symphony becomes so slow that a listener can no longer identify the details but becomes immersed in the harmonies, the consonances and dissonances start to feel cosmic. Science tells us time doesn’t exist, and yet paradoxically we remain its prisoners.”

—Mark Swed, *LA Times*

“The piece slows symphonic time so that movement is barely perceptible. What you hear in normal time as a happy Viennese melody lasting 5 or 10 seconds becomes minutes of slowly cascading overtones; a drumroll becomes a nightmarish avalanche. Yet the symphony remains somehow recognizable in spirit if not in form, its frozen strings fraught with tense, frowning Beethoven-ness.”

—Ben Sisario, *New York Times*

“The many quiet passages, rests, and transitions of the symphony become incredibly beautiful, trance-like, and ethereal-vast, sun-dappled meadows of gentle sound ecstatically peaking on a global dose of LSD, moving near the speed of light, and thus in extreme slow-motion ... a lush, transcendent work that undoubtedly ranks as one of the finest ambient sound pieces of recent history.”

—Scott Marshall, *Brooklyn Rail*

“If you sit for the entire 24-hour duration of the piece, as people occasionally do, you realize that this music is not simply slower—the slowness unlocks something in the original. Maybe it was there all along, and we couldn’t hear it. But play with the meter—music is mostly about the meter, after all—then the music has a different story to tell, a secret perhaps, locked up inside the routine. Change the routine, and you make new discoveries.”

—Jad Abumrad, *Radiolab*

“So I thought that different animals, based on their size and heart rate, might have different senses of time. Like, you see a hummingbird zipping around in this manic way, and you think we humans must seem very slow to that hummingbird. Everything we do must almost be in slow motion to something that can quickly deal with things. And to a whale or some huge animal with a heart beating once every few minutes, we must seem fast. This piece is kind of like that. Suddenly, I felt like I was moving at hummingbird speed.”

—Aaron Ximm, *Idea of Ninth*

“The unrelenting “time-release” uncanniness of hearing accurate musical pitches vibrating with physical impossible slowness, force the audience to reconsider its fundamental assumptions not only about sound, time, and listening but also about the limits of live performance and the hidden depths of recorded sound.”

—Joshua Dittrich, *Geosonics*

“What a treat! I am utterly overpowered, or should I say uplifted, elevated, blown away towards soaring skies, riding away on a ray of Beethovenesque light between the clouds of summer.”

—Ingvar Nordin, *Sonoloco*

“The immense scale of the 9 Beet Stretch, along with the unrelenting, ‘time-release’ uncanniness of hearing accurate musical pitches vibrating with physically impossible (yet digitally possible) slowness, force the audience to reconsider its fundamental assumptions not only about sound, time, and listening, but also about the limits of live performance and the hidden depths of recorded sound.”

— *Journal of Aesthetics & Culture*

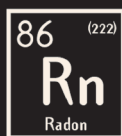
“An electro-acoustic classic... Fantastic.”

—*Village Voice*

ON IMAAD WASIF

“The skeletal campfire compositions... Hang fragile melodies on little more than an acoustic guitar... the austerity creates a potent sense of intimacy.”

—*Pitchfork*



LEIF INGE  
9 BEET STRETCH  
2025

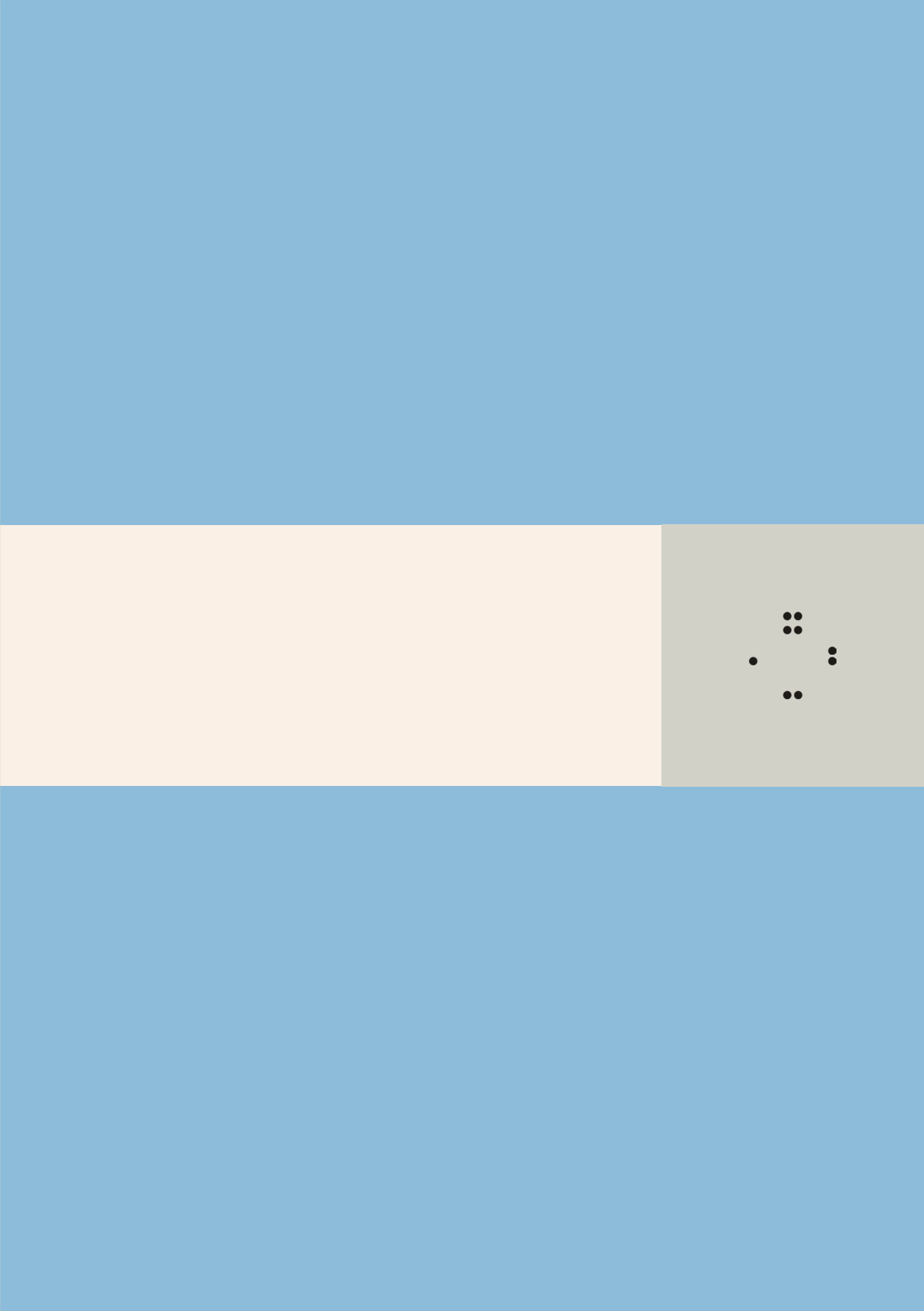
Table of the Elements Archive

[Radon] 86

TEA-086

*Boxed set, die-cut folio, data drive*

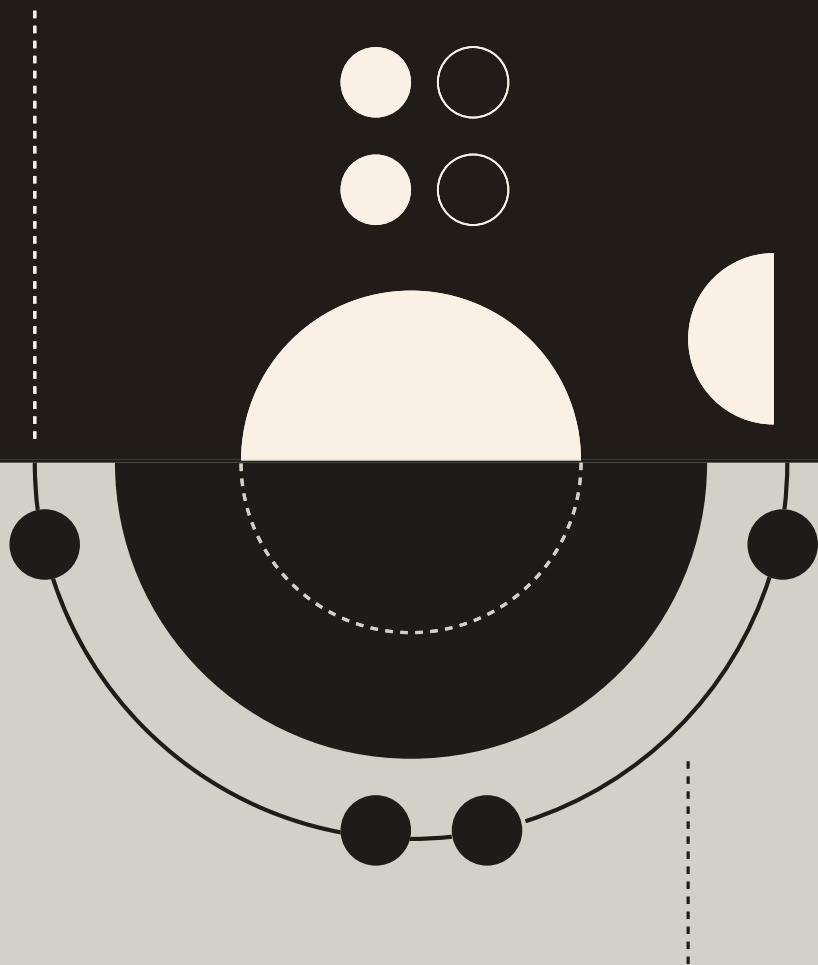






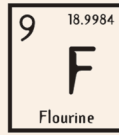
GABRELS · KANE  
PARKER WELLS

GABRELS · KANE · PARKER WELLS





Odysseys endure, and GKPW would have sizzled across the raucous '70s spaceways of afro-futurismo Miles Davis, the post-prog '80s jetstream of the Adrian Belew-led King Crimson, or any other ionospheric era cracking with volatile, electric potency.



# GABRELS · KANE · PARKER WELLS

GABRELS · KANE · PARKER WELLS



“Not to embarrass him, but of any of the guitar players I’ve ever worked with, Reeves is musically the most accomplished. Fortunately, he’s an extraordinary musician, but he hides it very well. The nearest in those terms was Fripp. In musicianship, Fripp and Reeves are on a par ... Other than Eno, Reeves is one of the few people who knows how to change his streams of thought.”

—David Bowie

**T**he eponymous debut from Gabrels · Kane · Parker Wells arrives as a thunderclap. Bassist Jair-Rohm Parker Wells was a member of the seminal krautrock band Embryo during the 1970s, and his ensemble Machine Gun has been lauded as “the MC5 of electric jazz.” His excellence ranges from the diddly bow to the Buchla synthesizer, from the Steinberger bass to the Chapman Stick, and his current projects include an electro-acoustic-powered spaceship. Drummer Jonathan Kane co-founded the influential No Wave behemoth Swans. He has collaborated extensively with minimalist godfather La Monte Young, was the only percussionist for Rhys Chatham’s orchestra of 100 electric guitars, and leads his own trance-blues band, Jonathan Kane’s February. Guitarist Reese Gabrels produced, co-wrote, and performed on eight albums with David Bowie and is in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as a member of The Cure.

High-decibel improv is a moveable feast of ecstasy and reverie that reappears in hours of spiritual want. We inhabit diminished times, in which

expansive sonic vistas are beyond the scope and ken of mere TikTokeries. But odysseys endure, and Doom Dogs would have sizzled across the raucous '70s spaceways of afro-futurismo Miles Davis, the post-prog '80s jetstream of the Adrian Belew-led King Crimson, or any other ionospheric era cracking with volatile, electric potency. ☉

*Features imagery by the legendary American fashion and music photographer Art Kane (Bob Dylan, Rolling Stones, Aretha Franklin, The Doors, The Who).*

JONATHAN KANE:

“Paradise between the back porch, the urban jungle and the heavens above... The album’s down-home grooves shine with an orchestral, massed-guitar luster that’s often associated with Glenn Branca and Kane’s frequent collaborator Rhys Chatham. Layered electric and acoustic sounds create overtones that trick the listener into hearing nonexistent organs and harmonicas. In place of the mind-boggling beats for which he’s known, Kane underpins these drones with a deceptively simple, forcefully executed shuffle. His swinging opuses exude bright, earthy euphoniousness instead of dark, cerebral dissonance: Witness the rollicking ‘Sis’ or the luminous version of the traditional ‘Motherless Child.’ Rarely does the avant-garde rock this hard.”

—*Time Out New York*

“Wedding the brutal severity of Delta country boogie and Seventies German pulse rock—all dead-ahead motion and mounting detail... Epic.”

—*Rolling Stone*

“Somewhere between Sonic Youth and Steve Reich is the drummer Jonathan Kane. Interested in the crossroads of new-music iconoclasm and experimental rock, he has a drummer’s sense of steady dynamic development and an unapologetic love of noise. Virtuosoic”

—*New York Times*

“The personal politics of American minimalism have long cried out for a barroom with sawdust on the floor where differences could be settled man to man; this record would be on the jukebox.”

—*Signal to Noise*

JAIR-ROHM PARKER WELLS:

“Listen to a Jair-Rohm Parker Wells album, and everything falls into place. There is something whole and satisfying about his records that echoes John Coltrane. There’s an awareness of the record as a work of art and a distillation of thought about sounds and society and the cosmos which you’re asking people to welcome into their homes.”

—Ben Watson, *The Wire*

“Here, ecstatic frequencies meet pulsating sound shreds and deafening electro-acoustic experiments melt with bizarre drones, solo bass pieces and waves of dreamy rhythms. A miniature version of his future magnum opus, this spectacular epic is only the beginning, as Parker Wells continues to work on a musical world without borders.”

—Tokafi

“Mind-blowing, intense, and over-the-top! One of the most intense and creative free/jazz/rock/punk/funk/noise bands of all time!”

—Downtown Music Gallery

REESE GABRELS:

“Reeves Gabrels is the Ricky Jay of guitar: smart, fast, funny, and supremely good at his game—really, at all the games requiring 6-string sleight of hand ... That’s no secret to those who’ve watched Gabrels’ career since 1988 when he was elevated onto the international stage in Tin Machine and began a 13-year creative partnership with David Bowie. During that spell, Bowie and Gabrels co-wrote more than 70 songs and made eight albums, including their coproduction *Earthling*, which stood as Bowie’s most creative recording since his so-called Berlin trilogy..”

