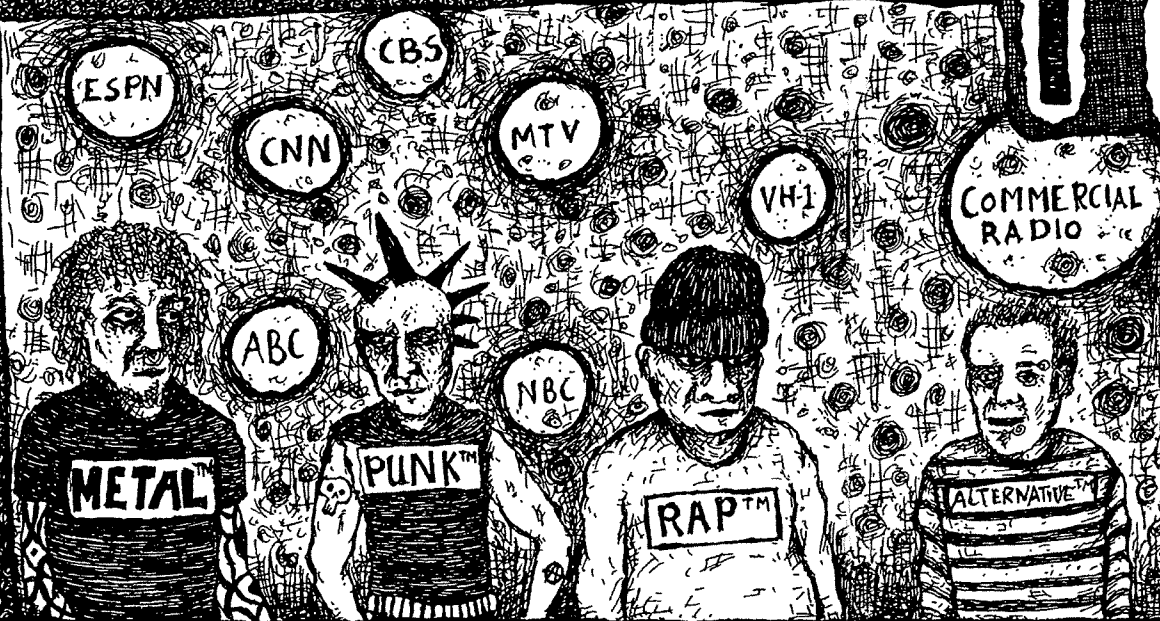


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winter '01-
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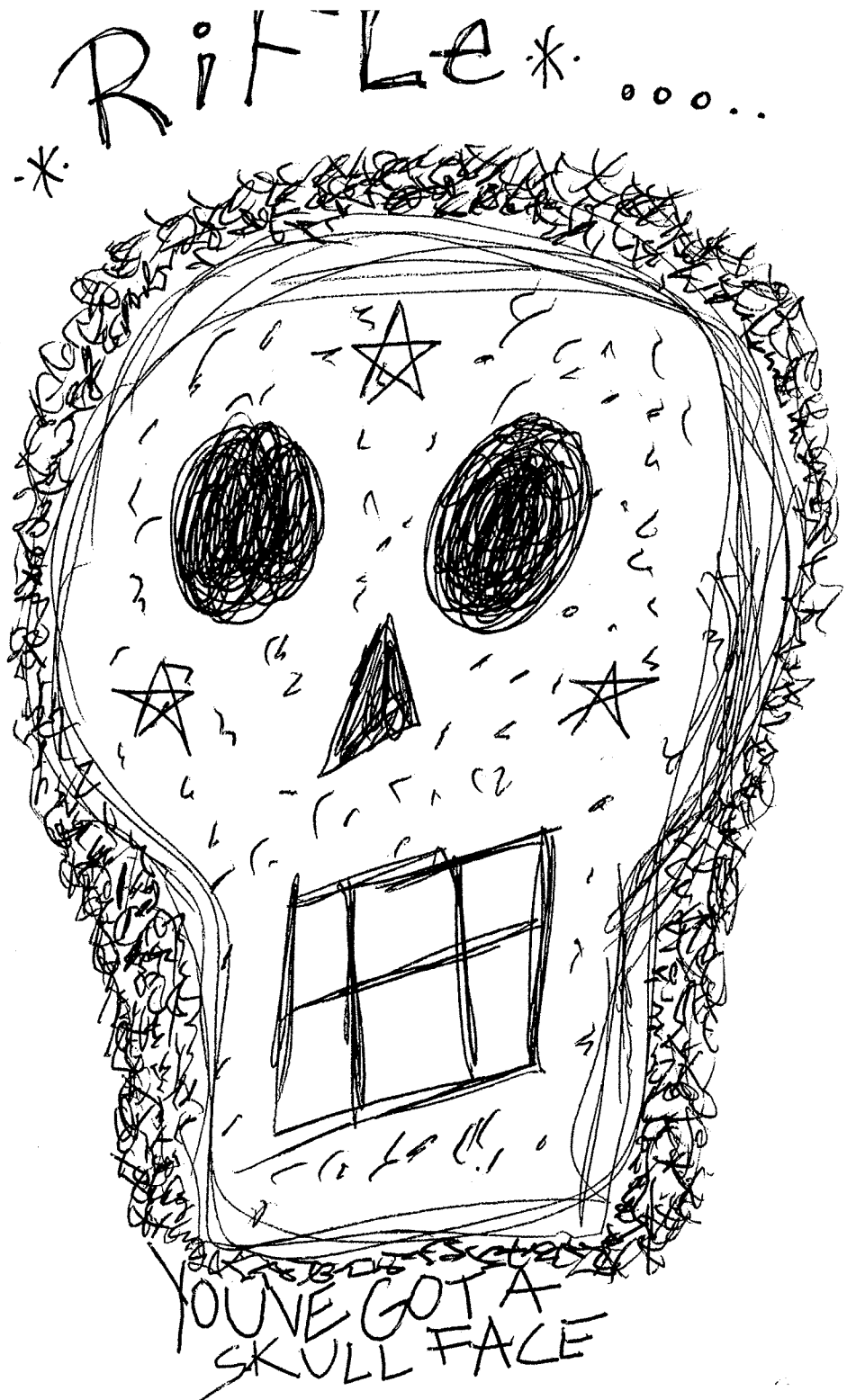
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From the desk of the editor:

darling readers,

It is lovely to see you again. How was Europe? Everything is fine here, thanks for asking. Yes, I am *still* working at "that radio station," WRFL. In fact, I've changed jobs there again. Last year I decided that it was time to change jobs, break the cycle and pass RiFLe into the hands of a different (yet extremely talented) editor, for a change of scenery. I took on the responsibility of "Training Director." I screened staff, then taught the chosen newbies the ins and outs of 24-hour college radio in order to prepare them for their volunteer DJ jobs. I attempted to match trainees with on-air DJs who went for the same basic musical styles. I kept my eyes on each of them, learned all their names...I could spot an idiot who didn't know the mini-disc players from the turntables from a mile off, I could spot the hopefuls out there who had basically good taste in music but needed the right exposure just to hone their indie rock geek-dom further. I could give the "you might not be a good candidate to work here" speech without flinching when needed. I could also welcome new comers into the station, flinging the door wide open to change. As much as I enjoyed being the training director, it did start to drive me a bit batty. Especially as I watched my roommate Matt put together his last issue of RiFLe, wishing I could trade places for a while.

I got those Xerox publishing freedom of speech type blues.

I got my old job back, and here it is at last folks, the issue we've been waiting for. When good ideas start rolling in, such as Ross Compton's brainstorm to release a series of CDs show casing local bands and talent in our community entitled *Know Your Own*, WRFL thought we'd do good to sponsor some of this brilliance. We'll begin with the first distribution of *Know Your Own* right here in this issue. If you see Ross, shake the boy's hand for this one.

I would also like to thank all of the very patient sponsors behind WRFL, especially the local businesses who have placed ads in this issue (I think we told some of them that it was going to press the last week of Dec./first week of Jan.--well...they seem to have accepted our humble apologies.). Clearly they see the importance of supporting college radio, keeping the airwaves free on our own terms, and working to contribute to a diverse cultural community. You should stop by and thank each of them some time. Special thanks to Bob at Paisley Peacock for his support.

Also, we offer support to small independent, local businesses and productions (zines, record labels, etc.) If you have a project you would like to promote, don't hesitate to contact us and we'll see what we can do.

Having said all that, I hope you enjoy this issue. I'd like to thank everyone who contributed, especially Mr. J.Todd Dockery, who whipped up a snazzy cover for us on such small notice. And the issue is only as good as the people who write this stuff, right? If you think you've got something worth printing up in the next issue, send it my way via email or to the station's mailbox. Submissions would be very appreciated.

Ciao ciao,
and enjoy...

Jessi F.



**The Ideas I had at
3:50a.m.**

Ben

Don't write in frenzy, now that you have a few hours. Here we have arrived with the world going mad and at the helm of a FM radio station, listening to music with friends. Because we are all friends. At least I know that on this cold and early Sunday morning three to six a.m. jaunt into Billie Holiday, Pedro the Lion, Miles Davis, GodSpeedYouBlackEmporer...somebody, somewhere, is listening. The antenna at the top of POT hums, sends out 100watts of my choosing to the faithful crowded around evening alarm clocks fading out, heads into pillows dreaming and clutched at the wheel of pavement sliding car stereos.

I go legal and play Cat Power at 4:01a.m. because Chan Marshall has the voice of an electric angel, and us friends

NEED

IT

because we have fallen into frighteningly intense times of cold nights and days, the sun harsh on the line, when the old must help the young, and the young must keep the music going for any solace to be found.

Dylan gives us Chimes of Freedom, some lonesome corner drunk resting in the smoke of our slow dusty trail wondering. Comfort and the blues before 4:08a.m.

Ostentatious of me to expect anyone to be listening except workers and prisoners--ants on the dawdle--and late coming home lovers drunk perhaps. More drunk than I am.

At 10 minutes past, the permanence of the stark dark dead of day makes me think of fat, sleeping America,



the **LEXINGTON ACTION ARTS COLLECTIVE** is a group of artists, doers, makers, students, activists, and community members working to entertain, educate, express, and empower ourselves and others in our community. the AAC is a part of a movement of local collectives sprouting up across the country, taking the responsibility of arts programming and community development onto themselves. we need YOUR help. to learn more about our events and projects, check out www.action-arts.org. to learn more about how you can get involved, email informationactivists@yahoo.com. we work to keep things informal and imaginative within this loose group setting, so, don't be afraid - get involved! all ages and walks of life welcome.

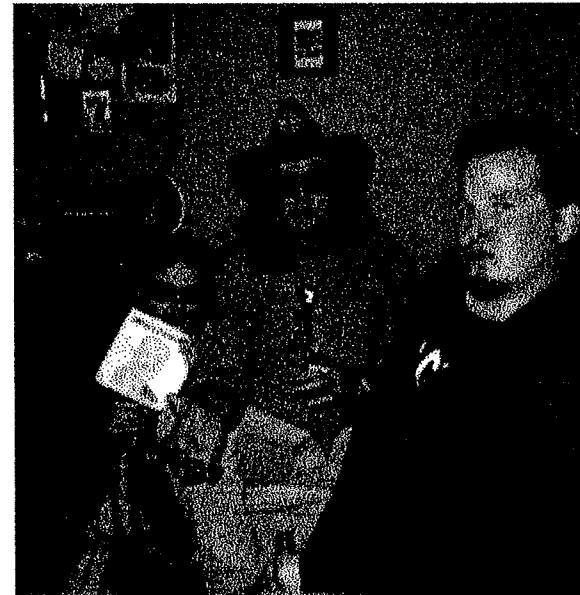
about the 'KNOW YOUR OWN' cd
'know your own' is a 24-track sampler of lexington music produced by the AAC and WRFL 88.1FM, uk's student-run radio station. it's not an exhaustive document of everything that's happening musically in lexington, but it's a good chance to put a sound to the names you see on flyers around town. and, it's FREE! look for them at shows and at various spots around town (CD Central's a good starting point if you're looking for a copy). check it out and tell a friend.

we also recommend you check out:

MECCA: a live studio and gallery (people and place close to the heart of lexington's do-it-yourself arts community - dance and hand drumming instruction, performances and more) - 209 N. Limestone (www.meccadance.com)

the LEXINGTON PROJECT (a new alternative news/arts email newsletter initiated by Garrett French of Funky Chicken Design - very informative/very substantive) - www.funkychickendesign.com

WRFL 88.1FM
(uk's student-run radio station - lexington's great independent radio alternative)



The Snacks! and Hasil Adkins (center)

MODERN DAY CAVE MEN ALIVE AND WELL ...HASIL ADKINS AT LYNAGH'S
a report filed by jesse todd dockery.

hasil adkins thinks we'll all have to move to caves soon. you can't drink, you can't smoke, and you can barely fuck in this shit-eating age.

we'll have to hide up there and invent things, sing our songs, make the women submit, just as the cavemen did.

hasil has to hide his guns from his woman, constantly shifting hiding places. she's already threatened one ex with gunfire, and hasil isn't taking chances.

hasil adkins purchases milaukee's best light by the case, bologna by the roll, and cigarettes by the carton (the brand shifts regularly because hasil knows it's switching brands that keeps you from getting lung cancer).

hasil keeps fish caught from the creek that runs through his land frozen in the freezer 'cause he knows nobody would believe he catches such monsters from the seemingly humble water source.

hasil adkins at a poetry reading. a stupid fucking idea, yes. but one that i executed, surely. i was asked by the promoter of the annual literary event to invite hasil as the featured musical guest, with my band, the smacks! opening, so thus began the second time around for me to make the pilgrimage to madison, boone county, west virginia, and bring forth this particular hillbilly messiah unto the state of kentucky for a gig on oct. 26th, 2001.

the first visit was the year before in july, double ought, as the old timers would say, of this soul-sucking new century. i wrote of the first encounter more exclusively before, somewhere, more in depth, and i'm sure for those nimble-minded folk in the audience, that report is easily obtainable.

but this is my after the fact and weary jumbled notations of this past event, woodford reserve drenched, and to the point, if there is one. i'm just transcribing, doing what the keyboard tells me to here. it's the whiskey talking, not me.

my poetry-minded friend, troy is the guys's name, to give him one, put up the cash for a rental car for the trek to west virginny, my auto being too feeble to rely upon. i headed out early friday morning in the beast picking up my pal and my lady-friend in one swoop.

my name is jesse todd dockery. my friend's moniker is jesse saxon. and my lady's label is jessi. three people named jesse. two e's at the end, one i at the end. five guys named moe. fuck you.

my lady friend seems to feel that anytime is tea time. driving down east 64 my brain remained somewhere outside the driver's side window. i painted my face to match the interior of the car. it may have been troy's car, but it sure as shit on a linoleum floor was my mission.

