

WRFL 88.1 FM's



A FREE PROGRAM GUIDE FOR SPRING '94



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RIFLE WRFL 88.1 FM'S FREE PROGRAM GUIDE FOR SPRING 1994

WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

EDITORS:

DOUG SARETSKY & KENN MINTER

COPY EDITING:

DOUG SARETSKY

**LAYOUT, DESIGN, ADVERTISING, COVER ILLUSTRATION,
& ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS:**
KENN MINTER

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"FOR A GOOD TIME, DROP US A LINE!"

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PROGRAM

DIRECTOR

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Well I've had this job for 8 months, instituted numerous changes and have done my best to give you the best in ground breaking radio Lexington has to date. I owe the stations success to numerous factors and people who have been there for my tantrums and confusion and have served as a sounding board for new ideas. Thanks to Aly, Byl, Wayne, Pat, Mike & Patsy at the Kernel, and the undying majority of people who have offered their support and criticism while I'm trying to have a beer on a Friday night. It is through this support and devotion that Radio Free Lexington remains as strong as it has, to all of you I offer a hardy thanks.

On to more relevant topics though. This spring is the home stretch of my tenure as Program Director at WRFL and I want the year to end as strongly as it began. Our schedule will continue to offer the diversity in news and music Lexington deserves as an alternative to commercial radio. Our 60 regular jocks (listed within this magazine) volunteer their time and musical knowledge every week to maintain the diversity WRFL embodies.

The few changes occurring this spring are

minor, yet critical to the integrity of our schedule. The Sunshine Over night will experience a reprieve from oblivion and stay on for the spring semester while the Psychedelic show, "Through the Looking Glass", will air at 12am on Saturday mornings and "5 minutes of Funk" with Nubia will serve up the best in current and classic funk from 9pm til midnight on Saturdays. Another anemity of our programming is every weekday from noon to 1:30 is what we refer to as the "Jocks Lunch". These 90 minutes are fair game as the Jock or Jockette gets to play radio god and do what ever he or she chooses. Enough people wanted it back so here you go. Back by popular demand is WRFL'S Jazz Flight only this time it's called "Jazz ain't no Lemon" hosted by Andy Storfer. Formerly a lunch time jock, Andy takes over for 3 hours of cool classic and avant-garde Jazz from noon to 3pm on Saturdays. The New Music Preview has moved to Thursday nights, with the "Hoe Dad Hootenanny" on Sundays from 3-5pm. "Town Hall of the Air" has expanded to a 90 minute broadcast, allowing John Clark to continue discussing the state of the union and your block while encouraging his listeners to call in and express them-

selves on any number of issues. Our budding Folk show "Hard Travl'in Re-vue" is gaining momentum on Tuesday nights from 9pm to midnight. This showcase of American folk runs the gambit of classic, local, regional, and nouveau folk music with live on air performances by local and nationally recognized musicians. Notably absent from the line up is the "Celtic Hour" which is on hiatus at the request of Lori. In its place is an Indian Music Hour which will showcase the finest in Asian Indian music hosted by Raj.

The asset of Radio Free Lexington to UK is invaluable. The ongoing success of this unique media outlet is dependent on the interest and activism of the students who run it. For WRFL to remain strong and operating at optimum levels we need people who are dedicated to excellence, driven to exhibit professional attitudes, and willing to devote their time and efforts for little or no compensation. You may say, "I have no experience in radio though." Worry not. Experience is not necessary to be a part of WRFL, only a little maturity and a sense of purpose. Observations from this past year have prompted me to include this "pep" talk of sorts as the station is in need of people who are , if not

experienced, are at least willing to learn the basic premise behind how and why media operate. Some may argue that we are "only" a college radio station and therefor are not expected to live up the standards set forth in other media outlets. To these people I say you are the reason WRFL has been considered cliquish, club like, and generally inaccessible to the majority of the students at UK, all of whom contribute \$1.00 to the stations operations every year. If you are reading this and are in advertising, marketing, telecomm., comm., or just plain A&S, come down and pester someone into putting you to work. The other option is to come in with a presentation of what you think you can contribute to our operations and make someone listen to you and actually do something about it. There is an entire realm of radio off the microphone that can net an individual some valuable experience in their chosen area of expertise! As we are a student organization we must give priority to UK students, staff, and faculty which includes their LCC counterparts.

This concludes my year at WRFL, and as I am graduating in May, my academic career at UK. Thanks to the students, staff & faculty of the University of Kentucky,

Lexington residents, and everyone who has supported us in the past. We sincerely appreciate your interest in our station and with your continued support we will continue to bring you the quality radio programming you so desperately deserve.

As always we look forward to fielding comments, criticism, and praise from our listeners. Feel free to call me at the station during business hours at 257-4636, or write to us at WRFL Box 777 University Station Lexington, KY 40506-0025. I do my best to respond to every letter we get, so if there is something you'd like to say, by all means drop me a note. Again I want to thank the student body at UK, and those particular individuals, for making this station the success it is. We should all be proud and help insure the future success of WRFL by being very vocal in our support.

Rick Jamie
Program Director
WRFL 88.1 FM



AND NOW A WORD FROM OUR GENERAL MANAGER...

In my five year association with WRFL 88.1 FM, the last two as GM, there are many great things to be said. While at U.K., I have never seen an organization where the participants give as much time and effort as they do at WRFL. This is, for the most part, a volunteer organization and many people work at it with a passion. While we are still attached to that stigma of being "that station that plays all the wierd stuff," we have grown and diversified to the point where our listening audience knows better.

The University has left us alone to be able to grow and have been there when we needed them. Overall, the University administration has been very supportive of WRFL, and for this, I would like to say thank you.

The jocks are some of the most diversified people, both in musical taste and college majors. They are a great bunch of people who work hard to put on some of the most outstanding programming in radio. The DJ's at WRFL are the true life's blood of this organization.

In closing, I would like to thank the people who have made my GM experience at WRFL a real adventure! Thank you to all the DJ's for your great shows and the broadening of my musical horizons. Thank you to all the directors, both the present and the past, for making WRFL one of the best college radio stations in the country. Thank you to Rick Jamie, my program director, who, after we decided we hated each other, became a friend and helped me take the station in a new direction.

A huge thank you goes to Mike Agin and Patsy Martin from the entire station. Without your help, work, advice, continued support University-wide, WRFL would not be as progressive and popular as we are. This will insure the future of WRFL. To the listeners and local merchants who have supported us and continue to do so, our debt of gratitude could never be repaid. You have made WRFL-FM into what it is today, and you are responsible for us to be there tomorrow.

WRFL is the best and it is the standard of radio that I will always have every other station compared to... and they will lose!

**Wayne J. Karczewski
General Manager
WRFL 88.1 FM**

BLOCK SHOWS

YOUR FAVORITE MUSIC IN ONE BIG DOSE!

JOCK'S LUNCH

Monday through Friday, Noon-1:30pm

For 90 minutes, Monday through Friday, you'll be treated to a surprise lunch-time buffet ranging from Jazz to a binge and purge of your favorite artists. Because Jock's Choice is what it implies, you may never know what may turn up during lunch. Pull up a chair to our table and get yourself a big helping of mystery meat and tuna surprise, and oh yeah, music music music!!

PACIFICA RADIO NEWS

Weeknights, 6:00-6:30pm

This is not NBC Nightly News. Pacifica Radio News is news as it *actually* happens. This is news you can use, not news that uses you.

HITCHHIKER BLUES

Saturday Nights, 6:00-8:00pm

Not limited by the confines of Blues Proper, Hitchhiker Blues roams from early Delta Blues to Country, from post-war Chicago Blues to Jazz to Blues Rock, and anywhere in between. There is no territory the adventuresome spirit of Blues fears to tread. Dare you catch a ride.

ENTROPIC SYMPHONIES

Monday Nights, 9:00pm-12:00am

No longer is a college "metal" show composed only of music about dragons and sexual exploits sung by over-leathered, under-talented rock stars. Thankfully, the parameters have expanded. Tune in for some "Music for the ears to bleed by." We even play requests.

WRFL's ALBUM FEATURE

Sunday Nights, 9:00pm-12:00am

Every Sunday, tune in for WRFL's Album Feature. For three hours, we offer you the best current and classic albums known to man. If you are tired of what other stations have to offer, try us. We think you'll like it.