—*Premiere Guitar*

“Owing to his brainy, maze-like runs and otherworldly textures, guitarist Reeves Gabrels has been dubbed a ‘Jedi Master’ in the press more often than he can count. A longtime member of post-punk pioneers The Cure, decade-plus collaborator with David Bowie, former touring guitarist for Paul Rodgers, and a prolific bandleader in his own right, Gabrels certainly merits the honorific. In his solo playing, too, Gabrels can be seen as a kind of interstellar sensei, skilled with both mind and sword.”

—Line 6

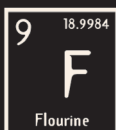


**It is still Gabrels's guitar playing that sorts out the men from the boys in a David Bowie audience. As knowledgeable and enthusiastic discussing techno as he is Aerosmith, Gabrels is part-intellectual and part-madman.**

**—Q MAGAZINE**







GABRELS · KANE · PARKER WELLS

GABRELS · KANE · PARKER WELLS

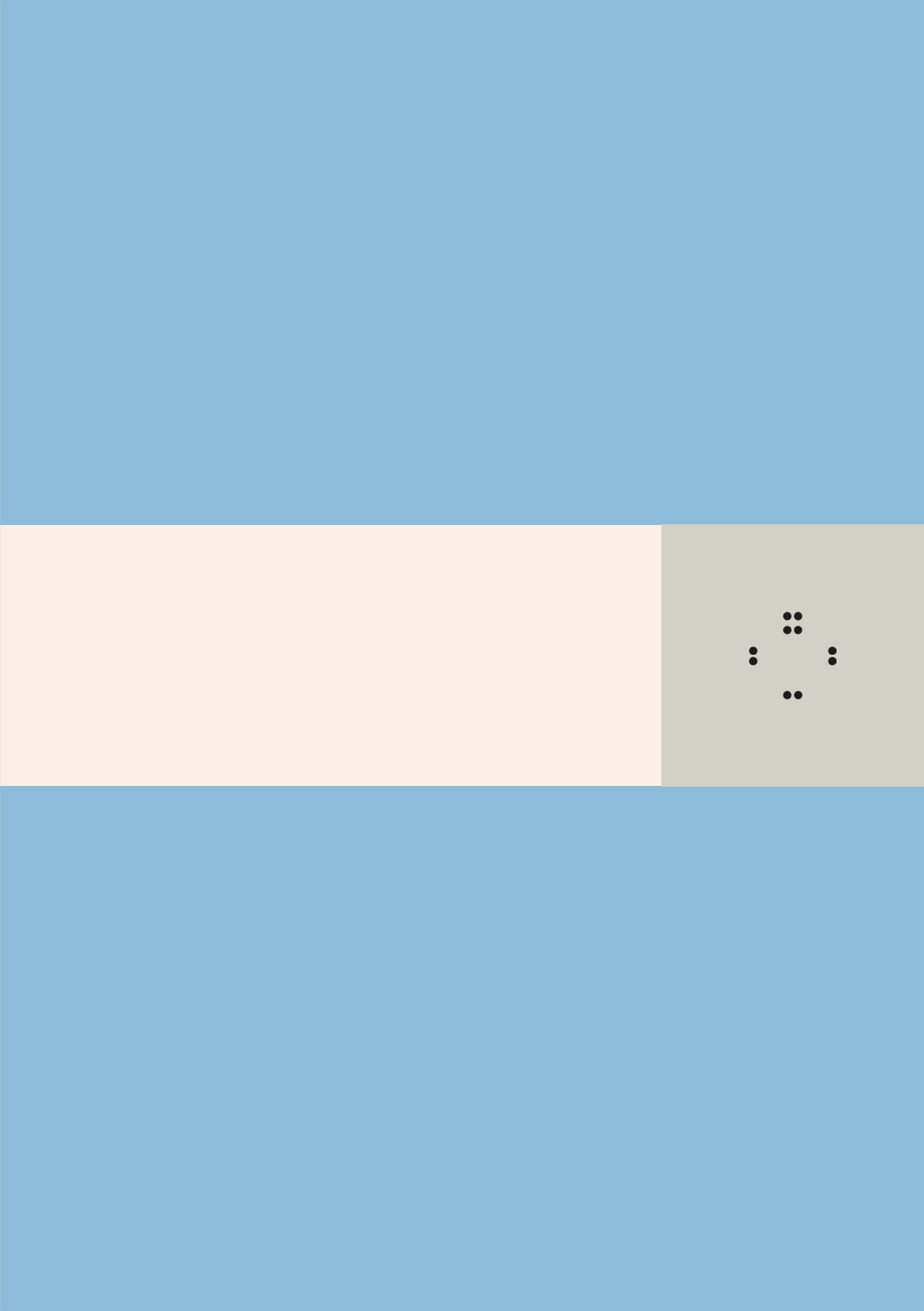
2025

Table of the Elements

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EOE-009

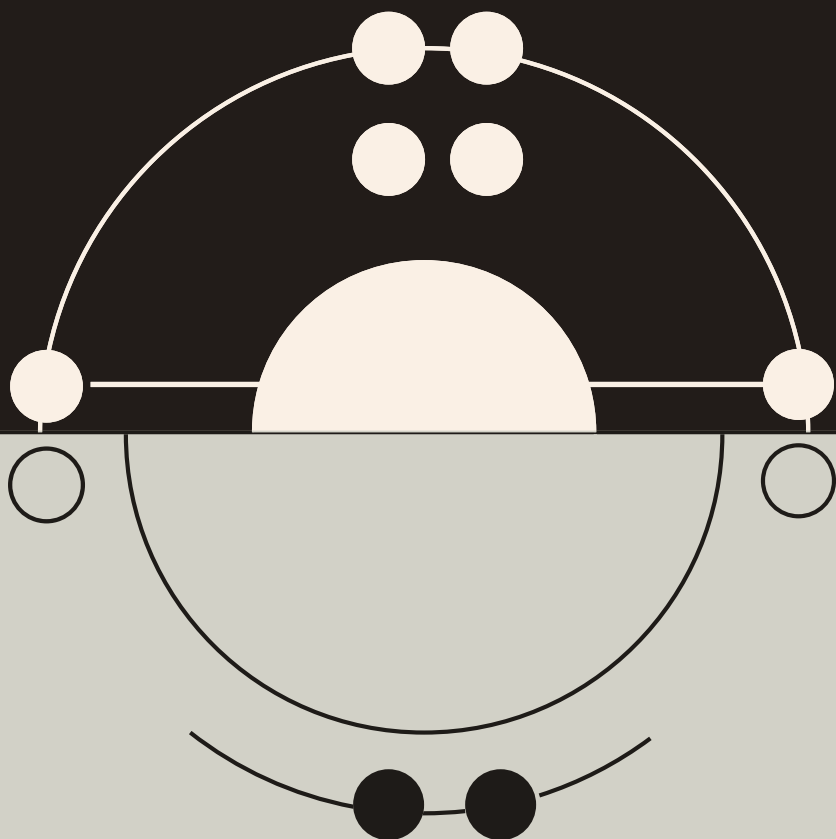
*Phono 12" LP, 180g vinyl*





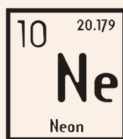
IMAAD WASIF · Nick Zinner

FOLDING CITY (SOUNDTRACK)





...they offer transformations  
of urban space, shifting from  
the material to the spiritual,  
and gravitating chaos towards  
singularities of oblivion.



# FOLDING CITY (SOUNDTRACK)

IMAAD WASIF & NICK ZINNER



“Cities, like dreams, are made of desires and fears, even if the thread of their discourse is secret, their rules are absurd, their perspectives deceitful, and everything conceals something else.”

—Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*

**A** film by Tyler Hubby, *Folding City* is an abstract meditation in five movements, inspired by the director’s direct involvement with Tony Conrad’s *Early Minimalism* compositional cycle. Together, they offer transformations of urban space, shifting from the material to the spiritual, and gravitating chaos towards singularities of oblivion. While an excerpt first appeared in Hubby’s acclaimed 2016 feature, *Tony Conrad: Completely In the Present*, the full version debuted in 2020.

It is a mesmeric warp and weave of dynamic serenities and stately vibrancies, vivified in a soundtrack by Imaad Wasif and Nick Zinner of Yeah Yeah Yeahs. Wasif and Zinner are also actors, composers, and multi-instrumentalists. Their efforts have supported films including *Mad Max: Fury Road* and the Dave Eggers/Spike Jonze production of Maurice Sendak’s classic *Where the Wild Things Are*. ●

“Tyler Hubby demands his audience experience a cinema of time, which transforms the commonplace into an aesthetic ... that the audience re-imagine the everyday world around them, perceive the everyday in a new way.”

—Jack Sargeant, *Cinema Contra Cinema*

TYLER HUBBY:

“Joyous, exhilarating, and transformative, Tyler Hubby’s documentary *Tony Conrad: Completely in the Present* is essential viewing for anyone involved in the history of music and visual art.”

—*Artforum*

“Conrad was 100 percent badass. Without Tyler Hubby’s documentary and *Table of the Elements* ... one of the great stories of American music and art might have gone underappreciated.”

—Henry Rollins, *L.A. Weekly*

IMAAD WASIF:

“Wasif is able to create a lot out of very little, making every sound count, and more importantly, making sure that the songwriting, singing, and melody are top-notch.”

—*Tiny Mix Tapes*

NICK ZINNER:

“It’s like a rumble from the planet’s depth that gathers momentum and then breaks out into a riotous symphonic rock anthem. Think Sigur Ros and Muse having a love child and it’s grown up with Bjork’s *Homogenic* album, and you’ll be in the ballpark. It is one of the most explosively alive pieces of music I’ve heard in the last couple of years ... Big riffs, huge drums, string swells and a lot of bold lyrical emotion pouring out of every note.”

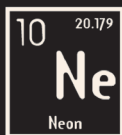
—*Higher Plain Music*





**Director Tyler Hubby spent more  
than 20 years filming Conrad ...  
it comes across as a tribute to his  
boundless life force.**

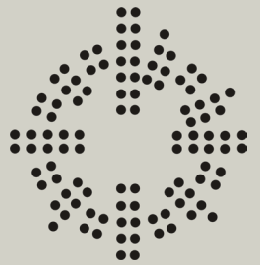
**—PITCHFORK**



IMAAD WASIF & NICK ZINNER  
*FOLDING CITY (SOUNDTRACK)*  
2025

Table of the Elements  
[Neon] 10  
EOE-010

*Phono 12" LP, 180g vinyl, Blu-ray disc*

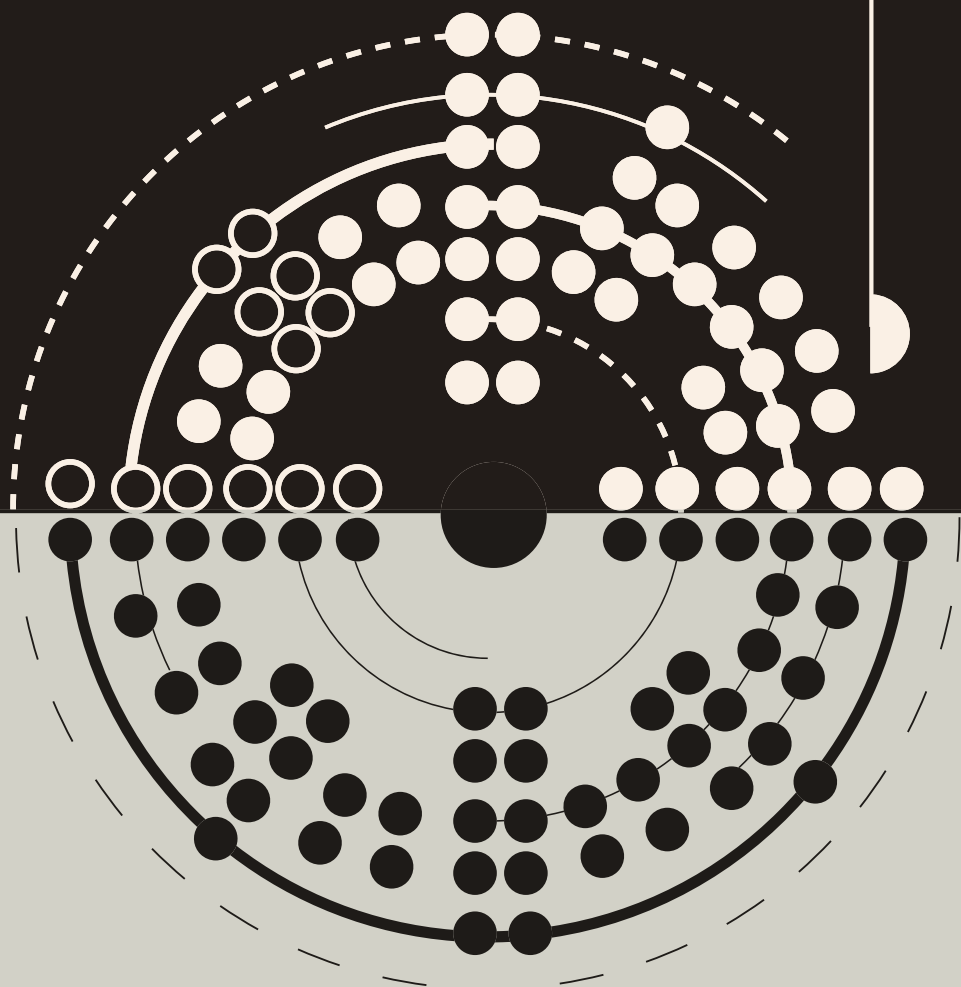




*Ray S. CHATMAN*

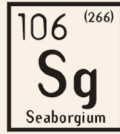
A CRIMSON GRAIL

(FOR 400 ELECTRIC GUITARS)





...a snapshot of eternity,  
an echo of a moment a thousand  
years gone, and a thousand years  
to come.



# A CRIMSON GRAIL (FOR 400 ELECTRIC GUITARS)

RHYS CHATHAM



“Chatham’s sonic vocabulary is an inspired marriage of minimalist structures, rock cadences and glittering overtones obtained from massed electric guitars played in unusual tunings at crushing volume. His knack for garbling indelible melodies in gorgeous sonorities makes them as attractive as ever today.”

