

WRFL

WRFL 88.1FM
Lexington, Kentucky
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WRFL
FALL 2006
"RADIO FREE LEXINGTON"

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wrfl.uky.edu

radio stream and other cool stuff!

859.257.WRFL (9735)

make a request, anytime, day or night!

859.257.INFO (4636)

ask pertinent questions!

104 Student Center

(the building with the food and Starbucks)

visit us!

Welcome to the fall edition of RIFLe Magazine.

WRFL 88.1 fm is excited to host another semester of great programming to further accommodate the listening needs of campus and the community. Bringing quality radio to Lexington is a top priority for the WRFL staff and volunteers and we hope you are satisfied with the experience known as Radio Free Lexington.

This issue of RIFLe has an awesome interview with Sufjan Stevens as well as tons of record reviews, comics, show reviews and more. Be sure to check out our nifty concert calendar so you can be the first in line for all the great shows that 88.1 has to offer this semester.

Want to be a part of the staff? Anyone is welcome to inquire about positions at the station by emailing our Training Director Katie Sharp at rotkopf@insightbb.com. She is friendly and won't bite, that is unless you listen to really horrible mainstream music. Kidding...well, sort of.

The best of times,

The WRFL Directors Staff

Oh yeah! Don't forget about our fresh website where you can get the up to date gossip and 24 hour radio stream! Join the party at wrfl.uky.edu

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Blogging Down the House

3-RIFLe-Fall 2005

In the days before the Fox News Channel, Americans were forced to receive their information through non-corporate-sponsored outlets. It was the town crier who broke the story of England's invasion, and he did so without taking a break for live coverage of a celebrity trial. In the music industry, we find ourselves torn between two similar options - the corporate and slick, or the amateur, but heartfelt.

While magazines such as *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* continue to fly off the shelves, many have been questioning the integrity of a music organization that can put Clay Aiken on their cover and still maintain a straight face. It's obvious that record label endorsement motivates the majority of bands who are hyped in many magazines. However it often seems that there are few other options for finding new music.

Thankfully the Internet boom has brought with it an alternative to the glossy music journals that seem so fit to cling to the corporate teat. Amateurs with no financial stake in the music industry are usually the ones running music weblogs (or "blogs" for short). These blogs offer a pleasing alternative due to their frequently updated content and conversational tone. But many music fans may find themselves at a loss when deciding at what point they want to sacrifice the researched articles of serious journalism for the honest work of a fan who's just trying to promote some good music.

The first thing to realize when reading music blogs is that there are no fact-checkers or editors in this industry. Bloggers are basically free to publish what they want with no fear of repercussions for a misprint or untrue rumor. It's this lack of credibility that prevents most people from becoming hardcore fans of blogs. However, what this medium lacks in accountability, they more than make up with depth of information. Whereas your new favorite band's album might be lucky to get a half-paragraph write-up in *Spin*, chances are great that some blogger has written a page and a half review, complete with mp3s

Matt Jordan

and a band interview. Through a little bit of searching through blogs, one should be able to find a wealth of information on even the tiniest of bands.

Another important factor to consider when becoming a frequent blog patron is that you find one that fits your personal taste. Because most focus on a very specialized area of music, it's key to find a blogger whose musical tastes are in line with your own. This helps out for two reasons. First, someone who enjoys the same bands that you

"[music] blogs are a great way to find new bands and explore different areas of music without having to spend \$.99/song on iTunes or shelling out \$15 for a CD." -Cameron Ludwick

do is more likely to post information quickly about your mutually enjoyed musicians. This is a great way to find out about tours before tickets go on

sale or grab a demo mp3 off the new album. Also, this serves as a great way to find out about new bands. If you and this blogger enjoy many of the same bands, why not look into some of the other ones they're suggesting? If you find the right blogs that click for you, it's like having a good friend who's always ready with a great, personalized mix CD.

Believe it or not, blogs actually have a big impact on the music industry as well. Record labels and major magazines monitor many blogs. In fact, *Spin* has recently started putting out a list of blogs suggested for further reading on bands they enjoy. Also, many bands that are enjoying success at the moment owe their start at least partially to websites and blogs. The Arcade Fire, who

have played alongside The Pixies and David Byrne this year, were promoted early on by blogs, websites, and independent publications. *The Village Voice* was one of the first to raise their banner in support of the Montreal group. They were followed shortly by hipster-favorite website, *Pitchfork*, who similarly offered support and press. Due to the support of such independent writers, The Arcade Fire have sold out tours across the globe. Not bad for the modern day equivalent of the town crier, huh?

But it all comes back to the possibility of uncovering your next favorite band. It seems that most avid blog readers are out to find some new music, without having to trust a guy who was paid (quite possibly by a record label) for his review.

(continued on page 10)



CD REVIEWS

Wooden Wand and the Vanishing Voice XIAO

Imagine trekking through the prairie as a storm glides up to cover the moon on the horizon. You hear the sounds of drums and bells, strings and chimes, flutes and changing up over the next ridge, so you steer that way. Entering a row of tents, you see a gang of kids pounding their bare feet into the dirt, shouting at the storm and waiting for the rains. They loan you a blanket and a didgeridoo, and you find yourself joining in, having forgotten all about the storm.

-Ben Allen

Need New Body *where's Black Ben?*

Look deeply into the eyes of these proud mama-makers and feel their passion for Taco Bell & il-legal greenery. "Brite 'Tha Day" sweet beat from special eds for hardee's. Get up and grab a biscuit. "Magic Kingdom" Zelda finds a cracker on the floor and tortures a cat for a while. "Totally Pos Paas" quick like psych with huggy bear vocals. Go squeeze a fuzzy. "Poppa B" a lighthearted banjo buster. Like pickin' berries outside the apt. Complex. "Mouthbreather" where's my meds mic-check panic attack into fast rewind Nintendo into whizz relief banjo into track "Who's This Dude? / Tet No Eyes / Do You Want To Party With Me / Medley" thump 'n' bump robot biz with a sweet message from the stars. "Tuthmosis" quick, quiet piano diary. "Outerspace" the whole class gets choral with dying cat for a short eternity, discovers horns and attempt to play in the name of freedom. "Inner Gift" the freedom horns return over 'ta ta ta' at the club jazz beat, bleeds into track. "Badoosh + Seagull War = Die" a lengthy, driven deep-dish organ cruster with torture scene climax. "Peruvidia" back to Banjo Mountain for a PBS hand-clapper. "So St Rx" no shopping district has ever known a greater ode "ah...maybe I need some incense? Or a wizard candle!" you will live the south street experience. "Abstract Dancers: Pearl Crusher / Medley" like being in the super computer as it runs out of paper. "Pax-N-Alf" a 35 second organ seizure into track "Juvie Girlz: Ghost Of Bistro / Hairfunny / Medley" one more minute of seizures plus harmonica! "Eskimo" instrumental anthem for the special needs army as they return triumphantly to Mt. Crusto for double cheeseburgers. Suggests a sequel.

-Jesse Saxon

MED *Push Comes to Shove*

Long time dues payer from the Stones Throw camp finally gives it up for the people on his stellar debut. Mostly produced by Madlib, MED spits lyrically darts on each track as if it's his last. Things head up right away on the ridiculously dope, "Serious." J-dilla offers tow bangers on the club induced, "Push" and the hypnotic, "So Real." But, nobody outshines the beat conductor as he supplies MED with many production heat rocks, especially on the classic, "Can't Hold On." All in all, MED easily makes one for the best LPs of the year, so don't sleep.

-Shareef

Orange Juice *The Glasgow School*

Edwin Collins had a hit in the ninties that I'm sure you guys sorta remember but more importantly he started out in Orange Juice. A three-piece pop outfit in the vein of the G-Betweens, "Boys Don't Cry" era Cure, and the angular bass guitar play of bands such as Echo and the Bunnymen and Joy Division, Orange Juice were bizarre story tellers that influenced everyone from Belle and Sebastian to Franz Ferdinand. While OJ had their jagged "post-punk" moments, they weren't exactly the darkest group to come from the late seventies/early eighties...perfect!

