

## RIFLE : SUMMER : 2003

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KY.

**THE DAME**

**RIFLE Readers:**

Here you have it, the summer issue of RIFLE, and my final issue. I know, I've said that before, but it's the truth this time. I'm actually going to graduate (it looks as though I'll really pass college algebra this round-- the eighteenth time really is the charm!) and, well, go find a "career" or something. Or stand in the breadline with the other 23 billion trillion unemployed grads in this country right now--gee, thanks President Bush! Oh, the excitement...

Anyhow, all the current directors at WRFL are handing the reigns over to a whole new staff beginning July 1<sup>st</sup>. Not only does WRFL have a fresh new team of directors, but thanks to G.M. Ben Allen and the staff and engineers who have worked so hard, we have a brand new studio space with squeaky-clean equipment. So, no more skipping CD's or mono broadcasts or crackling microphones--we're good to go now. We've been talking about this for, like, three years now but thanks to the dedication and willingness of our G.M. to withstand adversity, here we are.

Thanks to everyone who submitted work for this issue, we've managed to put together quite a diverse spot of reading material for ya this time around. In the centerfold you will find WRFL's program guide with a summer schedule, if you need further info, check out WRFL's website at [www.WRFL.org](http://www.WRFL.org). Thanks for picking up this issue of RIFLE, and happy reading!

XOXOX Jessi F.

CONTACT WRFL DJs 24 hrs at  
257. WRFL  
(9735)  
OR CONTACT OUR OFFICE AT  
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Books

Howdy, one last time>

I met my friend Garrett at the Chevy Chase laundromat last Sunday, who asked (pre-final-rinse) what I plan to do after I graduate when my term as GM is complete. Of course I've been pondering, ruminating, and (in that style of someone in his early twenties with not much to show for it except two purty pieces of framed paper that say I know a notable amount about philosophy and the english language) consternating over the question. What to do after two years of meeting some of the most exciting people in town and on campus, hearing the widest variety of music I've ever encountered, learning how to put on a radio show that benefits the community, figuring out the ins and outs of a progressive, non-profit management style (in that respect, seeing just how backward commercial radio management and administration can be), and, with everyone's help, pulling this place out of the toilet? The answer: Take a break.

Regarding the end of my tyrannical rule, there are several improvements we've made in the past two years that give me a great deal of confidence that the direction of WRFL is strong and true. First of all, moving into the new on-air room and renovating the office should produce in all of us a new respect and excitement for the station, its facilities, and our capacities to affect the community as DJs. Second, the organization itself will, once and for all, be grounded in a stabilized set of guidelines that will insure the protection of our independence, our freedom from commercial oppression, and our right to determine, for ourselves, our own identity and intentions.

Finally, for the first time in several years, the old and new directors will help guide each other in the leadership change. In the past, new directors have faced a huge learning curve and a great deal of confusion when the station fell into their laps.

(4)

This time, with the help of the old directors, the new leaders will pick up right where we've left off and continue the progression of WRFL's improvement.

Although I've always hated the those things they do in the school paper for graduating seniors that list stuff they want to say to undergrads about shit they learned and want to pass on...I'm going to do it anyway.

Advice to the Directors of WRFL:

Managers should make the station work for the DJs, just as the DJs work for the station. The reality of our economy and the commercial system forces the role of a manager to be that of a sheriff, doling out policies, collecting specific data about employees for analysis, and determining the work-lives of laborers. WRFL is a model for change in that the directors listen to the suggestions and complaints of the DJs, volunteer to do the work that would facilitate those suggestions and complaints, and help develop the work-lives of the DJs in full cooperation with the staff.

In doing so, make your job simple. Organize the quantifiable elements (schedule, paperwork, contact lists, etc.) so that you can spend more time on the value of your work and its effect on the station. Meet everyone: your advisors, sponsors, engineers, the DJs and especially your listeners. Listen to the station for guidance as much as possible--this is the best advisor you have.

Advice to the DJs:

Please realize that your show is a privilege and not a right. Have respect for the time you have on the air to broadcast freely and independent from outlandish commercial restrictions. Respect the facilities that make our broadcasting possible, and acknowledge the people that keep WRFL running.

(5)

Remember that your time slot is a chance to set an entire environment in motion. Think about your listeners and what stands between you and their ears, their consciousness--you can actually have an effect on the way they perceive their world everyday simply by paying close attention to the way in which your show is put together, its rhythm, volume and, to a certain extent, content. This is the most important aspect of independent radio, the most crucial response to commercial culture, mainstream society, and a false political system, and what makes WRFL a serious alternative media outlet. Demand the freedom of our oppressed senses, send some electricity through our antenna, and get this town and country moving.

Be professionals. We have very few rules to follow during your show. Though we would love to see that list disappear entirely, these regulations are integral to our survival. We are one of the few remaining underground outlets of music and news, separated from commercial media's dominance of the airwaves and suppression of free-sound. Our strength rests in our ability to remain professional and rebellious in the same instant, under their radar. What better way to revolt than to follow the law precisely, revealing its totally absurd underpinning, and injecting a bit of energy into an otherwise boring reality at the same time? Most importantly--remember to have as much fun as possible.

It's been a pleasure to meet and work with everyone at WRFL. I don't plan on leaving the station in any way other than as a director, and hopefully I can still be of service to this great organization. I suppose I'll have the same email address too, so stay in touch. I'll probably have to start telling friends that the 'gm' stands for 'grande moron' or something.  
toodles,  
ben.

6

# CLUBSEAL

ONE MAD SAT UR DAY

NIGHT DEC 7 2002

WITH YOUR HOSTESS, IRENE MOON

DRAWN FROM DRUNKEN MEMORY BY  
BILL WIDENER © 2003

SO WHAT'S THIS SHOW GONNA BE LIKE?

UM... WELL...

WITH HIS ROCK'N'ROLL GALPAL, AMY L!

7.

FIRST UP WAS THE **HAIR POLICE**,  
W/ THEIR USUAL CRANIAL EXPULSIVE  
SEPUKORE FREAKOUT, LIKE A RIOT  
IN A PRE-SCHOOL FOR LYANTHROPIC ROBOTS.



"I THOUGHT I  
DISCERNED SOME  
**STRUCTURE**"

**WHAT?! NOWAY!**



NEXT UP WAS **POD BLATZ**, A  
WIGGIN' U'L LADY WHO LOOKED LIKE  
SHE'D WANDERED IN OFF THE SET OF  
LOST IN SPACE WITH AN ORGAN KIPED  
FROM THE INTERGALACTIC K-MART "





# C.ampus P.rogressive C.oalition

The Campus Progressive Coalition (CPC) is a collection of over a dozen University of Kentucky student organizations, including Amnesty International, Green Thumb, UKACLU, the Feminist Alliance and the Leftist Student Union, that unite under progressive ideals. We work pro-actively for democracy, justice, equality, and acceptance of diversity in our campus and society.

The CPC groups are completely individual and independent organizations, but have joined this coalition to show mutual support for each other's causes - which include human rights, environmental protection, and defense of civil liberties. The CPC collectively helps organize events around campus including rallies, speak-ins, concerts and other expressions of solidarity in progressive political and social action.

Join one of our organizations to help make a positive difference in our campus and our world. Visit us on the web at [www.geocities.com/ukcpc](http://www.geocities.com/ukcpc) for more information.



# Ladytron and Simian Columbus, Ohio

March 27<sup>th</sup>.....by Mike T.

## swimming in grande consumerism

so yeah, we had a couple of those starbucks coffees. but only after we went window shopping at urban outfitters. either can we forget the large amount of Chinese food we shoveled down our traps beforehand. what really stunk about columbia was that the retail shops closed around seven. we almost didn't find a store to buy those little cassette tapes for the interview. oh yeah...the interview. more on that later.

## more corporate name dropping and swervis like purvis

the morning was chaotic. leslia skipped her first class, thus throwing her mind into a stressed out mess. after much goofing off, a bookstore stop to purchase a new tape recorder (leslia lost her old one), and a scarf fest at the golden arches, we finally hit the interstate for ohio. like wow, for some reason, leslia elected me to drive. or maybe i just got to the drivers seat first. so there i was driving all over the road and trying to drink my beverage, smoke a cigarette, and poke at the forward button on the stereo. leslia eventually relaxed and got stoked on getting out of lexington. a blurb on ladytron and simian is coming up somewhere in here, i swear.

## poverty is no fun when you see a nice pair of shoes

baby blue on tan, yellow on navy blue, navy blue on orange, orange on a deep, deep, deep red. the sweet smell of a new fresh, crispy pair of adidas tennis shoes. for awhile i wasn't feeling the adidas brand, but as of late, my eyes have slightly drooled and taken a trip down memory lane leaving me yearning for a pair. throughout my high school career, i had about, let's say, ten pair of adidas. mostly the black gazelles but every so often i'd get my mom to hook it up with some colorful ones. by my senior year i delved into the chuck taylor army and considered adidas or puma or whatever else on the planet 'unpunk'. the spread at urban outfitters was unbelievable! shoes, shoes, shoes! i soon got depressed due to my wallet being a sweaty, smelly leather hole with just a driver's license, social security card and phone list. bummer. ladytron and simian are right around the corner, folks.

## it's hard to play drums on the dashboard when you're driving through Cincinnati during rush hour.

public image limited 'second edition' live minutemen cd corny mix cd that leslia made her freshman year of college. features blink 182 radio cuts, no doubt, refused, sublime, etc. etc. (actually quite refreshing to hear) converge 'jane doe' (thanx kyle. leslia did not fair well with this one. insane hardcore) marmoset 'today it's you' rasheed ali 'new directions in music' stephen malkmus (i'm trying to like this but i dunno, just don't care all that much. maybe i should go see him play or something) silver jaws 'bright flight'

## "simmer down, mike" - ladytron's press guy the day before the show

sure thing, dude. we simmered down all the way to columbia to get to the desk of the weaner arts building to find out that we didn't get press

passes. however we did get into the show courtesy of emperor norton (ladytron's label). why they would want to pay for our tickets without us doing an interview (to promote one of their biggest acts), left me dumb founded. oh well, i simmered down all right. the lady who was working security for the weaner center looked like a gap employee who got in a car wreck. she checked to see if we were on the list (via a dorky headset) and we got no dice. i saw her wiggle her butt a little later during ladytron's set. wow.