—*Chicago Tribune*

**R**hys Chatham, the man who rocks the minimalist canon like a hurricane, gathers up the City of Light in the evanescent beauty of his latest piece, written for 400 guitars and performed live in the basilica of landmark Sacre Coeur, with an audience of 10,000 watching live and 100,000 viewing on TV. As the music shimmers, it offers a snapshot of eternity, an echo of a moment a thousand years gone, and a thousand years to come.

“It’s a remarkable, engrossing work that plays against rather than panders to expectations. If you picture the sound of such a large ensemble of guitarists, it’s likely that you’ll imagine an overpowering wall of sound, but Chatham’s approach is more subtle than that. The initial section of the 35-minute first part is an extended process of initially subdued, but gradually swelling sound. That sound is something like a metallic jangling as if mile upon mile of barbed wire were amplified. At the eight-minute mark, a simple, steady pulse begins to be marked out by percussion and bass, around which the massed guitars cluster and reverberate. Fifteen minutes later the rhythm ceases and

the music enters a becalmed passage, the guitarists picking and strumming to create a sense of cloud-like porousness. A final, extended section of intense, massed thrumming overlays this. Played loud, it threatens to lift the listener off their feet and shake the ornaments from the shelves. It's half an hour in arriving, but this is sound that achieves an immersive, exultant sense of the sublime.

—*BBC Review*

"A *Crimson Grail* was meant as a piece written in multiple movements, much like an orchestral arrangement, except for a group four times the size of a full symphony orchestra. Everything about the work is big, from the deep, soulful reverb of the basilica to the unapologetically heavy tone. When Chatham starts the first movement of his work, excerpted above, the atmosphere changes color quickly into an aurora of vibrating strings which disappears in a flash as soon as the short tacets let the guitars ring. It's a bold, grand sound that builds itself into a heavy/light dynamic ... the massive crescendo suddenly changes in character from a stoic musical golem into a ghostly rhythmic march. Heavy and endlessly complex, this movement flexes the muscles of 400 guitar players and shows the audience exactly the kind of organized chaos it can wreak."

—*fnewsmagazine*

"Uncannily, the guitars climb separately in small shifts, yet invariably meet at each apex. As the echoes lengthen, the piece evokes a huge frozen wave, full of dense overtones and hymn-like hums. The cinematic drift of the Kranky roster and the power drones of Phill Niblock come to mind, but the glow of Chatham's guitar army has a singular warmth. This wasn't just a performance, it was a larger-than-life sonic environment. And *A Crimson Grail* offers the best panoramic snapshot one could hope for."

—*Pitchfork*

"Gathered in a French basilica, the guitarists performed the piece to an audience of nearly 10,000 attendants inside and outside the basilica. The result is a beautiful, evolving, slowly rising three-song orchestra of 400 guitars fluidly composed along, droning, eventually bursting into crescendo."

—*Jackson Free Press*



“It’s like a heavenly buzz saw in your brain, a billion bees coming over the horizon and blocking out the sun. In quieter moments when they’re playing harmonics, your mind’s eye sees icicles forming on every pine tree in Norway ... the epic simplicity provokes a sense of elation.”

—*Time Out, Australia*

“It’s the most direct escalator ride from confusion into redemption, always Chatham’s main stock in trade. Even as the recording strains to clock the absurd vastness of the performance, it packs a sweeping emotional charge. It’s music that can bring back stirring, conflicted memories through a three-inch wall.”

—*Dusted*

“The climaxes evoke the image of an endless tape loop fashioned from a Phil Spector instrumental backing track, yet instead of Spector’s back-to-mono gravy we get Chatham’s clean and precise multichannel panning, which sounds especially compelling through headphones.”

—*Gramophone*

“One of the most impressive Table of the Elements releases to date!”

—*Downtown Music Gallery*

“A volatile, shimmering wash of overtones ... a revelation.”

—*Art Papers*

“... Absolutely thrilling ... It rules.”

—*Sueddeutsche Zeitung*

“Gratifying, sternum-thudding din.”

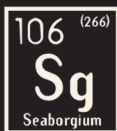
—*Leonardo/MIT Press*

“Surging phosphorescence ... Uplifting.”

—*Rolling Stone*

“Black-and-Decker classical.”

—*Guitar Player*



RHYS CHATHAM

*A CRIMSON GRAIL (FOR 400 ELECTRIC GUITARS)*

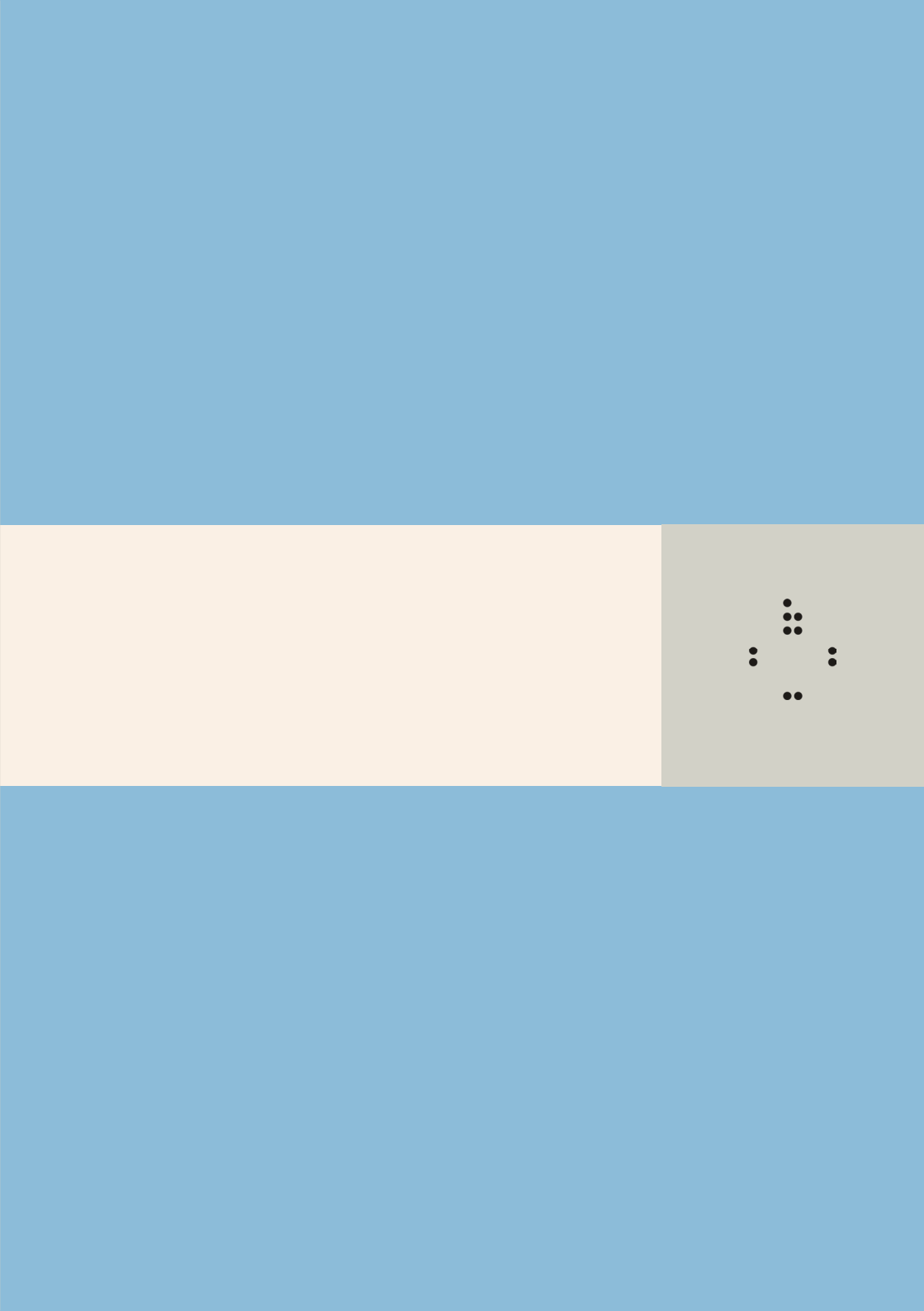
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Table of the Elements Archive

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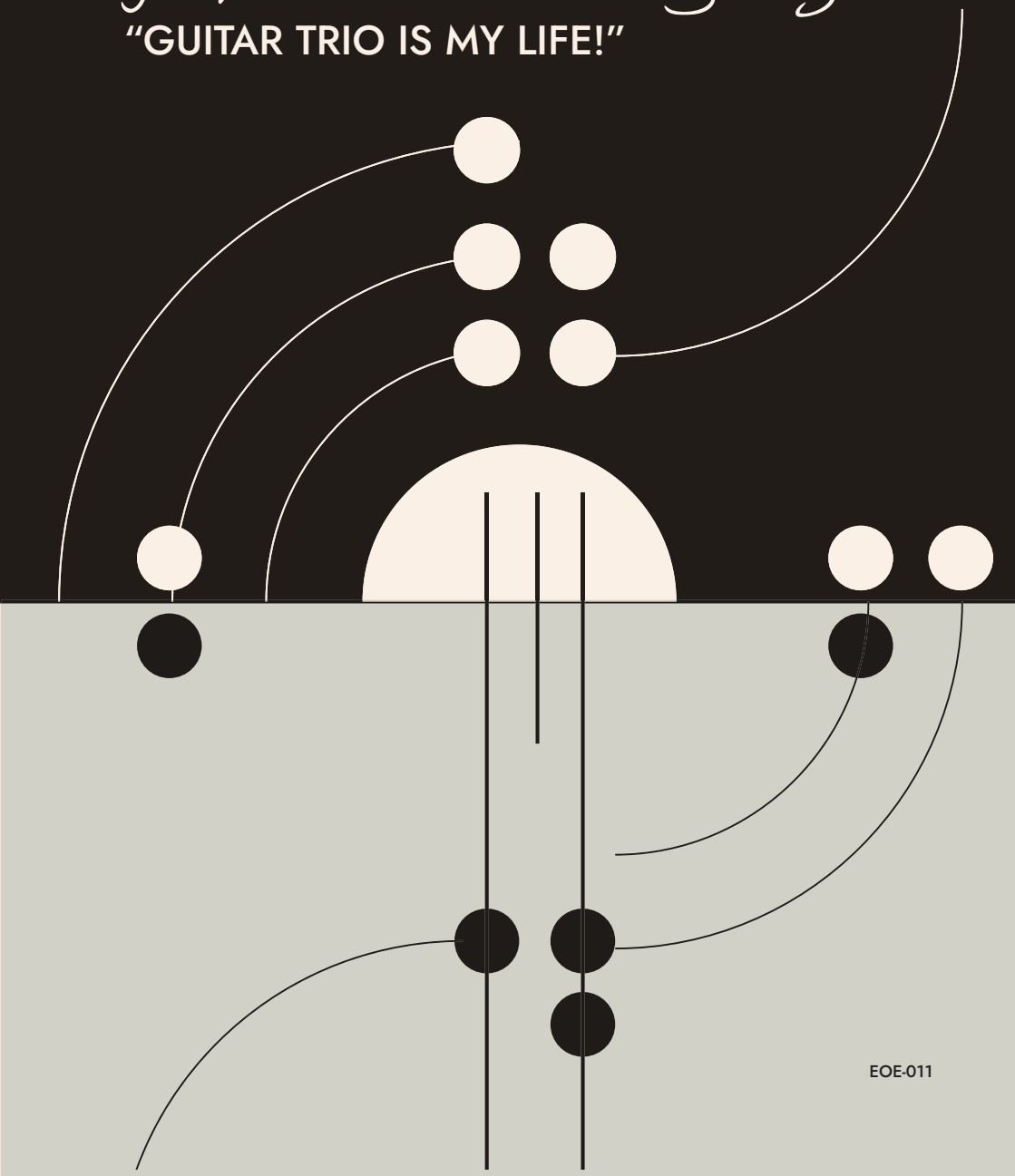
*2x phono 12" LPs, 18g vinyl, laser-etching, gatefold jacket*





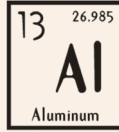
RYAN CHATHAM  
HIS GUITAR TRIO ALL-STARS

"GUITAR TRIO IS MY LIFE!"





So, take a listen, and hear what  
one man can do with hundreds of  
guitars, thirty years, one chord,  
and a skyscraper of amps set to  
Liquefy.



## "GUITAR TRIO IS MY LIFE!"

RHYS CHATHAM & HIS GUITAR TRIO ALL STARS



Utilizing multiple electric guitars and a single chord, 1977's "Guitar Trio" is composer Rhys Chatham's signature work and a euphoric, minimal-punk classic. It's an inspired amalgamation—the droning, shimmering harmonics of John Cale and Tony Conrad fused with the power and fury of the Ramones—that had a meteoric impact. It placed Chatham at the forefront of the burgeoning No Wave scene. Its influence spread further as protégés and participants in Chatham's ensembles—including Glenn Branca and members of Sonic Youth—folded the sound into their own. "Guitar Trio" remains a composition with a half-life, an adventure in sound that continues to radiate influence and inspiration.

Recorded in 2008 to celebrate the 30th anniversary of "Guitar Trio" on an epic scale, Chatham musters an all-star guitar army for the set, "GUITAR TRIO IS MY LIFE!" The sprawling collection features members of Sonic Youth, Swans, Tortoise, and Godspeed You! Black Emperor, Hüsker Dü, Modern Lovers, Silver Mt. Zion, Town and Country, Die Kreutzen, 90-Day Men, Collections of Colonies of Bees; even Tony Conrad gets in on the act. Together, these artists celebrate Chatham's wordless anthem with its minimalist origins, rock & roll rhythm, ecstatic whorl of harmonics, and ever-evolving, ever-expanding nature.

