

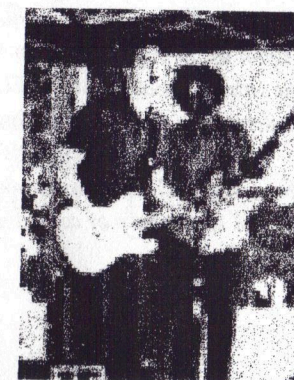
RIFLE

FALL 2003
WRFL 88.1FM
LEXINGTON, KY

RiFLe

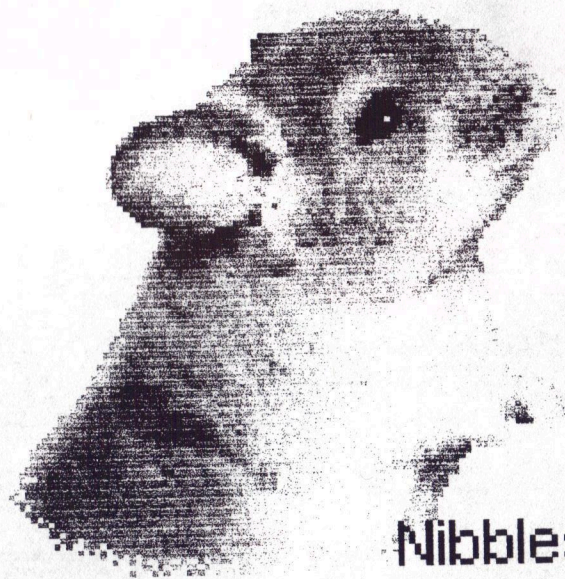
Fall 2003

Editor's Note.....	1
General Manager Leslia LeMaster.....	4
Music Director Mikey T.....	5
Favorite Summer Moments.....	7
Stealth Musician.....	11
Trevor Takes On.....	14
The Boards: Geogaddi.....	19
Fall 2003 On-Air Program Schedule.....	25
Upcoming Shows.....	41
Unca Bill's Rant'n Raves.....	43



The Features and Mad Shadows
at the Independence Day Battle of the
Bands July 4, 2003

Onto a new era...



Times at WRFL
Lexington
Kentucky 88.1fm
are changing as
many of you
know. A few
months ago we
moved into a new
on-air room. They
have continued the
renovations in our
production room
and office rooms

Nibbles

alike. Next week they begin to lay new carpet. This years new cast of directors are all rookies according to the directorship. Although last generation's RFL staff is moving onto bigger and better things, one thing never changes. WRFL is Radio Free Lexington. Always.

As the new rookie RiFLe director, I have tried to gather best of my sources to bring you what has happened the past few months since the last issue. This summer was dull and lingered on far to long to say the least. There were highlights, and there were weeks that didn't seem like they'd end. A new school year is upon us, many great albums are churning the music industry despite economic setbacks, and we at WRFL are continuing to bring you the best from local, underground, and some mainstream indie rock.

Keep your head up for RiFLe Winter/Spring 2004 due out late December for a special Christmas gift. We are expecting at least 200 pages. If you would like to help or contribute to the upcoming issue please contact me at rifle@wrfl.org.

Cheers,
Kelly Lu

DO YOU WANT TO BE ON THE RADIO AT WRFL 88.1? WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO HELP SET UP A SHOW? OR DO YOU WANT TO SUBMIT AN ARTICLE FOR RiFLe?

WRITE: WRFL
Box 777 University Station
Lexington, KY 40506-0025

CALL: 257-INFO (4636) - office
257-WRFL(9735) - 24-7 on air DJ requests

FAX: (859) 323-1039

ONLINE: <http://www.wrfl.org>

2003-2004 WRFL DIRECTORS

General Manager : Leslia LeMaster
Music Director: Mikey Turner
Program Director: Nick Warner
Promotional Director: Lindsey LeMaster
Training Director: Michael Powell
Production Director: Travis Pierce
Engineer: Eli Crane
CD Librarian: Kate Sachs
Sales/Grants: Wesley Beltz
RiFLe Editor: Kelly Lewis

THE REASON WHY THE GALLERIE
SOLEIL FET FOR J. TODD DOCKERY'S
"GUTS IN UPROAR" WAS SHUT DOWN:

"..IF I WAS
PUSHING MY KID DOWN THE
STREET AND HEARD SOME-
BODY YELL 'NEELEDICK',
I WOULDN'T LIKE IT,
EITHER.."

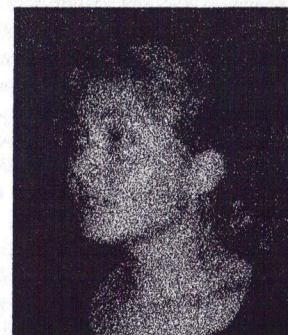


AS OVERHEARD BY TODD HIETT, 9/7/03
AS DRAWN BY BILL WIDENER © 9/8/03

A Note From the GENERAL MANAGER...

GM

I HAVE A LARGE COLD SORE SPANNING FROM THE RIGHT CORNER OF MY BOTTOM LIP DOWN TO THE TIP OF MY CHIN. IT IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF A QUARTER AND DISGUSTING. JUST FOR THE RECORD I DID NOT CONTRACT THIS FROM ANY QUESTIONABLE ACTIVITIES, IT CAN BE BLAMED ON SPENDING TOO MANY HOURS IN THE SUN AT ONE TIME. I GET THESE GARGANTUAN THINGS ON MY FACE EVERY TIME I GO TO THE BEACH. ALTHOUGH THEY MAY BE ALARMING TO MOST OF THE PEOPLE I FACE, THE SCAB IS DEFINITELY WORTH THE TIME I SPENT LAYING ON THE SAND SOAKING IN THOSE WONDERFUL WONDERFUL RAYS. I SEE WRFL AS THE SUN THAT I LOVE TO BE AROUND AND SPEND A LOT OF MY TIME IN AND THE COLD SORE AS THOSE THINGS (WHETHER DIFFICULTIES, ETC.) WHO SEEM TO FROM RUNNING BOTH SITUATIONS, IT HAVE ONE WITHOUT COMPARE SOME THE COLD SORE POP BUMMED OUT, HAVE WORN MORE OUT AS MUCH IN THE OF NOT FUNNING IN INTO MY HEAD. THE



IT BE HUMANS, TECHNICAL ADMINISTRATION, ETC. PROHIBIT THE STATION SMOOTHLY. WITH ME, IN APPEARS THAT I CAN'T THE OTHER. LET'S MORE...WHEN I FIRST SAW UP I WAS TOTALLY TELLING MYSELF I SHOULD SUNSCREEN, NOT GONE SUN, AND THE THOUGHT THE SUN AT ALL POPPED SAME HAPPENS AT WRFL,

WHEN SOMETHING ABRUPT HAPPENS THAT SEEMS COMPLETELY UNNECESSARY I HAVE THOUGHTS WHICH USUALLY INVOLVE SOMETHING ALONG THE LINES OF WHY I AM DOING THIS, I SHOULD HAVE JUST STUCK WITH MY DEGREE AND JOB AS A HOSTESS. WITH BOTH THE SUN AND THE STATION, I SOON REMEMBER WHY I AM THERE. IT'S OUT OF A LOVE. WITH BOTH, I HAVE TO PAY CONSEQUENCES BE IT A COLD SORE OR A HUGE DRAMA THAT I HAVE TO DEAL WITH (I DON'T LIKE DRAMA) BUT WHEN LOOKING BACK UPON THINGS IT IS WORTH IT AND REALLY NOT ALL THAT BIG OF A DEAL. SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. MY FIRST LETTER FOR RIFLE AS GENERAL MANAGER FOR WRFL. NOT SO GOOD...BUT THERE NONE THE LESS.

--LESLIA



MUSIC DIRECTOR: MICROPHONE CHECK 1..2..

So I ran off on a planned whim to Tybee Island, Georgia during Labor Day weekend. Hit the beach. A bunch of my friends and I got this house to chill in and it was loaded with luxuries one of my stature isn't normally accustomed to. Luckily I landed the master bedroom that had this huge bathroom with a jacuzzi and a shower consisting of two heads that create the feeling of royalty while one is in mid-bathe. There was a screened in porch that wrapped around the whole place and an endless amount of chairs and couches for a crew of seven to completely lounge out on and leave their worries and frustrations behind

them.

Most importantly, this posh deal bestowed upon us the greatest gift of all: MTV! Yes, MTV in the living room, MTV in my bedroom. MMM, TTT, VEE VEE VEE!!! Praise be to the corporate machine for now my broke self was happily subjected to bad pop culture for three whole days. I don't have MTV where I live, my roomies and I only get neat stations like Discovery and TLC (which is fine, I love watching my roommate Jason drool over hyaena docu-dramas and overzealous gay men decorate middle class homes- hearty, zany entertainment!) so this get away was a complete heavenly experience.

People, it gets better than this...THE VIDEO MUSIC AWARDS WERE AIRING CONSISTENTLY ALL WEEKEND!! Well Newlyweds was airing here and there (the ups and downs of a superstar marriage- Jessica Simpson and Nick Lachey) but for the most part, we got the sultry juice on the last six month mainstream music caboose. Needless point to stress, some of us (more than others) had some difficulty getting proper motivation to catch rays and play in the ocean. Watching Madonna french kiss Christina Aguilera and Britney (now) Queers, flipping a sexy bird to the well deserving Bush trigger happy era, seemed enough of an ocean to swim in. Although I didn't catch the awards all in one sitting I caught the majority of the action. Divided between tasty dinners, sun bathing and bad karaoke, I witnessed Eminem, 50 Cent, Linkin Park, Agu-Malaria (with Jane's Addiction's washed up guitarist Dave Navarro) and numerous other millionaires pretending they were making art, having something to say, making a difference, and last, but not least, making 'fresh entertainment' for the masses. Yup, big fun. I'll watch this crap until I'm ninety-eight and my eyes fall out of my sockets. Why? I suppose some of it's actually good. Missy can dance and the White Stripes are a hell of a lot better than Limp Bizkit but I don't even tune in for the good stuff necessarily. To be honest, I get a thrill out of watching and knowing that MTV is a lie, that most of those performers are a lie designed to get the big wigs their cash and to get the population stuck on these lies. I know I can flirt

with the enemy without getting dumbed down with their \$brain damage\$. It's so easy to 'cut a rug' to that new Beyonce single or get 'aggro' to that new Foo Fighters release (which I know I have done some of both) but I also know I have an alternative waiting for me. I have music that doesn't lie to me.

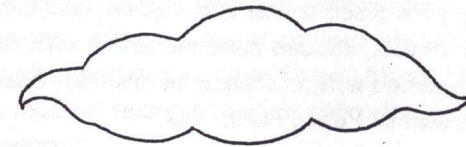
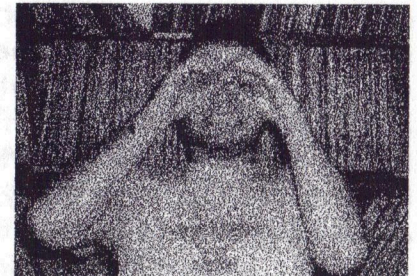
I know I have artists out there that aren't out for my cash because they're out in the middle of nowhere, starving in a van, driving to play my town because they love doing what they do. Most of all, on a community level, I know I have a radio station to listen to that doesn't lie to me. I have a radio station that isn't concerned with what sells. I have a radio station that will teach me something new everyday. I have a radio station that will entertain me with originality and REAL freshness everyday.

I have WRFL. This isn't a ass kissing fest. This is written by someone who has been listening to WRFL since 1991 and that has never turned back. I love it so much that this semester I became music director and took on the task of weeding out the garbage that belongs on MTV and the Clear Channel stations. Yeah, every once and awhile, a promoter will slip by me like a sheep in wolf's clothing, trying to push some fake, phony group on me, but I always catch on to the truth in the nick of time. Some people might not love every second of WRFL's programming but that's the point. It's Free Radio!!! Half of the game is the ability for any average joe on the street to crawl up in here and get a show. The other half is that the person can play whatever they want. Sure we have a playbox and we have some guidelines that go along with that but in the end, DJ's get tons more freedom at WRFL as well as it's listenership.

Okay, I'll shut up now. Just wanted to introduce myself in a light that best depicts me. I'm Mikey T. and I got this music director stuff well under control. If you want to get in touch with me regarding the station or any other arts related events in the area, contact me at 257-1557 or by email at

slightmonkeychairs@hotmail.com

I remain active in the Lexington arts community along with a lot of other WRFL'ers so lemme know if you wanna get involved. take care of yourselves, Mikey T. Music Director WRFL FM Lexington, KY



Favorite Summer Moments 2003

TRIAGE

Mon May 19 @ Natasha's Cafe

Chicago's *Triage*, a three piece jazz outfit featuring members of the quality Vandermark 5, graced Natasha's quality climes with two sets of brain-kneading sounds. Was it the intimacy and living room cool of Natasha's itself, the razor sharp musical acrobatics of the group, or the espresso machine solos during stop breaks and pauses in the music that made it another "Outside the Spotlight" gem? Probably all three. Keep listening to WRFL for announcements of future OtS events.

LIFE PARTNERS, LA DRUGS, & HAIR POLICE

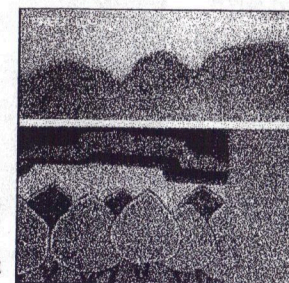
Wed May 28 @ Artsplace

It was hot enough downstairs at ArtsPlace that there was sweat for sale at the merch table. Just recovering from a blitzkrieg illness, and having to sit down due to dizziness more than once, I doubted whether I should have attended. That was before the show started, however, and by the end, I found myself miraculously healed by the revelatory sounds of the groups. A dynamic duo of Boston outfits, Life Partners and LA Drugs, bookended a floor sopping performance by Lexington kings Hair Police. A crowd that came to play spurred on Life Partner's bop gun dance core into the red with a set that included a superior cover of 'Kentucky Woman', inspiring this listener to try and revive the Charleston. Hair Police continued their hitting streak with full audience taunt and participation proving again you don't need the biggest army, just the biggest guns. LA Drugs finished off any survivors with disco knives and a queen bee attack that shattered cinder blocks, imbued band members with Spider Man like powers and finished with audience on drum kit backing up a Lexington 12" version of Public Park. Yes.