WRFL's NEW MUSIC PREVIEW

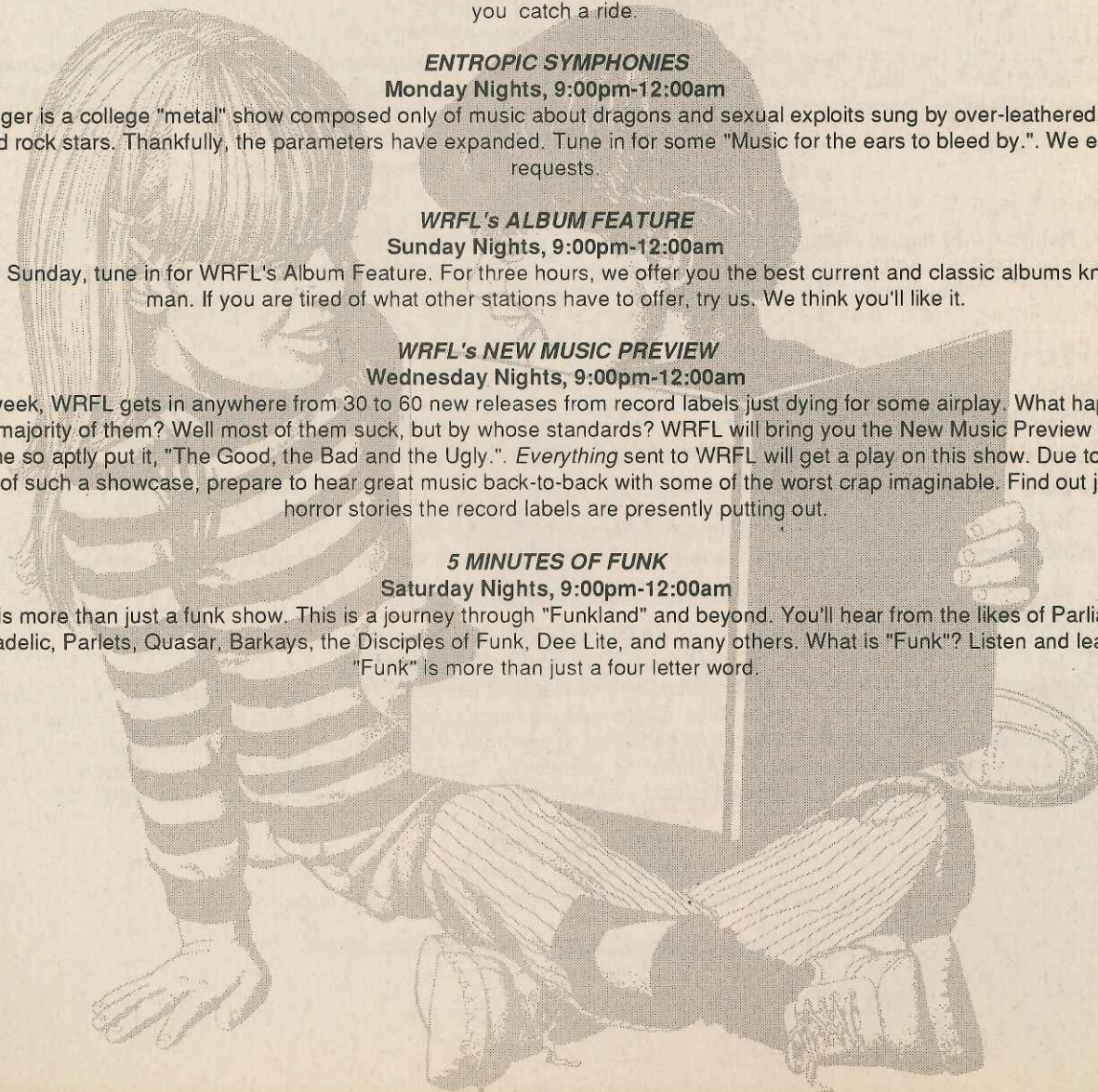
Wednesday Nights, 9:00pm-12:00am

Each week, WRFL gets in anywhere from 30 to 60 new releases from record labels just dying for some airplay. What happens to the majority of them? Well most of them suck, but by whose standards? WRFL will bring you the New Music Preview or, as someone so aptly put it, "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly." *Everything* sent to WRFL will get a play on this show. Due to the very nature of such a showcase, prepare to hear great music back-to-back with some of the worst crap imaginable. Find out just what horror stories the record labels are presently putting out.

5 MINUTES OF FUNK

Saturday Nights, 9:00pm-12:00am

This is more than just a funk show. This is a journey through "Funkland" and beyond. You'll hear from the likes of Parliament, Funkadelic, Parlets, Quasar, Barkays, the Disciples of Funk, Dee Lite, and many others. What is "Funk"? Listen and learn that "Funk" is more than just a four letter word.



ROOTS N' CULTURE

Monday Nights, 6:30-9:00pm

Relax your body and soul every week with a three- hour trip to Jamaica. The finest in Roots, Rock, and Reggae will be served up to feed your natty soul. From classic cuts by Bob Marley and the Wailers to the latest riddims haunting the dancehall, you'll get it all. We'll get you positive-ized, zion-ized, and satisfied, and we're guaranteed to make your body move.

THE HODAD HOOTENANNY

Sunday Afternoons, 3:00-5:00pm

From Rockabilly, Surfabilly (well, all the "Billys" for that matter), Garage, Punk, and Country, Rob and JoMama spin a variety of unproduced, unreleased, unrehearsed, and unauthorized music that you'll seldom find. Tune into a fabulous show which gives you the likes of Haskil Akins, Reverend Horton Heat, and some guy who boasts that he can croon like a frog without a home.

WORLD SOUNDS

Sunday Nights, 6:00-9:00pm

Presenting a selection of songs from just about any location on the globe, World Beat introduces you to a broad spectrum of types and styles of music. You'll hear rural African Blues and the searing electric guitars of Zairian soukous. You'll hear classical Indian ragas and old Calypso songs. You'll also hear the latest Soca music from this year's carnival celebration in Trinidad. World Beat offers you the whole world to choose from. Tune into WRFL's musical travelogue for a listening adventure.

BURNING SENSATIONS

Early Friday Mornings, 12:00-3:00am

Negative outlooks, nihilistic dreams, post-apocalyptic views of the future....that's Punk Rock. Like it or leave it, love it or lump it, believe it or not. AAAAUUUUUUGH!!

HARD TRAVELIN' REVUE

Tuesday Nights, 9:00pm-12:00am

The music of the Hard Travelin' Revue ranges from traditional folk songs evolved over many generations, to contemporary folk rock. Travel along from the coffee house circuit of the 60's folk boom to the work songs of the plantation fields. From Folk Blues to Sea Chanties, the Revue showcases music that freely changes as it travels from person to person, generation to generation, and country to country.

THE VIGIL

Sunday Mornings, 6:00-9:00am

No masks. No hype. Just honest music about faith and belief that won't insult your intelligence. From Funk to Folk, Rap to Rave, Industrial to Inspirational, the Vigil lights candles in the darkness and keeps watch until dawn. Join in with requests, comments, and questions. Rise with us and keep the Vigil. You may be surprised by what you hear.

THE BEAT BASH

Friday Nights, 9:00pm-12:00am

Gyrate to three hours in the mix: House, Alternative, Tekkno, Acid, Post-Industrial, and anything danceable from London to Chicago or Brussels to Berlin. We guarantee that any hot dance track you've heard in the clubs was first heard here. The Beat Bash gives you what you cRave.

JAZZ AIN'T NO LEMON

Saturday Afternoons, Noon-3:00pm

The best in Jazz from the past to the present. Tune in for your old favorites as well some excellent music from Jazz newcomers. This show ain't no lemon.

LATE, LATE SHOW

Early Friday Mornings, 3:00-6:00am

Junk store and yard sale finds. Budget Rock. Mind-boggingly obscure big band radio transcripts. Antique blues 78s so crispy you can barely hear a lone voice moaning thru the static. Old home recordings of forgotten nobodies. Soundtracks to films long lost.

Poetry and readings from 1001 bitter unrecognised geniuses. Scary organ records. Sound effects records. Records that skip. Small-time regionally-made albums by lounge acts, traveling evangelists, "comedians," and primitive teenage combos. Children's records. Cassettes and records meant to accompany filmstrips in elementary school. CAN YOU TAKE IT?

MUSIC FROM INDIA

Sunday Evenings, 5:00-6:00pm

Each Sunday experience the mystical sounds of Indian Music.

HOT BURRITO

Sunday Mornings, 9:00am-Noon

Believe it or not, country music has a strong underground following that is growing larger everyday. Full of the best in traditional and progressive Country, Hot Burrito is your home for the ultimate in Country and Western.

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Friday Nights, 6:30-9:00pm

Have you ever been grooving to your favorite local band in your favorite neighborhood pub and thought to yourself, "Man, it would be so cool if I could enjoy these guys in the privacy of my own home without actually having to invite them over!" Well, look no further. Once a week, WRFL brings you the finest from Lexington and the surrounding region. You won't have to pay three dollars for mixed drinks either!

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Early Saturday Mornings, 12:00am-3:00am

Savor the shimmering and shattering of psychedelic sound and experience music so vivid you can taste it. Guitars melt in a firestorm of chocolate ecstasy. Keyboards contract in crystals of frozen raspberry ice. Time and space fuse into one ultraviolet aural symphony. The Mad Hatter is having another tea party, come Through the Looking Glass and join us.

STREET INTELLECT

Early Wednesday Mornings, 12:00-3:00am

Don't be alarmed by the serious bass and funkiness blasting through your speakers. It can only mean one thing: Street Intellect. Each week you can tune in and check out the latest and oldest jams from the street.

SUNSHINE OVERNITE

Early Sunday Mornings, 12:00-3:00am

Now that the 90's are here, the 70's are back in full force. Sort of like the 50's were in the 70's, and the 60's were in the 80's. The little brothers and sisters of last year's hippie-wannabes are now wearing polyester. The 70's brought the last glimpse of innocence, and the first glimpse of reality to an entire generation. The 70's are back, and WRFL, the only radio station in Lexington where the sun shines at midnight, has them.

CATACOMBS

Early Thursday Mornings, 12:00-3:00am

What is Catacombs? Catacombs is Underground. It's the obscure, the offbeat, and the insane. It's Max Ernst blowing his nose on the shroud of Turin. It's monster sex and angel violence. It's having having seen *Fingered* 23 times. It's men behaving as beasts and women becoming gods. Ya'll come down now, hear?

BLUE YODEL #9

Saturday Mornings, 9:00am-Noon

The Blue Yodel #9 is the only radio show in central Kentucky that plays bluegrass and acoustic music. You can hear the contemporary bluegrass sounds of the Lynn Morris Band, Northern Lights, and Weary Heart. Also, stick around for some of your old favorites like J.D. Crowe, Flatt and Scruggs, and the Osbourne Brothers. Every week, check out the best and only bluegrass on the airwaves.

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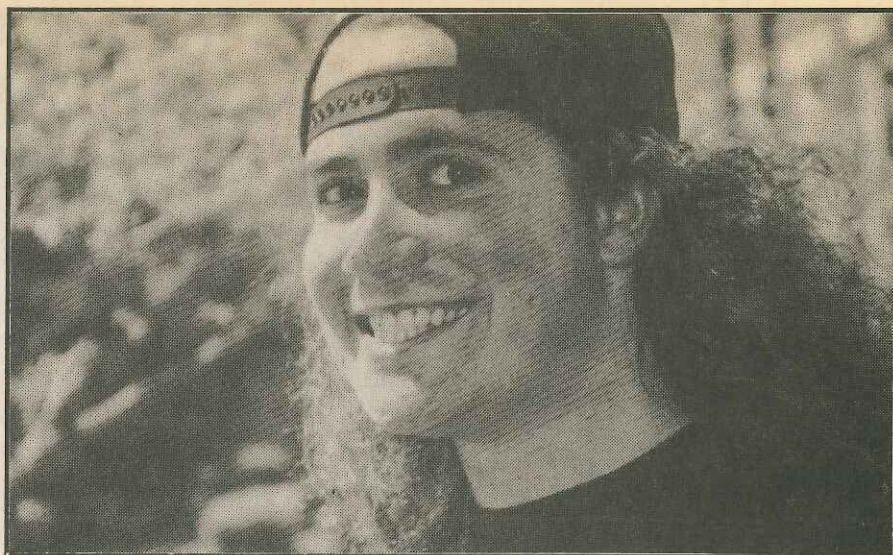
"YOU GOTTA HAVE FAITH"



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CONCERT REVIEW

Melvins
with **Milk Mine** and
Buttsteak
at The Southgate House,
Newport, Ky.
October 20, '93
a review by Doug Saretsky



Melvins! That was all that was on our minds as myself and three of my closest loser-type friends piled into my car to make the haul to Newport, Kentucky. I'll admit that I was a little skeptical at first. When we left, I had my ticket for the show in my wallet, but the idea of my favorite band on the entire planet playing in a town I had never heard of (much less in my home state), seemed just a bit too good to be true. Thankfully, though, it wasn't—and I was left with an experience that I won't be forgetting anytime soon.

