

# KIKI

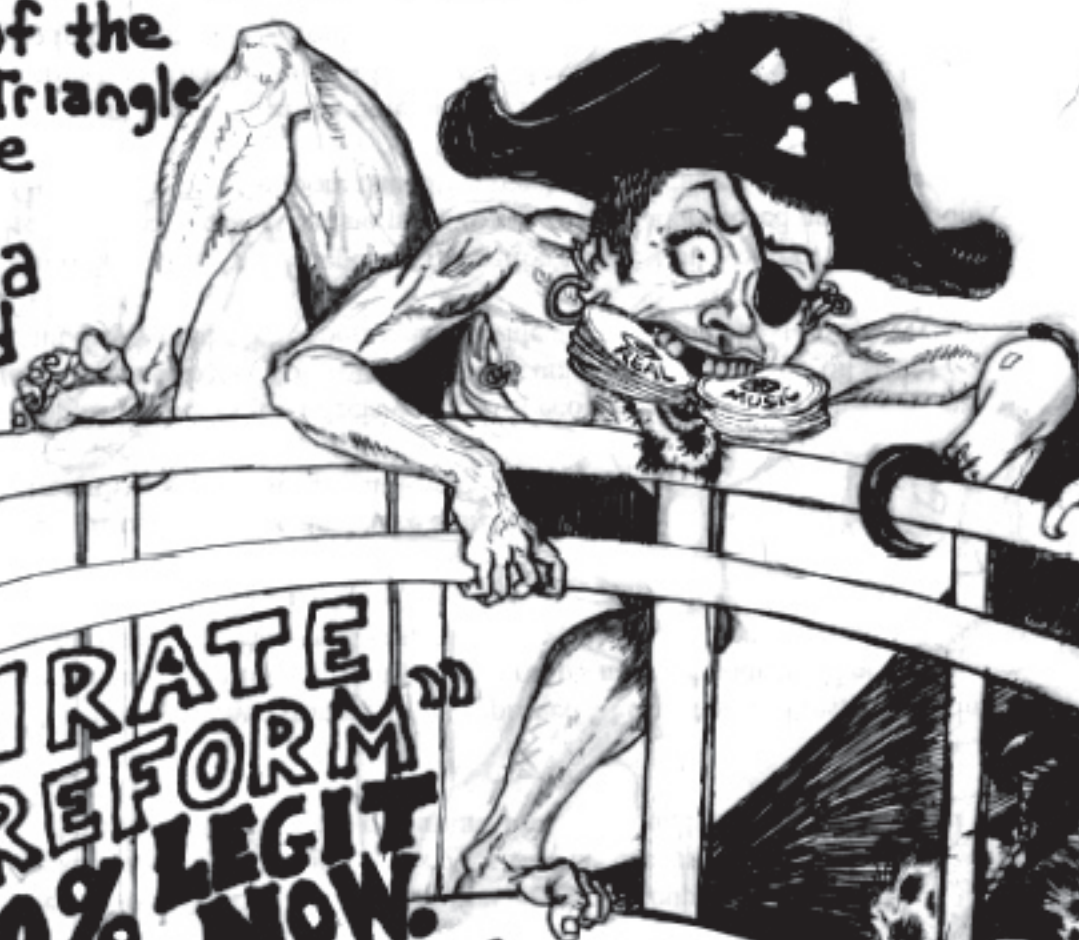
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# PIRATES HAVE BOARDED THE STATION

Underground music  
Spoken word for the minded  
news of the  
Pirate Triangle  
and the  
Word  
on tha  
World



PIRATE  
"REFORM"  
100% LEGIT  
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Commandeering  
the Airwaves  
3-6AM

THURSDAY

with your  
host and  
sawbones:

dr hyena

88.1 WRFL







Kelly Krabbenhoeft  
is not indier than thou.  
RiFLe has changed into and  
out of many forms over the  
past few years. We have seen  
newspaper print, to booklets, and back to  
no zine at all. This Spring 2004 issue  
has ventured onto new horizons. Kelly  
hates computers, and many of you prob-  
ably believe that they should not exist,  
especially in RiFLe.

The looks of RiFLe  
should not matter, for  
it is what is contained  
beneath the pictures  
that make the magazine.  
A Table of Contents will  
not be necessary for you  
shall read all the way  
through the magazine  
from start to finish. Yes. I  
know this issue didn't come out  
in December, and it wasn't  
quite 200 pages with a CD, but  
you shall still enjoy.

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And Remember Kids... Coitus interruptus will be the death of all you if you don't wish to abstain. Summer issue explains.

# GM

I really really like working at WRFL. It brings a tear to my eye thinking about not being here next year. I have pondered taking random classes at the University just so I will be eligible to remain general manager, but I have concluded that that probably isn't in my best interest. I suppose I am going to have to own up to the fact that you can't be a student forever. If only... If only.

So why do I really really like working at WRFL you may ask. Great music, great friends, and so on and so forth, of course. Attending the conventions I did this fall really helped to reiterate how important WRFL is to not only me but everyone involved. In case you don't know, I was fortunate enough to go to two conferences last semester (numero uno--CMJ's Music Festival in NY, NY and the College Broadcasters Incorporated Conference in Dallas, Texas.) CMJ was tons of fun--getting to go from club to club at night in the big apple, hearing cool bands and also attending panels during the day (which typically were way lame). BCI was all panels all day, covering every technical aspect of a radio station which you could possibly think of. After attending both of these events I was much better informed about the FCC and license renewal, budgets, and crap like that, but the most important thing that I brought home was WRFL is really cool and really lucky. At least one (and usually more) panel I attended each day consisted of stations complaining about the lack of budget, lack of willing staff, and problems with the higher-ups. Here at RFL, it doesn't seem to really be much of a problem. We have the money to do all the really cool things we are currently doing at the station (i.e. the complete renovation) and no one in administration seems to even blink an eye. A scenario which occurred at CMJ will illustrate my point perfectly...

In a large conference center, Mikey and I stood anxiously in a way long line anxiously waiting to grab a seat to see the one and only Yoko Ono speak. While there Mikey strikes up a conversation with the kids behind us as I stare blankly at the escalators hypnotically moving people up and down to and from the hotel lobby. While staring, I caught a few key points of their conversation, which included horrible horrible words such as automation and Linkin' Park. The gal he was speaking to, really wanted to better her station, and fill the niche like so many wonderful college stations do, but was having problems finding competent dj's who had a musical knowledge outside of MTV and VH1. Truly sad. She was also fighting a small budget and administration about the automation of her radio station. It sucks that she has to deal with those things. I am glad we don't. I know not to let my guard down, as does most everyone here at the station (I assume). Things, of course can change in the blink of the eye.

So there you have it. I like RFL and you should too.

-Leslia LeMaster



# BRING ME THE HEAD OF THE LAME POSER OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES

Right on friends! My first semester as music director AND student is complete! Although I only took one class, I still pushed myself hard, got a 4.0 and am fully pumped for the spring semester where I will be taking 12 hours.

Trying to get this issue's column together has been difficult. I could've ran things a little smoother in the music director department and it's hard to explain just how. Perhaps I bit off more than I could chew, expanding the playbox to over double the previous size. Maybe it was experiencing the extreme burn out with the music we were getting in the mail each day and I let my personal opinion get in the way too often. Or, it could have been that I got too relaxed with the job early on and got behind.

Some people were stoked about my methods and some people thought I totally sucked, but I can't let others words affect how I got the job done.

I'm really psyched that this rag is coming out more often because back in the day by the time RiFLe hit the streets, kids were like "No shit, EVERYBODY knows Belle and Sebastian have a new album out." It's about time this periodical get a face lift and move on to some new shit. Like the new look of this little guy? Hmmm, you sound sore on it, maybe you should go and start your own magazine or something. Kelly Krabbenhoeft keepin' it up, yup!!!

If you're new in the area and have no clue the amount of awesome stuff that goes on in Lexxx, drop me a line at radiofreelexington@yahoo.com and I'll help you on your search for goodness. My name is Mikey T. and I'm music director at WRFL. somewhat off said tastes in music, I also do a har core show Tuesday nights from 6p-9p with my friend Kyle Mizer. It ranges from old school to new school and we gladly take requests but please, no brain dead punkers calling to complain. Get your own show!

## BIG UPS TO THE FOLLOWING:

SHAREEF  
GETS 'DUDE WITH THE MOST MAIL' AWARD. THANKS FOR STAYING TRUE TO THE HIP HOP GAME AND NOT LETTING THE MAINSTREAM BULLSHIT SLIDE. I'M HYPED THAT YOU'VE BEEN HIP HOP DIRECTOR FOR SO LONG and STILL GOING WITH SO MUCH HEART. THANKS FOR BRINGING WRFL THE FRESHEST CUTS WHEN IT COMES TO PUTTING THE KILL ON OTHER STATIONS IN LEXXXINGTON!!!

JOE T.  
GETS 'DUDE WITH MORE MAIL THAN SHAREEF' AWARD. THANKS FOR PUTTING SO MUCH TIME AND DEDICATION INTO OUR AMERICANA SECTION. BY 2015 THE AMERICANA SECTION WILL HAVE TO BE STORED IN A LARGE SHACK OUT BEHIND THE STUDENT CENTER. OF COURSE THIS SHACK WILL LOOK VERY AMERICANA, OR MAYBE HAVE A TRUCK ON BRICKS BESIDE IT. WRFL PROBABLY HAS THIS IN ITS BUDGET FOR SAID PROJECT SOONER THAN LATER. THANKS JOE.

BILL C.  
GETS 'DUDE, PLEASE RE-SHELVE MY CD'S WHEN YOU PULL THEM FROM THE PLAYBOX' AWARD. SORRY, BILL. I PROMISE I WILL GET ON THAT IN THE SPRING. THANKS TO YOU PUMPING OUT TWO CAZILLION REVIEWED CD'S A MONTH, A LOT OF KIDS AT WRFL GET A PROPER EDUCATION ON MUSICS AROUND THE WORLD. I PERSONALLY RELY ON THE WORLD MUSIC IN THE PLAYBOX TO GIVE THAT 'un-American' FLAVOR TO MY SPORADIC ON-AIR TIME.

JOSH S. AND A-RON  
GETS 'DUDE, NOT METAL !?! YOU BETTER WATCH YOUR F'ING BACK' AWARD. HARSH!!!! VERY HARSH METAL. SOME KIDS HERE DISAGREE WITH JOSH AND A-RON'S TASTE IN METAL BUT THOSE ARE THE KIDS THAT GET BEAT UP FOR NOT STAYING TRUE TO THE SLAY. THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU AND THANK YOU BOTH FOR PROVIDING THE STREETS OF LEXXXINGTON WITH THE BEST OF BLACK, DEATH, GRIND AND POWER METAL THERE IS, PERIOD!!!! AS OF THIS SPRING, JOSH WILL NO LONGER BE WITH US BUT A-RON WILL BE HERE TO BRING ON THE HELL!!!

BILL S.  
GETS 'MARRIED TO JAZZ... OR A CHICK' AWARD. UMMM, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANT BUT ANYWAY. WHETHER IT'S JAZZ OF THE OLD WAY OR FULL ON BOMBASTIC NEWSCHOOL FREE JAZZ, BILL WILL GIVE IT DUE ATTENTION ON HIS SHOW AND IN THE JAZZ PLAYBOX. THANKS!!!!

SPECIAL PEOPLE NEED LOVE TOO AND THAT GOES FOR SPECIAL PEOPLE LIKE SEAN ELLIS. THANKS TO THE SPECIAL PEOPLE PROGRAM FOR LETTING LITTLE SEAN CONTINUE TO BE OFFICE GUY AND M.D. ASSISTANT.

## Sean Knows How to Throw a Mean Party...

Mikey T.- Sean, what's your favorite part of being office assistant at WRFL?

Sean- Getting to play the keyboard.

M- Do you mean the computer, where you type the PSA's?

S- No, the thing with the keys that make the clicking sound...click click click.

M- Ummm....

S- Where's my furbie?

M- You can have it back after the interview.

S- But no, I want it now!

M- Please, just a couple more questions and I even might take you up to the cafeteria for some Long John Silver's.

S- Okie, promise?

M- Uh, whatever, anyway, what was your favorite record of the year?

S- Water balloon toss, i made it 20 seconds.

M- Wh..

S- No, I ate twelve gummy bears in one go....

M- Uh..

S- I'm hungry!

M- What MUSIC did you like here at WRFL?

S- Michael Jackson.

M- That single?

S- Yeah. R. Kelly's production is flawless.

M- Well, I'm glad to know you got something out of WRFL other than field trips to the water fountain.

S- Will you make out with me?

M- Only if we get to it now, I can't handle it when your breath smells like tartar sauce.



# A Quick Rundown of My CMJ Music Marathon & Conference

Man, I can't write an incredibly entertaining or provocative article dashed with vivid sensory language and allegoric anecdotes about a great week in my life. I can only offer a very candid piece about an incredible experience I had. So I feel I should share my experience in a very concise article, devoid of all the artsy-fartsy writing I typically do for such publications.

Probably the best week of my entire year occurred the week of October 22-25, as I had the distinct pleasure to join five other members of WRFL in New York City for the CMJ Music Festival and Conference. College Media Journal (CMJ) hosts this event every year, inviting personnel of the music industry, including labels, promoters, musicians, and college radio gurus, to convene on the civilized capital of the world for three days of panels and discussion in the day, and jolly good shows at night.

After staying up the entire previous night, our flight left Lexington at 7AM. We had the wonderful opportunity to enjoy the luxuries of a Delta Connection pondhopper. Arriving at LaGuardia airport around brunch time, it was time to venture out and be hip. The first day, we spent the day assimilating ourselves into the aesthetics of the city, and checking into the Hilton New York on the corner of 6<sup>th</sup> Avenue and 54<sup>th</sup> Street in midtown Manhattan, CMJ headquarters. The hotel provided the panels, exhibition area, and CMJ daystage for many of the featured performers. The exhibition area included booths from Philips/Magnavox (displaying their Arthur C. Clark style plasma televisions with looping music videos and fun words from our sponsors), AOL Music, The Village Voice, and tons of labels and other CMJ-related consumer goods. Free stuff abound! At check in, each of us received our holy grail for the Marathon, the CMJ badge. The CMJ badge, worn stylishly around the neck area, allowed one the ability to feel important – flash the badge to any given venue, and you're in.

Over the course of the day time, I listened to panels concerning the legalities of internet music swapping, as well as a heated debate over whether a major or indie label offered more perks, based on the established parameters of success per musician. At night, I had the dispensation of seeing great movers and shakers in the culture of underground music perform at 110% for the festival, including Death Cab for Cutie, Broken Social Scene, The Rapture, and Enon, among others at some legendary venues, including Irving Plaza and the Roseland Ballroom. The concentration of hipsters at these locations was mind-boggling, and I enjoyed every second of it.

The most fascinating and educational portion of the trip, though, was meeting other friendly individuals from college stations around the country. Aside from exploring Greenwich Village and various hole-in-the-wall restaurants, I spent the majority of my trip meeting and conversing with very cool college radio and music industry kids from around the country. After discussing various aspects of operating a radio organization, I realized how great we have things at WRFL, which opened my eyes to the spectrum of the college radio culture in America, as well as cultivated a new sense of pride in WRFL.

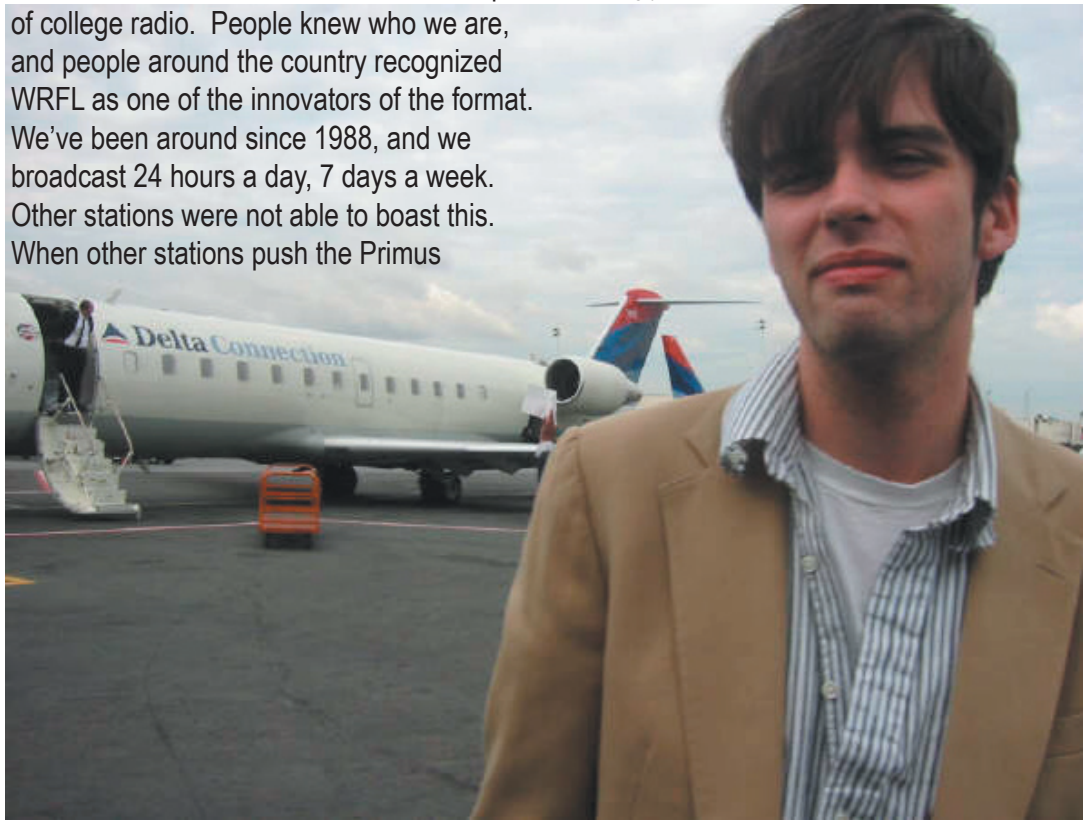
If college radio is the black sheep of the radio market, WRFL is the black sheep of college radio. People knew who we are, and people around the country recognized WRFL as one of the innovators of the format. We've been around since 1988, and we broadcast 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Other stations were not able to boast this. When other stations push the Primus

best-of album and emo, WRFL is playing British Sea Power and Lightning Bolt. I played "Hey Ya" on my show back in July. WRFL, thanks in part of Mike Turner's phenomenal job as music director, is on top of things like no other station. Not only do we spin the newest music first, we also sound like no one else out there. All of us are lucky to have such an excellent venue for music and innovation that is well funded and well respected. I took that away from CMJ more than anything else. That, and the sincerely exciting time I had over the four days spent there.

CMJ is a grand experience, not just for the panels, free music, and the chance to enjoy the perks of New York City. It's a chance to get a better perspective on what we're trying to do as a volunteer organization that is community and idea focused. I cannot wait to go again next year.

-Michael Powell

Amendment: Though every moment at CMJ this year was time well spent, there is one aspect I wish I could go back and change. I wish I took our media advisor Chris Thuringer to some good shows. He didn't attend many of the night festivities, so when Kelly and I decided to persuade Chris to come see Clearlake with us at Don Hill's in the West Village, Chris "The Surge of Thurge" Thuringer was expecting to see a classy, high-brow cultural music experience. Instead, we walked in the club earlier than expected, and accidentally witnessed a performance by Shat. I think Chris is scarred for life. Sorry dude, next time I'm taking you to see The Shins. You'll have a blast!





Fascinating are the specialists. Those well known in whatever field they may find themselves involved in, from designer, archivist, entomologist or any other random job one could think of. Mock them not, the specialist is a superstar. Primary example: Edmond Oswald Wilson. He is a professor of entomology at Harvard, written hands down the most collective knowledge about ants and other social insects, winner of 2 Pulitzer Prizes and even bothered to delve into massive popularity with ideas of social evolution. He is quite a hard rockin’

no-music to hit the non-music scene in a long time (<http://www.ergophizmiz.com/>). With about 19 self releases to his name available and a marvelous radio show on Resonance FM in London called Sticky White Goo (live streaming at [www.resonancefm.com](http://www.resonancefm.com) ). He is positioning himself in a high spot for certain popularity amongst a small group of specialist music connoisseurs of the odd. Rock, no never. Would be hard to rock really I imagine making ones own instruments, loving brass, living above a horse betting house in central England and generally living

of the instruments on his website. However I did glean that Ergo and pal Travelling Mongoose just came up with the Uumskither. “It is a one-string zither that you play with a bottle that’s made out of a sanded down violin case and it’s good for vibrato and with reverb sounds quite like a Theremin.”

As trite as it may sound, one of the largest threats to such a mind is popularity almost the specialists. In Europe often this manifests as the sneaky techno beat that infiltrates a potentially stand-alone melody, or



AC/DC type in the entomological community, pushing past his specialist celebrity status and finding his way into our concerns with biodiversity. Go ahead and Google yourself some E.O., so charming is the man.

Popularity without popular vote is a good insulator for creativity, simplicity of the small scale. For all of those who are about to not rock and perhaps never will, the fan base is potentially ample. Some of the best non-rockers imagine themselves as perhaps the Don Quixote of music, ideal to the core and cause of their creations. Case in point: Ergo Phizmiz. One of the best

a wholesome lifestyle with his lovely girlfriend. Not really rock type, heavy on the nerd.

The music of Ergo Phizmiz is actually highly varied. SymphonieVum, an epic piece is reminiscent of Renaldo and the Loaf, lest in it’s off bluegrass sounds and small leprechaun with a butcher knife vocal styling. It is about 20 some minutes of brilliance, truly a masterpiece of today. Much of his music has a strong appreciation for brass. Creating many of his own brass instruments and playing in large “orchestras” when performing live. Sadly I have yet to find any images

some poor choice samples. Naturally impossible to avoid such influences, rarely this creeps into Ergo’s music. You know the beat, THAT one. Simply gives a bad name to beats everywhere, the dancing shoes don’t want to come out and play. However, not to worry the charms far outweigh any oversight of spammed canned beat.

And finally your Born Mugged reminder for personal development: YOU can check out videos and books from the William T. Young Library of poor design and vast knowledge, even as a non-student.

-Irene Moon



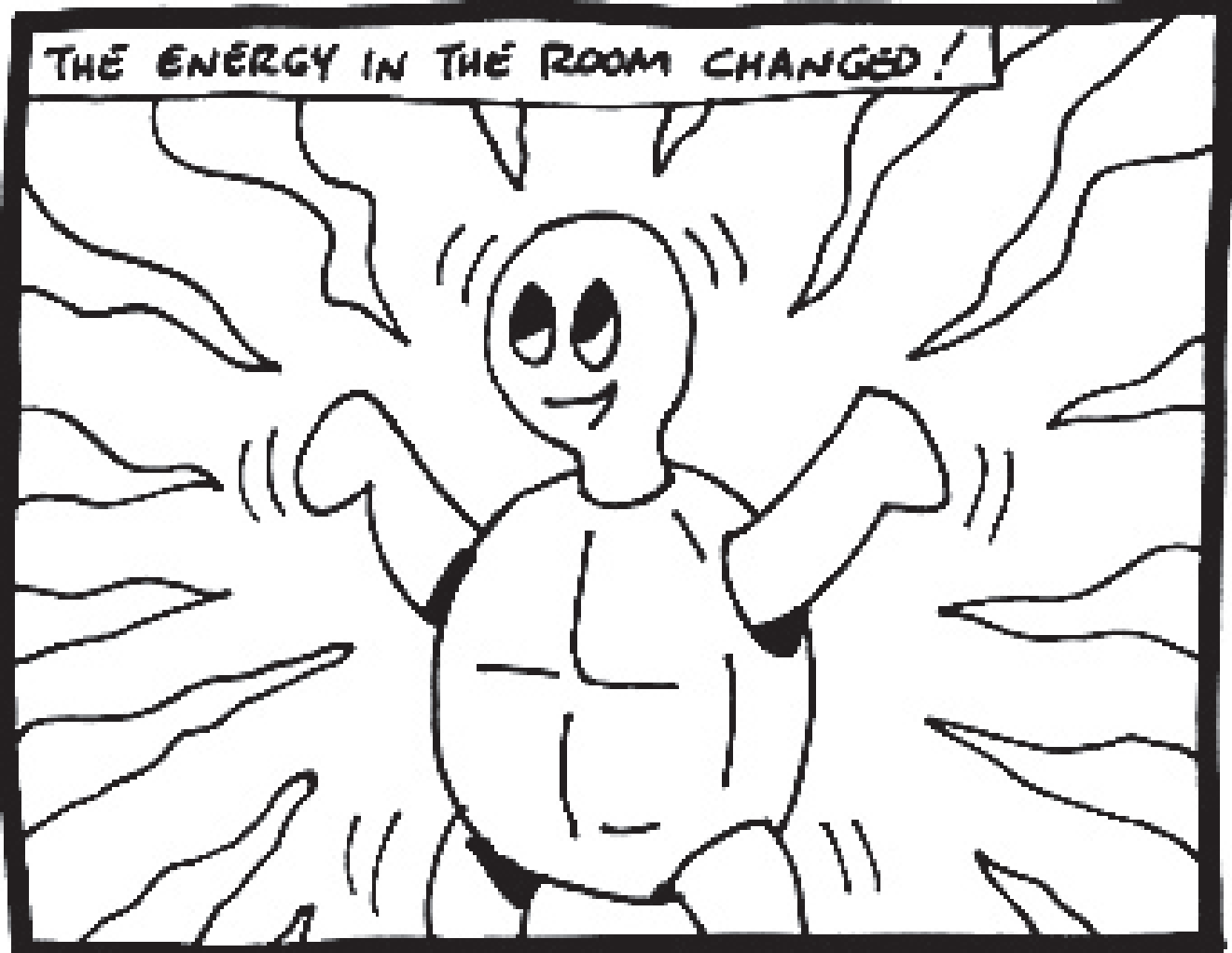
I'M NOT FROM HERE

BY KENN MINTER

AT MY VOLUNTEER GIG, THE OTHER GUY WOUND UP A TOY TURTLE...



THE ENERGY IN THE ROOM CHANGED!





# Q-burns Abstract Message Interview with DJ Brahms

(Commence Transmission)

-Where did you come up with the name Q-Burns Abstract Message?

It comes from radio... there was this term called "q-burn" and it was when you cued the record too much in the same spot... I just thought that would be a funny name...

-So, how drunk were you?

Very drunk.

-You've toured in such exciting places as San Francisco, Barcelona, New York, and now Lexington. Where have you gone wrong?

I like playing Lexington! There's always a good reaction here... when you play bigger cities like New York you get bigger crowd, but they act like they've seen it all before. When you play where that people don't play, the crowd is often more up for it and are more into the music.

Where do you feel like you get the best DJing vibe?

San Francisco because I've played it so often, and have a lot of friends there, and there was a club in Richmond, Virginia and Richmond used to be a really insane town.

-You haven't had a major release in a few years. Are you pulling a Daft Punk on us?

Actually, I'm just starting on a new album, and I've just put together a compilation of remixes called "Past Present Tense" which features remixes by Rabbit in the Moon and Fila Brasil. It will be on 8th Dimension, my label.

-Do you have any collaborations on the next album?

Lisa Shaw is a definite, and maybe a few other artists. But as

of now only Lisa Shaw is definite.

-What got you into DJing?

I was really into radio and DJing on radio, but I was also into punk bands. I had a radio show in Orlando and a club owner asked me to DJ at his club, and there was no going back from there.

-So if you had to choose between being producer or being a DJ, which would you choose?

I would just make music. But I don't want to make that choice. Making music fuels my DJing, but on the other hand I make music based upon my DJing experience. Don't make me make that choice!

-What are your thoughts in your head when you're in the DJ booth?

I don't really think of anything other than 'Why is my glass empty?'

-What's the best album you've heard this year? What's the worst album?

I really liked the Weekend Players album, and I really liked the Radiohead album. I really don't listen to worst album. I was just listening to a DJ Sluggo mixtape on the way here, and that was the best and the worst at the same time.

Last night I downloaded all your songs from your last album, do you want your 10 cents of royalty?

Oh! Well, if you like it just buy it. (Cop siren roars in background) See I've called the cops on you already!

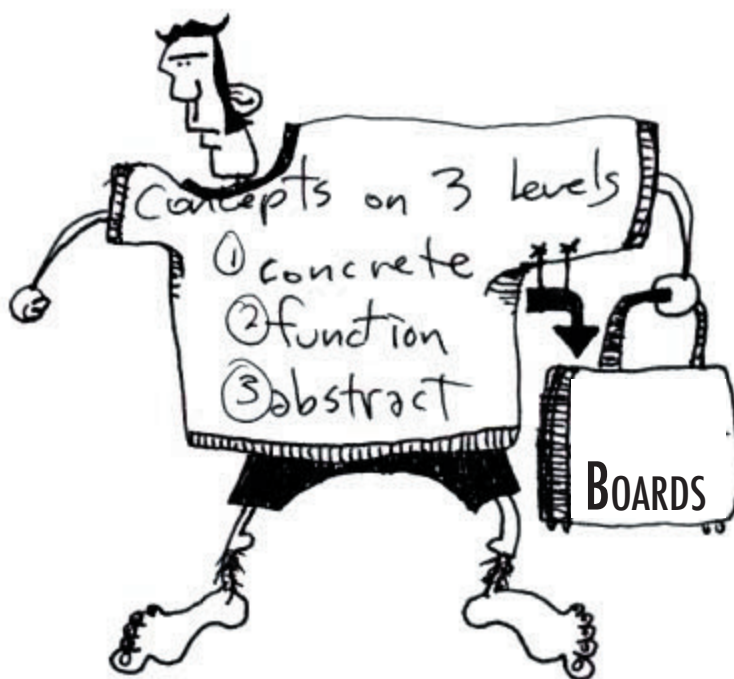
-I'm out of here!

(End Transmission)

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# Puffy Ami Yumi nice.