"they're everywhere," i said to jessi (this would be the girl). she laughed. i drove on.

unlike the last time, this visit the path to hasil's homestead was embezzled in my mind. made the turn onto the steep dirt road past the guardrail, made the sharp right at the bottom of the hill, past the "hunching bus" and on into hasil's yard.

still elevated past my capabilities, i entered into hasil's home, trying to translate what he was saying into the king's english inside my mind. he seared the three jesses (one with an "i") with some new tunes he'd worked up. hasil has his trailer's sound system worked out so that there's speakers in the living room and the kitchen.

or jessi (the girl) it was a brand new experience to be overwhelmed by the abrupt onslaught of hasil. for jesse and myself, that would be jesse, it was simply the second time around...it wasn't new, it was simply overwhelming.

on the road, hasil had dipped into my reserve of miller high life in cans. an hour into the drive, the urge to urinate hit him violently, a few miles from any state-ordained toilet. i pulled to the side of west 64 at hasil's insistence. i kept thinking of the grandness of being on the highway, stopped at the side, with hasil adkins taking a piss. i also was filled with the thought of some travelling hipster telling a friend, "i don't know if i was hallucinating yesterday or what, but driving back home on 64 i looked to the side, and a few miles outside of Charleston, i'll be damned if i didn't see hasil adkins pissing beside the road."

continued...

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hasil talks. when i drive, he talks, i listen, and often laugh, even if my head is just swimming.

when hasil played a joint in new orleans, the girl who drove him to and fro sent him a letter after the fact saying how much fun she had, but that on a twenty hour drive, hasil did ALL the talking. hasil said that was an exaggeration. i know that it probably wasn't.

several beers and a few hundred miles later, we found ourselves at the club. we ate some free burgers and watched some poets read. i thought hasil might be uncomfortable, but, hell, half of the poets were reasonably good-looking women. hasil noted, "we might learn something."

not even halfway into the scheduled events, of which hasil was the culmination, i had to go buy a new pack of cigarettes for him (we left off from boone county with four packs between the two of us...we're talking a span of no more than five hours). when i handed the new pack to him, he pantomimed tearing off the bottom of the pack and sticking the whole thing in his mouth and lighting up. i laughed. i know the feeling, albeit apparently less so than hasil. i've never seen anybody smoke as much.

the smacks! took the stage and hour or so before hasil, with some more lit-types sandwiched in between us. hasil proclaimed me the best drummer he's ever seen live. i was proud of this fact.

then hasil was up. another brilliant live set, just as in the last time he played lex. he alternated between fast rockabilly tunes and slow mournful ballads. hasil later admitted that all the slow tunes out of the 45 minute set were completely made up on the spot. i was suprised to see hasil do an instrumental live, but i think this was mainly to figure out his guitar after he broke a string early on. he also did "i need your head," an immortal tune, and an unexpected ditty to see him sling out on stage.

hasil was in a party mood afterwards. we slopped by my smacks! bandmate, brian manley's pad, initially and drank and plunked the geetar with an assorted bunch of guys and gals. later we saunterd down the street to the official after party for the poetry gig and took photos and drank much with some of the evenings performers including the official mc of the evening, wammo, of austin, tx, band "asylum street spankers" fame.

jessi and i left hasil at mr. manley's place, where they stayed up after we left until 8am and recorded a few tunes together, manley on mandolin. in the early afternoon when we retrieved hasil, he made brian promise to send him a copy of the tape to, "see how drunk we were."

we, meaning me and jessi without jesse this time, drove him back. there's more to this story, as with any story involving hasil adkins, than i could possibly consciously relate. i leave you withhis tidbit as i have the moment to grab to offer it to you, and perhaps i'll write the rest of the story some other day. perhaps when i'm fianlly driven to my cave, and in the half-light of my darkened sanctuary, i'll have the all-hallowed peace of mind to invent some shit.

<http://www.dreamwater.net/art/jtdoc/index.html>

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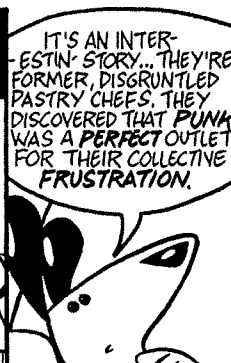
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Introduction:

I composed this particular bit of malarkey to hype the return of the Late Late Show to WRFL's list of block shows way back when when Brian Manley and myself brought the show back under the title "The Late Late Show Returns from the Grave" to help continue the tradition but distinguish ourselves from what had been the format of Jeffery Scott Holland and then later Kelly Holt (now Chambers). I intended to simply print out the text and staple it up around Lexington so it would look like something of a religious nut's illogical and obsessive manifesto. And, really, it is that...and truth be told, both Manley and I treated the show with a certain boozy religiosity, it was the soundtrack to our way of life. But, with the proliferation of more civic and graphic minded fliers constructed by my cohort Manley, I never got around to it; there wasn't a need. But now, as both Manley and I have moved onto later phases of our lives, and placed the Late Late Show back into the grave once more, I felt compelled to offer this up as a breezy epitaph to the show. For those of you who might have listened, perhaps it will make for a bit of a reminder of the low-brow retro vinyl we faithfully slung, or at least remind you of your joy at the show being gone. For those of you who missed it altogether, this will hopefully make for a confusing incoherent rant, and if by some stroke of unreason it makes any particular reader long to hear what music might be represented by this babble, don't look for us, 'cause we're not there. Read this, or not, what the hell, and then we'll all return to our regularly scheduled lives in this time of digital facism. Synthesized lives. Synthesized dreams. Plastic everywhere, and not a drop of whiskey to drink. I'm glad I'll be dead before this century is over.

"A Slight Treatise on the Meaning of Recorded Playing Discs"

or "We Know Better than You "
by J. Todd Dockery

"I'm not afraid to look stupid or even BE stupid."--Jeffrey Scott Holland, quoted from his book "The Last Laugh," who founded in 1993 the original Late Late Show.

The most lauded artful or self-aware popular music confined in the graces of any given epoch, with the passing of time, quickly becomes as cheap and phoney, like the sages have noted, as a two dollar bill. Perceptions and insights from such stuff are soon translated into the pretentious posterings of which when they are when displaced from the arena of current fashion, like a fish flopping on land, gills struggling for air. The listeners and cultural advocates of such stuff also appear to be in the same fish family when their pop-serious sounds are no longer in vogue.

Music that endures through the weaving of history is stitched together with an unfaltering ageless stupidity as dark and impenetrable as the surface of a rural pond's waters at dusk in late autumn. Such are the contents of the belly of the beast.

The discerning listener kneels at the edge of these black waters, drinks, and submerges his or her self into this slimey grey primordial unconscious endless unknowing of man. This discerning listener nods as he greets ignorance and smiles warmly at his own reflection, which is not his own but the wishpers of all that IS, WAS, and SHALL BE with the deepest coldest most solemn winter knowledge of the spirit.

Well, you might be saying at this point, "if you so smart, how come you ain't rich?" Indeed, Mr. Slim Gaillard, indeed...

"I do not seek to follow in the footsteps of men of old; instead, I seek the things they sought."--Basho

The Late Late Show Returns from the Grave--WRFL 88.1 FM

Join one Mr. Brian Manley and Sir J. Todd Dockery as they serve as your Satanic curators and guides **every Saturday night from Midnight to Three AM** through the darkest caverns of crackling strains of this dead museum, its contents culled from the very depths of the cess pool of humanity's recorded sounds. From 1869 to 1969, the secret history of mankind your grandmother never wanted you to hear or understand will now be revealed to your ears in unashamed indulgence.

From low down dirty primitive blues and jug bands to the stylized orchestrations of the most sugar coated cocktail urban throw away cultural artifacts imaginable, from the wild and wooley hillbilly country and rural rhythm and blues to the smoothest of crooners and torch singers, from the worst comedy records of all time (which of course exhibit what the ancients understood as "true humor") to the most bizarre "spoken word" albums that will send your local poets screaming for cover, from juke joint jive and bar room walkers to the craziest jazz that negates the fallacy of academic preciousness (re: ken burns), from exposing artists who have been unfairly relegated to the forgotten gutter of pop culture to the most unappreciated foul moments of the seemingly innocuous still-heralded even in death pop stars whose memory WE WILL TAINT with THE TRUTH...all that and much more will be dusted off and given a spin in our moldy chambers...**The Late Late Show Returns from the Grave** still serves as your only source in Lexington, KY of all that is **MORE RETRO THAN THOU**.

Join us as you walk spanish home from the bars, flip on your radios and pass out alone; **The Late Late Show Returns from the Grave** is the perfect nighthawk brooding loner's companion, or party further in the company of the faceless masses and let us serve as a soundtrack as you seek that which can not be found at the bottom of the bottle in yer hep pad afterhours; we are also the sound of meditation for the spiritual, the sober, who seek all hallowed transcendence. Think about it.

Face the music and dance, babies. We ARE the SOUNDTRACK to UNADULTERD NAKED EXPERIENCE. Goodnight? It ain't even mornin' yet!

Your decidedly unironic sycophantic and proudly unfriendly vinyl alternative. Sobriety, as always, is optional. CDS STILL SUCK. MONO GOOD; STEREO BAD.



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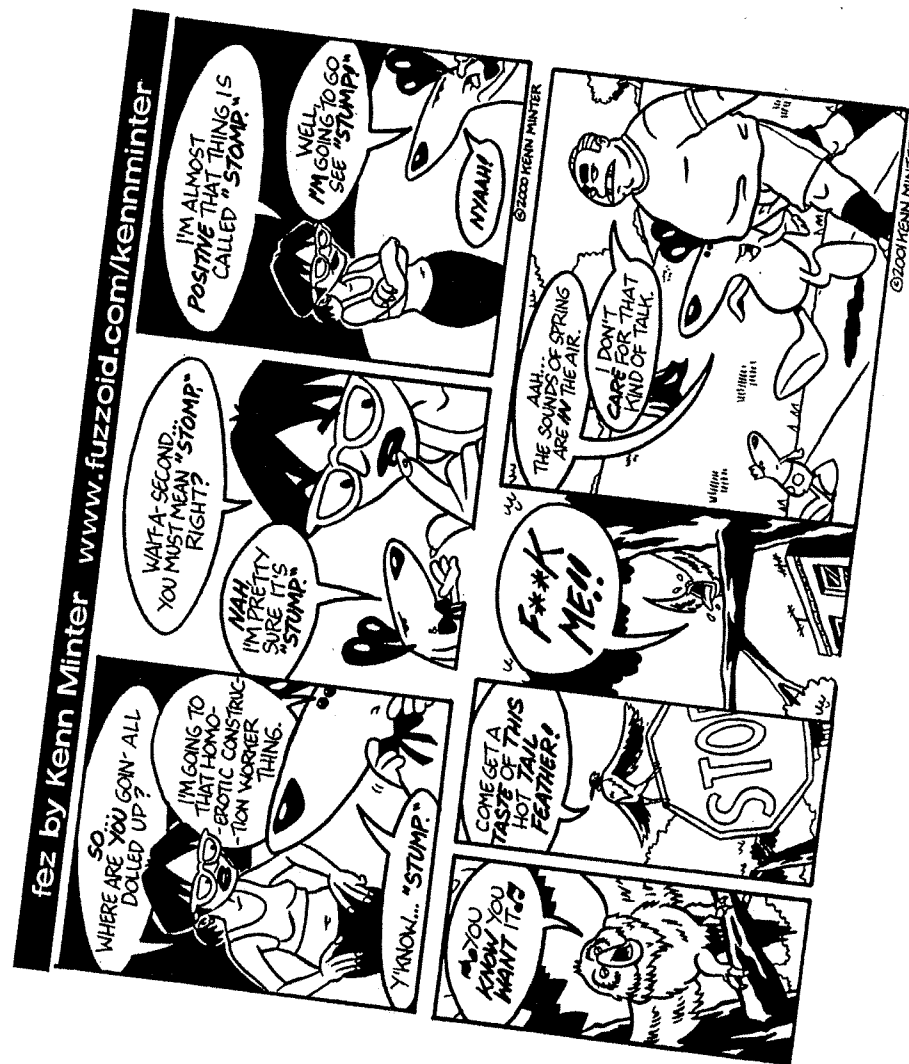