So, take a listen, and hear what one man can do with hundreds of guitars, 30 years, one chord, and a skyscraper of amps set to Liquefy. "Guitar Trio" endures. ●

"If the most pure rock'n'roll is all about excess, emancipation, and sexuality, then 55-year-old Parisian composer Rhys Chatham makes Mick Jagger seem like a Sunday school teacher. For too long, Chatham's massed guitars have been a footnote to those of the more famous Glenn Branca. But Branca—like Sonic Youth's Lee Ranaldo and Thurston Moore, Swans' Michael Gira and Jonathan Kane, and the Modern Lovers' Ernie Brooks, many of whom appear here—was an early student of and member in Chatham's New York ensembles. This exhausting, exhilarating concoction, though, should confirm both Chatham and "Guitar Trio" as staples in the rock and 20th-century composition canons. At the very least, from the first E note to the last E chord three hours later, it proves that Chatham—also significant for his curatorial role at New York's The Kitchen in the 70s and in the establishment of No Wave later that decade—f\*cking rocks.

When considered alongside Chatham's statement that he can teach anyone this piece in an hour, such variety is exhilarating. "Guitar Trio" was composed after Chatham, then a New York composer taking a somewhat academic approach to minimalism, saw the Ramones play CBGB. Their music shocked him into redirecting his sonic approach within his own pre-existing ideas. The result is glorious, one-chord, electro-orchestral, garage-band minimalism. Anyone can learn this music. Anyone can play this music. Anyone can enjoy this music, rhythmically and tonally electrified as it is. This is a popular inroad for both understanding and participating in sound fields generally relegated to academia. "Guitar Trio" suggests infinite possibilities for this music, for all music, really: If you can combine basic "punk" ideas with basic "classical" ideas to create something that will forever alter the shape of both memes (see Sonic Youth and Glenn Branca), what can't you do?"

—Grayson Haver Currin, *Pitchfork*, 2008

"Rhys Chatham is one of noise rock's founding fathers. Without him, there would be no Sonic Youth, no Jesus and Mary Chain, no My Bloody Valentine ... he remains a towering figure among six-string aficionados."

—Greg Kot, *Chicago Tribune*, author of *Wilco: Learning How to Die*

"Blue Oyster Cult and Kiss might've made noises about guitar armies, but it took composer Rhys Chatham to actually deploy one. And there's no other way to say this: It rocks"

—Bill Meyer, *Magnet*

"Surging phosphorescence ... uplifting."

—David Fricke, *Rolling Stone*



"Like a demigod, [Rhys Chatham] set everything in motion and then disappeared, leaving us to figure out how to live in the universe he created."

—*New York Times*

"For years Rhys Chatham's music has been more heard about than heard. While his work languished out of print, disciples such as Sonic Youth have gone to the bank with his sound. Chatham's sonic vocabulary is an inspired marriage of minimalist structures, rock cadences and glittering overtones obtained from massed electric guitars played in unusual tunings at crushing volume. [His] knack for garbling indelible melodies in gorgeous sonorities makes them as attractive as ever today."

—*Chicago Tribune*

"Blue Oyster Cult and Kiss might've made noises about guitar armies, but it took composer Rhys Chatham to actually deploy one. And there's no other way to say this: It rocks."

—*Magnet*

"Everything compelling about Chatham's music is crystallized here, and any fan of experimental music from the last four decades would do well to pay heed."

—*Baltimore City Paper*

"Chatham aimed for naturalism and transcendence; simultaneously beatific and horrifying, his music can sound like tornadoes or a swarm of bees, as peaceful as a nave or as chaotic as an avalanche."

—*Blender*

"Another killer Table of the Elements release. Fans of Branca, Sonic Youth, Wire, Mission of Burma, etc., will love this. Brilliant, and a great introduction to this oft-forgotten chap."

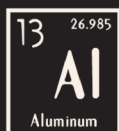
—*KUSF, San Francisco*

"The music glories in the primal joy of chiming overtones and massed rhythms, and swings madly. It grins and bounds. Art music has rarely sounded so happy and well-adjusted."

—*Atlanta Journal-Constitution*

"Stunning ... ambitious ... majestic ... Imagine Steve Reich conducting Godspeed You Black Emperor! and you'll be some way towards realizing this man's sound and vision ... Massive."

—*MOJO*



RHYS CHATHAM & HIS GUITAR TRIO ALL-STARS

*"GUITAR TRIO IS MY LIFE!"*

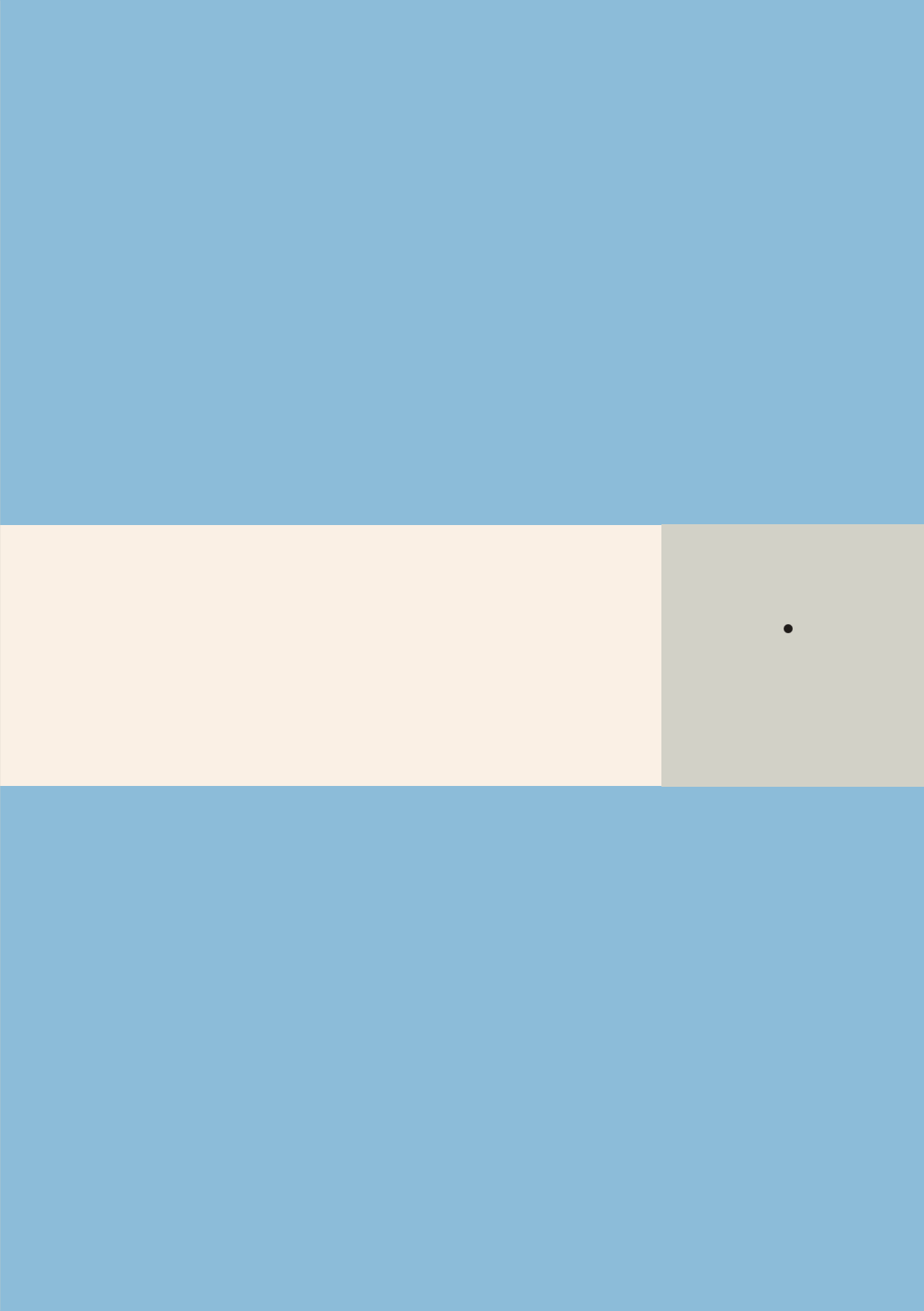
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Table of the Elements Archive

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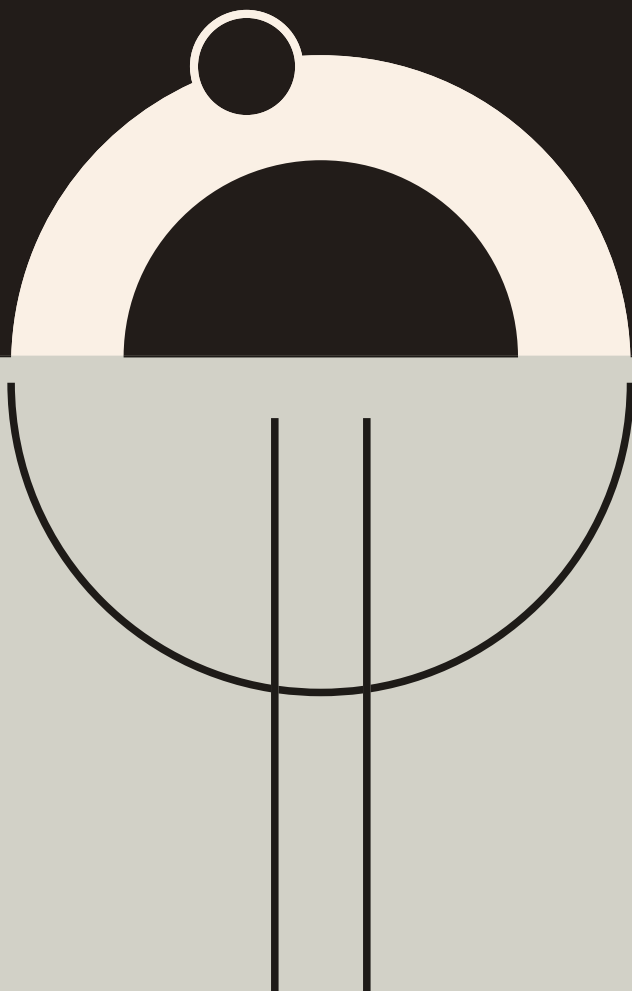
EOE-013

*Boxed set, 4x phono LPs, 180g vinyl, 1x compact disc, libretto, poster*



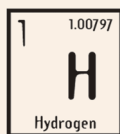


*Zoe A Perkins*  
NIGHTMARE ALLEY





...a parallel world of sensations  
that is disorienting, surreal,  
strangely pleasurable, and more  
than a little dangerous.



# NIGHTMARE ALLEY

ZEENA PARKINS



Step right up, folks, and meet the astounding Zeena Parkins, the world's most fabulous electric harpist. Forget about angelic choirs: Zeena cites Jimi Hendrix as a major inspiration, and her harp work is similarly explosive, often blurring into fuzz-distorted terrain. Parkins is a lightning bolt of a performer and a much sought-after collaborator, having worked with artists including Anthony Braxton, Nels Cline, Fred Frith, Matmos, Ikue Mori, Pauline Oliveros, Yoko Ono, John Zorn, Thurston Moore, Lee Ranaldo, and Jim O'Rourke. Zeena has contributed to four albums with Icelandic primevalist Björk and was an essential component of the spellbinding 2001 Vespertine world tour.

Recorded in 1992, *Nightmare Alley* was Zeena Parkins' first solo release and the inaugural title on the new Table of the Elements label. A hypnotic classic, it lures the listener into a parallel world of sensations that is disorienting, surreal, strangely pleasurable, and more than a little dangerous. Step inside if you dare—you won't believe your ears! ●

"Zeena Parkins is my favorite living harpist ... the kicks of sonic gristle that she pulls from it are dandy as jack. A truly ginchy exploration of forgotten string potential."

—Byron Coley, *Spin*

“Music that makes you hike up your britches and howl like a coyote. Parkins, one of the only avant-garde harpists around, uses both her acoustic and an electric harp complete with wah-wah (whammy) bar to dance the tarantella on the stuffy Harpo Marxist image her instrument has. She is not afraid of its natural beauty and sophistication but more often than not her hands are dirty to the elbows in discordant tangents, Hendrix distorto-feedback, and fierce multi-phonics ... I love this, I love this, I love this.”

—*WDC Period*

“These pieces present Ms. Parkins’s vision naked and undiluted, displaying a seemingly infinite array of auditory device, the music registering in the void like the peaks and valleys of a psychic EKG of subconscious fantasy.”

—*Creative Loafing Atlanta*

“Parkins is not merely a harpist, but a wearer of many hats (she was also a trained pianist and dancer in a former life), most of them bright, fancy and sparkly metallic to go with the magic jewel-encrusted baton she waves towards her many collaborators...”

—*Squidco*

“Treating the harp as an object of experimentation is nothing new for Ms. Parkins, part of a generation of performers who exposed new horizons for the instrument far beyond its genteel reputation. Bringing in amplification and electronic effects, she made the harp shriek, hiss and dissolve in reverb.”

—*New York Times*

“As the over-dubbed blips go careening off each other, stretching high, then shrinking low, it’s easy to imagine that every type of music you’ve ever heard is in here somewhere.”

—*San Francisco Bay Guardian*

“There’s great fixity and coherence to the mini-essays she develops. In the end, it’s classical NYC avant garde—garrulous, multi-faceted, ironic and open.”

—*The Wire*

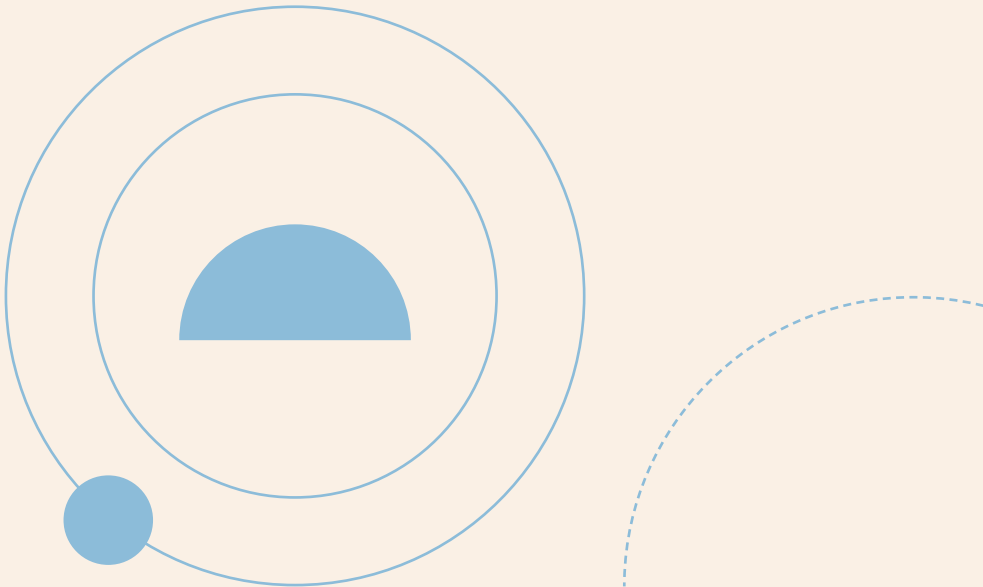
“Her style defeats categorization, and is therefore all the more interesting.”