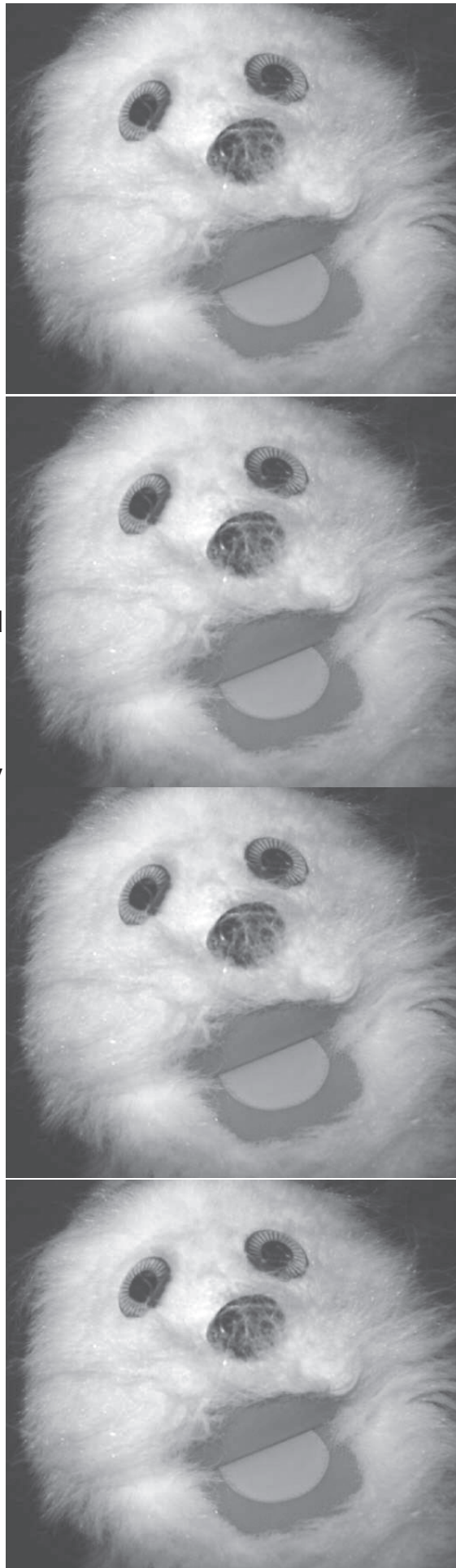
Rock music has a fascinating history of re-invigoration. First, America wore it out with Elvis and Buddy Holly. Then, across the pond, The Beatles, Rolling Stones, and Kinks pumped it full of new life when we got tired of it. And the beat goes on.

Lately, it seems like the Japanese get more of a kick out of rock and roll than we do, for chrissakes. And leading the latest charge is the Japanese pop powerhouse Puffy. Superstars "over there," these girls seem to have a mighty appetite for 70's power chords and exuberant choruses. Thank god. Maybe it's time for Westerners to hang it up for a while and let our Asian friends ponder these three chords.

Just for the record, Puffy got sued by Top 40 rap schlock meister Puff Daddy or P-Dummy or whatever for the rights to their name, which they've been using as long as him. So now they have to be Puffy Ami Yumi (the girls' first names). Take a listen and you'll see that their judo chops bust Puffy's knees square in two.

"nice" will make you jump up and down. Sure you've heard these choruses, these guitars, these drums before, a million times; but the fun part of listening is wondering how these girls make so many rock cliches sound so damned original.

Mick Jefferies



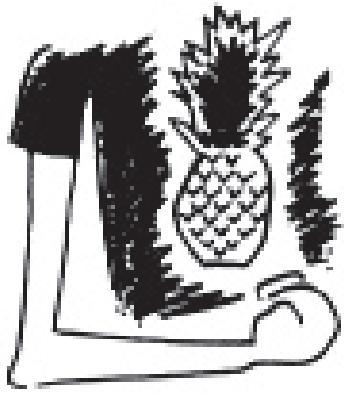
## Who is He?

Combing through a mound of personal CD-R's, I realized that a hefty sum were "bootlegs" of Lexington shows recorded by Paul Puckett. While some of Paul's discs resonate healthier than others, it's a grand pleasure to recognize someone for their dubious efforts. Puckett is out there procuring the time to record shows, then burning multiple copies for the bands and a choice few for those who want to listen. This past December he even drove all the way out from Winchester, Kentucky to lend a hand on a recording I was doing with a comrade. We were staggered that Paul assisted so patiently as we banged away on one number for THREE HOURS. On top of recording, Puckett does time behind the drum set in cynical rock outfit Mr. Smartypants and on occasion, helps WRFL promotions bring his garage rock favorites in for shows. While Lexington's minute "indie" community has had it's fruitful instances, our municipality does have a bulk contribution of creatives dearths. It's easy to see that those who stay involved in the Underground Arts of Lexington, Kentucky are obviously christened to some sort of "citizen calling." Paul Puckett is sincerely one of those people.

-Mikey T.



# And the Bands Play On...



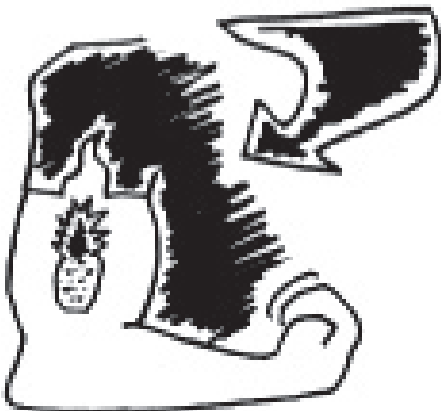
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AFTER



In the 1950's and 1960s's, Cuban music played by orchestras performing on the cruise ships that stopped in West Africa was extremely popular. Soon African musicians who had been just mimicking Latin music began to incorporate some of the African influences into the music and created a new unique African sound. Three West Africa Bands were in the forefront during this time.

In Mali, the Super Rail Band of the Buffet de la Gare de Bamako, later mercifully shortened to the Super Rail Band was formed. The band found the melodies played on Mali's 21 string kora translated perfectly to electric guitars and the songs of the griots complemented the texture of Latin music.

In Guinea, the government, promoting national and regional groups, gave support to a band called the Bembeya Jazz National. The band developed an intricate interplay between four guitars and a horn section while incorporating many of the folkloric songs of Guinea.

In Senegal, the band that remained closest to the Latin sound, Orchestra Baobab, released a set of very popular albums. Although playing different styles, the bands had some similarities, in particular, outstanding multiple guitar interplay.

During the 70's and 80's, each of the bands released very influential and important albums but as tastes and political climates changed, these band faded away leaving only their old material to satisfy fans.

Until now. Recently, these bands have regrouped, replaced some members who have passed on and released some dynamic new cds that capture the sound and feel of the original bands without sounded old or dated. All the components are still there, the four guitar mastery and horns of Bembeya, the Latin rhythms, sublime vocals and delicate saxophone riffs of Orchestra Baobab and the vocal and guitar interchange of the Super Rail Band.

These groups have shown they have styles that are unique and enduring and that remain fresh and vital after more than 3 decades. These are some bands that everyone who enjoys music should have. Here are some then's and now's.

Super Rail Band

Then: New Dimensions in Rail

Culture

Now: Kongu Sugui

Bembeya Jazz National

Then: Bembeya Jazz National

Now: Bembeya

Orchestra Baobab

Then: Pirates Choice

Now: Specialist in All Styles

GET  
HAPPY  
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Sundays  
3-6 pm



The  
World  
Beat  
WRFL

88.1



With nothing more than the backdrop of a silky lipstick red curtain, a platform of tranquil colored lights, and an enrapturing swell of resonating drones washing over an audience anticipating an exceptional music performance, Yo La Tengo walked onto the stage of the Singletary Center's Concert Hall Wednesday night delivering a show balancing delicate beauty and commanding power. The pride of Hoboken, NJ, Yo La Tengo have been making music for almost 20 years, yielding a cult-like following and becoming a permanent fixture on the college radio format. Attuning their disparate influences into a widely accessible pop medium, Yo La Tengo represent a hybrid of the best of alternative music over the last three decades, ranging from The Velvet Underground and Big Star to Neu and Brian Eno, as well as flavors of Sonic Youth and Husker Du. Rolling Stone once proclaimed that Yo La Tengo was reminiscent of every great band that ever existed. In relation to their latest album Summer Sun, USA Today called the group "one of rock's last true visionary bands." Yo La Tengo do more than just interpret the most influential bands before their time, however. Yo La Tengo, like Radiohead, help define "experimental pop" as more than just an oxymoron.

Opening for Yo La Tengo was Aisler's Set, a 5-piece group from San Francisco creating dream pop in the vein of Lush, Galaxie 500, Pet Sounds-era Beach Boys and Azure Ray. With hypnotic and cleanly distorted rhythms, analog organs, restrained percussion, and harmonic vocals, Aisler's Set cunningly blended the upbeat melodies of 60's garage pop and the entrancing force of early-90's shoegazing to create an ethereal and breezy set of instantly likable songs.

After a gorgeous set from the opening band, Yo La Tengo abruptly charged the stage, devoid of any introduction. With ambient movements drenched in bombastic reverb and tremolo melodies adjacent to Pavement-style low key textures, Yo La Tengo preformed an eclectic set with dispositions ranging from the lightly pastoral to the menacingly moody, yielding sharp changes in musical direction without losing the catchiness of their pop vehicle. Such unpredictability, ironically, is modus operandi for a Yo La Tengo concert.

Yo La Tengo performed a large amount of new material, songs from this year's Summer Sun, including the experimental instrumental "Georgia vs. Yo La Tengo," featuring shades of Revolver-era Beatles. The arena rock anthem "Today is the Day" reached a climax of almost orchestral, progressive stature, along side the pulsating atmospheric contour of "Tiny Birds" and the gentle and celestial structure of "Season of the Shark." Two new untitled songs were premiered Wednesday night as well, indicating a more abrasive direction for the band on future releases. Other highlights include the power-pop catharsis of "Deeper into Movies" and the warm, moody electronic kraut-rock of "Autumn Sweater," from 1997's I Can Hear the Heart Beating as One, as well as the full lounge percussion and vocal ensemble of the sardonic funky space-jazz number "Nuclear War."

Yo La Tengo's performance was part of the Singletary Center's Turning the Corner series, which brought in acts like Ben Folds and Wilco last year. "The show went really well, everyone seemed to have a lot of fun," said Rebecca Vice, marketing coordinator for the concert series, "we brought in Yo La Tengo since there were many requests for us to bring them here from people who came to see Wilco last April." Vice adds "Turning the Corner is geared toward the students at UK, we want to book bands that the students want to see, since music is part of the whole educational experience at UK."

Yo La Tengo was no exception to the philosophy of Turning the Corner.

Spacey and psychedelic music that avoids pretension, pop music that avoids kitsch, and indie rock that remains fresh and distinctive, Yo La Tengo create innovative music that miraculously remains audience-focused and appealing.

Throughout each song, the union of Georgia Hubley's wispy vocals and Ira Kaplan's deep tenor create a driving harmony that never loses sight of masterful song structure. Yo La Tengo's diverse sounds, mixed with the acoustically alive nature of the Singletary Center made for a truly memorable performance.

1 October,  
2003

Yo  
La  
Tengo

Singletary  
Center

Aisler's  
Set





# NOT YOUR DADDY'S PROG-ROCK SHOW AND WHY IT'S NOT "THE TRIP"

I was asked to "right a bio" of my show for this edition of *RIELe*, so I'll try not to get it wrong... In 1995, WRFL Program Director, Will Burchard, was enrolled in the broadcast performance class I was teaching for the UK Journalism and Telecommunications Department. Upon discovering that I had a background in underground radio, and a large collection of LP's not available at WRFL, he asked me to do a show. I turned him down citing family and job responsibilities. But Will was persistent, and was joined in the recruitment effort by Tom Owens, who was then the WRFL Station Manager. I caved in '96 and started producing "The Trip with Clay Gaunce" that May.

My specialty has always been progressive rock, so doing that kind of show represented a major dilemma: how does one program music now that was cutting edge in the 70's and not make it a nostalgia show? I didn't want it to be "The Trip Down Memory Lane", but there seemed to be no avoiding it. Then, the Internet became widely available at UK. Problem solved. I did a search using the keywords "progressive rock", and was amazed to find a plethora of links to both official and fan sites for established artists like Yes, King Crimson, and Jethro Tull, as well as sites put up by, of all people, independent artists carrying on the prog-rock torch! And, amazingly, these young indies weren't just poseurs, rehashing the works of the masters. They were – and are – making some excellent worldwide efforts at creating the kind of rhythmically challenging and lyrically thought provoking music that put prog-rock on the map. Groups like Thinking Plague, Discipline, and Louisville's own French TV. But the most useful sites of them all were The Progressive Rock Web Site and The Gibraltar Encyclopedia of Progressive Rock. PRWS is no longer up, but GEPR is, and I consider it to be an essential resource on the genre. If you're just becoming familiar with prog-rock, it's a good idea to visit the site ([www.gepr.net](http://www.gepr.net)), scroll down to What's New?, and click on *Guide to Progressive Rock Genres*. Or, just click on the Genre Guide link in the left frame. Either way, you'll find a comprehensive report of everything you need to know about the music on my show.

Well, that's pretty much it in a nutshell, although I suppose I'd better answer the frequently asked question, "What radio stations did you work at?" Started in 1972 at WIVY-FM in Jacksonville, Florida. We

were the first station in the southeast to play album tracks that weren't dictated by the *Billboard* charts. Our format, and others like it around the country, later became known as AOR (Album Oriented Rock). From midnight until 6 AM, we would go free-form with programming called, naturally, Radio Free Jacksonville. Famous people I have known (sorry, Ed!): became good friends with a few of the guys in Lynyrd Skynyrd and watched them develop their style before they had even settled on a group name...

I Moved on to WSAC-FM – Radio Free Ft. Knox – where I was Music Director until 1975. One fond memory from that period was partying with the members of Yes (except for Rick Wakeman, who kept to himself in those days) in Steve Howe's hotel room following their Louisville Gardens performance of *Tales from Topographic Oceans*...

Having decided to return to school and finish my degree, next stop was WBKY-FM, the UK station that eventually changed its call letters to WUKY and, strangely, began calling their Americana format "progressive radio". But during the station's truly progressive days, Dan Fisher, Phil Miller and I took turns hosting a show called "Clear Spot" (named for the album by Captain Beefheart). The very open-minded station manager then, Don Wheeler, liked having capable students doing shows there, and we were given complete freedom – within FCC rules of course – to program things as we wished. Don even spent some funds on telephone hookups so that I could produce live remote broadcasts of the UK Jazz Ensemble from Memorial Hall, and shows by Rahsaan Roland Kirk, McCoy Tyner, Sonny Stitt, Earl Klugh, and others who performed at a downtown Jazz club known as O'Keefe's. Fond memory #2: having Jaco Pastorius live on-the-air following the Weather Report concert on campus in April '76, and doing a *true* interview with him and Wayne Shorter at their hotel the next day...

I Got married in '78 and took a job at WLEX-TV, then one doing communications for a department in State Gov't, before embarking on my current career at UK in 1984. An adjunct faculty member for 13 years, I taught audio production and, as stated earlier, the broadcast performance class in which Will Burchard was enrolled...

Now that we've come full circle with this little tale, you've probably figured out why the show is called "The Trip with Clay Gaunce". If it was just called "The

"Trip", people might get the mistaken notion that it's another nostalgic show of psychedelic music. And, although psychedelic music did play a part in the early days of British prog-rock, and is occasionally manifested by prog-rockers even today, it's but one small component of the genre. (Again, see GEPR's *Guide to Progressive Rock Genres*.) So, to be perfectly obvious, the program is a musical trip around the world, sampling the prog-rock genre and myriad sub-genres it has spawned since the late 60's, filtered through my own broadcasting trip through time. Incidentally, since there's nothing quite like hearing the artists speak for themselves, I'm still doing interviews to include in my show, traveling for that purpose each year to the ProgDay Festival in North Carolina, and occasionally to the North East Art Rock Festival (NEARfest) in Pennsylvania. I also record phone interviews at my home studio.

Playlists for "The Trip with Clay Gaunce" are posted every week at my spartan Web site: [www.uky.edu/~wrfl/trip/trip.html](http://www.uky.edu/~wrfl/trip/trip.html). It contains no fancy graphics or special effects because its purpose is to provide information, not to entertain. If you want eye candy with your info, check out the prog-rock links on my "contributors" page. And if you want sophisticated musical entertainment that remains outside the mainstream, tune to 88.1 FM when you're in Lexington, Saturdays at 6 p.m. Out of town? Take "The Trip with Clay Gaunce" live online at <http://128.163.156.148:9000/listen.pls>

Here's a list of prog-rock CD's that I recommend, all of a fairly recent vintage. It represents a broad sampling of the many genres under the prog-rock banner; so, you probably won't like them all. But by referring to the GEPR *Guide to Progressive Rock Genres*, and reading about the artists in the other GEPR pages, you'll quickly figure out what might appeal to you. You'll also find reviews of these albums at GEPR, or posted at the artists' official Web sites. *Damn!*... you're thinking... *another reading assignment!* It's the price one pays to save money while building a collection of music that stimulates head, heart, and feet.

#### INDEPENDENTS:

Alamaailman Vasarat:	<i>Vasaraasia</i>
Crack the Sky:	<i>Ghost</i>
Discipline:	<i>Unfolded Like Staircase</i>
Echolyn:	<i>When the Sweet Turns Sour</i>
French TV:	<i>The Violence of Amateurs</i>
Frogg Café:	<i>Creatures</i>
Gongzilla:	<i>Suffer</i>
Andy Jackson:	<i>Obvious</i>
Land of Chocolate:	<i>Unikorn on the Cob</i>
Ed Littman:	<i>Splatt</i>
Magus:	<i>Echoes from the Edge of the Millennium</i>

Maximum Coherence During Flying:	<i>S/T</i>
MohoDisco:	<i>Kaloomith</i>
Neapolitan Orchestra:	<i>Almost Syrup</i>
Salem Hill:	<i>Catatonía</i>
Smokin' Granny:	<i>Sirius Matter</i>
Species Being:	<i>Yonilicious</i>
Star People:	<i>Genius</i>
Tempano:	<i>The Agony and The Ecstasy</i>
Tunnels:	<i>Progressivity</i>

...These artists' works are typically available only by ordering through their Web sites, or from a Web-based distributor of progressive music such as ZNR Records in Louisville ([www.znrcds.com](http://www.znrcds.com)).

#### ARTISTS WITH DEALS:

Attention Deficit:	<i>The Idiot King</i>
Ayreon:	<i>The Dream Sequencer</i>
Banda Elástica:	<i>Ai Tencargo</i>
Adrian Belew:	<i>The Guitar as Orchestra</i>
Birdsongs of the Mesozoic:	<i>Petrophonics</i>
Tomas Bodin:	<i>An Ordinary Night in My Ordinary Life</i>
Bozzio Levin Stevens:	<i>Black Light Syndrome</i>
Bruford Levin:	<i>Upper Extremities</i>
California Guitar Trio:	<i>CG3+2</i>
Cast:	<i>Al-bandaluz</i>
Djam Karet:	<i>The Devouring</i>
Finisterre:	<i>Storybook</i>
The Flower Kings:	<i>Stardust We Are</i>
Steve Hackett:	<i>To Watch the Storms</i>
Heon:	<i>Electro-Acoustic</i>
Requiem	
Hughscore:	<i>Delta Flora</i>
King Crimson:	<i>The ConstruKction of Light</i>
Krakatoa:	<i>We Are the Rowboats</i>
José Ledesma:	<i>Designios</i>
Pär Lindh Project:	<i>Mundus Incompertus</i>
Phil Manzanera:	<i>Vozero</i>
Miriodor:	<i>Mekano</i>
Porcupine Tree:	<i>Signify</i>
Samla Mammás Manna:	<i>Kaka</i>
Sotos:	<i>Platypus</i>
Thinking Plague:	<i>In Extremis</i>
Uncle Moe's Space Ranch:	<i>S/T</i>
Univers Zero:	<i>Rhythmix</i>
Robert Wyatt:	<i>Shleep</i>
Yes:	<i>The Ladder</i>

...These individuals or groups are associated with record companies, most of which specialize in prog-rock. Unlike the big labels, these guys mainly sign artists to distribution deals, not to oppressive contracts. You should be able to order this stuff locally through your favorite CD shop.



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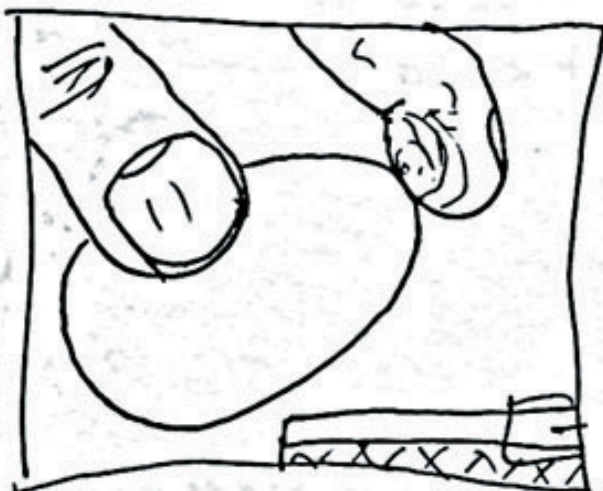


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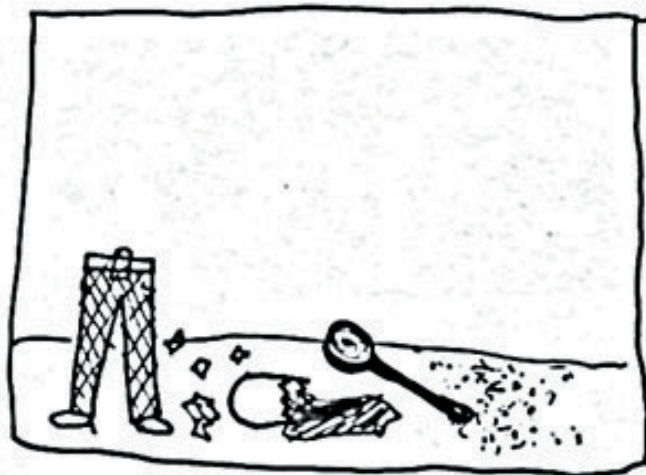
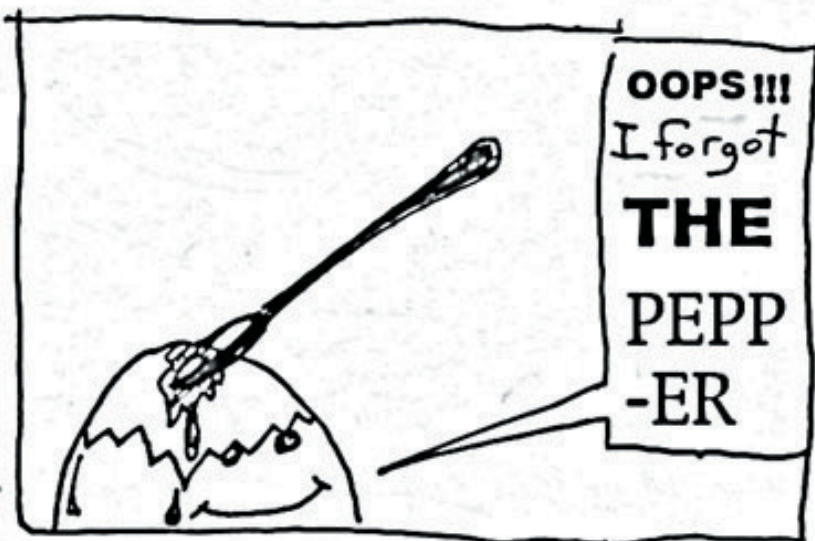
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# BEN WILLIAMS VS. VON HEMMLING, BIG FRESH, AND THE FAKES

**YEAH...SO I DECIDED TO GIVE ALL YOU KIDS A LOOK AT SOME OF THE FOLKS WHO MAKE UP A FEW OF THE BANDS RIGHT HERE IN LEX. THIS—ADMITTEDLY—IS ONLY A SMALL BUGGERHOLE OF A LOOK INTO THE MUSICS' THIS TOWN OFFERS, HOWEVER THE THREE BANDS INTERVIEWED ARE REPRESENTED BY MEMBERS WHO, BY AND LARGE, HAVE BEEN CENTRAL TO THE MUSIC SCENE—BOTH IN THESE BANDS AND IN OTHERS—FOR MANY YEARS NOW...AND DON'T CRY ALL YE OTHER BANDS! I HOPE TO CONDUCT MORE OF THESE INTERVIEW-THINGS IN THE FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF RIFLE, BUT AS THERE IS LIMITED SPACE HERE, MY CHOICE OF BANDS HAD TO BE LIMITED AS WELL (I ORIGINALLY INTENDED TO DO FIVE).**

**AS FOR THE RESULTS OF THE INTERVIEWS AND THE FORMAT: ALL OF THE MEMBERS OF VON HEMMLING SANS ONE RESPONDED (HOWEVER HE IS THE VERY SAME JF IN THE BIG FRESH ONE); ALL BUT ONE OF THE FAKES RESPONDED; AND ALL BUT ONE MEMBER OF BIG FRESH RESPONDED. I SIMPLY COPIED THE Q N' A HERE, ADDING THE LIST OF RESPONDING MEMBERS BUT LEAVING OUT A TIRESOME DESCRIPTION OF THEIR MUSIC, KNOWING THAT SUCH A DESCRIPTION WOULD BE NOT ONLY BIASED, POINTING IN THE SPECIFIC DIRECTION OF MY OWN PREJUDICE AND WHIM, BUT ALSO INSUFFICIENT. BESIDES, THE WHOLE FUCKIN' POINT, Y'ALL, IS TO GO OUT AND SEE THEM YOURSELVES...SO DO IT!!**  
--BEN WILLIAMS

## Von Hemmling

responding members:  
Mike Snowden (M)  
Jim McIntyre (J)  
Trevor Tremaine (T)

WHERE DID THE NAME ORIGINATE AND HOW?

M: If you put cotton in your ears and have a nearby friend say "Don Henley," you will get a pretty good idea. Jim has the full story.

I NEVER KNOW WHERE YOUR MUSIC IS GOING, BOTH BETWEEN SONGS AND WITHIN THEM, AND—DESPITE HAVING SEEN YOU GUYS A FEW TIMES—I'M EVER SURPRISED BY THE SEGUEWAYS AND TIME CHANGES. THEY DON'T MAKE SENSE, BUT THEY WORK. HAVE I JUST BEEN REALLY FUCKED UP? OR, IF YOU AGREE, COULD YOU CLUE ME INTO THE SONGWRITING PROCESS?

J: Well I've written all the songs so far. the arrangements the band plays are more or less rigorous. Some songs such as make your dad insane we're basically playing my composition while other songs are very collaborative especially orchestration. The performance improv has been dictated by a fancy set list which defines the placement and key of the improvised segues.

M: Within our shorter, more self contained songs, there is usually a great deal of structural play. Many songs have codas, which I think is a great way to introduce a new theme into a song without go-

ing for a more traditional bridge/solo/chorus set up. Some songs don't even have choruses. Structural play allows us to play simple melodies and progressions to a slightly unsettling effect. Live segues are usually improvised under the direction of a chart. This chart basically maps key changes between the self contained songs, as well as directions for mood changes along the length of the set. It also does other, secret things that I really can't go into here.

T: Jim brings in a tune, and sometimes the parts he writes for us are fairly rigid. Other times, it's a bit of a group effort. It seems like the drum parts are always pretty wide open, or based on a really loose rhythmic idea. As far as segues, etc., we're all big jam geeks, and so improvisation comes naturally. We work it into the sets based on different musical cues, so that it doesn't become the central focus... you know, noodling.

IF ALL CIVILIZATION EXCEPT MUSICIANS WERE WIPED OUT BY AN ALL-POWERFUL, MUSIC-LOVING WARLORD-DEITY-MONSTER NAMED VERNON AND YOUR SURVIVAL IN THIS NEW WORLD WERE BASED UPON SATISFYING VERNON WITH JUST ONE OF YOUR SONGS, WHICH SONG WOULD YOU PLAY TO ENSURE YOUR SURVIVAL?

J: That's a pretty good allegory for the music biz. I'd obviously resist and suffer

the consequences.

M: We have a song about the fear of poor sexual performance. I think it's beautiful. I know that at least Trevor would survive (based on his DRUM performance), and that would be good enough.

T: I don't know, none of them have names. There's this straight up jazz-fusion/Steely Dan tune we've been doing lately that blows my mind every time. I practice it whenever I sit down at a drum set. Like, every note and every beat is pre-meditated and scored exactly. It's my favorite Von Hemmling song so far, and when Jim played it for me last spring, it pretty much jump-started my re-interest in pop music. I almost typed 'poop music.'

WHAT IS SUCCESS? HAVE YOU ACHIEVED IT? IF NOT, BY WHAT FEAT WILL YOU ACHIEVE IT?... LET'S QUALIFY: HAVE YOU REACHED SUCCESS WHEN YOU RELEASE A RECORD? PLAY A GOOD SHOW? PERHAPS WHEN YOU DON'T NEED ANOTHER JOB AND CAN SOLELY SUPPORT YOURSELF THROUGH CREATION/PERFORMANCE? OR, IS IT ART FOR THE SAKE OF ART? SOMETHING ELSE?

J: I'm obsessed with music that's the motivation. Success is submission to art and denial of self doubt. And patience. Success is patience.

M: For me, making art for the sake of art will suffice, but success is not achieved until I can sup-

port myself financially playing music. I do believe, though, that playing music would become much more like a bad job if art were removed from the process.

T: Success... dunno. I guess just mastering ensemble playing, and being involved with something that is great and unlike anything else any of us have ever done. Recording, having a t-shirt, etc. Every show is a new peak, for me.

DO YOU GUYS PLAN TO RELEASE SOMETHING SOON? IF NOT, PLAN ON IT ANYWAY AND TELL ME IT'S A CONCEPT RECORD....

J: We're recording now. The record's about four dreamers who rock.

M: We are working on an exploratory piece- call it a decollatage a tete- in which we approach the dialogue between the fibonacci sequence and the circle of fifths. We started by painting John blue and then going out for a bite to eat. Expect to see it out last week.

T: We've recorded a ton of stuff. We're a concept band. The concept is 'music.'



Jeremy Midkiff (JM) John Ferguson (JF) Dave Farris (D)

HOW DO YOU MAKE YOUR SONGS? ANY NEW ONES?

JM: We have lots of new songs. We all write lots of songs in many different ways. I am trying to write things where I come up with the melody first lately.

JF: We have a whole new album's worth of songs. We just haven't focused ourselves to complete it. Our vision lacks "je ne sais pas." We make our songs by fits of inspiration and craft, mixed with discipline and ego strength. We're all very different songwriters, so i can't really speak for the others. I usually just sit at the piano and bang out a few chords and melodies until something i like happens. Kind of disappointing huh.?