GREAT LAKES, MR. SMARTYPANTS, & HILARIE SYDNEY

Sat June 21 @ Mecca

There's no such thing as a bad show at Mecca. Coming off a weekend wedding, the studio was decked in dress whites framing the first ever performance by High Water Mark, a group fronted by Hilarie Sydney of Apples in Stereo fame; a proper rock action quartet with an appropriately swinging drummer and songs that couldn't be slowed down by even the crankiest of pa systems. Mr. Smartypants took the floor next with another high volume sound check and the continued sonic ravings of G-Wiz guitarist The Electric Enigma, preaching his firebrand tube sermons for the acolytes in attendance. Athens faves Great Lakes served seriously beefy portions of pop pie for all the wonder kids. With a musical chairs collective of players, they lit the studio with a seamless gleam of high fuzz joy, a dream time audio rainbow.



VON HEMMLING & KITTY TWISTER AND THE HOT DOGS

Thu July 10 @ High On Rose

The lead singer was dressed in a clogging outfit and band kind of looked like the eighth grade science faculty from my junior high school, but make no mistake friends, this is Kitty Twister and the Hot Dogs. Their high energy swampabilly ranged from boots made for walking ravers to boxing cape exit torch tunes; every one a winner. Like a teen discovering a stash of Irving Klaw photos, their brand of 50's glam is an instant turn on. Tag teaming the bill, Von Hemmling stepped in with another fever dream evening of audio hallucinations. Who can say when their show began, it seemed as though it had always been there; blowing back and forth and whispering musical secrets to all in attendance. Somewhere, they're still exploring.

PARLOUR & BARDOPOND

Sat July 26 @ Mecca

Louisville's Parlour launched another Mecca gem into space with a too short set gleaming like a satellite on the sunny side of Mercury. Machine precision and sunburst sparkle drums lifted a heavy load and made it sound weightless. Jupiter and Saturn were brought to earth and continents shifted when Philadelphia's Bardo Pond came to call next. Performing a set that had to be weighed on industrial every corner beyond with group rattled their pyramid left the audio guys from UK exactly it was be amplified.



scales and filled in the studio and sonic light, the the windows with sized sound and reinforcement wondering what that needed to

ULYSSES & BRYAN GORE

Wed July 30 @ Club Seal

Returning émigré Bryan Gore delighted a packed night at the venerable Club Seal with a delay perfect twenty minute set that divined the true meaning and connection between Marvin Gaye, Radiohead, and SARS. With lyrics in English, Mandarin(?), and perhaps speaking in tongues everyone understood the word. Ulysses was up next with a full on pop perfect set whose tunes I still can't get out of my head. If the super low moog, quality harmony vocals, and rock solid arrangements weren't already enough, the audio manipulations and loops of Robert Beatty made even more engaging what was already entertaining.

ISWHAT?! & SABI DIRI

Thu July 31 @ UK Memorial Hall

Dance troupe Sabi Diri started off the evening with a short performance leading to the evening's main event IsWhat?! featuring Roy Campbell of Pyramid Trio fame. More than jazz, more than hip hop, it was a highlight among highlights this summer. An unstoppable bass groove and pointed vocal virtuosity combined with the smoothest brass accompaniment made for an evening where something completely new was constantly possible. Another 'Outside the Spotlight' winner.

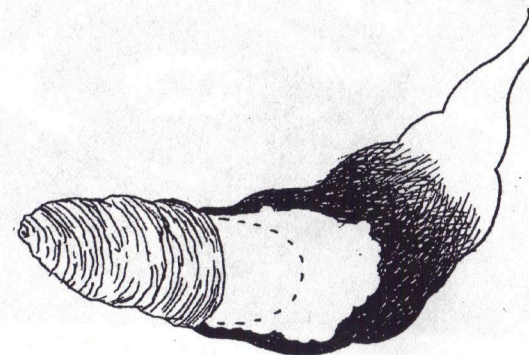
MAMMAL & VIKI

Sun Aug 31 @ Club Seal

Another superior evening at Club Seal showcasing Viki and Mammal. Viki launched a sleepy Sunday into full dance attack with a claw fisted partybeat pummeling that stuffed and mounted all in attendance for her ever growing trophy case. Kingdom, phylum, class, order, family, genus, and species were all raved up when the Mammal took control. Unafraid to take on the whole crowd, it wasn't long before he was over the wall and rattling every cage in the lab. Tolerances were tested, new frequencies were discovered and at least one person found their clothes extinct. Jar Fly.

Except for the High On Rose show, all those listed here were all ages, and at least one of them was absolutely free. It's a good time to be in Lexington. Go see a show.

Paul



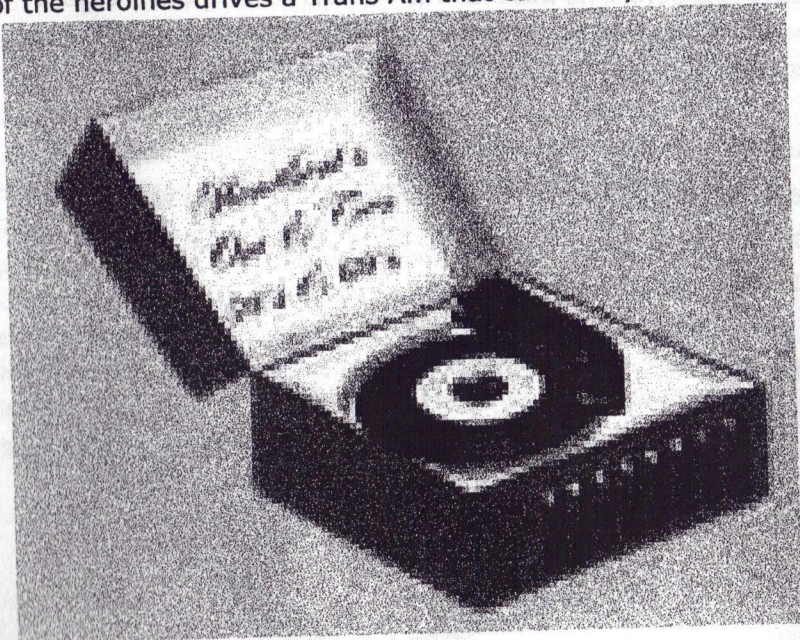
Stealth Musician

Most, if not all, of us are familiar with the trick to some degree. What I'm talking about is the *avant-garde* realization of minimalism's last word in music. This is when a musician or composer doesn't write a single note, play or direct a single instrument. Yep, you guessed it, this amounts to a musical performance in which music is not performed. I personally first encountered this stunt with the Melvins' "two minutes of pure digital silence" on Snivlem's *Brick* CD. Since then I've encountered it in the work of Francisco Lopez and The Locust. I'm sure there are plenty other acts and artists that make such an encounter possible.

Over the years, my response to this nifty gag has been to marvel at the way *avant-garde* curiosities become *vanguard* gimmicks. Lately, though, I've found this a useful item to incorporate into a coping strategy. What if one was able to glean a smidgen of sincerity from the gesture? Then one might be able to see it as a way to expand musicianship to include some formerly excluded terrain rather than mere pretentious tomfoolery.

I've never been in a band, I don't own an instrument and my sole foray into formal musical training was an embarrassing failure. That's okay, though, not having attained a substantially high profile in this respect simply permits me the leeway I need to operate under the radar. I'm not a Star... I'm a Stealth Musician. That's right, I'm a sonic saboteur, a master of the inaudible arts. I'm not even a whispered abracadabra or some sly slight-of-hand shy of being audio's ambassador to secrecy. Like a phonic phantom or a subliminal advertisement I am already there, lurking in the lacunae. My lack of output is my input.

Because of an obstinate bias in our cultural sensorium we are more accustomed to examples of this sort of *jitsu* in the visual arena. In Thomas Pynchon's novel, *Vineland*, one of the heroines drives a Trans Am that can barely be seen. It



has been rendered nearly invisible through the application of crypto-custom pinstripes supplied by an image hot-rodding guru. This strikes one as typical Pynchon goofiness... until one considers the mechanisms of camouflage. How does one blend, undetected, into the environment? By bending the environment to mask oneself. How does one bend the environment? By realizing - Matrix spoon scene style - that one cannot bend the environment but that one must bend oneself - mental *jiu-jitsu* style - to re-apprehend the environment. One must inventively environ. If you think about it, a Trans Am is only a "vehicle" and the name harbors a suggestive etymology: *trans-* to travel through so as to change (e.g. transport, transform, transparentize) *Am-* America.

Before re(con)figuring the ways in which one is in cahoots with one's environment a stubborn prejudice needs addressing. People have been declaring the impossibility of originality in many-a-field for quite some time now. It is said that all the options have been exhausted and that one can contribute nothing new. All that's left is cheap consumerism. We can't create so we collect. At best one gets to be a *bricoleur* (an artist of the available like Marcel Duchamp), at worst, a garbage attendant. The most one has the luxury of hoping for is to have their particular collecting talents display merit. As pop culture commentator and mainstream media critic, Douglas Rushkoff, says, "If you look at a lot of so-called musicians today, they're really deejays and what are deejays but surrogate consumers." This situation is not as lamentable as it seems. It is only a problem for those whose egos are threatened by the idea of being "derivative" or "parasitic." It is not a problem for the Stealth Musician, it is the condition for his or her success. The Stealth Musician is content to go incognito piggybacking a more conspicuous host. It's the classic Trojan Horse tactic and it's a great way to get cozy enough to keep tabs on one's otherwise discordant consorts.

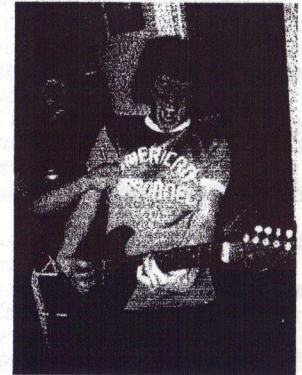
Deejaying is Stealth Musicianship exemplified. But, you don't have to be a deejay to be a Stealth Musician. You don't even have to be a fan of "music" in the strict sense. Not surprisingly, the epitome of Stealth Musicianship registers at a much more subterranean level. All you need to do is stop distracting yourself from the myriad synthesizations awaiting your facilitation. For instance, there are moments when a slight modification of awareness will allow most anyone to play audience to the major appliance concerto in his or her home. In such states, we don't need Wendy Mae Chambers' organ, made from car horns nailed to plywood boxes, in order to acquaint ourselves with the symphonic possibilities of traffic noise and we don't need Christmas caroling puppies, horn playing seals or organ grinding monkeys to prove that nature has orchestral aspects.

This approach to making music (or its opposite) - the receptivity garnered by not letting the *making* get in the way of the *music* - is akin to poetic revelation and makes short work of an age old riddle: "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" That's really fucking easy. It's the sound of everything else that clapping would keep you from hearing if that one hand were accompanied by another.

Jeremy Russell (aka Nico Nexus)
guydeco@netscape.net

HAIR POLICE, VON HEMMLING, CD PLAYER VIRGINS A.K.A. TREVOR TREMAINE

You've probably seen him around. Maybe at a show, at the local Kroger, or at a party. His name: Mister Holy Crap- or better known as Trevor Tremaine, Lexington's own Conor Oberst. Just kidding. Trevor spends much of his time in three acts around town, or on the road. See for yourself.



bloodyyoungwanker: WHO the Hell are you?

MisterHolyCrap: Trevor Jon Tremaine, private citizen and general charlatan.

bloodyyoungwanker: What do you do?

MisterHolyCrap: I get paid to shock myself into an analeptic trance daily and sit in front of a computer screen for money. Then I take that money and turn it into music. Anything, as long as I don't have to go back to school.

bloodyyoungwanker: Outside of that work- at night- What's that other stuff u do???

MisterHolyCrap: I play in a handful of bands, notably (or otherwise) the Hair Police, Von Hemmling, and CD Player Virgins. The latter is currently solo, but expect local mavericks J Midkiff and Mikey T to earn their wings soon.

bloodyyoungwanker: Whoaaaaa....

Let us begin with the infamous Hair Police. The question on everyone's minds: Now that Mike is married, what is going to happen with Lexington's favorite noise? Are you and Robert moving with him?

MisterHolyCrap: Not likely. But thanks to modern conveniences such as rapid transit, the Internet, and the U.S. mail, the damage that is Hair Police will continue unabated, probably for a million years. I mean, none of us want to see it end, it's been the most fun and rewarding project we've ever been involved with. We will still be touring and recording, even after we're all dead.

bloodyyoungwanker: Backing up... How did hair police come into existence were they your first band? How long have you known Robert?



MisterHolyCrap: Hair Police was the first defined band that I want to remember being in. Before that was a really vague lo-fi project me and Rob did called Cerbinals, but there really wasn't any sort of lineup or organization, and it mostly wound up being me and whoever was hanging out that weekend. That was a high school thing. Before that, it was mostly... jam bands. And I think a Christian rock thing. ANYway, Hair Police materialized from a jam session betwixt myself, Robert, R Compton, M Minter, and M Connelly organized by the latter and intended to be used for a release by his project FWK, but we all dug playing together so much it stuck. It started out as rowdy basement jams/fistfights through old microphones, but has since been refined to the current pummel, and the quintet slimmed down to a trio. I've known Robert since we were both like 12 years old. We both liked comics. In 8th grade I think we did our first recordings.

bloodyyoungwanker: So you still dig Christian rock?

MisterHolyCrap: No. And apparently I missed all the good stuff even when I was into it. Consult Mikey T for further, uh, insight.

bloodyyoungwanker: What are you going to be for Halloween this year?

MisterHolyCrap: Wasted. I dunno. A pancake? Probably something gay.

bloodyyoungwanker: Enuf bout Hair Police. Who and what is Von Hemmling?? for those under 21 who have yet to experience.

MisterHolyCrap: Von Hemmling is an ancient exercise in aesthetic excretion, helmed and hemled by Jim McIntyre. I'm a cog with an intensity for precision. It's totally amazing, and some of the most intense and demanding music I've ever played.

bloodyyoungwanker: I always liked your backing vocals, are they ever gonna give you a mic?

MisterHolyCrap: Sorry, we're boycotting alcohol-free gigs. Just kidding. I don't know why it's worked out like that. Lexington needs an all-ages venue, blah blah, etc. From what I've been told, my voice carries pretty well. No one ever told me that about my singing, just my cussing.

bloodyyoungwanker: Lexington needs an all ages venue so some of your band members can get laid.

bloodyyoungwanker: How else are the hot high school chicks supposed to meet dudes in bands who know how to make out?