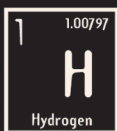
—*New York Times*



“The leading New York avant jazz harpist has appeared on hundreds of free improvisation recordings in collaboration with artists such as Fred Frith, John Zorn, Elliott Sharp, Lee Ranaldo, and Ikue Mori, among many others. During the ‘80s and ‘90s, she pioneered the electric harp of her own design, an instrument that thrives on the rich tonalities of the traditional harp matched with the flexibility of an electric guitar. The instrument was so unique that it shaped and influenced the music she composed and improvised for it; she thus became an in-demand performer on any number of downtown avant-garde projects. Ranging from free jazz to dance and theater music, her projects are all given the signature of her unique instrument and sharp ear for improvisation. For this solo CD on Table of the Elements she presented a series of exceptional solo improvisations and compositions, some kept within shorter-song format such as the openers ‘Sleep’ and ‘Empty Bottle.’ While ‘Model for a Colossal Moment’ and ‘Peephole’ stretch out into extended explorations in the seven-minute mark, most of the pieces are kept to short vignettes. Effortlessly switching between serrated noise and controlled feedback outbursts to delicate extended harp improvisations, Zeena Parkins’ solo performance is a stunning display of her extraordinary talents in avant-garde and experimental music.”

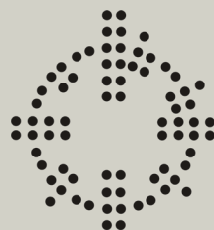
—Dean McFarlane, *AllMusic.com*





ZEENA PARKINS  
NIGHTMARE ALLEY  
1993/2025

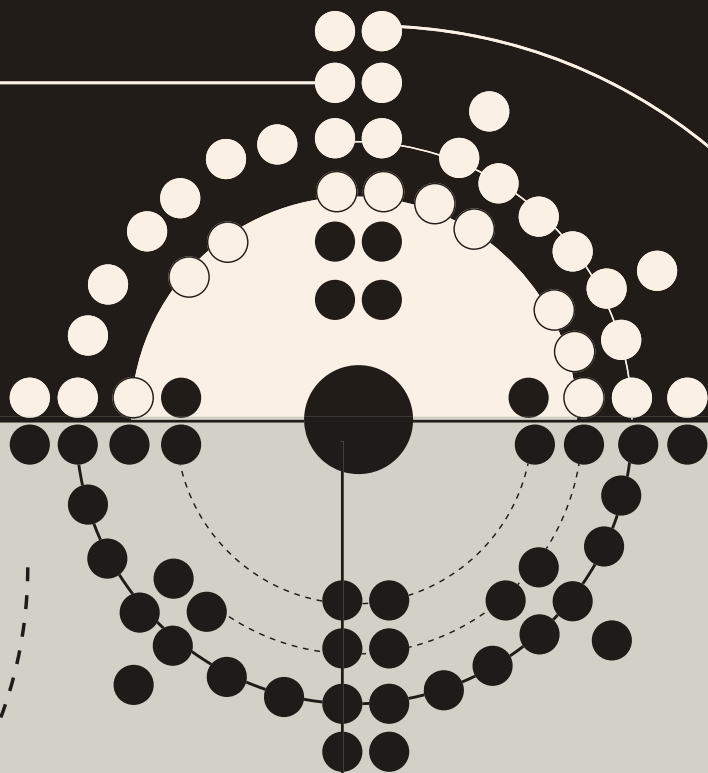
Table of the Elements Archive  
[Hydrogen] 1  
TEA-201  
*Phono 12" LP, 180g vinyl*





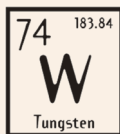
JOHN CALE • TONY CONRAD  
ANGUS MACLISE • LA MONTE YOUNG  
MARIAN ZAZZERA

INSIDE THE DREAM SYNDICATE VOL. I





**The great missing link between  
classical and popular music—  
and Eastern and Western music—  
of the late 20th century.  
A monumental achievement.**



# INSIDE THE DREAM SYNDICATE VOL. I: DAY OF NIAGARA (1965)

JOHN CALE, TONY CONRAD, ANGUS MACLISE,  
LA MONTE YOUNG, MARIAN ZAZEELA



“In the beginning, there was the Drone, the primordial, mind-splitting Om generated by the strings and revolutionary lost-chord Zeitgeist of 1960’s group the Dream Syndicate”

—David Fricke, *Rolling Stone*

“‘Outrageous?’ You should have heard the Dream Syndicate.”

—Lou Reed, in response to critical attacks on his *Metal Machine Music* LP, 1975

**F**rom 1962 through 1965, John Cale, Tony Conrad, Angus MacLise, La Monte Young, and Marian Zazeela participated in a collaborative ensemble that articulated the Big Bang of “minimalism.” Utilizing long duration and precise pitch, they forged an aggressively mesmerizing “Dream Music”—denying the activity of composition and elaborating shared ideas of performance and improvisation. However, the many rehearsal and performance recordings from this period were repressed and remained inaccessible, buried until this moment. Now, with the recent discovery of an additional cache of tapes, digitally restored and remastered, the world can step inside the Dream Syndicate for the very first time. ●

“This is a 31-minute drone. It’s also probably the most important historical release of the year. After a decades-long wait, we’re finally able to hear the original Dream Syndicate, the legendary ensemble of ‘62-’65, which influenced thousands solely through its

reputation. It's the bite of Tony Conrad's razor-sharp violin, together with the blistering howl of John Cale's prepared viola, which makes this music so much more than so much of what's come after it. Conrad and Cale are the motor, producing a sound like the world itself exploding, only in slow motion and with absolute precision. It's an instant classic, still jaw-dropping after a 35-year hibernation."

—*Other Music*

"People like Conrad, so free of many of the conventional ideas and restraints that often just end up being selling points, remind me that as down as you want to feel is just how much you want to deny the fact that there have been brilliant people in every decade, including this one, pushing in every possible way against mediocrity, conformity, and ignorance. When in doubt, go to the museum, the gallery, the record store, anywhere you can find art. The world might not change, but yours could."

—Henry Rollins, *LA Weekly*

"The skyscraping wall of amplified string drone that is erected here towers over almost everything. Coupled with Cale's hypnotic, deafening, avant-rock viola is Conrad's equally impressive double-stop violin playing. Together they produce the sound illusion of some huge electrical generator, a grinding musical turbine that is forever shooting sparks to ignite the imagination... Day of Niagara is an incredible piece of music. That it exists and is, at last, available to anyone who wants to hear it is nothing short of a miracle. Rejoice!"

—*The Wire*

"Listen now to *Inside the Dream Syndicate Volume 1: Day of Niagara (1965)*, recently released on Table of the Elements and credited to Cale, Tony Conrad, Angus MacLise (the Velvet Underground's first drummer), La Monte Young, and Marian Zazeela. In the thirty-one minutes of severe, scratching, calming frequency modulation, you hear not that the avant-garde with which Cale began was diminished when its tricks were applied to pop music, but that pop music was where the tricks of the avant-garde were turned into a real language ... that's where the pathos is: the attempt of a man who carries dead languages within himself to empty himself, to fulfill none of the hopes others have invested in him."

—Greil Marcus, *Interview Magazine*

"Lou Reed's infamous Metal Machine Music; Jim O'Rourke's unlikely entrance in the pantheon of indie rock; and Sonic Youth's worship of the avant-garde; these instances



and countless others were all born from the same seed: the legend of the Dream Syndicate. One of the most significant and controversial releases of 2000, *Inside the Dream Syndicate* is the high-throttle point when 20th Century Classical almost became rock ‘n’ roll. This is the Big Bang of Minimalism.”

—*Pitchfork*

“These recordings are (part of) a library of effort that represented, for Tony and I at least, a labour of love. The power and majesty that was in that music is still on these tapes.”

—John Cale

“The great missing link between classical and popular music—and Eastern and Western music—of the late 20th century. A monumental achievement.”

—Creative Loafing, *Atlanta*

“No lie, this might be the most historically significant music release of the last 20 years... A fantastic piece of deeply ecstatic sound.”

—*Aural Innovations*

“A heavenly din of hellish proportions. Definitely a coup for one of the most interesting labels in America, Table of the Elements.”

—*Earpeace*

“One of the most important recordings to emerge from the mid-1960’s, a product of extraordinary sonic force.”

—*Boomkat*

“A bracing and powerful document of a hugely influential ensemble that changed the sound of modern music.”

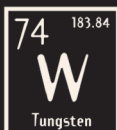
—*Chicago Tribune*

“Number 1 ‘Not-Pop’ Release of 2000”

—*LA Weekly*

“This music will drill you a third eye.”

—*The Bob*

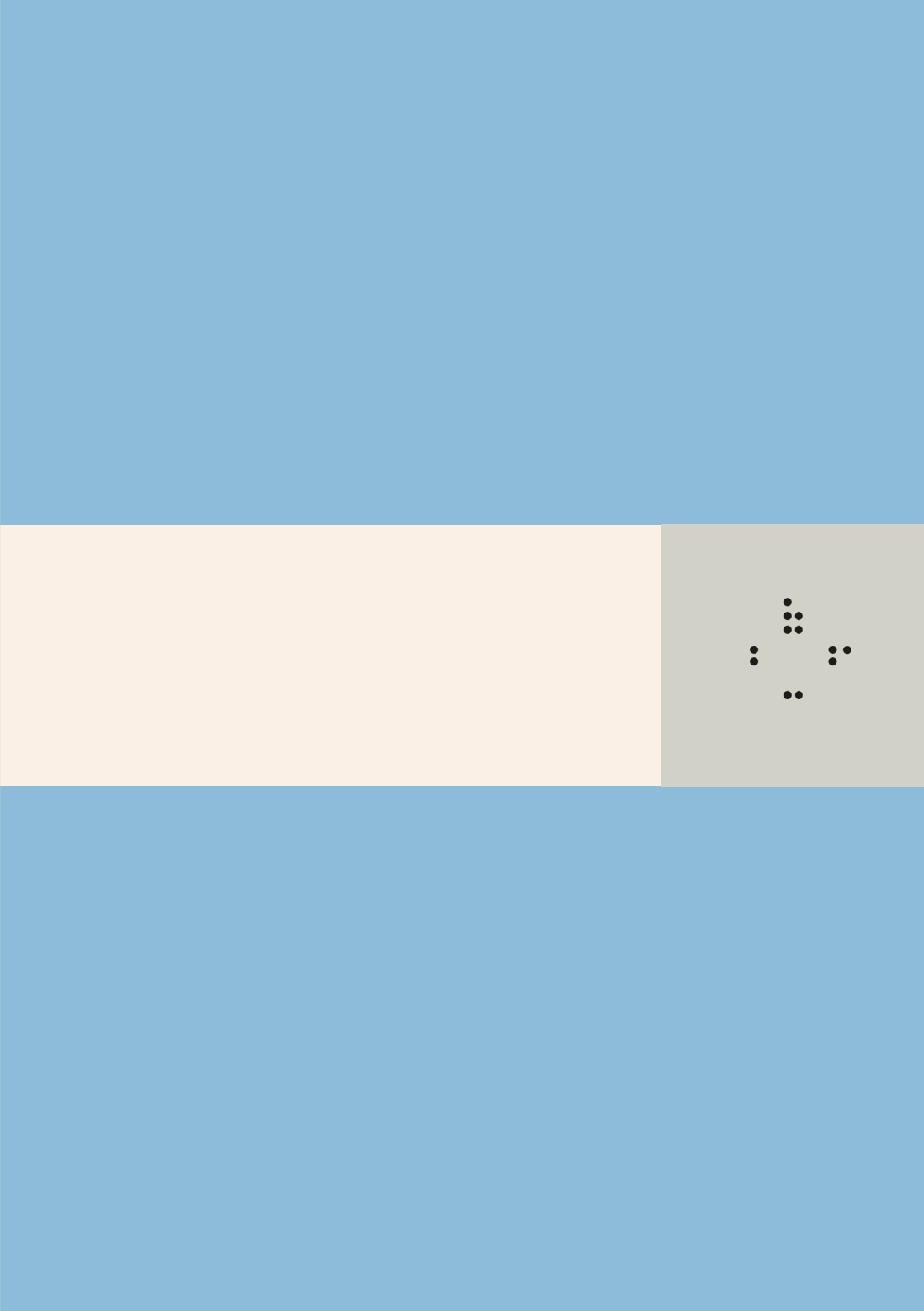


JOHN CALE, TONY CONRAD, ANGUS MACLISE, LA MONTE YOUNG, MARIAN ZAZEELA  
*INSIDE THE DREAM SYNDICATE VOL. I: DAY OF NIAGARA (1965)*