DO YOU GUYS EVER PLAN ON ADOPTING STAGE NAMES? IF SO, WHAT? IF NOT, MAKE ONE UP YOU'D LIKE?

D: I have many stage names. One among many is..... David.

JM: I think it would be fun to have stage names. Perhaps with a military theme, or just add silly titles to the front of proper names like, Professor Pigeon or Sgt. Gary.

JF: I would like to be called Cherry, or Buddy, but I think John Ferguson would do. Or Malcolm X. That's it. I would like to be called Malcolm X.

FAVORITE MUSIC? LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

D: Favorite music? Pro'bly the #8 und the kolor blue.

JM: My favorite albums of 2003 were Outkast and The Shins. I am looking forward to the Ulysses album next year, as well as new stuff from Jason Falkner and Air. Locally, I am really into Von Hemmling, the Elephants, and Eyes and Arms of Smoke.

JF: Pop music. Music that is made for the sake of being musical, not for any other reason. Ok, also for the sake of improving humanity by promoting positive energy into the universe. So examples? Local....mmm, hair police, elephants, club dub, maggoth, von hemmling, thats not all, but all i've seen recently that i loved. international?? Eggstone!!!! Greatest band you've never heard. Eggstone, Eggstone, Eggstone. Also, Colin Blunstone. But not the rolling stones, or the stone roses. Stone Cylo? Favorite older band right now...Roxy Music. Favorite newer band right now....Shins? But who cares about music?

Lets talk about what you can do to make the world a better place....

WHAT IS SUCCESS? HAVE YOU ACHIEVED IT? IF NOT, BY WHAT FEAT WILL YOU ACHIEVE IT?....LET'S QUALIFY: HAVE YOU REACHED SUCCESS WHEN YOU RELEASE A RECORD? PLAY A GOOD SHOW? PERHAPS WHEN YOU DON'T NEED ANOTHER JOB AND CAN SOLELY SUPPORT YOURSELF THROUGH CREATION/PERFORMANCE? OR, IS IT ART FOR THE SAKE OF ART? SOMETHING ELSE?



JM: Well, I want to be the "biggest"

band in the world, but only because I really want the chance to communicate with the largest audience possible. I think we have successes at each of our shows, as

long as we connect with one person. We played a show recently in Louisville for like 12 people, but each one of them really appreciated that we put on a show like there were 1200 people there. To be honest, I would much rather continue playing for small excitable crowds than large jaded crowds.

D: When asking oneself, "Am I successful?" one must also ask oneself "is the electric blanket turned off?" or "have I had enough water today" because it is in these base procedures of everyday drone living where we find the sweet nectar of the gods that mighty Lord Zeus himself has so amply supplied for us: his meager & earnest servants.

In the "early days" we had no water. We would flick our tear ducts with straw from the mare's stable until Lord Jumanji was pleased & said "It is good".

At that point, all blessings flowed.



**BIG  
FRESH**

Smile,

Hug your friends,  
Tell your friends you  
love them,

Tell your families  
you love them,

Mean it,

Laugh at every-  
thing,

Practice ahimsa,

Stay in good health,

Keep your head up,

Practice good posture,

Be polite,

Stay diplomatic in dealing  
with transgression,

Avoid dogmatic beliefs,

Vote for Dennis Kucinich,

Read the real news,

Stay involved,

Care about others before yourself,

Do unto others what you would  
want, but please hammer, don't hurt

em.

Love,

John Ferguson





ter. Everyone at every show should buy a beer for someone else. That would probably help as much as anything.

D: Concerning the Lexington music scene, it is only what we make of it. There are always good bands playing in and around Lexington. If everyone here had the enthusiasm to go see live music or the drive to create it, Lexington could make a name for itself. Ya'know if thats what you want.

ANY RECORDING UNDERWAY?

M: Yes.

D: Yeah, but you'll have to ask someone else about that.

Kev: Right now I'm recording Keith's copy of The Essential Leonard Cohen to my computer at work. The Fakes have been working on a set of new mostly never-

before recorded songs. "Wolf Blitzter" is more or less finished. We've got others. It'll be ready when it's ready, and then maybe we'll remember to bring them to the shows and take some to CD Central. Everyone should buy a copy. It'll be cheap.

WHAT IS SUCCESS? HAVE YOU ACHIEVED IT? IF NOT, BY WHAT FEAT WILL YOU ACHIEVE IT?...LET'S QUALIFY: HAVE YOU REACHED SUCCESS WHEN YOU RELEASE A RECORD? PLAY A GOOD SHOW? PERHAPS WHEN YOU DON'T NEED ANOTHER JOB AND CAN SOLELY SUPPORT YOURSELF THROUGH CREATION/PERFORMANCE? OR, IS IT ART FOR THE SAKE OF ART? SOMETHING ELSE?

Kev: I'm just happy to be here, Ben. Life itself is a success. Congratulations, everybody.

D: Shortly put, I would love to be able to make a living playing music, but realistically, it would be great to just keep playing bars for as long as we can get a crowd.

-Ben Williams



# Duchamplification

## Mild Situationism or Supe-air-mar-shay

There's something I've been thinking about lately. And that's boredom. More to the point, I've been thinking about the way quotidian affairs, routine and regimentation domesticate perception and render us chronically susceptible to boredom. But, how to get out of that rut? Now, that's the problem. And it's a real problem. It's tough to bail out without being just another reality shirking escapist or chimera chasing utopian. And it's real hard to keep from being in complicity anyway. I'd like to prep you for my fix by paraphrasing one of my pet philosophers: Heidegger said something like, "it's not a matter of getting out of the rut but a matter of getting into the rut in the right way."

I'd, also, like to ask if you've seen the David Cronenberg movie Videodrome. Whether or not you've seen it, I think the part of it I wish to share will be relevant. First, I ought to note that this movie deals rather ponderously with the way T.V. and cinema profoundly shape the experiential landscape. And there's this one part where the main character is taken on a tour of this Social Service outfit that lets the city's bums watch a couple of hours of television a day in little cubicles. The lady giving the tour tells the guy, "it helps patch them back into the world's mixing board."

And I was thinking, "why not borrow from this example a way to think about other environments?" And, then, I thought, "why not enlist your aid?"

So I'm going to send you to the supermarket. Now, I'm not advocating reckless consumerism, here. As a matter of fact, you can leave your money at home. Actually, you should leave your money at home. That way there's no danger of inadvertent expenditure. Instead, get out the old helmet and get out the old elbow pads and the old knee pads and jaunt on over to whichever supermarket is closest to you. Stand outside and put on your gear and just stare at that puppy... Imagine you've been in prison for a decade, okay, out of the loop for ten years, you've just been released and, now, it's your job to figure out how the world works all over again. Once you're properly psyched, enter and abandon yourself to the fray. You might think this is more goofy than useful but, if you do, I think that's exactly why this exercise is most needed.

You ask yourself, "do I nurse writerly ambitions?"

And I ask you, "what better place than the supermarket to acquaint yourself with the writing styles most fit for competition in this sound bite or blurb or blip culture of ours? What, with all the recipes and labels and coupons - it's a veritable library. And talk about your mass audiences - Stephen King shrinks in comparison."

You ask yourself, "am I a breakthrough shy of self professed artist status unencumbered by embarrassment?"

And I ask you, "where else are you going to find such a fireworks display of color, such a Mardi Gras parade of its combinations and such a warehouse sized catalogue of design strategies? And that's not all. All the sepackages are fiercely vying with each other for your attention - figure out how one of them gets it and you'll have your breakthrough."

You ask me, "what if I don't harbor those aspirations? What if wanting to be a writer or an artist isn't my bag?"

And I say, "fine, you want to talk about other stuff? Let's talk about other stuff. Suppose you favor politics. The supermarket is a study in manipulation. Or, if you like architecture or city planning - the supermarket is a model for the organization of bodies and the direction of activity. What if you don't dig any of those things? What if you're only interested in say... something like sex? Let's not even talk about how intimate desire and advertising have become lately."

Feel free to take liberties with this list. There's more that I missed than covered and that's part of the point. Anyhow, you get the idea. So, repatch yourself into the "world's mixing board" only, from a different terminal. Take a note pad and a camera instead of a grocery list. I can see you in the isle now - in your protective gear, taking pictures and jotting notes. I can imagine the sorts of interactions you'll have, "I swear I'm not a corporate spy, I'm working on a standup routine!" It may be a corny cliché to say, "this is the world we live in, what you do with it is up to you." Still, just because it's too overwhelming for an overhaul doesn't mean a bit of tinkering is out of the question. The Lima Beans are there, people, it's up to you whether they're mere food or high comedy.

If you want to earn Karmic brownie points by telling me I'm your new hero, you can via e-mail: [guydeco@netscape.net](mailto:guydeco@netscape.net)

jeremy russell



# The Man Who Went to Prison for WRFL

So I had this show on WRFL for about two and a half years during 1992-94 called the WRFL Town Hall of the Air. It was a call-in talk show, and I billed it as a discussion of issues of campus, community, state, national, international, and universal importance. So that meant we could talk about any ol' thang that came up. The PD at the time was Rick Jamie – he told me later he asked me to do the show because I was the only person he knew for sure who could bullshit for two hours if nobody called. The show was on Wednesday nights and it started off with my theme music, Radio, Radio, by Elvis Costello. All I did to get ready for it was bring along the Kernel and the Herald-Leader and a few other rags like the Flush Rush Quarterly. I'd pick a few topical tunes that had something to do with what I was talking about and play one or two every half hour or so.

But it never failed that whatever I brought in to chew over got derailed pretty quickly and I would wind up talking to callers who were absolutely out of their minds and wanted to talk about aliens and UFOs or the world-wide Jewish conspiracy. On the other hand, I had a lot of legitimate callers, not that the conspiracy theorists weren't legitimate – they were just whacked. Joel Pett, the editorial cartoonist for the Herald-Leader, used to call every now and then, local musicians and artists would call, and sometimes indignant officious types would want to set me straight on this or that, thinking I was being a little too irreverent. Of course, I got a lot of calls from students and I had some really good discussions with a lot of intelligent and funny people about all kinds of issues of the day like the fat guy's bare ass on NYPD Blue. That was when I realized how many commercial radio-frustrated high schoolers were listening to RFL.

There were a lot of cool people around the station then (not that there aren't now), some of whom are still around. Mick Jeffries was there then and Brian Manley was the PD the second year I did the show. Kenn Minter was on right after me doing the new music show. He and Bill Widener were doing all the art for the RiFLe, and

Dave Farris was contributing cartoons to it, of all things. Tom Owens used to run the board for me and screen the calls. I did the show from the prod room because that's where the digital delay was – did I mention the nazi-fascist-racists who called me every so often? They were the ones who were just peachy-creamy to Tom, or Rick, or whoever answered the phone, and then when they got on the air they took off on hoarse, demonic, hood-wearin', head-shavin', profanity-spewin' rants against every minority you can think of, and a few you never thought of. I had my thumb sitting of the button of seven seconds worth of lethal delay, and I'd just drop the bottom out from under them, kill the phone line, and then jeer at them on the air.

But there was one guy who was a semi-regular caller who is now legendary. His story – no – his saga, will forever be known in the annals of WRFL as the Man Who Went to Prison for WRFL. His name was Ronnie Barrow and he was a hardcore, dedicated fan of WRFL, and furthermore, he lived in Stanford, which is in Lincoln County. Now, if you know where that is, your jaw has probably dropped down on your chest with so much force that you are going to have to explain the contusions to your social worker. That's because you know that Stanford is a good 45 miles southwest of RFL's transmitter, and that mighty 250 watts on the top of the office tower is not supposed to get RFL's signal much out of Fayette County, much less around the curve of the Earth. So who knows what quirk of geography, atmosphere, and mystical experience accounted for it. Ronnie must have lived on top of a pretty high hill and took his radio up in a tree.

So Ronnie lived a generally bucolic life, doing Lincoln County kinds of things, kickin' back, takin' it easy, making a few hundred a month playing guitar with a band called Stoner Boone, collecting another few hundred from SSI payments, selling a little weed, taking care of his grandmother, and as long as he had his favorite counter culture radio station to listen to, all was right with the world. Then the

hammer blow fell. In November of 1992, WDFB-FM, transmitting at 170 watts, went on the air in Alum Springs at a frequency of 88.1 MHz (the same frequency as RFL) and changed Ronnie's life forever. The WDFB license states that the owner and licensee is the Alum Springs Educational Corporation, but the person behind the Alum Springs Educational Corporation was the Reverend Don Drake, pastor of the Alum Springs Church of God. The license lists the location as Danville, but that's only because Alum Springs doesn't have a post office, so all the addresses are Danville addresses. As a matter of fact, WDFB originates from the home of the Reverend Don Drake, pastor of the Alum Springs Church of God, smack in the heart of Alum Springs.

It just so happens that I am well acquainted with Alum Springs. That's partly because it's near Danville, my hometown, but mainly because my buddy Matt, who I played in a band with for about a year or so, lived in Alum Springs. Matt was a pretty good rhythm guitar player and wrote some good country-inflected tunes. He is a few years older than I am, and he had been a member of the Hatfield Clan, the band led by ArtSnake, the artist formerly known as Rodney Hatfield, before he became a member of the semi-legendary Metropolitan Blues All-Stars. The Hatfield Clan was really well known and played quite a bit in the early 70s, but I wasn't old enough to go out to hear them. Matt was a good guitar player, but he was something of a technophobe, and electronic devices frustrated him to a frenzy sometimes. Many a time I watched him punch the wrong buttons on a tape recorder over and over until he lost his temper and started knocking the machine around, cursing the contrary contraption that he was sure was invented simply to humiliate him and ruin his life. The last I heard of Matt he was promoting country music shows at county fairs – I got that from his dad, when I ran into him one day in his capacity as a Wal-Mart greeter.

To get to Alum Springs from Danville, you go south a few miles to a little town called Junction City, turn right, and go

a few more miles to what can only be described as a hamlet, particularly if you're feeling poetic. Alum Springs consists of a few houses and small tracts of land that you might call farms if you were being generous, all clustered around a big bend in the road. Matt had about seven acres right in the bend where he kept a few cows and grew a few acres of tobacco and other agricultural products that were well-suited to the thickets at the back of the place. I used to go down there and help him cut and hang his tobacco and otherwise hang around in a general fashion.

Life in Alum Springs could be pretty visceral. There was the time Matt came home one day and drove up to his barn to see if one of his heifers was calving. She was, but while she was down literally having a calf, the neighbor's dogs came in and immediately killed and starting eating the newborn calf. Then they started chewing into the cow's hindquarters while she was down and couldn't get up, but was acutely aware of the sensation, and that's what Matt walked in on. WhewwEEEE! Life in the country is not for the faint of heart. So naturally Matt had a rifle in his pickup truck and he got it out and shot both dogs. Then he threw the dogs in the back of the pickup truck and careened down the road the short distance to his neighbor's house, tore through the yard, fishtailing all over the place with dirt flying from the wheels, banged into the porch, got out and flung the neighbor's dead dogs up on the porch, shouting "There's your damn dawgs!" It's taken a lot less to start a blood feud in Kentucky, but everybody knows you can't have dogs around that go killing the livestock. That's just a slice of life, a snapshot, if you will, of the circumstances of existence in Alum Springs.

And so here's an even weirder coincidence – Keith Drake, the son of the Reverend Don Drake, pastor of the Alum Springs Church of God, was a pretty good friend of mine in junior high school in Danville. For a couple of years, we endured the rigors of dodge ball in PE (he couldn't dodge – I could), hung around at recess, and generally got along, partly out of necessity, because I

wouldn't say that either one of us was a paragon of adolescent popularity. Then the Reverend Don Drake, pastor of the Alum Springs Church of God, decided to move them out to Alum Springs and Keith went to the county school. Whenever I think of the Reverend Don Drake, pastor of the Alum Springs Church of God, I always hear his entire title in my head because I heard it so many times on AM radio when I was a kid. Eventually, Keith grew up, slimmed down, and went on to become a minister like his dad. For all I know (and I don't know), he may be the guiding force behind the Alum Springs Church of God and WDFB-FM these days. But anyway, that gets us back to WDFB.

The Alum Springs Educational Corporation turned out to be a front for the newest broadcasting incarnation of the ultra-conservative Christian right. The station immediately began running tapes of the nationally syndicated radio show of the Reverend Donald Wildmon, founder of the American Family Association, and aired various contributions from Martin Cothran, founder of the Family Foundation of Kentucky. At the time, the major focus of both of these organizations was to get the television show NYPD Blue off the air. The American Family Association went for the networks, and the Family Foundation went for the local TV stations in Kentucky and was successful in Lexington – the local ABC affiliate caved in and wouldn't run the first few episodes, until they discovered that they were just one of a few stations in the country that caved, and when they discovered they were losing the advertising revenue from a highly rated show, NYPD Blue made its Lexington debut. Why were they targeting NYPD Blue? It was the fat guy's bare ass – and you thought I was kidding about that before, didn't you? The end result for Ronnie Barrow was the airwaves once occupied by his beloved RFL were now carrying philosophies and messages that he could not tolerate, and he would never be able to receive WRFL again.

All this stirred Ronnie to action as he had never been stirred before. Of course, he probably got a little too stirred up – if he hadn't, he wouldn't have spent all that time in a federal prison. The first thing he did was write a couple of letters to FCC demanding to know the answers to a few

questions. For instance, why was the community not informed of WDFB's intention to use the 88.1 Mhz frequency? Why was WRFL not informed? Why was WDFB granted a license at 88.1 when there were five other frequencies open? Who do they have to account to when they raise 20 to 30 thousand dollars in a one-week fundraiser? Isn't there a law against disseminating false information, like Hillary Clinton used witchcraft to get Bill elected? Is slander really considered "free speech?" What ever happened to the separation of church and state? Of course, all these questions went on at far greater length and displayed a high level of frustration and indignation. Ronnie made some good points, but he just didn't understand the way radio licensing works and the nature of the First Amendment protections enjoyed by WDFB, even if it was trying to stifle other people's First Amendment rights.

The reason I know about these things is because Ronnie used to listen to my show and call every now and then. Once WDFB came on the air he couldn't hear me anymore, but he still knew when the show aired and he kept calling. He also mailed me things all the time. He mailed me the letters he wrote to the FCC and the response from Norman Goldstein, Chief of the Complaints and Investigations Branch of the Enforcement Division of the Mass Media Bureau of the Federal Communications Commission. How's that for a title? He taped the Donald Wildmon and Martin Cothran shows on WDFB and sent me the tapes, which I would then play on the air. He also subscribed to the mailing lists of the religious right shows on WDFB and then sent me all the material they sent him. I used it during my show pretty routinely – some of it was pretty outrageous. For instance, the following is an excerpt from one pamphlet that the Living Truth Ministries sent him. It's about the Governor's School for high school students in Arkansas, which I suppose is pretty much the same thing as the Governor's Scholars program here in Kentucky.

"Brought to Little Rock by Bill and Hillary Clinton, the students of the Governor's School were instructed not to call home. Then, isolated for weeks on end, they were subjected to the most intense, Nazi-like indoctrination and mind

control program imaginable. Daily, their minds were bombarded with pro-lesbian and homosexual propaganda. Through films and videos, their thinking was infused with images of rioting, bloodshed, murder, anarchy, and rebellion. Instructors winked at sexual promiscuity and profanity among the students. They were taught by radical feminist abortionists and goddess worshipers, guided in New Age 'therapy' exercises, and trained to reject the 'obsolete' Christian religion of their parents. The glittery promise of the Governor's School became a hellish nightmare – a monstrous course in occult mind control. And its curricula was personally planned and meticulously implemented by Bill and Hillary Clinton."

Now I'm really no Clinton apologist, because I think he's one of the biggest liars that ever walked the face of the Earth, but that doesn't make him much different than many politicians, and he's probably no more lusty than many others of both parties. But you have to admit that it's a little hard to believe that Bill and Hillary had enough time on their hands to personally plan the entire curriculum of the Governor's School and then go out and recruit enough lesbians, homosexuals, radical feminist abortionists, and goddess worshipers to staff the whole damn shootin' match. In Arkansas?!? But that's the kind of thing that was coming over the air all day long at WDFB and it just made Ronnie mad as hell. He looked to the folks at WRFL to hold the line against all the lies. He wrote to me, "Dear John, having listened to your fine format, and actually spoken with you, I feel as if I should write to commend you and RFL for having the balls to do what you're doing." He warned us that we all had something to lose: "What if Don Drake and his ready-made political constituency decide to come after RFL, and for real? What if they turn up in the dean's office, with enough people making noise about an objectionable song lyric, or allegations that RFL is promoting "smutty, degrading, pornographic art?" Well, he was right about all that, and it could still happen today.

There was one packet of papers Ronnie Barrow sent me that I haven't told you about yet – the court documents that detailed his arrest, trial, and sentencing. The Fall 1993 edition of RiFLe magazine

(Ronnie always referred to it as "RiFLe Comix") contains a letter he sent in that's signed "R.E. Bareaux." Doug Saretsky, the GM at the time, wrote that was the first piece of real "listener mail" that RiFLe received in over four years, which was about how long RFL had been on the air at that time. Ronnie wrote that after RFL came on the air, "...all was right with the world. It seemed that God was in his heaven and WRFL ruled the airwaves." Then, he wrote, WDFB came on the air and "the last bastion of freedom of expression, creativity, and free speech was being bludgeoned by merciless thugs, chortling to themselves at how easy it had been...having WRFL snatched away from me was tantamount to the end of a love affair." Those are pretty stirring words, are they not?

The next year, in the Fall 1994 issue of RiFLe, a news article from the Kernel was reprinted in its entirety. This was the lead: "Ronnie Barrow wants his WRFL, and he has gone to extreme lengths to get it. Barrow, of 108 London Ave, Stanford, Ky., plead (sic) guilty April 29 to three felony counts of mailing a threatening communication. He was scheduled for sentencing July 8, but the federal court committed him for further psychiatric evaluations." Of course, the Kernel got his address wrong, and of course, Ronnie wasn't nuts, at least in the sense that he was insane, but he did have his problems. They eventually sentenced him. He could have done five years, but they wound up giving him 18 months after his psychiatric exam showed that he wasn't likely to hurt anyone. But how in world did anyone ever come to consider him a threat? Well, the fact is that Ronnie went way over the line, and there's no way anyone can excuse the acts he eventually committed.

At first, his calls to the Reverend Don Drake, pastor of the Alum Springs Church of God, just took the form of legitimate questions and protests. Primarily, Ronnie wanted WDFB to move to another frequency. He even wrote two letters to the editor of the Danville Advocate-Messenger explaining the situation and asking for help from the community. As a native of Danville myself, I can tell you that he wasn't likely to get any help on behalf of WRFL, and that turned out to be the case. So he got a little more desperate. He started calling



the Drakes in the middle of the night, very often being obscene and threatening. It went on for some time, and the Drakes had South Central Bell log and record the calls. Just for the period that the phone company logged the calls, Ronnie called scores of times, all between midnight and 5:00 AM. But he didn't stop there. The show on WDFB that he hated the most was a syndicated Christian talk show out of Milwaukee called Crosstalk. He really developed a tremendous animosity toward the producer, Ingrid Guzman. He eventually sent her a total of three letters, which undoubtedly contained very explicit death threats. It was for that offense that the FBI tracked him down and arrested him.

Ronnie didn't seem to understand the seriousness of what he had done. Even though he was 41 at the time, his behavior toward the whole thing seemed more like an errant teenage caught in the act. In other words, he was playing pranks and didn't understand the consequences. Whether he understood them or not, he got them. Eighteen months in a federal prison is no joke. After he got out, Ronnie started calling me on the air again. Now, he was on parole, and he was confined to his grandmother's house and had to wear a device around his ankle that would sound an alarm if he tried to leave. He actually told some pretty funny stories about the thing and how he had to notify his parole officer and the FBI if he had to go to the doctor's office or something, and how he would try to pack a lot of living into a short time while he was out. But packing a lot of living into a short time might have been part of his problem. When he talked to me on the air he made it clear that when he was doing all the things he did, he was either drunk out of his mind, completely wasted on a variety of illegal narcotics, or both. His sentencing report lists his habits, and they were extensive.

I have copies of the letters Ronnie sent to his "victims," the letters he wrote to the FCC, the letters he wrote to the paper, the telephone logs the phone company prepared, his federal indictment, his sentencing report, his psychiatric examination, the various news reports that were published about it, and even a cassette recording of the Crosstalk show in which Ingrid Guzman talked about her experience with the death threats from Kentucky. In all of these documents, WRFL figures

prominently as the motivating factor in Ronnie's actions. WRFL never got so much publicity otherwise, appearing in Kernel stories, the Herald-Leader, the front page of the Danville Advocate-Messenger, the Milwaukee papers, and on a nationally syndicated radio show. One article mentioned my show specifically as being one of the things that Ronnie missed about WRFL. At least it showed the world that there was an RFL and that its unique blend of programming could inspire some intense listener loyalty. To tell the truth, that's the way I've felt about RFL, ever since it went on the air. There isn't anything like it and nothing as good anywhere around here.

Ronnie didn't have much formal education, but he was not an uneducated man. He was articulate and witty, sometimes flat out hilarious, he knew how to argue a point successfully, and he seemed to be well read. As far as I was concerned, he was always a pleasure to talk to. Then again, he never threatened to impregnate me with his demon seed and then blow me away with a Ruger stuffed up my anal orifice, like he did some others.

When I started writing this article, I thought about trying to track him down in Lincoln County, but I wasn't sure that I wanted to find out what happened to him. He would be 51 now, and while that's certainly not over the hill, a lifetime of substance abuse at the rate he was going can make you old before your time. Also, I was afraid he might no longer be with us, and that's as old as anybody is going to get. And on top of that, I was on a deadline and already had close to 4000 words. So pragmatism rears its ugly head. But that doesn't mean I won't try to find him sometime in the future. I just have to get my mind right first. Ronnie might not have had his mind right about a few things, and he certainly went way over the line, but he can also lay claim to being the biggest fan WRFL ever had.



John Clark is  
an Assistant  
Professor of  
Telecommunications  
at UK. He a former  
member of the once  
well-known but  
barely remembered  
Lexington band  
Velvet Elvis, the  
former chair of the  
WRFL Advisory  
Council, and the  
former Chief  
Operator of WRFL-  
FM. With the way  
the budget cuts at  
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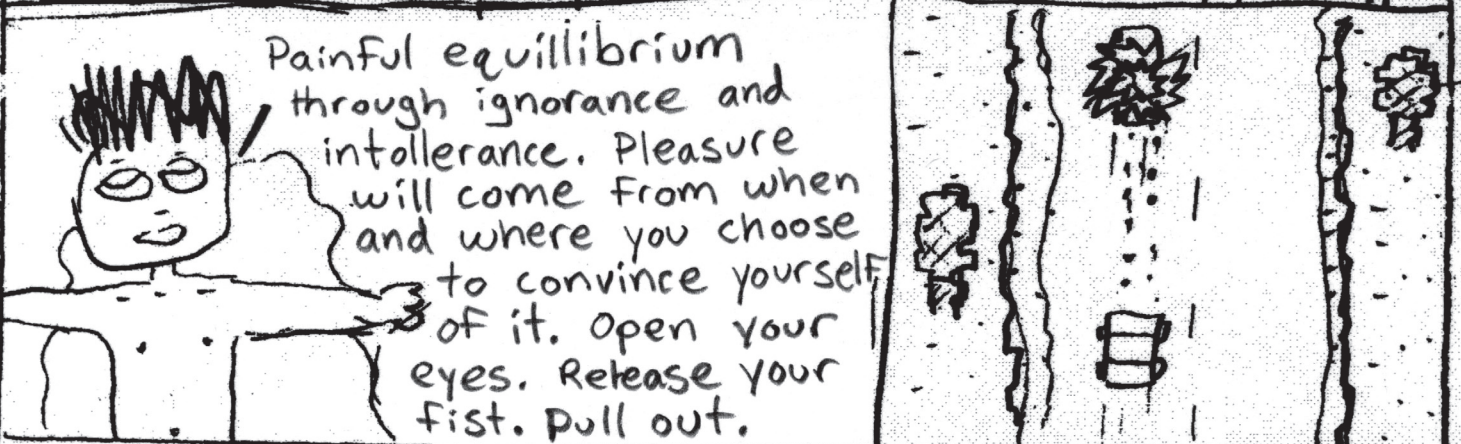
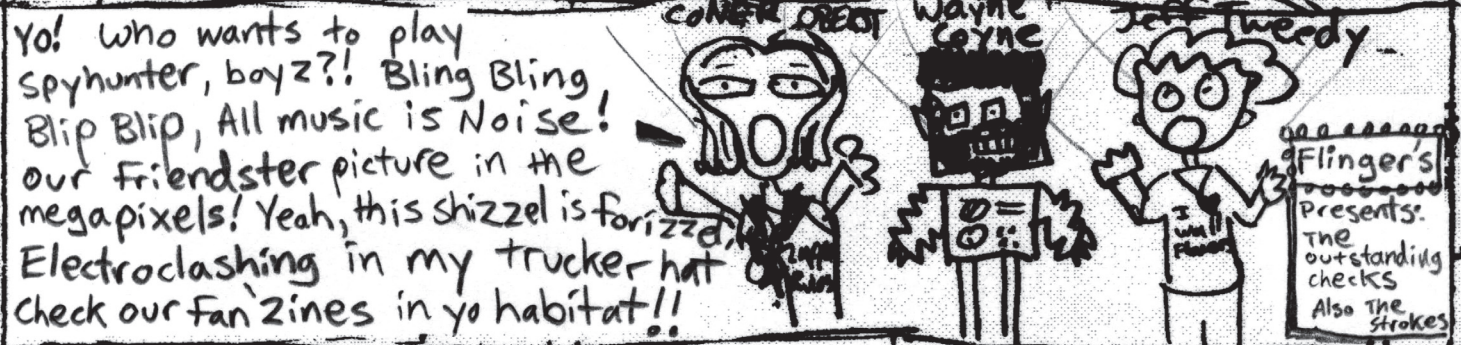
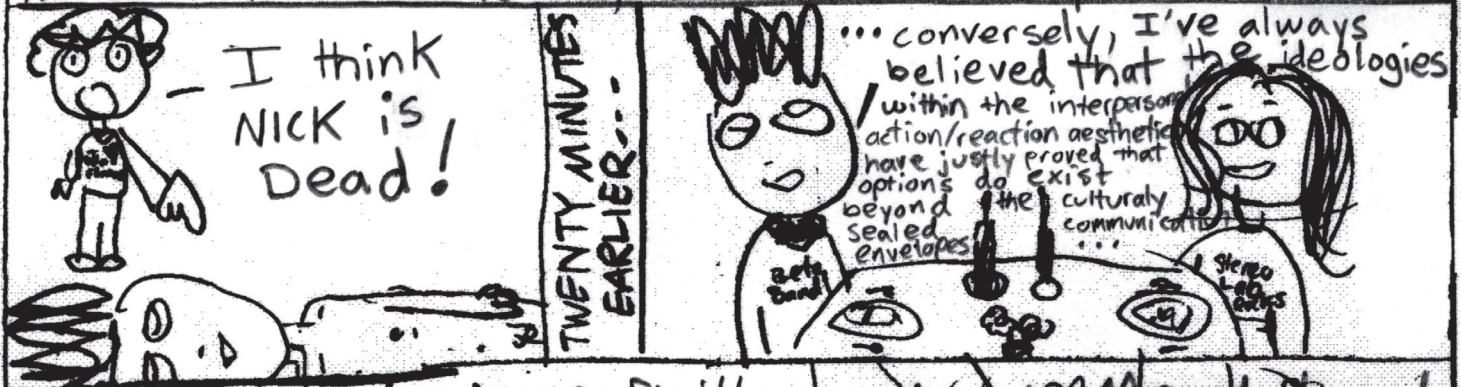
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# SEX WITH ME

WILL GET YOU NOWHERE  
EXCEPT MAKE A QUICK RIDE TO HEAVEN,  
BUT JESUS'S JUNK AINT BEEN RISING THAT HIGH LATELY

Nevermind the buttocks, Here's a comic by NICK WARNER





# Fatal Seduction.

by Rena Vicini, is one of those tabloidly, dramatic True Crime paperback novelizations. It is another sordid story—a tale revolving around a manipulative teenage bride, bizarre love triangles, sex, drugs and murder straight from the streets of our very own hometown. One of the largest local media circuses of the '80s, three people were convicted of capitol murder and sentenced to life in prison. Vicini picks up this story on August 19, 1984. "Boy", senior Michael Turpin, meets "girl," freshman Elizabeth Zehnder, on the first day of band camp at the University of Kentucky. A year and five days later—August 24, 1985—Beth awakens with a hangover on her wedding day and proceeds to get married with the smell of bourbon on her breath. As the couple approached the stairs to the alter, Beth stepped on her gown and pitched forward. She "tried to straighten up, but she was standing on her gown. Frustrated, she yelled "Shit!" as she jerked the dress free with her left hand." Seven months later—February 3 and 4, 1986—Beth lies and conspires shamelessly with her girlfriend Karen Brown and their senseless sidekick Keith Bouchard and Mike Turpin is murdered in his own home at Cedar Run Apartments #22. His body is found by maintenance men floating face down in the pond at the Lakeside Golf Course out by Jacobson Park. A year and a month after the wedding—September 25, 1986—Elizabeth Turpin appeared in court wearing the same outfit she had worn the night Mike proposed to her and awaited the verdict.

