

## Mp3 Pneumatic Detach - [viscera]



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Hard techno, intellegent noise, 13 MP3 Songs ELECTRONIC: Industrial, ELECTRONIC: Dance Details: This is the second full release of original material from pneumatic detach [viscera] reviews It is good to see that there are artists out there still willing to take chances. Justin Brink is this kind of artist and his rhythm as melody approach on his latest CD release is nothing short of stunning. Yes, this is my favorite release this year, thus far. Its in your face, but its not looking for a fight or a kiss. This isnt for everyone, this pounding rhythmic machinery that is more techno-based than one would like to admit, but nevertheless delivers a bit of controlled ambience and blasts of industrial noise to join the rhythmic fray. One might be tempted to suggest that this is some apocalyptic future sound of machinery pounding the debris littered earth with junked parts. But to me there is nothing futuristic about this music. Rather its about a moment in time when the music comes alive and becomes painfully self-aware, temporally cognizant and twisting in every direction to see where it should go and where it has been. It is the sound of music trying to find its noisy niche in a noisier world. It is the sound of the present, of neatly welded seams being ripped apart and of failed circuitry frying on a grill, of tyrants and anarchists breakbeating one another with crowbars and chainsaws. It is the sound of chaos and order at the breaking point of balance. It is the sound before the silence. Michael Casano - Virus Magazine Expectations were high for Pneumatic Detach's long-awaited release of their last album on Hive Records. Only knowing them from a couple of tracks in compilations, I can't compare this album with their previous work or evaluate the progression of their music. In any case, "[vis.cer.a]" is an excellent release and a showcase of accomplished musicianship in rhythmic noise genre. It also has one of the best covers I've seen. Distorted beats and rhythmic noise of any kind can easily become boring and predictable, with pretty much anyone being able to put out a rhythmic noise/distorted beats track. Given the intrinsic limitations of

this musical genre, it takes someone that knows what they are doing to actually succeed in creating a solid, coherent and engaging album that isn't just a pile-up of beats and a crescendo of "faster-harder-louder". Distinct hard, pounding beats of many kinds layered on top of each other, with liberal use of sound effects as respite and the occasional spark of underlying melody for added variety may sound like a simple recipe. Simple in theory but, in practice, it's surely hard to achieve a final result even remotely like Pneumatic Detach's "[vis.cer.a]". He excels at the creation of compositions made almost entirely out of beats, skillfully plays around with them, structuring, shaping and giving them meaning and ultimately making the rhythmic structures into something extremely organic. The care put into the music in this album extends into track choice and placement as well as the actual flow of the music, which is seamless. Despite the quality of its individual tracks, "[vis.cer.a]" is definitely more interesting as a global album experience, the whole being greater than the sum of the parts. The duration of the album seems to be just ideal as well, for music as intense as this, a longer duration could prove tiring for the listener. Picking stand-out tracks in "[vis.cer.a]" is a difficult feat since the album flows remarkably well, without interruption, from beginning to end. Or at least until track eleven, "Mindless Brutal Apparatus (w/ It-Clings)", which stands out for having vocals: spoken word by It-Clings layered on the beats, a strange combination but it works quite well and is a nice ending touch to a great album. As are the two remix tracks by C2 and O2 at the end. Nevertheless, "Embers" comes across as a particularly intense track and I find the metallic nature of part of the beats in "Relentless" fascinating. For some reason, "Putrescence" also clicked something in my mind. Brutal and visceral like its title suggests, "[vis.cer.a]" is a very interesting album, showing great creativity and which never becomes tiring, despite its constant over-the-top intensity.

M. - Connexion Bizarre

There are, in my book, two types of rhythmic noise: (1) noise that might have some rhythm buried under all the eardrum-shredding static and (2) rhythm that is built from noisy instrumentation -- industrial machinery, spastic plastic, eructating radio transmitters and biochemical neural pulses. Pneumatic Detach returns to Hive Records (they were Hive's first non-compilation release) with the furiously anthemic [VisCerA], a record of the second style that keeps the rhythms bone-crushingly fierce without resorting to over-saturation of the noise and distortion. It is a finesse crusher, a beat-down that travels up and down your musculoskeletal system like tiny jackhammers, bludgeoning each cluster of sinew and each bridge of bone. "Moment of Comprehension" pounds you Tarmvred-style, and each hammer impact rattles all the way up through your molars. A

