

RIFLE

Lexington's DIY Experimental Music Scene
The Threat to Net Radio
WRFL's Favorite Callers
Are birds getting slower?
The Comeback Generation
Bonnaroo: Fear and Loving in Manchester, TN



FREE
FALL 2007
WRFL 88.1FM

RiFLe Fall 2007

Table of contents

Letter from the General Manager	3
Meet the WRFL Directors	4
Disconnect: "The Man" threatens net radio	6
Conversations with WRFL's favorite callers	7
CD Reviews	9
Lubricate your living room	12
The Frowny Bear	16
Are birds getting slower?	18
The Comeback Generation	20
Bonnaroo	22
WRFL's Top 30	26

Cover illustration: Matt Minter

Cover design: Robert Beatty

Copy editor: Kelly Cross

Layout: Jessica Suhr

INSANE UNDERGROUND MUSIC



ACID/DC, AIR CONDITIONING, ARA, ARBOURETUM, AUK THEATER, EMIL BEAULIEAU, BIRDS OF DELAY, BIRTHDAY GIRL, BLOODYMINDED, BLUES CONTROL, THE BSC, MIKE BULLOCK, BURNING STAR CORE, CABOLADIES, CADAVRER IN DRAG, CAN'T, CAROLINER, CRISTINA CARTER, CASTANETS, CAVES, CEX, CHARALAMBIDES, COCK ESP, BOBBY CONN, JOHNNY CORNDAWG, COUNTRY TEASERS, CRANK STURGEON, THE CURTAINS, DEAD MACHINES, DEAD MEADOW, DEATH BEAM, DEEK HOI, DYNASTY, ELOE OMOE, EMERALDS, EVERYONE LIVES EVERYONE WINS, EXTREME ANIMALS, EYES AND ARMS OF SMOKE, FAT WORM OF ERROR, PAUL FLAHERTY & CHRIS CORSANO, FURSAXA, GERRITT, GOWN, GRAVEYARDS, GROWING, HAIR POLICE, THE HAUNTING, HIVE MIND, HOTOTOGISU, IOVAE, JAZZKAMMER, KARATE/JONES, GREG KELLEY, KEENAN LAWLER, KRAKEN FURY, LESLIE KEFFER, KITES, LAMBSBREAD, LIFE PARTNERS, LOVID, MAGIK MARKERS, MAMMAL, MEERK PUFFY, METALUX, MINDFLAYER, IRENE MOON, MOUTHUS, MUDBOY, MUTATION COLLAPSE, NAUTICAL ALMANAC, NECRONOMITRON, NEON HUNK, NO DOCTORS, NOISE NOMADS, ORTHO, ORTHRELM, PANICSVILLE, PAPER RAD, PENGU, PEOPLE LIKE US, PERLONEX, PRURIENT, RACOO-OO-ONN, RELIGIOUS KNIVES, JACK ROSE, AARON ROSENBLUM, JESSICA RYLAN, SAPAT, THE SB, SHEDDING, MIKE SHIFLET, SIGHTINGS, SIX ORGANS OF ADMITTANCE, SIXES, SIXTEEN BITCH PILE UP, SON OF EARTH, SPECTRE FLUX, SPIRAL JOY BAND, SPYKES, SUNBURNED HAND OF THE MAN, SWORD HEAVEN, HOWARD STELZER, TAN AS FUCK, TEMPLE OF BON MATIN, THREE LEGGED RACE, TUSCO TERROR, 25 SUAVES, THE USAISAMONSTER, MATT VALENTINE & ERIKA ELDER, VALLEY OF ASHES, VAMPIRE BELT, VIKI, WALTER CARSON, WARMER MILKS, WATERSPORTS, JOHN WIESE, WIZZARDZ, WOLF EYES, WOODEN WAND AND THE VANISHING VOICE, WORKBENCH, WRETCHED WORST, JACK WRIGHT/CAROL GENETTI/JOHN MUELLER, XBXR, JASON ZEH, ZZ POT, ETC...

ALL AGES SHOWS BROUGHT TO YOU BY
THE CHARLES MANSION
FOR UPCOMING SHOWS & MAILING LIST
WWW.CHARLESMANSION.ORG

7 - 9 am Thursday Mornings

OMG—It's

Trivial Thursdays

The radio show with everything
you never needed to know...

Join Mick Jeffries and a super extra special **guest host** every Thursday morning from 7 - 9 am for lots of *talking, laughing, and music* — all revolving precariously around various and sundry trivia associated with the given day of the show.

WRFL is UK's independent student-run radio station on air live 24 hours a day and 365 days a year at 88.1 FM.

Phone in requests and speak to the on-air DJ anytime at 859.257.WRFL (2735).

Check out the WRFL website at wrfl881.org for more information about the station and cool stuff.

Stop by WRFL at 104 Student Center to see the station in action and pick up an application to be an on-air DJ.

WRFL 2007-2008 Directors Staff

General Manager: Chuck Clenney

Program Director: Lana Elise Lea

Promotions: Trevor Tremaine

Music Director: Patrick Smith

Training Director: Taylor Shelton

Production: Bob Zeurcher

CD Librarian: Ainsley Wagoner

Sales and Grants: Matt Smith

PR Director: John Crowell

Webmaster: Bjorn Westergard

Art Director: Robert Beatty

News Director: Lauren Castle

Office Assistant: Kelly Cross

RiFLe Editor: Jessica Suhr

Art Director: Robert Beatty

Media Advisor: Chris Thuringer



Dear RFLiens and complete strangers,

Welcome to one of the loveliest publications to ever grace your hands, eyes, brain and consciousness. For those of you new to the world of 88.1FM, WRFL has been pushing the envelope and promoting independent news and music for decades (since 1988) and we have no intention of slowing down. With a tower upgrade from 250 to 7900 watts in the works, WRFL is getting bigger and better than ever. Our upward success is proof that audiophiles everywhere are absolutely sick of monotonous, watered-down, spoon-fed corporate radio bullshit and crave the delicious eclectic aural glory that is Radio Free Lexington. People want REAL music, from REAL DJs, whose programs are not dictated by profits from advertisers. We love what we do, we love to educate other about music, and we love to learn. With everything from the Old School Hip Hop Show, to Music from India, to the Jazz Vault, to our other idiosyncratic programs put on by our 80 plus individual volunteer DJs, I guarantee that there is something on our airwaves for you. If you tune in and you don't like what you hear, turn off your radio and come back a few hours later, and you'll find something completely different. That is the beauty of WRFL, we are, hands-down, the most diverse station in Lexington; consequentially, providing an alternative for absolutely everyone. Hence, for Lexingtonians and any of our trusty Webstream listeners, we are, truly, the only alternative left.

As the fall semester of 2007 rears its breezy melancholic head, I find myself wondering where the hell the summer went? Did it get buried under stories of Paris Hilton's brief stint in jail? Or was it aborted by tales of Anna Nicole Smith, or Lindsay Lohan, or some other useless pop-culture narrative utilized to distract the masses? Was it apprehended and sent to Guantanamo Bay for very physical "interrogation techniques"? Maybe it's hanging out with the right to Habeas Corpus and the real reason for entering the War in Iraq? If that's the case, I don't think we'll find out where the summer of 2007 went for some time. But as seasons change, we find ourselves on the brink of an exciting part of the year: Fall or autumn (whichever nomenclature you prefer) possesses the opportunity for many new events, experiences, and possibilities that can be as rich as the colors of autumn's famous dying leaves.

So, in closing, I wish to express a few words of wisdom as well as a few requests: In addition to reading every page of this edition of RiFLe and falling in love with the awesomeness of WRFL, Get involved! Change the world! Don't waste your time with such wasteful and destructive endeavors such as racism, sexism, and hate. Embrace your precious and limited time on this planet, treat your fellow human beings with respect and love, and remember that we're all spinning on this same celestial sphere together. To quote John Lennon, "A dream that you dream alone is just a dream. A dream that you dream together is reality." Keep smiling at strangers, tune out to WRFL whenever you get the chance, and remember, as always, keep it crunk, but keep it positive. Peace.

All the way to the left,

Chuck Clenney

WRFL General Manager

Check out Chuck's radio show, Word Power, Mondays from 6-8PM on WRFL 88.1 FM. It's an aural buffet of sorts, every Monday night, Chuck C serves up two hours of intelligent hip-hop, electronic, poetry, oldies, and anything else that might increase your vernacular, cause you to gyrate your buttocks, and make you feel warm inside your belly. This may be the most easygoing, sporadic, and goofy show on the planet, complete with brief stints of humor, political rants/news, and overall kookiness. Tune in and enjoy two hours of an A.D.D.-induced egalitarian circlejerk that will leave you feeling good about yourself and loving your fellow humans.

A brief introduction to the WRFL Directors



Name: John Crowell
Hometown: Knoxville, TN
Age: 21
Position at WRFL: PR Director
Major: Print Journalism
Other: I also work at W.T. Young Library

Top Five favorite turn-of-the-century business tycoons

1. William Randolph Hearst
2. John D. Rockefeller
3. Andrew Carnegie
4. Edward Henry Harriman
5. Henry Clay Frick



Name: Ainsley Wagoner
Hometown: Lexington, KY
Age: 19
Position at WRFL: CD Librarian
Major: Undecided/ music minor
Favorite food: edamame

Top Five Best Things about fall

1. The Indian-summer weather
2. Buying new sweaters
3. The foliage
4. New school supplies!
5. Pretending to like football



Name: Bob Zuercher
Hometown: Eau Claire, WI; West Linn, OR; Hawesville, KY (you can just pick that last one if you can't get that to fit -- I never know how to answer that question).
Age: 22
Position at WRFL: Production Director
Major: Master of Arts in Communications
Other: 1/4 Swiss and Proud
Favorite Post-It Note Color: Classic Yellow

Top Five Incense Fragrances

1. Cedar
2. Frankincense
3. Diwali Special
4. Forest
5. Patchouli



Name: Trevor Jon Tremaine
Hometown: Nicholasville, KY
Age: 25
Position at WRFL: Promotions Director
Major: English
Other: I wish I could skateboard.
Current favorite character on "The Wire:"
Detective Lester Freamon

Top Five Fleetwood Mac albums

- 1) *Then Play On* (1969, Peter Green era)
- 2) *Bare Trees* (1972, Bob Welch era)
- 3) *Heroes Are Hard to Find* (1974, Bob Welch era)
- 4) *Tusk* (1979, Buckingham/Nicks era)
- 5) *Kiln House* (1970, Kirwan/Spencer era)

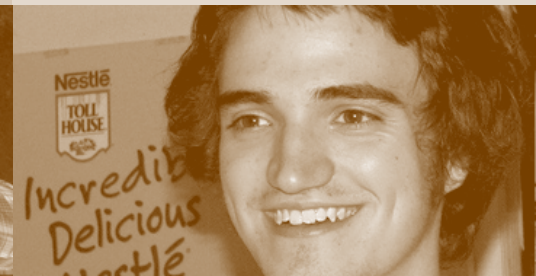


Name: Robert Beatty
Hometown: Nicholasville, KY
Position at WRFL: Art Director

Top Six Animated Shorts (on Youtube)*

1. "Et Cetera" Jan Svankmajer, Czech Republic, 1966
2. "From Left to Right" Ivan Maximov, Russia, 1989
3. "Kachi Kachi Yama" Tadanori Yokoo, Japan, 1965
4. "Walking" Ryan Larkin, Canada, 1968
5. "Ptak" Ryszard Czekala, Poland, 1968
6. "To Speak Or Not To Speak" Raoul Servais, Belgium, 1970

*I could have made a list long enough to fill a whole page, so I just picked some that I'm into at the moment AND could find on Youtube. Go check em out.