-Michael Turner



CD REVIEWS

Odd Nosdam *Burner*

This LP proves it: Odd Nosdam made Clouddead. That's that. Odd Nosdam is the light and soul of Anticon. If you remember *No More Wig for Ohio*, then you know what to expect. If you don't: imagine beats that sound like decaying rice crispies meshing with the ambient sounds of an abandoned warehouse by the railroad tracks with a single transistor radio quietly humming the hiss of a low powered Spanish radio station in the corner. The only thing that makes Odd Nosdam remotely hip-hop is the traditional beat pattern. Of course, this pattern is slowed down to a phenomenally slow BPM. The gorgeous song featuring Jessica Bailiff is here (awesome), but otherwise this is instrumental nausea-influenced otherworldly sludge-hop. Absolutely killer!

-Mikey P.



Hockey Nights *Keep Guessin'*

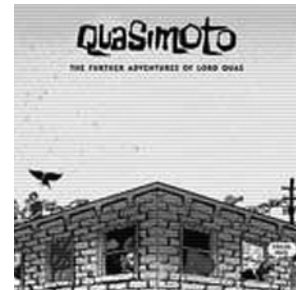
I refuse to believe that this is not Stephen Malkmus. This album is total Pavement and Jigs stuff. The way the vocals are, the songs, this has to be Stephen Malkmus.

-Tony Manuel

Quasimoto *The Further Adventures of Lord Quas*

Left coast producer Madlib returns with the follow up album to his helium voiced alter-ego's 2000 debut, *The Unseen*. Madlib shows up to rhyme along with Quas, showing he has about as many multiple personality problems as his Madvillain partner in crime MF Doom. If you liked the lo-fi funk beats and bugged out collage skits on *Madvillainy*, this may be the album for you. Fueled by what had to be mountains of weed, Madlib takes us through the full spectrum of his beat crafting abilities from outer space low-end thumps, to 80's soul and gritty lo-fi funk resin. For the sober listener, it nears the overload point as skits, sample collages, and songs all begin to burn into a singular haze. There's also the argument from some that the Quas voice is just too weird and annoying. If you don't have a problem with Madlib's little buddy and you're in the mood for a bizarre trip, you just might have to check this out.

-Wesley Beltz



Royksopp *The Understanding*

Yep, this is definitely the most metrosexual album I've heard this year. You can buy clothes to this album. You can be the judge on whether that's a good thing or not. But what I can tell you is this: *The Understanding*, Royksopp's latest, is not. This is a more mature album for Royksopp, slowing the tempo down a bit and adding more texture. Royksopp now sounds like Colder if he was happier, Gus Gus if they were more poppy and Daft Punk if they were a better band. In general, I preferred the instrumentals since the pop oriented songs with vocals sounded too much like a Euro-soaked R&B (which is no good). Instrumentation has also been Royksopp's strong point though. If you rock this in your car or at home, keep in mind that your friends may think that you're either gay, European, or a perfectly normal straight man whose name begins with a "W" and ends with an "esley Charles Beltz." All those people are fine, but I'm just saying people may ask you, so if you don't fall into any of those categories, prepare your answers and get on your dancing shoes!

-Mikey P.





CD REVIEWS

Foreign Born *In the Remote Woods*

Foreign Born have the bombastic and expansive arena rock anthems sans pretension sound down! Very few bands have pulled this off. They do it well. The most important and striking aspect of this San Francisco four piece is the texture of their sound. Foreign Born has a big sound. A huge, ginormous fuckin' sound. It's so big, like U2's *Zoo* TV tour, like the galaxy, like the fire and brimstone apocalypse, like the selection at Baskin 31 Robbins, or the Tendercrisp Bacon Cheddar Ranch. There are serious crescendos for days, but miraculously, this is not prog rock. Not in the least. To that end, Foreign Born evoke the Jesus and Mary Chain sans the feedback and replaced with reverb, Radiohead's most orchestral work, a more organic and upbeat Portishead, Pulp's most realized material, and even a de-cowboyed Lee Hazelwood. This is really good, with the only misstep being that *In the Remote Woods* is only an EP. Their forthcoming full length could make Foreign Born, if the current music is any indication, this year's Arcade Fire. Foreign Born take no prisoners, and I have dreams about this EP at night.

-Mikey P.

Floataction Toy Warning

Bluffer's Guide to the Flightdeck

There's a line from Floataction Toy Warning's song "Popstar Reaching Oblivion" that sums up my feelings about their music - "Trying to understand it all just makes your head hurt." In an album that sounds like it was delivered from the hands of Wayne Coyne rather than virtual unknowns from London, it's difficult to keep your head about you. The lyrics are light and beautiful, yet they feel as if they are there only as a backdrop for the ethereal instrumentation. In fact, after listening to their album for the past hour I haven't really taken in a single word - but I've understood everything. *Bluffer's Guide to the Flightdeck* is mood music for the mellowest afternoon you've ever had. At times, it feels like you're transported into their own acid-tripping world. You barely even notice that your mind is drifting away from what's real. I thank God for songs like "Losing Carolina; for Dursky" that make me forget that I'm sitting in front of a computer at three o'clock in the morning. It's actually rather hard to nail down Floataction Toy Warning's sound. Sometimes it's so obvious that they want to be the Flaming Lips. Then, they throw a curve ball with some Arcade Fire-like yelps. And just when you think you might have an idea what they're up to, they go into a slow instrumental, Beulah style. I can only imagine what a trip their live show must be. To me, the strangest thing about Floataction Toy Warning is that they don't suffer from a lack of identity. Sure, they might occasionally sound like they're trying to remake *Soft Bulletin*, but they're doing it on their own terms. Unlike most other indie bands, they know exactly where they want their music to go and are in complete control of it.

-Matt Jordan

Aimee Mann *The Forgotten Arm*

I cannot put my finger on why Aimee Mann rules. She is total adult contemporary, you know? You could hear her music as bumper tracks on NPR or in your favorite coffee shop. But, her voice... it's dark, sultry and undeniably distinct. Her songs are always solid and always crowd pleasing. *The Forgotten Arm* is a lot more upbeat than *Lost in Space*, thus, not as good. There's a hint of Americana in a few of the tracks, which isn't my bag, but the songs are so orchestrated that it almost makes up for itself. Wait, Aimee Mann rules because she's pretty much this generation's Joni Mitchell... an artist that can easily bridge gaps. My mom would dig this, and I dig it too, so that's good for something, right? Definitely for fans of Neko Case, probably another reason why I like Aimee. I love rockin' out my older singer-songwriter womyn on sunny afternoons. Does that make me gay?

-Mikey P.



ALL AGES! ALL AGES!

By Hornet Lewis and Ferret "Buttafingaz" Busey

Contrary to popular belief, there ARE plenty of things for people under 21 to do in Lexington.

Sure, sure, you missed the Arcade Fire gig last semester because you're still a tyke but REALLY, are they that good anyway? I mean, come on, while the big dogs are getting fat pockets off the drunk set at the bar rock shows, kids all over town are throwing basement gigs that are ten times more fresh and cheap than the old fart crew.

Ferret and I were talking about how even though we are "of age" to go to over 21 shows, we are more down with the kid-style-underground. Here is a list of awesome places to witness radness you don't get in the bars:

The historic **Icehouse** (412 Cross St.) is a renovated studio space that brings bands in from all over the world. Specializing in indie, free jazz, experimental and electronic, the venue is spacious and ready to be filled for late nights of dancing and schmoozing.

Wanna go to a gig but tired of the usual bar rock horseshit?

I highly recommend checking out the www.charlesmansion.org website. **The Charles Mansion**

is somewhat of a *secret spot* but you can always find out who's coming through and how to get there on the web. Specializing in the avant-garde, *Charles Mansion* hosts everything from odd theatre and psychedelic rock to abrasive power electronics and fluxus sound poetry. Come join the insanity! It's fun to go back to school the next Monday and say "Hey! The *Mansion* was AWESOME this weekend! I got to see 16 Bitch Pile Up fuck up four turntables instead of boring myself to death downtown!"

The Underlying Themes

space **110 S. Upper St.** (www.underlyingthemes.com) is a newbie in the Lexington area that

hosts a spot for gigs, a recording studio and a home base for their record label. If you like the outer fringes of jazz and improv, this space is for you. WRFL will be hosting more than a few shows at the space this school year so keep your ear to ground for the word!

Weird not totally your bag but you still feel the bowels of hell calling your name? You like it louder and want to impress your friends with tales of leaving someone's basement with ear's bleeding? We advise you check out the

Bornmugged house located near Ashland, Home Of Henry Clay (Richmond Rd. area). *Bornmugged* kicks you in the face with the best in obscure extreme grind, noise, sludge, doom and all things mommy and daddy hate. Please email wasabi.wolf@gmail.com with "born mugged shows" in the subject heading for details on shows and location.