25 X 60 EDITION  
2000/2025

Table of the Elements Archive  
[Tungsten] 74  
TEA-074

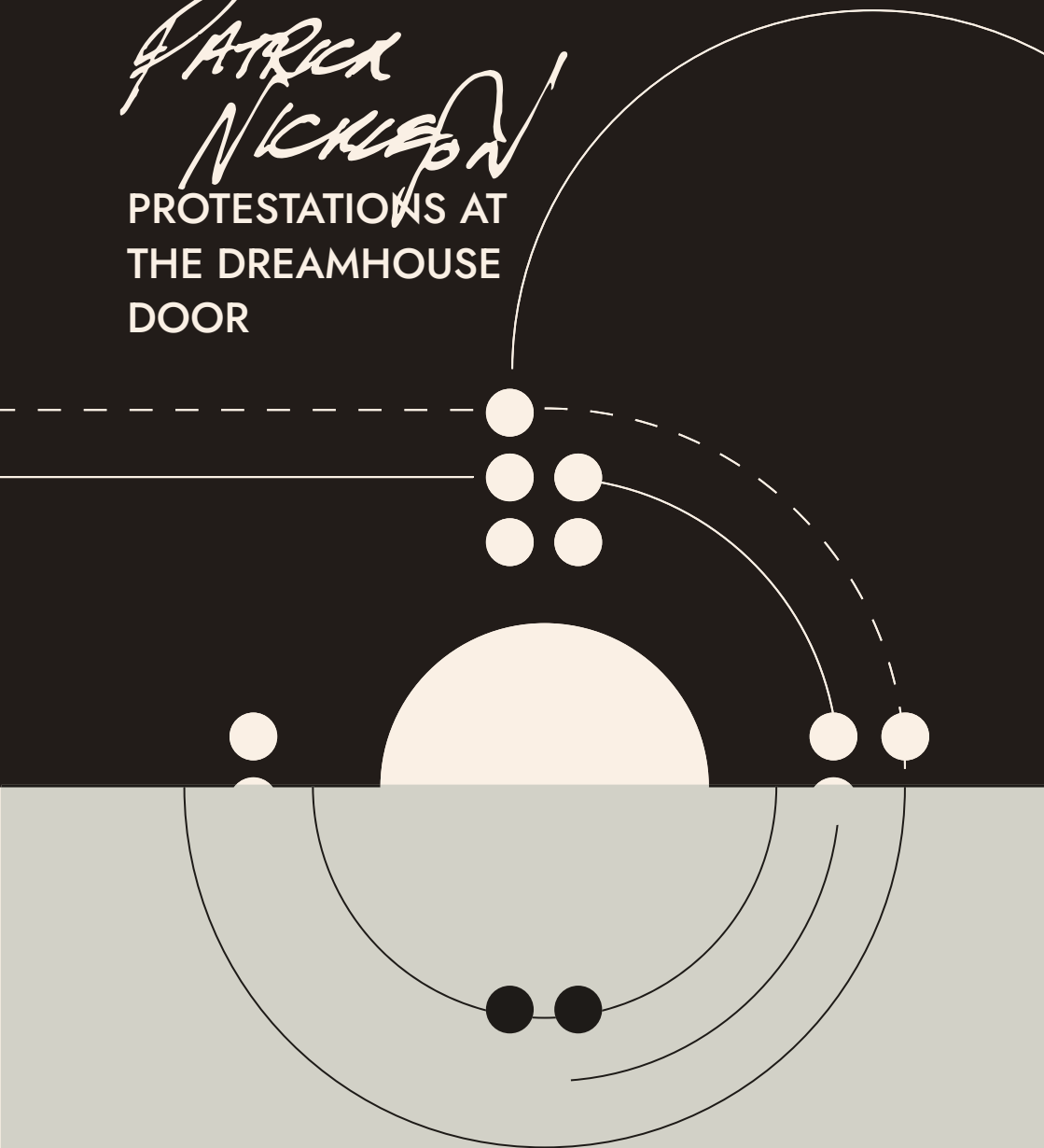
*Phono 12" LP, 180g vinyl, booklet*





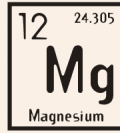
*PATRICK  
NICKLESON*

PROTESTATIONS AT  
THE DREAMHOUSE  
DOOR





In a bizarre plot twist, *Day of Niagara* became the hot-wax soundtrack to a caper flick, a derring-do gratification of retributive theft reversal, in which overdue justice is administered with righteous comeuppance.



# PROTESTATIONS AT THE DREAMHOUSE DOOR

PATRICK NICKLESON



**A**uthor and musicologist Patrick Nickleson possesses unique access to the brilliant psyche of the late Tony Conrad. Appointed by Conrad's protege and archivist Tony Oursler, Nickleson is the editor of *What Music Did*, Conrad's massive manuscript decades in the making and finally due for release (University of Michigan Press, 2025). In it, Conrad presents scenes spanning over two thousand years of history, mathematics, and music as an extended indictment of music's role, from the Pythagoreans to the twentieth century, in upholding the use of numbers as a clandestine and circumscribed framework of power. Known only to his closest friends and associates, *What Music Did* is Conrad's secret magnum opus and its posthumous completion by Nickleson and imminent release are cause for celebration.

Nickleson is also the author of *The Names of Minimalism* (University of Michigan, 2023). In it, he maintains that Minimalism stands as the key representative of 1960s radicalism in art music histories—but always as a failed project. He examines the tension between the collaborative processes and the policing of authorship during subsequent and seemingly inevitable disputes. Through examinations of Steve Reich and Philip Glass, punk and No Wave bands, and Glenn Branca and Rhys Chatham's works for massed electric guitars, Nickleson argues for authorship as a darting, kinetic blur. Above all others, he cites the notorious early-1960s ensemble featuring John Cale, Tony Conrad, Angus Maclise, La Monte Young, and Marian Zazeela, variously

known as the Theatre of Eternal Music and the Dream Syndicate. Following the group's dissolution in 1966, their treasure trove of collective recordings, intended to challenge the Western conceit of the composer, was repressed by Young, who demanded credit—as their sole composer.

As the suppression of the Dream Syndicate documents continued for a quarter of a century, denied the sustenance of their rigorous, protean intent, they lost their tangible form. The tapes sublimated into the stuff of vaporous, folkloric legend, imagined as a lost library of epic achievements. Or so it was assumed until the year 2000, when, with no advance notice and sleight-of-hand defiance, *Table of the Elements* allowed the first strains of Dream Music to vibrate through legitimate marketplace distribution. Wildly disparate reactions and conduct followed. Conrad's camp maintained cagey silence, allowing the sound to speak for itself. La Monte Young and his acolytes sanctimoniously denounced the event as piracy, thievery, and worse while implausibly suggesting legal action. There were, and remain, profound philosophical and ethical issues at play within the collaborative invention and unilateral denial of these recordings, including dichotomies of authorship and authority, concealment and disclosure.

Yet, beyond the saber-rattling in avant-garde corners, another unanticipated narrative unfurled. By stepping out of the shadows in swami biker-chic apparel and attempting weirdo intimidation tactics, La Monte Young unwittingly cast himself as the heavy to Tony Conrad's nimble Trickster. In a bizarre plot twist, *Day of Niagara* became the hot-wax soundtrack to a caper flick, a derring-do gratification of retributive theft reversal, in which overdue justice is administered with righteous comeuppance. These were popcorn-friendly themes that appealed to the general public. In the wildest of improbabilities, the intensely private creative acts of 1962-1966 finally played out in the mainstream media — to the delight of select instigators and associated provocateurs.

In *Protestations at the Dream House Door*, Nickleson soars across sixty years of *Day of Niagra*, detailing the ferment from which it arose in 1965, the period of 35 years of anonymous exile, the 2000 manifestation, and the subsequent 25 years of reverberations. Following Tony Conrad's now-canonic claim that "history is like music—completely in the present," Nickleson explores not just the original recording, but its "liberation" from La Monte Young's tape archive, and Young's subsequent posturing. Drawing



upon interviews with active participants, analysis of the music, and personal reflection on the impact of this and related tapes—whether bought on eBay, stolen from Torrent sites as a teenager, or tracked down at the British Library on Betamax as a PhD candidate—Nickleson insists that *Day of Niagara* now supports a viable and vast discourse more potent than its stoned, lo-fi Origin Mythos ever imagined. ☉

ON ‘THE NAMES OF MINIMALISM’

“There is no other book like this on minimalism... Challenging, bracing, and ultimately essential, *The Names of Minimalism* is very much worth your while.”

—*The Wire*

“*The Names of Minimalism* contributes to the effort of producing the historiography of minimal music while introducing and exploring the specific (and crucial) topic of authorship in the field. Nickleson addresses these important questions methodically and with care.”

—Christophe Levaux, author of *We Have Always Been Minimalist*

“Though more academic in approach, it’s a refreshing rethinking of ideologies and thinking that have offered massive inspirations to generations of creators.”

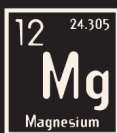
—Robin Rimbaud (Scanner)

“The dialectical discussion is enlivened no end by entertaining anecdotes about spiky relationships between what Nickleson terms the ‘Big Four’ composers... provides a methodological toolkit... that will enrich our engagement with these musics.”

—*The Wire*

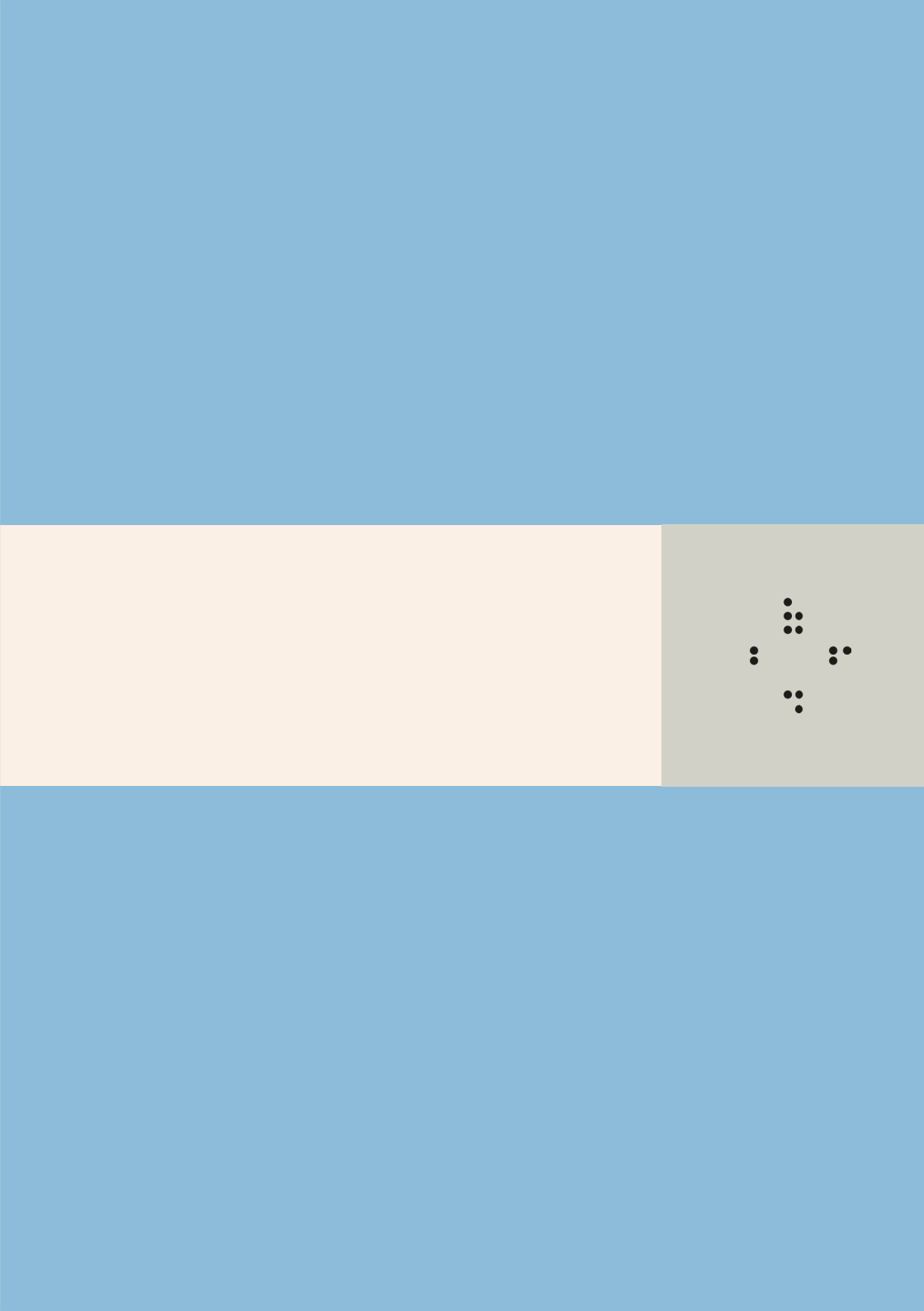
“What an exhilarating achievement, and what hope for the future of music studies! Bravo!”

—Tamara Levitz, UCLA



PATRICK NICKLESON  
*PROTESTATIONS AT THE DREAMHOUSE DOOR*  
2025

Table of the Elements  
[Magnesium 12]  
EOE-012  
*Book*

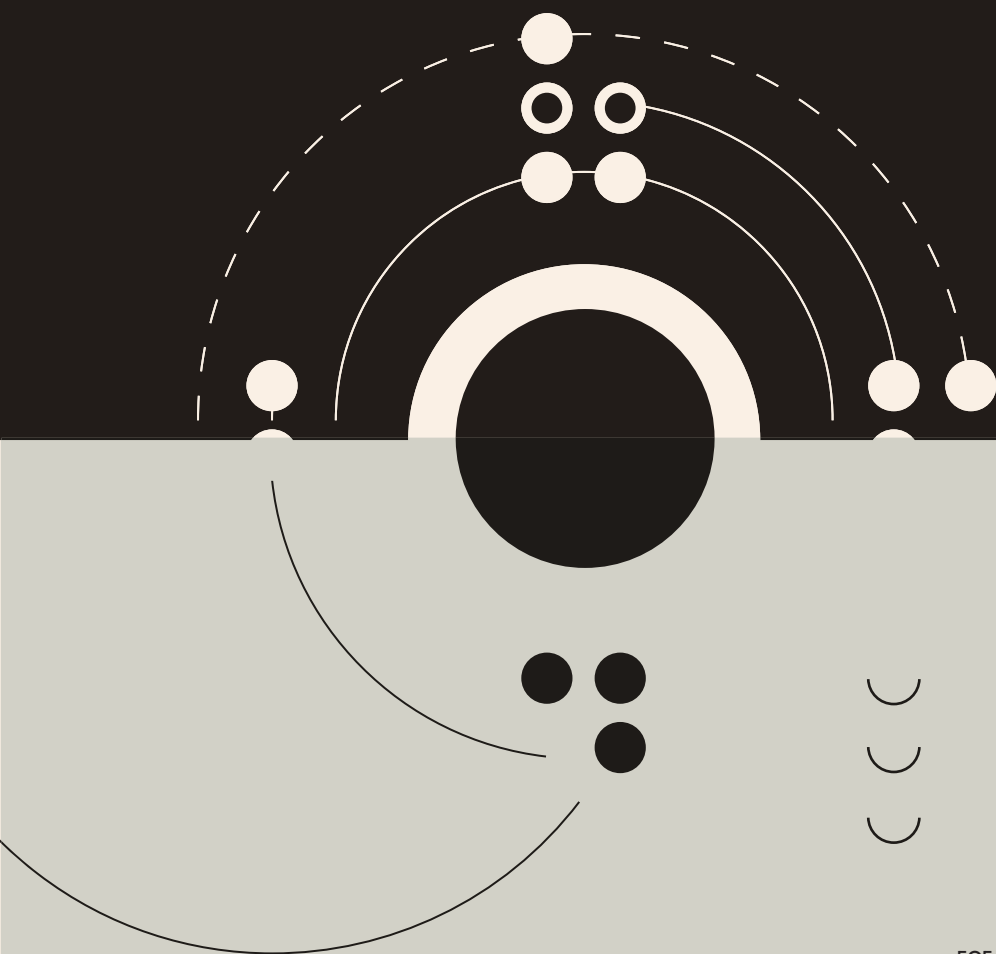




CHARLEMAGNE  
PALESTINE

CCCCOOONNNTTTIIINNU-

UUUUITTTIIIEESSSS

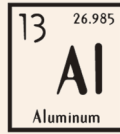




I used the word “Trance” a lot for the  
feeling, and “Continuum” for the length

My works have always been  
Liquid Continuums

I’ve always tried to “Squeeze” the  
Most out of my material,  
so minimal just never meant me



CCCCOOONNNTTTIIINNNU-  
 UUIITTTIIIEESSSS  
 CHARLEMAGNE PALESTINE



“Let’s do it all! Recordings, albums, books, films... but let’s do it in a way that nobody has ever done it before. That is all I want.”