## ladytron interview take one (sort of)

no ladytron? that's cool. i posed as ladytron to get the juicy scoop on the trials and tribulations of being ladytron. here's a peek.

leslia: what do you think about industry?

ladytron: what kind of industry?

leslia: just industry in general.

ladytron: i think it's very industrious. i think with the industry we try to industrialize the industrialization of industrious factions'...i am ladytron. can we talk about my equipment please?

leslia: what about your equipment?

ladytron: what would you like to know about my equipment?

leslia: everything, everything about your equipment. i want details. i want lots of description. tell me about your equipment.

ladytron: i have two things to say. my equipment is large and gets results.

leslia: so i've heard

ladytron: i'm not from the states. i want to get to the point (what the hell does that mean-ed.)

leslia: okay

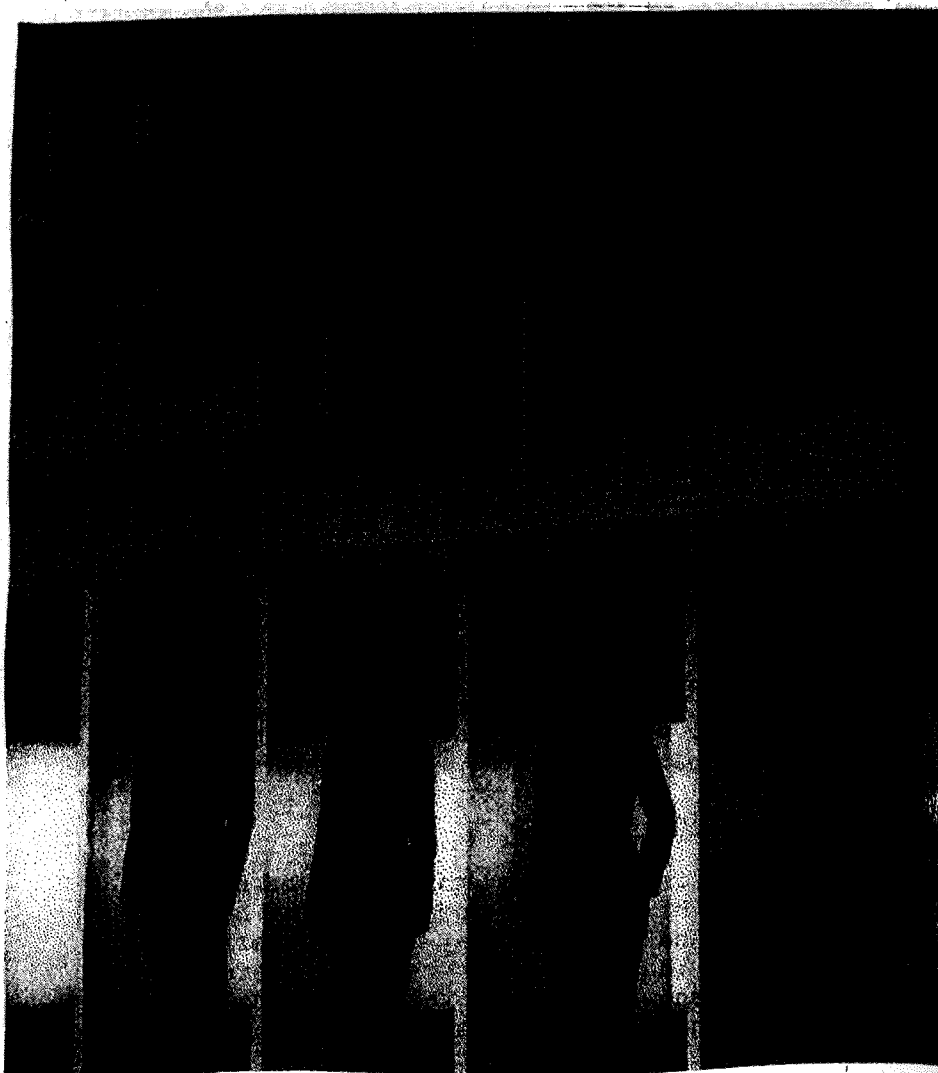
ladytron: any other questions will be fine but i am done with that question.

leslia: you're done with that question? would you like me to ask more questions about your equipment because yes...yes...you do have...can i check your equipment out sometime?



ladytron: yes. perhaps after the show i can display the equipment on the bus...

(okay, one gets the gist from this interview that ms. lemaster and ladytron are gear heads)



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"here it comes...here it comes...here it comes...here it comes!"

simian. opening act. the band played with much energy and enthusiasm. they mostly stuck with tracks from their newest release 'we are you friends' but

delved into some of their first record. 'we are your friends' has long been jamming in my general vicinity and it only gets better and better every listen. seeing them live sealed it off as one of the years best for me. while some would consider it easy to pen simian down as mere electro pop, the songs move much further than your average sparse guitars, bleeps and

drum machines. the new record has a mature big city feel to it with catchy four part harmonies, tight trap kit percussion, smooth bass lines, bright

guitars and gripping synth sections. their stage presence was lively and all four members floated from instrument to instrument with cool and ease. when they finished, i wanted more.

#### fast times at ladytron fashion high

quite a variety of ladytron outfits at this show. it reminded me of fifth grade when i would walk home and see about six or seven kids all dolled up like robert smith, listening to the cure and crying. well, okay some of them were dressed liked siouxsie sioux but it all seemed the same to me. so yeah, allot of these kids were wearing the ladytron outfit. you know, that black suit for the boys and girls (sort of a body suit-think 80's sci-fi or something). then the boys have the black dyed elfin haircut and the girls have the lost goth french girl look, but kids, hey, ladytron are all extremely attractive people so try again...

#### music...makes the people...come together

the four members of ladytron have a commanding stage persona. all assigned to their respective analog synths, they punched out around forty minutes of material from their '804' and 'sound and light' albums with the accompaniment of a guest bassist and live drummer. the drummer was solid, playing with click tracks, and adding sick fills that had me floored. as much as i thought it all sounded good, it wasn't all that loud. this can create a major loss in the big bass department, which for the most part, carries this style in larger venue settings. amidst the lack of volume, ladytron put on a fabulous set that brought to mind the sounds of early new order and gary numan. definitely a show i would be delighted to catch again.

#### bigger and better things

this guy was dancing in the front throughout both bands sets. we named him 'depeche mode head'. he had the ladytron outfit and this big gray sloppy liberty spiked hairdo and we ran into him on the way to steak and shake after the show. "don't go there" depeche mode head blurted, then suggested we hit a local dive for food and fun. "well, they have the cure and flock of seagulls on the jukebox". wow...of course we went!

15.

fish, chips and dirty drawings

i forgot the name of the place. started with a "d" i think. a college dump with fried food and a bar. we drank mad amounts of coffee while depeche mode head rambled about his art career. we suspected he was on speed. i dunno, those synth rock guys gotta do something with their time. then we played around with the tape recorder, chowed on even more food, and drew bad caricatures of christian slater and other overly successful actors of the early nineties. the smiths played on the jukebox, drunk people passed out in the booths every fifteen minutes and we were finally ready to hit the road for home.

more swervis with purvis and good arena rock

the drive home was a blur. once again, for some reason, my poor driving skills were requested. the trip seemed forever. mid way through Cincinnati,

blaring led zeppelin, i got one of those goose bumpy feelings, kind of like in an eighties movie. hell, kind of like a ladytron song or even a simian song. okay, not really, it was more like an orchestral maneuvers in the dark song but i have to wrap this up somehow. even though we didn't get our interview it was a worthwhile trip and as mundane as it might sound, to leslia and i, it was an adventure.



16.

I'M NOT FROM HERE

BY KENN MINTER

RIGHT AFTER I GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE, I SPENT THAT SPRING AND SUMMER WORKING AT AN EATERY NEAR CAMPUS.



I GOT SO COMFORTABLE THERE, MY GIRLFRIEND AND I WOULD HAVE SEX IN THE SUPPLY ROOM.



WE POSITIONED OURSELVES SO I COULD SEE INTO THE DINING ROOM.



## THE BLUE YODEL # 9...

### \*LEXINGTON'S ONLY BLUEGRASS RADIO\*

The Blue Yodel#9 is a block show that has been a part of WRFL programming for a long time. Josie Coffield and Joe Takas have been hosting this show for a number of years now, but they just got tired and needed a break...And I'm glad they offered me, Zeke Buttons, the opportunity to play this wonderful genre of music that I love so much for the listeners. I might add that The Blue Yodel#9 has quite a following because Bluegrass music is not played on any commercial radio in Lexington! So I hope that by my passion for this music I can stir up new and old listeners to play, participate and come to love this great music...I call this "Bluegrassitis"--once you get that, you will be hooked for life!

Some people want to call BG music "folk" music. it's been described as "folk" music in overdrive, and there are many similarities. BG music is a type of acoustic country music that has evolved from the string bands of the 1920s and 1930s. It's fashioned after Bill Monroe, known as the Father of BG Music, and his style of playing and singing. Bill accurately described BG music by saying: "It's got a hard drive to it. It's got Scotch bagpipes and old time fiddling, it's blues & jazz, and it has a high lonesome sound. It's plain music that tells a story. It's played from my heart to your heart, and it will touch you."

BG music has roots going back to early immigrants from the British Isles who settled in America in the 17th century. They brought their musical heritage with them, and ballads were a big part of their music. These tales of love, death, and despair was usually passed on orally from one generation to the next. In the South, these ballads and folk songs contributed to the creation of a lasting regional music.

Being raised in the mountains of Eastern Ky, I grew up listening to this type of music. As a very young child I remember listening to The Grand Old Opry, over radio station WSM from Nashville, Tennessee. We really didn't have electricity, so we listened on a battery powered radio. My daddy was a moonshiner, so that's why we lived so far out on this ridge. Eventually a Federal Revenue man busted up his still and sent him to prison for awhile.

So many of the songs about making whiskey are based on true stories. And just for bragging rights I might add, my daddy's still was the biggest ever captured in KY! It now rests in the Kentucky Historical Museum at Frankfort. Actually, a couple years later an even larger still was captured down in Harlan County, but since they already had my Dad's in the museum they didn't put this one in the museum.

I am excited to be a part of the WRFL staff and thoroughly enjoy sharing the knowledge I have gleaned about this music over the years. I personally know many of the Professional members of some of the most successful BG bands in the business today. I've had the band Blue Highway at my home and cooked a meal for them. That's one of the unique things about BG music, even the top artists are always ready to talk to you and share things about the music.

In the warmer months, BG Festivals is a good way to be introduced to the music and meet some of the Professionals. I highly recommend it. On my portion of The Blue Yodel#9 show I will be trying to play the very best BG music that is available today, but I will also be giving away free tickets to venues, festivals, free CDs and Cassette tapes, throw in a few corny jokes and hopefully educate some of my new listeners about BG music.

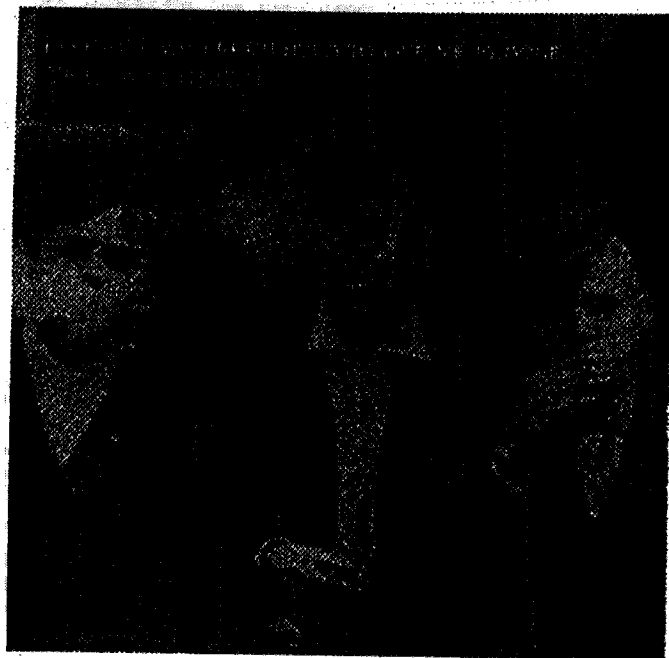
So tune in to my show if you can, because Bluegrass music is good for your teeth, and it keeps your hair looking nice!

--Zeke Buttons



THEY'RE'S PEYOTE  
IN MY CIGARETTE

(19)



## Wake UP: The Walkmen.....interview by Renee Johnson

In the late 1990's, Jonathan Fire\*Eater was, for a time, the most talked about "alternative" band in New York. In '98, after a disappointing lack of sales for their second album, J\*FE disbanded. Three survivors, organist Walter Martin, guitarist Paul Maroon and drummer Matt Barrick have joined forces with former members of Recoy—a defunct Boston band—to form The Walkmen. From Recoy came Walkmen bassist Peter Bauer and vocalist Hamilton Leithauser.

In the summer of 2001, the band released its first single, which somehow grew into a 4 song EP, and then an 8 song vinyl LP. The Walkmen have made a definite splash on the NYC music scene. According to CMJ magazine, "It takes a self-assured band to debut with the musical equivalent of a casual saunter, gradually and assuredly letting its heady calenture simmer over."