MisterHolyCrap: Do dudes in bands know how to make out?

bloodyyoungwanker: All of the ones I've made out with do. do you know how to make out?

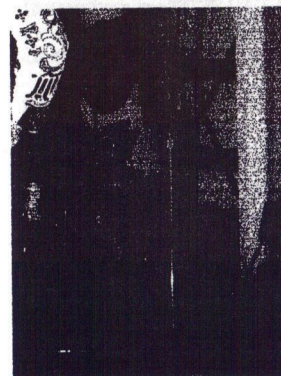
MisterHolyCrap: I've got no technique. You've seen the drumming, right? Imagine that going on inside your mouth. BUMMER.

bloodyyoungwanker: Do you guys have groupies?

MisterHolyCrap: Are you on Friendster?

bloodyyoungwanker: Why do you want to be my friend, or activity partner?

MisterHolyCrap: We should make a Friendster profile for this interview. "The Trevor Tremaine Interview for RiFLe has invited you to join Friendster!"



bloodyyoungwanker: yeah, that would be awesome, it would be the gayest interview of all time.

MisterHolyCrap: yeah. I think it already is.

bloodyyoungwanker: Woah i thought this was going so well. One more musically related question... Which drum is your favorite?

MisterHolyCrap: My favorite drum is the drum stool. It's pretty cool. Think about it.

MisterHolyCrap: Hey, it's totally going well, it's just that I gay up things by default. We've been playing together since early this year, maybe since January or something? I guess that's pretty new. I really dig the Lexington scene.

bloodyyoungwanker: What about the Lexington scene strikes your gizzard when compared to such scenes in Seattle or Boston alike?

MisterHolyCrap: I don't really feel like areas that are more cultured and cosmopolitan have any more to offer than good old-fashioned Midwestern fucked-upedness. Really, go to NY. They're just paying tribute to the NY scene from 20 years ago. It's stagnant. I believe that the future is growing malignant via outposts in Ann Arbor, Providence, and other 'no-name' burgs and indeed in Lexington. Where else would Hair Police, the Elephants, Cadaver in Drag, and Ulysses, & etc. happily gig together, swap members, mosh during the make out parts at each others shows, and generally assist one other in their goals? (Sorry have to get all my shout-outs in.) There are yet more hidden pockets of sickness in this city... Walter Carson, Hell Yeah!, solo fuckery from me bandmates (Connelly and the Three Legged Race) and on and on. It's a good time for Lex, I believe

bloodyyoungwanker: Would you consider yourself part of the "college scene" in Lextown

MisterHolyCrap: I dunno, nobody in any of my bands is in college. Homework sucks. Um, CD Player Virgins plays its second show ever on Saturday, Sept. 20th with Panicsville and Organs at Artsplace.

bloodyyoungwanker: what is the instrumentation of the Cd Player Virgins word has it Sara plays clarinet??

MisterHolyCrap: CD Player Virgins encompasses a lot of stuff I want to do. Right now, it's guitar, bass, drums, keyboard, maybe some horns, whatever. It's ridiculous, pompous, pretentious music and I love playing it. I want to do a concept album about the Black Hole Era, the Universe collapsing in on itself and the physical effects on the earth, the last few seconds of existence getting stretched into millennia. See? Totally gay. Sara plays clarinet really well, and will probably be in the band pretty soon.

MisterHolyCrap: It's totally 420.

bloodyyoungwanker: yes

bloodyyoungwanker: Tell everyone about Rad Shark

MisterHolyCrap: OKAY re: Rad Shark.

bloodyyoungwanker: yes OKAY

MisterHolyCrap: Rad Shark is a salute to great beach t-shirt merchandising characters of yore, ESPECIALLY the ones not affiliated with an established corporation, i.e. Salty Dog, Panama Jack, etc. I wanna go all out with this guy, with retarded comics, a flashy website, shady-looking t-shirts, all that shit. There's a whole cast of characters, there's the Trippopotamous, Brew Dog, Freaks the Crab, and some other ones I think. Rad Shark is a tough shark that calls all the shots, and he loves beer and guitars and surfing, even though he's a shark and he can swim really well.

bloodyyoungwanker: Who all is involved with Rad Shark?

MisterHolyCrap: Too many people to name. We (Rad Shark, Int'l) are no longer accepting suggestions for characters or plots or designs or whatever. We want more money for ourselves when this shit blows up. That being said, Rob came up with Trippopotamus, me and Mike came up with Rad Shark and Brew Dog, and Ben, from across the hall, suggested Freaks the Crab should be the freaky bartender.

bloodyyoungwanker: HA! Give a regular daily plot for Rad Shark.

MisterHolyCrap: Okay. Keep in mind the the coolest thing in the world is reading someone's narration of a comic strip you've never read: Rad Shark is looking cool with some totally hot chick, and they're riding on this awesome Motor Cycle that says "COL DUD" on the licence plate. They pull over to park so they can get stoned, and Rad Shark, 'Hey baby, I'm all fins... howza 'bout poppin' the kick stand?' Suddenly, you hear 'Did somebody say 'keg stand?'" and

you see Brew Dog wash up on the beach, floating on a keg with some girls bra on his head. Then Rad Shark slaps a high-five with the Sun.

bloodyyoungwanker: Man this is pretty good stuff.

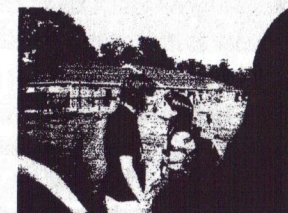
bloodyyoungwanker: How is Life? All in All that is?

MisterHolyCrap: I'm so stoked on life. My girlfriend rules. Okay, that's it.

bloodyyoungwanker: Sara?

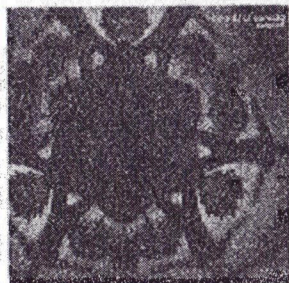
MisterHolyCrap: Sara is the most inspiring person ever, and our relationship is the most important aspect of my life. I'm WASTED on Love.

bloodyyoungwanker: That's all I have.



Brainwashing, Misanthropy, and Society: An Interpretation of Boards of Canada's Geogaddi

Superb albums which provide a long duration of playability are the types of work which create a soundscape and atmosphere that make room for the listener to discover something new upon each listening experience. Boards of Canada recorded a work that does just that, last year's Geogaddi. The album remains fresh on repeated listens not only because of the dense layers of sound and abstract structures, but also because



of the covert message and ideas which allow the listener to interpret the meaning of the artist's expression. Not only is Geogaddi an innovative, creative, and extraordinarily recorded ambient electronic/IDM/psychadelic album, but the amount of different layers of simultaneous expression and stimuli reveal underlying themes which pontificate to an audience willing to read between the lines. The following is an interpretation of Geogaddi, which I hope will open the minds of individuals who either own or have listened to the album. Better yet, I hope reading about an artist recording works so innovative and deep will encourage the reader to check out the album and the group Boards of Canada. Geogaddi, essentially, is a work about the extreme relationship between man and spirituality, the supernatural and the pragmatic, nature and technology - each citing the different reactions humans have toward the surrounding phenomena.

Geogaddi contains 23 songs - 10 traditional duration songs (3 - 5 minutes), one track of complete silence (the last track "Magic Window"), and the remaining tracks serving as sonic experiments or segues between movements. The first regular length track is called "Music Is Math." This title is an indicator that many of the mathematical hypotheses proposed for interpretive value could have merit and prove as intentional. The genesis of the harmonies in the song flush around the verbal sample "the past inside the present." This is actually a school of postmodern philosophical thought whose origin can be traced back to a German Marxist playwright named Bertolt Brecht who lived during the early 20th century. Brecht's plays included Mother Courage and The Life of Galileo. What made his work distinct was the fact that he didn't want his audience to feel emotions—he wanted them to think—and towards this end, he determined to destroy the theatrical illusion, and, thus, that dull trance-like state in the audience he so despised. Formulaic art and conformity among the collective psyche began to fuel a distate for his post-WWI society. His radical thoughts, often anti-religious, caused his books to be burned worldwide, and ultimately, led to his self-exile. In summation, "the past inside the present" reflected Brecht's realization that "the rapidity of change and the increase of knowledge in the modern world have forced us to see history in a new light: not as a finalized past but as a process in which the new continuously transfigures the old." The philosophy of Boards of Canada parallel Brecht's world view, which

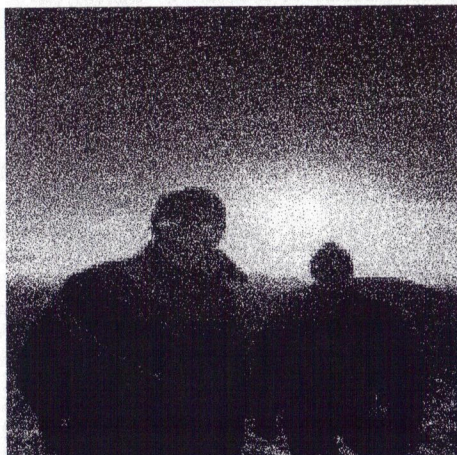
suggests the connection between Brecht and Boards of Canada is valid. For one, both Marcus and Michael of the Boards are known for their separatist tendencies and anti-censorship views. Though their music conjures up a wide spectrum of emotions, they essentially make thinking music, and want the audience to think introspectively, as well as worldly, toward the messages they wish to abstractly convey between the lines. More importantly, their music reveal different layers when listening under different perspectives. The final product is not what it seems upon first listen, and thus, is a living work of art that changes each time, a past working living inside the present, revealing a covert message behind the music. Where and what is their message?

One of the first things one probably notices is the album artwork. The cover features various shades of orange, with a hexagon on the front. Around the perimeter of the hexagon are people and trees holding hands around the shape. The people in tune with the trees represent the recurring theme of nature vs. mankind in the Boards' music, ranging from samples in the music, to the titles themselves (which are most prominent on their sophomore release Music has the Right to Children). Their reclusion in the country and obsession with the wilderness can be found through the titling of their 2000 EP A Beautiful Place Out in the Country, which contains many other meanings as well. Their Brecht-influenced criticism of human behavior derives partly from society's disrespect of nature. The short track "Energy Crisis" features a sample of a 1979 public service announcement discussing the possibility of energy shortages in the future due to belligerent wastefulness. The hexagon itself has a glow around it which gives the effect of the sun, originator of light, and ultimately, life on earth. This idea causes the sun to often be represented as a god-like entity in many indigenous religions. Ironically, the Boards' recording studio is named "Hexagon Sun."

Such religious symbolism doesn't stop with just the sun. With a keen eye, one may notice demonic, evil faces in the trees. There are six of these faces. There are also six human figures around the hexagon, which is a six sided polygon (666). After observing the artwork, one may put in the album and notice the duration of the music after the disc is scanned. The total playing time is 66:06, or 66'6". This type of disturbing imagery appears in the music too, most notably in "You Could Feel the Sky" (with the sky also being a symbol of "heaven", "nature", or "god"). Around the two and a half minute mark, an undiscernable sample plays forward with the slight sound of crackling fire and the ringing of church bells. When this sample is played backwards, the voice says "a god with horns... a god with hooves." This description can be paralleled with a number of mythological characters, but the one people probably relate most with this is Satan, particularly in combination with the sound of fire coinciding with church bells.

Geogaddi, however, examines more than just Satan. Many God references, such as the sky, the sun, and mother nature, are spread throughout the recording. The track "The Smallest Weird Number" is particularly. I'm not a huge math person, but I remember discussing abundant numbers before in classes I've taken. An abundant number is when the proper divisors add up to more than the original number. So for 70: $1+2+5+7+10+14+35 = 74$, which of course, is more than 70, so it's abundant. Now, if there was some subset of these same numbers 1, 2, 5, 7, 10, 14, 35 which added up to 70, then 70 would

be said to be semi-perfect. However, it doesn't work that way. You can pick any other number under 100 and it works that way, but not with 70. So that makes 70 the smallest weird number. What is significant about 70? Well, others have pointed out that their label is called Music70. The Boards would not make such a meaning that benign and obvious. Notice again the tracks of the album. There are 23 tracks total, with 10 actual songs. Take that number 10 and divide it with the smallest weird number. $70/10 = 7$. Seven is a biblical number, a number used when describing God. Man is 5, Satan is 6, God is 7. We've discussed Satan in this album already of course. "Sunshine Recorder"



features the God theme of the album. But first, what is a sunshine recorder? A sunshine recorder, which is an actual device used by geologists, intuitively, records sunlight - here's a description: "The solid glass sphere focuses the sun's rays to an intense spot on a card placed in the spherical mount behind the sphere. The focused sunlight burns a trace on the card as the sun moves across the sky." So it records the light, something God manifested within the 7 days of creation. Light itself, when refracted through a prism, breaks up into the visible spectrum of light, also known as a rainbow. The

visible spectrum contains 7 colors: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. In the song "Music Is Math", you can hear a faint voice during the song's breakdown exclaim "purple," which, of course, is the color in which violet and indigo originate. In the same song played at half speed, "red" is faintly repeated for a few seconds. In "Alpha and Omega," a female's voice whispers "yellow." "Alpha and Omega" is also a Godly theme, creating the analogy of God being the beginning and end, utilizing the first and last letters in the Greek alphabet. The album's cover is "orange" and the back cover is "blue." Such light comes from the sun reflecting again the hexagon cover coinciding with the theme of nature and God. Returning to the track listing again, with "Magic Window" being a track of complete silence, there are 22 tracks of music. There are also 22 chapters in Revelation, a book of the Bible written in cover code (like Geogaddi) about the eventual end of the world due to the world's sin (reflecting the Boards' skepticism of humans' treatment of nature). So are Boards of Canada some sort of religious fanatics? Probably not. Notice that "Sunshine Recorder", the first of the God-themed songs, is track 6 - the numerical representation of Satan. Perhaps this is an indication that the Boards are expressing that God is a deception. The idea of deception appears when the theme of cults and brainwashing come into effect. Geogaddi itself is a deception, making the listener believe at first that he or she is simply listening to instrumental electronic music. So, if Boards of Canada are not religious fanatics, is this all a twisted, sardonic joke? Marcus Eilon of the Boards himself may shed some light:

"I do actually believe that there are powers in music that are almost supernatural. I think you actually manipulate people with music, and that is definitely what we are trying to do. People go on about hypnotizing people with music, or subliminal messages, and we have dabbled in that intentionally. Sometimes that's just a bit of a private joke, just to see what we can sneak into the tracks."

