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# Inside Fulfillment's Bio-Secure Room

ByMute Editor

“ “ [sic] Goldie on Whitehouse

Electronic noise experimentalists Whitehouse (William Bennett and Philip Best) have given and received torrents of aesthetic abuse in their 20-year career, their 'aural sadism' and lyrical violence triggering accusations of misogyny, Nazism and banality from some and fanatic devotion from others. “ ” [sic] Goldie goes beyond hagiography and demonology 'to twist a political issue from the inside'

'THE ARTWORLD ALLOWS FOR SUCH SAFE POST-MODERN DISTANCING. JUST LIKE TREADMILL FETISHISTS NEED. JUST AS REDUCED LAZY PERVERTS SPOUT WHEN THEY'RE FRANTICALLY TRYING TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST CRIMINAL PROSECUTION. GRUBBING JOB-HUNTING ARTISTS AND ART AFFICIONADOS WHO PREFER ART THAT 'RAISES QUESTIONS' ARE CERTAINLY AS DISGUSTING AS THOSE RUBBERED DILETTANTES WHO RECOGNISE THAT THE ANSWERS ARE WHAT YOU MASTURBATE OVER. ONCE YOU'RE OUT OF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, YOU CAN'T APPRECIATE MERE QUESTIONS. UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU'D PREFER TO NOT ACKNOWLEDGE THE RESPONSES THAT THOSE QUESTIONS PRODUCE IN PUBLIC. SO BETTER TO JUST SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH.'

(William Bennett)

A huge church in Sierra Leone. Lengthy pregnant silence miniscus drags mesmerised proselytes under a relief after the previous slovenly losstalgic flakes squandered perfectly good resources including time smug complacent steattorrhoeackz steatosissishhflush sacked Whitehouse emerge 'at last' from the priesthole to slit the fat and dish seething priestcraft scarfegral cess invaginates with a powerful beginning 'Tit Pulp' good form linear chiseller Philip Best pent up peripheral vision pacing turns to confront with bellicose vocal blocks concise in a livid petite gauleiter manner thinning spiky hair red shirt tucked, trousers riding high he looks quite swashbuckling William Bennett exhibit skulks hunched shadowy sporting a 'crap' thin khaki 'body-warmer' 'cheesy' bare torso rumour has it that for each 'live action' he enter stage with an erection without fail sunglasses 'regular' hairstyle, soon'll shift gear and gnash at the precincts. The show's immediately impcompelling energising amusing a bunch of leads thrown over petulant koala Best standing there lashed composed draped in black veins enmeshed spitting ululates spit flies sepulchral both sing with or without microphones the spectacle of a mouth shouting words you can't hear's somehow powerful Pasolini employed brilliantly in Salo poor 'devocalised' reified vitiated vivisected baboons cats etc insectivorous mammal Bennett bushbaby Best fuming hating beltbuckle flashing ventriloquist sheets of vivid full spectrum feedbac deflagrate sic passim disabuser judge-penitent unintelligible engluts -

'COME ON, BOY, YOU'RE HOME.  
COME AND FACE THE FEAST OF POWDER.  
WHAT'S IT LIKE TO WET YOUR FOOT IN A COLD SWIMMING POOL?  
WHAT DOES YOUR VOICE SOUND LIKE UNDERWATER?  
CAN YOU DO THE CHLORINE GARGOYLE?  
CAN YOU DO THE CHICKENSKIN SWIM?  
CAN YOU WRIGGLE LIKE AN EEL?  
WRIGGLE LIKE A FUCKING EEL'

(William Bennett)

Peristaltic reefflluuxx Barrymore's catamite fright night hyper-parasite? anal hymen in tatters for all the wrong reasons smithereneed priceless funny slaughter laughter augh ugh ug u glug vivisection 'forced swim test' their moves 'n tricks 'stagecraft' are camp hysterical yet the show's visceral unflinching when tossed cigarette packets/butts plastic beakers, condoms, sachets lubricant, false teeth, cacti, a plastic bunch of grapes and a machete float towards them 'coolly indifferent' to 'spit' bespattering complex it's a laugh complex bathetic sappy strange to think of what! they've had thrownatthemthrownback over twenty odd years 'burlessssque.' Tasty racy what were you thinking don't abuse your power yet fragile valid.

'There are certain people who, for needs of self-affirmation of their own prejudices, demand that certain things be demonised in contrast to their own image. You know you're fucking loving it, you know who you are, just admit it.'

(William Bennett)

Bennett orchestrates some crowd participation:

'DO YOU BELIEVE IN ROCK AND ROLL? WELL SAY IT! ROCK...AND...ROLL! (waits a while to soak establish subliminal alligator grin) 'WHY DON'T YOU STAND UP FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN?' Then Best, grinning –

'YOU WANKERS! YOU FUCKING WANKERS!'