Released in 2002 and entitled *Everyone Who Pretended to Like Me Is Gone*, the band's outstanding debut album was recorded and produced by the band in their Harlem studio, Marcata Recording. Marketed with a band of street kids smoking cigarettes on the cover, the album carries a theme of defiance and casual bravado. Unlike many others that came before, the Walkmen can truly support this image. Their unique sound has them posed to become a poster band for a fresh new approach to the independent music scene.

The Walkmen are also proving that "independent" doesn't have to mean small scale. Their album was offered by BMG as a featured selection one month in a dynamic trio of discs including fellow New Yorkers The Strokes and The French Kicks. The Saturn Car Company featured their song "We've Been Had" in its latest commercial, suggesting that the transition between childhood and adulthood is the perfect time to buy a new car. The commercial was aired so many times during the football season that its hard to find anybody in America that can't hum a few bars. Reaching such a large audience has given the band an amazing amount of exposure that they seem more than happy to receive. The Walkmen certainly seem to be reaping the benefits of their hard work and persistence.

Their eclectic sound has a very distinct feel. At times haunting and melodic, there are some meandering tracks on the album with catchy and unforgettable melodies that marry Maroon's guitar harmonics and Martin's skills on the organ. Bauer on bass and Barrick on drums provide the support and stability, at times seeming to throw in syncopation that you didn't know needed to be there until you heard it happen. Leithauser's emotional and intelligent vocals soar above it all, calling to mind Jeff Mangum of Neutral Milk Hotel or Pavement singer Steven Malkmus.

With *Everyone Who Pretended to Like Me Is Gone* The Walkmen have begun to establish their own identity, independent of each band member's previous project.

Your online bio mentions the Smiths and the Cure and Joy Division. Are these your major influences? Are there others?

We just put a list of bands in our bio because we heard that writers like to list the influences when they write about new bands, and that has definitely proved true. I think the two strongest influences on us as a band are probably Bob Marley and the Pogues. I only say this because we've borrowed distinct musical ideas from them. I don't think we're consciously trying to emulate any of the above bands or really anyone else. At the same time, I do sort of understand the comparison between us and those older groups. However, the whole Joy Division image thing as it relates to us is sort of strange. We've always tried to behave and act as happy well adjusted young Americans, not depressed Englishmen.

One reviewer mentioned Radiohead and U2 as comparisons to your sound. When people hear your music, do you think they're surprised by something new or do they often notice this type of similarity first? Hopefully they're surprised by something there and allow it to stand on its own. I guess it depends on the type of person they are, but I don't think we sound that much like U2 or Radiohead, except that we're all rock bands, and that we steal from them constantly.

The first person to mention Walkmen to me was a complete stranger. I was struck by his enthusiasm and vowed to check out your album. I have, since, become equally enthusiastic about spreading the word to others. Do other fans have an immediate response to your music or do you think you might be considered an "acquired taste"?

Its weird because I think both happen. There have been a lot of people who come up to us saying that they hated us at first and that suddenly the record clicked for them at the 10<sup>th</sup> time on, and now they love it. Some reviewers have written that as well. I really like hearing that. though there are others who seem tho like it immediately. So I guess it can be an acquired taste. I don't mean that in the sense that you have to listen to "x" or "y" before you'll like us or anything. Hopefully people who give our record a chance will like it a lot.

**Do you have a favorite live show experience? Maybe an experience with a particular fan?**

Probably my favorite show was our last one in NYC at the Bowry Ballroom. I usually like NY, LA, and Chicago best, though recently we had a lot of fun in San Francisco as well. Really, any time we have a new song, things tend to go better than before. I guess the best fan story I can think of is that this couple in New Jersey named their dog Hamilton Leithauser [after the lead singer].

**What's it like to live and work as musicians in NYC?**

It's a really fun place to live, to be a musician and to play shows. I really sort of miss playing here constantly and I'm jumping out of my shoes to play here again in April. By then, we won't have played out for two months, which for us is basically forever.



22.

**Whose idea was it to use "We've Been Had" in a Saturn commercial? How do you guys feel about such a degree of exposure? Any thoughts on the notion that some might say you're selling out?**

The car company just wrote us with a completed ad and a check. It has been really strange as we basically did it for the check and really didn't expect the exposure to be as much as it has been. Its been great that some new people are taking an interest in our music but beyond that I don't think we really want to overdo it with this stuff. To answer your other question, I don't know what to say about the notion of us selling out. I mean, we did it for the money. It has really helped us to live and start our new record, which for us is great.

**Do you have advice for others trying to make a mark on the music business?**

Really, I think we may be honestly the worst people anyone could ever ask for advice about anything. We have no clue what we're doing. We have no idea about how to react to anything in the music business, and in general. We find the whole thing and all the people involved slightly creepy. Having said that, the good parts definitely outweigh the bad.

**There was a comment in Shout magazine that the scenes in Boston and DC were "always the same people in the same places." Do you consider them to be a stagnant scene as far as fans are concerned, or do you think that's a reflection to the music coming out of those cities?**

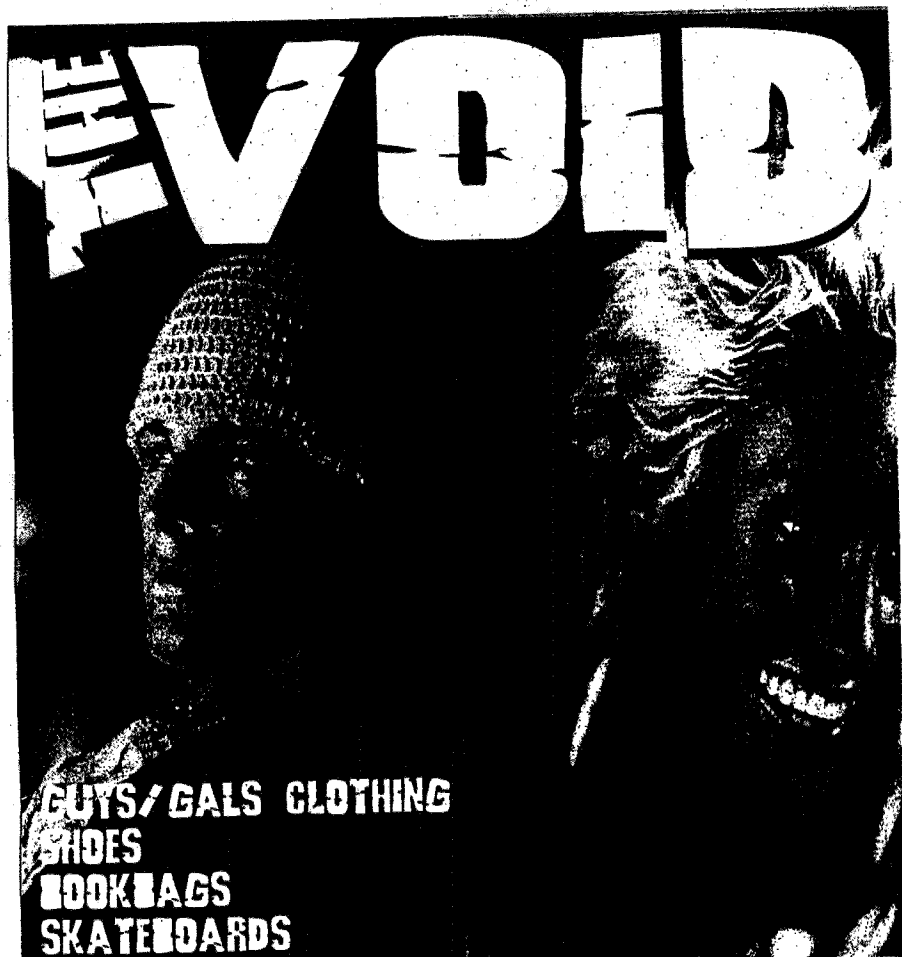
I don't know who made that comment but Ham and I used to have a band called the Recoys that lived in Boston before moving to NYC. Also, all five of us Walkmen are from DC. I never really got into any Boston bands but I think DC has as many good bands as any other single city or region, especially if you consider DC natives who left. If you didn't notice, I love DC.

**When you played here in Northern Kentucky at the Southgate House, did you find that the crowd was any different from other areas of the country? And would you play out here again, you think?**






We had a really good time at the Southgate. We're looking forward to coming back soon. The motel across the way, however, was quite frightening. I almost got beat up in the parking lot by some hicks. Then, Matt and Nick from the French Kicks and myself had to sleep in the special children's room because it was the only room left. Nonetheless, my memories of that show are quite pleasant.

23.

# AVOID



GUYS/GALS CLOTHING  
SHOES  
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24.

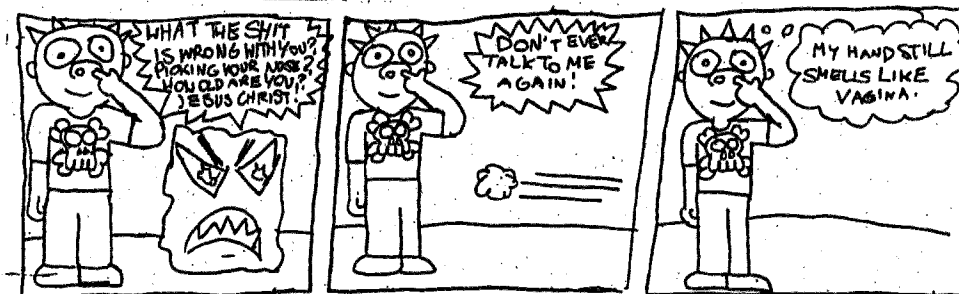
## Old Guitarists Never Die—They just become lawyers for a while...

In the 1970's Orchestra Baobab was the toast of Dakar. The band, formed to play in the new Club Baobab, was organized with members poached from the popular Star Band and included a self-taught guitarist and law student from Togo named Barthelemy Attisso. The band became a local hit by mixing popular latin sounds with Senegalese music sung in the local languages, Wolof for example.

Orchestra Baobab's local popularity faded in the 1980's as their mellow sound turned to the rougher up-tempo blaxax lead by rising star Yousou N'Dour. Shortly thereafter, the group disbanded—but an early 80's session released by *World Circuit* entitled *Pirate's Choice* remains a popularly sought after album for collectors and fans of world music.

In 2001, World Circuit re-released *Pirate's Choice*, including additional tracks. Nick Gould, the president of World Circuit, decided to contact several of the surviving members of the original Orchestra Baobab in order to put together a tour to support the re-release of *Pirate's Choice*. Amazingly, Gould and N'Dour reorganized the band, even retrieving guitarist Barthelemy Attisso from his law practice in Togo.

Touring brought success to the band once more, and lead to the release of a brand new CD in 2002 entitled *Specialist In All Styles*. With guest musicians such as vocalists Medoune Diallo, Yousou N'Dour, and Cuban vocalist Ibrahim Ferrer anchored by the smooth, silky guitar of Barthelemy Attisso and saxophones of Issa Cissokho and Thierno Koite, this CD proves that this band has aged like fine wine—retaining that mellow, flowing style Baobab made popular during the 80's, yet keeping a vibrant, modern edge.



25.

## 11 Random Questions Directed At The Mad Shadows

By Paul Puckett

I caught my first Mad Shadows show in July 2002, when they played with Boston's The Beatings at High On Rose. Their tunes, tightly wound and gleaming new, drew up ghosts of music past with a raw, schizophrenic urgency: Wire with Ramones haircuts, James Chance playing Buzzcocks covers, Gang of Four apoplexy meets Television cool. Like a gleaming art deco bullet train through the heart of a Lexington Bowery, they set upon 'Interstellar Overdrive' like birds on a park full of children, and chased originals like a bum taunted with cheap whiskey. Rock'em Sock'em drums, filthy bass, strangled dual guitar lines; yea, this I like. Slightly worrying was the ceramic owl perched on the bass cabinet; what was it's purpose in this enterprise? Hirsute rock totem, dime store spirit guide, scanner? Guitarist/Vocalist Ben Allen claims the scowler's purpose is to keep small birds away from the stage but I think he was told to say that. I consulted some palm readers, read some tea leaves, and posed the following questions to Ben Allen and drummer Brad Burden in an attempt to divine their true purpose.

