

A

- I. human hands .-. aestivate
- II. nebraska .-. furnace head
- III. asthenia- .22 .lines

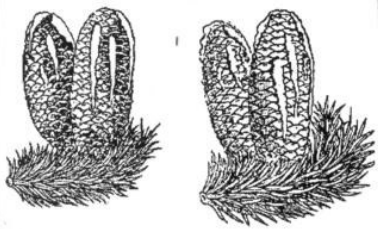
B

- IV. manku.kapak .-. kartenhaus
- V. duct.hearts - .this.has.taken.way.too.long



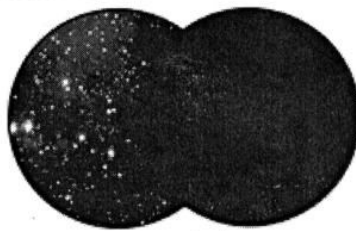
When was the last time you
hugged a tree? ...





BLUE. SEPTEMBER. BLUE.

BLUE. SEPTEMBER. BLUE.
blue-september-blue.
blogspot.com



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strictly
no
capital
letters

the homeless record Foundation

STRICTLY NO CAPITAL LETTERS
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22小節

汚す手 泥をすくいあげて
 祈る手 無力さを知って うなだれる
 踏み出した足をすくい上げ、釘を打ちつけていく その手。
 地層のように重ねていく 腐敗の連鎖
 一瞬の瞬きで 灰に変わる 明日
 一瞬の瞬きで 手にしていた確かな火が酸素を失う
 生が締結を迫る刹那 ただ日々の喧騒に沈んでいきたいから
 手を伸ばす 虚空に

偽り 同じ光景の狭間で減らす
 偽り 朱に染まる 余白もないほどに
 望まない変化 望まない日常 過ぎていく時間の尾びれ
 触れる度焦り、もがき、繰り返す、繰り返す
 “確かさ”の抜け殻 成虫は どこへ
 捕食を待つ 羽を失った虫に 問いかける
 見つけたのは蜘蛛の巣 行き先を拒んで
 溶けた鉛のような 沈黙の糸が 全身に焼き付く

要塞を既に捨て無限の小隊を連れて

過去の栄光の上澄み すくい上げ、消し
 同じ光景を目立たせ 増やしていく同じ死
 呼吸さえ不自然だ 信仰は貧困商法
 この目 淀ませる世界で 描き出す明日の手

汚す手

asthenia

asthenia
 Hiroshi Sasagawa: vocal
 Rakuya Katagiri: guitar / vocal
 Shintaro Fukusato: bass / vocal
 Kent Fujita: drums
 Yusaku Kanoh: guitar
<http://astheniatokyo.wordpress.com>
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Thanks: Ryo Hisatsune, John, Daniel, Chaz, Clyde,
 Rob, Miles, James, Nico, Nebraska, Human Hands,
 Manku Kapak, and Duct Hearts.

although by now duct hearts
is still a one-man-machine,
a lot of people 's help made
this release possible. franzi
brought up the biggest
amount of patience ever
invested in me and inspired
this song. nebraska, asthenia,
manku kapak and human
hands enjoyed the idea of
sharing this record. anna sold
me her jazz bass. roland
wiegner at tonmeistererei
oldenburg mixed and
mastered this in late december
2013. john painted the
red hand on the inside of
the covers. nico made this
insert. familie heiler welcomed
the noise in the house.
Arktika and The Appleseed
Cast have been major
influences in writing and
recording music during
the last 6 months, and i 'm
afraid you can hear that
in the song... thank you!
during the years I realised
it is possible to make
everything by yourself.
but i 've come to a point
where sharing makes something a
whole lot more valuable.

thanks to everyone I can share
with and who shares with me.