We had no trouble finding the Southgate House, which apparently used to be a place called the "Jockey Club (before my time, kids—I don't know what it was either)". The place was a gas in itself—we passed through a scary looking horde of rednecks on our way to the main part of the building, which looked like your typical "Gramma's House," but with neon beer signs. Since we left early for fear of getting lost, we arrived in time to view both opening bands. Writing about both of these bands at the same time will probably annihilate my writing ability, so I'll break them down one by one.

Buttsteak: Okay, the name sounded innocent enough. I figured that with a name like Buttsteak, you get a bunch of fat rednecks playing the thickest regurgitated Sabbath rip-off rock (not always a bad thing, mind you). I couldn't have been more wrong. While I was being pummeled and punished by their set, I thought of the perfect way to describe Buttsteak. Remember Penis Your Majesty? Buttsteak sounded almost exactly like P.Y.M., only with a totally annoying female singer. I'm all for the "Women

in Rock" thing, but this girl, who looked straight out of art school, had a voice that was so annoying that I stole a roll of toilet paper from the restroom so we could wad it up and stick it in our ears. Even then, all I could do was sit and shake my head. Buttsteak were B-A-D.

Milkmine: I think heckling bands while they're playing is a really shitty thing to do. Music is a form of self-expression, and even the most errant cry of "You SUCK!!" can have disastrous effects on young musicians. If a band has the courage to get up in front of two hundred people and play a set, you at least owe them the courtesy of enduring their performance, no matter how bad their music is. And if it's *that bad*, you can go get a beer or something.

Unless, of course the band you're dealing with is Milkmine. We heckled the shit out of these guys—it was impossible not to. This band (composed of two bass players and a drummer) hails from Cincinnati and play dissonant-sounding noise that resembles, somewhat, an oncoming avalanche of elephant dung, only without the menacing power that only elephant shit can provide. Given a choice between the aforementioned and Milkmine, I'll take the elephant dung any day of the week. Their isn't a word in the English language to describe how terrible their set was.

Yeah, I could say they "sucked", but even that could suggest that there were problems with the sound or that they were just having a "bad night". I'm not gonna give them that. No way. Milkmine's music, coupled with their pretentious attitude towards the crowd, proved once again that "you don't have to have a cock to

suck (they're all guys)". If any band lesser than the Melvins were playing after them, I would've gotten the gang together and split. Yessir, I hate Milkmine. A lot. Whenever I hear their music, I want to kill myself and take as many innocent bystanders with me as I can. And the fact that they are complete assholes only strengthens my hatred.

Good for us, though, was the fact that Milkmine got pissed at the crowd for not liking their bullshit music and played a short set. Almost immediately, various roadies, sound technicians, and other assorted goombahs were scrambling about the stage in preparation for the Melvins' performance. I stood directly in front of the stage with an almost infantile anticipation. I twitched nervously and my fingernails carved painful white crescents on the insides of my closed fists. All I could think of was Melvinsmelvinsmelvinsmelvins...

And the Melvins' set was nothing short of pure, electrified God. King Buzzo's afro was in full effect as Dale Crover pounded his drums like a frustrated animal. Mark Deutrom, the latest in a long line of Melvins' bassist, provided the cog in the well-oiled Melvins rock and roll machine. From the opening chords of "Hooch," through the surprise renditions of "Zodiac" and "Leech (an old Green River song, for you grunge trivia buffs)," the Melvins pounded out their trademark slow-and-heavy that is too far out-of-this-world to be even thought of as "grunge."

Although my neck hurt for four days afterward (due to so much head-banging), seeing the Melvins again was a dream come true.

CHUCK

SEZ...

A LITTLE RANTING AND RAVING BY CHUCK POWELL



A few months ago I was watching VH-1 (yeah, I know) and caught an interview with several rock stars from the 60's and 70's. Their round table debate seemed to consist of the much-heralded "death of rock n' roll" and one of my minor seventies-heroes, Mick Fleetwood, stated that the bends today didn't seem to have the love of "the music" that bands did in his day. They were denegrating the art to, gosh, pop! Now I will admit to a level of cheesy pop today strong enough to choke a medium-sized bison but I would argue that it's no greater now than in Mick's disco-dominated heyday. In fact, Mr. Fleetwood probably owes much of his current wealth to the work of a pop genius, Lindsay Buckingham.

But I digress. I believe that ol' Mick and other assorted fogeys, when discussing the extinction of talent, have not been paying much attention to the more exciting edges of newer music. Therefore, to assist them, I have compiled this list of assortedly great things that I noticed in 1993. So, in no particular order, here are a few reasons to believe in rock :

1. The abundance of music scenes in nearly every town of any size in America. Everybody's favorite band was local at some point.
2. The continued existence of Nirvana. Oh sure, Kurt Cobain could have taken the easy way out and kicked it on heroin but the fact he didn't means that he's at least one IQ point smarter than Sid Vicious. And Dave Grohl may be the coolest drummer in the world.
3. Pavement. 'Nuff said.
4. Bands that I don't particularly like (i.e. Huggy Bear), or actually loathe (i.e. Helmet) still rock harder than Jesus.
5. Major label recognition for bands like Smashing Pumpkins and the Afghan Whigs, both of which have produced

great music for years and deserve to make good money.

6. P.J. Harvey's description of animal castration on the Tonight Show after a thick solo rendition of "Rid of Me". Her new album kicked ass but she says she actually wants to sound harder. Still, I don't think Jay will ask her back...

7. The ability of most popular "alternative" bands to get on national television. I can't name every band that I saw or missed on TV this year, but they were generally better than seeing the umpteenth Damn Yankees' promo. and would Janet Jackson give Conan O'Brian a hickey like Josephine Wiggs did?

8. U2's return to prominence. Their audience seems to have polarized between adoration and sheer hatred but no other band gets as much talk either way as Bono and the Boingers and that's a good thing, I think.

9. Women are becoming so prominent in music that it will be impossible to categorize them soon. Finally.

10. For every Blind Melon that hops the alternative bandwagon there's a Primus that jumps off the back and into the middle of the road without having to compromise.

11. Simple Machines, Kill Rock Stars, K Records, Mammoth, and other independent labels which keep pumping great bands to us at an affordable price.

12. Just when it looked liked R.E.M. had finally gone crappo (didn't "Drive" sound so comfortable on AOR? And what a Pylon rip-off.) they proved they still had something to say. The simplicity of "Everybody Hurts". A song about Andy Kaufman. An album titled after their favorite restaurant. Reminds you that seven years ago they were just four guys from a little town in Georgia.

13. The Judgement Night soundtrack. Sure, the movie sank faster than the Edmund Fitzgerald, but the soundtrack was something to look back on years from now as a truly exceptional experiment.

14. Frank Zappa managed to get even more music recorded before succumbing to cancer. We'll get to hear it. And his death now makes him eligible for a post-age stamp.

15. Hammer and The New Kids are officially dead in the water while music gave birth to Casey Scott and the Creeps, Scrawl, and Maddier Rose.

16. The shattering of fuzz pop giants Pixies and Throwing Muses gave us Belly, Frank Black, and The Breeders (not to mention a new Muses disc). More is better.

17. Urge Overkill's "Saturation" LP. Riff-meistering, log-rolling, leg-sawing, tush-squeezing, great musik.

18. The actually interesting return of Morrissey. The last dinosaur of the formerly dominant Manchester sound (the Stone Roses, the Housemartins, Jesus Jones, James) suddenly stopped his maddening slide into uselessness and recorded a decent album. For those of us who wore out our Smiths' records 8 years ago it was a reprieve from irrelevance.

19. Negativland didn't get sued this year. For anything, I think.

20. The Grammys are becoming more and more impotent as everyone realizes that they suck.

21. Tom Waits did it again.

22. Prince's greatest hits collection took up three CD's. And they missed a few.

23. Shonen Knife, Concussion Ensemble, Archers of Loaf, Grant Lee Buffalo, The Muffs, Ani DiFranco, and others who still care.



MUSIC *reviews*

Various- "Revive Us Again" EP

This 7" features some of the greatest new names in the field of death-defying, sonic punk rock piledrivers. It features choice cuts from Man Is the Bastard (whose song, "Goodbye", is totally mind-blowing), Rupture, Agathocles, Nations On Fire, and Hiatus, among others. Utterly knocks you off your feet. —Doug Saretsky

Bad Brains- "Rise" LP Epic Records

All Mitch is saying is give Brains a chance.

Yes, half the original lineup is gone, get over it. Bad Brains major label debut, "Rise" is a document of their staying power, a testament of a band that refuses to die despite the departure of its' single most charismatic entity, H.R., and drummer Earl Hudson.

New additions, vocalist, Israel Joseph I, and drummer, Mackie Jayson, are noticeably less dynamic than their predecessors, but hold their own in the heavy mix of Dr. Know's guitar and Darryl Jennifer's acrobatic bass lines.

"Peace of Mind," "Miss Freedom," "Unidentified," "Coming in Numbers," and the title track will give diehard Brainiacs more than food for thought. —Mitchell L.H. Douglas

The Solsonics- "Jazz in the Present Tense" LP Chrysalis Records

From the west coast, Jazz has been given a new, fresh voice. That voice is The Solsonics. Their brand of jazz is a slow and funky one that harkens back to the sounds of Isaac Hayes and Miles Davis circa the early Seventies. The feel of the album is one of a cool summer's eve in the barrio. The tune, "Montuno Funk", is worth the price of the disc alone. —Kenn Minter

Shaquille O'Neal- "Shaq Diesel" LP Jive Records

Hasn't Eazy-E taught us anything? There's nothing wrong with releasing an EP instead of an LP, just enough material to get people

interested without hitting a nerve (without Ice Cube to write his lyrics, it's one of the smartest moves Eazy has ever made).