First, a question which tends to expose the very nature and identity of a group-what is your opinion on the drum riser?

Allen: *In the spirit of equality, perhaps we should all stand on huge building blocks when we perform. It would definitely improve our spelling.*

Burden: *I've never really used one, I'm just not that interested in letting people see me. I usually disappear right after the show. I'm the shadow, the other guys are just mad.*

If you were to change direction and become a free jazz outfit, would you change your name, and if so, what would it be?

Allen: *The Ensemble for the Liberation of Music that Primarily Deals with Freedom in a Four Piece Group, or the ELMPDFFPG.*

Burden: *I think a good name would be... "Dogs That Eat Killer Bees and When They Bark They Shoot Killer Bees At You." Come on, it has a nice ring to it.*

Recommend three pieces of music, whether it was a single, album, any format, that you enjoy so much, you'd recommend it to your best friend and your worst enemy.

Allen: *Bob Dylan's "The Times They Are A Changing", Howlin' Wolf's S/T, and The Stooges "Raw Power". These albums will fuck with you.*

Burden: *Wire's "Pink Flag", a band I probably never would have heard had I not joined the group, The Beatles "Happiness Is A Warm Gun" (this has always been one of my favorites, I think we should try and cover this one), and The Jackson 5's "I Want You Back". This needs no explanation.*

When forming, did you have an idea as to the style of music you would write and perform or are your songs simply the sound that happened when the four of you started playing?

Allen: *It all started at a party, one night in the winter of 2001. Jesse (Saxon, guitar/vocals) and I started talking about bands we liked and why we liked them, a consensus being drawn that somewhere in the past 15 years, music of the loud and fast variety had been... mistreated. We started playing, looking for a bass player and drummer to fit the idea, but not really having a particular sound in mind. I played with Brad, his brother, Brian, and a friend of ours, Mike Griffith, while home for X-mas in Cynthiana, and literally brought our drummer back to Lexington with me. We then forced Nick (Sprouse) into buying a bass and started playing in back rooms and basements around town, disturbing a lot of neighbors along the way. Our first gig had already been set up for the first weekend in February, so we wrote our first songs straight away. It seems that pressure has been the most effective creative influence on our sound, both in time and environment.*

Burden: *Well, Ben told me he wanted to start a band in the style of The Clash, Gang of Four, old stuff. I just wanted to improve, expand if you will, the type of music that I played. Those guys made me better at what I do. In every other band that I have been in I have never played as fast or as raw as with this band. I wanted to show them I was capable of anything that they asked of me, that I was flexible. I wanted to learn more about music. Had I not joined this band, I would never have been exposed to so many great acts. I would never have known about all the great bands out there. I'm really naïve when it comes to music, or I was... Now I've heard so many great bands, and met so many wonderful people. Our sound I think just happened. We all have such different musical influences that we bring to the table, that's what makes our sound.*

If you were to add an additional member to the group, what sound would you want them to bring (oboe, mellotron, tape loops, Memphis horns, scream therapy)?

Allen: *We can barely afford to feed the owls, man. How are we going to pay for a keyboard player?*

Burden: *I always say we need to add a moog keyboard to the mix. I think that all four of us need one set up next to us.*

Name one new group or artist who is generally unknown but you would highly recommend.

Allen: *The Clinic have really grabbed my ears over the past year. I would recommend anything you can find by Glass Candy or Ikara Colt as well. I also like this "Do it like the 80's but don't call it the 80's trend in electro/dance stuff coming out of the North and the West.*

Burden: *Don't ask me that. I'm not in a position to recommend anything to anyone. I do like Jet By Day, we got to see them in Athens when we were on tour last summer. I dig their style.*

Favorite Lexington show in the past year (group, venue, date, if remembered)?

Allen: *Friday, February 28, High On Rose, Hasil Adkins. Wish I would've brought some bacon.*

Burden: *Well... most people know me as the guy who has to be at work at 6 in the morning so I don't get to catch a lot of shows around here other than the ones I'm playing at.*

Time and Space have folded in such a manner that you have the opportunity to spend an evening playing cards with any three musicians of any time you want. Who would they be and why? If Elvis is one of your choices, is it Sun Records Elvis, 68 Comeback Elvis, or Aloha Elvis? Or maybe those are your three choices...

Allen: *J. Todd Dockery, Jesse Saxon, and Mike Newsome. Oh wait, that happened just last weekend, minus the cards of course. Jesse says that the Ace of Spades makes him do evil things, and Newsome doesn't believe in numbers.*

Burden: *One would be Brian Wilson, he has always been fascinating to me. The way that he thinks, his musical influence with harmonies and melodies has had a big impact on me. Two would have to be Sam Cooke. He has an amazing voice, and three would definitely be Corey Hart 'cause he wears his sunglasses at night.*

Who does the artwork for your posters and record? It seems particularly suited for the music you're playing.

Allen: *Jesse (Saxon) does literally all of our artwork and really puts everything he's got into it. Literally, a magazine has no chance of remaining intact if it's on his coffee table more than two days.*

Burden: *Jesse, that guy is really talented.*

When Hollywood gets Oliver Stone to do your biopic, who would you want to portray yourself in the movie?

Allen: *Daffy Duck. Just think about it for a second.*

Burden: *Me? Well I think I would want Morgan Freeman to portray me.*

Is there a new release in the works, and if so, when can fans expect to hear it?

Allen: *We're hoping to record in the next several months, both on our own and with help from Jim McIntyre. I would expect to see something out this summer.*

About the Author: Paul Puckett attends many shows, records whatever he can get away with, and continues to fall further behind in his various pursuits.

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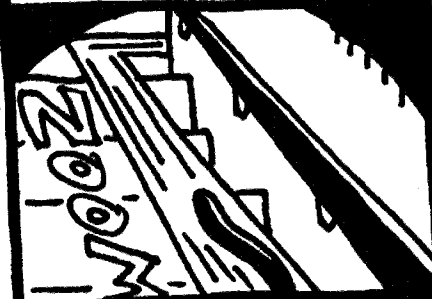
\* = block show

I'M NOT FROM HERE



MY BLACK CAT, "THE BOY," ALWAYS RUNS OUT WHEN I OPEN THE FRONT DOOR.

LAST WEEK, HE FLEW OUT AND DARTED DOWN THE SIDE STAIRWELL TO THE FIRST FLOOR.



WHICH IS IDENTICAL TO THE SECOND FLOOR.

I FOUND HIM HOWLING AND BEATING HIMSELF AGAINST THE DOOR OF MY DOWNSTAIRS NEIGHBORS.



I TOLD HIM...



WRONG FLOOR, WRONG DOOR, MAN.

Andalusia *Such A Heavenly Eyesore* (self-released) Neo-shoegazers w/ a bigass Cocteau Twins jones...mostly instrumentals, w/ boyvox on the title track and a proud grad of Miss Fraser's School for Girls on "Swallow" and "Outside of Here"...dig the Old Country sweep of "Drag", the oddly courtly crunch of "...Eyesore", and "Icarus", which proves fairies wear boots, and they use 'em...fans of the dreamier 4AD bands'll dig this.

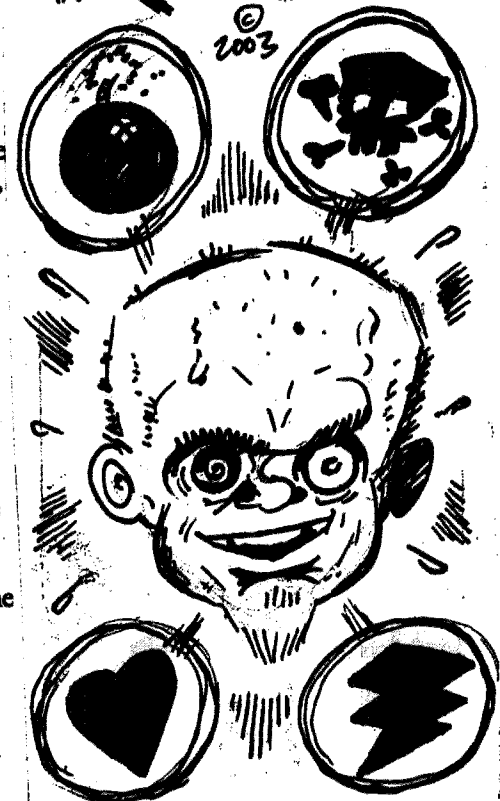
Baby Grand *Spectrum* (Spy-Fi) If the Go-Go's were hippie chicks...well, one hippie chick and a coupla hippie dudes, actually...sweet'n'swingin' gurl-pop w/ a dash of psych..."Saturday" is the rockinest cut, and "Faster" talks tuff before ending with sea-shore sounds that bleed into the final track...just darn cute.

Beehive & the Barracudas *'Plastic Soul' with the White Apes* (Swami) Anarchic garagism w/ a Smacks-like lust for fun, sounding like one big take in a roomfulla drunks and hopheads...sometimes Beehive, the gal, sings (w/ Japanese lyrics on "Dirty Soughts", one of the better tracks)...standout cuts include "Preteen Sexfiend", the rabid "Cooped Up Like A Slave" and "Instrument", a clunkin', psychotic paen to a musician's true love... "You take your hands offa me, instrument!"

Byrne *Slowly and Gloriously* (Rocket Girl) Lush psych-pop from a dude who looks and sounds like he's gotten the "nice guy" speech a few times...sincere yet trippy, the best tunes on this six-song disc are "The Sleeping Giant", which builds and builds before segueing into the Valentinian strum'n'swirl of "Greener"... "Embers" is even better, slow and stately with sweet Euro-pop

# RANT'N RAVES

©2003



BY  
"UNCLE BILL"  
BILL  
WIDENER

brass, tho' the line "Slowly engrossed, they fuck in the hall" means y'all probably won't be hearin' it on the air...#%@!n' decency'n'all, don'tcha know.

**Cargo Cult S/t** (Touch & Go) Icy Anglophiliac post-punk from Texas, circa 1986...like other hinterland combos from the period- Chicago's **Breaking Circus** and **Rifle Sport** from Minneapolis come to mind- Cargo Cult sounds like a pause between moments, an interim lifeform between the doom-laden coolth of artier New Wavers and the car-crash carnality of the underground that would coalesce around the Touch & Go label...the lead singer, Randy "Biscuit" Turner was a mover 'n'shaker in the early Texas punk scene, and guitarist Duane Dennison went on to much fame and a bit o' fortune with the Jesus Lizard...the album itself has all the necessities of the time: here's the slow/fast number ("Amusement Park Disasters"...w/ bourgeoisie-epaterin' subject matter, yet), the cut w/ the tribal drums ("Pimp Posse"), the artfunk track ("Slippin'"), "Underworld", w/ its neo-noir swing, the "hey-we-know-who-

Marcel-Duchamp-is-but-we-can-still-thrash-like-the-kids" number ("Okie Crude") and the slow dirge ("Mekong Delta Blues"-bonus coupons for the 'Nam reference!), complete w/ radio-sample intro and clanking metal...look, I don't mean to be so harsh, it ain't a bad record, but can we just skip this chapter and get to *Snakeboy* and *Atomizer* already?

**Datsuns S/t** (Hell Squad/V2) **Human Brains** *Horriblism* (Lunker) Strangely, among the DJs reviewing records for WRFL, I've become the go-to guy for two genres polar opposites in theme, attitude and sound: neo-shoe-gazers and nouveau cock rockers...guess that would be a good summation of Unca Bill: dreamy yet goatish, a satyr in a spacesuit...

So here we have a couple combos signin' that sign and bangin' that head, crotch stuffed to burstin' with throbbin' rock'n'roll...of course, there's a right way to do things and there's a wrong way...

