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BRAIN KITCHEN

m a g a z i n e

With words
and images,
a magazine about
Raoul Sinier's
latest CD album.

é d i t i o n s F é e





BRAIN KITCHEN?

INTRODUCTION

Is a musician, painter, creator and producer of his own musical videos a more complex artist than others? Is he jumping from one world to another when he moves between techniques? To tell the truth, we don't care.

So naturally *éditions Fée* and *Ad Noiseam* teamed up to present you, with words and images, Raoul Sinier's latest musical creation: Brain Kitchen.

This is a unique magazine where we can see a renaissance man's soul wiggling in his mysterious kitchen. Especially when he's asking other artists to join in.



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CUISINE MENTALE

BY SYLVIE FRETET



Last year I read a worrying scientific report. Would you believe that not only does black metal give teenagers a helping hand when they decide to commit suicide, but (and this is less known) it also has an effect on laboratory mice. They don't commit suicide. They do something a lot more extraordinary: they are able to tell the difference between a piece of classical music and a piece of heavy metal. Even better: they can distinguish the inoffensive lyrics of heavenly ballads from the violent even evil lyrics of a piece of hard rock. I'm aware that rats are often used to test all sorts of substances and suffer unimaginable torture but I would never have thought they could detect the divine or malicious intentions that human beings put into music! No point in adding

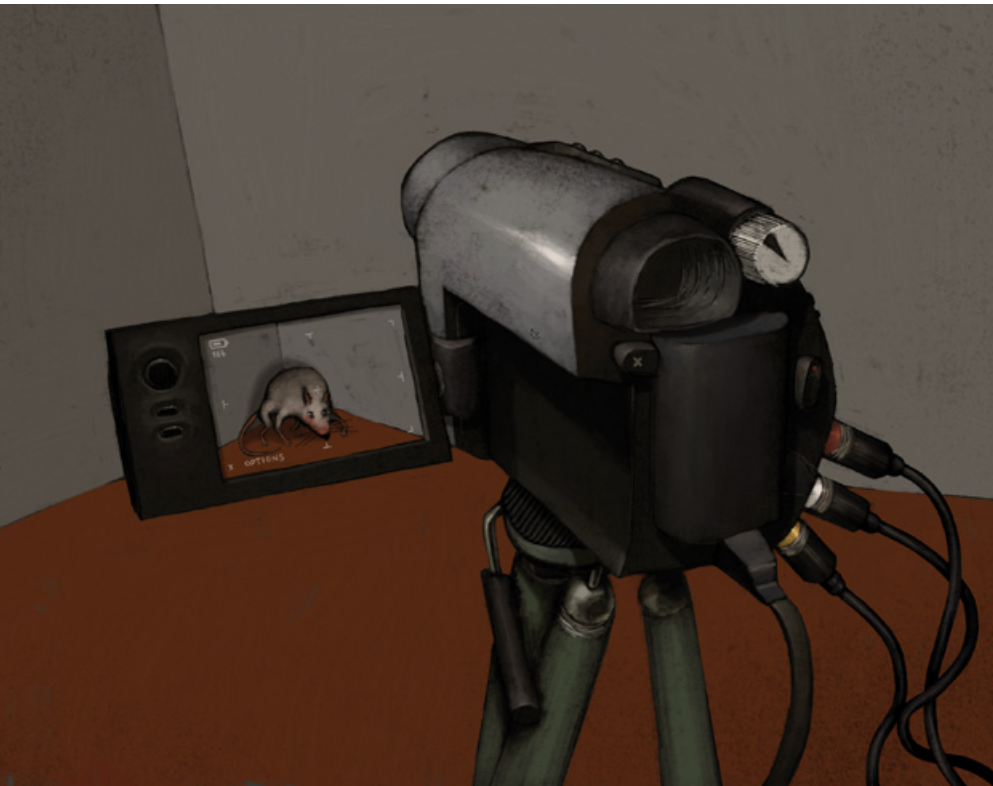
that when mice try to find their way in a maze, Mozart wins hands down with 10 minutes, a quarter of an hour for complete silence, against half an hour with black metal. The rats suffer a quarter of an hour longer in the maze because they are thrown by the forces of evil contained in my favourite music! Holy shit!

I know exactly what you're thinking: "This guy isn't telling me anything I don't already know, people aren't that stupid... Nevertheless. These saturated conclusions on anthropomorphism drive me mad when I think about them. Then I forget.

One evening at home as I'm pleasantly slipping into a beer and grass induced haze...I

see a small rat or a big mouse, I'm not sure which, run past me. I scream unintelligible words only produced when you're scared shitless, which were perfectly synchronised with the singer of *Scream of the Abyss*, who, at that precise moment was screeching "Satan, take me, hold me against you and rest assured that I will always be there for you..." Whatever. These lyrics have always made me laugh. My mates listen to them religiously. Stupidly, I should say.

During this time the rodent has found refuge in the corner of the room. Out of sight. Gently I lie down on my Japanese bed close to floor-level, feeling slightly uneasy. I'm mega curious to see when this kamikaze will come



back to taunt me. I put on the same piece of music and I wait. The rat reappears at the corner of my bed. I jump but stop myself from shouting. He does a dance of little leaps before bolting to the other room. I grab the remote control for the stereo and, without really thinking about it, try to find a classical music station. Unconsciously I've got that scientific report in mind. But I can't quite get what's bugging me. After finding a radio station which seems to tick all the boxes, I go to bed. Nothing happens so I get my camcorder, stand it on a tripod and choose the infrared recording option. I put off the light. And listen to this damn radio playing inaudible crap by totally unknown classical composers. I admit that I have never been very patient. Don't even wait to see what's going to happen with Mozart. I choose another song by my favourite group and hit replay. No need to move a muscle. I'm very tempted to surrender to a deep sleep to get rid of these ridiculous fears. No movement. Nothing stirs. Not a single creature showing the need to hit the dance floor. By the way, is it the full moon tonight? Does that have any importance?

