

## Brainwashed - Slütspürt , " Den Luftbårne Koksiske Hændelse"

Written by Duncan Edwards

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All the bands and side projects in the yoyo oyoy collective—including Fjernsyn Fjernsyn, Blob Back Farenheit and Kirsten Ketsjer: The Rock Band—contain one or more of Slütspürt's members. This brilliant EP on Ninth World Music demonstrates a fierce improvisation associated with sometime labelmates Evan Parker and Peter Brötzmann, all-too-fleeting echoes of 1979 Manchester/Cleveland, and a brief prettiness that could hide in plain sight on the Songs of Green Pheasant record.

### [Ninth World](#)

*Den Luftbårne Koksiske Hændelse* works as five separate tracks but is even better as a seamless piece. There is a breadth of instrumentation and a concentrated feeling for contrast and flow, achieved by (I think) guitar, power tools, drums, reeds, strangled strings and perhaps very restrained lappoppery. The result is drone, noise, feedback, repaired folk, rabid jazz, a wintery ambience, and one almost perfect electro-metallic garage freakout. As if emulating desperate attempts to prevent an ice-covered aircraft skidding from runway to crowded pre-school &quot;Tai-ai hey back off chief&quot; is a grating, attention grabber which bleeds into the marvelously controlled &quot;Jørgen, Søren og Magrethe&quot; a throbbing, yelping, gliding, ghostly Nordic relative of Pere Ubu and Joy Division.

Next, &quot;Jesuspiben&quot; uses unknown (perhaps) bowed and blown instruments to conjure a sacrificial rural sensibility at which Woven Hand appear to have been aiming. This gives way to a calmingly intense out-jazz, before slowly mutating into the beautiful "Guldfisk" which emerges as sneakily as an unreliable narrator yet hangs around long enough to please those of us who will always mourn the passing of John Fahey.

Finally, "Et Nul For Meget" takes clocks, chimes, synths, bells, reeds and unknown percussive objects to a place where Texan composer Jerry Hunt could guide a listener. Slütspürt may be in Berlin or could have relocated back to Copenhagen. Their name actually means something crushingly dull, but in English affords the same brief sniggering enjoyed when signposts for Wank, Germany or candy bar ads for Spunk were first glimpsed. *Den Luftbårne Koksiske Hændelse* contains a lot more invention and pleasure than most bands manage in their unflinching attempts to fill every last bit of

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nearly 80 minutes of disc space.

samples:

- [Guldfisk](#)
- [Et Nul For Meget](#)
- [J&oslash;rgen, S&oslash;ren og Magrethe](#)