



33 rpm

27 October 2056. Space log relation of Monarch 1, class L salesman in laserdisks and holocassettes... Terrestrial music has no future. Now I know the plan of the Intergalactic Music Federation... Did you ever wonder why the first group from planet earth you find in the charts is always under the 800th position? ... Cosmos & the OrbitorX, bad music it's the Milky Way, rock the mono-stomp from Mars: darn green monkeys! All this alien shit in the top ten is just stinky old meat. And young terrestrial music sells less than icecubes at the north pole... I am escaping from Asterock, the entertainment orbital station where a continuous mega-festival is being broadcasted 24 hours a day in direct link with half the galaxy... The Federation decides which holobands will be hailed by a crowd of picturesque youngsters... all spoilt kids who could afford the expensive three day ticket... I am tired of breaking my ass just to sell a handful of laserdisks... Yesterday I entered Asterock with my commercial traveller card. It was easy to stun one of those orange vegetables at the customs dock and take his place. I reached the off limits artists area. I daxed a couple more of pink-dotted Uranium onions, and managed to slip into the hole-transmitter a track by Mad Gluttonous Chinodermz, a psy-reggae band from my native town... The audience literally flipped up and started howling like epileptic rubber balls, it didn't take long to the Federation crew to notice the intrusion... They unleashed the robo-dogs and cop-matics, while these were busy monitoring the riotous fans, I hid myself in a 'top-secret' room that was much like a suppository box. The walls were lined with metal-glass cylinders... Cosmos & the OrbitorX were sent out to calm down the idiotic crowd. As they started playing their obnoxious music, the cylinders lightened and I could read the names on the plates and see those muppets write and squish like smeghos in a lemon-squeezor... Ray Davies, Brian Eno, Battista, Joe Strummer, that's where they ended up. Their vital juice was flowing through a system of pipes into a control machine... Now I am flying towards the earth, but there is no escape from the fighter-ships of the Federation. I can feel the chilly flux of their spinning electrons on my neck... I hope somebody will receive this message. Terrestrial music has no future... (nm).

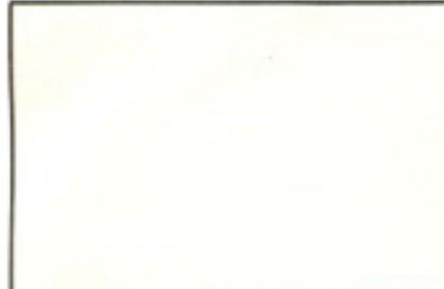
Vittorio Baroni - P.J. 073

AUS DECLINE • MILITIA • LISFRANK • FINAL ALTERNATIVE RELATION • KKD • VIDEO UP TO DATE • TAKE FOR RUN • TANZEN'S FIELD • DARK TALES

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MASKB



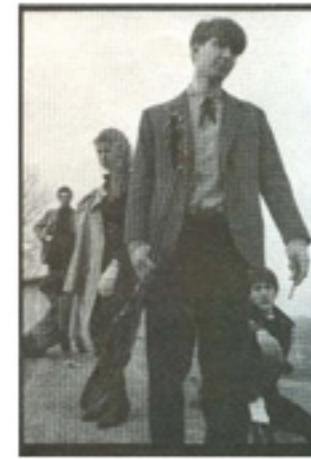
KKD "AND YOUR MIND..."



TANZEN'S FIELD "SALLY SONG"
Massimo bass and voice
Marco guitar
Roberto drums



V.U.D. "LOOK!"
Mario Maccario electronics, piano and voice
Andrea Minetti voice, bass and electronics
Valentina Zanzanani voice and snare drum



DARK TALES "DISMALS"
Roberto Valdata voice and guitar
Daniele Bosone guitar
Luigi Riganti bass and voice
Eugenio Lentini voice and synth
Riccardo Brandolini drums
Alessandro Rognoni engineer



TAKE FOR RUN "PLEASE ME"
David Marani voice and guitar
Pierandrea Abellonio keyboards and voice
Jacqueline Ceresoli effects

Produced by F. GUIDARELLI NO MASK
Selection by F. GUIDARELLI & R. FRUMENTO