And then at last, a small squeak. In the camera lens, half a dozen mice gather mysteriously. They are completely still while chewing an invisible substance. Only their heads move from left to right. Makes sense: the door is on their left and I am on their right. I film for a good quarter of an hour. I've got cramp all over and I start to seriously freak out. I get the impression that I can see more of them arriving. The music makes me want to trash the flat and puke on these animals which are taking the piss out of me. By the time I get up and switch the light back on, they've all scrambled.

I don't dare watch the film that night. Not because this diabolical stuff has gone to my head, but, you know... No point in telling you what I'm saying to myself. The word "arsehole" is quite recurrent. I think you can probably imagine that without too much difficulty. Bedtime. Now. I can no longer resist what my right hand is itching to do: put on the bedside lamp.

The following morning. I've almost forgotten the goings-on of the night before when

I bump into my neighbour coming out his door. He's an artist. On his door there are always these tiny, weird stickers.

We say hello, his dark gaze meets mine. Then he says: "Do you have mice?" So happy not to be the only one I answer: "Have I got mice? Do you mean, invaded by them more like?". He frowns and looks at me weirdly. "No, no. I'm asking because I haven't seen any for ages and I wondered if it was the same in your flat."

A strange expression must have come across my face because he asks me if I'm feeling alright. I pull myself together: "Eh, no. There are lots in my flat. At night. I even filmed them yesterday..." I shut up. Too scared to look like an idiot. But it hadn't fallen on deaf ears. I should have guessed. "Oh yeah? A film? Why?"

So I tell him my story but I'm trying so hard to make it sound funny that it doesn't sound honest. I'm uncomfortable. He says he'd like to see my film. "OK" I hear myself answer a bit too eagerly: "Well, this evening, if you like..."

This reassures me a bit. The day drags on. Then evening comes when I'm least expecting it because I've fallen asleep. My neighbour turns up with a pack of beer. I roll a joint. We're not very chatty. Maybe he's actually shy. I start having second thoughts when with a huge smile (which worries me although I'm not sure why) he says: "Will we watch the film?" Apparently he's not come round for my sparkling personality. "Yeah, OK". While I connect the camcorder to my computer, I see him gazing around the room like he's looking for something but I don't understand why because I'm about to show him the images. I hit play. He drinks his beer frenetically, refuses the joint and flashes me a very, very impatient smile. That's it. I freak out. All these smiles are making me freak out.

The image we discover on the screen is awful. Worthy of a horror film. First we see the shining eyes and teeth of the rats as they chew mechanically with death metal playing in the background. I turn to look at the artist. He's in heaven and his smile has not left his face. "Is it the music that's making you laugh?" I say this in a very soft voice to help me get his

state of mind. "No! The music is really not my thing, but the mice...have you seen all these mice? This thing is completely mad! And you say that they don't come out when there's no music?" I sigh. "But I've always got music on! Always the same music! It's what you hear in the film! But...you listen to music all the time too and you don't have mice? That's what you told me isn't it?" I shiver while I'm saying all this. A real wimp. Ah jeez. What a loser.

He looks at me. It has to be said that there's not much to answer. "And have you tried with other music?" I sigh again, as if to apologise for giving importance to all this crap. I tell him I've tried classical music but that I really can't stand it, it really does my head in. "What are they eating there? Look... but you can't see anything on the floor..." How can I tell him that I didn't put down cheese to attract them? That my flat couldn't be cleaner? Which is easy because I never eat there. "Ah!" That's all he retorts. And me, I think: "Yeah, artist, it's clean, and they're pretending to eat something while listening to my music."

We continue contemplating the film until the rodents completely disperse. Their escape is so frenzied that we can barely make out their movements. Suddenly with yet another amused expression he goes: "What about making them listen to my music? What do you think?" He's already got up and says he'll be a minute. Two minutes later he's back. He tells me about his new album but he's brought two. I read on the cover: Wxfsdswxc2. He's brought the next one too, because there is no singing on it. "Nothing evil but we can try all the same." So I arrange the same set-up as last night. Tripod, camcorder, we put on the first album, lights out and we wait.

Butterflies flutter before my eyes. My neighbour is stony faced. He's waiting. I feel like sleeping. Suddenly: "Look! There's one." While his own piece of music Wonderful Bastards plays, one then several rats gather. On the camcorder screen, I rediscover the creatures playing the same little game as yesterday. And I hear the artist's deep voice say "It's great!" Then: "You see, it's like with your music... They come out, gather in the same place then they'll run off as soon as we move." We move, they disappear. "Your



black metal music has got nothing to do with it. You shouldn't believe that shit." It's my turn to smile at him now. "I'll leave you my latest album. Maybe you'll like it?" I thank him. It's really nice. He's gone. I feel alone but better. Even if I still don't get what these bloody mice are doing at night in my flat.

Right now I'm listening to Brain Kitchen... and I'm waiting to see if Raoul Sinier's music without words is going to make them turn up... If it doesn't, then maybe they're in his flat.

RAOUL SINIER'S INTERVIEW, BY THE FLESHMASTER



Fleshmaster: let's get directly to the heart of the matter. How would you describe your album, *Brain Kitchen*? What's new compared with the previous one?

Raoul Sinier: it's a logical following, I think the progression between this one and my second album is comparable to the progression between the second and first. This one is more complex and frantic. In regard to the rhythmic side, I worked on a continuous flow of breaks and accidents, not really like breakcore or jungle music, but rather like a continuous pouring of confusion. Not on every track, but I think it is telling of the — apparently — chaotic aspect of this album despite nothing being left to chance. The most important aspect is the work on melody, as dark as ever in appearance, progression and also being non-linear. I'm quite obsessed with non repetitive music that contains motion and change. This is also what this album is about.

Any grudge against repetition?

No, not really, not against repetition, more against the linear aspect, especially in instrumental music. The loop in which you can interchange measures without being seen, *that* I don't like. However I really like some types of ultra-repetitive music that makes you feel a big rise inside. Repetitive, but not linear.

Listening to your album, I thought every track has a great dramatic intensity. Would you say this description fits your music?

Yes, that's exactly what I'm looking for. In my own music and also in the music I listen to. Dramatic puts it a bit simply, but I like when there's emotion and when you feel moved. I'm not really into big laughs when it comes to music, but there is still room left for humor or thoughtlessness.