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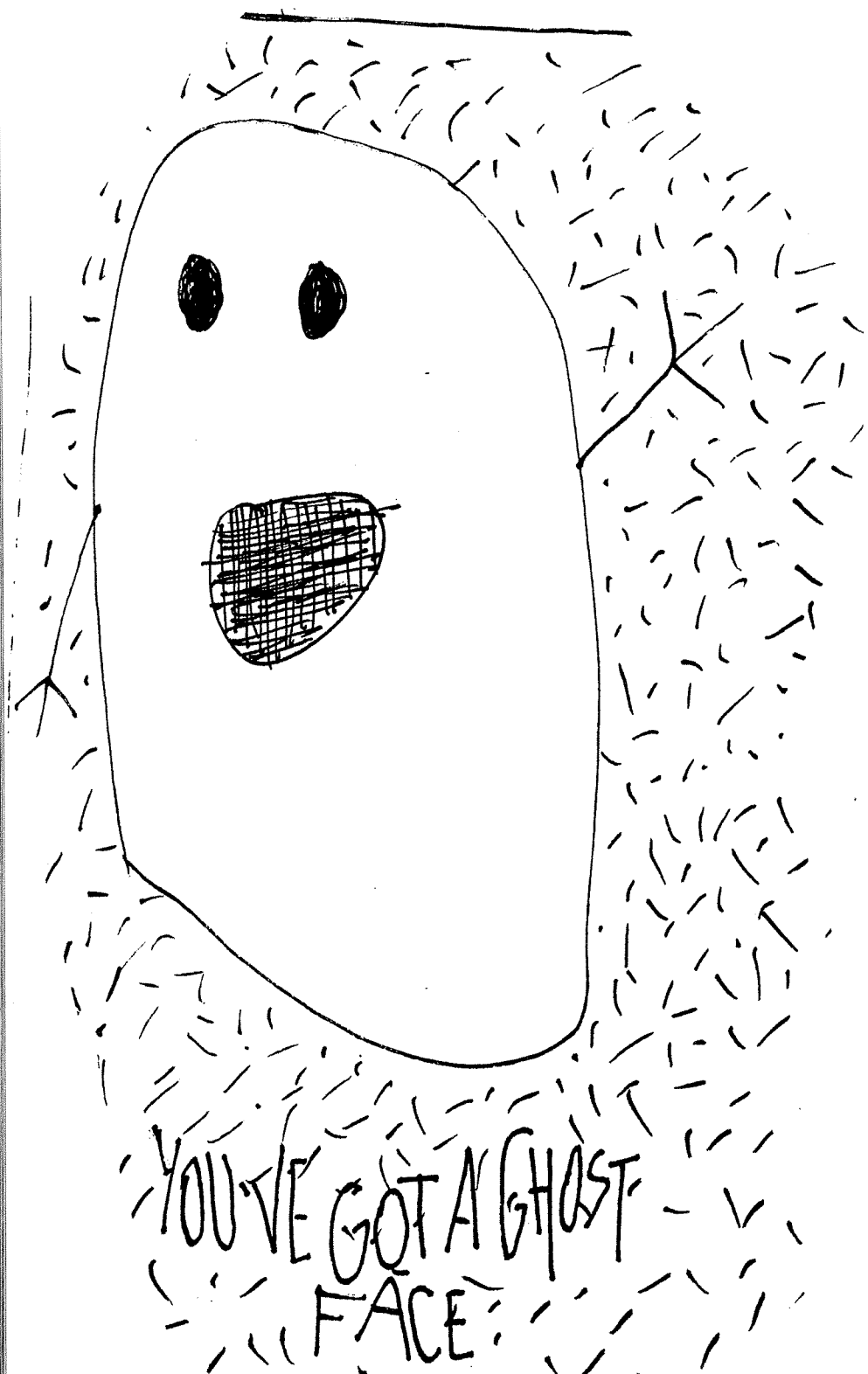


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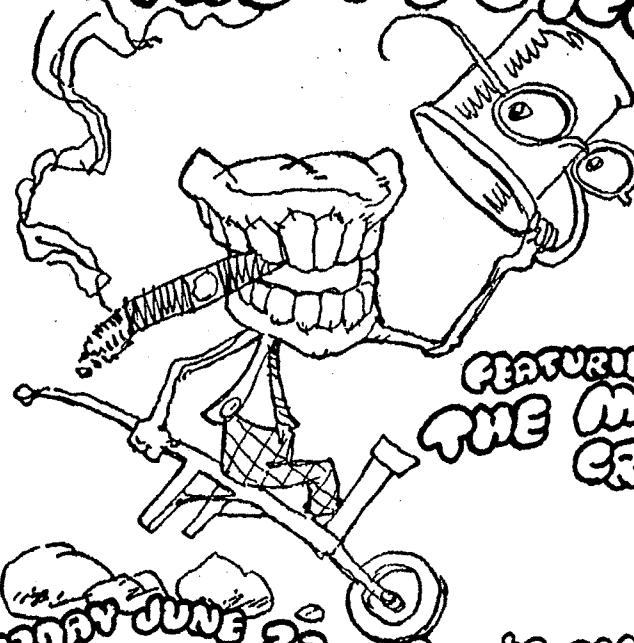
J.H.G.
2007



THE LEXINGTON ACTION ARTS
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CEX

STARS AS EYES



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The crowd stood around (in socked feet on the dance floor at Mecca), wondering what kind of show was about to go on. A few people had some ideas. Some little guy in a hoodie came out and hooked up a laptop, then slunk "backstage" again (although backstage at Mecca = the bathroom hallway). Trevor and Robert were bouncing off the walls already, Mike was trying to psych up the crowd (who were mostly still busy trying to figure out what was going on), and Ross was leaning back against the wall, nodding his head...

Then the little hoodie guy came back out onstage, picked up the microphone and stared at everybody staring at him. "Hey everybody!" he waved at us. We waved back. "Before the show starts I'd like to welcome you to my beautiful house." He waves his hand around Mecca's comfortable atmosphere. "Sorry you have to take your shoes off when you come in. That's so the floor doesn't get dirty and stuff." A couple people laugh. "And over here,...over here's my bedroom. Where I keep my own personal gods." He waves up at a woodcarving on the wall. "That one is named Macaroni-Puddle-onie and the other one is called...uh..."

"Ralph Cobain!!!" shouts a restless element in the audience.

"Uh, yeah. Ralph Cobain. They assist me with things like making money and break-dancing. Ha....and over here, over here's my living room, see...." He runs to the back of the studio and grabs a stuffed camel from the round couch. "Here's where we sit when we take tea time..." He sits back there for a few minutes. Then he gets up, runs to the front "stage area" again, slaps a few keys on the laptop, starts some beats, and begins throwing down words at an alarming rate. It's not long before the whole room is chanting "Take yer balls out."

Meet Cex, aka nineteen-year-old innocuous looking hoodie guy, Ryan. Cex has his name spelled in gold caps across his front teeth. Cex unabashedly covers Biz Markie and Megadeath in one big swoop. Cex is here to show you that anybody who damn well pleases can be a rock star if you just sang yourself a good enough powerbook.

After their show on June 23, 2001, Cex and his tour mates Stars As Eyes came to stay on my sofa. After two and a half days of watching my obsessive roommate's collection of Mr. Show, The Simpsons, and MST3K episodes (in between the playing of Dreamcast games of course) they were finally ready to roll out of Lexington. But not before KittyTwister got a chance to sit with them on the golden sofa and chat about the finer points of touring foreign countries, the future of music, and madcap classic movies. Read at your own risk. And remember: just don't mention "indie rock" around these boys.

KittyTwister: you just got back from Japan, right? When did you go to Japan?

Cex: I left May 24 and came back June 3rd.

Kitty: I'm curious about Japan. I've been fascinated with certain aspects of Japanese pop culture forever. (note the Hello Kitty museum in the corner of my room). So can you tell me a bit about what it was like touring in Japan?

Cex: I *still* don't know that much about Japan because...I don't speak Japanese. So I had a very weird adventure. (He smiles and laughs).

Kitty: So did somebody just book all of your shows and tell you what to do, and then you just went and did it?

Cex: Yeah, something like that. There's these really cool guys who run this music collective, this group, and it's called Door. I don't really know why it's called Door, but they're really awesome and they just paid for me to come over and play a bunch of shows and stay in neat Japanese hotels and hang out with them. It was really fun, but I couldn't really tell you that much about Japan because everything that I experienced was so overwhelming, it was all about me being googly-eyed over everything, not knowing what to do about anything...

Kitty: How different did it feel, playing a show in Japan vs. playing a show here?

Cex: Well, at first I was really really much more self-conscious there. Every time I would speak a word of English I would I have this overbearing sensation of..., like, how many people have any idea what I'm saying? And I thought about what I would think if I went to a show in my hometown and this guy got up started spouting off in a language that nobody in the crowd could understand...I was really self-conscious about that. I tried to talk as little as possible.

I had a plan when I went over there that I was going to get somebody to translate. I was going to find the most stoic, shy person that could speak English to translate for me. So I would be, like, running all over the stage and, like, freaking out, you know...and the guy in the corner would be standing there saying "um...he said...he wants people to take their balls out..." you know?

But that didn't actually work out. I decided not to do that. I found a few guys I could talk to well enough to communicate with, but I didn't really want to pin that on anybody. So I just tried mostly not to talk and just, uh, (he grins and nods) use body language.

Kitty: So do you think that went over pretty well?

Cex: I think it did. There was only one night where I was really worried. They wanted me to play for, like, an hour and I usually only play for about thirty minutes, or forty minutes at the most. So I was up there, and I was playing for a long time, right? And nobody was moving. It was so weird. Oh, and there wasn't a stage, there was just this really high DJ booth, and the mic cord didn't reach too far so I couldn't come very far out of it and when I did I was just on the floor, standing next to some people who were just staring at me. It was weird. So I played for about forty-five minutes to literally no reaction. People were just standing there. And at the very end I did the Biz Markie cover of "Let me Turn You On," and everyone went *bananas*. Everybody freaked out and started dancing and singing along and they all knew all the words. It was really really weird.....yeah, but that was on the third night. The first two nights went great, wonderful, everybody was excited to see me get up in the crowd and just kind of ignoring my laptop and dancing along and lip synching to my raps.

Kitty: Who did you tour with over there?

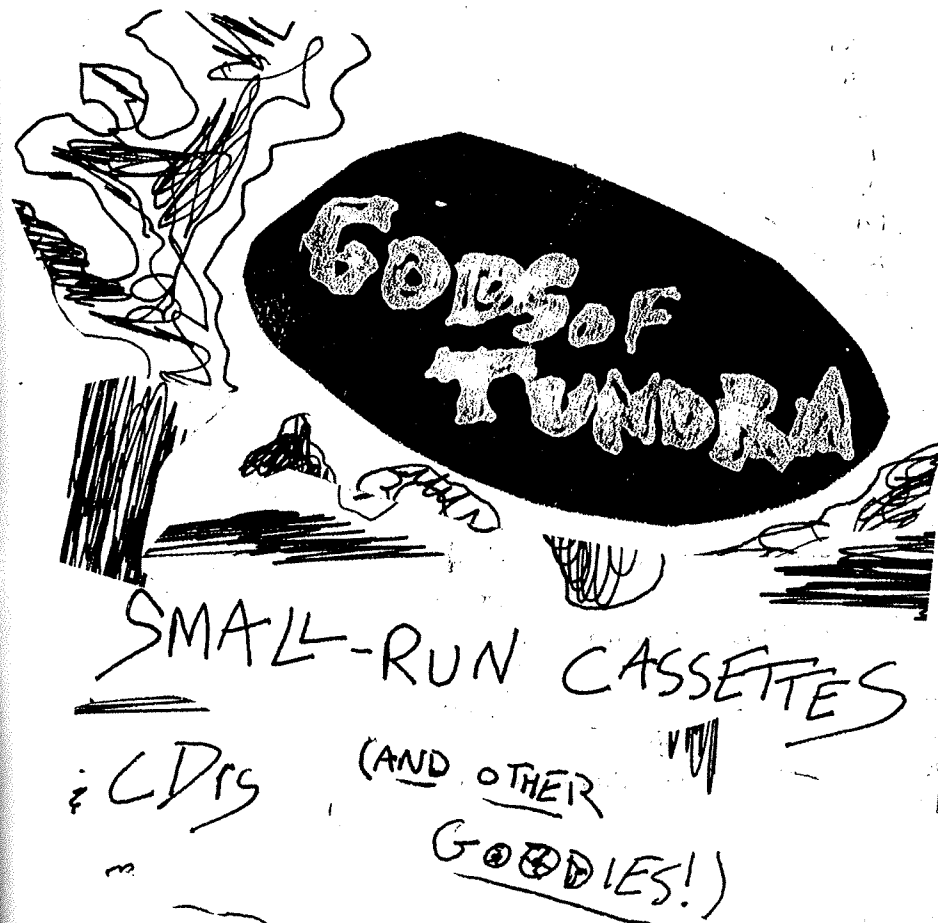
Cex: These two DJs, Shero and LKO. Also this other guy Coma. (*editor apologizes if these names are misspelled, this whole damn interview was transcribed from a grainy tape.*) He's another laptop dude. They were all good, they all make a lot noisier type music than me, but we had a really great time hanging out, going to restaurants, window shopping. I asked them a million questions about, like, Japanese porn and stuff, which is everywhere.

Kitty: Did you have any other strange audience reactions?