"Shaq Diesel" is, unfortunately, a full 12 tracks from a new jack rapper attempting to wreak havoc in the Hip-Hop industry as he does on the basketball court.

Is Shaq better at shattering backboards than he is at mashing up the mic? Of course he is, but you'll get a kick out of his first rap outing "What's Up Doc? (Can We Rock)" with Fu-Schnickens, "(I Know I Got) Skillz" with Def Jef, "Where Ya At" with Phife Dog and Ali Shaheed Muhammed of A Tribe Called Quest, and his latest single, "I'm Outstanding", that samples the Gap Band classic. After that, the basketball metaphors and shameless Reebok advertisements grow old and you begin to wonder, "Why a whole album 'Shaq'?"

Do yourself a favor: save the money and record it from a friend who's sorry they didn't do the same. —Mitchell L.H. Douglas

Grief- "Dismal" 12" Grievous Records

Very dismal indeed. This band features members of stenchcore split-EP kings Disrupt. Four tracks. Each one is slow and brutally thick with bull elephant bass and guitar blasts. —Doug Saretsky

Zeni Geva- "Desire For Agony" LP Alternative Tentacles

Hailing from Japan, Zeni Geva are ready to tear Smashing Pumpkins a new asshole. This record will totally destroy your conception of Japan being a new hotbed for disco and all-girl punk bands. Frontman, K.K. Null, is no newcomer to the field of slow and pulverizing— look for the two "song" Null LP (a fave among "Catacombs" groupies). Also check your record store shelves for the stateside reissue of Z.G.'s "Nai-Ha" CD. —Doug Saretsky

Tori Amos- "Under the Pink" LP Atlantic Records

Amos' latest effort seems to be a sequel of sorts to her last effort, "Little Earthquakes". With "Under the Pink", Amos carries on the tradition of what Kate Bush used to do best. The album is filled with the typical ethereal Amos piano tunes as well as a few angry poppier rockers. Amos holds little back in her music, she holds nothing back on "Under the Pink". —Kenn Minter

Screeching Weasel- "Anthem For a New Tomorrow" LP Lookout

This is a band that is going nowhere musically, but features enough hooks and catchy songwriting to last several lifetimes over. In case you don't already know, Screeching Weasels are kind of like "Rocket to Russia" era Ramones. This LP is Really cool. I didn't like it as much as "Wiggle", their previous LP, but I won't be selling this album for beer money anytime soon. —Doug Saretsky

Godhead Silo- "Friendship Village" EP Kill Rock Stars

Two guys, and no guitarist in this band. While this can spell doom for lesser musicians, (read: Milk Mine), Godhead Silo manage to reinvent some of the rudiments of Underground. Who says you need a full lineup to rock? This 7" is totally evil—I dare you to buy it! —Doug Saretsky

Shonen Knife- "Rock Animals" LP Virgin Records

The Knife girls are up to their old tricks again with their latest effort. This time around they *really* know how to play their instruments. Songs such as "Butterfly Boy," "Catknip Dream," and "Brown Mushrooms" are typical Shonen Knife silliness. Yet they punk-out on tracks "Quavers" and "Cobra Versus Mongoose". It's amusingly fun. —Kenn Minter

Nausea-"Extinction: The Second Coming" LP
Selfless Records

This CD is a discography of sorts, featuring a remixed version of Nausea's "Extinction" LP, plus the "Lie Cycle" EP and the "Cybergod" 7". Also on this is their track from the "Allied Number Three" EP. Good package—definitely worth owing.

—Doug Saretsky

Rupture-"Baser Apes" EP
Slap A Ham Records
Capitalist Casualties-"Raised Ignorant" EP
Slap A Ham Records

Two of the latest additions to my favorite record label on the planet. Australia's **Rupture** play the kind of music your mother always wanted to keep you away from—violent wind-tunnel thrash with some of the most inane lyrics ever. **Capitalist Casualties** are in the same kind of vein—they're from California and write slightly more intelligent songs. Both are destined to be classics, so send Slap-A-Ham all your money. I did.

—Doug Saretsky

The Gr'Ups-"Buildings" 7"

Featuring two ex-members of **Blatz**, this EP is in the same style as the late, great Berkeley, CA punk band. Completely raging rockabilly punk. Check out "A Lil' Lost" and "Kali Is Your Bad-Ass Mother." Excellent.

—Doug Saretsky

Various Artists-"Vinyl Retentive" double LP
Very Small Records

I wasn't really aware of this until my parents gave it to me for Christmas. This comp has tons of stuff on it. **Econochrist**, **Buzzoven**, and **Grimple** are only a few of the bands featured. My favorite, though, is the "jailbait-core" of **Raoul**.

—Doug Saretsky

Rancid-s/t LP
Epitaph

This has been out for a while, but I figured I'd mention it because I think everybody should own a copy. **Rancid** was formed by two ex-members of **Operation Ivy** and continue their style, ditching the occasional ska song or two.

—Doug Saretsky

Various-"Music For the Proletariat" LP
Allied Records

A CD-only compilation, "Music For the Proletariat" is 26 tracks of the newest names in punk. There are some well-knowns here, such as **Jawbreaker**, **J Church**, and **Resist**, but most of the stuff here is music from bands that I had never heard of before. There are a few clunkers here and there, but overall, this is worth a listen. Pay special attention to **Radon**, a Florida band whose sound combines the pop of **Superchunk** with the raw guitar skree of **Husker Du**.

—Doug Saretsky

Heavenly-"P.U.N.K. Girl" EP
K Records

My guilty pleasure of the issue. This EP isn't "Riotgrrrrr!" grunge, but rather a more subdued, poppier outfit, kind of like a female **Wedding Present**. The standout here is "Dig Your Own Grave," which totally made me cry. Believe it.

—Doug Saretsky

Devil Dogs-"Saturday Night Fever" LP
Crypt Records

I listen to this one in the car a lot. I previously shunned buying the **Dogs'** records because they completely sounded like shit (I mean recording quality). This one rips, though. Total guitar-driven retro punk. Fave tracks include "Backstage," "It's Not Easy," and "Shaky Sue." On colored vinyl for record nerds.

—Doug Saretsky

DOUG SARETSKY SEZ TO CHECK-OUT THIS OTHER SHIT:

SUPERCHUNK-"Ribbons" 7"

RUPTURE-"Baser Apes" EP

PARASITES-"Something to Hold Onto" 7"

DIDJITS-"Que Sirhan Sirhan" LP

TED BUNDY'S

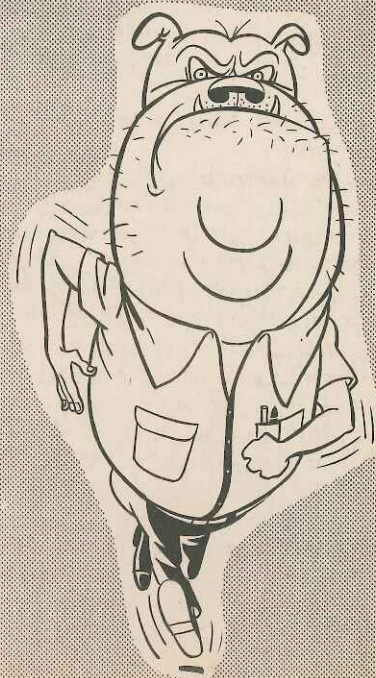
VOLKSWAGON-"Baker" EP

RANCID-"Rancid" LP

MAD BROTHER WARD-"Hated By All" 7"

ERECTUS MONOTONE-"Close Up" EP

VERTIGO-"Nail Hole" LP



WRFL 88.1FM SPRING 1994

PROGRAM SCHEDULE

24 Hour Request Line:

257-WR

Office Phone:

257-INF

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
12AM	Sunshine Overnite w/ John Burroughs	Brian Mannley	Rick Billingsley
3AM	Gail Silver	Rance Piatt	Clay Pagan
6AM	The Vigil Tanya, Nathan & Scott	Jon Shaw	TBA
9AM	Hot Burrito Rob, Matt & Steve	Walter Zausch	A.J. Naito
12PM	Week In Review Counter Spin & Critical Voice	Ellen Bush	Dan Wu
3PM	<i>Girls in the Garage</i> ?	Mike Overman	Vince Barker
6PM	World Sounds w/ Bill & Bill	ROOTS CULTURE w/ Tim & Kristin	Pacific Keith Spears
9PM	Album Features New, Indie, Classic	Entropic Symphonies w/ Wayne & Chris	Hard Travellin' Revue w/ Pat & Lori

FL(9735)

D(4636)

Program Director Rick Jamie

General Manager Wayne Karczewski

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
Street Intellect w/ Sami	Catacombs w/ Shawn & Doug	Burning Sensations w/ Pat & Jay	Through the Looking Glass	Beat Bash Dance & Techno Blue Yodel #9 Bluegrass & Traditional Burning Sensations Hardcore, Thrash, & Punk Catacombs Underground Counterspin Media Criticism from F.A.I.R. Entropic Symphonies Metal
TBA	Linn Teachy	LATE, LATE SHOW w/ Jeff Holland	Pete Hrabak	5 Minutes of Funk Vintage Soul & Funk Hard Travelin' Revue New & Classic Folk Hitchhiker Blues Wide range of Blues schools Hot Burrito! Country & Western In the Neighborhood Local music
Chris Sullivan	Ty Halpin	Tom Owens	TBA	Jazz ain't no lemon New, Old and Classic Jazz
Sara Smucker	Rick Jamie	Bruce Sowards	Blue Yodel #9 & WMMT News	Jocks Lunch 90 minutes of Jocks choice, M-F
Jocks Lunch				Late, Late Show Moldy, Old & Obscure Records New Music Preview Week's latest releases
Chuck Powell	Dave Ferris	Jose Carvallo	Jazz ain't no lemon w/ Andy	Roots Culture Reggae & Roots Street Intellect Rap & Hip Hop Sunshine Overnite Classic sounds of the 70's
Lee McKnight	John-Boy	Heather Jones	Byl Hensley	Through the Looking Glass Psychedelia Town Hall of the Air Call in Issues WMMT News
Network News				News & issues facing Appalachia
Amy Boucher	Eric Thornsburg	In the Neighborhood	Hitchhiker Blues w/ Bobby Ray	Girls in the Garage Music by women artists World Sounds Musics from around the globe
Town Hall of the Air w/ John Clark	New Music Preview w/ Aly	Beat Bash! DJ Comic & Taz-Tam	5 Minutes of Funk w/ Nubia	

Tele Cable 99.7



"Freaks Among Us"

a real life tale of radio lust

As told by Doug "Fabio" Saretsky

Probably one of the dumber things I've done in the past couple of years involves giving out my phone number. An innocent enough gesture, akin to the casual "I'll call you, we'll hang out." But for a simple college radio DJ, this action added an additional dose of fear to an already paranoid existence. This is my story and I swear every bit is true.