melody whistles and cavorts behind the curtain of drums but there's no real point in trying to reach for it. Every bone in your hand will be shattered by the relentless beat of the banging pistons as you try to breach that curtain. A spectral voice whispers a warning about witches at the beginning of "Embers," a brief respite from the distorted beats, before another assault is launched upon your jellied bones. Pneumatic Detach wants to hit you hard; there's no dodging the bruising fists of fury. "Domination (short mix)" is like being spun in the TsF-18 Centrifuge at the Yuri Gagarin Cosmonaut Training Center while Disney-built Animatronics of old Russian astronauts pelt the controlled cabin with steel marbles. "Separator" comes at you from so many directions that you can't hope to stop the beats from getting past your cheap defenses (all your base will belong to Pneumatic Detach!). It-Clings provides the spoken word piece for "Mindless Brutal Apparatus," the only real misstep on the album (taking the whole viscera of Jessica Hosman's cover image to a brutal level of immediacy that isn't really necessary). Fortunately, the final track is a remix offered by 02 (Mike Wells of Gridlock) that encapsulates all the glitter and buzz of Trace-era Gridlock into the thunder of Pneumatic Detach's sonic storm front. From blistering start to atmospheric end, [VisCerA] delivers a crunching series of body blows that makes me happy to be hurting. Pneumatic Detach knocks what ails you right out of your system. This is a fierce contender for distorted beat catharsis experience of the year. Mark Teppo - Igloo Magazine [viscera], the second full-length album by power noise merchants Pneumatic Detach, is everything the title promises. It is raw, bloody, pulsating, and it captures the diabolical and clinical context under which the word is usually heard. With its syllables broken out, as if part of a pronunciation key in a dictionary, one can glean that crunchy act is looking to define this meaty term. If comparisons are to be drawn, Pneumatic Detach are somewhat similar to the chaotic technoid experiments of bands like Autechre with the sour end of post-Skinny Puppy Download intermingled. The disc itself seethes from track to track, each piece more like chapters of a larger work than individual songs. Almost rhythmic, Patternerase lurches ahead like a broken war machine, as fractured thumps and metallic clacks propel it forward through a cyclone of screeching synth textures and elastic arpeggios, passing by the occasional vocal flutter of ghosts caught in its mainframe. A proper theme song for the rise of a robotic regime, Moment of Comprehension begins innocently with a flanged techno riff, but it is soon beaten into submission by the stomp of iron-heavy kettle drums, the pace quickly building to a locomotive frenzy to the squeal and zip of electronic insects. Amongst the rippling tidal waves of serrated static, the tellingly-titled Dischordant stumbles over heavy bass bombs

and streaming hisses of synths, squeaking and whirring like an angered android as it progresses through the turbulent terrain. Domination walks the line between ambience and noise, as spectral shimmers bale to the clockwork crunch of baritone engines and the caper of clamorous snares, each sigh that leaves one with its gossamer layers soon replace by its gargantuan mechanized shuffle. The one notably vocal track is Mindless Brutal Apparatus, with a spoken word supplied by It-Clings. Like a masochistic love letter straight from Hellraiser territory, It-Clings recounts a desire to destroy oneself via machine as an act of purity in an ugly world, his seething voice slowly seeping into monstrous processed gurgles over a landscape of twitching break beats, crackling blasts of static, before the monologue finally gives way to pulsating nervous bass and alien insect twitters. The disc concludes with a set of remixes. The remix of Dischordant bounds with dance floor precision to the cadence of a crunchy bass and hi-hat partnership, cacophonous riffs stuttering and whizzing around its dominating beats, with the kazoo-like fuzzy synths adding levity in between the cracks. On the other hand, there is the remix of Sona; this closing piece dabbles in black atmospherics, where boorish waves crash upon its underground shores, adding a bit of the Pneumatic touch to the gliding crystalline synths. Slowly, the disc withdraws on shimmering layers, the beats receding at a crawl to conclude [viscera] in silence. In the world of power noise, it is inherently a medium where some bands can get lost in the throngs of their chaotic compatriots. However, Pneumatic Detach certainly has the studio prowess to become one of the exemplary acts within their medium. [viscera] is weighty, crunchy, dance-worthy, and yet still manages to be cinematic and ambient in its scope. Without doubt, if this sort of beast caters to your palette, Pneumatic Detach delivers everything and more with this disc. Vlad\_M - Regen magazine

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