If you're all like "Fuck this weirdo shit, Punks not dead!" check out the **Eugene Records Message Board**

(www.eugenerecords.com). *Eugene* is a record label that specializes in all things punk rock and has being going since the mid-nineties. The message board has tons of posts advertising house punk shows (HUG, Clay Ave.) in the area. If you're too stoned to get off your ass and go to shows, you can always make fun of the emo dorks around town on the board with the other punks.

Last, but not least, WRFL 88.1 has events going in the area throughout the year that are ALWAYS all ages. Please check out the *Calendar in this issue* as well as our website **wrfl.uky.edu** for show listings.

What are you waiting for, youngsters? Go and have a good time! We'll see you guys at **the show**.

00300

Friday, the 19th @7pm

Sunburned Hand of the
Man,
Majik Markers,
Dreamcatcher and
Seyiano

One of the crazier gigs of the year, *Sunburned Hand of the Man* picks up where disgruntled Dead Heads reproduce with members of Swans, dropping acid mid way through the filming of "Fire Walk With Me."

Camera switches to the ten-member band hanging with Manson's crew, banging on bongos. Hippies? Hardly, this is a crew you DON'T want to fuck with. Bow down, day of retribution is near as Sunburned Hand of the Man come to crush yr skull with love and death!

Magik Markers, fresh off a stint with indie superstars Dinosaur Jr., melt your mind with frolicking rock by way of Lydia Lunch and post-post punk while acts Dreamcatcher and Sex-jamo do their best to teach the kids how to drive semi-trucks through the power of touch to save the human from themselves. Wait, what?

\$6 - Memorial Hall, UK Campus

Thursday, the 25th @ 7pm

Watersports,

Cherry Blossoms, Iovae, Sapat, Warmer Milks

"Yay, the nerdy folks at WRFL hooked us nerdy kids up with a Back To School Weir-do fest outside Memorial Hall in the Ampitheatre for FREE!" That's right, kids! From NYC, we have Watersports, a dream team of gentle experimental madness. For fans of distraction and comfort, please come and treat yourself.

Cherry Blossoms (a.k.a. the Arizona Drains) are R-N-R music the way that it should be done: so important, it just turns out a mess.

Need a scientific explanation for what god sounds like when he kills Republicans? lovae is your man with his sinister radio malfunction sludge!

Screw you, guttered, information overload, rocking jam, chief on straight to hell with Sapat, Louisville's answer to Coffin-style folk scare. No, we at WRFL aren't up the psych folk a-hole, but we DO enjoy a good geetar plucked tune via Satan's minions...

FREE FREE FREE

Memorial Hall, UK Campus.

Friday, the 26th @ 8pm

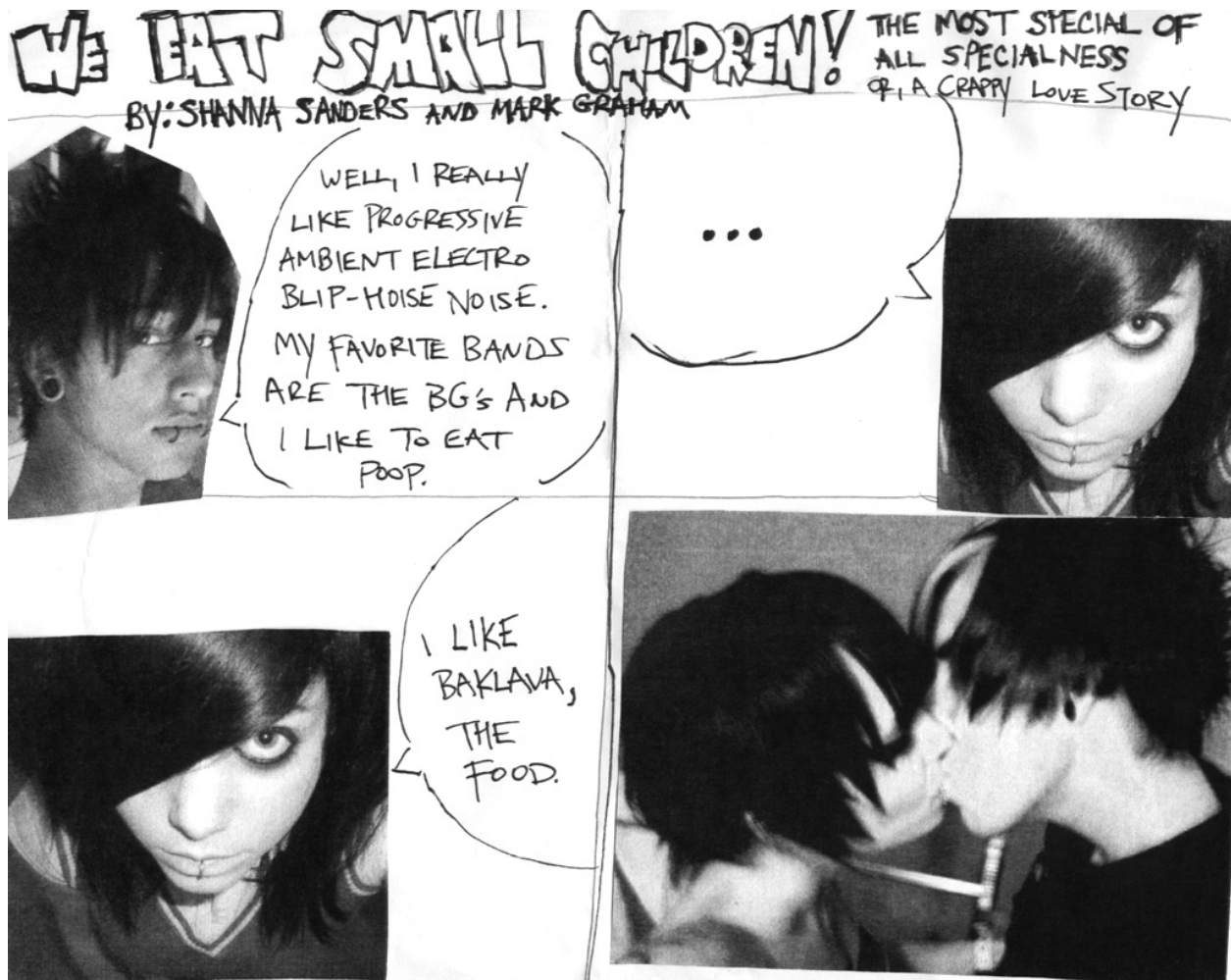
Growing, Sick Hour

Growing is a gross drone unit that is bent on draining our mind. Meditative action that isn't on the New Age trip but rather the New Slay trip. Beautiful but sinister and raw, this is the heavy you feel after late nights of getting loaded on the Caravan of Doom.

Opens! Stick Hour, bring us the more extreme elements of experimental electronics, so be there. Back to School fever getting you down? Too many rip-off new wave geeks bragging about their cheesy hair-do's? Tired of the Crapola skeez bags with their Dave Matthews garbage, always hanging out and harshing your mellow? Ever wish the jocks would just drop dead? Come check out these jams and it will seem like the **WHOLE WORLD IS DISAPPEARING!**
\$5 - Mecca. 209 N Limestone

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Blogging Down the House

(continued from page 3)

University of Kentucky sophomore Cameron Ludwick offered her opinion on the blog phenomenon, “[music] blogs are a great way to find new bands and explore different areas of music without having to spend \$.99/song on iTunes or shelling out \$15 for a CD.” You can’t fight with those numbers, kids. Blogs and similar websites are a great alternative to blindly purchasing an album that you heard might be decent. Whereas some blogs post mp3s of questionable legality, a growing number stick to legal down-

loads from record labels’ or bands’ websites. If you’re anything like me, the last thing you want is to be sued for downloading the new Four Tet album.

But when looking for music, one important factor stands out above the rest - it’s good to diversify. When reading reviews or looking for new bands, take your information from as many sources as you can. Just like you’d be a fool to only get your news from one station or newspaper, you shouldn’t close yourself off to only one outlet of music journalism. The more you read, the more you’ll become an informed fan with well-shaped and diverse musical tastes. And isn’t that what we’re all after?

Outside the Spotlight

jazz and improvised music series

Someone once posted on a message board, “I don’t wanna get old ‘cause then you have to like jazz.”

That’s kinda how I used to feel about jazz. It all seemed dead to me, old and irrelevant.