This album is also more electronic than the previous ones.

Yes, maybe. Less samples too.

No guitars or traditional instruments?

No, not on this one. But it's completely secondary, I put guitar and bass guitar to use from time to time just because I have these instruments at home and I want experiment. I'm not really a guitarist.

Yet you made your second guitar yourself.

It was my third actually. I made my second guitar for a project that I had to do to get accepted in to art school. I used it on stage 15 years later, to go against the image of the electronic musician standing behind his laptop. I made my third guitar with stage performance in mind and bought quality

microphones. I had thought this thing over. And also my father is a “luthier”, so I had a helping hand. We made it together.

Come to speak of stage performing, what happens on stage when you play electronic music?

I used to think I would never do any concert because of the electronic aspect. As if they are not “real” concerts. But then Tsunami-Addiction asked me to perform just 2 tracks for the release of *Boyz Revenge*. It wasn’t much of a risk, so I brought my laptop, my guitar, and my electric double bass. It worked very well and that night I could also see how 100% electronic artists like Hypo, O.Lamm, dDamage, etc. performed on stage. It made me change my mind on electronic shows. Since that time, I gave up double bass and I play alternately between the guitar, keyboards and classic live recomposition.

What’s your perception of your audience? And how do you think your audience perceives you?

Is it vague in your mind, or do you have a clear idea about it?

On stage it’s really vague. It depends a lot on the venues. I don’t fit in a specific category, you can’t really dance to music (I mean it’s not dancefloor music, but of course you can dance to any music), it’s not meditative music, not violent like breakcore can be. That’s what makes my music strong, but at the same time, it makes it a bit hard sometimes to meet my audience. At certain shows, people dance like mad, while at others everyone remains very calm, which doesn’t stop people from telling me afterwards the show was awesome. I think it’s more a question of labeling music. This is apparently more frequent in Paris and in France than in England or Germany, for example, where people are more at ease with electronic music.

That was for the stage side, what about the albums?

That’s a different thing. The people that like my music come from all backgrounds. Well, first you need to get over the bad-for-the-ears-music thing.

Bad for the ears, violence, that’s really not a good definition of your music.

No, but that’s what disturbs people who are not used to these kind of sounds.

Is it a question of labeling types in music? Where do you stand on that matter, music genres?

It probably has something to do with this, for people who don’t know about it, they think I make experimental music, which is totally wrong. This music genre called “*electronic music*”, or Electronica, IDM, etc. is the only one, to my knowledge, which simply describes a production device. Musically speaking, electronic music can move towards any direction. From low tempo to 270 bpm, from ultra-linear music to super-complex compositions, from noisy to orchestral music, from jump-go-happy to dark-and-gloomy, from hot to cold, whatever.

That’s why I’m interested in that music, because it’s not really a genre; it’s all genres. I’m not really interested in technique, whether it be ultra-fast guitar solo or highly sophisticated electronic production, it’s important but far less so than composition and melody. I consider music as a whole, I don’t make distinctions between genres.

What makes you singular is that you’re also an illustrator and you conceive your own music videos.

The videos on the DVD that came with your second album, Wxfdswx2, offer a rather elusive, if not gloomy image. Are you aware of that?

Sure. The dark side is always present and I like this aesthetics but I can’t really explain why. It needs to be deep, I’m not really into light things. But as I always say, it’s dark yet there’s a particular humor everywhere, especially in my drawings and paintings. I like when an element is misplaced: absurd humor. It’s close to black humor, in the sense that things that are very funny to me are very gloomy to some people. I never go towards cliché, I prefer what’s strange, things with a blurry outline. But I never intellectualize what I do; I’m only interested in aesthetics. I even often add details that seem symbolically heavy, just for fun. Like in the interior cover of the *Ev.Panic EP*, which illustrates a whale cut into slices linked to an electric battery. It doesn’t mean anything to start with, but I added seeds and pills on



the ground, for no reason. It just makes me laugh.

I guess you’re not fond of conceptual art. I hate it. To me, it’s the biggest scam.

Nothing can be explained in art?

One thing you can’t explain is why you like an artwork. You can talk about it, but art is subjective, not objective. And that’s for the better. I’m waiting for the man who will be able to show me why I’m wrong to appreciate one work of art over another through rational reasoning.

What does Wxfdswx2 means?

Nothing. It’s just a nice sequence of abstract letters that means nothing.

I expected that.

It’s important to me and I think it sums up what I do quite well.

Let’s get back to the picture side of your work: is the link between your music and your pictures important?

Not really. I don’t necessarily try to make both coexist.

You don’t do visual works during your shows?

No, first because I can’t play the music and images at the same time, but mostly because I was never really convinced by V-jays. Most



of the time, it's just archive images and stuff flashing very quickly, not really anything to do with the music. Another bad aspect of electronic music...

Yet it would seem obvious for an artist making both music and pictures.

Yes but I don't have to mix both just because I do both, as if I had to avoid wasting anything. I hope I'm more than *"the guy who can play music and make drawings"*. Some people like my music exclusively or only my paintings.

What about music videos?

We tried to play the videos muted during the show. At first, I didn't really believe it would work but it went quite well, I think I'll do this more and more. But again it's secondary, the most important thing at my shows is the music.

Speaking of video, wouldn't you like to make a short-film or an animation-movie?

Theoretically, yes. But the problem is I work alone, and making a short movie is a lot of work for one single man. And also I'm rather frantic, working day and night on a project until it's done. I seldom stop in the heat of action.

You like working by yourself?

When it's possible, yes. It's truly is the greatest freedom.

Collaborations are also an interesting thing, e.g. the very first animation-video you made was for dDamage, right?

Yes, of course, it brings something clearly different. It's also due to the fact that I get along very well with dDamage, artistically and personally, which is quite rare for me. They wrote the video and I made it following their script, I kept to myself and they didn't ask for any changes except a few minor details. It worked the same for me, I didn't ask for any changes in the script. We were in different fields, and that was inter-

esting. But on the whole, I really like working alone and doing everything myself.