Name: Taylor Shelton
Hometown: born and raised in Louisville, KY
Age: 20
Position at WRFL: I'm the flyest training director...ever
Major: Geography, Political Science
Other: I will always have an undying affection for Willie Nelson
Coolest UK organization (other than WRFL): UK Greenthumb

Top Five Things that Start with the letter "B"

1. Beards
2. Bicycles
3. Books
4. Baked goods
5. Booty shakin'



Name: Kelly Cross
Position at WRFL: Office Assistant
Hometown: Palmer, Alaska
Age: 22
Major: Journalism, Philosophy

Top Five ways to pronounce "WRFL"

1. Duhb-ya-ahr-effle
2. Dub-yar-ef-el
- 3 Wurf-uhl
4. Double-u-are-F-L?
5. duhb-ruh-f-uhl



Name: Jessica Suhr
Hometown: Louisville, KY
Position at WRFL: outgoing RiFLe editor
Age: 23

Top Five things I'm going to miss about living in Lexington

1. WRFL and the RiFLe
2. Walking or biking everywhere
3. DJing at the Dame and the inevitable after party
4. Knowing almost everyone in town or at least feeling like I do
5. The Frowny Bear and The Icehouse



Name: Chuck Clenney
Hometown: Covington, KY / Cincinnati, OH!
Age: 21
Position: General Manager/Left Field
Major: English
Fall Show: Every Monday 6-8p.m.
Other: I am an ex-camp counselor, ex-dishwasher, ex-produce expert, poet, drummer, and very serious fan of Back to the Future 2. I also like Bill Hicks, Hummus a lot.

Top Five Ruthless Corporations (And why they suck)

1. Massey Energy (For destroying Kentucky's mountains)
2. Halliburton (For abusing government contracts and haphazardly rebuilding the Middle East)
3. Chiquita (Financing "terrorist" Colombian right-wing drug cartels and being fined \$25 million for it)
4. Wal-Mart (For denying health care to their employees and destroying small towns/businesses)
5. ExxonMobil (For jacking up gas prices after Hurricane Katrina and blocking efforts to stop Global Warming)

LateNight Film Series Schedule

August and
September 2007

8/19/07 (during the SC spectacular)
*Everything You Always Wanted to Know
About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask*
Center Theater, 9:30pm

8/23/07 Thursday
Pan's Labyrinth
Worsham Theater, 10pm

8/24/07 Friday
Annie Hall
Center Theater, 8pm

8/24/07 Friday
Pulp Fiction
Center Theater, 10pm

8/30/07 Thursday
28 Weeks Later
Worsham Theater, 10pm

9/6/07 Thursday
The Dreamers
Worsham Theater, 10pm

9/7/07 Friday
Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai
Center Theater, 8pm and 10pm

9/13/07 Thursday
The Departed
Worsham Theater, 10pm

9/14/07 Friday
Broken Flowers
Center Theater, 8pm and 10pm

9/20/07 Thursday
The Constant Gardener
Worsham Theater, 10pm

9/21/07 Friday
Hot Fuzz
Center Theater, 8pm and 10pm

9/27/07 Thursday
TBA
Worsham Theater, 10pm

9/28/07 Friday
Sludge
Center Theater, 8pm

9/28/07 Friday
Paris Je T'aime
Center Theater, 10pm

Disconnect: "The Man" threatens net radio

by Bob Zeurcher

Internet radio is facing a new source of static as recent royalty rates threaten the financial viability of the new medium. Despite its infancy, internet radio has been successfully gaining listenership: according to Arbitron, almost 52 million Americans tune in online at least once a month. That num-

ber is expected to increase to 200 million listeners by 2020. considered more of a threat to copyright holders. Online listeners are able to record exact digital copies of web streams, which concerns the copyright holders. However, there is little research to show the prevalence of neither such penny-pinching pirates nor the effect that they exert upon the music industry.

Webcasters would be paying a sum total of \$2.3 billion in royalty fees by 2008.

Several Internet broadcasters recently organized a nationwide "Day of Silence" on June 26, 2007, where many audio streams were shut off or replaced with static ambience interwoven with public service announcements that described their dilemma. Despite this particular nearly word-

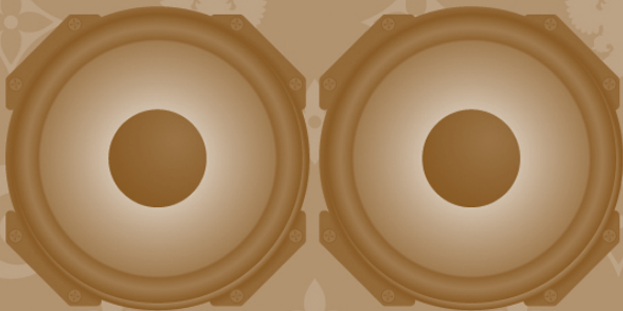
less protest, station owners are vocal on the issue. Many stations remain in negotiation with SoundExchange, a non-profit organization charged with the sole duty to collect and distribute royalties for artists featured on digital mediums such as satellite and Internet radio. SoundExchange has extended the olive branch toward smaller Webcasters and non-commercial stations such as WRFL (you can find our station being broadcast over the series of tubes via wrfl881.org); however, many others remain in limbo.

On March 2, 2007, the Library of Congress Copyright Royalty Board announced that they will raise Internet radio's royalty rates from \$.07 per song streamed to \$.19 per song by 2010, with minor increases occurring each year. The new fees that went into effect on July 15, 2007 may stifle this growth, but station owners are still fighting to appeal the recent decision. Aside from the new rate, Webcasters would also be responsible for paying a \$500 per channel fee. This poses problems with online Webcasters, such as Pandora and Live365, which allow users to create their own listening channels, thus making the station owners accountable for countless fees. Industry officials projected that under the proposed hike in rates, Webcasters would be paying a sum total of \$2.3 billion in royalty fees by 2008, a figure that is 4 times that of terrestrial radio.

The proposed increase may seem unreasonable, but Internet radio has always been managed differently than traditional radio because it's

Until an agreement is reached, Webcasters have sought new ways around the impending rate hike by either moving their operations to Internet radio-friendly countries, playing fewer songs and adding talk radio programming, or through increasing the number of advertisements (the latter obviously more unpopular amongst listeners). SoundExchange recently announced that it will not be pursuing royalties until the issue is resolved, showing an understanding that the new numbers could have some stations permanently logged off.

HEAVYWEIGHT SUBWOOFER PUNISHMENT



The Subset

Weekly Dubstep Sessions
Thursdays, 10 PM - Midnight
<http://www.thesubset.com>



**HIP HOP
MUSIC
FOR THE
STRUGGLE**

WWW.MYSPACE.COM/BLACKFISTRADIO

THE BLACK FIST

10pm-1am Saturday Nights

FM 88.1 - LEXINGTON, KY

streaming @ www.wrfl881.org

WITH

SHARKEP HAKIM

+

HANNIBAL SUPREME

Conversations with WRFL's favorite callers

by Ainsley Wagoner and John Crowell



My first night of doing an observation for my training at WRFL, I was sitting in with Lana during her show and answering the phone for her. It was a 12-3 a.m. slot so it wasn't unusual to talk to someone who was intoxicated or had a request out of left field. However, while Lana played a John Lennon song, I got a call that was very out of the ordinary. It was mostly a statement, as John Crowell says when describing this person's calls, "As if you'd been talking to him for ten minutes already." His call was a bit of music trivia, a quote from John Lennon, a bit of musing about the quote- all of which required little response from me- and then an abrupt hang up. I told Lana wide-eyed that I had just had the weirdest call. When I repeated the conversation she was not at all surprised. She told me that he called frequently. She helped me to realize one of the (many) gems of being an RFL DJ: the interesting calls from this particular person and many others. When I talked about it with other DJ's, I found that everyone knew this guy, and everyone had an interesting story to recount. This is a collection of conversations with WRFL's favorite listener/caller, and some others as well.

-WRFL?

Our Favorite Caller: Is this the Beach Boys?

-No, it's actually a band called Panda Bear, but yeah, the vocals sound a little like the Beach Boys underwater.

OFC: The Brian Wilson concept album 'Smile' lead a girl in New York to jump off a roof while she was on acid because she thought she was going to be run over by a stampede.

-Oh, geez.

OFC: It's people like her that give drugs a bad name

-Yeah, definitely.

OFC: Later.

(He hangs up)

-WRFL?

Another Favorite Caller: What's the best thing to ever happen to Lexington?

-I don't know, what?

AFC: WRFL, REAL FUCKIN LOUD!

-Yeah!

AFC: Do you have any Nine Inch Nails or Sister Sledge?

-I don't really like those bands.

AFC: Well you have terrible taste in music. Adios.

(He hangs up)

-WRFL?

OFC: Yeah, do you know the part in the overture of The Who's concept album "Tommy" when they say "It's a boy, Mrs. Walker, it's a boy"

-Uhh... yeah I think

OFC: If you could play that that'd be great.

-Okay, sure

OFC: Later.

(He hangs up)

(Ten minutes later... I didn't play the particular song he requested, but I had played one from the Tommy album...)
-WRFL?

OFC: Yeah, thanks for the music, and I just wanted to say to the last DJ who called me a racist that he's the racist. Someone wrote that it's people like him who like to go to church on Sundays to pray and then prey on others for the rest of the week

-Yeah.

OFC: And I have a black brother-in-law who would kick his ass for saying that.

-Okay, I'll tell him.

OFC: Later.

This is John Edwards' (former GM) favorite (weirdest) call:

(3:30 a.m.)

-WRFL?

AFC: Yeah, can you play me something to fuck my girlfriend to?

-Whoa...

AFC: I need some music I can get busy to.

-Uh, okay, I'll see what I can do.

John Crowell's conversations with Our Favorite Caller:

(After playing "Mamma You Been on My Mind" by Bob Dylan and Joan Baez)

-Hello?

OFC: She has the GREATEST VOICE OF HER GENERATION OR ANY OTHER GENERATION.

-Uh, you mean Joan Baez?

OFC: Yes. My mother had a vinyl LP of Joan Baez when I was a boy, and I would lay in the living room and listen to it.

- Yeah, cool.

OFC: I would look at the picture inside.

- ...

OFC: She was a wonderful lady.

- Joan Baez?

STELLA'S

KENTUCKY DELI



WE ARE DEDICATED TO LOCAL FARMERS AND TO SUPPORTING LOCAL FOOD ECONOMIES. OUR MISSION IS TO PRODUCE SIMPLE, HIGH QUALITY FOODS THAT EMPHASIZE THE SUPERIOR FLAVORS AND TEXTURES OF FRESH, LOCAL INGREDIENTS. TO ACHIEVE THIS, WE MAKE ALL OF OUR SANDWICHES, SALADS, SOUPS, AND DESSERTS BY HAND, IN HOUSE, USING WHATEVER INGREDIENTS ARE SEASONALLY AVAILABLE.

ENJOY A HOME-COOKED MEAL AT OUR HISTORIC DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON LOCATION OR CALL US WITH CATERING REQUESTS.

143 JEFFERSON ST

MON- FRI 8-4 ~ BRUNCH SAT 10-2

255-DELI OR WWW.STELLASKENTUCKYDELI.COM

OFC: My mother. She was there at the Kent State massacre, and she marched in peace rallies. She was a warrior for peace.

- Um, cool.

OFC: (indecipherable mumbling)

- Is, uh, is there anything else you want to hear?

OFC: No, just keep on spinning the tracks. Peace brother!

(Ten minutes later, after playing a Woody Guthrie song)

- WRFL?

OFC: When I was a boy my mother had a Woody Guthrie LP and I would lay in the living room and listen to it.

- Oh, uh, ok.

OFC: I would look at the picture inside. Good choice brother!

- Oh, uh thanks.

OFC: You're really playing the music that reminds me of being young.

- Cool, man.