When I came to UK, I started to experiment with “cultured” things that weren’t available in my Eastern Kentucky hometown. Went to a few of UK’s *Spotlight Jazz* shows and they did nothing to change my feeling about jazz. I wanted to get it, but it all was so slick and predictable that I always left feeling lame. (Note: I’m not trying to schlag *Spotlight Jazz*. They’re our ‘sister-series’ and have been very supportive.)

Anyway, somewhere in this searching I found WRFL and the underground rock/pop scene and music that really seemed alive. Once you realize there’s an underground anything scene, you start to understand that there’s an underground everything scene - underground hip hop, underground ‘classical’, etc. I stumbled on free/out/freak jazz and improvised music and all the sudden something clicked. This was ecstatic, furious, unpredictable and all around intense shit - the same energy, immediacy, and intimacy that I loved about indie music.

The records were great - 60’s stuff like Albert Ayler, Cecil Taylor, late John Coltrane, Sun Ra, and Peter

Brotzmann and newer stuff like Arthur Doyle, William Parker, and Ken Vandermark - but, when I first heard the music live, it knocked me out-like seeing my first punk rock show. I began traveling to other towns, searching it out in warehouses, coffee shops, and art galleries and clubs. When I went to see a show in Cincinnati and realized that six out of the ten people in attendance were from Lexington, it just seemed like this should be happening

On February 5, 2005, Sun Ra Arkestra appeared at the Dame as part of the Outside the Spotlight series.

Cricket Press



Chris Corsano of the Paul Flaherty/Chris Corsano duo will be performing at the Underlying Themes Loft Space, 110 S. Upper St., on Thursday September 15. www.yod.com/hatedmusic.html

here. That’s how the idea for *Outside the Spotlight* came together.

I talk about it as jazz, but *OTS* shows are all about sound, experimentation, new ideas of what traditional instruments can do, etc. *OTS* is a labor of love. Shows are always informal and cheap (usually in the range of FREE to \$5). They’re a chance to see something new and have your senses rearranged. Hope you’ll check one out.

-Ross Compton

[To get added to the OTS email list and be kept up to date on upcoming shows, drop a note to informationactivists@yahoo.com. Look for FREE sampler cds previewing the shows around town at spots like CD Central, Alfalfa restaurant, and Gumbo Ya Ya’s.]



SEPT EMBER

Thursday, the 8th

The Chicago-Luzern Exchange

(sax, cornet, tuba, drums quartet with members from Chicago and Switzerland)
@ the Underlying Themes Loft Space, 110 S. Upper (entrance is next to Mid's)
two sets starting at 8pm, all ages, \$3
more info/sounds: chicagoluzernexchange.com

Thursday, the 15th

Paul Flaherty/Chris Corsano duo

(ecstatic sax/drums duo from New England – Thurston Moore approved!) and more
TBA
@ the Underlying Themes Loft Space
8pm, all ages, \$TBA (definitely no more than \$5)
more info/sounds: www.yod.com/hatedmusic.html

Wednesday, the 28th @8pm

Khanate, Earth, Jason Schuler and Walter Carson

Khanate equals ultimate DOOM BRUTALITY! One time I went on a trip with my girlfriend and some friends into the mountains. We brought along Khanate's *Things Viral* for a good, rockin' time. Yeah right!! Long nights in the woods with that record blaring out of the box resulted in some heinous experiences thus the dark lords gained their title as being total DEATH STYLE jams. Sliick! Come and enjoy the slowest, heaviest band on the planet right now! Earth are the godfathers of the almighty drone. Come witness them drill you to bits with their fierce cancerous jams. Rock!!! Opening are Jason Schuler and Walter Carson, two of Lexington's nastiest noise slimmers. If you love metal and you love the sound of dying, please attend!!!
\$8 - Arts Place, 161 N Mill.

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Fall 2005 Show Summaries

Shanna Sanders + Mark Graham: We eat small children!

Generally we play songs that five year old boys would like-songs about pirates and monsters and spies and sometimes baklava if you're lucky. Believe us, it's pretty fucking awesome.

Matt Jordan: Youaintnopicasso.com

Zach Caudill: Mix of brand new indie rock, electronica and punk.

Jeremy Russell: The Nth Degree with Nico

Nexus: The show that asks "are you ready to surrender to hate for love?" and answers "we don't know, we're too busy trying to get the Gummy Worms out of the carpet."

Entemelodical Opportunities: Our show is one part Lawrence Welk, a little bit Raymond Scott, a touch of Jean-Jacques Perry, three parts Wing, a splash of chat, a little bit People like us, a sprinkle of Noise, a dash of Quintron and Miss Pussycat, a hint of Martin Denny, two parts Esquivel, a lot of Psychic TV, a sprig of Hall and Oates, a skosh of Godley and Creme, and a lot of love. Join us for cocktails and cockatiels.... Martinis and Mantises.

Daryl C: "...sun ra, whitehouse, musica elettronica viva, dead machines, john fahey, germs, maja ratjke, charles tyler, nam june paik, sunroof!, pauline oliveros, francoise hardy, hair police, folke rabe, joe jones, wooden wand & the vanishing voice, sonic youth, fursaxa, marianne nowottny, can't, xhol caravan, comus, chrome, rusted shut, prick decay, john/alice coltrane, von hemling, double leopards, negative approach, vibracathedral orchestra, derek bailey, brigitte fontaine, taj mahal travellers, third ear band, richard youngs, kites, incapacitants, runzilstern & gurgelstock, burning star core, trees, the trees, no neck blues band, tony conrad, godz, simon fi nn, sparks, jobriath, fl ipper, voice crack, sudden infant, humectant interruption, smegma, ayler, mossmaster, kevin drumm, dna, scott walker, half japanese, and MORE"

The Trip with Clay Gaunce: The only program of its kind in the central Kentucky area and, as you know if you're a prog-rock fan, one of the few originating in the U.S.A. Definitive sources for the show include Genesis, King Crimson, Soft Machine, Yes, Gentle Giant, Jethro Tull, Pink Floyd, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, and, of course, Frank Zappa. Since progressive rock is by its very nature both innovative and timeless, many of the poets and bombasts comprising the current prog-rock movement are included, as are modern progressive iconoclasts like Thinking Plague, and their recordings are often featured, as are occasional artist interviews.

World Beat: A meandering musical trip though the world. Zouk, samba, rai, chanson, every week we give you the songs

behind the styles and try show both the uniqueness and similarities of music from other cultures.

Resonant Frequency: Resonant Frequency is, frankly, the greatest college radio show ever. Conveniently, it happens to be on WRFL. Traversing between the classic alternative/college/indie/post-punk cuts of the '80s and early '90s, bombastic orchestral British rock, trip-hop, jazzy downtempo glitch IDM, anti-folk, psychedelically influenced whatever, and the most compelling of the domestic underground, Mikey P brings the pain every Wednesday afternoon. Bring your Handi-Snacks.

Psychedelicatessen: The Captain, Mr. Kite and the PDT team throw open the doors to the WRFL Psychedelicatessen, serving up psychedelicias from the past, present, near and far.

Travis P. Mid Week Massacre: A wide variety of metal to get you over hump day, everything from power, to hardcore, if you can kill your neighbors to it, its on this show.

The happy fun time, yea yea yea show featuring dj BLAKE: A crazy stew of post-punk, lofi, freak folk, and psych topped off with obnoxious banter.

The Blue Yodel #9: (Uncle Dave Kiser edition) is a variety of bluegrass and gospel music covering the last three decades, and occasionally more. I sometimes have live guests and live music in the studio. It's always a fun time if you like bluegrass at all.

Greg Tilton: My show is a mix of classic alternative radio tracks and new, more highly anticipated tracks from the independent/underground rock community. Generally, for a special treat, some tracks from the 60s, 70s, and 80s are played, just to spice things up and diversify a bit. You can usually expect to hear tracks from bands like Sonic Youth, Built to Spill, Smashing Pumpkins, Sleater-Kinney, The Velvet Underground, David Bowie, Sunny Day Real Estate, and PJ Harvey. New albums by artists such as Tegan and Sara and Interpol are constantly appearing on my playlists. In sum, the graveyard show from 3-6am on Thursdays is a blissful mix of more accessible indie music that should not be missed!