Cex: Well, the third night was the night of no reaction so the fourth night I didn't know *what* to expect. I had no idea what was going to go down. So I started off with a Megadeath song and that went over even *better* than the Biz Markie song. People went even crazier on that.

Kitty: Megadeath?!

Cex: Yeah! So my success in Japan was dependent upon people like Biz Markie and Megadeath. I really had nothing to do with it.



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AND MORE! 

Cex: cont...

Kitty: Most people who come to your shows must have some idea what you're about, but do you ever get any reactions from people about using just the laptops onstage as opposed to traditional instruments?

Cex: The place that we exist is kind of outside of any justification for not using any guitars. I have not justified not using a guitar for, like, *years*. I think high school was the last time I did that. (in a mocking "high school" voice: "it has every bit of emotion as 'real'

music"). I think the world is kind of past that point too, I think the only people who are being overly critical at this point are high school kids who don't know anything about the world and music. Cuz I don't think anybody uses a guitar anymore. Not even Metallica. I'm pretty sure they use computers. Jimi Hendrix uses a computer now.

Kitty: Okay, so can you tell me what goes into your songwriting process, what kind of a creative bond you have with your computers? What sorts of programs do you like to use? I've been playing around with Frootyloops and Cakewalk and Q-base...would you have any advice for anybody else looking to get mixed up in this?

Stars As Eyes (Steve and Craig): Well, we just sit at our computers for a long time, and... stuff gets done. yeah.

Steve: Cakewalk...Cakewalk is easier.

Cex: I use Microsoft Word, Microsoft Outlook—check my email...no, basically I use a program called Q-base. It's alright, it's not very exciting. Basically, making music is something that I do in my room alone. I kind of dread the idea of other people peering into my nerdity. Like, whenever anyone else is in the room when I'm trying to make music I get really self-conscious and can't do it. Steve: Yeah, same here. Well, unless it's Craig...but, yeah. It's hard to concentrate when you think other people are thinking about what you're doing.

Cex: Well, if there's a person around me I want to go throw a football or something, I dunno. I just want to get outside. You know, go to the burrito place or something. I can only think about music or software when I'm by myself.

Kitty: (to Stars As Eyes) So what about you guys? You're originally from Delaware, and he's originally from Baltimore, now Cex has been to Japan, so where's the most interesting place you've been or what's the most interesting thing you guys have done on tour?

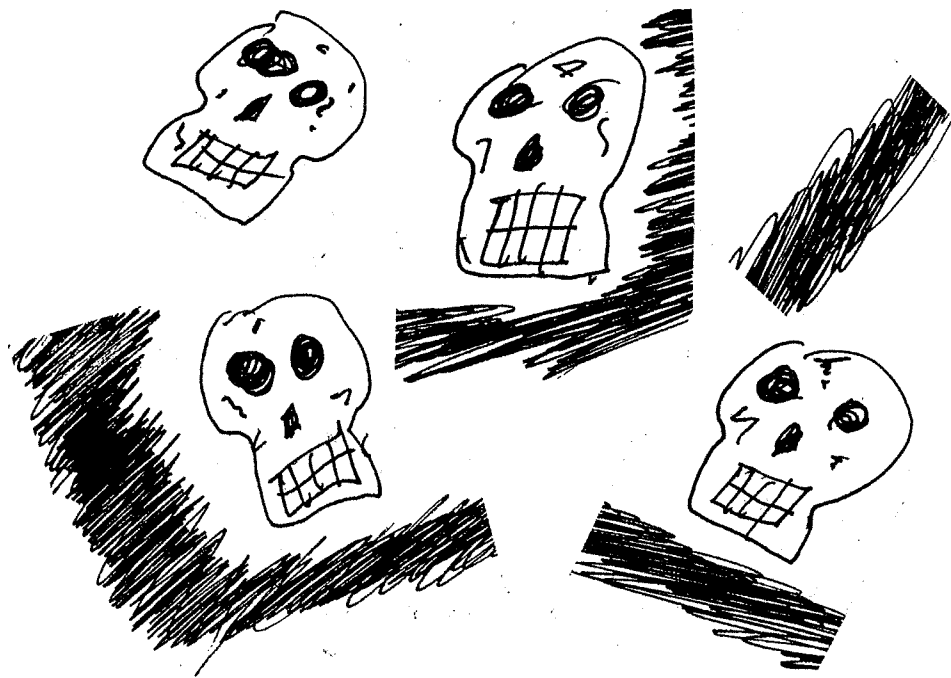
Steve: well, this is, like, our fourth show.

Kitty: Really?

Stars As Eyes: (together) Yeah, (laughing) really....Detroit was awesome. The people there set up a really cool show for us...driving through it was really scary, there was no asphalt on the roads, no people in the buildings....there were no windows in the buildings. Yeah...Nobody knows who owns the buildings. Everything is kind of overgrown. The police kind of just,...don't make any laws or anything. They just kind of stand around and indiscriminately do things that look like police things.

Kitty: Like wear big mirrored glasses and stand around on corners?

Stars As Eyes: Oh yeah, or arrest somebody now or then. I don't think there's anything written down that they should do. If there is it got stolen.



Kitty: Well, I thought you all played well the other night. Are you guys touring with him (Cex) for a while now?

Stars As Eyes: Yeah, until the very end. (laughing). We're going to New Orleans, then Texas....(trails off, thinking...or trying not to think as the case may be. Ha.) Going up California...San Diego, L.A., we'll do the whole North west scene... we're gonna swing around and do a strange trip starting with Portland and then go to Seattle and Vancouver, Missoula, Montana, Indianapolis...uh...

Kitty: I was just talking about Missoula last night. Did you hear my friend Schuyler talking about it? He was talking about what a *wonderful* place Missoula, Montana was. He was talking about what an extremely utopian open-minded indie rock sort of place it was.

(collective "ohh" and cringe at the words "indie rock")

Stars As Eyes: indie rock?

Cex: um. Lots of kids with shoulder bags...ha.

Kitty: (weakly, to cover up my own faux pas) maybe they'll like you.

Stars As Eyes: Yes, so then I guess it's on to Chicago and Cleveland. So we'll have about a week and a day of shows in a row.

Kitty: That's fun though, right?

Cex: Yeah, we get to see half the entire country. It'll be like an old comedy where Sammy Davis Jr. and Burt Reynolds are running around and the calendar pages are turning.

Kitty: The montage scene

Stars As Eyes: Clocks will spin.

Cex: We'll be frantically driving down the highway, the police chasing us. Utah will be running us out of their state. It will be madcap!

Stars As Eyes: Yeah. Madcap.

Kitty: Madcap fun on tour with Cex "with a C" and Stars As Eyes.

Kitty: So where did you all come up with your names?

Stars As Eyes: You know The Fall? It's a lyric of theirs. Possibly misquoted...but yeah.

Cex: I don't remember. I don't remember what I was thinking...but you know, it just means sex.

Kitty: Alright, so what about the gold teeth? When you played the other night you came out on stage with your name on your teeth. I must say I was impressed.

Cex: Thanks. Yeah, that's real 14k gold. There's a place in Atlanta that makes custom caps. I got the label that put my stuff out in Europe to buy them for me.

Kitty: You got record labels buying you gold teeth?! You're famous.

Cex: Ok, that's kind of a misleading way to put it. They didn't give me the money, but it was kind of the money that was from my records...but, uh,...I got them to give it to me very quickly because I said I was going to spend it on gold teeth. (smiles). See, they might have waited longer to give it to me if I didn't have such an important purchase to make.

Kitty: Gold teeth are definitely important.

Cex: Yeah, well, I need people to know that I'm serious.



Kitty: Awwwwright, here's the "end of the interview, straight from the pages of the teenage magazine quiz page" sucker question: What's your favorite kind of music right now, what do you pop into your CD player on your down time?

Cex: Uh...*he rummages around and pulls a bag out of the debris on the coffee table. They've just been shopping, and he's bought Daft Punk's Discovery, Nirvana's Bleach, and, yes, Eminem.*

...Classics, American classics...I also like listening to new things, there's always something to be excited about, somebody's always doing something new. Lately I've been getting into a couple underground MCs, I've been really into underground hip-hop...and with bands I like a lot of stuff I have attachments to because when I was younger I listened to it and it got me really amped. Stuff like Shudder to Think and The The...I still listen to a lot of stuff I listened to back then.

Craig: *gets a pained look on his face when my attention turns his way...* I'll listen to anything.

Kitty: Anything?! I've got the Teletubbies album upstairs...

Craig: well, okay...like, I really like Phil Collins. But then I'll really like whatever's cool like Jennifer Lopez or something...

Steve:...My Bloody Valentine, Janet Jackson...

Cex:...I like the radio a lot. They're a good band.

Kitty: The radio?

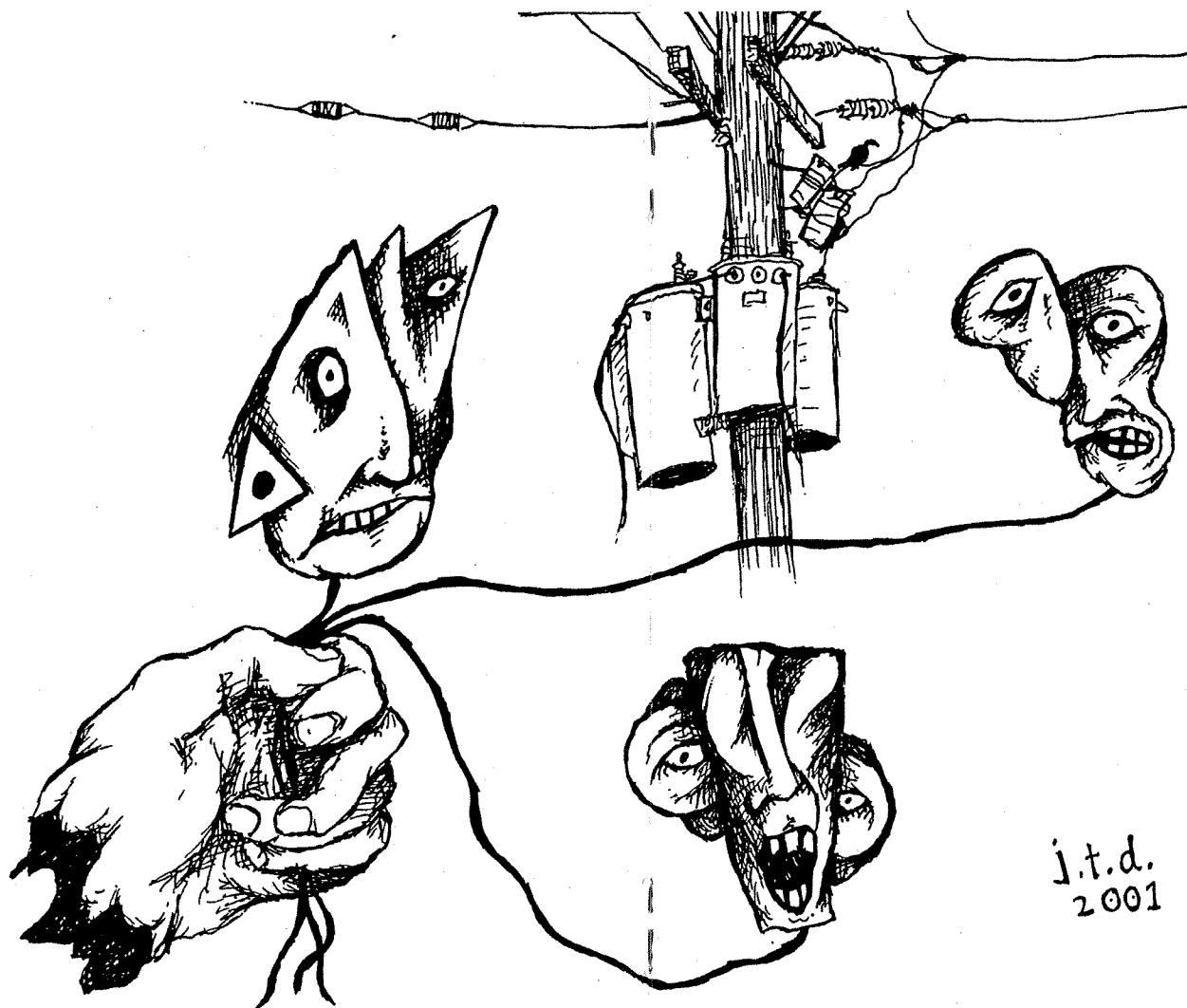
Stars As Eyes: Yeah it's good, it's made to be good, that's the point.

Cex: Except for corporate alternative radio, which is made to make you *hate* radio. All those bands are made up by guys in suits just so spoiled rich kids will buy the records and piss off their moms. It sucks. Yeah.

Stars As Eyes: So what kind of music do you listen to?