In the long term, doesn't it prevent you to go forward?

No, working alone doesn't prevent you to be open-minded and curious.

Music, painting, video...

What's the most important to you?

This is not my way of seeing things. I do what I feel like doing and let myself be carried along. One day, it's painting, the next will be music, etc. But I do think that music is far more powerful than image.

Your music?

No, music in general. Nothing moves me more than music. I really think music is the most powerful when it comes to emotions.

We didn't speak of the fact that you make digital painting.

Who cares? It's just a tool, there's nothing to speak about.

With music, digital painting, video, and the rest, you must be spending quite a lot of time in front of your computer, right?

True, and also for my potboiler job. I use my computer as a tool for everything, but my life is balanced alright.

And I play sports a lot.

Really?

No.

Well, the interview is coming to its conclusion, anything else to add?

Well, I don't know, I said fuck conceptual art, music genres are bullshit, music is great, and *Brain Kitchen* is the best album I ever made. That's about it. Suits me fine.

OK so now you know is the time for the flesh sublimation OD ritual.

Yes, I was warned about that.

Ready?

I don't really have much a choice now, do I?

Not really.

OK, let's go.



“Ev.Panic Steak”
 Artwork from
 the “Ev.Panic Redone” CD
 (Planet-μ 2007).

THE WHALEMAN

Here is the guest gallery, where Raoul asked some fellow artists to showcase their vision of his “Ev.Panic Steak” painting. This image features the “Whaleman” character, preparing to do something with a massive steak, probably eating it but it appears he doesn’t have a mouth so who knows.

The Whaleman is half whale, half human.

He appears in the Ev.Panic video and has a track named after him in “Brain Kitchen”.

In the next pages you will see artwork from Popay, Gaëtan Henrioux, Goupil Acnéique, Hardcorepixxx, Julien Canavezes, Stéphane Tartelin.



"MTQ (Mange Ta Queue)"
by **Popay**
popay.free.fr



"Whale"
by Gaëtan Henrioux
www.pixeljaune.com



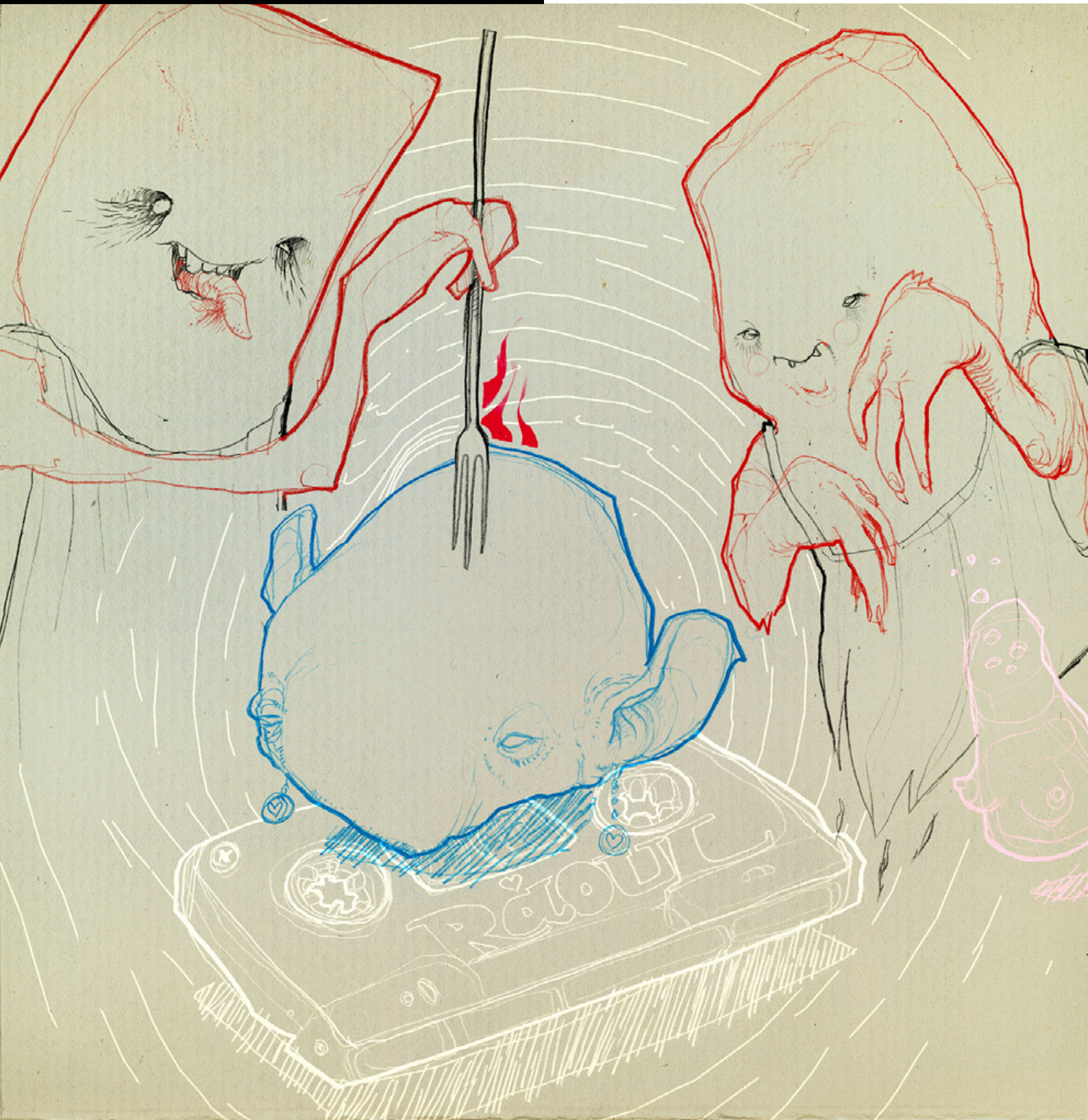
"Whaleman Vs Squidman, le choc des titans"
by **Goupil Acnéique**
blogdamned.free.fr



"Assiette vide #32"
by **Hardcorepixxx**
www.hp1.com



"Meatman"
by **Julien Canavezes**
www.toyzmachin.com



"Whale"
by **Stéphane Tartelin**
www.tartelin.com



RW

"W Tribute"
by **Raoul Witkin**

BLEEDERS CURB

BY NEMANJA DRAGICEVIC

I think we can consider a culture by his bums.