OFC: And my mother.

- I actually have to get on the air in like 23 seconds, so...

OFC: Just remember to keep fighting the ever-growing American oligarchy. The Bush-led Gestapo is trying to make slaves of us, from illegal wire-tapping –

(song time has run out)

- I actually have to –

OFC: - to blood for oil. And the blood of our children will one day have to pay for the sins our leaders are perpetrating today to maintain the patriarchal elite!

- That sounds great, uh thanks for listening. Bye.

(One year earlier, after playing a Dead Kennedy's song)

- WRFL?

OFC: That song really shows how the Bush administration is really a continuation of the tyranny of the Reagan administration.

- Yeah, like, totally.

OFC: You have to remain strong. To keep spinning the tunes and fighting the power of these warmongers we have in the White House.

- Uh, yeah.

OFC: If you could play the first track from "Machine Gun in the Clown's Hand" by Jello Biafra. It reminds me of what Noam Chomsky said about power and its many forms...

(I tune out for about three minutes)

... so keep spinnin' the tracks and fightin' the good fight. Are you gonna play that Jello Biafra track?

- I'll look for it.

OFC: Lateeeeeerrr.

(Twenty minutes later, and I still haven't looked for or played the track)

- WRFL?

OFC: Have you gotten a chance to find that Jello Biafra track?

- Um, I don't think that it's around anywhere.

OFC: That's too bad. My best friend of thirty-five years died last Thursday, and he would have loved to have heard that.

- Oh...

OFC: That track preserves his memory and the ideals he stood for. But, uh, ok if you can't find it... lateerrrrr....

CD Reviews the best and worst of 2007 so far

the worst

by Nick Kidd

Von Sudenfed. *Tromatic Relfexxions*. This collabo between The Fall's Mark Smith and badass producers Mouse on Mars gained my attention when I saw this unlikely trio on the cover of *The Wire* a few months back. I read the article, which made it seem like there was an actual creative process to this album. Then I listened to it. What the hell? It sounds like Mouse on Mars came up with some beats and then let Smith yell some nonsense over them. On paper, it seems like it could work, but in practice it sounds like MoM wasted time making music for an old man to yell at. Further, Smith calls out LCD Soundsytem's James Murphy for stealing ideas from Von Sudenfed, but at least Murphy made a good album (*Sound of Silver*) out of those ideas. I'm not sure if I can trust (let alone understand) any accusations coming out of Smith's mouth anyway. The dude's crazy!

Bright Eyes. *Cassadaga*. I haven't listened to this, nor do I plan on it. But if I wanted someone to know I was depressed, I would lock myself in a room and play this as loud as possible.

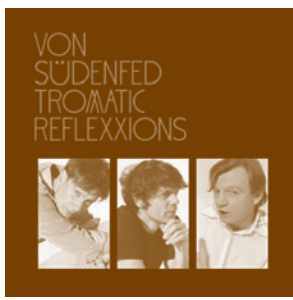
The Blow. *Paper Television*. Alright: this album's been out since late 2006. It's a dinosaur amidst today's ever-disposable musical backdrop. But I haven't forgotten that I don't like this album and I don't want you to waste your time on it either. First off, it's acceptable for girls to like this album for one week, but that's all. Guys shouldn't waste their time on this one. The ladies get a pass because *Paper Television's* got a girl who can't stop singing about break-ups, and I feel that some chicks probably like that stuff for some biological reasons I'll never understand. I'll stick with Hall and Oates, thankyouverymuch. While I can ambivalently admire the parody of southern rap beats, they don't save this album from abject lameness. Granted, a lot of people will still buy into this schlock simply because it's on K Records, helping the cognoscenti polish the hipster edge they've monopolized for so many years. (Damn those cognoscenti!) But nobody will remember this album in three years, unless the singer learns how to sing and they put out something way better. The dude needs to drop the crappy singer and work with Project Pat, which is what all us fellas' really want to hear. Take that K Records!

CocoRosie. *The Adventures of Ghosthorse and Stillborn*. What's up with female vocalists these days? It seems like indie record labels are searching high and low for chick singers that sound...quaint. Or cute. Or "different." Whatever happened to vocalists who actually had golden pipes and didn't sound like they were banking on a niche appeal? This album isn't very good, but it isn't terrible. I think the song "Japan" is worth a couple listens. But this album made me realize that if you don't sound quirky and cute, you're never going to get an indie record deal. So if you're an aspiring female vocalist who doesn't sing really weird, you better go the commercial route. (I'll take this opportunity to give Coco Rosie props for their album cover art from 2005's *Noah's Ark*.)

Jay Dee (or J Dilla). *The Shining*. First off, J Dilla is an amazing producer and I regularly play his songs on my radio show. But one listen to this posthumous release reveals its Achilles heel: it's missing Jay Dee. Yes, Dilla made the beats himself, but he didn't finish making them into songs. So in the rush to cash in on Dilla's name, this album was released after a close friend, Karriem Riggins, patched the source material together and enlisted some luminary emcee's to adorn the tracks. While all of the beats are fresh and have Dilla's distinct sound intact, the "finished" songs often go nowhere and only hint at what might have been. I don't know if it would have been a greater crime to have left this material shelved or not, but this is not the album Dilla would have put out. Go get the instrumental version instead. (A couple of these songs are still good, especially "E=MC2" featuring Common.)

Jay-Z. *Kingdom Come*. I have a theory about Jay-Z's demise. The man who once called himself "the God emcee" made a turn for the worse right around *The Blueprint 2*. He began smothering himself amidst a smorgasbord of superstar guests, leaving listeners without a clear definition of where Jay-Z ended and the collaborations began. But nobody wanted Jay-Z the attention-whore. We wanted "the God emcee." While crossovers can be interesting and can sell records, does anybody really want to hear Jay-Z with Lenny Kravitz? Or guest production work from Coldplay's Chris Martin? Or 2004's mash-up of Jay-Z and Linkin Park songs? But the collabo idea (read: business model) wasn't Jay-Z's death knell in itself. That bell was rung when Jay-Z started implementing this airy-whisper-rap tic (for extra emphasis, I suppose) sometime around *The Black Album*. All of a sudden, it wasn't what Jay-Z said as much as how he said it. In a nutshell, Jay-Z's problem has been his sacrifice of substance for style.

Alas, "the God emcee" has descended from his "Kingdom" back to earth for good with this latest





album. It's a total dud and an unworthy excuse for un-retirement (retirement was the premise of 2003's *The Black Album*). The grandeur of the aggressive marketing (including a Budweiser commercial featuring Dale Earnhardt, Jr. and Danica Patrick) leading up to the album's release was much ado about a load of crap. And that airy-whispering thing really hurts his delivery. I don't know why he started doing that. Go back and listen to a song like "Takeover" from 2001's *The Blueprint*: the delivery is strong and confident; the lyrics are fierce and biting. When Jay-Z sacrifices machismo for affected appeals, the resultant delivery sounds weak and forced. I guess this guy's just not hungry anymore, and I can't blame him. His girlfriend is Beyonce, he's a part owner of an NBA team, the president and CEO of Def Jam records and worth more than \$300 million. He even has his own shoe and nightclub. Maybe he's no longer the God emcee, but he's close to a god amongst mortals.

the best

Justice. *Cross*. This is the album that saved music for 2007, and the year's not even over yet. Thanks Justice! The rest of music can take a much-needed break. Speaking of much-needed, this album will satisfy all those Daft Punk fans who wanted to shake their ass to something new without having to delve into the "new-rave" movement. From beginning to end, this album delivers and is, more importantly, fun without pretense.

Spoon. *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga*. Sure, they're getting a ton of press from everywhere else, but Spoon deserves props for this one. It's a great summertime album, revealing (once again) that Spoon possesses a great understanding of pop music that is simultaneously accessible and unique. This album rewards both casual and close listens with its rocking mood and detailed production work. It's all about the embellishments for me, which is why I keep coming back for multiple listens.

Panda Bear. *Person Pitch*. I have to include this just in case you don't have it yet. It sounds like Brian Wilson drowning in an imaginary coloring book. Swirling into a rainbow-like abyss, Brian ponders everything from carrots to the merits of taking too many pills to hanging with the bros. But you won't care because it's not Brian Wilson and he's not drowning: it was all in your mind, dude! Seriously, take a canoe to the nearest body of water and go find Brian Wilson whilst listening to this album. I'm offering cold hard cash to the first person who can lead me to that imaginary coloring book. I must defeat it and restore order and honor to my people.

Terrell Stafford. *Taking Chances: Live at The Dakota*. If you, like me, tend to overlook modern jazz in favor of older tunes, this album comes as a breath of fresh air. Stafford's Quintet delivers a well-balanced album of both modern and traditional (yet appropriately updated) jazz compositions effusing all the fire and energy that fans of the genre crave. Recorded live in 2005 at The Dakota Bar & Grill in Minneapolis, MN, this performance takes listeners on a jazz journey from milder (check out "Pegasus") to wilder ("Paper Trail"). *Taking Chances* fits broadly into the post-bop subgenre, but it's easy to pick out soul, R&B, and traditional bop influences meandering around too. Stafford is a formidable trumpeter, as his solos, especially the behemoth on "Paper Trail," reveal. The rest of the band is spot-on solid too, as evidenced by the wonderful solos traded on "Taking A Chance On Love," the sax/drum, bass/drum breakdowns on "Blues for J.T.," and an epic rendition of "Jesus Loves Me." Pick this album up and you'll be applauding right along with the live audience.

If you like what Nick has to say about music, check out his radio show. He says, "Sometimes I'll focus on a specific genre, but I generally mix things up. You can expect to hear jazz, blues, psych-rock, post-punk, soul, pop, and everything between on any given Saturday. I also like to play new music and I'm open to requests."



gumbo ya ya

1080 S. Broadway
↳ 4101 tates creek centre

fast, flavorful, affordable cajun/creole grub from a mom & pop shop
[staffed by a slew of wrfl dj's & music scene miscreants]

student happy hour - monday through friday 4pm til close & all day saturday - **all semester long**
\$1 off the purchase of a plate & soda with uk student i.d.



859.255.4316

PEACE
NOW
FUC*ER

GRR

Lubricate Your Living Room:

A Far-From-Definitive Personal Account of the DIY Experimental Music Scene in Lexington, KY

by Trevor Tremaine

Firstly, let me express that I detest the word “scene;” it implies a superficial homogeny which I would never associate with what goes on here in Lexington. If anything, the house venues, tape labels, and late night shifts on college radio this town has born have offered a haven to the “misfits,” whose only shared qualities are alienation and their utter uniqueness. Although, make no mistake: not unique like snowflakes or butterfly wings... more like scabs or dog turds.

As it does for many, my descent into the underground commenced at WRFL. Robert Beatty and I had been greedily devouring what little the station’s low-power transmitter would dribble over the county line into Nicholasville since our freshman year of high school. In those days, the schedule was littered with esoterica, brain damaged art-scuzz of all varieties: noise rock free-for-all The Catacombs, an unidentified DJ playing four or five records at once on The Afterglow, and so much more that will remain a mystery to me forever. Former DJ/jack-of-all-Director-positions Mike Connelly reminisces, “There was a huge, huge energy in the late 90s... people hung out at RFL all day, every day, just listening to shit...” Not only was I lucky enough to have come to the station at such a vital time, but fate would have that *this dude* was Training Director.