Kitty: me? I listen to lots of different stuff of course, but...I like Japanese pop like Takako Mikekawa and Puffy...um, this is such an unfair question, I know...Joan Jett, Kathleen Hanna projects,





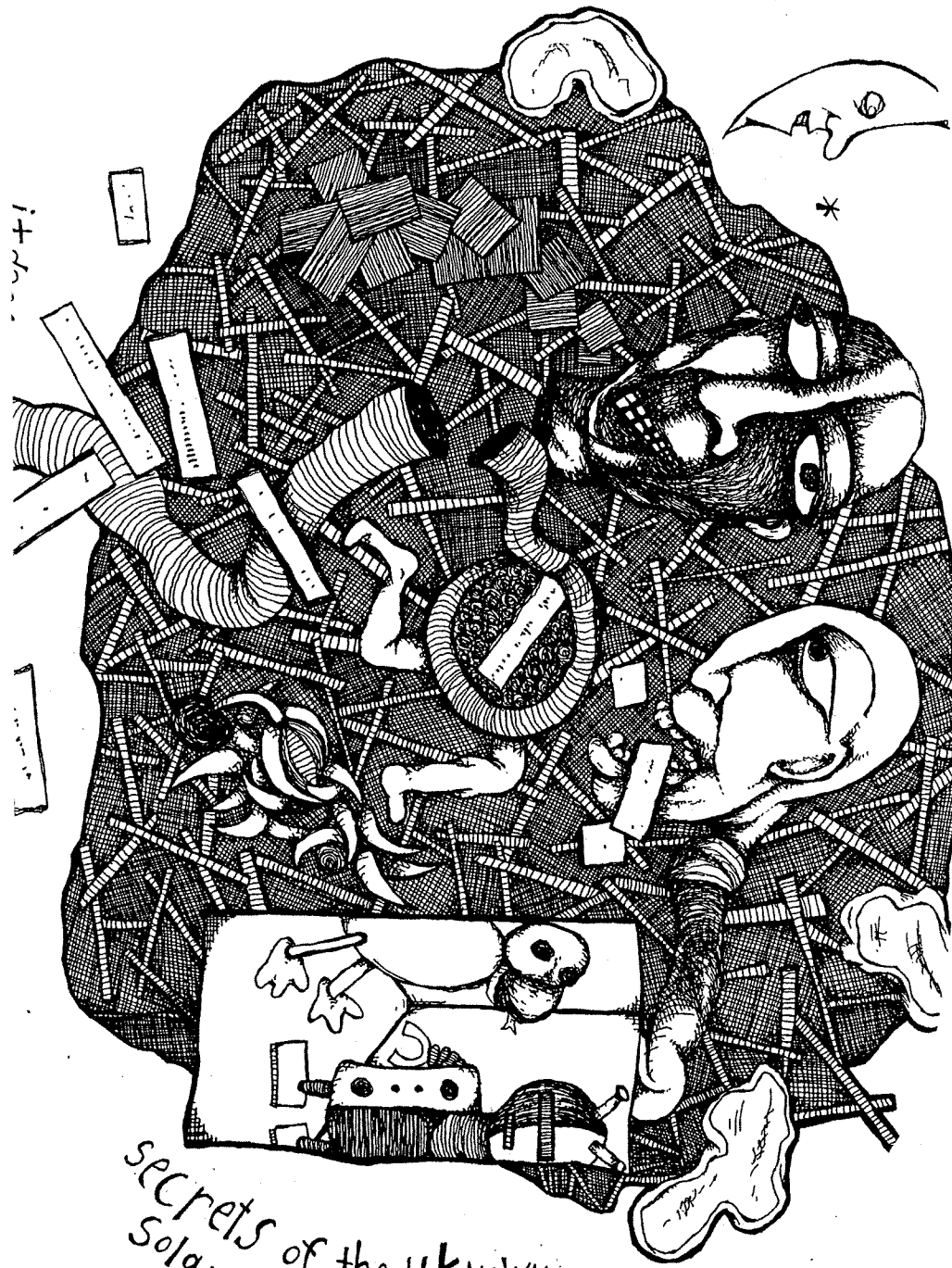
Cex... cont.

The White Stripes, Catfight, The Cramps, Flossie and the Unicorns, Holly Golightly, Neko Case and her boyfriends... 1950's and '60's beach party dance music makes me real happy.... And hey, I have my own radio show too so I guess we're all in a pretty good band together, huh. (every other Friday 6-9 PM, WRFL listeners).

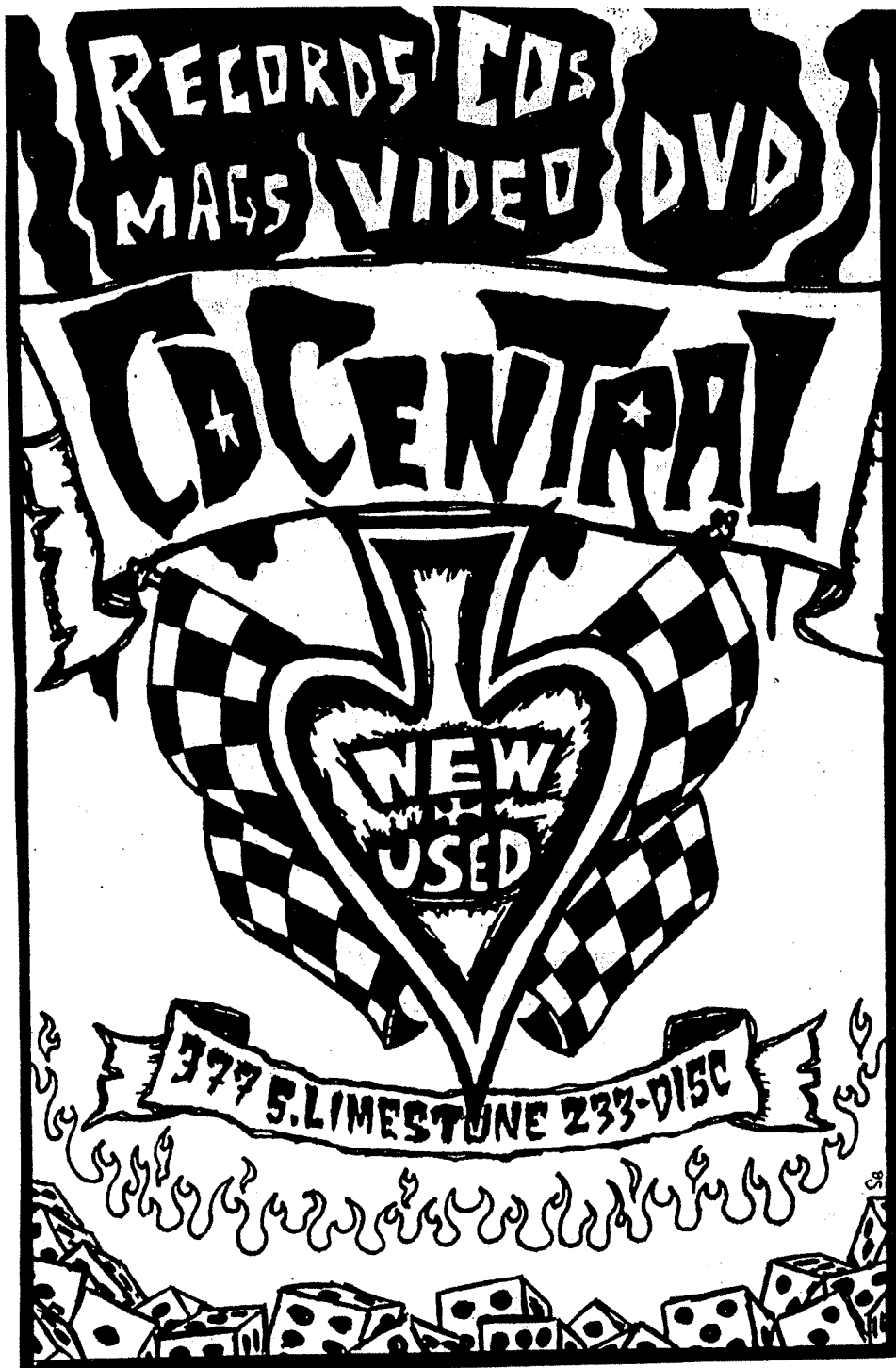
Cex: Good! Radio. This is Cex and you're listening to WRFL Lexington!

Stars As Eyes: This is Stars As Eyes and you're listening to WRFL Lexington!

As you can see, they chose to record voluntary station ids at the end of the interview, because "radio is good!"



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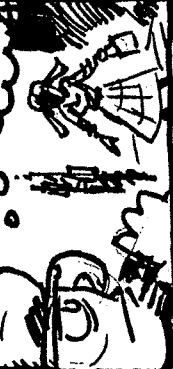
SO I'M ZOOMIN' DOWNTOWN
ON UPPER STREET."

"TOO LATE
TO MAKE THE
MECCA BIG!"



THEN I SPOT WHAT LOOKS
LIKE A YOUNG BOHO GAL,
WALKING AGAINST TRAFFIC."

"HMM" DO I
KNOW
HER?"



HAVING CAUGHT MY EYE,
SHE FLAGS ME DOWN."

"WHOOPS! GUESS
I DO! I DO!"



BUT WHEN SHE STUCK HER HEAD IN -

"HI, UM, CAN
I HELP YOU?"



"CIN YEW
GIMME A
RIDE OVER
T' GEORGE-
TOWN STREET?"



IT WAS
THE
PISTOLS
THAT
FOOLED
ME!"

"YEH, SURE-
IT'S NOT
TOO FAR
OUTTA MY
WAY."



"THANK
YEW."

"SHEWW, I TELL YA" I USU'LLY
WALK OVER ON LIMESTONE."

BUT THEY'S SUMTHIN' GOIN'
ON OVER THERE" JUST
PEOPLE EVER'WHERE"

"J' I JUST MOVED
OVER T' WHERE YOU
PICKED ME UP"

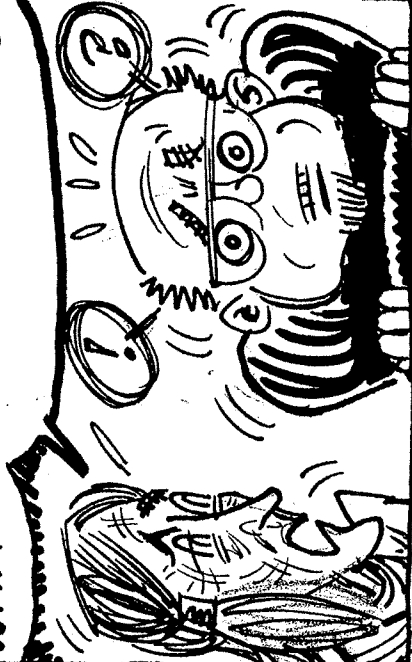
"SHE MUST
MEAN THE
ACTION ARTS
SHOW"



"AW, THAT'S
NOTHIN' TO BE
AFRAID OF."

"I KNOW
SOME OF
THE PEOPLE
INVOLVED"

"???" IN
WHAT-
PROSTITUTION?"



"UH" "NOOO"
JUST A BUNCHA
KIDS MAKIN'
ROCK'N'ROLL"



"YIKES!"

THEN I DROPPED HER IN FRONT OF AGE"

A TRUE STORY © 2001 BY BILL WIDENER



**Sexton Ming Knows What He's Talking About
by J. Todd Dockery**

In May of 2000, my girlfriend, Crystal, and myself took a sojourn to visit Sexton Ming and Ella Guru in London. The previous May of '99, we had initially met in Kentucky where I set up a show for Sexton and Ella in Lexington. Ella had invited us, in turn, to come visit them for a week and a half, and in that span of time, visit the opening of a showing of Stuckism work in a Folkestone gallery with them as well as witness the final gig of Thee Headcoats, whom I had never seen perform prior, and whose mouth-piece, Billy Childish, also co-founded the Stuckists. In between, it was a roller coaster of lager, cigarette smoke, hangovers, usually winding up in tea with Sexton in the mornings, Ella off to work, attempting to piece together the gaps in the previous nights. Despite the ample opportunities, I never nailed down a "proper" interview with Sexton. I didn't take a tape recorder along with me, and for this reason or that, it just didn't happen. The only night I aligned technology with talk, was at the end of a rather boisterous night of boozing after the Stuckism opening in Folkestone.

The first section of the tape is a small run of commentary at the house of a Folkestone couple who, after a post-opening stint at a local pub, graciously invited us to their abode for a few after-hours drinks and other inducements. The couple had Siouxsie and the Banshees on their stereo, prompting Sexton's following words caught on Ella's dictaphone which I had produced from my pocket.

Sexton: The trouble with Siouxsie and the Banshees is that Siouxsie is so obsessed with madness...but she's never gone in a mental home, and I have.

Crystal: Say it again.

Sexton: I just said it. Most of her stuff is about madness, you know.

Crystal: And she's never gone into a mental home?

Sexton: No, I don't think she fucking has. (Crystal starts to say something else, but Sexton adamantly interrupts, not in hostility, rather sounding as if he just wants to make his point) Even if she did, you wouldn't come out with shit like this!

Back at the hotel Sexton and I sat on the floor cross-legged, smoking cigarettes. There were doubts about whether or not we could conduct an interview as we drank through the evening's final beers in the room, but the recorder was turned on, and I told Sexton that we should just speak about whatever came up and not impose the usual question and answer fact-finding system. (I have not edited Sexton's words, even when repeating himself or idiosyncratic word choices in order to preserve how he spoke).

I told him I wanted the "the Sexton Ming point of view."

Sexton: The Sexton Ming point of view. This is his favorite hotel

Todd: This is living the life isn't it, Sexton?

Sexton: Yeah. See you can live the life, but you can not live death. (he laughs)

Ella: I think Sexton is too trashed to do the interview.

Sexton: I know what I'm talking about.

Todd: What would be the adverse effects of being dead in this situation?

Sexton: Well, you die...for a start. But before that you realize...no, I'll tell you what I'll do. Who wants to hear my theory of after-death?