Sadly, Human Remains are an eg. of the latter...too merely competent to be entertainingly half-assed, too uninspired

to be the A1A-ready rock gods they aspire to be, *Horriblism* (jeez, talk about tapin' a "kick me" sign to yer own back) is some o' the limpest cock ever...and what's with the cheesy Euro accent on "Curse Of the Wisened"? Sheesh!

The Datsuns, however, are stone righteous cocksman whose every riff, every drumroll, every shiverin', strainin' yelp'n'yell for wang-dang-sweet-poontang is redolent of cheap wine, ditchweed and the truckstop whiff of Camels and Mr. Clean clinging to the pirate 8-track of *Powerage* blaring through the kicks-hungry suburban night...

Unlike Human Brains' ham-fisted, lunkheaded drudge, the Datsuns kick out jams at once nimble and rough, fun yet undeniably fierce...like Bad Wizard, Tight Bros From Way Back When, Rye Coalition and other worthwhile *arriviste* choadsters, these boys realize that punk's gift to hard rock is *speed*, and the intensity that comes with it...from the gang-voxed opener "Sittin' Pretty" to the blazin' closer "Freeze Sucker", this quartet (all in the tradition of the Ramones and the Donnas, named "Datsun") show they know the difference between cliché and archetype, and do their comrades past and present proud...kudos to lead singer Christian Datsun, who often hits a pitch perfect expression of hysterical lust, tremulous and ravening, other times showing a strange New Wave influence, as in the catchy "crossover hit" "Harmonic Generator", where he could pass for a close friend of mssrs. Byrne and Hell...looks like I'm callin' in sick the night they're playing Newport, but I just gotta see these dudes live: they fuckin' rock!

**D.O.A. Win the Battle** (Sudden Death) Old school punks soldier on for rock, justice and the Canadian way...the first punk rock band from outtatown (waaay outtatown) to ever play here- back in '78, I believe- D.O.A. was a big influence on the nascent Lexington punk scene...still led by the indefatigable Joey Kiethley (nee "Shithead"), these diehard Camuck cop-haters deliver a somewhat clean and metal-ly soundin' disc...D.O.A.'s always had a "good-time rock'n'roll" vibe, and it's all over this: the singalongs "Just Say No to the WTO" and "The Beer Liberation Army", the Nashville Pussified "We're Drivin' to Hell'n'Back" and "Curb-stomp the Devil", and the hilarious "If I Were A Redneck", which kipes the melody of the *Fiddler* tune...it ain't all yoks, tho', with some off-the-pigs tough talk on "Warmonger", the virile "Return to Lumberjack City" (w/ real chainsaw sounds, yet... Wendy O, we hardly knew ye) and "Dead Men Tell No Tales", every band's dream of sweet revenge...the last tune provides more evidence of the return of the Obligatory Ballad\*, and there's an utterly unironic "La Grange", reminding this O.P. of the controversy surrounding the cover of Led Zep's "Communication Break-down" on D.O.A.'s first album...yes, we actually used to argue about that kinda thing.

(\*Back in the bad ol' days, all albums, no matter what style, had to have an Obligatory Ballad...few resisted, altho' Ted Nugent and Kiss come to mind...of course, Kiss finally caved, the hyper-schmaltsy "Beth" becoming one of the band's biggest hits...just one of the many music industry givens put down by punk, the Obligatory Ballad seems to be making a comeback, part of the general backsliding to the sins of the past...see, that's what happens when you stop hatin' the Seventies...)

←AW-RIIIIIIIGHT! NEW ZEALAND'S DATSUNS!!

35.



John Doe *Dim Stars, Bright Sky* (im/BMG) Not tryin' to be a dick or nothin', but this is straight-up 'RVG-bait... "A punk icon grows old gracefully"= pretty tunes w/ vocals so bland ya can't even tell it's John, and production so clean, it's almost prissy... that said, out of the ten songs, all but two recorded with "spe-cial guests", "Forever For You" has a tetch more oomph, w/ sweet backing vox by my favorite Go-Go, Jane Wiedlin; "Magic" (w/ that guy from the Wallflowers) is mildly trippy; "Always" is lugubrious space country; and "Still You", featuring former alternababe Juliana Hatfield, is just purty...but caveat rocktor, dude- this is awful merish and mooshy.

#### Drive Like Jehu *Yank Crimes* (Swami)

Hey, I like math 'n' bunnypunk 'n' lo-fi 'n' mopecore 'n' spacerock 'n' neo-shoegazer-garage-electro-cock-new-newer-newest wave as much as the next rosy-eyed obscurantist sound hound, but what I've *really* been pinin' for is a band that takes a riff and whips that whore on 'til she's rode hard and put up wet...and here's Drive Like Jehu to fix me reeeeeeececal nice, ooh yas...

Amp-heavin' angstmongers who sound like Rodan and Unsane in a fistfight over a chick, this San Diego quartet put a big broken heart-beatin' on your ass with ragers like "Here Come the Rome Plows", "Super Unison" and the bloody well astounding "Luau", a swingin', scourgin' epic of combustible menace that gives me hope for this generation...

But it ain't all a barrage...on tracks "New Intro" and the two versions of "Sinews", the tension builds in a quiet space before blowin' up real good, like Unwound with a bomb in their pants...

So if you've had an itch that's gone

woefully unscratched in this current age of contrivance and cowardice, baby, *Yank Crimes* can scratch it 'til you bleed... "Aloha, aloha, aloha- suit up!"

Father Divine *The Great American Pastime* (s/r) Musicianly art-punk agitprop that's got nuthin' to do with baseball... imagine Tom Waits fronting for Sweep the Leg Johnny, w/ Mr. Bunglean showboatin' and Neurosistic apocalyptic attitude... w/ a lyric sheet that actually bears reading, Father's aggressively literary... the intro even has a guy reading publishing credits, then kicking off the music with "Chapter One... 'Crash My Car'..." (also the most rockin' tune)... "3rd Ward Dirge" and "The Last Great Prizefighter" are the most Waitsy, w/ nice pianny on the latter... to give ya an idea of FD's eclectic approach, the bluesy "The Mistress" is followed by "The Ovarian Trolley", an outaplace fuzzvoxed electro-dirge, while the rockin' "Sleepwalking (Pt 1)" is answered by "Pt 2)", which sounds like Billy Joel vs. Bertolt Brecht in a manifesto-on-a-pole match...no, really, honest to Engels!

Fifty Tons of Black Terror *UNT* (Space Baby) Monster blues masters' final fix... mixing the swamp-thang romanticism of Crime & the City Solution with the filth 'n' fury of the Jesus Lizard, this posthumous climax moans 'n' mangles with balls-out aplomb... from stompers like "Creatures Vs. People" ("People are mean... 'n' creatures are feeble!"), "Miss Albion" and the ravingly obscene "SexTourettes" to the soulful Mississippi-to-Melbourne murk of "Baby Must Die", "Angry Goats" (w/ its catchy refrain- "Feet! at the end of my legs... walk me into the

## MY TOP 13 SONGS OF 2002:

13. THE WALL WILL BURN - CHORE
12. WHERE I'LL WAIT FOR YOU - JRCORDUROY
11. LONG TIME - THE ETIQUETTE
10. 2 A.M. - MEAT PURVEYORS
9. IN MY PLACE - KILOWATTHOURS
8. KAREN O - SIX BY SEVEN
7. PDA - INTERPOL
6. SHE TURNED YR HEAD - THE REPUTATION
5. THE LONELIEST PUEB - SECRETS
4. TANKED - BARDO POND
3. JENIFER RAY - DANGELS
2. HOW NEAR, HOW FAR - AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD
1. MEET MY FATHER, JOHN WAYNE - AUTOMATON



library/ all the books have been read... Feet! at the end of my legs... walk me into the butcher's store/ there's just a coupla heads left...") and the pathological 'n' passionate "Posthumous Climax", *UNT* is a worthy finale for one of the best bands of the last several years.

#### Heroine Sheiks *Siamese Pipe* (Rubric)

The first time I was face to face with Heroine Sheiks vocalist Shannon Selberg, he was wearing a big cowboy hat, Docs, dirty jeans and a fake mustache drawn on his lip with the same marker he used to scrawl the big weird chicken that started beneath his waistband and ended just below his throat... singing for underground mainstays the Cows, he was one of the most intimidating front-men I've ever seen... leaving aside the hellbent crush of Cow-power and the mean 'n' dirty nature of the songs, there was just something in his eyes, a certain willful derangement, a piercing disregard for bullshit, that said this mad mutha could get right rabid if crossed...

Well, the Cows may have gone to rock 'n' roll Valhalla, but Shannon's back with a new combo that, not too surprisingly, sounds a helluva lot like the old... from raving thrashers like "Army Brat" and the WRFL hit "My Boss" to such examples of thugfunk and mutant soul as "Kiss It" and the agoraphobic tale of woe "Grab the Wheel", the Sheiks shake their cake in a go-go cage still stinky from the *Whorn* tour... but hey, I sure as shit ain't gri-pin', not as long as Shannon and his new playmates (such as former Swans guitarist Norm Westburg) deliver goods as tasty as the creepy-crawly "Let It Die" and the monster blues opus "Little Schoolgirl", w/ one of Selberg's trademark flailing bugle solos... his gift

for the weird hook is much in evidence: dig the whistling chorus of "3-Banger", the disturbing chime of a bike bell in "Schoolgirl", or the ape-hoots in the manic hoedown "Mas Suicide"...the tunes stick with ya, scary and rude and downright entertainin'...glad t'have y'all back, man...

**Heros Severum *Wonderful Educated Bear*** (Two Sheds) America's answer to Red Monkey...that is to say, math-inflected artpunk w/ a funky flair, as earnest boy and sardonic girl trade poli sci lyrics in songs such as "Grounded Like A Prop Plane" and "Driving in A Perpetual Summer"...in a way, this is another eg. of the 80s Revival, reminding this geezer of those co-ed Rough Trade bands, like the Delta 5 and Au Pairs, inspired by Gang of Four's mix of lefty duty and punky booty...I mean, there's even a song about art...bookish cake-shakers unite!

**LO/Hi *Say It More*** (Tiger Style) Former employees of Boss Hog make like across between Sleater-Kinney and the Yeah Yeah Yeahs...tho' not half as rockin'..."Three Fish" is the most riot grrrry, "White All Around" the most Yeah-ful..."Creature" has some oomph, "Light Up" some soul, and "Lucy" is indeed a tribute to Lucille Ball!

**Low Trust** (Kranky) The reigning masters of mopecore return with their most powerful album yet...from almost folk tunes ("In the Drugs", "La La Song") to space pop gems like "Canada" and "Snowstorm" to galactic & western cuts such as "Tonight" and the awesome "(That's How You Sing) Amazing Grace", Low expand their range...but them what jones for the mournful massive will get their fix,

whether it's the rising majesty of "Little Argument With Myself", the seething "Candy Girl" (w/ one of my fave couplets of the year: "We wasted all our days/ with Gillian and Dave"), the huge blues crush of "I Am the Lamb" or the Swans-on-Xanax enormity of "John Prine" and "Shots and Ladders", the latter haunted by the sound of collapse...and let's not neglect the smooth'n'soulful sweetness of "Diamond" and "Point of Disgust"...oh, it's just so fucking gorgeous, it hurts.

**New Bomb Turks *The Night Before the Day the Earth Stood Still*** (Gearhead) The usual nasty fun, albeit a little slower (guess we're all getting a mite old)...more Ig, less HC, tho' "Sick Sermon" revs up real good and "Ditch" is a thrashy delight...check out "Like Ghosts" for further evidence of the hideous return of the Obligatory Ballad, this'n fabbed-up w/ a touch o' crunch and a big psych finish...as always, the irrepressible oomph of frontman Eric drives the tunes on with an always cynical, always passionate sneer'n'holler...hey, it's the New Bomb Turks- when have they ever sucked?