The supernatural phenomenon of subliminal messages, as well as the reactions by those of stern religious fervor, fascinate Boards of Canada. Their own insertion of such messages acts as a sarcastic musing, social commentary, as well as connect some of the themes of the album, providing a psychological segue. Movies theaters were one of the first establishments known to use subliminal messages aimed at a mass audience - utilizing flashes of words and images to encourage the audience to purchase items at the concessions. Judas Priest was indicted in 1990 on charges of having subliminal messages encouraging children to commit suicide in their music. Subliminal messages are considered by alarmist factions as a medium of brainwashing. Many ideas constructed by Nikola Tesla were considered to create brainwashing technology during the Cold War. There are reports of electromagnetic disturbances of radio transmissions in Europe that seemed to be coming from somewhere in the Soviet Union. There is a good record of these disturbances and some had alleged that that the Soviets were testing a Tesla Transmitter that was supposed to yield limitless supplies of energy by creating resonant frequencies and transmitting the energy through the earth. This is relevant because this same technology was used to create the "Over the Horizon Radar." This is where the themes of the supernatural and the inexplicable come in. It's a fact that brainwashing is a real phenomenon used in warfare, and it's speculated that religious cults also manipulate parts of the human psychology not quite comprehensible, another fascinating theme Geogaddi touches on in two separate occasions. Themes of religious cults appear in "Sunshine Recorder" and "1969."

I used a program called Cool Edit, which is like an amateur studio recording program to experiment with the music. Often times, for shits and giggles, I reserve music to see what it sounds like backwards, and through this, I seemingly discovered hidden lyrics in "1969." The tracks features someone speaking, but the voice is electronically morphed into a melodic phase. It's musical speech, if you will. I slowed the recording to 50% speed and listened carefully, this is what I think the lyrics are: "Though not a follower of

...she's a devout Branch Dividian" That mumbling where the said blanks are, when flipped backwards, is "David Koresch." David Koresh was the leader of the Branch Dividian cult in Waco, Texas. David believed he was Jesus Christ and was able to brainwash others into believing he was the Messiah. Not everyone in the Branch Dividians believed him, one being Amo Bishop Roden, whom had a documentary done on her by PBS, which is where the sample came from in "Sunshine Recorder". She described the Waco compound as "a beautiful place out in the country." One can assume this is Amo herself in the recording. It's interesting to note that Amo lived to tell her story through her criticism and skepticism of Koresh's intentions. The track time of the song itself is 4:19. April 19, 1993 was the date the Waco compound was torched, also written as 4-19-93. How does 1969 fit in the picture? I started reading some literature on the Waco compound and found this: "CS

gas was banned by the US government against foreign enemies by 1969. This same kind of gas was used by Koresch in the Waco massacre."

So that's a lot of crazy shit, but what does it all mean? The topics Geogaddi touches on it fairly broad and universal. I think that, essentially, Geogaddi is used as a tool to criticize human behavior. When looking under the surface of the music, the blatant use of Satanic imagery and brainwashing could alarm those who don't question its existence in the album. This reaction points out the oft irrational behavior in society. They see cults as they see religion, ritualistic ideas that can sometimes seem archaic and defy logic. Though religion is not the genesis of the problem, it is the human interpretation of something as sacred as a god or a holy book which creates war and civil strife. It is human greed that causes people to exploit the mind for less than noble purposes. It is humans that have hit the hand that feeds them, destroying nature and our environment. It is humans which upset the delicate balance of the world's binary oppositions, the extremes that paradoxically create order out of chaos. This is probably why the Boards of Canada have chosen to go into self-exile. The name Geogaddi, directly translated, means "geo" - the earth, "gad" - to run wild, "di" - two, twice, again. Essentially, Geogaddi can mean "the earth to run wild again." The book of Revelations describes this occurring through God's wrath of fire. Of course, it could be the fallacy of humans that ultimately create the decay of our species. Without humans inflicting horrors onto the planet, nature is free to run wild again. This is just my interpretation. Of course, my interpretation is based solely on my perspective. Perspective can blind you, or skew your view of the world. I encourage you to listen to the album and ascertain your own interpretation. This is the whole point of Boards of Canada placing this message in their music. They hid this message for those who are willing to look for deeper meanings in things, to determine your own definition of the world around you. These people are the audience Boards of Canada were aiming for. Boards of Canada want you to question the status quo, and to free your mind... let yourself wander into the unexplored regions of man, the earth, and our imaginations.

-Michael Powell

Footnote: I promise you, I don't have too much time on my hands. I just like to think.

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10:30 - 7:00 F-Sa

THE WEEKLY PROGRAM SCHEDULE@ RADIO FREE LEXINGTON

SUNDAY

12am - 3am

Paul Wayne Puckett

Fist Quaking hip shaking diverse surprising schizohrenic rock, pop, electronic jazz, noise, ambient, free rockabilly, r&b, soul metal, & blues, etc-- old and new.

3am - 6am

The Sounds of Insomnia

Wesley B

The dance party always gets weird around 4.

Website: <http://sweb.uky.edu/~wcbelt2/>

Email: wcbelt2@uky.edu

6am - 9am

WRFL Sell Out

John and Andrew Blankenship

News, Chat, and Tunes

Don't segregate society into genres-we play everything.



9-12noon

Rob Camp



Sunday 4:30 AM

12pm - 3pm

The Hot Burrito Show

Rob Franklin and Michael Campbell

On the Hot Burrito Show, we play what Gram Parsons called "Cosmic American Music" -- a sound that ranges from country and soul to gospel and rock and roll. A lot of the songs we play on the Hot Burrito Show might be labelled alternative country or roots rock, but we like to

mix our Uncle Tupelo with healthy shots of Merle Haggard and Al Green, Emmylou Harris and Robbie Fulks, Lucinda Williams and Billy Joe Shaver, Alejandro Escovedo and The Blind Boys of Alabama. It's a big

barn, in other words, with plenty of room for revival meetings and rowdy honky tonk parties. Drop by some time and, to paraphrase Dan Baird, remember to bring your Bible and a bottle!

Email: almostsaturdaynight@yahoo.com

3pm - 6pm

The World Beat

Bill and Jamie

Music from all around the world ranging from roots and traditional, contemporay, club beats and collaborations between artists. If it is interesting, we will give it a shot.

Website: <http://www.wrfl.org/forums/>

6pm - 9pm

The Reggae Show

Josh Williams and Patrick Sartini

All REGGAE-ALL three hours.

9pm - 12am

The Jazz Vault

Bill Scott and John Bradley

Jazz... the way you like it.

MONDAY

12am - 3am

The Late-Late Show

Jesse Todd Dockery and Brian Manly
Scratchy Stuff from 1885-1966

MORE RETRO THAN THOU

3am - 6am
Sonic Soul Stew

Darin King

Obscure and Eclectic soul, hip hop, punk, folk, disco, ambient, honky tonk, metal, funk, pop, rock, blues, electronic, world, reggae, and classical that is hearty and crunchy makin styles flow YO!

6am - 9am

Jonathan Psimer

I play anything-except jam bands therefore smooth with rough age, pointy, but without timber and the occasional peanut corn kernal.

9am - 12pm

Kate Hensley and Mikey Turner

Mikey, the music director and Kate, spin many fresh cuts for the kids. some scattered favs include: Belle and Sebastian, Hair Police, all the Drag City, K recs and k.r.s. joints, early crazy dub, Michael Jackson, Turbo Negro, Abba, Rufus Wainwright, Beck and anything else that invokes butterflies and kittens, yo including reggae!

12pm - 3pm
Tyler Palmquist
Soul and Funk

3pm - 6pm

Anna Creech

A smorgasbord of independent female musicians. The main emphasis of this show is to bring top quality indie women to the ears of WRFL listeners. There is an amazing number of excellent musicians who are touring and recording, but rarely get played on the radio. I try not to restrict my programming to a particular genre because I want a diverse show, but most of the music I am familiar with is essentially guitar-driven.

Website: <http://www.eclecticlibrarian.net/estrogenation/>

6pm - 9pm
The Percy Trout hour

Matt and Kenn Minter

Super Fizz Sugar Pop from around the globe from the 1950's to the present.

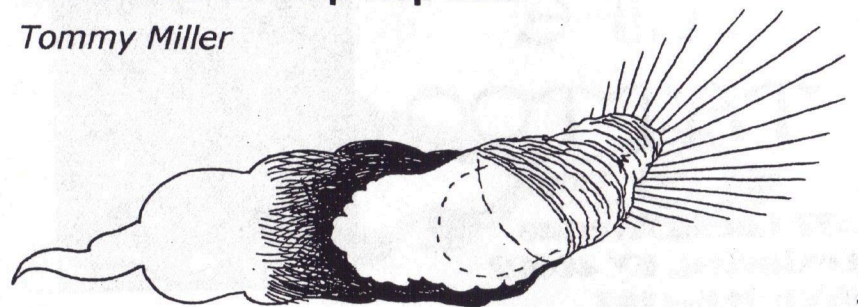
Website: <http://www.fuzzoid.com/kennminter>

Email: percytrout@hotmail.com

9pm - 12am

The Old School Hip-Hop Hour

Tommy Miller



TUESDAY

12am - 3am

Jessica Slade and Jason Corder

We play post rock, glitch, dub, electronica, indie rock, noise, experimental, or as I like to say if Sonic Youth and Aphex twin had a love child, it would entail the show...sort of.

3am - 6am

David Aaron Carter
Hip hop and House

6am - 9am

Perrin de Jong

African-Rooted Tradition--also: Jazz, Funk, Reggae, Hip Hop, and international cuts with soulful deep grooves.

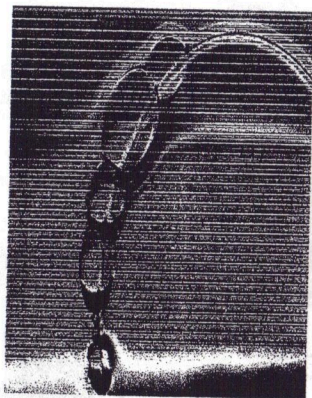
9am - 12pm

Jesse Saxon
Garage Rock, Punk, R and B, Ska and Reggae.

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12pm - 3pm

Tuesday afternoon Jam Party

Carley, Lee, Chris, Amir, and bloodyyoungwanker

Flippin tunes from the British Invasion to France through the Viking Bering Strait over thru new wave American garage sex rock, and back to kiddie tunes. That's right kids, tune in to Tuesday afternoons for Tubby the Tuba and friends.

3pm - 6pm

Planet WRFL

Spicer Mitchell

Techno, House, and Funky Breaks.

6pm - 9pm

Nick Sprouse

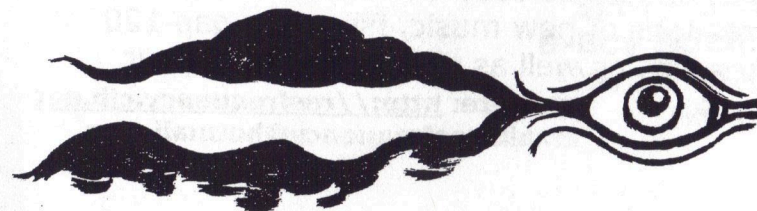
I usually hop all over the music genres during my show, focusing on new cd's mostly, although I will throw in some older vinyl now and then.

Email: SurrealL620@yahoo.com

9pm - 12am

Chris Purvis and Tony Manuel

Anything Goes Round.



WEDNESDAY

12am - 3am

Johannes Koehler

I play classic computer techno metal

3am - 6am

Mike Peters

Blues, Jazz, and more

6am - 9am

Tyler Thompson

Brit Pop, indie rock, and yes, some emo.

9am - 12pm

Daryl Steven Cook

My schizo blend includes free jazz, avant garde, harsh noise, alt. rock, exotica, garage rock, hip hop, psychedelia, and early 80's hardcore punk, etc.

12pm - 3pm

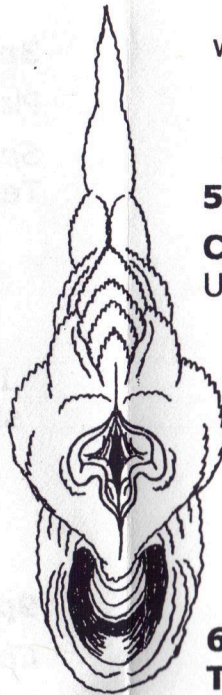
Resonant Frequency

Michael Powell

A fairly eclectic yet cohesive show displaying the finest in independent, underground music. Though the program touches on many genres, the music generally gravitates toward innovative indie rock and experimental/psychedelic pop. Such artists showcased includes Stereolab, Sigur Ros, Ride, Mogwai, and Sonic Youth. Resonant Frequency features tons of new music, filling the gap 120 minutes left, as well as classic cuts, and your requests.

Website: <http://resfrequency.cjb.net>

Email: resfrequency@hotmail.com



3pm - 5:30pm

Under Heavy Lighting

Ben Allen and Mike Uebel

Casing the various paths of electronically produced and influenced music from early forms of sound experimentation, through to post-punk, industrial, new and no-wave, the myriad forms of electronica and mixed dance music, and culminating in the latest adventures into electroclash, noise and live studio chaos. The perfect sound for your drive time zoning out, 4:20pm reawakening, headphone wanderings after class, and/or general frustrations with the lunatic technocracy of this our metafuture.

5:30pm - 6pm

Campus Voices

UK News and Chat

6pm - 6:30pm

CounterSpin

A national news service provided by media watchdog Fairness and Accuracy In Reporting, providing both sides of some of the nation's most controversial news.

6:30pm - 9pm

The Local Show and RFLive

Will Crane

Local Artists, Live Performances

9pm - 12am

B-Boy Science

Shareef Hakim

Hip-Hop

THURSDAY

12am - 3am

Will Walton

Indie Rock, Freakbeat, Psychedelia, Lo-Fi,
American/British Underground

3am - 6am

Kristen Edester

Punk, emo, ska, and good ole rock n' roll to help
you get through you late night of studying!

