

VICTO cd048

ANNEMARIE ROELOFS' WASTE WATCHERS

"Music from the Land of Milk and Honey"

ANNEMARIE ROELOFS :

trombone, violon, «ear» trompette

JOHANNES KRÄMER :

guitare électrique, électroniques, bandes

DIRK MARWEDEL :

saxophones alto et soprano, jouets

Enregistré «LIVE» au

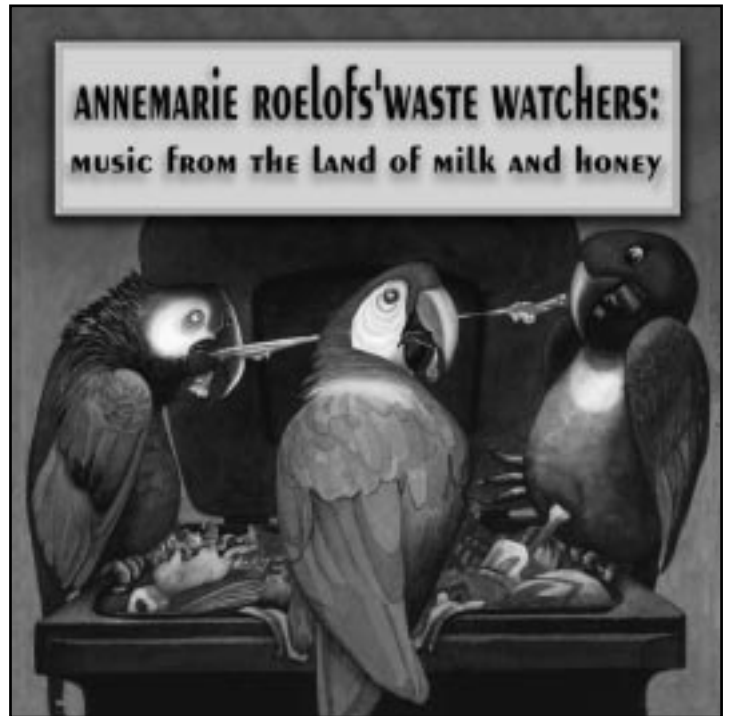
13^e FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL

DE MUSIQUE ACTUELLE DE VICTORIAVILLE

**le 17 mai 1996 par  Radio Canada
Chaîne culturelle FM**

pour l'émission LE NAVIRE NIGHT.

TEMPS TOTAL: 57'38"



THE WASTE WATCHERS is a post-free improv group that owes as much to the expressionistic no-holds romps of its predecessors as to thrashy rock overtones and live electronic distortions of the day.

The group views its music as 'avant-garde' and 'apocalyptic', a reflection of our vanishing millenia. Stemming from natural and technological sources alike, the sounds are part of a language charged with the ideological contradictions of our time. In so doing, all musical conventions pass through the meat grinder, with no room left for any complacency whatsoever. Unpredictable and angular synthesizer lings careen off of the convulsive brass tones of the trombonist leader (doubling on violin and, of all things, a modified antique hearing-aid!) and saxophonist DIRK MARWEDEL, who both dabble into some live electronics like their guitarist-partner JOHANNES KRÄMER.

All based in the greater Frankfurt area, they are members of the «Kooperative New Jazz», a multi-media collective of musicians, dancers, visual and performance artists committed to innovative means of self-expression. Of the three, the Dutch-born ANNEMARIE ROELOFS is perhaps the best known, having been involved on a regular basis in women's improvisational initiatives, most notably «Canaille». Stylistically, this band is in some ways reminiscent of the quartet «Slawterhaus», whose performance at the FIMAV was preserved on a release on the VICTO label a few years ago. This said, «THE WASTE WATCHERS» is one eclectic and electric outfit that will surely be as scurrilous as its moniker. Nomen est omen...

MARC CHÉNARD, mai, 1996