please get in touch:
ducthearts@gmx.net



duct hearts - this has taken way too long

stars spell out your name
and there's better wishes to be made
than ~~being~~ being sane again

but it's the best that I can do
the best that I can do is all that I can do

if I could ask you to wait...
if only I was strong enough to tell you now
the world is a fair less scary place
when you're around

your heart is the biggest place I know

I'm folded

I was drowned

I will find my own heart and home

but I can't find that place now

1. Sonne (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam); α Flecken; δ Fackeln; γ Orientierungsfaden im Fernrohr. 2. Sonne während der totalen Verfinsterung nach Photogr. der Expedition der Smithsonian Institution zu Wadesboro, Nordkarolina, 28. Mai 1900; k , k Korona; p , p Protuberanzen. 3. Sonnenleck und Granulation eines Teiles der Sonnenoberfläche (nach Photogr. in Meudon, 2. Juni 1893). 4. Mond (nach Photogr. von Hartmann in Potsdam). 5. Teil der Mondoberfläche (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 6. Jupiter mit seinen vier größten Monden (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 7. Saturn mit seinem Ring (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 8. Saturn mit seinem Ring (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 9. Saturn mit seinem Ring (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 10. Saturn mit seinem Ring (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 11. Saturn mit seinem Ring (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 12. Saturn mit seinem Ring (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 13. Saturn mit seinem Ring (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 14. Saturn mit seinem Ring (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam). 15. Saturn mit seinem Ring (nach Photogr. von Lohse in Potsdam).

this song was recorded at home in zell during 7 or 8 days between
october and december 2013. it is about times in life, when you're being
down and even the best things happening to you won't work because you're
just not ready yet and you wished the universe could stop and wait until
you've made up and are ready for the time of your life to happen. [u sehen sind.]

Blackstone

FURNACE HEAD

MATT CRAIG JOHN SAM ANDY

RECORDED AT TWIN EARTH, SOMERSETON PARK

OCT 2012

THANKS JON, DAVE, LABELS + BANDS

human hands



we live inside a dream so easy to consume
we live inside a dream too easy to consume



Kartenhaus.

Was ist das für eine Welt? Mit ihren Millionen Häusern, die besetzt von traurigen Seelen. In denen Träume verbarrikadiert & eingesperrt. // Was ist das für eine Welt? In dessen Schaufenstern steht: 'Kauft Euch glücklich!' & nur die Wenigsten bemerken, dass es nicht geht. // Sie verfluchen das Fliegen & sehnen zugleich. // 'Mein Vertrauen in den Staat, dass alles gut, aber nichts privat bleiben kann, da es so einfach besser ist. Für mich, für alle, egal wer Du bist. Wenn ich alles mache, was man mir immer gesagt hat, werde ich aufsteigen, viel verdienen und kann anstatt denen, die meinen immer alles zu kritisieren, ihren Status, Lohn, Wert & damit auch ihr Glück kassieren.' // Wohin die Reise geht liegt nicht in Deiner Hand. Da kannst Du ~~noch~~ noch so oft beteuern es mit Deinen Händen geschafft zu haben. // Alles Rollen, alles gemacht. Alles Zufall, wo bist Du geboren? Willst Du Dich wehren? Kannst Du Dich wehren? Kannst Du noch den Druck aushalten? ~~Die~~ Die Versprechen bleiben leer. Deine Ziele bleiben einsam. Da kannst Du noch so oft behaupten alles im Griff zu haben. Hochmut vor dem Fall. Ein Hoch auf's Glück. Ein Toast auf's Elend. Im Blindflug geht's zurück. // Nichts bleibt! // Wir lernen das Leben als ein Spiel & müssten nur die Regeln akzeptieren. Für Freiheit & Ordnung & was wir wollen & sollen. Ein Gewinnen und Verlieren. Warum fällt es Vielen so schwer das zu hinterfragen? // Es bedeutet alles, doch es müsste nichts, wenn alle von uns zusammenhalten. Uns einander auffangen, wenn wir drohen zu fallen, anstatt die Kluft immer weiter zu spalten.

house of cards.