Todd: I want to hear your theory of after-death. (the girls laugh at us)

Sexton: Here we go. What happens is we're sent on this planet earth, we live our lives, and we learn certain things. And then we die. Then we go to another planet where we learn more things. And we go to another planet...when you die after that planet, and you learn more things...the learning process is a lifetime. On this planet, the average for men is 70 (meaning the life expectancy)...and the average for women is 80...or something like that. I've never figured that one out...don't know why that is. So you spend 70 years, let's say, on this planet to learn things. And by the time you're 70...you learn so much about life...then you go on to another planet, which might not have the dimensions like we live on the fourth...three...or fourth dimension planet...you go to another planet where it's the seventh dimension...you go to another planet where it's the eighth...tenth dimension: you learn ALL this

stuff. And I don't know what the end process is, but that's what I think where you go to die. You go to another planet. There's another dimension of learning. There's no real levels on this planet, because this planet will not give you that level. This planet is going by the third or fourth dimension and it will not...you can tap into secrets...uh, with drugs or LSD and whatever you want to do. Or schizophrenia, whatever. And it just gives you a slight insight. But when you die, you go into this realm which is another planet, which might be zillions and zillions of light-planets away, but you are whisked away there spiritually, and you're dropped into this planet; it has fifth... or seventh, or whatever dimensions...and it becomes natural to you. It's natural for us...like we're in this bedroom, yeah? There's a wall there, there's a wall behind us, there's a wall on the right, there's a wall on the left, there's a floor, there's a ceiling, there's these beers here...everything...we are geared up to that. But I think when you die, you naturally become geared...you're prepared for another dimension. That dimension is natural to you. If that dimension came in now, we'd go, "oh, fucking hell, what the fuck's going on?"

Todd: A certain amount of that happens, I think. You can become aware of possibilities.

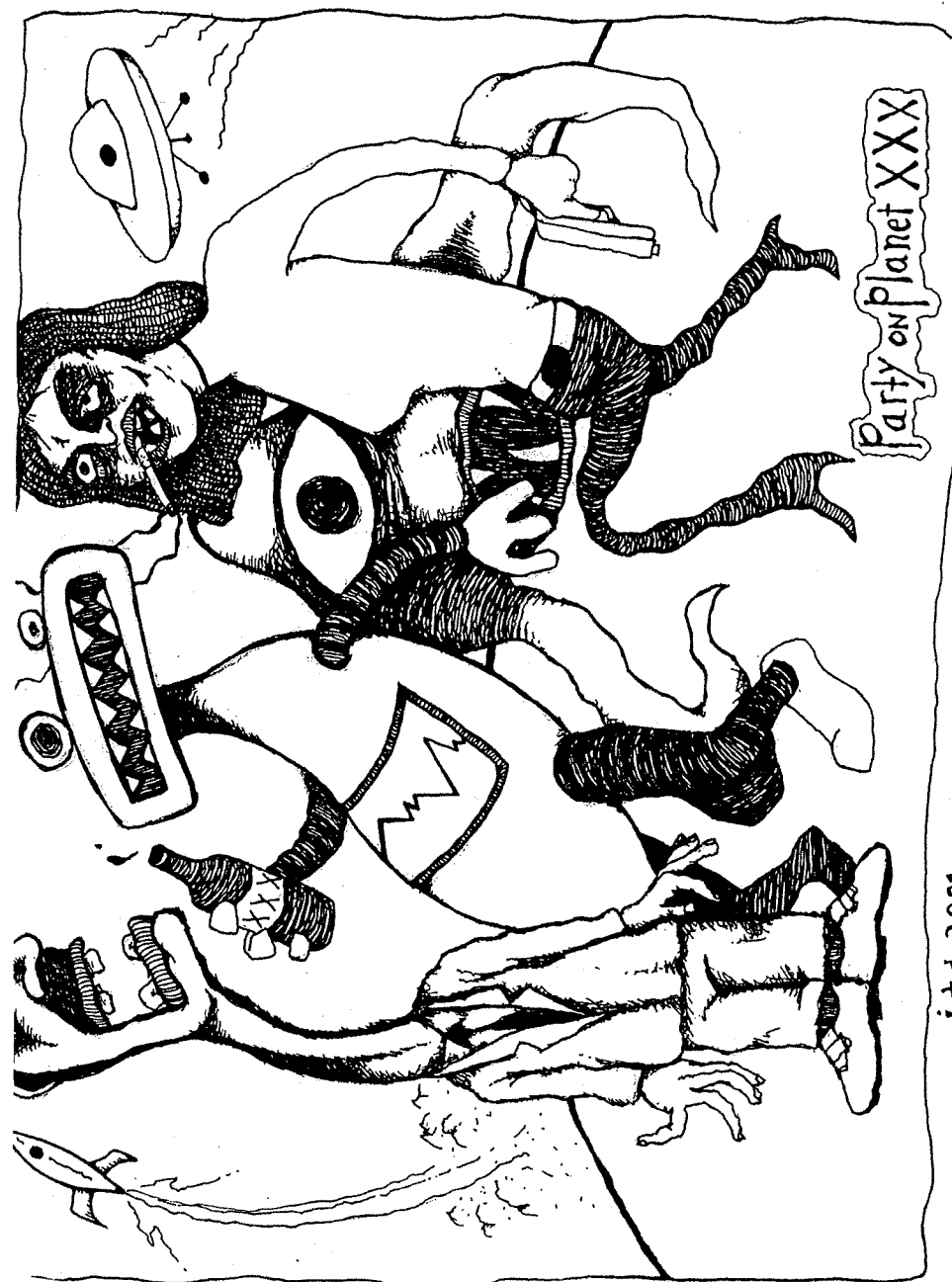
Sexton: That's just giving us insight into what will happen. (he pauses, turning his heads toward the girls who are whispering) I heard that!

Ella: That's not an interview, you're just having a normal conversation.

Todd: I can't really interview Sexton. I can't ask him what happened when he was five years old.

Sexton: Alright, start again. Here's a take. Start again. Ask me some questions.

Ella: Todd, were you abducted by aliens?!





Sexton - cont...

[The tape gets cut off when Ella asks me if I was abducted by aliens, which is bizarre enough considering I don't recall turning the tape recorder off. The recording resumes to Sexton's voice.]

Sexton: That thing shouldn't move...because I haven't moved it. There's no one in the room that can move it. What the fuck is it doing? Is it your mind? How do you interpretate it? It could be aliens that moved that object. It could be ghosts. It could be...I see, it could be your mind that moves it. You know, you have to know...have knowledge of it. And that's why I say we go to another planet, and we learn that shit, which is a very simple thing; it's sort of like the first thing you'll learn in high school....uh, not high school, kindergarten...and you'll go to the next planet.

Ella: What's the first thing you learn in kindergarten when you go to the next planet?

Sexton: That you can move things at will.

Ella: But what do you look like on the next planet?

Sexton: I don't know. That doesn't matter.

Ella: All that's moving this pen is a bunch of molecules...that's the weird thing is that right now as we sit here talking, there are people sleeping in Ohio.

[Crystal speaks for a moment on the subject, whatever that is I'm not sure in retrospect, but, either way, inaudible to the tape. Ella proclaims that she will talk to Crystal, and that Sexton and I will talk into the dictaphone, and she won't interrupt us anymore. The tape is once again rolling.]

Sexton: Alright, we're talking. Who wants to give me a song? Name me a famous song and I'll sing it. 'Cause I'm so nice.

Todd: "Sweet Caroline" by Neil Diamond. (there's a pause, then Sexton breaks into boisterous, slightly condescending laughter)

Sexton: I'll do "Solitary Man" by Neil Diamond. (Sexton sings improvised lyrics)

"You left me--I'm a solitary man--I will not go out with any women 'cause my dick is full of smegma."

Get down there, baby!

(then somehow Sexton starts singing "Day Dream Believer")

"I have a shit then I go out and drop some turds--but she's coming home--so I better have a shave--and a razor blade stings--wake up sleepy Jean--oh what can it mean to a day dream believer and a home coming queen?"

[The tape is interrupted again, then for a moment Sexton turns on the recorder and does his often performed impersonation of one of his favorite subjects of discussion--Charles Manson, a fellow Kentucky native. When he finishes, he turns the dictaphone back off again, then the tape renews to the sound of my voice.]

Todd: This kind of shit. What do you think, Sexton? Just say what you think, instead of like, (sarcastically) "oh, Sexton where did you begin your thing?"

Sexton: Aw, fuck that.

Todd: (again, sarcastically) "When did your left testicle first progress?"

Sexton: My testicle didn't fucking progress because my balls dropped. When I was at school, they gave me an examination, and they made me take my trousers down. I said, "you're a fucking queer!" He twisted my bullocks and he said, "cough." And he said, "yeah, you're alright, your balls have dropped." And I thought, "you fucking queer, you fucking CUUNNT. Fuck you." (he laughs loudly)

Todd: (about the women) They're making fun of us.

Ella: We're not making fun of you!

Todd: Everybody wants a... (I cut off in mid-sentence to the women making a funny sound like a gasp; I have no recollection what exactly happens at this moment)

Crystal: Todd!

Sexton: (sounding suddenly uncharacteristically serious and stern) Oh, Todd, you be careful, mate.

Todd: Yeah, I gotta be careful.

Sexton: You can't fall over now, 'cause I need you. I need you like a brother. Yeah. I need you now. (Sexton starts singing)

"I need you more than ever now--as it shines beneath my feet."

You know that's the first...(to the women) shush, I'm talking. This will give you information. You got a sixty hour...you can do whatever the fuck. Ask me another question.

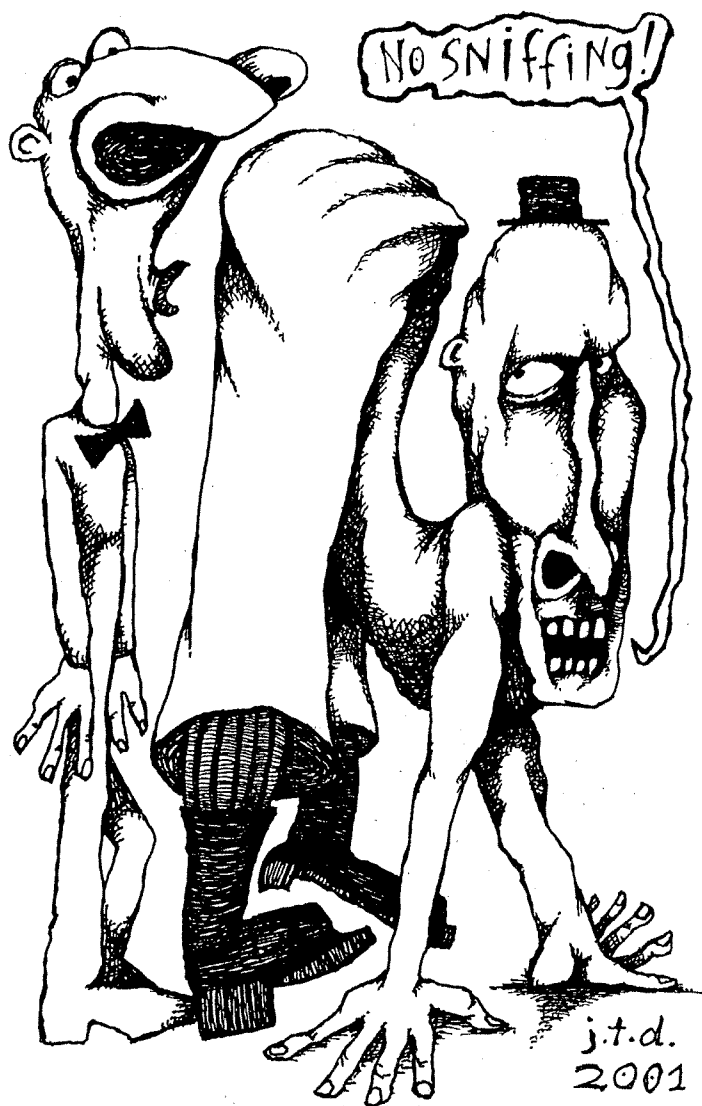
Todd: Tell me about being in France for four years. (Ella farts and Sexton laughs.) It's much better to hear your woman farting, (in a mock serious tone) but all us curious readers want to know about France. (I had previously asked Sexton's advice about my own ideas



about taking an extended stay in rural Kentucky which colors the tone of his response as advice in some respects)

Sexton: Ok, I don't know where you are, but...

Todd: We're over here.



Sexton: Yeah, I'm talking: shut up. That's my aggressive grit. No, what happens is you get sick of your country. Which is what happened to me. I got sick of my country, and I thought, "yeah, I just want to get away." Spending four years...you gotta be careful because you can cut yourself off so much that you go stir-crazy. Especially in a foreign country, like I did in France. I didn't know the lingo. I didn't know the language. I learned some of it, but you can't really...what friends or what neighbors you have...you can't really converse with them. You can't...you're relying on their English, so it gets a bit hard. And it's really beautiful...you do get self-sufficient. I grew my own vegetables. But also there's a lot of loneliness...it can make you go crazy, believe me. I would think twice about going into a situation where you're miles from anywhere. You do need people. I wish you didn't, personally. I wish you didn't have to rely on people, but at the end of the day, we only got ourselves. We're the only ones that can talk, listen, and communicate. I wish I didn't have to have that, but I do. So when you're not thinking about going out in the middle of nowhere...it's idyllic, you got the country. But we are not animals. That's what I understood about myself: we are not animals; we are human beings. And I do hate human beings for what they do to this planet, but we are human beings, and we have to have...sort of like, the fox, or the tiger, or the leopard, especially the leopard, if you take it, it will live on its own, fuck on its own...it will fuck the female leopard, and, like most animals, it will leave them away. But we, as humans, stay with our partners, and that's what the problem is, and we spread more and more children all over the planet. You know, the planet's not geared up for us. What we are, basically what the human race is, is another dinosaur. The dinosaurs were plenty. They ruled the planet. They were destroying the planet. Herbivores were eating more greenage than the planet could....