"That's me, riight there," my co-worker Curtis pointed out the black and white blur of the crowd in one of the photos featured in the twelve page layout in the center of the book. In the foreground, underneath a disco ball, stood a blonde guy in cowboy boots and black leather. The caption read: "Karen Brown in drag at the Circus." "That's me, I was out there that night!" Curtis brought the book in to work to show me because yesterday somebody in our office had received a letter from Elizabeth Turpin's parents, pleading her state representative for more phone privileges in maximum security prison. We pored over the macabre little paperback and he filled me in on bits and parts of the scandalous story that I was too young to think too much about in 1986. I ordered a copy of the book for a few dollars online and immediately became absorbed in this diabolical tale of disastrous betrayal. Check it out if you are at all interested in local historical gore and you can stomach the grisly details. It was easy to find on the internet at [abe.com](http://abe.com), and I also just saw a copy for sale last week over at Unique Books on Woodland Avenue—used paperbacks will only set you back a few dollars at the most.

Reviewed by The Princess of Pulp,  
Jessi F.  
[jessiannf@yahoo.com](mailto:jessiannf@yahoo.com)





# KENTUCKY'S MY MORNING JACKET RECEIVE NATIONAL HYPE

THE CHERUBIC VOCALS OF JIM JAMES, SATURATED IN RE-VERB AS HIS NOTES DELICATELY DANGLE INSIDE A VACANT CHASM, OVERLAP A DRIVING AND BUCOLIC MELODY – OPENING “MAGEEDAH”, THE EXPOSITION TO MY MORNING JACKET’S LATEST ALBUM *IT STILL MOVES*. LEGENDARY SONGWRITER GRAM PARSONS ONCE LABELED THE GENRE OF AMERICANA, A CONGLOMERATION OF ROOTS, WESTERN, AND FOLK, AS “COSMIC AMERICAN MUSIC,” BLENDING THE CULTURAL BLUEPRINT, AESTHETIC, AND VIVID SPIRIT OF AMERICA INTO DISCERNIBLE MUSICAL TEXTURES WITH A UNIVERSAL VALUE.

MY MORNING JACKET, A FIVE-PIECE BAND FROM LOUISVILLE, TAKES SUCH AN ETHIC A STEP FURTHER, BLENDING THE PASTORAL TONE OF FOLK ROCK WITH THE AQUATIC AND CELESTIAL AMBIENCE OF THE PSYCHEDELIC MOVEMENT. THE DRIVING GUITAR RIFFS, ANGULAR AMONG SHARDS OF BROKEN BEER BOTTLES IN A WESTERN FILM NOIR, RESONATE WITH THE HARMONY OF MOOG SYNTHESIZERS AND JAMES’ FRAGILE TENOR, EVOKING THE EMOTION OF TRAVELING A LONESOME RURAL ROAD AT DUSK. ALL ONE REALLY HAS TO KNOW ABOUT THE GROUP, THOUGH, THAT IS THEY ARE TECHNICALLY A LOCAL BAND THAT IS RECEIVING INTERNATIONAL ACCLAIM FOR *IT STILL MOVES*, ACTING AS THE LATEST INSTALLMENT ON NME’S “NEXT BIG THING” LIST.

MY MORNING JACKET HAS BUILT A RABID FOLLOWING THROUGH CONSISTENTLY HYPNOTIC PERFORMANCES AND RELEASING REMARKABLE RECORDINGS – IN WHICH JAMES RECORDS HIS VOCALS INSIDE A LARGE HOLLOW GRAIN SILO, ADDING AN ACOUSTIC DIMENSION OF ENORMITY TO THE MUSIC. THE GENTLE RUMBLE OF THEIR TALENT OVER THE YEARS HAS ESCALATED

INTO AN EARTHQUAKE THIS YEAR, SIGNING TO ATO AND RELEASING THEIR MAJOR LABEL DEBUT, *IT STILL MOVES*, IN SEPTEMBER. ACTING AS ONE OF THE HEADLINERS AT NEW YORK’S CMJ MUSIC MARATHON LAST MONTH, MY MORNING JACKET HAS BEEN THE LATEST VICTIM TO BE STRUCK BY THE HYPE TRAIN.

MUSIC WRITERS, HAVING A TENDENCY TO PINPOINT THE SOUND OF NEW BANDS BY RELATING A FRESH DISCOVERY TO OTHER ESTABLISHED GROUPS, ADORE THE UNPARALLELED CREATIVITY OF THE BAND. THE INFLUENCES OF MY MORNING JACKET, HOWEVER, ARE TOO DISPARATE, AND THE SOUND TOO INVENTIVE, TO PROPERLY DESCRIBE WITHIN THE PARAMETERS OF CATEGORIZATION. COMPARED TO EVERYONE FROM INDIE SPACE-ROCKERS THE FLAMING LIPS AND GALAXIE 500, TO THE CATHARTIC PSYCHEDELICS OF PINK FLOYD, TO THE UNBRIDLED AMERICANA INFLUENCE OF NEIL YOUNG AND THE ROLLING STONES CIRCA *EXILE ON MAIN STREET*, MY MORNING JACKET HAVE FASHIONED A SOUND THOROUGHLY INIMITABLE, NULLIFYING ANY TRUE CONSTRICTIVE COMPARISON. SONGWRITER JIM JAMES AGREES THAT THE CONSTRICTION WITHIN JOURNALISTIC ARTICULATION IS FRUSTRATING WHEN CREATING A BREATHING PIECE OF ARTWORK. AS HE LATER DISCUSSES, MOWING THE GRASS INFLUENCES HIS MUSIC MORE THAN ANY OF THE BANDS MY MORNING JACKET HAVE BECOME THE SUBJECT OF COMPARISON TO.

PARADOXICALLY AMALGAMATING SOUNDS BOTH HAUNTING AND SOOTHING WITH COMPOSITIONS ORIGINATING IN ROOTS AND PROGRESSIVE, JIM JAMES AND THE OTHER TALENTED MUSICIANS OF MY MORNING JACKET DESIGN AN UNPRECEDENTED RECOMBINANT SOUNDSCAPE THAT IS REFRESH-

INGLY ROCK AND ROLL. THROUGH HIS CRYPTIC ARGOT, JIM JAMES HELPS CLARIFY WHAT MY MORNING JACKET HOPES TO ACCOMPLISH WITH THEIR INGENUITY AND THEIR INDEFINITELY CHANGING, MOVING MUSIC. THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT OF AN INTERVIEW I DID WITH JIM JAMES SHORTLY AFTER THE RELEASE OF *IT STILL MOVES*:

MUSIC WRITERS ALWAYS LIKE TO COME UP WITH THEIR OWN CLEVER IDEAS AS TO VIVIDLY DESCRIBE A BAND’S SOUND. HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE CURRENT SOUND OF MY MORNING JACKET? IS THE CURRENT SOUND CLOSE TO THE SOUNDS AND IDEAS YOU HAVE IN YOUR MIND?

I CAN ONLY SAY ROCK AND ROLL, IN MY DESCRIPTION, BECAUSE IT’S THE ONLY THING THAT’S NOT LIMITING. IT CAN BE FAST, SLOW, HAPPY, SAD, ANYTHING YOU WANT IT TO BE. YES, I’M VERY HAPPY WITH THE CURRENT STATE OF THE BAND. IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE WITH TODAY’S TECHNOLOGY TO GET THINGS TO SOUND EXACTLY LIKE THEY DO IN MY HEAD, BUT THEY SOUND PRETTY DAMN CLOSE.

THIS IS PROBABLY THE MOST LOADED QUESTION YOU’LL EVER RECEIVE. WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT TO ACHIEVE OR EXPRESS WITH YOUR MUSIC?

I JUST WANT OUR MUSIC TO MEAN SOMETHING DEEPLY TO PEOPLE. IT DOESN’T MATTER HOW MANY OR HOW FEW. I WANT TO HAVE FUN AND HAVE IT ALWAYS MEAN SOMETHING TO ME... I WANT TO HELP PEOPLE SEE PAST WHAT THEY SEE WITH THEIR EYES AND JUST WORRY ABOUT THEIR EARS.

YOUR BAND, AS I’M SURE YOU KNOW, HAS BEEN COMPARED TO THE LIKES OF THE FLAMING LIPS AND NEIL YOUNG. COMPARISONS DON’T NECESSARILY CONSTITUTE ONE’S TRUE INFLUENCES THOUGH. WHAT GROUPS OR MUSICAL MOVEMENTS HAVE TRULY INSPIRED THE



**CONCRETE DESIGN OF THE MUSIC?**  
EVERYTHING INSPIRES ME. I GO THROUGH DIFFERENT PHASES. I HATE COMPARISONS. I HAVE BEEN LISTENING TO TONS OF OUTKAST LATELY. I GOT "THE GENIUS OF RAY CHARLES" THE OTHER WEEK AND I HAVE NOT STOPPED LISTENING SINCE. "DON'T LET THE SUN CATCH YOU CRYIN'" IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE SINGLE MOST BEAUTIFUL WORKS OF ART EVER LAID ON THIS PLANET. MOWING THE GRASS ALSO INFLUENCES OUR WORK.

**ON TRACKS "RUN THRU" AND "JUST ONE THING," YOU ALL UTILIZE ELECTRONIC TEXTURES, SUCH AS PHASING AND MOOG SYNTHS. DO YOU PLAN ON TAKING ANYMORE STEPS IN THE ELECTRONIC OR EXPERIMENTAL DIRECTION ON FURTHER WORK? DO YOU CURRENTLY HAVE A PLAN FOR THE DIRECTION OF MY MORNING JACKET?**

THE PLAN IS ALWAYS "THERE IS NO PLAN." OTHER THAN TRYING TO MAKE EACH RECORD NEW AND DIFFERENT, AND IN A PLACE WHERE THEY FIT IN, THERE JUST HAS TO BE CHANGE. IF THERE'S NO CHANGE, WE GO BYE BYE.

**ASSUMING INDIE ROCK IS AN AESTHETIC MORE THAN JUST A DESCRIPTION A BAND'S LABEL, DO YOU**

**THINK YOU FIT IN WITH THE "INDIE ROCK" SCENE? IF SO, HOW?**

I DON'T THINK WE FIT IN WITH ANY SCENE. I FEEL REALLY OUT OF SYNC WITH THE WORLD TODAY ON ALMOST EVERY LEVEL. BUT YET I DON'T REALLY FEEL LIKE IT WOULD'VE BEEN BETTER IN THE PAST EITHER. I DON'T LIKE LABELING THINGS WITH SCENES. I WISH I COULD ERASE THE HUMAN DATABASE OF LAZINESS THAT HAS ERODED OUR MINDS. AH, WISHES.

**LOUISVILLE IS WIDELY KNOWN FOR THE "MATH ROCK" SCENE IN THE EARLY 90'S WITH SLINT AND THEIR SPLINTER GROUPS, AND HAS CARRIED OVER WITH GROUPS LIKE PARLOUR AND, TO AN EXTENT, VHS OR BETA. WHAT BEST DESCRIBES THE LOUISVILLE SCENE, AND WHAT DIRECTION IS IT TAKING?**

I WISH LOUISVILLE WASN'T KNOWN FOR THAT. I LOVE VHS OR BETA. LISTENING TO THEM IS LIKE BEING WRAPPED IN A WARM ELECTRONIC COCOON. LOUISVILLE HAS NO SCENE, BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF TALENTED MUSICIANS THERE THOUGH.

**HOW DO YOU FEEL THE SOUND OF MY MORNING JACKET HAS MATURED SINCE EARLIER RE-**

**LEASES LIKE "TENNESSEE FIRE"?**

I THINK WE'VE BECOME MORE OF A BAND. LIKE AT THE END OF PINOCHIO, WHEN HE BECOMES A REAL BOY.

**WHAT GROUPS DO YOU HAVE AN INTEREST IN TOURING WITH OR COLLABORATING WITH IN THE FUTURE?**

WEEN, OUTKAST, DR. DOG, THE BEATLES...

**IN MY OPINION, MY MORNING JACKET FAR SURPASSES OTHER SOUTHERN ROCK INFLUENCED INDIE ROCKERS SUCH AS KINGS OF LEON AND SONGS: OHIA. WHAT, IN YOUR OPINION, SETS MY MORNING JACKET APART FROM OTHER GROUPS WITH A SIMILAR MUSICAL APPROACH?**

THANK YOU FOR THE PROPS. I DON'T THINK WE SOUND ANYTHING LIKE THOSE OTHER BANDS. I LIKE THOSE BANDS, AND THEY ARE NICE PEOPLE, BUT ITS JUST RIDICULOUS HOW PEOPLE GROUP THINGS TOGETHER BECAUSE OF HOW YOU LOOK...

**AND FINALLY, WHAT THOUGHTS, IDEAS, OR EMOTIONS DO YOU WANT THE LISTENER TO TAKE AWAY FROM "IT STILL MOVES"?**

I WANT THE LISTENER TO FEEL MOVED.

-MICHAEL POWELL



**Kate Sachs**

WRFL CD Librarian - librarian@wrfl.org

**Matt Pond and cellist, Eve Miller, toured as a smaller version of matt pond PA in late October with Rachel's. They are expecting their next release to be in May on Altitude Records, a new record label, where mppa will be the labels first release. When I touched base with Pond in December to follow up on the tour, he was in the midst of completing the groups next album and also relocating to New York City.**

Matt Pond PA is a collection of talented musicians based out of Philadelphia, let by Matt Pond. The band combines guitars, cello, violin, french horn, percussion and trumpet to create music that makes you want to reflect, dream, appreciate and understand. The lush string arrangements combined with Pond's warm lyrics reveal the band's sophistication and ability to express pure emotion.



## INTRODUCING THE BAND

## Kentucky to New York E-Mail Interview December 5, 2003

### How was touring with Rachel's?

Touring with Rachel's was great, like some kind of hippie love fest - minus the hippies. From the outside - I thought of them as very serious, very focused musicians - but really, it's snacking that they are most concerned with. They have to have excellent snacks or else they get cranky. That is their only conceit.

### Who set it up for you guys to tour together?

Eve pushed for it. I tried to make sure she didn't push too hard - but she pushed. There's nothing like playing shows with bands you admire. It makes the whole thing much more worthwhile.

### What would be the top five list of songs (by any artist) that sum up your past tour?

Spread - Outkast  
Kissing the Lipless - Shins  
Come Together - Beatles  
Dirty Mind - Prince  
Lovertits - Peaches

### Explain your band situation. For the times that I have seen you guys play I witness a slight variation each time.

Our band situation is this: Eve and I are solidly in this band.

There are different reasons for each person. The universal difficulty is being friends with people and doing something that you love - and then having to be pragmatic and businesslike about that thing. None of us are making that much money and yet we're all sacrificing stability - people think that touring and recording (and more) is some kind of blissful life - but most people, after they do it for a while, can't stand it.

All I know is that we are like the Spinal Tap of soft rock.



## **How did you and Wiley Cerritos collaborate on the Nature of Maps lyrics?**

Wiley Cerritos is Adela Smith - that is all I will say about that.

## **What can you tell us about your up coming album?**

Our new album is hype and sounds like Outkast (I wish). No. Our new album is more of the same (maybe not) - we spent a little more time working on it. Andy Wallace is mixing some of it - it sounds good. Duh. I sound like a robot. I get irritated towards the end of a record because I've heard the damn thing so much - I have no idea what it sounds like. (I like the new stuff I'm working on - for Eve and I - a sparse record. We might record it with Bob Weston. He kicks ass.)

## **How's living in New York? Why the move from Philly?**

New York is snowing right now. (I have no apartment yet - so while I like living here - it is annoying to me and all my friends - those whose couches I've worn thin).

Honestly - this town is huge but it is supportive. People here like music and listen to it - and go to see music being played. Very good.

## **I'm sure you get questions about why the name "matt pond PA", so why not the name "matt pond PA"?**

I'm staying with the name. I'm sick of answering questions about it - but when we were with Rachel's - that was the first question every time: "So like why are you called Rachel's?" If they can handle it - so can I.

## **When I think of a song that creates the feeling of driving out on a country road, I think of "A List of Sound" off of This is Not the Green Fury. How do you feel about this?**

Most of these damn songs make me feel like driving down country roads. Not in a John Denver or James Taylor manner - more in the style of Wendy O. Williams. (I am not proud of being young and reckless - but it is a hell of lot more pure than being old and lifeless - or even in between the two).

## **Could you share your favorite recipe?**

I like lasagna (I can't tell you my recipe!). Even though it makes me bloated - I like it. I like to make my own pasta and sauce and make lasagna and sit over the stove and eat till I feel sick.

## **A little background material. Where did you attend college? What got you into music and then into playing music?**

I went to Bard - majored in History - drank myself under the table.

I started playing music because I didn't know what else to do - and I didn't have to think about it. That's why I continue - because it can never be contaminated.

The reason for playing - for wanting to do this - is because I'm doing it. I don't know if that makes any sense. I can't think of anything else I want to do - and I really enjoy. It makes me nervous as hell and I don't sleep that much - but I love it. I just do what it tells me.

## **Additional comments:**

I really want some good pumpkin pie. (Rachel's have spoiled me - their love of pies - now I want mine).



**Eve Miller & Matt Pond: July 2003 in Lexington, KY**

## **MORE INFO:**

RIYL: The Shins, Rachel's, Neil Young, Iron & Wine, Yo La Tengo, Sea Ray

**website: [www.mattpondpa.com](http://www.mattpondpa.com)**

# **the Percy Trout hour**

**Super Fizz Sugar Pop**  
from ALL OVER the Globe

**every other Monday**  
**6:00pm to 9:00pm**

[percytrout@hotmail.com](mailto:percytrout@hotmail.com)



**WRFL 88.1FM**



Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
12 AM to 3 AM: The Black Fist (with Shareef) - socially conscious underground rap and hip-hop	12 AM to 3 AM: The Late Late Show (with J. Todd Dockery and Brian Manley) - obscure music recorded between 1885 - 1966, dabbling in blues, jazz, and every other important genre	12 AM to 3 AM: Johannes - A strange brew of classical musical movements, and, metal... of all things	12 AM to 3 AM: Bailey Wells - if it's interesting, she will play it, and she plays it all... just don't call her while she's talking on the air!	12 AM to 3 AM: Nocturnal Journal - brand new dance-hall, hip-hop, and R & B heard here first	12 AM to 3 AM: The Nth Factor-like metal without the meta- and hardcore without the -core, like a bridge built in the shape of a bunny that crosses, in one hop, the channel between hokey and hokum; hallelujah and hullabaloo...	12 AM to 3 AM: Hemorraging Abcess - death metal and despair
3 AM to 6 AM: The Kathryn Hour (with Wes Beltz) - beat oriented insomniac music	3 AM to 6 AM: Darin King - old and new garage rock and laid back jams	3 AM to 6 AM: Mike Peters - bringin' the rock in the wee hours	3 AM to 6 AM: Tyler Thompson - quiet folk, alt-country, singer-songwriters, and acoustic based music	3 AM to 6 AM: Doctor Hyena's Pirate Radio Reform - spoken word poetry and politics with an esoteric mix of new and old vareties of music	3 AM to 6 AM: Nat Meyer - a jovial voice in the night spinning a wide variety of punk, pop, hip-hop, jazz, and shenanigans... dig it!	3 AM to 6 AM: Nice Guy Eddie and the Reacharound - eclectic underground tunes and irreverent humor
6 AM to 9 AM: Luke, Leslia, and Kate - singer-songwriters mixed with melodic pop	6 AM to 9 AM: Dyslexia.A.M. (with Jon Psimer) - the jaugernaut of indie rock power for the morning	6 AM to 9AM: Matt Ogden - trip-hop, downtempo electronic music, synth-rock, post, metal, experimental tangents, and dark pop	6 AM to 9 AM: P-Funk and the Moth-ership Connection - African-rotted music and news commentary from around the world	6 AM to 9 AM: Trivial Thursdays (with Emily and Mick) - WRFL's perky morning show with pop music and fascinating (yet trivial) information and news to impress your friends with	6 AM to 9 AM: Kristin Edester - punk, pop, emo, garage, and accessible underground music for the morning commute	6 AM to 9 AM: Cutting Edge Show (with Brahams and Korean Steve) - skits, randomness, and new rock, house, hip-hop and world music
9 AM to 12 PM: Neverland Ballroom (with Rob Camp) - indie pop and pleasantries	9 AM to 12 PM: Mike Sullivan - new music, upbeat rock and roll, rockabilly, and the soul of blues	9 AM to 12 PM: Jesse Saxon - punk, garage rock, kitschy pop, blues, and rhythmic rock and roll	9 AM to 12 PM: Jessica Slade & Aria - indie, pop, electronic, and classic singer-songwriter acoustic folk	9 AM to 12 PM: Jamie McAlpin - eclectic ethnic and folk music	9 AM to 12 PM: Carley Bryant - new wave, rock, and pop both domestic and from across the pond	9 AM to 12 PM: Blue Yodel No. 9 - bluegrass and American roots music
12 PM to 3 PM: The Hot Burrito Show - rockabilly, honkytonk, and alt-country past and present	12 PM to 3 PM: Tyler Palmquist's Funk, Soul, and Hip-hop - brand new and obscure hip-hop mixed with classic funk and soul music	12 PM to 1 PM: Democracy Now - a national, daily, independent, award-winning news program airing on over 140 stations in North America, pioneering the largest public media collaboration in the U.S.	12 PM to 3 PM: Resonant Frequency (with Mikey P) - premiering new WRFL music weekly, spinning accessible indie rock, post-punk, trip-hop, electronic, Britrock, and popular underground music	12 PM to 3 PM: Throbosonic Realm (with Kate Hensley and Dave Farris) - funk, soul, and dub	12 PM to 1 PM: Democracy Now - a national, daily, independent, award-winning news program airing on over 140 stations in North America, pioneering the largest public media collaboration in the U.S.	12 PM to 3 PM: Hard Travelin' Revue - Americana, folk, and roots
3 PM to 6 PM: World Beat - African roots music and progressive movements from around the globe	3 PM to 5:45 PM: Anna Creech - a smorgasboard of independent female artists	1 PM to 3 PM: The Blues Show - the blues is where it all started, baby!	3 PM to 5:30 PM: Under Heavy Lighting (with Dr. Mike Uebell) - Eurobeat, trance, dance, avant garde noise experimentalism... an exploration of electronic music past and present	3 PM to 6 PM: Ben and Dave's 36 Chambers of the Belfry - rock from the arena and the garage, metal, avant noise, and anything else that fits	3 PM to 6 PM: Bill Widener - the debonair wise college radio guru shares his vast knowledge	3 PM to 6 PM: Chris Cpreck - post-rock and post-punk DJ'ed by a post-human who looks like Nick Cage
6 PM to 9 PM: The Reggae Show - sounds of the Carribean	5:45 to 6:15 PM: The Big Blue Review - Kentucky Kernel writers Jeff Patterson, Derek Poore, and their crew discuss the week of UK sports with news, updates, humor, and the world famous "props/no props" feature!	3 PM to 6 PM: Ben Allen - 80's alternative, electroclash, new wave, goth, minimalist electronica, classic punk, experimental movements, and influencial, innovative bands dominating the college radio format	5:30 to 6 PM: Campus Voices - a forum issues concerning the University of Kentucky and surrounding community	6 PM to 9 PM: Robert and Irene - an experimental music collage which acts as a broadcasting art project, with guest lectures from local scholars	6 PM to 9 PM: Paul Puckett - upbeat pop and garage rock	6 PM to 9 PM: The Trip (with Clay Gaunce) - progressive music
9 PM to 12 AM: The Jazz Vault (with Bill Scott) - traditional jazz sounds, avant garde, and an overview of the sounds of the brass section	6:15 PM to 9 PM: The Percy Trout Hour - sugar-pop across the world from the 1950's to present	6 PM to 9 PM: Burning Sensations (with Mikey T and Kyle) - Lexington's scene oriented, high energy hardcore, punk, and metal show	6 PM to 6:30 PM: Counterspin - the media watchdog news program produced by the Fairness and Accuracy In Reporting organization	9 PM to 12 AM: Music from India - traditional Indian music, theatrical scores, and an all encompassing review of the sounds from Subcontinental Asia	9 PM to 12 AM: Thru the Vibe (with Trent Marshall) - DJs local and abroad come in the studio and spin house and dance beats	9 PM to 12 AM: The Psychadelicates-sen (with the Captain and Mr. Kite) - trippy music from the 60s and 70s
	9 PM to 12 AM: Tommy Miller's Old School Hip-Hop Hour - the origins of hip-hop and rap music, mixed with dub, jazz, and reggae.	9 PM to 12 AM: Chris and Tony - an eclectic musical blend with a focus on indie and space rock	6:30 PM to 9 PM: The Local Show - blues-rock and jam bands from Lexington and surrounding communities			
			9 PM to 12 AM: Quality Time (with Debra) - old school soul, R & B, hip-hop, funk and world music geared toward the community			

# the Late Late Show

vintage popular

(and not so popular)

music

every week!

sun. nite/  
mon. morn

circa: late 1800s

to  
late 1960s

12am - 3am

hosted by

Brian Manley

and

J. Todd Dockery

early rural and electric

blues, jug bands,

syncopated jass,

torch singers, hillbilly and Honky tonk,

rockabilly, pre-Motown R&B, lost girl groups,

the proto-punk of 60s garage bands, juke joint jive,

lesser known sides by well known artists,

unfortunate music by yesterday's Film and TV stars,

music and dialogue from yesterday's Film and TV,

pre-packaged instrumental schlock from

polka to cocktail jazz to exotica and back again...

All this and BOTH LESS and MORE!?

for past

playlists and links

to reissue labels

and bio/historic info.

on artists and styles

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# big Bill Broonzy



j.t.d. 2003

# Exp. Elec. Mus.

Okay what's up with that title anyways? Exp.Elec.Mus.??? Cryptic to say the least and with a slight tint of pretension (but hey this is Lexington after all). The three words spelled out - Experimental Electronic Music - were a simplified yet apropos title to a rare little happening that occurred this past November here in Lexington. Rare best describes the occasion when some of the newer, unheard forms of electronic music pass through this little blip. Yet I really can't complain because the Exp. Elec. Mus. event showcased a multi-sensory foray with a few fine talents from across the Midwest - all teeming with fine exp. elec. sensibility.

The event took place at a hole-in-the-wall space officially deemed the Ice House that, appropriately enough, describes the exactitude of the weather inside that venue - cold. But the s&m atmosphere inside the 30 feet high, concrete/steel-laden structure seemed to invent a conducive, haunting setting for the predominant mood of music played throughout the evening that ranged across the ambient/avante-garde board.

To start the evening off, local folk-top artist Off The Sky (Lexington – [www.databloem.com](http://www.databloem.com)) played a brilliant show laden with atmospheric post-rock guitar swells bathed in broken beats. Jason tweaked his guitar through a laptop while guest Theremin player Chris Cprek created a spooky sci-fi sound-scape nestled atop a well composed maze of tunes that brought to mind the stylings of similar artists “Pole”, “Sigur Ros”, and “Christian Fennez”. I was especially blown away by the incredible resynthesized Baraka-esque video timed perfectly and dancing in full glory across the wall behind the artist(s).

Joshua Treble (Cincinnati – [www.intr-version.com](http://www.intr-version.com)), the following set, took the mood down even lower into the cold depths of the space with a dark chilling set that would have made even the most happy-go-lucky weep like a little baby. The video even aptly shifted into a gritty b&w Brother's Quay still-frame flic perfectly complimenting Trebles' Prozac post rock horror soundtrack with beautiful resonance. Joshua daftly manipulated his laptop producing an impromptu set of click-ambience sunken beneath a watery torpid drone similar in taste to an “Oval” meets “Can” goulash.

