

like bright flares – sax and viola suddenly sharing a burst of questing energy – before subsiding back into the group mind. As with much of Perelman and Shipp's work together, the overarching mood is one of austere seriousness, amplified by Maneri's lachrymose harmonic elisions. No dilettantes here.

Daniel Spicer

The Sleep Of Reason Produces Monsters *The Sleep Of Reason Produces Monsters*

Corbett Vs Dempsey CD/DL

The group moniker here is derived from Goya's series of etchings known as *Los Caprichos*, produced in 1799. An artist lies sleepily on their desk while owls and bats flutter behind them. The title expresses Enlightenment rationalism: without reason, evil and corruption prevail. Goya also included a caption with a slightly different interpretation: "Imagination abandoned by reason produces impossible monsters; united with her, she is the mother of the arts and source of their wonders."

Pan-European quartet The Sleep Of Reason Produces Monsters certainly push the boundaries of Enlightenment rationality. Anglo-Iranian turntablist Mariam Rezaei brought the band together at London's Cafe Oto in 2023, and the album was recorded in Vienna last year, without overdubs – they're a first-take aggregation. The explosive bursts of Danish alto saxophonist Mette Rasmussen could strip paint from the walls, while Italian multi-instrumentalist Gabriele Mitelli contributes moments of beauty on piccolo trumpet, and works an array of electronics. Austrian powerhouse drummer Lukas König doubles on bass synth. The Rezaei approach to the turntable tends to frustrate a listener's natural desire to know the sound's causal origins. For instance, on "When light hits the retina" the turntable produces percussive sounds and a dubby bassline.

"Truth vs superficiality, truth without compromise" is a seething, bubbling cauldron, that concludes in a frenetic maelstrom of sound. "Those who stand together for a battle..." begins spare and minimal, with retrofuturist blurts and splats, but builds into an expressionist display. "Right is a thing within" has a compelling jazz rock groove and a delightful trumpet chorale that eventually emerges from its wall of sound. A superb, absorbing release – thoughtful and creative.

Andy Hamilton

DJ SPELL *Proof Of Life*

Mindseyerecords.xyz DL/12"

æinter *Untitled III*

Mindseyerecords.xyz DL/12"

Manton *Empty Heart*

Mindseyerecords.xyz DL/12"

Spiderwrap *Promotional Use Only*

Mindseyerecords.xyz CD/DL

Little biographical data about Mindseyerecords.xyz is available, save for the label's location in Brighton, UK and the catalogue of austere, future shock techno it's been building since 2021. A somewhat

hermetic approach extends across Mindseye's activities. The label's artists hide behind oblique aliases, while the releases – sometimes digital, sometimes on CD or limited lathe cut vinyl – are presented in anonymous fashion, with artwork in white and (mostly) black.

All this works in the service of the music itself, which conducts itself wholly without compromise. The label's releases lock in around 160 to 170 bpm – a pace that feels inhuman in its intensity, just a little too quick to swing around a fleshy limb. This is a tempo commonly occupied by genres like hardstyle and gabber. But there's no sign of any of the wider production trappings of those styles, and the artists don't seem motivated by nostalgia for dancefloor eras past. With their racing, piston-like kicks and grotty, dry ice atmospherics, the likes of Manton's "Without" or Spiderwrap's "Close Encounter" chase a sort of sleek, austere modernism characterised by pure white knuckle propulsion.

Pick of the bunch is DJ SPELL's excellent *Proof Of Life*, a rush of four-to-the-floor drums and strangled trance synths that pulls off an Escher-like trick – it starts out at full-tilt and somehow gradually ratchets the intensity up ever further. These kinds of investigations in elevated tempo are most of the Mindseye story.

But dig deeper into the label's back catalogue and there is evidence of a slightly wider frame of reference. For instance, æinter's *Untitled III* – 17 minutes of music released as a 12" lathe – is an exercise of slithery, chthonic textures and heavily processed vocal (or at least voice-like) gasps. More confusingly, last year the label released an EP by Rocheman, bluesy slowcore with shades of Dean Blunt. If that defies convention – and it does – it suggests this is a label with a pleasing disregard for rote approaches, and therefore one worthy of your consideration.

Louis Pattison

Cosey Fanni Tutti *2t2*

Conspiracy International CD/DL/LP

The aim of Cosey Fanni Tutti's new solo album is "to make a sense of insanity" (see *The Wire* 496's cover story). This stabilising effort comes through in her voice, resonant against energetic EBM. There's an immersive effect to the layered overtones of the album's first half. "To Be" features Throbbing Gristle-style cornet alongside words exhaled like incantations, and some of the rhythmic elements bear the influence of early radiophonic experimentation – Tutti having recently composed the soundtrack for a creative docudrama on Delia Derbyshire of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop.

In a changing world that leans toward catastrophe, and indeed insanity, the album represents catharsis. Tutti speaks of harmonising with oneself as a form of internal dialogue. Hypnotic mantras structure "Never The Same", while "Stolen Time" is moody and languid, suggestive of the chambers of a cave or a subterranean passage. On the second side, tracks are foggy and transportive, tending towards the monumental.

The paradox of interiority formed through relation is refracted through Tutti's long

standing collaborative relationship with Chris Carter and her recent work concerning the legacy of Derbyshire, who, alongside Margery Kempe and Tutti herself, forms a triad in her 2022 book *Re-Sisters*. The transformative potential of co-entanglement is familiar terrain for artists navigating the threshold between performed identity and authenticity. Self-expression shades into performance of the self, but the fracture between selves also creates space for something new: the splitting of a cell, and the ongoing process of transformation, continuously and deliberately forming.

The album is composed of such embryonic splits, between percussive and atmospheric, organic and synthetic. Through it all, Tutti's voice hovers above the tempo, clear, cold and mysterious like northern lights over a rave. Mantras that resonate inwardly speak also to an exterior side. *2t2* holds its structure like a living system.

Xenia Benivolski

Dan Weiss *Unclassified Affections*

Pi CD/DL/LP

Dan Weiss has an analytic mind, whether he's rating snack food on Instagram or breaking down the most intricate, subtle rhythmic patterns of jazz drum greats. He likes getting into the weeds, and for this new album he's surrounded himself with three other New York virtuosos with technical mindsets. He wrote this set of tunes specifically for this group with trumpeter Peter Evans, guitarist Miles Okazaki and vibraphonist Patricia Brennan – all of whom he's worked with in various contexts, but never together.

The tunes revolve around disparate concepts, whether it's the way compositional material is spread around or how certain members of the quartet are pitted against others, but the music never sounds schematic or nerdy. The title track features three discrete melodic strands, and over the course of its increasingly jagged four minute plus duration the various players all juggle the different themes, overlapping, revoicing and weaving them together into something far more cogent and deliberate than one might expect. Weiss and Okazaki lay down an impossibly fast post-bop groove on "Holotype", where Evans and Brennan execute its thorny melody at the same blistering tempo, before the piece is deconstructed by a string of nonchalantly virtuosic solo statements, none more thrilling than the drummer's typically crisp execution of superhuman permutations.

On the other hand there are moments when spontaneous, overlapping patterns utterly transform a piece, such as "Existence Ticket", where the extended interplay between Okazaki and Brennan toggles between terse, liquid phrases and almost psychedelic long tones. There's a strong chamber-like feel to much of the album, but as pretty as some of it might get, there's a steely pulse at the centre that negates any hint of artifice. It's a testimony to Weiss's instincts that this group not only nails the trickiest material, but consistently achieves the sublime through its collective consciousness.

Peter Margasak