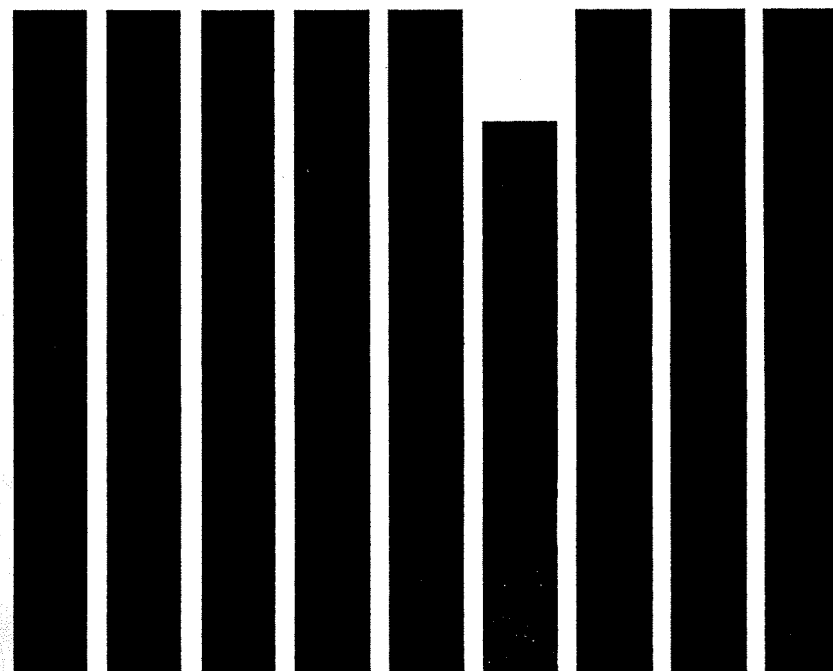
Todd: Sustain.

Sexton: Yeah. Then, magically ah...uh...what'd they say? A huge meteorite smashed them up. It was worth billions of nuclear weapons, and it wiped out the planet. And I sort of think what the human race is doing is they're wiping out their planet. The human race is like the big meteorite. It's wasting out it's...it won't happen in your lifetime, and it won't happen in my lifetime, but pretty soon the human race is gonna be so big, there's not going to be any room or any food. And also, another thing about the human race is that I believe we are too advanced for our own species. Like they'll be another species that will encapsulate...we are just the proto type. We'd like to think, "Well, yeah, Darwin and all the great people, science, and all that," but...

Todd: We're just the barnacles hanging off of that for anybody else really. (I have no idea what this means, but that's what I said verbatim)

Sexton: Yeah. It really pisses me off when people say, "Oh, mankind has done this and done that." And I think, "No, we're just assholes." Do you want me to switch this off?

Todd: No, keep it going.



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Crystal: The human race is a virus.

Sexton: I think so. The way I see the human race is like you get children and more children. It really pisses me off that you get these mothers, "Oh, make way for me, I'm a pregnant mother, "or, "I've got children," or something. We create disease, pollution...we all do. You imagine, like, when I lived in Gravesend there were lots of fields, but, no, they had to build houses on top of the fields because there's so many people being born. You can think, "yeah, they gotta be born," but what were they born for? Fuck all. They're all going to die in the end. I'm going to die in the end. You're going to die in the end. What's so special about a baby? It grows up. It does this. It does that. It dies. So what. It's sort of like nature...people kill forests and that to build a house for someone who's gonna live and die. These trees are dying, but they're beautiful. They enrich the soil. When I was in France I used to go out in the forest, and there's natural fertilizer. Yeah. Things grow out of death. The human race is into burial, but that's not natural death. The Indians would kill a stag or a cow or something, and they'd pay homage to it because the cow would eat the grass to become...are you alright, Todd?

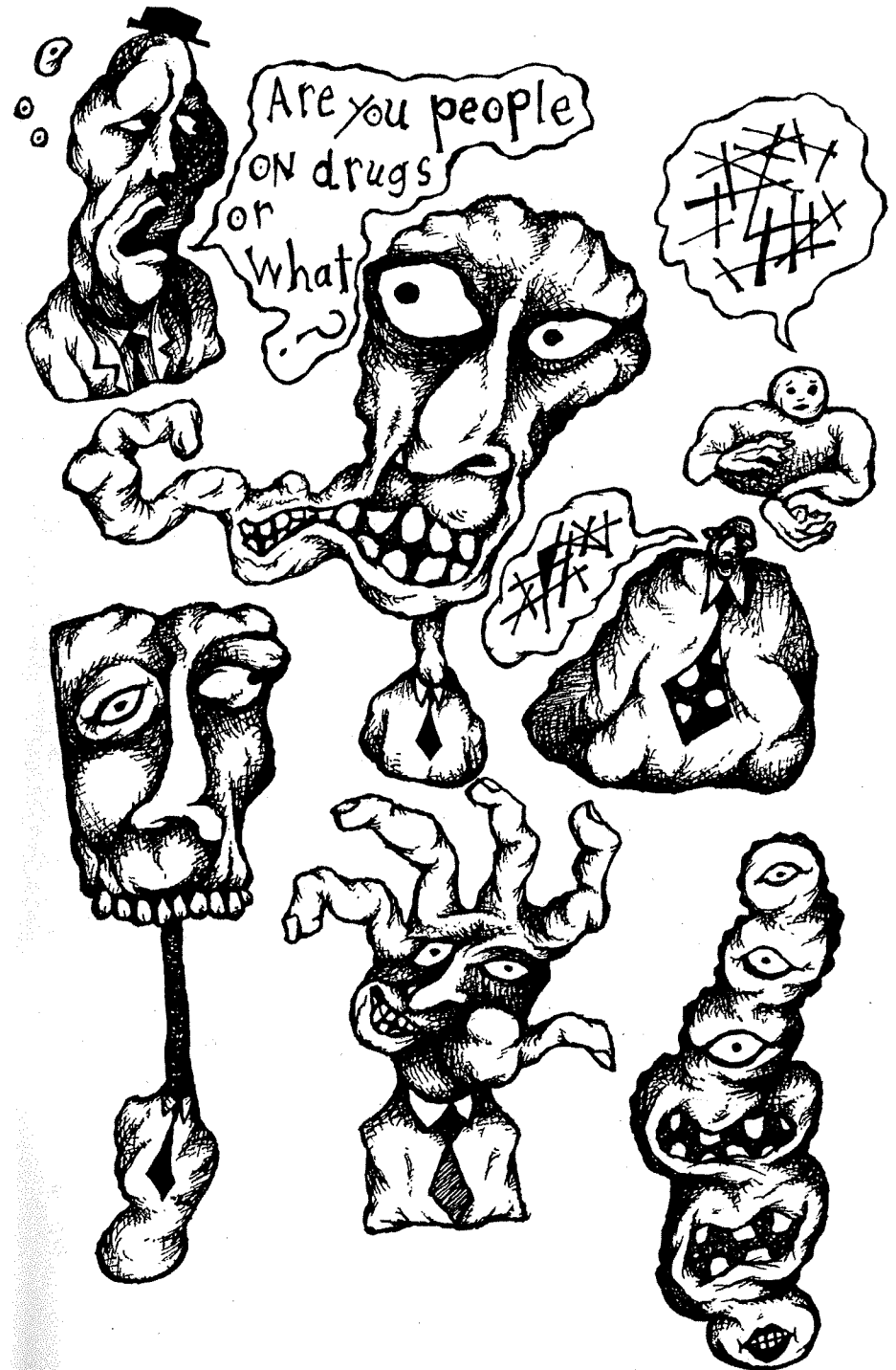
Todd: Yeah, I'm a little drunk. (a grand understatement)

Sexton: Does anyone want to hear a scary story? (he pauses, then chuckles) I can't think of one.

Shortly thereafter, Crystal lugged me back to our room a up a few flights of stairs.

The book, "House of Nunn," by Sexton Ming and J. Todd Dockery is still available through Hanging Dog Productions.

<http://www.dreamwater.net/art/jtdoc/index.html>



World Music 101 : by Bill Cheves

World music is big, varied, and covers as many styles as there are artists and countries. For your introduction to world music, use the following syllabus:

Look at releases from Putumayo. Their collections cover music from different regions and they almost always pick good songs for their samplers. Try MO VIDA for Latin dance and club music. NEW WORLD PARTY has more dance music for any area. AFRO LATINO has Latin influenced from Africa along with African influenced music from Latin countries. CAPE VERDE has music from the islands off the coast of Africa with a wealth of musical talent. The music is soft and sultry with a hint of Brazil. For some sounds of the islands try CARIBBEAN PARTY and CARIBE, CARIBE. These are just a few of the many selections from Putumayo.

Rough Guide is another label that produces good samplers. Their releases cover countries and styles. Some interesting Rough Guide releases are BHANGRA, an Indian/British dance music style, SAMBA, CUMBIA and CONGOLESE SOUKOUS. There are also Rough Guides for regions and countries like MARRABENTA MOZAMBIQUE, NORTH and WEST AFRICA, and SCOTLAND.

The Six Degrees label releases a lot of CDs that mix world music and dance rhythms. Listen to their Travel series. So far they have released AFRICAN TRAVELS, LATIN TRAVELS, and ARABIAN TRAVELS. They all have great beats.

Here are a few of my very favorites from the last couple years:

NAVA: an artist from Puerto Rico. The self-titled release is a concept album with all the songs tied together. Every song is great and the music flows beginning to end.

BOY GE MENDES and TEOFILO CHANTRE: Both artists are from Cape Verde and appear on Putumayo Cape Verde collections. Their solo CDs are smooth and tropical with nice vocals over the top.

GARMARNA and SORTEN MULD: A couple of groups from Scandinavia. They mix the folk of the region with electronic dance beats. A couple to look for are Vengence, by Garmarna, and Mark II and III by Sorten Muld.

PARIS COMBO and FATAL MAMBO: A couple of groups from France that play a combo of jazz and cabaret. Some interesting music with the suave sounds of lyrical French over top.

DARKER THAN BLUE and SOUL FROM JAMDOWN: One of my favorites of last year. Jamaican music from the 70's. Contains plenty of Jamaican versions of classic soul and R&B songs.

Well, so much music, so little time...There is a planet full of tunes out there to hear. Maybe this small primer will be of some help in getting started. For more sources, listen to the WORLD BEAT: EVERY SUNDAY 3-6 P.M. only on WRFL 88.1, your only alternative left.

Interested in volunteering at WRFL???

We've got tons of opportunities here for students and members of the community.

***Be the DJ!!!** Despite popular belief, we do expect people to be able (and willing) to speak clearly and be open to new and diverse music. DJs are required to donate time to WRFL other than their on-air shifts, usually reviewing CDs and cataloging.

Contact the Training Director for more info.

***News reporters--we now have a news department which features student reporters, and a semi-weekly news talk show, Campus Voices, produced by and for students. Contact the news department for more info.**

***RiFLe --you are here. If you've got creative cut n' paste skills, typing abilities, hell, if you can READ, please contact me for more info on how to join the staff.**



Do you believe that we
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Important???

Is there something you would
Like to see in the next issue
Of RiFLe???

Email: jessiannf@yahoo.com
With submissions, comments,
Suggestions, etc.

Dinnertime

"Your hands are all dirty." He scowls, slamming two plates down on the table, glaring at her sideways from the corner of his eye.

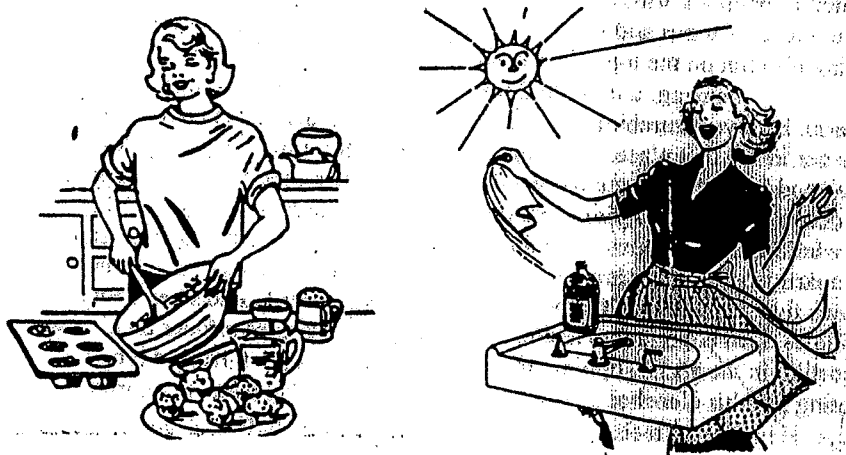
"I've been digging for treasure," she says, her voice like the silky red slip trimmed in black lace that she likes to wear to bed, a soft wispy cover for such a rough mind. "See..." she shoves her hands into the deep pockets of her black leather jacket. He doesn't like the way the light glints off the buckles and zippers that are all over that jacket. He doesn't like the way she always wears that jacket around, the way it fits her like some sort of armor. "There's these..." she empties her left pocket first, a handful of small, rough gray rocks and a few wayward chunks of dirt fall from her palm into a pile on the corner of the table. He winces when the dirt hits the table, gritting his teeth but holding his tongue. "And these... these..." she almost whispers. Slowly withdrawing her fist from her right pocket, smiling triumphantly, she opens her fingers one at a time to reveal two small perfectly chiseled Indian arrowheads. He turns his back to her, rummaging through the refrigerator for the salad dressing.