In 1999, I wasn’t even a UK student... just some bored, *The Wire*-reading, small town youth with a plastic sack filled with CDs I dug for their mere obscurity and anti-mainstream ethic, rolling into a closet-sized on-air room with walls plastered in stickers advertising mostly mediocre and deservedly forgotten indie bands, and an indistinct aroma of stale coffee, mold, and body odor; like a kid in a candy store. Supervising my first solo on-air shift was a short, dark-haired fellow wearing a Morrissey T-shirt and pajama pants, sporting thick-rimmed specs and brandishing a battered guitar, with no case, a cable permanently packing-taped into its input, and a homemade sticker of Ashton Kutcher bordering the pickguard. A generally affable goofball, it gradually dawned on me that this was “Chicago” Mike, a small-time legend to me and Robert

(who had made tape recordings of a few of his shows, as his house’s proximity to Lexington was more advantageous for receiving the station’s signal), whose on-air selections ran the gamut of no wave, hair metal, and junk noise. He perused the stack of cracked jewel cases I had conjured from the Kroger bag and was in disbelief that we shared a common love for [*actual band names omitted to preserve cred of involved parties*]! In no time, Mike had pulled every platter from the station’s record library that could be categorized as “unlistenable” and piled them in front of the mixing board. As if this gesture wasn’t traumatic enough, he invited me to come see his band play that weekend at a venue called Yat’s (you now know it as Gumbo Ya Ya) in the basement of South Hill Station (now the Lofts on Bolivar).

Hexose was the sort of thing I never would’ve guessed existed so near to where I grew up. They were unconventional in every sense: the lineup (drums, bass clarinet, cornet, and “guitar”), the music (free jazz + hardcore + no wave + scum... alternately in short chaotic bursts or long tedious mantras), and the performance (a psychotic hillbilly clad completely in white ecstatically dismembering a trap kit, flanked by two eerily still, towering figures on the horns, fronted by a party animal in leather pants and mirrored shades who spent most of the gig writhing on the floor with a mic shoved down his throat). They were incomprehensible, ridiculous, and positively *liberating*. And the gig was just scratching the surface.

Tall dude on the right with the tasteful sweater and the menacing, unconscious stare, was Matt Minter, a brilliant artist

whose work graces the cover of this very 'zine. He and Connelly had a "side project" called FWK (as in "Frankenstein with Knife," "Fashion Wives Karaoke," and eventually a dozen other permutations) in which they pursued a less "rock" approach to noisemaking, utilizing tape decks, intercoms, broken toys, cheap microphones, etc. Tall dude on the left, with the nearly-shaved head and the obligatory baggy Smith College sweatshirt (which I think he still actually wears) was Ross Compton, who worked at Yat's and organized the gigs there, and who himself was responsible for low-key drone recordings, under his initials, PRC—a gesture exemplary of his humility. The maniac on the drums was Ross Wilbanks, the proprietor of Freesound, a cassette label dedicated to providing an outlet for the aforementioned and other knuckleheads like them, in addition to the conceits of "higher profile" artists like Tigerbeat 6 glitch savant Lesser and New England noise stalwart Crank Sturgeon.

Freesound was a beautiful operation. Wilbanks dubbed over cassettes obtained from thrift stores, adorned them with simple, typewritten sleeves, and filled an old broken microwave with his wares, which he left by the door in CD Central (also, at the time, in the basement of South Hill Station) with a jar for donations; a blueprint for future such operations in town. As Connelly explains, "[Wilbanks] kept costs low and gave out shit for free... Freesound was a huge influence."

The first Freesound cassette I picked up was the *Pussy Pops* comp, filled with raw, clandestine, lo-fi noisemaking. Pardon me for lapsing into cliché, but it was like tuning into a radio station from another dimension. My next discovery was the undisputable classic of the label, *Kluni Meets Scratchin' Puss*, the eponymously-titled collaboration between Wilbanks and Minter, respectively. Teeming with DIY spirit and unidentifiable sounds (one particularly aggressive passage of what I assumed was percussion I later found out was a woodblock going through an oscillating fan), this orgy of "summer sound-swapping" (as it was described in the Freesound catalogue) was an epic piece of work. Somehow, I had to be involved with this.

Robert and I started frequenting Lexington gigs in early 2000. Most memorable to me was the first house show I'd ever witnessed—the "Ritual of the Savage," which occurred in the apartment Wilbanks shared with Bill Widener (RFL veteran, accomplice in seminal Lexington avant-rock outfits Humphammer

and Psy Ops, and literary provocateur), which featured FWK, An Air Force of One (dreamy finger-picking ragas before that was so the thing to be), and The Smacks! (Lexington sleaze-rock legends who penned such classics as "Sex Apple" and "Dead Baby"). I drank one Heineken, remembered I had parked illegally, and wound up in a footrace with a tow truck on Lyndhurst.

That spring, somehow or another, we wound up on a gig at Magic Beans Coffee House (*also* in the basement of South Hill Station, seriously). Robert and I had been collaborating sporadically



*They were
incompre-
hensible,
ridiculous,
and
positively
liberating.
And the gig
was just
scratching
the
surface.*

Meerk Puffy (of Forcefield)
at Club Seal in 2002
Photo by Robert Beatty

as Cerbinals for five or six years by that point, but it was more of an art-pop project, and definitely not something we could pull off live without intensive preparation, so for our first-ever exhibition (besides a stupid prank performance at a high school talent show) we devised a whole new project, called Shit Blizzard. We plugged in all manner of cracked electronics, old turntables, effects pedals, and practice amps and just went for it, for like seven minutes. The response was more enthusiastic than I ever could've imagined, with the audience chanting "take a shit" in approval. We were galvanized. The rest of the night was a blur... Soyuz turned in a solid set of Kraut decay, FWK performed some absurdist sexual rites, Blue Scout charmed with classy synth-pop, and the night culminated in everyone stripping and covering their bodies in bourbon whiskey, under the pretext of a performance by Mickey

and the Wild Bunch, a supergroup of sorts featuring The Smacks! and the whole audience.*

The gig was recorded, and released a few weeks later as a comp called *If Music Shot Bullets, I'd Like it Better*. With this momentum, Shit Blizzard began to gig more often, inevitably collaborating—by our third show—with FWK, as well as Daryl Cook (perhaps better known as Walter Carson). Around this time, Wilbanks left Lexington, and Connelly took up the torch of noise Svengali by founding #1 New Gods of Tundra—later shortened to just “Gods of Tundra,” and now simply to “G.O.T.”—a cassette label soon to be even more prolific than its forbear.

Without the, er, rigorous discipline of Hexose to constrain him, Connelly’s recording ambitions flourished. So many stupid bands were founded and terminated within the time it took fill a one side of C-60 in the name of spontaneous creativity: Bo Duck County Team, Too Many Autistic Shamans in Guam, Zombi vs. Shark... all with unbelievably small-run releases (often just three or four copies) in elaborate packaging (tin foil, cellophane, glitter glue, etc.).

Eventually, FWK reciprocated for our previous collaborative effort by inviting Shit Blizzard (who had undergone transformations into Sick Hour, an even more overtly “fuck off” project, then to the Music Crew, an old-school electro band) to a recording session under the working title *Girls Don’t Want Other Girls to Be Happy*, also featuring Compton. We descended into Minter’s filthy, cat piss-soaked basement with a four-track, a couple microphones, a one or two-stringed bass, nearly enough drums to form a set, toy keyboards, and plenty of cookie sheets and other assorted twisted metal trash. The chemistry was so palpable that we immediately decided to forfeit our prior conceits and unite under the banner of Hair Police, the stupidest possible name (thanks, Connelly). That’s another story altogether, that, like *A Hobbit’s Tale*, you’ll have to take up a pen and finish for yourself. Suffice it to say we met in this manner every Saturday, and released our first cassette *History of Ghost Dad* within about a month, timed to coincide with our first gig, at the old Mecca (on Limestone, I think it’s a place where you can buy Seersucker suits for babies now, or something)—EVENT 001, the first in a series of incredibly diverse local music showcases organized by Compton. We were the opening act, and were going for a rock band sorta thing, a concept we abandoned once my drum set fell over after the first *thud*. It devolved into a homoerotic Muppet Wrestlemania that outlasted the tolerance of many in the audience. Thus began the longstanding animosity between the straight set in Lexington, and whatever the hell we were.

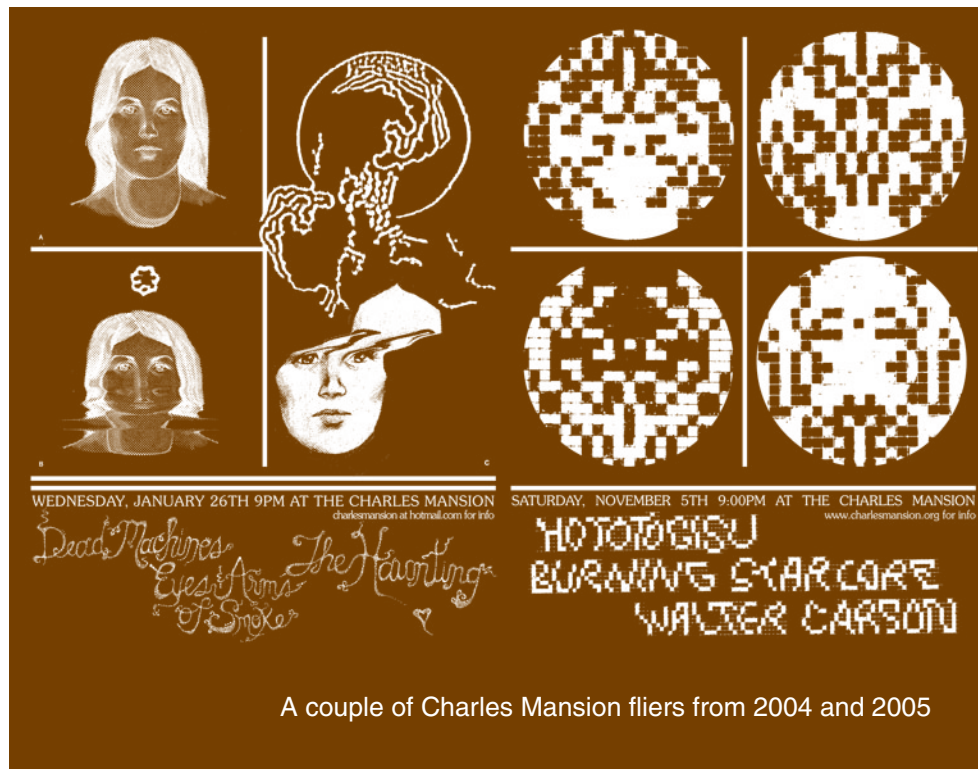
Other likeminded crews emerged and disappeared. Particularly notable were the George Steeltoe Ensemble, a revolving door free jazz/theatre group, who eventually relocated, mostly, to Brooklyn. Steeltoe’s Jay Dunbar, in an inspired gambit of scene unification, produced an epic surrealist play entitled *The Kishbah of Joulemay* that he managed to convince UK’s Centre Theatre to stage. Every manner of weirdo in Lexington was involved in the capacities of dancers, actors, and musicians. I played a character named State Trooper who had a telephone for a face and walked on his heels.

Meanwhile, Mike and I moved in together, started more

bands (Vacation, the White Ghosts, Total Heat, the Hollywood Liberals), played more gigs (at places like the Detour, a seedy bar on Upper where low-class artsy types like ourselves tended to congregate), and GOT began dropping new joints on a weekly basis, expanding the scope of operations beyond our insular, avant-kindergarten. It was around this time that Irene Moon arrived.

Moon is an entomologist. Her first performance in Lexington, as a touring artist, featured homemade filmstrips of preserved beetles clad in tiny paper-doll clothes, whilst Moon, dressed in day-glo Victorian-era schoolmarm gear, stood at the anterior of Mecca (where you took off your shoes, so as to not scuff the dance floor) providing a deadpan narration which intentionally confused fact with delusion, mixing live tape noise purloined from field-recorded insects and lab equipment. *This* was a whole other brand of psychosis.