I live in that street, you know, near peripherals boulevards, there where prostitutes sell their pussies. And I was walking and contemplating how the sidewalk is made. While doing that, I saw this ol' bum. Legend says he's a military man became fool. He got that big beard, he smells wine, and he's yelling all the time some softly barbarian words. He gave birth to the words. I said he smells, truth is he stinks because he never washes himself. His corpse is full of wounds. I think he goes by an arabic name, Hasan or something. As I was starin' at him, he threw an empty bottle to me. And the bottle just broke up on the curb.

How can someone figure a perfect image of a broken bottle? Glass that blows is just like an infinite universe, always in movement, but never when you look at it.

But the perfect picture of it is the attraction the curb impregnates to the elements. Hasan, by throwing his bottle, harshly stickin' it, sent few of its own blood.

Now the bottle wasn't filled with blood – as we will never compare wine to blood – but the content became the container.

Time's running through my veins, the bottle is the universe, blood is a star. Everything got a metaphor.

Have you ever seen a man dying? Have you ever seen yourself – the mirror is unapropriate – in a bottle? What is dying? You and/or the bottle?

The fact is nobody is dying until that bottle has not hit the sidewalk.

Now it's over, time does not exist, and the universe is no more a metaphor, just a bloodline.

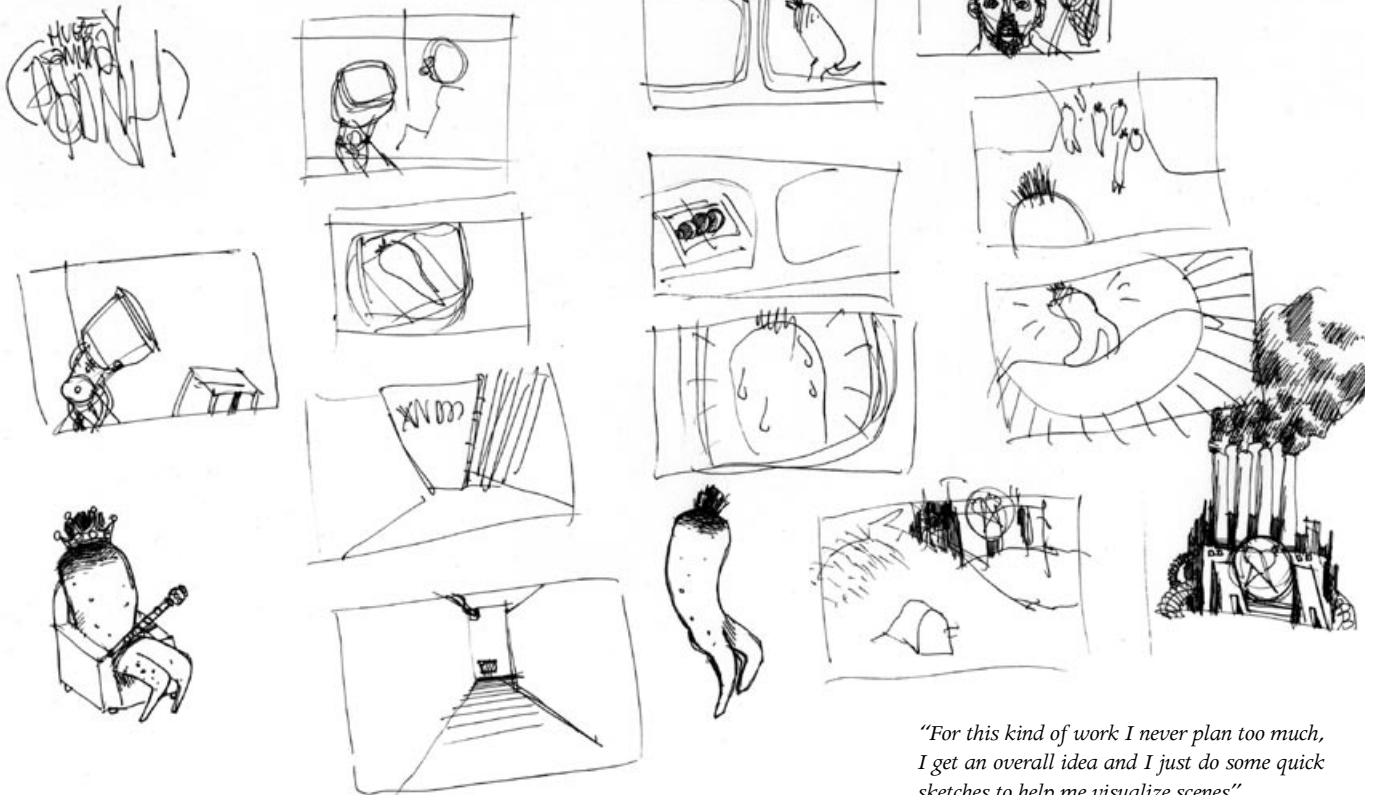
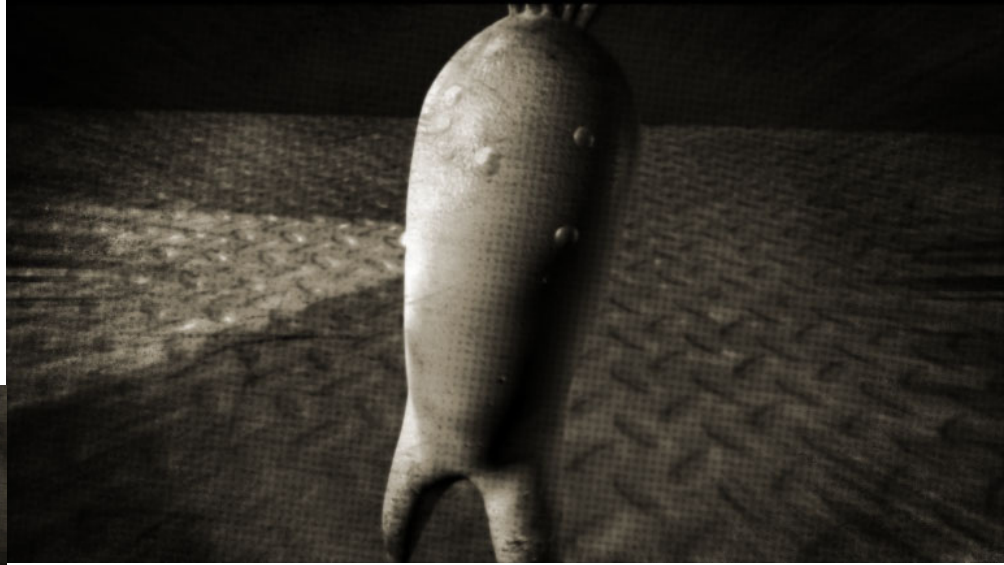
I killed my own blood.