The Cutting Edge Show: If you like to dance, then join DJ Brahms and Korean Steve for the best time of your life. Spanning genres from acid jazz to punk to Romanian dance-pop, the hits just keep on coming! The Cutting Edge Show - Discovering New Music since 1999. <http://www.cuttingedgeshow.com>

The Big Blue Review: What happens when sportswriters run a talk show? It's a lot like the egg in the 'Your brain on drugs' commercials from back in the day. Join hosts Jeff Patterson and Derek Poore as they talk to student-athletes, coaches and sports reporters from The Kentucky Kernel. Check them out on the Web



for upcoming guests and other tomfoolery at <http://bbr.notd.net>.

John Winters: Who says that college radio has to be obtuse and depressing? A few hours of rock, indie, hardcore, metal, alt-country, and other forms of raucous noise. Tune in to hear the likes of Interpol, Lucero, Underoath, Dillinger Escape Plan, Fugazi, Converge, These Arms Are Snakes, and Cursive. So tune in, turn it up, and get moving.

The Percy Trout Hour: The longest hour on radio bringing you the finest in super-fizz-sugar pop from all over the globe. We specialize in kitsch, funk, and obscure pop rock.

Trivial Thursdays: Get up already. Mick and Emily got ya covered on Thursday mornings with the college radio version of a quote-unquote morning show. They shuck, they jive, they keep you alive, with an eye-opening tonic of trivia of the day, unwelcome commentary and musical tributes from across the known rock galaxy. More sparkly than the drool on your pillow, it's Trivial Thursdays mellowing the harsh every Thursday morning from 6-9am. You gotta get your own coffee, though.

Uncle Bill: Bill Widener brings both his broad knowledge of pop history and an unquenchable thirst for new sounds to the left of your dial...ranging from girls in the garage to bluesmen of the Delta, from high up in the hills to the catacombs of the underground, from the Lower East Side to Central Asia, from the ballroom to the moshpit, with some stopovers in deep space and the chewy nougat center of your mind. Uncle Bill will seduce your soul and whip your ass with the intensity and excitement that's earned him the title of Radio Free Lexington's "Hardcore Living Legend".

Whoo! Acoustic Neurosis: I'm Cory Huff, and my show prides itself on genre-jumping freedom, doing its best to blend disparate, yet interconnected styles of music into a smooth-flowing mass of musical dexterity. Most weeks the show will pump lots of funk, soul, hard bop jazz, hip-hop, good ol' rock & roll, hybrids, fusions, and other strange combinations of these categories. Comedy bits and nostalgic pop-culture fragments often dot the playlist, as well. If it sounds good and rolls with the sound stream, it'll fit in somewhere, whether we're rocking out, keeping it low-key, or dancing around with lampshades on our heads. Equal sound is allowed for lesser-known artists and those you've actually heard of, though Acoustic Neurosis loves digging up those unreleased gems you rarely hear. You will be able to plug in, turn on, and cop out, but not skip out for beer during commercials. There are no commercials. It's just Acoustic Neurosis, amateur radio, musically inclined, on WRFL.

Mike Sullivan: If Irish Death Polka is your scene, then this is the show for you to turn your greasy little ears to. OK, maybe not so much with the death, or the polka (although sometimes there

might be a little) but every now and again there will be something from the emerald Isle thrown into the mix of 60's R&B, Indy pop favorites, Old school country, Martin Denny inspired exotica, Scratchy old 45's that I have picked up from yard sales, overproduced 1970's cockrock and all the local music that people place into my large, deformed claws. In summary, a spectacular smash 'em up derby of all kinds of stuff; if you don't like one song...wait a minute or two, there should be something for every Klown Kollege graduate out there.

Bluegrass Roots: Your answer to Lexington's Limbaughs - progressive news, interviews with local politicians and bloggers from around the nation. Plus tasty tunes. info: www.bluegrass-roots.org.

Hot Burrito Show: The show is hosted on a more or less rotating basis by Rob Franklin and John Fogle. The hosts spin tunes which fall loosely under the so-called "Americana" banner, i.e. alternative country, as well as alternatives to country. This can include traditional mainstays such as Cash, Willie, Waylon, Patsy, Hank, Charlie Rich and Emmylou as well as more insurgent alterna-artists such as Alejandro Escovedo, Robbie Fulks, Buddy Miller, Old 97s, Scott Miller, Neko Case, the Silos, the Sadies, etc. Shows can include a smattering of the folk (Dylan, Prine), bluegrass (Skaggs, cool new disc by Shawn Camp) old time music (Ralph Stanley) and pop (Beatles, Stones, Byrds) which form the foundation for the alternative country aesthetic (whatever that is). The hosts are not required to slavishly toe a formatted party line, however. If quirky pop by XTC or Fountains of Wayne, seventies sludge-orama by Led Zep or Lou Reed, or soul music by Al Green or James Brown feels right in a set, we'll spin it-- and such may well precede or follow a traditional honky-tonk standard. This aesthetic freedom is possible only on a station such as WRFL. We like to think it is cherished (rather than merely tolerated) by HBS listeners. Either way, it keeps us spinnin' da tunes.

The Late Late Show: happily swaggers into its thirty-second year, splashing thriftily in waters too shallow to drown, but just high enough to make breathing labored. Retitled "The Late Late Show Proudly Presents The Last Ditch Attempt Saloon," it will place upon thy heads nothing but a decree of, simply put and unintelligently wrought (but oh so fucking important--at least in the heads of the curators of this much needed museum), OLDY MOLDY & OBSCURE. Last Ditch Attempt style. Your Hosts formally include the Goodmanliness of Herr Brian Manley, and a plethora of guest hosts/esses who dare to dream. The goal remains true: vinyl that has been ignored and stored, balled and walled, or soaked in formaldehyde for deprogramming. More Retro Than Thou since 1993.

The Humpday show with Alex: I play what I want, fuck.

October

Thursday, the 6th

Matt Weston

(solo percussion/electronics experimentation from Massachusetts) and more TBA
@ the Underlying Themes Loft Space, 110 S. Upper (entrance is next to Mia's)
8pm, all ages, \$3 – more info/sounds: www.mattweston.com

Monday, the 17th

Hubsch's Longrun Development of the Universe

(tuba, saxophone, trombone trio from Germany/Holland)
@ the Underlying Themes Loft Space, 110 S. Upper (entrance is next to Mia's)
8pm, all ages, \$3 – more info/sounds: www.clhuebsch.de/universe.html



wrii.uky.edu



Music and the

Since the invention of the printing press in the 15th Century, people have been able to hear music that originated in temporally and geographically inaccessible places. A music industry emerged to become the intermediary, bringing music to us so that we did not have to seek it out ourselves. In the early 20th Century, the record industry was able to solidify its status as an intermediary as Fordism, consumerism, and the invention of recorded music allowed record companies to position themselves into economically commanding positions. Millions of Americans wanted to buy and listen to every new Vernon Dalhart and Chuck Berry record they could afford, and the record companies were happy to supply their customer's needs.

However, as record companies consolidated into corporations in the late 20th and early 21st centuries, artists and consumers alike began to recognize the abuses of power that were taking place. Allegations of price fixing were repeatedly leveled at the few remaining companies. Most importantly, the centralization of music distribution into four corporations stifled musical innovation and allowed for inequitable treatment of musicians now seen as products rather than artists. The big four wanted safe investments, and top-40 radio stations were only too happy to keep playing Britney Spears over and over...

Along came the Internet. Democratic and decentralized, it catered to the multitude of fragmented tastes in our postmodern society. Much like record companies, the Internet frees information from temporal and geographic constraints unlike the old centralized model. However, the Internet makes it increasingly difficult to control the flow of information it enables. By reducing the costs of moving information across space to practically zero, the Internet allows communities and networks based on *gesellschaft* (community relationships based on like-minded individuals) to form in place and on top of existing communities based on *gemeinschaft* (traditional community relationships tied to social status and local territory). For example, teenagers in rural Kentucky can establish networks outside of their traditional gemeinschafts. With social networking and dating websites, instant messaging, and email, they can make friends with people across the globe. Likewise, the same rural Kentucky teenagers need not constrain their musical tastes to what is played on local radio stations (generally top-40, Christian music, and country). Any two computers connected to the Internet, regardless of where they are on the globe, can

share music with one another for minimal or no cost. File sharing software and Internet radio allow people to explore musical genres and listen to whatever they want whenever they want, without having to invest thousands of dollars in physical media.