6am - 9am

Trivial Thursdays

Mick and Emily

News, Trivia, Chat and Tunes

9am - 12pm

Jamie McAlpin

Flowin and Groovin tribal, ethnic, world pop, jazz,
r&b, hiphop, ska, reggae, afrobeat, salsa, and soul
-n-funk.



12pm - 3pm

The Throbbosonic Realm

Dave Farris

Soul, Funk, Dub, Reggae, Hip Hop

3pm - 6pm

David Krusen hauf and Tim Woodburn

News and Banter with a little light Rock.

6pm - 9pm

Irene Moon and Robert Beatty

spinnin silk with some worms and maybe some
junk store, noise, text, glitch, big band, that is
deemed smashing and lovely.

9pm - 12am

Music From India

Veena Bensal

Favorite tunes fresh out of India.

FRIDAY

12am - 3am

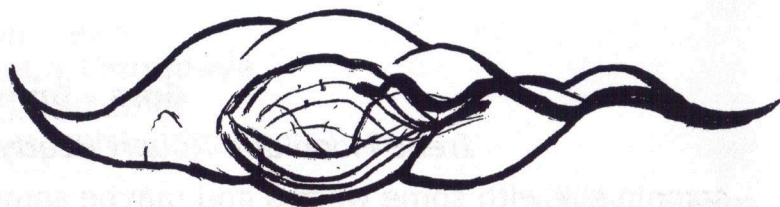
Jeremy Russett

Industrial, Metal, and General Format

3am - 6am

Bailey Wells

Playin Seriously Ridiculous electro beats, industrial, hip-hop, ambient, and rock amongst other strange things with a little bit of MAGIC!!!



6am - 9am

Asian Steve

Flavorful, seedy emo, punk, hardcore, progressive, pop, hip-hop, ska, reggae, and yes. boy band rock.

9am - 12pm

Travis Pierce

Rockin' metal, industrial, rock, and thrashin heavy.

12pm - 3pm

Jim McIntyre

Musicality-tuneful indie rock, latin pop, punk, classical, and experimental.

3pm - 6pm

the Uncle Bill Show

Bill Widener

everything from Bill Monroe to Zeni Geva, girls in the garage and old bluesmen, with a little schmaltz for sweetening...

Email: widenerjr@hotmail.com

6pm - 9pm

Quality time with Debra F. Faulk

Debra F. Faulk

Your time will be spent with informative, bringing back memories, remembering good times, with old school Motown, r&b, gospel and hip hop.

9pm - 12am

Thru the Vibe

Trent Marshall

Electronic Dance , techno, and drum and bass jungle.

SATURDAY

12am - 3am

Hemorrhaging Abscess

Josh Sullivan
Metal

3am-6am

Will Hurst

6am - 9am

Cutting Edge Show

Ravi Subramanian
Happy Cool house, hop and hip-hop.

9am - 12pm

Blue Yodel #9

Uncle Dave Kiser and Zeke Buttons

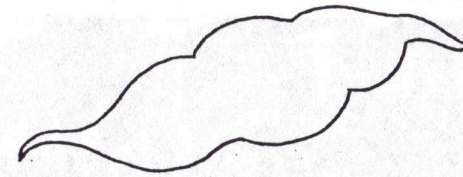
The Best Bluegrass IN The Bluegrass, Every Saturday from 9am to Noon! Uncle Dave & Zeke swap out hosting duties each week, playing songs from all eras of this great music. We feature the latest news about Festivals, Shows, Events and Artists, with a little History thrown in for good measure. Sometimes we even have live studio performances. There are frequent give-aways of tickets to events & festivals near & far, as well as CDs and cassettes. Winning often depends on your knowledge of Bluegrass music, so pay attention, you might learn something! Let us know how we're doing or request your favorites during the show at (859) 257-WRFL. Or feel free to e-mail us in advance! Be sure to check our Event Calendar

<http://calendar.yahoo.com/blueyodel9>.

If you have something to discuss, drop by our bluegrass forum at the WRFL website.

Website: <http://www.wrfl.org/forum/>

Email: blueyodel9@yahoo.com



12pm - 3pm

The Hard Traveling Revue

Joe Gierlath and Lisa Lally

Americana : Folk, Singer-songwriter, celtic little 3' grass, and a little old country.

3pm - 6pm

Christopher Cprek

I'm trying to pull together as much music as I can in three hours. I'll play things like Lee Hazelwood, Marty Robbins, Kid606, Built to Spill, Latyrx, Bill Withers, Death Cab for Cutie, Add N to X, etc and make it sound good together. Sometimes I'm successful.

Website: <http://www.minusworld.org>

Email: chris@minusworld.org

6pm - 9pm

The Trip

Clay Gaunce

Progressive rock from the classic era (late 60's to mid 70's) and from the "renaissance" period (mid 90's to present), with occasional artist interviews.

Website: <http://www.uky.edu/~wrfl/trip/trip.html>

Email: thetrip@pop.uky.edu

9pm - 12am

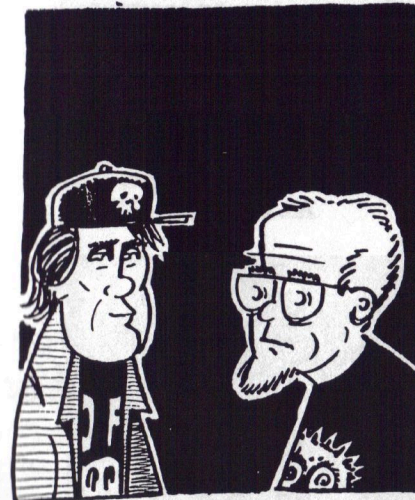
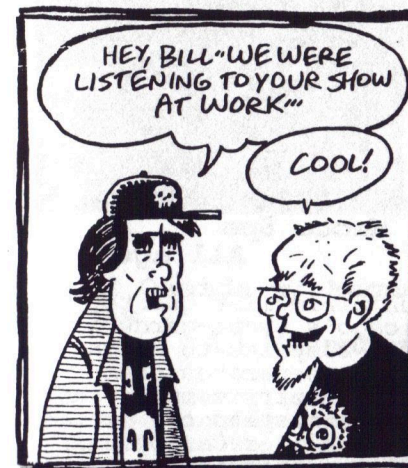
The Pyschedelicatessen

Paul Sineath

Pyschedelic Rock from the '60s and '70s.



UNCLE BILL ANSWERS THE CRITICS



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UPCOMING EVENTS IN LEXINGTON

The Karl Hendricks Trio
27 September @ CD Central 9pm
All ages-free

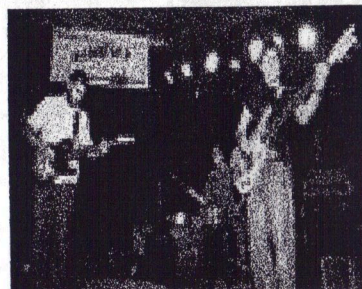
The Karl Hendricks Trio is a rock band from Pittsburgh. They've toured with acts such as Superchunk, The Shipping News, Hayden, and even Steve Earle. Even though they've been together for eleven years, the Trio's music is ever changing. However their mission always remains the same: write good rock songs and present them in a genuine fashion.

Town & Country w/ Rusuden & Walter Carson
28 September @ Mecca 8pm
All ages \$3

Town and Country is a homespun minimalist quartet composed of veterans from Chicago's avant-garde community. Their music has been compared to Kevin Drumm, Autechre, and Mogwai. What separates them from the above is that Town and Country compose and perform with acoustic instruments instead of computers. Local bands Rusuden & Walter Carson will be opening the show with their own unique flares. The transition between the openers and main course will certainly be unique as they celebrate such a variety in music.

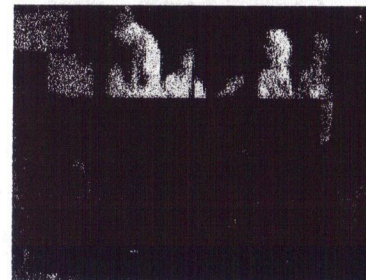
Pedro the Lion w/ Squaline & The Elephants
10 October @ UK's Grand Ballroom 8 pm
All ages \$TBA

David Bazan is a one-man outfit from Seattle. Under the moniker of Pedro the Lion, Bazan creates melodic pop in the vein of Bedhead and Sebadoh with a lyrical focus on relationships. His shows are bittersweet and intimate, certainly worth your while. Along with the intense music of local band Squaline, indie pop group The Elephants--a favorite in the Lexington scene--will also be making an appearance.



I Am the World Trade Center w/ The Thermals
19 October @ Mecca 8 pm
All ages, \$3

Taking more of a nontraditional approach to writing and producing their own songs, this electronic/indie rock New York two piece, I Am the World Trade Center, records all their samples and loops on laptop computer, finding inspiration from the likes of The Stone Roses, Cornershop, and Fatboy Slim. Playing with IATWTC is Sub Pop's Indie Rock group The Thermals. Both are currently on tour with Mates of State.



11/13 Oneida w/ Magnolia Electric Co & Gunshy
13 November @ ArtsPlace
All ages Time and \$ TBA

New York favorite Oneida is comin' to town and they're bringing one-man band Magnolia Electric Co (formally known as Songs:Ohia--this will be the first show they'll be playing under the new name) with them. Gunshy, a one-guy deal like Magnolia, will also be playing. This mix of indie-folk and bluesy garage rock is certainly a must-see show.

For info on these shows or for suggestions, send an e-mail to lindseylemaster@yahoo.com



UNCLE BILL'S RANT'N RAVES



**RECORD
REVIEWS
BY
BILL
WIDENER**

Bardo Pond *On the Ellipse* (ATP/Foundation)
Came home after the Mecca gig, found a message from a galpal on the machine: "I could really use a friendly date tonight!" Good thing I didn't get it beforehand: saved me the trouble of telling her "NO!"

Nothin' personal, doll, it ain't you; my *amour fou* coulda walked in the door wearing nothing but a fish-net catsuit and black leather thigh-highs, that wicked smile on her face and juice glistening in the dark thicket of her pelt, and I still woulda said "Save it, kitten...I got business..."

Because when Bardo Pond is playing, the only relationship that exists in the world is the one between me and the music...so seductive is their song, so enthralling is their sound, so immense is their power, my tortured mind, my banal flesh is swept up into the vortex...and for Uncle Bill, that spells FUN!

Oh, and it was, too, kids...one hell of a performance that sultry July night, and one heavenly album, *On the Ellipse*...available in vinyl as a double LP, w/ nice wide grooves so they can bury you in the big delicious muzz, this record is a deep swim through the aether, as plumbed by the bass of Clint Takeda, the drums of Ed Farnsworth; an embrace in the swirling arms of the Milky Way, as mapped by the guitars of John and Michael Gibbons; a slow dance with Magna Mater, as personified by Isobel Sollenberger, voice/ flute/ violin...

Blending the intensity and heaviness of older works like *Lapsed* and *Set and Setting* with the spacious coolth of *Dilate*, *On the Ellipse* moves from quietude to amplitude the same way the first track "JD" slides from the acoustic opening to the super-psychedelicized crunch...then, with barely a pause, so that Side 1 sounds like one big song, "Every Man" begins..."Every man is a star," intones Our Lady of Psychness, before wringing your heart with gorgeous flute while a stone fab guitar solo unfurls above...Side 2 is the weirdest, with another thick'un, "Dom's Lament" followed by "Walking Clouds", where the boys trance out on a repeato-riff

on acoustic gitfiddles and Isobel and John murmur and yawp...

For fans of the Big Sprawl, the payoff comes on the second disc, where the empyrean H-bombs are locked'n'loaded..."Night of Frogs" strums its way to the event horizon, then explodes into slo-mo thunder...awesome...the first time I heard "Test" was last year in Cleveland...it was the second or third song in the set, and so overwhelmed me, I was a limp rag for the rest of the show...a rolling wall-o-riff, a collapsing star of a tune, w/ Isobel's vocals coming through the boom tube like The Word Itself, her violin ringing above the surging roar of apocalypse....

Though of a melancholic turn of mind - hey, it's been a rough coupla years for everybody - *On the Ellipse* should put a smile on the puss of any worthwhile fan of true new psychedelia...hey, I'm happy, if only because this record reminded me of one of my favorite moments from the Mecca gig: coming out of the haze, down on my knees in front of the band, I looked up to see Isobel kneeling down next to me, her slender, tanned wrists as she put bow to strings, her long, brown hair falling across her face as the sound swelled and swept...hooooo-boy...billions of goosebumps...

Barnacled 6 (Corleone)

Instrumental Weimar-shadowed jazzpunk that's like listening to Barbetomagus and *Frank's Wild Years* at the same time...the accordion gives a Innsmouthian ambience to things as well...dig "Cloud Pump", the soundtrack to the banned Hanna-Barbara cartoon, *Yogi Bear* in "*Picnic in Perdition*"...the more linear tracks, both written by guitarist Nicotina, include "Sea Hag", smoky dread w/ fab interplay 'tween sax and accordion, and "Five Feet From Home" as rumblin' gtr and yodelin' sax ebb & swell w/ delicious doom...in "Crisply Ambiguous", their evil maritime lounge thang builds into a prog freakout fulla sputterin', writhin' synth..."Garbage And (Garbage And Fire)", an opera in 7 & 1/2 minutes, is noteworthy for the driving riff in the middle, and "France Attacks" is a 13:41 epic, concluding w/ a nice conversation 'tween alto and baritone sax...the even numbered tracks, all entitled "Why Have You Forsaken Me, Colonel Klink?" are short pieces written by electronics wrangler Frank Difficult, the longest less than two minutes: "WHYFM, CK? [C]" = Caspar Brotzmann, Jr, "[D]" sounds like drunken rats in the walls, and "[E]" is actually kinda pretty...what is it about Providence, RI that breeds such

talented but creepy artists?