WHY A STUPID RADISH?

"Huge Samurai Radish" video from
the "Huge Samurai Radish EP" CD
(Ad Noiseam 2007).

"I was playing a Samurai game on Playstation. Classic sword action with ninjas and various foes to defeat. And like in all those games, the way to regain a bit of your lifebar was to eat. But instead of the traditional hamburger or sushi or whatever, the only food was some huge Japanese radish. I was thinking: "How can he eat only big radishes? It's a digestive nightmare". It stayed in my head and I named a track "Huge Samurai Radish" after that. When I decided to make a video I just illustrated the title; it is as stupid as that".

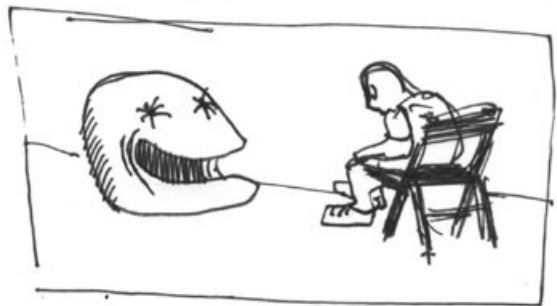
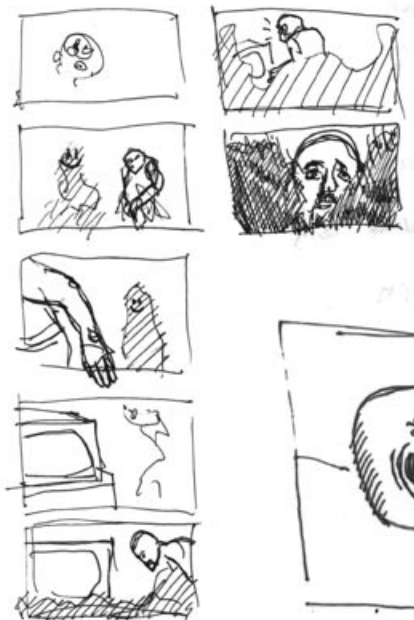
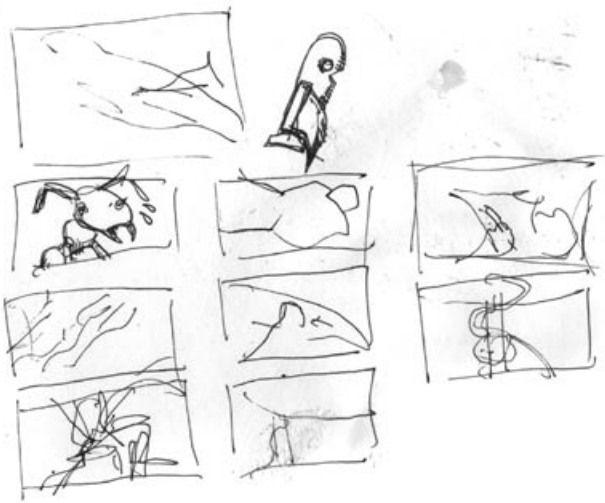


"For this kind of work I never plan too much, I get an overall idea and I just do some quick sketches to help me visualize scenes".

BRAIN KITCHEN



Original sketch for "Brain Kitchen" unfolded cover artwork.



Sketches for the "Brain Kitchen" video.

BEYOND THE SPICE CELLAR

BY NICOLAS CHEVREUX



The sounds are getting closer, I can already hear some deep breathing behind the door. I can not fool myself anymore, and know that the hour has come to redeem for the unnamable things that I helped call out of the darkness, and be taken by the same forces that already claimed my friend. I can only hope that these words will reach someone after I am gone, and that the world will understand what foolish hopes and tastes brought this upon it. I must hurry, as claws and teeth are already tearing at the door.

I first met Raoul Sinier, a name which I would learn to repeat with praises, through a mutual american friend. As many others of our generation, I had felt the urge to travel the world to experience the thrills I used to seek. I had stayed a few years abroad, but had settled back for a few years already before a certain M. Peters payed me a visit. An investigating mind of himself, Peters was a highly educated cook I had met on the eastern coast of America. His daring recipes and interest in the unknown had triggered my curiosity and delighted my palates during my stay here. We had kept in contact, and he had had no difficulty in convincing me to fund his research and publish his work once I had started a little publishing house which somewhat brought me to my current situation.

I am still unsure to this day as to how Peters met Raoul Sinier, but I still vividly remember how, back to my place, he described at length

his new friend's experiences. While staying in Paris, he had been told about a very talented young cook, somewhat frowned upon by the city's self-acclaimed elite. The man was supposed to have mastered his art a long time ago, and to now wander around in his house, looking for new savors and textures. It had been surprisingly easy for Peters to find this curious figure's address, and the two had spent several days working together. Probably competing at first as two duelists would measure each other, they ended up working together, and came up with some results, fruits of both Sinier's uncommon tastes and

Peters' education. The two thought that I could support them in their aim, and I wasn't long to convince when Peters brought me the six delightful, but already unsettling plates the two had created. It is still for me impossible to describe their finesse and their diversity of experience. I then had a little capital, gathered from various lucky endeavors, and decided to promote the works of both cooks through my then expanding circle of friends and acquaintances. I had already done so in the past for Peters and liked the idea of taking Sinier under my wing. The gods who might rule this world might know, but I can only speculate at how things would have done, hadn't we all ventured into territories best kept unspoken.