When I was first trained at WRFL two-and-a-half years ago, I remember then-Training Director Todd Hiatt warning me, "You'll get your share of freaks who call in when you're on the air. Don't talk to them any longer than you have to." Good advice, but it didn't really sink in until much later. I guess I just wasn't paying attention. I had met tons of cool people through my affiliation with WRFL, and the people whose radio shows I had listened to with such ardent fanboy admiration were now my weekend drinking buddies. Life was good.

Until one Friday morning that December. I was doing my first weekly shift- the dreaded "narcolepsy shift-" the 6 to 8 a.m. show. I didn't mind it (I've never been much for sleeping), but I got my share of the aforementioned "freaks." One, though, stands out among the horde. She said her name was "Dolores." Well, that wasn't the name she actually gave, but I think this girl's in one of my classes, so I'll keep her true identity secret. If I reveal it at all, it'll be in my upcoming autobiography, tentatively titled "Aw Man, I Fucked Up."

This person had me on the phone for an ungodly amount of time and I can't believe I didn't hang up on her. She asked me to describe myself. I told her I was 5'9", had hair on my back, and had big flabby arms. And she says "I wanna talk to you some more." "Can't," I say.

"I'm on the air." So I give her my phone number so she'd leave me alone and let me do my show. Mistake number one.

So over the next couple of weeks she called and left messages—with my parents! They kept asking me who she was and I said I didn't know, hoping I could remain omniscient enough until she just lost interest and quit calling.

One day, though, she caught me at home. Nobody else was around and I had just gotten out of the shower. I answered the phone naked and wet. Mistake number two. To make a long story short, I stood there in my room for half an hour listening to her make all these weird sexual innuendoes. I'll spare you the details, but I will say that one of them involved a can of Redi-Whip, Hershey's chocolate sauce, a black combat boot, and a pair of scissors. Get the picture? I wasn't hot or bothered, just a little scared. So after a while I dropped the phone back onto my bed and went upstairs to get dressed. I had a big trip planned that day. I was going to Fayette Mall to get a new black baseball cap.

After my morning beauty ritual, I plopped the phone back into the cradle and headed outside to my car. I was horrified to find that the driver's side window had been smashed in. But I went to the mall anyway, getting one of my friends to drive me. My day at the mall was hell. Every female who so much as even glanced at me sent a cold eddy of fear up my spine. I was paranoid for about a week, but alas, my mystery lover never called me again. Boo hoo hoo.

So what I'm trying to say is that even though Lexington isn't a particularly large town, there ARE freaks out there. You can't see them all of the time, but they do exist. And they're gonna find you just like they found me. The picking will be even easier if you're involved with anything that gives you even a minute amount of public visibility.

They're out there, I tell you. Out there. Somewhere....

EPILOGUE: Now this is the really funny part. I was doing the "Thought Crusade" not long ago while Pat Thielges was in Oregon and she found me again. She called the request line looking for "Dave." There were two Daves at the station then and neither of them was around, so I said "No, he's not here."

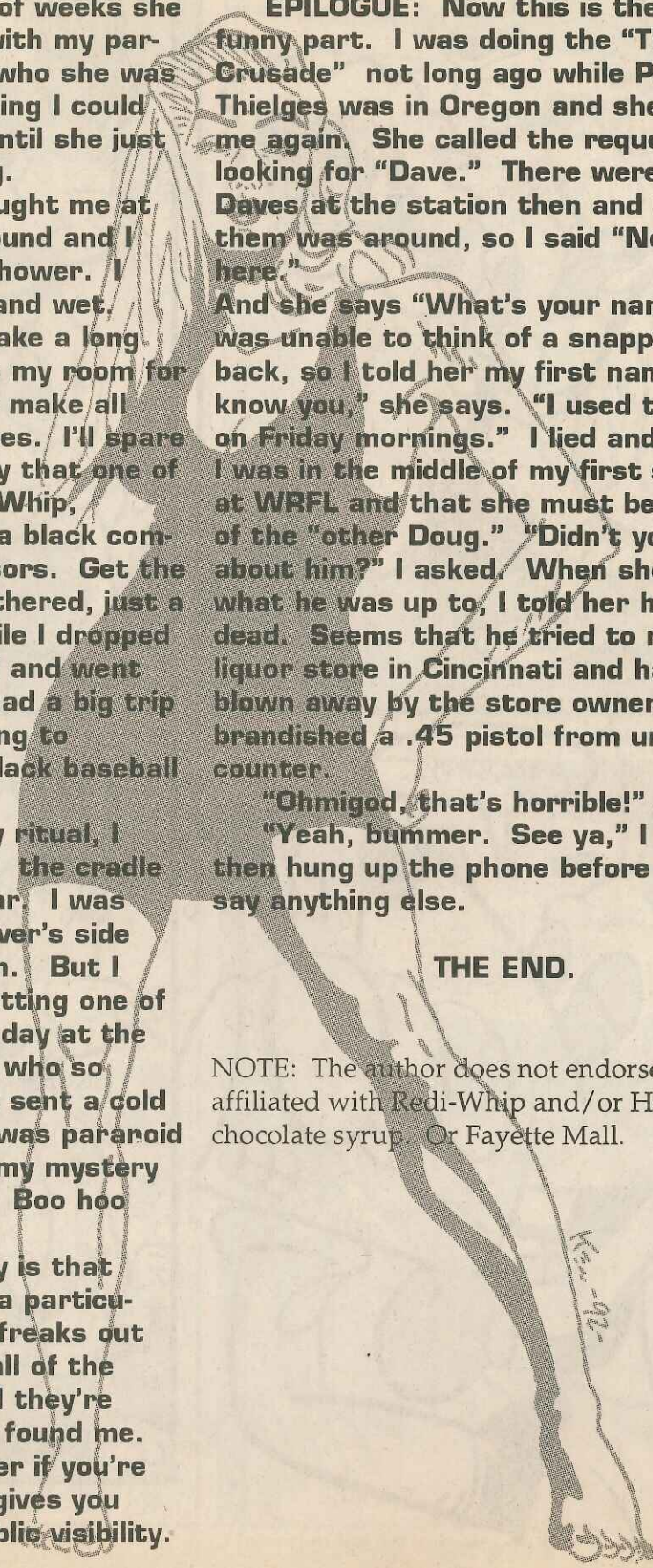
And she says "What's your name?" I was unable to think of a snappy comeback, so I told her my first name. "I know you," she says. "I used to call you on Friday mornings." I lied and said that I was in the middle of my first show ever at WRFL and that she must be thinking of the "other Doug." "Didn't you hear about him?" I asked. When she asked what he was up to, I told her he was dead. Seems that he tried to rob a liquor store in Cincinnati and had been blown away by the store owner, who brandished a .45 pistol from under the counter.

"Ohmigod, that's horrible!" she said.

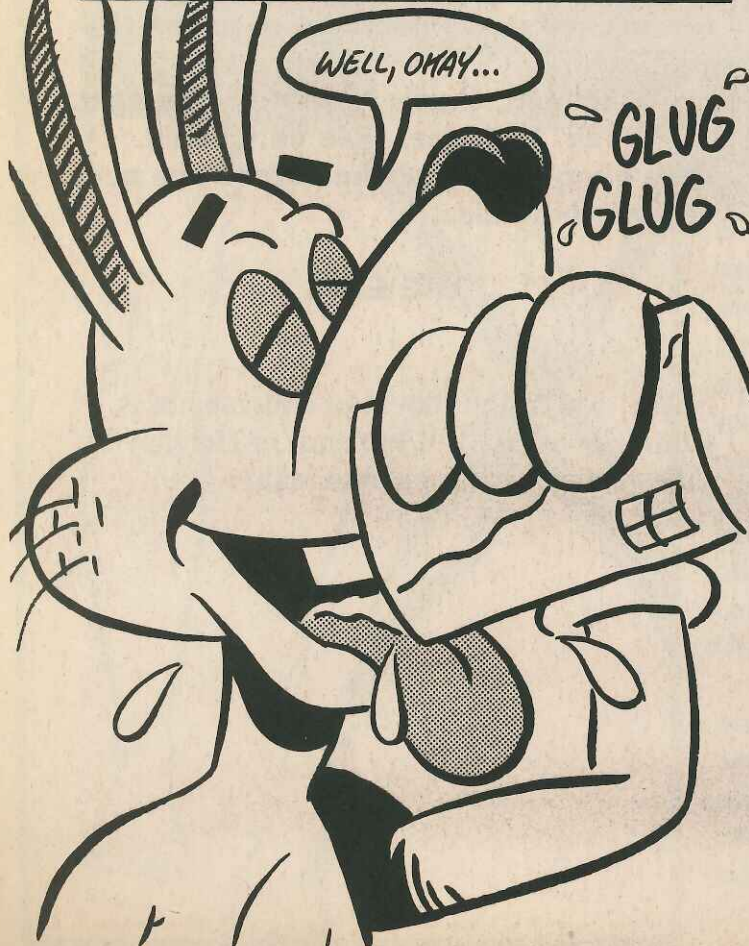
"Yeah, bummer. See ya," I said. I then hung up the phone before she could say anything else.

THE END.

NOTE: The author does not endorse nor is affiliated with Redi-Whip and/or Hershey's chocolate syrup. Or Fayette Mall.