Record companies were late to recognize the Internet as a threat to their business model. They have since countered by establishing legal music download services, implementing crushing royalty payments for independent Internet radio stations, and suing both the file sharing compa-

consumers while minimizing the number of middlemen who interact with information throughout the value chain; just think of how scores of Internet users now receive news from blogs instead of newspapers or broadcast news, and how-to information, advice, and facts from personal websites instead of printed books. The most successful Internet information intermediaries have been those which allow democratic systems of content creation and feedback to exist. Wikipedia, Ebay, and IMDb are all examples of fairly decentralized and democratic content portals.

There is no reason to believe that decentralized and democratic portals for music could not also exist; think of a musical version of Wikipedia, or file sharing software with a 'browse' function. Music could be licensed using copyleft instead of copyright (copyleft refers to a Creative Commons License which allows work to be copied freely as long as no profit is being made). Would artists still make money? Absolutely. The immateriality of the Internet does not reduce the desire to see musicians perform live or to buy artists' merchandise. Nor will it dissolve the ability of musicians to collect royalties from the broadcasting of their music in any for-profit setting (e.g. radio or television).

Record companies are desperately trying to hold on to remnants of a system that made their existence necessary because of the difficulties of moving music across temporal and geographic distance. With widespread use of the Internet, we have an infrastructure that allows information to transcend time and space. So why do we still need record companies? We don't. Mark Graham

Middle

nies and their users. However, all of this may prove to be too little too late. Internet hacker culture has always found innovative ways to circumvent barriers and free movement of information. Music is no exception.

Highly anonymous and decentralized file sharing technologies already exist that are nearly impossible to trace or block. But to move beyond all the talk of file sharing, copyrights, and mp3 theft, the Internet has exposed a more glaring weakness of the music industry: traditional record companies are no longer needed.

The Internet has proven its ability to move information from producers to

WRFL V. TV

The average American watches four hours of television a day. This obscene amount of television viewing, however, is only a symptom of a much larger problem: suburbanization.

If you were to ask your kids why they didn't go outside and hang out with friends like you did when you were young, they may very well reply, "You're the one that's socialized me into wasting my life watching trite programming dictated by multinational corporations that not only rule the television, but every aspect of our lives. I wouldn't even know what to do if I did go outside."

And the problem is - they're right.

Despite a mass influx of new information technology, these kids and everyone else that lives in our suburban nation have nothing to do and nowhere to go. People are stuck in their homes because suburban developments and planning teams have failed them. Without geographic centers near enough to walk or bike to from their homes, people are often left unaware of relevant events (concerts, rallies, picnics) going on right in their own backyard. Because it's difficult to reach or even find these physical places, people are disassociated from local cultural events and retreat to the comfort of their climate-controlled living rooms, disconnecting themselves from urban community life and all of its assets.

The mass media only makes local issues and trends less accessible for those who are politically inclined or involved in the cultural scene in their community. Confining cultural apparatuses, including the corporate radio stations owned by Clear Channel and the like, not only play horrendously bad



and commissioned music, but are hegemonic institutes that allow little room for music or events that divert ever so slightly from the mainstream. As noted by Antonio Gramsci, hegemony "always involves a struggle to rearticulate the popular." The Culture Industry cares merely for profit rather than taste or its pertinence to people's lives. Corporate radio offers us little but a deficient summary of the human experience while often "forgetting" to incorporate an important link to the places from which they broadcast.

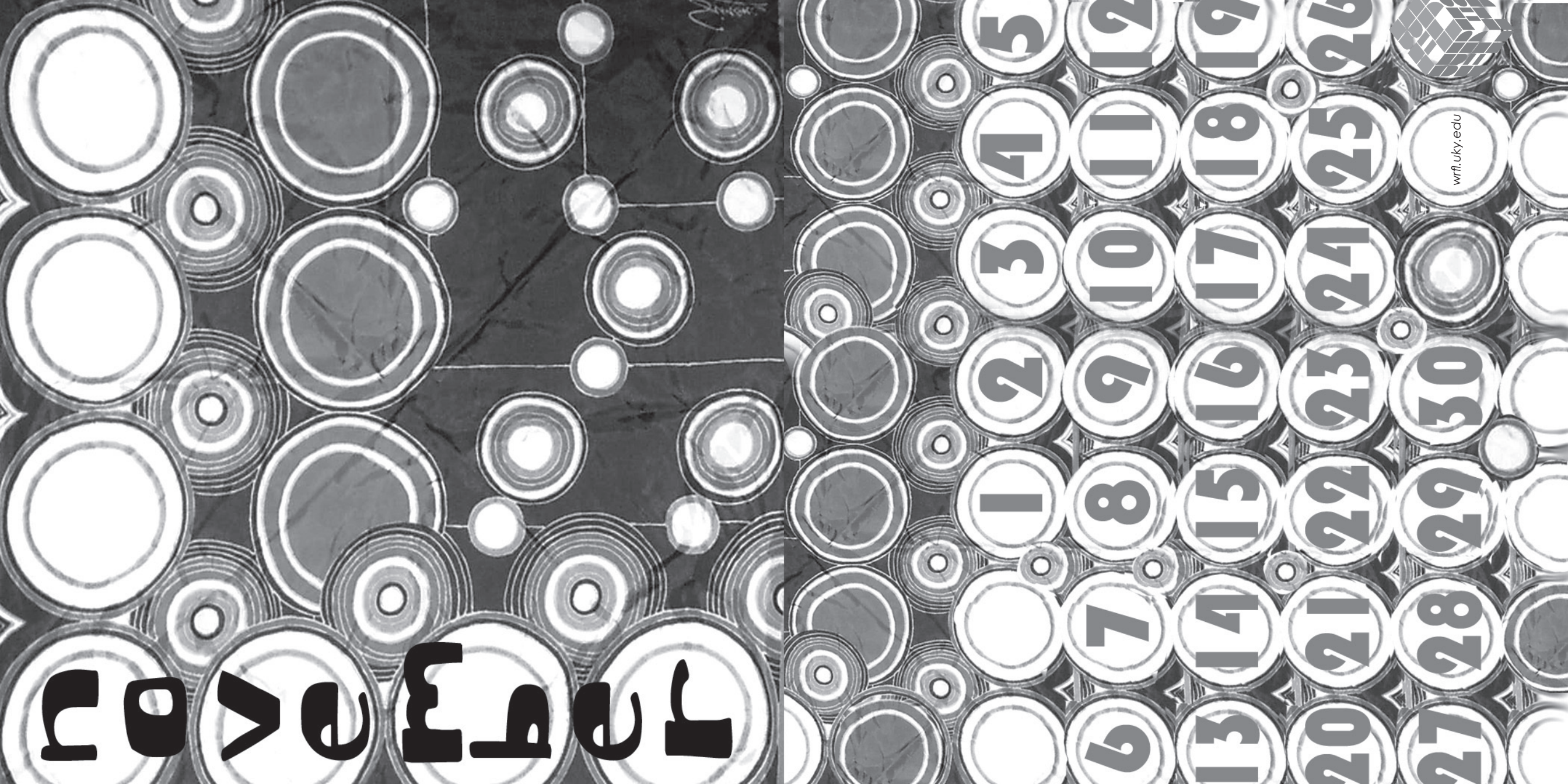
The Internet and local alternative media are making it much easier for those who are geographically segregated to know what is going on. Ah, the Internet! The darling of all social equity advocates, a truly democratic medium that finally fulfills the promises of free speech guaranteed to us in the Bill of Rights.

The thing is, even if one can have Internet-based communities (MySpace or LiveJournal, anyone?), they still don't encompass a physical base that links the members of the community to their spatial existence. One may have a cultural identity, but does an entity truly exist if it doesn't take up space?

Alternative or grassroots radio, on the other hand, which can often be streamed from the Internet, links people to their physical environments through a breadth of unprecedented local cultural, political, and social knowledge. College radio stations like WRFL bring the geographically and ideologically isolated college masses links to subcultures in their community that they may have never known about otherwise. Through public service announcements and knowledge shared by local deejays, WRFL has brought together people not only for concerts, but for protests and the beginnings of other alternative mediums. Through radio, people can hear ideas that may challenge preconceived notions and broaden their mindscapes in ways once thought inconceivable. The demise of the printed book has been apparent for quite some time, but alternative radio in a multitude of different forms is still an important media aid in bringing together ideas, people, and places from various geographic centers.

Shanna Sanders





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WRFL's very own Matt Jordan interviews Sufjan Stevens.

Jordan: With Illinois, you seem to have dropped some of the autobiographical feel of Michigan. Would you say Illinois was based mostly on facts and historical events, or is the element of personal experience just harder to detect?