Even though our jaded, thrill-chasing inclinations were already starting to claim their dues on our tastes, things first went broadly as we expected them. Praised for their uncommon traits and daring experiments, the creation of Sinier and Peters showed us how right we had been in our choices and led us to believe that the ruling class of Europe's culinary critics would eventually accept us as the unspoken pioneers we thought ourselves to be. It is not without decadent pleasures that we enjoyed he spotlight we found ourselves placed in, but times is too scarce for me to indulge in lengthy description of our short-lived experience of glory.

A few months after my first encounter with Raoul Sinier (a well spoken and soft mannered person with a strong taste for the arts, if not slightly unsettling and introvert), I received the first in a series of letters who puzzled me and probably triggered the spiral of events which led to this dreadful night. My friend - I had come to consider him as one - was informing me that his experiments with mechanized process and technological dishes were over, and that he had been altogether disappointed by the lack of results. His new focus, as he then expressed it, was to channel

his talent and energy into something closed to the human bodies, recipes that would both delight and originate from the soul and the flesh. I have to admit, to my shame, that while he had strained the “originate” part, I overlooked this and thought at first that this master of the culinary arts was experiencing a nostalgic returns to the primary roots of his craft. He was however getting more heated and enthusiastic with each letter, and soon sent me a few samples for me to try. Of course, their recipes was never entirely divulged, and I pray that what will tonight claim me to the Lord will also destroy all traces of my friend’s formula, for the world should never repeat our blasphemous processes.

Sinier’s new work shocked me as much as it amazed me. In the light of his new creations, his past works seemed modest and acrid. A lot more piercing, what he had sent me had fiery undertones and spoke directly to my palate. Racy, proud and daring, it spoke of unknown, huge roots trying to escape the steels prisons of common-folk menus, only to find themselves fighting with the very core of our bodies. Once again, I had to repeat that nothing was known to me at that time regarding the mutant ingredients that Sinier had taken back to Europe from a trip to the eastern shores. Little did he reveal back then, except for the fact that they he had had to marinate their solid flesh into a bath of self-prepared bleach for the whole month of March before being able to liberate their double-sided aromas.

Naive as ever, I once again offered my help, and once again spread these delicacies to critics and amateurs. Afraid that the daring novelty of Sinier’s new (and self proclaimed “anatomical”) work might intimidate our audiences, we diluted it in a long menu in which we invited some other chefs to offer their variations around the theme of Sinier’s new ingredients (whose name we were frightened to reveal, and therefore camouflaged as radish). While the underlying mesmerizing aromas were still present, this was supposed to be only the appetizer to Raoul Sinier’s main opus, on which he had immediately started working, shunning the press and the receptions to lock himself in his secretive Paris laboratory.



It is him who requested my help for this project. According to the last letter he sent me, he could not handle alone all the works necessary to proceed with his experiences. Having turned his back for ever to everything which had been taught to him as well as to the works of his peers, he had made his cooking a complete laboratory work, and needed me to assist with all the stirring, testing, and mixing. Peters, who had introduced me to him, had now moved on to other endeavors, which explained why Sinier was requesting my assistance. Mesmerized as I was, I immediately bought a ticket for the express to Paris upon reading his request. It is now a certitude that I will never see again what I have left behind.

Sinier’s house had been heavily transformed. The rooms were now convoluted and illogically shaped. The paint, bright and immaculate last time I had visited the place, had been covered by dark residues, and the constant fumes were dimming the light, resulting in a grey and brownish light under which our own skin took an worrying reddish hue. Fresh, babylike trash was lying all over the first floor, and unlucky, nonfunctional robotic

fruits of past experiments had been discarded without care. Mayhem reigned all over the kitchen, with ants crawling in the corner. More than once did I find some feeding in an obscene manner on the bloody gloves lying near the sink, and more than once did I find myself listening close to the various noise of the houses, trying to understand what might be lying behind some doors that Sinier was keeping locked from my reach. At times I thought I could make out some spitting or dripping, and I still do not want to imagine what had been making these unholy tones, as I can hear them getting closer and closer at this very moment.

Upon working with Sinier, I started to be puzzled very quickly. The ingredients he was bringing to the laboratory from his cellar (one of the rooms to which I had no access) were defying my knowledge, and I was wondering what exactly I was mixing and preparing for him. Were these really ant legs which I had seen floating in a boiling brew some nights ago, was I wrong to believe that yesterday’s fried meat smelled of whale meat, but also of something a lot closer and intimate to our species? Of what mineral were these little, dusty

pills made of, and of course, what exactly was this great split root at the core of Sinier's new recipes? My amazement and wonder soon turned to worries, then to fright, but I couldn't convince my friend to stop his mad experiments and satisfy himself with something more profane. Neither my pleas nor the obvious wrong of our deeds could steer him away from his pots and urns.