HOMOGENIZED

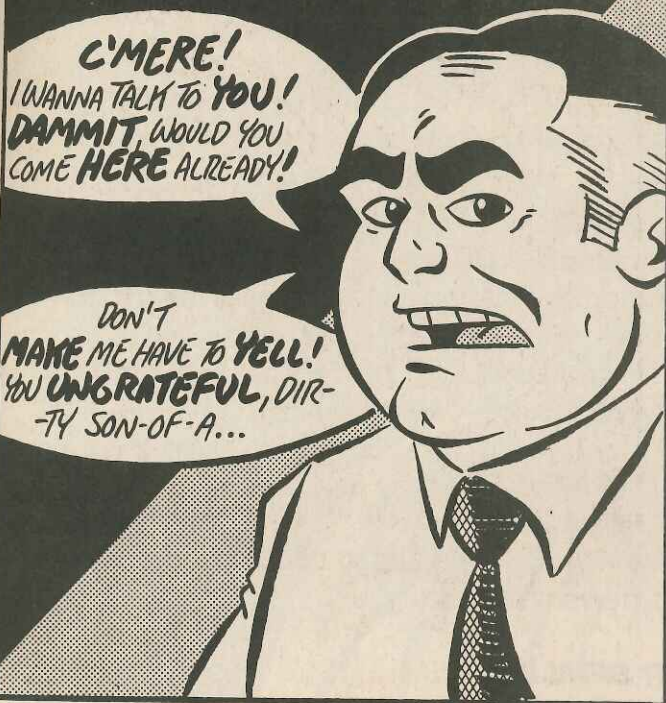


meet Dumb Dad!

HE'S OLD, HE'S FAT, HE'S CAUCASIAN,
HE'S REPUBLICAN, HE'S THE LAST OF A
DYING BREED... HE'S **DUMB DAD!**

C'MERE!
I WANNA TALK TO YOU!
DAMMIT, WOULD YOU
COME **HERE** ALREADY!

DON'T
MAKE ME HAVE TO **YELL!**
YOU **UNGRATEFUL**, DIR-
TY SON-OF-A...



DUMB DAD OWNS TWO **AMERICAN-
-MADE** CARS! *

YOU GOTTA
KEEP AMERICANS WORKING. LIKE
THE AMERICAN MECHANICS WHO
HAVE TO FIX MY CARS THAT
BREAKDOWN EVERY
OTHER WEEK!



*WHICH HE HAS TO
REPLACE EVERY 3 TO 4 YEARS!

DUMB DAD LIKES **FOOD!**

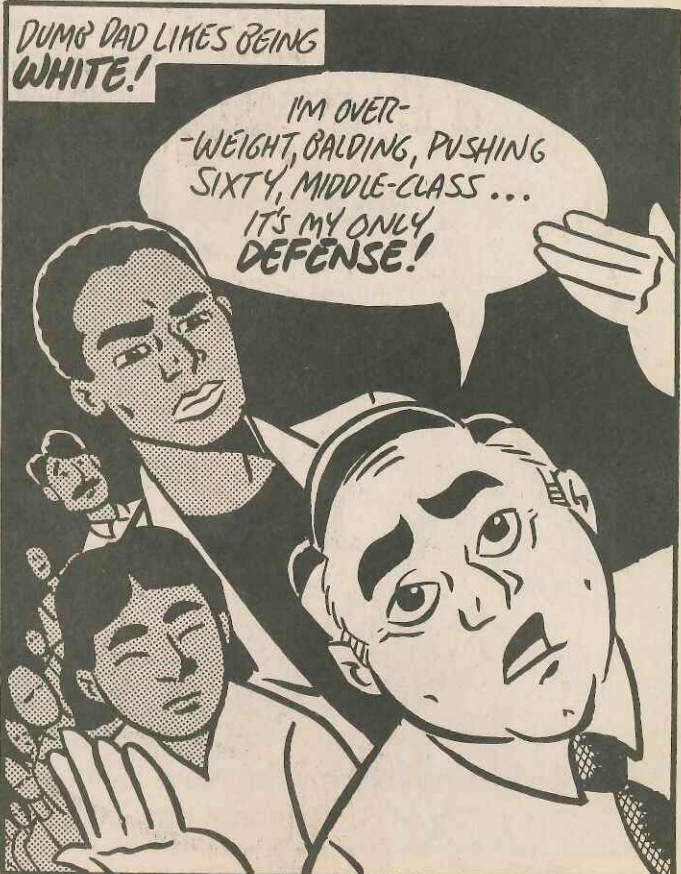
IT'S MY
ONLY **ESCAPE!**



FAMOUS FOOD QUOTE:
"THANK GOD FOR 'LITTLE DEBBIE!'"

DUMB DAD LIKES BEING
WHITE!

I'M OVER-
WEIGHT, BALDING, PUSHING
SIXTY, MIDDLE-CLASS ...
IT'S MY ONLY
DEFENSE!



WRFL NEWS

TOWN HALL OF THE AIR
Wednesday Nights, 9:00-10:30pm
Hosted by John Clark

WRFL's own listener call-in show dealing with concerns on local, national, and international levels. Call in and voice your concerns at 257-9735 on Wednesday nights.

CRITICAL VOICE
Sunday Afternoons, Noon-2:00pm

Kentucky's most biting news program, drawing on the nation's leading alternative news networks. Critical Voice dissects topics of political corruption, environmental politics, racism, U.S. foreign policy, women's issues, homelessness, AIDS updates, and much more. Meet the stark fist of reality every Sunday afternoon.

PACIFICA RADIO NEWS
Weeknights, 6:00-6:30pm

This is not the NBC Nightly News. Pacifica Radio News is news as it *actually* happens. This is news you can use, not news that uses you.

COUNTER SPIN
Sunday Afternoons, Noon-2:00pm

Journalistic slant or blatant bias? The nation's most aggressive media watchdog, Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting, sinks its gleaming fangs into the week's worst cases of media bias. Including in-depth interviews with the media's big guns, Counterspin rarely holds back on tender issues.

WMMT'S MOUNTAIN NEWS AND WORLD REPORT
Sunday Afternoons, Noon-2:00pm

Straight out of Whitesburg, WMMT's Mountain News is the weekly news magazine from Appalshop, focusing on issues that affect the people of Eastern Kentucky. Covering topics from energy and the environment to medical and social service information, WMMT's Mountain News is Central Kentucky's only regular broadcast link to Appalachia.

WRFL's WEEK IN REVIEW
Sunday Afternoons, 2:00-2:30pm

WRFL's own news and sports team brings you the news of the UK campus as it happens. We're here and we're the first ones to know.

SOCIETAL NORMS
Sunday Afternoons, 2:30-3:00pm
Hosted by Norm Wagner

There's just no telling what Norm will approach and attack on this frank and informative editorial news program. Tune in and find out.

A few weeks ago, Kurt "Nirvana-Boy" Cobain Overdosed on God-knows-what. He lived. How disappointing. Had he succeeded in garnering the attentions of the grim reaper, he could've had it all. In the simple act of dying, Kurt could've achieved Rock and Roll Godhood. He could've been the Jim Morrison for the nineties. He could, as you read this, have been trading guitar-licks with the likes of Jimi Hendrix and Buddy Holly at that eternal gig in the sky. But no, he had to go and survive it all. Now, anything he produces from here on out will be a joke. Jeez, Kurt. Can't you even die right?

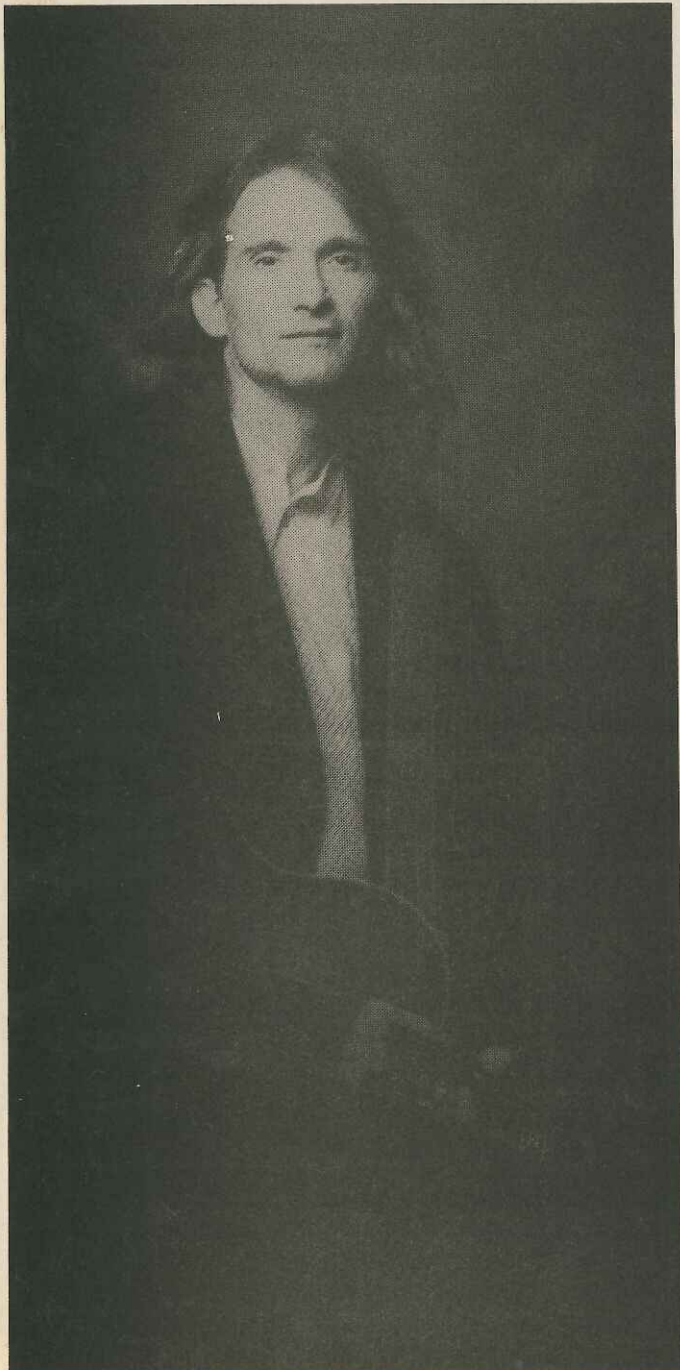
Now, if only the members of Smashing Pumpkins could plummet to the ground in a fiery plane wreck.



Kerr 1994

an interview with **Jimmie Dale Gilmore**

~~An Interview by Bobby Ray~~



An interview with Jimmie Dale Gilmore
Conducted on-air during "Hitchhiker Blues" on
November 5, 1993

RiFLe: I've got a very special guest here in the studio with me, Mr. Jimmie Dale Gilmore. Jimmie, welcome to Lexington. This is your first time here, right?

Jimmie Dale Gilmore: Yeah. It's good to be here, too. It's a beautiful place. It's good to come in and have a real place to play and meet a few people and see the town.

