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# SHATTERLIGHT

Hello. I've decided to step out from behind the the screen of other people's ideas and music.

I live in the shatterlight.

In the shatterlight, noise becomes image, light becomes sound, music is no longer music but is now the rhythm of the cars passing in the street below. In the shatterlight, categories blur and merge.

Flickering bands of subway light framed by the darkness are the rhythms of my body. The glint of afternoon sunlight on a jet airplane in the sky is a piercing chord of light. In the shatterlight, music forms an architecture of sound in which I move.

The whining drill of jackhammers and the reflections of buildings in silver windows are the ambient background to this world.

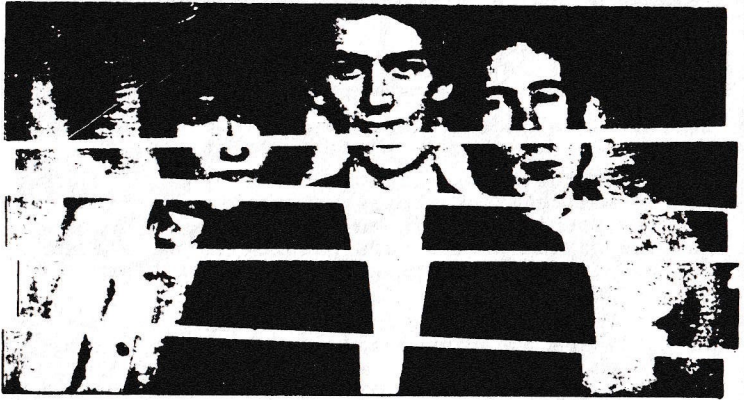
In the shatterlight, images are created, consumed, discarded; art becomes product, product becomes art. Music is image. Image is fashion. Fashion is politics. Images question images, music speaks of its own production: sound and image are the currency of an economy of ideas and the means through which that economy is questioned.

In the shatterlight, sound is a colored geometric web gyrating out of speakers. The density of words on a page is a whispering vibration. The flow of events dances to the beat of the sonic environment. Art/music/experience is generated through the politics, ideology, economics and social interaction of the world in order to question the world as it is.

The shatterlight is all around you if you look to hear it.



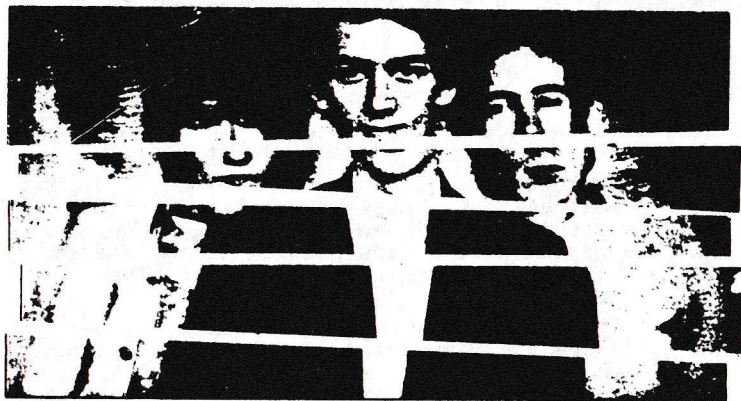




## PUBLIC IMAGE LTD. IN NYC

Flashback: Public Image at the Tower Theatre: stark stage, occupied by Lydon, Levene, Wobble and Atkins in the back behind the drums. The pressed bodies of the audience pulsate uncontrollably to the sound of the surging beat. The floor of the stage is littered with dollar bills, t-shirts, personal possessions. Lydon floats in a haze of hard white light, invites/commands more donations. Levene, pale and gaunt, stands to the side, extracting slicing shards of noise from his futuristic-looking guitar. Lydon sneers at the continuous screams of "Sex Pistols", "Sid", "Johnny", "Anarchy". He spits an insult here, a crack there, gradually pocketing all the money. He ambles off the stage as the waves of engulfing noise fade away, as the deep bass rumble seeps out of the floor. The rest of the company walk off. The crowd screams, chants, stomps, throws bottles, but Public Image refuse to return for an encore. The crowd remains in its place for at least half an hour, refusing to leave without that precious encore, at the end of which time relations between the audience and security have deteriorated to the point that the crowd is physically ejected from the theatre with the help of the local police. Police cars and cops with dogs prowl outside...afterwards, the music still rings in my ears, Lydon's face, split red





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silhouette of him leaning over it, his tortured wail burns across the drums and groaning synth. Lydon chants, the song peters out as the hail of bottles against the screen becomes heavier. Levene marches out and around the screen towards a group of agitators up front, but is dragged back out of sight by a security guard before he even gets a chance to berate them. Someone from the balcony throws a chair down at the screen.

Lydon: "Rock 'n' roll, that's all you want. Play the hits. You're just like all the other audiences. You're no different. Not very open to new ideas, are you? Did you get your money's worth? Did you get your money's worth? Did you get your money's worth??" Some people in the crowd are getting ugly. Why are they so offended? What's so disturbing about that screen?

Why won't they let us see them for real? Do they think they can give us their image and their shadows, but not themselves. We want our rock stars live and touchable. This is how we see them, huge, magnified, two dimensional. We imitate them, we worship their music, but all we really own of them is a meaningless public image that has no relation to the complexity of their shadows. We come here expecting another Public Image concert, we get to hear "Careering", "Annalisa", "Public Image", we pay good money, and what do they do? They hide from us! Who gives them the right to play with us? with our expectations like that?? Who does Lydon think he is, up there, hiding behind that screen, telling us we're assholes even though we paid to see him?