The night was finally broken down to it's most sub-strata layer when the headlining act Acceleradeck (Alabama - [www.scarcelight.com](http://www.scarcelight.com)) birthed a caustic fetus of impromptu avant-scrape right on stage. Using a myriad of hand made tools coupled with a PC, Chris Jeeley tweaked and twiddled out an interpretative morph between a fucked up industrial monster and my car when I try to start it on a cold morning. “No-Core”, as Chris humorously coined, is his own style of music that fits like a glove and “serves as a parody for the one-to-many hybrid genres running amok today”.

The show went over well with over 50 in attendance (I even heard the artists got paid) and was a breath of fresh air amidst the typical indi/bar-rock predomination that this town has to offer. Needless to say Off The Sky, J Treble, and Acceleradeck bent my perception royally whilst touching my palette in a new weird way – somewhat like a candy flavored 9v on the tip of my tongue. Yum.

- Michael Corder

EVERYONE SINGS CAROLS WITH

Wing



## The Beautiful Inspiration of WING

It's been a long time since a song has brought me to tears of sorrow and simultaneous joy. However, the beautiful inspiration of WING's version of Ava Maria did just that. Her style is reminiscent of the Big Band era, where an accomplished vocalist puts his/her vocal mark upon a well-known piece of music. That is just the frosting. WING is also a traditional Chinese woman who lives in New Zealand, and these cultures come out strongly in her work. Her tonality is unexpected and pure, and her voice is incredibly strong. The combination of traditions and her obvious dedication and passion for the music soars in WING's version of Memory (from the musical CATS) contained on the album WING Sings All Your Favorites. Equal in strength, her cover album of the Carpenters greatest hits, WING Sings the Carpenters, reveals a more playful side to the artists vocals. In an e-mail interview with the artist WING thanks her teachers and inspires young singers...

-Irene Moon



# WIAA?

## (What Is Americana Anyway?)

by Radio Joe, Americana Grunt, Runner & Unofficial Director

(with thanks and apologies to the Real Directors who run WRFL with an iron hand in a velvet glove, especially Leslia and Mikey, and special thanks to the ever vigilant Sean, without whom I could not have received the 2003 Mikey Award for 'DUDE WITH MORE MAIL THAN SHAREEF'. I would like to share this award with Jack Lemmon... oh wait, isn't he dead...?)

Back before the snow was flying (it's Christmas Eve as I write this), Kelly Lu, our illustrious RiFLe editor asked for volunteers to fill this issue of WRFL's companion magazine. Always a sucker for a pretty face, a grass skirt over bloody nunchucks long-johns, and a nice pair of coconuts (long story), I jumped at the chance. I'm one of those avid readers who wanted to be a writer, but I lack the time, patience and persistence to make that happen. So I became an electrical engineer (UK Class of '77). After 26 years my dad still thinks I can fix anything. My mother just wants to be sure my job at the electric company doesn't involve climbing utility poles.

Having been born and raised in the 60's (that's NINETEEN-60's) in extreme Southeastern Kentucky, I heard all kinds of "hillbilly music", mostly via that modern miracle, the transistor radio. Yes, I actually owned radios with vacuum tubes and bakelite knobs in wooden cases. Still do. Shhhhh...

I grew up in a coal camp, at the foot of the mountain, at the head of the holler, whatever, as far back into Harlan County as you can go without crossing into Southwestern Virginia. During the day the only radio station around was WCPM-AM in Cumberland. If you drove past the first curve of the serpentine two-lane blacktop laughingly known as US Highway 119 ("the Harlan road"), the signal would fade to black every time.

WCPM played top 40 for us kids after school was out each day, but most of the time, WCPM played country music. So I heard a lot of what we call "Classic country" music every summer vacation. Whether I was riding my bike, hanging out around the house, or cruising downtown Cumberland, my radio was never far away. That was back when country wasn't cool, in many other parts of the world anyway; a time when bluegrass and "old-timey" or "mountain" music were an equal part of country music. At night, I listened to Fort Wayne Indiana's WOWO or Chicago's WLS, so pop music of the time was also a big influence. Sometimes on Saturday nights, cruising solo in my dad's Buick, or alone in my room, I listened to the Grand Ole Opry's amplitude modulated signal crackle across the airwaves from WSM in Nashville. Bill Monroe, Jim & Jesse and the Osborne Brothers were just as much a part of the nearly 100 year old radio program as were Roy Acuff, Faron Young and Hank Snow. It all made sense then.

Then came the British Invasion of the mid-60's that almost destroyed the country music industry. It was saved, though, and later flourished, thanks to men like guitar-picker and RCA executive Chet Atkins, who created "the Nashville Sound" in the late 60's, and Owen Bradley, who produced long strings of hit records for George Jones, Tammy Wynette, Loretta Lynn and many others. How? By adding lavish arrangements and instrumentation previously foreign to country music: horns, drums, electric guitars and in many cases, entire orchestras. This, along with the use of demographics and modern marketing techniques, evolved into the monotonous, over-produced pop drivel heard today on "country radio".

In the 1980's, artists like Emmylou Harris, Nanci Griffith, Steve Earle, Robert Earl Keen, Jr., and Lyle Lovett came to Nashville from Texas to make a change for the better, but the big record companies largely rejected their advances, not wanting to rock the boat. Emmylou Harris had the most success in mainstream country during the 80's. Steve Earle (who along with Griffith, Lovett and others is now an extremely successful alternative-country artist) once declared "if Garth Brooks is country, then I ain't", and also referred to Shania Twain as "the world's highest paid lap-dancer". Thanks in no small part to movies like (shudder) "Oh Brother Where Art Thou" and the less popular "Songcatcher" (five stars), American roots music has garnered new interest in just about all age groups. Unfortunately, the mainstream country music media, notably CMT, has taken note of the renewed interest and is trying to ride it to ruination. Relatively unknown bluegrass and alt-country artists who were previously shunned by electronic and printed media are now honored guests and subjects. Americana music supporters hailed the the "Oh Brother" phenomenon (\$\$\$) as a godsend, hoping that roots music would take its rightful place alongside other money-making genres. I said, "Be careful what you wish for".

So what is Americana? Gram Parsons called it "Cosmic American Music", a category including blues, rock & roll, folk, bluegrass, country, and related forms of American roots music. Rob and Michael play the real thing on The Hot Burrito Show every Sunday from Noon until 3pm. WRFL also spotlights old and new Bluegrass music on The Blue Yodel #9, each Saturday from 9am - Noon, hosted by Dave Kiser and Zeke Buttons, two great DJs with very different but very true styles of presenting the goods. They are followed by acoustic afficianados Joe Gierlach's and Bob Gregory's lucid presentation of 3 hours of traditional and contemporary folk on The Hard Travelling Revue from Noon - 3pm. Hang with us all day Saturday, at least until you get out of bed.

"I have an almost romantic view of music when it comes to those types of things. Every song on an album should have the emotional impact that'll make you want to pull your car off the highway and listen" -

Emmylou Harris



# Miss Kitty in the Big City: Kittytwister and the Hot Dogs/The Smacks! With The Clutters and The Pink Sexies \* At Murphey's in Memphis

Rather than a caravan consisting of two ailing tiny Toyota Corollas busting like clown cars at the seams with guitars and amps and cords and fog machines and all other necessities, Kittytwister and the Hot Dogs/The Smacks! decided to rent a vehicle large enough to accommodate us all for the trip. For the weekend we reserved an SUV—that's right, a Suburban fucking Ussault Vehicle—and after an excruciating hour on the phone with a disgruntled representative from National car rentals, I reserved it on my credit card. Todd and I arrived at the airport at 8 A.M. Saturday morning to pick up the car. To make this long story short, they told me that they wouldn't take my bank's VISA debit as a legitimate credit card. They tell me this an hour before we are supposed to leave, not like, when I made the reservation on that same card or anything. After a wasted hour of trying to reason with the desk clerk beyond corporate policy schpiels, I finally gave up and left. Luckily, we found a place that happily accepted Brian's "legitimate" credit card and handed over an SUV insured up to a million dollars and we hit the road just barely two hours later than we meant to. Rock n' roll.

I went to sleep in the car and didn't wake up until we hit the "Patsy Cline Rest Area" somewhere in the heart of Tennessee, where the soda machines were out of everything I wanted and twice I nearly ran into a large woman walking back and forth aimlessly around the pet walking area with a caged canary and a dachshund.

Despite the dramatic morning we made good time to Memphis and the boys found Mike's house without any exotic detours. Mike runs Wrecked 'Em Records—[www.wrecked-em.com](http://www.wrecked-em.com) ---a wonderful source of big loud fun with or without the whiskey. Much to the delight of The Smacks!, his tasteful house was sprinkled liberally with KISS memorabilia from signed photos to books and videos to a pinball machine. I complimented him on his otherwise impeccable taste in interior decorating, nice colors and feng shui and what have you. "Thanks, I bought this house from the gay guy down the street!"

Next we talked about Hasil. The legendary Hasil Adkins is an occasional house guest of ours whenever he comes to Lexington to play shows. Once a year or so Todd will drive out to Madison Boone Co. West Virginia, turn past the second big curve in the road and descend into Hasil's lair to shuttle him out to Kentucky for a show. The last time he came through town he managed to consume nearly overnight a family sized package of bacon and a case or two of beer. He sold out the show and played to a rowdy crowd packed shoulder to shoulder in the bar.

Mike pulled a preserve jar filled with sliced peaches and a hazy looking liquid out from under his kitchen sink. It had contained moonshine, which had been completely consumed the last time Hasil had paid a visit to Memphis and stayed over at his house. "It's Jack Daniels," Mike said. "He finished off the moonshine, poured the Jack in, shook it around in there and kept swigging on it. I just can't throw it away."

The other bands arrived at Mike's and our gracious host grilled hot dogs and hamburgers for us in the backyard while we lounged around, drank beer, and played with his two dogs.

We arrived at Murphey's to a decent sized crowd already milling about. The Memphis Flyer, the free local A&E rag, featured a fine write up of the show. Chris Davis writes: "It's been a long time since I popped in a CD that made me dance like someone had poured battery acid down my pants. But the eponymous EP from Knoxville's PINK SEXIES did just that." He says THE CLUTTERS "have that second-tier British-Invasion sound," and THE SMACKS! "are just plain silly. They are alternately the best and the worst band in this line-up, with songs that range from painfully noisy to devilishly inspired." (Kitty Twister and the Hot Dogs joined the party with a mini set to kick off the evening right and warm that stage up proper for The Smacks!—However there are plans in the works for KT & The Smacks! to whip up a seamless split set together to promote an up coming split 7" record!)

KittyTwister and the Hot Dogs hopped up onstage and whipped out the rock n' roll. We just broke the set right open with "The Kitty Twist." I tottered around in my high heels, swishing my skirts and purring about. The crowd ate it up like cotton candy at the fair. After all, what's not to like?! That is, until Todd's bass pedal broke in the middle of the third or fourth song. Fortunately, Steph from The Clutters quickly threw another one our way and someone in the crowd yelled for us to start "Your Love" over again. We played five or six songs and finished up with "I wanna Play with your Poodle," which even got them moving around a bit. One guy in a green t-shirt was sitting at a table down in front of the stage to my left, was Whooing! and waving at me much to the dismay of his lady friend who elbowed him in the ribs. After the song I heard her say to him "Don't clap! That's disgusting!" Not sure whether she meant the song ("You're little poodle's got long shaggy hair! It's face looks just like a lil' grizzly bear!") or the part where I flashed my leopard lingerie, or whether they were just having some petty personal tiff. I just laughed and slid my way over to the bar for a whiskey drink.



The Smacks! played a solid gold set list featuring such classics as the cock rocker "I'm so Big," the surfastic instrumental "Into the Negative Zone," the hit single "Sex Apple," and the Kip Tyler cover "She's My Witch." They played "Heavens on Fire" for their encore, with a nod to "Memphis Mike" for his Southern hospitality. The addition of a gong—yes, that's right, a gong—to their arsenal of antics and "special" effects added a smashing touch as nearly each and every song ended with a resounding clash that rang over into the first cords of the next. What can truly be sexier than a man in fishnets, a little purple cheerleader skirt, and a baby-t shirt that says "Princess" playing a guitar solo with a chipped vinyl record and dancing to the flailing rock beats of the world's most indomitably stylish arthritic drummer?! Hot Dog! I dunno, but I may admittedly be slightly biased.

Nashville's very own The Clutters kept that party going, pouring on the steady energy and highly danceable distortion fuzzy guitar rock. Their set list included but certainly was not limited to a snazzy cover of the Sonics' song, "The Witch," the loud, swingy "Cup of Coffee (and a cigarette)," and a perfect skirt-shakin three cord power bopper they like to call "Busted Dreams, Broken Heart" that can be found on their latest release entitled "The Drew E.P." Hightail it to [www.theclutters.com](http://www.theclutters.com) immediately for some MP3s and more info on that. Fierce Steph on the drums keeps a deliciously tight beat, her red pigtails bobbing back and forth while Doug nonchalantly slung his guitar licks and belted out the lyrics. Meanwhile, I sold a couple CDs for the Smacks! and Brian's brother Derrick called the cell phone, which Brian answered with "Yeah! I'm at a rock show!" and immediately held the phone up towards the band.

Knoxville's Pink Sexies pounced the stage and at last every single person in the bar was up on their feet twisting around. "That guy is so crazy!" the guy beside me at the bar gleefully hollered, indicating singer P.S. Corvette, who shortly thereafter threw himself into the crowd, thrashing around on his knees, and began to simulate a blow job on Mike, who raised his beer and pointed downwards. At this point the guy in the green t-shirt surreptitiously appeared in front of me. He leaned over and said something to the girl on his left, who pushed him away with a look of utter disgust. Then he whirled around and began begging a kiss on the cheek from me. "Will you go back over there then?" He nodded. I leaned over and pecked his cheek and pushed him back off towards the other side of the room. "You don't want to know him!" the girl in front of me tried to warn me. "It's okay, he's going home all by himself tonight and I live in Kentucky and I probably won't ever see that guy again." She was apparently reassured and clinked her cocktail against my whiskey. The Pink Sexies meanwhile thrashed and bounced around, playing "Frankenhooker," "Bye Bye Zombie," and "Do the Dance," from their latest self-titled CD among other songs from their upcoming release on Wrecked 'Em Records. At the end

of their final song, William, the bass player, raised his guitar above his head and crashed it down onstage, snapping the neck instantly.

After the show we piled all the equipment and our friend Mike back into the SUV and went back to his place. The party trailed along behind us to Mike's. Brian and Todd surveyed Mike's video collection and stood in a corner muttering things like "Miami 1983! Amazing!" and "Hey, I went to that same show!" until Mike bellowed "Check this out!" and produced a copy of the infamous Tom Snyder interview, taped Halloween night 1979 featuring rare footage of Ace Frehley, the least outspoken member of KISS, freely shooting the shit with the host of The Tomorrow Show and delightfully dressing a teddy bear found on the set up in his shimmering armbands. Entertainment to say the least.

A small girl with short blonde hair in a plaid skirt and clunky combat boots was walking around with a tape recorder and a microphone, demanding that people "say something." When a guy asked her what she was recording all this for she replied that she didn't know, but she guessed it was for some reason because she already had 4 or 500 cassette tapes full of random recordings saved up. He said "Is there really a tape in there or are you just carrying that thing around and seeing who is dumb enough to talk into your backpack?" and she dumped out her bag and pulled apart her cassette recorder to show him that it did have a tape.

Somehow it got to be six in the morning, most of the people trickled out of the house and moved along, and as the sun came up Todd and I crashed on an inflatable mattress on the living room floor while Brian and Sarah passed out on the sofa in front of a Dean Martin infomercial.

Needless to say, after an early afternoon hangover brunch at a nearby Cracker Barrel, we hit the road and made it home in time for Mr. Dockery to host The Late Late show from midnite to three A.M. on WRFL. Memphis was damn good to us and we shall definitely try to bring The Clutters and The Pink Sexies up this way to a club near you as soon as possible.

-Jessi Fehrenbach



# THE BEATUY OF GROTESQUE

## Th' Legendary Shack\*Shakers delve deep into the Southern psyche

*“As soon as I hear the first chord struck on guitar it's almost like starting a car up. It's almost like Pavlovian at this point. I kind of have a bipolar problem too – I guess that's obvious. Before hand I get really sleepy before a show. I get kinda down, because I know it's like the calm before the storm and then I'll kind of sulk for a good solid hour and then I'll turn it on as soon as that chord is struck. From there on out...”* Colonel J.D. Wilkes

The phrase ‘From there on out’ covers a lot of possibilities when discussing the charismatic lead singer/harmonica player from Th' Legendary Shack\*Shakers. You'll get a guy blowing the hell out of the harmonica and singing with ravaged fury as he fronts the Shack\*Shakers supped-up version of rock & roll, blues and country.

Then there is everything else – which basically adds up to an evening worth of good, old-fashioned chaos. Like when the band rolled through the Dame in late November. Wilkes danced and flailed manically about the stage – as usual. He was continually shot snot out of his nose, and if you were in the jam-packed front some of that wayward mucus could land on or about you – as usual. The topless Wilkes ripped out clumps of his chest hair, armpit hair, and pubic hair, and let it flutter through the air – as usual.

In addition, something the Colonel had eaten did not quite agree with his intestinal tract, and he after an early blistering tune he shared with the audience that he just crapped his pants. Usually, one could probably just laugh that off, but with the Colonel's over-the-top intensity and penchant for sideshow themes, you seriously had to wonder.

It didn't slow him down one bit though. “I've seen him throw-up before, during, and after a show because he was so sick and he put out just as much as he would on a night where he feels like a million bucks. He feels a sense of obligation to people who paid their ticket,” says Shack\*Shakers upright bassist Mark Robertson.

The positive proof of that came late in the set as he barked a sermon to the crowd on the righteous musical path he wanted them to take. Standing upon the drum set he pounded and pounded on the wall of the Dame with passionate conviction. Then he let one fly and punched a big, fat hole through the club's wall.

Robertson adds some more insight. “I do a lot of our bookwork and paying the bills. So if I have to buy a new ceiling fan because he destroyed one at a gig, I'm like, ‘Dude, I'm not getting paid tonight



because of you.’ Then again I would never tell him not to – it's worth it.”

A couple days before that November show, the band (including Joe Buck on guitar and Pauly Simonz on drums) was holed up in their adoptive home base of Nashville where they were working on the follow-up to their 2003 debut **Cockadoodledon't (Bloodshot)**.

Wilkes talks about the new album, and its heavy blues influence by describing it as the best of what the blues has to offer without all that Stevie Ray and Jonny Lang stuff. “We're making a primal, caveman blues record. The rudimentary of the music instead of the way it has kind of turned into nowadays,” he says.

That got us talking about the fact that 2003 was deemed the “Year of the Blues,” which led to much fanfare, and a PBS series dedicated to the genre.

The series further fueled Wilkes love/hate relationship with the canon of music known as the blues. “It just comes across like they're skull-fucking the corpse of the blues more than anything. These yuppie blues clubs claim to be juke joints, but they bring in some sort of high-dollar designer to make it look all slummy – there's a whole movement there.”

“They were bringing in all these people to comment on, sing and supposedly update the art form when really, I think there's no reason to update the art form or have to legitimize it by bringing in Lucinda Williams or John Spencer or Bonnie Raitt,” Wilkes rants. “There's no need for that. What the fuck do I care what those people have to say. I mean, I guess, really someone can say the same things about the Shack\*Shakers, but at the end we're not making pure blues music and we don't claim to be the proponents of that art form. I wouldn't feel good about being considered the next generation of the blues. I love that music – in fact it's my favorite kind of music, but it's not whatever Bonnie Raitt's playing.”

He wasn't sure the blues are what Bobby Rush is playing either, but it intrigued Wilkes as the most notable segment of the PBS documentary. Rush, a unique individual to the say the least, plays the chitlin circuit with what Wilkes calls “almost unlistenable, Casio-driven, ghetto-toned funk.”

Rush's material is sexually explicit (x10) and his concert footage in the documentary was a raunchy, over-the-top exhibit that gave new meaning to booty shaking. Insulting to some and beautiful to others, either way it was hard to stop watching (and in case you missed it – easily one of the most memorable television moments in quite some time).

“Most people would probably be appalled if they accidentally attended one of his shows – but it's like the perfect chitlin circuit stuff and where blues naturally evolved to like it or not,” Wilkes proclaims.

“There's no jive there; the guy's just playing for his type of people. He's not playing to the yuppies. It's just what it is unabashedly. He was just the guy I liked best on that whole series – for all the wrong reasons or right reasons – I don't know? The Jerry Curls, the chitlins – and I love all that stuff, because

I know that the yuppies won't go that far with it. They're gonna be scared off. I thought about going to a Bobby Rush show, but musically, I don't know – I really can't stand it,” Wilkes decides. “But I'm glad that it's unlistenable.”

Wilkes and the Shack\*Shakers' showboatin' blues carry high entertainment value live, but within their songs they also want weight and substance. Avoiding topical and pop culture references, the Colonel knows what **not** to write about. “I just don't want it to come across, our version of Southern Gothic, as having a Jerry Springer darkness. I want it to be somewhat more Flannery O'Connor or timeless. You just don't sing about PBR and trailer parks.”

A native of the Commonwealth, Wilkes grew up in Paducah as well as Louisiana and Mississippi. In his writing he often tries to grab that certain something in the South that he's experienced. “It's about trying to capture the intangible elements,” Wilkes begins. Those strange dynamics that are in the air down here in the South – those strange sort of ethereal, mystical things floating around in the culture. I don't pay attention to all that other crap – the **WB Network**, judge shows and **COPS**. There's just too much of this white trash pride that I don't have a clue as to what that is. I don't think that it's a very proud thing to be white trash. It's a proud thing to be Southern, but not white trash. The two aren't the same thing in my mind.”

A quality example of Wilkes's strong writing prowess comes courtesy of “Blood on the Bluegrass,” a retelling of the story that shook the town of Murray, Kentucky to its core.

“That was the late 90's,” Wilkes recalls. “A vampire cult – actually it was kind of a Dungeons & Dragons kind of group that were role playing, and it got out of hand and they actually went down to Florida and killed this girl's parents.”

“Roderick Farrell was the ringleader of this group of teenagers that got together in graveyards and were role playing vampire games and he ended taking a crowbar to her parents – it really shook the town. It was one these kind of weird, small town scandals that just got creepier each day when you opened up the newspaper – like different details coming forth about this and that – it was just real grizzly. When I wrote that I wanted it to sound like a timeless murder ballad. I didn't want to like talk about role playing games and Dungeons & Dragons.”

Those Southern intangibles he's in search of even extend Wilkes's eye-popping theatrics. “We are delving into some side show themes and all that, but to me it's the beauty of that grotesque – that timeless grotesque that I'm after. I'm not after any kind of ephemeral, cable TV vibe. To me that cheapens it. There's something special and mystical about the old Dixieland of yore – the sideshows and the secrets that it held and the grotesque nature of that whole South. There's a beauty to it – there's a sweet melancholy or a sweet bitterness.”

And when you combine sweet bitterness with cranked-up rock & roll and a frontman who can completely devour your senses – what more do you demand? Th' Legendary Shack\*Shakers are out to prove it's a combination that's hard to pass up. They're scheduled to storm through Lexington again in March, and once the band takes the stage, that first chord vibrates in your ears, and the Colonel braces himself to let loose – from there on out...

by Mookie



**This should be the mantra you see when you view what WRFL has become today. I was originally going to write a piece about the underworld of networking that happens at places like UK and the various things that I generally find humorous about the University environment but instead I've decided to write about something a little closer to the readers of RiFLe... How I remember WRFL when I first came here.**

**It was a mild spring day when I first stepped foot inside of WRFL almost 6 years ago now... I worked for Network Operations then. We had been called to look at the AP Newswire in the main lobby to try to determine what was wrong. At that time the newswire ran on an OLD (even for that time) PowerMac. I remember distinctly when my associate and co-worker sat down at the computer and marveled at the black mouse on the desktop. This was years before black came into "style" for computers and their peripherals... so I decided to test it. After noticing that the cord itself was not a black but the regular beige I then pulled out my pocket knife and peeled a layer of filth off the mouse. We never touched it again with our bare hands; instead we kept a piece of paper between our hands and the vileness that was the mouse. After spending a little under an hour in the room, we left hurriedly hoping to never return. The biggest problem was that the whole place, from the on-air room, to the main lobby area, all of it, wreaked of piss. I'm not talking about the faint smell of piss that you find in a public restroom, we're talking bums in a stairwell piss. I knew there was a bathroom there but I couldn't imagine that smell came from anywhere but the floor itself.**

**Long is  
the way  
And hard,  
that out  
of Hell  
leads up  
to light.**

**— John  
Milton**

**It was then I realized I'd never willingly step foot in there again... until recently. I was kindly asked by an old associate of mine to help with the network needs of my new department (Student Affairs). I feared coming back... leaving smell like someone else's piss and having to touch equipment so dirty I couldn't stand to think about it. I was taken aback at the site I viewed when I first went through the door. There, in front of me were several new eMacs and iMacs... a new on air room that was completely different from the hole on the wall I saw before... I left astounded (and not smelling like urine).**

**Over the past year I've worked with the crew from WRFL to get things like their online stream up and running... a server functioning and redirecting their web services to the faster backbone of campus. Getting to work with such a diverse group of DJs, Directors, etc has really given me a lot of perspective on my work here at the University. Probably the most gratifying moment was a couple of weeks after I got the stream of WRFL online. I had a DJ say to me that his friends that left and were back in other countries could now tune in and get a little piece of home as well as his parents who now could listen to their son on the radio as he played. I had never thought of it like that before.**

**Now... even later there is new carpet down, new CD shelves installed, and a whole myriad of other things that have improved. WRFL is no longer the dank, piss-smelling hole that it once was. It has become a first rate radio station with superb management, an excellent variety of music and has remained, as always, a free voice in the Lexington radio scene. Congrats WRFL and I look forward to seeing what comes next!**

**Jack King**

AC: That was *Silk Mill Girls* from the new Wishing Chair and Kara Barnard CD, Dishpan Brigade. My guests today have been described as songwriting, string dancing, accordion playing, harmony singing, story telling, hand drumming, banjo strumming, soul stirring, two women tour de force. <laughter> Formed in 1995 by award-winning songwriters and multi-instrumentalists Miriam Davidson and Kiya Heartwood, Wishing Chair has recorded five CDs on the Terrakin label. Their fifth CD, Dishpan Brigade, is a collaboration with Kara Barnard, and the band is celebrating the release with a party at the Carnegie Center this Friday. Hello Miriam and Kiya!

KH: Hey, there, Anna!

AC: Welcome to WRFL.

KH & MD: Thank you.

AC: And my first, uh, live interview.

KH: Cool. MD: Well, it's not your first live interview.

AC: My first one here with this equipment.

MD: Okay.

AC: Tell me what you have planned for this CD release party?

KH: Well it's gonna be a chance to give away trees. We're starting a program where we're hoping that we'll get people excited about the idea of having a festival kind of situation where we order a bunch of trees from a forestry... <sounds louder, as AC just realized she didn't have KH's microphone on> There, ah, hello, hello everyone.

AC: Sorry about that... I just realized...

KH: Anyway, what's going to happen is that we're gonna... We're giving away trees. We're having a big festival. A number of bands are playing. WAG is doing an art show about making a difference. There's gonna be people from Sierra Club and from Kentucky Heartwood there. Basically, it's going to be a big party. Just a big party.

AC: Excellent. So, how did you and Kara Barnard meet, and when did you realize you wanted to collaborate?

MD: Well, let's see. We met at the National Women's Music Festival I guess about four...?

KH: Yeah, four years ago.

MD: ...Four years ago, and were thrown together on stage, literally. Like, "Hey come play this." "Okay." It just...it went over really big, and we had a very fun time. It seemed like a good idea at the time, you know, to play some shows together. The more times we went out and did that with each other we realized that we really needed

a product that represented what we did as a trio, which we didn't have at that time.

KH: Kara's like a champion Winfield - very fast, clean banjo. That was her playing the banjo on that last tune. Mandolin, she plays dulcimer, she plays the saw, she plays... So, her and Miriam were kind of like battling out for how many instruments they can play all at once, and so...

AC: But didn't you win on this one?

KH: No, no, no, I'm just...I just play guitar.

MD: You may have. With the secret instrumentalist...

KH: I might have actually won out on this CD 'cause I got to play lots of, um, industrial noise things...

AC: On that last track.

KH: Lots of drums. I got to play lots of different drums. For the most part, it's a great combination, because she can sit in on all our singer/songwriter-y stuff and we can be her bluegrass-backing band. So, it just takes us in a little bit different direction than we are going by ourselves. It's really a lot of fun, and she's a very good performer, so it's a good rowdy show.

AC: What are some of the things you like about collaborating with someone you don't always perform with? What are some of those difficulties you might run across doing that?

MD: Well, sometimes you don't know what to expect, 'cause you don't get a chance to rehearse with each other that much. We get together and rehearse as often as we can, so there's always that element of surprise and fear. <laughs> You know? The spontaneous. Kiya and I work together all of the time, so we can kind of almost intuit what's going to go on and know how to play off of each other in that way. Even though we've performed together a lot with Kara, and know her very well, there's always that... you just don't know. So it's kind of like improv, sometimes. <laughs> That's a good thing, I think. Keeps you on your toes, and it's also kind of a terrifying thing at the same time.

KH: It's a good stretch. I really appreciate a lot of traditional music, and that's where Kara's heart lies. We do mostly original music, even though we're experimenting a lot with mixing loop hip-hop kind of drums with a real traditional song style, and so those two things don't normally live in the same box. We're doing that, so Kara's even pulling us further so we can experiment a lot with different styles that Wishing Chair might not necessarily play by themselves. Does that make sense?

AC: Mmm-hmm, definitely. You recorded and engineered most of Dishpan Brigade in your own studio.

How was this process different from what you did on previous CDs?