Sufjan Stevens: *Michigan* was perhaps more personal because it was based on memory and recollection. *Illinois* is more of an historical rendering. Many of the songs are based on second-hand accounts, history books, the study of geography, architecture, memoirs, fiction, non-fiction, whatever I could get my hands on. Any actual personal elements on the record are often transcribed into the setting of Illinois. I think every song references a personal experience or event, but it's often rendered through historical premises. I've seen UFOs; I've been to the world's fair grounds; I've been attacked by the Predatory Wasp, I'm not kidding; I've had big fights with my step-parents; I've suffered the loss of a close friend to a terrible disease. But at this point, I'm no longer interested in distinguishing fact from fiction, and I find it even more difficult to talk about. In writing, we talk about what resonates as true. The most fabricated story can have more truth than real events. This is the work of the imagination. Memory, in fact, is quite unreliable.

Your project to write an album for each of the 50 states is a daunting task. Any worries that, for whatever reason, you won't make it?

So many of us have been throwing around this word "daunting" in relation to the project. The discussion is a bit incapacitating. But then I realized I didn't even know exactly what "daunting" means, so I looked it up. Do you know it actually relates to the Latin word for "to tame"? Which was used to describe agriculture, the domestication of animals, literally "reduced from a state of native wildness especially so as to be tractable and useful to humans." Now doesn't this sound familiar in

"If your hands are free, start shaking something. If you're not chewing food, start singing."

-Sufjan Stevens

terms of European immigration and discovery and entrepreneurialism, and the kind of ownership and investment we've imposed on this land? Americans had, quite literally, a daunting task, centuries of wielding and toiling and harvesting and taming a previously autonomous land. I also think the term applies to my undertaking which is quite literally daunting, in that it requires the aesthetic rendering of geography and history through a singular creative vision. I'm taking wild and abstract forms and personifying them through narrative songs. This is the creative work of history and art. So yes, it is daunting, but in the best sense of the word.

While we're on the topic, have you given any thought to what state will be getting the treatment next?

I'm keeping it under cover.

The staggering production on Illinois has made me wonder about your touring band. What can people expect to see and hear when they come out to one of your shows in support of Illinois?

On better days, I try to have a trumpet player, bass, drums, guitar, at least two women back-up singers, a mallet instrument of some kind, and maybe even trombone. I try to have as many men as women. What I'm doing now is ruined by too much testosterone. A musician who performs with me is required to do quite a lot of juggling on stage. If your hands are free, start shaking something. If you're not chewing food, start singing. I think the human voice is the most important element. Everyone but the drummer is required to sing.

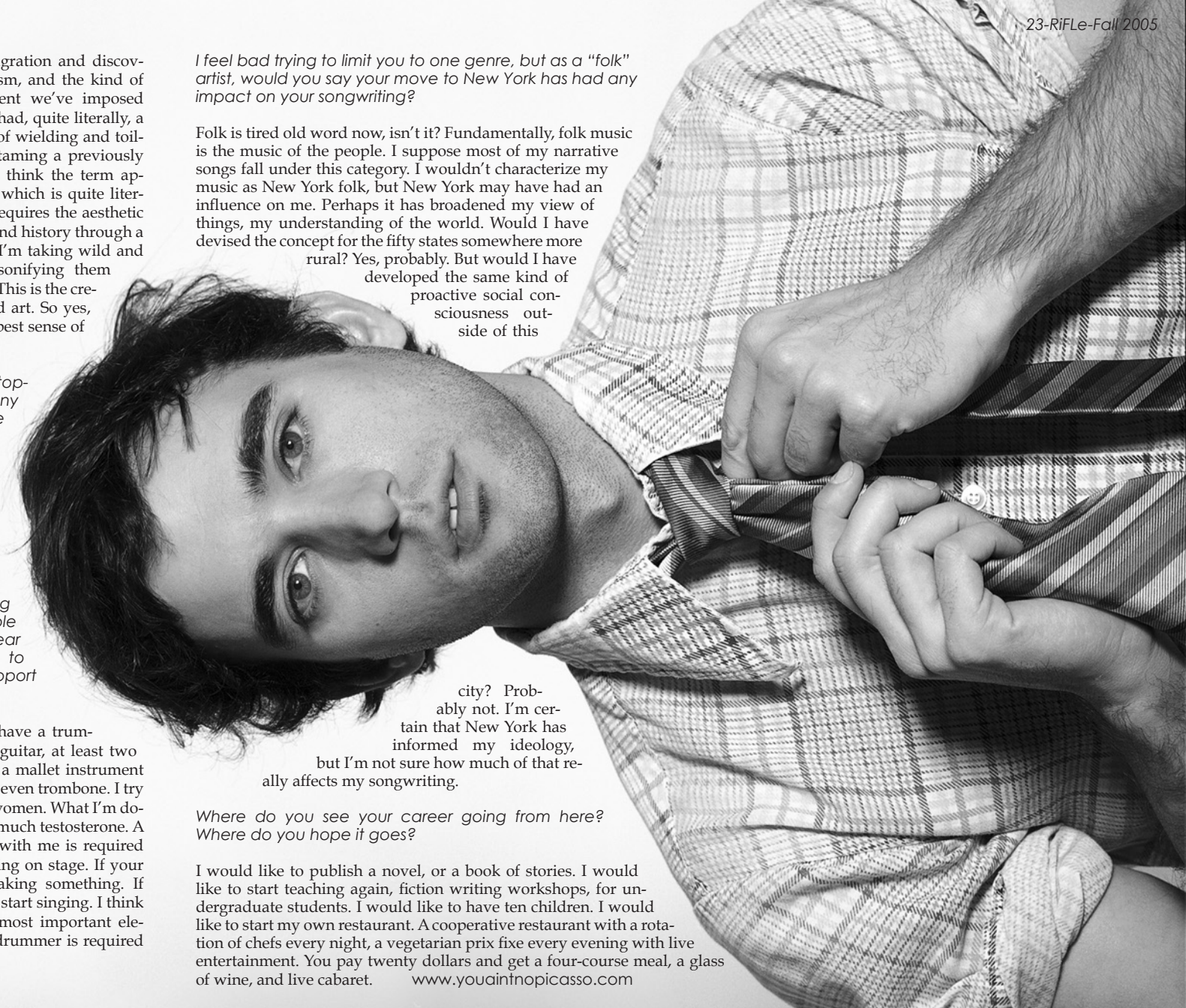
I feel bad trying to limit you to one genre, but as a "folk" artist, would you say your move to New York has had any impact on your songwriting?

Folk is tired old word now, isn't it? Fundamentally, folk music is the music of the people. I suppose most of my narrative songs fall under this category. I wouldn't characterize my music as New York folk, but New York may have had an influence on me. Perhaps it has broadened my view of things, my understanding of the world. Would I have devised the concept for the fifty states somewhere more rural? Yes, probably. But would I have developed the same kind of proactive social consciousness outside of this

city? Probably not. I'm certain that New York has informed my ideology, but I'm not sure how much of that really affects my songwriting.

Where do you see your career going from here? Where do you hope it goes?

I would like to publish a novel, or a book of stories. I would like to start teaching again, fiction writing workshops, for undergraduate students. I would like to have ten children. I would like to start my own restaurant. A cooperative restaurant with a rotation of chefs every night, a vegetarian prix fixe every evening with live entertainment. You pay twenty dollars and get a four-course meal, a glass of wine, and live cabaret. www.youaintnopicasso.com



Audio Alchemy

One time I was watching *Late Night With Conan O’Brien*. On this particular episode one of the items in their evening after evening gimmick-parade stood out for me. This bit basically consisted of taking a scene from that recent disaster flick *The Day Tomorrow Never Came* (or, wait, was it *The Day After Tomorrow*?). This was the segment they showed to death on the previews so you won’t have to see the movie to relate. They start with an aerial view of Anycity, California. The camera shows you the buildings laid out like boxes along the streets, splayed out on a grid and then the camera starts to move like a roller-coaster. It swoops down and in, pulling up sharply and shortly like a dive-bombing plane. Meanwhile, we see gray streets turn an oddly unthreatening blue as they are flooded in as threatening a manner as celluloid history has managed to produce. Now, the stunt the *Late Show* people pull is executed by snubbing out the sound and simply substituting that snippet of the soundtrack with Jan and Dean’s “Surf City”. So what you’re seein’ are veritable walls of waves channeling thunderously down the streets between skyscrapers and overtaking people desperately clambering over cars. But what you’re hearing makes it very difficult (very difficult, indeed!) to view this scene as much more catastrophic than vigorous beachside frolicsomeness. People are being washed away like clutter in the gutter and you’re thinking ‘Water Park’. This isn’t just a lesson in de/re-contextualization. It’s just as much a lesson in auditory efficacy.