"Left Right Left Right Left Right Go Back Go Back", needles of sound pierce the air, drown themselves in a pool of metal feedback. Noise penetrating my skull. Anger, frustration, contempt -- on both sides of the screen. Tension builds, a couple people press against the battering rhythm and crawl onto the stage.. They're behind the screen, now formless

silhouette patterns, mixing with the shadows



of the drumkit and the drummer. There's noise, violence, figures falling against the screen from the other side. Security guards rush in, drag people away, jump into the crowd. Hands reach up to bottom of the screen, tearing and pulling on it. "Get off that screen! We'll kill you! That's it, that's enough, we've had it!" The image fragments, the screen is ripped, comes floating down in slow motion, revealing an array of

blinding white lights behind. The audience panics at the lights and pushes backwards frantically, as if Levene's threat were suddenly about to be realized. Broken glass is raining around me, two people push past carrying another person, holding herself, leaving a trail of blood.

Outside in the damp night air, under the streetlights, stand hundreds of punks, watching the others stream out the doors and huddle in groups, maybe waiting for something more to happen, but unwilling to leave.



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So Public Image understood something on a very basic level about their relationship with their audience. They refused to be consumed as if they were just another object in the entertainment supermarket. By setting up that screen, they acknowledged the distance that separates them from their audience. instead of trying to pretend **that it doesn't exist**. And those giant video images--weren't they giving the audience what it really **wanted**? And, if anything, weren't they trying to show people what their expectations were (and are) in relation to Public Image and rock music in general? Is it too much to ask for people to stop and think, to question themselves?

this is shatterlight #6, 6/17/81. all contents c 1981 jason keehn, except where noted. bunnidrumms visual on p. 9 by diane girer and jason keehn. special thanks to dalia and matt and the advertisers for help with this issue. money, feedback, vinyl and publications are welcome and encouraged. shatterlight subscriptions are available for \$2.00 (3 or 4 issues worth) from jason keehn, netherlands studios, 4318 chestnut st., apt. 310, Phila PA 19104 USA. single copies of this issue are 50¢.

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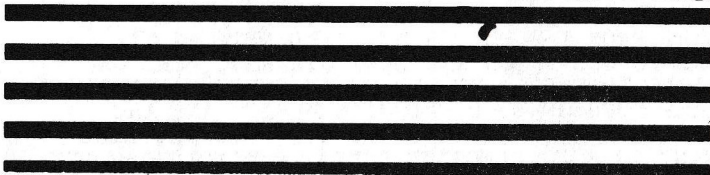
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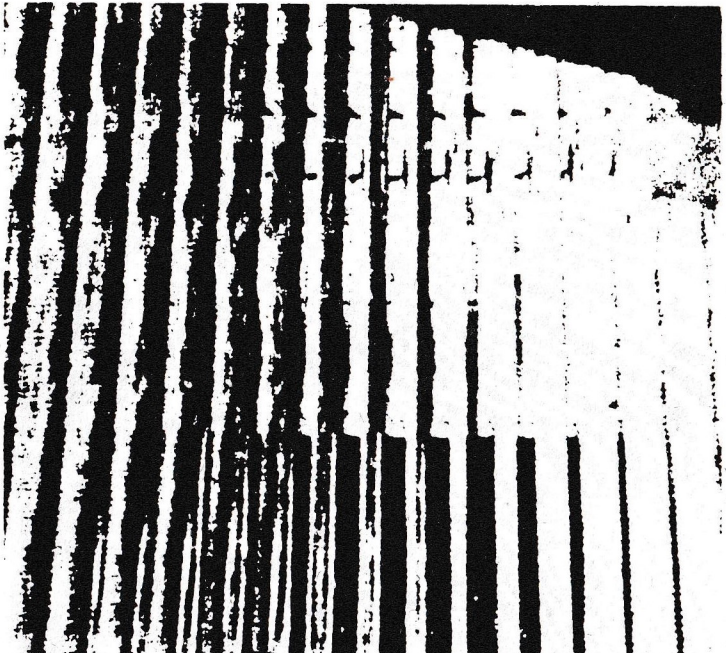


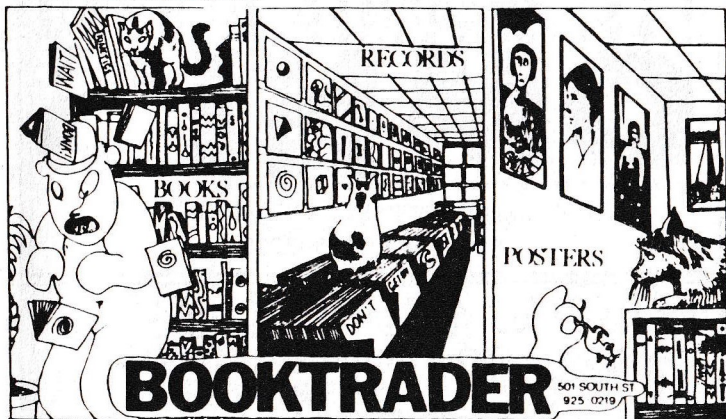
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PUBLICATIONS AND PEOPLE WHO PRETEND TO LISTEN TO, SUPPORT, AND BE INFLUENCED BY VERY RADICAL, VERY POLITICAL MUSIC AND WHO NEVER REALLY TRY TO PAY ATTENTION TO, AND ACT OUT, SOME OF THE THINGS THIS MUSIC IS SAYING (GANG OF FOUR, PUBLIC IMAGE, THROBBING GRISTLE, WIRE, CABARET VOLTAIRE, THE CLASH, DEVO AND MANY OTHERS) ARE BEING HYPOCRITICAL. AND BORING.

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