Apparently, Moon liked our fair city enough to come back and settle down. In no time, she was sharing a house with members of Lexington throwback popsters Big Fresh, living rent-free as the maid. Moon immediately applied her restless energy to transforming this prime, student ghetto real estate into a performance space for her compatriots in mindfuckery, far and



A couple of Charles Mansion fliers from 2004 and 2005

wide. Thus, Club Seal was born, ushering in the golden age of house shows in Lexington. Moon herself elucidates: “It all happened by some universal accident which could easily [have] been a disaster. Basically just getting picked up at a bar and asked by strangers to move into a house of five dudes whose entire basement was filled with empty Natty Lite boxes.”

The shows at Club Seal were part kegger, part small-scale riot, and rarely resembled anything akin to a rock show (with the exception of an Herculean performance by perpetually-touring art-prog duo USAISAMONSTER). A Club Seal show meant you’d be getting stitches later (ask Connelly, who took a tuning peg up a nostril). As Moon explains, Lexington has the geographic advantage of being an ideal stopping point on a band’s tour, and not only could a Club Seal date ably provide gas money and a nutritious meal (thanks

to Moon's prodigious hostessing talent), but the sort of crowd that they wished gigs in *their* towns had, not to mention a wooden pool they called "The Waterbox," and "Theatre Eel," a living room with homemade stadium seating (and when the pit became too crowded, audience members could watch the melee projected on a screen, via a camera mounted the adjacent room). The atmosphere was absolutely singular: a tiny room filled with Irene's garish cardboard props (giant neon pink eyeballs and the like), a number of turquoise and magenta fiberglass columns pilfered from the dumpster of Toys "R" Us, and the infamous "Disco Pig," a plush swine covered in shards of mirror that spun precariously on a length of yarn hanging from the ceiling. And thanks to the combined efforts of Miss Moon and the Hair Police, whose out-of-town excursions had proven indispensable networking opportunities the venue attracted a veritable who's who of noise glitterati: Leslie Keffer, Panicsville, Mammal (thrice), Temple of Bon Matin, Nautical Almanac, Prurient and Metalux and Kites all on the same bill.

The 'Seal inspired a number of other makeshift house venues. A blurry year spent in an apartment complex across from, you guessed it, South Hill Station, with Robert, Connelly, Ben Allen (future proprietor of the Frowny Bear, who has included

Charles Mansion. As such, the gigs acquired an air of class, the audiences often seated on the floor for substantially more subdued performances. "Charles Mansion was much more mellow [than Club Seal]," Moon explains, "Almost like we had gotten 'good' at it and the Mansion was much more of a home. Basically like a dinner theatre!" The Dead Machines, Hototogitsu, 16 Bitch Pileup, Burning Star Core, Spectre Flux, Pengo, Wooden Wand & the Vanishing Voice, and many others served a premium gourmet to the vulgar tastebuds of the Mansion crowd, alongside the efforts of many a canny local. The shows effectively ended once Irene, sadly, left Lexington for Tallahassee, Florida in 2006. While the venue itself has ceased to exist, Robert maintains the name for the purpose of promoting shows of the same variety (check out the always up-to-date www.charlesmansion.org for the scoop).

And that takes us basically up to right now.

I'll resist the urge to conclude this recollection on a note of melancholy, mourning the close of some grand epoch. If anything, Lexington is a *more* happenin' place than it was "then." Caves, Caboladies, Walter Carson, Cadaver in Drag, Wretched Worst, Warmer Milks, Three Legged Race and scores of others, probably several of whom I've omitted out of ignorance as to their existence,

Wherever you could fit 10 to 50 bodies and make a moderate amount of noise without attracting the police became a venue.

Scientifically Speaking with Irene Moon featuring Sick Hour at Detour • Warmer Milks at the Horrible Room • Club Seal's Disco Pig
Photos by Ben Fulton, Irene Moon, and Sara O'Keefe



some of his own musings on house shows within this issue), and other stragglers, exclusively, saw enough action to warrant naming the place: "The Blood Shack" (thanks again, Connelly). Michigan hard-rockers 25 Suaves managed three songs while jamming out at top volume in the middle of Lawrence Street on a Sunday afternoon before a cop rolled by. Mindflayer (Lightning Bolt's Brian Chippendale collaborating with Forcefield's Mat Brinkman) played in mine and Robert's cramped living room at an outrageous volume all too well deserving them the same fate, but I suppose to passerby they sounded more like distant construction equipment than a rock band. Later, living on Cedar Street, my wife and I hosted a few low-key gigs in "The Horrible Room," including the first ever performance by Warmer Milks. Speaking of whom, Michael Turner himself oversaw some severely underground clatter in the basement of the Born Mugged house, over on Preston Avenue in the heart of Lexington's Punk Rock Retirement Community. Wherever you could fit 10 to 50 bodies and make a moderate amount of noise without attracting the police became a venue.

As time passed, the Club Seal gang upgraded to fancy new digs on Grosvenor, which was auspiciously christened The

are making consciousness-shattering jams that no mere cassette or moldy basement can contain. And house venues such as the Frowny Bear and the Icehouse continue to provide an all-ages, affordable, reliably interesting alternative to the beergut bar rock scene. Lexington bands are touring the world, and world tours are coming to Lexington. Kids here are putting out their own shit, booking their own gigs, and not giving a damn whether people care, or even acknowledge that what they're doing as music.

Know your fucking own is right.

*It should be mentioned that in those days, the varied factions of Lexington's music scene were not mutually exclusive. Shit Blizzard did a noisy, chaotic jam with old-school hip-hop DJ Mizla of Club Dub at the Detour as well as accompanying an impromptu freestyle sesh in the Hair Police practice basement on New Year's Eve 2001, and Hexose once opened for Lexington indie poppers Pontious Copilot at the 37 Center (a venerable venue that was literally a space at a self-storage facility), although to be fair, Connelly recounts, "Most people just left the room... someone kicked me. I'm sure I deserved it. I was an idiot back then."

The Frowny Bear

Lexington's best new
home for experimental
music

Unbeknownst to many, Lexington has a long and inspired, if somewhat shadowy and beer-laden, underground (experimental, weird, etc.) music tradition. An exciting history exists in this frontier outpost town, from the first few Free Sound shows at the 37 Center, Yat's and Magic Beans to the countless crews and desperate peeps who have frequented Club Seal, the Bloodshack, the Icehouse, Charles Mansion, Preston Ave./Bauhaus, etc. The dizzying myriad of basements, living rooms, alleyways, parking lots, closets, garages and other random spots is comparable only to the variety and insanity of events taking place. While the Dame maintains its status as a legit, public venue and numerous other businesses continue to offer live music for their patrons, the creative roots stretching out beneath the more visible surface provide a sustaining depth of creative energy to our cultural community, if not a refuge for those who have been turned away everywhere else. And though other shows of an independent sort (screaming-

Something foul, hairy, exciting and nuts was birthed onto the ruined floor covered in cigarette butts and empty bottles and continues to thrive on the weirdness of us kooks.

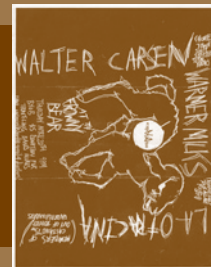
hardcore-punk-church-basement-dwellers) have coincided with the weirder brand throughout, Lexington's noisy-rockers furiously grasp and defend whatever territory they can, for however long and for the sake of their own reasons.

For over a year, one branch of this whispering, oscillating network of friends and collaborators, gig spots and random spaces, has offered itself up to some of the more interesting artists of our age. The Frowny Bear, a simple basement in a quiet campus neighborhood, remains a bed of rich soil for these roots to grow.

The first time I recall bands playing at the Frowny Bear was New Year's Eve of 2005. During one of the wildest parties the place had seen, a few veteran crews decided on a take-over. Disko Tyranny brought down a fire of furious, cinderblock throwing ecstasy, while an early incarnation of the current Cadaver in Drag lineup chimed in 2006 with its patented brand of bloody guts sex rock. Around 5 a.m., after a fierce Ramones living-room mosh invasion, fire-pit laugh sessions in the somewhat snow and much whiskey drunk, the Baseball Band—featuring Brian Manley (Smacks) on drums, Jon Dawhare (unknown bro) on guitar, Thad Watson (Krakken Fury, Warmer Milks) and yours truly on vocals—pretty much annoyed the hell out of everybody and demanded all evil spirits to vacate the premises. Something foul, hairy, exciting and nuts was birthed onto the ruined floor covered in cigarette butts and empty bottles and continues to thrive on the weirdness of us kooks.

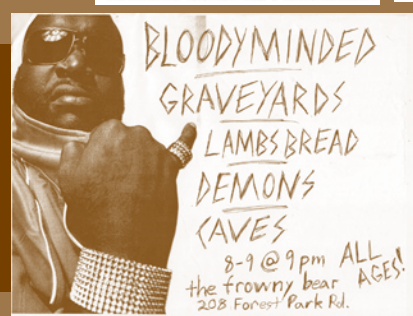
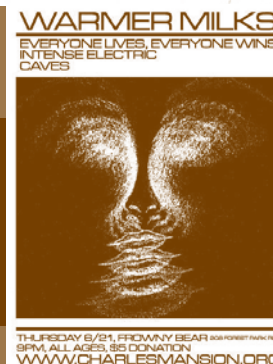
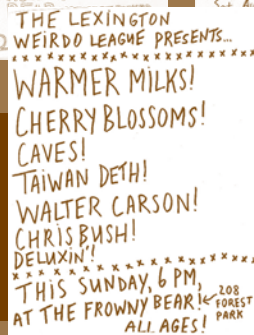
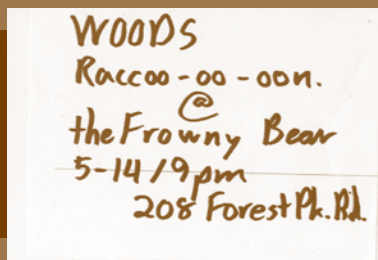
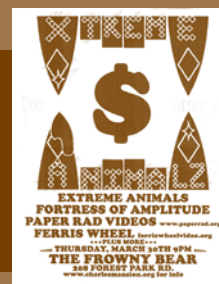
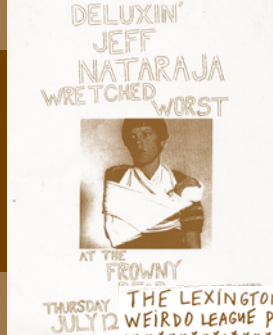
Before that night, the FB had been home to the Fakes, a crew of Pavement-minded soul brothers whose tenure and contribution in this town is all too unsung. The mural above the organ, painted by Cory Pinacha, stands as their mark, along with the carpet and foam sound reduction wall. When Tony Manual, Sylvain Fasciotto and I moved in at the beginning of June of 2005, the place remained dormant except for numerous Caves rehearsals and recording, not to mention it being the floody home that it is to a few wayward bats.

About two months following the New Year's party, the first official show took place, featuring Mudboy, a kid named Raph who can actually play the dream catcher, and Yomul Yuk, a Canuck duo with some No-Jazz-Yes-Jazz guitar opinions and smiling. Tapes and tour discs were swapped and the FB's new life had gotten off to a great start.



Bloodyminded at the Frowny Bear in
April 2007

Photo by Robert Beatty



The list of past performers since then is insane. Extreme Animals and the Paperrad crew, Taiwan Deth, Graveyards, Hair Police, Bloodyminded, Warmer Milks, Mouthus, Red Wizard, Ara, Deluxin', Dynasty, Three Legged Race, Eloë Omoe, Emeralds, Walter Carson, Birds of Delay, Ospreys, Lambsbread, Charlie Draheim, Eyes and Arms of Smoke, Demons, Tight Leather, Caboladies, and a bunch more. Just take a look at the flyers. Seriously.