MD: We're getting better at it! <laugh>

KH: Yeah, it's kind of a learning curve deal. I mean, I produced a lot of records because I had to and because it turns out that I kind of have a knack for it. At first we'd hire out the engineering. Then we got into a desperate situation where we didn't really have the money, but we really were ready to make a CD. I got this idea that I would rent the gear and learn. So, on [The Ghost of] Will Harbut, I rented all the gear and I engineered it. Then a friend of mine helped to finish it up - do the mixing and the mastering. Then, on the next one, on Crow, I did even more engineering, and we made enough money on Will to pay for the gear, so I bought the gear. I bought ADATs -- 8-track ADAT recorder. Then, this last one, Crow, made enough money that we could get a ProTools rig. So, now I've got a ProTools studio, and I'm doing all of it. I'm doing the mixing and everything, and it turns out I like doing it. Creatively, it's really... you don't have to explain in English what you're thinking of in your mind, and that's a real nice thing. Of course, you know, my goal is to get good enough that we can fire me <laughter> and hire other people to do it because it is



# Wishing Chair on WRFL



a little hard to wear both hats. You're singing and you have to push the buttons at the same time, and it's not very emotionally happening at the moment when you're trying to get your guts on tape, and you're sitting there worrying about the levels, so it's not necessarily a good thing. I'm really glad I learned those skills. I think it's made us better musicians, as well.

AC: Do you think having been on that side, would you be able to sit back and relax, and let someone else do it?

KH: Absolutely! MD: Mmm-hmm.

KH: Yeah, because you know when someone is doing it right, and you can lay back. It's good.

AC: If you had more time to record would you have done everything on this one yourself?

KH: Uh... no. Because we're working musicians, we don't really have the money and time. I can't go back to school and do this. So, the way I learn is I find someone...like for mastering... I'm a long way from being a mastering engineer. Mastering is when you've got all your mixes of each of the songs -- mastering is what makes all of those songs fit together on the same CD, and the levels and all that. So, a mastering engineer is like the crème de la crème, and a good one is worth their weight in gold. So, I hire somebody I know is a whole lot better than me, that's a nice person, and that is happy to share the information and then I sit there and learn. It's like apprenticing yourself. At each stage, every CD I just do a little bit more. It may be that I am not good at some element and I will always hire that part out, I don't know, but so far I've been able to learn. It's really fun, once you get into it. I kind of like it. I'm becoming a nerd. <laughter> A studio rat.

AC: I'm gonna shift gears a little bit and talk about some of the songs on the CD. This is such a variety of styles on this record. I'm gonna start off by asking you about *Precious Ruby Reds*. What made you decide to re-record this one? You had it out on an earlier album, and I really like the way you've done it on this one. I just want to know what brought you to that stage of doing it?

MD: I think this version is a little truer to the spirit of the song, which is always nice to get a chance to fix the things you screwed up the first time. When we first started playing with Kara, we were trying to find repertoire that worked as a trio. A repertoire that we already had in our respective pockets. This was a song that seemed to work

really well, and it seemed like a nice change-up to the other songs that were on the record, too.

KH: We have a really nice three vocal blend, so we can do things that we can't do when it's just the two of us. Unless it's the wonders of technology where you can sing with yourself. Live, we can do this three-part harmony stuff that is pretty tight, and get that Andrews Sisters kind of blend going on with a swing thing. That's what's really nice about *Precious Ruby Reds*. We were able to do it really retro and have fun with it. It's more relaxing, too, the second time you go around. It's like a remix.

AC: Alright! Well, let's listen to this remix.

<Precious Ruby Reds>

AC: Now, where did that ending come from? <laughter>

KH: That's, uh... My friend, Mark Hallman, that has a studio in Austin (Congress House Studio), where we did some of the mixing and put some of the drum tracks on the CD -- his son, Taylor, was in the studio while we were working on that song, and he just started singing perfectly in pitch, over and over, "You control my destiny." So we put him on the CD. It's his first recording credit. He's very excited.

MD: At five.

KH: He's very cool.

AC: On previous CDs, as well as this one, you have songs that bring to life historical events and people. I must say, this is a little uncommon for contemporary songwriters. Where do you find the inspiration for these songs?

KH: I'm a freak. I like a lot of old ballads and I'm really into English trad. A lot of those artists were mining the old well, you know? I got in love with those forms of songwriting. I've been writing a really long time. I've been making CDs for twenty years. You make your first couple of CDs, and your natural songwriting style comes out. Then, pretty soon, you get bored with yourself, or you bore everyone else because everything starts sounding the same, so you've got to push yourself. I'm always looking for a new form of song. By the form, I mean, "Where's the verse? Where's the chorus? What's this song about?" And trying to see, "Oh, I wonder if I could write a song about this?" It's more of a challenge -- setting up challenges. I started studying Robert Burns and all these old Scottish ballads, and then I wrote that Will Harbut song in a really old song form. It's like Irish-Scot...

it's a curse ballad. The bards used to... the bards were allowed to say bad things about the King and other people couldn't. There's a long history of songs that slam people in authority, and it shames them into behaving correctly. I thought it was a really cool idea to do that in a modern setting. I was really mad about the way that Lexington had been developed. I wanted to write a song about that, so I took a very Kentucky story and turned it into that kind of song. Then I did it more on purpose. After that, I got kind of interested. I hear a cool story or a historical story, or read something in a book, and I think, "Okay, how can I turn this into a song?" It's really a challenge because you have to tell the whole story in maybe four minutes, or five minutes tops. So you have to be very clear about what images you use, and are they helping to tell the story. It's like cutting it down to haiku.

AC: On the CD, *Crow*, you have a song called *Goody Hallett*. One of the characters in it is a pirate, and at no point do I think you actually refer to him as such, but the description of him, within just a couple of lines completely has this picture of this very handsome and rogue-ish pirate. A ladies man of sorts. It didn't take a whole lot to say that.

KH: Thank you. They were kind of the rock stars of the 1700s.

<laughter> They were. The idea for that song came from a museum up in Provincetown where they brought remnants of this wreck. The guy in the story is named Sam Bellamy, and his ship goes down two hundred yards from the beach where he's going back to get his woman. They brought all these things up from the wreck, so when you go through the museum there's pewter plates and forks. There were these incredible boot buckles that were ostentatious and very expensive and classy. I could just see him in my mind, and then I just read everything I could about him and turned it into a song.

AC: So the song on *Dishpan Brigade*, the title track, is one of those story songs about a real life person and event. Where did this come from?

KH: I was just feeling powerless in the post 9/11 universe. Of course disturbed by that event, but very disturbed by our reaction to that event, and wanting to find examples of people making change without having a lot of money. Obviously, we're just folksingers from Kentucky, kind of alternative, and not really

accepted in one camp or the other. We don't have a lot of money. We're not Republicans. We're not guys. We're pagan women. There's not a lot of power there, but people have made a difference. Mother Jones is one of those people -- Mary Harris. I read the story where she had gotten all these women involved in a strike, and the women shamed the scabs into leaving. It was a real effective technique. The first time it happened was 1900 in Arno, Pennsylvania in the coalfields. The story was so perfect. They called those women the dishpan brigade, and that was the whole concept behind the record. The concept of our record release is we can make a difference individually. You have to look at where you're at and find something that you can do. Where we're at is Lexington, Kentucky. What we can do is we can throw a concert. We can throw a party. Our friends are Reel World and Mother Jane, the Bootleggers from Louisville, who are a great band, and Kara, are all going to play. A lot of our friends that are environmental activists are going to come and share information. We've got planting information. We've got free trees. There's a great art show by WAG, which is a really strong women's art group here in Lexington. I think it's a good start. If it works, then when the trees come in April, we'll do another concert, and take half the money from that and buy two trees and just keep doing it and see how big we can get this thing to go. See how many trees we can get planted. It's exciting.

AC: Well, let's take a listen to *Dishpan Brigade* right now.

<Dishpan Brigade>

AC: There's another song on this CD that I think carries a powerful message for people, too, and also has a story behind it. That's *Carolina*. Do you want to talk about where that came from, also?

KH: Sure. Doing the research for the *Dishpan Brigade* song, I was reading a lot about early labor organizing and child labor laws, and how we got an eight-hour workweek. How intense that time period was in America. Listening to NPR, I heard this story about this factory in Mexico where they make t-shirts for eight schools. One of the schools is Carolina, another was Iowa, and another was Indiana. I was really struck by the fact that Carolina had been so featured in the earlier stories about the dishpan brigade because of the textile mill industry. So, basically all the stuff that had been going on in America in the early 1900s was

was going on in the factories in Mexico post NAFTA. These factories – they couldn't organize and people were getting fired if they even whispered the word "union." You had kids working fourteen-hour days for no money. It made me really mad, so I wrote a song about it. That's what that song is about. Of course, I picked on Carolina because; being a UK alumnus, Carolina in general puts me in a bad mood. <laughter> So, I picked on them. Kara's from Indiana, so we couldn't really pick on Indiana, although that would have been my first choice. <laughter>

AC: I don't know, though, Indiana sung in the way you sing that chorus just doesn't have quite the same...

KH: It's not the right vowel sound, or something.

AC: Yeah. All right, let's take a listen to that one, too.

<Carolina>

AC: Oh, wow. We were just talking about this while we were listening to this song, and I want the folks out there listening to know what that sound is going through the background of Carolina.

MD: It's a saw.

AC: A saw.

KH: It's actually two tracks of saws.

MD: As in a wood saw.

AC: How do you play a saw? Can you describe that?

MD: It's one of those big... it's a big saw, you know, cut the wood with, handle on one end. I think... how does she play it? Kara plays it and she holds the handle and the smooth end away from her body, and she's got the narrow end of the saw wedged in next to her knee. She plays it with a bow, and she uses her left arm to kind of bend the saw back and forth to get the... to change the tone or the pitch.

AC: Cool. You know, not very many albums will have a saw, a fan... <laughter>

MD: Uh-huh.

AC: ...a washing machine, am I right? And other sounds on it.

KH: The electric fan was the best thing, I think. It has a real loopy sound to it. It's cool.

AC: Excellent. Well, we don't have a whole lot of time left, so let's recap the whole thing about what's going on this Friday.

MD: Sure. This Friday, we're having a CD release for Dishpan Brigade, and it's a re-tree Lexington concert. What we're trying to do is help re-plant

after the ice storms this winter. We're going to be giving away tree seeds; we're going to be taking orders for tree seedlings that we're getting from the Division of Forestry. Those will come in April, probably around Arbor Day, conveniently. The people will be able to pick up their seedlings then. It's at 8:00 this Friday at the Carnegie Center, which is opposite Transy – Gratz Park. KH: 251 W. Second St.

MD: Yes, you know it by heart. Also playing with us that night will be members of the Reel World String Band, Mother Jane, and the Bootleggers, a band from Louisville. What else can we say? You can get your tickets at the Carnegie Center.

KH: You can reserve them by going to our website which is wishingchair.com. If you send us an email, we'll hold your tickets for you as long as you pick them up before 7pm on the day of the show, you can get it at the advance price. You should definitely do that if you want to come because I think it's going to sell out – it's almost sold out.

AC: Great! Fantastic. Well, I've got time for one last song from Dishpan Brigade. This is probably one of the most unusual Wishing Chair songs I've ever heard. Maybe it's the Kara

Barnard influence, I don't know. It's definitely not in a style that I've heard you all do before this song. Where in the world did you get the idea of Beautiful Soul?

KH: Oh, you mean because it's Latino rumba?

MD: Well, it's not from Kara, that's for sure. <laughter>

KH: Kara's like, "What is this song and why are you making me play it?" I wrote it after listening to the Putumayo Gypsy Caravan CD for about nine and a half hours straight because I forgot all my other CDs, and I kind of got in the mood. You know what I mean? So, that's where it came from.

AC: Well, I'm definitely in the mood to hear it, so I hope everyone out there enjoys it. Thank you all for coming and helping me put on my first live interview at WRFL.

MD: You are welcome. KH: You did a good job, Anna.

AC: Thank you. You're listening to WRFL 88.1 FM Lexington. This is the Estrogen Nation. Tune in every Monday afternoon from 3-6 if you want to hear more of this kind of stuff. Here is Beautiful Soul.

<Beautiful Soul>

Interview by: Anna Creech



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I'M NOT FROM HERE

BY KENN MINTER

I KEEP SEEING THIS TALL, THIN, HIPPIE LADY  
AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD. I SAW HER AT THE  
GROCERY LAST NIGHT.



SHE HAS LONG FEET.



UNCA  
BILL'S

# R A N T



**Anjali** *The World of Lady A* (WIIJA/Beggars Group) Multi-culti sci-fi spy-psych lounge funk...imagine a Bollywood Brassy, or a marriage of Pizzicato 5 and the Raybeats: a tasty mélange of various hip elements, unified by Anjali's breathy do-memnow, Mister-Secret-Agent-Man vox...especially on "Misty Canyon," a soft porn soap opera theme song no doubt named after buxom Eighties smut star Christy Canyon; "Sati," a slow exotique slingue; and "Turn It On," a nice slice of spy funk spiced with the sweet sounds of girlfun... I've recently discovered a love for brass,\* so I dig the horns on this disc: the jumpin' riffs on "Asian Provocateur," the ace suave honkin' on "A Humble Girl," the delicious interplay between 70s-style horns and 60s baroque pop harp (the kind angels play, not Little Walter) in "Hymn to the Sun," like a tickle'n'tumble 'twixt the Ohio Players and the Left Banke, and "Kandi-vali Gulley," where, as tabla samples swirl, a Cold War karate fight breaks out at the roulette table in a Monte Carlo casino...also groove to the stately yet swingin' "Rainy Day," the fuzzy ragathump of "Rani of Jhansi," "Ain't No Friend" and its spooky Joy Division bass riff, and battle of solos 'tween sitar and Fender in the final track "Stinging Sitar X 9," like Ravi Shankar doin' the dozens with Link Wray...droll, dreamy and sometimes dirty, Lady A gets a good grade from Unca Bill.

**Amy Blaschke** *S/t* (Luckyhorse Industries) Dominated by Ms. Blaschke's wan sigh of a voice, this is sad-girl alt, Erin McKeown on Lithium... "Poor Old Man" has a nice, simple riff with some slink in the bricks, "Sweet Song" is almost (almost) peppy..."Reconcile" catches attention with its stumblope beat and the finisher, "Avalanche" puts some nice fx – fuzz, echo & double-track – on the vocals...Ellen sorta rocks in her affectless way on "Estranged": "Foreigner" is just a disturbed young woman with her disturbed young guitar...music for music for chicks who list Sylvia Plath in their "Favorite Books" section on Friendster.

**Blue Eyed Boy Mister Death** *S/t* (Bent Rail Foundation) Is this what they're calling "screamo?" Or is that stuff like Desaparedos? Anyway...raving ADHDcore with an actual touch for dynamics and occasional nods toward tunefulness...sounds like they recorded most of it in one big take, since many of the tracks directly segue into the next, with the opening two tracks, "A Lipstick Transfer" and "Is Your Figure Less Than Greek?" sounding like one whole song...the best example of this band's gift for great titles, "Caught In the Crotch-fire" has a nice angstfunk intro before they have the de rigueur spazz attack, while "1, 2, 3, Excuses" is a revvin' pounder that roll-skreets into the zoomin' "Your Black Tongue," the track most

straightforwardly thrash, which then segs into the painful first few minutes of "A High-heeled Vulnerability"- skip that part and move ahead to the slow, thuddin', moanin' Melvinsy second half..."Contortions of Broken Limbs" busts a classic "1-2-3-4-1-2-3-4!" move before hitting a wall of sludgy, grudgy Eyehategodli-ness...asking the Eternal Question of boho life, "It's 3 AM, What Am I Doing?" is The Ballad, I reckon, since there's a tender intro before the hammers start raining down...good lyrics, too, some of which you can actually discern through the screaming...this shit usually gets on my nerves – take yer Ritalin and stick with a riff, awready...but whereas Kaos-pilot gave me a headache, I actually dug a lotta this...these kids today, buddy, I tell you whut.

**Charms** *So Pretty* (Primary Voltage) Man, does this take me back...to the late 70's, when a thousand bar bands discovered New Wave, added keyboards and a cute chick vocalist and hopped aboard the bandwagon faster'n you could say "Sue Saad and the Next"...as original as a fratboy spankin' it to a pic of Carmen Electra, I'm sure they'd say they're just "good ol' rock'n'roll," but that's the problem, ennit? There's no kick, no quirk, no quality that raises them above the hordes of other hometown heroes who, their fans will tell you with that wounded look, "put on a great live show!"

\*In my music...I've always loved brass in my women.



Stop being the dick long enough to say "Believe" has the best use of keys, and "So Pretty" is the rockinest track...love the cover, tho'- a closeup of some cutie's sneaker-clad feet, pink leopard-print panties down around her fishnet-clad ankles, toilet pa-per scattered on the girls- room floor...yep, sure does take me back.

**Coppe Nauru** (Mango Sweet Rice) Sometimes so quiet I could hear the CD ticking in my boom-box, Coppe cuts triphop so ethereal, it makes Bjork sound like Brujeria... her wispy vox seeming back-wards even when they're not, like a mirror-world blend of Polyne-sian and Esperanto, Ms. Coppe casts spells with sonic sorceror Terry D and other savants of electro-nica...she likes it odd and eclectic, from the first track of backmasked warble, "Sponge Nomo Nani" to "Ala Moana," the final workout of tabla, Spanish guitar and tumbling bits of metal...the more coherent tunes - the fizunky, furry "Pakalolo," w/ its clangin' percussive hook; the chug-gin' "Blue" (this version re-mixed by Plaid) feechin' a nice Francodelic melodica melody; "La Liquid Lizard," based around a fab tango sample; the straight-for-ward "Sin, Coppe, Ted," mixing strong beats with piano like intermittent rain-drops; and "Durango," a dancefloor hit from the Phantom Zone - take you to a stripclub in Fairy-land...the woozier bits are often so nebulous, they

almost don't exist: "Frozen Fog" is as slurry as its sub-ject, "Mumu Mumu Picas-so Fish" is the sound of su-perballs bouncing around a haunted bistro, and "Flapper Girl" is a radio picking up various broad-casts of Mitteleuropean schmaltz heard through a pipe filled with ever-shift-ing junk and gravel...fans of Laika, Pram, Anjali and the forementioned celan-dic diva should give this a spin, especially if you got good 'phones.

**Cougars Nice, Nice** (Go Kart) A heavy, hard'n'honk-in' battle of wits between thick, slick guitars, psych-upped synth and bold, bodacious brass...from the first anthemic riff of "Close To Loud, Fast and Big," this disc rocks, Matthew Irie's first scorched words throw-ing down the gaunt-let, demanding the next dance: "Don't fuck with me, boy!" That challenge made and accepted, "She Can Wear Gold" sweeps you across the floor with its chuggin' guitars, de-manding horn riff and ace keyboard hook, as Irie's earnest squall tears open the tux to show you what the scars spell...then the pills hit the punch and the room starts to spin with the circular melody of "Flat-bush," the horns keepin' it cool 'til you slide into the smooth, jazzy break...the cicada funk of Sam Am-brosini's "synthdespizer" provides a disturbing under-tone to the thumpin' "Mustard Is Pissed," as the horns swing it and Irie yowls "But we're here to rock'n'row-OOOOL!" The

brass dips, the synth dives as the raging yet melan-choly "Moracca" charges ahead, followed by the careenin', crashin' "Slow Parts Changer"...but the epic "Michigan Sharky" is where Cougars kick their chops: big, sad'n'swingin', weaving like a heartbroken drunk from heaving sobs to throwing fists..."You say 'fuck' a lot," goes the description, moments later turning to judgment, as Irie bellows, "You say 'fuck'too much!" Then a swift segue into the in-stumental "A Friend To Dogs," the loopin' lurch slipping into a moment of almost peaceful beauty-then, zip! bang! "Kelly Has Sweater Breasts" revs into action, the drums and guitars driving on, the horns taking no guff, the keys weeping gently...only to be run down by "Duke's A Champ," galloping forth to a sudden, force-ful end...relentless yet suave, like the beamish babe of Unsane and Roxy Music; or Sweep the Leg Jehu, if you will...fans of recent Oneida and Rocket From the Crypt's more horn-hauled tunes will also mambo in the mosh pit... Brazil '666, baby!

**Dead Low Tide S/t** (Tiger Style) Big-riff rock with its heart on its sleeve, too tough to be whinecore, too twisty to be simple 'bangin': some-times like Interpol vs. Snapcase (the miniature epic, "White Flag"), or Caustic Resin as emo ("Purple Crimson and Laven-derder"), or Le Savy Fav still drunk after the Fu

# RAVES

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\* Fancy way of saying "Couldn't carry a tune in a slopbucket..."

Manchu concert (“Shake and Slide”)...cheap comparisons aside, I dig the short and pungent “Barrel Vault,” the salty, crunchy goodness of “Don’t Mind If I Do,” the harsh romanticism of “Ill Eagle” and the right dam’ pretty “Lazer Lazer Love”...the declarative vocals\* are high in the mix, giving the blatant-yet-oblique lyrics a good workout, esp. on “Sideways Machine” (“Hey deep pockets/ pockets full of crazy”) and “Pur-ple...,” inspired by the work of archetypal outsider artist Henry Darger (look ‘im up- it’s worth it)...nice bits of skree, sputz and hum throughout, with the final track going out on 11:11 minutes of amp-buzz... that’s the old underground spirit!

**Dipers** *How To Plan Successful Parties* (Omni-bus) A clamorous combo bangerin’ blast’n’blurt...from the first track, the threat, the promise, “The Future,” these one-take wonders wring out a clutch of righteously fuzz-pocked tunes: “It Ain’t Pretty” sez the stompin’ tune of the same name, and it ain’t, neither...chunks of good rockin’ tonight are carried along in the torrent of abuse, esp. in the clamberin’ “Shake,” and “Space”, a splurgin’ frug with echo-muzzed as-trovox...as if Guitar Wolf were rust-beltin’ robots, like Beehive & the Barracudas with na-palm and a true cause, or the Rapture heard through a blown-out shortwave rig...cf. 25 Suaves, the Peppermints,

Hair Police if they’d been a Swami band also come to mind...scratchin’ their ugly undergrind itch with both hands and some teeth, the Dipers end the last track, the clangin’ doom-beat opus “It’s My Habit,” with an extended wal-low in feed-back...hurtful feedback... my hearholes were achin’ after this one, lemme tellya.

**Dressy Bessy** *S/t* (Kinder-core) There was a time, during your ever-beloved, ever-lovin’ Unca Bill’s long and infamous reign as Master of the Catacombs, Lord of the Underground, King of Mon-ster Island, that I only listened to the kinda stuff I’d play on WRFL. I wouldn’t listen to pop music, not even the alternative kind...at least, not in front of anybody. People would rave about, say, the Strawberry Zots or Velocity Girl or We’ve Got A Fuzzbox or Apples In Stereo, and I’d put the Hipster Sneer down on ‘em. “C’mon!” they’d always say. “They’re fun!” “‘Fun’,” I’d reply with a cynical leer of pure indie supremacist evil. What a frickin’ jackass. Well, goodbye and good riddance to all that. It was (ahem) fun while it lasted, but now I’m havin’ a fine ol’ time gettin’ on with the gettin’ on with anybody who can swing it like they mean it, genre be damned, a change of heart made much easier by one simple fact about the current crop of alt-pop bands. They rock. Especially Dressy Bessy, who with their latest album provide a fine specimen of

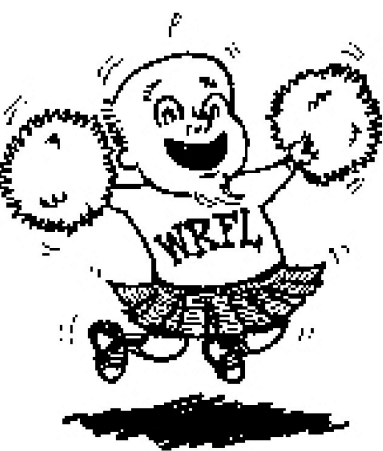
those combos who blend the sugar of hum-worthy melodies and bouncy rhythms with the spice of loud guitars and snappy attitude. The description “jaunty” popped up in my notes at least three times, and they are that, especially on “The Things That You Say You Do” and “Blinktwice” (sic). The whole record dances with a simple joy in making music, with some tracks keeping goof-ups, giggles and offhand comments from the performers. But, lest you think it’s just one big Hello Kitty Bellywasher of froth and nonsense, there is a bite behind the smile. In both word and voice Dressy Bessy bestride the sweet and snide, best showcased on “This May Hurt A Little” and “New Song (From Me to You),” a song that says, with a big grin, “Hi! Piss off!” Tammy Ealom’s vocals, like those of her alt-pop predecessors Kim Deal and Justine Fleischmann, mix a touch of bitters in the milkshake, keep a blade slipped in the go-go boots. She really sounds good on “Georgie Blue,” where she’s multi-tracked into a lovely choir of Tammys. The boys, including John Hill of the aforementioned and unjustly maligned Apples, bust it, too, especially on the driving “Girl, You Shout!” and “Better Luck Next Time,” a zippy li’l number that, as of this writing, has been stuck in my head for three damn days. Another fave, “Baby Six String” is a fab example of how Dressy Bessy keeps it simple but

sharp by layering basic, catchy riffs ‘til the song is greater than its parts. The album comes with a DVD, but I hain’t got one o’ them newfangled devices, so I’ll have to hit up a friend who does and hep ya to it later. In the meantime, glom this CD and have yourself some straight-up, unrestrained, drop-yer-Lenin-and-start-yer-grinnin’ fun.

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**Harris** *New Morning Pulse* (Urinine) Slickly produced emo with occasional spasms of manliness...and keyboard, too, used to best effect in “Tip of My Tongue” and “Lampost Lights Out,” plus the 80s style synth squeal in the zippy “Literal”...those ivories also help make “Lampost...” the best example of the pop richness of the recording, while “Burn This Mother Down” goes all grea-sy’n’growly with a noisy attack tune with a hoo-lawin’ cock rockin’ break...“City Wars” gets political, as does “Selling Dirt to Deadbeats,” kicking off with that mathy riff all these bands use, and lyrics taken from the neo-feudalist workplace: “Don’t just be trying to close/ Always be closing”, followed by the trademark emo lament-riff before the song climaxes with a big proggy King-Crimson-Jr. hoedown at the end...look, if ya just can’t stand emo, this ain’t gonna change yer mind...but if you have no particular chip on your shoulder, you might wanna give this a listen.





**Husbands** *Introducing the Sounds of the Husbands* (Swami) Yet more quality trash from Swami, these raw and trebly girls in the garage make Mensen sound like Mogwai... "Nobody But Him" is a quick-steppin' strutter, "I Got Plans" fast yet sultry, and "I'm Doing Fine" features some nice re-verb...of the stompers, "Dirty Mouth" stands out...some nice covers: Bo Diddley ("Cadillac"), ultra-obscure Half Pint & the Fifths ("Orphan Boy") and "Take It Or Leave It," which ain't the Runaways tune, but by 60s garage legends the Barbar-ians, the guys whose drummer, Moulty, did the one-armed-skinthumper bit waaaay before Def Lep-pard...paying respect to their ancient forebears, "Will You Still Love Me Tomor-row" is a heartfelt, straight-forward take of the girl group classic, as is "There Goes My Baby," which sounds like you walked into the gym for the sock hop two beats into the song...the best tune is their manifesto of girl-lust: "We're the Husbands/ and we're out for blood!"

### **Jawbone** *Dang Blues*

(Jawbone) "Hammer ana screwdriver/ Gonna bang it outta tune," sings Mr. Bob Zabor in the first song, a manifesto if I ever heard one...Jawbone is a one-man band yowlin' raw-ass blues punk, in the sotted vein of King Louie, Hasil Adkins and the gran'pappy of solo cootenanny, Dr. Ross...it's all good and greasy, but stand-out

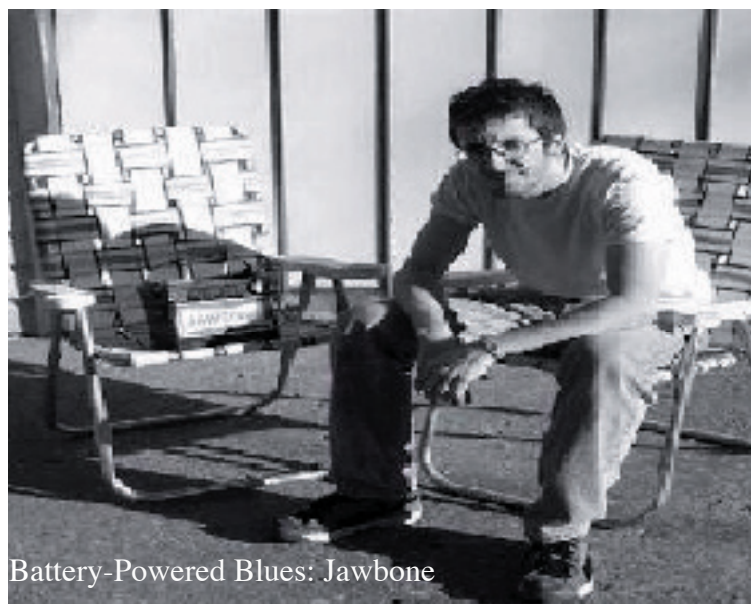
tracks include the ace stomper "Ready Or Not," the super-rough "Gasoline," and the instrumental "Hoop-ti"... "If It's Rock" is a fast one, "Jackrabbit" jumps, and "My Daddy" comes at ya like the Holy Ghost with a hangover...also check out the rad trad takes on righteous blues standards...like the man says in the liner notes, "BAM! BAM! BAM! BOOM!...it's got authority."

**Kaospilot** *S/t* (Level Plane) Neurosis' spastic little brothers, all doom'n'gloom barrage o' rage with a political 'tude (they got a song, "School of Assassins," re: the School of the Americas, where Central and South American fascists and torturers get their training on your taxpayin' dime, and another song quotes Marx) rendered in that ADHDcore way that makes every fucking song sound like a Rush album on 78 rpm...there are some tracks with a hint of dynamics, with some space between salvos of noise'n'

speed, "School" being one of 'em, "Aim Your Fists" the other, with some girl whispering dire nothings in the haze...take your pick: recommending any of these songs is like deciding whether you prefer being beheaded with a sword or an axe.