R: A lot of you all out there have been hearing several cuts from Jimmie's most recent album, Spinning Around the Sun, and this is really a very eclectic album. I know that Rolling Stone's critics' poll named you "Country Artist of the Year." This album seems like it has a little something to say about that.

JDG: Well, I guess there's a lot of country influence in what I do but there's also so much other stuff; so much blues and rock influence in all my music that it's always been hard to categorize it. So it's really hard to say. I think of myself more as just a musician, not a part of any particular category. I know my voice definitely sounds like a country singer the first time somebody hears it, but the music my band and I do ranges from driving blues and rock and roll to some pure acoustic stuff. We do all of it in the show.

R: The first time I saw you play was about two or three years ago and you were touring with Bob Dylan. I just remember when you came out onstage, the uniqueness of your voice caught some people off guard. I remember walking out with the feeling that you had us in the palm of your hand by the time you got off the stage, and I hear you had Dylan in the palm of your hand as well.

JDG: Yeah, he liked it a whole lot. Of course, the very fact that he had us go on the tour with him was a compliment to begin with and then some of the people travelling with him said that he came and listened to our set every night when we were touring with him. Supposedly; that's pretty unusual for him.

R: Would you tell us anything in particular about the first cut on the new album, "Where You Going?"

JDG: I cowrote this song with my friend David Hammond and the very first line says, "I've seen crimson roses growing through a chain link fence." I felt like that said it all. I really like the song. It's pretty different from most of the other stuff I've ever done.

R: I just picked up the new Rolling Stone just last night and there's a little thing in there about a show you played in Seattle recently.

JDG: There's a place in Seattle that I've played pretty regularly for the last three or four years called the "Backstage." It turns out that some of the guys that had been coming out there were a couple of the guys from Mudhoney. So we got to be friends and then we ended up doing this recording project together.

R: Who would've thunk it? Two different worlds, but of course you've never been afraid of bringing different musical worlds together.

JDG: We all became such good friends. Together we did a Townes Van Zandt song called "Buckskin Stallion." It's a great song. To a degree it sounds more like me, except you can tell that Steve and Mark from Mudhoney are there. We're gonna go record one of their songs without them, just my band. They're gonna do one of my songs. Then the three songs are gonna be put out in some little format.

R: That should be pretty interesting.

JDG: Yeah. we figure it can cross over two entirely different worlds.

R: Have you picked a song of theirs to cover already?

JDG: I'm not certain. I think I might do "Blinding Sun."

R: Another association of yours that's a favorite of people at the station is Natalie Merchant of 10,000 Maniacs. I understand she had some influence as far as your new record deal.

JDG: Yeah, she and David Blyther (General Manager of Elektra Records) met me at the Cambridge Folk Festival in England four or five years ago. Natalie became a big fan and supporter of mine. They were the ones that actually got me onto that Nonesuch deal as part of the American Explorer Series. From there, I got onto the Elektra deal.

R: Jimmie, for those who haven't seen you play live before, what can they expect?

JDG: Well, it's definitely a combination of things. The sound of the live band is definitely different from the album. It's related to it, but it's a lot more rowdy and crazy-sounding. But, like I said earlier, we go all the way from some totally acoustic stuff to blues.

R: Well, Jimmie, thanks for coming down.

JDG: Thanks a lot- I'm sure glad to be in Lexington. I've been looking forward to this for a long time.



The four seasons of the musician as the artistic embodiment of some kind of messiah

by James Wheezer Shaw

Summer sizzles the pavement scene.

My lickity-sticky pick spans against brand-me-hot strings. Jumping fingers fry on the fretboard. The rhythm beats its funky chest and roars: "Move me now!" "Do me now!" "Groove me now!" Yeah. Every dig-able nerve ending in my bumping body lusts after the groove. I am its chosen tool. Yet as its happy slave I am more free than a ray of soul-train sunlight chugging through a gravity-less space. The bass kicks the people of the street in their funky-ass behinds. Whipped with the rhythm, they grind one another in the dance plane. Their yearning, chorusing voices merge, balls out, into the fast lane of a symphonic soul-fucking. The back beat knocks them twelve feet in the body-heated air. My syncopated, phonic message slithers between the quarter clicks and catches their thrown bones, dumping them back on the kick like a shock-sick wiggle-worm. The wicka-wacka of the wah-wah fills each boogie-built bootie full of love. My love! Hit me three times! Ow! Now every note says, "Baby!" I can funk no wrong. I can dig each right. I can groove all night. Let me hear you say, "Let this mu-tha-fuck-a blister!"...

This is the Autumn of our expression.

Who am I to judge one note better than another? If I tune the guitar isn't that just knuckling under to patriarchy?

True artists don't need talent. Everything is a tired cliché. See how you jerk to the pop hook like a caught fish? Don't you realize the irony? Can't you see that what I really mean is the exact opposite of what I say? You are just pliable pawns of the corporate media! You are empty. You are alone. These words I'm singing don't mean anything.

But they mean everything you want them to. Does anyone have a real friend? Deconstruction yields truth. Hamsters. Horrific voluminous hamsters! Sing but don't be happy. No posing! No soul! Everyone is scrutinizing me.

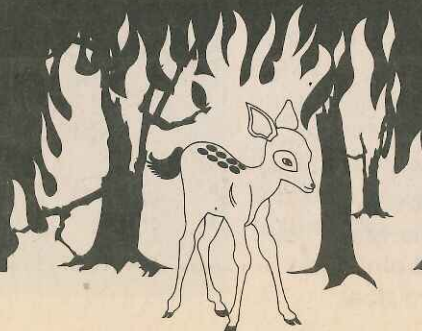
Oh Jesus™, I looked like I was enjoying myself there. Stop. Stop! Please like me. Please tell me I'm creative. Please like my hair. Maybe a tattoo? Maybe another nose ring? Label me on my own terms. I am me, but only if I feel like I don't fit in. I need someone to hate. Someone to call a hypocrite. Take the pressure of my useless, responsibility-less life. Melancholy is the rightful voice of the artist. Everything I do is a cliché. Everything I am is a cliché. Everything in this fucking world is a cliché! Kill me! Sacrifice me. I will die for your fashion. Follow me, don't follow me. Worship me if you must...

The tongue of Winter frozen to a metal edge.

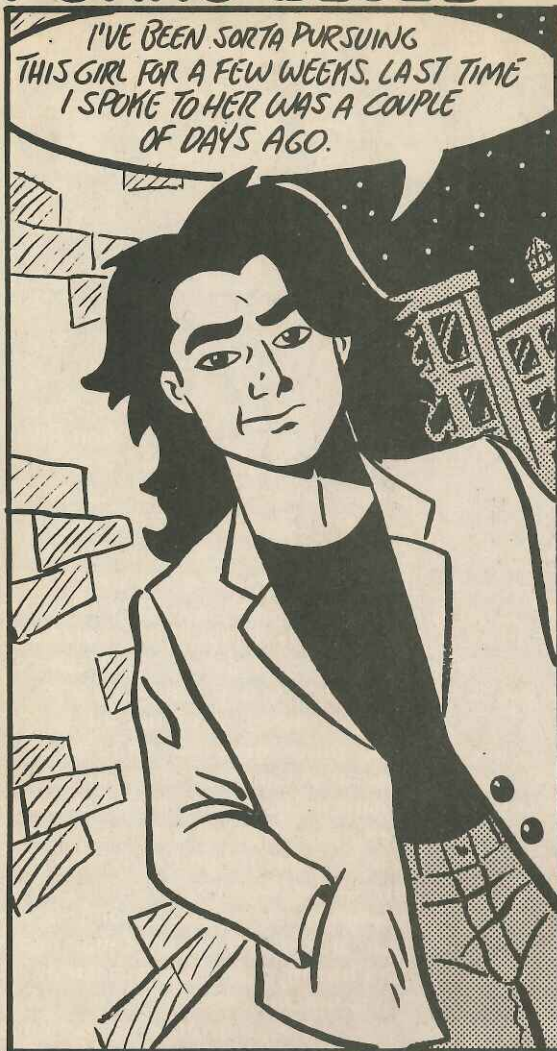
I launched into the paradigm of a glacial wet dream. The rock and the roll, two ice-tongued dragon bitches, springing from either screaming speaker of my stereo, overdriven amplifier. Throttling back and throbbing slowly to let the ecstatic feeling build. Letting the jolly old reaper himself rip from my grip the power chord which splits the smoke, splits the mind, splits the bar tab. Skeleton fingers tap and wail on the crystalline-sweat-encrusted neck. Posing like all the gods of the axe I have knelt before, whose notes I have sucked dry without remorse. Posing like I have no souls left to burn. Posing, posturing, prancing. Raping pomp and pageant with my mighty six-string phallus. I am Satan's ballerina. Looking like the mighty semen of Odin himself amasses restlessly in my joyous, skin-licking trousers. The timeless shards of synaptic mayhem waiting to pounce from my glorious and shrieking, perfectly-sustained, operatic final note. I trip the catapult's delicate latch and ram the cold noise of infinity down the protesting aural cavities of the sacrificial audience...

The strings of Spring converge into the oneness of rapture.

Float here. Float there. Tranquillity lifts my tones towards fluffy, puffy, wispy-warm skies. They congregate there like formations of helium-filled birds with tunnel vision. Bumping into each other with every ginger-and-honeysuckle-scented rhythm that resonates from my oscillating strings. Rejoicing in the division that brings creation. Three dimensional frequencies softly collide and kiss each other with the silky tongues of adoring lovers. The heaviness soars and the light timbres sink into the jostling, rubbery knees of the gathered meditators. Their untamed hair waves in the violet vocal breezes like a field of wheat caught in the fur of a preening cat. Egos dissolve. Time drifts like elastic into singular sunrise. I squeeze beauty from the marginal dissonance. I sculpt harmony out of the audible texture of love. And then, foreshadowed but unexpected, the fractal-shaped flocks of neon notes shower down with a subsonic, booming thundersmooch, soaking my tantric herd in a cool baptism of pure, glee-saturated smiles...



PORNO BLUES



cop killer

The Debate Rages On

An Editorial by Ellen Bush

The following are a few things to get out of the way before we get this piece off the ground:

1. I like Ice-T and Body Count.
2. I like the First Amendment even better.
3. I do not think that artists should in any way be held legally responsible for what somebody thinks the artist's work is telling them to do.