Watching from the corner of his eye again, he notices the way she holds each arrowhead up, tracing the edges with her fingertips, pressing the points with the tip of her calloused index finger, carefully considering the unique shape of each one before setting it down gently on the corner of the table next to the pile of dirty rocks. Flipping off the stove burner, he snatches up the pan and empties the spaghetti sauce onto the pasta in the blue bowl on the table. He likes the way the thick marinara sauce drips down, the way it seeps into the angel-hair pasta, slipping around the edges of the bowl.

"...geodes," she was saying, "you can tell because they sparkle in the light, you see..." She snatches up one of the rocks, holds it up, stretching her arm all the way up towards the light. She rotates the rock around slowly under the kitchen light. Her hand trembles. The sleeve slips down her arm a little, and he sees a flash of the puckered pink skin, just the slightest bit peeking out. Shuddering, he thinks of her arms beneath her sleeves, the raw streaks of her scars slashed against the milky white smoothness of her skin. She rolls the rock between her fingers. He sees the dirt under her fingernails, dirt sunken into the lines of her knuckles, her chipped "red star" nail polish, her long, fluid fingers. Dangerous fingers. Dirty fingers. "...And if you cut them open, there are all these pretty glittering crystals inside." Her eyes widen at the thought, and a faint smile crosses her lips.

He turns his back to her again suddenly, jamming the corkscrew into the bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon and twisting violently. He feels like smashing the bottle against the brick wall on one side of the kitchen, watching the wine run down the wall into dark pools on the floor. The cork pops loudly. Leaning past her, he pours the wine. Watching it slide into the curves of each glass, he suddenly recalls the first time they ever had dinner together. Pouring the Merlot that night, he remembered she had made some vague comment about the wine in the glasses resembling miniature aquariums filled with blood instead of water.

She had tried to make a nice casserole that night, but of course it somehow caught fire in the oven. He let himself in when she didn't answer to his knocks. She was on her knees in the kitchen wearing oven mitts on both hands, fumbling with a fire extinguisher. A ruined casserole lay smeared on the floor in front of the stove, the vegetables boiled over on the stovetop, the smoke alarm wailed, measuring cups sat around in small puddles of milk and oil, and the kitchen was covered in shreds of cheese, foam, and little bits of broccoli. They had ended up lighting a bunch of candles and eating pizza from a box, sitting in black pleather beanbag chairs on the floor in her tiny, sparsely furnished living room. Most of her candles were the kind that came from the



Mexican tanqueria down the street, tall pink wax columns poured into glass decorated with elaborate images of the angelic virgin Mary, but the one she had placed in the center between them had an image of Betty Page on it, stretched out on her side wearing nothing but a provocative grin and some leopard print lingerie.

She had wooed him with her record collection and a videotape of silly cartoons. He loved the way she had gazed at him all night, the dimples seen in her cheeks when she smiled wide, the wisps of auburn hair that framed her pale face. Her eyes seemed to take up most of her face, especially when she got excited about something. He sat still, pretending to watch Space Ghost on the television while she focused on his profile. Her fingers subtly brushed the grooves in his brown corduroy pants, her nails digging in slightly, absently tracing the same innocent path up and down the outside of his right knee. She loved textures. She kissed his cheek. Betty Page grinned. He turned to face her... He had loved the taste of the wine on her lips, the lightning flashes zapping up and down his spine.

"Do you always kiss people like this on the first date?" he whispered in her ear. She did not recognize the genuine trepidation in his tone.

"I don't always start to fall in love on the first date," she had replied, her cheeks turning the same color as the "blushing rose" nail polish she nervously started chipping from her delicate toenails. He liked the silver ring curled around the second toe on her right foot. It caught the candlelight and glimmered. There was a hole in the left knee of her pale blue jeans. She had grabbed her bass guitar and played him the bass lines to all of the songs she had written that month. She had read him French poetry. She had picked the dry petals off the bouquet of flowers sitting on her desk in a Beefeater bottle. She had talked about Elvis Costello, joining the circus, angels and Nutella. He had wanted to wrap his arms around her that night, wishing he could sprout out six more like an octopus and wind himself all the way around her, absorbing her, resting his chin on the top of her head, just to hold on to her forever and ever...

"...amazing, don't you think?" She reaches out, her fingers brushing his arm, her eyes searching hopefully for something that he had never meant to give her in the first place. "Darling...?" He jerks his arm violently back from her touch and turns to look out the window. A few bats sweep broad circles about the deep twilight sky, flying from the church tower across the street. If they left the windows in here open, the blind creatures would fly right in and get stuck in the apartment, flapping around until they found a place to hang. She hadn't known that when she first moved in, but now she didn't like to sleep with the windows open anymore no matter where she was. His eyes refocus on his own reflection in the glass, slipping into the lines of his deeply furrowed brow, floating past his clenched jaw line, darting through the ghost of her mirror image. He sees and feels her face collapsing gradually, deflating, shutting down and out.

"Clean this mess up please," he snaps and gestures mechanically at her rocks, and then points at her hands. "You're filthy."

"I just thought—"

"You don't think about much except yourself," he mumbles under his breath loud enough for her to hear as she starts cramming the rocks back into her pockets, pausing to carefully fold the arrowheads into her red hanky, the one embroidered with pink roses that he had given her for x-mas. "Just get cleaned up." He watched her face, ghostly white, and suddenly felt the twin fangs of sorrow and regret sinking into his heart. "I made angel-hair... your favorite, with the chunky tomato sauce..."

But she had already turned away, walking towards the bathroom. He listens to her heavy footsteps. He thinks about how she walks. They could never walk side by side because she was always slightly ahead of him with her

• if you want to learn about love, start with
plants and animals — they're easier. •
— Buddha

naturally long, purposeful stride. When they walked together he found himself holding back, testing her, waiting for her to fall into step with him. Sometimes she noticed, and she tried for his sake to match his stride, knowing that would please him. But most of the time she just walked the way she usually did, not paying attention to their slight distances, one foot in front of the other, carrying on with herself.

Her footsteps shuffle past the bathroom door and down the hall. He hears the door slam in the hallway, the keys on the hook next to the door jangling. He would put some food on her plate and wrap it. She could warm it up in the microwave whenever she wanted it, he thought. He clears her place and sits down to eat, sliding her glass of wine across the red gingham tablecloth. Picking up one glass in each hand, he dejectedly toasts himself.

"Dinnertime" is reprinted from the new split-chapbook entitled

Molotov Cocktails.

By J. Fehrenbach

Also featuring

Love Letters from

The Hotel Jaquemart

By Miss Erica Cefalo.

Email:

<http://creepsnewsroom.tripod.com/molotov.html>



by Jessi Ann Fehrenbach



existing into the form of an old stone war monument, unmoving except in television pictures and, in that case, more dead than the sleeping trees.

But wait...

I hear the voice of old dead Kerouac and the horn of old dead Parker and the lick of old dead Hendrix and the wine of new dead Buckley.

I hear the god of new born Rapture, the chime of new born Shellac, the whine of new born Pedro, the lonesome highway beat of newborn Washington Mice, the sanguine sacrificial cow of newborn Strokes, the godless angel preaching of new born Ms. Marshall, once again. All living voices come to me, here, in this lonely room with a couple of turntables, a microphone. In between these voices, young/old, I hear my little words tremble out, spark up like a warm breath of fire, announce that yes...someone is awake and with you at 4:15a.m., if you need me. Call me.

The DJ brings what happens live and outdoors or in concert halls or bars sent into microphones and recorded on tape and transferred to vinyl grooves and picked up by a needle and amplified by a machine and sent via wire to a tall, metal pole into the crisp January air like light into space. We have a powerful voice and we should use it. Unlike those who think it best to keep quiet in the crazy depression of 2002, we must in the name of our own sanity turn the volume up into the red for all those who would listen.

So I'm asking you...

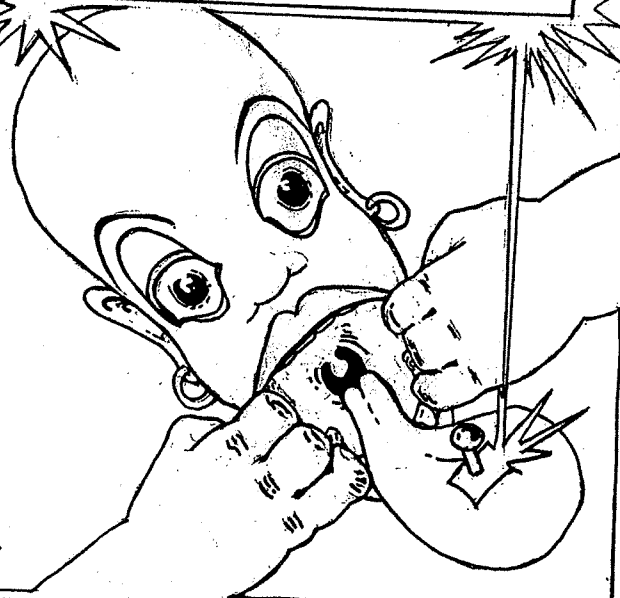
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upcoming events related to the action arts collective

friday, feb 8: THE DANGELS / DEFENDER @ DETOUR * 10pm * ages 21+ * FREE

saturday, feb 9: HALF HANDED CLOUD (of montreal meets the danielson family) / THE CARDEROCK DIVISION / STEGO @ HIGH ON ROSE * 10pm * ages 21+ * \$3

saturday, feb 16: THE FEATURES / GLOSSARY / DE JANEIRO (ex-massey ferguson/tim) @ HIGH ON ROSE * 10pm * \$tba

friday, feb 22: THE COMPLETE STRANGERS (grassroots glam rock from oh) @ DETOUR * 10pm * ages 21+ * FREE

saturday, feb 23: BIRDDOG / SCOUT NIBLETT (on secretly canadian records) / THE POST @ HIGH ON ROSE * 10pm * \$tba

friday, march 1: DE JANEIRO (ex-massey ferguson/tim) @ DETOUR * 10pm * ages 21+ * FREE

tuesday, march 5: THE SUNSHINE FIX (ex-olivia tremor control) / BIG FRESH @ MECCA * all ages * \$5 * SPONSORED BY WRFL 88.1 FM AND THE ACTION ARTS COLLECTIVE

monday, march 18: CROOKED FINGERS (ex-archers of loaf) / DE JANEIRO @ MECCA * all ages * more info tba * SPONSORED BY CD CENTRAL, WRFL, AND THE ACTION ARTS COLLECTIVE

*** the ACTION ARTS COLLECTIVE now has it's own spot on a listening station at CD CENTRAL (377 S. limestone); you can check out music by many of the above artists there. another good way to check out the artists is by requesting them on WRFL (on-air 257/9735) or checking out the links from the AAC webpage at www.action-arts.org. thanks. ***

Submit yr scripts for our Night of
Short Plays (in April) by March 18 !!!

↓
15 min.

WRFL 88.1 FM

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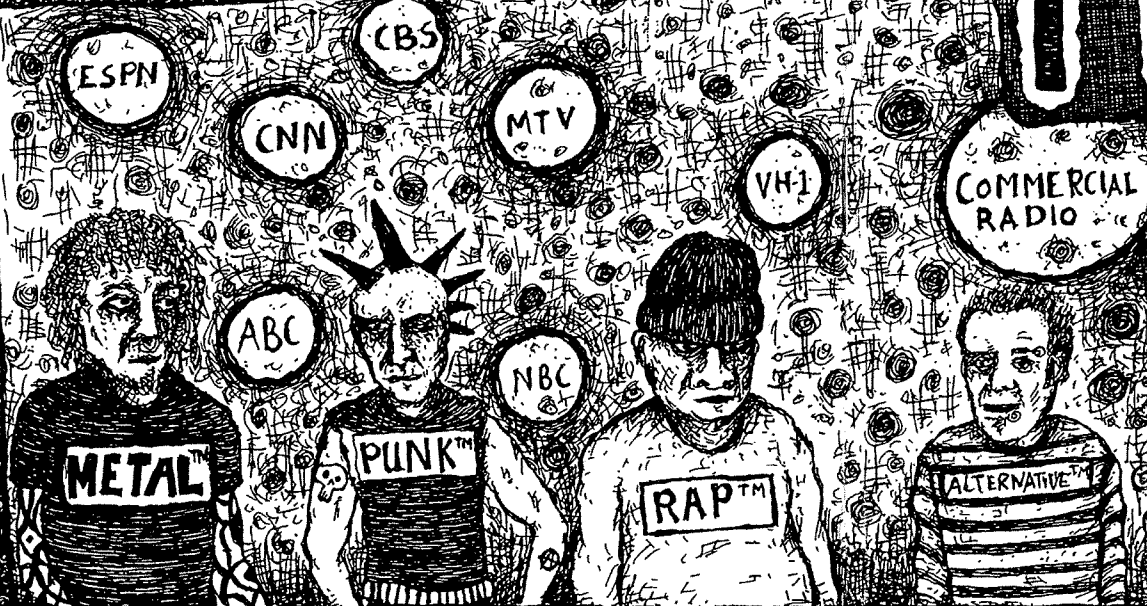
tantra workshop * for more information contact meccald@prodigy.net

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