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MONOTRACT Blaggout

Ever since John Cage and George Martin began successfully experimenting with audio channels and other *musique concrète* effects, stoners with four-track recorders have gleefully abused these concepts in basements everywhere. There aren't any basements in low-lying Miami, though—just a bunch of sophisticated cranks such as To Live And Shave In L.A. and the Laundry Room Squelchers. Monotract's experiments are akin to its Miami brethren: playful and sometimes slightly retarded, like on the audio stew "For P.T.," which manages to cohesively mix spacey sounds, organ grinding and a bit of guitar. The 30 tracks on *Blaggout* aren't songs per se; it's more like Monotract has a bunch of wind-up toys and wants to see which direction they'll go (the sped-up, slowed-down "Wind Me Up/Let It Go" takes several paths). A swarm of conversations serves as the ballast of "Suenos," drums are at the center of "Mono 235 (Typical 'New Beginnings' Shit)" and Monotract gets all techno on "Uchini Beats." Clearly, there's no audio idea excluded here, and while some tracks, such as the opening "Clothing Removal Party," are merely irritating, that's part of the point of these 21st-century field recordings. [Animal World, 2205 Tanglewood Terr, Tallahassee FL 32303]

—Tom Roe