The place has also been the rehearsal and recording refuge to many local acts, including the Elephants, Cadaver in Drag, Warmer Milks, and, most recently, Wretched Worst—a new crew born and raised on the cracking foundation and that lovely Frowny smell.

All the shows are pretty much set up by the same few people forwarding e-mails and exchanging calls so that the great nomadic tribe of new touring artists would always find a home here in Lexington. We provide a more-often-than-not clean floor to sleep on, food and drink, donation money from the audience and, most importantly, a space completely open to whatever muse might be accompanying the traveling revelers. We've helped bands who have been stranded on the road, from Mouthus' \$50 van swap down on Race Street to D.B.H.'s extended, three-day van-cation package, complete with weirdness and some pretty funny, if not absurdly crazy/gnarly times. Sheltering that poor crew of nine kids, who's van had busted out on the highway, took a lot of effort... but that's pretty much the deal. We've helped folks find everything from a new tire to a good bottle or even a Radio Shack. No guarantees that would ensure a night off in some hotel—just a helping hand and an awaiting family of open ears and eyes --and usually a few veggie burgers. And as long as this kind of energy exists in Lexington, however much the mainstream media wishes to ignore, avoid or even critically pick at it, I'm definitely sticking around.

the Percy Trout hour

Groovy Retro Pop,
Soundtracks, & Found
Sounds from All Over
the Globe

Monday Nights
8pm to 10pm



Lexington,
Kentucky

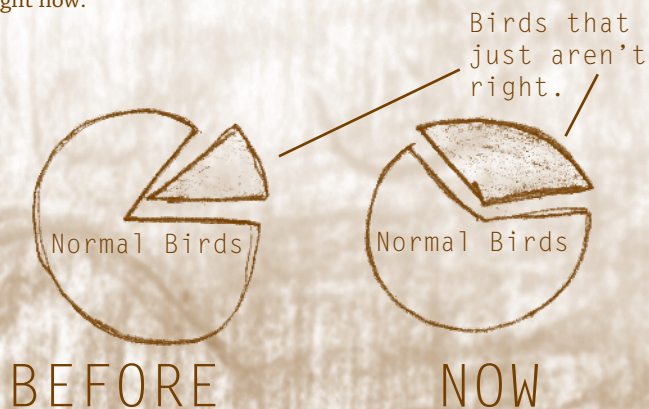
WRFL
88.1fm

The Great Deceleration

Birds are getting slower. This is a fact. OK, highfalutin scientist and researchers may not be aboard yet, and it may only be fact based on my independent observations and theories, but in my world that equals cold, hard proof.

This isn't to say that if you walk outside right now and look at a bird, you'll easily notice this phenomenon, but believe me - it's true, and it's troublesome.

I can't pinpoint when the "bird deceleration" actually happened. I have no graph or pie chart to prove the validity, but I guess I could make one right now:



It's definitely been a process, not an overnight occurrence. My guesstimate is that in the last couple years bird deceleration has happened at least regionally. The process could be further advanced or behind in other places on the earth.

I've come to this conclusion mainly through my modes of transport - whether it has been an automobile, bike or on foot. Birds simply have a slower reaction time in getting out of the way. Countless times I have approached our fine-feathered friends and have had to speak up for the creatures to "shoo." I don't actually say "shoo" - something more along the lines of "Hey, uhh, what are you doing? Move for chrissakes." I don't know if they would respond better to the conventional "shoo" but at the time of this writing that technique has not been applied.

Then, I often have to swerve at the last moment because my verbal warnings have fallen short. Next, I might cringe a bit, hoping that the birds were able to maneuver out of the way in time (this is usually in the car, seeing that if I were jogging and just flat-out stepped on a bird, I would know I had done so - and probably be severely mentally scarred).

After such events, I've been struck with the thought: "What in the hell is going on with birds?" Growing up, I noticed that birds never seemed so lethargic that they had a hard time getting out of the street or off the sidewalk. I'm genuinely concerned about this, which leads us to ponder the possibilities.

Is it something in the environment? All Gore-isms aside, it's no big secret that we continually make this world a tougher place to live for ourselves and all other inhabitants. Chemicals, pollutants - could birds



by Brian Connors Manke

Illustration by Kim Claar

have a sort have sort of “avian black lung” from breathing in all of our exhaust and sprays for so long?

In Appalachia in particular, we subjected birds with the environmentally-effective practice (at least for humans) of the canary in a coal mine. Canary dies - get your ass out of the mine.

Should birds' current sluggish trend be used to further illustrate the decay of the earth? Are Democrats plotting to use birds as part of their eco-charged 2008 presidential forum? I can see a bald eagle soaring proudly over a mountain top while the narrator waxes nostalgically about our once-great land. Then a cut to current footage of birds lying in some New Jersey black-sludged swamp with Dick Cheney chuckling maniacally in the background...

Or could this be some natural progression? Perhaps all birds are bound to become flightless. Maybe the apex of flight was the pterodactyl. I mean, a creature weighing hundreds, if not thousands, of pounds gracefully flying through the air? That's some amazing shit! Seriously, how could we NOT be devolving from that?

Plus, we know that these pre-historic air-dwellers existed, which means they really aren't that old in the world of science. So, why should we believe that if the pterodactyl couldn't cut it a pigeon could?

My wife mentioned that maybe I'm completely backward on the whole thing. Maybe we're just getting faster. Computers, cell phones, microwaves, trash compactors, battery-powered tooth brushes - maybe all this stuff is wiring us differently, and we are pushing toward mach speed on this planet.

Every year or two, someone does break a record in track and field. We think world-class athletes are getting better, but maybe they're just part of the whole. Check back in a few hundred years - if some dude is running the 100-meter dash in like 6.8 seconds, you'll know that my wife's hypothesis is solid.

Lastly, and the one theory that scares me the most is that maybe birds are making a conscious effort to not get out of the way. Being a big Hitchcock fan, I know where this could lead, and I don't want to go there.

Maybe the movie “The Birds” is based on fact and birds are our enemies. You'd be pretty cranky too if a bunch of airplanes, helicopter and blimps were invading space that you once laid claim to.

So, humans (via governments) have been secretly working very slowly to eradicate birds from the sky and existence altogether. Then we're one step closer to floating around like the Jetsons, or at the very least, everyone zooming around with one of those jetpacks on their back. Seriously, I remember a guy flying into a stadium with one of those for Super Bowl III or something. That was almost 40 years ago! I know the government has those things stockpiled in a warehouse somewhere ready for mass distribution.

All of these theories are plausible, and one of them is probably the truth. One has to be because birds are getting slower. Pay close attention. Don't deny.

Brian Connors Manke can be heard on WRFL 88.1 FM Tuesdays from 8-10 PM. His show, Flying Kites at Night, makes a general mess out of general format. Sure, you'll hear some new stuff - but anything and everything can and will be thrown into the mix. For fans of stuff - lots of it.

THE STELLA'S FAMILY IS
PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THE
REJUVENATION OF ANOTHER
LOCAL INSTITUTION.

AL's BAR

6TH STREET &
NORTH LIMESTONE

SERVING
LEXINGTON'S
FINEST BAR
FOOD SINCE
MID-2007

FEATURING LOCAL &
ORGANIC
INGREDIENTS,
HOUSE-MADE SIDES &
LEXINGTON'S
SMALLEST BEER LIST.



BRING THIS AD IN FOR
SOMETHING FREE

What's up with the Comeback Generation?

by John Crowell

Are very many people going to pay to see a middle-aged bald man crank out freeze-dried versions of songs we put on mix tapes when we were in the eighth and ninth grade? Sadly, they probably will.

One thing I've been noticing about music lately is the insane number of comeback bands. Can anyone remember a time when so many old groups reformed to launch arena tours and headline festivals? Just off the top of my head, I can think of Dinosaur Jr., the Pixies, Bad Brains, Slint... the Avalanches are coming out with a new record, but I'm not sure if that's officially a reunion or a return from hiatus. And those are just the groups I'm excited about. Perhaps it's a product of the shoestring budget of '80s underground rock, or a new evolution of the same kind of rock promotion that managed to bring back Aerosmith, Journey and Three Dog Night from the grave to rock the masses. Either way, it's been freaking me out. I'm writing this while listening to the new Meat Puppets album, man.

One of the oddest things about the bands getting back together is the complete mess many of them left their original affairs in. Black Francis broke up the Pixies by sending a bitchy fax to the other members of the band as well as various media outlets. J Mascis threw a guitar at Lou Barlow during a gig, causing the immediate exit of Dinosaur Jr. and the proliferation of Sebadoh. One of the Stooges died for God's sake.

But it seems that grudges, legal complications and even death hold no power when it comes to keeping a band from reforming and making money. And honestly, the results so far haven't been half bad. I've heard tell that Iggy Pop is



Once they cash in, they can no longer be remembered as the altruistic weirdoes-from-nowhere groups our older siblings introduced to us. How can the mystery and creepiness of Slint's *Spiderland* be preserved after it's been performed during a summer music festival by a 35-year-old wearing Oakleys?

as brutal live as ever. I got a chance to see both the Pixies and Dinosaur Jr. at Lollapalooza a couple years ago. The Pixies were as energetic as ever, and rocked an audience of tens of thousands as the sun set. The next afternoon, I stood in 100-plus degree heat amidst a cloud of weed smoke and watched J Mascis flail his guitar like it was 1987. There were no complaints.

Apparently, age doesn't always have a detrimental affect to a group if they are intent on recapturing former glory; however, there have been a few exceptions. The new Stooges album wasn't anything to write home about, the new disc by Bad Brains was met with tepid response and the reunions of such bands as Bauhaus and the Jesus and Mary Chain seem to be met with responses like, "Oh, yeah, them again." I'm getting further and further along the Meat Puppets



Iggy Pop and the Stooges still rock (live at SXSW in 2007) even though the 2007 release *The Weirdness* doesn't.

album as I'm writing, and I'm not very impressed.

Festivals this year also have been hosting the likes of Rage Against the Machine and the Smashing Pumpkins. They waited too long, however, and their target audience grew out of them. Are very many people going to pay to see a middle-aged bald man crank out freeze-dried versions of songs we put on mix tapes when we were in the eighth and ninth grade? Sadly, they probably will. Will it be good? I doubt it. The politics of Rage Against the Machine don't seem so revolutionary now that we've all finally gone to college and actually, you know, taken a political science class.

These artists are doing something very understandable. They spent a decade revolutionizing music, and reaped little to no benefits from the process. For years in the '80s and '90s, they put out classic album after classic album, only to be met with an unrecognized, miniscule commercial response and a warm but completely unprofitable basket of critical acclaim. Sometimes not even the latter. I totally get why they'd want to cash in their previous genius for present-day dollars. And really, who can blame them for milking that somewhat lucrative Indie udder just a bit?

But I'm concerned with what we're losing. None of these groups are able to maintain their previous enigmatic aura. Once they cash in, they can no longer be remembered as

the altruistic weirdoes-from-nowhere groups our older siblings introduced to us. How can the mystery and creepiness of Slint's Spiderland be preserved after it's been performed during a summer music festival by a 35-year-old wearing Oakleys? We've lost too much mystery these last few years. The internet has given

us an inroad to the life of everyone we've ever wondered about. We've all already been to Pitchfork Media and seen the digital photos of Jandek playing live shows. I mean, c'mon. Who ever thought that would happen?

It's also important to consider how this trend reflects on our generation's music. I got this idea from a fellow WRFL cohort. While informing incoming freshmen about the wonders of WRFL during this year's advising conferences, Trevor Tremaine and I discussed the lack of anger in music today. If the Reagan administration caused the explosion of so many angry, aggressively political bands; why has none of Bush's antics inspired the same sort of passion? Sure, you'll always have your angry outliers, but the art of the Reagan years was almost completely

tainted by the same sense of claustrophobia, dehumanization, anger, dejection and paranoia; from the Sonic Youth to Minor Threat to Devo. Our art does not congeal to a similar state of unified commentary on society, nor does it seem particularly concerned with the problems of the outside world. To my ears, college rock today seems just as insulated as the rest of society; quiet, pleasant, introspective music which prefers not to get caught up in the hopelessness and negativity which permeates our daily lives like never before in this country. We need more reflections of the current state of our affairs! We need less escapist music! WE NEED MORE NEGATIVITEY!!!