**Raveonettes *Whip It On*** (Crunchy Frog) Spectral, sultry, revvin', chuggin' goodness...pure quality from start to finish as this dynamic duo from Denmark gives voice to a gun-crazy romanticism as they grind'n'roar down the primrose path...a mesmerizing mix of artpunk, spookabilly and psych influences (cf. Boss Hog, Deadbolt, Scientists, Spacemen 3, Yo La Tengo, not t'mention unjustly obscure antipodeans Snapper)...wistful, lustful boy/girl harmonies float through thick'n'juicy cuts of speed-crazed noir



## NORWEGIAN SEX SPOOKS, THE RAVEONETTES!

("Do You Believe Her", "Cops On Our Tail", "Beat City"), swamp dirges of erotic apocalypse ("Veronica Fever", "Bowels of the Beast") and strip-club anthems from a groovier universe than this (especially "My Tornado")...my compatriot PWP wrote "Imagine if Sam Phillips wore mascara and Elvis was sad and they grew up in LA listening to old Depeche Mode records..." Can't argue with that...comes in CD and fabu 10" vinyl!

**Ride *OX4: The Best of Ride*** (First Time) The shoegazer hitmasters from that form's heyday in the early Nineties...crack to My Bloody Valentine's cocaine, Ride took the Big Swirl to the top o' the pops with big, simple but fuzz'n'muzzed songs o' luv moderne...smoother tunes like "Chelsea Girl", "Vapour Trail" and "Twisterella" share the unkempt bed with chuggin' slabs o' candied distortion like "Drive Blind", the ace cover of the Creation's "How Does It Feel To Feel" and their

signature tune "Dreams Burn Down", one of the great examples of the soft/hard/sweet/savage dynamic..."She's effortlessly cool/but circumstances can be cruel..." Still good after all the years, all the imitators.

**Rivulets *Debridement*** (Chair Kickers Union) A crybabyface who makes Hayden sound like the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, whisper-thin and paper-pale Nathan Amundson sighs, plucks and plinks out an album of what the distro's info sticker describes as "dark new folk"...but since that sounds like supporting characters from a 500-page potboiler with "Gryphon" or "Labyrinth" in the title, let's call it really, really stark mopecore...like Low sans amps, which makes sense when ya realize Nate got help from his pals Alan Sparhawk and Mimi Parker of said combo...recorded in the Sacred Heart Music Center, *Debridement's* one of those records so quiet you can hear the singer's bangs fall in his face, which

makes the minimalist melodies resound all the stronger... with titles like "Shakes", "There's Nothing I Can Do" and "Conversations With An Empty Bottle", it's a lovely record for beautiful losers and boozers... while Googling this disc, I discovered that "debridement is the process of removing non-living tissue from pressure ulcers, burns and other wounds" ...in other words: par-TAY!

#### Stella Luna Stargazer (Clairerecords) Sp

This four-song chunk o' big, beautiful 'gaze is more on the latter-day MBV tip- less poptones, more pulsar... cf. psuper-psych blurmeisters Windy & Carl, Flying Saucer Attack, Bardo Pond... recorded analog w/ pre-digital equipment, *Stargazer* is worthy of its influences... it's all one big wall o' fuck-me-slow fuzz... sprawling, sensuous, spacey... mmmmmmmmmmm...

**Tyko Transmissions From the Biosphere** (Drawing Room) Gorgeous space rock from this Fayetteville, Arkansas trio that has since expanded to a quartet... nice big beats anchor the whir'n'fur as astroboy and rocketgirl trade off vocal duties, with the standout solo being Beverly Blann's singing on "Telstar", a drumless slice of elysian swirl... mostly, they sing together, with lovely results, especially on "Saturn 5", "Planet One" and the big, bongin', buz-zin' closer "Structuralist Filmmaking/ Central Image", which ends with a sample from the glory days of the Space Age, made sharply poignant by the latest tragic example of our slack-ass, penny-pinching approach to the Next Frontier... but here back on Earth, fans of Dealership, the Ides of Space and the Dirtmitts will groove on this... kids just wanna blast off, and Tyko is go!

**V/A Smash-up Derby** (Gearhead) Y'all are probably way too young to recall when SST wasn't a record label (hell, I bet a bunchaya don't remember the record label), but a type of toy car... made back in the gloriously risky days when the E. Buzz Miller ethic ruled the toy biz, SST cars were hard plastic dealies with a bigass rubber wheel in the middle... you stuck this ridged strip through the gears either side of said wheel, pulled the strip as hard and fast as you could, and set the car, central wheel now whirlin' like a turbine feeding Manhattan, down on the floor/pavement/little sister's head, whatever flat surface was handy, and tried to dodge the dang thing as it hurtled like a missile toward the nearest wall/tree/little sister... damn, they were fast- and dangerous... I remember games of SST chicken in my fifth grade class, which would escalate from car vs. wall to car vs. car to, inevitably, car vs. classmate... eventually SSTs were added to the list of banned toys ("clackers" were Public Education Enemy No. 1, of course, but I digress...), especially after the manufacturers came out with a version that was *meant* to fly to flinders on impact: the SST Smash-Up Derby, the white trash-baitin' commercial for which serves as the intro for this super-set from the Gearhead combine...

Heir to the garage rock title formerly held by Crypt and Estrus, Gearhead is a label spawned from the gee-tars'n' cool cars 'zine of the same name... influenced by the continuing 70s-retro ambience of the times, Gearhead's stuff is more on the straight-up cock rock tip... indeed, with its wang of dirty engines, dirty needles and dirty minds, "gearhead" would make a better tag than (yecccch) "neo-cock" for modern day crotch-riffers, and the move-bustin'

combos on this comp live up to the name's promise... there's tracks from breakout faves the Hives and the Donnas, Next Big Things the Hellacopters, and veteran rockers the New Bomb Turks... meanwhile, Cheap Trick's snotty love chil'ren Red Planet, the Obliviansesque Hard Feelings and motor-psych mavens Puffball wacky race with the Sewergrooves (Jonathan Richman joins Monster Magnet) and voxless Scandinavians the Hypnomen, whose best out of two tracks, "Dance With the Devil" sounds like Joe Meeks getting' shitefaced with Gary Glitter... then there's the awesome monster beat, thick as a prick in an S. Clay Wilson sketch, at the base of "Saigon Hooker" by the Mads, and the balls-out zoomin' C-O-C-K of the Dragons "Whoah Yeah!" (exclamation point *sic*)... and hey, the Donnas ain't the only chicks behind the wheel- ya got Mensen's Avengersish "Monday Morning Blues" and the sweet-voiced gurl-punk of the Pinkz... but *the* track, the tune I played twenty times before I even spun the rest of the disc, is NRA's awesome "XYZ", blazin' heartfelt punk, catchy as all get-out- hope this band's other work is as good...

So if you like rock that grabs you by the shirtfront, empties a bottle of beer or six down yer gullet and slings your head-bangin' ass around the oil-stained concrete floor as a way of sayin' "hi", you oughta enter your clapped-out peesashit rig in Gearhead's *Smash-up Derby*... "Crash! Bang! Smash 'em up, it's Smash-up time, my friend!"

Hey, thanks for readin' my ramblin's, kids! Be sure to catch my show every Friday from 3-6 Pm on Your Only Alternative Left, 88.1 FM, WRFL! Luv, Uncle Bill

### Aunt Billie DISCUSES ON HER FAVORITE ALBUM OF 2002

HONEY, I'LL BE HONEST- WHEN THE PANGELS FIRST SHOWED UP, I JUST THOUGHT "OH, HOW CUTE." I DIDN'T EXPECT THEY'D BE ANY MORE THAN THAT... BUT, ALMOST FROM THE GET-GO, THESE BABES HAVE SHOWN MORE GUTS THAN MOST BANDS FROM THIS BURG. THEY'RE NOT AFRAID, YOU DIG? NOT AFRAID OF LOOKING LIKE A CHUMP, A SLUT OR A BIG OL' BITCH. NOT AFRAID OF HONESTY, OF NOT BEING "COOL." NOT AFRAID OF EMOTION, UNLIKE MANY OF YOU WHO HIDE BEHIND SHOCKS 'N' YOKS. NOT AFRAID TO WRITE SOME OF THE DAMN CATCHIEST TUNES IN THIS SCENE'S HISTORY. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, GENTS, BUT TO ME THAT VELVET GLOVE TOSSED SO CASUALLY UPON THE STAGE LOOKS A LOT LIKE A GAUNTLET...





# I'M NOT FROM HERE

"BIG EYES" AND I WERE WATCHING "LENNY" WITH DUSTIN HOFFMAN...



SHE WAS EXTREMELY CONGESTED AND HER SINUSES WERE CLOGGED.



SHE GOT UP EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES OR SO TO COUGH IT ALL UP IN THE BATHROOM.



I TOLD HER... I WISH I HAD THE POWER TO PLACE MY HAND ON YOUR CHEST AND BREAK UP ALL THAT SHIT... SO YOU'D FEEL BETTER.



\*COFF\* THEN DO IT.



CMJ 2002:

Or, how I spent my Autumn Vacation

by Jessi Fehrenbach

Me (Rifle Editor), Nick (Music Director), Leslia (Promotions), Charlie (News) Ben (GM), and Daryl (Training) went to the CMJ music marathon in NYC 10/30—11/02 2002. The highlights:

## 10-30 Wednesday

Opening night of CMJ, a rainy Wednesday in NYC. We met in the lobby of the hotel and set off for the opening night party at the Bowry Ballroom. We arrived just in time to catch Polyphonic Spree, from Dallas TX. I had heard their CD at the station, and found it interesting, but pretty much nothing comes close to the insanity of their live show. About 20 people on risers in white choral robes singing enthusiastically in perfect harmony, accompanied by a full size harp, French horn, flute and piccolo, trombone, trumpet, Moog, Korg, theramin. Then there was one guy who sang lead, and a 12 girl back up choir. Whoa. Check out [www.polyphonicspree.com](http://www.polyphonicspree.com) for more info.

After Polyphonic Spree, I made my way towards the bar. Sipping a whiskey sour, I walked back over towards the edge of the balcony and peered over at the dance floor below. I saw Daryl leaning against a wall, but I didn't know where anybody else went. Oh well. I leaned over the railing and watched the tech crew break down the risers onstage.

Two girls at the other end of the balcony dressed in black and white hounds tooth and red satin were laughing and casually playing what sounded like my record collection on a turntable set up between them... AC/DC, Blondie, The Cramps... I asked the guy next to me if he knew who they were. He didn't. I excused myself and went off in search of more whiskey and info on the stylish duo.

"DJ Boozie Jo and DJ Bag Lady, recent Village Voice winners for Best Rock N'Roll Duo in NYC, spin everything from Dirtbombs to Diana Ross, all while balancing a cocktail in one hand." --CMJ 2002 Festival Guide

The next band got onstage and started playing before anyone noticed what was going on. What everyone pretty much noticed after the first couple of songs was that they sucked. Three ladies and two guys made up this band, reaching for some kind of folkish sort of sound. There was a lot of confusion going on. the schedule for the night got all off because of a cancellation and so nobody seemed to know what was going on.

The college radio audience bared their pointy little fangs of ruthless disapproval, Booining and shouting "Go back to Lillith Fair!" Ouch. Then the entire auditorium emptied out into the basement bar and lounge area, so the club's tech person brought up the house lights in the middle of a particularly long and drawn out folky song. Some guy handed me a zine full of record and book reviews "To read if you get bored."

I'd been coughing all day. Like, "coming down with something" coughing—a sort of deep, phlegmy hacking type cough. And I know there isn't a rational doctor in the world that would treat a whooping cough and a swollen throat with whiskey and cigarettes, it's sort of the exact opposite of that apple-a-day business. Yet here I am...

I ran into Ben, Leslie, Charlie (whose name tag mysteriously reads "Dirt Rifle and the Funky Bulle") and Nick in the basement. I don't know how I must have looked, but Ben asked "Do you need to call a taxi?" Bent over with my hand over my mouth wheezing, I thought...maybe.