Bourbon Princess Black Feather Wings (Accurate)

Smoky lounge punk w/ a dark heart...along with the artists referenced in the distro tag (such as Morphine, whose Dana Coley contributes sax and production assist), I'd add cult jazzbo fox Annette Peacock and more recent slinkcore songstress Maia Banks...Monique Ortiz supplies the dry (as in "martini, one too many with the wrong guy"), throaty (as in "slit your") vox, as well as all bass, the latter showcased in "The Spider Sings", which lives up to the title w/ its taut stand-up runs, and the title track, driven by a niiiiice bass riff...it's all kinda grim: "Stretcher" is the song of a dying man, "Another Day" a dirge, lamenting "I know the neighborhood/ they stare and wait for me to fall down on the ice..." "I'll Take A Cab" is a resentfully rockin' message to a mook "ten years older and dumber than ever", who just won't take a hint, "One of These Days" a mordant torch song- dig the way she stretches out the last word in the chorus: "You're part of the scene you loathe"...ya got yer talkin' funky oneiric blues with "The Dream" and "Late Trains" is them Diamanda Satie cathouse piano blues, lawd...its

companion "Early Train" is a slight break in the gloom, moodily pretty, w/ nice sax & piano...real black widow film noir stuff.

Buzzcocks S/t (Merge) Irrepressible old farts back once again to show you pussywhipped puritan pissants how it's done...mean and melodic tunes that range



"OILY DON, Y'FAT BIT!" IT'S THE BUZZCOCKS!

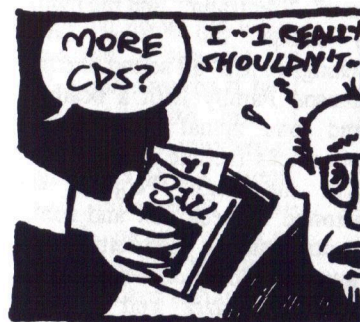
from kinda fast to fast to faster...Steve Diggles' songs tend to be simpler, more straightforward; Pete Shelley's talkier, trickier, w/ silent co-founder Howard Devoto helping with lyrics on the vituperative "Stars" and "Lester Sands"...it's all good, but standouts include the rueful "Keep On"; "Friends", a textbook Buzzcocks blend of pep and crunch; the relentless "Driving You Insane"; and the sweet, strong, sad "Sick City Sometimes", the best song on the disc...jeez, they're old enough to be some y'all's dads and they still rock harder than you, ya little jabrones...get this record and learn by example, junior.

Caesars 39 Minutes of Bliss (In An Otherwise Meaningless World) (Astralwerks) Garage pop w/ a druggy whiff...every track would fit in perfectly on the *Nuggets II* comp, which is the highest compliment I can pay to this kinda stuff...more good news from Scandinavia, via Sweden this time...great riffs, esp. the hooky-as-fug "Out of My Hands" & "Crackin' Up"'s fuzzy drive; great mixing, with catchy tunes whizzed up w/ extra touches- dig the nize stoner break in "Jerk It Out", "Fun and Games" w/ bongos & organ solo, the reverbed dirge "Suzy Cream-cheese" and the freakout climax

of the zoomin' "You Don't Mean A Thing To Me"; and great lyrics- "I wanna sniff glue/ cuz I can't get over you..." ("Sort It Out"), "...A man with a fork in a world of soup..." ("I'm Gonna Kick You Out"), "We synchronized our heartbeats/ And we have the same size in shoes, yes we do!" ("Only You", a paean to a homely chick) and the chorus to the revvin' "You're My Favourite" (*sic*): "And I don't care if you're older than my mother/ cuz I don't wanna hang out with those teenage freaks!" Dunno if these boys ever heard of Mr. Childish's bunch, but these boys live up to the name...*Hail Caesars!*

Caustic Resin Keep On Truckin' (Up) Riff-wranglin' hippie-dude sprawl...imagine if, after he'd been canned by Sabbath, Ozzy had dragged his drugged carcass outta the gutter long enough to cut a side with Crazy Horse...or Monster Magnet if Wyndorf was a moper, not a strutter...or a hick Mudhoney mushin' on Oxy-cotin...most tracks match my description of "Wizard of the the Upper Snake River": "Building angst blows up real good in a bigass swirl-down"...exceptions being the plaintive "Fry Like Ace Jones", the pretty depressive and depressively pretty "Viva la

Causa!" and the weird "8th St.", with its dubby duet of echoing drums and vox chanting, whining, yowling "You ain't nothin'...I ain't nothin'..." Some longass tunes here: "Message to Shareholders"(6:49), "Drive #47" (8:42), the title track (9:57), "Drive #49"(8:43)...in conclusion, may I just say: Hooooo-LAW!LAW!LAW!



The Children's Hour SOS JFK (Minty Fresh) Folk, basically, w/ an artsy alt wang to it...sounds like the chick who wasn't butch enough for the Would-Be-Goods sniffled off and started her own gig: plucked acoustic gtrs, w/ the occasional harp ("Special King", especially) & accordion (the mournful title track), and a vocalist who sounds like Joni Mitchell's spinster niece...usually low-key, though "Anna" and "Adoption Day" are jaunty within context, while "The Lumberjack Song" has a nice cowgirl sway, and "Lost Love" swings with a nice Felicianovian

flamenco flounce...the last tune, "Going Home" tries to rock, but it's like watching your junior high librarian shake her cake at the school mixer...better when they stick to the likes of "Mary", a sweet tune for Christ's mom, and the just plain purty "Nearby Room"...manly muthafuggas better respect.

Dog Pookah Brick (Wire Heart) Super-sparse art-folk that's just a mite too bogus for me...like Rivulets' *Debridement*, this was recorded by Low's Alan Sparhawk at the Sacred Heart Center, so it has that big, empty sound...which only shows up how small and full of nothing these "tunes" are..."Beautiful Brick" has dopplered twang backed by injun drums, "I Wish To Ask You A Question" has piano, big drums and a catchy chorus of "Be careful with that one/ Be careful" and "A World's Parade of Airplanes" is a slight stomper that builds and builds up to...not a damn thing..."One Place Other Than Two" is hippiecore, but the most cohesive, and, not coincidentally, the most rockin' track is "Worm", a wailin' flailin' strum'n'stomp that'll remind you of Monkey Boy...they waste some space on "ambient" tracks like "Every Tic A Nothing, Every Toc A Something" and

"Through A Veil of Bereavement", which sounds like piano bugs fluttering in the cooling night, and even end the CD with more cat-on-Robert-Smith's-piano... *Brick's* apparently a concept album, since there's a note saying "Language by George Herriman, creator of Krazy Kat, 1925-26", which explains the title, and perhaps the record's attempt to be both primitive and moody, but still...I know people who'd kill to have this kinda push, so maybe these mopes oughta have their shit ready the next time they show up to do a record.

Exploding Hearts *Guitar Romantic* (Dirtnap) Bless their hearts...they got the look (shades, badges, sneakers and slacks), they got the titles ("Modern Kicks", "Blvd Trash", "Sleeping Aids and Razor-blades"), they even sound like a lot o' OPs before everybody found the "LOUD" button...given that Times Square now belongs to Disney, porn to Californians and radio to Republicans, I can dig why 70s-era punk looks so good to a generation *sans* grit...but when it comes to revivalism, you can be either the Cramps or Sha Na Na, and these po' li'l shmoes are just greasin' for peace.

Flaming Fire Songs From the Shining Temple (Perhaps Transparent) Wiggled-out rockers of an eschatological bent, like a political Rasputina or a peacenik Buttholes..."The Way You Kill Me (Blood Does Shine)" sets the standard with its combination of electro chug, hippie chorus and weltschmerz-spoutin' lyrics...with its ranting chorus, "Fire of Love", "Centralia", and the hymn to stalker luv "Your Love Belongs to Me" all sound like the Manson Family with a beatbox (and some actual talent)...non-bpm tracks include the hilarious "Kill the Right People", w/ distorted redneck vox and some country touches, the pretty, club-footed "Goddess of War", "Gun Through A Razor" and "Foreign Car", a low-key, folky number about God's mechanic: "That bastard's working for Christ/ And God's greasemonkeys don't play nice!" Heavier in thought and deed is "Cut the Reaper", a tune about getting Death before he gets you that sounds like Neurosis vs. the Fairmount Girls; the hysteria-hyped "There Is A Sky", in which an angsty drum circle welcomes the UFOs; and "Onward Forever", which starts stately, then busts into ravin' drug punk thrash, with the awesome chorus "Evolution is a gift from Jesus/ Burn with the fire of holy consciousness!"...it's

just a weird, intense record, maaan...both druggie groovers and dancefloor movers should find something to bum/better their trip.

Folk Implosion *The New Folk Implosion* (iMusic/BMG) Huh...I saw Lou Barlow solo in L'ville not too long ago, and, call me a thug, but by the end of the set, I was s'damn fed up w/ the folky-sulky I wanted to strangle the miserizin' mope...maybe if he'd had these guys with him, I woulda felt not so murderous, b'cuz, hell's bells, this is a pretty good record...bummed as all git-out, sure, I mean, it's Lou Barlow f'r chrissakes, but strong and often rockin'...like the desperate opener "Fuse", w/ reverb gtr dominant and an explosive climax, or the chargin' psychcore of "Coral", or the sharp, sad "Releas", or how the jaunty boo-hoo of "Creature of Salt" finishes with a big ol' riff-out, or the tough, steady drive of "Brand of Skin", which asks the musical question "Did comfort kill the curiosity? Are you too angry to be saved?" But there's still some lighter tunes for all you pippies*, such as "Leaving It Up to Me", in which funky drumma lays the beat under summer music with winter words; the final track "Easy", where Lou sits stoned and musin' on the

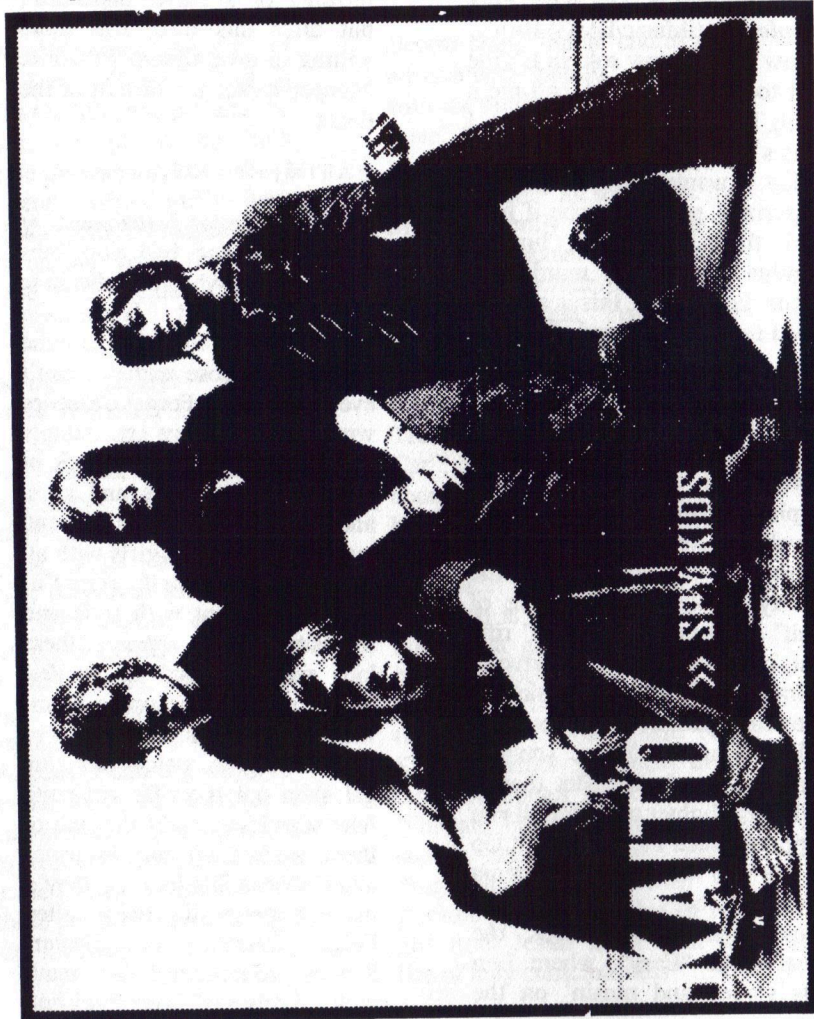
porch, lost in the shadows of 8 pm in June; and, of course, "Pearl", the folky number which makes one ask, "Is Lou Barlow the Harry Chapin of the End Times?" Well, that could be a blessing or a curse, dependin', but after this disc, I'm more willing to give alldom's favorite Muppet-sucker the benefit of the doubt.

(* A li'l bit punk, a whole lot hippie...)

Forget Cassettes *Instruments of Action* (8) Too bad you yobs weren't there when this dynamic duo played at High On Rose...opening for a coupla indie boy bands whose names I can't even recall now, Forget Cassettes wrung out a helluva set...simply a tall, slim lad with a shock of black hair on drums and keys, and a petite brunette on vox and guitar, one of those girls with an interesting bookshelf, rippin'n' rockin' the joint with style and intensity...and *volume*...these kids were as loud as Jucifer, mang, and the Juc use a literal wall of amps...it was breathtaking to watch this tiny gal slam out the riffs, amazing how seamlessly tight the two of them worked...if the Spinanes and Godhead Silo had sex, they'd make a pretty li'l baby called Forget Cassettes...or: Sleater-Kinney re-imagined as math rock...Accismus" is complex and

eight minutes long, but I find myself singing snatches of it in my head, which is true of the other tunes as well: as tricky as they get, songs like the title track, the propulsive "Like Tiny

Swords" and the finale "Scales" ebb and plow with a physicality, a purity of emotion that plugs into yer internal jukebox...not to mention the quieter, simpler tracks, the mournful, drumless



opener "German Girls" and "Talking Big", a short, dreamy instrumental that sets you up for the big finish...hear this disc, see 'em live- Forget Cassettes will haunt your memory for weeks to come.

Ikara Colt *Basic Instructions* (Fantastic Plastic/Epitaph) Utterly fab 5-song EP as good as the *Chat and Business* album..."Bring It to Me" is slammin', a perfect example of the pugnacious desperation that fills this band's sound..."Don't They Know" shows that smart noisemongers know when to turn down the guitars, and "Panic" is a nice cut o' noisy, scrapey clatterfunk...the best track, tho', is "May B 1 #2", an electro punk remake of the fifth track, which comes off the album...sinister, sexy, relentless and rockin', you have my permission to play the fuck out of it.