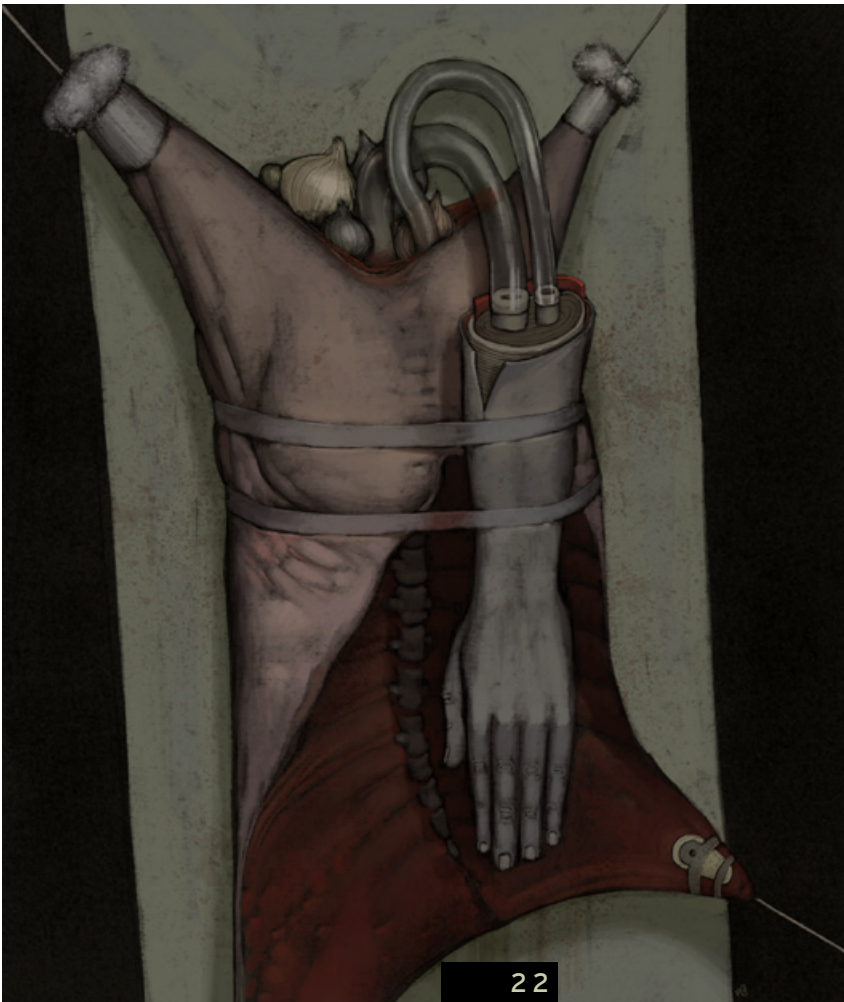
My tale is reaching its end. It's now been almost a fortnight that I arrived here, and it was as the clock showed that our dish had been cooking for two hundred and fifty six hours that we decided to take some much welcome rest. We both retired to the basement living room and had been devising for a few moments when we heard a loud noise coming from the kitchen. The explosion was followed by a hideous roar, which seemed at the same time animal and mechanical. Smoke and heat rushed down the stairs in our direction, and we could clearly hear myriads of footsteps through the floor above us. Sinier

became paler than the moon, turned to me, and mumbled something I could not really understand, about some king claiming back his due, and some barriers having been broken. Locked as we were, with no windows or doors safe from the stairs, there was nothing we could do. The electronic light was weakening, and the bubbling noise was constantly growing louder. We could now clearly distinguish words coming from the kitchen, even though the language was unknown to us. The footsteps above our heads were irregular, as if a massive creature was not walking in the kitchen, but merely jumping over the place. I was looking at my friend, whose face was now covered with sweat, when the light went off all of a sudden. I couldn't move and was on the verge of panicking and crying for help (even though I knew that nobody could hear us), when I heard Sinier jump to the door open it and rush up the stairs, shouting to me that I had to stay in the basement. The uproar in the kitchen above the room grew even louder, and I could hear my friend fighting

with the creatures that had appeared there, screaming and crying. The heat became unbearable, and while there was still no flame to be seen anywhere, more smoke came down the staircase, making the air unbearable to breathe. I couldn't stay put and decided to go rescue my friend, whatever he was battling against.

The noise stopped suddenly as I was blindly looking for the door in the dark basement. No voice, human or not could be heard, and the footsteps ceased. Finding courage in the silence, I rushed toward the kitchen, trying not to notice the slippery and warm substance which had covered the stairs. I finally reached the laboratory, only to witness the moon-lit scene which I will soon become a part of. The kitchen was coated in heavy dust, all remaining colors gone. The pots and panes were still intact, but their content had been splattered all over the tiles. The door to the cellar had been pried open, and a dark red light was pulsing from behind it. Raoul Sinier's body lay broken, lifeless and already turning pale on a chair in the middle of the room, his eyes still open, and an arm resting almost casually on the kitchen table. Only when I got close to him did I see the horror sprawling from him. A deep bloody cut had split his arm, and an army of black ants was crawling from the floors inside his body. My sanity then vanished as I was staring at the swarming beasts filling up his veins and muscles. Only then did I catch the eye of the putrid giant frog-like beasts which had been staring at me from behind the cellar door. Almost white, obscenely filthy and slowly moving in an absurd way, the crowned face of the monster seemed to smile at me as I rushed screaming toward the door, and shut it closed.

The moon has disappeared, the room is now almost completely dark. I am now lying against the door, but I can still hear the insects taking claim of my friend's body. I am unable to move, and can not resolve myself to end my days with the blood stained knife lying near Sinier. I can hear the cellar door being punched and forced. A fire is burning behind it, bleached fingers are now cracking the wood. These eyes can now see me as I lay helpless in this final place, Raoul Sinier's brain kitchen.



RAOUL SINIER'S DISCOGRAPHY



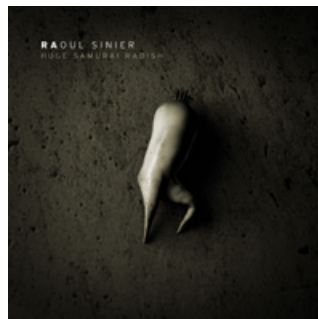
Brain Kitchen
CD - 14 tracks
2008
Ad Noiseam



Wxfdsxc2
CD - 13 tracks
DVD - 73 minutes
2007
Sublight Records



Raoul Loves You
CD - 16 tracks
2004
Coredump Records



Huge Samurai Radish
CD - 12 tracks
Remixes & guests:
Lynx and Ram
Datach'i
Vast Aire
Wisp
La Caution
2007
Ad Noiseam



Two Heads
MiniCD - 4 tracks
2007
Disco_r.dance



Ev.Panic Redone
CD - 7 tracks
Picture disc 12" - 5 tracks
Remixes:
μ-Ziq
Venetian Snares
dDamage
2007
Planet Mu



UltraFood
With **Mad Ep**
12" - 6 tracks
2007
Ad Noiseam

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