I felt sort of loopy...pushing through the double doors of the club and out onto the street into a blast of cold night air. I walked toward the corner flailing my arms at passing taxi cabs until one finally stopped. Gasping and coughing, I slid into the black vinyl backseat. "Where to Miss? The hospital?"

Jessirella made it safe and sound back to her hotel room. She did not turn into a pumpkin after 1:00am, nor did she hack up her left lung.

#### 10-31 Thursday

The registration room sprawled across half a floor, filled with cubicles representing companies involved in the music industry, I might as well have stamped DEMOGRAPHIC on my forehead before entering the marketing splasm.... We didn't spend very long in there.

We set out walking. To no place in particular, just walking in New York City.

We had breakfast at Lindy's on the corner of 7<sup>th</sup> and 83<sup>rd</sup> street. My bagel cost \$8.80, but that's because it was named after Marilyn Monroe. Nick's eggs and toast were Abbott and Costello, Leslie's omlette went by Jimmy Durante. Charlie enjoyed his Ava Gardner French toast, Daryl just got cereal (I guess they couldn't think up a fancy enough name to associate with cornflakes) and Ben had a Marilyn Monroe too.

*"Lindy's, the theater-district restaurant, was opened by Leo Lindemann in 1921 at 1626 Broadway near 50th Street. Known for its sandwiches, Lindy's was made famous by the writer Damon Runyon, who changed the name to Mindy's in his short stories."* —Molly O'Neill's New York.

Since the Orwellian future is now, a webcam has been placed in the window of the Lindy's located at Broadway and 45<sup>th</sup> street. Many New Yorkers are understandably disturbed by the sudden incredible increase of public surveillance cameras. Not everybody buys the "It's for your own good" rhetoric. An activist group called the Surveillance Camera Players, <http://www.notbored.org/the-scp.html>, frequently performs skits like *We Know You Are Watching: Mind Your Own Business* on the streets directly in front of the cameras. They distribute flyers with information on government surveillance and maps of where all the cameras are located. It's great to know that there are 129 cameras on one side of Times Square alone. Comforting. I kept looking over my shoulder all day. I don't know why.

Next we went into **Midnight Records**. I had to decide if I was going to buy records or eat for the rest of the day. Quite a dilemma, but I decided to stick with the food. I made that decision going in, knowing it would be a total test of my willpower. Immediately I noticed several Hasli Adkins LPs against the back wall. Then a dazzling cowboy smile Tex Ritter picture LP that I so badly wanted Todd to have. Stacks and stacks and rows and rows of vinyl—used, new, rare. Mostly '80s '60s and '70's reissues and imports. As we left, the nice girl at the desk gave me a flyer and reassured me that the store had a website, <http://www.midnightrecords.com/>, if I didn't find what I was looking for that day. Someday soon when my broke ass doesn't have to decide between food and records I'll revisit this place for sure.

We met in the lobby of the hotel and set off for the nearest subway. I was already starting my coughing thing again. I bought Sudafed and throat drops earlier...shouldn't that help?! Damn. At one stop, several girls dressed in '70's Foxy Brown wigs and polyester and Cyndi Lauper leather and lace jumped onto the train, heading for the annual Halloween parade.

The evening took the dynamic six of us to a very long line outside of Irving Plaza for the **Touch N'Go Records Showcase**. It was fucking cold. I had a hat, gloves, but no scarf, so I tried to turtle into my coat. Daryl and I sat on the sidewalk, leaned up against the building. We saw devils and angels, zombies and mermaids and grim reapers. I found the homemade giraffe costume of the guy hailing a cab across the street strangely endearing. He had made a tan hood out of felt and sewed on the antlers, then taken brown fabric paint as giraffe spots to the hood, a tan sport coat, and corduroys with a little tail sewn on. He had also painted his face tan/brown, and a cigarette hung from the corner of his mouth as he waited for his cab. No sooner was the giraffe in his cab then the tennis racket rock star briefly graced our presence. This guy came sauntering up the sidewalk, strutting and running his fingers through his wild curly white hair. He wore several layers of shirts and dirty slashed up blue jeans with colorful scarves and neckties tied up and down both of his legs. He swung the tennis racket over his hips and strummed it like a guitar, nodding his head, and continued strutting past us down the sidewalk. Daryl and I looked at each other... "Yeah"...Halloween in NYC.

Despite or in spite of the coughing fits, the line moved forward. Also, the guy behind us almost got his ass kicked for making fun of some people trying to scalp tickets.

Enon opened the show and I liked them a lot better than I thought I would, given the mood that comes with whatever disease I had. I wasn't too keen on the last CD of theirs, but they actually impressed me. I liked the songs the girl sang, and I like the heavy bass. I definitely appreciated the energy of the performance.



Then came one of Charlie's very favorite bands, **The Black Heart Procession**. He briefed me on the proceedings as the five of them played a slow dirge of an opening number. A guy with some sort of animal head played the saw while the others bent over their piano, guitars, and drums. We were sitting up in the balcony and I asked Charlie what was up with that wolfman. He set me straight. "That's not a wolf, man. It's a horse. That guy playing the saw, he almost never wears it. It's usually on the piano player." Oh. Also, FYI, the horse is on the cover of almost all their albums too.

For **Blonde Redhead** I inched my way to the front of the balcony. I love them. Cute but fierce and flashy, they got style. I stood at the top of the balcony, right behind the sound guy, until everything began to sweep into a dangerously vertiginous point. And then singer Kazu Makino was saying "Thank you! Good Night!"

I smiled and picked up the sound guy's set list written on the back of a paper plate. "Can I have this?" He shrugged. "Whatever."

#### 11-1 Friday

The evening took me and Daryl, in a cab (we decided the bike taxi was too frightening) too the **Kill Rock Stars Showcase** at the Knitting Factory. We arrived to hear the final few songs of Kimya Dawson's set, I caught "Talking Earnest," "Talking Pee Wee said to talking Earnest one day, Hey man, Jim Varney's dead!" and Daryl disappeared behind me somewhere while I was busy dancing around.

**Slumber Party** played next. I made my way to the front of the room and stood near the stage. There seemed to be mostly girls in the audience. **Slumber Party** played brought on the gentle rock, nice and sweet and melodic but edgy at the same time. They were even nice to the one heckler who kept yelling out for them to play "harder."

As **Quix\*o\*tic** set up, I chatted with the girls next to me. They were particularly interested in the fact that I was from Kentucky. I liked Quixotic, I'd never seen them live before. They were noisy and cute. Two girls and a guy switched up instruments every other song—I especially liked "Smokey Robinson" with the bass and rhythm sticks and whistlin'. I also dug "Walk in the Park."

As **The Bangs** set up, I talked with Eileen, the chick next to me, mostly about music. The Bangs are one of my all time favorite bands to see live, they are loud and fun and unapologetically crass. They played Cheap Trick's "Southern Girls." Some of the friendly ladies nearby to raised their drinks at me and yelled. The guitar player has such a way with words onstage, a sweet little bantering flirtation with the audience in between songs. I love The Bangs!!!

MELODY 3  
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THE FALL  
ELEPHANT G

Blonde  
Redhead's  
Set list. ↑  
(written on a paper plate)

The Gossip headlined the event, and rightfully so. They picked up where the Bangs left off on the loud, fun, and blatantly crass tip. The lead singer, Beth, has a powerful strong voice, and she growls out her lyrics while jumping around everywhere. By the end of the night it was hotter than hell in there so she had no problem stripping her black dress right off, yelling "This is for Ari Up" [of the Slits], who was apparently seated in the balcony. Ari then yelled for her to strip more, but she said "No," she had to keep her undies on because she was "shy." Ha. Shy but shameless! And fucking amazing!

At the end of the night before I went off in search of Daryl, Eileen gave me her address. She wanted me to send her a CD of my band. I think that bothered her "friend" a little, because as I was retrieving my coat she said, "Come on, she doesn't even like girls," as though I wasn't just standing right there. Damn... Fortunately, Daryl tuned up at this point and we joined throng flowing towards the door. Daryl had to go down to coat check, and I was swept outside. Standing on the sidewalk outside waiting on Daryl, a bouncer man yelled at me "Move along, you can't stand on this block!!!" He didn't want to hear my totally legitimate reason for waiting, he just wanted me to move it or lose it. I shuffled off down the street and Daryl eventually found me huddled and hiding in a doorway. We strolled down the block to hail a cab and passed a guy on the street hollering "Straight Dick in the Butt!!" He might have been yelling at someone walking by. Or not. Straight dick in the butt.

#### 11-2 Saturday

The final day of CMJ saw me sitting in on some of the "educational" day panels. At first I had planned to hop back and forth between music and books/small press. But I ended up parked in the music panel for most of the day. I found the DIY theme helpful, since if you want something done the most effective way is to do it yourself anyhow. Yep.

The rest of the day into the evening found my directionless wandering solo around NYC again. Everyone seemed to have a different agenda for the final night. I went looking for a club called Meow Mix where these girls I had met earlier, The Kirby Grips were playing. I didn't find it though. I'm really bad with maps, directions and such. Instead I bought some sparkly fishnets and glitter lipstick at Ricky's and eventually just got a cab back to the hotel.

At two in the morning, I was watching TV and the Halloween episode of Blind Date came on, and Dame Darcy was on it! Whoa! The guy they set her up with was, like, a total square who said something like "all my friends call me a freak" in his little interview. Well, Dame Darcy really is a total freak, so it was quite interesting. She showed up for the date in a white bridal dress with a little doll she introduced as Isobel and told him that she and Isobel think sailors are sexy. Then a firetruck drove by so firemen were sexy too. For their date they went to a park and she did a love spell, she made him make a wish and chant some stuff. Then he took her out to eat and asked her if she did spells on other people, and she said that once she cut up a pig, drained the blood and sent the head to a girl she hated. He just looked sorry that he asked. After that, they somehow ended up at a hotel spa, and when he walked up there she was in a mermaid's outfit flipping this tail around and she wouldn't talk except to make trilling noises like Splash. He was not very amused. At the end of the date he went to shake her hand and she grabbed him and hugged him.

48

# the ..... Percy Trout ..... hour

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Last Rites interviews...

# THE CRUXSHADOWS



Last Rites:

Your live performances are very theatrical; you've been called the best live band in Europe, today. What's it like performing and sharing your music with your fans?

Rogue: We really enjoy performing, most of the time and we do an awful lot of it, it seems. To a large extent, it's what it's all about because it gives us a chance to interact in a direct way with our fans.

Lr: Have you had any theatrical training?

R: Yeah, actually. I was a child actor and I did a number of plays and stuff as a boy and traveled around the U.S. performing various stage plays. I also belonged to a theatre troupe when I was younger, as well. I have experience with a lot of the arts, in general.

Lr: In many of your albums, there are really obvious influences from literature and mythology. Where did those come from?

R: \*laughs\* Obviously from literature and mythology!

Lr: I guess why do you keep bringing those elements into your music?

R: It's a very useful sort of mechanism. The mythology, legend, religion provide us with archetypes, and archetypes are previously understood or to some degree understood as being symbols. And when you use elements that are symbols, you can then, at a much greater rate, get to the meat of what you're trying to infuse into the meaning of something. For example: the song Eurydice; in the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, Orpheus, you know, goes into the underworld to retrieve Eurydice from the jaws of death and this kind of thing. Using the symbolic nature of that particular myth, you can much quicker get to a particular sort of emotional point and add your own meaning to it, if you follow me? So, they become very useful for communication. It also puts a very interesting sort of spin on things because there's a good deal of cryptology, if you will, involved in things which gives it, I feel a greater depth. People are sort of invited to dig deeper into a song and sort of discover the meaning for themselves.

Lr: So do you try to communicate with your audience through the lyrics in your songs?