**Ill Ease** *The Exorcist* (Too Pure) In a past review, I called the music of Elizabeth Sharp, AKA Ill Ease, "creepy toyland funk."

it's the relent-less but off-kilter drums, like the clatter'n'crash of a wind-up monkey with some teeth sheared off a gear; the tinkly toy piano keyboards that somehow can't help but sound psychotic; the loose, twangy guitars that sound like the kid-sized models with plastic strings; the way Elizabeth sighs and coos and murmurs and mutters her songs like a tetchd child calling the action as she kneels on the parlor floor long after the grown-ups have gone to bed, moving her Barbies and Weebles through evil little stories of lust, dysfunction and violence,



Battery-Powered Blues: Jawbone

ed ink staining bleached nylon curls, strawberry jam spattered across dollhouse walls, a crime scene in miniature... It's her thang, and it ain't changed...the album kicks off with "Jersey O Matic," a big rackety thumper in the Ill Ease tradition, "Winter In Hell" slips'n'sways like a Slinkie sliding down sleazy stairs...one of Sharp's swing-in' manifestos of contempt, "You Make Me Want To Hate You" leads one to admire the guts of any guy who'd get it on with this gal, knowin' how hard she can bite back if things don't work out...then there's the even more spiteful rhythm'n'ooze of "Junkie Go Home," and "You Look Like Hell," a James Brownie Troop spazz attack...as usual, her lyrics walk a line between mad and mundane: "It's Friday night/ and there's never enough beer..." she grumbles with resignation and resentment in the quieter, almost smooth "The Skank"...Exorcise my demons/ Take 'em for a walk..." she murmurs in the hopscotchin' "Malfunction Junction"...after the claus-trophobic lo-fi sound of Live From the Holiday Sin, this album sounds positively lush, esp. the multi-tracked vox on "Boss Mayor"- which, by the way, goes out @ 4:00, w/ a hidden track coming in @ 5:09...tsk...why are the interesting ones always the crazy ones?

# Mark Lanegan Band

*Here Comes That Weird Chill* (Methamphetamine Blues, Extras and Oddities) (Beggars Banquet) Former grunge pioneer and current member of crossover stars Queens of the Stone Age whips out a rather creepy and totally rockin' EP of dys-topian blues...don't just play the stark, fuzzy cover of the Beefheart classic "Clear Spot", get the "Methamphetamine Blues" the clankin' stomper that kicks off the disc...dig the chugin' loveliness of "Wish You Well," trip to the dub sludge of "Sleep With Me/ Version" and groove to the Hammond-driven psych-soul stirrer "Message to Mine"...then wrap yourself in a blanket and get the chills to "On the Steps of the Cathedral", as a conflicted choir of Marks do their thing as Mark Prime intones, and the gorgeously tragic piano tune, "Lexington Slow Down," or the doom-laden "Skeletal History," which sounds like a lost track from Crime and the City Solution: you'd swear it was sweet Simon Bonney hisself roaming the moors of your mind... good stuff, just right for this unforgiving winter.

**VIA** *The Last Thing We Ever Did* (Schapendoes) Whether that title is a reason for sorrow or celebration depends on how one feels about middling indie rock of an artsy and self-conscious nature...within the snazzy packaging that looks like someone's final project in design class,

you'll find Michael Lamont's short, sweet'n'simple lo-fi syntune, followed immediately by Dragging An O Through Water, which sounds like the same gu making a muzzed-up fol song...then Chin Up Ch Up give with "Fuck You, Elton John," also found on their cd of slick art pc with a mathy swing, followed by a similar instrumental by a combo with the nice name The Planet The...meanwhile the Intima comes across like Rachel's getting sac drunk in Albini's kitchen at 2:43 AM, after which Ibobuki slaps ya awake with their thumpin' stumlebum math punctuate by lovely explosions of angst'n'amplitude...Moc Area 52 makes up for their lame-o name with a flip-ye-fez slacker tang Black Darts have yet another pisspoor handle but a nice drum sound to go along with their boy/g vox, like a jazzier Quails, while "Crazy" by Testface, well...banal moniker, banal title...ehhhh, okay indie acoustic tune...over in the "Bands W/ Numbers In Their Names" section, Ten & Tracer whip out some keyboard wooze to wakka-wakka-yeah rhythms, Little Twos give ya some boy/girl folk blues, and Mine Thirty Seven's chewy chunk o' fuzzy post-grad glam 'gum, "In An Election Year," is one of the best tracks...The Love of Everything performs good ol' half-assed geeky casio pop, Blake Brown picks a quick-steppin' acoustic tune, lodil shpritzes fairy

I beseech thee, dear Listener, also to give ear to these other exquisite Exertions of the Sonic Philosophick, to wit- Oneida's newest, "Secret Wars" - pop power trio Visqueen - "You Are Here" by Plus/Minus - the Cheeps' rampaging rumpus - the "Atomic Ritual" of spacetuds Nebula - Laika's erotic I.D.M. - "Festival in the Desert", "Greaseball Melodrama", "Cold Mountain" & other Compilations of divers Musics- the volatile, voiceless Darediablo - Beth Gibbons' suave Folie a Deux with Rustin Mann, "Out of Season" - foul-minded ruffians, the Midnight Evils - new ectoplasmic explorations via Nipponese neuronauts Ghost, & British brain-baster, the Bevis Frond - well attend to Compendiums of past Works by the bewitching Dame Darcy; Manhattanite misanthropes Unsane; & French synthpunk pioneers, Metal Urbain - & find Truth thru Volume with Pinebender's "The High Price of Living Too Long with a Single Dream" - I am, as ever,  
Your Loving Uncle





and glitch, Animal Beard spurts some clever-clever rec room psych lurch, and the breathy girlvox, twangy, smooth gui-tar and drivin' beat of WetConfetti almost makes you not mind one of the absolute worst goddam names in the history of the biz...over at the poindexters' table, Dutch-flat makes math that gets a good gnarly sway goin', Kickball responds with indie-pop with that damn mathy precision, and Chevron is yet more fucking math that evades the eternal enmity of the listener by getting' noisily devolve at the end...on the whole, Last Thing's not bad, just not very interesting (I mean, look at that role call of truly uninspired, if not down-right suckass band handles), and too often exemplary of many of the bad habits of thought and deed current within the scene...it's about high time we take away everybody's Shipping News and Sebadoh cds and sit 'em down with some Kramer and Drunks With Guns... #@!%n' college kids.

**Light Sleeper** *S/t* (Shmat) Softcore...you know, the polar opposite of "hard-core:" gentle guitars, simple melodies, wistful voices singing about everyday things..."Melting Point" has a touch of zip, "Come On Baby" is a sweet song about parenthood, "Indian Giver" a low-key lament re: D-I-V-O-R-C-E, with "Where's My Happy Ending?" also singin' the blues about married life.....as I noted to my fellow radio rangers: all clean; they're

too dreadfully nice to cuss.

**Lovelies** *White Leather* (Force MP) I'd say "chick rock", like the Breeders if they knew how to dress, Scrawl if they'd ever been strippers, the Donnas a lot more morning afters down the line, but that'd probably get me smacked by the dynamic, delicious Liv & Barb Lovely, then hit with a beer bottle by their guy drummer...a coupla hot blondes with that lived-in look, the Lovelies are women, see...stylish women, bitterly, boldly romantic women, straight-up rockin' women...with beautiful, strong voices and a gift for a catchy tune, the Lovelies sing about the classics: the road, that boy, this stranger in the mirror...saved from cliché by their sweet'n'sour passion, *White Leather* is a diary you open with a churchkey..."I was driving down the open road/ smoking cigarettes and feelin' old," Liv sings in the

zippin' "Constellation," a stale line made fresh by her tone, at once pissed, fretful, defiant...suffused with the melancholy of a life lived young but going fast, many tracks walk the same line between exhaustion and exuberance..."I Want Your Love" says the girl still full of hope; "Slow Down Navigator" cries the woman too full of history..."I get so tired of pushin' the waves," sighs Liv in "Catalina," but, wait, passion is still possible, as she cautiously kick-starts her heart for "once enemy, now a friend" in "Comin' Round Again"...it's all good, but double-plus dig "...Navigator"'s sense of dread, the zoomin' Look At Yourself," the thumpin' "Tommy" with its great harmony, the zippin' "In Over My Head" and the one that snuck up and grabbed me, the creepy yet redemptive "Put It in a Letter"... "Not so cool to be this way/ Not anymore, well, anyway..." the voice

know-ing, not caring, not giving in..."You've been thinking 24-7/ Turn it off/ Put it in a letter." *White Leather* is that mercurial missive, and it smells real nice.

**Negatones** *Snacktronica* (Melody Lanes Recording Co.) Back with another EP of science-nerd cock rock, the Negatones spice up the mix with the help of the Porn Horns on "And So My Troubles Began," while keepin' it real with the smooove spacefunk of "I Suspect There's More" and showing off their sterling home-studio 4-track chops on the menacing instrumental "Conflict Error (Pat II of the Information Processing Tri-logy)," comin' on like the theme to a weird cop-show..."Nature likes it entro-pic," they sing, "And that's why there's always a crisis at hand." Negatones to the rescue!

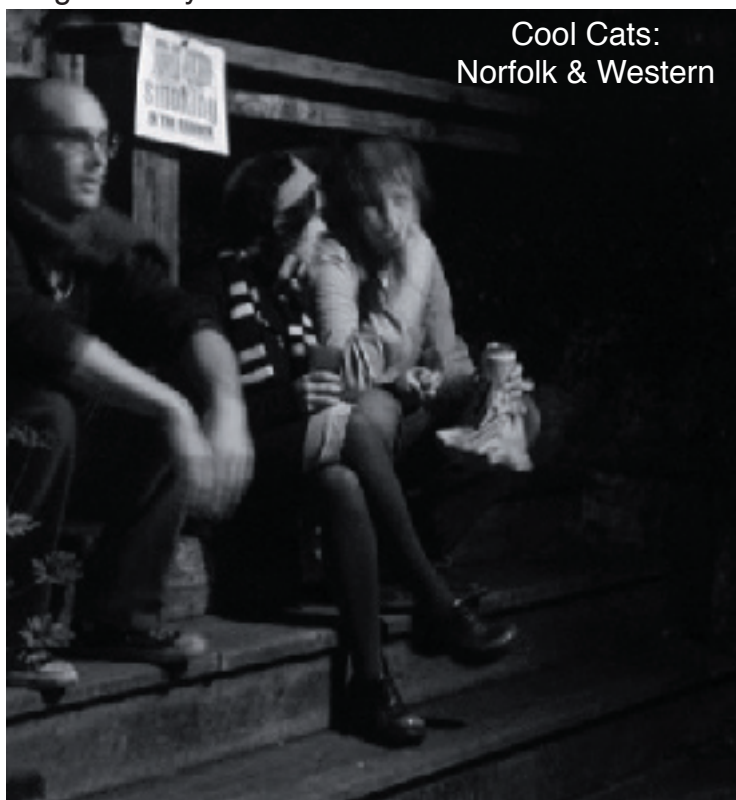
De-lightful, De-lively:  
The Lovlies



**Norfolk & Western** *Dusk in Cold Parlours* (Hush) Quiet, cool, often eerie, Norfolk & Western takes y'alternative pop, get it high and ships it north...Dusk... falls with a sashayin'shiver of frost-bit-ten Calexico, Eskimo La Tengo or something you'd hear at the Roadhouse in Twin Peaks, like the creepy pop tune, "Letters Opened in the Bar"...spacious production helps the inventive mix of instruments (including juno, cello, jaymar, banjos, optigan, handheld thunder, and musical saw): dig the duet of pedal steel and muzzy guitar in "Terrified," or the nice lo fi drum sound on "No Else Where He Can Go" (sic) that makes it sound like Roger Miller ("King of the Road," not Mission of Burma) chillin' on a cup o' magic tea...nearer to the fire, "Kelly Bauman" is a saucy li'l instro, "The Tired Words" a jaunty cut o' northwestern swing, and "A Hymnal" sweetly sways like Santa leaving the bar the night after Xmas morning...my fave, though, is the Bedheadish "Disappear," kickin' off quiet, then blowin' up real good at the end; only wish they'd worked that solo a couple minutes more...won't shake your world, but it's too frickin' cold for that kinda action, anyway.

**On Golden Blonde** *Thar She Blows!* (OGB) Home studio mavens damn good at what they do...which combines aspects of indie, psych and even country rock, with both the beatbox chug one'd expect from

rec room recorders, and the goofiness, sometimes subtle (the twan-gy, clanky blue(on)grass "kids" song, "The Lemongrass Follies" or the Dance Tune, "Polyester Wren," made of cheesy 80s synth-pop), or not (the cornball parody of C&W, "Rumraisin" and "LA Push," jive pimpin' re: mark-ass marks, with awesome Isaac Hayesian vox in the break)...other works of wigginess include the folky title track, featuring "old vinyl on older



Cool Cats:  
Norfolk & Western

turntable" skritchiness for flava and the short but sweet "The Purples," them cave-troll blues, lawd...but OGB are at their best when they forego the schtickola and make with the rock'n'rolla, like the smooth, even slippery (and dirty) hippie-pop tune, "Autoeroticasphyxiation," "Yardarm," driving indie of the heartfelt, banners-in-the-wind variety; the catchy "Pineapple Rings," with its suh-lick guitar solo; "Won-ton," which

comes on like electro-psych Skynyrd; and one of the prettiest songs I've heard all year, "Cleopatra's Bones", a simply gorgeous with a hypnotic piano hook that just gets in deep...Although obviously influenced by bozo gurus Ween, the strength of the straight tracks, and the songcraft evidenced even in the goofy cuts, makes ya hope next time these boys will go beyond cheap laughs.

**The One AM Radio** *The Hum of the Electric Air!* (Trnaslucence) Sadboy art-schmaltz performed by a young gentleman with the almost unbelievable moniker Hrishikesh Hirway, with his pal Jane Yakowitz on violin, the tunes usually split between synth-centered and acoustic...wist up to the throbbing hum of "Flicker;" the quiet, subtle "The House We Will Make," with its ringing, smeared guitar tones, aided by especially

lovely violin; the funky drummer and grindin' organ of "Out of Sight, Out of Mind," the honkin' synth hook and skip-skip beats of "The Landmine;" the trippy inter-play 'tween reverbing electric guitar and simple acoustic strumming in "Gravity;" the snappy beats, sighing violins and spectral synth of "We Are Also What We've Lost"... shy types might also dig "Measured Mile Begins," a short but sweet instrumental, just gitfiddle and girl-fiddle, and the final track, a hymnal, just Hrishikesh and his organ...which might explain why he's s'damn depressed – rim-shot!...seriously, folks: this is quality mopery...listen and lackaday away.

**Raveonettes** *Chain Gang of Love* (Crunchy Frog/The Orchard/Columbia) Buzzin', swirlin', sighin', swingin' wall-o-grrr'n'purr, daddy...if Phil Spector ever recorded Suicide, dig? Gorgeous, dreamy vocals, often harmo-nized, thrill'n'cooin' over psychebilly electro-punk pop tunes, with chunks'n'splatters of noise thrown into the mix at opportune times...it's all good, but dig the hand-claps intro to "Noisy Summer," or how the threatening synth-beat of "The Love Gang" is tamed by luvly boy/girl harmonies, or "Love Can De-destroy Everything:" a friggin' waltz, awready! "Remember" is of extreme Spectorian pur-ity, "That Great Love Sound" is a prime chugger ("So I walk right up to you/ and you walk all over me..."- sounds like



my love life)...”Let’s Rave On” zoookooms, the smutty “Little Animal” is supah-thumpin,’ and “New York Was Great” flamin’ frugtastic...some who fell head over heels for the pre-vios spookier’n’doom-laden ep have badmouthed this admittedly loser-friendlier disc, one acquaintance o’ mine even going so far as to snarl “Soundtrack to Grease” (yikes!), but if you ain’t bearin’ a grudge, this lil’ slice o’ heaven will rev up your I-u-v engine right nice.

### **Riverboat Gamblers**

*Some-thing To Crow About* (Gearhead) Wildass garage so cocky and kami-krazy that they hadda cancel the tour cuz the bass player got smushed in the mush with a flying mike, just the latest’n’greatest in a series of injuries for the entire band...it’s all good’n’greasy, except the final track- an Obligatory Ballad! (See? Told ya so.) Like they say on the lyric sheet: “Ooh Yeah (Repeat 1023 Times),”

**Dan Sartain Vs. the Serpientes** (Swami) Primitive garage rock auteur who comes on kinda low-key, but grows on ya...a bit of a weirdo (check out that gatefold cover photo of our hero in a noose), Sartain spices up his simple stew with offbeat instrumentation, like the theremin on “Lonely Hearts” or “grand paps pump organ” (sic) in “Place To Call My Home”...and then there’s the three different versions (tracks #4-6) of “Walk

## Meanwhile,

I missed the Tom Tom Club, Friday 9/12/03, but I heard it was a great show...but I did catch suave songstress Erin McKeown at that venue, Saturday, 9/27...the petite Ms McK played many of the tracks from her fine CD Grand, with a butter-smooth “Cosmopolitans” standing out...the gal’s a heck of a picker: “You’re like Les Paul if he was really fuckin’ cute!” I gushed, with Erin graciously, if nervously, taking the compliment in the spirit in which it was intended (I think)...Wednesday, 10/8, again at the Dame, Hasil Adkins gave a low-key performance with nary an outburst of his legendary trademark hunchabilly...but, jeez, the guy is gittin’ on...Sunday, 10/19, was the gig I’d been stoked to see: opening for We Are the World Trade Center at Mecca was Portland’s Thermals...their More Parts Per Million being my #1 fave CD of 2003, I was not disap-pointed, the trio blazing thru such fab tunes as “No Culture Icons” and “My Little Machine” for an appreciative underage crowd; too bad more of you “adults” didn’t come...that Wednesday, 10/22, Cincin-nati’s hipster hangout The Comet hosted Albion’s own Holly Golightly...accompanied by longtime collaborator Bruce Brand and a couple of local boys, Holly put on a soft, sweet show, most tunes coming from her latest, Truly She Is None Other, perfect for the more intimate confines of the Comet...the very next night, 10/23, saw the king of concupiscent keyboards, Quintron, hit the Dame with a drumbuddy-driven circus o’ sweat’n’soul, ably assisted by his lovely companion Miss Pussycat, who wowed the crowd with her amazing psychedelic puppet show before LL Kool Q made the stage his bitch...led by the indefatigable Troy Teegarden, the Society Of Underground Poets rose from the dead Saturday, November 1, with Soupfest X: The Resurrection...the Dame was the place to hear a small army of wags and wordsmiths hawk their wares, from blue-grass lit lion Ed McClanahan to Cinci’s headbangin’ heartbreaker Doug Saretsky...standouts among the musical acts were that devilishly dashing Angeleno, the Voodoo Organist, local yokels the Smacks, and Louisville’s dons of drunk-core, the Touched...I myself kinda sucked... the crank-crazed love child of Minor Threat and Sun Ra, Oneida played an all-ages gig at Artsplace, Thursday, 11/13, blowing tender young minds with their accelerated jazz-psych-punk, the organist rippin’ out riffs that’d make Rick Wakeman drop dead of a stroke...Sunday the 16th, Dressy Bessy cuted up Mec-ca...looking like Twiggy’s niece backed by the unknown offspring of Elliot Gould ( Jewfros galore, dude), DB put on a fun show: read the CD review for more...Monday’s usually “RAW night”, but December 15, after wrasslin’ I ran like hell down to the Dame to catch U.S. Maple...tho’ often on the fence re: their records, I can state without qualification that they flat-out rule live...one guitarist darting about the stage, all smiles in his snazzy cowboy shirt, his fellow axeman strutting like Klaus Kinski wearing a suit he stole off the black guy on Miami Vice, the singer Eric Von Zipper possessed by the soul of electric Dylan, the drummer kicked outta Tar for liking bebop: live, the twists and turns of U.S. Maple’s algebraic blues packs a visceral punch, rockin’ out like a no wave AC/DC...the new disc, Purple On Time, is a good’un, too...kudos to the sound-man for this one: the mix was great...speaking of which, god bless the poor bastard who hadda work the next gig I saw at the Dame...remember that review last ish where I said Forget Cassettes was as loud as Jucifer? Well, I take it back: NOBODY’S louder than Jucifer...a blurred blast that had my bowels vibrating an hour after the show, the duo did pretty much the same set I saw a year before, albeit with the added enter-tainment value of watching the drummer deal with his kamikaze kit... didn’t have a dog handy to take the “Blue Cheer Volume Test”, but I’m sure Fido woulda been dead meat after the first song... OUCH!!!

Among the Cobras”: “(Pt. 1)” is a Childish-style boogie, “(Pt. 2)” a zippy take, and “(Pt. 3)”, with the White Apes, is...the reggae version?!? Then check out the folky tracks: “Place...,” the woozy’n’warped “Auto Pilot” and the sad, earnest “Got That Feeling,” with horn adding to the heart-ache...meanwhile, “Try-in To Say” (sic) rocks, while “I Could Have Had You” is a raw and lo-fi Tex-mexy cha-cha of sorrow...”Love Is Crimson” is sloppy but propulsive garage, “Metro-po-lis” bitterly bouncy and “Romance” sounds like Link Wray jammin’ on an old slow boogie with a gang o’ big drunk robots... cooooool.

**Snapcase Bright Flashes** (Victory) More riff’n’rant from this smarter-than-the-average banger combo...some of these tunes are three piercings and a Korn tattoo away from being nu-metal (specifically “Dress Re-hear-sal” and “Skeptic”), but even those are thrown down with a winning venom’n’vigor, with “Depth of Field” being downright paradigmatic, and the hard-charging heroic opening of “New Academy” taking it beyond the norm... the touches of electro and synth are less pronounced than their last album, but still add a swerve of spice, like the zippy d&b bottom to “Believe/Revolt (Relocation Blueprint)”, the robo-riddims and synth-doom lurk of “Ten A.M. (Good Morning, Mr. Coelcanth)” and yet more futureworld

aggro-disco in "Exile Etiquette (Only British People Can Fly)"...the number of covers is kinda odd, with a respectful and respectable take on niche founding fathers Helmet ("Blacktop"), a middling run through Jane's Addiction ("Mountain Song"), and a double shot of Devo ("Freedom of Choice," "Gates of Steel"), of which I prefer the latter, tho' covering two songs by the same band is kinda lame, and bookin' 'em right next to each other even more so, like a porn vid putting two lesbian scenes one after the other: pacing, people, pacing!

**V/A : Swami Sound System, Vol. 1: 2003 Sales Conference** (Swami) The first sampler from this label O&O-ed by the frontman for Rocket From the Crypt, whose "California Lights," about wetback-huntin' white-bread vigilantes, is one of the best tracks...garagiste, with a few exceptions, such as "Mechanic's Joy Ride" by Piss Mannequin, with its flailin' riff madness and vocal mayhem, as if the original Black Flag recorded for Gearhead, and the awesomely yclept Loincloth, with their out-of-place chord-chunkin' math-cock...mean-while, back among the gasoline and bong fumes, Beehive & the Barracudas kick off the disc



**THE COOLEST LOGO  
IN THE BIZ TODAY:  
SWAMI  
RECORDS**

with a whiplash chunk of tape blurt before the rant'n'revel, after which all-gal trash trio the Husbands give us a mid-tempo stompin'...Hot Snakes strike with the plundericious punk of "US Mint," Bee-hive's pals the White Apes make with the slopcore cha-cha-cha, and the Sultans cut a bouncy rip on a gripin' griper in the wonderfully entitled "Whine, Bitch, Moan and Complain"...the Old School, the one burnt down by the students in '79, is represented by a track each from come-back kid Sonny Vincent and his original band, the Testors: "It's Only Death" rules, w/ squealin' guitar, mournful melody and attitude still stingin', and on the new one "Psycho ID," Sonny sounds just as pissed as he ever was...thanks to Swami for keeping the flame smo-kin'...all hail the Radical Traditionalists!

**Tigerella S/t** (Shmat) Cud-dlecore moves out of the apartment into a house with a pool, and starts listening to a lotta Steely Dan...no, really: it's indie pop, but slickly produced with an often jazzy-loungey swing to the sound, not unlike the Dan's Les-Paul-on-muggles smarm-psych, like on "Calculus of Love" (where it comes off a bit gimmicky, actually) and "Insomniac," a creepy cha-cha tune with a swell aquatic guitar solo...Yvonne Ng's sweet vocals dominate, stand-out tracks being "Junior", a li'l tune about Daddy with a nice xylophone hook, the double-tracked vox on the smooove, slow "Curse of the Matador" and her torchy turn on "Sailor Song"...it's nice when the boys talk, too, trading lines with Yvonne on the jumpin' "Stun Machine," telling the sad tale of robots rejected in "Caleb," the rockinest track, with its noisy opening and zippy beat..."These Bears Can't Be Real" uses ursines in a circus as a metaphor for repression and the theft of identity; "Jack London" is a big ol' "bugger

off!" to the author in question, with a fab melodica solo; and "Filet" is about working in a kitchen, a subject I'm sure a lotta RFLiens know sumpin' about...this won me over, slowly but surely, and it's a nice headphone record...popsters and bopsters, give a listen.

(\*What is it about the recent crop of alt-brats and maritime metaphors? A longing for the Age of Discovery, for empire and exotica in a world of faceless authority and inescapable monoculture? Nostalgia for the time when you could hop a freighter bound for Burma, leaving history behind, an option no longer available in our database-debased society? A wish among both eboys and grlz for real men with rough hands and tattoos got the honest way? There's a dissertation lurking here, y'all...)

**20 Miles Life Doesn't Rhyme** (Fat Possum) Has Success Spoiled Judah Bauer? Yep, sure 'nuff, sad t'say, judging from this...20 Miles is JS Blues Exploder Judah's side thang, once a duo with his brother, now a full band...based on the earlier work (R.L. Boyce Othar Turner Fife & Drum Spam is highly recommen-ded), I was really looking forward to this...what a letdown..."Americana"-by-numbers (with a song "For Hank Williams," f'r chris-sake: that's the, what, 2753rd track with that dedication? If one good thing comes from the death of Johnny Cash, it'll be giving cliché-humpin' roots-wranglers a new grave at which to grovel)... blander'n biscuits from a hospital cafeteria, this makes the Metro Blues All-Stars sound like the Hair Police...no crunch, no punch, no hunch...jonesin' for alt-blues? Skip this and play the new Black Eyed Snakes.

**Underworld 1992-2002** (JBO/Junior Boy's Own/v2) Dancefloor doyens' greatest hits, one of the sources of both IDM and EBM, with a surprising (to me, anyway) flair for creamy pop goodness...I mean, dig the pretty "Jumbo" and the baroque psych sweetness of "8 Ball"...they's also a tetch of

blues, like the Morricone harmonica sample hook in "Dirty Epic" and the flat-out honkin' harp action in the boss bohemoth boogie-jam "Bigmouth"...and, unlike a lotta alternative dance I've heard, words work for this group, both vocals and lyrics, like the creepy, intense vox on the stark, relentless "Moa-ner," the lovely limey girltalk of "Two Months Off," and the interplay between the sin-ger and the titular vocal sample on "Mmm Skyscraper I Love You"...meanwhile, you can do the cyborg twist to "Rez" and "Cowgirl," bust a jacked move to the thunkin' underbeat of "Spik-kee," flip the agitfop flop to the thump'n'rant break amid "Born Slippery Nuxx," and juke for jihad to the crypto-Islamic beat undergirding the chit-terin', clackin' locust frugfest of "Pearls Girl"...I dunno why Mikey T fobbed this off on a lifelong disco-basher like me, but I'm happy to say I can recommend this 2-disc set to go-go-getters and bongin' bedsitters alike...dance, fools, dance!

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# Best Albums of the Year

Merle Haggard  
White Stripes  
Van Morrison

Al Green  
Scott Miller  
Jayhawks  
Matthew Ryan  
Albert Lee  
Steve Wynn and the Miracle 3  
Gillian Welch  
Joe Ely  
Robert Earl Keen  
Rosanne Cash  
Fountains of Wayne

Dwight Yoakam  
Emmylou Harris  
Lucky Tomblin Band  
Cracker  
Caitlin Cary  
Paul Westerberg/Grandpaboy

Rodney Crowell  
Swaggerts  
Amy Rigby  
Graham Lindsey

Paul Burch  
Wanda Jackson  
Z.Z. Top  
June Carter Cash  
Kate Campbell  
Warren Zevon  
Marti Brom  
Fleetwood Mac  
Warren Zanes  
Los Straitjackets

Drive By Truckers

Best Shows - the Jayhawks @ the Continental Inn,

Chuck Prophet @ the Dame

NRBQ @ the Starlight

Best Reissues - Uncle Tupelo - all

J.D. Souther - *Home By Dawn*

Willie Nelson - *Crazy: Demo Sessions*

Bruce Springsteen - *Essential*

Best Compilations - h.u.a.c

- Hot unsigned ( and unsung ) Americana compilation

- Catamount Livin' Lovin' and Losin': *Songs of the Louvin Brothers*

- Universal Just Because I'm a Woman: *Songs of Dolly Parton*

- Sugar Hill Lonesome, 'Onry and Mean: *Tribute to Waylon Jennings*

- Dualtone

*Like Never Before*  
*Elephant*  
*What's Wrong With This Picture*  
*I Can't Stop*  
*Upside/Downside*  
*Rainy Day Music*  
*Regret Over The Wires*  
*Heartbreak Hill*  
*Static Transmission*  
*Soul Journey*  
*Streets of Sin*  
*Farm Fresh Onions*  
*Rules of Travel*  
*Welcome Interstate Managers*  
*Population:Me*  
*Stumble Into Grace*  
*s/t*  
*Countrysides*  
*I'm Staying Out*  
*Come Feel Me Tremble/Dead Man Shake*  
*Fate's Right Hand*  
*Keepers of the Quaich*  
*Till the Wheels Fall Off*  
*Famous Anonymous*  
*Wilderness*  
*Fool For Love*  
*Heart Trouble*  
*Mescalero*  
*The Wildwood Flower*  
*Twang On a Wire*  
*The Wind*  
*Wise to You*  
*Say You Will*  
*Memory Girls*  
*Supersonic Guitars in 3-D*  
*Decoration Day*

1. Audio Bullys - *Ego War*
2. Tim Deluxe - *Little Ginger Club Kid*
3. Stylophonic - *Man Music Technology*
4. Basement Jaxx - *Kish Kash*
5. Electric Six - *Fire*
6. Soweto Kinch - *Conversations with the Unseen*
7. LSK - *Outlaw*
8. Dizzee Rascal - *Boy in Da Corner*
9. Blur - *Think Tank*
10. Goldfrapp - *Black Cherry*

Ravi

## MIKEY T'S SCATTERED RECORDS OF THE YEAR

These are just some records that I feel are quality and sure to not disappoint those of you don't settle for the 'whatever' bands of the world.