Nevertheless, I do think there are ways in which "Cop Killer" really does suck. Certainly, not as a song; it rocks like an avalanche. And it certainly is a valid statement of Ice-T's feelings about police brutality. My problem with it is that it pretty much speaks only to those who are already converted to its point of view; preaching to the choir, that's called.

I seriously doubt that anybody who'd be listening to Body Count in the first place would need the wake-up call about police brutality. The kids in the hoods sure as hell don't need it. The average WRFL listener probably doesn't need it, because it's hard to live even in a city the size of Lexington and not manage sometime to run into a cop who's having a bad hair night; truth is, it's usually pretty easy to accomplish.

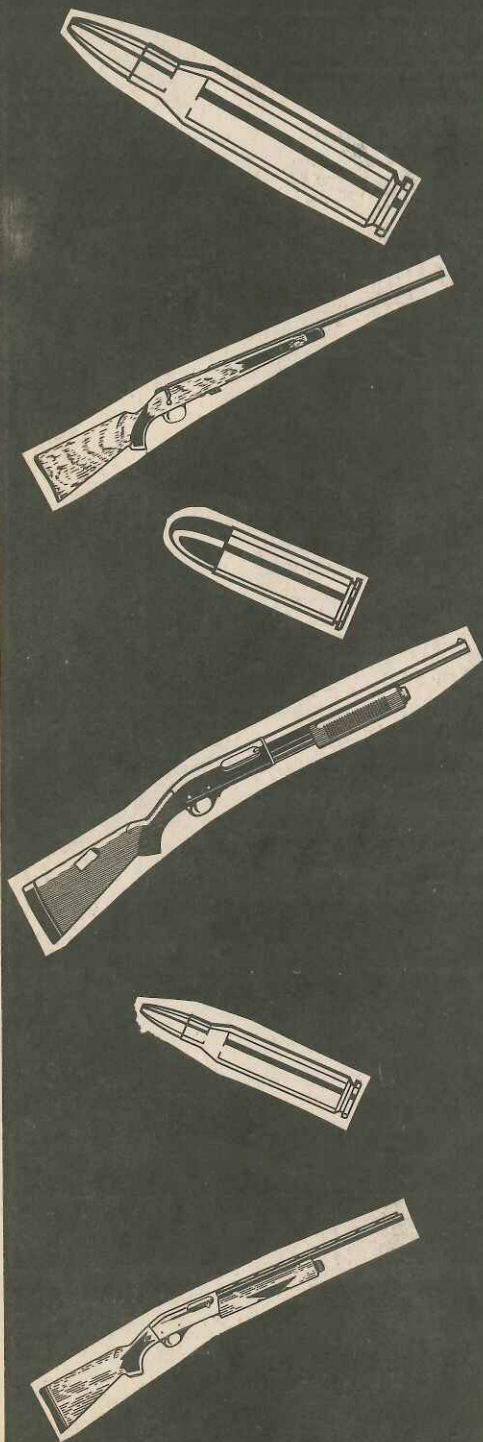
But let me qualify that last statement by saying that I am not a cop-hater. I am related to cops, and I've met many very helpful, very nice, very cool officers. I've also met some dicks with badges and big guns. That's why I get mad at both sets of people I seem to always be dealing with: those who think all cops are pigs, and those who think cops are angels in blue. You'd think that it would be obvious that both views are bigoted

and myopic, but I guess it's not.

So am I saying "Cop Killer" is bad because it says, "Fuck the police" when there are nice police officers? No, and I'm not saying the song is bad. But I do think it's not going to change anyone's mind. Who does need the wake-up call? Most likely it would be people who live in insular small towns where the police are all relatives and family friends; people in affluent neighborhoods who are used to having authorities look out for them; and anybody anywhere who has never figured out that power can be abused, and that who you are and where you are can make the difference between your being sent home with just a talking-to and having your face staved in right on the spot.

These are the people whose minds need changing, and these are the people who are at least likely to be listening to Ice-T. Perhaps there have been a few punk, metal, and rap fans who didn't know these things about the Persons in Blue, but for most of us, I'd say it was old news long before "Cop Killer" was ever written. All the "law-abiding" sleepers who need the wake-up call are going to keep sleeping because they don't understand the song (and the sleepers, incidentally, are the ones who tend to have the power and the money—it might be nice to get a few more of them educated in the realities in which they are ignorant). They'd have stayed asleep even if the flap over "Cop Killer" had never happened, because if there had never been a controversy, they would simply not have heard the song. They don't listen to that kind of music.

But the controversy didn't accomplish anything either, really.



The song is written in such a way that it totally alienates the "Good Citizenry" who actually might benefit from understanding where it comes from. Chanting "Fuck the police" over and over (Profanity! Gasp!) is not going to get across to the average Nice White Bread Lady or Gentleman (pardon the hint of stereotyping) that some cops may not be nice people to deal with, because the police would probably always have to be nice to him or her. These are people that assume that anyone who gets hassled or brutalized by the Law must have done something to deserve it; "Fuck the police" explains nothing to people with this attitude. Other lines, like "I know your family's grievin' (FUCK 'EM!)" and "I got this long-assed knife/and your neck looks just right" are really guaranteed not to win friends and influence people.

Of course, influencing socially limited white people may not have been real high on Ice-T's list of reasons for writing the song. He's said he gets his anger out in his songs, and "Cop Killer" is one devastating scream of rage. But I do think that when you take up the power that creativity and communication confer, you take up the responsibility too. Who IS going to be influenced by what you write? Who can it hurt? Are you going to be opening up minds or needlessly fueling existing bad feelings? I guess I am assuming there's a non-violent solution somewhere in all this mess, but I frankly think everyone involved in the good cop/bad cop debate already hates each other enough. This fire doesn't need any more fuel.

Ice-T has shown he can skewer sacred cows with the best of them; "There Goes the Neighborhood" explodes expectations about who can play what kind of music, and they are expectations its own audience probably, whether consciously or subconsciously, holds. Unlike "Cop Killer," "There Goes the Neighborhood" gets through to at least some of the very people it's criticizing. "Cop Killer," though undeniably powerful, is guaranteed to give most of the minds that need opening yet another example to remain closed. The holy bovines (or porcines in this case), who badly need (figurative)

slaughtering will be out on the hoof, and "Cop Killer" may have helped them live, not die.



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1994, IN THE DOG HOUSE

AN EDITORIAL BY MITCHELL L.H. DOUGLAS

Bow wow wow, yippee yo yippee yea, Snoop Dog is definetly in the house (dog house that is).

Because of his failure to come to the aid of the man his bodyguard allegedly killed, 22 year old Snoop Doggy Dogg, a.k.a. Calvin Broadus, was indicted for the crime as well, a murder his attorney claims was in self defense. Quicker than he could than he could kick a verse about chronic, Snoop found himself at the heart of the latest bandwagon crusade against music: the 1994 war on "gangsta" rap and violent rap lyrics.

Snoop, however, wasn't the only rap star connected to gun violence. In Atlanta, 2Pac felt the heat for allegedly shooting at two off-duty police officers. Even Flava Flav of Public Enemy, one of the most positive forces in Hip-Hop, found himself in lock-down on an attempted murder charge. In a year's time, three of Hip-Hop's brightest appeared to be on a one way trip to the clink. Do not pass jail. Do not collect time off for good behavior.

What resembled the smell of Tipper Gore burning Cd's in the distance was the beginning of the public intolerance against a music whose stars appeared to be living out the unlawful fantasies of their music. In the case of Snoop Doggy Dogg, however, it was nothin' but a G thang.

There's no doubt Snoop is talented, first catching the ears of Hip-Hop fans several years back with his mellow flow on the title track for the movie, "Deep Cover." He rapped effortlessly about grabbing a glock for a drug deal gone bad stemmed from experience, having been arrested at 18 for selling drugs to a friend who set him up for the same ride.

Despite the months of hype over his debut album and his recognition as one of today's best rappers, Snoop has not ended his affiliation with a set of Crips in Long Beach, California, opting to sell records and stay true to his gang at the same time.

Unlike Ice-T, who was urged by fellow Crips to quit the gang and pursue a rap career in the early eighties, Snoop seems unwilling, or unable to give one up for the other. In the age of hero worship for the "gangsta" rapper, with fans and artists alike attempting to determine who's real and who's playing the role for the money, Snoop Doggy Dogg is real. Being real, however, could ultimately be his downfall.

If Snoop wasn't real, he could leave his gun toting rhymes in the studio for a house in the suburbs, leading two separate lives: the hardcore street image on the video screen and the private millionaire recording artist behind closed doors. He wouldn't be in the streets because he wouldn't know the streets, a rapper so separated from the image they portrayed that out of costume, no one would even give them the time of day. Anonymity is something Snoop knows little about. With rival gang members and fans alike recognizing him wherever he goes, he is a walking target and reciever of admiration at the same time.

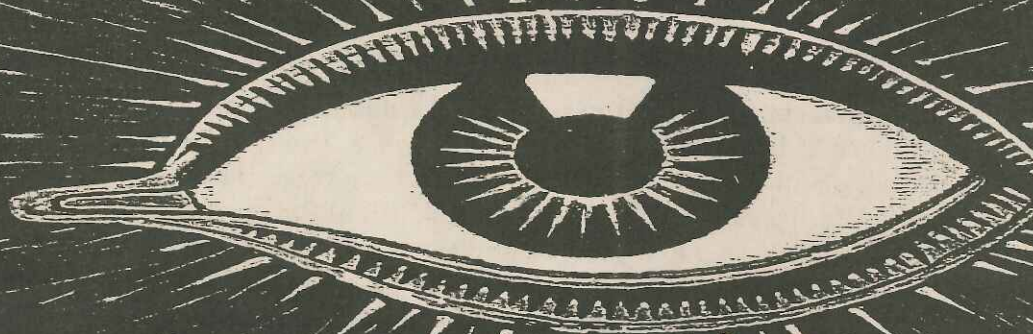
When it comes to being true to the game, being a gangster and a recording artist at the same time will not win you any props in the real world. As the country's love affair with gangsta rap grows and more artists prove that their rhymes just aren't talk, more Snoop Doggs, Dr. Dres, and 2Pacs will find themselves in America's court rooms, possibly on the losing end.

Always a step ahead, KRS-One asked in the video for his song, "Duck Down" in 1992, if you're a gangster, what are you doing in Hip-Hop? Snoop must have missed that one.

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