So is the real reason (and space created) for the return of '80s underground acts the fact that we are saying so little about ourselves? Are we so unable to find anger and resentment about the state of affairs in the United States among our own ranks as musicians and social commentators that we are more interested in rehashing the complaints of a generation past? I hope not, but that's what it's looking like to me.

Still, every time I hear about one of my favorite older acts getting back together, my interest is going to be piqued. It's natural. I just hope we are able to match the importance of the music we are remembering with music that has yet to be created.

However, I'm completely stoked about the Police getting back together. That's just awesome.

Check out John's radio show, The Roots 'n' Blues Show, an exploration of blues and roots music spanning from the Mississippi Delta of the '20s and '30s to the indie labels of today. From Leadbelly to Buddy Guy, Howlin' Wolf to the Black Keys, the blues are alive and well again!



The next afternoon, I stood in 100-plus degree heat amidst a cloud of weed smoke and watched J Mascis flail his guitar like it was 1987. There were no complaints.

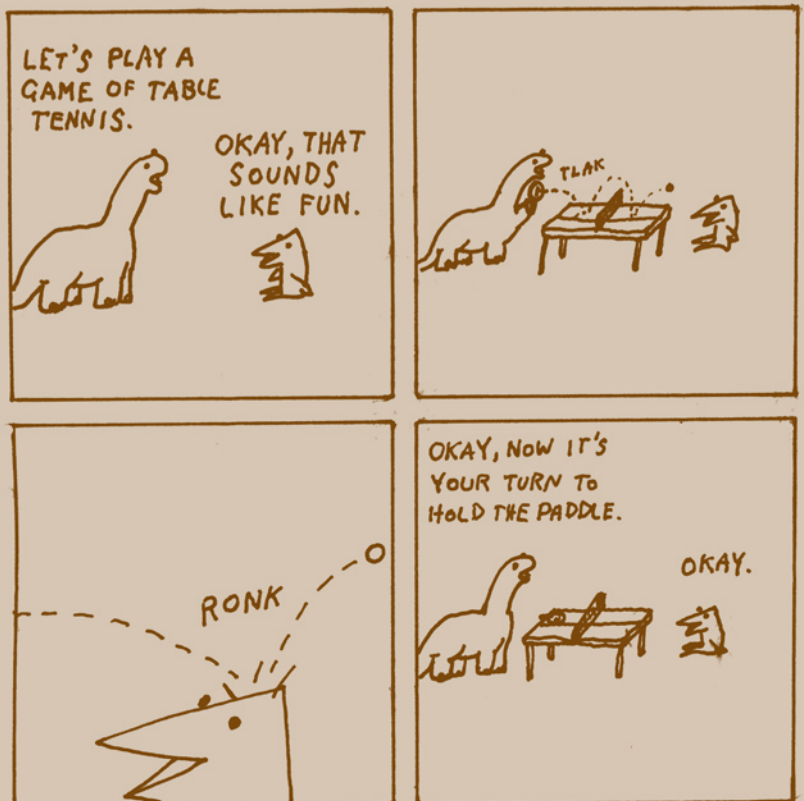
DINO FUNNIES

BY: TREVOR TREMAINE



DINO FUNNIES

BY: TREVOR TREMAINE





If you can imagine being too excited for something to sleep the night before, so you decide to leave at 3 a.m. for a 6 hour drive south, mostly down I-75, and when you finally reach there, you find that you forgot to calculate the 80,000 other audiophiles whom you will be battling with to get into the gates early so you can grab a good camping spot, within as short of

a distance to Centeroo as possible. Traffic is snug, bumper-to-bumper for miles-and-miles, the ultimate result of a mass exodus, all very eager to get settled in while mind-numbingly slowly inching toward forward, at less than 2 mph, toward some kind of hallucinatory magical weekend, at a 700 acre farm in Manchester, Tennessee, where some of the world's greatest musicians, most eclectic artisans, hilariously morose and sarcastic comedians, and musiclovers, fork over close to \$200 to come together for a weekend in an auralphiles collective paradise (80,000 strong).

The variety of music reflects the variety of humans, filled with everyone from googly-eyed, tight-jeaned hipster kids, to the more traditional Bonnaroo crowd: the acid-headed patchouli-rich jam band faithful, to the hip-hop kids for Aesop Rock and The Roots, to the metal kids there for Tool, to Korean War veterans (more specifically, our next-door-neighbor, Kenny Collins, who let us borrow his jumper cable clamps to spread out our American flag and later confessed to me about his time in the military when he sneaked into North Korea and blew up shit on the side of a mountain. "I used to trade ammunition for cool shit," I remember him telling me one morning. But in my best attempts to try to sum it all up, the 2007 Bonnaroo Music Festival, which gets its name from a Dr. John album "Desitively Bonnaroo" (a term whose origins lie in Cajun slang, meaning "a good time", derived from the French words "bon" for good and "rue" for street), is a four day-long, seriously beautiful, sociologically-surreal, phantasmagorical clusterfuck of a good time.

On Thursday, June 14th, after being up all night driving from

Lexington to Manchester, we finally made it and decided not to take a nap (the sun was too overbearing even if we wanted to) and go check out the shows going on that night. The first show I watched was Austin's Black Angels. They rocked out (especially during the track "Black Grease") and started the festival off on the right foot. Of course, after the show, I went backstage and spoke with Nate Ryan, their bassist, about sandwiches or something.

After that, I ventured over to the comedy tent to see Lewis Black. He seemed less jaded than usual but still delivered 15 minutes of his sardonic wit (however, his anger must have returned later, when apparently Lewis Black was hit in the head with some mysterious airborne object thrown onto the stage from a random heckler. This happened when he was about to perform a joke before the Gov't Mule show; consequentially, he didn't tell the joke and encouraged the audience to boo the heckler. This was the only time all weekend that I think one person ruined it for everyone). After the comedy tent, I wandered around aimlessly and found myself checking out the items in the rather diverse marketplace (jammed packed with anything from \$6.50 beers, to hand-made wooden drums, to one-eyed merchants selling food, jewelry, and bongs shaped like everything from minotaurs to naked ladies).

Gravity, I presume, pulled me toward the menacing Mexican guitar duo, Rodrigo y Gabriela. This was one of the most amazing shows of the entire weekend, two intense guitarists, strumming with the fury of Hendrix; pound out American metal covers that are beautifully transcribed to



The Black Angels start the weekend off right.



Chuck and Lewis Black chumming it up.



Intense strumming from Mexican guitar duo Rodrigo y Gabriela

meet the confines of two acoustic Spanish guitars and violently-slapped hand percussion. This was the last show of the night that I wanted to check out, so I oozed around the camp grounds, spiritually intoxicated by the hordes of people around me, and ultimately ended up back at our tent.

However, when I got there, I found some random girl (who I later found out was apparently on acid and was asking for Izzy Stradlin from Guns N' Roses) asleep in my tent. I nudged her and tried to wake her up, but she just lay there and mumbled incoherent verbal vomit, so I took out my sleeping bag and just went to sleep on the other side of the tent. When I was woken up by the overwhelming heat of the morning sun, she wasn't there; her identity will forever be a mystery, weird, but whatever. After eating oatmeal cream pies, two Colby and Salami sandwiches, a few weed brownies, and washing it all down with some milk and beers, on Friday, June 15th, I started off toward the main grounds.

The first show I checked out was Uncle Ear, six women performing a fantastical-bluegrass acoustic breakfast that surely helped me get prepared for the day's festivities. After waking up, I decided to embark on a journey to get to know the grounds and understand the geography of the What stage, the Which stage, the That tent, the This tent, the Other tent, the Cinema tent, the Comedy tent, the Arcade tent, and the Something Else tent (that featured jazz artists, such as the Ravi Coltrane Quartet, which I only got to see 15 minutes of, but what a wild, erratic, great 15 minutes it was).

I shot over to check out Tortoise, who psychotically rocked out in all their atmospheric glory. On the same stage, with only a 20 minute wait, Hot Chip took the stage and moved the crowd of, at least 20,000 people, to shake their shit to their gloriously electro-blip-dance-tronic orchestrations. When they played "Over and Over," the crowd seemed to lose all their inhibitions and dance as one giant dancing human conglomer-

ation, totally in unison physically and mentally. When the chorus to "The Warning" came, the crowd exclaimed the lyrics together, "Hot Chip will break your head, snap off your neck." Let's hope not literally.

After Hot Chip, I went and checked out the self-proclaimed (and validly so) legendary crew, the greatest (and possibly only) hip-hop band in the land, The Roots. This was the second time I've seen them live, but their vibrant and freshly eclectic set, rich with Roots favorites, such as "Boom" as well as an incredible variety of rejuvenated, flavorful covers of everyone from Bob Dylan to The Police's "Roxanne," made this performance

unlike any other Roots performance I've ever seen or heard of. As ?uestlove and Black Thought of The Roots proclaim, they can do it all and they proved it to an audience of 70,000.

After The Roots, an hour elapsed, then Tool took the stage. While you'd think the transition from hip-hop to metal would cause genre vertigo among the masses, this didn't seem to be so. "I smell Patchouli," proclaimed Maynard Keenan, provoking the jam-bandits a little (he then went on to brag about being in an air-conditioned trailer and taking a hot shower, what a morose asshole). All 80,000 Bonnarooians converged onto the What stage for a two hour aesthetigasmic mindfuck: completely intense with a newer variety of Tool's rigorously heavy song catalog, super-powerful lasers that penetrated the skies, appeased the psychoactively-drugged masses, and could probably reach Mars, as well as the darkly mysterious video projections, courtesy of Maynard and the gang. Even Tom Morello, of Rage Against the Machine and Audioslave fame, joined them on stage to abuse his guitar during "Lateralus."

Though I was exhausted from my three hours of sleep from the night before, I recovered from Tool's set and excitedly headed toward an unbelievable series of three incredible hip-hop shows from midnight to 3am, one right after the other: Aesop Rock, El-P and DJ Shadow. Aesop Rock may be one of the greatest wordsmiths of our time; he absolutely killed the audience and even decided to perform his ever-so-popular "Daylight" track that he had retired from performing live. Even though everyone was exhausted from the long day, Aesop gave the audience a much needed second wind. Even I, after watching El-P's set, fell asleep right there, on the dusty ground, directly to the right of the That tent. I had a weird dream that people were rubbing their butts on my knees (or was it a dream?) and I woke up to a girl shaking me and asking me if I was ok. I told her I



Uncle Ear serve up a delicious acoustic breakfast.



Hot Chip makes the crowd gyrate as one.



The Roots play old favorites and some new covers as well.

was fine, but kind of didn't know where I was for a few minutes. Then I realized that DJ Shadow was on stage and watched a very diverse crowd gyrate their buttocks and jump in the air to DJ Shadow's extremely energetic set. It was one of the greatest things I've ever woken up to. I left at 3 a.m. and luckily stumbled upon the tail-end of the Superjam with John Paul Jones (Led Zeppelin), ?uestlove (The Roots), and Ben Kweller. I was still drowsy from sleep and dwindling between my conscious and subconscious mind and I swear I heard "Dazed and Confused," but as a very idiosyncratic remix. So, as that set ended, I proceeded to my zombie-esque stumble and somehow found my way back to our campsite (this time, unoccupied).