Via Tania *Under a Different Sky*

Although I see her face everywhere, I almost forgot this album existed and more so how good it is. Take the corpse of that Chicago post rock crap, add interesting beats and glitches, tons of heart and soul, and you get this cut!!! Five strong ass stars!

Growing *The Sky's Run Into The Sea.*

Described as doom-noise; I couldn't agree more. olympia's growing are one of those sets that understand punk is about breaking things even if that means slight sound in increments of twenty minutes a piece, gliding and slaying out of the stereo. i bet these kids could totally kick your ass. growing isn't a band, they're more like a fucked up room that changes ones preconceptions of the afterlife.

Hawnay Troof *Who Like's Ta*

Seven tracks of homosexual low fidelity hip hop that weed out the uptight Kentuckians and makes way for the partay!!!! Nasty programmed beats and dirty south rhymes about well, you know...don't waste time, pick this guy up and bump chumps!!!

Mammal *Fog III*

Mammal is Gary Mlitter and he knows how to be loud, record after record and he's not slowing down, nor does he plan to change his sound. This album was originally released on a 90 minute cassette and was ten times harsher a listen. Consider this a break but it still grates on those who fear fingers scratching a chalk board.

Scout Niblett *I am*

Niblett is ahead of the game. Song writing that is. Forget those comparisons many of you might've heard to Cat Power. While Chan made out safe with You Are Free, Scout kept listeners constantly on the edge of seats, while never quite letting you know how you're supposed to feel about, well, anything. This is a folk singer songwriter.

Animal Collective *Here Comes the Indian*

Okay, let's all say it together: "all that NYC no wave revival stuff is garbage. The Rapture are weak and anything ripping them off is ten times worse." Ah, don't we all feel better?!?! Experimental psychic thoughts between four individuals who can't keep their hands away from most any toy or trinket that makes sound. This is another side of NYC and it is brimming with millions of tiny particles of pure energy just waiting to take over at any second, take over what? a hairstyle? a way to fold your legs at those college dork parties? Nope. Think love. Think expression. Think never worrying about the way anyone looks at you again. Love.

Kites *Royal Paint With the Metallic Gardener...*

Consider this a harsher, more stripped down kindred friend of Animal Collective. Noise but with bits of beautiful folk and more textured excursions into the genre. Will be playing heavily on WRFL throughout winter and spring. Amazing. les and I witnessed him do this in Cincy fall 03. Balls out, Kites is out there doing it, what are you doing?

-Rob Franklin



# The Resonant Frequency Top 30 of 2003

Don't you love lists? I do. Well, some lists I hate. Rolling Stone's Top 500 Albums of All Time comes to mind concerning lists I hate. Dave Letterman's Top Ten comes to mind concerning lists I love. Anyway, in lieu of the year-end season as I pen this article, I offer you my favorite/best 30 Albums of the Year list. To hear the music featured on the list, be sure to tune in to WRFL 88.1 for Resonant Frequency (my show) every Wednesday afternoon from 12 to 3 PM.

Lists, by their very nature, are controversial. Best of Lists quantify breathing artwork and reduce the piece's significance to a number. Then, of course, people have their own opinions and are eager to let you know how displeased they are with how one has quantified the music that shaped the events and memories of the individual over the past year. However, lists are opinions just like anything else, and are a completely subjective entity. In choosing the albums on the list, I picked the albums that received the most airplay on the radio program as well as albums I enjoyed in leisure. This list is influenced by some means of objectivity, but the term "Best of" is used within the framework of each piece's effect on the culture of underground music, college/public radio, and an audience which focuses more on the innovation and substance of a record. Each album has a great deal of replay value, offers some influential merit, and is generally a consistent and cohesive collection of great music. I do not claim to be the omniscient guru of the all-encompassing hipster music counterculture; I am not to music what Howard Cosell is to spectacle. I simply am a fellow music lover whose main credential is the opportunity to hear a plethora of music released this year. Swelling with the transcendental glee that characterizes a college radio DJ's love for music, here are the best albums I've heard this year:

- 30) Super Furry Animals *Phantom Power*
- 29) Massive Attack *100th Window*
- 28) Aesop Rock *Bazooka Tooth*
- 27) Brian Jonestown Massacre *Tomorrow's Heroes Today*
- 26) Stephen Malkmus *Pig Lib*
- 25) The Delgados *Hate*
- 24) Cat Power *You Are Free*
- 23) The Postal Service *Give Up*
- 22) Goldfrapp *Black Cherry*
- 21) Four Tet *Rounds*
- 20) Clearlake *Cedars*
- 19) My Morning Jacket *It Still Moves*
- 18) The Rapture *Echoes*
- 17) Push Button Objects *Ghetto Blaster*
- 16) Pretty Girls Make Graves *The New Romance*
- 15) The White Stripes *Elephant*
- 14) Manitoba *Up in Flames*
- 13) Prefuse 73 *One Word Extinguisher*
- 12) Explosions in the Sky *The Earth is Not a Cold Place*
- 11) Broken Social Scene *You Forgot It in People*

10) Laika *Wherever I Am, I Am What is Missing*

*Wherever...* is a collection of sassy night splendor, upbeat electronic music with organic songwriting and a focus on the alluring vocals of Margaret Fiedler, the highbrow Madonna with the jazz sensibility of a British Billie Holiday (or Beth Gibbons for the pop music fan).

Laika has a great sense of pop melody mixed with mood, exquisiteness, and space. Influenced by Can and Neu, *Wherever...* fits well in one's catalogue between Stereolab, Pram, and any given Manchester electronic outfit you dig. Funky yet chilled like Morcheeba, with a pinch of Chemical Brothers-style psychedelia, electroclash, krautrock, and free jazz added for good measure, Laika provides a great hybrid of electronic styles. Normally, I try to pick out standout tracks in reviews, but Jesus Herbert Walker Christ man, Laika has made at least one jam on this record that could be

anyone's favourite. Consistency is increasingly becoming a virtue in the realm of albums. Unswerving songwriting with cohesive ambience, *Wherever...* is indeed dark, yet remains an easy album to heart dearly.

9) Outkast *Speakerboxxx/The Love Below*

Outkast parallels Prince in many ways. In the late 80's, no matter who you were, chances are you dug Prince. Think about it. Do you know anyone who doesn't like Outkast? Probably not. Maybe the type of people who went out and purchased the new Toby Keith joint Shock'n Ya'll don't like Outkast, but fuck them. Depending on what you like in hip-hop, Speakerboxxx/The Love Below offers something to satiate your palate, as Big Boi acts as the ying to Andre's yang.

For traditional dirty south speed lyrical flows, vibrating booty bass of sick proportions, dancehall beats, and an umbrella upbeat demeanor, Big Boi's Speakerboxxx is sure to provide the appropriate soundtrack to any party, and makes the perfect accessory to the vintage Cadillac owner. Those who enjoy music a little more left-field, such as the college radio audience, are pleasantly surprised by Andre's The Love Below.

Not since OK Computer has an experimental concept album been so accessible and reached an amazing crossover audience - dabbling in ragtime, scat, lounge, jazz, soul, 70's R&B, funk, and occasionally, actual hip-hop. "Prototype", a sweet and simple melodic ballad of love lost and love desired, evokes the smoothly candid and relaxed vocal delivery of Bill Withers, and "Love Haters" slips a little Tony Bennett in your gin and tonic. "Spread", undeniably the most interesting piece on The Love Below, takes Sly choruses against the backdrop of Benny Goodman jazz orchestrations, traditional turntabling, and a piano harmony that sounds as if it was cut up with aural scissors, and taped



back together slightly asked.  
This double album, though non-cohesive, provides a work to truly love based on what the listener wants to ascertain from music.

#### 8) Broadcast *Haha Sound*

*Haha Sound* showcases a maturation of sound for the band through their almost unblemished balancing act; calibrating album cohesion with individual track distinction, as well as the ever-so-coveted poise between pop accessibility and artistic experimentalism. Broadcast also seamlessly balances the nostalgia of their melodies with futurism of their experimentalism. Moreover, the experimentalism expressed on *Haha Sound* is prominent enough to intrigue the listener, yet restrained enough to avoid indulgence.

Broadcast's first notable balance, though, is the solidity of *Haha Sound*, opening and closing the album with the strongest tracks to create a very successful and lasting impression on the listener. Though Broadcast has trouble escaping comparisons to Portishead and Stereolab, they sound nothing like either band. In fact, I might go as far as to say Broadcast is better than both those bands (whom I cherish dearly) – for one reason, range in sound and mood. Whereas the setting and aura of the aforementioned bands' music is blatant and used as the focal point, Broadcast layers their music in such a way that each layer of sound contains a different listening experience.

One of Broadcast's biggest influences is the extreme polar ends of 1960's underground music. Vocalist Trish Keenan employs the influences of 60's garage-lounge pop like Small Faces and Nico, whereas the other musicians enjoy the chilled, psychedelic vibes of John Cage, The Velvet Underground, and Syd Barrett. The vocal melo-

dies provide the music's pastoral delicacy and innocent beauty, while the reverberated tones, rough kitschy electronic beats, and spacey, distorted harmonies provided a menacing, creepy underlying ambiance. The sentiment of the record reflects of attitude of the 60's in some ways; bucolic vocals act as the idyllic free spirit, while Broadcast's unleashed analog keyboards aurally quarrel, creating musical textures that parallel the soundtrack of urban decay, lined with burlesque houses, flashing red lights, and societal unrest. The sounds are painted with love and hate, just like our society's most turbulent decade.

Though some aspects of the music transmit nostalgic imagery to times long gone, the production and gorgeous sound manipulating make the album fresh, vibrant, and poignant; very much a living product of the present, and a possible blueprint for the future – proving that the excellent Bristol-Birmingham scene in Britain continues to export innovative, accessible, experiential, and ethereal music – paradoxical qualities which miraculously mesh. The conflicting discrepancies that inadvertently and inexplicably provide order in the world fuel the multifaceted music of Broadcast. In short, Broadcast's *Haha Sound* is a fantastic album that can reach an audience broader than all the bands they've been compared to, with a fascinating depth few bands have dared venture to create.

#### 7) Black Rebel Motorcycle Club *Take Them On, On Your Own*

On the first listen, Black Rebel Motorcycle Club seems fairly derivative of many of the greatest in hipster culture. But further listening proves that this band is quite talented and writes very solid songs with a flawless tone

and sound. Black Rebel Motorcycle Club blends a premium mix of the harder selections in the Velvet Underground catalogue, shoegazing, the Jesus and Mary Chain, a pinch of Mudhoney, and, dare I say, a bit of blues by way of Son House (or Led Zeppelin's/Jack White's interpretation of the blues).

In one word, BRMC's music can be described as "suave." Peter Hayes' voice toggles between wispy and raspy, and know when to use each for the best effect. Their look and sound often is compared to The Strokes, but BRMC is far cooler than The Strokes, for a number of reasons. Whereas The Strokes look like actors who are hired to look beat-up and scruffy, BRMC are actually beat-up, scruffy kids who probably drink large quantities of Tussin for cheers and merriment. The lyrics reflect an ominous urban lifestyle set against upbeat, simple rock n' roll with restrained atmospheric textures and thick, epic tones. The band utilizes fuzz on almost all instruments in the music except for drums, creating a neo-psychedelic shoegazing pop-goth with an abrasive edge. They also tend to exchange minor to major scales in the same song, creating songs with multifaceted moods and sounds. BRMC is cool sounding, fuzzed out, undemanding, well constructed, masterfully interpreted rock music. This is

the type of album you blast on your stereo en route to the party. Don't let their inclusion into the NME's "next big thing" gravy train detour you.



#### 6) Lightning Bolt *Wonderful Rainbow*

Lightning Bolt is an appropriate name for a band that creates music which sounds as if the sky could open up and ravenously destroy life on the surface. The aural equivalent of a car accident, or the sonic facsimile of the listener's headphones being subjected to malicious decibel shredding scissors, Lightning Bolt almost earns their credibility on the sheer fact that individuals with the gift of gab cannot properly categorize their music, as all writers must do. It's true that to label is to negate, but for the sake of relating to an audience, categories and comparisons are the chosen and tested medium.

As for Lightning Bolt's latest descent into madness, *Wonderful Rainbow*, imagine Antonio Vivaldi composing his opuses on an electric bass with the fuzz and distortion turned to 11, supported by the backbone of adderall-influenced percussion in odd time signatures, which slickly clasp and interlace between divergent tempos, carefully maintaining form while chaotically spiraling. If Lightning Bolt had a category, call it classically influenced garage ADHD prog. There you go.

Lightning Bolt's rhythm is more like sick erratic squarewaves than one's usual frequency sine wave, with the chaotic and tangled percussion acting as the harmony's event horizon, never stopping to maintain a consistent rhythm, or let the listener rest.

The bass lines sound more like the guitar riffs and syncopation of Eddie Van Halen on peyote, musically recreating the work of Pollack and Dali, toggling between high dexterity lead melodies, repetitive driving riffs which twist and buckle, and beautifully balanced white noise. This is the closest one can get to actually ascertaining what the impera-

ture tangent of a future sound riot would sound like – a trajectory between classical composition, impatient urgency, pulsating distorted noise, and garage production. Lightning Bolt brings pyrotechnic panic rock to the post-millennial age of anxiety, and it sounds like an earthquake.

A challenging yet rewarding listening experience, *Wonderful Rainbow* is the soundtrack to watching the hustle and bustle of the gargantuan anthill that is modern society under a microscope replaying over a hundred frames per second. Describing *Wonderful Rainbow* as an occurrence in intensity is like describing the Pacific Ocean as wet – the lack of intrinsic meaning in the diction of a record review does not justify the aesthetic of the music. If accessible avant garde exists, this is it. If noise could also maintain structure, it happens on *Wonderful Rainbow*. If there's such a thing as "post-music", Lightning Bolt would be its pioneers.



#### 5) Blur *Think Tank*

Et tu, Graham Coxon? The latest band member to leave an established group, Coxon's absence has acted as the catalyst for sonic redirection for the heathenous beast of Britpop known as Blur. However, Coxon bouncing out like Snoop when the pigs roll through has not destroyed the integrity of the band.

Recorded in Morocco, *Think Tank* has a strange groove and upbeat tone that somehow paradoxically meshes with the typical moody tone that accented their previous work 13. Bizarre choruses which weave between keys create the sonic facsimile of the double helix. Sonorous distorted synthesizers and perky Brian Eno beats fill the void Coxon left behind, finding Blur reinventing themselves again without losing touch of the distinctive sound they've cultivated for over a decade, thanks mostly to the unmistakable sneer of Britrock's own Gilgamesh, Mr. Damon Albarn.

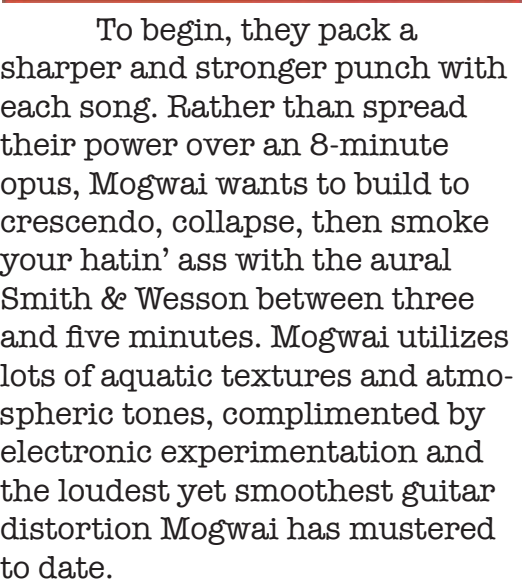
African rhythm structures and awkward lead textures make *Think Tank* the distant bastard son of *Remain in Light*. Blur even takes time to revisit the anthemic punk their eponymous record boasted in songs such as "Crazy Beat" and "We've Got a File On You." The album's highlight, "On the Way to the Club," is Blur's impression of Underworld after they've played an intense game of flag football with The Chemical Brothers and Asian Dub Foundation. *Think Tank*, a dichotomy of underground Eurobeat and minor-key Afrocelt, administers a soundtrack of eclectic strangeness that one would expect from the same individuals who helped create Gorillaz and always end up in fisticuffs with the Gallagher Brothers.

#### 4) Mogwai *Happy Songs for Happy People*

Did Mogwai just release the best album of their career? I believe so. They seem to get progressively better with each release, so expectations were high for them to follow up 2001's brilliant *Rock Action*. *For Happy Songs for Happy People*, Mogwai – the unequivocal titans of post-rock who pack punches as ruth-



This album also demonstrates Mogwai taking their music in new directions.

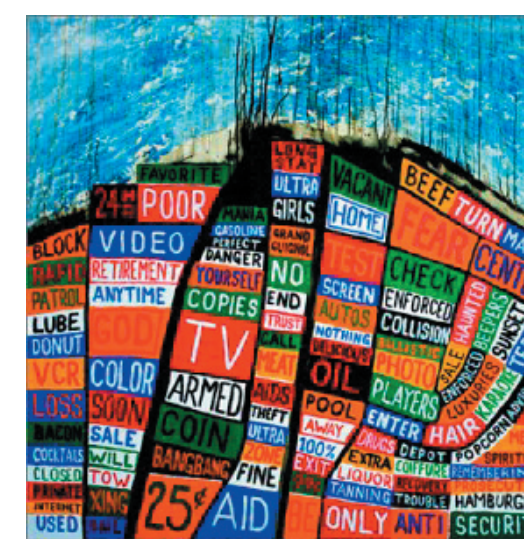


The range of moods and sounds on this record is extremely impressive, showcasing a

Everyone wants to be the new Bob Dylan, but The Shins' James Mercer actually comes the closest to pulling it off, as demonstrated in "Pink Bullets": "Cool of a temperate breeze from dark skies to wet grass, we fell in a field it seems now a thousand summers passed, when our kite lines first crossed, we tied them into knots, and to finally fly apart we had to cut them off... Since then it's been a book you read in reverse, so you understand less as the pages turn, or a movie so crass and awkwardly cast, that even I could be the star." This poetry, a product of the album's recurring themes of kites and flight, is graciously verbalized before the song's verse dissipates into a lonesome harmonica focus.

Lyrical masterful and musical eclectic, *Chutes Too Narrow* offers every mood a person can feel: love, hate, desire, fear, hope, and anything else that could inspire someone to pen a great song. Influenced by Big Star, The Replacements, and Hüsker Dü, with the dynamic Mercer act-

The songs on *Chutes Too Narrow* are simple, usually an acoustic rhythm guitar, lead electric guitar, toggling textures in piano/keyboard/harmonica, bass, and drums. But the whole of these elements are greater than the sum of their parts, as the songs soar into a grandeur level of tuneful bliss. Mercer's shimmering vocals on the gorgeous "Mine's Not a High Horse" creates a warm opulence against the vacancy of the wavering Moog-induced harmony. *Chutes Too Narrow* is undeniably the most expressive and empathetic recording of lavish and graceful pop-rock this year. Phenomenally song-focused, The Shins wanna rock that body like Justin Timberlake.



With each subsequent album, Radiohead asks their listeners to leap from higher and higher artistic cliffs. Their abiding adoration began with *The Bends*, the album that bonded their disparate influences, equal parts Pixies and arena rock. They raised the bar with an incredibly original, ethereal, sonically perfect psy-



chelicidal prog-rock concept album *OK Computer*. The hype was unequivocally insane, so to follow up, they remove every characteristic that defined them and come back completely reinvented with *Kid A*, exposing a new generation to free jazz, krautrock, and ambient electronic music. The second installment of their experiment, *Amnesiac*, was even weirder and less accessible. They've covered the bases, so the next natural step for them to progress would be to return to their roots; moody pop rock. It makes sense.

Despite earlier speculation to a complete throwback, this album remains distinctive. Though some songs resemble elements utilized in earlier material, the album doesn't really sound like previous works. For starters, you can dance to a lot of these songs. All the tracks have esoteric characteristics unique to this album, creating a more bohemian vibe that retains a pop accessibility never cognitively attempted by the band before.

Since respectable media across the globe has, at one time or another, called Radiohead the best band in the world - they have nothing left to prove. They don't have to scrap everything and start over on every album anymore. It's only rock n' roll, and they've come to realize this. So Ed O'Brien tells the boys that they're going to sunny Los Angeles to record the album. They only have two weeks, virtually no time for Thom to have a field day (pun intended) with his Pro Tools, so they have to get their shit together and lay down each song as a band, giving this record a live groove. *Hail to the Thief* is the product.

On "2+2=5" the first sound you hear is Jonny Greenwood plugging his guitar into the amp. In these first few seconds, Hail to the Thief declares that Jonny and Ed have come back to town to take what's rightfully theirs: the stash of imported beers, your sister's virginity, and their crown as the guitar gods of Britpop. When the riff begins, you can already sense that this tune is going to bust out in a full out aural kamikaze on your hatin' ass. They deliver, with the first time we've heard Radiohead straight out rock since "Electioneering." "Sit Down, Stand Up" sets up shop around a piano-pop blueprint with kitchy electronics fluttering in the wind as Jonny's hairdo does on stage. The song builds to cre-

scendo, then lapses into a seizure-like freak-out on keyboards and drums. A three guitar assault on "Go to Sleep" does everything but make the listener actually go to sleep, with serious collateral damage on acoustic and electric. "A Punch Up at a Wedding" features actual jive, and "Myxamatosis" flushes around the new bass that Colin picked up while visiting some pals in Hell. Hail's highlight is undeniably Thom's most gothic moment on "Where I End..." where he proclaims "I will eat you alive..." Hearing a whole amphitheatre sing this line in concert was a truly magical event.

Despite the title, Radiohead weren't trying to make a statement with *Hail to the Thief*; they just wanted to put together fourteen songs that they wanted to make, songs they felt were strong and well written. This album isn't about sound, experimentation, or concepts as all their other works. This album is about the songs. *Hail to the Thief* is Radiohead's album, not just an album by Radiohead. This is the album where they are going to enjoy themselves, and chances are, this will be the only time you'll hear them do this ever again. If you can dig that, you'll love this album. If you can't, you'll go back home brokenhearted to Idioteque the evening away.

#### 1) The Swords Project *Entertainment is Over If You Want It*

Coming to a theater near you... from the people who brought you Godspeed You Black Emperor and Explosions In the Sky, comes Portland's The Swords Project! Well, at least that's what I thought. With a band name featuring the word "project," one would assume these guys were prog as fuck. Luckily, surprises are good in this case. *Entertainment is Over If You Want It* is nothing like I expected. Nothing. Though their music does feature the stark, sparse, minor-key orchestration with the tension-and-release gloomy tint that characterizes Godspeed, The Swords Project write compositionally catchy pop songs. I know that a family friendly version of Godspeed sounds hokier than Michael J. Fox's 1985 film *Teen Wolf*, but these guys pull it off really well.

The Swords Project, for starters, employs restrained and delicate vocals that are commanding enough to give the music a very soft human focus. *Entertain-*

*ment...* sounds as if it should be an instrumental album, given that the music is interesting enough to stand on its own, but the vocals really make this band stand out from their post-rock predecessors. The Swords Project is experimental without being pretentious, and atmospheric without lulling the listener to sleep. With production that perfectly balances graininess and glossiness, and a sound whose influence is equal parts dark orchestral composition (Godspeed You Black Emperor) and gentle indie pop (Death Cab For Cutie, Kilowatthours), this album is totally fresh and makes for a rewarding listen.

Creating a majestic soundscape by filling every sonic void with two guitars, bass, two drum kits, heartfelt vocals, electric piano, accordion, violin, and some well placed electronic effects, The Swords Project are triumphant and thundering on their debut. With tracks like "MD11" featuring In a Silent Way-style keyboard and guitar interplay leading to explosive melody, to the epic ten-minute "Audience of One" providing a sumptuous climax of magnificence and glimmering beauty, it's impossible to not get goosebumps while listening to this album.

Having already toured with Stephen Malkmus, Pinback, Mono, The Swords Project is a band that will have incredible recordings and performances to offer us in the future. The debut should indicate the potential energy of the Swords Project - *Entertainment is Over if You Want It* is special, the type of album which raises the bar for everyone. The Mercury Program dressed up as this band for Halloween I'm sure.

-Michael Powell





# R.I.P. TUPAC

ESSAY ABOUT THE FUTURE OF PROG

ROCK AND ALSO  
A DAY IN THE  
LIFE OF THE  
PROGRAM  
DIRECTOR  
NICK  
WARNE

Um. so, it all started with a worm. however, if you like, it could really be anything, metaphor or whatever, that you like. But it was a worm for the sake of this anecdote. Right on. I had just finished one mighty beast of an Art History final and was quite satisfied with the 8 pages I wrote (though, for the record, it should be known that despite 2 hours of maddy writing I did not once mention the word "Baroque", whatever.) Um, so it was cold outside and snowing and putting me into this dreamy, nostalgic mood. And then! I spotted this worm! it was gigantic. like the length of a bus. almost. um. so I felt terrible that the poor thing was out here all alone, freezing in the cold. SO, I picked the dude up and carried him with me to the wonderful warmth of the station. HE TOLD ME HE "DIGS" ROCK! ICE! COLD! ... But... I sat little Tupac down in the office while I got hard at work checking my friendster account and getting my pop-on with mates of state. THE MORAL OF THE STORY. I forgot about little Tupac and he crawled away into the abyss of WRFL. NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN!!! Surely, he will be missed. But sometimes, when I think back to all the fun Tupac and I had, I try to imagine that he didn't shrivel up and mold away, but rather thrive on in the underground making prog rock music only to return one day in the future to do a live set on the local show and then devour me for my ignorance in my sleep

# Tell Us What YOU Think...

Yeah, it's fairly corny, making a comment card and all. But the board of directors here at WRFL do a lot of guesswork concerning what programming and events the audience is interested in. So to make things easier, and to help us better serve you, the loyal listener, please fill out this comment card. And you know, we get a lot of promotional material sent here, and there just might be some free stuff waiting for you for those who fill this out....

Name:

E-Mail address:

Phone number (optional):

How often do you listen to WRFL?

What are your favorite genres of music? Did any of these genres become your favorite from exposure on WRFL?

What are your favorite programs? Why? (if you don't know the show name or DJ, just write down the day and timeslot)

What are your least favorite programs? Why?

What shows would you like to hear on WRFL?

What events would you be interested in seeing?

Any additional comments or suggestions for how we can improve:

To get this comment card to us, you have a number of options available. Choose your weapon:

1) Send through snail-mail:

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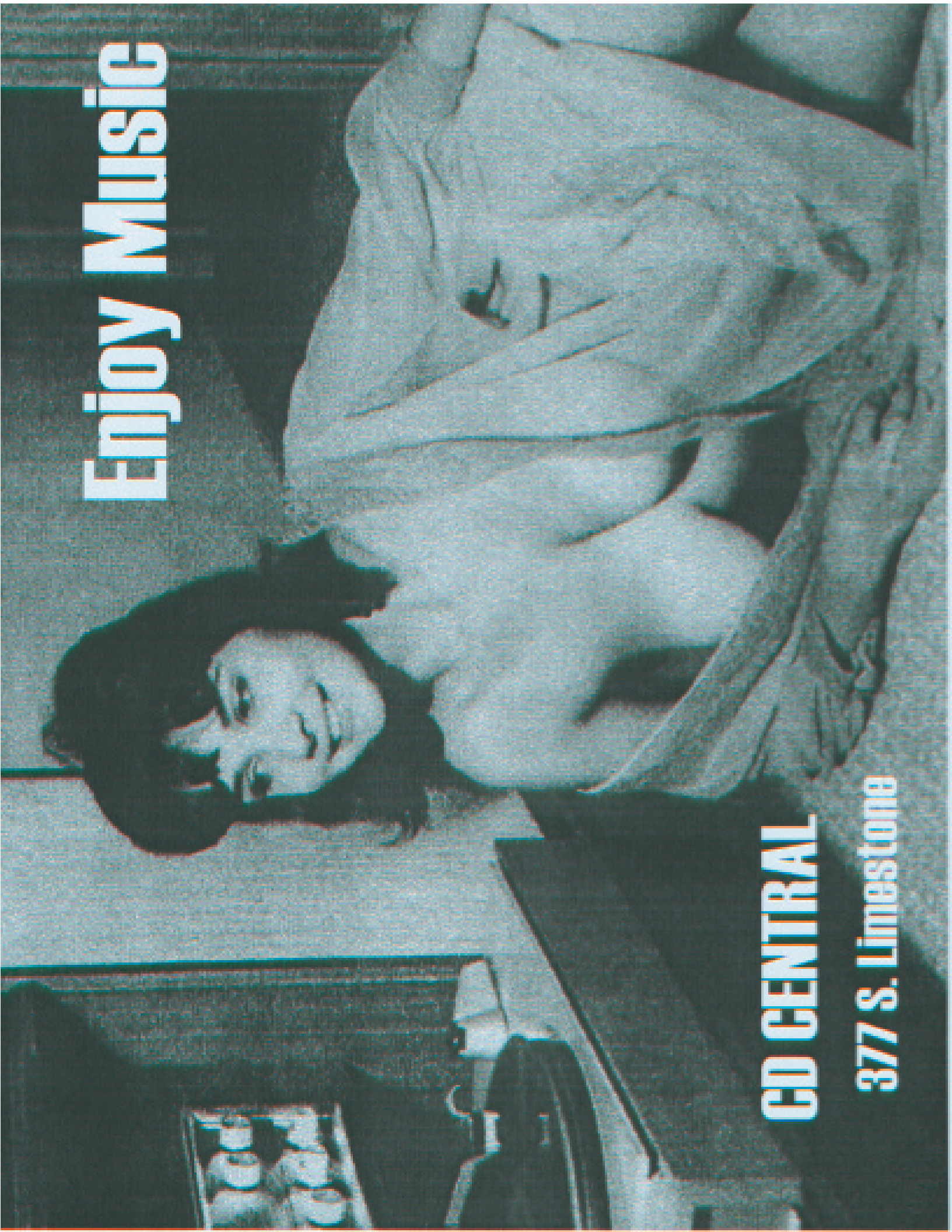
2) Stop by the WRFL offices at 104 Student Center (located on the first floor, at the corner of Euclid Ave. and Limestone St.)

3) Send the answers by e-mail to Mikey P, [training@wrfl.org](mailto:training@wrfl.org)

4) Call the INFO-LINE at 859-257-4636 or just request a song at 859-257-WRFL

**You had a choice, and you chose us! Thank You!**



A woman with dark hair, wearing a white robe, is sitting on a light-colored couch. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. To her left, there is a stereo system with a turntable and several cassette tapes. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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