what kind of world is this? with its millions of houses, filled with sad souls. where dreams are barricaded & caged. // what kind of world is this? in whose shop windows is written: 'Buy yourselves happiness!' & ~~it~~ only a few recognize that it doesn't work. // ~~it~~ they curse those who can fly while longing to do so themselves. // ~~it~~ ~~my~~ my trust in the state, that everything could stay well, but not private, because it's simply better that way. for me, for everyone, whoever you are. if i do everything that people have always told me, i will move up, earn lots of money & collect the status, wage, reward & also the happiness of those, who always have to criticize everything. // where you are headed doesn't lie in your hands. however many times you keep saying that you made it with your own hands. they are all roles. they are all made. the place you are born is by chance. do you want to resist? ~~it~~ can you resist? can you still take the pressure? // the promises remain empty. your aspirations are alone. however many times you keep saying that you have everything under control. // pride comes before a fall. ~~it~~ a cheer on luck. a toast on misery. in blind flight it returns. // nothing remains! // we learn life as a game & just have to accept the rules. for freedom & order & what we want & what we should do. winning & losing. ~~it~~ why is it so difficult for so many to try to get to the bottom of it? // it means everything, but it doesn't have to, if every one of us keeps together. we could ~~each~~ catch each other, when we look like falling instead of making the gap even wider.

Thanks to Matthew Holian!

WRITE MORE LOVELETTERS!

WE STILL READ...

Manko Kapak
Striekenkamp 22
28777 Bremen (GER)

manku kapak is and will always be...

h.

n.

m.

This song was recorded between autumn MMXIII and spring MMXIV
in our nurseries. Mixed by Magnus. mastered by Role.

Flowers goes to everyone we got in touch with.

Everyone who spread love or hate. Both was very
momentous...

No names, because you know who you are.

Take care!

Anyway, I am not a fan of using big empty words, but it seems to me important in these times to add some personal words alongside this record. It may seem to be just another black plastic disc with some nice tunes – and for many people it will be just this – but I associate it with bigger things and a much more emotional and mental depth. Of course, in consideration of the capitalist system we are living in this record will just be a product, just an item. But I tell myself there is a difference. The difference is that this product isn't replaceable. Everything that I could combine directly and indirectly with this record, these bands and friends, seems like a unique landscape to me. Regardless of the question of what Marx's Critique of Political Economy would say about it, we should be conscious of the fact that we still have the freedom of choice in some spheres of life. The choice of whether to add some personal thoughts to this record, and a political stance or not. The choice to give love or not. The choice to raise your voice or not to. There are still many things we can do in a positive way on every single new day. And also, if those things won't, in the first place, be the trigger of a bigger change, they could change things for the better for us and other people. That is something important and not senseless. Maybe there is truly no correct life in the wrong, but I'm sure that there is a false way to life in the wrong.

On the whole, I never felt so comfortable in our so called hardcore scene, because texts like this couldn't keep their promises. I always had social romantic visions of this scene while the reality was much colder. But I still believe in a place where people don't just brush one another's hands, but hold hands with each other. We must not lose our compassion and concern for the present states in this world besides the courage to have a clear and heavy common position about some emancipatory principles. Otherwise this adjective did not comply with the meaning of emancipatory. But instead some of us are talking about music as if it is a new fashion trend. You define who wins, who loses, who will be heard and who won't be. It's about what is in vogue, about musical technique, about charisma, about entertainment, but rarely about self-reflection and critical consciousness. Everything will be judged, scorned or loved and compared. It gets a stamp. And those who shout the loudest get a voice; the others more rarely. You let your Punk be affected by commercial and less political magazines, communities and big labels under your nose, but it was and always should be subversive. But there is also still tough guy shit, sexism, gender stereotypes, racism, authoritarianism other forms of discrimination which tear people apart. This striving for perfection, profit, this competitive society, this competition between so many cells – I'd like to differentiate my utopia of a more equal world from that. What I'm wishing for is nothing unknown. I believe in a cure for this cancer, because there are so many beautiful things that happen on a political and interpersonal basis by lovely people every day. This record is dedicated to them.