Kaito Band *Red* (spinART) Nervy fuzz'n'clatter-laden artgirl punk...girly but loud, w/ skitterin', skree-soaked guitars and bouncy and/or jittery rhythms under in-the-red poetess coo and cheerleader chant... a sweet mix o' the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' sexbrat bop'n'bang and the elfin no wave of Deerhoof...fans of Lilliput, Elastica and Le Tigre should like this,

too...frug to the hippity-hoppity "Driving Manual Auto", the zoomin' jump-rope thrash of "Anamoy", the drivin' "Should I" and "Nothin New", a sad song o' purty pop...a fine follow-up to the wunderbar first album...and have you noticed how much of the most interesting rock made recently comes from femme-led bands?

The Kickass *Death Metal Is For Pussies* (Bifocal Media) Math in cock drag..."So...You Want To Have A Led Zeppelin Riff Battle Huh? Let's Do It" is the title of one "tune" by the Kickass, and they mean it, brah...like their predecessors and cohorts (Don Cab, Weights & Measures, Fucking Champs), it's all instrumental, w/ only some back-masked gabble on the intro to "Strongest Dead Man Alive"...ya either dig this kinda action or ya don't.

Lauri Kranz *All This Time We Could Have Been Friends* (Elastic Ruby) Scope the title (copped from one of the most tragic lines in cinema history- go watch *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane* and you'll get it) and glom the shadowy, sad-eyed cover photo of our haunted heroine and ya get the drift...sad-girl alt-pop, like a female rejoinder to Byrne, jrCorduroy,

Jim Yoshii Pile-up and all those other dudes cryin' in their Corona..."To Fall" comes on like Tori Amos with a tummy fulla sleeping pills, "Everybody Wants A Lover" is a mournful piano tune of unrequited longing ("All those...other girls/ You lie with all those...other girls/You try with all those...other girls/ Why don't you try with me?"), "I Could Die Of Wanting You" just...aw, hell, they all mope-a-dope, in that wistful sighin'-not-cryin' way, like she's hurt but doesn't wanna make a scene...but if she has such trouble with guys, why is every song co-written with one? Helpful hopefuls or amicable exes? Commiseratin' comrades or sufferin' svengalis? Poor li'l thing...

L'Spaerow S/t (Lucid) Fuzz-riffed mopecore from the guy in Braid who didn't join Hey Mercedes...cf. Aerogramme, Juno, Andalusia, the Cure-meets-Shiner...on "The Pharmacists", fuzzvox butch up a *folie-r-than-thou* riffer, "Standing In Front of Speeding Cars" is a lovely cut of Depeche Mope, and "Amsterdam" is a Mexican death dance, w/ trumpets! In keeping with the oneiric, almost novelistic tone, the first three tracks are direct segues, ending with the jig of doom, "3,454 Empty Pages", as

are the last four: an obituary, "The Ash" slides into the trancey jeremiad "Reverse", which dissolves into the hiss'n'piano undertow of "Swim", ending with the simple, quiet, disturbing "Sleep Tight"...highly recommended for the morose of mien.

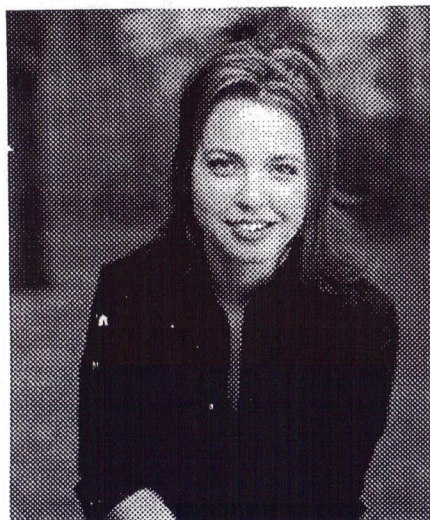
Jon Langford & his Sadies *Mayors of the Moon* (Bloodshot) Leftist y'alternative from the Mekons' Jon Langford, ably assisted by the Sadies with their usual dreamy take on country rock...sorta like Joe Strummer backed by Bocephus' boys with a headfulla good chronic...kudos to the pedal steel player..."Looking Good for Radio" is mournful, "American Pageant" chuggin'...the spooky "Little Vampires" lives up to the handle, "Up To My Neck In This" rocks honky-tonk style...the mordant "Last King of the Road" is followed by the big'n'dreamy "Shipwreck", featuring lovely special guest star gal-vox...the jaunty "Solitaire Song" gives you a twirl 'round the barndance floor, just before "Are You An Entertainer?" bums your trip with lines like "I'm on the road to Damascus again at 30,000 feet/ I'm crying but I can't find a reason/ Missing all my new friends that I'll never meet again...", the blues alleviated yet expressed by the

singalong chorus: "Get the money, don't leave anything behind/ Just some pieces of your heart and fragments of your mind...", ending with a gorgeous coda more country than most of the pap that passes for same these days...wouldn't be the first time it took a Limey to show us how to do our thang up right.

Lilys Precollection (Manifesto) Former Yank shoe-gazer, now an older (and less bolder) example of Anglophilia run amok...the better tracks either sound like the Bunnymen if Julian Cope had beat out Mac for the lead position ("Perception Room", "365") or also-rans from the *Nuggets II* compilation (ie. druggy hipster pop: "Mystery School Assembly" and especially "Meditations On Speed", w/ its jumpy, jumpin' organ riffs)... "Squares" has a bit of drive to it, and "Catherine (let a positive stream....)" - there's some kinda slacker mystic hugger-mugger goin' on here, if'n ya didn't notice- was okay, but for chrissake, avoid the first three tracks: lamely hippy-dippy fluff, with annoyingly poncey vox...to be honest, the vocals are a problem throughout...this band put out one of my fave singles ever ("Threw A Day/February 14th" on the fabled Slumberland label...we might still have a copy

around the station, call in and ask), then a series of increasingly coy and self-indulgent albums...now this...apparently, "Mr. Lilys" started a family in the meantime...if this is what happens to rockers when they spawn, I say tie them tubes and make the knot good'n'tight.

Erin McKeown Grand (Nettwerk) "Aw, you picked that one because she's cute," said my sarcastic gal-pal Jessa when I showed her a stack of CDs I was reviewing for WRFL...and that Erin McKeown is: an alt-rock girl-next-door making nice pop music w/ her young gentleman friends..."Cinematic" is zippy and purty, "Born To Hum" bouncy, w/ nice banjo...an anti-war number, the driving yet lovely "Civilians" is followed by the strong, slow and sad "Envelopes of Glassine"...three of the best tracks got a low-key funk thang goin' on: the quiet "A Better Wife", the smooove "Cosmopolitans" w/ its spoken lyrics, & "James!", advice to a lovelorn queer pal, w/ poppin' rhythm and a nice horn section...some of the tunes show the influence of pre-Elvis pop, like the player pianny pep of "How To Be A Lady", the swingin' "Taste of You", and "Lucky Day", w/ its odd melody



**"I 'AIN'T SHE 'SWEET,"
MISS ERIN MCKEOWN"**

like that for a high wire act in a louche bistro...it's just a nice li'l record, sweet like the note for one of the tracks: "Ms. McKeown played all the instruments because no one else was around"...with her vivacious charm, maybe Erin could help cheer Julie Kranz up, take her out shopping or something.

Mensen Oslo City (Gearhead) The Donna's cousins from Scandinavia...perhaps explaining the melancholic tone underneath the rockin'n'revvin'...produced by a Hellacopter with grace and power, and lotsa neat percussive hooks, especially on "One Minute Away" and "Start Over

Again"...and dig that xylophone on "Bosnia"...just totally rockin', dude, like if the Cosmic Psychos were chicks, esp. on "Countdown", where the girls and their boy bass player (in a nice switch on the usual gender ratio/role), literally count down the years of a lowlife's low life...yeah, ya'll *wish* it'll go by that fast...

Peppermints Sweet Tooth Abortion (Pandacide) Mad as hornets'n'hatters...like Kaito's ugly, bitter cousin or the Coachwhips jumpin' Deerhoof... "Rodeo" just rocks like crazy, followed by "Octopus", a clamberin', scab-knuckled children's song..."Nancy" is just the gal wordlessly squealing over the stomp'n'riff, while "Down and Down" gives ya just drums & one pissed-off chick: "You'll be sorry when your dick falls off!" Chrome's troubled, not so bright children rant "Fuck your brains out!" on "Snailbait", so, dammit, WRFL can't play it...actually sorta melodic, "Never Matter" is a sad song that rumbles along like an empty pram down a dirty alley, but "I.P. Freely On Black Velvet" roils'n'twangs like the Shaggs gettin' mean on bad crank...dig the galloping hysteria of "Jay Says", w/ its awesome keyboard hook, and "Walk/Walking"s chuggin' riff and

bullhorn vox...finally hitting the wall with "I'll Ignore A Whore", a climactic blurt of self-immolating hatred...*whew!*

Pitchfork Eucalyptus + Saturn Outhouse (Swami) The predecessor of Drive Like Jehu, Pitchfork had a youthful, less dark'n'damned approach to riffmongerin', mightily influenced by those bands like Bitch Magnet, Tar and especially the seminal Louisville combo Squirrel Bait, from which the more tough-talkin', straight-rockin' forms of emo and math sprang...Unsurprising, given this was recorded in 1990...too bad "Burn Pigs Burn" is an L*, w/ its emblematic crunch and nicely expressed hate, promising to "throw your shoes in the kite-eating tree"... "Placebo" is kinda pretty, "Twitch" Baits some bigass Squirrels, and "New Kid" zooms..."Rana (Frogs)" has gorgeous gtrs, bitter vox, while "Loot" violates the FCC "five fucks" rule: aw, #@&! The bold instrumental "Flatland Farming" gets ya set for "Drop Dead", the big growling climax to *Eucalyptus*...*Saturn Outhouse* kicks off w/ another Squirrel Baitly tune, w/ nice piano spicin' up the mix, just like the bagpipes that intro "Goat", while "Sinking" has a strangely hoo-law swing to it, like, uh, if Mule

was an emo band...Swami is fast becoming my new fave label.

(**"Limited", meaning, according to FCC regulations, it is "indecent" and therefore only legal to broadcast during the "safe harbor" period between 10 pm and 6 am.)

(** Even tho' FCC regs allow the use during "safe harbor" of the f-word in a non-sexual manner ["I'll fuck you up, nigga" is cool, "I'll fuck you all night long, girl" is not...what a fucked-up country we live in], there *is* a limit: five "fucks" and not one "fuck" more, fucker...though it seems to me that anyone who's gonna jones over hearing it five times ain't gonna be any happier hearing it once...but, hey, it's still better than those coupla years when we couldn't "fuck" at all.)

Singapore Sling The Curse of Singapore Sling (Stinky) First let me say the Stinky Records logo is *boss*: a fab cartoon of a viciously pleased-with-himself baby with shock bolts of stench zappin' from his thickly diapered ass...as for Singapore Sling: buzzin', whompin' slo-mo sleaze from yet another buncha Scandinavians with real good record collections...cf. Jesus & Mary Chain (espc. "Summer Garden", the "something-for-the-ladies" pop tune), Scientists, Cramps, Loop..."Overdriver" just rolls over ya, "Nuthin' But Bad" slinks..."Midnight" is a simple, stompin' garage tune about a gurl, Looped-up w/ spectral skree, with a direct segue into the languid "No Soul

Man"...spooks have a few in a bad bar as a guest gal joins in, segging into "Roadkill", a revvin' instrumental all Ghost Riders in the Spy..."Listen" chugs like a gang o' robot JDs, who then go on the nod in a sloooooow swampy slump...the post-nuke desert blues of "Chantisissity" spritz'n'spuzzes into "Dirty Water", a cover of the Standells' classic...I dig this like a cave troll, my Viking bruthas.

Soviettes LP (Adeline) Ragin' pop-punk w/ gorgeous vocals..."Everybody sings" sez the credits, and, boy, do they...the solo vocals are strong'n'stirrin' in and of themselves, but when the Soviettes hit the harmonies, it's like a punk rock gospel quartet...especially on "9th St.", a bouncy tune w/ lotsa girl "whoa-oh"s; "1308", a zoomin' "my house" number; "Go Lambs Go!", a righteous flyin' finger to anti-choicers ("It's not your choice/ It's mine/ I've made it/ I'll stand behind it every day!"); and on the amazing "Tailwind", a heartfelt *bon voyage et chance* to a pal that's simply- don't gag, it's the only word that fits-uplifting...for the political angle, you got two tracks flippin' the bird to President Junior, the snotty "Clueless" (Do you know why they hate us?! Could it be

because of you?! You and your daddy/ can fuck your red, white & blue..." and the less snarky yet still revvin' "Thin Ice", as well as "Land of Clear Blue Radio", re: corporate airwaves, w/ a spoken intro any RFLien will give a "hell, yeah!" Then "Undeliverable" slows it down for the intro, then busts a move, w/ a lovely instro break, while "Cuff Wars" has a Pixies tang to it, with its drivin' midtempo chug and trade-off vocals...lotsa heartache on this disc, too, esp. "Matt's Song", a surgin' song re: a boy who misreads a miss and gets his rep trashed for it, and "Bottom's Up, Bottomed Out", w/ a sweet'n'simple gtr solo and lyrics yer dear old Unca Bill feels all too keenly: "She's still the one who pretends to care the most/ She doesn't know it's still all the same jokes/ All her friends moved on/ But more come along/ for what it's worth/ And her looks are gone/ but she's holding on/ for what it's worth..." So am I, comrades, and this record helps...so goddam good, it makes me feel like I'm 20 again.

Suntan Send You Home (Kimchee) Spacious, sprawling psych, with most tracks going over the 6:00 mark...cf. Yume Bitsu, Bardo Pond, Poem Rocket, with a touch of Mogwai's epic melancholia, especially on the

beautamous "Every Night"... "I Can Only Give You Everything" is a muzzed-up cover of the Them classic, and ya got yer Philip K. Dick reference, "King Felix"...the title track is a bigass suite, even, with three parts: "Driver/ Ghost Rites / Home"... noteworthy for utilizing non-gtr instrumentation: the violins on "...Night", sax on "Send You Home" and Lindsay Arth's droning organ throughout...and what the hell is a "juno"?