Peers flake rock's rich vocabulary to deconstruct and fuck 'lacgauge = noumenal sarcoshyce' [sic] back coprophag back gag into 'English' 'phlegmatic' 'nihilistic' broadsides from rabid Best somehow that mouth was built to bark and spew 'cunt cunt cunk cunt cunt' until some cunt faints...

Antimasque 'personal' waspish Bennett paraphonic keist's pitter-pattering his tongue frothing the saliva @ woman who's clambered on stage repeatedly shouting in him perforated vvvulpine ear psychosomatically lobotomised Viagra-B-Zombie mnambulist auto-intoxicated testosterosac shuffles then makes a sudden move mantis 'birdspeed' giving a thumbs up sign weevily gyrating or bumping 'n' grinding sergeant rodent officer who laughs Benne somehow manages never to laugh they compliment 'each other' nicely like Derek 'n Clive executing the plan having a bleedin' bubble bath and winding each other up improvising pushing it new abjection.

Someone's got his cock in a beaker but friends of the band dissuade before a drop of pre/post cum urine's flung...

The 'riff' gets inside one's spongiform headpiece like a starving parasite fitting feasting at last so compelling menacing steric fwdsbackwards combinepit of stomachpower electronicspasscurrentrinse oscillatethrill then intersexspeaking authoritatively slowly over shrill tweety bird-like swarf then exits as saprophag Best 'solos' with some exceptional 'victorious' poses mouthing 'Yeahhh!' over a stream of 'quotes' (rapees etc.)

'YOU REMEMBER WHAT HE SAID WHAT DID HE SAY...THIS IS YOU...WHAT ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO...IT FLASHES ON MY MIND TIME AFTER TIME...UNSPEAKABLE'

(Unknown/P.Sotos)

Ulosisslublub compiled recorded off the tele (Sotos/Albini) triumphant he must be 'hoarse as a fucking butterfly' readings grow erratic what does it mean to twist a political issue from the inside? commentators: 'Choreographed pro-vocation' 'Disgusting theatrics' 'Moral banality' 'Ironic swipes' 'Closet Nazi shite' 'Sheep in wolves' clothing' Detached almost to the point of sadism rodomontade it's funny contempt/empathy 'quoting disclaimer strategy' it's not your fault you are the authentic version of what the rest of us can only imagine abuse too frail a word what buried them?

What were we thinking? Then scepticism led to nihilism shitcase misologist dysarthriax con vocabulary of vituperation obscurantism paxadigm 'CUT HANDS HAS THE SOLUTION' song of shriek arraigner stump oratory slow brutal effusion scurril exhortat hostile eloquence plus primordial bass drum rhythm unchanging to full effect. Swafega'll do for you wee man adipocere acephalous creophag traducer el decapitat William's done writhing with anxiety in English bathosphere phelching the void off the Rohypnol drip 'n re-appears ethereal lips bitten off, isolate rather this element it it it it it it it it it it it speaks Verwindung sophist babelizer text eyes resection and this final section...the plenipotentiary dissilience 'PRINCESS DISEASE' haemorrhages into 'A CUNT LIKE YOU' acceleration shards embed pulse so funky choppers encircle shudder birds driving themselves against triple glazed high windows.

Somehow they've increased the pressure thresh pulsulat sub-bass stabs/enclumps really concentrating! on the sound tweaking the little samplers juddering signaling to the Father Christmas soundman anxious re: disgraceful tinnitus 'but' I can't resist removing my earplugs to feel the full effect, feel microwaved thinking of Sylvia Plath's 'Daddy' gobbet resorbeo paralaliac 'Bennett' suddenly freaks 'n charges, a psychotic snap clockwork dolly hysterical parasuici Stepford wife automaton high speed fwds moonwalk-cum-stagger staccato shriek withering saucebox Best, chuckling as he sidesteps oncoming weevily incubus innoxious marasmus stumblingoff breathless stage! who mere moments later mount pounces from behind - Beastle slams hard onto his back tortoise beached both? get up and finally fling open the sluiceways liquefac -

'AND STILL YOU'RE SAYING NOTHING HAPPENED?  
LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF BEING ALIVE.'  
(William Bennett)

Plenum head 'MOVEMENT 2000' pyroclastic flow quietus no 'antics' both take to their respective lecterns twistings samplers heads tilted back degraded sublime steady simple vermiculated instrumental engrossing headfucking levitating wave so abstract so musical skeins snare sitic you'll hyper-para-empathise trapped in stereotaxic device in fulfilment's desolate bio-secure room. You've got access! Blocksperre?! I don't know. Blindspots!

A full-length version of this text is online at <http://www.metamute.com> in the M-files section

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