R: Absolutely. The thing is about communication. There're really several different levels that we attempt to communicate. I mean, first and foremost you want to create a song that's you know catchy or danceable or just memorable, musically. And something that in effect appeals to the body or at least the physical senses. The next level you might want to be creating something that has some degree of pertinence you know to people in their lives, some sort of universal significance. On a different level you may want to, you know, bring in some elements of literature sort of to tie it all together and give it direction. And maybe on a deeper sense it might fit unto the entire cruxshadows mythology really have a place in relationship to other songs to effectively tell an even bigger story.

Lr: So when did you first consider yourself a musician?

R: I'm not sure I ever did. I have had a fair amount of musical training. I did attend music school during my college years and you know I had some background in musical theatre and this is sort of where that came from my parents were actually adamantly against me being a musician. But I despite the fact that I wasn't allowed to have lessons in guitar or one of these instruments like this., I decided to use what I did have which was my voice. And as I said before had had some training with and it sort of worked from there and I played the violin and the keyboard and bits and pieces of other instruments but it's really sort of spring from conceiving of music maybe in more of a vocal sense, at least initially. So I really honestly consider myself more of an artist. I have a degree in art and I really look at the process of music making in as sense much more like art making. Its concept and its form are important to me.

Lr: That's a really good way to sum it up because your music seems really different from other music in that it's cohesive.

R: I appreciate that

Lr: So, you've participated on many tours and many festivals. Who was just amazing to work with?

R: I'll tell you what. It's really interesting because there are some people whose music you really like and you get to know them or you get to meet them and you don't like them so much. On the other hand there's some people whose music you may you know, sort of like and you get to know them and they make such an impression on you that all of a sudden you love their music. You know, it doesn't always work exactly like that. I think it's much easier for me to appreciate people's music when I realize that there's something sincere and there's something real behind it I've had some experience or some experiences with meeting some of the people that you know I grew up looking up to, people like the cure and you know it's kind of interesting to sort of see that there's a person behind the music. Bands that we particularly appreciate, I'd have to say VNV nation, Mesh, Apoptygma Berserk, Clan of Xymox. I was really very glad you know on meeting some of the bands listed particularly in getting to know them to find that there is a great deal of sincerity and behind that music that gives that music some validity, you know, it's not just someone churning out lyrics or churning out music, there's something to it and that is what's important to me.

Lr: Do you have any guilty pleasures in your musical tastes something you would be ashamed to tell people that you enjoy?

R: You know, most people that know me would probably say yes and the reason is that I'm fairly diverse in my music al interests. Let's see the bands that I really like, I like them on let's say, all fronts. I like the meaning, I like the lyrics, I like the way that is all put together. and on the other hand there's lots of music from I dunno some obscure to some obscure title to something that 's absolutely as mainstream as you can get that I will listen to with the intention of sort of discerning what it is that they're doing. What is it that makes you know this particular song stick in your heard for you know a year after hearing it? You know, what is that? How are they doing that? And so to some degree I take a kind of academic approach to listening to music

and truly sometimes start to enjoy it. But I really have to be completely accurate and say that I really don't have much time to listen to music. We're on tour about 9 months out of the year and it seems like I'm constantly busy and when I'm not performing or hearing all of these songs played at clubs and we often have a radio on when we're touring. But specifically going out and saying hey, I want to listen to this... not so much

Lr: What about your new album? The cover art is always unique; I think you're one of the only bands that use hieroglyphics and other types of symbolism on your album covers. Where does the cover artwork come from?

R: I actually make the cover artwork myself. As I told you I have a background in art and its one of the things that I really enjoy doing because it allows me to pull together the music and visuals of the album, which I think is a very important portion of the album. But as far as the specific symbols come from, Wishfire, specifically, is based on a series of dreams that I had. So many of the elements from the cover and from the inside pictures really are related in some way at least symbolically to things that happened within my dream. It's kind of a unique situation in that it allows me to put a lot of myself into the finished piece.

Lr: Is there a story in Wishfire for those people who haven't heard the CD?

R: Wishfire is a story. And part of a larger story called the "Angel Trilogy." "Telemetry of a Fallen Angel," "Mystery of the Whisper" and now "Wishfire" have to do with each other and they are a movement on an emotional level as well as sort of a storied level. Kind of a fall and a realization and a return. In essence they kind of sum up a journey, an emotional, intellectual one, at that. They have many characters that reoccur, many of them are from other mythologies or other legends or other religions but they really create the players that tell the story. The story's very loose, I mean it's not put together as in "this is exactly what this means," but more done based on how the pieces interact with each other.

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Lr: So this is going to be another one of those nebulous questions: the angels are obviously an archetype that you use to communicate with your audience. One of my friends is a freak about angels. So why angels, essentially?

R: Well, angels, specifically, are characters within the dream that I referred to before. I had a series of dreams that went from one dream to the next dream, to the next dream, as a story almost playing out in my dream world. I had these dreams repeat themselves over and over again which seems incredibly odd to me. So the characters, the people, the things that occurred within the dream then found their way into the album. Now the central character of all of the albums is the angel; his name is Wishfire. It's really the story of an angel but the angel is in a sense a symbol of everyone, the every-man. There are elements that you'll see; things to look for. Look for black fire or fire, look for angels, look for... obviously the Egyptian characters and the Greek characters and I think also monuments. I've sort of left behind me a sort of complex minefield full of thoughts and ideas... I don't like to speak too in depth about it because I really want them to figure a lot of it out for themselves and to whatever level they're comfortable with. I think there's a lot there that if someone is so inclined they can find out a lot about themselves.

Interview by Griffin Warburton; Transcription by Renee Johnson; Reason for anyone caring at all Rogue and The Cruxshadows

**Like a nomad our niche @ Wrfi wanders; from 3-6am on tuesdays, Midnight till 3am on Monday mornings, 6-9pm on Sundays, 6-9pm on Saturdays, 9-midnight on sundays, and now 3-5:30pm on Wednesdays. Last Rites has roamed throughout broadcast times and hosts; as has been ever shall be. This latest move shan't be our last but shall be the beginning of the best for us, at present we are now reaching an audience broader and more diverse than ever before. Competing with our commercial radio in lexington shall never stop but our audience is always dedicated and wonderful and listens to us despite the lures of commercial packaging because we are the ONLY source in Lexington to hear the best and brightest of our pervasive niche. From the European, Mexican, Canadian, American, Californian,**

I would like to thank everyone who has made my time in college that much more pleasant: Mr. Rev. Spook for starting Last Rites and finding me and Holly @ Tolly-Ho that night; Ms. Holly Durkin, for Rockhaven, Blue Max, Electrophoria V.1, and her never ending vision and dedication; Nick Garland for always being involved, and his ambition, Shanon@Metropolis Records for their support of great artists; Tommy @ DSBP.cx for supporting the harsh great under-the-radar artists; Les from Broken Halos, Kevin from The Wretched, Bronn for his great gothic legal advice and the music of Ressurrection Mary; WRFL for providing a haven for alternative music, our Audiences without you there would be no reason to keep trying, Matt & Phil for raising the bar of intillegent thought; Christine for driving and driving and driving; Carey for making me happy despite myself; Fen for being himself; Miles for proving that no matter how hard-core you think you are there's always Miles, who is just harder than the hardest out there. Lexgoth.com and [Lastrites@wrfl.org](mailto:Lastrites@wrfl.org), [wrfl.org/forum](http://wrfl.org/forum).

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(56)

I'M NOT FROM HERE

BY KENN MINTER

THERE WAS A "DAY OF THE DEAD" CELEBRATION AT A GALLERY DOWNTOWN...



BY THE FRONT DOOR, THERE WERE A COUPLE OF PERFORMERS DRESSED AS SKELETONS. I FIGURED I PROBABLY KNEW ONE OF THEM, IF NOT BOTH.

THEY HARASSED ME AS I TRIED TO ENTER THE BUILDING.



THEY POKED, SLAPPED, AND PINCHED ME.

ONE OF THEM TWEAKED MY CROTCH.



THEN I KNEW EXACTLY WHO IT WAS.



## The Boggs.....a conversation w/Mike T. & Leslia

the boggs love living in new york city. jason, the singer/guitarist/primary songwriter, couldn't say enough good things about the big apple and the influence it has in their lives and art. the boggs also love travelling and playing either the folky, old time influenced songs from their debut album 'we are the boggs we are' or the newer minimal more aggressive material that will appear on the forthcoming (as of yet untitled) record. jason had a cup of coffee with ms. leslia lemaster and myself to discuss their home city life, line-up changes and long russian movies before their stripped down, bone crushing show at the downtown arts center in lexington.

m- tell me about yourself and what you do in the band?

j- my name is jason and i play guitar and i sing and write the songs.

m- who else is in the band?

j- we're now just a three piece. brad plays the drums very loudly and zeke plays slide guitar.

m- has loisng a member made a big difference on the sound?

j- well i definitely miss the missing member but we recorded the first album with another guy who left shortly after. my friend david plays bass for this amazing richard hell sounding band called cause for applause. he played banjo with us for the past year on tour, did half the new record and then there were creative differences. his other band started to do well so we decided to go at it alone. it didn't really seem to hold us up. our live sound had been changing. we're just trying to get louder and louder and this gave us a way to do so. the banjo was less and less in the newer songs and that was another reason david's role was kind of diminishing.

m- your music is obviously different than what else is coming out of new york city right now?

j- well, i think it's hard to get a sense of, if you're not in new york, but we're a part of that whole scene. these bands are our friends. my roommate is in the rapture. being in new york, you're exposed to so much. the music shops are so well stocked, they're sp many shows going on, the art world is there. you're constantly being shown new things and i

think that whole of people who've been kicking around around the past five or six years (in new york), going to the same parties, transcending, going through mod phases, whatever, it's like bits and pieces of all these different influences.

m- so, is it more of an eagerness to learn than to be a trend?

j- new york is extremely competitive. everyone wants to excel and it's really hard to just bullshit your way through it because you're around the best, with the art world being there, and you can't pretend you're clever when you're showing real cleverness. there are bad bands in new york and their are people who elect the trendy version but they always end up pushing the good bands forward.

m- how many years have you been playing as the boggs?

j- not very long. a little over two years now.

m- any previous bands?

j- no, i was in art school. i had some bands in high school, i just sort of put it aside. i was doing alot of film and video installation, doing soundtracks for that. i was influenced by alot of twentieth century composers but also people like jim o'rourke. my four track broke and i just stripped it all down. this all happened accidently. so many of my friends were in bands and then i formed a band. they just wanted to play then we ended up with these shows, these high profiled shows, so we were signed after our third gig.

m- that's always good.

j- yeah, there wasn't much thought behind it., it's like 'guess we'll make a record.'

m- what's been playing in the van?

j- well i've had my headphones on so i don't know what the other guys have been listening to? (laughter) sort of been jumping around. been listening to iggy pop...the rough mixes of our new record. i listened to some nico yesterday

m- do you like rap like what's playing in here (referring to the music being played in the lighthouse coffee shop)?

j- no, not usually?

m- not your bag?

j- no. my roommate listens to alot of it so it's around me.

m- what are some future plans?

j- we're gonna rerelease the debut on vinyl then we're putting out single sometime in april. early summer we're going to finsih mixing the new album which has a definite different sound. then we're going to put out another seven inch.



j- we're actually bigger in england than we are in the states (laughs). we were there and had a really good time.

l- what do you do for fun?

j- constantly moving, i guess. nights someone will be spinning somewhere. a group of people will end up at the same place. either that or going to book shops, record shops, galleries, movies, i like movies alot.

l- movies are fun.

j- yeah, they are fun!

m- what do you eat on the road mostly.

j- crap. i'm a vegetarian so i'm shit out of luck everywhere. we keep saying this time we're gonna go the grocery but it never happens.

(interview fades into the three of us blabbing about bad road food then blank stares all around. i think either leslia or jason yawned then we all agreed it was time to get to the venue so jason could so soundcheck for the show later that evening.)

fin.

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