On Saturday, June 16th, I was awakened when the sun grabbed my back. I was happy though that someone was blasting Saul Williams out of their car, spreading the good word. Once again, I had the breakfast of champions once more and even downed an Ale-8 that I had smuggled (you couldn't bring in glass). Old Crow Medicine Show was the first show of the day; their music is so rustically-delicious and very tranquil to listen to. When they sang the chorus of "Take a Whiff on Me," the crowd went wild, I wasn't sure if they loved the song or loved cocaine. I don't think it matters either way, I was still pretty tired. This day would turn out to happen at a much more relaxed pace. I stayed at the Which stage and watched Regina Spektor serenade an exhausted audience

of 40,000-plus. She screwed up once and apologized to the audience, confessing that she never messes up when she's at home performing it in the mirror. What a sweetheart. But after her set, I was burning up (shaded spots are hard to come by in the relentless Tennessee sun) so I headed to the Mushroom fountain located right in the middle of Centeroo to cool off. I was completely saturated, but dried off within 10 minutes, easy (yes, it was that hot). I heard beautiful music in the distance and led myself in its direction. It was none other than a denim-clad Ziggy Marley. He played a mix of his songs and his father's and spread a true message of love that was felt by everyone there. 60,000-plus people, all cooperating in the name of music and love, true peace.

When they played "Over and Over," the crowd seemed to loose all their inhibitions and dance as one giant dancing human conglomeration, totally in unison physically and mentally.

I zipped and zoomed from Ziggy back to catch the Scots, Franz Ferdinand, who played a really energetic set. Even though their show was fantastic and electric, I was tapping my foot to my favorite of their songs, "Dark Side of the Matinee," I fell asleep using a tree trunk as a pillow (of course, in the side that the sun was hitting, opposite of the shaded side). Even though the heat of the sun woke me up 45 minutes later, that was some of the most rejuvenating sleep I've ever had. Next, I saw the grand reunion of The Police, which was cool because they hadn't played together in such a long time, but I thought it was kind of boring, to be honest. They worked through their hits, like "Message in a Bottle," and it was awesome and I really enjoyed the show, but it just didn't have the evolutionary intensity that Tool built me up to expect the night before. The Police's show was good, but not great.

I zipped and zoomed from Ziggy back to catch the Scots, Franz Ferdinand, who played a really energetic set. Even though their show was fantastic and electric, I was tapping my foot to my favorite of their songs, "Dark Side of the Matinee," I fell asleep using a tree trunk as a pillow (of course, in the side that the sun was hitting, opposite of the shaded side). Even though the heat of the sun woke me up 45 minutes later, that was some of the most rejuvenating sleep I've ever had. Next, I saw the grand reunion of The Police, which was cool because they hadn't played together in such a long time, but I thought it was kind of boring, to be honest. They worked through their hits, like "Message in a Bottle," and it was awesome and I really enjoyed the show, but it just didn't have the evolutionary intensity that Tool built me up to expect the night before. The Police's show was good, but not great.

Speaking of great, The Flaming Lips performed from midnight to 3 a.m. and absolutely captured the fun, egalitarian, optimistic spirit of the entire festival. There is no doubt in my mind that this was the best show of the entire festival. An hour before their set started, they came out and played "War Pigs" by Black Sabbath. Wayne Coyne told the crowd that they weren't supposed to go on for another hour to give more time to the massive transport of humans from The Police's set. Wayne and the gang threw out laser pointers to a crowd of at least 60,000 people, who couldn't help but point them at anyone or anything on stage, during the whole set, even when Wayne got in his ball and surfed around with the support of the crowd the real climax of the show came, almost during "Vein of Stars," the excitement of the audience exploded, when Wayne pulled out a huge circular mirror on stage, and distributed huge white balloons about the audience, and had everyone shine their lasers at his mirror and the balloons, to let the beams be reflected into the dark blue sky. It was truly a magical moment in time. It was a wild end to a truly progressive day. I caught the tail end of the Galactic with Chali 2na, Boots of The Coup, Gift of Gab, and Lateef doin' cameos. They rapped over this Zeppelin beat as the last song of the show, and so many people were jumping up and down and going crazy, the rhymes were right on point and there was energy bouncing everywhere. It was a great moment for hip-hop.

Even Ornette Coleman, the jazz legend, had a heart attack on stage, at the beautiful age of 77; almost a legendary octogenarian. He's fine though, he just went to the hospital, I mean, it was pretty hot out there. I headed back and fell asleep immedi-



The Mushroom fountain is the best place to cool off • As you can see, Bonnaroo is a clothing optional event • Wayne Coyne surfed the crowd in his giant ball • And, at Bonnaroo, you catch a quick nap whenever and wherever you can.

ately and dreamed about something I'm sure, but I don't remember.

Sunday, June 17th, I was beginning to fatigue. I was woken up once again by both the sun and a grasshopper in my tent. The journey was made to the music of Pete Yorn. This was a great way to start the last day, with the wind blowing, Pete Yorn's show had a soulful, romantic vibe to it. The moment seemed to be a manifestation of the wealth of all the love that was shared and latently emanates at Bonnaroo. We were all exhausted, but the excitement of it all energizes the masses, thousands upon thousands of minds operating at full-speed, and overdrive, excited for music and for the interactions of the day.

The Decemberists played next on the same stage, they were pleasant, and I think that is the best word to describe their set. I think I may have dosed off once or twice. Next was Wilco, who played a great set, Jeff and Niles are incredible. Are they the great American band of our generation or just a beautiful mutt of alt-country godfathers? I haven't decided yet. I particularly liked their performance of "Handshake Drugs," It was stupendous and everyone knew the words (a sing along is always fun with 80,000 people). After Wilco, the masses migrated immediately to the Which stage for The White Stripes. I luckily went backstage, climbed up one of the graffiti walls, and watched the show from above. They were the perfect back to close out the festival for me. They even played "Seven Nation Army," which I was sick of hearing, but after this show, I fell in love

with it again.

Um, anyway, So The White Stripes rocked the shit out of the place as the sun went down on that wild Tennessee farm. I quickly walked to listen to Widespread Panic for a little bit, but ultimately decided I had enough and headed back to the tent listening to their show from the distance (they went on to play for six hours). Me and my friend Jacob partied a little bit and then got some sleep.

We woke up early, packed up and hit the road. Traffic was much faster on the going than the coming. We journeyed back and it took me up to a week to finally get all of the things that I had packed out of his car, I was just tired and needed to recover. The whole experience of Bonnaroo was fantastic, great ideas were exchanged on a grandiose scale, a great example of human cooperation was manifested, and, most importantly of all, all 80,000 fans, who acquired a ticket before they sold out, had a great time and saw some of the greatest musicians of our time during a magical 4 day weekend on a farm in Tennessee. I must ask, will this festival become our generation's Woodstock, without the scares of bad brown acid of Woodstock '69 or the complete flaming mayhem, rape, and destruction of Woodstock '99? I haven't decided yet. I think it was just a lot of people coming together as one, having fun on a farm, and maybe falling asleep in stranger's tents.

The White Stripes rock out the Which Stage • Bonnaroo - the Woodstock of our generation, only better.



WRFL's Top 30 Albums Summer 2007



1) Band of Bees - *Octopus*

2) Feist - *The Reminder*

3) Spoon - *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga*

4) Wilco - *Sky Blue Sky*

The new jams are a lot more... ordered? Classic rock radio? Early Wilco? Straight forward... less electro-atmospheric than *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* and I never really listened to *Ghost is Born*, but this an obvious return to roots or basics or what have you. "You Are My Face" is a silly song title, isn't it? -Chris Bush

5) The Beastie Boys - *The Mix Up*

6) The White Stripes - *Icky Thump*

Jack returns from pop-rock stardom to do another good ole blues garage rock record. Pretty much the same as any other White Stripes album, although there's a weird Mariachi influence throughout the record. -Patrick Smith

7) Klaxons - *Myths of the Near Future*

Shake it hard: Beats form the future make that head bounce, bounce to these stellar songs about... well... the future and space and gravity's rainbow and what not. Super upbeat dance rock from the hip divebar behind Hubble. -Chris Bush

8) Chromeo - *Fancy Footwork*

9) Polyphonic Spree - *The Fragile Army*

Everyone's favorite indie rock choir is back at it again. You know the drill-sugar sweet epic pop with a massive chorus. Fall in! -Patrick Smith

10) Metric - *Grow Up and Blow Away*

I thought Metric's last album, *Live It Out*, was a great indie pop CD. It was fun, interesting, and smart. This CD is lacking all of those things. It's really boring. -Shanna Sanders

11) The Sea and Cake - *Everybody*

Dreamy pop wigwas that are pretty upbeat and feel good. You know... summer of love kind of digs... but at the same time they always maintain a background kind of vibe. Good. -Chris Bush

12) The Blow - *Poor Aim: Love Songs*



13) Burning Star Core - *Operator Dead... Post Abandoned*

Multidimensional droners of the longer and recommended variety. Warm sustained texture, complex percussive improv, and a building sonic weight over the course of the tracks. ZONEOUT! -Chris Bush

14) Wooden Wand - *James and the Quiet*

15) Ryan Adams - *Easy Tiger*

16) Bonde Do Role - *With Lazars*

17) Bjork - *Volta*

18) Digitalism - *Idealism*

Gritty electro dance music that sounds like it was made on a Commodore 64. Club music for the future when meals will come in pill form and robots will do the house cleaning. -Patrick Smith

19) Black Moth Super Rainbow - *Dandelion Gum*

Totally jamming. Backwoods vocoded psych pop benderz ripe with sounds. Sort of sounds like Air's formula if they weren't so adult contemporary and if they brought gas to huff at the club. This record knocks weak pop over. -Chris Bush

20) Bat for Lashes - *Fur and Gold*

21) Caribou - *Melody Day EP*

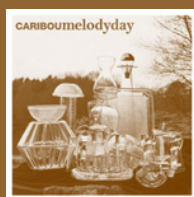
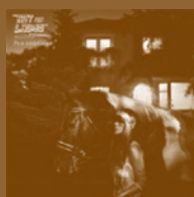
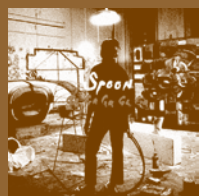
22) The Chemical Brothers - *We Are The Night*

The Brothers brought the suck on "Push the Button" but I guess they were just saving all the good stuff for this one. AMAZING. This album is like doing X on a mountainside while watching the Northern Lights. Guests included the Klaxons. -Patrick Smith

23) Justice - *Cross*

24) Karl Blau - *Dance Positive*
I dig this record. Jangly lo-fi electrons hovering around the loosest beats to his the Portland/Olympia indie scene in years. It's one bit tribal one bit electro, but really stripped down. Recommended any day of the week. -Chris Bush

25) M. Ward - *Duet for Guitars #2*
Re-issue of M. Ward's first album. Normal, pretty acoustic guitar singer/songwriter stuff like M.





Ward's other releases, but less polished in a good way. It's quiet and pretty great. -Shanna Sanders

26) Jennifer Gentle - *The Midnight Room*

Italian-psych-amusement park-pop. Creepy, hallucinatory new album from no solo Marco Fasolo. Music for exploring "gas-lit street corners, carnivals, abandoned theatres, and labyrinth corridors" at midnight. -Shanna Sanders

27) Battles - *Mirrored*

28) Sonic Youth - *Daydream*



Nation Deluxe Edition

I really don't have anything to add to the discussion of this amazing album, so let's get down to business. (except the covers kinda suck.) -Patrick Smith

29) Bishop Allen - *The Broken String*

30) Chris Bathgate - *A Cork Tale Wake*



Collage by Graham Gordon



CD Central

lexington's great independent music store

New & used CDs, DVDs, Vinyl • Posters

377 S. Limestone • 233-DISC

www.cdcentralmusic.com