Some weeks ago I visited some memorials of nazi concentration camps around Bremen (in Bremen-Farge, Bergen-Belsen and Neuengamme) for the first time in my life. It was absolutely crushing. In connection with its dreadful history I felt overcome by the heaviness and despair that soaked the atmosphere. I felt the significance of having a heavy opinion about global and social subjects. The interpersonal coldness as a condition that Auschwitz could, in reality, still exist, and teaches us to put the demands of 'never again' into practice on a daily basis. At the same time, there is a major rise in new right wing movements in Europe which raises its ugly anti-Semitic face behind closed doors. Also the spread of cultural racism as a new form of racism has intensified and put on ever newer masks. I ask you - keep your eyes open! I won't

drift with the current of depoliticization – for this purpose I offer this text in the name of the whole record as a political statement and as a request to develop critical awareness about the presence around us. I am no longer naive enough to think that a record could change a political system, but maybe it could be a spark of some seconds of warmth in your heart and reawaken your dreams and your courage to fighting for equality. Alluring people for this fight means awakening their dream of another society and the longing for an unalienated life. I am not ashamed to stand here and demand another life, another world. Every day people are fighting against dominating circumstances and trying to find contradictions in these giant cobwebs. I just want to tell you my dreams. I just want to tell you that I still dream. And, of course, about what I'm against and what I stand for. I'm very angry, but at the same time still full of hope.

We are standing next to the abyss. People die of hunger while we are rolling in luxury. One percent of humanity own half of the wealth worldwide. We sling our food if the best-before-date expires while people have to fall asleep hungry and cold on the street. There are dead refugees thanks to border guards agency Frontex. Civilians die in present wars. Racially-motivated violence and violence related to gender or sexual preference. Synagogues, Jewish cemeteries or memorials are desecrated. Attacks on mosques and the homes of asylum-seekers. Societal and institutional discrimination of Roma and Sinti and other minorities. Social exclusion of elderly, handicapped and unemployed people. A climbing suicide rate. Drug-related deaths and people moving on to harder narcotics. Human trafficking. Political prisoners subjected to persecution or to other forms of inhuman treatment. Brutal beatings occur at the hands of police officers. Billions of animals are murdered for our habit and our taste. The humanity's ecological footprint is growing. Oil spills and whales with their stomachs full of plastic are being washed up on to the beach. Big bee mortality. Destruction of rainforests. Nuclear power and genetic engineering poison us. This is the order of the day and the list goes on. And we still dare to believe in constructs like nations and "races". Everywhere is war. Daily human rights abuses. A world of power, inequality and borders. Wasn't history enough? I can't fix it while there are still armaments industries. I can't fix it – just for the profit? In a world which is dominated by the interest of exploitation no-one can be well. They say: "Everyone should look after themselves first" but not every rule should remain forever. What kind of a sick world is this? This is not the world I want to live in.

Let's not forget why we have the privilege to release such a record. Let's not stop asking on whose shoulders we are standing and who stands on ours. Let's not forget. Let's not stop asking. It is five minutes to midnight. Time is really running out. There must be a change before the human will self-inflict complete defeat. The history warns us.

It has been great to be a part of this. It gave me a sense of purpose in my life for the last few weeks. It is a good feeling to get in touch with people from all over the world. I recognize in times like these that sharing can be a great thing and makes things more valuable and easier to realize. Thanks to everyone who is involved to make this record possible; the labels, the bands and you. Special thanks to Daniel for his great effort and my sister who helped me with printing the envelopes. I want to say hello to We Came Out Like Tigers from Liverpool (UK), Torpedo Holiday from Hamburg (GER) and Todo Para Todos from Döbeln (GER) who are music projects who don't float with the trend of depoliticization. Flowers go to Matthew, who helped me translate my thoughts into language.

It would be a mistake if this was only about the music.



for questions or critique: n.begović | striekenkamp 22 | 28777 (ger)

ERROR OF PHILOSOPHERS - The philosopher believes
that the value of his philosophy lies in the whole,
in the structure. Posterity finds it in the stone
with which he built and with which, from that time
forth, men will build oftener and better - in other
words, in the fact that the structure may be destroyed
and yet have value as material.

F. Nietzsche, 1878