**T**hat is what Charlemagne Palestine asked of his partnership with Table of the Elements, and that is what we will deliver. Comprised of six fleeting hours of ecstasy, this full-length iteration of his epic church-organ performance, Schlingen-Blängen, is merely a brief encounter on Charlemagne Palestine’s rhapsodic, maximal odyssey, his “50-year search to find a place in the world for an avant-garde, soft-toy worshipping Quasimodo.”

Each audio component resides within one of Charlemagne’s “divinities,” symbols of the sacred and shamanic representatives of the soul. This is the initial entry in a vast multimedia project documenting the life and archive of Charlemagne Palestine and a squeal of joy to the blindingly vibrant cosmological playground over which he rightfully presides. ◎

“Unlike his contemporaries, Palestine chose to go down his own road of unconventional inner exploration, a route that would ultimately lead to self-mutilation, near nervous breakdown, and eventual personal enlightenment. To achieve this, he would have to travel around the world in order to study ancient tribal customs and commune with his inner demons, a searching of the soul that he readily admits is still his main reason for making music, creating sculptures and staying alive.”

—Edwin Pouncy, *Sacred Bordello*

“Then, with every sinew of the instrument strained to capacity, suddenly the light goes out in the organ loft, along with its sound—spiraling chaotically into the dark corners of the cathedral. I’m thinking that the organ has finally gone into meltdown, or maybe the church authorities have pulled the plug on Palestine’s anarchic artistry. Then equally as suddenly the instrument powers up again, soaring up to another climactic peak before free-falling down a second time into the abyss. Surely there is nothing left to add? Powered up a third and final time, Palestine rapidly removes each wedge, one-by-one, until there remains only the fragile interval of the opening. The music stops; the silence completely deafening. The performance poised on a knife-edge.”

—*Sequenza21*

“As Palestine’s sonic accumulation approached its deafening peak, audience members tested their physical involvement in it: less subjects than receivers, they took to rotating their heads, pulling their ears forward or orbiting the room, pressing through air thick with tone. Eventually, the sound ceased and Palestine, Cognac in hand, returned to the front to announce: ‘The pipe organ is the greatest instrument in the world.’ That night, his instrument encompassed not just pipes and space, but the people who populated it. Palestine played bodies.

—Nick Irvin, *Frieze*

“Like the extended works of La Monte Young and Terry Riley, this piece is informed by the composer’s studies of Indian music, his electronic compositions, and his interest in the spiritual and healing powers of sound. Schlingen-Blangen’s sustained chords are produced by the insertion of cardboard wedges between the organ’s keys. Periods of intense friction between sonorities alternate with long stretches of calm. Palestine seems to revel in the tumultuous waves of timbral interplay filling the recording site”

—*Classics Today*



“Palestine’s roaring cascades of notes surge over each other in waves, creating vast sheets of overtones and harmonics that are beyond any musical transcriber’s ability to notate, yet which resonate beautifully in any listener’s ear.”

—Byron Coley, *Forced Exposure*

“You can’t do this on a synthesizer. You have to feel the air really move. That is why organs and carillon bells remain unique and unsurpassed—you’re not just playing an instrument, you’re playing the entire building.”

—Charlemagne Palestine

“A seminal figure in American avant-garde music, composer, visual artist, and performer, Charlemagne Palestine is globally renowned for his loud, percussive, cascading drones on piano and carillon bells in epic-length concerts that, once upon a time, would end with his blood on the keys. “

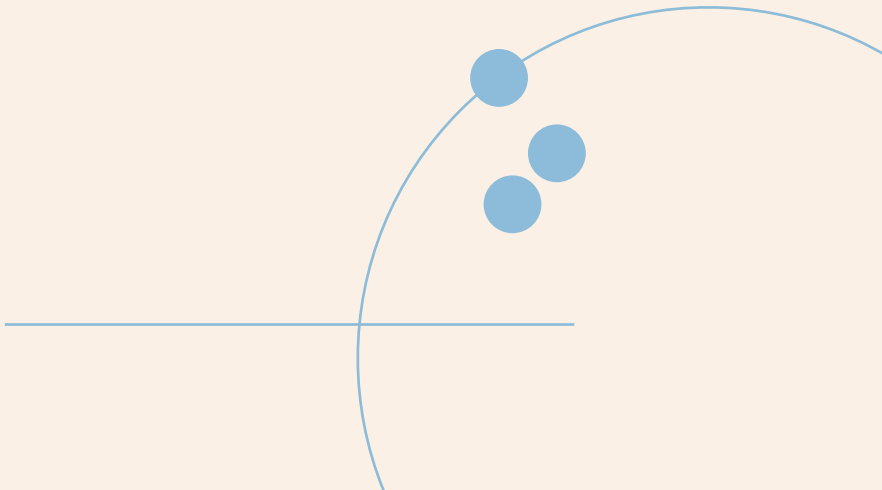
—Thom Jurek, *Allmusic*

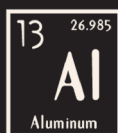
“...filled the room with one continuous piece, changing gradually but thoroughly, luxuriating in the organ’s infinite sustain and tonal depth.”

—*New York Times*

“After a while, the ear doesn’t distinguish between the notes that are sounded and those which are harmonics, generated by the natural resonance (they) just appear because of the acoustical situation.”

—Ingram Marshall

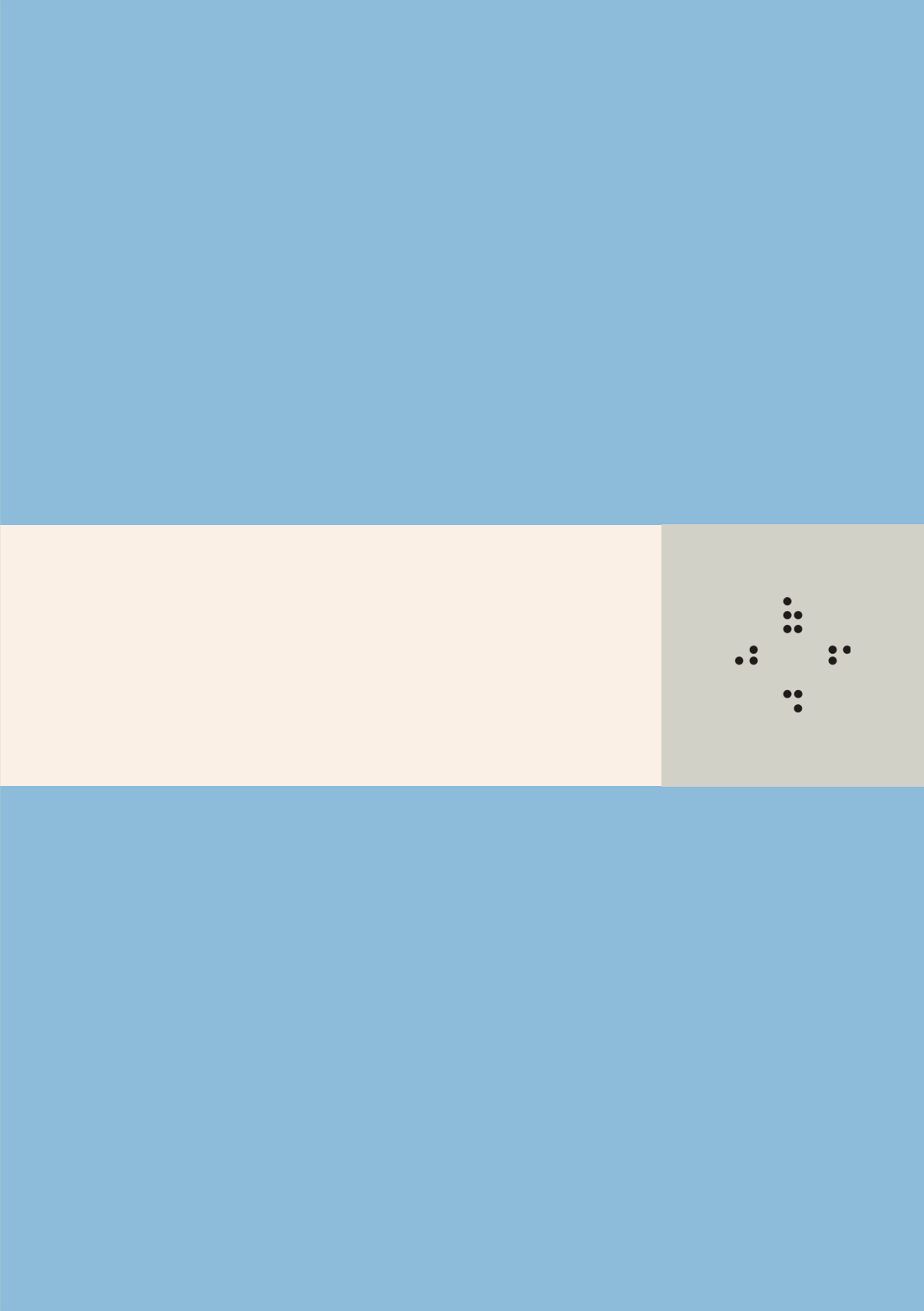




CHARLEMAGNE PALESTINE  
CCCCOONNNNTTTIIIIINNNUUUIIITTTIIIEESSSS  
2025

Table of the Elements  
[Aluminum 13]  
EOE-013

*Fabric container, drive, stuffed toy*

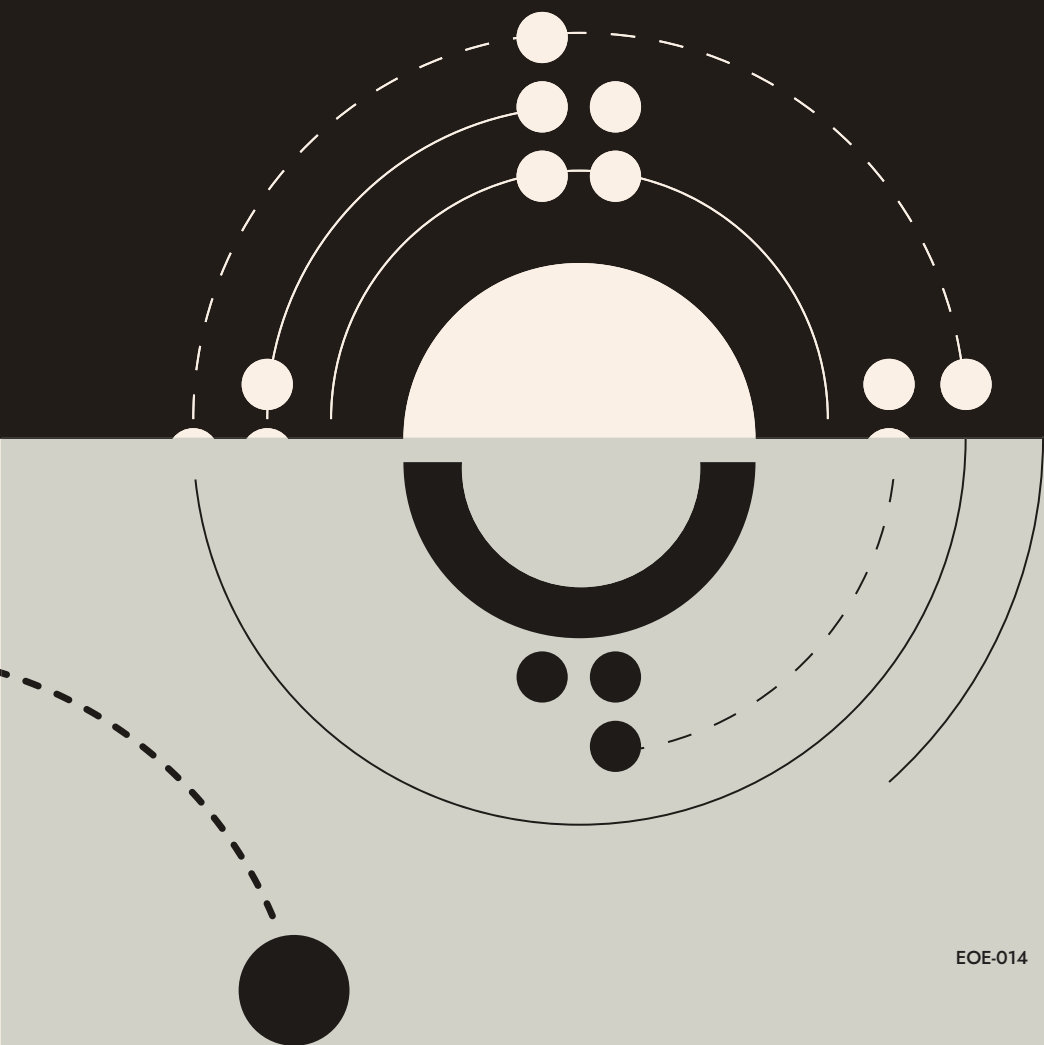




*ART KANE*  
*WITH JONATHAN KANE, REEVE GABELS*

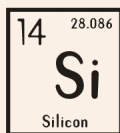
WHAT THE PICTURES SOUND LIKE:

SONIC EXPLORATIONS OF ART KANE PHOTOGRAPHS





In sprawling and decisive  
microseconds, Art Kane exposed  
moments of profundity and  
affixed them to sheets of eternity.