I don’t so much have an easy explanation as to why this might be the case. I’ve known my share of folks who are prone to suggest that music is a more immediate form of communication. I remain suspicious of this suggestion. It’s as chock full of mediating apparatus as any mode of perception: elaborate production / instrumentation / recording equipment and techniques. It doesn’t help, either, that interpretation is even less codified here than elsewhere. Sometimes I think it might have something to do with the auditory sense’s minority status in a sensorium dominated by the visual field. There’s more sonic space to be filled. There’s less numbness to overcome.

Think about those 911 calls they play on the news. Those things can creep you out more effectively than the most horrific visuals. Maybe it’s the leeway they allow in interpretation. It’s like in the old days when the book-minded folk warned that TV would bring about the death of the imagination. Without the visual to seal the deal you’ve got to use your own imagination and this makes it more personal (this would also help explain why it seems more immediate).

I had an experience of this sort a couple weeks ago when

they showed *The Lost World: Jurassic Park*. I had the muted TV on for company and to see if *Family Guy* and *American Dad* were going to be on. I called a chum of mine to inform them they weren’t. I talked to this person for a while and, then, called some more chums. TV, all by itself, isn’t the best company. Anyway, I ended up talking for a large majority of three hours. And the whole time I’m complaining about what an overwrought piece of claptrap this is—how unconvincing / contrived / insulting I find it. I bitch about how it seems like the whole movie (no, the whole trilogy) is basically little more than an excuse to milk all the mileage possible out of that ‘ripple in the puddle’ gimmick. People ask me why, if it’s so bad and I hate it so much, do I continue watching? I insist that I’m not—I’m talking to them. Then, twenty minutes from the show’s end, I finish talking to the last person. I put Destructo Swarbots’ recent *Mountain* EP in the stereo so I can play them the funniest sample I think I’ve heard all summer. It doesn’t

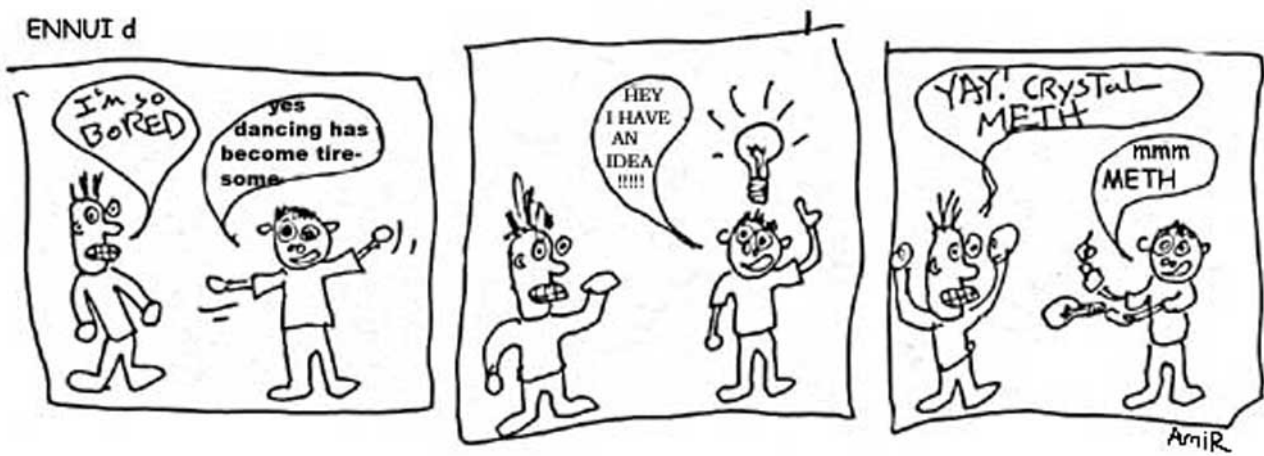
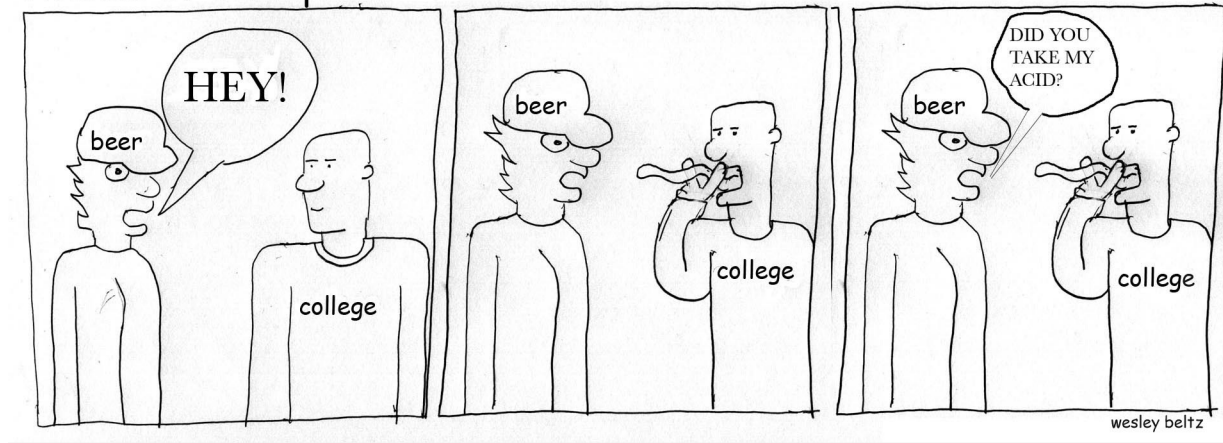
Sometimes I think it might have something to do with the auditory sense’s minority status in a sensorium dominated by the visual field.

work. They can’t hear it and I hang up. But after I do, something curious happens. I sit back down to *Jurassic Park* but it isn’t *Jurassic Park* anymore. Well, it is and it isn’t. With no sound of its own and the tangled dreamscape of *Mountain* in its place the same thing happens to *JP II* as happens in that “Abracadabra / Hocus Pocus” episode of *Bugs Bunny*. Presto, change-o, rearrange-o and, just like that, a piece of claptrap is transformed into something right up (or down) my alley. The thing is fairly panting with secrets like the hairiest of David Lynch’s beasts. The cinematography alters drastically. There are more shadows. There are more lights. Everything carries its own darkness like personal gravity. And everything exudes its own luminous, numinous quality like it was encrusted with a halo. *The X-Files* conspiracy vibe has a cameo too. Suddenly everything is so much more sinister. Every gesture / activity / operation becomes an eerie preternatural portent. Toss in constantly awaiting an M. Night Shyamalanian twist to knock you for a doozy-of-a-loop and you’re starting to get the picture. This transmogrification continues until the movie’s theme isn’t even dinosaurs anymore but satellites.

Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum): *Up front and center / glancing uncomfortably askance / with frosty breath rendering the words almost palpably.* They know we know.

Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne More): *Off in the distance over Goldblum’s shoulder with a positively hair-raising moon off in the*

Avenue of Champions



distance over hers: I know.

Man, they’re even talkin’ kooky. Wait a minute. Surely this mixture couldn’t be that alchemically potent. Music can’t be that transformative—can it? This has got to be a trick—right? And I’m a sucker—right (my own sucker even)? Surely all that stuff was there all along and I just wasn’t seein’ it that way—right? It’s not like I haven’t done this before. I remember the ol’ *Wizard of Oz* meets *Darkside of the Moon* deal. There was a time when I couldn’t get my hands on a new Neurot release without listening to it while watching first. But that’s not the same. That’s music I like coupled with a movie I like, not music I like mutating a movie I don’t (like so much 50s schlock toxic-sludge did countless insects and amphibians). I remember reading about this director dude saying

he didn’t like to use much music in his movies because he thought it was too easy to use music as a crutch in movie making. I don’t suppose it matters, terrifically, that I can’t remember whom. A lot of people share this opinion.

I also remember that’s what they used to say about drugs—that they’re crutches. This was supposed to make you feel lame-o for being too hobble up to go thorough life with gusto without ‘em.

I say, “if this is so, give me the crutches ‘cause I’m not terribly interested in being able to walk otherwise.”

Nico Nexus (aka Jeremy Russell)
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december



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