Testors Complete Recordings 1976-79 (Swami) "When I was pukin', you just looked away," the Testors sing in "Time Is Mine", a line that could describe 1970s America's reaction to punk as a whole...but unlike a lotta the p-rock bands of the day who wanted to be the Next Big Thing, the Testors didn't give a shit...taking the then-fresh punk ethos to heart, the band shied away from the big labels, and the little ones, too...with the result that the Testors were one of those bands you heard about, but never heard, until now... Original Punks, NYC style, with that revved-up, pissed-off sound that took older forms, especially rockabilly, surf and 60s garage, shish-kebabs a rocket up their ass and aimed it straight at the street...standout tracks include the ragin' "I See" ("I see Jews

dressed as Nazis/ I see hippies drivin' Mercedes...Benz!"), the "secret agent" song ("MK Ultra" and its live version- every punk band had a Secret Agent song back then), the midtempo mix monster of "Motor Drive", the zoomin' "Sick On Yesterday", "Ex", w/ its swirlin' snakey gtr and "love it or leave it" message to a dissatisfied doll, the desperate "Full Circle", and "Bad Attitude", a chuggin' warning to an obstreperous paramour...all the live stuff is really good, esp. "Aw Ma", w/ its MoBurmesse guitar-wringin' intro...named after the favorite brand of glue sniffers, known for tuna-can necklaces and riotous performances, these guys are who the Exploding Hearts wanted to be...read the liner notes, dig the history, learn a lesson...great stuff!!!

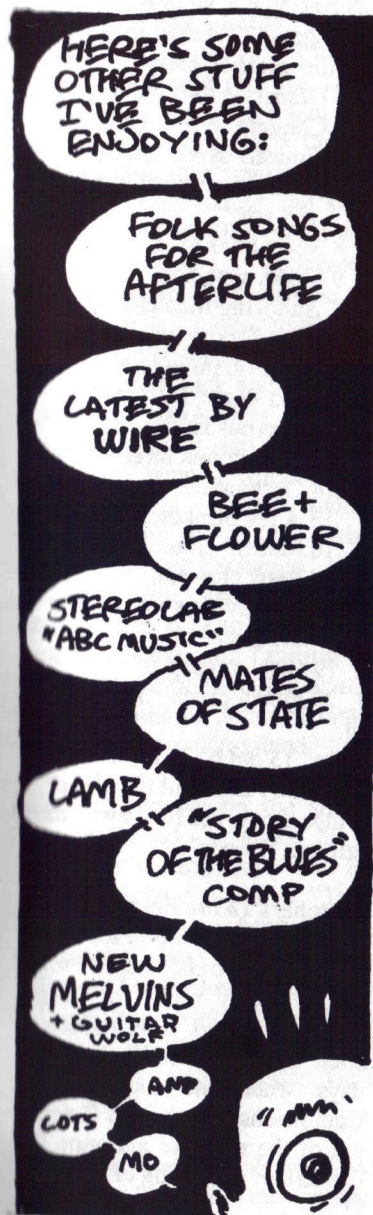
Thermals More Parts Per Million (Sub Pop) The best record of the year...yeah, I know we still got months to go, but I'm making my stand right here and now, by god...rain-of-hailing from that hipster utopia, Portland, OR, this self-described "no-fi" trio whips out some of the best tunes I've heard in ages...recorded with the needle firmly in the red, from the first chuggin' track "It's Trivia" to the blisterin' closer "An Endless

Supply" ("Here's what we do/ we learn you the rules/ If you get stuck/ you can throw them the fuck out!"), *More Parts* rocks out with a fierce vitality, a furious intelligence, a fearless heart...

"Bring your appetite/ and break sobriety," as leader Hutch Harris sings in the anthemic "Brace and Break"... "Anthemic" is a oft-abused word in the rockcrit lexicon, but it fits dang near every song on this: "No Culture Icons", the breathless "Out of the Old and Thin", "Overgrown, Overblown!", which comes on like a cavalry charge...even the love songs sound like a call to arms, so passionate is the delivery, even in the sweetest, prettiest track, "Back to Gray", sung with such longing it almost hurts to hear it: "I don't need any love/ because I've got the elements/ Electric light/ Electric license / I can add it all up/ one plus one"...right damn catchy, too: you'll find yourself singing these songs for days, suddenly bustin' a frug on the job when the swingin' Shellacish ditty "My Little Machine" pops into your head...hell, I'm shakin' my ass as I type this...listen to yer Uncle Bill and listen to the Thermals: "Take the controls/ Take hold/ Get fuckin' ready!"

Turbonegro Scandinavian Leather (Burning Heart/Epitaph) If you've not read the punk history *American Hardcore*, here's how every story in it goes: The Slapnuts (or Young Youth or Nancy Reagan's Tampon) get together for shits'n'giggles in some bland suburban hell, release some shreddin' records paid for with the bass player's dickhead stepdad's credit card, tour in a stinkin' old VW microbus with an eternally smoking engine, make their mark in "the scene"...then everybody learns to play their instruments and they turn into a metal band...

Vide Turbonegro...contemptuous kings of the Scandinavian punk scene for ten years or so, keeping the hardcore flame alive during the whole black metal *mishegoss* (read *Lords of Chaos* for the whole sordid, silly story...just don't call the Public Library, some rec room rager stole our copy), having influenced bands from the Hellacopters to the Hives, Nashville Pussy to Mensen, Turbonegro have learned to play their instruments and are a lot less exciting for it...most o' this sounds like Nordic metal *sans* most of the more ludicrous pretensions (although "Fuck the World" is mighty pompous, w/ keyboards and that oh-so-Aryan operatic overblownness)...the



best tracks come at the end, like "Drenched In Blood", which sounds like the Travoltas meet the Stooges, complete w/ "Dog"-like piano hook; "Le Saboteur", a revvin' li'l number sung in French, and "Ride With Us", tho' "Train of Flesh" has some zoomin' oomph...and, disappointingly, despite the title, the look and the pro-whorin' number "Sell Your Body (To the Night)", the whole rough trade Viking boyfucker mystique of the band has been way downplayed this time around...I mean, what's more punk than thrash songs about being some sailor's fist pig? Not a bad record, just sort of a letdown...if you can find a copy of *Ass Cobra*, listen to it and you'll dig why I'm poormouthin'.

U.S. Bombs Covert Action (Hellcat) Lifers who probably had a group hug when Joe Strummer died, given they sound like *Give 'Em Enough Rope* as done by an oi band...old school punk by old school punks, w/ lotsa "whoa-ohs" and singalongs (especially "Roll Around" and "In & Out") and plenty o' "off the pigs" attitude ("We need a leader who kills police!" they sing in "John Gottie" [*sic*]...these guys kan't spell wirth shite...check out the lyric sheet) from an almost Michigan

Militiaesque conspiracy-buff angle... "No Freemasons!" ends the same song, while "Framed" is a jaunty tune about Timothy McVeigh and "Majestic Twelve", named after the secret group central to recent UFO lore, a peppy song re: the Illuminati... *Covert's* not totally punk-by-numbers, with the nigh y'alt "Croatia Breaks" and "Faith of Marie" a La Razafied instrumental w/ punk trumpet... a junkie's lament, "The Gow" is "the ethnic track", its see-saw 'tween reggae and punk reminding me of old rasta-lovin' Brit combos like the Members and Ruts... "American Made" is short & sweet and "Youth Goes" about not giving up and not getting old... yeah, we've heard it all before (at least, I have), but a certain never-say-die vim and vigor keeps these guys from being punk rock Leon Redbones.

V/a NY: The Next Wave (Kanine) Jeez... I meant to write down the names of the bands on this, but plumb forgot, and now I can't find it among the piles of ex-playbox discs... so fuggit- I'll just give y'all the review I taped to WRFL's copy... "E" is what we use to denote "oughta-plays", by the way...

- 1 Angolicious indie pop...
- 2 Disco punk...

- e 3 Neo Wave, w/ organ...
 - E 4 I got the Interpol if you got the interhol, babe...
 - EE5 Desperate lo-fi muzz...
 - EE6 Chuggin' electropunk w/ Squealy synth hook...
 - e 7 Lachrymose psych-pop w/ girl vox...
 - 8 New Order NYC...
 - 9 Modernista pop, w/ annoying time changes...
 - 10 Cuddlecure Interpol...
 - 11 Generic indie pop...
 - e 12 Neo Wave, the nice-not-nervous kind...
 - EE13 Electropunk angst-stomp...
 - E 14 Gurlpunk...
 - e 15 A fey Strokes...
 - E 16 Rattlin' emo...
 - E 17 Punk cha-cha...
 - LE18 Coachwhips vs. Monster Magnet...
 - e 19 Girly art-pop...
 - 20 Funky psych... it do go on...
- Hey, 13 out o' 20 ain't bad... sorry about all the cheap comparisons, but that's why they call 'em "trends"...

Watchers To the Rooftops (Gern Blandsten) Yep, we're lookin' at a full-blown trend, here... some call it "party rock", or "death disco" or "punk funk" (which is what it was called back in the days when the likes of the Contortions led the NYC scene out of the no wave and onto the dancefloor and Gang of Four and

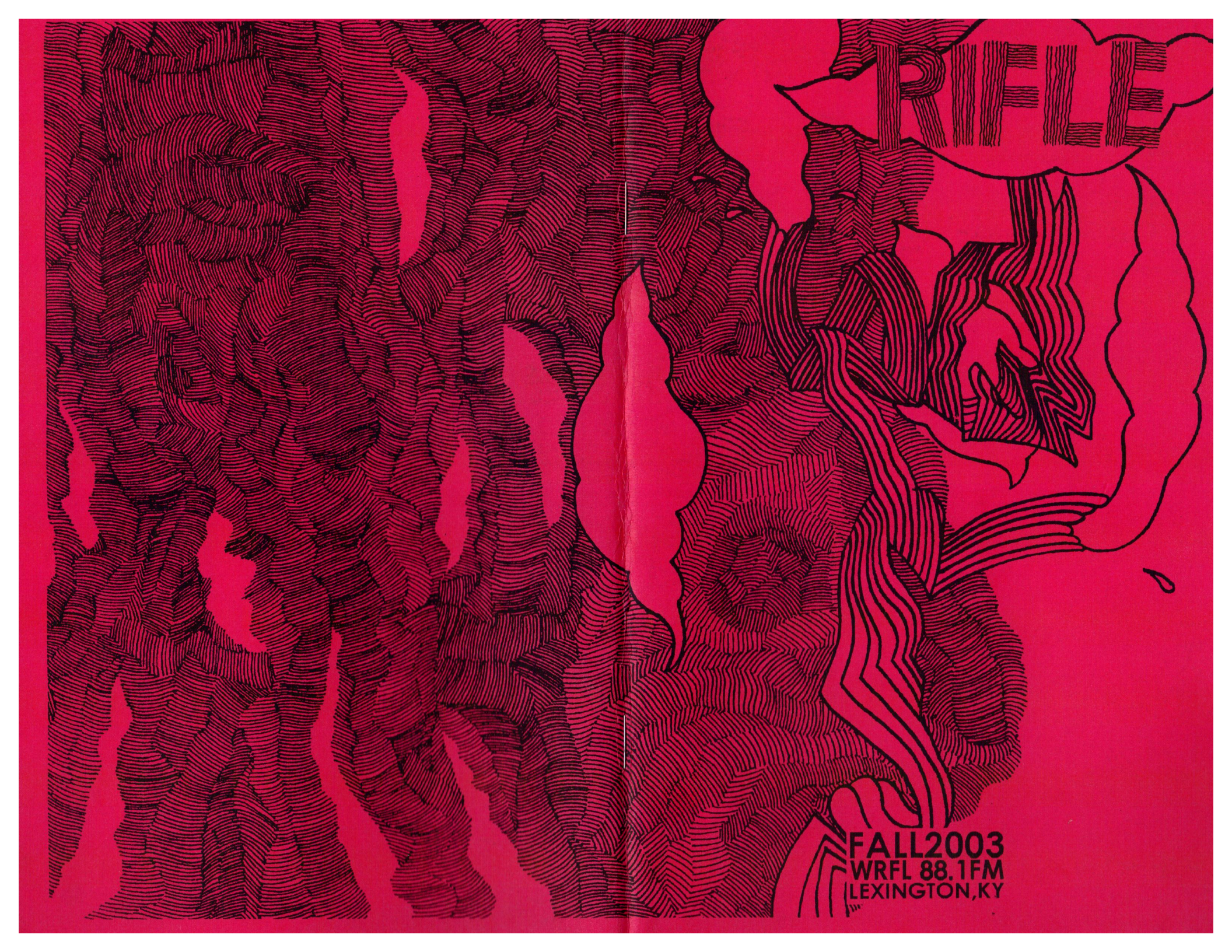
their pals put Leeds on the rock'n'roll map)... Chicago combo Watchers join the Liars, Dance Disaster Movement and others in laying down a funk-ed-up bottom under angular guitars and wiggy keyboards, but stand out from the growing crowd with their inventive percussion: sounds like they got a whole raft fulla AWOL Cubans goin' buck wild on the congas, baby... the guitars jump, kick and chop like kung fu zoot-suiters and the vocalist has that suave nerd tone D. Byrne copped when he got jiggy... there's the sudden Mayfieldian zing of a string section in "Our Exchange", "The Dirty Sponsor" and "My Cube", disco-queen backup in the first and last tracks, and I diiiiig the way they drop in a big mutha synth hum like a Famous Flames horn riff on "Taxiland" and "When the Night Comes"... groove on the slinky, angsty "Gold ", shake it to "Sponsor"s creepy strut and the off-kilter cha-cha-cha of "Taxiland", bump that booty to the bodacious bass riff driving "Follow Me Follower" and grok "When the Night Comes" in fullness: zoomin', bee-yotch! It's *real good stuff*, keeds: GET FON-KAY!

Woggles Ragged But Right (Telstar) Party in the garage,

y'all! Hopped-up *Nuggets I* style rock with the roll... along with yer rockers (esp. "People Come On", the vengeful "Johnny Come Lately", the organ-driven "When the Sun Goes Down", "Red Light, Green Light") and yer stompers (the title track, the boozehound manifesto "Got A Heat On" and the doomed-as-doomed-can-be "Hounded"), ya got a coupla pop tunes ("Collector of Broken Hearts", the slow, mournful "Listen to Me" and "Seventh Veil"- w/ sitar!)... energetic stuff, like a good batch of French fries: greasy and crunchy.

Hoo! Them's a buncha records, huh, kids? Well, hope you enjoyed my prolix palaver and, far more importantly, found some stuff you wanna check out... you can hear all these bands and more on the Uncle Bill Show, every Friday from 3-6 PM all the way to the left on 88.1 FM, WRFL Lexington, RADIO FREE LEXINGTON! Xxx-Uncle Bill





RIFLE

FALL 2003
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