# WHAT THE PICTURES SOUND LIKE: SONIC EXPLORATIONS OF ART KANE PHOTOGRAPHS

ART KANE WITH JONATHAN KANE, REEVES GABRELS



**T**he mind of photographer Art Kane (1925–1995) was itself an impeccably wrought lens. Through his daring aesthetic and aggressive mastery—and wry subversion—of form, he vivified cultural icons of the 20th century, including Bob Dylan, Cream, The Who, Aretha Franklin, Lenny Bruce, and the Rolling Stones. His 1958 group portrait “Harlem 1958” (also known as “A Great Day in Harlem”) is revered as a singular celebration of the Golden Age of jazz and an assertion of celebratory resilience in an era ruptured with social inequities. In sprawling and decisive microseconds, Art Kane exposed moments of profundity and affixed them to sheets of eternity.

*What the Pictures Sound Like* is a unique multimedia project that revisits and interprets the musicians immortalized by Art Kane through real-time sonic explorations. Leading the effort is Art Kane’s son, Jonathan Kane. His virtuosic drumming has propelled culture-shifting sounds with La Monte Young, Rhys Chatham, February, and Swans, with whom as a founding member he instigated a genre-defying slow-core grind.

Guitarist extraordinaire Reeves Gabrels collaborated with David Bowie as a bandmate in Tin Machine, a co-writer, and a co-producer from 1987 to 1999. A member of The Cure since 2012, he is an inductee into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, while his latest effort with the group, 2024’s *Songs of a Lost World*, charted at number one worldwide.

Beneath the guidance of projected photographs, the trio considers works ranging from Benny Golson and Horace Silver to Louis Armstrong and the Beatles. These are not addressed verbatim. Instead, they are absorbed as part of a greater thematic whole, and interpreted within a pan-genre kaleidoscope that, like the imagery, transcends norms and conventions.

Through rigorous innovation and dynamic adaptation, *What the Pictures Sound Like* offers a multisensory interplay between visual and auditory art forms. In total, it is a testimony to the enduring compact that unites author and subject, sight and sound, and unique instances of history within marvelous Möbius strips of time. ●

“I think of Art Kane as being strong, say, like a pumpkin sun in a blue sky. Like the sun, Art beams his eye straight at his subject, and what he sees, he pictures—and it’s usually a dramatic interpretation of personality.”

—Andy Warhol

“Art Kane was about grabbing the subject and creating his own, personal statement of them. It’s not shooting the musician or the artist doing their thing. It’s shooting them doing his thing.”

—Jonathan Kane

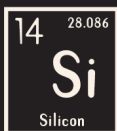






**"One of the true masters of  
20th-century photography.**

*—WALL STREET JOURNAL*



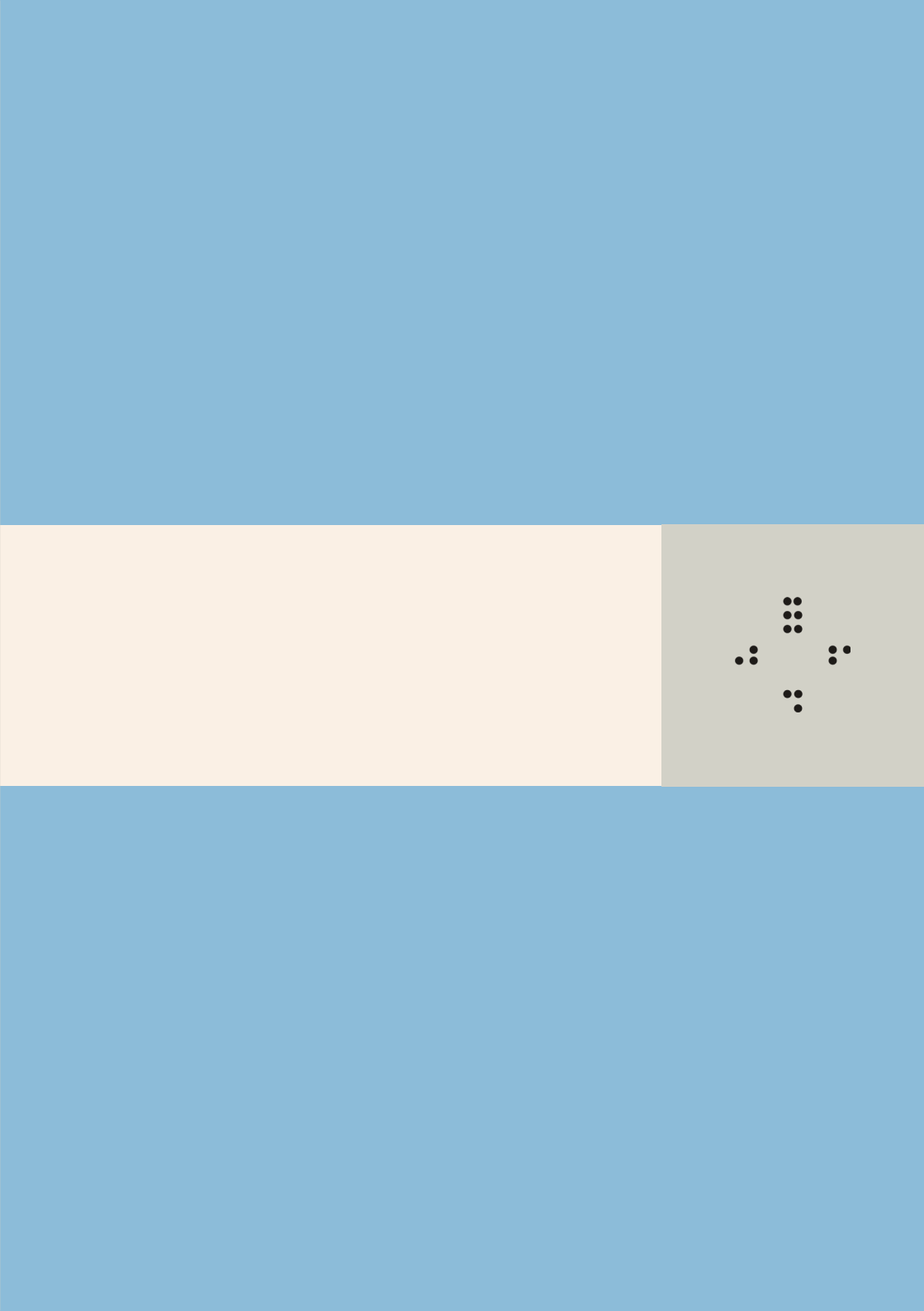
ART KANE, WITH JONATHAN KANE, REEVES GABRELS  
*WHAT THE PICTURES SOUND LIKE: SONIC EXPLORATIONS OF ART KANE PHOTOGRAPHS*  
2025

Table of the Elements

[Silicon 14]

EOE-014

*Book, phono LP*



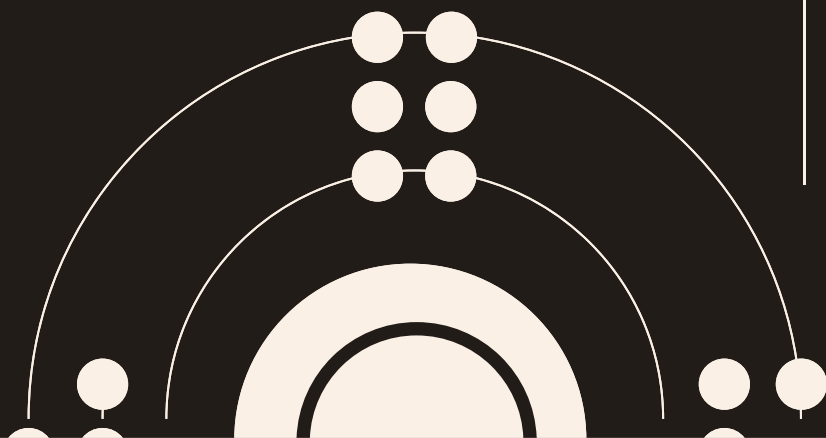


**She is a unifying force and has  
managed to create works... that  
bind the many strands of our  
cultural life together.**

*—THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC*

JENNIFER WAGHE

2026



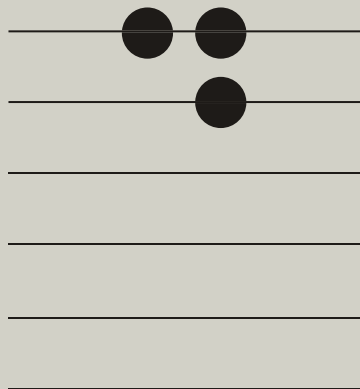
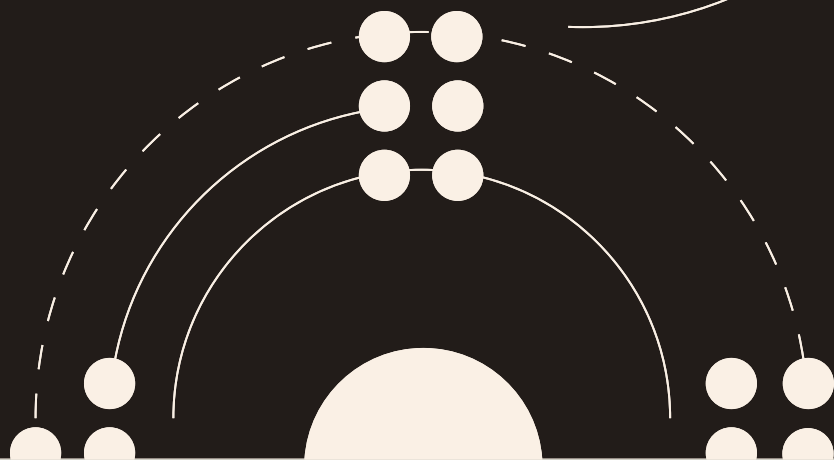


**Crucial in science writing, as in poetry, are clarity and apt analogy ... Higgins modestly keeps herself in the background, yet she orchestrates every image and juxtaposition like a film director, adding up to a rousing vision of life.**

**—THE WASHINGTON POST**

# JACKIE HIGGINS LEIF NGE

2026

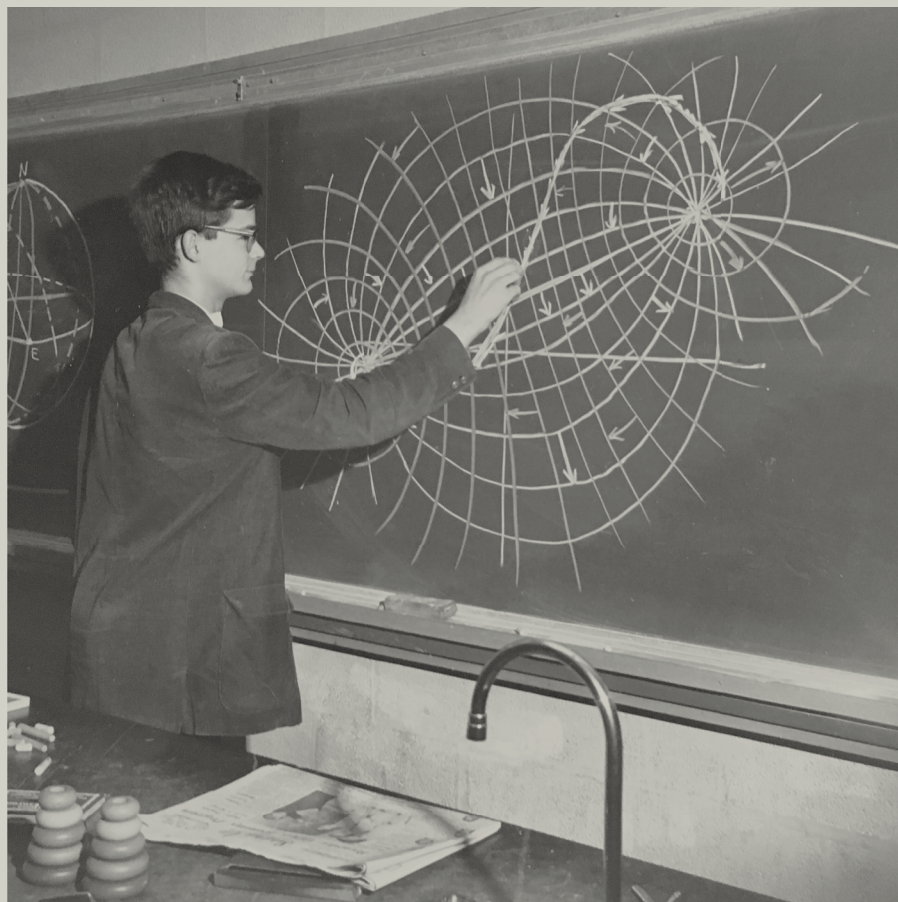


PAGE 6, BACK COVER:  
"AMAGANSETT, NY, JULY 1966."  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICK EBERSTADT.  
COURTESY TABLE OF THE ELEMENTS ARCHIVE.

PAGE 94:  
"DIAGRAMMING A SMITH CHART."  
DAN CONRAD COLLECTION.  
COURTESY TONY CONRAD ARCHIVES.









Time, time, time. Life should be abundant enough for each person to feel what it is to have their greatest pleasure in wasting time. For my own part, I know that now, when music playback systems can put out hours and hours of sound at one flick of the button, it's nothing unusual to think about playing a set for an hour.

There was a time, though, when it really meant something to like playing your 78rpm records on the 16rpm setting—so they would run a half hour and sound so... so... so... slow.

—TONY CONRAD

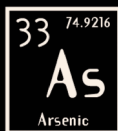






“Underneath it all, our enterprise was to recapture art music to the social level of pop.”

—Tony Conrad



*"THE MUSIC IS FREE, BUT YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR  
THE PLASTIC, PAPER, INK, GLUE, AND STAMPS!"*  
— LOS ANGELES FREE MUSIC SOCIETY